

THE guilty controversial ~~unverified~~ authorized PAPER

Vol: I No. 9

East Lansing, Michigan, March 28, 1966

10 cents

The Winter Of Our Discontent: A Few Things That Went On Winter Term

Last term's anonymous Rose Bowl correspondent writes:

I came back from California with an awful twilight-of-the-gods feeling that was not helped any by having to spend a day and a half in a featureless room in the basement of the dorm writing the Untold Story of the Rose Bowl. When I was through, I still had half a Spiral notebook filled with the Untold Story of the Rose Bowl, a title which wounds more ominous than I mean it to.

It was just more of the same, really: the state of mind that is California. Surreal landscapes. From the window of my hotel room at night, the whole city looked as though it were made up of Rosicrucian crosses and U-Drive signs; from the same window by day I could make out in the yellow haze on the horizon the hangar that covered the one-and-only B70 Valkyrie, the fastest and most destructive airplane ever built. (It was destined never to fly, and somehow this seemed significant.)

The only thing I really regretted leaving out was my visit to Pershing Square, the onetime homosexual capital of the West Coast. (The State News, for some reason, did not so identify it in the one picture they ran of the place.)

Disappointing, really. Except for one little greaser wearing a powder-blue jacket and jangling a ring of keys (I mentally christened him the Last Degenerate) the only non-tourists in the square were old men straight out of Nathanael West. They obviously intended to pass the winter sitting under the square's enormous gilt Christmas trees and watching fruitcakes like the Negro evangelist who paced nervously back and forth under Pershing's statue carrying a newspaper which read: A UNIQUE MINISTRY BRINGING THE MESSAGE OF THE GOSPEL TO THE JEWS. (A Bible School a few blocks away sends its graduates out to preach their first sermons in Pershing Square; their faith must be strong.)

Glancing back over my shoulder as I left the square, I found myself looking straight into the intelligent dark brown eyes of a very high-ranking member of the Committee for Student Rights. We nodded slightly. The New Left, as I was to discover, gets around.

So do the oldtime Pershing Square types, and I mention the place at all only because it is tied up in my mind with the first of an irregular army of alienated young men I met during winter term. He was by far the worst case.

THE CHANGELING

The doors of the water closets in the second floor john in Berkey Hall have all been torn off; all except one. The walls behind the single remaining door have gradually become covered with homosexual date-making: "Can anyone satisfy my sex desire?" "I must have sex with a guy." "If you want _____, be at the Nat. Sci. Building tonight, 12/8/65, with

your hands in your pockets." On the righthand wall is an anatomical diagram that made me blink the first time I saw it. Under it is written: "We could do this," and, in different handwriting, "Great! We could switch positions!"

Some lumpen individual has added, "I hope both you guys get pregnant!" but his sentiments are not echoed very often on the walls. A surly "I will shoot the next queer who writes on this wall" is followed by a volley of witty replies. Someone began a sentence about the inadequacy of people who write on toilet walls, but misspelled "inadequate" and gave up. The only really encouraging note is on the door and reads: "MSU Heterosexual Club now forming (underground)."

I got to know these grafitti fall term, during a mild attack of diarrhea that for all I know may have had nothing to do with the diet of starchy cafeteria food I had just begun. Knowing about them was enough to make me slightly uneasy when I stopped in to comb my hair the first day of winter term and suddenly felt a pair of eyes boring into my back. I shifted my attention.

The top of someone's blond, crew-cut head was peering over the toilet door. We locked eyes in the mirror, and I decided that the eyes and hair-line belonged to someone I knew; in the multiversity, after all, one knows thousands of people by sight. But when the door swung open, I was surprised to see that the spooky little cat was a total stranger, and I quickly dropped my gaze and left.

A minute or so later, standing on the Berkey steps, I heard a soft voice in my ear: "Do you have the time?" It was the chap with the crew-cut. I flashed him my watch without looking at him and started down the steps; I heard him coming behind me before I had reached the bottom. We were shoulder to shoulder when we turned onto the icy walk leading to Morrill Hall. With the tail of my eye I could see him; totally unremarkable face, not the least bit pretty, clothes that were cheap without being Bohemian. He was small and didn't look strong.

"First day of classes," he said. His voice was like an aeolian harp. "Yeah." "Nice weather for once." "Yeah, I guess." "Whereya going?" "Morrill. Got to see somebody."



"Well, I guess I might as well stop off there too."

Terribly casual. His Hemingway idiom was better than mine, even though his voice quavered slightly once or twice. He followed me up and down a couple of flights of stairs, and when it became obvious that no one I wanted to see was in, he suggested we go over to the Union for a cup of coffee. The suggestion, when it came, must have sounded slightly out-of-place even to him; he stared at the floor.

"Naw, I guess not," I said. "I better get back to class. Take it easy."

I laid my hand on the handle of a door that opened away from the Union. God knows the poor bastard must have been used to being dismissed, but he didn't bring it off well; he looked sheepish and confused for a second, stammered something, and vanished down the front stairs. We had never once looked each other in the face.

I breathed deeply and stepped out into the unwarming sunshine.

I avoided the Berkey john for several weeks (as much to avoid mutual embarrassment as anything else) and I never saw him again after I started going back.

(That's how it is in the multiversity, men. That's how it REALLY is.)

THE SUBTERRANEANS

For reasons I only imperfectly understand myself, I got involved winter term with the MSU underground, the kids who were born at the high-water mark of American power and prestige and twenty or so years later found themselves without a rendezvous with destiny, a little Lost and a little Beat, and sure only that they were not going to join the Pepsi Generation. These were the romantic outcasts, the malingerers, the drop-outs from the Great Society: the SNCC workers in denim jackets, the young Trotskies (vessels of the abstract virtues) in steel-rimmed glasses, the poets of unknown merit, the motorcycle-riding rock 'n' roll musicians,

the psychonauts who made only freak trips.

I am reluctant to analyze them. They were, I suppose, Utopians of the old school, who believed in a Utopia where we can all dance with laurel leaves in our hair. They certainly wanted nothing to do with the rather sinister Utopia that is about to roll over us all: the world where everyone will be fed, clothed, and educated, and nobody will step out of line.

If they had anything in common, it was a hatred of Catch-22 and a trick of talking about every establishment as "they." Theirs was a silly generation with ideals (but no God or ideology), and it was probably inevitable that they should fight a war to the knife with an equally silly older generation with both God and ideology (but no ideals).

They had, certainly, enormous virtues: they were totally without prejudice; they were true internationalists, perhaps the only ones; they had an almost superstitious respect for education; and they had what is probably the only tenable position on sex.

I got to know them fairly well through their parties, which made up almost all the social life I had winter term. My Virgil was a clean-featured young man named Ken, who drove me miles off campus to the first of them, held in a yellow frame house I could never find by daylight. It's probably just as well.

THE PARTIES OF THE LEFT

Coming up the walk, I saw a girl with floating hair seated by the lighted window. She had on blue levis worn white at the knee and a thick black sweater; her face had that otherworldly quality about it that one associates with the Maid of Orleans. She smiled at me quizzically and it was all I could do to keep from shutting my eyes with holy dread.

The girl who met us at the door had Cossack boots to the knee, a tweed skirt, and a black jersey (this uniform, and its levis-sweater undress version, is the scuzzy equivalent of the sorority girl syndrome). Her hair was in a severe bun and her face was shiny, but it was obvious that the Greek young ladies had nothing on her in looks. (The belief that girl radicals are all formidably intellectual and terribly plain is something of a slander, incidentally; my acquaintances on the New Left include a dozen absolutely beautiful girls with little or nothing going for them upstairs.)

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**BULK RATE
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EDITORIAL

Gratitude

Will Get Us Nowhere

Don't get us wrong. We think authorization from the Board of Student Publications is fine, and we're glad to be selling ads and actually "selling" copies. We just don't want to go overboard polishing apples and thanking everyone who made this great moment possible.

First of all, it's pretty damn silly that we had to fight for months just for the right to publish advertising and sell a newspaper that everyone wanted to see succeed. The university's publications and distribution rules are still dumb and should be improved immediately. (Several plans are doubtless being discussed right now; we've heard of one or two.)

But now, for some reason, it's up to us to "prove" we deserved our authorization, to "prove" again the need for "The Paper" at MSU. This shouldn't be, of course; we should have had to prove all along only that we could make it. That's one of the things wrong with stupid rules.

At any rate, here we are, "The--authorized--Paper." We'll keep trying to write, print and circulate as much of the different stuff as we can. We are interested in news, much more than our issues to date have indicated. We'll try to build up the reporting coverage, and will concentrate on feature articles analyzing what the university and its community are all about.

We are interested in columns and other expressions of opinion, in topical writing, in poetry, in drawing, in photography--most of all in a presentation of all these things that gives a balanced idea of what it's like to live and develop in the community of scholars which is or should be the university.

That's what "The Paper" is all about, and, we would like to think, that's how come we've been authorized. But it's hard to be grateful just for the recognition of that fact; we'll keep trying. M.K.

Letter

I wanted to take this opportunity to express my congratulations on your recent approval by the Board of Student Publications. Certainly this passes as some consolation for the months of frustration and agony which your staff and your publication some how suffered through.

At long last, your publication now will stand or fall on its own merits, and will be judged as itself, and not as a downtrodden crusader for free journalism.

Once again, let me express my best wishes to you and your staff for the coming quarter, and offer my encouragement to you in your efforts to continue to exist.

Sincerely,
Jim Graham
Member at Large
ASMSU Board

Compensation

Gratify not your hunger, dear,
And be ye not unkind, Be you
Not unkind. Kindness all is time's.
And every triumph you knew.

We loved in that Spring, exulting,
Our laughter challenged the wind,
Rending its fabric to tatters
We swore, we vowed would not mend.

But even ecstasies alter,
Sifted and driven down the sun:
The sands, the sands were faltering,
Flying as leaves in their season.

Initials, so lovingly carved,
Wrinkle and gray a filigree
Of years. Whose was the pierced
heart,
Whose the arrow? And already

Your memories quicken no tear,
Resonate no note from afar;
Nor light any evening dark,
Or halt fair morn in Shalimar.

JIM THOMAS

Our Kind Of War

By LARRY TATE

Jim Thomas, as far as I know, is scheduled to be shipped to Vietnam in April.

Not very long ago, he was a student here; a few weeks back, he came back on his last leave before being shipped out. In that time, he submitted a poem to "The Paper"; that is how I knew his name and situation, although I had never met him.

One afternoon I was going to Berkeley to check on the paper's sales when somebody told me he was there selling. It was between class breaks, and I found him sitting and reading in the deserted corridor, with the paper's money in a cup beside him.

He looked strong, but not like my image of a Marine. Wearing glasses, he looked quiet and scholarly. I was somewhat disconcerted by him, but I managed to introduce myself, ask how sales were going, and compliment him on his poetry. I had a vague, fumbling desire to ask him about the war, but even if I had known what I wanted to ask or why I wanted to ask it, the question would have been in bad taste, somehow, in the cloisters of Berkeley. I said I really had to be going and left him there, reading and selling papers.

A few days later, he submitted a short article describing his feelings as he faced the war. GI's, he said, now "must fight without the past's comforts and justifications--patriotism, hatred and illusions that their war is all-important." He went on to say that the "bright volunteer spirit drives few into the recruiting offices. That enthusiasm has been claimed by M-2-M, the Peace Corps, 'The Paper,' which offer adventure and usefulness not so close to the bone as combat."

I didn't know how to take that. In context, the tone did not seem contemptuous, but it was just a matter of context: "adventure and usefulness not so close to the bone as combat." Implicit in the words was a quiet and devastating irony.

A few weeks earlier, "The Paper" had run a gag eulogy for Doug Lackey. It occurred to me that we might someday have to run a real one for Jim Thomas. I wondered who could write it, and whether, if it appeared, our readers would think it was another hoax.

I remembered Jim sitting in Berkeley, pursuing our kind of "adventure and usefulness not so close to the bone as combat," and began to feel the presence of war.

As the Red Death had stolen into Prince Prospero's castle, the war had come to MSU, and moved in disguise through the corridors of Berkeley. Time magazine calls it "the right war at the right time." Picket signs call it "this senseless bloody war." Either way, it is war, and a part of our lives.

Tests will soon be given to college students to determine which of them will remain draft-exempt and which will not. We will all sit in classrooms and mark our multiple-choice questions with our machine-scoring pencils, and--just as in our Basic College days--we will count on the curve to pull us through. And what happens to those on the bottom of the curve? In the past, they flunked ATL or Humanities. Now they may die.

The war reports come in every day, on the radio between rock 'n' roll songs, on television between cigarette commercials. The New York Times recently ran a front-page battle photograph, showing a soldier falling backward as a bullet hit him. Politicians in Congress commend sacrifice; protesters parade forlornly outside the White House; draft quotas are increased; polls reflect confusion in general but solid support for "our boys." The number of people not directly affected decreases steadily, and the possibilities for rational discussion seem to decrease in direct proportion. Soldiers die, and are replaced.

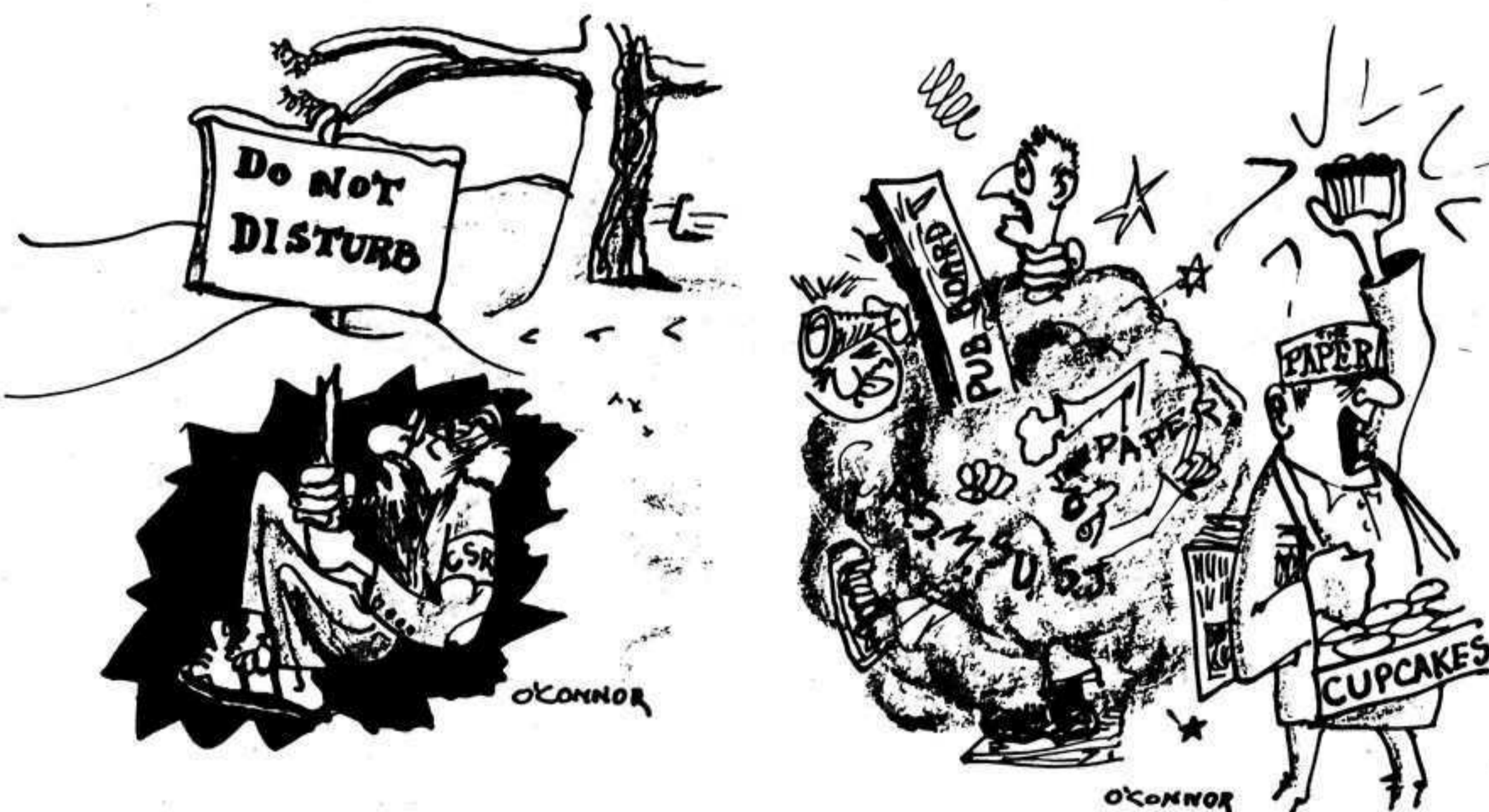
The war may well go on for years. We in college are like men in an overcrowded lifeboat; some have to be pushed over the side to save the rest. I won't pursue the analogy; suffice it to say that our time is limited; four years, more with graduate school, less with upper-division standing. And we all wonder, as we sit in classes and go to meetings, finding our "adventure and usefulness not so close to the bone as combat," if help will arrive in time.

As Jim Thomas wrote, "War concerns a nation, prime cause, / Removed from conflict."

I saw him only once, but I find myself speculating about him. He will be alive when this is printed. He will probably be alive when out-of-town subscribers finally get their copies. He may even be alive when the war is over. On the other hand, he may not.

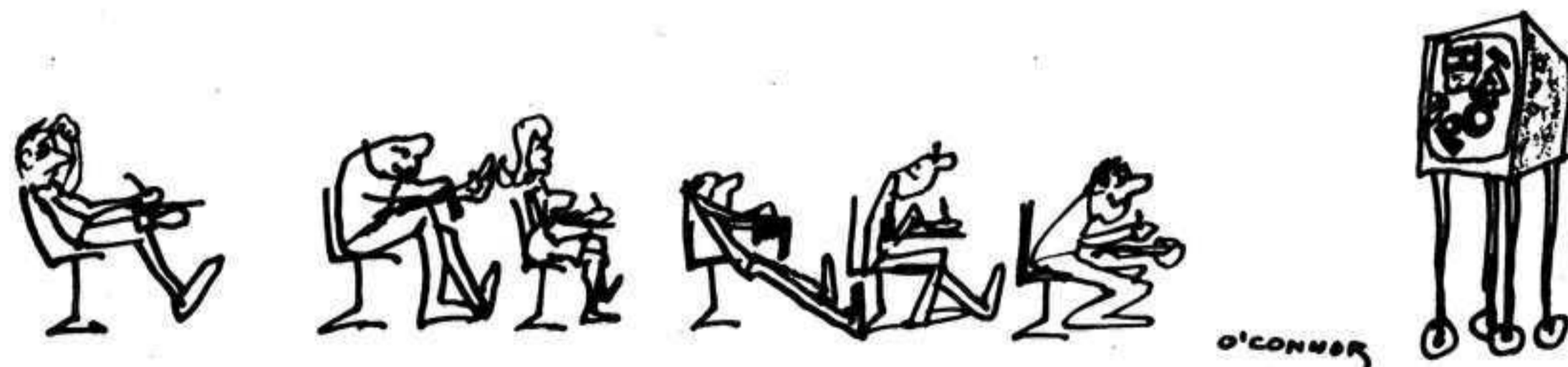
I am afraid for Jim Thomas. And for all of us.

Winter By Terry O'Connor



WOOLY CSR BEARS HIBERNATED WINTER TERM.

...AND WHILE THEY FOUGHT IT OUT--THE PAPER SOLD REFRESHMENTS.



EDUCATIONAL TV CAME A LONG WAY DURING WINTER TERM

THE PAPER

"The Paper" is published weekly during school terms by students of Michigan State University. Its purpose is to provide a channel for expression and communication of those ideas, events and artistic impulses which make of the university community a fertile ground for the growth of human learning. It is toward fulfillment of the highest ideals of learning and free inquiry that "The Paper" hopes to help the university strive, by reporting and commenting on the university experience and encouraging others to do so.

"The Paper" is authorized to operate on the Michigan State University campus by the Board of Student Publications of Michigan State University.

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Editor Michael Kindman
Arts Editor Laurence Tate

THE 'EROS CASE': Nine Judges In Search Of A Law

by RICHARD A. OGAR

Once upon a time there was a magazine--in the sense that "Horizon" and "American Heritage" are magazines--"devoted to the joys of love and sex," and called, appropriately enough, Eros. Eros was available only to those who could afford a \$19.50 yearly subscription rate, but, as it turned out, one subscription was enough, for Eros was banned in December, 1962, shortly after the publication of the fourth and final issue of the first and only volume; its publisher, Ralph Ginzburg (now the publisher of Fact) was subsequently sentenced to five years in prison and a \$42,000 fine.

When Ginzburg's first appeal failed to win a reversal, he took his case to the Supreme Court; in an issue of Fact (Vol. 2, no. 3) devoted to his side of the Erostrial, Ginzburg seemed fairly confident that the Court would reverse the earlier decisions. His confidence, however, was sadly misplaced, for on Monday, March 21, five of nine justices--none of whom, apparently, sees anything at all joyful about love or sex--voted to uphold the conviction.

Thus the progress made in the last ten years toward freeing literature from sexual taboos has been in large part annulled; just when it seemed that the Court was finally pulling itself out of the judicial bog in which the obscenity question has always been immersed, it lost its footing and tumbled back in.

Verdicts in obscenity cases have never been clear-cut (fourteen separate opinions were required to settle three such cases--Ginzburg's among them--in Monday's decisions) for the simple reason that no one has ever been able to derive any definition

of obscenity or pornography which does not ultimately rest on individual taste. The extent of the resulting confusion becomes evident if we consider that the Eros ruling is clearly inconsistent with the results of prior obscenity trials; I hope to demonstrate, in fact, that there are no grounds for condemning Eros which would not, if consistently applied to other publications (and this does not seem too much to ask of a law), condemn them as well.

Ginzburg was ostensibly charged with sending three obscene publications through the mail; these, in addition to Eros, were a bi-weekly newsletter called Liaison, and a book entitled "The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity." These latter two publications were obviously thrown in to "weight" the government's case, since neither could possibly be used in itself as a grounds of prosecution.

Liaison, in Ginzburg's words, "consisted largely of interviews with psychologists, digests of scientific papers, and reviews of articles in such periodicals as the 'Journal of the American Medical Association.'" It would therefore seem almost impossible to condemn Liaison without condemning its sources as well.

To prosecute Ginzburg for distributing the "Housewife's Handbook" is clearly absurd, since the book was mailed out by its author for several years before Ginzburg took over the job, and is still being sold through the mails by The Realist; to convict Ginzburg without convicting the author and Paul Krassner, the "Editor and Ringleader" of The Realist, is to invest law enforcement with the logic of a roulette wheel.

The issue, then, if there is one at all, must rest with Eros itself. Was

First of Two Articles on Censorship

the magazine pornographic? If we are to judge by the ratio of "dirty words" to "nice, everyday words," it would be impossible to make a case; there are more four-letter words on pages five and six of Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" than there are in all four issues of Eros combined--in fact, I remember at times being irritated with Eros for its SQUEAMISHNESS in this area. And we all know that the courts have ruled that "Tropic of Cancer" is not obscene, on the grounds that a book cannot be judged on the basis of individual passages taken out of context. To be considered pornographic, a publication must AS A WHOLE be "utterly without redeeming social value" (whatever that is).

All right, what was there in Eros as a whole which made it such a dangerous publication? One could point to the expurgated condensation of "Fanny Hill," were it not for the fact that the Supreme Court also ruled Monday that the UNexpurgated "Fanny Hill" was not obscene. What about the excerpts from Frank Harris' "My Life and Loves"? Well, the entire book has been published by Grove Press, and is even today being sent through the mails without interference.

Perhaps the offender is Mark Twain's "1601": I'm not aware of any court ruling on this as literature,

but it IS on a record by Richard Dyer-Bennet, obtainable by mail (or is it that HEARING evil isn't quite so bad as seeing it?). The translations from Ovid's love poetry are far less ribald than some uncontested translations from Catullus which I have seen, and the translation of Aristophanes' "Lysistrata" is certainly no more "obscene" than the one made by the noted classicist, Dudley Fitts.

The erotic poetry of Robert Burns and the Earl of Rochester have not, so far as I know, been tested separately, nor has DeMaupassant's short story "Madame Tellier's Brothel," but none of these was singled out by the prosecution (at least, in the original trial).

But maybe it isn't the literature but the artwork which offends--you know, the paintings of sly pornographers like Correggio, Degas, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hogarth, Toulouse-Lautrec, Orozco, Roualt and Picasso. If so, most of the Skira line of art books ought to be impounded, and all teachers of art history ought to be arrested for operating high-brow peep-shows.

What about the photographic essays, such as those on Jack Kennedy or Marilyn Monroe, or of prostitutes on the Rue Saint Denis, or lovers in the New York subway? If these are pornographic, I must demand, for consistency's sake, that the entire rear section of Paramount News be confiscated, and Hugh Hefner be

continued on page 5

'PAPER' STAFFERS, New And Old!

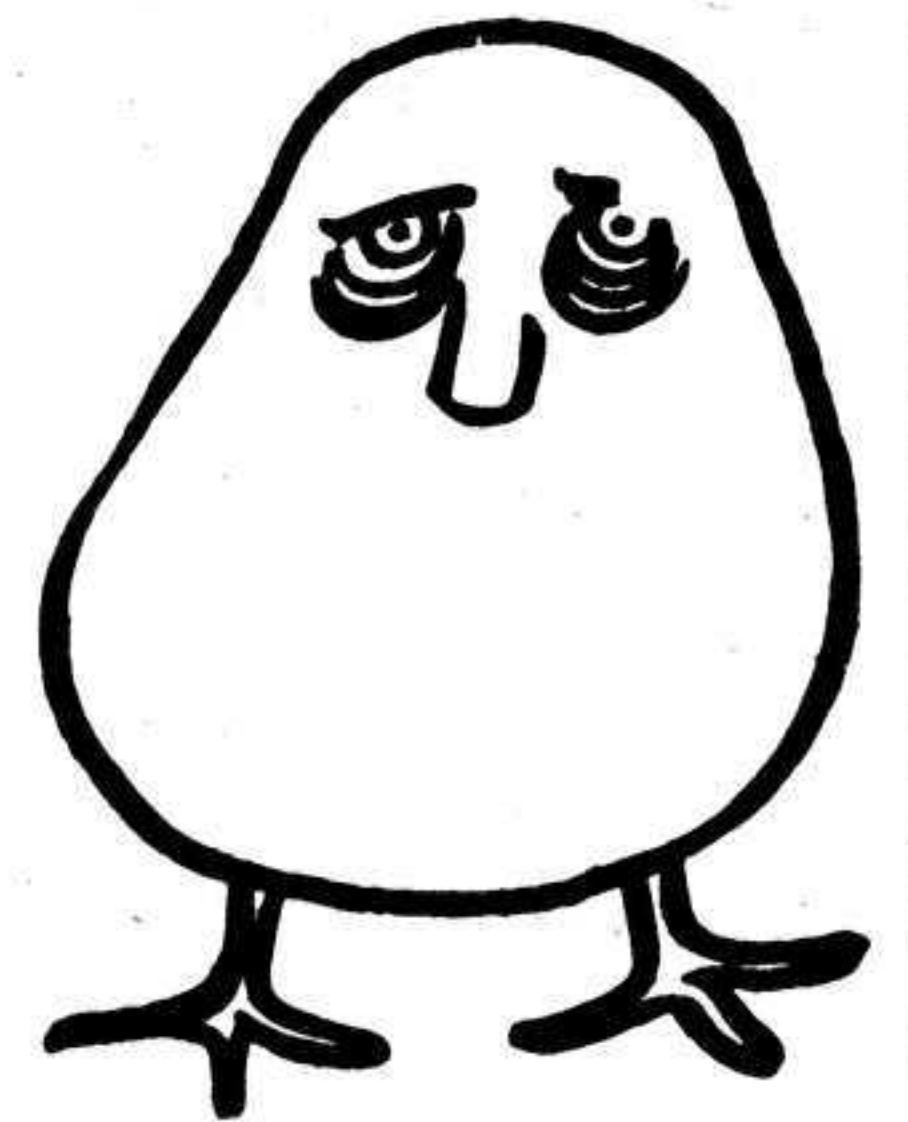
Come to the staff meeting! 8:30 p.m. Thurs., March 30 Room 32 Union

At The Realist

Our Only Sacred Cow Is Irreverence

Okay, so it looks as if we've sold out to the Establishment. So *The Realist* has been sanctified in *Newsweek*, the *Herald Tribune*, *Playboy* and--are you ready--*Pageant*. All right, so the editor, Paul Krassner, has been listed by *Esquire* as one of the 100 best people in the World. True, Bruce Jay Friedman speaks in *Black Humor* of the Feiffer-Krassner-Bruce axis.

Admittedly, our circulation has gone from 600 to 54,000 in seven years. Well, so what? *The Realist* is still edited for 600. Krassner was still censored on the Mike Wallace show and the Les Crane show. We still sent a humane abortionist on a retirement trip with his wife. Following are the highlights of our 15 most sacred issues. Lucky you, they're still available.



- Impolite Interviews with Terry Southern, Mort Sahl, Joseph Heller, Woody Allen.
- Norman Maller's speech at Berkeley . . . Dick Gregory's Mississippi airlift . . . Steve Allen's fantastic dinner conversation with William F. Buckley.
- Dr. Albert Ellis: On Wife-Swapping . . . Should We Ban War Toys? . . . Is Pornography Harmful to Children?
- Cartoon spreads: *The World's Fair Poverty Pavilion* . . . *The Army's Junkie Battalion* . . . *The Adventures of Fagman*.
- Reports from the battlefronts at Hanoi, the Dominican Republic and Selma, Alabama.
- You Don't Have to Be Jewish to Love LeRoi Jones . . . Dr. Leary, or How I Learned to Transcend Ego and Expand My Consciousness.
- Artist Dick Guindon goes to an Indian reservation . . . to an old folk's home . . . to a freezerium.
- Articles by William Worthy, Robert Paul Smith, Jules Feiffer, Jean Shepherd . . . Cartoons by Ed Fisher, Mort Gerberg, Howard Shoemaker.
- The Americanization of Zen . . . A review of *Choice*, the political film sponsored by Mothers for Moral America . . . *Pregnancy insurance*.

- The arrest of Lenny Bruce . . . *The auction of the Beatles' bed-sheets* . . . *The Bratwurst Day Festival in Sheboygan, Wisconsin* . . . *The first Obscene Telephone Calling Service in the World*.
- A collection of letters received by militant atheist Madalyn Murray . . . A visit to Citizens for Decent Literature . . . A debate on violence in the peace movement . . . An Eichmann in the U.S. illegally.
- Ethnic Jokes as a Barometer of Class Distinction . . . *The Devil's Visit to New York* . . . *The Trial of Tillie and Mac: An Anthology of Those Little Comic Books That Men Like*.

The Realist, Dept. TP
589 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10012

Enclosed please find:

- \$3 for your 15 most sacred issues
- \$3 for a one-year (10-issue) subscription
- \$5 for a two-year (20-issue) subscription
- \$2 for Paul Krassner's book, *Impolite Interviews*, with Alan Watts, Lenny Bruce, Dr. Albert Ellis, Henry Morgan, Jean Shepherd, Jules Feiffer, Hugh Hefner

Name
Address
City State Zip

Still MORE Sing Along With 'The Paper'

How hip are you? "The Paper's" biggest, splashiest contest yet gives you the chance to find out! Just identify the several hundred or so "in" people listed here and prove that you're one of US, baby.

And there are FABULOUS prizes for the first five entries to identify correctly every name on the list. First prize, an autographed picture of Susan Sontag; second prize, a date with Eldon Nonnamaker; third prize, a Whitman Sampler (including "Oh Captain, My Captain"); fourth prize, a season pass to Freedomland; fifth prize, a selection of Great Books of the Western World, including "The Wit and Wisdom of Savonarola," "Andre Gide on Marriage," "A Treasury of Great Latvian Verse," "Nancy Drew and the Mystery of God's Existence," and "The Critique of Pure Reason," illustrated.

In case no one identifies ALL the names correctly, we'll consider giving consolation prizes, like subscriptions or something. YOU know.

OK, get started. Answers will be printed, maybe. You have until midnight, April 11, to get your answers to us at 1730 Haslett Road, East Lansing.

Thought for the Day: "Ontology will therefore limit itself to declaring that everything takes place as if in-itself, in a project to found itself, gave itself the modification of for-itself."--Jean-Paul Sartre, "Being and Nothingness."

Did-You-Realize-That-Every-Sixth-Man-Was-A...? Department: Richard Nixon, national board chairman of the Boys Clubs of America, commented on the confusion between his organization and the W.E.B. DuBois Clubs of America, recently required to register as a "Communist-front" organization. The right wing, apparently, has been patriotically pounding the tar out of Nixon's good people, and the former presidential hopeful blamed the confusion on "an almost classic example of Communist deception and duplicity."

1. Theophilus C. Abbot
2. Stephen Shadegg
- ✓3. Francis Gary Powers
4. Mela Powers
5. Shorty Powers
6. Pola Negri
- ✓7. Bob Crosby
8. Sam Katzman
9. Joan Blondell
10. William H. Bonnie
11. Mel Blanc
12. Margaret Bucholtz
13. Margaret Bumbarger
14. Richard Lester
- ✓15. Sir Richard Burton
16. Sheb Wooley
17. Nathaniel Branden
18. Dick Brandi
- ✓19. Dorothy Canfield Fisher
20. Maxwell Kenton
21. Annette Kellerman
22. Polykarp Kirsch
23. Rosemarie Nitribitt
24. Regis Toomey
25. Gay Talese
26. Philip Larkin
27. Rose Luxemburg
28. Ross Bagdasarian
- ✓29. Revilo P. Oliver
30. Antonin Artaud
31. Father Flye
32. Abraham Maslow
33. Klaus Fuchs
34. Arthur Hugh Clough
35. H.T. Lowe-Porter
36. C.K. Scott Moncrieff
37. V.K. Krishna Menon
38. A.E. Van Vogt
39. Ernest Douson
40. Robert Ross
41. Richard Hillary
42. Garrel Pottinger
43. Denton Welch
44. Delmore Schwartz
45. Pierre Reverdy
46. Robert E. Kent
47. Albert Zugsmith
48. Eldon Nonnamaker
49. Bao Dai
50. Judy Canova
51. Antonio Salazar
52. Enver Hoxha
53. Barbara Graham
54. "Flea" Jackson
55. Toussaint L'Ouverture
56. Marie-Henri Boyle
57. Ferdinand LaSalle
58. Robert Kintner
59. Claud Kershner
60. Diosdado Macapagal
61. Ricki Dunn
62. Finley Peter Dunne
63. L. Ron Hubbard
64. Leni Riefenstall
65. Joe Frazier
66. Art and Dotty Todd
67. Mason Hoffenberg
68. Eugene Genovese
69. Willie Masconi
70. Thomas Cole
71. Pauline Kael
72. Carolyn Keene
73. Louise Beavers
74. Darlene Edwards
75. Mary Hartline
76. Gale Sondergaard
77. Gertrude Ederle
78. Marion Ladewig
79. Michael Wigglesworth
80. Terry McDermott
81. Ely Culbertson
82. James Whitcomb Riley
83. Pinky Lee
84. Kinsley S. Bingham
- ✓85. Eudora Welty
- ✓86. Alben Barkley
- ✓87. Abigail Van Buren
88. Aimee Semple McPherson
89. Joan Walsh Anglund
90. Arthur Schumpeter
91. Baroness Karen Blixen
92. Ira Hayes
93. Slappy Maxie Rosenbloom
94. William Empson
95. Oveta Culp Hobby
96. Herbert Schlobohm
97. Lucy Van Pelt
98. Authorine Lucy
99. Althea Gibson
100. Sharon Kay Ritchie
101. Vonda Kay VanDyke
102. "Preacher" Roe
103. Benjamin Lee Whorf
104. Sidney Skolsky
105. Susan Sontag
- ✓106. Scott Carpenter
107. Alvin York
108. Robert Graves
109. James Brown
110. John Brown
111. Jimmy Brown
112. Edmund G. Brown
113. Norman O. Brown
114. John Peter Zenger
115. John Peter Altgeld
116. Newton Minow
117. F.W. Dupee
118. Theodor the Ostrogoth
119. Pliny the Elder
120. Oleg Cassini
121. L. Allen Tate
122. Harold Laski
123. Victor Laskey
124. Douglas Lackey
- ✓125. H.H. Munro (Saki)
126. B.F. Skinner
127. Cornelius Otis Skinner
- ✓128. Paladin
129. Saladin
130. Nancy Kwan
- ✓131. David H. Lawrence
132. George Lincoln Rockwell
133. Robert G. Menzies
134. Ahmed Ben Bella
135. Francois Duvalier
136. Thelma Ritter
137. Philip Rahv
- ✓138. Philip Roth
139. A.S. Neill
140. Yuri A. Gagarin
141. Jean Shepherd
142. Joan Blackman
143. Honor Blackman
144. Maureen Starkie
145. Patrice Munsel
- ✓146. Patrice Lumumba
147. Gardner McKay
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152. William Castle
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154. Adam West
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174. Bobby Fisher
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176. Charles Atlas
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179. Robert Goddard
- ✓180. Rabindrenath Tagore
181. Charles Adams
- ✓182. Jane Adams
- ✓183. Samuel Adams
- ✓184. Adam
185. Don Adams
186. Hazard Adams
187. Liberty Hyde Bailey
188. Liberty Valance
189. Ritchie Valens
190. Galen Drake
191. John Cameron Swayze
192. Helen Twelvetrees
193. Hamilcar Barca
194. Gentleman Jim Corbett
- ✓195. Nikos Kazantzakis
196. Rootie Kazootie

Continued on Page 5

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| ✓217. Baron von Richtofen | 314. John Smith |
| 218. Barrie Chase | 315. Sabu |
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| ✓220. Ella Fitzgerald | 317. Carlos Montoya |
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| 284. Charles C. Wells | 281. Sylvia Fricker |
| 285. Florence Chadwick | ✓282. Stokely Carmichael |
| 286. John Bennington | 283. Darryl Zanuck |
| 287. Benjamin Britten | 284. Dashiell Hammett |
| 288. Frank Buck | 285. Saul K. Padover |
| 289. Cilla Black | 286. Zoltan Karpathy |
| 290. Carl Dobkins Jr. | 287. Mimi Benzell |
| 291. Carol Heiss | 288. Win Schuler |
| 292. Mungo Park | 289. Percy Florence Shelley |
| 293. Eva Peron | 290. Shirley Ellis |

The Eros Case . . .

continued from page 3

imprisoned as a high-priest of smüt.

There were, of course, those photos of the erotic sculpture on the Black Temple of Konarak, but these were also reproduced in Evergreen Review, No. 9, which was cleared of obscenity charges. Well, then, what about the photos showing a Negro man and a Caucasian woman actually TOUCHING each other? One might make a case were it not that a similar portfolio by Emil J. Cadoo which appeared in Evergreen Review No. 32 was ruled not obscene, even though the poses are far more "intimate" than those in the Eros series (or is it that any mixing of the races is obscene?).

As for the articles which appeared in Eros, I doubt that anyone would care to label Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen, Albert Ellis and Theodor Reik as smut-peddlers; nor do I detect a sensual leer in the eye of noted philologist, Eric Partridge. Are subjects like the contraceptive industry "ipso facto" obscene? If so, every employee of the Youngs Rubber Company is engaged in a pornographic enterprise.

In short, I can find nothing in any issue of Eros which can, with any pretense to rationality, be called obscene--with one exception; the pages which Ginzburg devoted to reprinting a number of vicious letters from people who were offended by

the ADVERTISING BROCHURE which he had mailed out in order to solicit subscriptions.

But Ginzburg is nonetheless headed for prison, a victim of arbitrary justice. His case has proved not, as the "State Journal" (Tuesday, March 22) seems to think, "that censorship has a place in American life," but that, unless jurists are able to come up with a clear and precise definition of the crime, no conviction for obscenity can ever be just.

CONTEST HINT: Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike is prime minister of Ceylon.

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Funny-You-Should-Ask-That Department: Billy Graham, addressing himself to the question, "Is God dead?", explained, "I know God is not dead because I talked to him this morning."

A-Negative-Attitude-Never-Got-Anybody-Anywhere Department: A motive entitled "This Picture Is Censored" was banned last week in Connecticut.

Winter . . .

continued from page 1

"Hi," she said. "Kick off your boots."

She never even glanced down. It so happened I was wearing desert

CLASSIFIEDS

Coming Events

"THE PAPER" STAFF MEETING. New staff members welcomed. (Openings for reporters, artists, ad salesmen, circulation and business people.) Old staffers should attend. 8 p.m., Thurs., March 31, Room 32 Union.

ENCOUNTER: A Dialogue between church-affiliated groups and the "new left"--Saturday and Sunday, April 2-3. Schedule:

Sat., April 2:
8 a.m.--Registration, \$1 per person.
9 a.m.--Keynote address: "Critique of the Great Society: Vietnam, a Case Study"--Dave Dellinger, editor, Liberation magazine.
10 a.m.--Respondents: "Reflections on Crises in the Great Society"--Rev. Paul Light, Ecumenical Center, Ann Arbor; Mr. Tom Smith, Channing-Murray, East Lansing; Father Joseph Walsh, Newman Center, Wayne State University.

2-5 p.m.--Panel: "War and Peace":
A. Conscientious Objectors and Pacifism--Ronald Young, Fellowship of Reconciliation.
B. Disarmament--Dave Dellinger, editor, Liberation magazine.

C. Imperialism and the "Third World"--Richard Rhoads, editor, Free Student magazine; Ed Lemansky, Progressive Labor Party.

D. Film: "Which Way the Wind."
8 p.m.--Panel: "Free University Movement"--Richard Rhoads, editor, Free Student magazine; Jerry Badanes, poet, Ann Arbor.

Sun., April 3:
11 a.m.--Sermon: "Non-Violence"--Ronald Young, Fellowship of Reconciliation (at Alumni Memorial Chapel).

2-5 p.m.--Panel: "The Movements: Civil Rights":
A. Black Liberation South--Rev. C.T. Vivian, Southern Conference Education Fund.
B. Black Liberation North--Rev. David Scott, Ecumenical Institute, Chicago; Conrad Lynn, civil rights attorney, New York.

C. Community Organizing--Rennie Davis, Education Research Action Project of Students for a Democratic Society; Jack Kirtledge, National Student Christian Federation and Students for a Democratic Society.

7 p.m.--Address: "China: Sino-Soviet and Sino-American Relations"--Maud Russell, Far East Reporter (at Wesley Foundation, 1118 S. Harrison Rd.)

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CHARLIE CHAPLIN. Four Essanay comedies, including the all-time classic, "The Tramp." Open to the public, with subscription card or 50 cents admission, 7 and 9 p.m., Sat., April 2, Conrad Hall. Sponsored by MSU FILM SOCIETY.

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boots, which I tossed onto a pile on top of Ken's motorcycle boots, and I could only wonder at the kind of reception I would have gotten had I been wearing penny loafers.

"C'mon," said Ken. "You've got to meet Liam."

We picked our way across the living room through groups of guitarists in Beatle hats and girls wearing earrings I could have put my hand through, and took a sharp right to the kitchen. Liam, who did not seem to be particularly interested in meeting me, turned out to be a tired-looking, melancholy young man with a spade beard I had first seen on an Assyrian centaur in the Smithsonian Institute. He had on, of all things, an MSU sweatshirt, to which was pinned a small orange button with the legend: DON'T TALK, SHOOT! DON'T THINK, FOLLOW! IT'S THE AMERICAN WAY. The letters were tiny, and during the course of our conversation a myopic girl came up to Liam, leaned rudely between us long enough to spell out the message, smiled, clapped Liam on the shoulder, and went away.

Liam had been described to me as a sort of prophet without honor in his own university, but he was apparently not feeling very oracular that night (neither was I, for that matter), and nothing he said was particularly memorable.

I next got led down to the basement to see a litter of pups Lady Macbeth, somebody's dog, had just given birth to. They were playing clumsily in a fenced-off area under a naked light bulb, and they occasionally looked up at us with broad and unintelligent faces.

"Lady Macbeth got herself ____ by some German Shepherd up the street," a girl told me matter-of-factly. She lifted the dog's sharp-nosed face up to hers and said scoldingly, "Now, listen, Lady, you're



going to have to start ____ a classier set." This started an argument on Lady Macbeth's sex life. Someone pointed out three of the pups to me as being named Hannah, Fuzak, and Schiff, but this may not have been official.

I wandered upstairs and found an Amazing Spiderman comic book to read while Ken and a friend in a Beatle cap retired to a room off the kitchen to work out anti-administration folk songs on their guitars. I joined them in time to hear Ken's "Ballad for Administration Paranooids."

I found a corner with a sofa which looked stuffed to bursting but which sighed and sank when I sat down on it; a conversation was in progress, and I listened politely while watching

the living room. Several couples were dancing the Nigerian High Life--Liam and the girl who had met us at the door were doing a hornpipe, quite oblivious to everybody else--to some African music.

Ken's guitarist friend lifted a four-foot African mask off its hook on the wall, held it up before his face, and blundered out the door. He appeared a moment later at the window, where he danced briefly for our benefit and then flashed us the universal gesture of contempt. "What's that, your sperm count?" everybody shouted in unison.

The Maid of Orleans and a rock 'n' roll musician in blue denim had gradually sunk back out of sight on a mattress lying near the door, doing a thing, as we say in the trade. Lady Macbeth wandered in on her way outside and gingerly planted a foot on the girl's stomach. "Goddam you, Lady!" the girl shouted, sitting bolt upright, and then breaking into a mandatory smile when she saw the whole room was laughing at her. Her voice, I was sorry to hear, was like Ethel Merman's.

continued on page 8

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- AMERICAN IMPERIALISM, EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL MANIFESTATIONS--Roger Howard, Brian Keleher, Paul Schiff, graduate students in political science and history; Thursday evenings
- SOCIAL MOVEMENTS--John Ellis, graduate assistant in sociology; Monday evenings
- ANGUISH: PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL, SOCIOLOGICAL ASPECTS--Martha Aldenbrand, Melvin Bucholtz, poets and graduate assistants in American thought and language
- CHRISTIAN THOUGHT IN THE POST-CHRISTIAN WORLD--Milton Powell, MSU assistant professor of American thought and language; Fr. Robert Gardiner, All-Saints Episcopal Church; Tuesday evenings
- MODERN CINEMA (in conjunction with MSU Film Society showings)--director, MSU Film Society; Friday and Saturday evenings following Film Society showings

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The Law Of Averages And You: A Warning

By HEYWARD EHRLICH

The effort to evaluate teaching and courses at Michigan State by means of a multiple choice form given to students has produced some results which are, to put it blandly, highly curious.

Nearly 20,000 of the Student Instructional Rating Report Forms were submitted on full-time teachers and half that number on graduate assistants in the fall of 1965. There were 14 questions put on a one to five rating scale and 19 more on a true-false basis.

In virtually every case the professors did better than the G.A.'s, but the margin of difference was astonishingly small as measured by mean response. Whether this proves something about teachers or about questionnaires is left for the reader to decide.

The truth of the matter is that students putting marks in the forms seem to automatically give either the best (1) or the next-to-best (2) rating no matter what the query. On only three questions did the sum of the two worst responses (4 or 5) equal one tenth of the total.

Hence, an innocent reader of the sliding-scale questions would conclude that all courses at MSU are above average in statement of objectives, clarity, instructional preparation, availability of assistance, tolerance, instructional mannerisms, student attitudes, fairness, interest and the like.

Such conclusions are highly flattering. Perhaps there is some interest in knowing which responses are more flattering than others. But my objection to the findings on the whole is that they are impossible.

Perhaps each of a dozen brands of cigarettes can claim to have the mildest product on the market. The fact that such a claim when applied to MSU teaching is backed by the statistical weight of 28,685 rating form answers does not make the assertion more true or less absurd.

The devil belches forth the most fire and brimstone in true-false questions. Did you know that 88 per cent denied they had TOO MANY quizzes, and that 66 per cent of the same sample denied they had TOO FEW quizzes? (I am only quoting statistics.)

Did you know that 82 per cent denied TOO MUCH time was spent in class discussions, while 70 per cent also denied that TOO LITTLE time was spent in class discussions? (These are majorities bigger than those which elect American Presidents.)

Be that as it may, the utopian conclusions of the questionnaire are most interesting. Did you know that 44 per cent felt that they had put in more than average effort on the average course, and only 13 per cent thought they put in less than average effort. (These statistics, mind you, are total, proving only that a lot of people think they are working too hard.)

Did you know that 62 per cent rated their instructors better than average, and only 11 per cent worse than average? (What in the world can "average" possibly mean here?)

And did you know that 47 per cent rated their courses above average and only 18 per cent held them to be below average?

The march of superlatives should not, however, cause anyone to be alarmed. The olive packers long ago threw out the small-medium-large-extra-large designation in favor of medium-large-colossal-orgiastic. When you mean average, henceforth say "above average," or people will think you mean "lousy."

If you find yourself rated as "average" (below average), you are badly

PERCENTILE NORMS AND MEAN RESPONSES FOR THE MSU STUDENT INSTRUCTIONAL RATING REPORT

The following percentages and averages are based on 28,685 student responses in 658 sections during the Fall 1965 term. An additional 3,010 students in 101 sections also responded but the teacher's level (i.e. full-time or graduate assistant) was not reported, and those responses are not included below.*

F.T. = Full-time faculty (instructor thru professor) G.A. = Graduate assistants

Part I

1. Were the major objectives of this course made clear at the outset?

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	Mean Response
Absolutely clear and definite			Somewhat clear		Not clear at all	
F.T.	35%	33%	22%	5%	3%	F.T. 2.04
G.A.	30%	33%	25%	6%	3%	G.A. 2.14

4. Have clear explanations been made of the important ideas of this course?

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	Mean Response
All of the important ideas have been clearly explained			Some of the important ideas have been clearly explained		Very few of the important ideas have been clearly explained	
F.T.	32%	34%	24%	6%	3%	F.T. 2.11
G.A.	27%	35%	27%	6%	3%	G.A. 2.19

5. How easy is it to get help from the instructor?

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	Mean Response
I feel welcome to seek extra help as often as needed			I feel hesitant to ask for extra help		I would avoid asking for extra help unless absolutely necessary	
F.T.	50%	27%	15%	3%	4%	F.T. 1.73
G.A.	50%	29%	13%	3%	4%	G.A. 1.76

10. How stimulating have the classes been?

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	Mean Response
Very stimulating			Fairly stimulating		Usually very dull	
F.T.	17%	29%	31%	13%	9%	F.T. 2.65
G.A.	14%	26%	36%	14%	10%	G.A. 2.76

*Percentages for each response may not add to exactly 100% because of rounding off and "no response" to the item.

in need of self-help. If your teaching is "above average" (average), you may relax in the mass. Only if you find yourself "below average" (terrible), need you start worrying. And if you find yourself "far above average" you had better start doubting whether students really believe they are anonymous behind their electric pencils.

Though the SIRR is now designed for teachers, surely the TIRR (Teacher Instructional Rating Report) cannot be far off. Students then may expect to bring home to their parents the doublethink that they talk too much/too little in class discussions 76 per cent of the time on the average.

You there in the loafers! Definitely above average! Straight C. Your friend there behind the chewing gum! A perfect average, that is, F.

Only time will merge the SIRR and the TIRR, producing the heady STIRR. The questionnaire will have to be refined, since responses now run as high as 65 per cent for some items on the top (1), and as low as one per cent at the bottom (5).

Where's the bell-shaped curve? There's too low a ceiling on the top. At least three higher degrees of Orwellian superlative will be needed before we can see that bell we love so much. Perhaps "below average" should be eliminated from the test sheet; then we can start at average and work up.

Indeed, the "law of averages" eliminated the small olive, and it will get you, too, if you don't watch out. Perhaps it already has.

Heyward Ehrlich is a beleaguered assistant professor of American thought and language. --The Editors.

The Virtues Of Multiversity

By DOUGLAS LACKEY

Since the free speech explosion at Berkeley last year, it has become a common plank of radical platforms to oppose the "multiversity": those mammoth institutions, state supported, that provide an uneasy mixture of tens of thousands of students with tens of millions of dollars. These oppositions have been of two sorts--those that attack the size of such universities per se, and those that attack, not size itself, but the clumsy way in which size is now handled.

That arguments of the second sort can be justified should be manifest to anyone who takes more than a casual look at such a school as MSU. But it is arguments of the first sort that concern me, since these fill the bulk of the radical literature, and since none of them seem to me to be convincing.

I see no inherent evil in a large university, or in its manifestations--the TV lecture, the IBM card, the giant class. On the contrary, such institutions, at least in principle, may present certain advantages.

Through the efforts of catholic sex and the Catholic church, the population explosion is hard upon us. What is to be done with the swelling class of college-age citizens? The radical answer: put them in thousands of tiny little schools. And who is to staff these schools? No answer is given, for there is none; the fact is that the output of trained personnel is barely keeping up with the increase in enrollment.

The alternative, then, is to send the bulk of these people off to work, since, as it is said and said truly, most multiversity students fool around for four years and learn next to nothing anyway.

Now, it is true that man's life takes its meaning from his work, and perhaps that is why it seems to me that so many lead meaningless lives;

the society gives them a "job" (certainly not "work") which robs their brains, poisons their spirits, and pays them a salary, in that order--I consider it a grace that such a society also provides its victims with a means for avoiding jobs for another four years, in the guise of "education."

The multiversity gives everybody a chance to let loose and perhaps even to learn something; without the multiversity, this latter is impossible; with it, it is possible, and to make it actual requires improving the quality of the multiversity, not questioning its existence.

THE SLUDGE TEST

The preceding paragraph gives the impression that the multiversity is filled with unmotivated student sludge, and this is to a large measure true. In the multiversity, then, what is to happen to the serious student, the one bent on and directed towards learning? Won't he be pulled down to the level of the sludge around him?

The problem of sludge can best be handled, I think, by considering in contrast the fate of a large percentage of bright students at a university where there is a notable absence of sludge--Harvard. The serious students that arrive there have developed during high school an identity in which their realization of their own intellectual curiosity and generally higher intelligence plays a large role. Then they arrive at Harvard, where everyone is intelligent and everyone is curious; no matter how smart they are, three fourths of the class seems smarter.

Their minds, which in the past had set them off from others, no longer distinguish them. Their identities, pinned to their intelligence, no longer identify. With all intelligent, intelligence loses meaning. In response

to the catastrophe, the Harvard freshman often avoids study and develops a second identity: takes LSD, writes poems, paints. In a few cases, new talents are unleashed; in most, the results are bad poems and worse paintings.

This waste of time is tragic, for in these cases the second identity is secondary--the most important gift of these people, now being wasted, is their intellect, their capacity to deal capably with ideas and intelligently with the world.

Compare this with the situation at MSU. Here the intellectual finds no difficulty in seeing himself to be different from the mass--in a school where the average G.P.A. is 2.4, his grades, among many other things, will quickly set him apart. Indeed, he may sometimes find his intellect directly under assault; for example, when he faces the stupidity of the State News each morning.

Such attacks do not destroy intellectuals--they make them acutely conscious of what they are. At Harvard, the assumption of intellect tends to dissolve it; at MSU the challenge to it may bring it forth.

SIZING UP

So far, I have attempted to justify size in general. Now I wish to consider the effects of size. The catchword of the controversy is "dehumanization," and the standard argument is that the growth of the multiversity cannot but bring with it a loss of personal contact between teacher and student, the creation of oppressive "administrative" positions, and the transformation of the student into a student number. The first two complaints, I think, are misplaced; it is my experience that any student at MSU who pushes a little can establish personal contact with the faculty;

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Winter . . .

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I began to tune in on the conversation around me, which had gradually included me in it. ". . . grew up here," one intense young man was saying, "and I played with John Hannah's children. I REALLY knew now their community works." His face was lit only by a sliver of light from a streetlight outside, but I could tell that he looked disgusted.

"How'd you end up here?" he asked me. I explained. "Oh, so they buried you with the green-and-white — too, eh? Her too." He meant a girl sitting off to his right, her face also lost in shadow. We were silent for a moment, weighted down with adolescent sadness. Then the young man began to talk, about the university and about society, and I realized I was in the presence of one of the condottieri of the student wars.

It was time to burn, as we say in the trade. As we were working our way toward the door, Ken asked me what I would have done if I hadn't come to the party. I shrugged and said something about a normal square weekend. Liam's hornpipe partner crossed the room to squeeze my hand.

"Don't worry so much about what's hip or square," she told me, looking into my eyes, "worry about what's REAL."

I blinked but promised I would.

THE INVISIBLE CITY

The party introduced me to an underground university without classes or schedules, an invisible city with crossroads in Spiro's, certain booths in the Union grill, and Berkeley Hall. Its inhabitants were a far more varied lot than it might seem from outside. They included the political science professor who dismissed his classes with: "Onward, Spahntans! Go out and win!" and the renegade assistant professors who wore zippered suede boots into Spiro's (a cafeteria across Grand River, in case anybody has to ask) and sat defiantly reading the out-of-state newspapers while their coffee cooled.

They also included people like Peter, who showed up at MSU a year ago looking perfectly straight, except for a graduation tassel he wore around his neck like a talisman. (It was a reminder of a summer he had spent knocking around the Midwest.) Peter gradually got scuzzier and scuzzier as last year progressed, and finally went round the bend altogether on one memorable evening when he mixed himself a batch of morning glory stew — a bouillabaisse of gin, Lipton tea, and hundred of ground-up morning glory seeds.

SITTING IN A NOWHERE LAND

Parties continued apace. Fairly typical was the one about the middle of the term which Ken and Kinsella, a mooncalf who pretends to be a student, took me to. I took along a girl from the dorm and a visiting friend from my distant hometown.

Coming through the door, I happened to mutter something about "price of admission: your mind," a catchphrase from a Herman Hesse novel which is much admired in certain circles. This blew Kinsella's mind, as we say in the trade, and he spent the rest of the evening hopping from sofa to sofa like some great bird, shouting "It's relevant! It's all relevant!" Occasionally he slowed down long enough to explain: "All these relevant people here. Really. And they're not going to survive. They do a thing now, but they aren't going to survive."

He looked at me, and his eyes flashed strangely, as though they were made of glass. (The only light in the room was blue, and dangled from the ceiling on a chain; everything in the room had suffered a mysterious sea-change.) "But you, you're going to survive. You can verbalize."



Helen Levitt's photographs of East Harlem, taken in the early 1940's, have been collected and published with a companion essay by James Agee in a volume entitled "A Way of Seeing" (The Viking Press, 1965).

Agee's essay is no slight effort, since Levitt's pictures are

"Oh, I plan to survive, all right," I said, as mildly as possible. "But you'll make it too."

Kinsella shook his head. "Not me. I'm thrashed. Really. I'm mindf*cked."

Kinsella's idiom takes getting used to; actually, he'll be around to bury us all.

The people at the party were mostly familiar, but there were interesting additions. One chap wore a black eye patch with a "Make Love, Not War" button stuck through it. (I was wearing two buttons myself. One of them said, "Wir geben uns mehr Muhe." The other one said, "Help us WIN! Come to SUNDAY SCHOOL.") Another, a personable rock 'n' roll singer who ran through half a dozen Dylan songs before the evening was over, had a ring through his ear, and told me that four or five of his friends did too.

Two girls I recognized from the dorm cafeteria, of all places, looked at me oddly as they came in.

"Don't I know you from somewhere?" one of them asked me. She had on a dark blue Beatle cap.

"The dorm," I said.

"Are you KIDDING me?" (Something surely ought to be said about this phrase; its use reached epidemic proportions during the term, and one English professor even worked it into two lectures on irony.)

"He's not," said the other girl, who had blond hair to the shoulders and wore a heavy wooden cross around her neck. "I've seen him around the dorm."

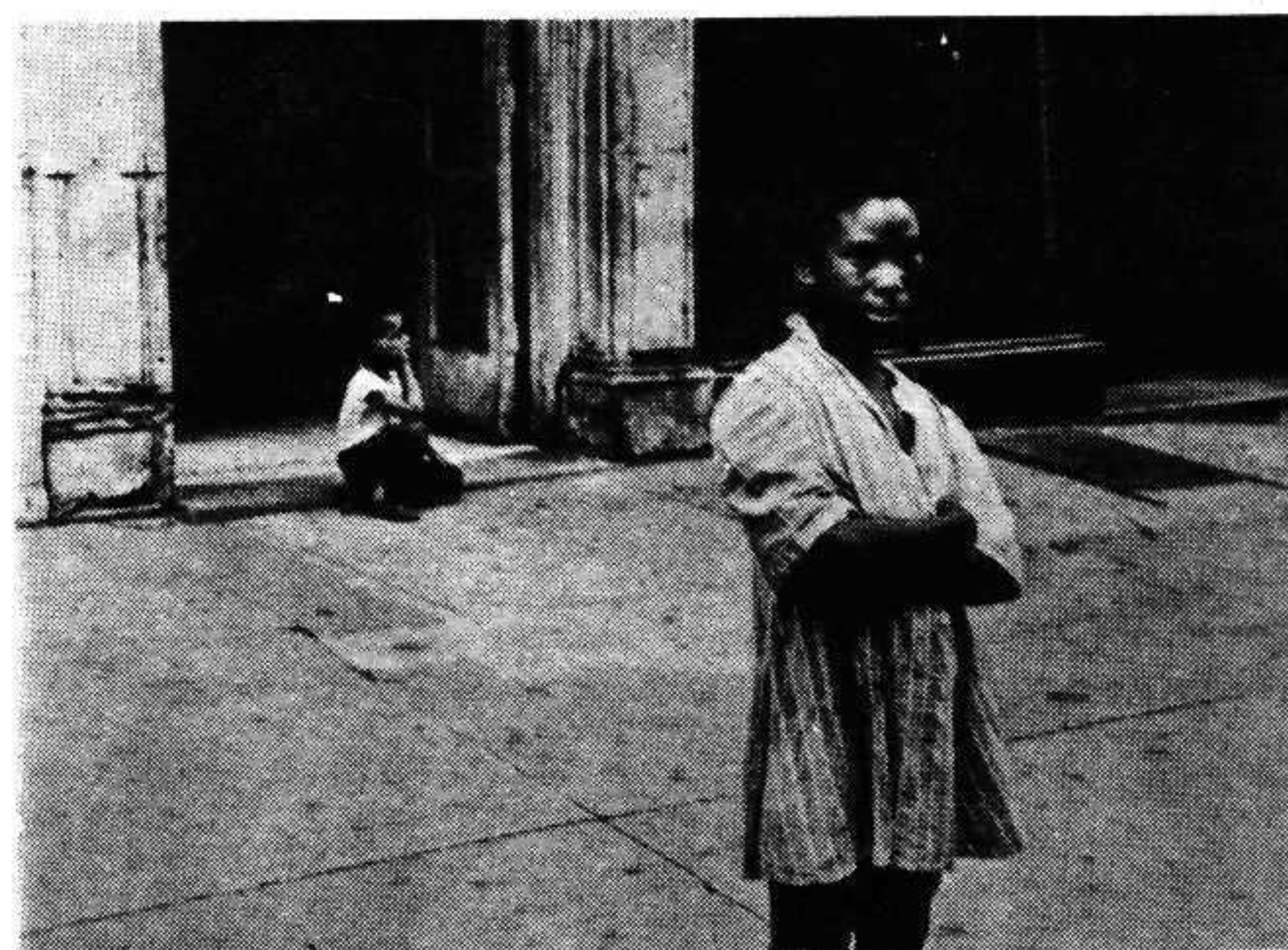
"Are you Kinsella's roommate?" (Kinsella actually lived in my dorm, in a room decorated with hanging fishnets and jazz album covers. He played jazz and burned incense almost around the clock, but his roommates, instead of murdering him in his bed, had gradually become almost as alienated as he was.)

"Huh-uh," I said. "I'm here on my own steam."

I think the girl in the Beatle cap may have said, "Are you KIDDING me?" again, but this may be a false memory. The girls, whose names were Kit and Shannon, got to be great friends of mine, and we ate dinner together a couple of times a week for the next month; our table talk was the verbal massacre of the middle class.

Conversation rose and fell around me.

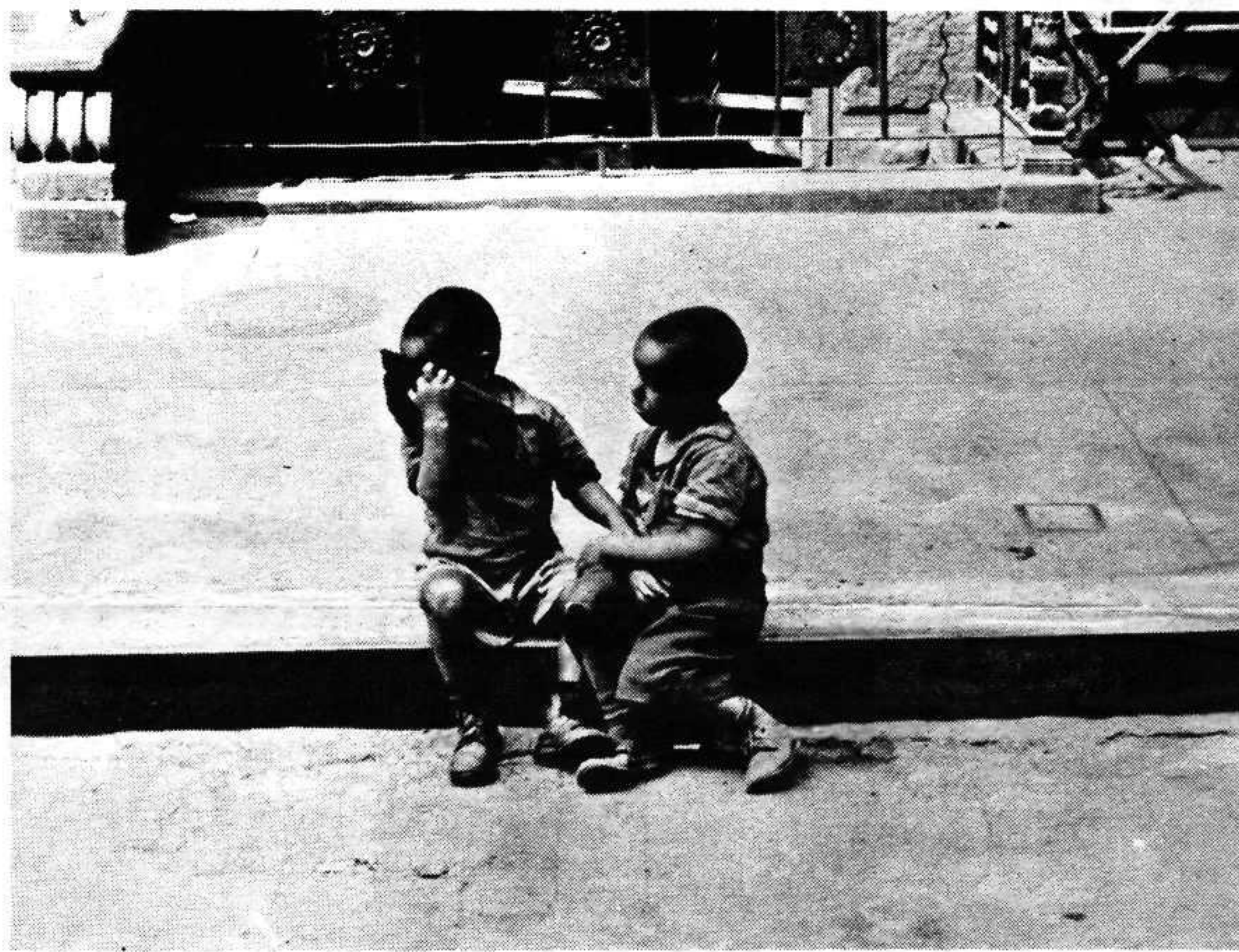
The room was slowly filling up with newcomers, some of them terribly straight. Ken and two friends started what amounted to a community sing; when they ran out of blasphemy and radicalism, they fell back on their



A WAY OF SEEING

so subtle, their lyricism so gentle and unassuming, that they leave the reviewer with little to say—and Agee says much. Topping Agee is impossible, so in reviewing we simply reproduce here a few of the most accessible shots from this remarkable little book.

D.L.



photographs by helen levitt from "a wave scene"—new york: viking press, 1965

own brand of rock 'n' roll.

I decided it was time to go and went looking for Kinsella, but he was doing a talk think with some dizzy kid who had theories about Death and all; he wasn't interested in going home. I finally got a ride with a Lansing Community College student who spent most of the trip back trying in vain to get the name of the girl I was with.

But we had left too early.

Kit got violently sick and had to be taken home.

Multiversity

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the reason that most don't do this is not because they can't, but because they don't want to.

The attacks on administrators, properly formulated, are attacks on BAD administration, not on administration per se.

The third complaint, that size by its very nature brings dehumanization, is most serious. The assumption of such complaints seems to be that, while all size is bad, all smallness is good; in truth neither of these is the case. In fact, from personal experience I can say that the average small prep school, and the "little ivy league" college that is its extension, is far more oppressive and repressive than the average multiversity.

Someone named Driscoll mixed his highs, as we say in the trade, getting mindf*cked on anti-histamines and then staring for an hour into a 500-watt bulb.

And Kinsella, walking back to the dormitory, took a wrong turn on East Grand River and was within two blocks of the state capitol (miles away in the freezing cold) before he realized his mistake.

That's how it is in the multiversity, men. That's how it REALLY is.

The school is small, and the student has no place to hide, no way to avoid the pressure. I far prefer the MSU structure, where contact is available when wanted and avoidable at will. And if it be argued that all small schools need not be repressive, I can reply that all multiversities need not be inhuman.

I have avoided mention here of the legion flaws that are present in the contemporary multiversity (cf. Stu Dowty's article in CSR's latest Organon), because what has concerned me is the concept of multiversity, not its present instances; and so far I have found nothing intrinsically pernicious in it. I should hope, then, that arguments directed against multiversities make their target the quality of these bodies, and not simply their existence.