



Leonard and Deborah Wolf. Leonard Wolf is professor of English at San Francisco State College.

The Love generation bore

by Frank Liebeck

Leonard Wolf, *Voices From The Love Generation* (Little, Brown & Company)

Voices From The Love Generation, edited by Leonard Wolf, substantiates once and for all the suspicions we've harboured concerning the Love Generation. Firstly, they're a bore. Secondly, the boys and girls of this group haven't much on the ball. They're stupid. As opposed to the Lost Generation, or the Beat Generation, the hippies are not intellectuals, and most of them are pretty well on the other side of the scale, more specifically, they're mentally inferior to the average college student. I'm just waiting for all the first year students who abound in such pretentious array in the Winters Common Room to flunk out in spring.

In his introduction, Wolf quotes certain modern intellectuals and prophets, and does nothing really except juxtapose good writing with bad. Wolf writes like a news reporter, and thinks like one, which we all know is the lowest common denominator on which a being can function without getting committed. McLuhan is quoted as saying, "As the ma-

chine and the motorcar released the horse and projected it onto the plane of entertainment, so does automation with men." The hippies are a laugh, you must admit. One girl interviewed, Sandra Butler, got a kick out of running naked through the forest. "The trees and the grass all got close to me. They were dancing all around, and this was a beautiful experience. I masturbated..." She's twenty-five. Her friend, whose name is only Pancho is eighteen. They got sort of married by cutting each other's wrists and rubbing the blood together. How's that for keeping up with your latest Indian lore? Pancho was "reared in a good Jewish home" and is "even more instinctual and innocent than Sandra" says the author. I didn't even know that Pancho was a Jewish name.

If indeed the hippies are escaping the conforms of suburban society, they've only gotten themselves into another bag. The funny thing about all the interviews is that they all sound the same. They all express themselves in the same, simple-minded form. "I'm not sexually free." "I was thinking about going off to the mountains alone for a

while." "You live and you die." "Personality is indeed only shell-thick." "My father is a mathematics professor." Peter Cohon, is considered by the author, the movement's "most lucid thinker and coherent speaker." He says, "I was influenced by Kerouac and Ginsberg, but I didn't know much about them...Ferlinghetti probably more than Ginsberg...I didn't quite know where HOWL was at." It should be noted here that Ferlinghetti is fairly easy to read and enjoy without any great mental stress required. Ginsberg on the other hand, especially his HOWL, is complex and needs a lot of time and probing to properly understand what he's concerned with and how it develops. Mr. Cohon has blatantly given himself away.

There is no genuine awareness amongst the hippies of contemporary writers and their goals. They catch hold of a few loose strands which they hear from someone else, and with these they try to clothe a new philosophy and way of life. Those who dig Ginsberg are very few indeed. The book of Mr. Wolf has the mentality of a soap opera. He's closer to the average housewife than he realizes.

R and G shine on

by Frank Liebeck

Rosencrantz And Guildenstern Are Dead, one of the few dramas to make it on Broadway, opened to a dim-witted audience at the O'Keefe Centre Tuesday night. The play has wit, a philosophy, plus all the other ingredients that make the production one of the finest to hit the city in years.

The two Shakespearean characters object to the role of incidental puppets that the bard has made of them. In Hamlet, they are foils, and are killed off with no regard of their desire to live, or their identities. How dare Shakespeare write them off like that! They have feelings, and don't deserve the roles which they are burdened with. They have a right for life.

The play has been compared to Beckett's *Waiting For Godot*, and has been called existentialist and fatalistic. Yep.

Although the castle setting may be dismal, the play doesn't have the low key and depressing atmosphere that *Godot* is cloaked with. Aesthetically, the play is dynamic. On the ship to England, the two, along with Hamlet, are attacked by pirates. With effective use of lighting and sound, a red spot continually shooting across the stage, and the actors staggering from left to right to produce the effect of a rolling ship under siege, live action becomes a key implement for this drama. The humour is more evident than with Beckett. Hamlet stalks and broods across the arena, and becomes a caricature, diminished almost to the same degree that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are in Shakespeare's play.

In the opening scene, we catch Rosencrantz and Guildenstern tossing coins, waiting. The coin, of course, comes up the same without fail. It's infuriating. What they wait for is what will happen anyways, regardless of their pleas. They wait for their

deaths, a gruesome fact they'll not admit until the final scene. The player actors perform the deaths of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, (or is it Guildenstern and Rosencrantz?) the written inevitability, but its realization is slow to catch on. At the end of the first scene, the coin for once falls differently. Fate steps in.

Guildenstern and Rosencrantz (or is it Rosencrantz and Guildenstern?) have nothing to do but wait out their time. This is their sole purpose, as previously conceived for them. They produce no effect on those around them, because they are manipulated. Their conceptions vanish as the end becomes clearer. With 93 coins coming up heads, the law of averages is stretched and stretched.

Derek Goldby, who also directed the New York production, has caught all the intellectual jokes, double entendres, and speed of Stoppard's play. Tom Stoppard has given only subtle character differences to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. One has an innate knowledge of their fate, but that's it. The names are switched around, where whoever is Rosencrantz and Guildenstern breaks down. Their individualities just don't come into play.

Brian Murray and George Backman are a good matched set. Murray re-creates his New York role with the same dense wit. W.B. Brydon is excellent as the leader of the players. "An audience!" he exclaims with gross relish as they come upon Guildenstern and Rosencrantz (or is it . . .?) tossing coins.

Perhaps the O'Keefe Centre is a bad place to put on a drama, sprinkled with comedy or not, since its clientele is of a calibre not suited for anything past the Hello Dolly mystique. And whoever expects anything decent other than the opera or ballet to grace this auditorium? It's a warm day in January when it does.

The argument for Che Guevara as a romantic hero. And

by David McCaughna

Heroes in our day are few and far between and by 'heroes' I don't mean Madison Ave versions like the Kennedys. I'm referring to authentic romantic heroes; bizarre combinations of myth and substance who capture the imaginations of millions. In our lifeless urbanized society with its passionless monotony we desperately need and seek good, solid romantic heroes. And we appear to have a nearly perfect one with Che Guevara. In his life-time he was fairly unknown outside of the communist world. His writings were read by small numbers on the Left. In death Che has been enshrined, canonized by the New Left, and has become the centre of a cult, yet the substance of the man is little known or, apparently, not cared much about.

Yet it is somewhat unfortunate that Che has received such blind-

less veneration as the symbol of revolutionary fervour, for too many people have accepted the legend and the cult and failed to see beneath the veneer that Che epitomizes the humane revolutionary spirit that the New Left claims it's all about.

Hopefully none of the starry-eyed rebels of today who are always glorifying the dreamed of North American revolution will read Che's diary of his fateful Bolivian exploits (Bantam, \$1.45). For there is none of the romantic image of revolution to be found in it. It is a dismal day-to-day account of the abortive attempt to bring revolution to one of the most primitive nations in Latin America. Plagued by nature, an un-cooperative peasantry, and the Bolivian army (under the guidance of the US) Che's diary describes all of the misery and disappointment that

lead to the failure in Bolivia and eventually to his own death.

Che Guevara aside from the myth created after his death, added a number of rather original contributions to revolutionary theory. The most important probably being his insistence that it is not necessary to wait until all conditions are perfect for starting a revolution but that the revolution itself could bring about these conditions. He believed that in our time all revolutions were actually against American imperialism manifested through the front of corrupt puppet governments it had installed and stood behind. What the world needed to break this stranglehold by the US was, Che believed, "two or three more Vietnams." And in Latin America he foresaw the opportunity for creating another Vietnam. This vast continent with millions of indians

living on the brink of starvation while the nations are run by a handful of autocrats backed by US dollars and military might seemed to present the perfect conditions for revolution. The peasants of Latin America, Che felt, would make up the body of the next great liberation army, the next Viet Cong. It was these beliefs that drew Che to Bolivia.

That Che was a rare and noble man cannot be denied. His renunciation of power and prestige in the Cuban government and subsequent return to the hardships of guerilla warfare certainly indicate that Che was an extraordinary person. It is unfortunate that he has become enveloped in a myth that places him on a super-human level. Even the account of his death point toward the stuff that myths are made from. The US account describes

him as bargaining for his life with a CIA agent but Castro, in his introduction to the Bolivian diary says that Che refused to speak at all to his captors before he was killed, and this version, judging from what we know of Che's character sounds much more authentic.

In the United States the legend and spirit of Che have captured the attention of the young who feel the frustration of being locked in a vice of impotence. The major political parties carry out their farcical power struggles but underneath there is the realization that whatever they do the central problems that are plaguing the nation will go untouched; that the slogan 'might is right' will continue as keystone of the national philosophy. In England the young radicals find it increasingly difficult to accept the future of their nation where