Calendar of Events Jan. 18-Jan. 31

THURSDAY, JAN. 18
Fallini’s “Juliet of the Spirits” (8:00, 109 Anthony)
“The Spy Who Came In From the Cold” (7 & 9, Brody)
Swan Lake, Nat’l Ballet of Canada (8:15, Aud.)

FRIDAY, JAN. 19
“African Film Series: The Nutcracker, Nat’l Ballet of Canada (8:15, Aud.)

SATURDAY, JAN. 21
Senior Recital, Anne Da-Veeuw on Viola (4:00, Music Aud.)
From Chaos Into Order (8:00, Abrams Planetarium)

SUNDAY, JAN. 22
Jamaica, John Strong (8:00, Aud.)
“The Spy Who Came In From the Cold” (7 & 9, Conrad)
Swimming, MSU vs. Iowa Basketball, MSU vs. Northwestern Wrestling, MSU vs. Oklahoma Fencing, MSU vs. Oakland

MONDAY, JAN. 23
“The Agony and the Ecstasy” (7:30, Aud.)
Basketball, MSU vs. Iowa

TUESDAY, JAN. 24
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25
Last Day for Diploma Applications
“Lord Jim” (7 & 9, Brody)
Norman Luboff Choir (8:15, Aud.)
Student Recital (3:00, Music Aud.)

THURSDAY, JAN. 26
Naples, Arthur Wilson (8:00, Aud.)
From Chaos Into Order (8:00, Abrams Planetarium)
Swimming, MSU vs. Illinois and Ohio Gymnastics, MSU vs. Illinois Wrestling, MSU vs. Purdue

FRIDAY, JAN. 27
SUNDAY, JAN. 28
“Casablanca” (7 & 9, MSU Film Society)
“Lord Jim” (7 & 9, Conrad)
From Chaos Into Order (8:00, Abrams Planetarium)

MONDAY, JAN. 29
Farmers Week through Feb. 2

TUESDAY, JAN. 30
Art Exhibit, last day (9-12, 1-5, 7-9, Kresge) Faculty Recital, Alexander Murray on Flute (8:15, Music Aud.)
Basketball, MSU vs. Notre Dame Farmers Week

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31
Golden Gloves, Boxing (8:00, Lansing Civic Center) Farmers Week
Buildings we’ve got; but Sparty is art!

By JIM YOUSLING

Here they are, ladies and gentlemen: MSU’s contribution to the fine arts.

First we have “Sparty,” the spirit of MSU. It’s a tightly-budgeted Institute of learning, but just as certainly it can justify supporting its own artists by buying their work and spreading it around the campus among the gardens, trees, and so-called buildings. Sparty deserves a better embodiment, statues needn’t be clumsily dumped on a mass-produced pedestal.

Aside from contributions from England’s greatest art galleries, the most important and original exhibition of British art ever shown here or abroad.

Although Krenge has some quality work, only the art majors ever see it. Certainly MSU is a tightly-budgeted Institute of learning, but just as certainly it can justify supporting its own artists by buying their work and spreading it around the campus among the gardens, trees, and so-called buildings. Sparty deserves a better embodiment, statues needn’t be clumsily dumped on a mass-produced pedestal. It might cheer up all up a little.

British art in Detroit

“Romantic Art In Britain: Paintings and Drawings, 1760-1860,” the biggest art exhibition of the new year, is now in progress at the Detroit Institute of Arts. The show, which opened Jan. 9, will extend through Feb. 18.

Next there will be a pleasant work which is abstract enough to be arty, but not too abstract to offend anyone (as Chicago’s 5-story Picasso does). Once there were a pair of them, but during the demolition of the old band shell, the crew inadvertently hauled the second one to smithereens. We are fortunate that this one was safely removed to its present home, the Music Building, before the construction people could build Jesse Hall atop it. An irreplaceable treasure.

Finally, we have an ultra-modern work (No. 84) which is gracefully perched upon a pile of cement blocks in front of the Cyclotron Building. One suspects that it is titled something appropriate like “Man’s Quest For Truth On A Pile of Cement” or “Cyclotron Abstraction No. 1.”

And that’s it. Outside of Krenge Art Center, these three statues are MSU’s idea of beauty. Our architecture runs from the boulders of Morrill Hall to the sterility of Wells. Our stock of murals and paintings extend very little beyond those sickly things on the Sindy Group and the “authentic reproductions” of Renoir and others which are spewed through the Union. Other points of interest include the Levi R. Taft Rock (at the Hartnett Entrance triangle) and the stuffed polar bear in the Natural Resources foyer.

There are three murals and three paintings in Krenge. One of the murals is “M.S.U’s Idea of beauty.” It is a tightly-budgeted Institute of learning, but just as certainly it can justify supporting its own artists. Sparty deserves a better embodiment, statues needn’t be clumsily dumped on a mass-produced pedestal. It might cheer up an up a little.
Vietnam before the West

By LAWRENCE BATTISTINI

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Vietnam is part of an area in Southeast Asia which up to and after the Western Roman Empire was commonly known in the West as French Indo-China. The region today is made up of Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos. But just over 15,000 square miles of the total population of the Indo-China area consists of Vietnam, which are concentrated to present-day Vietnam, which when under French control consisted of the three administrative regions of Cochinchina, Annam, and Tonkin. Culturally most Vietnamese are linked to the Chinese, whereas the Cambodians and Laosans are closer culturally to the Thais, the Burmese and the Indians.

Vietnam is today a country artificially divided at approximately the seventeenth parallel. This partition took place at Geneva in 1954. Communist North Vietnam has an area of some 62,000 square miles and a population estimated in 1962 at 16,200,000. South Vietnam, as demarcated by the Geneva Agreements, is 15,000 square miles, and has a slightly smaller population, estimated at 15,370,000 in 1963. The total area of all Vietnam, then, is 127,000 square miles, making it considerably larger than Italy, and its total population, estimated at 31,570,000 in 1963, is about the same as that of Spain.

The Vietnamese people of today are among the most homogeneous of Asia. The main stream of the present-day Vietnamese, originally located in southern China, migrated into northern Vietnam several centuries before Christ as a result of the pressure of the southern-moving Chinese. Like other expensive people of history, these Vietnamese gradually extended their domain southward until they dominated all of Vietnam and engulfed a number of smaller ethnic groups. Even in present-day South Vietnam, there are substantial numbers of Malay, Vietnamese, Cham and Khmer (Cambodians), not to mention more than half a million Chinese of relatively recent immigration.

The Vietnamese history really begins in the fourth century B.C., when what is now the United States was a primitive culture and totally unknown to the Western world. This is the date of the period when the Viet people, a branch of the Yueh people of the South Vietnamese family, displaced an area below the Yangtse River in what is now the Chinese province of Ch'ang Shan, where they established a kingdom. Compelled to flee before a warlike people known as the Tatu, these peasantry moved southeast to the Canton (Guangzhou) area, and in the third century B.C., entered Tonkin and northern China. In the north, they subdued the native inhabitants, many of whom were of Indonesian stock, and integrated the latter with the immigrant population. This intermingling came a new people, the historic Annamese.

At the hunting and fishing stage to agriculture and trade. Large in size, as a result of their extensive trade, the Annamese developed relations with the Chinese and even dispatched tribute-bearing missions to the T'ang (618-907) and Sung (960-1279) emperors of China. The strength and prestige of the Annamese heritage was doubtless reflected in their border policies towards their neighbors to the south. Although the Viet and the Cham people, whose land was known as Champa, had been in a primitive stage of development until the arrival of the Chinese, it is probable that the Viet went so far as to submit Champa for tribute to the Sung dynasty, probably as early as the third century. The Chinese, however, and his successor had actually had no interest in maintaining the Chinese presence in Southeast Asia.

The Le dynasty established by Le Loi effectuated this policy of the Annamese to be free of foreign domination, no matter its benefits.

Taking advantage of the anarchy prevailing in China after the fall of the once stupendous T'ang dynasty in 907, a Ngo Quyen headed an insurrection which in 999 succeeded in expelling the Chinese, and established an independent Annamese kingdom. During the same four years, the Le dynasty established a kingdom which, despite the expulsion of the Chinese, continued in power until the beginning of the present century.

The native Vietnamese dynasties were for some time almost continuously engaged in conflict with a Malay population to the south. These people, the Chams, whose land was known as Champa, had been in a primitive stage of development until the arrival of the Chinese, it is probable that the Viet went so far as to submit Champa for tribute to the Sung dynasty, probably as early as the third century. The Chinese, however, and his successor had actually had no interest in maintaining the Chinese presence in Southeast Asia.

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Cambodia becomes pivot in U.S.-China conflict zone

By MITCH MILLER

Norodom Shahabuddin, Prince and premier of Cambodia, has never been accused of allowing consistency to affect his foreign policy. Yet Shahabuddin's reluctance to tolerate nor ignorable. As the ruler of an almost princely, powerless nation living in the triceps of influence of the United States and China, he has succeeded in making his nation a pivot rather than a pawn.

On the one hand he cannot really do anything, the United States or its allies are powerless to control the "right of hot pursuit," he has neither the military might nor the diplomatic skills to support the Communist, who have threatened his nation. On the other hand, he cannot support a U.S. "pushout" of Cambodia's territory, because the new little brothers of his giant neighbor, accessible as he is to sever and cover operations directed from Laos by the Pathet Lao and from Vietnam by the Viet Cong.

The United States seems committed to destroying the Communists militarily, and thus cannot be expected that they will be permitted sanctuaries indefinitely, whether in Cambodia, Laos, or the demilitarized zone of North Vietnam. Bombing has proved ineffective against the movement of men or supplies along jungle paths, and ground action is therefore almost inevitable. But taking this step would involve a major escalation, at a time when the United States is seeking desperately to get world opinion on its side; and when President Johnson is facing an increasingly nervous electorate. It is not small nations alone that face dilemmas.

Shahabuddin has many options open to him, but they can be subclassed into a few basic moves. One, he could actively support the United States in the last push of the Viet Cong. This would necessitate his becoming a symbol of the Lao, supported and maintained by us and doubtlessly under attack by the Communists. He almost certainly will not take this course.

Two, he could actively oppose U.S. intervention, resist it militarily, threaten to bring to the Communists, take the United States before the UN, and in general make life worse for this country. In such a case the United States would not cross his borders, none of conflict between the two nations which he does not want either.

Three, Shahabuddin might positively permit U.S. or South Vietnamese troops in his territory while still attempting to maintain a peace-storing role, a position that even the Prince might find difficult, especially with the war now being fought in South Vietnem.

None of these solutions is particularly pleasing, so what may emerge from Shahabuddin's conferences with Chinese leaders and his subsequent decision about the problem of "hot pursuit" is another possibility, one which might lead to a real dampening of the entire war, if both parties play their cards right.

Numerous signals have been leaked that indicate that the situation may be dropped in the lap of the International Control Commission, the body which was supposed to supervise the execution of the Geneva accords of 1954, but which has been reduced to ineffectuality by the war and by general lack of support.

Should the ICC be given the role of policing the Cambodian border, it would have to be strengthened manifold. The three commissioners, Canada, India and Poland might be supplying, or calling on other nations or the UN Emergency Force to supply large numbers of troops. Financial support, from the United States probably, financed through the UN might pay for the additional police.

A revitalized ICC might take the mission of patrolling other borders, and enacting a cease-fire or even a possible truce. Not that it would do a worse job at such chore, but if the U.S. docs not persevere, his borders would be against an impartial, world order, which could not rely on the Chinese or Vietnamese. It should be quite clear that these actions are political moves. Military action, including the bombardment of the North, has been universally unsuccessful in interdicting infiltration of men and supplies by the Communists into South Vietnam.

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Shahabuddin has many options open to him, but
Quixote in the land of DeGaulle

By M. THOMAS INGE

Salamanca, Spain, December, 1967

"I don't think editing a little magazine is any more a profession than fishing; but it is more fun," so George Whitman writes me from Paris where he is engaged in publishing "The Paris Magazine.

Such publications have a long, honorable history, beginning with Margaret Fuller and Ralph Waldo Emerson's "The Dial" (1842-50), going on into the present century with such little magazines as Harriet Monroe's "Poetry" (1892-present), Margaret Anderson's "The Little Review" (1917-1929), the New Orleans "Double Dealer" (1921-1929), and the Nashville Vagabond (1923-1929) and surviving in such varied modern forms as "The Partisan Review," "Accent," "The Kenyon Review," and the "Evergreen Review."

The more direct forebear of the latest addition to the list, which his editor dubs "the poor man's Paris Review," were the numerous little magazines produced in London and Paris during the 1920's by American expatriates, like "The Criterian," "Transition," "ELT," "Groom," and "Tribune" which have existed the early work of T.S. Eliot, Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, Ernest Hemingway and William Carlos Williams appeared.

The one thing they all had in common was a preference for the work of up-and-coming, little-known, avant garde, the young dissidents and experimenters, in defy and reshuffle the traditions of the moment. "The Paris Magazine," however, does not aspire to be as creative as all that; its goals are simpler.

"If we can achieve a little humor and the universe together this magazine may be an advantage. Unluckily, publishing anonymous publications we can at least go back to the days of personal journalism when a poet, cartoonist, bookbinder, printer and journalist like Walt Whitman would publish manifestos or set up the type of his own book on his porch. But very much like the little magazines of yesteryear, Whitman's is directed to an unfortunately limited audience—those willing to take life with an intelligent amount of sane humor—and not necessarily selected; profits are not in the ground with a first run of 5,000 copies but only 12 subscribers on the rolls.

The first number, which appeared in October, contains such items as a selection of letters by Lawrence Durrell, a report by Edward Lucie-Smith on Margaret Drabble's "The Middle of the Journey," an interview with Marguerite Duras in French, a short story called "Fog" by Barbara Shatzkin, a contribution by Roger Pic and text by Jean Paul Sartre, an essay on Joseph Conrad by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, in hands down the better poet.

As interesting as the magazine itself, equally fascinating is its editor, George Whitman, a slender congenial American expatriate from Saint Louis "the secret sensual pleasures Whitman only hit at are made blatantly clear, but Ginsberg yet promises to be the most authentic voice of the American underground conscience in this century's poetry. This may be true, in spite of the fact that his colleagues, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, is hands down the better poet."

When he came to Paris 16 years ago, it was not his intention to edit a little magazine but rather to be a book-seller. Placing himself in the absence of decent, even honest literary publishing, he now calls his shop Shakespeare and Company, after the famous bookseller-operated by Sylvia Beach in Paris in the 1920's. Miss Beach, it will be remembered, was the great friend and side of many members of the lost generation and was publisher of Joyce's immortal Ulysses. She has the almost unique distinction of having earned one of the few kind and warm-hearted visions written by Hemingway in his masterpiece of literary revenge "A Moveable Feast."

Whitman maintains Miss Beach's congenial air of hospitality. His shop motto reads, "We wish our guests to enter with the feeling they have inherited a bookshop apartment on the Seine which is all the more delightful because they share it with others." And of the shop he notes, "I consider it as much yours as mine, even more so because you can do what you please when you are in order... but sometimes, when I am scrubbing floors at 2 o'clock in the morning, I am torn between the desire to read books again and hope to receive a favorable response before too many years have passed."

While he walks, he keeps his doors open as a free lending library—"a private library open by invitation to the public"—from abroad, as an expatriate apartment, he maintains "The Free University of Paris," which offers poetry readings, courses, debates and seminars on literature and politics. How he survives is the mystery, as he is not a man of independent means.

The winter issue of "The Paris Magazine," scheduled to arrive in February, includes an article by Henry Miller and an article by H.J. Powell on Joyce in Paris. The subscription price is $1.50 for four quarterly issues is payable to the Université libre de Paris, 5 rue de la Bucherie, Paris 5.

To change slightly Arthur C. Hersey's lines, may the "God who watches over children, drunkards and fools/ With silent miracles and other such undiscerning/ Sustain the ordinary rulers," and watch out for George Whitman!

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Ormandy: 30 years of music

By JIM ROOS

Anniversaries, ephemeral though they be, are landmarks of continuity and change. To that long ago the musical world was celebrating the 30th anniversary of Eugene Ormandy’s tenure with the Philadelphia Orchestra, as an association that has been documented by hundreds of recordings—first for RCA Victor and later Columbia Records.

Now word has come that after more than 20 years with Columbia, Ormandy and the Philadelphians have called it quits and are returning to the RCA label.

The split is apparently the result of a basic difference between Maestro Ormandy and Columbia officials over the number of recordings the orchestra would be contracted to make and the manner in which they would be marketed.

For many years Ormandy has been dissatisfied with his reputation as a “technicolor” conductor, one who is interested primarily in the recording business. He has had to contend with a recorded reputation which, by no means, would lead one to believe that he and his orchestra members would benefit from increased recording royalties and perhaps a more “serious” image.

It is understandable that Mr. Ormandy has, as he put it, “ind_Railed” about leaving Columbia. After all, it is not simply an association with a record company that is ending, but also future recording collaborations with his old friends Rudolf Serkin, Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose and many others whom he considered his personal composers as Reinhart, and David Oistrakh, whom he referred to as Columbia’s conductor laureate.

Yet, the picture is still bright. With the new contract, not only can Maestro Ormandy explore the world of touring, he has the hope that he and his orchestra members will benefit from increased recording royalties and perhaps a more “serious” image.

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Back to encores proper, virtuoso Yehudi Menuhin recently celebrated the 60th anniversary of his sensational debut at Carnegie Hall, November 27, 1927. Together with what was then known as the New York Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Busch conducting, the 11-year-old wonderland presented his interpretation of the Beethoven Violin Concerto to an astonished audience.

Initially, Busch did not want Menuhin to play the Beethoven Concerto. He felt that as an 11-year-old child could perform such a profound masterpiece with the requisite degree of musical maturity, Busch said that it would be the equivalent of “asking Jack London to play ‘Hamlet.’” It is possible that part of Busch’s resistance was prefigured by the fact that he had planned to perform his own symphony at the same concert and didn’t relish the idea of having a prodigy hanging out on the stage.

In fact, Busch who was a child prodigy himself, had an intense dislike for the self-styled and often brattish “geniuses” foisted upon him by ambitious parents, however, Menuhin had become an arrangement through Enrico and Bruno Walter (hardly “fly-by-night” musicians) and Busch had to concede to a precedent audit before Menuhin’s request to play Beethoven could be ruled out.

It is an old story: after hearing the boy play only fifteen bars of the work, Busch agreed to play along with him. What made little Menuhin so extraordinary, and apart from other child prodigies who also possessed plenty of technical prowess, was his incredible interpretative powers. At the age of 11, his concept of a musical masterpiece was as mature as that of a great artist of 50.

Through the years Menuhin’s interpretative powers have ripened to the extent that today, at 51, his name is synonymous with the most lofty aims of penetrating music scholarship, Menuhin’s humanistic endeavors, his activities in medical education, achievements as conductor of the Berlin Festival Orchestra and other interesting facets of his career will be part of a special profile of the great violinist tomorrow evening at 10 put on NBC’s Bell Telephone Hour.

Another 50th anniversary worth noting (Jan.12) celebrated the American debut of pianist Vladimir Horowitz. Horowitz made his appearance together with the late Sir Thomas Beecham (who incidentally also was appearing for the first time on these shores).

Sir Thomas’ program, unusually long by American standards, was filled with offbeat Hamel (e.g., Overture to “Tasso”) and naturally his beloved Delius. However, the audience did not have much of a chance to savor Beecham’s leisurely approach for Horowitz quickly stole the show.

The 34-year-old firebrand raffled off a performance of Tchaikovsky’s B flat major Concerto that had the audience virtually hysterical and applauding through the intermission. Rarely has Carnegie Hall seen such a furious performance. The sheer frenzy of Horowitz’s touch and the animal excitement generated by the virtuosity of his technique resulted in a new approach to piano playing that has had unquestioned impact upon an entire generation of pianists. None of Horowitz’s imitators have ever been able to re-create the fantastic pianistic bravura that he alone seems capable of performing. For example, the impossible variations on Sousa’s “Stars and Stripes Forever” (accorded fine performance at West Point during World War II) or the breakneck Super-Virtuosity of his own variations on Themes from Bizet’s “Carmen.”

After his 25th anniversary recital in 1953 Horowitz suddenly stopped playing in public, although he still made occasional recordings. Then, in May, 1965 following twelve years of enforced silence, the “new Horowitz” was born.

The “new Horowitz” brought with him all his old techniques, but it was determined to avoid the wild stunts of previous years. His approach to everything was slightly more relaxed, immediately more musical than before. Only occasionally did a Chopin Etude or Scarlatti Sonata show traces of the frenetic “old Horowitz.”

Rarely a month ago, the “new Horowitz” was giving a recital in Carnegie Hall (the fifth since his 1965 return). The program included a Beethoven Sonata (Op. 109), a Chopin mazurka, Rachmaninoff Etudes-Tableaux and a first encore Schumann’s “Traumerei.”

Then it happened! According to New York Times critic Harold Schonberg, “Mr. Horowitz sat down, glanced quizzically at his audience, grinned and launched into his arrangement of the ‘Carmen Fantasy’ bowing the audience with sprays of notes, with volleys of fortissimos, with streaking scoops, and fantastic passageworks. When he finished, it was pandemonium.

Appreciably the “old Horowitz” has returned. Or perhaps what we have been calling the “new Horowitz” is simply a “better Horowitz.” More seasoned, musically matured yet at 64 still capable of all we have known and expected of him in the past.

Thus, anniversaries such as those of Ormandy, Menuhin and Horowitz serve as excellent reminders that great artists have that extraordinary ability to maintain a unique level of achievement over incredibly long periods of time, while continually adding new dimensions to their artistry.

This capacity to endure, yet grow is no easy feat, and in fact deserves some sort of celebration. Let’s see—O.J. Vladimir, how about an arrangement of the Anniversary Waltz?

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McLuhan's Media Message

By JEFF JUSTIN

What happens to you when you watch T.V. as compared to when you listen to the radio? As compared to when you read a book? According to Marshall McLuhan, author of "Understanding Media," "The Medium is the Message," and other works, your mind changes. Not the ideas within your mind as much as the method by which your mind works. The different media tinker with the workings of your mind in the same way that an inventor once tinkered with them. You change, your world-view changes, your world changes. Behind the explanation of this process lies McLuhan's now-famous dictum: "The medium is the message." McLuhan is an extension man, the wheel extends the foot just as the electric light sharpens our sight. Media in the past have taken a part of man's sensory apparatus or anatomy and increased its capability to perform a function. Tied into each so tightly, then, media have necessarily changed man in the same way a man blind from birth would find a different life after receiving his sight.

It's no new thing to notice how our lives change when a new medium appears. McLuhan says, however, that we've been numb to a full sense of that change, perceiving only the surface disturbance of our lives and remaining oblivious to the shifting of the deeper currents underneath. Simply, like our feeling when part of the body is suddenly overworked in new circumstances, we become numb to a sense change when a new medium appears. Media by reason of their form done. A culture, by altering the environment, evoke in us a particular way of feeling. McLuhan tells us that we mistakenly see the media as a different power. It did not subjectively make things, a merchant class sells things, an army defends things. Nor are these positions absolutes in aural culture because the media produce the assembly line, with its decentralized local authority ends. The city runs stronger.

The whole of the city is specialized, fragmented life. A political oligarchy runs things, a working class makes things, a merchant class sells things, an army defends things. Nor are these positions absolutes in aural culture because the media produce the assembly line, with its decentralized local authority ends. The city runs stronger.

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Steed and Mrs. Peel survive the axe again

By STUART ROSENTHAL

An astronomer trains his lens on Venus, curiously observing the unusual brilliance of the planet. White, unmarked by him, his cup of coffee begins to boil autonomously. Seoul sweat is pouring from his visage. Then a sudden, abrupt burst of bright white light.

When the scientist's swivel chair has stopped revolving, he is quite dead and his hair has been bleached quite white.

A frame from a comic strip comes abruptly to life. An agile young lady is engaged in combat with a large, birdlike creature while both are suspended, contrary to gravity, from the ceiling.

A young man dressed in a suit, with a bowler and cravat, enters the fray, striking the winged opponent with dexterity. The soundtrack bangs out the Batman theme.

Typical ploys of the most persistent and invidious group which has succeeded twice in rescuing the highly successful British series from the axe of the American Broadcasting Company program department. Notice of cancellation for the program following its inclusion as a midseason replacement in March of 1966 generated an enormous deluge of viewer response, all favoring the continuation of the show.

Consequently, when midseason came around last year, the network professed 18 new episodes, plus reruns. However, fluctuating ratings which might likely be brought on by the usual 11 p.m. Friday time slot—an inconvenient time for the group which most appreciates the show—coupled with production problems at Associated British Elstree Studios, prompted a second canceling.

Once again, feedback to the web was sufficient—strong to induce a third "second season" resurrection. Transmission on ABC commenced Jan. 10.

But the history of "The Avengers" extends back to 1961 when a straight espionage drama by the same name premiered on British Independent Television.

The story line of the first segment featured a young doctor played by Ian Hendry who set out to avenge the death of his fiance, who was accidentally shot in a London street by thugs. The doctor's crusading zeal against the killers was co-opted to assist the British Secret Service by undercover agent John Steed (Patrick Macnee).

"Macnee, though, was adverse to the seriousness of the format and comprised to introduce the tongue-in-cheek slant which has come to be the televiewers' most salient feature. The partnership between professional Steed and "talented amateur" Hendry lasted for 26 episodes until Hendry went out to conquer England, and of the reversions to idyllic fields and stately mansions, atom stations and modern industry.

Steed, in his tastes, represents the tradition and qualities that we tend to associate with the British way of life—gracious living, family hearth, a cultivated appreciation of food, wine and horseracing, exquisite tailoring, a high-handed way with underlings, and various endearing eccentricities and character quirks.

The very British nature of the series is further exemplified by its style of plotting. The initial sequence is calculated to engage the viewer's curiosity with some bizarre occurrence which is seldom explained until the concluding minutes. These openers have included the reversion of a green man as a modern garden ornament, or a ghost, and a hijacking by an invisible foe.

As the hour develops, the viewer finds himself increasingly in the dark, totally unable to decipher the on-screen manifestations. Virtually always, the explanation of the initial phenomena is even more absurd than the observed occurrence. Yet, the televiewer is so relieved to be free of the excruciating suspense and confusion which have accrued, that he is willing to accept the unsatisfactory resolution of a time machine as a means on a turntable, of an ectoparambic manifestation as the machine of an underground army of 10,000 waiting for the program. The archetypal "Avengers" shot has been described as "a devil face men left up down suspended in a washing machine." This sort of dramatic camera angle typifies the series' nonchalance treatment of violence, which along with sex-appliance and shaved comedy, runs rampant throughout.

In fact, it is just this elegance of presentation which compels excessive violence (it is a rare episode when fewer than five men are disposed of in some uncommon manner) from blimbi to virtue.

Sometimes in March, "The Avengers" will undergo another transition when Linda Thorson replaces Diana Rigg, becoming Macnee's fourth partner. Associated British Corporation, which produces the program, promises that the Thorson character, Tara King, will be the daughter of a prosperous farmer and have all the skills associated with an open-air life in addition to the benefits of a finishing school education.

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**Child playing**

Blood hair flying, the little boy climbs the slide—
Metal frame shining, like silver on playground dirt;
Catch his smile: slip — slide — bounce . . .
He skids to landing, mud on his shirt.

"No highs: knuckles down tight . . ." — at nine years old,
It's Spring; kite flying tomorrow;
Today his precious ball bearing makes him glad
To be alive; he's winning bright marbles, or trying, trying.

Kids play tug, the giant slide is busy with its thrill,
(Right quick years ago, he shot for marbles like they do),
Enough! Enough! It's time for something new;
Underneath a tree, with shade for two.

Is it her voice that makes him see those cherry blossoms
On a winter day, when leaves are dead?
Or is he just a boy in love
Riding snowbound on a Springtime sled?

— Paul Carrick

**Adrift**

Have the snowflakes stopped
their waltz
across my lawn?
(It's midnight now)
I'm not deceived
one candy cane
Although the green bay windows
surely
Tempt me into thinking
That some ice
is not beneath
the snow
Which I shall saturate tomorrow morning
On my way to school
— Paul Carrick

**Free flight**

The bluebird hurried
Wildflowers wept
She flew away—
while I went leaping
madly

Catch that beauty!
Silken feathers warm
Through crystal airways
riding,
riding,
She had had enough . . .
(Guess I was a bitch's burden)
Down she sent me
down, down, down,
Departing on the best of terms:
Me, courting death
and she
flying hastily
away
I wonder why I'm here?
Oh yes, the clouds —
They saved my life they told me
in a hush
How only fools chase flying birds
— Paul Carrick

**Trilogy**

I

I want to know
what happens
to sun at night
I want to know
what happens
to that rape
to the tree of life
when I strike
a match

II

where is the
I
when thou
is gone
into what goes
thou
when it is gone
when the reason for
it
is the I
that is gone

III

gentle gust of tenderly
ed compendium of pri
mordial hatred and
having to find itself
and the others temple
that other end where it
stops its energy burst,
your self rests in the missing
innocence from whence that
was born, yet with the
very next shot
dismantled of the ancient
scorn the temples of
became its tomb.

— Michael Calcattera

Michael Calcattera, Okemos junior, is a
married student majoring in philosophy. In
his poetry, he starts from the basis of Martin
Buber's philosophizing in the second section of
his "Trilogy." He writes stories and plays
as well.

— Paul Carrick, Atlanta, Ga. junior, received
one of eleven scholarships to Georgetown Uni-
versity's Writers Conference during 1967. His
major is Philosophy.

Photo by Mike Schoenhofen
Environment: key to new theater

By DAVID GILBERT

The startling realization has come that the theatre, as it exists today, is perhaps no longer a viable form of communication. With ticket to off-Broadway productions costing $7.50 a piece, and $25 or more on Broadway, there is theater to reach very few people indeed.

In addition, it is difficult for the audience to experience the intense feeling of involvement in a play when it is set so far away from the production that the actors' faces are visible only through opera glasses.

In what appears to be an answer to this problem, Sam Shepard's Five Plays is a particularly significant document, for it provides an excellent introduction to an innovation in contemporary theatre; the Environmental Theatre.

Example: "Icarus's Mother" is about a picnic. It's also about reality and truth and illusion, and games people play, and the fear of the bomb. But in a way, it has nothing to do with anything at all.

If ever you see that play, you feel almost as though you have not only witnessed but participated in something. If it's not quite real, at least it's very much alive. This type of play—is experimental rather than a disengaged play—in representative of the Off-off-Broadway play being presented in coffee-houses and establishments like Cafe La Mama, Cafe Clio, and Judson Poets' Theatre. Few of these plays are consciously concerned with theme, motif, characterization or what not, but aim at providing as complete an experience as possible.

The concern is with the relationship between scene and audience, an attempt to confront the audience with life, and to see what both actors and audience are going to do about it.

This particular attitude has caused a number of people to do some real thinking about the theatre, among them drama critic Walter Kerr, who said, "The whole theatrical process itself needs to be rethought; and this is the moment for us to do it."

Richard Schechner, editor of "The Drama Review" (formerly "Theater Drama Review") proposed, "Let the theatre come down, and let's rebuild them. There's something better to do."

The only alternative today seems to be the experiments being conducted by the Environmental Theatre: forsaking the theatres and stages for the streets. This is precisely what the Breac and Puppet Theatre and the Teatro Campesino have done, At Peter Schumann says:

"We've had our best — and sometimes our most stupid performances in the streets. Sometimes you make your point because your point is simply to be there in the street.

The idea of confrontation is tremendously exciting one. It is the startling effect of life rearing up in its kind legs, of seeing you in a pattern that you have never seen before. It is, in two words, living poetry.

One wonders what the effect would be on the Michigan State campus if the theater department, P.A.C., or even 'involved individuals' were to act out ten minute dramat in front of Herkhey Hall or on the bridge next to Freeway.

This type of theatre is essential to the vitality of theatre in provoking thought and involvement. On this campus, like nowhere else, the play can have its most profound effect on young minds still in the process of formulating the world of themselves. I suggest that the theatre department consider this type of theatre, for it has a unique potential contribution. No one can be sure whether the drama in which he was involved was real or pretend. And across this boundary we must continually pass, never knowing in our most real imagination or our most imaginative reality who we are, but only our relationship to others and the Other.

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McLuhan's media message

The phone in your home that reaches virtually every other home in America, the television that turns the whole country into one living room, have reversed the explosion of print. We are being implanted back into cultural aura, a process that compares in violence to the 500 year old visual explosion as the violence of hydrogen bomb compares to atomic firestorm.

Media in the past have extended parts of our bodies. Electric media, however, have externalized our whole cultural nervous systems. We can hear and see and even feel the rifle shots in Vietnam. We are involved with others whether we like it or not. Whether the inns with carrousels or platform, one thing is certain: the media of the last two decades are creating an aura, an aura, an interdependent society, a society of involving speech rather than abstracting print. Electric circuitry has connected the world into a tribal village.

Thus, the chaos between youth and their parents, between today's disarray and today's establishment is more than a generation gap. It has the demoralizing effect on man and tribal man. And the conflict is lodged in international relations. The advanced nation's imperialism is encountering the explosion of backward countries. From McLuhan's principles it seems obvious that, as in so other age, understanding and cooperation are needed. Otherwise, considering man's depth involvement in today's world, the explosions will become physical ones.

Eric Plaun -- Executive Editor

 Contributors: . . . Dave Gilbert, Lawrence Loghin, Mitch Miller, Jim Roos, Stuart Rosenthal, Jeff Justin, Jim Yeag­ ling, Inge, Paul Corrick, Michael Calica­ terra.

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(Collapsed from page 8.)

if all society recognized it by supplying a stage and supporting characters.

The morality play has evolved into the theater of the absurd. The culture of the printing press replaced emotional individuality with individuality of function. The specialization of the factory assembly line, however, resulted in mass production. Cut off from a living emotional involvement in society by western culture's shift from visual speech to visual printing, fragmented in their own lives, men sought some way to express their emotional force.

The assembly lines of print and factories modeled the human mass production of totalitarian state. Totalitarianism in Germany, Italy, Russia, and China has resulted in an environment where the visual social organization of an aura culture tried to convert rapidly to a visual industrial culture. In England and America the transition went more slowly. The British Empire and the American frontier absorbed the visual expansion, affecting the visual spectacles rural countries could find only in marching armies. But our world is changing and McLuhan tells us how:

The medium, or process, of our time—electric technology—is reshaping and restructuring patterns of social interdependence and every aspect of our personal life... Electric technology frontiers and encourages unification and involvement.

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Vietnam before the West

(Continued from page 5.)

Incompetent officials, and that the Chinese nation had fallen far behind the newly industrialized West in technological development (and especially in the technology of warfare).

During the reign of the three capable emperors who followed Gia Long, the moral and intellectual influence of China again became predominant. These Vietnamese rulers, like the Chinese, regarded the Westerners as arrogant and aggressive "barbarians" who were to be kept at as safe a distance as possible. Political power was centralized in the hands of the sovereign, and all Annamese citizens were regarded as equals before him. Education was made widely available, and administrators were recruited from the citizenry at large, as in China, by means of civil service examinations rather than on the basis of birth. The literati, whether or not they were administrators, comprised the most respected social class.

Although the emperor, as in China, was regarded as the Son of Heaven whose powers were absolute, he did not exercise power absolutely and relied on many councilors for advice in the administration of his realm. Confucian values and modes of social intercourse prevailed. On the local level, the communal village enjoyed a wide measure of autonomy. As a proverb put it, "The law of the king yields to the customs of the village." The family, based on the Confucian model and values, was the basic social unit. The burden of the state was actually light, and largely confined to the communal authorities meeting the village's obligation with regard to taxes, the corvee, and the support of the soldiers of the imperial army.

Just at the time when the decisive French intervention was about to take place, then, Vietnam was a unified, mildly governed, relatively peaceful and comparatively happy land. The power of the state was considerable and Annam was on the verge of extending its domination over Cambodia and Laos. The heart of this viable state was no longer Hanoi, but Hue. This period was indeed in many respects the apotheosis of Annam. It was a truly independent state and master of its own destiny although, like Korea and certain other states, it recognized the mild and actually beneficial "suzerainty" of imperial China as the center and custodian of the civilization of which it was an integral part and its protector against external aggression. Had Vietnam been spared from the rapacity, aggression and conquest of the West, it might well have adjusted to the modern industrial world in its own way (like Japan did) and succeeding generations might have been spared the suffering, misery and anguish which has tormented that land for nearly a century.


Men die in war

Other than through Wilfred Owen's eyes
And news reports, I do not know of war.
But I use my imagination.

I see two armies as rough whirling grindstones,
Whirling in intensely opposite directions
To hone away a blade of conflict
Forged by the same hands that fashioned the grindstones.

Two grinding boulders, rocking
Pieces off their surfaces, the splintered pieces
Arching away in sparks to the floor.
They never scrape to the hummimg shaft at center
That controls the screaming whirling of the edges.

The controller leans in his chair with a cup o' coffee,
Never questioning the presence of the machine,
Besides if it were still, he could not stand the silence.
That would place him as at the doorway of a great, carved room,
Magnificence far above his station
Scaring him to be other than his function.
So be it the one who suggested a method
To keep the shafts whirling while changing shattered discs.

War's reason, sometimes, is the child's pleasure
At wild sparks dying in a whisker.

War kills freedom before killing men.
They give up freedom but retain
Its religious aura in putting it far from them.
Can invent and kill to advance.
For they have the way freedom exposes each man to blame.
And that is why war will never end.

Stop the shaft at center.
Awake the controller.
Help him to bear the silence
Innumerable in the wake of freedom.