I came back from California with an awful twilit-of-the-gods feeling that spent a gaz and half in a featureless room in the basement of the dorm writing the Untold Story of the Rose Bowl. When I was through, I still had half a Spiral notebook filled with the Untold Story of the Rose Bowl, a title which wounds more ominously than I mean it to.

It was just more of the same, really; the state of mind that is California: Surreal landscapes. From the window of my hotel room at night, the whole city looked as though it were made up of Rosicrucian crosses and U-Drive signs; from the same window by day I could make out in the yellow haze on the horizon the hangar that covered the one-and-only B-70 Valkyrie, the fastest and most destructive airplane ever built. (It was destined never to fly, and somehow this seemed significant.)

The only thing I really regretted leaving out was my visit to Pershing Square, the onetime homosexual capital of the West Coast. (The State News, for some reason, did not so identify it in the one picture they ran of the place.)

Disappointing, really. Except for one little greaser wearing a powder-blue jacket and jangling a ring of keys (it mentally christened him the Last Degenerate) the only non-tourist that was not helped by any novelty, was the straight out of Nathaniel West. They obviously intended to pass the winter sitting under the square's enormous gilt Christmas trees and watching fraternities like the Negro evangelist who paced nervously back and forth under Pershing's statue carrying a newr terminal term and suddenly felt a pair of eyes boring into my back. I shifted my attention. The top of someone's blond, crew-cut head was peering over the toilet wall. I know may have had nothing to do with the diet of starchy foods I had just begun. Knowing about them was enough to make me slightly uneasy when I stopped in to comb my hair the first day of winter term and suddenly felt a pair of eyes boring into my back. I shifted my attention.

A minute or so later, standing on the steps, I heard a voice in my ear: "Do you have the time?" I turned the chap with the crew-cut, flashed him my watch without looking at him and started down the steps; I heard him coming behind me. I saw in my eye I could see; totally unrecongnizable face, not the least bit pretty, clothes that were cheap without being Bohemian. He was small and emaciated.

"First day of classes," he said. His voice was like an aeolian harp. "Nice weather for once," he said. "Whereya going?" he asked.

"Merrill. Got to see somebody."
EDITORIAL

Gratitude Will Get Us Nowhere

Don't get us wrong. We think authorization from the Board of Student Publications is fine, and we're glad to be selling ads and actually "selling" copies. We just don't want to go overboard polishing apples and thanking everyone who made this great moment possible.

First of all, it's pretty damn silly that we had to fight for months just for the right to publish advertising and sell a newspaper that everyone wanted to see succeed. The university's publications and distribution rules are still dumb and should be improved immediately. (Several plans are doubtless being discussed right now; we've heard of one or two.)

But now, for some reason, it's up to us to "prove" we deserved our authorization, to "prove" again the need for "The Paper" at MSU. This shouldn't be, of course; we should have had to prove all along only that we could make it. That's one of the things wrong with stupid rules.

At any rate, here we are, "The authorized Paper." We'll keep trying to write, print and circulate as much of the different stuff as we can. We are interested in news, much more than our issues to date indicated. We'll try to build up the reporting coverage, and will concentrate on feature articles of all these things that gives a balanced idea of what it's like to live and develop in the community of scholars which is or should be the universal university.

That's what "The Paper" is all about, and, we would like to think, that's how come we've been authorized. But it's hard to be grateful just for the recognition of that fact; we'll keep trying.

M.K.

补偿

Gratify not your hunger, dear,
And be ye not unkind. Be you not unkind, Kindness all is in time.
And every triumph you knew.

We loved in that Spring, exulting,
Our laughter challenged the wind,
Renewed at the end of the season.

We swore, we vowed not to mend,
But even ecstasies alter,
Sifted and driven down the sun
The sands, the sands were faltering,
Flying talons of the desolation.

How to love when kindles,
Whose the arrow? And already
Your memories quicken no tear,
Resonate no note from afar;
Nor light any evening dark,
Or halt fair morn in Shallam.

JIM THOMAS

我们的战争

By LARRY TATE

As the Red Death had stolen into Prince Prospero's castle, the war had come to MSU, and moved in disguise through the corridors of Berkeley. Time magazine calls it "the right war at the right time." Picket signs call it "this senseless bloody war." Either way, it is war, and a part of our lives.

Tests will soon be given to college students to determine which of them will remain draft-exempt and which will not. We will fill in the crowded lifeboat; some have to be pushed over the side to save the rest.

The war reports come in every day, on the radio between rock 'n' roll songs, on television between cigarette commercials. The New York Times recently ran a front-page battle photo, showing a soldier falling backward as a bullet hit him. Politicians in Congress recommend sacrifice; protesters parade for peace outside the White House; draft quotas are increased; polls reflect confusion in general but solid support for "our boys." The number of people not directly affected decreases steadily, and the possibilities for rational discussion seem to decrease in direct proportion. Soldiers die, and are replaced.

The war may well go on for years. We in college are like men in over-crowed lifeboats; some have to be pushed over the side to save the rest. I won't pursue the analogy, suffice it to say that our time is limited, four years, more with graduate school, less with upper-division standing. And when we wonder, as we sit in classes and go to meetings, finding our "ad- venture and usefulness not so close to the bone as combat," if help will arrive in time.

As Jim Thomas wrote, "War concerns a nation, prime cause, Remembrance."

I saw him only once, but I find myself speculating about him. He will be alive when this is printed, he will probably be alive when out-of-town subscribers finally get their copies. He may even be alive when the war is over. On the other hand, he may not.

I am afraid for Jim Thomas. And for all of us.
THE 'EROS CASE': Nine Judges In Search Of A Law
by RICHARD A. OGAR

Once upon a time there was a magazine—in the sense that "Horizon" and "American Heritage" are magazines—"devoted to the joys of love and sex," and called, appropriately enough, Eros. Ginzburg (now the publisher of Fact) was subsequently sentenced to five years in prison and a $4,200 fine.

Ginzburg's first appeal failed to win a reversal, he took his case to the Supreme Court; in an issue of Fact (Vol. 2, no. 3) devoted to his side of the Eros trial, Ginzburg seemed fairly confident that the Court would reverse the earlier decisions. His confident air was quickly misplaced, for on Monday, March 21, five of nine justices—none of whom, apparently, sees anything at all joyful about love or sex—voted to uphold the conviction.

Thus the prospects began to look bad. Ginzburg's book was mailed out by its author for several dollars to "interested" persons. In addition to Eros, were a bi-weekly newsletter called Liaison, and a book entitled "The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity." These latter two publications were obviously thrown in to "weight" the government's case, since neither could possibly be used in itself as a grounds for prosecution.

Liaison, in Ginzburg's words, "contains a great deal of interviews with psychologists, digests of scientific papers, and reviews of articles in such periodicals as the "Journal of the American Medical Association." It is very hard to say that the Court, after distributing the "Housewife's Handbook," could be found guilty of condemning Eros without condemning its sources as well.

Thus the Ginzburg case is an unusual obscenity trial: I hope to demonstrate that the Eros ruling is clearly impossible to make a case; there are more four-letter words on pages five and six of Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" than there are in all four issues of Eros combined—in fact, I remember at times being infuriated with Eros for its SQUEAMISHNESS in this area. And we all know that the courts have ruled that "Tropic of Cancer" is not obscene, on the grounds that a book cannot be judged on the basis of individual passages taken out of context. To be considered pornographic, a publication must AS A WHOLE be "utterly without redeeming social value" (whatever that is).

All right, what was there in Eros as a whole which made it such a dangerous publication? One could point to the expurgated condensation of "Fanny Hill," were it not for the fact that the Supreme Court also ruled Monday that the Unexpurgated "Fanny Hill" was not obscene. What about the excerpts from Frank Harris' "My Life and Loves"? Well, the entire book has been published by Grove Press, and is even today being sent through the mails without interference.

Perhaps the offender is Mark Twain's "1910?" I'm not aware of any court ruling on this as literature, but it is on a record by Richard Dyer-Bennet, obtainable by mail for is it that HEARING evil isn't quite so bad as seeing it?). The translations from Greek to Eros poet are far less ribald than some uncontented translations from Catullus which I have seen, and the translation of Aristophanes' "Lysistrata" is certainly no more "obscene" than the one made by the noted classicist, Dudley Fitts.

The erotic poetry of Robert Burns and the Earl of Rochester have not, as far as I know, been tested separately, nor has De Maupassant's short story "Madame Tellier's Broker," but none of these was singled out for the prosecution (at least, in the original trial).

But maybe it isn't the literature but the artwork which offends—you know, the paintings of sexy pornographers like Correggio, Degas, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hogarth, Toulouse-Lautrec, Orozco, Roualt and Picasso. If so, most of the Skira line of art books ought to be impounded, and all teachers of art history ought to be arrested for operating high-brow pep-shows.

What about the photographic essays, such as those on Jack Kennedy or Marilyn Monroe, or of prostitutes on the Rue Saint Denis, or lovers or Marilyn Monroe, or of prostitutes or peep-shows. I must demand that the courts have ruled that the paintings of sly pornographers like Correggio, Degas, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hogarth, Toulouse-Lautrec, Orozco, Roualt and Picasso are pornographic, I must insist that the Unexpurgated "Fanny Hill" was not obscene. What about the excerpts from Frank Harris' "My Life and Loves"? Well, the entire book has been published by Grove Press, and is even today being sent through the mails without interference. The issue, then, if there is one at all; must rest with Eros itself, Was...
Still MORE Sing Along With "The Paper"

How hip are you? "The Paper's" biggest, solashest contest yet gives you the chance to find out! Just identify the several hundred or so "in" people listed here and prove that you're one of US, baby. And there are FABULOUS prizes for the first five entries to identify correctly every name on the list. First prize, an autographed picture of Ray Charles, appearing April 12 at Lansing Civic Center. Open 7 a.m. - 11 p.m. at 223-225 Ann Street.

LAPEARANO

Paramount News Center

Tickets now on sale for Ray Charles, appearing April 12 at Lansing Civic Center.

Open 7 a.m. - 11 p.m.

SAVE 25%

Select Your Own

USED BOOKS

at SPARTAN BOOK STORE

MSU Textbooks
Art Supplies
Typing Pads
Spiral Notebooks

Special
4 100 Sheet
89:

Spartan Book Store
A Super Market For Education

223-225 Ann Street
East Lansing

1. Theophilus C. Abbot
2. Stephen Shadley
3. Francis Gary Powers
4. Mela Powers
5. Shorty Powers
6. Pola Negri
7. Bob Crosby
8. Sam Katzman
9. Joan Blondell
10. William H. Bonnie
11. Mel Blanc
12. Margaret Bucholtz
13. Margaret Humminger
14. Richard Lester
15. Sir Richard Burton
16. Sheb Wooley
17. Nathaniel Branden
18. Dick Brandt
19. Dorothy Canfield Fisher
20. Maxwell Kenton
21. Amstett Kempner
22. Polkypir Krisch
23. Rosemarie Nittibrit
24. Regis Toomey
25. Gay Talese
26. Philip Larkin
27. Rosei Luxembourg
28. Rosei Bagdasarian
29. Revilo P. Oliver
30. Antonin Artaud
31. Father Fiye
32. Abraham Maslow
33. Klaus Fuchss
34. Arthur Hugh Clough
35. B.T. Lowei-Powersen
36. C.K. Scott Moncrieff
37. V.K. Krishna Menon
38. A.E. Van Vogh
39. Ernest Douson
40. Robert Ross
41. Richard Hillary
42. Garrel Postinger
43. Denton Welch
44. Delmore Schwartz
45. Pierre Roffe
46. Robert E. Kens
47. Albert Zogemith
48. Eddie Nonnamaker
49. Bao Dai
50. Judy Canova
51. Antonio Salazar
52. Enver Hoxha
53. Barbara Graham
54. "Flea" Jackson
55. Toussaint L' Ouverture
56. Marie-HenriBeyle
57. Ferdinand LaSalle
58. Robert Kinser
59. Curd Jurgarn
60. Dosdado Macapagal
61. Richi Dunn
62. Finley Peter Dunne
63. L. Ron Hubbard
64. Leni Riefenstahl
65. Joe Frazier
66. Art and Doty Todd
67. Mason Haffenberg
68. Eugene Genovece
69. Willie Masconi
70. Thomas Cole
71. Pauline Kael
72. Carolyn Keene
73. Louise Beavers
74. Darlene Edwards
75. Mary Hartline
76. Gale Sonderegaard
77. Gertrude Ederle
78. Marion Lobbard
79. Michael Wigglesworth
80. Terry McDermott
81. Ely Gulbransen
82. James Whitcomb Riley
83. Pinsky Lee
84. Kinsley, Bingham
85. Eudora Welty
86. Alben Barkley
87. Abigail Van Buren
88. Aimie Simple McPherson
89. Joan Walsh Anglund
90. Arthur Schumpeter
91. Barrows Karen Blixen
92. Iras Hayes
93. Slappy Maxie Rosenbloom
94. William Empson
95. Oveta Culp Hobby
96. Herbert Schloblohm
97. Lucy Van Pelt
98. Authorine Lucy
99. Althea Gibson
100. Sharon Kay Ritchie
101. Linda Kay VanDyke
102. "Preacher" Roe
103. Benjamin Lee Whorf
104. Oveta Culp Blasky
105. Susan Sontag
106. John McManus
107. Alvin York
108. Robert Graves
109. Robert Frost
110. John Brown
111. Jimmy Brown
112. Jane Fonda
113. Norman O. Brown
114. John Peter Zenger
115. Peter Altgeld
116. Newton Minow
117. T. W. Dupee
118. Theodoric the Ostrogoth
119. Pliny the Elder
120.1. Adams
121. L. Allen Tate
122. Herbert Laski
123. Alexander Berk
124. Douglas Lacey
125. Max Morro
126. B.F. Skinner
127. Cornelius Otis Skinner
128. Paladino
129. Saladin
130. Nancy Kwan
131. Anna Lenore
132. George Lincoln Rockwell
133. Robert G. Menzies
134. Abraham Reina
135. Francois Duvalier
136. Thomas Paine
137. Philip Rahv
138. Philip Roth
139. A. S. Neill
140. Yuri A. Gagarin
141. Jean Shepard
142. John Blackman
143. Honor Blackman
144. Maureen Starkie
145. Patrice Munsel
146. Patrice Lumumba
147. Gardner McKay
148. Harold Stassen
149. Eddie Arca
150. Lesley Gore
151. Gore Vidal
152. William Castle
153. Ludwig Wittgenstein
154. Adam West
155. Peter Best
156. Huddy Ledbetter
157. Robert Service
158. John Stamparnato
159. Andrew Marvell
160. Captain Marvel
161. Don Herbert
162. Henry Luce
163. Edgar Rice Burroughs
164. Edgar A. Guest
165. Edgar Lee Masters
166. Maltesy Edgar Hyman
167. Harold Grey
168. Mary Hayley Bell
169. Bobo Brazil
170. H. Rider Haggard
171. Billy James Hargis
172. Fritz Kreisler
173. Paul Krassner
174. Bobby Fisher
175. Dorothy Dix
176. Charles Atlas
177. Robert Shelen
178. Chestor Gould
179. Robert Goddard
180. Ralph/thoag Tagore
181. Charles Addams
182. Jane Adams
183. Samuel Adams
184. Adam
185. Don Adams
186. Hazard Adams
187. Liberty Hyde Bailey
188. Liberty Valance
189. Ritchie Valens
190. Galen Dake
191. John Cameron Swayze
192. Helen Twelvetrees
193. Hamilton Barca
194. Gentleman Jim Corbett
195. Niko Kazantzakis
196. Rootie Kazootie

Continued on Page 5
himself to the question, "Is God dead?". He explained, "I know God is not dead because I talked to him this morning."

The Eros Case...

continued from page 3

imprisoned as a high-priest of smut. There were, of course, those photos of the erotic sculpture on the Black Temple of Konarak, but these were also reproduced in Evergreen Review, No. 9, which was cleared of obscenity charges. Well, then, what about the photos showing a Negro man and a Caucasian woman actually TOUCHING each other? One make a case were it not that a similar portfolio by Emil J. Cado which appeared in Evergreen Review No. 32 was ruled not obscene, even though the poses were far more intimate than those in the Eros series (or is it that any mixing of the races is obscene)?

As for the articles which appeared in Eros, I doubt that anyone would care to label Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen, Albert Ellis and Theodore Reik as smut-peddlers; nor do I detect a sensual leer in the eye of noted philologist, Eric Partridge. Are subjects like the contraceptive industry "ippo facto" obscene? If so, every employee of the Young Rubber Company is engaged in a pornographic enterprise.

In short, I can find nothing in any of the photos which can be phrased to a rationality, be called obscene—with one exception, the pages which Ginzbarg devoted to reprinting a number of vicious letters from people who were offended by the advertising brochure which he had mailed out in order to solicit subscriptions.

But Ginzbarg is nonetheless headed for prison, a victim of arbitrary justice. His case has proved out, as the "State Journal" (Tuesday, March 22) seems to think, "that censorship has a place in American life, but that, unless jurists are able to come up with a clear and precise definition of the crime, no conviction for obscenity can ever be just."

CONTEST HINT: Mrs. Sirimavo Baskaranike is prime minister of Ceylon.

SAVE 25% by buying 'em used at your "used book headquarters"

THE QUESTING BEAST

211 Abbott Road (next to State Theatre)

Tue, Sat: 10:30-6:30
Wed: 10:30-8:00

SBS STUDENT BOOK STORE, INC.

421 East Grand River Ave.

East Lansing, Mich.
Winter...

continued from page 1

"Hi," she said. "Kick off your boots.
She never even glanced down, it
so happened I was wearing desert
boots, which I tossed onto a pile on
top Ken's motorcycle.
I could only wonder at the kind of
reception I would have got had I
been wearing penny loafers.
"C'mon," said Ken. "You've got
to meet Liam."

We picked our way across the living
room through groups of guitarists in
Beatle hats and girls wearing ear-
cuffs. I was particularly interested in meeting
me, turned out to be a tired-looking,
melancholy young man with a spaced
beard I had first seen on an An-
syan centaur in the Smithsonian
Institute. He had on, of all things,
an MSU sweatshirt, to which was
attached a myopic girl came up to Li-
am, leaned reddily between us long
enough to spell out the message,
smiled, clapped Liam on the shoulder,
and went away.

Liam had been described to me as
a sort of prophet without honor in
his own university, but he was ap-
parently not feeling very oracular
that night (neither was I, for that
matter), and nothing he said was par-
ticularly memorable.

dustge. National Student Christian Federation
in political science and history; Thursday evenings

A. Black Liberation South—Rev. C.T. Vi-

C. Community Organizing—Rennie Davis,

D. Film: "Which Way the Wind." 6 p.m.

 FOR SALE

CAMAERA FANS: For sale, Prativa IVB SLR
F36, Full frame. Minolta view
meter; Honeywell 64 B strobe camera and
meter, under a perfect condition, lists $239.90
will sacrifice for $115.00. Please write E. Borin,
131 Albert Ave., giving phone number where you
can be reached.

This space is purchased to demonstrate that
the MSU Young Democrats support "The Paper"

JOIN

the MSU Young Democrats
Call 485-2362 or 355-9462
Free University of East Lansing

a fresh approach to education

Spring 1966 Course Offerings:

LIFE DRAWING—Louise Weis, graduate assistant in art,

SCHOOL—Julian Odum, graduate student in sociological

MODERN CIVILIZATION: MAN VIS-A-VIS POWER—Vincent Lomhardi,

MODERN CIVILIZATION: MAN VIS-A-VIS POWER—Vincent Lomhardi,

AMERICAN EXPERIENCE—Christine Link, graduate assistant in

AMERICAN EXPERIENCE—Christine Link, graduate assistant in

AMERICAN EXPERIMENTAL, INTERNAL, AND INTELLIGENT

AMERICAN EXPERIMENTAL, INTERNAL, AND INTELLIGENT

SOCIAL MOVEMENTS—John Ellis, graduate assistant in sociology;

SOCIAL MOVEMENTS—John Ellis, graduate assistant in sociology;

ANGUISH: PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL, SOCIOLOGICAL AS-

ANGUISH: PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL, SOCIOLOGICAL AS-

MODERN CINEMA (in conjunction with MSU Film Society showings)—

MODERN CINEMA (in conjunction with MSU Film Society showings)—

FOR SALE

CHARLIE CHAPLIN. Four Chaplin comedy
films, including the all-time classic, "The
Terror." Open subscription card or 50 cent admission,
7 and 9 p.m. Sat., April 3, Gerald Hall. Sponsored
by MSU FILM SOCIETY.

For Sale

CAMERA FANS: For sale, Prativa IVB SLR
F36, Full frame. Minolta view
meter; Honeywell 64 B strobe camera and
meter, under a perfect condition, lists $239.90
will sacrifice for $115.00. Please write E. Borin,
131 Albert Ave., giving phone number where you

Can be reached.

This space is purchased to demonstrate that
the MSU Young Democrats support "The Paper"

JOIN

the MSU Young Democrats
Call 485-2362 or 355-9462

Free University of East Lansing

a fresh approach to education

Spring 1966 Course Offerings:

LIFE DRAWING—Louise Weis, graduate assistant in art,

SCHOOL—Julian Odum, graduate student in sociological

MODERN CIVILIZATION: MAN VIS-A-VIS POWER—Vincent Lomhardi,

MODERN CIVILIZATION: MAN VIS-A-VIS POWER—Vincent Lomhardi,

AMERICAN EXPERIENCE—Christine Link, graduate assistant in

AMERICAN EXPERIENCE—Christine Link, graduate assistant in

AMERICAN EXPERIMENTAL, INTERNAL, AND INTELLIGENT

AMERICAN EXPERIMENTAL, INTERNAL, AND INTELLIGENT

SOCIAL MOVEMENTS—John Ellis, graduate assistant in sociology;

SOCIAL MOVEMENTS—John Ellis, graduate assistant in sociology;

ANGUISH: PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL, SOCIOLOGICAL AS-

ANGUISH: PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL, SOCIOLOGICAL AS-

MODERN CINEMA (in conjunction with MSU Film Society showings)—

MODERN CINEMA (in conjunction with MSU Film Society showings)—

FOR SALE

CHARLIE CHAPLIN. Four Chaplin comedy
films, including the all-time classic, "The
Terror," Open subscription card or 50 cent admission,
7 and 9 p.m. Sat., April 3, Gerald Hall. Sponsored
by MSU FILM SOCIETY.

For Sale

CAMERA FANS: For sale, Prativa IVB SLR
F36, Full frame. Minolta view
meter; Honeywell 64 B strobe camera and
meter, under a perfect condition, lists $239.90
will sacrifice for $115.00. Please write E. Borin,
131 Albert Ave., giving phone number where you

Can be reached.

This space is purchased to demonstrate that
the MSU Young Democrats support "The Paper"

JOIN

the MSU Young Democrats
Call 485-2362 or 355-9462

Free University of East Lansing

a fresh approach to education

Spring 1966 Course Offerings:

LIFE DRAWING—Louise Weis, graduate assistant in art,

SCHOOL—Julian Odum, graduate student in sociological

MODERN CIVILIZATION: MAN VIS-A-VIS POWER—Vincent Lomhardi,

MODERN CIVILIZATION: MAN VIS-A-VIS POWER—Vincent Lomhardi,
The Law Of Averages And You: A Warning

By HEYWARD EHRLICH

The effort to evaluate teaching and courses at Michigan State by means of a multiple choice form given to students has produced some results which are, to put it blandly, highly curious.

Nearly 20,000 of the Student Instruction Questionnaires were submitted on full-time teachers and half that number on graduate assistants. Multiple choice answer forms were 14 questions put on a one to five rating scale and 19 more on a true-false blank.

In virtually every case the professors did better than the G.A.'s, but the margin of difference was astonishingly small as measured by mean response. Whether this proves something about teachers or about questionnaires is left for the reader to decide.

The truth of the matter is that students do not seem to automatically give either the best (1) or the next-best-to-best (2) rating no matter what the query. On the bottom three questions did the sum of the two worst responses (4 or 5) equal one tenth of the total.

Hence, an innocent reader of the following percentages and averages before realizing that all courses at MSU are above average in statement of objectives, instructions, availability of assistance, tolerance, instructional manners, student attendance, passing, interest and the like. Such conclusions are highly flattering. Perhaps there is some interest in knowing which responses are more flattering than others, but my objection to the findings on the whole is that they are impossible.

The virtues of a doublethink that either the most fire and brimstone true-false questions. Did you know that 88 per cent of the classes did not report any objectionable, that 66 per cent of the same sample thought they put in less than average effort. (I am only quoting statistics.)

Did you know that 82 per cent denied TOO MUCH time was spent in class discussions, while 70 per cent also said that TOO MUCH time was spent in class discussions? (These are statistics on those which elect American Presidents.)

As that as may be, the unspoken conclusions of the questionnaires are most interesting. Did you know that 44 per cent felt that they had put in more than average effort on the average course, and only 11 per cent worse than average? (What in the world can "average" possibly mean here?)

Did you know that 62 per cent rated their instructors better than average, and only 11 per cent worse than average? (And what do these people think they are working too hard.)

I am sure that you know that 62 per cent of the classes did not report any objectionable, that 66 per cent of the same sample thought they put in less than average effort. (I am only quoting statistics.)

Did you know that 82 per cent denied TOO MUCH time was spent in discussion, while 70 per cent also said that TOO MUCH time was spent in class discussions? (These are statistics on those which elect American Presidents.)

The march of superlatives should not be allowed to pass without alarm. The olive packers long ago threw out the small-medium-large designation in favor of medium-large-colossal-organic. When you mean average, henceforth say above average, or people will think you mean "loosey."

If you find yourself rated as "average" (below average, you are badly in need of self-help. If your teaching is "above average," you may collapse in the mass. Only if you find yourself "below average" (terrible), need you start worrying. And if you find yourself "far above average," you may feel yourself a prodigy. The truth of the matter is that students do not seem to automatically give either the best (1) or the next-best-to-best (2) rating no matter what the query. On the bottom three questions did the sum of the two worst responses (4 or 5) equal one tenth of the total.

Hence, an innocent reader of the following percentages and averages before realizing that all courses at MSU are above average in statement of objectives, instructions, availability of assistance, tolerance, instructional manners, student attendance, passing, interest and the like. Such conclusions are highly flattering.
Began to tune in on the conversation around me, which had gradually included me in it. "... grew up here," one intense young man was saying, and I played with John Hannah's children. I REALLY knew now their crazy way. His face was lit only by a sliver of light from a streetlight outside, but I could tell that he looked disheartened.

"How'd you end up here?" he asked, I explained. \"Oh, so they burned my neighborhood too, eh? Her too?\" He meant a girl—a girl sitting off to his right, her face also lost in shadow. We were silent for a moment. Weighted down with adult responsibilities, I suppose. Then you may have talked about the university and about society, and I realized I was one of the discontented of the student wars, was time to burn, as we say in the trade. As we were working our way toward the door, Ken asked me what is my distant hometown. (Kinsella actually lived in my dorm, but I went through half a dozen Dylan songs before the evening was over, had a ring through his ear, and told me that four or five of his friends did too.)

Helen Levit's photographs of East Harlem, taken in the early 1940's, have been collected and published with a companion essay by James Agee in a volume entitled "A Way of Seeing" (The Viking Press, 1965). Agee's essay is no slight effort, since Levit's pictures are no subtle, their lyricism so gentle and unassuming, that they leave the reviewer with little to say—on Agee says much. Topping Agee is impossible, so in reviewing we simply reproduce here a few of the most accessible from this remarkable little book.

"Oh, I plan to survive, all right,\" I said, as mildly as possible, "but you'll make it too!\" Kinsella shook his head. \"Not me. I'm thrashed. Really. I'm mind-f*cked.\"

Kinsella's idiom takes getting used to; actually, he'll be around to bury me all.

The party at the party were mostly familiar, but there were interesting additions: One chap wore a black eye patch with a "Make Love, Not War!\" button stuck through it. If I had two buttons myself. One of them said, \"Wir geben uns mehr Klasse.\" The other one said, \"Help us WIN Go to SUNDAY SCHOOL.\"

Another, a personable rock n' roll singer, wore fishnets and a jazz album covers. He played jazz and burned incense almost around the clock, but his roommates, instead of murdering him in his bed, had gradually become almost as alienated as he was.

"Rhub-rhub," I said. \"I'm here on my own steam, shook my head.\"

I think the girl in the Beatie cap my have said, \"Are you KIDDING me?\" (Some- thing surely ought to be said about this phrase, its use reached epidemic proportions during the term, as one English professor even work- ed it into two lectures on irony.)

\"He's not,\" said the other girl, \"he wore half his hair to the shoulders and wore a heavy wooden cross around his neck. \"He's seen him around the dorm.\"

\"Are you Kinsella's roommate?\" (Kinsella actually lived in my dorm, in a room decorated with hanging fishnet and jazz album covers. He played jazz and burned incense almost around the clock, but his roommates, instead of murdering him in his bed, had gradually become almost as alienated as he was.)

\"Rhub-rhub,\" I said. \"I'm here on my own steam, shook my head.\"

Sean took me to. I took along a girl from the dorm and a visiting friend from the distant hometown.

Coming through the door, I happened to mutter something about \"price of admission, your mind,\" a catch-phrase from a Herman Hesse novel which is much admired in certain circles. I think he was thinking of me, as we say in the trade, and he spent the rest of the evening hopping from sofa to sofa like some great bird, his neck like a talisman. (It was a thing now, but they aren't going to say it.)

It was time to burn, as we say in the trade, and he spent the rest of the evening hopping from sofa to sofa like some great bird, his neck like a talisman. (It was a thing now, but they aren't going to say it.)

The party introduced me to an un- derground university without classes or schedules, an invisible city with crossroads in Spizzo's, certain book in the Union grill, and Berkey Hall. His inhabitants were a far more varied legion flaws that are present in the MSU structure, where contact is made by the multiversities make their target the qual- ities of admission: your mind, a catch-phrase from a Herman Hesse novel which is much admired in certain circles. I think he was thinking of me, as we say in the trade, and he spent the rest of the evening hopping from sofa to sofa like some great bird, his neck like a talisman. (It was a thing now, but they aren't going to say it.)

The people at the party were mostly familiar, but there were interesting additions: One chap wore a black eye patch with a "Make Love, Not War!\" button stuck through it. If I had two buttons myself. One of them said, \"Wir geben uns mehr Klasse.\" The other one said, \"Help us WIN Go to SUNDAY SCHOOL.\"

Another, a personable rock n' roll singer, wore fishnets and a jazz album covers. He played jazz and burned incense almost around the clock, but his roommates, instead of murdering him in his bed, had gradually become almost as alienated as he was.

\"Rhub-rhub,\" I said. \"I'm here on my own steam, shook my head.\"

I think the girl in the Beatie cap my have said, \"Are you KIDDING me?\" (Some- thing surely ought to be said about this phrase, its use reached epidemic proportions during the term, as one English professor even work- ed it into two lectures on irony.)

\"He's not,\" said the other girl, \"he wore half his hair to the shoulders and wore a heavy wooden cross around his neck. \"He's seen him around the dorm.\"

\"Are you Kinsella's roommate?\" (Kinsella actually lived in my dorm, in a room decorated with hanging fishnet and jazz album covers. He played jazz and burned incense almost around the clock, but his roommates, instead of murdering him in his bed, had gradually become almost as alienated as he was.)

\"Rhub-rhub,\" I said. \"I'm here on my own steam, shook my head.\"

I think the girl in the Beatie cap my have said, \"Are you KIDDING me?\" (Some- thing surely ought to be said about this phrase, its use reached epidemic proportions during the term, as one English professor even work- ed it into two lectures on irony.)

\"He's not,\" said the other girl, \"he wore half his hair to the shoulders and wore a heavy wooden cross around his neck. \"He's seen him around the dorm.\"

\"Are you Kinsella's roommate?\" (Kinsella actually lived in my dorm, in a room decorated with hanging fishnet and jazz album covers. He played jazz and burned incense almost around the clock, but his roommates, instead of murdering him in his bed, had gradually become almost as alienated as he was.)

\"Rhub-rhub,\" I said. \"I'm here on my own steam, shook my head.\"

I think the girl in the Beatie cap my have said, \"Are you KIDDING me?\" (Some- thing surely ought to be said about this phrase, its use reached epidemic proportions during the term, as one English professor even work- ed it into two lectures on irony.)

\"He's not,\" said the other girl, \"he wore half his hair to the shoulders and wore a heavy wooden cross around his neck. \"He's seen him around the dorm.\"

\"Are you Kinsella's roommate?\" (Kinsella actually lived in my dorm, in a room decorated with hanging fishnet and jazz album covers. He played jazz and burned incense almost around the clock, but his roommates, instead of murdering him in his bed, had gradually become almost as alienated as he was.)

\"Rhub-rhub,\" I said. \"I'm here on my own steam, shook my head.\"