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RED CEDAR REVIEW

Winter Issue

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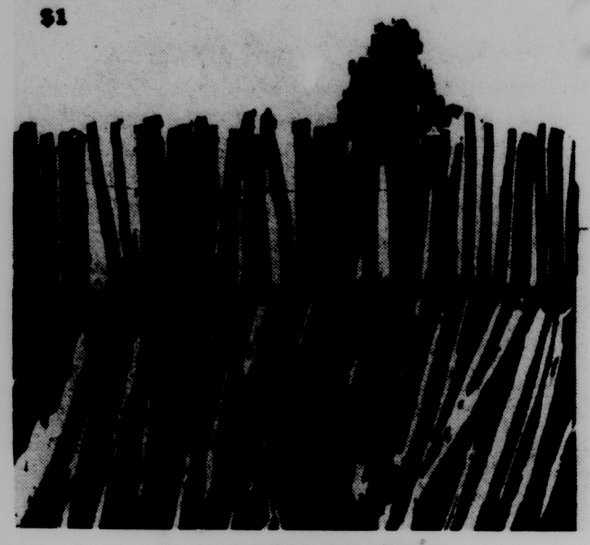

By VALERIE RESTIVO
State News Reviewer

Red Cedar Review, Winter Issue, Peggy Case, Editor, $1.00.

From those represented in the winter issue of the **Red Cedar Review**, Peter Wild should be elected Poet Most Likely to Succeed. His poems, "Ambush" and "Smoky," are notable for their moods. The images have freshness: "moons revolve over his purple hide/and flash like pages through my eyes . . ." "We saw them as great stone bears/soaring in on log and tarpaper wings . . . ." Wild's "Note on Your Picture Taken in the Town Square of Cananea, Sonora" is, if not profound, at least genuine in its poetic expression. The poet has *ideas*, *feelings* and the courage to express a theme not garbled by pretended magnitude of pseudo-ambiguity.

The winter issue of the **Red Cedar Review** is beautiful. The black, browns and orange-browns of its cover and art pages blend harmoniously with the smooth ivory of the feature pages. Mimi Ward's cover woodcut, "Boy Watching," is sensitive and fine. It's all put together like a gorgeous ad for a weak product.

The featured story by Professor Virgil Scott is embarrassingly sophomoric. His **Home Is Where The Heart Is** (or its equivalent) has appeared in many high school and college magazines. The dialogue is stilted. The pseudo-O. Henry finish climaxes a third-rate attempt at a potentially first-rate theme that of the sameness of semi-affluent, suburban existence.

James C. Baloian's **The Indians** is one of those mediocre prose paragraphs made poem-like by the ordering of lines. If the paragraph were read as prose, it might well pass unnoticed. The peak of profundity might be "He knew he could/Shut the windows,/And no one would come to his door." Its poetic form makes the content's mediocrity blatantly apparent.

Albert Drake's review of Rick Sterry's first novel, **Over the Fence,** is neatly done. The novel should be put on the connoisseur's "must read" list.

Judith Anne Greenberg's poems are appealing and sensitive, yet somehow lacking in that which distinguishes poetic *feeling* from poetic *art*. There is an occasional, fine line, as in "Childhood Shadows:" "Did you follow me down along sleep?" Lines such as "I can hear you still padding down the long hallway," or "I cannot call you back again" are honest, yet trite.

Lorrie Keister's **Breakfast Out** is another high school anthology story. It is overwritten and passe. The Sensitive, Young, Married Woman who tries to change Routine hasn't the Courage. Melodrama needn't be inherent in the situation; the network of human communication is complex and important enough to provide an artist much territory for exploration.

Linda Amorosi's poem, "Grandfather," succeeds because of its freshness: ". . ./came to know/your love/warm in the hand/held springward . . ."

The **Review's** graphics are excellent. Ginny Fry's **"they"** is especially outstanding, and should share first place with Mimi Ward's cover design.

Justin Kestenbaum's photographic study of Spiro's (that was the Place that *was*--remember?)--is beautiful. He captures the poetry beyond the existence he records; his pictures are more eloquent than most of the words in the **Review.**

It is unfortunate that good local poetry and fiction have been relatively scarce in recent issues. Whether the fault lies with the editors or with non-contributing local artists, it is sad that a creative arts magazine, published by young and enthusiastic people, does not address itself to a young and enthusiastic public.

Radicals at MSU. . .

One worthwhile action spurred by the radicals is the reexamination of the purposes of the University, the adequacy of teaching methods, and the relevancy of grades, degrees and courses . . .

I am strongly opposed to the idea of having 30 spaced-out speed freaks from SDS attempting to exacerbate an already tense situation . . .

Intellectual ferment from the yeast of SDS discontent may yet convert MSU corn into good bourbon . . .

I strongly favor increased student power, but I find it impossible to respect and relate to a clamoring group of students demanding to be heard but who fail to recognize the fact that it might be easier to be heard if something more viable than mere social disorder and obscenities were presented . . .

-from Letters to the Editor published in the State News

What is a radical? A socially-conscious and politically active humanitarian who offers the world its only chance for survival? Or a fanatic who selectively ignores bothersome truths which contradict his divine theory of the Good and the True? Where on the spectrum of social values do radicals fit?

This issue of Collage presents radicals writing about themselves, their goals, and their organizations. It is not a "balanced" issue; it does not give superficial coverage to several perspectives. It does attempt to present some facets of radicalism at MSU.

Collage serves as a forum for reactions to this and other contemporary phenomena. As with past issues, Collage hopes that those who feel strongly about the questions raised will respond (in this issue Carl Rollyson writes on Nat Turner, in response to an earlier article by Bruce Curtis).

We feel that radicalism is a relevant and timely subject, meriting the consideration of all members of the university community. Witness last weekend's incident in which a group of black students at Cornell University took over the student union for 36 hours before reaching an "agreement" with the administration. Temporary student take-overs such as this have become commonplace, but this time there was a new factor. The students were heavily armed with shotguns and rifles. No shots were fired . . . this time.

Now is the time to listen . . . and to respond.

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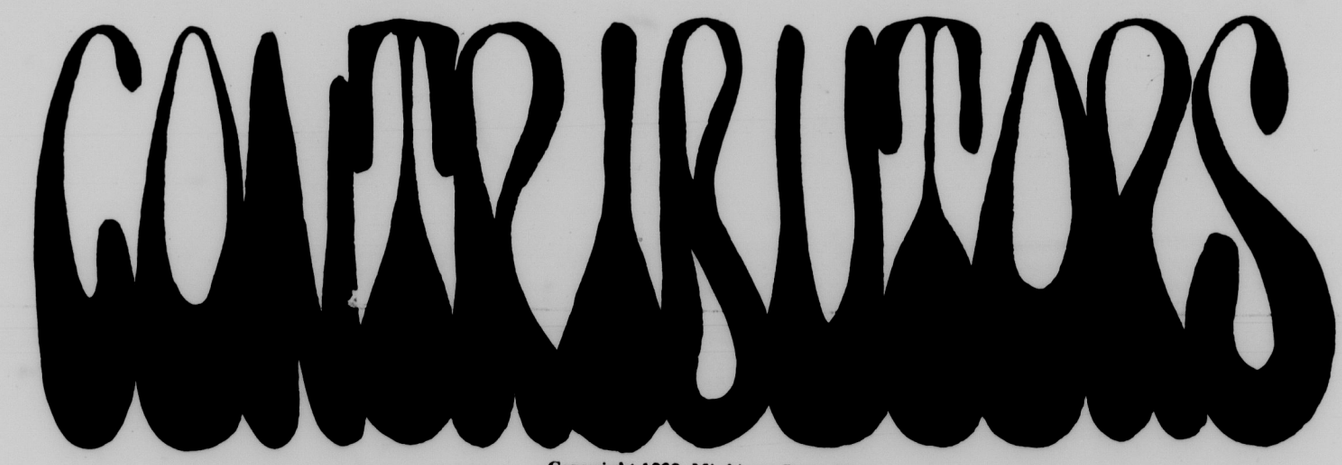
a life,
directed.
predicted.
sheltered.
by grinning pastel shades
by neon wall clocks, in bedpan kitchens
yawning street lamps that suck the night
leaving tarry racks
between boney textured squares.
by smiling ivory piano keys,
and plastic garbage caskets
that preserve predestined glittering cans
from rotting,
but none of it
none of it,
is mine.

--phil may

political man

one nation indivisible will fall
in the hands of liberty and toleration
when we orderly form a more perfect union
to have police guide us by justice
and commonly defend our desires
in the world and i will do everything
i can for welfare loving people
who take life hard sitting down
until negroes rot in hell when gun laws
have to be restricted to stop injustice
that is unequal to deaths of viet cong
and must be helped for my sake
please elect me and i promise you everything

--Nancy Brackstone



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editorial adviser . . . . . David Gilbert
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A Radical's Perspective

By ALAN LEVY

EDITOR'S NOTE: Alan Levy is a Philadelphia senior majoring in psychology. He is a member of MSU-SDS.

"Man is what he eats"--Feurbach

"The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles." --Marx

"When will you learn to see?"
"When will you learn to take sides?"--Peter Weiss', *Marat/Sade*

When you claim the title citizen you assert a willingness to abide by the social, legal and ethical usages of the state. In what sense is a radical a citizen? A radical claims that the existing organization of the society is inherently flawed, and that the inequities and injustices of his history are not isolate aberrations from a basically sound program, but unavoidable consequences of the basic propositions of that program. In what sense is such a society a state?

A radical advocates drastic change, and he is hardened to the inevitable dislocations and chaos, with their probable measure of human suffering. He has adopted a utilitarian criterion of action; he claims that the existing society is founded in human exploitation and that this suffering can only be alleviated by his revolution. The state ideology holds that all individual human rights are precious and that the radical in his advocation of a violent change is actually a dangerous hatemonger. Human rights are precious only in the realization, and a society which mouths the theory, but denies their practice is the worst of lies, -- so the radical replies.

Exhaust the available channels of reform; employ the force of reason; engage in dialogue. We are concerned with changing the locus of power in this country. We propose to strip the ruling elite of their oppressive influence and reinvest it in the people. Our demand to *the ruling institutions* of this society is, Destroy yourself. It would be naive to think that they will meet our demand by reform, reason or dialogue; in fact, they are incapable of doing so. They will not purge themselves voluntarily.

You have no alternative. Your sole end is destruction. You must be positive as well as negative. Our entire program is motivated by a view of what is positive. The critique of contemporary society is only possible because we recognize the alternative. The society must function in accordance with its social contract. It must serve the interests of the people. The social wealth must be utilized to meet the social needs. There are several modes of social organization which can fulfill this goal, but it is for the people to create in its particular complexity the future state. It is the height of paternalism to presume their perogatives at this point in history. The role of the radical, much like that of the practicing psychoanalyst is to shatter the fetters of false consciousness which hobble the people to the existing structure and make them aware of their alternatives. The radicalness in radical humanism is the belief that a self-aware people will create a better society.

This dialogue is a common diet of the student activist at Michigan State, indeed it probably prevails through out the country. It is the bedrock on which the demonstrations, the leaflets, the rallies for the most part rest. Within the movement it is sometimes ill-reverently referred to as the "Rap". I, at least, assert that the "Rap" is a strong force for social change with a compelling power to its arguments. I would even go so far as to claim that in its mature development, which is not even approximated in this essay, the "Rap" is irrestible to any openminded individual. This brings me to the questions that are posed at the beginning of the essay.

The "Rap" is rendered ineffectual if its advocate is discredited. The "Rap" is irrelevant if it attacks an entity maintained by faith. Thus the establishment through its control of the media, the government and the educational system strives to supply the "correct" answers to those question. A radical is in effect disenfranchised. He is an outside agitator, crazy kid, drug fiend, communist inspired, hedonistic, valueless, spoiled, middle class hippie. He is stripped of his credibility and the force of his argument is blunted. Similarly we have an attempt to discredit the very idea of criticism. To attack the structure of our society, America the free, home of the brave, is be be un-American. Only "constructive criticism", (i.e. suggested reform measures) can be considered legitimate. It is nihilism, anarchy and evil to put the essence of the society in question. The answers are considered self-evident. Radicals are not citizens, but deviants; they should be exorcised, as quickly and humanely as possible, from the body of American citizens. America, land of George Washington, still is embodied in this land of General Motors, Spiro Agnew and Vietnam and there can be no doubt as to its validity.

What is not immediately evident, and for the most part ignored is that these questions are empirical questions. Their answer lies in reality, not in the reiterated sloganeering of a threatened power structure. Inasmuch as truth threatens the prevailing interests, that is the degree that a radical is dangerous.

It is bitter irony, a testimony to the effectiveness of control that is exercised over the contemporary American mind, when we see radicals characterized as close minded, as we frequently do. What other group in our society has challenged the ruling class mythology in its interpretation of American society. Who asks: Why Poverty? Why Vietnam? Why Racism? Why Militarism? Why Profit? Who else confronts the American dream with America today.

The United States is home for over two hundred million people who are primarily engaged in providing themselves with comfortable lives. Is this not enough? All creatures accept this as their purpose, but it is left to the human animal, with its critical faculty, to attempt to answer the question that is denied the others. Is this way the best way? Can we reduce the level of suffering, the waste of labor, realize more human potential? It is a terrible human tragedy to ignore this question. It is a heinous crime to suppress it. To be a radical means to ask the question.

'Jo Hooper' speaks out

By JO HOOPER
with help from
B. Ayers and J. Sattel

Until recently, SDS has been exclusively a student movement. Furthermore, it has been a student movement concentrated primarily on the elite campuses of Berkeley, Princeton and Michigan. This is beginning to change. This week's events at Harvard are all the more notable given the relative quiescense of the Ivy League this past year. This year San Francisco State has replaced Berkeley, Michigan State has replaced Michigan as the important centers of struggle. And SDS begins to spring up in high schools and off the campus altogether.

Even more importantly, *movement* is happening in places that no previous theory of revolution or change would have predicted. In most cities, high schools are blowing up so fast SDS organizers cannot keep up with them. Community and junior colleges--places as diverse as Muskegon and Macomb J. C. outside Detroit--are increasingly the scenes of struggle and confrontation. Servicemen's unions and active resistance in the army has made it the time-bomb of those who purport to rule this country.

The students are not in motion alone. In the forefront is an increasingly sophisticated vanguard of black people that have translated the futility of the "civil-rights" struggle of the earliar part of the '60's into an advanced political struggle for black liberation. This black consciousness has been born out of the special forms of oppression that have been both the historical and material experience of colored people in this country. Occupying an almost colonial status *vis-a-vis* the many privileges enjoyed by whites alone, the struggle for black

liberation has revealed to many in SDS the need for an intensity and commitment that few of us in the SDS of just several years ago ever glimpsed. The identification of the black people with the struggles in the Third World--coupled with the fight of the Vietnamese against the U.S. behemoth--brought the white movement a clearer understanding of imperialism; the need of the Black Panthers to arm themselves in self-defense against the murderous assaults of the Oakland police indicated the limits of pacifism; even today, the formation of black caucuses such as Detroit's Dodge Revolutionary Union Movement (DRUM) within the racist bureaucracy of the UAW indicated how far the liberal's faith in "progressive trade-unionism" has been a failure.

The question, therefore, for a movement that takes itself seriously is how to extend the current struggles of young people and black people into a force that can fundamentally alter our society. Because this is a period of crisis; because people in SDS and the movement are being arrested and slapped with long jail sentences; because our society continues to murder people the world over; but most important because the possibility of defining the future through our own actions and theory is becoming a reality, some people are too willing to fall into the old formulas and slogans of other places and other times. People in SDS are not immune to this. Too often Marx or Mao is quoted in one of the endless series of SDS meetings, not because the man once faced a similar question but because it is hoped that his solution is somehow our solution despite the passage of years and miles. Such a ready-made answer is no answer at all.

Within both local and national SDS, this is a central issue. The United States' corporate might has extended itself over the face of globe, siphoning the real wealth of almost the entire "free world" for the benefit of the few in this country. The same corporate powers allow fantastic inequities of wealth and life-changes to exist here at home, alternately playing black against white, student against shop-hand, young against old to both maintain their dominance in this country and to whip-up anti-communist hysteria when the empire is challenged abroad. It is within such a situation that first the blacks, and now the young have the audacity to challenge this system.

The challenge, of course, has already been given. Blacks and youth are already in motion. But what can be said of their expected success? Is the university system, for example, a target worthy of those who would challenge the fundamentals of this society? There are those liberals, blind to the complicity of universities in building and maintaining our military machine, who argue the university is the last repository of humane values in our inhumane society. The reality of MSU and the large bulk of schools

(continued on page 7)

Alliance with the workers

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article, excerpted from "Perspectives for the Movement," a pamphlet by SDS Internal Education Secretary Fred Gordon, was submitted to Collage by members of the MSU Worker-Student Alliance as representative of their views. As a rule Collage does not reprint material.

SDS began in an argument with the liberals. People in the movement were able to see things about the society that the liberals simply blocked out or evaded. SDS saw that America was not a peace-loving nation, and that there was poverty in America, and racism. So SDS began as an anti-war movement; a civil rights movement, and a movement to expose the existence of poverty.

At this point, there has been a general increase in strain on the American system that has forced the liberals to admit that the original perception of SDS is correct. Poverty, racism, and war are, in fact, part of the nature of the system. The name of the system is corporate capitalism and corporate capitalism produces them.

American businesses make money. They make it not out of some vague preference for it, but because under capitalism, it is necessary to seek to maximize profits in order to survive. Money means the ability to cheapen production processes, to produce huge quantities of goods at competitive prices and to capture new markets. New markets mean more profits and that in turn enables the American capitalist to The U.S. electronics industry, for example, was more powerful economically than its French counterpart. Today, US. firms own 80 per cent of the French electronics industry. Were the United States to lose out in this competition, foreign companies could be capturing American markets and buying out the American economy instead of the other way around. The effort to maximize profits is not, then, a matter of preference for American capitalist, but a matter of survival.

American investment in the Third World, despite the claims of "liberal" capitalists, does not build up these nations. While profits are extracted and most goods are sold to developed market countries (e.g. Europe and Japan) the existence of American business monopolizes these nations' economies and prevents the growth of domestic industry. U.S. imperialism assures the continued poverty--and in the case of India and Latin America, the increasing impoverishment of hundreds of millions of people.

Vietnam represents the most advanced struggle today against U.S. imperialism. It is a test for the whole imperialist thrust of U.S. foreign policy. If the Vietnamese people win, it is a sign for oppressed people around the world that American imperialism can be defeated. If Vietnam loses or gives up the struggle, it will temporarily set back the anti-imperialist struggle around the world. The U.S. is determined to make the price of anti-imperialist war as high as possible. What is at stake is not just Vietnam but dozens of other oppressed peoples who are now moving to open warfare against U.S. imperialism and its representatives in their own lands.

The US. will have to fight all of these wars. Vietnam has shown the ends to which the U.S. will go rather than lose its vital economic assets. This means, for the United States, more war against the oppressed peoples of the world. And this means more strain on the U.S. economy at home to pay for these wars. The strain has already begun to be intense. It is reflected in the fact that the ghettoes are decaying, not improving. It means that real wages for workers have not risen in the past two years. And it means that there is a large draft that builds opposition among students and other young people. It the United States must be imperialist, as it must, then there must be war, and if there is to be war, there must be discontent at home. That discontent now exists and is growing. As the United States becomes more and more tied down in imperialist war, the discontent will grow still more. As the discontent grows students and workers across the country are uniting in campus and factory struggles in an alliance against the ruling class of this country.

WHY A WORKER-STUDENT ALLIANCE?

Students are an oppressed group. It is clear that the university is a factor for turning out highly trained workers. What a student learns in college is 1) skills which are exploitable by modern industry and 2) an ideology *which obscures the class nature of* American capitalism. (In economics courses, for example, one learns that the economy is competitive and that anyone can make it; in sociology courses, one learns to treat other people as objects; and in humanities courses, one is taught to identify with the "Western philosophic-cultural tradition," i.e. that we all share the same culture and that are exploited materially and intellectually. They have a direct interest in fighting for their liberation.

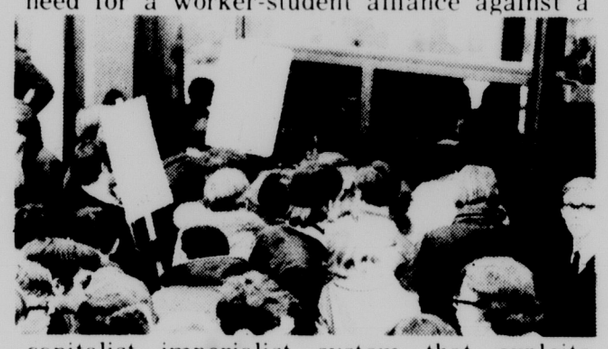
But two things are becoming increasingly apparent. One is that students alone do not have the power to change this sytem. The other is that the objective interests that students have in social change are congruent with the objective interests of working people. This means that an alliance between students and the working class is 1) objectively necessary for revolutionary social change and 2) objectively possible based on the real self interest of both students and workers. To effect real social change, then, the student movement must ally with working people; if it does not, there is no possibility of building a base for power against American imperialism.

Concretely, what does a worker-student alliance mean? At this point, it does not mean that radical students stream out of the universities into the shops to build the revolution. The point first is to build a strong student movement which has the possibility for allying with the working class. This means that the student movement must engage in struggles on campus, struggles in the interest of students which, as much as possible, are also in the interests of working people.

Fights against ROTC (which make it very clear that imperialism exploits students and workers too), fights against high rents around universities, against fare hikes on public transportation, fights for open admissions, are a few things that have been done so far to build worker-student alliances. The importance of these struggles is only partly in the demands that are won. It is absolutely necessary that the politics of these struggles be clear and that they educate people on and off campus about how the immediate issue at hand relates to the nature of the capitalistic state, to imperialism, and, when possible, to racism and poverty (as products of capitalism.)

Around 50 per cent of college students do not graduate. A great number of those who drop out become production workers. It is important to reach them. Of those who graduate, around half become teachers and social workers. This is a "middle sector" which is of pivotal importance for any social change. With rising worker militancy, they can play either a reactionary or a progressive role, in the New York teachers' strike, teacher turned against working people and built racism. There they played a reactionary role that will take years to undo. The potentiality in New York was for teachers to side with parents, to pull off a very different kind of strike, a united strike of parents and teachers against the City of New York. This would have shaken the New York government to its foundations. As it is, racism has again worked in the favor of the ruling class.

The priorities of the student movement can then be defined: to 1) reach the college students who drop out; 2) reach people who are going into the white collar sector (particularly teachers and social workers) while they are in college; and 3) impress on both groups the need for a worker-student alliance against a



capitalist imperialist system that exploits both groups materially and by perverting social life.

There is a lot of opposition in the student movement to the politics of a worker-student alliance. Without truly building this alliance, it seems to us that the student movement can move in two directions. It can move 1) toward student power, viz. to a movement for a greater slice of the pie for the American middle class. This is a movement that in the end cannot call itself leftist; it cannot basically change society and will have to concede, in the end, that it never wanted to. Or 2) toward the politics of "expression" and "life style." This sort of politics is similarly non-revolutionary. It says, basically, that we will seek to live the best we can under the present system. Recently, it has taken on a revolutionary and violent rhetoric and seeks to make a revolution under the rubric of the free and violent expression of social alienation. Concretely, these politics do represent a form of freedom. One is completely free to run down the streets shouting "We will kill America" and break bank windows. One is also free to be hit over the head by the police, to wake up the next day, and to run down the street again. The point about this freedom is that it will never create a free society. To make a free society, it is necessary to defeat U.S. imperialism. To do that, it is necessary to build a real base in alliance with working people on the basis of their objective self interest. A society without exploitation is in the interest of every sector of the American population, save the people who hold power.

SDS Worker-Student Alliance Caucus

Will the real Nat stand up?

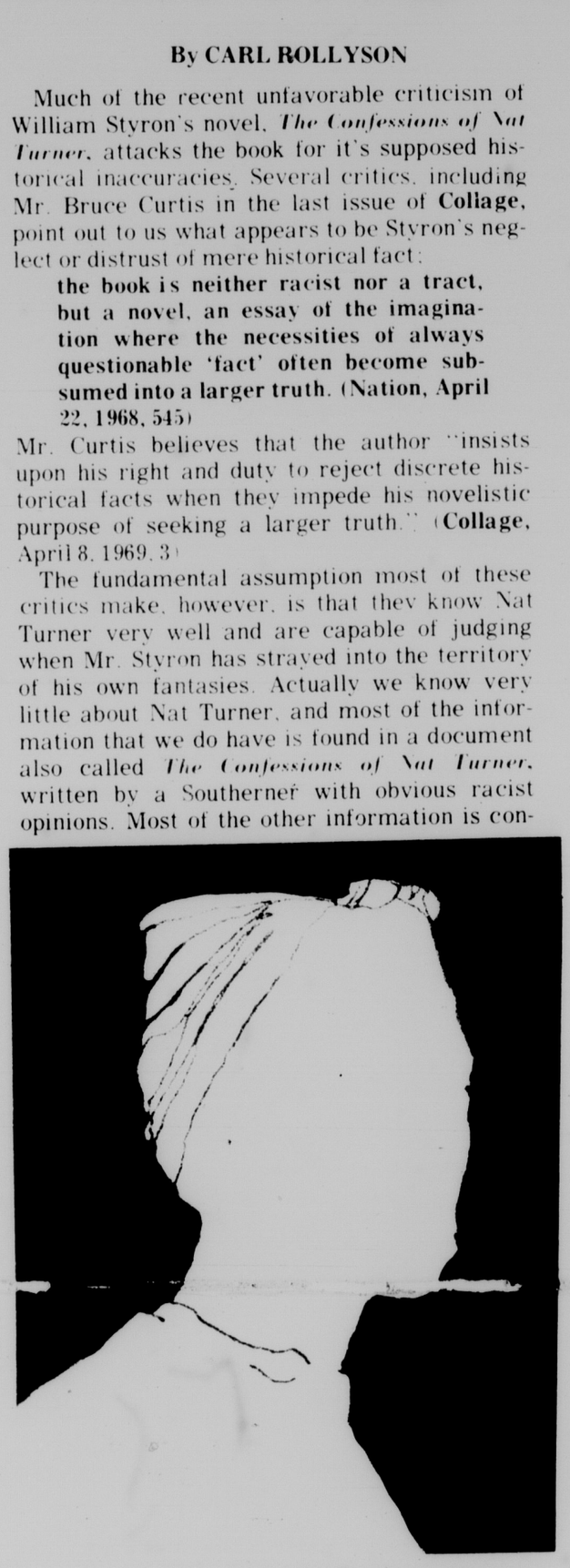
By CARL ROLLYSON

Much of the recent unfavorable criticism of William Styron's novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, attacks the book for it's supposed historical inaccuracies. Several critics, including Mr. Bruce Curtis in the last issue of **Collage**, point out to us what appears to be Styron's neglect or distrust of mere historical fact:

> **the book is neither racist nor a tract, but a novel, an essay of the imagination where the necessities of always questionable 'fact' often become subsumed into a larger truth. (Nation, April 22, 1968, 545)**

Mr. Curtis believes that the author "insists upon his right and duty to reject discrete historical facts when they impede his novelistic purpose of seeking a larger truth." (**Collage**, April 8, 1969, 3)

The fundamental assumption most of these critics make, however, is that they know Nat Turner very well and are capable of judging when Mr. Styron has strayed into the territory of his own fantasies. Actually we know very little about Nat Turner, and most of the information that we do have is found in a document also called *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, written by a Southerner with obvious racist opinions. Most of the other information is contained in highly unreliable Southern newspapers that reported every rumor, every white fantasy, every scare story that proliferated at the time of the revolt. To be brief the document previously mentioned was supposed to be a transcription of Nat Turner's actual words as he sat in jail awaiting his trial and hanging. Although the document was actually written by a Southern racist it is usually taken as genuine because despite his prejudice, the author, T. R. Gray briefly described Nat as a very human, very courageous, and a very astute human being. It is this Nat Turner, the one described in a 5,000 word pamphlet, that Styron lifts out and transforms into a viable black slave who to the very last was unrepentent and considered himself "not guilty" of his alleged crimes because he did not feel so. It is on the basis of this article, then, that we must consider whether Styron "ignores and alters some of the soundest facts about Nat Turner." (**Collage**, April 8, 1969, 3)



Mr. Curtis suggests that one of the "soundest facts" is that Nat Turner learned to read and write from his black parents. No mention is made of this in the novel. Instead Nat Turner is taught to read by his kindly white master, Samuel Turner. What does Styron have in mind in this seeming alteration? Mr. Curtis suggests that it is because Styron wants "black and white to become reconciled." Styron, so the Curtis argument continues, is an integrationist and wants to emphasize the fact that black and white must learn to live together. The emphasis in the novel is pushed from the "black slave quarter to the white big house." One must keep in mind, however, that Styron based his novel on a very short document. In putting together his novel Styron obviously had many questions that needed answering: Who taught Nat's parents to read? How is it that slaves on the Turner plantation were not only allowed to read but indeed they were allowed to teach their child a fundamental skill denied to almost every other slave in the South? Could the master or his family have taught them? From the original document we know that the whites in the area surrounding the Turner plantation were well aware of Nat's literacy, and they are depicted in Gray's pamphlet as warning that such an educated black would never be content to suffer in a servitude so debasing. Yet for some reason Nat Turner's master neither sold Nat nor prevented him from reading and preaching. Nat also mentions to Gray that several white people taught him to pray. Whether Nat's white master ever positively encouraged him to read we shall never know, but to reject Styron's interpretation of white influence out of hand is a bit hasty to say the least.

It should be stressed here that Styron's interpretation is being defended as one possible way of thinking of Nat Turner but surely not the only way. Certainly Styron in his various comments about his novel has demonstrated that he actually believes he has recreated the historical Nat Turner, but we are not compelled to accept him as gospel or accuse him of making points for integration. For the Nat Turner of his novel is not just another racist view of a dumb darky who is lifted out of his degradation by white education. On the contrary, the Nat of the novel is an inherently bright child who steals the white people's books even before he can read or the whites show any interest in him. Furthermore, he is curious about his parents and his heritage. He is given the example of his father who runs away rather than accept even a momentary insult by a white man. Nat's grandmother dies of a broken heart and even tries to destroy her own child rather than allow it to be subjected to slavery. Finally, Nat rejects the white religion that preaches slaves must obey their masters for his own reading of the Bible, especially the Old Testament prophets.

It would also seem reasonable that even a brilliant black slave, the leader of a rebellion, would feel certain inadequacies. After all none of the slaves had been in positions of leadership, none of them had ever known the feeling of wielding power or even simply carrying themselves in any other manner than as property. Yet Mr. Curtis objects that too much importance has been placed on Nat's close relationship with white people:

> **His meaningful intellectual exchanges are with white. His sexual fantasies are lily white. The most meaningful human relationship he experiences is with a white girl . . . William Styron's Nat Turner wants white. He wants to be integrated.**

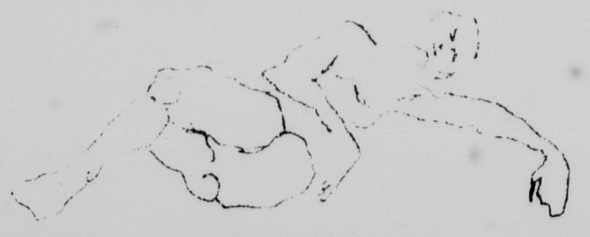
Again Mr. Curtis is suggesting that Styron wants to prove something about his political philosophy. Yet one need not take Mr. Styron's portrait of a black man who both hates and loves his people while at the same time reaching out for the supposedly ideal, the clean, the pure, the wonderful white woman! One only has to read such black writers as Calvin Hernton, James Baldwin, Claude Brown, and Malcolm X to know that given a long history where the black man has been treated as a peculiarity, a "Negro," a piece of filth, he will often and sometimes unwillingly finally submit to the caricature that whites have made of him. This includes at times a desire for the most valuable" of all flesh, white flesh. Since so little is known about Nat's actual sex life, there is no need to censure its appearance in the novel. Furthermore, Nat never does ravish a white woman, and he explicitly orders his fellow rebels never to "defile the white woman." Styron's reading of Nat is not contrary to the spirit of the original document. For in the document one is impressed with Nat's unremitting devotion to revolt, his unshakable belief that his mission was ordained by God, and it is easy to conceive of such a man deciding to become a celibate to insure that his human failings would not endanger his divinely revealed calling.

Another strange objection Mr. Curtis raises is that Styron is not a historian, and therefore, seems to have "little use for history." Yet Styron claims to have spent over twenty years doing historical research and thinking on Nat Turner. Also, Mr. Styron grew up near Southampton County, the scene of the Turner revolt and is well acquainted with the people and the geographical area. Other eminent historians of the South including C. Vann Woodward and Eugene Genovese describe Styron as a remarkably good historian. Finally Mr. Curtis states that Styron's Nat Turner "would almost certainly be unrecognizable to the original." Again he is making it seem like there is a real Nat Turner, an objectively historical Nat Turner, that can be made to stand up. Mr. Styron was aware of the weakness of such a position in his author's note when he stated it was a "meditation on history." The best we can say for the novel is that it gives us one way of considering how Nat Turner may have felt, but we shall never know historically the truth of our feelings. The best one can do is to return to the document of 1831 and compare it with the novel. A detailed and thoughtful analysis of the two will lead us to conclude that Mr. Styron did not distort the meager historical facts, but rather he provided us with a wealth of insights to help understand what slavery must have been like as it crossed and recrossed the paths of both black and white individuals.

A MAN

A Man was killed today
The sun didn't set early
Birds continued to fly
And the clouds still held the mountains in place
Some people said it was my fault
I wasn't there
He was supposed to have been great
Does that mean
I'm responsible for only great men's death
It isn't very strange
He's being killed somewhere else today
And I've only been awake a short time
But I'm responsible
I'm going to die someday
And I won't be on the front page
I'll be covered by dirt
And not guilt
So you don't have to worry
Because I'm not important enough to be . . . your fault

--John Dowling



historical Outline Of

By MARION NOWAK

1961: In this year, as through the rest of the Kennedy era, semi-complacency rather than the supposed involvement of concerned youth was the rule. The State News was still able to print front-page headliner articles discussing "meeting the threat to our society from the Communist bloc" with a straight face. The only really radical group around was the Young Socialist Club, and its strength in influencing the University's student body was virtually nonexistent. The big radical event of 1961 was the arrest of student Woollcott Smith in Mississippi for freedom-riding. A Student committee for Woollcott Smith, formed to raise money for bail and fines, fell far short of its goal.

1962: On May 21, the board of trustees triggered the year's major controversy by banning communist speaker Robert Thompson from the campus. Instead, Thompson finally spoke in the yard of the Delta Sigma Phi fraternity, to

an audience of 2000, mostly hecklers. Subsequently ten members of the fraternity were fined a total of $500 by their Lansing alumni control board. A campaign by the Young Socialist Club, Thompson's original sponsors, managed to raise $100 toward the fines.

The final result of the Thompson controversy was the formation of the Campus Club Conference. Composed of the heads of nine influential student groups ranging from Young Socialists to AUSG (All University Student Government, forerunner of ASMSU), the purpose of the conference was to sponsor unapproved speakers. In October the CCC presented a series of non-approved speakers from SNCC without incident.

Transition Years

1964-1965: These were the transition years from complacency into involvement, from general apathy to greater (relatively, of course) concern. Importantly, the complacency-concern pattern is paralleled by the death of Kennedy and ascendancy of Johnson.

The most vital event of 1964 was the formation of the Committee for Student Rights (CSR). CSR was not and never sought to become a University-approved organization. Their goals appear merely liberal at best today--but (affording a brilliant view of the MSU student body five years ago) they were condemned as wild, subversive radicals whenever they surfaced, which was frequently. The wild subversive goals of CSR were several. In February, 1965 they iterated them as: liberalization of women's hours and of overnight permissions, improvement of restrictions against moving off-campus and elimination of the University's "in loco parentis" attitude toward its students. CSR was largely condemned by both the administration and much of the student body because of these "extremist" views and because the group refused to seek official recognition. A senior who began here in 1965 says of an experience with freshman orientation, "CSR was big then (summer of '65) and was passing out leaflets to prospective freshmen claiming that orientation was a bunch of bullshit. At a 'Meet ASMSU' presentation, a sleek, slick session for orientation students, someone asked who was passing out the leaflets. An equally sleek, slick ASMSU girl emphatically explained that it was from an UNAUTHORIZED student group and the leaflets were, therefore, UNAUTHORIZED. I was horrified and sickened at the thought that I had accepted the leaflet." Yet on February 23, 1965, 4,202 students signed a CSR petition demanding improvement of off-campus regulations.

The same term, the State News was finally able to note with delight that "MSU finally made it!" The event admitting us into this vague big-league was MSU's very first peaceful anti-Viet Nam demonstration. A series of civil rights sit-ins in the Lansing area shifted the general sense of amazement at this fledgling form of activism away from Berkeley and toward MSU. Suddenly there was not just a Young Socialist Club and CSR but a Committee on Vietnam and, soon, an MSU chapter of SDS (that was to be the most long-lived radical group here). In fall, 1965 the chapter, in a protest at the annual Careers Carnival, found several of its number arrested in the melee of the protest. This event, however, was largely submerged as a greater controversy, one of the two most significant radical-oriented controversies in MSU history, unfolded.

Paul Schiff

Paul M. Schiff was a graduate student from New Rochelle, N.Y., who had been accepted to the University in 1963 on provisional status working toward a masters in economics. In Spring of '65 Schiff did not enroll, instead applying to MSU for readmission as a history master's candidate.

On June 3, Schiff received a letter from this history dept. informing him that he'd been so accepted. On June 21, he received another letter from Registrar Horace C. King informing him that he'd been denied readmission. John A. Fuzak, vice president for student affairs, said that the reasons for Schiff's denial were not political. Schiff had, however, exhibited what the administrator felt was a "pattern of disruptive behavior" here, best exemplified by such actions of subversion as his circulation of Logos (CSR's satirical publication). Schiff, thus, was being refused readmission for entirely nonacademic reasons.

Schiff's prominence as a radical figure here was great. He had been president of the Young Socialists Club fall '64 and winter '65, on the steering committee of the Committee on Vietnam and an active member of CSR. His case against the university contained six major points: that there exist a lack of specifically defined regulations which are easily accessible to students; that the university restricts freedom of expression; that the University lacks any written bill of particulars governing students; that the University acts in a denial of due process; that there exists here a distinct lack of freedom of political expression and that non-academic considerations have taken precedence over academic ones in accepting students.

In November, Schiff took his case as a complaint against MSU to the federal court in Grand Rapids which handed the case back to MSU. On January 11, 1966, he was, after over a term of controversy, formally readmitted to the University.

On the occasion, Eldon R. Nonamaker, dean of students, said that "we never suspend students for more than a year." He termed the entire action "routine."

In the same month, MSU's chapter of SDS voted to form an anti-draft union. The idea of this union, the forerunner of various national resistance movements, was designed as a largely political device. Its goals were threefold: first, circulating a petition of draft resistance reading in part "We, young men of draft age, certify our refusal to serve in Vietnam or to submit to conscription in any form"; second, counseling on alternatives to the draft; third, working in communications, occasionally referred to by members as agitation and propaganda: agitprop. Sometime during this period CSR as an organization of any sort died. SDS, however, kept in there punching with political activism of a non-local focus. (This in itself may account for its perennial nature: minimum local radical involvement with emphasis on the national and international. Significantly, every MSU radical group with a basis in a local issue, from CSR to SLA in '68, has expired from apathy and lack of momentum.)

Fall, 1966: SDS, in a change of tactics from those of the previous year's Careers Carnival, held a highly organized protest in the form of leaflet distribution at the carnival. The leaflets were based on the idea that "War is Good Business" and that the majority of the companies represented at the Careers Carnival all contributed in some manner to the support of the war machine.

Orange Horse Rally

The same term the university's most successful radical confrontation in terms of popular support exploded around the mediocre facade of Bessey Hall, submerging the work of SDS for some time. The entire issue was touched off when the ATL dept. told three instructors that they would not be rehired when their contracts expired in June of the following year. The men, William Gary Groat, John Kenneth Lawless and Robert S. Fogarty, all demanded some reason for the termination. (As has been seen, tradition here holds that no reason need be given for such administrative actions as student suspension and contract termination). The most immediate results of the term were a request from the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) to review the ruling on the trio on the grounds that there existed considerable doubt that they had been "denied reappointment for purely professional reasons." According to the three men, such was most definitely the case. Groat was an editorial advisor, and Lawless a contributor to Zeitgeist, area magazine which Groat said "rocks the boat" against the University establishment. Fogarty, although not connected with Zeitgeist, felt that he, too, was being fired for rocking the boat in the classroom.

The ATL controversy spawned a new radical organization, United Students (US), with activism directed at a more local level than the

Radicalism at MSU

politically-oriented SDS. US organized the main part of student protest against the firing, included such mass meetings as the all-night November 15-16 Orange Horse rally, attended by 1,100 students (where an obscure psychology instructor named Bert Garskof told the crowd that if the three were ultimately fired, it was the students' fault), and a vigil in Bessey Hall lasting through the following weekend.

Ultimately, everyone from ASMSU to the AAUP demanded reasons for the actions of the dept. But the three, in spite of one of the best-supported student movements at Michigan State were not rehired. United Students lasted through the school year, wilting away sometime in '67.

Meanwhile, MSU's SDS continued to plan political activism.

Winter, '67: the group announced final development of their Anti-Draft Union, designed to block the draft in any feasible manner of protest. They gained converts but popular attention was soon transferred once again to more local issues.

Spring, 1967: After years of effort beginning with the early work of CSR, the Board of Trustees finally agreed to two major issues that were startling innovative in terms of administrative attitudes: liberalization of women's hours and acceptance of an actually written Academic Freedom Report.

Fall, 1967: SDS continues its efforts against the draft. An attempted dialogue with Navy and Marine recruiters in December succeeded in attracting students (many because of the electric band) but failed in creating any dialogue with the recruiters.

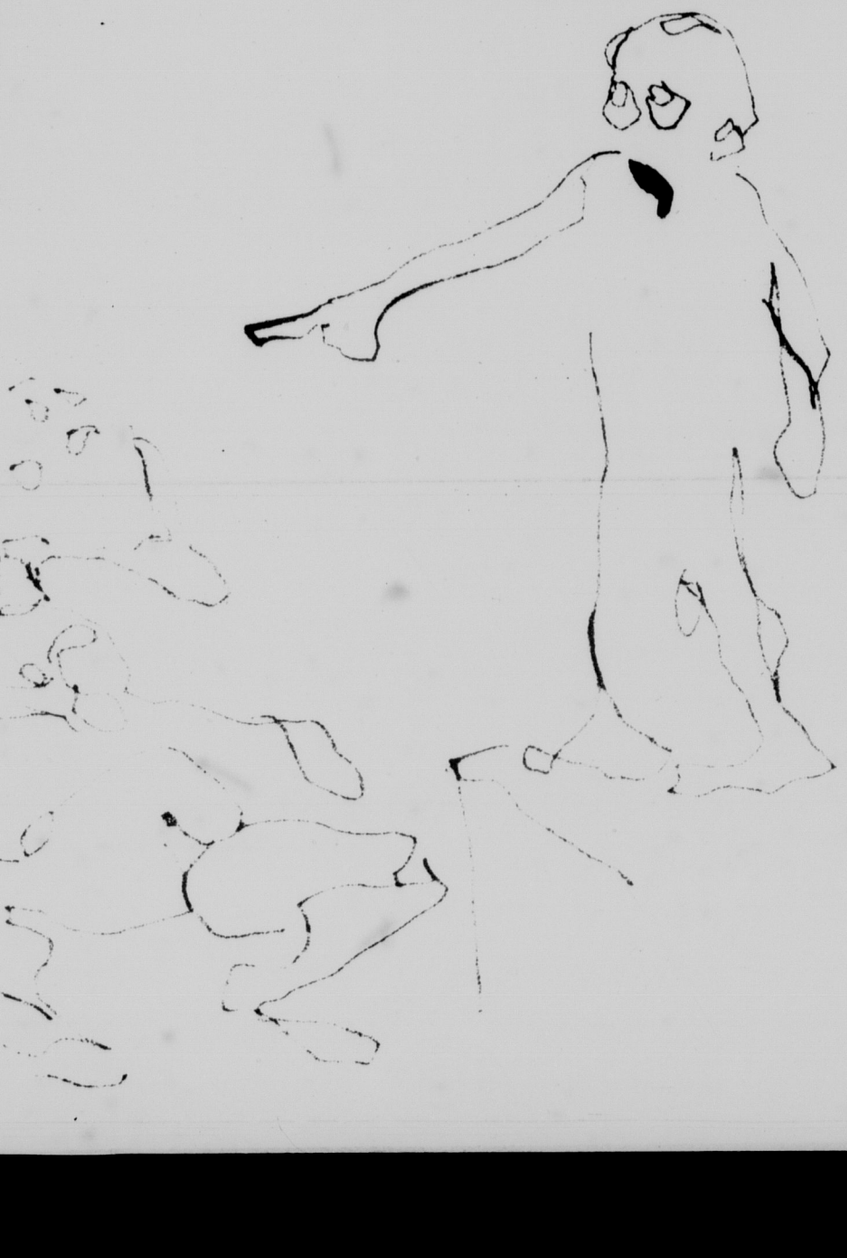
Winter, 1968: Digressing from its anti-draft plans, SDS began concentration on the local issues of the University by requesting permission to hold a cost-price booksale of paperbacks in the Union. The request was denied on several grounds, mostly based on such regulations as a prohibition against selling non-student publications on campus and a soliciting regulation.

The booksale was held anyway. The most significant occurrence was that books were sold. The University never took action against the booksellers; yet neither did SDS follow up its new advantage.

Spring, 1968: Several significant radical events took place this term. The most vital of these events was the emergence of the Black Students' Alliance (BSA), which following the death of Martin Luther King presented a list of demands concerning black recruitment and Afro-American studies programs to the University.

The next event took place during finals week in a massive three-day protest before everyone went home. The protest was triggered by the arrest of 12 students for drug possession. In protest of the methods used in the arrest, several students from among a crowd of emotional protesters sat in at the Administration Building, allowing themselves to be locked in when it closed at 4:30. At this time they were technically trespassers on University property and, as such, were promptly arrested. Consequent climactic anger and indignation led to the creation of an Ad Hoc Committee to raise funds for their bail, and for the fines of those arrested on marijuana charges. When finals week ended, so did the protests.

In Fall, 1968, the Ad Hoc group reemerged in an entirely different form. Having over the summer announced a goal of giving students more control over the decisions of the university, they appeared fall term renamed the Student Liberation Alliance (SLA). The first major SLA activity was the disruption of the Hannah convocation welcoming incoming freshmen.



Bert Garskof

Winter, 1969 SLA took part in the attempt to reinstate assistant professor of psychology Bert Garskof. The Garskof controversy, reminiscent of the ATL controversy of 1966, began with demands for reasons for noncontinuation of Garskof's contract. Christening itself The Movement, the pro-Garskof action absorbed such groups as SLA in trying to attain an emotional re-run of the ATL controversy. To avoid becoming a one-issue movement, the organizing committee of The Movement magnified its demands to include one concerning "the class divisions in society." In the words of the committee: "We demand that the University institute a policy of open admissions for black, Third World, and white working class people."

It was largely because of this added demand that the objectives of The Movement failed. Any movement seeking popular appeal must use popular issues, play upon popular fears, to get the student body's attention. In the Schiff case, the general fear of suspension by the powers that be was played upon. The ATL controversy was MSU's most successful radical confrontation because it was based on the universal dislike of the ATL dept. But the Movement, in its discussions of organic learning, the "Third World" and "brothers and sisters" managed largely to alienate middle-of-the-road students who felt left out. In such an atmosphere, the Garskof controversy atrophied.

Spring, 1969: While The Movement still continues, the Garskof issue has lost importance as other than a symbol. Garskof's firing, however, inspired the formation of yet another radical group. Composed of faculty, staff and graduate students, the organization calls itself the New University Conference. Dedicated to liberation from the repressions of American society, the Conference has chosen to begin such liberation at the universities because, in the words of a member writing in this issue, "the university is strategically involved in the world society." (NUC's platform is discussed on page 8.) The appearance of several controversies this term can already be predicted: foremost among these are an attempt to eliminate ROTC at the University and an attempt to secure more academic and social freedom for students within the structure of the University.

Whether the groups forwarding these attempts can manage to survive remains to be seen. CSR holds the MSU local-issue radical record of a year and a half. It will take much longer than this to "liberate the University." The new multitude of MSU radical groups is fighting not just the stereotypes of administration and apathy, but the stereotying of time.

(continued from page 3)

like it with their emphasis on instrumental and corporate-serving skills easily disposes of such myopia. There are also those, in some ways even more blind, who argue the university is merely a stopping place for children of the middle-class on their way to the society of the suburbs. In some sense, this is the more dangerous view because it forms a large part of the ideology of the university itself. From the time one arrives at a campus like MSU, you are told of the "privileges" you enjoy; of the "careers" that await you, and of the "knowledge" you are receiving. In the classroom, the emphasis is always on the safe and distant past, or on the horizonless future for which you are being prepared. In either case, the individual experience of futility, the genuine oppression one experiences doing meaningless *work* for some future employer is denied. One can either wait until he or she enters the "real world" or one can, out of guilt, assume the oppression of others--as happened with regard to the old civil-rights movement--to give meaning to one's own life. Both responses are self-denying. Even more important for our concern with building a strong movement, both deny the legitimacy of moving against this society *where one is at.*

What is not understood in both these objections is the centrality to which American colleges and universities have moved in our society. Ours continues to be a capitalist society dependent upon the extraction of profit from the many for the benefit of the few, but *not* a capitalist society in which the wage-earning class is composed of semi-skilled factory hands as in Marx's day. Rather, the continuance of capitalism is dependent, among other things, upon the availability of a large, highly-skilled, technical-scientific labor force. No single corporation can underwrite the many years of training (i.e. "education") necessary to maintain itself. The requisite labor force is trained by the universities, high-schools and armed forces "tech" schools under the guidance of the state and paid for by all working people in the form of taxes. In a very real sense, the universities are part of the production process.

Some of us in SDS feel that whatever strategy we adopt for challenging our society, it must be informed of such realities. Such a strategy revolves around a seminal proposal made five months ago by Mike Klonsky at a national council meeting in Ann Arbor. Entitled, "Toward a Revolutionary Youth Movement," it was based on an understanding of the antagonisms that already exist in our society, *viz.* the black liberation struggle and the movement of young people.

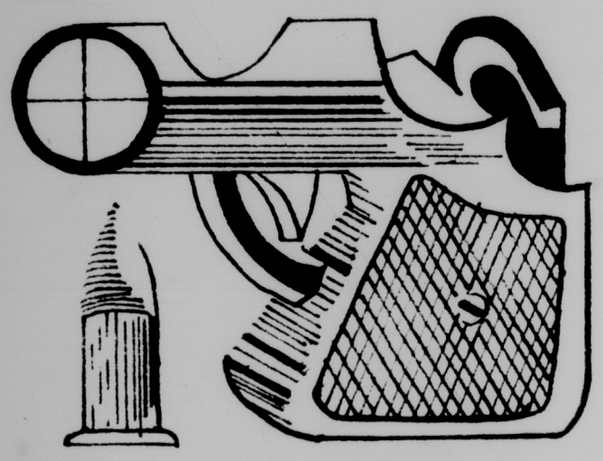
At MSU, in developing a revolutionary youth movement that will change society, we must expose and struggle against the AID program and the International Center, the ROTC which trains the army for aggressions abroad, the police administration school which enforces laws protecting the interests of the unpropertied few, the entire system of channeling students into specific slots and skills that will serve to perpetuate America's imperial ambitions. We must build a movement *here* that defies the university's right to make decisions that affect our lives. We must build a movement *here* that defies the university's right to participate in the oppression of people around the world. We must build a movement *here* that defies the student's right to be recruited to kill or participate in the oppression of people around the world. We must build a movement that will end racism at this university.

Such a struggle must eventually incorporate all sections of America's working class but it can only begin here with each of us.

Garskof's legacy

The New University Conference is a radical organization composes primarily of professors, staff and graduate students. Our history is brief, having started with the firing of Bert Garskof.

Our primary concern is to change those conditions which, under the present State, suppress and pervert the human spirit. Our goal is the creation of a society which will liberate our finer and subtler selves. We begin the struggle at our University, for not only are we physically present in a university community, but the American university is strategically involved in world affairs in a fashion directly counter to our ideals. The university provides brain power and organizers for numerous repressive governmental activities, and develops little more than "socially useful" capacities of its students.



The transformation of these conditions poses several obstacles which are not to be minimized. Quite obviously, some of us are in danger of being fired or at the least alienated from our colleagues. Of a more complex nature is the involvement of potential NUC members who are committed to support present university policies, by virtue of their long records of complicity and outright approval. To renounce one's past actions demands intense honesty and critical thought. The relatively stable environment of academia doubtless engenders insufficient self-appraisal among our professors. The idea that a correct political analysis, upon which effective action is based, is deemed impossible by some and undesirable by others. Students, surrounded by hypocritical authority on all sides, bombarded by conflicting reports from numerous sources, and witnessing the increasing and slanderous attacks upon the New Left, are uncertain of any "truth," much less its execution. Many of the faculty assume a position of neutrality.

NUC feels that these tendencies can be countered by individual direct involvement. The person changes with action. Our actions have political consequences and therefore we must investigate our situation and act in terms of our awareness and feelings.

What does NUC hope to do in light of its objectives and obstacles? We hope to do the following:

Maintain our existence as an example of radical political action;

Continue with the Garskof case;

Establish a critical university wherein we may examine our system with the sole aim of making it fit for human life;

Eliminate ROTC and other destructive programs;

Provide information and analysis of specific issues. We have just comprised a fifteen-page document considering Dr. Garskof's dismissal;

Cooperate with and aid other radical groups with coinciding interests.

Young Socialists in Action

By GINNY OSTEEN

In its desire to label and classify every phenomenon of today's society, the American public has chosen to lump all radicals into the political grouping known as the New Left. Yet, for all its expediency, this classification is extremely inaccurate, for we of the Young Socialist Alliance do not consider ourselves part of the New Left. In terms of years, we are young and new; in terms of political traditions and experience, we are as old as the "Communist Manifesto" of 1859.

The YSA was organized in 1960 by a group of individuals who saw the need for a revolutionary socialist youth group in the United States composed of young workers and students. Various political parties existed--all claiming to be revolutionary socialist parties, but there was no autonomous youth group as such. The YSA bases itself on the revolutionary principles of Marxism as developed by Lenin and Trotsky, and works closely with the Socialist Workers Party, although we have no structural ties with it.

The Young Socialist Alliance is a disciplined national organization -- not a federation of autonomous local groups. We operate under the principle of democratic centralism which was developed by Lenin in the Bolshevik Party. When a person joins the YSA, it is understood that he is in basic agreement with our politics. All political decisions are made democratically, but once the majority decides on a policy, the entire organization works together as a team to carry out these decisions. In contrast, SDS embraces a number of varying--and at times conflicting--tendencies, such as Maoists, anarchists, and those with no concrete political analysis at all.

The Young Socialist Alliance is part of the international revolutionary socialist movement. We have co-thinkers in almost every country of the world, and sister organizations such as the JCR in France which was in the leadership of the student-worker revolt of May and June, and the YS/LJS in Canada.

To defend and support the revolutionary struggles for liberation occurring throughout the world today constitutes one of the most important tasks of the YSA. Mobilizing masses of American people to demonstrate against the Vietnam war has been an important phase of our activity, for this anti-war work is the best way to defend the Vietnamese revolution. We support the Czechoslovakian workers and students in their fight for democratic socialism against the Russian bureaucracy. Because of our unceasing defense of the Cuban revolution, fourteen YSA members received invitations from the Cuban government to attend the 10th Anniversary celebration of the Revolution. After spending six weeks in "el territorio libre de norteamerica," these members are presently traveling across the United States, telling the truth about Cuban society.

The black liberation struggle and the fight against racism cause much controversy today among the various radical factions. The YSA realizes that to destroy racism one must attack its economic base--capitalism. To fight racism without fighting capitalism is to cut off the top of the weed without pulling out its roots. In the United States, Afro-Americans and Third World people consider themselves a national minority, and therefore merit the right to self-determination--the right to remove themselves from the racist exploitation of American capitalism. We defend their right to lead their *own* struggle for liberation by means of their *own* organizations, e.g., an independent black political party, such as the Black Panther Party; black caucuses within the trade unions, such as the Dodge Revolutionary Union Movement (DRUM) in Detroit; and Third World Liberation Fronts, such as the one at San Francisco State. As revolutionaries, we see the present struggle of national minorities for self-determination as a prelude to the revolutionary struggle of the entire working class for control of their own lives through socialism.

Although the Young Socialist Alliance is relatively young, it has been growing in numbers, strength, and political experience. We have a rich tradition behind us; we have not, as those of the New Left have, rejected the lessons to be learned from Marx, Lenin, Trotsky, and Debs. Indeed, we have enriched their teaching with those of modern revolutionary leaders such as Malcolm X and Che Guevara.

In closing, I would like to quote from the "Where We Stand" Declaration of the Young Socialist Alliance adopted at the 1963 Convention.

"We believe that socialism can be initiated only as a result of struggles of the working class and its allies against the capitalist exploiters, which culminates in the creation of a new type of state, a workers' state. Socialism will mean that for the first time in history, man will control his own creation--society--rather than be controlled by it. The dynamic of socialism involves a continual expansion of human freedom in all spheres: in politics, economics, culture and in every aspect of personal life."

Poets and scholars meet

John Berryman

By LINDA WAGNER

John Berryman, winner of this year's National Book Award for Poetry, will read at MSU on May 2. Berryman and other major contemporary poets will highlight the eighth annual Conference in Modern Literature, sponsored by the Dept. of English and the College of Arts and Letters.

Long considered a controversial poet, Berryman is as likely to berate his audience as he is to read politely to them. One of those poets who wrote many years with little recognition, Berryman burst into international prominence four years ago with the publication of his "77 Dream Songs." It won the 1965 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry. "His Toy," "His Dream," "His Rest"--the 1968 book which won for him this year's National Book Award for Poetry--is a further collection of the dream songs, over 300 of them. Witty, deliberate yet free, the songs impress the reader with their searching honesty and their idiomatic rhythms.

Berryman will read at 8:30 p.m., in Kellogg Auditorium. Admission is free, and students are cordially invited.

On May 3, Gary Snyder, Paul Carroll, Louis Martz, Gene Bluestein and Mr. Berryman will present papers dealing with many phases modern poetry and song. Beginning at 9:30 a.m. in the Lincoln Room of Kellogg Center, the program--as follows--will run until 3:30.

"Paterson: A Plan for Action," Louis Martz, Yale University. (Professor Martz' recent book "The Poem of the Mind" brings together his well-known work in earlier poetry with that in modern writing.)

"From the Middle Generation," John Berryman, U. of Minnesota.

"Poetry and the Primitive," Gary Snyder, San Francisco poet. (Mr. Snyder's recent books are "The Back Country" and "Earth-house Hold.")

The Impure Poem: A Radical Innovation in American Poetry Since 1960," Paul Carroll, editor of Big Table books.

"Folk Tradition and the Individual Talent," Gene Bluestein, Fresno State College.

Among other guests on campus for the conference will be the British poet Jon Silkin; poet Stanley Cooperman of British Columbia; novelist Joyce Carol Oates (whose "Expensive People" was nominated for the 1969 National Book Award in Fiction); bibliographer Emily Wallace; poets Jim Harrison, Tom Fitzsimmons, Michael Heffernan, Conrad Hilberry, Dan Gerber, J. D. Reed, and Stephen Tudor; novelist E. M. Broner; poets Frederick Eckman and A. J. M. Smith; critic Roy Harvey Pearce; Mrs. Anne Ridgeway, editor of the Robinson Jeffers letters; and many other scholars and writers.

While Mr. Berryman's reading is open to the public, students wishing to attend the Saturday meetings must pre-register. Anyone interested should contact Professors Albert Drake or Linda Wagner, 323 Morrill Hall, co-chairmen of the meeting.

Paul Carroll

The child of the mountain god

EDITOR'S NOTE: Gary Snyder, one of several contemporary poets coming to MSU for the Conference in Modern Literature, will read from his works on May 1. This reading, to be held at 8 p.m. in the Union Gold Room and open to everyone, is sponsored by the ATL Dept.

By BOB STEUDING

The poetic roots of Gary Snyder are deeply embedded in the earth and in the "riprap of things"; in his belief in the sanctity of the common man and his delight in the actions of all living creatures; in the topography and spirit of the West; and in the traditions of the Orient. He is son of Thoreau, Muir, and Burroughs. He is student of Pound, Williams, Whitman, Han-shan, Miyazawa Kenji, and Basho. Not a "beat", but a legitimate and important contemporary poet, Gary Snyder is a poet of joy, a new primitivist whose work, I believe, will be increasingly more significant and more influential in the very near future.

On May 8, 1930 Gary Snyder was born in San Francisco. Two years later, during the depths of the Depression, his family moved to rural Washington and began a dairy farm. Here Snyder loved to roam the woods and read, and poverty did not seem to bother him. In 1942 the family again moved; this time to Portland, Oregon where Snyder entered Lincoln High School. The adjustment to this new life seems to have been difficult for Snyder, however, but he took up archery and continued his reading, camping and hiking in the forests south of Portland as much as possible. In the fall of 1948 he enrolled with scholarship at Reed College. Summers Snyder spent in the mountains on lookout towers and on tankers at sea. In 1951 he graduated with a B.A. in anthropology and literature.

As Snyder later pointed out, all the themes and subjects which he subsequently developed in his poetry were first stated in his bachelor's thesis, "The Dimensions of a Myth." That summer after graduation Snyder worked as a timber scaler at the Warm Springs Indian Reservation where he began writing many of the poems to be included in his second book, "Myths and Texts." In the fall he tried studying linguistics at Indiana University, but left after one term and returned to San Francisco.

He took various jobs in the city--one was installing burglary alarms--roomed with classmate and fellow poet Philip Whalen; and then in the summer became lookout on Sourdough Mountain. This locale became the setting and inspiration for the poem praised by novelist Jack Kerouac, "Mid-August at Sourdough Mountain Lookout," later to become the lead poem in Snyder's first book, "Riprap."

In spring of the following year, Snyder began a period of intensive study and meditation. He rented a shack in Berkeley and began his lifelong study of Oriental language and philosophy, taking courses at the university. During this three-year period he met Kerouac, author of "On the Road," poet Allen Ginsberg, and others and participated in the much publicized "San Francisco Renaissance." He also worked during the summers in lumber camps and on a trail crew in Yosemite National Park.

In May, 1956 Snyder sailed for Japan to study under scholarship at the First Zen Institute of America. After a year of work and study in a zen temple in Kyoto, he signed on as a wiper in the engine room on the ship Sappa Creek. Paid off in San Pedro, California in April of 1958, Snyder returned north to San Francisco.

Gary Snyder

"Riprap," his first book, was published the following year. However, enamoured with Japan, he returned that spring for a stay of five years. During his absence, "Myths and Texts" (1960) was published. In 1964 Snyder returned to the States and taught at Berkeley for a term, and then saw the publication in the following year of his third and fourth books, "Riprap and Cold Mountain Poems" and "Six Sections From Mountains and Rivers Without End." In 1966 his collected poems, "A Range of Poems" was published in London. The Levison Prize for poetry, the highest award given by the prestigious "Poetry Magazine," was bestowed upon Snyder in 1968 for his "Eight Songs of Clouds and Water," and also in that year Snyder's sixth book, "The Back Country," came out simultaneously in New York and London. Recently, he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in the creative arts for 1969.

Through the medium of the book review and the magazine article, Snyder first gained critical attention and later reputation. Kenneth Rexroth called Snyder a "Protean young man" with "a lot to say and an urgent need to say

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Mid-August at Sourdough Mountain Lookout

Down valley a smoke haze
Three days heat' after five days rain
Pitch glows on the fir-cones
Across rocks and meadows
Swarms of new flies.

I cannot remember things I once read
A few friends, but they are in cities.
Drinking cold snow-water from a tin cup
Looking down for miles
Through high still air.

--by Gary Snyder
(reprinted from *Riprap*. Ashland, Mass. Origin Press, 1959)

Calendar of Events: April 22 - May 5

TUESDAY, APRIL 22
"Marat/Sade" (PAC, 8:00, Fairchild)
Faculty Art Exhibition (Kresge Gallery, through April 27)
Graduate Recital, Leon Gregorian, piano (8:15, Music Aud.)
Baseball, MSU vs. Notre Dame (3:30, Kobs Field)

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23
"The Enforcer" (7 and 9, 106 Wells)
"Marat/Sade" (PAC, 8:00, Fairchild)

THURSDAY, APRIL 24
"The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T" (7 and 9, 106 Wells)
"Bedazzled" (7 and 9, Brody)

"Marat/Sade" (PAC, 8:00, Fairchild)
Senior Recital, Patricia Powers, piano (8:15, Music Aud.)

FRIDAY, APRIL 25
Phil Esser (8:30, The Joint)
"Blow-Up" (7 and 9, 109 Anthony)
"Sundays and Cybele" (8:00, 108 Wells)
"Two Women" (7 and 9, 100 Vet Clinic)
"Bedazzled" (7 and 9, Wilson)
"Marat/Sade" (PAC, 8:00, Fairchild)
Graduate Recital, Jeffrey Price, bass trombone (8:15, Music Aud.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 26

"Sundays and Cybele" (8:00, 108 Wells)
"Bedazzled" (7 and 9, Conrad)
"Two Women (7 and 9, 100 Vet Clinic)
"Blow-Up" (7 and 9, 109 Anthony)
"Marat/Sade" (PAC, 8:00, Fairchild)
Phil Esser (8:30, The Joint)
FFA Judging Contest (8:00, various locations)

SUNDAY, APRIL 27
Last Day, Faculty Exhibit (Kresge Art Gallery)
Faculty Chamber Music Concert (4:00, Kresge Art Gallery)
"Marat/Sade" (PAC, 8:00, Fairchild)
Manpower Problems in Urban Areas (Kellogg Center, through May 2)
MONDAY, APRIL 28
"Louisiana Story" (7:30, E. Lansing Public Library)
Senior Recital, David Holwerda, tenor (8:15, Music Aud.)
TUESDAY, APRIL 29
Piano Concert, Gina Bachauer (8:15, Auditorium)
Senior Recital, Jerry Kalber, clarinet (3:00, Music Aud.)
Senior Recital, Cynthia Parfitt, soprano (8:15, Music Aud.)
Baseball, MSU vs. Western Michigan (3:30, Kobs Field)

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30
"High Noon" (7 and 9, 106 Wells)
THURSDAY, MAY 1
Kinetic Art Program, Part I (7:30, Auditorium)
"Curse of the Demon" (7 and 9, 106 Wells)
"The Flim-Flam Man" (7 and 9, Brody)
FRIDAY, MAY 2
Kinetic Art Program, Part II (7:30, Auditorium)
"The Tenth Victim" (7 and 9, 100 Vet Clinic)
"The Pumpkin Eater" (7 and 9, 104 Wells)
"The Flim-Flam Man" (7 and 9, Wilson)
Virginia Van Valzak and Dan Wiegand (8:30 The Joint)
SATURDAY, MAY 3
Bob MacLean (8:30, The Joint)
"The Pumpkin Eater" (7 and 9, 104 Wells)
"The Tenth Victim" (7 and 9, 100 Vet Clinic)
"The Flim-Flam Man" (7 and 9, Conrad)
SUNDAY, MAY 4
Graduate Exhibition (Kresge Art Gallery, through May 25)
Michael Cooney (8:30, The Joint)

'And on the third day. . .'

By CATHERINE HENDRICKS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Catherine Hendricks, Detroit sophomore, is an English major and a member of Honors College.

Their voices were hushed and weary. I lay still, not even breathing.

"How do you want to tell Peter?"

"How do you think he'd understand best? Maybe you should tell him."

The couch was lumpy and there was a spring sticking out next to my elbow, but I was used to it. I'd been sleeping there a long time, almost five years. I faked sleep better than any kid I knew, that's how I was able to listen. It was also how come I knew so much. Wonder what they think I won't understand this time. Maybe a new baby? I don't think I want a new baby. Or a divorce? Last night after I went to bed, they talked about Jamie's Mom and Dad. That's what they're doing next week, getting a divorce. Dad didn't seem to think it was worth the money. But then, that was the same thing he said the time Mom talked about driving to New Jersey to see the relatives.

"Mmm."

I gave them my little wakeup signal and started to move my legs. That'll give them

time to decide just what they're gonna' do about telling me.

"He's waking. I guess I'll tell him. It'll be easier for me."

I blinked. It was funny, they were both all dressed. I opened my eyes. The lights were all on. Dad's jacket was lying across the end of the couch just touching my feet.

"Peter."

Mom's voice was quiet, but I sat up straight. She came over and sat on the edge of the couch and brushed my hair out of my eyes with her hand.

"Hi, Mom! Mornin' Dad!"

Dad had been standing kind of in the hallway with his back to me. His hands were stuffed in his pockets and he was looking down at the floor and running his toe back and forth across the patterns in the linoleum.

"Good morning, Peter."

He sounded tired. His eyes were all red and blurry. I'd never seen Dad cry, but I figured that's what he was doing.

"Why is Dad crying?" I whispered to Mom.

She looked at me, ran her eyes all up and down my face, and then tried to smile. The corners of her mouth lifted a bit and the glow almost came into her eyes. Her eyes were red even worse than Dad's. The linen handkerchief she carried in her purse to church on Sunday was scrunched in a little ball in her hand. I'd watched her iron it after my nap yesterday.

"Peter, Peter, there's something we need to tell you. Please try to understand. Do you remember the stories I used to tell you about baby Jesus?"

I nodded my head. A baby. That would be OK, I guess. But then why were they crying.

"Do you remember what happened when he grew up? The apostles?"

I smiled and nodded. Of course, I remembered.

"Do you remember how he died on the cross and went up to heaven?"

"No, he rose, you know, on the third day."

"Well yes, Peter. He rose. But you do remember that he died."

I nodded.

"And it wasn't a bad thing, was it? Well, Peter, Metzchen is dead. Daddy's mother is dead, Peter. That's why we're both crying."

Metzchen is dead. Other kids had two grandmothers, but not me. I had one grandmother and one Metzchen. Dad says it's because she's from Belgium. I guess that's what they call grandmothers there. It really made it easier to tell them apart. Metzchen is dead. Metzchen is dead. She's so small. The cross at church is awfully big.

"On the cross at church?"

"Oh no, Peter. She was sitting in her rocking chair in the living room and Uncle Edward and Aunt Orissa were there. They were all watching television."

They were watching television and she died.

"But then how did she die?"

"She had a heart attack, Peter. The doctor came too late."

She had a heart attack. Dad was standing with his back to us, but his shoulders were shaking and I could tell he was crying again.

The funeral parlor had white pillars. A man in a black suit held the door for all of us. He didn't smile or even shake hands with Dad. He nodded his head and said good morning and we followed him. It wasn't like a regular house. It was bigger and it just seemed like a lot of living rooms. It was quiet, and I didn't even see a teevee. I thought it smelled pretty good, at first, like the church at Easter or Dad's flower garden. But it was awfully strong. Dad held onto my hand, tight. The smell didn't seem to bother him.

"We must be the first ones here."

Dad and I stood at the edge of one of the living rooms. There were dining room chairs around all the walls and in rows in the center. There was no teevee, but this was sure where the flowers were. Mom was holding Dad's other hand.

"I thought Ed and Drissa said they'd be here early to check the arrangements before people started to arrive."

Dad just looked at her without saying anything and let go of my hand. He walked around the rows of chairs and toward the end of the room.

"Where's he going?"

"To see Metzchen."

"I didn't know she was going to be here."

"Yes, Peter, she's here. When Daddy's finished we'll go up to the front and pray for her."

"I pray for her every night."

"Wait till Daddy's finished, Peter."

We were too far away for me to tell what Dad was doing. He stood for a while and just looked, then he knelt down on the kneeler and covered his face with his hands. I could tell he was crying again.

"Stay here, Peter. Don't move until I come for you. I'll just be with Daddy for a minute."

She walked up behind Dad and put her hands on his shoulders. She knelt beside him and he cried against her dress like he'd just gotten hit in the nose by a baseball.

I was more than half way to the front when Mom saw me. She couldn't seem to get mad. She took my hand.

"Kneel next to your Daddy, Peter."

I closed my eyes and knelt down. I'd seen that Metzchen was wearing her good black dress, the one she wore for Cousin Don's wedding. I didn't say anything. I was afraid I'd wake her up. She'd never yell at me, but I knew Dad would. She never talked to me much either. She'd only smile with her eyes and play with my chin. When I came over after school she'd bring out the Sander's candy and I could have one piece. Before I left she always went to her purse and got me a dime. My allowance is a nickel and baseball cards are a nickel; wax mustaches are two cents. I go to see Metzchen only when I need a mustache. She talked to Dad and to Uncle Edward and Aunt Orissa, but never to Mom. I tried to listen (I've had lots of practice), but I never seem to understand. Mom said it's because she's from Belgium.

Dad is crying harder again and he's shaking. I put my arm around his neck. I'm afraid he'll wake Metzchen, but I guess that would be OK. I couldn't really yell at him for it. Should I cry? If I cry we'll wake her for sure. Maybe later.

Uncle Edward and Aunt Orissa are standing in line for the kneeler. I pull on Dad's elbow and point. He takes my hand and we stand up. Dad shakes hands with Uncle Edward. Aunt Orissa gives me a soggy kiss on the forehead.

"Peter, how much you've grown!"

That's the first thing she always says to me. Mom says some adults have difficulty talking to children. She said that to Dad. She didn't tell me what it meant.

"Oh, no. It's just my suit from last Easter. The pants were too short when I got it. Who else is coming?"

"Don and his wife and Aunt Alaine and Uncle Nick."

I pulled on Dad's pocket.

"Can I watch you guys play euchre?"

"We won't be playing euchre for a long while, Peter. Metzchen is dead."

He bent down so he was my size and looked at my face like Mom had done.

"Do you understand, Peter?" he whispered.

I nodded my head and tried to look as serious as he did. I wasn't going to wake her up.

"Ruth?"

Mom came up behind us.

"I think the Vanderwere's are here. They've brought their children. Maybe there's someplace downstairs they could all play.

For three days it was great. Billy and Tom and sometimes Cheryl played cards with me in the basement. There was a little room with chairs and a table and lots of magazines. Billy was seven and he read to us out loud. Cheryl mostly played around with her doll. I didn't go upstairs much, but when I did it was always the same.

"She looks lovely. They really did a wonderful job!"

"The make-up is so lifelike. She looks very peaceful."

"Have you seen the flowers from the neighbors yet?"

"Mrs. Schwyn did the collecting, didn't she?"

"Yes, I think she did."

"I love the colors in the arrangement. Subdued, yet somehow gay."

We ate at a little restaurant near the funeral parlor every afternoon. The first day I had chocolate milk with my hamburger. After that, I always had Coke. We went home for dinner, but Mom never had to cook. Mrs. Schwyn had dinner on the table when we came home the first night. Mom said that a funeral was the real test of a good neighbor. The next two nights we called Dino's Pizzeria for an extra large with just cheese.

The fourth day was different. I had to wear a clean white shirt and Mom

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Third day

(continued from page 11)

made me promise to keep my tie on. We were going to church, and I knew it wasn't Sunday. The church was just around the block, but we didn't walk like usual. When we got in the car, Mom whispered that we were going back to the funeral parlor to see Metzchen first.

"Are we taking her with us to church?"

"Yes, Peter, we're taking her with us to church."

Dad had deep black lines under his eyes, he had to wear a clean white shirt, too. He lifted my chin and turned my head.

"Don't you understand? She's dead, Peter. She's dead."

"He understands, Michael. He must."

Mom had her arm around my shoulders. We were already in the funeral parlor parking lot.

"Are you having something for people afterwards?"

"Edward planned to have a buffet lunch at Cadieux Cafe."

"That's a bar, isn't it?"

"It's a Belgian bar. People are used to going there."

"Can we bring Peter?"

"I don't see why not."

A bar. I'd never been in a bar before. In fact, I couldn't think of a single kid on the street who had.

There were more people inside than ever before. All the people that had stopped by in the last three days had all come back at once. I watched as Dad and Uncle Edward walked up and kissed Metzchen on the lips.

"Wouldn't you like to kiss Metzchen good-bye, Peter?" Mom was bent down my size.

"No, that's OK. I'll see her after school tomorrow. I haven't bought any baseball cards all week."

The same tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, Peter."

She squeezed me tight and crushed the wax mustache in my pocket.

"Peter, how can I explain!"

She didn't have to explain. I'd been to church. I'd listened hard. I knew.

Church was longer than on Sunday. Father talked more about Metzchen than about God. He read the part about rising again. Everybody was crying now. I wondered what Metzchen would have said to Dad if she'd come to church with us.

We drove in a long line to the cemetary. Dad said I couldn't have the little flag that was stuck on top of our car. He said it belonged to the funeral parlor, but I figured Uncle Edward would give me his. It was January and it was cold and muddy. We stood in a brown tent. It was almost warm with so many of us inside. Father had come with us, but even Aunt Orissa wouldn't tell me why. Two men in green overalls came and lowered the box into the ground. Father had to pray awfully loud because everyone was crying.

"That's Metzchen in the box, Peter. She's dead and now we have to bury her. We can come and see her again as soon as the grass starts to grow." Dad was my size and his eyes were blurry and red.

I nodded my head. She had died, and now she was buried. In three days she would rise again. And then the Easter Bunny would come.

ELECTION CHEER

america

impaled by her past
of fakery has
failed the facade--
she lies stretched with negation.
tight pellet eyes
shocked by frigidity
await late surgery.
confusion dins though distant.
nervous clatter
of frightened dependents
splash
as eavesdrops heard from within, but
she,
in traumatic solitude,
views what the doctor will do.
on her couch of frozen response
she snickers at
his satchel of tonics and tricks--
mindless eyes turning
an eyeless mind

america

--James Hale

●

THE PARIS PEACE TALKS

Caviar
and stiff posed fingers
like the erect napkins
polished silver
a fine vintage

The conferences
stiffly pressed collars
polished shoes
and empty briefcases.
the varnished table
keeping up appearances.

The napalm severing
of liberation
escalation
burnt defecation
takes a while.

--Peter Dodge

Snyder

(continued from page 9)

it." Reviewing "Riprap" ("Poetry: 96, 1960), Robert Sward called it "impressive" and noted its simplicity, honesty, and appeal to the senses. Thomas Parkinson ("Prairie Schooner": 34, 1960-61), reviewing "Myths and Texts," mentioned the "pagan quality" of the work and praised Snyder's "terrible sanity." The first prominent poet to review Snyder was James Dickey ("Poetry": 97, 1961). In reviewing Snyder's books among those of other notable poets, Dickey stated that Snyder's work was "the best of them . . ." Indicating Snyder's debt to Pound, Dickey took care to point out that the indebtedness is not imitation, but is "unmistakeably the right technique for Mr. Snyder to use." In a thorough and extremely sympathetic essay ("The Sixties," No. 6, 1962), poet, critic, and translator Robert Bly attested to Snyder's originality--a much sought after quality in mode ı poetry--and then cited the "high-points" of his works published to that date: the poet's celebration of physical life and use of its rhythms in his poetry; his "superior sensitivity" and delicacy of treatment; his sense of privacy, yet his "humorous awareness" and ability to laugh at himself; his elemental devotion to life in all forms; and his ability to recreate his own myths, creating a poetry of "authentic strangeness." In 1965 David Kherdian wrote a biographical sketch and compiled a checklist of Snyder's work, and "Epoch: A Magazine of Contemporary Literature" (Vol. 315) published Richard Howard's " 'To Hold Both History and Wilderness in Mind': The Poetry of Gary Snyder." Howard likened Snyder to Thoreau and discussed the spiritual quality of Snyder's work. With the reaffirmation by Rexroth of the prominence of Snyder among young poets and the publication of "A Range of Poems" (1966) came further favorable criticism. Lisel Mueller ("Poetry": 111, 1968) called the collection "a remarkably solid book, strong and sharp . . . ." Snyder, it was added, possesses a style "unassailable in its commitment to the exact image, the lean phrase, the faithful but detached record of things seen." "The Back Country" (1968), Snyder's most recent book of poems, has received similar praise.