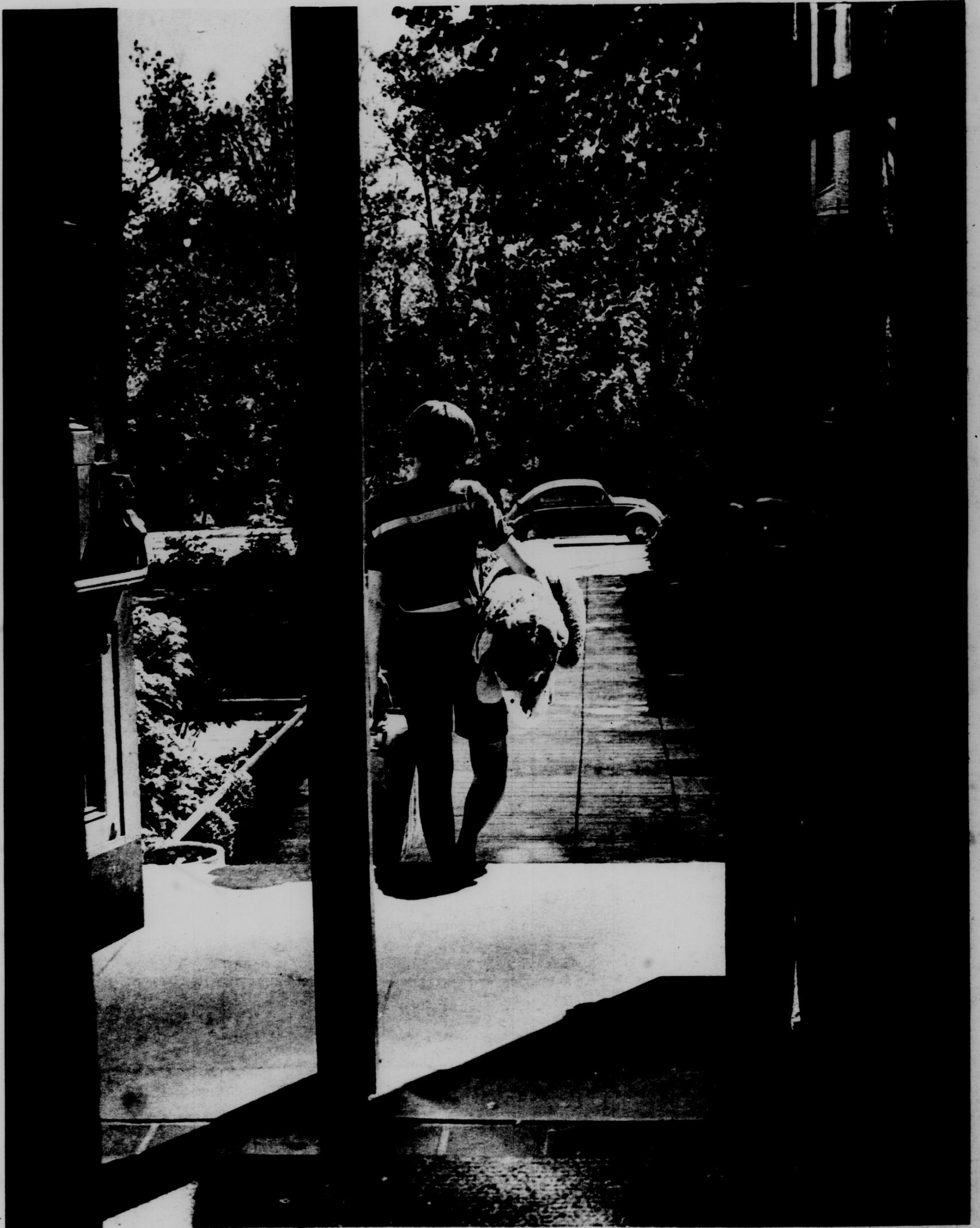


# COLLAGE

The State News Bi-weekly Magazine

Wednesday, May 29, 1968



Collage honors award-winning essays, poetry and fiction in this special issue.

Photo by Bob Ivins

# Making waves in culture

By JEFF JUSTIN

The rise of culture at MSU. In this final issue of *Collage* we are presenting examples of student criticism and art, works which leave the dry, "textbook" approach to writing behind, works whose writing is charged with the life they focus on, works to transmit that life.

This kind of writing, in the magnitude we have seen it this year as compared with past year, constitutes a rise in culture at this University. Culture is here defined as the deepening of the faculty of enjoying the artistic and critical appraisal of living. This, in contrast to rattling off slides before a sleepy Humanities section. In contrast to the dull dissection of *Paradise Lost* for a term paper.

Both events have the potential to be another level in the rise of culture or a static waste of academic time. Which potential is realized depends on the development of one's faculty of enjoyment, one's ability of to feel "pleasure regarded as the quality of the thing," as in Santayana's definition of beauty.

The fiction and poetry we are presenting as the winners of the creative writing contest sponsored by Phi Eta Sigma and Alpha Lambda Delta, freshman scholastic honoraries, illustrate the validity of this definition as constituting high-water marks in the rising tide of culture. The wave of which these works form the crest was a substantial one. Some 600 poems and 50 stories were submitted in the contest—far higher numbers than in any previous competition at this University.

Qualitatively, there was real strength behind this wave. According to Carl Hartman, associate professor of English and one of the fiction judges, the writing was characterized by overall strength. "In other contests there have been just one or two really good stories," he said. "Here, there are quite a number of good ones."

In reading these winning works one feels the enjoyment and pleasure that Santayana found so essential in his famous work on aesthetics, *The Sense of Beauty*. It is real enjoyment since it is found in appreciation of real things and people in the world. Take, for example, the first place poem, *Dream Against the City*, by Mark McKeon. Real

things are here—night advancing through the midwestern states, Clark service stations. "Prosaic" is our word for dull and uninteresting. The action of this poem makes such a prosaic thing as a gas station a part of poetry, a real thing deeply, emotionally seen and thus deeply and emotionally enjoyed.

The poem forces the prosaic into the powerful, even the most familiar of the apparatus of our daily lives. Conversely, the strange, the unfamiliar can be brought near, as in Joe Dionne's poem *Ankara and Other Places*, winner of second prize. In the eastern world he shows us, the reader amazingly orients him self to his own family.

\$350 in prizes were distributed to the winners of this contest. In the contest of another literary form, the essay, the Department of Humanities gave \$175 in its first competition, destined to be an annual event.

The first place essay by Richard Thomas, printed in this issue of *Collage*, affirmed the contention of Maurice Crane, professor of Humanities and chairman of the judging committee, that the critical essay is not produced by a mechanical science of writing but by an organic art. "Culture is not a spectator sport," he said. "The essayist is like the actor, who is saying 'Look at what is inherent in this work of art.' He opens up for us a perception that we didn't have before, and this is a function of art." Crane finds Thomas' essay an example of the high level of culture at MSU. "It's as good as any scholarly essay I have read in the field," he said.

Another entry into the field of scholarship on the part of students takes place in the publication of the second annual edition of *Honors College Essays*, to be published this week. Subjects range the gamut from medieval law, in the essay by Stephen Haynes, to Carl Rollyson's comparison of Russian and German concentration camps in the twentieth century. Drawn from a competition among 40 essays, the publication will be available at no cost at the Honors College offices.

"We sought a broad spectrum of subjects for this second edition of the *Essays*," said William Kelly, Director of the Honors College. "Thus, we have Suzanne Burgoyne's contribution to Shakespeare criticism along-

side William Skocpol's exploration of primitive cultures. These are all exciting essays, characterized by a lot of fresh insights rather than the meticulous and detailed writing of professional journals."

Fresh insights. An essay that's a work of art. Works of art themselves—powerful poems and stories. The competitions described in this article are recent developments, along with a profusion of "coffee houses" on campus, the ascendancy of the Folklore Society, *Zeitgeist*, the Red Cedar Review. The 8-year-old Performing Arts Company was one of the first organizations to draw upon the rise of culture at this University—culture defined as enjoyment of art and ideas. *Collage* is glad to be a part of the cultural growth that has proliferated so much this year.

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## Autumn in May

... Deep in December it's nice to remember the fire of September that made us mellow. Deep in December our hearts will remember, and follow ...

--"The Fantasticks"

Student editors, as a rule, enter the autumn of their collegiate years late in May. Thus, the senior staff members of *Collage*, although still rather young on an absolute scale, feel sufficiently mellowed to reminisce and reflect on the past four years.

The *Collage* staff, cocky breed that they are, feel a certain measure of pride as they view the past year as a culmination of years of planning and hoping. Collegiate magazines in general are notorious

for being short-lived or too esoteric to gain campus-wide support. On the other hand, some are too general and commercial in approach (i.e. the magazine for the extremely common man) to gain support of the more scholarly readers.

*Collage* is the latest literary and issue-oriented magazine to appear at Michigan State, and it owes its existence primarily to the University community, which saw the need for such a publication and made significant contributions to assure its continuance.

Never in the history of the University has there been such widespread dissemination of student and faculty reporting, commentary and artistic creation. Seldom has a student publication devoted as much space and thought to the crucial issues facing society today. Spe-

cial issues, such as those devoted to the war in Vietnam and the Black Revolution, exemplify this desire to probe and discuss.

A steady stream into this office of manuscripts, poetry, sketches, creative photographs, news analyses and commentary has demonstrated the importance of the continuation and further development of a magazine of the caliber of *Collage*. For too long the talents and abilities of a vast, diverse audience have gone untapped and lost to the rest of the community.

I congratulate the contributors to *Collage* during the past year. I urge the continued support of the magazine in the future for I suspect it will prove to be one of the important unifying factors at this University.

--Eric Pianin

## AWARD WINNING ESSAY

# Touching the pulse of humanity

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The following essay won first prize of \$100 in the recent contest sponsored by the Humanities Department. The contest is described in the article on page 2. Richard Thomas is active in the Black Student Alliance, and his poetry appeared in the past issue of *Collage* devoted to Black people and culture.

By RICHARD THOMAS

After reading *The Stranger* I felt I had a small insight into what Camus was doing—a typical mistake! I felt Camus could be explained as a new morality; a morality based on one's vision into oneself, and a faith in the honesty of oneself against the cosmetic honesty of the world. It is difficult to appreciate this honesty if one is operating out of the Judeo-Christian cage—the "I-Thou" ethic; it is a morality of the moment, not based upon strings attached to the kingdom of God, but rather to the kingdom of the moment and the self as reflected and heightened by honesty. Honesty becomes the altar. Then how can one approach Camus if he sheds all of his Western ethic? One must first be honest with oneself; that is painful, and more than often not rewarding, honesty that gets little applause from the outside.

This is how I felt about Camus after reading *The Stranger*. But after reading *The Plague* I was confused and frightened because I thought I had touched bottom; *The Plague*, which to me had to be an extension of *The Stranger*, held together by Camus' constantly deepening sensitivity, swallowed me up in its diversity of human suffering, joy, endurance and its range of philosophical realness; its closeness to life's own explanation of itself. But in order to try to reveal what the two books did to me, one after the other, I must explain what I felt and thought of how Camus worked out what I would call the new morality.

In *The Stranger* we are given Meursalt as the main character. We move through the story in his body, mind and spirit. We are on the tips of his every feeling, and he has many. We are led into his world of physical sensations—light, darkness, moving shadows; heat from the sun, reflections of the sea, a woman's breast, her laughter. All these things, animate or inanimate, are forests through which he takes us; but we do all of our traveling inside him—and we end inside him, thrashing about in an aura of a new morality that is difficult to explain yet feels so very good, so very comfortable!

But in *The Plague* we travel in many bodies, minds and spirits. And we are not always sure of where we are. In *The Stranger* we are in one man, alienated and thrashing about somewhat. In *The Plague* we are in a society of men. And as Meursalt was only in jail part of the book, in *The Plague* we start off in jail, in the frightened souls of humans under a relentless adversary hovering forever over.

To explain clearly how I felt towards both books I will attempt to approach the heart (as it appears to me) through certain characters. I feel that Camus carried over this new morality from *The Stranger*—and perhaps fulfilled it in *The Plague*.

The chaplain in *The Stranger*, however sincere he might be, is more conventional. We get a glimpse into him, but only a glimpse; he wants to sell Christ and he does not have much time. He does not have time to lose a customer to the Devil. "God can help you. All of the men I've seen in your position turned to Him in their time of trouble." This is the only consolation he can give the condemned man. Even if the man needed something else this chaplain must sell his product or nothing. He is worried about the "sin" of Meursalt in which he as chaplain has a vested interest. When he sees he is failing he reveals his true color as a mere man. "No! No! I refuse to believe it. I'm sure you've often wished there was an afterlife." Why must he be sure? Is it so important that he be so sure? Or is the price of not being sure too great a burden for him as a religious broker for salvation? What is Camus trying to sell us through this chapter—I dare say it is infinitely more than mere moralizing. But we cannot know really until we see how Camus



Winners of the Humanities Dept., Essay Contest are (left) James Zdanio, third prize; Richard Thomas, first prize; and Mark A. Pherison, second prize. Photo by Sean Lum

treats this same basic issue in *The Plague*. In *The Stranger* we see how a chaplain, supposedly more than mere man in his chosen profession, becomes, in a fit of human frustration, man. We see beneath the robe and collar into the common soul, and it is like all of us, thrashing around for balance and need. In *The Plague* we are given a more philosophical religious figure in Father Paneloux. We spend more time with Paneloux than with the chaplain in *The Stranger*. We live through more of his agony; and we follow him through his philosophical adjustments, from his "Week of Prayer" sermon delivered during *The Plague's* early visit. A sermon much like the chaplain in *The Stranger*. A sort of mocking I-told-you-so sermon, aimed at chastising the sinner. "If today the Plague is in your midst, that is because the hour has struck for taking thought. The just man need have no fear, but the evildoer has good cause to tremble. For Plague is the flail of God and the world His thrashing floor, and implacably He will thresh out His harvest until the wheat is separated from the chaff." But as the Plague continues and the Father along with others is forced to test his philosophy in its fire and ravage, after he has witnessed the suffering of a child, its prolonged agony—so hideous against its innocence, he is forced to question his calling. Somehow theology falls short of explanation. He is faced with forging out of himself a new theology, a new morality to fit the inexplicable order of horror constantly unfolding before him. A child's death bites into him. Camus pushes him to the wall and the Father voices Camus' new morality; the Father's second sermon was different as the chaplain's might have been had he been able to share the mounting mental anguish of the condemned man. Now the Father shared the "sin" with the "sinner." He too was under the burden. "In other manifestations of life God made things easy for us and, thus far, our religion had no merit. But in this respect he put us, so to speak, with our backs against the wall. Indeed, we are all up against the wall that Plague has built around us, and in its lethal shadow we must work out our salvation." Father Paneloux was willing to go to the extent of heresy to follow his new calling, perhaps willing to thrash about until he felt comfortable in some new morality. What is Camus doing? What is he trying to say through the varied responses of religious men to harsh realities? One thing is certain: in both stories each is made to face reality—and each is broken so as to reveal their common humanity, their common fears, joys and frustrations.

Camus does much more through other characters in both books; though if treated as one attempt at a new morality without strings, compensations or green stamps, as we see an uninterrupted philosophy forming.

In *The Stranger* most of the characters out-

side Meursalt seem peripheral. I do not see this as a flaw, but rather as a backdrop against which Meursalt developed. Marie is sweet, but conveys nothing to us. Masson comes and goes and is remembered only because he is tied in with the killing of the Arab. Raymond is a pimp with a typical pimp mentality. We see Colet as we see a passing tree; he touches us but leaves no lasting impression. Most of the characters are furniture situated in terms of Meursalt's impressions, moods and final message. "I laid my heart open to the benign indifference of the universe. To feel it so like myself . . ." We're left with a happy man and a crowd of spectators hovering at his execution.

But in *The Plague* all the characters take shape, from the dying father to the screams of a child in agony—to a journalist's secret thought about wanting to be a saint. Even the faceless masses can be heard and felt moving under the constant death strokes of the Plague. Even the rats are felt as they struggle and die. Camus speaks through every object, the sun; the hopes and fears; everything is employed to convey the message of deep sensitivity growing out of human suffering.

Each character is a prophet with a message of the new morality. Tarrou, the journalist, gives us that message: "What interests me is learning how to become a saint." When the doctor remarks, "But you don't believe in God!" Tarrou replies, "Exactly! Can one be a saint without God?—That's the problem, in fact the only problem, I'm up against today." Could this last have been Camus' problem too? One wonders?

Dr. Rieux, who in the end turns out to have been the narrator, instructs us too. His faith in man's struggle is meaningful for him as something in itself. He does not seem to need the old I-Thou ethic. Facing death each day, losing his wife and close friend, he still faces life. That's all—life!

*The Plague* seems bottomless; how can you fathom people sneaking up cliffs to watch trains loaded with corpses go to their way to the pit, and throwing flowers to them? How can you explain one wanting to escape this dreaded Plague and forsaking the chance to stay behind to help the dying? This is no mere heroism. He is dealing with all of us, and this is why I personally feel fulfilled in *The Plague*.

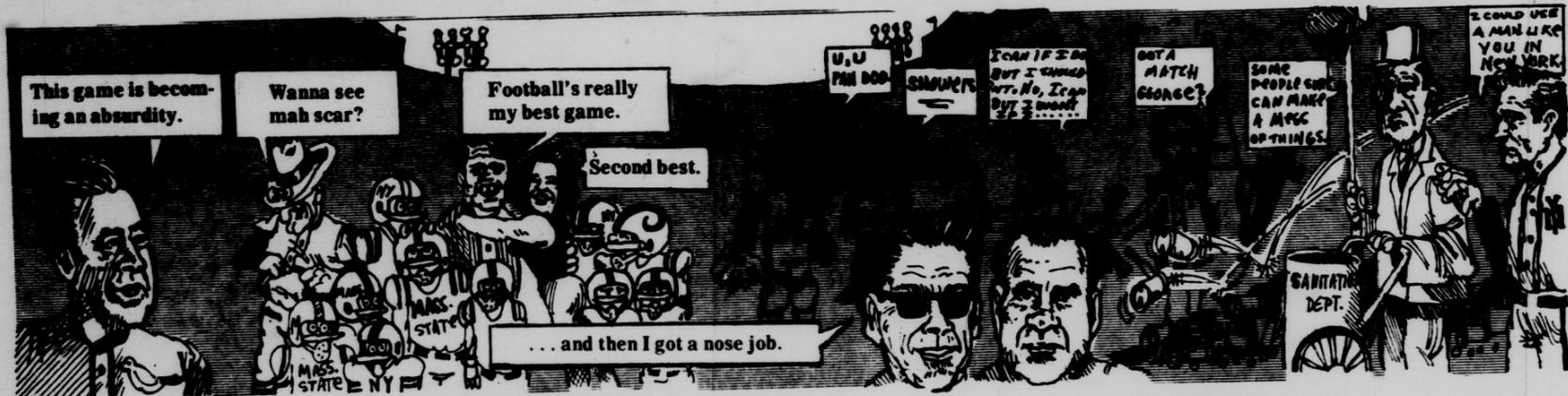
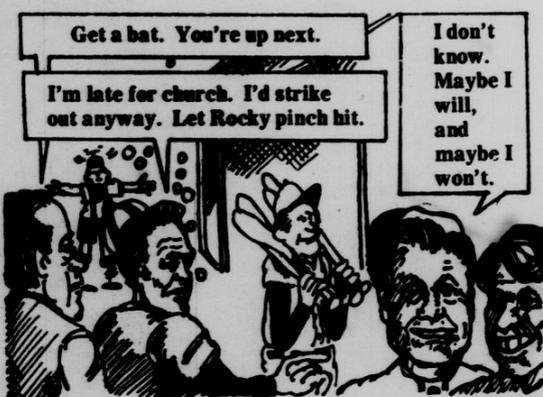
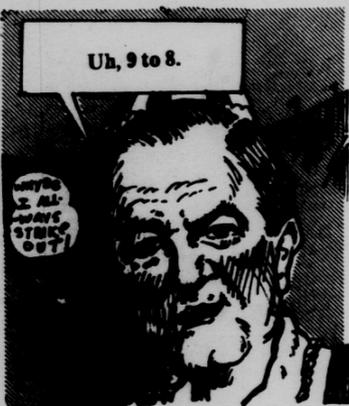
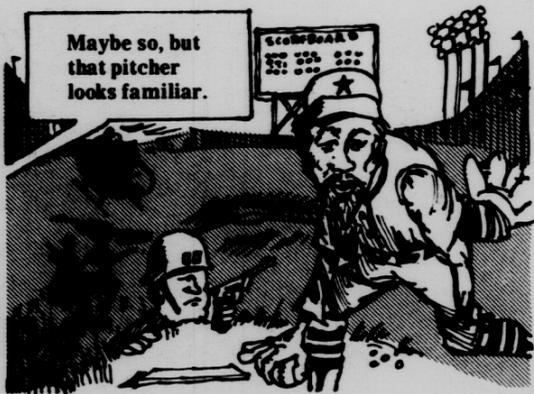
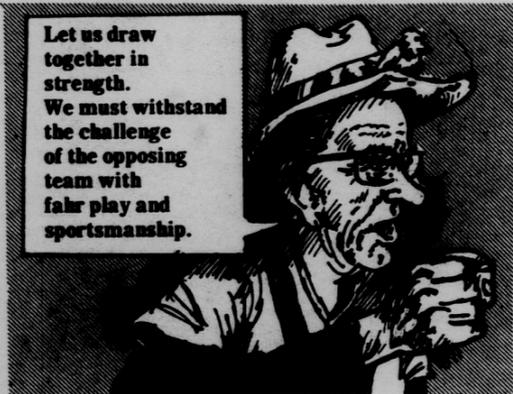
Could Camus be trying to call us back into a new humanism based on nothing any higher than what we are and can be?

Doctor Rieux's reply to Tarrou seems to point us in some direction. "But you know, I feel more fellowship with the defeated than saints. Heroism and sanctity don't really appeal to me. I imagine. What interests me

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# IT HAPPENS EVERY FALL

WRITTEN BY: FRED SHERWOOD  
ILLUSTRATED BY: DOUG HUSTON



## AWARD WINNING FICTION

# The Great Ten Day Legume War of Henri Manteau

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The following story was the winning entry among short stories in the Phi Eta Sigma and Alpha Lambda Delta creative writing content described on page 2. The story won a prize of \$100, while second prize of \$50 went to Philip O Jung for his story *The Eighth Day*, and third prize of \$25 went to *Alice, are You Gone Forever: I'll come Again in Rainy Weather* by Ann Hamilton. The following authors received honorable mention: Alan Crossley, Thomas Bruce and Alan Shratler. Joseph Dionne's poetry has been published previously in *Collage*.

By JOE DIONNE

Henri Manteau, age thirty-seven, single, and slightly fat around the waist, knees and muscle joints, sat navel deep in the oily water of his porcelain tub and pushed a plastic soap-dish around the edge with his big toe. With his back pressed lightly against the cold recliner of the tub, he could see out the opened bathroom door, through the hall, and into his father's bedroom, where the old man had lain for seven solid months without moving, and where three days ago Henri had taken him up his breakfast of pabulum, strained rhubarb and rot juice and found that he was indeed, after all, quite dead.

Now, after twenty-some odd years of scraping roots off potatoes, washing mushrooms and mustard greens, sticking his thumb through tomatoes to prove a point and generally feeling quite nasty about the whole thing, the empire was all his. Seventeen push carts, one large display table for in front of the building and a 47 dodge pick-up truck, would all undergo the sad paint job which signifies the passing of an empire from father to son. "Manteau and Son" had ceased to exist; crushed from the face of the city as sure as Henri's heel sank the plastic soap-dish with one fatal swoop, sending oily water splashing over the tub, on to the walls, mirror and wadded up clothes lying on the floor. Henri made a resolution to have Simple Tony repaint all of the signs first thing in the morning. "Henri Manteau, Fancy Fruit, Greens and Legumes." He could see it in his mind already, the bright green paint staining the side of the old wooden push carts and the pick-up.

He was whistling softly when he stepped tenderly out of the tub and began drying himself with the chafing towel which left his pink flesh deep red and bristling. In the mirror he watched the rivulets of water wind their way through the coarse hair on his chest and down his body until the towel, wrapped tightly around his waist, trapped them and held them there like a giant sponge. He held his breath for a moment, swelling up his chest, and then in a burst of imprisoned air, opened up his mouth and let his belly sag under the weight of its own momentum.

The funeral went well, he thought. All seventeen push cart routes were represented except the Regents Drive route of Saragato Bondini, who had called yesterday and explained that his wife was in jail again and he would have to go and bail her out if he could borrow the money from an uncle, who lived on the North end somewhere. Henri had not minded Saragato's absence, he even secretly elated at his bit of news since this would leave sixteen carts, an even number, and would thereby be much better suited to his plan.

And this morning when the hearse had wound its way through the crowded streets, past Duke George's Park and into the brass gates of the 39th street cemetery, Henri had viewed with quiet anticipation and a pang of creative happiness the sixteen vegetable carts, eight on each side which formed a wooden honor guard, tipped up on their front sides with their handles pointed towards the sky on forty-five degree angles, between which Henri, two uncles in the dry-cleaning business, and three of the elder Manteau's friends had carried the corpse and laid it in the bright green ground as if it were a turnip bulb.

He remembered too, as he slowly dressed before the mirror, taking great pains to fasten the black band of mourning around his jacket sleeve, the last conversation he had had with his father, before the elder Manteau had re-



fused to utter another word to his son five months ago. It was two months after his father had taken to his bed, never to arise from it again, and almost a year since the death of his mother. When his mother had died that cold morning in November, the elder Manteau had ceased all pretence of good health and had contacted Lumbago, Rheumatism, Emphysema and Cataracts in both eyes in rapid succession. He soon became a hopeless invalid and took to his bed where he quite crankily tried to run the business while Henri did all of the work. Their greatest difference concerned the "Marbury St. Maulers," a gang of perhaps forty youths between ten and sixteen years old, who had been terrorizing "Manteau and Son" for the past year or so. The elder Manteau's policy had been one of appeasement, sending out each day two push carts laden with ripe fruit into the heart of the "Mauler's" territory where they were quickly ransacked of their goodies, and the route men returning with an empty cart and tales of unbelievable torture and harassment. In this way, the elder Manteau reasoned, at least fifteen of the carts could go safely about their business without fear of piracy or threat to human life.

Henri, however, thought of himself as a member of the new breed. He was convinced that the "Mauler's" were being paid for their services by the owners of the "Open Air Market" at the corner of Canton and 37th street, just four blocks up Canton St. from "Manteau and Son's." This, to him, was a direct slap in the face of the American Way and free competition—with this in mind he quite naturally advocated a declaration of war, and a complete annihilation of the enemy—which to him was the open air market.

"We could poison their fish." He told his father on the morning of their last conversation.

"You're an ass." His father answered, not moving a single aching muscle except his lips.

"Why don't we arm our route men?"

"Anarchy."

"Tear gas?"

"Geneva Convention."

Henri had paused in the dying man's room, calling up all of his courage and will power before asking the question he had been asking himself since his father had took to bed.

"Why don't you let me run the business?"

His father had lain quietly for a full minute, not seeming to breathe, before he finally answered his son's question.

"Get out." He said quietly.

"You're dying."

"Out."

"I could sell more fruit and vegetables in the next year, then you've sold all your life."

"Not til I'm dead you won't."

"I could finish the "mauler's" in one fatal swoop."

"Ha!"

"I could."

"Get out."

"You'll see." Said Henri, his conviction making his voice crack.

"No I won't. I'll be dead." His father groaned with the effort that the conversation was taking of him.

"I'll piss on your grave." Said Henri, and thereby ended the last conversation between "Manteau and Son."

For the next five months Henri had followed his father's policy of appeasement with the "Marbury St. Maulers." Each morning sending out the two dummy carts, filled with fruit and vegetables, to be offered as sacrifice to the "maulers." His father grew increasingly worse, as the time passed, losing all muscle co-ordination in his body and finally growing blind in both eyes. Each day, morning and night, Henri would fix a tray of strained food and juices and take them up to his father, who lay unseeing as Henri poured them down his throat—often a little rougher than necessary, and sometimes a little hotter than was good for the old man. When this happened Henri would stand smilingly by and watch the tears form in the corner of the useless eyes and wait eagerly for his dying father to curse at him. But with nothing left working but his dignity, the elder Manteau maintained a supreme silence between his son and himself, until the night before he died. On this occasion the strained lettuce and leeks had been too hot to even swallow, and in a final burst of defiance the old man had sprayed the mouth-feel all over Henri's suit and muttered, "bastard."

The following morning, Henri found him dead.

Henri finished tying his tie and walked boldly into his father's room, noticing that for the first time the air did not smell of rotting organs and the soupy substances which filled the plastic sacks which he had faithfully tied around his father's groin for seven months. He rummaged around the old mahogany chest for a while until he found the diamond stick-pin his father had brought with him from France sixty-odd years ago, with his young pretty wife, a heart filled with dream and a philosophy of live and let live. He fastened the pin on his chest, put on his jacket and glancing at the empty bed, smiled and said aloud, "You'll see." And then whistling loudly, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the coming battle, went out to get gloriously drunk at his father's wake.

The rising of the sun, the next morning, found Henri Manteau, slightly pale, with a bad taste in his mouth, helping Simple Tony set up the vegetable and fruit display in front of the building which housed the carts and the crates full of fresh fruit, vegetables and assorted greens. When the truck had pulled into the alley in back of the building, an hour and a half ago, to unload the wooden crates of produce products, Henri had been quick to inform the fat old German from the Central Produce Warehouse that he, Henri Manteau, was now running the business and that he refused to be cheated in the same manner as his father.

"I'll give you a hundred and twenty for the lot." He said.

"You will give me one hundred and forty dolla or you will go to hell." The fat German said while eating one of Henri's apples.

And after giving the German a check for a hundred and forty dollars, Henri and Simple Tony set to work in repainting the seventeen push carts.

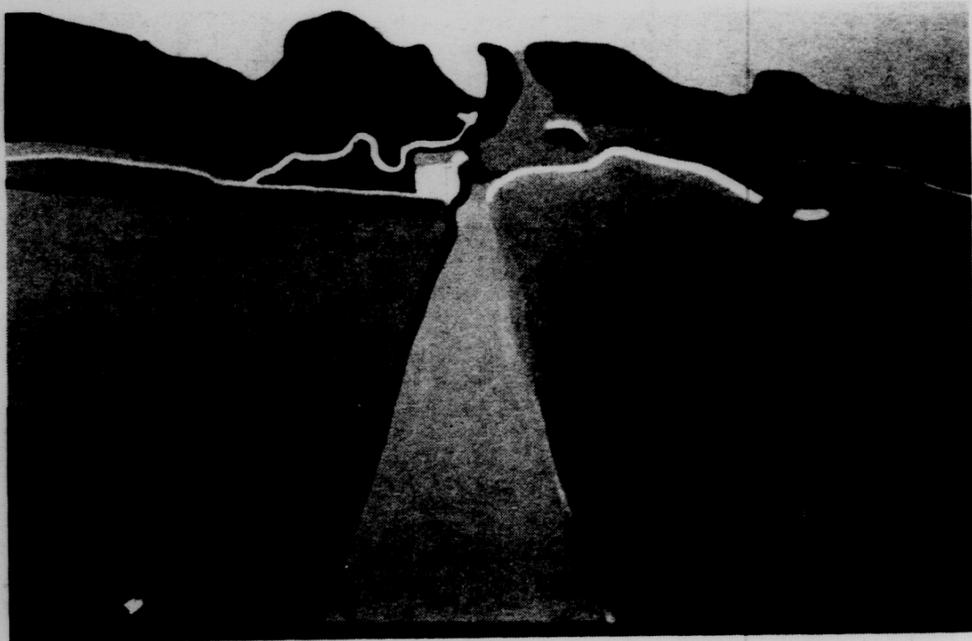
It was surprising, Henri thought, how everybody liked to take advantage of an honest Frenchman. Even Simple Tony, who was as Henri often said, "the dumbest dago since Nero," betrayed the trust which Henri and his father had shown him, giving him a chance to do odd jobs and car repair, by every afternoon falling asleep on the onion bin while waiting until the carts returned.

"It's all out war." Henri told the men as they assembled to collect their carts for their day's selling. And with this thought stirring in

(Continued on page 8)

POETRY

# Contest winners



Painting by John Bloyer

## Dream against the city

The soul dreams against the city.  
Grasses separate pavements,  
And willows grow up in the glass eyes of dime stores.  
A flight of sparrows drive half the cars off a bluff in Iowa.  
Tonight the hills of Kentucky will march north in shadows  
To take the small cities of Michigan at dawn.

The city spreads on populations of crushed glass and hubcaps.  
And makes us drowse in glass buildings in currents of cool air.  
In Illinois the glass fronts of Clark stations dry up the corn  
And drive darkness into Wisconsin.  
We are like small animals we catch in our headlights,  
Fascinated by what will destroy them.  
Soon only those who have fled to the mountains will be saved.

There is a clear vision of Rheims!  
And we fall asleep like man freezing to death:  
Bricks come out of walls talking politics with black men.  
They agree to destroy all buildings with glass doors.  
When we wake we have dreamt of the prairie.  
A party of Sioux fording the Missouri with all their belongings.  
Headed into Canada, their ponies leave a track  
On the deep grass.

--Mark McKeon

## seashell/vampire

passage of rubber flesh  
has left the tabernacle stone  
spun around resonant coils,

mainspring run down and filled  
with soft static of sea,  
swallowed and unfurling

catacomb where pulses dance  
in cloisters smooth as wax,  
clench as cold flowers out of stems collapse.

i cannot sleep;  
sunlight creeping on the wall,  
and mitred shadow edges  
stretch my fever through the afternoon.

but when the moon comes,  
and the beach shivers silver,  
and white trails of fish slit the black sea,

my body's rage,  
that sucked the fat from hidden places  
like dawn dispelling mist, searing the red muscle,

dies with evening chill.  
i rise and go on winding trails  
to the swelling sound of combers.

by organ sea,  
dissolving out of shells,  
sweet incense runs down into sand,

languid as spent passion,  
stretching under face of beach  
abutted by black voice and shining eye.

i lie with veins out of wire,  
fire and silver wound in wax color,  
palmleaves chick like pterodactyl wings,  
yet the sound revolves in rounds of fistled flowers.

--David Heal

These poems are the winning entries in the verse category of the creative writing contest sponsored by Phi Eta Sigma and Alpha Lambda Delta, freshman scholastic honoraries. \$175 in prizes were awarded in this division. Entries by the following author received honorable mention: Roy Bryan, William Goosens, Stuart Ouwinga, Dan Rosochacki, Randy Schroth, Robert Vander Molen, and Peter Fiore. Bryan, Schroth and Vander Molen have been previously published in *Collage*.



Sketch by Jane Grover

# Ankara--and other places

Outside the city, along the tops  
of thorny green hills, grey  
fabled sand, foolishly groping  
and prodding with a withered  
half stick -- a mountain  
sheperd picks and kicks  
cursing skinny goats. They stare  
unmoving  
fascinated  
by the smell of distant Ankara,

angel  
roasting berries  
in the distance of her mosques.

At home in the hillocks  
the mountain sheperd's wife is hanging  
their hides greyly in the sun--  
by only in her mind.

Part I -- Brussels -- an uncle  
In the shallow brown shadows  
of the Parc de la Eglise Notre Dame du Sablon,  
nestled sensually in the belly  
of Brussels, young Claude laughed  
and romped, squashing captured  
butterflies in raptured delight,  
wiping entrails on his bare  
legs, while his mother, young  
and widowed and deeply dark  
in eyes, sat  
ever so lush on benches of quite  
new Belgian stone. And waited  
and waited  
and failed to hear  
the laughter while she waited.

And one is stopped  
dead  
by the absense of fish nets  
in Ankara.

How strange it is to think  
of my uncle, who they say lusted  
in his sickness  
in the oily hospital which smelled  
of spoiling chestnuts, as he lay dying  
narrowly between virgin sheets  
with the little beasts eating  
his potency to life.  
He once held me frightened  
on his knee and in peals  
of reddish laughter  
told me  
that  
it is not hot,  
not cold in hell  
but you can't grow apples there.  
Later I found he was right,  
but then he lusted  
in his sickness.

How innocently orange  
and bright  
tonight is Ankara,

angel  
eating berries  
in the distance of her mosques.

Part II -- New Mexico -- a father

Mesquite, Black Chaparral, Thorny Oak -- peoples  
of the Sangre de Christo flow  
vapor-like in the new Spanish sun,  
like some mad St. Remy  
Van Gogh vision. Rows of young  
pilgrims sweat and wind up  
the mountain south of Taos,  
to view the final pyre, the bluish  
urn where-in enshrined  
in final rest is Lawrence  
untroubled  
by the framed French fingers pointing  
in a wondrous vertigo of dates  
how he through off his ghost, was  
inhumed, exhumed, consumed,  
packaged, crated, shipped,  
posted, checked and finally  
strapped on a lazy ass up  
the winding mountain to be displayed  
in shrouded portals  
of white adobe  
all in ashes  
like the words he wrote.

You can buy the Rubaiyat  
for soft silver  
and lira in Ankara.

Yesterday my father was as old as the Persian trade winds--  
today they are his judge.

What perfect timing death has,  
like mild milk-week follicles,  
drifting and puffing their lamb  
wool tenacles in the sun, only  
to plummet and root  
on the most perfect of timeless days.  
Prophet of my manhood, he was  
the color of serenity  
with the visage of the purple mirror  
where I would stand on a chair  
in delicate balance  
to see in my face  
my father's eyes.

What perfect timing death has--  
unless you stand  
timeless in Ankara,

angel  
roasting berries  
in the distance of her mosques.

Part III -- Royan -- a sister

Another upturned belly  
for the god's laughter on the beach,  
only a tired jellyfish--  
its color and shape like  
a thousand puddles after  
the rain in the streets of Royan.  
The old children prod it with long  
sticks to secure the amazing  
certainty of its remarkable death, then  
one by one wriggle their toes  
into its viscuous groin with squeals  
of delight  
and revulsion,  
while above on crags and cliffs  
proper young men court  
well mannered young women  
to woo them as it were  
into the dark corners  
with such a proper air  
of propagation.

Motherhood  
is mixed with sand  
in Ankara.

My pale sister was of the type who  
stumbled nakedly into life like  
some frail moth wrapped  
choking in the prison of  
an outgrown cocoon.  
I often thought  
she would grow to be a saint  
but she fooled us all and died  
when she was ten.  
They sixty bore her three by three  
and propped her in the sun.

Poor sad finger  
of the Turkish moon  
in Ankara.

Angel  
eating berries  
in the distance of her mosques.

Part IV -- Revelations

Today is such a dead time  
seen through frosted glass.  
What a waste it is to be in that  
body in the mirror--

I see  
my hair is October, Yet I  
am a Wednesday child  
under the sign of the fish.  
I wish I was sand and could feel  
the sandled foot and hear  
the sandy voices  
crying out  
the resur-  
rection  
of stillness

and the godness of breath.

But I am an undried squalling  
thing of pink and have not  
lost my memory--  
so I'll wait--  
For I have been to Ankara,  
and my footprints mirror  
the shadows  
of my walking away legs.

At home in the hillocks  
the mountain sheperd's wife of Ankara  
has hung the hides of the goats  
her husband is prodding home.

But only in her mind. -- Joe Dior

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# Great Ten Day Legume War

(Continued from page 5)

their morning heads, he passed out wooden clubs which he had patiently whittled from oak wood during his father's long illness in hopes and secret anticipation of this day. The appeasement policy was over, he told the men, the two decoy carts would no longer be sent into the heart of the "maulers'" territory, but would instead skirt the outside and carry out business as usual. Any assault on body or vegetables was to be met with force and instant retaliation. To the two or three new men, who had gathered in hopes of a peaceful job, and making a silent living among the tenement and apartment houses of the lower west side of the city, selling vegetables, fruits and legumes, he explained the need of arming themselves and gave a capsule summary of the so far one-sided battle between the Manteaus and their enemy, the open air market. He asked if there were any questions, one of the new men walked out, and one of them said, "What the hell's a legoom?"

When the men had left on their routes, Henri took a plain white sheet of paper and scratched out in simple hand-writing:

**Open Air Market,  
Corner, Canton & 37th St.**

**Gentlemen:**

**BEWARE.**

signed it H. Manteau, of "Henri Manteau, Fancy Fruits, Greens and Legumes," and gave it to Simple Tony to deliver. With his mind rising through the alcohol fog to the glory and spoils of war, he then set himself to sweeping up the loose lettuce leaves, potato roots and string beans.

The afternoon passed without incident, the "maulers" perhaps caught off guard by the absence of the two decoy carts. Simple Tony brought back an answer from the manager of the Open Air Market, which read simply: "Do I know You?" "Ha." Said Henri, with vivid expectations of the next day.

Henri's expectations were not to be disappointed either, for the following afternoon the Woolton Ave. route man returned with minor lacerations and several bruises minus the cart which he had abandoned in lieu of his life.

"Coward." Said Henri and dismissed the man on the spot.

"Fascist." Said the shaken man and informed Henri that he had already quit.

Henri dispatched Simple Tony to retrieve the cart, and the man left protesting vigorously, armed with two clubs, but returned later with the cart with no further incident. Henri's next thoughts were on an ample battle plan. It seemed that clubs were not the answer, the Maulers had descended on the Woolton Ave. route man with such superior numbers that not even the flaying club had much effect, indeed it only angered the gang to seek revenge of a more physical nature than just stealing the produce.

The next morning found a smiling Henri watching the route men leave, their carts laden with produce, and today's special, parsley sprigs -- a nickle a piece, and in each of their pockets a mail-order tear-gas cartridge, disguised as a fountain pen, which Henri had purchased months ago and hidden under a crate of cabbage hearts in preparation for the war. When the last cart had left, Henri had Simple Tony deliver another note to the Open Air Market, which read:

**Open Air Market,  
Corner, Canton & 37th St.**

**Gentlemen:**

**The Pen is mightier than  
the club.**

**H. Manteau**

When Simple Tony came back with an answer, he was munching on an avocado, which Henri knew he had got from the Open Air Market and to him was a sure sign of treason, but his fears were belayed by the answering message which read: "Are you as crazy as your messenger?"

The afternoon was hot, muggy and filled with the little surprise that make modern warfare a thing of beauty. Giovanni deLancio, of the West

Washington St. route, called in early in the afternoon from the 33rd St. Hospital and Veterinary Clinic, where he was undergoing treatment for toxic poisoning after gassing himself on his lunch-break while trying to write his uncle Vicente a letter with the new pen Henri had given him. And later the 16th Police Precinct, on Boulder Dam Drive telephoned Henri and told him they were holding a Guisseppi Papa for malicious attack on an eight year old boy who, while trying to buy his crippled mother some celery, without provocation, the same Guisseppi Papa, had taken a vile of tear gas and let the youth have it flesh in his startled little face. The cops told Henri that Guisseppi P. had said that he was acting on Henri's orders, to which Henri answered that he didn't know any Guisseppi P. and would the police be so kind as to hold the push cart at the station, while Henri would send over a man to retrieve it, since it had more than likely been stolen by this infamous Guisseppi P. "Stupid Dagos" Henri muttered.

The afternoon was not without its victories though. The enemy, in the person of the Mercenary "Marbury St. Maulers," had been contacted on Century St., 35th St., by the river, and on 38th St. near Duke George's Park. There were reports of wholesale confusion due to the gas attack on the part of the enemy, and also alas, a few innocent bystanders had received

a blast or two, but Henri rationalized this by remembering that civilian casualties are to be expected. Although the tear gas took its toll on the enemy, and Henri mentally danced a slight jog at the thought of the "maulers" crying and wailing like babes from the gas, it was decided that the gas was to be discontinued, owing to the fact that once released, the gas was uncontrollable and a crying route man can't sell many onions, not to mention legumes.

If the Open Air Market thought Henri's gas attack cowardly and against the accepted conventions of warfare, they did not give Henri the satisfaction of this knowledge. For in answer to Henri's note the next morning, which read in full: "I am preparing to CLEAN OUT your nest," was another inept ruse from the Market which read: "Have you escaped from somewhere?"

And "Clean out" was exactly what Henri did. After the fat old German had delivered the morning's produce, with his usual neighborly greeting and friendly banter: "You vill giff me ein hoodredt und vorty-vive dolla or I vill poot mein boot up your aschlope." Henri and Simple Tony had taken all of the fruit and produce which the "maulers" were most likely to steal and had soaked them in boiling, oily, soapy water--letting them soak

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Photo by Bob Ivins

# Touching the pulse of humanity

(Continued from page 3)

is being a man." And Tarrou answers, "Yes, we're both after the same thing, but I think I'm less ambitious."

Both men, Dr. Rieux and Tarrou are searching for some new humanism. There is no "going home again." Home is inside and outside the spiritual quest; the quality of that quest. Both men are subtle messages from Camus, matches in some dark tunnel, with which we might find some exits. But are exits answers or entrances into further human misery? Where is Camus taking us? How do we arrange the messages in *The Stranger* and *The Plague* so that they form signposts leading toward this new humanism, this new morality--based upon the outcome of our groping about?

In Father Paneloux the groping seems more authentic because it seems the groping stems from comparable knowns, those comparable foundations not known to shift in midsea. The sand underneath these knowns is shifting--historically on every level of human expression, as everything based on them is thrown out of orbit, into other orbits. The comfortable orbits break down in *The Plague*. In *The Stranger*, it does not matter as much because there is only one orbit, and there is no audience, no sharer of the pain. Father Paneloux is the more radical side of religious expression, but Camus shows that new wine is still too strong for even half-old bottles.

Camus forces us to forsake old ideas, ideals and human institutions of security, old expressions and feelings. We are stripped bare, nude before a burning revelation of a new force within us; the force of being, of transcending ourselves. "Nor should we listen to certain moralists who told us to sin on our knees and give up the struggle. No, we should go forward, groping our way through the darkness, stumbling perhaps at times, and try to do what good lay in our power." To me the most important message is the "going-forward" the "stumbling perhaps at times." Why? Because it lends a sort of vital refreshing legitimacy to the present social movements, not so much to their particular direction or vision, but to the "going forward" the "stumbling." Camus yanks us out of the security hunt, and sanctifies the darkness, the insecurities, the groping about. *The Plague* reduces us all to the personal darkness which we would have escaped had it not occurred. We escape it in *The Stranger*. We abandoned Meursault. And we lied about it. We told ourselves that he was cruel, unkind in love, a murderer, insensitive to motherhood, which at the bottom was the abandonment of our very real selves. So we fled, hurling back at Meursault platitudes, and denying him in ourselves. But we are trapped in *The Plague*, we abandon one struggling human only to run into another. And we cannot quite escape--or can we?

I raise these questions, I encircle these specific incidences, only to locate the kernel of Camus' new morality, as I see it, as I think I experience it. I go back to what I said about Camus pointing the way towards some new humanism. *The Stranger's* fulfillment in *The Plague*, as I see it, constitutes not a departure from the old sterile institutional humanisms, both secular and religious,

but rather a revelation inside an older revelation, a brighter light within a waning light, as the darkness deepens--and the collective groping of humanity, go inwardly and outwardly in feverish search of meaning.

What do I mean by this fulfillment, this new humanity toward which I base my claim, my interpretation of Camus? I mean a shift, a deliberate sensitizing of the basic components of humanity that are a very real and essential part of us--to extend ourselves into another person's soul as they are. To feel and appreciate the history of Meursault, his groping as a person, and not to abandon him, with

a judicial shrugging of our shoulders; to feel the same heartbreak for an adult as for the child, because we are of the same surging blood, the same flesh and bone, but mainly because we have all at one time or another wondered, and groped and stumbled into the darkness, because we have all been in prisons and plagues--but we must appreciate Meursault so as to find him again in *The Plague*, as that screaming child, the Father, the doctor, and when we find him we will have found ourselves because we will then have touched upon the essential pulse of humanity and perhaps out of it all, fashioned a new morality.



## Great Legume War

(Continued from page 6)

long enough for the oil and soap to penetrate the fruit like a sponge. After this they had taken the fruit and put them into the cold storage bin to harden them up so that one could not tell they had been "spiked." When the men came for the carts, Henri passed out the little "gifts" to two or three of the routes which had been most often hit in the past by the "maulers," and when the men had left, settled back in his makeshift office cackling and giggling like a man with witch-craft on his mind.

This was by far Henri's most subtle and ingenious thrusts in the three day old war, and Henri congratulated himself abundantly for his resourcefulness and craft in the fact of superior numbers. That afternoon when the men returned, Henri found out that all had gone as planned; the carts with the "spiked" fruit had been ransacked with unusual vigor by the "maulers," who Henri supposed, were trying a new offensive to retaliate for the gas attack of yesterday. Of course, some of the fruit had fallen into the hands of civilians who bought them, but his was inevitable in order not to arouse suspicion.

"It's almost poetic." Thought Henri Manteau before going to bed that night.

The effects were immediate, it was a sure victory for Henri, a small one to be sure, and one which would not last, but at least it would serve to warn the enemy command post at the Open Air Market, that they were dealing with a foe of no small cunning. So sure of himself, was Henri, that he sent his route men out the next morning, the fourth day of battle, unarmed and unaided to carry on a normal day's business. And when the men returned that afternoon, Henri found that, as he had expected, there had been no incidents, not one single cart had been bothered. The "Marbury St. Maulers" were nowhere in evidence, except perhaps one or two sitting on tenement steps looking very pale and weak. The afternoon paper confirmed the results of Henri's brilliant coup by devoting a small column on the back page which told of an outbreak of dysen-

tery and diarrhea in the lower West end of the city, perhaps due to oil and soap in the West End Water Reservoir, or some other unknown factor. The snarl of the doctor was on Henri's firm jaw as he took pen and scribbled a note to the Open Air Market. "Gentlemen: Do I detect a weakening in the very Bowels of the enemy forces?" And when Simple Tony returned a half-hour before Henri was to close the shop, on this day of glory, with blood dripping from his already pug nose and a very perplexed look on his face, with a verbal message from the Hierarchy at the Open Air Market, which was in full: "SHIT", Henri knew that while the battle was his, the war had just begun.

Henri Manteau spent most of the weekend, sitting in the porcelain tub, navel deep in oily water, pushing the soap fish around the edge with his toe and contemplating the first week of the war--and speculating on the week to come.

He was sure the "maulers" would recover sufficiently to resume their attacks on the push-carts, since the diarrhea could only be expected to last three days at the most, Henri was positive that the second week of the war would see increased contact with the enemy. He was also sure that the war could not be won by isolated victories over the "Marbury St. Maulers," they were only pawns in the general scheme of things which found the Open Air Market as the real enemy. If the war was to be decided finally and decisive in Henri's favor, then the Open Air Market must be the final battlefield. As Saturday grew into Sunday and the water in the tub grew colder and quite noticeably oilier, Henri formulated the plan which would insure final victory and bring the Open Air Market begging to the bargaining table. For the time being, though, he would be content to sit tight and watch the general drift of events.

Monday found the Henri Manteau, Fancy Fruit, Greens and Legumes" route men venturing out for the day's business unarmed and

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### COLLAGE

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# Great Ten Day Legume War

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without ploy. Monday afternoon found the route men returning with battered carts, bloody heads and wounded dignity. The "maulers" were indeed recuperated from their bouts with dysentery and ripe for the fray. They had descended upon four or five of the routes with wrecking bars, clubs and curses, dismantling carts, bruising chins, and slandering ancestors—and in two separate instances dumping containers of substances over the route men and their carts which hinted slightly at the last correspondence from the Open Air Market to Henri.

Tuesday and Wednesday brought further destruction and havoc, and the route men were clammering for Henri to either do something or sue for peace. The time had come, thought Henri, the "maulers" showed no sign of letting up, they were attacking with seeming impunity more and more routes, and it was getting harder to keep the men on the job. The crowning blow, however, came Wednesday afternoon when a message was delivered to Henri, by a sinister looking fellow who rode by on a bicycle and threw a wrinkled scrawl, wrapped around a spoiled grapefruit, into the opened door and splattering on the newly swept floor. The message was of course from the Open Air Market and read: "Surrender now, you have nought to lose save your legumes." "Ha!" Said Henri Manteau, "the time has come H. Manteau says/ to speak of many things/of silent shoes/of burping fish/and who's the cabbage king."

Wednesday night, the ninth day of the war, Henri Manteau and Simple Tony worked far into the morning. The one hundred and fifty fresh fish that Henri had ordered in preparation for the plan were brought out of the cold storage and laid in a neat row on the display table, which Henri and Simple Tony had brought in after the shop had closed its doors to the usual day's business. From under a pile of Rutabegs, Henri brought out a large wooden box filled with three-hundred Mexican Cherry Bombs, which he had quite illegally acquired. And then with Simple Tony making slight slits, with a long knife, under the jaw bone of each fish, Henri stretched the mouth open with his fingers and rammed two Cherry Bombs down the throat with a screw driver. When this was finished after several hours of work, intermittently broken up with long speels of fiendish laughter on Henri's part, and worried looks on Simple Tony's, they loaded the crates of loaded fish onto the bed of the 47 Dodge pick-up, along with three five gallon cans of colorless, odorless, but very inflammable Methane Gas, and sat back to wait.

At Four in the morning, while it was still dark, Henri Manteau, dressed in black from head to toe, and looking very much the part of an international spy, woke up Simple Tony from his onion bin bed, slipped into a blackened pair of tennis shoes, and the two men started out for the Open Air Market.

They parked the pick-up in back of the Market in an alley off 39th St. and watched as the workers in the market made the final preparations for the day's business. Henri was rubbing his sweating hands in preparation as he watched some tired looking men put the last fish in the display bins towards the rear of the market. When the men had finished and had moved off towards the other side to begin arranging vegetables and fruit, Henri poked Simple Tony awake, and the last stage of the last battle was started.

One by one they carried the crates of loaded fish to the market's fish bins, and after pulling the plug in the bottom of the bin and letting out the water, began substituting the markets fish for their "peace" offerings. Being very careful to work swiftly and silently, they were not detected by the men at the other end of the market. When the last fish had been substituted and they had carried the crates of the market's good fish back to the truck, they took the three cans of Methane Gas and poured them into the bins. When they were finished and the truck loaded with the empty gas cans, Henri took a last look at the bins filled with his loaded fish and thought to himself, that "it would, indeed, be a festive morning."

When the route men had gathered to pick up their carts for the day's work, they found a happy Henri Manteau, rubbing his belly and glowing with the thought of the errand he was to run later in the morning. After the usual pro-



testations of the route men at being sent out unarmed and without benefit of subtle ruse to ward off the attacks of the "maulers," Henri laughed secretly and went about the business of sweeping up the fallen radishes, spinach leaves and bits of celery stalks—on sale today at 34 cents.

At 10:30 a.m. it was time. He woke Simple Tony up, and together they got into the pick-up and drove the four blocks down Canton St. to the Open Air Market. He had timed it perfectly, the market was filled with a capacity crowd, mostly older women with printed scarves and flowery house dresses. They sat for a moment and watched the flourishing market place until Henri told Simple Tony that it was time. After a minute or two of useless protesting as to why he should be the one to do it, Simple Tony got out of the truck, walked across the street and was soon lost in the market crowd. Henri gave Simple Tony enough time to drop the match into the bin, and when nothing seemed to be happening, thought for a moment if perhaps he should go and see what was wrong. All of a sudden, there was a faint scream, followed by several louder screams, and Henri gleefully saw a cloud of dark smoke rising from the fish bin area. He watched the people at first shrink back, and then press forward to see how it was that a fish bin had caught fire—and then the first fish exploded.

It was funny, Henry thought, the tears of laughter streaming down his face, how people panic when faced with a minor problem. The people were making shambles out of the market, as the fish continued to erupt, sending pieces of scales, guts, meat and fish heads flying in hundred foot radii, they were knocking over cabbage bins, stamping on bushels of tomatoes, throwing one another into grapefruit shelves, and just generally making a pretty sticky mess. Pandemonium reigned supreme as Henri Manteau doubled himself over the steering column, unable to control his fits of laughter, bits of fish were raining out of the sky in great oozing lumps and the shoppers were having difficulty maintaining their footing, as the crescendo of the exploding fish reached its zenith and then dwindled down to minor bursts and sporadic popping. Henri saw the first poorly organized rescue crew winding its way through the squashed cantaloupe, kicking aside the isolated heaps of cauliflowers, groping onward through the red mire of a thousand mutilated tomatoes and red beets to finally reach their objective of a group of women who had either fainted after being felled with a fish head or had been trampled in the following surge of flower print dresses and printed scarves with entrails dripping from them. He sat for a while longer and then turning on the windshield wipers to clear the windows of eyes and scales, drove around the corner and out of sight of the disaster area. The last thing that Henri Manteau saw as he rounded the corner at 39th st. was a grown man sitting amidst the drippings and red squeezings of an overturned watermelon display, his face turned towards the sky as if asking for some sort of supplication, and crying like a baby.

When Henri brought the pick-up around back in the alley of his shop, and went inside for a pail and water to begin wiping the fish smell off the old blue Dodge, he found Simple Tony

breathing heavy with an obvious look of fear and dread covering his face.

"Is theyma come get me?" Simple Tony asked like a child.

"Theyma no come get you," said Henri, "the enemy is kaput."

At two-thirty-five that afternoon, the same sinister looking messenger came peddling his bike up to the front of Henri's shop, and instead of the indignity of throwing a message tied to a rotting grape-fruit, left the bicycle in front of the shop and personally delivered a note to Henri Manteau. This was the moment, Henri thought, after the months of appeasement, and the humiliation suffered at the hands of the "Marbury St. Maulers". The moment of truth had finally come. Henri drew himself up to his full height, which was five foot nine inches, and drawing a deep breath read:

H. Manteau  
Henri Manteau, Fancy Fruits, Greens and Legumes.  
Canton St.

Sir:

We have been devastated by an inhuman weapon, we have no choice save honorable surrender. Trusting in your humanity, we therefore sue for peace under your conditions. Awaiting your answer.

Yours in Defeat,  
Open Air Market,  
Corner of Canton and 37th st.

That afternoon saw a proud and majestic, Henri Manteau stroll victoriously into the office of the Open Air Market, the surroundings were one of untold destruction and bedlam, and in the middle of it all was the man Henri had seen sitting amidst the sad, broken watermelons, looking very much sad and broken himself. With the Armistice thus procured and an agreement in words from the manager to call off the mercenary "Maulers," and also not to sell artichokes at less than 39 cents a half-dozen, Henri Manteau walked out of the Open Air Market, carefully stepping over scattered parts of fish, mushmelon and some peas in a pod, and into the sunlight which he rightfully claimed as belonging to him.

And that same night, Henry Manteau, age thirty-seven, single, and slightly fat around the waist, knees and muscle joints, stood spread eagle over his father's ten day old grave, thinking of the short war and the decisive victory that was his, the twenty some odd years of scraping roots off potatoes, washing mushrooms and mustard greens, sticking his thumb through tomatoes to prove a point, the agony of the seven months spent emptying vicious smelling plastic sacks, and of the last conversation with his late lamented father. He stood for another moment, watching the moon drift under some heavy clouds and the shadow passing over the grave-stone, listening to the sound of the liquid splashing onto the bright green soil and slowly seep into the earth, and then slowly zipped up his trousers, looked down at the grave for the last time, said "You see," and then turned and walked out of the 39th st. cemetery, never to return.



# Kiddie TV--our very own trivia

By JIM YOUSLING

About two years ago, the fad sensation that was sweepin' the nation was a game called Trivia. The object was to while away the hours rattling off theme-songs from old radio programs or reciting all of The Shadow's many alter-egos, from Lamont Cranston to Phineas Twambly. For old timers, Trivia was nostalgic fun. But for the undergraduate set, it was hard work. We never heard the ancient radio shows or saw the ancient movies. And since we couldn't remember them, we had to LEARN about them. Trivia was a chore.

Then, a few days ago, I made an astounding discovery during a casual conversation. Our generation is now old enough to have its own trivia and its own nostalgia. Its name: kiddie television.

We are the first generation to grow up in front of the one-eyed monster, the last generation to see its "Golden Age" during the fifties, and the only generation to grow up with the Golden Age kiddie shows. So at the ripe old age of 21, I can reminisce about the good old days. Return with me now to those thrilling days of yesteryear . . .

Recently, "The Paper" has been attempting a revival of Jay ("Bullwinkle") Ward's first creation, Crusader Rabbit, a cotton-tailed White Knight with a tiger sidekick named Rags. I am sure that Crusader's name brings a pang of nostalgia to many a worldly-wise heart, because the old cartoon shows were surely our favorites.

Of course we watched "My Friend Flicka," "Sky King," and "Captain Gallant of the Foreign Legion." But the best parts of those Saturday mornings were animated.

We loved "Mighty Mouse," even if we did have to sit through one episode of "Farmer Alfalfa" to see him. Even the commercials (Colgate's Happy Tooth) were endearing on that program. We loved "Ruff and Ready," the early Hannah-Barbara hit. We loved Rottie Kazootie and his Galapoochie pup. And we even loved the ancient cartoons that were used on local kiddie shows. These remnants from the thirties included "Krazy Kat," "Betty Boop," Max Fleicher's "Out of the Inkwell," and those old Looney Tunes that always had grasshoppers and lightning bugs singing "The Lady in Red" in nightclubs made of old teapots, broken dishes, or a brown derby.

For most of us, however, the best cartoon show of all was Jack Barry's "Winky Dink," the only audience-participation cartoon. Every week, we stuck a special plastic sheet over the T.V. screen, took out the special crayons, and drew ladders and bridges for Winky Dink to climb on. After a while, we learned that Winky could get out of his dire situations even when we didn't draw the ladder or say the magic word, "Winko!" But somehow it was disturbing to see that falsetto-voiced pixie climbing invisible ladders or walking on water, so we kept on drawing. And if we couldn't find our special screen and crayons, we just drew on the glass with our Crayolas.

The live action shows were widely diversified, but again, the best shows were those with the most fantasy. We watched "Mr. Wizard" or "Ding Dong School" with Miss Frances, but only when there was nothing on that was more exciting.

The best live action shows were those which stressed fantasy, omitted parent figures, and featured non-human characters. The earliest of these classics was Burr Tillstrom's "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," a brilliant puppet show featuring a clown, a dragon, Beulah the Witch and smiling Fran Allison. Fortunately, Tillstrom's characters are still around, most recently on Xerox's "Children's Film Festival."

Most of the other classic kiddie shows are now defunct. First to go was "The Buster Brown Show." Every week, Uncle Ed McConnell (replaced upon his death by Andy Devine) would say, "Plunk your magic twanger, Froggy." Froggy the Gremelin would then do exactly that, and off we would go to India for another violent, terrifying episode of "Gunga the Elephant Boy."

Another classic show created in the



early years of television was destined to outlive "Buster Brown." It was Bob Smith's masterpiece, "Howdy Doody," which began when Wonder Bread only built strong bodies 8 ways instead of the present 12. Again, the emphasis was on fantasy. The humans were limited primarily to Buffalo Bob, Chief Thunderthud, Corny Cobb, and Clarabelle Clown. Everyone else was a marionette. And what a fantastic array of characters! There was the evil mayor Phineas T. Bluster, Dilly Dally, Fluberdub (the creature who craved spaghetti), Tizzy the Dinosaur, Princess Summerfallwinterspring (who unfortunately became a human after the first few years), Heidi Doody (Howdy's Alpine cousin), Salty (the evil sea captain who helped Mr. Bluster search for Davy Jones' Locker), and, of course, Howdy himself, either dressed in his usual cowboy suit or disguised as John J. Fadooole, America's Number One ("Boing!") Private Eye.

A friend of mine continually spreads the legend of the Last Howdy Doody Show. It seems to have been a mystic experience for her, so I would like to pass it on to you . . .

Just as Buffalo Bob was about to say goodbye for the last time, Clarabelle came dashing out, tooting his horn and squirting seltzer very excitedly. Buffalo Bob asked the clown what was wrong, but his pantomiming explained nothing. Finally, the clown calmed down and walked directly up to the cameras. There was an unearthly smile on his lips and his eyes brimmed with tears. A hush fell over the Peanut Gallery. Then, to the amazement of thousands of "little dill pickles" all over the country, he opened his mouth and stammered, "I . . . can . . . TALK!" Across the nation, children cheered and wept. It was the end of an era.

Bob Keeshen, who played Clarabelle, never topped this performance. But soon after the death of the "Doody" show, he reappeared on his own series, "Captain Kangaroo," where he has been ever since. Assisted by Lumpy Barnum (better known as Mr. Green Jeans), the Captain spent day after day in the Treasure House trying to keep Grandfather Clock from going to sleep, Bunny Rabbit from stealing carrots, and the live animals from relieving themselves all over the studio.

Then, out of all this boredom came the feature that made Captain Kangaroo a memorable show. It was a cartoon called "Tom Terrific." Tom was a Winky Dink type who wore a kitchen funnel on his head instead of Winky's star. This magic funnel-hat enabled Tom to change into anything he wanted to be, and with his friend, Mighty Manfred the Wonder Dog, he went on exciting adventures in ten-minute serial form. The other members of his cast were Crabby Appleton ("Rotten to the core"), who was usually trying to get his fiendish hands on the Cleo-Fatra jewels, and Isotope Feeny, a bearded mad scientist who lived in the foreboding Ivory Tower. Appleton and Feeny never succeeded in ruling the world, but together they made "Captain Kangaroo" a most enjoyable show.

Then came the time that we began to think

ourselves too sophisticated for Captain Kangaroo. We started watching the adult classics like "Topper," "Stu Erwin," and "Mr. Peepers" (featuring the late, great Marian Lorne), and we could no longer watch "Kate Smith" or "The Big Payoff" because we had started school.

But once again the Golden Age of Television made life worth living. A new show appeared that made us run home from school without dawdling, a show which became the transition from the "Howdy Doody" era to the "American Bandstand Era." This new show was to be the most influential and most memorable series our generation has ever known. I speak, of course, of "The Mickey Mouse Club."

What loyal American will ever forget those stirring drum-rolls that began the show . . . the picture of the Great Mickey on a searchlight-swept billboard . . . the passionate chanting of "Hey there! Hi there! Ho there! You're as welcome as can be! M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E!" And what red-blooded boy or girl remembers not the anxious suspense as Donald Duck struck the opening gong, only to electrocuted, vibrated, scurried or hurled into space.

After the first commercial (for General Mills or Mattell), Mickey would announce what today was: Anyth'g-Can-Happen Day, Circus Day, Talent Round-Up Day, Guest-Star Day, or plain old Mouseketeer Monday. And then . . . our heroes appeared! The talented Mouseketeers would prance out in the "costume du jour" and sing a catchy tune about what day it was. For example:

**Here comes the circus!  
Everyone loves the circus!  
And that includes the merry Mouseketeers!  
Clowns in the circus  
Keep the frowns from the circus,  
As the old calliope rings in your ears!**

Or the ever-popular standard:  
**We are the merry Mouseketeers!  
We've got a lot above our ears!  
Hup, two, three, four!  
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!  
Cheers for the merry Mouseketeers!**

But no matter which day it was, these cheery melodies invariably led up to the compelling cry, "Mouseketeer roll call! Count off now!" Then, we watched them count off once again, and we remarked once again that Annette and Timmy were the cutest, Bobby and Doreen the most obnoxious, Karen and Cubby the dullest, and Darlene and Tommy the most fun. This introduction ended with the two "Mouseketeers," Jimmie Dodd and Roy Williams. Then, the kids really got down to business, singing and dancing their way into the hearts of all America.

During the first quarter-hour, the Mouseketeers performed. On Talent Round-Up Day, they were joined by new kids, usually a Korean girl who played the concert grand, a little boy who juggled so well that you suspected him of being a 40-year-old midget, or a baton-twirler who did splits and usually turned out to be Darlene's sister. We were all very envious when our video-land friends gathered around these intruders and recited: "Step right up! That's your hat! What a hat! Here's your ears! Reach right out! Time is here! You're an honorary (BOOM!) Mouseketeer!"

The second quarter-hour period usually attempted some form of subtle education or moralizing. If there wasn't a dreadful news-reel narrated by Tim Considine, Jimmie and Annette would sing another verse of "Beauty Is As Beauty Does," and sometimes Jiminy Cricket would continue the saga of "I'm No Fool" safety tips or "encyclopedia" entries. (The mind fairly reels at the number of people in our generation who learned to spell that word from Disney's jingle.)

The last half of the show was sheer escape! First, a 15-minute episode of "The Hardy Boys," "Spin and Marty," "Corky and White Shadow," or the serial where Annette was a city girl who went to the country, where that mean Roberta Shore made everyone think that sweet Annette had stolen a necklace, following which Miss Anicello sang "How Will I Know My Love" about 87 times.

Finally the show concluded with two Mouseketeers singing, "Time to twist the Mouse-

(Continued on page 12)

BOOKMARK

# Why is it the way it is?

By DAVID GILBERT

The Book by Alan Watts  
Collier Books, 1967 95c

The Next Room Of The Dream  
by Howard Nemerov  
Univ. of Chicago Press, 1962 \$2.45

A contemporary philosopher and a contemporary poet-dramatist have much the same problem in trying to convey their heightened perceptions of things "visible and invisible" to a modern skeptical audience. In the case of both Watts and Nemerov, a freely conversational tone has been employed to examine the taboos against knowing who you are. *The Book* and Nemerov's play, "Cain" (in *The Next Room of The Dream*) are dynamic and sensitive probings of the way things are and why. Both Nemerov and Watts postulate that life is a Game, but their final statements differ radically, as Watts' vision is that of the revolutionary and Nemerov's is that of the poet.

Watts maintains that the universe is a unity. God playing a hide-and-seek game with Himself to keep from being eternally and infinitely bored. After all, how much fun is it if you know everything that's going to happen? So God pretends to forget that he has secreted various bits of Himself throughout the universe, and that's how things are the way they are.

Watts' philosophy is heavily scented with Oriental flavors, yet his case is quite intriguing to the Western mind. Watts points out that the "insoluble Problem of Evil" (if God is Goodness, how can He permit Evil?) derives from an arbitrary division between "form" or essence and "matter," with the implication that "energy, form and intelligence must come into the world from outside." This entire problem disappears if such a division is not made. Watts also demonstrates that our society encourages a "double-bind" game, one with self-contradictory rules:

- The first rule of the game is that it is not a game.
- Everyone must play.
- Be yourself, but play a consistent and acceptable role.
- Control yourself and be natural.

## Kiddie TV

(Continued from page 11)

kedial to the right and the left with a great big smile. This is the way we get to see a Mousecartoon for you and me. Meeska, mooseka, Mouseketeer! Mousecartoon time now is here!" A drawer would mysteriously open, and Cubby or Karen would stick his cute little head out and yell, "The Mousecartoon for today is . . ." And the cartoon would be (a) "Steamboat Willie," (b) "Flowers and Trees," or (c) "Skeleton Dance."

Once again the magic hour would end too soon. Like the shows we watched on Saturday morning, "The Mickey Mouse Club" offered us an idea world where fantasy reigned supreme, where the parent figures were kept to a minimum, and where children were all attractive, friendly, and talented (all-white, too!).

The next step was, of course, to adolescence and "American Bandstand," the teenagers' fantasy land, where everything was reduced to a simple, "I'll give it an 85 'cause it has a good beat and is easy to dance to." But that's another story . . . Pinky Lee is dead and so is his era. But now for the first time, our generation can look back on the past—our own past—with a tear of nostalgia.

Such were the shows we were weaned on. Most of them are gone forever, yet they provide the raw materials for many evenings of sitting beneath a starlit sky, dreaming nostalgically of the days gone by. Next time you are alone with someone you would like to know better, simply slip your arm around her waist, look deep into her eye and whisper softly, "Sometimes late at night I start to wonder . . . Why do you suppose Poison Sumac wanted to steal Polka Dottie's polka dots?" I'm sure you can guess what her reply will be.

The rules demand that spontaneity be programmed, but it can't be done (which is why computers can only turn out doggerel, not poetry). There is, however, an escape from cide) nor "stewardship on the hypothesis of a future reward" (or Christianity). This is making the realization that "the only real 'I' is the whole endless process" of life, and correspondingly collaborating with the world in a game of play.

This is not the sum and whole of Watts' book; but it is part of his vision (read *The Book* if you haven't already). It is a vision of perceiving the world as it appears to be, as it really is, and as it might be had we the sight with which to see it.

Howard Nemerov, in his verse play "Cain," provides some fascinating speculation on the Adam and Eve myth ("myth" used as one of the great fictions by which we interpret the world). Cain is rejected by his parents and brother, and finally talks with God, asking why he is not accepted. Ultimately he wants to know why things are the way they are. God tells Cain that he has the power to will anything he wishes, so Cain kills Abel in an effort to change his status. In doing so, he discovers that nothing has really changed for him, and he becomes the first prophet. God speaks:

I send you away, Cain. You are one of my holy ones, discoverer of limits . . . And mankind will, I believe, honor your name honor your name As one who has faced things as they are, And changed them, and found them still the same.

After Cain leaves, the stage is left to Adam and Eve, who represent the Common Man, wondering if there is an Eden to return to or find again. Adam speaks:

Must we take the terrible night into ourselves And make the morning if it? Again? Old woman, girl, bride of the first sleep, In pleasure and in bitterness all ways I love you till it come death or daylight.

Nemerov's vision is that man must continue in darkness, trusting and loving, and failing until success or death brings an answer. He doesn't believe in a utopia, and yet he yearns for some sort of peace. He certainly doesn't have any pat answers, for when God tells Cain that He was the serpent in the Garden, he says,

I can believe that, but nobody else will.

I see it so well, that You are the master of the will

That marks two ways at once, whose action

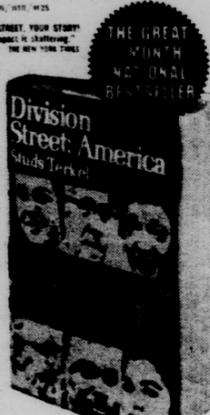
Is its own punishment, the cause That is its own result.

Man must continue, having the courage not to know what must come. Nemerov says that the nature of things is such as to preclude any change for the better: the more things change, the more they are the same. Watts says the same thing, but his orientation is that this is an indication of cosmic unity and affirmation, rather than a dimly-hoped-for chance, an affirmation we must make ourselves aware enough to perceive. After all, Watts perceives. But for Nemerov, the rule of the game is that the *knowledge* of this perception as Truth is forever denied us. We cannot *know*.

Read both books: they are the perceptive insights of two men in contact with the Cosmic, who have not been too paralyzed by the brightness of their visions to act.



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