

sliver of paper as it flies through the air.

With a walk that radiates confidence and a manner that exudes bigness a swinger saunters to a table. He pauses slightly behind a girl and breathes a suave hello. Seemingly startled she looks up and offers a quick smile. His ski boot caresses the chair rung as he talks, while his hand plays with the back of her chair. After a few words he saunters back to his circle of friends. In a matter-of-fact tone he announces "Yeah, she'll go."

"You've got the knack" one admirer gushes.

At a central table sit three fraternity men. Their conversation is interspersed with work as they rival each other for upmanship. In low secret tones they discuss the party last weekend. "Hey, I hear there's gonna be a stripper at the stag," says a man of the world.

The couples in the room do not need books for security. They have each other. Lounging in the lobby and on the stairs or hidden away in cubicles some do not even try to keep up the appearance of working, but nobody seems to notice them.

In the coffee room a kick line comes through. The girls chant "Vote for ....." Boys make stereotyped comments and other boys give stereotyped answers.

In all cases the interaction is subtle and seemingly goes unnoticed. This is the paradox and this is the library.

Besides the couples, the swingers and the workers are the people who sit and wait, for anything to happen. Everybody is secretly watching everyone else and pretending not to.

This is the post high school atmosphere, the unreal society, secretly real.

To be real is human; to be unreal is to survive.

When they leave the library the marchers return to the frat houses,

the residences, the lonely rooms and their parents' houses.

Frat men continue to discuss parties, booze and the stripper. These are the important things in life.

In the segregated residences girls and boys talk about each other. Some read Playboy.

Some go home to lonely rooms and commit suicide. The authorities cover up the suicides because no one is supposed to notice, and "Nobody Waves Goodbye."



**A RARE BIRD**  
... a library studier

Residence rates go up, elections come and pass, yet no one appears to notice. No one appears to be concerned.

The same lack of concern that exists in the library permeates the entire campus. The gross insecurity and loneliness will not lead to awareness. The activists that do emerge are negated as unimportant fools.

The campus takes on a vast library atmosphere. Silence is essential—when you talk, whisper, someone might hear you.

In secret, some are getting drunk, taking LSD or just trying to make out. In a secret room off campus a stag has hired a stripper. In years to come some will seek an end and some will seek out prostitutes. Society will pretend not to notice.



**THE RESULT OF A NIGHT'S STUDYING**  
... perhaps a lab in aerodynamics?

## A generation...

By **BOB EWEGEN**

Well, scratch one dream.

The United States National Student Association, the leading voice of American youth in the postwar era, has officially admitted that it has been supported for a decade by funds of the Central Intelligence Agency.

As in most pacts of dishonor, it was easy for both participants to rationalize their action. In the early '50s, the NSA was desperately short of money, especially to carry on their vital international programs. These programs included NSA's membership in the International Student Conference, scholarships to such foreign nations as Algeria, exchange programs and other vital projects.

It is at this point that the CIA entered the picture. The NSA has a liberal image in America. But in the context of world student opinion it emerged as a conservative one. The NSA's progressive ideals and pragmatic Americanism were probably America's best possible image to a world student body

which blinks at the jingoistic term "Un-American" and fails to understand our holy crusade against the forms of socialism which many of their countries practice.

Furthermore, the NSA was the most influential member, both financially and spiritually, of the International Student Conference. ISC, composed mainly of Western and neutralist nations, was the only force blocking the rival International Union of Students from dominating world student organizations.

The IUS, headquartered in Prague, Czechoslovakia, was and is dominated by Communist youth organizations. Thus, the corrupt bargain was struck—by the NSA out of apparent necessity, by the CIA out of callous opportunism.

For a while the bargain worked. The NSA built a strong financial base. Last year they were strong enough to give up CIA money entirely rather than continue to compromise principle. CIA had an effective American voice in the councils of world student opinion. But the fruits of the poisoned tree cannot long endure when the baseness of their genesis is known.

## ...betrayed

For a generation of student leaders the NSA was the mainspring of their actions and the fountainhead of their idealism. Now that source is tainted.

Many names have been proposed for this generation. We are not the silent generation, nor the lost generation. Perhaps we have been in search of a name.

But now the student leaders of America know. We are the infiltrated generation. We are the kept generation. We are the pre-empted generation. The words coined in jest at Berkeley, "Don't trust anyone over thirty," come back to mock us now in earnest.

In terms of the ideals of our greatest organization, in terms of the seriousness of our goals, in terms of the very sanctity of human idealism itself, we are the Betrayed Generation. Long accustomed to distrusting the establishment, we are now dazed to find we have been kept radicals, allowed to bray nobly while chewing the fodder of those who have cynically headed us for their own ends. The NSA will be a long time recovering.

For its part the CIA will pay heavily too. We have handicapped ourselves with a permanent plateau of distrust through world youth. It will be a long time before an Asian, African or Latin American student listens to an American visitor without wondering if he has been subsidized or screened to parrot words not of his own choosing.

With the new generation of student leaders, who will be facing us across negotiating tables a brief generation hence, this may be our greatest diplomatic catastrophe of the post war period.

We cannot excuse those in the NSA who yielded principle in duress. We cannot forgive those in government who cynically exploit their opportunity. But, in the final analysis, we ourselves must share the blame. We allowed the NSA to drift into financial and spiritual crisis by not providing it with a strong base of support.

There are those who will say the present scandal has demonstrated that the NSA has outlived its usefulness. We disagree. If the association is allowed to disintegrate, another, weaker organization will no doubt spring up to take its place, one which is equally if not more vulnerable to political entrapment.

The best safeguard the American student community has against the danger of becoming a pawn in the cold war is a strong, broadbased, vigorously-supported national union of students. This the NSA can become—if we give it our support.

We must rebuild the NSA from the ground up. We must work doubly hard to repair the incalculable damage to the pride and, yes, the decency of our friends abroad.

We must strengthen the NSA so that it never again falls prey to base and foolish men, who could pervert it to their own ends.