



To Keep Them



Down



howard harrison

On The Farm



elliott borin

After They've Seen MSU?

THE PAPER

The Week's Events

The March Of February

By LAURENCE TATE

What kind of a week was it? A week like all weeks, filled with those events that alter and illuminate our time. And you, dammit, were there:

463 MSU students got all A's fall term. Soon administrators will have to face the problem of handling a mass elite.

Little-Known Fact of the Week (from Big Boy Comic Books' Know Your States series; Michigan)--The people of Michigan early realized the value of education, and today, "Michigan State University in Ann Arbor is recognized as one of the outstanding educational institutions in the country."

Forgotten - But - Not - Gone Department -- We're still looking for someone who has seen that new James Bond picture. At press time it appears the film may not go into an 008th week. Perhaps we've all stayed away too long.

God's Truth Department-- A Detroit nun appearing in a stage role which calls for her to masquerade as a man told an interviewer, "The fact that I wear a man's costume had

absolutely nothing to do with my trying out for the part."

Crazy-Mixed-Up Kid Department (a letter to Billy Graham's "My Answer" column)--"I'm having trouble finding a church that suits me. I have joined the Methodist, Christian, and Baptist, and now I'm thinking of joining the Jehovah (sic) Witnesses. What do you think?"

The Can-Spring-Be-Far-Behind Award goes to ASMSU's Winter Carnival.

Headline of the Week (from Variety)--"Father of Three Fights Sex Facts; Hits Disney's Birth of Buffalo."

News Story of the Week (see Headline of the Week)--"In Chrisney, Indiana, a tree nursery owner withdrew his 14-year-old daughter Betty Lou from school after a classroom showing of Walt Disney's 'The Vanishing Prairie,' which shows the birth of a baby buffalo. 'I guess I'm old-fashioned,' he said, 'and I have strong convictions about such things'."

Situation Ethics in Action--The latest German book of etiquette has decreed that it is permissible for veterans to wear World War II medals

--provided the Nazi swastikas have been removed.

And Christian Victory Magazine recently printed the following appeal:

"During the second world war (sic) Hitler's Nazis (sic) killed millions of Jews. They made lampshades, or other articles, from the skins of Jews who perished in the Death Camps. Now the Central Council of German Jews has issued a request that all these articles which were made from the skins of Jews be turned over to them for decent burial."

Voice of Authority--Robert Shelton, imperial wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, denounced the House Committee on Un-American Activities as "un-Christian and un-American itself," and said its staff's investigation of the Klan "had been conducted in bars and night clubs."

I-Have-a-Dream Department (from the New York Times)--"New York Police Commissioner Vincent L. Broderick declared yesterday that 'there is some considerable confidence in civil rights circles in the present leadership of the Police Department.' "He's out of his cotton-picking mind,' Roy Innis, chairman of the Harlem chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality, commented later."

The William-Randolph-Hearst Award for jazzy journalism goes, as usual, to Charles C. Wells, editor of the State News, for his column, "Our Job As A Newspaper," in which Citizen Wells confided such Inside Dope as: "The question that good editors constantly ask themselves is, 'Am I lighting a candle for progress and enlightenment or am I catering to the lowest common denominator?'"

You Must Be Joking: that atom bomb the U.S. government misplaced off the coast of Spain over two weeks ago still hasn't been found.

Profiles in Courage, continued (from the New York Times): "Senator Robert Kennedy toured dilapidated Bedford-Stuyvesant buildings yesterday and found himself the focus of wrathful comments by leaders of the heavily Negro Brooklyn section.

"Senator Kennedy sat impassively during what were virtually harangues. He appeared to choke and uttered a surprised 'chee' when Mrs. Elsie Peterson announced to the assembled leaders, 'We're here to hear from our senator what he plans to do.'"

A Bourgeois Kind Of Hope

By LAIMDOTA MAZZARINS

By 11 a.m., the Crossroads Cafe concourse is already swamped with random people, and the International Center becomes a choice marketplace for vendors of periodicals and causes. Last Thursday morning I found myself hawking two causes at once; STEP '66 to potential volunteers, and "The Paper" to anyone with a dime, or even a quarter, to contribute.

The STEP (Student Education Program, ASMSU-sponsored, four-week, second annual) booth was decked with blown-up photos of last summer's intangibles; small seriousness of Larry Michaels exploring "Exploring Science"; intensity of skinny limbs sprawling on brown grass to watch an acted-out story in a class deftly called Drama; and the cold dimpled-blue of the pool at Sims High School in Holly Springs, Miss., which we integrated by using it every afternoon endlessly to reason with relays of water-shy children; you can't, no CAN'T, fall down to the bottom of the water. . . . Not quite "Family of

Man" stuff, to be sure, but close.

A "Paper" staffer tottered up with three stacks of Issue 5 and began to arrange them on the adjoining table. He surveyed the STEP display with more speed than insight and ventured, "Rather bourgeois pictures of Mississippi." Snappy rejoinder to YOU, I thought, as we pottered around with the papers. Five minutes later I shot back, with some innocence, "You're right, the project kind of WAS bourgeois---" He shrugged. We turned back to the groaning tableful of responsible journalism and that was that.

There might have been more malice in his complaint had he come minutes earlier and seen the display in its natural state. Someone with foresight had tucked among the pictures a cheery message: "No Racial Violence during Entire Project. Think STEP." I was tearing this into cherry little pieces as he came up.

LIMITED OBJECTIVES

The card and the comment are telling examples of the objections--

often deserved--leveled at civil rights projects which profess limited aims, especially "purely" educational ones. These objections center on the limited aspect of it all: given so little time, shouldn't we be working in the political arena rather than in the classroom? Where can we make the best use, the most efficient sacrifice, of time and talent?

Too pat an answer is given by conclusions like the State News headline of last August: "Students Educate, Not Agitate, In STEP." I would suggest that the choice implied here, between mainline civil rights activity and sideroads into academic picnics, doesn't in reality exist; that the objectives of educational crash programs are "limited" only in the eyes of those who've never considered overly hard the function of education; and that it's vain to seek any limits to the forcible expansion of consciousness which happened, in complex and inevitable ways, to the 400-some separate selves who converged on the four city blocks of Rust College last July and August.

(And before we abandon the subject to Russell Kirk: education maybe is NOT agitation? If we hadn't expected to encourage and to help channel some well-justified agitation over the Southern Way of Life, we wouldn't have budgeted from East Lansing.)

To be specific about the kinds of limits to which STEP isn't subject: while its methods are irreproachably bourgeois--in the sense of "practical, remedial, unspectacular"

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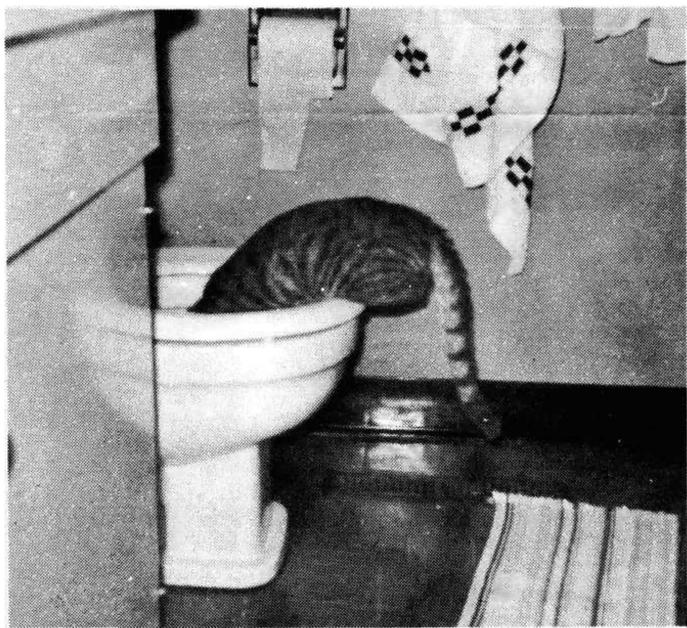
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- p. 3 e.d.p. and games
- p. 5 "war of buttons"
- p. 6 bureaucracy
- p. 7 morality and fiction
- p. 8 cool photo



"I'm doing two years for trespassing on draft board property . . . what 'er you in for?"

A CONTEST To Boost Circulation



Here it is! "The Paper's" first dumb contest! Get on the bandwagon! Join the fun! Get all excited trying to think of a funny caption for the above picture! Tell all your friends to try to think of funny captions! Make it the big, camp THING TO DO!

Then cut out the blank below, and send to "The Paper," 1730 Haslett Road, East Lansing. The best entries will win valuable prizes.

First prize is a two-term subscription to "The Paper," complete with back issues. Second prize: a one-year subscription to Zeitgeist. Third prize: a one-term subscription to the State News.

Contest deadline is midnight, February 28, 1966. Quick! Get all excited and start thinking of captions!!

* * * * *

I think the picture of the cat sticking its head in the pot should be entitled

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LETTERS

The "War-Words"

Finally, the "war-words" are emerging as a harbinger of the formal declaration itself. And it's almost a relief. We no longer have to cope with the subtleties and nuances of our national tongue. Thankfully, we don't have to color in the various shades of meaning with our hitherto pliable vocabulary.

Semantics has finally been reduced to its lowest common denominator; even Senator Boggs can understand the implications of those frayed metaphors, "hawk" and "dove," "Vietnik" and "peacenik."

Gratefully, we're spared the painful process of thought and decision as American society, with barely a tremor of resistance, assumes the rigid posture of war. Responsible statements uttered from the mid-ground or any objective vantage point are disallowed as unreasonable. Witness, only, the recent treatment given Senator Fulbright's eminently perceptive analysis of the Vietnam situation. For his efforts he was rewarded with the title of "cryptic . . . Pacifist," by some anonymous proponent of the "new semantics."

As the effort for war snowballs, there are only two points of view in question and one point of view in operation. Via the neat dogmatism of the "new semantics" we are thrust into the firing range of one camp or the other.

Unfortunately, like most obsessions, the war obsession takes exclusive hold of the bearer's mind (recall the demise of that one-time intellectual, Dean Rusk). Out of the "hawk's" natural aggressiveness, which seeks happy outlet in war, comes a closed-mindedness unmoved by even the most cogent refutations of his position. The opposing mind must be branded as inimical to society in hopes of silencing it, and thereby facilitating the morally rocky transition to war.

The plight of Senator Morse is worthy of speculation here. I wonder how many other senators (besides the near-heroic fifteen) are sticking out their political necks by speaking to him these days. He's been virtually

stigmatized by the right wing and is now even beyond the range of such far-reaching epithets as "appeaser."

Like Fulbright and Morse, those who have been better able to channel their aggressions are reduced to the status of pigeon, "dove" if you like-- or do they really mean chicken? (Thank you, Russel Baker.)

The lines are truly drawn. No we merely sit back and wait for the genesis of further terminology with which we can handily pelt each other from behind closed ranks. Farewell, reason, goodbye, sweet subtleties of English. Welcome, the self-righteous, ignorant complacency and pitiful vocabulary of war.

B.B.T.

The author writes, "The author regrets being unable to sign her full name but she and her husband are in politically vulnerable positions and are subject to reprisals (dramatic though it sounds)." --The Editors.

GL-70

We are members of the New Apathy as described by what's-his-name in his unforgettable article in the State News last term. We are writing this letter in support of any fellow apathetics silly enough to care whether anyone supports them or not.

We favor the established order, whatever it is. So all of you CSR, YAF, M2M, SDS, JBS, ADA, SNCC, CORE, MOTTS, Dems, GOP, Whigs, Torys, Labour, Liberals, IRS, Christian Dems (and Atheist Dems), Conservatives, Reactionaries, Radicals, Fascists, Anarchists, Monarchists, 007, UNICEF, DAR, WCTU, YMCA, FSM, IWW, RSDP(B), RSDP(M), NS-DAP, ADL, DL, KKK, CPUSA, CPUS-SR, CPV, CPIR, FLN, NLF, FLAN, FLQ, B.B.D.&O, NAM, AMA, MHA, IFC, WIC, AWS, ICC, SCUM, ASMSU, NSA, MAC, SPU, VDC, RCMP, LOOF, BPOE, BSA, NCC, NRA, ELDP, LSD, WASP, SWP, SLP, MFD, UHURU, SCLC, SSOC, CCOW, A.O.L., SPASM, SS, SA, VOICE, YSA, YSL, SMERSH, UNCLE, OGPU, BYP, NKVD, MVD, KGB, PL, 126 Student Services, W. E.B. DuBois, Q-P'S, UCLA, HUAC, ANTI-HUAC, SANE, INSANE, VFW, ROTC, MLF, SPQR, Draftees, Dodgers (and Mets and Yankees), Beatniks, Greeks, Pinks, and Finks who want our support for your stupid ideas, get them established and they'll have our passive support. But till that millenium comes, DON'T BOTHER US, you kooks. The Rose Bowl was bad enough without the BLC and its Burning Bush.

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THE PAPER

"The Paper" is published by students of Michigan State University as an independent alternative to the "established" news media of the university community. It is intended to serve as a forum for the ideas of all members of the university community on any topic pertinent to the interests of this community. Neither Michigan State University nor any branch of its student government, faculty or administration is to be considered responsible for the form or content of "The Paper."

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Morality At MSU: The Inhuman Comedy

By CHAR JOLLES

Humanism--the vital commitment to the full human development of each individual--means at MSU the full time employment of more and better academic advisors.

This personalism in outlining a curriculum will supposedly assuage the deeply rooted fear of dehumanization, inevitable in the bureaucratic mass known as the university.

Russell Kirk, columnist for the National Review and former MSU faculty member, called for a restoration of the "humane scale" to university education.

Education, he said, should be dedicated to the pursuit of ethical aims--"the development of the truly human person through intellectual processes"--and not to teaching the call of economic and social success.

Instead, we see the American university prostrate itself before the public demands, threatened with the loss of public dollars if it dares restrict enrollment or allow student protest to flourish.

Kirk, who fought for higher admission standards at MSU 20 years ago and lost, said American education was "decadent," because it lacked commitment to defined utilitarian aims. The hordes of students that demand a college education don't see beyond the promise of social advancement and economic security associated with the college degree.

The university, in kowtowing to public ultimatums, admits thousands more students each year, outlines long range improvement plans and ten-year budgets to win Ford funds, and exploits human learning research for new efficient ways to teach and administer tests. The horde graduates, clutching its B.S., and fills some more gaps in the well-oiled social mechanism.

However easy it is to attack the behemoth character of the modern university, the problem of size is incredibly difficult and amplified by the fact that the men at the top are powerless.

"The public institutions are in no position to say, 'we won't get bigger,'" said Ted Ward, director of MSU's Learning Systems Institute, in an interview last week.

"The pressures of society are such that the university must respond to them . . . The question isn't whether we should use, say, closed circuit television, but that we will have to. So many of these things just happen to us."

On the other hand, he felt that the existence of the basic college indicated remnants of moral fiber at MSU.

"If the university were just giving

in to society, general education, or basic college, would be thrown out and we'd start people off on pre-vocational tracts."

He saw "necessity" as an opportunity for the discovery of "more effective ways than the classical to do things in education. This kind of 'rising to the occasion' is only possible in a vigorous institution where tradition is not a restriction."

Kirk might reply that institutions, even vigorous ones, need the restrictions of carefully determined standards in order to maintain some kind of independence.

Along this vein, Ward asked, "Are we really assessing the needs of society correctly?"--implying that perhaps the university should say "no" sometimes to the legislature and the community.

He felt that the university could play a more significant role in the restoration of "moral values" in our society. In the current generalizations about our age, we are indeed characterized by our scientific realism, our rejection of traditional organized religions, our materialism, our nihilism.

However, Ward felt that the university "backs out of this area in edu-

cation" because of the difficulty in drawing the line between "spiritual values and religious contentions."

The moral values--the humane scale--that Kirk would like to see restored as aims of education actually aren't in conflict with traditional religious contentions. The full development of the individual in all his powers is a moral aim that the universities would do well to pursue.

To this aim of moral well-being Paul Dressel, director of MSU's Office of Institutional Research, would add "intellectual development and passing on the cultural heritage." He felt that a university should be selective in its response to public demands. For example, outside organizations will request that degrees be given in the vocations more status; the university decides to add a new program, basing its decision on expediency, on the hope of financial support.

Dressel felt that universities, characterized by expedient decision-making, do not serve as models "for the kind of person we want to turn out. We want a student who can look at a problem and know what sources to consult, who has a degree of open-mindedness, who stands for some-

thing, who'll make a decision and stick by it."

The university must stand for something, Dressel said. "It's the character of great universities not to be led around by the nose by anybody." He cited Harvard's staunch position on academic freedom during the McCarthy era.

"The university's character must be defined and preserved by those who have a long-term commitment here," he said.

Yet, the tension between the university as a change agent and as a preserver of existing social norms requires, it would seem, superhuman moral courage to resolve.

"Universities engage in research which might tend to bring about different ideas and values, and these conflict with the conservative's norms," Dressel said. The prevailing sources of support threaten, and the university is forced to look to the future.

Technically, he said, "The university should be a place where everybody has the right to say what he thinks--but it takes a pretty strong administrator or faculty member to take this kind of view."

The Greatest Show On Earth?

By STEVE HATHAWAY

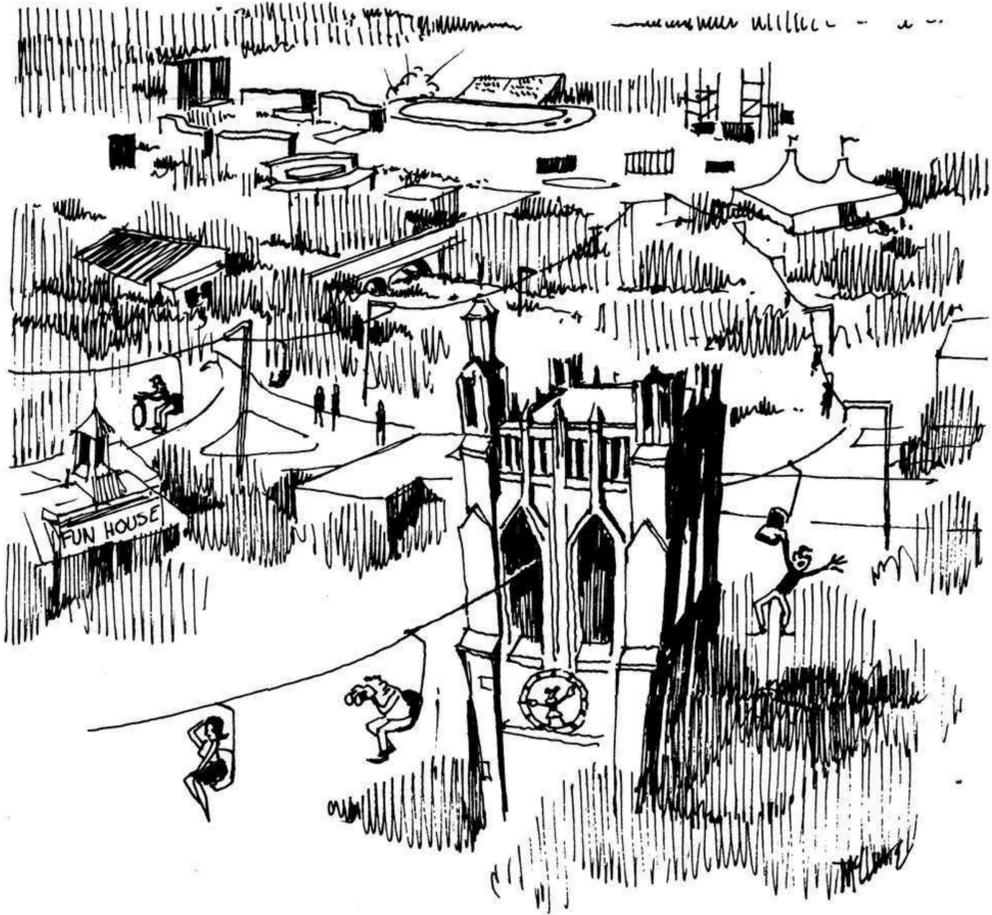
The on-campus students of Michigan State University may soon have the advantages of an amusement park, an Administration spokesman reported recently. The official, who wished to remain unnamed, stated that the administration was concerned about the happiness of its students. An amusement park, he said, would provide a necessary outlet for the student's anxieties.

"Students become frustrated," he said, "almost like anybody else. If we don't provide something for them to do, they fall into the habit of holding us responsible. This new popular entertainment thing is a start, but it doesn't accomplish everything that we would like to have done. We want to make it fun to live on campus."

The park will be located in one of two possible locations. The location favored is the field between the cyclotron facilities and Akers Hall. But there is some speculation that the space will be used to build an eighteen-story residence hall which will also hold much of the speech department along with a new livestock pavilion on the sixth and seventh floors.

The other location is the forest north of McDonel and Holmes Halls. A University planner was quoted as saying, "After all, it's only a bunch of worthless trees. I'd personally like to see them all cut down to make room for a building of some kind or another. The sight of all those trees bothers me; it's a challenge to see what we can do to make a worthless forest into something beautiful."

The park is planned as an extravagant affair, with activities sure to



please anybody. Something of interest to most freshmen will be a miniature racetrack where they will be allowed to drive little cars around a five-hundred-yard track with banked curves.

It is hoped that this will relieve frustrations caused by not being al-

lowed to drive a car on campus.

Another activity of interest to most students will be a cable-car ride which will cross the Red Cedar in four locations, allowing clever students to throw paper cups at other students

continued on page 8

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More's the pity. If we could afford bribes, we wouldn't need this ad. As it happens, we have to depend on people who can't be, or who at any rate don't insist on being, bribed. We don't care whether or not you can be bribed, as long as you subscribe to "The Paper." Fat lot of good it would do us if you COULD be bribed.

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Bourgeois Hope. . .

continued from page 1

--neither its inspiration nor its furthest outcome are even grazed by that word's overtone of brisk dismissal.

MAKING TROUBLE

Be it known at this point that, along with Larry Tate and one other publication, I firmly align myself against all the dumb (that is; humanly unjustifiable) things that are going on. One of the dumbest is personal non-involvement in civil rights (slightly less than 50 per cent of those who received a Cooperative Resident Pledge Card during ASMSU's Human Relations Week didn't bother to sign it); another is tokenism (slightly more than 50 per cent DID); another is idle criticism of endeavors to organize human resources toward some exercise of responsibility, however limited.

It was exasperation with these first two that sent me--curious about the Southern Negro (whoever HE is), more than a little ashamed of my privileged skin--along with 40-odd other troublemakers, southward toward the Magnolia Curtain.

A fellow troublemaker, James Agee, was referring to the STEP project, among others, when he wrote in 1936:

(a child, in growing, will) discover, and have to bear, something of the true proportions of the savageness of the world, and something of the true weight of responsibility which each human being must learn to undertake for all others, and something of the true magnitude of the terror and the doubt in which in each human being this responsibility must be searched out and undertaken; . . . almost any person, no matter how damaged and poisoned and blinded, is infinitely more capable of intelligence and of joy than he can let himself be or than he usually knows;"

We were forcibly taught the meaning of "culturally deprived"--sociologese for "damaged and poisoned and blinded"--during our first sunny days



'Bourgeois' STEP volunteer with (l. to r.) Carlton and Kenneth Oliver, Colby Cobb

of cultural shock and reorganization on the Rust campus; the 47 high school graduates in the Study Skills part of the program tested out on a ninth-grade level, by national standards.

Of course this was merely the average; we received also sub-bourgeois scribbles like the autobiography of an 18-year-old girl from Pascagoula:

In my family there 8 children, six older and one younger . . . I have guardian, Mrs. Hasty who I stay with have four children. Three boys and one girl. One of the boys is in the army, one in seminary (become a priest) and the other one is in high school. . . . My education really began at St. Peter Catholic elementary School were I attend for nine years including kindergarden were graduate from. Then I attend Carver high school for four years of which I am a graduate . . . I came to Rusk College for the summer program because I felt that the program would prepare me for my Freshment year at Rusk. I will attain Rusk College in the fall for about one or two years then I might transfer to Florida A & M University of the Navy or Army.

Much of our planned curriculum which seemed so enriching in Michigan had to be scrapped or revamped

to fit the overwhelming needs at hand. Complicating the whole issue was our amateurishness, for in this first time around we brought little experience with us and had everything to learn.

A SUCCESS?

Was it, as they say, a success? A futile question; no such thing can ever be pinned down for assessment. But: despite ourselves, and the pressing heat of one o'clock, and the hominy grits at 6:30 early, and the long planning sessions shading into morning; we managed to do most of the work, learn, teach some. The 33-page

official documentation tells better exactly how, and why Rust has invited STEP to return this coming summer.

Second-time STEP volunteers are going back for personal reasons, mostly. My own best memory is of an explosive two - hour session in the Western Lit course of Rust's summer term.

Nearly everyone was an elementary school teacher from Holly Springs--old and disinherited, "battered, grizzled veterans," as Dr. Idzerda put it, of decades of small losing battles . . . As they springboarded with growing self-confidence from "The Good Morrow" to talk of jealousy, self-hate and the beloved, and poetry as celebration, we drew tight into a circle of shared experience, Donne's, everyone's; till by the last half-hour I had to spend nearly all my attention on keeping back tears.

"The Good Morrow," as you know, is the one that begins, "I wonder, by my troth, what you and I/ Did, till we loved . . ." But enough. I think I'm lapsing into bourgeois sentimentality.

The upshot is simply this; the vitality of a project like STEP is such as to outlive both its detractors and those do-gooders who idealize their way into it, only to find themselves eventually educated despite themselves. This vitality has to do with, above all, people; and in its rock-bottom finality it is (Agee again) "a thing so strong, so valiant, so unvanquishable, it is without effort, without emotion, I know it shall at length outshine the sun."

RED CEDAR REPORT

By JIM DE FOREST

Many politicians junket to Vietnam and come back experts on the situation. Don't you wish you could become an expert in your major in a week, too?

* * *

Confucius say: Girl who go around with nose in air likely to encounter Bird of Paradise.

If gambling is illegal on campus, why are there vending machines?

* * *

The world is in a period of crisis, the results of which could alter the course of civilization for centuries to come! Meanwhile, ASMSU organizes turtle races.

The Real Lackey, A Memoir

Last week's sad demise of Douglas Lackey, a well-known campus radical and a close friend of ours, brings "The Paper" to its first obituary. Lackey in his all too brief career at MSU was president of the Socialist Club, founder of the MSU Film Society, and a member of the SDS executive committee. When we were called for comment, we replied, "It was God's will." Those of us who will remember Doug know he would have liked it that way.

The following is an appreciation of Doug, as we knew him, written by a personal friend. In the future we hope to publish Doug's manuscripts as they come to light.--The Editors.

(Ms. Lost in a Vault)

I first met Doug Lackey during the war on Pier 22 in New York Harbor. He was a small, sensitive featured boy, working the piers at night to support his aunt and the dark haired girl whose name he never mentioned to me or anyone.

Late at night I would bring my horn and Doug his violin, and till dawn we would play for the passing tug captain Doug knew and loved. Next day, after completing his normal sightings at the observatory, Doug disappeared, leaving behind only scattered man-

uscripts and instructions for posthumous publication of his longer plays. I was not to see him again until that tragic day in the hospital at Johannesburg, only days after he played his now famous role in the rioting.

Doug was weak, scarcely coherent --the horse was taking its toll. Returning three days later to Denver with Louise, Doug realized, after pressure from the embassy, that the radio broadcast was impossible.

That night, the phone rang. It was Marie, in San Francisco, pleading for Doug to come.

Next morning, in New York, I met Doug for the first time in many years. His features despite the scars, still held that blurred romantic look I remember so well from our days at Cambridge, where Doug published the first of his logistic paradoxes. Gaunt but erect, he was still smiling, the ever-present crutches always unnoticed.

But Doug was exhausted; the life-long struggle to further his ideals,

which had won the commendation of the General Assembly, had drained his body of its lithe strength, once the acclaim of the lacrosse world.

That night, after a desperate call from Anna, I rushed to the George Washington Bridge to prevent a disaster. Doug's despondency went far deeper than my worst fears. Running through the mist, I heard a faint cry above the roar of traffic. At the center of the bridge, I found scrawled a quotation from the Vedas, written in Doug's beloved Sanskrit. But Lackey was gone forever.

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ALL WELCOME

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"The Paper" also has classified sections for coming events, wanted, service, employment, lost and found, etc., etc.

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WAR OF THE BUTTONS: Little Rascals Au Francais

By RICHARD A. OGAR

Remember Mickey McGuire, the derbied, cigar-smoking little tough guy that Mickey Rooney spent most of his childhood portraying? Well, forget him: he may have commandeered his American-style hooligans with an iron hand, but he was nothing but a pussy-cat next to "Les Cent Gosses" ("The Hundred Brats"). Trying to prove that The Little Rascals were nastier than this band of genuine "enfants terribles" would be like trying to prove that Doris Day is sexier than Brigitte Bardot; only the most adamant chauvinist would dare deny that the Americans just can't cut the mustard in either case.

Oh, I grant that McGuire LOOKED tough, but would he have had the courage to lead his troops into battle naked, or suggest that an enemy prisoner be punished by cutting off his "zee-zee"? The glorious imps of "The War of the Buttons" do both in the course of a whimsical pre-pubescent gang-war, which begins (and why shouldn't it?) with a quarrel between school boys from neighboring French villages over who is legally

entitled to sell the postman T.B. stamps.

The war opens simply enough with a wooden sword and slingshot scuffle on a sandy battlefield, but it takes a delightful turn when Lebrand (this is merely a guess--I could never quite make out the name on the soundtrack), the victorious general, humiliates an enemy prisoner by ceremonially stripping him of his buttons, suspenders, and, by a natural chain of events, his pants.

Since--according to the bylaws of any decent gang--an insult to one is an insult to all, the enemy from Velrans, under the leadership of a gutsy boy named L'Aztec, ambushes Lebrand and revenges the indignity in true Old Testament fashion--a button for a button. Each side now bent on collecting the other's buttons like so many trophy-heads, the war steadily escalates until it involves a ten-year-old's version of a cavalry charge, and an equally juvenile armored assault.

This splendid little war has all the accoutrements of its far deadlier, if no more serious, counterpart: generals (chosen by as meaningful a system as any; the command post

goes to the boy with the longest "zee-zee"), charges, strategic retreats, snipers, turncoats (a royalist amidst Lebrand's republicans), and a forest headquarters. And, like their adult counterparts, these miniscule soldiers of fortune amuse themselves by singing, smoking, drinking, and making an occasional pass at a woman (in this case, at the little girl who nurses their wounds and patches their clothes). Moreover, each and every one of them can outswear the most contumelious Marine D.I. in the corps.

The film is primarily comic, filled with that whimsical brand of humor to which children seem particularly suited, but it also has its share of those moments which adults in after-years call poignant, even if they seemed pure hell when they were children: Lebrand suffering indignity with defiance only to break into tears once he is alone, or a turncoat's shame at having to face the friends he has betrayed.

The world of the film is a young boy's world, full of imagination and playing at manhood, full of exaggerated victories and unendurable de-

feats, bravado and tears, and above all, skinned knees and bloody noses. Only in a boy's world would a temporary truce be called to splint the leg or a rabbit injured in the charge.

But the world is still run by adults, and the war comes to an inglorious finish at the hands--or belts--of the village fathers, and Lebrand is forced to flee into the woods to avoid being sent to boarding school. In exile, like Napoleon, living off the land, Lebrand seems to prove that there is "nothing lonelier than a general," particularly in defeat.

Making films about children is always a risky affair: there is always the danger of forcing the children to act as adults think they should--something which no child worth the name ever does on his own. Most American films (with the notable exception of "Lord of the Flies," which was independently produced) fall into this trap, but "The War of the Buttons," although some of the boys are given lines which they deliver with a distinct sense of discomfort, generally remains well within the children's view of themselves.

The dubbing on the film is badly done, so that much of the dialogue is hard to make out, but the children say so much with their faces alone that it hardly counts as a loss; in fact, given a choice between watching them or hearing them, I'd much rather watch.

The Honest-To-God LAST Word On "Batman"

Well, gleeps. "Batman" is here. Variety reports that its ratings have been everything ABC hoped for, with both segments in the top ten. The radio plays the theme song every time I, at any rate, turn the damn thing on.

The whole world is talking about the show, for want (as usual) of anything better to talk about. It may be downright impossible to get out a publication nowadays in which "Batman" is nowhere mentioned directly or even alluded to.

What more is there to say? Well, CBS says the fad won't last. Let us hope that CBS is right.

"Batman" is "Superman" (we all remember the old "Superman" show--SURELY) with everybody winking at you like crazy. The formula is simple: take the hokiest old Saturday serial stuff, and play it ALMOST straight. That is, parody it; except that, of course, the original material was rank self-parody to begin with, which seriously cuts down the area in which the parodist has to work.

A week-in, week-out parody under such conditions cannot live by winks alone, and must rely (because a lot of its time has to be spent just telling a story, which the audience is supposed to be interested enough to follow) on precisely the same tastes that brought the old serials such success: the tastes for mindless, incessant action, for hit--'em-over-the-head simplicity in all matters artistic (plot, characterization, writing, etc.), for new gimmicks (and gadgets) every week.

But ABC could not put, for example, shows like "Ramar of the Jungle" or "Superman" into its crucial Wednesday-Thursday 7:30 slot. For reasons that are too depressing to go into, it is now popularly considered

--what?--chic, I guess, to take obvious trash and pretend that it's so bad it's good. This trash is labelled "camp." But "camp" (except for its extremists) is no good in itself, without the label self-consciously attached to it.

What "Batman" does, with all its sometimes funny but usually feeble parody, is to scrawl "camp" across the screen, so that nobody can call the show trash, or reproach himself for wasting time on it that he certainly wouldn't waste on "Superman" or "Ramar of the Jungle."

Parody is usually considered (stop me if I'm wrong) rather beyond the intellectual range of a mass audience, if only because it's so hard to find anything which can by common consent be called bad enough to deserve being parodied. "Batman"

seems finally to have found something bad enough, and (what is perhaps more important) to have found something not only bad enough, but possessed of a great, intrinsic popular appeal. "Batman," after all, is not that much of an exaggeration of a number of action shows on the air today. But the same audience that watches those shows and takes them seriously can condescend to the kiddie-show thrillers "Batman" so explicitly derives from.

It's a fascinating phenomenon, economically, sociologically, probably several other -ly's. At moments, the show is even fun. But it's so damn cynical, so expertly calculated, so--words fail me. Holy hell, Boy Wonder, holy hell.

LAURENCE TATE

THE GREATEST SHOW. . .

continued from page 3

in canoes. It will also provide an opportunity for students to view the construction going on about the campus.

"This is a large and great university," an administration spokesman was quoted as saying, "and we know that the students like it that way. We think nothing would please them more than being able to see it grow. We expect this to be our most popular ride."

He expressed great confidence in the students, saying that, for the most part, they were good Americans and would welcome the addition of an amusement park to the campus.

Another event expected to draw huge crowds is the shooting gallery, where students will have the opportunity to take pot-shots at pictures of

their favorite bad guys. Currently favored by the administration are: Paul Schiff, the entire Logos staff, the staff of "The Paper," the Zeitgeist staff, and three communists, as yet unnamed.

In order to promote the advantages of living on campus, use of the amusement park facilities will be restricted to on-campus residents.

"Students make a mistake when they move off campus," he said. "When they see how much fun on-campus students are having, they will want to move back into the dorms."

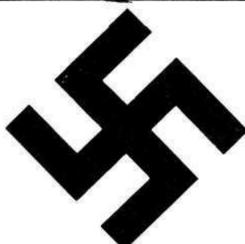
He went on to say that the university will harbor no grudge against those who "unwittingly cut themselves off from the fun" and will gladly accept them back into the dorms.

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Culture Fest II
(a happening)

FRIDAY AT SPIRO'S (8:30 - ???)

Folk Music, Poetry ETC.



**SPECIAL
SEX-AND-SADISM
BENEFIT SHOW**

This Saturday night, February 12, in Conrad Auditorium, at 6:25 and 8:30 p.m., the MSU Film Society will show Alain Resnais' "Night and Fog," a half-hour documentary about Auschwitz. (That's the sadistic part.) The proceeds will go to "The Paper." The regular show, at 7 and 9 is Ingmar Bergman's "The Naked Night." (That's the sexy part.) "The Paper" doesn't get the proceeds from that, but you might as well see both while you're at it. Both these films are masterpieces, of course. We wouldn't be associated with them if they weren't. But we thought we'd better try a Hard Sell, just in case. Please come. Get your kicks and help us make money at the same time. OK?

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Submit poetry, fiction, essays, photographs, etc.

201 Morrill Hall
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Department Of Bureaucratic Atrocities

'Yes, Virginia, There Is A University College'

The exchange of letters which follows was submitted for publication by Miss Keleher.-- The Editors.

January 17, 1966

Dear Dr. Come:

I read in the State News today that

CLASSIFIEDS

get results

Coming Events

EYEWITNESS in North Vietnam--a report by Herbert Aptheker, executive director, American Institute of Marxist Studies. (Dr. Aptheker has recently returned from a personal fact-finding visit to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.) Union Ballroom, Fri., Feb. 11, 8:30 p.m. Sponsored by MSU Socialist Club and May 2 Committee.

BERGMAN'S GREATEST: "Naked Night." Two showings Saturday, Feb. 12, at 7 and 9 p.m. Conrad Hall, 50 cents. Also Alain Resnais' "Night and Fog," a documentary of Auschwitz, 6:25 and 8:30 p.m., 50 cents (separate admission for the benefit of "The Paper"). MSU Film Society. Memberships available.

A SYMPOSIUM in honor of Negro History Week, Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8 p.m. sharp, in Anthony Hall. Speakers will be Milton Rokeach, psychology, Seymour Parker, anthropology-social science, and Stuart Dunning, Lansing attorney. State Senator Coleman Young will be a commentator. A question and answer session will follow. Daniel Walden will be the chairman.

HOLMES HALL FORUMS--Vietnam debate (speakers to be announced), Wed., Feb. 16, 8 p.m. Paul Schiff on academic freedom, Wed., Feb. 23, 8 p.m. Both in Room 106, Holmes Hall.

Wanted

WANTED: One or two male roommates for new three-bedroom duplex. \$50-55/month. Call 351-6516, 1730 Haslett Road. (If anybody cares, this is where the editors live.)

COUPLE with no children would like to rent apartment or house spring term, for around \$80 per month. Call 337-1587.

RHYTHM SECTION (piano, bass and drums) desired by horn man for summer resort gig. Must be versatile and experienced. If available, please phone Mark Gridley, 353-1967.

WANTED! Wealthy female to subsidize male genius. Must be neat! Phone 351-5529.

For Rent

MALE ROOMMATE needed in three-man luxury apartment for spring term at \$60 a month. Phone 337-1587 anytime.

Service

Now, there are bands on this campus that no high school freshman would be ashamed of. The "news" papers are full of them. So if you want noise, give them a ring. If, however, you're interested in sound, fantastic sound, book The Potatoes and live a little. For information, call Bob at 355-5382.

Personal

ATTENTION, GIRLS: Want to date an Ivy Leaguer? Our field representative is completing a study of female dating habits and attitudes on Big Ten campuses. Results will be distributed at various Eastern men's schools, including eight Ivy League schools. Make appointments at 4 p.m. Friday in lobby of West Holmes. EGAP Publications, Cambridge, Mass.

Godot is here. Call 353-1827.

Classifieds

351-5679 or 351-6516 or

Paramount News 211 Evergreen St.

you are in charge of revising the Social Science texts, and I am writing you in the optimistic belief that this letter will slip past your department secretaries, and that you will be at least casually interested in the reactions of one concerned student to the Social Science basics.

I am a junior English major and waived all three terms of Soc. because I'd been scared away by the typical University College complaints. My suggestions, then, reflect my total lack of exposure to any Soc. classes. But I'm quite familiar with the solemn group of texts now in use.

What would happen, Dr. Come, if you didn't revise those books, but threw them out altogether? What if you bombarded your classes with the great wealth of all kinds of materials available on the mammoth social problems this monster the 20th century has challenged us with? Wouldn't it be exciting to let all those social scientists in your department step outside the structure of those sometimes irrelevant, sometimes painfully inadequate articles in the present Soc. texts?

It has occurred to me that the ostensibly exciting concept of University Collee has become synonymous with mediocrity. In your department, for example, the more clever, interested students have probably waived the series in order to take higher-level social science courses. The group to which the fundamental concepts in the basic series is directed are either uninterested or incapable of assimilating these matter-of-factly presented lessons into a richer context of real social issues. I think you might consider what will be most worthwhile to this group in jolting them out of indifference, and, I think, really benefiting the disciplines of social science.

My suggestion: In three terms, you have approximately 30 weeks. Don't you think it might be exciting to select perhaps ten broad areas of current, relevant, yes, even controversial interest and explore these areas in depth? The complexities of contemporary America have provided problems of frightening importance, which students of any discipline must be aware of and ought to be able to discuss perceptively.

What about "The City and Suburbs"? Life Magazine did its year-end special issue on just this problem, and the implications are fantastic. (New York City has provided us with months of discussion on the ironies of mechanized society, via the Blackout and transit strike.)

What about crime and juvenile delinquency, and the problem of justice and police protection for the mass society?

What about the social implications of modern science?--test tube babies, birth control; they're real issues.

Education? What is it, anyway, and what are we compromising with mass education? Is an "A" on an IBM test in the Basic College indicative of academic achievement?

International affairs? We know what the UN is--but should it be? What is international obligation and does the U.S. have an international moral responsibility?

What can we say about mass culture and standardized values in the U.S.? What do 6,000 sophomore students think about social isolation and the recent charge that urban dwellers abandon their individual values and "don't want to get involved"? How about a big three weeks on utopias. (What better way to start next year's

French teachers and chemists on an exploration of what society is and could be?)

You can think of more areas of real, vital concern to a supposedly alert student body. Why not concentrate on a manageable few and aim for a pro-



gram that provides some experience in reading, thinking, and questioning critically what the college-educated citizen can demand from society and what he can give to it?

The texts currently in use by no means satisfy these demands, and however imaginatively the program is revised, it appears to me that any anthology is still representative of the editor's/editors' point of view. There are plenty of exciting, pertinent paperbacks available, and every week a new worthwhile periodical article somewhere.

How about using special features like the recent report on the Negroes' situation in America published by a Presidential commission? You must have numbers of specialists in your department who would be eager to pursue their own particular field; why not arrange for floating lecturers within the department to give a large number of classes their particularly enlightened views on the plight of the poverty-stricken Appalachia, and so on?

I'm pleading for two things: First, a real answer to the question of educating students from every discipline in the vital area of social science; and secondly, a creative approach to University College education at Michigan State.

Taking a stand now against structured textbooks and televised classrooms means a real stride forward for thoughtful, critical, self-education. A three-week dialogue in a basic social science course might yield other alternatives, but to me, that's what a university is all about. I will be interested in your committee's response to this challenge.

Sincerely yours,
Virginia Keleher



February 1, 1966
Dear Miss Keleher:

It was with much interest that I read the letter you sent me which made suggestions for changes in the topics and readings in the University College's Social Science course. I assure you that I am more than casually interested in your reactions to our program.

As you might surmise, course development has over the years taken up a considerable portion of the time, every and most thoughtful effort of the members of the Social Science Department. In the process of organizing and presenting the course

through readings and classroom work, practically all of your suggestions have come under consideration, and some of them have been given at least limited application. Renewed attention to these and other suggestions is being given currently.

It is obvious that the problem is how to select the best possible approach out of a number of possibilities. To determine what is "best" requires the establishment of certain guidelines--some of which I can briefly indicate.

To begin with, by the very nature of things, the approach must be within the framework of the social science disciplines. Most certainly social issues may be insightfully and intelligently approached by mulling over the views of novelists, philosophers, theologians, artists, journalists, and others. But all of this does not replace social science and its offering which must be the focal study in our course. I would be most interested in what you understand social science to be and how you think social science is related to our present-day society. I by no means gained any clear-cut conceptions of your views on this matter from your letter.

As a second guideline, the Department has over the years, sought to gauge students interests and the level of student ability and has made changes in the course as the student body has changed. Methods to learn about our students have varied greatly--ranging from the most informal, subjective evaluations to carefully designed, comprehensive surveys.

Among the several evaluations of the current Social Science course was one based on the reactions of pilot



sections of students who were assigned the books in mimeographed form before they were published for general use. The topics or issues as well as specific readings were reviewed by students in terms of their interest--value, significance in American society, their "newness" to the student, the general readability of the articles, and other bases.

In interpreting student-response data, a factor of importance is the background of the student. Different reactions in a broad-based student body come from different segments of the student population. I am, of course, forced to consider your comments in the light of the best judgment I can make about your characteristics as a student.

Apart from your self-characterization as a "junior English major," I would judge that you are an above-average student in your own field. Most likely you have not only been "scared away" from University College Social Science, but also have a minimal training, if not an absolute lack, in any formally organized social science discipline which makes use of modern methods, techniques, and accumulated knowledge.

It is not my judgment from experience that the "more clever, interested students" who waive University College Social Science actually do so "in order to take exciting, pertin-

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The Moral Value Of Fiction: Some Opinions

By BERNARD J. PARIS

Bernard J. Paris is an associate professor of English. The paper from which excerpts are reprinted here was delivered before the Faculty Seminar of the Humanities Research Center of MSU.--The Editors.

My doctoral dissertation, which was completed in 1958, has recently been published, in revised form, under the title "Experiments in Life: George Eliot's Quest for Values." My thesis, as the bookjacket informs the world, is as follows:

"After her rejection of Christianity and of pantheism, George Eliot had to reconcile the demand of her Christian consciousness for a guide of conduct and a sense of religious orientation in the cosmos with the interpretation of reality presented by the advanced thought of her day. In her novels, which she spoke of as experiments in life, George Eliot explored and tested the moral implications of the teachings of science in an effort to discover enduring truths which would ennoble human existence and replace the outmoded beliefs and institutions of the past."

Although all traces of my proselytizing zeal have been carefully expunged from the published text, the fact is that I thought that George Eliot had indeed discovered these enduring truths and that her novels were great because they embodied a vision of life that was at once true and meaningful. . . .

I was led away from George Eliot's theory of fiction not by new critical thinking so much as by my readings in psychology. I was receptive to the influence of such writers as Horney, Fromm and Maslow, however, because of certain prior events in my own history. While I was working on George Eliot, I identified with her position completely and felt no need to explain why she believed as she did. She saw things as she did because that is the way they are! Since her value corresponded to my own, I felt that through her experiments in life she had discovered enduring moral truths. Then a strange thing happened.

Completing the dissertation so altered my life situation and my internal economy that I began soon to notice a growing coolness in myself toward George Eliot's values. I was quite bewildered by this phenomenon until I read, in 1960, Karen Horney's "Our Inner Conflicts," which argued that certain defensive strategies are invariably accompanied by certain value systems and that, as one's psychological orientation changes, so do one's beliefs.

After I became aware of some of the forces that had been responsible for my own enthusiastic response to George Eliot's attitudes, I began to wonder why she had adopted them herself.

I have drawn a number of conclusions from this experience. During the period of my enthusiasm I felt that my study of George Eliot had made a great difference to my moral life, and hence I was ready to proclaim that "the novel, rightly read, can be an important source of insight and guidance to twentieth century man in his quest for values," that the novel "can lead to a vision of the dignity and purpose of life which will satisfy the individual's demand for a moral relation to the world!"

I now believe that men are, for the most part, psychologically predisposed to certain attitudes, values, and beliefs. When they encounter works of fiction in which their sense of the world is more fully and subtly articulated they have a sense of being profoundly influenced and of their lives being made more meaningful. Insofar as fiction can in this way

produce a more intense feeling of being religiously oriented in the cosmos, it has an unquestioned moral value. The beliefs and values that it re-enforces are, however, from an ethical standpoint, not necessarily good ones.

His encounter with the symbolic formulations of experience in fiction may, if there is a pre-existing harmony between himself and the work, give an individual a greater sense of being at home in the world; but I doubt that it will change his beliefs or affect him as an ethical being in any profound way.

George Eliot's theory of the novel as an instrument for the discovery of enduring moral truths is based upon the idea that however much men may differ in their theories they are one in their experience. If a moral posture can be shown to derive from life as felt rather than from life as thought it will have an impressive claim to validity and will flash conviction upon the world. But experiences of the world differ greatly, and we in fact respond strongly to only a small percentage of the works that we read.

For George Eliot's theory to have validity, her experience--or at any rate the experience presented in her novels--would have to be so universal as to be for everyone not simply a POSSIBLE, but a NECESSARY configuration of life. That the configuration dramatized in her novels was a necessary one for George Eliot I do not doubt; but I, for one, do not find in her works an illumination of how life is, but only of how it had to be for certain characters whose circumstances and psychological structures, though they occur frequently in life, are by no means universally characteristic of human nature and the human condition. As a matter of fact, I now find the patterns of experience dramatized in George Eliot's novels to be neurotic in nature. . . .

In an essay published in 1956 and in "Experiments in Life" I argued that the story of Maggie Tulliver is one of moral education, that Maggie by the end has resolved her inner conflicts and achieved an adequate philosophy.

I have just completed yet another essay on "The Mill on the Floss" in which I argue that Maggie's is the story of a neurotic development and

that Maggie at the end behaves in a compulsive and self-destructive way. My earlier analyses, I contend, were not of Maggie as she is dramatically presented but of the novel's interpretation of Maggie's acts, values and motives. Maggie's neurotic solution parallels the moral posture of the novel as a whole, and the novel suggests in various ways that her stance is a good one; but the Maggie that is SHOWN to us continually escapes the judgments and explanations of the narrator.

In effect, the characterization of Maggie is brilliant; George Eliot understands her perfectly from within. But her explanations of Maggie's attitudes and behavior are inadequate and often mistaken. This is an artistic flaw, for in the greatest art we expect judgment, conscious understanding, and intuitive insight to be joined harmoniously in an organic whole.

The real trouble with the narrative technique of Victorian fiction, I am tempted to argue, is that the author as commentator usually does not know what he is talking about. Two quite different modes of understanding and of discourse are mixed.

Well, if I am right about the novel's posture being neurotic, what are the implications of this for the moral value of "The Mill on the Floss"? Not many months ago I felt that the implications were quite serious. I argued in an essay on "Vanity Fair" that the illuminative values of that novel is seriously impaired by the absence in it of a non-neurotic value system:

As we have seen . . . the novel's . . . motifs are almost all neurotic in nature. They offer, therefore, neither fundamental insights into human nature and the human condition nor healthy values. Thackeray's conclusions about human nature are drawn exclusively from neurotic characters . . . they have wide applicability, but they by no means do justice to the potentialities of the species . . . Failures and frustrations are an inescapable part of man's condition, but Thackeray often presents as fundamental characteristics of the human lot problems that are essentially neurotic.

I believe what I say here to be true, not only of "Vanity Fair," but, with appropriate adjustments of a great many novels. What I now question is

my conclusion that the illuminative value of the novel is seriously impaired because it contains no healthy norms. . . .

Perhaps a few excerpts from an exchange of letters on this issue between myself and J. Hillis Miller will clarify my current thinking. Miller objected to my complaint that in "Vanity Fair" (and I would say the same thing about "The Mill on the Floss") neurotic problems are presented as though they were existential problems:

Aren't they? Aren't neurotics human beings too and don't their experiences have a certain absolute validity and authenticity? Doesn't giving them the nasty name of "neurotic" take away their authenticity, however highly you may praise Thackeray's portrayal of such neurotics, and reduce them to triviality? Who wants to take seriously the experience of NEUROTICS? This is related of course to my principal objection not only to psychological criticism but to every other kind of criticism which "explains" a work of literature in terms of some other system of thought, religious, philosophical, psychological, social, or whatever. To explain it in this way is to explain it away, to dissolve it into an example or proof or symptom of something larger and more important than itself.

If I believed in your analysis of Thackeray I should go to Karen Horney and be prepared to accept her as a great sage, but I should dismiss Thackeray, in spite of all you say about his genius, etc., as a "crazy, mixed-up, confused, neurotic." I can't, myself, see that a work of literature has value unless it has absolute value, value entirely in itself as the expression of a certain experience of existence, irreplaceable, unique, and not as proof that some other system of thought is the correct one.

After cogitating for several months, I managed to make the following reply:

Clearly, I must find a term to replace "neurotic", a word that has a curse upon it that makes it unfit for reasoned discourse . . . As for the Horneyan approach, I find it very exciting and am convinced of its validity . . . But I no longer give as much importance to the health or sickness of the value systems and experiences of life embodied in works of fiction as I did when I wrote the Thackeray piece.

In their sphere Horney and Maslow are far greater sages than Thackeray, and insofar as Thackeray ventures into their sphere it is appropriate to judge him in their terms. But Thackeray's--or any good novelist's--chief gift is far other than that of the psychologist, and his work has a value . . . and a validity that is in no way affected by his neurosis and his philosophic failures. Perhaps I can illustrate what I mean by reference to work that I am doing on Dostoevsky . . .

"Notes from Underground" is about a neurotic. The protagonist's attitudes, beliefs, values, etc., are not worth a damn when considered normatively (and I believe that it is possible so to consider them, though the validity of the norms cannot be conclusively established). This is no weakness in the work . . . ; for the work is about the character--nothing more--and it is perfectly coherent and intelligible when we read it properly.

The work has cognitive value as "the expression of a certain experience of existence," a value that is not diminished by the fact that the experience is a neurotic one. Horney understands all about this experience in ways that Dostoevsky does not. It is fortunate for the work that Dostoevsky keeps his mouth shut and does not try to interpret or judge his character.

Yet Dostoevsky clearly understands his character perfectly--intuitively,

continued on page 8

Is there a place in America today for the small businessman?



"The Paper" is sold each week at:

- | | | |
|----------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| MSU Union | Paramount News | Student Book |
| International Center | Marshall Music | Bigson's Book |
| Berkey | Disc Shop | The Questing Beast |
| Bessey | Spartan Book | Campus Drug |
| | Campus Book | |

News Story

By NOEL HORNBECK

Calling several Democratic and Republican leaders "filthy political prostitutes," John Carter, of the national Conservative movement, said that the checks-and-balances system in the United States has been "virtually destroyed."

Carter, whose speech at a Jack Tar Hotel luncheon was "sponsored by the Conservative Federation," compared Nazi Germany of the 1930's with the United States of the 1960's in its street demonstrations and destruction of local government.

He said that government power centralized in Washington will eventually cause children to be raised in a police state.

Discussing third-party problems in gubernatorial races, he said that in his home state of Virginia, Republican and Democratic platforms were almost identical. Only conservatives seemed willing to take controversial stands, according to Carter, who ran for attorney-general of Virginia in 1965.

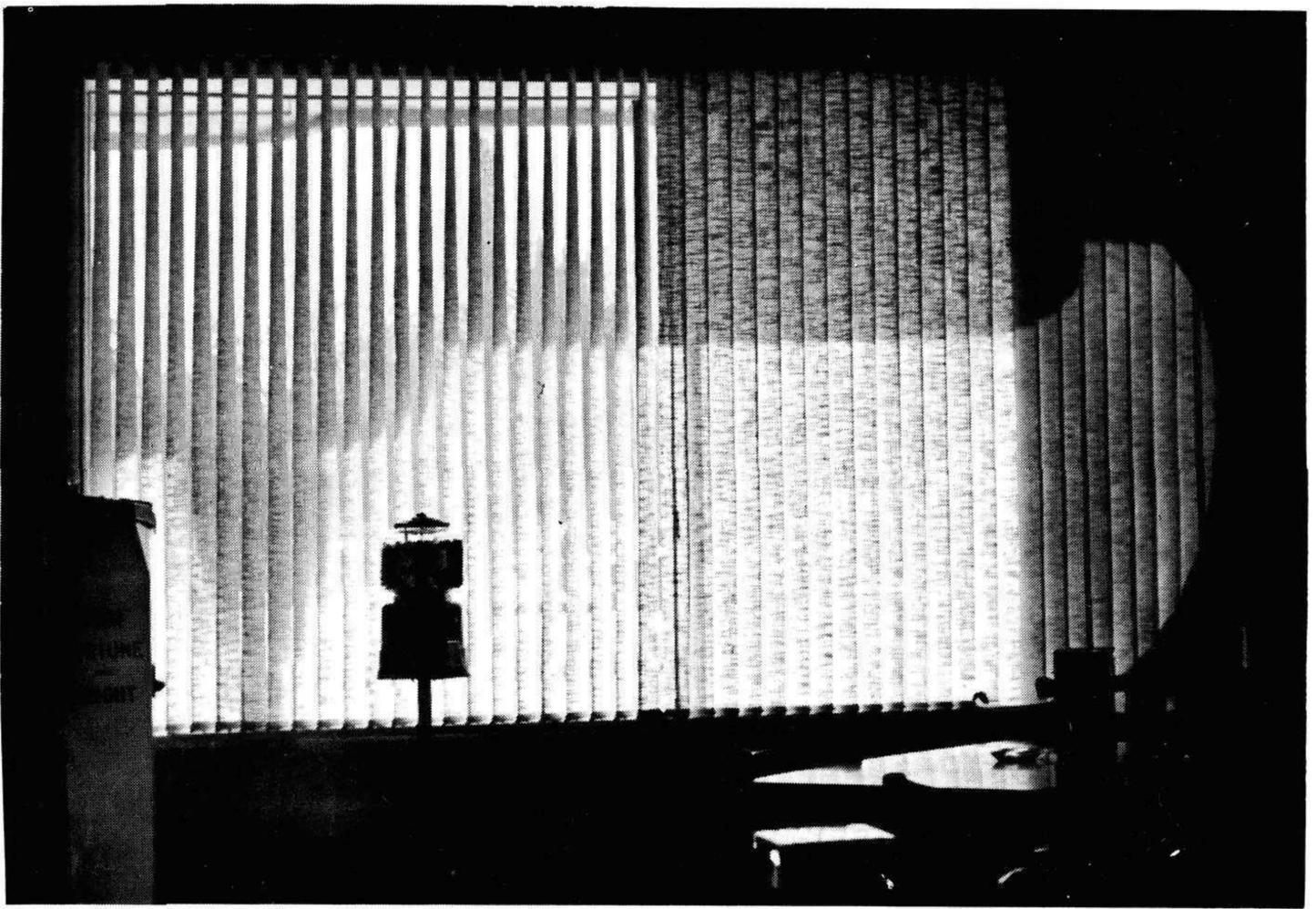
Virginia's Conservative party started with no funds, loose organization and 800 enthusiastic people at its first rally in a high school auditorium, he said.

Campaign funds were raised by means of a \$10-a-plate dinner attended by 500 people, according to Carter.

Mills E. Godwin, a Democrat, won the governorship by a plurality. Conservatives took 15 per cent of the state's vote, according to Carter.

Conservative losses were heaviest in the wealthiest areas of Virginia, Carter said, due to substitution of money as a value rather than patriotism.

John Carter is on the city council of Dansville, Virginia, and is an attorney. He has been past general chairman of the National Conservative Council and President of the Virginia Conservative council.



Moral Value

continued from page 7

from the inside--and presents a portrait that could never be replaced by a case history or an abstract analysis. Dostoevsky and Horney come at the same range of experience from quite different directions, and each gives us a possession of the experience that cannot come from the other.

The artist gets into trouble, as Thackeray does, when he interprets,

judges, and generalizes about the experience that it is his great gift to grasp intuitively and present dramatically. There is no reason why the artist should be wise or healthy, and the value of his work is not primarily dependent upon its wisdom or health.

The great illuminative value of fiction is that it enables us to contemplate certain configurations of experience (the forms of certain feelings, as Suzanne Langer would say) and it lets us know what it is like subjectively to have a certain sense of the world. It helps us to grasp from within phenomena that philosophy, social science and ethics treat objectively and categorically.

To ask the novelist to provide healthy values or fundamental insights into human nature and the human condition is to ask him to go beyond his gift. I do not regret the absence of moral norms in modern fiction, for I do not ask the novelist to be an ethical guide and I have no reason to trust his values any more than I trust those of his characters.

The trouble with "Vanity Fair" and "The Mill on the Floss" is not that they contain no healthy solutions; it is rather that they mix aesthetic presentation with discursive analysis. This impairs their artistic integrity, especially since the discursive analysis is inadequate to and often in conflict with their intuitive grasp of experience. George Eliot's experiments in life do present enduring truths--in that they are permanent and irreplaceable symbolic formulations of a certain sense of the world--but they are not the truths for which she was searching.

The preceding reflections began, you may recall, with the question: if I am right about the novel's posture being neurotic, what are the implications of this for the moral value of "The Mill on the Floss." I wrote to Hillis Miller that "even though I no longer go to George Eliot as a great sage, I still value her highly and go to her as a great artist who gives me a kind of knowledge that I find nowhere else of 'a certain experience of existence'."

Yes, Virginia,

continued from page 6

ent, higher - level social science courses." Rather they tend to elaborate approaches to social issues from their own disciplines, being apparently unwilling to embark upon the labor or to accept the disturbing consequences of a different conceptual analysis.

While this does not add to the ability of such students to critically analyze the approach of social science, it does present a problem with which I am much concerned. And I appreciate your letter as a clear-cut example of the problem. A number of persons share my concern and are seriously considering methods of furthering the flexibility in the Social Science course in order to meet the differing abilities, needs, and interests among our students.

Among the other guidelines for course development is the fact of a rapidly changing society which has an impact on the critical, social issues around which the course is focused,

Also the changing structure of the University, in terms of the number of students, size of classes, organization of new colleges and special schools, affect every individual course, especially those courses offered to a cross-section of the student body.

I have written as extensively as I have to give some indication of the scope of the problem which is faced in organizing a social science course in general education open to all students. It is more than possible that you will realize what that scope is and have offered your serious thoughts upon it. The members of the Department of which I am a member also recognize the extent of the responsibility. If you have other thoughts to share or any ideas you should like to discuss with me, I should be happy to make an appointment with you for any time which is mutually suitable.

Sincerely yours,
Donald R. Come
Professor, Department of Social Science

The Secret Life Of J. Alfred Mitty

The couple stood there, washed in the glow of the setting sun. Their bodies were framed by the red and white gas station with the big sign that said: "We Clean the Tiger Hairs Out of Your Tank."

"You're charming, beautiful, intelligent, and have a wonderful personality," he said, at the same time thinking: "I'd like to go to bed with you."

"You'd like to go to bed with me, you mean," she said.

"Why not? What ever gave you that ideal?"

"You mean you don't want to go to bed with me?"

"No, why should I?"

"You must be sick. See you later, Charlie." She trotted pertly down the street, leaving him alone.

"I've got problems," he thought. "I should go see my academic advisor."

"You should go see your academic advisor," said the dirty little old man who was standing behind him all the while.

Our Hero thanked the dirty little old man for his concern and then kicked his teeth down his throat for eavesdropping.

Being a home economics major, our Hero's had an advisor with an office in the Chemistry Building because such a location was brilliantly illogical.

"You're a student at Michigan State University," his advisor said. "No students of any other university can

make that statement. Think about that. You may go now."

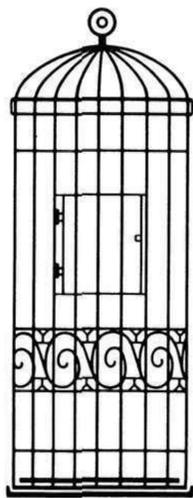
He went. Bright visions of the Ultimate Truth danced like sugar plums in his head.

"What's a sugar plum?" asked his roommate.

"How the hell should I know?"

And they all lived happily ever after. I think I'm going to be sick.

JIM DE FOREST



"Night and Fog"

6:25 and 8:30

"Naked Night"

7 and 9

Saturday, Conrad Hall

50¢ each showing