IT BEGINS HERE

Forum for understanding

Friendship and understanding. These are the intangibles man strives for in an age conceived in technology yet hampered by a lack of true communications.

It is apropos that we should publish the photo above of an exhibit at the Canadian National Exposition in our first issue. The theme of the exhibit is friendship and understanding. In essence, these are the goals of Collage, 1967-68.

Implementation of the Academic Freedom Report, black power, urban renewal, the War, communications, drugs—these are all issues that must be dealt with, explored, and analyzed in an open forum. Emotions, in the final analysis, must give way to rational discussion if there is any hope for friendship and understanding among men.

Collage, hopefully, will contribute something to the process. How one expresses himself in this forum is only secondary. Essays, poetry, drawings—they all serve the purpose. They all have relevance to Collage. They all contribute to the flow of ideas that is imperative if the plans we dreamed yesterday can ever become tomorrow's realities.

The forum is here. It is open to all. We are all part of the Collage.
Caught in his own trap

By MAX LERNER

He lived by talk and threats of violent death to millions, and he died a violent death, lying sprawled very alone and very dead of gunshot fire in front of a supermarket in Arlington, Va. His name was George Lincoln Rockwell, and in the era after Hitler's downfall, when Nazis round the world holed up in protective cover, he insisted on calling himself the head of the American Nazi Party. He trained a little band of men as militants as himself to prepare for the day when they would lead a racial (anti-Jewish, anti-Negro) revolution and take over power in America.

It is true of violent men that they are likely to die of violence—at least, true often enough to suggest some principle of reversion at work. In an age of racial consciousness like ours, those who inflame racial passions are likely to die of the racial passions they inflame.

They are just as likely to die at the hand of someone in their own group as at the hand of any of their intended enemy-victims. The contention of the Arlington police, that Rockwell was killed by one of his own lieutenants, would bear this out. For the obsession with mass killing, blocked from its targets, may turn inward to the movement to act against a fancied betrayer.

Rockwell had little success in awakening anti-Semitic hatreds in America. He denied some success in his anti-Semitic propaganda, especially among some of the white middle and upper-class Americans who feared the encroachment of Negro housing. He felt he had struck pay dirt in the anti-Negro hatreds and was confident that the black power movement, with the panic fear it evoked, would play into his hands. His latest talks before his death were geared to the white power theme, and he was in the midst of preparing a book with that title.

This doesn't mean that he had abandoned his tried and trusted stock-in-trade of anti-Semitism, but increasingly he was the two themes together. When I heard him on the Harvard campus last year, and questioned him at a press conference, his keynote contention was that the Jews had deliberately brought on the Negro revolution in order to spread miscegenation and then weaken the Christian stock. He seemed to be a man suffering from a severe paranoia and saw an international Jewish conspiracy everywhere, at once super-expansionist and super-Communist, but it had dawned on him that Americans who saw through the Big Lie of the Jewish conspiracy story might be made to march to the drum of white-Negro hatreds.

The irony is that he died just when the SNCC leaders not only assumed an inverse anti-white racism, but wave a thread of anti-Semitism into their racial theme. Was he delighted with the strife between his major targets or angry at the plagiarism?

Rockwell posed the problem of how best to fan the men who would dissolve the strategy of American freedom by violence. As I listened to the fervor of half-knicks, dimples, innards, and outright lies which he called his "college speech," I asked myself what a democracy owes such a man.

Certainly it owes him, as it owes everyone, the freedom to talk. It does not owe him a forum to talk from nor a mass national audience nor a college elite audience. This applies to the white racists like Rockwell. It applies a like to the Negro racist extremists who are far more dangerous than he ever was because they invoke real past wrongs and present grievances.
BLEAH!

Good OLD Charlie Brown

BY BOB ZESCHIN

Let's face it. Comic strip characters are endowed with a longevity and agelessness that must confound medi-cal science. They never get any older. Look at Little Orphan Annie. Some time back, she celebrated her 40th year in print, and there's not a wrinkle in her face.

Or in that red dress of hers, either. You'd think that for her 40th birthday, cartoonist Harold Gray could have at least coughed up a new outfit. But the eyeballs he gave her must have more than made up for it.

At last Annie can see what a good job whoever gave her that permanent forty years ago did.

Any comic strip moppet is doomed to eternal adolescence, Dondi, Swee' Pea, Henry, Dennis the Manec. Little Lu-lu—she must be pushing 40 herself and come to think of it, she's never had a new dress either.

Anyway, what would happen if these kids aged like everybody else? And what better examples to pick than the funniest and most financially successful of all the comic kiddies—the Peanuts gang?

Charlie Brown and company first sprang from the mind of Charles M. Schulz in 1949. If they were supposed to be between four and five in those first strips, that would make them about 21 or 22 years old today. Think of it—they'd be our age! College students!

And what kind of academic careers would they have?

Scooch would be the only principal Peanut about whom it would be easy to predict a major. Music, of course, and it's doubtful if he'd attend a school like MSU. After all, anyone who can play Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Major" on a child's piano, with the black keys only painted on, belongs at Julliard at the very least.

And if Schroeder's at Julliard, Lucy would have to be somewhere in the New York area, so as to be near her sweetheart. She might be studying for an M.D. at Columbia, in which case the prices at psychiatric help booth might go slightly higher than "five cents, please."

Or, having once declared her presiden-tial aspirations ("and from there it would only be one step before becoming Queen!") she might be studying political science at C.C.N.Y.

Regardless of where she goes, Lucy as a college student would be a first-rate activist. Her years of being the world's Number One Fuss-budget would prepare her perfectly for four years of picketing and protesting. And judging from her ultimatum that she'd "give everybody just twelve years to straighten everything out, so I can live my adult life in a

(continued on page 12)

14,000 cheering fans, taking up every seat of a sports stadium to hear . . . a poetry reading?

Yes, it has happened—is still happening, in fact. But not, you will be unsurprised to learn, in the United States. It happens in Russia, and the poet they come to cheer is Andrei Voznesensky.

Of course, while his readings may draw a few thousand fewer souls elsewhere, Voznesensky's reputation as a great poet is not confined to Russia. Robert Lowell has written of him, "He is full of invention, fireworks and humor . . . a first-rate craftsman who has had the heroic patience and imagination to be himself."

Anchor Books has just published a volume of Voznesensky's verse, including eight new poems, entitled ANTWORST AND THE FIVE AKS (edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward, $1.95). It is a bilingual edition, with the Russian texts on left hand pages and English versions facing them. And it is a remarkable venture in the art of translation, because six American poets—W. H. Auden, Jean Garrigue, Stanley Kunitz, Stanley Mort, William Jay Smith, and Richard Wilbur—worked with the editors from literal translations of the poems to make English equivalents.

Voznesensky has written the translators of ANTWOEST: "I have long been convinced that poetry must be translated by poets. A poet understands another poet, even without the help of a dictionary . . ."

W. H. Auden, in a foreword to this volume, tells us why—we and many thousands of non-Russians throughout the world—want to hear and read Voznesensky's poetry: "One of the primary proofs that a poem, or any work of art, has value is that, wherever, whenever, and by whatever it was made, we find it relevant to ourselves, our time, and our place. I am certain that Mr. Voznesensky is a good poet because, though I know no Russian and have never been to Russia, his poems, even in English translation, have much to say to me."

... THE MOTORCYCLE BOOK (a Doubleday paperback, $1.95) has much to say to anyone who is part of, or plans to join, the new breed of cycle owners. Pete C. Reid and Dick Lahr-kein, both dedicated cyclists, have written an absolutely up-to-date, non-technical handbook that explains what you need to know to buy a new or used machine intelligently; how to keep it in top condition; how to ride it skillfully and safely; how to deal with emergency situations; and how to enjoy it and stay safe in one, unbroken piece.

The few books reviewed above are published by the sponsors of the following advertisers:

Doulceday, Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York City, and Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. We'll find them both one of the best equipped bookstores in the country — go to a college store.
Murray isn’t looking for hidden, symbolic interpretations, although he’s open to them. For him, the proof is in the pudding.

Speaks for itself

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East-bound stage

After traveling about the country, he wound up in New York’s American Academy of Dramatic Arts to summer in stock. His first major role was in “Insect Comedy” with Jesse Fierce at the City Center, shortly after graduating. That led to Broadway, where Murray was cast as the young tailor in “The Roast Tattoo.”

Both appearances won him high critical acclaim and sent him storming to the top. He played opposite Helen Hayes and Mary Martin in the revival of “The Skin of Our Teeth.”

As if it wasn’t enough, he was now on Broadway, opposite the former Marilyn Monroe. Logan saw Murray in “Skin of Our Teeth,” as well as in “Cathedral Corner,” in which he starred, and tested him for the male lead.

The rest is history. He was an overnight Hollywood star and spent the rest of his time in front of the camera. He played opposite Bogey, Stewart, Cagney, and every other major star of the day.

Logan was directing the film version of his Broadway hit, “Bus Stop,” and the part in question was that of the cowgirl, opposite Murray. Logan passed word to Marilyn Monroe.

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Detroit's fall scene swings

**PAC offers four, music and 7 films**

Opera, "The King and I," eight plays and a tour of the dormitories will fill the Performing Arts Company's calendar this season.

**Thornton WIlke's satire "The Skin of Our Teeth,"** centering a family which has survived everything from the Ice Age to the latest war, will be performed October 24-29. It will tour Blythe, Sanders and McComb High's winter term, along with Shakespeare's "RomEO and JuliEt,""Hamlet," "Shakespeare's" weakest tragedy, "Antigone," written about 441 B.C., will be presented Oct. 31 through Nov. 5. An opera" will be classed all be presented winter term by PAC and the Music Department, under Dennis Barth, recognizing leading role will be held Oct. 2.

"Animal Farm," George Orwell's tale of a farm overrun by its barnyard inhabitants and ruled by pigs, will be presented Fri. 21.

**Molière's "The Would-be Gentleman, a satire about a bourgeois gentleman who seeks instruction in social grace with his lady's favor, will be performed Pac 27 through March 5.**

**Serfjant Masque's Dances," a drama of war by John Arden, will be presented April 24-25.**

**Miss comes to the stage with Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical "The King and I" on May 19-20.** Also appearing on the PAC series this year is a dance concert April 2 and seven films.

"Alas! In Wondertime" will be shown Friday; "Julius Caesar," Nov. 17; "The Human Comedy," Jan. 12; "Bad Day at Black Rock," Feb. 17; "Green Fire," March 6; "When Comedy Was King," April 12; and "The Enemy Below," May 24.

All films are at 7 p.m., in 500 Anthony Hall. Admission is by coupon book, but any seats leftover will be sold at the door at 50 cents.

**Mean Machine**


**Honda**

Shapes the world of wheels

**Detroit's fall scene swings**

Something old, something new, the Detroit scene this fall offers a spectrum of activity that runs from the grandly scaled spectacle to the sparkling of programmed nightlife.

Hollywood's latest personal, "Come Tor The Wind," is back. . . again. . . ready to delight millions of movie buffs for three hours of near-perfect excellence. "GUWT" is re-debugging across the country, and arrives at Detroit's Madison Theatre in mid-October.

The Detroit Institute of Fine Arts has extended until October 31 and its exhibition of "Cezanne and His Contemporaries," from the private collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, Jr., is out.

The collection includes 24 Cezanne oils, watercolours, lithographs and etchings, as well as works by Toulouse-Lautrec, Manet, Modigliani, Toulouse, Soutine, Utrillo, Kuschnitzke, Degas, Durnier, Lichtenbeek and Lipchitz.

"Festival Designs by Inge Jones" is on display in Gallery 201, South Wing. Included are drawings for scenery, costumes and stage sets for the court marquise of James I and Charles I of 17th Century England. They are from the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth.

Fifty outstanding examples of the rugmaker's art from 1550-1850 will be shown through October. From the McNiel Collection, these Islamic rugs range from reconditioned covers and mosque rugs to vigorous peasant and mixed carpets. In the Education Corridor, selected textiles from the permanent collection will be exhibited through October.

The 90 galleries of the Detroit Institute are open from 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Tuesday, and 9 a.m. - 6 p.m. Wednesdays through Sunday. The Institute is closed Mondays and holidays and admission is free.

The Grande Ballroom at 1992 Grand River will be the place for today's psychedelic rock sounds. Presented by "Uncle Russ," this weekend's card features the Apostles, the East Side Orphian, the M.O.I. and the Pinkodrovers. Performances are at 8:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday.

The Cream, also jazz rock recording artists from England, will perform Friday, October 13 and Saturday, October 14 at 8:30 p.m. Also on the bill are the MC-5, the Rationals.

For these evening concerts, there's an age requirement of 17. Tickets are $3.50 and are available at Grinnell's, Hudson's, Mined Media at 3704 Cass and 100 Cameo Books at 923 Plum St.

Saturday nights the Rooster-tail's Upper Deck will offer patrons a unique fan experience throughout the season. The Rooster-tail kicked off its series September 23 with a "First Day of Fall Festival," featuring a continuous bycicle around the Rooster-tail grounds and cider and donuts for those under 21.

The next extravaganza is set for October 7, when a Roaring '20's Gala will tip the bill. Racoon coats, flapper dresses and straw hats and cones are the order of the evening. The feature will be a dance marathon backed up by the Rooster-tail's Roaring Twenties Jazz Band.

Get ready for 1968 November 4 at the Second Annual Freeland New Year's Eve Party, complete with souvenirs, midnight countdown, fashions, hats, noisemakers, strawhats and confetti.

The Veteran's Day Affair November 11 will have the Upper Deck decked out in red, white and blue. No cover charge for vets. Thanksgiving festivities get sound up November 25. For details about the special surprise night, phone the Upper Deck at YS 3-1000. What could brighten up a cold December night better than a Hawaiian luau? That's the bill of fare December 2, when you'll enjoy keleis, fish and poi and all in New York. Tickets are on sale at the Cobo Hall box office.
Theater: no room at MSU

By Stuart Rosenthal

The annual entertainment schedule at Michigan State includes legitimate theater—professional and university—symphony orchestras, at least one major opera, motion pictures, lectures, recitals, and popular entertainment. Every program slated will encounter a serious problem stemming from the university's inadequate auditorium facilities.

When the Auditorium was built, it was not clear how much money would be available for other construction projects. The Gymnasium was the present-day Women's Interfraternity Building, so the Auditorium, it was presumed, might be used for athletic events. Secondly, it was to serve as a dance hall; the lights were designed for easy removal, providing a sizable dance floor. Finally, during Farmer's Week, it was planned to move in tables and use the classrooms as dining halls. Plumbing outlets are still in evidence in several classrooms in the building.

Immediately after construction, Jenison Field House was erected; the Auditorium was never used extensively as a multi-purpose hall.

Then, a small auditorium, Fairchild Theatre, was built in conjunction with the large one. The two buildings shared the same lower levels. Auditorium and Theatre and the Auditorium split a dual-purpose stage and office.

Frank Rutledge, the head of the Performing Arts Company which uses Fairchild and the Auditorium for its many productions, has several opinions of his own regarding the construction history of the hall. He qualifies his words as "possibly apocryphal . . . but probably not." Under any circumstances, they point out vividly, the lack of insight involved in planning the structure.

"The original plans for the building," he said, "did not include Fairchild Theatre. During construction someone got the bright idea to build another stage on this side . . . and then you'd have all that extra classroom and office space. So in the middle of things they did this. No one who used the stage was ever asked about the Auditorium.

"When they went to Washington to the architect's office for the plans for a 600-seat auditorium, they sent them swimming pool plants instead. They just turned them upside-down and that's why the ceiling at Fairchild is the way it is."

The dual stage makes major simultaneous use of the Auditorium and Fairchild impossible. Any attempt at soundproofing would simply cut down on available space which is already at a premium. It is also undesirable to work on sets and properties in the building's shop, which is located directly below the stage since noise from either facility penetrates easily into the other, impelling a sharp cut in potential production efficiency.

Physically, the Fairchild stage is too small with too few spaces, which immediately makes elaborate production techniques impractical. When a large road show performs on campus, the MSU community seldom sees the performance with its full spectacle because the dozen of fly space limits the number of drops and effects which can be fitted into the auditorium.

The stage floor itself is installed with a series of traps which would normally augment production effects. It seems, however, that after the shop downstairs was completed, fire regulations dictated the installation of a sprinkling system to protect the lower surface of the traps, only one of which is presently operative.

The dressing rooms, according to Rutledge, are miserably inadequate, between lectures and performances there simply isn't enough room in the cramped quarters backstage, especially when a number of major costume changes are required.

Visually, Rutledge describes the Auditorium side of the stage as a "man in a western fort." The ideal dimensions of a proscenium should be 22 ft. by 20 ft. by 30 ft. The height being the third of the width, or by Baroque standards, one to one relationship is desirable. Aesthetically, he depicts Fairchild as "fearfully" compared to the atmosphere of a good gallery.

Absence of proper lighting heightens the aesthetic problem. The relationship between the stage and the parts in the ceiling for lighting is wrong because it is not possible to light properly to the corners, necessitating the use of towers in the audience to improve the angle of lighting.

The lighting booth and dressing bays have not been kept up to current standards. It is a very early model of a proscenium box and because it has not been maintained, the lights dim at different levels. The people who work at Fairchild all of the time are treated to as simply another place to which they tour, frequently bringing in their own lighting equipment, boards and cables. It is impossible to do a play which required complicated or subtle lighting because Fairchild is so limited in this respect.

The Performing Arts Company has frequently been forced to reject a proposed play because of staging difficulties. This year, for example, "Camelot" was thrown out when the designer declared that it would be impossible to get enough scenery in the Auditorium. The idea was vetoed as an alternative to a half-done staging, cutting down on scenery the way almost every touring company arriving at MSU has been forced to do.

Opinions of the acoustics in the Auditorium vary greatly. Rutledge and Charles Greenswell, assistant director of the opera workshop, independently gave identical statements to the effect that the acoustics in the Auditorium are non-existent. However, Wilson Paul, in charge of Lecture-Concerts, asserts that they are relatively good.

In fact, Fairchild Theatre is a virtual echo chamber—University resonance hall. The walls were made of wood in anticipation of a resonance effect similar to that found in many opera houses, but that effect is a sharp reverberating which has led to the hanging of oriental rugs in the theater to reduce the bounce. The mid-section of the stage extends straight up to the roof, a highly undesirable situation especially in regard to musical performances. The sound tends to go straight up rather get lost on the stage itself, instead of being projected out over the footlights. The old building is so gargantuan that the sound dissipates by the time it gets halfway across the room.

"From this point back," according to Rutledge, "you are getting, at best, an echo of what is going on. There are places where you actually do get a sharp echo and have the strange state of hearing it, a sense, to two performances of the same thing at one time."

Rutledge attributes the same situation in Fairchild, partly to the inserted hall of the building, and thinks that the situation would be somewhat remedied if it were possible to tear out the hall.

Another problem faced by groups desiring to use these facilities is that of rental subleasing. Every organization, including the PAC and Lecture-Concert Series, that wishes to utilize the auditorium or theater pays a rental fee to the university. Thus reservations must be made far in advance of the proposed date, and by the beginning of the academic year, the building, as a rule, has no open dates. This makes it impossible to build over a play which is doing exceptionally well or to augment the schedule of one of the entertainment or cultural series.

The reality of the situation in which university facilities are available to MSU-sponsored programs was driven home this summer when the ASMSU Popular Entertainment series was unable to procure Jenison Fieldhouse for a Saturday performance by Bob Hope this fall. Fortunately, it was possible to get a Sunday booking for the burned-out comedian, although change-waiting surely results in a drop in ticket sales.

It is apparent that the old auditorium and theater are outdated and incapable of fulfilling the requirements of a 40,000-student university. It is also apparent that more than one new facility is needed.

The ideal solution to this existing problem would involve three separate auditoria, one to be used exclusively for theater, seating about 800 people, one for convocation and popular entertainment with a seating capacity of 7000-8000, and one to be used as a lecture and recital hall to seat 1500 persons.

The new buildings should include adequate dressing rooms, modern remote and mechanical equipment, air conditioning or a quiet ventilation system, and above all, they should be built and designed with consideration for the people who will be using and working in these buildings.

This arrangement would, conceivably, eliminate the rental situation, at least for the University Theater, allowing these funds to be diverted to handle more efficiently the need for fellowships to attract talent to the PAC.

Recently the ASMSU committee for the University Center submitted a report calling for the construction of an all purpose building including auditorium facilities. In addition to a 3,000-seat house, the structure would include recreational and other features which would provide a place and improve upon those presently available at the union. At this stage the proposal is

(continued on page 9)
A midwinter night's dream

By JEFFREY JUSTIN

A midwinter night's dream, and strange the antipathetic corollaries of Ferlinghetti. A strange phenomenon was occurring. A dreary classroom saturated the claustrophobia of the walls. Clouded tablets, clothe flickering from candle, gave a basic reflection of dusk. The room was filled. At most, a peremptory key to cultural committee. They had come to listen to student poets and student marking, and in the reality of words and music the centered atmosphere was dispelled. Madly expression of the creation of art was taking place.

This in contrast to tables of mathematics settled off before. Sleepy students in humanities sections. In contrast to the still sections of Ferlinghetti last for a term paper.

We were witnessing the fact of the rise of culture at MSU—culture here defined as the widening of the faculty of perception, the deepening of that faculty.

(The faculty, it may be noted, wasn't there, except for the dimmed Lawless and Great. I wondered, taking pleasure at the voiced rhythms, why so few of my professors ever read a poem aloud.)

Yet the realization that converted Fer classroom were not so much speaker and listener as speakers to each other under the controlled strain of art.

I read some of my own verse at the beginning.

It was the first time I'd read them to anyone other than a few friends, and I still remember the surprise in some hearts for they never thought of understanding by strangers. My Audience for student advice, I knew there was communication. I knew it in the present distance between stanzas or between poems different thing than you get from the stark silence between the FV, commercial and the station break.

I had down and let us go. The Black Bottom of Keston Lawless' verse, the new poet; little-sentenced made Bud in with a grin. The delicate motion of Robert Vander Main's reading, sudden and yet the inner voices, and much music to fill in the silent spaces between the verses. Three students' dramatic reading of a portion of Sons of John Brown's, Paul's Guitar players and singers performed between the readings. The strings that vibrated before or made music more real than the records they had started from, more immediate.

That was the base of much of the enjoyment that evening reality. A person in his life had done something in pleasure or pain, and there is in front of us that experience again, for us to participate in. Our everyday speech had been tightened, concentrated, to express that action's significance. We saw meaning and beauty in shapes of words because the poems were art physical as animals and we knew the life on which they fed.

(I could see why, in a classroom, a poem often becomes a haphazard corpus of words. I picked it apart with dissecting criticism without learning by experiencing how it had moved through the life of a man and, by implication, through my life.)

Toward II form, the room was so crowded that people standing about the walls. Lawless had commented earlier on how much the expectations would have improved if he had a couple lines of beer, and later would applaud, two students carried in two symbolic empty cans and put them in front of the microphone. Being a resident assistant, I caught my conversation near them that might be some at least left in them. Why should that be? Great said that Zdzislaw had been looking for such a room for its "cultured feel" for two years. I recalled the long line at the State Theater where Petruchelli had read, and asked myself: Why should that be?

I looked at the crowd of students around me, darker nipples, our demeanor, our frat-rats—simply students perceiving and enjoying another man's thoughts about his life. I asked myself for so long, solely only for the archetypal architecture of scholars.

The rise of culture at MSU.

The Process of Autumn

I. Early

The turning season, Autumn inches away from summer on green hinges, easy breezes push the limbs a little farther than before. A fresh breath trembles the opening door and lungs of men whose forward eyes see how clouds change their minds.

II. Middle

Summer comes with delight or dread of heat, some men like winter but most hate it for the inconvenience and the heating bills, I never knew anyone who didn't like autumn. In the robust man of Keats and Blake, Fall reaps the red leaves of harvest from time-telling trees stretching slender in the long yawn of their sleep. Fall does not suffer, like spring, a nervous past, his lusts found NOW in pounding temples. In big-timbered loves spurred by sure death, Fall, in reaping deeds, falls laughing to inevitable rest.

III. Late

Today's sky is scraped featureless, the red flesh decayed from trees exposing bones, all things have been dismantled to their simplest structure, and a smiling wind from the Northwest walks on the hills like a bureaucrat with thoughts of power. What things will be shaped on the blank earth when they decide?

Realizing I

at about four o'clock in the morning as in bed I lay, my eyes are opened and I become afraid, my eyes with their shutter broken, the world will pose for other blinking eyes, my hope is in a conspiracy, kept going only by outlandish risks which can be fooled in an instant's slip-up, the plain naturalness of not being alive, how laughingly I try to spend one side of a coin, my mind sweeps like a hand in a stumbling room for a light bulb cord, the brand new coat hanging in my closet, then I sleep, and the hasty morning light comes to wrestle my eyesight.

Jeffrey Justin, the author of the poems on this page, is a Watervliet senior. He is a resident assistant at Wonders Hall. He has taken part in Performing Arts Company productions and is president of studio.

Realizing III

Assembling of gear, then creak of oars as my rowing ripples tonight like the water to the woods along the point opposite the pier. The warm stays impeded on the hook, or is nibbled off, why father and I never catch anything, but watch light slowly closed out from the lake like the lever made to turn, pulling down the shade of the window of the calm room before lovemaking. He thinks of death I know, the cracking fabric of his skin, his bones working rag in the warm spots. Neither in hope nor in despair his face is set, I nearly weep.
Zeitgeist loses sex appeal

By DAVE GILBERT

It can be said without exaggeration that the ZEITGEIST magazine has had the greatest single literary influence on our university community. To accomplish this feat, ZEIT-GEIST first stepped, then shaked and eventually bored the intellectual champions at MSU. In any event, it acted as a stimulus, and in its wake followed THE PAPER, the RED CEDAR REVIEW (revitalized) and even the Undergraduate FSHE."n
But it seems that ZEITGEIST is coming of age. "As the spirit of the times," ZEIT¬GEIST, "an independent ... journal of ideas and the arts," has changed, matured and swallowed. To be sure, Gary Grosz, editor and publisher, shoulders his personal chip, which he withholds with all the delicacy of a blushing yet rambling editorial involving "beautiful" and "ugly" lies, Grosz's firing, and a confused suicide against homophobia.

Ken Lawless, an old ZEITGEIST favorite, is still writing our fitfully realistic garage. His "Take a Shallow Girl, Add . . ." is a poorly conceived, incociously executed and unproven account of a boy, detected by a woman he cannot understand, going into the army and remaining love . . . and I don't open much less answer any letters.

In depicting his hero, a small-town or country boy, to be the best type-character with styles several times, knocked down by his brother and then helped up again, Lawless says, "He gave me a hand/hand in two staves of a lamb's tail there we were back at where we'd been, I guess our hero says, "It was just a moment of passing idiocy and then By doing in talk like national DGram again, despite the massive evidence to the contrary," The lack of continuum of character expression in the vocabulary is staggering.

Steve McLatch, fortunately, gives credence to ZEITGEIST's literary precepts with his powerfully executed poems, "Vacancy, . . . I walk out, now, down steps of aging man-mentioned-concrete into someone's newcomer to look at the brown earth, not knowing where . . . I have lost it or her.

But there are significant changes, ZEIT-GEIST, in the new national magazine, has dropped the bannister of "sex for sake's sake, in an exchange for a deluge of abstractions and the absent-mindedly lighted bed scenes, there is now the queer and unearthly passions of Lydia and the cast of characters, call me between now and the last day, said so I tried to face but when he saw what my mind was out of order and I didn't know what to say so . . .

"I lost the sign, I was 

used the sign I said, used, and so I went on my way while the background pummeled With their hair and laces and tried to Condense themselves That I used wasn't used at all now surely A step Beyond Now.

Building with cement and love

By JEFFREY JUSTIN

BLOOD INK, Poems by Robert Vander Molen published on a ZEITGEIST Supplement, $1.

He talks about things in your world, and you realize how he integrated his view is.

He's not setting up symbols from the real world to stand for ideas in his mind while going about perceiving the real world in another way, Elliot and Auden did this, Vander Molen talks about specific things--Kolin's dock, a movie theater, Memorial Day. He tells about the way these realities act on him and the way he reacted and those real things acting are his philosophy, I drew the distinction: his poems don't.

This makes his poems mere a living than a literary essay. Vander Molen talks about his life. You draw conclusions from his poems, you talk with choice of words, and thus controls your conclusions about his life. You could not sit down with him to talk in prose and find out about his life. His poems talk so well, I don't think you could sit down with anyone you know, and find out so much about another's life.

The life of his daily life his circumstances are a lot like yours. He's a student here. He's in a fraternity. He's one of the participants in being, which will be ended in death, just like yours. So when you find out the hard truths, you find out your own, that perhaps you didn't have the courage to tell, you can find this a comforting and joyous act.

A small poem that has these elements with a lighter touch is "Prunes and Rain."

And old woman green
dark
talking
too
telling
to six
tomas. And
talking
to Prunes and Rain.

And old woman green
dark
talking
too
telling
to six
tomas. And
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"Prunes and Rain."

Think of your filial respect for your parents in quite a generation gap. Think of your parents' reaction when you lef school. Think of your closeness to your friends. The delicacy of the language. Vander Molen's praise is no longer with the old world.

This poet never raises his voice. In one respect his verse is as naturally obvious as a first grade show-and-tell class. What he shows you, though, is the world of his reverencing and despair at the fact of death. He has in his mind a vision of his life in a certain set of objects, and then he simply writes these objects, and himself down so that you will know what happened, all of what happened. Thus, the direct and directness related to absence of punctuation. The tone is so intimate here, the revelation so frank, that punctuation would be pretentious.

And his way of looking at his life seems like to be these poems without punctuation much i rushed into a short space, what at first glance ought to be confining, definite, it found to be full of many meanings, the poem title "Love."

Almost is desperate company. In the seeming nights In the birch nights for no company Where rustle is maddening Where dead leaves are for Saturday fires

There's a tune throughout this book not of despair but of realization. Realization of self-destruction and beyond that of the baldness and the death in the eyes of the living human being, does indeed bring despair. But it is a kind that is alluded to reverenceing.

The realization sets up a system of values for the disappearing life. "Grand Hares," in "about a day at the beach, valued the innocence of childhood when death wasn't there, but at the end of the line the poet says, "You have the poem the idea of things possible to him gives him a realistic view in the face of destruction:

I kiss my dream in the sun
And boys in an inboard Hook and slip and a whistle
While palms guide to molest the sun

Once in a while, however, among poems filled with unexcepted brilliant handlings of words, he fumbles, In "Age Turning," for example, stanza 17 and 18 of section two seem to me centered in bold, and he comes close to being trite in "America" with his wind-in-the-bare-apologists to the world. Yet you can't really condemn a poem with such lines as

Thinking of the loose pruned clouds Of desire And the stars as air-place lights The moon beside the car like a balloon

The truth is that Vander Molen seems to have found an appropriate style and idiom for himself. This, allied to his great facility in making metaphors and choosing the right things to focus on, shows even the least successful of these poems be skilled precisely.

They are made difficult too. Yet much of this opacity disappears once we understand the poet's method. He focuses on many things in the course of a poem. Trying hard to write down his life, he shows the cities of his mind's journey and often leaves it up to you to connect them with roads to understand map of his mind. This technique makes the reader work harder than if he were reading a classic poet like Keats, for example, but it is profitable to call the reader to draw more on his own experience to understand. The reader thus experiences the poem as more of a personal fact.

Finally, Vander Molen writes with beauty. Everything in your world is here in these poems, but not sublimated into symbol, here, cement is cement and love love... you have the pleasure you get from Vander Molen's writing with cement and love indicates a skill in living and a skill in a form which does not turn the world into beauty, but exposes its beauty. Reality in despair, despair, yet reverence, in your world. Read these poems Zagat's has done the university a service in publishing them.
Communications hangup

By LEE ELBINGER

Bread, water and sunlight are necessary ingredients of life. Communication, too, is a necessity. The needs for new auditories, for new building programs, for new communication facilities are just basic, and the building of these is essential if we are to function as a university.

The problem of communication is one that has been with us from time immemorial. The need for communication is universal, and the means of communication have changed with the times. In ancient times, the means of communication were people to people. In the time of the Romans, it was through the use of the tongue. In the Middle Ages, it was through the use of the written word. In the modern age, it is through the use of the electronic means of communication.

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Boss time at Mickey's place

BY MARION NOWAK

Funky interpretation of "Tramp", . . . sense in dress . . .
Motel, Motel, Motel . . . put them together and they spell "Mickey's Hideaway" (formerly "Spire's") where, Friday night, the leading question was, can you joke like me?

Spire's, Teemers, promoter, in cooperation with Mickey Shapiro, Sunset junior, have created the claim that in Mickey's out of the order that was Spire's.

Opening night was a noted sald of highly scatological humor, an almost overly spon¬

saneous audience, a very surprise performance by some local "talent" and a mediocre showing on the part of the Countours, who topped the bill.

There are hazards to be expected on any opening night, and the Hideaway didn't draw a lisp. Like a well-blended mixture of greens, you could still separate the iceberg from the asparagus.

The Countours, arriving here straight from an engagement in Boston, strained through renditions of their hits "Can You Jerk Like Me?" and "Do You Love Me?"

Saturday night, however, backed by their superb soul band, the group presented a rejuvenated and dynamic show.

In spite of the minor technical difficulties of a broken microphone and sloppy choreography, the trio rendered superior performances of their two hits. In addition, they offered a version of "Can't Turn Your Back on Me" second only to the original by the Temptations.

The Countours' organist, who created "My Girl" to his one and only (could it have been his organ?) did his part for audience participation.

During his rendition of "Together", he caused the throng into activity.

"All right," he said. "I want all the punk people in the audience—all the ugly people—not to sing 'Together.'"

"Together!" they chimed in, to the max.

That's how it was, folks.

In the spirit of Spire's, or could it be the spirit of Spire's, the price of a foam cup of coffee has zoomed to 20 cents.

Pay, then, and stay away from the cake floats.

Mickey promises lots of improvements, and we can only hope he keeps his word. The posts, which we are led to believe hold up the ceiling, are coming down so that everyone can see the show, and the back room will be opened for dancing.

Emcee Ronnie Garrett, a more than competent comedian, should stick to the "au naturel" and drop the drag routine. He wore the only look-twice mini-dress in the place and was quick to comment, "They told me to use silicone and make 'em larger or smaller," not only was it sma¬
tierish, it's offensive. There is more than one way to skin a cat, as evidenced by the comics who skillfully make their living by more professional means.

Spire's recommends the Hide¬

away as a place where students can go "to cut, see a show, talk. . . . It's understandably difficult to maintain a conversa¬
tion, but the show is definitely worthwhile."

This weekend Spire's and Shapiro present the Precipitation, next weekend "Shotgun" Edwin Starr is featured. Shows are 8:30, 10:30 and 12:30 Friday and Saturday.

And in a special in October, Martha and the Vandellas make a return trip.

Song for Kelly

It Hurts

When you're quite so very young
And you have to ostrich your feelings
To prevent your being squashed
By a world

Hippopotamus in the sand castles--
Travelling salesman jokes.

. . . David Gilbert

Our gang

Spire's pops a beaming head behind the Countours and Mickey Shapiro, center, at the opening of Mickey's Hideaway.

their joyful noise at the enter¬
prizing Greek's.

MSU ID is needed for admis¬
sion.

This may well be a vital addi¬
tion to the MSU cultural gestalt.

With the necessary modifications, East Lansing's newest dy¬
nmic duo can have a groovy thing going.

So you're chairman in charge of building the float, decorating the house, dressing up the party . . .

Now what?

Get flame-resistant Pomp's. You can do all kinds of decorating jobs with Pomp's and do them better, easier, faster . . . and more beautifully. Pomp's are economical, too, and ready to use . . . cut to the size you need and available in 17 beautiful colors that are virtually colorfast when wet. Use them for indoor or outdoor decorations. Ask your local librarian for the booklet "Tips on How to Build Better Floats and Displays." If she doesn't have it, tell her to write us for a copy.

The Crystal Tissue Company, Middletown, Ohio
When Peanuts go collegiate

(continued from page 3)

perfect world," he'll have plenty to protest about.

Brother Linus would have a far less busy time. Imagine what will happen when he shows up for Fraternity Rush with his blanket over his shoulder (queen of course he has it made into a blazer). Or what will happen when he writes down "The Great Pumpkin" on his religious preference card?

Linus has over the years exhibited interest in being a football player, a polled Hereford rancher, a "world famous humble little country doctor" and a "great philanthropist with somebody else's money." Let's hope he has a definite career to mind by the time he starts school. He'll have enough neuroses with out that to worry about.

But the one who'll have the worst time in college will be the one who has the worst time in the strip: Good Ole Charlie Brown. Wherever he goes, Charlie Brown will be doomed to the same kind of reverses he suffers every day in the strip.

He'll spend his days forever following the little red-haired girl, whose hair will undoubtedly be long and straight. He'll always be the 1,001st person to register for the 1,000-seat lecture sections.

He'll accidentally bend an IBM card and end up with 15 eight-credit courses in one week and 45 credits of Advanced Yoruba.

He'll wishy-washy his way through six majors and ten academic advisers by the end of his sophomore year. And guess who, while playing in the intramural baseball championship game, with his team behind by one run, will strike out in the last half of the ninth with the bases loaded?

Lastly, what about the most famous member of the Peanuts crew? Dorm rules being what they are, Snoopy won't be able to come to school with Charlie Brown. There is, however, one chance, Consider: (1) Snoopy has constant delusions of grandeur. He's always imagining to be a vulture or a dinosaur or a mountain lion or something he's not. (2) He's forever living in the past, with his endless series of 'ol days. What else? He'd be a perfect fraternity mascot!

Broadway begins

NEW YORK — A medical melodrama in need of first aid, "Dr. Cook's Garden," got the Broadway season off to a feeble start Monday night at the Shubert theater.

It's about an amiable old farmer in the Vermont hills who makes out poison as well as pills, and author Ira Levin, who also directed, wobbled between morality and giddy humor so much that a spectator can't swallow any of it.

As the self-appointed court of last appeals who knocks off 30 orphaned citizens before being detected, we have Saul Bellow, the sometimes wayward playwright. Ives winks and grimaces, bunts and puffs when his rural serenity is disrupted by Keir Dullea, a town youth just back from medical school.

THE "BOB HOPE SHOW"

SUNDAY

OCTOBER 8

7:30 P.M.

Tickets Go On Sale

MONDAY

OCTOBER 2

AT THE

• UNION BLDG.

AND

CAMPBELL'S

SUBURBAN SHOP

STUDENT GENERAL ADMISSION $3.50 - GENERAL ADMISSION $4.00
RESERVED SECTION $4.50
(LIMIT 2 TICKETS PER ID)

ASMSU POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT