PEACE MARCH????
ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND PEACE

By LAURENCE TATE

The night before the latest Washington march on Vietnam, November 27, a late-night TV weatherman predicted bad weather for the next day, and added, as if it were the natural thing to say, "With any luck at all, it will rain on the marchers tomorrow."

But God was not the patriot the weatherman expected Him to be, and the protesters assembled and marched under a beautiful tourist-blue sky. The day was for the most part serene, a minority holiday in a period dominated by an increasingly intolerant majority.

The day's serenity was constantly threatened, however, by dissidence within the ranks of the protesters, and by the various groups of counter-protesters.

I arrived at eleven in the morning, to find the lines of protesters crammed onto the sidewalk in front of the White House and stretching down the street into a poor man's infinity.

A harried policeman was directing traffic on a corner, saying, "Marchers across the street and to your left. Pedestrians across the street and do anything you want."

Opposite the marchers I found the counter-marchers. One man wore a sign saying, "Burn the teach-in professors." Someone asked him if he represented any organization and he said no, he was independent. It had been announced that the Ku Klux Klan, the American Nazi Party, and the Hell's Angels motorcycle club would picket the march. The march leaders must have found that almost too good to be true.

A lone Nazi turned up and was immediately attacked by his fellow counter-protesters. "Take him away!" shouted one. "Fascist dog!" cried another. His arm band was ripped off and his sign torn before police could protect him. It seemed a harsh fate for one who had come up with the wittiest sign of the day: "More police brutality!"

The newsmen and photographers were already swarming in the crush around the Nazi, I was hit in the head with several upraised cameras, and prudently withdrew. Before I left, I caught a glimpse of the Nazi, who looked like a well-groomed coyote and was visibly enjoying the commotion he had caused.

I wandered down the comparatively deserted street at the side of the White House, and discovered that I had come during, of all things, visiting hours. A stream of camera-carrying tourists was emerging from the tour of the inside. One man said, "What next? The Lincoln Memorial?"

In a burst of whimsy, I went inside, and walked through with a man from Kenya who said that Africans saw no need for the war in Vietnam.

Back outside, I threaded among the marchers, asking people what they thought the march would accomplish.

A car drove by with a sign on top on behalf of an anti-Bolshevik league. It occurred to me that this was the first time anyone had thought of calling the Viet Cong OR the marchers Bolsheviks.

A pretty girl wearing a "Make Love—Not War" button said that she thought the march would "show that people care." Another girl believed that the march would influence public opinion, and gather wider support for the anti-war cause. She spoke, it seemed, for the marchers as a whole.

Continuing down the line and around a corner to the very end, I came upon a group holding aloft a cluster of unfamiliar flags.

From a mimeographed sheet they handed out, I learned that they were the Committee to Aid the National Liberation Front, and gathered that these were the much-publicized Viet Cong flags whose scheduled appearance in the march had caused such consternation among leaders of the march and super­patriots alike.

It had been announced by the march leaders that the Viet Cong flags would be surrounded by American flags to demonstrate the patriotism of the marchers as a whole, and as it were, to segregate the Viet Cong demonstrators. As I arrived, American flags were already being summoned to carry out this objective. With the VC flags flapping in my face (several times during the day, I felt I'd come close to swallowing one—which would have been one of the more novel of the many ways people tried to destroy them), I listened to some of the about-ten CANLF members expound their objectives.

Their main purpose, they said, was to "educate" the public in the idea that the National Liberation Front was the legitimate government of South Vietnam, deserving the full support of the Americans. They advocated the sending of any kind of aid to the National Liberation Front, although, they stressed, they would not forward such aid themselves.

I asked if they supported the general objectives set forth by the march leaders—which emphasized negotiations—and they said they felt the objectives were good but unrealistic.

I asked why, if they thought the march objectives were good but unrealistic.

Continued on page 6

Entranced, they gaze with plastic eyes
At the host of angels hanging on utility poles,
Singing "peace on earth"
From stereophonic loudspeakers
In the stores of enterprising merchants.
Still and reverent, they behold the wondrous neon star.
Fiberglass shepherds
Who can never follow to discover
It shines over
The Department of City Sanitation.

—ELLEN HERSCHER

BY THE WAY

Michigan State is going to the Rose Bowl in a few weeks. There seems to be a great deal of excitement.
MSU—The Closed Society

We ran the risk last week of running an opening editorial which sounded too negative. We criticized the State News, and made our criticism the basis of our reason for publishing. We didn’t much like doing it, and were concerned that we would create too black an image for ourselves.

This week, again, we feel compelled to be negative in tone, because these have not been happy days.

There is a new line going around about this university which, unfortunately, sums up a lot of what bothers us: “Michigan State is the Mississippi of American universities.”

We hope the good people of Mississippi will forgive our using their state as an example of a badly run society, but its name has become symbolic of the 1960’s version of closed-mindedness, intolerance and backwoods McCarthyism. We don’t like any of these things, and regret finding them evident in either Mississippi or Michigan State University. We get considerably more excited about the latter.

Let us illustrate.

Michigan State is probably one of a very few public universities at which a Schiff case could happen, and it is difficult to imagine even one other which would compound its errors, inconsistencies and false accusations in quite the way MSU has. Ours may be the only Big Ten university which could at one time have the number one football team in the nation and a student newspaper whose editorial board walks out because of censorship.

This MUST be the only university in the world whose vice president would allow himself to be quoted in a “Report of Progress” as saying there is “little question that MSU was selected as the next Berkeley.” (One professor has said the attitude expressed by this statement indicates “a disassociation from reality that is almost clinical.”)

There must be something odd about a university which would trouble its students in the diverse and elaborate ways this one does merely over distributing and selling printed materials. Needless to say, we feel ourselves a case in point, but there are many others.

The whole absurdity on which the Schiff case is based—that Paul Schiff intentionally violated a university distribution role BEFORE IT WAS PASSED, with the purpose of bringing discredit to the university and inciting students to disobedience—points up the extreme to which MSU’s over-cautious attitude toward distribution may be carried.

Zeitgeist, the voluntarily exiled literary magazine, said succinctly on its subscription form recently: “Some people don’t know (Zeitgeist) has been refused permission to sell ANYPLACE on the MSU campus, including the Union newsstand!”

“So many people don’t know that the exchange and publication of ideas is what a university community is all about.”

Other examples: the distribution arrests in the Union, the intimidation and occasional disciplining of persons distributing Logos, the haphazard way in which distribution policies were juggled earlier this term, the almost complete capriciousness with which the Board of Student Publications operates.

This last hints at a perhaps larger problem, one which provides a key to far too many of the university’s operations. This is not something which has just come to light this week, but certain things—such as the disciplining of students for distributing Logos—point up the pattern of arbitrariness by which the university seems to insist on operating.

Frequently, operating procedures of administrative offices, board and committees are not written down; procedures are subject to change without notice. There is still no concise compilation of social regulations, and in many other areas the situation is comparable.

Help!

Contributing writers for the first two issues have been far more prolific than they intend to be in the future. Written contributions from all members of the university community will be required to fill “The Paper” each week. Poems, essays, criticisms, etc., will be welcome, but the most urgent need is for good interpretative reporting, either on assignment or freelance.

That life is worth living is the most necessary of assumptions and, were it not assumed, the most impossible of conclusions.

—George Santayana
I FEEL THAT I'LL WIN
AN INTERVIEW WITH PAUL SCHIFF
By MICHAEL KINDMAN

Paul Schiff was not always as defensive of his politics as he is today. Back in high school in New Rochelle, N.Y., he used to take things quietly, and his parents would encourage him to stand up for himself.

"Something would happen and I'd get mad, but I'd just let it slide."

When he went on to study economics at Rutgers University, Schiff started learning to keep things from sliding. "I was on my own; I was thinking more and more." Before long, he was an organizer of the Rutgers Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and a leader of the Liberal Forum, a sometimes-radical discussion group. He took a Christmas vacation trip to Cuba where he sees as "probably a turning point" in his thinking about politics and socialism, and led a public protest against civil defense drills. He was known as a "'campus radical."

"Something would happen and I'd get mad, but I'd just let it slide."

During the summer of 1964, while working in New York City, Schiff was out of school working officially on his MSU's apathy problems by which he was "extremely bothered." By January, that committee had run its structure, its rules, its operation.

"The Exile"

Beauty I hate, and all things meaningful and intelligent. I loathe the cool, clean slice of comprehension, and the lofty stars. Important reminders of eternal grandeur.

More to my liking is the pale, rich sheen of a blanket, and darkness on my stinging eyes.

Or brown, brittle songs like falling leaves. Fallen leaves I love, and the sweet, fallen smell of the leaves,

And hymns; I love the idiotic incantation:

"The open and defiant course of conduct in which petitioner indulged was deliberately pur­used by him in order to disrupt the University, the administration of the affairs thereof, the faculty, and the student body."

John A. Fuzak, Vice president for student affairs, Michigan State University

"I am anxious to resume my studies at Michigan State University, I wish to pursue a program lead­ing to a Master's degree, and perhaps to a Doctoral degree. I do not wish these degrees from a dis­credited institution."

Paul M. Schiff
Former graduate student, Michigan State University

run the students the way they like." Personally, it appears almost Schiff's declaration of Marxist ma­trixity, an attempt to "fulfill myself in a social way." That mourns in lonely exile here.

"If it were a question of putting it all through a process that demands my cooperation, I cannot prove that "man is not permanently alienated from society.""

"If he wins on either point, Schiff will be setting a precedent in favor of a student's rights to challenge a college's authority."

"This whole situation goes way beyond my case; they know it and I know it."

"The Exile"

"The Exile"


"Hence the Committee for Student Rights and the administration of the affairs thereof, the faculty, and the student body."
'A Hard Day's Night': The Play's The Thing

By LAURENCE TATE

Last year, I stood outside Detroit's Olympia Stadium one summer night while, behind its towering walls, the Beatles sang for a full house. Out on the sidewalk, the sound of screams from inside suggested wind rushing through a forest on a stormy night; since the sound was muted by the walls, I got the odd feeling that those inside were out in the storm while I was sheltered inside.

The audience, I was later told, had heard more than had the crowd of curiosity-seekers milling outside; they had stormed the stage, battled the police guard, climbed over each other, and screamed so loudly that not a sound from the stage was audible.

When the crowd (expectedly, almost all adolescent girls) finally streamed out, many of the girls still had tears in their eyes, and were feverishly clutching their Beatles pennants (or photographs, or buttons, or what-have-you) and looking as if they were in the middle of what Evelyn Underhill calls the Emergence from the Mystical State.

And so they were.

The faces looked hot and tired, and something that reminded me of Joseph Conrad's description of the romantic Lord Jim:

"He had got to the heart of it at last! A strange look of beatitude overspread his features... he positively smiled!... It was an ecstatic smile that your faces—or mine either—will never wear, my dear boys."

All this is said as a prelude to a categorical assertion: the closest that you and I, dear boys, are likely to get to that ecstatic smile is when we see (and see again, and again) the first Beatles movie, "A Hard Day's Night."

I'll hazard an expeditious generalization that the greatest films (the greatest art, for that matter) catch in some way the intensity of both the joy and pain of life, "A Hard Day's Night" is a slightly more than half-great film: it is almost all joy.

In case you haven't seen it, I) you ought to; and 2) it is in form a semi-documentary covering roughly a day in the Beatles' lives, during which they, among other things, run from their fans and from the police, ride a train, go to a party, attend a press conference, frolic on a rugby field, go through a rehearsal and other preparations for a TV show, and finally do the show before a live audience. Their singing is employed either as background music or in natural situations; there are no elaborate production numbers.

A summary, of course, conveys none of the film's complexity and quality and expressiveness. With a minimum of line and balance of the third movement were occasionally

And it is artistically inevitable that the film's last major sequence should bring the Beatles into a direct, performing confrontation with their public. With a barrage of cameras and technicians between them and their idols, in the grim stopwatch confines of a TV studio, the girls face the Beatles, with their screams, their tears, their blind reaching toward the stage, consummate their love in this, the only way possible in a world of authority and reality.

The girls experience their moment of ecstasy, experience, you might say, an emotional orgasm, entirely erotic and entirely innocent. Like the film itself, which is heterosexual and homosexual and polymorphously perverse and (in the normal use of the term "sex") quite sexless.

Richard Lester directed the film, and his two more recent efforts ("The Knack" and "Help!") both sadly decadent, seem to indicate that "A Hard Day's Night" is one of a kind. Except in East Lansing, it's sure to be running somewhere forever.

KRESGE'S CHRISTMAS SHOW

By ELLEN HERSCHER

The art students' and faculty's Christmas Show is as pleasant a place as any in this area to do one's Christmas shopping. The gallery is well-filled, and offers a wide variety of media and subjects, plus the added coziness of exhibiting indigenous talent.

For those with a modest budget, there is an excellent collection of pots; but anyone interested in buying, and hoping to pick up a masterpiece for pennies, will be sadly disappointed: patrons will find most of the prices laughable. Curiosity is thereby heightened concerning those pieces already sold and represented by blank spaces and labels on the walls.

Thus, if we generously evaluate the taste of the purchasing population, a discussion of some of the better representatives seems necessary, since they will soon be gone to private collections.

Near the entrance is James Hoy's pencil drawing of a woman, whose simplicity and conciseness is appreciated even more as one leaves. Like a Japanese haiku poem, its power is in suggestion, open and unrestricted by the lines. Mr. Hoy has capably utilized the medium's capacity for immediacy and spontaneity.

This quality of functional material realism is also evident in Robert Cronin's two portraits of girls. The mood is enhanced by the heavy, broad strokes and the black, gray, and white color tones. The girls have strength, but also a sense of sadness and affliction which age them.

A striking contrast to these paintings is one of Irwin A. Whittaker's copper enamels, organically vital and flowing. This image of a sleeping baby becomes decadent and commercially prostituted like the popular paintings at Montmartre, but at best he shows a lively freshness with his bright colors and delicate understated application of the enamel.

The stone and ceramic mosaic of Ellen Keith resembles the freshness of the enamels. The circular composition and uneven surface give a sense of movement, while the functional material creates unity of medium and subject matter. Even the ironic implications of stone birds do not detract from this essential unity.

John Plum's contributions are of consistently high quality and expressiveness. With a minimum of line and detail, his oil figures leave a haunting impression, through their form and color alone. Once again, simplicity is able to involve the viewer, making him more than a spectator.

Most of the spectacle in the gallery is well done. I particularly enjoyed the seated figure by Melvin Leiserowitz. The solid, massive body is suggestive of the weight and motion of the subject. The even, diffused impression of impotence and frustration; her hands and feet are totally useless, and although she stretches and reaches, one knows that according to the laws of kinetic motion, she can never raise herself.

Students exhibiting in the Sales Show may be feeling a similar sense of frustration, for it is obviously, and perhaps predictably, the work of the faculty which predominates. Perhaps students should be of a caliper to compare with any other artist, but most of them are not. Nevertheless, the show has positive benefits for the exhibitors, as well as the visitors, in providing a formal structure for contrast and comparison, and in creating broad, exterior, public exposure for many interior, personally concerned artists.

STRING QUARTET EXEMPLAR

A small, but appreciative and knowledgeable, audience heard last week's concert by the faculty Beaurmont String Quartet. The varied program showed sophistication of selection and the continual insistence of the music department on high performance standards.

The quartet proved technically capable of the difficult Mozart Quartet in C (K. 465), but seemed to lack ensemble unity during the first three movements. The total effect was improved by the instruments seeming to intrude upon one another rather than forming a unified whole. Fortunately this problem seemed to disappear in the fourth movement during which the instruments were able to attain a balanced blend of the untraditional harmonics, and to sustain a rhythmic vitality and direction throughout.

Among modern works, this piece seems unusual in its sophistication of selection and the continual insistence of the music department on high performance standards.

The closing work, Mendelssohn's Quartet in D, was characterized by continued vitality and homogeneity, although the smoothness and balance of the third movement were occasionally interrupted by screeching notes. Except for this, and a brief loss of control toward the end of the last movement, the group achieved a closely-knit ensemble effect, the various instruments building upon and supporting each other.

The university audience is fortunate in being able to hear chamber music competently performed in a small, suitable, auditorium, and music students are privileged in having teachers who are also fine professional performers.
The Performing Arts Company came to grief with its production of "Hamlet."

The first thing you saw when you entered the theatre was the empty set, dominated by a huge wall of iridescent flagstones that suggested less the court of Elsinore than a back yard in Southern California. Esthetics aside, the thing didn't look very functional. Appearances were not deceiving. Mercifully we got on to the court scene, where it immediately became apparent the king and queen were not going to be any help, being all expansive gestures and eye-rolling and ripe declamatory tones. And Polonius was once more being played as a simpering buffoon, which he of course is not.

In this scene everybody turned up in elaborate, ugly costumes (these were to get progressively ludicrous as the evening wore on), and stood around awkwardly in stagey little groups; the set, brightly lighted, looked like a tile bathroom. The whole thing was beginning to smack of a high-school pageant.

Vincent Van Gogh: Wheat Field With Crows

The Cornfield
never could parched corn
scorched and sere in summer heat
grasp for cooling showers
as i grasp for thee
nor suck from the moist loose earth
the reviving powers i would suck from thee

o, for thy tongue to bathe mine eyes
to cool mine eyes
here where i burn
mad with fever like the bearded painter
days ago
staggering through a stubbled cornfield
to a rendezvous with secret crows

—ELAINE CAHILL

THERE'S NO SEX
in the old people's home
where they all weigh eighty pounds;
where all the heads like waxen tulips stand alone,
not waving, not grouping,
just falling, sleeping, dying...........

They're all flat bosomed
in the old people's home
where previous breasts flatten themselves submissively under
their former selves as if to point out that there is no more life to suckle except perhaps one's own last breath.

They all live in the same bed in the old people's home
where they rise and bed down all (ready stretched for adfinitum) on the same level,
where they don't worry about birth control; where their long years contracept,
where they still cling to life, strangely, like
the mistress to her dream.

—JANE ADAMS

TERS:

HAMLET: Stabbed In The Back

The lights dimmed and Bernardo, Francisco, Horatio and Marcellus plunged ineptly through the ghost scene. Horatio made one really spectacular fluff, panicked, and raced through the rest of his lines like an auctioneer with laryngitis.

Then Hamlet appeared and all hope vanished. Grimly and resolutely callow, Roger Long proved utterly inadequate to the role.

This is not, of course, to say that any actor has ever proved fully adequate to it; it is that kind of role, and the fault lies as much in Shakespeare as in the limitations of particular actors. Several characters co-exist within the character of Hamlet, as several plays co-exist unevenly within the play itself.

No critics except those who resorted to Freud, Elizabethan medicine and historical analysis have ever succeeded definitively in putting all parts of the play into their proper joints. And to make the whole, these critics have forfeited the genuine tragic quality of its parts.

One part is a standard revenge tragedy, and Hamlet is here only a more intellectual Douglas Fairbanks. In another part, it is a vast and bitter evocation of a harsh, corrupt world, saturated with agonized questions about the human condition that are directed to the universe and to the fearful, unknown recesses of the soul. The play is consciously Christian and conspicuously pagan, often in the same breath.

The play is a collection of brilliant, fascinating scenes which connect into several unreconcilable patterns. The leading actor and the director who take it on must seize on some distinctive pattern and try to encompass as much of the play as possible within their personal vision. Clearly, this is not a job to be attempted lightly.

But the Fairchild production looked very much as if it WAS attempted lightly. Long came across as a peevish, emotional adolescent. There is some justification for this sort of approach in the text (though not much), but it is not enough to build a tragedy on; and Long was not consistent even at this level.

The to-be-or-not-to-be speech, for example, he delivered as if he were very patiently explaining this Hard Problem to a group of backward-second-graders. In other soliloquies he bellowed, whined, or trailed blandly off into nothing.

But actors, even when uniformly incompetent, are not responsible for a production in general. If the director, Frank Rutledge, tried to impose some serious imaginative control upon the production, it was not evident to me.

His touch was most obvious in the broad, overblown flavor of the whole thing, and in the many bits of extraneous business that broke out like pimples of desperation all evening. There was an abundance of original and unfunny comic relief, seemingly demonstrating the director's lack of confidence in both Shakespeare and the audience.

Unnecessary scenes (like Polonius's instructions to Reynaldo) were included; and at least one absolutely crucial one (the king's final plot to murder Hamlet) was omitted.

There were a few moments of life in the production; the grave digger (well played by Bill Stock) provided REAL comedy relief. Ann Mateisch had one or two affecting moments as Ophelia; when she and Long managed to suggest that Hamlet and Ophelia were, in some way, just a couple of scared kids with love problems, that little bit of truth sparkled in a lackluster evening.

—LAURENCE TATE

CORRECTION: In Ellen Herscher's column in the first issue, was included the sentence, "The occasional film at Hillel—pardon the pun—is a God-send." The phrase "pardon the pun" was an unfortunate editorial addition.—The Editors.

ANOTHER CORRECTION: We found out too late to do anything about it that David Freedman, who wrote "Committee for Student Revolution?" in the first issue, is not a Committee for Student Rights coordinator in Holmes Hall, as our note indicated he was. His ideas remain valuable; his authority is somewhat altered by the error.—The Editors.
The March . . .

were unrealistic, they were participating in the march. A dark-haired boy said, "We want to get people to help the NLF in any way we can." I wasn't sure this answered my question.

"If I seriously thought," the boy continued, "that I could get us out of Vietnam by burning myself, I would. But they'd just say I did it over some love problem."

About then a man came out of the crowd, yelled, "Give me that flag!" and lunged at one of the flag-carriers. A wild, brief scuffle followed before the man was subdued; all the while a girl next to me was moaning, "I KNEW this would happen. I KNEW it."

The Viet Cong demonstrators and I were moving up the side street toward Pennsylvania Avenue. Before we got there, a second attacker, shouting something (the only word I caught was "Pacifist!") initiated another scuffle and was dragged off by the police. The flag-carriers asked me to get in front and help guard them; I politely declined.

On Pennsylvania Avenue the newsmen and photographers converged on the group en masse, and a host of American-flag-carriers rushed in to shield the alien flags from the cameras' baleful stares. I asked one boy, who was waving Old Glory manfully in front of the lens of an ABC camera, what he thought of the Viet Cong supporters. "Confidentially," he said, "I think they're a bunch of nuts. We're doing our best to cover them up."

Farther down the block all the flag-carriers met head-on with a large raucous group of counter-marchers, shouting among other things, "Down with Communists!" The counter-marchers started throwing eggs. I ducked one and it splattered on a nearby lens of an ABC camera, what he thought of the Viet Cong supporters. "Confidentially," he said, "I think they're a bunch of nuts. We're doing our best to cover them up."

By this time the marchers and counter-marchers were hopelessly mixed together, milling around in shared confusion. One girl asked me about the attacker, saying, "Was it one of ours?" and I had to look at her sign to find out who "ours" meant.

Another girl, who wore a huge heart on her chest saying, "We love GI's," shrank back and said she was afraid people would mistake her for a protester. A dark-haired boy said, "We want to get people to help the NLF in any way we can."

A policeman addressed the crowd through a loudspeaker, warning everybody that "you don't have a right to attack anyone or destroy their property." A bystander watching the VC flags go by said to a friend, "I think that's anti-war." The other replied, hesitantly, "I think it's pro-war but against the United States. A well-dressed woman dropped her son away from the marchers, sharply commanding, "Let them fight among themselves!"

At two boys carrying a sign saying, "Our boys in Vietnam are the REAL peace marchers," a woman was screaming, "So go volunteer!"

The procession finally arrived at the Washington Monument, rather anticlimactically. The counter-marchers retired across the street, shouting, "Come on over to the American side! We'll forgive you!" The marchers joined the already huge assemblage on the lovely green slope by the monument, and listened to some speeches.

Norman Thomas got a huge ovation for saying, "I'd rather see America save her soul than her face."

Beyond that nobody said anything too exciting, but it was all beside the point, really. The sponsors announced that the crowd was estimated at forty-to-fifty thousand.

Down front, I looked back up at the vast, impressive convocation stretching up to and partly around the gleaming monument, and was inclined to believe the estimate. (Other members of the press, reporting estimates as low as fifteen thousand, clearly were less credulous.)

After it was over, the crowd filed back up the sidewalks toward the center of town. At one point, two sailors and a marine were standing beside the wall, glaring ominously at the tired marchers. As they stood there a gray-haired old man doddered past wearing a "Make Love—Not War" button.

Everyone seemed to feel the day was a success.
Conservative
With A Conscience

MSU's two conservative political organizations—the Conservative Club and the Young Americans for Freedom—have a total of fewer than 60 members, but they represent a significant minority of political opinion. John Dellera was the originator of Conscience, the newsletter of the Conservative Club he used to head. —The Editors.

By GEORGE SNYDER

John Dellera is a dark-haired, articulate young man who says what he believes quietly and with finality. Ex-president of the Conservative Club on campus, with an electric personality and an Ivy League education, he gives the impression that conservatism is a basic set of principles centered on respect of tradition and custom.

Unlike an older autocratic conservatism, Dellera's beliefs are quite flexible. On many issues Dellera is more concrete than on others. He represents a significant minority of political opinion.

The danger of the act, Dellera said, is that by unconstitutionally basing the bill on the interstate commerce clause of the constitution the federal government extended its powers into state matters as defined by the tenth amendment.

To Dellera, Vietnam is where the U.S. is finally making a stand on communism and trying to stop its spread. He supports the war effort but thinks bombs should be dropped on the industrial centers close to Hanoi. If China enters the war on a large scale then we should also be bombed, Dellera said.

As a freshman Dellera had advocated the dropping of the mandatory State News subscription fee. Now, in his senior year, he is still somewhat dismayed at the result:

"The State News is a political organ in many ways—"A political organ that has been unfair to conservatives"—"Not really a student newspaper"—"Editorial drivel not representative of a university or what it should be"—"Voluntary paper needed."

Dellera has mixed feelings about the Committee for Student Rights. On one hand he feels that "most of the members of CSR really believe in what they are doing" and that "you have to give some credit in and of itself. Most of the people who wrote in your first issue justify "The Paper" on the basis of deficiencies and inconsistencies in the State News. This I can only take to mean that without the inadequacies of the State News, "The Paper" would not need to exist. In this mean that if a lousy newspaper has a monopoly, that's bad, but if a good paper has a monopoly, that's okay?"

Having worked in several positions during the last three and a third years on two newspapers which leave much to be desired, the Lansing State Journal and the State News, and having watched you work on the State News for about two years, I think I am somewhat qualified to evaluate your contribution to the university community via the first issue of "The Paper."

I believe that the criticisms you direct against the State News establishment and the walk-out by myself, three other editors and several reporters, are the after birth (sic) of your own inner conflicts rather than the result of observable facts. You really ought to resolve some of those conflicts before you go around preaching to others.

You find fault with Chuck Wells not because he is a lousy editor but because you wanted the position he got. You criticize Jim Sterba not so much because you think he is wrong but because you so desperately and openly proclaim your disagreement with him. You are somewhat of a psychology major with Dave Hanson's writing because you wanted his role in the State News office as confidant for staff members, especially female. You resented Richard Schwartz because he could outdo you any day in page make-up and news judgment.

Your line, "We hope to be all places at once, to be all good things to all good men," is typical of your attitude. You think you can do everything that has been assigned to others and do a better job. Yet I recall a time less than two years ago when I participated in a picket against a State News editorial written by you, saying that Gov. George Wallace was justified in his beliefs concerning Negro civil rights. If you are entitled to your mistakes on the State News, then so are others. Or perhaps you maintain you are entitled to your mistakes and that without the inadequacies of the State News, "The Paper" would not have been necessary.

But what really burns me is your blaise (sic) assumption that the editors and writers who resigned from the State News "needn't have bothered to walk out." "A cause without rebels?" Ours is anything but a political organ in many ways, but it is a political organ in the sense that it is interested in the history of ideas and the attempt to influence the reformation of the power structure of society. If you were the journalist you profess to be in "The Paper," you would have bothered to find out that we are supplementing our walk-out. We are taking decisive steps to influence the reformation of the power structure of the State News, from the outside since we could not do so from within. We are following the examples of certain CSR members last spring; but that does not mean that we should do the same when we become rebels."

Sterba's letter in the State News was not meant to represent our collective ideas but only his, and it was written in a personal rather than the result of observable facts. You really ought to resolve some of those conflicts before you go around preaching to others.

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We fervently hope that the "decisive steps" in which Mrs. Rockey and her friends are engaged will soon prove fruitful. Mrs. Rockey's letter is a good read, and I think you all the failure in the world with "The Paper."

(Signed.)
Linda Miller Rockey,
(Former editorial editor,Michigan State News)
Robert L. Wright is a professor of American thought and language. — The Editors.

No one has much good to say about the modern American university, and I think this is too much: legislators resent its preoccupation with its own needs and bristly insistence upon its autonomy; administrators believe it's slippery control and hesitant to trust them with its fiscal moneys; budget: citizens are alarmed at its unwillingness to subscribe to the public oversimplification of complex issues and suspicious of what they read in the press of academic freedom; students have huge class sizes, insensitivity, the unattainable faculty, and the Victorian rules of conduct; staff members detest the multiplicity of non-academic tasks which tear them away from their research interests as well as the various barriers which block them from the kinds of teaching they find rewarding.

Surely an institution toward which one could truthfully level such charges is no longer making an acceptable contribution to the society of which it is a part. Some sort of revision is clearly in order, but all who have suggested serious reconsideration of both form and function of the university have faced the same defensive reaction. No one has much good to say about the modern American university—until someone wants to change it. Then its vices claw out from under rocks and thru a magical transformation turn into virtues.

Not that the American university deserve little of our attention. It may cost too much, but then everything costs too much to the buyer and too little to the seller. My own feeling is that a university, no matter how rich or generous as such as they distance the public; they are the ones who get arrested or win Nobel Prizes, depending upon the channels into which they energize their interests. Although all of us sympathize with the taxpayer (after all, we, too, pay taxes), we must recognize that as the smaller the taxing unit, the more difficult the raising of substantial revenues. To the extent that the university develops a philosophy of bristly insistence upon its autonomy; it suggests serious reconsideration of both form and function of the university as a whole may resume the system, taking care, however, that the obvious total structure itself which is tottering and demands immediate attention. Why bother with a leaky roof when the house may collapse around us (and upon us) at any time?

To me, such panaceas as educational television are roof-patching. We can make good use of educational TV to show close-ups of operations and such matters, but we must keep in mind that when we simply use TV to project standard lectures, we have not strained our ingenuity overmuch. We may discover that TV technicians cost more than professors—and that worst of all, we may have come to believe that we can do more exciting things than is possible. I have suggested nothing which does not contain elements which may remain the same, but the lectures, reading lists, amount of work required, teaching methods, are the same.

There may be evidence that courses and credits are essential to higher education, but I would welcome an attempt to find such evidence. If we discover that our courses and credits are the best possible structure for a university education, we should retrain the system, taking care, however, that the obvious leaky spots be shored up. Most to be feared is the unwillingness to believe that more satisfactory alternatives to the course-credit system can be discovered.

I have not referred to the most important step of all: the reexamination of the purposes of the university. If a university exists to serve as an adolescent-sitter, to give a stamp of social acceptability, to provide a sanctuary from the draft, to preserve the value system of the middle class, to present relatively cheap entertainment, while education is supposed to hurt a little, to provide us with all the better union, to isolate learners from those who believe otherwise, it may be harder to defend.*

Some of the objections to the existing university rest on sandy soil, so also does much of the opposition to change. Such opposition, indeed, is often merely trivial or frivolous. For example, one cause of the failure of the Pasadena four-year junior college was the difficulty of finding parallel institutions with which Pasadena could schedule football games.