Columbian Summer Work Offered

Fourteen volunteers will do community development work in Cali, Colombia, this summer, the Lisa Fellowship announces. They will work with 14 foreign students in agricultural extension, community recreation, public sanitation, home economics, and literacy projects similar to those of the Peace Corps.

Also offered are work-study units in Germany, Denmark, Jamaica, and the US and an exchange program with the USSR. Some thirty students live and study together, then in teams become co-workers with the local people. Afterwards, the teams will unite for discussion of their intercultural experiences.

Interested students can write DeWitt C. Baldwin, 3309 Pineview Drive, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

CRAM COURSE NO. 5: SHAKESPEARE

Continuing our series of pre-final exam cram courses, today we take up the works of William Shakespeare (or "The Bard of Avon" as he is jocularly called).

First let us examine the persistent theory that Shakespeare (or "The Pearl of the Antillean" as he is affectionately referred to) is not the real author of his plays. Advocates of this theory insist that the plays are so full of classical allusions and learned references that they couldn't possibly have been written by the son of an illiterate country butcher.

To which I reply, "Faugh!" Was not the great Sphoan's father a humble woodcutter? Was not the immortal Isaac Newton's father a simple second baseman? (The elder Newton, incidentally, is one of history's truly pathetic figures. He was, by all accounts, the greatest second baseman of his time, but baseball, alas, had not yet been invented.) It used to break young Isaac's heart to see his father get up every morning, put on uniform, spikes, glove, and cap, and stand alertly behind second base, bent forward, eyes narrowed, waiting, waiting, waiting. That's all—waiting. Isaac loyalty not in the batters and yelled, "Good show, Dad!" and stuff like that, but every one else in town used to snigger and pat the Newtons with overripe fruit—figs for the elder Newton, apples for the younger.

Thus, as we all know, the famous occasion came about when Isaac Newton stuck the head of an apple, up to his feet, shouted, "Euroun!" and announced the third law of motion: "For every action there is an opposite and equal reaction!"

(How profoundly true these simple words are! Take, for example, Marlboro Cigarettes. Light one. That's the action. Now what is the reaction? Pleasure, delight, contentment, cheer, and comfort! And why such a happy reaction? Because you have started with a happy cigarette—a felicitous blend of jolly tobacco, a good-natured filter, a rollicking flip-top box, a merry soft pack. As Newton often said, "You begin with better makin's, you end with better smokin's." Small wonder they called him "The Swedish Nightingale!).

But I digress. Back to Shakespeare (or "The Gem of the Ocean" as he was ribaldly appointed).

Shakespeare's most important play is, of course, Hamlet (or McClath, as it is sometimes called). This play tells in living color the story of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, one whose night sees a ghost upon the battlements. (Possibly it is a ghost he sees: I have a first folio edition that is frankly not too legible.) Anyway, Hamlet is so upset by seeing the ghost (or ghost) that he states Polonius and Bure Bodkin. He is thereupon banished to a brothel factory by the King, who cries, "Get thee to a tannery!" Thereupon Ophelia refuses her food until Laertes shouts, "Get thee to a barrack!" Ophelia is so much that she chases her little dog out of the room, crying, "Oat, oat, damned Spot!" She is fined fifty shillings for swearing, but Portia, in an eloquent plea, gets the sentence commuted to life imprisonment. Thereupon King Lear and Queen Mab proclaim a festival—complete with amateur theatricals, kiting games, and a pie-eating contest. Everyone has a perfectly splendid time till Banquo's ghost (or ghost) shows up. This so unhinges Richard III that he draws his cousin, Lord Malbey. This leads to a lively discussion during which everyone is killed. The little dog Spot returns to utter the immortal curtain lines:

"Alack, the play forwards was sad and sobby. But be of cheer—there's Marlboro's in the lobby!"

As the slogans and arrows of outrageous final exams boom closer, perchance the makers of Marlboro are not unwise to offer this friendly suggestion: Get thee to a library!