

THE ARENA

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

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Liberal Values Scorned

by Leo

There is a student unrest on campus which runs far deeper and far broader than the strident squeals of the S.D.S., which in many respects is nothing more than a liberal heresy. The unrest is a disenchantment, often unarticulated and not even consciously associated with political ideology, with the prevailing values of the liberal academic establishment. It is impatience and revulsion with the valueless, depersonalized, collectivist, centralized, quantified world of the liberal professor.

The "liberal" set of values runs thru much of the social sciences and humanities. In the field of economics, government action, or collective action, is considered more noble than private enterprise. And federal action is more noble than action by states and localities. In sociology and psychology, man is analyzed in highly quantitative terms, as simply part of a larger, equally quantifiable body called society. In political science and law, man's actions are described in terms of his environment, rather than in terms of objective moral standards. In philosophy and religion, relativism is rampant, and man's ultimate responsibility to God and a higher law is pooh-poohed.

The academic world is dominated by this line of collectivist thought, and President Pitzer, in responding to the proposal of the community of the right that Stanford hire more conservatives made no effort to deny this fact.

Foolish

And it would have been foolish to have done so. For where in the economics department does one hear outspoken support for free enterprise? Where in philosophy, or in the campus chapel does one hear that man's relation to God, or to a higher being, is the preeminent concern of life? Where in political science or sociology does one hear the view that criminals or rioters should be held morally responsible for their encroachments on others' liberties? The situation is so bad that a few years ago Milton Friedman, on being invited to come to Stanford for a year as a visiting professor, spent one evening with the economics department and decided not to come because he felt that his ideas would not get a fair hearing.

All one hears is the collectivist viewpoint. And this hammerhold on the academic community held

by the collectivists perpetuates itself. As Joseph Katz, executive director of the Institute for the Study of Human Problems, recently said, "The (graduate) student cannot easily risk offending some of his professors by advocating a position not in conformity with the theoretical or methodological 'party line'. When it comes to getting a job, he continued the graduate student discovers that placement "is almost entirely dependent upon the academic grapevine and

the chain of friendships and connections . . . Hence the cultivation of the right professor with the right connections is very important. This breeds opportunism."

Emptiness

The most profound source of student alienation is a growing spiritual emptiness and lack of pride, which has resulted from decades of valueless, agnostic, col-

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PICTURE OF THE WEEK: Frustrated members of SDS burned the cards they received at registration on Monday in Memorial Auditorium. The pink holding cards indicated that they had not yet paid the fines imposed on them by the Stanford Judicial Council

for disrupting the January Board of Trustees and would not be allowed to register. Afterwards, SDS member Leonard Siegel announced to the crowd, "Well, it looks like we're not going to be in school this quarter". A long round of applause followed his remark.

Stanford Is What It Eats

by Rick Nelson

Whether you're Phil Taubman or Dave Pugh or one of the other 11,000 Stanford student numbers you have one thing in common. That goes for you too even if you only administer, teach, police, clean up, make love or otherwise reside here. You get hungry. And somebody has to prepare the food. Jack-in-the-box or Marie's comes in handy and if you're a true gourmet (or harried housewife) you might even prepare your own food. But for the vast majority (mainstream?) of students at least, it's the Union, Dorm, or Frat cook you know fairly well. Those with cultivated tummys — "You ate too much. You ate too fast." — have made it a point to be especially friendly to them. Yet despite this attention to mealtime, all too many of us have felt the tinge of disappointment with hunger following not far behind. There either isn't enough food, or what there is isn't what you want. I know. I'm part of you. It's us against the hungries.

So why is the roast beef so well done? And there so little of it? **Labor costs.** The commissary delivers daily to all those kitchens spread across the campus. That means not only people to purchase food, but to unload, stock, unstock, reload, and deliver every day. This means service to you the consumer, but it also means it costs. To cover these costs a service charge is added on to the regular bulk prices charged kitchens. At the end of the year part of this is rebated, but overall there remains about a 5-10% "real" charge for delivery.

Sterling Silver?

What's wrong with the T-burger? Why is the roast beef so well done? Why aren't there seconds on meat? The answer as does so much else in life lies with money. Just talk with Sterling Silver. Sterling Silver for those of you uninitiated is not the Lone Ranger's real name, but rather the director of the commissary, the major supplier of food to Stanford owned and/or Stocked Kitchens. He's the father you always wanted.

Warm, generous, sincere, rich with himself and his time. An all around good guy. His mission in life seems to be one of service to the Stanford community. Food improves by just having him talk about it.

Top Quality Goods

Stanford buys only the best quality foods, mainly as a protective measure to insure our health. But this prevents savings on such items as dented cans, limited quantity or off-brand specials. For Stanford has to buy for all of the people.

Bulk Process Foods

It's hard to feed 200 people or 300 people at one meal. But through preprocessed servings, one cook can oversee the preparation of exactly the "right" amount of food for a large number of people. You have to pay for this preprocessing though. Meat is

Continued on page 4.

EDITORIAL

ANOTHER QUARTER, AND BACK TO THE OLD ACADEMIC GRIND....

Outside of the announcement that ASSU President Denis Hayes would not resign, the biggest letdown for Stanford moderates and Conservatives last month was the "confrontation" between the Board of Trustees and their self-styled critics, the Students for a Democratic Society. It was clear from the outset of the open forum, which was held during dead week in Memorial Auditorium, that nearly every radical in the Mid-Peninsula area had turned out not for the purpose of establishing a dialogue but for the purpose of jeering and booing the representatives of America's corporate elite.

In the minds of the radicals, the basic issue was that of the University's involvement with the Stanford Research Institute and the War in Vietnam. In the minds of the Trustees, the issue was how best to deal with hundreds of screaming students who were not about to be pacified or persuaded by any argument that anyone over forty could offer. Never was the generation gap more broad.

The original pretense for holding an open forum was to allow concerned students to hear the Trustees articulate their positions and respond to questions from the audience and a student panel. The panel of seven students which sat on stage with the representatives of the Board included only one student whose views could even be described as moderate. To the consternation of the Trustees, the rest of the students were far to the left of center on the political spectrum. The moderator of the forum, Doron Weinberg, could hardly be considered neutral since he had served as legal counsel for the SDS demonstrators who violently disrupted the January Board of Trustees meeting. These factors, combined with the hostility of the crowd, set the tone for the hate festival which followed.

Long after the shouting and derisive laughter have subsided, there are still questions which remain in the minds of those non-radical concerned students who sat thru the debacle at Mem. Aud. Why was the panel of students so heavily weighted towards the radical Left? Why did the Trustees allow themselves to be placed in a situation so obviously stacked against them?

For those who do not believe that the Trustees are evil, conspiratorial men acting in their own interests the session was an especially painful one. One would like to think that the Trustees are honorable, capable people who are sensitive to the social and educational needs of the University. It becomes difficult to defend them however when they look and act like your own grandparents.

THE ARENA

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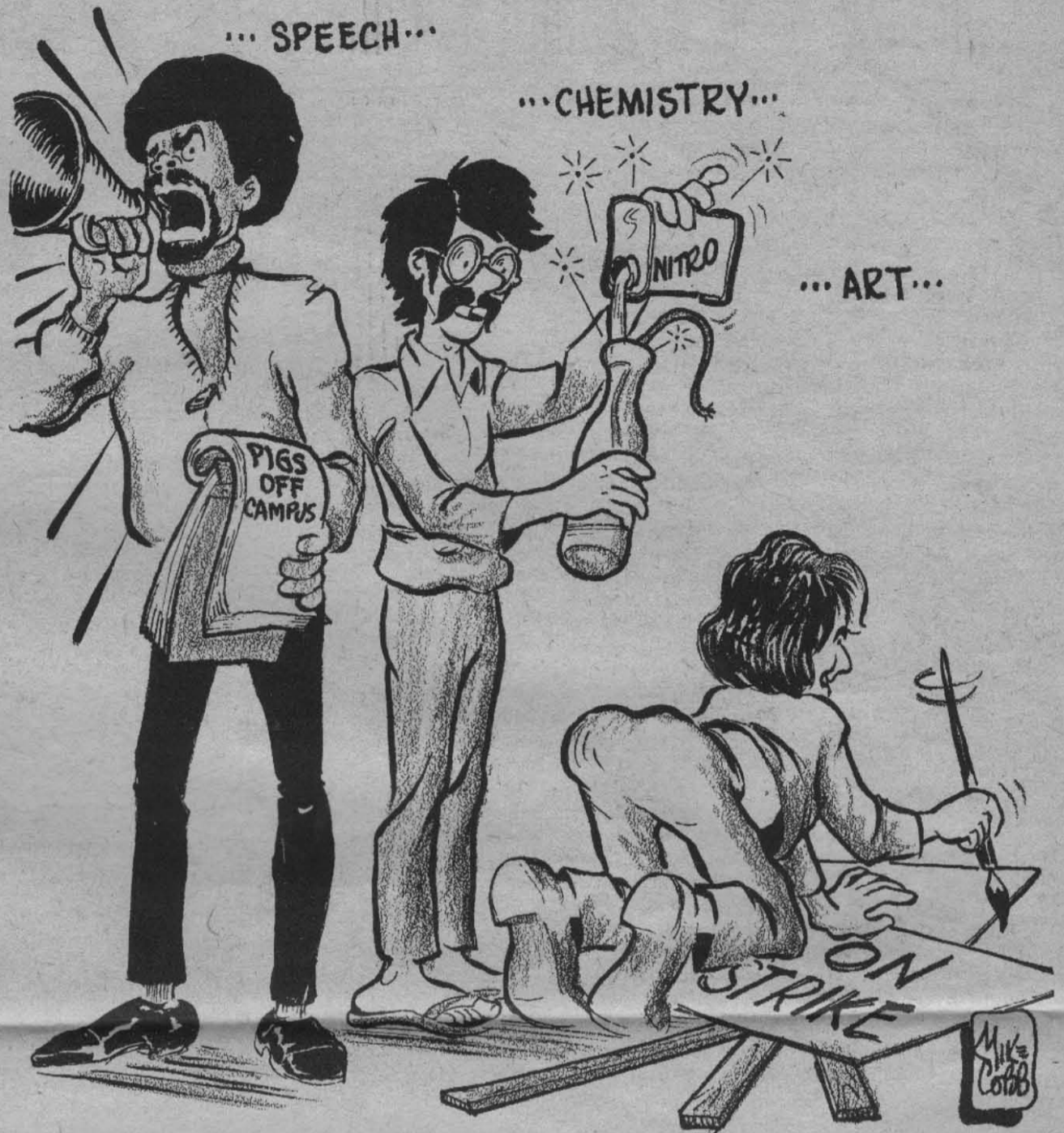
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WHOSE THE FASCIST ?

by Leon L. Eymil

Another area in which "tolerant" and "open-minded" liberals persistently slander conservatives is in their use of the terms "left" and "right". Witness the following prize from a recent *Daily* editorial: "Those who equate the SDS with Hitler Youth might do well to remember that brownshirts came from the right-wing of the political spectrum." By this style of reasoning conservatives are usually placed to the right of center, and fascists further to the right. What is the basis of such an implicit comparison of conservatism with fascism?

It might be instructive to discuss the various facets of fascism with regard to the conventional concept of the political spectrum. Fascism is: (1.) totalitarian: nothing is above or outside the state; there can be only one party and one press. This is infinitely more characteristic of the Soviet Union than of the U.S., yet the Soviet system is universally assigned to the left. American leftists claim to aspire after a higher form of human liberty, as did the pre-Revolutionary Bolsheviks. Conservatives, on the other hand, point to the Bill of Rights as the delineation of liberties that should be immune to government encroachment, and can be compromised only when they conflict with one another. Fascism is (2.) authoritarian: The citizen has no rights, only duties. An elite, with superior understanding of the national ideals should rule for the people. Consider again the Bolsheviks who called for dictatorship of the proletariat with the Party serving as its brain. It is difficult to generalize about how the American left regards this question, but such thoughts as "the masses are asses" are common currency among our friends of the left, including liberals. Fascism is (3.) nationalistic. American

leftists certainly can't be accused of this. The Bolsheviks came to power in Russia as militant internationalists. But by WWII all this had changed. American conservatives are nationalists and make no attempt to conceal it. Fascism is (4.) militaristic. Soviet and Red Chinese "internationalism" manifested itself in renewed ties of friendship with Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Tibet. A cogent argument can be set forth against the US on militarism; witness Viet Nam. But notice that all American wars of this century have occurred during Democratic administrations, and especially under relatively liberal Presidents: Roosevelt, Truman, Johnson. American liberals talk peace and make war. American leftists are completely innocent here, but they haven't been national leaders yet. If they should ever achieve this it would be interesting to see how they perform, but hopefully it will remain a matter of speculation. Fascism is (5.) racialistic. Many Americans are guilty of racism. What about Jews in the Soviet Union? Liberals often identify racism exclusively with conservatism. Most conservatives consider this to be absurd, but few will dispute that liberals are greatly superior in the fine art of anti-racialistic oratory. Fascism is (6.) romantic or anti-intellectual: The intellect must be supplemented by mystic faith, and by constant self-sacrifice. In America the emotional call to self-sacrifice and the rhetoric about the "long hard struggle" comes from the New Left. Some of our very own Stanford leftists are fond of making revealing statements like: "We've got to stop thinking and start feeling." Fascism is (7.) collectivistic. Marxism-Leninism calls for state ownership of the means of production, fascism for state control; American radicals advocate "some form of socialism".

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The Muddled Magus

Once, when I went in the Law Lounge for a cup of coffee, I overheard a bit conversation between a middle-aged woman and a well-dressed young man. It was about movies.

Said she: "Movies used to be considered a cheap form of entertainment. I don't think they are anymore."

Said he: "Oh, yes. I agree. They cost two to three dollars these days."

Unfortunately, while I am a great advocate of the film medium, there are occasions when I see a poor film, especially one that has been cracked up to be better than it really is, and wonder why I did waste my money and time.

The Magus, now playing at the Bijou in Palo Alto to the tune of two dollars a head, is worse than cheap entertainment: it is boring, ridiculous, and sloppy. It is probably the best example of a slick "Hollywood" production — despite the exotic setting, eery musical background, a handsome English school teacher, a beautiful mysterious woman, and Anthony Quinn — that I have seen.

The author of the novel of The Magus, John Fowles — like Morris West (Shoes of the Fisherman), is a semi-good writer who juggles philosophy and plot throughout his novels, although he never achieves real depth in either. His characters are drawn both as moral abstractions and intriguing personalities. Yet he does provide fascinating fireside entertainment.

The Magus, an intricate, allegorical novel filled with mysterious unexplainable incidents that hold the reader spell-bound, has been adapted into a motion picture that fails not only to retain the mystery of the book's plot but also makes a near-farce out of the allegory.



The English schoolteacher, Nicholas Urfe, (adequately portrayed by Michael Caine) leaves both London and his French mistress to teach on a Greek island. There, he stumbles onto a palatial Greek mansion, run by Maurice Conchis (Quinn) who tantalizes Urfe by leaving a book of T. S. Eliot on the beach for him to find. A passage from the poems is marked:

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And to know the place for the first time.

More strange occurrences pull Urfe into Conchis' world of the occult: he is invited to dinner, Tarot cards are brought out, a life-and-death game of dice is played, a beautiful woman — apparently Conchis' mistress in his youth who died and has been restored —

appears and disappears without explanation.

As soon as Urfe thinks he has the mystery solved, Conchis twists reality and leaves the schoolteacher more befuddled than ever. Urfe begs for an explanation: "Will you, for once, tell me the truth?" Conchis replies, "What is truth?" He tortures Urfe into finally realizing that his disillusionment with life is due to his own selfishness and pride: The French mistress whom he left commits suicide, yet she reappears one day on the beach and takes off in a speed boat as Urfe runs to catch her.

Perhaps the one laudable feature of the film is that it retains the unsolved ending that made the book so frustrating and compelling to the last page. Urfe hasn't untangled the entire mystery, nor is the viewer able to either. Unfortunately, the film fails in general to achieve the subtle distortion of reality and fantasy that made the novel intriguing.

The direction of the fantasy scenes is mediocre and unconvincing. Candace Bergen, while attractive, is hardly a femme fatale and is quite devoid of acting ability. Even Quinn appears to be stifled in his role, and as unconvinced of what he is doing as is the audience.

Rather than making the most of the book's best features, the film of The Magus is marred throughout by its worst faults.

Susan Hudgens

MORE ON MARIJUANA

In the interest of providing an alternate viewpoint on an issue of contemporary importance, the editors of The Arena reprint the following commentary from National Review magazine. The views of the author do not necessarily represent those of this newspaper.

Smoking marijuana is both a physical and a symbolic act. For many, a smoke provides pleasure; for most smokers today, however, the symbolism is equally or even more important. Smoking marijuana is one of the rituals of the modern anti-culture, the central intention of which is political: to outrage, and if possible subvert, the ethos of the surrounding society. This goal, unlike that of the traditional revolutionary, is purely negative and disintegrative.

The physical effects of drug use have a good deal of congruence with these symbolic and political meanings. Social suicide, withdrawal from the real world, characterizes all the drug experiences of the young. This common feature explains why legal codes, often in the same paragraph, proscribe marijuana, a non-addictive and perhaps not physically dangerous drug, and heroin, a highly addictive drug that destroys the body. But such evaluation is being questioned with increasing stridency. Young people, and some not so young, are arguing that actual physical damage should be the only criterion for outlawing drugs, and they are behaving in accordance with their arguments. Almost 40 per cent of all college students have tried drugs, according to a recent survey by the College Poll, and almost all of these restrict themselves to marijuana. They explain the rise in marijuana consumption (more freshmen than seniors are smoking it) and the coincident drop in LSD consumption by pointing to medical reports that show that marijuana is less harmful than alcohol while LSD can damage the brain.

On the basis of these findings, many students and their supporters argue for the legalization of marijuana. To say that marijuana is less harmful than alcohol is to ignore, among other things, the qualitative difference in the sensations induced. Most people use alcohol because it helps them to function in the real world. In the business of journalism, for example, the heaviest drinkers are usually the rewrite men and police reporters, whose jobs are so boring and routinized that men who once dreamed of being James Reston probably could not perform them were it not for the solace of alcohol. Marijuana and other hallucinogens do not simply relax the mind. They capture it, freeing it from

the everyday world, creating a new world that is not real. Allen Ginsberg, who wants marijuana legalized, once complained curiously that young people today use drugs "without integration of the visions into their daily lives". Exactly.

Those promoting the legalization of marijuana would dismiss such evidence as irrelevant, contending that since marijuana is non-addictive, the pot smoker can quit any time he feels he's getting out of touch with the world. But this argument again is based only on physical fact and ignores the greater psychological implications of marijuana use. That alcohol is the accepted drug of the realistic, organized West and cannabis the drug of the mystical, fragmented, introspective East is no accident. The West is what it is because the civilizers felt a responsibility to forgo isolation and create a social fabric. The attractions of a Maharishi Mahesh Yogi or a permanent pot high are great, perhaps increasingly great as society becomes more complex, but Western man has traditionally eschewed this temptation because of his sense of affirmative mission. Legalization of marijuana would surely encourage younger generations not to do the same, for already there are thousands of affluent young people who, though not physically addicted to drugs, have chosen them as a way of life and thereby committed social suicide.

Whether marijuana should be outlawed depends ultimately on society's conception of the responsibility of the individual. If, as strong civil libertarians would maintain, the individual is responsible to society only in the sense that he must not injure others directly then marijuana should probably be legalized. If, as others, both conservatives and liberals, would contend, the individual has a positive responsibility to mold, change and participate in society, then marijuana should remain outlawed.

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The allness and the oneness

Burn the cigaret for Teilhard, hardy man; there's no incense in my work room.

White and chartreuse stripes, red jumper, brown suit, and shades of tan
Black and brown and white people

And air conditioning buzzing overhead

And IBM electrics clacking and tapping

Trucks shifting and backing on the alley over my cellar window (trimmed in hanging ivy)

And no work to do.

And a great flood of all the world pressing in — people and colors and patterns

On this day of love. Who loves? Does anyone down here?

An old balck bag who is always ineffably right about everything

An old white bag who is seldom sure of anything

(Except Teilhard's Lord, in and embracing everything)

And three young things who do have some love, on a wondering-questioning-how-is-it-so level.

What do we know for real and sure and true?

How do we know about words like

luminous

incandescent

allness and oneness

Teilhard knows, hardy man.

His evidence is worth more than that of the angry, posturing professor who collects guns

He knows who he is, he'll recognize himself. "Why," he says, "we might have to take to the streets."

Teilhard is a lot more man than this one will ever be.

Teilhard endured a long time.

Well, we can learn endurance

In spite of all besetting and diminishment, within and without

We can know endurance. Some value there.

Teilhard believed in action, but not in these ego-trip actions

"Look at me I am a noble demonstrator I'll give up everytning I ever knew

For what I believe

All those phonies out in the other world we'll show them

We'll present unmeetable demands, denounce the non-negotiators

For not negotiating the unmeetable demands

Tear up everything — destroy — then kill after we work up to it."

How proud they are of their noble cause-living, these cosseted, comfort-born people.

And how little they know. Oh they have brains, sure. Maybe a lot of education.

But how impoverished in people-values, how pitiably poor.

And yet, it's beautiful.

Teilhard's allness embraces even these in their blind obedience to the blind.

That's more than they could do for Teilhard.

There's a future in more and more and more violence?

With Teilhard we have hope — in his way of thought and life.

Do you know, when Teilhard was writing, he was so out of sight that THEY dared not print anything he

wrote? His revolution is the real one; let these phony demonstrators stand up to such a revolution as

his. His kind takes the for real guts — it's doubtful that they could rise to such an occasion.

Like to see them try.

WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER A BLUES BLAST

by Bruce Borgerson

(Note: To those readers who caught my last column, please be advised that my opinions on Stanford have not changed. However, two weeks (dead week and test week) of total solitude on the Oregon beaches bred a greater tolerance of weaknesses in other people, in institutions, and in myself. But, as Procul Harum says, "That's neither here nor further")

The John Mayall concert at Winterland last week was a quick recapitulation of how the electric blues got where they are today. On the bill, in addition to Mayall, were Bo Diddley, Muddy Waters, and Magic Sam. Ottis Spann was also billed but did not appear because of "illness".

Muddy Waters got his start in the blues by picking guitar for the Friday night fish-fry back in Clarksdale, Mississippi. In the early forties he moved north, joining the developing urban blues movement in Chicago. He is reportedly the first man to use the solid body electric guitar in the blues medium, and today he remains the grand old master of that instrument. Last Thursday he appeared backed by two rhythm guitarists and a mediocre white harp palyer of the Butterfield-Musslewhite shcool. His classic blues repetoire, including "Honey Bee", "Hootchy-Kootchy Man", and "Got My Mojo Workin'" was easily the high point of the night. Halfway through the short set, however, Muddy turned over his guitar to a precocious disciple who had obviously learned his lessons well. But it wasn't the same as Muddy.

Bo Diddley is a Chicago boy, born and bred, and his music suffers from the lack of deep blues roots. But then Bo has always been as much a showman as a musician. As usual, he was working with two chicks in tight, filmy outfits, each equipped with a well-oiled pelvis. His routine was entertaining, but the guitar amplification was too low and the set as a whole was musically unsatisfying. But the way those chicks move is very, very satisfying.

Magic Sam is a young Chicago blues group that shows a lot of promise. The black vocalist-guitarist has the speed and technique that would put him somewhere between B. B. King and the new British crop. His white sidemen featured one of the fastest bass-walkers I've seen in years, but the drummer was pushing too hard and dropping beats here and there.

British bluesman John Mayall was a bit of a let-down. The publicity hype built Mayall into some kind of a superstar, which he is not and never shall be. His voice, certainly, is one of the best in white blues, and he is an excellent keyboard artist. On harp and guitar, however, Mayall wavers between barely competent and very pretentious. But Mayall was the big attraction, and the man on the spotlight was obviously

aware of this since he focused on Mayall even when guitarist Mick Taylor was laying down some impressive runs. I think the billing should have been Mayall-Taylor — no, make that Taylor-Mayall.

Food...

Continued from page 1.

uniformly sliced and takes on the institutional food look, and as the jolly green giant will jolly well tell you, he charges for his little plastic bags. And Diversity. There's lots of kitchens at the Farm. And they all need people to run them. Not only that, but there are a number of administrators who are employed to logically enough administer the procurring, preparing, and distribution of food. And that kind of diversity by its very nature costs money. Which you directly and indirectly pay when you pay for board or buy a donut off the food wagon.

Costs can be lowered, and the food appetizingly served (get a Grove House friend to invite you to dinner) in certain instances. If you have an honest cook willing to take the time to buy odd lots and special buys, to shop around, you can have your living group eat more and pay less. But it's not easy. SAE's experimented, as did some other houses, by not buying from the commissary and doing their own purchasing, but of those Fraternities trying it, I believe the only house to be successful has been the Alpha Delt. And that's due to the exceptional amount of time and concern displayed by their cook, a member of the house. It looks as if most of us will have to console ourselves occasionally with a T-burger or a salad plate or something we don't particularly care for. Where's mom when we really need her. Pass the Rol-aids please. I understand they consume 47 times their own weight in excess stomach acidity.

Liberals...

Continued from page 1.

lectivist professors. An excellent first step in eliminating this alienation would be the acceptance by President Pitzer of the principle that more conservative professors be hired.

Pitzer's argument that "individual merit" takes precedence over philosophic balance on campus is highly hypocritical in two regards. First, as the statements by Joseph Katz quoted earlier indicate, the Stanford academic establishment has consistently used highly personalized value judgments in perpetuating itself thru appointments of new professors and encouragement of graduate students. And second, the Stanford community, and in particular President Pitzer openly supports elevating community goals over individual merit when a popular cause is at hand, such as increasing the ratio of Black students on campus, or bringing Blacks and Browns into the administration or faculty.

Let the liberal establishment first clean up the inconsistencies in its own rhetoric, and, having done this, let it pay close heed to the enormous numbers of students, largely rendered silent by despair that anyone will listen to them, who are sick and tired of hearing the same old liberal, collectivist, valueless platitudes year after year. Pitzer may think he can deflect this issue with sporific words. If so, he is incorrect. Political and philosophic imbalance at Stanford is a critical issue, and it will not be soon forgotten.

Fascists...

Continued from page 2.

and liberals the welfare state. Conservatives oppose almost all forms of compulsory state collectivism. They insist that the preservation of political and social liberties relies on the maintenance of personal and economic independence, which in turn relies on the protection of private ownership of property.

The above criteria indicates that fascism belongs on the left. Placing fascism on the right is, at the very best an arbitrary designation. Thus conservatives see the persistent efforts of liberals to place fascism on the right with conservatism as highly tendentious propaganda.

But the propaganda continues on a Daily basis. Tolerance and open-mindedness like this could teach a man to hight.

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