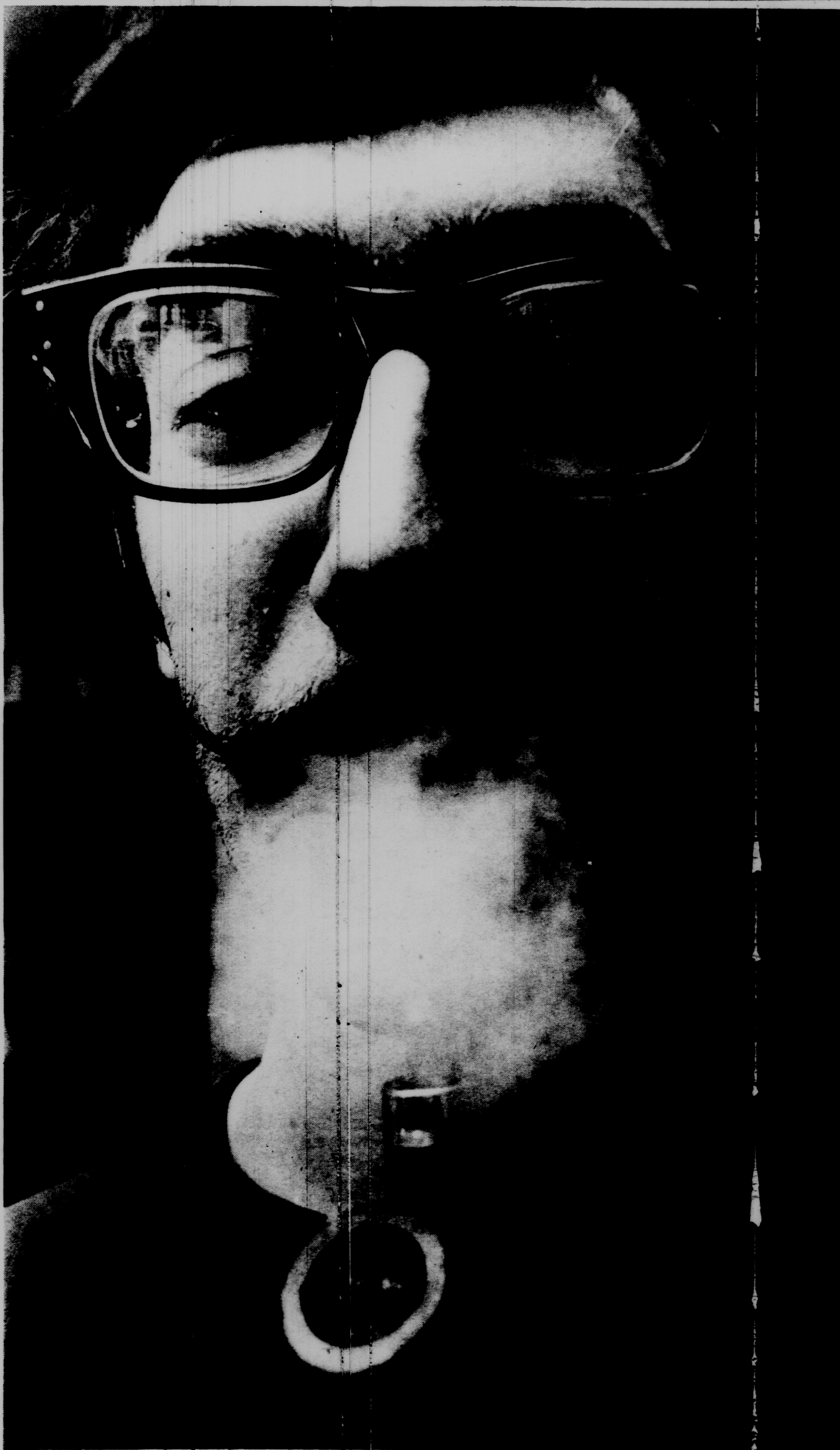


COLLAGE

The State News Bi-weekly Magazine

Thursday, May 2, 1968



See cover notes page 8

Photo by Bob Ivins

Calendar of Events: May 2-15



THURSDAY, MAY 2

"Dr. Faustus" (7:30, Aud.)
 Tony Richardson's "The Knack" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)
 Erich von Stroheim's "Greed" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)

"Duet: Epiphany/American Neon" (PAC, Aud. Arena)
 Student Recital (3:00, Music Aud.)

FRIDAY, MAY 3

Erich von Stroheim's "Greed" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 Tony Richardson's "The Knack" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)
 "Duet: Epiphany/American Neon" (PAC, Aud. Arena)
 Baseball, MSU vs. Indiana Blood Drive

Mad Hatter's Midway Golf, Invitational Meet "Stars In the Making" (8:00, Abrams)

Recital: David Mellstrup & Clayton Hochhalter (8:15, Music Aud.)

SATURDAY, MAY 4

Mad Matter's Midway "Duet: Epiphany/American Neon" (PAC, Aud.)

Rugby, MSU vs. Notre Dame Baseball, MSU vs. Ohio State Golf, Invitational Meet International Festival MSU Judo Invitational Intercollegiate Bike Race "Stars In the Making" (2:30 & 8, Abrams)

SUNDAY, MAY 5

"Masque of the Red Death" (7:00, Union Ballroom)
 Recital: Marilyn Werner (4:00, Music Aud.)
 Recital: James Sharpe (8:15, People's Church)

"Duet: Epiphany/American Neon" (PAC, Aud. Arena)
 "Stars In the Making" (2:30 & 4, Abrams)

MONDAY, MAY 6

Recital: Michael Rafferty (8:15, Music Aud.)
 "Duet: Epiphany/American Neon" (PAC, Wonders Kiva)

TUESDAY, MAY 7

Baseball, MSU vs. Notre Dame Tennis, MSU vs. Western

ROTC Awards Parade "Duet: Epiphany/American Neon" (PAC, Wonders Kiva)
 Recital: Paul Kirby (8:15, Music Aud.)

Last Day: Graduate Art Exhibition, Part I (Kresge)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8

Premieres of New Music (8:15, Music Building Choral Room)
 "Duet: Epiphany/American Neon" (PAC, Brody Arena)
 Golf, MSU vs. Michigan Lacrosse, MSU vs. Bowling Green

THURSDAY, MAY 9

"Come Back, Africa" with Miriam Makeba (Union Ballroom)

Student Recital (3:00, Music Aud.)
 "Duet: Epiphany/American Neon" (PAC, Brody Arena)

FRIDAY, MAY 10

Greta Garbo in "The Saga of Gosta Berling" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 "Come Back, Africa" (7 & 9, Conrad)
 "Duet: Epiphany/American Neon" (PAC, McDonel Kiva)
 African Film Series
 Golf, Spartan Invitational "Stars In the Making" (8:00, Abrams)
 Recital: Ray Giovanelli (8:15, Music Aud.)

SATURDAY, MAY 11

Salvador Dali's "An Andalusian Dog" & other experimental classics (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)

"Come Back Africa" (7 & 9, Wilson)
 Graduate Art Exhibition, Part II, through May 21 (Kresge)
 "Duet: Epiphany/American Neon" (PAC, McDonel Kiva)
 Torch Run
 Lambda Chi Alpha Junior 500 Track, MSU vs. Wisconsin & Notre Dame
 Golf, Spartan Invitational Lacrosse, MSU vs. Ohio State "Stars In the Making" (2:30 & 8, Abrams)
 "The Loved Ones" (7:00, Union Ballroom)
 Recital: Alan Bodman (2:00, Music Aud.)
 Recital: Fredric Moses (4:00, Music Aud.)

SUNDAY, MAY 12

Mothers' Day Women's Week Ends "Stars In the Making" (2:30 & 4, Abrams)

MONDAY, MAY 13

Tennis, MSU vs. Miami, Fla.
 Greek Week Begins
 Community Project Begins
 Student String Ensembles (8:15, Music Aud.)

TUESDAY, MAY 14

Spartan Round Table
 Fraternity Track Prelims
 HR & IM Honors Night
 Recital: Carolyn Miller (3:00, Music Aud.)
 Recital: Judith Maring (8:15, Music Aud.)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15

Recital: Edgar Kirk & David Renner (8:15, Music Aud.)

GASTRONOMY

Lautrec paints a pretty table

By JIM ROOS

Having gone through my last cans of Bounty Beef Stew and Chili Con Carne a few days ago, and being thoroughly fed up (pun intended) with the prospect of another pre-cooked, pre-frozen, monosodiumglutamated, synthetically soybeanated dinner, I decided to cook.

Brandishing the nearest cook book I began browsing through recipes in the hope of finding something that might reflect the spirit of Spring.

"Hmm. How about a barbeque?" I thought. "Yes, let's make it a real occasion and invite some friends. Here's the perfect recipe. Just right for the back yard: 'Mouton Entier Roti En Plein Air.' Excellent. 'Whole Sheep Roasted Out of Doors.'

"Now for the directions. Let's see. 'Dig a hole one meter fifty by one meter and one meter deep. Lay a bed of flat stones and for three hours make a large fire so that you have a huge bed of embers--do not let the smoke overshoot the hole by 50 centimeters. On each side of the hole plant a big branch of green wood cut into a Y, letting a few branches overlap beneath the Y to act as hooks. Have a very long solid branch of oak or holly, on which you will thread a pretty sheep of about 18 months or two years....'

"Sure. Well, perhaps this recipe is a little too rigorous. How about something simple, like chicken," I thought. With a little fumbling and page flipping I finally came across the directions for the preparation of the chicken: "How To Make Chicken Tender." "In order to make chickens immediately edible, take them out of the hen-run, pursue them into the open country, and when you have made them run, kill them with a gun loaded with very small shot. The meat of the chicken gripped with fright will become tender. This method used in the country of Gabon seems infallible even for the oldest and toughest hens."

That was enough. I don't mind a little cooking, but chasing chickens into the open spaces--what kind of a cook book is this?

Turning to the cover leaf I quickly found out. I had been reading *The Art of Cuisine*, co-authored by Maurice Joyant and Henri Toulouse-Lautrec.

The book had been sent to me by a friend some time ago and somehow I had inadvertently shelved it, never realizing what fantastic creations it contains.

It seems that Lautrec, great artist that he was, had an artistic imagination and enthusiasm for preparing good food that nearly equalled his zeal for drawing and painting the gaudy, sensual nightlife of late 19th century Paris of which he



was such a part, and of which he has left us so many priceless souvenirs.

Anyone who has read or seen the movie version of Pierre La Mure's *Moulin Rouge* or even spent a few hours gazing at some Lautrec restaurant scenes will realize that the little man from Albi considered fine food to be one of the indispensable joys of life, worthy of the most profound reflection and attention.

In fact, both Lautrec and his close friend, the art gallery owner, Maurice Joyant were great gourmands. It was Joyant, who after the artist's death, established the memorial museum of Lautrec paintings at Albi, and it was Joyant, who during the artist's lifetime, shared so many occasions of partying, cooking and recipe hunting with Toulouse-Lautrec.

It is not surprising then that it was Joyant who also published a limited edition of the recipes of Toulouse-Lautrec, illustrated by the artist's originally designed menus. Happily, the book has recently been made available in an English translation.

Most of the recipes are reproducible, but even the simple ones seem esoteric and are typical of the highly developed taste buds that Lautrec possessed. As the symbolist poet Paul Leclercq has written, Lautrec was the kind of gourmet who "always carried a little grater and a nutmeg to flavour the glasses of port he drank. He loved to talk about cooking and knew of many rare recipes for making the most standard dishes. He loved dishes which had been simmered for hours and seasoned with perfect art."

One of Lautrec's great specialties was "Ring Doves with Olives" and he even used it as a judgment of character. Of people he scorned he would say, "They are not worthy of ring doves with olives, they will never have any and they will never know what it is."

But with those whom he spent his hours of merriment, Lautrec would go out of his way to prepare the finest cuisine. Joyant describes a typical incident during one of their culinary adventures. "When as the only passengers on a cargo ship toiling through heavy seas between LeHavre and Dakar, we insisted, in full journey, on putting ashore on the coast of Brittany to inspect the fishing boats and to take on a cargo of lobsters and quivering fish.

"The boiler room was transformed into a kitchen. We opened cases of old port and fine olive oil... which, with premeditation accompanied the baggage of these modern pirates who gorged themselves on vast lobsters a l'Amercaine and Bourrides Bordelaises."

Lobster a l'Amercaine was another Lautrec specialty. It is one of those delicate dishes that requires a half dozen spices immersed in white Bordeaux, heady Cognac, tomato sauce, butter and fine olive oil.

On one occasion, Lautrec was asked to prepare it for a friend whose apartment, although spacious, was cluttered with antique knicknacks, shined and polished to perfection.

Upon his arrival for preparing the dinner, Lautrec was shown the kitchen by his host where everything had been carefully set out for making the incomparable lobster dish.

Lautrec, however, refused to put a foot inside, declaring his intention of cooking the lobster in the drawing room on an electric hot plate.

As poet Leclercq, who was present on this occasion, tells it "George Henri-Manuel (the host), in great anguish because a Lobster a l'Amercaine has to be cut up alive, hastily covered his most precious pieces of furniture with sheets. Then, wrapped in a long white apron in which his short legs kept getting entangled, brandishing a spoon as long as himself, and moving saucepans about, Lautrec prepared the lobster a l'Amercaine whose memory lingers with me yet.

"And Lautrec took such care in the preparation that no damage was done to the drawing room, and then only, did Henri-Manuel breathe again."

Indeed, Lautrec recognized the importance of organization and appearance in preparing a meal. The table settings and menus always had to be carefully planned and executed to meet his high standards.

The menus were usually his own creations, either new ink drawings, lithographs or watercolors, or perhaps a transformed theme or variation on one of his well-known paintings.

It is, in fact, doubtful if haute cuisine, for all its delights, could ever have captured Lautrec's total dedication as did his first love--painting.

In 1930, painter Edouard Vuillard told the story of a memorable feast held around 1897 at Lautrec's home in the Avenue Frochot--a feast that was puzzlingly cut short at the cheese course:

"Follow me," the master of the house ordered his guests, and led them a short way to the apartment of his friends, the musicians Dihau. Hanging on the wall was a then unknown masterpiece of Edgar Degas, inspired by the orchestra of the Opera where Dihau played the bassoon. Showing them the painting, which now hangs in the Louvre, Lautrec cried, "There is your dessert!"

The Bob Dylan of Vietnam

By LEE ELBINGER

"One thousand years of slavery under Chinese aggressors,
One hundred years of domination under Western invaders,
Twenty years of continuous civil war:
The fortune the Mother bequeathes to her children is a sad Vietnam."

It does not look like much on paper. Pretty redundant, a little sentimental, not very convincing. Maybe the translation is no good. But it does not matter because the above words are cold, dead, black and lifeless on a printed page thousands of miles from their place of birth. I have seen these words alive; wrapped in skin and throbbing with creation, I have seen these heavy words float in air, vibrate, and fade away—leaving only the sting of their painful presence as proof of their existence. I am not talking about politics; I am talking about art. Unfortunately, there is a difference.

First, the words are in English. That is impossible. The meaningful words, the words I heard, were in Vietnamese.

Second, the words are frozen and cold. I heard them sung—with a tune, with a waver, with a guitar, with a reason. These words mean more in Vietnamese in the air than in English on a page.

"One thousand years of slavery under Chinese aggressors,
One hundred years of domination under Western invaders,
Twenty years of continuous civil war:
The Mother's fortune is a forest of withered bones,
The Mother's fortune is a mountain of graves."

Same thing. Too much politics, too much emotion to be real. Unreal—no, surreal. We cannot understand these words, anyway. We are white Americans.

"One thousand years of slavery under Chinese aggressors,
One hundred years of domination under Western invaders,
Twenty years of continuous civil war:
The Mother bequeathes barren fields,
The Mother bequeathes homes burned row by row."

Talkin' 'bout Art, man. I cannot explain to you what Trinh Cong Son's songs mean to Vietnamese youth, so I will tell you a



little story. It is about Bob Dylan and Joan Baez and other people I grew up with.

There were these people named Bob Dylan and Joan Baez, see? and they sang songs. I was a punk little kid growing up and I thought I could say "existentialist" and be one.

Romantic image fascinated me, held my attention, and captured me, I will never know. But intellectual kids of 15 or 16 in America with no wars and no wants and no material problems tend to fancy themselves "individuals" (i.e., important), and—since the difference between "individuals" and "Supermen" is slight—they soon become Rebels. It is a delightful stage to go through—and a necessary one if one is every going to grow up and become Egoless. But Art cuts through all these barriers of stages and cultures to unite and communicate and connect experiences that are same to experiences that are similar (this is no fancy word game. Or maybe it is.) Dylan sang songs that got inside my blood, that got inside my belly, that tore me apart and dewed me up and caused me to narrow my eyes and inhale very, very deeply. Dylan wrote songs that could serve as a relief-map of my nervous system; he picked the prosaic, clumsy thoughts out of my head and filtered them through his special machine and they came out (lead to gold) slogans to poems. A sigh by Bob Dylan at the end of a declarative sentence and the twang of his ever-patient guitar

could echo up and down my memory and overflow into my life (whether or not the bass and treble were in perfect alignment). The experience of Art is a cross between a religious experience and an orgasm. One takes you out of the world, the other makes you part of the world; Art does both.

Now look at Trinh Cong Son again:

"One thousand years of slavery under Chinese aggressors,
One hundred years of domination under Western invaders,
Twenty years of continuous civil war:
The Mother's fortune is a brood of rootless bastards
And a gang of faithless traitors."

Trinh Cong Son is the Bob Dylan of Vietnam. He does to modern Vietnamese kids what Bob Dylan does to us. He gets his fingernails under the trap-door of their attention and he pries their minds open, and once he gets inside their heads he begins to do all sorts of good things; he unties knots, he relaxes, he calms, he makes the pain bearable. For he is an artist (doctor?) and Art is a medicine (drug?) and we only take it when we are sick (i.e., out of tune with nature) because when we are healthy we are in tune with nature, in constant touch, a part of the world but not apart from the world, organic and very, very young. But we Rebels are sick; we need drugs, we need

(Continued on page 5)

Gai Tai Cua Me

By TRINH CONG SON
Translated by MARK LYNCH

One thousand years of slavery under Chinese aggressors
One hundred years of domination under Western invaders,
Twenty years of continuous civil war:
The fortune the Mother bequeathes to her children
Is a sad Vietnam.

One thousand years of slavery under Chinese aggressors,
One hundred years of domination under Western invaders,
Twenty years of continuous civil war:
The Mother's fortune is a forest of withered bones
The Mother's fortune is a mountain of graves.

One thousand years of slavery under Chinese aggressors,
One hundred years of domination under Western invaders,
Twenty years of continuous civil war:
The Mother bequeathes barren fields,
The Mother bequeathes homes burned row by row.

One thousand years of slavery under Chinese aggressors,
One hundred years of domination under Western invaders,
Twenty years of continuous civil war:
The Mother's fortune is a brood of rootless bastards
And a gang of faithless traitors.

To teach the children the true language,
The Mother hopes that the children will not
forget the color of their skin
That the children will not forget the color
of ancient Vietnam.

Hoping for her far-scattered children,
The Mother calls them to hasten home:
"O children of the same father,
forget your vengeful hate."

Nguoi Con Gai Vietnam

By TRINH CONG SON
Translated by MARK LYNCH

A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl
Loves her homeland as she loves the ripe rice fields.
A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl
Loves her homeland with tears running down her cheeks.

A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl
Loves her homeland so she loves her people, weak and feeble.
She sits and dreams of peace
Loving the homeland with the primal love.

You're yet to know the homeland at peace,
You're yet to see Vietnam as it was,

You're yet to sing the old village verses one time;
You have only a lonely, hate-filled heart.

One day a girl goes through her village,
Goes in the night, a night echoing with the howl of guns.
Suddenly she clutches her heart,
Over her fragrant skin slowly spreads the stain of blood.
A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl
Takes with her the dream of the homeland
as she leaves life behind
A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl
Has her love for the homeland when
nothing else is left.

O stroke of death, sorrowful and indifferent;
O Motherland, dark a thousand years.
A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl reached the homeland alone,
But I am still driven to search.

War as a new art form



(Continued from page 4)

Art, we need sex and religion (and even madness) to feel a part of the world. We do not feel that way naturally; we were taught not to.

And since we are sick/unhealthy, we need doctors (artists) to help us become healthy and capable of dreaming our own dreams again.

What is the sickness? It is a strange form of blindness: an inability to dream. Our society is rife with people who suffer from this dread disease (which strikes millions every year). But fortunately, even though we are crippled with this ghastly affliction, we are rich and can pay medicine men (artists) to dream our dreams for us until we get the time to dream for ourselves. A pretty nifty arrangement that used to work. But the Artists (being Rebels themselves) are too hip to play this game and have been telling the Citizens (anyone who does not dream) to get lost. Actually, these doctors are not as harsh and cruel as their behavior might indicate. They view this seeming unconcern for the patient's welfare as therapy. The Artists are telling the world to dream its own dreams—in other words, everyone has a right to his own subjective interpretation of

reality, but "I'll let you be in my dream if you let me be in yours." The medicine men are doing their best to cure a patient that any other doctor would pronounce "hopeless."

Bob Dylan and Trinh Cong Son are not just artists when they appear on stage and sing their songs. They are Artists all the time; their respective lives are their art and these songs which people cling to like precious metal are really just baubles, just fortunate occurrences that happened to congeal in a sometimes unfortunate life.

"To teach the children the true language,
The Mother hopes that the children will not
forget the color of their skin

That the children will not forget the color
of ancient Vietnam.

Hoping for her far-scattered children,
The Mother calls them to hasten home:

"O children of the same father,
forget your vengeful hate."

Did I say "sometimes unfortunate"? Bob Dylan is like Trinh Cong Son, but they are not the same. We white Americans suffer from the psychological torture of having too much: Trinh Cong Son is singing to people who have nothing. Hence, a certain crudeness, a lack of sophistication, a sweaty urgency that even Bob Dylan's sweatiest, most urgent ballads cannot match. Injustice in our country (separate but unequal water fountains, etc.) has a small "i" when compared to the bedlam, the mind-boggling horror of Vietnam. If God dies in Western society, the grief is not too painful and we get over His death quickly. We are habituated to change and nobody liked God very much, anyway. But when Buddha dies in Vietnam, the case is different. It takes machine gun bullets to kill Buddha, it takes napalm and "search and destroy" missions. Buddha has no intention of bowing out gracefully, of yielding to the pressures of old age. Buddha will fight, Buddha goes underground, digs honeycombs of tunnels to live in and wait until it is safe to walk in the sun-

shine again. The Viet Cong dig tunnels, too, and we call them "sneaky." And Trinh Cong Son digs tunnels, he supports and supplies an infrastructure just like Buddha and just like the Viet Cong. The honeycombs can be found in his songs, the pattern of tunnels mean that he, too, has propaganda to sell, he, too, has a vision, a dream he wants you to buy, but this dream is different. This dream is The Last Dream: where everyone discovers in a drug-flash of insight that he is an artist, that his life is his creation, his children are his "fortunate occurrences that happen to congeal in a sometimes unfortunate life", the world is his museum, and his mind is the only critic. When The Last Dream has been dreamed, we will need no more artists (for everyone's life will be a work of art) we will need no more doctors (for everyone then will be healthy) we can be silent and helpful and proceed with our real task in life (which is to make the planet beautiful.)

It does not matter that the poet's words hang heavy and crude on Western ears. They were written for attentive pairs of Yellow ears, not White ears with soft, marshmallow lobes. These words were not written on velvet cushions with a long, plume pen between sips of hot chocolate. They were written in a war-torn country where escape from the tragedy and the pain is not possible; sleep is shattered by rolling military trucks, food is scarce, laws change daily, there is no television, it is not possible to plan ahead, barbed-wire clearly defines the spaces one is allowed to inhabit, the idea of entertainment is ludicrous, religion is profane, sex brings children, art requires leisure time and it is not possible—I repeat—it is not possible to obtain time and it is not possible to obtain an emigration visa. So Trinh Cong Son is stuck in a situation that Bob Dylan never experienced, although Dylan sang about it often enough.

Stuck with him in America's largest
(Continued on page 10)

Letter reflects war pessimism

The following "open letter to Senator Fulbright" was written by Elizabeth Kong, who has lived in the Far East under communist rule most of her life. John N. Moore, professor of Natural Science at MSU, has suggested that *College* publish this to provide its readers with "another side" to the question of U.S. participation in the war in Vietnam.

Dear Senator Fulbright:

For many years I have admired you for your excellent ideas and for your clear way of stating them, but I am sorry to say that I cannot support you in your attitude to the war in Vietnam. I know you are trying to be very objective but, it seems to me, that you are leaning over backwards to be objective against America.

I am not an American and I have lived in the Far East for almost forty years. I was in China for twenty years, the last two of them being under the communist government. Then followed nine years in Malaya during the war against the Communists there, and I have now been in this country for about eight years. Like most others out here I listen to American broadcasts.

When the Communists took over China I was teaching in a university. Along with other faculty members I underwent two years of "brainwashing." During the first three months we had an intensive course with three hours of discussion every morning in small groups, with assigned outside reading to do, and lectures, meetings and propaganda plays to attend. Since I was anxious to know communism from the inside I read a great many books and magazines published in Peking and Moscow. I can claim to have a fairly thorough knowl-

edge of its aims and teachings and I became fluent in understanding the double talk which they employ so freely to deceive the uninitiated.

I am not a communist. My two years in Red China convinced me that the Communists are the most cynical exploiters of mankind that ever existed. Under them, not even your thoughts are free, for every effort is made to control your thinking, and if you do not conform, they have terrifying ways to deal with you. I saw their cruelty to the people, peasants as well as intellectuals, and I can honestly say that in my province the peasants did not welcome their "liberators", and before long they hated them because they were worse off than before. Though 80 per cent of the intellectuals in Shanghai welcomed them when they arrived, two years later the same 80 per cent had only one hope—to see them overthrown.

The Communists are probably the cleverest people in the world at propaganda because they can twist the truth cleverly and they can make a lie appear true. Though they make extensive use of radio and literature, in foreign countries they specialize in the personal approach. A number of underground members join a club, a social group, a discussion group or they take classes in a college. They go anywhere they can meet people informally, especially intellectuals. They never identify with the communist party but they are skilful at guiding conversation, voicing opinions or making suggestions about current political matters. Other people often think these ideas are good and quite innocently mention them to their friends who pass it on to their friends and so on. I myself saw this happen in the University where I taught, for in six months a small

group had changed the attitude and thinking of the student body.

When our University came under the communists, the underground propaganda group left with the retreating government soldiers, went to the next province where they posed as refugees, obtained a scholarship from the government and continued their subversive work.

Before China fell I paid a brief visit to Britain and the United States and was shocked to find that propaganda specialists had been at work in both countries. Everywhere I went the opinions I heard on China were those of Mao and his party at Yenan. I ought to know, for I then lived near Yenan.

Why do I mention all this? Because I find in America and Britain today exactly the same situation, as in 1947. Intellectuals, liberals and many others imagine that they are being honest and objective in their opinions, not realizing that these ideas have been cleverly implanted in their minds. The same type of underground is at work also all over Europe and behind the various anti-war demonstrations.

My dear sir, from your utterances, I believe that you are being deceived. You do not seem to realize that—whether you like it or not, and regardless of whether you think the United States was right or wrong in the first place, your country is now at war with North Vietnam. There are only two alternatives before your government—either to win the war quickly or to negotiate on Communist terms, for they will never negotiate on any compromise acceptable to you or South Vietnam, unless they are defeated. To imagine anything else is only wishful thinking, as you would know if you listened to Hanoi and Peking.

(Continued on page 12)

STEP: meaningful involvement

By ROY BRYAN

"That we have delayed in choosing, or, by delaying may be making the wrong choice, does not sentence us either to separatism or despair. But we must choose. We will choose. Indeed, we are now choosing."

—The Kerner Report

In 1964, the civil rights struggle in this country was a national cause of causes. Today, civil rights issues are clouded by urban strife, concern with the Vietnam War and political campaigning, and the fact that Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael and other black militants have confused the liberal believers (especially the white ones) with the concept of Black Power. But out of this confusion has emerged the black man's determination to gain control of what has popularly been known as the Civil Rights Movement.

This shift in civil rights leadership has made problems for white liberals. How can they remain relevant and effective while acknowledging that they are no longer the leaders? For years, the civil rights movement was shepherded by whites. Now black people have taken the initiative and they will (and must) not give it up. The liberal whites can no longer coach blacks on how to gain their independence. The blacks have decided for themselves and have begun a real revolution, one controlled from inside rather than directed from without. Where, then, do the liberal whites fit into the picture?

The answer is that whites must play a supportive role from here on out. There are numerous ways of doing this. One is to support appropriate legislation as it is proposed on the local, state and national level. But many individuals (especially students not of voting age) feel impotent here. At the national level one can write his representative. On the local level, it may be possible to wield more power but students really have little influence here.

A second role for white liberals is to raise money to support the cause. Again students suffer, for they do not have much money. But students can raise money, and they have. The students of St. John High School (St. John, Mich.) recently contributed \$1,000 to the Peace Corps. And over the past three years, student volunteers of MSU's Student Education Project (STEP) have raised more than \$40,000 in private contributions to support their program at Rust College, in Mississippi. It is not hard to find a worthwhile project to support. Trinity AME Church in Lansing has purchased 10 acres of land adjacent to their property to build recreation facilities for Lansing youth. But the church does not have any more funds to develop the land—to level it and provide equipment—and so the plan has not been completed. The role of concerned whites to provide financial assistance is of obvious importance.

The third option for white involvement is in education, and it is here that white students can play an important role. Education is our bag—the means by which we, as well as black students, learn to understand our past and control our future. Few white people understand how the legacy of slavery has affected educational opportunity for black people, not only in terms of the separate-but-equal nonsense of the early 1950's, but of the black student's continual struggle to make a white-oriented university relevant to him. Dick Gregory does not exaggerate by much when he jokes that:

"I went to one of those separate-but-equal schools down South. I don't know how old the textbooks were, but they sure kept me out of the Navy. If people wanted to sail off the edge of the earth—I sure wasn't gonna be one of them."

As students, we must support black students' efforts to deal with their own problems. This is the philosophy behind STEP. STEP was organized in 1964 to help orient entering freshmen at Rust College in Holly Springs, Miss. Acting not as "experts" in particular disciplines, but as "experienced students," the STEP volunteers are able to encourage skills and approaches necessary to become more effective students. The nature of the project was suggested by the administration at Rust College.

Rust is a Methodist-affiliated liberal arts college with an enrollment of 500 students. The student population is entirely black, but the faculty of 35 is inter-racial. Some 60 per cent of the students major in education. The college

is accredited by the State of Mississippi but not by the Southern Assn. of Schools and Colleges, which represents the national standard. Rust, therefore, is ineligible for most federal and foundation grants which are available only to accredited institutions. For years, Rust has played a leadership role in Marshall County in the civil rights struggle.

The blacks' schools in Marshall County are on the "split-session" system, which means that the schools close during the planting and harvesting seasons so that the young people can work in the fields. This creates two interruptions in the academic year. By the time these students reach Rust College, they are two years or more behind the national averages for reading and math proficiency. The college must devote an inordinate amount of time the first two years improving these skills before real college-level work can begin.

Another problem is rooted in the teaching style of many Southern classrooms. Teachers do not encourage active student participation but stress discipline instead. The student is taught at by an authoritarian figure. Students are expected to digest what the teacher says and what they read and then to return this information at appropriate times on tests. The student is not encouraged to be original or to take positions contrary to the teacher or the book.

STEP attempts to bridge the gap between the strict discipline of the public school years and the "idea" orientation of college. The program provides the entering freshman with a five-week Study Skills Institute which stresses communication skills and mathematics. Classes are held in each subject daily, but the tutoring relationships are the heart of the program. Intense contact during the five-week program between these two groups of students makes considerable progress.

Learning is not just one-way. The attitude most frequently expressed by returning STEP volunteers is that they themselves have gained much more than they were able to impart. As one former volunteer said, "When these black students begin to articulate who they are and what they feel, the world view I held in East Lansing seems very, very small."

In the past four years, this project has caught the interest of many people. But it was Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. who saw immediately in 1964 what this direct involvement could mean. He came to MSU for two consecutive years to help raise money for the STEP program. It was because of his efforts in 1965 that STEP had enough money to carry out its program. Subsequent STEP programs have been so successful that this year all of Rust's entering freshmen will be required to attend. Consequently, STEP's minimum budget has risen to \$20,000, along with 40 student volunteers to staff the program.

STEP is one of a number of possibilities for white student involvement. But any sort of involvement requires an individual commitment. If that commitment is made out of a sense of guilt, then so be it. Better than guilt lead to responsibility than to despair, which is the other alternative. The struggle for human rights must lead us all to face our conscience sooner or later, in one way or another. The way does not matter so much: there are many alternatives. But the time is now. To borrow from James Baldwin:

"If we—I mean the relatively conscious whites and the relatively conscious blacks who must, like lovers insist on or create the consciousness of the others—do not falter in our duty now, we may be able, handful that we are, to end the racial nightmare and change the history of the world."

Pseudo-intellectualism in the movies

By JIM YOUSLING

Those of us who have worked with the various film societies have, during the past year, made the astonishing discovery that films by such "obscure" art film directors as Bergman, Antonioni and Fellini are now doing big business on a commercial market. This is, of course, an indication of the public's new awareness of the film as an art form.

In response, Hollywood productions are beginning to resemble their European competition. Heavily influenced by the success of the two pop-cinema Beatles films, American movies like "Two For the Road" and "The Graduate" have enforced the new European techniques upon very American stories. There have even been abortive attempts to create art films that were arty in content: "Mickey One," "Tale of the Cock," and "The Misfits." These films, like most of Bergman, assume that the deeper, allegorical meanings are much more important than superficial entertainment or credibility.

It seems appropriate, then, that we re-evaluate the state of film in America and consider its future, because we may be headed toward a highly undesirable phase of pseudo-intellectualism in the cinema, best exemplified by the sudden, faddish popularity of Ingmar Bergman as MSU. Virtually every major Bergman film has been shown at MSU this year...even a very minor one. And an entire course on Bergman is currently offered by JMC and the Romance Language Department. Great! Bravo! I'm glad to see these films given long-due recognition somewhere west of Manhattan.

But at the same time I am worried about the large number of people who worship "art" films to the point of ignoring the craft of the "non-art" cinema. Students crowd in to see films like "The Seventh Seal" and "La Strada." Yet how many young American Cinema

fans would go to a Howard Hawks or Billy Wilder festival? This would mean sacrificing a film that fairly wallows in meaning in favor of late-late show fare like "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "Sunset Boulevard," both of which are entertainment films, not "art" films.

Somehow, most American film enthusiasts are so hung up on fancy camera work ("The Graduate"), obscure plots ("Blow Up") and moral messages, however phony ("Patch of Blue"), that they fail to appreciate the honest simplicity of our Hollywood heritage. The fact that "Thoroughly Modern Millie" had no intellectual significance, for example, obscured the fact that it was one of the best-made pictures of the year.

In Europe, men like Hawks, Cukor, and Wilder are held in reverence. Significantly, the covers of the first two issues of the leading intellectual film magazine, *Cahiers du Cinema*, featured Gloria Swanson in "Sunset Boulevard" and Bette Davis in "All About Eve."

But somewhere along the line, we Americans have convinced ourselves that a film should say something...that it should have a deeper meaning. And we have forgotten that a good director does not need to make his presence known by swooping cameras and clever editing. In the past, a good director was one who could coax great performances out of his actors and placed his cameras accordingly. Now, we talk about Bergman's philosophy and ignore the incredible accomplishments of his troupe of actors.

In turn, we have begun to shun films that exercise the emotions more than the mind. So we walk out of "L'Avventura" admiring the photography, impressed by the direction, and discussing alienation. Yet how much better is "Bonnie and Clyde," the non-intellectual hit of the year, which the intellectuals

(Continued on page 8)

BOOKMARK

Poets show beauty of language

By DAVID GILBERT

Pop Poems by Ronald Gross
Simon and Schuster, 1967 \$1.95
Available at Campus Books

Hawkweed by Paul Goodman
Vintage Books, 1967 \$1.65
Available at Campus Books

Coming Close and Other Poems
by Helen Chasin
Yale University Press, 1968 \$1.45
Available at Paramount News

Spring is that time when a young man's thoughts turn to fancy, or when a young poet's turn to the latest trend in poetry. In perusing the bookstores, I hit upon three volumes characterizing, I think, three major areas in modern poetical endeavor. Ronald Gross is a poet commenting on "popular culture", or as the blurb puts it, "the continuous verbal undertone of mass culture is turned up full volume." Paul Goodman is a popular commentator trying to formulate his insights in poetry. And Helen Chasin is a modern poetess writing poetry.

Gross' book travels the gamut from precise reproductions of advertisements and application forms to satiric re-workings of slogans, with some of his own poetically-stated ideas. Whether Gross' work constitutes poetry is a difficult question to resolve. Surely his "Ditty" is a masterpiece of economy and inventiveness:

Double Double your your pleasure-
pleasure,,
DoubleDouble youryour funfun,,
WithWith Double-Double- MintMint
Double-Double- MintMint
Double-Double- MintMint gumgum.

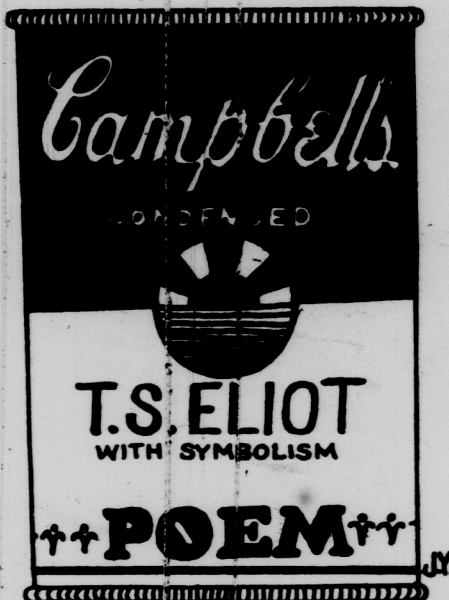
The fine, easy-swinging slogan that comes smiling to you across the mass media tube "gums" itself up in its own stuttering silliness. To recite "Ditty" aloud is like chewing gum and talking, by means of which you swallow the gum and gum up the words. Whether this simple transposition of Gross' deserves the title poetry (thought-provoking as it is) is another matter. Gross is perhaps best designated a poetic satirist; there is a bite, but certainly no tenderness in his lines. His style is permeated by a quiet and rather amused anger, as in the very short but highly effective "Yield":

Yield.
No Parking.
Unlawful to Pass.
Wait for Green Light.
Yield.

Stop.
Narrow Bridge.
Merging Traffic Ahead.
Yield.

Yield.
The emasculation of modern man by his own system is clarified by the quick succession of roadway signs familiar to any beleaguered driver on this nation's highways. The insistent "Yield" harps like an unforgiving master forcing his dog to heel with repeated smacks of a rolled newspaper.

Paul Goodman's verse is more satisfying as poetry. His lines are marked with lyricism, inviting you to call him long-distance, collect, just to tell him, "O.K., I understand, I really do." Goodman discusses sex, the North Country he grew up in, growing old and growing young, and the human element in the vastness of the world. Reading his "Haverford", for example, is like catching a glimpse of an unusual sight, or a pretty girl, and turning on impulse to following with your eyes, and discovering that your feet, too, are following her (or it):



Never did I see so much lovely dogwood
tamed on lawns as yesterday at Haverford
both pink and white, and also Peter Bevin
proud of his pitching and very wide his
grin
like the youngster's on the cornflakes
box.
To meet "a real writer who wrote books"
he sought me out.

He was a troubled boy
late last night among his friends when I
long hours leveled my attention at him,
at only him. And all the time
we kept looking into each other's eyes,
not catching each other at it by surprise
but as if endlessly drinking, in spite of
himself in love, I willingly in love.

Goodman writes with an element of pop—"his grin like the youngster's on the cornflakes box"—but with so much more. Gross may produce a series of photographs, where Goodman takes details of photographs, retouches them, colors them, infuses them with life and motion, and presents you with a kaleidoscope.

Mary Chasin is a poet, and a very good one. Again, like Gross and Goodman, she has taken the world as her scope, populating her poems with scenes from old home movies, Spring, UFO's, and a wealth of love in many languages, as in "The Word Plum":

The word Plum is delicious

pout and push, luxury of
self-love, and savoring ma-mur

full in the mouth and falling
like fruit

taut skin
pierced, bitten, provoked into
juice, and tart flesh

question
and reply, lip and tongue
of pleasure.

The "luxury" of language, the magic of words melting into images, the sensuality of style, put Helen Chasin into a class unobserved by Gross and only sometimes attained by Goodman. Gross gives us language and its subtle effects, Goodman the inner experience that lends validity to that language, but it is Chasin whose fine lines mix perception with the pitch of passion. And when you finish reading one of her poems, the resonance of it stays with you in the mouth of your mind.

Paperbounds on your reading list?

THE SCIENCE OF BEING AND ART OF LIVING
By Maharishi Mahesh Yogi
Paperback 95¢

"Life need not be the painful struggle it is commonly represented to be. We are meant to be happy, and here is a way for everybody; a way which involves no austere discipline, no break with normal life and tradition . . . gives meaning."

MAHARISHI, THE GURU
By Martin Ebon
Paperback 75¢

"Beyond pot . . . beyond LSD. Maharishi teaches a simple modern technique taken from ancient practice of meditation, especially adapted to the jet age. He believes that if only 10 per cent of mankind would practice Transcendental Meditation, permanent world peace would be assured."

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Pat Paulsen on the campaign trail

By STUART ROSENTHAL

Pat Paulsen is excited about coming to Lansing.

"Yes," he said, "there hasn't been excitement on the campaign trail since Pisco, Washington. Have you ever been there? Everybody should try to make it out to Pisco once in his life."

Pat's modest break as vice president of editorials on the "Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour" has catapulted him to fame, wealth and, finally, to Grandmother's, the pinnacle of a campaign trip which has taken him to Vancouver, British Columbia where thousands of Canadians offered to draft him for Prime Minister and as far south as Hawaii where he led 186 surfers in a Paulsen rally.

His address to the National Press Club drew a standing room only crowd as a result of the candidate's resolution to demonstrate the need for frugality in government by eliminating such unnecessary luxuries as chairs.

While in New York, his organization sponsored the extravagant "Paulsen 89 cent-a-plate dinner," where Pat, attired in a billowing white chef's hat and double breasted apron made his first major policy statement on the campaign: "No Substitutions."

Over thirty six people at the black string tie affair munched Paulsenburgers with Smothers onions as the presidential hopeful reiterated some of his stands on issues, formulated during his stint as editorialist at CBS.

"All this talk," he countered a charge that the government is corrupt and should be cleaned up, "about padding expense accounts, special gifts, and payrolls can only lead to investigations and convictions. I've heard a lot of complaints about junkets on the Riviera and use of federal funds to buy yachts and such. These critics are picky, picky, picky."

"This is a government for the people, of the people and by the people; and there just aren't enough of people you can buy in the government."

"Let's end these half-truths about senators' relatives on the government payrolls working in Washington. Sure, they're on the payrolls—but they're not doing a lick of work."

As a television man, Paulsen is vehemently against censorship in his medium. "I am sick," he asserts, "of all the sex in television ending up on the cutting room floor. I also detest the restrictions on what you can say about President Johnson. They won't let you say anything bad, because it shows a lack of deference for the office, and you can't compliment him because nobody will believe you."

In favor of educational reform, Pat is wary about the necessity of sex education in the public schools. "Sex doesn't have to be taught," he insists, "it's something most of us are born with."

"I saw training film 27-F when I was in the service, and I'm still almost a bachelor."

He is also a champion of draft policy revision and has proposed a lottery system where names are put in a hat and selected by hat size, the tinyheads go into the service and the fatheads into the government.

"Some people think that the selective service system is unfair and we have a name for these people—soldiers!"

Should we spend billions to reach the moon? "Of course," says Pat "we already know where the Hilton Hotel will be. There are a lot of taxpayers who don't understand what we will do when we go to the moon. They fail to realize that there are some places where you



just have to make your own good times. Like have you ever been stuck in Salt Lake City?"

The campaign is being chronicled by two of Pat's ardent boosters, Jinx Kragen, who has authored several cookbooks and is well qualified to write about another hard boiled egg, and Mason Williams, who produced the notorious "Bus Book" which sold for \$35 and opened into a life size poster of a Greyhound Bus.

"We were going to call the book, 'The Making of the President 1968,'" Jinx said, "but we ran into some trouble with Theodore White or somebody like that."

The book will be out in July and will parallel the television special that Pat is currently filming. In fact, the personage will be followed around Lansing by a camera crew shooting footage for that show and for the "Smothers Brothers Summer Show" starring Paulsen, Glen

Campbell and Leigh French, who does the "Share Some Tea With Goldie" segments during the regular season.

While in Lansing, the comic will appear for three nights at Grandmother's in addition to various campaign activities.

"Somebody," he said, "suggested a tour of fraternities and sororities, but we're more interested in sororities—women voters, you know. I was invited to dinner at Triangle, but I don't know what it is and I'd prefer Circle, anyway. Only I wasn't invited."

"Yes," I asked Paulsen, before concluding our phone conversation, "could you make a broad statement for our readers about how you're looking forward to coming to Lansing?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I'm . . . looking . . . forward . . . to . . . coming . . . to . . . Lansing."

Intellectualized films

(Continued from page 6)

are still trying in vain to justify and pigeonhole. In it, we are shown a film, we experience a film, and although the experience is open to individual interpretation, the film has not told us anything. In every Bergman film, the characters inevitably sit down for a moment and discuss love, God, communication or something else important; meanwhile they are also dropping heavy little hints about "what this film really means." "Bonnie and Clyde," on the other hand, ends abruptly with their deaths. There is no "Crime does not pay," no "Society made them what they are," no "All they needed was love." There is nothing. Perhaps the film is so powerful because we all experience alienation, impotence in a mass society, love of violence or fear of death. The film, however, is about Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow, NOT about alienation, impotence, violence or death. It is a film of action, not philosophy.

It is thoroughly amusing to see critics and would-be critics try to analyze the success of "Help!", "Goldfinger," and "Bonnie and Clyde" in the same terms as "Blow Up" and "Persona." Ingmar Bergman is a philosopher who uses film fluently to express himself. Richard Lester, on the other hand, is a man who loves filmmaking above all else; if his personal philosophy appears in his films, it is secondary to the film experience itself. Thus, if we have two schools of film thought, why not have two sets of criteria?

We might think in terms of the creator's purpose. In "Blow Up," did Antonioni want to withhold information from the audience to make a murder mystery (as Hitchcock did in "Psycho"); or did he want to say something about the subjectivity of truth and reality, picking the murder plot as the best filmatic illustration? Surely the later is more probable.

In "Bonnie and Clyde" however, did Arthur Penn have something to say about 1930 society and the criminal mind; or did he do his damndest to make this bizarre love story the most exciting vicarious experience to ever rip across a silver screen? Again, I would pick the second example.

And just because we should relegate movie-movies to the entertainment category, we should not consider them any less artistic. Film, after a long period of having to apologize for being escapist entertainment, has now gone overboard in the other direction, feeling it must be intellectual or socially significant. Thus we have trash like "Tale of the Cock" with pretentious symbolism oozing from every pore (Aren't we getting sick of seeing Christ images by now?), or trash like "Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?", which takes a "daring" subject (which hasn't seemed daring in ten years) and whips it into a Hollywood froth. Who WOULDNT want their daughter to marry Sidney Poitier? He's more White-Middle-Class than Mickey Rooney ever was.

I look forward to that wonderful day when films may be viewed with the sense of balance and perspective that the other arts enjoy. No one claims that W.P.A. murals of toiling laborers are more worthwhile than the "escapist" idealizations of the romantics. The historical "1812 Overture" is no more worthwhile than the abstractions of Beethoven's Fifth. A "message" film is no more artistic than a Western. The quality of the subject matter is not more important than the quality of the artist's execution. They cannot be separated.

In short, we should withdraw some of the weight given to illustrated theologies, and recultivate our appreciation for the equal difficulty of entertaining. Great intellectuals do not necessarily make great films. The cinema, like any other art, is a process of the guts and the heart as well as the mind.

Cover notes

The annual cover of *Collage* this issue was taken by Bob Ivin, a junior from Niles, who has been instrumental in supplying *Collage* and the *State News* with outstanding photography in recent years. Photographers are often the unsung heroes of any publication. Editors usually view them as being somewhat limited in scope, and mostly mechanical.

Ivin quickly dispelled this myth when he described how he took the cover shot. "The picture was taken with a Pentax Spotmatic using a 28mm lens. Illumination was existing light plus bounce strobe. Exposure was f 8 at 1/60 sec on Tri-X," he said.

Noon

and the passing of another noon
reminds us we've grown older.

I have harvested Wolfsbane
with the elder of fools . . .

and I remember now greyly
how he stood under the hanging trees
of our children's alleys
and her eyes grown large
with the greenness in her years
and her sweating panting voice
you show me yours
and I swelled in the lust
of the budding sapling
no - you first
the rage in her heart and her throat
burned blush
and our eyes grew
quiet in morning's
indecision.
and I slid down hopefully
to the beach of love . . .

The Angelus, the Angelus, Confetior Deo, Omnipotenti . . .

There was a time when I heard the groaning world
pause fitfully in your doorway
to rent sunshine for a six-pence
and I stood in your line
with my cap in my hand
and my eyes grown golden
in your heart . . .

(can you take me from this)
in Izmir the roads are camel dung
(I have to think of my family's position)
my uncle is the queen of cincinnati
(will we be happy)
we will lie nightly in the dark
and watch each other die
(do you love me)
I have seen . . . i have seen . . .

the crowds at the corner
of langston and ogg
waiting for the noon tram
together.

A man
and
a woman
darkly swayed in the loins
of their life
down to the beach of love
and held each other
viselike in the sand
while the frog went croak
and the fish went swim
and the sea went cleansing
this shame from the beach . . .

a man
and
a woman
numbered steps of their silence
to the blackened porches
of their lives
and the night went nightly
and the wind went windy
and the breath came death
from their hearts . . .

Christ's teeth. Is it noon already. I must make my appointment. I must make my appointment. I must make another appointment.

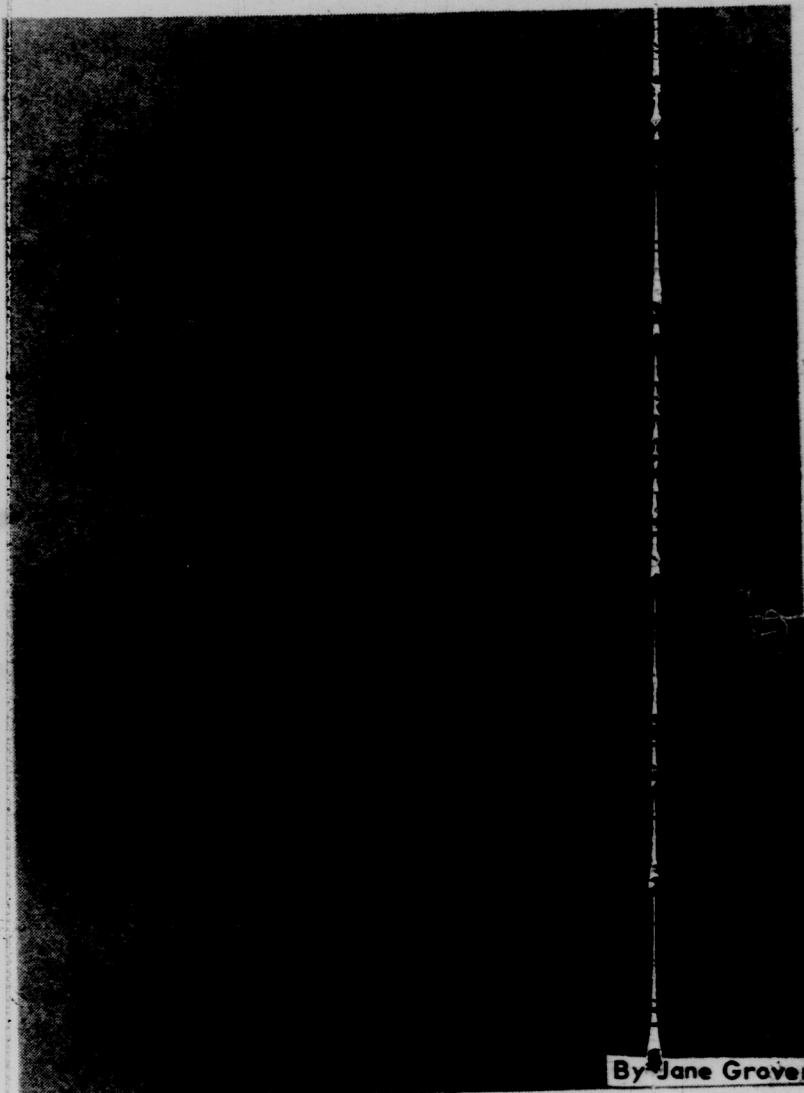
If only for a moment
let me walk beside you
I must hold this yellow world
and feel myself bronzed
with the glow of your name
if only for a moment . . .

I see myself shallow in my mirror
my hair is october
yet I am a wednesday child
under the sign of the fish
and I have been
drawn to
drowned too
the beach of love

I have harvested Wolfsbane
with the elder of fools . . .

and the passing of another noon
reminds us we've grown older.

JOSEPH DIONNE



By Jane Grover

My Mother in the Morning Stepped

My mother in the morning stepped
outside to hang her yellow veil
to dry. And I
walking in the mirrored hall
in the summer of my fourteenth year
wanted my face to clear up
the White Sox to win the pennant
Wolf Larson not to kiss anybody
and the sun to shine
on my Mother's yellow veil.

"Zeby" Gibson, fabled short stop
of our sandlot afternoons, wanted
my bike,
to whistle down
the river hill, past the
trucks and trees and baby carriages
so we would think him as daring
as Phil D.'s dad
who once killed a dirty Japanese,
while I
in the shame of my room

at night, where my windows
gave me the street below
and the radio Cincinnati,
when the teeth were
all brushed
and the turtles feet
wanted his sister
and the moon to whisper
its cleansing light
on my mother's yellow veil.

Last year Louis R. batted .321 and had
78 R.B.I.'s. Is acre caused
from masturbation or
the handling of turtles on
rainy Thursdays? What does it
matter then to stand
in the mirrored hall waiting
for the veil to dry? I could've
run breathless to Oregon
and become a high climber, sent
for Annie Gibson

to hang my red-flannel
shirts to dry by her veil
pour me the maple on
my woody breakfast
and lift her sad skirts
to show me the secret. And I did too.
When the radio was off and the teeth
all brushed.

St. Willy Freeman, third base wizard
negro, and patron saint of the fourteenth
year, venerable object
of the two-dollar pilgrimages
to the sacred shrine
of Comiskey Park, pray
for the thighs
which held my eyes
shaded,
shamefully in my turtle room; and

in the sweet willows of Sunday mornings
when the world sings with
rocking chair boards of white paint porches,
and the ovens filled with goose
gather in the city,
the scent of dinner waiting--
I will cry
for the man who
wanted his face to clear up,
"Zeby" Gibson's sister,
and for the sun shining
on my mother's yellow veil.

JOSEPH DIONNE

French Girl with Bread

Hillierue I hardly knew you.
You came bursting out
of the Gaulist countryside
like a starving frog grabs flies
from a poppy. Was it the way

you carried your loaves
of bread, wrapped
in your long arms your
fingers molding creases
in this morning's dough?

Or did you too sense
in that instant when
the tired earth hung heavy
with eyes just meeting, that
this was the moment

to sell our truth
and give sense to
Thursdays spent waiting
in the red speckled fields
of our youth?

Hillierue I hardly knew you.

Joseph Dionne, Grand Rapids junior, attended Grand Rapids Junior College where his poetry was published in their magazine, "Display." A play of his was also produced there. Two years in the army in France (with a visit to Turkey) furnish much of the imagery of his poems.

Napalm on villages: bad art

(Continued from page 5)

insane asylum is Khanh Ly. She would be Vietnam's Joan Baez, but that is stretching analogies a bit far. I think of her as a Julie Christie who can sing like Barbra Streisand. Baez (although I love her) simply does not have the grace or the existential defiance of Khanh Ly, in spite of the fact that Baez is mature enough to compose whereas Khanh Ly can only—at 23—sing songs written by Trinh Cong Son. But, again, she has had a harder mountain to climb than Joan Baez, and if Trinh Cong Son's songs need polish and Khanh Ly renders them like a precision machine, look at their working conditions and see the distance they have had to travel.

**"A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl
Loves her homeland as she loves the ripe
rice fields.**

**A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl
Loves her homeland with tears running
down her cheeks."**

When Trinh Cong Son wrote these words, "A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl" meant just any yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl, an impersonal creation/fiction designed to ignite your imagination. But when Khanh Ly sings "A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl loves her homeland . . .", she IS a yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl standing right before your eyes LOVING her homeland. And you feel so close to her you are embarrassed, as if you had walked in on someone who was quietly sobbing. She wields her voice like a laser beam, slicing and carving away at the invisible barrier that separates her from her audience. She closes her eyes and throws her head back and slowly releases a stream of Vietnamese words that enter the microphone and are amplified in a thousand nervous systems, echoing in a million brain cells, reverberating in Infinity. Her life, too, is her art; she never performs because she is always performing. Like an Oriental Julie Christie she flaunts the petty rules and dictates of society; she smokes cigarettes (unheard of for Asian women) and she walks barefoot when she feels like it. She waves her individuality, her uniqueness, and her beauty like a tattered but precious flag; it is all she has in lieu of security. Her favorite song is about a Vietnamese woman who has lovers from all over Vietnam—from Hanoi, from Hue, and from Siagon—and who finally goes mad. Somewhere on this baffling planet Earth there is a girl who is so hurt and so beautiful that she sings about her pain; if you did not know that before, you know it now.

**"A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl
Loves her homeland so she loves her
people, weak and feeble
She sits and dreams of peace
Loving the homeland with the primal love."**

So here we are with artists—artists in a culture that our government is methodically and cheerfully killing. These people (like all true artists) are fearless enough and honest enough to wear their private lives outside, in full view of all, for the scrutiny and delight of the public. They are (like all true artists) individuals who have thrown open the gates and windows of their Subjectivity to share with the world bits and pieces of their vision (their dream). These people are the only free people; the Citizens do not share because they are afraid to dream. Should we admire the artists or should we envy them? Neither: we should simply join their ranks. It is not necessary to draw or sculpt or play a guitar to be an artist: everyone has his own life which he may fashion as he wishes. Space is the canvas; time is the paint. The creation will speak for itself; only its creator (Creator?) can judge it.

**"You've yet to know the homeland at
peace,
You've yet to see Vietnam as it was,
You've yet to sing the old village verses
one time;
You have only a lonely, hate-filled heart."
War is bad art. Dropping napalm on
villages, designating large tracts of land**

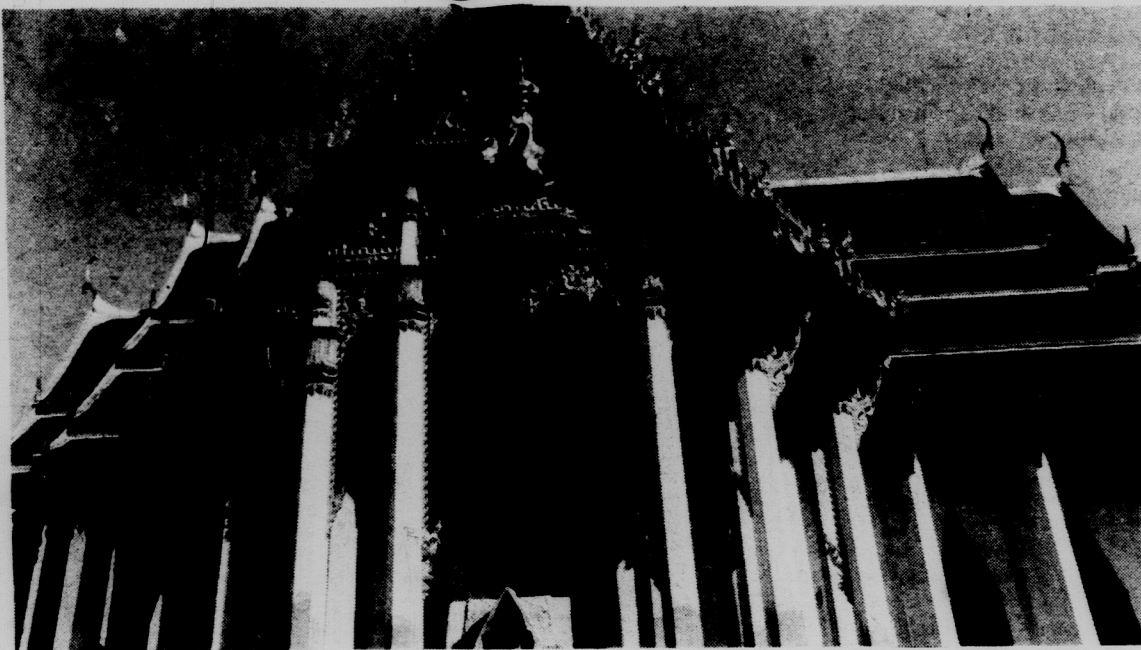


Photo by Lee Elbinger

as "free kill zones"; this is bad art. It is sick, unhealthy, it alienates from nature, it means disharmony and disunity. That is why the creators of this Vietnam fiasco (and, in all fairness, Lyndon Johnson was not solely responsible for the mess he has perpetrated so ineptly) were all Bad Artists. They are surgeons who would kill the patient rather than change the operation. They are self-appointed psychiatrists who would cure mental disorder by beheading anyone deemed insane.

Bad Artists are by no means incurable. They are generally harmless and can often be put to good use working in the offices and factories of the world so that Good Artists will have the food and leisure time to carry on the true work of the human race (which is to make the planet beautiful). Every generation is bound to have its share of Bad Artists and civilization has lasted a long time in spite of them. But we in America at this time in history are placed in the unsavory position of seeing the Bad Artists in control. The idealism that attended our country's birth got lost (in the subway?) somewhere between Wall Street and Madison Avenue. Our vision (i.e., dreams, plans for the future) seems to have gotten mugged in Central Park; our children sit in solemn attention before millions of television sets and movie screens and lap up the illusions (opposite of visions) offered by Hollywood and NBC which are no more nourishing than the Dixie cups of vanilla ice cream that they simultaneously shovel into their mouths with wooden spoons. Our Good Artists are horrified and disgusted and disheartened: we have won all the material battles in life, yet we have lost the war. We are literate, but we do not read; we are rich, but we do not share; we are free, but we do not dare to walk our streets at night or live and dress differently from our neighbors or look at other people's eyes (let alone see the world through other peoples' eyes). We represent a massive failure amidst bogus success and the songs of our Dylans and Baez (sons and daughters of the middle class) must be appropriately subtle to catch the special, unique anguish of having too much, of being too fat, of hearing lies, of being orphans with parents, of crying ourselves to sleep at night even through our beds are soft and our bellies are full. Dylan sings to his own people: those who have had it too good, those who know too much. That is why our Good Artists are hip; to be hip is to know too much for your own good. Even Dylan went underground (like the Viet Cong)—he found his element at the lowest common denominator, among the hill folk, the country folk, the Negroes, the last people in the country to have any contact with the land, with nature, with the root, source, foundation of everything. Our dance and music have been translated from black tradition, our culture (mod, hip, and even square jazz) is a gift from Africa in appreciation for our (un)kind treatment of its citizens, it is a gift offered with black hands that we, the children of colonialists and slave

owners, accept with White minds. Notice I say "White minds"—not "bloody hands." Contrary to what anybody says, the sins of the fathers are not passed on to the sons. The sins of the fathers are the sins of the fathers; the sins of the sons are something else. Dylan knows this; he was not afraid to dig (a tunnel?) down to the source and flood us with ballads to quench our peculiarly Western thirst. Dylan is a good Artist, is a real American.

But somehow the Bad Artists have gotten all the money (all the power) and they—ignorant, and unhappy though they be—run the show (do they really? Does the show run them?) People like Dylan (a Good Artist, a real American) and Donovan (a Good Artist, a real Briton) and Trinh Cong Son (a Good Artist, a real Vietnamese) can only sit on the sidelines and sing ballads to the drowsy ear of History telling future generations what it was like to be alive now, at this moment in history, when some countrymen drop napalm and some countrymen take LSD.

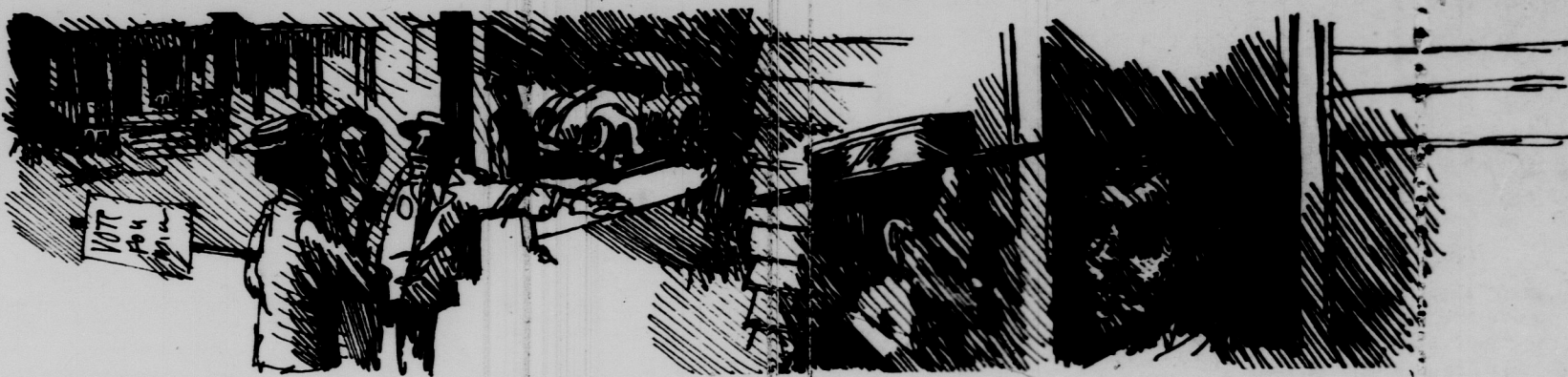
**"One day a girl goes through her village,
Goes in the night, a night echoing with
the howl of guns.
Suddenly she clutches her heart,
Over her fragrant skin slowly spreads
the stain of blood.
A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl
Takes with her the dream of the homeland
as she leaves life behind
A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl
Has her love for the homeland
when nothing else is left."**

I do not know if Trinh Cong Son's songs are as melancholy and as surrealistic as his friends claim them to be because I do not know Vietnamese. I do know that Trinh Cong Son is an intense, sincere man, and, since he has devoted most of his 28 years to philosophy and peace, has no reason to lie to us. I do know that Khanh Ly sang in Saigon bars and night-clubs before she quit to join Trinh Cong Son's quixotic mission and she tried to commit suicide six times. Ask me about Vietnam and I can only tell you what I've seen: a yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl shot by American soldiers and a yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl singing the songs of Trinh Cong Son. All else is commentary.

Trinh Cong Son and Khanh Ly have no money to record and share their art and their government probably would not let them if they did have the money. They can be heard in Saigon, and—since I have not been in Saigon in two months—it is possible that they are now banned or dead. There is no way for us to hear of their anguish just as there is no way for them to hear Dylan—hence communication failure, hence war.

Someday we will be at peace, and our radios and phonographs will reproduce their art while their appliances will reproduce ours. Until then:

**"O stroke of death, sorrowful and in-
different;
O Motherland, dark a thousand years.
A yellow-skinned Vietnamese girl reached
the homeland alone
But I am still driven to search."**



On McCarthy's campaign trail

By Steve Haynes

Fort Wayne this weekend was blitzed by a corps of student canvassers from a variety of campuses in the East and Midwest. Assembled from Western Michigan University, the University of Buffalo, Kalamazoo College, Albion College and MSU, the students dispersed through the city and knocked at over 16,000 doors on Saturday alone, speaking with tens of thousands of voters about the campaign of Senator Eugene McCarthy for the presidency of the United States.

It was not an altogether optimistic campaign, since the students were covering one of the most conservative of Indiana cities. One hundred twenty students from MSU participated in the exercise in practical politics, following the lead of their brethren who had canvassed Fort Wayne the weekend before, and who had helped cover Milwaukee, Wis., a month previously.

All was not rosey, however. Two MSU students returned speaking of molestations by Hoosier watchdogs, and Lou Penner, MSU coordinator for the canvassers, was somewhat dismayed by a voter who had mistaken the Senator's identity: the Fort Wayne citizen was very curious about the new programs of Joe McCarthy. "Stay Clean with Gene" as usual took its toll of sideburns, mustaches and beards; and all the parties were dry, to the chagrin of several students more accustomed to higher proof MSU traditions.

The weekend began early, actually much before the appearance of Dustin Hoffman and Mary McCarthy at the Michigan State Auditorium Friday afternoon.

Backstage with Hoffman and Miss McCarthy, this writer noted the extreme fatigue of hours of campaigning, speaking and travelling which was reflected in the tired eyes and weak handshakes of all in the Hoffman-McCarthy party. But onstage, though the talks were low-key in the tradition of much of the campaign, nevertheless the conviction and hopes of both performer and daughter were evident.

Upon arriving Friday evening in Fort Wayne, the student canvassers were dispersed to a variety of sleeping quarters, some to private homes and others to gymnasium floors. Up early on Saturday, they received their marching orders from local headquarters and moved out into the surrounding neighborhoods.

Political canvassing is a tactic usually reserved for local political campaigns, and one of the many phenomenal innovations being employed this unusual election year is the mass canvassing of all voters in a state on behalf of a single national candidate. The fact that virtually all Wisconsin voters were contacted in

person during one weekend of Eugene McCarthy's campaign in the Presidential primary marked a first in American politics, and the performance is being repeated in Indiana. The stakes of the race have been compounded, as well, with an intense battle between McCarthy and Robert Kennedy for the sympathies and support of Indiana voters.

This writer canvassed two distinctly dissimilar neighborhoods of Fort Wayne and was impressed on the one hand by the concern displayed by most voters for the issues and personalities involved in this year's campaign. The range of economic and political backgrounds was considerable, from destitution to affluence, and from hawkish conservatism to welfare liberalism.

Rusty Penner, wife of the chief coordinator for MSU's McCarthy canvassing operation, canvassed one house in north Fort Wayne at the moment when the home's occupant was out in front painting a new sign: "Victory in Vietnam, Not Negotiations or Appeasement." Her reaction to the incident was as calm as could be expected, dutifully noting the residence as "4-F," meaning in the code utilized by the canvassers a house being Republican, anti-McCarthy and assumedly pro-Nixon.

On the other hand a group of canvassers working in one neighborhood late in the afternoon on Saturday was invited into one home for dinner, an invitation which they, equally dutifully declined, continuing in their coverage of the sixty or so houses which were required in the afternoon hours they spent on the job.

Many students managed to finish canvassing by six o'clock so that they might get to Concordia College, a small Lutheran school on the outskirts of town and hear McCarthy address an audience of local supporters and interested citizens.

In an auditorium set amidst a beautifully verdant campus, McCarthy spoke of three central sources from which he said came concern for the moral and political problems of America.

First, he mentioned the academic community, which he credited with one of the first awakenings to the Vietnam dilemma, and who he said had helped greatly in the polarizations which now occurred in discussions upon the subject.

Second, great concern had been voiced in recent years by American clergy, and justifiably so, he said. Their identification with critical social and moral American conditions had contributed immeasurably to contemporary dialogue, especially among leaders of American society.

Finally, and "naturally," said McCarthy, were the politicians. But, he said, their awareness of the necessity of action was accentuated by the contributions of clergy and academicians.

Later in his talk, McCarthy referred to the draft, U.S. Army type, and said that he favored a universal lottery and wider guidelines for conscientious objection to selective wars. In addition, he mentioned that conditions should be made favorable to encourage the return from Canada of many of the students and U.S. citizens who had defected there.

With a final round of canvassing occurring on Sunday prior to their return to MSU, the high point of the weekend occurred Saturday evening, when at about eleven o'clock Senator McCarthy spoke to the students before leaving the city. Having just finished a "roasting," or political, no-holds-barred dialogue aiming at the degradation of participating and absent (Pierre Salinger was present representing Bobby Kennedy) candidates, before the Fort Wayne Gridiron Club, McCarthy demonstrated his gratitude and seemingly endless good-humor to about two hundred students assembled outside the Coliseum awaiting his exit. Clapping hands jovially as he moved through the pressing crowd, McCarthy reacted calmly to the demonstration of sentiment that has been more attributed to crowd-pleasing Kennedy than to the quieter Minnesotan.

Lou Penner summed up the weekend as an "astounding success. To have covered as many houses as we did," he said, "surpassed all our expectations. We're very grateful to those students who came and worked.

"And we're going to do it again next weekend," Penner said. "Many people said that Indiana would not have a good reaction to the liberal attitudes of Eugene McCarthy, but we have found surprising evidence that this is not at all so. Support for McCarthy is very widespread among the voters, and what's more important yet is that there is a strong reaction against Bobby Kennedy."

Time Machines

By JEFF JUSTIN

The friend who loaned me this apartment left his clock ticking, its spring pushing seconds toward flaccidity, ambitious within the system. Tensions inside its plastic back and plastic face. If I open it, the spring will come snapping out at me, a heart attack to its guarded hands.

I'm getting wound up on its unwinding. If I lock it and leave, it will still rattle me, scraping its cup across my jail bars. I put it in a drawer first. Stuffed in sheets it still ticks.

My own clock flexes electricity by the bed, its plug-root in the binding force of matter, arched by the force that curves from pole to pole. I'm swept on the space-time continuum in the flux of its handling day and night. By its scoreboard I play on the magnetic field,

mindless of the alarm that ends all games. From the womb-coil I pushed my consciousness to spread it mindless. From the tight fist my parents made to the opened palms of death. I'm waiting to hear the clock's ticking stop sitting here at my friend's desk.

COLLAGE

Executive Editor Eric Pianin

Contributors . . . Lee Elbinger, Joseph Dionne, Roy Bryan, Jim Roos, David Gilbert, Stuart Rosenthal, Jim Yousling, Jeff Justin.

The pessimistic hawk

(Continued from page 5)

You should know what happened as a result of negotiations in China and in Korea.

The Communists feel that they have already won the propaganda war. They know that you, and others like you, have done more to lower the morale of the South Vietnamese people than all the VC terrorism. You have made the north feel practically sure of victory.

That is why they have now put into operation the final phase of the Liberation War. A study of communist tactics in China in 1949 would show you that the war here is following the same pattern. The enemy are making the same lightning attacks on several places at once to demoralize the people, cut off supplies from the towns and spread the allied lines so thin that they cannot give adequate defense and, at the same time, meet the massed attacks of the enemy at strategic points. In China the Communists analyzed their victories for us with film diagrams to illustrate how they won. Gen. Giap is not being particularly original, though he seems to be a more clever strategist than anyone on our side.

Why have the North Koreans taken the Pueblo, why has war begun in Cambodia and Thailand and why has it been extended in Laos? Because the North Vietnamese believe they have nearly won and they have promised their people victory this year. They believe that, thanks to the anti-war demonstrators and the attitude of a number of U.S. senators, such as Mr. Kennedy and yourself, America will soon yield to pressure and give in.

You imply that American escalation

caused Russia to give her present massive help to North Vietnam. I beg to differ. When America entered the war in Vietnam, both China and Russia were very careful to confine their help mainly to radio speeches. They were afraid of American might. The U.S. could have won by the end of 1966. But now they see that you are really determined not to win and, while they cannot understand such an attitude, they are grateful for the opportunity you are giving them to drain your strength. They have resolved to defeat you with no great trouble to themselves, for only America stands between the world and Communist ambitions.

Do not comfort yourself with the thought that the Russians would join America against China. The answer you got from Russia about the Pueblo should show you this. The Russians believe that, when the west is defeated, they can deal with the Chinese. The Chinese, who have always despised the Russians as barbarians, think that when the west is destroyed with the help of Russia, they can easily overcome Russia by sheer force of numbers.

It is still possible to win the war. It will take courage, a change of attitude and strategy, and perhaps more men. Above all it will take unity. You have complained of the disunity and instability in the government of Vietnam, but you are presenting a very poor example to Southeast Asia. People out here say that American senators have no patriotism but will sacrifice their country, Vietnam and even the good of the whole world, to their own selfish political ends. The people here are willing to fight for victory. They are not

willing to fight and then be handed over to the tender mercy of the communists because of politics in your country. I do not know whether your objections to the war are honest or whether they are voiced merely to spite Mr. Johnson. I hope you are honestly mistaken, for then there is some hope that you may change.

I confess I do not know what you want. Do you want your country to be defeated? Do you want to negotiate another Munich, as Mr. Kennedy wants to do? Do you want to pull out and leave the Vietnamese to their fate? Your present line of attack against these who are responsible for the war is filling the people of this country with bitterness. Your armies have fought in this country, bombed this country, laid waste large sections of it, while North Vietnam has been spared except for a comparatively small amount of bombing, and then you suggest pulling out and leaving South Vietnam to its fate. You promise aid. Do you think any coalition government will let America do anything here? Have you thought of the rivers of blood that would flow as those who helped you to fight this war were slaughtered? The people here think of these things, for the danger is close to them.

Mr. Senator, start thinking realistically. Lay aside your dreams and ideals and face the world as it is today and not as you, in the security of Washington, imagine it to be.

Yours sincerely,
Elizabeth Kong
Saigon,
Vietnam



Photo by Cal Crane