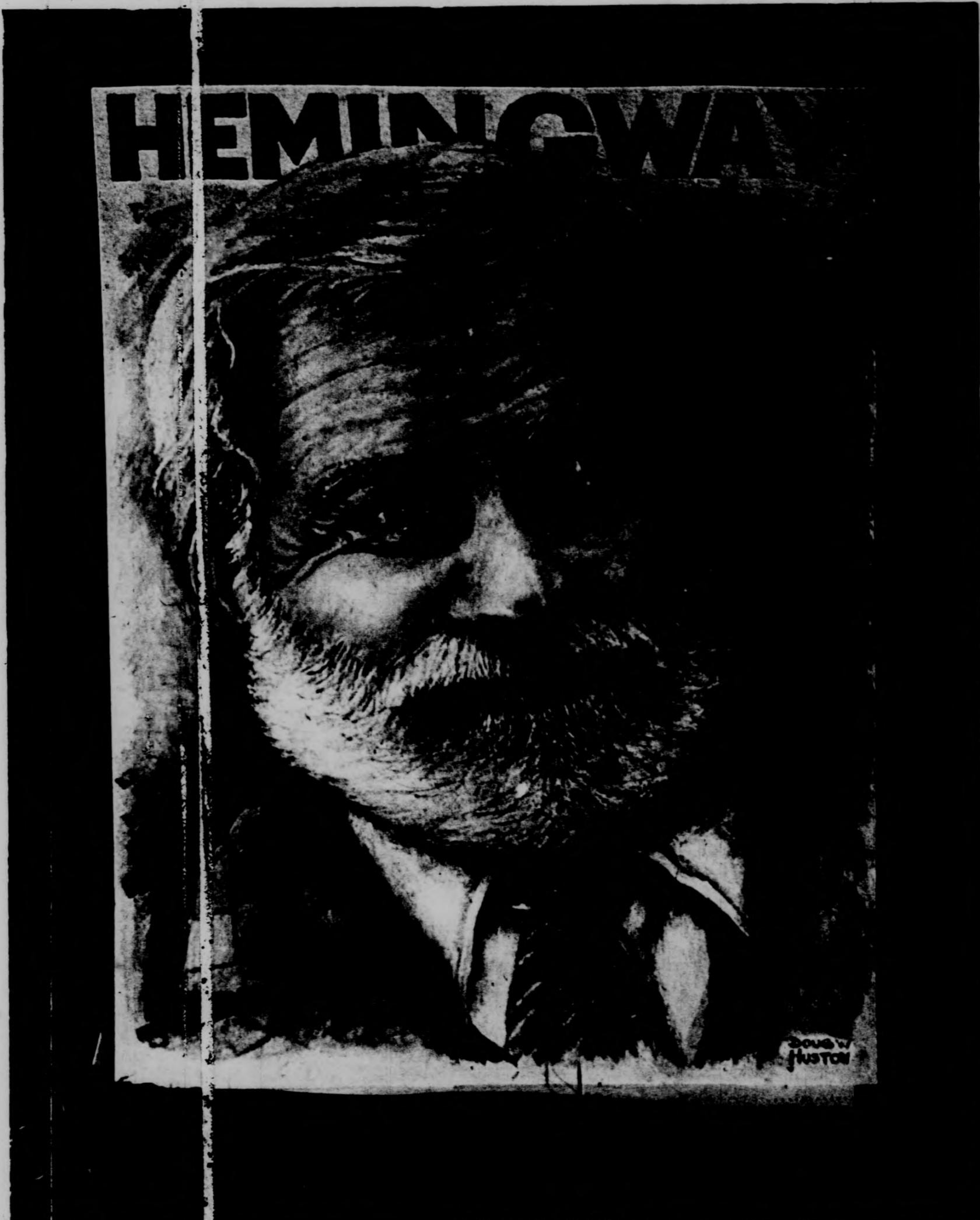


COLLAGE

The State News Bi-weekly Magazine

Thursday, April 18, 1968



Hemingway: craftsman in our time. See page 5.

Cover by Doug Houston

Calendar of Events-April 18-May 1



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THURSDAY, APRIL 18
 The Beatles in "Help!" (7 and 9, 108 Wells)
 Green Splash Show
 Student Recital (3:00, Music Aud.)
 Provost's Lecture Series

.....

FRIDAY, APRIL 19
 D.W. Griffith's "Intolerance" (7:30, 109 Anthony)
 "Help!" (7 and 9, 108 Wells)
 Green Splash Show
 Piano Recital, Mary Rhoads (8:15, Music Aud.)
 Tennis, MSU vs. Iowas
 Home Ec Alumni Symposium

.....

SATURDAY, APRIL 20
 The Marx Brothers in "Duck Soup" and Mae West in "Belle of the Nineties" ("Soup" at 7 and 10, "Belle" at 8:30, 109 Anthony)
 "Help!" (7 and 9, 108 Wells)
 Green Splash Show
 "South Vietnam" with Kenneth Armstrong (8:00, Aud.)
 "Sun, Stars and Seasons" (2:30 and 8, Abrams)
 Home Ec Alumni Day
 Tennis, MSU vs. Minnesota
 Michigan Sailing Championship

.....

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

.....

MONDAY, APRIL 22
 Green Splash Show
 Faculty Chamber Ensemble (4:00, Kresge)
 Cora Enman (4:00, Music Aud.)
 Last Day: Faculty Art Exhibition (2-5:00, Kresge)

.....

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

.....

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24
 Choice '68
 Phi Mu Alpha Jazz Concert (8:15, Music Aud.)
 "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" (PAC, Fairchild)
 Tennis, MSU vs. Notre Dame

.....

THURSDAY, APRIL 25
 "Salt of the Earth" (Union Ballroom)
 "Electra" (7 and 9, 109 Anthony)
 "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" (PAC, Fairchild)
 Student Recital (3:00, Music Aud.)

.....

FRIDAY, APRIL 26
 "Electra" (7 and 9, 109 Anthony)
 "Salt of the Earth" (Conrad)
 "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" (PAC, F)
 (PAC, Fairchild)
 Baseball, MSU vs. Michigan
 "Sun, Stars and Seasons" (8:00, Abrams)
 Percussion Ensemble (8:15, Music Aud.)

.....

SATURDAY, APRIL 27
 "Sun, Stars and Seasons" (2:30 and 8, Abrams)
 "Salt of the Earth" (Wilson)
 "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" (PAC, Fairchild)
 Golf, MSU vs. Purdue and Notre Dame

.....

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

.....

MONDAY, APRIL 29
 Blood Drive
 Stern-Rose-Istomin Trio (8:15, Aud.)
 Joint Recital: Diane Skentzos, piano, and Kathleen Maxwell, flute (8:15, Music Aud.)

.....

TUESDAY, APRIL 30
 "Duet: Infancy-Epiphany" (PAC, Aud. Arena)
 Blood Drive
 All-A Dinner
 Blood Drive
 Flute Recital, Christine Smith (8:15, Music Aud.)

.....

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1
 May Day
 Blood Drive
 "Duet: Infancy-Epiphany" (PAC, Aud. Arena)
 Piano Recital, Leon Gregorian (8:15, Music Aud.)
 May Morning Sing
 Women's Week Begins

.....

MONDAY, APRIL 29
 Lacrosse, MSU vs. Notre Dame
 Graduate Art Exhibition, Part I, through May 7 (Kresge)



Photo by Lee Elbinger

Significant incident in Hué

By LEE ELBINGER
 March 1968
 Calcutta, India

Nothing significant happened to me when I was in Hue two months ago. However, since that city is no longer standing, I suppose everything that happened to me there was significant.

I was living with a Marine supply corps in Da Nang under the pretense of working as a freelance journalist; actually, I was in Vietnam as a concerned and curious citizen—the only one I could trust not to lie about the situation) to see and absorb and feel. I saw and absorbed and felt. While in Da Nang (after confirming my suspicions about the nature of Marines) I made arrangements to fly to Phu Bai and visit Hue. This decision was purely artistic in nature: I merely wanted to see the Dai Noi (ancient Imperial Palace) and I was not, at this point, interested in the war. I wanted to see the Perfume River and the University of Hue and, naturally, the city and its people. So I set off early one cold December morning in the back of a military truck to fly to Phu Bai. Also in the truck were several other correspondents who were flying south to Saigon (Phu Bai, the airport that services Hue, is north of Da Nang, not south as Newsweek reported on page 13 of its Feb. 12 issue. But what fact?) The most interesting correspondent in the group was Everett Martin, Newsweek Saigon bureau chief, who was ousted from Vietnam by the military clique that tried to govern South Vietnam (which was also a lot of nonsense because Martin was being transferred to Hong Kong bureau chief anyway.) Martin is one of the few men in the world who knows Vietnam: he is a tough, confident man who combines appropriate cynicism and hope on this subject. I talked to him for an hour in Da Nang while we waited for our respective planes, and, during that time, I gained the utmost respect for his cool, professional, dispassionate appraisals of men and moves. I was frustrated also, for he truly sees the world as a journalist: it is impossible to get an opinion or an unqualified guess out of him. But I learned several bits of gossip that made me feel important, because I was now in the "informed" inner circle. 2) confused, because I wondered how much else I did not know, and 3) frustrated, because I was not conscious of

my complete ignorance of the background of this conflict, even though I am much better informed than most Americans.

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

I disembarked at Phu Bai and inquired about a ride to the city. I was told that there were no scheduled rides and I would have to hitchhike in the rain. Fair enough. I waded out into the thick, red mud, turned up my collar, and held my thumb out to every army transport that passed. I was soon in the city at the University of Hue. The rain had changed to a cold drizzle and I found the mood of the city and the people to be similarly cold and cloudy. I wandered around aimlessly snapping pictures of the architecture and the city. I looked for the U.S.I.S. library that the students had burned down a while back. (A U.S. official in Saigon told me to be sure to see it. The U.S. government will not let the South Vietnamese government repair it or tear it down: it stands as a "lesson" to those who would burn libraries. I am constantly astounded that grown men can be so childish.) I could not find it. I did find an unfinished university building (unfinished due to lack of funds) and I got carried away taking pictures of the cows and pigs that live in the eerie ruins of this building that was not (and never will be) finished. Then I walked across the bridge over the Perfume River, which I found, much to my disappointment, to be scentless. I just meandered along the canal that flows perpendicular to the river and snapped photographs of the people and the drizzle. Small children stared at my actions curiously and watched me with the blank, resigned stare of Vietnamese children. One boy, bolder than the rest, approached me and watched me as though I was an alien from Mars who had come to Hue by accident. This kid wore only a thin tee-shirt and he shivered visibly, his teeth chattering occasionally. He simply followed me silently and obediently everywhere I went, his eyes wide, his teeth chattering, his tiny body wracked by spasms of cold. I thought at one point of giving him my undershirt, but there were too many cold kids around me and it would have been a great

admission of failure on my part to single one child out of the group and award him with my undershirt. I taxed my brain searching for a way to help these kids, but there was nothing I could do, absolutely nothing. They walked through the puddles and mud with bare feet and their tiny bodies quaked every time a gust of cold, wet wind passed through the streets. So I slowly resigned myself to cold kids and cold stares in Hue. I discovered that I was walking in the wrong direction (the palace was behind me,) so I walked back to the bridge and proceeded to the Dai Noi.

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

The sense of cold and drizzle left me and I felt that I had once again pierced the invisible cultural barrier that separates Easterners from Westerners. The park in which we played grew warm; the dragon-covered gates, gazebos, and pagodas came to life and the river people (inhabitants of the boats that lined the river) frowned suspiciously at our merriment. But we were kids— all of us— and we paid no attention to grownup disapproval and grownup barbed-wire that reinforced the elegantly wrought park fences. The magnetic sound of laughter attracted many children, who flocked to see the curious (mad?) American. In a short time, our fireworks of energy and friendliness were exhausted and I proceeded on my way—intoxicated, jaunty and refreshed.

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

Continued on page 6

MUSIC

Milstein attacks music opportunists

By JIM ROOS

Nathan Milstein, one of the greatest violinists of our times, is the embodiment of the aphorism that appearances can be deceptive. Even through a pair of horn-rimmed glasses that would be unfamiliar to most concertgoers, his unwrinkled, boyish countenance belies the fact that he is 64 years old.

Sporting a light brown blazer, brown-striped yellow shirt and brown tie, he greeted me in the lobby of Chicago's Ambassador East Hotel with the good-natured casualness and spontaneity that marks his personality and conversation.

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

I asked him whether he concurred with his colleague Joseph Szigeti that today's young instrumentalists (i.e., those in their 20's or 30's) display a general lack of interpretative imagination and excitement in comparison with preceding generations of musicians. He agreed, but added that this alleged decline in quality of playing can be partially attributed to "our opportunistic times."

"People today like to take the easy way in every line of business. They want to get more for what they do, even though they do less than they should," he said. "Today, if a violinist can appear somewhere and play without too much dedication he'll do it. Fifty years ago, if people were offered an opportunity, they would be so conscious of the purpose of their doing, they might think twice before accepting it."

When I mentioned the increasing technical brilliance of soloists and the new difficulties of contemporary music as perhaps adding their part to the drier, more mechanical image of today's performers, Milstein objected.

"Technically nobody is superior today. My friend Mr. Horowitz collected rare recordings of pianists that played 50 and 60 years ago, like Josef Lhevine, Leopold Godowsky, Ignaz Friedman—not to mention Rachmaninoff or Gieseking," he said. "When you have an idea of what these people could do compared to the young people today—technique is now more obvious only because there is a lack of something else."

Milstein even discounts the difficulties and complexities of most contemporary violin concertos, especially those of the avant-garde.

"They all require everything less," he said. "The technical finesse and the mechanics of the technique are less necessary. They even need less talent for performance because talent presupposes to absorb the elements of art. Where there are no elements of art there is nothing to absorb."

"The so-called 'artists' of today," he continued, "always ascribe the modern art like that would have something to do with new life or people changed. Nothing is changed! In some countries forms of government did change, but (and here he laughed) they go back because the new forms are no good."

Correspondingly, Milstein does not believe that composers who want to break completely with the musical traditions of over 600 years will be successful in finding something more substantial or meaningful than what has already been produced.

Refusing to admit that his viewpoint might be "old-fashioned" in a "modern" age he cites the hippies as an example of regression to old forms: "Those youngsters all go backward. They dress like in other times. And the beards appeal to the girls—that's supposed to be more virile. But I think it's so old-fashioned."

I wondered if Milstein's disenchantment with much of contemporary music accounted for the exclusion of most 20th century works from his repertoire.

"Many music reviewers and musicologists simply don't like music or they wouldn't often write such terrific nonsense," he said. "They all object to the Romantics. I find that in most modern music they simply don't know how to write for the instruments."

"For example, I know a very avant-garde



"People today like to take the easy way in every line of business. They want to get more for what they do, even though they do less than they should. Today, if a violinist can appear somewhere and play without too much dedication he'll do it. Fifty years ago, if people were offered an opportunity, they would be so conscious of the purpose of their doing, they might think twice before accepting it."

American composer who sent Mr. Horowitz a sonata recently where actually for 20 minutes he plays a C octave in the middle of the piano. You don't need Horowitz's capacity of musical understanding and his technique for that."

Despite his skeptical attitude toward performing modern compositions, Milstein did admit that even when it comes to playing or recording "new" works of the Romantic school he is "a little retarded in that respect."

When EMI asked him to record the *Sibelius Concerto* recently, he declined because the piece is "indigestible" to him. And though he says he would perhaps like to play the Bartok *Second Concerto*, he is still not entirely convinced of its "musical substance" and slightly wary of how his conservative audiences would react. And this despite the fact that he well realizes Bartok is considered a classic by most music listeners today.

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

"I always have wanted to record Stravinsky's *Italian Suite*—a work which is based on the music of Pergolesi.

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

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

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

"We accept without reservation the other's

point of view, it's not much different. But, somehow I think he should play more by himself. When a fellow comes together with somebody else after not playing for so long, he feels less abandon. Of course, I would be completely delighted to play with him," he said.

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

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

COLLAGE

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Hemingway: craftsman in our time

By CLYDE HENSON

The legend of Ernest Miller Hemingway the man has often obscured Ernest Miller Hemingway the writer from any sensible view by literary critics, and I want to begin once to suggest that, though the man was an interesting person, his work survives him and remains as a monument of accomplishment which has rarely been equalled in our time.

Legends about writers grow both from tales told about them and by the deliberate action of writers who, after all, must keep their names before the public and who, because they are writers, frequently have little private life. Most writers recognize the value of publicity. When they are men such as Hemingway, a man who loved life and thought it an adventure, they create all the images of themselves which are expected by the public, and they add to the images through the creation of large practical jokes carried out with high style and good humor.

Whether such men come to believe the images they create is of little importance. The work they produce is of importance when they are artists as well as writers, and the whole order of the work of Ernest Hemingway exhibits itself as art created within literary tradition, but showing as well the adaptation of the traditions by a talent of unusual quality.

His work is part of the literary mainstream of the 20th century and clearly shows a connection with the work of other writers of the time, such as James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, William Faulkner, and Sherwood Anderson. But Hemingway, intensely individualistic, sought by hard work a way to make prose fiction something new in style and method, yet containing that shock of recognition which must be inherent in any piece of fiction. And, like other writers of our time, Hemingway turned to myth and symbol, to the forms and vehicles of earlier literature, and to the impact of anthropology and psychology on writers of his generation for the underlying structures of each piece of his work.

The epigraphs which are often used in his novels as well as the actual titles show clearly that he worked as a deliberate and conscious artist, but he wrote with such skill and in a style so stripped and spare that most critics, though aware of the impact of his writings, have not yet seen the accomplishment.

The increasing flood of articles on the man and his fiction indicates the attempt of the critical world to penetrate it. Yet the legend of the man still stands in the way of the purpose here is to suggest something of his work without examining it in any of the details which would be appropriate only in an article of another kind and intent.

I first met Ernest Hemingway at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Frank Hines. He had been in the hospital because of some sort of accident. He was a tall, thin man—quite in contrast to what he became later—with white skin, heavy black hair and a big, black mustache. He was already famous as a writer, but he seemed to be unaware of his fame. The talk among the group present was led by Gladys Potter Williams, a painter from St. Louis who had, sometime during the 20s, maintained a studio in Paris and who knew many of the people with whom Hemingway was acquainted. In the course of the conversation, Hemingway talked a good deal about Cezanne, and said that he regarded Henry James as the supreme novelist as stylist in American literature.

I cannot say that I ever came to know him



extremely well, but I did see him many times later, and I followed his career with interest. Later, when I was a student of history under Professor Roland Greene Usher, whose wife was the sister of Hadley Richardson, I came to know a good deal about Hemingway's earlier life—especially his struggle to master the technique of writing during the years he was in Paris. As I became more interested in literature, I tried to discover something of what he attempted to do in his work and how he created the impact which his novels made on those persons who took the time to read them.

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

From his reading and conversations he developed an awareness of the trend in modern literature, especially that trend which James Joyce made so obvious in his work, with the use of myth as the vehicle and underlying organization of fiction. So, he set about trying to create experience in our own time which would recapitulate the experience of mankind.

The result was a reworking of some earlier material, and the final work was published as *In Our Time*, to which the key was added five years later when *The Quai at Smyrna* became the first of the sketches. It set the tone of the work as a novel of an adolescent growing up by using an inverted myth and a guide convention as the means of carrying out the theme.

His later work, *The Sun Also Rises* used a similar technique—the fiesta and bull ring as synecdoche. The work was organized in time in the imitation of the temporal limits of the bull fight and followed the convention of the romance. So too did *A Farewell to Arms* follow the convention of an earlier form, for Hemingway was serious when he called it his *Romeo and Juliet*.

In fact, a careful examination of each of his

works shows clearly that he experimented in the use of many literary conventions, adapting them to his own style by which he created the actual verbal structures which are his fiction.

For instance, *The Old Man and the Sea* is an illustrative fable, and *The Moveable Feast*, as he suggested is not necessarily autobiography but the recreated experience of a writer learning to write, a kind of *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

It is enough to say here that the fiction of Hemingway develops in a definite order and that the work is of great importance, both for itself alone and because it exhibits all problems which may be found in 20th century literature. It is, perhaps, because Hemingway was able to create a new way of executing the traditions and conventions of literature that his reputation, especially in Europe, grew so rapidly and remains at the high level it is today.

The only complete edition of his works has been published in Sweden, but his work, in paper back editions, can be found in every country in Europe. He and William Faulkner (who also created mythic structure in his fiction) are probably the two best known and best liked American writers of our time in Europe. Such is the case because both writers knew and recognized that all literature has tradition and convention in common and that the originality of any writer is found precisely in his method of execution. Both knew that the worth of a work is, as Henry James said, precisely a matter of execution.

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

The accomplishment of Hemingway in his work was recognized abroad before it was recognized generally in America. He succeeded in portraying life in the 20th century. Showing the struggle of a generation to find its humanity, he became truly a novelist of the international theme in doing so. He contributed to the coming of age of American literature, helping make it one of the foremost literatures of the world, and though he often dealt with an American character, he dealt with it in terms of his position in the world. It was only natural that symbol, allegory, and myth should be the major means of creating his structures, and it was natural as well that Europeans recognized at once his use of the traditions which had come to him through the whole stream of Western European civilization.

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

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



Clyde Henson, professor of English is the director of the American Studies program at MSU. Dr. Henson was born in Illinois and educated at the University of Southern Illinois, Washington University and Western Reserve University, where he received his PhD. He is the author of three books and about 50 articles. Dr. Henson came to MSU in 1947, and is a former Fulbright Lecturer.



Significant incident in Hue

Continued from page 3

Monuments in America are rarely older than two hundred years: in Asia one experiences a communion with thousands of years of culture and momentous events. One cannot approach these premises with the cool, appraising eye of mere interest: it is more appropriate to relax among these sculptures and buildings and allow a mood of awe and reverence to take charge. This dreamy relaxation occurred seconds after I entered the palace grounds and I floated wide-eyed toward the inner courts until I was disturbed by the notion that something was wrong: I was not carrying my traveling bag.

The peaceful experience of the Dai Noi was instantly shattered. I stopped in my tracks and stood numbly and stupidly: my mind raced the gamut of possible reactions—first I was amazed, then joyous, then realistic, then logical and then (after mentally retracing my meanderings all over the city of Hue) utterly fearful. My traveling bag contained all my credentials of a human being: the passport, health certificate, airplane ticket, address book, letters of introduction and identification, travelers checks, a hundred page journal, notes for a novel, toothbrush, a change of socks and underwear, exposed film, etc., etc.—in other words, all that is necessary to exist and to prove that you exist in a foreign country. The realization that I was alone, naked and penniless, thousands of miles from home in a war-torn country at first struck me as humorous and absurd—I laughed the bitter, ironic laugh that one forces when one finds oneself to be the butt of a bad, cosmic joke. I surprised myself by my initial reaction of freedom: complete, total freedom from all worldly possessions. That feeling lasted precisely five seconds. Then the paranoia set in: What was I going to do? I ran panicked and breathless (my heart wringing from the terrible hope that tells you everything will be miserable) through the palace gate (which now held no interest for me except as a beautiful setting for a stupid accident) over the moat bridge, through the street shops and back to the park where I last remembered holding the bag, setting it down and photographing the children. I ran to the spot where we played: no children, no traveling bag. But lots of panic.

Then I blew my cool. I ran up to the nearest peasants and children I could find and began ranting and raving in English about my traveling bag and my passport, etc. These people shook their uncomprehending heads, mumbled something in Vietnamese, and gave me the patient, cold, unearthly stare that Orientals reserve for boisterous, passionate Westerners. Once again I felt the curtain of cultural misunderstanding descend and I, who had only a minute before been communing with the mystic East, was now an outsider looking in: my problems and possessions meant nothing to these people who had suffered so many greater calamities. That realization was driven home with great force; it reinforced my alienation and my paranoia rose to towering heights. I was now convinced that everyone in the gathering crowd knew exactly where my traveling bag was and it was only out of racial hatred (i.e., because I am a white American) that they were keeping it from me. Furthermore, I was convinced that the kids—who only five minutes before were so charming—had purposely lured me away from the site of my traveling bag with the intention of causing this great anxiety. I threatened in English (no one understood me) to call the police and I made several irrational random accusations. Everyone stared dumbly at the spectacle I was creating: the threat of trouble for these people (had they understood the cause of my frantic behavior) would not have moved them because the presence of foreigners always meant trouble. Hence the suspicious stares when I first approached.

I turned to call the police (hoping they could speak English) and saw (quite by accident) a yellow pamphlet lying in the mud. I picked it up and discovered that it was my health certificate. I returned to the swelling crowd of river people and children with this fresh evidence of wrongdoing and with renewed hysteria. I tried to make them understand that I desired the other papers and documents like this (muddy)

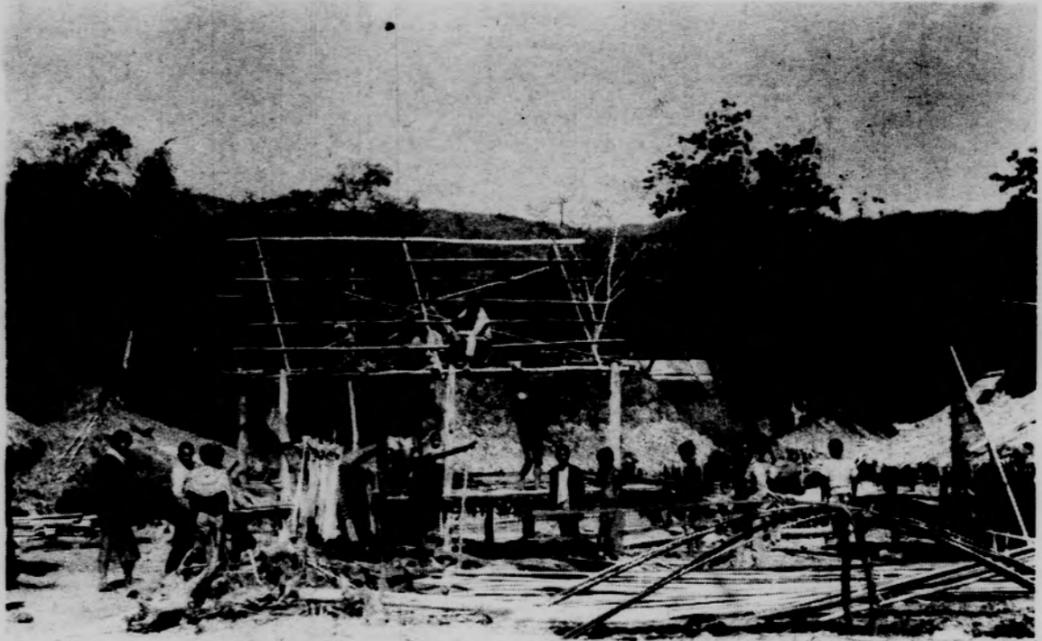


Photo by Lee Elbinger

yellow pamphlet and then I would go away and leave them alone forever. One little boy understood and shook his head vigorously. He took my hand and led me to a bush where I found several crumpled pieces of paper. I picked them up and read them and they were mine. I felt the profoundest joy and the most agonizing grief as the realization dawned on my fevered brain that every crumpled piece of paper, every scrap of garbage, every piece of debris in that park belonged to me. I thanked the boy profusely and begged him (in a terror-improvvised sign language) to show me more. This he did with great seriousness and dedication. He explained to the growing crowd what had happened in Vietnamese. The assembly (which had been attracted by my hand-waving antics) soon understood my difficulties and as many as 20 children fanned out all over the park searching for garbage and running to me, quite excited, screaming the Vietnamese equivalent of "Is this yours? Is this yours?" Invariably, whatever scrap of paper or torn document they clutched belonged to me. We ran from bush to bush gathering junk (my arms bulged with the contents of my traveling bag) and I described further articles patiently and futilely. At least fifty people had gathered to follow my circuitous route around the park and word had spread up and down the river and even to the shopping district that a mad American civilian had lost his traveling bag. My mood changed from severe anger to one of acute embarrassment. I followed my little guide around the park, the waterfront, and eventually to the back alleys of the city helplessly, with all eyes upon me marvelling at my strangeness, my hysteria, and my helplessness.

I found my journal (an irreplaceable item) in a ditch, my airplane ticket discarded (crumpled and mud-splattered) behind a bush and some tape recordings and equipment in an empty fountain. The travelling bag itself was produced (minus contents) by one of the vacant-eyed river people: it was hidden under a sampan and emerged from the Perfume River quite wet and useless. Nevertheless, I thanked these people for their "helpfulness" and patiently asked for the rest of my things (which I envisioned as lying on the bottom of the river.) A black valise with 60 pages of notes for a novel (irreplaceable) remained to be found. My little guide understood what I was after and led me out of the park, away from the river and into the back alley dwellings of the people. Since the crowd followed us, we looked like a weird parade led by a little Vietnamese and an American student.

As we stumbled through the alleys and corridors of Hue I glimpsed into the houses and lives of the people as I would never have otherwise done. We found the shack where a playmate of my guide lived—it was along the moat of the Dai Noi. My guide explained my request

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

knew instantly that this girl was a member of the Viet Cong, that they possessed the valise and thought it contained important military documents which is funny because the novel would confuse the hell out of them, and that I could never get the valise back because it would mean "loss of face"—the worst thing that can happen to an Asian. The girl gave me one more conscience-shrivelling glare of hatred and drove the crowd from her door. She again said, "No!" and slammed the door.

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

We soon arrived at the police station where the officialdom of Hue was informed of my plight. The police scattered to question the children I had photographed and the culprits who dumped the contents of my traveling bag were soon caught. I was handed another stack of refuse which turned out to be mine (including my precious notes) and then endured the embarrassment of witnessing the punishment of the children. My protests were in vain: the boy who was chiefly responsible for the mischief was slapped around the station house quite mercilessly and threatened in Vietnamese so severely that even I sat at rigid attention on the hard wooden bench lest I should incur some of the officials' wrath. When the needless and upsetting beating was over, everyone turned the kindest, most polite faces toward me and requested that I fill out a report. I listed the items that I could remember were still missing (mainly: my address book, two rolls of unexposed film, one roll of exposed film, \$50 worth of travelers checks, my swimsuit and a brush), thanked everyone for their cooperation, and left the police station with my Vietnamese artist friend.

My losses were not heavy: the address book

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Genocide rules Biafran war

By NJOKU E. AW

Because of inadequate information, some people seem to find historical similarities between the Nigeria Biafra war and the American Civil War. For purposes of an objective appraisal of the circumstances that forced Biafra out of the former federation of Nigeria, one should cease to think of any parallelism between the American Civil War and the Nigerian war of genocide against Biafra. The aim of the American Civil War was, among other things, the preservation of a union in which all citizens would be equal. The Nigeria Biafra war, on the other hand, is aimed at exterminating the entire people of Biafra or bringing whatever number that may survive under perpetual subservience.

By an accident of history, the hundreds of tribes which were conquered and amalgamated by British colonial explorers were from that year, the Northern and Southern Protectorates started to live together under a franchise that was to be consolidated by nationalism.

Because of their ability to adopt and adapt innovations, the people of Eastern Nigeria had made a phenomenal assault in the course of time, they were to be found in all parts of Nigeria doing all kinds of jobs. Thus, by the 1940's Easterners had established heavy and light industries, primary and secondary schools, as well as other enterprises in all parts of Western Nigeria. Since the people of Eastern Nigeria were as progressive as the people of Eastern Nigeria, the degree of tension between them was minimal.

Conversely, the differential economic and social mobility of the migrant Easterners in the North, and the Northerners who became critically envious of the former, provided the Northerners with the psychological provocation which has ever since formed the basis or foundation of the attitude of the North towards the East.

As might be expected, the direct proportionality of the socio-economic advancement of the migrant Easterners in the North and the intensity of hatred that this advancement incurred to have adverse effect on North-East relations. As time went on, the intensity of the bitterness of the North was expressed in so practical a manner that every year there was a ruthless and unprovoked massacre of Easterners in the North.

Among the more serious instances of killing of migrant Easterners in the North are the following:

1. 1945 Jos riots -- Easterners massacred.
2. 1953 Kano riots -- Easterners mercilessly killed by Northern Nigerian Native Authority Police.
3. 1966, May 29 Organized killing of Easterners and civilians in all major cities of the North simultaneously.
4. (a) 1966, July 29 -- Widespread extermination of military officers of Eastern Nigeria origin in all the barracks in Northern and Western Nigeria.
(b) The treacherous killing of the Supreme Commander of the Nigerian Armed Forces, Major-General J.T.U. Aguiyi-Ironsi.
5. 1966, July 30--The Kano incident where Eastern officers in the Third Battalion and in the First Brigade Headquarters were murdered by Northern soldiers under Captain Swanton.
6. 1966, September 29 -- Launching of the pogrom which claimed the lives of 30,000 Easterners who were waiting at various airports in the North to be evacuated to Eastern Nigeria.

This inexhaustive account of Nigeria's attempt to wipe out people of Eastern Nigeria origin from the earth's surface has been vigorously pursued in the present war of genocide.

Before turning to that question, it is necessary to point out that:

1. The birth of a nation has no formula



or criteria. In 1066, England was created after the conquest of Anglo-Saxons by the Normans. On July 4, 1776, after a bitter struggle for rights similar to those demanded by Biafra, the United States Congress signed an act which gave the American colonies right to autonomous existence -- a right consummated by a war similar to the one between Nigeria and Biafra. The case of Ireland was not much different.

2. Every possibility for peaceful negotiation had been abortively explored by Biafra before she declared herself independent on May 30, 1967, and she is still open to unconditional negotiations.
3. Before secession, people from Biafra had become strangers in a country of which they were a part. Since Nigeria was no longer proud of Biafrans, Biafrans had no reason to be proud of Nigeria. Besides, the movement of Biafrans had been restricted to what used to be Eastern Nigeria.
4. Biafra was blockaded by Nigeria on the advice of Britain which could not effectively blockade Rhodesia where people of British descent live.
5. When military extermination of Biafra seemed unattainable, Nigeria changed her currency in order to achieve her aim through economic strangulation of Biafra.
6. Nigeria had always been a fragile federation in which the semblance of unity was achieved through the migration of Easterners to other parts of the country. Now that the Easterners have finally been pushed out, the autonomous existence of Biafra must be recognized if the free world is not to witness the gradual extermination of fourteen million people.

As would be seen from the above analysis, the Nigerian junta has flagrantly violated all the principles of federalism, namely, equality of all citizens, unrestricted settlement of citizens in any part of the federation, mutual respect for one another, use of common currency, etc. The concept of a federation of Nigeria with Biafra as part of it is as vacuous as Gowon's empty boast of military conquest of Biafra on March 31, 1968. This boast reminds one of the trend of the war since July, 1967, when masses of hostile Northern troops lined up Biafra's Northern borders, while the Southern coast was blockaded by the navy. This was the time when it became ominously clear that the Federal Government was determined to attack Biafra. When hostilities gave way to open attack on July 6, 1967, Gowon euphemistically described it as a "Police action" designed to bring the "rebel clique" to heel. This task was to be completed in a fortnight.

The war has now entered its tenth month, and despite a great superiority of arms on land, sea and air, the Federal forces show no sign of breaking Biafra's resistance. After nine gruesome months of an indecisive and costly warfare, Gowon has driven Biafra from a position of doubt and cautious self-restraint, to the irreversible certainty that her security can be guaranteed only by her ability to defend herself.

The pernicious dream of an antiseptic war

and a painless triumph, with which Gowon and his collaborators lured Nigeria into this self-defeating war, is another example of Gowon's inability to make meaningful judgments. Thus, what was to be a 'swift surgical police action' has become one of the greatest human tragedies in contemporary world history. A conservative estimate of the war in human life has been put at 100,000 dead (mostly innocent civilians) by *Newsweek Magazine* of February 12, 1968. The Nigerian economy has wheeled to a full stop. With 60 million pounds sterling spent by Nigeria on the war, there is no doubt that a primary contention of this war has become Nigeria's desperate effort to utilize the resources of Biafra to offset enormous debts accumulated in the purchase of ammunition from the United Kingdom and the Soviet Union.

The brutality of the Nigerian troops, which has been dramatized in the ruthless massacre of thousands of civilians in every border city in Biafra on which they have set their predatory feet, has driven home to every impartial observer the Biafran contention that the war is an extension to Biafran homes of the 1966 pogrom started in the North.

Russian planes flown by Egyptian and South African pilots and loaded with British bombs are bombing Biafran markets, villages, churches, hospitals, schools and cities indiscriminately. The question or concept of Nigeria waging a war of unification against Biafra is untenable. All that this war has demonstrated is that Biafran leaders had consistently made clear to the world from the very beginning, viz:

1. A basis for unity does not exist in Nigeria because of the profundity of the inner hate, resentment, malice and division between the heterogeneous groups.
2. Biafrans, irrespective of ethnic grouping, could no longer feel secure in Nigeria, and are therefore united and determined to provide and protect their own security in spite of the odds.
3. The Nigerian government's understanding of the situation was far from complete, not only because they felt their task was one of bringing a 'few rebellious Ibos' to book, but also because they assumed that the so-called minority elements in Biafra were strongly opposed to Ojukwu's government. (Every available evidence before and since the inception of the war has proved them wrong).

Perhaps the strongest single argument to dispel once and for all any doubt as to the prevailing unity of purpose in Biafra is the tenacity of Biafra's resistance. If the Biafra struggle were an Ibo affair, the 6 million non-Ibos in Biafra would have stifled Biafran efforts by internal rebellions. The Nigerian bombers too have recognized the unity of Biafra since they have not left non-Ibo towns unattacked. Members of the so-called minority areas serve at all levels of the Biafran forces and government. All the peoples of Biafra have crystallized into a resolute, determined and irrevocable union committed to self-preservation.

It is ironic that whereas all foreign nations declared neutrality at the outbreak of the Nigeria/Biafra conflict, some countries now consider it their obligation to get actively involved in aiding the Lagos junta to crush Biafra. It is gratifying, however, that this ac-

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BOOKMARK

Zeitgeist: gradual detente

By JEFF JUSTIN

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

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

In the style of the outraged diatribe against a sick society, S. Gale Nesselson offers *Great Expectations*, which the actual verse fails to fulfill. Ann N. Ridgeway's *Progress* retrogresses to 1950's radicalism with its labored attempt at conversational language. The cover presents the most effective protest against the inhuman values *Zeitgeist* associates with contemporary America. We can recognize too many of these faces in our daily lives.

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

As a maturing revolutionary, *Zeitgeist* is perhaps learning to do this. We are offered a greater dose than ever of the healing beauty of Robert



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

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

When the rain stops
Long enough
For a breeze
The leaves clutter the air
Like dusk
Building layer and layer

His poems are filled with things. Arching, interlacing branches of nouns and adjectives twine out of verbs strong as tree trunks. The skillfully treated lack of punctuation, articles, and conjunctions weaves the lines into a calm forest of a poem. Each separate tree, juxtaposed with others, contributes to the totally involving forest environment.

Everyone's whore
Keeps you warm
But you miss your friends
In the winter

You don't hear her speak
Because she doesn't
Yet the cat scampers
With icy toes around the floor
Won't go near the door
And died crawling up under the car

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

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

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

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Photo By
Jim Richardson

A Spring and Summer Girl

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

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

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

Limbs and lanes laugh. Large-chested towers
Are deep-breathed in the racing day.
Morning started at the shooting sun.
Furious exhalations of a runner now.

In this cacaphony she walks like a theme.
Smile-eyed among the lowing world.
And hectic visions of cackling blood
See everything doubled and twice as good.

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

-- Jeff Justin

BOOKMARKS

'Gorgeous Kid': sex and psychology

By DAVID GILBERT

Such A Gorgeous Kid Like Me, by Henry Farrell
Dell Publishing Co., 1967, 5c
Available at Campus Books

Once you get by the profanity, *Such A Gorgeous Kid Like Me* is undoubtedly one of the funniest books of last year. Farrell writes in a fine, light satiric tone of social justice, human nature, psychology and the good old battle between the sexes. Carter Everett attempts to execute a sociological study of young murderesses and their motivations, and becomes involved with the nubile and majestic Camilla Bliss.

Carter tries to be "objective" in his studies, making frequent trips to the prison for taped interviews in his "personal" concern to see that justice is done. Camilla willingly agrees that she is the product of a deprived community. After all, with practically the entire male community following her off to the woods since her eleventh birthday, it was difficult for a young girl in her formative years to know what to do.

Carter quickly sees that the tale of Camilla's sexual exploits is merely a figment of her imagination, springing from the lack of a strong father image in her childhood. The outraged replies of the women who have known Camilla can be easily dismissed as pure jealousy, and the testimonies of the males who have experienced Camilla can be discounted as wish fulfillment, according to Carter. He, of course, is beyond all this in his strictly scientific approach (switching off the tape-recorder when Camilla's sexual exploits are described by co-participants) and his completely disinterested concern with justice (bringing Camilla a bottle of perfume and promising to see about getting her an "in" to record her songs).

The end is a bit telegraphed, complicated, but not at all forced. Farrell handles the hill-billy dialect of Camilla Bliss beautifully, as well as the pompous professorial tone of Carter Everett.

But the most exciting feature, both from a literary standpoint and one of pure enjoyment, is the intricate weaving of several story themes into one book. The apparent story is

the sociological study of Carter Everett. The actual story is that of the seduction of Carter Everett. Intermixed with these are very fine vignettes which, despite their brevity, reveal as much about the characters as any of Steinbeck's sketches in *The Pastures Of Heaven*. The appended notes to each interview by Carter's secretary, Mae Hyatt, for example, reveal a woman of consummate good sense and humor who is madly in love with Carter.

Dear Carter:

As for the interview, may I, as usual, beg to differ. For "ambivalence, couldn't we read just plain old runnin'-and-jumpin' promiscuity? This may be a purely female reaction, but by her own testimony Camilla is either a nymphomaniac of some singular accomplishment, or she is possessed of an iron determination to put even lemmings to shame.

P.S. Re Friday, try not to dine and bolt; it gives a girl a feeling of psychological dislocation. Particularly a girl wearing a new dress she could ill afford and bought on a hunch.

This and other sketches follow in delightful succession, arousing not only interest in the stories and a feeling of soon-to-be-born-out anticipation, but genuine respect for the author. It is very difficult to be funny, critical and complex; Farrell is refreshingly so. Picked for "books to watch" by Campus Books, it is a good choice. For humor, timeliness, excellent writing, and the style of a master storyteller comfortable in his role, *Such A Gorgeous Kid Like Me* is a good bet for the best-seller list.

Zeitgeist review

Continued from page

things, and you can't help getting caught up in the parade-floats of black humor and bands of strident, off-key life. Lawless' other contribution to this issue is his dirty-jokeable, *Brideshead Revisited*. Boy, is it gross! It won't spoil it by telling the punch line.

A surprising discovery in this issue is Marvin Mandell's story *Narcissus*. Who would expect to find Ayn Rand's objectivism on the lips of *Zeitgeist*? The story is a monologue of the god in explanation of his life-style. It could have been subtitled *The Virtue of Selfishness*, for Narcissus contends that one must love oneself by accepting in joy the true vision of oneself, rather than disguising petty selfishness in the rhetoric of altruism. Effectively set in modern, sophisticated society, Mandell's story points out the ground common to young hippies and young objectivists like — confidence in the mental and physical strength of the self as opposed to the strength derived from imposed law.

Which, according to Gary Gray's editorial, is in perilous shape since the politicians who produce it refuse to recognize the artistic (that is, esthetic) base of politics. In the same way, artists, in their devotion to the esthetic value of things, have refused to acknowledge the political consequences of art. Thus art becomes remote, and politics becomes brutal.

It is true that the delight in things, which produces poetry, postulates a philosophy that preserves the existence of things. In the light of the hydrogen bomb, such a philosophy becomes a moral imperative. It roars at the presence of this imperator in our 20th century America, a contradiction to our recent nihilistic heritage. Perhaps history is more of an absolute than he contends. But I'm not really sure what he contends.

He tells us: "Artists have fought a long, difficult and only partially successful battle not to be judged on the basis of the moral implications of their work." It is only *Zeitgeist's* offerings can be valued only by such an implication and, indeed, seem to demand that value. As this issue of *Zeitgeist* demonstrates, the most successful poems have no moral wars to wage. But the peace takes on a moral value in its very experience. For example, an impetus for living the peace of death in A. Quinn-Smith's *The*

Stop:
The sonorous birds vacated.
They left no trails or traces
of the functional green. Gone.
That races to catch the sliding sun along
with the birds the stars. But
it was so noisy so wearing
The jars of jam are placed on racks in a farmhouse
and its keeper tracks and traps
a deer and guns it down, then nails
himself into his sleeping bag.
In the town the shallow sun pierces the gray
and sooty clouds, the sky a hazy
tan. The noisy green goes; and the cleft
of the river is congealed
with thin ice. Wax paper, it has sealed
the current dead. Dead. And green
gone. Gone to rust to dust.



Paperbounds on your reading list?





SUCH A GORGEOUS KID LIKE ME
By Henry Farrell
Paperback75¢

Introducing Camillo Bliss . . . "a dash of Daisy Clover . . . a taste of Candy . . . a pinch of Lolita." They called her the "blonde plaque." This book is scheduled to soon be a sensational movie.



TO SEEK A NEWER WORLD
By Robert F. Kennedy
Paperback95¢

This book contains RFK's complete views . . . on Vietnam . . . on the crisis in our cities . . . on today's most explosive issues! You'll find all the answers in this big, new political blockbuster, where Kennedy says "It is time to face the truth."

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MOVIES

'Marat' impact complex, disturbing

By STUART ROSENTHAL

The Assassination and Persecution of Jean-Paul Marat As Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade established itself in 1965 as the most novel drama of the past several years and possibly the most controversial.

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

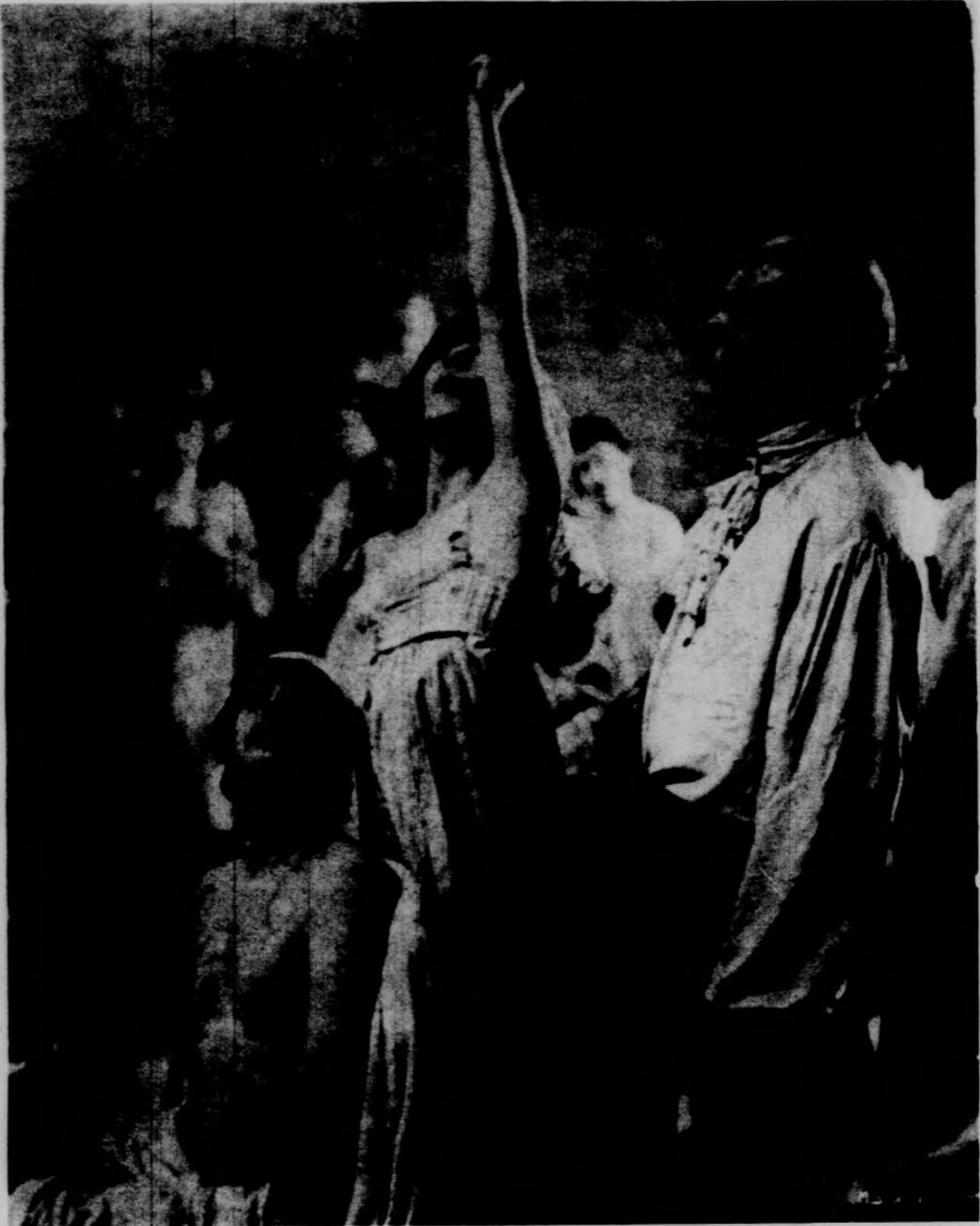
The theatregoer, as playwright Peter Weiss intends it, is a spectator at one of the rehabilitative dramas produced by the inmates of the famed French asylum. During the first decade of the 19th century it was considered a most fashionable pastime to attend the entertainments, staged there as a primitive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

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

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

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

The play within a play format, coupled with the viewers proximity to the on-screen proced-



ings might serve to create point of confusion with respect to chronology.

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

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

This telescoping of time accentuates the implications of absurdity, and gives perspective to such passages as Coulmier's (superintendent of Charenton who is frequently alarmed at the apparent political blasphemy in Sade's dramatization of past events) excitement over the depiction of the condemnation of several leaders of the revolution for exploitation of their positions:

That's enough!

We're living in eighteen hundred and eight and the names that were dragged through the gutter then have been deservedly rehabilitated by the command of the emperor

or in this same man's assessment of the prevailing political and social situation:

For today we live in far different times

We have no oppressors no violent crimes and although we're at war anyone can see it can only end in victory.

Another source of difficulty which may be encountered by the moviegoer is in distinguishing between those portions of the play that are Weiss' and those that are meant to be attributed to Sade.

Marat/Sade is essentially meant as a contrived confrontation between Marat, who demanded immediate social upheaval and the

destruction of all existing institutions, and Sade, an advocate of individualism who felt that change must have its source within the individual.

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

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

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

Marat:

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

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

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



POETRY

Empty shelf
 Inside . . . reserved for
 Important things,
 Dusty, but for one
 charge,
 Hold gently
 That cast of
 bronze, that perfect
 foot that purely
 padded thru my doorway
 and left its
 Print.
 Unknowing that the ground
 shook, while a
 flickering torch took a long draught
 of fuel, longing
 to fire
 an unlit candle
 taper.

John Knapp II

Twilight reckoning

The
 Evening hours
 parse our
 melancholy into small recognizable
 shapes
 that each breathe a prayer,
 a hope and a
 fear that we can almost
 touch with our trembling
 fingers, (while we
 know the
 Rising of the sun
 again will melt the crystalline
 shapes
 into the amorphous of
 everyday silent
 tears.)

John Knapp II

Latter Saint Days

Don't, you elephants, go
 Crashing thru my
 Vineyard
 Crushing green
 Grapes . . . calmly
 Pluck your fill.
 Don't, you elephants, trample my
 grass,
 Tussle it under (or stuff it in your
 pipes.)

Don't Marla, drop in a heap
 Crosslegged on the floor giggling
 Thru an empty
 Wineglass.

Don't, you elephants, dip your
 Guzzling trunks into my
 Well, scrubbing your
 Mottled ivory feet into my
 Yard leaving a maze of
 Muddy tracks.

Don't encircle your bronze arms,
 Marla, about my neck under the
 Mistletoe
 on tiptoe
 with your starched mini-hem
 Boy Scout staked to the
 Frozen ground.
 (It may rip, and maybe you're nailed
 underneath.) . . . And for God's sake
 Don't sit on my
 Cramped lap five minutes before
 Exam. And don't, you

Elephants, stuff crib
 Notes in your waxy ears because
 somewhere
 in the underbrush a
 Family of fat field mice
 Has been flushed out by
 Jack's lost
 Dog.

John Knapp II

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



Photo by John Knapp II

Pine barrens

A lone
 White cedar stands
 Erect amid a million
 Pines, thrusting its
 Choked stubby
 Feet thru the rocky amber
 Tapping nourishment
 from the pines'
 Legacy.

I am the new
 Governor-Protector of a
 Million mute giants that
 Swaying gently,

Whisper primal hymns
 to the plying wind frisking the
 Spider-leg
 Joints of my tall erector set
 Tower.

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

John Knapp II

Poetry contest

Phi Eta Sigma and Alpha Lambda Delta
 freshman scholastic honoraries for
 men and women, are sponsoring an all-University
 creative writing contest in conjunction
 with the *Red Cedar Review* and *Collage*.

Prizes are substantial. In the areas of poetry
 and fiction there are \$100 first prizes, \$50 second
 prizes, and \$25 third prizes. In addition *Collage*
 will publish the winning manuscripts, and
 all entries will be considered for publication
 in future issues of the *Red Cedar Review*.

The deadline for entries is May 1. There will
 be no restriction as to the number of poems or
 short stories any entrant may submit. The
 prizes, however, will be awarded to the best
 single effort in each category. Notification
 must be given if any of the entries has been
 previously published.

In the unfortunate event that there are not
 enough manuscripts of quality to match the
 number of prizes, the judges will assume the
 right to withhold the prizes, to be used in a
 similar contest at a later date. All students
 are eligible. Staff members of the *Red Cedar
 Review* and *Collage* are excluded from the
 contest.

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

Members of the sponsoring honoraries are
 eligible, contrary to prior publicity.

Significant incident in Hue

Continued from page 6

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

The Vietnamese artist who had been so helpful and considerate was named Le Vinh. He painted movie posters for a living and spent his leisure time in cafes a la the French intellectuals who greatly influence all Vietnamese students. I joined him at his favorite cafe with some of his friends and we sipped coffee, talked about the incident that had just occurred and became friendly. We did not discuss the war or politics. I was too diplomatic to ask Le Vinh (who was my age) why he was sitting in a cafe and riding a Honda while others fought in the army: I knew quite well the answer involved some sort of bribery and corruption and it would have been enormously rude to exhume such an unsavory fact after he had been so helpful and friendly. Instead, we discussed such mindless things as movie stars and the wealth of America. I expressed my disappointment at the gloominess of the weather and the fact that I had come all the way to Hue and still had not seen the Imperial Palace. To this Le Vinh's reply was cheerful: he suggested that we take his motorcycle to the Dai Noi where he would personally guide me around the premises. My gratitude was boundless. We were off.



Photo by Lee Elbinger

The two of us zoomed joyously throughout the ancient, dragon-covered architecture. Le Vinh explained in broken English the history of the myriad vases and statues that we saw. At an inner courtyard that once housed an empress, I peered through ornate glass doors to view a fairytale interior of golden furniture and indescribable paintings. We were alone for the most part: Le Vinh let me drive his Honda through the intricate maze of courtyards and corridors as he pointed out places of interest

and historical importance. I felt immensely privileged to have made his acquaintance and he was flattered by the enthusiasm and admiration I had for Vietnamese culture. Our friendship was cemented as we journeyed back into the proud past of Vietnam, issuing exclamations of delight at each ancient treasure and marvelling silently at the glory that was once Vietnam.

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

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

When will they ever learn?

Nigerian-Biafran war

Continued from page 7

tive intervention has not weakened nor will it ever weaken, Biafra's determination to carry the struggle to a successful end. Active foreign intervention so far has involved two of the world's major powers (Britain and the Soviet Union) with the collaboration of Egyptian and South African pilots.

Russia, supposedly, has found justification for her intervention by blindly equating the Nigeria/Biafran situation with the Congo-Katanga case earlier in this decade. Not only is this argument absolutely naive, it also derives from a kind of reasoning that is nothing short of mechanical. Britain's role does not surprise any Biafran. Her initial policy of neutrality arose from the hope and wish that Nigeria would crush Biafra out of existence in a matter of days. But at the crucial moment, when the cynical wolf had to emerge from its sheep's clothing, some excuse or justification for the change in policy had to be invented, its validity not withstanding.

London had declared in August 1967, that it would be unnatural not to help a badly-pressed friend like Nigeria in time of need. In other words, Britain entered the war in order to identify with a friend in need. One may be compelled to suspect that London was, in a way, encouraged in this vicious undertaking by the stand taken by Washington. Secretary of State Dean Rusk, on July 11, 1967, had declared before the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committee that the situation in Nigeria was a "British responsibility."

It would seem from the nature of this statement that after seven years of independence, the sovereignty of Nigeria had not yet been recognized by Washington. It is nevertheless typical of British cynicism and hypocrisy that, while pretending to play the role of an arbiter, she would at one and the same time supply one side of two disputant nations' arms. Whereas Britain has completely ruled out the use of force in Rhodesia since she knows that the lives of some Anglo-Saxons would be at stake, she did not hesitate for a moment to arm Nigerians to destroy Biafrans where there are no Anglo-Saxons.

Although the United States has, so far, not in the Nigeria/Biafra war, to keep Britain Russia and their Arab collaborators out of the

shown active involvement in the conflict, Washington's support for Nigeria has been expressed in no unmistakable terms. In the February 6, 1968 issue of the *New York Times*, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs Robert J. McCloskey was quoted as saying, "The United States has in no way encouraged or otherwise supported the rebellion in Nigeria." Furthermore, at the outbreak of the war, Washington and London had led the foreign nations in withdrawing their nationals from Biafra to Nigeria. One wonders what the consequences would have been if prior to the outbreak of the Israeli-Arab war, the American citizens resident in Israel had been withdrawn and moved to Egypt.

It is rather a paradox of Western Democracy that a nation which has always championed the cause of freedom and self-determination is now referring to the case of Biafra as outright rebellion. In other words, the so-called free world, particularly the democratic world, is suggesting that a people's will and deter-

mination to survive and live a secure life should be sacrificed on the altar of a vacuous federation.

Biafra has not sought military aid from any of the great powers because she has the will and the wit to contain Nigeria in spite of the preponderance of Nigeria's numerical strength. If Biafra's recognition is to come after the war, then foreign intruders should keep away and see how the empty balloon called Nigeria will be punctured. Biafra's claim to sovereignty is not a political gamble. But for the intervention of London and Moscow, the deadly blow delivered by Biafra on Nigeria in August 1967 would have been decisive.

Once again Biafra is calling upon the United States to use her good offices as a first class world power, and as an uncommitted power conflict. The active support that Nigeria has received from these countries has made what broke out as an internal war take on an international character. The United States Government, if it wishes, can stop the genocide.

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