

THE PAPER



THE SHOCKED

photos by elliot borin

Paul Krassner At MSU

Illusion Or Realist?

As we drove to the airport to meet Paul Krassner, I was feeling unaccountably and irritatingly provincial. After all, I told myself, there was no reason to believe that we at MSU were inferior in intellect, perspicacity, or what-have-you--but, still, here was this successful New York editor and folk-hero actually coming to EAST LANSING, for God's sake, and what would he THINK?

We arrived, late as usual, and walked into the terminal to look for likely Krassner types. We spotted him instantly: well, we spotted a short, dark-haired, Jewish-looking fellow wearing green levis, a greyish olive denim jacket, a navy-blue shirt, and wraparound sunglasses. On closer inspection, he proved to be conspicuously carrying a copy of the latest Ramparts. We were home free.

We drove him back to our "five-room country estate" and fed him a ham-and-cheese sandwich. He asked, "Will it get you guys in trouble if I burn a photostat of my draft card?" Of course not, we said.

Some friends showed up, and we all sat around talking about our local crises and the MSU catalogue. Krassner leafed through the catalogue disbelievingly, occasionally reading aloud, "Climates of the World!" or "Ice Creams and Desserts!"

The conversation hinted at turning serious. Krassner said he thought the three definitive aspects of our generation were "drugs, protest, and sexual freedom."

Soon someone pointed out to Krassner a paragraph in the current issue of Playboy:

"We concede that PLAYBOY's editor-publisher and staff display uncommon enthusiasm for their editorial duties, but we don't think Hefner's zeal can be considered evangelistic--even if Paul Krassner once did refer to him in The Realist as 'the secular Billy Graham.' (The Realist has also referred to Hefner as 'the Green Hornet' and 'a virgin,' which shows how much Krassner knows.)"

Krassner stared incredulously and said, "You mean he's NOT the Green Hornet?" He pondered over the paragraph for a long time, occasionally mimicking viciously, "which shows how much KRASSNER knows." He didn't remember printing the Billy

Graham remark in The Realist, and began to wonder if Hefner's agents followed him around taping chance remarks for the file.

He looked at a letter from Harry Elmer Barnes, to which Playboy had added, "We're overwhelmed by such a gracious communication from the eminent educator, sociologist, and author." "They want to make sure you KNOW," he said.

He recalled the time he went to bed with a Playmate who turned out to be frigid, then pointed out the Playmate of the Year, who he said was Hefner's current bunny, even as last year's winner had been Hefner's favorite in HER day.

Conversation turned to related, uh, subjects.

Later we drove him to the Library to Xerox his draft card. After dinner, we went to the Union and he did his show, a talk consisting, as he said, "totally of tangents," on a stage decorated with an American flag, an Israeli flag, and a pitcher of water about which the less said the better. Trying to get on stage, he opened the wrong door and walked into a fire extinguisher, but further incidents were mostly verbal.

Afterwards, back at the country estate, the entire mobile population of East Lansing gathered to congratulate itself on being at a party in Krassner's company, more or less. People kept asking me where all those unfamiliar faces were coming from, and I kept saying damned if I knew.

Circles of admirers grouped around Krassner to tell him about the last time they were in New York, and how they really ought to look him up the next time they were there. Krassner won the fiercely competitive hipness contest by managing to keep a straight face.

At some point after midnight, Krassner disappeared--nobody was sure quite where, although many made educated guesses. By the time the party finally broke up, I was too tired to worry about the impression MSU had made on him, or vice-versa. Which is just as well.

L.T.

A Krassner Sampler

"I wake up every morning and I giggle: I'm the editor of The Realist ha-ha-ha. It really is strange, because I've been doing it for eight years now and I really haven't accepted that fact. If I walk past a store and it says 'boy wanted' I stop--I say 'maybe I can still get the job.' I really don't relate to this--you know what it's like: working, you know, not going to a job, it's like playing hookey all day long. I mean, you can go to an afternoon movie and you don't get in trouble. I have a secretary to take the calls while I'm gone. It's very strange, you know, just putting out a magazine, and not getting paid for it."

"My parents are Jewish, but I don't consider myself Jewish. THAT would be integration--if a Negro could say, 'My parents are Negro, but I don't consider myself Negro. I go for some of the cultural things, but . . .'"

"This talk is being sent to our fighting military advisers overseas, and our fighting professors."

"I took this from the plane, because I wanted a souvenir of Michigan. And it really is like the multi-versity, because it has directions. One: vomit. Then if you're not sure why, it says: for airsickness. It says: after use, fold toward you; then call stewardess for disposal. I couldn't do that.--I would just leave it under my seat for the next flight."

"They were telling me all these strange sex laws you have here. You can get arrested for intercourse if the woman is on top--and I would really like to make a test case. Call up the police--'Hello, you don't know me, but I'm in the middle of sex participation now, and I'm on bottom. I'm at such and such an address.' Would they come? I mean, before I did?"

"I'm sort of the dispose-all of publishing."

How to get the phone company: "They send you a bill for \$6.75. What you do is, you send them a check for \$6.74, and they have to go to the trouble of billing you for one cent. Or--you send them a check for \$6.76, and they have to go to the

trouble of sending you a check for one cent--which you never ever cash--you keep it lying around, you frame it on your wall . . . The same thing with the gas and electric companies. Do they send their bills out here on IBM cards? What you do is punch another hole in it, and send it back. If you want a personal kind of protest, you call the gas and electric company, and say, 'You tell your meter reader, the next time he comes around here to keep away from my kids.' And you hang up."

"I don't know of any other word for 'fart.' Does anybody? Flatus--no, that's a noun. I mean a verb--flutulate? Possibly. Can't you see it? You get out an unabridged dictionary and look it up. Here is is--flatulate: to fart."

Being funny: "It's not being funny, really, it's being logical. All you do--what's happening in the world is so absurd, that all you do is take something and extend it logically, and THAT'S what's funny."

"Fuck Communism" posters: "The purpose of this was to sort of crystallize our foreign policy." "Any policeman who says that this appeals to his prurient interest has a severe psychological problem."

"I'm for freedom for atheists--well, that's everybody now if God is dead. We had this headline on The Realist that said, 'God is alive in Argentina,' and I keep thinking that like the next issue we'll have a follow-up: 'God has been kidnapped by two Israeli agents.' . . . After that, they could have, all right, two Israeli agents kidnap him, and then he's tried for crimes against humanity--no, for Acts of God, that's right!"

On civil liberties fights: "People would like Ralph Ginzburg not to be Sammy Glick. The same thing applies to Madalyn Murray--it would be nice if you had Irene Dunne challenging the law, but she's not the one who'd doing it."

On Johnson showing his gall-bladder scar: "Suppose he had a hemorrhoid operation?"



"What substitutes could you have, anyway? Make love communism, sleep communism, ball communism, meaningful relationship communism, beautiful experience communism. . . do it communism, want to come up in my room and have a cup of coffee communism. . ."

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EDITORIAL

Draft-Dodging III

The intelligence and integrity of every college-age male in America will receive the first of three federally-administered insults this Saturday, in the first round of Selective Service College Qualification Tests. The exams, the first of their kind since the Korean War, are to be used to aid the form of institutionalized discrimination known as the draft, by providing one more measure of the relative academic competency of cannon fodder now in the nation's schools.

In a war so grossly unpopular as the one in Vietnam, it is outrageous that millions of young men should be subjected to such treatment--asked to prove either their ability to pass the kind of short-answer exam arbitrarily designated most significant in measuring their educational progress, or their willingness to fight for a political ideal with which many of them doubtless disagree.

"The millions of us who take the exam will do so for one and only one reason: to stay out of the Vietnam war. Those who pass will have their 2-S deferment intact, at least for a while. Those who fail can start coloring themselves khaki." So says a flier of the Students for a Democratic Society, which is calling for leafleting of all Selective Service testing centers with a counter-exam prepared for SDS by a committee of opposition experts on the war in Vietnam.

The SDS flier says: "Wherever the Selective Service System sets up its examination centers, we'll be there with our own exams. Ours will ask you questions about the war--fair and objective questions--and about how you see your relation to it, and what kind of government ours has become. And you will have to 'grade' our test yourself--and decide whether you know enough about the Vietnamese to take some day the personal responsibility for their death."

The MSU chapter of SDS will take part in the Vietnam exam leafleting. With a faculty group on war and peace and the Lansing chapter of SANE, it is also co-sponsoring a conference on the Widening War in Asia, Thursday, May 12, which will feature talks by one of the consultants of the SDS exam, Marshall Sahllins of the University of Michigan, and by Bob Ross, a graduate student who will speak on the use of the draft and other devices to repress dissent on the war.

These are two responsible and valuable forms of protest against one of the most offensive manifestations of the government's increasingly authoritarian attempts to maintain a "consensus" of support for the Vietnam war. As long as universities and other supposedly free institutions continue to be drawn into the Vietnam battle, such protests will be necessary to remind us of the real role of freedom of thought in this country. M.K.

The Little Man: A Short-Short Story

Once upon a time, the psychologists held a huge convention. Distinguished representatives came from all the major and minor branches of psychology. After long deliberations, they decided that the time had come to demonstrate to the world their ability to predict and control human behavior. So they designated a committee of 143 of the most distinguished members of the field to conduct the Great Experiment.

First they went out and recruited a subject. A man who was willing to live in their laboratory for the next four years. They spent the first six months probing his complete personal history and background. They gave him every kind of psychological test that had ever been devised. And they mapped out his complete personality.

Then they put him in a little house they had built, enclosed under a large plexiglass dome. In the little house were a television set, a radio, a teaching machine, and many other devices, all of which were under their control, so they could "feed in" to him whatever stimuli they wanted. Hundreds of sensing devices were trained on him, measuring and recording every move he made. All the data from these devices was immediately processed by a huge computer.

For the next year and a half they watched and analyzed. Then they began to make predictions about what he would do under certain conditions of controlled stimulation, and to test these predictions to see if they were correct. For the next six months or so, everything went smoothly. Their predictions became more and more accurate. Then for a while things seemed to go wrong. Their predictions were often disconfirmed. After a while, they discovered that "the little man," as they now referred to him, had developed what they called "oppositional tendencies," perhaps from living in the laboratory so long and being watched all the time. So they modified their equations to take

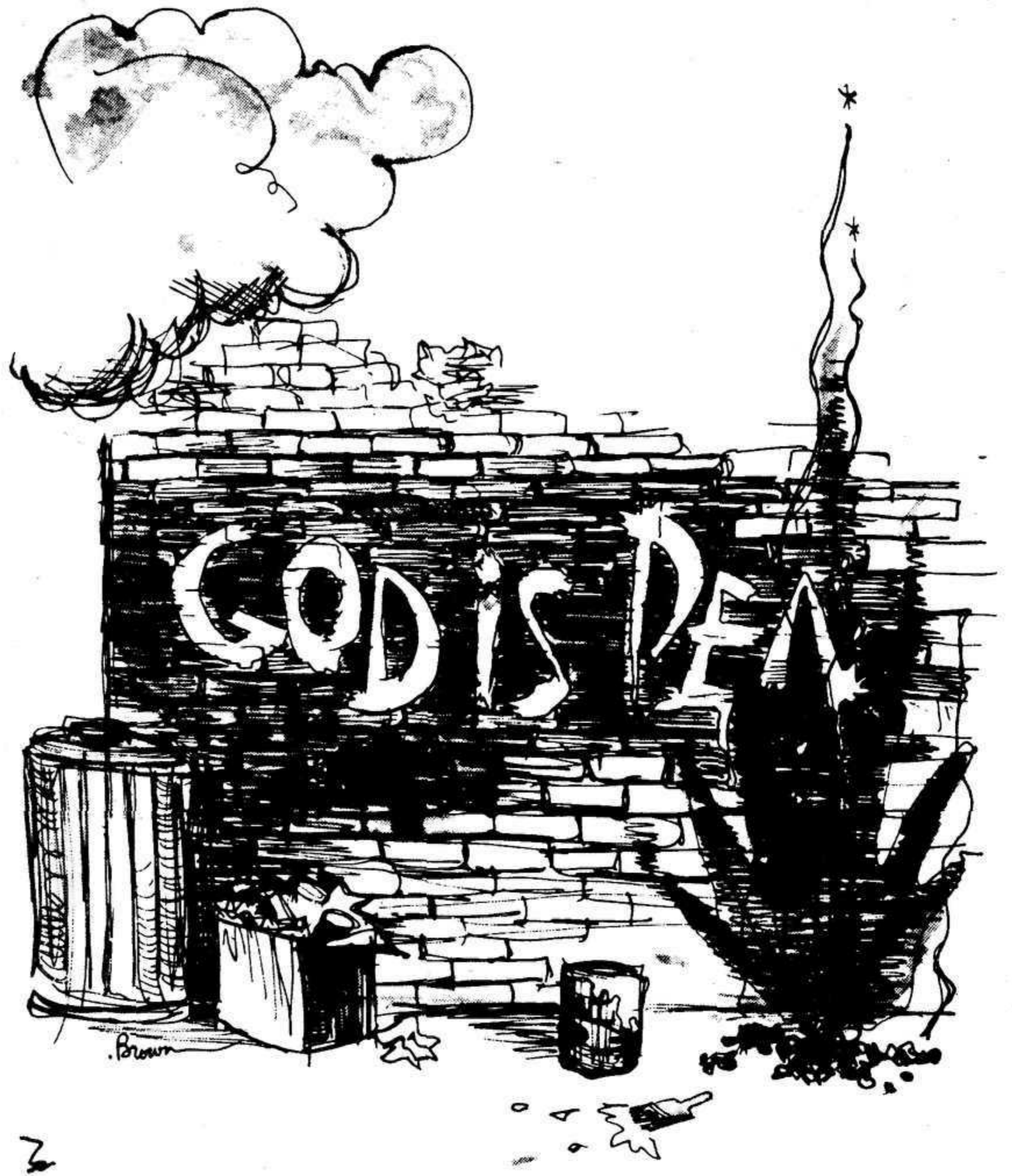
account of this variable, and soon they were predicting as well as ever before.

A time came when they felt ready to stage a public demonstration of their feat. The President of the United States invited them to put on their demonstration in Washington D.C., and he invited the heads of state from many other countries to come and see the psychologists' achievement.

So the psychologists began dismantling all their equipment and packing it to move to Washington. During this time, several weeks went by. Nobody was paying much attention to the little man. Someone noticed that he was working on something in his workshop (the little house included a completely equipped workshop) but everyone was too busy packing to pay any attention.

After the little house and all the equipment had been set up in a huge assembly hall in Washington, all the distinguished visitors gathered, including the President himself. A hush fell as the psychologists tuned in their sensing devices. At this moment the little man walked out of his workshop carrying a black box, and set it down. Two wires led from the black box to a little red button. The little man sat down and looked at the black box. He appeared to be deep in thought. The psychologists read off the data from their computers, and made their prediction: "In five minutes, he's going to push that red button." Sure enough, in five minutes he did push the button. The black box exploded with a shattering roar. The assembly hall was demolished. The little man was killed. All the distinguished onlookers were killed. And all the psychologists were killed. Except one, who had gone out to the parking lot to get his briefcase out of the car. After the explosion, he picked himself up, dusted himself off, surveyed the wreckage and shook his head slowly. "Well, back to the drawing boards."

CHARLES HOLLEN



Trouble In STEP

Trouble! We got trouble right here in . . . the MSU STEP program. Namely, STEP is hurting because of, yes, lack of funds. The program this year has budgeted \$13,300 for the four weeks in June and July. It is presently about \$6,000 short of that goal.

This budget is to pay the expenses of the 45 volunteers and four faculty members from MSU who are going to Rust College in Holly Springs, Miss. It also includes the room and board of the 100 Negro students from the South who are going to attend the summer school and who will enter Rust and other colleges in the fall. The students and faculty from MSU are donating their time and effort to the teaching program.

The STEP program was started last year as a function of the student body of MSU. It was designed to bring up the level of communication skills of students about to begin college. The Southern students who attend the institute test on the eighth grade level on national tests. Thus, they would be required to do eight years of work in four years of college. The object

of the STEP program is to raise the skills level two years, if possible, to help cut down the number of drop-outs. The faculty who participate teach regular classes at Rust both to improve the summer program and to help earn Rust's accreditation.

STEP is requesting contributions from individuals and groups. It is asking for sponsors for \$100 scholarships for the Negro students, each to pay one student's room, board, and books for four weeks. Checks should be made payable to "MSU STEP" and sent to the Rev. John Duley, 507 E. Grand River Avenue, East Lansing.

ANONYMOUS



Anticlimax of the Month (Hands Across the Sea Division)--from a report on some new features in the International Center: "The clocks, installed several weeks ago, show the correct times of New York, London, Moscow, Saigon, Tokyo, Honolulu, Los Angeles, and East Lansing."

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 creative 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.

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AH! MODESTY PREVENTS. . .!

An Unburied View Of Nudity

By RICHARD A. OGAR

Clothes, we are told, make the man, and despite the fact that the process was apparently reversed in the case of "The Emperor's New Clothes," one must suppose that the saying does have its stray edge of truth. One cannot deny, for example, that a cop wearing a madras shirt and burgundy bermudas is apt to encounter far more resistance to arrest than one dressed in the traditional blue; nor that a doctor in bib overalls is likely to inspire something less than confidence in his patients.

But, of course, the cop, whatever his mode of dress, is still a cop, if he has been duly invested with that authority, and a doctor, if he has the proper certification, is a doctor even in the nude. Theoretically, then, the clothes they choose to wear ought to have little real meaning; society, in fact, ought to be able to continue functioning even were all its members to cast aside their clothing. But could it? One suspects not.

That society depends upon symbols for its existence was clearly apparent to Thomas Carlyle, whose mythical alter-ego, Herr Teufelsdröckh, was wont to amuse himself with a fantasy in which all the participants in a high and solemn ceremony were suddenly, magically, stripped naked. The results, in Teufelsdröckh's imagination, were indeed catastrophic:

... HIGH State tragedy becomes a Pickleherring - Farce to weep at, which is the worst kind of Farce; "the tables" (according to Horace), and with them, the whole fabric of Government, Legislation, Property, Police, and Civilised Society, "are dissolved," in walls and howls.

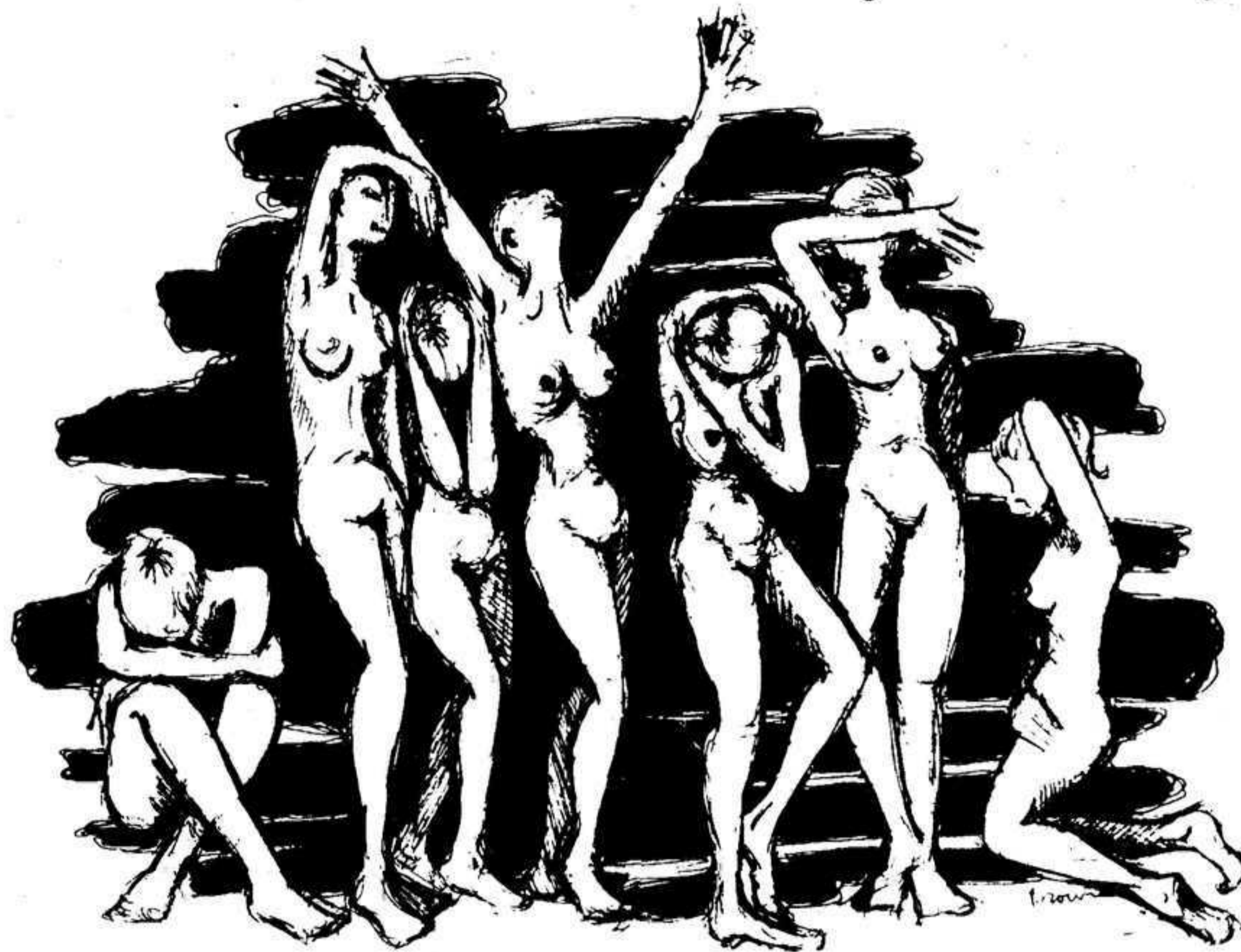
Such a vision is, in my opinion, psychologically sound. Strictly speaking, clothing is not the CAUSE of the man, but simply a SYMBOL of what it is he's made of himself. Unfortunately, people tend to forget this, and begin responding to the symbol as though it were an objective fact.

Once this occurs, a man is relieved of the burden of coping with reality, for, if one may APPEAR to be anything one wishes simply by appropriating for one's self the proper uniform, then one need no longer make the effort to BE anything at all. Eventually, should nothing interfere with the process, the reality behind the clothes atrophies from lack of use, and human values, thus exposed to the open air, simply evaporate. To suddenly deprive such a society of its clothing would, in effect, deprive it of its very substance.

But I cannot help but feel that the social cataclysm which general nudity would precipitate would prove cathartic, purging the land--in our case, the United States--of its quixotic phantoms, and forcing men to resume their natural identities. If a "return to Nature" were to translate itself into a return to honesty, one cannot doubt but that man's fate would be immeasurably improved.

That it WOULD so translate itself seems to me extremely likely: for, if clothes are the image, the naked body is the truth, and the social obligation to wear clothes becomes the social obligation to lie. Here one begins to realize the true significance of the social taboos on nudity, for civilization is, in one sense at least, a flight from truth. The truth may make us free, but it also makes us vulnerable, particularly when that truth concerns the Self.

The individual finds little difficulty in protecting himself within a group of moderate size: he can keep his eye on everyone, can separate his friends from his enemies, and deal with them accordingly. But as the



society grows in size, it becomes correspondingly more difficult to know one's enemies: the stranger arises, the unpegged man, the man whom one cannot manipulate for good or ill. And once a society becomes so large that it can only be controlled and administered through the mechanisms of civilization, self-defense on the personal level becomes impossible. Since the Enemy may be anyone anywhere, specific defenses are useless; yet the need for some sort of defense system becomes even more imperative.

Man, under these conditions, has little choice but to construct a fortification so broad as to cover attack from any quarter. Clothing is such a defense; by means of it a man can construct a false front from behind which he may deal with the world, a straw man thrust into the battle in hopes of drawing the enemy's fire while preserving the true Self behind the wall.

The difficulty, of course, is that, by stretching one's psychic defenses over such a wide field, one's identity becomes increasingly more shallow: the "lost, violent soul" may indeed exist behind the wall, but it is the straw man who's getting all the attention, and it is eventually the straw man in whom everyone, including its creator, believes.

The straw man has no feelings, for feelings are to be taken advantage of; he feels no pain, but neither has he ecstasy. The straw man is dead and sees no life in others; all are as he is, and one need pay little attention to such things as needs, wants or desires in those whom one manipulates for personal gain. The straw man may garner fleas in his ticking, but little else.

But this projection of false images is merely the social aspect of clothing; its inner, and psychologically more potent, aspect is that of defending the Self by defending the genitals. Anyone who has ever considered the question of modesty must conclude that the institution is, on the surface, an absurdity.

On any warm day, for example, one can go over to the I.M. pool (or any dormitory lawn, for that matter) and gape at any number of campus lovelies bulging out of bikinis which scarcely cover what are called, in polite circles, the "essentials," without provoking anything like a violent reaction. But surprise any one of these same girls in her underwear and she has to be put on tranquilizers for a week, even though the combination of bra, pants and slip

covers far more flesh than did the bikini of the day before and as much (or nearly so) as the apparel she normally wears on the street.

One can only conclude from this (and similar manifestations) that the question of modesty involves not the AMOUNT of flesh exposed, but the CONDITIONS under which it is seen; anything, that is, may be seen at the exhibitor's discretion, and nothing may be seen without permission.

Why? The question is clearly one of self-defense: the body may be exposed only under controlled conditions, at times and places which guarantee a fair degree of safety. The woman in a bikini is prepared for the situation, her defenses are up; but caught unaware in her room she is dangerously vulnerable. She had not intended to be seen, she had not prepared for it: her only defense is to scream until she can find a place to hide.

Of course, I have been talking so far about the body exclusive of the genitals, which are never, except in the most intimate situations, exhibited. (Exposure of the breasts, it must be noted, is far less feared than that of the vulva: girlie magazines have exploited mammaries for years, but, except for "hard-core" pornography--which is prosecuted whenever possible--and nudist publications--which are regarded as semi-philosophical by the courts--none of them has dared expose a beaver; and while toplessness is currently in vogue on the West Coast, one may expect to wait quite a while for bottomlessness.)

The reason for this genitophobia is not, I feel, mere sexual repressiveness (for, if the purpose of feminine modesty is to keep men sexually at bay, it is a grotesque failure, since it creates--to borrow a phrase from the Supreme Court--prurient interest where none would otherwise exist: how else may one explain why it is that seeing a girl's skirt hike several inches above her knee is far more titillating than seeing those same several inches, or more, exposed beneath the bottom seam of a pair of shorts?) but, rather, a survival of primitive superstitions concerning the preservation of the Self.

It is common anthropological knowledge that the primitive man tends to identify himself with his genitals. A man is a man because he possesses a penis, and that penis is the incarnation of HIS individual maleness, and thus, by extension, of himself as a living creature.

Since most, if not all, primitive

societies are dominated by men, phallic symbolism is far more prevalent than yonic, but the vulva is by no means neglected in primitive ritual, even though it is rarely, if ever, treated with respect. For primitive man, in his small tribal group, the chief danger to his manhood--to his penis--was the alien creature called woman, whose Self (destructive in nature) was incarnate in the vagina.

Thus, to defend himself against the dangers of femininity, man directed his attacks on the female genitals, and their functions: menstruation and childbirth were regarded as potentially evil and treated with sadistic taboos, and coitus, though desired, was surrounded with equally exacting restrictions. (It is perhaps this ambivalent attitude toward female sexuality which has produced the cruel fate of modern woman, cursed with both an overweening sense of modesty, and a social obligation to wear garments which constantly threaten exposure.) Male enemies--those of "alien" tribes--were often castrated, literally or symbolically, while males of one's own tribe--potential sexual "enemies"--were symbolically mutilated through various initiation rites.

Psychology, moreover, has revealed the intense identification which children--in essence, little savages--make between themselves and their genitals. And it seems more than



coincidence that Freud should designate as "genital" the highest stage in the development of the Self.

Of course, the identification is by no means confined to children and savages: it remains a powerful, if somewhat submerged, current in the psychic life of even the most civilized adult. Popular wisdom and folklore abound in phrases marking this fact.

A child caught playing with his genitals is admonished not to leave his penis (or vulva) alone, but to "stop playing with himself." An exhibitionist exposes not his penis but "himself." Masturbation is "self-abuse," and the popular myth that the masturbator risks psychic dissolution serves only to verify the identity of penis and personality. (The closest identification is made naturally enough, during sexual encounters: a woman may ask not "May I touch your penis?" but "May I touch you?")

It would follow, then, that to expose the genitals is to expose, in quite literal terms, one's Self, and thereby risk, if not one's life itself, one's psychic integrity; for, according to a staple of superstition, primitive or otherwise, he who possesses the symbol possesses the thing symbolized, and may utilize it to his own purposes. Such is the basis for magic: if one may "kill" the warrior dressed as a buffalo, one may kill the real buffalo on the next day's hunt. More to the point of this essay, however, are two examples of primitive self-defense mechanisms derived from this "magic" principle.

In many primitive cultures, a man possesses two names: one which is

John Woods at Spiro's

Poetry Strikes East Lansing: Dozens Stunned

By RICHARD A. OGAR

So far as I've been able to understand it, I was sent to review John Woods in order to "do right" by Zeitgeist--to atone in some small measure for last week's review of Culturefest III. My initial response, I admit, was negative: why, I asked myself, should it be necessary to do right by Zeitgeist when Zeitgeist has never taken great pains to do right by anyone else? But after further consideration I decided that charity, Christian or otherwise, ought to be supple enough to encompass even Groat and Williams, and that, in consequence, I would write as objective a review as I possibly could.

Having willed my way through THAT obstacle, however, I ran headlong into another: how the hell does one review a poetry READING? In my seven years as a semi-professional student of literature, I've analyzed a good deal of poetry, but I've never before been called upon to handle a reading; and since I've only attended three readings prior to this one, I can't even claim for myself that degree of expertise which many people apparently feel results from the simple repetition of experience. Certainly, I told myself, I couldn't be expected to examine Mr. Woods' presentation in terms of "eye-contact" and "vocal pauses," but neither could I simply evaluate the poems as poetry, since there is a considerable difference between HEARING a poem and READING it to oneself.

Poetry is not journalism, to be read once and thrown away; it is something to be played with, both sensually and intellectually. One ought, therefore, to be able to go about it at one's own pace; hearing a poem read, however, deprives the reader of this essential choice, and forces him to adhere to whatever pace the reader chooses to set. It one is already familiar with the poem being read, the imposition is not so great a detriment to the understanding. But I, and I would guess most of the

audience as well, was unfamiliar with Mr. Woods' poetry. This meant that, were I to "get" the meaning of a poem, I should have to listen to every word very carefully. But one just can't do that--or ought not to be able to, if the poetry is any good.

Occasionally a line would strike me--like "she takes you in her as you came from her" or one about a bird that could "slip in and out through the bars of its song"--and I would follow it along in my mind until, a few moments later, I would realize that I had missed the next two lines of the poem. Had I been familiar with the poem beforehand, however, this wouldn't have happened; knowing how the poem would develop, and having already absorbed the first shock of the imagery, I should have been prepared to experience the poem as a moment of sense-transmitting sound. To strain after the sense is to miss the moment, but to be lulled by the sound is to miss the meaning: sound or sense--in a first hearing one just can't have it both ways.

Ideally, then, if a reading is to be a meaningful experience, one ought to know the poet in advance. If the poet is e.e. cummings or Robert Frost, the difficulties (beyond those of resurrecting the dead) are slight; but what about lesser known poets, like John Woods? One could, I suppose, make copies of the poems to be read available in advance, although I feel that very few people would avail themselves of the opportunity (but, then, very few people go to poetry readings). Or the poems could be distributed at the door, so that one could follow along (I think that educators call this "visual re-enforcement").

But what can we say in favor of the less-than-ideal poetry reading? Well, first, that half a poem is perhaps better than none, and, second, that hearing half a poem may induce people to seek out the other half. A reading by an unknown poet, then, may serve as a subterranean form of advertising and, if the poet's books are available at the door, a means of getting poetry off the bookseller's shelf and into the home, where there is at least a chance that it may be read.

Woods is, I believe, worth reading. He is by no means a major poet

(despite Laurel Pratt's claim in the State News that some of his poems are "speculations on the ultimate importance of things"--as though anything had ultimate importance) but he is more than a purely minor one. He has a knack for startling (a cow "wearing a milking machine like curlers on her horns"), often self-conscious imagery ("a pistol cocked like a penis aimed at the Statue of Liberty"), which occasionally degenerates into imaginative word coupling with a tenuous grip on reality ("the crew - cut water," or "The smoking, sideburned streets"). Many of the poems he read must be classed as light verse, a choice perhaps dictated by Woods' recognition of the difficulty of making a "serious" poem

come across on a first reading. Light verse, in fact, is ideal for such situations, since it is intended to make its impact by surprise; Woods' sense of humor is generally keen, usually whimsical, and occasionally clumsy (as in the closing lines of "The Censors": "they know that a good book is an erection. Shove it.")

Aside from a few predictably dis-temperate remarks from Gary Groat, the evening was free from the pomposity which contributes so much to the Zeitgeist mystique. And although I am generally at odds with the editors in regard to their opinions of themselves and of the material they print, I am with them in their efforts to resuscitate the arts. If people won't go to the poets, then one ought to bring the poets to the people. Should that fail to produce results, one can only conclude that either the poets or the people have gone bad. At this point, the editors are somewhat ahead in their effort to prove it's the people.

WKAR FM

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS--
MAY 13 THROUGH MAY 19

FRIDAY, MAY 13...

- 6:30 a.m. "The Morning Program," classical and modern music, plus news and weather summaries. (Every Monday through Friday at 6:30 a.m.)
- 8:00 a.m. News with Lowell Newton (Every Monday through Friday)
- 8:15 a.m. "The Scrapbook," music and features with Steve Meuche (Every Monday through Friday)
- 1:00 p.m. Off-Broadway cast recordings of "The Mad Show"
- 8:00 p.m. Opera, Dvorak's "Rusalka" performed by the Prague National Theater

SATURDAY, MAY 14...

- 1:00 p.m. "Recent Acquisitions," new album releases played and discussed by Gilbert Hansen and Ken Beachler
- 2:00 p.m. "Album Jazz," uninterrupted jazz played by Bud Spangler
- 4:30 p.m. "New Jazz in Review," pianist Bruce Early and Bud Spangler discuss the music of Denny Zeitlin
- 7:00 p.m. "Listener's Choice," classical music by request until 1 a.m. Phone 355-6540 during the program.

SUNDAY, MAY 15...

- 2:00 p.m. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra in concert
- 7:00 p.m. "Panorama of Italian Opera," Tenor Giacomo Lauri-Volpi is discussed
- 8:00 p.m. "The Toscanini Era," hosted by Gary Barton. Tonight's program features two recordings of Beethoven's Symphony No. 5; Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra"; Schubert's Symphony No. 8; and Mozart's Symphony No. 39

- 10:30 p.m. "Richard Heffner Interviews" --Dr. Richard Neustadt, professor of government at Harvard. Topic: "The Role of the President"

MONDAY, MAY 16...

- 1:00 p.m. Musical, "Little Me"
- 10:30 p.m. "Music of Today," featuring the compositions of Karlheinz Stockhausen

TUESDAY, MAY 17...

- 1:00 p.m. Musical, "Allegro" by Rodgers and Hammerstein
- 3:00 p.m. A brief scene from Shakespeare's "King Lear" with Margaret Leighton and Sir John Gielgud. Followed by incidental music for Orson Welles' 1955 production of the same play (written by Luening and Ussachevsky); Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Fantasy-Overture; Three Shakespearean Songs by Stravinsky; "The Romeo and Juliet" Orchestral Suite by Berlioz; and Ralph Vaughn Williams' "Serenade to Music"

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18...

- 1:00 p.m. Musical, "Skyscraper"
- 4:00 p.m. "Musicians Off Stage," an interview with Russian pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy
- 8:00 p.m. "FM Theater," Shaw's "Saint Joan" starring Siobhan McKenna

THURSDAY, MAY 19...

- 1:00 p.m. Musical, "Wildcat"
- 9:00 p.m. "Jazz Horizons," until midnight with Bud Spangler.

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Murphy, Jonathan Mirsky
7:30-10:30 p.m.--Auditorium--Rep. John
Conyers, Marshall Sahlins, Robert
Engler, Bob Ross
10:45 p.m.-midnight--First floor Bessey
classrooms--discussion groups

Red Cedar Review #4

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MOVIES: *Crisis In Black And Blue*

By LAURENCE TATE

"A Patch of Blue" was filmed in Hollywood on a fairly small budget, without major stars or much publicity, with racial prejudice as its ostensibly uncommercial theme. When it proved to be a huge commercial success, it was assumed that its strength was as the strength of ten because its heart was pure.

Its advertising has emphasized its Cinderella qualities; the prime slogan at one time was a gorgeously mock-humble, "This Love Story Has Been Nominated For Five Academy Awards." One of its five chances made good, and Shelley Winters in her acceptance speech praised the film's producer "for making a sensitive beautiful picture." She then backed up to praise him also "for making a picture that was a box-office success," hesitated, and mumbled something about how important it

was that the interracial message reach a wide audience.

Nothing that articulate, of course, but enough to give the game away. Miss Winters won her award because the film was a boxoffice success, and she damn well knew it; and it was a boxoffice success because it was blatantly calculated to be precisely that. For sheer Gallup-poll merchandising appeal, it ranks as the poor man's "Sound of Music."

Let us examine the Message that "A Patch of Blue" is disseminating for the edification of its vast audiences, North and South (where its acceptance has definitively broken the old barriers against race-themed pictures).

Our Heroine (in the oldest, ripest, fullest sense of the word) is a sweet, timid little blind girl who lives in a one-room tenement flat with her mother, a vicious, slovenly prostitute, and her grandfather, an ineffectual drunk. She has been blinded by one of her mother's customers and raped by another.

Her mother beats and browbeats her, keeps her away from education, and forces her to spend her days stringing beads in the flat. "You got a nice life her," she says when the girl wants to go out to the park.

Eventually she gets to the park, where she encounters a clean, ethical, well-dressed, well-educated, hard-working and compassionate young Negro (played, of course, by Sidney Poitier) with time on his hands. Hearing of her trials, he befriends her; she falls in love with him.

They have all kinds of synthetically happy times together (for example, a gambol in a supermarket exhibitionistic enough to get anyone I know thrown out of the A&P); but it cannot last, since the Negro is (as I said) Ethical, and refuses to respond to her advances.

His reasons for refusing are vague; the impression we get, however tenuous, is that he somehow wants to avoid taking advantage of the girl.

In the end he does battle with her mother, sets her free, and (after a

brief, noncommittal semi-love scene) sends her away to school to become self-sufficient. Their parting is evidently supposed to be bittersweet, as the saying goes.

Now: what message has the audience derived from all this? Well, first of all, the girl's surroundings have been made so sordid and intolerable (Miss Winters, as the mother, just cries out to be hissed) that ANYONE who offered hope would automatically be seen in a favorable light, particularly anyone clean, ethical, well-dressed, well-educated; hard-working and compassionate. Score one for racial tolerance.

Second: the young man's brother, the only other Negro in the film, is prejudiced against white people. Our Hero refutes his straw-filled arguments, saying that SOMEBODY has to help the poor victimized girl, which is a pretty irrefutable immediate argument for racial brotherhood. (The brother is a medical student and, ultimately, not such a bad guy anyway; so he doesn't create any real hostility.)

Third: the Negro is attractive and intelligent, while the girl is dowdy and illiterate, as well as handicapped, so that even racists are likely to be unable to suppress the feeling that she would be damn lucky to get someone like him.

That, by the way, is Poitier's Image nowadays: sort of a black Mr. Clean. Either he is given no sexual partner or, as in the present film, is so virtuous as to be positively neuter; he has paid for his stardom with his sexuality. He is a public-relations triumph: behind his even smile, the face of Uncle Tom is scarcely recognizable.)

By this time, the story's skeleton is apparent: straight Cinderella, after all, with a gigantic equalizing factor at work to make up for Prince Charming's blackness.

Blackness, however, is not the sort of thing you can ever QUITE make up for in a commercial picture; and under all the Negro's vagueness and behind the final, bittersweet parting



lurks the solid middle-class gut feeling that miscegenation just isn't a good idea, somehow. And it is the Negro, not the girl, who recognizes the fact, which subtly puts him again in an overwhelmingly favorable light. Chalk up another one for racial harmony.

Sure, the picture is doing well in the South; all it says is that, when Cinderella has absolutely nothing going for her, you shouldn't hold Prince Charm'ig's color against him, as long as he doesn't try any hanky-panky. Hardly a *Crisis in Black and White*, is it?

In addition, the picture is so crude in writing, direction, technical work and acting (with the occasional exception of Elizabeth Hartman, who plays the girl) that everyone has to figure that it's full of truth and beauty to explain how something so clumsy could have been made by a major studio.

For those of you who care, it opens at the Campus this week.



Back issues of "The Paper" are available at 130 Linden St. for 15 cents, or place a prepaid order (20 cents, including mailing costs) at a "Paper" selling booth.

Red Cedar Report

By JIM DE FOREST

So "As-Moo" wants compensation--with their record, they should be paying us!

* * *

First the "beats" oppose the Vietnam war on moral grounds; next the college students oppose it because they might be drafted. Now, many ordinary people are opposing the war because of higher prices and taxes. Does this suggest where our conscience lies?

* * *

Ever try dating by computer? They're awfully intelligent, but they can't dance worth a damn.

* * *

You've heard that if you seated enough apes at enough typewriters, they would eventually type out the complete works of Shakespeare. It's true, but first they'd type out the State News.

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Nudity . . .

continued from page 3

known to everyone, and one which is known only to himself. This second name he guards zealously against exposure, for, should it be learned, the man knowing it becomes possessor of the soul, or Self, which it names. Similarly, many primitives fear being photographed, under the illusion that he who possesses the picture of the body possesses also

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Coming Events

Yale English Professor, John Hollander, will give a reading and discussion of his poetry Thursday, May 12, at 8 p.m. at Spiro's. Mr. Hollander's first book of poems, "A Crackling of Thorns," was chosen by W. H. Auden as the 1958 award volume in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. Autographed books of his poetry will be available. \$1. NEXT WEEK--Nelson Algren, author of "The Man With the Golden Arm" and "A Walk on the Wild Side."

DELTA PHI EPSILON, as much a part of MSU as Carroll Hawkins (would you believe Eldon Nonnamaker?), presents Dr. Walter B. Emery, Television and Radio Department, "Politics and Broadcasting in Europe." 7:30 p.m., May 12, Union Art Room.

EISENSTEIN'S "Ivan the Terrible, Part II" (seeing Part I doesn't help). 7 p.m., 50 cents. "Cyrano de Bergerac," 8:45 p.m., 50 cents. Saturday, May 14, Conrad Hall. MSU Film Society.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC, Conrad Hall, 8:45 p.m., May 14; Leni Reifentahl's TRIUMPH OF THE WILL, Unitarian - Universalist Church of Lansing, 1229 Prospect (behind Sparrow Hospital), 8 p.m., May 14; FABLE OF THE PEACOCK (India) and other films from Asia, at the church, 8 p.m., May 28. Exploring cinema Society. More information, phone Frank Leahey, 485-3912.

THE ANIMAL ROOM of Howland House invites all friends, pseudo-friends, erstwhile friends, foes and curious to its last open house Sunday, 15 May, 1-6 p.m. Everyone welcome. No one turned away. Bring your pet silverfish, salamanders and komodo dragons. Hear the Howland House Concert Band. Join thousands in the Animal Room--Howland House, 323 Ann Street--in the heart of the East Lansing Loop.

Service

SAVE MONEY, and do a good deed, too! Instead of shipping your extraneous clothing home for the summer, ship it to Mississippi forever. For information about the Friends of SNCC clothing drive, call 351-5679 or 351-6516, or bring clothing to 130 Linden St., E.L.

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Personal

NEED TIME to think things over? Quaker worship is based on silence. East Lansing Friends Meeting. Hymn singing--10:30, meeting for worship--11, Sundays. Visitors welcome. Corner of Trowbridge Road and Arbor Drive (Capitol Grange). For information, call ED 2-1998. Transportation, 351-5217.

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the soul which it houses.

It seems clear, then, that he who has seen the genitals has seen the soul, and can thereafter manipulate it; and that, to keep one's true self inviolate, it is contingent upon a man to keep his genitals far out of sight.

That the genitals are an expression of the true Self also finds its many folk analogues, in such expressions as "the naked truth," "the bare facts," and the revealing "exposee." A man caught in a lie is "caught with his pants down," and children berate the fibber with "Liar, liar, pants on fire, hanging on the telephone wire." The vulnerability attendant upon exposure of the genitals is also tokened in our language; a frightened, and therefore defenseless, man may have had "the pants scared off him," and a person taken by surprise (a state in which one's defenses are lowered, or have proved inadequate to the situation) may "drop his drawers." A child may be punished (i.e., attacked) by "beating the pants off him," while a person afflicted with anxiety (a self-apprehensive condition) may be urged "to keep his pants on."

Hence, modesty--the fear of nakedness--is a manifestation of distrust, a fear of the truth; it is an institution for keeping people apart, for warding off invasions of privacy (the genitals are, after all, one's "private parts") and maintaining the integrity of the Self. It is divisive rather than assimilative, destructive rather than constructive, negative rather than positive.

It gains its motive force from the least rational of human emotions, fear, and produces one of the most ignoble of human activities, persecution--for, if one allows SOME people to go around naked, there may come a day when EVERYONE will be required to expose himself, and, Holy Christ, what will you do THEN? Your poor blob of a soul hauled out on the public block, available to anyone who wishes to take it.

Modesty is, of course, a symptom and not a cause of man's fearful alienation from his fellows, and history, I believe, demonstrates a strong correlation between the "safety" of a society and its attitudes towards nudity. The ancient Hebrews, for example, as an exiled and captive people, were constantly in danger, and it is not surprising that the Old Testament Laws are heavily laden with prohibitions on nudity: the Hebrew, it must be supposed, could save himself from the Egyptian only by keeping the Egyptian away from his genitals. Similarly, the early Christians, during the years of persecution, invoked strong taboos against nudity. And I have read that, to many of the Jews in Hitler's concentration camps, the most degrading Nazi act was that of forcing the prisoners to enter the "showers" nude.

As I've remarked above, the mere fact of civilization requires that a man shield his identity by shielding his genitals. But when that civilization is marked by acquisitiveness and exploitation, as is that of the United

continued on page 8

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Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation

John Burns Esq.,
Michigan Free Speech Defense Committee,
215, Linden Street,
East Lansing,
Michigan,
U.S.A.

May 3rd 1966.

Dear Mr. Burns,

Thank you for your letter. I am pleased to support the Michigan Free Speech Defense Committee.

The arrest of 4 students at Michigan State University for their opposition to the war in Vietnam was outrageous, but not unexpected. Those who commit war crimes have always sought to silence opposition. Increasingly, we shall see that the terror inflicted by the United States in Vietnam is in inverse proportion to the civil liberties enjoyed by U.S. Citizens.

The 4 students are an example to us all, and I urge the widest support for the Defense Committee. Please keep me informed of progress.

With good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Bertrand Russell

Bertrand Russell.

It's Nothing Like A Little Privacy

By BILL KUNITZ

There's a story going around that the stall doors were once off the lavatories at Kellogg Center. It seems President Hannah makes frequent talks at morning breakfasts there and one morning he had occasion to be sitting at one of the open stalls when several faculty members entered the lavatory and voiced greetings as they walked past. There are now doors on the stalls in the laboratories of Kellogg Center.

It's unfortunate that Hannah hasn't had the same experience in other buildings on campus because the doors AREN'T back on most of them and quite a few people--literally from undergraduates to department chairmen--are mighty disgruntled.

So "The Paper" has taken to trivia as removal of stall doors in the men's lavatories? If that is all there were to it, it would be a matter of personal modesty, briefly noted and forgotten.

No. What it is, is just another case of the Big Brotherism of the university extending itself to another area. The Big Eye has found its way to the johns in a valiant attempt to halt "acts of gross indecency"--homosexual acts--from occurring there.

This MIGHT POSSIBLY be justified IF it did any good--but when I talked to Richard O. Bernitt, head of the Department of Public Safety, he didn't seem to know how much good the procedure had done in the years it has been in effect. It seems that if it has done any good it is ONLY in stopping the act itself in the lavatory; it does not stop recruitment. Yet, Bernitt is not about to recommend any changes.

There seems to be no justification for leaving the doors off, except, as one department chairman puts it, in the simple fact that he has "never seen a university so preoccupied with the prospect of homosexuality."

It is a witch hunt--the doors of the lavatory stalls must be removed to expose the witches. And in this witch hunt, just as in every other witch hunt from Salem to Washington to East Lansing, the rights of the many must be neglected in order to smoke out and punish an abnormally small, possible nonexistent, minority.

American Studies Conference

'The Midwest In Twentieth Century America'

Con-Con Room, International Center

FRIDAY, MAY 20

10 a.m. Nelson Algren:
"Midwestern Writers and Writing"
1:30 p.m. John T. Flanagan:
"Midwestern Literary Magazines"
3 p.m. Carl W. Condit:
"Contemporary Chicago Architecture"

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Bono Boners

By MICHAEL RUDY

As a freshman seeking the intellectual atmosphere which universities are supposedly made of, I did a double back flip in enthusiasm for the introduction of "The Paper," a brave attempt to encourage any possible passion for thought. It was often written in the editorials of this "anti-everything" journal that the shortage of staff members was a matter of discomfiture to the nucleus of intellectual pioneers. It was in the May 5 issue that this deficiency became apparent.

How in the devil can one expect a third term non-Greek freshman girl to adequately evaluate a system as complex and as variable as MSU's fraternities? It is double poor that the investigation was done by a girl in the first place, but the fact that she is only a freshman girl is super-sickening.

Having been acquainted with Miss Bono for two and a half terms, I can say with certitude that while she is quite capable of reviewing Orchestis, the fraternities are just not a Brooks Brothers fit. It may erringly seem that this disparagement is the result of conflicting characteristics. Actually, it is that her classification of "frat-rats" brings out the rodent in me.

Even when I first struggled up the stairs of my dorm, there was a conception of fraternities which colored my grey matter. My anticipation grew greater as rush approached, for I thought that I would soon have the chance to frolic in the folds of serious discussions, not so serious dates, ivy-league clothes, ivy-league manner, and TRADITION. I felt rather bad, for my suit was not Brooks Brothers, and when I tried to smoke a pipe I became so dizzy that it was a day and a half before I could stand unassisted. But hopefully none of that would matter, for wasn't brotherhood the strongest link in the Greek chain?

Well, rush certainly took some of the idealistic misconceptions from my mind. There was such variance in the newly introduced personalities that

Service Brotherhood

We, the brothers of Beta Beta Chapter of Alpha Phi Omega, wish to assure that implications made in your issue of May 5 are corrected and clarified.

Alpha Phi Omega is the National Service Fraternity. It is the sponsor of the visitor's check-in at Olin Health Center, and a doer of other "Good Deeds." Such "Good Deeds" include ushering, conduction of elections, the blood drive, work at the library, bike registration, work with the YMCA and the Boy Scouts of America, and the Peace Corps.

We are not, have not, and never will be associated, affiliated, or part of the Interfraternity Council. We are not a social organization; we have no house, no hazing. Our cardinal principles are Leadership, Friendship and Service. We are not socially (party-type) oriented.

Your issue on May 5 refers to our work as part of the greater structure of IFC. On page eight you include a photo of a very small and introductory portion of our pledging ceremony. You suggest that it is a typical fraternity initiation. It is not a typical one; it is not even an initiation. It is out of context in your article; it is published without our permission, against the agreement made by us with your photographer.

While we take no stand with your article, we do take exception with the misrepresentations which involve our fraternity. Hoping that the staff of "The Paper" addresses itself to more accurate reporting and journalism we remain,
Sincerely yours,
The Men of APO

I felt bewildered. The houses which interested me were given negative ratings by my friends, and, likewise, I could not always agree with what my buddies thought was extra fine. Besides, rush sometimes seemed insincere and all was not permeated with the scintillating fragrance of the ivy blossom; however, I finally found a "niche" as a lowly, abominable pledge. What do you think I found in this "niche?" I can tell. You are certain that I became disillusioned and that I deplored to begin a career of fanatical anti-Greek penmanship.

Nope! Of course, there was some mustiness in this "niche" and all of my corners did not, and do not, fit within the pre-determined space imagined by the non-Greek; but, I eventually became a) easily recognizable, 2) immediately more popular, and 3) infinitely more wealthy active!

Of course, I was not really endowed with these three conditions which seem to be the non-Greek's conception of the prerequisites for initiation. Yet, it is difficult to convince those who have never completed the experience, that the generalizations which appear to be true for some of the individuals of the system, can not be realistically applied to the entity of the system.

In my own house I made friends in three weeks whom I liked and respected more than anyone I had known in the dorm for over a term. My soon-to-be brothers were a group which was able to combine scholastics and society in a manner which would prevent one from becoming a perpetual party as well as a sterile intellectual.

Now this may seem like badly balanced bull. It is true that there are frictions within the house, for sometimes the HPR major has difficulty understanding the electrical engineer with a 3.75 all-U. Even then, though, it is extra fine to make it on over to the house where I can go to find in MSU's confounded concoction of bureaucracy and pregnancy someone who has some conception of brotherhood--to trade in this God-forsaken Midwestern architecture for a worn couch and some people who are actually interesting to talk to.

If this is conforming, it is in reference to my natural desire to have someplace I can connect with me. It is no more of the commonplace conformity than the supposed non-conformist dressing ruggedly in the same manner as his friends.

There are many of Miss Bono's barbs which should be answered specifically. The Greeks are probably not so fantastically salient because such things as rush, Greek Week, and initiations require entire days at a time. Furthermore, managing a house of forty men is a task for the top man in HRI.

The week of rush will in part seem superficial to the prospective pledges because they ignore the fact that many of the actives, especially the first termers, may have had little more experience with rush than the rushees. Almost everyone, on both sides of the pin, is nervously hoping that the wrong phrase will not make itself as obvious as it does in casual conversation.

New values which one may accept as a fraternity man may or may not be better than the old concepts which are rejected. What is important is that if moral codes are changed only because that is the stylish thing to do, the old values must have been of little foundation.

In all fairness, I must admit that I, too, am a third term freshman. This means that I am guilty of formalizing the same inexperienced generalizations as Miss Bono; however, it seems rather silly to expect a girl to understand the meaning of brotherhood. I'm a guy--a Greek guy.

★ Correction ★ Correction ★

The top of last week's Greek Feast article looked like this:

Greeks Feast

...But The Service Was Slow

Now, I didn't really mind standing in a 1 1/4-mile line which extended all the way down the driveway of the Sigma Nu house and overflowed into a formal traffic on the back road. I

It should have looked like this:

Greeks Feast

...But The Service Was Slow

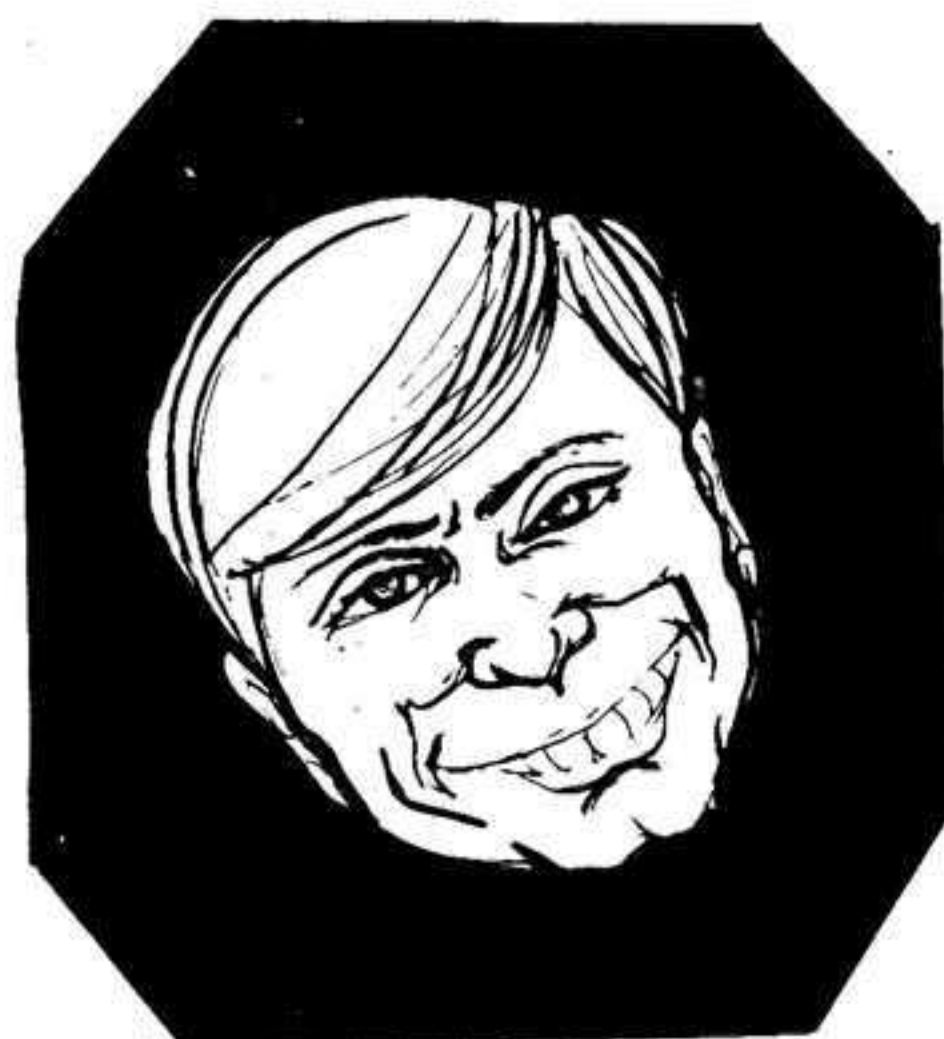
By CAROL SCHNEIDER Sacre all over again. Those who were fast enough attacked the drums of chicken before they could be brought to the serving tables. Those who

Sorry, kid.

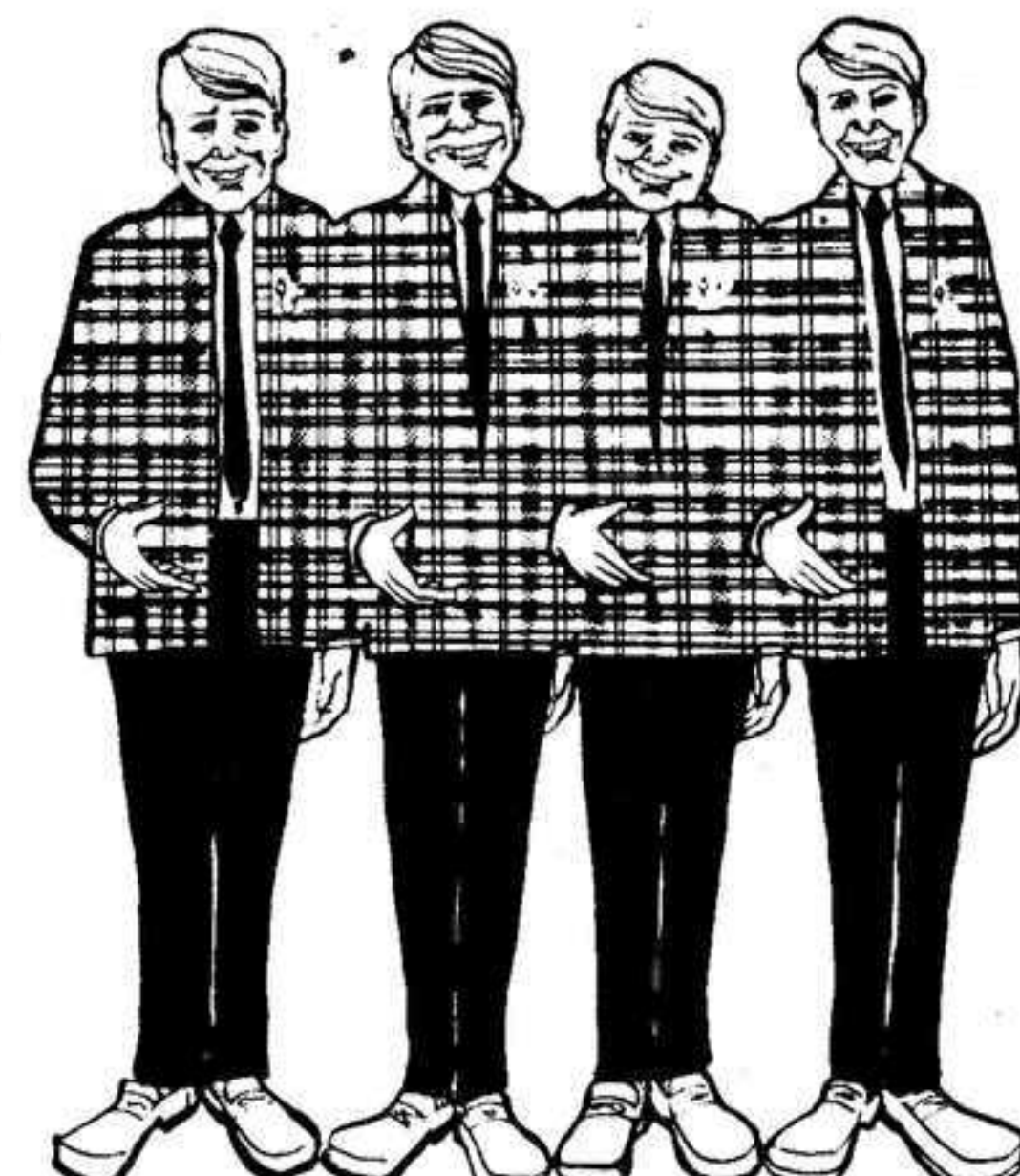
ALBERT IN WONDERLAND (OR, THRU THE LOOKING GLASS DARKLY)



② "COME TO RUSH!" it cries



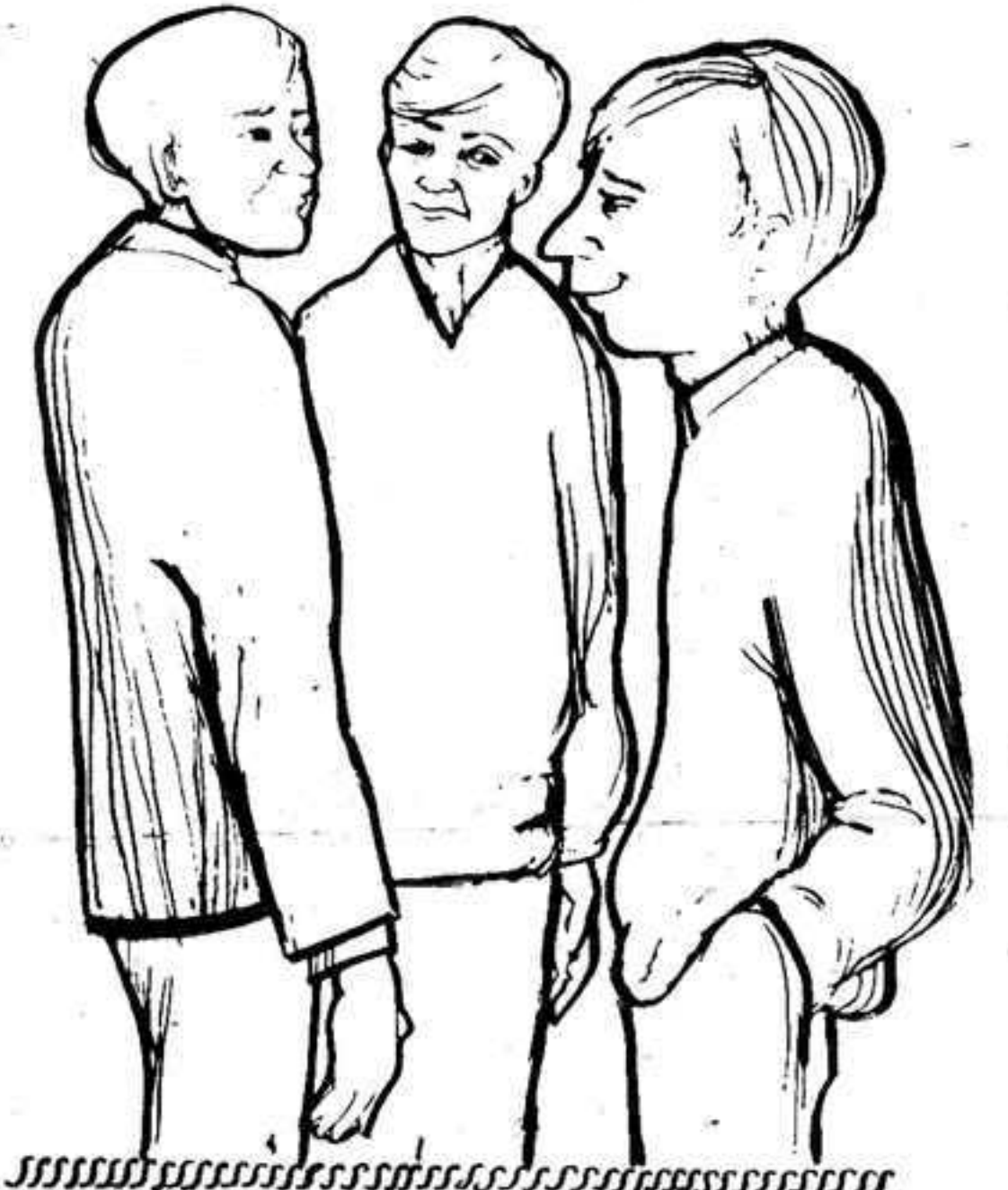
④ "And What Does Your Daddy Do?" inquires one Cheshire



⑥ BROTHER!



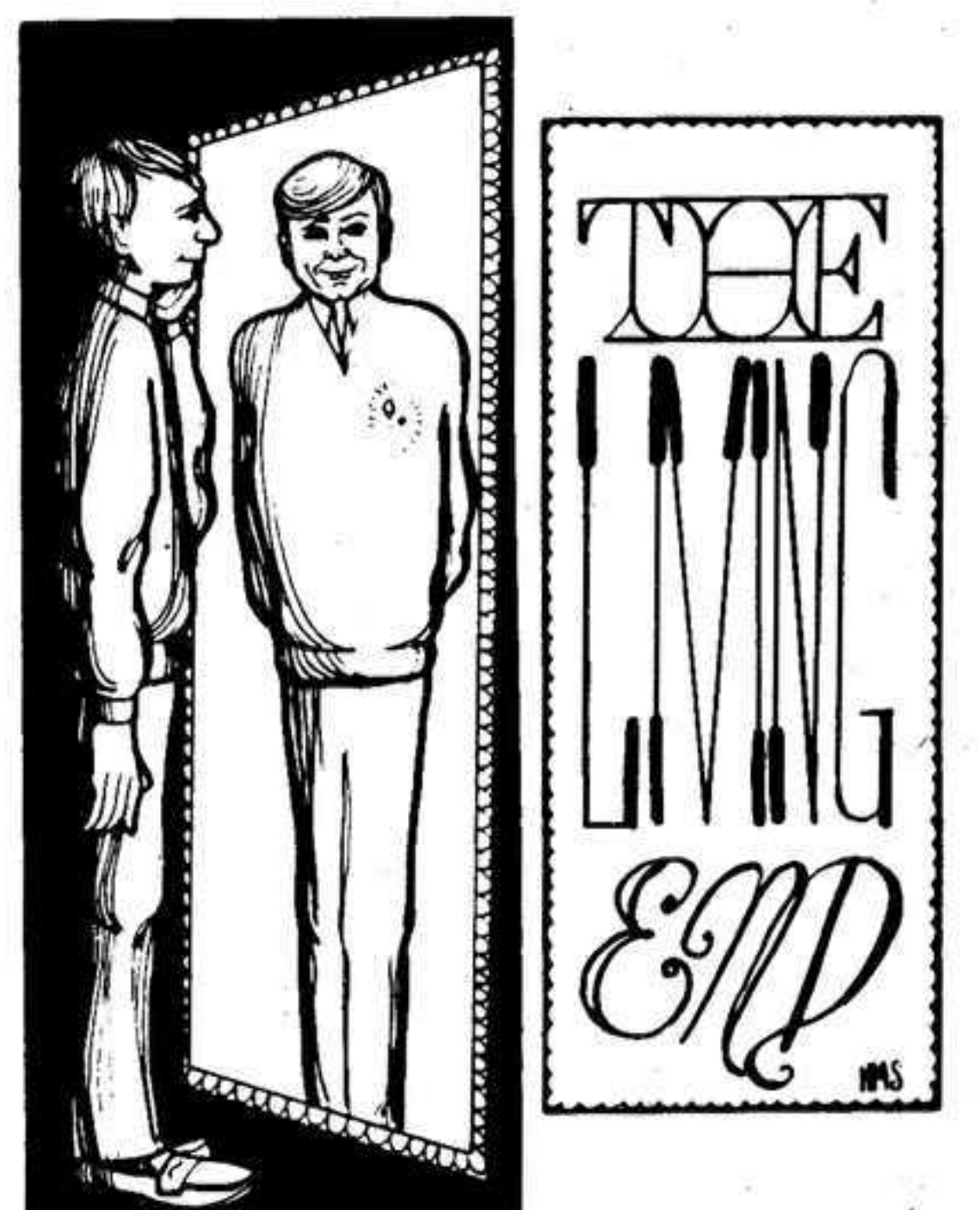
① Albert espies a WHITE Rabbit



③ ALBERT comes to RUSH



⑤ "HE'S 1st V.P. RES. OF G.M." ALBERT REPLIES COOLLY



Visit the office of a vice-president of a television network, high above Rockefeller Center. The hall outside his office is svelte, slick, smooth, unexceptionally beautiful in its exact choice of the right muted colors and the precise placement of an abstract expressionist painting of just the right size. So predictably that you almost no longer notice it, the secretary who greets you is svelte,

slick, smooth, unexceptionally beautiful in her exact choice of the right muted colors and the precise placement of an abstract metal brooch of just the right size. Can it be a surprise that the vice-president's taste in offices and women also displays itself in his taste for societies?

GENE MARINE in Ramparts

Totalitarianism And MSU

On The Failure Of Campus Planning

By MICHAEL KINDMAN

If clothes make the man, then perhaps it follows that a society's architecture "makes," that is defines and delimits, that society. This would seem to be the message of Gene Marine's article, quoted above, which was overlooked and overshadowed in the April issue of Ramparts magazine. Marine's thesis is that an architecture based solely on efficiency, standardization and repression of natural feelings and dimensions leads inevitably to people who behave the same way. He calls this totalitarian architecture, and cites New York office buildings as the leaders in and representatives of a national trend of dehumanization.

The question, then, for us chronic complainers about the nature of the multiversity is whether Marine's ideas hold up when applied to the 35,000-student campus. What effect do the extensive dormitory complexes, science complexes, utility areas, athletic facilities, even academic buildings, with their unquestioning efficiency-apartment design and ineptly utilitarian coordination into the campus plan, have on the minds which inhabit them?

I fear that Marine's thesis does hold up here, and that it is the character of the architecture and the campus planning which encompasses it which make Michigan State a depress-

ing and nearly impossible place to develop tendencies toward humanism, liberalism and esthetic appreciation.

Surely everyone here has had some intimation of this. Try, for instance, to study in the main library without wishing those damn walls weren't yellow and the furniture that uniform light wood color. I, anyway, am usually tempted to go around and paint everything brown or dark green or some other color that a library is supposed to be.

But there are grosser examples of what Marine considers totalitarian tendencies in architecture all over the campus. Some of them can be perceived by a quick look at the campus map.

Whereas Marine sees in New York the stifling of individual spirit because of the lack of open spaces and differentiation between buildings, at MSU practically all we have is open space and a concomitant but meaningless differentiation. The result is not any feeling of oneness with the earth and sky, but rather a pervasive isolation from all parts of the surroundings.

At at least four places on campus, athletic areas more than a quarter mile square separate living areas from the more traditional academic buildings they serve. These spaces must be crossed or avoided by all those on their way to or from the

outer-fringe dormitories, and there are many smaller versions of them all over campus. Moreover, throughout the southern part of the campus--the new areas where most of the current building is being done (South Campus dorms, the new "center of campus" around the International Center, the Science Complex, the huge East Campus dorm complex)--virtually every building is a red brick monolith, a bit different from the others but usually much more like them, and frequently separated from them by great chasms of unbroken and meaningless emptiness.

It is no wonder that outlooks are bleak in these places, that little feeling of community joins the victims even with others in the same plight, that little genuine creativity is evidenced there. There are just too many voids to fill for it to seem worth the effort.

But, like the New York office buildings and apartments Marine criticizes in his article, the dorms and science buildings are merely representative of a tendency in design, of a compulsion to equalize everything at the lowest common denominator, to forget people and disallow spontaneity or a feeling of unity with the surroundings.

Except for those in buildings so old they are all but collapsing, virtually every office on campus looks like every other--the same kind of furniture, the same few colors, the same tile floors or, when status demands, tweed-patterned carpeting. A standard combination of only five colors is used to paint every room in every dorm on campus, the pattern determined by room numbers, and public areas in the new dorms are so alike as to be practically interchangeable. The same holds true in nearly every other component of nearly every other type of structure.

Perhaps the most annoying, or frightening, characteristic of campus architecture--and this is the specific and conscious goal of the campus planners--is that everything is done by central control. Every piece of furniture in every dorm, every major decorating feature, is passed on by residence hall authorities in Holmes Hall. Every sidewalk, path or movement of traffic is predetermined by the draftsmen and planners in the Physical Plant building on South Campus and fitted into the overall campus maps entombed and enshrined in the Manly Miles Building, several miles from most parts of the campus. The same is true in every aspect of campus design, and thus of campus life: the central authorities want to decide what goes on.

(It is, clearly, impossible for any central office to know what is going on everywhere all the time; the campus is just too big for that. But the decisions are made as though perfect and complete first-hand knowledge was available at all times. An amusing game is to compare, as I have done on occasion, the conflicting "authoritative" versions of future campus design predicted by various administrators.)

The tendency to centralization, in addition to discouraging or destroying individual initiative, may be behind the oppressive bigness and sameness of campus buildings. Another look at the campus map reveals a perverse but perhaps logical devotion to random order:



"Down here is where we keep the lower-classmen, that's right, in these dorms here. Over here are the athletic buildings and the stadium and playing fields; and down that way we have the science buildings. Oh, and out there are the upper-class dorms, one for arts and letters, one for social science, one for natural science, one for graduate students, and a couple others. Up in here is where the University College buildings will be, and out that way is Justin Morrill. Down this way, we keep all the utilities. We like it, keeps things neat and orderly."

The people who make up the mix and match patterns by which the campus is built can't really be expected to perceive from their planning tables that traffic flow is inefficient and time-consuming between the various related units, that the buildings are too big and are cold and impersonal, that Conrad Hall is an egg-box on the outside and a refrigerator on the inside, that the stadium is just plain depressing to see on the way from the dorm to class or the library, that the interesting juxtapositions of that worked so well with the midget structures on North Campus become overpowering accidents when put to work with the multi-million dollar mountains on South Campus.

And what results from their false perceptions? A student body which feels no relationship with its surroundings and which is thus missing one of the vital aspects of university-ness in the traditional sense; a faculty which feels alienated from the administration it serves, which constantly complains of the exigencies of working in an educational factory but which knows no way to protest the forms the factory takes.

What results, as Gene Marine's thesis would have predicted, is an increasingly stratified and totalitarian environment, created by a few generals of the drawing board who neither know nor seem to care about the people they were intended to serve.



photos by elliot borin

Nudity continued from page 6

States, the requirement becomes a sine qua non of survival.

If each man is out for himself, all men are my enemies, just as I am theirs: modesty is my ultimate defense against them. When times are good, as they were in the 20's, I can let my pants as well as my hair, down; when they are bad, as they were in the 30's, I cinch my

To The Editor, Part II:

I was lying there doing nothing
When Stentor came up
And kicked me in the head
And said,
"You're sluffing.
Give me your voice
To boot the brains of men."
For Stentor had the voice of fifty men,
But needed more
To move the mindless when
Their race was running backwards.

The Paper is stentorian
To vant and vex the vain Victorian;
TO BE (is The Paper's want)
The voice that launched a thousand
voices
And shook the topless tower of Beaumont.
HARVEY JAMES ROBIN

belt a notch tighter, and my wife lets her hem down.

But because modesty is merely a symptom is no reason for refusing to attack it, for easing the symptoms improves the patient's state of mind, at least, and thereby facilitates the physical cure. In like fashion, the acceptance of nudity would clear the system of its cancerous accumulation of sham and pretense, fear and bigotry.

With nudity, the truth, however ugly, would at least be exposed for what it was; men would be forced to face and define themselves for perhaps the first time, and perhaps in terms of significant values. But however tentative the results of general nudity might be, it seems clear that so long as men hide from each other behind clothes, so long as clothes remain the outward badge of fear and suspicion, peace, love, brotherhood--all the ideals which man has espoused throughout history--must remain empty and impossible hopes.

It seems hardly coincidental that shame, sin and suffering entered the world in a single package with the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden; and it seems evident that any return to Paradise must leave behind a trail of crisp and fallen fig-leaves.