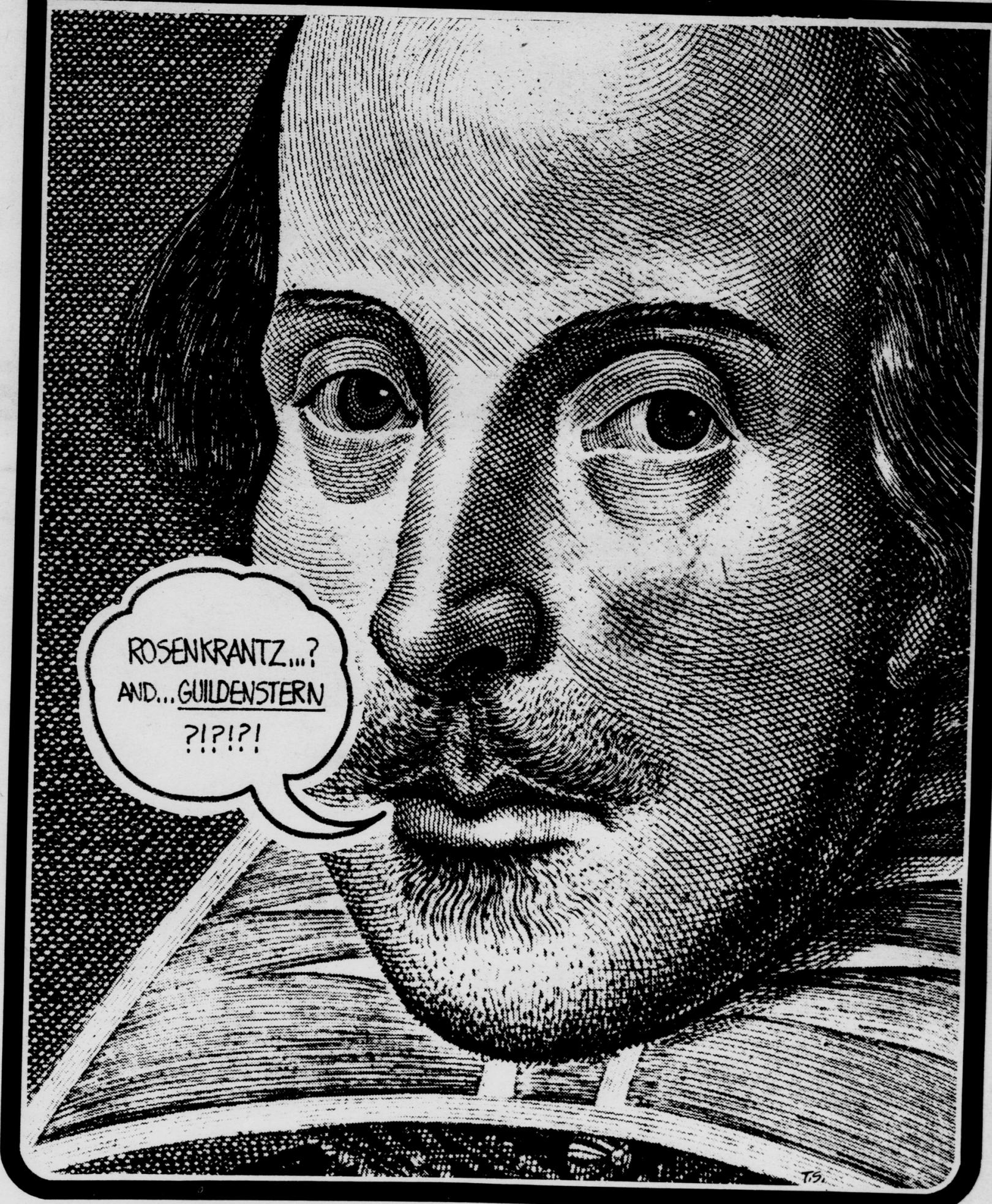


Collage



The Monthly Magazine of the Michigan State News

Thursday, Feb. 5, 1970



"Women's liberation" is the buzz word of 1970.

In the 1960's, buzz words which were guaranteed to trigger negative responses ranged from phrases like "civil rights" through "black power" to "end the war" and "legalize pot."

Just what do you (choose one: blacks, students, communists, peace freaks) want anyway? was a widespread uncomprehending reaction to 1960-style activism.

Now, with a shift in activist priorities, the reaction has changed— although it retains its basic incomprehension.

"Just what do you (women) want, anyway?"

The answer, as ever before, does not deal so much with wants as with culturally deprived rights. The pressure of the Western environment has created many objects of inferiority: the woman is foremost among these.

Woman, a societal "nigger" long before the Negro, has too long been consoled with such panaceas as "the hand that rocks the cradle . . ." and "behind every great man . . ." Behind every great man there is nothing more than a woman preconditioned into standing in the shadows. But because sex discrimination is far more subtle than racial or ethical biases, it is infrequently recognized by men or women.

Hopefully, "women's lib" will not remain a buzz word triggering images of saloon-smashing, female suffrage and lesbianism. This is not an issue we can afford to be polarized on.

Consider the woman—and remember your humanity.

—M.N.

Bookmarks

"Antioch Review," XXIX, i (Antioch Press, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387), 136 pp. \$1

The current "Antioch Review" is a special issue entitled "What's Happened to Magazines?" and is an in-depth study of the field. The reasons for this study are, as the editor points out, because "there is simply nothing available in print . . . which attempts to offer a broad if not comprehensive critical view of the contemporary American periodical press" and because "Of all the institutions in our culture, the American press is one of the most precious held and self-protective . . . criticism of the press within the press is virtually unseen."

A sampling of the articles in this issue indicates the scope of the study: "Life Cycles in the Age of Magazines," by Clay Felker; "Reflections on the New Journalism and the Old Fiction," by Benjamin DeMott; "Weeklies and Weaklies," by Robert Sherrill; "What Ever Happened to Lit Magazines?" by Beverly Gross (selected for inclusion in "The American Literary Anthology 3"); "On the (N.Y.) Literary Left," by Walter Goodman; "The Underground Press and How it Went," by Jesse Kornbluth, etc.

This issue of AR is a demonstration of McLuhan's axiom: the medium is the message.

A magazine which attempts to discuss other magazines has to be of high quality itself, and so AR has been redesigned by Samuel Antupit — the new format is beautiful and very readable. AR is changing in other ways: it will not discontinue printing fiction and poetry, but it plans to have more special issues devoted to a limited topic, which will be explored in-depth. This will create a specialized, yet flexible, magazine — and places AR somewhere between the usual little magazine and the market-slanted big magazine.

—Albert Drake

Contribute to Collage

All members of the University community are invited to submit work to Collage. We are interested in almost any publishable form of creative effort — essays, photographs, reviews, poems, drawings, etc. Submissions may be mailed or brought in person to the State News office (third floor, Student Services Bldg.).



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Parody contest: Fred Zirm, First place winner

Presence and Absence

O Night, which ever art when day is not!

A Midsummer Night's Dream

By JEAN-PAUL SAUTE

Translator's note

I believe that this is the original time that M. Saute's work has been translated into English by a one whose native tongue is French. This has given me a different point to see from. I hope it makes for a more accurate traduction because M. Saute's work deserves understanding at least.

Perhaps a few explanations will help concerning the words I have translated different. First I have chose to translate "etre" as "being" in most cases. Last, I have also chosen to translate "maison" as "dog," too.

My thanks to M. Le Brun of the Sorbonne and to Larousse's "Dictionnaire de Poche", too, who have helped me walk the tight string between literalitiness and mere opinion only.

Charles Fou
Dunkirk 1940

Editor's note

In isolation, M. Saute's work is impressive. When viewed in its historical context, it is even more so and approaches the unique monumental proportions of the work of a Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas, James, Heidegger, Russel, Leibniz, Hegel, Nietzsche or Hefner. I could go on forever, could you? Such varied intellectual import! "Presence and Absence" can be seen as not only a refutation of Kantian Idealism and Spinozean Rationalism, but also as a continuation of the two in a paradox too subtle for you to comprehend.

Because of the obvious importance of the work, I feel I must justify what changes I have made in the text. Most of the changes were made for the sake of brevity and the avoidance of needless repetition. I felt that by shortening the text by deleting unnecessary redundancy I was making M. Saute's argument clearer. That is, I thought I could promote clarity by doing away with passages that merely said what had been said before without anything added. So most of the changes were made for the sake of brevity and the avoidance of needless repetition.

Finally, I have made one fundamental change in the original translation. I have rejected "bad faith" as the translation of "mauvaise foi" and instead substituted "self-deception". This way I think that I have avoided the religious connotations which I'm sure M. Saute did not want anyway. Similarly, I have deleted all reference to God, which accounts for the greatly shortened length of this edition.

I wish you good luck in your study of "Presence and Absence." After reading it I'm sure you'll say to yourself, as I did, "Ground of all being, am I smart!"

Paul Ane
Okemos 1969

Introduction

As a child in the south of France, I experienced my first encounter with the Absolute. It was in the third grade. The springtime sun seemed almost solid as it slanted between the seated children. Mme. Eclair called the roll. "Present" replied Paul, and Jacques, and Lucille and the others. But then she called on Charles, the class clown. "Absent" he answered. We all laughed. Suddenly, though, I realized that there was serious truth in that laughter.

After class I went up to the desk where Mme. Eclair sat. Looking up at her I asked, "Do you not think that Charles has stumbled upon the irreducible dilectal duality that modern philosophy has been in search of since Descartes?" "No," she said, and hit me with a ruler. I was not discouraged. While facing the blackboard on which I was to write "I shall not philosophize in class" a hundred times, my mind, too, became a tabula rasa on which words of truth, not chalk, were to be written. And I knew these truths would provide the key to Locke, Spinoza, and every other modern philosopher. The blackboard is full now. I would like you to see it.

Pecepi and the plight of modern man

Modern man finds himself lost and alone with others in a world given to him that is not his own but has no one else to claim it. How paradoxical!

And what does man do in this situation? Finding himself lost, he tries to find himself by losing his self with and in isolated others who are attempting the same thing, if they exist and if the world exists at all. Or you for that matter.

Proceeding from this basis, we can see, or rather I can see, if I exist, that perception is the key, since I see it. At least I think I see and applying Descartes' cogito I can venture from my perceiving ego to the world of my perception.

But the perceptions I have are not necessarily shared by all humans. Is it not true that one person can look at a glass of water and call it half full, while another can look at the same glass and call it gin? Yes, but this is just a matter of misinterpretation.

Presence and absence

The error lies in a misconception of absence. Absence is not is not. Absence is is. It is a mere absence of presence, or rather the presence of an absence of presence. Likewise, presence is the presence of presence, or rather, the absence of a presence of absence.

The question then is: are these two states co-existent or does one arise out of the other. The answer is yes. Most things are apprehended as an absence first, out of which may come presence. Love is missed before it is actualized. There are cases in human experience, though, where the presence of something is intuitively grasped in its essence before it is even felt or known to be absent. Mystical experience and religious conversion may fall under this category.

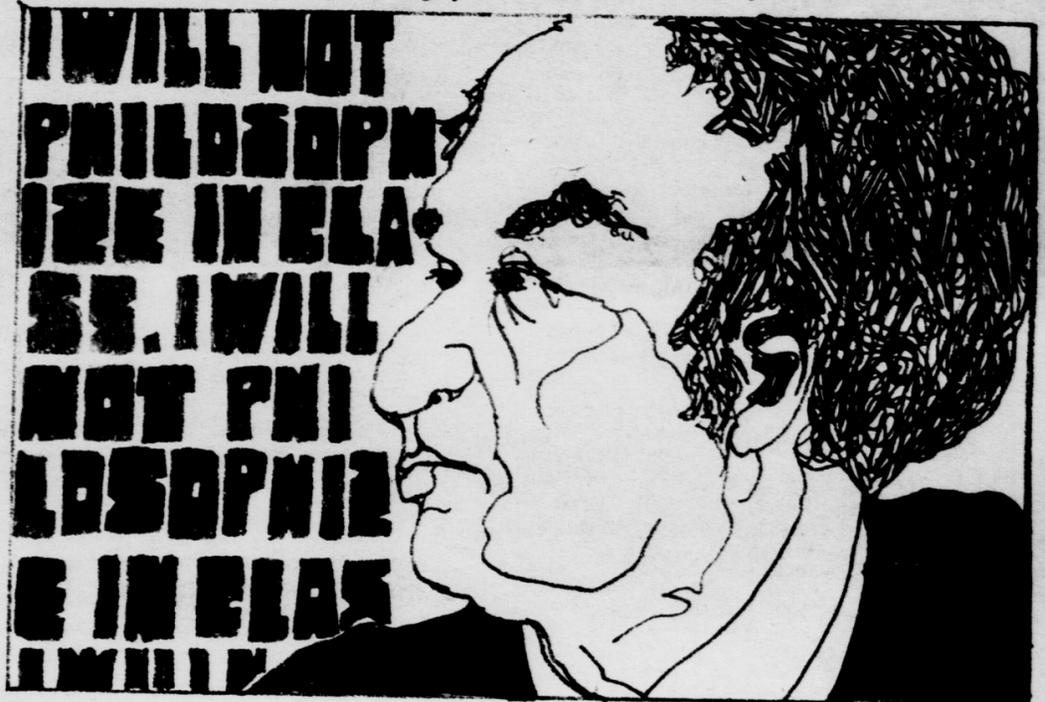
Modes of being

Being as object is static and structured. Being as subject, i.e., human being, is dynamic and adaptable. In other words, it is presence made malleable and molded by absence, thus the term etre - de - gelee (jelly - being). This jelly-being has many qualities. We shall consider only temporality and its implications here. That is, we shall only consider jelly-being in relation to a time continuum. We shall call this for - the - time - being.

Presence and absence are both relative to time. Something is present or absent in relation to a particular moment. Presence is positive and monistic. Absence is of two types; excused and unexcused. Excused absence can be accounted for by things in the world of for - the - time - being and human perception. Unexcused absence cannot be so explained. Death is an unexcused absence since it is timeless and not of this world.

The act of dying is within man's perceptual field, though. He sees it as the one inevitable possibility for his jelly-being. He is seized by what I call queasiness, which causes him to twist and shout and work it out spiritually. Man confronted with death, his own death, becomes ill with grief-mourning sickness. Since man is the only being who experiences this, he can be defined as the being - who - barfs. Woman, meanwhile, is the being - who - mops.

The only answer is to immerse oneself in the liquid of life until one dissolves. That is the solution. What is the problem?



But as a general rule absence precedes presence, except after essence.

These two modes of existence are mirrored in two mental modes. In turn, these two mental modes are expressed in the common phrases, "presence of mind" and "absent-mindedness." But where was I? Thus, man as a duality is the presence of an absence of presence of the absence of presence of absence. The implications are obvious.

Being and non-being

Presence and absence are the essence of being and non-being, an essence which depends on human perception and expectation. If I go to a cafe in order to see Pierre, all of the cafe will be a mere background, or ground, for the expected appearance of the figure - Pierre. It will be a blur until I see Pierre. And if Pierre is not there I experience nothingness and non-being. Subjectively, I miss Pierre to the point of even doubting the very existence of the cafe, reasoning thusly: If Pierre is not here, how can the cafe be here? One may scoff at such scepticism, but even if I engaged myself in the very simple act of ordering a drink, the bartender would demand proof, so why not I?

Or similarly, if I'm looking at an apartment that says "NO PETS," doesn't the question necessarily arise, "What kind of pets can I not have?" Or more specifically, "Can I not have a dog? I've always not wanted a dog." And finally, by extension and synthesis, "How many dogs can I not have? How does an apartment say anything?"

(From an announcement by the Miles Modern Poetry Committee . . .)

The Miles Modern Poetry Committee is presently soliciting manuscripts for a possible anthology of Detroit and Michigan poetry. All manuscripts should be sent or brought to the Miles office, 5257 Cass, Detroit, 48202, on or before March 15, 1970. Please include return postage.

The poet should now, or at sometime, reside in the defined area. It is not important whether he or she is previously published, as the concern is quality, not status.

There are no imposed limitations on the length of the manuscripts, but it should be said that the proposed anthology will be less than 200 pages in total length.

All types of poetry, either experimental or academic, are welcome, as are any questions regarding this venture or any other matter concerning the Miles committee . . .



Bookmarks

MICHIGAN SIGNATURES, edited by Albert Drake (Quixote Press, 1969, 96 pp.)

Albert Drake, Asst. Professor of English at MSU, has assembled with careful skill an anthology of poems by practicing Michigan poets. It's a good looking book presenting more than eighty poems by the well-known and the lesser known and testifies to the large number of fine poets working in the state. The book should also serve as a means for Michigan writers to get to know one another's poetry.

As editor, Drake manages to avoid restrictions which we often find in regional anthologies. He does not slyly try to sell, promulgate, a fashionable style of writing, nor does the book promote any kind of school. Drake's bias is apparently only for good poetry, and the book shows his catholic taste: Old forms worked in arresting, inventive ways are included ("Song of the Mad Clubwoman") along with those that exploit the tense idiom of our time, ("Expressways"). William Pitt Root's "Jennifer by Moonlight" is a poem where compactness of imagery and nightshould combine with a startling effect:

(A cricket with short circuit
whirs in grass behind a stone.

The dark electric sound
seems to shine,

attracting our daughter with her
mouthful of moth-wings . . .)

and John Wood's powerful "The Woman, Opened by Loving" is to list only a few of the poems worthy of being anthologized.

Nor do the boundaries of Michigan impinge upon the quality of the poetry. The book does not suffer from a provincial pinch. As its title, MICHIGAN SIGNATURES, indicates, the poems present a distinctive, highly individualized collection and proves that a regional anthology can also be one of universal dimension.

The book, available at Paramount News, is dedicated to A.J.M. Smith, poet-in-residence at MSU since 1931 — a handsome gesture.

--Douglas Lawder

as nets of meshed cloud
catch the dying moments
of sunlight fleeting,
the silence of spring
comes ever so softly
in the feeling of dusk —

I reach to touch your hand
to reassure the madness that is me

but you're not there —

while nets of cloud close
and capture the dusk in darkness
like winter
and gray snowflakes

--Greg Rathjen

Parody contest: Jane Nelson and

Luann Dummer, Second place winners

The Fairie Queene

Disposed into One Canto, Fashioning One Immorall Vice

Canto I

The patrone of true Lustiness
Foule Pureness doth defeate:
Chastity him to entrappe,
Doth in Elaine him meet.

A lustie knight was pricking in the bedde
Yclipt in mightie armes of Faire Elaine.
Who to such joyes of passion she him ledde
That never more of pricking on the plaine
He thought; but from that turned with disdayn.
This knight, in troth, was clept Sir Ligamore:
For toole of live he did not ere restrayne.
But, in Elaine he made his finall score,
Loath'd leprosie she gave and off of love he swore.

1.2 — As I.M. Scholashit pointed out in "The Use of the Archaic Y-Prefix in Spenser's 'Fairie Queen'" (Grove Press, 1910), this is the first instance of Spenser's use of the archaic y-prefix in the poem.

1.2 — I.R. Gay pointed out in "Spenser's Fairyland" ("True Romance," 1952), p. 1001, etymologically "Elaine" may be traced back to Old Norse prefix "gi-" plus Old English strong verb "licgan" (Class V, j-present), to lie, obviously not the preterite plural form, but the preterite singular form. This argument has been called into question by numerous scholars, most recently by Miss R.J. Hoard (Doctoral Diss., University of Manchester, Humanistic Series No. 155, 1960).

1.5 — This line is an obvious indication that Spenser revised in haste.

1.6 — "Ligamore" derives from Primitive Germanic "legjanan" (to lie) plus Old English "mara" (more) which developed in the Midlands by the 12th century into "more." This source has been questioned by F. Q. Fink in "Old Greek Sources and Analogues" (Ohio University Press, 1945) and traced to a character noted for his prowess in Homer's lost romance, the "Ur-Iliad."

1.9 — A late medieval commonplace which did not distinguish leprosy from venereal disease. The most authoritative source on this point is an anonymous work of the early tenth century entitled "Memoirs of a Medieval Woman." For a discussion of the identity of the author and her probable relationship with the Beowulf-poet, see Johann Wolfgang Sanzraisonmann, "Weltschmerz von le Moyen Age" (Girodias Publishing Co., 1951).

Parody contest: Dana Panknin, Third place winner

Prologue to the Studentbury Tales

Whan that the sandman with his shourès sootē
The studie halle hath percēd to the rootē,
And bathed all the minds in swich licour,
Of which a dream engendrēd is the flour:
Whan the teacher aches with his loudē breeth
Awakening on very holt and heeth
The grandē irēs of the students youngē,
Who straightly like the Ram their course will ronnē.
And make like wrathful fowl with medodyē.
On him who roused from slepe their drowsy yē,
(And whan y-fleddē hath teacher's courages):
Than longen he to goon on pilgrimages.



To open the envelope

By HOWARD BRODY

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely
players.

This quotation from "As You Like It" is only the most famous of the many references to a theme which recurs often in Shakespeare — life as a stage. This theme has important implications. If men and women are "merely players," their fates are predestined by the script, and the forces of their personalities are powerless before the much larger forces of the play. Shakespeare never fully developed this theme because he was committed to the Aristotelian dramatic model and the tragic hero — the tragedy of the significant man and not of the insignificant one. Macbeth might say that life is "a tale/Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury./ Signifying nothing"; but then it seems rather silly to be listening to a play about Macbeth's life. Macbeth is after all the big fish in his pond, and when he talks about insignificance it doesn't quite go over.

The modern theatre is much better suited than the Elizabethan stage for plays about insignificance — indeed it seems to thrive on them. And Tom Stoppard in "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead" has in this regard taken up where Shakespeare left off. Stoppard has carried off the paradox of having bit players be his main characters. Also he has turned the old theatrical device inside out to create the device of the play - outside - the - play. This device serves him well in two important respects, because we already know from "Hamlet" what

will happen to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in the end. First, watching the inevitable unfold creates a feeling of suspense which Stoppard exploits very effectively. Second, since the plot elements are already worked out, Stoppard can concentrate on developing the characters and the philosophical overtones — as did the ancient Greek masters who based their plays on well-known myths.

In the overview, there are three plays which have to be dealt with, fitting inside each other like a set of children's colored plastic kegs. The outermost one is Shakespeare's "Hamlet," in which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern appear briefly and have no distinct personalities. Stoppard's play fits inside "Hamlet" in that it shows Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's roles in "Hamlet," and also follows their activities in between their "Shakespearean" appearances (the time that they are offstage in "Hamlet"), until finally Stoppard's play merges into "Hamlet" in the last scene where the English ambassador strides into the corpse-filled Danish court to announce to uninterested ears that "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead." Stoppard, like Shakespeare, wants insignificance to be the hallmark of the two courtiers; in Stoppard's play the characters are always forgetting which one is Rosencrantz and which Guildenstern. But as Stoppard's play develops, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern assume definite and individual personalities.

The innermost of the three plays, the play - within - the - play with respect to both "Hamlet" and "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," is "The Murder

of Gonzago," which the band of roving tragedians act out before the Danish King and Queen at Hamlet's request. In "Hamlet," the play shows in miniature the events that have led up to the present situation. Stoppard expands it so that it shows not just the past, but also the future fates of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Also, the player king, another bit part in "Hamlet," assumes an expanded role in Stoppard's play. Since the world as stage is to be the philosophy, it is nature that the chief of the company of tragedians should be the philosopher.

If this play - in - a play - in - a play business looks confusing on paper, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern do not find it all that revealing and enlightening themselves. That something is a bit amiss with them because apparent in the first scene of Stoppard's play. On their way to Elsinore they have been idly tossing coins, but for some reason Guildenstern has tossed ninety-two heads in a row. After a long and circuitous discussion of the possible explanations, Guildenstern finally comes to the heart of the matter. It used to be, he says, that "the sun came up as often as it went down, in the long run, and a coin showed heads about as often as it showed tails. Then a messenger arrived. We had been sent for. Nothing else happened. Ninety-two coins spun consecutively have come down heads ninety-two consecutive times . . ."

This is their ultimate reality: they have been sent for, and nothing will be as it was before. They have been sent for to take part in "Hamlet," the play - outside - the - play, which has taken control of

(continued on page 10)

Stimulus/Response

style
and stale it is
(when you, I haven't seen in years)

medium the message, Marshall, I doubt
but I'm caught like you
in being
the front for mother's anxieties
and father's enemy

I'm laid to the movements
my looking glass mirror reflects
(and who knows if I'm more
to the less than I was)

and still
my poems fall prey to a style --
the way staleness wreaks havoc to my meanings --
and the medium is there
to glory in its glassiness

leave the unrest to wait
a better system of sighing

--Greg Rathjen

And all the lonely walking dead
crying softly
in the night
teardrops sparkle in
the light . . .

And all the lonely walking dead
pray to Someone
for a someone . . .

And all the lonely walking dead
coming back from
where they've gone
going back from
whence they came
hoping for someone . . .

Every day is the same
Bare.

Brown coffee yellow sheets gray hair
hoping for someone to care . . .

And their death is in
their eyes

And all the lonely walking dead
dying every day
are Eternal

--Elwin Green

Boston Common

My mind with lint and pennies
Filled my pocket in the rain,
To warmly watch the flannel night
That cat-like pushed its nose
Between the people on the square,
And filled our heads with fur
And soft bewhiskered thoughts
Of tigers in the dark.
We talked and watched the snaking breath
Of grey hallucinating curls
Of colors, stripes and snarls in our eyes.
The Spaniard from Chicago stopped
To say our dreams were only smoke
And he had paid too much for lids
That pulled him drooping to the night,
To sweeten up his tears.
Far down the blinking plip-plot street
An old man peeping-tommed his eyes
At lovers on the steps,
Who warm and curled
Between the street and sky
Hung weightless in their dreams.
And now the night
Is melting on our tongues
Chocolate dark, and warm
Like cider running from the clouds.
While rain wet lids
Hung out to dry,
Stand stiff and starched,
And ready for the day,
To sting them warm
With cinnamon and sun.

-Tom Samet



The worker and the factory

EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer of this article is a senior in advertising at MSU and has been a full-time worker at the Lansing Oldsmobile plant since September.

The work ethic at Oldsmobile is best summed up by that favorite word of industrial public relations: the Team. The concept of the team is stressed constantly. We are all on one big team together, we are told, and with pride in our teamwork we can turn out Better Quality Cars. Even the company newspaper, mailed to workers' homes, is called Team.

This emphasis on pride in teamwork is, of course, intended to counter the old problem of industrial dehumanization. Classically, the problem of assembly-line work is that each man loses all personal pride in his job: after all, he has no finished product to take pride in, no outstanding craftsmanship to identify with. So, today, the craft of the team is emphasized. Be proud of your share in the product; be proud of the craft of the team. Unfortunately, this just doesn't work, and for reasons other than the overwhelming lack of real identification with shiny automobiles.

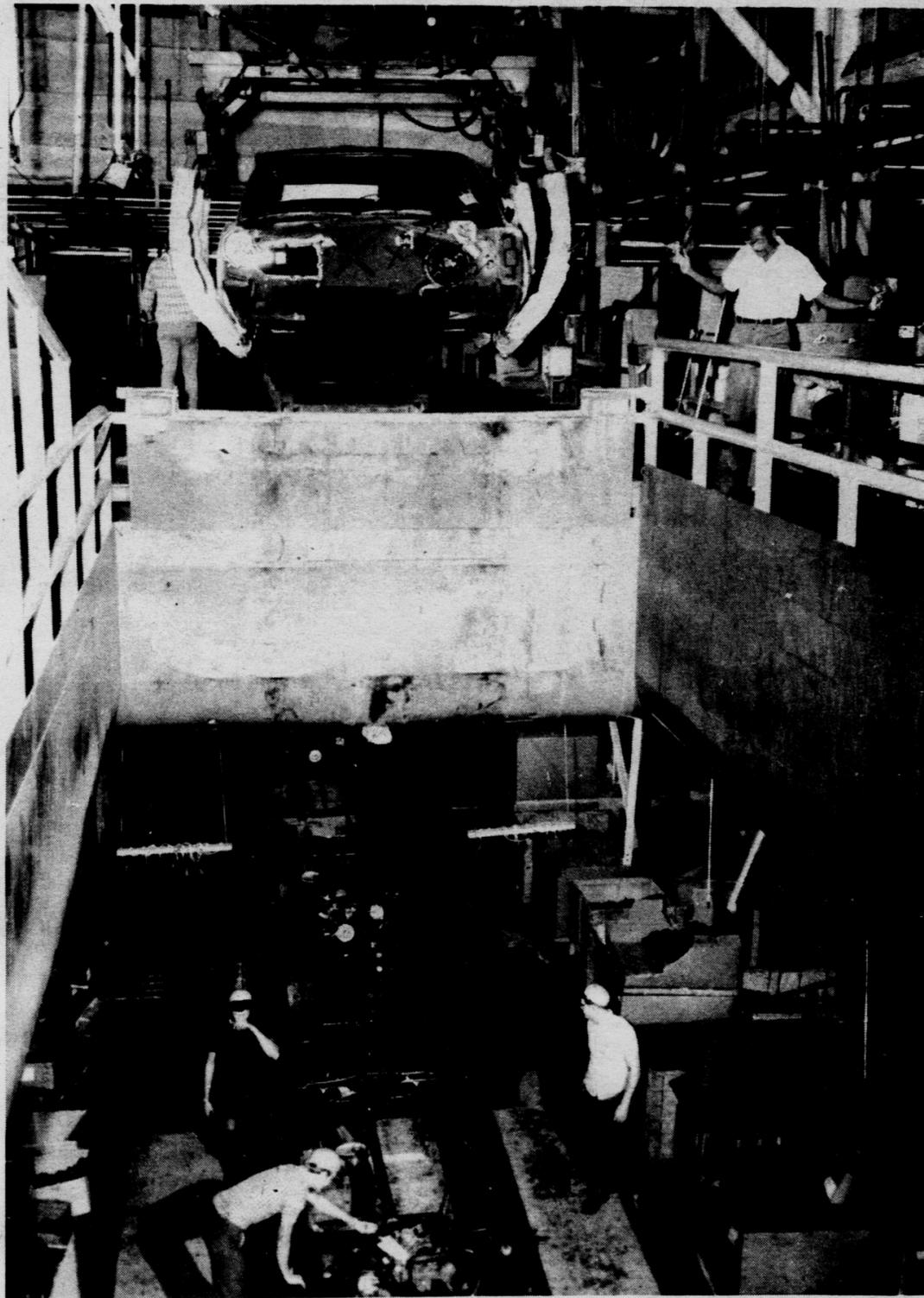
The greatest single factor undermining the team ethic is the treatment of the individual in the factory organization. Responsibility, and consequently punishment, at Olds disseminates downward. For instance, if a certain number of cars is put together shoddily, the general foreman lands on the foreman whose men goofed up; he in turn lands on the guilty individuals. In the abstract, this seems quite sensible. As it is practiced at the Olds plant, however, it results in negative motivation and alienation.

The primary method of punishment is the "write-up" system. Workers who fall short are written up; two write-ups in six months can cost a man his job. Write-ups can be given for major job mistakes such as putting on a part wrong, not putting it on at all or refusing to fix a mistake. They also are meted out for trivialities like talking back to the foreman, failing to call in prior to absence, or missing work without an excuse. One man of my acquaintance missed a day because his car's engine blew up on the way to the plant; he received both a write-up and an hour-long lecture. When under - 18 workers miss a day, their parents are phoned to conform his excuse. If none is forthcoming, out goes a write-up. Such petty authoritarianism undermines any effective enforcement and creates considerable resentment.

Resentment is also the main byproduct of the Olds system for correcting mistakes on the job. Everyone's mistakes are announced over the loudspeaker at maximum volume, usually an hour after the mistake has been made. The time lapse and the irritatingly high volume, added to the the usual factory noise, produces anger at the new demands, apathy toward one's part in the great team, and refusal to do - it - yourself. Theoretically, repairmen at the end of each department are supposed to fix mistakes, but the greatest complaint of the announcing system is that "Repair is getting out of hand. Get on the job!"

Benefits and incentives, which are designed to provide a positive motivation, are actually of very limited effectiveness. The use of shop rules is the best example of the failure of the benefit system to benefit the worker. Shop rules, intended to preserve good will and safety, tend to work out in favor of management rather than laborers. For instance, it is against shop rules to jump over the pit: men are working below and a slip could injure both the jumper and the pitworker. However, during an average night some workers jump over the pit more than 400 times just in the performance of a job. (If two men perform such jobs, jumping is unnecessary, but both the recession and the economy drive at the plant have eliminated that extra man, along with the observance of a shop rule. In the end, shop rules are observed unless they interfere with the work, and then they are often disregarded. The job must be completed regardless.

The hypocrisy of shop rules is shown in a different way by the dictum that we must accept "new ideas." In practice, a new idea is nothing other than additional work. When one learns to perform a single task well, he is given another to do in addition. This continues until he can't perform any more simultaneous jobs adequately. Personal considerations, such as injuries or extreme exhaustion, are rarely important. Consequently the temptation (widely indulged in) is to avoid doing one's best. After all, the reward received for good work is nothing more



than harder work.

The extremely poor and even dangerous working conditions at the factory further corrupt a positive work ethic. The harassing and unnecessary noise from the loudspeakers, added to the general noise level of the factory, raises the total noise to deafening proportions. It is extremely difficult to speak and be heard. Furthermore, due to an economy drive - which is itself another cause of rage among the workers, due to its adverse effects on them - few, if any, workers can receive the proper protective earphones from the management, even with a doctor's recommendation. The same goes for safety gloves. One woman in my area who works with harmful, painful brake fluid couldn't get safety gloves, in spite of the factory nurse's recommendations. There are so-called safety men, but they complete studies on the day shift. The night shift, despite the obvious need, has never been the subject of any safety studies. The only rule tightly enforced for everyone is the wearing of safety glasses.

A union does exist at Olds, and consequently so do committeemen to handle individual grievances. Naturally, as a corollary to ethical practice at Olds, new workers are never told they have such a thing as a committeeman. Management orientation programs ignore their existence. Workers usually find out about them through the grapevine or coincidence. If they don't, they often receive unjust punishments with no recourse but to accept them.

Factory foremen, who theoretically act as middlemen between labor and higher management, are in fact totally management-

oriented due to the punishment system. The pressure on foremen is sufficiently large to render most of them extremely poor in handling their workers. When one is forced to regard men as instruments toward a relentless production quota, one eventually does so. The result is the loss of both middleman status and the salve of common courtesy. Once more, a kick for the humanity of the common laborer and a snicker for the team ethic.

The total effect of such treatment for the bottom - of - the pyramid worker is quite serious, emotionally. The Olds environment - in spite of the push for team spirit - generates frustration, anger, pain, physical and mental exhaustion, hatred and apathy. Because of the punishment system, these can't be worked off on the job: try screaming back at an obnoxious foreman and watch the fun. On - the - job emotions are carefully translated into on - the - job apathy. "If you think, you think about the situation you're stuck in and then you just want to get violent," one pit worker explained. This apathy applies not just to each individual's interpersonal behavior, but to one's job. Why care about Oldsmobile, since it certainly doesn't care for you? This is why any amount of punishment wouldn't prevent - and might even increase - the flaws in the final cars, and why the workers who steal parts from the plant express no guilt feelings. The rewards are so few.

The rage built up at work can't be left there. Consequently, it's taken home as a nice surprise for the family, a sort of little paycheck bonus,

(continued on page 8)

activities
returns," he sa
He noted
appropriation
program was
both the Colle
ther Universi
potential conti
massive health
cannot be ma
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Prejudice and the team spirit

(continued from page 7)

courtesy of Oldsmobile. One no longer wants to think, but rather to forget and work off the tension. Heavy drinking is an unusually popular form of recreation. Some drink before they work to live through the job, after they work to relax, and — in spite of the threat of firing — during work if they can get away with it. Mindless films, television and wife-beating are great diversions. Lots of Olds-earned money is spent making the earning of it palatable. It may sound like a good salary, but the cost of making it takes out a very big chunk. Thus, even material incentives become laughable.

This emotional frustration is carried over into the perpetration of prejudices among the employees. The most blatant racial conflict at Oldsmobile - Lansing exists between blacks and Mexicans. In a sense the anger between these two groups is a classic example of misdirected class

struggle. Partially, the black - Mexican friction is a battle for social recognition — which many of the white workers call a "battle for last place."

Overt discrimination against nonwhites on the Olds production line is not too widespread, probably because too many non-whites work there to make it practical. A couple foreman call "their" Mexican workers "wetbacks" and some Mexicans (usually triggering fistfights) call blacks "chocolates."

Racism does go beyond this verbal level. Blacks, for instance, have a harder time getting out of "the pit" (where all work is bone-wearying, anyone over 5'8" can't stand up straight and cars and people occasionally fall onto workers below) than whites. The average length of time one worker spends in the pit is three months. More than one black of my acquaintance have spent over a year there.

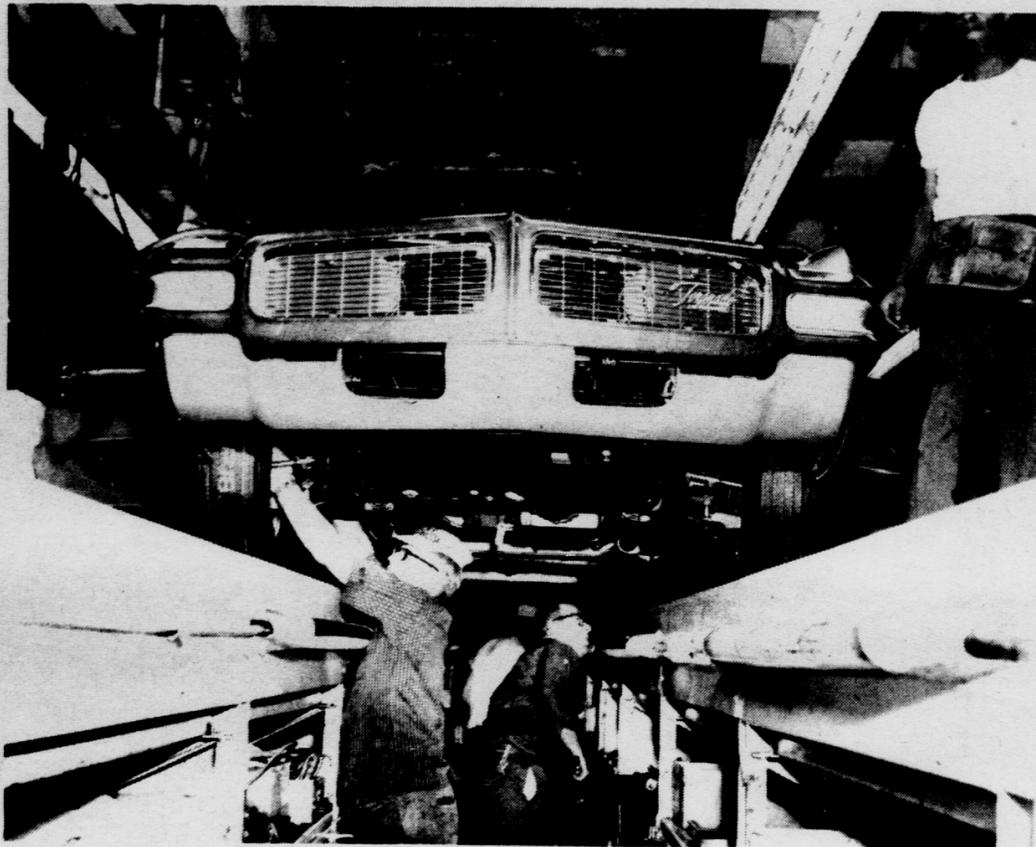
Most racial prejudice, however, is more or

less covert. In the cafeteria, individuals spontaneously segregate themselves into racial groups. The john walls, or course, are a popular place for the exorcism of aggressive racial emotions.

But not all prejudice at Olds deals with racial problems. Working women and students receive their fair share of the tension. Just as few workers bother to reexamine their racial prejudices, most prefer to hold on to the simple idea of Woman as Wife - Mother - Whore. If she works at Olds, she's slacking off somewhere. Female laborers are also charged with being gossippy, lazy, weak, quick to complain and ineffective at work. Many of the women on the life offer an ever-present (and ever-ignored) refutation of this. Perhaps as a consequence of such prejudice, those female workers are often "masculine": generally physically powerful or tough-acting.

Any threat to the life-style of the average Olds worker is translated into its simplest denominator. Female behavior and the "battle for last place" are two such denominators. The college student is another simple symbol. Oldsmobile itself pays for the tuition of full-time students who are simultaneously full-time workers. It is the prejudice of lower-level Olds workers themselves that is overt. The student working at Oldsmobile—as anywhere in Middle America—is advised to avoid a student image at work. Students, it seems, are directly responsible for the trouble America is in today. Students are not only treasonous, they are all hippies, whether they look like it or not. Beards and mustaches seem to be o.k., but scalp hair triggers the differences. Even as "conservative" a length as current campus styles triggers remarks as "hippie," "weirdo," or "faggot." Those who don't go so far as believing all students are immoral hippies still often feel threatened by their immediate presence. This is partially because of inferiority feelings in a country where education is a national religion. The feeling seems to be, "With all that book-learning in college, you had to come here to learn common sense."

The many faces of prejudice among the workers at Oldsmobile illustrate, I feel, another result of the dehumanizing process at the plant. Perhaps there would always be prejudice, but it seems now to be an extension of the miserable working conditions. After working at Oldsmobile myself, I can understand the emotional problems and resulting life - style of a worker who, unlike myself, has no hope to escape.



Collage and creativity

By MICHAEL O'NEAL

Collage magazine is a by - product of the intellectual and artistic activity at MSU; the magazine exists as a forum and showplace for local talent of many varieties. In this area it is unique, with its large circulation (40,000) and localized mass audience. In its attempt to communicate different forms of expression, Collage reaches all levels of the University.

Thus, the entire existence of the magazine is bound up in the value and extent of the local creative activity — those actions which are stamped with the individual perceptions and expressions of the maker but which can nonetheless be shared with others. Naturally, such activities can be either temporary or permanent; they can be either "pure" actions or that type of action that results in a physical medium.

Being dependent on this latter type of expression, Collage is especially vulnerable to periods of relative inactivity in this

area. It is often disappointing and somewhat puzzling to note the small amount of activity and expression coming to the surface. Considering the size and diversity of the community, there should be a much greater amount of work visible.

It is often claimed in the abstract that "everyone has something worth saying," but somehow this statement seems to lose its credibility when applied to any particular "one" of that everyone. There seems to be a distinct gap between someone's perception of a meaningful idea or experience and the subsequent attempt to communicate it; a gap which all too often is never crossed. To an extent, the university system itself encourages this: such things as required essays are almost always of a severely limited format, with assigned topics, lengths and due dates.

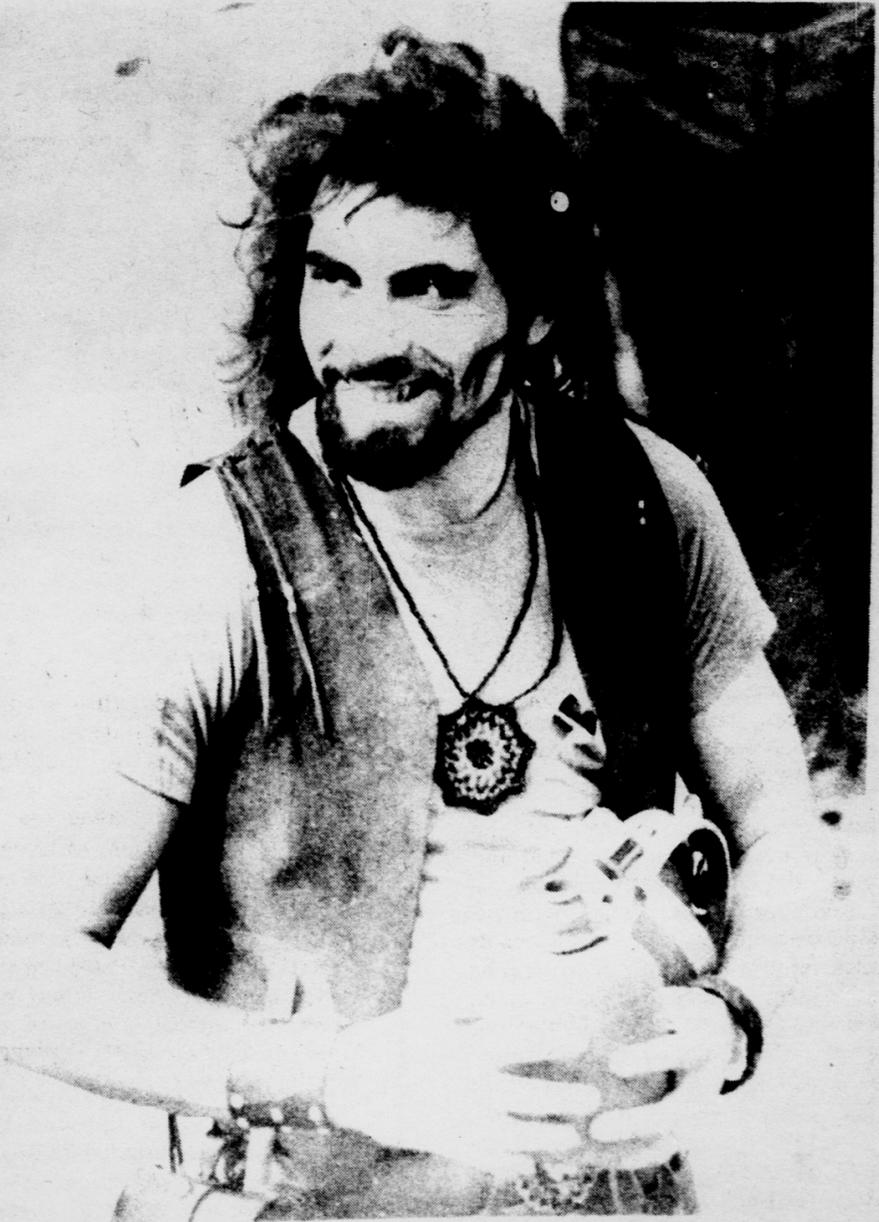
The immediate loser in this situation is the person whose reactions and expressions don't coincide with those of the system, and this includes almost

everyone. This is doubly unfortunate when someone begins to believe over a period of time that his natural and personal responses are less valuable than the "approved" ones.

Creative thought always starts with the individual. Unless this type of thought is encouraged, both by the individual and by others, it will atrophy and stagnate. The opposite of this occurs in an environment in which the inclinations and expressions of each individual are respected; where the concepts of standardization and mass norms are rejected. Unfortunately, we are not living in that type of environment. But a great deal can be gained by recognizing the problem posed by a societal environment hostile to the individual (which is likely to become more pronounced in the future) and attempt to counteract it.

In its simplest terms, a renaissance occurs when people believe in themselves and can act accordingly, to the limits of their potentialities. It is this type of condition that we should work toward.

Thursday, February 5, 1970



To hoist with our own petard

(continued from page 5)

their destinies. What their fates are to be they can see reflected in "The Murder of Gonzago," the play - within - the play, but they fight the recognition. Guildenstern argues with the chief tragedian that the players' version of death is not death at all. Death, he insists, is simply a ceasing - to - exist, a not-being; it is not a falling down and moaning and thrashing as you present it. Maybe so, says the player, but the stage death is the only

way the plot unfolds at that point. Hamlet has killed Polonius; ostensibly to hush up the scandal and to prevent other acts of violence, Claudium appoints Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to take Hamlet to England. But in the letter of commission Claudium sends under seal to the English king is an order to put Hamlet to death. Later, upon Hamlet's return, the audience learns second-hand how Hamlet has escaped and has substituted a rewritten commission which will be the

alter fate. The point is not one of guilt; it is whether knowledge can be related to effective action.

A major question here arises. Would any man have likewise sailed on to his own inevitable death, or were Rosencrantz and Guildenstern acting out of perverseness or out of some quirk in their personalities? Stoppard seems to suggest the former. When you have been summoned, independent, free action is impossible. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's two attempts at decisive action - spreading a belt across the stage to "catch" Hamlet, and stabbing the player king in a frenzy - both turn into burlesques, as Hamlet easily evades them and as the "murder" weapon turns out to be the players' fake sliding-blade dagger.

Furthermore, Stoppard seems to be suggesting that all modern man, like the two courtiers, is out of his depths in his present situation. Modern man was not summoned by some messenger on horseback from Elsinore; he himself issued the summons, and only belatedly looked about to see where it had got him.

If Stoppard's Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are to be taken as a type of the "ordinary man," they represent the paradox and the comic tragedy of man who seeks knowledge and then is unable to use it to his own benefit or salvation. This same theme was treated in "Oedipus Tyrannus," to name one example; or in the following passage from Robert Pen Warren's "All The King's Men:"

The end of man is knowledge, but there is one thing he can't know. He can't know whether knowledge will save him or kill him. He will be killed, all right, but he can't know whether he is killed because of the knowledge which he has got or because of the knowledge he hasn't got and which if he had it, would save him. There's the cold in your stomach, but you open the envelope, you have to open the envelope, for the end of man is to know.

One need not look far for living examples of this paradox. Man's knowledge has recently come to include an undeniable link between smoking and a higher incidence of lung cancer. Undeniable, that is, to everyone except the cigarette smoker. "But no cause and effect relationship has been proved for certain," he protests, and continues to puff himself to death.

Nor need the tragedy be confined to the case of the individual. After all, man is the only animal that thinks. Of all the life on earth, man is the only form that seeks knowledge. And where is our knowledge getting us? Apparently we are headed, right now, for one of three fates. We shall overpopulate ourselves until we cover the face of the earth ten deep, or we shall blow ourselves off the face of the earth entirely, or we shall so befoul and pollute the face of the earth that it can no longer support any life at all, much less our own exalted species. Like the peacock which is dragged down by the weight of its own magnificent tail, man's big brain of which he is so proud may well have led him up an evolutionary dead end.

All this is in the letter, and we have read it. We may, like Rosencrantz, permit ourselves one bitter cry: "They had it in for us, didn't they? Right from the beginning. Who'd have thought that we were so important?" And then we reread the envelope, with the letter inside, and continue on the same course as before.



one people understand. What good is it to know what death is, intellectually, if you can't feel it?

To return to "Hamlet" for a moment, it is clear that for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, feeling their deaths is just what Shakespeare does not want. The whole idea of their being non-entities is that the audience will accept their deaths with a sense of irony but not of regret. And closely connected with this is the

undoing of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

If the deaths of the two courtiers are to seem appropriate, in the sense of hoist-with-their-own-petard, they should know that they are acting as the instruments in a death plot against their old schoolmate Hamlet. Shakespeare never actually says that they knew what was in the letter they were carrying to England. Hamlet, indeed, suggests that they died not for knowingly participating in the death trap, but rather for being so unlucky as to find themselves between two warring poles: " 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes / Between the pass and fell incensed points / Of might opposites."

Stoppard, however, is not concerned with this aspect per se. In this play, in which the whole scene on the boat to England occurs onstage, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern "inadvertantly" open the envelope and read the commission demanding Hamlet's death, and then do nothing - this establishes their complicity in the plot. But then comes Stoppard's original twist. The pair again open the envelope after Hamlet has substituted the rewritten commission, and read that they themselves are now the intended victims, and again do nothing to

Audrey Was

Audrey
of your yellow red ways
I have sought to find where you are
and saw you between a book binder's
and asked if he's mended your
thoughts
Audrey day glow pale red
when the sun shows on me
and when you thought I wasn't there
I was, in a way, away
from remembering time
it has been long since your
eyes have talked of redness and wine
(and, I wonder, of me)

Audrey
of your yellow red ways
I have sought to find where you are
-Greg Rathjen

CAPT. SPACE

by RON HORTON

CAPT. SPACE - OUR MAIN ENGINE IS IN NEED OF REPAIR! WE SHALL HAVE TO LAND TO REPAIR IT.

DAMMIT, SLOTCY! CAN'T YOU COME UP WITH A BETTER OPENING LINE THAN THE OLD "ENGINE TROUBLE" BIT?

OH, REX! IT SOUNDS SO EXCITING! CAN I GO ON PATROL WITH YOU? PLEASE!

ESLYLY: WHY, CERTAINLY SYLVIA

JUST FOLLOW ME! I KNOW THIS COZY LITTLE CRATER...

IT'S JUST AHEAD! NO ONE'LL FIND US THERE!

AH~ A FEMALE! I MUST HAVE HER!!

THE REST OF THE STORY DEPENDS ON IT!

QUICKLY THE ALIEN COMPLETES HIS FIENDISH (BUT UNDERSTANDABLY MOTIVATED) SCHEME

I HAVE HER! NOW THE FUN PART! Heh-Heh!

EEEE! HELP REX!

INSTANTLY CAPT. SPACE DASHES ACROSS THE ALIEN TERRAIN!

GEEZUS!! WHAT WAS THAT THING?

AH, MY PRETTY! YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONELY IT'S BEEN OUT HERE!!

AND NOW...

NO, DON'T! PLEASE!! YOU WOULDN'T~ NOT HERE! NOT EVEN IN THE STATE NEWS!

AT LAST! SAFE FROM THAT MONSTER!!

CAPT.!! WHERE'S MISS SYLVIA?? YOU DIDN'T LEAVE HER!! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE SUPER-HERO CODE TO LEAVE A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS? WHAT WOULD BUSTER CRABBE SAY?!

YOU'RE RIGHT, ENSIGN!! I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HER - SHE'S SO FRAIL, SO DELICATE - AND THE ONLY WOMAN WITHIN 25 LIGHT YEARS

AND, WHILE YOU'RE GONE, CAPT. SPACE, I'LL TAKE OVER THE SHIP AND BOMB NBC!!

AHA! THE MONSTER'S LAIR!

SPACE!! CAN'T I EVEN HAVE A FEW PANELS OF PIECE!

TAKE THAT, YOU FIEND!!

OH REX!!!!

ZAP

MEANWHILE, ENSIGN SLOTCY TAKES OFF FOR BURBANK!

OH REX! NOW WE'RE STRANDED HERE ALL ALONE! WHAT'LL WE DO?!

OH, WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!

NICE SHOOTING MATEYS! ANOTHER SHIP TO PLUNDER BRING HER IN, LADS!

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN KWIK

YOU KNOW DARLING, THE ONLY THING THAT BOTHERS ME IS HOW THAT THING GOT HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

I DON'T KNOW! IT DOESN'T MATTER, THO, NOW THAT IT'S DEAD!

END

Calendar of Events:

Feb. 5 - March 4

THURSDAY, FEB. 5

Union Board: Thieves' Market Art Show (Union).
International Film Series: "Farewell to Arms" (7:30 p.m., Aud.).
"Don Pasquale": MSU music and theatre depts. (8:15 p.m.: John Hannah Middle School).
"The Ghost and Mr. Chicken" (7 and 9 p.m., 101 North Kedzie Hall).

FRIDAY, FEB. 6

Lecture - Concert Series: Sviatoslav Richter, pianist (8 p.m., Aud.).
"Arabesque" (6:45 and 10:25 p.m., 108B Wells) plus "Fitzwilly" (8:45 p.m., 108B Wells).
"The Little Girls" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 106B Wells).
"Whatever Happened to Baby Jane" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 104B Wells).

SATURDAY, FEB. 7

"Don Pasquale": MSU's music and theatre depts. (8:15 p.m., John Hannah Middle School).
"Drawings: St. Paul Art Center" (Saturday afternoon, Kresge Gallery. Through March 1).
"Arabesque" (6:45 and 10:25 p.m., 108B Wells) plus "Fitzwilly" (8:45 p.m., 108B Wells).
"The Little Girls" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 106B Wells).
"Whatever Happened to Baby Jane" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 104B Wells).
Varsity gymnastics (1:30 p.m., Sports Arena).

SUNDAY, FEB. 8

Arts & Letters Series: The Netherlands Chamber Choir (4 p.m., Music Aud.).
"Don Pasquale": MSU's music and theatre depts. (2 p.m., John Hannah Middle School).

MONDAY, FEB. 9

Graduate Recital: David Townsend, clarinet (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).

TUESDAY, FEB. 10

Graduate Recital: George Riordan, oboe, and Helen Brandt, piano (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).
Basketball: MSU v. Ohio State (8 p.m., Jenison Field House).

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11

Student String Ensembles (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).
"An Evening with Walt Disney" (7 and 9:15 p.m., 101 North Kedzie Hall).

THURSDAY, FEB. 12

Lecture - Concert Special: "Lillian Gish and The Movies" (8:15 p.m., Aud.).

FRIDAY, FEB. 13

"The Comedians" (7:30 p.m., Aud.).
Faculty Recital: Elsa Ludwig, clarinet (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).
"The Blue Max" (6:45 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).
"Caressed" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 106B Wells).
Grove Press film "Erotic Underground" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).
Pete Seeger Hudson River Project Benefit (8:30 p.m., Albatross).

SATURDAY, FEB. 14

Concert: MSU Orchestra Symphony (8:15 p.m., Okemos High School).
Military Coronation Ball.

"The Blue Max" (6:45 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).
Michigan State Track Relays (1:30 and 7:30 p.m.).
Swimming: MSU v. Ohio State (2:30 p.m., Men's I.M.).
Wrestling: MSU v. Oklahoma (7:30 p.m., Sports Arena).
"The Comedians" (7:30 p.m., Aud.).
"Erotic Underground" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).
"Caressed" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 106B Wells).
Pete Seeger Hudson River Benefit (8:30 p.m., Albatross).

SUNDAY, FEB. 15

Concert: MSU Symphony Orchestra (4 p.m., Sexton High School).
Concert: Concert and Activity Bands (4 p.m., Okemos High School).
Pete Seeger Hudson River Benefit (8:30 p.m., Albatross).

MONDAY, FEB. 16

Lecture - Concert Series (A): "Don Giovanni", by the St. Louis Opera Theatre (8:15 p.m., Aud.).
Student Woodwind Groups (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).

TUESDAY, FEB. 17

Lecture - Concert Series (B): "The Price," St. Louis Opera Theatre (8:15 p.m., Aud.).
Senior Recital: Robert Oosting, tenor (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18

"Golddiggers of 1933" (7 and 9:15 p.m., 101 North Kedzie Hall).

THURSDAY, FEB. 19

"Premier of New Music" (8:15 p.m., Erickson Kiva).

FRIDAY, FEB. 20

Richards Quintet (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).
"North by Northwest" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).
"The Adolescent" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 106B Wells).
Antonioni's "Eclipse" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).
Hockey: MSU v. U-M (8 p.m., Ice Arena).
Al Sutterfield & The Warmth (8:30 p.m., Albatross).

SATURDAY, FEB. 21

"North by Northwest" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).
"Eclipse" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).
"The Adolescent" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 106B Wells).
Wrestling: MSU v. U-M (3 p.m., Sports Arena).
Basketball: MSU v. Indiana (8 p.m., Jenison Field House).
Al Sutterfield & The Warmth (8:30 p.m., Albatross).

SUNDAY, FEB. 22

Graduate Recital: Gordon Mehling, violin (4 p.m., Music Aud.).
Senior Recital: Nancy Harrington, soprano (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).

MONDAY, FEB. 23

Senior Recital: Joan Johnson, soprano (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).

TUESDAY, FEB. 24

PAC: Member of the Wedding (8 p.m., Fairchild).
Senior Recital: Phyllis Ryan, soprano (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).
Basketball: MSU v. Illinois (8 p.m., Jenison Field House).

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25

PAC: Member of the Wedding (8 p.m., Fairchild).
"Dead of Night" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 101 North Kedzie Hall).

THURSDAY, FEB. 26

PAC: "Member of the Wedding" (8 p.m., Fairchild).
"Contemporary Directions Ensemble" featuring the Moog Synthesizer (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).
"Road to Rio" (7 and 9:15 p.m., 101 North Kedzie Hall).

FRIDAY, FEB. 27

PAC: "Member of the Wedding" (8 p.m., Fairchild).
"Hud" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).
Hockey: MSU v. Minnesota - Duluth (8 p.m., Ice Arena).
"Africa Addio" (7 and 9:15 p.m., 106B Wells).
"Last Year at Marienbad" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).

SATURDAY, FEB. 28

PAC: "Member of the Wedding" (8 p.m., Fairchild).
"Hud" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).
Swimming: Big Ten Freshman Meet (1 p.m., Men's I.M.).
"Africa Addio" (106B Wells, 7 and 9:15 p.m.).
"Last Year at Marienbad" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).

SUNDAY, MARCH 1

PAC: "Member of the Wedding" (8 p.m., Fairchild).
Graduate Recital: Andrew Froelich, piano (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).

MONDAY, MARCH 2

Student Woodwind Groups (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).
Graduate Recital: Albert Bolitho, organ (8:15 p.m., Hart Recital Hall, Music Bldg.).
Junior Recital: Linda Boozer, viola (3 p.m., 103 Music Practice Bldg.).

TUESDAY, MARCH 3

Basketball: MSU v. Purdue (8 p.m., Jenison Field House).
Senior Recital: Larry Le Master, cello (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.).

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4

Lecture - Concert Series (B): Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre (8:15 p.m., Aud.).
"Night of the Generals" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 101 North Kedzie Hall).