

Statesman

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Ass't Dean's Contract Allegedly Terminated

By **STUART EBER**
Editor-in-Chief

Assistant Dean of Students John De Francesco's contract has reportedly been terminated.

Although there has been no official public announcement, various individuals close to the Administration have not denied that the action has taken place.

The alleged decision, which Executive Vice-President T. Alexander Pond reportedly presented to Mr. De Francesco on Friday, December 13, is supposed to be based on an evaluation made last year before the position of Vice-President for Student Affairs was created.

President John Toll, Vice-President Pond, Vice-President Rickard and Assistant Dean De Francesco all refused to make

any comment about the matter. In such cases of contract termination, no formal reasons need be stated unless the individual involved wishes to bring his case before a grievance committee. Informed sources indicate that Mr. De Francesco does not wish to bring the matter before the committee, which is composed of Phillip D'Arms, Richard Glasheen, and William Moran.

The speculation about the reasons for the alleged decision has centered around the criteria employed in such a judgment. The question of who supposedly made the decision remains unanswered, but informed sources indicate that it was President Toll, with the tacit approval of Vice-President Pond, who made the decision sometime during the spring '68 semester.

There are indications that the President believes Mr. De Francesco's public statements are not always in the best interest of the Administration. It is known to many that Dr. Toll considers the professional staff to be part of the managerial arm of the Administration and as such directly subject to his power to hire and fire.

Student leaders have been unanimous in their condemnation of the alleged action. However, they do not wish to hurt Mr. De Francesco's chances of being rehired by publicly embarrassing the President.

Informed sources indicate that the student affairs staff has sent the President a memorandum concerning the supposed termination of contract. The wording of the statement and the President's reaction are not known at present.

Rickard Named Acting VPSA

At a meeting in Albany on December 18, the State University trustees approved appointment of Dr. Scott Rickard as Acting Vice-President for Student Affairs. In announcing Dr. Rickard's appointment, Stony Brook President John Toll described him as "a talented man with impressive experience in student affairs, an enthusiastic proponent of an approach to concerns of students that is integrally linked with the basic educational process."

President Toll said the appointment followed unanimous recommendation of Dr. Rickard by the student-faculty Search Committee for the vice-presidency, a committee headed by Executive Vice-President T. A. Pond, to whom the VPSA and his staff are responsible.

In announcing Dr. Rickard's new appointment, President Toll said that he had accepted the resignation of Dr. David F. Trask as vice-president. Dr. Trask resigned last October. Toll added that he has appointed Trask chairman of the History De-



partment, effective with the spring term.

Dr. Rickard, who was Dean of Men at Willamette University in Salem, Oregon from 1966 until his appointment here last summer, came to Stony Brook to head the residential college counseling program. He had this observation to make about his new position:

"I have visions of the Oregon Trail in reverse as I begin this job, for the challenge I find here is that Stony Brook is perhaps today's outstanding pioneering university. The opportunities to create and test new programs without struggling to combat the

status quo provide an equal attraction for my new colleagues."

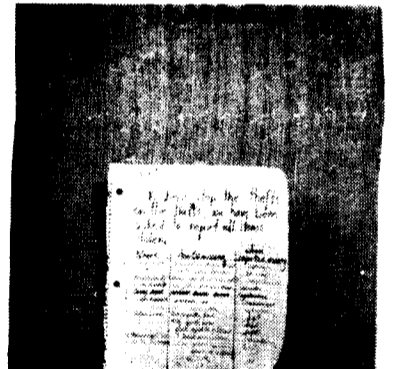
"Pioneering institutions such as Stony Brook — institutions on the cutting edge of higher education — face adversity as well as opportunity," Dr. Rickard added. "This is particularly true in the area of student affairs as we've all witnessed, from San Francisco State to Columbia. In my judgment, student affairs is going to be the decisive area as far as the immediate future of higher education is concerned, and we welcome the opportunity to affect Stony Brook's future in a positive fashion."

Holiday Robberies Plague Roth Residents

Suffolk County police and the campus security people are presently investigating a series of thefts that plagued residents of Roth Quad over the Christmas holidays. The robberies, which occurred in Gershwin and Henry colleges, involved items valued at a total of \$3,000.

The intruders apparently used passkeys to enter the rooms, because the 11 burglarized suites showed no signs of forced entry. Returning students found electronic equipment such as stereo sets and televisions, certain articles of clothing, and miscellaneous items like a motorcycle helmet, and binoculars, missing. One suite alone reported a loss of \$800 worth of goods. The items are not covered under University insurance.

At this time the matter has been turned over to security, who in turn has passed it along to the Suffolk County police. No clues have been found, but fingerprints left on a television stand are being



examined. Suffolk County Police could not be reached for any further comment, but it was learned that a detective has been assigned to the case. Students have been promised better security over inter-session. R. A. Harvey Schenkein, who was also one of the thieves' victims, has advised the residents of his hall to install padlocks on their doors.

The thieves were selective in their takings. Only certain items were taken, presumably the items that fit them. An overnight bag was removed from one apartment to hold the stolen things.

University Council Ok's Emergency Action Statement

At its regular monthly meeting Dec. 19, the Stony Brook Council adopted an interim policy statement designed to clarify the President's responsibility for action in emergency situations. The policy statement was based on a draft submitted by a sub-committee of the Council for Student Affairs. It was made effective immediately pending the Council's receipt and consideration of a further statement from the Council for Student Affairs following broad discussion within the University. The text follows:

"This statement concerns the responsibility of the President in an emergency

to act expeditiously to protect the safety and well-being of students, faculty and University property and to insure the proper functioning of the University.

"In order to see the problem in the wider context of the University's educational purpose, several principles must be affirmed:

- 1) The academic community is a free and open society,
- 2) Free inquiry and free expression are the indispensable conditions for the attainment of educational goals,
- 3) Dissent is a legitimate approach to exposing error and to proposing solutions to problems,

- 4) Any effort to limit either the freedom or openness of the academic community is a grave concern for all who share in the benefits of membership in that community.

"With regard to demonstrations of dissent, and consistent with the aforementioned principles, two conclusions are clear. First, all members of the University Community are encouraged to register their dissent on issues which either affect them directly or are symptoms of larger social conditions. Second, demonstrations of dissent which interfere with the freedom of other members of the

(Continued on page 2)

Emergency Action Statement

(Continued from page 1)

University are inimical to the goals of the academic community, and, therefore, subject to regulation by that community.

"At the State University of New York at Stony Brook, the University has the responsibility to maintain standards of student conduct essential to the orderly conduct of the University's function as an educational institution." (Official Compilation of Codes, Rules and Regulations of the State of New York, Chapter 5, Sub-Chapter C, Section 500.2(b))

"The President must insure that this responsibility is fulfilled. However, it is only infrequently that the safety and freedom of the community is threatened. Appeals to the presidential authority or external authority in situations of minor disturbance tend to confuse and exacerbate problems which

might otherwise be handled through established channels within the University. Any threats during or as a result of demonstrations of dissent should be met with reason and persuasion, utilizing such internal resources as faculty and student governments, the Student Affairs Office, the College Masters, and the Council for Student Affairs. When dissent does not severely disrupt the University's functioning, and even when reason and persuasion have failed, normal administrative (executive) and judicial processes should be utilized.

"It is conceivable that the established internal channels of the University might be inadequate in extreme situations. In cases where University property is being damaged or where danger or injury to persons is threatened, the President must act to protect the University.

Mobilization Plans Counter-Inauguration

Demonstrations are being planned in Washington these days to the end that Mr. Nixon should not forget how close was his victory nor how far is his "consensus."

Rennie Davis, of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, described plans for three days of demonstrations during the Nixon Inauguration. Various other plans have already been announced by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the New Party.

The first day of Mobilization efforts will be Saturday, January 18, a day of workshops on the movement, long-term organizing, and the political and social issues of the war. "We're trying for a central location for the workshops," Mr. Davis said, "but if we can't get one

we'll spread over the city in churches and basements."

The George Washington University Hatchet reported earlier this week that requests had been made to the President and Vice President for Student Affairs at GW by two students for the use of the university facilities. It is not known whether the request will be granted although it would require altering the University's exam schedule to do so.

Violence Not Expected

Mr. Davis said he felt federal and city officials sincerely want to avoid "another Chicago." He said they will allow "counter inauguration" proceedings to be held the weekend of the real inauguration.

The protest's purpose is to disrupt the inauguration's political message of

Better Communication Stressed In Re-evaluated Admissions Process

The admissions process is now being re-evaluated, and plans are being made for a revised program to be instituted next semester.

The new procedures were created "to personalize and humanize the admissions process," said Dean David C. Tilley, who has been supervising the revisions.

Tilley hopes that prospective freshmen will be provided with as much practical first-hand knowledge of Stony Brook as possible. Closer contact with the student body will be an integral part of



David C. Tilley, Acting Dean of New Student Affairs

this effort. Said Tilley in a memorandum, "It is pretty well agreed that one main effort just now will be student-run information sessions for groups of prospective students."

Another revision will be the closer integration of the admissions processes and Orientation operations. New Orientation projects, including the use of movies, are being planned.

Commission Considers Governance

By Ronald Hartman
Funding and a trip to the University of Toronto and

SUNY at Buffalo to study governance methods were the subjects of December 19 and 20 Faculty-Student Commission meetings. A January 8 meeting of the Governance Sub-committee produced various ideas concerning governance by laws.

The funding discussion took up the methods by which money is allocated to the Administration and the academic departments. The members went on to concern themselves with departmental budgeting.

The findings of a journey made by four governance subcommittee members to the University of Toronto and its federated colleges and the State University at Buffalo University Center and College were presented. The trip was made to investigate new government set-ups and procedures at those schools.

The Toronto school is operated, as Commission member Minna Barrett puts it in "a very English-Oxford" manner. There is a strong government committee structure and great student partici-

pation. The same goes for the affiliated colleges which were visited, including the colleges at York and Scarborough.

At Buffalo College, the traveling four found a student body with a great positive outlook for the school's future, far greater than here. Leaders there have drawn up by-laws that include a student sitting on the faculty senate. Miss Barrett describes the college's president as very "flexible in his views." He believes that an administration should be creative. It is up to the students and faculty to also make a valuable contribution.

The latest meeting of the Governance Subcommittee came up with many ideas. The president must now be monarchical. Student and faculty thoughts must be made known to the president and the State Legislature. The merits of a bicameral school legislature consisting of a faculty and a student house and a unicameral house were also mentioned. The members went on to properly define contingency and adequate representation.

national unity by exposing Mr. Nixon's "papier-mache consensus" but not to physically interfere with the ceremonies themselves.

Sunday, January 19, will be the Mobilization's Counter-Inauguration, a non-violent rally and march along an as yet undetermined route. The day will end with a Counter-Inauguration Ball with folk singers and rock groups from all over the country.

To Dramatize Issues... "Sunday is the key day in terms of numbers," Mr. Davis explained. "People who are planning to come for just one day should make it Sunday. We are looking for a broadly based group including suburban women, students, clergy, blacks and all other groups who are not included in Mr. Nixon's constituencies. These are the people who are saying essentially that there can be no unity or consensus until the soldiers are brought home and there is a drastic reorganization of domestic, social priorities."

(Continued on page 4)

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Fri., Jan. 17, 1969

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CPS BRIEFS

Nixon To Get Students' Foreign Views

A symposium at Georgetown University, Dec. 19-22, brought together students from across the nation to draw up recommendations on foreign policy to be submitted to the Nixon Administration. It was sponsored by the Council on International Relations and United Nations Affairs.

The non-partisan conference was designed to provide a "constructive framework" for students to influence foreign policy, "a valid indication of the current American student opinion" on it, and to "channel student activities and social concern into positive political involvement."

Atheist Is Judged Eligible For C.O.

In early December, Federal District Court Judge Alexander Harvey II ruled that 21-year-old Michael Shacter was eligible to be re-classified as a conscientious objector. Shacter, an admitted atheist, says he believes killing another man is "a sin no man can endure." This marks the first time a court has permitted an avowed atheist to fit the C.O. category.

In 1967, largely as a result of the Seeger decision,

Congress dropped the requirement from its new draft law that conscientious objectors must have faith in a supreme being. Shacter's statement explained, "My faith centers around mankind rather than God. This does not mean I am any less religious than a man who believes in God... I have neither scripture nor God to support me, but I can take no part in an attempt at another man's life."

Resurrection City Is Built In Ala.

Just outside Selma, Alabama, in Booker Childrey, a second and permanent Resurrection City is being built. Mrs. Amelia Boynton donated ten acres of land, and an option to buy another 350 acres, to the "Refugees of Resurrection City" who were left homeless after last summer's campaign. They had been sharecroppers before; landlords

wouldn't let them return after.

Ray Robinson, a spokesman for the group, said, "The city will be a city of love, open to the whole community — all races, creeds and colors. Our group has no color hang-ups. But I learned people come first, then programs; any structure you desire may follow."

Cornell Head Calls For Black Aid

Speaking last month at a symposium in Washington, Cornell University President James Perkins called for a national commission on higher education for the Negro. He asserted that the major barrier was a financial one.

"Some of us tried to find out why we really had so few black students," Perkins said. "In order to in-

crease the black student population, we would have to encourage blacks to apply, re-examine SAT scores as predictive of academic performance for the disadvantaged, find additional and special financial assistance, provide guidance and academic counseling, and — most of all — make them know that they are really wanted."

Calendar

The Flying Man
The Violinist
The Daisy

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10
COCA presents Fantastic Voyage 7, 9, 11 p.m.
Physics and Chemistry Lecture Halls

Varsity Basketball vs. Plattsburg at 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11
Freshman Basketball vs. New Paltz at 6:30 p.m. at home.

COCA presents Fantastic Voyage 7, 9, 11 p.m.
Physics and Chemistry Lecture Halls.

Varsity Basketball vs. New Paltz at 8:00.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12
10 p.m., Sanger lounge (Tabler IV), film showing: "W. C. Fields Festival"
1. The Barber Shop
2. The Pharmacist
3. Fatal Glass of Beer
Sponsored by Sanger college

MONDAY, JANUARY 13
10 p.m., Sanger lounge (Tabler IV), film showing sponsored by Sanger college
On Stage
Queen of Spades
Pardoner's Tale

Experimental College Evaluated

Special to The Statesman

An experiment is a set of procedures designed to test a hypothesis. If the experiment does not produce the results expected, either the hypothesis is wrong or the experiment did not, in fact, test the hypothesis because of sloppy technique or neglect of some variable. In this case, the experiment must be modified somewhat and repeated more carefully until results are conclusively positive or negative.

The Experimental College, by definition is such a set of procedures. It began in September to try to begin to show: 1) that there need be no dichotomy between living and learning; 2) that at least some students can structure their own education and that in such a situation artificial stimulation in the way of requirements, grades, and exams would be unnecessary; 3) that each student can study his chosen field in depth and acquire academic breadth through extra seminars and exposure to his peers and their projects; 4) that ability to do independent

and original work depends not only on knowing the information necessary to do a project, but also practice in designing such projects.

The faculty legislation which created the Experimental College was passed last May. It created a program for 45 students, each of whom was to undertake an individual project under the supervision of a faculty sponsor, 2/3 of whom were to live together on one hall. It also created the option for an unspecified number and type of seminars. A committee of two students in the program and three faculty members was created to administer the project. One of these faculty members was designated the director who was to live in the dormitory with the students and was granted credit for teaching one course for his service. He is the only faculty member to receive any compensation for participation in the program.

Because of lack of time and knowledge of the problems that could be expected, all students who could produce a faculty sponsor willing to sponsor a defined

project were accepted. Three seminars, "the Adolescent," "Mysticism," and "Film Study," were organized by individual students and faculty.

It was expected that the roles of student and sponsor in relation to the project would be decided by the individual pairs. In some cases this worked out quite well, but most students experienced frustration and quit. Some students had hastily contrived projects in which they had no real interest or whose scope was so wide that it was too difficult to find a mode of attack. In many cases students were reluctant to go to their sponsors with no tangible work done and sponsors, unaware that they might be more than academic critics, also did not take the initiative. In other cases students tried to meet with their sponsors but could not gain their sustained attention. This is quite understandable since all sponsors were handling projects on their own time.

This situation led to a breakdown of morale and communications. At the beginning of the eighth week

(Continued on page 4)

Poor Richard's Pub

Live Bands — Wed., Fri., & Sat. nites

Folk Night Thursdays

Beer Blast every Fri. Afternoon



Opening Wed., Jan. 8

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Starts Monday, January 13th

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Trask To Chair History Department

Dr. David Trask, 39, has been named chairman of the History Department effective next month. He succeeds Bernard Semmel, who wants to devote his full time to teaching.

Since coming to Stony Brook in September of 1966 from the University of Nebraska, Dr. Trask has been on the Campus Center Monitoring Committee, a master of Gershwin College, Chairman of the

Council of Masters and Chairman of the Budget Committee of said Council, Vice President for Student Affairs and as such on the Council for Student Affairs, and on numerous other committees.

He has written four books in the past year and done limited teaching in his field of United States foreign relations.

Experimental College (Cont.)

(Continued from page 3)

of the semester there was a full day of discussions modeled after those of the second day of The Three Days. Problems were defined and a structure was

created to deal with them. Each student and faculty member was asked to describe and evaluate in writing his particular experience, and a mandatory seminar for all resident students was instituted.

Mobilization Plans (cont.)

(Continued from page 2)

Monday will be a day of demonstration and "presence" along the inaugural route for people who "will not participate in Mr. Nixon's consensus — which is based on repressive law and order and the drastic extension of America's world-wide military apparatus. We will take advantage of the world-wide platform that the inauguration provides to dramatize the issues that divide this country and will continue to di-

vide it until the real needs of America are satisfied."

Mr. Davis added that those who are seeking general information or buttons and literature should contact the New York Mobilization office. Anyone interested in organizing workshops or staffing the demonstrations should contact Rennie Davis at the Mobe's Thomas Circle office in Washington, D.C.

Gregory, Mailer, et. al. The New Party, which was formed during the Coalition for an Open Convention in Chicago last summer, announced that it would stage a two-day "Creative Opposition" on January 18 and 19.

Between The Lines

A Column by NEIL WELLES

We should all be indebted to Stony Brook's radical element because we have sustained an entire semester without witnessing one major violent demonstration. The tasteless publicity which our school would have received would have irreparably damaged our already-mauled reputation.

With most of their desires for revisions in academic policies satiated in one way or another by the magnanimous J.S.T., our extremists took up the worthwhile cause of the California grape pickers. We can easily think of another fine challenge which would have netted complete support for our leftist friends — the godawful food! But perhaps it is for the best that we saw little action during the fall '68 semester. After all, we'll soon be celebrating the first anniversary of the Great Bust.

However, a new semester approacheth! We must become wary of the dangerous likelihood that we

may have to face a major insurrection here. An issue, such as campus recruiting, could be blown into a tragic crisis by a bunch of irresponsible babies who are eagerly awaiting their next opportunity to practice "confrontation politics." Confrontation politics, in its best understood form, involves the capture and/or destruction of University buildings and property until the Administration accedes to the demonstrators' demands (among which is one which insists that no punitive measures be taken on the disruptive students). The news media will often overplay such incidents. Meanwhile, the non-demonstrating moderate or liberal students' sympathies will go to the radicals if police are called on campus to help control the riotous situation. Finally, the Administration is unfairly but roundly condemned for its "unprogressive" or even "facist" policies.

We had our first taste of this nonsense here at

Stony Brook late last spring when a group of 40 students took over the business office on the day when housing deposits were due. They wanted to effect the dissolution of a drug control program. News reporters sensationalized this unfortunate occurrence. They also dredged up facts about the bust which everyone was trying to forget. But, few journalists told of the 200 students who stood outside the building and vocalized severe disapproval of the mini-rebellion.

How can we prevent this from happening again? We urge the Administration to become aware that they might be dealing with a noisy minority which certainly cannot claim to represent the interests of the University Community. Secondly, we want to remind all students that no matter how "just" you deem your actions, there is one cause that is more just. And that is to preserve what little is left of this school's reputation!

NOTICES . . .

production. For further information, call Robert Schnitzer at 246-4505.

The Roth Quad movies during finals at 10 p.m. in Roth cafeteria will be: The Great Locomotive Chase, Jan. 12; When Comedy Was King, Jan. 13; Three Strangers in Orbit, Jan. 14; Frankenstein Meets the Space Monster, Jan. 15; Laurel and Hardy Shorts, Jan. 16; World Without Sun, Jan. 19; Ulysses Against the Son of Hercules, Jan. 20, and The African Lion, Jan. 21.

Low-cost, short-term rentals of cars in Europe are available through monthly leases with the grant program of the U.S. National Student Travel Association to holders of the international ID card. For information, contact USNSTA Car Plan, 247 West 12th Street, New York, N.Y. 10014, or call 212 675-9000.

The Nassau County Civil Service Commission is

holding examinations for police carriers. Tests are held for Police Patrolman, for high school graduates between 20 and 28, police-woman, for women between 21 and 34 with two years of college by 6/30/69, police cadet, for high school seniors or graduates between 17 and 25 and police cadette, for women with two years of college by 6/30/69 and between 18 and 21. For information, contact the Nassau County Civil Service Commission at 140 Old County Road, Mineola, before January 15. (516-747-1134)

The St. Francis swimming meet will be changed to Monday, Feb. 3 at 7:00 p.m. at Stony Brook.

Free buttons will be given to all those grape picketing Friday night at 6 p.m. and Saturday at 10 a.m. Cars are needed to leave from the gym.

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G. July 18 - Aug. 9

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The Professional Staff

Apparently, John De Francesco, a member of the Student Affairs Office, will not be rehired. The circumstances surrounding the alleged actions are highly questionable.

At the present time, there is no written public statement concerning the criteria used for judging the performances of the members of the Student Affairs Office. If an individual's capabilities are going to be evaluated by either his peers or his superiors, he has the right to know upon what basis they will reach their decision. If any individual's contract has been terminated at this time, his rights have been morally suppressed.

If Mr. De Francesco has been informed that he will not be rehired at the end of next semester, this University faces a two-pronged problem. One is the general concept of the professional staff's position at Stony Brook. The other equally important issue is the specific question of an individual, Mr. De Francesco.

We feel the professional staff is employed by the State of New York to serve the needs and wants of the student body in a manner that is competent, mature and understanding. Their approach to all problems must reflect a commitment to progressive educational means of dealing with student problems. They are not direct extensions of the president's office. They are not members of the faculty. They are the professional staff, a separate entity within the University Community. The basis upon which they are hired, rehired and dismissed must reflect their unique position.

A member of the professional staff must be allowed to voice his opinions about the University, and all therein, without fear of reprisals. His actions must be his own affair. His performance in his job must be judged according to written criteria for those who work within the area of student affairs. His personal beliefs and statements are irrelevant to such considerations.

There are those who would say that we cannot be objective about John De Francesco as an individual because he was our faculty advisor last year. We are both proud and grateful to plead guilty to such a charge. Mr. De Francesco is one of the few people we have encountered at this University who views students as individual human beings. We can think of no one who has worked as long and as hard with students to make Stony Brook an alive, educational institution. His moral courage, exemplified by his refusal to break a professional confidence despite judicial sanctions, should not be overlooked. If his contract will not be continued, then this University has failed to recognize a truly devoted, considerate human being's efforts to help build a "great" Stony Brook.

Even if the alleged actions are merely rumors, the University still must consider and then publicly define the role of the professional staff at Stony Brook. If Mr. De Francesco will not enjoy continuance of employment, this University will have committed a grievous error, for he will have been judged unfairly. We ask the Administration, if it has taken such an action, to rescind their decision. Evaluate the entire student affairs staff late in the spring semester on the basis of uniform and public standards. Then, if anyone is not rehired, he will have the knowledge that he was judged in an equitable manner. We sincerely hope that asking the Administration to act fairly and reasonably is not an impossible request to meet.

CSA and Emergencies

The Council for Student Affairs and the Stony Brook Council are to be commended on the adoption of the new interim policy statement. This statement is printed on page 1.

The statement provides for many alternatives in a crisis situation before power is delegated to one man. It contains a liberal yet practical definition of an "emergency." It establishes the concept of a free academic community. And it goes a long way toward changing the CSA from a committee that "Knows it has no power" to an effective policy-making body.

Above all, we are glad that the CSA has established the fact that no one has the right to act unilaterally when the entire University Community is affected.

University Responsibility

During the recent vacation, student rooms were broken into and robbed. The University has stated that it is not responsible for the losses. This is probably true, due to the ridiculous contract students are forced to sign before being assigned University housing. Nevertheless we feel that the University has the moral responsibility to restore the student losses. The University claims the right of in loco parentis, and thus claims the legal right to make room searches and periodic inspections. On the other hand, they refuse to accept responsibility for rooms broken into through the use of University-owned master keys. They can't have both. If the University demands the right to have and use master keys, they must be held responsible for any use of these keys and the resultant losses.

**Good Luck
On Finals**

Voice of the People

ON THEIR OWN

To the Editor:

In the last issue of Statesman, there was a letter concerning the Gal Sale supposedly signed by Lou Mazel and Eric Singer. Well, I speak for Eric Singer and I know that he did not see the letter before it appeared in Statesman. The letter accused SDS of sending three girls up on sale and having them cop out. Well, the truth is that SDS had nothing to do with that aspect of the sale. The girls did it on their own. You don't have to be a member of an organization to want to break up an activity that you see as a sign of sickness. I'm irritated that Lou took it upon himself to sign another name to a letter.

T— t— f—
Eric Singer

ELECTIONS

To the Editor:

I noticed while reading the Dec. 17 issue of Statesman that space was set aside on the bottom of Page 6 for the candidates for junior class president. There was nothing else about the election in any part of the paper. The Statesman staff did not support or refute either of the two candidates. It seems to me that elections are so common at Stony Brook lately that nobody really plays much attention to them. Who are we electing this week, folks? Oh yes! A new Polity treasurer and freshman representative! Why is it that people accept offices and do not say in them until their term is over? Is it lack of responsibility on the part of the person in office or is the student body at fault? We may soon reach a point when Student Government will be a complete joke. Or have we already reached it?

Arlene Warshofsky

REQUIREMENTS

To the Editor:

As a freshman, I am perhaps more anxious to see the University requirements abolished than are many upperclassmen who have already gone that torturous route. After one semester here, I am thoroughly fed up with this

ridiculous and oppressive system. I do not want to see myself or any other student forced into taking courses that bear no relation to his major or are not personally satisfying and interesting. I find myself questioning my continued presence at this University because this conflict between fulfilling University requirements and taking desired courses cannot go long unresolved. I feel I am cheating myself. Something is definitely wrong when the "liberal" atmosphere of Stony Brook is turning students, myself included, into frustrated individuals who are compromising their attempts at a personal education with University rules.

The Three Days has come and gone, and no one seems to know what, if anything, will be implemented and when. In the meantime, the State University at Buffalo, in spite of its traditions and more established atmosphere, has abolished its university requirements. Why does Stony Brook stick to its premise of producing "well-rounded students?" I have yet to meet one. The courses here are difficult enough without disliking them. Should an education not be an enjoyable and rewarding experience? Let's make it that at Stony Brook!

Susan Majors

SPORTSMAN-LIKE

To the Editor:

This is an open letter to the students of Stony Brook.

I now realize the severity of my statement and the dire consequences in store for my hall. It is regrettable that the entire hall must suffer for my actions. I implore you not to regard them as outcasts, only me.

Again, I apologize to the students in general for my behavior and to my hall members in particular, because I have permanently damaged their respectability by my sportsman-like conduct.

Steven Biercak

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AGGRESSION

By AL WALKER
Managing Editor



Even worse than the senseless firings of teachers and administrators is the apathy of those who could stand against those pitiful executions.

Someone in the Physics Department is a damn good lecturer. He and other professors are getting fired. Everyone knows who the administrator is who is being axed by the second floor of the library. The professors who took the Fifth Amendment in the Hughes witch trials are not going to be around much longer.

But the most important issue at stake is what will be done about it. Executive Vice-President Pond refuses to "discuss personalities." Professors won't risk their neck in defense of their fellow teachers. Students have the option of continuing the same vinegary sap of apathy.

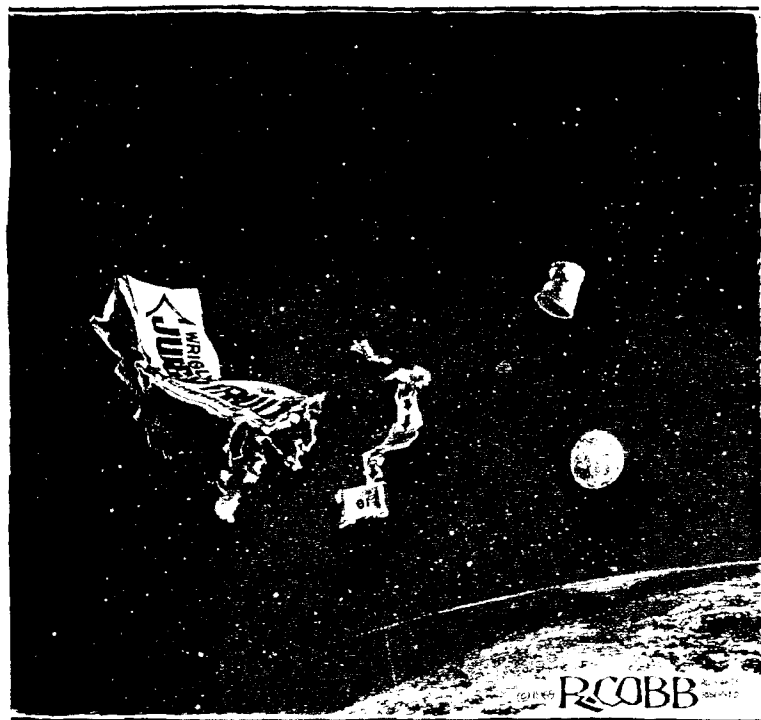
Unless we petition Dr. Toll.

Unless we write Albany.

Unless we stop Utopian schemes like hiring the professors with student funds.

Unless we threaten closing the school.

Unless we do risky things like letting the Administration find out that we exist.



"You may leave here for four days in space,
But when you return it's the same old place."

—Eve of Destruction

Blacks Close Queens College

Queens College expects to reopen today after being shut down in the wake of demands by black and Puerto Rican students who want to change a program designed to help them and other disadvantaged youths succeed at the school.

The student group, the Black and PR Coalition, has promised a long and bitter struggle to achieve their goals. Campus disruptions last Friday and Monday led to the school closing Wednesday and yesterday. The coalition wants participation in the so-called "seek" program; they want to have final say over hiring of personnel, alteration of the program, and allocation of funds.

As a first step, the students demanded that seek

director Joseph Mulholland be fired. Mulholland has said he will not resign, and school President Joseph P. McMurray has said he definitely would not fire him. Mulholland, a white, says the hassle is related to "the black-white thing today."

President McMurray offered Tuesday to discuss the coalition's demands, but the students declined to talk then.

The seek program was started in 1966 at Queens and at other senior colleges in the City University system. It was designed to recruit disadvantaged youths and give them special educational assistance after enrollment. About 700 students are enrolled in seek at Queens; nearly 80% are black.

By MICHAEL COVINO
Statesman Staff Writer

The East Village (the Lower East Side for the precise nostalgics) isn't really degenerating from the beautiful thing it was, supposedly, two summers ago. No, it is just completing its life cycle—returning to its former splendor the way an old man's head goes senile and returns to youth (sort of).

Christmas day, the Electric Circus dropped its \$4.00 admission prices and the place belonged to the people. The freedom was sponsored (what else does one do with freedom but sponsor it?) by Hugh Romney and his Hog Farm Commune. It wasn't that bad; I mean everybody was smoking and tripping, liberated cakes and pumpkin pies were being passed around, there was a real pig wandering about the floor, the Group Image played music, and there were several tokens of freedom wandering around naked even though one could see his own cold breath inside the Circus.

When the management had to clear the place at 6:00 p.m. (the \$4.00 9:00 p.m. admissions must have their freedom to come in, too; everybody left in an orderly way. Hugh Romney got on the stage and told everybody something like "You're all beautiful people and it's been a beautiful day and now everybody can split over to St. Mark's Church for a groovy poetry reading with Tuli Kufergerg and Ed Sanders, and Allen Ginsberg will be there to lead everybody in groovy chants and it will be just groovy." Then he led everybody in a song. "Happy birthday dear Jesus, happy birthday to you."

So everybody migrated uptown (four blocks) to Tenth and Second. The poetry reading never got off, as David

Peale uncompromisingly played three chords on the piano all night and some other guys rapped incessantly on their bopped in accompaniment. The church provided free apples, oranges, cookies, and hot wine (probably left over from the morning services) for all. Funny thing, but the wine disappeared pretty fast despite a significant lack of white, middle-aged, middle-class liberals. Must have been a leak in the wine bowl or something.

About 9:00 p.m. a fight broke out between a black and a Puerto Rican. It was stopped by the people there (but David Peale didn't stop his marvelous entertainment) and later the black went over to the Puerto Rican offering to make friends. The latter laughed at him and walked away. Merry Christmas, dupe! They got into a fight again later. This time the Puerto Rican whipped a bystander with a chain from his leather jacket. Quite groovy.

Groovy People Form Nativity Scene At E. Village Xmas



As the night went on, David Peale played, some cat filled up ten pipes with cigarette tobacco and liquid THC (it mixes well with wine), a few more scuffles evolved, a lot of frustrated poets muttered some non-poetry into their beards, and the whole thing just resembled some great big, beautiful nativity scene. (Pope Paul, do you realize the disgrace that St. Mark's Church is? Excommunicate the place, man, excommunicate it!).

December 26th was even prettier (everybody had mastered their Christmas toys by then). There was a Free

concert at the Fillmore that night featuring David Peale and the Lower East Side, and the MC5.

David Peale, the freak, mounted the stage. He consisted of sunglasses, long hair parted down the middle, and STP sticker on his guitar, a flower stapled to his chest, and love and peace written all over his ass. He shouted to the audience to open up the doors and let

everybody in. Somebody shouted back, "Why don't you?" he cursed at the cat and told the audience that they had to do their part. So everybody stood up and began marching toward the back to liberate the already free Fillmore when he called everybody back because "It ain't cool." He played a few more charmers ("Mommy, where's my daddy?"), I'm a dirty hippy") and split.

Then came the MC5. From reading articles on them in the Voice and The Times, one expected something like the early Stones in appearance and music. They were, after all, the only rock group who had the balls to play Grant Park during the Chicago Dance J life.

So out they came looking like a real street guerrilla group. Rainbow, iridescent vests and black silk bell bottoms. "Kick out the jams, could envision them racing down the yellow brick road, stepping on any ants that got in their way, and ultimately overthrowing the Emerald City. Their stage act was delightful; the MC5 moved up and down like an anarchic DC5—a well-conceived freak show. The drummer took off his shirt, the bass player did a tumblersault, and the lead singer jumped off the stage to kiss some girl in the audience (rock moves toward radical theatre; are you hip?). Their sound was delightful; they reduced Blue Cheer to a whisper.

After the show the lower East Side group, took over the free Fillmore in order to free it (they do so every few weeks). Bill Graham came out to rap business and peace with them, the same Puerto Rican cat clubbed Jerry Rubin, and some fellow came by the Fillmore with a box of garbage which he liquidated gracefully through an exit door into the orchestra seats.

Outside the Fillmore after the concert, one of the members of the rough and radical MC5 just about summed everything up. "Gee, it's cold. Let's call a taxi."

Nixon, do not fear. All is cool.

Grape Boycott Related To Poverty, Imperialism, War

The situation of the migrant farm worker is more than pathetic. It is, as Patrick Garahan refuses to see more than a problem of being disadvantaged, of being poor. During a nationwide boycott of grapes from California, the Department of Defense purchases twice as many grapes as in previous years. When there are poor people who happen to be farm workers, who happen to be Mexican-Americans, who happen to be non-white, who happen to be trying to organize a successful union so that their families can live with dignity and integrity in today's society, the government refuses to include them in the National Labor Relations Act. It seems that this is more than an unfortunate example of poverty—it is a deliberate attempt on the part of the government of the United States to keep the oppressed oppressed, to keep the poor poor, to maintain the status quo of a nation where 50 million people live in poverty.

Patrick Garahan is absolutely correct when he says that "many of these people see upheaval and revolution as the goals of their endeavors, and subsequently use their involvement as a tool to achieve their aims." Many people do realize that America is actively engaged in genocide, not only on the farm workers in California, but on the black people of America, on the Vietnamese non-whites on the people's movements in Latin America, specifically Guatemala, where we are now napalming people, and in many other areas of this world.

Until we all realize that the so-called "problems" of the poor are not isolated incidents but are manifestations of the American corporate structure; until we all realize that freedom in this nation exists only for those whose corporate interests allow them to become the most elite rulers of this nation (along with the Central Intelligence Agency); until we all realize that the situation of the farm worker in California is no different than that of the miner in West Virginia or of the people exploited by the United Fruit Company in Latin America; until we realize that to solve the "problem" of the farm workers in California we must also solve the "problem" of Appalachia, of Harlem, of Vietnam; until we realize this, we must continue to fight all the oppressions of the American imperialistic and exploitative system both at home and abroad until all men have attained their rights and dignity as human beings.

And to Pat Garahan, to whom we owe so much for his clever insight into the nature of human understanding and involvement, we say put your money where your mouth is and put your body in with ours. Since when are you so concerned about the individual human being? When was the last time you were out on the grape boycott? It's always easier to talk.

(Signed by those who are participating in the California grape boycott). Mitchel Cohen
Josh Greenberg



PATRIC GARAHAN in his column ON THE RIGHT, elicited the above response when he questioned the motives of Stony Brook activists. Garahan asserted that the grape picketers were using the problems

of the poor to achieve their own aims of upheaval and revolution. He stated, "... those who need help the most are being used as pawns in the chess game of power politics."

Arthur Mitchell—Vista Volunteer
Victor Zatorsky
Delores Huerta—Vice President United Farm Workers Organizing Committee AFL-CIO
Glenn Kissack
Harris Kagan
Jack Harmon

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Margery Auerbach
Phil Harman
Arnie Hoffman
Steve Colombo
Sheila Kassoy
Fran Broderick
Christine Cziko



FUTILE GROOVE

A baby sighed in his sleep,
The sound of lilted languor
A silent mind roared six feet deep
A cry of stifled anger.

The Prince of Fools came back from Hope
And set at once to see
If what he'd heard about the Pope—
Blessin' folks for free.

Ginger ale jumped the can
And punched Coke in the eye;
A frying egg jumped its pan,
And started south to fly.

People starving—
Turkey carving—

Kill the Hippies
Hate the Jews
Feed the dog
Read the News

Don't love thy neighbor as thyself
Just throw your brain up on the shelf.
Sell your mind, perhaps your soul—
Just for that sheepskin inkscrawled scroll.

—T. J. Hehir



Drug Usage Is Explained

By Kent Cunow

It does not surprise me, as it does many whom I meet at the University, that the administrators and particularly the faculty of the Universities are surprised at the wide use of drugs on the campuses. I do not find the conflict. In fact, it is the very education itself that encourages the experimentation and continued use of drugs. Let me pause here to say that when I speak of drugs I am referring not only to marijuana and L.S.D., but the wide range of drugs, ranging from cocaine to heroine, that are now available to anyone who desires them.

The widespread experimentation and use of drugs is directly due to the encouragement of the administrations and particularly the faculty at the University. Outrageous! Slanderous! Is it? Let us see what leads students to experiment with and continue the use of drugs and examine if this encouragement is not directly due to those who voice such surprise at drug usage by students.

The use of drugs is directly connected with the way a student views experience, and his view of experience is determined by what he is educated to hold that the meaning of his experience is and might be. It is, or at least ought to be, in the context of his education that he is exposed to various ways that he might be able to understand his experience and the use to which he can put the experience that he is exposed to.

It is precisely this question of the meaning and possible use of experience that is the basis for my inference that it is the educators who are teaching students to experiment and

use drugs.

The dominant metaphysics that pervades the universities at this time in history is that there is no truth which can be discovered and that each idea is as truthful as the next. It is this basic misunderstanding of reality which has led to a system of education where truth is substituted for by the accumulation of various views and the examination and study of data. Since it is believed that there are no universal principles which are true, it is therefore held that all principles are valid. This thinking leads to the study of phenomena for the sake of experiencing the very multitude of phenomenon.

Though this may seem to be a principle, it is a rather fruitless one since it has not lead educators to its logical conclusion: that the study is endless. Let me digress to express my extreme wonder at the strange state of the educators' view of reality.

Though it might seem necessary that a particular man, or a group of men, even an entire institution might for a short time need to be perplexed by the myriad attributes of reality, one would think that a short time of this examination would lead any rational man to the conclusion that the only way to deal with this reality is to discover that which is real and that which is not: the principles which guide and underlie the manifestations which are being examined.

Only the student can end the useless labor in which he is engaged. To him, I direct the following question: Is it experience and its many facets that you wish to learn, or is it something else? Question the following: When you make love, is it to discover experience, or to know love?

It is, however, clear to one who examines this strange phenomenon of the on-going struggle with the finite with the infinite that another road must be sought. Why is it not? It is not because those who lead the investigation, and

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Robert Callender Writes



By **ROBERT CALLENDER**
Member, Black Students United

Welcome back from your long vacation. For some of us the introduction of the new year is nothing but the forces of evolution dragging time the way a cat drags a rag aimlessly about the back yard of a nearly abandoned farm house. The reason one would tend to approach the new year with such a negative attitude is that the new year came, but the same things will inevitably happen all over again. If you were a soldier in Vietnam, the new year will mean nothing but another day chalked off your calendar. If you are black you begin to wonder what the first act of atrocity toward you, your family, and your people will be. Then, of course, you will find that the new year is simply a time for the oppressor to go home, get drunk, and in his delirium plan another way to make your life defunct of happiness and peace. Bringing about change will be a far greater challenge and, due to the forces of progress, things may appear to be changing.

If you are a Stony Brook student, you may be planning to get on the stick and wage war against things like the price hike in dorm fees, or to actively participate in the struggle about whether that whatever-it-is should be a student union or a campus center. And of course you will begin to wonder whether the moratorium was a genuine thing, or an indifferent act of pacification. You will also wonder whether the much despised University requirements will be abolished or whether you will be told to go to hell when these issues are again in the limelight.

Struggle is a most important word in our vocabulary, simply because this word struggle can be misunderstood to mean strife. The results of strife can be many e.g. strife can lead to the destruction of both the cause and the individual. At Columbia when the student uprising took place, the ultimate result was the excommunication of a brilliant young man with positive ideas, the calling of the police to restore what has been called, law and order, and the resignation of the president of that university. I am not a clairvoyant, but I can visualize Stony Brook being another Columbia, and believe me this is hardly one of my wildest dreams. There is one difference here at Stony Brook, and that difference is that the entire ugly scene of hierarchical punishment could be avoided if we as students and young people were to be taken into consideration as people capable of building more than could be built. At work here is the generation gap. And when such a thing happens, there are counterforces.

Creating counterforces from outside the Establishment by peaceful and acceptable methods may cause a redistribution of power and an increase in the number of vested interests. But unless this accomplishment is considered an end in itself, such activism also avoids the questions of how forms and institutions should be reshaped and how their control may be kept in the hands of those most directly affected by them. By looking at a man in the electric chair, the executioner may have some idea of what the victim is suffering, but does he really know?

fering, but does he really know?

If you reading this article are blessed with youth, you have come to realize that the Establishment presents inherent contradictions because of social, as well as political limits placed on youth roles. On the other hand, working for the destruction of these institutions increases the risk of eliminating one's effectiveness through removal from the society, and getting caught within the web of forces so violent as to nullify professed goals. In any case, this only avoids the problem of devising substitutes for red tape and finding guarantees for their effective administration.

The only question I have to ask in this case is, what does it take for an administrative force to join forces with its young people? It does not find it difficult to pack a young man off to war, have him physically and morally beaten, and in many cases killed (for what, may I ask?). Well I, a black man, shall have the audacity to ask the Administration here at Stony Brook to pay careful consideration to the requests and the demands of the young people.

The applications of certain principles can only result in the end product of the principle. And if it is not obvious that destruction is to no avail, then you are a total fool and should not even be concerned with the issues of the land. However if I as an individual must be presided over, I only ask that

my administrator maintain his scruples and sense of justice. I can say please help us, and you can say no, and then in my suffering I can say we will all go down together. It

should be known that justice is a powerful weapon, and possibly the only weapon whose composition is understanding. Think about that.

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"Age of Machine" Exhibited At Museum of Modern Art

By **NORMAN BAUMAN**
I recommend the Machine Show at the Museum of Modern Art (closing February 9).

The exhibit can be divided into three convenient categories: the machine as a functional device, viewed from the perspective of the artist; the machine as a visual theme, incorporated into artistic works; and finally, a modern development, machines which have been created as works of art.

The show attempts to chronicle the artistic development of the machine age that we are at the close of. The most characteristic machine of this period is the automobile. A few well-chosen examples document the development of its design. The first example, historically, is an exhibit of fin de siecle newspaper competitions for the best

design of an automobile. The most striking feature of these designs is that they are obviously designed as horse carriages. Their idea of good design was something in the direction of an earlier, grander style. There is no sensibility of mechanization. To beautify the automobile, they added some gilt and some angels, rather than changing its basic form and basic design concepts.

A better approach to design is illustrated by the 1931 Bugatti automobile, "La Royale," which is on exhibit. Here, pure functionality is no compromise with beauty. The visual forms of this automobile come from the visual forms of the machine — the texture of exposed radiator coils, the tension of an automobile bumper. Yet, the Bugatti does not have a look of the sixties,

but instead, the luxurious, sprawling length of a grand time.

If the Bugatti represents the grand style of the machine age, Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion car represents the functional, highly engineered style of the same period. It looks like an airplane, and indeed, the airplane is an example of dramatic, efficient design principles. Fuller started with a new approach to design and as a result arrived at new principles which results in machines that are as simple and beautiful as nature itself. Fuller has created new artistic forms out of strict functionality.

The visual artists of that time went in two directions — those who saw the machine as the spirit of progress, and those who saw it as something antagonistic to traditional values. Beautiful new forms came out of the machine age, particularly, good speed and tempo. This is illustrated in this exhibit by Giacconi Balla's "Speed of an Automobile" series. Duchamp has a sensibility for the machine as an expressive contemporary metaphor, and paintings such as his

"Bride Stripped Bare of her Bachelors Even" are actually diagrams of elaborate machines — the desire-magneto, the sex-cylinder.

More cynical about the machine are a number of creators of collages, who incorporate the machine, principally in the form of cutouts from magazines and machine catalogues, to express an opposition to nature and tenderness, such as George Grosz's "The Engineer Heartfield," a portrait of a close cropped engineer with gears where his heart should be.

The fun part of the exhibit, with most of the contemporary works, consists of machines constructed by artists. The twenties and thirties worshipped or feared the machine, but couldn't really deal with it. Some of the early machines utilize visual movement. Calder has some machines on exhibit that can do things that his mobiles can't. But most of the contemporary machines are just fun machines, a giant penny arcade to prevent us from taking the machine age too seriously. Artists such as Kienholz, with his "Friend-

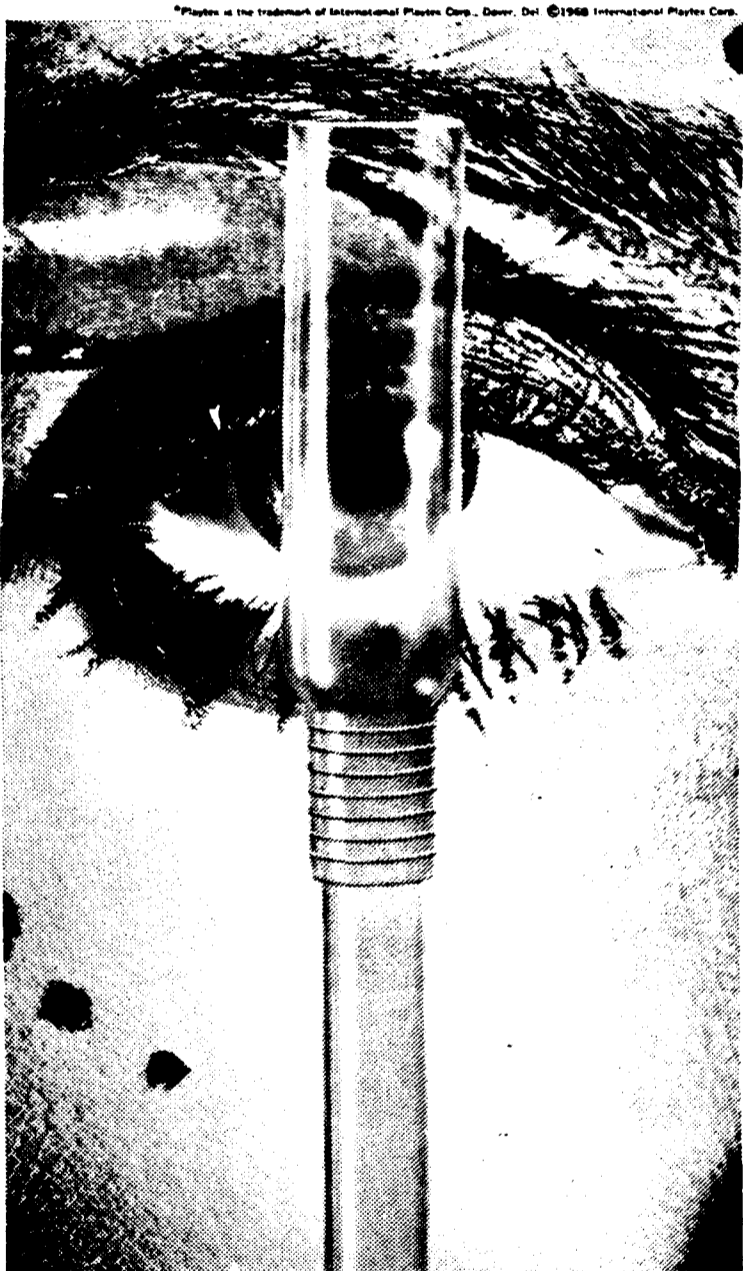
ly Grey Computer," are not terrified or awed by machines, but can assess them seriously or playfully. And, a new generation of machine artists has opened up. Nam June Paik's television sets show how polished, refined, and controlled machine art has become.

The Machine Show chronicles the machine age, from a humanistic perspective, from the awkwardness with which our society handled the machine at the beginning of the century, to the sophistication we have attained after seventy years.

PERSONAL:

I've asked all my friends (what's left of them) and a few enemies to help put out a better newspaper by working as a Statesman secretary. It's a good way to meet many of the influential people on campus and besides the Statesman needs you. If you are interested, call Pat Reed at 5416 or the Statesman office at 6787.

ROBERT ALLEN SCHNITZER, formerly of Irving College B309, is now living in Tabler V, Room 320B. His new phone number is 4504.



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On The Screen This Weekend

By HAROLD RUBENSTEIN Arts Editor

Now that everyone is broke, and finals are descending, all the biggies, good and bad, have finally come out to the outskirts of Stony Brook.

PHYSICS THEATER WEEKEND CINEMA

Fantastic Voyage - Starring Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch with assorted Red Corpuscles

A journey into man's body without a probing of the mind. Spectacular special effects and sets, including one by now world-famous construction, Raquel Welch. Otherwise preposterous unconvincing story with forced medical dialogue and clinical acting. (Fri. and Sat. — times at box office.)

THREE VILLAGE THEATRE

Charge of the Light Brigade — Trevor Howard, Vanessa Redgrave, Harry Andrews, Jill Bennett, John Gielgud and David Hem-

mings. Directed by Tony Richardson.

Not a remake of the old Errol Flynn film, but a re-evaluation of the event itself, exposing it as an example of the absurdity of war. Visually striking, with the help of brilliant animation and excellent performances, especially by Mr. Howard and Miss Bennett. The film, though it has moments of brilliance, gets bogged down with extraneous subplots, like Miss Redgrave's and Mr. Hemmings' love affair, and the Charge gets pushed into the background in the construction of a sweeping portrait of Victorian England. (Fri. and Sat. — 7:00 and 9:15)

BROOKHAVEN THEATER SMITHTOWN THEATER

Boston Strangler — Starring Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda, George Kennedy; directed by Richard Fleischer.

Tony Curtis still gets the girls but this time he doesn't keep them, he murders them. The problem is, the film is just as deadly. All the suspense of Gerold Frank's work is gone, replaced by the nausea that is felt when one is subjected to see what his mind can only grimly imagine. And aside from Curtis, who is surprisingly good, the performances are mediocre. One more role like this and Henry Fonda is likely to turn up in the next Roger Vadim film. Director Fleischer tried using the split-screen technique for the murders but he has given each segment of the screen a different scene, so instead of straining oneself to catch everything, the viewer watches nothing. No harm done. (Smithtown, Fri. and Sat. — 7:00 and 9:00); (Brookhaven, Fri. and Sat. — 7:00 and 9:00)

PORT JEFFERSON ART CINEMA

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas — Starring Peter Sellers, Leigh Taylor-Young, and Jo Van Fleet.

Will wonders never cease? Hollywood has actually come out with a funny movie about hippies without using jokes that would appeal only to the Greater Flushing Mah John and Bridge Club. Still, the story of the straight square who becomes freaked out is a bit strained. It is saved, however, by Mr. Sellers who, as usual, is ten times better than his material. Maybe one day he'll find the film that really is worth his talent. In the meantime, Alice B. Toklas will do. (Fri. and Sat. — 7:00 and 9:00)

CENTURY FOX THEATRE

The Graduate — Starring Dustin Hoffman, Anne Ban-

croft, Katherine Ross; directed by Mike Nichols

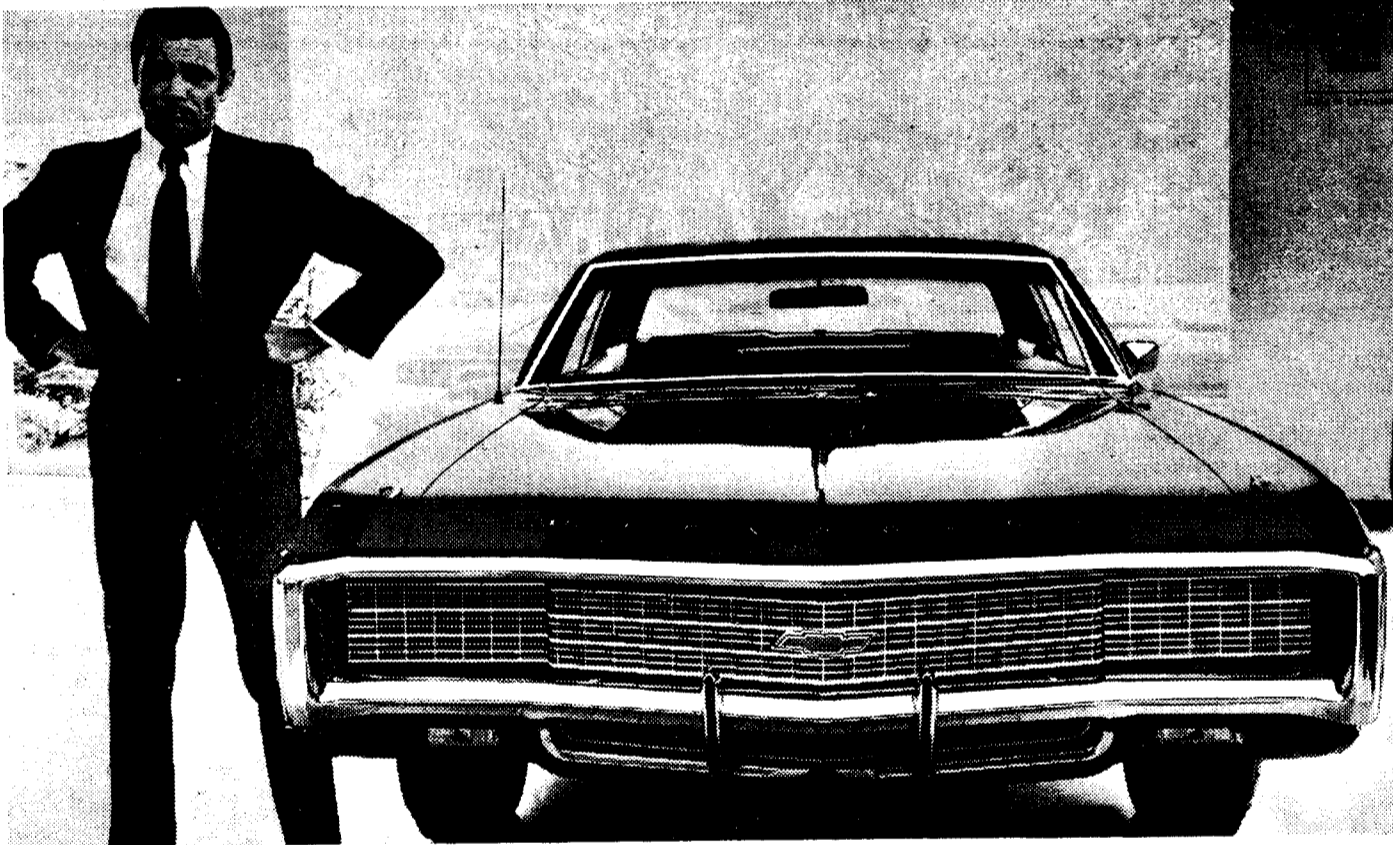
Forget about studying one night. It's not worth it, when compared to being able to view one of the best pieces of cinema around. A serio-comic study of youth drowning in the greenback stuffed, plastic world of the middle class. Dustin Hoffman's Benjamin wanders through the world of those who have "made it" and found nothing with the face of a stray, love-starved dog, and the finesse of a boy on his first blind date. Anne Bancroft has brought sex to middle-age. Mrs. Robinson is a pitiful creature, all desire and no love. Miss Bancroft is marvelous. Katherine Ross and Mr. Hoffman make a winningly offbeat duo as two post-adolescents who can't see why it is worth growing up. Behind them all, stands the omnipresent Mr. Nichols. He has placed his figures in an adult world of black and white, literally, that only bursts into color amidst the company of youth. His sense of detail and timing is phenomenal, his understanding of youth is admirable. **The Graduate** is not really a funny movie. It is pathetic humor, not weak because of poor jokes, but because of the pain of the truth. Mr. Nichols has thrown the truth at us, made us joyous at its rejection and then asked us what we will do in its place. It makes one feel fantastic to be young, but terrified of the time when the title will no longer be used for oneself. (Fri. 6:30, 8:20, 10:15; Sat. 7:45 and 9:40).

COCA Launches New Film Series

This year the Committee On Cinematographic Arts is offering a new film series entitled, "The Sunday Film Festival", in addition to its regular Friday-Saturday movies. Designed to provide the type of films which the Friday-Saturday series cannot offer, this "film festival" presents a variety of films ranging from the early American silent classics through the greats of the gangster and western era. It also includes films of the great cult stars such as Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Cary Grant, Rudolph Valentino, Mae West, W. C. Fields, The Marx Brothers, James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Greta Garbo and many others. The festival does not only emphasize American films, however. In addition, it includes classics of the foreign cinema, such as **Birth of a Nation**, and many films by noted foreign directors such as Fellini, Bunuel, and Cocteau.

The festival began earlier this year as an experiment and was therefore not well publicized. Now, however, the program is in full swing, and its spring schedule is listed on page 11 of this newspaper.

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Basketballers Just Great At Sacred Heart

By MIKE LEIMAN
Assistant Sports Editor

The Stony Brook Patriots played "some of the best small college basketball I've ever seen," according to Coach Herb Brown, as they fought their way to a second-place finish in the Sacred Heart Tournament during Christmas.

Sparked by Mark Kirschner's 82 points in the three-game set, the Patriots battled down to the final shot of the championship contest before falling to the Sacred Heart team, 53-51.

"We got fine performances from our starting players and Larry Neuschaefer, who was our sixth man," said Brown in explaining the teams outstanding play. "We got good inside work from Glenn (Brown,) Larry, and Mike (Kerr). Everyone who played contributed."

As for Kirschner, Brown believes he played well enough to have been tournament MVP. "He shot over 50% from the floor (32-59)," revealed the coach. "He was the tournament's high scorer, and he made the all-tournament team." Unfortunately, "the coach of the winning team picks the MVP from his own team. If we had gone all the way, Mark would have made it."

That honor went to Sacred Heart, however. "With one minute to go in the championship game, the score was tied," said Brown, "and we froze the ball. Finally, Gerry Glassburg drove for the basket, but he was called for charging. Don Hanes of Sacred Heart made one and one. We called time and set up a play, but our last shot missed."

To reach the finals, Stony Brook had

to beat Norwich College and Marist College. "Gene Willard made our last six points in the Norwich game," said an impressed Brown. The final score in that game was 66-61.

The Patriots had to be hot to beat a favored Marist team in the semis, and that was just what they were. They shot a remarkable 51% from the floor on 25-49. Kirschner poured in 33 points, as the Pats prevailed, 63-61.

For finishing in second place, each Stony Brook player received a pewter mug. That's not nearly as important as what their coach had to say about them: "In attitude, ability and hustle, this is the best team we've ever had. The kids hang together. They're a team in every sense of the word."

HOME
BASKETBALL
GAMES

Friday and
Saturday nights
8 P.M.

patriot sports

statesman

JETS A
GOOD BET
AT 18

Cagers Fall To Queens, 61-51

By Jerry Reitman
Statesman Staff Writer

Unable to score consistently, the Stony Brook Patriots dropped a 61-51 decision to the Queens College Knights last Saturday night, at the winners' gym. The loss, which evened the Patriots record at 2-2 in the Knickerbocker Conference, leaves the Pats with a 4-5 overall mark.

The first half was played even, and the lead changed hands over a dozen times before the period ended at 29-29. Stony Brook had taken its largest lead of the game, 16-10 on successive buckets by Glenn Brown, Mark Kirschner, and Gene Willard. But a four minute scoring drought followed,

while Queens reeled off nine straight points.

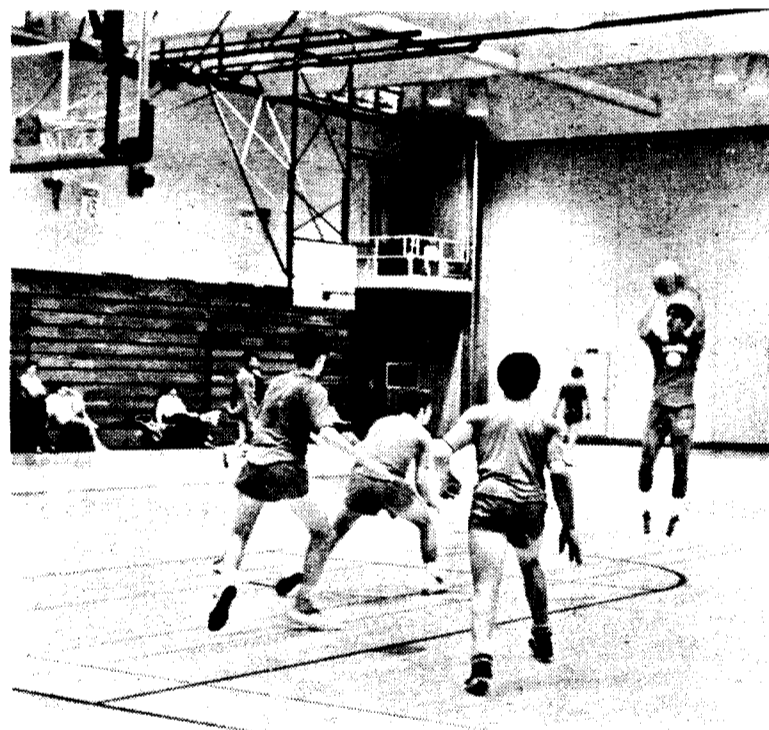
After the second half tap, the battle for the lead continued, and Queens led 45-44 with seven minutes left in the game. At this point the Knights suddenly broke the contest open, scoring ten points in three minutes while holding Stony Brook scoreless.

When asked to explain the Stony Brook collapse, Coach Herb Brown said, "I don't attribute it to a let-down following the Sacred Heart Tournament," but rather that "the team may have been overconfident against Queens." He emphasized that "I don't want to take anything away from Queens, but we played our worst game of the year.

We played like we were in a trance."

Coach Brown was especially upset with his offense saying, "Kirschner had an off-night, but we're not a one-man team. We've got depth this year; we've got to establish consistency. We weren't consistent in the Queens game." The team shot 33% from the floor and 46% from the line.

Stony Brook is at home tonight against Plattsburgh State. The team also entertains tomorrow, when it hosts New Paltz State. Both games start at 8:00 p.m. Tuesday's away game at Maritime has been rescheduled for Feb. 12.



Frosh: A Merry Xmas Patriot Swimmers Take Expected Dive

By Joel Brockner
Statesman Staff Writer

The Stony Brook freshman team savored the sweet taste of success during the prolonged Christmas vacation. In a December 17 encounter against Lehman College in the Bronx, the Patriots emerged with an exciting 64-59 overtime victory.

The game was a nip and tuck affair all the way, with each team unable to pull away. Although Stony Brook did not enjoy one of their best shooting nights, their excellent rebounding kept them in the game. Yeoman work under the boards was turned in by Andy Simmons, Steve Rosenberg, Bill Myrick, and Al Franchi.

Stony Brook led at the half by a score of 32-30. Lehman rallied and held the lead for almost the entire second half. The Pats got on the comeback trail

with some great drives by Myrick and the tremendous clutch foul shooting of Wilbur Jackson. In the overtime period, Jackson hit four consecutive free throws to sew up the game. In a balanced scoring attack, Myrick scored 13 points, Rosenberg and Earl Haye had 11, Simmons and Art Baclawski had 8, and Jackson had 7.

Last Saturday night at Queens College the Patriots again were victorious, taking the Queens freshmen, 68-64. Cool Wilbur Jackson calmly hit many important free throws in tight situations to insure the win. In addition, the Stony Brook five was aided greatly by a fine defensive performance by big Dudley Cammock. Cammock repeatedly blocked attempted shots by the Queens squad.

The next home game is Saturday night at 6:30 P.M. against New Paltz State.

By JEANNE BEHRMAN
Statesman Staff Writer

The greenhouse-like pool, jutting out over the Long Island Sound at Kings Point, was the seascape Wednesday of the Pats' 75-28 loss to the Merchant Marine Academy there.

The team — what few members could come — did not measure up to previous standards. Coach Lee attributed this to a slight complication termed "out of practice," due to the three-week intermission.

Three f's didn't help matters: The flu speaks for itself, finals is an unspeakable topic, and co-captain Paul Epstein slashed open his heel on a flip turn while practicing in Florida.

The one bright note was co-captain Rocky Cohen's performance. After taking second in the grueling 1000-free (40 laps) and third in the 200-fly, he then swam the 500-free, edging past his opponent on the ninth

lap and eventually garnering first by a substantial margin. Teammate John Sherry was ten seconds behind for Stony Brook's only 1-2 finish of the meet.

The Pats lost to New Paltz Dec. 14, 77-26, but came home with some exciting memories. In one of the two firsts awarded to Stony Brook, Dave Gersh

missed breaking his own 200-fly record by 1.0 seconds.

The 50-free had to be decided by the eye since Peter Klimley, Wally Bunyea, and New Paltz's Jim Gollner were all timed in 0:25.8. With baited breath the judges' decision was awaited... Klimley and Bunyea placed 1-2.

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December, 1968

Evil Loves, Good Cannot

Herod and Mariamne by Par Lagerkvist, translated from the Swedish by Naomi Walford. Alfred A. Knopf, \$4.95.

by GUY FARRELL

With delicacy and simplicity Par Lagerkvist re-tells the Biblical story of Herod the Great and his gentle wife Mariamne. Herod, remembered from Matthew as "The Terrible" for the Slaughter of the Innocents, is for Lagerkvist "an emblem of mankind: mankind that replenishes the earth but whose race shall one day be erased from it and, so far as may be conjectured, will leave no memorial." Yet, the success of Par Lagerkvist's parable is due as much to the characterization of Herod as a man as to his being an emblem of Man. The terror of Herod and Mariamne does not come from the great cruelty of Herod or even from any sense of pity one might feel for Mariamne as she sacrifices herself for him and the people of Judea. Rather, if we are terrified, it is because Herod the Great was alone and he died alone — not because he killed Mariamne, but because "in death we are all alone, all forsaken." For even Christ on the cross cried out, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani" (Mark 15:34). But while Christ could cry to the Father, Herod could cry only to Mariamne for it was she he loved.

Par Lagerkvist suffers from the tag of being called a "Christian Novelist," and certainly such name-calling allows one to understand his work without ever reading it... or even stopping to think what one means by "Christian art." Tolstoy, as a theorist of a Christian art — though rarely a practitioner — wrote in *What is Art?*: "The essence of the Christian perception consists in the recognition by every man of his sonship to God and of the consequent union of men with God and with one another, as is said in the gospel (John xvii:21). Therefore the subject matter of Christian art is such feeling as can unite men with God and with one another." If there is a God in Herod and Mariamne, he rarely comes closer to man than an account of three poor travelers following a star in search of a child who would be "king of the world." In Par Lagerkvist's vision, men seem far from one another and there is only a dim sense of a God who seems still more distant.

Part of the difficulty is that there is a tendency with parable to try and draw as many equal signs as possible and then try and understand it as some sort of equation. Herod = Ambition; Mariamne = Charity (pity and kindness); Ambition = Evil; Charity = Good; and so forth until everything equals something else and nothing equals merely itself. The reader would do well to remember Shaw's warning, "do not forget that allegory is never quite consistent except when it is written by someone without dramatic faculty, in which case it is unreadable." Moreover, there are degrees of allegory and Mariamne is far less a personification than is Christian in Pilgrim's Progress.

The author's interest in character is externalized into actions and the immediate reasons for actions and not their psychological causes. Lagerkvist delineates



Herod and Mariamne through the simplest devices. When Herod first sees Mariamne, she is described through outward characteristics which explain her character much as a person's physical appearance was supposed to reflect his spirit in the Middle Ages. "Her step was as light as a bird's; she wore thin-soled sandals with a silver loop round the ankle, and walked as if weightless." In contrast, Herod "was a big man, somewhat heavily built, with coarse features. . . he trod more heavily on his right foot. . . and it lent more force and somehow more menace to his figure." Herod was dark, even his eyes which some called "lion eyes." But the narrator comments that the "eyes of a lion are much paler." Mariamne is described as having "gentle" eyes. The first meeting between them is described as follows:

He met her eyes, though hesitantly, knowing the nature of his own — knowing that people shied away from them.

But she did not. She met his gaze serenely and naturally, altogether untroubled.

And when she agreed to marry him, "She gave him her hand. So slender was it, and so small in his that they both smiled a little for all their gravity." Again the gesture is repeated when Herod returns to the palace hoping to stop the murder he has ordered, and

finds Mariamne wounded through the throat.

"Beloved, beloved," he whispered, bending over her. "Beloved, beloved. . ."

Did she hear him? He would never know.

She could not speak, and made a helpless gesture with her hand. Then laid it in his — her slender little hand in his.

The dramatic impact is built slowly by a small number of associations, much the way Robbe-Grillet uses a limited number of observations to indicate the state of his character's mind. Though Par Lagerkvist is not especially interested in Robbe-Grillet's theory of *L'ecole du regard*, the success of Herod and Mariamne is but another indication of how well the novel can get along without interior monologue.

Actually, where Par Lagerkvist parts from the usual form of parable, he does so because the nature of what he wishes to abstract is quite different from the usual subject matter of parable. Mariamne is not a saint, and certainly not a savior. She first goes to Herod seeking mercy for one of the members of her house. Though in the end she is willing to marry him, to sacrifice herself for him and for the people of Judea whom she hopes will fare better with Herod under her influence, she is not able to work miracles.

She is able to pity Herod and pity his victims at the same time, but there is little indication that she loves either. "She knew that she could never love him; but she could feel pity. And in feeling this she felt also the need to sacrifice herself."

After Herod has made love to her, Lagerkvist writes: "Her own instinct now awoke and — despite the great difference between them, or perhaps because of it — she was at times deeply fulfilled. She had to admit this, repugnant though she found him." The meaning of her departure from Sainthood is twofold: the nature of her sacrifice and the absence of Love.

Mariamne's virtue is of quite another sort than that of the Saint. "Perhaps she was not really religious, or if she was then it was unawares, as if she were good without being conscious of it or giving it a thought." Mariamne was good, but her goodness was a manifestation of her beauty and as such it had little to do with being religious. For Aquinas notwithstanding, the Good of the Saints is often Terrible — we can be kind and say sublime, but not beautiful. Mariamne "was like the trees. The wind is the worship that fills them, and to which at times — though not always — they listen. Their divine service is within themselves."

Mariamne is good, but her goodness is neither terrible nor impossible. Christ meant his life as an example for others to follow, but he set too good an example and so he became inhuman. Trying to find an exemplary life that is humanly possible, Par Lagerkvist created Mariamne. Yet the story of Herod and Mariamne is in the final analysis a tragedy, for she cannot be a savior and has not the power to damn him like a John the Baptist.

"It was inevitable that in time he should begin to notice the strained nature of her love for him, and realize that she did not feel as he did." Since he could not love her, her sacrifice became meaningless and eventually even a source of anger. "He brooded and grew sombre, and his look frightened her; she dared not meet it." Herod had wanted love, and when he realized that he had given himself to her while she only pitied him, he returned to his old ways.

Herod's loneliness was abated only for that short time that he was with Mariamne, thinking that she loved him. The great temple that he had built to himself meant nothing. He knew that as he "looked up at the starry sky and let the stars plunge their spears into his lonely desert soul." He dies completely alone, calling her name over and over. In effect, this is a love story in which evil loves and good does not. The result is a unique tragedy and a wonderfully subtle and even mysterious parable on good and evil — violent passion and especially love, which is perhaps God and the final offering.

The narrator, who is himself a character distinct from the author, ends his narration as he began it by pronouncing the eventual doom of man. And then he too cries out:

"Mariamne. Mariamne."

Mr. Farrell is a student at Bard College.

The Poet of Big Shoulders

The Letters of Carl Sandburg, edited by Herbert Mitgang, Harcourt, Brace, & World: New York, 1968, 577 pages, \$12.50.

by LINDA KEISTER

Alas, he is dated, belongs to periods, must be read with an awareness of time shifts; he is not of our time although he lived deeply into it. He is recently here, "biff! bang!" his "speech tones out of the abyss" to remind us of ourselves, of "that hectic mystic American Dream and how it will ride thru The Atomic Age," of America when she was self-assured and proud. He had little scholarship and little interest in it except for what he knew about Lincoln, and "he put all the essential facts into his books, loved his man," no brilliant crystalline intellect but rather that grand American substitute, a wide heart, "a great great love-heart of a wonder," salubrious, "dear great chum-heart," blood-sodden, his "big, yearning hungry heart will hug you."

"You will observe I am knocking out a letter," he once said, "32 letters in three days;" he "fairly weltered in ink" and the "charming and delectable environment of paper and type." "In a letter a man can't pile up the facts on facts that he thinks back his conviction," he "can only send you THOUGHTS:" the "joy of life" riding "high in your heart," all big, pulsing, turbulent, panoramic, "all tumbled and hurried and dusty, here we are" "as full of errors as the flowing talk of healthy, normal, aspiring man." He fairly burst with "big things" beating and whirling his mind and heart, "plans and details of plans for several things," "the ins and outs of vast actions." "He is one nut, a colorful specimen:" "vital and joyously loony," a "decently developed human being" delighting in "deliberate haywire interludes and jogtime babblings."

His mind ranged over all "this world we're living in and all its human trends." His body roamed from Galesburg to "the swirl of Chicago," to the "City of Brotherly Love (pretty name isn't it)" and Oshkosh: "bustling and populated, stern and real, a factual entity. . . with lands, bldgs., laws and noises." New York: trying "to live more life than is livable," playing "hell with the population which is sleazier and snivellery than in any similar compass of American territory." "Hinckley! Isn't it musical?" "Heaven is like Hinckley." At Pittsburgh: "captured by railroad police" for riding boxcars without a ticket "and sent to the Allegheny County Jail" where he "put in ten days." He went to Milwaukee, "a socialist town, you know," expecting "to learn things there." He had "been places and touched people:" in his travels, "a testament for America." "Alive and registering" all the time he aimed "to sing, blab, chortle, yodel, like people," but all the time he rode and walked and hummed his "underhums of humor," he had "roots and clinging vines" holding him to Illinois, to Lincoln, to Paula Steichen Sandburg, to Ed her brother, to "certain old and tried friends."

And to each of them he knocked out one hell of a fan letter: "You are steel and gold" — "That ringing robustious mirthfulness of yours"—"I like your range, your head and handling of things"—"You were one of his large-visioned friends." He was a "bigrange bird" with friends from New Mexico to the White House. He saluted Debs, "hardened for war," and took to him as to "a living Chinese poem." He welcomed New England Amy Lowell, "a good neighbor as well as joyous artist," and together they pulled down "high vagabondries out of life." And he loved Roosevelt, for with him "as with Lincoln there had been a response of the People": he

would appear one evening at the White House door, guitar in hand, to rest him "on one hell of a job" with "a fine El-a-noy song. . . and an Eskimo sex story as good as a Chaplin picture." But he was also "a poet with a family" who had frequently to consider "a good suggestion about socks," even though he was "lucky enough a dreamer to regularly connect with the payroll of a daily newspaper." So he rocked them and fed them: "Swipes" and Margaret and Janet; three times it was "a girl with perfection frog legs fastened to a perfection torso," three times his "little red babbling heir-apparent," and once another "that had not lived long enough to be named." All born to the "hill-born" S.S., the Sandburg-Steichen, borne by "proud, beautiful Lillian!" — "dear love-pal, Mate—Woman!—Sweetheart!" And to them all, his own and his friends, he sent "flying and flying" his letters big with "the overtones of life," signing, "Carl," "Carlos," "Sandy," "Sandburg," "Potato Face," "Boll Weevil," "Buppong," "Buddy," Said "I love you & that is no arkymalarky" to everyone, to "republicans and democrats, patriots and freethinkers, red-headed men and fiddlers, vegetarians and philosophers, farmers and the civil liberties bunch." And he opened his vast heart to them, the public, the "Big Baby that it is," and set himself to "trim its heart's garden of a few weeds and grow therein—perhaps roses, perhaps cabbage." Roses of poetry, cabbages of "mighty good nonsense," or cabbages just to eat.

He liked his "politics straight:" threw in his "oratorical stunts" for the labor movement, "bombed the ramparts of capitalism" with ink and type. He was a socialist, because "it's the only program that will rouse the stupor of the masses," a union man, a democrat dreaming of a "democratized earth on the way." Wide-visioned he could be "no worse off for having tried to stand on tiptoes and drink from the brim of the Big Dipper:" "affirmative about the firmaments of life," he bent down to hear "the deepest shadowy gongs among the meanings of democracy." "I would say I am with all rebels everywhere all the time as against all people who are satisfied." "I am for reason and satire, religion and propaganda, violence and assassination, or force and syndicalism, any of them in the extent and degree to which it will serve a purpose of the people at a given time toward the establishment eventually of the control of the means of life by the people." "At present attached to no party, a nonpartisan observer," an independent, he knew his way around a sit-down strike: "THE SHORTER WORKDAY OF THE AMERICAN WORKING MAN RESULTED NOT AS A REASONABLE AND HUMAN ARRANGEMENT INVESTIGATED BY THE EMPLOYERS BUT BY REASON OF WORKINGMEN FORMING UNIONS, PULLING STRIKES AND GOING IN FOR THE WHOLE SORRY PROGRAM OF VIOLENCE AND HATE THAT RUNS WITH SUCH WARFARE." But if there showed "some animus of violence in Chicago Poems," his real artistic aim was "the presentation of motives and character," not "the furtherance of I.W.W. theories;" but he did remember the People, and keyed part of his "stuff a little lower so to catch the upper strata of proletarians."

He had it: the "vitality, bounding, exuberant health. . . of every artist worth hearing." He aimed to catch "the big ease and joy of life," "a human note at times," in that "medium of free verse," "libertarian rhythms" that welled up from his deep dreams. His "poickry," sometimes "more of a ragged memorandum than a poem," made him "puns drunk," sunk him "fathoms deep where some good poems just stepped out and wrote themselves." He spoke "Americanese," "batty and queer" but acquainted with "the moon and the elemental rustlings." "Having an ear for

passwords and high signs,' nevertheless he wondered, when "darkly great and subtly beautiful," his Art "strangely effloresced." He sought "a unique and personal way." He found "art originates with EXCESS": "a honey of perfectly apocryphal" MADNESS to "get the feel of what it is that moves you."

And he took "old age and decrepitude without whimpering," remembering strongly his "rather rich professional" of living "tangled in dream and death." At seventy he "considered it time for melodic pause in the playing of Harmonica Humdrums." At eighty-five, he thought he was "entitled to a vacation," "for writing let-

ters too is writing": and the letters stopped flying.

"Rich-hearted," having seen "closeup many various layers of humanity in various locales," this "familiar silhouette," demonstrating a "rare capacity for toil and solitude," lazing in "blue pools of quaker quietude," tried "to live more of life than can be lived in one place at a certain time." He "hits me strong," this man "being at once reality and myth." "That is all. I could go much farther but that is all."

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

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TABLE OF CONTENTS:

NOVELS:
Herod and Mariamne page 1
The Beastly Beatitudes
of Balthazar B. page 3
The Concrete Judasbird page 9
Beneath the Wheel page 10
New Grub Street page 12
CULTURE:
The Beetle's Biography page 6
The Yellow Submarine page 6
The Beatles page 7
Lonesome Cities page 8
The Realist page 9
Joys of Yiddish page 12
HISTORY AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS:
Equality by Statute
Our Children's Burden
City with a Chance
Beyond Civil Rights page 4
Aspects of Antiquity page 8
LETTERS, THEATER, AND ESSAYS:
Letters of Sandburg page 2
The Gilded Stage page 5
Camus' Essays page 11
Paperbacks page 11
ARTWORK:
Virgil Burnett pages 5, 8, 12
Susan Grecu page 11
Bob Griess pages 3, 10
Julie Slott pages 6, 7

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True Love Is Disaster

The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B., J. P. Donleavy, Delacorte Press, 403 pp., \$6.95.

by RICHARD POLLACK

More. That's all Sebastian Dangerfield, hero of J. P. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man*, wanted. More sex, more money. When this ginger man wanted something, he got it—he never worked, of course, but why work when a good line and a fine appearance get you just as much? Now Donleavy has given us a new ginger man in *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B.* The two are very much alike, but shouldn't be confused, for Donleavy is doing something different in the two novels, and Sebastian Dangerfield and Beefy function differently in the two. Dangerfield thaws out his wife's lodger, Miss Frost, with a routine that is equal parts of nerve and wit. He asserts his rights to another, less virtuous, lady by simply demanding that she recognize his self-evident rights to her. But women like Sebastian Dangerfield, for they sense his tenderness and real affection for them. If he's to have a good time in bed, that's no reason for the woman not to have a bit of fun herself. Men like him because he knows what he wants—sex and the things money buys—and the frustrations he overcomes are ordinary social obstacles, not those petty, demeaning psychic frustrations so well known. The world as it is was not made for the ginger man, but then, he knows it should have been.

Things not so bad. Wait and see what happens. Have to take things as they come. Good with the bad. Lot in those old sayings. How one can lie in times of stress! My God, it's absolutely awful. Be made for the world. But the world was made for me. How long before I arrived and they spent so many years in getting it ready. Something has gotten mixed up about my assets.

In short, the world has played a trick on Sebastian. The rules of the game have been mistakenly formulated. It is the prerogative, or perhaps the duty, of the ginger men, Sebastian and Beefy, to straighten out the world by living as though the mistake had not been made. Ginger men are not often anxious about their part in life; the lines above expose the depths of Dangerfield's conscience.

The only trouble with being a ginger man is that this life of ease and charm, fine figure and good clothes, has to end in failure. The ginger man knows that grocers will not give him chicken, ham, and Haig & Haig on eternal credit simply because he looks like a gentleman. Dangerfield makes his way from bed to bed, woman to woman, but someday he will wake to realize that there are no more of these amiably animal arrangements to be had. Not for all his charm. Yet if the ginger man is not consciously aware of the failure he's heading for, he is haunted by the fact that it is going to come; if anything, we're more conscious of it than he is. All's implied, nothing's stated. *The Ginger Man* ends with the ginger man in triumph. Donleavy just never wrote the chapter in which Dangerfield fails.

Now, in *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B.*, Donleavy gives us a 1968 xerox of the 1955 original ginger man. The new novel is as funny as the old one. Balthazar B invites too many simple comparisons with *The Ginger Man*, though, which are to its disadvantage and these similarities obscure the very real virtues of Balthazar B. We shouldn't simply compare Beefy with Sebastian, though they are superficially similar characters and they live in the same world, Dublin "where the light shone down," Trinity College Dublin, Irish Ireland, and the halfway house of Anglo-Irish Ireland, fading into Belfast and Scotland and London.

Balthazar B is a funny book, and its moral implications are understood only after reading all of it. You can think only after you stop laughing, for the moral of the book is contained in the whole, not in any one part. It is neither a lesson nor a lec-

ture.

Balthazar B takes the hero of title from his birth in Paris through public school in England (where he entangles himself with Beefy), to Trinity College, Dublin, which is a complete failure, and marriage to a monster, and in a farewell to Beefy, back to Paris again, this time to stay—and bury his mother.

After Balthazar's father dies, his mother takes to collecting pretty young men to drive her car and perform other light household duties. Balthazar is left to his Uncle Edouard, whom he idolizes. Uncle Edouard is a man of the world, whose shoes do not shine too much, as vulgar men's shoes do; he is an explorer and a lady's man who collects mistresses named Fifi, whom he finds in strange quarters of the city. A balloonist, Uncle Edouard has made the first official illegal balloon flight over the sixteenth arrondissement from north to south, "using natural ballast." His normal preparation for a balloon ascent is to eat continuously for three days before



take-off. But public outrage over the "Affaire Balloon Merde," has forced Uncle Edouard to engage in "The Enema Anglais." Balthazar B, who loves this uncle, is taken from him and sent to a school in England. Improbably enough, Balthazar B meets another little boy named Balthazar, known to all as Beefy. Their friendship encompasses the novel.

Beefy is sent down from school, the schoolmasters Crunch, Slouch and Newt having found him guilty of writing "I am the Magnificent Masturbator," on all the empty blackboards. Beefy, even at this young and tender age is interested in the only thing that matters: sex. At school, of course, sex means boys. The schoolmasters' confusion over this very natural matter is funnier than the subject itself: what can one expect from a teacher who is a "bicycle seatsniffer?"

Balthazar and Beefy don't meet again until they get to Trinity, by which time both have become preoccupied with ladies of every sort except the priggish. Balthazar has been seduced by his governess, Bella Hortense, at the age of twelve (and she has his first child). Balthazar never forgets Bella Hortense, and losing her is the first of life's little tragedies. His mother discharges Miss Hortense, thinking the governess wants her son's money. Bella says, "Maybe it's true. But I love you too." More to the point, she says "True love is sure disaster." Balthazar B, young, beautiful, wealthy, and personable, is destined to be desired by a great number of women, from nannies to young heiresses to servant girls. And he truly loves them all. Sure disaster someday for such a man.

While Balthazar B is accumulating love and disaster, Beefy is becoming the ginger man. At Trinity he is reading Divinity, hoping to attach himself to the Church of Ireland (shrinking from the harsh pros-

pects of the Church of England), and living on great expectations. Granny has to die sometime. Balthazar's great fault, if it is a fault to avoid love if it can only cause pain, is that he is passive. He is tantalized for months by the sight of inaccessible Miss Elizabeth Fitzdare sitting in the lab under mountains of woollens. Beefy, to the rescue, brings Balthazar to a party. Incited to the properly lustful thoughts, all he does is let her seduce him. But only after she invites him to meet the family and proposes marriage to him. They're in love. Everyone approves. But then Lizzy is trodden to death, jumping hurdles on a lame horse. Balthazar learns only that the match has been broken off. Always the man of contemplation, Balthazar goes off to Paris to sulk in his mother's apartment on Avenue Foch. It might be bad manners to fly to The Manor, County Fermanagh to find out why the marriage is off.

Balthazar B learns the truth, of course, but that's later on. In the meanwhile, he has a number of adventures with other

do you ride? do you hunt? do you shoot? And he is of course scared to death by horses, hunting, and shooting. The stable man gives him an old mare, but once on her, Balthazar realizes she's a female and that there is a stallion over in the near field. He has visions of being trampled to death as Dingle mounts Daisy. This doesn't happen, of course, but Dingle does get an erection and Balthazar's organ misbehaves. So he's scared to stand up.

There can easily be too much of this, I'm sure you feel. Over-adolescent. But it isn't overdone in the novel; it coincides with Balthazar's growing passion for Fitzdare. And of course, I describe it in isolation. In the novel, it is circumscribed by Beefy's magnificent machinations. Back in Dublin, Balthazar is visited by Beefy, who, feeling a bit randy, wants to go down to the quays, where he knows a young whore named Rebecca, who has a friend for Balthazar, and down at the quays no morality prevails. Beefy is waiting around to marry an heiress, but there are certain animal desires he must satisfy, something other than the vision of piles of banknotes. Beefy's motto is "Do the indecent thing, if you can," and Balthazar goes along with it, for the moment. Even Beefy finds it a bit hard to maintain a continuous animal delight in these things. But he works hard to keep up the spirits. And it helps if one makes a game of it all:

Good God Rebecca your toenails need cutting Rebecca . . . I'll report you to the Society of Chiropractors . . . But we're losing the sense of rape here. Cringe back a little here, my dear. If the Provost could only see keeping up the fine traditions of the College. Numini et patriae asto. And now. For rape.

Rebecca, you're ruining this deadly serious act. I am about to rape you. This won't do.

But, of course, the Provost, or his minion, sees them; and Beefy and Balthazar are sent down from Trinity.

Throughout his episodes Beefy has been in touch with Balthazar by means of letters. These too are comic performances, part of a game of pretending he is not as unhappy as he is. Balthazar, meanwhile, has been going through his own sorrows. While furnishing a new house in London for himself and Fitzdare, the engagement is broken off and there he learns of her death. Hoping to cheer himself up, he reads the obituaries. Now there is no way for him to go but up, we think. There is no worse despair, at least there is none for someone like Balthazar. Beefy's Infanta has a friend named Millicent. Balthazar shows some interest, and the two go off to a hotel along the river. Marriage follows.

They have a son. They fight. Millicent leaves, taking the child with her, and leaving Balthazar with the French maid. Balthazar and the girl are soon in bed together, but just as he murmured "Fitzdare" in his sleep when he was with Millicent, so he now remembers Bella Hortense; he babbles of cottages by the sea (where Bella said she would retire). This confuses the maid a bit. But soon Balthazar gets a telegram from Beefy and one from his mother's doctor. As he goes to the train station to pick up Beefy, Alphonsine steals away. Balthazar B just cannot keep anything; he has accumulated sadness from every personal relationship he's ever had. He's through.

Beefy, of course, is once again in desperate straits. Balthazar says "You mustn't give up, Beefy," and offers a little help to his friend. The whole progress of the novel, though, has made it perfectly clear that Beefy is going to keep on playing the game.

I would be derelict if I did not warn you that the prose in this novel is itself delightful, quite apart from the smut. Balthazar and Fitzdare converse:

Continued on Page 8

Case Histories In Law and Reality

Equality By Statute by Morroe Berger. Doubleclay & Co., Inc. 274 pp., \$1.45.

Our Children Burden: Studies of Desegregation in Nine American Communities, ed. with Introduction by Raymond W. Mack. Random House, 473 pp., \$8.95.

City With A Chance: A Case History of Civil Rights Revolution, by Frank A. Ankofer. Baucus Publishing Co., 146 pp. \$4.50.

Beyond Civil Rights: A New Day of Equality, by Hubert H. Humphrey. Random House, 193 pp. \$5.00.

by TERRY FARRELL

It is now a truism that the problems concerning race will be the most difficult problems that this nation will have to face in the near future, if it is to survive as a unified society. We must seek solutions. This is especially hard in this year of 1968 when the most vocal segments of the black community are saying that the traditional solutions of integration and compromise are no longer possible, or even desirable. The possibilities open to America are many. The history of racial intolerance, segregation, subjugation, and violence has been imprinted on many minds both black and white. Recent indications that the Vietnam war may at last be ending gives hope that the resources for this fantastic task may soon be at hand, although it is not likely. And yet if we bumble forward with no clear goal in mind, with only moral pieties instead of concrete proposals, if we look only to the past and allow our history of racial strife to dictate the terms of the future, then America will never live out its Dream but only fulfill a Nightmare. As de Tocqueville pointed out over a century ago, as if in anticipation of today's situation:

The sufferings that are endured patiently, as being inevitable, become intolerable the moment that it appears that there might be an escape.

That time has come. Modest gains have whetted the black man's appetite. He's now saying that unless he gets his just dessert, ain't nobody gonna eat.

There is in most of us a general sense of the despicable history that has caused this attitude. We also have a knowledge of some of the legal cracks that have been forced into the facade of racism. Everyone more or less knows the pertinent history of the civil rights movement. Morroe Berger, in his revised edition of a book first published in 1952, refreshes this area. Berger begins with the post-Civil War period and traces what various parts of the federal and state governments have done to retard or advance the Negroes' struggle for equality up until the present day. In the historical exposition, the book really provides no new insight or information, nor is it very useful as an introductory text. There is such a large historical area covered, with so many specific references, that at times the book reads like an annotated list.

After the Civil War the Supreme Court, in a trend of decisions culminating in the 1896 *Plessy v. Ferguson* case, interpreted the Fourteenth Amendment in such a way that it insured the Negro's second class citizenship. In that landmark decision the Court ruled that "separate" facilities were constitutional as long as they were "equal." This segregationist attitude continued to prevail until the mid-'30's when the Supreme Court began to change its viewpoint. After 1937 and even before the historic *Brown* decision of 1954, the Court sought to stop discriminatory practices in voting, administration of justice, public accommodations and other areas. In the *Brown v. Topeka* decision the Court overruled the *Plessy* decision finding that "separate" facilities were "inherently unequal."

Thus, until Congress passed a mild

civil rights act in 1957, "the Supreme Court has had to assume the burden . . . of revealing the unfairness of our institutions," except for several Executive orders. Revealing is an important process in securing civil rights, but revelation does not mean enforcement. This is a problem which Mr. Berger hints at in his historical survey but does not analyze deeply enough. It is embodied in his question, "Can equality be achieved by statute?" However, in his analysis of New York's Anti-Discrimination Committee, he examines both its stated purpose and its effectiveness. His conclusion on the psychological level is that changes in the law, by allowing or forcing changes in peoples' basic living patterns, provide for new experiences and thus are a realistic means of crumbling prejudicial bastions.

An examination of what has transpired since the *Brown* decision is quite appalling. Our Children's Burden is primarily impressionistic examination of school desegregation efforts in nine communities scattered throughout the country. Each of the case studies, done mostly by social scientists, includes a myriad of interviews and statistical data of the areas, arranged such that each tries to put peoples' attitudes into an overall historical, political, and economic context.

The general consensus of the reports is that integration of all minority groups into the mainstream of American society, particularly into education, is taking place very slowly. In fact, in the large cities, with white middle class flight to the suburbs, there is a trend away from integration toward de facto segregation. There has been a concomitant decrease in the level of learning of the inner city schools as the better teachers leave, as the schools receive the second-best educational materials, and as the remaining teachers have less and less time to deal individually with the ever increasing number of children who don't have the middle-class backgrounds toward which our schools are oriented. The study of Chicago reveals it as one of the worst, and possibly the worst, school system in America.

Most of the studies are outdated by two to three years. One, in fact, consistently examined statistics from 1961, and none take into account the new black militance and demand for better black neighborhood schools. The studies are good in portraying the complexity of the problem, especially in regard to attitudes. The solution to the problem of school desegregation, or more generally, to the problem of all bad schools, is a complex one. It includes solutions to the problems of housing, of backgrounds, of administrators, of teachers, of politics — together with an entire phalanx of other considerations. Our Children's Burden, though it only touches on the other problems in most of the studies, points out what a big problem equal education has been for the black man in white America. This book would lift few, if any, eyebrows in most black communities, though it might open a few eyes in parts of some white communities.

If eyes that are already shut can be opened by reading, then Frank A. Ankofer's book is a good one to open some eyes to the way blacks are thinking about these complex problems. Ankofer, a white civil rights reporter for the *Milwaukee Journal* has examined what went into the making of the Milwaukee disturbance (riot?) of July 30, 1967, and what constructive innovations have since come out of it. This account, of course, deals heavily with Father Groppi and his open house movement. But more than a simple chronicle of events, Ankofer's analysis and apt analogies help bring "the white problem" of white racism home to the white man.

Before July 30, many Milwaukeeans thought that they had "too good a city" for a riot, and yet not solely that event

indicated that the contrary was true. Even before the riot there were vain attempts by the black community to convince the school board to acknowledge and do something about de facto school segregation. The double standard thinking of the school board was exposed by the United States Commission on Civil Rights in its 1967 report.

In Milwaukee, when a school was overcrowded or closed down, the children of that school were bussed to another. However, when black children were bussed to predominantly white schools, they were kept "intact" in several classrooms, segregated from the white students. The school board complained that the administrative problems of integrating them into the receiving schools were too great. But the U.S. Commission found that ". . . the school system had bussed white children for many years, . . . almost invariably integrating them into the receiving school." Under pressure to integrate the black children also, the school board simply stopped all bussing.

This type of distorted thinking was prevalent in other areas also. When Father Groppi and members of the NAACP youth council began marching in mid-July of 1967 in support of a strong open housing ordinance for Milwaukee, the white majority focused their displeasure more on the protestors than on what was being protested.

Many were shocked by self-induced images of being attacked by black commandos. Some said Father Groppi was another Hitler, organizing a group of 'brown shirt' storm troopers. But it was the majority of whites — a few of whom said the priest and his commandos ought to be jailed or shot — who were more susceptible to a fascist way of thinking than the youth council members, who mostly were trying in their own way to get a piece of the democratic pie.

Because of this type of attitude, progress has not come easily. As other cities throughout the country, Milwaukee has taken some steps forward (e.g., by July of 1968, 16 of 18 suburbs in Milwaukee county have passed open housing laws). Milwaukee is still a city with a chance, as the title implies, because blacks there still see

The Continuing Story of Balthazar B

I'm not really a riding man. Perhaps I should sit this one out. Here on the wall.

Daisy's so mild she'll pick you up when you fall off.

Well that would be awfully nice. Of Daisy. But.

This sort of trick is used over and over. And as Dangerfield in *The Ginger Man* was always swearing by the Blessed Oliver Plunket, so in this novel, Beefy and Balthazar get good mileage out of the line "For I know that my redeemer liveth" (Job xix: 25). In the scene made by the major, for instance, Balthazar thinks: "What does one do in all this distress. To keep one's arse. Or police being called and possible arrest. Only one thing left to say. 'For I know that my redeemer liveth.'"

The major replies: "That is all very well and proper sir. All of us here I'm sure know that our redeemer liveth. But damn it all, that's exactly why we won't be sidetracked."

Balthazar adds: "Could we not all sing Abide with Me?"

Or when he is accused of seducing Millicent:

You didn't. You didn't ravish her. Is that what you're saying. With my daughter up there in the same bedroom, registered as Mrs.

a peaceful escape from the sufferings that they have endured patiently. If this road to justice is blocked, Tocqueville has implied the alternative.

America has been moving toward justice slowly, almost inadvertently, as all of these books have indicated. To achieve justice, we must know the past, but we must also have a plan for the future. Hubert Humphrey, in his warm, talky, partly nostalgic book, reviews the fight for civil rights, particularly his role in it, and delineates his proposals for the future.

In his book, Humphrey is trying to be modest. It was written as if to a friend, and thus will be read favorably only if one is sympathetic to HHH. Historically it is noteworthy for its inside analysis of political happenings; for example, the 1948 Democratic platform fight over a civil rights plank. In this same vein Humphrey recounts other political actions, including his part as floor leader for the '96 Civil Rights bill when it came to the Senate.

But more important than recounting his role in the civil rights movement, Hump lays down his personal views about what needs to happen if this country is to realize its moral commitment to all minority groups. He knows that extremism will get us nowhere.

The point is not to be "militant" or radical, or liberal, or conservative, or "moderate," but to be accurate. The accurate point is that our society has built into it from the past a structure of racial inequality. The sound objective is a rebuilt society from which that inequality has been eliminated. . . . The destination is a multi-racial society of equals.

A bit more specifically, Mr. Humphrey says that what we need is

. . . a Marshall Plan for the cities . . . that will restore our devastated American cities. I have proposed that the core of such a plan . . . would be a National Urban Development Bank — a public-private fund to provide money for urban needs. . .

In addition we need, in HHH's opinion, a new welfare system, minority entrepreneurship, local control of local programs, minority economic power, and many other proposals which have become almost cliché in so-called liberal circles. Cliché though they might be, they are not yet banal, and need to be considered and reconsidered thoroughly — and enacted appropriately. Having lost this election, Hubert Humphrey may never be President, yet the dream he has is still a worthwhile one.

Terry Farrell, a senior English major at Carleton College, is the ex-tri-chairman of the black student organization on campus.

Balthazar B. You haven't ravished her.

I know that my redeemer liveth.

After reading *The Ginger Man*, I found myself asking two questions: "How did the ginger man get that way?" and "What is he going to do when he gets his?" for he surely is going to get it. In a roundabout way, Balthazar B answers these questions. I suppose one must answer them, but I urge you to remember the place of the ginger man in this novel. Beefy may be a duplicate of Dangerfield (though one transported into the never-never land of upper-class Anglo-Irish Society between the two World Wars), but the new novel is only partly about the ginger man. And if you don't realize this, you can very easily condemn Balthazar B as an inferior *Ginger Man*, when that is not what Donleavy set out to create. He should be applauded for having attempted and succeeded in writing a different kind of novel.

The difference is illustrated by the place of failure in the two novels. Donleavy left Dangerfield's fall for the unspecified future. And he did not tell us explicitly what that failure would be like. Balthazar B does both things. Balthazar B is at the center of the new novel, and he is aware. That is, in fact, his problem and Donleavy's. The author uses a very conscious, morally aware character to make us realize that Beefy's antics themselves were a perma-

(Continued on Page 8)

The Play, Les Dames, The Play Again

The Gilded Stage, by Henry Knepler. William Morrow Company, Inc. 447 pp \$7.50.

by MICHAEL I. MILLER

The Gilded Stage is an invaluable book with an exciting subject, but it will not be read. This isn't entirely Mr. Knepler's fault. Nineteenth century theatre doesn't exist for us; we think of the theatre as literature, and Victorian theatre as melodrama. Maybe it is. But Mr. Knepler can at least show that it is possible to write about the theatre without literary distortion.

The important fact about nineteenth century theatre is that it was an actor's medium. Better, the actor's body was the medium (high sexuality here, which explains a lot, and gives Mr. Knepler some fun). Plays were merely the instruments, and the great actors played with them like virtuosos. Partly because play writing became an almost forgotten art and partly because acting became a highly sophisticated art, the star system developed as the foundation of productions. It began to disintegrate only at the moment of its highest development and still controls plays like *Mame*. The difference between *La Dame aux Camélias* and *Hello Dolly* is not great. But perhaps the stars of the last century were great. Four of them — Sarah Bernhardt, Rachel Félix, Ristori, Eleanora Duse — achieved unprecedented international success and form a study in miniature of the art as it developed then.

The center of this action was Paris, but for each of the actresses the entire Western world was open ground. This meant that the largest part of their success had to be won from an audience that did not speak French or Italian. The major emphasis of acting, then, was what was done rather than what was said; the major effects were spectacular and the play itself was so unimportant that Bernhardt could make an impassioned speech on the stupidity of the audience without anyone knowing or caring. She could bring down the house by complaining about her hotel.

In Paris, of course, things were not so free, and the development begins there with Rachel Félix. This is an especially good place for Mr. Knepler to begin, because Rachel provides the pattern for each of the following actresses. It isn't just a matter of international notoriety, since each new success was based on a new instrument and a new exploitation of talent. For Rachel, the instrument was classical French tragedy. Corneille and Racine had been acted in highly stylized ways. Gesticulating, florid women loudly declaimed or chanted the lines, almost like a series of disconnected, impersonated lyrics. A revolution outside the *Comédie* involved the new romantic methods of Hugo, demanded a new technique, and was gaining a new audience. Rachel was not a revolutionary; she failed as a romantic actress. But by applying the new technique to classic plays, she created a new importance for something frozen and dull.

No single factor can account for her success, but some had specifically theatrical importance. Given these plays as the instrument, the audience wanted to be moved profoundly, violently. Rachel made this possible by expanding the elements of surprise and suspense. She was unfashionably thin and frail looking; she accentuated these features to increase the power of sudden outbursts. The audiences were used to seeing grand movement and hearing loud speeches. She hid her art, seemed to do almost nothing, barely spoke her lines. When the explosion came, they knew it was an explosion. At the end of one scene, G. H. Lewes found himself "quivering with excitement almost insupportable."

But her technique became a routine in time. Surprise became familiar and ceased to exist. To Ristori, Rachel seemed like a



sculpted goddess, while the theatre needed movement and expression. Ristori herself was a large, voluptuous, passionate woman and brought these qualities to the stage. Her instrument was the more volatile stuff of Goldoni and Alfieri, though she included some of Rachel's repertoire. Her technique was more expansive, yet not stylized as in the older theatre of Mlle. George. Furthermore, she played in Italian, and this alone required greater "expressive" movement. It required mime, and Ristori drew on her background in the *commedia dell'arte*.

This, in effect, was an extension of Rachel's "naturalistic" movement, but it had its own limitations, and Sarah Bernhardt's success became possible because of them. Bernhardt combined the subtlety of Rachel with the volatility of Ristori to produce something entirely her own. It was partly a new instrument, the plays of Sardou, Dumas, Rostand; partly her beauty, which was greater than either Rachel's or Ristori's; and partly an emphasis on speech simply as speech. She got her effects through decoration: scenery, costume, verse, movement, all highly sophisticated and consciously "beautiful." Her unique vocal quality added the last refinement to a highly refined art. And anything, any play or any role, could be used to reveal it. She was the greatest popular success of the four.

Still, she was the least interesting as an actress, because she merely refined with-

out advancing the art. While Bernhardt's method had overcome some limitations of the previous two, it had done so by exposing a massive limitation at the base of them all. In a sense, Bernhardt was a throwback to the early technique of Mlle. George, because they shared a similar, petrified refinement. They were utterly improbable. And the most highly sophisticated elaboration of representational art became, in each case, the least capable of representation. This in itself was no problem so long as the acting and not the play was the center of attention. But when audiences once more began to take an interest in plays, the performance as such had to be submerged. The actor had to become least visible as an artist.

In this context, the last of Mr. Knepler's actresses was the greatest and most revolutionary. Eleanora Duse used some of the material of Bernhardt: *La Dame aux Camélias*, and so forth. She even subverted her own revolution with the plays of D'Annunzio. But she added something new in Ibsen, Gorky, and Maeterlinck. Although her audiences never seemed to realize it, she was no longer the center of the theatre. Or she was, but in a more subtle way. She never forgave them for continuing to think of the play as merely an instrument. Her own conception was quite different and brought about a radical change in technique. According to Mr. Knepler, it was "a unique method of acting

that gave the impression of being unpremeditated and yet carefully thought out, spontaneous and yet clearly a momentous, conscious achievement." The conventions of natural probability, later distorted as realism, shifted attention away from how an act was performed to the action itself, to the play. She was Stanislavski's favorite actress.

Knepler's treatment of the movement from the *Comédie Française* to the Moscow Art Theatre was coherent in its main outlines. It was essentially away from acting as a personalized technique, toward acting as a method of interpretation. Throughout the century, the actor and the play gradually exchanged their functions. And the history of that exchange is absorbing, not only for what it reveals about acting, but for what it suggests about Victorian playwrights, audiences, and criticism. For example, it is hardly surprising in this context that musical terms became primary metaphors in talk about the theatre. And almost anything that would fill this out, add details, correct false impressions is easily fascinating. But Mr. Knepler's book is rather tedious. It is boring. And I'm not sure how to explain this.

It's certainly not a matter of knowledge. Mr. Knepler's erudition is truly awe-inspiring, and he has collected a great deal of information here that is hard to find anywhere. The book is worth its price, if for no other reason than that. But that, I think, is the problem. "The image of the age," he says, "emerges with special clarity when its reflection is cast by four particular actresses." And later, "They are interesting beyond the usual sequence of biographical progression. . . . Their lives are expressions, often heightened and clarified, of their time." This is a dangerous way, it seems to me, to approach either the "image of the age" or the lives of the actresses. I'm not sure what Mr. Knepler means by the first of his terms, but I'm not encouraged to find out that he tells me Victorian "concern about morality . . . meant sexual morality only," or later that "the whole age was absorbed in romantic stories about fallen women and tuberculosis." Of course he is joking, I think.

But there is a potential circularity in this thesis which Mr. Knepler avoids by writing a book without a thesis. It isn't that he has nothing to say. He says too much. And he ends by juggling three different kinds of history without combining them in some coherent view. His social-political-cultural history is merely inserted, though by pages at a time. Often he can connect it with his other subjects but, especially in the first few chapters, he does not. His biographies are occasionally interesting, but they have a tendency to weasel off into gossip and are continually trapped by everything else. The historical development of acting as a craft is the most interesting part of this triad and, when he sticks to it, Mr. Knepler writes a fascinating book. His second chapter, on Rachel, is especially rich and suggestive in this respect, though he is not a sympathetic guide to Corneille.

His subjects are not badly chosen or boring in themselves. It's not a matter of our wanting a different book. But we have a right to expect the things in this book to be connected. Mr. Knepler's treatment is so diffuse that it is hard to see why he didn't just write three different books. Having failed that, we can still be glad he wrote this one. The sheer weight of information will make it a constant center of reference.

Mr. Miller is the well-known Chicago dilettante.

How To Stop Worrying . . .

The Beatles: The Authorized Biography, by Hunter Davies. McGraw-Hill, New York, St. Louis, San Francisco, \$6.95.

by JOHN GRAY

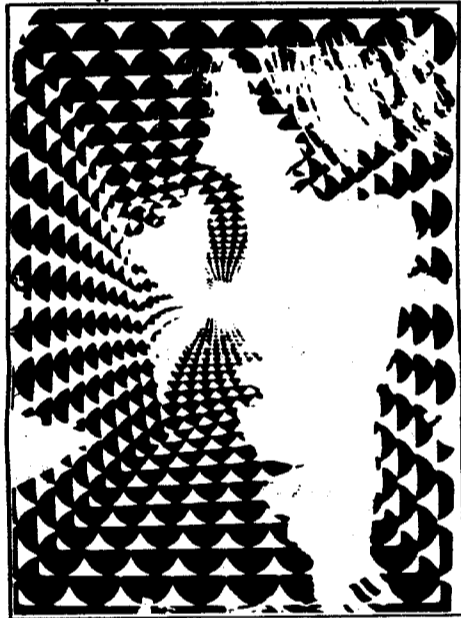
When it all started, you were probably whistling "Little Deuce Coupe" or humming "Sally Go Round the Roses" to yourself. Now you're hip to the tonal peculiarities of the sitar and you find that the contrapuntal structure of hit singles is an accepted topic for discussion.

The Beatles did it.

The Beatles looked down from their mountain of bread and said it really doesn't matter if I'm wrong I'm right; and they were; and they changed the whole course of popular music and completely altered the state of the young middle-class subculture with a nod of their collectively self-amused head.

Now, the subculture can be pretty possessive about its own, so when it discovered that my aunt in Tulsa knew Where It Is At with the Beatles, it set about to discover Where It Is Really At with the Beatles and came up with their own folklore. While my aunt knows that they're poor boys from Liverpool who made good, my friends know that John has broken up with Cynthia and that Cynthia was pregnant when they got married and some of them even know what "finger pie" really means.

The stage is set.



Enter, if you will, the young sophisticated journalist, novelist and playwright, Hunter Davies, who knows a chance to make a young sophisticated buck when he sees it.

Davies spent 16 months touring with and interviewing the Beatles and amassed a huge collection of quotes and notes from and about everyone from their wives to their high-school chums. He happily refrained from consulting bound volumes of 16 Magazine and other such incunabula (unlike Julius Fast, the author of the regrettable *The Beatles: The Real Story*) and stuck closely to the primary sources themselves.

He has put it all together.

Unfortunately, he seems to have deluded himself (or perhaps his publisher has deluded him) into thinking that his work is anything very much more than a document, a reference work, a secondary source of primary importance. Davies, or his publisher, or someone, thinks that this is *A Commentary*, a work of Real Social Importance.

Well, it ain't.

In and of itself, this misperception may not seem such a grave error on anyone's part. The book, is, after all, very well done and only lacking in a few respects. But this assumption that it is something like a novel, to be read and put aside or loaned to a friend rather than something like an encyclopedia to be skimmed and consulted and added to your library has led the powers that be to leave out the index.

The book has no index, and it's almost

as impossible to put to good use as the common, everyday unindexed Bible. Have you ever tried to find Noah or Sodom and Gomorrah in a Bible without having someone tell you where it is? Sure, you have at least a general idea — somewhere in the Old Testament, right?

Granted, it's fun to read—I may even read the Bible someday—but we of the young middle class subculture have heard almost all of it before and if you don't want to hear about how John used to raise hell in high school but want to find out which of their early cuts had a session man subbing for Ringo, you're out of luck. You've got to read the whole thing.

There are, of course, a wide variety of young middle class subcultures (who are, were and, perhaps, always will be the scions of popular music almost by definition) trying to put out a music that will compete with the Beatles. There's the acid-rock - psychedelic - San - Francisco - mind-expanding bunch of apostles of the doctrine of love and/or anarchy. These groups have their moments (White Rabbit) but generally have been conspicuous only by falling all over themselves and losing themselves in tangles of reverb and sixteen-track tape.

And, of course, there's the Boston-Cambridge-intellectual sub-subculture that confines its ventures into rock to such groups as the Lovin' Spoonful and the Youngbloods. And the sub-sub SDS culture of Country Joe and the Fish and the United States of America.

These approaches, and the less readily labelable approaches of groups like the Rolling Stones or the Beach Boys, deserve some comment that is apparently outside the scope of Davies' self-imposed limits. These groups all get to the young middle class in some way; they're all able to put their fingers on part of the pulse, to strike some kind of responsive note.

But somehow the Beatles are above it all. Somehow they're the epitome of young middle class white culture, emotion and philosophy. And somehow they've made it. They have no fears. They can call it all a game because they don't have to play. And they can afford to think that success is unimportant because they have it and think that anyone can do it.

Davies shows some of it in the book. The slightly dragging first section traces the rise of the four and their friends from early childhood. They were poor, in a lower middle class way, and they had their troubles. Then, oops, they were rich, famous, etc. They were, it seems, happier than they were astonished. John had always wanted to be a millionaire, no less.

But their music shows it better than the book. In the beginning there was nothing but rock—the Beatles were a pale imitation of the soul of the time, and a better imitation of the C & W of the time. They were good. Yeah Yeah Yeah. Not "Yeaeaeaeaaahhhh," like Smokey Robinson can sing it, but just "yeah," clear and strong but a little emasculated. And the lyrics were young middle class par excellence. "I don't wanna kiss or hold your hand, if it's funny try and understand, there is really nothing else I'd rather do, 'cause I'm happy just to dance with you." Sigh.

Predictably, perhaps, the Beatles turned from the schlock lyrics and ideas that dominated their early songs and started to turn a little more into themselves. They started expressing their emotion more honestly and began to move from personal comments to societal laments ("I Want to Hold Your Hand" to "Nowhere Man" to "Eleanor Rigby"). And a quick listen to some pirated tapes of their new album (that will be released by the time you're reading this) seems to have them moving back into the entertainment field on a more sophisticated level—into parody and play rather than involvement and commentary.

Somehow, Davies loses sight of why all this happened, or perhaps he chooses not

to try to decide. His interpretations are mainly on the personal level (Paul didn't like Stu Sutcliffe because they were both competing for John's attention and the like), and he avoids, here and elsewhere, making the kind of judgment that would contribute a lot to *The Beatles*—as—novel.

The book is a chronicle, a telling of tales and events, an attempt to clarify a period of time, not the passing of an era. Davies does his self-appointed job well with only two notable exceptions—practically no light is cast on the background of the death of Brian Epstein or the replacement of Pete Best with Ringo.

But in a way, these complaints are minor; Davies leaves out almost nothing that was already known and does add a bit of new information to the mountain. It's a shame that Davies couldn't have attempted a wider work or at least indexed this one, but for what it is, it's pretty damn nice.

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Yellow Submarine: a cartoon animated by Heinz Edelmann, songs by the Beatles, Distributed by King Features Syndicate.

by NANCY ERLICH

The good-humor and good cheer movement in popular music, initiated by the English groups and picked up by the American ones six years ago, is pretty dead. Since San Francisco took over the lead in musical trend-setting and started making pop into serious music, it's been rare to find a streak of optimism in rock 'n' roll. So it's particularly good to see that a recent landmark in pop music, the Beatles, cartoon movie *Yellow Submarine*, is a lighthearted fantasy that comes out strongly on the side of optimism. Not about wars or drugs, the film provides a welcome bit of relaxation and a momentary illusion that everything really does work out in the end.

I refer to *Yellow Submarine* as the Beatles' movie because the heroes of the film are the Beatles in cartoon form. Actually, the group had very little to do with making it. The cartoons were designed by Heinz Edelmann, a German illustrator with a limitless imagination, and the script is the work of a team of writers. All is under the auspices of King Features Syndicate, which has exclusive rights to put cartoon illustrations to Beatle music. King Features was responsible for that imbecilic Beatle cartoon show that used to be on TV on Saturday mornings, in which the animated characters would run around the screen for two and a half minutes at a stretch having adventures that had nothing to do with the songs piped in the background. The Beatles were justifiably skeptical at the prospect of King Features coming out with a full-length cartoon. But the more they saw of the plans for the movie, the more enthusiastic they became.

The whole concept behind this project was different. Rather than throwing music and pictures together with no excuse for a connection between them, the artists worked at supporting and embellishing the music with visual images. The Beatles liked the idea, wrote some songs for the film, and gave general moral support. They themselves appear for two minutes at the end of the movie, replacing their cartoon counterparts.

The Beatles' enthusiasm about *Yellow Submarine* suggests that they especially like its theme: good wins over evil. A statement like that is already a major concession coming from the Beatles, since John Lennon's cynicism has always been an important factor in the group's makeup. While an easy triumph for the forces of good would be corny in any other setting, in a cartoon and ersatz fairy-tale it is perfectly acceptable.

During the film, the Beatles travel through a series of seas, some symbolic, some punny, to arrive at Pepperland, the idyllic homeland of Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. They have been summoned by a messenger in a yellow submarine who enlists their help in driving out invading enemies, the Blue Meanies. The villainous Meanies have paralyzed and drained the color out of the Pepperlanders and, horrors, have forbidden the playing of music. But when the Beatles arrive and size up the situation, they realize that all you need is love and defeat the Meanies easily.

The heroes' adventures en route and in Pepperland come for the most part in song-length episodes set to Beatle music, in which the visual action is usually suggested by the lyrics. A song like "Sgt. Pepper" conjures up a very specific visual image, that of a band at a concert. Edelmann, the designer, took this suggestion at face value, to accompany the appearance of Sgt. Pepper's band in Pepperland. It is to Edelmann's credit, however, that he didn't restrict himself to the images built into the Beatles' lyrics for the rest of the songs. "Eleanor Rigby," illustrated literally, would have been a disaster. The nicely understated verbal images of the lonely lady picking up rice in a church, or the old man darning his socks, would have become camp at best if shown graphically. Instead, the artists have produced a series of almost-photographic still pictures of lonely people and lonely situations, which retain the spirit of the Beatles without literally transcribing them. The same kind of thing is done for "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," a song so crammed with visual images that it nearly dictates how to illustrate it. But Edelmann realized that the value of the lyrics is their unexpectedness, and that the visuals should follow suit. A great deal would be lost if the audience could anticipate that cellophane flowers would come onto the screen right after the kaleidoscope eyes. To solve the problem, the illustrations are just as violently colored and quickly changing as the Beatles' verbal pictures, but of different subjects. It's still the same song, only with twice as much feeling.

In the "Nowhere Man" sequence, however, the script-writers distort the meaning of the lyrics and the song never had it so good. Standing on its own, it is a moralistic, humorless sermon against apathy. But in *Yellow Submarine*, it is changed from bad preaching to good fairy-tale material through a scrupulously literal treatment. To depict a nowhere man sitting in a nowhere land, there is almost nothing: a blank white screen with the improbable-looking nowhere man in the middle. He sits, typing, painting, composing, and producing nothing. The Beatles walk into the nowhere scene on slightly different levels because there is no floor. Transformed by this straight-faced literalism, the song stops being pompous and becomes gently silly and a lot of fun.

Of the twelve songs in the movie, four are new and were written for it by the Beatles. Three of these are very good.

... And Love The Beatles

Only "Hey Bulldog," John's contribution, is weak. It suffers from being mostly aggressive and not very cohesive or coherent. Other songs are: "All Too Much," "All Together Now," and George's "Northern Song." This last is impressive, possibly the best thing George has written. I notice with pleasure that it is much less Indian in tone than any of his songs since *Revolver*. He is, perhaps, coming out of his obsession with Eastern music. The catchiest one of the four is Paul's "All Together Now," which, like the movie itself, is cheery, simple in structure, but full of surprises.

There is one basic problem with Beatle movies, or with any films based on songs: how to fit the songs and the film together to avoid inappropriately sandwiching in the music. The quickest way out was used in *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!*, both of which presented singing as an indispensable part of their lives. Even so, the scripts were almost completely independent of the songs, and all the film treatment added to the songs was the singers singing them.

In *Magical Mystery Tour* the Beatles illustrated some of their compositions, making sounds and visuals complementary parts of a whole. How far they succeeded is still being hotly argued. Their main device was to make some of their verbal images concrete: a walrus, some eggmen, and a man being wise on top of a hill. But since the whole film was so fragmented and abstract, the question of what the songs were doing there was dominated by the question of what the whole film was doing there.

Yellow Submarine handles the problem as well as can be hoped for in a film that isn't totally abstract. The cartoon medium allows music to come in from nowhere as freely as it introduces weird monsters from nowhere. The songs come in almost naturally because the film was inspired by them. The plot, however, is almost unnoticed, but it serves as an excuse for some very enjoyable artwork and dialogue to enhance the Beatles' songs.

The fact that the Beatles would give their wholehearted support to a project as optimistic and whimsical as *Yellow Submarine* is indicative of a trend in their thinking that has been expressed in their latest records. After the introspective, intellectual, complex music in *Sgt. Pepper* and *Magical Mystery Tour*, the Beatles have returned to simplicity. In "Lady Madonna," "Revolution," and most of the cuts from their new album, *The Beatles*, they revert to the big-beat, earthy rock that was popular when they first appeared. Some fans have found "Hey Jude" particularly appealing for its apparent simplicity.

Current rock music, dominated by Hendrix, the Doors, Cream and their imitators, has been consistently morbid for months now. It's time there was a break, a moment for listeners to relax, and I think the Beatles recognize this need. They are still the most influential people in the pop music business, so with luck, other groups will follow their lead and lean toward music that's a little more pleasurable, a little less depressing. *Yellow Submarine* is a step in the right direction.

Miss Erlich is a Fourth year student majoring in Russian and French at Washington University.

The Beatles, The Beatles, Capitol SWBO 102, (two records), \$11.95.

by HYMIE FRIEDLANDER

It had been a long wait, almost too long. Not that I couldn't exist just with *Sgt. Pepper's*, but they were past due and *Hey Jude* sounded so great. (Who cared what it meant?—it was sung like a prayer and was offered like a temptation.) It was in the air—the new album was going to be something special; it would make me sail, let me soar. When the chance came to snatch up a review copy, I could hardly tear off the cellophane.

What's this? Lovely pictures—there's John in the nude answering the telephone and Paul in the bath and Napoleon Ringo. wow! what excitement. Put on the record.

Surprise.

There's nothing to sail to, no soaring allowed. I'm just left on the floor with the earphones on my head, still aware that it's just a record. It's over. What a let-down. At first I'm sad but then, listening again, I find some good songs. Some? All Beatles' songs are supposed to be good. What's wrong? The Beatles having to grow on me... when it should be an instant high.

Is the record good? Yes, but it's also bad and the badness nags like the fact that your girl is pregnant — you don't want to face it but you know it's true. Monotony, triviality and sheer lack of melodic or rhythmic invention make a number of the cuts boring. And many of the other songs seem superficial but, in fact, are not; they are highly esoteric. Easy connection of the passages within the songs seems almost impossible to an outsider. Find a meaning for the whole album? At first it seems useless—no theme but variety and variety not a theme. The Beatles themselves are a theme; their very presence holds the album together.

On first hearing, one gets nothing but the idea of entertainment per se, Robert Herrick on the electric guitar. The songs seem to border on the banal but then defy explication. *Happiness Is A Warm Gun* unravels streamy impressions about a man's feelings toward his wife and mistress; yet what does the line "Mother Superior jump the gun" (repeated four times) mean? Gun and trigger have come to mean penis and clitoris by the song's end; does this mean that Mother Superior's morals are failing? Does it mean she can't get out of the habit? And who is she?



If there is no readily apparent theme to the album, there is at least a pervasive and ultimate pessimism running through it like an unstated leitmotif; thus, *Happiness* ends being sung in a style, not similar to, but exactly like that of those hardly remembered, simple-minded rock groups that dominated pop music in the late '50s; the Beatles are undercutting even themselves. when they sing, "Don't you know it's gonna be alright" in *Revolution 1* you know they don't believe that for a minute because the background is a quite audible shooob-de-do-wah; similarly, in *Revolution 9* the Chicago demonstrators' chant of "the whole world is watching" is transformed into the football cheer of "block that kick, block that kick"—apparently there is not much differentiation between the two for the Beatles. Besides, as they admit, "Half of what I say is meaningless."

The first record contains most of the better songs *Back In the U.S.S.R.* (echoing though not actually based upon the old Chuck Berry *Back In the U.S.A.*) quite obviously mimics the Beach Boys and is an excellent spoof of the California Girls—Eden mystique; it also allows one to infer clearly that it doesn't matter much where one is. *Glass Onion* puts together a number of obscure images from earlier Beatles' records and (indirectly) both ask the listener to make sense of them and tells him he can't. *Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Do* tells the story of Molly and Desmond Jones "in the market place," with Molly, at first, the one who "stays home and does her

pretty face." After a time, it's Desmond who does this while the children help Molly in the market place.

The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill presents a hero who-takes him mom along in case of accidents when he goes out to kill; "the all American bullet-headed saxon mother's son" he. Here, as elsewhere in the album, simple forms are exploited until they overflow with possible interpretations; the way the chorus ("Hey Bungalow Bill/What did you kill/Bungalow Bill") is done, with male and female voices singing heartily in discord, allows the imagination to go in several directions.

Love or what passes for it are important in the album. *While My Guitar Softly Weeps* bewails a world where everyone has been "perverted", "inverted", made unable to love. However, when the title line is sung an electric guitar jangles, and, while weeping, George notices his floor needs sweeping. *Rocky Raccoon*, which, if not a parody, is at least derivative of Dylan, tells the story of Rocky's shoot-out over his lost girl Lil (who everyone knew as Nancy.) Rocky fares poorly:

Now Rocky Raccoon he fell back in his room/Only to find Gideon's bible/Gideon checked out and he left it no doubt/To help with good Rocky's revival.

Don't Pass Me By, which is maddeningly monotonous, carries a plea for a lover's attention on an ol' country fiddle, a jew's harp, and what sounds like an electric callopie.

One of the nicest and most melodic songs is *I Will*. (Logically, it follows *Why Don't We Do It In The Road*, a dull, two line, three minute hard blues number that is appalling to the ear.) The words aren't exceptional, but the song is succinct and its movement graceful—qualities rare on an album that often tends to be self-indulgent. This is followed by *Julia*, over-repetitive, but with beautiful lines:

Julia, Julia, oceanchild, calls me
So I sing a song of love, Julia
Julia, seashell eyes, windy smile,
calls me.

Blackbird is simply beautiful. It moves softly with first-rate guitar and begs not to be taken at face value; but its private symbol of broken wings arising (perhaps a rather trite civil rights reference) is impenetrable.

The raunch predominates—the stupid, stupid repetitive (though sometimes catchy) beat of the very early Beatles. *Birthday* ("You say that it's your birthday/Well it's my birthday too—yeah.") *Yer Blues*, *Everybody's Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Monkey* (a great title, but a song even more inane than the witless *Yer Blues*—it is perhaps the worst song the Beatles have ever written), *Sexy Sadie* (about a sex-symbol who is going to get hers), and *Helter-Skelter* are all not very comprehensible, not always interesting, overlong songs with some smoothly freaky electronic and reverb sounds to embellish and titillate. Low camp.

Perry Como wins out on *Cry Baby Cry* and *Good Night*, Tiny Tim on *Honey Pie*. High camp. That the Beatles are into "camp" itself implies their pessimism; to deal in debased forms is to say, in effect, that it's not worth dealing at all. There's nothing wrong with pessimism; *Eleanor Rigby* and *A Day in the Life* were hardly bubbling with optimism, but they were poetic, succinct, melodically evocative and interesting. I gathered some friends together to hear The Beatles for the first time and, for the first time while listening to a new Beatles album, they started conversations, started reading magazines, even left the room.

Yet, there are good songs on the second record. *Revolution 1* is slowed down, rich-boy detached rendering of the first version released as a single. *Savoy Truffle*, while utterly inane, is well enough written to make listening; the slithering rhythm, minor key melody and bizarre images combine nicely. *Revolution 9* is good John Cage, if you like Cage. It rushes in on a stream of semi-consciousness flashback ridden with striptease music, drip-

ping hollow sounds, returning repetition of the words "number nine", circus noises, cross-town traffic, the above-mentioned chants and cheers, random words, sexy phrases, the music of angels and holy mother church, blurps and blips. Allusive, imaginative nothing and/or everything.

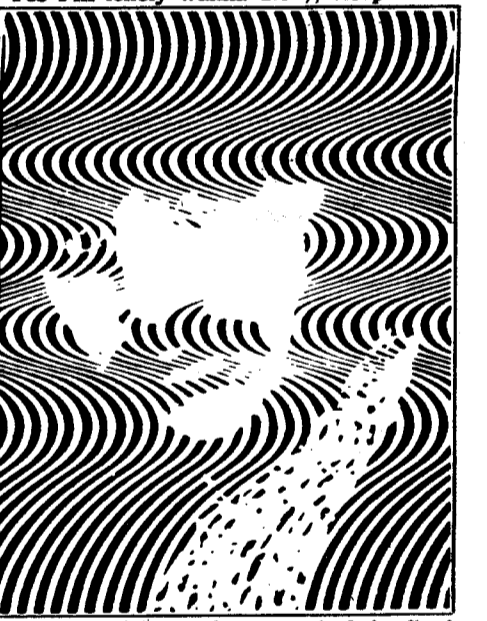
The album ends with the song *Good Night*, a '40s show-type. It doesn't quite transcend its datedness as did *Your Mother Should Know* but I think that it, with a few other clues, may, perhaps, be able to indicate what the whole album is trying to do.

First, the Beatles have always been commercial and they certainly don't need more money now. Second, the album is not their answer to the *Harvard Lampoon*; they're serious, just very private. Most of the first record and part of the second are top-notch Beatles. The lyrics and music are often deceptively simple: the songs are paradoxical. For example, the official line in *Revolution 1* is, "But when you talk about destruction/Don't you know that you can count me out." Yet someone in the background distinctly says, "In."

Basically, and this is just a hard-thought guess, I think that they are retreating from what seems to them an excessively ugly world; in *Piggies* it is described

Everywhere there's lots of piggies
Living piggy lives/You can see
them out for dinner/With their piggy
wives/Clutching forks and
knives to eat their bacon.

And although it's not in the liner notes, Paul sings, at the end of *Cry Baby Cry*, "Can you take me back where I came from/Brother can you take me back?" Where to, I couldn't say, but it's certainly not the world of the album in which there is not one viable human relationship, a world of high and low camp, a painful and changeable world of fashion and appearance. And, as Freud noted, aside from death (and the singer in *Yer Blues* says, "Yes I'm lonely wanna die"), sleep is the



most general form of escape. And the final lines of the album (in *Good Night*—the song itself being an escape to the past) are

Close your eyes and I'll close mine
Good night Sleep tight/Now the sun
turns out his light/Good night Sleep
tight/Dream sweet dreams for me
Dream sweet dreams for you
Good night Good night Everybody
Everybody everywhere, Good night.

This is a note hit upon earlier in the much better song, *I'm so tired*.

Perhaps, The Beatles has to be viewed in some respects as a bit of a canard—what, for God's sake, are they doing at this point handing out fan pictures with their albums?—and often as an artistic failure. Perhaps. But it can also be looked at as a new direction, either avoiding new trends, and any exciting innovation or, somehow, toward stating things through non-statement, anti-statement, some combination of ingredients. After initial disappointment passes, the many excellent songs return to the mind.

Mr. Friedlander is a fourth year student majoring in Music at Boston University.

Antiquity For Some

True Love Is Disaster

Balthazar B.
Continued from Page 4

nent disguise for a failure which deprived him of any real chance to be happy. But if you pick up the novel for a few hour's laughs, it is entirely possible that you will come away from the book feeling slightly cheated. "Why is there no more of the ginger man?" you may ask, and quite rightly, in a sense, for Beefy is a diverting character. Donleavy had to write this novel so that Beefy would not be a total distraction: his readers have to be conscious of Balthazar's sadness.

Balthazar is rich, young, beautiful, and honest with himself. But honesty is a liability if you are easily hurt by the world, for you must then acknowledge your wounds. The ginger men don't have to acknowledge their injuries; that is how they survive "down through the centuries." Balthazar is passive and vulnerable, and he remembers all. First he remembers being taken from Uncle Edouard, the only real father he had. Then there was Bella Hortense, removed by his mother. Fitzdare, who breaks into his bedroom, seduces him, proposes to him, and who is the only girl he loves, manages to kill herself. He marries a bitch named Millicent, who is rich, but the marriage was not for the money. It was just the proper thing to do. She leaves him. He takes up with a servant girl whose true love is in Paris. She loves Balthazar for a while, but in the end is true to Jacques.

Beefy's troubles began when he was a little boy. He was pushed out of his family, and has been feeling this loss ever since. At least, Balthazar credits Beefy with feeling his situation; for Balthazar, one of the basic human actions is feeling things. He assumes that the little poem Beefy wrote when he was at school is still true: "I want A Mommie/and a Daddy/Please/Help me/Somebody."

So Beefy dances away his disappointments. But pretending doesn't change all things. It's all very clever to hide your sock-less ankles from the club members, but there is just no way to pretend you still have a girl who is in her grave. Balthazar offers Beefy some money. But Beefy doesn't want to get along just with a little help from a friend. He doesn't want to ruin a friendship by imposing on Balthazar, and leaves, saying, "The Almighty has me by the balls now, but soon I will be tickling his." Not so, Beefy, though you say so.

Balthazar leaves London and Fitzdare's grave in Co. Fermanagh, to bury his mother in Paris, thinking:

Out of London and England.
Across the grey channel. To bury
a mother. And chase others gone
goodbye in my years. Calling after
their names. Come back again.
Where that countryside sings after
over your grasses matted by wind
in rains fall in sunshine. Don't fear
when some nights rise up wild. Go
walk in heather along a narrow
path. Seagulls glide and curlews
cry. Reach and gather all this
world. Before dark or any other
people should come. And find you
sheltering. As all hearts are. Wor-
ried lonely. Your eyes quiet. By
the waters cold. Where the sad-
ness lurks so deep

It doth
Make you
Still.

Bella Hortense was right: "True love is sure disaster." And Balthazar has been collecting true loves all his short life. He has the (mis?) fortune to learn all this at a young age in a world where everyone else tries to seem happy, at least. Beefies don't give up, but Balthazar must. Donleavy achieves something very good and uncommon by making us realize this while we are so busy laughing.

Mr. Pollack, who received a Master's degree in English in 1968, is currently seeking gainful employment.

Aspects of Antiquity, M. I. Finley,
Viking Press, 228 pp., \$5.95.

by STEVEN LEINER

Ancient history books usually tend to be either popularizations which employ superficial approaches and over-simplified interpretations, leaving the reader no real idea of the problems the classical historian encounters, or texts which, in an effort to be complete, include excessive detail and consequently appear boring and unstimulating to the general reader. M.I. Finley, in his most recent book, attempts to avoid both tendencies; and he has succeeded in producing an exceptionally interesting collection of essays which appeals to nobody. The book proceeds topically, including subjects such as early Crete and Etruria, Pindar, Socrates, Diogenes, and Diocletian; therefore the person who has no idea of what happened in Greece between 1100 and 450 B.C. could not but feel helplessly lost. And yet the student exposed to ancient history in any detail would find the discussions too elementary. Perhaps the only audience capable of appreciating the book would include those in a position similar to the college sophomore who has just completed the ancient history section of his general education Western Civilization course.

Throughout the book, Finley tries to avoid traditional approaches to ancient history. Thus he devotes whole chapters to some of the more unmentioned aspects of antiquity such as "Diogenes the Cynic" and "The Silent Women of Rome." His discussions of the familiar figures center on unfamiliar problems, such as the nature of Socrates's accusers or Plato's ventures in practical politics. This is fine as far as practical problems are concerned; and the book contains enlightening essays on the role of women and ancient slavery, subjects which most popularizations would only skim over. They are crucial to the



understanding of ancient civilization, especially vis-a-vis the twentieth century, and can be appreciated by someone completely ignorant of Greek and Roman history. Although Finley's choice of topics may be unorthodox, he certainly cannot be accused of being obscure. He writes of history, "The more we become aware of its pastness, even of its near-inaccessibility, the more meaningful the dialogue becomes. In the end, it can only be a dialogue in the present, about the present."

However, as successful as the topical approach may be, it ironically precludes any wide appeal to the general reading public whom Finley intended to write for. Although he may be able to devote more space to Pindar and Diocletian than they usually receive, the detailed treatment is useless if the reader has no idea of where they stand in regard to developments before and after them. The chapter on Thucydides is exceptionally poor in that its summarizing offers nothing to the person who has read *The Peloponnesian War*, while the person who has not learns as much about Thucydides as he would about an artist by reading criticisms without looking at any paintings. *Aspects of Antiquity* presupposes some knowledge of ancient history but is aimed at a popular level; it is recommended only to those with sufficient background to understand and yet little enough background to appreciate. It represents a second stage, though only a second stage, in one's education in ancient history. This is unfortunate, for much in the book is exceptionally worthwhile. And a proper audience, perhaps not as limited as would first seem, would definitely find much stimulation and inspiration for further reading.

Mr. Leiner is a fourth-year undergraduate in ancient history at the University of Chicago.

Anguish While Seated

Lonesome Cities, by Rod McKuen. Ran-
dom House, 111 pp., \$3.95.

by JOEL DANSKY

The random publications of the lyricists of the present age seem to drop the burden of wit, intelligence, and depth of feeling upon their readers and critics. There is no reason why we should comply. The critic who invests any of Rod McKuen's latest poems with meaning may just as well write his own. The honest, straightforward, sole-searching, train-lurching, non-churching Mr. McKuen tells us:

I've come to find
a fathering of eagles.
Not for the sake of mingling
with the great birds,
but just to justify
a thousand streets walked end to end.
("The Art of Catching Trains—2")

Refusing to settle for peanuts in the park, and weary from walking them thousand streets, Mr. McKuen finds that he can charge \$3.95 for the book he publishes when he gets home and thus become, as the blurb blabs, "the best-selling poet in America." An added attraction is a photo by Frank Sinatra (really) of the wandering poet in some sort of anguish that occurred while seated.

Mr. McKuen takes us travelling from "the clothesline maze/Of childhood" to the "Lonesome Cities" of Paris, London, San Francisco, Venice, Tokyo, and others. Now San Francisco is a beautiful city, what with the bay and the Pacific and the fog and all that. In San Francisco, Mr. McKuen stayed in bed for three poems, made love a couple of times, ate breakfast (or thought about it), didn't make the bed, and got a telephone call. (Excuse me,

"It's not the telephone at all/but celebrations of a brand-new kind/ringing from the watching walls.")

However, before we can get to San Francisco, we must duck the laundry and learn "The Art of Catching Trains." The art of catching trains, I suppose, is a profound metaphor for the art of poetry. Trains, you see, have lines; poems have lines. Trains take you to places you've never been before. Trains have beginnings and endings; poems have beginnings and endings (a lot like life!). Trains are going out of style; poetry is going out of style. And hobos, like poets, are wont to say, "Sometimes I feel I've always been/just passing through." Our errant poet suffers the very history of failure in Paris, Venice, and London. In Paris, this rebel artist got caught drawing on the table napkins; in Venice, nature-boy tried but failed to get a suntan; in London, Godot didn't climb into his open hotel-room window.

The seltzer gets flatter with age. Cheyenne and Los Angeles are distinguished by "hello language" as in "Boat Ride":

You were wearing Texas on your
tongue
drawing hello and hello again
and hello again.

Mr. McKuen finally gets tired of travelling in Gstaad and takes a house on Manhattan Beach, where he writes a "Letter to Ellen," which, through some postal miscalculation no doubt, ended up in this volume. The finale is a series of melancholic songs in the folk-pop mode which don't measure up to Guthrie, Dylan, Lennon, et al.

The only serious questions which a review of *Lonesome Cities* should consider is why such books cost so much and sell

so well. Like Mr. McKuen, I should be brief and honest: he cheats. Mr. McKuen drops words with high price tags, like "love," "death," and "God," assuming that they will convey some profound, preternatural feeling by themselves, obviating any thought or labor of his own. Mr. McKuen sells well because it requires no effort of thought or emotion to read and comprehend him. He has reduced complex emotions and techniques to slushy, vacuous, and marketable phrases. His passivity is indicative of his attitude toward poetry: "Let it be/It is a kind of something/we don't know much about..." ("Paris One"). That's a summary statement about love, in case you hadn't realized it.

Mr. McKuen, looking for the hippie vote, asserts the primacy of feeling over thought. Fine; but he lacks the capacity for describing his feelings other than with simple, bald statements. His pitch is that of the inarticulate prophet who has seen and touched the great mysteries of the world (this sells), one who can only allude to the depths of his emotional experience. These allusions have no emotional correlatives in the poetry, and I suppose that is where they should have been. Advertising and a gullible public allow him to be "perceptive" without any perceptions. Whether any of those profound emotions ever existed within Mr. McKuen is placed in question by the poet himself.

I'll never be so rich or influential
to excite you with myself.
("Venice")

I am neither excited by his "self" nor his poetry. Nothing is revealed.

Mr. Dansky, who graduated from Brandeis in 1967, is now pursuing a Ph.D. in English Literature at Tufts University.

The Realist: Personal Journal of Wrongeous Indignation

by TOM MILLER

If Paul Krassner went to bed with all 83 issues of the *Realist*, would it be incest? No! It would be auto-sodomy, since the *Realist* is not part of Krassner's family, it is Krassner.

Now entering its tenth year of irregular and irreverent publication, the *Realist* is a personal journal of absurd satire and even more ridiculous truths. It is one of the more flourishing personal journals on the market, with a circulation of 100,000, hence bordering on the successful.

Personal journals are limited in circulation practically by definition. Quite simply, to read one on a regular basis you have to have a high degree of empathy with the editor. The more an editor's personality is exposed, the fewer the number of readers who go along with the journal's commentary. There are few such publications on the market now and the ones out are hardly prosperous. The most conspicuous is *I. F. Stone's Weekly* (now bi-weekly), a journal of independent political analysis put out in Washington. There's *Abas*, a quasi-*Realist* put out bi-regularly in Newark by Michael Buckley. On the west coast, Robert and Thomas Dunker come out with a classy rotgut annual of porno in *Horseshit*. The newest in the personal journal category is Andrew Kopkind's (with James Ridgeway and Robert Sherrill) *Mayday*, a sort of looseleaf *New Republic* specializing in political muckraking. One of the longest standing publications satisfying the criteria of personal journalism was Harry Golden's *Carolina Israelite*, which expired after twenty-six years because it was losing money.

Omitted here are service or trade newsletters such as the *Kiplinger Letter* or the *Jack Herling Letter*. They cater to people in certain professions who can capitalize on an editor's knowledge about a certain field, whereas the personal journal ignores occupation and hits the reader's intellect.

For a small group of people to raise money for even a shoddy magazine to be distributed nationally is overwhelming. (Yes — Ed.) In the *Carolina Israelite's* final editorial, Golden explained that the cost of grinding out a newspaper on a personal basis is enormous. "A man can open up a Cadillac franchise for less money than newsprint and printing and labor costs."

The *Realist* is not a Cadillac franchise. It is more of a fire hydrant agency. It is impossible to explain its editorial philosophy simply because part of its policy is to adhere to nothing. It is probably the only pure publication marketed today. It accepts no ads. Krassner takes no salary from it. He advertises, quite honestly, that the *Realist* is outrageous and offensive. His longest standing description is that it contains "freethought criticism and satire."

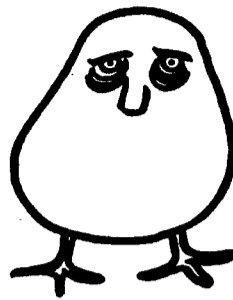
Editorial integrity? He's got it. "I was in bed with a girl once, and she asked me if I was going to publish her stuff, and I said

freethought criticism and satire



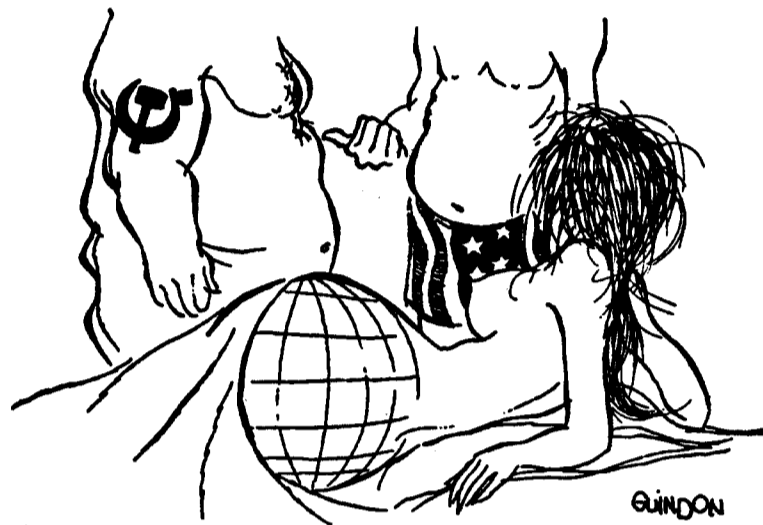
No. 39

35 Cents



the fire hydrant of the underdog

An Impolite Interview With Joseph Heller



"It's his turn now and then me again..."

no — and this was before, not after." (issue No. 41)

Chutzpah? Quite obviously. Consider the following from an early sixties issue.

The *Realist* started with \$0 capital; it has managed to pay for itself for two years now; it can do so in the future. Nevertheless, if you are a very rich person and five or ten thousand dollars a year would be but a drop in your fiscal bucket, you are hereby invited to finance the *Realist* — with one string attached: you would have positively no say as to the magazine's contents.

In its pages the *Realist* has printed some of the finest leaders and anti-leaders of social and subcultural movements. The list includes Lenny Bruce, Madalyn Murray, Henry Morgan, Steve Allen, Abbie Hoffman, Norman Mailer, Saul Heller, Phil Ochs, Jules Feiffer, Jerry Rubin, Jean Shepherd, Albert Ellis and Terry Southern.

His two most prominent cartoonists, Ed Fisher and Guindon, can sell their work anywhere. It is their most outlandish which the *Realist* alone can print.

One of the *Realist's* policies is never to distinguish fact from satire; to let the reader establish his own credibility gap. In keeping with this, Krassner has delightfully offended many by exposing their gullibility. His two most successful attempts at this were printing an obituary of Lenny Bruce before he died, and his outrageous "Manchester caper." In the latter, Krassner printed the parts-that-were-left-out-of-William Manchester's *The Death of a President*. In it, Lyndon Johnson has intercourse with the fatal wound in his predecessor's throat. Wrote Krassner:

The most significant thing... was the variety of reactions to it — especially the credibility of the incredible by intelligent literate people...

Scarcely anyone in Washington officialdom dared to stammer in comment of the

monstrous caper, so far below the bluster-point was the scandal it perpetrated. Only UPI's Merriman Smith gave it the status of public record when he called it "One of the filthiest printed attacks ever made on a President of the United States!" Later, after discussing three possible interpretations relating to an actual incident, Krassner said:

I believe the third possibility. Therefore it's true. The same principle applies to the whole Manchester caper. If you believed it, it was true. If you didn't, it wasn't... The ultimate target of satire should be its own audience.

And so the satirized audience which has been challenged by literary put-ons and personal hang-ups is impelled to see the *Realist* as a reflection of its own thoughts. What Krassner has accomplished then, is to extend his own personality through print and to the consciousness of his readers who, like it or not, may have to face up to gross similarities between that personality and their own. Perhaps in this peculiar way he has managed to create the country's most open journal of personal thought. Although it may work the other way. As he was quoted in the May issue of *Avant-Garde*,

I really print things that provoke me or amuse me that I want to share with other people. And the basic audience, see, is me. That's the difference between myself and other publishers. Other publishers might say, "Well, I like this idea, but I don't know how they're going to feel about it," they being the readers. But I'm one of them.

No one can duplicate the *Realist* because there is only one Krassner. It is not "the (New Left) movement's principle house organ," as the remarkably ill-informed Stewart Alsop proclaimed in *Newsweek* (although parts of that description have been attributed to the *Realist*). Nor is it a leftist sheet in the political sense of the word as others would call it. Krassner explains it by saying the

purpose of the *Realist* is to inform and entertain — to challenge and to stimulate — to help fill the void that is sponsored so successfully by the socio-cultural-political-religio-economic Association for Dynamic Status Quo. That purpose is accomplished, I like to think, in the mere reading of the magazine.

Realist material is often attacked for bad taste, but it all depends on who's tasting. And some things in the current social order are so tragic yet so widely and tacitly accepted that the only way to avoid being assimilated into them is to detach yourself and go beyond the pathos of a situation. This is exemplified in the Manchester caper. Macabre humor is the result, and the *Realist* has presented the finest in this.

Tom Miller is a student at George Washington University and immediate past president of the Nathaniel Dight Society.

Squawk?

The Concrete Judasbird, F. X. Mathews. Houghton Mifflin Company, 276 pp., \$4.95.

by BARBARA L. OSBORN

"Love" is the message of the year, and the medium is the novel as well as the pipe. In these first published reveries of F. X. Mathews, Michael Cassidy bends the American Romantic tradition and moves out in a fantastical succession of metaphorical, symbolic and emblematic trips in search of the responsive bird. Like the "crazy," "striped cat," whose futile attacks evoke nothing from the judasbird (a concrete bird's decoration, silent in its betrayal), Michael wounds himself mercilessly in his attempts at authentic relationships.

Isolation replaces romantic alienation as the thematic giant as Michael cops out of his world tenuously but adamantly structured by the Catholic community of his guardians. Devoid of a special vision,

either elevating or degrading, Michael is an anti-hero whose separation is merely a singling out from among the rest of the isolated cases. In attempting to invade the boundaries of others' loneliness he embarrasses those who would give him pokes of therapy from behind professional shields. Michael keeps escaping out of his innocuous categories of confused lad, delinquent or thief.

An Establishment beyond Michael's comprehension, the will of God manifest in the Roman Catholic Church via his teachers, the nuns, brings Judgment daily in the form of gold paper stars. Guilt of inadequacy under the standard of perfection expected from a priest's nephew leads him to proportionate sacrilege in the supplying of his own gold stars bought with his aunt's dime, stealing, in effect, the meritorious love he should have earned.

Michael's "bad trip" to Sagamore, Wisconsin, in denial of spiritual and temporal prosecution, implies a philosophical comparison of the chaotic monkeys, released from their cages in his last act as Christopher Marlowe, zookeeper, with men who

dissipate their freedom in the lack of purpose and also introduces a Christ-like figure of Karel Sarsmusic, the monkeys' (his brothers) keeper who rescued them from their freedom and was crucified in print by his unknown enemies, but did not reappear to his colleagues on the third day.

Note: One may forgive the simplistic dialogue in considering it parallel to the uncommunicative screech of the rhesuses.

The multiplicity of the Roman Church's interdicts extend Michael's guilt to his sexuality. Father Joseph, as a mystical combination of human fatherliness and celibate priestliness, and Aunt Agnes, as a woman more sexless in womanhood than the spinsterhood from which she was narrowly saved, leave Michael a distorted notion of his own sexuality. The episodes of his impotence end only with his cancellation of his awareness of his aunt and her wish for him to be a priest by making her consummation bed his own.

At the death of Father Joseph, the gathering around his corpse of priests

which divide his property and his parish but overlook the final ceremony of anointing, makes Michael's final indictment against the Church as spiritual harmonizer of human charity. Recognizing his release from illegitimate controls, from the check and balance measure of love, Michael begins the annihilation of his isolation by setting out to give love gratis from one individual to another, from a man to a woman, without contract or measure.

Judasbird asserts itself in the line of American literature as extreme stylism, the ultimate juxtaposition of realistic naturalism. It emerges, in fact, as an allegory of communication through love versus isolation through bondage. The multifaceted complexities of theme justify the symbolic contrivances when they are recognized as the very contemporary multi-images of a mind-expansion experience. The still small voice of Barbara L. Osborn, a junior year English literature student, speaks out of Washington College, a bastion of liberalism in the midst of the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

They Also Serve Who Sit and Study

Beneath the Wheel, Hermann Hesse, Farrar, Strause & Giroux, 187 pp., \$4.95.

by RONALD ROSENBLATT

By now it is no secret that a great many people have come to regard school (high-school, college, graduate school) as the greatest single obstacle to education in their lives. Prophets as different as Paul Goodman and Marshall McLuhan have proclaimed it in their various ways, and for many young people dropping-out of school has become both a way of life and a moral duty (not to mention the sole way of preserving whatever sanity they may have left after serving their time). It is no secret now, nor was it in 1906, when Hermann Hesse wrote *Beneath the Wheel*.

This early work of Hesse is a bitter criticism of the tradition-bound Germanic educational system, whose sole aim was to crush originality wherever it reared its dangerous head and to produce generations of meticulous and soul-less pedants. *Beneath the Wheel* has now been re-issued in an excellent modern translation.

Hesse has too long been relegated to the position of an interesting, but minor, eccentric. It is no accident that young people have been turning with enthusiasm to the series of new translations of Hesse's works that have been appearing in this country in the past few years. His publishers call Hesse "ahead of his time," which is true enough. *Siddhartha*, in its account of the young Buddha's renun-



ation of the world (and the difficulty of doing so), prefigured much of what is happening to the young in the West today. *The Journey to the East* is an intentionally ambiguous account of a secret society (which may or may not exist) that anticipates the increasingly popular work of the great Jorge Luis Borges (who, his translators say, also may or may not exist). And, of course, the *Steppenwolf*, perhaps Hesse's best known work, deals

with the isolation of the individual in a lonely and predatory world, one of the major themes of our century's literature, and one which Hesse handles unusually well.

Like *Narcissus und Goldmund*, which has also recently appeared in a new translation, *Beneath the Wheel* (Unterm Rad) is about a young and sensitive boy delivered up to the tender mercies of a German monastic boarding school. But *Beneath the Wheel* is set in Hesse's own pre-World War I Germany, not in some distant past, and it carefully traces out in detail the way the German educational system slowly reduces the precocious Hans Giebenrath from a brilliant and eager student to a lonely and miserable wreck who commits suicide. The setting is traditional bourgeois Germany, but the application is only too universal, as any American university health clinic knows.

Young Giebenrath is the only son of a hard-working German burgher in a small village. Having shown signs of ability, he has been coached by the local pastor for the annual examination given at Stuttgart to select students for the academy where they may train to be ministers or civil servants, and so avoid a life of menial labor or in some manual trade. Giebenrath is a docile boy and eager to learn. He drills and drills his Latin and Greek grammar, and after much anxiety, takes the examination and passes. True, his eyes hurt and he suffers from head-aches constantly, and he misses the pleasures of fishing. Pushed on by the ambition of his father to have a civil-servant in the family, he permits himself to be cut off more and more from any real pleasure. Even after he has passed the examination, he is laden with work during the summer vacation to prepare him for more work at the academy.

At the academy he finally breaks down from over-work and loneliness, is sent home where he drifts around the town, with no childhood behind him and no future he can believe in, and shortly after he kills himself.

Hesse's tone throughout the novel is coolly ironic and false-naïf. He achieves great ironic effect by describing the school and its methods as if impressed with them and sympathetic to their values:

Anyone with a touch of genius seems to his teachers a freak from the very first. As far as teachers are concerned, they define young geniuses as those who are bad, disrespectful, smoke at fourteen, fall in love at fifteen, can be found at sixteen hanging out in bars, read forbidden books, write scandalous essays, occasionally stare down a teacher in class, are marked in the attendance book as rebels, and are budding candidates for room-arrest.

A school-master will prefer to have a couple of dumb-heads in his class than a single genius, and if you regard it objectively, he is of course right. His task is not to produce extravagant intellects but good Latinists, arithmeticians, and sober decent folk.

At one point, one of Giebenrath's teachers asks him "to be honest" and confess if he is guilty of doing "outside reading." Hesse describes vividly the real joys of reading Homer and Xenophon and the Hebrew Bible, but at the same time seems to be wondering if these really constitute the best thing for a fourteen year-old boy, full of energy and curiosity, to be doing to the exclusion of all else.

The theme of sexual repression and the violence to the soul done by the traditional bourgeois educational process is subtly delineated by Hesse. It is a dramatic moment when Giebenrath first becomes aware that the school has made him unaware of any other value in life than being first in his class. Locked up in the monastic school, strictly forbidden any normal contact with girls, the boys naturally develop into affectionate couples, viewed with tolerant good humor by the teachers, who are themselves victims of the sexual warping they inflict on their students.

It is his first real contact with a girl, the shoemaker's lusty young relative Emma, whom he meets and falls in love with after he has left school, that precipitates his break-down and final suicide. Totally unprepared for contact with the opposite sex, Giebenrath is overwhelmed by kissing the girl, then crushed when she leaves the next day without a farewell. The affair has meant nothing to her, but it is the only real pleasure he has ever known, and unable to go on without it, he destroys himself after a drinking bout with some young apprentices to whom he has vainly turned for companionship.

Hesse's descriptions of the childhood pleasures that Hans has briefly tasted and then lost are wonderfully clear. After passing his examination, Hans gets permission to go fishing and his joy in it is beautifully communicated to the reader:

His heart trembled with delight and the eagerness of the hunt as he carried his box full of grasshoppers the new rod across the bridge and through the gardens in the back to the "Horse Trough" the deepest part of the river. There was a spot where, if you leaned against a willow, you could fish more comfortably and with fewer interruptions than anywhere else.

But Hans' pleasure is short-lived: he is soon roped into spending his summer-vacation reviewing mathematics and Greek grammar in the pastor's musty study.

The "wheel" of the title is, of course, the wheel of the system that crushes and grinds Hans to death, robs him of his youth, and deprives him of his ability to enjoy life. Many modern readers will see in *Beneath the Wheel* something more than a story of a boy's troubles growing up in a Germany ridden with Junkers and civil-servants.

Most people simply endure education, with little or no benefit. Some are lucky enough to find a teacher or two who foster, rather than limit, the growth of the mind and soul. Some, like Hans, end up mad or dead, and there seem to be more of them each year. Whatever Hesse's novel is, it is not irrelevant to us, and, God knows, it is true to life.

Mr. Rosenblatt, a graduate of the University of Michigan, is presently a graduate student in English at the University of Wisconsin in Madison.

*"I have walked
a hundred highways,
Cried to see
the things men do;
If you wonder who I am,
I'm just a loner
passing through"*

Here's the real Rod McKuen captured in words, music and photos as he passes through all our lives. Helen Miljakovich's superb photographs, never before published, of McKuen in concert, at rehearsals, in recording sessions, and at home counterpoint the words and music of 22 McKuen songs never previously recorded.

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RANDOM HOUSE

A Cool And Haughty Solitude

Lyrical and Critical Essays, by Albert Camus, edited with notes by Philip Thody. New York: Alfred Knopf, 1968. 365 pp, \$6.95.

by DAVID LOY

Anyone who has traveled alone in a foreign country has probably experienced a peculiar sensation of emptiness when confronted with a strange city. Uncertain of what to do, one clutches at familiar things, devouring newspapers from home, spending long hours at cafes reading books otherwise ignored, meticulously planning one's day to avoid that uneasiness which recurs when one has nothing to do. Usually the traveler is mildly irritated at himself for his ingratitude at such an opportunity to broaden himself to fullest advantage, and, perhaps, a bit worried about his lack of independence. In any case, he meets friends or eventually leaves the town and is done with it.

Camus experienced this same sense of uneasiness, but instead of feeling guilty and promptly forgetting about it, he analyzed it. In two essays from his first collection *L'Envers et L'Endroit* (awkwardly translated as *The Wrong Side and The Right Side*), "Death in the Soul" and "Love of Life," he describes his visits to Prague and Mallorca, explaining the origin and value of this emptiness.

... what gives value to travel is fear. It breaks down a kind of inner structure we have. Far from our own people, our own language, stripped of all our props, deprived of our masks (one doesn't know the fare on the streetcars, or anything else), we are completely on the surface of ourselves. But also, soul-sick, we restore to every being and every object its miraculous value.

It is this kind of lucidity which permeates this first collection of essays was written when Camus was only twenty-two. We are presented an image of Camus' mother, an illiterate widowed cleaning woman who silently submits to the domination of the proud grandmother. Other old people wait to die. Their lives as seen by Camus no longer have meaning. It is our first contact with the absurd—not the abstracted psychological process, but the personal experience which embodies it.

The progression of the writing is downward. The simple and winning clarity of language becomes florid and rhetorical in *Nuptials*, and in *Summer* the lucidity becomes more conventional, less striking in its insight. The writer has become an author, and we are distanced. It is a loss Camus himself realized and felt the necessity to deny. In a new preface to

L'Envers et L'Endroit, he reacts to Brice Parain's claim that it contains his best work. No, Parain is wrong, because at twenty-two one cannot know how to write. But what Parain means, which Camus agrees with, is that "there is more love in these awkward pages than in all those that have followed." Here "knowing how to write" means literary style in the French tradition. But when we see what this implies, we might want to take issue with it. In *The Rains of New York* we read:

Yes, I am out of my depth. I am learning that there are cities, like certain women, who annoy you, overwhelm you, and lay bare your soul, and whose scorching contact, scandalous and delightful at the



same time, clings to every pore of your body.

He concludes:

And then the very smell of New York rain tracks you down in the heart of the most harmonious and familiar towns, to remind you that there is at least one place of deliverance in the world, where you, together with a whole people and for as long as you want, can finally lose yourself forever.

Neither the thought nor its expression would have occurred in *L'Envers et L'Endroit*, and that is just as well. You need not even make allowances for the bias of my choice. The passages, alas, are indicative of the whole essay. The best lyrical essays are the first.

We are left with an hypothesis of "retrogression" which we might try to apply more broadly. Superficially, it may work with the novels. *The Plague* is too rigid, the plague something too distant from us. There is a certain coolness which is unintentional and destructive of our involvement in the novel. The painful death of a child envelops us, except when it is one of thousands—witness Vietnam. Mass tragedy is depersonalized. *The Fall* is abstract, too philosophical, suffering from that lack of fusion with life of which Camus rightly accused Sartre. The most perfect, the most satisfying on all levels is *L'Etranger*, the first. As for Camus' non-fiction, many critics felt that *The Myth of Sisyphus*, with its doctrine of revolt,

as the review of Brice Parain's *On a Philosophy of Language*, we realize how different from ours is Camus' sensibility. He is a thoroughly French philosopher, educated in a tradition which meditates on remorse and *mauvais foi* rather than analyzing epistemological theories. To us, raised in the Anglo-American analytical tradition, Parain and Camus are unintelligible in their discussions of language, which is not to criticize or reject those discussions, but to note a vast difference of sensibility. Even if we criticize it (which in certain contexts I would want to do), we must note that it is this same sensibility which allows Camus to write *On the Future of Tragedy* distinguishing tragedy and drama. The intellectual context is identical, and the same kinds of distinctions are made, but here they seem relevant to the subject-matter whereas before they did not. This brilliant essay is essential to understanding Camus' literary theory, if we wish to abstract one. Also crucial is the preface to *L'Etranger*, which provides a necessary orientation to what can be a confusing novel. Meursault must be seen as a man who refuses to lie anymore, that is, to play the social game of simplifying emotions. Whether or not the "retrogression" notion makes sense when applied to the critical essays, it is in the last section of the book that we learn by some biographical factors which might have been relevant. *Camus on Himself* is a collection of interviews and a few short letters through which we more closely encounter Camus the person. In a 1959 interview Camus notes that the public aspect of his profession "is becoming unbearable" and in an open *Letter to P. B.* answers a charge of "haughty solitude":

The truth is that I fight time and other people for each hour of my work, usually without winning. I no longer have the time, or the inner leisure, to write my books, and it takes me four years to write something which, if I were free, would have taken one or two. Each letter brings three others, each person ten, each book a hundred letters and twenty correspondents, while life continues, there is work to do, people I love and people who need me.

This is the consequence of "having a reputation before having written all my books." Perhaps Camus suffered in less obvious form from the fate of too many prodigies whom fame found too early.

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New Paperbacks

by JEANNE SAFER

The array of recently published paperbacks is rather exotic at this year's end, but many of the selections should be excellent procrastinating companions until exam week, and later fine for sinking teeth into during vacation. There's a touch of continental fiction of various lengths and merits, some hearty critical endeavors, two particularly visceral dramabooks, a dab of ancient history and science, and a bit of *Orientalia* and *perversia*.

Virginia Woolf's strange, elusive first novel *The Voyage Out* is now available as a Harvest Book from Harcourt, Brace and World. While more accessible than her later work because it exhibits fewer stylistic eccentricities, it is oversubtle and overlong. And Penguin has published Choderlos de Laclos' *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, that most evil of French novels, in a curt and racy new translation by P.W.K. Stone.

And would you believe an utterly charming story by the Marquis de Sade? It's in *The Penguin Book of French Short Stories*, edited by Edward Marielle, and concerns the wooing of a delectable Lesbian by a, gasp, perfectly normal, but more than usually shrewd and patient, young man. *Baubles* by Colette, Maupassant, Voltaire and others comprise this unusual and ex-

hilarating collection.

Blood, gore and lust abound in the new Penguin edition *Three Jacobean Tragedies*, edited by Gamini Salgado—a hearty morsel for cold winter nights. For those who prefer classical obscenities there is *The Complete Plays of Aristophanes* edited by Moses Hadas as part of the Bantam World Drama series. Did you know he wrote a play called *Thesmophoriazusa*? The translations are standard, and as much bite as crudity has withstood time, so this volume makes fine entertainment.

New Directions offers a bizarre anthology: *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife in World Literature*, An Anthology of the Story of the Chaste Youth and the Lustful Stepmother edited with commentary by John Yohannan. The parable appears in sundry cultures in numerous forms—ancient Babylon, Greece, in three Moslem and two Buddhist versions, and of course, in Mann's Joseph novels. (It turns out that this last borrows from most of the earlier sources.) The tales are fascinating in themselves, and well told—besides, the commentary is provocative.

Recently published paperback poetry is exceptional. October House has published *From the Vietnamese Ten Centuries of Poetry* translated and introduced by Burton Raffel. This first substantial garnering

created an expectation which the moderation of *The Rebel* did not fulfill. But our theory is neither verified nor falsified when we consider the critical essays. It is difficult to apply at all.

The earliest essays fit in easily enough. The unknown Camus reviews the unknown Sartre (*Nausea*, *The Wall*) in the *Alger Republican*, and evaluates them with an understanding that thirty years of literary analysis has not been able to improve upon. Sartre's novels are criticized where we would criticize them, and praised where we would praise them. There is the first occurrence of the ever-central tenet of Camus' philosophy: "The realization that life is absurd cannot be an end, but only a beginning."

But when we move to later essays, such

from that country's literature popularly available presents much lovely lyricism in vernacular translation. Ho Chi Minh's verse is well-represented. The stuff is not spectacular until one thinks of Nixon as a poet. Penguin's *Poems of the Late T'ang* translated by A. C. Graham includes the work of many who speak to the modern sensibility. Geoffrey Bownas' and Anthony Thwait's *The Penguin Book of Japanese Verse* consists primarily of short love-lyrics—sensuous, sensitive, tender, delicate in the best Japanese manner. A beautiful selection.

The chapter headings of *The Penguin Book of Sick Verse* edited by George Macbeth reveal its contents: *Mental Breakdown*, *Visions of Doom*, *Corpse-Love*, *Sick Jokes*, and so on. This anthology claims to chart the extreme situation, its effects, what those who have been there learned. Indeed, some of the stuff is morbid, but much of it is magnificent and intensely moving. Then, George Steiner has edited *The Penguin Book of Modern Verse Translation*. An excellent idea it is to present the great poets (Sappho, Li-Po, Rimbaud, Neruda among them) in modern renderings by other great poets and men of letters (Yeats, Pound, Eliot, Lowell and others). This work is on the whole far superior to the standard editions.

One of the richest little books of poetry to appear in much time is Penguin's *Poems from the Sanskrit*, translated with an introduction by John Brough. All the

poems are short, and most concern aspects of love. The grace, the opulent sensuality, the truth of this almost unknown body of work is extraordinary. An example:

"She neither turned away, nor yet began/To speak harsh words, nor did she bar the door/But looked at him who was her love before/As if he were an ordinary man."

A particularly delightful aspect of this catch is the witty and informative introduction on the rigors of translating Sanskrit and poetry in general. Everything about this volume, including the cover, is perfect.

And so to the more sober sciences. Isaac Asimov has written two volumes for Washington Square, *The Intelligent Man's Guide to the Physical Sciences* and *The Intelligent Man's Guide to the Biological Sciences*. Both have that author's customary vividness and clarity, plenty of photographs, and good solid material for the layman. An unusual volume in the field of psychology is *Psychological Thought from Pythagoras to Freud*, an Informal Introduction by Gardner Murphy, a Harbinger book. First given as a series of lectures at the Menninger Clinic, this is an engaging and unorthodox work full of insight and interest.

And, if more intellectual pursuits have palled, how about spending five hours making borsht? Penguin's *Handbook Russian Cookery* by Nina Petrova gives seven recipes for it.

Industrialization of 19th Century Literature

New Grub Street, George Gissing, edited with an introduction by Bernard Bergonzi. Penguin Books, 556 pp., \$1.25.

by LINDA KAY

According to Dr. Johnson, on Grub Street lived London's hackwriters, "writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems" ('Dictionary') In Pope's *Dunciad* Grub Street becomes synonymous with poverty and starvation, as its name so well suggests. Then, in the nineteenth century, Grub Street was, with typical zeal, renamed Milton Street. Nevertheless its mythic value remained, to be reinvigorated by George Gissing's novel of 1891, *New Grub Street*.

The plot of *New Grub Street* depends upon the contrasting careers of two literary men in a London where literature has become a commodity. Jasper Milvain is one of the new, dashing-about young men of the literary world. His self-professed goal is Wealth and Reputation, not Art. And he will achieve them by ingratiating himself with the proper, helpful people and by writing anything that will sell to the vulgar mob. He is aggressive, ruthless, energetic, and imaginative as Madison Avenue is imaginative, but his purity of self-interest cannot be sullied with villainy, for he maintains a scrupulous honesty. Unlike some, he is saved in our eyes by his refusal of hypocrisy about either his goals or his methods: every appearance, acquaintance, action is openly calculated towards his advancement. He remains a type of innocent. And he does succeed: he wins a wealthy wife, reputation, an important editorship, in all, "a dreamy bliss."

Edwin Reardon provides the counterpoint. Reardon, though not a novelist by choice (which somewhat undercuts the contrast), has, nevertheless, written two rather better than average novels and received for them a modicum of notice and pay. His ambition equals Milvain's, but he is an "impractical idealist" who cannot bring himself to barter his art in the mar-

ketplace. He marries a poor but educated middle-class girl on the promise of his future and then, unable to continue to produce at the necessary rate, drags her down to prospects of poverty. The result? He loses self-respect, wife, art, and life. The overt moral, pointed to on almost every page, seems to be 'avoid poverty, avoid poverty, avoid it at all costs.' Poverty degrades; it ruins tempers, stomachs and homes.

Yet, despite an inauspicious plot and a crassly Victorian situation, the book does interest, if, that is, the reader persists at least a hundred pages into the story. The moral is not cut and dried, for none of the major characters is completely admirable. The author succeeds in building a

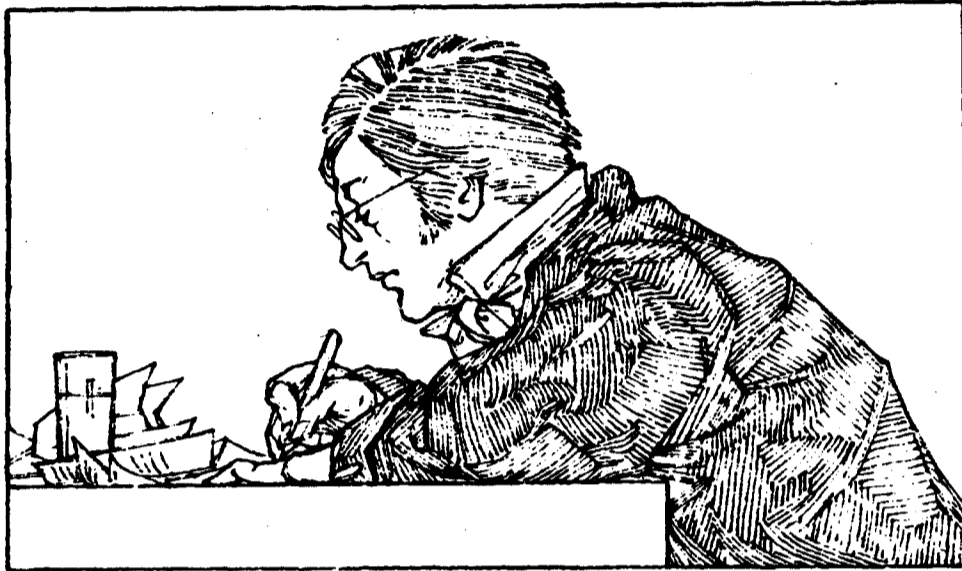
ues as his counterpart, Milvain. Poverty destroys and should be shunned; appearances do matter; opinion and reputation among the respectable do matter; there is something queer about the Bohemian life; a successful artist announces himself to society with the same material display as a banker; clean sheets and well-soled shoes make a man a Man. Gissing never levels a really scathing attack at this system, although he does mightily despair over its unfairness to the artist. If the novel is meant to be primarily social criticism, it must be found vapid indeed, for Gissing offers no alternatives to the system that seems so unfair. But is it really unfair? Does it not seem somehow just, in the context of this book, that Mil-

least, somewhat questionable: his secret desire was always classical scholarship, not novel writing, though he did moderately well at that; he'd rather appreciate art than produce it.

Rather, the novel tends to suggest that there is something slightly fishy about the pursuit of literature as career. It is as though Gissing himself secretly believed that writing was a fancy kind of sloth and that it was a little sinful to earn one's living at something that could also be described as play. The book, then, is an apology for the job of literature. The whole novel suffers a guilt complex. In order for literature to be accepted as Work, it must be made extremely difficult and painful: Reardon martyrs himself for it, he suffers in order to prove he is not loafing and he starves in order to prove how hard he works. Milvain approaches from the opposite direction. He makes literature into work by treating it like any other work: he values it for what it may bring him in money or reputation, he finds no satisfaction in it for itself as art. Except for two minor characters, no literary man in the book really enjoys himself, and that strikes me as odd. All are slaves to either the vanity of literary quarrels (which prove the seriousness of the project) or to the poverty and suffering wrought by a lack of worldly recognition.

Supposedly, the novel is partially autobiographical. Gissing himself showed a distinct tendency towards a morbidity similar to Reardon's. Twice, because of his poverty he explained, he martyred himself in unhappy marriages to uneducated working class girls. He refused any job that would allow him leisure in which to write, but set himself staunchly to produce a novel a year in order to support his family. Gissing practiced the same mechanical mode of composition that Reardon bewails as necessary in the book: *New Grub Street*, it is said, was written at a rate of about 4000 words a day, the task being finished in two months. At its completion, Gissing was somewhat surprised to have done so well.

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quite substantial ironic tension among them, until, at the end of the book, the chapter heads reflect the extremely heavy irony in every scene.

"Chapter 32, *Reardon Becomes Practical*" — by dying!

Although Reardon is supposed to represent the "impractical idealist" who will not prostitute his Art to the vulgar mob, he holds nevertheless the same social val-

vain triumphs and Reardon perishes? In spite of the ironies, I cannot help but think that Gissing does approve the system. His railing resembles the railing of Job: Job blames God and His seeming injustice, but he would not deny Him or change Him. Nor does Gissing allow an over-simple moralization like "good artists fail, bad artists succeed," for Reardon's "goodness" remains, in my eyes at

Your Mamele Should Know

The Joys Of Yiddish, Leo Rosten, Mc Graw-Hill, 533 pp., \$10.00.

by STUART SOSTRIN

On a bus in Tel-Aviv, a mother was talking animatedly, in Yiddish, to her little boy — who kept answering her in Hebrew. And each time the mother said, "No, no, talk Yiddish."

An impatient Israeli overhearing this, exclaimed, "Lady why do you insist the boy talk Yiddish instead of Hebrew?"

Replied the mother, "I don't want him to forget he's a Jew." — from *The Joys of Yiddish*.

First, let me explain that I am an Orthodox Jew. I put in a year at the Yeshiva. I keep a kosher home. I have been a *baal shofar* (one who blows the ram's horn on Rosh Hashanah) since the age of fourteen. I have been to Chassidic weddings and have drunk wine blessed by the Samter Rebbe. But I don't speak Yiddish.

The book is written by Leo Rosten who wrote most of the Hyman Kaplan stories while a doctoral candidate in the late thirties, but hasn't turned out anything as good since. The book itself is exactly what you would expect it to be. Very good-natured, guaranteed not to offend anyone, suitable for gift-giving during National Brotherhood Week, Christmas, or even

Chanukah if you have an ethnic hang-up. Though not exactly an Oxford Yiddish Dictionary, it is a legitimate lexicon of Yiddish words, phrases, and expressions that have become part of American usage, or ought to.

Joys is extremely well-written; Rosten's credentials for ethnic humor have been established for more than thirty years. The author carefully explains each word, gives a little etymology, and illustrates each with a story, ranging from Talmudic parables to raunchy one-liners. Example:

Yussele, Do you say your prayers before each meal?

No, Rabbi.

What, you don't pray before each meal?!

I don't have to. My wife's a good cook.

One more,

"Tailor, it has already taken you six weeks to make my trousers and still they aren't done. Why, it only took God six days to create the entire world!!!"

"Nu," said the tailor, "Look at the world, and look at these pants."

The Joys of Yiddish has a myriad of little uses, and probably should be kept on the bookshelf between Webster's Third and the Dictionary of American Slang. If you really want to, you can now translate Buddy Hackett and Sammy Davis into English, or better yet, Lenny Bruce into Anglo-Sax-

on. If you are Gentle, Joys can increase your vocabulary tremendously. One good Yiddishism like *nudzh* or *paskudnyak* is vastly more useful than anything out of *Thirty Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary*. If you are an assimilated Jew, you can pick up bits and pieces of a beautiful and ancient tradition that is dying, a legacy that will not be claimed because no one, it seems, knows it exists.

Yiddish is going the way of the dodo bird, the nickel beer, and Old Frisian. It's dying off with the handful of Medicare relics who still speak it. In America, the vast majority of Jews speak English only. Those who do speak Yiddish tend to use it sparingly, and few pass it on to their children. In Israel, Yiddish is discouraged. It is generally considered a declassé language, spoken only by the weak and the old, by those who passively marched into Hitler's crematoria. In Russia, Yiddish is still supposedly the official language of Biro-bidjan in Eastern Siberia on the Manchurian border, Stalin's idea of a National Jewish State. Its population is extremely small and only about a third of it is Jewish anyway. Since the Six-day War, there has been a general crackdown on Jewish institutions behind the Iron Curtain. Most of the remaining Yiddish publications have been suspended. There is little hope for a Yiddish revival in Eastern Europe. There aren't enough Jews any place else in the world to really matter.

Few have the slightest knowledge of the glory of Yiddish literature. Some may have read a little Sholem Aleichem or Isaac Bashevis Singer in English, but how many remember I. L. Peretz, Mendele Mocher Soforim, or Sholem Asch? Does anyone remember the old Yiddish stage? Has anyone seen *The Dybbuk* or *God of Vengeance* done in the original, or a Sholem Secunda musical comedy? Does anyone remember the old cantors like Rosenblatt who turned down a contract with the Met because he refused to cut his beard or

work on Shabbos? What about Kwartin or Hershman? Anybody out there capable of reading the *Forward* or the *Freiheit*? Anyone remember the old Roumainische schul in Chicago before it became a Mountain Baptist tabernacle? Does anyone remember when Saturday was the Sabbath, a Holy celebration of life, not a day at the track or on the golf course? Remember when being a Jew meant binding yourself to an ancient ritual, an ancient people and an eternal God? Remember when there was a broche (blessing) for every action and every action was a potential blessing.

Not many realize it, but the final solution has taken place. Hitler was successful. The old European Jews are gone. Spiritually, the Jews of the last two generations are not the same as the generation before. While the old Jews placed primary values on scholarship and piety, the American Jew, like most Americans, places a primary value on money. Modern Jewry seems to glory more in the ability to kill Arabs than in the ability to comprehend a difficult passage in scripture. The Jewish nation has become like all the other nations: more concerned with the material than the spiritual.

This sermonizing doesn't really lead as far away from Rosten's book as it seems. It is a fine book, but I am very sad that it had to be written. In the best of all possible worlds, the book might be used as a lamp unto the Gentiles, but it appears that *The Joys of Yiddish* will be more at home under the Channukah bush than the Xmas tree. Rosten's book performs a great service to Jews and Gentiles alike, by keeping alive the glories that were Yiddish. After all, if there is a Yiddish theater in Albuquerque, New Mexico that makes a profit (and there is), things can't yet be all that bad.

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