

# THE PAPER

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10 cents

## 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 whimsey, 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-Bolshevist 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 super-patriots 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.

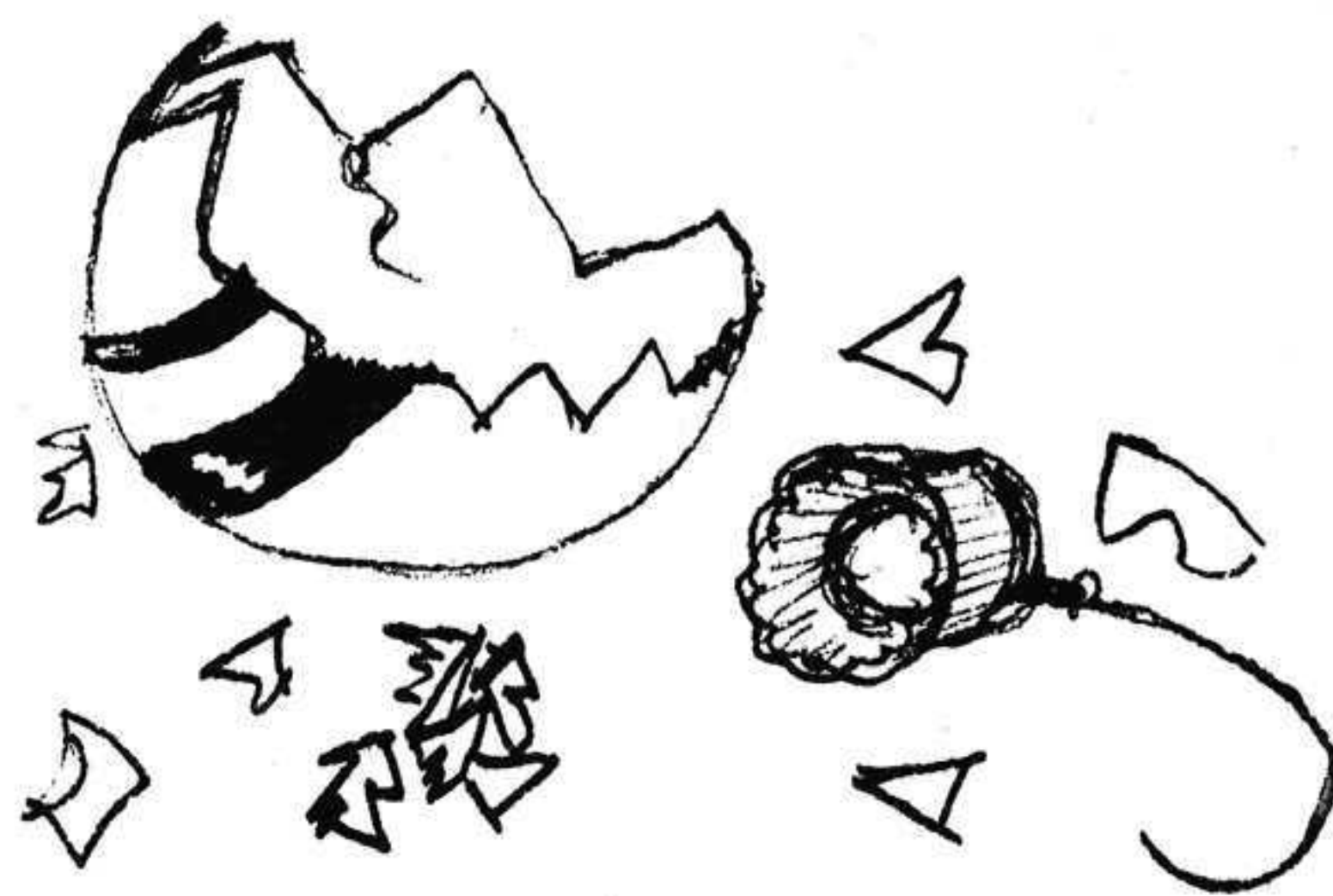
With the VC flags flapping in my face (several times during the day, I felt I'd come close to swallowing one—which would have been one of the more novel of the many ways people tried to destroy them), I listened to some of the about-ten CANLF members expound their objectives.

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.

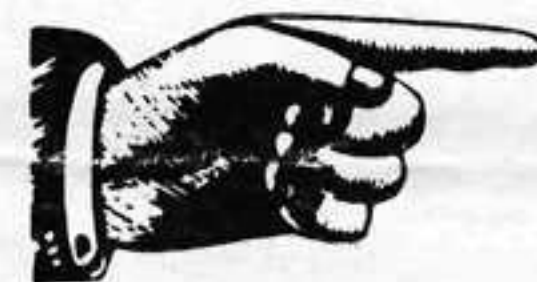
I asked why, if they thought the march objectives

## Replicas



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 on campus about this.

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# 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.

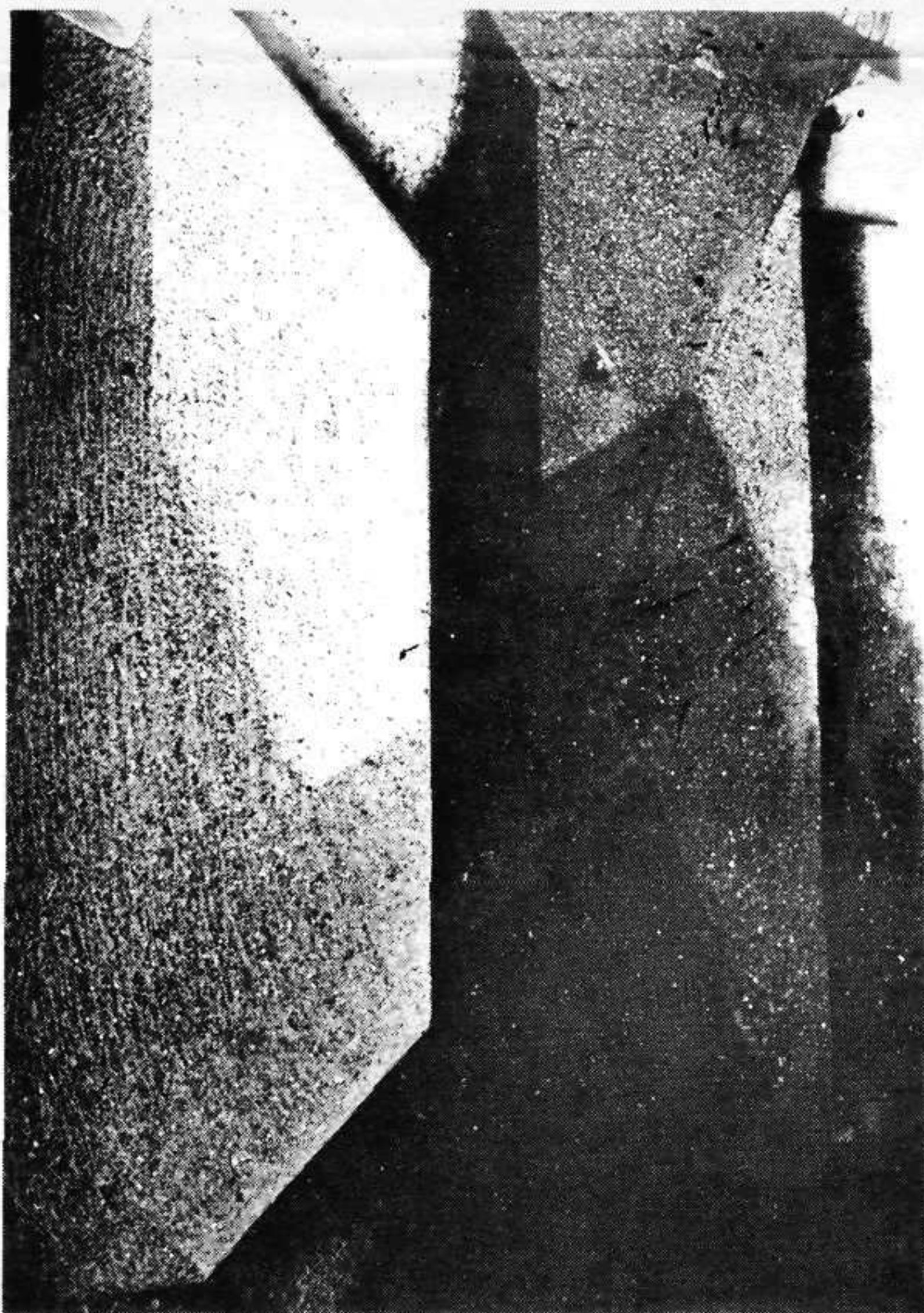
There is a new line going around about this university which, unfortunately, sums up a lot of what bothers us:

"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 dissociation 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 rule 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!

"Some 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.



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

—George Santayana



Francisco Goya:  
"The Prisoner"  
From the private collection of  
Lawrence O. Baril

A lot of things are done simply because they are done that way, or because someone in a position of delegated power wants them done that way. It's the MSU Way of Life, and we regret that it resembles the stereotype picture of Mississippi's own revered Way of Life.

Examples: watch the operating procedures, if you can get in to see them, of the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs, the Faculty Senate, the Board of Student Publications, a Dean of Students office disciplinary hearing, an interview in the Off-Campus Housing Office. (Or, add your own examples; there must be many.)

A rare light these days is student government, but we're not sure how long it can hold out. One almost expects the Administrators' Citizens' Council to come racing in at any time to break up the meeting.

You can begin seeing the way an observer's thoughts develop, even against his will. So many things happen so unreasonably, so inexplicably slowly, so arbitrarily, that one cannot help but make the comparison to the symbolic land of darkness in the South.

—MICHAEL KINDMAN

## THE PAPER

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

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SUBSCRIPTIONS will be available (we hope) at registration winter term.

LETTERS on any subject are emphatically welcomed.

ADVERTISING SALES will begin with the next issue, scheduled to appear early in January.

## Help!

Contributing writers for the first two issues have been far more prolific thus far 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 free-lance.

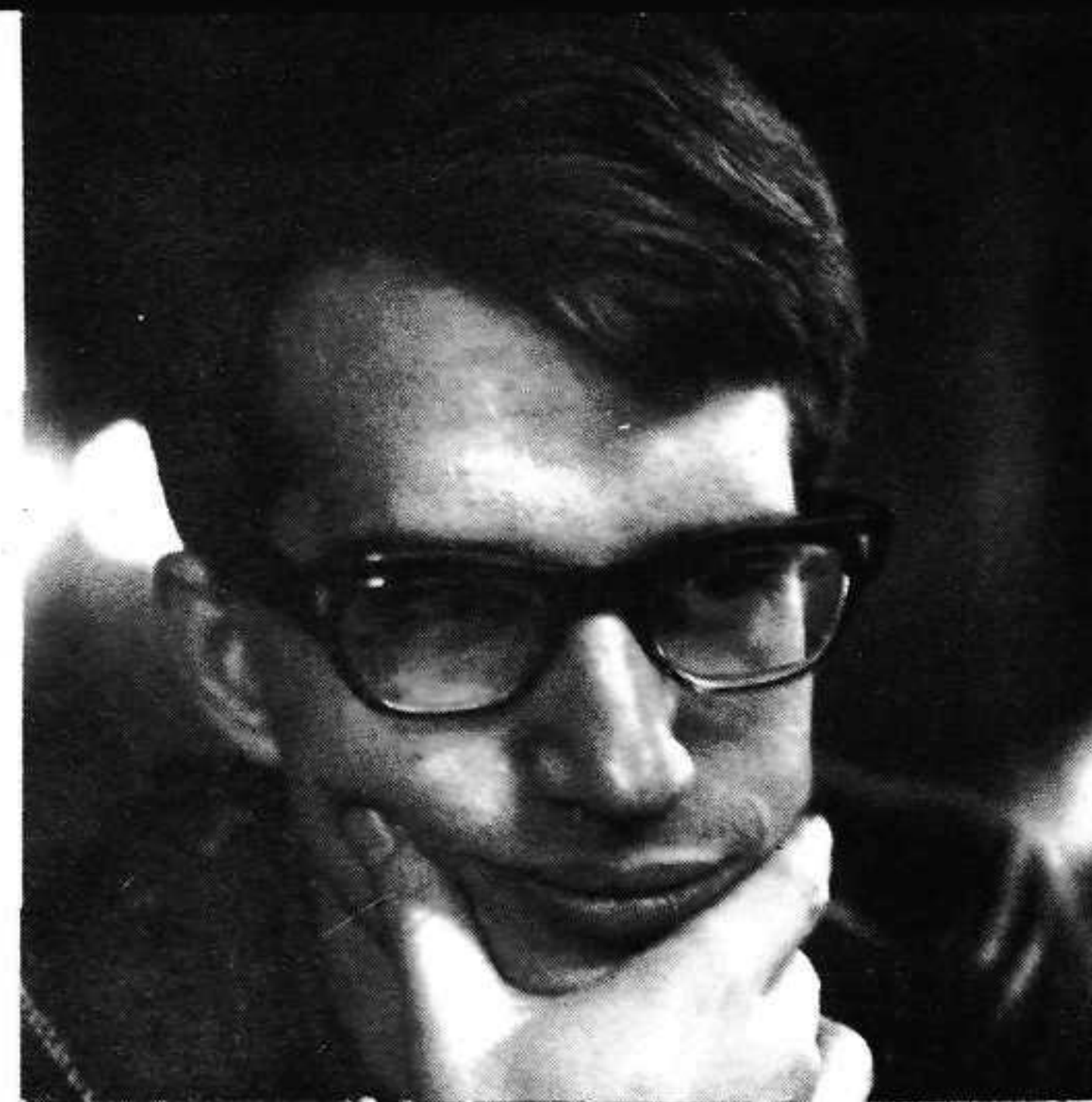


"The open and defiant course of conduct in which petitioner indulged was deliberately pursued by him in order to discredit the University, the administration of the affairs thereof, the faculty, and the student body."

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



PAUL M. SCHIFF

# ***'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 in 1960-61 which 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."

These days, Schiff's determination to keep things from sliding has brought him to the verge of a federal court appeal of the university's continued rejection of his attempt to re-enter as a graduate student in history. He thinks he can win.

If Schiff is to win his case he will have to do so by overturning two precedents never before broken in a federal court. He plans to take his case back to the Western Michigan U.S. District Court on a charge of an unfair hearing by the university, based on charges which were unconstitutional in the first place.

Schiff plans to tell the court that the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs which upheld the denial of his readmission was not competent to judge his case fairly or completely. He claims further that the accusations on which the denial was based are themselves unconstitutional, and will seek to have them thrown out by the court. 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 Schiff case" goes beyond the question of his violation of university rules. Politically, it questions the university's autonomy and its "power to

run the students the way they like." Personally, it appears almost Schiff's declaration of Marxist maturity, an attempt to "fulfill myself in a social way." There doesn't seem to be much distinction in Schiff's mind between the political and personal aspects of his suit against the university.

The history of Schiff's politics since his early college days is also an inverse history of his degree of satisfaction with his education.

For three years at Rutgers, Schiff grew increasingly more active in politics on and off campus—"We always had a choice of whether we wanted to do something at Rutgers or go to New York to demonstrate"—but then in his senior year he found he enjoyed his course work more and could concentrate on it better, and thus became less active politically.

He chose Michigan State over his second choice, the University of Wisconsin, for graduate school because he "wanted to go to a place where I could pretty much continue" studying rather than working in activist politics. Schiff says he knew how highly political Wisconsin's atmosphere is, and "thought I could lose myself" in studies here.

Perhaps if he had at first been happier at MSU he would never have become the CSR organizer whose actions have provoked the denial of his readmission.

During his first year at MSU, Schiff tried to be a serious student in economics. One of his very few activities was the Socialist Club; he merely attended meetings. But he was finding graduate courses of 30 to 40 people depressing—with no more private attention as a graduate student than he had had as an undergraduate. Schiff said he "didn't like the atmosphere here" and was "not enjoying class work."

As annoying to Schiff as the size and dullness of classes was the "know-nothing attitude" of people at MSU. "When I finally started learning what things went on here, I was amazed." At Rutgers, Schiff said, there were not many activists, but many people were interested in thinking about current issues, and there was none of the closed-mindedness which struck him about MSU.

By spring of 1964, the end of his first year here, Schiff "was going to more and more parties and enjoying them less."

Schiff is a person for whom a politically oppressive atmosphere becomes a personally destructive one. "Not doing anything and seeing the situation on campus left two choices—exerting leadership or getting out of here."

During the summer of 1964, while working in New York, he decided to run for the presidency of the Socialist Club upon returning in the fall. He ran, he won, he sponsored speakers, he started the debate over associating with the DuBois Clubs of America.

That debate now appears to Schiff a mistake: the campus wasn't ready to consider the politics of the DuBois Clubs without discussing also the supposed dangers of their radicalism and the charges made by J. Edgar Hoover against them.

Schiff calls himself a Marxist, "but in the sense that I understand Marx." That sense is humanistic—"I generally like people and value human life; that's all part of my outlook." Marxism is for him "a guide to humanistic action."

He sees Marxism as the optimistic counterpart to the pessimism of existentialism, and feels Marxism



Photo By George Junne

can prove that "man is not permanently alienated from society." In order to allow man to "live humanly in society," Schiff said, social structures must be arranged to eliminate private ownership and monopoly which deny individuals' freedom, and people must be taught to take part in decisions affecting their lives.

"The question of socialism is not going to be considered until people are at the point of being able to think about it," Schiff said. His goal has been to teach people to think about socialism in "more than an academic way." In order to have meaning, socialism must be seen as an answer to problems affecting one's life. At MSU, that meant discussing the university—its structure, its rules, its operation.

Schiff said he knew a lot of "beatniks, existentialists or radicals" here who did not seem to understand problems by which he was "extremely bothered." During late fall of last year, he named a committee of the Socialist Club to look into ways of discussing these things. By January, that committee had run across other individuals outside the club who were concerning themselves with similar problems.

"Hence the Committee for Student Rights and hence the end of my real attempts to do anything through the Socialist Club."

Schiff saw the new and lively CSR as a better answer to MSU's apathy problems than any other organization. It was "radical enough to try to find out what was wrong with MSU and not afraid to question anything about it."

Schiff had never heard the term "in loco parentis" until that fall term at MSU, because it just wasn't used at Rutgers. Shortly, he said, "I got to know it pretty well" and "started using it a lot." He was using it in his provocative editorials in Logos, CSR's newsletter.

The rest, by now, is becoming history: CSR grew, grew noisier and more radical, Logos continued being distributed around campus and one night Schiff and CSR head Stu Dowty were stopped for distributing it illegally in Case Hall; spring term came around and Schiff was out of school working officially on his economics thesis and unofficially on CSR; he applied for readmission as a history major, was turned down in late June, received American Civil Liberties Union support in July, brought suit against the university for readmission in September, and was directed by the District Court in October to cooperate with the university in what was intended to be an at-home settlement of their differences.

"If it were a question of putting it all through a computer and waiting for an answer, I feel that I'd win," Schiff said. "Constitutionally, I feel I'm in a strong position."

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

More to my liking is the pale, rich sheen  
Of a wrinkled paper bag, or the rough warmth  
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:  
O come, O come Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive israel,  
That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the Son of God appear.

Too late; israel is

Dead?

—MARY OLIN



# '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 no 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.

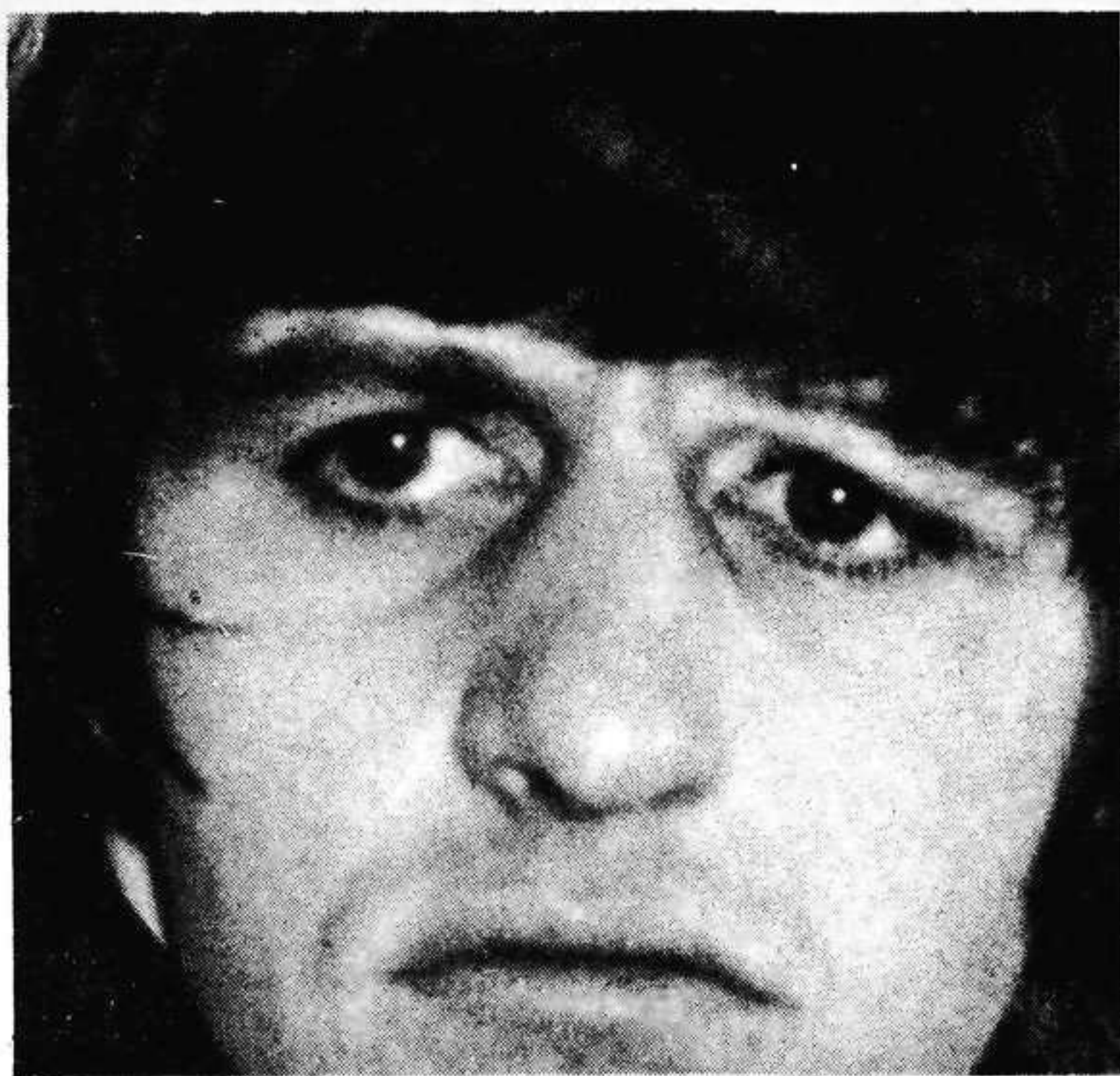
When the crowd (expectedly, almost all adolescent girls) finally streamed out, many of the girls still had tears in their eyes, and were fervently clutching their Beatle pennants (or photographs, or buttons, or what-have-you) and looking as if they were in the middle of what Evelyn Underhill calls the 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 expedient 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, 1) 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 flavor. Some remarks by Norman O. Brown are more to the point:

"Children on the one hand pursue pleasure; on the other hand they are active; their pleasure is in the active life of the human body. Then what is the pattern of activity, free from work, the serious business of life, and the reality-principle, which is adumbrated in the life of children? The answer is that children play."

In "A Hard Day's Night," the Beatles play—with words, with music, with the vigor of their bodies. The

hectic, restrictive, workaday world of show business (the "serious business" of being the hottest act in the world) becomes a playground where the pleasure principle triumphs over the reality principle, and where what Brown calls "the immortal child in us" can, in the idealized image represented by the Beatles, emerge from our subconscious and ecstatically, beatifically play.

Authority is flouted on every side; a prissy TV director, a stodgy British gentleman, members of the press (A reporter asks, "What do you call that haircut?" Answer: "Arthur."), the group's manager, a fad-predictor for teenagers—all the dreary old adults—are mocked and brushed aside.

But the film is not quite pure play; a sour old man, for example, breaks up the beautiful outing on the rugby field. The Beatles do have to put in their hard day's night, to fulfill their awesome roles as ideals, as objects of pure, passionate, certain-to-be-frustrated love.

## 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 looking. 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 spontaneous 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 ages them.

A striking contrast to these paintings is one of Irwin A. Whitaker's copper enamels, organically vital and growing. The jungle lushness at times 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 use of 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 just a spectator.

Most of the sculpture in the gallery is well done. I particularly enjoyed the seated figure by Melvin Leiserowitz. The solid, massive body is suggestive of the work of Henry Moore, but the overwhelming impression is 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 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 stop-watch confines of a TV studio, the girls face the Beatles and, 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.

## STRING QUARTET EXEMPLARY

A small, but appreciative and knowledgeable, audience heard last week's concert by the faculty Beaumont 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 fragmented and disjointed, 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 Romeo Tata's violin solo, for which the other parts formed an integrated accompaniment. Theodore Johnson seemed a particularly competent, yet unobtrusive, second violin.

The highlight of the program was Quartet No. 4 (Histrionics) by the contemporary composer Arthur Cohn. Here the musicians 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 sense of melody, and it meaningful and expressive use of special effects. Louis Potter, Jr., 'cello, performed these sounds musically and with control at all times.

The closing work, Mendelssohn's Quartet in D, Op. 44 No. 1, was characterized by continued vitality and effective dynamics, although the smooth lyricism 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.





# HAMLET: Stabbed In The Back

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.

The lights dimmed and Bernardo, Francisco, Horatio and Marcellus ploughed 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.

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 lit, looked like a tile bathroom. The whole thing was beginning to smack of a high-school pageant.

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 uneasily 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 a coherent whole. And to make the play 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 conspicuously 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 gravedigger (well played by Bill Stock) provided REAL comedy relief. Ann Matesich 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 lack-lustre 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.



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  
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 contraceptive,  
where they still cling to life, strangely, like  
the mistress to her dream.

—JANE ADAMS



Continued from page 1

# 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 policeman, who smiled grimly through the whole thing.

Just then a violent drunk came along and became the third on his block to attack an NLF flag-carrier. He was quickly arrested.

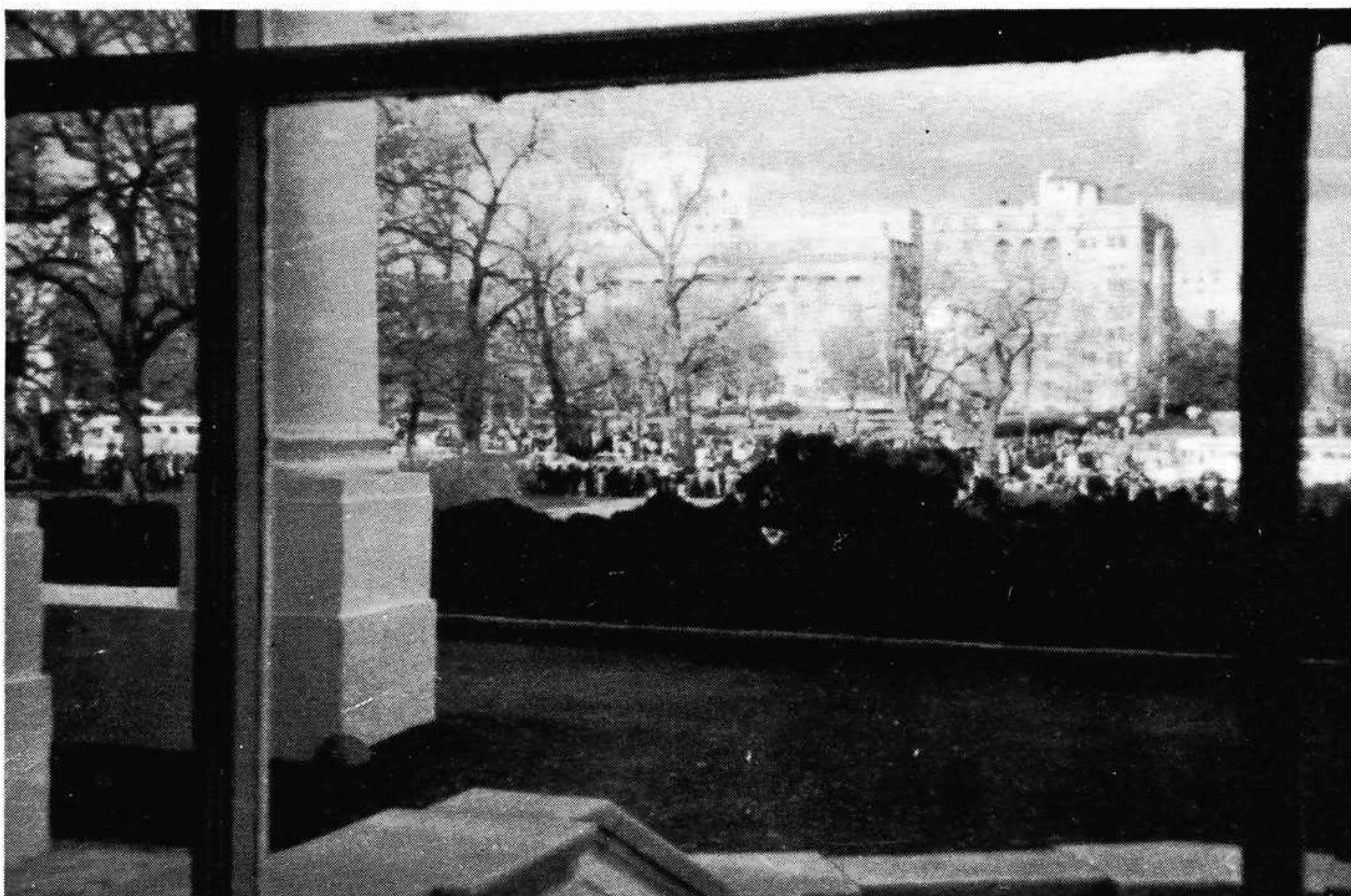
By this time the marchers and counter-marchers were hopelessly mixed together, milling around in shared confusion. One girl asked me about the attacker, saying, "Was it one of ours?" and I had to look at her sign to find out who "ours" meant.

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.

The counter-marchers chanted, "All the way with LBJ!" The VC supporters responded with, "Hey, hey, LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?" There seemed to be an impasse.

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,



A View From The White House

hesitantly, "I think it's pro-war but against the United States. A well-dressed woman dragged 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.)

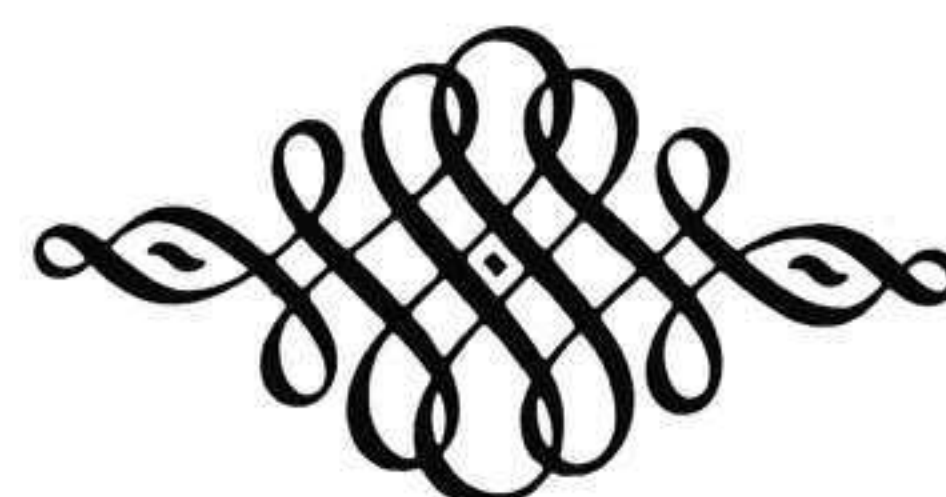
After it was over, the crowd filed back up the sidewalks toward the center of town. At one point, two sailors and a marine were standing beside the walk, glaring ominously at the tired marchers. As they stood there a gray-haired old man doddered past wearing a "Make Love—Not War" button.

Everyone seemed to feel the day was a success.



The Viet Cong Flag

Photos By Linda Boyle



## ABSOLUTELY NO COMMENT

The following article appeared in the Oct. 27 issue of *Variety*, the primary show business trade publication.  
—The Editors.

CLOVIS, N.M. Oct. 26—Odis Echols Jr., owner of radio station KCLV here, this week said he has started a crusade to ban certain records from the air, because he believes they are "anti-patriotic" or too ideological.

On Echols' verboten list at KCLV are "The Universal Soldier," "Eve of Destruction," "The Dawn of Correction" and "Home of the Brave."

He claims some disks "support or lend support" to recent demonstrations against the Johnson administration's war policy in Vietnam.

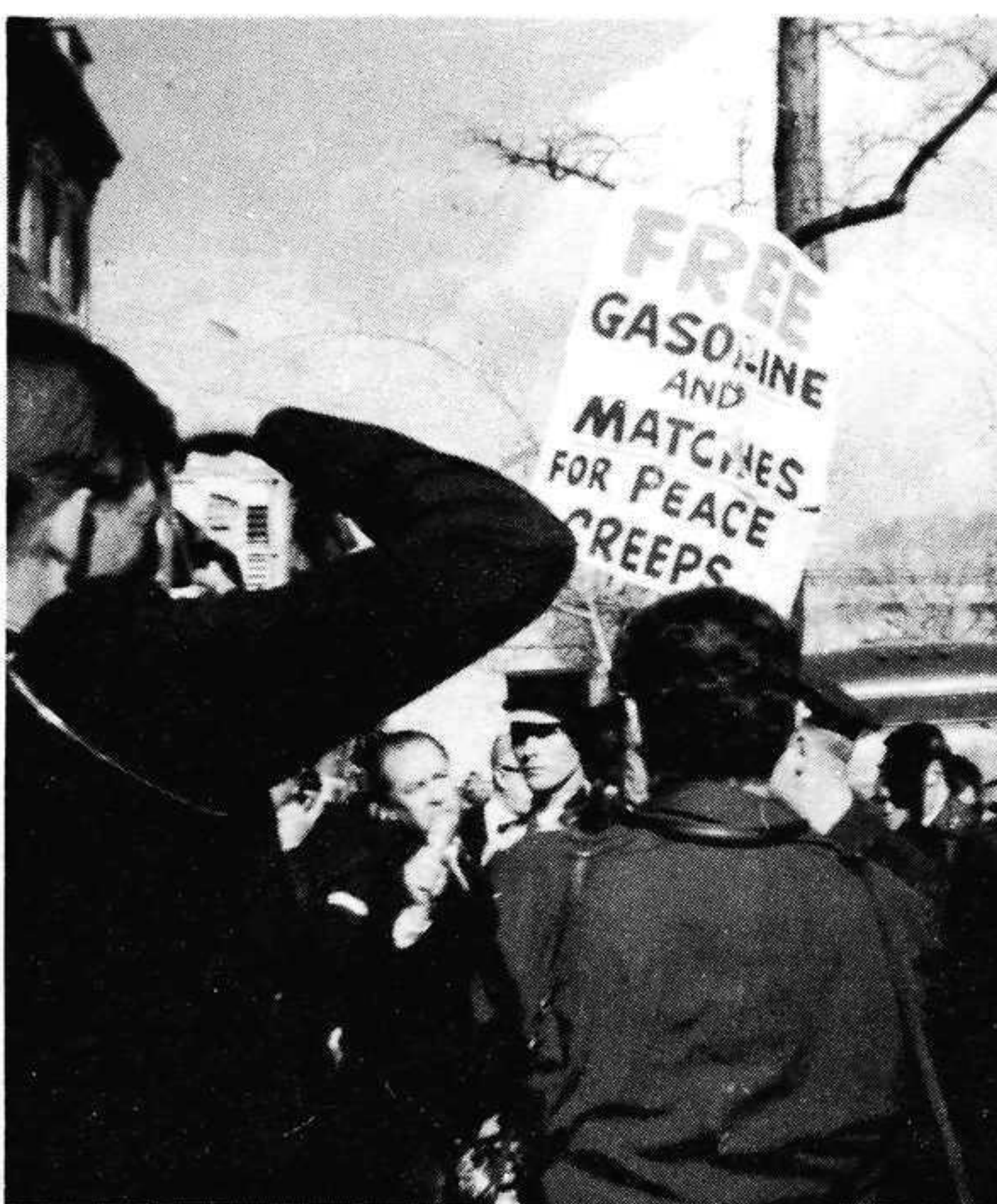
Echols said he was motivated by recent anti-war protests in the country, and added that if American radio operators will join him they can contribute to what he called "the fundamental beliefs that have built America to the great country it is today."

We have become so democratic in our habits of thought that we are convinced that truth is determined through a plebiscite of facts.

—Erich Heller



The Counter-Demonstrators



The Nazi After The Fight



# 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 Deller was the originator of Conscience, the newsletter of the Conservative Club he used to head.—The Editors.

By GEORGE SNYDER

John Deller is a dark-haired, articulate young man who says what he believes quietly and with finality. Ex-president of the Conservative Club on campus, which he called a philosophical debating club, Deller is one of the most articulate spokesmen for the conservative attitude at MSU.

To Deller, conservatism is a word that almost defies definition. One explanation he gives is that conservatism is a basic set of principles centered on respect of tradition and custom.

Unlike an older autocratic conservatism, Deller's beliefs, he says, are libertarian in essence.

On many issues Deller is more concrete than on the definition of his conservatism. The Supreme Court disturbs him. According to Deller, the high court has turned the first amendment—guarding free speech and the right to assembly and petition—into something of a fetish. "It has ignored a major part of Anglo-Saxon law," he maintains. "It has made many bad decisions."

Recent rulings on reapportionment, the public school prayer ban and the decision freeing the Communist Party from registering as an agent of a foreign power strike Deller as being unwise for the nation's benefit.

Deller is also opposed to the 1964 Civil Rights Act, especially the sections pertaining to employment and public accommodations. "The rules were already on the books," he says. "Lack of enforcement caused the problem."

The danger of the act, Deller 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 Deller, 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 it should also be bombed, Deller said.

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

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

Deller 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 to CSR" for effecting certain changes in off-campus housing and literature distribution rules.

But, on the other hand, Deller is concerned that CSR has too often "shot from the hip." CSR has not explored all avenues of debate and moderation before going out and demonstrating or taking other action, Deller says, and this has hurt its effectiveness.

"In the beginning," he said, "CSR seemed irresponsible. They were much too quick to go into the streets and pick up the picket signs when a moderate approach would have gained them more."

Much of what CSR does, Deller says, is in "bad taste."

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## Our First Letter To The Editor

To the Editor:

The first issue of "The Paper" has clearly convinced me that a competitive newspaper in this university community is an excellent endeavor, but that you are certainly not the person to edit it, much less your cohort Laurence Tate.

I would think that for a newspaper to prove its worth in competition with, but independent of, the State News, its editor would emphasize its value in and of itself. Most of the editorial comments in your first edition 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. Does 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 wanted the position given to him by Wells. You found fault 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 would you still maintain you were right about Gov. Wallace?

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 that. What stimulated your editorial was not our lack of follow up action but your jealousy at not being included in our plans. We didn't walk out of the State News office into your arms and tell you that you were right all along and please let us write for your "Paper."

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 the inside. You allowed yourself to become a pawn for 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 views, only his, and it was written at a time when he honestly thought that Wells and Berman might be giving in to our principles and a compromise would be worked out. It wasn't, but that doesn't mean we gave up. Maybe we wanted to be alone with our thoughts after the resignations. They hit us all pretty hard in many different ways. We weren't anxious for others to follow in our footsteps unless they became individually committed to breaking ties with the State News. Somehow the sight of you at the top of the stairs leading to Sterba's and Hanson's apartment didn't appear too desirable on November 18.

What makes you think we wanted our jobs back and that we are without them now? We wanted our old positions only if the power structure were altered to give us some responsibility and place Berman in a purely advisory capacity. Those of us who needed jobs financially got them right away. The rest are studying as students sometimes do.

As for your inspirations, the Michigan Daily may have an enviable amount of editorial freedom, but it is still lousy journalism.

So in view of your inaccurate chastisement of myself and my colleagues, I can only wish you all the failure in the world with "The Paper."

(Signed,  
Linda Miller Rockey,  
(Former editorial editor,  
Michigan State News)

We fervently hope that the "decisive steps" in which Mrs. Rockey and her friends are engaged will soon prove fruitful. Mrs. Rockey's letter arrived after our copy deadline; we felt compelled to sacrifice the appearance of this page so that it might be included in this issue. --The Editors.



By ROBERT L. WRIGHT

# The Sick University: Is It Worth Curing?

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. Taxpayers think it costs too much; legislators resent its preoccupation with its own needs and bristly insistence upon its autonomy; administrators believe it's slippery to control and handicapped by an inadequate 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 hate its huge classes, its impersonality, the unavailable 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 crawl out from under rocks and thru a magical transformation turn into virtues.**

No doubt some of the objections to the 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 mediocre, represents a demonstrable bargain to those it serves and is worth far more dollars than it usually gets. Even a state as generous in its support as Michigan invests a smaller sum per student each year in its granting of appropriations. Although all of us sympathize with the taxpayer (after all, we too, pay taxes), we must recognize that the smaller the taxing unit, the more difficult the raising of sufficient revenue to run the necessary agencies: a truism that contains within it some thought-provoking implications of things to come.

Those good citizens who equate radicalism with the university might be better off if they were not so wrong in their assumptions. The average faculty, I'm sorry to say, is only too willing to accept whatever exists as right. The few who do not are exceptions who annoy their colleagues almost as much as they disturb the public; they are the ones who get arrested or win Nobel Prizes, depending upon the channels into which their energies are directed. Most matters of "academic freedom" are nothing more than a romantic attachment to the Bill of Rights.

If 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.

Continued from page 7

## Conservative

"When the administration did liberalize the literature distribution rules, CSR had to be unreasonable and went from door to door," he said.

"The university is different from the rest of society. The university needs different rules. The refusal to be guided by more than a shallow interpretation is absurd."

Dellera says that the mode of thinking of young people and the relative freedom of the university campus make necessary more artificial restrictions on behavior than are needed in the rest of society. Whereas the average citizen has certain natural restrictions placed on his behavior by the social environment, the college student lacks these unless they are created to regulate his actions.

Dellera is pessimistic and unsure about the future of American conservatism. Smiling with chagrin, he quoted John F. Kennedy: "In twenty years there won't be a conservative in America." Perhaps not," he said, "but I know of one—me."

Other obstacles to change cannot be disregarded so easily. Accrediting agencies, once badly needed to prod delinquent institutions into the paths of righteousness, now may merely stifle experimentation. A university which marches to a different drummer must face the very real danger of possible loss of accreditation. Only private institutions with unassailable reputations, like Harvard or Columbia or Chicago, can afford to take such chances—or so governing boards have appeared to believe. Even so prestigious a public university as California would have to weigh the advantages of a drastic change against the disadvantages of subsequent wrist slaps from some accrediting agencies. Despite all these cautions, I am convinced the need for change is so essential that the risks must be accepted.

Of course, I am not speaking of the minor revisions or reorganizations which plague us constantly. (Who said the Americans, faced with a problem, simply undergo a reorganization and then feel they have solved the problem?) I am thinking of careful reexamination of the premises upon which the American university is built. We must begin by questioning a great deal that we normally take for granted.

Consider the whole concept of "courses" and "credits" which does little more than introduce the illusion of arithmetic order into the chaotic college curriculum. This primitive attempt to package learning may force students into patterns which fool them as well as society. The course-credit system may ease transfer from institution to institution, yet wary registrars have learned how little similarity a course at University A has to a similarly named course at University B.

Who has been able to give a meaningful explanation of the difference between a two, three, four or five-credit course? Nevertheless, we persist in labeling "educated" a student who has passed a certain number of credits at his college (there is far from a complete agreement as to where this mystic number is) and regard as uneducated a student who has not. A realistic observer might determine that the act of matriculation at University A could mark a young person as more knowledgeable than a 180-credit BA from University B.

Courses mean no more than credits. When I teach the same course several times, my prejudices and inclinations may remain the same, but the lectures, reading lists, amount of work required, teaching methods, and general atmosphere change.

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 courses and credits represent the best possible structure for a university education, we should retain 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 to the immediate community, to act as a marriage broker, to isolate learners from those who believe they already know enough, to furnish scapegoats for societal defeats we do not want to admit are our fault, to allow moms and dads to feel their sacrifices to keep a youngster in school will be considered in heaven as outweighing some of their defects as parents, to allow some young people to develop acceptable rationalizations about the very real sacrifices their parents have made, to shatter the conception of America as a classless society—if a university exists for these reasons, its existence is probably justified. If it exists to help young people extract some meaning from a baffling universe, it may be harder to defend.**

Obviously, I am not thinking of the vocational functions of a university. Many of these functions are necessary, although I have not always been sure that the university is the most efficient and best-fitted institution which could be created to prepare students for certain occupations.

No, we must pause to subject our total understanding to self-scrutiny, more serious and searching than

anything we have attempted so far. It will be easy to keep busy with mere roof-patching, but it is the 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 moment?

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 nothing genuinely essential is involved. When we simply use TV to project standard lectures, we have not strained our ingenuity over-much. We may discover that TV technicians cost more than professors—and have a better union. Research points out that attempts to provide more entertaining substitutes may not always succeed either, for students are still inclined to compartmentalize: entertainment may be regarded as entertainment, while education is supposed to hurt a little.

Since this brief series of reflections must soon come to a close, let me make several suggestions. I shall not attempt to say which ones might be useful and which ones might lend only to a buzzing in the ears. I have found that some of my best ideas flop around and eventually expire in agony, while those I have offered only tentatively have proved hardy and eventually more consequential. All this does a great deal for one's humility but not much for one's standing as a Resident Expert.

At any rate, here are some recommendations:

1. Declare a moratorium on all university activities for a specific period, during which time games, classes, and even committee meetings will be suspended, while the total university reflects on what all this sound and fury is about. The introspection might do us no harm and will at least furnish the newspapers with some copy. If we reach no conclusions at all, perhaps we should go home.
  2. If, however, some general guidelines may be established the university as a whole may resume its routine while selected faculty members and students begin to develop a plan suitable to the purposes. We are fortunate in having no precedents to confuse us.
  3. Give careful thought to abandoning courses and credits and replacing them with public lectures on announced topics, supplemented by expanded library and laboratory activity. Let students form associations of those interested in particular areas of knowledge or problems of consequence; they can then request lectures they really want to hear. Seminars could be requested for advanced groups, but students would normally attend by invitation only.
  4. Since courses and credits would no longer exist, all registration procedures could be abolished.
  5. Replace term-end examinations with comprehensive examinations, offered yearly, and preferably administered by outside examiners.
  6. Through his performance on such examinations, a student might graduate in one year or take as long as he needed. Examinations would be divided roughly into general and special field exams, a modification of existing graduate school practice.
  7. Admission and eventual satisfactory performance in comprehensive examinations would constitute the only academic requirements of the university, with the one exception described in (8), below.
  8. After a five-year period, graduates should have their records reviewed. If their behavior has not been affected by their education (in other words, if they believe in exactly the same fashion as if they had not gone to college), their degrees should be revoked, to be re-awarded only when sufficient proof of change could be presented.
  9. Think seriously of requiring one or two years of work before admission to the university. Higher education is often wasted on the immature.
- Happily, I am not challenged to furnish specifics for some of the proposals I have just made. They may have been offered in varying degrees of seriousness, but I have suggested nothing which does not contain elements in which I believe fervently. All represent an attempt to develop a university which has both purpose and plan. The American university of 1965 has neither.**