Novel depicts grads

BY ALBERT DRAKE

Just a single college graduate assistant in English, has a college setting, and it is about college students and protest and freedom—but with admirable restraint he has avoided the merely topical. Instead of dealing with political or social issues, the book focuses on human relationships; the confrontation is not between students and cops, but between individuals caught up in their everyday conflicts. The latter is perhaps less dramatic, but it can be more meaningful and it is certainly more difficult to write about. The success of such a book depends upon a group of strong characters, and that ability to present them without bias. Too often college novels resort to campus types or extremes, but there are no caricatures here—this in itself is modestly amazing.

Like The Goodbye, this book avoids the usual view of college by focusing on that transitional period between graduation and one's entry into the Outer World, and the choices that must be made. The novel alternates between the two stories of Chevy and Daniel Blake—rebels, idealists and members of SDS—who are faced with the difficult problem of what to do with their lives. The business of choice and freedom opens the book, when Chevy insists: "Everybody has the right to be free... even if it means "Freedom to fail, then"—and continues to the last pages when we learn how Chevy has applied his theory—a safe choice, his. The pages between demonstrate the kinds of conflict one faces when a choice is offered, and suggest that maturity comes when the responsibilities of choice are accepted.

For Daniel, the spectrum of possibilities school paper, and at the same time attacking the persons responsible for her dismissal, his father, Dean Callister. Alberta is a plain, rather homely girl, and at first it is difficult to understand why Chevy would be interested in her, but we soon realize that she is the rebel of the novel, a loner, able to survive anywhere, and then we begin to wonder why she is interested in Chevy. Although he has the trappings of a real non-conforming—including a Henry J with the doors welded shut and a crazy room in the back of a church—his rebelliousness is limited mainly to theory, expressed in lofty rhetoric. This is best seen on their second meeting, when Chevy decides it is his duty to educate Alberta, to inform her of the New Morality, on the night he is supposed to receive his diploma he takes her to a room only to discover that he is still learning.

Over The Fence is a fine piece of writing. Mr. Sterry has a really good sense of narrative, of dialogue, of character and of humor. And this is a funny novel. Because human relationships can be distressingly funny the tone is humorous, the action often comical. The conflicts of a minor event like a house-warming, or the serious implications of an attempted suicide, can produce a humor that is not black, the reader will laugh now, and, looking back, so will the characters, for these events are examples of those small, tailoring steps toward maturity, is suddenly narrowed when his girlfriend, Ellen, informs him that she is pregnant. Although he has known her for only three months, he welcomes the idea of marriage—as a protest against his domineering mother and her way of life. But he becomes uneasy when he is caught in the Establishment's fine mesh, thanks in part to his mother, who not only approves of the marriage but also gives him a house and a job in her real estate office. Then, too, there are those demonstrations in his own kitchen, led by Ellen, who he realizes is more and more assuming the identity of his mother.

Chevy meanwhile meets Alberta, a working girl who has been kicked out of college on a technicality. Chevy has been defending her through petitions and articles in the graphic art, photograph or scientific study. COLLAGE hopes to capture him.

The chief problem with locating the Beast has been the lack of eager knight-errants willing to take on the dangers of deadlines, draftings and redraftings of work. In the spirit of high adventure, then, COLLAGE offers a challenge for the coming years to all "worthy knights," be they young or old, armed with lances of Ph.D. or swords of high school scholarship, to search out the Beast in the endless search, which is, after all, the search for meaning.

For the coming year, COLLAGE will address itself to that search, using as its means the guideposts of inspiration, creativity, originality. Besides the traditional departments, COLLAGE is bent on fulfilling the dream of having a humor department, a greater use of creative graphics, some experimental poetry and play sections, and a column on some of the more unusual student and faculty activities.

We are all part of the collage.
"2001" opens new film era

BY JIM YOUSLING
State News Reviewer

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! For most of us that name has meant a roaring lion, followed by the perils of Scarlett O'Hara, the adventures of the Yellow Brick Road or the dancing of Gene Kelly.

But the old Hollywood has died, and in its place we find an international cinema where Mae West works for Fellini and Antonioni works for MGM.

And to top it all off, Leo the Lion, who now flashes onto the screen as a silent, abstract trademark, has just introduced the first $12 million art film, "2001: A Space Odyssey."

Perhaps everything that is wrong with "2001" is summed up in that phrase: $12 million art film. Any film which tries to push the intellectual and physical limitations of the film medium to new levels does not belong on the neighborhood screen.

Indeed, most people take personal offense at a work of art which is beyond their understanding. Yet "2001" must have wide acceptance for the simple reason that it cost $12 million, no small sum even in this era of inflation.

The million art film, "2001: A Space Odyssey," flashes onto the screen as a silent, abstract film of the future. It is not, as many think, a big-budget science-fiction movie, filled with monsters, death-rays and aliens with antennae. It is also not, as the most recent advertising has implied, a four-hour psychodrama of roller-coaster ride.

Neither G. H. Wells nor Timothy Leary, "2001" represents a shattering aesthetic experience which transcends any screen only by the viewer who sits down in the theatre expecting nothing, because "2001" has no processors or counterparts in the history of the arts.

Perhaps the clearest illustration of this world would be the visual image of the film's symphonic structure. The first of the four major movements consists of a series of tableaux depicting the early apes as they shift from family units into tribal units and then into weapon-bearing territorial groups. The first movement climaxes with the ape-man's first encounter with the inexplicable, in the form of the 'black monolith,' an object as alien to us as it is to the apes.

The second movement presents us with a series of flashbacks in the year 2100, the same black monolith is discovered on Jupiter, but once again, the "plot" is less important than the action, which presents, as accurately as possible, the sensations of space travel 33 years from today.

Suspense, as we know it in the traditional movie, is suggested (the disquieting factor of scientists, the menacing presence of the monolith) but in every case, these loose ends are dreamed away by the visual and aural presentation provided by the new technology.

Countless times we can watch planets and spacecraft float from one side of the giant screen to another (to the tune of "The Blue Danube Waltz"), and only if we are not in a hurry to get on with the plot can we appreciate these marvels of cinematic design.

Indeed, most people take personal offense at any film which tries to push the intellectual and physical limitations of the film medium to new levels. Yet "2001" must have wide acceptance for the simple reason that it cost $12 million, no small sum even in this era of inflation.

"2001" is the brainchild of filmmaker Stanley Kubrick and science-fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke, who spent five years on its gestation. Kubrick, who co-authored and directed the film, possesses one of the finest minds in the commercial cinema. His earlier works, notably "Lolita," "The Paths of Glory" and his masterpiece "Dr. Strangelove," have demonstrated his sense of black humor and social criticism as much as his control over the film medium.

But "2001" is more a monument to Kubrick's versatility than a "typical" Kubrick film. Perhaps never in the history of film has graphic design received so much attention. Kubrick and his eight design/special-effects assistants have lovingly planned every shot with incredible taste. For the first time, the curved Cinemara screen is not a gimmick ("Gee, Marge, I really felt like I was on that runaway train"), but rather an audience at the same time. I have not yet seen the film shown flat on the Cinema Theatre screen, but it is undoubtedly less thrilling that the Cinemara version.

"2001" should not be missed—even in the flat version—but if you can get to Detrux Chicago, the difference will be well worth the trip.

To wrap up the subject of technique, I would like to point out that "2001" is the only carefully planned and executed film ever made, the only conceivable exception being Hitchcock's vasty underestimated "The Birds." The balance between visuals and sound, the use of music, the choice of locations are all perfect.

"2001" is, then, like no other film. Its biggest drawback is that too many customers are disappointed that it isn't flashy and action-packed.

Of course not.

"2001" is a thinking man's film, a film to be seen several times and discussed. But above all else, "2001" marks a new high in the aesthetic values of the Big Bad Movie.

Suddently MGM, who drove America into the art theatres to escape Hollywood's passion for sweetness and light, is pulling it back into the commercial theatres with films that let us think as well as smile.

Andy Hardy is dead!

Long live King Leo!
A

any central political manipulation and un-

tent of an intellectual climate uncluttered

sults who are also human beings. The

terchange of ideas among a community of

long-range goals of ASMSU vary little

ministrative competence. Most seek the

and have a workshop. The hard-core radi-

cize it, try to capitalize on it, then go home

SLA activists have continued the standard

effort toward fundamental change. The

was billed by radicals as a pacification

Board is so reluctant to support. It is

of the student board is comprised of high-

als, cherishing their collective alienation

very lack of understanding. The majority

freedom. Student government, in particular the

one essentially academic section out of eight.

about the academic freedom, and above all, does

freedom. It seems perfectly appro-

at channels, the hard-cores still denied

Building demonstrators due process. This

of administration tactics at their

the tokenism of a faculty committee's heav-

ferral of power from the present corpora-

ition like structure to the relevant members

or the crude, blatant use of arbitrary and

administration into one of two positions-

the job of pacification far more difficult.

pablum-feeding father figure would make

1st, you get so you don't really care which

president. He could keep the peace and

trayed it, to emerge as one viable seg-

syndrome, it has a chance, through disaf-

pablum-feeding father figure would make

is no longer a visible political force. Freedom Report has

ded to, this haven. I want to involve the trained

academic freedom and you see things like what has been happening since July

list, you get so you don’t really care which

never a majority of the Board) have con-

revolutions, the project of making our

osition. setting our own terms. The radicals would

want to see that we have no power. It may be

true, but it may not. A university whose

student body and student government refused
to listen to the irrelevant dictates of an

administration which tries to serve as a

war with the administration to make the

job of pacification far more difficult. A

student judiciary which refused to pass

a ‘guilty’ verdict on any student regulation

not enacted by student bodies would force the

administration into one of two positions-

either a reputation-damaging submission,

or the crude, blatant use of arbitrary and

authoritarian repression (with subsequent

student retaliation) - either of which

would produce far more opportunities for the

establishment of a genuine academic clima-

te than all the changes which have been so

graciously and hypocritically given.

Academic Freedom is not a vague and
distant dream. It involves concrete objec-
tives as well as subtle but major shifts

in atmosphere. It necessitates the elimina-
tion of social regulation within, and restrict-

ed to, the University. It involves the trans-

from means to ends. It must forget,

or the crude, blatant use of arbitrary and

authoritarian repression (with subsequent

student retaliation) - either of which

would produce far more opportunities for the

establishment of a genuine academic clima-

te than all the changes which have been so

graciously and hypocritically given.

Academic Freedom is not failed at Michigan State like so many other things, it

would have failed not to try. I know

student government. If ASMSU is to have

any validity, it must transfer its allegi-

ance to, the University. It involves the trans-

ferral of power from the present corpora-

tion like structure to the relevant members

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Is this the way it is?

The University cherishes many values, modes of thought and standards of behavior that are better taught by example, persuasion, social pressure, and rewards than by threat of penalties.

--Article I; Academic Freedom Report

The basic purposes of the University are the enlargement, dissemination and application of knowledge. The most basic necessity for the achievement of these purposes is freedom of expression and communication. Without this freedom, effective sifting and testing of ideas cease and research, teaching and learning are stifled.

--Article I; Academic Freedom Report
Six Michigan State News, East Lansing, Michigan

Professor Sidney Hook, chairman of the All-University Department of Philosophy at New York University, spoke at a dinner May 1, 1968 marking his retirement as head of the Department. This article consists of excerpts from that speech in which he discussed student revolt.

By SIDNEY HOOK

Fifty years ago, when I began my college studies, it would be no exaggeration to say that the belief in academic freedom was regarded as faintly subversive even in many academic circles. Today, except in some of the cultural and political backwaters of the U.S., academic freedom, although not free from threats, is firmly established. Fifty years ago, the power of the chief university administrator was almost as unlimited as that of an absolute monarch. Today, the administrator is a much harried man with much less power and authority among faculty and, especially, students than his forebears. Today there may be temperamentally happy administrators, but their present life is an unhappy one. There seems to be an open season on them and to such a degree that for the first time in history there is an acute shortage of candidates for the almost 300 vacant administrative posts in institutions of higher learning.

Without administrative leadership, every institution, especially universities, whose faculties are notoriously reluctant to introduce curricular changes, runs downhill. To build great faculties, administrative leadership is essential. In the affairs of the mind and in the realm of scholarship, the principles of simple majority rule or of "one man, one vote" do not apply. The most "democratically" run institutions of learning are usually the most mediocre. It takes a big man to live comfortably with a still bigger man under him, no less to invite him to cast his obscuring shadow over the less gifted.

The paradox today is that, as administrative power decreases and becomes more limited, the greater the dissatisfaction with it seems to grow. The memory of favors of requests denied remains much stronger than the memory of requests granted. Faculties are fickle in their allegiance. Overweight the most beloved of administrators can become the target of abuse, a figure of obloquy in the eyes of the very faculty, or a large section of it, which he himself has helped to build. In the very year that Clark Kerr received the Meikeljon medal for academic freedom the faculty at the University of California campus at Berkeley panicked in consequence of the events resulting from the fourth student sit-in. In effect it repudiated him by adopting a set of resolutions that made him the scapegoat for the student lawlessness which it conspicuously refused to condemn. Another example, Vice President Truman of Columbia University was vigorously applauded at Columbia's commencement last June for, among other things, opening new avenues of communication with students. Only a few days ago he was roundly booed by a section of the Columbia faculty.

Why any scholar (and administrators are largely recruited from the ranks of scholars) should want to become a full-time administrator has always puzzled me. The duties, sacrifices and risks seem altogether disproportionate to the rewards.

One thing seems clear. In the crises situations shaping up throughout the country, administrators are not going to enjoy a peaceful life. Their prospect of weathering the storms that will be systematically contrived for them depends upon their ability and willingness to win the faculty for whatever plans and proposals they advance in the name of the university. For if they permit students or any other group to drive a wedge between them and the faculty, they will discover the sad fact of academic life that in such rifts the faculty will either play a neutral role or even assume a hostile one.

Not only on good educational grounds, therefore, but on prudential ones as well, the administration must draw the faculty into the formulation of institutional educational policy. I say this with reluctance because it means the proliferation of committee meetings, the dilution of scholarly interest and even less time for students. But this is a small price to pay for academic freedom and peace.

In talking about academic freedom, nothing signifies the distance we have come in the space of my lifetime so much as the fact that we now are concerned with the academic freedom of students. For historical reasons I cannot now explore academic freedom in the United States meant Lehrfreiheit, freedom to teach. If academic freedom for student means freedom to learn, then two things should be obvious.

Of course, there is still a large group of potential college students who are deprived of freedom to learn because of poverty or prejudice or the absence of adequate educational facilities. It is perfectly legitimate to expect the university to study these problems and propose solutions to them. This is one thing. But to therefore conclude that these problems must become items, not only on the agenda of study, but for an agenda of action is quite another. For it therewith transforms the university into a political action organization and diverts it from its essential task. Any support for teaching, dialogue and criticism. Since there are profound differences about the social means necessary to achieve a society in which there will be a maximum freedom to learn, the university would become as partisan and biased as other political action groups urging their programs on the community. Its primary educational purpose or mission would be lost. It would be compelled to silence or misrepresent the position of those of its faculty who disagree with its proposals and campaigns of action. Class and group conflicts would rend the fabric of the community of scholars in an unceasing struggle for power completely unrelated to the quest for truth.

If the university is conceived as an agency of action to transform society in behalf of a cause, no matter how exalted, it loses its educative autonomy, impairs both its independence and objectivity and subjects itself to regulatory curbs and controls on the part of society on whose support and largesse it ultimately depends.

This is precisely the conception of a university which is basic to the whole strategy and tactics of the so-called Students for a Democratic Society. I say "so-called" because their actions show that they are no more believers in democracy than the leaders of the so-called Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee are believers in non-violence. And indeed the leaders of the SDS make no bones about that

(Please turn to page 8)
Professor Hook's essay, pretty much the same as the one he did for the New York Times magazine last summer, displays what the student of modern rage calls "selective outrage." It is also very nostalgic, despite his insistence that he didn't, but it not appear that at least in Ann Arbor I single them out only because they did (as I profit from MSU's disastrous flirtation) in this sort of thing and subsequent sprouces, disinterested people to truth. Dr. Rudd would engage in such activities as the U.S. counter-insurgency in Thailand and the complications of huge intellects, giants with their heads in the clouds. Again, there may be reasons for such vacuities, and I don't think Hook has contemplated them.

Lacking administrators, according to Hook, universities would grind to a halt. Probably our model would, but he might consider the British approach before he writes. The reverse also seems to follow: the more administrators a place has, the more it has along with lots of truth. Unfortunately, they find it odd, an institution set aside to pursue truth could engage in emergency in Thailand study it not appear that at least in Ann Arbor I single them out only because they did (as I profit from MSU's disastrous flirtation) in this sort of thing and subsequent sprouces, disinterested people to truth. Dr. Rudd would engage in such activities as the U.S. counter-insurgency in Thailand and the complications of huge intellects, giants with their heads in the clouds. Again, there may be reasons for such vacuities, and I don't think Hook has contemplated them.

What much of the Professor's argument comes down to is this: he likes law and order. In company with many supporters of this slogan, he stresses order. In a fairly obscure paragraph he warns against "simple majority rule." Whatever that is, but then seems to suggest that he wishes the majority would turn up and stay the tyrannical minority dragons which infest our campuses. If Rudd's baleful glare sent Hook to his typewriter, I would suggest that another image comforted him when he sat down before his machine. One gets the impression that what he really recalls with fondness are the good old days when Nicholas Murray Butler ruled Columbia without benefit of academic sen- ates and student advisory bodies and all the other mucky paraphernalia lying about today. Such an administration would make short work of those arrogant young people who presume to question the propriety of certain forms of research undertaken by their elders, and one (improper) superiors. The university's aim, after all, is truth, and how can children ("callow and immature adolescents"); see in his phrase) set themselves up as dictators? Rudd & Co. don't see it that way. Rather, if I understand, they find it odd (as I profit from MSU's disastrous flirtation) in this sort of thing and subsequent sprouces, disinterested people to truth. Dr. Rudd would engage in such activities as the U.S. counter-insurgency in Thailand and the complications of huge intellects, giants with their heads in the clouds. Again, there may be reasons for such vacuities, and I don't think Hook has contemplated them.

It seems to me that Hook and Rudd in many ways are disgraciled because they both believe the university is the same thing, though early I denied it. By this I mean, that each seems to accept the "land-grant" approach, which stresses the close connection between society and college, as mediated somewhat diffidently and clumsily by the state. (Neither, I am sure, would accept what follows). Now, Hook deprecates what he considers obsessive demands upon the university; whereas, Rudd deprecates what he considers to be the university's indifference to social needs. Hook is no more a reactionary than I, nor is Rudd a revolutionary as more than I. Both these gentlemen are profoundly, and I might add, infuriatingly, American in their assumptions about the possibilities of human existence. Such acts as though he were not the heir to experience, the one to deny the present; this is not to ignore the past.

Professor Hook thinks the university is society's greatest hope. He fears that it pursues government's truth, not society's. Since August in Chicago, quite a few Americans have come to feel that they have very little to do with the system which supplies them with rulers so long as people sense a connection between themselves and their government, perhaps there is no need to talk to such people as thought they were outside society. I doubt that many Americans today sense that connection. The SDS'ers, for all their faults, seem not to have caught the bug of scepticism. Why they are not seen as the most incredible, the most impulsive, uncritical lovers of Old Glory now stating this ravished continent, I cannot comprehend. They actually believe that rhetoric can be made to fit conduct, which is one
fact. In manifestos after manifestos they have declared that they want to use the university as an instrument of revolution. To do so, they must destroy the university as it exists today.

I wish I had time to list some of the clever strategies they have devised to focus their opposition. On every campus there are always some grievances. Instead of seeking advice from chapter members, they were urged to call large student forums and then denounce the University for its large classes!

For many of dissent, speech, protest is never the real issue. They are, of course, always legitimate. But the tactics of the SDS in giving dissent the immediate form of violent action...
Unstirred

Hiding new sprouts that look for their place.
The "X" shaped of yellow forsythia
Like cross-stitching in a picture
That reads "God Bless Our Happy Home."

White pine, Chinese pagoda shaped,
Achieve serene symmetry of the Orient.
Except for lace-cap roses
That interweave in neighboring yards

Pansies with silly faces
Tulips wear West Point plumes, at attention

Violet, immodest, a faker.
Needing the fur in the late cold.
Pussy willow comes early and bold
Ferns of the systematic mouths rumble now
under the red-ragged sky.

Whiffles blow their skinny stalks downward.

The "X" shaped of yellow forsythia
That reads "God Bless Our Happy Home."

The spaceship flares
Redness streaks the sky
A spinning, circling pebble far below
Drifts closer still

"Science flies to folly."
Skip a skipping-stone across the water, walk away

Who will rent the moon to Whom?

—Paul Carrick

POETRY

Letter

Sometimes I know
when you kick at bullets
chess is really your game
but don't give up,
tomorrow we'll play
jungle baseball—
only three hits
and you're home:
home at last perhaps
to teach perhaps
regardless of important things
draft boards—
"Son literature ain't important" patriotism—
"We're fighting this war for good reasons!"
And when you're fighting
Indiana rainstorms
forget the scores
of dark children
moving like ducks
across a circus sky

—James Sherwood Tipton

Letter from the City
to a Friend
Up North in October

Oh if your canoe paddle isn't dripping eddies
for red maple leaves is sliping navigate—
I will crush tea accrete dust
frail bronze willam floating
on oil-black asphalt.

If you, black hair, wing-spread, don't drown
in gold dry depth, and crush
the clarity of your silence?

—David Gilbert

State News photo by Bob Ivins

Friday, October 4, 1968

A Plague of Fables

Ferns at first light
wake in the cotton
evenings, like snickled pigs at gambol noon
expressing shadows
of how they felt before
and where they'll be
in the prison of their
captured morning

Scars with
music flamed knees
bloomed now at pre-arrangement
without hope
in the mellow kisming of
days without wondering
at four beatings as five

Centennial odor's
of dying priests and dead
sea scrolls red the rooms
of secret hearts and super-marts
like tired ghosts at the spas
of heritage

Dying in a plague of fables, we dip words
like yellowed fruit into
a swollen river grown
sterile with the leprosy
of discontent

while the holy dogs
of Spokane walk withered
in the afternoons
of change.

—Joseph Dionne

Letter

Belle

In Georgia.
Where nothing moves
because of July.
I met her
at the Macon depot
waiting for the South
to rise, and I
offered my services—
became her boy
for three blocks
five o'clock
past old houses
two sleeping dogs
a green statue
at her plantation,
boarding house on Sixth,
she served ice tea
and spilled it,
she dark hand
shook so much

—James Sherwood Tipton
involvement freedom key

By STEVE ROBIN
State News Reviewer

Critics and theater authorities have for years been heralding the death of the stage play as an art form on the verge of an aesthetic and theatrical production. During the past decade has been escapism and nostalgic. But the reasons for this new phenomenon which seem to have been more on the rise than ever are now elements which would revive faith in the offerings of the stage, particularly in New York. At this point, recent and one of the stalwart pillars of the Broadway production, who has always been the dedicated few who have turned out to be the Americana or semi-folk that is so much, loose ends of the musical that has been discarded for years. For this reason, the departure of Sondheim, the new generation, such as Mr. Sondheim and his successful colleagues. Critics are just not for the theater.

Theater, by definition, is a local art form. Critics and theater authorities have for years been heralding the death of the stage play as an art form on the verge of an aesthetic and theatrical production. During the past decade has been escapism and nostalgic. But the reasons for this new phenomenon which seem to have been more on the rise than ever are now elements which would revive faith in the offerings of the stage, particularly in New York. At this point, recent and one of the stalwart pillars of the Broadway production, who has always been the dedicated few who have turned out to be the Americana or semi-folk that is so much, loose ends of the musical that has been discarded for years. For this reason, the departure of Sondheim, the new generation, such as Mr. Sondheim and his successful colleagues. Critics are just not for the theater.

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Calendar of Events.. Oct. 3-17

Thursday, October 3
"Around the World in Eighty Days" (7:30 p.m., Aud.)

Friday, October 4
"Fantastic Voyage" (WIC-MHA)
Skyshow - "Astronomy through the Ages" (8 p.m., Abrams Planetarium)
"Fantastic Voyage" (WIC-MHA)

Saturday, October 5
Soccer - MSU Invitational
Skyshow (2:30 p.m. and 8 p.m., Abrams Planetarium)
"Casino Royale" (7 p.m. and 9 p.m., 108 Wells)
Ray Green, "Russia vs. China" (8 p.m., Aud.)

Sunday, October 6
Skyshow (2:30 p.m. and 4 p.m., Abrams Planetarium)
"Great Gatsby" (7:30 p.m., 109 Anthony)

Monday, October 7
Career Carnival

Tuesday, October 8
Career Carnival

Wednesday, October 9
"Oedipus Rex" (7:30 p.m., Aud.)

Thursday, October 10
"Morgan" (7:30 and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony)
"Georgy Girl" (WIC-MHA)

Football movie: MSU-Wisconsin Promenaders dance

Friday, October 11
"Morgan" (7 p.m. and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony)
"Georgy Girl" (WIC-MHA)

Saturday, October 12
Skyshow (3:30 p.m. and 4 p.m., Abrams Planetarium)

Sunday, October 13
"Morgan" and "Patagonia" (8 p.m., Aud.)
"Georgy Girl" (WIC-MHA)

Monday, October 14
Cross Country - Wisconsin, Abrams Planetarium
Soccer - Air Force Academy Skyshow (2:30 p.m. and 8 p.m., Abrams Planetarium)
"Morgan" (7:30 p.m., Aud.)

"Suddenly Last Summer" (Fairchild)
"Georgy Girl" (WIC-MHA)

Tuesday, October 15
"Morgan" (7 p.m. and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony)
"Georgy Girl" (WIC-MHA)

Wednesday, October 16
"Becket" (through Saturday)
"A Man for All Seasons" (7 p.m. and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony)
British TV series' dumped

By MARK MCPHERSON
State News Reviewer

A few weeks ago Patrick McGoohan, better known as John Drake, alias 'The Prisoner,' regained both his freedom and his roadster and roared off into the London distance. With him went a very promising series, probably never to be seen again, short of a few summer laps or late-night rerun circuits. Yet the brief success of this show and its rapid demise continues a familiar pattern. British-imported TV programming, while enjoyed here in America, is nonetheless eventually stifled in its course.

Reviewing the ghosts of a few series past, the fact remains that something is wrong somewhere, at least as far as maintaining decent broadcast material for American networks. The secret, discovered not so long ago, is hardly deep and dark—simply that certain "quality" programs of the past have not possessed that modicum of mediocrity, that minute dose of slob appeal which is vital for survival. Without it a series today is hard put to earn its space in the TV Guide.

"The Prisoner," a CBS handled example, is but one case in point. A jury of viewers may examine similar situations of the People vs. "The Avengers," "The Saint," "The Champions," "Danger Man," "Secret Agent," and also "Man In A Suitcase." Curiously, each of these being of British origin, has met an identical fate.

"Man In A Suitcase" (ABC) concerned the attempts of an American undercover agent named McGill to clear himself of false charges. Throughout the series he sought to vindicate himself and, a la Dr. Richard Kimble, enjoyed our sympathy while he fought to "beat a bum rap." Another British summer series, "The Champions" (CBS), offered not one, but three protagonists, again in the secret agent vein. On mission to Tibet, this trio (two men and a girl) are equipped with super-powers bestowed upon them by an aged llama.

A third series, the one which eventually proved most closely watched, was "The Prisoner." Here Patrick McGoohan, who may be remembered from the earlier "Danger Man" and later "Secret Agent," continued his spy identity in episodes in which he starred as well as helped write and direct. The story line involved the nameless agent (McGoohan) who suddenly finds himself imprisoned on a strange little island. His crime: simply a desire to retire from his former "dirty business."

A note to make, after surveying the foregoing bundles from Britain, is the theme of each. For in all, for no real explainable reason, retribution is the key. Whether the hero has been framed (Champion), elected to combat Evil (Champions) or merely questing his freedom (Prisoner), the forces which drive the main characters are in many ways similar. Supporting this thesis is "The Avengers." For some six years now this program has commanded attention wherever it is seen, and the elements which make this happen are again tied up in the idea of retribution. Originally the early plots involved secret agent John Steed's underworld retaliations against those who murdered his wife. In time, however, the incentive for vengeance dwindled away and was replaced by a lightly bizarre, tongue-in-cheek spy proof.

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reason why they don't love Hubert. And they know something that Hool does not. One has to go to college, which is why he's spinning out of that old teutonic chestnut about the difference between the right to teach and the right to learn. It is silly, rather like expecting a high schooler to decide he wasn't going to take algebra. He has to, if he wishes to go to school, of course he must go to school, or in extreme cases some more cramped institutions of learning. In the 19th century, short hair (their version of the outer world, then he is an abhorrent, ergo today long hair equals short hair. This is what Rudd is talking about, and I gather Hook isn't hearing him. I shan't attempt to counter some of the Professor's more sinister revelations, such as the SDS advice to flood classes with enrollees so as to be able to complain of overcrowding. It's possible, but not novel. The old joke at the Sorbonne was that students went to class when they really wished to protest. But, one assertion must be refuted. The black students at Cornell didn't hold the Chairman of the Econ. Dept. hostage because of some hapless lecturer's "views on African affairs." They were tired of being treated as a casual, racist slum in a university classroom.

What Hook's essay comes to is this: he is sick of violence and arrogance, and so am I, but if he really believes that there is no connection between students like Rudd and the outer world, then he is an abhorrent. I prefer to imagine that he is tired of living in the GO's. I can understand why, though I don't agree. But then I'm younger. This is not to suggest that Hook and Rudd simply stare at each other across that famous gap, but Hook does sound tired and disappointed, and Rudd does come on in shrill and buoyant tones. Democracy, Hook concludes, has courageous, intransigent and fanatical enemies. To be sure, but so does everything else. Including Rudd. Indeed, mostly Rudd.

Summing up, we may ask what ultimately contributes to the popularity of British productions in America? Is it that they lack real quality, or suffer from an overabundance here? Why have the many series failed, yet a few, such as "The Avengers," managed to hang on? Why could John Steed and Emma Peel continue to captivate viewers, enough to reverse the network decisions to cancel? Is it that we have found in such a glamorous duo some association with their American counterparts, if such exists? Did these worldly Avengers, long ago legends in their native Beatleland, rekindle for us the days of yore? Why have the many series failed, yet a few, such as "The Avengers," managed to hang on? Why could John Steed and Emma Peel continue to captivate viewers, enough to reverse the network decisions to cancel? Is it that we have found in such a glamorous duo some association with their American counterparts, if such exists? Did these worldly Avengers, long ago legends in their native Beatleland, rekindle for us the days of yore?