

THE PATR?

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A Hard Day's Journey Into Night

By STEPHEN BADRICH



"His records are too Christian for me. But he's a good lad and his mother should be proud of him."

--John Lennon, reviewing Cliff Richard in "Melody Maker" 1964

"I don't want to know anybody's religion, but..."

--George Harrison, to the mother of the priest of the goddess Kali who was going to disem-bowel Ringo Starr, "Help" 1965

There were no stormy petrels seen on March 4 of this year when John Lennon's now-famous remarks to Maureen Cleave, girl reporter, first appeared in the London Evening Standard. Perhaps the British reading public had been immunized by the guardedly agnostic remarks of generations of public figures. Perhaps it was the national sang-froid, or the Hyde Park tradition, or something to do with the settling of the sun on the British Empire. Or perhaps it was felt, as their author later theorized, that the remarks were merely "a bit of loudmouth thing." At any rate, the article lay (no doubt slowly ticking) in the paper's back files until late July, when it was reprinted in Date-book magazine.

The three crucial paragraphs were something of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand in the 1600-word article, but to me, at least, they seemed to brook no equivocation. Miss Cleave wrote of Lennon: "Experience has sown few seeds of doubt in him. Not that his mind is closed, but it's closed round whatever he believes at the time." She then quoted him as saying: "Christianity will go. It will vanish and shrink. I needn't argue about that. I'm right and I will be proved right."

(In passing: I think there is internal evidence for Lennon's later claim that his remarks were not calculated. A man weighing his words, it seems to me, would not have picked "vanish and shrink" over the



Part One

"Ernest, don't you think Al Jolson is greater than Jesus?"

--Zelda Fitzgerald, quoted by Ernest Hemingway in "A Movable Feast," p. 186

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

--Old Saying

more logical "shrink and vanish.")

"We're more popular than Jesus now," Lennon was quoted as continuing. "I don't know which will go first--rock 'n' roll or Christianity. Jesus was all right, but his disciples were thick and ordinary. It's them twisting it that ruins it for me."

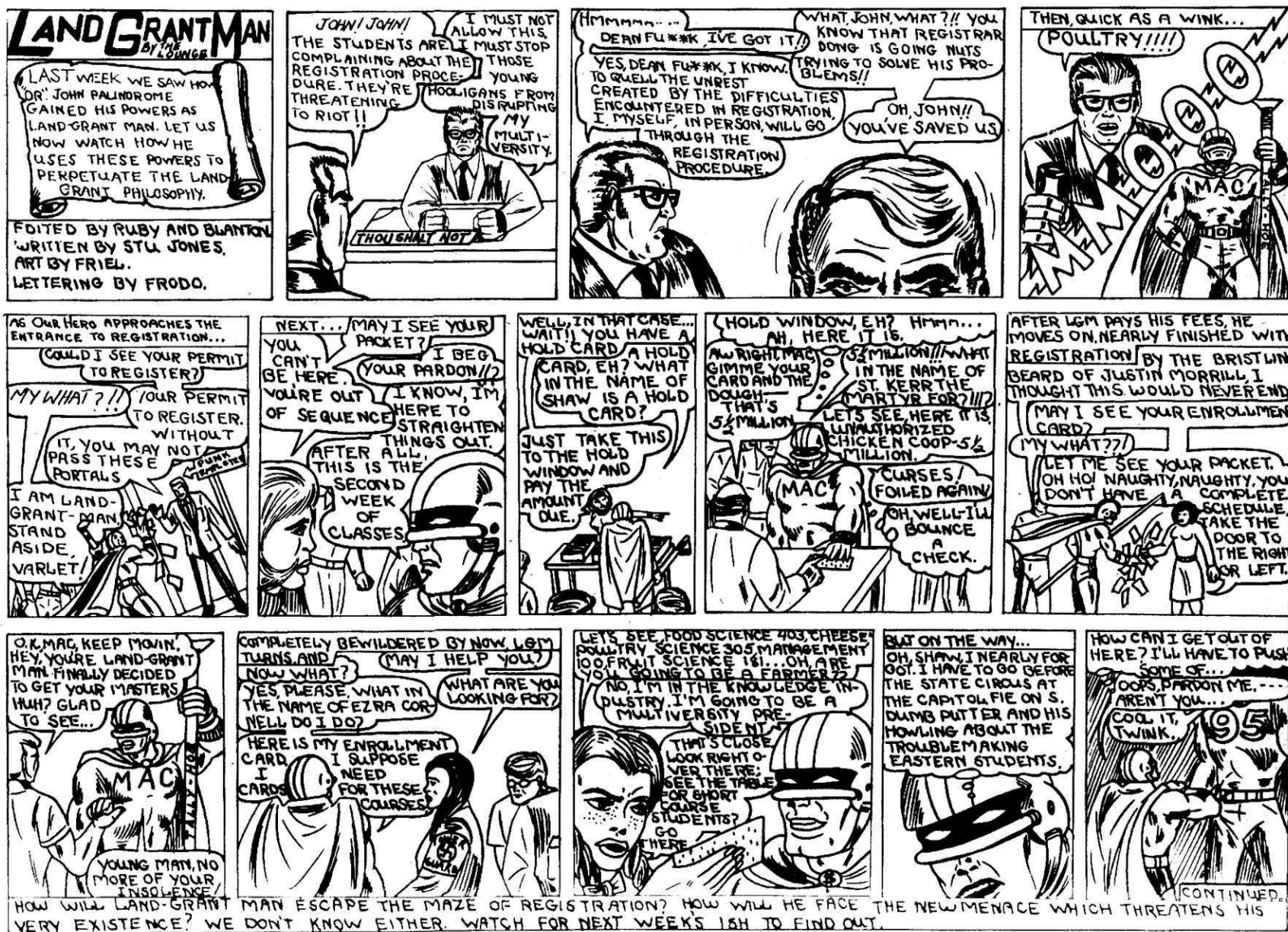
Miss Cleave then added: "He is reading extensively about religion."

And that was all, although of course that was enough. The series of events and non-events that followed (and it seems to me rather surprising that anyone could have doubted that events WOULD follow, at the very least some kind of earth-tremor in teenage mass culture; three such paragraphs would easily disqualify any American for national, or even statewide, office)

were perhaps not very important, but they had, I think, a certain interest. The attacks on Lennon were interesting in the vulgar way that political pathology is usually interesting. The various and contradictory arguments advanced by his defenders had a more complex fascination. In the bibliographical overkill below, for instance, at least two distinct kinds of defense of Lennon may be seen.

The first, perhaps widely held, but stated publicly only by a few courageous disc jockeys and constitutional lawyers, held that religious scepticism, whatever else it may be, is too widespread and politically harmless to justify any abridgment of freedom of speech (John Stuart Mill,

continued on page 6



The Water Closet

It's over. Sunday the speedy, spirited Los Angeles - Brooklyn Dodgers reached their magic number. The pennant has been won. It has been five and one half months since the chase for that coveted flag began in earnest, but it seems as if it has been an eternity.

Way back when -- in mid-February it was -- the heroes of bubble gum companies everywhere began their annual pilgrimage to such Spartan quarters as Vera Beach, Florida, and Phoenix, Arizona, for the long-awaited Spring Practice. From all over America, Major Leaguers and minor

leaguers flocked to training camp, getting "in shape" and otherwise preparing for the arduous thirty-hour weeks ahead. And the result of this vigorous activity is hard-muscled, finely-honed athletes suffering groin injuries the first time they round first base.

Now that's all over. We now are at WORLD SERIES time. It's also time to congratulate Flash Gallinagh, the Fighting Irish of Michigan State, on his unbelievable display of blinding speed and shifty running last Saturday against Illinois.

Yes, sports fans (and anybody else who's reading this) soon the World Championship will be decided. We'll have the answer to many burning questions. Can Koufax go three more games with his tender arm? Is Frank Robinson really that good? Can pitching overcome hitting? Can hitting overcome pitching? Who will win the Corvette? Why didn't McCorrey's line drive go two feet farther to the right? Will it go seven games?

But THE SERIES is not the end. There is still the off-season drama. Can the Yanks come back? Who will be the next Tiger "skipper"? Will Kaline be traded? Will Sam McDowell be recovered next year? Who is John Galt? What happened to Cincinnati? And then there is my question: Who cares?

Let's Hear It For Baseball

By W. C. BLANTON

THE PAPER

THE PAPER is published weekly during regular school terms by students of Michigan State University and a few of their off-campus friends. It is intended as 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. THE PAPER hopes to help the university strive toward fulfillment of the highest ideals of learning and free inquiry, by reporting and commenting on the university experience and encouraging others to do so.

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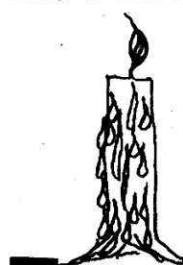
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Suffering Fools Gladly Award: "Whenever I see a protester carrying a sign that says, 'End the war in Vietnam,' I want to say to him, 'Here,

let me help you carry that.' Because President Johnson has carried that sign into every capital in the world . . . but the Communist aggressors keep coming."--Dean Rusk, quoted on ABC News.

Squeamishness Award: Sentence from a news story headlined "GI Training Film Tells Why We Fight in Vietnam" and sub-headed "LBJ's Message Loud and Clear": "Defense sources wince at any suggestion that the films could be tagged as propaganda."



Verse In The

Pictures of the Gone World, Cummings inside the barbed wire, Dylan Thomas by his father's deathbed, Ginsberg bathing in the Ganges, Lawrence watching the snake slither away. And Monday, Lawrence Ferlinghetti reading "After the Cries of the Birds Have Stopped" before a capacity audience in the State Theater on Abbott Road.

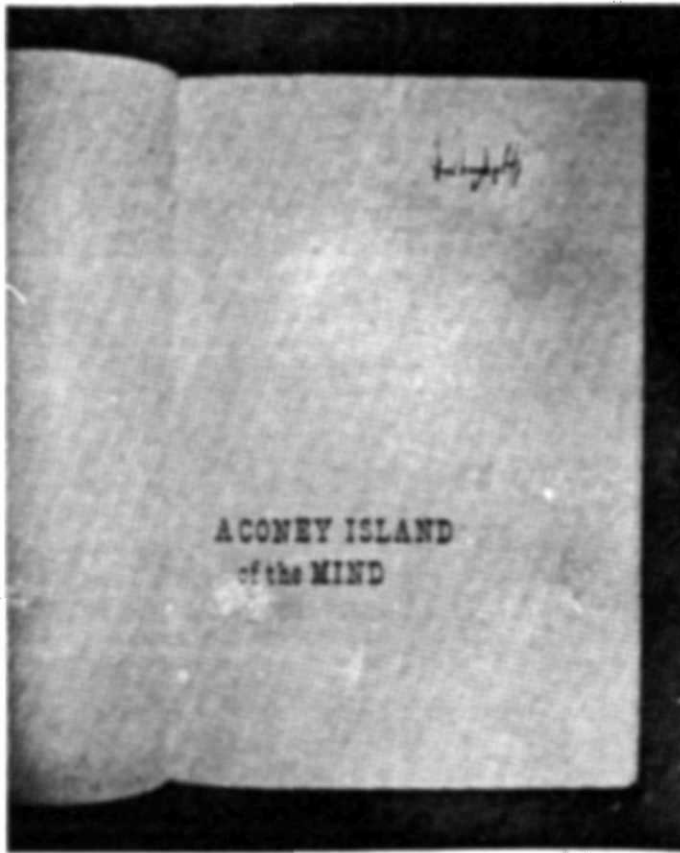
Gary Groat, Zeitgeist's editorial adviser, introduced the program with a murmured, "I don't believe this" to the audience. (Zeitgeist, he later explained, is a profit-making organization; "as of today.") In a gentle, throw-away style, Groat briefly explained how the University had again covered itself with glory in withdrawing permission for Ferlinghetti to read at the Arena Theater. "So, once again, we're on this side of Grand River," he said philosophically, and the audience laughed. They also laughed when Groat made a glancing reference to East Lansing's Mothers Against Degeneracy (M.A.D.) and they applauded enthusiastically when he wondered aloud if it might not be possible to hold Allen Ginsburg's reading in Lansing's Civic Center. (Packed as the theater was, at least two hundred of those in line never made it inside.)

Groat introduced Ferlinghetti without a wind-up, apparently feeling that it would be hard to do justice to the doctorate from the Sorbonne, to the paintings, the plays, the novel, the recordings, to the City Lights Bookshop -- or perhaps even to the poems alone. Ferlinghetti had the audience on his side from the moment he stepped into the hot pink light at the front of the half-darkened room. He was casually dressed, well-built, bearded, and bald--his cranium shone like a star. Once or twice during the reading he looked off to his right, revealing a striking aquiline nose. "I hope you noticed the title of the poetry reading on the marquee of this theater: 'Seduced and Abandoned' and 'To Bed or Not to Bed,' With Lawrence Ferlinghetti."

Laughter. The audience was with him and stayed with him, and also seemed to stay up with him, although there may have been some slight tendency on their part to go for the obvious things.

His first reading was from his book "Routines" and concerned an imaginary organization called the Brotherhood of Radical Enlightenment (B.O.R.E.), whose purpose it is to bore from within and non-violently undermine all the fatuous art, politics, and religion in the world. B.O.R.E.'s job, said Ferlinghetti, is non-violently to break the peace, "the peace of the Partisan Review, the peace of the Kenyon Review"; the loudest applause followed his call to break "the peace of the \$16,000-a-year professors who make their livings off \$1000-a-year poets." The final passage, an account of a B.O.R.E. guerilla raid, also drew sustained applause; if B.O.R.E. existed, the audience would have been a good enough place to look for recruits.

Before continuing, Ferlinghetti paused to explain that his religious position had been somewhat misrepresented by a columnist in that morning's State News. "You'll be very glad to know that God is not dead. That was a bad misquote." He stopped for a moment, seemingly lost in thought. "The way the world acts today, you'd THINK God was dead." Pause. "In fact, God is probably your own consciousness." Longer pause. "And if God is your own consciousness, and if you can expand your consciousness. . . ." Happy sigh in the audience. "But you hear a lot about that these days."



denis trover

He then read poem Number 5 from "A Coney Island of the Mind": "... a kind of carpenter/ from some square-type place/ like Galilee/ and he starts wailing/ and claiming he is hep/ to who made heaven/ and earth/ and that the cat/ who really laid it on us/ is his Dad."

Next came Number 6, a poem about the erecting, in San Francisco, of an avant-garde statue of Saint Francis. For this reading, however, all the hoisting imagery was inverted ("They were putting DOWN the statue/ of Saint Francis") in honor of a bishop who had eventually had the statue removed.

After that he skipped through the book, reading half a dozen more poems. "This one's good for English majors, I guess. They can get all the allusions." ("... like in the Bible/ or the Sun Also Rises which begins Robert Cohn/ was middleweight champion of his class/ but later we lost our balls and there we go again.") He explained that he was leaving a few lines out of his 1957 poem, "I Am Waiting"; "I am no longer waiting for Ike to act."

After a five-minute intermission, he read some less familiar pieces. An elaborate poem about underwear (from "Starting from San Francisco")

was a crowd-pleaser, as was "Where is Vietnam?" a poem about a certain Colonel Cornpone who tries to stop the spinning globe. (This was done almost entirely in a Texas dialect; Ferlinghetti is an excellent mimic, slipping easily in and out of characterization, as well as an excellent reader in the usual sense.)

But the most impressive single poem of the afternoon was probably the final one, "After the Cries of the Birds Have Stopped," a poem which took eight or nine minutes to

Afternoon

By S.P.B.

read and which has apparently not yet been published (although Ferlinghetti mentioned that he may make it the title poem of a new collection). It is set in San Francisco and uses Bay Area local color ("The Jefferson Airplane rock group takes off and circles heaven"), but it is less concerned with the real, present San Francisco than with some hypothetical San Francisco of the future, a city caught in a kind of lyrical apocalypse where Chinese junks are landing at Santa Monica and flame-throwing tanks roar out of Fort Ord to meet them, where napalm sears the hillside and trees flower red.

In a single hearing, many of the things in the poem seemed to go by like cars on a fast-moving train (the poet attends "a reception for Anais Nin with a paper bag full of rose leaves"; he meets Virginia Woolf underwater), but it seemed likely that it would stand up to careful rereadings. Not that this mattered to the audience, streaming out onto the street; it had been an interesting, even exciting, afternoon, and the University, whether it knew it or not, was in Zeitgeist's debt.

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THE PAPER

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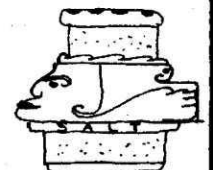
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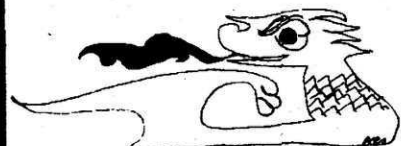
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THE PAPER Box 367 East Lansing, Mich. 48823



By GREGG HILL

Up From 'Slavery'

The 18-Year-Old Vote

In the Dark Ages the minimum age for knighthood was 21. Today the minimum age for voting in the United States is 21 (except for the politically advanced states Georgia, Kentucky, Alaska and Hawaii). Vestiges of the feudal culture are imbedded in our legal structure. The founding fathers borrowed the ancient tradition along with other voting restrictions from the English Common Law. Although these others (property ownership, the 3/5 slave, etc.) have been borne away by the rising tide of Liberalism, the 21-year-old voting minimum has remained immune to change.

That such a limiting of the political franchise is unfair and obsolete is apparent. A person between ages 18 and 21 must pay income and property tax; he can be tried in adult courts and committed to Federal prisons; he is excluded from all forms of compulsory education and is ineligible for any form of aid to illegitimate children; he may be dependent upon the State for university education, yet have no voice in legislation relating to university construction and financing or scholarship assistance. He may be dependent upon automobile transportation, but he has no power to affect auto safety legislation or highway construction. A student may be excluded from exercising power in important areas: election of university Regents, off-campus housing, parking and zoning regulations, and speaker and meeting controls.

How did MSU greet Zeitgeist's presentation of Ferlinghetti on campus? How did the State Legislature react to Herb Aptheker's speech last year on campus? The 18-to-20-year-

old can exert political influence mainly through interest or pressure groups which must in the end appeal to the voting electorate for support of their programs. "Power at the Polls" is an apt slogan for the Michigan campaign.

The injustice pinches hardest on the question of the draft. "Old enough to fight, old enough to vote" is superseded: "Old enough to drop napalm, old enough to drop ballots."

As the draft machine chews up more victims every month the demand for a voice in political decision for this group of half-citizens becomes more urgent. Of the 13 million Americans between the ages of 17 and 20 (approximately 6.5 per cent of the total population), over 601,000 are currently in active service in the armed forces (5 per cent of the 17-20 age group). This group is required to serve policies established by political leaders they had no part in choosing. In fact, assuming a person does not dissent from the policy to the point of refusing to serve, he may be expected to die for the policy. Being categorically alienated from the policy- and decision-making process he is not merely manipulated; he may be destroyed.

The extension of the political franchise to citizens between 18 and 21 has been supported by every president and presidential-candidate since Franklin D. Roosevelt, yet Congress has never responded with action. Over sixty joint resolutions have been introduced in the United States Congress. As Civil Rights legislation was buried in committee this year, so the variations on bills extending the vote have been cribbed since 1942. It is

strangely inconsistent that during this period the electorate has consistently favored the 18-year-old vote while no action has been taken in the Congress or state legislature. In a recent Gallup Poll 57 per cent of the population answered 'yes' to the question, "Do you think that persons 18, 19 and 20 years old should be permitted to vote, or not?" A fair majority.

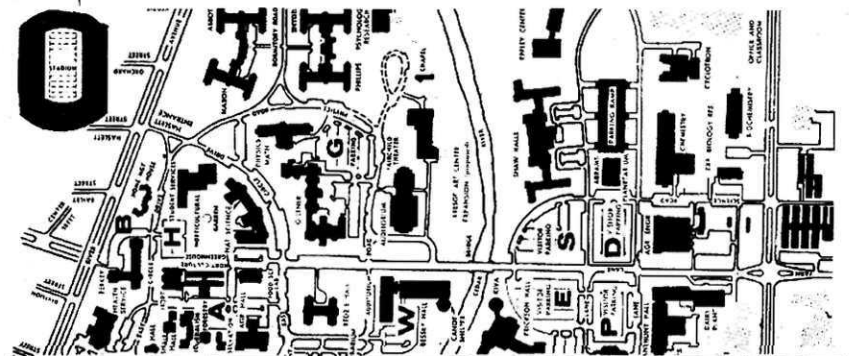
Aside from legal reasons for the vote, a social justification exists now which may not have been present 30 years ago: the literacy rate of the 18-to-20-year-old population exceeds that of any older age group. This answer to the question of "intellectual responsibility in voting" is also bolstered by the student's exposure to mass media coverage of national and international events. Voter participation in the age group from 21 to 30 is surprisingly low.

On this the President's Commission on Registration and Voting Participation reports, "a major reason for this low turn-out is that by the

time they have turned 21 that many young people are so far removed from stimulation of the educational process that their major interest in public affairs has waned." Ironically, then, the under-aged half-citizen is best of all qualified to cast an intelligent vote.

If the voting age were lowered, the beneficial political effects would be: an increase in political participation, a broadening of the political spectrum, more enthusiastic party support, and, with luck, deeper American political criticism.

The Michigan referendum on the 18-year-old vote, proposal #1, will be held November 8. A victory in Michigan could mean successful voting-rights drives throughout the country. A defeat could kill the issue for years. Hopefully ASMSU and other organizations throughout the state will appropriate enough money and energy for the very brief but vital campaign it has voted to support. More hopefully the voters will approve the proposal November 8.



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Cri de Coeur Department (overheard at registration): "How do they expect us to write in the box if they punch it full of little holes?"

Gratuitous Complexities of Modern Life (I.): Overheard at the PAPER booth in the Union: "The trouble with these new Mod styles is you can't tell a straight guy from a hipie."

Signs of the Times Department: The Student Book Store is now selling an octavo notebook whose green cover is lettered in italic gold script: "Trip Diary."



Why weren't you invited to the party? All right, I'll tell you why. You don't read THE PAPER! You don't read THE PAPER!

ASMSU's New Philosophy

By CHAR JOLLES

Predictably, student government is once again trying to scare up a raison d'être. The only difference this time is that its "new philosophy" is commendably relevant--and, unbeknown to Jim Graham, chief philosopher and chairman of Student Board, commendably revolutionary.

For a governing body that claims to "represent" student opinion, Student Board has been highly insignificant. Student opinion about anything important has simply been nonexistent. Under its new philosophy, the Board will actively attempt to whip up some student opinions to represent.

The new philosophy is, fundamentally, that student government will "lead" instead of merely "represent" student opinion. When issues of direct student concern arise, Student Board will, with unprecedented initiative, take stands on these issues and defend itself through direct contact with individuals in dorm government, hoping, thereby, says Graham, to "mold and formulate student opinion."

A short leap of faith is required here. Graham certainly must mean "to stimulate" student opinion.

Most of the Board members, including Graham, insist this is an old philosophy "just beginning to be implemented." However, we who have witnessed the bread and circuses of government in the past know that the new philosophy is revolutionary.

It means, first of all, that student government won't wait for students to come to it; last year the Board sponsored many, many open forums, which were attended only by the, broadly speaking, New Left, who certainly don't represent popular opinion. This year, the Board members will initiate discussion, among themselves first of all, then among smaller governing bodies in the residence halls, and finally, hopefully, among individuals in direct, provocative dialogue.

The second revolutionary implication of the new philosophy is that student government will become politically involved, and--here comes the truly radical part--maybe even politically committed. Student government in the past has been unabashedly service-oriented. The new philosophy, however, strongly implies concern with political issues--as exemplified by the ASMSU campaign supporting the 18-year-old vote. Graham anticipates issues such as the draft and course/faculty evaluation frequenting the ASMSU agenda for 1966-67.

The new philosophy takes on broader, hence even more radical, implications when Graham talks about friendly but serious liaisons with the East Lansing City Council, the MSU Board of Trustees, and the State Legislature. The Student Board has already scheduled an unprecedented encounter with the Board of Trustees on October 20, and a meeting with the City Council in November. Gra-

ham envisions a meeting in February with the governor, the lieutenant governor, and leaders in the State Legislature.

It is Graham's hope that Student Board will eventually assume an important role in state and local politics, "representing" student opinion at MSU. To be taken seriously by the Powers That Be would indeed be a laudable victory for American students; however, both the philosophy of leadership and the personalities of individual Student Board members could easily cripple, instead of nourish, such a possibility.

Focusing on the philosophy of leadership for a moment, we can detect dictatorial (albeit latent) tendencies. Even though Graham maintains that the Board is the "most likely" organization to represent student opinion, its 13 members cannot possibly speak for 35,000--and some day 50,000--students. There is rarely any consensus on the part of the student body on any issue; even more rarely is there any student opinion at all. Because of this, Student Board's authoritarian tendencies (however unintentional) have been very conspicuous in the past. Representatives on the Board tend to pass their opinions down to the constituents, chiefly out of necessity; if they waited for constituent opinions to emanate from below, they'd be waiting forever. It is all too conceivable that Student Board would wind up autocratically representing the student body in state politics, and justifying itself under the philosophy of leadership.

Its authoritarian implications probably make the leadership philosophy attractive to administrators. Graham remarked that "the administration would welcome it. They'd like to see more leadership and less bulletin board making. They are educators in the first place, and they like it when the students learn something."

Bypassing the obviously absurd statement that administrators are educators at heart, one can understand why administrators would not object to the new philosophy. Its indoctrinating possibilities have already been pointed out. Indeed, the philosophy could become even more appealing to the Powers That Be if Graham--erroneously, one would hope--continues to say "molding" student opinion. Graham insists, however, that the Student Board intends to think and speak out independently of the administration.

In addition to the shortcomings of the leadership philosophy, the personalities of individual Board members could hinder--and indeed are now hindering--student representation on the state, perhaps national, level. The ideal step in implementing the new philosophy would seem to be membership in the National Student Association (NSA)--an association of student governments from about 63 universities.

NSA, whose national office is in Washington, D.C., is a member of

several important organizations: the American Council on Education, the US Commission for UNESCO, United Nations Association, Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, US Youth Council, and so on.

NSA has been represented at meetings of the American Association of University Professors, the Association for Higher Education of the National Education Association, and the White House Conference on Higher Education.

Is our student government, which aspires to be politically involved and committed, a member of NSA? No. Is affiliation with NSA going to concern the Student Board this year? "Not a chance. It's a dead issue," says Graham.

NSA happens to be liberal-dominated, and has often passed resolutions that seem "radical" to the members of our Student Board. NSA supports sit-ins and other civil rights demonstrations. NSA has censured US involvement in Vietnam. NSA has taken various other stands unpopular

with the members of our Student Board, who seem to resent the fact that MSU might be in the conservative minority. This defensiveness on the part of Board members seems to be the only tenable explanation for the death of the NSA issue; the other major argument--that MSU students aren't interested in NSA involvement--is undermined by the new philosophy, which would have the Board support NSA despite an apathetic student body.

Overlooking for a moment the autocratic possibilities of the leadership philosophy and the political immaturity of some individuals, the Board's new approach is indeed enlightened. It has already created some excitement by declaring support for the 18-year-old vote referendum, which is scheduled to come before the State Legislature in a month.

Guided by the new philosophy, perhaps Student Board will learn to stop following the mob, as Ramparts magazine put it, and begin to lead the people.

LETTER

Education For Everybody?

To the Editor:

Imagine this happening to you: You are a married graduate student (not on any degree program) studying part time and working part time while your wife finishes her degree. You have been studying but not working for any degree for three terms now, satisfying your personal desire for further formal education. You turned down two full-time job offers just last month, because you were content with your present intellectual and material progress.

You go to your college to pick up your permit to register and enrollment card. The secretary tells you that the assistant dean wants to talk to you first. The assistant dean tells you that the college is trying to eliminate the category of non-degree graduate student, and that you cannot enroll in this status.

This is how you stand: (1) You can't accept a career-type job because you are only temporarily in East Lansing while your wife finishes school. (2) You have a part time job which is conducive to continuing your formal education. (3) You are psychologically prepared to attend the classes which you have been planning to attend. (4) Classes start tomorrow.

Does this seem to you like an unjust exclusion from continued formal study? Does it seem to you that the

college or department should try to give more warning when it plans to not allow a student to continue to study? Next term this could happen to you, for this term it happened to me.

Huron Smith Jr.
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THE BEATLES

continued from page 1

"On Liberty," Classics of Western Thought, Vol. III, pp. 307-324.)

The second school of thought, the "deplorable-but-true" school, seized on Lennon's use of "more popular," with its connotations of the world, the flesh, and the Devil, of shallowness and Miss Rheingold contests, rather than "better" or something equally unambiguous. After all, argued Nancy Mahan, of Shreveport, La., in a letter to the Shreveport Times, we teenagers may deplore the fact, but John is right. And we're all going to have to face up to it. This schools' adherents included all the members of the clergy, from the right-thinking (i.e. left-thinking) young seminarians of New York's General Theological Seminary, to the Archbishop of Canterbury and L'Osservatore Romano, who spoke up (to their credit, I thought) on Lennon's behalf.

It even became something of an official school with its endorsement by Maureen Cleave and later Lennon himself. I appreciated the force of its arguments (Christianity's "losing contact," etc.), but to the end, rightly or wrongly, I also felt that there was something slightly spurious about the Lennon-Epstein-Cleave Axis that supported it. There were too many Machiavellian reasons for John to modify his views (which were clear-cut enough in the original interview) and following press reports of the Beatles' progress from city to city, it seemed to me that I caught them more than once with their backfield in motion.

When in his repeated retractions, Lennon publicly deplored Christianity's shrinkage, I wondered if he might not have switched definitions on us, and now be holding in mind some private, eclectic version of Christianity, the way suspects hold the sum 2 plus 2 equals 5 in their heads while answering "no" during a lie-detector test. If such a shift existed, and if Lennon knew about it,

then every retraction he made simply skated around the truth. If such a shift existed without Lennon's being aware of it, then every press conference was practically a study in existential bad faith.

Still (to state my personal bias as clearly as possible), I could never bring myself to condemn Lennon very strongly, either for making the remarks or retracting them. Making them was certainly doubtful press, but I agreed with the first school that simply holding such opinions was his own business. As for retracting them -- looking into my heart, I found that for Lennon's share of the gate at the concert in D.C. Stadium, or perhaps even less, I would be willing to express my own religious opinions, such as they are, in the most generally acceptable terms possible. But I discovered (not for the first time), that this kind of laissez faire attitude was not universally held.

For the shot had rung out at Sarajevo, and there was no silencing the guns of August.

RATIONALE ADVANCED BY Mr. TOMMY CHARLES, STATION MANAGER OF BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA'S WAQY, WHO BEGINS THE "BAN THE BEATLES" MOVEMENT BUT INSISTED IT WAS "NOT FOR THE SAKE OF PUBLICITY": "We just felt it was so absurd and sacrilegious (sic) that something ought to be done to show them they cannot get away with this sort of thing."

DAVID HANSON PURPLE TYPEWRITER AWARD: ARCHETYPAL PARAGRAPH FROM AN EDITORIAL SNYDICATED FROM LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: "Ever since the British invasion of America's shores, few persons with ears attuned to good music could tolerate the long-haired, non-melodious practitioners whose voices and souped-up guitars made nothing but minus signs in this nation's musical progress."

COMPLETE TEXT OF AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BEATLES FROM KATHY LOONEY AND CYNTHIA LINDERMAYER OF SHREVEPORT, LA.: "Beatles: We really feel sorry for you. Sorry is the word; for anyone who thinks that Jesus is going out of style must be sick. We respect your opinion that there is no God but just



because you and your messed-up friends feel that way does not give you the right to make that statement. We are Catholics and proud of it."

MESSAGE ON A SIGN VISIBLE IN AN AP WIREPHOTO OF A TENNESSEE "BEATLES BONFIRE": "The Beatles are dull and ordinary."

COMMENT OVERHEARD IN THE CAFETERIA OF AN INDUSTRIAL PLANT IN HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND: "I just don't know about this Jack Lemmon."

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER-TO-THE-EDITOR BY MRS. H. T. HANSON, 842 N. DORA AVE., UKIAH, CALIFORNIA: "Twentieth Century Reformation Hour's fine baritone, Mr. Fugue Springmann, has challenged the Beatles to a song debate... he would like to sing a religious or sacred song, using a guitar as they do, and the Beatles could then sing their best number before an impartial audience. Let's see those Beatles get out of this one."

EXCERPT FROM A PAMPHLET SCORING "THE VULGAR AND PROFANE BEATLES, ADMITTED ATHEISTS," AVAILABLE BY WRITING TO "COMMUNIST MUSIC," BOX 1775, SARASOTA, FLORIDA, AND ENCLOSING 75¢ IN COIN: "Communist scientists have discovered that music with a broken meter in the treble, played over an insistently regular beat which increases to the point of frenzy, can produce hysterical effects in young people, as if they were trying to rush madly in two directions at once..."

SENTENCE FROM PLATO QUOTED WITH APPARENT APPROVAL IN THE ABOVE PAMPHLET, WHICH DOES NOT COMMENT, UNFORTUNATELY, ON THE PHILOSOPHER'S OPINION THAT WIVES AND PROPERTY SHOULD BE HELD IN COMMON: "The introduction of a new style of music should be shunned, as imperiling the whole state, since styles of music are never disturbed without affecting the most important political institutions."

EXCERPT FROM A 12-LINE, \$33.-60 AD PLACED IN THE PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH BY SUSAN DOBBS AND THERESA EARLES OF HOPEWELL, VA: "Dozens of radio stations across the states are banning (sic) their records and having bonfires, because of a statement by John Lennon. We have a petition to get them back on the air. Please, England, help us, we love them, too."

COMMENT BY MISS DOBBS ON THE DECLINE OF THE WEST: "If you'd ask most kids whether they'd rather go to church or to a Beatles' concert, the majority would say the Beatles' concert. It might sound bad, but it's the truth."

COMMENT BY BRIAN EPSTEIN, AUTOBIOGRAPHER, ERSTWHILE DRESS DESIGNER, AND BEATLES MANAGER, IN NEW YORK TO "ASSESS THE SITUATION," ON BEING

ASKED IF HE DENIED THAT LENNON HAD MADE THE REMARKS ATTRIBUTED TO HIM: "We've no complaint about that."

FURTHER, ANGRY COMMENT BY EPSTEIN, ON BEING ASKED IF HE THOUGHT THE BEATLES WERE ACTUALLY MORE POPULAR THAN JESUS: "Of course not."

LIST OF COUNTRIES MENTIONED IN NEWS DISPATCHES AS HAVING SOME VARIANT OF THE BEATLES' BAN: Costa Rica, Indonesia and the Philippines, (non-religious reasons), Spain, South Africa, and the United States.

EXCERPTS FROM A WASHINGTON POST ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE CONCERT I WAS TO ATTEND: "Good seats available till showtime."

FURTHER PROOF OF THE CONTINUING DEPRAVITY OF SCANDINAVIA, FIRST NOTED SOME YEARS AGO BY PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN A SPEECH ON THE CORRUPTING EFFECTS OF SOCIALISM: A new consignment of Beatles albums arriving in Stockholm at the height of the controversy was sold out within thirty minutes.



STIFF UPPER LIP OF THE PUKKA SAHIB SOMEWHERE EAST OF SUEZ AWARD, MAUREEN CLEAVE, DONDON EVENING STANDARD: "Sections of the American public seem to have been given an impression of his views that is totally absurd."

DIFFICULT-TO-REFUTE DEFENSE OF LENNON BY THE COPENHAGEN, DENMARK, LUTHERAN CHURCH PAPER KRISTELIGHT DAGBLAD: "Jesus was crucified, while the Beatles win popularity."

A Note From The Bashful Secretary

Subscribers who didn't receive their first issue and or subscription card, should call or write the PAPER office and leave name and address and a description of the subscription (duration, mail or card, color, scars, etc.). Many envelopes we sent out were returned marked Address Unknown. Others, which we swear we sent out promptly last week, have not been seen or heard of since. We regret.

PUBLISHED AT LAST

After the countless obstructions and attempts to silence us even before publication, CAUSEWAY 1/4 found a press and a kind printer to operate it. We wouldn't have bothered to overcome all the opposition but what CAUSEWAY 1/4 says needs saying as loudly and to as many people as possible.

CAUSEWAY 1/4 is an "almost book" (not quite magazine of near 100 large pages with no advertising and features an Environment section on Censorship of Sex; an Arts section (including Visual arts; Garterbeltmania; and Theatre arts; a new one act play); an Eros section (nuescapesphoto - portfolio) and a Causeway Digest of leading controversial publications. Absolutely top drawer talent throughout.

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dr. timothy leary

Photographed at the Castalia Foundation -- Captioned "To learn how to use your head, you have to go out of your mind" with a partial quote from Turn On/ Tune In/ Drop Out

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HIS LORDSHIP, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: "To be more popular than Jesus proves nothing. Jesus wasn't interested in popularity."

CHAPTER 6, VERSE 14, OF THE SECOND EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS: "Be ye not equally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?"

PROOF THAT THE SPIRIT OF VOLTAIRE STILL LIVES; FRANK CODY, DISC JOCKEY, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO: "If John Lennon wants to stand on top of Mt. Everest and yell he's King King, that's his privilege. The Beatles should be judged on their music and not for saying what they think."

SLOGAN ADOPTED BY STATION WEEI, BOSTON, IN PARAPHRASE OF "LENNON AND HIS FELLOW THEOLOGICALS (SIC)": "The Beatles are dead."

EXCERPT FROM A SPEECH MADE ON THE FLOOR OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE BY REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES IANELLO OF ROXBURY: "Who are these four creeps to put themselves above the Almighty . . . who wants to send their (sic) children to listen to those four?"

PARAGRAPH FROM A VARIETY ARTICLE HEADLINED "BEATLES ONLY SLIGHTLY BOFF": "Several local stations have been reminded by their lawyers that refusing to play Beatle records because of Lennon's statement might be in violation of the civil rights laws which prohibit discrimination on grounds of religious beliefs."

CHANTED VERDICT OF THE CROWD OF GRILS WHO SAW THE BEATLES OFF AT A LONDON AIRPORT: "John, not Jesus! John, not Jesus!"

BRIAN EPSTEIN, ON BEING ASKED IF HE THOUGHT THE BEATLES HAD LOST FACE AS A RESULT OF THIS LATEST RECRUDESCENCE OF WHAT HE CHARACTERIZED AS "THE NORMAL SORT OF BEATLE FUROR": "I don't know."

Neither did I. But I was curious enough to write to Mr. Richard Coe, drama and film critic of the Washington Post, who on the strength of a very slight acquaintanceship kindly saw to it that I was mailed an invitation to the Beatles' August 15 press conference in Washington, D.C. I planned to cover all the angles.

I was not the only one in the Washington area interested in the Beatles' imminent arrival. The evening before the story of Lennon's retraction broke, Mr. Xavier Edwards, Exalted Cyclops of the Maryland

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, appeared on a WRC-TV news broadcast to announce that his organization would picket D.C. Stadium during the concert. The KKK would also have people inside the stadium, Mr. Edwards said darkly. He promised "a few surprises." The newsman interviewing Edwards seemed incredulous; how could a few Klansmen foil a security operation involving hundreds of tough D.C. cops? Edwards smiled shyly. What could be seen of his face (he was wearing a Klan hood and wraparound sunglasses) looked sensitive and intelligent. His voice was pleasant and musical, although his grammar had a tendency to desert him the pressure of the moment. "We're known as a terror organization," said Mr. Edwards, in the tone of voice that someone else might have said, "We're known as an azalea society." I looked forward to interviewing Mr. Edwards.

But then came the first press conference in Chicago and the remarks that were to become almost a litany in the next week. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry I said it really, I never meant it as a lousy, antireligious thing. . . I wasn't saying whatever they're saying I was saying. I was sort of deploring the attitude toward Christianity."

Solo voice: "From what I've read or observed, it just seems to me to be shrinking, to be losing contact."

Chorus: "And we all deplore it."

And the war was over almost before the battle had been joined. One by one, the blackout stations put "Eleanor Rigby" back on the air (except of course for the Southern stations which had never played Beatles records anyway), and Art Buchwald wrote a definitive funny column about the whole tsmimus. Xavier Edwards announced that he was calling off his surprises.

All's well that ends well, but I was still a little disappointed. Unreasonably. So long as the controversy was raging, so long as the KKK was adding an agreeable element of tension to every Beatles' concert, it was possible for me to delude myself into thinking that I was in on what might someday be a footnote to the God-is-Dead controversy, rather than another article

on Ringo's fave actress and fave food for Rave magazine. I tried to call Edwards for a statement, but he could not be reached for comment, which is to say I couldn't find his number in the book.

I called another, similar, fixture of the Washington scene, Nazi leader George Lincoln Rockwell, and asked him what he thought of Lennon's remarks. "Well," said Rockwell, "I think it's typical of the arrogance of the modern beatniks, who have no ideology, no principles, and no respect for anything." Just like that, parallel construction and all. This voice was even more sweetly reasonably than Edwards'.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE: Ra-a-a-a-in, I don't mind/ Shi-i-i-i-ne, the weather's fine/ Can you hear me that when it rains and shines/ It's just a state of mind/ Can you hear me, can you hear me./ sdaeh rieht edih dna nur yeht semoc niar eht fi (sic) (Copyright Northern Songs, 71-75 New Oxford Street, London.)

ZEN KOAN REPORTED BY NATHAN HENTOFF IN AN EVERGREEN REVIEW ARTICLE ENTITLED "SOMETHING'S HAPPENING AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, DO YOU, MR. JONES?": "Do you plan to record any anti-war songs?" a reporter asks the Beatles. "All our songs," John Lennon looks at this museumed man, "are anti-war."

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER TO "TIME" MAGAZINE FROM PATTY AND SUSAN HUTCHESON REPLYING TO CHARGES BY THAT MAGAZINE THAT "DAY-TRIPPER" IS A SONG ABOUT A DEMIMONDAINE AND THAT "NORWEGIAN WOOD" CONCERNS A MAN WHO TRIES TO SEDUCE A LESBIAN: "Just because you ole hags can't appreciate good music or play guitar worth a jellybean doesn't mean you have to go protesting about the Beatles. . . both of us agree that "Day-Tripper" and "Norwegian Wood" are not indecent. Where did you get that idea? Take our advice: state the right facts or flake out!"

COMPLETE TEXT OF A LETTER ON ORDINARY RULED PAPER DISPLAYED UNDER A SIGN READING "CHECK THIS" BY A CELEBRATED PEANUT BUTTER STAND IN FARMER'S MARKET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: "Thank you

for the peanut butter. It was fab. Paul McCartney. Ringo Starr. John Lennon. George Harrison. The Beatles."

REMARK OVERHEARD ON A GREYHOUND BUS IN EVANSTON, ILLINOIS: "One of these days John Lennon is going to turn thirty and the whole world will come to an end."

SPEECH DELIVERED BY RINGO STARR IN A SCENE FROM "MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" INCORPORATED INTO THE 1964 TELEVISION SPECIAL, "AROUND THE BEATLES": "I am the lion, who doth make gentle hearts to fear. Of course, I'm not really a lion, I'm a drummer. If I was a lion, I wouldn't be making the money I am today."

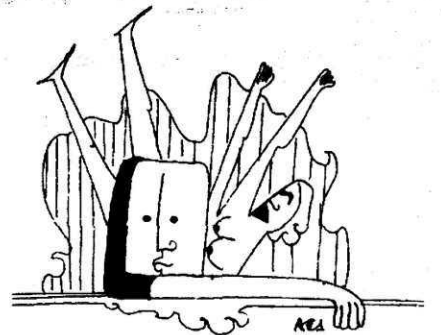
JOHN LENNON, TO THE AUDIENCE AT A ROYAL COMMAND VARIETY SHOW: "The people in the cheap seats can clap. The rest of you, rattle your jewelry."

QUESTION AND ANSWER FROM PARADE MAGAZINE'S "PERSONALITY PARADE" COLUMN: "O, Are the Beatles swingers? A. They swing."

"THE MOODY BLUES" COMMENT ON JOHN LENNON'S HOME LIFE IN "TEEN LIFE" MAGAZINE: "John tends to be more 'homebodyish' than the others. . . the boys said that he is a very good father -- modernistic in discipline, doesn't fuss, but cares very much. Little Julian adores his father and follows him everywhere he goes when he's home."

TWO SENTENCES FROM A REVIEW OF BRIAN EPSTEIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS; D.A.N. JONES, AUTHOR OF "NEVER HAD IT SO

continued on page 8



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Pellinore,
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Cameo?

BARBARELLA
Wilhelm Reich
Siegfried
ANGELINA
ABSINTHE
HAS SUCCESS
SPOILED THE
AN ALL MALE EVENING

WHAT HAS
SEX
GOT TO DO WITH
CREATIVITY?

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE
VODDLOO Godard
JEAN-PAUL SARTRE
House Parties
ARCHIEBOLD MacLISH
Gore Vidal
FAREWELL
SPEEDWAYS
FIAT Book-of-the-Month Club
THE CELESTINE BEAST
RABBIT

The Marquis
de Sade
Shoebism

GOOD," IS DESCRIBING THE CHANGE WROUGHT IN EPSTEIN BY THE BEATLES: "He had not realized that Liverpool, that low-class town, could be stylish and romantic. Suddenly it was the city celebrated by Edith Piaf, the seaport where youngsters could sail to Hamburg and, like Brahms, provide light music in a street of whores."

SURREALISM - IN-JOURNALISM AWARD. TO "TEEN LIFE'S" APOCRYPHAL "BEATLES' SECRET DIARY"; TYPICAL EXCERPT: "Monday: After a long rest, we had the press men who have flown with us on tour up for a farewell poolside party. We all have to leave Beverly Hills."

EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER OUTLINING "PRESS CONFERENCE PROCEDURE" SENT TO ME BY ALLEN J. BLOOM OF "SUPER ATTRACTIONS, INC.": "No one, without exception, will be allowed in the dressing room areas. No one, including photographers, will be allowed on the field at any time. . . . There will be no autographs issued during this press conference, so in order to save everyone embarrassment do not attempt to ask for autographs. . . . There will be positively no individual interviews."

I arrived at the Stadium late, and had to run up the last apron of parking spaces to make it on time. Around the glass doors of Entrance A were about a hundred girls, indescribable, except perhaps to say that Holden Caulfield would probably have despised them all. I showed my engraved invitation and was passed through the doors along with a little man wearing a rumpled gray suit and carrying some kind of rolled banner. I asked him, one hardened newsman to another, who he was with.

"London Daily Telegraph," he said, broadening the last "a," almost out of recognition. "One of our readers

would you believe. . .

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Personal

CA in 325: Things are bad. Life is hard. But. . . Orange Julius lives forever. P.O.H.J.

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The Beatles

continued from page 7



is a faun," he informed me (he meant "fan"), "and I'm supposed to take the boys this sign and try to meet her afterwards or some ridiculous thing. It won't work, of course." He blew out his cheeks in irritation. Fleet Street was never like this.

Presumably the fan was either Susan Dobbs or Theresa Earles, but he seemed a little sensitive about the whole business, so I didn't ask. We went down a series of concrete ramps past floors of dully gleaming Chevrolts; it was impossible to take a wrong turn--there was a copy every twenty feet, like a fire brigade. The conference room itself was guarded like Hitler's bunker, with four cops outside and two filling the door. The Telegraph man flipped open his wallet to show his identification and went confidently in; I toyed with the idea of flipping my wallet open to my MSU bus pass.

The first cop in the door took my invitation, adding it to a stack in his hand.

"Identification, please."

"I haven't got any. Just the, uh, invitation."

"Who are you with?"

"The, uh, Underground Press Syndicate." Blank look.

I started to explain, but in my nervousness I must have used the word "student." This was a trigger word, as I should have known. The first cop folded his arms. "Our orders say no student publications are allowed in--" "How old are you?" asked the second cop, who had been looking me over.

"Twenty-two," I lied.

They looked at each other. "Hell, let him in," said the second cop. I picked my way forward across a floor littered with coaxial cables. The London Daily Telegraph man was standing indecisively just inside the door, his banner still furled, apparently steeling himself to plunge into the crowd in the center of the room. He smiled wanly at me as I came up. "Well," he said, "you've got in, anyhow." "Mmm," I said.

The room had been billed as a "Clubhouse"; apparently this was a euphemism for "locker room." The wire cages along the walls showed the homey touch of the Senators: strips of masking tape lettered "McCormick 16" and "Richert 24," a black and orange sticker reading "Batman likes Batboys." At both sides of the room were batteries of lights, camera, recording equipment and technicians with earphones.

But the real show was in the center. Milling around among the rows of folding chairs was one of the strangest groups of people I have ever seen. I picked out the newsmen first; not the power elite of the Washington press corps of course; they were either downtown or home in bed. These were the good male

feature writers and the female taste-makers, the lesser-known Nancy Dickersons who the day after would fill us in on the favorite recipe of the wife of the French Ambassador or write another human interest story about the deplorable conditions in Junior Village. They all chatted among themselves; they had been here before. Then there were the young men from out-of-town, a few of them, at least, actually traveling with the Beatles -- men from the radio stations and the teenage magazines. I counted five different colors of paisley tie.

The rest of the people could have come from anywhere. The prep school boys with the instamatic cameras presumably had connections with the show's promoters, and this may also have been true of the little groups of middle-aged women. But what about the girls with peach lipstick and deep tans? I recognized their type easily

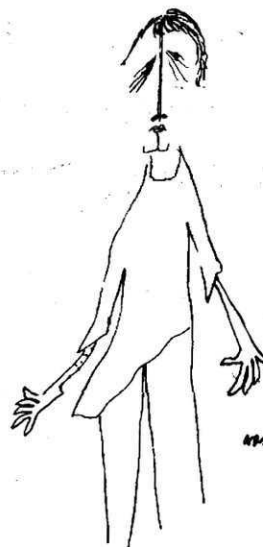
enough; the hollow-cheeked beautiful yet inaccessible girls who sell pastel-colored underwear in the pages of the New York Times Magazine. But what were they doing here? No one talked to them, or even seemed to notice them. They were obviously not taking notes; a few of them looked capable of using the word "marvy" in conversation.

Who was the young man standing behind the Beatles' table? He had a face like a cowboy's and hair like a girl's, and was wearing a white vinyl jacket; I watched him intently for almost a minute but he never moved a muscle and never said a word. In that crowd, he hardly stood out, and of course I never found out who he was. All the lonely people, where do they all belong?

There was a patter of applause and the Beatles entered from stage right.

Next Week: The Conference, The Concert

Shaving Mirror



A pair of wet and limpid eyes
As guileless as the summer skies
Face the quotidian horror
Of the bathroom shaving mirror:
A mirror-self so knifelike,
So pale -- and yet so lifelike,
The eyes can read the structure
Of the bones beneath the skin:
Jutting clavicle, maxilla,
Rib, sternum, and mandibula;
Beneath the musculature
The dreadful bones show clear.
They'll knit as clean as ever
When the body's cold and sere.

The eyes have narrowed into slits.
Better than ordinary wits
Lurk beneath the tangle
Of the hair upon the skull.
"This kind of morbidity
Is just hypersensitivity,"
He thinks, and spits his toxins
Savagely into the sink.
"A passing mental sickness
That comes from missing breakfast."
And it's true that after eating
There's a pleasant, heavy lull.
But the house is cold as ever,
And his mind feels just as dull.

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I've seen so many movies since last spring that I can't possibly do justice to them. I held out hope that I could devote full columns to "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?", "Morgan," and "The Wild Angels," but now that the term is started there's no point in kidding myself; so, devil-may-care as always, I'm setting out to do less-than-justice to everything I've seen in the last four months.

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF

Easily the best film I saw this summer. The highbrow critics started out panning it because Elizabeth Taylor is sometimes too coarse or too weak, because Sandy Dennis was a mess throughout, because the scene in the cafe was contrived and verged on melodrama, because Mike Nichols included a hackneyed shot of shadows on a bedroom window, because the imaginary-child device still doesn't work very well -- plenty of reasons, all true but irrelevant.

Albee's play was a magnificent piece of work, almost. It should have been as good as "Long Day's Journey Into Night," with which it has certain things in common. It isn't, because of the imaginary-child business, which is a theatrical sideshow where the truth should be. There are plenty of theories about what the final truth about George and Martha is, and I have one of my own, but it isn't in the play. George and Martha know what they're doing: WHY do they go on with their awful, savage games when they clearly love each other? Call me up sometime, and we'll talk about it, but not now.

Finally, respectable people are starting to admit it: the movie is better than the stage version was, and yes I saw the original cast. The stage version didn't have Richard Burton (in one of the best performances I've ever seen); it didn't have close-ups; it suppressed to a large extent any evidences of affection between George and Martha; and it went on too long.

Granted, Nichols made mistakes--straining to avoid stasis with too many close-ups, too many irrelevant shots (like George's getting the umbrella-shotgun) -- but the point is that he avoided stasis, he avoided just photographing a play or opening it up to the point of making it unrecognizable. What came through was straight Albee, most of it extraordinarily fine.

There's been hardly anything in American films to match it.

MORGAN

East Lansing is probably the only town in the country that couldn't hold Karel Reisz's "Morgan" for more than a week, though it ought to be remembered that this town couldn't do any better for Dr. Strangelove. Anyway, it's gone.

It was a good film, at times a very moving film, but it was as mixed-up as its hero. Basically, it was the story of a young man -- an artist -- who for various reasons (i.e., his loss of faith in Marx, his apparent inability to work any more) is going insane. He has become impossible to live with, and his wife, realistically, is divorcing him.

Some critics have said that the film is therefore sick, because a lot of it is comedy, even far-out slapstick, and the humor derives, essentially, from watching the antics of a crazy man. What they fail to grasp is that, though his methods are irrational, Morgan is in one im-

portant respect quite sane: he loves his wife, and knows she loves him. In a sane world, two people who love and need each other would not be getting a divorce, parting forever.

Now, the world is in that respect not sane, and Morgan is in other respects not sane; Morgan becomes a Quixote-like figure: crazy, but, in a way we can all sympathize with, saner than the people who realistically accept the death of love.

Where the picture goes wrong--and when it goes, it really goes--is in using Morgan's illness to work in a lot of outrageous, pointless slapstick, in turning Morgan into a lovable cut-up instead of a man fighting for his life.

For example: when Morgan, in a gorilla suit, crashes his wife's wedding, it is his last desperate try to make contact before he slips into total insanity. His wife, understanding, yells for him to run, escape. But the director is so busy with the slapstick possibilities of a gorilla falling in a wedding cake that her line is virtually thrown away in the background confusion. This is symptomatic. Second example: the wife's husband-to-be is played as a caricatured, pompous ass, when he ought to be perfectly rational and likeable. The suspicion is that his role is as it is just to (for the wrong reasons) make Morgan look good by comparison.

The performances of Vanessa Redgrave and David Warner were superb, and there were some beautiful little scenes between them; it is preposterous to dismiss a picture with things that good in it. Reisz just should have trusted his story.

THE WILD ANGELS

The first time I saw "The Wild Angels," I half-thought it was a masterpiece. The second time, I saw that I'd been doing most of the work to make it into one. The point is, it wasn't ludicrous to think of it in those terms, which is remarkable for a film about Hell's Angels starring Peter Fonda and Nancy Sinatra, directed by the man who gave you "Attack of the Crab Monsters," "Drag Strip Girl," and many many more.

As it stands, the film is mostly a semi-documentary about the Angels, covering a few days of rumbles, orgies, and general time-killing. As it might have been (and for a few stretches, is), it's a tour of hell, a vision of life as savage, loveless, and pointless.

Newsweek called it an "ugly piece of trash," and it's ugly all right; Roger Corman spares us no incis-

ion, no cruelty, no cry of pain. An Angel dies, in a room full of bickering, curious, indifferent friends; his last wish is to get high, but the marijuana cigarette just makes him cough and falls out of his mouth as he dies; the face of his girl is contorted with pain, but her scream is soundless; another Angel picks up the cigarette to avoid wasting it.

We are gradually led to see the Angels from the point of view of their leader, who is slowly realizing the horror of his life. By the final scenes--an orgy in a church, followed by a funeral--he can say believably, as he refuses to run from the police with the rest of the Angels, "There's nowhere to go." The final funeral procession of motorcycles with their lights on, preceded by a near-hysterical girl and followed by swarms of middle-class curiosity-seekers, is something to hold in the memory forever.

Not that the film as a whole is anywhere near as good as its best parts. The acting is mostly terrible; the character of the leader is only vaguely hinted at: there is some violence that's just sensational; a confrontation with a minister is embarrassingly explicit and completely off-key; any number of small things. Still, in a lot of ways, it's one of the most exciting American movies I've seen in a long time.

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD

To the ridiculous.

In most ways, "Greatest Story" looks like the bomb of the century. I copied down two lines, from the thousands just as incredible. Early in Christ's wanderings, a remarkably perceptive girl watches him leave and says, "I am frightened for him. He is too good." At the end, the priests of the Sanhedrin are discussing the Crucifixion. "It'll all be forgotten in a week," one says. An aged priest gazes reflectively out the window and says (I swear), "I wonder. . . ." And the effect of having John Wayne, Pat Boone, Ed Wynn, and Shelley Winters turn up at the oddest moments is simply indescribable.

But in the middle of all that kitsch, Max Von Sydow was playing Jesus with (often) a frightening, beautiful, fanatical seriousness. In some scenes, you could almost catch the feeling of what it would have been like to be there when a man like that was gathering strength; you could feel the excitement of an idea whose time has come, and sort of understand where the last two thousand years went wrong or, if you prefer,

right.

And George Stevens, when he wasn't just purveying Sunday-school calendar-art, did some very nice visual things. His "Giant" was kitsch too, but I remember vividly some of his shots of the Texas plains; same here.

'MISCELLANEOUS'

"What's Up, Tiger Lily?" is a good idea for a short subject; at full length, it's like "Batman": dependent for interest on precisely those elements of violence and simple-minded thrills that it purports to make fun of. It begins with lots of cool, but runs steadily downhill.

The same was true of "Modesty Blaise," cooler than which you just cannot get. Any film in which the hero and heroine (both spies on a mission) can show up from nowhere, stop their Jaguar by a roadside and break into kitschy, irrelevant song while wearing funny hats and eating triple-decker ice-cream cones is so far out it's in -- which of course is the idea. I enjoyed a lot of it immensely, but after 100 minutes of sheer whimsy I began to feel as if

continued on page 10

Auspicious Beginnings Award: to the professor who last week told his first year language class, "In this course, we are going to stress correct pronunciation (sic)."

Whimsy Award: sign on a soft drink machine in Hubbard Hall: "Out of Sprite."

Truth In Packaging Award: "Selma, Alabama. A good place to visit . . . a better place to live."--Highway sign.

More-Than-Meets-The-Eye Department; or Exegesis Award: In late July, Ho Chi Minh replied to a CBS query about captured American airmen with a four-word telegram in English: "No trial in view." It was announced the following morning that State Department officials had the telegram "under study."





ADS

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7373

Movies

continued from page 9

I'd been eating those triple-decker cones myself, all evening long. Absolutely anything could happen, and unfortunately did.

"A Fine Madness" was a shallow but, given its limitations, expert piece of work. It was the story of a poet-iconoclast and the havoc he causes trying to keep away from financial and emotional hazards and finish a big poem. Sort of a picaresque. It was consistently bright and funny, at the expense of some American institutions -- like psychiatry and the middle-class housewife -- that are very seldom effectively satirized on the screen. As his wife, Joanne Woodward gave a beautiful comic performance.

"Khartoum" was a dreary flop, except for Laurence Olivier's brief scenes. "The Agony and the Ecstasy" was a drearier flop, since Rex Harrison is not up to Olivier, and they both had to play to Charlton Heston. "The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming" was often funny, but delivered its banal plug for peaceful co-existence with all the subtlety of a UN propaganda film.

"Duel at Diablo" was a good western; "Nevada Smith" was a godawful western.

I saw previews of "Hawaii" and "The Fortune Cookie" (Billy Wilder - Jack Lemmon), which ethics prevent me from telling you about until they're released. However, preview of a review: in "Hawaii" Max Van Sydow once again stands alone against forces of kitsch, led this time by Julie Andrews and goes down fighting among a lot of nice-looking palm trees and native girls. "The Fortune Cookie" is as grubby and distasteful a film as I've ever seen.

There is more, much more, but you'll have to call me to find it out. I warn you; it will be a recording.

Next week: "Dear John" and "The Sleeping Car Murder."

PAPER subscribers won't

change the world. But they won't leave it either.



either.

the same, it



change the world.

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SELECTIVE SERVICE INFORMATION

I agree to have Michigan State University provide such information concerning my academic status as the Selective Service System may request.

Student's Name: _____

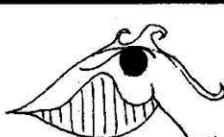
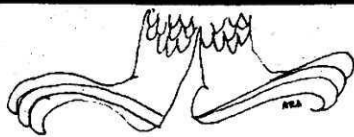
EXPECT MY DEGREE-TERM _____

YR _____

The University is now doing a bit of a favor to all male students. It happened during registration. In the confusion you, along with thousands of others signed a declaration stating "I agree to have Michigan State University provide such information concerning my academic status as the Selective Service System may request." In return the University will notify your draft board of your student status. If you do not sign there is no notification, and you do not get your student deferment. Neat isn't it?

ERIC OTTINGER

Next Week: What This Is All About



The White Collar Wonderland

by John Cerve

From the moment you step from the train at the 47th Street subway station and into the opulent, shop-lined, air-conditioned passage that extends for four blocks underground to the subterranean entrance of the Equitable Life Assurance Building, you are already a part of the phenomenon of American corporate liberalism. You do not have to breathe the polluted air of Manhattan directly, or see the sun once during the walk—and that is indicative of the treatment you will receive for the rest of the day.

Your work, of course, will be intensely alienating: filling out forms, reading endless reports; adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing numbers which represent nothing to you—so that the experience of dealing with them is hollow and unreal. Grappling with apparently meaningless concepts for five days a week will damage your ability to deal with reality at all. The natural consequence of this would be for you to develop a sense of resentment directed against the unreal symbols and eventually against the company which has placed them before you. And to a certain extent, that is the case.

But Equitable attempts to direct your attention away from your job, to present the illusion of a Benevolent Equitable by creating an artificial sense of community and contentment—encouraging you to identify your individual aspirations with those of the company in such a way that you will not lead a life separate from it at all.

Participant of the Year

You will be invited to join the art, drama, bridge, flower arranging, choral and glee clubs;

the men's, women's and "mixed" softball, golf and bowling clubs. There are baseball outings, picnic outings; you are entitled to swim, without charge, three evenings a week at a nearby pool. And if you demonstrate appropriate enthusiasm, you may win the Participant of the Year Award, and your name will be placed on the bulletin board of every department in the building.

The more serious-minded are invited to submit ideas enabling the company to reduce its expenses. If your suggestion saves the company a certain number of thousands or hundreds of thousands of dollars, you will receive the Idea of the Month Award, and not only your name but also your picture will be placed on the various bulletin boards. To demonstrate the company's attitude, you will be rewarded with a check for twenty-five (count 'em) dollars.

Speedline Special

Equitable also provides a giant cafeteria, where you may choose from among a wide selection of appetizers, soups, entrees, luncheon salads, "grill specials," speedline specials, desserts and beverages—served at moderate prices in clean, pleasant surroundings. Your lunch break is forty-five minutes long, which is longer than is required for you to eat but not enough for you to go anywhere. So you sit in the cafeteria and talk or you return to your department and talk, and there is no need to leave the building at all. And the conversations are so little connected with events in the outside world—and so connected with the affairs of your departmental "community"—that they simply reinforce the company line.

Your job itself is performed within an environment of soothing, pallid-colored, emotionally-neutral plastic. After a while, you will begin to notice how well the people themselves blend into the decor, and wonder whether you are also being assimilated into it.

The Equitable Building is a mammoth structure of thirty-eight floors, a classic expression of "neo-classic" architecture. It houses so many employees that starting times, stopping times and lunch periods are enacted in staggered shifts: when the proper bell rings, you begin to work; when it rings again, you stop.

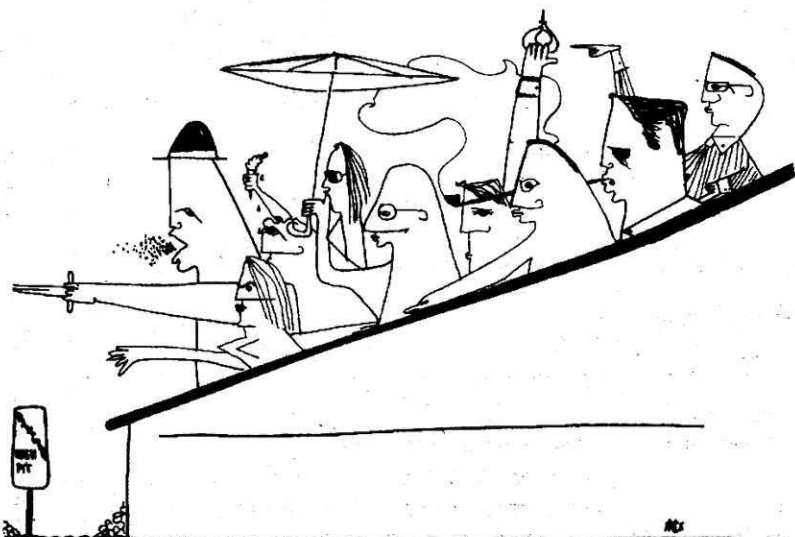
If you work on the fourteenth floor—furnished entirely with filing cabinets—soft violins play recorded Richard Rodgers. For the top executives, of course, there is a special elevator with expensive carpeting. The difference in status between those who run the company and you is expressed in terms of the gap between the musical filing cabinets and the carpeted elevators. The gap is occasionally bridged at the cost of many ulcers.

There is no labor union at Equitable—nor any apparent need for one. The idyllic vision of aged union organizers and quasi-radicals seems to have already been achieved in the offices of the big corporations. You are completely dependent upon Equitable: it shelters you from the world, insulates you from reality. It embodies the most "enlightened" self-interest imaginable. And if you should notice with surprise one morning that you really don't want to go to work—and you will—the fact would be greeted with surprise by these elderly gentlemen. Yet the company retains the right to hire and fire at will, and the basic purpose of unions—to give the workers a certain amount of control over their lives—is nowhere evident.

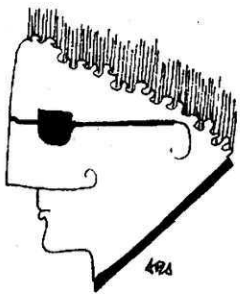
All of the benefits which Equitable bestows upon you are designed to obscure these facts. It is just as in Equitable's advertisements, where the reality is obscured by a perfumed atmosphere of sanctity; in the office, it presents an atmosphere of good fellowship and concern for your welfare. The services it provides—many of which cost the company little or nothing—are part of a sales campaign directed against you rather than the public. Its aim to convince you that the company—and the system of which that company is a part—is capable of satisfying your every need; and to prevent you from directing the latent frustration which your work generates against its source.

It presents such a syrupy atmosphere that you are occasionally startled when you realize that the means by which the company has accumulated the surplus capital which enables it to provide for your welfare—and the welfare of those who own the company—is speculating upon one's chances of dying.

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With One Eye Open



By BRADFORD A. LANG

"A Handbook for Students," says the introduction, "should be viewed as a . . . starting point for students in understanding University regulations." Well, I'm really glad somebody finally did something about it. Last year nobody understood the regulations because they didn't know what the regulations were. Now we have made the Great Leap Forward in understanding by collecting all the rules in the aforementioned Handbook. Understanding should therefore follow like a thunderbolt from the sky.

However, it somehow escapes me just how writing down a rule in a book is supposed to make it any easier to understand. Especially some of THESE regulations. Very few people, I would venture to guess, have undertaken the arduous task of actually sitting down and reading through "A Handbook for Students"; I took it upon myself to do so the other day, and now I believe my life would be much simpler and more full of joy and song had I never even happened upon that subversive little book. For example:

Board of Trustees Ordinance 24.00 reads as follows: ". . . No person shall improperly, lewdly, wantonly or wrongfully accost, ogle, insult, annoy, follow, pursue, lay hands on, or by gesture, word, movement of body or otherwise molest any person upon the lands governed by said Board." Gentle reader, I will give you a paragraph division to let that sink in.

I have "lewdly ogled" and "wantonly followed" many a young lady in my day, and I have "insulted by gesture" many a young man. And God only knows how it would be possible to "otherwise molest" anybody according to the terms of the ordinance. They don't leave much to the imagination. Of course, they could have included "rape," but I suppose that's covered under "lewdly laying hands on" and "molesting by movement of body."

I seem to remember a line from a song by the Four Lads entitled "Standing on the Corner" which goes, "Brother, you can't go to jail for what you're thinking or for the woo look in your eye." I used to swear by that song. Now I'm not so sure. A friend of mine suggested that we go turn ourselves in to the Dean of Students and see what happens. I suppose it would be something to do when the horses aren't running, but I'd be damn sure to hire a lawyer first.

Can you imagine the scene? "But, officer, she's my wife!" "I don't care who she is, ya sex pervert, get in the car!"

Did you know that residents of Married Housing are exempted from the prohibitions against firearms and alcohol in their living quarters? An 18-year-old married couple can have all the guns and booze they want,

but if you're 22 and live in Hubbard Hall (as unlikely as that would be), you can't keep one little Winchester or one little can of Blatz in your room. Ah, the joys of marriage.

Another one of the "Did you know?" category: "Students may be withheld from registration. . . for mental health . . . reasons." No source given for that one, but I'd sure as hell like to find out who decides who's crazy around here.

One hundred years after Darwin, we have the following "Administrative Ruling of July, 1953": "Dogs, cats, or other animals are not permitted in University residences. (This policy stems from health and sanitation requirements.)" I'm sure glad they included that parenthetical explanation. I was afraid somebody high up in administration circles just didn't like puppies and kittens.

Every city has its anti-riot laws. Our Board of Trustees Ordinance 16.00 reads as follows: ". . . No person or persons shall, without authorization, assemble together anywhere on the campus for the purpose of creating any noise or disturbance, riot, 'panty raid' or other improper diversion. . . ." Just what, one might ask, is an "improper diver-



sion"? A lot of people look upon Water Carnival as an improper diversion of sorts, but I guess it has authorization.

Every city also has its anti-loitering laws, but ours has a peculiar twist relating to the nature of a university. Ordinance 21.00: ". . . No person shall loiter in any building, street, or area where he is not supposed to be so, I don't know what is. Can they kick me out if they don't like the color of my socks? Isn't a university supposed to be a place where members of a community of scholars can linger idly along life's weary road and spend time idly conversing with their fellows? I would guess that most students learn most of what they learn of any important nature while loitering around in places like the Union grill.

Now, I spend a lot of time just hanging around in various dormitory snack bars talking and drinking carbonated beverages. If that isn't being "dilatary" where I'm not supposed to be so, I don't know what is. Can they kick me out if they don't like the color of my socks? Isn't a university supposed to be a place where members of a community of scholars can linger idly along life's weary road and spend time idly conversing with their fellows? I would guess that most students learn most of what they learn of any important nature while loitering around in places like the Union grill.

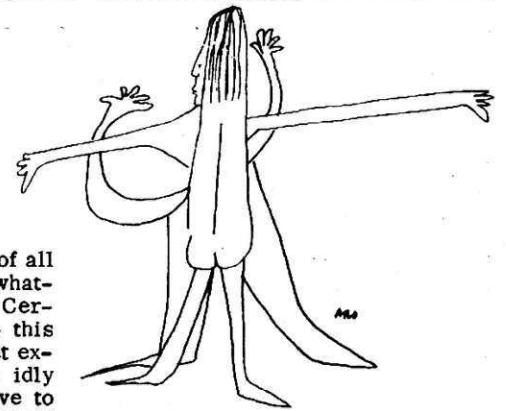
Or is the ordinance only meant to apply to non-students? In other words, because I am a student, am I technically assigned for living, work, or study purposes any place on campus? If that be so, I must protest doubly, for a community of scholars is not just a bunch of people who have given their pint of blood or whatever to the middle-aged ladies manning the booths at registration. A

university should be composed of all those who desire knowledge, whatever their status as students. Certainly Paul Krassner's visit to this campus last year was a perfect example of somebody lingering idly along the way, but I would have to count his violation of Ordinance 21.00 as one of the most rewarding experiences of the school year—not counting, of course, my ATL courses.

Then there is something called double jeopardy. All citizens are supposedly protected from double punishments for crimes by some rather high laws of the land. But here we have a paragraph from the Handbook which clearly makes double jeopardy. the rule for all law violations. No source is given for this one: "All students are expected to live in accordance with state and local laws." So far so good. But: "When students violate such laws, it is of concern to both the local and University community." So. Go write a letter to your congressman.

Sex is a big thing in the Handbook. Not only are there four whole pages of "Women's Standards and Regulations"—most of which deal either directly or indirectly with heterosexual relations—but the regulation dealing with the presence of members of the opposite sex in sleeping quarters is listed, for some reason, twice. That is supposedly for the purpose of cross-indexing, but although I searched diligently, I could find no other regulations treated in such a manner.

In order to hold a parade or procession on campus, you must first get permission from the Cabinet President of ASMSU, the Student Activities Division, the Department of Public Safety, and the East Lansing



Police Department (sometimes). You can't have more than 12 vehicles in the procession and you can't stop except for stop lights and you can't make noise except when you're moving and you might as well not do it anyway, 'cause parades are only allowed on weekdays between 5:30 and 6:30 p.m.

According to the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs (which, by the way, seems to have had a hand in writing most of the student regulations of any consequence), it is illegal to drink intoxicating beverages or to carry on all night at an off-campus party sponsored by a registered student group. But what, I ask, about the Veteran's Club? Is a left-wing party also an SDS party? What if everybody is over 21? Etc.?

The Vegetable Venders Ordinance. Phaugh.

Student Organization Registration Policy. Phaugh.

Finally we come to the end of the book. One last regulation remains to be considered, all those following being either innocuous or untranslatable. This final entry is perhaps the most terrifying of all, partly because of its utter simplicity, partly because of its utter sincerity, and partly because of its utter impossibility. We read and read again and are finally forced to ask the fatal question:

What in the hell is a serenade?

Crossword

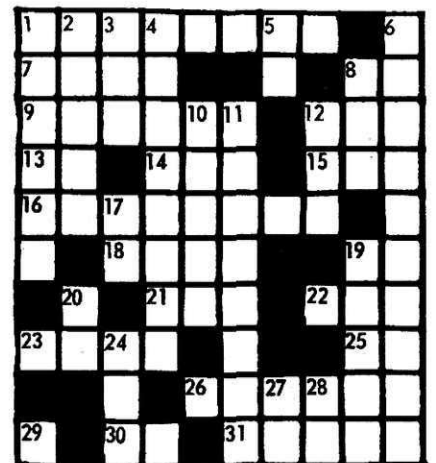
by THE LOUNGE

ACROSS

1. Burning Spear
7. _____ - American
8. Peace creep
9. Raped grape
12. Exclamation
13. Sparkplugs
14. _____ barbus
15. Baby Birchites
16. Station
18. Southern breakfast food
19. _____ Diddle
21. Extremity
22. Kettle
23. Southern University
25. Direction
26. Beef; two words
29. All-American hockey player
30. Sigma _____ (animal)
31. Leftists

DOWN

1. Self-defense
2. Mar; var. (misspelled)
3. _____ the Ayth
4. _____ Sam
5. Leaf



Answer Next Week

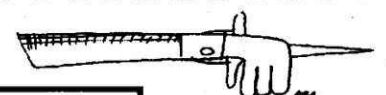
6. More vegetation
8. tea; Jap.
10. Folio man
11. What you're doing
12. Olive _____
17. Flunky
19. Herb
20. Margarine
24. How to obtain Merit Scholars
27. Tube
28. It is backwards
29. 29 Across

(white space)

Next Week

Our Man In Da Nang

Original poetry from Jim Thomas, former MSU student now serving in the Marines.



TIGERS AT THE GATE

THE RACE FOR THE COLLEGE BOWL

By LAURENCE TATE

It will be hard to write this without offending certain people I don't care to offend. I emphasize that I am speaking generally, and do not claim to know much about any particular person involved.

This summer I received in the mail an invitation to come to a meeting Sunday, October 2, in Erickson Kiva, to be a candidate for the MSU College Bowl team.

I felt--what?--a certain satisfaction that MSU had finally seen selected, obscurely related to patriotism or possibly even school spirit. That, and a total inability to imagine myself sitting behind one of those counters buzzing and frantically shouting, "Sir Walter Scott!" or "Picasso!" or "Heisenberg!"

Still I began to look forward to watching our appearance (even dreaming about it once--we lost, ignominiously) and decided to go to the first meeting, anyway, to see how these things are done. I was prodded by my parents, who--like parents everywhere, I'm sure--saw this as my Big Chance, and the hell with THE PAPER and probably grad school applications too. My parents are good typical parents, and to them, College Bowl is the Big Time for students who can't be class president or varsity fullback.

My own feelings about College Bowl are simple: it's fun, in the way that party games are fun. Its relevance to education is virtually nil, in the way that the relevance of objective tests to education is virtually nil. Only moreso. When it is considered relevant to education, the effect is destructive; the same, needless to say, goes for objective tests.

When I got here and asked around, I found that, as might have been expected, nobody I knew was taking it very seriously. One or two said they

I immediately adopted a spuriously cynical attitude which I maintained throughout the meeting--not that it wasn't warranted, and not that it wasn't genuine, but still, I thought, I'm here and everybody knows I wouldn't be here if I wasn't willing to take a lot of time and trouble to get myself among the lucky four. Whatever front I put up, I was there to compete, to match my range of superficial knowledge against theirs, to, for the moment, stake my life on winning.

But, I thought, I really am cynical, and I almost didn't come, and I don't really want to compete. What about the others? I knew a lot of the faces and, almost without exception, I knew the type.

How can I describe them? In conversation I refer to them as "the ADS-math-dorm crowd," or "the Honors College crowd." I know them, because I used to be one of them. But before I can say more about them, I have to report on the opening remarks of John Wilson, director of the Honors College.

Wilson got up and said, treading carefully, that he had "certain reservations" about the College Bowl. "It does suggest to some," he said, "that learning is only something to be used for play, to play a game well." However, he went on, what the American public saw of college on TV was usually restricted to Saturday afternoon football games, which were clearly not a fair representation of higher education. Certainly College Bowl was not perfect, but, he said, "The fact is, though, that it DOES reach 20 million American homes, and it DOES suggest that intelligence is valued in our society."

Before we consider that statement, a parenthesis: last year, you recall, MSU had a top-rated football team. It is now football season, and the Stadium is once again where the Action is at MSU. Those concerned with MSU's image are of course pleased, because alumni are pleased and the people of Michigan are pleased, and all that crap. But what if, to supplement its football prestige, MSU also had a spectacularly successful College Bowl team? My Lord, what a mornin': Brawn AND brains. "It DOES reach 20 million homes."

End parenthesis. Notice in Wilson's wording the switch from "learning," which College Bowl suggests is valuable only for play, to "intelligence," which the program suggests is valued in our society. Something has happened here. It is accurate to say that on College Bowl learning is used to play a game. But how did intelligence get into this? Among them, the eight members of College Bowl teams get a chance, per program, at an average 23 tossup questions and 17 bonus questions. Certain students may answer--what?--perhaps ten or more questions, though this must be rare. The most they can display, as the emcee usually points out, is quick recall of a fairly wide range of facts. Most of the students no doubt ARE intelligent, but that isn't what they're there for.

Children who memorize state capitals or learn to spell hard words are said to be "bright." Bright children know they are bright, and find ways to prove to people they are bright; often it is their chief distinguishing characteristic. Their minds work faster than other people's minds; they can memorize faster and better; they can solve puzzles, play mental games better than other people. The trouble with brightness is



that, by itself, it isn't good for anything. And by itself, the sort of "learning" displayed on College Bowl isn't good for anything. Intelligence implies a certain mental maturity and integrity; the College Bowl participants are there only to show people how bright they are.

But Wilson is right (and I speak only of Wilson's words on this occasion; he is of course a very intelligent man) that what is displayed on College Bowl is valued in our society. And he is right when he implies (even without realizing it) that what is displayed on College Bowl is widely taken for intelligence. Which brings us back to the ADS-math-dorm crowd. What unites them? The first and most obvious thing to note is that they were all bright children. Most of them are probably major scholarship winners; they got to be major scholarship winners by taking many many viciously competitive objective tests, which measured the sort of mental agility and quick recall they used in their childhood and adolescence to impress people with their brightness. Once here on their scholarships, they wound up (often) taking courses in which getting good grades meant simply "solving" an objective test the way they would solve a puzzle. But what about intellectual maturity and integrity? Some of them have it or will have it, sure (just as College Bowl participants probably have it much of the time), but a lot of them--too many--are simply on their way to becoming bright adults. You see them everywhere; the English majors who are masters of exegesis but have no taste or real liking for literature; the philosophy majors who do definitive work on minor aspects of minor ethical theories; the psychology majors who argue brilliantly for love and honesty in "interpersonal relations" amid the neurotic ruins of their own lives.

I remember my first years here, when my friends and I had discussion groups which stuck to Ultimate Questions, when we compared out National Merit scores and the quality of our high schools, when we didn't have the ghost of an idea of what we could do with our lives, though we never admitted it.

Brightness alone, I repeat, isn't good for anything. It won't do significant work; it won't think significant things; it won't begin to understand this terrifyingly complex world. But it's what has always set them apart, what they've always been praised and valued for (how I loved reciting state capitals, or spelling words back-

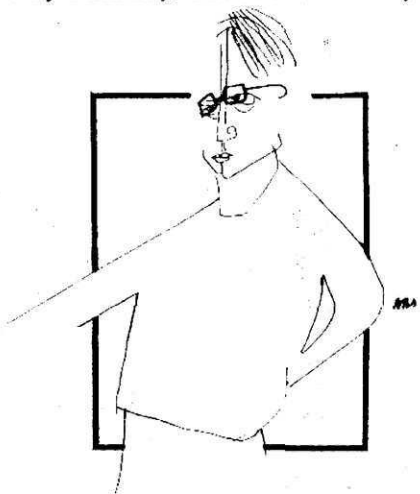
wards, or getting 700-plus on my college boards, or comping ATL with an "A" without having read half the material). It is better than nothing. They, after all, are the lucky ones: science, industry, academia, everyone clamors for bright young people; they need never lack for security. So many many more are second-, third-, and fourth-rate bright kids wishing they were up with the first-raters, the major scholarship winners, the Honors College crowd.

And even among the eight or so students in the Kiva, there were clear ranks; a few obviously knew they were going to make it; others smiled nervously and hoped and begged whoever they could silently beg, knowing in their hearts that they were wasting their time. It was announced that testing for eliminations would begin right after the meeting; in a matter of hours, only a fourth of us would remain in competition. William Sweetland, the team's coach, announced that he was looking for really enthusiastic people who could demonstrate their brightness forcefully and quickly: as he put it, "I want four tigers."

I looked around; I certainly couldn't see myself as a tiger, and I wondered how many of them really could. Yet they wanted to; this was, after all, the Big Time for them, as my parents had thought it was for me. College Bowl winners? Brighter than that you just cannot get. Right at that moment, nothing in the world was more important to them than making the team. And--horribly--I realized that if I let myself go I could feel the same tension, the same anxiety, the same nervous exhilaration of preparing for competition; I could be immensely happy at winning and deeply hurt at losing. It was then I knew I wasn't going to stay for the competition. Kid, I'd been there before.

As everybody filed out to get round numbers (telling them what time to return to compete), I talked with a girl I know slightly. She opened the conversation by saying, did I know why she was here? Well, she lived in New York and making the team would mean a free trip to New York, that was why. She laughed nervously. I wonder if she thought I believed her.

Fred stayed for the competition and survived until next week, anyway. He may even make the team. As I left without my round number, I wished him well.



might go if the spirit moved them. I had about decided not to let the spirit move me when a friend (who, for the sake of literary convenience, I will call Fred) called up and mentioned he was going (his parents wanted him to, he added); I decided, what the hell, it couldn't hurt to go and listen.

When we got there--late--the Kiva was already full; everybody was filling out forms on which they had to rank their specialties. Fred said hello to a lot of people; I said hello to a few. I looked around rather desperately; the spirit had not moved any of my friends, and I began to feel gauche for being there. (Not to mention that Fred and I were almost the only ones there not dressed in conspicuously Sunday clothes.) Having taken the trouble to show up seemed to brand me as one who could take this kind of thing seriously, and I was vaguely afraid of being made fun of. Of course, I consoled myself, none of them were there and none of them need ever find out.