The summer is an old house now, lived in and lived in, Hot joys in bedrooms, reflections on porches.
Leaves, like pieces of paint flake off the trees,
pile up in curbstone eaves.
I walk around as if I were the student in a French film about students.
The camera catches from a second story window wind under my hair.

I ought to have some incite, some real incite, and I do.
The trees are in their death-bloom.
I am in my youth-bloom.
The way the branches hang out color gives a feeling, but not strong enough a one to give to you.
**Calendar of Local Events Nov. 16 - Dec. 2**

**THURSDAY, NOV. 16**
- Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out (7:30, Aud.)
- Flight of the Phoenix (7:30, 9, Brody)
- Antigone (Arena Theatre)
- Blood Drive (2-8, Demonstration Hall)
- Bridge Lessons (7:00, 21 Union)
- **THURSDAY, NOV. 17**
  - Summer Skin (7:30, Union)
  - Julius Caesar (7:00, Anthony)
  - Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out (7:30, Aud.)
  - Antigone (Arena Theatre)

**FRIDAY, NOV. 16**
- Flight of the Phoenix (7:00, 114 Bessey)
- Blood Drive (10 a.m.-3 p.m., Demonstration Hall)
- The New Folk (8:30, Man's 1M)
- "Good Times, Wonderful Times!" at the Scene, Act II (8:00, 1118 N. Harrison)
- "Medea" on radio (8:00, WKAR-FM)
- **FRIDAY, NOV. 17**
  - Summerskin (7:30, Union)
  - Julius Caesar (7:00, Anthony)
  - Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out (7:30, Aud.)
  - Antigone (Arena Theatre)
- Flight of the Phoenix (7:00, 9, Conrad)
- **SATURDAY, NOV. 18**
  - Through a Glass Darkly (7:30, Union Ballroom)
  - Ralph Franklin on Lebanon (8:00, Aud.)
  - Antigone (Arena Theatre)
  - International Ball (9:00)

**WEDNESDAY, NOV. 22**
- Movies of MSU/Purdue Game (8:00, Union Ballroom)
- Holiday on Ice (8:00, Lansing Civic Center)
- **THURSDAY, NOV. 23**
  - Thanksgiving Day Vacation
  - Holiday on Ice (4:30 p.m., Lansing Civic Center)

**SATURDAY, NOV. 25**
- John Goddard on Turkey (8:00, Aud.)
- Football (MSU vs. Northwestern)
- Holiday on Ice (9:30 a.m., Lansing Civic Center)

**MONDAY, NOV. 27**
- Last Chance to begin those books you ignored all term

**TUESDAY, NOV. 28**
- Romeo and Juliet (Fairchild Theatre)

**WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29**
- Movies of MSU/Northwestern Game (8:00, Union Ballroom)

**THURSDAY, NOV. 30**
- Last Day for Art Exhibition: "Sources for Tomorrow" (2-5 p.m., Kressg)

**SATURDAY, DEC. 3**
- Eisenstein's "Alexander Nevsky" (7:30, Union Ballroom)

**FRIDAY, DEC. 1**
- The Collector (7:30, 109 Anthony)
- Record Concert: Handel's Messiah (7:00, 114 Bessey)
- Freak In at the Scene, Act II (8:00, 1118 N. Harrison)

**SATURDAY, DEC. 4**
- Eisenstein's "Alexander Nevsky" (7:30, Union Ballroom)
Social emphasis needed in Vietnam

By MILTON C. TAYLOR

Fortunate are those who are either Dooves or Hawks. It was not the case that I had a more unenviable and uncertain middle position that I took the opportunity to revisit Saigon in September of this year after an absence of seven years. My hope was that a conversation with a few American and Vietnamese friends might either bolster my convictions or alter them.

It has been observed that nothing remains to be said about the war in Vietnam that is really new. The debate goes on and becomes hotter, generates no new insights. For this reason, the few words I am about to express are not meant, because they are unique, but because of their source. One cannot do much better under conditions of uncertainty than to consider the opinions of persons who are informed and intelligent.

To begin on a broad note, my friends are critical of the historical and political content of the debate. While a priority should be placed on bringing an end to the hostilities, much of the debate in the United States is at the level of a wish list. They argue that peace will come only when the focus is on peace, not when it is on search for scapegoat and an end to the 1968 U.S. election.

Not calculated to make the Dooves happy, my informants emphasize that the war is now global in its implications rather than local. It means that it was possible to view the conflict as one primarily involving the future of South Vietnam. It is now in part a multinationalized world war, directed and supported by the North.

Now the implications are wider, even worldwide. Now the war involves the two super-powers as well as mainland China and thus the balance of power in Asia. In fact, the attention of the world is focused on Vietnam. It is argued that all of this detracts from the likelihood of unilateral U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam.

Similarly, not calculated to make the Hawks happy is the belief that the war cannot be won militarily without engaging in an all-out war.

No one that I spoke to in Vietnam even mentioned the possibility of an all-out war. The explanation for this apparent paradox is that in all Vietnam could be militarized, with Russian involvement so could South Vietnam.

The essential reason why a limited war cannot be won militarily is that both the Viet Cong and the North have demonstrated a compelling capacity to escalate. Now, it is believed, so will Soviet Russia and Red China permit a military victory. Thus each phase of U.S. escalation is followed by a counterbalancing escalation. And each advance also convinces the United States and other powers that a military solution, which understandably provokes a higher level of resistance.

It is therefore not altogether for my information to claim that the greater likelihood of achieving a political solution is also to a reversal of past (and present) policy. This reversal has two components: one is to halt the bombing of the North and further troop escalation, while the other is to convince the Viet Cong and the North that the United States will remain in Vietnam as long as it is necessary to achieve a political settlement.

What the Viet Cong and Hand fear most, in other words, is a continuing American presence. If they were convinced that the United States would not abandon Vietnam, they would be more likely to come to the conference table now instead of later.

This "wait-and-see" approach also involves abandoning the "conquest and destroy" policy. It means considering the war as a whole rather than taking the initiatives. It implies a greater assumption of responsibility on the part of the South Vietnamese armed forces and a return to a military advisory role by the U.S.

A guerrilla war has two fronts, and even less

Milton C. Taylor, professor of economics, was in Vietnam from January 1959 to July 1966 as a member of the Michigan State University Advisory Group. As such he has been interested in the problems of Vietnam ever since, and has done a great deal of writing on the subject.

Successful, my friends complain, is the level of economic, political and social achievements. After more than ten years of being a client government, South Vietnam is still essentially an exploitative society with a rising number of war profiteers in Saigon and landless poverty-stricken peasants in the countryside.

A social revolution is held to be mandatory on two counts. It is first a necessary complement to a military effort in a guerrilla-type war. Second, unless the basic fabric of Vietnamese life can be transformed, South Vietnam cannot have a viable and stable society after a political settlement.

Despite this, there is constant repetition of the claim that "we are fighting the wrong kind of a war." Land reform is cited as an example. Under Vietnamese escalations, the peasants must purchase the land and the landlords must be repaid. When some villages have been retaken recently, the landlords have traveled from Saigon to reestablish their "rights" over land they had not seen for so long as 15 years. This policy is considered to be painfully ridiculous in the context of a war that is costing the U.S. over $20 billion annually.

Who is held to blame for this failure to introduce economic and social reforms? Primarily the United States. It is argued that there is willingness on the part of the Vietnamese government to utilize ideas and to introduce changes, and even if there was resistance, there is practically no use of the immense leverage at the disposal of the United States.

In brief, while no one that I spoke to is critical of American involvement per se, there is general found dissatisfaction with the course that this involvement has taken. In the verbal and written expression of the criticism, there is an agreement that there has been military over-commitment and economic and social under-commitment.

All of this leaves me about where I was when I arrived in Saigon—somewhere between a Dove and a Hawk, but with less uncertainty, but I learned something else that is perhaps more important. I gauged the impression that the Vietnamese people earnestly long for peace. Time is running out on their capacity for endurance.

"Sources for Tomorrow"

By RICHARD HAAS

The current exhibition in Krenz Art Center is drawn from the James A. Michener Foundation Collection. This title seems to suit this title "Sources for Tomorrow" in catchy yet pretentious. It is an unnecessary attempt to give special meaning to an exhibition which contains an interesting, though highly uneven, selection of painting, sculpture, drawings and prints made in the last thirty years of American art. Significant works appear in this show and these offer a stimulating challenge to the viewer who is intrigued or puzzled by what is happening in contemporary painting, a show with such a variety of styles and gags to please the connoisseurs that every visitor faces in the art world today, where he finds himself surrounded by expressive works and must from the isolation of his own aesthetic judgement draw distinctions between the significant and the mundane.

Before facing the problem of judging that merited attention, a few comments should be made about collectors and contemporary art. It is regrettable that many individuals with the means do not feel the urge to collect. Without the independent patrons, the private art collectors, art museums, corporations and public institutions would be the artist's only patrons. Private collections are more interesting because they carry the personal stamp of the collector with his taste in color, line and subject matter. Private collectors of great standing and taste have helped painters and have occasionally influenced the course of art. How can we measure the importance of the old given by the Museum of Modern Art, or the role of the Bryan sculptures by Oskar Fischinger, or the collection of great paintings by Carl LISTE. What would have happened to the once and future American painter, John Marin and Arthur Dove without the help of patrons and friends like Alfred Stieglitz and Duncan Phillips? The collector who helps an eye and pioneers in collecting works that have yet to become classic in esteem, style style and fashionable, and the collector who is patient, alert, adventurous not too far removed from that of the artist. Not all collectors of new art are this inspired, however.

The majority of art collectors lack the inuition and judgment to detect significant works which have not yet received critical acclaim. Many private collectors rely on advisory, and critics to suggest exhibitions, themes, style or "taste" to buy. Such collections usually survey the contemporary art scene with the result of a few permanent pieces and many minor works on representative examples by popular artists. While I do not know what Mr. Michener's buying habits are, I do think he is appear to be buying from a "consensus" collection; however, the field and overlooks little. This attitude is shared by most of the major contemporary museums in which the curators of today collect a hit of everyone and leave to future card two problems of weed out the mediocre. The record on all those paintings that I consider significant, I am assuming the role of a curator of the future. This can be tiresome, but I find excitement and fun. I am not a collector who is missed the majority of art collectors, particularly works by Guston, Klein, Kline, Louisiana, Frankenthal and Whistler. What I think of." to the Alchemists A painting which must see that view with it.

(Continued on page 8)
Kennedy legend lives on

By JAMES D. SPANILO

November 22, 1967 will probably be no different from any other day. Americans will go to work. Children will attend school. Babies will be born; old people and some not so old will die. The hustle which characterizes the middle hours of the twentieth century will send Americans scurrying hither and yon with little time to think about past events, and quickly it will mark the fourth anniversary of Lyndon Johnson's ascent to the Presidency.

Four years will have passed since that faceful and tragic day in Dallas, but there will be no fast fade this year. The public ceremonies will be fewer, the speeches more distant, and the magazine and newspaper articles less prominently displayed. In short, Americans have more important things to consider than to reflect or relive the death of anyone—even John F. Kennedy.

But for some, the day will rekindle past sorrow and renew a sense of void created by the cataclysmic events which sent a nation reeling in tearful grief. But even for them, time has hardened its way. The events are less clear; the sound of muffled drums less poignant; and the emotion is further from the surface.

Nonetheless, this generation will never be able to forget those days in November, 1963. Nor will this nation forget John Kennedy, even though what is now and will be remembered, is embodied in what has come to be the Kennedy legacy, the Kennedy legend.

Theodore H. White in his book "The Making of the President"—1964" accurately predicted the ultimate result, "So many things will be said about Kennedy in the future, and the myths are already so thick, that without doubt the man himself will soon be lost in the myths."

And thus it has been. Literally dozens of books have been written about his or his family's life. Nearly every significant acquaintance, and some not so significant, have published articles or books relating their observations about the Kennedy they knew. In addition, with the assistance of the media and his time promotions, the inevitable Kennedy legend has been both exploited and distorted.

So, he is lost in the haze, the myths, or he chooses to be viewed as a man, not rather as the fallen hero.

People do not remember that he was elected President by only the narrowest of margins. They do not remember that he compiled only an average record as a U.S. Senator. They do not remember how he stumbled through the fay of Pigs fiasco, nor his initial reluctance to seek strong civil rights legislation. They do not remember his frustrations in dealing with a Congress which balked at his major pieces of legislation. And above all, they do not remember that he was above all a politician who successfully sought a position of power which, by its very nature, meant that he would exercise that power, sometimes ruthlessly.

What people do remember is the Kennedy charisma, charm and style. They remember a vigorous young man who looked even younger, a Floridian with a thick shock of brown hair, a jabbing forefinger, an articulate speaker with a keen wit and ready smile. And even more pointedly, they remember how all of this was snuffed out in a matter of seconds by an assassin's bullet.

Most Americans now remember only two distinct images. They remember the young President on Inauguration Day, 1961, the cheer and ebullience of the occasion, and his most eloquent and most quoted address in which he asked Americans to ask themselves not what their country could do for them, but what they could do for their country. And they remember the final days, the assassination, the hollow days before, and the strength displayed by the Kennedy family, particularly Jackie, and finally the last procession to Arlington National Cemetery, a final playing of "Hail to the Chief", then flags, and the burial of a President.

So, this is where we are today, 1967; the memory still lingers but less emotionally. We try to concern ourselves with the present but cannot escape the past. And we remember what we want to remember.

We look at the Presidency, in particular the person, who now personalizes the office, and we do not like what we see. Part of the explanation lies in the personality and manner of Lyndon Johnson, a man haunted by the Kennedy legend. Obviously, Lyndon Johnson had a tough act to follow—especially from an image standpoint.

Of course, there have been the constant and inevitable comparisons between the two men; some of which have bordered on absurdity. But there are some striking contrasts, especially in light of the circumstances in which one died and the other came to power.

(Continued on page 5)
...although fanfare subsides

(Continued from page 4)

Where Kennedy was eloquent and distinguished, Johnson is Inarticulate and falldyke, Where Kennedy looked like a President, a statesman, Johnson appears every bit a politician. And while these elements of style are intangible, they are nonetheless real and important in terms of modern American politics.

On a more concrete level, both men have their strengths and weaknesses. The problem is that Lyndon Johnson's strengths are difficult to perceive while his weaknesses are all too visible.

For example, Johnson once said in a speech, "...We're on the move; we're on the go; people are eating, people are working. We're doing what a democratic government ought to be doing for a democratic people."

Another prime example of the problem is John- son's relations with the press. He has managed to completely alienate the national press. Conversely, Kennedy won its favor and used it to his advantage. Kennedy enjoyed jousting with re- porters at his frequent press conferences. He parried difficult questions, and when verbal darts were thrown his way, he'd throw them right back, usually in the form of a witty ripost.

Johnson, on the other hand, has had few formal press conferences. And even since the honeymoon ended between the President and the press, he has talked when criticized, sometimes raging at a reporter who wrote an unfavorable story, some- times resorting to unveiled sarcasm.

This all leads to the often-asked, yet never- answered question of what would the situation be like in the country today and in the world today if President Kennedy had lived? Obviously, no one can answer the question. But it continually comes to the surface.

Recently someone asked John Kenneth Galbraith, former ambassador to India and personal friend of President Kennedy, whether he thought the U.S. would have been where it is today in Vietnam if President Kennedy had lived? Obviously, no one can answer the question because there was just no way of knowing.

But what brings immediacy and relevance to this impossible question is the fact that so much has happened in these four years. And in a sense everything seems so much worse. A nation has lost confidence and faith in its President and his policies. A deepening and seemingly winless war drags on indefinitely in Vietnam. Communist China has joined the nuclear club, and the United States and Russia continue to escalate the armaments race despite public statements to the contrary and the presence of a limited test ban treaty signed in 1963. And at home, civil strife, indeed war, has ravaged our cities, making it painfully clear that lunch-counter sit-ins and protest marches in the South, even the Civil Rights Act of 1964 were only superficial scratches at the real American race problem.

Perhaps all this was inevitable. Perhaps Lyndon Johnson is the scapegoat for problems he did not create and problems that cannot be solved. Perhaps he had lived, John Kennedy would have left the office of the presidency a heroes and frustrated man, nagged by personal defeat and a sense of inadequacy.

But it did not happen that way. It will always remain as one of the imponderable "ifs" of history. But the myth continues. And the legend has become deeply imbedded in the American political scene. The most quoted man on the campaign trail whether he be President or not, in 1964 and 1966 was John Kennedy. And most probably, the same will be true in the future. Almost every promising candidate for high elective office claims to be in the Kennedy tradition, whether Democrat or Republican. And while some are more overt than others, it is clear that the Kennedy style has pervaded the political arena in terms of theme, in manner of speech, mannerisms and appearance.

One man however, more than any other, stands to benefit most from this legacy, and in fact has benefited substantially already. That man is Robert Kennedy. Either consciously or uncon- sciously, either motivated out of political astute- ness or personal commitment, he seems intent on fulfilling the promises and goals never completed by his brother.

Listening to one of his speeches is much like listening to the 1960 presidential campaign. It almost seems as if a 1960 speech had been re- activated, updating the promises, filling in the blanks with new names, and looking to new horizons.

In short, while emulating the style and ar- ticulation of his brother, he has obligingly at- tacked the status quo, this time personified by Lyndon Johnson. Much like President Kennedy criticized the Eisenhower Administration for not moving fast enough in the right direction, for not meeting new problems with new solutions and for not supplying vigorous leadership, Robert Kennedy has similarly accused President Johnson.

And as now, Robert Kennedy has become part of the legend. He won his election to the U.S. Senate to it. And whether he or the American public believes it or not, he even his national popularity and sudden rise to political stardom to this legend.

And when Americans come to see Robert Kennedy, they come not to see the junior senator from New York but rather to see the reincarnation of his brother.

How far the legend will carry Robert Kennedy and future Kennedys is still unknown. Perhaps in will lead to the presidency. In the view of Lyndon Johnson, it has lead too far already.

But be the case the legend will be decided in future political encounters and ultimately in the hearts and minds of the American electorate. And while the legend may lose its magic in terms of political output, its source will persist as a symbol of what is good in politics, of what a President should be, and of what a man should do in serving his country.

Future historians will have the task of evaluating John Kennedy's performance as presi- dent and his administration's policies in context with mid-twentieth century America, free from the emotion which still warps rational judgment.

John Kennedy was not a great president; his time was too short, but greatness was part of the man. He did not accomplish great deal in terms of legislation or policy making; he did not move mountains. But he did move people.

And perhaps this was his most important con- tribution. He was at least indirectly responsible for the trend toward greater involvement by this younger generation. And by the freshness he brought to American politics, he inspired a cast of thousands to view public service, whether it be in the Peace Corps or in politics, as something worth- while, indeed fulfilling.

In his inaugural address in 1961, John Kennedy spoke of the office of the presidency and of the responsibility of every citizen. "I do not shrink from this responsibility; I welcome it. And I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and will serve it, and the glow from that fire can truly light the world."

It is this attitude, this legend which perulates into the future. And their potential effects will not be known for years to come.
New rock: a live, hard sound

By JEFF WEIDNER

On the surface, the rock scene does not appear to have changed significantly, since the flower groups blossomed last year; however, something is in the air and new things are happening. Perhaps in reaction to complexity of instrumentation in rock, the new groups, almost without exception, are seeking to put forth music which can be performed live on conventional rock instruments, such as guitar, bass, organ, and drums.

The best example of pure rock among new groups is the Parfums from Toronto. Aside from a twelve-string lead guitar and an act which requires three separate drum sets on stage, they are conventional. Their album is titled "Magic People" (Verve) after a song of the same name. The sound is reminiscent of the Byrds, especially on a song called "Black Thank-you Package," although they do not have theue folk and complete harmony of the Byrds. The best cut on the album is "Tudor Impressions," which shows good lyrics and counter-rhythms played on two drum sets. Their songs have a lyrical quality comparable to the Byrds before they cut "Rubber Soul."

The West Coast groups are doing well generally, although the Airplane had some bad luck with their last single, "Ballad of You and Me, Poooor." (Lewis is still much in the picture with groups such as the Airplane, the Grateful Dead, the Sparrow, Country Joe and the Fish, Moby Grape and the Doors.)

Moby Grape is the finest of the West Coast groups. It was quite a disappointment to hear their second single, "Omaha," did not make the top ten. Moby Grape is one of a handful of American groups which are excellently musically and also say something that is worth listening to.

The Doors hit everyone's fire with their last single, and appear to be doing well with "People Are Strange." But, like Moby Grape, the Doors have something to say, mainly that all is not hearts and flowers in hippydom or in everyday life. The flower children have become dream children and have left the soft mode zone and pseudo-hippies behind to roam the hills and forests and commune more closely with nature. The Doors' music oozes from the lilting organ of Ray Manzarek and the guitar of Robbie Krieger. Their new album, "Strange Days" (Elektra) puts its music-poetry across stunningly. When lead singer Jim Morrison embarks and shouts to do the guitar, then when all is placid, the guitar vibrations merge with the fluid organ. The drummer, John Densmore, anticipated potential happenings in the music long before they crystallized.

It is indeed strange that a West Coast rock group should sing so little of happy things; all of the songs on the album express a melancholy which is accentuated by the music. Composing their new album with their first, only one song is immediately stood out as a line between the two.

"When the Music's Over" is an eleven minute cut on "Strange Days," similar to "The End" from their first album in composition and mood, although "When the Music's Over" is more thought-provoking than the Canned "The End."

Dickey leaves reader breathless

By DAVID GILBERT

James Dickey will probably be listed in the Mentor book of "Major American Poets" of 1967, or whenever they get around to revising themselves. He is really a fine poet. Though a modern, one of the South, Dickey is not caught in any regionalistic web, but explores in violence and in depth the "overgrown forests of archetypical scenes and situations." To quote Peter Davidson (Atlantic Monthly, October, 1967) Dickey is totally absorbed in the themes of communion with the land and man's struggle with nature, many of his poems fit the progression of death—rebirth—eternity. This is important.

To get down to specifics, my favorite in "Buckdancer's Choice" are "The Shark's Parlor," "They, Crying," "I Seen Seen Once." "The War Wound" and "Exit Blood." They remind me of nothing so much as a feeling I once experienced of being inside a moving car, passing the horizon and watching the constantly new view flowing into my line of vision. Suddenly I was aware of the camera's having stopped, focusing on one object, the camera had proceeded to expand from the view of that one object, and had created a whole, flowing, unified sequence of events.

In "I Seen Seen Once," Dickey proceeds from an image recalled:

Faces seen once are seen
To fade from around one forever.
Leaving a chasm, a scar, an impression...

to an image revived and expanded through the mind's own fantasizing and the poet's craft:

Faces seen once change always
Into and out of each other:
An eye you saw in Toulon
Is gazing at you down a tin dragnipe
You played with as a half child
In Robertown, Georgia.

Again, in "The War Wound," the poet focuses on one incident, the war wound received by a fighter pilot when his band smashed into a tachometer, but the image expands, this time backward and forward simultaneously, to link the past with the present with "my two children threaten themselves... will-walking..." off the deep end, off course swimming pool.

Then from the focused frame of reality, a war wound, we are taken through death, the dying act of cotus, to renewal in the pilot's children, to repetition in "my two children threaten themselves," to perhaps, an ungrazned thought, similarly with "The Shark's Parlor," in which the boy...
Romney: A paradoxical man

By MARION NOWAK

George Romney, co-president of American Motors, presidential non-candidate, Latter-Day Saints and governor of Michigan, represents to the voters of Michigan—and still very conceivably to the voters of the nation—a personality that is sincere, square; confusing, candid; and at once both highly competent and annoyingly incompetent.

Born July 8, 1907 in the Latter-Day Saints (Mormon) settlement of Columbus, Utah, in Chihuahua, Mexico, George Wilkinson Romney in the fourth son of monogamists Gaskell Romney and Anna Amelia Prescott, of American citizens.

When Romney was five, he became, in his own words, "one of the twenty-first century's first displaced persons when Pancho Villa chased the Mormons out of Mexico.

Since then, with ambition and drive typical of many Mormons, he has progressed from a Watauga High School football helper to a tariff specialist in Washington, through a company presidency that revived a faltering corporation, to governorship of one of the nation's larger states.

The next step to the presidency will be made with more difficulty than the gubernatorial step required.

A more attractive, magnetic personality than his opponent John Swainson, Romney entered the big leagues in 1962, and sustained his position in '64 and '66.

Talking about the contest for the Republican presidential nomination, two-time loser Richard Nixon stated that it is going to be a hot five-man race between five non-candidates.

Romney's refusal to place himself in the running, while speaking from the same firehouse as the candidates, stems from his belief in a prolonged period of deep meditation on every major decision, according to an aide of Lieutenant-Governor Mills, Romney hasn't meditated on 1968 yet, the aide said.

This should not be doubted. It is too much to expect the governor of any large state to take time out from touring national slums, lunching in Boston with New England's newspaper editors, delivering a speech at Dartmouth College in the home state of the early bird primary and appearing on nation-wide television to perform such a time-consuming function as meditating.

To say nothing of governing a large state.

Romney has declared he will announce his decision within the next few days.

Does Romney attempt the candidacy, his seemingly honest attitude could—against Johnson—very conceivably win the race for him.

If he doesn't run, will he be content to merely the governor of Michigan? Or will his governorship act as a catalyst to push him towards higher office?

Lewston Romney, in public speaking, has many qualities the governor lacks. He is witty, down-to-earth, and self-professed平台 perform. Romney has referred to her as "the one person who can beat me in Michigan." She has been known, in public speaking, to refer to the "four years we have been in state government."

This spring, her resignation from the Women's Club of Detroit in protest of a club policy of racist discrimination was a dramatic protest on so much her pre-civil rights mind was her viewpoint. She must be considered in any calculation of Romney's effectiveness.

Romney's honesty deserves examination because it is one of the major criteria he wishes to be judged on.

Most notably, his comments on Vietnam have made him a target to run for the presidency.

The leftist newsmagazine, "The Nation," has urged Romney to follow up his dovish and anti-war remarks by declaring himself a peace-in Vietnam candidate, thereby forcing Johnson into the understandable position of the war candidate.

Romney's exact position on Vietnam is in the public domain. But playing the popular game of speech-referral, Romney refers all interogators to his April Harvard, Columbia, and policy speech, in which he described the country's being broken, the the South Sea; for instance, some islanders have become members of the priesthood, although anthropologically they belong to the Negro race.

In a church where every deviation from church belief is punished by communication, where church officials have been known to dictate how politically-involved Mormons should vote, Romney is in a precarious position.

The governor differentiates between the military war and the "other war"—more commonly known as the winning-the-heart-and-mind pacification program. While he feels the shooting war has become largely Americanized, the governor says "It would be a tragic error to take over the other war as some have proposed."

And, while "cynically we are fighting communist forces in Vietnam and must still have a "just peace," he refuses to endorse a coalition government including the communists National Liberation Front, or even to endorse negotiations with the NLF.

On his latest speaking circuit, one of Romney's major themes is the crisis of the ghetto's.

Romney's Civil Rights record has been quite good.

During World War II, Victor Reuther and Romney worked together to combat segregated housing in Michigan. When he was president of American Motors, the corporation was the only major company to actively support and lobby for civil rights in Michigan. He is largely responsible for the Fair Employment Practices Act, and for setting up a Civil Rights Commission in a new Michigan constitution.

Unfortunately, though these measures are unique in one of his background, they have not come through strongly enough in recent actions. Although one of Romney's major themes in civil rights, his only current actions have been speeches made on his tour of national ghettos, and during his current New England tour, recommendations to the Michigan Legislature to adopt an open-housing bill later this session.

It is more than possible, however, that his inability to make a truly strong movement in this direction stems from his religion culture.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints follows the Book of Mormon, revealed to the church's founder Joseph Smith in 1830.

One major tenet of Mormonism, following the Book of Abraham, emphasizes that all Negroes bearing the Mark of Cain are accursed. Therefore, all Negroes are barred from the priesthood in a religion that every man can become a priest.

Some Mormons use this exclusion as an excuse to deny Negroes any rights, privileges or opportunities that place him on an equal basis.

This distinction is being broken down. In the South Sea, for instance, some islanders have become members of the priesthood, although anthropologically they belong to the Negro race.

In a church where every deviation from church belief is punished by communication, where church officials have been known to dictate how politically-involved Mormons should vote, Romney is in a precarious position.

(possibly Romney justifies this position with a contradictory quote from the 23rd chapter of 2 Nephi from the Book of Mormon. "The quote to the advice of the Angel Moroni who gave the book to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

"For some of these meanings come of the Lord; for he doeth that which is good among the children of men, and he inviteth them all to come unto him and partake of his goodness; and he denieth none that come unto him, black and white, bond and free, male and female."

Romney's high degree of personal involvement with church and church culture, both of which have provided largely the impetus for his life, may emerge to a greater degree in his current actions than he suspects.

In 1964, propping an "action-packed" legislative session, Romney unveiled his revolutionary tax reform program. Going for a personal income tax, the program was designed to supplement the Michigan budget, then operated chiefly from sales tax revenue with corporation franchise fees and gross business receipts taxes supplemented. Under this system, the Michigan budget rose and fell with the state's economy, which in turn largely rose and fell with the auto industry.

Although continuation of the plan for state income tax was thought to be political poison, the plan was pushed ahead, although defeated in the legislature overwhelmingly by both Democrats and Republicans. In reaction to this, Romney proposed a security budget including a layoff of 2,500 state employees. This, on top of various threats from some civil employes, plus Romney's promise the income tax would put a lid on rising property taxes, ultimately led to the tax being replaced in June 30, this year. It included a flat-rate tax of 2.5 cent per income exceeding $3,000, a business income rate of 5.6 per cent and a gubernatorial peremptory to hold a popular opinion vote on the issue of graduated income city and state income tax.

Romney's constitution now permits only flat-rate income tax.

Romney deals fairly in symbols—more so than many other politicians. The symbols of morality in social conduct and in religious conduct virtually symbolize civil and rights legislation not powerful enough for complete success; and anti-administration comments all are part of Romney's image.

A paradoxical man, Romney may become a symbol perhaps, to some, of the perfect president. Says a Republican, "Romney has everything Wendell Wilkie had—plus experience."

Whether the analogy is accurate remains to be seen.

Photo by Doug Eltinger

Michigan State News, East Lansing, Michigan
In the first place, I make no pretense of being objective. When I was informed by friends that a demonstration was being planned in Hong Kong to coincide with the Oct. 21 demonstration in Washington protesting American foreign policy in Vietnam, I decided to attend as a participant rather than as an observer.

It was actually a mini-demonstration; only ten American students showed up on the lawn of the U.S. consulate in Hong Kong. This was due to poor communications and the fact that the demonstration was planned only a week in advance. Post-demonstration sympathy led us to believe that 20 or so students announced our intention earlier, we might have gathered another 30 or 40 students. The number of American students in Hong Kong is rather small, and Chinese students are prevented from demonstrating because it is illegal. Usually, they do so.

Oct. 21 was a bright, sunny day in Hong Kong. This was refreshing compared to Typhoon Carla which recently pounded the city with wind and rain.

The group of students, mostly from the New Asia College of the Chinese University of Hong Kong, assembled at 1:00 p.m. outside the U.S. consulate. Not everyone was familiar, so introductions and plans and camaraderie developed. We decided what our aims were and we set to work to fulfill them. Two banners had been prepared; one, in English, said “End the War in Vietnam”, the other, in Chinese, said “American Students Opposing the Vietnam War Policy in Vietnam”. We decided to hold the banners in front of the U.S. consulate in full view to the street. We would hold the banners for one hour in a peaceful, silent demonstration of our sympathy with those in the United States who called for similar banners.

At 1:30 our plan got underway. Passersby glanced at the demonstration to see ten American students holding banners on the consulate lawn. Most people who wandered by smiled when they agreed with our viewpoint or found us hilarious. The Chinese people greeted the message-played music on the Chinese radio were hastily drawn and almost illegible.

It did not take long to get a reaction. An armchair view of Chinese police sped to the scene and dismantled, bearing awesome firearms and discriminating voices. They questioned glances at us and wondered in Chinese what we were supposed to do. They finally decided to phase their superiors, and that is what was done.

Within three minutes, two very officious-looking British police officers entered to the scene and surveyed the situation. They were quick to register their dissatisfaction and began making wide communications to their personal acquaintance of the demonstrators. (Comments of the “Why don’t you go back home” variety that police in Lhasa like to invoke. It is depressing to learn that police are the same all over the world.)

We were asked to disband with our signs and the command to turn off our voices, that due to emergency measures adopted because of recent terrorist, political assemblies of more than three people were illegal in Hong Kong. Consequently, we were told to disband within five minutes or face arrest. This ultimatum posed quite a problem because Hong Kong police brutality in cases of political activity was notorious and none of us relished the prospect of being beaten in a Hong Kong jail. I was particularly concerned because I had been taking pictures of the police scowling at us and I knew they eye my camera menac¬ingly.

Reporters from various news agencies had arrived on the scene and badgered us about what we intended to do. There was no question, because even we did not know. We dropped our banners temporarily and held a short meeting. The police were quite threatening, but it was doubtful that they could invoke U.S. property (the consulate lawn) and forcibly drag ten U.S. citizens off to jail. We did whatever Americans do when they are threatened abroad: we sang the chorus of “The Battle Hymn of the Republic.”
The consulate was closed and empty because it was Saturday. A Marine guard on duty told us he was in charge, police explained the situation to him, and asked us if the Hong Kong police could abduct and incarcerate us. He was visibly surprised and confused. He introduced himself to us, listened to our story carefully and grimly. After, we explained that all that had gone before, he frowned, turned, and quickly entered office and shut the door. We stood in the consulate lobby quite content. Several policemen snapped pictures all around us and asked for names, ages and addresses. The same official who had to recently shriveled us shortly emerged from his office all smiles; we were allowed to demonstrate peacefully and silently on the consulate lawn. He escorted us, in the clicking of cameras and the flashing of flashbulbs, down the consulate steps and out to the Hong Kong police. After he had a short chat with the police, the demonstration once again got under way. The policemen who had threatened us before strode up to us and glared. He stood there, a 200-pound terror of British sensibilities, with the note of impeccable British accent:

“Police,” the consulate informed us that you will be allowed to stand on consulate grounds for one hour and have a peaceful demonstration. Very well. You can still eat. You can still sleep. If you are not impressed.”

He then turned on his heel and strode away. We felt quite good about the way events had resolved themselves—indeed, I was quite proud about the manner in which the consulate handled the situation. It would have been easy to say that we had caused a disturbance and to request police protection. Instead, I was allowed to view first-hand what the American right to dissent meant when it was implemented. As one Chinese reporter said to me, “Chinese students would never even think of doing what you have done. I am impressed by your friends and your attitude of freedom. You people really are free.”

This comment was made in reference to theicky and sometimes acrimonious exchanges from the press, police and authorities. The reporter, who was our age, told us our firm but friendly convictions must be evidence of more than political freedom—he talked about inner freedom.

I smiled when he said, “I am impressed . . .”

The demonstration, once underway, was quite orderly and successful (as I later learned, our counterpart in Washington was not). Crowds of people gathered across the street to read our signs and wonder about them. If the people were Chinese, they started to scowl or smiled at us mildly. If the people were British or American, they signaled their approval or disapproval. Traffic slowed down slightly, but not enough to cause a traffic jam. News reporters swarmed everywhere, taking pictures, asking irrelevant questions. Interviewing us, CNN took films which were later shown on Hong Kong television. A reporter from Newswest circulated among the crowd and we were kept busy telling everyone who we were and what we were doing.

The demonstration was significant more for its local than for international reasons. Hong Kong is a police state where diversity of opinion is required under a false facade of “Business as Usual”. Political demonstrations here are usually violent and result in swift and palpable police repression. This situation has escalated over a period of time to the point where police parade everywhere with sub-machine guns (except in the shopping districts where tourists can see them). Hong Kong police have established a standard against which Chinese drivers are stopped, searched and questioned without reason; natural enemies drivers are allowed to pass unimpeded. Teenagers who express “inflammatory” ideas, either verbally or by means of writing, are sent to jail for years (this is repeated daily by the British courts). The British prides in public education for the colony and are hard pressed to build living quarters for Hong Kong’s swelling masses.

The likelihood of discontent, while always at a high level is exacerbated by increased police repression. Our demonstration was a model of serenity and light of recent Hong Kong events. It is believed to be the first anti-war demonstration held by Americans in Hong Kong.

Internationally, the Hong Kong demonstration added a small but fervent voice to the thousands of cries for an end to the war in Vietnam. Although it will effect no major policy changes by itself, it provides an interesting note to the struggle between men and nations to achieve sane, healthy relationships.

(Continued from page 6)

new rock: a live, hard sound

Eric Clapton plays with his heart and his hands.

The strongest part of Cream is the excellence of each individual member. Initially, one thought that Cream was going to carry the show, but both Bruce and Ginger Baker were in harmony and the rhythm section was the heart of Cream. Their shows were never the same, and their music was always fresh. With Cream, Eric Clapton is undoubtedly the finest blues guitarist around today. His melancholy belies his strength, and his gentle manner and harmonica, while popular in the popular hero; he plays his guitar with his teeth and elbows. Eric Clapton plays with his heart and his hands.

As exemplified by Cream, rock is becoming simpler instrumentally speaking. More groups consisting of a single bass, guitar, drums, and occasionally a lead singer are going to be seen. The music itself seems to be moving away from the gradually and becoming a performing art again, with emphasis being placed on the quality of reproduction of any given group can achieve from their recorded sound to their live sound. Rock is becoming harder, with less exotic instrumentations. Competition is becoming more intense and fewer poor groups are able to slip by and record. One short part: remember the Electric Flag is coming.
lost city lost

the lost
—Sharron Marks

rain october

cold wet and bruised
closed upon the promise
of a bright tomorrow
wind swells of icy air
lack the tilled trees
into such submission
and lowers eyes
meat and bone
between the drip
—Sharron Marks

second monday

angry
orange and swollen moon
burning with winter seed
curved
for the need
whitening clear throughout
the metal mesh of neatly fitted
souls sucked
from the pool of sea
refract from parting
—Sharron Marks

love crept in

Sharron Marks is a senior from
Detroit majoring in English. Her
poetry has appeared in the Midwestern
University Quarterly and Zeitgeist. A number of her poems are to be included in "Encounter: An

—Sharron Marks
The Domes: 'clean-cut' new breed

By ROBERTA YAFFE

The flowering subculture has yet another new branch, which defies traditional Establishment pretensions. Call them Domes. Color them clean.

The Domes are one of those lovely inexplicable social phenomena which peeped from the heads of hipsters, flower children etc., etc., according to our overseas bureau. Briefly, it seems, was the first to succumb, where there are fewer of the idiosyncrasy breed than one would suspect. Consequently, as they began to will in San Francisco, the Domes bade them a swift welcome.

In keeping with the Romantic Renaissance, the Domes are perfectly bald, sporting small, pointed and wavy Persimmon cones. They’ve learned to make it without nonsense; one would guess that contact lenses, left over from the days of middle-class, would materialize on sheer irreverence.

In terms of dress, the Domes have evoked the great chaste asceticism that evades any piece; an occasional sports jacket appears on the scene. Sweatshirts, however, are out of luck, and the T-shirt is a backless luxury, as far as Domes go.

For beauty that breaks bounds, soft leaves a Fruit of the Loom tee shirt. They stick with white, another indication of keeping things clean. Blacks and common shoes complete the portrait of the young man as a Dome.

The Domes have kindly uncluttered the luncheon, no cutlery or dishes. "My dear sir," is the catch-call, ending the game from "My dear sir, I disapprove with you entirely," to "That’s a My-Ayres-Sir thing to say to a chap!" Constant usage has no regard for sex or grammar.

Women are generalized by the Domes; every minute is a joke. "Why is she a Dome?" is the question. It generalizes, has carried over to the place of the Madam in Dome life.

For Domes, lines are hard to find. By physical standards, they can be easily mistaken for the Infidels. Blackly, the only difference between the two is the complaint they keep.

Domes are no advocates of drugs; they’re basically against them. They’re also the peaceful sort, heavily swayed by the Indian influence. The most interesting aspect is that no one really knows what they’re going to do; they sort of creep out of the shadows and, before you know it, they’re on the dance floor.

Yes, honey, Domination.

Politically, they’re taking the fences, although it’s a foreboding sign that they might regard Ronald Reagan as rather campy. Considering the political trend, Ed Yonger is to be. A likely prospect for the Dome is that he might appoint himself a member right now. One will recall Ed Yonger’s recent appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show, where he professed his love for a pretty bank,ainting a mistake for the occasion.

Generally, the Dome might reveal a social preoccupation for the matador scenes, and, as above, there really isn’t anything permissable about them. They’re clean-cut, and keep their feed to a minimum. "Would be difficult, indeed, to find parents who wouldn’t want their daughter marrying, or to walk in the same crowd.

For the possibilities are overwhelming; it’s easy to imagine a society in which the middle-class American stops off the tracks and into the car and, back at the house, fixes his wig on the hodgepodge.

It should also put a terror into theystem, too, to set up new barber shops. For after the bullshit fades, it’s certainly more reasonable for a Dome to move his Madam into his place.

The social scene is earthy but not, sort of out of sync. They tend to settle in small cities, where they are readily absorbed and, therefore, Dome operation goes smoothly. Their habits are all-night Daisy Island hot dog stands—one can be sure to find the Major Dome breaking at Nathan’s—where they consume great quantities of hot dogs smothered in chili.

As a typical Dome voices, they mix puff-rice and, as previously noted, although they eschew vartions, saccharine, have something of a fetish for the flattered lesson.

It is here that, if it exists at all, the social problem lies. For Structure, and cannot be a deep of that sort, either, medicinal alcohol, which is heated and combined with a lump of sugar or, strange, orange juice, or any kind of juice, preferably with some rad, seeds, and the like.

This results in vast quantities of Domes seeking employment as hospital orderlies and bee-keepers, who are far better suited. The repercussions, most certainly, are amusing.

The notice of the Domes, however, is com¬parable. For Domination is the very pall for every Dome, coming hand in hand with the creation of Domes with, a resolution to the early Christian mode of communal dwelling.

In understanding the Domes, no corporeal entity, it is a popular trend. Stew in a futuristic soup isn’t terribly out of place. May the Domes ever live.

The Major-Dome’s first hand meal will be a time of Domination, when Miss Yonger will decide if they want to be Dome or, for a change of pace be Dome. Perhaps, in time, they will be assist to crown their self-righteousness. In a manner, which will readily bring to mind to the age of those who see them. They, too, shall adopt distinctive dress, wrapped in bathing-bounded Domes, their faces concealed behind fake Domes.

The Domination (Random House may be consulted) Webster has since some way of the gull will freely exchange. Domination, the complete power to, to enjoy and to dispose of property at will, an important factor which will go down to the Domes. And over-take it all, the Major Dome, Dome the day.

There will sit Domes, appropriately dressed, at their respective clubs, playing Domes and talking, and, by the death of Domes they’ll be in their metal mists, moments reverting to Dome and wooing Drump and boyish with the Dome in mind.

They’re coming, honest. Dome de Dome Dome....

Saturday night at the movies

By JIM YOUSLING

Last weekend, while touring lovely downtown Laxers, I stumbled upon one of those wonderful off-the-beaten-track spots which our capital abounds in the Downtown Art Cinema.

While I had never seen their advertisements in the State News, I took a chance and went. To my surprise, the charming billboards out side had only indicated a sample of the exotic beauty inside. The main feature, "Come Play With Me," staring lovely Clarissa Tesser, turned out to be written, produced and directed by Hal Conlin, who is best known for his experimental film versions of "Psychedelic America" and "Mondo Detroit."

"Come Play" is a simple story of a young woman troubled by normality. One come without taste—certainly a new trend. browsing the "world of tomorrow," she envisions the dime store. The second feature, "The Faced," which expresses his love for her in a more direct manner as she cries in her simple. moments valuing "Ve're awesome. How wonderful you are." At last she is spiritually fulfilled.

The final feature, "The Faced," is "The Faced," and "How to Make It" exemplifies the manager's excellent choice of double-features. Where "Come Play" is built around a passive girl who is "meandering her drumbeat" in life, "The Faced" provides a great contrast study of a girl who has found her drumbeat. Her reaction to life is just direct and immediately to force her drumbeat upon her contemporaries.

Set against the highly symbolic world of Russian, a virtuous model manager (showing the coming—a-going performance of Lily Tomlin), who is told to be "The Face of Ellen," a diverse humanoid being who, in her quest for truth, destroys both man and woman. And, strange, is not a plot in the sense of a plot.

At this point I would like to explain some similarities between these two little-known masterpieces and the works of our better-known art
"Sources for Tomorrow"

(Continued from page 6)

It does not reach out and grab you, instead, it does quite the opposite. The painter might seem to be challenging and demanding work that reveals itself. The color is not bright, but on the contrary, it is pale, almost drab. A sense ofplenitude and discovery; the color is muted, a sense of change in observers observed over a long period. Gaston simply deleted the subject references and dealt with the ambiguous properties of color and painted surface.

Klein's "Black and White No. 2" has more immediate impact. His painting deals primarily with the structural, it is a play of perpendicular elements of black and white contrasted by subtle breaks in direction and variation in thickness, Morris Louis's painting "Water Slot," like Klein's, formoderately simple structure. When we move beyond this to the color we notice unexpected sources from one blended color bar to the next. Why did he skip that green stripe in between the yellow and orange? It's unexpected but it works. The power and the quality of color work or texture found in Gaston and Klein is a phenomenon of highly controlled pouring and staining; that seems to have just happened. Sam Francis' "Black in Motion" is softer, but much of the same appeal is there. Louis is a soft, subtle painting with glaze of blue suspended in the well-controlled space of the canvas. The concentric, rings of color, "Disco Spectrum" presents a static and even simple-minded symmetrical color. The image occurs in the way that color rings intersect, recede and advance, pulsate. It is a quiet experience, but one where a limited and defined problem allows for a great deal of variation.

There are several figurative paintings in the show, but the work of Pearlstein and Baschoff are the most interesting. Philip Pearlstein's "Two Nudes" captures the images of two women against each other. The value changes in the figures, cloth and background are softened by avoiding clear shadow. The light quality emanating from the painting is more fluent than natural, Elmer Bischoff's "Breakers" is a seascape with a matte brush in the foreground amongst large brown rocks. The waves and sky merge in a solid interplay of shape and color, and the overall feel of the painting is heavy, dark, and tepid. I have not covered the paintings in the exhibition that interested me, and have consciously avoided some of the most prominent ones. I hope, however, that I have avoided the reader of this article to become a viewer and maybe in the future, a collector of the new.

Dickey's poetry

(Continued from page 6)

who succumbs to caprice. The artist feels a communion with the basking, mad-dog, blood-sucking all-flesh death-shape of the shark in the west-shores.

There are imperfections in some of Dickey's poems. In "The Shark's Paradise," for example, Dickey gives a/sounding up at the end which is unnecessary to this essentially narrative piece. In "Fox Blood," the poet seems to focus too much on his one image, giving it a meaning he doesn't want. This "trying too hard" is not so much a criticism of Dickey's failure as it is of the poet's failure. A few poets spring full-blown and mature, and Dickey has worked for ten years to achieve the position he has now. His imperfections reflect a striving for perfection.

My usual way of thinking, then, the poet's job is to create that image or set of images which, through the artistic rendering of form, focuses the mind on one of eternity, and instigates its expansion temporally and spatially. As Dickey wrote in "An Illusion":

"To keep me under, but over
My head, a shining sky-and-sight sign
Of that country."

To be in Dickey's country is to live for one totally aware moment in the fantastic world of eternity. You are left breathless.

Downtown art

(Continued from page 10)

Director, first of all, there is the grey matt, This should immediately bring to mind such films as "La Dolce Vita" and "Red Desert." The difference of course is one of complexity, Where Fellini and Antonioni utilize a great many confusing motivations and many more elaborate camera techniques for their orgies, Sarno and Consalvi show their influences in a fashion of much more honest method. They seem to have merely collected a group of unusual friends and had a number of unusual regards, without regard to such triva as screenplays and camera techniques, This, I feel, is a much more cinema worth camera, reminiscent of Warhol's, "The Cabot method," Cinema of the whole, where Gilles and Anger's "Scopio Rite." Also notable are the black lace undergarment used, the perversion motif and the fact that the last letter of a mediocre filmmaker's name is usually (Fellini, Antonioni, Rossellini, Vigo) while Sarno and Consalvi are getting the letter y. Food for thought.

In summary, I would urge anyone truly interested in the cinema as an art form to hurry to Lansing, Coming soon are such modest classics as "Sadie and the Dirty Pair" (from the producer of "The Ten," "Man on Fire" (a sort of underground "Roman Polanski"), "Center Girl," and the great play, "Strange Rampage" and "Strange Compulsion." Needless to say, I recomended these films only to the highly sophisticated.

**Chicago opera house reopens**

By JIM ROOS

If you were asked to name the greatest opera house in the world, it would be the "Scala," or the "Met," perhaps "Vienna" or even "Chicago." But "Chicago," whatever your choice, is likely you'd say "Chicago." Yet Chicago does have a great opera house. It's known simply as "The Auditorium," the west wing. For almost 40 years of silence, the Auditorium's doors were open again.

The Auditorium is housed in a massive ten story structure called the Auditorium Building. Built in 1928, it is a wonderful testament to that stands about two blocks from the lake front in the south side section. It's an almost perfect example of American Romanic architecture; the crowning, achievement of Louis Sullivan's well-known career, period.

For the past 20 years the building has been owned and occupied by Roosevelt University, but the magnificent opera theatre languished behind closed doors in a dilapidated state. In 1986, however, Roosevelt University took the historic conorganizad a council to raise funds for the theatre's restoration. Thus, last week's re-opening marks the theatre's "rightful" right sign, the performing arts.

Walking into the Auditorium is like taking a trip back to the dailily 18th century of turn-of-the-century Chicago. The clip-clop of victoria's feet originations from floors of marble and intricately fashioned columns. The house industries like the broad staircase which leads from the main lobby to the grand foyer. The whole interior is painted gold and brown, with occasional accents of goes and fine woods.

The house itself represents the brilliant collaboration of architecture of Sullivan and Dankmar Adler. It has a seating capacity of about 4,000, is well lighted, and has floor outwall and upper from the stage.

The house, only forty, is opened and occupied in full flower at the side of the concert halls. Portland, Oregon, and Adler wanted the Auditorium to capture the new, the "future and not the correct past."

Whenever Peck's hopes, the Auditorium did come to represent the finest in concert and opera performances. Mervyn Gordon, Gellini, Paderewski, Chaliapin, Caruso, Bernhardt, McCormack, Ponselle and other greats too numerous to mention, performed on its stage and reached in its fabulous acoustical qualities.

It was idle on the Auditorium stage that President Franklin Roosevelt and Vice-President New P. Morton were nominated for their offices, when Franklin D. Roosevelt and Vice-President New York in the famous Bull Moose convention.

Thus, the Auditorium echoes the sounds and events of American history. This is, one reason why it has been nominated for designation as a national cultural monument by the U.S. National Park Service, and why a model of the hall is exhibited at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington D.C.

For today's movie lovers and performers, however, the Auditorium is valued primarily for its superb acoustical qualities, rather than for its acoustical qualities. It is one of the few concert halls in the world that delivers an almost echo-free sound; a sound that in one clear and perfect, perfect in balance and in total warmth. It is the sound of a deep, a deep, almost in life form of every instrument of an orchestra to be heard in true perspective, while maintaining over-all resonance.

Great performers and personalities such as tisser Jim de Rekke and architect Frank Lloyd Wright have helped the Auditorium's incomplicable acoustics. Now that it has once been added to the ranks of the world's "great stages," listeners may judge for themselves.

**Collage**

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