

THE PAPER

sign-off
issue

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It's Been A Gas!

By MICHAEL KINDMAN

One of the fun things about publishing is that most of the time you're not alone. Even when your loving alma mater spends seven months of the good people's money persecuting you, and even when, at various times, your own student government, your faithful printer, your county prosecutor, your friendly local bank, certain local merchants and various and sundry petty thieves, jeerers and other non-friends join in the persecution--even at times of prolonged outer-directed agony like these, you have the feeling that somewhere out there in the Great World there is someone who knows that all this is Relevant, someone who Understands.

Walter H. Bowart is publisher and editor-in-chief of a thing called The East Village Other (P.O. Box 571, Stuyvesant Station, New York 10009), which is at about the same stage of its existence as THE PAPER, only cooler. Walter H. Bowart Understands.

He wrote us a letter last week, in response to a brief explanation of (at that time) our latest persecution, that is, our ridiculous de-authorization:

Sorry to hear of the creeps bring pressure on you.

Hold out . . . if they won't let you put it out on campus, put it out off campus . . . we'll do everything we can to help . . . you can use any material we publish. That should help on type setting . . . I suppose you are off-set.

We started our paper on a total investment of \$3,000.00 and are just now turning the corner into the black after only six months. Not much advertising

... what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life.

ECCLESIASTES

but our newsstand sales are up around 10,000 in N.Y.C. and we have more than 1,000 subs all over the country.

We are going ahead with plans to create the UPS (Underground Press Syndicate). All of the weekly and fortnightly papers that have appeared in the last year or two are doing well. It seems that the big newspapers have had the dinosaur disease.

The future looks bright.

Whatever I can do to help you battle against the middle class, middle brow, whiskey drinkers . . . I will . . . The I Ching says you will be rewarded for courage. If you give in to the wishes of the establishment you will suffer.

In Love,
Walter H. Bowart

With a few understanding friends like that, who cares about enemies? The thing is, of course, one HAS to care about enemies, because it's the enemies who drink the whiskey and, for example, call in the county prosecutor on a fake charge of writing bad checks. But sometimes it's comforting in a very basic and fulfilling way to think about friends and about the way in which friends and their fellow-travelers all over the country all seem to be catching on all at once to a certain way of looking at things and of doing things, all seem to be in on some great secret about, say, how newspapers ought to be published in the 1960's or how governments should be run (SDS: "Let the people decide") or how education can be achieved. And

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sometimes, even the kind of shit you have to go through to publish a newspaper at Michigan State seems like it might be worth it.

But don't take that as my final statement. I'm not saying I'd do it all again and love it more the second time. I think anyone who would let himself in for the harassment we've been made to suffer has to be out of his mind, and I quite seriously wonder whether I would have done it if I had known when I started what would result. But, still, there was a "definite need" for THE PAPER, as we were insisting in our fund appeal fliers last fall. THE PAPER was needed, and looked like an awful lot of fun to publish, and seemed possible and timely as hell, coming as it did just before the (dimly perceived) decline of MSU's aspirations to patent-medicine university-hood. And, of course, it has been fun and valuable and productive, and seems to be doing good things for the campus and seems to be onto something bigger than all of us.

That something seems to be a kind of loose alliance between like-thinking people and organizations all over. Just for a few examples, we sent copies to Ramparts, The Realist, The East Village Other and Students for a Democratic Society, to see what would happen. We received favorable responses from all of these, and have begun building various kinds of valuable relationships with them, and with some other similar organizations. We didn't have to worry, "But SDS just cares about the war" or "Paul Krassner wouldn't want to know about us." SDS and Paul Krassner and the Los Angeles Free Press and the Free University of New York and all the rest see in THE PAPER, presumably, something of what we see in all of them: a revitalized feeling for people and for the kinds of things people care about. Even if our orientation and tone are a bit more academic than theirs (that isn't necessarily good; it just happened), and even if our politics are a bit less raucous than those of the others, we feel ourselves part of the same movement toward making sense out of things and letting the people decide and actually practicing freedom of expression. That seems to be enough to let us in on a nebulous kind of community that's developing, not quite underground, in this country.

Thank you, Michigan State, for providing us the opportunity to found an opposition newspaper that lets us do all this. (The reference--I feel it deserves explanation--is to Jim Spaniol's incredible State News column defending bureaucracy and incompetency in the Obstacle Course University as the proper kind of preparation for the World Outside, where things don't come easy.)

Anyway, with this THE PAPER gives up the ghost for this year (and a ghostly year it's been, ha-ha), with genuine debts of gratitude to literally thousands of people who have contributed financial, literary or artistic contributions, or who have given their time, or who have bought subscriptions, or who have read us regularly, or who have sympathized with us in times of trouble, or who have at least clucked their tongues at the right times. As the expression goes, there are just too many to name them all here.

I can't say I have any particular regrets about things we've been accused of doing wrong. I've learned an awful lot this year, and expect I've taught an awful lot, too. I expect to continue doing both next year, and will be glad to accept an appointment as visiting instructor in freedom of the press. What else can I say? It's been a gas.

Smut And Corruption

I took a pile of back issues of THE PAPER home with me last night. I put them where my two kids (9 and 12) could find them. The idea was to see how long it would take for their little minds to be corrupted by all that slimy filth. Scientific.

The dialogue that follows is what they should have said. (In point of hard, cold fact, they spent most of the evening looking at comic books. The Classics Comics version of Melville's "Typee" and new issue of "The Amazing Spider Man." The latter is approved by the Comics Code.)

My little boy came running over to me. "Father," he whimpered, "I think that my little mind is beginning to rot."

"Already?" I asked, "What have you been reading?"

"Right here on the front page, the top headline. 'New Draft Criteria Is Announced.' I thought that 'criteria' was a plural."

"Of course it is, stupid," his younger sister sneered. "Greek neuter. Like 'phenomena.'"

"Wait a minute," I said. "That isn't THE PAPER. That's the State News. I'd know that style of writing anywhere."

"Look at this," my daughter was saying, holding up what proved to be another issue of the State News. "They spelled Grosse Ile with an 's' in 'Ile.' Doesn't the editor know how to spell anything?"

"How did he ever get to be editor, anyway?" my little boy asked.

"Well, it may be that he's really illiterate, and it may be that he didn't bother to read the front page. Why aren't you looking at THE PAPER?"

"You know that it's been disappro-

ved, and besides, it's full of icky pictures of naked women. Why don't you read us something from the State News, instead?"

I began to read an editorial by the editor-in-chief of the State News. It was about cemeteries. "We begin to believe that death is not just another stage of life, but the ultimate end. In this fallacy, we attempt to keep

"Arrgh!" my little girl was saying.

"That's all right, honey," I said, "Some people, even seniors in colleges, haven't the slightest idea of what 'fallacy' means."

I continued reading. "While the Dark Ages offers little to emulate, it did at least have one good aspect. And that was the acceptance of the fact that death was not far off."

"Father, stop that!" my son was screaming. "My little mind is rotting away! How did he ever get to be editor of the State News?"

"Don't scream and carry on like that," I said. "You notice how he never uses any dirty words? That's the important thing, I guess. Let's see--here's another editorial."

I began to read from something titled "Fee Assures Free Voice," by the editor-in-chief of the State News. "I have always held Voltaire's ideas to be one of the firmest foundations for liberal thought . . ."

"He do have trouble with plurals, don't he, dad?" my little girl was saying.

"Stop it," I exclaimed. "Now you're beginning to sound like him!"

"Better faulty plurals than a true pruriency," my little boy commented quietly.

ANONYMOUS



"There are so many people around with pretensions to psychosis. . ."

Once And Future Staff

The end of the term is upon us, and all that, but plans are being made now and will be made all through the summer to make next year's rejuvenated PAPER even more fun to work on. (And to read.)

IF YOU HAVE BEEN on the staff, please give us your summer address and let us know some time whether you will be with us next year.

IF YOU HAVE NOT BEEN on the staff, you should have been. You can apply by writing a brief note or giving us a telephone call informing us of your existence and of the type of work you would like to do. There are openings in about any field you can think of related to newspaper publishing and selling.

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THE PAPER

THE PAPER is published weekly during regular 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. THE PAPER was once authorized by the Board of Student Publications of Michigan State University.

Please address all correspondence to:

THE PAPER
1730 Haslett Road
East Lansing, Michigan 48823
(Office: 130 Linden Street, East Lansing)
Tel.: 351-5679, 351-6516

Editor Michael Kindman
Arts Editor Laurence Tate
Editorial Assistant Carol Schneider
Business Manager Rebecca Crossley
Circulation Manager Gae Anderson
Staff Writers Louise Bono, Gregg Hill,
Carol Huributt, Bill Kunitz, Douglas Lackey
Faculty Contributions Char Jolles
Staff P*rn*grapher Richard A. Ogar
Advertising Jim DeForest, Eric Ottinger,
Barb Riach
Subscriptions Judie Goldbaum

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An Erstwhile Pornographer Blows His Cool

Confessions Of A Self-Made Moralist

By RICHARD A. OGAR

As any regular reader of THE PAPER well knows by now, I have been (albeit informally) characterized by the Board of Student Publications as a leering sensualist of sorts--an accusation which I, having tended at times to think of myself as mild-mannered Clark Kent, find rather amusing, and perhaps even flattering. But the charge also had its touch of irony, not only because I had gone to what I consider great lengths to keep my article on nudity "clean,"* but also because I was at that time working on the present article which was (and is) intended to be a defense against quite a different charge--that of being, of all things, a moralist.

The charge first arose after the appearance of my article on abortion in Issue 5 of THE PAPER, a piece in which I had some intentionally nasty things to say about moralists at the same time that I, according to my critics, took an unmistakably moral position myself. To many, it seemed, I was therefore guilty of hypocrisy, since I was seeking to deny to others a right (that of moral pontification) which I nonetheless reserved for myself. Needless to say, I do not feel that, in this respect, at least, I am a hypocrite: that I should APPEAR to be one, however, is in my opinion due to a common confusion of morality, as a general field of inquiry, with the specific codification of ethical sentiments known as a moral code. I am generally opposed to the present moral code, but very much in favor of morality: my objections to the present moral code, in fact, stem from my firm conviction that it is in essence IMMORAL.

*Let all those under eighteen, and those with delicate sensibilities be forewarned that this footnote is RECOMMENDED FOR ADULTS ONLY. By "clean," I mean clean in THEIR terms ("their" being all those whose terms these are), for, to my own warped mind, "penis" is more obscene than a word like "prick." If I say "prick," I mean prick, and that's that; but if I say "penis" everyone knows I REALLY mean "prick," but I'm too damned timid to say it. Thus, I have tacitly admitted that I am dealing with a "dirty" subject, and everyone can be expected to react accordingly. Resorting to asterisks is worse, for I can easily say "fuck" without making a conscious appeal to anyone's prurient interest; I cannot, however, write "f**k" and fail to do so.

Morality, if it is to have any value at all, must somehow further the claims of human happiness. That pleasure is the highest human value was formally recognized by the utilitarians (Bentham, Mill, etc.), who attempted to construct a science of human pleasure, which would insure, to quote the familiar educapsule, the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The attempt failed, but the failure in no way discredits the premises on which it drew; for the error lay in the presumption that a system which was to be applied to human life could be founded on scientific principles. Utilitarianism failed because it assumed that it could treat as known quantities those vague and wholly relativistic qualities called values. What is needed, then, is not a science of morality, but an ART; not a series of precepts, not a moral calculus, but a system of attitudes which would enable a man to respond to other men not as objects or numbers, but as human beings with their own needs and desires, whether these needs and desires are in common or in conflict with his own.

That this is NOT a picture of our present moral structure ought to be clearly apparent. The American moral code, despite the tears and trumpets with which it is advanced, is basically anti-life and anti-human. It is nothing more than a negative chain of commands levied against pleasure in any form. That it is reinforced in so many cases by legal penalties is not so much an indictment of man's basic immorality, as it is of the inhuman nature of the code itself. (It is interesting to note that moral fervor runs in inverse proportion to the severity of legal penalties; murder, heavily punished by law, occupies little of the moralist's time, while promiscuity, not so well prosecuted, is nearly an obsession. Sexual "crimes" like homosexuality attract a great deal of moral attention only when there is a threat of lessened penalties.) If morality can only be upheld by force, we must conclude that either man is inherently immoral, in which case morality is wasted effort, or, if man IS moral, that the moral code in operation bears no correspondence to the basic needs of man.

That the latter case seems true (I might indicate that this does not render the former statement false, for it is wholly possible that men might be immoral, in which case, ANY moral system would be alien to the needs of man. I, however, assume the statement to be false; for, if one man may truly be moral, ALL men may be so, if the conditions allow, and there HAVE been truly moral men) may be indicated by a brief examination of the moral prohibitions on drug addiction. The traditional "moralist" is not opposed to narcotics because they injure the addict, nor because addicts propose a threat to non-addicts, but because he fears that the addict may be deriving PLEASURE from his addiction: something, he feels from inner compulsion, just HAS to be done to wipe out these happy junkies who are cluttering our properly somber landscape. Now, to squelch this suspected source of happiness, the "moralist" is willing to establish an enormous crime syndicate (by prohibiting the legal sale of drugs and thereby opening an extremely lucrative black market), to drive addicts to crime (by making drugs so expensive that no one--especially an addict--can earn enough honestly to pay for them), and to create an unending chain of human misery (by persecuting the addict legally and illegally, by making him a slave to his pusher as well as the drug, and by driving him to commit crimes he would not otherwise commit, thus causing the non-addict to suffer along with the addict, in the hope, I suppose, that the non-addict will then be more willing to continue the harassment of the addict).

Of course, no "moralist" worth his salt would plead guilty to such callousness; his heart is good, his impulses generous--it's just that he wants to see that these bastards get what they deserve. To advocate legalization of narcotics strikes the moralist as hideously depraved, despite the fact that such a move would instantaneously eliminate one of the largest crime syndicates (by removing the profit motive; gangsters, it must be remembered, are nothing but good capitalists at heart), as well as a large percentage of urban crime (by removing the addict's

need for great sums of money), and would constitute a giant first step toward the alleviation of a good deal of human misery (by eliminating the addict's fear both of the law and of being caught without a fix, and by removing the addict's need to plunder the non-addict) and the reduction and possible elimination of the problem of drug addiction (by exposing the addict to psychiatric care). But all of these obvious social benefits are obviated in the "moralist's" mind by the unthinkable possibility that by so doing one would be allowing a form of pleasure to a group of people who, because of their psychological make-up, cannot find it elsewhere.

By no stretch of the imagination can such a state of affairs be called moral, if by moral we mean humane. (To those who see no reason why one should be humane, I can only doff my cap and make a reluctant exit while mumbling secular prayers for their souls.) Nor do I grant any validity to the argument that it is not the moral code which is at fault, but rather those who break it that bring about such undesirable consequences; when, I need simply ask, was any moral prohibition levied against a non-existent class of people? No moral precept is derived a priori; each has its particular human target.

Well, then, one might reasonably ask, what is YOUR moral code, and how is it superior to the one presently in use? The only answer I can make is that I haven't one; nor, in fact, do I want one. The question at issue is not whose moral code is best-suited to the needs of humanity, but whether any moral code can be. A moral code is by nature inflexible, negating the specific case in favor of the general rule; unfortunately, however, human beings tend to act specifically and individually. No two acts, however similar might be their outer manifestations, are ever the same and any precept which attempts to judge them as identical is bound to commit an injustice. Suppose, for example, that someone "happens" to look into his neighbor's window and sees Mr. Jones beating Mrs. Jones: we might expect such a person to make a moral judgment un-

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Fellini's New Style

By DOUGLAS LACKEY

Fellini's latest work, "Juliet of the Spirits," confirms that "8½" was not an isolated phenomenon. On the contrary, the many correspondences between these two films show that Fellini has developed and now uses a new style: "Juliet" does not repeat "8½" --its story is entirely different--but in both cases the MANNER of telling the story is quite the same.

The artistic kinship of these two films is evident in one's unanalyzed reactions to successive screenings: the first time around, both films seem confused, vulgar, nervous, and annoying; on the second try they appear clear, poetic, integrated and exhilarating.

This is so because both films are elaborate tapestries, and on first examination the viewer's energies are entirely consumed with figuring out in each part who's who and what's going on; only with repeated viewings does

Moralist. . .

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favorable to Mr. Jones. But suppose it is actually the case that Mrs. Jones is a masochist and that Mr. Jones, although not a sadist at heart, nonetheless beats her to make her happy: isn't Mr. Jones now a model of self-sacrifice? To saddle him with the opprobrium normally brought to bear upon the wife-beater would, to my mind, be grossly unfair.

But if the generality of a moral code leads to its misapplication, it also contributes to its attractiveness: a "moral" judgment is an extremely simple thing to make, involving nothing more than the ability to affix the proper label to the surface of any given situation. Equipped with a moral code, one need no longer take the trouble to weigh each case on its own merits; the particulars of a case no longer matter, motives need not be taken into consideration, nor is it necessary to inquire into the feelings of the parties involved. If little Susie is pregnant in high school, that's all one needs to know in order to say without qualification that she's a filthy little slut (and probably always was one, come to think of it).

Rather than a moral code, I would like to see the development of a moral ATTITUDE, which is, I feel, something altogether different. A moral attitude requires no more and no less than that each man make a totally HUMAN response to any given "moral" problem. By its very nature, such an attitude cannot be codified, but there are nonetheless certain features which it must incorporate.

Since morality is (or should be) basically a function of the Self, it follows that the greater the degree of self-realization, the higher the degree of true morality that will be evidenced in any one person. The first requirement, then, of a moral attitude must be a high degree of psychic integrity. A man whose mind is riddled with psychological barriers and defenses will find it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to respond to a situation morally, first, because he is not free to react spontaneously, and, second, because the function of a defense mechanism is to protect the Self at the expense of others.

The second requirement--that of constant introspection--is perhaps a natural consequence of an integrated personality, but it deserves separate discussion anyway. Every man must continually examine his own mind and its motives in an effort to understand why he acts, feels, or reacts the way he does. In this way, he will

the design that links the threads become visible.

This montage of divergent parts, however, differs from what is normal for movies: each sequence is not only spatio-temporally distinct from the others, as in ordinary montage, but is also distinct in that THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN in that part differs from the other parts.

Some sequences follow the fantastic logic of dreams, others the wishful logic of a fantasy world, still others the normal logic of everyday occurrences. There is no attempt at homogeneity; Fellini abruptly and many times shifts gears, and the freedom and frequency of these changes are the hallmark of the new style.

For simplicity, let us lump together the different ways things happen in Fellini's movies into a few categories--realizing that these are established entirely after the fact and that Fellini himself is not consciously trying to force his films into them. The correspondences between "8½"

be better equipped to understand the reactions of others. (I personally feel that any man who thoroughly understands himself can be a competent psychologist without undergoing a day's formal training.) I am not here arguing that men share a common, a priori essence, but that they share a common condition; all men share common experiences, and it is reasonable to expect that they will make a goodly number of common responses. To understand oneself, then, is to understand, in large part, the motive faculties of other men.

Mere introspection, however, is not enough, for it is a Self-confined experience; to be able to project the information collected through self-examination into another man's mind requires imagination. Imaginational allows a man to view a situation from the other fellow's position, to get inside the situation, to view it not objectively, but personally. Only from such a position can one make the appropriate response.

All of this may seem to be no more than a philosophical gauze draped over what is basically the Golden Rule. Perhaps it is. But, even if it were, I see no reason for discounting it. Certainly the Golden Rule by this time constitutes a cliché, but clichés, like great literary works, survive because they are true. What makes a cliché a cliché is that it ceases to be a FELT truth, and becomes a mere catchword. But if the truth of a cliché is felt--that is, if it translates itself into action--its words become an elliptical expression of that which cannot be fully expressed, or expressed at all, in any other fashion.

Nonetheless, there is, to my mind, a central distinction between the idea of the Golden Rule, and the expression of a moral attitude. Oscar Wilde pointed out the basic flaw in the Golden Rule when he said, "Don't do unto others as you would have them do unto you--their tastes may be different." The man of imagination, however, is not judging in terms of himself; his judgments are made in light of what he would want done if he were YOU, which might be something very different from what HE would want if he were in your shoes. It is from such a position that I attempt, however feebly, to construct my own moral arguments--including those directed against the moral code itself. And if others were to do so as well, I am egotistical enough to assert, the word "human" just might come to designate something more than a mere biological category.

'8½' And 'Juliet Of The Spirits'

and "Juliet" become apparent:

1. the level of everyday reality: the daily work of the movie director and his fights with his wife in "8½", Juliet's daily work as a housewife, her discovery of her husband's adultery.

2. exotic reality (in which the content of the sequence is unusual, but its logic is still fairly objective): the opening scene at the mineral spring in "8½" and the sequence in the steam bath in "Juliet"; the interview with the medium, the orgy in the bordello.

3. memories (usually slightly idealized): in "8½", Guido's memories of being washed in a tub of wine, and of the great whore on the beach; Juliet's memories of the child's pageant play, and her momentary remembrance of lying peacefully in Giorgio's arms.

4. dreams: the silent traffic jam that opens "8½"; Guido's encounter with his dead parents in the cemetery, the whip scene in his harem; Juliet's vision of the emaciated horses and men floating on a raft and her visions of the burning baby.

"8½" contains a conspicuous element not present in "Juliet"--pictorialized wish fulfillments (Guido hanging his writer, committing suicide, etc.); this is due, I think, to Fellini's emphasis on the passivity of Juliet's personality.

The jumps from level to level in "8½" on first sight seem erratic, but closer observation shows that almost all of them are set up in advance: the legs of the woman in the background, while Guido interviews the cardinal, remind him of Saraghena on the beach, and the memory sequence begins. Guido wakes up in bed after the opening dream in "8½" (proving it WAS a dream); Juliet's vision of the burning child derives from the mock burning of the pageant play; her first fantasy is begun only after she, very slowly, closes her eyes.

Finally, we might note that each

film is capped by a climactic scene where all the levels seem to run together: in "8½" all the characters from the different levels dance on the same field; in "Juliet" the visionary and the real are both mixed in the lawn party.

The admixture of fantasy and the idealized memories has excited the greatest comment about these films, so it deserves some attention. Fellini's fantasies, I think, are characterized by their intelligibility; even if no reason can be found for why these things go on, there is little doubt as to what is going on, as in the wild harem scene in "8½".

In "Juliet" things are somewhat more murky (what ARE the men doing on the raft?), but if we compare, for example, the hooded priests in "Juliet" with the terrifying hands coming through the wall in Polanski's "Repulsion," it is clear that all of Fellini's dreams are more the product of ego than id.

This has led to some criticism that all the fantasies are artificial, but I think too much is being demanded here of the director; Fellini does not wish to expose his characters, but merely to make them interesting; this he does extremely well, and if Polanski wants to dissect a psychopath, that is his business, not Fellini's.

Criticism like the above is often levelled at these films as wholes--they are, supposedly, superficial hokum with a leaning toward the sensational; in short, lacking in serious purpose. To which one might reply: serious purpose be damned, if it require forsaking so many things done with such skill.

As for me, I would ask no more seriousness than that things be done well (although there are a few let-downs in "Juliet.") The public, apparently, finds the whole too complicated; these critics find the parts too simple. I myself am convinced that both films are excellent--that the public hasn't tried enough, and that these critics try too hard.

WKAR FM

Program Highlights

Week of May 27-June 2

FRIDAY, MAY 27

- 6:30 a.m. "The Morning Program," classical and modern music, along with weather and news reports: hosted by Mike Wise (Every Monday through Friday at this time)
- 8:00 a.m. Newscast 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. Musical, "Sweet Charity" starring Gwen Verdon
- 2:00 p.m. George Gershwin's "An American in Paris" performed by the Minneapolis Symphony
- 8:00 p.m. Douglas Moore's opera, "The Ballad of Baby Doe" performed by Beverly Sills, Walter Cassel, Frances Bible, and the New York City Center Chorus and Orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 28

- 1:00 p.m. "Recent Acquisitions," new album releases played and discussed by Gilbert Hansen and Ken Beachler
- 2:00 p.m. "New Jazz in Review," guitarist Ron English and host Bud Spangler discuss and listen to music by trumpeter Don Cherry; as well as some examples of "pop" jazz
- 3:00 p.m. "Album Jazz," uninterrupted jazz until 5:30, hosted by Bud Spangler
- 7:00 p.m. "Listener's Choice," classical music by request with Ken Beachler; phone 355-6540 during the program

SUNDAY, MAY 29

- 2:00 p.m. (Special) The 25th Beethoven Festival from Bonn, Germany
- 5:30 p.m. "Musicians Off Stage," featuring flamenco guitarist Juan Serrano

- 8:00 p.m. "The Toscanini Era," hosted by Gary Barton, and featuring Beethoven's Symphony No. 7; Brahms' Double Concerto in A; Debussy's Images pour Orchestra; Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite; and Rossini's "Il Signor Brusolino" Overture; all performances are conducted by Arturo Toscanini
- 10:00 p.m. "Richard Heffner Interviews" --Dr. Keith Osborne, educational consultant to the Office of Economic Opportunity

MONDAY, MAY 30

WKAR-FM IS SILENT BECAUSE OF THE MEMORIAL DAY HOLIDAY

TUESDAY, MAY 31

- 1:00 p.m. Musical, "Bravo Giovanni"
- 9:00 p.m. Mahler's Symphony No. 10 performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra
- 10:30 p.m. A faculty recital by pianist John Erwin, recorded in the Music Auditorium, April 19, 1966. Music by Bach-Busoni, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Bartok and Chopin

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1

- 1:00 p.m. New musical, "Wait a Minim," with a cast from South Africa
- 7:45 p.m. Adlai Stevenson narrates Copland's "A Lincoln Portrait"
- 8:00 p.m. "FM Theater," Robert Lowell's "Benito Cereno," based on a novella by Herman Melville

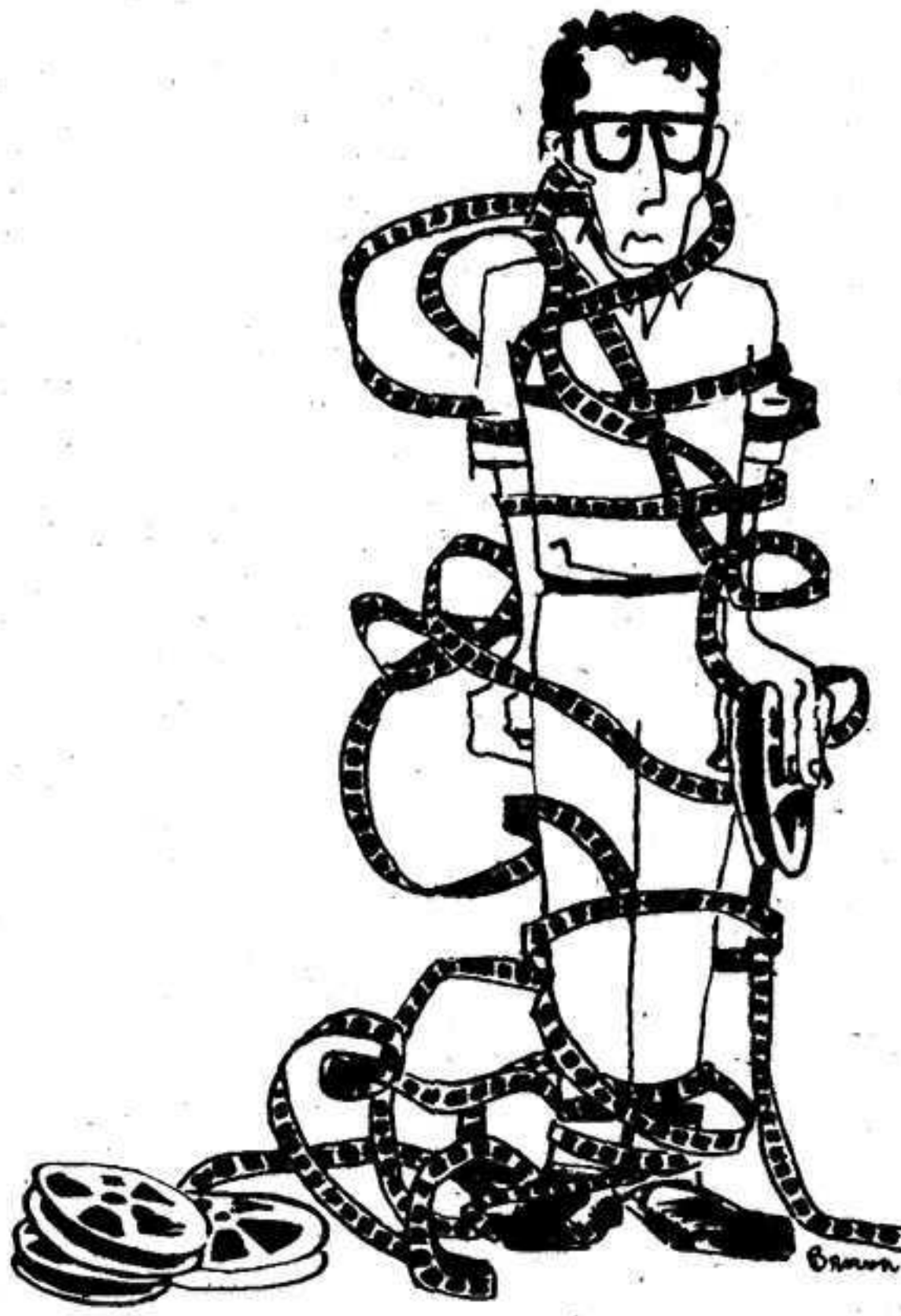
THURSDAY, JUNE 2

- 1:00 p.m. Musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" with Carol Channing
- 7:25 p.m. Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "The Mikado" performed by the D'Oyle Carte Opera Company
- 9:00 p.m. "Jazz Horizons," until midnight, with Bud Spangler

A Detailed Report

The Film Society Fights The Bureaucrats, Part XCV

I have often been asked me to write an article on "the troubles" of the MSU Film Society, but I have declined--mainly because I would not know where to begin. The Film Society, as I see it, stands as an oasis in MSU's cultural desert--an outlet independent of the approved dole of the Lecture-Concert Series and the standardized channel of the Performing Arts Company. With its uncompromising standards, it is viewed with suspicion by the students and distrust by the administration; it has no status, and its very existence is begrudged. The people we deal with tend to feel that the most normal reservations and services are "favours"; and when we look at them the least bit slantwise, they become bureaucratic and obstructive to an inexcusable degree. The following is an account of the guerilla warfare last week between the managers of the dormitory system and myself. When it was all over, I had the impression that the managers sought to defend the dormitory buildings against the dormitory students.



Several weeks ago I discovered that my requested reservation for the use of Anthony Hall for our last two showings could not be met. This entailed making reservations for a stand-by facility, and the only one adequate to our needs is Conrad Hall. When Conrad was built, it was generally thought that this auditorium would be available for residence hall activities only. At my insistence, however, it was decided that the hall be made available to "outside" groups, under the following policy: the outside group must contact a residence hall cultural committee in that complex and secure its approval; the cultural chairman would then make a reservation with the dorm manager, who in turn would make a reservation with the dorm manager, who in turn would make a reservation with Jim Andrews, area manager of the East Complex. Monstrously complicated it is, but with the help of Fee and Akers, we had gotten it to work.

I called Andrews' office to check if the facility would be available. Andrews refused to release such information except to a complex cultural chairman. Why? No one can say. I called the cultural chairman of Fee; he called Andrews to check on availability. Several days later I was told

there was a testing program in the hall on those dates.

I called Andrews again to inquire if the testing program would be out by nightfall; I pointed out that previous testing programs had left the hall in plenty of time to hold a movie. Andrews said he didn't know; I asked him for the name of the testing director to get the information myself. Andrews said he would release that information only to the cultural chairman.

Since the cultural chairman was out, I called the manager of Fee Hall, and asked him to find out whether the tests would be out in time. He called back later and said that they would be, but that the last date was definitely unavailable because of East Campus weekend (something Andrews apparently forgot to mention.)

With Conrad unavailable, I decided to attempt to reserve Wilson auditorium, a facility similar to Conrad, but more tightly controlled (sic). Ralph Underwood, area manager of the South Complex, told me to contact a cultural committee and secure their approval. After several days, I contacted the scholastic chairman of South Wonders, and asked her to make the reservation. She called back later, and reported her head resident advisor felt that South Wonders had nothing to do with the Film Society. I explained that situation to her, and in several days again learned that South Wonders, for unspecified reasons, would not sponsor us. (Perhaps I might note that I set up the South Wonders film program last year, and gave them advice this year, secured a projectionist for their program in an emergency, etc.)

After a week, I was able to track down the cultural chairman of Wilson, Andy Churnau. He agreed to attempt to make the reservation. Later he called and told me he needed approval from the hall General Council--late Wednesday night (the show was the

coming Saturday). He told me the General Council had voted it down, because "they had heard the MSU Film Society doesn't pay its bills and they didn't want to get stuck" (with the \$40 rental fee). I asked him where he got that interesting piece of information (which is completely false); he said it had been offered by the Head Resident Advisor. I called the advisor at 1 a.m.; he told me to check with the dormitory manager.

Thursday morning I called the Union and reserved the Parlors (a very inadequate facility for movie screenings). I called audio-visual and shifted the projector placement; and called the manager of Wilson, a Mr. Regan. I asked where he had found out the Film Society reneged on its bills; he replied, "Check it out with Fee and Akers." I told him the story was a flat lie, and that I felt he was obliged to tell me where the damaging rumor originated. Regan refused to give me his source.

Late Thursday morning I called the State News to change the advertisement from Wilson to the Union. A woman in the State News office told me she would supervise the change personally. Friday morning the ad read "Wilson Auditorium."

I decided to make a last minute try to secure Wilson Auditorium. I contacted Art Lubin, North Wonders president; he agreed to make the attempt.

Peer Holtkamp, North Wonders manager, told Art that "he had heard the Film Society doesn't pay its bills." Art went to see Ralph Underwood, who said the whole thing would "set a bad precedent." It was finally agreed that we could use Wilson. When Art got Mr. Regan's office to finalize the arrangement, it turned out that Wilson had already been reserved for "Little Sisters' Night," something I could have been told long before.

In desperation, I decided to attempt to reserve the closest large facility in order to keep the crowd's inconvenience to a minimum. I called Mr. Holtkamp, Wonders manager, and asked for use of the Wonders Kiva. He said there was a term party in Wonders that night, and although it didn't require the use of the Kiva, he didn't want any people coming over from Wilson. I asked him what I should do with the crowd; he said, "This is your problem, not mine." I asked him what he would do if the president of North Wonders came into his office and requested use of the facility; he replied, "I'm going right now to a meeting." I asked him when he would be back; he said, "Eight o'clock Monday morning." I hung up.

Late Saturday afternoon, I called John Bacheller, head resident advisor of East Akers, to check on the rumor about payments. Bacheller told

me that all Film Society payments to Akers had been cleared up, although there had been what he felt was an inordinate delay in the transfer. I pointed out that, if there had been a delay, it had probably originated in the Business Office, and that I didn't see how I could be held responsible for it. Mr. Bacheller replied, "If you're not willing to take responsibility for these things, I don't see why I should even talk to you." He also stated that we "should use the same business procedures as every other organization"--I pointed out that it was these very business procedures that caused the delay in the first place.

I asked Mr. Bacheller why there was, as it seemed to me, excessive resistance to the operations of the Film Society. Mr. Bacheller said that it was his impression, although he wasn't certain, that the Film Society and myself had developed a "bad image" in the East Complex. Mention was made of "Howard Harrison" and that we had "become associated with him" somehow. The students, he said, looked on us as being "pretty far out" and "on the fringe of things"--looked on with suspicion by "the hall council." No mention was made anywhere along the line that the Film Society was a cultural organization, and that by helping it, the managers might be benefiting the students. (Someone once pointed out that the Performing Arts Company had little trouble getting into the dorms; the reply quickly came, that's DIFFERENT, that's the Department of Speech, Culture yes, but only when the University approves; here it is students, WE will give it to you, and you WILL like it . . .)

This article would perhaps not be so bitter if these difficulties had been extraordinary; but in fact they have been close to typical. For some reason the Film Society encounters serious resistance from dormitory administration--we have been, from the very first, on the defensive. But as I look back on the 95 films we have shown in the last two years--films by Griffith, Chaplin, Keaton, von Stroheim, Dreyer, Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Dovzchenko, Vigo, Hitchcock, Welles, Lorentz, Lang, Husten, Bunnell, Resnais, Bergman, etc., etc.,--none of which would have been available to students any other way, I see nothing to be defensive about. When the students and the administration kill off the Film Society, which may well happen if these things continue, they will be themselves by far the losers.

DOUGLAS LACKEY



How to Keep Them Down on the Farm When They're Supposed To Be Going to College Dept. (from the University Soc. Sci. 232 book, discussing American idealism): "And there is no doubt that these ideals are active realities. The student of American history must be professionally near-sighted or blinded by a doctrinal belief in a materialistic determinism if he fails to see the significance of tracing how the (American) Creed is gradually realizing itself. THE AMERICAN CREED IS ITSELF ONE OF THE DOMINANT 'SOCIAL TRENDS'." (emphasis the authors')

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ALTRUISTS!! We have some bills to pay. If you want to contribute to THE PAPER, now is the time.
 New address: Box 367, East Lansing, Michigan 48823

The Land-Grant 'Paper'

Dear Dr. Senger:

If this University is going to realize its great intellectual potential--without which it can become little more than an overgrown high school--it must disavow the kind of whimsical censorship epitomized by the Board of Student Publications' recent action regarding THE PAPER.

The primary function of a university in any society is to promote the free exchange of knowledge and ideas, unrestricted by considerations which are validly of primary importance in other social institutions. Such other considerations--be they profit, or political advantage, or orthodoxy, or massive public support--can but dilute and subvert a university's unique

function and contribution to society. Unless the free exchange of ideas is energetically encouraged, a university forfeits its major strength and its major service. This is even more true of a land grant university.

The Land Grant Philosophy was originally a bold, egalitarian, democratic conception, in which the fruits and methods of academic inquiry were dedicated to the definition and solution of society's pressing problems. But if these methods of free inquiry are sacrificed to the very social pressures that prevent other institutions from developing creative solutions to society's problems; if this bold initiative is lost and uncritical, unthinking reactions to fickle but powerful social pressures take its place, then the Land Grant Philosophy becomes a cruel parody of itself. If this original bold 19th century conception is to be successfully translated into the 21st century, it needs vigorous defense against these social pressures, against short-sighted paternalism, and against simple administrative ineptitude. If this vision of a university's function is lost, or defended only grudgingly, the university's unique contributions will also be lost, and the university and the society it purports to serve will both suffer.

THE PAPER, though in its physical infancy and economically frail, is intellectually vigorous and obviously challenging. It is a forum for serious presentation of ideas. It is a sign of intellectual ferment in what often appears to be a sea of student apathy. But most important, it is one of the few fruits of the very spirit of critical and independent inquiry to which we are so fond of paying lip service, but which we are all too often unprepared to encourage--let alone tolerate--when it does appear. It is the kind of thing this community needs very badly if it is to emerge from its humble beginnings and realize its potential as one of this nation's outstanding universities. It helps to fill the intellectual vacuum created by exploding student enrollments, by booming building programs, and by too little else.

"But don't be so naive; be realistic" you may say. "The University cannot authorize and endorse that kind of filth or irresponsibility". While it is distressingly unclear what authorization by the Board of Student Publications does signify, it does not signify endorsement of everything that appears in THE PAPER. In fact, most of the things discussed in THE PAPER are things on which the University should have no position, except to say that any position may be presented. The University's function is to provide the resources and a forum to promote the free competition of ideas, not to strike moralistic postures or to crush thoughts because they are "in bad taste".

"But what will the good tax-payers of Michigan, and their representatives, think of such license?" This University, as a land grant university, has a SPECIAL responsibility to educate the good tax-payers of this state not only on progressive agricultural methods and nuclear technology, but also on the basic function of a university itself. And 111 years of continuous fine service to these tax-payers certainly provides eloquent testimony to the wisdom of vigilantly defending that basic function.

And those who reject this concept of the Land Grant Philosophy, and who conceive of intellectual pursuits as being more other-worldly, "objective," free of social concern, or passionless--they are free, of course, to discontinue contributing to THE PAPER's support.

THE PAPER should be encouraged and nurtured by any university with

Mr. John Hannah, President
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

Dear Mr. Hannah

I worked too long and too hard for my just-awarded Ph.D. in Communication to feel that I can renounce it as a gesture of protest.

It is my sincere desire, however, to become so prominent in my field that I shall someday be asked, before a nationwide audience, where I got my doctorate. "I can't tell you," I shall reply, "I am too ashamed."

As a start in this direction, I am instructing the publishers of "Who's Who in the West" and "Who's Who in Advertising" to delete the name of Michigan State University from my biographical listing.

Sincerely yours,

John A. Klempner

cc: San Francisco Chronicle
Michigan State News

April 25, 1966

Dear Doctor Klempner:

Although you do not specifically state the reason for your dissatisfaction with Michigan State University, I judge it to be based on the accusations in an article in Ramparts magazine, and an editorial in the San Francisco Chronicle.

Since you made your decisions in this matter without awaiting a response or explanation from the University, it probably will do little good to send this copy of the statement I made at a press conference on April 22. However, I shall hope that your education in communications at this University taught you something about the desirability of examining all of the relevant material, and that you will read it, at least.

If you remain of the same opinion, then I can only regret that you prefer to credit secondary rather than primary sources.

Sincerely,

President

One Jackson Place
San Francisco, Calif. 94111
May 2, 1966

Dear President Hannah:

Thank you for your letter of April 25th, and the copy of your remarks of April 22nd.

Perhaps unfortunately, our world is filled with many instances where one is more likely to accept secondary sources (e.g. a police criminologist) rather than primary (e.g. an accused murderer saying 'I didn't do it.').

I've just returned from a lengthy visit to Ramparts magazine, where the evidence displayed and re-refutation offered to your April 22 remarks were, for me, rather convincing (especially in regard to the "something labeled 'An M.S.U. Inventory' . . .")

But I have no interest in serving as an information channel between MSU and Ramparts, as I'm sure you don't in a continuing polemic with a dissident graduate. Rest assured, I shall not burn my alumni card in public.

Sincerely,

John A. Klempner

P.S. I am returning the "blind copy" of your letter which was intended for Dr. Berlo, and must have been enclosed in my letter by mistake. I deplore the use of "blind copies." I shall send Dr. Berlo a copy of this letter.

Mr. John A. Hannah, President
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

Correction

THE PAPER did it again to Jim Thomas, our self-appointed "correspondent from sunny Vietnam." His article in the May 19 issue described the lives of fighting men in the jungle near Danang, where he has been stationed since early April. The conclusion of Thomas' article got jumbled, it should have read:

From the PX, that wonderland far beyond

aspirations for greater intellectual stature. It should be tolerated at the very least. But I must protest this silent censorship by committee. And I strongly urge the Board to first of all take responsibility for the obvious consequences of its actions, and second, to seriously reconsider its withdrawal of authorization from THE PAPER.

Sincerely,

James S. Uleman
Assistant Professor of Psychology

our feeble reach, sometimes come candy, cigarettes, soap; from the mess halls light-years away, oranges, fresh eggs and raw potatoes. These are helicoptered in; far more familiar luxuries are packed to us by villagers; rotten ice, writing paper, an occasional soda, perhaps poisoned. These luxuries, however small, materialize like miracles when we spend a few nights in one spot.

Though our complex holes seem quite settled, we possess America's traditional urge for moving. At frequent but irregular intervals, we leave home on operations pursuing the Viet Cong. Projected two-day walks through the boondocks become week-long, month-long. During operations we live in shallow holes bare of atmosphere. We seldom unpack to heat rations, never change clothes, shave or wash. We drink water from the paddies, rivers or Vietnamese houses, spicing it with soapy, antiseptic halazone.

At each halt, we begin to dig and to improve. At some time between rock-removal and sandbagging, the new hole becomes home.

CLASSIFIEDS

live on

Personal

Atheists, agnostics, humanists, and displaced believers: We're not pressing "salvation" too hard this summer, but if you're concerned about such topics as individual and social ethics, alienation and loneliness, responsibilities of the scientist in our culture, or a case for conscientious objection, then you may want to go to the Alumni Memorial Chapel this summer on Sundays at 10:30. It's the "Celebration of Life" series sponsored by the Student Religious Liberals and the Unitarian - Universalist Church.

GIRLS! Do all the women you know seem to lead more exciting lives than yours? Are their conversations sexier, more interesting? Do you want to prove to them that YOU'RE as sexually desirable as they are? Then what you need is PORNOPHONE SERVICE, INC. Simply call 355-3102 and we will guarantee that you receive at least one obscene phone call a week ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE! PORNOPHONE INC. is a non-profit organization dedicated to servicing young women in need. Won't you give us a call? We'd love to outrage YOUR sensibilities. References furnished on request.

For Rent

Tired of luxury? Spending the summer on campus? Go bohemian--excitement, adventure--live in Stewball's notorious psychedelic cellar and boo basement. Kitty-corner from East Lansing Police for easy access to demonstrations, trials, etc. Available June 11 for summer. 1-4 heads of any sex. Ask about fringe benefits. \$65 or best offer. Phone: 332-8197.

Wanted

WANTED: Wife for one year, to terminate marriage at end of scholastic year, 1967. Divorce guaranteed. Address inquiries, requests for interviews to:
Operation Procure-Apt.
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E. Lansing
I AM SERIOUS!

Lost and Found

KEEP THE MONEY. But please return my wallet--ID's! Driver's license! House key! Pilot's license! Racing license! Lost Friday, April 29, 3:45 p.m., between the Men's IM and Fee Hall, along the Red Cedar, down Farm Lane, east on Wilson Road. No questions asked. Stan Lum, 353-1810, 101 W. Fee Hall.

Pornography

Eorls and ceorls of Northumbria--your fyrd wants YOU! Evenge your bretwalda; exact the wergeid for every murdered eorl and ceorl. Northumbria will rise again!
Counter-M20M

Summer Special!

ANY CLASSIFIEDS placed over the summer will be published in our Special Registration Issue in the fall. Anything you want to say then, you can pay for any time between now and then! The old, ridiculously cheap rate of \$1 for each 50 words still applies and will continue to apply next year. So save up your summer pennies and pay for your fall ad early. **SUMMER ADDRESS:** Box 367, East Lansing, Mich.

'WE ARE THE INTELLIGENTSIA': A Study In Left-Wing Price-Fixing

By JOHN P. DELLERA

Among the phenomena one can easily find on any college campus is the "intellectual." As much a part of academic life as the carillon and odd-looking people, the "intellectual" is something of a fixture. Webster's defines it as "a member of the intelligentsia" which is "the people regarded as, or regarding themselves as, the educated and enlightened class." Russell Kirk would probably define it as a group of phoney, though his term would undoubtedly be more elegant if more anachronistic.

There has always been a schism between the "intellectual" and his antagonist, it seems, probably because the "intellectual" aspires to achieve information and "insight" much as the capitalist aspires to wealth--- and apparently for much the same reason. One cannot achieve notoriety and power if everyone is equally informed, just as wealth is only a relative measure of success.

A consequence of this class-type structure in which the Ph. D.s become the "elite" can be seen in the mad dash for school letters which win, for the successful, ego-satisfaction: LL.D. wins more admiration than Ph.D. which is more prestigious than LL.M. which tops M.A. which beats B.A., and so on. Probably snob appeal is a negligible factor at the level of the Doctor of Laws, but such is no longer the case with the Ph.D.

One reason William F. Buckley, Jr. is "out" among "intellectuals" is that he is a conservative, of course, but more importantly, because he never gained a letter higher than B.A. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. is a faithful member of the Establishment, and though he is obviously quite bright and talented, his highest degree--Master's--possibly made him intolerable, and so Schlesinger is "Dr." but honorary only. It is well known that Martin King is a Ph.D., and the reverential respect to "Dr. King" practically every time his name is uttered almost completes the canonization. All of this has led Russell Kirk, B.A., M.A., DLitt., to suggest that everyone be given a Ph.D. at

birth and that those who really reach the highest pinnacle of formal academic training junk their precious cargo as the true mark of their success.

It is, perhaps, significant to note from a comparison of class structure of the intellectual and the capitalist that the former doesn't despise the latter so much because of greed or monopoly, oligopoly, monopolistic competition, collusion or other misuses of power, as he does because money is supposed to be egoistic and work in the academy altruistic. The similarity in methods completely escapes the intellectual who stands happily on a soapbox of hypocrisy radiating self-righteous platitudes about "academic freedom," "justice," "conscience" and maybe even "insight."

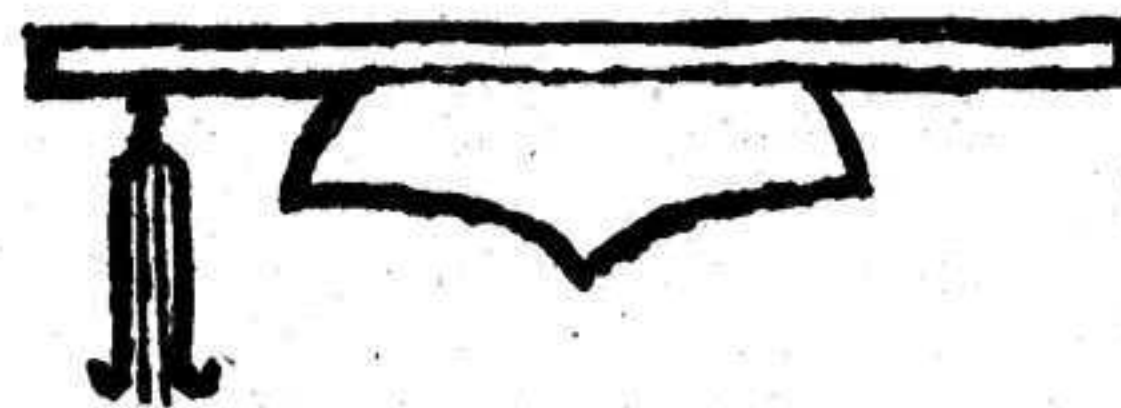
Recently on campus, a professor provided an excellent example of what I mean in questions I put to him after a meeting. His proposition voiced earlier in the evening was that universities should be dedicated solely to academic and scholarly concerns in deciding whether to accept an advisory mission abroad. We must stand on principle, he said, and not allow our academic integrity to be impeached by serving the foreign policy interests of the U.S. State Department. Thus, we should accept advisory responsibilities in Albania, if asked, as well as in South Vietnam. The questions I asked him later were rather obvious and were intended more to inquire of any dangerous absolutism in the proposition than

A Friend

Dear Mr. Ogar:

When I first read your article "Ahl Modesty Prevents . . ." I was inclined to drop you a line thanking you for a well written, thought-provoking piece, but didn't follow through. I thought you might like the moral support now, in view of the incredibly irrational attack you are sustaining.

Patricia Pafford



to demonstrate any hypocrisy on his part. I say this apologetically because I didn't expect him to be so much of a push-over, frankly, modestly.

"Would you approve of advisory projects," I asked him, "that might have the effect of strengthening the Verwoerd regime, for instance; or, what about Ian Smith or certain rightist governments in Latin America; or, what about the logical extreme, Hitler's Germany?" No longer was the stand on principle palatable to this soldier-scholar, for he called these "hard questions" and couldn't possibly favor support of South Africa. After much revision of his courageous affirmation, he issued the new edition: "I'm a member of a party (Democratic) which includes the intellectuals, and internationally, we are the intelligentsia. I am for anything that forwards the intelligentsia."

And so, poor principle, having served its purpose in the public exposition a few minutes earlier, crumbles, decimated, presumably in the best interests of the Great Crusade which is to advance the cause of "Liberal Democracy" by almost any means into almost every quarter. The point is, here is a "scholar" who presumes to favor everything good as a good intellectual should, but who in fact hoards his ideology like a miser.

An element of intellectual snobbery evident at MSU and in left-intellectual circles generally is indicated by this same scholar's seemingly conditioned reflex at a reference I made to Russell Kirk's article in the May 1 New York Times Magazine. A faint smile turned his lips when I mentioned Kirk, and he dismissed my remark more abruptly than was polite

by some sarcastic and not especially amusing dodge. Kirk's mere name evoked something of a giggle from the man, a phenomenon dubbed "Giggling at Goldwater" by Kenneth Paul Shorey writing a "Letter to an American" in the Spring, 1966, number of Modern Age. Lots of people giggle at Goldwater these days, and Shorey's article may be instructive to those interested in "broadening their horizons," as they say; but just now, we may note that Kirk is funny because he is not a member of the intellectual elite, and he's "out," obviously, because he is a conservative.

The savage vituperation of hauntings of the faculty here and elsewhere--men just bright enough to be publicly obnoxious--which has unconscionably placed Barry Goldwater, the John Birch Society and Adolf Hitler in a class should be an extreme example, but its advocates at the national level, such as Martin King, Pat Brown, John Shelley, Jackie Robinson, Drew Pearson and so on, lend a respectable facade to the local fools. Goldwater, you see, quit college after two years to go to work; that, in addition to the fact he's a conservative. Again, we see that the ideology of "intelligentsia" leads a man to exclude the conservative, prima facie, because he is a conservative or, at least, because he rejects the ideological line produced in many universities (Good Things: Progress, Commitment, Awareness, Guernica, Fulbright, Dos Passos pre-1950; Bad Things: Tradition, McCarthy, Military, Apathy, Whittaker Chambers, Dos Passos post-1950; etc., etc.). They hold jealously to their partisanship and sacrifice many presumed ideals in the name of these very ideals.

One of the more distinguished faculty members here, Professor Robert E. Brown, history, has experienced much bigoted opposition to his work, all of which proves that the predominant force in scholarship is often far from scholarly. The intellectual monopoly protects its possessions with fervor, and it is apparently not about to yield any of the privileges of elitism.

It is to be expected, of course, that some inherent depravity surfaces sooner or later in all men and in all fields of men, including scholarship. But while unscrupulous capitalists have their ICC, BBB, FPC, Anti-Trust Division, etc., it seems far more difficult to check the power of intellectuals who create the myths about themselves and replenish their ranks by themselves with what is, in too many cases, scorn for dissenters. For Professor Waldmeir, the selfish liberal intellectual becomes a "conservative." For Professor Mandelstamm, Goldwater economics are not even note-worthy; he doesn't want to do "a damn thing" for the poor. For former Professor Bohnstadt, Goldwater's nomination in 1964 recalled his past: "I saw it all happen before in Germany in the '30's." They're still chattering. Last term, Social Science Assistant Instructor Ed Wood asked a coed who thought all men liked the welfare of mankind, "Does Goldwater?, does the John Birch Society?, did Hitler?"

Maybe the reason for the left's jealous hold on the academy lies in some uncertainty with the efficacy of liberal arguments or with the falsity of what is often called conservatism. The function of the university is to indoctrinate. Or so implied Professor Matthew Epstein when I asked him two years ago why the Social Science basic was slanted toward the left. He said: "We assume students come to MSU with certain preconceived notions. It's our job to present the other side." One might as well laugh as cry.

What We're Up Against

The Ingham County News

222 WEST ASH STREET • MASON, MICHIGAN

108 Years of Service to Ingham County

May 23, 1966

Michael Kindman, Editor
The Paper
1730 Baslett Road
East Lansing, Mich.

Dear Mr. Kindman,

I am writing this letter hoping that you will print it as a letter to the editor in your The Paper publication. There should be no doubt that you will print it as you are such a defender of free speech.

First I would like to say that I have my doubts as to your ability as a prospective factual newspaperman but I am sure you could succeed as a novelist because I have been impressed with your imagination in statements to various newspapers this past week.

There are some facts I would like to set straight. First, there was no pressure applied by Michigan State University to get us to drop our obscene and smutty publication. The truth is that we informed university officials we were not going to be associated with your garbage.

Secondly, it has been amusing to see the machinations of a sick mind in trying to place blame for developments of the past 2 weeks on everybody but you and the staff of what you lamely call a newspaper, The Paper.

I am sending along a copy of my column which tells our position and the regard we have for your sheet. You probably won't understand it because I used words not found on the walls of public toilets.

Richard W. Brown
Richard W. Brown, Co-Publisher
Ingham County News
Mason, Michigan

Copy to:
Michigan State News

Here at the Ingham County News we are in the business of printing our own newspapers and a goodly number of other publications. In fact during the course of an average week we turn out 30 or more.

This week we are turning out one less. We will no longer print a campus-recognized but campus-maverick newspaper called The Paper, circulated at Michigan State.

Since its birth last fall the paper has expounded the usual batch of political and ideological garbage put out by a handful of half-baked campus cuties and a few faculty instigators.

We didn't do the editing. We didn't even set the type. We held our nose and put it on the press, receiving payment through official Michigan State university channels. Above all we never had a strong enough stomach to read it.

If we had read last week's issue, it would have been buried at the city dump instead of being placed on sale on the campus. The vulgar sex-loaded sheet was an affront to decency and morality.

It didn't take us long to get in touch with campus authorities and cancel our printing services to such trash.

There are sick minds walking the streets in any community but the ease with which they propagate on our college campuses is astounding. Expounding filth under the protection of freedom of the press and that over-worked chestnut, academic freedom, should not be tolerated by those in authority both on and off the campus.

We don't want that kind of business and credit is due Michigan State President John Hannah for withdrawing The Paper from the list of university-recognized organizations.

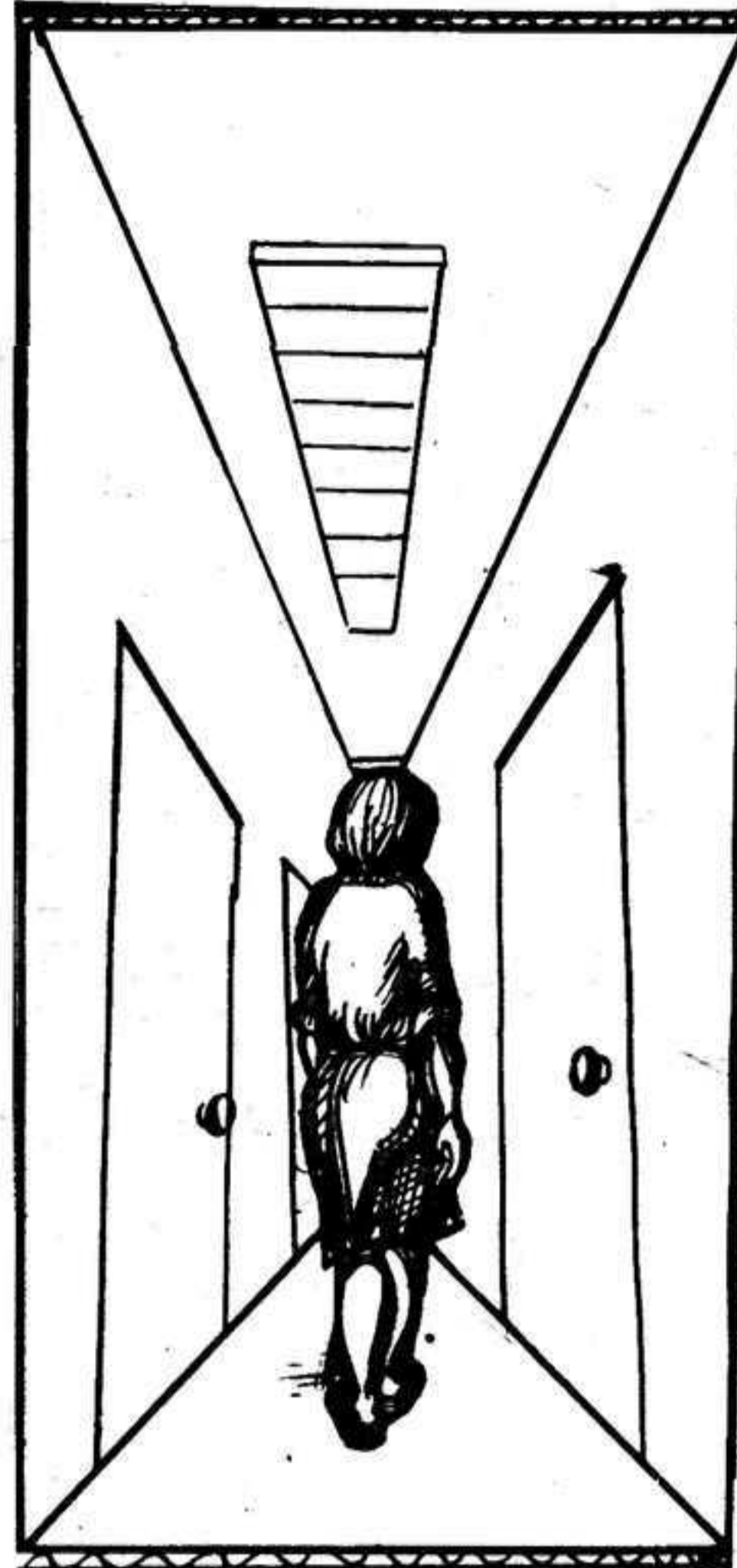
Richard W. Brown

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF 413522*

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501 FEE, EAST LANSING 3539036
9662 FLORAL LN JACKSON MICH



1 "We at MSU pride ourselves in having been among the leaders in introducing successful innovations. . . (such as) the studio arrangement of rooms in Fee and Akers Hall. . . Residence Halls brochure



2 "The primary aim of the residence hall program at MSU is to provide students with the most natural, homelike situation possible in a large group."--MSU Catalog, 1966



3 "DON'T I KNOW YOU FROM SOME WHERE?
Yeah-I'm your suitemate
(The Freshman) has eaten in cafeterias. . . before but yet the situation is strange and different."--Wolverine, 1966



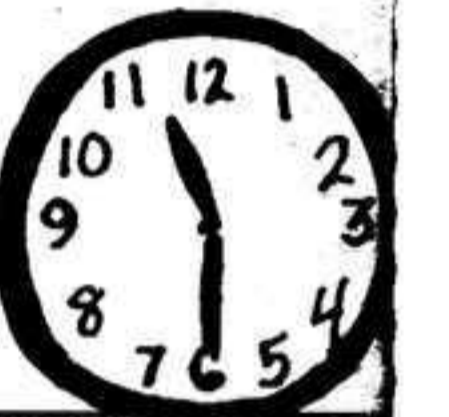
4 "All areas of the campus are less than a 10-minute bus ride from any living unit." Residence Halls Brochure



5 "No, THIS ISN'T 3533029, THIS IS 3539036
(the dorm) Where we become more than a number. . ."
Wolverine, 1966



6 "As in all other public areas, residents are expected to exercise discretion in their dating behavior."--MSU Residence Halls Information Folder



What, Me Worry?

Dear Ann:

I am also a faculty member. Also a person interested in civil liberties. Also a participant in the human comedy. Your remarks about the naughty PAPER's abuse of the Class of 1916's rights to a reunion free of vulgarity really shocked me. I couldn't sleep for days. Then sleep finally came and I had a dream. I dreamt that a gay blade of 1916 wrote the following to THE PAPER:

"Dear PAPER: DON'T YOU believe well-meaning Ann. I honestly got a kick out of THE PAPER's naughty reporting. The stories rejuvenated me--made me young again. Whee!!

"One thing, however; I think that we would have left the asterisks in. Y'know, written 'F**k' instead of 'fuck.' For we always believed in the mystery and deliciousness of a little window - dressing and left a little something to the imagination. You kids are too starkly naked in your reports of the F**K and nudity. It makes it all so blandly dull.

"But thanks, Ann, for the good (if Puritanical) try in our behalf.

"Sincerely, Clarence Waspish, '16"

Thanks Anyway

Dear Sirs:

I had a long poem manifesto, "Wichita Vortex Sutra," on the Vietnam war published in the Village Voice April 29, 1966. I would be happy if you would look it over to see if it is suitable for reprinting in your THE PAPER. It may be of use to students in formulating language corresponding to general un-articulated awareness of psychic image magic pushing the war scene. Don't have much time for letters--this just a hopeful note.

Yours
Allen Ginsberg, Poet

THE PAPER wishes to thank Mr. Ginsberg for his kind offer. His poem, however, is very long, and would have taken up so much of this, our last issue for the term, that we felt obliged to decline. We suggest that our readers search out the poem in the Village Voice, as we feel it to be one of Mr. Ginsberg's most interesting works.--The Editors.

Two Gardens

Eden went to weeds and vice;
The devil danced not once but twice--
Blest his precious snake a christ.
The meanest joke is paradise.

Then twice more round for satan,
Eyes blood-teared in boon;
A kiss with silver near Kedron brook where
Flesh could soak young wounds.

But Gethsemane was a triumph counted much
too far too soon:
Like some hallowed bird, the would-be dupe
bore
All of men and ashes through that umbra after-
noon;
While not so long away, post-Calvary, arose an
Easter moon.

ELAINE CAHILL