

statesman

vol. 12 no. 16 stony brook, ny. friday, nov. 8, 1968

	I	II	III	IV
A	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
B	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
C	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
D	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
E	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

1. What were the best aspects of the course; what were the poorest aspects of the course; how do you think it could be made better?
2. What do you think was the basic goal of the course, and in view of this, what did you get out of it?

FREE FORM RESPONSES:

This year you have the opportunity to communicate to your former teachers your ideas about how they taught and the course **IN YOUR OWN WORDS**. Comments written on the enclosed "Port-A-Punch" cards will be sent directly to each teacher and included in the upcoming publication with the IBM data. We must ask, however, that you indicate on these cards the course you are commenting on. This is to be done in the following way:

Again, supposing you wish to comment on Mr. Williams' Course, Education 250, you would use the T.E.S. code from the same list: 'ADBE'. On the Port-A-Punch card, the course you choose to comment on must be a carefully considered choice, because you can't erase the holes you punch. Here is an illustration of which holes you would punch out (using a pointed instrument like a pencil or pen) to indicate you are commenting on Mr. Williams' course.

Teacher - Course Evaluation Survey To Be Distributed Sunday Night

By **RONALD HARTMAN** and **BOB COHEN**

Sunday evening, students will be asked to evaluate their teachers and courses from last semester. The Teacher-Course Evaluation Survey will be distributed in all residence halls, and mailed to commuters. One of the primary reasons for the queries is to give Stony Brook scholars a greater say in their education.

"The first step of improvement of an institution is self-knowledge . . ."

That statement from the Catter Report on Education describes aptly the ultimate aim of the evaluation survey. Students will be made aware of their own education in various respects by the questions. They will have a guide to choose courses by, once the results are published, before spring registration. Participants will also be able to recommend changes in courses, departments, structures, sequences, and techniques (labs, recitations, etc.). From the instructor's point of view, he will receive a valuable feed-

back concerning his direction of the course. Finally, the administration will be provided with the most accurate statement, to date, of student's feelings. Hopefully, they will use it to set guidelines in the area of changes and financial and academic priorities.

Sunday's questionnaire includes some innovations this year. Every student will get a chance to write comments on each of the courses he took last year, by means of a pre-punched I.B.M. card. The informa-

tion on the cards will be used in the results publication, along with a more "readable" statistical analysis, than that of last year. The cards will then be passed along to the instructor. Along with the results, readers will find the information elicited from a faculty survey.

Every member of the student body except freshmen and transfer students will be filling out the Teacher-Course evaluation forms, which will be an easier task than it was last year, due to a new and simpler I.B.M. sheet.

DIRECTIONS FOR FILLING OUT THE TEACHER EVALUATION SURVEY FORM

For those of you who have never filled out a computer response form here are some **GENERAL DIRECTIONS**:

Read each question and its lettered answers. When you have decided which answer you wish to give, blacken the corresponding space on the sheet with a No. 2 pencil. **DO NOT USE ANY OTHER WRITING INSTRUMENT**, as any other mark can not be read by the form reader. Make your mark as long as the pair of lines and completely fill the area between the pair of lines. If you change your mind, erase your first mark **COMPLETELY**. Be sure to give no more than one response per question. Make no stray marks; they may negate your response.

*** SAMPLE ***

I CHICAGO is a	a) country	d) city
	b) mountain	e) state
	c) hell-hole	

.....

:	I	<u> a </u>	<u> b </u>	<u> c </u>	<u> d </u>	<u> e </u>	:
		—	—	—	■	—	

..... News Briefs

Peace Corps

During the week of November 11-15, several former Peace Corps volunteers will be on campus. They have been invited to speak in certain classes on various topics regarding their experiences, and will also be showing a film in the dormitories followed by discussions. The film, *The Battle of Culoden*, is about Prince Charles' last stand in Scotland against Cromwell's forces during the English civil war. It deals with the relation of cultural intolerance to war, and it will be shown at 8:00 p.m. in Benedict College on Monday, Gray College on Tuesday, Hand College on Wednesday, and Henry on Thursday.

There will be booths in the Gym lobby and at Benedict, with the former volunteers there to answer questions.

A Peace Corps placement test will be given on Wed-

nesday at 12:00 in Biology 044 and at 4:00 at Bio 039; on Thursday at 12:15 in Bio 044 and at 3:00 in Bio 040; and on Friday at 12:00 in Bio 044.

Admissions

Applications for admissions to SUSB are down by 25% of last year's figure for a corresponding date, according to David Tilley, Acting Dean of New Students. Dean Tilley said that this may be due to the New York City teachers' strike.

"We assume that this is the reason. There is no way to be sure," Tilley said. "The schools are not able to process applications. We are hoping that applications in the city system can be processed outside of the schools." If students can get their grade reports sent to the University, action can be taken on their admissions. Many high schools use computers for the grade reports, so teachers may not be necessary.

Many other colleges are feeling the effects of the strike in a similar way. Dean Tilley commented, however, that he is "surprised that applications (to Stony Brook) are not off by considerably more," because one-half of all applicants to SUSB come from New York City.

Biafra Fast

Wednesday night, approximately 750 Stony Brook students throughout the campus held a fast in sympathy with the "starving people of Biafra."

The money which would have been spent on their meals is to be donated by the Stony Brook food service, ABC Gladieux, to the Biafra Fund.

According to Mr. Henry Allen, director of the food service, Father Kenny requested that such a fast be held for the Biafra Fund. "The food service was quick to comply with Father Kenny's request. However, we found it impractical to give

a per-capita donation since there is a daily rate board plan, and bookkeeping would be very hard."

In lieu of the per-person donation, the food service has consented to "giving a lump sum donation. Since a fairly large number of people did not partake of dinner, food costs were cut, allowing for a sizable donation, the amount of which will be decided by the main office of the food service."

Forest Fires

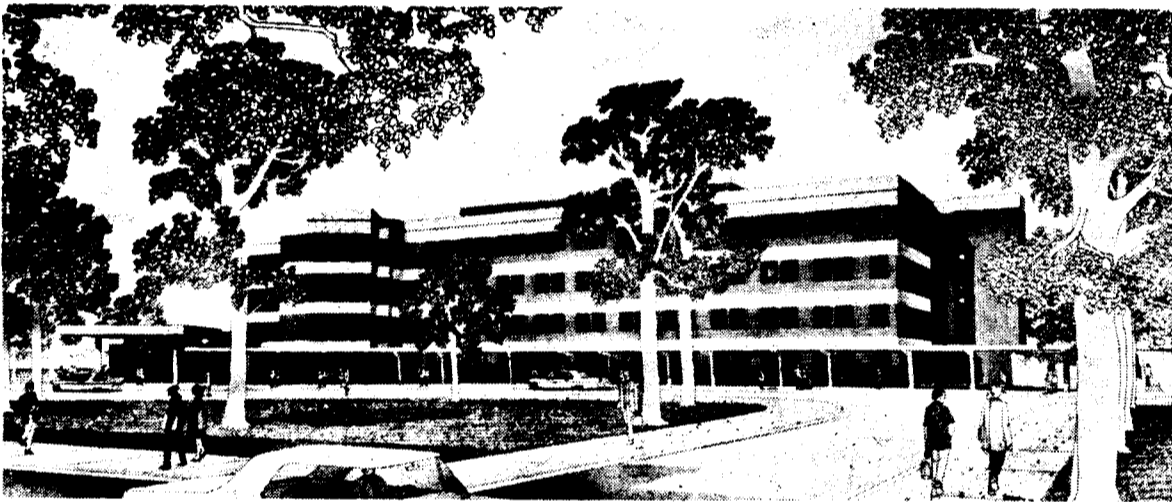
Two professors in the Mechanics Department of the College of Engineering have been starting fires in their laboratories in a computerized effort to discover how to help control forest fires.

Their findings, including a "fire spread theory," may help predict the ways in which fires spread through the nation's woodlands, destroying four million acres at a cost of \$1.5 billion last year alone.

Grants totaling \$81,000 from the U. S. Forest Service and the National Science Foundation are financing the study by Professors Abraham L. Berlad and Richard S. Lee.

Under controlled conditions, they have been simulating most aspects of a real fire. By observing certain results, they gather data to be fed into computers and processed to predict what would happen under similar circumstances in a real fire.

Berlad suggests that the laboratory work provides scientists with important insights regarding what they should look for in observing a major fire, but that such work is not an end in itself. "Our research now is largely concerned with the identification and characterization of information needed to explain fire phenomena," he said. "This field is still quite primitive. We're trying to determine exactly how one can best apply theory and experimental results."



Artist's conception of new Administration building.

By JUDY HORENSTEIN

Work on the proposed Administration Building for the Stony Brook campus will be delayed for some time, since all of the presented bids have been rejected. Even the lowest bid offered exceeded the budgeted figure. The architects are presently re-examining the plans for this building in an attempt to alter them and thus to lower

construction costs. As soon as the architects determine ways of making the building less expensive, it will be put up for bid once again.

The Administration Building was originally estimated to be completed by October, 1969. "At this point, however," according to the planning office, "it seems as if a more realistic target date is the end of 1970." Contract

bids cannot be re-opened until the architects finish revising the original plans.

The Administration Building will eventually house under one roof the offices now scattered all across campus. The presently proposed construction site is on the mall near the steps leading to the Humanities parking lot.

..... NOTICES

All students, faculty and administrators interested in participating in the University Admissions Program are invited to a meeting on Monday, November 11, at 7 p.m. in the Engineering Lecture Hall 143. Discussion will focus on involvement in school visits, candidate interviews, special project task forces, and other suggestions that would both diversify the student population and expand involvement of the University Community in the Administrations process.

"What is fundamental—matter or consciousness?" will be the subject of a Christian Science lecture given Tuesday, November 12, at 8:30 p.m. in the Biology Lecture Hall.

This Sunday, November 12, C.O.C.A. will present *The Stranger*, a film by Orson Wells, at 8 p.m. in the Physics Lecture Hall.

Mr. Chris Pollet, professional hunter and guide with 13 years' experience in Africa, will speak in Cardozo Study Lounge on Tuesday, November 12, at 8:30 p.m. *Africa 1968: Safaris and People*, a film on wildlife refugees in Tanzania and Kenya, will be shown.

A film about migrant labor conditions on Long Island, *What Harvest for the Reaper?* will be shown Monday, November 11, at 8 p.m. in the Chemistry Lecture Hall. Following the film, speakers from three organizations will speak to students and the community on how migrant conditions can be improved.

The Sports Car Club's first Gymkhana will be held this Sunday, November 10, at 1:00 in the Humanities parking lot. Registration is in the Gym. For information, call Greg Mansley at 751-4034 or Lou Cooke at 7273.

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE:

1964 Ford Falcon, standard transmission. Good gas mileage. Call 724-7887.

1961 Volks, \$325. 751-5143. Gloria.

Lear-jet auto stereo tape deck. Slightly used. Value \$130 for \$70. Call 7841.

Refrigerators \$15 and up. TV sets \$25. Also repair work done on TV, radio, auto radio, refrigerators. I am in the area once a week and can deliver for a small extra charge. Hand's Appliance Store, Bridgehampton, L.I. Tel. 537-9823.

LOST AND FOUND:

Found - Senior Ring-Stony Brook. Call Joe 5457.

Please return notebook that was in G-lobby bookrack to Angela 5401.

Lost - Green Stadium coat in "G" cafe. Wed. Call Barbara 7481.

Lost: green corduroy jacket (safari type) with information. Call 5646 Kathy.

Lost! Black eyeglasses. Please call 751-8012 or deposit in commuter Box #60.

PERSONAL:

Virgins who want to donate Type G blood call 7527.

CLARE: 102 weeks!

Marylanders unite! Call Bob 6613.

SERVICES:

Rogers Typing Service: Specialists in Theses, Masters, and Doctors degrees. All term papers including equations, formulas, graphs, French and Spanish. Phone Mrs. Rogers, 751-1557.

Every minute of every day, you choose what you think. And the thoughts you choose, determine your experience.

Thinking spiritually can bring more good into your life. Hear this lecture by Jane O. Robbins, C.S., a member of The Christian Science Board of Lectureship.

Tuesday, November 12
8:30 P.M.
Biology Auditorium

CHRISTIAN
SCIENCE
ORGANIZATION

Fat Humphrey's

Drivers Wanted

Top Dollar

4½ hours a night;
Work 1-7 nights a week
Leave name and phone
in commuter box #709

Phi Beta Kappa Comes To Stony Brook?

By ALLEN GILBERT

Plans are currently under way for the establishment of a Phi Beta Kappa Chapter here at Stony Brook. Action on this project was initiated last February and will be climaxed by an inspection of the campus in the middle of the winter.

Phi Beta Kappa (established 1776) is the oldest scholarly fraternal organization in the United States. "Its main purpose," said Bentley Glass, national Phi Beta Kappa president, "is to reward breadth in liberal

education and quality in scholarship." When a chapter is secured here, its members will be chosen from among the top ten per cent of the senior class (and occasionally junior class) who meet the standards of scope in their programs.

Last February, at the urging of Dr. Glass and others, a committee of Phi Beta Kappa faculty on campus was called together to explore the possibility of obtaining a chapter here. Dr. Victorina Tejera was made chairman of an executive committee to create the

necessary machinery for that goal. An application was filled out, and a sixty-five page report on the structure of the University was compiled by Mrs. Karl S. Bottigheimer. A three hundred dollar fee was also paid and now all that remains is for the University to be inspected by two representatives from Phi Beta Kappa.

Academic opinion on the subject has been of a mixed nature. Dr. Tejera feels that a chapter on campus would be valuable for the University's reputation. Dr. Theodore Goldfarb, however,

feels that "it may be necessary, in order to qualify for Phi Beta Kappa, to compromise certain academic changes discussed during the recent three-day moratorium." These innovations include abolition of university requirements, and drastic reconstitution of grading systems. His opinion is that "In this case, it is not worthwhile to obtain a chapter." Tejera agrees with Goldfarb's conclusion, if that will be the cost of a chapter. However, he feels that since the inspection will take place in the winter, there will be no changes yet implemented. The University will be evaluated in its present condition. Once given a chapter, it is highly unusual for a university to have it taken away.

Goldfarb feels that the scope and purposes of Phi Beta Kappa are too narrow, and that the organization does not make enough effort to affect the important social issues of our time. Dr. Glass feels that it is not necessary for Phi Beta Kappa to address itself to these other issues. He says that "Phi Beta Kappa has a set of defined objectives, concerning the academic growth of the nation and that if it can handle those effectively, it is sufficiently useful." Tejera believes that once inside Phi Beta Kappa structure, it will be possible for Stony Brook to bring about change of purpose in Phi Beta Kappa structure and cause the national organization to take a more significant part in the great issues of our time.

Senate Passes Polity Pay

By ALAN J. WAX

At last week's meeting, the Student Senate, in their first major action, approved the payment of salaries to members of the Student Council. The proposal was passed by an overwhelming majority of the Senate and provides the Student Council members with \$150 per semester until an alternative method of reimbursing these officers for the time they spend doing work that would ordinarily be done by secretarial help; such an alternative method would be the granting of academic credit. This alternative is being looked into by the same committee which made the salary proposal.

This legislation reduces the amount of the proposed salary for Polity President from \$750 to \$300 annually and reduces the salaries proposed for other Student Council members from \$450 to \$300 annually.

The vote itself was as follows: 17 yes, 3 no and 1 abstention. Those dissenting were Larry Emert, Langmuir Senator, Helaine Stern, Whitman Senator, and Cliff Thier, Hand (Tabler I) Sen-

ator. The one abstention was cast by Treasurer Alan Shapiro.

In other actions, the Senate discussed and gave initial approval to its by-laws

and decided to vote on the proposed Polity Budget in two weeks. Some Senators noted their attempts to communicate to their constituencies through newsletters and meetings.

Drug Debate Planned

The Student Council, at its meeting last Sunday, allocated \$1500 for the sponsorship of a drug conference to be held over the Thanksgiving holiday at a hotel in Hampton Bays. Other sponsors are the Administration, which will also contribute \$1500, and the National Student Association (NSA).

The conference will be attended by representatives of all colleges in New York State, both public and private. NSA has a New York State Grant to study drug use. This grant is available for use in New York because of the state's record of having had more busts than any other state except California. This conference is to

be modeled after other NSA meetings of a similar nature. Attending will be students, administrators, police types, and political types.

SUSB Praxis members will lead discussion groups which will have a 2:1 student to faculty ratio. On the first day of the conference, the medical and legal aspects of drug use will be discussed. On the second day, educational implications and the possible establishment of Praxis groups on other campuses will be debated. The third day will be devoted to organization of these proposed Praxis groups.

Student Government feels that the conference will aid Stony Brook's position on the drug question and will generate favorable publicity for the University.

Election Results

PRESIDENT

Thomas Drysdale	1,340
Paul D. Epstein	727
Abstentions	93
Write-ins	76



MINNA BARRETT

FACULTY-STUDENT COMMISSION (Vote for Two)

Minna Barrett	1,030
Glenn Kissack	957
Mitchel Cohen	856
Burt Sharp	828



JULIAN EULE

SECRETARY

Julian Eule	1,168
Gloria Gilberti	928
Abstentions	122
Write-Ins	12



GLENN KISSACK

The peace Corps lady taught me to write my name, and I taught her to say it.

On Campus Next Week
(See Schedule In News Briefs)

Peace corps

PHOTO CREDITS:

Page 3 Robert Cohen
Page 6 Peter Coles
Page 7 ... Alfred Walker
Page 8 . Robert F. Cohen,
Steve Palley

ON CAMPUS

Pete & Edith's
General Store
Barbershop
&
Beauty Salon
in the basement
of "G" dorm

SAB Presents:

Blues Bag - Nov. 16
2 Shows - 7 P.M. & 10:30

John Hammond Trio



Richie Havens & Rev. Gary Davis

Tickets Available Now

University Community \$3
Others \$5, Students Free

Big Brother & The Holding Co.

statesman

"Let Each Become Aware"

stuart eber
acting editor-in-chief

sharon cooke
associate editor

richard puz
acting managing editor

editorial board
alfred walker-arts editor
elaine silverstein-copy editor
marcia milstein-feature editor
marc dizengoff-news editor
terry leibowitz-sports editor
phillip d'arms-advisor

editorial staff
harold rubenstein-arts
judy horestein-feature
libby hopkins-graphics
ned steele-news
robert cohen, steve palley-photography
mike leiman-sports

florence steinberger, carol dahir, jeanne behrman
editorial assistants

Distributed by Sigma Beta Phi

STATESMAN is published twice weekly during the regular academic year on Tuesdays and Fridays. All correspondence should be sent to Box 200, Gray College, S.U.N.Y. at Stony Brook. For information, call 246-6787.

WUSB States Program Policy

Editor's Note: Walt Hellman, general manager of WUSB, wrote the following in response to a letter he received concerning WUSB programming policies. It is published here in an attempt to clarify what WUSB is presently attempting in its programming.

First we are not, and do not try to be, an educational station. By educational, I mean the type of station that broadcasts material which might ordinarily be used as lecture material in a class. Note that this does not include newsworthy discussions (Vietnam, the state of the University, presidential elections, etc.). Why don't we try to be an educational station? First, because there just is not a crying need for another educational outlet on this campus. Here is an important point which I really think you did not see. Stations like WKCR are FM stations broadcasting to a very large NON-CAMPUS community. They are broadcasting to people who generally do not have any educational opportunities, or at least anywhere as many as a person living on a campus such as ours. Here a person can walk for two minutes almost any night of the week (well, maybe for ten minutes) and hear some stimulating discussion. If he is not willing to do that, I really don't think he will be an interested listener should we broadcast the lecture or whatever. He has the opportunity right at hand. We are not depriving him.

Students are not paying \$55 Activity Fees so that we can give a few interested individuals free reign in experimentation. On the other

hand, being somewhat creative (we hope) college students, we don't want to be a jukebox. We see that we must serve the school, we would like to be creative, and there is absolutely no need to be an educational station. What course is left to us then?

Musically, we must serve the school. We cannot, as you have said in the affirmative, be satisfied with the few listeners who are all the way up at our cultural level and let the others go their ways. Those others also paid for our studios. On the other hand, we can set as our goal the highest level of activity and intelligence possible for the presentation of this music. I assure you, if I felt we had to stoop to keep an audience, I would have quit long ago. Additionally, once we have the trust of our audience, when we do put on a special program, a program which we feel is especially creative, there will be more of an audience for it.

You are upset that I expect the station to be professional. No. I do not want the station to be WABC, nor WNEW, nor anything else but WUSB. I do want the station to be a responsible, well run, in every sense of the word, radio voice of communication. This is professionalism. Yes. This means having a log so that the news will be broadcast when it is supposed to be. This means expecting a DJ to be able to pronounce the call letters. No. We are not being censored by anything but our own desire to be a good, intelligent, worthwhile radio station serving this campus.

An Open Campus Is Open To Everyone

The State University of New York at Stony Brook must be an open campus. Open campus, however, does not mean that Eldridge Cleaver may speak in the Gym while IBM cannot be invited here on a "centralized" basis. Open campus does mean that Charlene Mitchell and Dow Chemical have the right to be here.

The recent action by the Council on Student Affairs of banning centralized recruiting is the latest in a series of blunders by this big-name, little-power board. The fact that Student Government has withdrawn from it has not stopped the CSA from blithely skipping over principles and services and trying to eliminate certain outsiders.

We don't like Dow. We don't like the armed forces. We oppose the Johnson War in Vietnam. However, we have an equal dislike for Councils that act without the consent or the representation of the governed. We similarly oppose the idea that only certain points of view should be expressed at a university. We certainly are disturbed by the fact that student services, which are reaching rock-bottom, have once more been overlooked.

It angers us that people can vote for Humphrey and then try to tell us that by eliminating centralized recruiting here, they are fighting the system. The hypocrisy is astonishing.

Furthermore, the tyranny of liberal facul-

ty can be as suffocating as the tyranny of any right-wing group. In loco parentis is gone. If the Administration has started to realize this, then so must the faculty. Don't tell us who is allowed to speak to us on our own campus.

Our elders who read this editorial are probably mumbling with quavering voices, "Fools, do you not know of the terrible Joe McCarthy and how his kind will poison this campus by polluting your young, impressionable minds?" We say, "Hypocrites, tell it like it is. A university that cries, 'Warmonger!' at every passing industry is no better than the know-nothings who scream 'Commie-simp' at every passing liberal."

We feel that the reason for the CSA's action was intellectual cowardice. If they truly wanted to defeat the system, there is so much they could and can do. But all their motion accomplished was to hurt the student body. They have their job security; they have their Ph.D.'s. But we won't all become professors. Many of us need jobs when we leave here. We want as many corporations as possible to be on our campus so that we many have an opportunity to work for whomever we choose. If but one student wishes to work for Dow, it is the duty of the University to permit that company on our campus.

CSA, you've done it again. To prevent a next time, why not disband and start all over again?

Campus Center Or Student Union?

Peter Adams is right in claiming the "Student Union" for students; not office space.

There are places on this campus where faculty are permitted but students are not. President Toll refuses to allow undergraduate students at Sunwood; he even refused to allow the students (not faculty or administrators; who brought Clark Kerr to the campus to receive him at Sunwood.

The fact that we are forbidden some of the facilities of this University is really important only as a symbol of our second-class citizenship in the government of Stony Brook. We wouldn't care that we are not allowed at the faculty "club" if our voice was really heard at decision-making time.

President Toll is greedy; he demands not only all significant decision-making power,

Sunwood, the faculty dining room, and restricted lounges, but also room in the Student Union for administration offices, and the entire Student Union for his crystallographers' conference. He can't have it.

The Campus Center concept is a nice one provided it's not a hypocritical excuse to use facilities designed to serve student life for the business of the Administration.

If power politics is the only way to reach President Toll, then this is what must be done. The Student Union will belong to students until the entire University belongs to everybody.

If Peter Adams has to physically remove administration offices and the crystallographers' conference from the Student Union, we will have to be there to help him. We don't think we will be alone.

On The Right

a column
By PATRICK GARAHAN

Since the election of Richard Nixon as President of the United States, there has been much concern expressed over the fact that he will not be a consensus President. This idea has been put forth since he received 43% of the Vote Nov. 5. However, a further examination of the election results shows that nearly 57% of the voters were dissatisfied with the Johnson-Humphrey administration. This total includes the 14% of the popular vote which was cast for George Wallace. Arguments can be made that the Wallace vote was a hate vote, a protest vote, etc., but the fact remains that this was an expression of disenchantment with the policies of Lyndon Johnson. Consequently, if Richard Nixon can move to rectify the shortcomings of the present administration that led to voter disapproval, he can become a true consensus president.

I'm not exhorting Mr. Nixon to cater to the racism and hate of some of the Wallaceites and I'm sure he won't. Rather, I think Mr. Nixon will seek to reunite the lower middle classes without slighting any other segment of the population. The election of 1968 shows a desire of most Americans

for a moderation of the centralization of government and a subsequent local control of local problems.

However, it must not be forgotten that 43% of the electorate did not cast their ballot for Mr. Nixon. Both the House of Representatives and the Senate will be controlled by the opposing Democratic Party. In this way the interests of the minority will be served and bipartisan policy will have to be made.

In the final analysis, the election of 1968 must be viewed as a move to the right. This is not a move backward as some would have us believe. The people have expressed a desire for a change in leadership, a change in policy. A New Right is rising up over the horizon of American politics and must work to solve the complex, vital problems of our time: peace, domestic unity, and non-discriminatory law-enforcement, with true justice for all. These problems must be solved if the union is to survive. All of us; left or right, white or black, rich or poor, must accept Richard Nixon as our next President and hope that his administration will restore the national qualities that will enable us to prosper in a peaceful world.

Statesman Elections For Executive Board

Mon. Nov. 11 At 7 P.M. South Hall Basement

All Staff Members Can Vote

Contact your editor if you have any questions



Street Fighting Man

A Column
by PETE NACK

By PETER NACK

The national election has been the cause of much disdain among Stony Brook students. From a fervor of excitement among the McCarthy-Kennedy supporters in the spring, we went to rejection or at best reluctant support of candidates this fall. The majority of our students, of a liberal persuasion, cursed the lack of honesty on questions of Vietnam, spoke of law and order as a euphemism for racism, talked ominously of an impending right-wing repression of universities. We looked upon George Wallace's candidacy as a perversion of American ideals, a preying upon the people's fears, an invoking of their values to justify a twisted, atavistic, anti-intellectual rhetoric. Now, with Nixon the President-elect, I expect that the majority on this campus will view all this as foreign to the University. And, for the most part, it is foreign—except for one disturbing point of resemblance.

Let us look at our own student politics this year. The elected officers have done an ambiguous job; they have, on the one hand, pushed ahead in important areas of student rights by the to participate in ersatz committees in

lieu of real involvement; they have acted with courage (facing the wrath of the students) to force the State to live up to its responsibility in areas such as athletics; they have realized that confrontation is necessary; on the other hand, the elected officers have been lax in their running of the Polity office and in the administration of the Polity organization. They have lost some respect by relying upon their lawyer in too many areas, they have treated the preparation and presentation of the budget in too cavalier a fashion, they have ignored certain important matters, and, in general, they have fouled up the most germane area of communication.

Yet when the student elections came around, we saw some interesting events. Of course, there was the traditional lack of participation at the polls. Yet in the races for the college senators, there was a chance for dissenters to run for office in a limited constituency. And this they did, with a certain concentration on issues that I found most remarkable. We saw many senators, following the lead of a great number of students, attack their representatives. Having scented dissatisfaction they spoke against the budget, for

athletics, against salaries for Polity officers, against the representatives, etc., all with a singular lack on the part of candidates to approach various groups and to check facts and rationale. The paradigm of this was the statement by a number of senatorial candidates in opposition to the budget without ever having seen the whole budget or having discussed it with the treasurer. Many of them, and the Polity office candidates in addition, invoked the ideal of representation, as universal a value as Mom, and tore into the SAB without any inquiry about the reason for a selected SAB (which is bureaucratic efficiency). And all, as usual, spoke of a vague panacea for communications. There was almost a total lack of comment on the real achievements of the student government, on the real faults of the student government, on viable solutions or philosophies that they supported. Rather the vast majority of candidates chose to pick up the prejudices of the students against the student government (prejudices caused in part by the student government's failure to explain its policies), and exploited them. In this they were populists and demagogues.

In a similar light, M.O.S.S. came out. It is a Mirror of Student Sympathies. It truly is, for, like the students' opinions, it is composed of negative questions which evoked negative responses. It, like the candidates, concentrated on certain sacred cows. It is obvious that the SAB is Stony Brook students' Law and Order, and that vague promises of communication are our promises to "... throw all the bureaucrats' briefcases into the Potomac." M.O.S.S. is entirely passive, and the fact that it was taken seriously shows that our student body is definitely not a rolling stone, but is inert. In short, we have students functioning as POPULIST DEMAGOGUES. Until our students begin to be for something instead of against everything, until leaders lead and communicate, until students seriously find out what other students think, we will increase in our student backlash; we will suffer the same ills of national politics. Perhaps the senators, though many became populist demagogues—little Wallces—to become elected, will by their exposure to a great deal of information and debate reverse this trend. I hope this will be.

voice of the people...

Resignation

To the Editor:

As a result of my recent election as Polity Secretary, I am officially resigning as the President of the Junior Class. Although the Constitution of the Polity does not specify these two offices as a conflict of interest, I feel that it is altogether wrong for one person to hold both at the same time. The resignation is effective as of the Student Council's acceptance of this letter, and my taking office as Secretary.

Julian Eule

Language Reply

To the Editor:

I am writing this letter in reply to Barbara Elling, an instructor in one of the foreign language departments. In her "Letter to the Editor" (STATESMAN, Nov. 1), she upheld the validity of the university language proficiency requirement.

To those who may not know it, the policy of having a language requirement is being reviewed, and there is a strong possibility that it may be dropped. If this happens, a great majority of the students who are forced to take a language would not do so. This would leave the language teachers in a precarious position, since they would have no one to teach. The main reason language teachers wish to see the language requirement kept comes right down to a matter of these teachers keeping their jobs.

As for Miss Elling's stated reasons: many people who take a language for two years still cannot use it well; I tend to doubt, along with a great many other students, that it is a necessity

in most professions; and lastly, it is time that the graduate school policy of requiring a foreign language also be abolished.

I doubt very much whether a knowledge of a foreign language "plays a vital role in the education of a professional person."

Arthur Okrent

Marathon Response

To the Editor:

After reading the articles in your October 29 issue by Larry Schulman, Ian McColgin, and Lisa Pess, I am totally disillusioned. I participated in such a group in my high school last year, although it lasted for four months. I, too, experienced many of the same reactions as Lisa Pess and Ian McColgin, but the one phrase I would not attach to this valuable experience is that it was like a "love-in." After having been in this group, I would think that Lisa and Ian would have checked their feelings before coining such a phrase. As Larry Schulman said, "The purpose of the marathon was to enable people to recognize what they were actually feeling." I certainly hope that the other fifteen students went away with more than the feeling that this was equivalent with a love-in, as did Ian and Lisa.

Randy Danto

Endorsement Policy

To the Editor:

The discussion in your editorial of the candidates for Polity President and for Polity Secretary was handled well. You told what was good and what was bad about the candidates. Although I did not agree with any of

your choices, you at least gave the important facts and qualifications of each candidate running.

Your treatment of the candidates for the Faculty-Student Commission was, very unfortunately, not as well handled. I realize, of course, that the space allowed you for this particular editorial, and the large number of candidates running for the Faculty-Student Commission limited your discussion. However, I found it very disheartening and very inequitable to read that certain candidates were endorsed merely because they are student activists, or because without them "EDUCATION 101 could not have been printed," or because they are bright or fine.

Shallow Criteria

You have let us down with your shallow criteria. Your endorsement was unfair to every student here at Stony Brook and to a few of the candidates whose qualifications were better than those of the candidates you chose to endorse. I know two candidates for the Faculty-Student Commission whose qualifications outweighed those of your candidates.

The elementary qualification of being a Resident Assistant, with obvious ability to communicate, organize, direct, and sometimes guide, is a better qualification for holding a representative office than being a "student activist."

In the other case, a candidate who is concerned enough about and aware enough of students and their problems to write a column for and about them in your newspaper, and who was

asked to sit on the committee that discussed the direction of our University on the first day of the moratorium, is far better qualified for the Faculty-Student Commission than some of the other "brightest" and "finest" candidates.

A More Rounded Perspective

How come you missed them? If we are all to become aware, we must be totally informed. Students are made aware and are informed by their newspaper. I think Messrs. Garahan and Nack would have foregone their columns that week (Mr. Nack has stepped out once already) to have made room for more discussion on the candidates. "Voice of the People" could have shared the back page with the vote notice since the sports page had already been deleted. I think that a continuation of the discussion, or better perhaps, another person's views of the candidates, would have given a more rounded perspective. Any overlap of endorsement could have only bettered that candidate's chances. Any dissimilar endorsements would have widened the choice and offered more information.

Let's see a change. Let's have another point of view. Next time, let's see what the other half knows.

Irene Nowell

Against SDS Politics

To the Editor:

By the time this letter is published (if it ever is published) the United States will have a new president. The Student Strike days will be over and the S.D.S. mem-

bers and sympathizers will have demonstrated at the polling places in an attempt to discourage people from voting. It seems ironic to me that S.D.S. should have chosen such an inappropriate name for itself: Students for a "Democratic" Society. It is too bad that to them, "THE ELECTIONS DON'T MEAN SHIT." I am quoting a headline that appeared in their nationwide newspaper, New Left Notes, which I took upon myself to read from cover to cover. What seems even more ironic is that the newspaper's motto is "Let the People Decide." Why the hell then are they trying to stop them? If they are dissatisfied with the presidential nominees, then their vote is their most important weapon. Write-ins are counted. So are abstentions. These supposedly responsible college students, many of whom I assume are now of voting age, are certainly abusing their right—their responsibility. I happen to be a staunch believer in our system of government. As such, I have often been called fascist by my political opponents. But I would like all S.D.S. to know that I enjoyed reading their propaganda, and found true exhilaration in tearing it to shreds afterwards.

Richard McNally

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

STATESMAN invites its readers to contribute to "Voice of the People." Letters must be typed and no more than 300 words in length. All letters must be signed; names will be withheld on request.

Ticket Office On Monday: Scene Of Strife

By JUDY HORENSTEIN
Assistant Feature Editor

There once existed a huge pigpen filled with about 7000 docile pigs, who were content to wallow in their filthy crowded quarters, go about their daily tasks, and seek approval from the master. As long as they behaved well enough to stay in the pigpen, there was no danger of being sent to the slaughterhouse far away in another land. Despite an occasional squeak or squeal, the pigs contented themselves by accepting whatever relief was offered from their daily drudgery, such as a three-day vacation from daily tasks. For those pigs who had allotted 55 pieces of grain to the master upon

entering the pigpen, weekends were well-planned by the loudest squealers of the pigpen. Upon presentation of a grain identification card, indicating that the individual pig had contributed toward the well-being of the master, each pig could stand in line and receive a yellow paper entitling him to attend the Big Spectacle of the year.

One day, about two weeks before the occurrence of the Big Spectacle, the loudest squealers announced that yellow papers would be distributed on a certain Monday. Since the pigpen was already way overcrowded, (some pigs living three to a stall), they advised the pigs to obtain yellow papers early. Although the pigs were not

generally aware of current events, they rejoiced at the news and made plans to get their yellow papers. Meanwhile, the loudest squealers, trying to make things as difficult as possible for the apathetic pigs, resolved to open the little gates where they gave out the papers half an hour later than usual, and determined to make sure that only one of the three gates was functioning.

Sure enough, every pig in the pen was out on that Monday morning, crowding by the unopened gates with the sleep still in their piggy little eyes, squeaking and squealing. Never had such a commotion occurred since the male pigs had gone on a rampage to steal the fe-

male pigs' possessions! Pigs bumped into each other, pushing, shoving, and knocking each other down. "You're hogging my place in line," oinked one pig to another. Meanwhile, pigs who had to meet with representatives of the master at 10 o'clock, as well as pigs who had been massing around the gates since 7:00 a.m., decried the impudence of particularly hoggish pigs who insisted on cutting in front of them, and therefore proceeded to cut in front of them, blasting the hogs with angry accusative oinks and unprintable piggish epithets common to that particular pigpen. Groups of furious pigs tried to charge the gates, while the loudest squealers told them that if

they cared to wait quietly and peacefully, and forget their daily tasks for a few more hours, yellow papers could be had by all.

Unnoticed by the mass of irate, cursing, shoving pigs was a small table nearby where all full-time members of the pigpen were entitled to cast mudprints to elect the Great Hogs governing the pen. As soon as each pig received his long-awaited, highly-prized, yellow paper for the Big Spectacle, he became utterly entranced by the glow of the paper, and with a faraway, dreamlike expression crawled past that insignificant table without stopping, and went back to rolling in the mud, content to be saved from the slaughterhouse for another day.

Learn To Love And Live

By MICHAEL COVINO
Statesman Staff

Early Monday morning as one waited on line for tickets for the Blues Bag,

fond memories of the Living Theater's open house flowed into the head. Nothing else flowed, however. Flowing is a property of rivers

and real people. This line wasn't a tributary of Lake Leon and it didn't contain too many real people.

The line had been arranged rather cleverly. About one hundred students streamed from the ticket window back towards The Shack. At that point the line about-faced and curved back and around with another hundred students standing parallel to the first hundred students but staring in the opposite direction. Get the picture? Then came that mythical moment when some guy shouted, "Hey, Bob! Jim's in front. I'll give him the fifty I.D.'s and the seventy dollars for the tickets." And the hundred latecomers all turned around and just melted gracefully into the veterans' parade. Somebody who had been dying there since 7:30 a.m. suddenly found eighty 10:00 a.m. alarm-setters in front of him. Janis was fading fast now. And Miss Mitchell demanded an encore of her, "Shame on you, students of Stony Brook!"

In the crush of the masses creativity was born. All the potential Ed Sullivan Show comedians rose bravely above the Stony Brook Everyman. "Boy! I bet canned sardines have more room than me." "Gee! I bet if I scream 'I'm gonna vommit,' everybody will give me space." Cute. They deserved at least



another little piece of her space. After all, the girl had been living there only since eleven o'clock Sunday night so that she could get front row seats.

Where was Security? Searching for the atheist's bomb? It didn't matter. The people in the ticket booth managed affairs rightly. They limited I.D.'s to five per person so if you were twenty-fifth on line you were sure to get at least the 125th ticket handed out.

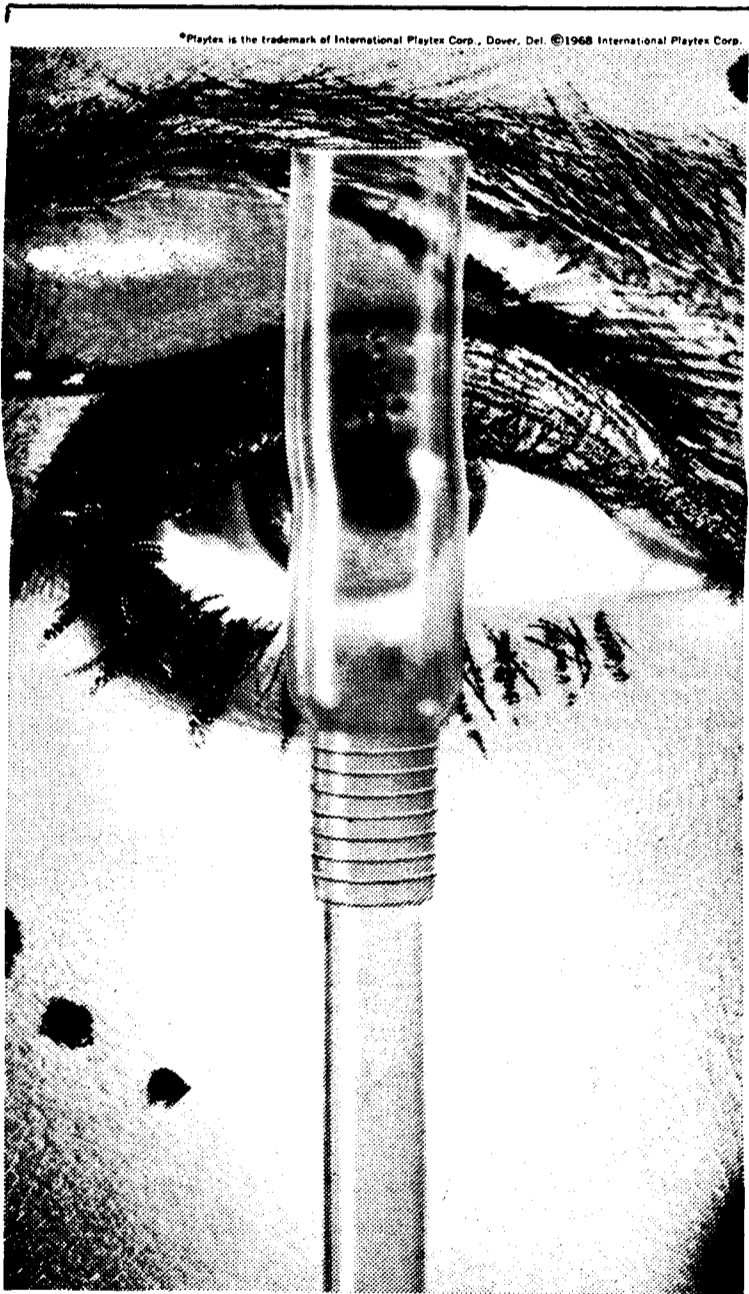
Of course there were a few not too sharp students who screamed for order ("order" to be distinguished from Nixon's "order"). But nobody heeded them. The philosophy of the day was survival of the fittest, or, as put more accurately by the jerk in front of me, "Well, they got in front of me. What do you want me to do?"

Be true, for Christ's sake! When you imitate your of-

fenders, you fall to their own base level. It really won't matter that much if you can't see Haven's missing teeth or Joplin's braless breasts. You don't need to; his voice lisps beautifully and the milk flows from her mouth. And you yourself will know that you're not the Handsome Johnny who marches off to war (or its more subtle societal equivalent). Be true. Please!

The Living Theater taught us to love life (or at least for a few minutes they did). Stony Brook, which is really only a microcosm of our society, didn't learn. Joplin is not a continuity of the Living Theater, but she flows from the same place that they come from. Stony Brook dug the Living Theater and they'll dig Joplin but they'll never love her. Can't

I don't know. I just have the feeling that that whole sick ticket scene would have turned the Becks a rather untheatrical red.



Playtex invents the first-day tampon™

(We took the inside out to show you how different it is.)

Outside: it's softer and silky (not cardboardy). Inside: it's so extra absorbent... it even protects on your first day. Your worst day!

In every lab test against the old cardboardy kind... the Playtex tampon was always more absorbent. Actually 45% more absorbent on the average than the leading regular tampon.

Because it's different. Actually adjusts to you. It flowers out. Fluffs out. Designed to protect every inside inch of you. So the chance of a mishap is almost zero!

Try it fast. Why live in the past?



SETAUKET ... Foreign Motor Sales



AUTHORIZED



AUTHORIZED

AUTHORIZED FACTORY TRAINED

SALES - SERVICE - PARTS

ALSO, EXCELLENT SELECTION USED CARS

941-4540

MAIN STREET

(ROUTE 25A)

E. SETAUKET

Creeley To Read At SB

By ILENE SONDIKE
Statesman Staff

On Tuesday, November 12, at 8:00 p.m., Stony Brook students will have the opportunity of hearing Robert Creeley read some of his poetry in Engineering 143.

Mr. Creeley was born in Massachusetts and educated at Harvard, Black Mountain College, and the University of New Mexico. Creeley is a Guggenheim Fellow in poetry.

Some of his well known poetry publications are "All That Is Lonely in Men," "A Farm of Women," and "For Love." Mr. Creeley states, "I think it's relevant to emphasize that I feel poems and prose are given to me to write; I do not feel I create them. I have no patience or sympathy with writing that dictates its concerns as a subject proposed by 'choice.' 'Choice' for me, as Duncan says, is more accurately recognition."

Who Remembers Martin Luther King?

By AL WALKER
Arts Editor

The pain inflicted by the loss of Dr. Martin Luther King is ironically intensified at an exhibition in his memory. The present Museum of Modern Art memorial show is comprehensive, but there is a pervading aura of neglect in the exhibit.

The bulk of the show contains contemporary pop art which dehumanizes the viewer of a memorial show. It is frustrating, pallid, something to have fun with. When one walks in, a moving portrait by Ben Shahn with Dr. King's "I've been to the mountain top" speech opens the show. But it is immediately overwhelmed by Tom Lloyd's neon blinker thing,

Warhol's psychedelic Marilyn Monroe, shocking pink walls, Tony Smith's two huge plywood boxes, and other dehumanized pop art objects.

People lose sense of Dr. King as they are bombarded by the flashing pop art works. Granted, it shows that society is mechanized and anonymous, but the pop art draws the viewer's attention away from Dr. King. There is no attempt to integrate King's ideals with the white-oriented pop art.

Some of the pop artists are black, but their work blends into the idiom of the white pop art. They remain anonymous, absorbed by Campbell soup cans and stark geometric shapes.

Living Theater: Confrontation Art

by AL MUNGO
Statesman Staff Writer

Recently, a phenomenon in the form of the Living Theater group was seen and experienced at Stony Brook. When I say "experienced," I mean that the audience had direct intellectual and, in some cases, physical contact with the performing group. This was certainly no ordinary theater band. They might be paralleled with some of the recent roving "Guerilla" theater groups.

During their three performances, the Living Theater called for direct audience participation. In fact, their second "show" was in the form of a discussion, with the members of the play group sitting in and the audience lending to the discussion.

Unlike most theater groups, the Living Theater isn't aiming to please or to entertain their audience for entertainment's sake. On the contrary, they want to end the soothing effects usually associated with entertainment, and to concentrate on the content or "message" of their performance. Furthermore, the Living Theater, by their very method, is negating the usual purpose of

most theater, which is to act as a means of escape, so the audience can momentarily forget the wrongs, difficulties, and problems of existing in contemporary society. The Living Theater wants their audience to become aware, and to awaken their consciences to the inconsistencies, or, more specifically, to the unfreedoms of the existing order. Theater art can be used in two ways, to oppose or to reconcile; to accuse or to acquit any aspect of society. The Living Theater thinks that the majority of modern theatrical acting smothers the potential accusing or acquitting functions by emphasizing the entertaining aspect of theater.

Whether the Living Theater succeeded in their purpose of awakening the audience to the unfreedoms existing in our social structure is another question which perhaps could only be answered by asking the participating audience themselves.

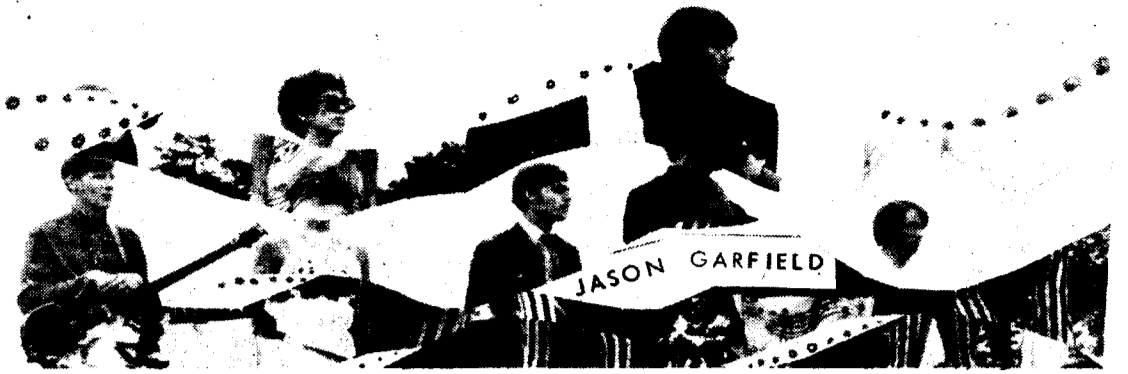
Did the Living Theater make you aware of the suppression and lack of freedom in our society?

SALE PARTS SERVICE
On All Imported Cars - By Factory Trained Mechanic

GO MG
By **George** INC.

2756 Jericho Turnpike
Centereach, N.Y. 11720
588-0200

Jason Garfield To Play For Biafra



By BRUCE JOFFE

Walt Whitman and Joseph Henry Colleges have contributed the funds to engage "THE JASON GARFIELD," a highly acclaimed group, for their Biafra Benefit Mood, on Saturday night. The Garfield have appeared in Woodstock, The Jug End, Ungano's and the Barge, in Southampton, and are being sought by Columbia and Budda Records for recording contracts.

The band, because of the flexibility in its interpretations, can't be placed in any defined category. It consists of five musically distinct personalities, each one with his own interpretation of any given song. Unlike many groups who need to practice a piece until it is perfect, The Garfield interpret the same song differently almost each time they play. They control not only their voices, but the medium through which these voices reach the public. Like a painter who mixes his oils and cre-

ates a canvas, the members of The Jason Garfield understand and employ the entire electronic process.

The unique rhythmic patterns and remarkable technique of Tony, the lead guitarist, determine the range of the band's sound. On listening closely, however, one hears that the real focal point of the group is Lonny, the drummer. He is the catalyst. He not only determines the beat and the mood of the music, but is also the decisive voice in how the band is playing. As if he were using the band to accompany himself, Lonny solos throughout the entire performance.

Multi-ringed Wendy sets the background for the group on the organ with her unique interpretations and embellishments of today's leading sounds. She is complemented by Kenny on bass, whose quick, strong fingers never repeat the same run. Their exceptional dimension of sound is heightened by the strong vocalization of Pete.

The Jason Garfield is, above all, a band to dance to. Playing songs of the Beatles, the Moody Blues, Traffic and Hendrix, they combine a Bee-Gee's type harmony with a hard rock base and come up with music that must be danced to.

The last time we've had this type of musical experience was when the Chambers Brothers performed here. Don't miss The Jason Garfield.

Although the entire dance concert has been paid for, a twenty-five-cent donation for Biafra is being collected in the cafeterias or at the door.

Today's STATESMAN contains "The Chicago Literary Review," a supplement published by students at the University of Chicago. The CLR is a compendium of reviews written by students from across the nation. Funded primarily by national advertising, it will be issued six times during the current academic year. If you would like to review books, articles, or records for the CLR, contact Stony Brook's campus editor, Alfred Walker, c/o STATESMAN at 6413.

There is a corner, a very small corner, which contains some humanized art. It seems to reflect the hopes and frustrations of Dr. King. In this corner, Richard Mayhew has a painting called "Birth." It is a series of oil washes blending into a hint of a landscape. The purple bottom floats up intangibly to a horizon where it bursts out into an infinite span of light.

Another equally human piece is the black artist Russ Thomson's "America, America." It has visions of a brooding James Baldwin fading into an American flag. Vivian Browne's "Two Men" is a small but powerful lithograph of two men caught in the grips of last April's sorrow. "Birmingham Totem" symbolizes the small but powerful black social art in the same exhibition as the commercialized pop art. It depicts a black person rising out of a technological rubble. The picture provided a metaphor for the entire show: black art put off in a corner but rising out of the dominating technological pop idiom.

The supreme metaphor is that the whole King show is free of charge, but one can't go through the rest of the museum without going to the front entrance and paying. White society pays its debt to Dr. King by shuffling everybody through the back entrance to a dehumanized show which almost makes one forget what the hell is going on.

SAL'S PIZZA

We deliver to the dorms every day but Monday from 9:00 P.M. to 2 A.M. To insure prompt and "hot" delivery, please call by 8:20 for the 9 P.M. delivery; 9:20 for the 10 P.M. Etc.

Thank you for your patronage
SAL'S

TRY SAL'S SPECIALTY - THE LARGE 11 INCH HERO

<p>HOT HEROS</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Veal Cutlet Parmigiana . 1.25 Veal Cutlet 1.15 Veal and Peppers 1.00 Peppers and Eggs75 Sausage and Eggs 1.00 Sausage85 Meat Balls75 Potatoes and Eggs70 Egg Plant Parmigiana85 Meat Ball Parmigiano85 	<p style="text-align: center; font-size: 2em;"><i>Sal's Menu</i></p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 1.5em;">265-9221</p> <p style="text-align: center;">HOT DELIGHTS</p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="width: 50%;"> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> LASAGNA 1.50 SPAGHETTI 1.15 RAVIOLI 1.20 </td> <td style="width: 50%;"> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> MANICOTTI 1.35 BAKED ZITI 1.50 PLAIN ZITI 1.10 </td> </tr> </table> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.8em;">WITH SAUSAGE OR MEATBALLS 35¢ EXTRA</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> LASAGNA 1.50 SPAGHETTI 1.15 RAVIOLI 1.20 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> MANICOTTI 1.35 BAKED ZITI 1.50 PLAIN ZITI 1.10
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> LASAGNA 1.50 SPAGHETTI 1.15 RAVIOLI 1.20 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> MANICOTTI 1.35 BAKED ZITI 1.50 PLAIN ZITI 1.10 		

<p>SODA 20¢</p>	<p>GIANT SODA 35¢</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Beer & Wine</p>
----------------------------	----------------------------------	---

<p>PIZZA</p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="width: 30%;"></td> <td style="width: 30%; text-align: center;">Large</td> <td style="width: 30%; text-align: center;">Small</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Cheese</td> <td style="text-align: center;">1.75</td> <td style="text-align: center;">1.50</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Anchovies</td> <td style="text-align: center;">2.25</td> <td style="text-align: center;">1.90</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sausage</td> <td style="text-align: center;">2.25</td> <td style="text-align: center;">1.90</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Onions</td> <td style="text-align: center;">2.25</td> <td style="text-align: center;">1.90</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Pepperoni</td> <td style="text-align: center;">2.25</td> <td style="text-align: center;">1.90</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Mushroom</td> <td style="text-align: center;">2.25</td> <td style="text-align: center;">1.90</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Peppers</td> <td style="text-align: center;">2.25</td> <td style="text-align: center;">1.90</td> </tr> </table>		Large	Small	Cheese	1.75	1.50	Anchovies	2.25	1.90	Sausage	2.25	1.90	Onions	2.25	1.90	Pepperoni	2.25	1.90	Mushroom	2.25	1.90	Peppers	2.25	1.90	<p>HOT CHOCOLATE 20¢</p>
	Large	Small																							
Cheese	1.75	1.50																							
Anchovies	2.25	1.90																							
Sausage	2.25	1.90																							
Onions	2.25	1.90																							
Pepperoni	2.25	1.90																							
Mushroom	2.25	1.90																							
Peppers	2.25	1.90																							

Mike Predicts
Jints Fall by 6

patriot sports

statesman

Home Soccer
Match
Saturday 2:00
vs. Pace

Page 8

Friday, November 8, 1968



Robert F. Cohen

College Plan Will Start Grid Action

By JERRY REITMAN
Statesman Sports Staff

The 1968-69 sports year is featuring the first annual inter-college football tournament. This will be held shortly after the dorm and independent champions meet next week. Inter-college play is designed to give students a sense of belonging to their college, by having them compete for the college in a post-season tournament. It also affords good players some stiffer competition against other top athletes.

Rules

1) Any member of the faculty, staff or student body affiliated "officially" with a college may represent that college in the tournament (rosters are limited to 20 players).

2) Rosters must be certified (as to the matter of eligibility) by the Master of the college, and the coach of the team.

3) The coach of the team must be OFFICIALLY APPOINTED by the college.

4) 1968 intramural football rules will be used for the tournament.

5) Pairings will be made by a blind draw on Monday, Nov. 11, at 6:00 p.m., at which time the pairings will be made.

Inter-college football will present a vastly different picture from intramural football, since independent team members will now be playing for the college they live in. Who knows which college the independent stars come from, where Matt Low, Mel Polkow, Rick Korwin live? Also, do not forget that grad students and faculty members are also eligible. Who knows how good they are?

All in all, this promises to be a very interesting and unusual tournament. I urge all colleges to participate in this new activity. If this experiment proves successful, college basketball and softball tournaments are slated for later this season.

Just how the expenses (for referees and trophies) will be covered is uncertain at this date.

Massive Kat Near End Of The Line

By MIKE LEIMAN
Assistant Sports Editor

Giant fans had better watch closely if they'd like to get a last look at their current defensive captain.

Jim Katcavage, once a valuable member of the famed front four that consisted of him, Andy Robestelli, Rosey Grier, and Dick Modewleski, is now the weakest link on an inexperienced and porous defensive line. Nothing illustrates this better than his

performance last Sunday against the Baltimore Colts. He was knocked out of practically every play as the Colts continually ran to his side.

In the Giants' upcoming game against Dallas, it's likely that McKinley Boston will see a great deal of action at defensive end instead of the veteran. Katcavage, despite his experience, has failed to lead any sort of a pass rush, and Allie Sherman is hopeful that the

Booter's First Leads Blank

By JAY EHMKE
Statesman Sports Staff

Rich Levine's first varsity goal enabled the Stony Brook Booters to gain a hard-fought 1-0 victory over Maritime College in a Monday afternoon soccer match played on the loser's field. The win ended a six-game winless streak for the Patriots.

Levine's score was set up by Ron Consiglio's second-period free kick. Bill Hudak headed the ball towards the left side of the net where Levine had stationed himself. He took the pass and

easily beat the Maritime goalie with what proved to be the game's only score.

Stony Brook's play was marked by the tenacious defense that they've shown throughout the season. Harry Prince was outstanding in the nets as he turned away 17 shots and achieved his second shutout of the year.

This victory was especially sweet for the Patriots. It helped avenge their only loss of last year, 2-1 in double overtime to Maritime College.

The win was achieved

despite the fact that the booters were again outshot by their opponents. It was the seventh time in nine games this year that this has occurred, as compared to only twice in eleven games last season. Prince has been called upon to make almost twice as many saves per game this year as last. In the last five games, he has made over ninety saves.

The Patriot victory brought their record to 2-6-1 with three games still to play. Next on the schedule is a home game against Pace on Saturday afternoon at 2:00 p.m.



Steve Palley

Coming Soon:
Winter
Sports Prospects

SAB Presents:

Ralph Ginsburg

(Editor Of Avant-Garde)

Nov. 20-8:30 P.M.

**Roth Cafeteria
Lounge**

No Tickets -

Free To All

rookie will be able to provide one. This lack of Giant pressure on quarterbacks has forced them to blitz their linebackers more than they should, with the resultant weakness against the short pass and the screen.

The Giants have enjoyed the services of Jim Katcavage for almost 15 years now. It's unfortunate that even great stars get old and have to quit. For the big Kat, that time has come.



The Dong With A Luminous Nose

19th Century British Minor Poets, edited with an introduction by W. H. Auden. New York: Delacorte Press, 1966. \$6.00, 383 pp. (Notes by George R. Creeger)

by LINDA PETERS

These are the generalizations. Anything that can be collected can be anthologized. No anthology is perfect, for no anthology is complete; and no anthology perfectly satisfies everyone, for only its maker finds in it all of his favorites: anthologies attest to the amplitude of the universe, both by the unending variety of things to collect and by the unending variety of ways to collect them. To begin upon these grounds, then, leads nowhere. Rather, consider: how have the bounds of the anthology been drawn: are they natural or gerrymandered? What does the sampling indicate about the whole to which it refers? How does the construction of the anthology reflect the intelligence of its maker?

Verse collections seem a natural thing for a poet to make, either for love or for money. This one, made by W.H. Auden samples the verse of some eighty minor British poets of the nineteenth century. Immediately the boggy of defining limits arises: where to begin and end the century, for human beings have an inconvenient way of ignoring century bounds in their births and deaths. Auden nods to the critics who care about such things by considering this question of centuries first in his introduction to the volume. To be of the nineteenth century, he determines, a poet must have been born after 1770 and have published his first poems before 1900. The limits seem appropriate: the oldest poets are thirty in 1800. But such divisions always assert the independence of men from the schemes of historians. If Wordsworth had been born a year earlier, he could not be considered as either major or minor poet of the nineteenth century. Auden is not a man to take lightly his powers. To assert the arbitrary, personal nature of his judgment, he notes that A.E. Housman must, under his rules, be considered a nineteenth century minor poet, even though some might class him among the major poets of the twentieth.

Such limits of date are, in a long run, untenable, though convenient. Realizing this, Auden surmounts the temptation to make "century" seem a natural category for poetry and emphasizes instead the continuity from nineteenth to twentieth century. Readers of modern verse are continually made aware of their direction

toward the imagists, toward Eliot, toward free verse experimentation. Therefore Auden closes the volume on a note of expectancy:

Though the crushed jewels droop
and fade

The Artist's labors will not cease,
And of the ruins shall be made
Some yet more lovely masterpiece.

These lines of George William Russell, the last of "Continuity," fall after many pages of melancholic verse, grieving the passage of time, the passage of Beauty, the event of death. So placed, they elegantly face us into the wastelands of Eliot, Yeats, and Auden, the attempts to escape. In this way, Auden carefully sets his bounds and then oversteps them.

Yet still remains the difficult labor to cut major from minor, easy for Auden. With Odyssean arrogance he lays down the five conditions of majority:

1. The major poet must write a lot.
2. His poems must show a wide range in subject matter and treatment.
3. He must exhibit an unmistakable originality of vision and style.
4. He must be a master of verse technique.
5. In the case of all poets, we distinguish between their juvenilia and their mature work but, in the case of the major poet, the process of maturing continues until he dies so that, if confronted by two poems of his of equal merit but written at different times, the reader can immediately say which was written first. In the case of a minor poet, on the other hand, however excellent the two poems may be, the reader cannot settle their chronology on the basis of the poems themselves.

If a poet cannot fill at least three and a half of these conditions, he may be considered minor. The checklist is sensible. It avoids controversy, yet there is slight irritation in his devious disregard for the questions of merit and influence. Over this collection lurks the presence of that younger Auden who thumbed his nose at the critics by placing the selections in his *Collected Poems* in alphabetical rather than chronological order.

Justly or unjustly Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, Hop-

kins, Yeats, and Kipling are excluded as major; from those remaining, eighty are represented. Auden, an old campaigner for the respectability of song, satire, and humorous verse, has included many of these here. The result is an educative, fun-to-read volume.

It is impossible to read through this anthology without a chuckle or two. Charles Stuart Calverly amused his contemporaries with parodies of terrible poetry, as in these lines from "Morning":

'Tis the hour when white-horsed
Day

Chases Night her mares away,
When the gates of Dawn (they
say)

Phoebus opes.

And I gather that the Queen
May be uniformly seen

Should the weather be serene
On the slopes.

Thomas Beddoes, usually remembered for his poignant lyrics and few fine lines of blank verse, becomes fixed in the mind as the poet of "The Oviparous Tailor," a quasi-serious parody of sixteenth century primitive ballads. If the reader, however, gags on the preciousness of literary parody, he will delight in the open-air wit of W.S. Gilbert, to whom Auden restores the mantle of poet, or of Thomas Hood or Edward Lear. Older generations of critics scorned these men as not really serious poets. This anthology urges their rehabilitation. Fortunately, current tastes seem less adverse to recognizing such a one as Lear's "Dong with a Luminous Nose" as one of the immortal characters of fiction.

When awful darkness and silence
reign

Over the great Gromboolian plain,
Through the long, long wintry
nights;—

When the angry breakers roar
As they beat on the rocky shore;—

When storm clouds brood on
the towering heights

Of the Hills of the Chankly Bore:—
Then through the vast and gloomy
dark,

There moves what seems a fiery
spark,

A lovely spark with silvery
rays

Piercing the coal-black night,—
A meteor strange and bright:—

Hither and thither the vision
strays,

A single and lurid light.

Slowly it wanders,—pauses—

creeps,—

Anon it sparkles, —flashes and
leaps;

And ever as onward it gleaming
goes

A light on the Bong-tree stems it
throws.

And those who watch at that mid-
night hour

From Hall or Terrace or lofty
Tower,

Cry, as the wild light passes
along—

"The Dong! — The Dong!

The wandering Dong through
the forest goes!

The Dong! — The Dong!

The Dong with a luminous
nose!"

Furthermore, there is good representation from that now penumbral art form, narrative verse. Subjects range over the expected universe of possibilities. The only sizeable omission in the sampling occurs in the categories of sentiment and love-poem, which were much produced. I cannot say, however, that I find the exclusion damaging, for these forms are usually too well represented.

Auden has instead chosen to emphasize the "century's strengths," showing it in its maturity and liveliness. Usually, a poet chooses to write about something that interests him. Therefore when certain subjects persist in the verse of contemporaries, generalizations about the *weltanschauung* of a period may be dared. It must, however, be remembered that, when working from just the productions of artists, such generalizations are valid only for that group. This is especially true during the nineteenth century when intellectuals and artists were drawing together, away from the rest of society.

As we read through the chronology of verse in this volume, a pattern begins to emerge. During the first third of the century the Keatsian conflict between actual social conditions and imaginative beauty dominated the consciousness of poets. Frequently, the dilemma resulted in stinging satire of the exploiting classes, of complacency and faked liberalism. Self-interest, the profit motive, and the church received the lashes of disgruntled poets. As the century advanced the same conflict still absorbed the attention, but it was felt with less and less precision. No longer did most poets attack specific social conditions, for historical events

Continued on Page 6



Cheyne Walk, Chelsea

where 19th
century
artists and
writers
met
and lived.

Texts & Contexts

Through The Vanishing Point, by Marshall McLuhan and Harley Parker; Harper & Row, \$7.50,

War and Peace in the Global Village, by Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore; Bantam Books, \$1.45.

A Year From Monday, by John Cage; Wesleyan University Press, \$7.92.

by DAVID LLOYD-JONES

Some old Greek once said that you could never step into the same river twice, and since high technology companies have taken to running ads in *Harpers* for the last few years this has been a fashionable sort of thing to meditate about. Since the world has always been changing ("There are more scientists alive now than in all previous history," one can imagine Newton saying...) there have always been people commenting on the fact, though perhaps never with the streak of hysteria that has been thought chic recently.

Now Marshall McLuhan, the Norman Mailer of literary exegesis, has been plugging a set of metaphors for big changes. The literate, linear, Newtonian mind and society, he says, structure themselves in visual space, which is to say space that is ordered, can be cut and shaped by walls and is arbitrarily controllable, like what we see. When our minds are wired into a lot of things happening in different places in different ways at different speeds through different modes, he says, we operate in acoustic space, which is like what we hear: funny shaped, uncontrollable directly, of varying resonance. The big thing going on right now, McLuhan says, is that the world is tuning out of visual space and tuning into acoustic or auditory space. McLuhan also invented *hot*, which is impressive but superficial like a branding iron, and *cool*, which is sensual and enveloping like the mountain lakes in a Salem commercial, as well as a whole lot of other cute words that are well established on the American cocktail party circuit.

Through The Vanishing Point is a book of poetry, pictures and marginal comment intended to defend this aural-visual metaphor before the tiresome English lit types who have always seemed to hate McLuhan's guts. It might be a good idea to give the book to anyone who pedants around about the influence of Romantics or Pre-Raphaelites; McLuhan probably sees his role in social change as undermining their hallowed truths and self-confidence. But it's unlikely that one more witty book will settle all the cognitive questions involved in whether or not McLuhan's ideas about sensory balance have any meaning. In time perhaps the clinical psychologists will help out here.

War and Peace in the Global Village, on the other hand, is worth while for the general reader, at least if he hasn't cottoned onto the McLuhan metaphor yet. Of course a lot of people take it for granted that the human race is radically interconnected and interdependent because of such things as atom bombs, telephones, Hollywood movies fuelling third world revolutions, vitamin pills, weird steel alloys that can only be made with trace elements from all over the globe, transoceanic jets introducing the Atlantic River, and all that stuff. These people, most of whom were growing up while these things were being invented, may very well have the intellectual models to enable them to handle all this, in which case they don't need McLuhan to give them abstruse metaphors for what they already find commonplace.

What the book says is that each new technology changes the sensory balance of society, and society has to find a "new image" of itself to readjust. War, seen by McLuhan as very high intensity information exchange, is one way of finding a new image. While this may not make much sense to a kid who got an arm shot off at Khe Sanh, it does make some sense, and it lets McLuhan pick up some points with SDS by putting war on

a continuum with education as information exchanges designed to try to make somebody else conform to one's image of his role. In passing the book makes the usual number of cute, and sometimes piercing and accurate, comments on wars past and the images they were forming.

Like everything McLuhan does, this is fine stuff and very useful as far as it goes. The view of war as information exchange, for instance, supplies an intellectual context within which we can see Herman Kahn as unjustly vilified for trying to study what all our national posturings are saying. At the same time it must be said that McLuhan is either half blind or chickenshit, because he never follows his analytical nose to the point of seeing anything as immediate and ugly.

Now:

"Some people say the use of force is how we change the social course; The use of force, you surely know, is how we keep the status quo,"

is an accurate statement of where most war comes from. It is all very well to say that wars come from the image-dissonances between the world that is and the world struggling to be, but a lot of the messages programmed into society as it is are hate, malice and greed, as surely as the message in the structure of DNA is heredity. And there would be messages of hate and war even if there were no profound changes going on in society, no "new image" being sought. In Vietnam it may be correct to say that the Vietnamese decided to kick out the French, the Japanese, The British, the French again and the Americans because they had a new image of themselves as able to run their own country. But what this sort of talk ignores is that the colonial administration which bled "Indo-China" for eighty years was as much a war of the French against the Vietnamese as the actual fighting that got started once the Viet Minh started operating in 1935.

There are wars, and there are wars where people fight back. The first have been permanent in human history, and have generally escaped the eye of people in comfortable universities; the second are neatly explained by McLuhan's analysis. Where McLuhan fails, probably by not being McLuhanesque enough, John Cage in *A Year From Monday* really gets on the case. A leading composer famous for putting shrieks and squeals on tape into the concert hall, Cage seems to have dedicated the rest of his life to spreading simple political, ecological and social common sense. "Once one gets interested in world improvement, there is no stopping," he comments in the introduction to one of his pieces. *A Year From Monday* is his second book in the campaign. Like *Silence* published a couple of years ago, it is a collection of anecdotes, happening scripts, lectures and essays, largely concerned with music and the dance — at least ostensibly. Both Cage's books are sheer delight to read, because the man is honest, elfin, and technically and politically acute, but they are nevertheless political in that they are radically subversive of practically everything in sight.

If there is a single recognizable doctrine in the writing, it is that most of the government that matters to people is going on unnoticed, internationally and anarchically, and as we realize how this process is working we can start ignoring the Humphreys and Nixons who pretend to be in the government business. But this is not central to the book, nor is anything else. Cage has used many of the chance methods he developed in music to guide his writing, and the result is poetry, whimsical diaries and lectures to be read starting at any point and in any order. Hardly what one is used to in manifestoes.

For anyone who wonders what the Haight-Ashbury was about when it was at its best, *A Year From Monday* is a precise political text. And for anyone else it is both in forum and content a bit of "new image" that doesn't need a war fought over itself.

David Lloyd-Jones is Coordinator of The Intercultural School.

We Won't Go: Personal Accounts of War Objectors, Collected by Alice Lynd, Beacon Press, \$5.95.

by DAVID KEENE

Two years ago, when a group of students was meeting in the living room of the Staughton Lynds, one girl who had a friend in prison asked, "What good does it do to let them put you away like that?"

Alice Lynd, the wife of former Yale professor Staughton Lynd, recalls: "When I realized that hardly anyone else in the room had ever heard of her friend, I thought, what a waste! Someone should write a book about the unknown men who had tried to answer with their lives the questions about effectiveness and personal sacrifice being asked by many individuals and little groups."

We Won't Go is Mrs. Lynd's attempt to fill that public gap. Included in the collection are personal statements from two dozen objectors and resisters, ranging from such widely known personalities as David Mitchell, Capt. Dale E. Noyd, Muhammad Ali and the Fort Hood Three to the less highly publicized names and cases of Gene Fast, Malcolm Dundas and Robert Luftig.

The contributions were drawn from personal memoirs, letters to friends, tape recordings, letters to draft boards, "official C.O." statements (Form 150) and a set of directed questions supplied to focus on specific concerns. Not included are selections from objectors who engaged in combat in Vietnam, deserters who have left the country, and dropouts, whom Mrs. Lynd considers "not deliberately taking any principled position." Also not included are those who were "badly hurt by what they did, have retreated and do not want to talk about it."

The personal statements and accounts stand on their own and represent a spectrum ranging from traditional religious pacifism to organized political resistance.

Reflecting her own perspective, increasing female participation in direct action in many areas and the mutuality of suffering for those not really "left behind," Mrs. Lynd has included noteworthy selections from three wives of imprisoned objectors — one who shared with her husband a history of protest, another who looks back with a sense of regret and a third who resents having her own identity submerged as "Mrs. Conscientious Objector."

We Won't Go can be appreciated on its emotional level alone, as revealing the inner personalities, struggles, experiences and hindsights of those who object and resist. But Mrs. Lynd has compiled it with more in mind. It is intended as a guidebook to action, a guidebook which attempts to link intellectual and personal ideals with the hard realities encountered by those who have already chosen some form of opposition.

It additionally reflects the current concerns of an author who is engaged in continuing draft counselling. In some of the cases, it is clear that adequate counselling could have prevented many tragic personal consequences. In others, however, the problems must emerge and re-emerge only on the gut level of those who participate.

Some acknowledge that they would not make the same decisions again, having embarked on their earlier courses with insufficient planning and romantic visions of revolutionary action, only to find that "life in prison is lonely, painful and trying." Most, however, have absolutely no regrets, finding their decision to object or resist as the most important event and anchor in their lives — the source of continued personal, ethical, social and political activity.

Having exposed a variety of courses, individuals and retrospective analyses, Mrs. Lynd and the contributors leave their readers "to sift out their thoughts and make choices on the basis of their own convictions." For those who decide to adhere to the title, Mrs. Lynd encloses the Supreme Court decision on *U.S. v. Seeger*, an annotated guide to SS Form 150, documents relating to international war crimes and a guide to organizations which might be of help.

Mr. Keene is a graduate student in The Divinity School of the University of Ohio.

The Chicago Literary Review

Creator Spiritus Richard L. Snowden
Editor Jeff Schnitzer
Co-Editor Rick Mack
Assoc. Editors Gary Houston
Jim Keough
Art Editor Bob Griess
Paperback Editor Joanne Safer
Managing Secretary Barbara Blair
Business Manager Barry Epstein
Assoc. Managing Editor Shirley Thornber
Pre-Review Editor Sara Heller
Asst. Managing Editors Jeremy Bangs
Guidi Weiss
Julie Slott
Rona Keough
Roberta Galloway
Cynthia Lyons

Campus Editors

Albion College Thomas Terp
Bard College Bob Hall
Barat College Mary Sexton
Brandeis U. David Pitt
U. of California (Irvine) .. John F. Monsen
U. of California (Riverside) .. Joe Plummer
Cal. Tech. David Lewin
Carleton College Cy Schelly
Carnegie-Mellon U. Dave Kamons
Chicago St. College Milt Lillie
U. of Colorado (Denver) Leslie Minor
Concordia College Herb Geisler
Elmhurst College John Bizer
Goucher College Karen Sandler
U. of Illinois (Urbana) Elise Cassel
U. of Illinois (Chicago) .. Fred Armentrout
Ill. Institute of Tech. Steve Savage
Kalamazoo College Liz Lindeman
Loyola U. Stephanie Jaguchi
U. of Maryland Mary Hurlbut
U. of Michigan Dan Okrent
Michigan St. U. Dave Gilbert
Miles College Deloris McQueen
U. of Minnesota Paul Gruchow
U. of Mo. (Kansas City) Tony Murphy
Montana St. U. Diane Travis
Mundelein College Kathleen Cummins
College of New Rochelle .. Madeline Blais
St. U. of N.Y. (Stony Brook) Wayne Blodgett
North Park College Ted Loda
Oakland U. Norman Harper
U. of Pennsylvania Stephen Marmon
Princeton U. A. Michael Thomas
Rice U. Dennis Bahler
U. of Rochester Elizabeth Hay
Shimer College Andy Zahaly
Southwestern U. (Tennessee) .. Bill Casey
Southwestern U. (Texas) .. Charles Neuffer
Temple Buell College Susan Poyneer
Towson State College .. Michael Vogelman
U. of Utah Ed Ditterline
Valparaiso U. Bruce Bitting
Vanderbilt U. Mark McCrackin
Mary Washington College
(U. of Va.) Susan Wagner
Washington College Thackray Dodds
Washington U. Renee Winter
Wayne State U. Harry Clarke
Webster College Mary Petersen
Wilson College Linda Davis
U. of Wisc. (Madison) .. Donna Blackwell
U. of Wisc. (Milwaukee) .. John Severson
College of Wooster Richard Morgan

City Editors

New York Sue Goldberg
Washington Tom Miller
San Francisco Patrick Gorman
London Roger Nicholls
Glasgow David Lloyd-Jones

Chief editorial offices: 1212 E. 59th St., Chicago, Illinois, 60637. Phone: MI 3-0800 exts. 3276, 3277. Subscriptions: \$5.00 per year. Copyright 1968 by The Chicago Literary Review. All rights reserved.

The Chicago Literary Review is distributed by the Chicago Maroon, the Albion Pictorial, the Bard Observer, the Barat Newist, the Brandeis Justice, the California Institute of Technology California Tech, the Carleton Carletonian, the Carnegie-Mellon Tartan, the University of Colorado (Denver) Fourth Estate, the Concordia Spectator, the Elmhurst Elm Bark, the Goucher Goucher Weekly, the University of Illinois (Urbana) Daily Illini, the IIT Technology News, the Kalamazoo Index, the University of Michigan Michigan Daily, the University of Missouri (Kansas City) University News, the Mundelein Skyscraper, the College of New Rochelle Tattler, the State University of New York (Stony Brook) Statesman, the North Park College North Park News, the Oakland Observer, the University of Pennsylvania Daily Pennsylvanian, the Princeton Daily Princetonian, the Rice Thresher, the Rochester Campus Times, the Shimer Excilibur, Southwestern (Tennessee) Southwestern, Southwestern (Texas) Megaphone, the Temple-Buell Western Graphic, the Towson State Tower Light, the Valparaiso Torch, the Vanderbilt Hustler, the Washington Elm, the Mary Washington College Bulletin, the Washington University Student Life, Webster College Web, Wilson College Billboard, University of Wisconsin (Madison) Daily Cardinal, College of Wooster Voice, and by Miles College Milean.

Reprint rights have been granted to the University of California (Irvine) New University, the University of California (Riverside) Highlander, the Chicago State College Tempo, the University of Illinois (Chicago) Commuter Illini, the Loyola News, the University of Maryland Diamondback, the Michigan State News, the Minnesota Daily, the Montana State University Express, the State University of New York (Stony Brook) Statesman, the Daily Utah Chronicle, the Wayne State South End, the University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee) UWMA Post.

The Man in the Glass Booth

A play by Robert Shaw
by HAROLD ACKERMAN

Directed by Harold Pinter

The title of the play, *The Man in the Glass Booth*, refers to the bullet-proof enclosure designed to insure the safety of Nazi war criminals on trial in Israeli courtrooms—a minor irony in itself. The man is Arthur Goldman, alias Adolf Dorff, alias Arthur Goldman.

Goldman is a German Jew, whose dead wife (he tells us so many times that we are almost tempted to believe him) was an American. He is a real-estate magnate fantastically wealthy. The first scene reveals a view from his office window of New York which is one of the finest sets to be seen in a good while; and we are led to believe that Goldman owns nearly all the buildings we can see.

As apparent as his wealth is his Jewishness. He is totally Jewified. Everything he says and does—his whole life style—is so Jewish that, once again, we are almost tempted to believe it. He is a wonderfully drawn character. He has completely assimilated Germanness, Jewishness, royalty (from wealth), and Manhattan. He could be the first Jewish Pope, or at least the crowned king of Israel-in-exile in New York.

Goldman is monarchic. He is unilateral. He is in turn, and all at once, an irascible Napoleon, a benevolent despot, a wise Solomon, and always brooding underneath, just sometimes surfacing, the stormy Fuehrer. In truth, Donald Pleasance, as Goldman, has created a remarkable character. It is all there and in perfect balance. But this is only where we meet the character. It does not end here.

Through the first act we witness the increasing paranoia of a king in an empty castle, his voice echoing hollowly in the marble hallways. Goldman, with terror, with ironic acceptance, with contemptuous disregard, feels his life has not long to run. As much as we seem to know about Goldman, there is clearly some secret we are not yet in on. When young Charlie Cohn, Goldman's assistant, peers into his safe (his soul?) and finds only a table, a stool, and some chocolate bars, we must feel there is *something* more to learn about the man. It is only at the end of the act, when Rosie Rosen (whom Goldman has expected) takes him prisoner in his office, that we learn Goldman is really Adolf Dorff, a Nazi S.S. colonel. He will be taken to Israel to stand trial for war crimes.

In act two, which is basically the trial, Goldman-Dorff admits openly to all the at-

The Play In The Glass Booth



rocities we remember so well. In the most stirring moment of the play, however, after a long homage to Hitler, he says to the Israelis, "If he had chosen you... you too would have followed." For me, this was the only real moment of dramatic truth the play held. It is a fascinating notion.

Twist number two follows immediately. A woman in the court who knew Dorff exposes Goldman as an imposter. She had seen Dorff die. Goldman is really Goldman, a survivor, a favorite of Dorff's at the concentration camp. Dorff used to talk to him and bring him bars of chocolate. There was a family resemblance. So Goldman is once again Goldman. The name intrigues me. He is a *gold* man (his money). He is gilt plated (his juke box alternates sacred music and Dean Martin). And he is guilt ridden (to complete the elaborate, and perhaps self-indulgent pun).

What is his guilt? He is a Jew who sur-

vived, a favorite, perhaps a cousin of the murderer. He is a man in a glass booth—a soul bared for all to see. What is his absolution? A confession of deeds he never performed. Having a German speak as no German has ever spoken in a witness box. An apology for his own survival. What is his legacy? Palaces (he always calls his buildings palaces and his wife, a queen). He leaves them to Charlie Cohn, his \$400 a week Jew. Charlie Cohn, his "yes man." He is not even a "yes man," for Goldman has taken away his manhood. He is only a "yes." Lawrence Pressman must be a very good actor. His "yes" was gracefully despicable.

Deprived of the guilt he tried to assume, Goldman does to Charlie on a small scale what Dorff did *en masse*. He robbed him of his pride, his manhood, and his identity as a human being. And Charlie, like the Jews in Germany who made out their own

shipping lists, is a willing accomplice to his own eradication.

Robert Shaw's script is sophisticated, tightly written, and often very funny, but never irresistible. Harold Pinter's direction is smart, notwithstanding a self-indulgent opening and some unmistakable "Pinter-pauses."

The settings are excellent. The actors are fine. The direction is strong. I just don't buy the play as a relevant dramatic experience. A man who never existed acting within the framework of a situation which did somehow doesn't add up. We get one momentary insight into the situation but this is an inefficient use of the two hours we spend in getting to know the man.

Mr. Ackerman is a graduate student majoring in speech and theatre at Hunter College.

Tom-Tom and the Bhang Gang

The Pump House Gang, Tom Wolfe. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, Tom Wolfe. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

by LILLY GRENZ

Tom Wolfe keeps a devoted, amused, fanatical eye on American culture. Ultrahip, supereducated — as Kurt Vonnegut puts it, Tom Wolfe "has a Ph.D. in American Studies from Yale and knows everything" — he is a high-brow gossip columnist whose beat is the "stratosphere" of esoteric subcultures. "Typing along like a maniac," he records his anecdotes in the eccentric, flamboyant, explosive idiom that has recently earned him the dubious title "Dr. Pop." Wolfe's perceptions are not profound; but his wit disguises his banality.

In his first book, *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* (1965), he had just discovered Pop Society and reported the symbols and types of the new life style of America in the manic style that inaugurated the pop-aesthetic in the literary world. His recent two publications, *The Pump House Gang* (15 essays on culture) and *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* (about Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters), are still concerned with "new culture makers," but now he is more empathetic and more intrigued with the implications of the new life style.

The new era, Wolfe declares, is *enjoying*. Yes, some serious people are still playing the Calamity Game (war, poverty,

insurrection, alienation) but most people are tired of it. Volts of euphoria are galvanizing our culture into a happiness explosion. If we want to be *serious*, let us discuss the real apocalyptic future and things truly scary: ego extension, the politics of pleasure, the self-realization racket, the pharmacology of Overjoy... Having thus been inaugurated into the pleasure era, I read his books eager to partake of the widespread phenomenon of joy I had somehow failed to observe in our times. After 725 pages I wonder: has Wolfe been putting us on? His proclamation must have been sheer cynicism; Wolfe cannot have misjudged his own writing so profoundly!

The characters in *The Pump House Gang*, as well as Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, are ostensibly examples of "happy winners," in the life games where everybody wins. But Wolfe assumes that winning is tantamount to experiencing pleasure. What his enthusiastic affirmation of pleasure denies is that people often imprison themselves in the rewards of their games. As Babbs, one of the Pranksters, says, "Everybody, everybody everywhere, has his own movie going, his own scenario, and everybody is acting his movie out like mad, only most people don't know that is what they're trapped by, their little script." Wolfe provides us with excellent examples. For surfers ("The Pump House Gang") *The Life* ends at 25 and abstractions like *mysteriose* lend them a sense of false

immunity to age and death. Status seekers ("The Mid-Atlantic Man," "The Hair Boys," "Bob and Spike," and "The Life & Hard Times of a Teenage London Society Girl") are frustrated, pathetic personae who either win by losing or win a shallow victory. (The ego extensions of the celebrities are caricatures: Hugh Hefner, insulated from the world on his 7½ foot circular, rotating bed leading a "damned full life" manipulating the surrounding gadgetry prepared to replay "God knows what" on the \$40,000 videotape console aimed at his bed; Carol Doda whose breasts on the installment plan have dehumanized her — she is *them*: Natalie Wood in the Wildenstein Gallery adulating over the Old Masters, as embarrassingly nouveau riche as her camera-snapping admirers are gauche. Even in Wolfe's intellectually provocative essay on Marshall McLuhan where he entertains the possibility of McLuhan's importance by recalling parallels between McLuhan and Freud, Wolfe cannot resist *ad hominem* jabs at McLuhan as "monomaniac and master.")

There are the minipleasures of the straight world and there is *The Experience*. *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* is Wolfe's metaphor for an attempt to reach that ultimate frontier. ("What do you do with yourself," Wolfe asks in "The Author's Story," "when you have the time, money and freedom to extend your ego in almost any direction?") The Pranksters went out on a scary frontier "beyond catastrophe, and it was strange out there... in Edge City." Acid: superawareness, supersensuality. You can "truly see into people

for the first time... *the experience*... the barrier between the I and not-I disappearing... that feeling!... And, you couldn't put it into words..." Charismatic Kesey, surrounded by admiring followers, armed with Owsley's acid, begins an experiment in extension of group ego. The Chief makes certain everyone knows he is the non-leader (e.g., placing tape over his mouth) so that here is no doubt of the name of the game: Christ and his disciples. Their mission is to dilate consciousness, to expand the edge... FURTHER, as the Day-Glo sign on their bus announces. But apparently one can't live long in Edge City. Either one gets out like Sandy who went back to broadcasting in New York; one goes over the edge like the Beauty Witch who went mad or like Neil Cassady who, some say, died of too much speed along a railroad track in Mexico; or one quietly retreats like Kesey himself to contemplate *The Experience*.

Th Wolfe wrote about a life-style that is already dead and about a man who is probably less than admirable, does not, however, detract from the appeal of this book. One does not read Wolfe for content or authenticity. Dwight Macdonald, who does not like Wolfe's writing, calls Wolfe's style "para-journalism... a bastard form, having it both ways, exploiting the factual authority of journalism and the atmospheric license of fiction. Entertainment rather than information is the aim of its producers, and the hope of its consumers." True. Although, life is not always a pleasure, reading Tom Wolfe, fortunately, is. Miss Grenz is a graduate student at San Francisco State College.

The Sly and Sinister Faces of War

My Silent War by Kim Philby, Grove Press, \$5.95.

by ROBERT SALASIN

My Silent War by Russian Colonel Kim Philby, former head of the Russian Division of The British Secret Information Service and chief liaison man between the British SIS and the American FBI and CIA, is one of those books, which, like their authors, are so damnably interesting precisely because their carefully planned surfaces present nothing at all of note to the reader. Superficially it is a bland little book by a bland little man who just happened to be one of the most effective spies in the world's third oldest profession.

Who is Kim Philby? Let us reconstruct him on the premise that he is, well, some sort of good guy. Take the infant Che Guevara (out of the manger, as it were), make him son of someone who lost himself somewhere in the dream world of T. E. Lawrence and who lives in his deserts as a practising Moslem ("Which is just not done, you know"); raise him in the green and pleasant fields of Eton and Cambridge; give him a political indoctrination in the Cambridge 1930 equivalent of SDS; send him to Spain as a correspondent of *The Times* (covering Franco's side of the war); let him join British SIS at the beginnings of World War II; and let him scramble up through the intelligence services to the top of the bureaucratic heap. Make him a member of the Russian Intelligence Force since 1933.

Who is Kim Philby? He is no James Bond. Former fellow spy Malcolm Muggeridge suggests only that he may have drunk a little too much and lived a little too well for his SIS salary. His dossier lists no Eastern Vices, no eccentricities. Unlike Guy Burgess (another Russian penetration into SIS), Philby was no homosexual. He lacked both the opportunity and the inclination to flirt with voluptuous Miss Pennyworth; but he was happily married not just once, but twice, and was apparently neither outstandingly good nor bad in bed. He did not carry miniature acetylene torches about in the heel of his shoe, nor mutter into his pen cryptic commentary on Channel D. Philby quite rightly characterizes himself as presenting absolutely nothing out of the ordinary: a good man, one of us, of the right school and old, if unusual, family. Precisely for this reason was he so unbelievably successful.

His work seems almost as unexciting. The actual process of spying for the Russians must have been relatively simple once he was ensconced within SIS offices, and, at the end of the War, he was as much a bureaucrat in the Russian Intelligence as in the British. Most of the book is built around a complex series of internecine battles between departments within SIS itself and between the mutually mistrustful SIS, CIA (characterized by its first head as "a bunch of amateur bums.") and the FBI. Rather like Machiavelli's *History of Florence*, the parties and the alliances are endless. Memos fly like grapeshot, paperclips zing through the air, department heads and appropriations topple and fall into the dustbin of history. The emphasis is not unusual; when he wanted a list of all British operatives in the Soviet Union (or anywhere else for that matter), he took out the file and looked. No blasting one's way through all those funny looking guns; the guns are all American, Philby is a bureaucrat, and he has a pass.

If for no other reason, the book justifies itself for its professional commentary on the FBI and its holy of holies, J. Edgar Hoover.

If there was ever a bubble reputation, it is his . . . (The F.B.I.'s record of accomplishment) is more conspicuous for failure than success. . . Hoover is a great politician. His blanket methods and ruthless authoritarianism are the wrong weapons for the subtle world of intelligence. But they have their uses. There are few people in the world without skeletons in their

cupboards which they would prefer to remain decently forgotten. . . The mere existence of the huge FBI filing system has deterred many from attacking Hoover's totalitarian empire.

Philby has a peculiarly cold sense of humor. After helping in a plan to drop Albanian emigre partisans behind the Iron Curtain to return Albania to the West, (contemplate the dropping of partisan emigres into Iowa to return it to the East and you will fully appreciate the humor of the situation), he writes, "The moral would seem to be it is better to cut one's losses than to give hostages to fate." Let us pause for this contagious mirth to subside, and continue.

The book is a masterpiece of hiding one's personality; almost an autobiography without a subject. Philby seems to have done no worse with his associates. Malcolm Muggeridge could only conclude: "With a father who adopted Mohammedanism, why shouldn't the son be a Communist?" Another fellow agent, Graham Greene (dig that now) couldn't seem to think of any reasons for Philby's extracurricular activity at all. Greene thought he was a pretty nice guy, all things considered.

It is easy enough for the reviewer to develop a profound dislike of this, for lack of a better word, traitor. One has to remind oneself that even if his body temperature is something under 10 degrees Centigrade, he, like Guevara to press the point, was risking his life for, ahem, the Cause, ahem, of protecting the International's home and birthplace, the, ahem, Glorious Soviet Union. The actions speak for them.

Continued on Page 8

The New Face of War, Malcolm W. Brown, Bobbs-Merrill, 1968 (rev. ed.) \$6.50

by HAROLD HENDERSON

Books about Vietnam and the war these days seem to fall into three categories: the academic or semi-academic works of large-scale analysis, such as Kahin and Lewis' *The United States in Vietnam*; the straightforward eyeball reporting magnificently mastered by Jonathan Schell (*The Village of Bea Sue*); and a third type of which Malcolm Browne's *The New Face of War* is a good example: the "reporter's book", combining (in more or less confused fashion) major theses, large-scale political and social analysis, and brutally pertinent first-hand anecdotes. The total effect is often unfortunate — a rather diluted Schell interspersed with a less than scholarly Kahin — especially when put forth in staccato paragraphs and non-descript AP prose (the author spent five years in Vietnam, roughly 1962-67, as an Associated Press correspondent). Generalities for Browne don't often grow naturally out of particulars—they turn up, odd and hard to manage, in the midst of a chapter or at the book's end. His chapter-organization seems largely arbitrary, and coherent discussion of one point is likely to be interrupted by another point or an anecdote, and taken up later.

But his basic thesis is fairly straightforward, and does succeed in penetrating the disorganization: for various reasons, "our side" is basically incompetent in this war. This same point keeps recurring—in discussions of both sides' destructive "gadgets", the air war, terrorism, ambushes, propaganda, conviction and fighting spirit, "national character", social stratification, etc. In virtually every aspect the Americans and South Vietnamese turn out to be maladapted to the situation in such a way as to make it all but impossible for them to win. Viet Cong weapons and traps are ingeniously contrived from materials at hand, and stolen weapons are maintained with the care born of scarcity: while American gadgets, designed in the States, are adapted to Vietnamese conditions only with considerable embarrassment and difficulty if at all, and a lost or damaged weapon can be replaced without much fuss. Viet Cong propaganda is carried on in close and constant contact be-

tween an "agitprop" team and a village; Americans and South Vietnamese tend to rely on mass leafleting, movies, or other mechanically simple forms of communication with minimal effort and minimal effect at the personal level. Such comparisons could go on for pages; in more or less disjointed form, they are the stuff of Browne's book.

As a reporter, Browne is not one to raise more fundamental questions, historical questions, moral questions. Given his wealth of concrete knowledge, this is unfortunate; but within the limits of the technical question, "Why aren't we winning?" he makes his point fairly well. In particular, he is not one to be taken in or kept silent by the official public-relations nonsense so common in American dealings with the war.

And on occasion, Browne comes up with really striking instances of eyeball-reporting: the practice of Viet Cong men and women "of going into battle with a piece of cable or wire knotted around one leg" to make it "easier for one's comrades to haul off the corpse, if one is killed"; the narrative of the Viet Cong agitprop team



winning over a hamlet; the former political Buddhist prisoners who as a result of government torture under Diem are now highly disturbed mental patients: "Major General Nguyen Khanh, one of the military permiers who followed the Diem regime, visited these patients more than one year later. They screamed and went berserk. Khanh was told by embarrassed hospital attendants that the patients always reacted that way at the sight of a military uniform."

But even a fairly good "reporter's book" is terribly cumbersome: it's very hard to be selective, hard to keep all the details, analyses, anecdotes from disintegrating into a passive series of passing grotesquerie — unrelated atrocities, the more obscene for having neither past nor future, like the severed head that graces the book's cover. Mercifully, the book is indexed; but even so, I find it difficult to recommend in good conscience to busy students — who, if they can be convinced to read anything at all outside of class, are more likely to enjoy and benefit from either of the other two genres mentioned above.

But for their parents? On the other hand, the book has a certain merit for the non-academic mass of over-30 "straight people", those who retain at least a latent inclination to "stand up for America." It is both concrete (Schell) and far-ranging (Kahin), which qualities make it easy to read, if hard to grasp as a whole. Browne's restraint in phrasing points that would infuriate many other writers (Viet Cong superiority, US-ARVN atrocities the air war) may insinuate him into living rooms and minds not otherwise reachable: "To hear only that moaning sound (of complex electrical gear in a jet cockpit), like the sighing of wind around the corner of a house, when bomb blasts are erupting and huts disintegrating just below, or when napalm splashes so close below as to scorch the plane's paint, is a phenomenon pilots call 'cockpit isolation.' Outside there is the din and horror of jet-age war; inside there is the calm and quiet of a computer room. The pilots are glad to be spared the sounds they create. I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be better for some Air Force officers to be better acquainted with the ugly cacophony of warfare."

In many ways, Browne's book is pecu-

liarly and awfully American — in its virtues and vices, its disjointed topicality, its neglect of larger, non-technical questions over and above "Who's winning and why?" But these very limitations may make him the ideal entering wedge of dissent into the great American mind—which, like him, is inclined to question the war only because we are losing, and not because we intervened in the first place. If books like his disturb enough people, they may create the groundwork for more fundamental and searching critiques.

And yet Browne deviates from this good-American pattern in one very striking way — his last page reveals a startlingly forthright conclusion: "I no longer feel that America is capable of mastering this kind of war, at least in our country's present state of mind. . . the word 'isolationism' has a peculiarly attractive ring." One need hardly stress the novelty of such a "defeatist" admission by an American; whether that novelty will become policy is yet to be seen. But one might, in any case, wish that this country's future executors of policy were as dependably decent in limited ways as Mr. Browne. Mr. Henderson is a student at Carleton College. —

The Silent Weapons: The Realities of Chemical Warfare, Robin Clarke, David McKay Co., \$4.95.

by RON HAMMERLE

Shortly before Hubert Humphrey got his first whiff of rising tear gas this summer, two back page stories appeared in major newspapers relating incidents surrounding the long controversial subject of chemical and biological warfare. One reported the success of pressures by a group of Washington scientists and teachers in having the government remove an estimated stockpile of 100 billion lethal doses of nerve gas from the Rocky Mountain Arsenal, near population centers in the Denver area. The other cited U.S. and U.S.S.R. opposition to a British move in Geneva to ban production and use of bacteriological weapons. (Since 1925, the U.S. has refused to ratify the Geneva Protocol banning international use of asphyxiating, poisonous or other gases and bacteriological methods of warfare.)

The minor publicity surrounding the two stories is but the peak of a major scientific, political and ethical debate that has been going on for years, particularly in the scientific community. With student anti-war leaders uncovering widespread chemical and biological (CB) war research in the universities and increased alarm over U.S. CB warfare policies in Vietnam, it was inevitable that some books should follow to bring the public up to date on the story.

One of several recent efforts in the field is *The Silent Weapons*, by British Science Journal editor Robin Clarke.

Yet ethical and moral issues form his most prominent theme. Of particular interest for the immediate reader is the current battle in the scientific market place. The Deputy Director of an agency engaged in CB warfare research is quoted discussing an earlier dilemma in recruiting scientific talent for his program of public health in reverse.

Biologists who used to find it difficult to get a \$5000 grant are now being showered with funds as a result of the \$1 billion National Institutes of Health programs and NASA's space biology program. We are competing for the same people who are working, for example, on cancer research.

After several decades of relatively little development, a CB weapons revolution took place in the late '50s. With details of this and Vietnam experiments, scientific organizations began to escalate their political and ethical concerns. Many such efforts Clarke relates, while making it clear however, that the scientific community is "split down the middle" on the issues, with "one half vigorously defending chemical and biological weapons and the other half attacking them with more fervor than has perhaps ever been applied by scientists to any political or military problem."

Mr. Hammerle is a graduate student at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

by WENDY RICKERT

Penguin Books give one few clues as to what to expect from its eleventh selection of three modern poets. A statement on the outside of the paperback assures us that the volume contains "representative" work of each poet. But no preface introduces us to their lives or literary histories. Penguin Modern Poets presents the poetry of D. M. Black, Peter Redgrove, and D. M. Thomas, and quite fairly, as it stands.

Black conjures up hosts of dwarves. Redgrove dwells on ghosts. And Thomas permits space travelers, aliens, and androids to dominate his poems' land- and spacescapes.

D. M. Black begins his selection with poems concerning various "judges," identified for us by their colors. These and the dwarves which recur throughout his poems indicate Black's way of molding his presence in an environment through the power of his imagination. How this works for him is demonstrated in these lines from "Leith Docks":

Here I
walked carefully, some feet from
the edge, looking
up into the lofty cranes. And
froze at the familiar voice of the
blue
judge saluting me. We
set for a
jaunty
fling, cum-parum-parumparapum,
and other
judges joined, the
red the green the
violet the
orange, and we
danced formally there in the
varying dark. Solemn
lines and grave evolutions.
Dawn di-
luted the subtle dark, faded
my glowing judges. Set me walking
palely under the tall cranes.

Black's generation of vibrant parts of self in these judges is reminiscent of Wallace Stevens' use of creative energy as displayed in the final lines of Black's "A Rabbit as King of the Ghosts":

You sit with your head like a carv-
ing in space
And the little green cat is a bug in
the grass.

Black's forging of self is however not as relaxed and quick to take direction as is Stevens'. At times it takes on the nature of a difficult quest, as in his fourteen page "Without Equipment." In fact, he shows himself to be quite jostled about in these lines of Part I:

For those of my compilation it
sometimes seems that nature
will take a quite casual flippancy
and then
terribly clip it out: will set me
astride a woolly collie for example,
among the giggling nursery and he
bounds and I am astride a
toy plane rushing to an
impossible take-off over a vast
drop — falling for
miles over a well-
watered landscape.

One proceeds with Black into a bewildering world of mechanical plants and the dwarves who must tend them. This surrealistic combination of factory and fairytale atmospheres is amazingly effective — it insinuates both threat and curse.

But when in Part II Black is transported to a medieval setting all good things seem possible once again. Here the dwarves are "dwarfs" and we can respect them as they are gathered in a bed of nasturtium for a poetry reading. It is difficult to follow Black's version of the dwarfian tongue, but clearly the dwarf's poem "My Lov and I" is also of a quest:

O eggoes
o-oes oze
oze in vat sprilliand dinscape. You
were
there, brezzence not to be zeen
against vivid
rock-walls, zhadow not
visible vlung glowing
zhools — tong — ganyong — O
Grilde mush I vahlo!

But however gride he does vahlo, he never quite happens upon his lov in a concrete sense and explains to the confused human visitor:

I could de-
scribe how although she was not
here or
there she
was — O — e-
nough, in the
layered manifold.

We can watch Black as he learns from the dwarfs, experiences, and emerges triumphantly in the end with equipment: five juggling balls. And we know that D. M. Black has just shown us what a vital talent juggling can be to the human imagination today.

Let us now face the imagination of D. M. Thomas, as we must sooner or later in this review. Thomas bombards the reader with confusing expressions such as quite "the Vardian Commonwealth," "Lemnos omikron colony," and "Mnesmosyne Tapes." The sounds of these space terms and the strange situations produced by life on other planets seem to be the sole bases for many of Thomas' poems.

At his best Thomas strives to set



off the human reaction within the scenes he creates such as in these lines from "Elegy for an Android":

Bion and Theocritus
seeing your straight limbs,
classic grace of feature and gold
dazzling curls would have
unhitched their pipes but
chancing to see the
tiny emblem "made in
U.S.A." in the whorl of your
navel would have
shuddered and walked
on. Yet I loved you,
Vanessa, passing the love of
women.

Peter Redgrove's ghosts must be taken very differently from Black's dwarves or Thomas' space creatures, because they are characteristic of the evanescence of life which the poet realizes and strains against in his work. Redgrove does this most successfully in "The Widower." The widower flounders time and again in insubstantiality, as in these lines:

All lies, and here the lies come
again,
The dead, and the inventions of the
dead...
The spreading, the too-great ma-
jority,
Whose heads hang from memories
and nausea,
Who stroll about vomiting, shaking
and gaping with it,
Who goggle in terror of their condi-
tion, who retire at dawn
To almost inaudible thin quarrels
up and down the graveyard
strata
Who lurk with invisible thin whines
like gnats in daytime
But who billow through the deep
lanes at dusk
Like a mist of bleached portraits,
who do not exist,
Who walk like a shivering laundry
of shifted humanity
And who stink...

But Redgrove pulls the widower to the surface through a Creeley-like testing out of the parts of the mind as evidenced by

Strange, Simpering Voices of Culture

these lines:

Now somebody m... but think-
ing of death got them this way
That's what you're saying, in these
environs,
These parts of the mind, any mind,
these fancies,
Thinking of horrors created them
horrors.
Love frightens them, so let's fright-
en them.
It frightens me. You are a shapely
white.
Oh, I droop with admiration. No,
no, I spring!
And finally:
Two is a round reality. Dead is a
nonsense.
But a real one. And one of us is
dead.

The strength of Peter Redgrove and the power of D. M. Black are well worth this Penguin Modern Poets 11. Their poetry is vital, honest, and, with the aid of dwarfs and ghosts, very definitely real. Miss Rickert is a second year student in the college of the University of Chicago and is majoring in English.

The Exaggerations of Peter Prince, The Novel by Steve Katz, Holt, Rinehart, & Winston, \$6.95.

by JEHOSSA PROSTHESIS

How can a novelist tell us much about his art when: a) his "message" or point is at best diffuse and b), the machine of his novel is a gimmicky "Let's let the reader in on the construction, man"? Author Katz tries to expose the stages of story elaboration very explicitly and to coax the audience into reading from an authorial viewpoint. Perhaps he thinks this will be exciting or that it will bring the reader into closer proximity with the springs of creation, or "the dying ember" of the writer's mind. Katz is erratically amusing and tragically evocative, but his self-conscious method is not unique and it does not, to my thinking, eliminate irritating artifice.

Although the novel resembles a patchwork quilt more than an art work which shows unity or at least consistent vibrancy, Katz nevertheless writes very well much of the time. His bald humor is gusty when he covers a page of his novel with the coming and going of a destroyer at high sea in consecutive photographs, stamped with "NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY FROM THE READING ROOM"; or when he maintains the noise of a fan in the room where the protagonist is reading a story by covering the left margin or the text itself with z's. And he finely narrates mysteries that can't be resolved and, less finely, periods of boredom and waiting.

His novel consists of many dips and half starts into the life and travels of the protagonist Peter Prince, who is commented on by himself, the author, and two minor characters, Philip Farrel and Linda Lawrence. Peter Prince plods, mostly mentally, through successive unsatisfying love affairs, pointed social situations, and periods of self-examination. Narrative order and continuity mean nothing to the author, though they did to his self-consciously commenting and digressing precursors. This wouldn't matter if Katz had a mature writer's will or ideological command. Unfortunately, Katz is too often cute, impatient, and unwilling to go beyond a hackneyed do-nothing nihilism that only rises from its lethargy well into the text, and soon sags again as Katz's triumphant statement that he has finished his book takes control: his last sentence is, "I am the author of Peter Prince."

The one thing noteworthy about Katz's gyrations is his talented penchant for narrating two or three stories in separate columns on the same page. (The largest section of such writing in this novel was published in Chicago Review, Vol. 18, No. 5 and 6.) In these passages Katz's prose tends to contract or expand from its cus-

tomarily well-bodied rhythm, though the stories sometimes gain in speed, suspense, and multiplicity of meaning. This form gives plenty of freedom to the reader (it must be said that Katz is usually gracious) without descending into an equivalent of the frequent inanities of John Cage.

Even the shape of the book is unusual and the dust jacket features the same face on both front and back (minus, incidentally, a photograph of the author). The price, however, is too high for such a stew, even though the author is a competent prose poet who curls his language into sentences or smashes it into units that should please those who care about language and displease the academic watchdogs who police our morphology and syntax. So wait for the paperback, pay 95 cents, and take a look.

Mr. Prosthesis is a fourth-year student in Petroleum Arts at the University of Tulsa.

Electric Mud

Cadet Concept 314S
(Chess Recording Corporation), \$4.95.

by ANDY POLON

Have you ever had that awful sinking feeling when one of your idols has sold out? Well, Muddy Waters, one of the all-time blues greats, has finally done it folks. He's recorded an album so incredibly commercial that it should have been titled "Electric Shit." This album, complete with a giant centerfold of Muddy posing as Guru and an eight page photo booklet of Muddy at his hairdresser's has him saddled with a combination soul and psychedelic band, and together they grind out eight awful tunes, mostly "up-to-date" versions of some of Muddy's classic blues from the 1950's.

The band has a competent soul rhythm section, a piano and organ, all of which are used on every track. But with them is a psychedelic lead guitar which plays almost non-stop from the start of side one to the end of side two. Sort of like the Iron Butterfly Sound replacing Muddy's beautiful bottleneck guitar playing (which is absent on this album).

The arrangements of the tunes consist principally of snatches stolen from soul and rock hits. For example, the opening of "Hootchie Kootchie Man" on this album is copied from Hendrix's "Foxy Lady" intro. Another track, "Harper's Free Press," is sort of a cross between Sonny and Cher's "The Beat Goes On" (sample lyric: "The Hippies sing a flower song/ while draft card burning is going on") and the Vandellas' "Nowhere to Run." Occasionally, horns are used, as the soprano sax in "She's All Right." The horn vamp here is Oriental styled—you know, that acid rock sound. A flute is added on this tune, but at the end of the cut the flute and bass suddenly stop and go into the Temptations' "My Girl" vamp. This is the way the arrangements are thought out.

The guitar player is unbelievably tasteless throughout. He wah-wahs through "Hootchie Kootchie Man," and on "Same Thing," the album's only blues track, he goes on endlessly. The only tune that makes it is Muddy's attempt at "Let's Spend the Night Together." The band lays down a heavy vamp reminiscent of the beat from "Sunshine of Your Love," and, with Muddy's fine singing, this soul version of the Rolling Stones' tune almost works. But since Muddy's voice, the organ, and the guitar are all heavily echoed on this track (as on all the others), the overall sound really is electric mud.

Charles Stepney is the man to blame for the arrangements since the other musicians are not listed. If you want to hear some great blues, buy Chess' Best of Muddy Waters or Muddy Waters at Newport. But skip this new album. The only type of acid this psychedelic blunder will remind you of is the kind that causes indigestion.

Mr. Polon is a fourth year student in Electropaleontology at the University of Chicago.

GROVES OF APATHIA

The Addison Tradition, John Morressy, Doubleday, \$4.95.

by DEB BURNHAM

The small college is dying, they say. Financial problems make up the reasons most often recited by the experts, but to judge from John Morressy's account, the small school has already buried its soul and can do nothing but keep the body acceptable. There is some subtle horror in the novel's picture of a second-rate, stiflingly conservative school—rather like a corpse with a pleasant smile, heavy makeup, and vacant eyes.

Both the strengths and the weaknesses of Morressy's account of a student protest lie in his habit of overstatement. Had he been able to fabricate a more credible plot, his message would be much more convincing. It is hard to believe that any Dean of Students, outside of fundamentalist church schools, would get away with ordering a bearded student to shave, then expelling the student editor who wrote a mild satire on the incident. The general reader will probably take the entire book as overstatement. This is unfortunate, because Morressy's exaggeration is far less heavy-handed when he draws a picture of the sort of campus where the administration dispenses the rights of speech and thought, and student government leaders support this sort of action by issuing a "mandate for prudence."

Addison College, the scene of this display of administrative paranoia, is committed to preserving its insulation by "avoiding anything that really counts." The students, full of "a kind of bovine tranquility" do not really want much of anything, least of all an education. The faculty's most clearly articulated desires are designed to make them more secure in their narrow and nervous professionalism. Both students and faculty are committed to the mystique of "going through the proper channels." The disturbing thing about this mystique is not so much the rather lazy dedication to propriety, or even the incredible fear that it masks, but the appalling ignorance of just whom this propriety serves. It expresses a smooth politeness born not of genuine courtesy and respect, but of bureaucratic convenience. The Addison faculty

avoided the chance to take a stand on the question of an unfair expulsion, explaining that even so obvious an injustice was not a "central issue." (One thinks immediately of college faculties who have hesitated to take a stand on the draft because such a political issue was not of immediate concern.)

Into this atmosphere of insulation comes Matthew Grennan, English instructor, determined to stick to his research and publishing rather than become entangled in student activities and faculty politics. He is dragged reluctantly into the latter and finds himself unable to avoid sympathetic involvement with student problems.

Stylistically the novel is full of sometimes appealing, sometimes irritating cleverness, as if the author himself once wrote for a college humor rag and never quite lost the touch. His cleverness is most effective when he is dispensing the wisdom of his own experience:

Grennan had learned slowly and reluctantly and at the price of excruciating disillusionment, that literature did not make bad things good . . .

It simply provided a wealth of background material for articulating his impotent outrage at life.

There is an odd but not disturbing gap between the full and sympathetic portrayal of Matt Grennan and the cardboard parodies of the students, teachers, and administrators. Part of the gap is filled when Grennan's increasing sympathy for his colleague's problems (if not for their tactics) allows him to at least sympathize with their willingness to settle for the good-enough. Thus he senses their plight—they are so emmeshed in their own attitudes that they have fallen into "a kind of moral somnambulism in which one knows all the proper terms but somehow cannot stir." Grennan is honest enough to express his indignation at their failure to act but will avoid betraying himself by doing what he must as a teacher and as a man.

The book itself is only mildly important. Those on the inside will appreciate the truth in essence, if not in detail, in Morressy's portraits of a philistine and provincial Board of Trustees, a pompous and unimaginative administration, and an opportunistic faculty. Most accurate and depressing of all is the sketch of the Addi-

son student body: three thousand well-dressed, satisfied reflections of the trustees, deans and professors who control their lives. Peering angrily from the homogeneous mass of Addison products is a tiny handful of malcontents and (comparative) activists. Grennan sides with them on the censorship issue but soon discovers that even their concern and involvement are limited to issues that affect them directly. As he senses this essential pettiness, his own protective selfishness begins to fall away. The emergence of the real, whole Matt Grennan is complete when he discovers that his colleagues, for all their talk of academic freedom, are too naive and too selfish to avoid being trapped by the very powers that they pretend to disdain.

Morressy does a good job of setting forth the subtle and indispensable lessons of his experiences in academic politics. Like Grennan he is dedicated first of all to the finest and most human education possible: "Why the hell can't teachers teach the important things?" Related to this is a realistic but passionate plea that teachers open their eyes and apprehend the realities and responsibilities of academic life with their minds and their guts.

Grennan, after a good many struggles of his own, finally emerges as a man of real integrity. He is a good teacher, but what singles him out is the personal power derived from his union of moral and ethical awareness—usually expressed tongue-in-cheek—and his sense of political realities. He stays at Addison because he feels he must yet realize that there will come a time when he will have to leave to keep his integrity. If one graduates—or rather emerges—from the collective womb of the Addison Colleges of America with anything resembling the values and priorities that Grennan represents, it is in spite of and not because of the powers that shape the education offered. The Grennans make the scene less bleak, and we need more like him. One hates to see them get screwed, but by living the sort of life that makes administrators want to screw them, they may help save American education.

Miss Burnham is a third year student in English and history at the College of Wooster.

THE SOFT-BOILED DICK

The Instant Enemy, Ross Macdonald, Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.95.

by TERENCE C. WOLFE

In 1944 Raymond Chandler wrote an essay that has become the classic statement on the "hard-boiled detective" story. Called "The Simple Art of Murder," it described the process by which Dashiell Hammett "Took murder out of the venetian vase and dropped it into the alley." This insistence on realism linked with an ability and desire to describe the society in which these writers lived (Chandler again: "a world in which gangsters can rule a nation and almost rule a city") is a large part of the reason that Hammett and Chandler rose so far above the genre in which they wrote. Finally, of course, the reason that they are two of the major American writers of fiction lies in their extraordinary ability. Hammett wrote the best dialogue in American fiction and Chandler some of the best prose.

Together they inspired a tradition that has resulted in quite a few uninspired imitations, a few talented second-rate works, and one writer who has been able to transform their genre into something relevant to his own time. His name is Ross Macdonald.

Macdonald's first work *The Three Roads* is an extremely successful attempt at a "psychological thriller." It is the story of Bret Taylor, a returned naval officer who is suffering from a severe mental lapse and the attempts of his woman to save him if not his memory. The book is the basis for half of what became a dual pre-occupation for the rest of Macdonald's work. In *The Three Roads* we find a fas-

ination with the effects of the past and an involvement with the middle class that became important in Los Angeles after the Second World War.

Macdonald's second novel *The Blue City* (1949) was a paean to Chandler and quite unlike the first. It involves a fairly obnoxious hero coming into a tepid city and somehow trying to evolve a workable position for himself within its boundaries. If the novel is not a complete success it is because it seems a bit overdone and because Macdonald's hero in this case is not really the man for the job. Nevertheless, he is the beginning of the Macdonald hero, a man who comes closer to fulfilling Chandler's vision of a modern knight in tarnished armour than did Phillip Marlowe himself.

The most recent work in the Macdonald canon, *The Instant Enemy*, is surely among the most successful fusions of the two strains and stands alongside *The Zebra Striped Hearse* and *The Chill* as a book so completely realized that it must be considered a masterpiece.

The hero of *The Invisible Enemy* is Lew Archer named after the partner of Hammett's Sam Spade killed at the start of *The Maltese Falcon*, a private detective who operates alone in Los Angeles and who once had been a cop. Archer is much like many of the characters in the book: he is alone; he is part of the post-war middle class (albeit at the bottom) and while he is able to see the precariousness of his clients' lives we cannot believe his is any less so; he is desperately in search of a moral order and a place in a society he mistrusts and which mistrusts him.

This duality is one of Macdonald's strongest assets. Archer is cast in the

role of both observer and participator; he is at once a critic and an actor. He is a cop who takes cases because (usually) he likes one of the people.—It need not be his client; in the *Instant Enemy* it is the boy he is hunting, but it is this emotional involvement with people that is Archer's motivation, his answer to Hammett's Op's blind professionalism and Marlowe's sheer manipulateness.

The action of *The Instant Enemy* is precipitated by Archer's search for Sandy Sebastian, a 17-year old runaway girl. Archer does not really understand kids (as I believe is also true with Macdonald) but he recognizes his prejudice and, seeing things this way, we are presented with another of the unresolved conflicts that are the center of this work. Nearly all the characters here are searching for some sort of order, for a means that will permit them to live at ease with each other and with the world. Good and bad are not easily defined here; the worst single action is performed by the man who seems most good and is done for apparently the best of motives. Archer is a hero because above all others he has recognized his position and conflict and thus has the greatest ability to survive. We do not believe that Archer believes that his search shall be fulfilled. But as he does believe that his search has an end and is thus not existential, so does he believe, in a very unsentimental manner, that perhaps one of these kids he keeps encountering, whose lives and souls he attempts to help remain intact, may be able to complete what he has started.

Mr. Wolfe is a third year student at Berkeley.

Minor Poets

Continued from Page 1

seemed to negate the hope of a radical change that would align society with the poets' ideals. Despairing, the poets escaped into imaginative worlds. Rossetti finds only self and woodspurge in a profoundly personal sorrow. William Morris, despite his socialism, mourns the loss of a golden age of virtue and craftsmanship. Death and the passing of time overwhelmed the poet's consciousness and seemed to remove all reason for living, all value from life.

Auden chose from the vastness of nineteenth century verse much that is interesting, both for its content and for its metrical schemes. The "Romantics" won from the eighteenth century a new poetic freedom, and their heirs were not careless to experiment lavishly within the new range of verse forms now accepted for serious verse. The nineteenth century poets, too, display great prosodic virtuosity. This may well be attributed to their classical educations, which demanded of them much time spent in translation or in composing verses in Latin or Greek. The result of these two factors, new verse freedom and a training in translation, is a poetry of fine metrical quality: rarely does it stumble, limp, or turn into prose, as does much of contemporary verse. But diction is mostly clumsy. Until the works at the end of the century, I am rarely struck by the clearness of meaning, the sharpness of imagery. Precision fades with carelessness into generalizations or theatrics, words seem to be chosen only on a criterion of rhyme or rhythm.

The metrical schemes show skill, but the language does not resound in the imagination with an accuracy of image. Thomas Hood, for example, made a "Nocturnal Sketch," but when we read—

Anon Night comes with her wings,
brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue,
Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright
white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl,
howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-
Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs,
robs fobs.

—it's not Night, but the final three words in a line that occupy the consciousness.

Poets like Palmer and Hood sometimes showed more interest in prosodic experimentation and virtuosity than in imaginative precision. Lewis Carroll for one, felt that this interest, and the elitism engendered by it, was endangering Poetry: in "Poeta Fit, Non Nascitur" he took some solid jobs at his poetic colleagues:

"For first you write a sentence,
And then you chop it small;
Then mix the bits, and sort them
out
Just as they chance to fall.
The order of the phrases makes
No difference at all.

* * *
"Next when you are describing
A shape, or sound, or tint;
Don't state the matter plainly,
But put it in a hint:
And learn to look at all things
With a sort of mental squint."

"For instance, if I wished sir,
Of mutton-pies to tell,
Should I say 'dreams of fleecy
flocks
Pent in a wheaten cell?'"
"Why yes," the old man said,
"that phrase
Would answer very well."

A reaction did set in. Diction, imagery, and symbol did become important in England. And with this reaction we headed into the twentieth century with an emphasis on the perfect word, the compelling image, and a confusion of iamb and trochee.

Miss Keister is a fourth-year student in English at Bryn Mawr College.

Poor Mao, It's Always Now

Death of the Dollar, William F. Rickenbacker, Arlington House, \$4.95.
by LAWRENCE MARSH

Death of the Dollar could have been a good book if Mr. Rickenbacker had not been burdened with two limitations. First of all, he is not an economist. Secondly, Mr. Rickenbacker is a doctrinaire conservative determined to find a bureaucratic bugaboo behind every economic problem confronting the nation. In this case, he has cornered the wrong party, the U. S. monetary authorities, and allowed the real villain, U. S. foreign policy, to escape.

Mr. Rickenbacker contends that our chronic balance of payments deficit is a result of runaway spending, monetary mismanagement, and a policy of "inflation-for-inflation's sake" by the U. S. government. Worse yet, he views the so-called debauching of the currency and the restrictions on private gold holdings as the spearhead for totalitarianism. Although I sympathize with his concern for individual liberty, such feelings cannot take the place of rigorous economic analysis.

Lacking concrete analysis, Mr. Rickenbacker relies on quotes. Quotes, quotes,

and more quotes, one of which runs for six pages. He does deserve credit, however, for his perspicuous review of the institutional framework of the Federal Reserve System, the International Monetary Fund, and the Foreign Exchange Market.

The basic fallacy in Mr. Rickenbacker's reasoning comes to light in his chapter on the International Monetary Fund. He cannot understand, he declares, why after twenty years of deficits, no one even suggests that the United States might have a "fundamental disequilibrium" in its balance of trade. It is here that Mr. Rickenbacker fails to distinguish between balance of payments and balance of trade.

The balance of payments includes all items which give rise to current monetary claims between the United States and the rest of the world. The balance of trade is limited to commodity movements and is essentially commodity exports minus commodity imports.

Thus, although the United States has experienced twenty years of deficits in its balance of payments, it has had at the same time an almost continuous surplus in its balance of trade. In other words, the United States is not pricing itself out

of world markets with inflationary policies as Mr. Rickenbacker contends, and it is not in any sort of "disequilibrium."

The real problem which Mr. Rickenbacker does his best to ignore has been a result of essentially two factors. The first is a severe capital shortage in Western Europe after the war coupled with the continued underdevelopment of European capital markets relative to those of the United States. The second is U. S. foreign policy from the Marshall Plan to Vietnam that year after year has drained the United States of billions and billions of



dollars.

Regardless of what might be said for the U. S. foreign policy from a military, political, or sociological point of view, from an economic point of view it has been disastrous. But Mr. Rickenbacker brushes aside any such thoughts with the comment, "... a country should be able to afford the kind of military structure

the worship of the book, *The Quotations of Chairman Mao*, is not as strange as it first appears to most Westerners. There is historical precedent in the worship of the writings of Confucius. Mao simply utilized a deeply entrenched cultural pattern to his own ends in a contemporary situation.

It is the over-zealous worship of that book, oddly enough, which has produced one of the major failures of the Cultural Revolution, according to Dr. Lifton. The totality of its worship led to the official line that the road to moral and technological success was the diligent study of the thought of Mao, a doctrine defined in the book as "psychism," the attempt to achieve control over one's external environment through internal, "psychological manipulations." With the national goal of industrial advancement and the simultaneous emphasis on the study of Mao as a means to such advancement, a certain enthusiasm was achieved, but one which could not replace technological training. What resulted was a spree of frenzied and erratic production of a variety of commodities, mostly crude "pig" iron, with no standards of quality and no regularity of production. Many factories closed, and economic chaos resulted.

R. J. Lifton's two previous books are very closely related to the present one: *Thought Reform and the Psychology of Totalism: A Study of "Brainwashing" in China*, and *Death in Life*, a much longer book than *Revolutionary Immortality* in which many of the concepts in the new book are introduced. He is "widely acknowledged as an authority on contemporary psychological patterns in East Asia," according to the book jacket, and I have no reason to doubt it. For the strictly amateur China-watcher, such as myself, the book may prove difficult occasionally from unexplained references to certain periods in China's history, and more than once its clarity is impaired by laborious psychological coinages. But otherwise the book is quite intriguing. It gave me a real feeling of what was happening behind the rather awesome and fear-invoking official newsreels and releases. The author's comments on the social and political ramifications of China's newly acquired nuclear capabilities are particularly interesting, and he has made some somewhat comforting, albeit exceedingly cautious, predictions concerning the type of policy shift foreseeable in the aftermath of the turbulence.

Mr. Butler is a first-year student in philosophy in the college of the University of Chicago.

its military officers recommend." (The italics are Mr. Rickenbacker's.)

What seems most incredible in *Death of the Dollar* is Mr. Rickenbacker's almost fanatical fascination with gold. He spends an entire irrelevant chapter on its beauty, lustre, history, and physical properties. Did you know, for example, that "The gold content of the average meteorite is about 700 times higher than the gold content of the earth's surface"?

Finally Mr. Rickenbacker settles down to his own area of expertise—investment survival. Besides being a senior editor of *National Review*, Mr. Rickenbacker is a Wall Street research analyst, and an independent investment advisor. Thus when he suggests investing in Quaker Oats and African gold mines, I'm sure he must know what he is talking about.

After his elaborate instructions on hoarding, from rare books and violins to convertible securities and gold stocks, Mr. Rickenbacker has the nerve to say, "Saving silver coins or buying a foreign gold mining stock does not amount to 'betting against the Government' or engaging in similar unpatriotic gestures." All I can say is that that is exactly what it does amount to. Nevertheless, Mr. Rickenbacker assures us that he and his elite will be perfectly willing to take over and rebuild the country after its inevitable downfall.

Mr. Marsh is a graduate student in Economics at Michigan State University.

Gold No, Quaker Oats Si

Revolutionary Immortality, Robert Jay Lifton, Random House, \$4.95, simultaneous Vintage, \$1.95.

by MILTON C. BUTLER

Everyone who has been puzzled, repulsed frightened, excited, or generally fascinated by the weird socio-political turmoil within Red China known as the Cultural Revolution should read this book. Of the myriad of explanations of this unique phenomenon proposed by various Western China-watchers, the most frequent have been vague statements that there was some sort of power struggle in progress and that the general chaos was a manifestation of it, or similarly vague contentions that Mao Tse-tung was seriously ill or dead. Though both positions may have merit, after reading Dr. Lifton's book both seem pitifully inadequate by themselves. In *Revolutionary Immortality* he adopts a "psycho-historical" viewpoint, that is, one through which he relates China's tumultuous history to certain human psychological needs evidenced by Mao and many other Chinese throughout this upheaval, and the result of his approach is the most intelligent and reasonable appraisal of the situation that I've read.

With physical death inevitable, all people feel the need for a sense of the historical continuity of their lives, a link between their own existence and those events which have occurred before them and will occur after their deaths, or as Lifton terms it, a sense of "symbolic immortality." Mao Tse-tung will soon be seventy-five years old. In an interview with Edgar Snow, an American, in January of 1965, he reportedly said that he was "getting ready to see God very soon." Aside from the religious implications of the statement, this death-anticipation is, in Lifton's estimation, the primary source of the Cultural Revolution. Later in the interview Mao began to reminisce about his earlier revolutionary activities, dwelling upon the deaths of his two brothers, his first wife, and, during the Korean War, his son. What emerged was a psychological pattern common among the survivors of the Hiroshima atomic bomb whom Lifton interviewed for his earlier book, *Death in Life*: the guilt feelings associated with having survived events which caused the deaths of many others.

Mao's life has been completely devoted to the Chinese Communist Revolution.

Thus, as he now approaches the end of his life, his entire present and past existence acquires meaning to him only in terms of this Revolution, and his single foremost fear lies in the possibility of its demise. As prime mover and survivor of the Revolution for which many of his associates died, his guilt compounds his desperate insecurity. He fears something more than biological death: desymbolization, the destruction of the specific set of symbols which alone give meaning to his life and those of the thousands who died during the course of the Revolution.

He has definite grounds for his fear. As he reported to Snow in the interview, "those in China now under the age of twenty have never fought a war and never seen an imperialist or known Capitalism in power." He fears that due to the lack of real experience of these forces against which his Revolution was instigated, succeeding generations might soften in their revolutionary fervor, permit its principles to be compromised, permit it to slowly dwindle and die.

The Cultural Revolution which he created to prevent this embodies part of Trotsky's concept of "permanent revolution." Mao was attempting to involve the young actively in the fight against the traditional capitalist and imperialist foes by defining any and all Western influences as "revisionist" and calling upon the Red Guard to exert their power to destroy such influences in the name of "purity," or Maoism. This explains the fervor and enthusiasm exhibited by the Red Guard: they, too, were given symbolic immortality through the Cultural Revolution, the opportunity (hardly a strong enough word) to relate their lives to the past and future. The abundance of verbal death-defiance to be found in the slogans and quotations they flaunted reflects these feelings of immortality and omnipotence: "What is the greatest force? The greatest force is that of the union of the popular masses. What should we fear? . . . We should not fear the dead. We should not fear the bureaucrats. We should not fear the militarists. We should not fear the capitalists."

Dr. Lifton points out that the Chinese culture has traditionally placed a high value upon words and writings. Throughout China's history the skills of reading and writing have been privileges attainable by a relatively small number of people in the upper classes. In this context,

Painless Clichés

Vision and Image James Johnson Sweeney, Simon and Schuster, \$4.95.

by JEREMY DUPERTUIS BANGS

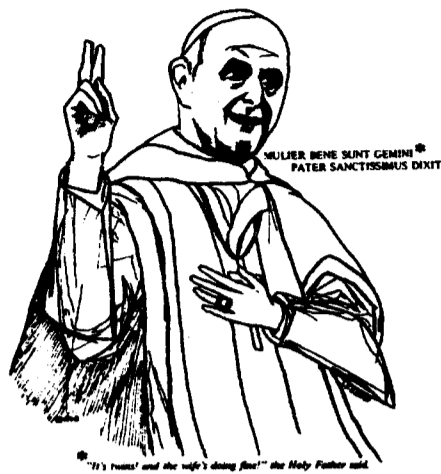
Vision and Image is the seventeenth volume in the series *Credo Perspectives* edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen. The goals of the series are set forth in her long introduction. The series assumes that man has reached a "turning point in consciousness" making the twentieth century an unprecedented period radically different from preceding eras, because with almost unlimited choices for good and evil, man must develop wisdom to direct his massive intervention in the evolutionary process. The series is an attempt to change prevailing inherited conceptions of the nature of knowledge, work, creative achievements, of man as inquirer and creator, and of the culture which results from these activities. The series presents the thought of many contributors, among whom are Erich Fromm, William O. Douglas, Popes Paul VI and John XXIII, Fred Hoyle, Paul Tillich, and Martin Buber, in the hope of "drawing from every category of work a conviction that nonmaterial values can be discovered in positive, affirmative, visible things."

James Johnson Sweeney, author; critic; organizer of exhibitions (Picasso, Miro, Calder, the U.S. Pavilion at the 1952 Venice Biennale); Director of the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas; and member of the board of editors of *Credo Perspectives*, fails to come near reaching the goals of the series. Instead of attempting to examine profoundly what aims separate present art from past art, Sweeney settles for far less. *Vision and Image* is just another layman's guide to modern art. It is better than some (in having no reproductions, it has no bad reproductions); worse than others (there is no real discussion of any particular artist's particular works); and as its own contribution has a rare civility (the pontificating is never strident).

If one accepts the idea that radical change is transforming all areas of human creativity, as is asserted in the introduction, then one must consider inadequate Sweeney's statement that the difference between past art and present art is that the past artist tried to record the "external world" in contrast to the present artist who creates a world "out of his inner self." Charles Baudelaire, after

Continued on Page 8

Really, Father?



Structures of Christian Priesthood, Jean-Paul Audet, The Macmillan Company, \$4.95.

by GEORGE RISDEN

The concern of this work is with the structure of the Church's pastoral service, primarily, the service of the work and of the Eucharist. This is one of the many works today which speaks about the problem of the celibate clergy, and the author turns to the early Church, using some very vague references, to point up the fact that from the beginnings of the Church, styles of life were estimated in terms of pastoral service rather than in terms of any value they might possess in themselves. Demographic growth and the growing process of urbanization force us to decide what life style can best serve the pastoral needs of the Church: celibacy or marriage.

Until the last decades of the third century, marriage seems to have been the dominant life style of those engaged in pastoral service. The prevalence of marriage, however, began to wane through the centuries until the first and second Lateran Councils (1123 and 1139) declared the marriage of any cleric in major orders to be null and void. It seems that the people of those times came to think of anything sex-related as impure and thus diametrically opposed to the notion of the sacramenta, of which the priest was the dispenser. This is the appearance of the pervading distinction between sacred and secular which still plagues us today.

Audet then goes on to explain that to carry out adequately the command of Jesus to go forth and teach all nations, the disciples had to be free. To preach their message efficiently, they had to be free, mobile, and detached from anything that would hold them down to one place. One left home at that time because the service of the word demanded it. The life of continence was not, however, forced upon the disciples. "He who is able to receive this, let him receive it." (Mt. 19:11-12) St. Paul speaks about this in I Corinthians: "I wish that all were as I myself am. But each has his own special gift from God, one of one kind and one of another."

Later in history, the need and presence of the itinerant preacher disappeared. The ministers of the word began to work from homes in a situation that would insure some stability. What I believe Audet is trying to push is that in the early centuries of the Church, the life style of the clergy was based on the form-follows-function principle, that is, the type of ministry being performed and the manner in which this was done dictated the life style of the ministers. Perhaps today, when the bulk of ministry is not performed by itinerants, and when those who would travel about preaching could easily do it without leaving all their possessions behind, a new life style could easily be employed by the clergy, the choice of marriage or celibacy being their own, as it is with other men.

Mr. Risden is a senior majoring in philosophy at Loyola University.

Sweeney

Continued from Page 7

all, said essentially the same thing in praising Delacroix over Ingres in his comments on the Salon of 1846. The usual way to counter this argument is to say that Baudelaire was "ahead of his time." In point of fact Baudelaire was a part of his time because he existed then and not now. His conception of outer and inner worlds, shared with the people he opposed, is one of the prevailing inherited conceptions which the introduction says Credo Perspectives is attempting to change for our time. Sweeney approaches the real difference that separates present art from past art when he says that "relationships have become more important than the things which they relate." "Things" is, however, an ambiguous word. By failing to discuss present art's emphasis on relations between actualized values Sweeney veers away from the subject leaving the impression that, for him, "things" are simply objects one might put in a still life or elements of material to be combined in a composition.

What Vision and Image does provide is a painless introduction to the major clichés of current art criticism in the United States.

1. The artist in the United States, Sweeney asserts, has a peculiar advantage over the artist in Europe. While present art in Europe is abandoning the conventions of past art in Europe, present art in the United States is abandoning the conventions of all art in Europe, past and present.

2. The communication in art and in particular paintings can be explained with the word "metaphor." Sweeney discusses modern poetry at some length to support this particular bromide. It all sounds rather nice, until one comes to the point of applying the term "metaphor" to a particular picture. This Sweeney avoids; and he provides no suggestion of how it is to be done with any meaning (except to add a phrase like "as in art" every time Ezra Pound or T. S. Eliot is quoted about poetry.) Art critics have been glossing over this issue for a long time. Sir Herbert Read mixed poetry and painting as far back as 1925 when he said that a certain painting had "rhythmic cesurae."

3. "Play is the base of every truly creative art expression." Too bad for Michelangelo.

4. "The true artist employs the pictorial language of his day to convey his message." Here Sweeney's failure to discuss particular artists and works issues in tautology. For it is the pictorial language used by the "true artist" of any period which determines the pictorial language belonging to that period.

It is the artist who comes first. In not discussing particular artists and works Sweeney has denied the reader insight into the process of art criticism. He has also kept his discussion in the category of the abstract universal, which, as the introduction acknowledges, is a far lower category than the personal.

Mr. Bangs exhibits in the United States and Great Britain.

Philby

Continued from Page 4

selves. If he chose the Soviet Union, it was because he did not wish to end as a "querulous outcast." He was aware of Stalin and he made his choice. "Advances which, 30 years ago, I hoped to see in my lifetime, may have to wait a generation or two. But as I look over Moscow from my study window, I see the solid foundations of the future I glimpsed in Cambridge."

In his own words, and they may be the most revealing words in the book, he stayed the course.

Mr. Salasin is a fourth year student of Sociology at the University of Oregon and was recently reconstructed by the Czechoslovakian Communist Party.

To Catch The Poet

T. S. Eliot: The Man and His Work, Delacorte Press, 400 pages, \$6.50.

By BARBARA BLAIR

"The Man and His Work" is a phrase used too often in writings about public figures—so often, in fact, that its very sound seems to announce a pompous panegyric. This book, however, fulfills the meanings, not the connotations, of the phrase by the diversity and depth of the collection of critical and personal essays. It was put together by Allen Tate, at the request of the editor of *The Sewanee Review*. Twenty-six critics, writers, and editors were requested to write about Eliot. Those who had known him personally gave accounts of their meetings, their impressions of him, and his effects on them. Those who had studied him gave critical appraisals of his work, or offered illuminating studies of some aspect of his writing.

The personal studies range from anecdotal snippets by I.A. Richards and H.S. Davies to moving reminiscences by Robert Giroux and Frank Morley.

Sir Herbert Read, late British critic, head of the Institute of Contemporary Art and art expert by virtue of his years of work at London's Victoria and Albert Museum, writes at length also. As a contemporary of Eliot his narrative account of their early friendship is very good. His occasional excursions into quasi-psychanalytical criticism of Eliot's work and of their ideological differences in later life have no validity and, were they not presented in such an unfriendly way, would be forgivable excesses in an essay containing many interesting remarks.

The critical essays include a number of different biases, of which a few might be as unfavorable, and as many theories about Eliot as there are essays about his work. Three notable essays are John Crowe Ransom's "Gerontion," "T.S. Eliot: Thinker and Artist" by Cleanth Brooks, and "T.S. Eliot's Images of Awareness," by Leonard Unger. Ransom's essay is well worth the price of the book. It deals with *Gerontion* only, examining the poem gradually by word and by line, discussing meaning, rhythm, word choice, sound and referent

as a unity, an approach of which Eliot might certainly have approved. The appraisal is presented with precision and grace, perhaps because it is the recasting of Ransom's view of Eliot, a change of earlier positions about his work, a reevaluation of the poet, thought out with more rigor than Ransom's earlier views.

The workings of an artist-writer-critic circle in a center of culture are revealed explicitly in several essays. The concision which article length demands and the compelling sense of loss at the poet's death add to the merit of many of the pieces included in the book. Reading the collection inspires one to read all of Eliot; reading Eliot prompts curiosity about him and the desire to have known him. The curiosity is partly satisfied by this excellent commemorative edition; the desire, partly quieted, may emerge at greater depth. The short piece by Ezra Pound is by far the most moving and compelling:

FOR T. S. E.

His was the true Dantescan voice—
not honoured enough, and deserving
more than I ever gave him.

I had hoped to see him in Venice
this year for the Dante commemora-
tion at the Giorgio Cini Foundation
—instead: Westminster Abbey. But,
later, on his own hearth, a flame
tended, a presence felt.

Recollections? let some thesis-writer
have the satisfaction of "discover-
ing" whether it was in 1920 or '21
that I went from Excideuil to meet
a rucksacked Eliot. Days of walking
—conversation? literary? le papier
Fayard was then the burning topic.
Who is there now for me to share a
joke with?

Am I to write "about" the poet
Thomas Stearns Eliot? or my friend
"the Possum?" Let him rest in
peace. I can only repeat, but with
the urgency of 50 years ago: READ
HIM.

E.P.

Miss Blair is a senior majoring in English dialects at Sarum University.

Money Talks...and Talks

Memoirs of a Banknote by J. Paco D'Arcos Translated from the Portuguese by Robert Lyle, Henry Regnery Company.

by WARREN E. WILDE

An object cannot be human and passive at the same time. But that is exactly how J. Paco D'Arcos tries to make his female banknote, all five hundred escudos worth of her, function. She is, by her own admission, "wholly passive," and yet her involvement from within the pockets of those who possess her is always more than passive. She judges; she sympathizes. She loves and she hates. That is the tension of *Memoirs of a Banknote*, and unfortunately it is a tension that removes the reader far from the plights of human condition that the novel tries to portray.

First, of course, there is the grievous error of sympathetic contact. Only the most fanciful reader could find pleasure in identifying with a living banknote, with fears and desires, tucked away in pocket after pocket, observing the affairs of men. Moreover, as appealing as this idea is, D'Arcos fails to make his banknote metamorphose; this is no nutcracker come to life, no handsome prince turned ugly frog, no cockroach with a human mind and spirit. Any of these devices, as old as Cinderella, would work better than the narrative of a banknote that always remains a banknote and yet somehow talks to us from the dark pockets that it inhabits.

Point of view is the next most obvious fault of this novel. This particular banknote, always folded inside someone's wallet next to his beating heart or fat buttocks could not possibly see all the life it does. Yet from that thin, almost dimensionless form comes a very wide perspective. Sadly enough, however, the perspective remains unconvincing, even distant. Howev-

er hard the reader tries, he cannot bring himself into sympathetic relation with a banknote, of whatever value. And that lack carries itself to almost shameful non-involvement with the characters of the novel. The character sketches themselves, if told from another point of view or even objectively by an omniscient observer, could be interesting and compelling. We enter the lives of souls whose entire existence depends upon this particular banknote. We witness a prostitute fighting to support her son; a mortician who loses his son and therefore comes to know of death as more than just a business; a sad old Jewess being brutally transported to the gas chambers of the Nazi concentration camps; an aging English teacher, starving to death, trying to maintain some semblance of dignity; a sensitive young poet who commits suicide because the one woman he has loved has thrown him aside as of no value. The people would seem real, their stories compelling, if it were not for the unbelievable voice of the banknote giving expression to their personal tragedies.

In this novel, point of view makes all the difference, and it miserably fails. I would rather read of red shoes that come alive and carry a lonely ballerina to her death, of toy soldiers that march before wide-eyed children, of a great, ugly beast that when kissed by a beautiful princess turns to a handsome prince, or of a gilded statue of a prince whose lead heart breaks for love of a small, kind-hearted swallow. Before Mr. D'Arcos attempts such an undertaking again, I would suggest that he read some fairy tales.

Warren E. Wilde is Chairman of the Department of English at Los Altos High School, Los Altos, California, and is working toward his Master's Degree at San Francisco State College.