Hemmingway: craftsman in our time. See page 5.

Cover by Doug Houston
Calendar of Events-April 18-May 1

THURSDAY, APRIL 18
The Beatles in "Help!" (?) and 9, 108 Wells
Green Splash Show
Student Recital (13:00, Music Aud.)
Provost's Lecture Series

FRIDAY, APRIL 19
D.W. Griffith's "Intolerance" (7:30, 108 Wells)
"Help!" (?) and 8, 108 Wells
Green Splash Show
Piano Recital, Mary Rhoads (8:15, Music Aud.)
Tennis, MSU vs. Iowa
Home Ice Alumni Day

SATURDAY, APRIL 20
The Marx Brothers in "Duck Soup" and Max West in "Belle of the Nineteen" ("Soup" at 7 and 10, "Belle" at 8:30, 108 Wells)
"Help!" (?) and 8, 108 Wells
Green Splash Show
"South Vietnam" with Kenneth Armstrong (8:00, Aud.)
"Sun, Stars and Seasons" (2:30 and 5, Abrams)
Home Ice Alumni Day
Tennis, MSU vs. Minnesota
Michigan Sailing Championship

SUNDAY, APRIL 21
"The Best of Charlie Chaplin," Part II (7 and 8:30, Union Ballroom)
"Sun, Stars and Seasons" (2:30 and 4, Abrams)

GREEN SPLASH SHOW
Faculty Chamber Ensemble (1:00, Kreege)
Cora Esmans (4:00, Music Aud.)
Last Day: Faculty Art Exhibition (2-5:00, Kreege)

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24
"Electra" (7 and 9, 108 Anthony)
"Salt of the Earth" (Conrad)
"Sergeant Musgrave's Dance" (PAC, Fairchild)
Tennis, MSU vs. Notre Dame

MONDAY, APRIL 22
French Horn Recital, James Galin (8:15, Music Aud.)

TUESDAY, APRIL 23
"Sergeant Musgrave's Dance" (PAC, Fairchild)
Trumpet Recital, Louis Fletcher (8:15, Music Aud.)
Bill Shakespeare's 400th Birthday

THURSDAY, APRIL 25
"Salt of the Earth" (Union Ballroom)
"Electra" (7 and 9, 108 Anthony)
"Sergeant Musgrave's Dance" (PAC, Fairchild)
Student Recital (3:00, Music Aud.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 27
"Sun, Stars and Seasons" (2:30 and 5, Abrams)
"Salt of the Earth" (Wilson)
"Sergeant Musgrave's Dance" (PAC, Fairchild)
Golf, MSU vs. Purdue and Notre Dame
Lacrosse, MSU vs. Notre Dame
Graduate Art Exhibition, Part I through May 7 (Kreege)

SUNDAY, APRIL 28
"Sergeant Musgrave's Dance" (PAC, Fairchild)
"Sun, Stars and Seasons" (2:30 and 5, Abrams)
Soprano Recital, Marilyn Pearce (4:00, Music Aud.)
State Singers (8:15, Plymouth Congregational Church)

MONDAY, APRIL 29
Blood Drive
"Duet: Infancy-Epiphany" (PAC, Aud. Arena)
Musical Comedy (PAC, Aud. Arena)
Piano Recital, Leon Gregorian (8:15, Music Aud.)
May Morning Sing
Women's Week Begins

TUESDAY, APRIL 30
May Day
Blood Drive
"Duet: Infancy-Epiphany" (PAC, Aud. Arena)
Piano Recital, Leon Gregorian (8:15, Music Aud.)
May Morning Sing
Women's Week Begins
Significant incident in Hue

By LEE ELBINGER  
March 1968
Calcutta, India

Nothing significant happened to me when I was in Hue two months ago. I never, since that time, have gone through anything that happened to me that day.

I was living with a Marine supply corps in Da Nang under the protection of a lance journalist, actually. I was in the country as a concerned and curious citizen. I could not trust not to be about there, and have felt, I was absorbed and felt. While in Da Nang, I received my suspicions about the nature of Mariental and I made arrangements to fly to Hue. This decision was purely out of curiosity. I wanted to see the Imperial Palace, to visit Hue. This decision was purely out of curiosity. I wanted to see the Imperial Palace, to visit Hue. I was not, at this point, interested in the war I saw, to see the Perfume River and the University of Hue and, naturally, the city and its people.

The early one December morning, I hopped into a military truck to fly to Phu Bai airport, north of Da Nang. The truck was several other correspondents who had come to Hue. The rain had changed to a cold drizzle. Fa r enough. I waded out into the thick, red mud. turned up my collar, and held my thumb out to every army transport that passed. I was soon in the city at the University of Hue. The rain had changed to a cold drizzle and I found the mood of the city and the people to be similarly cold and cloudy. I wandered around aimlessly, snapping pictures of the architecture and the city. I looked for the U.S. Library that the students had burned down a while back. (A U.S. official in Saigon told me to be sure to see it. The U.S. government will not let the South Vietnamese government repair it or tear it down; it stands as a 'beacon' to those who would burn libraries. I am constantly amazed that grown men can be so childish. I could not find it. I did find an unfinished university building (unfinished due to lack of funds) and I got carried away taking pictures of the cows and pigs that live in the e re ruins of this building that was not (and never will be) finished. Then I walked across the bridge over the Perfume River, which I found, much to my disappointment, to be Seventy. I just meandered along the canal that flows perpendicular to the river and snapped photographs of the people and the ducks. Small children stared at my actions curiously and watched me with the blank, resigned stare of Vietnamese children. One boy, bolder than the rest, approached me and watched me as though I was an alien from Mars who had come to Hue by accident. This kid wore only a thin tee-shirt and he shivered visibly, his teeth chattering occasionally. He simply followed me silently and obediently everywhere I went. His eyes wide, his teeth chattering, his tiny body wracked by spasms of cold. I thought at one point of giving him my undershirt, but there were too many cold kids around me and it would have been a great admission of failure on my part to single one child out of the group and award him with my undershirt. I taxed my brain searching for a way to help these kids, but there was nothing I could do, absolutely nothing. They walked through the puddles and mud with bare feet and their tiny bodies quaked every time a gust of cold, wet wind passed through the streets. So I slowly resigned myself to cold kids and cold stairs in Hue.

I discovered that I was walking in the wrong direction (the palace was behind me) so I walked back to the Perfume river, which was carved into the incredibly uppermost respect for his cool, professional, dispassionate appraisal of men and moves. I was disgusted also, for he truly sees the world as a journalist: it is impossible to get an opinion or an unqualified guess out of him. But I learned several bits of gossip, that made me feel: I important, because I was in the "informed" inner circle. I was confused, because I wondered how much else I did not know. I was frustrated, because I was not conscious of my complete ignorance of the background of this conflict, even though I am much better informed than most Americans.

Since I flew to Hue at Phu Bai airport on a rainy, drizzly day in December to visit the palace and to forget the war, the conflict, the strife. I expected this to be a purely aesthetic experience to fortify myself against the dirt and squalor of Saigon. Experiences in Asia have never turned out exactly as I planned or expected, and this experience was no exception.

I disembarked at Phu Bai and inquired about a ride to the city. I was told that there were no scheduled rides and I would have to hitchhike in the rain. Fair enough. I waded out into the thick, red mud, turned up my collar, and held my thumb out to every army transport that passed. I was soon in the city at the University of Hue. The rain had changed to a cold drizzle and I found the mood of the city and the people to be similarly cold and cloudy. I wandered around aimlessly, snapping pictures of the architecture and the city. I looked for the U.S. Library that the students had burned down a while back. (A U.S. official in Saigon told me to be sure to see it. The U.S. government will not let the South Vietnamese government repair it or tear it down; it stands as a 'beacon' to those who would burn libraries. I am constantly amazed that grown men can be so childish. I could not find it. I did find an unfinished university building (unfinished due to lack of funds) and I got carried away taking pictures of the cows and pigs that live in the eerie ruins of this building that was not (and never will be) finished. Then I walked across the bridge over the Perfume River, which I found, much to my disappointment, to be Seventy. I just meandered along the canal that flows perpendicular to the river and snapped photographs of the people and the ducks. Small children stared at my actions curiously and watched me with the blank, resigned stare of Vietnamese children. One boy, bolder than the rest, approached me and watched me as though I was an alien from Mars who had come to Hue by accident. This kid wore only a thin tee-shirt and he shivered visibly, his teeth chattering occasionally. He simply followed me silently and obediently everywhere I went. His eyes wide, his teeth chattering, his tiny body wracked by spasms of cold. I thought at one point of giving him my undershirt, but there were too many cold kids around me and it would have been a great admission of failure on my part to single one child out of the group and award him with my undershirt. I taxed my brain searching for a way to help these kids, but there was nothing I could do, absolutely nothing. They walked through the puddles and mud with bare feet and their tiny bodies quaked every time a gust of cold, wet wind passed through the streets. So I slowly resigned myself to cold kids and cold stairs in Hue.

I discovered that I was walking in the wrong direction (the palace was behind me) so I walked back to the bridge and proceeded to the Dai Noi.

Before approaching the moat and wall of the castle, I met some kids in a park along the riverside. These were also ragamuffin kids, but they ran around and played (to keep themselves warm) and I snapped some pictures of them. They took notice of me and came forward curiously. I let them look through the viewfinder of my camera and they found this to be quite thrilling. Remembering my great success with some children in Nha-Trang, I began playing with these kids and being friendly. They reciprocated and we found ourselves running around the bank of the Perfume River, snapping pictures, the kids giggling and laughing.

The sense of cold and drizzle left me and I felt that I had once again pierced the invisible cultural barrier that separates Easterners from Westerners. The park in which we played grew warm: the dragon-covered gates, gazebos, and pagodas came to life and the river people inhabi tants of the boats that lined the river: frowned suspiciously at our merriment. But we were kids—all of us—and we paid no attention to grownup disapproval and grownup hardened wire that reinforced the elegantly wrought park fences. The magnetic sound of laughter attracted many children, who flocked to see the curious snail.

American in a short time, our fireworks of energy and friendliness were exhausted and I proceeded on my way—intoxicated, jaunty and refreshed.

The walk from the riverside park to the Dai Noi is quite short. I strolled through a narrow street of shops, over the ancient moat, and into the broad groves that extended all around the palace entrance. As I passed through the gate which was carved into the incredibly thick and impressively old wall, I experienced a sense of having entered a sacred and historic place.
Milstein attacks music opportunists

By JIM ROOS

Nathan Milstein, one of the greatest violinists of our times, is the embodiment of the aphorism that appearances can be deceiving. Even through a pair of horn-rimmed glasses that would be unfamiliar to most concertgoers, his unwrinkled, boyish countenance belies the fact that he is 64 years old. Sporting a light brown blazer, brown-striped yellow shirt and brown tie, he greeted me in the lobby of Chicago's Ambassador East Hotel with the good-natured casualness and spontaneity that marks his personality and conversation.

Milstein likes to talk, especially when the subject is music and, by his own admission, it requires little prodding to provoke him into delivering a series of strong-minded opinions in his peculiarly nasal, but colorful Russian accent.

I asked him whether he concurred with his colleague Joseph Szigeti that today's young instrumentalists (i.e., those in their 20's or 30's) display a general lack of interpretative brilliance of soloists and the new difficulties of contemporary music as perhaps adding their part to the drier, more mechanical image that composers who want to break completely with preceding generations of musicians. He continued, "always ascribe the modern art like Stravinsky's to his contemporaries. When a fellow comes together with some- thing new, works to his discography:

"I always have wanted to record Stravinsky's Russian Suite — a work which is based on the music of Pergolesi. Stravinsky wouldn't like it. When EM I asked him to record the Sibelius Concerto recently, he declined because the piece is 'indigestible' to him. And though he says he would perhaps like to play the Bartok Second Concerto, he is still not entirely convinced of its "musical substance" and slightly wary of how his conservative audiences would react. And this despite the fact that he well realizes Bartok is considered a classic by most music listeners today.

Milstein did mention, however, that EMI wants him to re-record the Tchaikovsky Concerto this fall. He shrugged and sighed. 'They want it.' Of course he intends to add a few "new" works to his discography:

"I have never wanted to record Stravinsky's Italian Suite — a work which is based on the music of Pergolesi.

"People will say I play Stravinsky, but its really Pergolesi. Stravinsky wouldn't like it if it was so much Stravinsky. He likes himself because of the Pergolesi," he said.

When I asked Milstein if he and Horowitz would consider revising their old chamber music partnership for possible concerts and recordings in the near future, he appeared a bit hesitant.

"If I say anything it will sound like we'll do it. I go very often to Mr. Horowitz and sometimes it comes up. If he'd say, 'Should we do it?' I would say yes right away. I like his temperament. There's no problem. We don't have to rehearse ever—he knows the pieces and I," Milstein said.

"We accept without reservation the other's point of view, it's not much different. But, somehow I think he should play more by himself. When a fellow comes together with somebody else after not playing for so long, he feels less abandon. Of course, I would be completely delighted to play with him," he said.

Meanwhile, Milstein will undoubtedly continue offering the musical public magnificent music making for many years to come. Although he dislikes some of the inconveniences of traveling by train in the United States (caused primarily by a refusal to fly), it seems clear that the great violinist has no immediate plans for retirement.

After all, audiences still flock to see and hear him perform miracles with the violin. And, as he says, "If you play well, and you play the pieces people generally like, the reaction will be favorable. It's like everybody likes good ice cream." And perhaps they do... especially if it's served up as Milstein.
Hemingway: craftsman in our time

By CLYDE HENSON

The legend of Ernest Miller Hemingway was long obscured with the work of Erich Fromm. Fromm exhibited itself as art created, but showing as well by the deliberate action of writers who, after all, must be public and who, for writers, frequently have little privacy. Fromm writing the value of their peers, they are more than Hemingway lived and thought to be the same as Hemingway. The accomplishments of his novel, his work survives him and remains as well as the original idea of Hemingway as the means by which he created the actual verbal structures which are his fiction. For instance, The Old Man and the Sea is an illustrative tale, and The Sun Also Rises is as if he suggested that he is not necessarily autobiography but the recreated experience of a writer learning to write, a kind of Port Unauthorized Art.

Hemingway was able to create a new way of exceeding the traditions and conventions of literature that his reputation, especially in Europe, grew to its peak and remains at the high level it is today. The complete edition of his works has been published in Sweden, but his work is in paper back editions, can be found in every country in Europe. He was the first writer who also created a mythic structure in his fiction are probably the two best known and best liked American writers of our time. Such is the case because both writers knew and recognized that all literature has tradition and convention in common and that the originality of any writer is found precisely in his method of breaking that convention. Both have used the worth of a work, as Henry James said, precisely a matter of execution.

It was, I think, the execution and underlying structural qualities which became the central concern of writers of fiction in both America and Europe.

The accomplishment of Hemingway in his work was recognized and recognized generally in America. He succeeded in portraying life in the 20th century, showing how the man of the 20th century and clearly showed a connection with the work of other writers of the time, particularly Mark Twain, and Stephen Crane. Hemingway, intensively individuated; he was a deliberate and ascetic artist, who also created mythic structure in his fiction.

During the Paris years, Hemingway knew not only Gertrude Stein (and he often made a joke of it by calling himself Dr. Hemingway), but he knew and discussed the problems of literature with such writers as Sherwood Anderson, T.S. Eliot (for whom he did not care so much that the men had in common their love of bawdy and practical jokes), and especially Ezra Pound who was as an editor for many of the American writers who lived abroad. Hemingway read everything he could get his hands on, including much Shakespeare, much poetry, and all of Henry James, Mark Twain, and Stephen Crane.

For his purposes he used all techniques, including the interior monologue, a focused point of view, traditional literature and folklore, the tradition of the pastoral idyll, the remnants of ancient religion and fertility festivals, and the structure of the romance as it had been suggested by the whole Cambridge school of anthropologists and literary critics.

By welding together the material in his own carefully controlled style, he created a literature which speaks to us in our time. It carries the way things are, so that we recognize that we, like all men of all time, undergo similar experiences. Though one generation succeeds another, it is finally a process in time and place, which continues after any single generation has ceased to be. In the main, Hemingway shows a wise struggle to survive, even in the face of violence and terror, and he shows violence and terror as the conditions of human life with which all generations have had to live.
Continued from page 2

Monuments in America are rarely older than two hundred years; in Asia one experiences a comparison of thousands of years of culture and momentous events. One cannot approach these monuments with the cool, appraising eye of a tourist; one must be more appropriate to relax among these sculptures and buildings and allow a consciousness of reverence to take charge. This dreamy relaxation occurred seconds after I entered the palace grounds and I floated wide-eyed towards the inner courts until I was disturbed by the notion that something was wrong; I was not carrying my traveling bag.

The unpleasant experience of the Dai Noi was instantly shattered. I stopped in my tracks and stood motionlessly, my mind fumbling the gamit of possible reactions—first I was amazed, then incensed; then that this was a real and logical then I saw mentally renumbering my belongings all over the city of Hue—utterly fearful. My traveling bag contained all my credentials of a human being: the passport, health certificate, airline ticket, address book, letters of introduction and identification, travelers checks, a hundred page journal, notes for a novel, a change of socks and underwear, exposed film, etc., etc.—in other words, all that is necessary to exist and to prove that you exist in a foreign country. The realization that I was alone, naked and penniless, hundreds of miles from home in a war-torn country at first struck me as humorous and absurd—I laughed the harder, the more I thought that one forces when one finds oneself to be the butt of a bad, cosmic joke. I presumed that I was simply taken into custody; complete, total freedom from all worldly possessions. That feeling lasted preciously five seconds. Then the paranoia set in. What was I going to do? I ran panicked and breathless my hand trembling wildly in the hope that tells you everything will be miserable through the palace gate (which now here) opened wide except as a beautiful setting for a stupid accident) over the moat bridge, through the street shops and back to the park. I then remembered holding the bag, setting it down and photographing the children. I ran to the spot where we played, no children, no traveling bag. But lots of panic.

Then I blew my cool. I ran up to the nearest peasants and children I could find and began raving and raving in English at my traveling bag. These people shook their uncomprehending heads, mumbled something in Vietnamese, and gave me the patient, cold, unearthly stare that Orientals seem to reserve for boisterous, passionate Westerners. One species of the Oriental mind was understanding me and I, who had only a smattering of the language, understood that the mystic East, was now an outsider looking in: my problems and possessions meant nothing to these people who had suffered so many greater calamities. That realization was driven home with great force; it reinforced my alienation and my paranoia rose to towering heights. I was not carrying my traveling bag. My mood changed from severe anger to one of frustration, to helplessness, to resignation. I tried to tell them, to explain, to scream, to weep, to laugh that one forces when one finds oneself utterly fearful. My eyes broadcasted sheer hatred and I said "No." I had never seen such a beautiful demon and I was filled with shame that I caused so much trouble by my carelessness. I knew instantly that this girl was a member of the Viet Cong, that they possessed the value and thought it contained important military documents which is funny because the novel would confuse the hell out of them. and that I could never get the value back because it would mean "lots of face"—the worst thing that can happen to an Asian. The girl gave me one more conscience-shrivelling glare of hatred and drove the crowd from her door. She again said "No!" and slammed the door.

As I emerged from the alley with my embarrassment, a little boy handed me my value, which was quite empty. The crowd that had grown around me and my loss was now very large and finally included someone who spoke English. It was a fashionably dressed art student who drove a Honda motorcycle and wore an ascot tie. I explained my predicament to him and he instructed me to stuff my belongings into my "sweet" traveling bag and mount his motorcycle. I did as instructed.

We soon arrived at the police station where the officialdom of Hue was informed of my plight. The police scattered to question the children I had photographed and the culprits who dumped the contents of my traveling bag were soon caught. I was handed another stack of refuse which turned out to be mine (including my precious notes) and then endured the embarrassment of witnessing the punishment of the children. My protests were in vain, the boy who was chiefly responsible for the misdeed was slapped around the station house quite mercilessly and threatened in Vietnamese so severely that it was cut at rigid attention on the hard wooden bench lest I should incur some of the official's wrath. When the needless and up setting beating was over, everyone turned the laugh on me. I was a little lady who had been hand-dealt and I was requested that I fill out a report. I listed the items that I could remember were still missing: my address book, two rolls of exposed film, one roll of developed film, $50 of travelers checks, my swimsuit and a broach. They were stewing over the fact that I could be the police station with my Vietnamese artist friend.

To his playmate's mother. She summoned her son and asked him if it was true that he was involved in the dispersal of my belongings. I do not know what he then said, but his mother began slapping him brutally. I tried to interfere, but it was useless. The boy's sister then emerged, learned the story from excited neighbors, and turned face to face. I smiled brightly, and explained in sign language that I wanted back black value. She stared at me grimly, her eyes broadcasted sheer hatred and she said "No." I had never seen such a beautiful demon and I was filled with shame that I caused so much trouble by my carelessness.
Genocide rules Biafra war

By NJORU E. AW

Because of inadequate people, nobody seems to see Biafra war as Civil War. For purposes of grasping of the circumstances that out of the former federation should not exist, it is only out of the American Civil War, that preservation of a union in ways would be said to be the equal. The Biafran war on the other hand, is aimed at the entire people of Biafra or to bring about whatever may survive beneficially.

By an accident of history, tribes which were conquered by British colonisers were Lord Frederick Lugard in 1914 - Tom that year, all parts of Nigeria doing all kinds of jobs. Thus, was consolidated by nationalisation. In the course of time, they were found in all parts of the North, in the North and the South, in all the parts of the federation, in all the bar-

1. 1945 Jos riots - Eastern Nigeria
2. 1953 Kano riots - Easterners mercilessly attacked by Northerners with the connivance of Northern Nigerian Army.
3. The Nigerian government's understanding of the situation was far from complete, not only because they felt Northern soldiers under General T.J.U. Aguiyi-Ironsi.
4. Before secession, people from Biafra had become strangers in a country of which they were a part. Since Nigeria had become a federation, Biafrans had no reason to be proud of their country. Nevertheless, the movement of Biafrans was restricted to what used to be Eastern Nigeria.
5. Biafra was blockaded by the Northern authorities on April 12, 1967. The Northern soldiers under General T.J.U. Aguiyi-Ironsi.
6. The question or concept of Nigeria's unity and its definition has been complicated.
7. The Nigerian government's understanding of the situation was far from complete, not only because they felt that they could no longer feel secure in Nigeria because of the profundity of the inner hate, resentment, malice and division between the heterogenous groups.
Zeitgeist: gradual defente

By JEFF JUSTIN

Zeitgeist is a revolutionary mellowing with age. The March-April issue, now in the bookstores, sends a few flights out to drop the napalm of invective on middle class villages, but you get the impression that the fight has gone out of it. Like the real war, Zeitgeist's assaults on the middle-class mind seem largely dictated by the necessity of keeping alive the tradition of battle, rather than the living desire to battle for the future.

But though it's only a half-hearted police action, war still brings casualties. The ideological conflict Zeitgeist has been engaged in still sends several poems crashing to verse in flames. David Kervorkian, in his anti-establishment Love Song to America: 4 1/2, for example, tries to tune the sound of everyday prose to poetry. The results, however, remain simple, disharmonious prose.

In the style of the outraged diatribe against a sick society, S. Gale Nessel offers Love Expectation, which the actual verse fails to fulfill. Ann N. Ridgeway's Progress retrogresses to 1960's radicalism with its labored attempt at conversational language. The cover presents the most effective protest against the inhuman values Zeitgeist associates with contemporary America. We can recognize too many of these faces in our daily lives.

In its mission to expose them, however, Zeitgeist would do well to learn from Picasso's famous painting Guernica, about which Louis Munson writes so sensitively in Your Statement of 30 April 1937: Don't talk about the hate behind bombs dropping but the love inherent in human anguish.

As a maturing revolutionary, Zeitgeist is perhaps learning to do this. We are offered a greater dose than ever of the healing beauty of Robert Vander Molen's poems. A reviewer does best just to let them speak:

Plain-clothes men
Sit in two cars
With hands
For maps
And in the window
Falls rains
Long Seattle rains
Where a boy
Ticks his feet
on the wall

Vander Molen's poems. A reviewer does best just to let them speak.

When the rain stops
Long enough
For a breeze
The leaves clutter the air
Like dust
Building layer by layer
His poems are filled with things. Arching, intersecting branches of nouns and adjectives twist out of verbs strong as tree trunks. The skillfully treated lack of punctuation, articles, and conjunctions weaves the lines into a calm forest of a poem. Each separate tree, juxtaposed with others, contributes to the totally involving forest environment.

Everyone's where
Keeps you warm
But you miss your friends
In the house
You don't hear her speak
Because she doesn't
Yet the cat scampers
With icy toes around the floor
Won't go near the door
And died crawling up under the car

The various things, the cat, the car, winter, and loneliness grow together in the calm, delicate tone that marks Vander Molen's mature style. In the interrelation of things in his poems, there is a growing life like that of trees. It's your life too, for you connect the things yourself, branches he has planted.

The river floods
A woman laughs
And logs topple
Over the falls

Exposing a vision of things in a less subtle way is Ken Lawless' poem Augustus. These verses have the virtue of being loaded with

Continued on page 9

A Spring and Summer Girl

The sunlight on her gleaming legs
Is a rare thing in a raring world
When whirlwinds from the falling sun
Flash through windows on streaming wings.

Spring opens the sky's square windows
With great pushes and subtle turns.
The work of the beaming world
Exposes the slim white arms of everything.

Now have I seen symmetrical buildings
Limned in leaves, light among trees.
And a turned-back neck to the smile-wide sky
Sees white high clouds as gleaming teeth.

Limbs and lanes laugh. Large-chested towers
Are deep-breathed in the racing day.
And watery visions of cackling blood
See everything doubled and twice as good.

The fizzing blood bubbles in the veins.
Thinks itself sweet as rushing wines.
Her gleaming legs are quick against the green.
The reason why the day rants and raves.

--Jeff Justin

Photo By
Jim Richardson
**'Gorgeous Kid': sex and psychology**

By DAVID GILBERT

**SUCH A GORGEOUS KID LIKE ME** by Henry Farrell

Dell Publishing Co., 1967

Available at Campus Book Bin

"As Marvin Mandel's review of *Our Children*, we expect to find Ayn Rand's objectivism illustrated in a novel. The standard format is a group of young people who must choose between love or god in explanation of their lifestyle. It could have been subtitled *The Enigma of Selfishness*, for Narcissus contains conflicts that one must love oneself by accepting in joy the true vision of oneself, rather than disguising petty selfishness in the rhetoric of altruism. Effectively set in modern, sophisticated society, Mandel's story points out the ground cor to young hippies and young objectivists: the conflict in the mental and physical self as opposed to the strength derived from imposed law.

Which, according to Gary Goertt, is a perusal shape since the produce it is not recognized. The artistic..."
'Marat' impact complex, disturbing

BY STUART ROSENTHAL

The Assassination and Persecution of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade established itself in 1960 as the most novel drama of the past several years and possibly the most controversial.

It's overwhelming complexity of thought as well as the unorthodox staging techniques used to promote the surging sense of lunacy and chaos which powers the production make "Mara/Sade" a difficult work to bring to the screen—the most pressing problem being the maintenance of the high degree of audience involvement in the play.

The theatre group, playwright Peter Weiss intends it, is a spectator at one of the rehabilitative dramas produced by the inmates of the famed French asylum. During the first decade of the 19th century it was considered a most fashionable pastime to attend the entertainments staged there as a primitive form of group therapy, usually under the direction of the institution's most notorious patient, the Marquis de Sade.

By placing bars between the stage and auditorium, permitting the players to run up and down the aisles and through the orchestra pit, and other similar devices, director Peter Brook made the viewer an active participant in the production, allowing the audience to be reached and engaged even before the film begins to carry over to celluloid.

For this reason, the consensus of those who have seen both the stage and film versions overwhelmingly favors the former as being the most effective. Nonetheless, the United Artists release, also under the direction of Brook, is the most fascinating motion picture to have played in Lansing this year.

The State Theater, which ran "Mara/Sade" for three days in January, will hold it for a two-day return engagement, April 24 and 25. Local reaction to the feature ran from high acclaim to tacit rejection by several confused patrons who left the moviehouse shortly after the titles, apparently having made the mistake of attending the film "cold"—without the background knowledge necessary for appreciation or comprehension.

The play within a play format, coupled with the viewers proximity to the on-screen procedings might serve to create point of confusion with respect to chronology.

The inmates of the progressive asylum, under Napoleon's regime in 1808, are staging events which transpired 15 years prior to this date, when Jean-Paul Marat, the nihilist leader of the French Revolution, was stabbed to death by a 25-year-old girl of noble birth, Charlotte Corday.

The confusion is compounded by the fact that the audience cannot help but view the actors' actions and ravings with the knowledge of hindsight.

This telescoping of time accentuates the implications of absurdity, and gives perspective to such passages as Coulmier's superintendency rehabilitation by the command of the emperor or in this same man's assessment of the prevailing political and social situation.

For today we live in far different times. We have no oppressors no violent crimes and although we're at war anyone can see it can only end in victory.

Another source of difficulty which may be encountered by the viewer is in distinguishing between those portions of the play that are Weiss' and those that are meant to be attributed to Sade. "Mara/Sade" is essentially meant as a contrived confrontation between Marat, who demanded immediate social upheaval and the destruction of all existing institutions, and Sade, an advocate of individualism who felt that change must have its source within the individual.

What results is a complete and self-contained debate which merely presents conflicting ideas without stating a preference for one side or the other.

This fact is a counter to the frequently advanced charges that the play is ambiguous, rather than subtle.

The positions of the two minds are best epitomized by the following speeches, each from a separate conversation between the Marquis de Sade and his own characterization of Marat:

Marat:

No restless ideas can break down the walls I never believed the pen alone could destroy institutions However hard we try to bring in the new it comes into being only in the midst of crumbling deals that even the best of us don't know the way out.

These cells of the inner self are worse than the deepest stone dungeon and as long as they are locked all your revolution remains only a prison mutiny to be put down by corrupted fellow-prisoners.

The film is a thought-provoking and disturbing document, which employs highly original camera work and patterns of mass movement to partially compensate for the loss of immediacy in the transfer from legitimate stage to the screen. The precise interweaving of verbal, musical and visual effects gives "Mara/Sade" an impact that is beyond description.
Poetry

Empty shelf
Imagined reserved for important things.
Daffy but for one clanger.
Bold gently
That cast of bronze that perfect foot that
padded thru my doorway and left its
Print.
Unknowning that the ground
ho’d while a
flickering torch took a long draught of
fuel, longing to fire
an unlit candle

tip.
Unknowing that the ground
shook, while a
flickering torch took a long draught of
fuel, longing to fire
an unlit candle

Twilight reckoning

Let us mend our melancholy into small recognizable shapes
that each breathe a prayer.
A hope and a fear that we can almost
reach with our trembling fingers, while we
know the
risings of the sun
again will melt the crystalline shapes
into the amorphous of everyday silent tears.

Latter Saint Days

Don’t, you elephants, go
Crashing thru my vineyard
Crushing green grapes, calmly
Pluck your fill.
Don’t, you elephants, trample my grass,
Tread it under (or stuff it in your pipe.)
Don’t, you elephants stuff crib notes in your waxy ears because somewhere in the underbrush of a family of fat field mice has been flushed out by Jack’s lost dog.

A lone white cedar stands
Erect amidst a million pines, thrusting its
Choked stubby feet thru the rocky amber
topping nourishment from the pines’ legacy.

I am the new Governor Protector of a
Million mute giants that sway gently.

I am the Lord of a thousand acres, the mistress of
Needled carpets, the ready bugler in peril, the somber
Coppice midwife of secrets.

Whisper primal hymns to the plying wind frisking the
Spider leg
Joins of my tall erector set tower.

I am the
Lord of a thousand
Acres, the mistress of
Needled carpets, the
Ready bugler in peril, the somber
Coppice midwife of
Secrets.

This is the first publication of John Knapp’s poetry. A former Peace Corps Volunteer in Africa, he is currently studying for a Master of Arts in Teaching under an Academic Year Institute Fellowship from the National Science Foundation. The poetry of his wife, Ruth, was published in a Fall issue of Collage.

- John Knapp II

Pine barrens

A lone white cedar stands
Erect amidst a million pines, thrusting its
Choked stubby feet thru the rocky amber
topping nourishment from the pines’ legacy.

I am the new Governor Protector of a
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Whisper primal hymns to the plying wind frisking the
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In the unfortunate event that there are not enough manuscripts of quality to match the number of prizes, the judges will assume the right to withhold the prizes, to be used in a similar contest at a later date. All students are eligible. Staff members of the Red Cedar Review and Collage are excluded from the contest.

Entrants should be sure to make copies of all manuscripts since the judges cannot be responsible for their return. Manuscripts must be dropped off at the Red Cedar Review office, 325 Morrill Hall, before the May 1 deadline. Further questions can be answered by calling 353-7184.

Members of the sponsoring honoraries are eligible. Contrary to prior publicity.
Significant incident in Hué

Continued from page 7

was important, bat its disappearance provided
me with a perfectly legitimate excuse for not
writing anything. Since the travellers checks
were easily replaced, only the missing roll of
exposed film hurt me. The film contained
priceless shots of my travels in Vietnam and
could never be replaced. Also my loss of money
and film meant that I would be unable to photo­
graph the Dai Noi as I had hoped. Still, I was
glad that I had received most of my possessions
back (especially my passport) and I considered
this incident with minimal anxiety.

The Vietnamese artist who had been so help­
ful and considerate was named Le Vinh. He
painted movie posters for a living and spent
his leisure time in cafes in the French intellec­
tuals who greatly influence all Vietnamese
students. I joined him at his favorite cafe with
some fresh coffee. We talked about the incident
that had just occurred and became friendly. We did not discuss the war
or politics. I was too diplomats to ask Le Vinh
who was my age why he was sitting in a
cafe rather than in the army while others fought
in the army. I knew quite well the answer involved
some sort of understandable just in corruption and it would
have been enormous rude to exhumate such an
unanswerable fact after he had been so helpful and friendly.
Instead, we discussed such mundane things as movie stars and the wealth of
Americas. He expressed disappointment at the gloominess of the weather and the fact that I
had come all the way to Hue and still had not seen the palace. To this Le Vinh’s
reply was cheerful. He suggested that we take
his motorcycle to the Dai Noi where he would
personally guide me around the premises. My
gratitude was boundless. We were off:

The two of us zoomed joeously throughout
the ancient, dragon-covered architecture. Le Vinh
explained in broken English the history of the
myriad vases and statues that we saw. At an
inner courtyard that once housed an empress.
I peered through ornate glass doors to view a
fauxtactile interior of golden furniture and in­
describable paintings. We were alone for the
most part. Le Vinh let me drive his Honda
through the intricate maze of courtyards and corridors as he pointed out places of interest
shown active involvement in the conflict.
Washington's support for Nigeria has been ex­
presed in no unmistakable terms. In the Feb­
uary 6, 1968 issue of the New York Times,
Deputy Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs
Robert J McCluskey was quoted as saying.
"The United States has in no way encouraged
or otherwise supported the rebellion in Ni­
geria. “ Furthermore, at the outbreak of the
war, Washington and London had led the for­
genés nations in withdrawing their nationals
from Biafra. One wonders what differences
would have been if Britain had not broken her
word to withdraw her nationals. Britain's role does not
surprise any Biafra. Her initial policy of neutral­
ity came about from hope and wish that Nigeria
would crush Biafra out of existence in a matter of
days. But at the crucial moment, when the
criminal wall had to emerge from its sheep's
clipping, some excuse or justification for the change in policy had to be invented, its val­
dility not withstanding.

London had declared in August 1967, that it
would be unnatural not to help a badly
pressed friend like Nigeria in time of need.
in other words, Britain entered the war in order
to identity with a friend in need. One may be
compelled to suspect that London was, in a way,
counter-acted in the wish to give some face to this intervention.

Biafra has not sought military aid from any
of the great powers because she has the will to win after the war.
then foreign intruders should keep away
and see how the empty balloon called Nigeria
is punctured. Biafra is probably now a corpse.
the sovereignty is not a political gamble. But for the in­
vasion of London and Moscow, the deadly
blow delivered by Biafra on August 1967 would have been decisive.

The active support that Nigeria has received from these countries has made what
breaks out as an internal war take on an interna­
tional character. The United States Govern­
ment, if it wishes, can stop the genocide

Nigerian-Biafran war

Continued from page 6

The United States has, for not, form at the Nigerian/Biafra war, to keep Britain
Russia and their Arab collaborators out of the
and historical importance. I felt immensely
privileged to have made his acquaintance
and he was flattered by the enthusiasm and
admiration I had for Vietnamese culture. Our
friendship was cemented as we pursued
back to the proud past of Vietnam, offering
explanations of delight at each ancient
treasure and marvelling silently at the glory
that was once Vietnam.

The cold, rainy afternoon ended all too quickly.
Le Vinh drove me to the bridge where I first
crossed the Perfume River. We exchanged
addresses and said goodbye. I hitchhiked back
to Phu Bai, back to Saigon, back to noise,
grease, exhaust fumes, barbed-wire and war. My memories of Hue are nostalgic, but nothingeally happened to me while I was there. I
hoped to return someday and visit Le Vinh
and spend time at the university and photo­
graph the beautiful palace.

That was two months ago. The city has since
been destroyed: the river people killed or
driven away, the children orphaned and home­
less, the bridge blown up, the park full of
craters, the shops and cafe burnt to ashes, the
police station no longer standing, the treasures of the Dai Noi smashed, the palace in ruins.
The beautiful, defiant girl who told me “No!”
is probably now a corpse, the children who
laughed in the park are now vacant-eyed and hopeless; the boy who was beaten in the police
station has probably forgotten his beating;
the shivering child to whom I almost offered
my undershirt is still shivering, Le Vinh, my lazy, romantic, artistic, good­
natured friend Le Vinh is probably dead. I lost
more than my traveling bag in Hue. Words cannot express my grief.
When will they ever learn?"