

Last week in the State News, Ron Karle criticized our "usual anti-everything attitude." We were shaken to our foundations (such as they are). Anti-everything? US? Not a chance. Why, our mothers always told us, if we couldn't say anything nice about somebody, to just can it, buster.

However, we DO have a few "pet peeves," the way everybody else does. Even Ron Karle. And we've decided to follow his example and admit at least some of the issues that have been bothering us. It's always a mistake to bottle these things up the way we have.

So--"The Paper" is against:

Negative attitudes; Pizza People; Identified Flying Objects; Time; Fate; Death; Jello; wilted lettuce leaves; fast, fast, fast relief; traffic fatalities; the Dodge Rebellion;

The PTA; the AMA; senior citizens; Consensus government; being prepared; presidential succession; the Great Chain of Being; being-for-itself; being-in-itself; halitosis; singing nuns; the Houston Astros; inhibitions; ankle bracelets;

disasters at sea; yogurt; Dutch doors; centers of gravity; The Worry In Being Close; living better electrically; phlogiston;

dirty old men; the Americanization of Emily; living-learning complexes; anti-intellectualism; anti-semitism; anti-evolutionism;

antidisestablishmentarianism; anti-histamines; Auntie Mame; fussbudgets;

balanced budgets; balanced diets; oral traditions; oral hygiene;

regular professional care; moveable feasts; moveable type;

general semantics; General Foods; food for thought; positive thinking; programmed learning; major scholarship winners;

moderation; extreme unction; the Dewey Decimal System; going steady; styrofoam;

alienation; nowhere men; Dean Rusk; charismatic leaders; paramilitary operations; lethal gas; non-lethal gas;

lethal non-gas; culture; the cinema as an art form; Hayley Mills; Hello, Dolly!; tan shoes;

pink shoelaces; twilight worlds; homosexuality; heterosexuality;

adolescents; outside agitators; Caring Enough To Send The Very Best;

Harris Tweed; Esperanto; kickstands; cue-tips; gamma rays; longitude and latitude;

elevator shafts; pneumatic tubes; bronchial tubes; toothpaste tubes; tight squeezes; conservation;

beautification; lady birds;

philosopher kings; phrenology; group therapy; explicators;

flagpole sitters; AND "sensation-seeking columnists and commentators."



How To Make The Best Of A Bad Situation, Without Really Trying (from a State News editorial on Merit Scholars): "Though certain MSU programs have fallen under sharp criticism recently, the University's record in bringing top students here deserves praise."

train your dog on

# THE PAPER

the publication on the make

Vol. I No. 14

East Lansing, Michigan, May 5, 1966

10 cents

## Greeks Weak

### A Look At The Old Frat Race

By LOUISE BONO

Somewhere on our campus, buried among MSU's thirty-odd thousands are thirty-two fraternities. So I am told. I'm not sure. For two weeks I've looked for some signs of activity from these organizations, but it has been to little point.

Somehow, the fraternity system here seems to be withering, and nobody seems to care. I had a pretty hard time finding a convincing original argument either for or against the Greek system. Or even a convincing unoriginal argument. There seems to be a general lack of interest in and influence from the whole system.

From a girl's point of view, fraternities are intriguing. (Sorry.) I've often wondered how so damn many guys can seem so alike, especially if, as the parade of buttoned-down paisley ties I talked to says, they are all different under their Brooks Brothers' skins.

Still, there was not much argument in favor of the fraternity system from all the Brooks Brothers twins I talked to. Most of the really thoughtful argument came from independents. One



ex-pledge, who dropped out for reasons of his own, said "Fraternities serve their purpose--the good ones allow people with compatible interests to get together, and the bad ones get the asses off campus."

But where do the fraternities hide? Except for a few service men who mind the visitors' check-in at Olin and do other Good Deeds, the fraternities seem to keep pretty well out of sight. Only during Open Rush, Greek Week and a few really big parties do fraternities noticeably change the campus atmosphere.

Many students, especially the independents, attribute the lack of interest to the big dorms with their matching girls' sides. One fraternity advisor I talked to said that there is less need for close organization here on a co-ed campus than there would be at a small men's school. And he was "amused" at the way many of the dorms are trying to copy fraternity life, with the exchange dinners and other social gatherings with sister floors, and the term parties, and all the other planned fun for dorm residents.

But George Hibbard, past advisor to



THE OLD BETA THETA PI HOUSE

elliott borin

the Inter-Fraternity Council, and his successor, Edwin Reuling, disagree. They feel that the dormitory system has not cut into the need for fraternities--in fact they are rather satisfied with the fraternity system as it is now.

They described the fraternity system here as purely voluntary--there is no outside pressure to join or not to join a fraternity. It is not like at some of the smaller universities and colleges, where the fraternity system still runs the school.

Even the apparent apathy is an asset. Hibbard and Reuling emphasized that fraternities are only a "part of the total community" and are supposed to function as such. Since there is no real pressure on men to join, only those who are really interested bother. They said that only about twenty per cent of those eligible in a freshman class ever pledge.

All the fraternity men I talked to at some point or another said (almost word for word), "Fraternities are supposed to develop the whole person." Only not too many seemed sure what the "whole person" is. One man said that when he was a new member, he learned "all kinds of things" from his big brother, that he "couldn't--uh--explain now."

The fraternities were recently in the news because their collective



grade-point had fallen below the all-university men's average. Frat men generally agree, though, that it is not fraternity living that has made the grade-point fall. (And Reuling said that he doesn't think the GPA is THAT far out of line, anyway.)

The rush handbook, in the section on scholastics, says, "The pledge, the lifeblood of the fraternity, is always promoted to strive for scholastic excellence so that he may be made an active member, as well as for knowledge's sake."

The two biggest complaints lodged against the fraternity system here are against the rush system (see "The Paper" Number 12) and the frat-rat conformity (staunchly denied by any number of frat-rats). Most of the frat men, when I asked them if fraternities were trying to combat the image of the frat-rat, looked aghast at the idea that there was even an image. Others, like one advisor I talked to, got petulant. (He looked like he wished I were a guy so he could sock me.)

There is something about the system that smacks of machine-made friends, even more sinister than computer-matched roommates. Even with the diversity (or repetition) of fraternities here at MSU, men find themselves a niche and settle into it.

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- anti-zeitgeist, anti-"judith"
- anti-film critics
- anti-faculty committee
- anti-scholarships, anti-football
- anti-greeks

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**LETTERS**

**The Way Of The Dodo**

It is with deep conviction in the urgency of the topic that I am about to discuss that I write this letter, in hope that something will be done to remedy the situation. As I lay in bed last night attempting to capture the soothing tide of sleep, it occurred to me that very few American women suckle their young ones. Upon realization of this unnatural state of affairs, it further dawned on me that the American female mammary glands are fast becoming vestigial organs!

Due to the never ending process of evolution, I ask, is it possible that the discontinuation of the primary function of mammary glands will bring about the breakdown in the genetic composition necessary to transmit mammary genes to our posterity? Of course mammary glands have served a secondary function, that of preliminary sex play, but is this enough to sustain their genetic continuation? I confess that I lack the necessary scientific knowledge to answer that question, but I doubt that the secondary function will suffice.

It is, therefore, with this conviction that I have established the "Society for the Prevention of the Evolutionary Extinction of the American Female Mammary Glands." I extend an invitation to all MSU coeds to dedicate themselves to the propositions of the SPEAFMG and to the happiness of future generations.

Kathi O'Leary

**The Music Man**

The viewpoint, commonly held among journalists, that anyone who has read a book on music, knows a few recordings (especially of what they would mistakenly describe as "classical" music), can whistle a tune or two, etc., qualifies as an authority on music, and as such, is well-equipped to hold forth on musical issues, was perpetuated by "The Paper" in its April 28 review of the Beaumont String Quartet concert. Mike Durphy's impressions of the performance cannot be taken seriously if only because he revealed such remarkable naivete in his discussion of the compositions.

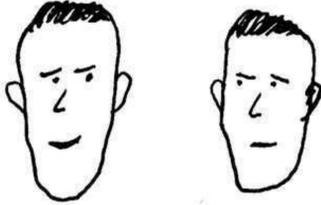
Bartok was not experimenting with new tonal and rhythmic effects in the Sixth Quartet as anyone who is really familiar with his works and idiom knows. For nearly every device used here, one can find a precedent in his earlier works and in the music of other composers, as well. Indeed, this quartet represents part of a return to a style less severe and more humanistic than that found in the third and fourth quartets. Durphy undoubtedly considered himself quite erudite to be able to refer to Bartok's "fondness for quarter tones," but his statement simply manifested ignorance of the fact that Bartok's usage of quarter tones is extremely limited even in the few works of his in which they are found.

Only a person with a highly unsophisticated ear could possibly describe Niblock's First Quartet in terms of its "south-of-the-border harmonic influence." To construe any influence at all, one would have to go somewhat north and considerably east, as a matter of fact. The esoteric-sounding account of Hindemith's Third Quartet said essentially nothing with a flowery inarticulateness worthy of any small-town newspaper.

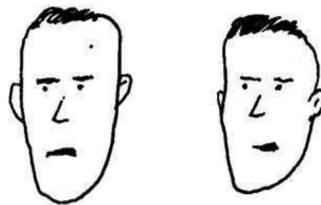
Durphy's affinity for doggerel and general mishmash is evident in his poem, "Coin," on a later page in

I HEAR THAT THE U.S. IS GOING TO ALLOW FREE ELECTIONS IN SOUTH VIETNAM.

THAT'S RIGHT.

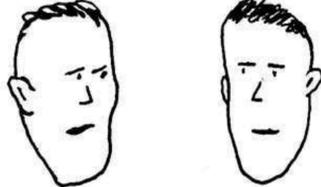


THEN IN THE MEANTIME, WHY DO WE KEEP ON FIGHTING AND BOMBING?

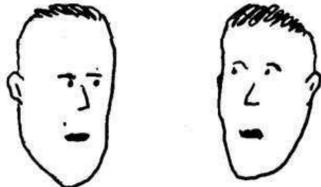


AND WE'RE GOING TO ALLOW EVERYBODY TO VOTE.

UH HUH.

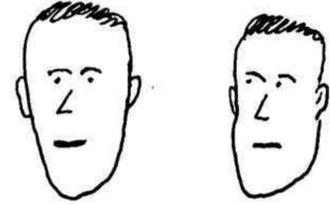


WE'RE TRYING TO KILL OFF AS MANY POTENTIAL COMMUNIST VOTERS AS POSSIBLE.

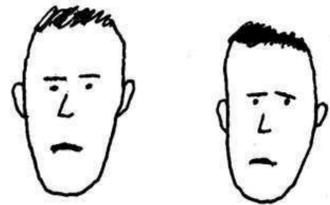


AND IF THEY ELECT A COMMUNIST GOVERNMENT, WE'LL HAVE TO ALLOW IT TO STAND.

YUP.



OH.



Charles Hollen

Social Science And Reality

**A House Is Not A Home**

By JON AARONSON

It seems to me that the thinking in some circles concerning the MSU Group operation in Vietnam has been poorly focused. The thinking I have in mind has largely centered on the personalities involved. Some of these questions are: Is so-and-so a whore? If so, what makes him tick? And then, can he be "reached"?

More usefully, I think, the intimacy between a university and a national government (as represented in its intelligence apparatus OR in its diplomatic agency) raises some important questions about the character of higher education and the proper roles of educational institutions.

These questions cannot be resolved simply on the policy level. Assuming, that is, that we don't perceive the War on Poverty as so much bread and circuses, and that at least in principle we see it as well-intentioned, we must ask the same question: what is the proper role of university personnel in a government program?

To begin useful examination of this question we must first recognize that MSU's involvement in Vietnam represents more of a trend than an aberration. This trend seems to have two dimensions. First, other high- and low-status institutions of higher learning have become or are moving

the same issue. "The Paper" should consider engaging a person with at least a dilettante's insight to handle its write-ups. In the meantime, it could always employ Durphy's rather meager talents to dream up a more imaginative name for itself.

Theodore Johnson  
Ass't. Prof. of Music

**Every \$5 Helps**

After reading Ron Karle's column in the News, I was moved to find my check book.

Fine job on the CIA affair.  
Thora Guinn

toward becoming uncritical, nonautonomous partners in the execution of national policy. Here we must be careful to note that this is not the same thing as saying that the university is or should be isolated from society. It is necessary to distinguish between appropriate and inappropriate social service.

It is proper, indeed indispensable, that universities act as communities of social gadflies. This is, perhaps paradoxically, the meaning of calling a university a social institution. It serves society by taking it to task, systematically defining social problems, and then by developing imaginative solutions to those problems. This means, in passing, that a disinterested search for truth is at best a myth. A student or researcher chooses a subject for study precisely because he is interested in it—personally as well as intellectually.

The question then turns on the mat-

ter of autonomy. To ask academicians to be completely objective as teachers or as researchers is to ask them to be less human than others. Moreover, the demand for "objectivity" is often translated into the norm of pedagogical pluralism. Pluralism in this context means that it is vicious for a teacher to articulate his own values in a classroom—"those college kids are so immature and impressionable"—and that it is virtuous for him to present, in as detached a fashion as possible, the various "sides" of an issue. If the university were serious about pluralism, it would recruit the devil and dispense with the need for advocates.

How is this related to the central question of academic autonomy? It is to indicate that educational conflict is not the same thing as conflict of interest in education. It is to suggest that it is quite legitimate

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**THE PAPER**

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

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# A Physical Fitness Plan For The Multiversity

By CHAR JOLLES

In defense of the multiversity, three complementary arguments seem to dominate around here.

(1) "We can bring an awful lot of students a long way." (Craig Johnson, assistant director of the Educational Development Program.)

(2) "It raises the general level of taste in our society." (A professor of philosophy.)

(3) It "gives everybody a chance to let loose and perhaps even to learn something." (Douglas Lackey, in "The Paper," March 28.)

According to the last argument, the institution of higher learning today is simply another one of America's escape valves--like television and movies--which allow us to plunge into anonymity to compensate for our boring, spirit - breaking, affluent lives. Given the status quo, I'd much rather be here where I might even learn something than out writing trivial feature articles for some journalistic representative of our nation's mass media, and for this reason I would endorse the multiversity, too.

The question arises, however, of what exactly DOES happen to the "awful lot of students" during their four years of coming "a long way." Does the multiversity really raise "the general level of taste in our society"? A study published in 1963 by Irvin Lehmann and Paul Dressel, both of MSU's Office of Institutional Research (that department which does time and motion studies of faculty efficiency, I understand), may be enlightening here. The report, called "Changes

in Critical Thinking Ability, Attitudes, and Values Associated with College Attendance," reveals, among other things, the nature of the educational process and the substance of many a student mind at MSU.

One would think that as the hot-house of unbridled skepticism and experimental, creative thinking, the university would turn out "irritated people," as Herbert Weisinger, chairman of the comparative literature program, once put it. One would think that high quality education would mercilessly expose us to alternatives and radically alter our tradition-bound value systems, making us dissatisfied with our own society.

But, according to the Lehmann-Dressel study, although there was a "significant improvement" in critical thinking ability and a general tendency to be more open - minded, these changes were not that drastic, and they occurred in both students who had been here four years and those who withdrew sometime during the first three. In addition, all students tended to become more "tradition-value oriented."

One might say that these changes occur in people simply as they mature, or for any number of reasons that aren't directly related to higher education. Lehmann and Dressel add that the university might serve as a catalyst, speeding up changes that ordinarily occur as an individual matures.

From what I know of "maturity" in this society, it doesn't mean irritated, dissatisfied social critics--

it means complacent, accepting conformists. Indeed, Lehmann and Dressel support my conviction that through subtle educational process we are taught how to "adjust" to our society, how to limit our freedom to the established frameworks, how to operate within and sometimes to beat the system:

"Attitude changes were generally in the direction of acceptance of more conventional positions (pertaining to dress, morals, and behavior), reflecting perhaps a tendency toward conformity to prevailing cultural values and attitudes." (p. 168)

The university obviously doesn't teach conformity, but "these changes (in attitude) could be a reflection of the cultural attitudes in both the college and societal settings." (p. 168)

Lehmann and Dressel imply that this reflection is not desirable: "The magnitude of change in certain beliefs, ideals, interests and attitudes certainly leaves much to be desired in terms of the professed aims and objectives of colleges and universities." (p. 162)

Indeed the magnitude of change isn't very generous. After a closer look at some of the specific changes that occur after exposure to higher education, one might even say they are innocuous and unimportant.

For example, regardless of sex or amount of education, the individuals generally 1) expressed uncertainty re their future plans; 2) felt they had become more liberal in outlook; 3) felt that a college education should place equal emphasis on both academic and social aspects of development; 4) affirmed in the value of scholarly achievement and devotion to studies (I find that hard to believe); and furthermore:

"Regardless of sex and amount of college education, the majority of subjects felt that Red China should not be admitted to the U.N., that medical care for the aged should be provided by the federal government, that the U.S. should continue nuclear testing in the atmosphere, that petting and deep-kissing are appropriate sex outlets for unmarried college students, and that a person in a skilled trade is worth as much to society as one in a profession." (p. 158)

These are examples of some of the changes that come probably with "maturity," and which higher education probably "speeds up." Some changes that seem to occur more frequently with more education include:

1) more tolerance of the professor's right to adhere to any ideology

or political belief of his choice and to broadcast this belief in the classroom; 2) more emphasis on getting good grades; 3) more interest in getting a well-rounded education and less in preparing for a vocation; 4) more susceptibility to the impact of courses and instructors; and 5) more doubt about moral and religious absolutes, more interest in world affairs, more tolerance of different human types and different standards of behavior, more confidence in one's thinking ability, and of course, better understanding of others.

Many of these changes, whether implicit in maturity or provoked by education, are good; most of them are unimportant, and one might say, so socially acceptable that they aren't relevant to what this world desperately needs. For example, there may be more interest in world affairs, but nowhere is there evidence of an impulse toward internationalism. Better understanding of others and tolerance doesn't have anything to do with Red China or disarmament. The trend indicates skepticism in the face of moral and religious absolutes, but no attempt to reaffirm in some kind of universal ethical humanism.

Indeed, "the magnitude of change in certain beliefs, ideals, interests and attitudes certainly leaves much to be desired . . ."

Lehmann and Dressel suggest several means by which the university can either perfect its role as catalyst or assume the role of a change agent. These suggestions include:

- 1) Bridging the gap between the classroom and informal discussion (e.g., through the living-learning arrangement);
- 2) More study of the effects of "in loco parentis" to determine whether it might deny some students the "opportunity to have certain experiences";
- 3) Teaching the students to be more objective, scientific and rational in their approach to problems;
- 4) Paying more attention to the students' social and emotional development by, say, giving students a more serious voice in both academic and nonacademic decisions;
- 5) Promoting independence and experimentation through, say, independent study, relaxation of formal living regulations, and encouragement of the free exchange of ideas;
- 6) Keeping university enrollment open to students of all attitudes and values, "or else students will be denied their greatest teachers--their peers."

## Wild - - - Wild!!!

By W.H. and S.M.

Recently two naive with-philosophical-bent psychologists attended a meeting of Michigan State's "philosophical community" with Professor John Wild of Yale University. Professor Wild is the contributor of such noteworthy works of phenomenological literature as "Existence and the World of Freedom," "The Challenge of Existentialism," and other similarly-oriented publications.

John Wild fortunately came to Michigan State with a profound insight into alienation, as is evident from his survival of the put-him-up-a-tree attacks by the "brightest minds" of the "philosophical community" here.

John Wild spoke on the risks and the enhancement of creative prospects which ensue from the freedom resulting from one's being open to experience. That these enhancing prospects were foregone by this rapacious gathering is obvious from the somewhat exaggerated but in-essence-correct dialogue below, in which Professor Wild was made to do crude jump - over - the - fence - type tricks. These are the observations of these two verdant, philosophically-bent psychologists . . .

Dr. Wild: I have accepted the invitation to come to MSU with gratitude and in hopes of sharing some of my experience with you.

Analytico - mathematico - logico predator: Ah--Dr. Wild, I see thirty-seven inconsistencies in that statement.

Observation: At this point pride swelled in the hearts of the MSU faculty, not because the predator could count to thirty-seven but rather . . . "I'll bet a student at Harvard could have thought of only forty inconsistencies.")

Dr. Wild: I have shared with you some of my thoughts, and now I ask you to introspect and see if you find anything similar in your experience.

Student: But that terminology needs to be qualified more! It begs the question of Kant, Hegel, Spinoza,

Locke, Plato and Aristotle, Dr. Wild. You must answer these questions before we even consider experience.

Dr. Wild: I am sorry. What I am asserting is more simple than that. It is merely this: people have what I call experience and affective states, and I want to investigate the reasons why they haven't been treated in traditional philosophy as such.

Student: But . . . things are much more complicated than that. You are forgetting the minor but not irrelevant point of Melvin Snerd's categorical substantiation of normative-substantive - philosophico - stereojargonery.

Dr. Wild: I must confess that I have no experience with that type of stereojargonery, but I ask you this: is one's body his anchor in the world of perception or does he have no anchor and, like a spirit, float around in the atmosphere?

Student: From a question like that, Dr. Wild, I can only conclude that you aren't even doing philosophy but are ONLY psychologizing. To be more specific, if you put your brain in a robot, does it have "awareness?"

Dr. Wild: I must confess that my brain has never been a robot, hence, I am unable to give you any information. I apologize, still I would like to DO phenomenology here; I ask you if you have ever had an experience, and if so, why has this aspect been neglected and why is there no language with which to speak about it?

Student: But you can't put that into a formula, can't deduce it, can't talk about it. What good is it? In short . . . you have nothing to tell us.

And indeed Dr. Wild didn't say too much, not because he had nothing to say, but rather, he was out of breath from jumping over the fences that the audience was rapidly constructing. Oh yes! There was a prize awarded to Mr. Whitecliff for the longest disturbance of Dr. Wild's train of thought. Scurrilous! Scurrilous!!

## PAUL KRASSNER . . .

- 1) believes in humane abortion;
- 2) advocates freedom, for students, minority groups, narcotics users, atheists and Lenny Bruce;
- 3) is funny and aware;
- 4) edits The Realist to prove it;
- 5) wears denim jackets and uses profanity;
- 6) probably doesn't like the CIA;
- 7) will speak at MSU this Saturday.

8 p.m. Saturday Union Ballroom

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In the past year, ZEITGEIST has sponsored three "Culture-Fests" in the East Lansing community in an attempt to once again give vitality and relevance to the reading of poetry and fiction, combining such readings with folk music and jazz. The name, "Culture-Fest," was originally meant to be ironic, but so many people in our culturally-deprived university community took it seriously that we let it stand.

ZEITGEIST III



ZEITGEIST CULTURE-FEST III

bob waber

## THEATRE

# 'Judith': A Mixed Review

By LAURENCE TATE

Whoever decided to do Giraudoux's "Judith" in the Arena was presumably relying on its theatrical assets: a long, showy role for a good leading actress; consistently literate, often witty dialogue; a number of well-conceived individual scenes.

Vance Paul, the director, has largely realized in the current production the potentialities of the material. He has got intelligent, restrained performances from most of his actors, including a really superb effort from Earlene Bates in the title role; and under his direction certain scenes, notably in the second act, play very well indeed.

Unfortunately, the play's deficiencies far outweigh its virtues, and the production sinks under the weight of its talkiness, tawdriness, and incoherence.

Giraudoux bases his action on the ancient story of Judith, the Hebrew girl who saved her people by giving herself to, then slaying the tyrant Holofernes.

His technique is essentially to take heroic myth and humanize, that is to say, trivialize it. His Judith is a vain, shallow girl who kills Holofernes, her true lover, because their continued life together could not match the perfection of the first night.

Oh, there is more to it than that; I'm not sure how much more, since everybody's diction seemed to fail

at certain crucial moments and my attention seemed to wander at others.

Giraudoux repeatedly sets up contrasts between hypocritical piety and common sense, between religion and humanism. Holofernes (a remarkably strong, articulate characterization by Eberle Thomas) and Judith's father have eloquent moments in defense of man. In the end God triumphs, and Judith is persuaded to assume her role in the myth, referring to herself as "Judith, the saint."

In the context of the play, however, it is hard to take any of this very seriously. One of the major problems is that the characters spend so much time standing around exchanging aphorisms and pretentiously analyzing each other that they have no time to live. Facility with language is consistently substituted for clarity, substance, and relevance. The play virtually talks itself to death.

There is a long scene in the second act in which Judith is tormented in the enemy camp by three homosexuals and a procuress. It is diverting enough, heaven knows (and well played -- Emmet Faulkner stands out as the principal tormentor), but it is not much more than sheer theatrical self-indulgence on Giraudoux's part.

And by the time an uncomfortably coy angel appears in the last act, the impression has long since set in that the author's real concern is with

flashy effects, regardless of the dramatic consequences.

With all that said, there remain individual contributions of the Arena that deserve notice. J. Michael Bloom's costumes catch perfectly the mixture of elegance and showiness that the play demands.

The performances of Chilton Cunningham, R. Mack Miller and (to a lesser extent) Terry Williams are quietly expert. George Kovach needs to work out some rough spots in his more elementary scenes, but projects an admirable sincerity in his more dramatic scenes.

I only wish the taste and intelligence that went into this production had been put to use on better material.

Looking for something? Perhaps you read it in "The Paper" before your roommate put your copy in the hamster's cage. Why not replenish your supply and keep the whole set.

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

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## The Culture-Vultures

By GREGG HILL

Friday night's Zeitgeist Culture-Fest III was a smashing success, financially. Billed as a "happening," it featured poetry, fiction, art, satire and folk songs. Conspicuous by absence were "jazz, 1950's radicals, activists, anarchists, haruspicators and other unique things."

The success can be attributed to the large crowd which coagulated in the smoke-conditioned back room at Spiro's cafe. Admission charge was a dollar a "head." This and the art sale at the entrance made the evening a profitable experience for the Zeitgeist people.

"Happening master" Michael Williams started the evening with a monologue on the uncertainty of Culture-Fests. "Whether you know it or not you are here to wait three hours for nothing, nothing at all." To excite the crowd still more, he added, "You don't know what's happening; neither do we." His statement aptly summed up what was to follow that evening.

Heading the seemingly endless procession of folk musicians was Ed

Henry, doing a banjo medley--"Cripple Creek" and "Flop-Eared Mule." Henry's musical competence cannot be doubted, but the crowd did not respond until later in the set. Somehow the line "Young man if you don't marry me, I'm gonna blow off the top of your head" stirred up the crowd.

The next song, "music in a lighter vein," contained a stanza about a mermaid. Roughly, it went, "She was a little bit skinny, a little bit frail, but boy oh boy what a piece of tail." This elicited leers and laughter from a nearby table of elbow ribbing culture-lovers who, several moments before, were preparing to leave.

With this, Henry left the audience with a vague feeling that something might have "happened."

A poetry reading followed. One poet, Alan McBeth, prefaced his reading with the humble comment, "Only one apology for these. They're not very good." He was right. A single image reappeared throughout the selections with variations in each poem. At times McBeth's preoccupation with "blood and tears" approached bathos. However, his last poem, which he termed an "anticlimactic finale," appeared to have a successful impact.

At this point, Williams preserved the mood created by McBeth by declaring the evening to be "totally alienated." Then, after a rather uninspired effort by folk singer Ted Johnson, the subdued tone of the program was broken by "fablist" Ken Lawless.

The Lenny Bruce of the University College set, Lawless managed to shock the crowd out of their stupor with assorted obscenities and cute little tales of sex and sadism. Of course his intention was to shock (it's Art, all part of the happening) and to transform whatever uneasiness resulted into laughter. In this he succeeded very well.

One fable described a frustrated boy who decided real guns were more fun to play with than toy ones. The crowd howled in delight as Lawless described the kid shooting friends, neighbors, parents and cops.

Another fable described the sexual adventures of a twenty-year-old virgin named Marcelle. It included every form of perversion possible and was sprinkled throughout with Lawless' trademark, anal preoccupation. A reference to draft beer diarrhea was the biggest crowd-pleasing line of the night.

Satisfied that his fables were successful, Lawless ventured to read a couple of his more serious poems. Comparatively, they made the bathetic poems of McBeth seem like light verse.

Subsequent "happenings" returned to the level of excitement which was present before the appearance of Lawless and his remarkable ability to shock artfully. The procession of folk singers and poets continued, the same way it started--hopefully.

After three hours of waiting for nothing, the fourth seemed too depressing to face. The closest things to happenings had been feed-back from the microphone and a fire in one of the ashtrays.

Reprinted from the Saturday Review, April 30, 1966:

"ZEITGEIST: A NEW QUARTERLY. The best of college writing. \$1.50 per year. Box 150, East Lansing, Michigan."

## Red Cedar Review #4

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

is coming soon

# The Road To 'Alphaville'

By DOUGLAS LACKEY

"Modern cinema" is a slippery term, which has developed an unhealthy variety of meanings. This is so because everyone takes his favorite director and claims him to be the founder of it. Thus many baptize Griffith "the father of modern cinema" and say that modern film began with "Birth of a Nation" in 1915. Still others take Eisenstein as the eponymous hero, and date modern cinema from "Potemkin" in 1925. A third group puts the dividing line in the early 1940's, with the turning point either Welles' "Citizen Kane" (1941) or Rossellini's "Open City" (1944). Finally, there are those like myself who feel that it makes no sense to speak of modern cinema before the breaking of the New Wave in 1960.

There are, I feel, good criteria for thinking the first three uses of the term improper. First, anything "modern" must by definition be preceded by some past tradition, against which the "modern" forms some sort of contrast. But, save for Melies and a few comedies, there is little of real substance before Griffith. It is foolish, then, to call his films "modern." Second, the definition of modern must be capable of including a good percentage of the films being produced at the present moment (films with artistic intent, that is--I am using "cinema" and "film" in deliberate contrast to "the movies"). On this ground we must rule out Eisenstein, Welles and Rossellini. Eisenstein's main stylistic innovation--the

arbitrary montage unit which juxtaposes two disparate elements to form a new visual idea (the slaying of the workers and the slaughter of the bull in "strike") died as a device in the early '30's. To Eisenstein, too, goes credit for the establishing of cinema as a significant art form, but this belongs to the history of taste, not to the history of the form itself. Welles introduced a barrage of light tricks, camera tricks and other devices to Hollywood, but we need only look at the cliché-ridden "masterpieces" of the Hollywood '40's ("Best Years of Our Lives"--1946; "Treasure of Sierra Madre"--1948) to realize that these changes were only superficial. Rossellini brought to cinema an intense passion and an authenticity that was stunning compared to what went before--but the authenticity of his work derived from its content: what was said, not the way it was said; and it is only a new way of speaking that can define a new style.

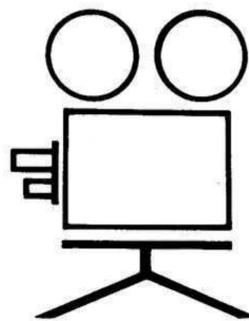
In 1960, however, people did learn a new way of talking in the cinema, a way that dominates today's production. Thirty years dormant, the sound film shook off its literary ballast and claimed for itself autonomy as an art form. With the advent of the talkies, the cinema had become a slave to dialogue; the conventions of the stage became the conventions of the screen--films were plays that someone happened to put a camera on. The schools that demanded autonomy of form--the great Russian silent school, for example--crumbled before

the public demand for "talking movies." Since there is no reason why there can't be good plays on film, or good hybrid film-plays, the results were not all disastrous--witness such films as Renoir's "Rules of the Game" and other "literary" masterpieces. But the unique possibilities of the cinema were buried beneath another form, and it took till 1960 for the submerged potential to reassert itself.

There had been successful integrations of sight and sound before--Eisenstein's "Alexander Nevsky" and "Ivan the Terrible" and de Sica's "Bicycle Thief" are isolated triumphs of this sort. But in 1960 the triumphs were not isolated--there was a sudden rush of distinctly cinematic sound films. The quality and quantity of this output soon had its impact. What was perhaps even more significant was that these new films were coming out in three distinct sub-styles, with enough variety among them to provide a creative outlet for almost anyone with something worth saying.

These three styles I call Classicism, Realism and Expressionism. By "classicism" I mean the films which show a new control over the materials of the form: the realization that everything that is heard and that appears on the screen--the slightest shades and nuances--must be subordinated to the controlling artistic purpose. This, I expect, was always an ideal of the artistic cinema, but it took Antonioni's "L'Avventura" and Resnais' "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" in 1960 to show how much further this ideal could be realized than anything that had been previously attempted.

By "realism" I mean those films



that attempted a radical breakdown of the distance between "life" and "the artistic product" through such devices as improvised acting, the entrance of the recording camera, and the impromptu interview into the film itself, the rejection of the classical "sheen on the screen" and substitution of the "more authentic" underexposed and/or overexposed image--and all the other devices of the French cinema-vereite and that part of the New York underground represented by Cassavetes' "Shadows" and Frank's "Pull My Daisy" (both made in 1960).

"Expressionism" is more difficult to define: it opposes classicism in its rejection of an artistic purpose to which the artist is subordinated; it rejects realism in that it demands the free play of the imagination, without concern for the issue of "being faithful to life." Unlike the classic film, the expressionistic film is concerned mainly with the present moment--the imaginative flurry present on the screen--rather than the careful forward and backward linkages across the film. Unlike the realistic film, the expressionistic film is not bound to be consistent with itself--the plot may contradict itself; film "jokes" may interrupt the flow of action at any moment; the "style" may vary erratically between natural-

continued on page 7

## WKAR FM 90.5 mc

Program Highlights May 6-12

### FRIDAY, MAY 6

- 8 a.m.--News with Lowell Newton (every Monday through Friday at 8 a.m.)
- 8:15 a.m.--"Scrapbook," music and features with Steve Meuche (every Monday through Friday at 8:15 a.m.)
- 1 p.m.--Musical, "The Man of LaMancha" with Richard Kiley and Robert Rounseville
- 8 p.m.--Richard Strauss opera, "Arabella" with Lisa Della Casa, George London, Hilde Gueden; conducted by Georg Solti.

### SATURDAY, MAY 7

- 1 p.m.--"Recent Acquisitions," recent classical album releases discussed by Gilbert Hansen and Ken Beachler.
- 2 p.m.--"New Jazz in Review" with Bud Spangler and a special guest reviewer.
- 3 p.m.--"Album Jazz," featuring entire albums; til 5:30, hosted by Bud Spangler.
- 7 p.m.--"Listener's Choice," classics by request until 1 a.m. Phone 355-6540 during program.

### SUNDAY, MAY 8

- 2 p.m.--New York Philharmonic Orchestra in Concert.
- 5:30 p.m.--"Musicians Off Stage," Herbert von Karajan is interviewed.
- 7:30 p.m.--"Panorama of Italian Opera" featuring soprano Antonietta Stella.
- 8 p.m.--"The Toscanini Era"--tonight's performances directed by the Maestro include Beethoven's "Missa solemnis", Respighi's "The Pines of Rome" and Haydn's Symphony No. 94.
- 10 p.m.--"Richard Heffner Interviews"--Nicholas Samstag, author-critic, and expert on mass persuasion.

### MONDAY, MAY 9

- 8 p.m.--"Opera from Radio Italiana"--"Goyescas" by Enrique Granados.
- 10:30 p.m.--"Music of Today"--a program of Schoenberg music.

### TUESDAY, MAY 10

- 1 p.m.--Musical, "The Zulu and the Zayde"
- 10 p.m.--Faculty Recital, recorded in the Music Aud. February 11, 1966; featuring Elsa Ludwig, David Renner, Leona Witter and Lyman Bodman. Music by Hindemith, Stravinsky, Brahms, Mozart and Bruch.

### WEDNESDAY, MAY 11

- 1 p.m.--Musical, "Me and Juliet"
- 4 p.m.--"Musicians off Stage"--tenor Franco Corelli is interviewed.
- 7:45 p.m.--"FM Theater" . . . Arthur Miller's "After the Fall", with Jason Roberts.

### THURSDAY, MAY 12

- 1 p.m.--Musical, "It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman"
- 8 p.m.--Prokofiev's cantata, "Alexander Nevsky", op. 78
- 9 p.m.--"Jazz Horizons" until midnight, with Bud Spangler.

WKAR-FM program highlights will be a regular feature of "The Paper"--The Editors.

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# An Open Letter To The Faculty Committee On Student Affairs

Dear Members:

Last Wednesday afternoon I spoke informally with your chairman, Dr. Williams. He assured me at that time, that your three papers--"Progress Report," "On Student Records at Michigan State University," and "On Academic Rights and Responsibilities of Students"--were not, in his words, "just jargon" but that rather they constituted, my "Bill of Rights" as a student. Having seen only the third paper and having given it no more than a cursory reading, I felt unprepared to disagree with him.

Since then, however, in order to avoid the wrist-slapping issued Dr. Pinner for not having done his homework, I have given some attention to your papers. Although I had hoped to make specific comments on some of your statements, I have decided in this letter to limit myself to two general comments and a suggestion. If, after having heard me out on these, you would like comments of a more specific nature, I should be happy to testify before your committee.

First, it may be noticed that the vast majority of the student body are apathetic toward, and disinterested in, your activities. This is primarily because they feel, and I believe rightly so, that they have no voice in making decisions at this university. It is not worth their while to

become involved in "guidelines" and the like.

The guidelines tell them nothing. They are general, not specific. Your words seem deliberately chosen to permit the widest possible range of various interpretations.

Phrases of words such as: "basic necessity," "necessary order," "essential purposes and processes," "fair treatment," "to the maximum extent feasible," "appropriate manner," "reasonable scope," "appropriate circumstances," "seriousness of the offense," "reasonableness," and "fairness of the procedures" mean little if anything. They are political platitudes meaning nothing until they find interpretation in the actual physical world.

The interpretation of all statements employing such terms requires the passing of value judgments, and in such judgment, I fear, I shall have no voice. Your values shall be employed, not mine. I can only wait until a new set of rules is decreed, largely reserving my opinion until then. In the meantime, I can be certain of only one thing, viz. that in and of themselves, your three papers and eleven guidelines guarantee me absolutely nothing.

Secondly, in regard to the idea that any part of these three papers constitute my "Bill of Rights" as a student, I can but wonder who asked you to speak in my behalf. I believe my-

self to be in conflict with you as to what my rights, my freedoms, and my duties should be. Although you govern me, or at least attempt to do so, I have not elected you or consented to your government.

You assume that you know I should act better than I do. Yet you know nothing of my individual needs, desires, problems, or beliefs. Your assumption has no foundation. You have only age and experience to recommend you and I am largely unimpressed by either. Your age assures me only that you are more accustomed to the injustices of this world, while the record of your experience in no way prompts me to allow you to speak for me.

As a committee your handling of the rights of Paul Schiff couldn't have been sloppier or more out of keeping with what I believe a university should be. Under your guidance rules and regulations at Michigan State have changed from minute to minute to fit the occasion. Enforcement has been both arbitrary and discriminatory. Students disrupting the Career Carnival, an extra-curricular activity, were jailed. Students disrupting classes, a fundamental part of the educational process, for the purposes of passing a petition were completely undisciplined.

I have lost faith in you. I have, to no small degree, lost faith in academicians as a whole. Often you and your colleagues have told me that might does not make right. Yet you have stood by and watched our country exercise its might over its smaller brothers time and time again.

Or isn't that your interpretation of the absence of free elections in Vietnam, of the napalming of civilian areas, of our support of a general who is an admirer of a man who ordered the extermination of six million people? Is not the training of police for the perpetuation of the Diem regime an exercise in Machiavellian politics? If not, how do you interpret it?

The people of Nagasaki have burned. Yet all too soon afterward a man advocating the use of nuclear weapons "to burn off the rain forests" ran for the presidency of our country. And still the sad refrain--might does not make right, might does not make right. German academicians saved neither Germany nor the Jewish people from Adolph Hitler. There is no reason to suppose that American academicians will either save us from nuclear suicide or save the women and children of the next Nagasaki.

How many professors at Michigan State University, disagreeing with the principle that might makes right, have bothered to personally investigate this university's alleged exploitation by those who believed that the U.S. should train police to keep Diem in power?

How many would do something, anything at all, if their investigations

substantiated the allegations? Most, although they find the situation somewhat embarrassing, will do nothing, asking for no guarantee against re-occurrence, trying to convince themselves all the while that they are above such messy little frays. The twenty-foot high wall around this university remains, for them, unbreached--unbreached because that wall is an illusion and cannot be breached by what is actually going on.

Have I strayed from my point? I think not. My alienation is unfettered by the illusory wall. By your silence you have condoned the use of force. You have used it yourself in an arbitrary and discriminatory manner. I suspect you of secretly advocating the use of force as a way of life, of actually believing that might makes right.

If you, as members of the Michigan State University Faculty Committee on Student Affairs, have somehow been led to the belief that I have requested you to decide upon my rights and duties as an individual and a student, you have been deceived. I have no intentions whatsoever of allowing you or anyone else to make such decisions for me. We do not speak the same language. You cannot speak in my behalf. It is impossible.

I have but one suggestion to make to your committee. Allow us the chance to draft our own "Bill of Rights." Let us decide how this university can serve us best as individuals. Let us decide how we must conduct ourselves. Let the Board of Trustees, pass judgment upon our decisions directly. Let us experiment. Let us rise and fall according to our own judgments. Dissolve your committee in favor of the student body at large. I am sure that the experience would prove rewarding to all concerned.

Forgive me for engaging in such a tirade. I should be happy, as I have mentioned before, to testify before your committee, or for that matter, to meet informally with you, either collectively or individually. In any case, thank you for your time.

ROBERT W. NIEMI  
UNDERGRADUATE

The Agony and the Ecstasy of the Absurd (from a New York Times report on Eugene Ionesco's writing of "The Bald Soprano"): "When he had finished it, he realized he had given expression to the absurd incomprehensibility of life . . . and he was so overcome by excitement and exhaustion that he had to lie down and rest."

\* \* \*

How's-That-Again Department (an ad for the Lansing Art Theater): Two People Who Live Without Fear Of Tomorrow! / "THE IMMORAL!" / A Story Of Frustrations!

## In the Year 2000

Swiftly  
the thin cold wind steals through silent streets.  
Flutters  
the tattered posters on still standing walls.  
Stirs the trash in the gutters.

The corpse of the winter snows  
lies rotting where once fires burned.  
Broken glass reflects the glint of moonlight  
through the weeds.

A church steeple teeters majestically, then falls  
killing several thousand termites.  
And the wind goes on  
Searching.

CHARLES HOLLEN

## CLASSIFIEDS

are positive

### Coming Events

JOHN WOODS, poet in residence at Western Michigan University, will give a reading and discussion of his poetry Thurs., May 5, at 8 p.m., at Spiro's. Mr. Woods has worked with John Crowe Ransom at Indiana University and has published two books of poetry. Zeitgeist considers Mr. Woods a likely candidate for the Pulitzer Prize. Autographed copies of his books will be available. \$1

FRIDAY, MAY 6: 7 and 9 p.m., Conrad Hall. Resnais' masterpiece on love, memory and the bomb, "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1960), 50 cents. At 6:30 and 8:30, special benefit for "The Paper"--W.C. Fields in "The Pharmacist," 50 cents. MSU FILM SOCIETY.

"THE WIDENING WAR IN ASIA"--A conference on the current political and military situation in Vietnam, the prospects for all-out war, and the effects of growing U.S. military involvement upon education and the "Great Society" programs at home.--late afternoon to midnight, Thurs., May 12. MSU Auditorium, admission free. Speakers:

Rep. John Conyers, D-Mich.; Prof. Rhoads Murphy, U-M Center for Chinese Studies, on the role of China in Vietnam; Prof. Marshall Sahlins, U-M, on his study of Vietnamese politics; Prof. Robert Engler, Queens and Sarah Lawrence Colleges (N.Y.), on "American Society in a Revolutionary World"; Bob Ross, U. of Chicago graduate student, on "The Draft, College Deferments and Student Rights." Questions after each speech, discussions afterward in Bessey Hall.

Sponsored by Faculty Group on Problems of War and Peace, MSU Students for a Democratic Society and Greater Lansing Area Committee for a SANE Nuclear Policy.

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC" at MSU, 7 p.m., May 13. Leni Reifenstahl's "TRIUMPH OF THE WILL," Unitarian-Universalist Church of Lansing, 1229 Prospect, 8 p.m., May 14. "FABLE OF THE PEACOCK" (India) and other films from Asia, at the church, 8 p.m., May 28. Exploring Cinema Society. More information, phone Frank Leahey, 485-3912.

### Travel

LOOKING FOR RIDERS to Madison, Wis. Round trip by Greyhound is \$20.90; round trip with me (in Olds convertible) only \$10, including door-to-door transportation, with money-back guarantee! Leave MSU Friday, May 13, 5:30 p.m., return Sunday night, May 15. For rides call Craig, 353-1354.

WANTED--Someone to accompany adventurer driving '56 Vette r.t. Alaska. You pay two thirds gas. Leave couple of weeks after exams. Steve Lankton or Brad Lang can usually locate me. Or look in the Union Grill. Paul D. Crane.

### Wanted

PENILESS husband and wife grad students spending year on teaching mission in Orient. Need small space in a garage or basement for books, stencils, etc. 4 x 4 feet should be sufficient. Can make token payment of \$25 for this space. Call 355-5967.

SINGLE, inexpensive apartment for one man, summer term only. Call 353-3029.

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### Personal

NEED TIME to think things over? Quaker worship is based on silence. Visitors welcome. East Lansing Friends Meeting, discussion at 10, Meeting for Worship at 11, Sundays, corner of Trowbridge Road and Arbor Drive (Capitol Grange Hall). For information, call ED 2-1998. For transportation, call 351-5217.

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## Scholarships Or Scholars?

# Merit Program Still Confused

By MICHAEL KINDMAN

More than 200 of this year's 1,625 Merit Scholars named this week will enroll here in September, nearly one half more than will attend the second place "winner," Harvard University.

If this is "academic pitchmanship," then that is what is needed to bring the long-needed re-adjustment in the nation's conceptions of what is and what isn't a good school. Schools are great because of the quality and diversity of their programs, not because of fading reputations.

I wrote the above paragraphs in a State News editorial which appeared April 24, 1964. I was then, as I sometimes forget now, a chief editorial writer (later editorial editor) for the State News, a position I held for nearly seven terms. One of my pet peeves in those early days was people who didn't hold the vision I had been trained to hold of Michigan State as the up-and-coming intellectual center of the Midwest. My peevishness appeared in print regularly, and sounded somewhat like the America-first propaganda of the education world.

On April 24, 1964, I was also a third-term freshman, and one of 200 or so Merit Scholars in the first of (so far) four such groups lured to MSU by the public relations work of one Gordon A. Sabine, vice president for special projects. He was probably my second-pet peeve, as I let the world know in a four-part State News series a few weeks after the naming of the second pack of MSU Merit winners. (May 12-15, 1964)

I wrote in the first article of that series:

MSU, through its unique honors program, is one of the most promising campuses in the country for the student in search of a flexible undergraduate program. The decision to sponsor Merit Scholarships was made in order to attract more top-level students to East Lansing.

The sponsorship program, said Gordon A. Sabine, vice president for special projects, is "a very good way to identify a top brain-power pool that's nation-wide."

"It permitted us to take our out-of-state scholarships and distribute them through this brain-power pool," he said.

Note, please, the way the quotations and wordings are chosen to make Sabine--and his special project of providing university funds to cover expenses of about 150 Merit Scholars a year--look a little foolish. Not that I had to falsify things; Sabine talks that way. I just wanted to point up some things I thought were wrong with the Merit program here, and spent the rest of the series doing so, even though I concluded with the happy promise that every day in every way things were getting better and better:

The large number of Merit Scholars here have come to a University ready to meet their needs with existing programs and ready to develop or expand new ideas to meet the demands of honor students. (State News editorial, May 15, 1964).

But even this lukewarm praise for the Merit thing is a far cry from the following:

By their presence, the Merit Scholars are slowly helping to increase the academic atmosphere here. . .

Still, many people complain that MSU does not have the cultural or intellectual atmosphere that many small, elite schools have. They are wrong. MSU does have an intellectual atmosphere. . .

Those who accuse MSU of being an intellectual wasteland should realize that the intellectually oriented students are dispersed throughout the campus. And though, at first glance the school may not appear to be steeped in culture, a growing intellectual community does exist.

The best way to build an intellectual community at MSU is to attract a large portion of the nation's top budding scholars. . .

You may recognize this as another State News editorial--NOT, thank God, mine--dated May 3, 1966. It is to comment on the fact that, for the fourth year in a row, Michigan State has beat Harvard in a "competition" that only the State News now seems to recognize. (Sabine has long since ceased trumpeting; it became too embarrassing.)

I wish merely to call attention to two--overwhelming misconceptions about the whole affair, one of which is of Sabine's creation and which I have refuted several times, even in the State News (although my editorial-page successors there have reverted to believing it), the other of which is a misinterpretation which I unfortunately helped create for the benefit of State News readers and which has not heretofore been refuted in print.

1) Sabine's: MSU ranks above other universities simply because more Merit Scholars choose to attend here.

Most of those "Merit Scholars" who attend here are financed by MSU--if they attended other schools they would be mere Merit Finalists and would still be top students, but would be no different from at least 10,000 other Merit Finalists each year who do not win financial aid (more of whom attend Harvard, for instance, than attend MSU).

2) Mine: The number of Merit Scholars, Merit Finalists, etc., at a university help "increase" an "intellectual atmosphere."

Many scholarship finalists and winners who attend MSU do so because they are, in effect, fooled by the glowing reports Sabine and the Honors College send them while they are high school seniors. They arrive and find a plain old multiversity, and many are disappointed. (See Russell Lawrence's State News letter, May 3.) Many, of course, are not. But regardless of this, it is not scholarships which make an intellectual atmosphere or community, it is scholars, Merit or otherwise. In the area of creating a genuinely favorable environment for learning, MSU still has a long way to go. The glittery Merit Scholarship program (which, by the way, has become less relevant educationally through the four years it has existed) merely serves to divert our attention from the very real problems faced by those who wish to find a personally and socially meaningful education at Michigan State.



YOU KNOW, I'M BEGINNING TO WORRY ABOUT THAT LETTER OF HIS

## The Hidden Persuaders Go To College

The following was circulated recently as an ATL faculty bulletin:

Dave Anderson dug this out of his 1957 files after our recent meeting on student writing. The author, one of State's better linemen, was NOT named Lardner.

Why I chose to attend Michigan State University instead of all the other colleges that I had visited.

While finishing my last year of High school at Mar-Brach, in . . . Here is where I decided that I needed a college education.

After our last football game, running off the field to the dressing room an elderly gentleman approached me, and shaking my hand then telling me that I played a very good game. Not thinking to much about this, because people did that often every game.

When I finally got into the shower room I had to hurry because my girl friend was waiting. Then taking a quick shower and hurrying to get dressed I happened to notice that our coach and the old gentlemen was comming my way. Then the coach interduced me to the old man and said he wanted to talk with me. So going into the football office we had started to talk about my future. Then the old man asked me if I would like to take a trip with him tomorrow morning to Indiana University. I didn't know what to say, looking at the coach, he noded his head that it would be all wright. So I told him that I would like to very much.

The next morning I was up early because I was all excited about this. So at 7:30 he came to the house after

me. I mitedly I interduced him to my father & Mother then talking a while we decided to be on our way.

The trip was wonderful to Indiana and they treated me like a king. Comming from a small fanally and never going to large places and ritzy hotals & resterents, there eating nothing but the best. That night they gave me twenty dollars for the date the got me, and not to forgit the new car. this was a splended weekend and now I had to come home.

After this I began to get many more offers and was having a wonderfeal time visiting all the different schools. Then one day I received a letter from Michigan State and they wanted to fly me up this weekend so I did. As soon as I got off the plane I fell in love with this plase. the coaches treated me like a king and rode me all over the campus, that night they had me a date with some good looking girl, and the coach gave me his car for that night. While the date wasen't much like the ones I was used of.

The next morning when I awoke in my hotel room by the ringing of the telephone, I lifted the receiver and to my suprise it was the desk clerk. He asked me if I wanted brekfcast in bed or did I want to come down stares to eat. So I went doin stairs to eat, the coaches were wating for me. We ate breakfast and went to the football head coach coach. He was sa plane just like any other person. There we talked over the scholarship that they offered me, it sounded very good these are the reasons why I decided to come to Michigan State University.

## 'Alphaville' . . . continued from page 5

ism and lyricism, with offhand references to past films, cliches, popular fads--what have you. The only overriding demands are rhythm and drive--the film must move, and move with pace--the faster the better, the wilder the better. While the classic film finds its analogue with classical music and the realistic, perhaps, with such composers as Cage, the expressionistic film is the visual counterpart of jazz.

Jean-Luc Godard is without question the leading exponent of the expressionistic style. His first film, "Breathless" (1960), starred the then unknown Jean-Paul Belmondo as a gangster-hero who acts first and never thinks afterwards, and expounded his style of living with such elliptic and yet dynamic editing that the film conventions of the '50's never quite recovered. Six years and a dozen films later, Godard's work still retains the spontaneity and imaginative splendor that made "Breathless" an exciting experience. This is what we find in "Alphaville."

I have only seen this film once and thus have no intent to "review" it. (To review on less than two screenings is folly; it takes one sitting to find out what's going on, a second to

gather how it's been done.) But the general marks of expressionistic cinema may be read off the film--the dynamic, elliptic montage, accentuated by the pseudo-editing of numerous abrupt changes of lighting; the "jokes" (Anna Karina telling Caution an elaborate and irrelevant story before he is to be taken off to be interviewed and executed); the gag references (the two doctors "Heckel" and "Jeckel"; Eddie Constantine quoting Pascal's "The silence of the infinite terrifies me" to a clucking computer); the concern with immediate decisions (Caution's sudden murdering of his opponents is his only device against the predictive rationality of the computer); the deliberate cliches (the "I love you" at the ending is duplicated in almost every piece of science fiction trash ever turned out--the only possible alternative was "We're saved!"). Every solo can't swing, and all of Godard's improvisations don't come off--but enough firecrackers ignite to keep the string firing. "Alphaville" isn't great art, since the canons of film expressionism almost preclude its being so, but it stands as an exhilarating and instructive introduction to the genre.

## Greeks Feast

### ...But The Service Was Slow

Now, I didn't really mind standing in a 1/4-mile line which extended all the way down the driveway of the Sigma Nu house and overflowed into a lane of traffic on Burcham Road. Nor, for that matter, that people by the dozen were cutting in line in front of us.

I wasn't more than momentarily upset that we didn't think of bringing blankets to shield us from the soggy ground. For two reasons, probably: 1) those who HAD sat upon blankets wound up carrying them, sopping, from the scene, and 2) we had neither time nor occasion to sit down.

And since I had had a late lunch, I wasn't too bothered by the hour wait for food which was caused, we were told, by a combination of a miscalculation on the part of the planners and an accidental distribution of dinners to persons without tickets. I even overlooked the inch-thick layer of mud that enveloped my shoes, mainly because most of it was washed off when I waded across the puddles alongside the tarpaulin to get a closer look at the SAE's who were dressed up as Hell's Angels.

In fact, it was only after a shower of carrot and celery sticks inundated us and the perhaps 2,000 others who were milling around the area that I began to wonder if we really should have used those tickets a Greek Week Big Wig had complimented us with. But instead of pursuing that line of self-interrogation I caught one of the dixie cups that followed the vegetables and decided that eating dessert first wouldn't be THAT bad.

Many bad jokes, and perhaps even the selection of the Ugliest Greek (it was hard to tell--the stage was so far away) later, word got out that some of the long-awaited barbecued chicken was ready.

It was almost the Boston Mas-

sacre all over again. Those who were fast enough attacked the drums of chicken before they could be brought to the serving tables. Those who weren't got trampled.

Those who WERE fast enough tore away from the crowd with their prizes. Those who weren't just stared.

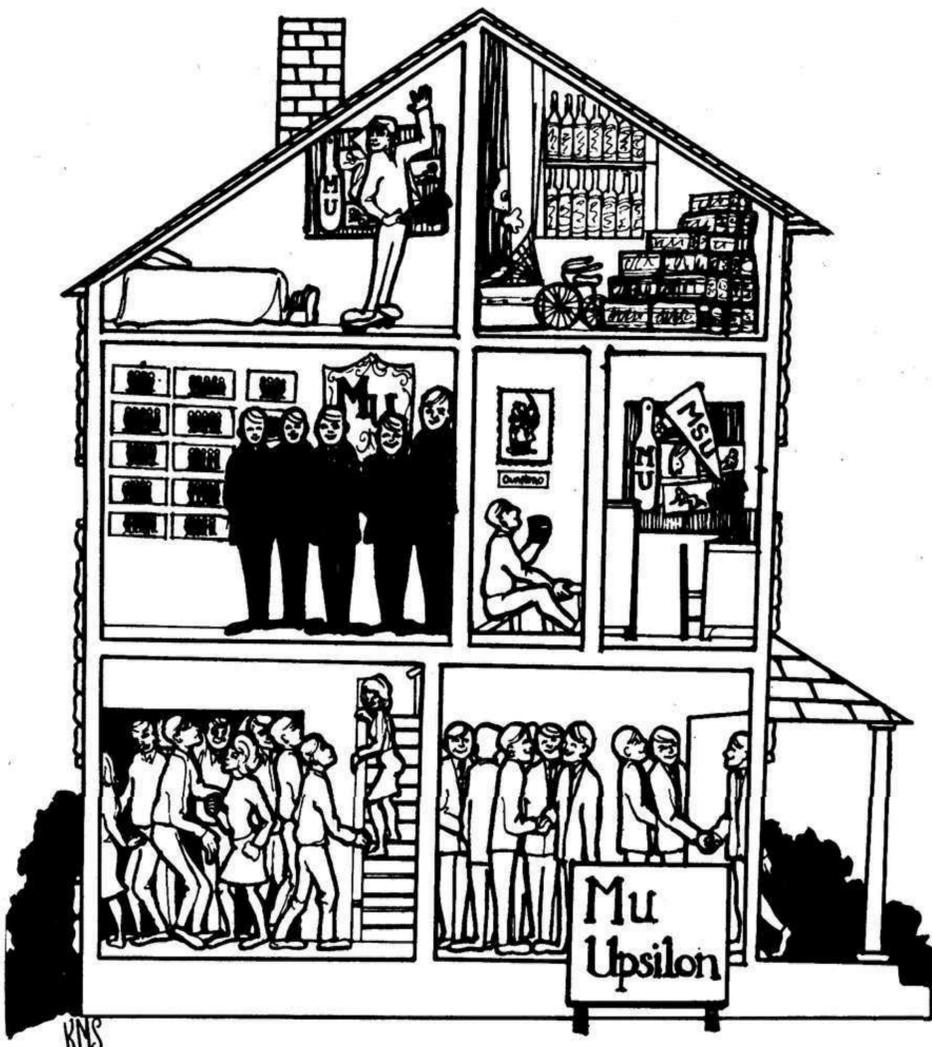
**YOU'VE GOT FELLOWSHIP,  
FRATERNITY, A SMALL  
GROUP IN A MOB... YOU'VE  
GOT FRIENDS THAT  
SHARE YOUR INTERESTS-  
YOU ARE A PERSON GOING  
PLACES- YOU'RE GREEK-  
THIS IS YOUR WEEK!**

--GREEK WEEK PROGRAM

All in all, as in the Boston Mas-sacre, there were few casualties. The only one I know of, and I heard this second-hand, involved a girl who was hit in the head by a mis-directed ice cream barrage. While she moaned and threatened to faint, her date scrambled around on the ground to fight for the ice cream.

We were lucky enough to be in on the first few rounds of food distribution. And since the chicken WAS tasty, I didn't even mind that the entertainment--I remember hearing the Four Tops in the distance--was bad.

In fact, the only thing that REALLY shook me about the Greek Feast last Saturday was getting the short end of the wishbone.



## Frat Race...

continued from page 1

And in fact, one advisor admitted that the fraternity "sure does" provide a kind of second self for people who need one.

But still I was reminded of an unusually good lecture in PLS 201 (I managed not to fall asleep for once) where the fraternity pledge system was compared with the way a totalitarian government is imposed upon a society. New values are substituted for old values.

One pledge who last term went to things like poetry readings and "cul-

ture-fests" has cut his hair and is wearing button-down shirts. "I have not really changed," he says. "I don't own a single paisley tie."

## The Rare Breed

You see this breed around college campuses exclusively. Parties they throw, we hear, are none too moderate, but, this is only hearsay as few outsiders are permitted to attend these social affairs.

As with all groups, they attain a certain amount of homogeneity. Although they dress differently from the average student and from each other, they really wear the same apparel, and dress is one sure distinguishing factor. Another is the tendency to subdivide into smaller groups and to label each with some mysterious combination of letters. To assist the uninformed, they even pin identifying devices on their person.

Everyone in this aggregate entertains similar ideas and opinions. One of these is the belief that they are the elite, the repository of the Truth. Naturally, with such an opinion it is likely to find members of this group quite active in campus politics. Their influence is widely felt.

Now that one is aware of the characteristics of this group, one question yet remains: Frats or Beats?

JIM DE FOREST

The Mea Maxima Culpa Award for this week reverts to "The Paper"--which takes the rap for the following typographical howlers in Doug Lackey's "Invitation to an Ideology":

"There is good cause, then, for suspension of ideology" should read "There is good cause for SUSPICION of ideology."

"Present and justified prejudice preludes..." should read "Present and justified prejudice PRECLUDES..."

DOUG LACKEY

## Social Science...

continued from page 2

for a teacher to express his own convictions in class, although these views are wrong in either moral or scientific senses, so long as those views are HIS.

But what if a teacher is not his own man? What if he is likely to present certain evidence and ignore or suppress other evidence because his institutional loyalty is not restricted to the university? It is at this point that we must say that such a man lacks independence and lacks sufficient competence as a teacher.

The university has room (perhaps a need) for those who argue for honestly mistaken notions or conclusions; it has no room for professors whose teaching is compromised by the roles they play in other institutions, especially those of the state. Such a man must decide to be a teacher or a government consultant. No one can be trusted to be both simultaneously.

As one who must maintain the confidence of governmental policy formulation and execution, can a consultant be anything but a mouthpiece in the classroom?

The second part of this trend runs even deeper. Here we move from the question of educators to that of education. We might even admit that a technical education is appropriate for students in the "business sciences." In my terms, a technical education transmits a number of skills instrumental for solving problems which are defined by others. In this sense many college graduates are no different from poorer - educated and poorer - paid skilled workers.

What are some of the consequences of technical education in the SOCIAL sciences: First, we place more value on solving any problem than on the ability to define the more important problems. Secondly, we produce social scientists who are at best unconcerned with questions of right and wrong and at worst incapable of knowing or handling such questions. Thirdly, we produce bundles of skills in human form who are willing to work for the highest bidder. Fourthly, we subject further generations of students to human or mechanical teaching devices. Fifthly, we deny to society the critical and creative gadflies without whom it moves inevitably toward scholasticism, a dehumanized condition, or both. And finally, we see education moving toward training and then to conditioning.

At the beginning of this discussion it was implied that the experience of the MSU Group in Vietnam should be an opportunity for us to re-evaluate the roles of academic institutions and academicians, and the proper character of university education. There are several points in my argument that need much more thought and explanation. I have no intention of suggesting a final answer here. It is too soon for any answers.

It is important, however, that we begin moving beyond the immediate question of MSU as a house of prostitution and start raising more fundamental questions less sloppily and more systematically than have been conceived here. We might begin by asking what conditions breed academic technocracy and prostitution.



elliot borin

### A FRATERNITY INITIATION



The Dave Hanson Honorary Purple Typewriter for Imaginative Use of Critical Metaphor goes this week to Bob Zeschin, State News Reviewer, for this sentence from his review of "Lord Love a Duck": "The story line is only a vehicle by which Director George Axelrod can place several well-aimed darts at the split-level nuthouse of life in Southern California."