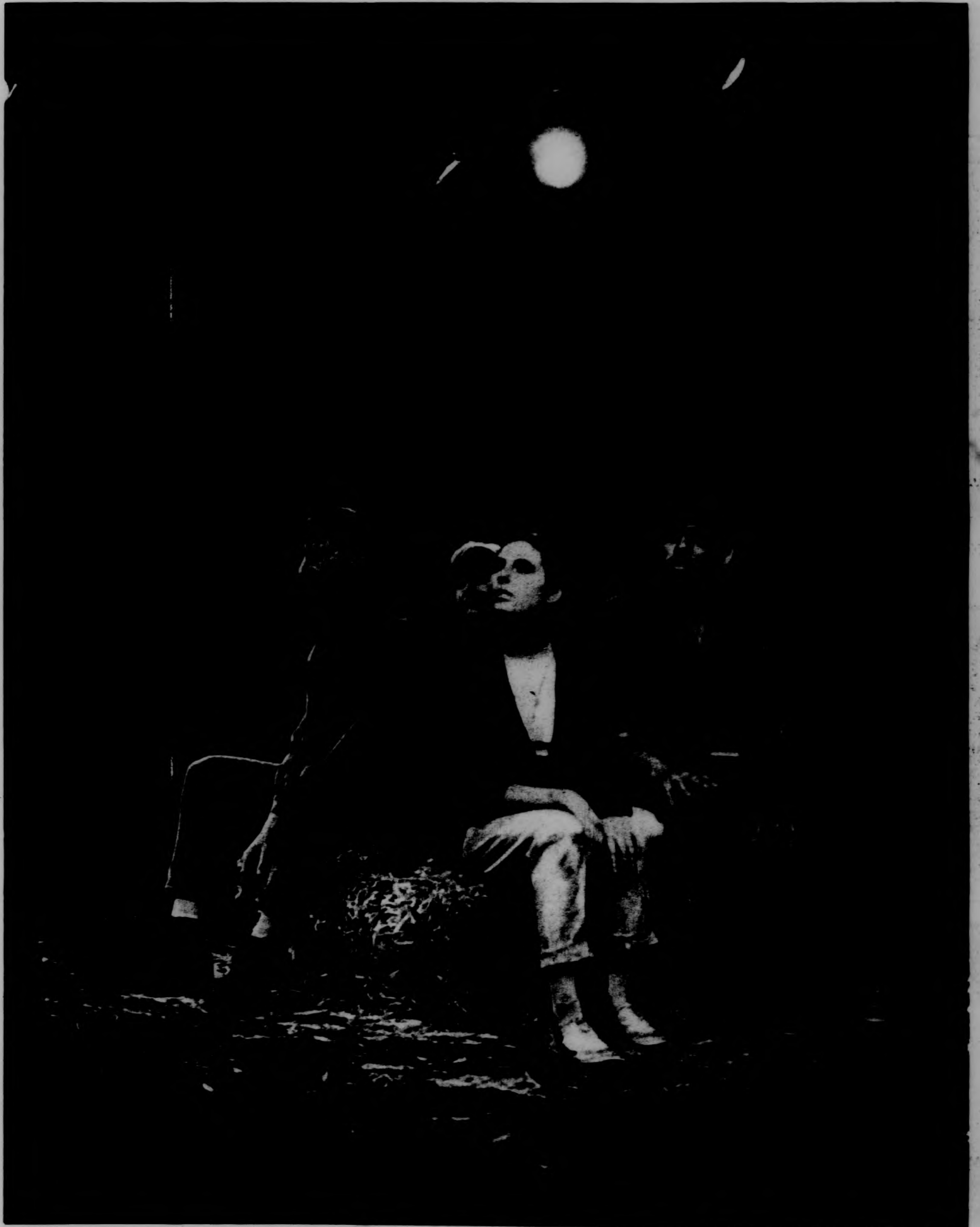


COLLAGE

The State News Bi-weekly Magazine

February 15, 1968



Scene from the PAC's production of "Animal Farm." See cover notes, page 7.

RCR, poetry reading: living art

By JEFF JUSTIN

The rise of culture at MSU is witnessed by such ventures as a coffee house, publicized mainly by word of mouth, and packed for three hours by students and faculty as artist and audience. This was the experience at The Pit restaurant Wednesday, Feb. 7, the scene of what might become a regularly held event of art.

The scheduled beginning was 8:30 and by 9:00 a full house started the evening with folk songs by two guitarists from the Folklore Society. Quiet music. The crowd settled itself.

The word-of-mouth publicity had brought students who were primarily friends of the performers or artists themselves. They would be characterized as left-wing, but it's usually a mistake to characterize people. At coffee houses held in the past on campus, the more buttoned-down students provided as enthusiastic an audience.

Roy Bryan, who along with Stan Guyer deserves the credit for the organizing, introduced me, and I read my own verse. That kind of communication gives a good feeling. The amplifier reached out the sound with difficulty into the corners of the room, and I had to speak loudly. Whatever merit those verses have, they are the medium of poetry which doesn't waste words. It slaps the superficial word out of its apathy. In an age of small-talk it is good to speak poems.

Robert VanderMolen, the student poet whose book "Blood Ink" remains eminently worth buying, read next. His poems have a quiet tone under which images range throughout all his life. His technique is striking: assemble diverse things and experiences, ask the reader to connect them and explore the significance of the relation himself.

His last poem talked about going camping after he had been sick. The poem is trying to tell the hearer about human limits:

The highest I could walk
Always faced me
With the fleshy backside
Of the following hill

But I can't tell you the kind of knowing the poem transmits. You have to read it yourself, and you ought to.

There was an intermission. People who had been coming in during the reading and were standing in the aisles in order not to interrupt it, recognized friends and made their way to the few seats that were left. Affected by the living voice of the poems, much talk centered around "The Red Cedar Review," which had just made its appearance and was being sold at the coffee house.

I had a great many thoughts about it. This volume, published by students, conquers the limitations of the merely written word to offer the same alive experience of art as the one we had been witnessing. The stories which open and close the volume deserve sharp focusing.

The first is an amazing story by Chris Antonides, "The Day of the Barber," which uses the second person to involve the reader. Skillful handling of this difficult technique knocks the reader around the world along with the protagonist, an adolescent in a big city Jewish ghetto.

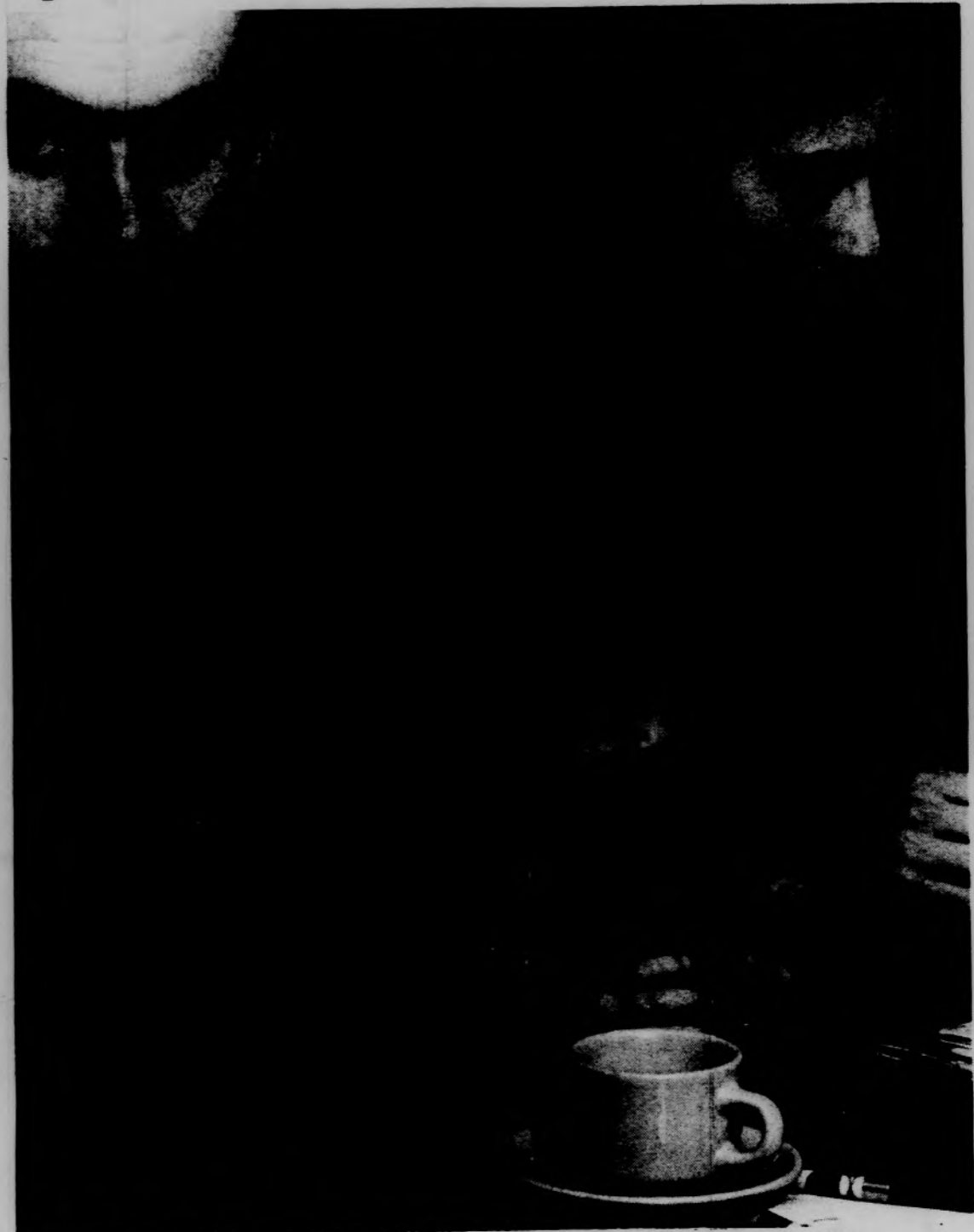
He runs amuck of his family and finally society at large. The hard city of stone and glass fractures the bones of culture in him by its commercial, brutal attitude toward life.

The imperturbable world is crystallized in the sponsors of a radio program of classical music—a company that makes aspirin. The youngster's hope of listening to the music is always dashed by the commercial world. To destroy his relation to it, he uses the sponsor's product in a novel way—attempting suicide, after breaking the materialistic barrier by shattering a drug store window.

Landing ultimately in a detention home he learns that a better way to confront the world is cunning. Coming to value the preservation of his hair as his insensitive brother, he invents ways to foil the brutal barber.

Cunning doesn't solve his spiritual alienation because of his "goyishe kop," which is a Yiddish expression for someone who just can't groove with the traditional Jewish outlook on life. Our protagonist's alienation is wider, however. He is a stranger to the whole capitalistic world.

Theodore Sjogren's story, "The Storm" is equally effective in focusing on problems of the whole human condition through magnifying the



William Pitt Root, poet and teacher at MSU, with his wife and daughter.

Photo by Jerry McAllister

way of life of one subculture in society. In his case it is island fishermen, an Indian-caucasian culture whose economic and spiritual vitality depends on the fishing industry.

Like the Jewish youngster, they are being squeezed out of life by commercial forces—the large-scale mainland fishing companies. But here it is not a question of spiritual alienation in a destructive environment. Rather, they must rebel against dynamics that assume the aspect of an unalterable fate, their futile rebellion a tragic affirmation of human worth. The characters come across as distinct individuals you can get to know. The innuendoes of their interaction are forcefully exposed.

For example, in a last ditch effort to regain the mortgaged boat the harassed father and son take a catch of worthless eels to market in the rain. The son drops a sack of the eels and, in general misery, lashes out at his father for whom the drama of fishing constitutes the dignity of life. "Get off the island. Why stay? Let's cross over and all get jobs. I can work."

He wishes he could take his words back as he lifts up the sack again:

I got one of the sacks up
"You look pretty funny," he said. He was smiling at me now, trying to make me laugh.

I tried to laugh for him. But I felt hollow and cold.

"I guess I used to like playing in the mud. I guess it's funny all right."

"You're getting to be a man now. You don't think playing in the mud is so funny. That's one of the things that change."

"I guess so," I said.

We were walking now, heading for the town along the shore.

"You're getting to be a man," he said again. "You're the only boy I got."

These stories give the finest experiences of the volume. Yet the poetry too is great. It is avant-garde, building something new on

traditional foundations. The voice of the future is heard here.

Robert VanderMolen forms part of the "Red Cedar Review" as well as the coffee house at The Pit. Reading his poem, you can hear his flat voice behind it, which lets the compressed force of the words do all the communicating. His verse skillfully creates confusion between memory and reality, giving the qualities of both to each.

In the morning I slept late
She working
Fixed coffee and sat on the half sun terrace

This was a memory
And the grass I can smell
Before the sun baked it flat

You don't know if the first part or the last is the memory. The simultaneous, different meanings established a powerful atmosphere.

Peter Fiore's "Faces and Places," dedicated, "For Malcolm X," uses vivid imagery to portray a strange man in his striking world:

The time of white fathers and mothers
But you were black, man,
carmel fudge really,

Like the wiseman at Herod's court.

The poems use an exceptionally wide range of tones and styles. The two examples above are like the other poetry only in that the rest is equally skillful in its own way. It is rare to find such richness in a single volume.

The photographs are lovely.

People at the coffee house had had a chance to buy coffee or something to eat, and the intermission was over. Virginia Van Valjah began to play and sing pathos and humor, the humor especially enjoyable. The singing harmonized well with the demanding poetry that had been read. Its easy flow made a good contrast.

A. J. M. Smith, the University's poet-in-residence, next made his way to the made-shift stage. The posture of this professor and his poetry demonstrate the dignity that long-

(continued on page 12)

BOOKMARKS

'Hopscotch' is total involvement

By DAVID GILBERT

Hopscotch by Julio Cortazar
Signet, December 1967, 95c
Available at Paramount News

In a review a few weeks ago, I discussed the concept of environmental theater and its attempt to force the viewer by aggressive confrontation to respond to life with his whole being. More recently, Stuart Rosenthal praised the P.A.C. production of *Animal Farm* because the viewer could really become involved in the play since he could hate the bad guys or "heavies." *Hopscotch* fits within this same context both stylistically and dramatically.

The techniques that Cortazar uses in his novel are varied, excellent and quietly daring. For the first 56 chapters, which constitute the "first book," there is a grand mixture of first and third person styles, stream-of-consciousness, minute Joycean description, Pirandelloesque philosophizing and even a treatment of loving reminiscent of Leonard Cohen's *Beautiful Losers*. Cortazar seems remarkably fresh in that he knows he has something to say, can say it well, and draws upon many sources without imitating anyone.

The "second book" is fantastic. You begin with chapter 73, then retreat to chapters one and two, then advance to chapter 116, as directed in a small notation at the end of each chapter. Cortazar has marked these as "Expendable Chapters," but they are not; they embody the meaning of the book. The "hopscotching" device produces what may be the cleverest physical involvement of reader with literature since the introduction of pictures in books. The reader must jump about the book in a somewhat ridiculous fashion, but two purposes are served.

First, and similar to the technique used at the beginning of Bergman's film *Persona*, the artificiality of the medium is presented, and thus the reality of what is presented seems that much more real. Second, the reader is forced to take a more active role in the predominantly passive act of reading: it is not enough to turn pages in sequence, but the reader must jump about like a child on chalked squares, stooping to pick up a pebble or colored glass bit of life, according to nonsensical rules which nevertheless command his complete attention.

Cortazar's technique is more than stylistically exciting: it has a strong dramatic effect. There is no getting out of *Hopscotch*. You are involved in it psychically as well as physically. The writing is so beautifully smooth that you flow into and out of people and events: you are the river of Heraclitus into which the characters and situations cannot step twice. This transformation amounts to the reader becoming the novel and the novel reacting to the reader. It is a strange and almost terrifying feeling.

For example, in one incident, at the flat of



the modern Bohemian hero, Oliveira, a group of Oliveira's friends are holding involved discussions about suicide, the philosophies of Heidelberg and Madras, and the respective realities of words and pictures. Intermingled with these are demands for quiet (a sick baby is asleep) and for hot coffee. Then Oliveira's mistress prepares her baby's medicine, only to find the child dead. While everyone bustles around getting cologne for the fainted mistress and redressing themselves bitterly for their discussions, which were irrelevant in the face of the infant's death, the reader is left with the feeling that he is there in the apartment, sitting with soaked shoes on a hard floor, wishing he were elsewhere. The reader is, in fact, Oliveira, bored and yet filled with an unspeakable and distant sadness:

Oliveira told himself that it would not be so difficult to go over to the bed, squat down beside it and say a few words in La Maga's ear. "But I would be doing it for myself," he thought. "She's beyond anything. I'm the one who would sleep better afterward." He put (his coat) on slowly, looking all the while towards the bed as if he expected something.

Again, the reader realizes that his own life is

made of searching for the answer to *Zorba the Greek's* question: Why do the young die? Why does anybody die? It is as though the novel is searching through involvement with its readers for the answers.

Oliveira finds no answer in life or death, books or discussions, love or hate. He is obsessed by the fear that comes from watching yourself from a distance, as though a stranger is moving and breathing in your body, a perfect double of you, a disembodied Doppelganger. Near the very end of the novel, Oliveira's friend Traveler tells Oliveira that he himself is the Doppelganger:

"I'm alive," Traveler said looking into his eyes. "Being alive always seems to be the price of something. And you don't want to pay anything. You never wanted to."

Oliveira has retired to another world; he cannot sense his own movements, he doesn't feel himself. He is the shadow called Oliveira.

No one, of course, lives long this way. Oliveira must die or go mad. He finally enters the dying life of insanity from which he can never exit. As if to emphasize this closed circle, the book does not end. The last chapter, 58, directs you back to the preceding chapter, 131, which in turn directs you to chapter 58, to 131, and on forever. There is no end, but only a shifting back and forth between the two chapters, which the reader must follow until he knows why there are no answers, why we must forever wait for Godot, why the death of a baby in a Bohemian flat is only an incident in a reported conversation. We are changed by the trivial as well as by the profound.

There are many more facets to *Hopscotch*: the motif of initiation, the metaphor of *Hopscotch*, the meanings of the names of the characters (La Maga—the Magus, the Magi, etc.) and much more. Everyone should attempt to get through *Hopscotch* as there is much to get out of it. I'm still somewhere between those last alternating chapters, trying to feel that either life or death is an answer.

COLLAGE

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Contributors: Lawrence Battistini, Dave Gilbert, William Hixon, Jeff Justin, Bob Zeschin, Jeff Weidner, Jim Youssling, Doug Huston

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The military triumph . . .

By LAWRENCE BATTISTINI
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French troops were originally concentrated in Cochinchina, and for some time they were in no position to attempt the military dislodgement of the Vietminh from the key cities and towns of Annam and Tonkin. For a while, as long as their military position was inferior, the French authorities in Vietnam were willing to make paper concessions to the Vietminh, provided all of Indochina remained in the French political and economic system. At the same time, Ho Chi Minh and other Vietminh leaders were willing and even eager to negotiate to avoid war, provided the independence of the Vietnamese people was fully recognized and established.

As a result of negotiations which did follow, an agreement was signed at Hanoi on March 6, 1946, by Ho Chi Minh with Jean Sainteny representing France. This agreement recognized "the Republic of Viet-Nam as a free state with its own government, parliament, army and finances as a part of the Indochinese Federation of the French Union." The Vietnamese Government (DRV) also agreed to receive amicably the French forces which would enter the northern zone to relieve the Chinese occupation troops. It was recognized, however, that the agreement was only a first step and that immediate discussions would be resumed in France at a higher level concerning "Vietnam's diplomatic relations with foreign powers, the future status of Indochina, and French cultural and economic interests in Vietnam." An annex to this agreement provided for the withdrawal of all French forces from Vietnam within a period of five years.

French statesmen in Paris no doubt believed that the potentially explosive situation in Vietnam was on the way to solution. As for Ho Chi Minh and other Vietminh, they probably would have been content to remain associated with France within the so-called French Union, provided Vietnam was given a truly independent status. They were, after all, not anti-French but anti-colonial, and most of them had great admiration for much of the culture and thought of France. However, "Paris was not the colonial mind and heart of French Indochina."

Faithful to their obligations under the Hanoi agreement, the Vietminh permitted French forces to enter North Vietnam peacefully and to take over certain key points. However, the French authorities in Vietnam apparently had no real intention of abiding by either the spirit or the letter of the agreement. In May, the very day after Ho Chi Minh had departed for France to engage in top-level discussions concerning the precise future status of Vietnam, the French in Saigon announced the formation of a separate Vietnamese government for southern Vietnam. In August they summoned a so-called "Conference of the Federation" of Indochina, dominated by the French and virtually composed of Vietnamese quislings, and established a puppet regime purporting to represent all of Indochina. Shortly afterward the French military forces in the north arbitrarily seized, "like conquerors," the ports and customs of Haiphong and proceeded to "establish order" by disarming the Vietnamese police, making wholesale arrests and fomenting local coups to dislodge the Vietminh.

Despite the actions of the French which outrageously violated the Hanoi agreement, Ho Chi Minh still patiently hoped that war could be avoided and that the Paris government would make amends and agree to the establishment of a truly independent Vietnam within the French Union. The discussions in Paris, although cordial, failed to settle any of the really crucial issues. Nothing really more than a modus vivendi was concluded, at Fontainebleau, which provided for a cease-fire in Indochina, guarantees of civil liberties to the Vietnamese people, and a final conference to be held not later than January 1947



for the settlement of the vital, unresolved issues.

The Fontainebleau agreement was to be Ho Chi Minh's last negotiation with the French until the Geneva conference of 1954. Urged on by the rubber and rice syndicates and their native collaborators who were deeply concerned about their interests and privileges, as well as by the frightened colons, the French authorities in Vietnam paid no more attention to the letter or spirit of the Fontainebleau agreement than they had to those of the Hanoi agreement. In November 1946, French forces ruthlessly bombarded and seized Haiphong, killing thousands of civilians, and shortly afterward the first pitched battles between the French and the Vietminh took place in Hanoi, which resulted in a quick and decisive French victory. However, neither the will nor the spirit of the Vietminh was broken. They withdrew their forces into the rural areas and prepared for a people's war to the death under the generalship of the brilliant Vo Nguyen Giap. Hostilities then spread throughout Tonkin and northern Annam, while in Cochinchina the guerrillas, who had never laid down their arms, stepped up their activities. Thus the war that Ho Chi Minh

hoped could be avoided flared up all over Vietnam.

The evidence is certainly clear that the French authorities in Indochina had never really shown any good faith toward the agreements concluded with the Vietminh. The evidence is equally clear that their real aim was somehow to regain actual control of all Indochina. After their initial military successes, however, the French began to run into serious trouble, for they were unable to rally to their side any substantial number of really respected persons or elements of the native population. Meanwhile, in elections held the preceding January for the National Assembly of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, the Vietminh coalition had won 230 of the 300 seats, and on November 8, a democratic constitution had been promulgated, based on the principle that "All power in the country belongs to the people of Vietnam without distinction of race, class, creed, wealth or sex."

On Jan. 6, 1947, the Vietnamese government issued a declaration which was basically an appeal to the conscience of the world. The declaration reminded world opinion that although the Vietnamese government in signing the Hanoi agreement of March 6, 1946, had offered France cooperation and the open door, the French representatives in Indochina had sabotaged this agreement in the hope of restoring their colonial prerogatives. "The era of colonial conquest and domination is over," proclaimed the declaration. "Viet Nam is firmly resolved to persevere to the very end in her struggle for her most sacred rights, namely, the territorial integrity of her country and her political independence." Five weeks later, on Feb. 13, 1947, the French government headed by Paul Ramadier announced in Paris that as far as France was concerned, the March 6, 1946, agreement "does not exist." France hence committed herself to seeking her own solution on the battlefield. The French military, now having substantial forces in Indochina heavily armed with modern equipment, were confident that they could easily crush the poorly armed and under-nourished Vietnamese guerrillas and regulars. However, they completely failed to take into account that men with a "sacred cause," well led and well organized, cannot always be easily subdued by superior weapons and machines. Unable to match the armaments of the French, the Vietminh resorted to guerrilla warfare and the strategy of protracted resistance in the mountains, jungles and rice paddies of the country. They felt certain of ultimate success because of the justice of their national cause and the support that would come from the vast majority of the people in making manpower, food, logistical support, and intelligence available.

With the war going badly against them, the French dug up their former puppet emperor of Annam, Bao Dai, and installed him in April 1949 as the head of the so-called State of Vietnam. Through this maneuver the French hoped to disguise their imperialist objectives and to arouse

(continued on page 5)



Lawrence H. Battistini, professor of social science at MSU was educated at Brown University and Trinity College. He received his Ph.D. at Yale. Specializing in U.S.-Asian affairs, he is the author of six books in this area. His experience includes four years as professor of history at Sophia University in Tokyo; extensive travel in Europe and Asia; and service as an intelligence officer during World War II.

In the past two issues Collage has presented articles by professor Battistini dealing with the history and psychology of the Vietnamese people. Beginning his study as far back as 400 B.C., he has traced the historical roots that have flowered in the current war. Two more articles will follow this third one. They will deal with U.S. escalation of the war and, finally, professor Battistini's evaluation of our presence in Vietnam.

... of Vietnam nationalism

(continued from page 4)

some measure of native support. It was this same Bao Dai, incidentally, who had formally transferred all his sovereign powers to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam back in August 1945.

By this time the Communists in China were delivering the final crushing blows to Chiang Kai-shek and the bankrupt Kuomintang regime, and it was manifest that all China would be theirs within a few more months. Accordingly the struggle in Indochina now began to take on a new dimension for Washington with regard to the "containment" of Communism and Soviet power, which had now become a cardinal objective and obsession of American foreign policy. Because Ho Chi Minh and other foremost Vietminh leaders were Communist, the anti-French forces in Indochina came to be regarded as a part of the "monolithic" world Communist movement directed by the Kremlin. Bao Dai, although disreputable and discredited, now began to receive attention and support in Washington. Thus, as had been done in China, the United States committed itself to one of the parties (French imperialism) in what was clearly a Vietnamese struggle against foreign domination, and partly also a civil war between pro-French (conservative and reactionary) and anti-French (reformist and revolutionary) elements.

By the terms of an agreement between Bao Dai and the French, Vietnam was to become an associated member of the French Union. Similar steps were taken in Cambodia and Laos. Actually these were all puppet, or quisling, regimes. The French continued to fare badly in the war, however, for Bao Dai was unable to arouse any significant native support. By the end of 1949 the greater part of Vietnam was effectively under the control and administration of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. This republic was formally recognized by the newly established People's Republic of China on Jan. 11, 1950, by the Soviet Union twelve days later, and then by other Communist states. Secretary Acheson reacted violently to these recognitions and falsely contended that they revealed Ho Chi Minh "in his true colors as the mortal enemy of independence in Indochina" and the instrument of Russian-Communist tyranny.

It was no doubt in response to these recognitions that the United States announced it was extending recognition to the French-established facade governments of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. After the outbreak of the Korean War in late June 1950, President Truman pledged that the American aid, which the French had been receiving for some time, would be substantially increased and that a military mission would be sent to "provide close working relations." As far as he was concerned, the war in Indochina and the war in Korea were part of the same cloth.

As American war equipment began arriving in Indochina in increasing quantities to help the French in implementation of the U.S. policy of containment of the Soviet Union and "international Communism", Ho for the first time began to attack the United States bitterly. He accused the United States of having assisted France from the beginning of the conflict and of having moved closer to direct intervention. In areas under Vietminh control, newspapers and periodicals now began attacking the United States with the same vehemence as they attacked France.

As the war dragged on and French expenditures and casualties mounted without any victory in sight, notwithstanding the obstinacy and unshakable confidence of the military, a great debate took place in France. Intellectuals, moralists, journalists, politicians and many others argued for withdrawal from Vietnam and recognition that the days of colonialism, even when veiled, were over. Other groups, especially those associated with the powerful military-colonial establishment denounced the protesters as unpatriotic and

attacked them with all the thread-bare clichés of "anti-Communism".

By 1953, thanks chiefly to the very considerable assistance that came from the United States in the form of war equipment, the French appeared on the surface to have checked the Vietminh and to have turned the tide of war. Actually, however, it

was the Vietminh that was winning the war, militarily as well as politically. A steadily increasing majority of the Vietnamese regarded the Vietminh as the real patriots who were fighting to end the long period of colonial enslavement. The popularity of Ho Chi Minh soared to new heights. Indeed it would not be trite to say that he was venerated by most Vietnamese as the long-awaited George Washington of their country. Wherever the Vietminh were in control, and this came to amount to almost all of the rural areas, they introduced bold and sweeping agrarian reforms. To most peasants, some 80 per cent of the population, the regime that made these reforms was worth supporting.

With the inauguration of the Eisenhower administration in January 1953, the United States took an increasingly serious view of the progress of the war in Indochina and moved promptly to augment American aid substantially. Secretary Dulles and the Defense Department even exerted strong pressure for direct American military involvement, which was resisted by President Eisenhower.

Soon after the conclusion of the Korean cease-fire agreement, signed on July 27, 1953, Communist China began responding to the U.S. massive assistance to the French by considerably increasing its own assistance in materiel. At no time, however, did Chinese assistance to the Vietminh amount to more than a small fraction of what the United States made available to the French. In September, 1953, the United States announced that it would make available an additional \$385 million over and above the substantial funds already earmarked for the war in Indochina. By 1954 the United States was actually footing the bill for 80 per cent of the total French military expenditures in all of Indochina. By the time the war came to an end, according to the U.S. Information Service in Paris, the United States had made available to France a total of \$14,169,280,000 of aid for use in Indochina (all of which was probably not expended because of the abrupt termination of the war.)

In the spring of 1954 the war took a disastrous turn for the French when the Vietminh shifted from a "passive stance" to the offensive and began to engage the French in pitched battles on a big scale. On May 7, at Dien Bien Phu, the Vietminh won their greatest victory of the war when they forced the surrender of a besieged French force of 10,000 men. It was probably the greatest defeat suffered by France in her many colonial wars. It subsequently led to the fall of the French government and the rise to power of Pierre Mendes-France, who pledged to terminate the war by negotiation. Despite the disapproval of Secretary Dulles, who was adamantly against negotiation and all for a military victory, even to the extent of offering France the use of a couple of nuclear bombs to be dropped in North Vietnam and near the Chinese border, preparations went forward for the convening of the now celebrated Geneva conference on Indochina.

The Geneva conference on Indochina was co-sponsored by Britain and the Soviet Union. It was attended by representatives of seven nations in addition to the two sponsoring nations: namely, the United States, China, France, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, the French-sponsored government of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. The conference convened late in April and formal discussions on Indochina got underway on May 8. Initially the two belligerents were far apart, partly because of the severe indirect pressure exerted by Dulles for a hard line on the part of France.

At the time the conference got down to serious bargaining, the war map greatly favored the DRV. In addition to controlling most of the territory north of the 17th parallel, the DRV controlled about 40 per cent of the territory south of that parallel. The DRV was strongly opposed to any division of Vietnam, which it considered to be a single nation culturally and historically. The French, however

(continued on page 12)





Hippies hit the comic strips

By BOB ZESCHIN

Cartoons and comic strips traditionally act as mirrors of the times and surroundings in which they appear. But lately, they seem to have lost their perspective—at least as far as subject matter is concerned.

The subject matter is hippies. Apparently operating on the principle that Smalltown, Midville, and Gasoline Alley all have flourishing Haight-Ashburys of their own, nearly a dozen strips in the last six months have introduced hippies into their story lines—the result being a profusion of “hips in the strips.”

Al Capp of “Lil Abner” was one of the first. After aping protestors with his “Students Wildly Indignant about Nearly Everything (S.W.I.N.E.),” he eventually turned to parodying hippies, paving the way for all the strips to follow — “Steve Canyon,” “Kerry Drake,” “Winnie Winkle,” “Gil Thorp” and many more.

Even “Little Orphan Annie,” usually as averse to changes of time and history as the Rock of Gibraltar, recently featured a flag-burning by what looked like walking tumbleweeds, who made the mistake of holding it in the local immigrants’ part of town. A gang of fiercely accented patriots straight out of Jacob Riis literally settles their hash (no pun intended). One strange thing: with their earrings, babushkas, and neckerchiefs, most of the cartoonist Harold Grey’s avengers were dressed every bit as strange as the hippies were.

The moral of the story is: It doesn’t matter how weirdly you’re dressed, as long as your political motivation is pure.

Hippies usually enter the strips in one of two ways. First, strip regulars don beads and buttons to pose as flower children for various reasons. For example, Poteet Canyon, little sister of Steve, recently posed as one to do a newspaper expose on the hippies at Maumee University, who were protesting their college’s winning football season by staging a sit-in on the 50-yard line at half time of one of the big games. Milton Caniff’s hippies were apparently non-non-violent. They tried to crush Poteet to death in the phone booth from which she tried to phone in the story.

Or, take “Kerry Drake,” where detective Lefty Drake covered his burly frame in levis, vest, and Iron Cross to track down a dope pusher nicknamed “Sloppy Poppy,” who turns out to be a dazzling blonde who discovers his plot and forces him to uncover the story after giving him an injection of LSD.

LSD mainlined straight into the veins is ap-

parently infinitely more popular with anti-LSD writers than it is with the hippies they write about. “Listen,” a journal of better living through abstinence from everything in sight, recently ran “The Creeping Madness,” a “true story of horror” about a shudderingly righteous young all-American who goes irrevocably insane after getting a shot of LSD from a gang of Hell’s Angels that he had just told. “It’s thanks to people like you that this whole generation will be blighted, and perhaps the next one made crazy! But I have news for you: You can’t throw a monkey wrench into the human nervous system without paying in bitter coin!”

Drugs are, of course, the sphere of hippie life which with the cartoonists are most preoccupied. To the artists, drugs are to hippies as water is to fish. Strip hippies spend most of their waking hours taking trips on doses of LSD powerful enough to stone a herd of elephants.

The second method, the far more common one, is for hippies to materialize out of the dirt and wreak havoc among regular strip characters. For example, Gil Thorp, the football coach hero of a strip so corny it’s usually relegated to the sports or want ads, nearly swallowed his whistle when his star player (and the mayor’s son, to boot) hung up his shoulder pads and joined a gang of hippies led by a super-reprehensible named Rud.

Dress designer Winnie Winkle had a similar traumatic experience when, hard on the heels of discovering that her son hung out with a gang of dope-pushers (only to find out that Billy was working hand in hand with the police to expose them), she learns that her daughter is dating a hard-core hippy.

The best example, however, is in a strip-



sermon out of the Chicago Tribune Syndicate called “Teen-Wise,” whose current saga is that of young Eddie (“My parents don’t understand me”), who chucks it all in favor of joining a hippie enclave led by “Dove” and his perpetually glassy-eyed girlfriend “Petal.” At the last installment, after begging for money, Petal announces to Eddie: “We’re in luck! We’ve got enough to buy some acid!” After an ominous pause, Eddie returns with a line that will live with “Aauugh!” and “Gloriosky!” as a comic classic: “You mean... LSD?”

Eddie is really fast on the draw.

It’s easy to explain why this sudden explosion of hippies and why cartoonists have suddenly seized on them. First is that they’re in the news. Second is because they have so many caricaturable qualities—their clothes, their attitudes, their habits, all of which are anathema to the middle-class stereotype that most strips are dedicated to. Kids are always wholesome and cuddly, then they grow up and go off to college where they hang pennants in their rooms. But they always return to their hometowns, where they marry childhood sweethearts and settle down in a little white house in the suburbs.

Hippies have rejected all this. And since comics deal wholly in stereotypes, they deal with the stereotype of the hippie—unwashed, unkept and drenched in drugs.

Where will it end? The hippie movement is dying (everywhere except in comic strips) and as soon as the fad runs its course, cartoonists will have to find someone else to caricature.

One last note: Surprisingly, the strip that introduced the first hippie (in appearance if not in name) more than ten years ago hasn’t mentioned them since—referring of course to “Peanuts” and the patron saint of all flower children —“Pig Pen.”



COMMENTARY

Bipartisanship--Vietnam

By WILLIAM B. HIXSON, JR.

As he looks toward the November election, the discerning voter is confronted by the issue of the war in Vietnam. He may accept the cherry predictions radiating from Washington--and accepted by much of the "opposition," such as Senator Dirksen, Governor Reagan, and Mr. Goldwater--that we are actually "winning" the war. But he may remember that many of those currently radiating optimism, whether politicians, soldiers, or journalists, were equally optimistic in 1961, and in 1963, and in 1965. He may therefore seek another alternative and attempt to extricate his country from an apparently endless war, destructive of American men and resources and, most important, destructive of the very Vietnamese society we are trying to "save."

But if the discerning voter seeks an alternative to the present course in Vietnam, it is highly improbable that he will find it in the candidates or policies competing on the November ballot. Instead he will be confronted by two men differing only in the zeal with which they would prosecute what seems to him to be an untenable position.

Is the lack of alternatives simply the result of the personalities of the major candidates--of Johnson's supposed stubbornness or Nixon's supposed deviousness--or of some imperfection in the political process? Is the lack of alternatives not, instead, the result of bipartisan support for the war?

Now there are those who would point to this bipartisan support as evidence of a new political maturity on the part of the American people and their elected leaders. The agreement of both parties is necessary, they would maintain, so that the American response to a complex and changing world has some degree of coherence. But where, one asks, is the coherence in our present policy toward Europe? Where is the consistency in our policy in the Middle East? (Indeed, in both areas, the relevant question would be, does the United States have a foreign policy?) No, the bipartisan support of the Vietnam War indicates not the mature response to the world around us but a fixation on military measures to meet what is regarded as a "Communist threat." And this fixation arises from the conjunction of two developments in what might be called the politics of American foreign policy.

In the three decades preceding our entry into the First World War, there arose in the United States a group of men who, perceiving the world as a kind of international chess game among the major powers, were eager to have America participate. Recruiting from the Eastern centers of education, finance and law, this group achieved power during the Spanish-American War, and under men like Roosevelt, Lodge, Hay, and Root dominated American foreign policy in the first decade of the twentieth century. The accession of the Democrats in 1913 appeared at first to make a break with this tradition, but with Lansing and House in the Wilson Administration the tradition of what might be called "interventionism"--the use of diplomacy and force throughout the world to counter what we perceived as "moves" by the other major powers--became bipartisan.

At the same time another alignment, based largely in the insular communities of the Midwest and West and centered in Congress, appeared in opposition to "interventionism." These men have been known ever since their arrival on the scene as "isolationists," and their hesitation to have the United States enter the race for world sweepstakes sprang from a variety of motives. Some were genuine pacifists, others distrusted alliances and favored unilateral intervention, and still others spoke for German constituents unhappy about the American role in the First World War.

Despite their complexity of motives, these men exerted a major role in the American foreign policy between 1918 and 1941. A later generation, which saw the ineffectiveness of international resistance to Nazi aggression, bitterly laughed at these men's passion for disarmament. But it was the steady pressure of these "isolationists" for the removal of American occupation forces from Latin America that permitted the "Good Neighbor Policy" to succeed.

In 1940 the entry of Theodore Roosevelt's old associates, Stimson and Knox, into the Cabinet marked the ascendancy of the "interventionists." They were among the most persistent voices heard, warning of the menace of Hitler; hence, their constant references, 30 years later, to Munich. However debatable the analogy may be to the situation in Vietnam, it establishes their credentials to speak about "appeasing dictators."

Though the attack upon Pearl Harbor silenced the "isolationist" opposition, after the Second World War there still appeared to be a chance for debate over the course of American foreign policy, with the major "isolationist" spokesman being Senator Taft of Ohio. But in 1947 that possibility was permanently foreclosed when, in order to meet what policy-makers perceived to be a threat of Soviet subversion in the Balkans, President Truman raised before Congress the specter of "world Communism." The Congressmen to whom the President addressed himself were largely the representatives of small-town elites who were reconciled neither to the arrival of modern culture in the 'twenties nor to the appearance of immigrants and labor unions as major forces in American politics. Already seeing the threats to the status quo as "Communist," the men who surrounded Taft enthusiastically responded to the implications of Truman's message.

The bipartisan support for the Cold War thus represents an alliance between the "interventionists" in the Executive since 1940, and insecure conservatives in Congress. This bipartisan commitment to the Cold War has, as the following examples will show, never seriously been challenged.

When, in the late 1940s, Secretary of State Acheson decided that Chiang Kai-shek was doomed and American support should be withdrawn, angry Republicans asked why, if "world Communism" was truly the menace Truman and Acheson had said it was, it should not be "confronted" in Asia as well as Europe. In the ensuing bitterness even Taft found himself supporting General MacArthur's campaign for an attack upon China, and Senator McCarthy's charges that the loss of China was due to "20 years of trea-

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son." Thus the Republicans, far from wanting to destroy the commitment to the Cold War, wanted to intensify it.

Between 1953 and 1961 the Republicans controlled the Executive, but through a shrewd combination of militant rhetoric ("roll-back," "massive retaliation") and cautious action were able to subdue debate on foreign policy. Then the second "great debate" occurred in the late 1950s. Many Eastern "interventionists" were convinced that the Eisenhower Administration had overemphasized the Strategic Air Force and ignored Africa, Asia and Latin America and both Senator John Kennedy, a Democrat, and Governor Rockefeller, a Republican, became the spokesmen for this view. But the issue again was not whether the basic commitment to meet what was perceived as "world Communism" was an accurate perception, or whether, if it was, military measures were the most effective way of meeting it: the issue was what military techniques should be used in meeting the "threat," and in which areas the challenge should be made.

Whatever partisan splits over foreign policy appeared to exist in the closing months of Kennedy's Presidency, they were reduced after the launching of the air strikes on North Vietnam in the early spring of 1965. The "interventionists" in the Executive, having dropped their initial rhetoric about "self-determination," are now returning to the rhetoric of their predecessors a half-century ago and talking about the need to preserve "the balance of power" in Asia. The spokesmen for the insular communities in Congress, always resonant to appeals to the flag, and again confronting new cultural and social upheavals (adolescent defiance, Negro militancy), provide a relatively solid basis of legislative support for Administration policy.

Thus the opposition to the policy in Vietnam, while including distinguished spokesmen of both parties, is in control of neither. And a growing number of young people, increasingly disillusioned with the political system, either talk vaguely of overthrowing it, or "drop out" completely.

But an interesting question is whether the young radicals who talk of "resistance" are more out of touch with reality than some of their elders who wistfully hope that Johnson is too good--or Nixon too shrewd--to allow the war to continue. There may be no hope for the discerning voter--or for anyone else--who hopes for alternatives to the present course to be reflected in the November election. If not, we should--before committing ourselves to political action--try to see exactly why we are in the war, and how we got there, and in the ensuing analysis we should spare neither the politicians nor the voters whom they represent. As Lincoln observed over a century ago, "We must disenthral ourselves--and then we shall save our country."

Cover Notes

Next to "1984," "Animal Farm" is the best known of George Orwell's works. This contemporary satire of communism in theory and practice has enjoyed an immense readership since it first appeared in 1948.

Currently, the Performing Arts Company (PAC) is presenting a staged adaptation of the Orwell work in the various dormitory theaters across campus. The PAC version is based upon Nelson Bond's reader's adaptation but has been modified to allow for dramatization.

The allegory is set in modern England and tells of a glorious revolution by the animals of the "Manor Farm" against the tyrant,

Farmer Jones. The development of their self-government is at first amusing, but eventually takes on a horrific aspect which constitutes a scathing indictment of man's ability to govern himself and of a system in application.

The seven member cast is composed entirely of undergraduates who assume multiple roles in the production. It includes Don West, Steven Shelton, David Stevens, Linda Hughes, Clifford Gabriel, Ed Steele and Denise Judevine.

Direction is by Mariam Duckwald.

Tonight's performance is in the Brody Aud. It will run Friday and Saturday nights in the McDonel Kiva. Curtain time is 7:15.

Calendar of Events: Feb. 15-29



RED STATES OPERA

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THURSDAY, FEB. 15
 Early Enrollment Begins
 The Voices Inc. (8:00, Aud.)
 "Longest Day" (7 & 9, Brody)
 "Animal Farm" (PAC, Brody Arena)
 "Ivory Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bran Theatre; call 332-2221 for ticket information)
 Senior Recital, Paula Wright, Clarinet (3:10, Music Aud.)

FRIDAY, FEB. 16
 Union Board Week (through Feb. 24)
 Gonzalo Terras, Guitarist (8:15, Erickson Kiva)
 Record Concert (7:00, 114 Bessey)

Jean Renoir's "The Rules Of the Game" (7 & 9, 190 Anthony)
 "Longest Day" (7 & 9, Wilson)
 Union Board Talent Show
 "Animal Farm" (PAC, McDanel Kiva)
 Bergman's "The Magician" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)
 "Ivory Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bran Theatre)
 "From Chaos Into Order" (8:00, Abrams)

Greta Garbo in "Grand Hotel" & "Ninotchka" (7 & 9 respectively, 109 Anthony)
 "Longest Day" (7 & 9, Conrad)
 Geza de Rosner on "Peru" (8:00, Aud.)

"Animal Farm" (PAC, McDanel Kiva)
 International Dinner
 Forester Shindig
 Grand Ole Opry (8:00, Lansing Civic Center)
 "Ivory Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bran Theatre)
 Track, MSU vs. Ohio State
 Wrestling, MSU vs. Michigan
 "From Chaos Into Order" (2:30 & 8, Abrams)

Richards Woodwind Quintet (4:00, Music Aud.)
 "From Chaos Into Order" (2:30 & 4, Abrams)
 MONDAY, FEB. 19
 Marcel Marceau, Pantomime (8:15, Aud.)

Basketball, MSU vs. Indiana
 THURSDAY, FEB. 22
 Washington's Birthday
 "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, Brody)
 "The Abduction from Seraglio" (PAC/Music Dept., 8:15, Music Aud.)

"The Fantasticks" presented by Fee Hall (McDanel Kiva)
 Antonioni's "Red Desert" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)
 Fellini's "La Strada" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, Wilson)

Record Concert (7:00, 114 Bessey)
 "The Abduction from Seraglio" (8:15, Music Aud.)
 "From Chaos Into Order" (8:00, Abrams)
 Hockey, MSU vs. Minnesota
 "Ivory Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bran Theatre)

"Breakfast at Tiffany's" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, Conrad)
 James Metcalf on "The Bahamas" (8:00, Aud.)
 Miss MSU Pageant
 "The Fantasticks" (McDanel Kiva)
 "The Abduction from Seraglio" (8:15, Music Aud.)

"Ivory Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bran Theatre)
 Gymnastics, MSU vs. Iowa
 Basketball, MSU vs. Wisconsin
 Fencing, MSU vs. Detroit & Illinois (Chicago)
 Hockey, MSU vs. Minnesota
 SUNDAY, FEB. 25
 The Marx Brothers in "Cocanuts" and The Cinema of Love (7 & 9, respectively, Union Ballroom)
 Activity Band Concert (4:00, Aud.)
 Last Day, Art Exhibition of "British Brass Rubbing" & "Winston Prints" (2-5:00, Kresge)

"The Would-Be Gentleman" (PAC, Fairchild)
 Hockey, MSU vs. Colorado College
 Home Show (through March 3, Lansing Civic Center)
 Ash Wednesday

Senior Recital, Janet Crawford, Soprano & John McIntyre, Bass (2:00, Music Aud.)
 MONDAY, FEB. 26
 Senior Recital, Sandra Smith, Soprano (8:15, Music Aud.)
 TUESDAY, FEB. 27
 "The Would-Be Gentleman" (PAC, Fairchild)
 Hockey, MSU vs. Colorado College
 Home Show (through March 3, Lansing Civic Center)
 Ash Wednesday

"The Would-Be Gentleman" (PAC, Fairchild)
 Hockey, MSU vs. Colorado College
 "Music of American Composers," Arts & Letters Series (3:00, Music Aud.)
 Loewenguth Quartet (8:15, Music Aud.)
 John Steinbeck's 66th Birthday

Senior Recital, Janet Crawford, Soprano & John McIntyre, Bass (2:00, Music Aud.)
 WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28
 "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 "The Would-Be Gentleman" (PAC, Fairchild)
 Hockey, MSU vs. Colorado College
 Home Show (through March 3, Lansing Civic Center)
 Ash Wednesday

THURSDAY, FEB. 29
 Leap Year's Day
 "In Harm's Way" (7 & 9, Brody)
 "The Would-Be Gentleman" (PAC, Fairchild)
 Fencing, MSU vs. Wayne

MUSIC

Stones evolve a new idiom

By JEFF WEIDNER

Some years ago F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote that men have dreams which they fasten on to things in an effort to concretize those dreams. When rhythm and bluesman Muddy Waters came out with his "Rolling Stone Blues" in the early 1950's, three young men in Richmond, England, fastened their dream of a vital rock-blues idiom to the title of Waters' song, and soon after, The Rolling Stones were born.

Two months ago, the Stones released an L.P. entitled "Their Satanic Majesties Request" which has since engendered much discussion. Many think that the Stones have removed themselves too far and too abruptly from their blues roots, and that their more recent material is neither genuine nor desirable. Others feel that they are only an inferior copy of the Beatles, and that "Their Satanic Majesties Request" reflects this imitation. Perhaps most significantly, the album reflects the unease felt by the Stones in trying to find an idiom which is both relevant for today and which is not foreign to them.

Certainly the Stones began as bluesmen. This in itself is significant, since they have revitalized interest in the old Chicago bluesmen whose music had been passed over in this country. The early Stones' music covered Chuck Berry, Luther and Willie Dixon, Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters. Through rock dynamism, the Stones put this music on the charts, and in so doing began to blues-educate a public which had been subsisting largely on a diet of surfing music. Even at this time though, lead singer Mick Jagger admitted that the Stones were only Englishmen playing black music. After their early successes with "Not Fade Away," "Heart of Stone" and "Time Is On My Side," the Stones produced the more commercial and rockish "The Last Time" and "Satisfaction," and the L.P. "Out Of Our Heads."

While the Stones may be far removed from their blues origin, the change has



certainly not been abrupt. Each of their L.P.'s preceding "Request" has been blues-influenced, though decreasingly so. "Out of Our Heads" and "December's Children" began to reveal the change with such lyrical cuts as "Play With Fire" and "As Tears Go By," the latter complete with string accompaniment. The evolution was marked by increasing complexity and instrumentation in their music. For example, "Aftermath," although thoroughly blues-influenced, contained such songs as "Paint In Black" and the beautiful "Lady Jane" and utilized such instruments as sitar, dulcimer, harpsichord, bells and marimbas. "Between The Buttons" and

"Flowers" followed "Aftermath." The former was a logical extension of "Aftermath," while "Flowers" was marred by the inclusion of several songs which had already been recorded. This was necessitated by the dope-arrest of Jagger and Keith Richard, who were unable to complete recording for the album.

"Their Satanic Majesties Request" is not concerned with the materials of the blues in the sense that the old twelve-bar blues were. Hard blues concerns itself with human experience and is decidedly realistic. "Request" is deeply mystical and idealistic from its three-dimensional cover to the last chord. However, the Stones do not seem to have closed their eyes of the narrow band of human experience; the album does comment on the everyday. This is perhaps ironic; the songs present picture upon picture until in "On With The Show," the listener is dropped from vast space into a crowded cabaret to reflect on a paradox. The Stones seem to be inviting a comparison of the cabaret to the pictures, while the pub is itself a place of escape from the workaday world.

The album opens with an anthem, "Sing This All Together," in which Jagger asks the listener to close his eyes and let the pictures come. The lyrics are poetic and the instrumentation is strongly oriental, reflecting Jagger's association with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Oriental instrumentation notwithstanding, it is mysticism and a deep concern with the beautiful and the ephemeral which most colors the album. Perhaps the most characteristic cut is "The Lantern," which asks for a sign, a lantern that can be followed. Acoustic guitar and piano provide sadly melodic chords, and the voices of the singers come from far away at the beginning of the verses, slowly growing in volume to the end of the song. If poetry can be concerned with mental pictures of an idea,

(continued on page 10)

Shaw had career as music critic

By JIM ROOS

While perusing the hallowed shelves of the MSU library recently I stumbled across a volume entitled London Music: 1888-99. Curiosity being the strange force it is, I decided to examine the book and discovered that it is part of an edition of musical criticism penned by that venerable cad, George Bernard Shaw.

Although Shaw's talents as a playwright, novelist, political philosopher and general social critic has long been acknowledged, his career as a music critic has had considerably less claim on public attention.

Music was an important factor in Shaw's life. It pervades some of his early novels and is the result of a family influence that included an uncle who played the ophicleide—some sort of "keyed brass bugle"—an aunt that favored the harp, and a mother who nurtured hopes of a career as a singer.

Shaw himself developed an acceptable baritone, but he realized that his future course was more inclined toward an imperious mastery of the English language.

Music criticism provided Shaw's first experience as a journalist. He started by writing for a small publication like the "Hornet" in 1876 and from 1887 to 1894 as critic for the "World" and "Star" delighted in playing the "enfant terrible" of London musical journalism.

Shaw's approach to musical criticism,

while sometimes irresponsible, was always entertaining. Infuriated by the solemn experts who wrote for other papers, he set out to play the jester by adopting the pseudonym Corno di Bassetto. He says he chose it because it sounded like the title of a count, although the name actually is Italian for "the basset horn."

In fact, Shaw states that he purposely vulgarized musical criticism "which was then refined and academic to the point of being unreadable and often nonsensical." In order to liven things up Shaw injected his strong and capricious personality into the foreground.

In one of his articles he describes his case of influenza in detail, in another a toothache: "After a moment's hesitation I went to my dentist. There is nothing that soothes me more after a long and maddening course of pianoforte recitals than to sit and have my teeth drilled by a finely skilled hand."

When he got an uncomfortable seat in a concert hall, or had to pay a shilling for a program he raged: "The editor informs me that with the law of libel in its present unsatisfactory condition, I must not call this a fraud, a cheat, a swindle, an imposition, an exorbitance, or even an overcharge!"

There was more to Shaw the critic, however, than a capacity for perpetrating outrage. True, he once did remark: "I could make deaf stockbrokers read my two pages on music." And indeed he

could. Yet, Shaw could also give a penetrating musical analysis prompting musicians to sit up and take notice.

Contrary to the public's initial notion that he knew little about music, and consequent interest in his column as an amusing joke, Shaw's knowledge extended well into music's technicalities.

His writings on Italian grand opera display a profound understanding which fortunately focused upon some of the legendary performances of London's 19th century musical scene. Shaw's musical criticisms are alone worth reading for those rare strokes of "lifemanship" that derive from his being contemporary with some of the titans of musical history.

One review describes a matinee recital of Edward Grieg's music, which featured the composer at the piano and his wife as soprano. Another tells of a performance of Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata by the aging Clara Schumann.

There are still others that afford first hand account of performances directed by Wagner and Brahms and violin and piano recitals by Wienawski and Anton Rubinstein. Certainly, even for music listeners who are repelled by Shaw's arrogance and flippant style, London Music offers a colorful glimpse of performers and performances of the past. For those who enjoy Shaw's way with words, it proves rewarding literature as well. Either way, the book assures its reader a few hours of time well spent.

Staggering potentials exist in computerized films

By JIM YOUSLING

In a conversation a few days ago, I was told that in a few more generations, actors as we know them may be totally unnecessary because of automation. One would think that if any occupation were safe from the computers, it would be acting, but science may soon prove otherwise.

At this very moment, there are computers which, when fed the proper mathematical formulae, can show us a picture of a cone, pyramid, cube or other simple shape on a television screen. Then, the computer can make the cone move, grow, dance, stand on its head or anything else than we can program with mathematics.

In other words, there never was a real cone being photographed; but if we can tell the computer exactly what the cone would look like, it can give us a picture of one, seen from any angle.

Now imagine a much more complex computer of this type, with a much more complex programming mechanism. We could then tell the computer exactly what, say, Marilyn Monroe looked like, down to the last detail, and then tell it exactly how she moved, talked, breathed or coughed. The machine could then give us a picture of "Marilyn Monroe" and make it move, talk, breathe and cough.

To go one step farther, it would be relatively simple to tell the machine all about "Macbeth." And there you have it: A movie version of "Macbeth" starring Miss Monroe as Macbeth, Lady Macbeth or as all three witches.

The possibilities are more than staggering. The world could see Shirley Temple in "I, a Woman," Mae West in "The Sound of Music," Jayne Mansfield in "I Remember Mamma" or Tab Hunter in "Hamlet."

In a more serious vein, Hollywood's great casting errors could be corrected. "Gypsy" could be remade with Ethyl Meriman, "My Fair Lady" with Julie Andrews, "Hello Dolly" with Carol Channing. And, if anybody cares, Bette Davis might get a chance to play Scarlett O'Hara.

We have paused to muse over some interesting "what ifs," but the implications of computer-made films reach far beyond this casting device. Eventually, actors could be done away with altogether. Say, for example, that someone makes a movie of "The Catcher In the Rye." Why should the filmmaker program information about Holden Caulfield and then have the machine put an actor like Steve McQueen into it? It would be easier and more logical to simply give the computer J.D. Salinger's description and then let it manufacture "Holden Caulfield." Thus, the filmmaker (or author) who programs the machine would create the characters, not the actors, who would impose their own personalities and opinions upon the writer's conception.

Some of us would, of course, mourn the death of the star system. It is hard to imagine movies without box-office attractions like Sophia Loren, Cary Grant, Elizabeth Taylor and all the others. But even now the great stars are dying out and relatively few newcomers are taking their places. Our generation is the first, for example, without a reigning sex symbol: Monroe may have been the last. More than ever, people are going to see a film because of its director (Bergman, Fellini, etc.) or because of the qualities that the particular film has ("Virginia Woolf," "Bonnie and Clyde"). Actors like Paul



Newman, who people will pay to see in anything, are becoming increasingly rare.

Thus, computer-made films would be a logical result of this trend. People would come to see a film because a particular programmer had made it, or because someone like Salinger wrote it.

By now, many of you have thought, "Well, that's just the movies. Nothing can replace stage actors." Wrong again. Science is working on that, too. There already exists, in an experimental stage, a film process which can project a three-dimensional image in space, without a screen. Thus, if the people and objects photographed (or created by a computer) were kept in scale to real-life size, the effect could be identical to that of real actors on a real stage. Thus, the theatre industry and the film industry could combine, so that Broadway productions could be presented without changes in quality, night after night, and all over the world. Again, the implications of the process are overwhelming.

When these computer systems and three-dimensional processes are first introduced, the initial results could be terrible. Like Cinerama, talkies, or the 3-D system of the fifties, it will take years for filmmakers to become adept at using the new media as something other than a fad. And, like 3-D, they may die from exploitation before a competent person can do something artistic with them.

There is also the problem of the public's demand for novelty. We are still finding exciting new things to do with the oldest system of all, the black-and-white silent film. Sound has become almost a requirement; yet the invention of Technicolor has never completely taken over, and not just because black-and-white is cheaper. Most of us would cringe at the thought of seeing "La Strada" or "The Seventh Seal" in color . . . for artistic reasons.

What we can expect, then, are new processes that will multiply the possibilities of film making endlessly. We must hope that the old processes are not forgotten. Nevertheless, the films of the future will be unlike anything our generation has ever seen.



Stones evolve a new idiom

(continued from page 9)

then the album is surely poetry. "Request" seems to explain the "new" Stones, for apparently they found the blues too confining an idiom in which to work. Their music has evolved into a more contemporary art form, one which allows a commentary on the spiritual as well as the realistic life.

As has been repeatedly shown by innovative and musical prowess on record, the Stones and the Beatles are the finest rock groups in existence today. The two have had a long history of friendship, with the Stones owing their first big hit, "I Wanna Be Your Man" to Lennon and McCartney. Both have been present in each

other's recordings and serve as occasional session men for one another. Certainly the Stones have always been more detached from the public, less theatrical and less insipidly loveable than the Beatles, who appear to be truckling to propriety far too often. The Stones had gained notoriety as the bad boys of the rock scene: The London Times was asking English parents if they would want their daughter to marry a Stone about the same time that Brian Epstein had the Beatles performing mush like "P.S., I Love You" in suits and ties.

Considering their latest two albums, the distance between the two groups is apparent. There is, however, a parallel between them. As the Beatles said in "Straw-

berry Fields Forever" and as "Their Satanic Majesties Request" implies, both groups believe that there is someplace where "nothing is real" and there "is nothing to get hung about" ("not necessarily stoned, just beautiful," Jimi Hendrix said.) Both are searching for something to hold on to, something to follow, and it is this searching which explains the evolution of the Stones.

"Their Satanic Majesties Request" is not a finality for the Stones. It will be most interesting to see where they intend to go from their never-never land, and what vehicle they will use. Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde, and the Stones are still rolling.

POETRY

"Indeed, the infant showed he preferred pictures of Raggedy Ann to geometrical forms."

--Brown University Experiment

During my paper and pipe
in my chair on the rug
by the table of books and charts

she came and hugged me all sniffing
with her full warm weight
of hair all falling down

and with only a little reluctance
I clutched myself back.

The Winter

The winter came on us quick,
broke the old car's engine block
sent cold drafts around the windows
and the back door,
struck one last fly against a pane.

The furnace shut down,
and warmth was as futile
as a dim bulb in a cold room
No wood for a fire and the coal truck stuck.

I bled the pipes and stuffed some cracks
We had an old barn behind the house,
built in the same year of the same timber.
Last year the barn collapsed.

Epitaph

I was only here looking around
like a grey cat inside a house
all night alone.

My fur bristled
caught drafts drying
static on acrylic carpets.

Green lenses strained
screening light from dark
seeing shapes to chase

Til the house burning down
caught them all in their sleep
not excluding myself.

Poem on Poem

Chameleon-like,
club-footed Mercury
sheds his boot and scatters
like tubs of Quicksilver
tipped down a mountain

So cold and so close to the sun
so crisply laced among mountains:
How can you miss the high ice fields
I swiftly traverse
in my fur-lined Porsche?

Poem on Poem #2

The cat continues to play in the bath tub,
flips around and about for a bread wrapper wire,
continually bruising himself.
The game could as easily be played on the carpet,
but the wire would be lost under furniture;
even the cat likes form.

Randy Schroth, the author of this week's poetry,
is an Okemos junior majoring in English. This is
his first publication in beginning a career of writing
which includes short stories as well as poetry.

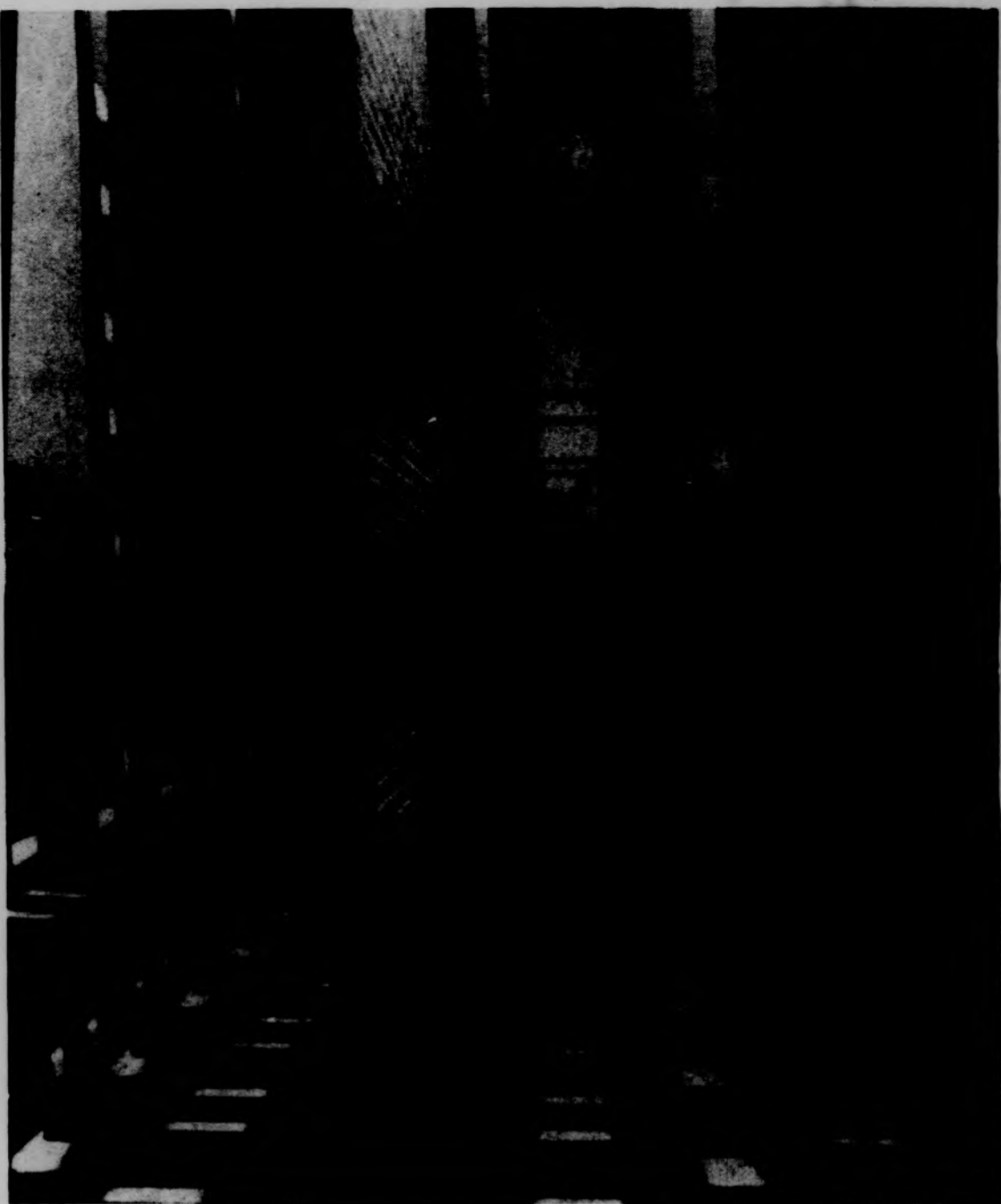


Photo by Cal Crane

An Unfinished Poem on the Wall
of Kedzie Chem Lab Extension

I sing of Golgoth,
whose full immensity is shown in no picture
whose colossal cubic density
perches over a marsh:
where slender green reeds are blown in a thin wind
and no light starling perches
on Golgoth's ponderous brick and concrete columns
standing two massive against each other
in such a manner that if one should crumble
or give way from all the weight of duplicate copies filling
higher in hulking grey cabinets piling higher
the other can have no choice but to crumble,
Great Golgoth the One and Only.

Thus are the needs of heroic janitors in Golgoth's interest
as well as in the interest of all personnel
Thus the need for voluntary displacement of muck
at Golgoth's base, though swollen bodies strengthen not the foundations.
Thus the need for precise equipment
of the seismograph type,
of the digital type and the integral type
and the hidden microphones
and the silently pregnant silos
tensing toward the birth of death.
Thus the need of laden aircraft
pregnant with death.
Thus is great Golgoth maintained.

Yet for all its ears is Golgoth no less deaf
and for all its eyes no less blind
and for sacrifices no more content
and concrete feels no pain in its defects
however the cracks are patched with flesh
and it feels no joy in the air, only slight contentment in bulk
neither tasting the Tao nor smelling perfume
It bottles them up for what women are left
and appraises its bowels while polluting the rivers
and what are a few laced ferns sprayed with chemicals?
"We unloaded some left over bombs on that farm back there."
Condoning some religion in pre-fab temples
we cannot adjust its circuitry.

Military triumph in Vietnam

(continued from page 5)

insisted on a division of the country, and at a line to the north which would compel the DRV to abandon large areas under its effective control. As a result of pressure from Molotov, the Soviet representative, and Chou En-lai, the Chinese representative, the DRV finally agreed to a temporary division of the country when the French accepted a proposal for the reunification of the country through national elections to be held in 1956.

On July 20, 1954, the truce terms were agreed upon for ending the fighting in Indochina. Separate cease-fire agreements were signed for Vietnam, for Laos, and for Cambodia. The principal provisions of the cease-fire agreement for Vietnam were:

1. Vietnam was to be divided into two nearly equal parts by "a provisional military demarcation line" approximating the 17th parallel, with the territory to the north of that parallel under the jurisdiction of the DRV, and the territory to the south under the jurisdiction of the "State of Vietnam," the French-created puppet government of Bao Dai.

2. French forces north of the 17th parallel and Vietminh forces south of the parallel would be regrouped in their respective zones, within a period of 300 days. Under this provision, some 90,000 Vietminh who had fought in the south (most of whom were probably southerners) were compelled to regroup in the north. Others, precisely how many is not known, are alleged to have remained in the south.

3. National elections by secret ballot were to be held simultaneously in both zones by July 20, 1956, under the supervision of an International Supervisory Commission composed of Indian, Canadian and Polish representatives.

4. Compliance with the specific cease-fire arrangements was to be supervised by international control commissions, chaired by the Indian member.

5. No foreign military bases were to be established in either North or South Vietnam, and neither zone was to adhere to any military alliance to be used for "the resumption of hostilities or to further an aggressive policy."

6. The introduction into North or South Vietnam of any reinforcement in arms, munitions and "other war materials" was prohibited.

7. Each party was to refrain from reprisals or discrimination against persons or organizations because of their activities during the hostilities and to guarantee their democratic liberties.

The above terms were substantially endorsed by all of the conference nations on July 21 in the so-called "Final Declaration of the Geneva Conference." The delegation representing the Bao Dai "government" made a protest declaration, but it was given no consideration at the conference. Actually the Bao Dai group was a mere puppet regime, for it had very few attributes of a real government. It certainly had had no control over its foreign relations, nor of the conduct of the war, nor of policies and other vital matters concerning civil administration.

Sulking like an Achilles, Secretary Dulles had boycotted the conference and downgraded the American role to that of an "observer" status, with Walter Bedell Smith in charge. Acting on instructions from Dulles, Smith on the last day of the conference issued a unilateral declaration stating that the United States was not prepared to join in the conference declaration. He pledged, however, that the United States "will refrain from the use of force to disturb" the implementation of the agreements. President Eisenhower made a similar statement. A few days after the ink was dry on the Geneva agreements, Dulles made it clear that he had his own interpretation of their meaning. The important thing, he said, was to prevent "the extension of Communism throughout Southeast Asia and the Southwest Pacific." Whether or not the people might themselves prefer a Communist regime to other alternatives was immaterial. As far as he was concerned, this would not be permitted to happen in South Vietnam, not-

withstanding the clearly stated call of the Geneva agreement for national reunification elections, which would without question have resulted in a victory for Ho Chi Minh in the south as well as in the north. Even President Eisenhower conceded that he had not talked with any knowledgeable person who did not believe Ho Chi Minh could win at least 80 per cent of the vote.

The Geneva agreements, had they been faithfully implemented, would probably have stabilized the situation in Southeast Asia. Had the elections been held, Ho Chi Minh would no doubt have been voted overwhelmingly into national power and all of Vietnam would have fallen under a Communist-dominated regime, but it would have been a regime fiercely nationalist and jealous of its independence from any outside dictation, including any from the Soviet Union or China. Moreover, the evidence is clear that both the Soviet Union and China would have been more than satisfied with a neutralist Southeast Asia. And certainly there is no evidence whatsoever that Communist China at any time has had any desire to take over any parts of Southeast Asia, notwithstanding all the empty myths created about an "aggressive, expansionist China." However, the successful implementation of the Geneva agreements in South Vietnam depended largely on France, the guarantor in that area, which was permitted a reasonable period of time for the withdrawal of her military forces. Once these forces were withdrawn, France no longer had the means to enforce compliance with the terms of the agreements in South Vietnam.

Ho Chi Minh had apparently felt confident that France would honor the agreements she had signed. What he may not have fully realized was that Dulles had regarded the agreements not as the "solution" of the Indochina problem, but as only the documents of a single "battle" lost. Subsequent events were to disclose the gradual, premeditated injection of American influence and power into South Vietnam and the displacement of France by the United States as the controlling force there. With the withdrawal of the last French forces from South Vietnam in 1955, then, Ho's only effective guarantee for compliance with the agreements in South Vietnam was gone.

A collective defense treaty for Southeast Asia had actually been envisioned by the United States since the outbreak of the Korean War in June 1950. It was given high priority by President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles after the convening of the Geneva conference. For Dulles, the Geneva agreements, distasteful as they were to him, did not mean the withdrawal of Western power and influence from the area, but rather the opportunity of "cutting losses," preventing the fall of South Vietnam to "Communism," and transforming it into a "bastion of the free world."

The Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO) was primarily the brainchild of Dulles, who at the time was obsessed with encircling the Soviet Union and China with American-supported military alliances. The SEATO pact, a collective mutual-defense arrangement, was signed on Sept. 8, 1954, by eight nations: the United States, Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, Thailand, the Philippines and Pakistan. Its aim was to prevent "external aggression" and "internal subversion." It was manifestly, on the one hand, intended to forestall an imagined expansionism of Communist China, and on the other hand, to prevent internal takeovers by local Communist parties, whether by elections or by the use of force. The United States made it specifically clear that its commitment to resist aggression applied "only to Communist aggression." Since Cambodia, Laos and the State of Vietnam (South Vietnam) were forbidden by the Geneva accords to become members of military alliances, they were not invited to sign the pact. Instead a Protocol attached to the SEATO treaty arbitrarily specified that the areas protected by the treaty included Cambodia, Laos, and the

State of Vietnam. What Dulles really wanted, and what the Protocol did give him, was "legal authority" for the President of the United States to intervene in Indochina. He was rigidly determined, among other things, to prevent the reunification of Vietnam if it meant a Communist-dominated Vietnam. Hence the reunification of Vietnam was sacrificed to the demands of Pentagon strategy almost as soon as the ink was dry on the Geneva agreements. The Democratic Republic of Vietnam protested the conclusion of the pact and called it aggressive in intent and a clear violation of the Geneva accords.

Secretary Dulles triumphantly hailed the pact as a Monroe Doctrine for Southeast Asia, an analogy that seems absurdly far-fetched, to say the least. Prime Minister Nehru of India, who had followed the Geneva conference with deep interest, took a very dim view of SEATO and all military pacts. "It seems extraordinary," he declared, "to lay great stress on all kinds of military alliances and pacts in Southeast Asia, in Western Europe and elsewhere in the name of security and peace." He lamented that the hopeful situation created by the Geneva conference was shattered by SEATO. "The whole conception of the Geneva Conference was coexistence," he protested. SEATO was manifestly not coexistence, but the injection of the "hot" cold war into Southeast Asia.

RCR, reading

(continued from page 2)

held skill with words has given. He read from one of his books poems that explore the full range of "literary" language, in addition to the rhythms of common speech. The applause was overwhelming.

William Pitt Root followed. This young poet, an addition this year to the English department, published an amazing poem called "The Storm" in the June, 1967, issue of the "Atlantic Monthly." You can find it in the stacks on the second floor of the Library under AP.

He read amazing poems Wednesday night. This is a section from one called "The Passage of the Living," to be published in the spring "Sewanee Review":

As a train in the night gains speed,
I wake to darkness, think of light
careering through frail galaxies
of frosted wire and weeds that
glitter and vanish in fields
beyond the town, and farther still
through foothills and the dark passes
blasted from their darker stone
that dangerously lean
against the passage of the living
through the darkness, through the sleep
of children dreaming, men and women
dreaming
as the dark cries to their dreams
and their dreams cry back.

The last one he read, worth watching for in the "New Yorker," is called "Circle of the Struggle." In the night a predatory owl is trying to wrench a silver fox from a trap. The author watches, scared at this involvement of fierce living and fierce dying in one image. His emotion shows how thoroughly death mixes in with our life. How do we confront our own death and the deaths of our family? "What can we tell the new strangers we have made from our love?"

Moved at the end, we applauded passionately. The poet sat down again with his wife and daughter, Jennifer, who munched an ice cream bar happily. Heights had been reached at The Pit.

The evening went on. Roy Bryan read his fine poems. John Campbell, thumping the rhythm section of his foot, played his energetic music from his very center.

The atmosphere of The Pit is comfortable but not luxurious. Yet beauty was exposed there as poets read and musicians sang. The beauty that comes from the hard perception of reality. Between the broken windows that form the cover of the new "Red Cedar Review," a similar transformation takes place. Skillful words makes the clearest reality into beautiful forms.