

collage

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State News photo by Jan Deen

Novel depicts grads

By ALBERT DRAKE

Albert D. Drake, asst. professor of English has had fiction and poetry published in North American Review, West Coast Review and other magazines.

When a college student sits down to write that first novel, the usual choice of subject is what he knows best—college life. And why not? The college community has a far better range of characters than any military outfit and there are those fringe benefits: dorm orgies, pot parties, LSD happenings, sit-ins at the Dean's office, street demonstrations, etc. etc. All this is very good material, of course, and begging to be exploited.

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

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

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

Over The Fence is a fine piece of writing—Mr. Sterry has a really good sense of narrative, of dialogue, of character and

of humor. And this is a tunny novel. Because human relationships can be distressingly funny the tone is humorous, the action often comic. The conflicts of a minor event like a house-warming, or the serious implications of an attempted suicide, can produce a humor that is not black; the reader will laugh now, and, looking back, so will the characters, for these events are examples of those small, faltering steps toward maturity.

is suddenly narrowed when his girlfriend, Ellen, informs him that she is pregnant. Although he has known her for only three months, he welcomes the idea of marriage—

as a protest against his domineering mother and her way of life. But he becomes uneasy when he is caught in the Establishment's fine mesh, thanks in part to his mother, who not only approves of the marriage but also gives him a house and a job in her real estate office. Then, too, there are those demonstrations in his own kitchen, led by Ellen, who he realizes is more and more assuming the identity of his mother.

Chevy meanwhile meets Alberta, a working girl who has been kicked out of college on a technicality. Chevy has been defending her through petitions and articles in the

The Quest is on
For the Elusive Beast
of Originality. He may be disguised
as a philosophical essay, book review, poem,

graphic art, photograph or scientific study. *COLLAGE* hopes to capture him.

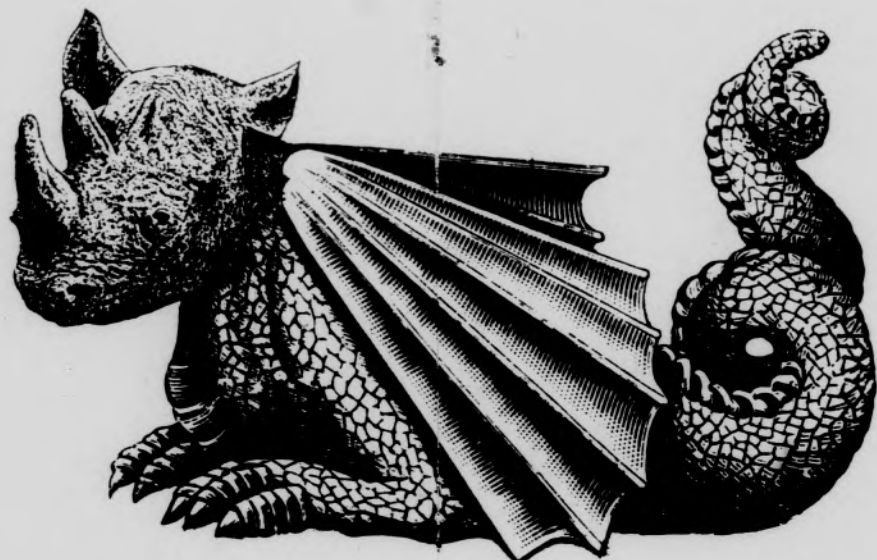
The chief problem with locating the Beast has been the lack of eager knight-errants willing to take on the dangers of deadlines, draftings and re-draftings of work. In the spirit of high adventure, then, *COLLAGE* offers a challenge for the coming years to all "worthy knights," be they young or old,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

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

COLLAGE is, and will be, the written evidence of the creative process going on within the minds of MSU students and faculty. It is a forum of ideas and feelings.

The forum is here. It is open to all.

We are all part of the collage.



COLLAGE

Director David Gilbert
Contributors: Fred Sherwood, Jim Yousling, Mark McPherson, Sue Hughes, Sidney Hook, J. R. Hooker, Marion Nowak, Steve Robin, Albert Drake, Cliff Kachinske, Doug Huston, Alice Carey, Joseph Dionne, Paul Carrick, Jennifer Lee.

'2001' opens new film era

By JIM YOUSLING
State News Reviewer

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

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

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

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

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

MGM has still another problem, namely, how to advertise the film.

It is not, as many think, a big-budget science-fiction movie, filled with monsters, death-rays and bald men with antennae. It also is not, as the most recent advertising has implied, a 3-hour psychedelic roller-coaster ride.

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

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

The second movement presents us with a shroud of plot: in the year 2001, the same black monolith is discovered on Jupiter. But once again, the "plot" is less important than the action, which presents, as accurately as possible, the sensations of space travel 33 years from today.

Suspense, as we know it in the traditional movie, is suggested (the dissatisfied faction of scientists, the menacing presence of the monolith); but in every case, these loose ends are dropped in favor of the visual excitement provided by the new technology.

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

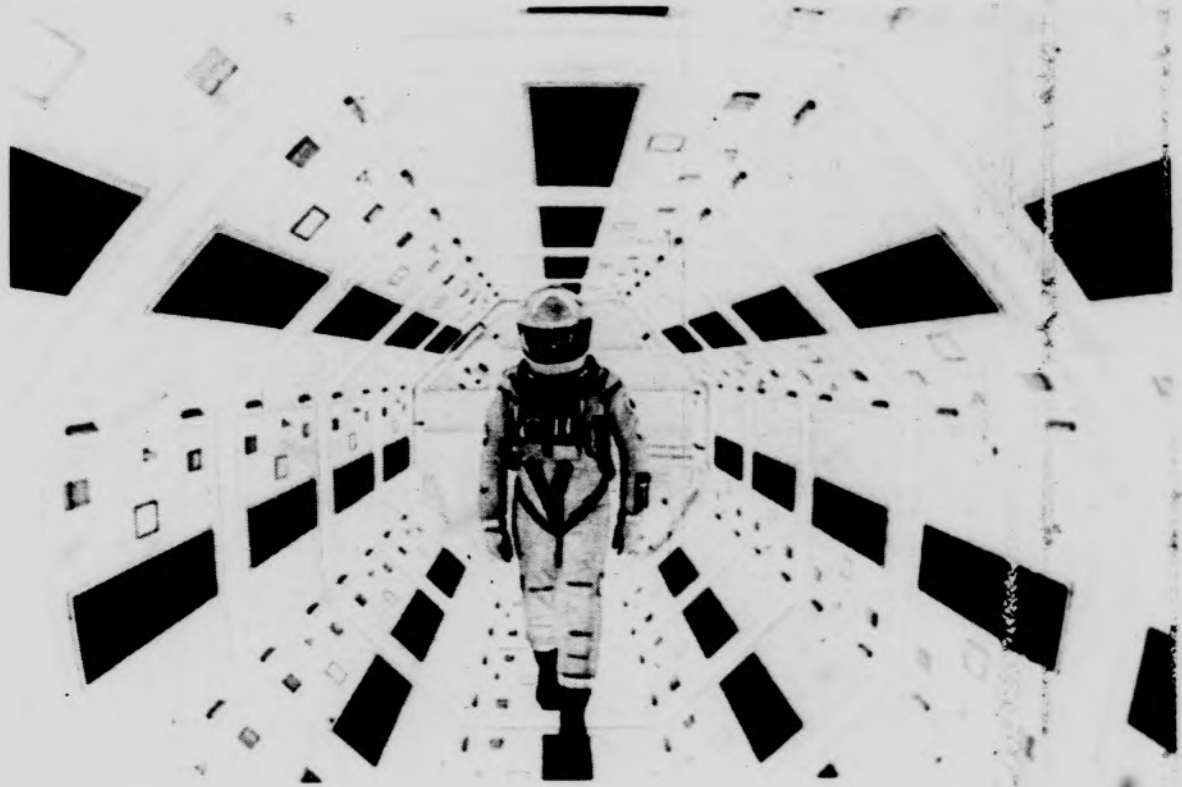
Only in the third movement does the "story" truly command our attention. Eighteen months have passed, and a spaceship sails toward Jupiter to investigate the mysterious circumstances surrounding the monolith. On board are two men, "HAL 9000" (a super-computer), and three more crewmen frozen in suspended animation.

Gradually, genuine suspense creeps onto the scene. HAL is exactly that "computer of the future" which Marshall McLuhan finds in many ways as human as man, since the actions of most people rarely involve the higher centers of the brain. The question, "Does HAL experience genuine emotions?" is raised, but left unanswered; and HAL's fatal flaw, his egotism, gives him a tragic depth that none of the humans approach.

"2001" does not warn man against the super-computer age, but rather warns him to adjust to it by redefining himself.

Finally, the film concludes with the now-famous 25-minute sequence which abandons anything resembling a linear plot, the "real" world, and the standard Hollywood movie.

Through a series of concrete and abstract flashes of light, color and images, we are hurled into a symphonic movement which reflects all that has come before and yet opens the doors for a rebirth of mankind. Patrons of semi-obscure filmmakers like Bergman and



Antonioni will be furiously searching for the meaning behind this jigsaw of images, but they will find no pat solutions.

For the first time in the commercial American film, the medium is truly the message. Man will undoubtedly encounter worlds and dimensions that are so alien to him that they will be meaningless except as a barrage of sounds and images. This is exactly what this last passage, "Jupiter and Beyond the Infinite," gives us, and as the film ends, we see man's new beginning, the space embryo, as we hear Richard Strauss' "Thus Spoke Zarathustra," the same music which heralded the dawning of man within the apes.

Now that I have attempted to decipher the contents of "2001," I must face the fact that all of it was manufactured in the 1960's, with real people, miniature models, movie stages and costumes.

Well, so was "Godzilla," and the mere fact that "2001" is almost totally convincing should bring ceaseless praise for its technical aspects.

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

But "2001" is more a monument to Kubrick's versatility than a "typical" Kubrick film.

Perhaps never in the history of film has

graphic design received so much attention. Kubrick and his eight design/special-effects assistants have lovingly planned every shot with incredible taste. For the first time, the curved Cinerama screen is not a gimmick ("Gee, Marge, I really felt like I was on that runaway train!"), but rather an audience at the same time. I have not yet seen the film shown flat on the Campus Theatre screen, but it is undoubtedly less thrilling than the Cinerama version.

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

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

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

Of course not.

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

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

Andy Hardy is dead!

Long live King Leo!

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Freedom Report found 'dead'

By SUE HUGHES

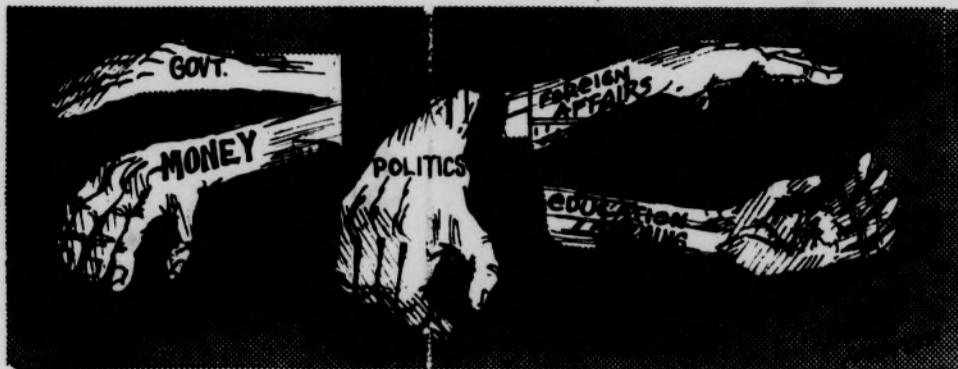
president of Off-Campus Council.

MSU's version of academic freedom was officially cremated Tuesday afternoon on the steps of Cowles House. Before that, it flowered briefly in a burst of liberal consciousness as the Williams Report went through various amputations in the Academic Council and Senate, and emerged a stunted and sickly document over a year ago as the Academic Freedom Report. It contained large sections on faculty rights and student responsibilities and halting and careful statements about the basic rights of students to be judged by a jury of their 4/11 peers and 7/11 non-peers to retain those constitutional rights they are given as citizens, and to learn what they are taught. It contained one essentially academic section out of eight. It floundered for a year, without successful passage of many attempted amendments, earned the praise of the Vice President for Student Affairs, the respect of many student government personnel, the contempt of many radical students, and the sentence of oblivion from a basically apathetic student body. It has now been declared dead.

Student government did not sponsor the funeral. Student government is presently grappling with its collective conscience, trying to rationalize away the immense feeling of betrayal caused by the ever-increasing evidence that the University Administration does not understand the meaning of academic freedom, does not care about the academic freedom, and above all, does not intend to allow the achievement of academic freedom. Student government, in particular the ASMSU Student Board, cannot understand. They have used channels. They have outpoured immense quantities of good faith. They have done all that is reasonable and acceptable and established to quietly bring about a genuinely academic atmosphere, through the abolition of social regulations and the strengthening of student-faculty control over university affairs. It has not worked, and ASMSU does not understand.

The central problem for ASMSU is that very lack of understanding. The majority of the student board is comprised of high-minded liberals with varying degrees of administrative competence. Most seek the betterment of the university, the establishment of an intellectual climate uncluttered by authoritarian regulations, unhindered by any central political manipulation and unwilling to institute any form of control which could harm the free and enlightening interchange of ideas among a community of scholars who are also human beings. The long-range goals of ASMSU vary little from those of the radical contingent the Board is so reluctant to support. It is merely and always a matter of methods. ASMSU, through the subtle and occasionally even unintentional indoctrination it receives from the administration through its in-built and unavoidable orientation toward diplomatic language and appeasement and through its developing bureaucratic monopolistic syndrome, had led itself blindly into the fruitless dissipation of its own energies. By taking up the torch of rational, sane, responsible action, it has fallen victim to what can best be called the pacification plot. It has succumbed to the artful manipulation of a University president whose competence and brilliance remain undisputed, but whose central identification with the University he built has turned his talent toward a conservatively paranoid preservation of all that he created. And ASMSU has fallen neatly into the slot he granted it.

The Academic Freedom Report, has been rather brutally proven to be what many radicals predicted. It grew out of the Committee on Student Rights' agitation. It was billed by radicals as a pacification move. It was. It has served quietly and effectively to disrupt any unified student effort toward fundamental change. The moderates (including the majority of ASMSU) have taken the appropriate "better this than nothing" attitude, busied themselves with the preparation of numerous amendments, and waited. The CSR-USLA activists have continued the standard pattern—wait for an issue, grab it, politicize it, try to capitalize on it, then go home and have a workshop. The hard-core radicals, cherishing their collective alienation with a paranoia almost as intense as Han-



nah's, have continued their paradoxical combination of succinct analysis of the way things are, endless discussion of the way things should be, and no concentration on the road between the two. The moderates are pacified, and quiet. The campus-oriented activists are too disorganized and disaffiliated to make a concerted effort. The hard-cores are too consciously alienated to broaden the base of their appeal, and are thus mostly unheard. Meanwhile, we are without any but a paper tribute to academic freedom, and we are successfully disorganized. A splendid example of administration tactics at their most effective level has nullified the threat to the status quo.

ASMSU, having obediently played its pre-molded role as a buffer zone between dissenting students and oppressive conditions, is only beginning to realize that it has done just that for two years. The first hint came with the Spring, 1968, demonstrations at the Ad building, where administrative paranoia betrayed itself in a blatantly unnecessary over-reaction, the passage of a new all-inclusive section in the disorderly conduct ordinance (the hypocrisy of which, when coupled with the resolution supporting the Freedom Report and the right to dissent that accompanied it, becomes painfully obvious) and a crudely bungled attempt to deny the Ad Building demonstrators due process. This was too much even for the moderates. The Administration had made a mistake. The beginnings of a reunion of student dissent were born in the reaction to that first denial of due process since the implementation of the Freedom Report. Those beginnings have reached very encouraging proportions thanks to the latest administrative blunder, the Trustees' September 20 resolution. The rally at Beaumont, which ended in the burning of the Freedom Report, ran the spectrum of concerned student views. The moderates still hinted at channels, the hard-cores still denied the existence of channels, but it didn't matter. What mattered most is that students, with widely divergent views as to methods and even ends, were temporarily united against one blatant denial of academic freedom. It seems perfectly appropriate to me (if not to some of those ASMSU personnel still not quite able to accept the painful fact of betrayal) that the Freedom Report, so long openly maintained as our ostensible friend and silently wielded as our subtlest enemy, got a proper burial. When that act becomes equally appropriate to all of ASMSU, there will be some hope that student government will cease to be the most efficient sandbox yet invented for the dissipation of student dissent. It will take that realization to place student government back in the spectrum of relevant student action.

There are those who maintain that student government is irrelevant, because it is the student arm of the administration. They say this from the outside looking in. From the inside, it looks the same way. ASMSU believes itself highly relevant. It could be. It isn't. The fault lies not in the concept of student government, but in the painfully submissive attitude of its personnel. We are on an administration playground. We are playing by administration rules. Strangely, no one has questioned the right of the administration to direct and regulate the functioning of student government, and, equally strangely, few in student government (certainly

never a majority of the Board) have conceived the revolutionary project of making our own rules, directing our own efforts, setting our own terms. The radicals would protest that we have no power. It may be true, but it may not. A university whose student body and student government refused to listen to the irrelevant dictates of an administration which tries to serve as a pabulum-feeding father figure would make the job of pacification far more difficult. A student judiciary which refused to pass a "guilty" verdict on any student regulation not enacted by students would force the administration into one of two positions—either a reputation-damaging submission, or the crude, blatant use of arbitrary and authoritarian repression (with subsequent student retaliation)—either of which would produce far more opportunities for the establishment of a genuine academic climate than all the channels we have been so graciously and hypocritically given.

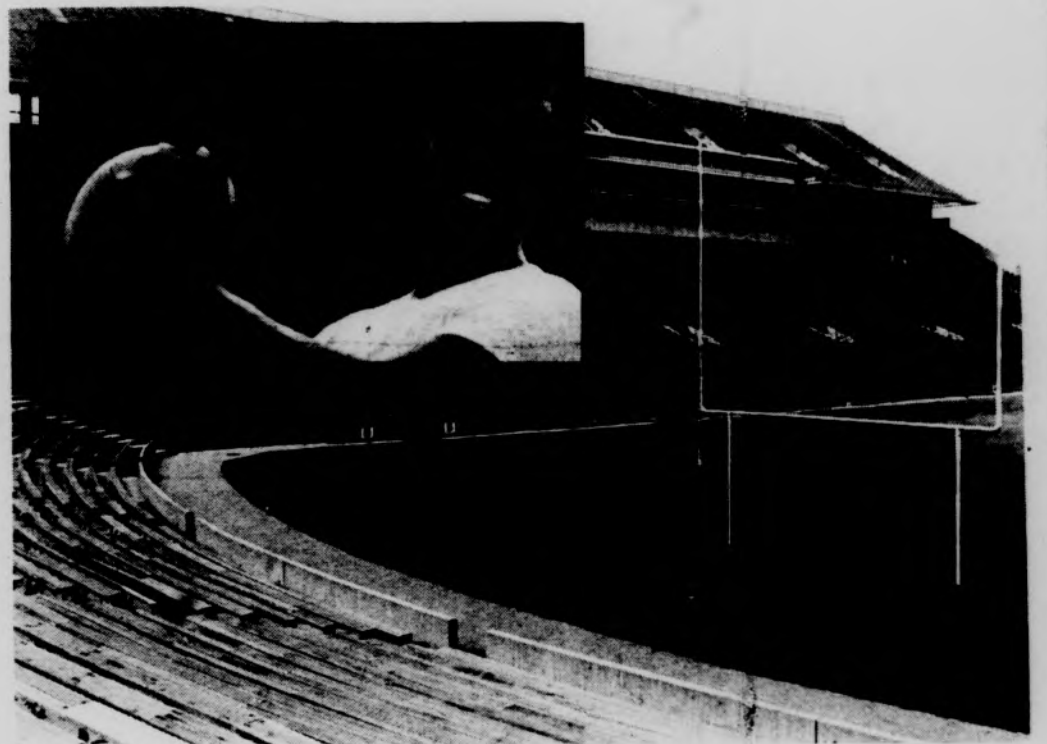
Academic Freedom is not a vague and distant dream. It involves concrete objectives as well as subtle but major shifts in atmosphere. It necessitates the elimination of social regulation within, and restricted to, the University. It involves the transferral of power from the present corporation like structure to the relevant members of the community—the students and faculty. It involves the recognition by the faculty that the students are their equals in the academic community. It does not involve the tokenism of a faculty committee's heavily pruned "set of guidelines."

Academic Freedom has not failed at Michigan State like so many other things, it has never been tried, least of all by student government. If ASMSU is to have any validity, it must transfer its allegiance from means to ends. It must forget, or preferably repudiate the fact that it is granted authority by the Board of Trustees. It must realize that it has been used, abused, duped, and disregarded, and it must somehow find both the conviction and the guts to assert itself in its own right, disregarding the four-lane dead-end highway the administration has given it to find its way through the treacherous area of policy-making. If the administration will not listen to ASMSU on ASMSU's own terms, then there is obviously no reason for conversation. The only channels that are valid are those which can work, effectively and quickly. The Freedom Report has fallen short of those expectations. And if student government uses this opportunity to realize the futility of its channeling syndrome, it has a chance, through disaffiliation with the administration which betrayed it, to emerge as one viable segment of unified student dissent. It could even lead that dissent, by using the one weapon it has—the conscious internal disruption of those administrative processes that have been entrusted to it; the complete refusal to be bound by those social regulations which it has not made, but which its judicial system was created to enforce, and the passing of new regulations solely on its own authority. The success of such actions would depend on both the sophistication and the paranoia of our president. He could keep the peace and lose the power, or he could create another Columbia. When you want a thing called academic freedom and you see things like what has been happening since June 1st, you get so you don't really care which choice he makes.



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

--Article I; Academic Freedom Report



Is this the way it is?

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

--Article I; Academic Freedom Report



ANNOUNCEMENT

Professor Sidney Hook, chairman of the All-University Department of Philosophy at New York University, spoke at a dinner May 4, 1968 marking his retirement as head of the Department. This article consists of excerpts from that speech in which he discussed student revolt.

By SIDNEY HOOK

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

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

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

Why any scholar (and administrators are

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

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

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

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

Of course, there is still a large group of potential college students who are deprived of freedom to learn because of poverty or prejudice or the absence of adequate educational facilities. It is perfectly legitimate to expect the university to study these problems and propose solutions to them. This is one thing. But to therefore conclude that these problems must become items, not only on the agenda of study, but for an agenda of action is quite another. For it therewith transforms the university into a political action organization and diverts it from its essential task of discovery, teaching, dialogue and criticism.

Since there are profound differences about the social means necessary to achieve a society in which there will be a maximum freedom to learn, the university would become as partisan and biased as other political action groups urging their programs on the community. Its primary educational purpose or mission would be lost. It would be compelled to silence or misrepresent the position of those of its faculty who disagreed with its proposals and campaigns of action. Class and group conflicts would rend the fabric of the community of scholars in an unceasing struggle for power completely unrelated to the quest for truth.

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

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



REACTION



James R. Hooker, African Studies Center, is an associate professor of history.

By JAMES R. HOOKER

Professor Hook's essay, pretty much the same as the one he did for the New York Times magazine last summer, displays what might be termed selective outrage. It also is very nostalgic, despite his insistence that he addresses himself to the present. But, then, as he says, he started college 50 years ago, which was a pretty good time for America in world affairs (as they then were defined). Throughout we sense the brooding presence of Mark Rudd, a person Professor Hook rightly detests, for their views concerning universities never will be reconciled. And back of Rudd stands the SDS, that fanatical group of guerillas posing as students who have established their base camp in the groves of academe. On the sidelines is a supine, cowardly, opportunistic, naive and fickle bunch of scholars.

It is not clear whether SDS or the teachers who give way before them merit more contempt, but together they make for a pretty unsavory situation in the universities, according to Hook. So much so that, to quote him, "there is an acute shortage of candidates for the almost 300 vacant administrative posts in institutions of higher learning." A nice touch, that "almost 300" with its hint of unrevealed precision. I don't know where he got the figure, but it seems low. I should have thought that MSU alone had that big a shopping list. But, no matter, the point is there are reasons for such vacancies, and I don't think Hook has contemplated them. Rudd has.

Lacking administrators, according to Hook, universities would grind to a halt. Probably our model would, but he might consider the British approach before he writes. The reverse also seems to follow: the more administrators a place has, the more it hums along. With lots of them greatness would seem inevitable. As a teacher, Hook is conventionally reluctant to use the word greatness on administrative types. Still, he insists that they must be "big" men to do their arcane and wonderful things for a gaggle of still bigger chaps—the scholars—without a trace of jealousy. One gathers that at Hook's really tremendous universities a profusion of Christ-like administrators positively bask in the shade provided by platoons of huge intellects, giants with their heads in the clouds. Again, there may be such places, but they are not New York or East Lansing.

What much of the Professor's argument comes down to is this: he likes law and order. In company with many supporters of this slogan, he stresses order. In a fairly obscure paragraph he warns against "simple majority rule," whatever that is, but then seems to suggest that he wishes the majority would turn upon and slay the tyrannical minority dragons which infest our campuses. If Rudd's baleful glare sent Hook to his typewriter, I would suggest that another image comforted him when he sat down before his machine. One gets the impression that what he really recalls with fondness are the good old days when Nicholas Murray Butler ruled Columbia without benefit of academic senates and student advisory bodies and all the other messy paraphernalia lying about today. Such an administration would make short work of those arrogant young people who presume to question the propriety of certain forms of research undertaken

by their elders, and one supposes, superiors. The university's aim, after all, is truth, and how can children ("callow and immature adolescents", to use his phrase) set themselves up as dictators? Rudd & Co. don't see it that way. Rather, if I understand, they find it odd that an institution set aside to pursue truth could engage in such activities as the U.S. counter-insurgency in Thailand study. Does it not appear that at least in Ann Arbor I single them out only because they did not profit from MSU's disastrous flirtation with this sort of thing and subsequent exposure), disinterested people have prejudged a most complex matter and chosen season tickets for that team's activities, and very much resents that he is included when the attendance figures are advertised.

Professor Hook would have us believe that the university functions somewhat apart from society, or at least used to, and that the disruption caused by SDS diverts it from its assigned tasks. This is untrue, and of course he knows it. All universities have at all times reflected the values of the ruling groups, faithfully reflected them, refurbished and bolstered them, and taken as their task the production of properly molded inhabitants of the dominant group. It matters not whether we speak of the medieval scholastics, the post-renaissance historians and lawyers, or the 19th century academic boosters of nation-building in Germany and America. The universities of his youth were firmly committed to anti-labor, anti-black, pro-imperial, anglo-saxon racism. I would add anti-semitic, but in the special case of New York City, by that time sufficient Jews had invaded the outer perimeter of academic respectability to make a difference.

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

Professor Hook thinks the university is society's guide to truth; Rudd fears that it pursues government's truth, not society's. Since August in Chicago, quite a few Americans have come to feel that they have very little to do with the system which supplies them with rulers so long as people sense a connection between themselves and their government, perhaps there is no need to talk of government as though it were outside society. I doubt that many Americans today sense that connection. The SDS'ers, for all their faults, seem not to have caught the bug of scepticism. Why they are not seen as the most outrageously super-Americans, the most impulsive, uncritical lovers of Old Glory now stalking this ravished continent, I cannot comprehend. They actually believe that rhetoric can be made to fit conduct, which is one



Academic freedom

(Continued from page 6)

fact. In manifesto after manifesto they have declared that they want to use the university as an instrument of revolution. To do so, they must destroy the university as it exists today.

I wish I had time to list some of the clever stratagems they have devised to focus their opposition. On every campus there are always some grievances. Instead of seeking peacefully to resolve them through existing channels of consultation and deliberation the SDS seeks to inflame them. Where grievances don't exist, they can be created. In one piece of advice to chapter members, they were urged to sign up for certain courses in large numbers and then denounce the University for its large classes!

Freedom of dissent, speech, protest is never the real issue. They are, of course, always legitimate. But the tactics of the SDS is to give dissent the immediate form of violent action. The measures necessarily adopted to counteract this lawless action then become the main issue, as if the original provocation hadn't occurred. Mario Savio admitted after the Berkeley affair that the issue of "free speech" was a "pretext"—the word was his—to arouse the students against the existing role of the university in society. One of the leaders of the SDS at Columbia is reported to have said: "As much as we would like to, we are not strong enough as yet to destroy the United States. But we are strong enough to destroy Columbia!" He is wrong about this, too—the only action that would destroy Columbia would be faculty support of the students—but his intent is clear.

Actually, the only thing these groups, loosely associated with the New Left, are clear about is what they want to destroy, not what they would put in its stead. In a debate with Gore Vidal, Tom Hayden, one of the New Left leaders, was pointedly asked what his revolutionary program was. He replied: "We haven't any. First we will make the revolution and then we will find out what for." This is truly the politics of absurdity.

The usual response present-day academic rebels make to this criticism is that the university today is nothing but an instrument to preserve the *status quo* and therefore faithless to the ideals of a community of scholars. Even if this charge were true, even if the universities today were bulwarks of the *status quo*, this would warrant criticism and protest, not violent and lawless action in behalf of a contrary role, just as foreign to their true function. But it is decidedly *not* true! There is no institution in the country in which dissent and criticism of official views of tradition, of the conventional wisdom in all fields, is freer and more prevalent than in the university. The very freedom of dissent (that students today enjoy in our universities is in large measure a consequence) of the spirit of experiment, openness to new ideas, absence of conformity and readiness to undertake new initiatives found among them.

The first casualty of the strategy of the campus rebels is academic freedom. It is manifest in their bold and arrogant demand that the university drop its research in whatever fields these students deem unfit for academic inquiry and investigation. This note was already sounded in Berkeley. It is focal at Columbia. It is a shameless attempt to usurp powers of decision which the faculty should have. After all, it is preposterous for callow and immature adolescents, who presumably have come to the university to get an education, to set themselves up as authorities on what research by their teachers is educationally permissible.

Unless checked, it will not be long before these students will be presuming to dictate the conclusions their teachers should reach, especially on controversial subjects. This is standard procedure in totalitarian countries in which official student organizations are the political arm of the ruling party. Already there are disquieting signs of this. At Cornell—before the martyrdom of Reverend King—a group of Black Nationalist students invaded the offices of the chairman of the economics department and held him captive in order to get an apology from a teacher whose views on African affairs they disagreed with. Another group at Northwestern demanded that courses in "black literature" and "black art" be taught by teachers approved by the black students. And there are

spineless administrators and cowardly members of the faculty who are prepared to yield to this blackmail. Under the slogans of "student rights" and "participatory democracy" the most militant groups of students are moving to weaken and ultimately destroy the academic freedom of those who disagree with them.

Let us not delude ourselves. Even when these militant students fail to achieve their ultimate purpose, they succeed in demoralizing the university by deliberately forcing a confrontation upon the academic community which it is not prepared to face and which is fearful of accepting its costs. In forcing the hand of the academic community to meet force ultimately with force, the citadel of reason becomes a battlefield. The students glory in it, but the faint of heart among their teachers turn on their own administrative leaders. These militants succeed in sowing distrust among students who do not see through their strategy. They also succeed in dividing the faculties. There is always a small group—a strange mixture of purists and opportunists desirous of ingratiating themselves with students—who will never condemn the violence of students, but only the violence required to stop it. These students succeed, even when they fail, in embittering relations between the administration and some sections of the faculty. They succeed, even when they fail, in antagonizing the larger community of which the university is a part, and in arousing a vigilante spirit that demands wholesale measures of repression and punishment that educators cannot properly accept.

How is it possible, one asks, for events of this character to happen? There have always been extremist and paranoid tendencies in academic life, but they have been peripheral—individuals and small groups moving in eccentric intellectual orbits. But not until the last four or five years has the norm of social protest taken the form of direct action, have positions been expressed in such ultimatic and intransigent terms, have extremist elements been strong enough to shut down great universities even for a limited time.

There are many and complex causes for this. But as I see it, the situation in the university is part of a larger phenomenon, viz., the climate of intellectual life in the country. I do not recall any other period in the last 50 years when intellectuals themselves have been so intolerant of each other, when differences over complex issues have been the occasion for denunciation rather than debate and analysis, when the use of violence—in the right cause, of course!—is taken for granted, when dissent is not distinguished from civil disobedience, and civil disobedience makes common cause with resistance and readiness for insurrection. A few short years ago, anti-intellectualism was an epithet of derogation. Today it is an expression of revolutionary virility.

Fanaticism seems to be in the saddle. That it is a fanaticism of conscience, of self-proclaimed virtue, doesn't make it less dangerous. This past year has presented the spectacle of militant minorities in our colleges, from one end of the country to another, preventing or trying to prevent representatives of positions they disapprove of from speaking to their fellow-students wishing to listen to them. The spectacle shows we have failed to make our students understand the very rudiments of democracy, that to tolerate active intolerance is to compound it. If we judge commitment by action, the simple truth is that the great body of our students is not firmly committed to de-

mocracy or to the liberal spirit without which democracy may become the rule of the mob.

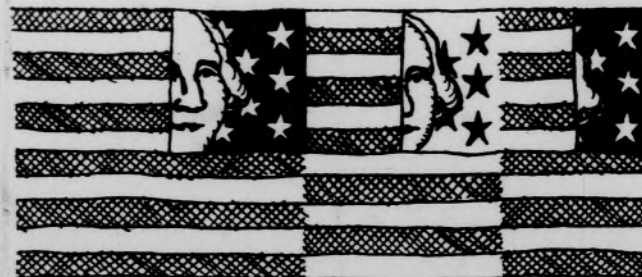
I do not know any sure way or even a new way of combatting the dominant mood of irrationalism, especially among students and even among younger members of the faculty whose political naivete is often cynically exploited by their younger, yet politically more sophisticated, allies. What is of the first importance is to preserve, of course, the absolute intellectual integrity of our classrooms and laboratories, of our teaching and research against any attempt to curb it. We must defend it not only against the traditional enemies, who still exist even when they are dormant, but also against those who think they have the infallible remedies for the world's complex problems and that all they need is sincerity as patent of authority. Fanatics don't lack sincerity. It is their long suit. They drip with sincerity—and when they have power, with blood—other people's blood.

We need more, however, than a defensive strategy, safeguarding the intellectual integrity of our vocation against those who threaten it. We need—and I know this sounds paradoxical—to counterpose to the revolt of the emotionally committed the revolt of the rationally committed. I do not want to identify this with the revolt of the moderates. There are some things one should not be moderate about. In the long run, the preservation of democracy depends upon a passion for freedom, for the logic and ethics of free discussion and inquiry, upon refusal to countenance the measures of violence that cut short the processes of intelligence upon which the possibility of shared values depends.

These are old truths but they bear repeating whenever they are denied. Even tautologies become important when counterposed to absurdities.

We, as teachers, must make our students more keenly aware of the centrality of the democratic process to a free society and of the centrality of intelligence to the democratic process.

There is one thing which we cannot deny to the intransigent and fanatical enemies of democracy. This is courage. Intelligence is necessary to overcome foolishness. But it is not sufficient to tame fanaticism. Only courage can do that. A handful of men who are prepared to fight, to bleed, to suffer and, if need be, to die, will always triumph in a community where those whose freedom they threaten are afraid to use their *intelligence* to resist and to fight and ultimately to take the same risks in action as those determined to destroy them. Yes, there is always the danger that courage alone may lead us to actions that will make us similar to those who threaten us. But that is what we have intelligence for—to prevent that from happening! It is this union of courage and intelligence upon which the hope of democratic survival depends.



POETRY

Unstirred

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

White pine, Chinese pagoda shaped,
Achieve serene symmetry of the Orient.
Except for licorice ropes
That interweave in neighboring yards
Through the pine arms, where sparrows sit and plan.

Pansies with silly faces
Don't all look alike.
Is it 365 days in sod tombs
Or "one day like a thousand."
That myth of time died long ago
Pansies know.

Tulips wear West Point plumes, at attention
Predictable, like good men.

Staves whose bracts bulge chinchilla
Pussy willow comes early and bold
Needing the fur in the late cold.

Violet, immodest, a faker.
Whiffles blow their skinny stalks downward.
But rarely is a violet blown forever.
Shy so the bards say
Who know not of female resiliency,
Who know not how a spring rain can spring her back.

Winter is thrown away like an old shoe
Seeds ferment in cycle, under ragged patches
Of fragments of leaves rotten and interred.
I take my morning tranquilizer unstirred
By slowly counting the furrows on striated oak.

-Alice Carey

Demosthenes, we are told
spoke well
and often,
with rocks in his mouth.
The rocks of the systematic mouths rumble now
and down my valley
ruggedly rolling my poetic grass to mud
under the red-ragged sky.
Curtain.
And Again.
(the applause is deafening
as the rocks rumble)
Demosthenes,
I tremble at the rocks of your words
inciting men to measured madness.
(Please, go back to chewing rocks,
and should you choke on a few,
who will doubt
the clarity of your silence?)

-David Gilbert

Belle

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

-James Sherwood Tipton

Moon for Rent

The spaceship flares
Redness streaks the sky
A spinning, circling pebble far below
Drifts closer still
Toward endless question marks.
Along the white-capped beach I stand;
A bird takes off . . .
The ocean answers,
"Science flies to folly."
Skip a skipping-stone across the water, walk away
And wonder
Who will rent the moon to Whom?

-Paul Carrick



State News photo by Bob Ivins

Letter

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

-James Sherwood Tipton

A Plague of Fables

Ferns at firelight
wake in the cotton
evenings, like suckled
pigs at gunshot noons

expressing shadows
of how they felt before
and where they'll be
in the prison of their
captured morning

Scars with
music flavored knees
blossom now at pre-arrangement
without hope
in the motherless
kissing' of afternoons
without cacklers at four
beatings at five

Centurial odors
of dying priests and dead
sea scrolls rot the rooms
of secret hearts and super-marts
like tired ghosts at the spas
of heritage

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

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

-Joseph Dionne

Letter from the City
to a Friend
Up North in October

Oh if your canoe paddle isn't dripping eddies
for red maple sashes to lipping navigate--

I will crush to discrete dust
frail bronze vellum floating
on oil-black asphalt.

If you, black hair wing-spread, don't drown
in gold dry depths, and crush
may apples bitter in your teeth--

How can I, fly caught in webs
of wire and cross walks,
die resplendent velvet deaths
to live again?

The grapes along the blurred road to the old farm
and bursting black, I tell you--

A brief purple shadow crept
on a brick wall yesterday--
What smoky juices will your
and the sly old man your follower
pour for us from Coke bottles at Christmas?

The sassafras in the graveyard is first
and most deep-drinking yellow,
the tannen in the back woods
smoke green after the first frost--

How do I know?
Around the edges of exhaust fumes
curled a solitary feather of woodsmoke.
Oh how do I know?
Last night
the neon sign of posite
blinked
elm-yellow
oak-red
and died
until spring.

-Jennifer Lee

Involvement: freedom key

Marion Nowak, Detroit sophomore, is State News director of Spartacuss.

By MARION NOWAK
State News Staff Writer

The need for academic freedom, and for the creation of actually representative institutionalized organization to attain such freedom, has become more acute than ever. Academic freedom, and most specifically the aspect of academic freedom implying the maximum possible participation of all groups involved in the university process through sharing of the decision-making, is more than requisite in the university community today. Most existing systems within the international student community must either be radically changed or more effectively handled in order to attain such freedom. In some educational structures, especially the European forms, institutions are totally lacking to aid in implementing any academic freedom. The need in this system is the greatest; it is being met with more responsibility on the part of students and administrators than in America.

The European system of academics has a reputation in America of providing great academic freedom for the individual student. In this system, much allowance is made in class attendance and subject matter, provided that a "general competence" is attained. The flaw in the system is that it creates laxity: all too often a general competence is not achieved.

As a result, many schools are reorganizing after the American pattern, creating departmental requirements and overall organization. These reorganizations, and the original European organization, however, quite significantly lack any institutionalized mechanism to allow students to make any sort of self-governing decisions whatsoever. Student rights all too often are virtually nonexistent.

The French system, in reaction to the violence of such schools as Lyons and the Sorbonne, is instituting such American-patterned organization. In France, all schools are totally dominated by the Ministry of Education. Edgar Faure, minister of education, pledged in July that the ministry would never again dictate to students and universities. Faure said, "The Napoleonic concept of the centralized, authoritarian university is outdated. The little

empires, the little feudalisms in certain sectors of higher education and research have shown their senility."

Faure's revisions, however, although wildly revolutionary in contrast to the existing system, are nevertheless inadequate. Foreseen are new student controls over dormitory hours and facilities and cafeteria food (one student strike was caused by the absence of light and heat in a residence hall) and some limited freedom of political expression.

The entire German educational system, beginning with primary schooling, is perhaps the most acutely defective in Europe. As in the remainder of Europe, very little freedom of expression exists for the student. One German administrator stated, "The position of our deans corresponds to that occupied by medieval territorial princes." The absolute power of academic life or death is held by each professor, such that "the students are almost serfs."

Student action and agitation is attempting to change some of this, and has had some minimal success. "If it weren't for the students," said one German professor, "our universities would still be plunging recklessly into the nineteenth century. The demand here exists not only for elimination of medievalism in student freedom but medievalism in education."

The problem of attaining more academic freedom in the American system exists largely due to the ineffectiveness or apathy of existing organizations. All too often the student government has no interest in eliminating constraints; even more often, these organizations aren't empowered to do so.

The effort to logically receive a fair share of the responsibility in governing the university must be made. If a body of students reacts in mob frustration of stupidity, they have in the United States been consistently unwilling to accept responsibility for the results of their actions (this is one of the greatest differences in maturity between European and American student demonstrations: the Europeans have displayed a willingness to accept the consequences of violence that American students often feel they're exempt from).

At MSU, the individual student has a great deal of personal freedom. The existence of actual academic freedom, however, is very dif-

ferent. Michigan State theoretically has a great deal of academic freedom in the form of the Academic Freedom Report. The Academic Freedom Report is basically a document clarifying the position of the administration relative to the position of the students.

Although the Report has been praised as "a step in the right direction," it is wholly inadequate. The Report makes no provision for student action in the university community outside of previously outdated lines.

For instance, ASMSU still has no decision-making powers. Until students can work with the realities of the University (that is, money) they cannot be said to be complete members of the university community. If students are as mature as welcoming addresses to freshmen would have us believe, then they are capable of the maturity needed to aid in running the university.

"Students have a short time scale," believes Wayne State University president William R. East. "They want everything to happen in one or two or three years and when they leave, they won't have to worry about these problems; at all. They're not responsible for the long-term consequences. That's why it takes faculties longer to decide to tinker with curriculums. If you do, you have to keep it that way for awhile."

This attitude is erroneous; it aids only in aggravating the form of the university community as two armed camps rather than one integrated community. Most importantly, the administration governing the university cannot lose sight of the fact that, in the words of a Columbia administrator, "the present student generation is a much better representative of the next student generation than any faculty," any administration.

Attaining responsible academic freedom is a necessity in the international university community. When students, faculty and administrators can debate hopefully without fear of violence or suspension the community will begin to be just that—a complete community. Student action in this direction, even under the guise of protests over gymnasiums or campus cops, is quite emotionally working in this direction. Whether this tack, largely devoid of reason, can have success remains to be seen.

'Small time' revives theater

By STEVE ROBIN
State News Reviewer

Critics and theater audiences have for years been heralding the death of the stage play as an art form. Much of the appreciation of theatrical productions during the past decade has been escapist and nostalgic. But the reasons for this have become increasingly clear and there are now elements which would revive faith in the offerings of the stage, particularly in New York. At this point even some of the staunchest pillars of the Broadway production, like David Merrick, declare that they are turning to Hollywood and the film as the medium of today. And perhaps movies are the only things that can communicate to the Pepsi generation, but perhaps Mr. Merrick and his successful colleagues are responsible for just that.

Theater, by definition, is a local art form. Canned copies of a New York or a London production cannot be sent throughout the world in a matter of weeks for the general consumption of large, steady audiences. For this reason it is difficult for a play to deal with a specific issue and expect to have a commercially successful run of more than a few months. A structured play necessarily lacks the social immediacy of improvisation or, for that matter, television. And by the time a play has reached toward the masses, the production is a less carefully constructed roadshow, or it has become a movie. At any rate, it is far enough removed from the original to eliminate the intended effect.

Commercial success in the theater is another obstacle which every well intending play must face. If the author is well known because of former commercial or critical successes, his difficulty in getting another play produced is minimized. But getting that first play produced is an ordeal, especially without a lot of close professional connections. And, frank-

ly, nobody wants a loser, particularly the big "reputation" backers like Merrick, who are capable of pumping hundreds of thousands of dollars into a production that may not last more than a week. Therefore, the dollar sign has meant dead end for a lot of young authors with a lot of good things to say. And factors like these to dignify the absolescence of the theater.

But don't despair, theater lovers. Though the number of lights on the Broadway marquee has diminished somewhat, there have always been the dedicated few who have turned out theatrical masterpieces like "West Side Story" and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" and "Cabaret." These, of course, are forced to run alongside "Hello Dolly!" and the numerous one-a-season Neil Simon comedies that seem to run forever. The latter category cannot be criticized for a lack of artistic content but merely for replacing originality with razzle-dazzle or forced laughs or magnetic personalities. This is just the type of stagnation that turns a great deal of talent away from the "big time."

So, America has a young and flourishing "small time" in the guise of the off-Broadway theater. This medium has developed from small and experimental obscurities and controversial material like LeRoi Jones plays into a well-formed and highly successful sounding board for many very good plays. Chronologically, the last theater season in New York demonstrates that lots of people would just as soon leave Broadway and go to a smaller theater if they can pay less money and see a superior play. Merrick's biggies like "The Happy Time" floundered for several months with half-full houses, while small downtown productions like "Your Own Thing" plays every performance to capacity crowds and wins all the awards usually reserved for on-Broadway shows. Even good plays, like Arthur Miller's

"The Price" seem tired compared to the gripping dialogue to be heard a few blocks uptown in "The Boys in the Band." And those few blocks mean several dollars saved on tickets. In comedy, too, "Souba Duba," on the East Side, is every bit as funny as Neil Simon's this year smash, "Plaza Suite."

Then why the pretense? Why don't the off-and-on Broadway elements, the new and the old, merge for the mutual good? The fact is that many of the successful off-Broadway productions could very well have been produced on Broadway, but they cleverly chose to buck the large theater and high price syndrome that can be such a burden. The plays themselves, however, are of a calibre worthy of the big time. Off-Broadway has become a synthesis of the commercial and the experimental success, thereby affording the average theatergoer an opportunity to see a good play that is "with it." To the more radical elements this represents selling out, and they have focused their talents on what is known as "off-off-Broadway." And the surprise of the year on Broadway as the huge success of "Hair," the tribal rock musical that scaled the ranks from a small East Village theater to a cavernous, discotheque to its present home at a full-fledged Broadway theater.

Ten years ago, Edward Albee himself would not have approved of this. LeRoi Jones would still disapprove. But to a lot of talented people and satisfied audiences, this represents an important level of development. A beginning, perhaps, of saying goodbye to David Merrick and that genre of power god, and saying hello to unstale, stimulating and young theater. If the theater can appeal to young people it cannot die. If the old dog can be taught some new tricks by his new masters, then there is no need to put him to sleep. And better yet, he will stop putting his audiences to sleep.

Calendar of Events.. Oct. 3-17



Thursday, October 3
 "Around the World in Eighty Days" (7:30 p.m., Aud.)
 "Fantastic Voyage" (WIC-MHA)
 "Who's Who and What's What" (AWS)
 Medieval Art (Kresge Art Center through October 23)
Friday, October 4
 Soccer-MSU Invitational
 "Casino Royale" (7 p.m. and 9 p.m., 108 Wells)
 "Around the World in Eighty Days" (7:30 p.m., Aud.)

Skyshow - "Astronomy through the Ages" (8 p.m., Abrams Planetarium)
 "Fantastic Voyage" (WIC-MHA)
 p.m., 109 Anthony
Saturday, October 5
 Soccer - MSU Invitational
 Skyshow (2:30 p.m. and 8 p.m., Abrams Planetarium)
 "Casino Royale" (7 p.m. and 9 p.m., 108 Wells)
 Ray Green, "Russia vs. China" (8 p.m., Aud.)

"Fantastic Voyage" (WIC-MHA)
Sunday, October 6
 Skyshow (2:30 p.m. and 4 p.m., Abrams Planetarium)
 "The Great Gatsby" (7:30 p.m., 109 Anthony)
Monday, October 7
 Career Carny
Tuesday, October 8
 Career Carny
Wednesday, October 9
 "Oedipus Rex" (7:30 p.m., Aud.)

Football movie: MSU-Wisconsin Promenaders dance
Thursday, October 10
 "Morgan" (7 p.m., Aud.)
 109 Anthony
 "Oedipus Rex" (3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m., Aud.)
 "Georgy Girl" (WIC-MHA)
Friday, October 11
 "Morgan" (7 p.m. and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony)
 "Hawaii" (7:30 p.m., Aud.)

"Suddenly Last Summer" (Fairchild)
 "Georgy Girl" (WIC-MHA)
Saturday, October 12
 Cross Country - Wisconsin Soccer - Air Force Academy
 Skyshow (2:30 p.m. and 8 p.m., Abrams Planetarium)
 John Elden, "Patagonia" (8 p.m., Aud.)
 "Georgy Girl" (WIC-MHA)
 "Morgan" (7 p.m. and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony)

Sunday, October 13
 Skyshow (2:30 p.m. and 4 p.m., Abrams Planetarium)
Monday, October 14
 Football movie: MSU-Michigan Promenaders dance
 "Head Against the Walls" (7:30 p.m., 104 Wells)
Thursday, October 17
 "Becket" (through Saturday)
 "A Man For All Seasons" (7 p.m. and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony)

British TV series' dumped

By MARK MCPHERSON
State News Reviewer

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

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

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

"Man In A Suitcase" (ABC) concerned the attempts of an American undercover agent named McGill to clear himself of false charges. Throughout the series he sought to vindicate himself and, a la Dr. Richard Kimble, enjoyed our sympathy while he fought to "beat a bum rap."

Another British summer series, "The Champions" (CBS), offered not one, but three protagonists, again in the secret agent vein. On mission to Tibet, this trio (two men and a girl) are equipped with super-powers bestowed upon them by an aged llama.

A third series, the one which eventually proved most closely watched, was "The Prisoner." Here Patrick McGoohan, who may be remembered from the earlier "Danger Man" and later "Secret Agent," continued his spy identity in episodes in which he starred as well as helped write and direct. The story line involved the nameless agent (Mc-

Goohan) who suddenly finds himself imprisoned on a strange little island. His crime: simply a desire to retire from his former "dirty business."

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

Summing up, we may ask what ultimately contributes to the popularity of British productions in America? Is it that they lack real quality, or suffer from an overabundance here? Why have the many series failed, yet a few, such as "The Avengers," managed to hang on? Why could John Steed and Emma Peel continue to captivate viewers, enough so to reverse the network decisions to cancel? Is it that we have found in such a glamorous duo some association with their American counterparts, if such exist? Did these worldly Avengers, long ago legends in their native Beatleland, rekindle for us the days of yore with, say, Annie Oakley and her Lofty Craig? Eddie Albert and Eva Gabor? Burns and Allen? Maybe it was Batman and his favorite Boy Wonder. Well, shucks, I mean it must be somebody. These Avengers have been making it in England now for almost seven years. Can we make a comparison or not?

Now let's see—there are always the Bonanza boys... now that's real Americana!

Reaction

(Continued from page 7)

reason why they don't love Hubert. And they know something that Hook does not. One has to go to college, which is why his spinning out of that old teutonic chestnut about the difference between the right to teach and the right to learn is silly, rather like expecting a high schooler to decide he wasn't going to take algebra. He has to, if he wishes to go to school, and of course he must go to school, or in extreme cases some more cramped institution of learning. In the 19th century, short hair (their version of today's long locks) equalled expulsion. Today it equals trouble, since there's no exit. Ergo today long hair equals short hair. This is what Rudd is talking about, and I gather Hook isn't hearing him.

I shan't attempt to counter some of the Professor's more sinister revelations, such as the SDS advice to flood classes with enrollees so as to be able to complain of overcrowding. It's possible, but not novel. The old joke at the Sorbonne was that stu-

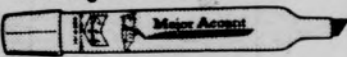
dents went to class when they really wished to protest. But, one assertion must be refuted. The black students at Cornell didn't hold the Chairman of the Econ. Dept. hostage because of some hapless lecturer's "views on African affairs." They were tired of hearing casual, racist slurs in a university classroom.


What Hook's essay comes to is this: he is sick of violence and arrogance, and so am I, but if he really believes that there is no connection between students like Rudd and the outer world, then he is an absurdity. I prefer to imagine that he is tired of living in the 60's. I can understand why, though I don't agree. But then I'm younger. This is not to suggest that Hook and Rudd simply stare at each other across that famous gap, but Hook does sound tired and disappointed, and Rudd does come on in shrill and buoyant tones. Democracy, Hook concludes, has courageous, intransigent and fanatical enemies. To be sure, but so does everything else. Including Rudd. Indeed, mostly Rudd.

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