

collage

The Bi-weekly Idea Magazine of the Michigan State News

Tuesday, October 22, 1968



State News photo by Gordon Moore

chess

(ches) n. a game played by two persons on a checkerboard.

bu-reauc-ra-cy

(byoo rok' re si) n. a game played by any number of persons in an administrative body.

king

(king) n. 1. the chief piece in a game of chess.
2. a man who holds by life tenure the chief authority over a country and people.

pawn

(pon) n. 1. one of the pieces of lowest value in a game of chess. 2. an unimportant person used as the tool of another.

rook

(rook) n. 1. a piece having the power to move any unobstructed distance in a straight line. -v.t.
2. to cheat; fleece; swindle.



State News photo by Mike Beasley

checkmate

(chek' mat) n. 1. act of putting the opponent's king into an inextricable check, thus bringing the game to a close. -v.t. 2. to defeat; overthrow. (From the Arabic: shah mat, the king is dead)



State News photo by Mike Beasley

Perhaps, as we play, we should pause long enough to re-evaluate our strengths and weaknesses, and above all else, our positions. Kings are fairly obvious creatures. But which of us are the pawns? And how many pawns does it take to end the game altogether?

COLLAGE

Director David Gilbert
Poetry Editor Joseph Dionne
Photography Editor Gordon Moore
Contributors: Fred Sherwood, Jim Yousling,
Valerie Restivo, Cliff Kachinske, Jim Roos,
Norma Green, Howard Brody, Bruce Spitz,
Steve Robin, Randy Droll, Richard Thomas,
Sharron Marks, A. C. Crossley, James Sher-
wood Tipton, Peter Dodge, Albert Drake, Jim
Servis, Joseph Dionne.

Collage is now accepting manuscripts for future issues. Writers doing exciting things in poetry, fiction, commentary or graphics should submit material to the Director at the State News office.

Black footnotes on an American happening

By RICHARD THOMAS

The radical movement today represents a wide range of very strange temperaments and directions, all claiming legitimacy. Enemies of the movement have ceased being just external and have taken on the more sophisticated position of various cadres, which in and of itself would not be too bad if their allegiance to social change was high on their list of priorities. Rather, coming from the highways and byways of every conceivable emotional hang-up, they decide to drop in for a quick post-adolescent thrill-hunt in some struggling radical movement already burdened with the reality of sheer survival. And rather than getting busted for some meaningful confrontation of carrying out some radical act calculated to dislodge some oppressive institution, they get busted for smoking grass and want it elevated to the status of a crucifixion. This in itself would not be worth mentioning if it was not the radical movement in America is in serious trouble, and can ill-afford busts over trivia while there are so many real social problems, like blacks getting shotgunned and Mexican-American migrants starving. Most of the folk in this group are those who can not separate post-adolescent thrill-hunts from serious radical involvement. Coming directly, sometimes, from their apolitical hippy bag they lack the gut-level commitment needed to stand up to daily sacrifices. And if the hammer really comes down the way Wallace claims it is going to, these thrill-hunters will be back home watching the bust of more serious radicals on T.V.

It is becoming increasingly apparent that both black and white radicals are becoming insensitive to certain delicate feelings of their rank and file. Having convinced themselves that "delicate feelings" are for soft folk and one must get ready for the hard days ahead, they have taken on the very insensitiveness of a system they claim their philosophy is going to replace. Of course there are elaborate rationalizations to explain this position

but they all leak -- badly! Both camps have alienated certain potential radicals by their more radical-than-thou attitude. Certain black radicals operating out of a Super-Black bag are so busy reinforcing their non-programmatic romanticism that the young black innocents go begging for want of a program-linked social philosophy. White radicals, often so smug in their thing, alienate more liberal whites instead of radicalizing them in some direction of perhaps future potential. Personally, and this is my particular hang-up, I feel we can not afford to alienate people but should rather develop orbits in which everybody a scale or two from the Right can be used, a sort of functionalism designed to retrieve as many people as possible from anywhere and to humanize them into working for meaningful social change. This means reaching out to people where they are and not where you want them to be before reaching out. This is difficult for some people because their radical careers begin and end on college campuses, with a few political field trips into some factory and ghetto for baptism into the movement and for materials to discuss at the next radical meeting which brings me to my next footnote.

This summer rumors were circulating around campus that black students were not really revolutionary (whatever that term means by those currently playing word games with it). The implication was that certain people by virtue of their theatrics were revolutionaries. A little bit of history is in order. The black movement in America is the most revolutionary force around, almost by virtue of just being black and right and angry. The only grunts heard from white radicals in the silent fifties were from beatniks writing poems, kissing each other and discussing a new discovery and import from the black world -- pot. The sixties were opened up by black students, and later on white radicals woke up, looked around for that ever-missing Marxian mystique - the American white

worker, who still have not woken up to the social control game, and joined the black movement to keep their radicalism from drying up. Let's now hop to the MSU campus; the direction which black students take shall never be designed to win approval from white radicals. Since black students are identified with the black community, whether they want to be so identified or not, their situation is one of potential revolution because such is the nature of the situation of all black people in America. Their mood is potentially revolutionary not because they have read Trotsky or "Che" but because of the diminishing alternative facing them as blacks. They do not need to read volumes of revolutionary literature, like many young white radicals, to be revolutionary. They need only to understand their history in America and the contradiction in their history. White radicals must generate within themselves the revolutionary mood by reliving the Russian, Chinese and Cuban revolutions. They must read tons of revolutionary material because they lack a real revolutionary situation in their lives. This is why they are unfortunately forced to hold numerous profitless theatrical rallies to legitimize themselves as a radical movement. And often times the trivia selected as crucial politics would not be worthy of last place on the NAACP agenda. Black students cannot afford such trivia. They have a community to consider for every move they make. The black student should examine the specific nature of their situation in the university in relation to acquiring "skills" for the elevation and eventual self-determination of the black community. White radicals cannot do this for them. In fact, at times white radicals might even consider certain programs designed by black radicals as counter-revolutionary. The only true criterion will be: does the program help black people? If it does, it is revolutionary by its very nature and the nature of American black students

(continued on page 4)

MUSIC

Stokowski, spry 86

By JIM ROOS

Along with his other octogenarian colleagues--such as Stravinsky, Rubinstein or Klemperer--conductor Leopold Stokowski provides vivid proof that musicians have a statistically better than average chance of practicing their art to a "young" old age.

At 86, Stokowski continues to tour the globe conducting more than 80 concerts a year, acting as Music Director for a regular season of Carnegie Hall concerts by the American Symphony Orchestra (an ensemble which he founded only a few years ago) and making frequent "sound spectacular" recordings in his extremely personal way.

When he came to Chicago last March to perform and record with the Chicago Symphony, Stokowski was, as usual, functioning on all cylinders. His program, as usual, was full of Shostakovich (Sixth Symphony and "Age of Gold" Suite) and, as usual, there was the inevitable blockbuster. This time it was the American premiere of Khachaturian's 3rd Symphony, a vacuous monstrosity calling for 15 extra trumpets and an organ obligatto designed to shake the plaster off almost any symphony hall. All of this is, of course, close to Stokie's heart and art.

Be that as it may, I attended the rehearsal prior to the concert with an eye toward interviewing the venerable maestro. That I did, and he said some of what he had to say.

"I'm afraid that with the tensions all over the world today and with the increasingly high taxation throughout the world, luxuries such as symphony orchestras will one day disappear."

"Our orchestras are facing financial problems which are becoming more difficult daily, and I'm afraid, unless we act soon, cultural life will be reduced or damaged to an

extent that life will become physical and the 'inner life' of mankind will regress."

Some of what Stokowski says here is not entirely far-fetched if one considers the serious financial straits in which orchestras are currently finding themselves. Most orchestras are finding it more difficult than before to raise money and the Chicago Symphony itself is now operating on a shoestring. (An evaluation of this problem is clearly presented in a recent article in the September issue of FORTUNE magazine).

I asked Maestro Stokowski how he always seems able to impress his personality and special "sound" upon each of the many orchestras he conducts. He was at somewhat of a loss to explain.

"Once I have resolved the interpretative problems of a composition, then my job is to offer what I believe is the true tonal and aural perspective of the work. Sometimes this may require altering the normal seating arrangement of an orchestra in order to take advantage of the particular acoustical properties of a hall."

"But, I don't do this so often any more for I find that it tends to upset the players too much. As for the sound, you'd have to ask the players. They're the ones who make them!"

What are Stokowski's views concerning avant-garde music and composers? "They're merely composing music as they see and feel life today," he says. "I couldn't tell what the future will hold for music or how this new music will look in historical perspective. However, music must be allowed to evolve. People must be allowed to compose what they want and listen to what they want. There must be absolute freedom to create, accept and reject. If music is permitted to

evolve without interference everything else will take care of itself."

In view of Stokowski's insistence on freedom to create without external interference, it's interesting to note that one of his favorite composers, Shostakovich, has been one of the most creatively restricted artists of the century, having been repeatedly artistically hindered by Soviet governmental censures.

Certainly, Shostakovich has created some marvelous music, particularly his First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Symphonies and the two Violin Concertos. Yet, there are numerous music listeners--this writer included--who believe that the later symphonies (nos. 8-13) are somewhat over-extended and contain more rhetoric than substance. I asked Stokowski about this, particularly what attracts him to Shostakovich?

"I simply feel that Shostakovich is one of the greatest composers in history. I'm attracted to his ability to express the sorrow of his life, contrasted suddenly by outbursts of joyous excitement."

Then came the canard that had me laughing inwardly for quite some time. Stokowski emphatically noted that he has an affinity for Shostakovich because "he's Slavic and I'm Slavic."

"As you know," he said "my blood is completely Polish!" It seems that Stokie is very concerned about having people know how Polish he really is. Why his is so escapes me. Nevertheless, he once got tired of a radio program when the announcer introduced biographical information which stated that his father was Polish and his mother Irish.

Naturally, for the sake of showmanship (and Stokowski is undoubtedly classical music's greatest showman) it sounds better to have such affinities "in the blood."

FICTION

By RANDY DROLL

Ah, things were looking up for me in my junior year. Things had to be looking up since the atom bomb might fall and the faint spring of my American youth is creaking and one must surely not throw away the time one has in vain work and folly. And indeed the girls are surely more beautiful this year. I have seen them walking through the campus, delicious morsels among the trees, and here I am, a moderate man satisfied with good plain food, tempted to be sure by sweets, but sure that sturdy carrots are the best for health and vitality. And surely I had been punished enough for not going to the girl's bed when she called—I was young and could not be expected to relish the thought of shaving at the wheels of industry maintaining brats. Also I had not been sufficiently instructed in Zorba's rule so my punishment should be moderate. My very soul cried that the curse was surely removed. And so it seems. The last Union Board mixer is tonight. Two bands for 50 cents. I will not fail this time. There will be a big crowd and I will charm some delicate girl into ornamenting my life for a while. I will not make mistakes since I am an old fox, skilled in such matters and knowing what I'm about. The mixer is better than I expected. I have seen the girls walking to it, all beautiful. To be sure, there are more males but they are all stupid, their brains tell them lies and they stand around. He who hesitates is lost is my motto, but there is no need to follow it closely since the opportunities are so immense.

The first girl does not like me, which does not bother me since she shows that stiffness of carriage I fear like iron bars. Adieu, fair maiden. I fly to other nests.

Two more display no interest in being my ornament, but that is all right. They are undoubtedly freshmen, and I acknowledge the evil of trying to seize freshmen women before they are quite moved into their dormitories.

But the next girl excites me. She is no chocolate cake. She is undoubtedly a carrot, but she is a beautiful carrot with most but not quite all of the glorious earth washed off, and furthermore she is sugar-coated with the most delicious vitamins. And she has style and I have style and all is fine. But she says, "I'm sorry but I don't want to lose my friends," and disappears into the crush. Truly I sympathize with her for it is very bad to lose one's friends. When with one's friends one is a mighty castle reinforced by them. When alone it takes constant effort to keep the walls from completely crumbling away and the towers are in disrepair. However I am a little disappointed she was not tempted a little more by me. I do not really need an ornament, a simple private's stripe would do. Surely that would not endanger her walls. And always there is the hope of building a far mightier castle and I consider myself a creative mason. But these musings are cut short by the stifling closeness of the crowd. Many more people have arrived. The room is nearly full, even with the crowding toward the front door to see the band. People are still coming into the room. I decide I am hot and join in the single exiting line. The room with the other band is larger and I am eager to check it out. I am shocked to find that this dance floor is also quite full. This band played Motown and I never have liked that. My early unappreciation of the Supremes was reinforced when they endorsed Hubert Humphrey and I don't really like funky beats either. Of course I could tolerate it and the bigger room could be my joyful haven if the other room became completely unlivable. And the girls are out in force. They walk around in twos and threes and fours, all beautiful. Truly there has never been a year like this year. The year's reputation is quite as secure with its girls as with its riots, wars and conventions.

But now I am truly concerned. People

are pouring in. Already they are stacked out into the hall. "This is amazing," I say to myself as I walk from room to room observing the hordes. I am able to alleviate the crush in the small room by opening a screen partition. But already people are coming to me and asking, "What is in there?" When I speak truth and say "Suffocation," they do not believe but ask "Isn't the light show in there?" I have to admit it is and exclaim to the crowd, "Come one, come all—suffocate in the light show. Right this way, Light show, Light show!" and the people pour in with no appreciation of my irony which troubles me since I value irony highly. And now even more people are coming in only to crowd up the hall. The beautiful girls are packed together and soon will have to stand on each other's shoulders to avoid losing their friends. And I see an old acquaintance and I say, "Mr. Bellhop, this is a disaster: is the problem one of space or overpopulation? (I am now fairly flowing in irony)" He admits that it is probably overpopulation but squeezes away. I can sympathize with him since we are not quite the same type and perhaps he believes I despise his ambition of having some money and a cute girl. I do not particularly worship such ambitions, but I can certainly sympathize with them during these times. Selling one's goods and giving to the poor does not greatly affect the gross national product.

But now the halls themselves are getting crowded. The light show is flashing STP stickers and I am enraged. My father distributes much better products. Has history been rewritten? Was the Novi not a failure and did the turbines not quit in the last five miles? Where are your memories brave people? I have had enough of this madness. I twist and squirm to the exit. I see the gas emerge from the vents. The people are still looking for room to dance. I lunge to freedom just as the iron bars clang shut. Already people at the edges gasp and sink to the floor. The others dance; others yet desire entrance. The gas comes in great clouds and I hurry away to avoid dying by standing too close. It is very much a shame. We did not go to Chicago. I can survive Eugene's loss. I am cool and not a threat.

And lo, there are three human natures. The second is strongest, but the third is most holy.

Of course I do not really believe anything.

ART

Emotion expressed in ink

While most people are busy underlining their textbooks with felt pens, Hooshang Iravani, an undergraduate from Tehran, Iran, is drawing flowers, trees and waterfalls with felt pens and ink.

Iravani feels that he has found a new way to translate his emotions and feelings into colors and designs by using the common medium of felt pen and ink. With the additional use of a glaze, he also recreates the delicate patterns of nature as seen in the veins of leaves.

As an agricultural mechanization major, Iravani has the opportunity to see and draw all the aspects of nature which interest him.

He only draws when he is excited about

something and he has several examples of his spontaneous artistry which take from 30 minutes to one and one half hours to complete.

"I guess I'm excited all the time," Iravani, standing amidst all his drawings, said.

He has only been painting for one year, but artistic endeavors are present in his family. His two younger sisters paint quite well, but in a more classical style, according to Iravani.

His fanciful works are untitled because Iravani feels that any name might inhibit free interpretation by the viewer.

"What could you call them? Different people see different things in any one of my drawings," Iravani said.



State News photo by Jim Mead

Footnotes

(continued from page 3)

must first strive to understand the nature of the power relations and the mechanisms of almost imperceptible social control working in the black community via various institutions, e.g., law and order. These institutions should be modified to serve the needs of black people or destroyed. Therefore, black students should not feel obligated to know all about Marx or Che before developing a revolutionary mood. They just have to return home and look at mama and daddy and visit the police station on weekends. Knowing about black history in its relationship to the history of social control games, one of which is the current call for "law and order", is what is most important today.

The last footnote is the humanism certain blacks are trying to develop. This humanism offers a functional stage for those blacks who have gone through their "hate-white syndrome." It is a revolutionary humanism that can speak soft like Dr. King and break backs like the Brothers. It understands the Wallace-as-Excedrin-folk and how they are being used because of their fears and short-sightedness. But, they will not compromise justice for pacification. They will not be bought off by cleverly devised schemes. They, in short, are for building a society of all folk if that chance or alternative is possible; if not, groovy! They will go on doing their own thing — a beautiful, full and black thing!

Who is the educator?

By HOWARD BRODY

The line usually goes something like this: "These educators have put the best years of their lives into the universities, and they're by far the most experienced men one could want. Students should feel privileged to be able to attend the schools. Why then should these youngsters question the wisdom of the educators? Why should they object to rules the educators set up for the students' own good?"

Some adults have asked this question countless times and surely will continue to do so. Academic freedom will always be a meaningless concept to them. But when a student asks such a question—and a few students who support the recent trustees' resolution have expressed what amounts to this position—something is seriously wrong. At the risk of redundancy, the meaning of academic freedom must again be explained.

Actually, this old, pat argument is correct in that it states that the educators should have control over the educational process. The point is that the true educator is not the administrator or the professor, but the student himself. If the educational process is simply the process of being educated, then freedom is surely extraneous. But when the process is seen for what it must be—the process of educating oneself—then academic freedom for the student becomes not only relevant but highly critical.

When a student emerges from the American public school system, he has been conditioned to fit comfortably into society. He will stand up when the flag goes by; he believes that hard work is a virtue; and he knows that the United States is the greatest country in the world. He has been instructed and indoctrinated, but hardly educated.

This instruction-indoctrination is the first

purpose of the public school teacher. His next is to make the student capable of becoming a productive member of the economy. Occasionally a rare teacher decides that he ought also to teach his students to think, but the system tends to discourage this.

The role of the university, in the main, is likewise to turn out adults who possess skills the society considers desirable, and whose values reflect society's values. But the university does differ from the public school system on the primary and secondary level, and the difference is that the university has some degree of academic freedom. The university student usually has at least the opportunity to become his own educator.

It is ironic that, in a society which holds sacred the phrase "individual initiative," the idea of a student educating himself should be so hard to accept. It is a truism that a student must put forth effort if he is to learn; one cannot teach a completely passive subject. But there is no reason why the student's involvement must stop with taking notes and studying texts. Education is supposed to prepare the student to lead the kind of life he desires. He must decide what sort of life that is; he must select what he needs to learn in order to lead that life; and he must educate himself in his chosen areas as thoroughly as he deems necessary. He may be advised and guided, but his whole purpose is defeated if he is led by the hand.

Academic freedom means that the student may make and act upon all these choices. It also means that there must not be any arbitrary limits to legitimate areas of learning. The student's goal is life, and any experience is relevant to that goal, even those experiences which society considers immoral. There is something hypocritical about a society that condones research in the manufacture of nerve gas, but would imprison a student for a few exploratory puffs on a marijuana cigarette.

Academic freedom is usually associated with the desire of a student to reject society's values and seek better ones. But the university could not act as an assembly line for social conformists as to a large degree it does, unless the majority wanted it that way. This must mean that probably a majority of students do indeed wish to be educated rather than to educate themselves. They fully accept society's values, and go to college because society expects them to. They study only as hard as they have to in order to pass—or to get into graduate school if that is essential to their chosen career—and they want to have as much fun as they can along the way. Their goal in life is to make enough money to participate in the affluence of our economy.

It must be clear from the tone of the last paragraph that I do not personally agree with this set of values. But our society supposedly offers each the pursuit of happiness. I may try to convince a fellow student that he is pursuing it in the wrong direction, but I have no right to trip him up.

Thus it is not enough for academic freedom to protect the individual pursuing his course outside of social values; it must also prevent an intellectual elite from forcing its goals and values on the majority. This elite group would argue that in a democracy no one has the right to be himself.

Those who feel that academic freedom is extraneous are correct if they believe that the only legitimate learning takes place within the four walls of a lecture hall where a professor talks and the students listen. Or they are correct if they feel that the university has relevance only as a training ground for social revolutionaries. But if the university were to be made to conform with either of these models, what went on there could hardly deserve to be called education.

THEATRE

Theatre Now

By STEVE ROBIN
State News Reviewer

The American theater has developed into one of the world's most respected showcases. The twentieth century has seen nearly all this progress, stemming from the modern European influences to our own great talents at the present. Present times, of course, differ from earlier decades in many ways, specifically, the very real waves of social revolution now occurring. Social structures are being shaken to their foundations, and the theater must demonstrate this if it is to be anything more than an antique. But whereas all former progress in drama was achieved by experimentation, some dramatists today would apply the concepts of revolution directly to their craft. And this cannot be done if any form or definition of the theater is to be retained.

Basic to drama is the presence of two states of mind: that of the artist, portrayed on the stage, and that of the audience. Dealing with the audience collectively, a playwright can almost create a successful work by appealing to the interests declared most vital by the times. Combining this consciousness with his own idea of story, message and delivery, the artist can experiment with new combinations of old elements and add some more of his own. Form, however, can never be entirely disregarded.

Eugene O'Neill's plays spanned two decades of American theater history. During this time the state of mind of his audiences changed tremendously. In 1920, O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones" met with widespread acclaim and success and established the playwright as one of America's great geniuses. The twenties were happy and prosperous years, however,

and audiences did not mind the length and psychological weight of O'Neill's works. But the following decade was bleak, and the great multi-tragedy "Mourning Becomes Electra" met with only limited success. O'Neill then created "Ah, Wilderness!" a comedy which was widely and warmly received because it was what the audience could accept at the time. A great artist in the new tradition, O'Neill brought Americans a type of play that was new to them: the psychodrama. And he did this without uprooting the workable framework built by earlier playwrights.

Further developments came in the late forties. Arthur Miller, with "All My Sons" and "Death of a Salesman", eliminated elaborate production and made psychodrama starkly realistic, playing heavily on elements of universality. In a time of post-war disillusionment, audiences were more than ready to accept Miller's treatises on tragic Everyman themes. Tennessee Williams, however, found a market for plays dealing with the decadence of truth. In his "The Glass Menagerie" and "Summer and Smoke", theme is intricately developed with character so that audiences could easily escape the times and never see themselves on stage. Both men, though vastly different in approach, were well-received for their unusual talents and because of the confusion which characterized the nation's state of mind at the time.

In the past decade it has become almost impossible for the theater to get a foothold in one frame of mind. Miller and Williams continue to enjoy a good deal of success, but their merits lie mainly in their past achievements. Alienation got some attention on the American stage, particularly in the fifties, and due mainly to such imports as John Osborne's "Look

Back in Anger". Absurdity was also dealt with, but the credit for that belongs to Europeans like Ionesco and Beckett.

So for several years the American theater has been groping for a new genre. Certainly revolution itself is one of the major preoccupations of the mid-sixties, but how is this applied to the theater? The Living Theater, under the direction of Julian Beck and Judith Malina, claims to be the answer. The troupe is currently appearing in New York after a few years of self-imposed exile in Europe. Mr. Beck and Miss Malina, and the others roamed and starved, performing where they could, in order to construct their works of art in freedom. Returning with creations like their "Antigone", "Frankenstein" and "Paradise Now", they do seem to have dramatized revolution. But they have thrown out all the old standards, whether they were good or bad, in favor of flimsy and only vaguely significant pieces of voice and movement. It is, indeed, free. But in equating their Living Theater with the living expression of a living revolution, Beck and Malina have forgotten to include living purpose. Specifically, they have forgotten the presence of their audience.

The theater is a medium of production as well as creation. In a more direct manner than most other types of art, a play represents the active meeting of two minds: the artist and the layman. In order to achieve an effect, if an effect is desired, the artist must be concerned with his audience. If no effect is desired, the art has no purpose, and by definition and construction the theater is a means of communication. This communication can only come about through compromise of form and mind, and compromise makes revolution unnecessary.

BOOKMARKS

By VALERIE RESTIVO

Stranger In A Strange Land by Robert Heinlein
Berkley Publishing Corp. 1961
95c

2001: A Space Odyssey by Arthur C. Clarke
Signet, 1968 95c

Nestlings of the world, unite... share water. Waiting is. Someday you may grok in fullness all who are your water-brothers. Thou art God.

This is the hope for mankind expressed in Robert Heinlein's novel, *Stranger in a Strange Land*. There is a hero, Valentine Michael Smith. His origin is Terran, his education Martian. The Old Ones have sent him to grok his Earth brothers. It is difficult, for he is only an egg. Like the embryo in *2001, A Space Odyssey*, he may be savior of his species. He is destined to desert his Martian mission to found a new order on earth.

If my language is strange, read and learn what Mike Smith offers. If you have read and learned, re-read and re-learn, after experiencing "2001." I believe that Heinlein's work succeeds where "2001." fails.

Stranger in a Strange Land is a technical success, although greater economy of prose would improve it. The method of introducing new vocabulary is clever: an undefined word or phrase appears and reappears until the reader, absorbed in its context, begins to grok. The exposition is similar. A passage which is apparently irrelevant or contradictory becomes relevant as other plot-segments fall into place. It is an artful puzzle.

Utopian dreams are easily come by. Few achieve the scope of this one. Here is a plan which requires man to review his society, to revise his attitudes towards love, sex, religion, to alter his perception of space and time...ultimately, to reconceptualize his entire universe. Mike Smith transcends the banalities of Terran customs and crises. At will he can reduce his bodily processes to a state of limbo, or increase his frail frame to weight-lifter proportions. There is the concept of "waiting is" - the ability to move freely in time and space, to accept "disincorporation" if necessary, knowing that one will live beyond one's body.

By A. D.

(Anonymous Donor)

QUIXOTE, "an independent literary magazine, published by students, alumni, and drop-outs of the University of Wisconsin" grows bigger and better. Most little magazines have trouble finding material for their three-four issues per year, but QUIXOTE, which emerges monthly to tilt the windmills of Madison, is BIG--108 pages, this issue--and GOOD. Its bag is art and protest, as seen in this partial list of contents:

Interviews with Leaders of the New Left

A Sermon, by John Fry (adviser, Blackstone Rangers)

A Bibliography of Black Literature
Radical Theatre Repertory, a Listing of Radical Theatre Groups

Revolutionary Letters, by Diane Di-Prima

Report on the SDS Convention (of which the Editor notes: "But we had a good trip home on the lake steamer, which should house the next convention... East Lansing has far too many policemen.")

Log of the Siege of Saigon, by Sp/4 Roger Steffens

A Beginner's Guide to the I Ching
Quo Vadis, A radical Understanding of the University

ALSO: An extract from a novel-in-progress; two short stories; a play or two; sundry manifestoes; a dozen book reviews; and, among all of this, approximately eighty-five (85!!) poems.

I know of no other magazines where 75 cents buys so much--and seven bucks gets you the magazine for a year (12 issues) plus all the supplements, chapbooks, and books published by QUIXOTE PRESS.

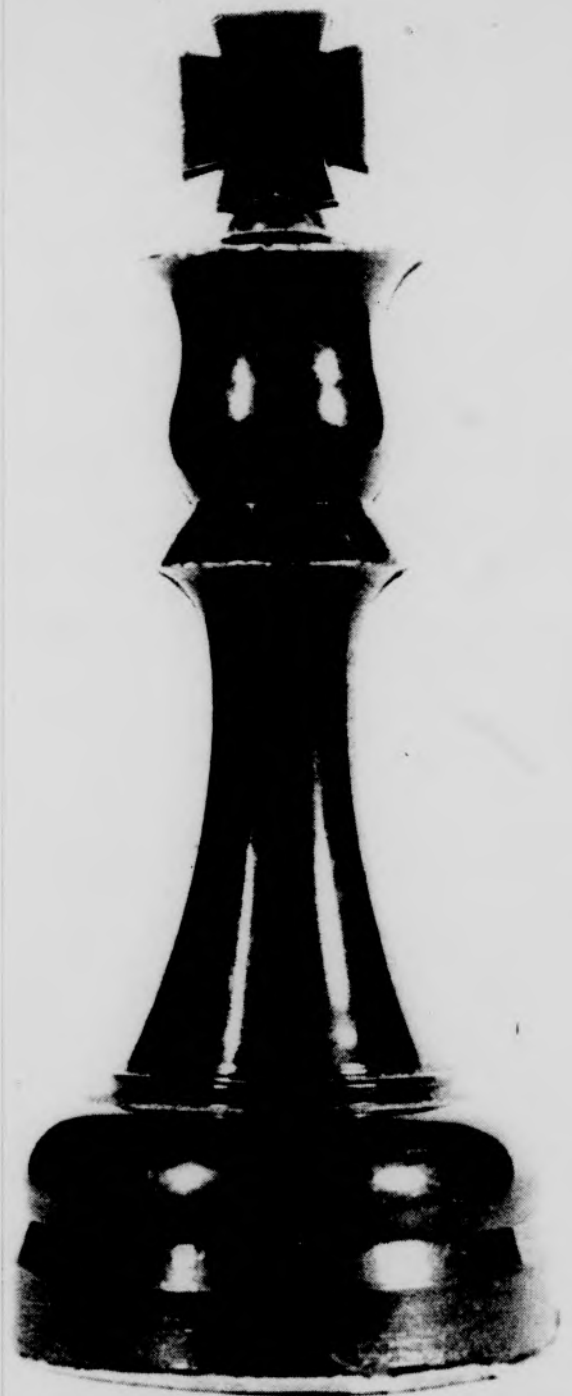
-A.D.

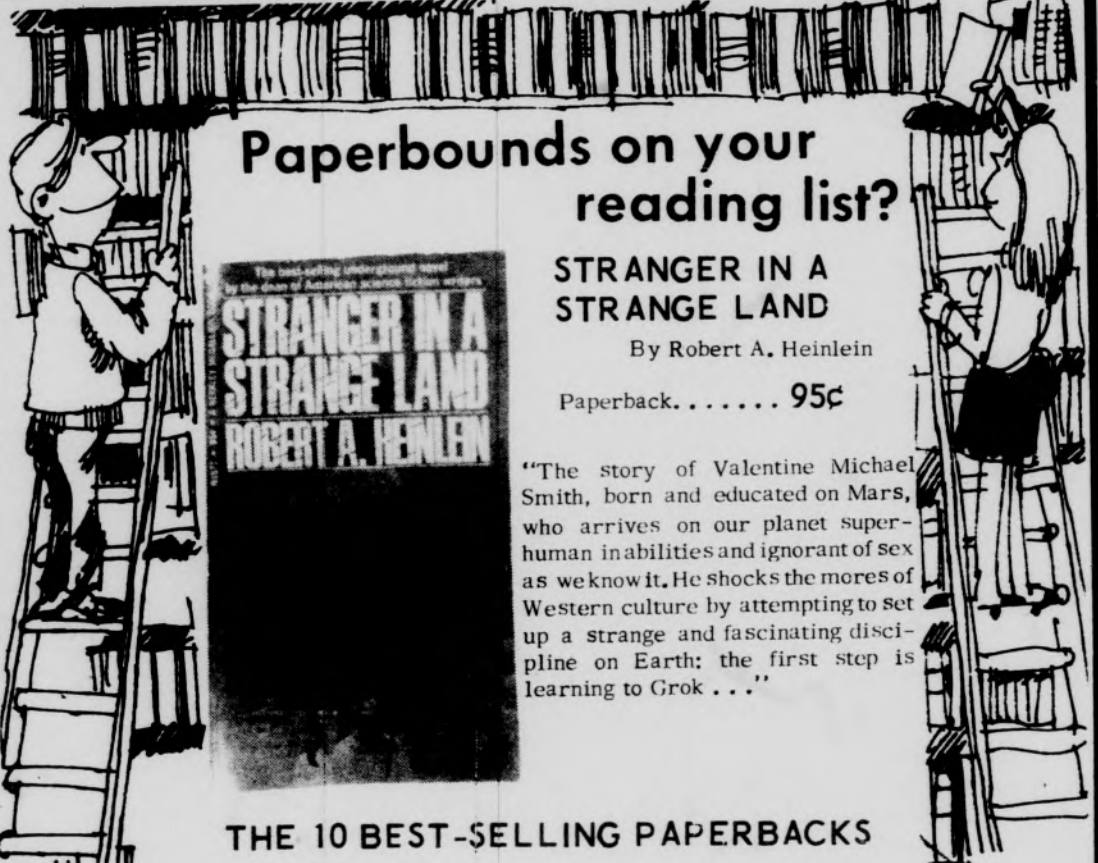
Mike experiences physical and cultural shock when he arrives on earth. The reader must overcome cultural shock to comprehend Smith's potential value. Martian is not translatable into any Terran language. He must learn Martian to understand Martian concepts.

"2001" requires no such adjustment to our present conceptions of the universe. We know man evolves, whether by design of humans, gods, God, or monolith. We know man is weightless in space and that computers are becoming more intelligent. It is, of course, magnificent to allow the senses to be carried through the last segment of the film. I refuse to accept the hour or so spent waltzing through space as a significant statement of theme, or a provocation to deep thought. True, "waiting is," but there must be meaning in waiting, other than making a Cinerama spectacular last longer than an ordinary 2-hour flick. Mr. Kubrick said in one interview that he intended to stimulate a "visceral" response; Arthur C. Clarke hoped for more. His "novel," taken from the screenplay, clarifies thematic statements made between waltzes on screen. It is disappointing, particularly if one has read such novels as *The City and the Stars*, and *Childhood's End*, products of a finer Clarkean imagination. At the risk of appearing shallow to those who think *A Space Odyssey* profound beyond perception, I found little to contemplate after I left the theater or put the book down. The complexity is visual, not intellectual. Those who left saying "I didn't get it" may have looked too far.

Stranger in a Strange Land is within temporal grasp.

To grok in fullness may be a generation away, if you accept that Thou art God.





Paperbounds on your reading list?

STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

By Robert A. Heinlein

Paperback, 95¢

"The story of Valentine Michael Smith, born and educated on Mars, who arrives on our planet superhuman in abilities and ignorant of sex as we know it. He shocks the mores of Western culture by attempting to set up a strange and fascinating discipline on Earth; the first step is learning to Grok . . ."

THE 10 BEST-SELLING PAPERBACKS

1. Myra Breckinridge	6. Seventh Avenue
2. The President's Plane is Missing	7. The Plot
3. Rosemary's Baby	8. The Gabriel Hounds
4. Five Smooth Stones	9. The Chosen
5. Our Crowd	10. A Modern Priest Looks At His Outdated Church

CAMPUS BOOKSTORES

Over 100 Publishers
Stocked in our Warehouse

MSU: Space Odyssey

By BRUCE SPITZ

Michigan State University is not a campus community nor an academic cloister nor a spacious hideaway with trees and grass and townfolk smiling benevolently from their front porches. It is a city: a city which has a residential density that is four and a half times that of Pittsburgh, an overall population density that is nearly twice that of New York City, a bus system that carried four times the amount of passengers that the Boston Railroad carried last year, the home of an institution which spent over 140 million dollars in 1967, and a population over 70 per cent of which formerly came from urban areas (i.e. Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas). It has adopted the urban characteristics of anonymity, of loneliness, of control via secondary groups, and of traffic congestion, yet has strangely divorced itself from the heterogeneous groupings, from the variety, from the dirt, and from the dynamism that is so typically urban. The question, is why the divorce? Why does this city of the young and the intelligent lack the vitality that it should have? Why do its forty thousand students seemingly sheathe their youthful energy and involvement in a scabbard of middle-age fatigue and indifference? Why does Pete Ellsworth celebrate the congregation of three per cent of the student body at a protest rally as an indication of tremendous student support?

It is the purpose of this series to examine briefly the nature of the MSU urban complex. This article is directed to the examination of the effects that MSU's physical setting (its architecture and overall design) has on its population, which is facilitated by two things.

First, MSU is a service community, i.e., one in which the human being is not only the major processor of goods but also the goods processed. In such an environment the human being becomes the central mold around which space is created. Both the general and the specific of human needs and desires, and the socially acceptable needs and objectives are carefully, almost painfully, delineated in the way in which space has been formed and allocated. Unlike industrial centers where a major segment of construction is built to house and ship machinery and raw materials, the service community is stripped bare to human accommodations and offers an unobstructed undistorted glimpse as to how a society conceptualizes man, how it differentiates between its members, and precisely how important the services offered are. The service community resembles a glass-encased ant colony: for in that transparent prison it is the ant to which our attention is immediately directed. The way he moves and works and reproduces and lives within his restricted environ. It suddenly becomes obvious that the ant occupies space, that the mere existence of his physical being provides a special population pressure which must be met. His tunnels must accommodate both his chitinous body and his societal demands, his chambers must cater to his six-legged, multi-appendaged frame as well as to the social purposes for which they were built. If they do not, the architectural structures are useless and the social unit collapses. I might add that it does not matter whether the ant is black or red or green and white.

The second factor which validates the examination of the physical setting as an indicator of the social environment is the fact that we "generate" the type of space we experience, e.g., a church does not exist in any absolute sense, it exists because we exist. We have been culturally trained to respond to the spatial construct of a church. When seated in one of the pews we react in a very ritualistic, a very public, a very "legible" fashion. The same holds true for a lecture hall, a telephone booth, or a bedroom. We have associations, we have social instructions and consequently we respond to the physical cues and create the type of space we are in. We generate the particular atmosphere of the room and determine whether it is formal or in-

formal, public or private, legible or illegible, etc. The ability to control this generative power within a community is the ability to control that community.

This being the case, I suggest that we pigeon-hole any polemics concerning the beauty or ugliness of the "campus" and that we dismiss the big picture approach (of here-it-is-all-at-once-in-majestic-panorama) and inspect the East Lansing college grounds as five distinct cities, five overlapping transparencies which yield the resultant image of MSU.

THE LEGIBLE CITY. Legibility is the ability to read your environment, to distinguish between the types of buildings and streets and general design differences within a city, and from that to form a type of conceptual mosaic of the physical environment. It is the imageability of your world. A legible place informs you by means of physical cues as to where you are and where you are going. It establishes a feeling of emotional security and rids you of the frightening experience of being lost in a maze of dark winding alleys. A person who had lived in Coldwater, Michigan all his life would find MSU very legible, yet if he were placed suddenly in Harlem he would become lost in what would appear to him as a very illegible city. This leads us to an important distinction between personal legibility and social legibility. The former may be exemplified by my room. It is messy; it has posters plastered all over the walls; and the furniture is arranged as I see fit. A stranger would be lost in it. Social legibility, on the other hand, is the ease with which both the inhabitant of a territory and strangers may find their way, ala MSU. At that level, for example, dormitories destroy the expression of what is distinctly you so that others may feel secure.

Even if architectural disorder breeds fear, insecurity or a very real losing of the way, it is fallacious to assume that a world free of this chaos is the answer. Imagine a city where every path was clearly delineated, every shrub labeled, every building marked, every patch of land unmistakably classified and every part distinctly and unerringly related to the other. Imagine that city and suddenly you are reminded of an archeological dig, of Pompeii and Herculaneum, of tourists and a guide, of arrows and posted descriptions, and of MSU.

It is static, dead, and psychologically uninhabitable. You do not, you cannot interact with that type of environment. You obey it.

**This is the T.V. room,
this is the fine arts room,
this is the recreation room,
this is the formal lounge,
this is the grill,
this is the laundry,
this is the**

And as each building is segmented and classified so are the buildings themselves and the areas in which they lie. You always know where you are. This place scorns the real need to take a walk and 'lose yourself.' The administrators fail to realize that the dynamics inherent in an urban situation does not arise from clarity or precision but from our efforts to create order; it comes from the confusion, the conflict, and our temporary conquests of chaos. Make the world crystal clear, cover the breeding grounds of the unexpected, the personal, or the incomplete with concrete and signals: turn the pulsating four-dimensional into a two-dimensional road map and you flatten man into a one-dimensional point. For you have made what is his and his alone legible and clear to any stranger passing through. You have homogenized his world into a set of static symbols. There is no place to hide. Everything is known. The dominance of social legibility exposes the individual's world to open inspection. Nor do you escape the labeling. Your name, your personal qualities, your acquaintances are almost insignificant. You have been given a student number whereby your location and all other 'salient' facts about you have been electronically filed. Try to cash a check without it or take a library book out

or get into the cafeteria. To be stopped by a head advisor or a campus policeman and to be unable to display papers attesting to your existence would result in a very uncomfortable experience. But it is not so much your existence that is being questioned as your social legibility. Without your labels and computerized classification you are committing the sin of being unidentifiable, the sin of being opaque in a transparent environment.

THE PUBLIC CITY. Alan Westin most aptly describes privacy as "the claim of individuals, groups, or institutions to determine for themselves when, how and to what extent information about them is communicated to others...privacy is the voluntary and temporary withdrawal of a person from the general society through physical or psychological means, either in a state of solitude, or some group intimacy or when among large groups, in a condition of anonymity or reserve." It is a necessity -- what Robert Ardrey calls "the biological right of the individual." And yet, there is no space on this campus where the student may be by himself or in a small group unobserved by others. These grounds are designed so that you are under constant surveillance by other people. It is not accidental that so much daydreaming goes on in our classes, for only in anonymity of the crowd may the student experience any privacy. In the dorms, the nearest thing to solitude is your suite. However, it just so happens that there are three other people (and occasionally five others) who share that space with you and no partition to separate you, no lock to prevent entry by your roommates, and always the constant knowledge that all R.A.s can walk in. You are told that you are learning to get along with others but where do you learn to get along with yourself? Girls complain that there is no place to cry or scream or even throw up but themselves without the whole floor pouring in and asking them what is wrong. The guys are bothered by the fact that they can never be alone with their girls (and for those who are not aware...no, sexual desires are not restricted to graduates; yes, there is some sort of sexual interplay going on at the undergraduate level) and yet something so basic as this is denied the dignity and grace and the meaningfulness that it could have. Every evening the formal lounges repeat their rendition of animal farm while the vestibules are garolled by R.A.s who referee wrestling matches at closing hours. Guilt about doing something in public which we have been trained to accept as very personal follows. A person's sex becomes separated from that person; it becomes a way to manipulate others or a momentary release of frustration; and part of the dorm ethic is born. It stays with a great many students when they move off campus. Bed-hopping and the nagging emptiness that follows are part of the M.S.U. style.

If you simply wish to be alone, if you need to think things over or desire the solitude and quiet of a room go home. All the spaces accessible to students are made for more than one: they are plural. Remember, we react to the sensory cues of a room and we generate the type of atmosphere of that space as associations and socialization dictates. How can one feel alone when he is in a large empty classroom with its many chairs and tables? We know that it is made for a group, that it is public and that others have easy access to it. It does not matter if someone else is in it or not, you know it is a classroom and you react to it as a classroom. If your father was very sick and you were deeply bothered, I suggest that a classroom or a study lounge or a grill would be the last place you would go because you might want to be alone. In all fairness, however, there is the outside and when it is not raining and when it isn't too cold and when it is three o'clock in the morning, you experience the oneness of solitude.

One final comment, this time from Lewis Mumford's *The City in History*: "Without formal opportunities for isolation and con-

(continued from page 10)

PHOTOGRAPHY



State News photo by Gordon Moore

YOU AND I AND ZODIACS

On an onion hill we played at kites
 which loved the earth wet
 breastfully
 more than the opening thighs
 of the pine breeding sky.
 and you cried wild
 as Connemara
 soft
 as Arcachon
 for the words left holding
 an empty morning mirror. Was time
 then locking more than kitchen hours?

That day the ostrich shit
 in his bamboo prison, like all
 the proud and little
 gods left belching stars
 from their separate heavens.
 and the noon hung January's woods
 on our locked coats
 while we marched around cages
 like Alexander through his libraries.
 were we changing
 our chains
 even then?

--Joseph P. Dionne

POETRY

ASSUMING THE POSITION

From this single window I see
across the airshaft one floor below
the slate-blue steel tables row upon row
and on each a used cadaver blooming to color,
opened like a diagram.

Death, that mystery--
but already I know bodies, sold to science
or pulled from rivers, can be preserved
so perfectly with red rubber injected through
the web of veins, blue into each artery,
that class after class cannot destroy
the outline that was life.

The students
swing saw and scalpel like apprentices:
steel flashes its joke
through skull, skin, resisting joint.

One body lies so still that I can see
even from this distance the complexity
of mapped lines red and blue, layers
of yellow fat, corded muscle, dark-pink
jelly of lungs, hard blue-white convoluted
plumbing, the palette of organs, and like
an egg, or a roof holding up the soul,
in the center the stomach.

The skin
is turned back like an opened bed, and hovering
near, as if they are lovers haggling, wearing
her own sheet professionally, opening
the abdominal cavity with a knife that seems
a simple extension of fingernails,
is the most beautiful girl in the world.

I am here for the money: I gather data,
each terminal history will be coded
for diagnosis by computer, a project
baffling as the death which keeps me busy--
medieval work which pays rent, buys groceries,
brings our boy into the world.
I cannot question Science, nor my presence
in this gray room overlooking those lovers,
the tall rounded blonde whose scalpel
cuts ever closer to limp, shorn genitals.
He and I are not prone to argue.

On my table lies the case history
I've just finished: the subject, male, white,
eighteen, bumped his right knee on a bumper
and woke six months later, the member gone
(a note says the leg walks in a jar
in the office) and therefore
I admire the blonde's steady hand: her cut
is sure, couched in objective rhetoric.
She would be interested to know just how
metastases scampered from stump to lungs.

The files hold fifteen hundred small deaths
that I've only begun to read, falling
through time, paycheck to paycheck,
while cells change. Each day the stairs
seem steeper: each day the blonde cuts on.
Later she will free the shriveled penis
neatly, replace it without a seam:
discuss details neither emotional nor obscene.
Dangerous as death, this rhetoric stands
back to view the rorschach of lungs,
the voracious leucocytes gnawing blood to water,
or boring in marrow. A stilted diagnosis
neither cure nor solace, where cells of words
turn upon themselves. They deftly ignore
the struck knee's pain, the fire in the mirror
when a boy, eighteen, unable to conceal innocent
guilt, understands his foolish leg must come off.
And later learns that even this is not enough.

I have got ten years beyond that boy, at least,
somehow kept elusive cells in order, kept free
of plague currents, avoided that bumper that roams
the city dealing death.
I've even managed to pay my bills, kept abreast
with the ledger which wears us thin through
daily deaths: some days I almost seem to win.
And so, I underwrite death
to live, and learn there are as many ways
to die as work, and what it comes to
will not be on the computer's cards:
an orderly existence on those rows of tables
where, pumped full of rubber, the body endures
year after year, celebrates the attentions
of the most beautiful girl in the world.

--Albert Drake

HOUSE

Half-walls are gone,
we sit precariously
suspended
on a floor (falling
as a table
would then gnawed).
But disturbances come
often:

we must not be
disturbed--
rather reconstruct
contentment--
dinner for two,
some dry wine:
pay no attention
to the wind.
Tomorrow
we will
clean the cellar.

--James Sherwood Tipton

TRY AND MAKE IT TO COLD MOUNTAIN

you old fool
on mountain peaks
sweeping the walks
your laughing--
the avalanche is full!

would that i could be as you
KANZAN and JITOKKV
idiots on the mountain

like Monkey
peeing on the Buddha's palm

maybe I shall, yet. --Peter Dodge

ELEGY FOR A PLAYTHING

the black button eyes
of the angry doll
scream tears
at the bored windows
and the garish
patchwork dress
wrinkles with indignation

(the dangling arms
are useless now,
having nothing to clutch
but white cotton air)

in the other room
the darkeyed child
plays with two pale daisies
knowing somehow
that it is easier
to love them to death
--Sharron Marks

FOR CHERYL

Part I

In Ocean Park salt air fills with John P. Susa;
Laughing children dip Marconi sloops,
And schooners rigged by gaff,
And launch them (their tiny toes and fingers too)
Into her junebug pond, where she should sway
By the Stand, on the path, to jazz John's susaphone.

Part II

They say: Love's a symphonic chord
Down the beach where we will lie
Naked before the moon. Or black my eye;
If you'll find, me impetuous.
Little's lost; nor care at that;
Only let the Sea your melody sing
'Fore morn when Vivac', the fandango, will dance
To Zephyr's windy flute; or L'Allegro is cabbled
To plead a belly's frivolity.

Her deep darkened pools reflect:
The bicycling,
the swinging,
the sliding,
the singing,
--not me.

Was it the way she tossed her hair
Flowing like the beachweed dune,
When the fifth modal thundered
To my harmonic shrill? Or was it only,
Her sad deceived eyes which darkened
As her seagull flew the buoy
Beneath the sea.

Part III

Her harbor fills with fogging sounds,
Of ghost ships and salty yarns;
Or sounds a sudden whistle occasional;
And the lone buoy drags forever,
While the scarlet sun her gingerbread,
And empty children miss the Concerto
To trod her barren streets, in search of the
Lost at sea.

--A. C. Cassley

Once
swirling child
of a thousand swirling oceans
that were so free to love
embrace
the birth of any sea-child
God
now man.

Now are the oceans empty?
I can still evoke a drop
of water
not salty--
But enough, anyway,
to catch the light
that falls on the low
side of a leaf.
Enough light to know
light
brown seaweed arms
i cling to you
my son,
fish not son
or
should i say
drowned
I cling
light brown seaweed
son
drowned.

--Jim Servis

MSU: Segmented City

(continued from page 7)

temptation, opportunities that require enclosed space, free from prying eyes and extraneous distractions, even the most extroverted life must eventually suffer. The home without such cells is but a barracks: the city that does not possess them is only a camp. In the medieval city the spirit had organized shelters and accepted forms of escape from worldly importunity in chapel or convent; one might withdraw for an hour or withdraw for a month. Today, the degradation of the inner life is symbolized by the fact that the only place sacred from intrusion is the private toilet. The toilet doors in the men's room in the Union and other buildings have been removed. Half the dormitories on this campus have floor johns. Think about it: the public toilet.

THE FORMAL CITY. To be informal is the ability to relax, to create, to be spontaneous and unstructured. Informal actions take place in spaces freed from structured societal expectations. We are taught that in certain places we must follow explicit rituals while in others (informal or private places) it is not necessary. A bedroom, a game room or a civilian square (e.g. Washington Square) are all informal places, potential delta deposits of zany actions and the untethered disregard for the expected and the "civilized". These spaces are marked by the ease with which we interact with them. Our impromptu actions define them, e.g., a game room passes through phases of being a cardroom, a bar, a fix-it shop, a reading room, etc. Formal spaces, on the other hand, demand the observance of specific ceremonies. You not only pray in a church, but you are expected to pray in the particular style of that particular church. This sort of ritualistic behavior is not restricted to our temples for it is repeatedly enacted in our classrooms, in our dining halls, at our football games. In fact, most of the spaces on this campus have specific rituals assigned to them (again, this is a T.V. room, this is a

biology lab, this is the fine arts room, this is the judo room, etc.).

Formal space has two advantages. First, it offers the security of regimentation and expected behavior. It does not leave the individual in a quandary as to what to do. One pattern of action will suffice.

Secondly, formal places aid in group cohesion. They evoke ceremonies which everyone can participate in and experience the "wholeness" of community.

But the existence of too many formal spaces presents distinct disadvantages. A person's ability to be creative is stultified. His thought patterns become muddled as he hops from one ritual to the next. The number of roles he must assume causes his self concept to become so diminished, so decentralized that the question, "Who are you?" is either meaningless or vague or so frightening that it has to be dismissed. The danger lies in the fact that you do not need every space to be formal in order to create a completely ritualistic society. Just deny the individual privacy and present him with a great many of those places and he will not know how to use an informal setting. We have grills--so what. We have lots of green grass--so what. The cumulative effects of our daily multitude of rituals and segmentation of activities are making those places inoperative. The tension promulgated in a public, legible, formal city increases with class advancement so that by the time you reach the blessed state of being a senior, you are a nervous wreck. I've never known so many nervous wrecks as exist in the class of '69. It is just that we have lost the ability to relax, to face ourselves calmly, and to be informal. The university has created the stage-set that denies the existence of the individual, of love, of loneliness and of privacy and has replaced them with the "Learn to Get Along" code and the comfort of rituals. You would expect that a university allegedly pledged to the "education" of the student would be all but void of formal spaces, would allow for maximum thought and creativity, and would emphasize the articulation of the self. However, I find it questionable as to whether the machine acknowledges the exis-

tence of anyone who is not a mechanized interchangeable part. And for the answer to that question I refer you to Ordinance 21.00 -- Loitering: No person shall loiter or trespass in any building, construction area, building under construction, street, tunnel, rest rooms or sleeping room areas of persons of the opposite sex or are where he is not assigned for living, work, organized recreation or study purposes. (emphasis added).

THE DISPLAY-CASE CITY. When you ponder the lack of community spirit, the meager response to student government, and the general lack of vitality that we are experiencing as a group, you start to consider the possibility that spaces designed for community dialog are in fact dysfunctional show cases erected to assure the student that they exist but designed so that they are inoperative. The square is a case in point. The following is taken from Paul Goodman's *Communitas*: "A city is made by the social congregation of people, for business and pleasure and ceremony, different from shop or office or private affairs at home. A person is a citizen in the street. A city street is not a machine for traffic to pass through but a square for people to remain within. Without such squares--markets, cathedral places, political forums--planned more or less as enclosures, there is no city." There is not one square on this campus. Beaumont Tower is a symbol, an obelisk, but it is not a congregating point. What about the sidewalks--why aren't there more benches located along those concrete paths; places that say--sit down and talk? Why are almost all the benches located at building entrances? What about the formal lounges? Are they there just to impress our parents? And aren't the concepts of "formal" and "lounge" negations of each other. Finally if we lack the squares and congregating places that tie a community together and, in fact, define a city and which are too densely settled and populated to be considered a town, what are we? This leads us to our final classification.

THE IMMENSE "CITY". We are all

(continued on page 12)

RECORDS

Cheap Thrills: exciting music

By CLIFF KACHINSKE

Cheap Thrills, Big Brother and the Holding Company.

Columbia Records KCS 9700 (stereo) no mono release.

Big Brother and the Holding Company's September release on Columbia, *Cheap Thrills*, is easily the best release of a long and musical summer. *Wheels of Fire* by Cream opened this summer, but the album was, at best, a great disappointment. A late June release by the Butterfield Blues Band, *In My Own Dream*, was a very competent album, demonstrating that Butterfield is making real progress toward integrating the elements in his new band. But technique by itself does not make a great album; a certain amount of musical excitement is also required.

What sets *Cheap Thrills* apart, then, is that it is not only very competent (at least as much as the Butterfield album) but also very exciting, it is a live performance of a very good band playing for an appreciative audience. And the audience itself is very likely the most appreciative audience possible for Big Brother, for the album was recorded at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco, home ground of Big Brother and the Holding Company.

As for the music itself, a number of qualities immediately stand out: the music drives very hard, with a dense and somewhat grating total sound; performed at very high volume, the instruments have a screaming quality that can only be produced by equipment strained to its utmost; a great deal of feedback is used on guitar; and finally, the

music, with the exception of "Summertime," the third song on the first side, is unreservedly rock, displaying no jazz, Eastern or other influences.

The guitar work, while not brilliant, represents what is best in West coast guitar, and it is clear that the guitarists are familiar with the music and each other to a great degree. Also, though one guitarist is definitely playing lead on every cut, the second guitarist may play single string lines of his own or trade two bar lines with the lead player. The quality of the bass and drum work are difficult to comment on, however, since the bass and drums are recorded at too low a level to be heard easily and on the first cut of the album are downright muddy. But when they can be clearly heard, both show at least passable imagination and technical ability.

No review of *Cheap Thrills* is complete without some mention of Janis Joplin, for her talents as a vocalist are greatly responsible, with all the above mentioned features, for the success of *Cheap Thrills*. Paradoxically Janis Joplin is not a great singer or even a very good one. She is rather a great performer who pushes her voice as far as possible to derive the maximum emotional effect from each song. She so dominates the singing, in fact, that when she does not sing lead vocal, the lyrics are either overwhelmed by her powerful back-up work or become lost in the driving rhythmic line. She does not, however, dominate the entire band with her powerful voice, but rather contributes her harsh and grating sound to the total group sound.

Three songs on the album, "Summertime," "Turtle Blues" and "Ball and Chain," deserve

special mention, not because they are better than the others, which are uniformly fine, but because they prove beyond a doubt the versatility and musicianship of Big Brother and the Holding Company. "Summertime," originally written by George and Ira Gershwin, is performed in a way that those two tin-pan alley greats never conceived in their wildest imaginings. Behind Janis Joplin's powerfully plaintive singing, the first guitar plays an extended jazz-like run in accompaniment, while the second guitar plays much shorter, louder and rock-like lines that punctuate and instrumentally "answer" the vocal.

"Turtle Blues," unlike a number of songs which are blues in name only, has a twelve bar blues chord structure and incorporates a piano, mistakenly called "vibes" on the album jacket, playing funky runs in accompaniment. The guitar solo and accompaniment sound a great deal like unamplified Texas blues, and the song as a whole is a fine tour de force in the blues genre.

"Ball and Chain" is the long song that almost every group feels compelled to include in an album now. But it is outstanding in that it does not get lost in a long instrumental solo. The instrumental, in fact, lasts only one chorus, so that the song is carried almost entirely by Janis Joplin, singing loud and hard for twelve or thirteen minutes.

In conclusion, it seems only necessary to say that *Cheap Thrills* is an album that should be heard by everybody, and that it is an absolute must for those who appreciate West coast hard rock.

Calendar of Events: Oct. 22--Nov. 5



Tuesday, October 22
 "The Knack" (8 p.m., Fairchild through Sunday)
 Thieves' Market Art Sale (7-11 p.m., Union Ballroom)

Friday, October 25
 Chamber Ensemble (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.)

Saturday, October 26
 Football: Notre Dame (1:35 p.m., Stadium)

Sunday, October 27
 Graduate Recital (4 p.m., Music Aud., Yoshituro Obata, clarinetist)

Tuesday, October 29
 Bach Collegium and Kantorei Stuttgart (8:15 p.m., Aud., Lecture-Concert Series)
 Faculty Recital (8:15 p.m., Music Aud., Ralph Volapæk, pianist)

Wednesday, October 30
 Cross Country: Central Michigan (4:30 p.m., Forest Akers CC)
 "The Entertainer" (7:30 p.m., Aud. through Friday)

Friday, November 1
 "A Thousand Clowns" (7:30 p.m., Aud.)



Segmented City

(continued from page 10)

familiar with the physical enormity of this campus. You need to pack a knap sack if you live in Hubbard Hall and are planning a walk to Rather Hall; in fact, if you live in Hubbard you may not even know that Rather exists. The large buildings that have been erected in the last decade are not so much beyond the human scale as ignorant of it. They do not exhibit the fine detail or the rich texture of craftsmanship that informs the individual that he has been considered. All that we are exposed to are the blanness of concrete blocks, white tiles and bare standardized fixtures. If a human being is thrust into a stark maze of giant white-washed walls, his faceless walls soon become a part of a faceless wandering.

The conclusions of this catharsis are rather interesting; for if we accept the fact that we generate the type of space that we experience, that MSU as a service community has erected edifices which symbolize its conceptualization of man, that MSU has learned how to control the special generative powers of its inhabitants, and that my anal-

ysis for the most part is accurate, then we may state the following: When a human being exists in a physical environment that is designed so that he is only exposed to formal, legible, public, plural space, and when he is denied the privilege of generating any other type of space, he becomes that space. He transcends the Buber relationships of I-Thou and I-It to an It-It positioning. No longer a human being. No longer a living being. No longer distinctly separated from his physical world. He acts with the same predictive exactitude as the inanimate cage within which he dwells: a department store mannequin, always on display and always ready to be stripped, re-dressed, and placed into position. For those of you who might think this amazing, consider what type of thing you would become if you were restricted to the college grounds, and the type of thing you are becoming because of your frequent but temporary exposure. Then ask yourself if it is just part of growing up.

Bruce Spitz
Senior, Urban Studies
Maplewood, N.J.

Hey diddle daw.
A dove and a hawk.
McCarthy reached for the moon.
Conservatives balked
At the Irishman's talk.
But the Machine had it wrapped up by June.

"Alabama, Alabama, have you any blacks?"
"No sir, no sir, just party hacks.
Some for Big George and some for Bear Bryant,
But all for law and order to keep the nigras quiet."

Old Mayor Daley was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he.
He called for his cops and he called for his mace and he put them all on TV.
The news was reported from hospital beds that the brutality was the shame of the nation.
And yippies painfully held their heads on the way to incarnation.
If the scene in the streets was disturbingly raucous, the worst they had yet to tell,
As the splinter group delegates held their first caucus in a thirty-first precinct cell.

Humphrey Dumphrey sat on a wall
Twixt doves and hawks he feared he might fall.
While LBJ's forces and LBJ's men
Couldn't save Hump from the party's mayhem.

"Tricky Dick
The old politic,
How does your campaign run?"
"It runs on ball bearings
And several red herrings
We've dragged across issues
we shun."

Little Ron Reagan
Once earned his bacon
In flicks now seen on the late shew
But the West Coast leaned Right
And the celluloid knight
Rode shotgun into Sacramento.

A teller, a teller,
Nelson Rockefeller,
What makes you run so soon?
The race was over by ten o'clock
And you left the blocks at noon.

Little George Wallace
Come blow your horn.
There's crime in the evening
And dissent in the morn
You say it would end
If you were to rule
For you'd jail all the pinkos
Who lecture in schools.
You'd whip the Viet Cong
And keep the nation
Safe from subversion
And desegregation.



READ-THRU COLOR
HAS REVOLUTIONIZED STUDY HABITS!
Accent the Important Passages
They'll sing out when you review
IN BOOKS, REPORTS
AND CLASSROOM NOTES
Major Accent
Pocket Accent
49¢

Available at . . .

CAMPUS BOOKSTORES

MSU's Official Bookstores

ACROSS FROM THE UNION

ACROSS FROM BERKEY HALL