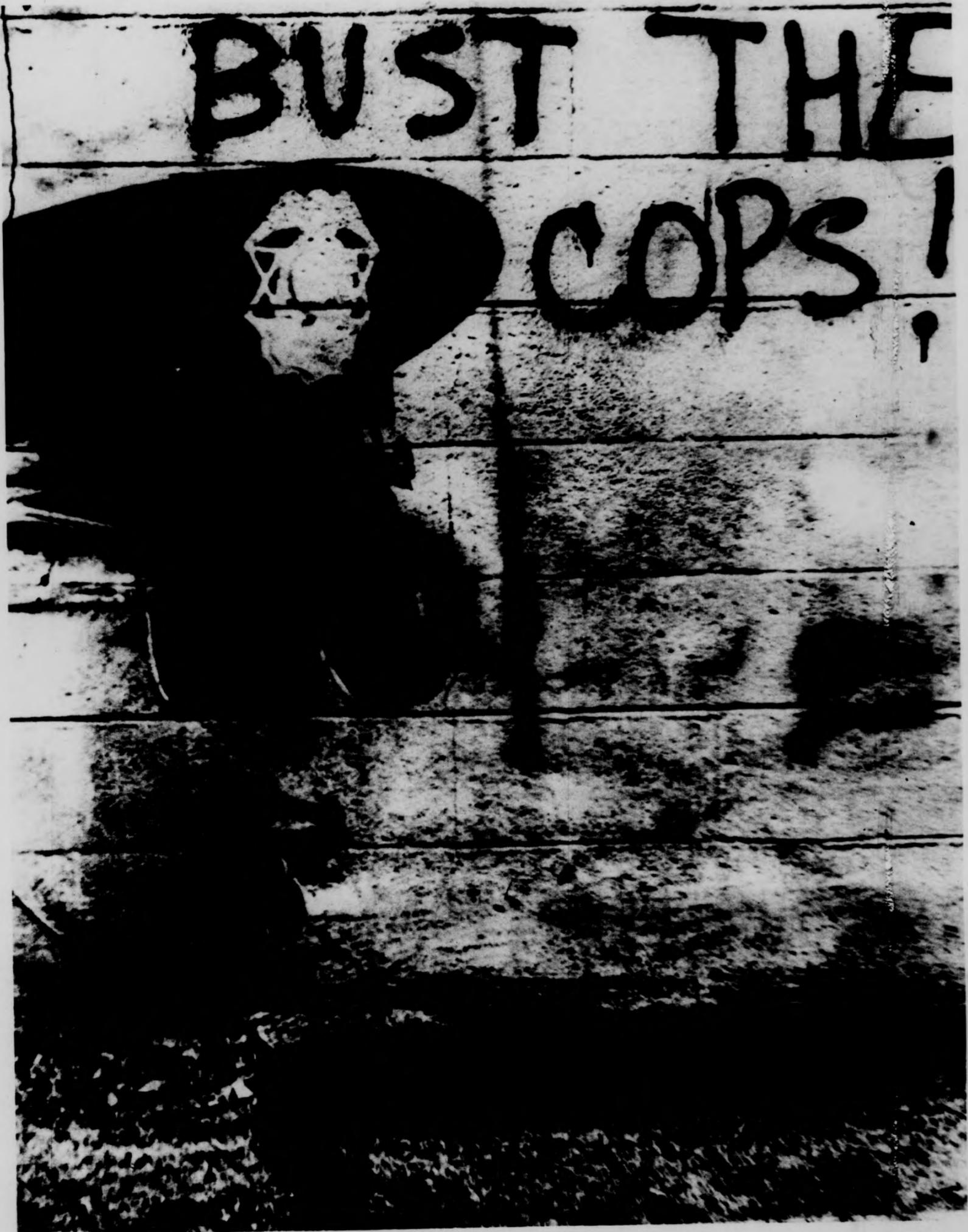


collage

The Bi-monthly Idea Magazine of The Michigan State News

Tuesday, November 12



THINKING ABOUT...

Police--or Pig?

12:06 a.m. -- Officer in making routine building checks discovered a door open at Demonstration Hall. Officer entered the building to investigate. Building ok, nothing missing.

9:52 p.m. -- Arrested two subjects as minors in possession of intoxicating liquor. Transported subjects to station and interviewed them. Subsequently released subjects and advised them to return for information on whether the prosecuting attorney issued a warrant.

12:49 a.m. -- An assault is reported. Complainant stated that firecrackers were thrown at him near Holmes Hall. The dispatcher sent an officer to the area to investigate.

9:21 p.m. -- Received a telephone call reporting an attempted suicide. Officers dispatched to Emmons Hall and transported subject to Olin Health Center for treatment.

2:04 a.m. -- Hospital run. Car 4 is transporting female student to Olin Health Center from Gilchrist Hall. Coed was bleeding from the mouth.

7:21 p.m. -- Officer stopped vehicle on a routine traffic stop. While talking to driver, he observed a night-stick protruding from under the front seat. Arrested subject for carrying a concealed weapon.

8:53 a.m. -- Larceny from a vehicle is reported: complainant says the hubcaps were taken from his car. Officer is dispatched to take the report and investigate.

3:25 p.m. -- Prisoner logged at station for obstructing a police officer. 3:42 p.m. --Officer escorted prisoner to Lansing Township Justice Court for arraignment.

9:36 a.m. -- Loading dock at Mary Mayo Hall reported blocked by unauthorized cars. Unit dispatched to investigate. The dock is found blocked and attempt is made to locate the owner.

3:11 p.m. -- Malicious destruction reported by the Grounds Dept., saying there are obscene writings on the sidewalks near the Student Services Bldg. and outdoor pool. Also on the gates of the pool. An officer is assigned to investigate.

1:52 a.m. -- The loading dock at the library is reported blocked by unauthorized cars. Unit dispatched to check. It is found blocked and owner cannot be found. A towing service is called to remove car. Shortly after it arrived, owner also arrived. Left owner and wrecker service to determine fee.

2:13 p.m. -- A breaking and entering is reported from North Case Hall. Complainant said clothing was taken from her room. Officer sent to take the report.

The daily round... and most of us never realize, except in annoyance, the job that is being done. Perpetuators of an existing evil? Unrecognized "Batmen" in disguise? Guardians of our liberty? Plain men who never meant to be heroes? Who knows? and again, who cares? When your head is being hit by one of their clubs... When your clothes are stolen... When you're stopped for speeding... When someone you know needs emergency help... you care. Police--or pig? And why?



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Collage is still accepting manuscripts for future issues. Writers doing exciting things in poetry, fiction, drama, commentary or graphics should get on the stick. We are at the State News office, Sunday through Thursday afternoons.

'Root, hog or die. . .'

By WILBUR RYKART

It was 3 a.m. as the dark blue car turned from the highway and stopped in front of the only building exhibiting any light. Passing headlights caught the reflective gold shield on the door identifying it as a police patrol car.

A red neon sign blinked out the words: Benny's Coney Cafe No. 2. Ghostlike images of the patrons inside showed through the steamed-up windows of the all night restaurant.

Three officers emerged from the car and made their way toward the door. The older officer spoke in a gruff, low voice remarking, "It's a good night for burglars."

Inside, the atmosphere was almost as depressing as the night. Three customers were left from drunks' rush, the old wino sat in the booth near the rear, his head drooping forward from time to time, jerking upright again when his nose struck the cold plate of half-consumed soft boiled eggs.

Up front a super-salesman type was talking a fast line to a woman past her prime and showing the mileage to prove it.

The officers passed his table just as he mumbled, "What the hell gives, the fuzz riding three to a car now?" One of the officers gave him a hard stare and he turned back to his lady friend. Tom slid into a booth about half-way to the rear of the building. He had been an officer for about two years, and delighted in telling about catching unsuspected speeders.

Hank, a ten year veteran, sat beside him. The other officer, a recruit, moved into the opposite side of the booth. Tom leaned over to the recruit and nodded in the direction of the waitress. "Name's Betty." He said. "I don't think it would be half bad if you could clean it up a little." The recruit didn't dare look.

She came over to take their orders and it was startling to see how really attractive she was: tall, slender, with a faultless cream-like complexion, natural bond hair and deep ice-blue eyes that were also ice-cold. She glared at Hank, smiled at Tom and tossing her golden hair at the recruit, said to Tom, "Where'd you pick up the tender one?" She took the order and went back to the grill.

"The gal's a doll," Hank said. "But the kind of doll that will get you tired-hates cops, runs with a bunch of hoods in the area. I got one of them breaking into a building last year. The judge gave him two years at Jacktown."

"Here come the hoods now," said Tom, as five young men 18 to 25 years came in the back door. They went to the far corner and began to invest in the pinball machine. It was now 3:30 a.m. The drunks had somehow left quietly. Even the one with egg on his nose. The only inhabitants of Benny's No. 2 were the cops, the "hoods" and a cold, beautiful, but lonely young woman.

Who was the recruit? You are. This is your first time to work the midnight-to-dawn patrol. Less than three months ago you were working on a farm, milking cows, plowing fields and feeding hogs. You would see the police car go by and wonder what was going on. Now you find yourself on the inside--only it feels more like the inside of a goldfish bowl.

During the next five years Benny's No. 2 will be a regular stop on the midnight-to-dawn patrol. It will be a part of your changing life style. You will learn to eat hot dogs drowned in chili coated with chopped onions and washed down with black coffee, all at 3 a.m. You will develop a suspicious nature toward all people and soon the only people you will know how to talk to will be cops and hoods. You will learn to smile when being insulted and to act emotionally neutral when handing out a ticket to a wet-eyed woman.



There will be more to adapt to. Family fights, male teachers molesting little boys, city officials hooked by the rackets, boys and girls who ran away from bad homes, and much more. You may change from the eager officer, like Tom, to a more pessimistic type, like Hank. After all, everyone but cops are crooked and you know some of them must be, too. The one thing that won't change is the neon light and the grease and the deep fryer at Benny's No. 2.

Just then a telephone rang. Betty answered and turning to the three officers said, "It's for you Tiger."

Tom jumped up and took the telephone. "OK Corp.," he said. "We're on our way. Let's go. There's an accident at Cook's Corners."

Six months later, you are working with Hank. You've passed your probationary period and are now accepted as one of the crew. You are able to sell tickets to speeders just like they told you in recruit school. Imagine. People thanking you for a ticket! But that's what they do.

"Coffee time," said Hank. "Wheeler over to Benny's No. 2 John. And let's get in and out before the drunks come in."

"Ok," you say, and soon the big blue car is parked in front of the familiar neon sign. Hank pauses at the doorway and sniffs the air. "Good night for burglars," he remarks.

John smiles and says to himself, "Some night he's going to smell right."

"How 'ya been John?"

"Can't complain Betty, how's tricks?"

"Whadda 'ya mean how's tricks? You know I don't run around on Jack."

"Say Betty," Hank interrupts. "Jack keeping his nose clean?"

"You bet he is," replies Betty. "If some damn cop don't throw him in jail for suspicion and lose him his job he'll be o.k."

"Benny's number two," says Betty as she answers the phone. "It's for you Tiger."

John gets up, takes the phone and writes down a message. "O.k. Corp. we'll run right out and tell him." John walks back to the table, takes his officer's cap from the rack and says, "Let's go Hank. We've got a death message to deliver."

It was Hank's turn to drive and as he turned the cruiser onto the highway, John filled him in with the details. There had been an accident over at the University. Two or maybe more young men had been killed. The car was a red buick convertible registered to Gary Morton, a farmer living in the area patrolled by Hank and John.

The city police department of Univeristy City was not sure, but they thought the driver had been Gordon, the farmer's son. The boys had been celebrating Gordon's 21st birthday and on the return had lost control and struck a tree.

As Hank approached the Morton farmstead, the moon drifted from behind the clouds revealing the outline of an old square farmhouse. Hank drove on to the next farmhouse. He woke the occupants and after learn-

ing that they were good friends of the Mortons asked them to go with him to break the news. The officers then returned to the Morton home and the neighbors followed in another car. Hank looked at John and said, "O.k., do your stuff. Never deliver a death message?"

"No," said John. "What should I say?" John had felt quite confident up till now. In the short span of six months he had handled drunks, helped pick up accident victims from the highway, chased runaway kids and an escaped convict through a swamp. But now he turned a little white.

"Come on," said Hank. "I don't know what to say either. Never do until the time comes."

Hank knocked on the door several times. He could see that the house was in need of repair and paint. Probably the cost of about one year at the University would take care of it.

A dim light flashed inside and soon the officers and the neighbors were admitted to the house. The message was delivered, and after the initial shock and cries of anguish had subsided, the officers, with the help of the neighbors, assisted the Mortons with the responsibility of bringing home the body.

Hank at one point turned away, and after taking a deep breath, turned back to the present the calm facade expected of an officer. But on the inside, the ice that is supposed to be in policemen's veins, turned to water. The neighbors had a right to cry with their friends; the minister would come and comfort them later, and the undertaker would guarantee burial with dignity. But for that brief moment of crisis, when a mother's forgotten pain of childbirth returns and changes to a pain tearing away her heart, as the reality of the situation comes crashing in upon her, the uniform and officialdom of a police officer is stripped away and the officer cannot escape the tragedy that befalls the people he serves.

Hank and John left. For the next few minutes all was quiet except for the efficient rumble of the Interceptor engine.

Hank broke the silence. "You know John, the dead die easy. But that mother will die for the rest of her life."

"This is a hell of a job," said John. "I don't think money can ever compensate for this kind of duty."

The officers returned to the station and went over the incident with the corporal on duty.

"You're right John," said Corporal Edwards. "Money cannot compensate for everything. But you're going to find this to be true many times during your career. Many times your only pay will be the personal satisfaction received from helping a citizen in trouble. From removing a dangerous criminal from society or saving a life or keeping a kid out of trouble. Consider it a privilege to be able to serve your fellow men. And remember that in spite of all the forces of society that would wreck the peace and tran-

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Police--

(continued from page 6)

multaneously to understand the bluffing and counter-bluffing involved.

Dailey immediately said he would encourage investigations, but added that he would stand by the Chicago Police Department regardless. Hardly a notable answer to the police image problem of Chicago, Columbia, Berkeley, etc.

Possibly it is necessary that individual officers who did unnecessarily mace or beat demonstrators (or reporters or bystanders) be dismissed. But the case is not closed there.

To blame only individual officers, to say the Chicago cops are 'different' is only to pass the buck. It's all too similar to the isolated white man saying, "I'm not racist; I've never called a nigger 'nigger'."

The Law Enforcement Code of Ethics tends to be only something a police officer once read.

Pious words. Empty. Irrelevant to the practice of law enforcement.

Accepted and applied, the spirit of the code would lessen current abuses within the police departments and would lessen that from outside.

O. W. Wilson, former Superintendent of Police, Chicago, told it like it must be told:

"We must have the strength within our agencies to run a 'tight ship' and to detect and correct our own weaknesses. We should not have to wait for public pressures and newspapers exposes to call these matters to our attention.

True leadership can be gained only by an intolerance of wrongdoing by police officers. Unless we abide by the very highest standards among ourselves, we have a no business enforcing the law upon others."

This, Too, Is Important

In the crazy moments of my mind
you pick your sometime path through my confusion.
Goldenrods and clover hang from your hair
and for a while
I stand washed in fresh rain
and my eyes flickering forward
to you

pluck clarity
like a strange flower
and put it in windowboxes
where, every now and then
thinking of you,
I remember to water my singular garden
with smiles.

--David Gilbert

RECORDS

'Ladybleah'

By CLIFF KACHINSKE

Electric Ladyland. The Jimi Hendrix Experience. Reprise Records. Album courtesy of Discount Records.

Imagine a recording studio, a bare square room with a glass panelled booth on one wall. Inside the booth an engineer is quietly twiddling dials. Amplifiers are strewn about on the floor, indicator lights glowing like red eyes. Everything quiet. Into the studio soars Jimi Hendrix flying astride his guitar like a witch on a broom. He tunes up his guitar and plugs it into an amp and when he's done he stands with his shoulders hunched, holding the guitar and muttering to it, "heh, heh. I'm comin' to get ya. Move over Rover and let Jimi take over. Yeh. You know what I'm talkin' bout." His voice rises until he's standing there actually singing that weird stuff and he stands bolt upright with a maniac gleam in his eyes and purple steam from boiling brain cells comes out of his ears and he's READY, READY TO PLAY, COMPLETELY STONED INSANE AND READY TO PLAY.

Oh, wow. Because what comes out of all that boiled-brain theatricalism is nothing but the most incredible musical garbage. The one man who has to listen to all of it, is forced to listen to all of it, is the recording engineer, probably a thoroughly likeable man who seriously digs rock and whose ears fail to function above middle "C" because they are gradually being destroyed by listening, through ear-phones, to recording session after session played as loudly as possible. After the engineer listens to Hendrix' garbage for just so long, until he can't take it any more, he walks out of his booth, picks up a microphone stand and hits Hendrix as hard as he can on the back of the head. The mad light drains out of Hendrix' eyes and he realizes that he has a guitar in his hands and for a moment of crystal clear sanity he plays something brilliant on it. For maybe three or four bars. But the mad glow in the eyes and the musical garbage comes back until the recording engineer gets fed up again and repeats his performance.

That is all you need to know about Electric Ladyland, Hendrix' latest release. Except for one small thing: don't buy it unless you enjoy sifting through garbage to find some worthwhile listening. Everything worthwhile on the entire album could have been recorded on a single 45 and an additional disc the size of a doughnut. Unfortunately, this album could two disc set, and if you try to listen to it all at one time you will get a Hendrix Hang-over, a complex of pathological symptoms that comes from listening to too much Hendrix in any 48 hour period.

Fortunately, however, the 45 rpm single mentioned above has been released and is available at your friendly record store. It's called, "All along the Watchtower." It's the only consistently good thing on the whole album, and it can be had for a whole bunch less than the album itself.

What distinguishes "All along the Watchtower" from the rest of Electric Ladyland and makes it better than the rest of the album is that it forces Hendrix to be a little less Hendrix-like than usual; it forces him to be what he could be, with a lot of self-control, a good musician. The Dylan lyric has a simplicity and grace that refuses to be tampered with, either vocally or instrumentally. The lyric demands that Hendrix refrain from injecting his usual meaningless weirdness.



Editorial comment on the Elections

"We hear sirens in the night."
--Richard M. Nixon

**OFFICER O'REILEY, HELP ME ACROSS
THE STREET, PLEASE THE WIND
BLOWS ANGRY**

Harshly the WIND blows, winding
Gentle trees like corded strings:
Then plucking them from their Mother
Whose earthy breast they suckled:
Who fondled them from birth.
Cardboard boxes (filled with).



Little boys and perty girls
who struggled from Mamma,
and watched the serpent swirl
daddy's redrooftop high upon the air

NOW TOSS OVER AND UP AND
FORTH AND DOWN AGAIN...
AND OVER AND BACK AND OVER

No longer is the WIND the sometimes fool,
Who lifts her happy skirt
With his timorous sneeze,
To reveal the sunny virtue
Which young, clever Hamlet
Lay upon Ophelia's lap.
Now, unnoticed, from Satan's ugly spleen,
Which chews and grinds and rips good vomit,
He springs warlike, nailed in black:
To pillage the field, the farm, the city.
The country club, the bar--
With bolts of firey puffs
And tiny drops of piss,
Which worm the flower path
And strangle every gasp.
Upon this venom course
No sailor fills his sails:
Nor daemon kite a kinship feels.
In its twisting tumbles

(or tumbling twists).

Debris becomes potpourri: yet vicious
Deadly missiles: destruction:
And I (?), a conscious watcher,
Care wrong? Less, Right? Less care.
But for the little boy or miss:
Or for a frenzied father,
Who stumbles his precious home,
And finds not sad remorse
To cry: "God? Why all this?"

Marching two abreast
With wooden halberds raised high,
In flourishing salutes to a Justice
Which has summoned up the scene.
They advance (upon an autumn crowd
Of repugnant lodestone eyes,
Which spit blood and iron tears,
And wonders what monster it be
That requires such forcefulness).
Advancing they seem like soldiers
Who may have read:
That Saint George an awful beast did slay
When the times upon him called
To flush the country's moom
Of the gnawing disease
Which fired the peaty grounds:
Or that Sir Gawain, on one Christmas eve,
With festivity and his grace,
Took to behead the Giant green,
Who--with all the required heraldry
And within the law--
Challenged the good sir's noble King.
Yet, the officers prod their ranks
And a motley group they see:
Some bearded as the grizzly bear--
Eyes no less the red:
Some brewing the rapid fire

That bubbles deep within,
Then suddenly spews like cannonball,
And hurls upon its fools
Where it boils

then explodes:
And some breathful clean
But just as soon may be
The gentle eye of hurricane.

Wildly the stick swirls,



Then falling each upon the grass
Which once laughed a playmate's laugh--
Now kicks, vehemently.
Young girls with tender cheeks
Now tumble through the air,
And fall in beds of roses,
With lovely welts and swells
And precious words of dirt
In which a rose will never grow.
Clearly the eyeless fool perceives
That the bloods of men distil
And law becomes the wooden machine
To strike,

and club,

and maim,

and KILL

A child's hallucinogenic dream.
And I, a conscious watcher,
Can only turn away
The two brothers, upon my feet.

A.C. Crossley

REFLECTIONS

And then there was the mirror with the golden edge
Between the heavy curtains. It glowed in the dark.
I remember I looked very little and black,
Smaller than Mr. Burlington's favorite chair.

But then I played princess on it.
My portrait edged in all that gold.
Precious gifts were given to me.
The heavy glass ball on the desk
In the corner was from China.

The princess smiled (who was me).
I was so very beautiful.
Especially with red velvet
And plump pillows, or so they said.
They said like a doll, pretty blue
And pink and gold with fluffy curls:
and then a courtier came who--

Nice Mrs. Burlington, that's what Mama called her.
And then she opened the dark and her eyes said I
Looked grey and brown in a dusty glass. "My goodness,
All alone?" Oh no. But I didn't tell her that.

--Kyle Kinsey

WIFE

for flesh
we wait
you move against
me
like an edge of water

from the source
of dream
our game
we talk of graves
and women

early night
I take from you
what would seem
silence
I am what I take

I hold you
against your pain
not understanding
the way of wind

from night
you ask for me
I have already fled
to you
your myth

you read
line by line
inside you
what is there to be
what movement can you call
your own

warm through sunday
wanting it warm
we shadow the day

woman

what you think you are
not what I see
you are what I
would be

--Richard Amorosi

SUN CHILD, LISTEN

Sun
funneling
clouds from the wind
huskings:

Practice the ways of woman
diligently,
fingers searching
excellence
in scaling ivory.

This too is an art

Between your painted
nails crush
gently the sunflower
child in mind.

In her place,
learn the thrust
of a woman's boe
movement toward
a man.

Allow this moon
inside your parts
to strut.

--Linda M. Amorosi

POLICE

Trinka Cline, a junior from West Union, Illinois, is the campus editor for the State News.

By TRINKA CLINE

As a law enforcement officer, my fundamental duty is to serve mankind . . . to protect the . . . weak from oppression or intimidation, the peaceful against violence or disorder; and to respect the Constitutional rights of all men to liberty, equality and justice . . .

I will keep my private life unsullied as an example to all; maintain courageous calm in the face of danger, scorn, or ridicule; develop self-restraint . . . Honest in thought and deed in both my personal and official life. I will be exemplary in obeying the laws of the land and the regulations of my department.

. . . I will never act officiously or permit personal feelings, prejudices, animosities or friendships to influence my decisions. With no compromise for crime and with relentless prosecution of criminals, I will enforce the law courteously and appropriately without fear or favor, malice or ill will, never employing unnecessary force or violence . . .

Code of Ethics adopted by the International Assn. of Chiefs of Police

Ideally law enforcement is not a job, an eight-hour detached existence, but a way of life, a mode of thought and deed.

Perhaps if we could isolate every police officer from the society at large, except for those unfortunate moments when each must venture out for eight hours of duty, we could indeed make the ideal a reality.

But policemen shed their uniforms, live in the same neighborhoods as the rest of us, breathe the same air and eat the same foods and go some of the same places and do some of the same things.

Perhaps it is justifiable to say we get the law enforcement we deserve. The quality of their situation reflects the quality of the society that produces them.

Law enforcement is somewhat popularly viewed as a negative function; the police are suppressors, out to get the violator or even potential violator or anyone they don't happen to like or agree with.

For the most part, the policeman holds less than a bachelor's degree--most likely only a high school diploma. He is very likely the product of a conservative background and remains conservative in his political preferences today.

He may be worried about the negative stereotype of the cop and may be defensive about his actions . . . to the point of advocating 'tougher' policies. A police state is not totally repulsive to him.

Yet his basic job is to make snap decisions concerning how 'best' to protect and carry out the promises of freedom and the necessary limitations as stated in the U.S. Constitution, federal statutes, Supreme Court decisions and similar documents on a state level as well as various local ordinances and regulations. Snap decisions without really over-stepping powers of arrest and infringing on the duties of judge and jury and executioner.

In an instant he must do a rough parallel of what courts and prosecutors take hours or weeks or years to interpret and decide. Just as court interpretations are overturned or altered, so must the policeman's decisions flex.

The officer and marijuana. A significant portion of the population considers it only just

to erase laws and statutes against marijuana. Personal discretion will have some bearing on the extent of enforcing any such rule; but laws were made to be enforced and police are hired to enforce them. He is thus the victim of a sometimes belligerent population.

It makes little difference that only 10 per cent of a police officer's time goes into criminal proceedings, with 90 per cent miscellaneous, including car accident calls and removal of squirrels caught in air conditioners.

He is remembered, criticized, romanticized and ridiculed, hated and praised at times for that one-tenth of his time when he attempts in proper or improper manner--to defend and protect society from itself.

Seated in one of the best "Pig Ad" schools of the nation, one really wouldn't expect to hear a Police Administration prof say, "There is just no way I can defend the Chicago police." The typical policeman will at least partially defend the actions of the holocaust or will simply say, "Don't judge the rest of us by Chicago police; they're like that; they're a different breed of cop."

Demonstrators, demonstrations, universities, anti-war, anti-racism, agitators, communists, rocks, streets, bottles, bricks and human waste. Blood and clubs. Ouch.

In recent times the police departments across the nation have become infamous for the handling or muffing of demonstrations and riots.

When should the police move in, enforce the most minute law to the hilt and end a non-violent demonstration? When the demonstrators are peaceful and the spectators aren't, who should be arrested? And worst of all comes the question of how one goes about it all.

The same 'rebel' Police Administration prof suggested that it is sometimes desirable to "bend over backwards, even bend the law a little" to allow the expression of free speech.

During the nights of the Democratic Convention was it really necessary to enforce the park closing hours? Was this not a slightly 'special' occasion? The decision to clear the park was obviously not the most practical answer. Just how harmful can a few thousand youth singing songs and huddling around trash can fires actually be?

Were the police wedges sent through the now famous Grant Park necessary? How justifiable is it for officers to break rank and run swinging clubs through a frightened crowd of 'unarmed' youth?

It is noteworthy that although police usually have their own photographers, Chicago was unable to produce shots of people charging the police lines. Of more than 600 arrests made during the week, only 16 people were charged with "unlawful use of weapons."

Viewing the Chicago police display of makeshift weapons 'seized' from those arrested, one finds it hard to believe that with such weapons in hand and with the supposed intent of the demonstrators, injury to police officers was not five times as great.

Mayor Daley's official report fails to explain the police raid on the McCarthy suites of the Conrad Hilton. He distorts the event and does not attempt to explain what happened or why, if police were so certain that projectiles were coming from those windows, no one was arrested. Only blood on the Hilton carpets.

Chicago has found itself the exaggeration of everything ever done wrong. The hypocrisy. The sweep-it-under-the-rug-and-blame-the-Commies philosophy. The propaganda and overplay of alleged plots of Yippies to assassinate everyone and to destroy the city (But one has to appreciate the mind of a Yippie and a policeman).



(continued on page 4)

YOUSUNG

OR PIGS?

Mark Jarsulic, Dearborn Heights senior, is a major in philosophy.

By MARC JARSULIC

Mailer has said it. Huey Newton and Eldridge Cleaver have said it. And anyone else who has had sufficient opportunity to experience the tender mercies of the riot baton and the jail cell will say it: the American police are pigs.

Pigs; brutal and sometimes sadistic enemies of the people. In the latest edition of Harper's Magazine (November, 1968), Norman Mailer devotes more than a few lines to the activities of policemen. Among them is an examination of the American cop mentality, the best, perhaps, that has ever been written:

"... The cop tries to solve his violence by blanketing it with a uniform. That is virtually a commonplace, but it explains why cops will put up with poor salary, public dislike, uncomfortable working conditions and a general sense of bad conscience. They know they are lucky; they know they are getting away with a successful solution to the criminality they can taste in their blood. This taste is practically in the forefront of a cop's brain; he is in a stink of perspiration whenever he goes into action; he can tolerate little in the way of insult, and virtually no contradiction; he lies with a simplicity and quick confidence which will stifle the breath of any upright citizen who encounters it innocently for the first time. The difference between a good cop and a bad cop is that the good cop will at least do no more than give his own salted version of events--the bad cop will make up his version. That is why the police arrested the pedestrians they pushed through the window of the Haymarket Inn at the Conrad Hilton: the guiltier the situation in which a policeman finds himself, the more will he attack the victim of his guilt."

Brutal. Some would make this fact the keystone of their political activity, finding in the police a principal target for their execrations and expending much energy attacking them. But by doing so they ignore their real enemy, and hence are less able to confront the police who are merely agents of that enemy.

Consider the functions which police perform. In times of relative tranquility, police are called upon to prevent minor disturbances from expanding. When strikes become too prolonged or too violent, police are used to smash them; when the lumpen proletariat, now confined mostly in the black ghetto, become too restive in their misery, the necessary steps are taken to quiet them. And, of course, the members of the upper and middle classes are protected from the ravages of common crime, although no serious effort is made to eliminate the organized criminals who prey on the less affluent.

In times of internal crisis--when demand for fundamental social change has grown strong--they are the bulwark of the status quo. When the rebellions in Watts, Detroit and Newark threatened the normal order of business, the grievances of ghetto dwellers were not even considered. Police were sent into ghettos to stop the disruption by any means necessary. They refrained from totally indiscriminate violence only because the people in political control feared more widespread uprisings. Even the sympathetic media were unable to disguise the ruthlessness with which the people operated or the callousness of those who directed them.

During the student strike at Columbia University, police performed the same counter-insurgent function, though in a more restrained manner. Clearly the strikers were in the right:

the university's complete disregard for Harlem residents in the decision to construct the Morningside Heights gym and the university's complicity with American imperialism through the Institute for Defense Analysis were both issues which had to be confronted. But neither Columbia nor the corporations and government agencies contracting with her were interested in anything other than insuring that the university would continue as a research center and a processing plant for future technocrats. New York police were therefore told to spill the blood necessary to end the strike.

And of course, there was the Convention of Death in Chicago. Thousands of youth had come to that city to protest the corruption of a party which would not nominate a candidate who was even vaguely popular or repudiate a hideous war it had helped create. Though the people in the streets had no chance of getting hold of the political machinery, they were still a threat. Their presence disrupted the carefully constructed sham of democratic process, and the voice of their disaffection threatened to drown out the empty rhetoric inside the convention arena. It was therefore decided that the demonstrators would have to be contained and if possible, discredited for being instigators of violence. You saw the results on your television screen.

In tranquility and in crisis, police are used to preserve the control which the few have over the many, and that is the essence of their job. Some might suggest, that since police are ultimately under political control, all this can be changed through normal democratic means. But they would be invited to examine more closely the real nature of America's "democratic" government. It can best be characterized as a bourgeois democracy. That is to say, while there is popular participation in government through elections and conventions, actual political control rests in the hands of a monied class. A candidate receives the money necessary for election only if his intentions are satisfactory to that class; he will be re-elected only if he has fulfilled his obligations to them. High appointing office (and high office generally) is limited to members of that class. Significant support for political parties is purposely limited to the two major ones, thereby eliminating the instability of parliamentary government which sometimes permits popular influence. The reality of this situation is unquestioned; you need only to read *The Power Elite* or to scrutinize the activities of your state representative for confirmation.

To put the matter plainly, a small class of people controls America: though politicians control the police, it is the money of the power elite which controls the politicians. It is therefore the members of this select class who are striking out at the prisoners of the ghetto and the demonstrators in the street. Though they have made cops into the immediate antagonists, it is they who are the real pigs, the real enemy who must be confronted.



*"I can't get younger; I
have to be an old man,
that's all..."*



The scholastic skyscraper

This is the second of a three-part series on the effects of the physical environment upon the student body. Bruce Spitz is a senior majoring in urban studies. This series is excerpted from research he has conducted in connection with his major.

By BRUCE SPITZ
State News Staff Writer

Administrators seem to be members of a select chamber of commerce which basks in the glow of growth, size and monolithic structures. One can easily picture them at a national convention proudly surrounding a large aerial view of the campus, a four foot high model of Hubbard Hall and a big sign reading, "40,000 AND STILL GROWING!" The question is what are they growing? Why have the residence halls been built? What effects do these mega-dorms have upon their residents? Can an academic community co-exist in their presence? And finally, is a living-learning complex something you live in or the name of a particular psychosis? (The tragedy of that last statement lies in the mere quality of its humor).

In the last ten years MSU has graduated from the ranks of a large university to the progressive and impressive position of the multiversity. She boasts an educational system that supports 15 colleges, 92 schools, and over 170 programs of study. She presents her student enrollment with over 3,800 different courses. And as always, we are awed by the mere numbers. Little concern is expressed over the validity of those colleges or schools or courses, nor do we seem bothered that less than 45 per cent of the University's expenditures were allocated for the operation of the University (1967: General University Fund - \$62 million, Total MSU Expenditures - \$142 million). We accept the MSU rationale that just as Life, MSU is diverse and enormous. We accept that she maximizes exposure to the arts and to different people and opinions. We accept that as a non-profit organization her gigantic enrollment allows her to make the most of economies of scale and pass the savings off to us. However, we accept in both a state of ignorance and fearful compliance, shrugging our shoulders to the nebulous doubts we harbor, and maintaining that at worst MSU is just a little over maternalistic. The News Letters sent out to incoming freshmen never mention the costly diseconomies of scale that her tremendous size incurs.

In 1967, the university allocated \$7.8 million for the maintenance and operation of the physical plant (roads, gardens, power plants, etc.), that was more than the combined expenditures allotted for the College of Engineering, the College of Human Medicine, The College of Home Economics, Lyman Briggs College, Justin Morrill College, James Madison College, the School of Religion, the School of TV and Radio, MSU Libraries, MSU general administration, MSU general research, and MSU student aid. More than the combined expenditures. (The MSU Financial Report of 1966-1967 reads like a comic book).

But these statistics shrink to a level of insignificance when compared to the MSU division of Hotels and Restaurants, more commonly called Residence Halls and auxiliary activities. We may sit back with a startled jolt and examine the financial opera-



tion of a department which grossed over 30 million dollars in 1967; I prefer to remain jolted over my experience in the dorms and the thought that 20,000 human beings are still kept there. J.W. Bews, a human ecologist, made the astute observation that to

speak of the environment without predicating the existence of man is as non-sensical as to speak of man without predicating the existence of an environment. Both environment and man are defined in relationship to each other. If the dorms are ugly and sterile what are the social implications? Can we relegate esthetics to the load lugger? What is the function of functional design?

Administrators apparently take two positions. One is to defend the ugliness as both an economic and functional necessity. The other, a less frequent but more candid response, ties the legislative process and esthetics into a clumsy misshapen knot. It seems that the state government is very hesitant to allocate funds for beautiful buildings because "there is a nasty public reaction to anything that is beautiful. People connote beautiful with money." And although this mysterious body known as the Public is not sufficiently trained to make that judgement (a judgement which architects will fervently deny) or sufficiently educated to distinguish between what is beautiful and what is not, they influence our lives to a disproportionate degree. We have been taught that green grass and pretty trees and football stadiums make a campus, not the dormitories. We operate within residence halls which are, as FORTUNE magazine described them, "graceless but highly functional." They are functional for re-fueling (eating), for re-charging (sleeping), for general maintenance (secretion and excretion), and for general multiversity operation (study and organized group activities). More than mechanically oriented, they are mechanical. The student is plugged in and out day and night: activated for certain operations and then deactivated when those operations have been completed. Nowhere within those mechanized shells are human emotions subjective needs (love, privacy, individuality, security, etc.), sexual or territorial drives acknowledged. In those rare moments when we can separate ourselves from the machine, we become convinced that everything—people, elevators, buses, flies—are automated packages controlled from a central location at the Computer Center. But the mental vagary cannot last forever; we return to reality and plug ourselves back in.

For those of you who become depressed merely upon entering a mega-dorm and consider yourself maladjusted, I suggest that you pick up a copy of **High Rise or Low Rise: A study of decision factors in residence hall planning** published by the Universities Facilities Research Center. It lists observations which indicate that the maladjustment exists within the physical structure of the high rise itself. The sociological consequences that the larger dorms allow are: 1. tighter control by means of providing an atmosphere of orderliness and administrative control; 2. depressing effects upon the residents, a result of the monotony and the uniformity of design; and finally, the report warns that 3. "if the residence halls fail to provide the intangible values essential to a satisfactory environment, a rebellious attitude tends to develop which leads to vandalism and disorderly behavior, as evidenced in low cost public housing." The question is, do these "intangible values" exist in our dorms?

We have been led to believe that in the living-learning complex, these problems do not exist. If anything the dorms are a place for opportunity. The opportunity to live with students with different values and ways of life. The opportunity to plan programs which will enhance the lives of your fellow students. The opportunity for leadership. The opportunities to partake in the good life, such as the easy access to classes and academic programs, the availability of meals, linen service, recreation and study facilities, and nouseam. Summed up, the residence halls offer you the opportunity to "Get Along or Else" and the childish experience of having everything done for you. You are rid of that awful and dangerous responsibility of being responsible for yourself.

Administrators in charge of determining whether an ineligible student, (i.e., one who will not be 21 within the next scholastic year) may move into off-campus unsuper-

vised housing will inform you that one-half to two-thirds of the residence hall applicants who wish to move off-campus claim that the dorm life style is unattractive, e.g., study is very difficult, not sufficient space, cramped 3 in a room, regimentation of meals, etc. About one-fourth claim that it is cheaper to live off-campus. In addition, last year the trend of those wishing to move off-campus followed a rather obvious pattern. There were about 300 applicants Fall term, about 700 applicants Winter term, and about 1,000 Spring term. Two points become clear. The dorm life style more than any other factor drives people out of the dorms. Secondly, the longer the exposure of that life style, the greater the need to get out.



Finally, if dorm living is as marvelous as we are told, why is there a 50 per cent turnover in residents each year? Why do half the students who lived in the dorms one year move out as quickly as eligibility allows them the next year?

One answer to that question has already been examined: the oppressive design of the mega-dorms. However, there are two other factors which are just as important. One is the administrative control, and the other is a more subtle and yet more pervasive behavioral drive that has just recently been seriously accepted: the notion of territoriality.

Two books recently published will aid our understanding of the residence hall situation. One is "The Territorial Imperative" by Robert Ardrey, the other "The Hidden Dimension" by Edward Hall. Both deal with the concept of territoriality and how it relates to man. First, by way of definition, "a territory is an area of space which an animal or group of animals defends as an exclusive preserve. . . (It is) the inward compulsion in animate beings to possess and defend such a space." (R. Ardrey). I do, though, direct your attention to two characteristics of the territorial drive and the fashion in which they are expressed in the dorms. They are power and status, and the expression of the psychological needs of security and identification.

The possession of territory lends enhanced power to the proprietor while causing an intruder to be rather hesitant and fearful under the acknowledgement and recognition of another's property. We are all familiar with the righteous indignation we feel when a stranger barges into our room. We also know the fear of trespassing, of entering another's property when that entrance has been formally denied by the proprietor. The power that accrues to the individual from control over a territory "is essentially defensive, an inward mechanism aiding us to defend what we have; status is essentially aggressive, an inward pressure to achieve dominance over our social partners. . . Through the holding of territory we defend what status we have achieved; by challenging our neighbors, we attempt to better ourselves." (R. Ardrey)

Two points. One, the student resident is not a proprietor. He is very hesitant to do anything which might violate the social norms which have been imposed on him. The act of taking a drink, or being sloppy, or making love in what is supposed to be his room is a very tenuous thing. For it is not his room. He would feel, he does feel the in-

(continued on page 10)

'Red Cedar' Reviewed

By JOSEPH WALDMEIR

Red Cedar Review, Vol. VI, No. 3 \$1.00 Available at Campus Book Store.

Note: Dr. Waldmeir is an associate professor in the English department. His field is 20th century American literature.

Two happy facts should be noted here at the outset of this review. The first is that the *Red Cedar Review* is definitely becoming a quarterly; the second is that it has definitely gone national. Many of the selections in the present issue, particularly poems, come from authors as far away as San Francisco and Massachusetts, and even from the island of Malta -- which means really that, at least in a modest way, it has even gone international. It's nice to think that a legitimate literary quarterly may emanate from this campus. It's about time.

MSU student work has not been slighted, however. Only five of the 26 poems are by students, but three of the four stories are by them. Unfortunately, the quality of the student work, especially of the fiction, is not particularly high. One can only hope that as the magazine improves it will attract the work of better writers here on campus. There must be some; after all, there are 38,000 students here! Such faulty logic is excusable if the hope is realized.

But to the business at hand.

The poetry in this issue is remarkably good. The best are the three by John Stevens Wade of Malta. Presumably they are translations, but they are beautifully done, simply and tightly constructed, conveying emotion and meaning cleanly and satisfyingly. Read "Trees seen from a train" carefully and I think you will agree. W. Allen Taylor's "Miami Beach" neatly contrasts the unreal reality of that playground city with the real unreality of the Republican National Conven-

tion that was held there, and ends with lovers strolling the sand "in search of teddybears and presidents."

There are a few pretty good semi-narrative poems in the issue, two by Ottone M. Riccio ("The Attack," about a rape with a perverse twist at the end, and "Final Discovery," about an auto accident) and at least one by Joe Dionne, "My Mother in the Morning Stepped." I say at least one because Dionne's "Ankara" could also be considered narrative. Each of them is interesting; Riccio's have a far more immediate emotional impact, while Dionne's try to reach us in a more subdued manner.

But the best poems here are the brief attempts to convey an image or emotion outside of or on the periphery of narrative -- the sorts of poems that Stuart Ouwinga is talking about in his "Sestina." I mean those already mentioned by Taylor and Wade, and Melvyn Bucholtz's "First Freeze," Riccio's "Walking on the Beach," William A. Roecker's "The Instructor Sees John Calkin," and Harvey Tucker's "At One O'Clock."

Now to the fiction, which I found quite disappointing after the high quality of the poetry. The best piece in the issue is a Sherwood-Anderson-like sketch by Stephan Hathaway titled "The Revival Meeting." It is tight, consistent, well focused and well written, but it remains a sketch, an undeveloped slice of life with neither plot nor conflict and without a theme. But I like it; I'd like to read a story by Mr. Hathaway some time. Of the stories, Barbara Drake's "Night Out" is pretty good. The trouble with it is that it starts out as a sketch and winds up a story. We are introduced to a set of characters of nearly equal importance, but we aren't sure who the protagonists are until the last half page -- meantime, some drastic Virginia Woolf-like things happen to an entirely different couple.

Still, despite this criticism, I find "Night Out" to be a far better story than the other two

in the issue. The Allen Shratter piece is apparently from a longer work entitled "Who Greased the Spit Valve?" It begins with eight pretentious paragraphs describing a jazz combo in full flight (shades of Esquire stories of the '30s and '40s) then rises rapidly to some very corny situations embellished with some of the unfunniest funny lines I've ever read. And Joe Dionne's "The Great Ten Day Legume War of Henri Manteau" is an excellent example of a good idea in the wrong hands. There are two conflicts in the story, one between Henri and his father who is dead, the other between Henri and his business rivals who never appear. The conflicts mesh in only the most superficial way. The first one is wholly unnecessary, except to let Dionne shock us by giving us "Bastard" as the final word of a dying man, and by letting Henri piss on his father's grave. The second conflict has great comic possibilities which are never quite realized, largely because the antagonist is missing. Individually, some of the scenes are funny in a slapstick sort of way; but even these are spoiled by some very bad writing. On a quick reading, I caught a dozen errors in grammar (had took), spelling (then for than), syntax and punctuation. Perhaps I'm being too harsh, but this seems to me unforgivable in the lead story of as good a magazine as this -- especially in a lead story which won the creative writing contest last spring! Can it be that I was that wrong when I argued above that out of so many thousands of students here there ought to be some first rate fiction writers?

The art work in the issue is uniformly excellent. The photograph by Justin Kestenbaum has a rare poetic beauty, as does Bob Hill's. And Susan Budny, Dave Pickering, and Coleen Lee are to be highly complimented on their work.

All in all, this number of the *Red Cedar Review* is entirely worthwhile. It has something to praise and something to attack. What more could a reader -- or a reviewer -- ask for?

'Root'

(continued from page 3)

quility of your community and corrupt the administration of our government, if you have served the people well, they will stick with you."

"You know John," continued Corporal Edwards, "I mean all the people: the bankers, the politicians and the Sunday School teachers--they all have problems, too--but for the most part, you don't catch very many crooks in church."

Crime and the victims of crime strike hardest in the slums and ghetto areas.

The black businessman of the ghetto who can't get insurance on his laundromat to cover the losses from the burglary is soon out of business. This man's problem is more important to him, and it should be to us, than a bank job at the First National."

"That's right," said Hank. "And what about that ratty-looking kid that's the prime suspect on the laundromat? You know very well he doesn't have much of a chance. I wish we had some way to help the kid, rather than throwing his tail in jail as will likely happen."

"I get your point," said John. "But I don't know about you Hank. You sound more like a social worker every day. That's what you get from those classes you're taking at the University."

"O.K. Don't get smart," said Hank. "No We have our job and the probation officers and the social workers have theirs. But as one of the professors of the school of police administration has said, the policeman is a social scientist in action." We're out here where the citizen is. We must make decisions on the spot, and not sit back in court chambers or in ivory towers and mediate on the complexities of the issues."

"Ok," said John. "Time for breakfast. Let's catch it at Benny's and then be ready to nail some red-light runners on their way to work. I'm kind of low on the totem pole this month so I'd better get busy."

The car left the station and soon checked



out at Benny's. And after Betty had brought the coffee and took the orders, John dug into Hank again. "Hank, how can you stand being up at the University with all those kooks and long-hairs that keep stirring up the natives. You know, the sergeant here is keeping his eye on the length of your sideburns now. The next thing we know you'll be recruiting black Nationalists and Ku Klux Klansmen for the police service. I saw one of those screwball papers the other day referring to the police as pigs. If I ever got called up the first thing I'd do is bend a night stick right around some kook's head and then you'll hear some real pig-squeals. And another thing..."

"Hold on John," broke in Hank. "Now you're acting like the kind of pig implied by the label. You know John, stop to think about it. I guess we are something like pigs. You're an old farm boy. Remember how the pig would root around in the slop and dung of the barnyard? Well here we are rooting around in a barnyard littered with the outcasts of society: drunks, prostitutes, addicts, burglars, sex deviants, most of which prey on their own families; and all the other types of hoods and chiselers who may have the money to provide a false front of respectability. Remember also, John, the two types of pigs

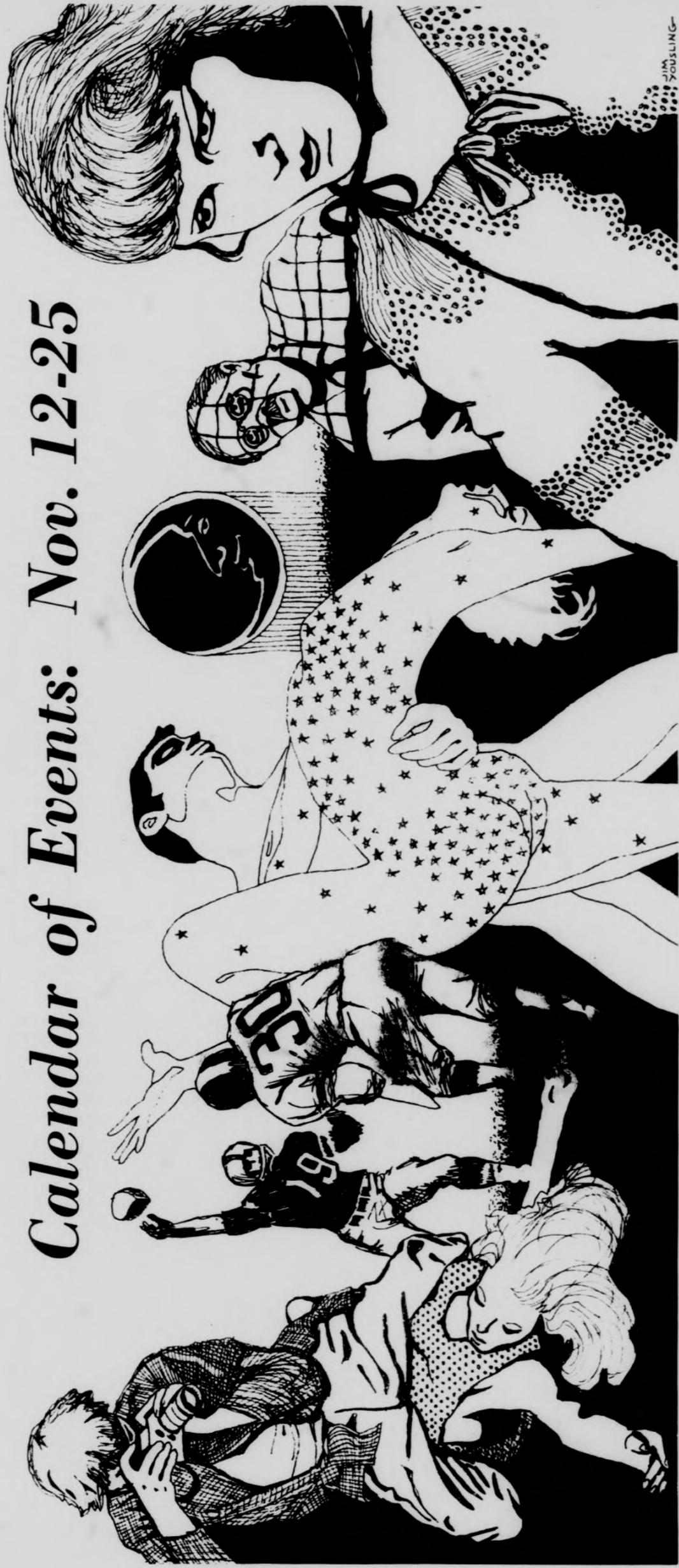
we had. We had the lard type, you know something like the old-typed politician with his captive chief of police. They sat by the public trough and got fat on tax money and graft. They closed their beady little eyes to the corruption around them and soon the slop and crud and human waste were so high around them that they were immobilized and no longer produced a marketable product. The public rebelled and the farmer changed to a more vigorous bacon-type hog.

"This pig was long and lean and had a longer nose to dig into the hard-packed surface of the barnyard. He stirred things up and found a bit of good, even in the lowest segment of society and alerted other professionals to come in and make the system work for the lost and downtrodden. This bacon-type pig isn't the one seen by the labelers. Maybe there are still too many lard types around or maybe some people just haven't taken a very good look. Maybe it has something to do with a ten-dollar word and the pros call 'projection.' Or perhaps it's due to the reflection they observe from looking at the mirrored surface of a policeman's badge."

By the way John, maybe you should be

(continued on page 12)

Calendar of Events: Nov. 12-25



November 12 Arena Theatre, 8 p.m.
National Assn. of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges
Cora Enman, mezzo-soprano, graduate recital, Music Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.
Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 13 PAC, Royal Gambit, Arena Theatre, 8 p.m.
National Assn. of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges
To Be a Crook, 104 Wells Hall, 7:30 p.m.
Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 14 PAC, Royal Gambit, Arena Theatre, 8 p.m.
Joffrey Ballet, Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.
Blow-up, Brody Auditorium, 7 and 9 p.m.
Student Recital, Music Auditorium, 3 p.m.
Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 15 Final oral exams, graduate students
PAC, Royal Gambit, Arena Theatre, 8 p.m.
Joffrey Ballet, Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.
Blow-up, MHA-WIC, Wilson Auditorium, 7 and 9 p.m.
The Pawnbroker, 108 Wells Hall, 7 and 9 p.m.

King Rat and Lilith 109 Anthony Hall, 7 and 9 p.m.
Richards Quintet, Music Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.
Astronomy through the Ages, Abrams Planetarium, 8 p.m.
Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 16 Purdue football game
Joffrey Ballet, Auditorium, 2 p.m.
World Theatre, Royal Gambit, 8 p.m.
PAC, Royal Gambit, Arena Theatre, 8 p.m.
Internationalism, 108 Wells Hall, 7 and 9 p.m.

King Rat and Lilith 109 Anthony Hall, 7 and 9 p.m.
Lansing Capitals Basketball, Lansing Civic Center, 8 p.m.
Astronomy through the Ages, Abrams Planetarium, 4:15 and 8 p.m.
Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 17 PAC, Royal Gambit, Arena Theatre, 8 p.m.
Gail Warnaar, graduate recital, oboe, Music Auditorium, 4 p.m.
Astronomy through the Ages, Abrams Planetarium, 2:30 and 4 p.m.
Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center

Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 18 Blood Drive, Demonstration Hall
PAC, Royal Gambit, Wonders Hall
Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 19 Administrative group, 9 a.m.
Blood Drive, Demonstration Hall
Spartan Roundtable
PAC, Royal Gambit, Wonders Hall
Walter Verdehr, violinist and David Renner, pianist, Music Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.

Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 20 Blood Drive, Demonstration Hall
Promenaders Dance
November 21 Closely Watched Trains, Auditorium, 7:30 p.m.
Irma La Douce, Brody Auditorium, 7 and 9 p.m.
Student Recital, Music Auditorium, 3 p.m.
Chamber Orchestra, Music Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.

November 22 Threepenny Opera, 108 Wells Hall, 7 and 9 p.m.
Closely Watched Trains, Auditorium, 7:30 p.m.
Women's Intercollegiate Swim Championships

Championships, Men's I.M. Pool, 9 a.m.-6 p.m.

November 23 World Travel Series, Marion Dix Auditorium, 8 p.m.
Threepenny Opera, 108 Wells Hall, 7 and 9 p.m.
Women's Intercollegiate Swim Championships

November 24 MSU Concert Band, Auditorium, 4 p.m.

November 25 MSU Orchestra, Union Ballroom, 8:15 p.m.
Danzas Venezuela, Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.
Conference on Internationalizing the College, Kellogg Center

'Territory'

(continued from page 5)

security and the dread of a trespasser about to be expelled. That individuals feel like intruders in their own room does not make for optimum living conditions.

Secondly, status and power are very carefully delineated in the type and amount of space you have, and the control you have over that space. Head Advisers are given suites within which they can raise a family. Grad Advisers are given bachelor pads. RA's are given their own rooms. Undergraduates are put two in a room. Freshmen are cramped three to a room. You know who you are and how you are by where you are.

"Motivation for territory is psychological." The possession and recognition of one's territory satisfies two distinctive needs: security, which is experienced in the comfort and safety of the heartland of one's own property; and identification, which is experienced through the existence of a "unique fragment of something larger and more permanent than the individual himself, a place whether social or geographic, (that is) his and his alone." (R. Ardrey)

The living-learning complexes provide a provocative glimpse as to how a population reacts when denied this form of physical security and identification, while being subjected to other social pressures. There is constant aimless tension. There are explosive releases of frustration as witnessed at the T.I. and in the broken vending machines and busted ceiling tiles. There are complete withdrawals from the community and the involvement in non-purposeful actions such as the familiar card game marathons. Ardrey would call this ritualistic aggression. It seems that when an individual is put in the position of fighting or fleeing, of confronting or escaping, and he does not wish to do either, he takes a third course. He does something which will vent his aggression and frustration but which will not force him to make a commitment to change the condition. When we examine the loud parties, the heavy drinking, the quick empty trips to the bedrooms in this light, their apparent meaninglessness takes on meaning. MSU, the largest dormitory in the world, is a behavioral sink, a receptacle for actions which especially conducive to human discomfort and frustration. To question whether an academic community can exist in this environment is as valid as questioning whether a community can exist here. The answer is simple. It cannot.

Scientists who have studied the baboon in captivity have concluded that that species' primal concern is sexual intercourse. What they did not realize (and what subsequent studies of the baboon in the jungle have substantiated) was that the situation was too artificial, that is, the animal was caged, trapped, and prevented from expressing his territorial needs and the complementary psychological benefits of those needs. If Robert Ardrey's thesis is correct and if the territorial imperative is a dominant instinct among animals, baboon and man alike, then it leads you to consider the interesting possibility that the city is a zoo and that MSU is the zoo of zoos.

A zoo where all the cages are piled up neatly one upon the other.

A zoo where the human qualities of love, compassion, individuation, privacy, and security are ignored as irrelevant.

A zoo which forcefully intimidates the individual to purge himself of any distinctive qualities, to fit in and to function in the multiversal machine.

And the individual learns. He learns to fit in, to make visible all of his characteristics and to feel guilty about standing apart. Herein lies both the horror and the energy of this social unit. The negation of the interior life as expressed in the externalization of any qualities that were or could have been distinctly yours in the life source of the corporate mechanized society. You no longer search to find yourself; for you are very competently found, molded, and placed into a precast niche. But sometimes, just sometimes, when you crawl off the shelf of interchangeable parts and stand on the periphery of the multiversity, its dimensions shrivel to that of a massive throng to isolated human beings, a lunatics' maelstrom of arched heads smiling screams.

Next Issue The Captive City

'Root, hog. . .'

(continued from page 10)

your hair grow. And when you are called to the campus, you can leave your night-stick here and have a hair-pulling contest with your opposition. But let me point out a few more things.

"The young people at the University have a song that goes, 'What the world needs now is love. . . These kids are right, John. And I hope they don't forget it when they get out into the not-too-lovable world. Maybe with their help we can leave our night-sticks a home and hang up our guns as well. The trouble is that too many people are saying 'I love you, do you love me?' in the context of a rapist as he holds a knife at a young girl's throat.

"One more 'war story,' John, and I'll shu up. About three years ago a Mrs. Johnson called on a civil rights complaint. She had applied for a job at a greenhouse packing plants for shipment. She was refused because she was a Negro. She was told on the telephone that it wouldn't work out. The rest of the people wouldn't want to work beside her. O.K., this was wrong. But consider the irony of the situation. She was a highly trained woman in accounting and office management and had sought work in an attorney's office. But not one Negro attorney in the entire area would hire her. She was a very attractive woman, but her complexion was extreme black. And attorneys all wanted a lighter-skinned girl. This was all before the "Black is Beautiful" development.

"Now I must confess my ignorance on this subject. But I might suggest, John, that whoever started this movement--this Black is Beautiful movement--has done more for the

Black man than all of the white-spawned legislation put together.

"Pigs we are and pigs we will remain. And if those people who are sincere about changing our social system and the injustice that relegates people to be barnyard of society I say 'Come and join us.' If you have the guts to be the "bacon"-type pig, we'll let you don the uniform of our order. From the blackest black to the whitest white, the race of man needs you now. Wrap that university degree around your right hand and let it become soiled with the stain of human experience. Your community will have the type of pigs it selects. Lard or bacon: it's up to you."

"Well, John, it's time to quit. Let's head for the barn. Some gal by the name of Trinka Cane called last night. She said she was from the "State News." Wanted a story. Something about what it is to be a policeman."

"Well," said John, "what did you tell her?"

"I guess the university is getting to me," said Hank. "I told her I couldn't do it. It's too complex."

As the officers turned the cruiser into the station parking lot, they noticed Tom coming in to work the day-shift. As he got close to the car, John said to Tom, "What in the world are you wearing on your feet?"

"Hush Puppies."

"Hush Puppies?"

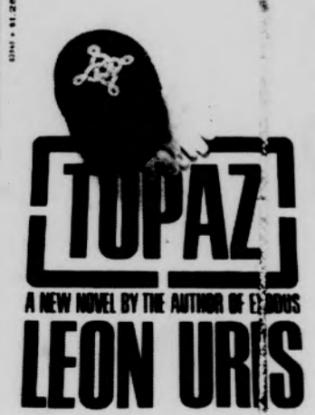
"Yeh," said Tom, "it's a new kind. They are called 'Oinkers.'"

Wilbur Rykert, East Lansing senior in police administration, is on leave from the Michigan State Police. He has nine years previous service in police work.



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