



Jim Hart is moved to violence during a tense scene in "Desire Under the Elms," a student production showing Tuesday through Saturday in the SUB theater.

'Desire' shows in SUB theater

Eugene O'Neill's prize-winning play "Desire Under the Elms" will open MSU's 1968-69 theater season at 8 p.m. Tuesday in the SUB Theater.

Director Ben Tone said, "I am very pleased with the cast. We have several fresh, young performers who are a delight to work with and watch."

Tone also said that representatives of the American College Theater will be here next week to judge the play for a possible trip to Denver. The winner of the district competition in Denver will travel to Washington, D.C. for an American College Theater festival.

"Desire Under the Elms" will run Tuesday through Saturday. Reservations may be made at the theater box office 12-5 p.m. Monday through Saturday. MSU students and graduate students who have activity tickets will be admitted free. Admission for children and high school students will be \$1.00 and for adults \$1.50.

Johnson is in the pink

President Leon Johnson was released from the Bozeman Deamess Hospital last Saturday night.

His attending physician said "condition is good and recovery is progressing satisfactorily."

Johnson watched the Grizzly football game Saturday after-

noon in the hospital. He indicated that "the nurse took my pulse every few minutes and it did get a little faster during the last few minutes of the game."

Johnson is still restricted to no visitors or phone calls even though he is at home. There is no indication when he will be back to work.

Bazaar will feature variety

The International Bazaar which will be held November 10 will feature a variety of food and drink from the many foreign countries represented. It will be held in the fieldhouse.

If you haven't been to Hawaii, the Philippines, the South Pacific, Mexico, China, Pakistan, Britain, South America, or Samoa you might be interested in that these countries have to offer in the line of food.

In the American booth — hot dogs, Coke, 7-Up, and Eskimo pies will be sold. There will also be other booths representing other countries where such things

as tacos, sweet and sour pork over rice, and other delicious foods will be featured. There will also be a cookie corner where cookies from all over the world will be available for your enjoyment.

American and foreign youth along with adults will be on hand for any questions that you may wish to ask about the food. Recipe books, containing the many recipes used, will also be sold.

With the cooperation of a number of grocery stores and the united effort of the many churches, Mrs. Harry McNeal, president of Church Women United, feels the affair will be an enjoyable experience for everyone.

Mrs. McNeal says this is the first time an International Bazaar has been held in Montana.

Serving will be from 7-9 p.m. and everyone is invited to attend.

HOORAY!

Montana comes through; levy passes

By JAN WALTER

The closely watched 6-mill levy for the University System, Referendum 65, had little trouble gaining a majority in last Tuesday's Presidential election.

An early lead assured concerned university administrators, faculties, and students that the issue would pass.

Republican Tim Babcock went down to defeat to Forrest Anderson. Anderson came out on top campaigning largely against a tax hike.

Richard Nixon has claimed the Presidency and is the first president since the start of the two party system to take office without his party in charge on Capitol Hill.

Although the GOP added members to both the House and Senate, they were unable to obtain a majority.

Nixon and running mate Spiro Agnew collected 287 electoral votes while Humphrey-Muskie had 181 and Wallace-LeMay 45. At least 270 electoral college votes were needed for the win.

Unofficial Montana Election Returns (with most precincts reporting):

| Referendum 65 | |
|-----------------|---------|
| Yes | 113,062 |
| No | 79,511 |
| Presidential | |
| Humphrey (D) | 109,218 |
| Nixon (R) | 130,119 |
| Wallace (A) | 18,548 |
| Governor | |
| Anderson (D) | 143,363 |
| Babcock (R) | 111,344 |
| Montgomery (NR) | 10,563 |
| Lt. Governor | |
| Judge (D) | 137,434 |
| Selstad (R) | 119,303 |
| Congress 1st | |
| Olsen (D) | 69,110 |
| Smiley (R) | 60,303 |
| Congress 2nd | |
| Battin (D) | 78,419 |
| Kelcher (R) | 38,627 |

Election 1968 is history. At the conclusion of ballot counting, Exponent reporters took a sample survey of students on campus to see what their reaction was.

Generally, in the opinion of sample students, they expressed satisfaction in Richard M. Nixon's victory over Hubert H. Humphrey and George C. Wallace. Many students expressed that they didn't foresee such a close election and one junior male student thought the election would have been closer if Wallace hadn't been in the running.

Another freshman student said he thought, of the three men running, Nixon was the

best man for the job. He added that he thought he would have a wider margin.

One junior girl said that she was happy with the presidential outcome, but didn't believe any president could have a really effective term in office at this time. She added that no one could solve all the problems, but Nixon was the best man, in her opinion.

One member of the faculty predicted Nixon to be a lame duck president for at least two years since he doesn't have a Republican Congress and doesn't have a big majority of the people behind him.

Another student expressed the attitude that the country would be much safer with a Republican President and a Democratic Congress, since nothing could be railroaded through.

Concerning the gubernatorial race in Montana, there were mixed feelings. One student asked what Forrest Anderson was for — the only thing he used in his campaign was what he was against.

Another expressed that he thought people merely voted against the sales tax.

One student summed up the election this way, "I was pleased with the results of the presidential election, but I didn't think it would be so close. I wasn't happy with the new governor, and I didn't expect it to be so far apart."

A faculty member expressed the opinion that Olsen has much more power in Montana than many people give him credit for. He also said that the state was just generally dissatisfied and wanted a change.



RICHARD M. NIXON

'Guess Who's Coming to Dinner' serves up menu in black and white

By **BERT TARRANT** and **MARY DUGGLEBY**

We would suppose that when a situation comes to the fore that warrants social comment somewhere, is going to attempt to make that comment. Such is the case in "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner."

In discussing the play, the reader must realize that we had already seen the drama once before. And, to be truthful, it had not changed much from the first time.

The opening scene of the show set the ensuing tone. Two lovers step off a United Airlines jet. Now how could anything go wrong in and around the friendly skies of United?

A young Negro man and a young white girl fall in love in Hawaii and fly home to Los Angeles to get approval for the marriage from both sets of parents.

Stemming from the obvious conflict, the girl, Joey arrives

fully expecting her parents to accept the marriage without qualms.

She bases her beliefs on the "strict" non-prejudiced teachings of her parents, never realizing, that although they have taught her to be unprejudiced, they never expected their daughter would want to marry a negro man.

Being a lot less naive than his girlfriend, Dr. Prentiss full well realizes the implications of the situation and promises to abide by the decision of the parents.

By deciding to leave earlier than planned for Europe and by inviting the parents of Dr. Prentiss to her home, Joey brings the protagonists together for the ultimate confrontation.

After a series of one-to-one conferences — the permutations of which went to almost extreme lengths — Papa Spencer Tracy changes his original views and delivers a final, affirmative monologue.

Samantha Eggar as Joey was phoney. But, Dr. Prentiss also told her she was phoney. It can be said that all members involved held the view that she was naive and flippant. The role demanded it and she performed well.

Sidney Poitiers portrayed Dr. John Wade Prentiss as he portrays all his roles—to perfection. It's rather nice to have an actor that the viewer can depend on.

Both mothers saw the question as one of love and not of race.

In being able to get their point across to the fathers, they got across the point of the movie.

The point of love over race was handled by a minor character when referring to Papa Spencer as "some old burnt-out, phoney liberal coming face to face with his principles."

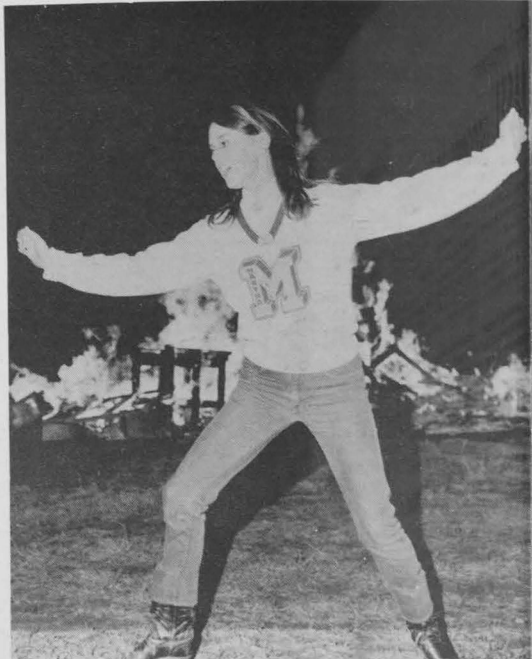
The show was beautiful. The point it strived to get across—and succeeded—was beautiful. The casting was beautiful. But at times, beauty for beauty's sake can get boring.

Thank heaven for Tilly, the negro maid. When the show threatened to get too far off the ground, Tilly could be counted on to bring their world back to the black, white and shades of gray.

She provided the only headstrong antagonism to Dr. Prentiss. "Civil rights is one thing, but this here is something different."

"This is getting more like a holy roller's meeting every minute."

The movie was beautiful; it was artificial; it was real; it was phoney. It was contradictory, but contradictory to the extent that a viewer must determine the interpretations for himself; so, decide for yourself.



Cheerleader Martha McDonnell added pazazz and beauty to the Grizzly fry (pep rally) Thursday.



later than December 6. They will pick the person best qualified.

Anyone interested in reading some of his own poetry is invited to come to Room 310 of the Student Union Building today at 3:00 p.m. Spectators are also welcome. It is hoped this session will give people a chance to hear what other are doing and an exchange of ideas.

The Montana Choral Directors' Association has elected Bruce Browne of Montana State University to a two-year term as association president. Browne is an instructor in vocal music and directs the school's Choral Montanans and Symphony Choir groups.

A contemporary film entitled "The Jungle," produced and edited by a Negro team of intercultural specialists, will be available for previewing for students on Thursday, November 14 at 4:00 p.m. in Room 104, Reid Hall.

This film has received both popular and technical praise from almost all national film reviewers.

Mu Sigma Alpha
NOVEMBER 8
(ALL MUSIC HONORARY)
Turkey Stomp
(raffle for a turkey)
THE BRIDGEWATER ESTATE
Guys \$.75 — Girls \$.50 — Couples \$1.00
MUNG

Bozeman Theatres

—ELLEN—

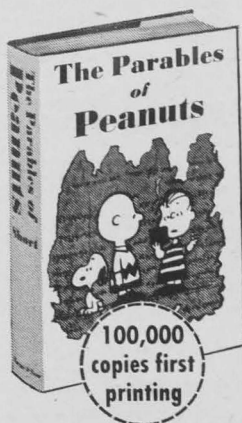
November 8-9-10-11-12
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER
with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn

November 13-14-15-16
THE PAPER LION
with Alan Alda and Lauren Hutton

—RIALTO—

November 8-9
ANGELS FROM HELL
with Tom Stern and Arlene Martel

MINISKIRT MOB
with Jeremy Slate and Diane McBain




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1817

Saturday-Sunday

November 9-10

The Collector

An absorbing movie, starring Terrence Stamp and Samantha Eggar

SUB THEATRE

7:30 p. m.

Indy Symphony

MSU grooves to longhairs

The Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra entertained a crowd of approximately 1200 last Friday night during its appearance at the Fieldhouse.

The orchestra, under the direction of Izler Solomon, performed four numbers, plus an encore.

The Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, founded in 1930, has a reputation as one of the foremost orchestras in the United States. The 86-member organization plays approximately 150 concerts each season.

Izler Solomon, who has been the music director and conductor since 1956, is internationally acclaimed as one of the great conducting talents in the world today. He has been the head of several other orchestras and is the recipient of many musical awards.

The first selection was Festive Overture by Robert Washburn. Washburn made use of contemporary harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic materials in his overture, but they were effectively combined with many traditional aspects.

Next the orchestra played Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," by Claude Debussy.

This selection featured many flute and oboe solos.

A brief pastoral poem, "The Afternoon of a Faun" by Symbolist poet Stephane Mallarme, inspired Debussy to write this piece of music. Later a ballet based on this Prelude was produced.

Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orchestra, Op 54 was the next selection performed by the orchestra. It was composed by Robert Schumann.

The piano solo was played by Lee Luvisi. In this number

Schumann set up a piano-orchestra dialogue, which continued throughout the three movements.

The final piece played was Symphony No. 6 in E Flat minor, Op. 111 by the Russian composer Serge Prokofiev. This symphony was written as a work of joy, celebrating the Russian victory over Hitler's invading armies. Though it was bright and lyrical through most of the number, it was at times grave, especially in the first and third movements.

Famous opera here November 11

In 1825, Il Barbiere De Sivigliis, the first Italian Opera, was presented in the U. S.

This opera which has been popular for 125 years, will be staged November 11 at 8:00 p.m. in the Willson Auditorium.

The Barber of Seville which takes place in the 17th Century is based on a series of three comedies. These three comedies known as the "Figaro trilogy" has as the hero-Figaro, the barber and the jack-of-all-trades.

When the opera was first presented in Rome in 1816 it was sung over a bedlam of whistles,

catcalls, shrieks and howls. The director, Gioachino Antonia Rossini, who could not bring himself to attend the next performance.

To his surprise the opera was very well received and has been ever since.

Tickets are on sale to students and faculty with I. D. cards at the dorm desks and the SUB business office.

General public may purchase their tickets at the box office the night of the production for \$1.00.

Dr. Margen speaks out on nutrition and protein intake

Dr. Sheldon Margen (M.D., and Professor of Human Nutrition at the University of California at Berkeley spoke on the "Adaptation of Man to Nutritional Stress: Responses to Maximum and Minimum Protein Intake" on Wednesday night.

Today the world's population is 3 1/2 billion and by the year 2000 it will be 6 billion. After 2000 it will be 6 billion. After years. There is little evidence that recent measures have altered the upward curve. These people will have to eat.

Even today while the U.S. consumes almost twice its protein requirement, other parts of the world are subsisting on too little protein.

All experimental evidence

shows that the human brain can be severely damaged by protein deficiency—especially during the rapid growth years of birth to 21.

By 1975 India may be doomed to mass starvation and accompanying epidemics. We in the U.S. cannot be secure, because we won't be isolated from this disaster which will come if we do not do something.

This one of the vital objectives of the research Dr. Margen does in the University of California Department of Nutritional Science.

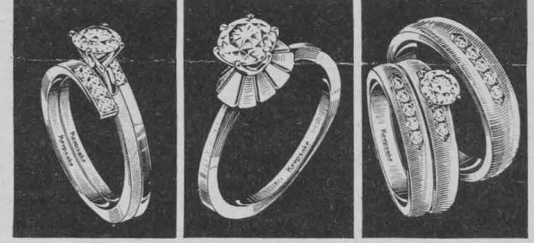
He studies protein—in minimal amounts to satisfy a hungry world and in maximal amounts for our astronauts in their new environment of space.



Perfect symbol of the love you share

Being with each other, doing things together . . . knowing that your affection is growing into precious and enduring love. Happily, all these cherished moments will be forever symbolized by your diamond engagement ring. If the name, Keepsake, is in the ring and on the tag, you are assured of fine quality and lasting satisfaction. The engagement diamond is flawless, of superb color, and precise modern cut. Your Keepsake Jeweler will assist you in making your selection . . . He's in the yellow pages, under "Jewelers."

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Social News and Views

By JAY WILSON

One evening, finding myself tired of studying, I put on my heaviest coat and forced my way outside.

It was a strange evening. The aurora borealis was playing solitaire in the northern sky, and the wind was blowing gustily to wring the last of the leaves from tenacious trees. And then the understanding.

In the year of the Lord With the crew on board, And hopes our hoard, I still remember the day. Her mast she glistened, To her listing we listened, Her hull we christened The ship the Shirley K. With rum in our hold

We became boistrously bold; We squandered our gold And shipped lightly on our way.

But bold as we dare; The chill in the air, Uncertainty aware, Fears that no one would say. Mockery at best, In jest did we jest; No conscience at rest With confidence did we play. When alone we were With thoughts of her, Doubts did incur; Oil on troubled waters seemed okay.

In winter storm we were caught, Our mind was wrought— Destiny we thought.

But where was that reef array? Our thoughts as we went under (Our ship rent asunder) Torn apart by wonder; Shipwrecked and sunk today.

ENGAGEMENTS

- Sandi Lemon, Spokane, Wash. to Don Hegland, Sigma Nu.
- Paulette Schmall, Ind. to Bob Van Nice, Ind.
- Judy Cook to Robert Myrick.
- Alice Anderson to Boon Whitmer.
- Jane Fagenstrom to Lt. Duane Congleton.
- Marie Pershe, DG to Charles Nelson, SAE.

GENESIS
 AND
BROWN SUGAR
 LIGHT AND CINEMA EFFECTS BY
GREAT BRAIN ROBBERY
 8:00
 \$2.00
FRIDAY
NOV. 15

Women's SHOE SALE
 Any Life Stride \$13.00
 A Special Group \$7.00
 Three pair for \$20
 Any Airstep \$14.00
 ALL SALES FINAL
Egbert's SHOES

Senate seems to be polarizing — getting both better and worse.

On one side of the Senate sits Bob Mullendore, Commissioner of Finance. In spite of the heavy drag on his time by his duties as Commissioner of Finance, Bob has dreamed up a vanguard group to try to make Senate relevant to the general populace of MSU and to the rest of the world.

Mullendore is one of those people who has finally realized that if Senate is to truly represent and involve the students, it has to be concerned with more than just spending activity fees.

In the past, all matters deeply concerning the general student body—girls' hours, dorm food, etc.—were quickly referred to AWS and MRA. Through Mullendore's committee, one topic of student interest will be discussed and voted upon each week. Perhaps this is one step toward changing the blah attitude of most MSU students.

On the other side at Senate sits a nice guy, affectionately called Beef. Bob Sager and his Information and Public Relations Board blew their one chance for fame and glory, an opportunity to do something worthwhile.

This fall the university needed good public relations like they haven't needed for ten years, and won't need for another ten. The six-mill levy, our bread and butter, was in danger of being voted down.

The PR board at our sister school, Missoula, got a real campaign going. They spent \$400 of senate funds on advertising, sent letters to the editors, and sent personal letters to thousands of Montana voters.

Our PR board sat on its duff until someone else brought the problem to them in Senate. They then sent them out dittoed letters to the editors of Montana papers at Senate's direction.

The ad campaign, however, fell flat on Sager's face. In spite of offers from the Alumni Office, the Exponent, and the Senate to pay the bill, Sager let the idea die because he said he was too busy that week with personal problems. We guess all eleven members of the board were too busy.

We suggest that this do nothing board be reduced to the Radio Station and Student Ambassador Committees and that Beef be put out to pasture.

Speed bumps are part of a plot

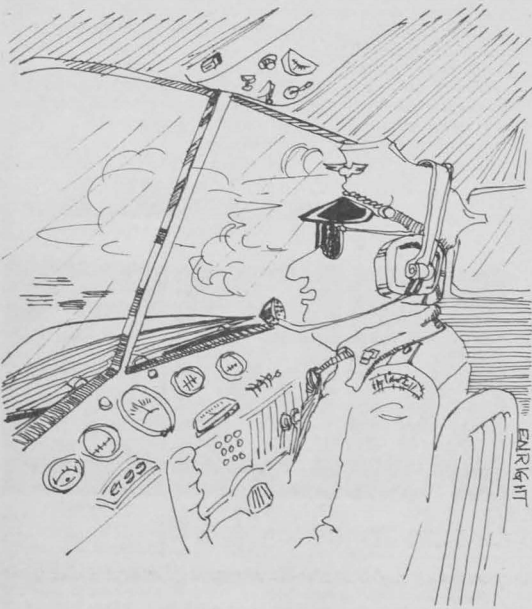
Exponent expose! We think we've discovered another of those underhanded compromises between university officials and big business. We maintain that the Service Shop has made a deal with the auto repair shops downtown to supply them with a year's worth of realignment jobs, broken mufflers, and generally rattly cars.

Admittedly, we don't have photostatic copy of a clandestine contract or anything like that, but what else could explain the unbelievable obstacle course that confronts anyone foolish enough to roll his wheels on to the campus.

Most noticeable, of course are the scientifically designed de-aligning devices that were installed around the hi rise dorms and in married student housing. These diabolical car wreckers are commonly called speed bumps by the people who built them and several unprintable names by the people who ride over them.

We are aware that these are really humane devices to protect children and freshman women, but do they have to be 6 inches high?

The plot became obvious this fall when the student parking lot behind Gatton Field was resurfaced. The Service Shop must have run \$10 short, because all entrances and exits to the lot consist of virtually running your car off the curb. It's not too bad on Volkswagens, but bigger cars have been losing mufflers, breaking tires, and taken ten years off their life.



Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. This is your pilot. We're cruising at 250 m.p.h. and 7000 feet. We'll be landing at Bozeman International Airport in five minutes. Please fasten your seatbelts and set your watches back 50 years.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Black Bart Strikes

To the editor:

There is something that must be brought to someone's attention. Due to the present state of the instructor evaluation program this seems to be the only avenue.

I am presently enrolled in Ed. 354, (Life Science Methods) in order to equip myself to teach Biology on the high school level. I fear that I am in the clutches of an ogre: known as Barton Hahn or Black Bart which ever you prefer.

This "gentleman" is a botanist who has infiltrated the education dept. He has been heard to say, "if you don't major in Botany you cannot get a job teaching this subject on the high school level."

I was under the impression the catalogue says otherwise. He has been known to cause students to switch schools to escape his clutches. There is more than one way of teaching biology regardless of single-minded concern with the inquiry method.

This gentleman is much too clever to openly challenge the powers that be in the school; but he is more direct with the students that he advises. He subverts the catalogue, the school, and the students he advises at every opportunity; in the name of botany.

I believe this person could not stand to be exposed. Consult the other students in his classes, this is of dire importance to all connected with the school.

One wonders just how many students he has managed to cause to quit school with his misadvice.

If someone would just sit thru one of his "discussion" sessions I am sure they would understand. God help us with this type of "instructor" on the loose. Withhold name for obvious reasons.

U of W defended

To the editor:

We think that the whole thing about Greg Albertson's letter that appeared in the Exponent Oct. 18 should be cleared up.

Greg wrote a personal letter to Miss Diane Travis, who decided she would print part of this letter in the Exponent.

Greg happens to be the type of person who likes the advantages of a large city and educational freedom. He does not

like the censorship, etc. from the ultra-conservative radicals on this campus.

Albertson said in a personal letter to us "the kids (and not just the hips, but generally everyone) are a lot friendlier."

We would like to know just what kind of "rotten deal" Albertson is supposed to be getting at U of W, a university that is not a farce, but one with course and faculty critiques and a pass-fail system (believe it or not, that is the trend in "intellectual universities" today).

We also ask Miss Satake if she has ever seen North & South Barracks, the Quonsets, or the interior of the older buildings and dorms. We doubt seriously that Miss Satake has ever even seen the so called "run down, fish-smelling university" which is located in Seattle.

What, Miss Satake, do you consider a true university? One with a good athletic program and football coach or one which exposes its students to life as it truly is today and has as a main objective the education of its students as not only a person with a degree and a chance at a good job, but as a well rounded intellect?

We believe that if Miss Satake actually thinks that Albertson is getting a rotten deal, she should take another look at her local gum machine.

Dan Moore
Dan Miehle
Fred Spicker

AEC yells again

To the editor:

I have just read your October 4th editorial and feel, in the interest of truth, that I should write this letter and set the record straight concerning Faculty Evaluation.

First, the concept of a faculty evaluation was not introduced, as you say, by a "small band of progressive intellectuals." Rather, Butch Krutzfeldt (1965-66 ASMSU President) brought it back from one of the student government conventions he attended. Next, the "Faculty Evaluation Feasibility Study" was conducted by Jim Huffman and Steve Roffler under the authorization of the Student Senate. This survey began spring quarter of 1966 and was completed the following autumn quarter. No student funds were spent on the program.

After the survey, ASMSU President Rod Hoxsey called for

applications from the student body to form a Faculty Evaluation Committee. Mike Spillman and I were appointed co-chairmen and served in this capacity until spring quarter, 1968. During this time, from a Student Senate allotment of \$5500, approximately \$3400 was spent. This figure is considerably less than the \$10,000 you quoted.

AEC worked diligently to obtain faculty cooperation without pressure from students or administration. Not once was the idea of "a system in which students would have the same power pressure..." intended in the program. It was our belief that such an idea would not encourage positive change in MSU's faculty. We believed that this "pressure" would discourage the very people the program was designed to reach, i.e. the less effective instructors.

With this in mind, the content of the AEC booklet was determined by the participants in the 1968 Student Senate Workshop. It was outlined in The Exponent, along with the other workshop resolutions, last spring quarter. The decision not to print all data regarding this evaluation is not a recent one.

It is staggering to realize this damage one irresponsible and incompetent person like you can do to destroy nearly two years of careful planning and conscientious study. Persons with access to mass communication media have an extra responsibility to be absolutely sure of their facts before extending them to the public. I submit that the credibility of **The Exponent** is definitely in question and is likely to remain so as long as you are its editor.

Lanny Moline
1966-1968 AEC Co-chairman

Hey senate!

To the Editor:

TO THE STUDENT SENATE: re "Education should be a conscious, methodical application of the best means in the wisdom of the ages to the end that you may know how to live completely"—Austin O'Malley.

Larry Kavies

Columnist stinks

To the editor:

Re: 'Jay Wilson's 'stories' u/d Re: 'Social News and Views' His puns stink.

Doug Murphy

Pryor blames senate bureaucracy for apathy

Pryor needs proof

By JACK PRYOR

Montana State University has a problem called student apathy. This apathy is not inherent in the students, it is the result of the structure of the student government.

One can't expect an ordinary student, who has probably never made a speech in his life, to go to a Student Senate meeting, stand up in front of all of the "important" people on campus, fold his arms and declare that he doesn't like the way things are. Yet, this is precisely what the present student government requires of its students.

The great majority of students never get closer to the decision-making process than reading about the opinion of some commissioner in the Exponent. They never read about their own opinions, and very few ever read the opinions of any one they know personally.

It is not surprising that the actions of a group which is so isolated does not produce dancing in the streets.

The solution then, is to provide the students with an effective alternative. Any organization which would provide this alternative must be willing to deal with the students on a one-to-one, eyeball-to-eyeball basis.

It has to be willing to go out into the university, grab individual students by the arm, and ask them what they think about the problems of the university.

It must be willing to provide leadership in the development of new and specific ideas, and in the implementation of these ideas by direct action.

Direct action does not necessarily mean violent action. Direct action could be setting up petition tables in all of the major buildings on campus and, on a personal level, encouraging support for a given resolution.

It could be a peaceful demonstration, a series of speeches from a soapbox on the steps of the SUB, or even a student-initiated and directed symposium on major issues.

In any case, the students can expect to have almost no real voice in the determination of university policy until they achieve some unity of purpose and communication among themselves.

It is not very difficult to find people who are enthusiastic and philosophic about such an organization. The real problem develops when they try to reduce their vague ambitions to some effective action.

Generally, there is a good deal of interest generated at the first meeting, but it usually adjourns with nothing decided except that the group will meet again and really get something done.

The second meeting is attended by perhaps one-half of those present at the first. If anyone shows up at the third meeting, he will almost certainly be greeted by an empty room.

At this point, the students are right where they started—silent, isolated, and frustrated. In some cases, this inability to define precise goals or design effective methods of achieving those goals, produces a blind, undirected action.

Talking and planning seem to produce nothing, so one learns to bypass these and take blind action. The action also produces nothing, but the direct, physical involvement acts as a substitute for success.

This leads to the criticism, which is often a valid one, that students don't really know what they want.

Therefore, the first principle which any such organization must observe is: If it takes two weeks, don't adjourn the first meeting until at least one specific objective and a concrete course of action have been agreed upon.

The effort expended by a group in pursuit of a common goal, especially if rewarded by some measure of success, will create a bonding which can transform the group into an effective and permanent organization.

By BERT TARRANT

Re: Jack Pryor's seemingly blind letter calling for effective organizations.

Preface: Since newspapers are written for busy people, if you are busy, read only the first and last paragraphs.

Definition: Apathy. "Release or freedom from passion, excitement, or emotion." OK, Jack Pryor, what's wrong with that?

"... apathy is not inherent in the students." Of course you are right. Inherency means that a particular situation can not be changed without a significant, structural change in the present system. But wait! Your next statement says the problem is with the structure of student government. This is an assumption I cannot let you make.

Even if we do accept your assumption, I feel you owe us at

least one thing—you better prove it, effectively and fast.

Your next statement about students being lousy speakers, unable to get the point across to Student Senate; I don't believe you. Here's why. First, you are saying they are incapable of speaking their mind... prove it. Second, such a statement assumes an organization to speak the student will. Problem: Such an organization would be ineffective because students would be just as apprehensive about speaking there.

Indeed, it would have to be such an organization... after all nothing can be effective unless it can "achieve some unity of purpose and communication..."

"... dancing in the streets." Not really an effective way of getting a point across either.

"The organization for generating student interest." Ah ha, here it comes. "eyeball with the student"... "eyeball to eyeball"... "provide new and specific ideas"... "direct action."

I've heard that before... "meaningful dialog"... "effective communication"... "take the bull by the horns"... It sounds to me as if you are taking a variation of "fighting fire with fire." Fighting platitudes with platitudes.

"Not difficult to find people enthusiastic and philosophic"... fine. But, you have yet to prove that the entire Student Senate is not composed of such people. But, even if you could prove it, perhaps you would be going over your point in that you would also prove—at least by way of the back door—that students interested in organizations such as yours or student senate are not by definition enthusiastic and philosophical.

The point: It is correct to assume that "enthusiastic and philosophical" people might be interested in such an organization, but you cannot assume that such an organization is "inherently" capable of enlisting such people, and that such people are representative of the entire student body. This is precisely the point on which you are attacking student government.

In the end I think I can foretell what would happen to such an organization: 1). generally, a good deal of interest would be generated at the first meeting; 2). the second meeting will be attended by one-half of those present at the first meeting; and, 3). anyone showing up for the third meeting will be greeted by an empty room. Now, where have I heard that before?

Now, for that last paragraph I promised you:

Mr. Jack Pryor assumes much and proves little.



GUEST COLUMN

Senate makes stab at relating to real world

By BOB MULLENDORE

Commissioner of Finance

In response to the blatantly inaccurate and uninformed bit of fiction by Jack Pryor appearing in last week's Exponent under the henceforth dubious subtitle of "Exponent News Analysis," the following clarification is offered.

Buried snugly (or is the word "smugly?") among a host of Mr. Pryor's fabrications and possibilities are two valid points.

One is that student government is a bureaucracy. Although in reality there is no republican government which is not to some degree bureaucratic, the fact remains that Student Senate is unduly so. This unfortunate situation has been acknowledged by the Senate itself, and is being remedied by its Constitutional Revisions Committee.

The second point is that, in Mr. Pryor's words, "A great many students are simply too lazy..." Enough said. Think about it.

The present business of Student Senate is with the admin-

istrative details of presently existing student groups. This is a vital (and time-consuming) function which must be performed and with which no informed student has quarrel.

Current dissatisfaction with Senate arises primarily from its lack of concern for the important political, social, and moral issues of today. This dissatisfaction is legitimate.

Once considered beyond the scope of student government, these issues demand the attention of the contemporary university student, a student who is becoming increasingly educated and informed, who already pays taxes and fights wars, and who soon may vote.

In recognition of this responsibility, Student Senate has organized a new and permanent committee.

This committee will present to Senate a weekly topic for discussion which is of timely concern to the students of MSU, and publicize the resultant opinion of Senate to all relevant newspapers, faculty, administration,

Congressmen, Governors, and Presidents.

This admittedly ambitious program can realize its immense potential only with the active participation of the student body!

The first topic of discussion will be: "Should the Student Health Service distribute birth control pills without prescription

to any female student of legal age who asks for them?"

This question will be discussed and answered at the Senate meeting Wednesday evening, November 13.

If you have relevant information or opinion, come to the meeting—Senate wants to hear you!

The Exponent

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● The Exponent is an independent campus newspaper and the opinions expressed herein are those of its staff and not necessarily those of the administration, faculty or general student body of Montana State University.

● We have a deadline of Tuesday noon for any copy. We will print any letters to the editor or guest columns that are in good taste, non-libelous, or non-slanderous.

● We will accept unsigned letters, provided the editor knows the name of the individual. With that stipulation, anonymous letters will appear in print.

● Our columnists reflect their own opinion.

● We are more than willing to focus this medium on anything exciting happening within any department, club, or classroom.

● We thrive upon criticism. Help us out.



NINETEEN LOVELY COEDS JOIN THE RANKS OF THE MSU ANGEL FLIGHT.

The sly spy who came in from the outside cold

By JAN WALTER

Dr. Jesse K. Lair of the MSU English department spoke to Bozeman Optimist Club concerning the "gulf between the academic and business communities."

Lair emphasized that MSU was performing a function vitally important to Montana as well as Bozeman. He commented that there should be a much greater cooperation between faculty and businessmen.

"I was in business in Minnesota as a business consultant for 15 years before I became a college professor. I was used to being accepted, then and I think faculty members here, as well as students, would appreciate this acceptance," he stated.

Lair added that businessmen seem to be leary of the lofty degrees of college professors and treat them as "academic crud."

He explained this to be partly caused by the faculty; "some members have rubbed community members wrong in the past, but the entire hill shouldn't be criticized and generalized together because of a few," Lair said.

"The faculty is trying to educate students who seek to learn more than they have received from their hometown to expand and improve themselves. They need the cooperation and appreciation of people throughout the state to accomplish our

purpose. It is their sons and daughters we are educating," he continued.

"I have acted as a spy for you," Lair told businessmen and I have come back to you to report in your language what I have observed.

"The students feel they have been taken. They feel they are



Dr. Jesse Lair and Son

receiving too little for too much. Whether they are justified in their thinking or not is beside the point.

"The academic community of faculty and students shouldn't be set apart from the larger community as a whole," he concluded.

MSU DEBATE

Team has ups and downs

MSU debate squads attended the Gem State Jamboree tournament at Idaho State Uni-

versity October 30 through November 2.

Representing Bozeman in participant evaluation debate were affirmative team Bert Tarrant and George Antonson and negative team Bob Brown and Alan Loudon.

In Round Robin contest Brown and Loudon were named top negative team. They met Linfield College of Oregon in televised finals winning in a 3-0 decision.

They were awarded first place trophies of gold Elgin watches.

Loudon was judged outstanding negative debator by opposing contestants.

Second place in this division went to Creighton University in Omaha, Nebraska.

In judge participation debate the MSU team of Tom Schmalz and Jeff Gibbs, after winning quarter finals, lost a close decision in semi-finals to tie for third with Brigham Young University.

Hank Preshinger represented MSU in oratory.

Bert Tarrant and George Antonson excelled in extemporaneous speaking just missing finals.

The University of Montana won the overall sweepstakes.

The next tournament is at BYU over Thanksgiving vacation.

Angels get more new wings

Angel Flight chose 19 new members for the year last Thursday night.

They include: Penny Anderson, Layna Beever, Diane Brawner, Patty Butka, Kristine Calantone, Elaine Cervenka, Gretchen Hauson, Carla Johnson,

Nancy Mullen, Debrah Olffon, Eloise Oviatt, and Jean Pool.

Margret Rosholt, Susan Rummel, Jane Stebbins, Tina Stevens, and Nancy Woodward were also chosen.

They were judged on marching ability and poise and from

an interview with two Senior Angels, pledge trainer, two Arnold AS Cadets and Major Wall, MSU Commander.

The only requirement to compete is that they be between five foot two and five foot nine in height.

Layna Beeler, one of the competitors, said, "Loved it, but it was tense. Was fun but oh, the aching muscles!"

"The competition was hard and scary but not as bad as I expected," commented Nancy Woodward.

The purpose of Angel Flight is to promote interest in the Air Force and the Arnold Air Society.

They are also a drill team and have won top honors for the last two years.

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Recently, *Fortune* estimated that the value of general purpose computers installed in this country will more than double by 1972. Other publications have other predictions, and probably no source is totally precise. But most agree that information processing is one of America's fastest growing major industries.

Every day, it seems, computers go to work in a new field or new application. IBM computers are working in such diverse fields as business, law, medicine, oceanography, traffic control, air pollution. Just about any area you can name.

To somebody just starting out, this growth means exceptionally good chances for advancement. Last year, for example, we appointed over 4,000 managers—on performance, not seniority. Here are four ways you could grow with IBM:

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"Working in data processing today pretty much means you work in a broad spectrum of technologies," says Nick Donofrio.

An Associate Engineer at IBM, Nick is a 1967 graduate in Electrical Engineering. He's using his technical background to design circuits for computer memory systems.

Nick says, "Your specialty at IBM can take you into the front yard of half a dozen different fields. In my job, for example, I work with systems design engineers, chemists, physicists, metallurgists, and programmers. The diversity helps me keep up to date on the latest technologies."

Career areas in engineering and science at IBM include: Research, Design & Develop-

ment, Manufacturing, Product Test, Space and Defense Projects, and Field Engineering. You'll need at least a B.S. in any technical field.

Marketing

"Working with company presidents is part of the job."



"I'm pretty much the IBM Corporation in the eyes of my customers," says Andy Moran. "I consider that fairly good for an engineer who graduated only two years ago."

Andy earned his B.S.E.E. in 1966. Today, he's a Marketing Representative with IBM, involved in the planning, selling and installation of data processing systems.

Andy's customers include companies with annual sales ranging from 20 million to 120 million dollars. He often works with executive vice-presidents and presidents. Andy says, "At first I was a little nervous about the idea of advising executives at that level. But by the time I finished training, I knew I was equipped to do the job."

Career areas in marketing at IBM include: Data Processing Marketing and Systems Engineering, Office Products Sales, and Information Records Sales. Degree requirement: B.S. or B.A. in any field.

Finance

"You're in an ideal spot to move ahead fast."



"I've always figured my chances for advancement would be better in a growth industry. That's why I picked IBM," says Joe Takacs.

Joe's been working in general accounting

since he got his B.B.A. in June, 1968. Growth wasn't the only reason he chose IBM. He says, "I learned that it's general practice at IBM to promote from within and to promote on merit alone. I like that."

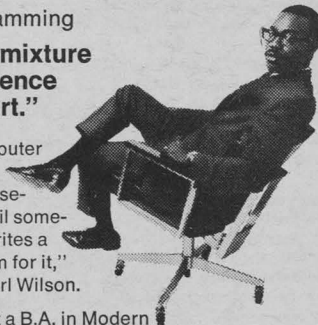
"Another growth factor is the job itself," Joe says. "During my first few years, I'll get experience in nearly every area of general accounting—Income & Expense, Balance Sheet, and so on. I'll be learning how the company is structured and how it operates on a broad scale. That's exactly the kind of knowledge I'll need to help me qualify for a manager's job."

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Programming

"It's a mixture of science and art."

"A computer is practically useless until somebody writes a program for it," says Earl Wilson.



Earl got a B.A. in Modern Languages in June, 1967.

He's now an IBM programmer working on a teleprocessing system that will link the computerized management information systems of several IBM divisions.

Earl defines a "program" as a set of instructions that enables a computer to do a specific job. "Programming involves science," says Earl, "because you have to analyze problems logically and objectively. But once you've made your analysis, you have an infinite variety of ways to use a computer's basic abilities. There's all the room in the world for individual expression."

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CHIP SHOTS

BY ROBERTS



The Cats' play against the U of M Grizzlies last weekend was tremendous. The Bobcats proved to football fans everywhere that they were a group of individuals that played as a team, and not the other way around.

With the Grizzlies leading 24-9 and only eight minutes left in the game, Bobcat fans were beginning to get panicky. But the Cats roared back to score three big touchdowns to win 29-24, making it six in a row over the hapless Teddy Bears.

Although running back Paul Schafer, quarterback Dennis Erickson, and flanker Ron Bain turned in outstanding performances, it was a real team effort. The Bobcats are built on pride, and though the offense and defense may momentarily falter, that pride is ever present.

* * * * *

While the Bobcats came out on top, the MSU Spurgats weren't quite as fortunate in their encounter with the Missoula Spurs.

After fighting the Spurgizzlies to a 0-0 tie, the Spurgats lost in a California playoff by a single yard.

It was a tough defensive battle and a real heartbreaker. The Spurgats gave it their all, but couldn't get the breaks when they needed them.

Among the outstanding performers for the Spurgats were Bonnie Tuss, Carie Mathison, Linda Harris, and Nan Cervenka.

* * * * *

Anyone interested in teaching ski classes this winter, meet in Room 3 at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday in the Old Gym.

* * * * *

A big "thanks!" to Coach Dobbie Lambert for keeping a worried group of fans backing the Cats. With Montana State trailing the Grizzlies by two touchdowns, Dobbie led the MSU fans with his favorite "B-O-B-C-A-T-S" cheer. Accordingly the fans caught fire, the Cats caught fire, and poor Missoula never could quite put out the flames.

* * * * *

This weekend the Bobcats travel to Grand Forks, N. D. to tangle with the North Dakota Sioux.

Last season the Cats met the Sioux on Gatton field and escaped with a narrow 20-16 victory.

The Bobcats are presently 5-3 for the season, winning their last two starts. If the Cats play good heads-up football the poor Sioux will undoubtedly be in for a massacre to rival the Little Big Horn.

Go get 'em, Cats!



DENNIS ERICKSON SLIPS AWAY FROM A FRUSTRATED GRIZZLY.

Bobcats trip dancing school

By BILL WALTON

The Bobcats showed the U of M Grizzlies what the game of football was all about as they came roaring back from behind to score three touchdowns in the last eight minutes and defeat the Grizzlies the sixth time in a row.

Paul Schafer, a Bobcat standout all year, did an almost super-human job as he carried the ball 58 times for 234 yards, this put his yardage to 1,093 making him the first Montana State Sophomore to rush more than 1,000 yards.

Montana State started the scoring off with a 27 yard field goal by Kalfoss.

The second score of the ball game came with 3:27 remaining in the half. This time Ron Bain,

star Bobcat flankerback, took an Erickson pass for 12 yards and a score. The P.A.T. attempt by Frank Kalfoss was called wide, much to the disgust of the Bobcat fans that were sitting behind the goal posts.

With 1:45 left in the half Montana scored and then took advantage of a Bobcat fumble on the kickoff return to kick a 38 yard field goal and take a 10-9 lead.

There was no score in the third period as Dean Winder thwarted the only Grizzly scoring threat by intercepting a pass on the fifteen yard line.

The U of M took off in the fourth period with quarterback Brum hitting tight end Kelly and then hitting Doug Bain in the end zone to make the score

17-9 in favor of Montana.

Shortly after that Montana's Mike Buzzard broke loose for 53 yards and another Grizzly score, this made the score 24-9 with less than nine minutes to go.

With only a little over eight minutes left, Erickson took to the air hitting a combination of receivers including Bain, Fieldstead, Stiff, and Pidino.

They drove to the five yard line where Schafer took the ball over to narrow the Grizzly lead to nine points.

The Bobcat defense then forced the Grizzlies to punt after only three downs and MSU had the ball in good field position again.

Erickson and company then drove to the fourteen yard line where Erickson hit Bain on the five and he carried it across from there. Kalfoss's kick made it 24-22 in favor of U of M.

Again the defense made the Grizzlies punt after only three downs and the Grizzlies punted to the MSU 39 yard line.

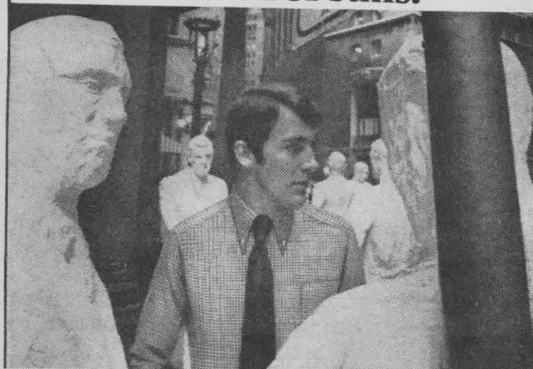
Montana State drove to the Montana 23 where they were faced with a third down and sixteen situation.

Paul Schafer skirted around the end for short yardage but a facemasking penalty gave the Bobcats a first down on the 16 yard line.

It was all Paul Schafer from there. He ran the ball 7 consecutive times, finally plunging over from the one with the game winning touchdown.

This made the score 29-24 in favor of MSU.

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Schafer leads Cats in rushing

"I never doubted once we wouldn't win," commented Bobcat running back, Paul Schafer, following the Grizzly game. "You've just got to believe in yourself, and most of all, in your team," Schafer continued. Last week in Missoula, Paul

racked up 234 yards rushing on 58 carries to become the first sophomore in Montana State history to gain over 1,000 yards in a season. "I just follow my blockers looking for a place to cut back and then run for daylight."

Injuries have been a major obstacle for the speedy half-back. Against the Grizzlies, Paul was removed from the game three times, once for an ankle sprain, once when he re-injured a knee and a third time when he re-injured a shoulder.

"My ankle was giving me trouble," Schafer said, "but I knew there wasn't anyone to take my place, and when you're playing the Grizzlies you're so psyched up you don't really notice it."

Schafer attended high school in Great Falls where he won honors as an All-State football player, an outstanding trackster, and a state champion wrestler.

Although Schafer lists agriculture as his present course of study, he hopes to be a coach someday.

Schafer says he doesn't plan to play football past college. He feels he is too small (5'10", 176 lbs.). Nevertheless, Schafer has gained the reputation as a tough, hard-nosed runner throughout the Big Sky Conference.



Paul Schafer: Sets rushing record.

Grapplers eye title

Montana State's wrestlers have their sights set on a Big Sky Conference championship as they prepare for the 1968-69 season.

Coach Herb Agocs is working with a 26-man squad, including seven lettermen from last year's team which finished 6-5 overall and second in the Big Sky.

Agocs predicts the Bobcats will be strong in the lower weights, but says they'll have to develop additional strength in the upper weights if they're to dethrone league champ Idaho State.

Montana State won the first three Big Sky titles, but gave way to ISU in both 1967 and 1968.

Returning letter winners are Bill Andersen, Dick Kilpatrick, Lonnie Niswanger, Dave Steen, Mike Meyer, Merle Olson, and

the league tourney. Olson was Lowell Springer.

Andersen posted a 7-3 record last year and placed second in Big Sky 145-pound champ.

Other members of the team are Tim Barnes, Fred Berry, Ron Butkay, Charles Burgess, Michael Burgess, Alan Christensen, Dennis Keller, Henry Huntsinger, Robin Lockwood, Tom McGeachy, Bill Hageman, Larry Parker, Curt Randall, Jim Sparing, Ron Incononato, Randy Strom, Bill Taylor, Russel Roy and John Vincent.

The Bobcats will launch their schedule Dec. 6-8 in an eight-team tourney at Colorado State University.

U of M Phi Deltas win

The SAE's, with a 9-1 season record, captured the intramural football championship. The MSU champs traveled to Missoula, where they lost a rough game to UM's Phi Deltas 16-6.

The final standings were:

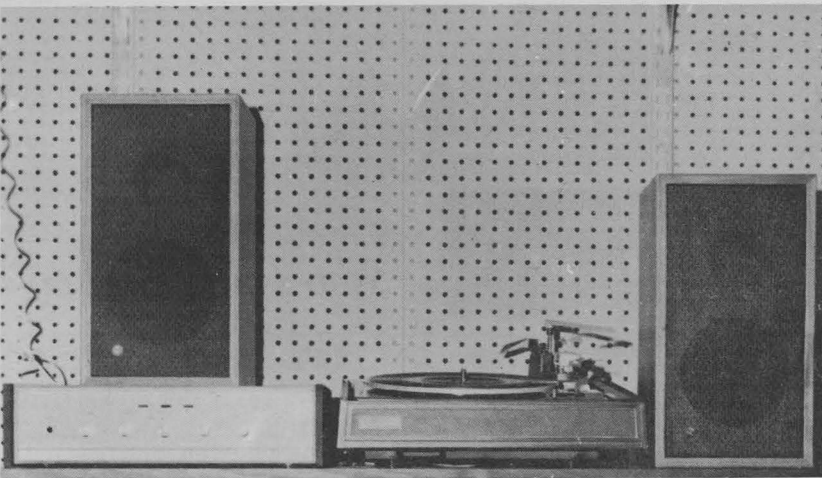
| | | |
|------------|---|-----|
| SAE | 9 | 1 |
| Phi Sig | 9 | 1 1 |
| AGR | 7 | 2 1 |
| Phi Delt | 6 | 4 |
| Phi Kap | 6 | 4 |
| Sigma Nu | 6 | 4 2 |
| Sigma Chi | 5 | 3 2 |
| Sigma Phi | 2 | 7 |
| Lambda Chi | 1 | 8 1 |
| Delta Si g | 1 | 9 |
| Kappa Sig | 0 | 8 1 |

This week Culbertson 1 and 2 will meet 8th Floor Hedges for the intramural championship among the dorms.

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Playboy's life — one big happy time

"We are not card carrying puritans," stated Professor John Langenbach and the Rev. Harold Daniels in Monday night's lecture on Playboy philosophy for the Faith and Life series.

Rev. Daniels presented an explanation of the Playboy philosophy while Professor Langenbach stressed the inconsistencies.

Rev. Daniels began with the idea that Playboy is a remarkable economic function, yet the underlying idea is vague, rambling, and very difficult to focus one's thoughts on.

He explained that the magazine is intended as entertainment for the urban man, a pleasure after a hard day at work.

This is exactly how Playboy sells, the serious aspects of life are shoved out and the focus is placed on only one segment of a male's life, his sexual fulfillment.

Hugh Hefner, the father of the Playboy philosophy, portrays the ideal male as an individual, a material success, a play and please type.

Hefner's idea boils down to sexual relations without involvement. This idea is focused on the transition from adolescence to maturity, a time in which a male should experience all types of sexual relations.

But another part of his philosophy is that in the process of sexual relations without involvement no one should be hurt. But how can one tell when hurt becomes a factor? This is a contradiction of ideas.

The philosophy has a very limited view of sexuality. It presents sex as a technique where the role of the woman is to be a tool, a release for man's pleasures. Love, responsibility and the development of a relationship is completely overlooked. Sex becomes good no matter where, when, or with whom Hefner claims that self-less love does not make sense to modern man. Man is reduced to a simple sexual animal.

Langenbach's opinion is that hard core pornography is less harmful to one's moral character than Playboy. He backed this statement by pointing out that pornography implies no involvement nor does it suggest a mode of life. It is simply pictures for pleasure.

In summary, the speakers were attempting to point out that man is more interested in a deep relationship rather than one based merely on the sexual relations. Essentially, the Playboy philosophy contradicts this basic concept.

Educators are not satisfied

By SUE RATHBONE

"I don't think that any of the total staff really interested in education are satisfied with what they are doing," said Robert Van Woert, new instructor in the Education program at MSU.

Van Woert was speaking of not only MSU's program, but education as a whole. "Our objective is to turn out teachers with impact on the education of students," he went on to emphasize.

Van Woert spent a year in Washington, D. C. before coming to MSU to teach.

Working in the U. S. Office of Education there, he was involved with the Bureau of Research and the Bureau of Adult Vocational and Library Programs.

The job came as a fellowship while he was working on his doctorate at the University of Idaho.

Van Woert said the experience was priceless. Living there is the only way to really know what Washington is like.

The Bureau of Research was designed to investigate proposals of people who are interested in research programs for education.

His other job involved writing a directory of institutions for pre-technical education. Pre-technical education is set up for the returning veterans, or those who lack technical backgrounds before trying to enter technical institutions, said Van Woert.

exponent Interview



DR. ROBERT VAN WOERT

While Van Woert was in Washington he studied with a third bureau which provided vocational and technical guidance for returning veterans.

"Suspicious, thoughtless, busy, and very difficult to communicate with" described his opinion of Easterners.

"I wouldn't want to live anywhere but the Northwest," said Van Woert. Having lived in every section of the country, he

says the people in the West are altogether different. Here he finds "the greatest bunch of kids I've seen and I love it here."

Van Woert teaches all the Education 350 courses and Ed 358.

Comparing the western schools to others, he says "they are pretty good, but that doesn't mean we should be satisfied with them."

The schools his own children attended in the east were extremely poor, he emphasized.

One of the main problems in Montana, according to Van Woert, is the great number of small schools which cannot offer broad enough curriculums or teachers who are qualified in the number of subjects they must teach. "I question the education background of students from these schools," asserted Van Woert.

A good look at consolidation where there can be visible organization and adequate transportation would be one step towards solving the problem, offered Van Woert.

Married, with two children, Van Woert is looking forward to his first year in a Montana winter. He has promised his children snow for a long time.

SCHOOL IS OUT—COLLEGE IS IN School of education receives new status

The former School of Education at Montana State University, Bozeman, began the fall term three weeks ago with a new name and new status.

It's been known as the College of Education since July 1, ranking it equally with the university's four other undergraduate colleges: Agriculture, Engineering, Letters and Science, and Professional Schools.

Enrollment figures a year ago made it plain to administrators that Education deserved college status.

Of MSU's 6,800 students in

1967, nearly 30 per cent were taking programs leading to teacher certification.

The then School of Education also had the largest post-graduate enrollment of any academic unit, and a survey of freshman showed that a full 31 per cent had teaching in mind as a probable career.

Dean of the new college, Earl N. Ringo, said revamping of the education curriculum, in preparation for the name change, had begun a year and a half prior to the actual event. He said the four departments under

the college are elementary education, secondary education and foundations, educational services, and physical education.

"I think we're as modern as any College of Education in the country — but perhaps the whole country is a little behind," the dean asserts.

Ringo is an education theorist and a viewer of the big picture who worries that perhaps youngsters ought to be learning more in school than the Three R's.

U. S. schools, he contends, are turning out students technically proficient in the subjects they are taught. "But is this enough?" he asks. "Maybe we need to teach people to get along better with each other, and how to live full and satisfactory lives."

Dean Ringo, who quit as the University of Minnesota's Director of Institutional Research to come to MSU in 1966, also has doubts about the traditional grading system in the schools. He favors a more flexible, non-graded approach to measuring achievement.

Dr. Elnora Wright of the education faculty already has a widely-watch project going among Crow Indian children, which should be helpful in finding effective methods of teaching the culturally-deprived.

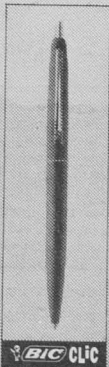
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Daye Beardsley, Class of '57"

English dep't. greets new profs

This fall MSU received eleven new instructors in the English Department.

The decrepit walls in Montana Hall, which long ago reached their maturity, shook and shifted their weight with the large turnover this year.

Dr. John P. Parker head of the English Department stated, "In a school of this size, a minimum sized turnover is inevitable. If an instructor doesn't plan to be here for at least four years, he is not even considered for employment."

"Still we have our instructors taking a leave of absence to continue their education so we must hire someone to replace them," he added.

Parker felt the turn-over had nothing to do with the incident of last year. James Baldwin's book *Another Country* was forbidden use at MSU by the President's office because of its contents.

The new staff members came to MSU for various reasons.

James Corey was an undergraduate at MSU, and decided to return as a master where once he had been a slave.

Corey received his Ph.D. in July, 1968. Corey taught at Northern Montana College, Washington University, and was a teaching assistant at University of Montana and Washington State University from 1965 to 1968.

Corey enjoys reading, fishing and playing handball.

Alan M. Watson came here to ski and said that until it snows he will be very unhappy. He has always been where he could ski.

Watson graduated from Dartmouth in 1962, received his masters at University of Mexico, and will acquire his doctorate there this year.

Watson has just returned from two years in London where he was a Research Student at the Courtauld Institute of Art, University of London.

Watson stated, "I wish the students would show as much enthusiasm about ideas and issues as they work up at the football games."

Robert H. Figgins, said he felt he'd led a very drab existence as teacher and scholar before coming to MSU.

Figgins feels that Bozeman, unlike the large urban areas, offers a relatively low cost of living and provides a suitable and challenging outlet for his many interests.

Model UNers play Yugoslavia

MSU will represent Yugoslavia at the Far West Model United Nations conference. Approximately 16 delegates will attend the General Assembly in Fresno, Calif., May 7-11.

The delegation is open to all students. Selection is based upon knowledge of Yugoslavia and the UN and the committee rules. Practical application of the rules will be learned at the High School Regional MUN hosted by MSU Feb. 14-15.

Weekly discussions of the UN and Yugoslavia are held Wed. 9 p.m. in the SUB.

If you wish to be considered as a delegate or part of the Secretariat Staff immediate attendance is urged.

Figgins enjoys Medieval English Literature, deep-sea fishing and spelunking.

Richard A. Furze received his degree in Anglo-Irish literature from an Irish university.

Of the many schools to which he applied, only MSU would accept Furze's rather unusual degree.

Mr. Furze finds reading and skiing at the top of his interests list. "The Molly Brown is too noisy," commented Furze.

Carroll R. Hovland is a lecturer in the English, Speech and Theater Department.

Hovland spent four years as Program Director at HLKK radio station in Inchon, Korea. The station broadcasted in English, Korean, Russian, and Chinese.

He compiled a text book and lesson plans in Korean on Radio Programming and taught the Korean staff.

Hovland enjoys working with MSU students, and finds them sincere. He feels they're more concerned with being straightforward than with fitting a

mold of the stereotype student.

Hovland spends most of his time with his family. He also likes music, hiking, study of Biblical literature, and working in his varied church activities.

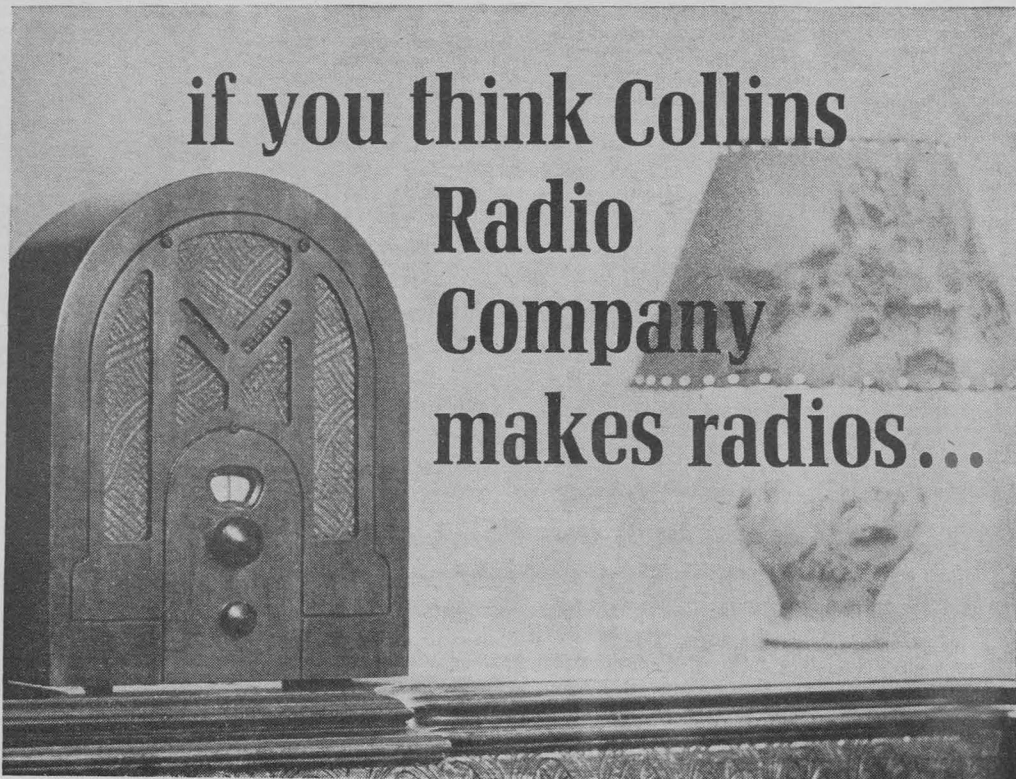
Sharon Koblik wanted to live in the East, and MSU is farther east than her home in Oregon. Miss Koblik has attended school for the last five years at the University of Oregon where she received her Masters degree. She is presently teaching two sections of 121 English.

Jack R. Olson said Montana's

mountains and fresh air have completely converted him from the West Coast atmosphere, particularly Oregon.

Olson was attracted to MSU primarily for the opportunity to work with undergraduate students in his interest areas, which are audiology, speech, speech pathology, and education of the deaf.

Prior to coming to MSU, Olson spent two years at Missoula. He enjoys skiing, carving wood reliefs in mahogany and oil painting.



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Johnstone to D. C. meeting

William A. Johnstone, vice-president for administration, will represent President Leon Johnson at the annual convention of the National Association of State Universities and Land - Grant

Colleges in Washington, D.C., Nov. 11-13.

Johnstone is recuperating from an October 22 heart attack and his physician says his condition has stabilized and progress to-

ward recovery is excellent, but the trip is not advisable this soon after a heart attack.

Johnstone, is one of three elected representatives of the Association's Council for Business Affairs.

However, in this year's meeting of the governing body of the Association, Johnstone has been officially designated to act as a representative of Monatna State in keeping with the administrative guidelines previously announced by Johnson.

At the time the administrative structure was established in 1966, Johnson indicated the administrative vice-president could be considered as an executive vice-president and, since he must work closely with the president in most matters, "he is in the best position to act for the president during his absence."

"I am not the acting president," stated Johnstone, "I am acting for the president while he gets some enforced rest."

The Land-Grant Association's 82nd annual meeting in Washington is composed of 99 major state universities and land-grant institutions located in all 50 states and Puerto Rico.

Alston tells senate involvement needed

"More student involvement through an organization to air student gripes and opinions is needed," stated Farnum Alston. "The existing channels are inadequate," continued Farnum Alston, graduate student in Ag. Econ., at Monday night Student Senate meeting.

A Student Forum is in the planning stages. Dr. L. Kavich, Assoc. Prof. and Asst. Dean of Educ., voiced his support of the program.

Senators approved the By-Law changes for Athletics, the Student Union, the Bookstore, and Finance Boards.

Supplementary budgets were approved by Apropos, ASMSU,

The Montanan, Musical Affairs, and the Radio Stations.

Gary Fulker announced the appointment of Chuck Hill to the Constitution Revision Committee.

Commissioner of Finance, Bob Mullendore, moved to instigate a committee that deals with campus national and international affairs. Senators approved this motion and Bob Mullendore was appointed chairman.

Robert Brown, Commissioner of Cultural Affairs, reported a possible loss on the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Next week Student Senate will meet Wednesday at 7:00 p.m. in the Madison-Jefferson Room of the SUB.

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|--|--|

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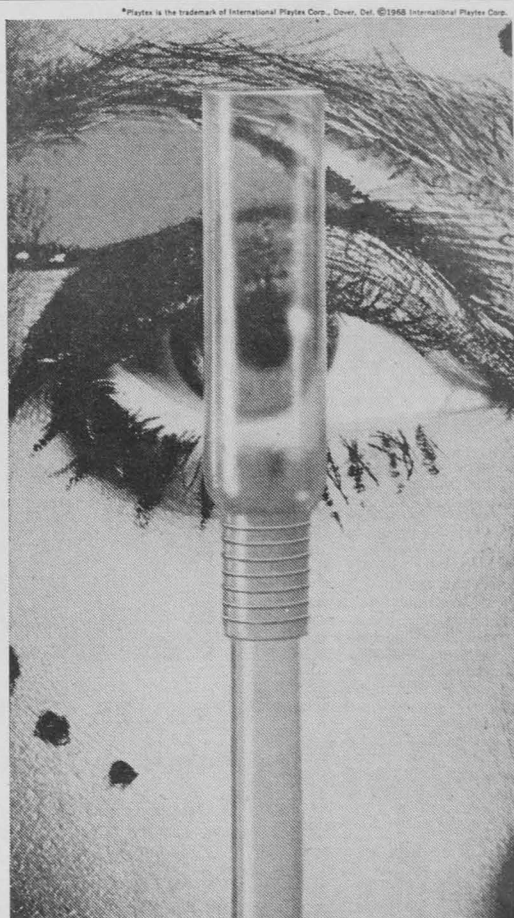
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INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR

♦Cosmopolitan Caper

By JOAN WILLIAMS

The International Bazaar will be a new, and we are excited, an exciting activity at Montana State University. The Bazaar will take place on November 8th, 9th and 10th in the Fieldhouse and will make

available to the students and faculty of MSU and the citizens of Montana \$10,000.00 worth of unique and beautiful foreign items ranging from tiny carved ivory elephants to Indian Sitars and inlaid tables.

We have tried to keep the

items under \$10.00 to facilitate student purchasing but many exquisite and more expensive items will be offered. November was chosen since Christmas is not far away and this will be a wonderful opportunity to pick up unique Christmas gifts.

The purpose of the International Bazaar is twofold. The profit made on the Bazaar will go to a fund for future Bazaars and to scholarships for our foreign students. More important, however, is the hope that, through the International Bazaar, American and foreign students will work together and learn from each other.

been formed with one American and one foreign Co-Chairman. The committees are also structured with approximately half foreign and half American students.

In addition to the merchandise already mentioned the Church Women United of Bozeman will be selling foreign food every evening. The recipes have been collected from foreign students on this campus. Entertainment will also be offered three times daily.

We of the International Bazaar Committee are excited about our project. With your help and support the International Bazaar can become one of the largest annual "happenings" on the Montana State University Campus. Come and look it over. We will appreciate your support and you will never regret coming.

The foreign students can gain a much more complete understanding of the United States through direct contact with the American students. This is a major part of their education in the United States. In turn the American students can gain knowledge, understanding and wonderful friendships through working with the foreign students.

In view of the need for an interchange of culture the International Bazaar Committees have



Fieldhouse will house International Bazaar, one of the biggest indoor events on campus this year. This bazaar will feature unique items from Asia, Europe and Africa, especially imported for export.

Morsels International

preparation for the Bazaar is enthusiastically being led for by Church Women United. Delegates from the churches that belong to this organization have formed a steering committee under the direction of Mrs. Harry McWhorter who is the president of Church Women United. Members of the steering committee are Mrs. Donald Strang, Mrs. Ed Weaver, Mrs. David Smith, Mrs. Robert Engle and Walter Stevens.

pork on rice. Mrs. Susie Taylor is leader of this group.

Fiesta Mexicana will be served by members of the Methodist church under the direction of Mrs. Robert Ross. Tacos will be included in the fare.

Cantonese food is the choice of the Baptist church and they are going to fix quite a different kind of hamburger. Mrs. Lyle Williams and Mrs. Gerald Gates head this group.

Food from Pakistan will be served by the women of the Christian church with Mrs. Ervin Smith as their leader.

The American youth of our community will be selling hot dogs, Eskimo pies and cold drinks.

The Episcopal church and the Congregational church have pooled their resources and are planning to serve Swedish cookies at their corner. Rosettes and Krumkake will be among those for sale. Mrs. Walter Stevens and Mrs. Robert Engle are responsible for this group.

The foregoing snacks will be served each night from 7 to 9, so save a little room from dinner and delight your palate with these goodies.

In A Bean Shell

It's hard to believe but it's a fact.

All the elephants inside the manchawdi seed are white elephants. And each one of them is handcarved by children in the family of a traditional Indian artist. These children get their first lessons in the art of handicrafts while making elephants — tiny ones — out of ivory waste thrown away by their elders who are busy carving other masterpieces.

A keen examination will reveal that each elephant is slightly different in shape or size than the other. A hundred different elephants?

To some it may appear that a few different dies must have been prepared to stamp elephants out of ivory sheets. No, that's an illusion. You cannot do it — try it for yourself. How about making them out of plastic? That's easy. But not the elephants inside the lucky bean. Just take one elephant from the

seed and try to burn it — gently, don't burn your hand. You will fail. The elephant will turn black, but had it been a plastic one it would have melted before you saw it. The lucky one stands out.

They are hand made — each one individually. O. K. How come they are so cheap? How can one hundred of them cost so little when elephants are not sold wholesale?

The answer is simple. The boys who make them get only 15¢ for their day, but they are happy. They contribute in bringing luck to you, and money for their own use.

How about the beans? These must have been supplied to the boys by a manufacturer. Yes, Nature is the manufacturer and supplies in abundance. The manchawdi seed is easy to empty and keeps the elephants safe.

Amuse your friends — confuse your enemies.

Presbyterian church has chosen a for-countrity that has represented at this University. The will be snack variety that be indulged in while you your way through the r.

Presbyterian church has chosen South Pacific as their national and will serve Hawaiian Punch and sweet and sour

*Interfraternity Council and Panhellenic
Urge You to Attend*

**♦Look that up in your
Funk & Wagnalls**

Cultural Interaction At Montana State

Lawrence L. Kavich
Co-Advisor
International Student
Committee

Last February the International Student Committee held the First Annual Student Workshop for International Exchange. The outcome of this workshop, which was equally divided between international and American students, was an agreement that Montana State University students needed to develop common international bonds of understanding.

This meant that the foreign student on this campus needed more varied experiences inside the campus community, and that if such integration were to take

place, student experiences must be offered in which American and international students could combine their efforts and work together on common projects. This goal was partially accomplished by a Big Brother and Big Sister program designed to further accentuate commonalities between international students and their campus counterparts.

Student groups throughout the campus have agreed that the following guidelines will be accomplished if every student will make an effort to participate in the International Bazaar: (1) person to person contact, (2) personal communications, (3) informal activities, (4) enrichment through understanding of foreign cultures, (5) activity offering broad exposure to international understanding.

Students on this campus agree that there are no real barriers between the American and foreign student. They further agree that a campus-wide activity system which includes interaction through joint efforts in planning and programming should be traditional on this campus.

Therefore, if we Americans are to have insight into an understanding of our foreign counterparts and be able to play the role of a sincere host, we must have continual dialogue with international students. The **International Bazaar** should offer the realization of all these kinds of objectives.

In developing the International Bazaar, the following committees were organized so that American and international students could develop that major project. These committees were:

Layout, Publicity, Finance, Food, Fund Raising, Entertainment, and Merchandising.

Joan Williams, Chairman, and Humberto Sanchez, Co-Chairman of the International Committee were instrumental in the development of these committees, assisted by: Craig Madsen, Vib Ketunuti, Mark Fogelson, Mel Schenk, Jim McDonald, Ahmed Jihayem, Manuel Quintero, Chuck Bohac, Bill Huntzicker, Ken Allen, Bob Mullendore, Liane Mountain, Kaushel Khanna, Sally Wang, Swee Hoon Lee, Bonnie Frazier, Faruq Khalifa, Darryl Hess, Virginia Ramos, Linda Bussinger, Carl Prinzing, Vicky Peressini, Santo Tartavita, Dennis Seibel, Kathy Normile, Robert Yu, Abb Kazemi, and Isabel Wang.

The moneys to be derived from the International Bazaar

will go to two major sources: (1) campus emergency scholarships for international students and (2) international student projects related to World University Service, which is an international student-faculty organization with Student Service Committee on this campus.

WUS funds will attempt to develop an India Work Project for Montana Students or use of these funds for the development of India University health centers for needy students.

Independents
Support
International Bazaar

C I P Home Away from Home

CENTER FOR INTERCULTURAL PROGRAMS !!! What is it? What does it do? Where is it? We know that many of you are hearing about this organization for the first time and would like to have an answer to your questions.

Our world has become increasingly smaller. As distance has diminished, the influx of foreign students on our campus has increased. In addition to students from other lands, the Center for Intercultural Programs hosts educators, journalists, government officials, and technicians who come to gain insights into the operation of a democratic, industrial society.

To serve these students, professors, and short-term visitors, the University realized the need for a central office through which to channel these contacts. Therefore, the International Cooperation Center, now **CENTER FOR INTERCULTURAL PROGRAMS**, was established at Montana State University in May, 1956 — one of the first of its kind in Montana.

But the Center has to be more than just a "channel" — especially where the foreign students are concerned. It must become a second home for these students; it must strive to create a way in which the foreign student may secure a rewarding and fruitful experience while in our country.

His experience must be warm and meaningful. He must have an opportunity to meet Americans — not only students but the people of the community. This experience can also be available to American students. For this reason, through the **CENTER FOR INTERCULTURAL PROGRAMS**, the **WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE COMMITTEE**, and the **STUDENT SENATE**, the **INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE** was formed.

Since the primary function of the **INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE** is to promote a mutual understanding of various cultures, it sought a project which would involve the foreign and American student. The project needed to be one where the foreign and American student would work closely together. The answer to this was the **INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR**.

International BAZAAR

MSU Fieldhouse

Three Shows Daily

Music — Fashions — Dances

International Cuisine

Exclusive Gifts

Each Item an Original Import

Friday, Nov. 8 - 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.

Saturday, Nov. 9 - 10:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.

Sunday, Nov. 10 - 1:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.

Admission Free

THE INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR not only involves students, but it includes CHURCH WOMEN UNITED. This brings community people into the picture.

This, however, is not the first event of this nature. Seven years ago, the University sponsored

an INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL similar to this BAZAAR. Robert G. Dunbar, Director CENTER FOR INTERCULTURAL PROGRAMS Helen Simpson, Foreign Student Advisor

MSU Spurs & Fangs
Cordially invite you to attend
The International Bazaar

The Dong With A Luminous Nose

century British Minor Poets, edited and introduced by W. H. Auden. New York: Delacorte Press, 1966. \$6.00, 120 p. (Notes by George R. Creeger)

by LINDA PETERS

are the generalizations. Anything that can be collected can be anthologized. Anthology is perfect, for no anthology is complete; and no anthology perfectly suits everyone, for only its maker finds all of his favorites: anthologies at the amplitude of the universe, both including a wide variety of things to collect and the unending variety of ways to collect them. To begin upon these grounds, leads nowhere. Rather, consider: How do the bounds of the anthology become the bounds of the poet's work? Are they natural or gerrymandered? What does the sampling indicate about the whole to which it refers? How is the construction of the anthology reflective of the intelligence of its maker?

These collections seem a natural thing to do to make, either for love or for profit. This one, made by W.H. Auden, is the verse of some eighty minor poets of the nineteenth century. It is a bogy of defining limits where to begin and end the century, human beings have an inconvincible tendency of ignoring century bounds in births and deaths. Auden nods to the poets who care about such things by posing this question of centuries first in the introduction to the volume. To be of the nineteenth century, he determines, a poet must have been born after 1770 and published his first poems before 1900. Limits seem appropriate: the oldest poet was thirty in 1800. But such divisions assert the independence of men and the schemes of historians. If Wordsworth had been born a year earlier, he would not be considered as either major or minor poet of the nineteenth century. He is not a man to take lightly his

To assert the arbitrary, personal nature of his judgment, he notes that A.E. Housman must, under his rules, be considered a nineteenth century minor poet, though some might class him among the great poets of the twentieth century. Limits of date are, in a long run, arbitrary, though convenient. Realizing that Auden surmounts the temptation to "define the century" seem a natural category and emphasizes instead the continuum from nineteenth to twentieth century. Readers of modern verse are made aware of their direction

toward the imagists, toward Eliot, toward free verse experimentation. Therefore Auden closes the volume on a note of expectancy:

Though the crushed jewels droop
and fade

The Artist's labors will not cease,
And of the ruins shall be made
Some yet more lovely masterpiece.

These lines of George William Russell, the last of "Continuity," fall after many pages of melancholic verse, grieving the passage of time, the passage of Beauty, the event of death. So placed, they elegantly face us into the wastelands of Eliot, Yeats, and Auden, the attempts to escape. In this way, Auden carefully sets his bounds and then oversteps them.

Yet still remains the difficult labor to cut major from minor, easy for Auden. With Odyssean arrogance he lays down the five conditions of majority:

1. The major poet must write a lot.
2. His poems must show a wide range in subject matter and treatment.
3. He must exhibit an unmistakable originality of vision and style.
4. He must be a master of verse technique.
5. In the case of all poets, we distinguish between their juvenilia and their mature work but, in the case of the major poet, the process of maturing continues until he dies so that, if confronted by two poems of his of equal merit but written at different times, the reader can immediately say which was written first. In the case of a minor poet, on the other hand, however excellent the two poems may be, the reader cannot settle their chronology on the basis of the poems themselves.

If a poet cannot fill at least three and a half of these conditions, he may be considered minor. The checklist is sensible. It avoids controversy, yet there is slight irritation in his devious disregard for the questions of merit and influence. Over this collection lurks the presence of that younger Auden who thumbed his nose at the critics by placing the selections in his *Collected Poems* in alphabetical rather than chronological order.

Justly or unjustly Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, Hop-

kins, Yeats, and Kipling are excluded as major; from those remaining, eighty are represented. Auden, an old campaigner for the respectability of song, satire, and humorous verse, has included many of these here. The result is an educative, fun-to-read volume.

It is impossible to read through this anthology without a chuckle or two. Charles Stuart Calverly amused his contemporaries with parodies of terrible poetry, as in these lines from "Morning":

'Tis the hour when white-horsed
Day
Chases Night her mares away,
When the gates of Dawn (they
say)

Phoebus opes.
And I gather that the Queen
May be uniformly seen
Should the weather be serene
On the slopes.

Thomas Beddoes, usually remembered for his poignant lyrics and few fine lines of blank verse, becomes fixed in the mind as the poet of "The Oviparous Tailor," a quasi-serious parody of sixteenth century primitive ballads. If the reader, however, gags on the preciousness of literary parody, he will delight in the open-air wit of W.S. Gilbert, to whom Auden restores the mantle of poet, or of Thomas Hood or Edward Lear. Older generations of critics scorned these men as not really serious poets. This anthology urges their rehabilitation. Fortunately, current tastes seem less adverse to recognizing such a one as Lear's "Dong with a Luminous Nose" as one of the immortal characters of fiction.

When awful darkness and silence
reign

Over the great Gromboolian plain,
Through the long, long wintry
nights;—

When the angry breakers roar
As they beat on the rocky shore;—
When storm clouds brood on
the towering heights

Of the Hills of the Chankly Bore:—
Then through the vast and gloomy
dark,
There moves what seems a fiery
spark,

A lovely spark with silvery
rays

Piercing the coal-black night,—
A meteor strange and bright:—

Hither and thither the vision
strays,

A single and lurid light.
Slowly it wanders,—pauses—

creeps,—
Anon it sparkles,—flashes and
leaps;
And ever as onward it gleaming
goes

A light on the Bong-tree stems it
throws.

And those who watch at that mid-
night hour

From Hall or Terrace or lofty
Tower,

Cry, as the wild light passes
along—

"The Dong! — The Dong!
The wandering Dong through
the forest goes!

The Dong! — The Dong!
The Dong with a luminous
nose!"

Furthermore, there is good representation from that now penumbral art form, narrative verse. Subjects range over the expected universe of possibilities. The only sizeable omission in the sampling occurs in the categories of sentiment and love-poem, which were much produced. I cannot say, however, that I find the exclusion damaging, for these forms are usually too well represented.

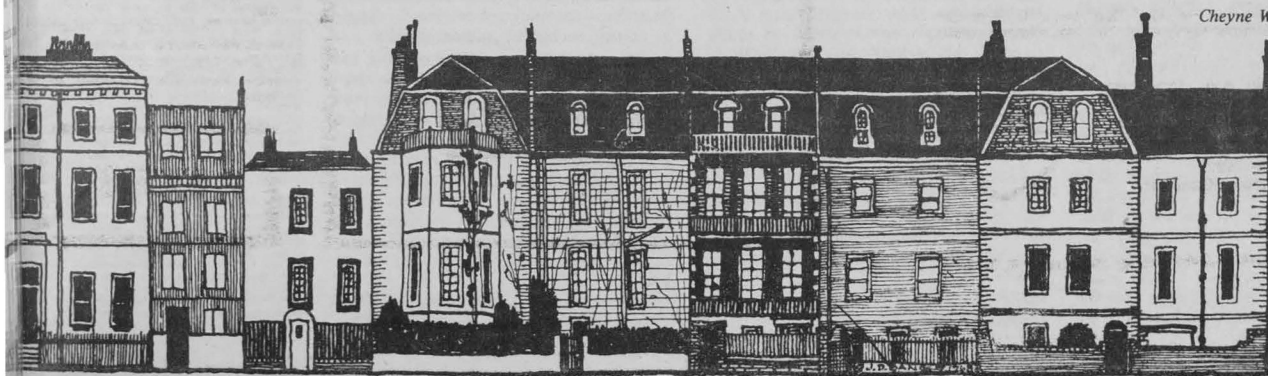
Auden has instead chosen to emphasize the "century's strengths," showing it in its maturity and liveliness. Usually, a poet chooses to write about something that interests him. Therefore when certain subjects persist in the verse of contemporaries, generalizations about the *weltanschauung* of a period may be dared. It must, however, be remembered that, when working from just the productions of artists, such generalizations are valid only for that group. This is especially true during the nineteenth century when intellectuals and artists were drawing together, away from the rest of society.

As we read through the chronology of verse in this volume, a pattern begins to emerge. During the first third of the century the Keatsian conflict between actual social conditions and imaginative beauty dominated the consciousness of poets. Frequently, the dilemma resulted in stinging satire of the exploiting classes, of complacency and faked liberalism. Self-interest, the profit motive, and the church received the lashes of disgruntled poets. As the century advanced the same conflict still absorbed the attention, but it was felt with less and less precision. No longer did most poets attack specific social conditions, for historical events

Continued on Page 6

Cheyne Walk, Chelsea

where 19th
century
artists and
writers
met
and lived.



Texts & Contexts

Through The Vanishing Point, by Marshall McLuhan and Harley Parker; Harper & Row, \$7.50.

War and Peace in the Global Village, by Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore; Bantam Books, \$1.45.

A Year From Monday, by John Cage; Wesleyan University Press, \$7.92.

by DAVID LLOYD-JONES

Some old Greek once said that you could never step into the same river twice, and since high technology companies have taken to running ads in *Harpers* for the last few years this has been a fashionable sort of thing to meditate about. Since the world has always been changing ("There are more scientists alive now than in all previous history," one can imagine Newton saying...) there have always been people commenting on the fact, though perhaps never with the streak of hysteria that has been thought chic recently.

Now Marshall McLuhan, the Norman Mailer of literary exegesis, has been plunging a set of metaphors for big changes. The literate, linear, Newtonian mind and society, he says, structure themselves in *visual space*, which is to say space that is ordered, can be cut and shaped by walls and is arbitrarily controllable, like what we see. When our minds are wired into a lot of things happening in different places in different ways at different speeds through different modes, he says, we operate in *acoustic space*, which is like what we hear: funny shaped, uncontrollable directly, of varying resonance. The big thing going on right now, McLuhan says, is that the world is tuning out of visual space and tuning into acoustic or auditory space. McLuhan also invented *hot*, which is impressive but superficial like a branding iron, and *cool*, which is sensual and enveloping like the mountain lakes in a Salem commercial, as well as a whole lot of other cute words that are well established on the American cocktail party circuit.

Through The Vanishing Point is a book of poetry, pictures and marginal comment intended to defend this aural-visual metaphor before the tiresome English lit types who have always seemed to hate McLuhan's guts. It might be a good idea to give the book to anyone who pedants around about the influence of Romantics or Pre-Raphaelites; McLuhan probably sees his role in social change as undermining their hallowed truths and self-confidence. But it's unlikely that one more witty book will settle all the cognitive questions involved in whether or not McLuhan's ideas about sensory balance have any meaning. In time perhaps the clinical psychologists will help out here.

War and Peace in the Global Village, on the other hand, is worth while for the general reader, at least if he hasn't cottoned onto the McLuhan metaphor yet. Of course a lot of people take it for granted that the human race is radically interconnected and interdependent because of such things as atom bombs, telephones, Hollywood movies fuelling third world revolutions, vitamin pills, weird steel alloys that can only be made with trace elements from all over the globe, transoceanic jets introducing the Atlantic River, and all that stuff. These people, most of whom were growing up while these things were being invented, may very well have the intellectual models to enable them to handle all this, in which case they don't need McLuhan to give them abstruse metaphors for what they already find commonplace.

What the book says is that each new technology changes the sensory balance of society, and society has to find a "new image" of itself to readjust. War, seen by McLuhan as very high intensity information exchange, is one way of finding a new image. While this may not make much sense to a kid who got an arm shot off at Khe Sanh, it does make some sense, and it lets McLuhan pick up some points with SDS by putting war on

a continuum with education as information exchanges designed to try to make somebody else conform to one's image of his role. In passing the book makes the usual number of cute, and sometimes piercing and accurate, comments on wars past and the images they were forming.

Like everything McLuhan does, this is fine stuff and very useful as far as it goes. The view of war as information exchange, for instance, supplies an intellectual context within which we can see Herman Kahn as unjustly vilified for trying to study what all our national posturings are *saying*. At the same time it must be said that McLuhan is either half blind or chickenshit, because he never follows his analytical nose to the point of seeing anything as immediate and ugly.

Now:
 "Some people say the use of force is how we change the social course;
 The use of force, you surely know,
 is how we keep the status quo,"

is an accurate statement of where most war comes from. It is all very well to say that wars come from the image-dissidences between the world that is and the world struggling to be, but a lot of the messages programmed into society as it is are hate, malice and greed, as surely as the message in the structure of DNA is heredity. And there would be messages of hate and war even if there were no profound changes going on in society, no "new image" being sought. In Vietnam it may be correct to say that the Vietnamese decided to kick out the French, the Japanese, the British, the French again and the Americans because they had a new image of themselves as able to run their own country. But what this sort of talk ignores is that the colonial administration which bled "Indo-China" for eighty years was as much a war of the French against the Vietnamese as the actual fighting that got started once the Viet Minh started operating in 1955.

There are wars, and there are wars where people fight back. The first have been permanent in human history, and have generally escaped the eye of people in comfortable universities; the second are neatly explained by McLuhan's analysis. Where McLuhan fails, probably by not being McLuhanesque enough, John Cage in *A Year From Monday* really gets on the case. A leading composer famous for putting shrieks and squeals on tape into the concert hall, Cage seems to have dedicated the rest of his life to spreading simple political, ecological and social common sense. "Once one gets interested in world improvement, there is no stopping," he comments in the introduction to one of his pieces. *A Year From Monday* is his second book in the campaign. Like *Silence* published a couple of years ago, it is a collection of anecdotes, happening scripts, lectures and essays, largely concerned with music and the dance — at least ostensibly. Both Cage's books are sheer delight to read, because the man is honest, elfin, and technically and politically acute, but they are nevertheless political in that they are radically subversive of practically everything in sight.

If there is a single recognizable doctrine in the writing, it is that most of the government that matters to people is going on unnoticed, internationally and anarchically, and as we realize how this process is working we can start ignoring the Humphreys and Nixons who pretend to be in the government business. But this is not central to the book, nor is anything else. Cage has used many of the chance methods he developed in music to guide his writing, and the result is poetry, whimsical diaries and lectures to be read starting at any point and in any order. Hardly what one is used to in manifestoes.

For anyone who wonders what the Haight-Ashbury was about when it was at its best, *A Year From Monday* is a precise political text. And for anyone else it is both in forum and content a bit of "new image" that doesn't need a war fought over itself.

David Lloyd-Jones is Coordinator of The Intercultural School.

We Won't Go: Personal Accounts of War Objectors, Collected by Alice Lynd, Beacon Press, \$5.95.

by DAVID KEENE

Two years ago, when a group of students was meeting in the living room of the Staughton Lynds, one girl who had a friend in prison asked, "What good does it do to let them put you away like that?"

Alice Lynd, the wife of former Yale professor Staughton Lynd, recalls: "When I realized that hardly anyone else in the room had ever heard of her friend, I thought, what a waste! Someone should write a book about the unknown men who had tried to answer with their lives the questions about effectiveness and personal sacrifice being asked by many individuals and little groups."

We Won't Go is Mrs. Lynd's attempt to fill that public gap. Included in the collection are personal statements from two dozen objectors and resisters, ranging from such widely known personalities as David Mitchell, Capt. Dale E. Noyd, Muhammad Ali and the Fort Hood Three to the less highly publicized names and cases of Gene Fast, Malcolm Dundas and Robert Luftig.

The contributions were drawn from personal memoirs, letters to friends, tape recordings, letters to draft boards, "official C.O." statements (Form 150) and a set of directed questions supplied to focus on specific concerns. Not included are selections from objectors who engaged in combat in Vietnam, deserters who have left the country, and dropouts, whom Mrs. Lynd considers "not deliberately taking any principled position." Also not included are those who were "badly hurt by what they did, have retreated and do not want to talk about it."

The personal statements and accounts stand on their own and represent a spectrum ranging from traditional religious pacifism to organized political resistance.

Reflecting her own perspective, increasing female participation in direct action in many areas and the mutuality of suffering for those not really "left behind," Mrs. Lynd has included noteworthy selections from three wives of imprisoned objectors — one who shared with her husband a history of protest, another who looks back with a sense of regret and a third who resents having her own identity submerged as "Mrs. Conscientious Objector."

We Won't Go can be appreciated on its emotional level alone, as revealing the inner personalities, struggles, experiences and hindights of those who object and resist. But Mrs. Lynd has compiled it with more in mind. It is intended as a guidebook to action, a guidebook which attempts to link intellectual and personal ideals with the hard realities encountered by those who have already chosen some form of opposition.

It additionally reflects the current concerns of an author who is engaged in continuing draft counselling. In some of the cases, it is clear that adequate counselling could have prevented many tragic personal consequences. In others, however, the problems must emerge and re-emerge only on the gut level of those who participate.

Some acknowledge that they would not make the same decisions again, having embarked on their earlier courses with insufficient planning and romantic visions of revolutionary action, only to find that "life in prison is lonely, painful and trying." Most, however, have absolutely no regrets, finding their decision to object or resist as the most important event and anchor in their lives — the source of continued personal, ethical, social and political activity.

Having exposed a variety of courses, individuals and retrospective analyses, Mrs. Lynd and the contributors leave their readers "to sift out their thoughts and make choices on the basis of their own convictions." For those who decide to adhere to the title, Mrs. Lynd encloses the Supreme Court decision on *U.S. v. Seeger*, an annotated guide to SS Form 150, documents relating to international war crimes and a guide to organizations which might be of help.

Mr. Keene is a graduate student in The Divinity School of the University of Ohio.

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The Man in the Glass Booth
 A play by Robert Shaw
 by HAROLD ACKERMAN
 Directed by Harold Pinter

The Play In The Glass Booth

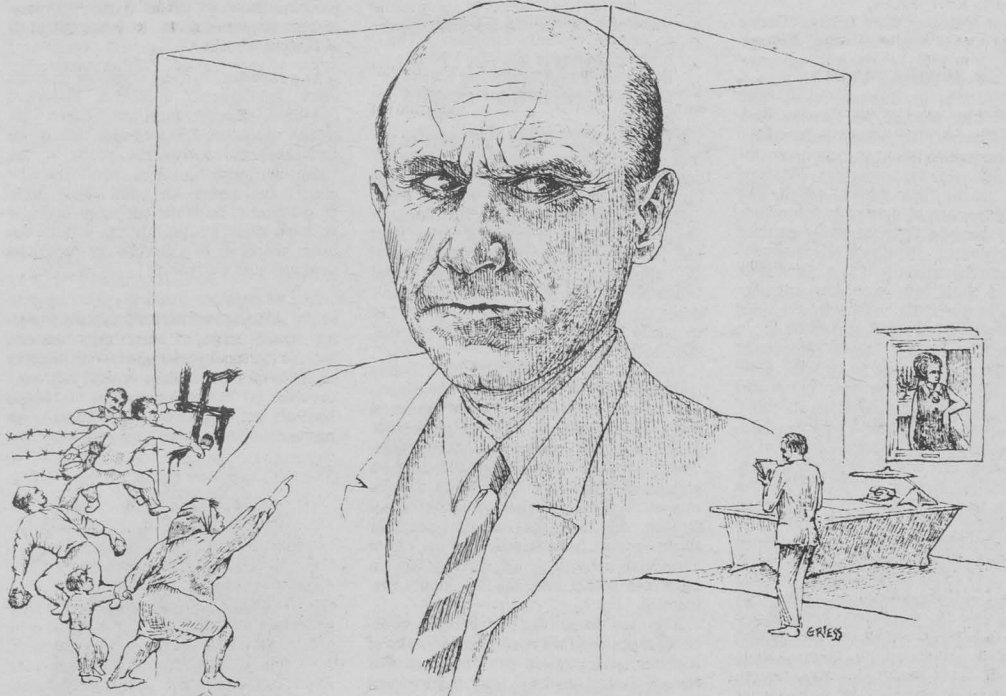
title of the play, *The Man in the Glass Booth*, refers to the bullet-proof enclosure designed to insure the safety of war criminals on trial in Israeli rooms—a minor irony in itself. The man is Arthur Goldman, alias Adolf Dorff, a German Jew.

Goldman is a German Jew, whose dead father (he tells us so many times that we almost tempted to believe him) was a millionaire. He is a real-estate magnate, financially wealthy. The first scene reveals a view from his office window of New York which is one of the finest sets seen in a good while; and we are led to believe that Goldman owns nearly all the buildings we can see.

It is apparent as his wealth is his Jewishness. He is totally Jewified. Everything he does—his whole life style—is so Jewish that, once again, we are almost led to believe it. He is a wonderfully complex character. He has completely assimilated Germanness, Jewishness, royal-court wealth, and Manhattan. He is to be the first Jewish Pope, or at least the crowned king of Israel-in-exile in New

York. Goldman is monarchic. He is unilateral. In turn, and all at once, an irascible tyrant, a benevolent despot, a wise man, and always brooding underneath, just sometimes surfacing, the Führer. In truth, Donald Pleasence, as Goldman, has created a remarkable character. It is all there and in perfect balance. But this is only where we see the character. It does not end here. Through the first act we witness the rising paranoia of a king in an empty room, his voice echoing hollowly in the marble hallways. Goldman, with terror, ironic acceptance, with contemptuous regard, feels his life has not long to last. As much as we seem to know about man, there is clearly some secret we do not yet know. When young Charlie Goldman's assistant, peers into his (his soul?) and finds only a table, a chair, and some chocolate bars, we feel there is something more to know about the man. It is only at the end of the act, when Rosie Rosen (whom man has expected) takes him prisoner in his office, that we learn Goldman really is Adolf Dorff, a Nazi S.S. colonel. He will be taken to Israel to stand trial for his crimes.

Act two, which is basically the trial, Goldman-Dorff admits openly to all the at-



rocities we remember so well. In the most stirring moment of the play, however, after a long homage to Hitler, he says to the Israelis, "If he had chosen you... you too would have followed." For me, this was the only real moment of dramatic truth the play held. It is a fascinating notion.

Twist number two follows immediately. A woman in the court who knew Dorff exposes Goldman as an impostor. She had seen Dorff die. Goldman is really Goldman, a survivor, a favorite of Dorff's at the concentration camp. Dorff used to talk to him and bring him bars of chocolate. There was a family resemblance. So Goldman is once again Goldman. The name intrigues me. He is a gold man (his money). He is gilt plated (his juke box alternates sacred music and Dean Martin). And he is guilt ridden (to complete the elaborate, and perhaps self-indulgent pun).

What is his guilt? He is a Jew who sur-

vived, a favorite, perhaps a cousin of the murderer. He is a man in a glass booth—a soul bared for all to see. What is his absolution? A confession of deeds he never performed. Having a German speak as no German has ever spoken in a witness box. An apology for his own survival. What is his legacy? Palaces (he always calls his buildings palaces and his wife, a queen). He leaves them to Charlie Cohn, his \$400 a week Jew. Charlie Cohn, his "yes man." He is not even a "yes man," for Goldman has taken away his manhood. He is only a "yes." Lawrence Pressman must be a very good actor. His "yes" was gracefully despicable.

Deprived of the guilt he tried to assume, Goldman does to Charlie on a small scale what Dorff did *en masse*. He robbed him of his pride, his manhood, and his identity as a human being. And Charlie, like the Jews in Germany who made out their own

shipping lists, is a willing accomplice to his own eradication.

Robert Shaw's script is sophisticated, tightly written, and often very funny, but never irresistible. Harold Pinter's direction is smart, notwithstanding a self-indulgent opening and some unmistakable "Pinter-pauses."

The settings are excellent. The actors are fine. The direction is strong. I just don't buy the play as a relevant dramatic experience. A man who never existed acting within the framework of a situation which did somehow doesn't add up. We get one momentary insight into the situation but this is an inefficient use of the two hours we spend in getting to know the man.

Mr. Ackerman is a graduate student majoring in speech and theatre at Hunter College.

Tom-Tom and the Bhang Gang

Pump House Gang, Tom Wolfe. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, Tom Wolfe. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

by LILLY GRENZ

Tom Wolfe keeps a devoted, amused, critical eye on American culture. Ultrapopular, supereducated — as Kurt Vonnegut puts it, Tom Wolfe "has a Ph.D. in American Studies from Yale and knows nothing" — he is a high-brow gossip columnist whose beat is the "stratagem" of esoteric subcultures. "Typing like a maniac," he records his notes in the eccentric, flamboyant, glib idiom that has recently earned him the dubious title "Dr. Pop." Wolfe's opinions are not profound; but his wit is his banality.

In his first book, *The Kandy-Kolored Life*, he discovered Pop Society and defined the symbols and types of the life style of America in the maniac that inaugurated the pop-aesthetic of the literary world. His recent two books, *The Pump House Gang* (15 chapters on culture) and *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* (about Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters), are still concerned with "new culture makers." But now he is more empathetic and more intrigued by the implications of the new life style. In a new era, Wolfe declares, is *enjoyable*. Yes, some serious people are still playing the Calamity Game (war, poverty,

insurrection, alienation) but most people are tired of it. Volts of euphoria are galvanizing our culture into a happiness explosion. If we want to be serious, let us discuss the real apocalyptic future and things truly scary: ego extension, the politics of pleasure, the self-realization racket, the pharmacology of Overjoy... Having thus been inaugurated into the pleasure era, I read his books eager to partake of the widespread phenomenon of joy I had somehow failed to observe in our times. After 725 pages I wonder: has Wolfe been putting us on? His proclamation must have been sheer cynicism; Wolfe cannot have misjudged his own writing so profoundly!

The characters in *The Pump House Gang*, as well as Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, are ostensibly examples of "happy winners," in the life games where everybody wins. But Wolfe assumes that winning is tantamount to experiencing pleasure. What his enthusiastic affirmation of pleasure denies is that people often imprison themselves in the rewards of their games. As Babbs, one of the Pranksters, says, "Everybody, everybody everywhere, has his own movie going, his own scenario, and everybody is acting his movie out like mad, only most people don't know that is what they're trapped by, their little script." Wolfe provides us with excellent examples. For surfers ("The Pump House Gang") The Life ends at 25 and abstractions like *mysteriose* lend them a sense of false

immunity to age and death. Status seekers ("The Mid-Atlantic Man," "The Hair Boys," "Bob and Spike," and "The Life & Hard Times of a Teenage London Society Girl") are frustrated, pathetic personae who either win by losing or win a shallow victory. (The ego extensions of the celebrities are caricatures: Hugh Hefner, insulated from the world on his 7½ foot circular, rotating bed leading a "damned full life" manipulating the surrounding gadgetry prepared to replay "God knows what" on the \$40,000 videotape console aimed at his bed; Carol Doda whose breasts on the installment plan have dehumanized her — she is *them*: Natalie Wood in the Wildenstein Gallery adulating over the Old Masters, as embarrassingly nouveau riche as her camera-snapping admirers are gauche. Even in Wolfe's intellectually provocative essay on Marshall McLuhan where he entertains the possibility of McLuhan's importance by recalling parallels between McLuhan and Freud, Wolfe cannot resist *ad hominem* jabs at McLuhan as "monomaniac and master.")

There are the minipleasures of the straight world and there is *The Experience*. *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* is Wolfe's metaphor for an attempt to reach that ultimate frontier. ("What do you do with yourself," Wolfe asks in "The Author's Story," "when you have the time, money and freedom to extend your ego in almost any direction?") The Pranksters went out on a scary frontier "beyond catastrophe, and it was strange out there... in Edge City." Acid: superawareness, supersensuality. You can "truly see into people

for the first time... the experience... the barrier between the I and not-I disappearing... that feeling!... And, you couldn't put it into words..." Charismatic Kesey, surrounded by admiring followers, armed with Owsley's acid, begins an experiment in extension of group ego. The Chief makes certain everyone knows he is the non-leader (e.g., placing tape over his mouth) so that here is no doubt of the name of the game: Christ and his disciples. Their mission is to dilate consciousness, to expand the edge... FURTHER, as the Day-Glo sign on their bus announces. But apparently one can't live long in Edge City. Either one gets out like Sandy who went back to broadcasting in New York; one goes over the edge like the Beauty Witch who went mad or like Neil Cassidy who, some say, died of too much speed along a railroad track in Mexico; or one quietly retreats like Kesey himself to contemplate *The Experience*.

Tom Wolfe wrote about a life-style that is already dead and about a man who is probably less than admirable, does not, however, detract from the appeal of this book. One does not read Wolfe for content or authenticity. Dwight Macdonald, who does not like Wolfe's writing, calls Wolfe's style "para-journalism... a bastard form, having it both ways, exploiting the factual authority of journalism and the atmospheric license of fiction. Entertainment rather than information is the aim of its producers, and the hope of its consumers." True. Although, life is not always a pleasure, reading Tom Wolfe, fortunately, is. Miss Grenz is a graduate student at San Francisco State College.

The Sly and Sinister Faces of War

My Silent War by Kim Philby, Grove Press, \$5.95.

by ROBERT SALASIN

My Silent War by Russian Colonel Kim Philby, former head of the Russian Division of The British Secret Information Service and chief liaison man between the British SIS and the American FBI and CIA, is one of those books, which, like their authors, are so damnably interesting precisely because their carefully planned surfaces present nothing at all of note to the reader. Superficially it is a bland little book by a bland little man who just happened to be one of the most effective spies in the world's third oldest profession.

Who is Kim Philby? Let us reconstruct him on the premise that he is, well, some sort of good guy. Take the infant Che Guevara (out of the manger, as it were), make him son of someone who lost himself somewhere in the dream world of T. E. Lawrence and who lives in his deserts as a practising Moslem ("Which is just not done, you know"); raise him in the green and pleasant fields of Eton and Cambridge; give him a political indoctrination in the Cambridge 1930 equivalent of SDS; send him to Spain as a correspondent of *The Times* (covering Franco's side of the war); let him join British SIS at the beginnings of World War II; and let him scramble up through the intelligence services to the top of the bureaucratic heap. Make him a member of the Russian Intelligence Force since 1933.

Who is Kim Philby? He is no James Bond. Former fellow spy Malcolm Muggeridge suggests only that he may have drunk a little too much and lived a little too well for his SIS salary. His dossier lists no Eastern Vices, no eccentricities. Unlike Guy Burgess (another Russian penetration into SIS), Philby was no homosexual. He lacked both the opportunity and the inclination to flirt with voluptuous Miss Pennyworth; but he was happily married not just once, but twice, and was apparently neither outstandingly good nor bad in bed. He did not carry miniature acetylene torches about in the heel of his shoe, nor mutter into his pen cryptic commentary on Channel D. Philby quite rightly characterizes himself as presenting absolutely nothing out of the ordinary: a good man, one of us, of the right school and old, if unusual, family. Precisely for this reason was he so unbelievably successful.

His work seems almost as unexciting. The actual process of spying for the Russians must have been relatively simple once he was ensconced within SIS offices, and, at the end of the War, he was as much a bureaucrat in the Russian Intelligence as in the British. Most of the book is built around a complex series of interlocking battles between departments within SIS itself and between the mutually mistrustful SIS, CIA (characterized by its first head as "a bunch of amateur bums"), and the FBI. Rather like Machiavelli's *History of Florence*, the parties and the alliances are endless. Memos fly like grapeshot, paperclips zing through the air, department heads and appropriations topple and fall into the dustbin of history. The emphasis is not unusual; when he wanted a list of all British operatives in the Soviet Union (or anywhere else for that matter), he took out the file and looked. No blasting one's way through all those funny looking guns; the guns are all American, Philby is a bureaucrat, and he has a pass.

If for no other reason, the book justifies itself for its professional commentary on the FBI and its holy of holies, J. Edgar Hoover.

If there was ever a bubble reputation, it is his... (The F.B.I.'s record of accomplishment) is more conspicuous for failure than success... Hoover is a great politician. His blanket methods and ruthless authoritarianism are the wrong weapons for the subtle world of intelligence. But they have their uses. There are few people in the world without skeletons in their

cupboards which they would prefer to remain decently forgotten... The mere existence of the huge FBI filing system has deterred many from attacking Hoover's totalitarian empire.

Philby has a peculiarly cold sense of humor. After helping in a plan to drop Albanian emigre partisans behind the Iron Curtain to return Albania to the West, (contemplate the dropping of partisan emigres into Iowa to return it to the East and you will fully appreciate the humor of the situation), he writes, "The moral would seem to be it is better to cut one's losses than to give hostages to fate." Let us pause for this contagious mirth to subside, and continue.

The book is a masterpiece of hiding one's personality; almost an autobiography without a subject. Philby seems to have done no worse with his associates. Malcolm Muggeridge could only conclude: "With a father who adopted Mohammedanism, why shouldn't the son be a Communist?" Another fellow agent, Graham Greene (dig that now) couldn't seem to think of any reasons for Philby's extracurricular activity at all. Greene thought he was a pretty nice guy, all things considered.

It is easy enough for the reviewer to develop a profound dislike of this, for lack of a better word, traitor. One has to remind oneself that even if his body temperature is something under 10 degrees Centigrade, he, like Guevara to press the point, was risking his life for, ahem, the Cause, ahem, of protecting the International's home and birthplace, the, ahem, Glorious Soviet Union. The actions speak for them.

Continued on Page 8

The New Face of War, Malcolm W. Browne, Bobbs-Merrill, 1968 (rev. ed.) \$6.50

by HAROLD HENDERSON

Books about Vietnam and the war these days seem to fall into three categories: the academic or semi-academic works of large-scale analysis, such as Kahin and Lewis' *The United States in Vietnam*; the straightforward eyeball reporting magnificently mastered by Jonathan Schell (*The Village of Ben Suc*); and a third type of which Malcolm Browne's *The New Face of War* is a good example: the "reporter's book", combining (in more or less confused fashion) major theses, large-scale political and social analysis, and brutally pertinent first-hand anecdotes. The total effect is often unfortunate — a rather diluted Schell interspersed with a less than scholarly Kahin — especially when put forth in staccato paragraphs and nondescript AP prose (the author spent five years in Vietnam, roughly 1962-67, as an Associated Press correspondent). Generalities for Browne don't often grow naturally out of particulars—they turn up, odd and hard to manage, in the midst of a chapter or at the book's end. His chapter organization seems largely arbitrary, and coherent discussion of one point is likely to be interrupted by another point or an anecdote, and taken up later.

But his basic thesis is fairly straightforward, and does succeed in penetrating the disorganization: for various reasons, "our side" is basically incompetent in this war. This same point keeps recurring—in discussions of both sides' destructive "gadgets", the air war, terrorism, ambushes, propaganda, conviction and fighting spirit, "national character", social stratification, etc. In virtually every aspect the Americans and South Vietnamese turn out to be maladapted to the situation in such a way as to make it all but impossible for them to win. Viet Cong weapons and traps are ingeniously contrived from materials at hand, and stolen weapons are maintained with the care born of scarcity; while American gadgets, designed in the States, are adapted to Vietnamese conditions only with considerable embarrassment and difficulty if at all, and a lost or damaged weapon can be replaced without much fuss. Viet Cong propaganda is carried on in close and constant contact be-

tween an "agitprop" team and a village; Americans and South Vietnamese tend to rely on mass leafletting, movies, or other mechanically simple forms of communication with minimal effort and minimal effect at the personal level. Such comparisons could go on for pages; in more or less disjointed form, they are the stuff of Browne's book.

As a reporter, Browne is not one to raise more fundamental questions, historical questions, moral questions. Given his wealth of concrete knowledge, this is unfortunate; but within the limits of the technical question, "Why aren't we winning?" he makes his point fairly well. In particular, he is not one to be taken in or kept silent by the official public-relations nonsense so common in American dealings with the war.

And on occasion, Browne comes up with really striking instances of eyeball-reporting: the practice of Viet Cong men and women "of going into battle with a piece of cable or wire knotted around one leg," to make it "easier for one's comrades to haul off the corpse, if one is killed"; the narrative of the Viet Cong agitprop team



winning over a hamlet; the former political Buddhist prisoners who as a result of government torture under Diem are now highly disturbed mental patients; "Major General Nguyen Khanh, one of the military premiers who followed the Diem regime, visited these patients more than one year later. They screamed and went berserk. Khanh was told by embarrassed hospital attendants that the patients always reacted that way at the sight of a military uniform."

But even a fairly good "reporter's book" is terribly cumbersome: it's very hard to be selective, hard to keep all the details, analyses, anecdotes from disintegrating into a passive series of passing grotesqueries — unrelated atrocities, the more obscene for having neither past nor future, like the severed head that graces the book's cover. Mercifully, the book is indexed; but even so, I find it difficult to recommend in good conscience to busy students — who, if they can be convinced to read anything at all outside of class, are more likely to enjoy and benefit from either of the other two genres mentioned above.

But for their parents? On the other hand, the book has a certain merit for the non-academic mass of over-30 "straight people", those who retain at least a latent inclination to "stand up for America." It is both concrete (Schell) and far-ranging (Kahin), which qualities make it easy to read, if hard to grasp as a whole. Browne's restraint in phrasing points that would infuriate many other writers (Viet Cong superiority, US-ARVN atrocities the air war) may insinuate him into living rooms and minds not otherwise reachable: "To hear only that moaning sound (of complex electrical gear in a jet cockpit), like the sighing of wind around the corner of a house, when bomb blasts are erupting and huts disintegrating just below, or when napalm splashes so close below as to scorch the plane's paint, is a phenomenon pilots call 'cockpit isolation.' Outside there is the din and horror of jet-age war; inside there is the calm and quiet of a computer room. The pilots are glad to be spared the sounds they create. I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be better for some Air Force officers to be better acquainted with the ugly cacophony of warfare."

In many ways, Browne's book is pecu-

liarily and awfully American — in virtues and vices, its disjointed topicality, its neglect of larger, non-technical questions over and above "Who's winning why?" But these very limitations make him the ideal entering wedge dissent into the great American myth which, like him, is inclined to question the war only because we are losing, not because we intervened in the place. If books like his disturb enough people, they may create the grounds for more fundamental and searching critiques.

And yet Browne deviates from the American pattern in one very striking way — his last page reveals a startlingly different conclusion: "I no longer feel America is capable of mastering this war, at least in our country's present state of mind... the word 'isolation' has a peculiarly attractive ring." He need hardly stress the novelty of such "defeatist" admission by an American, whether that novelty will become plain yet to be seen. But one might, in case, wish that this country's future architects of policy were as dependably cent in limited ways as Mr. Browne. Mr. Henderson is a student at Carleton College.

The Silent Weapons: The Realities of Chemical Warfare, Robin Clarke, edited by McKay Co., \$4.95.

by RON HAMMERLE

Shortly before Hubert Humphrey got his first whiff of rising tear gas this summer, two back page stories appeared in newspapers relating incidents surrounding the long controversial subject of chemical and biological warfare. One reported the success of pressures by a group of Virginia scientists and teachers in having the government remove an estimated stockpile of 100 billion lethal doses of gas from the Rocky Mountain Area near population centers in the Denver area. The other cited U.S. and U.S.S.R. opposition to a British move in Geneva to production and use of bacteriological weapons. (Since 1925, the U.S. has refused to ratify the Geneva Protocol banning national use of asphyxiating, poisonous gases and bacteriological methods of warfare.)

The minor publicity surrounding these stories is but the peak of a major scientific, political and ethical debate that has been going on for years, particularly in the scientific community. With scientific anti-war leaders uncovering widespread chemical and biological (CB) war research in the universities and increased opposition to U.S. CB warfare policies in Vietnam, it was inevitable that some books would follow to bring the public up to date on the story.

One of several recent efforts in this area is *The Silent Weapons*, by British Science Journal editor Robin Clarke.

Yet ethical and moral issues form the most prominent theme. Of particular interest for the immediate reader is the current battle in the scientific marketplace. The Deputy Director of an agency engaged in CB warfare research is quoted as posing an earlier dilemma in recruiting intelligent talent for his program of health in reverse.

Biologists who used to find it difficult to get a \$5000 grant are now being showered with funds as a result of the \$1 billion National Institute of Health programs and NASA space biology program. We are competing for the same people who are working, for example, on cancer research.

After several decades of relatively slow development, a CB weapons revolution took place in the late '50s. With declassification and Vietnam experiments, scientific organizations began to escalate the ethical and ethical concerns. Many scientists, as Clarke relates, while making a distinction between the scientific community "split down the middle" on the one hand with "one half vigorously defending ethical and biological weapons and the other half attacking them with more fervor, has perhaps even been applied by scientists to any political or military pro-

Mr. Hammerle is a graduate student at Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

by WENDY RICKERT

Penguin Books give one few clues as to what to expect from its eleventh selection of three modern poets. A statement on the outside of the paperback assures us that the volume contains "representative" work of each poet. But no preface introduces us to their lives or literary histories. Penguin Modern Poets presents the poetry of D. M. Black, Peter Redgrove, and D. Thomas, and quite fairly, as it stands. Black conjures up hosts of dwarves. Redgrove dwells on ghosts. And Thomas permits space travelers, aliens, and anubids to dominate his poems' land- and acescapes.

D. M. Black begins his selection with poems concerning various "judges," identified for us by their colors. These and the dwarves which recur throughout his poems indicate Black's way of molding presence in an environment through the power of his imagination. How this works for him is demonstrated in these lines from "Leith Docks":

Here I walked carefully, some feet from the edge, looking up into the lofty cranes. And froze at the familiar voice of the blue judge saluting me. We set for a jaunty fling, cum-parum-parumparapum, and other judges joined, the red the green the violet the orange, and we danced formally there in the varying dark. Solemn lines and grave evolutions. Dawn diluted the subtle dark, faded my glowing judges. Set me walking palely under the tall cranes.

Black's generation of vibrant parts of self these judges is reminiscent of Wallace Stevens' use of creative energy as displayed in the final lines of Black's "A Bit as King of the Ghosts":

You sit with your head like a carving in space
And the little green cat is a bug in the grass.

Black's forging of self is however not as fixed and quick to take direction as is Stevens'. At times it takes on the nature of a difficult quest, as in his fourteen page "Without Equipment." In fact, he shows himself to be quite jostled about in these lines of Part I:

For those of my compilation it sometimes seems that nature will take a quite casual flippancy and then

terribly clip it out: will set me astride a woolly collier for example, among the giggling nursery and he bounds and I am astride a toy plane rushing to an impossible take-off over a vast drop — falling for miles over a well-watered landscape.

It proceeds with Black into a bewildering world of mechanical plants and the lives who must tend them. This suristic combination of factory and fairy-atmospheres is amazingly effective — sinuates both threat and curse.

It is when in Part II Black is transported to a medieval setting all good things seem possible once again. Here the dwarves are "arfs" and we can respect them as they gathered in a bed of nasturtium for a dry reading. It is difficult to follow Black's version of the dwarfian tongue, but clearly the dwarf's poem "My Lov and is also of a quest:

O eggoes
o-oes oze
oze in vat sprilliand dinscape. You were there, brezzence not to be zeen against vivid rock-walls, zhadow not visible vlung glowing zhoools — tong — ganyong — O Gride mush I vahlo!

But however gride he does his lov, a never quite happens upon his lov in a concrete sense and explains to the confused human visitor:

I would describe how although she was not here or there she was — O — enough, in the layered manifold.

We can watch Black as he learns from the dwarfs, experiences, and emerges triumphantly in the end with equipment: five juggling balls. And we know that D. M. Black has just shown us what a vital talent juggling can be to the human imagination today.

Let us now face the imagination of D. M. Thomas, as we must sooner or later in this review. Thomas bombards the reader with confusing expressions such as quite "the Vardian Commonwealth," "Lemnos omikron colony," and "Mnesosyne Tapes." The sounds of these space terms and the strange situations produced by life on other planets seem to be the sole bases for many of Thomas' poems.

At his best Thomas strives to set



off the human reaction within the scenes he creates such as in these lines from "Elegy for an Android":

Bion and Theocritus seeing your straight limbs, classic grace of feature and gold dazzling curls would have unhitched their pipes but chancing to see the tiny emblem "made in U.S.A." in the whorl of your navel would have shuddered and walked on. Yet I loved you, Vanessa, passing the love of women.

Peter Redgrove's ghosts must be taken very differently from Black's dwarves or Thomas' space creatures, because they are characteristic of the evanescence of life which the poet realizes and strains against in his work. Redgrove does this most successfully in "The Widower." The widower flounders time and again in insubstantiality, as in these lines:

All lies, and here the lies come again,
The dead, and the inventions of the dead,
The spreading, the too-great majority,
Whose heads hang from memories and nausea,
Who stroll about vomiting, shaking and gaping with it,
Who goggle in terror of their condition, who retire at dawn
To almost inaudible thin quarrels up and down the graveyard strata
Who lurk with invisible thin whines like gnats in daytime
But who billow through the deep lanes at dusk
Like a mist of bleached portraits, who do not exist,
Who walk like a shivering laundry of shifted humanity
And who stink . . .

But Redgrove pulls the widower to the surface through a Creeley-like testing out of the parts of the mind as evidenced by

Strange, Simpering Voices of Culture

these lines:

Now somebody melts. . . but thinking of death got them this way
That's what you're saying, in these environs,
These parts of the mind, any mind, these fancies,
Thinking of horrors created them horrors.
Love frightens them, so let's frighten them.
It frightens me. You are a shapely white.
Oh, I droop with admiration. No, no, I spring!
And finally:
Two is a round reality. Dead is a nonsense.
But a real one. And one of us is dead.

The strength of Peter Redgrove and the power of D. M. Black are well worth this Penguin Modern Poets 11. Their poetry is vital, honest, and, with the aid of dwarfs and ghosts, very definitely real. Miss Rickert is a second year student in the college of the University of Chicago and is majoring in English.

The Exaggerations of Peter Prince, The Novel by Steve Katz, Holt, Rinehart, & Winston, \$6.95.

by JEHOA PROSTHESIS

How can a novelist tell us much about his art when: a) his "message" or point is at best diffuse and b), the machine of his novel is a gimmicky "Let's let the reader in on the construction, man"? Author Katz tries to expose the stages of story elaboration very explicitly and to coax the audience into reading from an authorial viewpoint. Perhaps he thinks this will be exciting or that it will bring the reader into closer proximity with the springs of creation, or "the dying ember" of the writer's mind. Katz is erratically amusing and tragically evocative, but his self-conscious method is not unique and it does not, to my thinking, eliminate irritating artifice.

Although the novel resembles a patchwork quilt more than an art work which shows unity or at least consistent vibrancy, Katz nevertheless writes very well much of the time. His bald humor is gusty when he covers a page of his novel with the coming and going of a destroyer at high sea in consecutive photographs, stamped with "NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY FROM THE READING ROOM"; or when he maintains the noise of a fan in the room where the protagonist is reading a story by covering the left margin or the text itself with z's. And he finely narrates mysteries that can't be resolved and, less finely, periods of boredom and waiting.

His novel consists of many dips and half starts into the life and travels of the protagonist Peter Prince, who is commented on by himself, the author, and two minor characters, Philip Farrel and Linda Lawrence. Peter Prince plods, mostly mentally, through successive unsatisfying love affairs, pointed social situations, and periods of self-examination. Narrative order and continuity mean nothing to the author, though they did to his self-consciously commenting and digressing precursors. This wouldn't matter if Katz had a mature writer's will or ideological command. Unfortunately, Katz is too often cute, impatient, and unwilling to go beyond a hackneyed do-nothing nihilism that only rises from its lethargy well into the text, and soon sags again as Katz's triumphant statement that he has finished his book takes control: his last sentence is, "I am the author of Peter Prince."

The one thing noteworthy about Katz's gyrations is his talented penchant for narrating two or three stories in separate columns on the same page. (The largest section of such writing in this novel was published in *Chicago Review*, Vol. 18, No. 5 and 6.) In these passages Katz's prose tends to contract or expand from its cus-

tomarily well-bodied rhythm, though the stories sometimes gain in speed, suspense, and multiplicity of meaning. This form gives plenty of freedom to the reader (it must be said that Katz is usually gracious) without descending into an equivalent of the 'requent inanities of John Cage.

Even the shape of the book is unusual and the dust jacket features the same face on both front and back (minus, incidentally, a photograph of the author). The price, however, is too high for such a stew, even though the author is a competent prose poet who curls his language into sentences or smashes it into units that should please those who care about language and displease the academic watchdogs who police our morphology and syntax. So wait for the paperback, pay 95 cents, and take a look.

Mr. Prosthesis is a fourth-year student in Petroleum Arts at the University of Tulsa.

Electric Mud

Cadet Concept 3145
(Chess Recording Corporation), \$4.95.

by ANDY POLON

Have you ever had that awful sinking feeling when one of your idols has sold out? Well, Muddy Waters, one of the all-time blues greats, has finally done it folks. He's recorded an album so incredibly commercial that it should have been titled "Electric Shit." This album, complete with a giant centerfold of Muddy posing as Guru and an eight page photo booklet of Muddy at his hairdresser's has him saddled with a combination soul and psychedelic band, and together they grind out eight awful tunes, mostly "up-to-date" versions of some of Muddy's classic blues from the 1950's.

The band has a competent soul rhythm section, a piano and organ, all of which are used on every track. But with them is a psychedelic lead guitar which plays almost non-stop from the start of side one to the end of side two. Sort of like the Iron Butterfly Sound replacing Muddy's beautiful bottleneck guitar playing (which is absent on this album).

The arrangements of the tunes consist principally of snatches stolen from soul and rock hits. For example, the opening of "Hootchie Kootchie Man" on this album is copied from Hendrix's "Foxy Lady" intro. Another track, "Harper's Free Press," is sort of a cross between Sonny and Cher's "The Beat Goes On" (sample lyric: "The Hippies sing a flower song/ while draft card burning is going on") and the Vandellas' "Nowhere to Run." Occasionally, horns are used, as the soprano sax in "She's All Right." The horn vamp here is *Oriental* styled—you know, that acid rock sound. A flute is added on this tune, but at the end of the cut the flute and bass suddenly stop and go into the Temptations' "My Girl" vamp. This is the way the arrangements are thought out.

The guitar player is unbelievably tasteless throughout. He wah-wahs through "Hootchie Kootchie Man," and on "Same Thing," the album's only blues track, he goes on endlessly. The only tune that makes it is Muddy's attempt at "Let's Spend the Night Together." The band lays down a heavy vamp reminiscent of the beat from "Sunshine of Your Love," and, with Muddy's fine singing, this soul version of the Rolling Stones' tune almost works. But since Muddy's voice, the organ, and the guitar are all heavily echoed on this track (as on all the others), the overall sound really is electric mud.

Charles Stepney is the man to blame for the arrangements since the other musicians are not listed. If you want to hear some great blues, buy Chess' Best of Muddy Waters or Muddy Waters at Newport. But skip this new album. The only type of acid this psychedelic blunder will remind you of is the kind that causes indigestion.

Mr. Polon is a fourth year student in Electropaleontology at the University of Chicago.

GROVES OF APATHIA

Minor
Poets

Continued from Page 1

The Addison Tradition, John Morressy, Doubleday, \$4.95.

by DEB BURNHAM

The small college is dying, they say. Financial problems make up the reasons most often recited by the experts, but to judge from John Morressy's account, the small school has already buried its soul and can do nothing but keep the body acceptable. There is some subtle horror in the novel's picture of a second-rate, stiflingly conservative school—rather like a corpse with a pleasant smile, heavy make-up, and vacant eyes.

Both the strengths and the weaknesses of Morressy's account of a student protest lie in his habit of overstatement. Had he been able to fabricate a more credible plot, his message would be much more convincing. It is hard to believe that any Dean of Students, outside of fundamentalist church schools, would get away with ordering a bearded student to shave, then expelling the student editor who wrote a mild satire on the incident. The general reader will probably take the entire book as overstatement. This is unfortunate, because Morressy's exaggeration is far less heavy-handed when he draws a picture of the sort of campus where the administration dispenses the rights of speech and thought, and student government leaders support this sort of action by issuing a "mandate for prudence."

Addison College, the scene of this display of administrative paranoia, is committed to preserving its insulation by "avoiding anything that really counts." The students, full of "a kind of bovine tranquility," do not really want much of anything, least of all an education. The faculty's most clearly articulated desires are designed to make them more secure in their narrow and nervous professionalism. Both students and faculty are committed to the mystique of "going through the proper channels." The disturbing thing about this mystique is not so much the rather lazy dedication to propriety, or even the incredible fear that it masks, but the appalling ignorance of just whom this propriety serves. It expresses a smooth politeness born not of genuine courtesy and respect, but of bureaucratic convenience. The Addison faculty

avoided the chance to take a stand on the question of an unfair expulsion, explaining that even so obvious an injustice was not a "central issue." (One thinks immediately of college faculties who have hesitated to take a stand on the draft because such a political issue was not of immediate concern.)

Into this atmosphere of insulation comes Matthew Grennan, English instructor, determined to stick to his research and publishing rather than become entangled in student activities and faculty politics. He is dragged reluctantly into the latter and finds himself unable to avoid sympathetic involvement with student problems.

Stylistically the novel is full of sometimes appealing, sometimes irritating cleverness, as if the author himself once wrote for a college humor rag and never quite lost the touch. His cleverness is most effective when he is dispensing the wisdom of his own experience:

Grennan had learned slowly and reluctantly and at the price of excruciating disillusionment, that literature did not make bad things good . . . It simply provided a wealth of background material for articulating his impotent outrage at life.

There is an odd but not disturbing gap between the full and sympathetic portrayal of Matt Grennan and the cardboard parodies of the students, teachers, and administrators. Part of the gap is filled when Grennan's increasing sympathy for his colleague's problems (if not for their tactics) allows him to at least sympathize with their willingness to settle for the good-enough. Thus he senses their plight—they are so emmeshed in their own attitudes that they have fallen into "a kind of moral somnambulism in which one knows all the proper terms but somehow cannot stir." Grennan is honest enough to express his indignation at their failure to act but will avoid betraying himself by doing what he must as a teacher and as a man.

The book itself is only mildly important. Those on the inside will appreciate the truth in essence, if not in detail, in Morressy's portraits of a philistine and provincial Board of Trustees, a pompous and unimaginative administration, and an opportunistic faculty. Most accurate and depressing of all is the sketch of the Addi-

son student body: three thousand well-dressed, satisfied reflections of the trustees, deans and professors who control their lives. Peering angrily from the homogeneous mass of Addison products is a tiny handful of malcontents and (comparative) activists. Grennan sides with them on the censorship issue but soon discovers that even their concern and involvement are limited to issues that affect them directly. As he senses this essential pettiness, his own protective selfishness begins to fall away. The emergence of the real, whole Matt Grennan is complete when he discovers that his colleagues, for all their talk of academic freedom, are too naive and too selfish to avoid being trapped by the very powers that they pretend to disdain.

Morressy does a good job of setting forth the subtle and indispensable lessons of his experiences in academic politics. Like Grennan he is dedicated first of all to the finest and most human education possible: "Why the hell can't teachers teach the important things?" Related to this is a realistic but passionate plea that teachers open their eyes and apprehend the realities and responsibilities of academic life with their minds and their guts.

Grennan, after a good many struggles of his own, finally emerges as a man of real integrity. He is a good teacher, but what singles him out is the personal power derived from his union of moral and ethical awareness—usually expressed tongue-in-cheek—and his sense of political realities. He stays at Addison because he feels he must yet realize that there will come a time when he will have to leave to keep his integrity: If one graduates—or rather emerges—from the collective womb of the Addison Colleges of America with anything resembling the values and priorities that Grennan represents, it is in spite of and not because of the powers that shape the education offered. The Grennans make the scene less bleak, and we need more like him. One hates to see them get screwed, but by living the sort of life that makes administrators want to screw them, they may help save American education.

Miss Burnham is a third year student in English and history at the College of Wooster.

THE SOFT-BOILED DICK

The Instant Enemy, Ross Macdonald. Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.95.

by TERENCE C. WOLFE

In 1944 Raymond Chandler wrote an essay that has become the classic statement on the "hard-boiled detective" story. Called "The Simple Art of Murder," it described the process by which Dashiell Hammett "Took murder out of the venetian vase and dropped it into the alley." This insistence on realism linked with an ability and desire to describe the society in which these writers lived (Chandler again: "a world in which gangsters can rule a nation and almost rule a city") is a large part of the reason that Hammett and Chandler rose so far above the genre in which they wrote. Finally, of course, the reason that they are two of the major American writers of fiction lies in their extraordinary ability. Hammett wrote the best dialogue in American fiction and Chandler some of the best prose.

Together they inspired a tradition that has resulted in quite a few uninspired imitations, a few talented second-rate works, and one writer who has been able to transform their genre into something relevant to his own time. His name is Ross Macdonald.

Macdonald's first work *The Three Roads* is an extremely successful attempt at a "psychological thriller." It is the story of Bret Taylor, a returned naval officer who is suffering from a severe mental lapse and the attempts of his woman to save him if not his memory. The book is the basis for half of what became a dual preoccupation for the rest of Macdonald's work. In *The Three Roads* we find a fas-

ination with the effects of the past and an involvement with the middle class that became important in Los Angeles after the Second World War.

Macdonald's second novel *The Blue City* (1949) was a paean to Chandler and quite unlike the first. It involves a fairly obnoxious hero coming into a tepid city and somehow trying to evolve a workable position for himself within its boundaries. If the novel is not a complete success it is because it seems a bit overdone and because Macdonald's hero in this case is not really the man for the job. Nevertheless, he is the beginning of the Macdonald hero, a man who comes closer to fulfilling Chandler's vision of a modern knight in tarnished armor than did Phillip Marlowe himself.

The most recent work in the Macdonald canon, *The Instant Enemy*, is surely among the most successful fusions of the two strains and stands alongside *The Zebra Striped Hearse* and *The Chill* as a book so completely realized that it must be considered a masterpiece.

The hero of *The Invisible Enemy* is Lew Archer named after the partner of Hammett's Sam Spade killed at the start of *The Maltese Falcon*, a private detective who operates alone in Los Angeles and who once had been a cop. Archer is much like many of the characters in the book: he is alone; he is part of the post-war middle class (albeit at the bottom) and while he is able to see the precariousness of his clients' lives we cannot believe his is any less so; he is desperately in search of a moral order and a place in a society he mistrusts and which mistrusts him.

This duality is one of Macdonald's strongest assets. Archer is cast in the

role of both observer and participator; he is at once a critic and an actor. He is a cop who takes cases because (usually) he likes one of the people.—It need not be his client; in *The Instant Enemy* it is the boy he is hunting, but it is this emotional involvement with people that is Archer's motivation, his answer to Hammett's Op's blind professionalism and Marlowe's sheer manipulativeness.

The action of *The Instant Enemy* is precipitated by Archer's search for Sandy Sebastian, a 17-year old runaway girl. Archer does not really understand kids (as I believe is also true with Macdonald) but he recognizes his prejudice and, seeing things this way, we are presented with another of the unresolved conflicts that are the center of this work. Nearly all the characters here are searching for some sort of order, for a means that will permit them to live at ease with each other and with the world. Good and bad are not easily defined here; the worst single action is performed by the man who seems most good and is done for apparently the best of motives. Archer is a hero because above all others he has recognized his position and conflict and thus has the greatest ability to survive. We do not believe that Archer believes that his search shall be fulfilled. But as he does believe that his search has an end and is thus not existential, so does he believe, in a very unsentimental manner, that perhaps one of these kids he keeps encountering, whose lives and souls he attempts to help remain intact, may be able to complete what he has started.

Mr. Wolfe is a third year student at Berkeley.

seemed to negate the hope of a radical change that would align society with the poets' ideals. Despairing, the poets escaped into imaginative worlds. Rossetts find only self and woodspurge in a profoundly personal sorrow. William Morris despite his socialism, mourns the loss of golden age of virtue and craftsmanship. Death and the passing of time overwhelmed the poet's consciousness and seemed to remove all reason for living, a value from life.

Auden chose from the vastness of nineteenth century verse much that is interesting, both for its content and for its metrical schemes. The "Romantics" wove from the eighteenth century a new poetic freedom, and their heirs were not careless to experiment lavishly within the narrow range of verse forms now accepted for serious verse. The nineteenth century poets, too, display great prosodic virtuosity. This may well be attributed to the classical educations, which demanded of them much time spent in translation or composing verses in Latin or Greek. The result of these two factors, new verse freedom and a training in translation, is poetry of fine metrical quality: rare does it stumble, limp, or turn into prose as does much of contemporary verse. Baudelaire is mostly clumsy. Until the work at the end of the century, I am rarely struck by the clearness of meaning, the sharpness of imagery. Precision fades with carelessness into generalizations or the trite, words seem to be chosen only on criterion of rhyme or rhythm.

The metrical schemes show skill, but the language does not resound in the imagination with an accuracy of image. Thomas Hood, for example, made a "Nocturnal Sketch," but when we read—

Anon Night comes with her wings,
brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue,
Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright
white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl,
howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-
Mall Sal,
Who, hastening to her nightly jobs,
robs fobs.

—it's not Night, but the final three words in a line that occupy the consciousness.

Poets like Palmer and Hood sometimes showed more interest in prosodic experimentation and virtuosity than in imaginative precision. Lewis Carroll for one, for that this interest, and the elitism engendered by it, was endangering Poetry: "Poeta Fit, Non Nascitur" he took so solid jabs at his poetic colleagues:

"For first you write a sentence,
And then you chop it small;
Then mix the bits, and sort them
out
Just as they chance to fall.
The order of the phrases makes
No difference at all.

"Next when you are describing
A shape, or sound, or tint;
Don't state the matter plainly,
But put it in a hint:
And learn to look at all things
With a sort of mental quint."

"For instance, if I wished sir,
Of mutton-pies to tell,
Should I say 'dreams of fleecy
flocks
Pent in a wheaten cell'?"
"Why yes," the old man said,
"that phrase
Would answer very well."

A reaction did set in. Diction, image, and symbol did become important in a gland. And with this reaction we hear in the twentieth century with an emphasis on the perfect word, the compelling image, and a confusion of iamb and trochee.

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

Poor Mao, It's Always Now

of the Dollar, William F. Ricken-
backer, Arlington House, \$4.95.
by LAWRENCE MARSH

Death of the Dollar could have been
a good book if Mr. Rickenbacker had not
burdened it with too many footnotes. First
of all, he is not an economist. Secondly,
Rickenbacker is a doctrinaire conative
determined to find a bureaucratic
bugaboo behind every economic
problem confronting the nation. In this
book, he has cornered the wrong party,
U. S. monetary authorities, and al-
dred the real villain, U. S. foreign policy,
the case.

Mr. Rickenbacker contends that our
economic balance of payments deficit is a
result of runaway spending, monetary mis-
management, and a policy of "inflation-
inflation's sake" by the U. S. gov-
ernment. Worse yet, he views the so-called
depreciation of the currency and the re-
actions on private gold holdings as the
prelude for totalitarianism. Although
sympathetic with his concern for individ-
ual liberty, such feelings cannot take the
place of rigorous economic analysis.
Lacking concrete analysis, Mr. Ricken-
backer relies on quotes. Quotes, quotes,

and more quotes, one of which runs for
six pages. He does deserve credit, how-
ever, for his perspicuous review of the
institutional framework of the Federal
Reserve System, the International Mon-
etary Fund, and the Foreign Exchange
Market.

The basic fallacy in Mr. Rickenbacker's
reasoning comes to light in his chapter on
the International Monetary Fund. He can-
not understand, he declares, why after
twenty years of deficits, no one even sug-
gests that the United States might have
a "fundamental disequilibrium" in its bal-
ance of trade. It is here that Mr. Ricken-
backer fails to distinguish between balance
of payments and balance of trade.

The balance of payments includes all
items which give rise to current monetary
claims between the United States and the
rest of the world. The balance of trade is
limited to commodity movements and is
essentially commodity exports minus
commodity imports.

Thus, although the United States has
experienced twenty years of deficits in its
balance of payments, it has had at the
same time an almost continuous surplus
in its balance of trade. In other words,
the United States is not pricing itself out

of world markets with inflationary poli-
cies as Mr. Rickenbacker contends, and
it is not in any sort of "disequilibrium."

The real problem which Mr. Ricken-
backer does his best to ignore has been
a result of essentially two factors. The
first is a severe capital shortage in West-
ern Europe after the war coupled with the
continued underdevelopment of European
capital markets relative to those of the
United States. The second is U. S. foreign
policy from the Marshall Plan to Vietnam
that year after year has drained the Uni-
ted States of billions and billions of

its military officers recommend." (The
italics are Mr. Rickenbacker's.)

What seems most incredible in *Death of
the Dollar* is Mr. Rickenbacker's almost
fanatical fascination with gold. He spends
an entire irrelevant chapter on its beauty,
lustre, history, and physical properties.
Did you know, for example, that "The
gold content of the average meteorite is
about 700 times higher than the gold
content of the earth's surface"?

Finally Mr. Rickenbacker settles down
to his own area of expertise—investment
survival. Besides being a senior editor of
National Review, Mr. Rickenbacker is
a Wall Street research analyst, and an
independent investment advisor. Thus
when he suggests investing in Quaker Oats
and African gold mines, I'm sure he must
know what he is talking about.

After his elaborate instructions on
hoarding, from rare books and violins to
convertible securities and gold stocks, Mr.
Rickenbacker has the nerve to say, "Sav-
ing silver coins or buying a foreign gold
mining stock does not amount to 'betting
against the Government' or engaging in
similar unpatriotic gestures." All I can
say is that that is exactly what it does
amount to. Nevertheless, Mr. Rickenback-
er assures us that he and his elite will
be perfectly willing to take over and re-
build the country after its inevitable
downfall.

Mr. Marsh is a graduate student in Ec-
onomics at Michigan State University.



dollars.

Regardless of what might be said for
the U. S. foreign policy from a military,
political, or sociological point of view,
from an economic point of view it has
been disastrous. But Mr. Rickenbacker
brushes aside any such thoughts with the
comment, "... a country should be able
to afford the kind of military structure

Gold No, Quaker Oats Si

Evolutionary Immortality, Robert Jay
Lyons, Random House, \$4.95, simultane-
ously published by Vintage, \$1.95.

by MILTON C. BUTLER

Everyone who has been puzzled, repulsed
and appalled, excited, or generally fascinat-
ed by the weird socio-political turmoil with-
out which China known as the Cultural Revo-
lution should read this book. Of the
many explanations of this unique phenom-
enon proposed by various Western
observers, the most frequent have
been vague statements that there was
a sort of power struggle in progress
that the general chaos was a mani-
festation of it, or similarly vague conten-
tion that Mao Tse-tung was seriously ill
and that though both positions may have
some merit, after reading Dr. Lifton's book both
appear pitifully inadequate by themselves.
In *Evolutionary Immortality* he adopts a
"psycho-historical" viewpoint, that is, one
in which he relates China's tumultuous
history to certain human psychologi-
cal needs evidenced by Mao and many
other Chinese throughout this upheaval,
the result of his approach is the most
insightful and reasonable appraisal of the
situation that I've read.

With physical death inevitable, all peo-
ple need the need for a sense of the histori-
cal continuity of their lives, a link
between their own existence and those
which have occurred before them
which will occur after their deaths, or as
Lifton terms it, a sense of "symbolic im-
mortality." Mao Tse-tung will soon be
fifty-five years old. In an interview
with Edgar Snow, an American, in Janu-
ary of 1965, he reportedly said that he was
being ready to see God very soon."
From the religious implications of
this statement, this death-anticipation is,
in Lifton's estimation, the primary source
of the Cultural Revolution. Later in the
book Mao began to reminisce about
earlier revolutionary activities, dwell-
ing upon the deaths of his two brothers,
his first wife, and, during the Korean War,
his son. What emerged was a psychologi-
cal pattern common among the survivors
of the Hiroshima atomic bomb whom Lif-
ton interviewed for his earlier book,
Life in the Guilt: the guilt feelings associated
with having survived events which caused
the deaths of many others.

His life has been completely devoted
to the Chinese Communist Revolution.

Thus, as he now approaches the end of his
life, his entire present and past existence
acquires meaning to him only in terms of
this Revolution, and his single foremost
fear lies in the possibility of its demise.
As prime mover and survivor of the Revo-
lution for which many of his associates
died, his guilt compounds his desperate
insecurity. He fears something more than
biological death: desymbolization, the de-
struction of the specific set of symbols
which alone give meaning to his life and
those of the thousands who died during the
course of the Revolution.

He has definite grounds for his fear. As
he reported to Snow in the interview,
"those in China now under the age of
twenty have never fought a war and never
seen an imperialist or known Capitalism
in power." He fears that due to the lack
of real experience of these forces against
which his Revolution was instigated, suc-
ceeding generations might soften in their
revolutionary fervor, permit its principles
to be compromised, permit it to slowly
dwindle and die.

The Cultural Revolution which he cre-
ated to prevent this embodies part of Tro-
tsky's concept of "permanent revolution."
Mao was attempting to involve the young
actively in the fight against the traditional
capitalist and imperialist foes by defining
any and all Western influences as "revisi-
onist" and calling upon the Red Guard
to exert their power to destroy such in-
fluences in the name of "purity," or Mao-
ism. This explains the fervor and enthusi-
asm exhibited by the Red Guard: they,
too, were given symbolic immortality
through the Cultural Revolution, the op-
portunity (hardly a strong enough word)
to relate their lives to the past and future.
The abundance of verbal death-defiance
to be found in the slogans and quotations
they flaunted reflects these feelings of im-
mortality and omnipotence: "What is the
greatest force? The greatest force is that
of the union of the popular masses. What
should we fear?... We should not fear the
dead. We should not fear the bureaucrats.
We should not fear the militarists. We
should not fear the capitalists."

Dr. Lifton points out that the Chinese
culture has traditionally placed a high
value upon words and writings. Through-
out China's history the skills of reading
and writing have been privileges attain-
able by a relatively small number of peo-
ple in the upper classes. In this context,

the worship of the book, *The Quotations of
Chairman Mao*, is not as strange as it
first appears to most Westerners. There is
historical precedent in the worship of the
writings of Confucius. Mao simply utilized
a deeply entrenched cultural pattern to
his own ends in a contemporary situation.

It is the over-zealous worship of that
book, oddly enough, which has produced
one of the major failures of the Cultural
Revolution, according to Dr. Lifton. The
totality of its worship led to the official
line that the road to moral and technologi-
cal success was the diligent study of the
thought of Mao, a doctrine defined in the
book as "psychism," the attempt to
achieve control over one's external en-
vironment through internal, "psychologi-
cal manipulations." With the national goal
of industrial advancement and the simul-
taneous emphasis on the study of Mao as
a means to such advancement, a certain
enthusiasm was achieved, but one which
could not replace technological training.
What resulted was a spree of frenzied and
erratic production of a variety of com-
modities, mostly crude "pig" iron, with
no standards of quality and no regularity
of production. Many factories closed, and
economic chaos resulted.

R. J. Lifton's two previous books are
very closely related to the present one:
*Thought Reform and the Psychology of
Totalism: A Study of "Brainwashing" in
China, and Death in Life*, a much longer
book than *Evolutionary Immortality* in
which many of the concepts in the new
book are introduced. He is "widely ac-
knowledged as an authority on contem-
porary psychological patterns in East
Asia," according to the book jacket, and I
have no reason to doubt it. For the strictly
amateur China-watcher, such as myself,
the book may prove difficult occasionally
from unexplained references to certain
periods in China's history, and more than
once its clarity is impaired by laborious
psychological coinages. But otherwise the
book is quite intriguing. It gave me a real
feeling of what was happening behind the
rather awesome and fear-invoking official
newsreels and releases. The author's com-
ments on the social and political ramifi-
cations of China's newly acquired nuclear
capabilities are particularly interesting,
and he has made some somewhat comfort-
ing, albeit exceedingly cautious, predic-
tions concerning the type of policy shift
forseeable in the aftermath of the
turbulence.

Mr. Butler is a first-year student in
philosophy in the college of the University
of Chicago.

Painless Clichés

Vision and Image James Johnson
Sweeney, Simon and Schuster, \$4.95.

by JEREMY DUPERTUIS BANGS

Vision and Image is the seventeenth vol-
ume in the series *Credo Perspectives*
edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen. The goals
of the series are set forth in her long in-
troduction. The series assumes that man
has reached a "turning point in conscious-
ness" making the twentieth century an
unprecedented period radically different
from preceding eras, because with almost
unlimited choices for good and evil, man
must develop wisdom to direct his massive
intervention in the evolutionary process.
The series is an attempt to change pre-
valing inherited conceptions of the nature
of knowledge, work, creative achieve-
ments, of man as inquirer and creator,
and of the culture which results from
these activities. The series presents the
thought of many contributors, among
whom are Erich Fromm, William O. Dou-
glas, Popes Paul VI and John XXIII, Fred
Hoyle, Paul Tillich, and Martin Buber,
in the hope of "drawing from every category
of work a conviction that nonmaterial val-
ues can be discovered in positive, affirma-
tive, visible things."

James Johnson Sweeney, author; critic;
organizer of exhibitions (Picasso, Miro,
Calder, the U.S. Pavilion at the 1952 Ven-
ice Biennale); Director of the Museum of
Fine Arts, Houston, Texas; and member
of the board of editors of *Credo Perspec-
tives*, fails to come near reaching the
goals of the series. Instead of attempting
to examine profoundly what aims separate
present art from past art, Sweeney set-
tles for far less. *Vision and Image* is just
another layman's guide to modern art. It
is better than some (in having no repro-
ductions, it has no bad reproductions);
worse than others (there is no real dis-
cussion of any particular artist's particu-
lar works); and as its own contribution
has a rare civility (the pontificating is
never strident).

If one accepts the idea that radical
change is transforming all areas of human
creativity, as is asserted in the introduc-
tion, then one must consider inadequate
Sweeney's statement that the difference
between past art and present art is that
the past artist tried to record the
"external world" in contrast to the pre-
sent artist who creates a world "out of
his inner self." Charles Baudelaire, after

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Really, Father?



Structures of Christian Priesthood, Jean-Paul Audet, The Macmillan Company, \$4.95.

by **GEORGE RISDEN**

The concern of this work is with the structure of the Church's pastoral service, primarily, the service of the work and of the Eucharist. This is one of the many works today which speaks about the problem of the celibate clergy, and the author turns to the early Church, using some very vague references, to point up the fact that from the beginnings of the Church, styles of life were estimated in terms of pastoral service rather than in terms of any value they might possess in themselves. Demographic growth and the growing process of urbanization force us to decide what life style can best serve the pastoral needs of the Church: celibacy or marriage.

Until the last decades of the third century, marriage seems to have been the dominant life style of those engaged in pastoral service. The prevalence of marriage, however, began to wane through the centuries until the first and second Lateran Councils (1123 and 1139) declared the marriage of any cleric in major orders to be null and void. It seems that the people of those times came to think of anything sex-related as impure and thus diametrically opposed to the notion of the sacramenta, of which they were the dispenser. This is the appearance of the pervading distinction between sacred and secular which still plagues us today.

Audet then goes on to explain that to carry out adequately the command of Jesus to go forth and teach all nations, the disciples had to be free. To preach their message efficiently, they had to be free, mobile, and detached from anything that would hold them down to one place. One left home at that time because the service of the word demanded it. The life of continence was not, however, forced upon the disciples. "He who is able to receive this, let him receive it." (Mt. 19:11-12) St. Paul speaks about this in I Corinthians: "I wish that all were as I myself am. But each has his own special gift from God, one of one kind and one of another."

Later in history, the need and presence of the itinerant preacher disappeared. The ministers of the word began to work from homes in a situation that would insure some stability. What I believe Audet is trying to push is that in the early centuries of the Church, the life style of the clergy was based on the form-follows-function principle, that is, the type of ministry being performed and the manner in which this was done dictated the life style of the ministers. Perhaps today, when the bulk of ministry is not performed by itinerants, and when those who would travel about preaching could easily do it without leaving all their possessions behind, a new life style could easily be employed by the clergy, the choice of marriage or celibacy being their own, as it is with other men.

Mr. Risdén is a senior majoring in philosophy at Loyola University.

Sweeney

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all, said essentially the same thing in praising Delacroix over Ingres in his comments on the Salon of 1846. The usual way to counter this argument is to say that Baudelaire was "ahead of his time." In point of fact Baudelaire was a part of his time because he existed then and not now. His conception of outer and inner worlds, shared with the people he opposed, is one of the prevailing inherited conceptions which the introduction says *Credo Perspectives* is attempting to change for our time. Sweeney approaches the real difference that separates present art from past art when he says that "relationships have become more important than the things which they relate." "Things" is, however, an ambiguous word. By failing to discuss present art's emphasis on relations between actualized values Sweeney veers away from the subject leaving the impression that, for him, "things" are simply objects one might put in a still life or elements of material to be combined in a composition.

What *Vision and Image* does provide is a painless introduction to the major clichés of current art criticism in the United States.

1. The artist in the United States, Sweeney asserts, has a peculiar advantage over the artist in Europe. While present art in Europe is abandoning the conventions of past art in Europe, present art in the United States is abandoning the conventions of all art in Europe, past and present.

2. The communication in art and in particular paintings can be explained with the word "metaphor." Sweeney discusses modern poetry at some length to support this particular bromide. It all sounds rather nice, until one comes to the point of applying the term "metaphor" to a particular picture. This Sweeney avoids; and he provides no suggestion of how it is to be done with any meaning (except to add a phrase like "as in art" every time Ezra Pound or T. S. Eliot is quoted about poetry.) Art critics have been glossing over this issue for a long time. Sir Herbert Read mixed poetry and painting as far back as 1925 when he said that a certain painting had "rhythmic cesurae."

3. "Play is the base of every truly creative art expression." Too bad for Michaelangelo.

4. "The true artist employs the pictorial language of his day to convey his message." Here Sweeney's failure to discuss particular artists and works issues in tautology. For it is the pictorial language used by the "true artist" of any period which determines the pictorial language belonging to that period.

It is the artist who comes first. In not discussing particular artists and works Sweeney has denied the reader insight into the process of art criticism. He has also kept his discussion in the category of the abstract universal, which, as the introduction acknowledges, is a far lower category than the personal.

Mr. Bangs exhibits in the United States and Great Britain.

Philby

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selves. If he chose the Soviet Union, it was because he did not wish to end as a "querulous outcast." He was aware of Stalin and he made his choice. "Advances which, 30 years ago, I hoped to see in my lifetime, may have to wait a generation or two. But as I look over Moscow from my study window, I see the solid foundations of the future I glimpsed in Cambridge."

In his own words, and they may be the most revealing words in the book, he stayed the course.

Mr. Salasin is a fourth year student of Sociology at the University of Oregon and was recently reconstructed by the Czechoslovakian Communist Party.

To Catch The Poet

T. S. Eliot: *The Man and His Work*, Delacorte Press, 400 pages, \$6.50.

By **BARBARA BLAIR**

"The Man and His Work" is a phrase used too often in writings about public figures—so often, in fact, that its very sound seems to announce a pompous panegyric. This book, however, fulfills the meanings, not the connotations of the phrase by the diversity and depth of the collection of critical and personal essays. It was put together by Allen Tate, at the request of the editor of *The Sewanee Review*. Twenty-six critics, writers, and editors were requested to write about Eliot. Those who had known him personally gave accounts of their meetings, their impressions of him, and his effects on them. Those who had studied him gave critical appraisals of his work, or offered illuminating studies of some aspect of his writing.

The personal studies range from anecdotal snippets by I.A. Richards and H.S. Davies to moving reminiscences by Robert Giroux and Frank Morley.

Sir Herbert Read, late British critic, head of the Institute of Contemporary Art and art expert by virtue of his years of work at London's Victoria and Albert Museum, writes at length also. As a contemporary of Eliot his narrative account of their early friendship is very good. His occasional excursions into quasi-psychanalytical criticism of Eliot's work and of their ideological differences in later life have no validity and, were they not presented in such an unfriendly way, would be forgivable excesses in an essay containing many interesting remarks.

The critical essays include a number of different biases, of which a few might be as unfavorable, and as many theories as Eliot as there are essays about his work. Three notable essays are John Crowe Ransom's "Gerontion," "T.S. Eliot: Thinker and Artist" by Cleanth Brooks, and "T.S. Eliot's Images of Awareness," by Leonard Unger. Ransom's essay is well worth the price of the book. It deals with *Gerontion* only, examining the poem gradually by word and by line, discussing meaning, rhythm, word choice, sound and referent

Money Talks...and Talk

Memoirs of a Banknote by J. Paco D'Arcos Translated from the Portuguese by Robert Lyle, Henry Regnery Company.

by **WARREN E. WILDE**

An object cannot be human and passive at the same time. But that is exactly how J. Paco D'Arcos tries to make his female banknote, all five hundred escudos worth of her, function. She is, by her own admission, "wholly passive," and yet her involvement from within the pockets of those who possess her is always more than passive. She judges; she sympathizes. She loves and she hates. That is the tension of *Memoirs of a Banknote*, and unfortunately it is a tension that removes the reader far from the plights of human condition that the novel tries to portray.

First, of course, there is the grievous error of sympathetic contact. Only the most fanciful reader could find pleasure in identifying with a living banknote, with fears and desires, tucked away in pocket after pocket, observing the affairs of men. Moreover, as appealing as this idea is, D'Arcos fails to make his banknote metamorphose; this is no nutcracker come to life, no handsome prince turned ugly frog, no cockroach with a human mind and spirit. Any of these devices, as old as Cinderella, would work better than the narrative of a banknote that always remains a banknote and yet somehow talks to us from the dark pockets that it inhabits.

Point of view is the next most obvious fault of this novel. This particular banknote, always folded inside someone's wallet next to his beating heart or fat buttocks could not possibly see all the life it does. Yet from that thin, almost dimensionless form comes a very wide perspective. Sadly enough, however, the perspective remains unconvincing, even distant. Howev-

as a unity, an approach of which Eliot might certainly have approved. appraisal is presented with precision and grace, perhaps because it is the change of Ransom's view of Eliot, a change of earlier positions about his work, a reevaluation of the poet, thought out with more rigor than Ransom's earlier views.

The workings of artist-writer-critic circle in a center of culture are revealed explicitly in several says. The concision which article lends demands and the compelling sense of Eliot at the poet's death add to the merit many of the pieces included in the book. Reading the collection inspires one to read all of Eliot; reading Eliot prompts curiosity about him and the desire to have known him. The curiosity is partly satisfied by this excellent commemorative volume; the desire, partly quieted, re-emerge at greater depth. The short piece by Ezra Pound is by far the most moving and compelling.

FOR T. S. E.

His was the true Dantescan voice—not honoured enough, and deserving more than I ever gave him.

I had hoped to see him in Venice this year for the Dante commemoration at the Giorgio Cini Foundation—instead: Westminster Abbey. But later, on his own hearth, a flame tended, a presence felt.

Recollections? let some thesis-writer have the satisfaction of "discovering" whether it was in 1920 or '21 that I went from Excideuil to meet a rucksacked Eliot. Days of walking—conversation? literary? le papier? Fayard was then the burning topic. Who is there now for me to share a joke with?

Am I to write "about" the poet? Thomas Stearns Eliot? or my friend "The Possum"? Let him rest in peace. I can only repeat, but with the urgency of 50 years ago: READ HIM.

E.P.

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er hard the reader tries, he cannot but himself into sympathetic relation with banknote, of whatever value. And that carries itself to almost shameful involvement with the characters of the novel. The character sketches themselves, if from another point of view or even objectively by an omniscient observer, could be interesting and compelling. We enter lives of souls whose entire existence depends upon this particular banknote. witness a prostitute fighting to support her son; a mortician who kills his son and therefore comes to know death as more than just a business; a old Jewish being brutally transported to the gas chambers of the Nazi concentration camps; an aging English teacher starving to death, trying to maintain semblance of dignity; a sensitive young poet who commits suicide because the woman he has loved has thrown him away as of no value. The people would seem their stories compelling, if it were not the unbelievable voice of the banknote giving expression to their personal tragedies.

In this novel, point of view makes all difference, and it miserably fails. I would rather read of red shoes that come and carry a lonely ballerina to her death of toy soldiers that march before we-eyed children, of a great, ugly beast when kissed by a beautiful princess to a handsome prince, or of a gilded street of a prince whose lead heart breaks the love of a small, kind-hearted swallow. Before Mr. D'Arcos attempts such an undertaking again, I would suggest that he take some fairy tales.

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