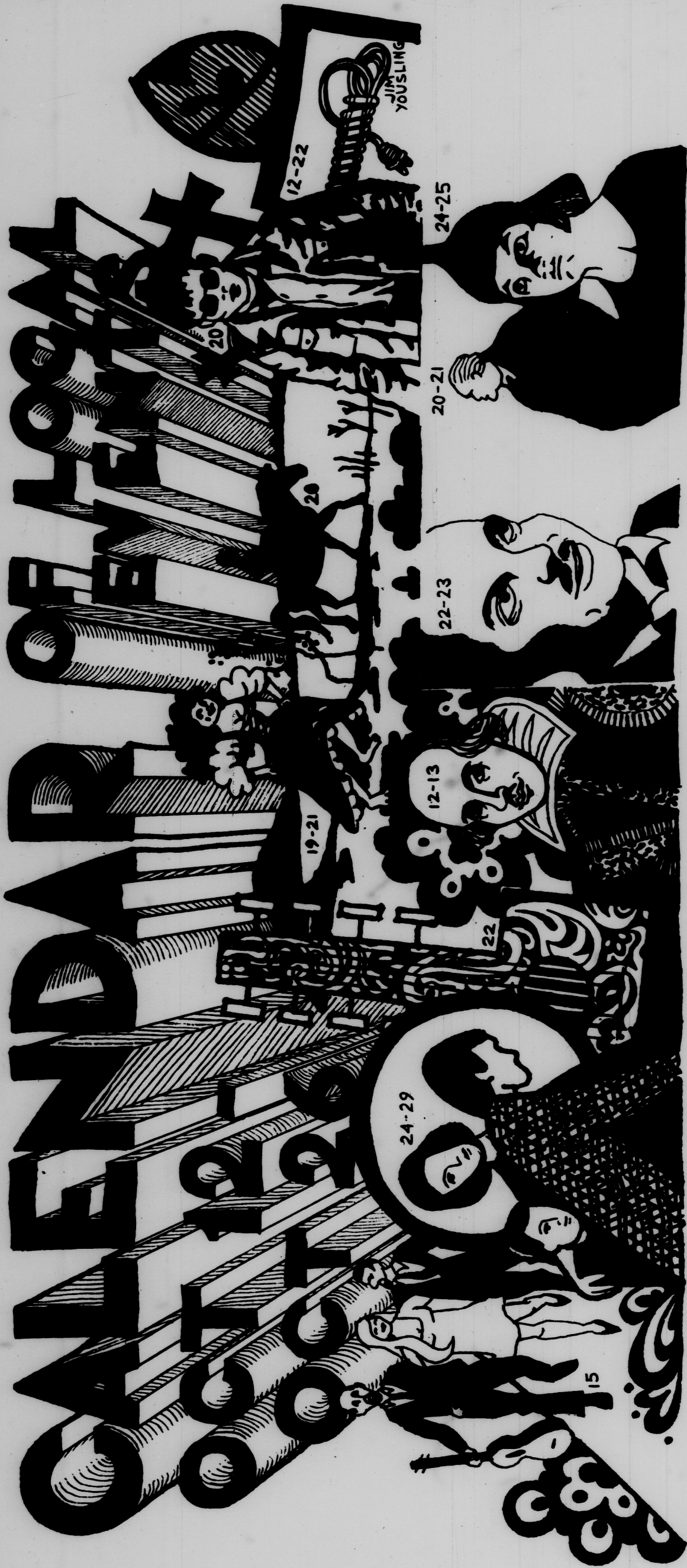


# COLLAGE

The State News Bi-weekly Magazine

Thursday, October 12, 1967





THURSDAY, OCT. 12:  
THE WINTER'S TALE (6:30 & 9:30, Auditorium)  
THE CHASE (7 & 9, Wilson)  
SHORT FILMS AT THE SCENE, ACT TWO (8:00, Wesleyan Center, 118S, Harrison)  
SUN, MOON AND STONE- HENGE (8:00, Abrams)  
COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA (8:30, Okemos Barn Theatre)  
CHARLIE'S AUNT  
HUMANITIES RECORD CON- CERT (7-9, 114 Bessey)  
FRIDAY, OCT. 13:  
TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE with Humphrey Bogart (7 & 9, Union Ballroom)  
MEIN KAMPF (21 Union, 7 & 9)

SATURDAY, OCT. 14:  
THE ANCIENT WORLDS: ATHENS TO CAIRO with Gene Wlancko (8:00, Auditorium)  
FOOTBALL with Michigan (away)  
MONDAY, OCT. 16:  
FRENCH NATIONAL OR- CHESTRA with Maurice Le Roux (8:15, Auditorium)  
FAIRCHILD Box Office Open For "Skin of Our Teeth"

SUNDAY, OCT. 15:  
MUSIC LECTURE: BELLS OF THE WORLD with Wendell Westcott (4:00, Music Aud.)  
SUN, MOON AND STONE- HENGE (2:30 & 8, Abrams)  
PETER, PAUL AND MARY (7:30, Lansing Civic Center)  
TUESDAY, OCT. 17:  
THIEVES' MARKET (7-11, Union Ballroom, sign up at Union Board office)  
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 18:  
MOVIE of MSU/Michigan Football Game (8:00, Union Ballroom)  
RUSH CONVOCATIONS  
ALLAN B. MANDELSTAMM'S BIRTHDAY  
THURSDAY, OCT. 19:  
MOLL FLANDERS with Kim Novak (7 & 9, Brody)  
FALL FASHION SHOW from Union Board (8:00, Union Ballroom)

FRIDAY, OCT. 20:  
ASHES AND DIAMONDS (7:00, 109 Anthony)  
THE VIRGIN SPRING (7 & 9, Union Ballroom)  
WILD STRAWBERRIES (State Theatre)  
MOLL FLANDERS (7 & 9, Wilson)  
RECORD CONCERT (7:00, 114 Bessey)  
JAZZ with Mr. H. Powell (8:00, The Scene, Act Two, 118 Harrison)  
ABRAMS PLANETARIUM (8:00)  
SATURDAY, OCT. 21:  
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND THE 1967 ROSE BOWL with Stan Midgley (8:00, Auditorium)  
WILD STRAWBERRIES (State Theatre)  
MOLL FLANDERS (7 & 9, Conrad)  
FOOTBALL with Minnesota (away)  
ABRAMS PLANETARIUM (2:30 & 8)  
SUNDAY, OCT. 22:  
THE FLUTE AND THE AR- ROW by Ravi Shankar & Arne Sucksdorff (7:00, Union Par- lor C)  
CITIZEN KANE (State Theatre)

MONDAY, OCT. 23:  
LANSING SYMPHONY with Dr. A. Clyde Roller (8:00, Sexton HS Aud.)  
CITIZEN KANE (State Theatre)  
TUESDAY, OCT. 24:  
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH (MSU Performing Arts Com- pany, Fairchild)  
FACULTY RECITAL with John Richardson, piano (8:15, Music Aud.)  
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 25:  
MOVIE of MSU/Minnesota Football Game (8:00, Union Ballroom)  
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH (Fairchild)  
IVAN THE TERRIBLE, NO. 1 (State Theatre)  
THURSDAY, OCT. 26:  
OPERATION CROSSBOW (7 & 9, Brody)  
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH (Fairchild)  
RASHOMON (State Theatre)  
FREE BRIDGE LESSONS from Union Board (7-9, 21 Union)

FRIDAY, OCT. 27:  
THE WINTER'S TALE (6:30 & 9:30, Auditorium)  
THE CHASE (7 & 9, Wilson)  
SHORT FILMS AT THE SCENE, ACT TWO (8:00, Wesleyan Center, 118S, Harrison)  
SUN, MOON AND STONE- HENGE (8:00, Abrams)  
COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA (8:30, Okemos Barn Theatre)  
CHARLIE'S AUNT  
HUMANITIES RECORD CON- CERT (7-9, 114 Bessey)  
SATURDAY, OCT. 28:  
THE ANCIENT WORLDS: ATHENS TO CAIRO with Gene Wlancko (8:00, Auditorium)  
FOOTBALL with Michigan (away)  
MONDAY, OCT. 30:  
FRENCH NATIONAL OR- CHESTRA with Maurice Le Roux (8:15, Auditorium)  
FAIRCHILD Box Office Open For "Skin of Our Teeth"

TUESDAY, OCT. 31:  
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH (MSU Performing Arts Com- pany, Fairchild)  
FACULTY RECITAL with John Richardson, piano (8:15, Music Aud.)  
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1:  
MOVIE of MSU/Minnesota Football Game (8:00, Union Ballroom)  
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH (Fairchild)  
IVAN THE TERRIBLE, NO. 1 (State Theatre)  
THURSDAY, OCT. 2:  
OPERATION CROSSBOW (7 & 9, Brody)  
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH (Fairchild)  
RASHOMON (State Theatre)  
FREE BRIDGE LESSONS from Union Board (7-9, 21 Union)

FRIDAY, OCT. 3:  
TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE with Humphrey Bogart (7 & 9, Union Ballroom)  
MEIN KAMPF (21 Union, 7 & 9)  
SATURDAY, OCT. 4:  
THE ANCIENT WORLDS: ATHENS TO CAIRO with Gene Wlancko (8:00, Auditorium)  
FOOTBALL with Michigan (away)  
MONDAY, OCT. 6:  
FRENCH NATIONAL OR- CHESTRA with Maurice Le Roux (8:15, Auditorium)  
FAIRCHILD Box Office Open For "Skin of Our Teeth"

# Mantovani mixes modern, classic



## Mantovani

Mantovani and his orchestra appeared at the Auditorium last night as part of the Lecture-Concert Series.

Photo by Meade Perlman

## Cover note

This week's cover photograph was taken in the weaving studio of the College of Home Economics. It depicts Susan Taylor, Detroit sophomore, designing a pattern on one of the department's 15 looms.

It is interesting to note that although the loom was invented thousands of years ago (pre-ceramic age), it remains essentially the same today.

Rodier, in "The Romance of French Weaving" wrote:

"Through all the ages, the path of the weaver has been the path of true civilization . . . and where a loom is waiting, the night of savagery is over."

## COLLAGE

Executive Director . . .  
Eric Pianin

Feature Editor . . .  
Roberta Yafie

Contributors . . . Linda Bednar, David Gilbert, Jeffrey Justin, Stuart Rosenthal, Jim Yousling, Pat Smith, Bob Zeschin, Roy Bryan, Dolores Colangelo, Ed Brill, Richard Hass.

Talking before his Tuesday night concert, Mantovani said that it was all right to use his first name in writing up the interview. "I'm not trying to hide it," the maestro said. "But it's Italian and so few people can pronounce it properly. Besides, Mantovani is long enough of a name for billboards as it is. And it does look rather nice up there all by itself, doesn't it?"

It does look rather nice at that, and for this reason, this article isn't going to mention it.

Mantovani's annual schedule consists of four to five months touring either American or Europe, then another four months making appearances and records in England, and the rest of the time planning programs, orchestrating them, and "doing a bit of composing on the side."

"Setting up the programs takes a lot of time and thought," he said. "We have to consider who we are and what's expected of us. If we came and played Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, people would be disappointed. On the other hand, if we played just music that has become known through our recordings, people would get tired of that just as well.

"So we have variety as the keynote. We have the popular music, but then we also have the light classics. Change of pace is important," he said. "We go from fast music to slow, then we'll do a novelty number, then fast and slow again. This way we keep the program interesting and moving along.

"What we try to keep in mind is that most people don't have the

knowledge or interest to appreciate and enjoy purely classical music," he continued. "So we take the good contemporary music and improve it with good, classical-style orchestrations and scoring. And the result has become known as our particular style of music."

What does he think of today's popular music?

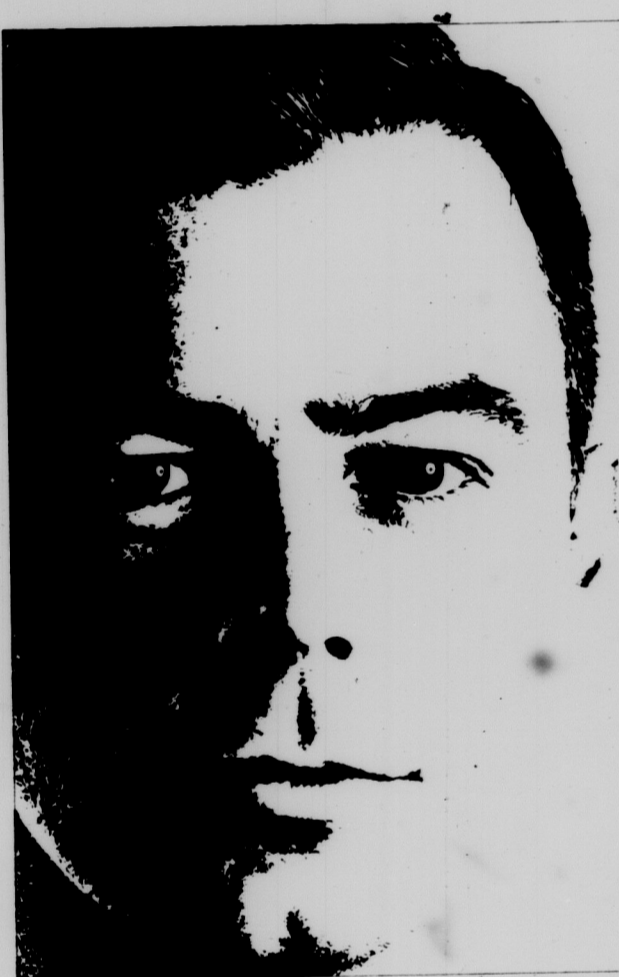
"Well, in our day, we had the Black Bottom and all sorts of dreadful things. And today, it's not much better," he smiled. "It's all right in its place, and if you're young, and want to have fun and dance to it. But, let's face it, you really can't sit down and listen to it. Most of the time it's played so loud that you can't understand it anyway."

He said there are many other recording artists that he enjoyed listening to--Peter Nero, Andy Williams, and Tony Bennett. And that to relax on the road, he plays bridge (he spent all Tuesday afternoon playing bridge at the Jack Tar) and dabbles in photography.

"If you ask any musician, chances are he's interested in photography," he said. "It's another form of expression or release. And you can do so much with it artistically. It's a wonderful outlet."

And before the interview was over, he was proudly showing a photo he had taken of his new granddaughter.

"Her name is Cathryn," he said, spelling it. "Her parents decided to do like the Americans do and change the spelling a bit."



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Photo by Bob Arnold

# Fervor of South still exists

By ED BRILL

It's been about three years, now, since the focus of our race-conscious nation was on the South. Three years since the so-called "northern white liberal" marched—rode—sat—even swam to combat what seemed to be an ugly sore on the other side of our society.

In the heat of last summer, the sore festered and exploded in the Northerner's own cities. The concerns of "another country", that once seemed so overwhelmingly important, must pale against a smoldering ghetto only blocks from his own split level home.

For most, the South is an all but forgotten part of the daily newscasts, telling of misery and violence in an unending stream of strange and familiar places, across our own nation and around the globe.

For a small group, the South still exists. It calls with all the immediacy and fervor that brought the white man to the cause of "Civil Rights", before the emergence of Black Power.

The MSU Student Education Project (STEP), begun three years ago during the apex of Northern involvement in southern civil rights, has continued essentially unchanged in spite of recent outside enthusiasm. This past summer again STEP sent 27 students, (all white and mostly from MSU) down to Holly Springs, Miss. They participated in a five-week program for incoming freshmen at Rust College, an all-Negro, non-accredited school.

The first question you want to ask anyone who comes back from the STEP program is what the hell can you really accomplish in five short weeks that's going to change anything these kids have known for a lifetime?

"If we were to say in one or two sentences what our purpose was down there," begins Larry Klein, 23-year-old student who temporarily left school last year to organize and head the 1967 STEP program, "it was to help these entering freshmen become better students in college."

"What's a better student? Is it someone who has had more work when he comes into college, or had more class hours or better grades? I don't think so. It's the result of more than just classroom experience, the result of a total experience which I think can be found as much outside the classroom as it can inside."

"I think there was something to be accomplished," adds Tom Peterson, a junior in humanities at MSU and an instructor at Rust. "But I don't know if it was something we could set out to do and then do. You could do it in spite of yourself or in spite of your planned objectives."

The real key to what happened in the five weeks down at Rust, in the minds of both the MSU instructors and the Rust students, was to be found outside the formal learning experience, in the reactions that occur with a direct confrontation of race, and culture.

"Some of these kids have never had a friend who was white," Peterson recalls. "Most of them had never been able to talk closely with a white. It was the contact we gave them, the

chance to be with somebody, that was important."

"My roommate said he would never again be able to look at white men as a group," says Dick Aubrey, a graduate student in social science. "The unstereotyping of white people in their eyes was part of the gain."

Paul Herron, a sophomore at Rust and a former student at the STEP Institute views the program from the other side of the classroom.

"I didn't know that the volunteers from Michigan State would be all white," Paul says in a soft, slow voice. "I was rather surprised to see that."

"But the getting together, the movies, the trips, their willingness to help me—it was the first time a group of whites that I had been in contact with had said, 'Look, we want to help you.' The program gave us a start—many of the students didn't get."

"There's a whole new adjustment process you have to go through, in order to find some relationship with these people," comments Klein. "They're not just teachers at college, but also whites."

Despite the time limitations on the program, there was some real progress made in the actual classroom programs. Rust students took courses in communications skills and mathematics. In the opinion of almost everyone, they worked consistently hard and seriously.

"Some of them were very bright," says Aubrey. "They knew enough that they wanted to get every advantage they could. Others, though, were very poorly prepared. They thought that this was their only chance."



Larry Klein: "These people in the ghettos have an inbred negative feeling toward white people, toward the system, toward college really."

"My poorest student left class the last day," recalls Alan Litzke, a graduate student in physics and math instructor at Rust, "he came back just to speak to me and he said, 'Thanks for your help.' I felt quite rewarded, meeting and talking to students, they were very receptive to me."

"One of the large problems that we have is a great range of students," Klein comments, "and you have to catch a large number of students in tutorials because you'll miss them in class. You'll either bore them or go way over their heads."

"It's rather difficult to make a successful class without getting to most of your students individually and working with them in this way."

If there is a larger lesson to be learned from the STEP project, could it be the application of the small, concentrated, personal teaching technique to help students coming out of the ghettos of the North? Or is there an irrevocable difference between northern inner-city schools, and the South.

Larry Klein for one, thinks there is.

"In the South there has traditionally been communication between the black people and the white people," Klein says. "It's been an inequitable structure in which the role of the black man and the role of the white man have been pretty well defined, and in order to maintain one's safety, one's position, one's life, you behave in this manner. It's disfavorable to the black man but the communication has always been there."

"In the North, there is not this communication. The people who grow up in the ghetto have little or no opportunity to communicate with white people."

"I think the lack of communication has produced a barrier which would be more difficult to overcome. These people in the ghettos have an inbred negative feeling toward white people, toward the system, toward college really, which is a part of that system—something which is mostly white and very certainly middle class. I think it would be more difficult to enter this situation than it would be to go down to the South, or to go to a smaller northern city to work with college bound Negro youth."

"Those who are thinking about college or who prepare for college in Detroit understand what is going to happen to them, understand that Wayne State is a tough place, that they really have to crack to do it," adds Tom Peterson. "But as long as he finds out that there is a group that is interested in him sincerely, that is such a clash with what he knows from his period of isolation and no communication that if it sinks in in five weeks, and I think it can, then the student is primed."

"He is ready to believe in himself, when he sees somebody else has. In this sense, the fact that you can motivate a student, or allow him to motivate himself, to find out enough about himself so that he believes he can make it, then it would work."

## ART

## Kresge shows stills, pop art

By RICHARD HASS

Still life painting grew in importance from the 17th to the 19th Centuries. The nature morte of the 17th Century allowed the Dutch and Spanish painters a chance to portray the beauty of things formerly considered too insignificant to be the main concern of a painting. By the late 19th Century, still life painting was well established; it became the private laboratory of the painter.

The objects painted were so mundane that they usually offered the artist a greater freedom of interpretation than a subject like the human figure, with its more sentimental overtones. Still life materials also allowed the painter more freedom in selection and arrangement than did the landscape. No one in that period organized his private still life vocabulary better than Cezanne. In the early 20th Century the Cubists and Matisse, in a less complicated way, achieved great breakthroughs into contemporary abstraction through still life painting.

It is not surprising, then, that William Gerdtz, the organizer of the current exhibition at Kresge Art Center and the Museum of Modern Art in New York, which circulates it, should choose the theme of the Contemporary American Still Life for a traveling exhibition. It is not quite clear what this exhibition is trying to prove, however. The lack of clarity or continuity in the selection of the show may be one reason why it seems to fall flat. Another reason is the artists chosen: there are inexcusable absences and inclusions. I am also puzzled by many of the works chosen to represent certain artists.

The painters represented in this show can be roughly divided into two categories: the traditionalists and the popular imagists. The traditionalists include such painters as Diebenkorn, Weeks, Georges, Porter and Murch. These are artists

whose styles and choice of subject matter can easily be related to an earlier 19th and 20th Century painting tradition.

Two minor works of Richard Diebenkorn, a California artist who was important in the 1950's for reviving an interest in the figurative subject, are displayed along with a major work of one of his followers, James Weeks. Thus, Weeks appears to come off stronger than his mentor. A more representative body of the two artists' work would not bear this out.

Fairfield Porter is also a more interesting painter than the small "White Lilacs" indicates. Paintings by Red Grooms, Felix Pasillas and George Wardlaw are of such inferior quality that there is no excuse for including them.

The other category, that of the popular imagists, is most clearly represented by Warhol, Lichtenstein, Wesselmann and Rosenquist. Others, like Jasper Johns and Wayne Thiebaud could also be included but with reservations. The pop imagist, or as they are sometimes called, new realists, tend to deal with the common stock of our commercial and advertising world. They often tend to use impersonal manufactured material presented in a blatant ad-man manner. Lichtenstein's "Electric Cord" or Warhol's "Four Campbell Soup Cans" are examples of this. Warhol has said he wants to be like a machine. The viewer can decide whether he succeeds. Wesselmann, the only artist who is well represented in this exhibition, has a different outlook. He tends to dismiss the importance of the pop image.

"I use a billboard picture because it is a real, special representation of something, not because it is from a billboard. Advertising images excite me mainly because of what I can make from them," he explained. His best work in the show is "Still Life #20." There is a sense of

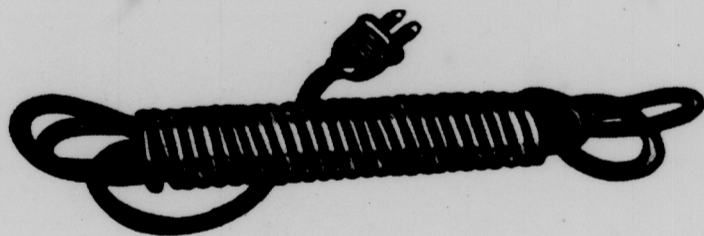


Richard Diebenkorn: Still Life with Orange Peel. 1955

personal selectivity in this work that gives the objects assembled a special significance. Rosenquist's "Dishes" also goes beyond the superficial character of its pop like subject. It is a handsomely painted kitchen detail.

In his "Sandwiches and Confections," Wayne Thiebaud uses luscious paint and a traditional rendering style not unlike Diebenkorn's. The subject, however, seems more updated. Jasper Johns' painted bronze ale cans and aluminum covered "Light Bulb" also could not simply be labeled as pop images. The Ballantine Ale cans are like antique precursors of Warhol's soup cans. The delicate bronze work and carefully painted labels give them a quality of ambiguity and refinement.

The exhibition has some noteworthy examples of recent directions in American painting not previously seen on this campus. For this reason it is worth a visit. However, it is disappointing that an exhibition organized around such a promising theme was not more carefully chosen.



Roy Lichtenstein: Electric Cord. (1961)

## Directors' festival coming to the State

Antonioni? Bergman? Truffaut? Eisenstein? Kurosawa? Hitchcock? Welles? All of them at the State Theater in the space of two weeks?

Yes, collected in repertory for the first time by Janus Films as part of a Directors' Festival to run here Oct. 20 through Nov. 2.

The presentation is meant to allow audiences to compare and analyze philosophies and techniques of various directors. Bergman's "Wild Strawberries," the story of a doctor's journey through a day's worth of memories and dreams, will be shown Oct. 20 and 21.

Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" is a multi-sided view of the publishing giant Charles Foster Kane. It will run Oct. 22 and 23.

Part One of Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible" will be shown Oct. 24 and 25, with Part Two to appear in a later Directors' Festival. This segment follows the 16th-century Tsar Ivan IV from his coronation to his abdication and popular recall.

Akira Kurosawa's "Rashomon" explores the nature of truth and subjective reality through the story of the murder of a man and the rape of his wife by a bandit. The film will be shown Oct. 26 and 27.

Francois Truffaut's "Jules and Jim," starring Jeanne Moreau and Oskar Werner, concerns a beautiful and amoral woman who loves two fraternal friends and for whom no commitment is final. It will play Oct. 28 and 29.

"The Lady Vanishes" on Oct. 30 and 31 is a Hitchcock thriller—a young woman awakens from a nap on a train to discover that the woman sharing her compartment has vanished.

Another woman mysteriously vanishes on a yacht in Antonioni's "L'Avventura," and her lover and her best friend start an affair. The film will run Nov. 1 and 2.

Short films—new cinema and old masterpieces—will be shown with every movie.

# The SHAKE-A-PUDD'N Revolution!

## WHAT IS ITS SIGNIFICANCE?

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The ritual of the Midnight Pudding Snack is well established in primitive societies. Since Shake-A Pudd'n does not require refrigeration, it lends itself to use in dormitories (surely one of the most primitive societies), thereby fulfilling this basic, instinctual human drive at the precise moment it arises.

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Had Shake-A Pudd'n been discovered in the 18th Century, the French Revolution would probably never have taken place when it did. Marie Antoinette's famous remark, "Let 'em eat cake," would no doubt have been transformed to "Let 'em eat pudd'n," thereby appeasing the masses for at least another century.

**Shake-A Pudd'n™, the new instant dessert mix from Royal.**

Just put water and powder in the cup, snap the lid, shake for 30 seconds and let it set. In Chocolate, Vanilla, Butterscotch or Banana. Each package complete with four puddings, spoons, lids, and throwaway shakers.



# Peppermint caters to kids

By ROBERTA YAFIE

Call her "Peppermint" and if you're not under 12, four feet-eleven or 105 pounds, she might very well hit you with her scoop.

Patti Wilson serves children, whether it be with a double dip "scattershot-chocolate-marshmallow in a soft cone" or an equally tasty dish of children's theatre.

Miss Wilson, a senior from Detroit majoring in theatre, approaches her chosen medium with the same fervor she employs after a customer at the local ice cream parlor, where she works part time, has ordered a scoop of banana and one of strawberry and suddenly changes his mind to mint chip and spumoni as she's offering it across the counter.

"The world is such a rotten mess and kids get involved in it so early today that I want to make them happy while there's still time," she said.

She feels that children's theatre has a teaching purpose, education children to the excitement of live theatre while orienting them to theatre manners. It can be a learning experience as well as a very enjoyable, stimulating experience on the creative and imaginative side.

"The basic honesty of a child appeals to me," she noted. "I believe in it, trust in it, and will not betray that trust."

Regarding audience preference, she said that you can do more exciting children's theatre between the ages of nine and twelve. You can present better ideas and give them thought plays.

"But the extreme group of six to nine is just beautiful to play for," Patti said. "They have no inhibitions to separate them from the imaginary and the real."

This summer, in between scoops, Patti took three weeks out to direct A.A. Milne's "The Ugly Duckling." The show was produced by the Theatre Dept., which also covered the initial costs. She repaid them with her gate receipts.

The cast was local talent from the department, the Performing Arts Company, and interested MSU students. She designed and built the sets, served as her own stage manager and publicity director, and had the final joy of striking the sets. Costuming was done by Vicki Jean Sanchez, graduate student in theatre and a familiar face to University theatregoers.

Miss Wilson undertook the production to fulfill a requirement for a 499 independent study under Frank Rutledge, director of University Theatre.

Performances were given at Studio 49 and the Arena, both in the Auditorium. She had a full house of 75 for the run, along with a special performance for 200 children in the Head Start program.

Perhaps the best illustration of the magic of children's theatre came at the final Saturday afternoon performance.

"I was trying something new with seating," she recalled. "We gave the performance in the Arena, with the children sitting on the floor. During one of the scenes, a five year old girl became so enchanted with the reality of the king and the maid that she stood up and walked to the front of the platform."

"She was well into the acting area and stood there with the play going on all around her," she continued with a smile. "For a while she looked at the actors on stage, then at the lights to see the magic of the theatrical experience, and then she very quietly went back and sat down."

Children's theatre is not new to Michigan State. About seven years ago, the Toyshop Workshop was producing a formal season of children's plays and was treated as a major production, with the full cooperation of faculty and staff, including a tour of Michigan cities.

But for lack of talent and time and the decision to establish a reputation for adult theatre caused the abandonment of the Workshop.

The return to children's theatre was due primarily to the return two years ago of several former members of the Toyshop Workshop, who talked about reviving the dramatic form for undergraduates to present in Studio 49.

"The Ugly Duckling" was the first production

## Poetry Week

Michigan Poetry Week begins today by proclamation of Lt. Gov. William G. Milliken.

"It is appropriate that the people of Michigan set aside a period of time to recognize our poets, to read their works, and to share their view of the future," reads the proclamation.

Michigan will also join 46 other states in observing National Poetry Day Sunday.

The first Poetry Day was observed Oct. 5, 1508 by the Julian calendar. In 1582 the introduction of the Gregorian calendar changed the date to Oct. 15.

In 1938 Ohio became the first state to recognize Poetry Day, and in 1949 a National Poetry Day was established.

*The world is such a rotten mess and kids get involved in it so early today that I want to make them happy while there's still time.*

to come out of this. Miss Wilson will direct her second show for the department, "Elves and the Shoemaker," as part of an advanced directing course. The production will be one of 30 offered by the class during finals week this fall. "Elves" will be performed in the Arena December 2.

Dale Rose, graduate assistant in theatre and member of PAC, is planning to do a children's play winter term. Patti plans to do a third show in the spring.

She began her directing career at the Okemos Barn in the summer of '66 with "Hansel and Gretel."

"The audience response was fantastic," she remarked, "both in attendance and emotional reaction. At the time, I was looking for a form of theatre I wanted to direct. In professional theatre, directing isn't a woman's world; in children's theatre, there's more association and more opportunity."

She said that most people regard children's theatre as second-class theatre, and that this is most of the trouble today, in that they tend to play down this form.

Her second play was "Peentorpa and the Tumptagubas," written by Marti Maraden and presented under John Baldwin's children's theatre class.

Patti foresees children's theatre productions being added to the University Theatre's major programs within the next two years. Last year, the theatre faculty began adding courses in creative dramatics and children's theatre.

"Interest is up with the community and the faculty," she pointed out. "The Okemos Barn and Lansing Community College have both done recent children's theatre."

"One of the beauties is that they respond without convention," she noted. "There's no fourth wall in children's theatre because children's imaginations break it down. They live the experience."

Where an adult audience will applaud, a children's audience will respond with love and affection, she added.

While devoting her energies primarily to directing, Miss Wilson spends several hours a week at the Lansing YWCA teaching creative dramatics classes for ages 7-12.

Just one more in the series of scoops of Peppermint, Patti.



## Legend of Land Grant Man: Do mine eyes deceive me?

By the soil-covered hands of Justin Morrill, what have we here? Why it's Land Grant Man, who, disguised as John Palindrome, mild-mannered president of a great midwestern multiversity, fights a never ending battle against hippies, student activists and the influence of the 20th century.

Land Grant Man, a comic strip that appeared last year with some regularity in *The Paper*, MSU's underground press, is the embellishment of all the absurdity that dwells in the minds of two lampoonists, cleverly disguised as MSU students.

Jim Friel, Glen Ellyn, Ill. senior and president of Off Campus Council, and his friend Stu Jones, Mendon senior, are the creators of Land Grant Man.

L.G.M., the fearless defender of Victorian morality, was the product of a late-night beer drinking session according to Friel and Jones.

How did they hit upon Land Grant Man?

"The name just popped up," said Friel. "At

that time, all I could draw was super-heroes. Stu wrote the scripts and I illustrated them.

"Sometimes the better strips help in a satirical vein. It's not a malicious type thing," Friel continued. "I draw the people we satirize to make them look as good in character sketches as they do in life. President Hannah, for example, is quite distinguished looking, and Palindrome comes off looking distinguished in Land Grant Man.

"Hopefully, someone will get a chuckle out of it," added Jones. "That's about all we hope for. We may poke a little fun at him, but I respect President Hannah for what he's done for the University."

The *Paper* gave the two authors little, if any, direction in the writing of L.G.M., according to Friel and Jones.

"The only time *The Paper* got up-tight was when Land Grant Man visited *The Paper's* office," Friel explained. "People were floating two feet off the ground."

"It's not a malicious type thing. I draw the people we satirize to make them look as good in character sketches as they do in life."

## PETER, PAUL AND MARY

### Fresh air playing guitars

"An angel and two devils playing guitars," better known to folksong lovers as Peter, Paul and Mary, will appear at the Lansing Civic Center at 7:30 p.m. Sunday.

The folk group hit its audiences like a breath of fresh air. Tidbits of humor are a little something extra when you see the 3 some composed of Paul Stookey, Peter Yarrow and Mary Travers, in person.

Paul Stookey, a Jaguar-driver, golf nut and alumnus of MSU gained a reputation here as a quick man with a joke, emceeing everything from Water Carnival to a sorority slave auction.

"Somewhere around my sophomore year," he recalls, "I got elected third ugliest man on campus."

In New York, Stookey took a job as production manager for a chemical supply house. But after a chance visit to a Village coffee house he quit his job and

took up performing as a career.

As a child, Peter Yarrow showed great talent in the fields of art and music. He later majored in psychology at Cornell University and produced the University's first series of folk concerts.

Mary Travers was raised in downtown New York, where Pete Seeger and other folk singers rehearsed in her basement. She recalls singing in a picket line at the age of five.

The initial meeting of the trio was followed by seven months of preparing for their opening at "The Bitter End." Success came almost instantaneously as the trio played to packed houses at the "Gate of Horn" in Chicago and the "hungry i" in San Francisco.

Their first album, "Peter, Paul and Mary" was at the top of charts three months after its release. Their singles "If I Had a Hammer" and "Lemon Tree" were equally successful.

The trio was highly sought for television appearances, and made many tours including several through Europe.

The group sticks firmly to its principles, refusing to do television and radio commercials and even walking out on "The Bell Telephone Hour" when the sponsor demanded a change in lyrics of a century-old Nova Scotian ballad.

The group has been extremely active in the civil rights move-



ment, although it has cost them sales and bookings in the South. They have been jeered for this activity and on occasion stink-bombed in a hall in which they were appearing.

Nonetheless, the trio has refused to compromise its beliefs for monetary gain.

Tickets for Sunday's performance are on sale at the Civic Center box office and at the Disc Shop.



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## COMMENTARY



# Profit in black and white

By PAT SMITH

Six little Detroit-area children were playing "cops and robbers" in their front yard, using their fingers as guns. Bang, bang they said, and now they are all dead. They were shot down by the National Guard. However, this was during a riot, the Guardsmen were doing their duties and the children were Negro.

Now that we've explained six killings, what of the four little girls sitting in an Alabama church who were blasted into oblivion in 1963. Why was it that the men who did it were arrested for possession of explosives and not murder? Moreover, it is clearly evident that more Negroes have been killed by whites than whites by Negroes. We all know of Negroes who received capital punishment, but do you know of a white who received capital punishment for killing a Negro? No! That's a fact. No white man has ever received capital punishment for killing a Negro in this country under any circumstances.

Yet, ironically, the National Guard and all military services offer a Negro a better chance for personal success than civilian life. But the Negro must be willing to risk his life in Vietnam while Federal troops may kill his children in Detroit.

Why does the word "integration" mean "assimilation" to white people and not the bringing together of equal cultures?

Why is it that Indians and Negroes can be accepted as individuals, but not as respected members of their own ethnic groups?

Why do people starve in the "land of plenty" while surplus food rots in storage? Is it because it will ruin the economy? Why does an apartment in the slums, complete with rats and roaches, cost as much and often more than one in the nearby suburbs, complete with dishwasher and carpeting?

Sen. Robert Kennedy stated in a recent "Meet the Press" interview that a man (unnamed, of course) in this country with a billion in assets paid only \$635 in taxes last year and that many men with incomes of over \$500,000 paid none at all!

If this situation were corrected, would it upset the economy?

How is it that Stokely Carmichael is accused of treason when all he advocated was destruction of capitalism as it is today? He never advocated the overthrow of democracy. The government gets upset—could it be that our government is really based on money and not people?

The two systems are separate, or should be, but our government officials claim that anyone against capitalism, in its present form, must be against democracy.

Everything is influenced and therefore, ultimately controlled by one motive—profit. In the end, American society means nothing unless there is profit. Ideally, in a democracy like the United States, the people would prevent this profit take-over if they could be heard as individuals. The primary purpose of a democracy is protecting the rights of the individual. If the profit motive is analyzed realistically, it is discovered that profit as an end is also a form of tyranny. In the United States, as in many countries, money is synonymous with power (a statement most citizens take for granted). None of us can truthfully say that we have escaped the influence of that profit motive. That motive is the basis for the exclusion and inclusion of certain masses into particular groups.

The plight of the Negro and the Indian demonstrates the effect of exclusion of a race from the economic system. These two alienated groups have made great sacrifices of themselves on many occasions, only to see their dream of an equal share of the wealth in this country go up in smoke.

The irony is that the very people who claim to be giving so much, as if they had something to give, are the very same people who are keeping the Negro and Indian from his equal share in the profit.

The means by which the white majority accomplishes this are effective, yet so subtle that many times the majority doesn't realize it is doing so. Subtle even to the point that the Negro and the Indian are unaware of what has been done to them until it is too late.

Raw materials are those things imperative to the establishment of profit. Land and Labor are the most important raw materials. Economic progress started in the United States in the South with the production of cotton. At first, most of the processing was done in England so that semi-skilled factory labor wasn't very important here. However, a great deal of land and farm labor was crucial. The Indians had what was justly their own land taken from them, and the Africans were brought here and whipped into submission to provide labor profitable to the white man.

Profit is the key word in understanding what has happened from that time until the present.

It is safe to say that the seemingly trite statement "The only good Indian is a dead Indian" was real to the white man, because dead men can't claim their property rights.

However, during this same period, the only good African was a young, strong, healthy one. Consequently, the white man viewed the African as a monetary value—a commodity to be bought or sold. The African became a tool to be

distributed extensively. The exact opposite treatment was accorded the Indian. He was corralled into reservations and prohibited from moving about. Nonetheless, this was done for essentially the same reason—to protect the white man's profit.

The riots this summer (both race and poor-peopled) were a symptom of the sickening epidemic of economic exploitation which has run rampant in this country. During the riots, an effort was made to return to "law and order".

Order is the result of design; law should be part of order, and therefore, designed also. Justice, however, is that which is right and is not necessarily a part of order. Order should be subjected to justice, and not vice-versa. Force alone (like tyranny) can establish order. Law enforcement should preserve and protect justice, not law and order.

However, economy has no need of justice; indeed, economy doesn't really want to consider it. And the two should not be spoken of in the same context. Democracy and justice are in the same realm, while capitalism is not necessary to either. However, order is necessary to allow the corruption in the hierarchy of capitalism; e.g., read any report on "white-collar" crime or read your daily newspaper.

Is it for capitalism to mend democracy or for democracy to mend capitalism? Capitalism is synonymous with money, and democracy with people. Surely, it is not desirable that money rule men. This is most clearly illustrated in the Negroes' situation in America today.

The Negro mass is a group of people who are being used like money. It is clear that the government is supposed to be democratically based on the respect of individuals and that capitalism is the economic system built on the profit-motive. It is also clear that Negroes are people with very human feelings, not an economic commodity. Nevertheless, it is also clear that Negroes are not being treated as individuals in everyday life. What the white man does with the Negro in America will answer the question of man or money.

In short, Indian land and Negro labor formed the economic crucible in which American was melted. But how long will it be before they become part of the system?

This, essentially, is what Black Power is all about: either black men and women share equally in the profit of this country, or we will all bear the crucible's flame.

Pat Smith, Manistee senior, is a history major and is the former chairman of Friends of SNCC.

## POETRY

Andrew  
 I am not writing you  
 nor is this a poem  
 and I cannot even tell  
 What makes the letters flow upwards  
 from the white hand that spreads  
 before me  
 And the page fills up with words  
 I never would have told  
 to the woman I never loved  
 under the sunny fingers spreading through trees  
 - never touched my back  
 And like the light at night  
 That quivers bright within the dark hovering fear  
 I shine  
 With an amazing intensity  
 and a crazy spread-eagled span  
 To where your eyes  
 once  
 Could have met mine  
 had we both been in our places  
 But now flash on/off  
 firefly cold light caught  
 in the tangent worlds of you  
 And my unspoken nothing.

--David Gilbert



Photo by Bob Ivins

## Poème ā Mimi

And I spoke to I know not where  
 Or down withinside me  
 And I tried to enter into her soul  
 the tiny bird whose sweet song had captured  
 my own being  
 Until I felt shut up and away, unacknowledged  
 And could but wait  
 through all the narrow gates  
 of her closeness  
 For a silent secret  
 that strained at our tongues  
 to hear.  
 And like the deceptive, wonderful eggshell  
 which cannot, whole, be crushed in the hand  
 She sang in other trees to other skies,  
 and I  
 Flowed out in yellow-soft-white tears  
 on to the burning sands  
 of fleshy cheeks.

--David Gilbert

## An Hour

after grass pressed down  
 has been released.

I  
 It's a grass sprung hour  
 Of sandaled girls, striding  
 Catching the asphalt's flight.

Skirts contour on the thighs  
 Light breezes bathing  
 Warm sweat of rubbing legs;

While sweat from wet bangs  
 Flavors iron rolled tar  
 With tastes of human flesh.

II  
 How, he asked,  
 Her song lilting over  
 Splinter-glass walls, how  
 Did you find your voice?

III

She laughed  
 Wrapping hands around herself,  
 It's all here,  
 It's all here.

IV

It's an urgent dream, caught  
 In sun tangled hair, wrapped  
 On muscle driven pulse-

A thrust pushing blood  
 Down tight veins, and sending  
 The tread of leathery feet

Into sandaled motion:  
 Marking imprints fading  
 On heat softened streets.

--Roy Bryan

## Deuxième Poème ā Mimi

When I took your hand and held it in mine,  
 I did not know  
 I let the sluice-gate go  
 that held the wild engulfing waters  
 of a tired, troubled vibrance.  
 And so, do not take it amiss  
 that I stumbled at times, and cried in fear  
 And stood apart  
 instead of drawing near.  
 I am but a man, and can only do  
 What the several powers of my spirit  
 force through my tiredness too  
 And that is  
 To hold your hand, which I have never dropped  
 And to seek silently  
 the well-waters of your eyes  
 Until the waters ride at peace.

--David Gilbert

## Winter, the end of a road

Tight roping cracked curbs  
 He follows her  
 And curls around his hand  
 Hair sanded grainy smooth-

On the first day seeing grass:  
 The green palate-brown,  
 The snow concrete rolled  
 Toward gutter doors,  
 The sewers flooded  
 Smelling iced  
 And clean as faucet tap.

Withered leaves, soggy  
 Rush the drains, whispering  
 Dead thoughts  
 That couldn't have died.  
 Stands of driftwood trees  
 Wait to be tailored  
 Umbrella green; and winter-lean  
 Squirrels watch love dressed  
 In yellow shorts, white levis  
 Stroll along  
 The water running paths.

Then, he touches buds  
 Sprouting the greenness  
 That haunts winter bushes.

--Roy Bryan

tar hums  
 of nylon wheels  
 hot running  
 to beat  
 the white line,  
 (solid, dotted, double  
 your money  
 that the end  
 goes on).

gate five  
 Toledo express,  
 leaving five minutes  
 to start and stop  
 (hidden stations  
 with dangling dog signs);  
 leaving five minutes  
 to roll on ice,  
 water, dry your tears,  
 for all  
 is not lost. repeat.

--Roy Bryan

David Gilbert, Cincinnati, Ohio, junior, is a member of North Wonders' academic house. As a member of the Honors College he has been instrumental in organizing the Provost lectures. He is one of the founders of the Undergraduate English Club.

Roy Bryan, East Lansing junior, has had his work published in Zeitgeist and has been active in campus literary life.

# McMurphy: Kesey's Christ?

"One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest"  
By Ken Kesey; Signet paperback

By DAVID GILBERT

Instead of writing book reviews per se, I would rather initiate an open forum of sorts, in which I will express my views on some literary selection and invite anyone to agree, challenge or otherwise respond to my opening in a somewhat informal manner.

Ken Kesey's "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" is certainly grist for several mills. Besides being an exceptionally readable book, an unqualified success in the use of the first person form, and a quite realistic piece of work, "Cuckoo" poses some very timely and interesting questions. One of the most intriguing questions centers around the Christ-figure, or as it may be, non-Christ-figure in the person of McMurphy, a new inmate at the state asylum where the action takes place.

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Is Kesey presenting a new Christ figure—that of the swaggering, boisterous roustabout with a cheerful disregard for authority? This is the red-haired McMurphy, who comes from a penal settlement into the asylum, laughing, singing and generally raising hell. His appearance and actions (and in fact, everything in the book) are described by one of the inmates, an Indian called Chief Bromden who poses as a deaf-mute. The Chief has retired to one portion of his mind, like a child. He describes all he experiences in a very simplistic manner. But, to return to the question, is McMurphy a Christ figure? He himself says he is a con-man, bolstering up the inmates so they will come back to be cheated again out of their cigarettes.

Near the end of the book, McMurphy is faced with a crisis. He sees one of the inmates, Water George, being soaped and handled by one of the orderlies; George dies a little inside before McMurphy's eyes because of a phobia about dirt and being touched. McMurphy rips into the orderly, and because any outbreak of "contrary behavior" is viewed as dangerous, he condemns himself to the brutal electro-shock treatments to shake him down. McMurphy knows that the "Big Nurse," the personification of the "System" (the emasculating bureaucracy that takes away a man's individuality) has it in for him and controls the amount of time he will remain committed.

Again the question is, is he a Christ figure? After the fight, he is given an opportunity following each electro-shock treatment to apologize to Big Nurse for his conduct, but he refuses. The climax occurs when McMurphy, who has done his best to make one of the inmates feel like a man—to the extent of smuggling in a whore and liquor for him—finds that due to Big Nurse's

actions, the man has committed suicide; McMurphy attacks and half-throttles her. Now, both actions gained him nothing, except pain and finally the living death of lobotomy. But through the Chief's eyes, we get the peculiar statement that the inmates were martyring McMurphy:

"It wasn't the nurse that was forcing him, it was our need that was making him push himself slowly up from sitting . . . obeying orders beamed at him from forty masters. It was us that had been making him go on for weeks, . . . weeks of making him wink and grin and laugh and go on with his act long after his humor had been parched dry between two electrodes."

But again, this is described by the Chief who pictures everything in terms of machines, and we can't be sure of McMurphy's motives, for we're never let into his mind. In all his actions before the final attack, McMurphy seems to be able to control himself. Yet in the final attack, he is described as being unable to resist. He has been trying like hell to keep himself under control throughout, say, the last fourth of the novel. He doesn't want to buck the system, it seems. Yet from the moment Water George is touched, you can almost tell that McMurphy has finally committed himself, is going to make a stand, and stick by it. The question is really, is McMurphy's decision a conscious one, or is he forced, by the inmates longing for a real life, to sacrifice himself for them.

Our knowledge seems to depend on the character of the narrator, Chief Bromden. Is Kesey saying, then, through Chief Bromden, that this system which purports to be for man's benefit is actually for his destruction? He is saying that, but he also seems to say, again according to the Chief, that it is a system composed of the inmates, too. Not only do they drive McMurphy to self-destruction, provided we accept that thesis, but they also rip each other apart in "Group Discussion," and write down anything a fellow inmate might reveal of himself. This amounts to little more than squealing on each other. They don't really think, or participate in life, nor do they solve any of their problems; they are on the way to becoming "Chronic" patients.

But it's the "Big Nurse" system that is doing this to them, in part. Do these people, the members of the "system," the nurses or orderlies, do they have a belief in their own goodness? Do they feel they are effecting a cure, helping the inmates? We don't know, except through the Chief. His view is that they are, for some unknown reason, servants to the great god Rule. Certainly, the orderlies seem to be chosen for their ability to hate, as evidenced by the fight between one of the orderlies and McMurphy (supposedly a sick man, protected by the state):

"McMurphy, you forcing me to protect myself. Ain't he forcing me, men?" The other two (orderlies) nodded. He carefully laid down the tube on the bench beside George,

came back up with his fist swinging all in the same motion and busting McMurphy across the cheek by surprise."

Conflict is non-existent until McMurphy's arrival. The men, for much of the book, have no clearly developed personalities; they are, as McMurphy says, rabbits. Through McMurphy's basketball team, his fishing trip, his intermittent conflicts with Big Nurse, the men gradually acquire more humanity.

At the end, McMurphy has been given a pre-frontal lobotomy which has left him little more than a vegetable. The inmates watch him being rolled in, they deny him; they say the Big Nurse is trying to put one over on them, that McMurphy cannot have been beaten. McMurphy, even though we don't know what his motivation was, has performed a positive function. He has, in effect, performed a miracle. This scene, with the inmates and what is left of McMurphy, is comparable to Christ being removed from the cross, bloody and befouled, and his disciples seeing not a reality but what they want to believe.

The story is the Chief's. As in Hemingway's, "In Another Country," we are concerned with the Major not just in terms of his being able to resign himself to his fate, but with his effect on the young man who relates the story. It's the Chief's growth to manhood and maturity, to the use of his powerful body with his mind, to which our attention is drawn. The key may be that McMurphy dies because he has finally committed himself to one course of action, one definite goal—to ruin Big Nurse. Chief Bromden is made to see that no one can make him into a machine. And so we get this magnificent symbol at the end, when the Chief heaves a quarter-ton control panel of the tub-room (the totem of the "system") through a window to make his escape.

Then if Kesey is describing any kind of a Christ figure, it is a realistic Christ figure, one filled with ignoble as well as noble emotion. To say someone is a Christ figure is to say he is one who has consciously chosen to immolate himself, and that he really has no defects, because he is directing all his actions to his noble purpose. But obviously, in a realistic view of the world, which Kesey seems to have here, no man could do that, no man is doing that. But in spite of all his self-interests, McMurphy is effecting some good.

But essentially I don't think he is a Christ figure, unless you wish to take the view of a Christ without the power to be evil, that is, unable to will the bad. It seems more in line with Arthur Miller's theme of a man's compulsion to justify himself totally as a man. By the same token, Chief Bromden must fulfill his need to return to the days of his Indian forebears by returning to the out-of-doors. And this may be his wanting to fly over the cuckoo's nest.

He wants to be out, and I suppose, McMurphy could be the other goose, because he gets out, too. He cannot be touched by the "system" again.

## 'Cheetah' pounces, misses

By DOLORES COLANGELO

"Cheetah" cometh.

Sleek, glossy and someone's idea of groovy, the October issue of this magazine is number one of volume one.

Attempting hippiness, "Cheetah" unfortunately delivers a failure wrapped in a beautiful lay-out.

The cover features a psychedelic motif as well as offering a listing of the goodies inside. And the greatest of these is Cass.

Yes, on the inside of the cover, suitable for framing, is a foldout of the generously proportioned Mama — decked only in daisies with a tattoo on her bottom.

The index page quotes in fine print a saying to the effect that the holiness of God is everywhere: a fine prelude to "Cheetah's" spiritually stultifying journalism.

After a quick once-over, it appears that the magazine might be an elaborate spoof on without literature. But a second reading reveals a format reminiscent of movie magazines: bright splashy leads on all the stories, accompanied by superb photographs and illustrations, followed by nothingness.

An air of commercialism pervades.

In trying to be "where it's at" the publication comes off as rather offensive.

One would hope that the flower-hippie-pot-acid-draft-dodging generation at which "Cheetah" is obviously aimed would have been credited with at least a small amount of perception and depth.

The content leans heavily on popular music and singers.

Brian Wilson, of Beach Boy fame, is raked over the coals at painful length in an attempt to attribute to him that which he does not possess: genius.

Bob Dylan, the Beatles, the Mamas and the Papas and the Monkees (for the sake of camp, one would suppose) are interviewed, discussed, and finally, patronizingly patted on the back.

After music, the drug scene is the biggest space-filler.

"Cheetah's" choices of America's 11 hippest colleges are presented. The rationale behind some of these picks is nebulous to say the least.

In another article, a colorful chart is presented. It is a catalog of drugs; "Cheetah's"

has thoughtfully added suggested dosages and estimations of the length of the subsequent highs.

In a more positive vein, a few of the articles and several of the columns are entertainingly informative.

"Infamous Put-ons I Have Known," contributed by Paul Krassner, is a stand-out. The inimitable Krassner style is refreshing and lends a note of hope. Perhaps "Cheetah" will run more of it.

"Cheetah's" shot at Krassner's art is embarrassing and would have been far better left undone. The Krassner piece is preceeded by a bit of feline (perhaps?) humor: an obituary of Krassner, who is the only living thing in the magazine.

"Cheetah's" image of its ideal reader is epitomized in a section on clothes "mod"eled by a scruffy-looking trio of would-be jet setters.

In trying to be "in," "with it" and "hip," Cheetah cheats its readers and reveals its staff as a remarkable collection of unaware failures who probably all live in Scarsdale.

But then, the foldout itself is worth your 50 cents.

## MUSIC

# Barbra . . . the very best

By JIM YOUSLING

Streisand sang on television again last night. Without even seeing the program, the safest assumption I could make would be that she was better than anyone else on television this season, for Barbra Streisand has never failed at anything.

Within one year she obtained her first night club spot, her show-stopping part in the musical "I Can Get It For You Wholesale," a Columbia recording contract, and one-woman concert tour. During the following few years, the girl from Brooklyn turned out six more best-selling LPs, guest-starred on two others ("Harold Sings Arlen" and "Pins and Needles"), triumphed in "Funny Girl," signed the most liberal multimillion-dollar television contract in history, and toured the country once more in a superlative-exhausting series of concerts.

But perhaps her most satisfying achievement has been finding time for a four-year-old marriage and a nine-month-old baby. Not a bad record for a girl of 25.

Now Miss Streisand is embarking on a new career as a movie queen. The possibility of failure in films seems non-existent. For the first time in history, an actress has walked into a studio with a million-dollar-per-film contract and no previous experience in films. Whether or not "Funny Girl" is a successful movie (and it will be), Miss Streisand will continue to make movies at a million per. Two more ("Hello Dolly" and "On a Clear Day") are already in the planning stage.

Barbra's stint in Hollywood must seem like the Grand Ball of her Cinderella-like life. ("To me, being really famous is being a movie star.")

For almost twenty years, Barbara Joan Streisand lived in near-poverty with her mother in Brooklyn. After graduation, Barbara became Angelina Scarangella, doing bits in summer stock and Greenwich Village shows.

Her fairy godmother appeared in the form of a talent contest. Barbara Joan became Barbra and was "discovered" by Harold Arlen, Jule Styne, Elliot Gould, Ray Stark, a cult of fans, and finally, with the opening of "Funny Girl," the general public and Time magazine.

An analysis of why Barbra Streisand is, without exaggeration, the greatest new performer in a generation consists largely of the expected comparisons. Her voice has a suppleness and range rivaled only by the great Ella Fitzgerald. She has all the belting impact of Merle Haggard and Jolson. But, most important of all, she has the inexplicable power of acting, rather than merely singing, all her material.

Perhaps Judy Garland is the only living vocalist who shares this gift of sincerity that turns even the most banal lyrics into shimmering truth. Just as Judy made "Over the Rainbow" mean something much more personal than Munchkinland, Barbra dusted off "Happy Days Are Here Again" and made it an exhausting experience.

Granted, the Streisand Sound is mellowing. She no longer screams and giggles, as in the first two albums. In fact, her voice has been nearly buried under cascading violins in her more recent albums, the most obvious example of which is her two recordings of "Gotta Move," on "The Second Album" and the much-later "Color Me Barbra." Still, she will never be a female Andy Williams, content to merely present the latest commercial successes in an inoffensive manner, because, thank God, she is still a "kook" in the most complimentary sense.

Aside from her startling rendition of "Happy Days," she uses unconventional songs like "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf" and "Silent Night," which nobody considered worthwhile without pigs or Christmas.

In addition to singing usually ignored numbers in unexpected ways, Miss Streisand is responsible for reviving countless songs which might have otherwise quietly faded into oblivion.

But just as often she rescues a gem-like song from a failure like "Drat, the Cat!" ("He Touched Me"), "The Yearling" (four songs, including "My Pa"), and Cole Porter's television production of "Aladdin" ("Come To the Supermarket").

If she should retire tomorrow, Barbra Streisand would be a legend, having accomplished in a five-year career what it took Garbo 20 years to do. She sits at the peak of show-business.

Where can she go from there? Don't worry. Simply thank Brooklyn for giving her to us.



## Discovering Partos

By JIM ROOS

In these hip, hippy days, East and West seem to meet more often than ever before; this is especially true in music. People have been searching for new sounds and, for the moment, they have found some in the music of the Orient.

Indian classical music has gained a large new audience attracted by a freedom of expression that transcends the strictures of Western classicism. Ravi Shankar, sitar virtuoso and present idol of the hip, has been a major influence on popular groups. The Rolling Stones and the Beatles incorporate the sitar and other Oriental instruments into their numbers.

True, much of the furor is probably a fad. Yet, in its wake many ears will be opened to the sounds of the East. As this happens, the strange beauty of the microtone world could become more widely appreciated, and listeners of Western classical music may find a new genius in composer Oded Partos.

Partos is a 60-year-old Hungarian who has lived in Israel since 1938. He received his musical education in Budapest under Hubay, Bartok and Kodaly. What makes Partos' music so different from other classical contemporary composers is his use of Eastern melodic principles in a Western framework of composition. This is accomplished by introducing elements of the Arabian maqam (pronounced mah-calm) into the Schoenberg twelve-tone system.

The maqam is actually the Arabian counterpart of the Indian raga. It is an extended, freely woven pattern of melody based on a modal scale. It may be dignified and slow in tempo (Rast); faster and more intense (Mahur), stressing the interval of a 4th (Bazat), and so on.

Introducing a maqam pattern into a dodecaphonic tone row produces music with a wailing, rhapsodic quality and nearly hypnotic effect.

Themes are gradually expanded, yet continually varied. At times, monotonous rhythms invoke association with the shamanic chants of Central Asia.

What the listener of Partos' music becomes quickly aware of (besides the startling harmonies) is an emphasis on melodic line. Perhaps this sounds strange when applied to twelve-tone music, where all melody is supposedly incidental. Nevertheless, Partos has succeeded in coming full circle by composing an atonal melodic line in complete contradiction to the original conceptions of the Schoenberg system.

To emphasize melodic line Partos uses an Eastern structural device of allowing the solo instrument(s) to "improvise." They are not real improvisations, but written out for the instruments and coupled with an even orchestral meter.

I recall vividly the spellbinding effect such an arrangement had on an audience when Partos' Violin Concerto was premiered by Menuhin in Chicago two years ago. The solo violin's long florid passages against the rhythmically measured accompaniment brought an aura of mystery over the house.

The Violin Concerto (1958) is only one of many works that Partos has composed for string instruments. A marvelous violist himself, he has written two concertos for that instrument, Agada for Viola, Piano & Percussion, an excellent String Quartet, Dmuyot (Visions) for Orchestra, Ein Gev (a symphonic fantasy) and numerous other pieces of significance.

To be sure, Partos is an eclectic. He uses the system of Schoenberg, the external forms of symphonic movements and even some of Bartok's motivic serialism. Yet, like other eclectics before him (e.g. Scriabin and Szymanowski), he has fashioned a refreshingly original musical personality of his own. Listeners of classical music would do well to acquaint themselves with it.

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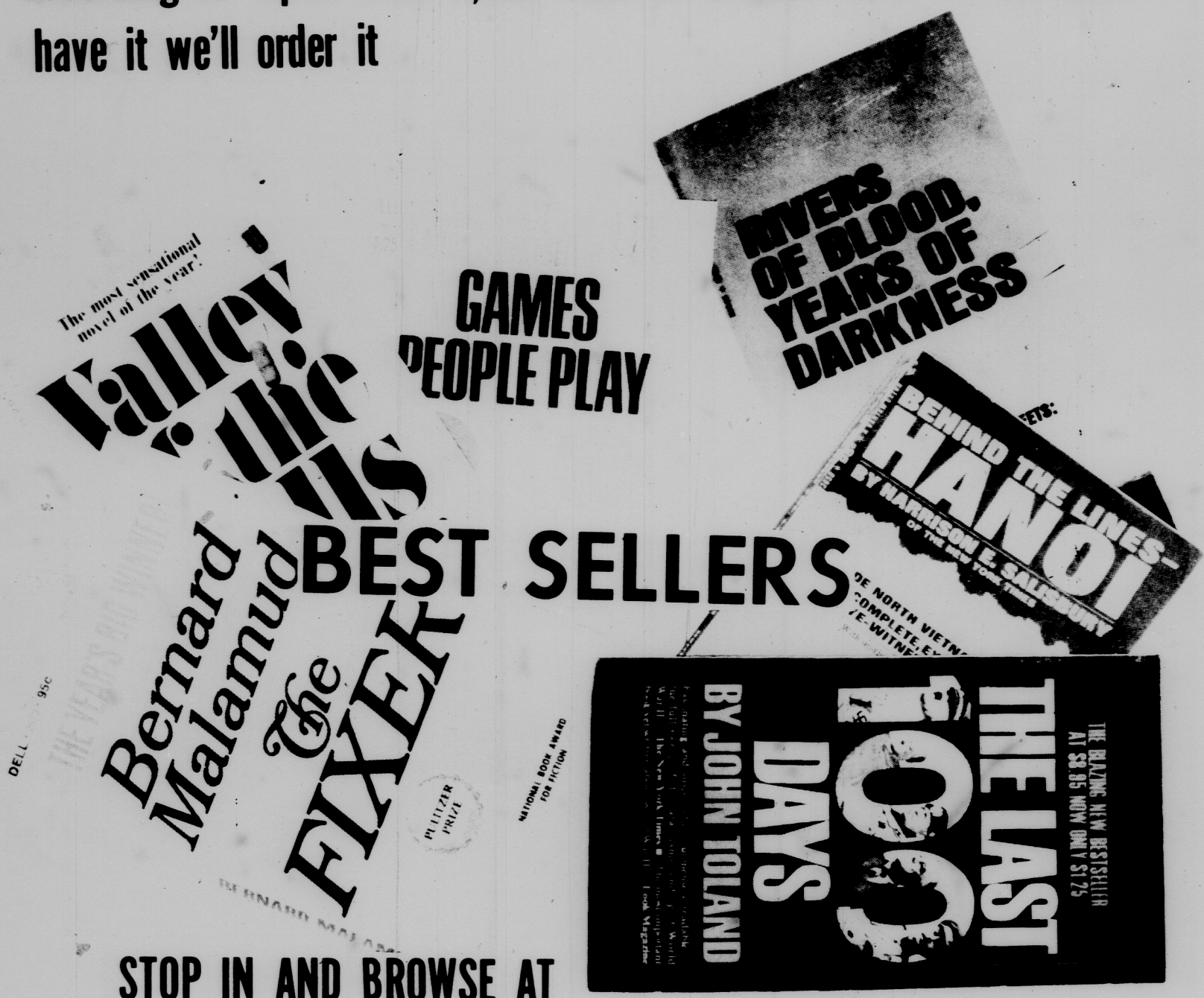
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