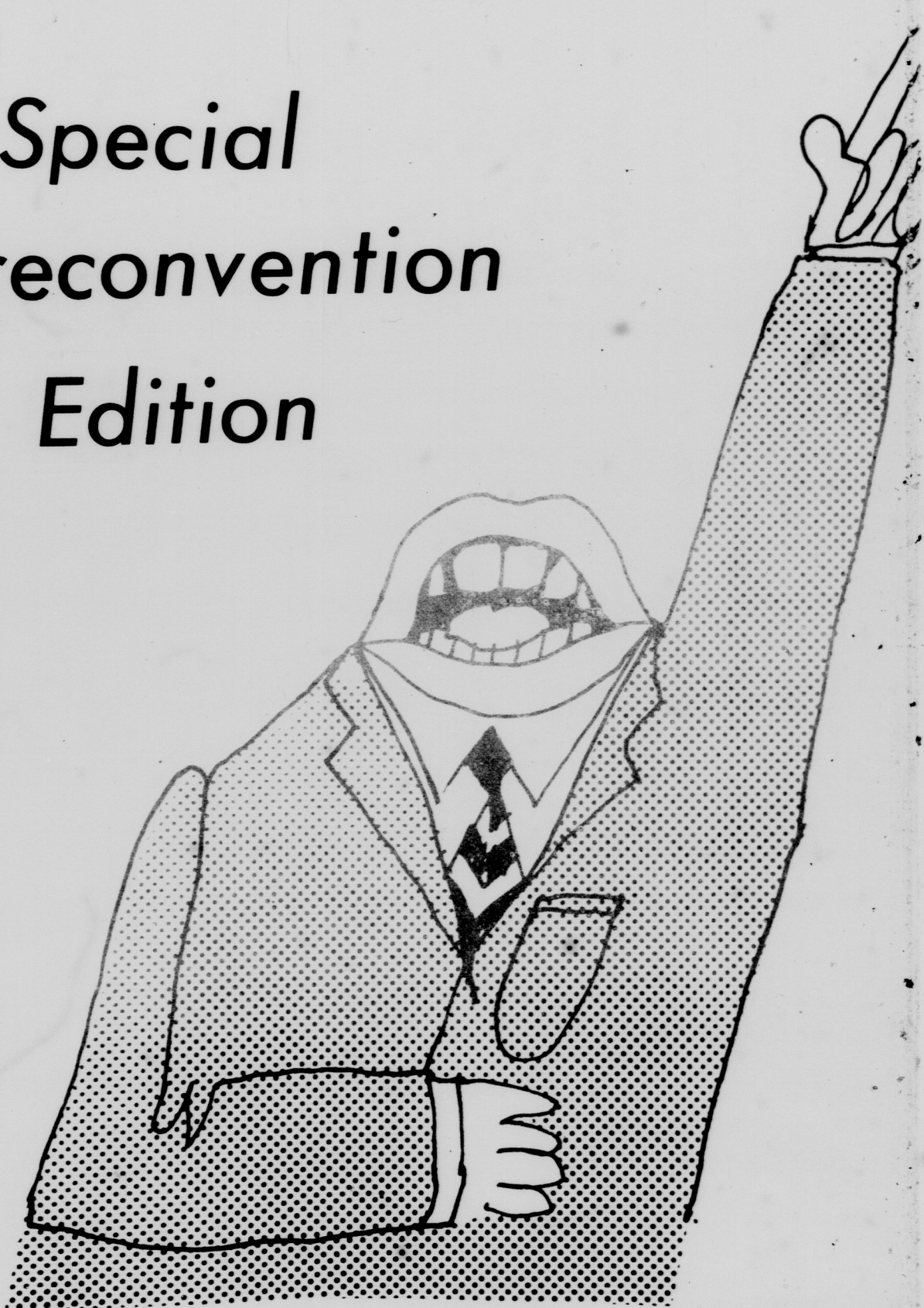


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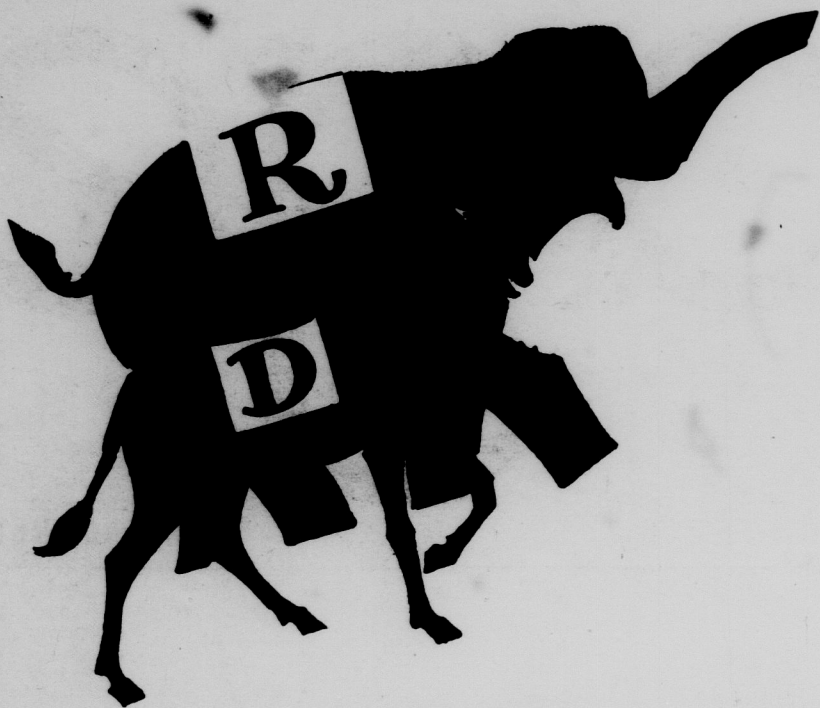
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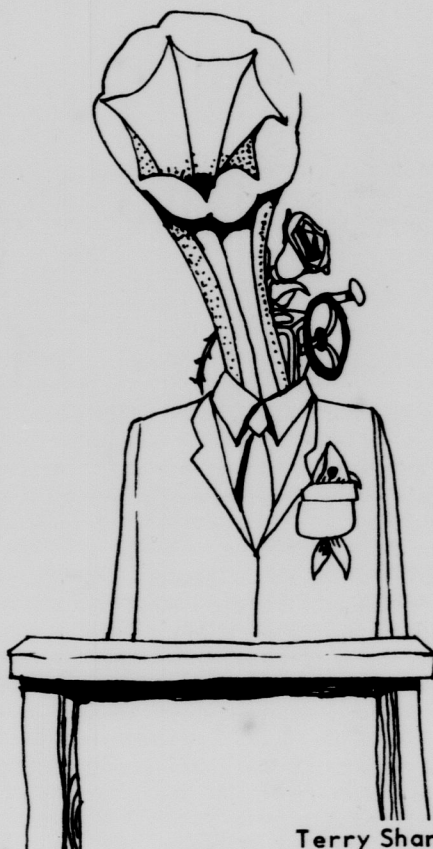
By DENNIS MONTGOMERY

Any correct analysis of the present political crisis in America will probably be displeasing and incredible to those who read it: the astonishment with which Americans have viewed the events of this year is evidence that they are not prepared to understand themselves and their time. Moreover, any analysis of the present crisis will probably not be correct. For, together with the general ineptitude of Americans for writing about politics (this ineptitude is due to our national habit of overlooking the likely out of preference for the possible), the literate American of my generation has the further disadvantage of having spent his youth at play in the scrap-heap of history, of having been educated as a scavenger, plucking food for thought from the rotting carcass of that dead giant we call western civilization, and digesting no tidbit of wisdom that was not liberally garnished with dross. Such a curriculum can develop a hindsight that is uncommonly acute, but when it is applied to the study of current events, it imparts a fatalistic, millennial air to one's train of thought.

On the other hand, the present crisis is an enticing subject for analysis, both because it is inherently interesting, and because one feels the need to be forewarned of its outcome—and forearmed. The established pundits, Lippman, Lerner, et al., record of being the first to articulate each new popular misconception as it comes along—the men one turns to for an explanation of political affairs have lately written such implausible twaddle that no matter how unlikely it is that I shall be correct, I feel justified in proposing an analysis of my own.

It ought to be made clear at the outset just what is the situation under consideration, and why that situation is a crisis. As everyone knows, the stability of American government is due to the "two-party system." The two parties, in order to exclude the competition of a third party, must be loose alliances of many different groups. Such

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Terry Sharback

alliances are naturally quite impermanent and reorganization is required fairly often. Indeed, a major change takes place about once every generation, whenever, as at present, certain groups feel that they have been too long without influence. The present crisis consists in the fact that, even though the current structure of the parties is obsolete, no reorganization is feasible that will represent all the important groups. Compromise between two groups being easier than consensus among several, this is undesirable.

This means, among other things, that the paralysis of Congress will be enhanced, because it will be much easier to find a majority who oppose a given measure than to reach an agreement about what ought to be done. The executive and the court

will have to ignore congressional protests to accomplish anything. In the end, it will mean that the country cannot be governed democratically. How did this lamentable state of affairs come about?

The gradual disintegration of the alliance of eastern progressives and western conservatives in the Republican party has been written about at great length, especially since the Goldwater adventure. Nobody, however, foresaw the end of the Democratic coalition of farmers, labor, intellectuals and southerners, probably because it has been a long time since anybody could see what held it together. This coalition was formed during the Depression, when intellectuals sympathized with depressed farmers, workers and southerners. After World War II, intellectuals became disillusioned about populism and about southerners, who turned out not to be the salt of the earth after all. The success of labor unions and farm subsidies in spreading the prosperity left the intellectuals in need of someone to sympathize with, so they took up a new cause. Farmers and workers, like everyone else in America except intellectuals, have never thought too highly of intellectuals. Of course, the southerners resented the public attention being called to their primitive conditions. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the Democratic coalition lasted so long, and the explanation can only be the healthy aversion of most Americans from change.

The disruption of this coalition is due mostly to the war in Vietnam. The Democratic Party could probably have survived Wallace's campaign, if only rednecks and peaches were supporting Wallace, and McCarthy's campaign, if only communists and fascists were supporting McCarthy. The defection of Strom Thurmond and Henry Wallace in 1948 laid bare the fundamental division in American society, the division which has been marked by the fall line between European civilization left off and native culture began. The knowledge that young men are burning their draft cards is obscene to many people. These people are attracted to Wallace.

(Continued on page 5)

# Baha'is and racial crisis

By RICHARD THOMAS

In 1912 a spiritual educator from Persia visited America. His name was Abdul Baha the Son of the prophet founder of the Baha'i World Faith, Baha'u'llah. And since that visit, thousands have heard and embraced his message of unity. His early teachings and practices had a great effect on both black and white Americans. When confronted with racism, he never compromised the teachings of his father.

Once while attending a Washington, D.C. diplomatic affair held in his honor, he left a seat vacant on his right for his guest of honor—a black American whom he had purposely invited. He never missed an opportunity to proclaim the importance of solving the racial crisis.

At Howard University, he spoke to a gathering of black and whites. He said that "each one should endeavor to develop and assist the other towards mutual advancement . . . love and unity will be fostered between you, thereby bringing about the oneness of Mankind. For the accomplishment of unity between the colored and whites will be an assurance of world peace."

In 1912 only a very few could perceive the implications of America's domestic issue on international affairs. Only a few like the late W.E.B. Dubois could say that the problem of the twentieth century was the problem of the colored line. And much later at the Bandung Conference in 1955, where the non-whites of the world met to

discuss their common problem, an American black looked on—Richard Wright—and wrote *The Color Line* to report on "the first conference of colored people in the world."

The 1912 speech of Abdul Baha rings even more prophetically true when we consider the black Americans who have chosen to internationalize American racism in an attempt to combat it: Dubois wrote in 1917 "the dark world—Japan, China, India, Africa and the Negroes in the Americas might wage war upon the white world, and 42 years later still at it in Peking. Malcolm X in July 1964 before the Africa Summit in Cairo Egypt also exposed American racism as did Stokely Carmichael in Europe and James Forman at the fourth committee of the U.N. General Assembly on Nov. 17, 1967. The whole world watches America, particularly the non-whites. If America can solve her biggest domestic problem—racism—she probably would do a lot better in the world of a non-white, hungry and oppressed majority. And black and white unity in this country could go a long way in developing the peculiar

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attitudes that such world needs.

Baha'is throughout the country have addressed themselves to this problem. In their summer schools they taught the importance of racial harmony. At a time when most Americans shuddered at the thought of racial equality between blacks and whites, Baha'is said to the American Baha'is: "It is possible, gather together these races, black and white, and put such love into their hearts that they shall not only unite but intermarry. Be sure that the results of this will abolish differences and disputes between black and white. Moreover, by the will of God, it may be so! This is a great service to humanity."

In 1939, the spiritual head of the Baha'i World Faith, Shoghi Effendi, sent a long letter in book form to the American Baha'is. Its title, *The Advent of Divine Justice*, contains the most significant instructions and guidelines ever addressed to an American interracial community. The sub-title "The Most Challenging Issue," Shoghi Effendi told the black and white Baha'is in America that racial unity "should be regarded as the most vital and challenging issue confronting the Baha'i community at the present stage of its evolution." He went on to say that the

(Continued on page 4)



# 'Berets' stereotype of war film

By JIM YOUSLING

Yesterday was a strange one. During the afternoon I talked to a former Nazi soldier; in the evening I saw "The Green Berets." In Hollywood's eyes, the Nazis were once inhuman monsters. Yet here I was, talking and joking with one who is now employed by a large American firm. Now Hollywood tells us that the Viet Cong are sadistic maniacs. Will I joke with them some day? Has Hollywood twisted everything out of perspective once again?

The war movie has been a Hollywood staple since D. W. Griffith demonstrated the film's potential for propaganda-plus-action in "Birth of a Nation." The resulting thousands of battle-epics range in quality from the heights of "The Longest Day" to the depths of those dozens of quickies with "Hell" in the title.

Nevertheless, spotting trends in the war flick is simple. Almost without exception, they fit into the following categories: pro-military/anti-war, anti-military/anti-war and pro-war propaganda. I add the word "propaganda" to the last group because one cannot rationally be pro-war unless one supports a specific war with specific causes. The first and most common category, pro-military anti-war includes such films as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Best Years of Our Lives," films which show the glories and bravery of soldiers, but also the tragedies created by man's hatred.

The second group, anti-military/anti-war, is the one which Hollywood has traditionally avoided, but masterpieces like "The Paths of Glory" and "How I Won the War" crop up occasionally, usually expressing the director's personal anti-military feelings. These films are excused from being left-wing propaganda only because, whether or not we are anti-military, we all think of ourselves as basically anti-war, adding parenthetically that war is sometimes "necessary."

The third category, the propaganda film, usually appears only during war-time. Its most recognizable features are these: (1) All characters must be two-dimensional stereotypes. (2) God is on our side. (3) Every enemy soldier is a monster who kills to appease his sadistic nature. (4) Our soldiers are all heroes who kill for a worthwhile cause.

World War I brought us "War Brides" and "Lest We Forget," both of which presented the German people as the Huns you love to hate. World War II had, among countless others, "Hitler's Children," which Griffith and Mayer describe as "exposing such tidbits of Nazi brutality as the flogging of lovely damsels with well-developed (and uncovered) torsos." In each of these dubious productions, Hollywood had just one motive—to comfort a war-time public by telling it what it wanted to hear, that our boys were saving America from a group of subhumans.

Needless to say, because such films invariably lack both artistry and intelligence, the public forgets them as soon as the war ends. These productions undoubtedly embarrass Hollywood after peace is re-established and the movies can no longer portray every German as a small-time Hitler.

But now we have the Vietnamese war, and Hollywood is at it again. "The Green Berets," John Wayne's latest opus, presents us with a philosophy so simple-minded and characters so stereotyped that we can only place it with the worst of propaganda films.



The "plot" concerns a newspaperman (David Janssen) who goes to Vietnam to substantiate his anti-war feelings. During the course of the film, he is, naturally, converted by the brutality of the Cong and by Big John's philosophy, which includes such gems as "Out here, due process is a bullet." Janssen's stereotype is The Skeptic; Wayne's, The Inspired Hero. Others include the Comic-Relief Chump, the Mata Hari and a little Vietnamese girl (The Cong drag her off into the woods!) and a little orphan boy (The Cong kill his puppy!). Wayne never hesitates to stoop to cheap melodramatics.

Although there is cruelty and killing on both sides, Wayne (who also directed) has carefully stacked the deck. The enemy is rarely seen in close-up, so that we can easily think of them as "those devils out there." In the two cases where they are viewed more closely, they are homely and decidedly stupid.

The Americans, on the other hand, are provided with endearing personalities, lofty motives and a talent for doting over women and children. Thus, when our boys are killed, we empathize with them, aided by close-ups of the tortured faces.

Perhaps "The Green Berets" should simply be viewed as a fantasy. But even if you ignore the political comments, it falls flat. The special effects are laughable, the acting mediocre, the visuals unexciting, the dialog boring and the heroics beyond belief ("They got him, but he took six of them with him!"). The exteriors were shot in Georgia, which turns Vietnam into a pine forest; and the interiors would be too artificial for a musical, much less a war movie. "The Green Berets" fails on every level.

Why, then, is it the biggest grossing film in the U.S. at present? Because it stars John Wayne, it is topical and as we said before, it comforts the folks in Dubuque. The movie theaters are crawling with kids and adults who do not read reviews.

Eventually, "The Green Berets" will be laughed at, just as we can now laugh at "Hitler's Children." But in the meantime, we are at war, and that means that Hollywood will continue to spit out pro-war movies. Anyone who cares about art or truth should boycott this one. The rest of you, go ahead. Nothing I can say would stop you.

## Baha'is and racial crisis

(Continued from page 3)

issue was of "paramount importance" and that it would take tact, vigilance, sympathy, moral courage and fortitude, and that the urgency and importance could not be overestimated. All Baha'is, both black and white, were instructed to "lend their assistance" to solve the problem.

When we consider when this was written, it is even more significant that Baha'is were told that once they accepted the Baha'i Faith's laws and principles they could never allow any "differentiation of class, creed or color . . . under any pretext, and however great the pressure of events or of public opinion, to reassert itself." They were told that the only discrimination that would be tolerated would be a discrimination in favor of minorities, racial or otherwise, and that they should feel it to be their "first and inescapable obligation to nurture, encourage and safeguard every minority belonging to any faith, race, class or nation . . ." This principle was considered so vital that Baha'is were told when an equal number of ballots have been cast for a Baha'i office "between various races, faith or nationalities within the community, priority should unhesitatingly be accorded the party representing the minority, and this for no other reason except to stimulate and encourage it, and afford it an opportunity to further the interest of the community." Baha'is were further instructed to arrange their affairs so as to have as many diverse races as possible in the Baha'i community.

They were also told to demonstrate the Baha'i principle of racial unity in every state circle "whatever their age traditions, tastes and habit." "It should be," the instructions stated, "consistently demonstrated in every phase of their activity and life, whether in the Baha'i community or outside it, in public or in private, formally as well as informally . . ." In schools, colleges, social parties and recreation grounds; in their business offices and

"everyday opportunities no matter how insignificant."

Baha'is in America were given specific guidelines to eradicate racism from their ranks and then to go forth and "to assail the long-standing evils that have entrenched themselves in the life of their nation."

White Baha'is were instructed to "make a supreme effort in their resolve to contribute their share to the solution of the problem." They were to abandon their "usually inherent and at times subconscious sense of superiority," correct their patronizing attitude and work to persuade the members of the race "of the genuineness of their friendship and the sincerity of their intentions" and to understand "any lack of responsiveness on the part of a people who have received, for so long a period, such grievous and slow-healing wounds."

Negroes were to "show by every means in their power the warmth of their response, their readiness to forget the past and their ability to wipe out every trace of suspicion that may still linger in their hearts and minds." Both black and white Baha'is were never told that they should not think that the "solution of so vast a problem is a matter that exclusively concerns the other . . ." Their job was to get in the thick of things by demonstrating the vital and uncompromising teachings of their faith. They were further instructed: "let neither think that they can wait confidently for the solution of this problem until the initiative has been taken, and the favorable circumstances created, by agencies that stand outside the orbit of their Faith . . . Let them rather believe, and be firmly convinced, that on their mutual understanding, their amity and sustained cooperation, must depend, more than on any other force or organization operating outside the circle of their Faith, the deflection of the dangerous course so greatly feared by Abdul Baha, and the materialization of the hopes he cherished for their joint contribution to the fulfillment of that country's glorious destiny."

I am a brick.  
I am a common sight.  
My uses are only limited by the imagination and mood of my mason.  
Thus, I may provide the foundation for a new house, the wall of a skyscraper, or the fracture of a skull.  
I may be laid in pride by the earnest hand of a home builder.

Or I may be at times thrown in passion by the angry hand of a rioter.  
Regardless, I remain just a plain brick.  
People determine what I am used for.

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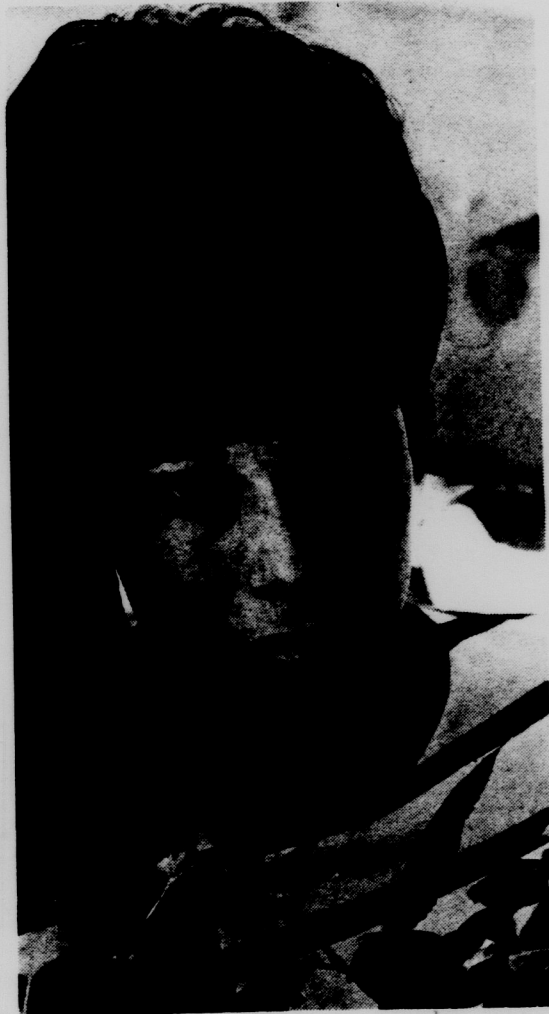
# A boy, a girl, a story

By JASON LOVETTE

Dawn is just breaking. The sun just a promise of eerie red light on the distant horizon. The skeletons of once-proud buildings are indistinct and difficult to make out at first but as the sun's red glow gradually changes to a yellowish-orange the silhouettes of a few wrecked high-rise dwellings become more distinct, their empty windows show the glow of the rising sun. We sense movement and gradually realize we are moving closer and closer to the horizon.

Now the light is a pale yellow and we are looking at a scene of total, bleak devastation. We know we are looking at a dead city—a city that once shouted its defiance at the blackness of night with uncounted jewels of manmade light—a city that once throbbed to a million heartbeats, but no more. Silence—desolation. A feeling of a strange loneliness settles over us.

We quick-cut to different parts of the dead city. A huge suspension bridge with the middle span destroyed, the roadway broken and crumbled, one section descending into a brown,



State News photo by Jim Mead

Jason Lovette, East Lansing junior, is a political science major at MSU. A poem of his was published previously in *Collage*.

dirty river. We see rusted and overturned cars and trucks. The bones of a human arm and hand protrude from underneath a wrecked car. A huge blackened hulk of a ship protrudes from the river. Cut to a city park. The trees are broken stumps, empty branches against the sky. The burned-out hulk of a tank sits at the edge of an empty wading pool. We can see the coins scattered on the bottom along with brass cartridge cases. A half-destroyed statue of a soldier stands in the park. On its base the legend: "... Or those who died in Vietnam ... may their sacrifice be not in vain."

We cut to an elevated view of the city. A slow pan across the destruction rests on a wreckage-strewn street. We are conscious of movement.

We zoom in close. There are green-uniformed men making a darting cautious advance through the rubble, they are wary and stick close to the buildings, using empty doorways and wrecked vehicles for cover. We follow their silent advance. The men are all Caucasian and it is evident by their dirty torn uniforms and grimy unshaven faces that they have been fighting a long time. We realize that we are following rather closely the action of one man. He is obviously the patrol leader. He is slowly, cautiously making his way around a burned out police car. We sense his tension and fear. He is cautious but obviously experienced.

Suddenly he stops. We follow his eyes to a human figure lying face down in the street. We notice it is a black man clad in a faded blue denim uniform. His hair is black and long and bushy. The white soldier raises his hand—a signal for his men to take cover and be alert. They disappear instantly like shadows into doorways and behind objects that afford protection.

The white soldier slowly, cautiously removes his bayonet. He slowly, silently eases up to the prone black. We see his blue eyes—hard, cold, hate-filled. He suddenly plunges the knife into his back.

The black was obviously dead before. White soldier removes blade and wipes it on the dead man's clothing. He is returning the blade to its sheath. Suddenly a loud piercing battle cry fills the air. Quick cut to a fierce black, bearded face, the face from which the challenge to war emanated. Automatic rifle fire knocks the white soldier against police car. He emits horri-



State News photo by Bob Ivins

ble gurgle and blood rains from his mouth. Now the air is full of fire and grenades going off. Men scratch and curse and die. We see that it is black and white. Black and white die. The fight blazes furiously for a few minutes—then as sudden silence. We see bodies lying on the street.

There is one young soldier who is not quite dead. His gut is torn up and he is bleeding from his ears, nose and mouth. He cries pitifully and weakly. Tears of pain making clean lines down his face. He repeats softly between sobs, "God, my God, oh my God." A shadow looms over him. His pain-filled pleading eyes look up. He is not a soldier any more, just a scared kid who is about to die. We reach out and help him. Our sympathy is for a young black female. We can see that if she were cleaned and dressed in other than blue denim, combat uniform she would be pretty. She is carrying full combat equipment—pistol, grenades, bayonet, ammo pouches. We see she is holding a machine gun in her hand. She raises it slowly, deliberately. The same look of hatred is in her brown eyes that the patrol leader possessed. We see the barrel of the machine gun like a cannon before our eyes. "God damn you to hell," she says quietly, but with passionate hatred. Fire comes from the muzzle. A long burst, a short burst, another burst until a metallic click signals the machine gun is empty.

## 'New World Order

(Continued from page 3)

segregationist, but because he has not been tainted by ideas. The great mass of Americans used to regard the civilized minority as respectable, because they were the only persons who knew how to do certain things. Today, however, the decay of western civilization has made intellectuals seem frivolous and mass education has made civilization unnecessary for doctors, lawyers and ministers. Consequently, the division between the two cultures is becoming more pronounced.

Wallace's campaign is only slightly more bizarre than the antics of the liberals, who simultaneously desire the election of McCarthy, the nation's most famous dove, and of Rockefeller, its most famous hawk. (The reader who has not noticed Rockefeller's talons should recall the campaign of 1960, when Rockefeller opposed Nixon because Nixon intended to cut the defense budget, and Nixon had to sign a statement to the effect that there could be no price ceiling on the nation's security before Rockefeller would support him.) The supporters of Rockefeller and of McCarthy have agreed that both groups will support whichever of the two men is nominated by his party.

If Rockefeller should be elected with the help of McCarthyites, his aggressive foreign policy would almost certainly alienate these liberals; seduced from the Democrats, they would be abandoned by the Republicans. An important cause of political truculence, as the riots have shown, is unkept promises, and it seems likely that many of these disappointed liberals would become more radical in their views. McCarthy will not be nominated, and if Rockefeller is rejected as well, the liberals will be disappointed, but some of them may be willing to try again.

The difficulty of further progress under the "old politics" is sensed by many people, who yearn for a "charismatic leader", unhampered by previous commitments or by the give-and-take of practical affairs, who is supposed to usher in a "new politics," thereby uniting the country and setting everything right. The implication of this desire is obvious and disgusting, but most people do not learn from the experience of other people. It is not unlikely that when this yearning becomes more widely shared it will come true.

As things stand now, the president sets the tone and style of his administration

and shapes the details of government. He may carry out his programs well or ill, but the programs themselves cannot be very different from the programs his opponent would have pursued, or from the programs of his predecessor. Congress would oppose any drastic departures from what is expected of the terms of the office were made the president, as President Johnson has proposed, a dictatorship would be a little easier, but still improbable. A better expedient would be simply to ignore Congress altogether. This is impossible at present, but after a few more years of congressional intransigence and obstructionism, the public will probably be grateful for unconstitutional government, as the Germans were when all of this happened before.

In conclusion, the present state of affairs is unencouraging. But the reader who agrees with the dire predictions of this article should be reminded that history is inevitable only in retrospect, and that it is just as vulgar and stupid to assume that the future must resemble the past and that we are condemned to repeat old mistakes as it is to imagine that we are immune from error.



# Convention 'gatecrashers' see 'behind-the-scenes' fun

By JIM SHAEFER

We probably should have taken the hint that warm August day in Chicago in 1960 as my brother, my Dad and I spotted our seats in the Cow Palace where the Republicans were holding their national convention.

We probably should have given up right then to the futility of trying to see something between the struts and supports of the platform overhead that practically blocked our whole view, but we didn't.

That year Bill and I had gotten a touch of the four-year election fever of this country as it prepares for its national elections. We had seen politicians getting hoarse from making speeches, getting sore hands from campaigning and getting bleary-eyed in the national interest, and now we wanted to see these politicians for ourselves.

So we decided to go to the national convention. Bill, who was a nut on politics and sports (he claimed there wasn't much difference) started the whole thing one day in late spring, when he and I were with the family in the car on the way to something, perhaps church.

He very simply said, "I want to go to the Republican National Convention," and I decided I wanted to go, too. After overriding all the reasonable objections of our parents, we planned a course of action that led to John Martin, who was (and still is) a Republican National Committee man, at the state convention. He told us to write him a letter, which we did, and from which came the tickets a while later.

After the tickets came, I remember Mom and Dad sighed (because they had promised to take us if we got them) and the town newspaper, the Grand Rapids Press, ran an article entitled "Young Politicos Go to Convention" with a picture. One of my brother's teachers even took us out for lunch, where she told us, "Do and see everything you can."

So when everything came true, we weren't about to take our seats sitting down—back so far that the ever-present haze of cigarette smoke obliterated the podium at times.

We may not have understood completely our "proper place" as kids 17 and 15 years-old who had gotten some tickets on sheer chance, but we were determined not to sit passively and watch the monitor television sets provided so people could understand what was going on.

In the same spirit that got us the tickets, we decided to do a little exploring of our own. We wanted to see for ourselves what is usually only reported vicariously for most people in the newspapers and on radio and television.

The first thing we did was to get "lost." What actually happened was that we went to the front of the Cow Palace and asked for directions. Since our seats were at the back, the usher naturally told us to go down a side aisle. That side aisle, however, went down through the convention floor where all the delegates were and which required a badge for entrance.

Bill and I decided not to go very fast. In fact, we'd sneak in along the wall here and there where somebody had given up observing or talking. I took out my 35mm camera, which I didn't know how to work very well since I had borrowed it (of three rolls of exposures, only 11 prints came out when we got home.) As we slowly progressed, we waved at the Michigan delegation and John Martin. Finally our presence was noted and we were escorted a little more quickly down the aisle, as I was still taking pictures.

We next went down into the basement of the Cow Palace and ended up holding signs saying "Welcome back, Ike" and "Hi, Mame" for an Eisenhower demonstration.

There must have been hundreds, even

thousands, of people in that line, all crowded so close together that it seemed the air we breathed had been shared several times without freshening before it got to us. And in that mass of elbows, signs and faces, a woman stood in front of us carefully clutching a whiskey sniffer from which she sipped from time to time. Until she was lost to my sight in the confusion as the line started its bunched, tangled movement upstairs, I didn't see her spill a drop.

Once upstairs, both Bill and I were excited. Maybe this time we would really get to see someone famous.

Well, I never made it very close. Bill and I were separated into two different lines. He has always said his line went right by the podium where Eisenhower was standing (and I believe him, because he's one of those guys with a talent for being first in line for almost anything).

But my line didn't quite make it. Instead, it took a pleasant journey on the convention floor on a route that was the farthest possible from that podium. I still have a slide I took with that 35mm camera as we shuffled along in that "spontaneous" demonstration. I used to joke about it.

"See that little pink spot," I'd say. "Well, that's President Eisenhower, believe it or not (and my audience usually didn't)." But that's precisely how it looked to me. All I could see were the lights reflecting off his pink bald head and one or two of his hands as he held them up in his famous wave.

When we got back together after the demonstration we had one more phase to our plan of action. That year, 1960, was the real beginning of intensive coverage of these conventions by television, and Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, who were getting fairly well-known from their nightly news program, were of course at the GOP convention for the NBC commentary. And Bill and I wanted to see them.

When we found the NBC broadcasting booth, we went in and just started walking down the hall. I had read an article about a guy who had crashed so many parties and events that he had a record, and he said that you ought to pretend like you belong wherever you're trying to get in. He said you shouldn't act uncertain.

So Bill and I walked down the hall, looking for some signs to show where Chet and David were. We had gone quite a ways when a guy with an official expression and a blazer said:

"Hey, where are you guys going?"

"Oh," we said, "we're going to see Chet and David," and we kept on walking. He thought a minute, then kept pace with us.

"Can I see your passes," he said.

"Uh, . . . passes?" we said. The guy put his hands firmly on both our shoulders. I don't know why he suspected that we weren't supposed to see Chet and David.

"Yes, passes," he said.

Being brothers who had gone through a lot together, Bill and I sort of had an extra sense about what the other was thinking. So when this guy with the official expression started getting that queer look like "Ok, who are you and what are you doing here," we didn't need to say anything to each other. We both tried to go a little farther, and when that hand didn't let go, we both turned and without a word, slowly and with dignity, made our way to the door.

In retrospect, I suppose many people reading this article may be amused at the desire of two midwestern boys wanting to see 'what it is all about' in a political convention. They may also smile

(Continued on page 10)



Terry Sharback

Jim Schaefer, Lansing graduate student in English, is a State News Staff Writer. He has also written for the Grand Rapids Press and the Williamston Enterprise.



# The convention game: or how to love George Wallace

By WINTHROP ROWE

1968 may turn out to be a watershed year, a year in which America takes a new course... a 1932 or an 1860. In both those years the new course involved a long range reorientation of the people's political allegiance. A new party became the dominant party, and more than that, a new political mythology was widely accepted as the background for voting decisions. It was either a change in the way we saw ourselves, or a change in the way we saw our environment, and this change was expressed in a political way.

Many people think that this is the case. Clearly Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy does, probably Sen. Robert F. Kennedy did, though perhaps in somewhat different terms, and Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller loudly trumpets his reorientation throughout the land. The key to it all is Vietnam of course. It is bound to be a major issue of the election, indeed it is the only issue as far as many people are concerned. It cuts across party lines, and has tended to destroy old coalitions and create new ones. It is a symptom, for most of those who expound it, of the end of the cold war psychology in America. A mass rejection of the cold war's all-embracing significance by thousands, mostly among the young, but not all young by any means, lies behind the current 'generation gap,' and the insistent and disturbing questioning of Sen. Wayne Morse and Sen. William Fulbright. This is why those who are still functioning within the limits of the 'facts' of the cold war are often sincerely unable to understand the charges that are thrown at them, or the courses of action suggested by their critics. And this is also why those who reject the 'facts' of the cold war weltanschauung can only understand President Johnson as a monster and murderer, and that lovable liberal war-horse the Vice President as a 'sell out' and a fink.

Put at its simplest a new historical 'revisionism' is in full cry. It is a revisionism that seeks to debunk the cold war as Tansill and Barnes debunked World War I. This kind of movement is always accompanied by political revisionism in America. Lacking a state religion we have developed through a series of pseudo-historical socio-political cults which have their practical incarnations in the dominant parties of the era during which the cult is functional. The new cult has its worshippers, its prophets, its priests and its theologians. It certainly has its poets, all of the poets it sometimes seems; and poets may be, as Shelley claimed, the conscience of mankind.

It is amazing that the growth of such an opinion has not lead to the resurgence of the Republican party. They, after all, were the home of the anti-Wilsonian revisionism of Tansill and the rest. As the opposition party it would normally fall to them to criticize administration policies, to develop alternate programs, and if they had been functioning in this manner, they would now find themselves in a position to capitalize on the widespread dissatisfaction with the war. Some of them, of course, like Rockefeller, are astute enough to see this but they are hampered by the existence of a large cold war faction in their own party, probably a majority of that party in fact.

As a consequence of this Republican failure the stage is set for a classic third party situation, but the third party that exists is instead an upsurge of the very elements with which a native American fascism would hope to build, the lumpen-proletariat, the frightened petty bourgeois, the racially insecure, the paranoid, and the stupid. The George Wallace third party means that if a new-left oriented peace party were to be organized in order to more purely express the new cult, a serious danger would exist that Wallace could be elected President of the United States. Therefore we find the great bulk of voters who oppose the war, milling about between the two major parties, a majority in neither perhaps, but too significant a minority in the country as a whole to be ignored. The death of Robert Kennedy has exacerbated the difficulty. Had he lived his strong party identification and the memory of his brother would have made it easier for him to heal the wounds of the Democratic party and

to build a new coalition in the existing political structure. It will be much harder for Senator McCarthy to accomplish this, for he may turn out to be too closely identified with the new cult to make a bridge to the old one.

One of the reasons this has been such a puzzling year politically, so full of surprises, reverses, entrances and exits, is that Madison's legacy is still working. There is no permanent majority in America, as he intended there never should be. The old majority, the New Deal majority, the Roosevelt coalition over which the years of Eisenhower were thinly glued together, is breaking up. All of the elements of the nation, those who were in and those who were out, sense this, and so the push and shove, the hard bargaining begins. As a result of this we might say that the people want anybody for President this year. A new President would mean a new coalition of some kind; and toward every possible coalition there is the vast hostility of those who fear they will not be on the inside. This is why whoever the front runner attracts such a large following. This is why we have seen Lyndon Johnson on the White House floor. When the President withdrew Kennedy became a likely front-runner, and instantly became the target of passionate hatred almost as much virulence as Johnson. The feeling toward Nixon, Rockefeller, Humphrey, McCarthy and Wallace is much the same, or will be much the same if they are near the center of the stage.

The most important thing to note about the two conventions then is the ominous background. It is not the leaders who will not lead, but the people who will not follow, because the rhetorical appeal of the new slogans has failed, or is failing, while the rhetorical appeal of the old slogans is not yet exhausted. The Republican power base has shrunk alarmingly that they might disappear as a party should they jump the wrong way this year. The Democratic base has also shrunk; for the first time since 1932 only a minority of themselves as Democrats. The big gainer is an amorphous category of perhaps an anti-anti-conservative, not yet independent, but a worried, over-taxed, middle class generation, racially threatened, who wants to do the 'right thing' but is uncertain what it is or how to do it. Such people are increasingly alienated from both big party structures, and the two conventions appear 'closed' to them.

In analyzing the situation we must not be taken in by the clamor of 'new politics' however. A convention can be 'closed' in the technical sense of having a favorite who must inevitably win, without actually becoming a convention which stifles the will of the people. It is a standard device of the dark horses, and cleverly who want to bargain the cabinet, to claim that a convention is a 'closed' choice is a 'closed' convention. They summon up dark party unless 'justice' is done. In fact however, many of them simply hope to 'open' the convention in order to position where they will be able to broker and bargain. A convention is a brokered. That's what conventions are for. One might be cynical enough to posit the theory that 'open' conventions are 'brokered' or 'closed' conventions where the 'good guys' win; and 'closed' conventions are ones where the 'bad guys' win.

Let's look at the Republican game plan for Rockefeller. He seems to indicate that he is going to follow the Wilkie analogy. He will whip up public support to the convention with a fifth of Chivas Rega and a box of big fat black cigars and try to shake loose the dumb legions of Nixon delegates. He's been looking for an issue but he hasn't found one. The issue of Vietnam is good enough for the election where he can bid

(Continued on page 8)



Winthrop Rowe, Instructor in Business English, was co-chairman of the Alliance for Kennedy. He has been published in *Zeitgeist* and *Red Cedar Review*.



# Playing the convention game

(Continued from page 7)

against Humphrey but its hard sledding on that one alone at a Republican convention. Instead he has found a maneuver, the Reagan maneuver, and this may work. He's going to let someone else stab Nixon in the back for him, and then grab up the goodies as Dickey falls.

Throughout the South the members of both traditional parties will be under tremendous pressure from Wallace. If Wallace succeeds in establishing his American Independent Party as a regional party in the south with lumpen support in the North, he will be able to run his people and win for state and local offices. He could get Congressmen by the dozens, Senators here and there, and smash the old bourbon Democrats and the new vicious Gold-water Republicans on their own ground.

In order to avoid this threat, the traditional Southern Democrats and Republicans who wish to avoid regional parochialism and the loss of all those post office jobs will have to counter attack. They will have to come north to Chicago or southeast to Miami to make a show for the folks back home. They must whistle Dixie loudly. They must wrap themselves in the stars and bars. In the Republican party this means that they can do more for themselves with rotten Reagan than they can with Nixon. And the crafty Rockefeller knows it. He will ride Reagan as he rode poor dumb George Romney over the rough spots, until the green pastures appear.

But now we are talking about an open convention. If there is a sufficient southern leakage on the first ballot from Nixon to Reagan, Ohio and Michigan will hold Rhodes and Romney, who hate each other, both hoping for a second spot. After all nobody in his right mind would want to be a Governor any longer than he had to. But if Ohio and Michigan hold, it seems possible that other nominally uncommitted delegations will also, and Nixon has about 20 minutes to arrange a prominent secession of somebody, somewhere to his side, or the fat is in the fire. We can safely predict, I think, that if the convention goes beyond three ballots trickery Dickey is in big trouble. Whether Rockefeller would be the major beneficiary of all this is a moot question of course. Never underestimate the Republican party's basic capability for fastly self-destructive gestures.

Nixon's problem then is to hold his gray faithful in line. Rocky's is more complex: How to con yet another unwitting stooge without getting a reputation for it. He must try to make the oldest candidate seem like the youngest. He must move from slightly to the right of Johnson to more than slightly to the left of him, without alienating a party that desires to wander off into right field.

The Republican Party is not given to bold innovations or flights or fancy. It even mistrusts the American Aristocracy of wealth and talent. It is not so much the party of the rich, as of the newly rich, and the hoping to become rich. It is the party of all those who resist change but are not quite ready for George Wallace. It is colorless, bland, and basically fearful. It operates instinctively in closets. It has only half as many delegates going to Miami Beach as the Democrats (notorious public brawlers) will have in Chicago. It prefers cozy little leadership meetings. This prevents the growth of caucuses within the party pushing to satisfy the needs of their own people. The Republicans really have no functioning black caucus, or labor caucus or any other such group for Rockefeller to make an appeal to. The Republican Party is in itself practically white, middle class and mostly Protestant caucus for the nation. We will have to see how Rockefeller fares among them. It would be hasty in this most surprising year to make too solid a prediction that these suburban people will prefer the suburban Nixon. Much of the antipathy to the war is rooted in the old isolationist tradition, and the new taxpayer revolt. Both of these movements are adequately represented among the white, middle class and mostly Protestant. Perhaps the Rock, who is himself upper class, Eastern and an internationalist in background, can pull it off. He is after all, a Protestant.

And now we come to Chicago and the Democrats. Even though Vice President Humphrey is almost as good a bet as Nixon at this point there are still compelling reasons to regard the Democratic National Convention as essentially open. Of course we can't tell without con-



ducting a national delegate poll, but taking as fairly serious, if not completely accurate, the polls of the major networks, we have to say that if the favorite son delegations hold, or even a good number of them hold, the possibility exists that Humphrey can be denied a first ballot victory. The second ballot is the crucial one for the Vice President, for on the second ballot the large Massachusetts delegation, pledged by law to McCarthy on the first ballot, will break loose. At the moment we must expect Humphrey to take at least half if not more than half of this delegation. The recent election of a member of the Massachusetts House as vice chairman of the delegation instead of Sen. Edward Kennedy's nominee (State Chairman Lester Hymen) must be taken as a straw in the wind. Only Kennedy's prestigious personal intervention can hold a substantial number of the delegation away from Humphrey. On the second ballot also some of the favorite sons will break. Texas will probably break to Humphrey even before the nominations begin, though there is a possibility Connolly will hold on to it hoping for a vice presidential nomination, but on the second such states as New Jersey and Ohio will very likely have to choose up sides.

What chance is there for McCarthy in all of this? It seems from what has leaked out of his plans that he is going after an issue. If the issue is, as now seems possible, the question of the Unit Rule, or a lot of mewing about Humphrey 'steam-roller tactics' in places like New York and Minnesota it is improbable that much can be accomplished.

What McCarthy needs is an issue which will galvanize not only his own followers, but also the late Sen. Robert Kennedy's followers behind a common banner; a cause that will chip away at large numbers of the present Humphrey strength. There are two main tactical possibilities.

First off he can capitalize on the nature of the party whose nomination he is seeking. It is willing to encompass reform innovation change. It is composed of hard practical men who have been disciplined in the service and seeking of power. Some are idealistic liberals like Kennedy and McCarthy. Some are professional manipulators or image salesman. Some are labor leaders, not all of whom are in George Meaney's stripe. Some are black politicians anxious at the rising tides of nationalism lapping at their heels and conscious of the need to produce victories for moderation NOW. They have very little desire to lose. Many of them have a sentimental attachment to the administration that they themselves made in 1960 and 1964, but they are not overly sentimental people by and large. They are men concerned with office and they are not ashamed of it. If they have learned Lord Acton's famous axiom, they would probably suggest a corollary. "Weakness also corrupts; and importance corrupts absolutely."

One of the key figures will be the mayor of Chicago, Richard "shoot the looters" Daley, a solid machine politician with heavy jowls, and deadly eyes. He is so important that the whole massive, pushy, combative brood of democratic game cocks must be packed like sardines into his stuffy tiny amphitheater because nobody on the national committee dared to offend him. Not the type to go for McCarthy one might say. But there are signs of restiveness in the good mayor, and they should be noted carefully. The mayor recently suggested the nomination of Edward Kennedy for Vice President no matter who won the presidential nomination. This was an admission by Daley that despite his obvious personal inclination to Humphrey he is bothered by a certain short-

age of voting power in Chicago itself for a Humphrey ticket. But Kennedy refused. This puts the good mayor in a dilemma. Undoubtedly his whole being cries out against demonstrations, disorder and participatory democracy. On the other hand he has a rather large stake in the many local offices up for election this year in Chicago. A Republican majority on Chicago's delegation to Springfield could be worse than embarrassing.

The dilemma of Mayor Daley is widely shared in the party. Unless the Vice President picks up steam such people will be uneasy allies. If McCarthy comes into Miami with a 10 point lead in the polls, and indicates that he is willing to play ball, rather than mount a mindless purge of the old guard of the party, people like Richard Daley may start to shift.

The other possible McCarthy tactic in Chicago would be to grab hold of a really viable issue and press it home. The liveliest one will undoubtedly be the Vietnam plank of the platform, but that would be a snare and delusion; for probably half of Kennedy's following have reservations about pressing that any further at this time, and with the neutrals it is likely to cause even more trouble.

The best issue is the issue of which of the two rival delegations from the State of Mississippi to seat. We have a loyalist delegation headed by Charles Evers and Hodding Carter III made up of white moderates and the right wing of the old Mississippi Freedom Party. They are willing to take an oath of loyalty to the Democratic ticket. On the other hand we have a racially unbalanced slate headed by Gov. John Bell Williams, a fire-eating Dixiecrat who was bounced from the party's congressional delegation for his open and fervent support of Barry Goldwater in 1964. There is every indication that he will bolt to Wallace as soon as the convention gives him an excuse. This is a prickly pear for Humphrey. If he seats the Evers delegation, (as the convention agreement on racial balance from 1964 requires) he will put his southern supporters in a terrible bind. They too feel the pressure of Wallace behind them. They may bolt, if not the party and the post office, at least the Vice President's candidacy for a few ballots behind a regional candidate like Richard Russell. On the other hand, seating Williams over Sen. Robert Kennedy's close friend and confidant would outrage the Kennedy delegations, and rile up a general liberal tempest on the floor. How could Humphrey-leaning black Congressman Charles Diggs, for example, who sits on the credentials committee from Michigan, vote to seat a Wallace man over Evers?

It is possible that the Vice President will think his way out of this tangle. He is one of the smartest men in Washington with a fertile invention and razor-sharp judgment. Perhaps McCarthy will be so trapped in the rhetoric of his primary campaign that he will feel compelled to make his stand somewhere else, where he has much less chance of scoring. Perhaps the debates will be important. Humphrey is one of the greatest speakers in the Democratic party but he tends to address the TV camera as though it were a public meeting, and the TV audience is not fond of that. McCarthy, on the other hand, is a genius at television. He is a cool candidate perfectly suited to the medium. He comes across as verbal but never slick; professorial and totally in command, and he shows more talent for high minded character assassination than any public figure since Woodrow Wilson, a man whom he much resembles.



## Joyous Occasion Of A Wedding

it's cool out here on the stump  
almost wish I had a coat  
(thinking, only nine more hours  
and you'll be that much further 'long the road  
away from me.)

Don't get me wrong: to love and wive  
is no betrayal of any trust--  
we never really signed a pact--

no, just wondering here, without a coat,  
how I can tell your new-found side  
(all right, let's call a spade--your bride)  
I'm glad your loneliness is less:  
but

I wish  
it could have been because of me.

A cop just passed, and almost stopped.  
Say Buddy  
Do you always sit about on stumps  
Without a coat  
At one a.m.?  
(thinking that, if he had,  
perhaps my crime  
would have made him lonelyless.)

When they throw rice at you tomorrow,  
At you Joe, and at your Side,  
I'll save a grain or two I think,  
and when the nights blow cool as cops,  
I'll sift them in my pocket,  
one by one.

By DAVID GILBERT

I used to pick strawberries  
In my uncle's patch  
And toss them at cousins.  
White sun burned our backs;  
Sweaty hands and dusty toes  
Stained red with careless sprees  
Between the even rows.  
When I found large berries  
Buried in dirty leaves,  
I saved them in a pail,  
Protected from the sun.  
And the others dove  
To straw-scattered trails  
To find better ones  
And smashed mine as joke  
To see muddy marks on cheeks  
And the dust make me choke.

Then you taught me to find  
Wild strawberries hidden  
In a woods only you knew.  
Berries good, though small,  
Much cooler and more sweet  
Without dust or straw.  
Our bucket filled,  
We sat in shade to eat a few  
Before returning to the sun.  
And none were spilled  
Or stained my feet  
When we began to run,  
Because you helped me carry the pail.

By JENNIFER HITCHCOCK

watching rats swimming  
the fast cold water  
as I drifted on the bank  
bundled not warm enough  
to keep away the coldness  
of the dark night air  
my mind overflowed  
and spilled on the ground.  
I watched it run onto the water  
and float away like an oil slick  
leaving me free on the riverbank  
and all so helpless  
that I was carried on the wind  
over cobblestone darkness  
to the graveyard of my mind  
where I searched among  
the cold rock names  
until I found my own hollow grave  
so empty were my thoughts.

By RON ENGELAND

My Father shot a porcupine  
in the orchard by the line  
of crabtrees leaning on  
My dog was howling from the  
in his mouth we held him  
and pulled it from beneath  
I skinned the 'pine and gave  
to my Mother it smelled  
and wild baking in the oven  
We ate it dark and stringy  
in your teeth for hours it  
on your face and hands  
I called my dog and took the  
and nailed it to a crabtree  
where you could see it from

The birds lined up along the  
The dog whined and hung his  
The skin swayed like something  
to the tree it swung all day  
where you could see it from

By DON MITCHELL



State News photo by Bob Ivins





Catherine Calcaterra, Okemos senior, finds her mode of expression in the medium of painting. Photo by Jim Mead

## The Ritual

lynch mob,  
how long,  
sit in  
go slow  
dog bite,  
cattle prod  
white hate  
throw stone  
red blood,  
hot sun  
black white  
white black  
blind fear,  
cold steel  
broken bone  
bomb church  
hit back  
hit back!  
riot torn  
children dead  
law order  
run fast  
head beat,  
dead man  
mule cart  
too late . . .  
too late!

love hate

ALAN D. SMITH

## Western romance

Not a first truth  
but told is wit  
to politicians  
(ah'll go anywhar  
to talk piece).

In tooth they will.

Smile when you say  
(brush your teeth  
with napalm)

that

in the mouths of them  
are little children.  
Podner.  
(My country 'tis of thee.)

Suffer them not.

Right three-hundred  
Pennsylvania? Ave  
got you thar.

By JAMES SHERWOOD TIPTON

Alan Smith, Manistee senior, is a social science major. This is his first contribution to *Collage*.

James Sherwood Tipton, East Lansing graduate student, is a Ph. D. candidate in English. Six dozen of his poems have appeared in various literary magazines.

## The 'Gatecrashers'

(Continued from page 6)

somewhat at the expected consequences: that Bill and I told about our experiences in our high school's government classes the next fall and even formed a teen-age GOP club there to campaign for Richard Nixon, the Republican presidential nominee.

But I still believe it was an invaluable experience that gave us insight even if gained from the many behind-the-scenes episodes, in the seeming insanity of tinsel, loud horns, spontaneous demonstrations and pompous rollcall votes of the American democratic process.

If nothing else, we can now still identify personally with that process and can try to explain it to our international neighbors who start looking for a space on earth large enough to act as a political asylum for some 200 million people every four years at certain times in August.



Schaefer's brilliantly distinct photo of Eisenhower in 1960.

Director . . . David Gilbert

Contributors: Jim Yousling, Jason Lovette, Winthrop Rowe, Jim Schaefer, Dennis Montgomery, Richard Thomas, Tom Mitchell, Jennifer Hitchcock, Ron Engeland, Morgan Douglas Carter II, Terry Sharbach, Alan Smith, James Sherwood Tipton, Doug Houston, Bob Ivins, Jim Mead, Catherine Calcaterra.

This is the special summer edition of *Collage*, the bi-weekly magazine of the State News. Regular production of *Collage* will resume Fall term.

Look for

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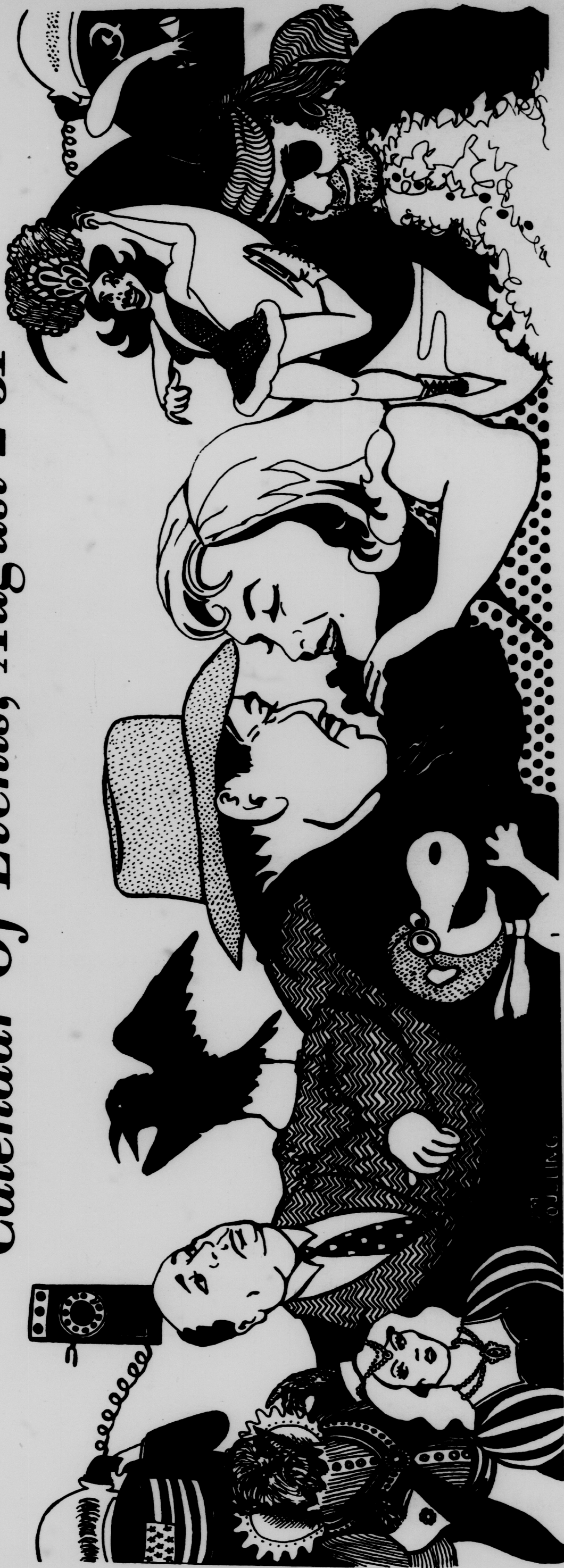
State News

idea magazine

in the fall



# Calendar Of Events, August 2-31



Friday, August 2, 1968 11

<p>FRIDAY, AUGUST 2</p> <p>"Irma La Douce" (7 &amp; 9 108 Wells Hall)</p> <p>"The Ice Wolf" (10 a.m., Dem. Hall)</p> <p>"J.B." (8:30 p.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>Kresge Art Exhibit "Faunty" (7:30, Fairchild)</p> <p>Skyshow (8, Abrams Planetarium)</p>	<p>Skyshow (2:30 &amp; 8, Abrams Planetarium)</p> <p>SUNDAY, AUGUST 4</p> <p>"Man For All Seasons" (8 p.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>Kresge Art Exhibit</p> <p>Skyshow (2:30 &amp; 4, Abrams Planetarium)</p> <p>"The Ice Wolf" (10 a.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>TUESDAY, AUGUST 6</p> <p>"Treasure Island" (10 a.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7</p> <p>"Beauty And The Beast" (10 a.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>"Man For All Seasons" (8:30 p.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>Kresge Art Exhibit</p>	<p>THURSDAY, AUGUST 8</p> <p>"The Ice Wolf" (10 a.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>"J.B." (8:30 p.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>"America, America" (7:30, Fairchild)</p> <p>FRIDAY, AUGUST 9</p> <p>"Dr. Strangelove" (7 &amp; 9 108 Wells Hall)</p> <p>Saturday, 10, Abrams Planetarium</p> <p>SATURDAY, AUGUST 10</p> <p>"Dr. Strangelove" (7 &amp; 9 108 Wells Hall)</p> <p>"Beauty And The Beast" (10 a.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>"Man For All Seasons" (8:30 p.m., Dem Hall)</p>	<p>Skyshow (2:30 &amp; 8, Abrams Planetarium)</p> <p>SUNDAY, AUGUST 11</p> <p>"J.B." (8:30 p.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>Skyshow (2:30 &amp; 4, Abrams Planetarium)</p> <p>MONDAY, AUGUST 12</p> <p>"The Ice Wolf" (10 a.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>TUESDAY, AUGUST 13</p> <p>"Beauty And The Beast" (10 a.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14</p> <p>"Treasure Island" (10 a.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>"Talent On Ice" (8:30, Ice Arena)</p>	<p>THURSDAY, AUGUST 15</p> <p>"The Ice Wolf" (10 a.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>"Man For All Seasons" (8:30, Dem Hall)</p> <p>FRIDAY, AUGUST 16</p> <p>"The Magnificent Seven" (7 &amp; 9, 108 Wells Hall)</p> <p>Saturday, 17, Abrams Planetarium</p> <p>SUNDAY, AUGUST 18</p> <p>"Man For All Seasons" (8:30 p.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>Skyshow (2:30 &amp; 4, Abrams Planetarium)</p>	<p>"The Ice Wolf" (10 a.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>"J.B." (8:30 p.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>Skyshow (2:30 &amp; 8, Abrams Planetarium)</p> <p>SUNDAY, AUGUST 18</p> <p>"Man For All Seasons" (8:30 p.m., Dem Hall)</p> <p>Skyshow (2:30 &amp; 4, Abrams Planetarium)</p> <p>FRIDAY, AUGUST 23</p> <p>"The Misfits" (7 &amp; 9, 108 Wells Hall)</p> <p>SATURDAY, AUGUST 24</p> <p>"The Misfits" (7 &amp; 9, 108 Wells Hall)</p>
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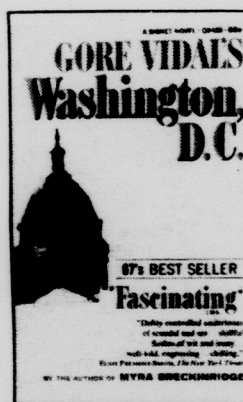


# SPECIAL BOOK SELECTIONS

for convention coverage

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