

COLLAGE

THE STATE NEWS BI-WEEKLY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1, 1967



MSU's art department will hold its annual Christmas Sales, Dec. 2-23, at the Kresge Art Center. See related story page 3.

COMMENTARY

Humanities: ethos in motion

By MAURICE CRANE

It is a great moment of truth -- great both in its power to enlighten and in its power to frustrate -- when each of us first discovers that the bugaboo System to which (or against which) he has been adjusting is itself not a stable rock, but is constantly making adjustments of its own. In a Kafka dream, we start running up a staircase and find ourselves on an escalator, so shocked to discover the fact of its motion that we don't look to see whether it is moving up, down or sideways. The hard sciences surely have a Law, or the soft sciences an Effect, to describe that kind of relativity which makes it nearly impossible to judge the speed and direction of a platform on which we are ourselves moving about. Maybe they don't. It is certainly the kind of quantitative measurement at which I'm not any good.

I read and write and talk and earn my living as a member of a Humanities department which looks like a pillar of the big E establishment to most of the undergraduate at MSU and is almost completely invisible to the rest of the world. Like everybody who is interested in ideas and searches for the chimerical Truth, we are forever describing a territory which changes faster than we can map it and sprouts complexities before our eyes even as we work on sensible simplifications. Yet, simplify we must. The people we teach now carry placards asking us to "tell it like it is," reliving their fathers' mistake of believing that a simple story and a straight story are the same thing.

So here we are, and it takes no special talent to see the essential paradox in our makeup. We talk about the capacity of the human spirit and we grade on a curve. We represent longstanding tradition, yet the members of this year's senior class arrived on campus before half the members of the Humanities department. We suffer from an almost unhealthy popularity, and yet we are in a constant sweat to improve ourselves. Not our image -- ourselves. And we are going about this self-improvement the same way an individual would.

We are trying to recognize in a public way things that we've known to be true privately for years. We are transforming hunches into hypotheses; if they work, we will keep them around, until

better hunches or hypotheses or laws come along.

For instance, lots of students come to the end of the sophomore series eager to pursue a particular area under a particular man. For years men in the department have been doing the humane thing, directing such research unofficially, frequently for no credit, and sometimes under the aegis of another department. The feeling has been that a student who is interested in research should not be frustrated because of shortcomings of the catalog. Recently the catalog has been enlarged to include Humanities 300, and the map looks a little bit more like the territory.

Many professors keep their particular scholarly passions to themselves, but many others are at their best in the classroom while pursuing these private excitements with their students. With the revised syllabus in the Fall of 1968, several class hours each term will be designated for the instructor to introduce materials of his own choosing, sharing his private discoveries with the kids.

The student who wants to learn about the Orient in a way that parallels the way he has studied his own culture is now able to choose courses about the traditions of China and India -- the 250 series.

The institution of the Humanities Essay Prize is a confession of what the department has long known: We teach more than we test on, and some of the best writing many of us see comes to us as short essays thinly disguised as long letters from ex-students. The undergraduate who wants to set down his original thoughts in the kind of essay that young men in romantic novels about British and Eastern universities are always writing now has someplace to take it, with the possibility of a small measure of fame and wealth riding on his achievements.

Maurice Crane is an associate professor of Humanities who has also taught in Justin Morrill College.

We have often been aware that speaking about a performance and attending one are two different kinds of experience and in recent years have been able to offer the student both. It started some years back in our cooperative efforts with the theatre department. In recent years it has grown to include the regular Friday night 7 to 9 record concerts in the Bessey auditorium, which allow complete freedom to the listener to come and go as he pleases, to study or to bring a date, and even to partake of our free coffee.

And finally, for the student whose achievements do not necessarily lie in the creation of literature but who nurtures romantic dreams about himself as a world-traveler, the Humanities department will institute this summer a regular credit program at Bedford College in London. There are numerous people in the department who love England and the English, and who know the fantastic possibilities for bringing our courses alive in that magnificent ancient and modern capital, London. I happen to be such a man. I love the Brits, and I love the British Museum and St. Paul's and the London theatre and night club scene, and the Tate and the National Galleries, and the English countryside, and I love the course and I love the kids. The only thing that made my unhappy in Cambridge in 1964-65--in addition to the rotten weather, of course -- was that I didn't have that most malleable, educable and goodhearted bunch of human beings along with me -- MSU sophomores. My own offspring, who were along, will listen to me lecture or muse aloud about the Old World, but only in five minute segments. Being Daddy gets in the way. Like most people in the teaching trades, I feel that kids often need the official ring of course creditation and an outline of ground to be covered, so that they're sure it will be what the magazines call a "learning experience." Perhaps I'm wrong, but that's the hypothesis we'll be going on in London this summer.

We make our share of mistakes, but we learn new things every year in the Humanities department. And if the young folks who are rushing impatiently ahead at full clip will look at their feet for a moment, they'll be pleased to find that we're running an UP escalator.

Anti-war film shown Sunday

Joseph Losey's anti-war film, "King and Country" will have its Michigan premiere at 7 p.m. Sunday in Parlor C of the Union. The British film stars Dirk Bogarde and Tom Courtenay.

This sensitive story about a lowly soldier trapped by the "system" and inescapably doomed to execution for desertion stands equal to Kubrik's "Paths of Glory." Tom Courtenay, whose performance won the Best Actor Award at the 1964 Venice Festival, is nearly flawless in the role of Private Hamp, inarticulate and unaware of the consequences of his deed.

Dirk Bogarde adds a touch of irony as the frustrated defense officer, perceptive and sympathetic toward his client, but knowing that his case is lost. Director Losey has avoided the pitfalls of what might have been a stagey, play-like movie by the fluency of the camera, the gruesome realism of the surroundings and a constant driving toward the inevitable conclusion.

Losey contrasts the stylized, properly military personalities of the officers with those of the unexpressive enlisted men, pitting them against each other

in point and counterpoint almost like the Greek narrative chorus.

The depressing futility of Private Hamp's situation is accentuated by scenes which underline the mockery of the whole affair; the soldiers' sadistic game as they trap a rat and conduct a mock trial; or the drunken, spontaneous party held in Hamp's cell the night before his execution. The story ends on a final note of irony when the execution itself is bungled.

"King and Country" was shot in 18 days on a budget of well under \$250,000.

The short is "Delacroix," a color film illustrating excerpts from Delacroix's diary and letters during his visit to Algeria.

Admission is by donation. Sponsors include the Student Religious Liberals, Exploring Cinema Society and Lansing's Unitarian-Universalist Church.

COLLAGE

Executive Editor . . .
Eric Pianin

Feature Editor . . .
Roberta Yafie

Contributors . . . Jane Frink, Phil Frank, Jeff Justin, Jim Yousling, Jim Roos, David Gilbert, Jean Warden, Ruth Knapp.

ART



The unique in all media: Christmas art sales show

Are you looking for an unusual holiday gift? A wall decoration for your room? Some original Christmas cards? A bizarre statue? A pretty picture? The solution to these problems and many others can be found at Kresge Art Center.

MSU's art department will be holding its annual Christmas sales show starting Saturday, Dec. 2, and continuing until Dec. 23.

The show consists of works by students and faculty. Each contribution must be voted into the show by a jury of faculty and students selected from the various branches of the art department.

The entire range of fine arts at MSU is represented here. The paintings, in oils, acrylics and watercolor, tend toward the pop and the abstract, yet there are enough "realistic" works of children and the like to please the most conservative buyer. Some works are framed, some just stretched--so another factor is added to the wide range of prices.

The sculpture in bronze, wood, plastic or "found object" has perhaps the widest range of all.

Some are representational, some gracefully abstract and some, like Washburn's "Pornografitti" are a bizarre combination of pop sculpture and 3-D surrealism, guaranteed at least to get your attention.

Closely related to sculpture is the selection of hand-made jewelry and pottery. Jewelry makes an excellent one-of-a-kind personal gift. And the pottery comes in tremendous variety. There are glazed and unglazed works in the form of plates, pots, vases, bowls, jugs, dishes, ashtrays, tea pots, candlesticks, mugs and so forth--some of them totally different, some, like the mugs, in matched sets.

In the area of graphics, the show offers many beautiful posters and prints--etchings, lithographs, silk screens and linoleum block prints. Like the paintings, they vary greatly in style, size and price--and many are framed.

In a more functional vein, the graphics department offers original Christmas cards and a pair of beautiful, limited-edition books, one of which, "Idiom" (\$3) is an explanation of the Tarot

(continued on page 9)





History of Nigerian crisis

By JEAN WARDEN

To better understand the nature of the present Nigerian situation, a run-down of the country's history is in order.

Nigeria was originally divided into three sections, North, East and West, and the regions were called Hausa, Yoruba and Ibo respectively.

In the late 19th century Britain extended its influence to Nigeria and devised the "indirect rule" system. The British sent garrisons to the sectors to find tribe leaders who could act as links in communications.

Trade was the main idea of the British when they intervened in Nigeria. In order to secure trade they had to have a person in rule through whom they could barter.

The Emir kings of the North fit their purpose. The Emirs spoke for their people. They said British trade was acceptable as long as British rule didn't accompany the agreements.

These theocratic Emirs, also Islam priests, had no division of power, but had the most strength of any rulers within the three sectors of the country.

The British also infiltrated the West where kings had less power, and the East, which was organized by village democracies—town meeting style. The eastern sector posed many trading and communication problems because there was no unification between villages.

In 1960 Nigeria gained her independence, forming three different states.

There are remarkable dissimilarities between the three Nigerian states in their economic development, religion, historical experience and language.

Naturally this caused dissension. All six major Nigerian crises have revolved around the question of which of the three sectors should control the federal government including access to funds and control of the military.

This leads to another problem. Even though the Hausa Land (North) has half the nation's population and advantages in elections, militant minority groups are out to cause trouble and weaken the ruling party.

In 1959 the North and East (Ibo) united in a coalition squeezing the West (Yoruba) out. This left the West with two possibilities.

1. They could look to all minority groups in the three sectors for support.

2. Accommodate themselves to the present situation.

The West chose to unite minority peoples and did so under the leadership of Chief Obafemi Awolowo who appealed for opposition to the federal government.

In 1963 Awolowo was jailed. Trouble began between the coalition sectors of the North and East. A census was taken and the East realized

All six major Nigerian crises have revolved around the question of which of the three sectors should control the federal government including access to funds and control of the military.

the North still had majority electoral power, leaving them semi-powerless and at the North's mercy.

Thus the coalition split. The East banded with Awolowo's followers and formed the Progressive Alliance. One must remember this includes minorities from the North.

At first the Alliance felt it might be able to gain control of the federal government, but soon realized the hopelessness of this when it couldn't even win in the West in the State election. The North controlled the election machinery then, and the Alliance charged that the election was rigged. The alliance boycotted the national election, and of course the North won.

This occurred in October of 1965.

The first coup took place in January of 1966 when Aguiyi Ironsi who took over after Awolowo was jailed, as head of the Progressive Alliance. He was an Ibo from the East.

Ironsi felt the only way to stop constant crises was to make a break in the present government,

ruled by the North, and create a strong federal government, thus abolishing the three states.

His idea meant that the North might not be in control any longer. This frightened the northerners who feared the loss of northern ruling kingdoms. So in the summer of 1966, the Hausas held a counter-coup against Ironsi. He was killed and replaced by Colonel Yakubu Gowon.

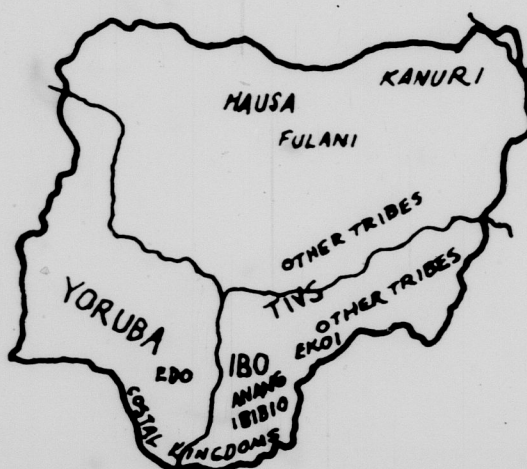
Gowon's first move was to release Awolowo from jail. This built popularity with the Yorubas of the West. Gowon halted the process of unification which Ironsi began for the time being because he felt things were fairly stable.

Going back a step, shortly after World War II, many traders from within Nigeria and other African nations were traveling frequently between the sectors. Many also lived in certain sectors of the North.

Trouble came to a peak in the fall of 1966. Riots against the traders were staged. Many Ibos living in the North were massacred.

This forced many to flee Hausa Land. Refugees began pouring into the East. The Ibos were fed up. About 40,000 people were killed altogether. The East came to the conclusion their people weren't safe anywhere and decided that it was ridiculous to formally continue the coalition with the North. They seceded and called themselves Biafra. And, this is the situation today.

The federal government today isn't Northern, even though about one half of the electoral power still is concentrated there. The government is composed of Chief Awolowo's followers and people from other minority areas within each sector. They are able to keep control because the North is now divided.



Vital Statistics

Parliamentary federation. Area: 356,669 square miles. Population: 56,400,000. Negroid. Language: English official; 250 native dialects. Religion: Moslem, animist, Christian. Economy: World's largest exporter of palm products and peanuts. Has 80 per cent of known deposits of columbite (for spacecraft alloys). Coal and tin mined. Metal work, textiles, and craft products main industries.

Three views of Nigeria today

The Biafrans'

By NJOKU AWA

For five months now Nigeria and Biafra have been fighting an internecine war, a war which means different things to different people. To Nigeria, the war is basically aimed at crushing the secession in Biafra. To Biafra, it is a struggle of a people with a grim determination to forge a nation in which their right of self-determination and survival will be guaranteed. To Britain and the Soviet Union, the war is a means to their own ends. Foreign journalists who have found a gold mine of news in Nigeria have a different meaning for the war. In particular, to those reporters who thrive on sensationalism and ad hominem political journalism, the war is just another dramatization of the inability of Africans to rule themselves.

Before the war broke out on July 6, 1967, Britain had advised Nigeria to blockade Biafra, apparently to compel an unconditional renunciation of Biafra's independence. Although Britain had unsuccessfully imposed an economic sanction on Ian Smith's regime in Rhodesia, she thought that a naval blockade of Biafran water-ways would yield different results. To her surprise, things managed to seep through, and the blockade turned out to be a failure.

Determined to "crush the rebellion" in what used to be Eastern Nigeria, General Yakubu Gowon, head of the military junta in Nigeria, sent his special envoys to woo foreign powers to help him quell the rebellion. As might be expected, Russia, which had for the past decade made frantic efforts to spread Communist ideologies in Africa, saw in Nigeria's appeal a golden opportunity for Soviet incursion into what used to be the "bastion of democracy in Africa." Britain had already taken partisan interest in the war, and was now resolved to continue even at the expense of compromising Communism.

Fortunately, the United States turned down Nigeria's appeal for military intervention because she regards the war as an internal problem. Had the United States acquiesced in the grandiose military plan to General Gowon, Biafra would since have become the barren land that Gowon and his supporters wish to make it.

With Britain and Russia fighting physically and diplomatically against Biafra, the world felt that the insurrection in Biafra would be subdued in next to no time. But events later proved that military conquest of either side is a sheer day-dream. Both sides have now known the bitter truth that either side is capable of containing the evil designs of the other. The outside world was still reluctant to recognize Biafra or to accord legitimacy to Col. Chukue Meka O. Ojukwu's regime because the Organization of African Unity (O.A.U.) had promised to intervene as mediator.

The O.A.U. has, after frustrating vacillations, attempted a settlement of the crisis. Four out of the six-man Peace Committee went to Lagos, Nigeria, last week to mediate. But their trip has turned out to be an empty gesture, for the Committee sat in Lagos for one day, and after listening to the evidence of one party, proceeded to issue a communique supposedly binding on the two parties. Never in the history of civil or international war has a Peace Treaty or even a cease-fire been negotiated on conditions demanded by one of two belligerent parties. If any power or organization is to initiate a Peace



Conference in the Nigeria-Biafra war, such power or organization must respect the right (not privilege) of either party to state its case.

Col. Ojukwu is open to peaceful intervention by any recognizable organization. Gowon is not prepared to eschew the use of force to achieve his end. He depends upon heavy armaments which were procured over the years with the joint resources of what used to be Nigeria, and upon the British and Russian arms which continue to flow into the Nigerian arsenal. In the words of Col. Ojukwu, he does not realize that

(continued on page 10)

Political scientists'

By JEAN WARDEN

The Nigerian situation boils down to a fight of friends against friends, said Robert Melson, assistant professor of political science and member of the African Studies Club.

Melson, who has done extensive research into the crisis and who has lived in Nigeria, isn't optimistic about the future.

The present situation has progressed to a point where compromise is almost an impossibility for the Eastern Ibos, of whom about 40,000 were massacred by Northerners last year.

Melson feels the extent of intervention by outside national forces could be a decisive factor in the future of the nation.

He said this crisis might be used by some countries to further the cold war.

Up until this time, the U.S. hasn't entered the conflict, except to mediate, said Melson. However, it has been rumored that Russia has supplied some arms.

The country is presently controlled by the North which is attempting to capture the rebellious Ibos in the East. The northern forces have completely surrounded the Ibos within their newly created nation of Biafra, formerly Eastern Nigeria.

Everett Rogers, professor of communication who has visited Nigeria many times, predicts that Biafra eventually will be completely over run by the North. Like an octopus, the Northern militia is gradually enveloping and choking the Biafrans.

Rogers doesn't think the Ibos will surrender because they fear being murdered. Instead, he thinks they will continue their guerrilla warfare as long as they can. It could be a lengthy struggle because of the jungle-like Eastern terrain, he said.

As each day passes, Nigeria's economic situation worsens and the political instabilities become more pronounced, Rogers said.

Politically, the East is dead. Enugu, the capital of Biafra was captured this year, eliminating the nation's political backbone, leadership and source of military equipment.

At present, the outlook for Nigeria's future seems quite bleak.

The whole question is also tied to the future of the African continent. Nigeria is rich in minerals, especially oil, and could be a great aid in raising Africa's economy. But as it stands, the present problems are hindering entrepreneurs and other foreign investors from exploiting the resources to their fullest.

The future of education in Nigeria isn't promising either. Since Enugu was captured, Nigeria's education system has become stagnant. One of the main stalwarts in the educational system was the University of Nigeria at Nsukka. Many of the buildings and programs of the university, which was affiliated with MSU, are now gone. All Americans have been evacuated or sent home. Millions of dollars have been wasted.

Rogers blames the early British developers for much of the Nigerian trouble today. When Nigeria was divided into sections, boundaries were based primarily on geographical locations. No consideration was made for tribal cultures, environments and languages.

The boundaries, formed over peace tables many miles from the country, were done so by people who didn't know the land, its inhabitants and ethnic backgrounds, according to Rogers.

The Federalists'

Elements of the Nigerian crisis as seen from the federal viewpoint is a "struggle for very high stakes: popular control of the national and local bureaucracies, the protection of great economic resources, access to education facilities, and gaining full status in Nigerian society."

As cited in the Nigerian National News Bulletin, published by the Embassy of Nigeria, the Northerners feel that their control of the Federal Government today has succeeded in uniting all but the Ibo section of the country in a broadly-based federal nation unlike anything Nigeria has ever known.

It is believed this is new in African history because never before has African leadership, on its own initiative, organized so many people without help from outsiders.

General Gowon has been praised for stopping an attack on the East. He felt the basic political questions must be clarified first, before any Federal military operation could be rationalized.

A result of the July, 1966 coup was that minorities had achieved an importance unlike any before. They added up to the majority of the people in the country.

Nigeria, far from being a poor nation, still can't forget the massacres in the fall of 1966. The Ibos, especially, can't forgive the North for killing so many of its people. This matter remains a friction point. The government is trying to make reparations and guarantees, but the Easterners are afraid.

The shame of the entire situation is that the Ibo peoples are not racially or religiously distinct from other sectors. They have inter-married. Problems through the years, however, have been just ordinary, "garden-variety" ethnic type ones which could have been tolerated if Northern massacres hadn't upset the apiece.

It is the belief of some that the United States should sell arms to the Nigerian government to help restore order to the country.

"The present Federal structure, 12 states with a strong but not dictatorial center, is what two generations of Nigerian nationalists have been fighting for; and it has been formed, against great odds, by the initiative and devotion of the Nigerians themselves," according to the Nigerian National News Bulletin.

"The greatest kindness one can do to the rebels is to persuade them -- as firmly as necessary to join it and cease their rebellion."

The bulletin was written by Robert G. Armstrong, Research Professor of Linguistics, Director of the Institute of African Studies, University of Ibadan.



BOOKMARKS

Fables of alcoholic morality

By JEFF JUSTIN

The teller of these fables comes from another age. Not the age of Aesop, from whom the author seems to have taken his cue in writing about practical morality, but rather the beginning of our own century. The style then was to break down what was left of the Victorian barriers to life with their pompous morality and sublimated repressions.

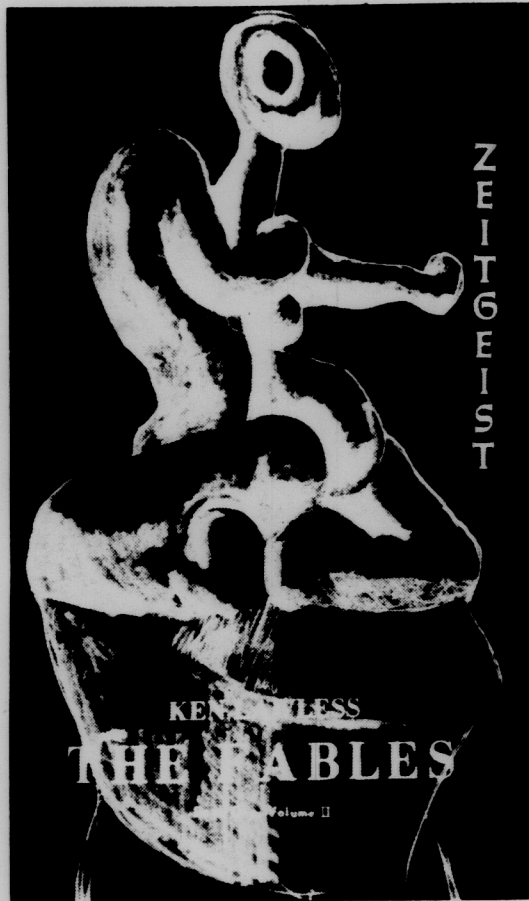
Wilde's perversions, Yeats' political activities, the early Auden's emphasis on open emotions, Eliot's ruthless exposing of the hollow men, all these united with sneering Sinclair Lewis, potent Hemingway and potted Dylan Thomas to create the image of the artist following the narrow road of intense degeneracy rather than the broad highway of the establishment's hypocritical morality. Shelley, I suppose, lifted the first toast to life in the dive, and after 200 years it seemed that all those who pledged themselves to *epater les bourgeois* had finally passed out.

Yet Ken Lawless is still standing. He is worshipping still at "Ye Tavern," described in his new book of *The Fables* as "the most peaceful bar I was ever in, and I'd bet it still is, if it is at all; I talk about it as if it is, because it would pain me beyond words to dwell on its passing." Not me. The image Lawless has created of the teller of these fables is their main problem. He is an old drunk who loves to tell stories to kids in exchange for "potables." We know nothing of his past, and since he is a fabulist, perhaps we shouldn't. What we have, then, is an old storyteller with a wound from life, a twinkling eye, sharp and witty conversation and bad breath.

This person turns us off. We enjoy his talk, the puns, the crazy names, the stories' twists, but he seems to expect us to be titillated by innuendoes as at the end of "Janet's Progress," which is about a girl who makes money taking dirty pictures:

I immediately sent her a couple of extra rolls of film in case she does anything drastic, and with a little bit of luck we may soon have some pretty pictures for our walls here. Let us hope so, though Becky on the bear rug is very fetching.

When he says things like that, you don't laugh at what he says but at the old drunk himself. Actually, you don't feel like laughing at all.



Gary Groat, in his preface to the book, tells us that we are certainly not supposed to take this alcoholic seriously. Still, we must have enough sympathy with him to want to laugh at his jokes. Unfortunately, the old man's mania for booze becomes oppressive.

Another drawback is the old man's tone of speech and style. It is a combination of the alliterative sophistication of the photo comments in "Playboy" added to the wacky situations of Max Shulman's column about college life and razor blades.

"The Salesmen" starts like this:

Once upon a time three salesmen engaged in a pseudo-mock altercation in a cramped little bar. The first of these was a wine salesman,

and we shall call him Wine, though that was not his name, for it makes him easier to remember. His actual name according to county and church records was Clarence Folsom, but that doesn't remind me of wine so I suspect it wouldn't you, either, so we'll call Clarence Folsom by our own little name, Wine.

I'm reminded of those Uncle Shelby pieces Shel Silverstein did for "Playboy." We get Silverstein's humour in small doses, however, while Lawless socks 36 fables to us at once. I read them at one sitting, and this can become tiring, because the humour, as with Silverstein, is mainly in the style of speaking, in double and triple entendres. Once you're accustomed to the style, then, the humour fades.

James Thurber, on the other hand, joked with the ever-changing situations of people themselves. Like Lawless, there is a "persona" in back of his stories; in Thurber's case, it is the befuddled writer who has misplaced his keys to life. The difference, however, is that in Thurber we laugh at actions—our own and the world's. With Lawless, since the old man is not particularly funny in his relation to his young audience or in the "shocking" characters he creates, we laugh mainly at wit, not at life.

We do laugh, however. There is a funny contradiction in our minds between what a fable should be, in Aesop's treatment, and Lawless' alcoholic version of morality expressed in these stories. Aesop's wisdom is really to see what the relations of men are and then to devise a practical method of performing them to one's true advantage. We expect this earnestness in these Fables, and our laughter is increased when we realize that Lawless' perception of the world gives rise only to the wisdom of laughing at its hypocrisy. In "The Statesmen," for example, which seems to me the best fable, we are told:

It is the function of a diplomat to lie for his nation and believe it. As this is usually done according to the strictest of protocols, and often in pleasant surroundings, it is considered highly moral work.

Lawless has a genius making a modern-day epigram.

All humour necessitates a common feeling between joke-teller and listener—the perception

(continued on page 10)

Losers in search of Meaning

By DAVID GILBERT

This is the last book review for *COLLAGE* this term and we feel it appropriate that we acknowledge Paramount News which has supplied this reviewer with his choice of books. Anyone wishing to acquire copies of those volumes reviewed may do so at Paramount.

Beautiful Losers

By Leonard Cohen Avon 1966

Leonard Cohen is more than the purveyor of smut, or even the heir to the Beat generation and its refusal to hew the establishment line and shoot the bull with the rest of the crowd. His twisted tirades and sexual distortions represent more than the frustrated ravings of an alienated, "disengaged" individual. Cohen has created a religion.

Four characters dominate the novel, three of them dead (one for some 300 years), all involved in finding a Meaning. A scholar searches the pages of history and his own memory for the "connections," the meanings inherent in the unearthly martyrdom of an Indian girl, the suicide of his wife, Edith, and his own homosexual relations with the mysterious F. The scholar must relive every moment of his frustrations, the seeking to write a definitive account of the A__s, an Indian tribe, his obsession with having sex with the saintly Catherine Tekakwitha, his desire for oral intimacies with his wife, his pathetic longing for a little boy to join him in easing his loneliness. All these searchings and trials have one purpose: to negate the proud and arrogant statement that characterizes man, Truth can be

found by making the proper "connections." Cohen ruthlessly eliminates introspection, revolt or even sex as pathways to truth; only submission to one of these is the way.

When the scholar (from whose point of view the novel is written) says, everything which has existed and does exist, we are part of a necklace of incomparable beauty and unmeaning.

the reply is
Connect nothing, F. shouted. Place things side by side on your arborite table, if you must, but connect nothing!

In a letter from F. in the second part of the novel, the scholar reads what is perhaps the most important passage in the novel:

Dear Father, accept this confession: we did not train ourselves to Receive because we believed there wasn't Anything to Receive and we could not endure with this belief.

All of the trials and tests F. puts his scholar friend through are synonymous with holy ritual, to bring him, train him to the point where he can receive. On one occasion, F. is driving at high speed to make a speech to Parliament. He begins masturbating, and the scholar joins him. Suddenly, at the moment of climax, when

I hovered on the edge of my orgasm like a parachutist in the whistling doorway—I was suddenly forlorn—I was suddenly without desire—I was suddenly more awake (for this fraction of a second) than ever before in my whole life—

an immense wall appears in front of the car. F. continues masturbating, while his friend in horror cries "Darling! Ehhffff . . ." The car passes through the "wall" (a section of painted silk,) and F. reveals that his intention was not to torture him:

—O my friend, you are so lonely. Each day you get lonelier. What will happen when we (F. and Edith) are gone?

The scholar has always relied on others to fill up his lonely void, but they cannot do it. Cohen rejects the philosophy of Sturgeon,

There is a time when a thing in the mind is a heavy thing to carry, and then it must be put down . . . There is only one thing shaped to receive it, and that is another human mind, for there is another way to set the "heavy thing" down: through ritual. Two minds with a shared loneliness are strong only so long as they both are together, while a loneliness shared with the Infinite is eternally and infinitely received. Through submission to ritual, Cohen says, man attains the Infinite.

In a scene between F. and Edith, this submission is portrayed in a self-subjugation to a Danish Vibrator, and the excerpts F. reads to Edith from sex manuals take on the quality of a religious chant, bringing her to an ecstasy that is as purgative as receiving the Host.

Numbed by horror and the prospect of disgusting thrills, she was ready to submit.

The final pages reveal a hallucination of sorts in the mind of the scholar-F., who disintegrates and reforms into a new man. He has submitted: He will uncover His face. He will not leave me alone. I will spread his name in Parliament. I will welcome His silence in pain. I have come through the fire of family and love, and has become a saint.

Leonard Cohen is the high priest of a new generation, which under a self-imposed shadow of revolt, sexuality and fear must break past its own overweening pride and believe and accept any rituals that will work.

POETRY

Three Poems

I
A crowded lecture hall pregnant with talking
Dirty walls
On a dirty day.

back in the corner Me
among old newspapers Discarded

with unanswered crosswords
and silent want-ads.

II
Friday afternoon it's raining

grey dying
Leaves

In my green room
An old movie with summer
lovers
made me cry.

III
The sun shines. Slowly
mutilates the snow.
Color fights with weapons of
red and yellow

You did the same to my defenses
Un like the season
I offered no resistance

Perhaps there may still be fall.
--Jane Frink

The wall

It was just a broken wall
washed white by the seasons
One end reaching far up
from rock and earth
To stand a silhouette
next to the sky.

Once part of a fine dam
water flowed over A river
with power and currents
that killed two who tried to cross.

After the flood the dam crumbled
leaving the broken wall
to stand alone.

We stood on that wall
children and small
to look down at a stagnant pool
below where turtles lived
One day we'd be brave enough
and tall we said
to climb down that wall
and catch a turtle

But the city didn't wait
for our growing The land
was flattened and buildings
appeared
and the wall was gone
and the turtles went away
--Jane Frink

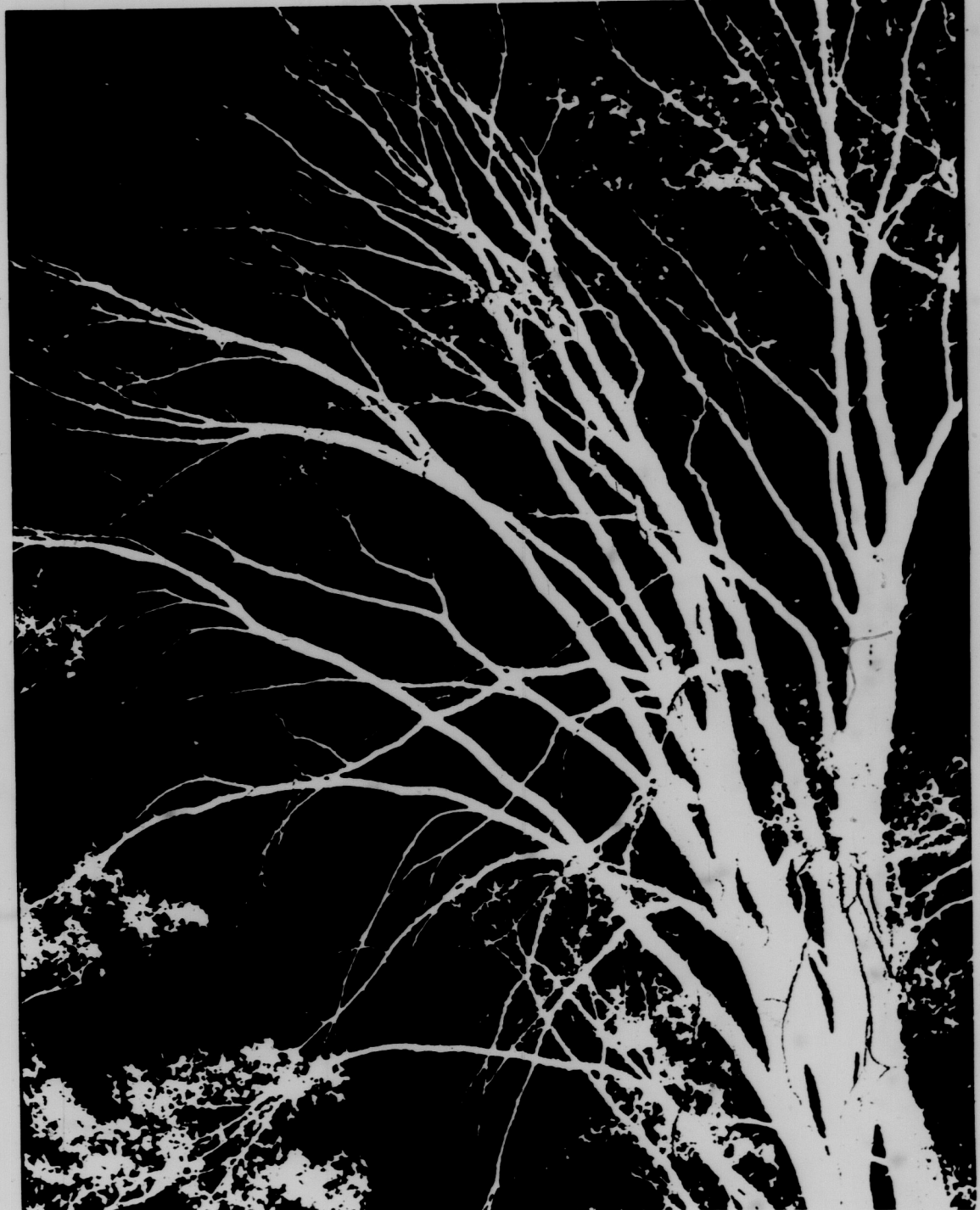
The Bailey House

This yellow house has aged Offending
the neighborhood with peeling paint
and scattered weeds.

Standing
magedic as any Camelot
to five who live within

Offering
sanctuary to assorted beings:
a fugitive drug addict
an estranged wife
small rodents
and a brilliant butterfly
seeking shelter
from the weather.
--Jane Frink

Jane Frink, Rochester senior, will
graduate at the end of this term.
She plans to go into social work in
the area of juvenile delinquency.



Along the Tracks

The bouncing earth swallows me
like a merry Johnah's whale--
Aha, I have got you (it laughs)--
whole and unholy You.
(Why didn't someone tell me
the heart of joy
is surprise?)

I will play games with you,
wicked air, and none but we
will be the wiser.

And what will they think when the train
passes this way--of one lone figure in the
cat--still grasses, too
far from any proper destination?

Look! how I dance these tracks with
moccasined precision--my father did this
once, high in the circus air,
pacing narrow planks with
stable knees and solemn limbs.

I think he was a poet then.

I am a cat. (or kitten as the case may be)
waiting to pounce and be roundly fed.
No, I'm the mouse and you're the cat
(though safely invisible.)

A boy, blond, comes walking toward me
on the track. Out in this nowhere
I could suddenly be raped or, more disastrous,
fall in love.

His cheeks are freckled and his
big-toothed grin is
smiling past my skin.

At last (O love) the train approaches,
a great white slippered stallion
flashing a silver mane.
But all is darkness; no one's
waving from the platform.

But never mind, little one.
The towers rattle in the morning wind.
This morning I can sway then with my hand.
--Ruth Knapp

Green Lights
and Red Lights

The green light says go.

Now for the world is the
hour of coming home, and the
air is a moving Christmas tree.

At my feet small puddles
mock the coming of snow, and
children, still in their yards,

are shouting remnants of summer.

Behind me, young athletes
approach like a herd of galloping
stallions. One brushes my winter
coat, and the crisp sky
is singing with our laughter.

At the doorway of my destination
a small red car reminds me of
someone.

(I carry my yesterdays like
sunken balloons, and
whistle my nows in dusty corners.)

"I'm sorry, he is not in. I
will read your poems instead."

The festival has forsaken the
air. Eyes meet less
openly, and even the tracks
wear a mask of silence.

Tonight I ignore them
and hurry home.

--Ruth Knapp

Ruth Knapp attended Wheaton
College and the University of Virginia,
where some of her poems were
published. Her poetry will be printed
in "New Writing from Virginia," to be
published soon.

The Circus

By ERIC PIANIN

I quit writing sports my senior year in college. I decided to quit the last time I saw Rufus Session at the Mercury Drive-Inn. After that, I told the sports editor he could find himself another boy. Just like that I said, "Richie, you can find yourself another boy. Sports is a real circus," I told him. Then I quit.

I spent my nights at the Mercury while I was a reporter. The place was big enough so that if you wanted to you could lose yourself in the back booths. No one bothered you or looked at you funny. The jocks came in for pizza and to play the pinball machines, but they wouldn't talk to you much. Not even to me. With their varsity jackets on, they wouldn't waste their spit on you. It was different in the locker room when they were stripped down and stinking up the hot, humid room with the sweat of the game. They'd talk to you then. As long as you spelled their names right, they'd talk to you.

Rufus Session used to come into the Mercury a lot. He was the biggest, blackest sonofabitch to ever play the defensive line for our football team. When he walked into the Mercury, long after the other jocks had been gently tucked away for the night, everyone in that joint looked Rufus over, from his twelve-and-one-half shoes to the neatly cropped hair on his skull. Every long-haired blonde looked him over, and you could tell from the way their eyes squinted and their lips parted slightly, that they wondered what it would be like to get what no respectable white girl was supposed to want from Rufus. I know. I watched them all.

I had left a bottle in my car that night and tried to work it off with several cups of coffee in the Mercury. Rufus was standing hunched over the service counter, sullen. He was eating a hotdog and talking to Beulla the last time I saw him. I walked up there to order another cup of coffee.

"Well, if it ain't the one-armed bandit," Rufus said.

"Leave the kid alone," Beulla said, taking my cup to refill it. "It ain't his fault."

"How'd you come to lose that arm, reporter?"

"The Civil War," I said. "I lost it in the Civil War?"

"And just what were you doing fighting in da Civil War?"

"We were freeing your people from the cotton fields, so you could play football," I said.

Rufus gave me this blank, stoic look for a few seconds, then parted his thick lips so that his tongue could go laughing and jumping around his white teeth.

"You okay, reporter," Rufus said, grabbing the cuff of my empty shirt sleeve and shaking it a couple times. "You okay."

Beulla came back with my coffee. Her chubby hand slid the cup in front of me and I picked it up to take back to my booth.

"Where you going, reporter?" Rufus said. "Me and my fat friend Beulla here, we ain't talking 'bout nothing 'portant. Is we, Beulla?"

Beulla grunted and pushed back her stringy hair, but it only fell down in her face again. "That's right," Beulla said. "We ain't talking about nothing."

Rufus poked me a couple times in the ribs with a finger while grinning at Beulla. Then he looked back at me. "Want to know why I loves this woman, reporter?"

Beulla was picking at a pimple on her face that moment and I didn't give a tinker's damn why Rufus loved her. "Ya, Rufus," I said. "Why do ya love her?"

"Because this here woman ain't never seen a football game in her life. Ain't that right, Beulla?"

Beulla was still busy with the pimple. "Beulla here is the only person in this whole state dat don't know who Rufus Session is. And I loves her."

"That's swell," I said.

"I ain't got time for your foolishness tonight," Beulla said. "I got customers to take care of. Drag your black carcass out of here."

"Does dis mean our engagement is off?"

"Get outta here," Beulla said. Rufus laughed and placed one of his mammoth hands on top one of her chubby hands. "You okay, Beulla. You okay."

Rufus went to the bathroom and I went back

FICTION



Photo By BOB IVINS

to my booth and drank coffee, smoked cigarettes, and watched the gapers come and go in the Mercury. Three guys and a broad with blonde hair out of a bottle that looked like sage brush came in and took the booth next to me. One of the guys, who had his hair slicked back with Brylcreem and wore tight white Levis, went over to Beulla to order something for the gang. I didn't know who the three jokers were, but I'd seen the blonde before. She hung around gyms and stadiums, like I did, but she wasn't after any story. A babe like that makes news, doesn't write about it. She looked at me over the pointed head of one of the Johns sitting opposite her in the booth, and fixed her hair a little for my benefit. I blew smoke back at her to return the favor. Rufus came out of the bathroom in back and started up the aisle towards where I was sitting. I knew he was coming because the babe was now looking intently past me, like radar beaming in on a jet.

"You still here, reporter?" he said as he stopped at my booth.

"I'm not going anywhere."

"Dat's funny. I ain't either."

"While you're deciding how you'll spend the rest of this delightful evening, sit down." I gestured to the seat opposite me in the booth and he eased his bulky frame into it, ignoring the babe who was giving him the once-over. The guy with the slicked-back hair returned with a tray full of cokes and hotdogs. He sat down next to the babe. Then they both started to stare over towards our booth and I knew they weren't admiring my torso.

"You got a fan club over there," I said.

"Them pencil necks?" Rufus said. "Big deal."

"Ya, big deal," I said. "How come you spend so much time here?"

"Same reason you do, I spect."

I started monkeying with the cup of coffee in front of me and watched Rufus drum his thick fingers on the table.

"It's none of my business, but why aren't you observing training rules?"

"Are you playing reporter with me, boy?" he said. "You right, reporter. It ain't none of yo business." Rufus' nostrils dilated and his eyes were narrowing and I figured I was pressing my luck.

"Sorry," I said.

"You boys tick me off, you know that? You boys always keep bugging Rufus. Well, Rufus don't have to tell no one nothing." He was getting all worked up and his nostrils kept time to the music.

"Rufus ain't telling you nothing, reporter."

"Then why did ya sit down?"

Rufus was quiet for a moment, then started drumming his fingers on the table again. "Cause I ain't got no one else to talk to, 'sept that old hag Beulla over there."

"Where are your friends?"

"Where yo friends?" he said.

"You want a cup of coffee?"

"Rufus don't want nothing. Rufus just tired--mighty tired."

"What are you tired about?"

"There ya go again, asking dem questions, reporter."

"Look, Rufus. I'm tired of this stupid game," I said. I was feeling pretty cocky for a pint-sized, one-armed bastard. "If ya don't want to talk, then I'll buzz off. I'm tired of this merry-go-round."

"So am I, reporter." His face was grim and his nostrils quit working. "Look, reporter. Rufus got a lot on his mind. Rufus gotta make a big decision. You okay, reporter. But maybe ya oughta buzz off."

I picked up my cup and left the booth. I was really fuming. It was my damn booth to begin with. Beulla refilled my cup and I found an empty table, still in sight of where Rufus was sitting in my booth. The slick haired guy and

the blonde got out of their booth and walked over to Rufus.

"Hi there, Rufus," the slick-haired fella said. "That was quite a game you played last week. Me and my girl Sheila here, we both saw you play. You really ripped hell out of them."

"Thanks," Rufus said.

It was no trouble hearing Slick talk because he had that shrill kind of voice that jumps all over the room and makes babies cry. Slick kept shuffling around, shifting the weight of his body from one foot to the other, like he had the urge but couldn't find the right room. The babe stood by him coolly looking at Rufus all the time. "That's what you gotta keep doing, Rufus. You gotta keep ripping those guys for us," Slick said. "Rip them all to hell." He was smiling now, like he was expecting some kind of merit badge for being a good scout.

Rufus didn't answer him. He went back to drumming on the table. I had my neck craned a bit, so I saw he was drumming again. The blonde moved in front of Slick and probably was giving Rufus the coquettish smile.

"Remember me, Rufus? We met before," she said. "No."

"Sure you do. We've met before."

"Beat it. You and your boy friend beat it."

The two of them looked stunned. They looked like they got all the answers right but flunked the test. "That ain't any way to treat a person," Slick said.

Rufus kept drumming on the table. The two went back to their friends at the next booth. "That ain't any way to treat someone," Slick was still

(continued on page 11)

MUSIC

Weissenberg revisited

By JIM ROOS

One of the most phenomenal pianists of our time has revisited us at last. His name is Alexis Weissenberg, and he is returning to the concert stage after an absence of 12 years. Such a return brings to mind the recent comebacks of Horowitz and Michelangeli. It should, for, at 37, Weissenberg's position as an artist is no less exceptional than those great musicians, nor is his talent less exquisite or rare.

However, unlike Horowitz, Michelangeli, Rubinstein, and other great keyboard virtuosos, Alexis Weissenberg's reputation, until recently, extended primarily to music's cognoscenti. In 1947 he won first prize in the Leventritt competition and caused quite a stir in musical circles. Nevertheless, for reasons never fully explained, his career as an active concertizer was soon limited and, for all practical purposes, curtailed.

Weissenberg's return to concert life this season, with a world tour underway and a series of recordings released this month on the Angel and RCA Victor labels, adds a bright new star to the pianistic constellations.

Over the Thanksgiving holiday I had an opportunity to sample Weissenberg's brand of alchemy in an extraordinarily original and exciting interpretation of Rachmaninoff's "Third Piano Concerto" with the Chicago Symphony.

It was an effortless performance that stressed architecture and clarity, but never for a moment lacked poetic insight and dramatic tension. Technically, it was certainly one of the most breathtaking performances I have ever heard (on or off records).

If one were pressed to describe Weissenberg's playing in terms of comparison, a cross between Kapell and Lipatti might be near the mark. But, such comparisons are limited in value, for Weissenberg is too much himself to be accurately described in terms of others.

I had the pleasure of learning this in an interview with Weissenberg following the concert.

On first acquaintance Weissenberg the man is as impressive as Weissenberg the pianist. He is a handsome, impeccably dressed Parisian (he lives in Paris today, although he is Bulgarian by birth). Possessed of a charm and sophistication that are at once genuine, he also has a ready sense of humor: he promptly kidded me for attending the afternoon concert which is generally frequented by society women and assorted cultural deadheads -- excluding me of course!

His conversation further demonstrated that he is intelligent, articulate (in a language not his own) and obviously sincere.

Why has he remained away from the concert platform so many years? "It would be silly to call it meditation, because I don't believe in message in arts," he said. "I feel that one must be introspective at one point, and you cannot do it if you're very busy externally. You have to live more with yourself and fight with yourself until you come to two different persons who try to find the happy medium: one mentally incapacitated, one emotionally incapacitated. It is a necessary marriage if you want to keep the balance as an artist."

Does he plan to maintain his concert activities? "Yes, but I may, in perhaps ten years, take another sabbatical."

As far as repertoire is concerned, Weissenberg says he doesn't go much further than Bartok or Stravinsky. Nevertheless, he appears well aware of the values of avant-garde music: "It's not because I do not play them (avant-garde composers) that I think they're inferior in any way. I just think there is a certain approach to the instrument which has taken up so many years of my life worrying, making absolute efforts on the weight of the hand on the keyboard to get a certain sound, that it is a shame to throw this out and perform in an almost electronic way oneself. You do have to become an impersonal sort of machine to perform that kind of music. You can call me a romantic medium mainly. But, if I plead for my romanticism, I would at least try to plead in a modern language. I don't think I'm a 19th century romantic pianist at all."

A problem Weissenberg considers "very grave" is the almost total reliance of contemporary composers on the younger generation of pianists for performances, and consequently publication of their works. "I always go through scores that are sent to me. It's both a moral and artistic obligation. If I feel a score is interesting, even if I don't perform it myself, I would put it in somebody's hands who would."



How does he approach the study of a new work? "I usually study the score long before I ever put my hands on the keyboard. Basically, the piece is entirely learned by heart before I even touch it. Then I go through the technical parts of marking the fingerings and parts that may be especially complicated."

"Then there is the practical side which is purely exercise and really 'possessing' the piece. As almost any professional artist, I could perform it very quickly afterwards. But, I never do. I try to let the piece sink in for a while."

"This is where people are wrong about maturity. They think that anything played by an older man is mature, and anything by a younger one is promising and nothing else. If one of the great pianists of sixty took up a new piece, he would play it completely immaturely ten days later."

A winner of the coveted Leventritt competition himself, Weissenberg is "basically against most competitions. One reason is I think they're demoralizing. A great disappointment can be a hindrance for the rest of one's life. It can give you a ridiculous complex. And there are some people marvelously trained for competitions who would never make artists on stage! This is the great incoherence between competitions and concert giving."

"One should always consider it a technical or bureaucratic matter. If you win it's wonderful because it cuts through at least five or ten years of utter suffering through financial difficulties and artistic impossibilities. You come from the anonymous to where people know you, and you are engaged. This is where competitions can be important."

Regarding the seemingly large number of young pianists who have talent, but lack personality, he says: "I think among those hundred or so who play every year there are five cases of exceptional talent. With great talents it is the animal that is different. You are physiologically different. You have something that projects, and whatever you do you project it."

For example: "When you come across Callas at a cocktail party, even if you don't know who she is, you're somehow totally possessed and attracted by her. That's because she has it. She has it on stage; she has it everywhere."

I asked Weissenberg if he thought there were any differences between American and European audiences. "There has always been a great difference. To me, American audiences are the best in the world, and I don't say this to flatter. I just think it is exceptional as a country musically. I think it's phenomenal to have that many orchestras, among which certainly fifteen are the best heard anywhere."

"And this love for music, the millions who attend concerts every week, the fact that the people have made the effort and have built—even in small towns—their own orchestras, choirs or competitions, is extraordinary."

As for recordings, Weissenberg disagrees with those who feel that the splicing or repeating of passages for the sake of perfection diminishes continuity: "I think if an artist is very great, he has such a definite feeling of how the piece should be constructed, that even if he played it in 15 different pieces, it would always absolutely hold together."

On the other hand, Weissenberg could not agree with pianist Glenn Gould's determination to abandon the "circus atmosphere" of the concert stage and devote all time to recordings: "There is something about live performance. The exchange of simple warmth between the audience and the artist (without going further into who understands and who doesn't) is something essential to an artist. It's like vitamins. And I think Glenn Gould is wrong to ignore it."

Of course, as Weissenberg resumes his concert activities he will also be making recordings. Though his repertoire is wide-ranging, he says that Chopin and Schumann are particularly important to him and that he has "a personal love for Bach that is beyond all other composers. It is a love that goes beyond performing. I love to listen to Bach, play Bach, study Bach and I usually include an enormous amount of Bach in my concerts. I don't say this as a musical 'priest,' but there is a sort of spiritual satisfaction in playing Bach."

To satisfy himself (and undoubtedly many others) Weissenberg has recorded all the Bach Partitas for Angel along with the "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue." They will be released in the U.S. gradually. The first disc is available this month. Also to be had this month are his recordings of the Liszt "Sonata," "Three Sonnets" (Angel), and the Chopin "B-minor Sonata" and "Scherzi Nos. 1 and 2." (RCA).

Both Chopin Concerti were recorded by Angel for eventual release, and the Rachmaninoff "D-minor Concerto" in Chicago last week (RCA).

Weissenberg is definitely in the "swing" again. His future engagements include such items as the Salzburg Festival, a tour of Russia, and a return trip to the U.S. next October and November. At that time, among other things, he will perform both Brahms Concerti.

Art Show

(continued from page 3)

card symbols--a stunning combination of colorful visuals and words.

This year's show has been coordinated by Irwin Whitaker, an associate professor of art, and Dar Davis, the student manager, assisted by Sue Comerford.

The exhibition is a revolving type: Instead of putting all items on display at once, a partial number of works are selected for the opening. Then, when a work is sold it is given immediately to the buyer and another piece of art is put in its place.

The prices are as varied as the artwork, ranging from a \$1.50 ceramic work to a \$1200 piece of sculpture. Nevertheless, the prices are relatively modest--and 20% of the proceeds will go to the art department for art scholarships and purchases for the Kresge Gallery's permanent collection.

A public reception will mark the opening of the show. Kresge Gallery hours are: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays; 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Tuesdays; and 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. The show will close at 5 p.m. on December 23.

Biafran view of Nigeria

(continued from page 5)

"arms and armies cannot defeat the will of the people to survive."

The Nigeria-Biafra crisis cannot be resolved with rifle and bayonet. As other British-modeled federations, Nigeria as a federation was bound to crumble under the weight of British neo-colonialist maneuvers. Its failure is no news to a student of history. Other British-designed federations, such as Central Africa, Malaysia, the West Indies and South Arabia have disintegrated. The inevitable fragmentation of Nigeria was just a matter of time, for Nigeria was blind to British designs in her political and economic advancement.

If military conquest were possible, Biafra would long ago have been vanquished. She has a much smaller army and an even smaller navy. She has no foreign powers supporting her and her population is about one-quarter that of Nigeria. The fact of the matter is that while Nigeria is fighting with millions of soldiers, most of whom do not know the intrinsic issues involved, Biafra has thousands of soldiers whose singleness of purpose is translated into a grim determination to fight for survival.

It is heartening that some humanitarians in

the United States have made categorical statements on their stand in the crisis. After their tour of Nigeria and Biafra recently, a team comprised of Dr. Audrey Chapman, Dr. Stanley Diamond, Dr. Conor C. O'Brien and Dr. Albert Schweitzer recommended immediate cease-fire negotiations to avoid "genocide in Biafra" and "a long period of military terrorism" throughout the former Nigerian Federation. They held that "the old Federation of Nigeria has dissolved," since the "Easterners run an imminent risk of violent death if they set foot outside their own region." It is obvious that any attempt to bring about unity between Nigeria and Biafra by force is a deliberate attempt to spread fear and militarism among the people.

Early this month in the U.S. Congress, Mr. Resnick filed a resolution calling on President Johnson "to take such action as may be necessary to transmit to the belligerent parties, to the O.A.U., to the U.N. and to the International Red Cross the earnest plea of the U.S. that all appropriate bodies join in seeking a halt to hostilities and take measures, including the dispatch of impartial observers, to protect the lives of the civilian population of the area."

He was commenting on the "wholesale slaughter of Ibos and other Nigerians . . . throughout

that country." The resolution was signed by eight other Congressmen--Messrs. George E. Brown, John Conyers, Leonard Farbstein, Kenneth J. Gray, Seymour Halpern, Augustus F. Hawkins, and Chester L. Mize.

These Congressmen have been neither to Nigeria nor to Biafra. But they are deeply concerned with what "threatens to become a genocidal pattern of extermination." The U.S. is the only great power that is not yet committed to either side. The already dwarfed image of Britain in Biafra rules out whatever new move Prime Minister Harold Wilson may wish to make, no matter how benevolent. The position of the Soviet Union is crystal clear. The stand of certain African countries is dimly discernible. But the U.S. has a singular advantage over other nations in urging a cease-fire. Over to you, dear President Johnson.

Njoku Awa is chairman of the publicity bureau of the Biafra Students' Association in the Americas, East Lansing chapter. He is a sophomore in communications from Umudhia, Nigeria.

Fables of alcoholic morality

(continued from page 6)

of a philosophical light in which the imposing edifice of society takes on an absurd color. The old man reveals some hints of this kind of sympathy with the present generation. "The Happy Nun" praises a non-doctrinaire approach to life, which is happily growing in the world:

But you should always be tolerant, and not just of negroes and jews and parents, but of rich people and soldiers and nuns, of editors and teachers and people with beards, of cranky old people with no teeth and of policemen and

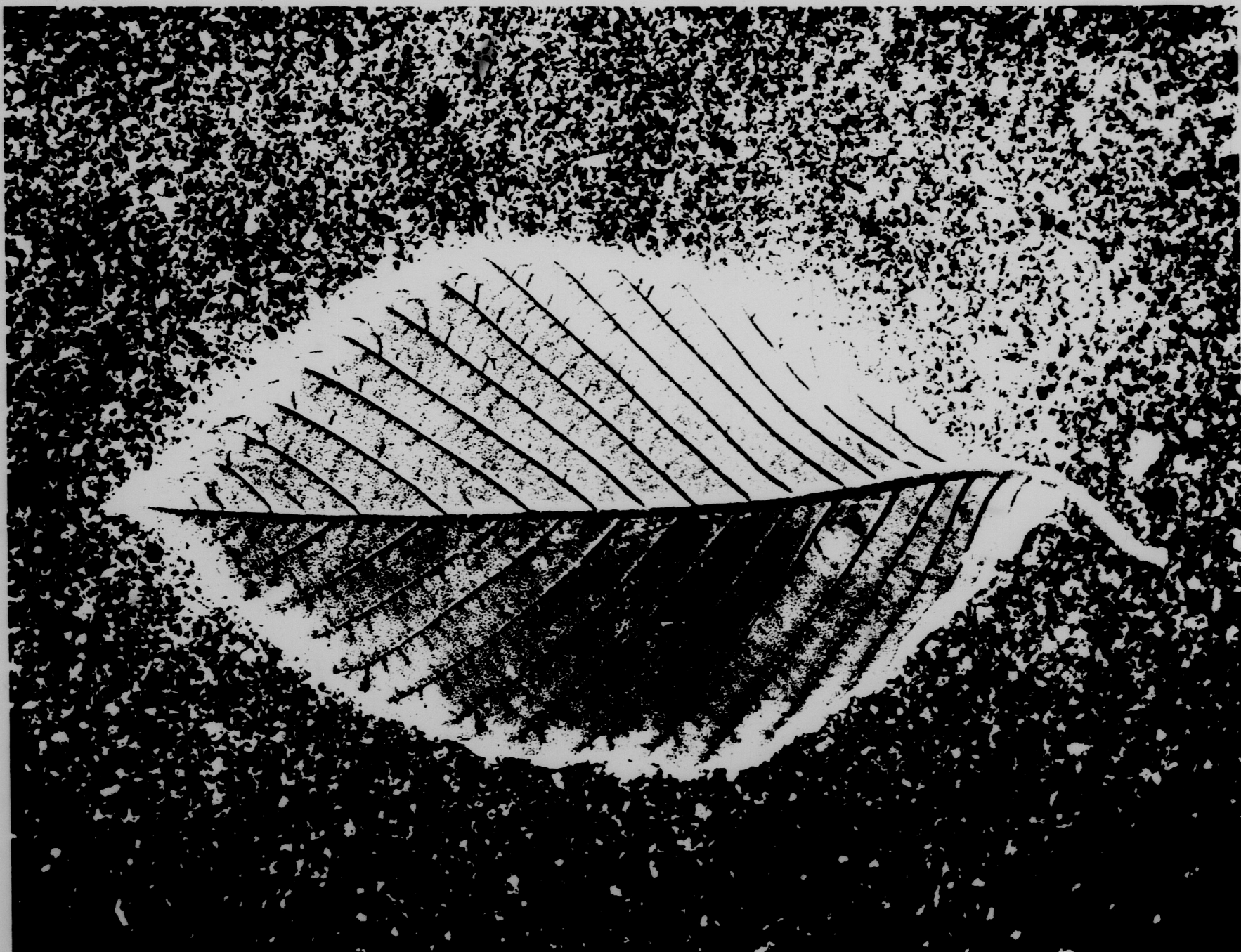
writers. Don't trust any of the bastards, but do try to be tolerant. Make them leave you alone, but do it in a tolerant way.

And there is a fine pun at the end of "Statesmen All":

And so it can be seen that no statesman would ever attempt to do any thing statesmanlike; that must be left to the hacks and bureaucrats and editors. Indeed, "state" and "man" hardly belong in the same word.

This is Lawless' second volume of The Fables, and it is an improvement on the first, which

concentrated on exploding the sexual hypocrisy that doesn't exist anymore. With his present book, Lawless has reached deeper into society to poke fun at the facades behind the facades, and they are worth exposing and reading about. Groat is correct in saying in the preface that our world (and perhaps East Lansing especially) needs more of the laughter that comes from wisdom. Though focusing on the wit of words rather than the humour of life often makes these stories seem affected, Lawless' engaging sense of humour calls up some of both in The Fables.



COMMENTARY

Real perversion—Hollywood style

By JIM YOUSLING

The PTA, Parents Magazine, Shirley Temple Black, the Legion of Decency and other protectors of the filmgoing public have never stopped screaming about the dangers of the increasing frankness in motion pictures. But they have managed to entirely miss the most powerful and disgusting films of all, the "sophisticated" sex comedies popularized by Doris Day and epitomized by Jack Lemmon's "Under the Yum Yum Tree." These films contain distorted values which, while not as outrageous as those of the nudie movie, are subtle, far-reaching and widely accepted.

These films should not be confused with satires of American sex attitudes like "Divorce, American Style," the films of Billy Wilder, and Jean-Luc Godard's masterful lampoon of Hollywood, "Une Femme Est une Femme." Superficially they are similar — just as Terry Southern's "Candy" resembles the pornography which it parodies.

Nor should sex comedies be confused with truly lusty, frank comedies like Richardson's "Tom Jones," De Sica's "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" and Dassin's "Never On Sunday." (Not surprisingly, none of the above-mentioned films are American. Hollywood has almost never been able to handle sex openly, without being awkwardly embarrassed at itself.)

Instead, these comedies are exploitation films which employ and advocate established values for profit. In them, sexual desires should be laughed at because they are naughty but nice. The double standard is incredibly exemplified by Doris Day protecting her virginity in film after film. Men manipulate women only into bed; women manipulate men only into marriage.

Love is a fantasized abstraction out of "Romance Comics" and the world of Barbie dolls. No one speaks of honor, respect, growing old together, nor even friendship. Communication, the most important aspect of any long-range relationship, is astonishingly absent. This, in fact, is the basis for most of the plots: mistaken identity, mistaken intentions, unnecessary jealousy, or a rivalry that keeps two people from knowing how compatible they really are.

For example, in Ross Hunter's "Lover, Come Back" (the first of about two dozen sequels and imitations of "Pillow Talk" Doris Day and Rock Hudson loathe each other. Then one night they get drunk—so drunk that they wake up the next morning in a motel bed. "Did anything happen?" asks Doris. The answer is "Yes" and poor Doris wants to commit suicide. But (Thank God!) it turns out that they were sooo drunk that they got married first! Yes! Doris is overjoyed. It doesn't matter



that she had intercourse and then passed out with a man she detests. All that matters is that she was married at the time. She can simply get a divorce and regain her virgin status.

As fate would have it, however, she discovers that she is pregnant. But don't worry, folks: Rock suddenly falls in love with her and remarries her just as she is being wheeled into the delivery room. Her baby will have a name!

Most of these films have one character who, in the last reel, lectures the lecherous male on the joys of Love and Marriage and the evils of Sex without Legal Bonds (which is always Sex without Love). Usually played by Thelma Ritter, Tony Randall or some other "best friend" type, this person makes the audience realize for a brief moment that this lecher is not so admirable after all. Thus the film can pass any family censorship board, and the audience is snapped from voyeurism back into false piety.

In "Under the Yum Yum Tree," the most offensive film I have ever seen in this genre, Jack Lemmon spends 90 per cent of the film clumsily seducing girls at his Centaur Apartment Complex. Every cliché is dragged in: liquor as the ultimate seduction technique, window peeping, a desperate struggle to save virginity for marriage, and even "Did we... do anything last night?" Finally Edie Adams, an old flame who has finally found

a nice man who wants to marry her first, gives Lemmon the morality lecture to end all morality lectures. Lemmon vows celibacy. By now, all of his girlies have married Mr. Right. Even Imogene Coca has left. The audience suddenly hates him.

But when things seem blackest, a busload of fresh girls-school virgins drives up, looking for apartments. The gleam returns to Lemmon's eye (and to the audience's) and the film ends happily for all concerned — except perhaps the busload of girls. Lemmon is rewarded for, as Wilfred Sheen stated, "Do not despise the voyeur, however humble. For he is the stuff that movie audiences are made of."

As in the case of most popular films, I feel that these sex comedies do not create middle-class tastes; they simply reflect them. Mass acceptance of a film usually indicates mass acceptance of the film's basic attitudes. Very few adults are being taught or warped by sex comedies.

The man responsible for "Pillow Talk" and most of its offshoots, producer-director Ross Hunter, openly admits that his films have no message; he is giving the American public what it wants, as indicated by box office receipts.

Still, although they are indications of poor adult taste, these glossy comedies zip right past the censors into family viewing classifications, making them silently approved examples for children and adolescents. In this respect, they deserve much more attention than nudie films, which are rarely seen outside of the larger cities and are rather strictly limited to adults. Certainly the morality of our popular media is much more important than the morality of sub-strata like nudies and pornography.

And censors constantly bungle their jobs. When censorship boards condemn films like "La Dolce Vita" and "Kiss Me, Stupid" which criticize our standards in a truly sophisticated manner, while Doris and Rock are shacking up under false pretenses in the neighborhood theatres, something is wrong. Too many people think it is cleavage, frank speech, and intercourse which corrupt — not attitudes.

Perhaps in 30 years I will love "Under the Yum Yum Tree" and all the rest. The filthy innuendoes of Busby Berkeley's old musicals (42nd Street, et.) are hilariously camp now. But Doris Day's epics of virginity represents a set of values which surrounds and disgusts me, overriding the genuine comedy to be found in them. When these values have changed, my attitude toward the films may change too. Let us hope that the next generation never suffers from the dichotomy between artful presentation of sex and popular trash.

The Circus

(continued from page 8)

muttering—loud enough, naturally, so that Rufus and everyone else in the joint could hear him.

"Who the hell does he think he is, anyway?" Slick asked the two Johns sitting opposite him. They weren't saying much of anything. "Who the hell does he think he is?"

"Shut up," said the babe.

"Don't start giving me orders, toots."

"I'll tell you whatever I damn well please."

"What's a matter, honey? Maybe you fancy that kinda stuff over there?"

"Maybe I do."

Rufus left the booth and walked over to Beulla at the counter. He didn't bother giving the gang a look. I know. I was watching every move he made and his face wasn't talking.

"I want another coke," Slick announced.

"I don't see any chain tied to your ass," the blonde said.

Slick moved out of the booth and strutted up to the counter. "I want another coke—that is, if no one around here minds."

"I don't mind," Beulla said. "Do you mind Rufus?"

"Hell, I don't mind, Beulla. Give this here gentleman a coke."

"That's real white of ya."

"What's a matter with you, mister? Ain't you got no sense in that greasy head of yours?"

"You better scram, son," Beulla said.

"I ain't through talking yet," Slick said.

"Let the boy talk, Beulla. I know his kind."

"I ain't afraid of you."

"Then you is a mighty foolish boy," Rufus said.

I was getting pretty disgusted with the whole matter about then and wanted to get the hell out of there. I stood up and started towards the door, which was near the counter. Rufus looked over to me and I nodded back. "Let's go, Rufus," I said. "The guy's a jerk."

Slick turned to where I was standing and sized me up for a moment. "Who's that?" he asked Rufus. "Your body guard?"

The blonde got out of the booth and walked over to where Slick was standing. "Let's go," she said. The two Johns got up to leave.

Slick looked at Rufus for a moment, then over to me again. "Ya," he said. "Maybe we oughta be going. I've seen enough of these freaks."

He started towards the door with the blonde, but then stopped next to me. "Where'd you lose that arm, big mouth?"

"In the war," I said. "In the Civil War."

"Don't!" I heard Beulla scream. I saw Rufus bolt towards where we were standing. He turned Slick around, then slapped him twice on his face and Slick went sprawling to the floor. Rufus didn't hit him hard. I've seen him almost maim halfbacks on the field and I know the power he's got. But Rufus only slapped him. Slick fell to the floor anyway, like maybe he figured that was the safest place to be. Beulla came lumbering

around the counter and up to where Rufus was standing. "Are you nuts?" she said.

The blonde babe bent down and looked at Slick's red cheeks.

"You goddamn animal," she shouted up at Rufus. The two Johns standing near the booth hurried over and stood around. They weren't saying much. I stood there, watching chubby Beulla push Rufus' hulk away from where Slick was lying stunned on the floor, his hair still neatly in place. The blonde babe was making a fuss over him and the two Johns were just standing there, not saying much of anything.

"I'm tired," Rufus muttered. He brushed past Beulla and me and walked out the door.

I walked into the newspaper office late the following afternoon and Richie, the sports editor, hurried over and told me he had a big story for me to write. Rufus Session had quit the football team and dropped out of school. Football was my beat and it was my story to write. I called a few of the coaches, got some quotes, then wrote the story. The lead said, "All-conference lineman Rufus Session quit State's football team Thursday and withdrew from the University. Head Coach Jeff Anderson could give no explanation for the action."

I finished my story at 6 p.m., handed it to Richie and then told him he could find himself another boy. Just like that I said, "Richie, you can find yourself another boy. Sports is a real circus," I told him. Then I quit.

The Christmas Contract

