Scene from the PAC’s production of “Animal Farm.” See cover notes, page 7.
RCR, poetry reading: living art

By JEFF JUSTIN

The rise of culture at MSU is witnessed by many ventures as a coffee house, publicized mainly by word of mouth, and packed for three hours by students and faculty as artist and audience. This was the experience at The Pit restaurant Wednesday, Feb. 7, the scene of what might become a regularly held event of art.

The scheduled beginning was 8:30 and by 9:20 a full house started the evening with folk songs by two guitarists from the Folklore Society. Quiet music. The crowd settled itself.

The word-of-mouth publicity had brought students who were primarily friends of the performers or artists themselves. They would be characterized as left-wing, but it's usually a mistake to characterize people. At coffee houses in the past on campus, the more buttoned-down students provided as enthusiastic an audience.

Roy Bryan, who along with Stan Geyer deserves the credit for organizing, introduced me, and I read my own verse. That kind of communication gives a good feeling. The amplifier readied out the sound with difficulty into the corners of the room, and I had to speak loudly. Whatever merit those verses have, they are the medium of poetry which doesn't waste words. It slips the superficial word out of its spangled majesty. An age of small-talk it is good to speak poems.

Robert VanderMolen, the student poet whose book "Blood Ink" remains eminently worth buying, read next. His poems have a quiet tone and wide range throughout all his life. His technique is striking: assemble diverse things and experiences, ask the reader to connect them and explore the significance of the relation himself.

His last poem talked about going camping after he had been sick. The poem is trying to tell the bearer about human limits:
The highest I could walk
Always faced me
With the feathery backside
Of the following hill
But I can't tell you the kind of knowing the poem transmits. You have to read it yourself, and you ought to.

There was an intermission. People who had been coming in during the reading were standing in the aisles in order not to interrupt it. Recognized friends and made their way to the few seats that were left. Afflicted by the living voice of the poems, much talk centered around the volume, published by students, conquers the commercial, brutai attitude toward life. To destroy his relation himself. •

There was an intermission. People who had been coming in during the reading were standing in the aisles in order not to interrupt it. Recognized friends and made their way to the few seats that were left. Afflicted by the living voice of the poems, much talk centered around the volume, published by students, conquers the commercial, brutai attitude toward life. To destroy his relation himself. •

There was an intermission. People who had been coming in during the reading were standing in the aisles in order not to interrupt it. Recognized friends and made their way to the few seats that were left. Afflicted by the living voice of the poems, much talk centered around the volume, published by students, conquers the commercial, brutai attitude toward life. To destroy his relation himself. •

The poems use an exceptionally wide range of the volume. Yet the poetry too is great. It is avant-garde, building something new on traditional foundations. The voice of the future is heard here.

Robert VanderMolen forms part of the "Red Cedar Review" as well as the coffee house at The Pit. Reading his poem, you can hear his flat voice behind it, which lets the compressed force of the words do all the communicating. His verse skillfully weaves confusion between memory and reality, giving the qualities of both to each.

In the morning I slept late
She working
Fixed coffee and sat on the half sun terrace
This was a memory
And the grass I can smell
Before the sun baked it flat
You don't know if the first part or the last is the memory. The simultaneous different meanings established a powerful atmosphere.

Peter Florio's "Faces and Places," dedicated, "For Malcolm X," uses vivid imagery to portray a strange man in his striking world: the time of white fathers and mothers
But you were black, man,
carved fudge really.
LIKE THE WISDOM AT HEBRD'S COURT
The poems use an exceptionally wide range of the volume. Yet the poetry too is great. It is avant-garde, building something new on traditional foundations. The voice of the future is heard here.

Robert VanderMolen forms part of the "Red Cedar Review" as well as the coffee house at The Pit. Reading his poem, you can hear his flat voice behind it, which lets the compressed force of the words do all the communicating. His verse skillfully weaves confusion between memory and reality, giving the qualities of both to each.

In the morning I slept late
She working
Fixed coffee and sat on the half sun terrace
This was a memory
And the grass I can smell
Before the sun baked it flat
You don't know if the first part or the last is the memory. The simultaneous different meanings established a powerful atmosphere.

Peter Florio's "Faces and Places," dedicated, "For Malcolm X," uses vivid imagery to portray a strange man in his striking world: the time of white fathers and mothers
But you were black, man,
carved fudge really.

Like the wisdom at Herod's court.
The poems use an exceptionally wide range of the volume. Yet the poetry too is great. It is avant-garde, building something new on traditional foundations. The voice of the future is heard here.

Robert VanderMolen forms part of the "Red Cedar Review" as well as the coffee house at The Pit. Reading his poem, you can hear his flat voice behind it, which lets the compressed force of the words do all the communicating. His verse skillfully weaves confusion between memory and reality, giving the qualities of both to each.

In the morning I slept late
She working
Fixed coffee and sat on the half sun terrace
This was a memory
And the grass I can smell
Before the sun baked it flat
You don't know if the first part or the last is the memory. The simultaneous different meanings established a powerful atmosphere.

Peter Florio's "Faces and Places," dedicated, "For Malcolm X," uses vivid imagery to portray a strange man in his striking world: the time of white fathers and mothers
But you were black, man,
carved fudge really.

Like the wisdom at Herod's court.
The poems use an exceptionally wide range of the volume. Yet the poetry too is great. It is avant-garde, building something new on traditional foundations. The voice of the future is heard here.

Robert VanderMolen forms part of the "Red Cedar Review" as well as the coffee house at The Pit. Reading his poem, you can hear his flat voice behind it, which lets the compressed force of the words do all the communicating. His verse skillfully weaves confusion between memory and reality, giving the qualities of both to each.

In the morning I slept late
She working
Fixed coffee and sat on the half sun terrace
This was a memory
And the grass I can smell
Before the sun baked it flat
You don't know if the first part or the last is the memory. The simultaneous different meanings established a powerful atmosphere.

Peter Florio's "Faces and Places," dedicated, "For Malcolm X," uses vivid imagery to portray a strange man in his striking world: the time of white fathers and mothers
But you were black, man,
carved fudge really.

Like the wisdom at Herod's court.
The poems use an exceptionally wide range of the volume. Yet the poetry too is great. It is avant-garde, building something new on traditional foundations. The voice of the future is heard here.

Robert VanderMolen forms part of the "Red Cedar Review" as well as the coffee house at The Pit. Reading his poem, you can hear his flat voice behind it, which lets the compressed force of the words do all the communicating. His verse skillfully weaves confusion between memory and reality, giving the qualities of both to each.

In the morning I slept late
She working
Fixed coffee and sat on the half sun terrace
This was a memory
And the grass I can smell
Before the sun baked it flat
You don't know if the first part or the last is the memory. The simultaneous different meanings established a powerful atmosphere.

Peter Florio's "Faces and Places," dedicated, "For Malcolm X," uses vivid imagery to portray a strange man in his striking world: the time of white fathers and mothers
But you were black, man,
carved fudge really.

Like the wisdom at Herod's court.
The poems use an exceptionally wide range of the volume. Yet the poetry too is great. It is avant-garde, building something new on traditional foundations. The voice of the future is heard here.

Robert VanderMolen forms part of the "Red Cedar Review" as well as the coffee house at The Pit. Reading his poem, you can hear his flat voice behind it, which lets the compressed force of the words do all the communicating. His verse skillfully weaves confusion between memory and reality, giving the qualities of both to each.

In the morning I slept late
She working
Fixed coffee and sat on the half sun terrace
This was a memory
And the grass I can smell
Before the sun baked it flat
You don't know if the first part or the last is the memory. The simultaneous different meanings established a powerful atmosphere.

Peter Florio's "Faces and Places," dedicated, "For Malcolm X," uses vivid imagery to portray a strange man in his striking world: the time of white fathers and mothers
But you were black, man,
carved fudge really.

Like the wisdom at Herod's court.
The poems use an exceptionally wide range of the volume. Yet the poetry too is great. It is avant-garde, building something new on traditional foundations. The voice of the future is heard here.

Robert VanderMolen forms part of the "Red Cedar Review" as well as the coffee house at The Pit. Reading his poem, you can hear his flat voice behind it, which lets the compressed force of the words do all the communicating. His verse skillfully weaves confusion between memory and reality, giving the qualities of both to each.

In the morning I slept late
She working
Fixed coffee and sat on the half sun terrace
This was a memory
And the grass I can smell
Before the sun baked it flat
You don't know if the first part or the last is the memory. The simultaneous different meanings established a powerful atmosphere.

Peter Florio's "Faces and Places," dedicated, "For Malcolm X," uses vivid imagery to portray a strange man in his striking world: the time of white fathers and mothers
But you were black, man,
carved fudge really.

Like the wisdom at Herod's court.
The poems use an exceptionally wide range of the volume. Yet the poetry too is great. It is avant-garde, building something new on traditional foundations. The voice of the future is heard here.

Robert VanderMolen forms part of the "Red Cedar Review" as well as the coffee house at The Pit. Reading his poem, you can hear his flat voice behind it, which lets the compressed force of the words do all the communicating. His verse skillfully weaves confusion between memory and reality, giving the qualities of both to each.

In the morning I slept late
She working
Fixed coffee and sat on the half sun terrace
This was a memory
And the grass I can smell
Before the sun baked it flat
You don't know if the first part or the last is the memory. The simultaneous different meanings established a powerful atmosphere.

Peter Florio's "Faces and Places," dedicated, "For Malcolm X," uses vivid imagery to portray a strange man in his striking world: the time of white fathers and mothers
But you were black, man,
carved fudge really.

Like the wisdom at Herod's court.
The poems use an exceptionally wide range of the volume. Yet the poetry too is great. It is avant-garde, building something new on traditional foundations. The voice of the future is heard here.

Robert VanderMolen forms part of the "Red Cedar Review" as well as the coffee house at The Pit. Reading his poem, you can hear his flat voice behind it, which lets the compressed force of the words do all the communicating. His verse skillfully weaves confusion between memory and reality, giving the qualities of both to each.

In the morning I slept late
She working
Fixed coffee and sat on the half sun terrace
This was a memory
And the grass I can smell
Before the sun baked it flat
You don't know if the first part or the last is the memory. The simultaneous different meanings established a powerful atmosphere.

Peter Florio's "Faces and Places," dedicated, "For Malcolm X," uses vivid imagery to portray a strange man in his striking world: the time of white fathers and mothers
But you were black, man,
carved fudge really.

Like the wisdom at Herod's court.
The poems use an exceptionally wide range of the volume. Yet the poetry too is great. It is avant-garde, building something new on traditional foundations. The voice of the future is heard here.

Robert VanderMolen forms part of the "Red Cedar Review" as well as the coffee house at The Pit. Reading his poem, you can hear his flat voice behind it, which lets the compressed force of the words do all the communicating. His verse skillfully weaves confusion between memory and reality, giving the qualities of both to each.
Hopscotch is total involvement

**By DAVID GILBERT**

Hopscotch by Julio Cortazar
Signet, December 1967, $1.95
Available at Paramount News

In a review a few weeks ago, I discussed the concept of environmental theater and its attempt to force the viewer by aggressive confrontation to respond to life with his whole being. More recently, Stuart Elsworth reviewed the P.A.C. production of *panies From* because the viewer could really become involved in the play since he could hate the bad guys or “leaves.” *Hopscotch* fits within this same context both stylistically and dramatically.

The techniques that Cortazar uses in his novel are varied, excellent and quietly daring. For the first 56 chapters, which constitute the “first book,” there is a grand mixture of first and third person styles, stream-of-consciousness, minute Joycean description, Pirandello-esque philosophizing and even a treatment of loving remembrance of Leonard Cohen’s *Beauti­ful Losers*. Cortazar seems remarkably fresh in that he knows he has something to say, can say it well, and draws upon many sources without imitating anyone.

The second book is: fantastic. You begin with chapter 71, then retreat to chapters one and two, then advance to chapter 106, as directed in a small notation at the end of each chapter. Cortazar has marked these as “Ex­pendable Chapters,” but they are not: they embody the meaning of the book. The “hop­scotching” device produces what may be the cleverest physical involvement of reader with literature since the introduction of pictures in books. The reader must jump about the book in a somewhat ridiculous fashion, but two pur­poses are served:

First, and similar to the technique used at the beginning of Bergman’s film *Persona*, the artificiality of the medium is presented, and thus the reality of what is presented seems much more real. Second, the reader is forced to take a more active role in the predominantly passive art of reading: it is not enough to turn pages in sequence, but the reader must jump about like a child on chalked squares, stooping to pick up a pebble or colored glass bit of life, according to nonsensical rules which nevertheless command his complete attention.

Cortazar’s technique is more than stylistically exciting: it has a strong dramatic effect. There is no getting out of *Hopscotch*. You are involved in it psychically as well as physically.

The writing is so beautifully smooth that you flow into and out of people and events, you are the river of Heraclitus into which the charac­ters and situations cannot step twice. This transformation amounts to the reader becom­ing the novelist and the novel reacting to the reader. It is a strange and almost terrifying feeling.

For example: in one incident, at the flat of the modern Bohemian hero, Oliveira, a group of Oliveira’s friends are holding involved dis­cussions about suicide, the philosophies of Heidegger and Madras, and the respective realities of words and pictures. Interminably with these are demands for quiet (a sick baby is asleep) and for hot coffee. Then Oliveira’s mistress prepares her baby’s medicine, only to find the child dead. While everyone busies around getting Cologne for the fainted mistress and refreezing themselves bitterly for their discussions, which were irrelevant in the face of the infant’s death, the reader is left with the feeling that he is there in the apartment, sitting with soaked shoes on a hard floor, wish­ing he were elsewhere. The reader is, in fact, Oliveira, bored and yet filled with an unspeak­able and distant sadness.

Oliveira told himself that it would not be so difficult to go over to the bed, squat down beside it and say a few words in La Maga’s ear. “But I would be doing it for myself,” he thought. “She’s beyond anything, I’m the one who would sleep better afterward.” He put his coat on slowly, looking at all around him, Oliveira, bored and yet filled with an unspeakable and distant sadness.

Again, the reader realizes that his own life is made of searching for the answer to Archimedes’s question: Why do the young die? Why does anybody die? It is as though the novel is searching through involvement with its read­ers for the answers.

Oliveira finds no answer in life or death, books or discussions, love or hate. He is ob­­sessed by the fear that comes from watching himself from a distance, as though a stranger is moving and breathing in your body, a perfect double of you, a disembodied Doppelganger. Near the very end of the novel, Oliveira’s friend Traveler tells Oliveira that he himself is the Doppelganger:

“I’m alive,” Traveler said looking into his eyes. “Being alive always seems to be the price of something. And you don’t want to pay anything. You never wanted to.”

Oliveira has retired to another world: he can­not sense his own movements, he doesn’t feel himself. He is the shadow called Oliveira.

No one, of course, lives long this way. Oliv­eira must die or go mad. He finally enters the dying life of insanity from which he can never come out. As if to emphasize this closed circle, the book does not end. The last chapter, 58, directs you back to the preceding chapter, 131, which in turn directs you in chapter 59, to 121, and on forever. There is no end, but only a shifting back and forth between the two chapters, which the reader must follow until he knows why there are no answers, why we must for­ever wait for Godot, why the death of a baby in a Bohemian flat is only an incident in a reported conversation. We are changed by the cruel as well as by the profound.

There are many more facets to *Hopscotch*: the motifs of initiation, the metaphor of *Hopscotch*, the meanings of the names of the characters (La Maga—the Magus, the Magi, etc.) and much more. Everyone should attempt to get through *Hopscotch* as there is much to get out of it. I’m still somewhere between those last alternating chapters, trying to feel that either life or death is an answer.
The military triumph ...

By LAWRENCE BATTISTINI

Copyright, 1948.

French troops were originally concentrated in Cochinchina, and for some time they were in no position to attempt the military dislodgment of the Vietminh from the key cities and towns of Annam and Tonkin. For a while their military position was inferior, the French authorities in Vietnam were willing to make paper concessions to the Vietminh, provided all of Indochina remained in the French political and economic system. At the same time, Ho Chi Minh and other Vietminh leaders were willing and even eager to negotiate to avoid war, provided the independence of the Vietnamese people was fully recognized and established.

As a result of negotiations which did follow, an agreement was signed at Hanoi on March 6, 1946, by Ho Chi Minh with Jean Stainteny representing France. This agreement recognized "the Republic of Viet-Nam as a free state with its own government, parliament, army and finances as a part of the Indochinese Federation of the French Union." The Vietnamese Government (GVN) also agreed to receive amicably the French forces which would enter the northern zone to relieve the Chinese occupation troops. It was recognized, however, that the agreement was only a first step and that immediate discussions would be resumed in France at a higher level concerning "Vietnam's diplomatic relations with foreign powers, the future status of Indochina, and French cultural and economic interests in Vietnam."

An annex to this agreement provided for the withdrawal of all French forces from Vietnam within five years.

While Frenchmen in Paris no doubt believed that the potentially explosive situation in Vietnam was on the way to solution at Hanoi, the Vietminh, they probably would have been content to remain associated with France within the so-called French Union provided Vietnam was given a truly independent status. They were, after all, not anti-French but anti-colonial, and most of them had great admiration for much of the civilization and thought of France.

However, "Paris was not the colonial mind and heart of French Indochina."

The Fontainebleau agreement was to be the starting point for the settlement of the vital, unresolved issues.

The Fontainebleau agreement was to be Ho Chi Minh's last negotiation with the French until theGeneva conference of 1954. Urged on by the rubber and rice syndicates and their native collaborators who were deeply concerned about their interests and privileges, as well as by the frightened colonists, the French authorities in Vietnam paid no more attention to the letter or spirit of the Fontainebleau agreement than they had to those of the Hanoi agreement. In November 1946, French forces suddenly reentered Haiphong, killing thousands of civilians, and shortly afterward the first pitched battles between the French and the Vietminh took place in Hanoi, which resulted in a quick and decisive French victory. However, neither the will nor the spirit of the Vietminh was broken. They withdrew their forces into the rural areas and prepared for a people's war to the death under the generalship of the brilliant Vo Nguyen Giap. Hostilities then spread throughout Tonkin and northern Annam, while in Cochinchina, and elsewhere, Vietminh, who had never laid down their arms, stepped up their activities. Thus the war that Ho Chi Minh hoped could be avoided flared up all over Vietnam.

The evidence is certainly clear that the French authorities in Indochina had never really shown any good faith toward the agreements concluded with the Vietminh. The evidence is equally clear that their real aim was somehow to regain actual control of all Indochina. After their initial military successes, however, the French army began to run into serious trouble, for they were unable to rally to their side any substantial number of really respected persons or elements of the native population.

Meanwhile, in elections held the preceding January for the National Assembly of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, the Vietminh coalition had won 230 of the 300 seats, and on November 8, a democratic constitution had been promulgated, based on the principle that "All power in the country belongs to the people of Vietnam without distinction of race, class, creed, wealth or sex."

On Jun 6, 1947, the Vietnamese government issued a declaration which was basically an appeal to the conscience of the world. The declaration maintained world opinion that although the Vietnamese government in signing the Hanoi agreement of March 6, 1946, had offered France cooperation and the open door, the French representation in Indochina had sabotaged this agreement in the hope of restoring their colonial prerogatives. "The era of real conquest of colonialism is over," proclaimed the declaration. "Viet Nam is firmly resolved to become a free state to the very end in her struggle for her most sacred rights, namely, the territorial integrity of her country and her political independence."

Five weeks later, on Feb. 12, 1947, the French government headed by Paul Ramadier announced in Paris that as far as France was concerned, "the March 6, 1946, agreement does not exist." France hence committed herself to seeking her own solution on the battlefield. The French did not have the hands to continue having substantial forces in Indochina heavily armed with modern equipment, were confident that they could easily crush the poorly armed and under-nourished Vietnamese guerrillas and triumph. However, they completely failed to take into account the determination with which the Vietminh were well led and well organized, cannot always be easily subdued by superior weapons and machinery. Unable to match the military strength of the French, the Vietminh resorted to guerrilla warfare and the strategy of protracted resistance in the mountains, jungles and rice paddies of the country. They felt certain that ultimate survival of the justice of their national cause and the support that would come from the vast majority of the people in making manpower, food, logistical support, and intelligence available.

With the war going badly against them, the French dug up their former puppet emperor of Annam, Bao Dai, and installed him in April 1949 as the head of the so-called State of Vietnam. Through this maneuver the French hoped to disguise their imperialist objectives and to arouse...
some measure of native support. It was this same Bao Dai, incidentally, who had formally transferred all his sovereign powers to the Democratic Republic of Viet-

nam back in August 1945.

As American war equipment began ar-
viving in Indochina and as the war dragged on and French ex-
gpenditures and casualties mounted with-
out any victory in sight, notwithstanding the
courage and unshakeable confidence of the
military, a great debate took place in France.

As the war dragged on and French ex-
penditures and casualties mounted without
any victory in sight, notwithstanding the
courage and unshakeable confidence of the
military, a great debate took place in France.

As the war dragged on and French ex-
penditures and casualties mounted without
any victory in sight, notwithstanding the
courage and unshakeable confidence of the
military, a great debate took place in France.

As the war dragged on and French ex-
penditures and casualties mounted without
any victory in sight, notwithstanding the
courage and unshakeable confidence of the
military, a great debate took place in France.
Hippies hit the comic strips

By BOB ZESCHIN

Cartoons and comic strips traditionally act as mirrors of the times and surroundings in which they appear. But lately, they seem to have lost their perspective—at least as far as subject matter is concerned.

The subject matter is hippies. Apparently operating on the principle that smalltown, Middletown, and Gasoline Alley all have flourishing Haight-Ashbury's of their own, nearly a dozen strips in the last six months have introduced hippies into their story lines—the result being a proliferation of "hips in the strips."

For example, Gil Thorp, the football coach hero of a strip so corney it's usually relegated to second-rate status, suddenly seized on them. First is that they're caricaturable qualities—their clothes, their attitudes, their habits, all of which are anathema to the middle-class stereotype that most strips are dedicated to. Kids are always wholesome and cuddly, then they grow up and go off to college where they hang posters in their rooms. But they always return to their hometowns, where they marry childhood sweethearts and settle down in a little white house in the suburbs.

Hippies have rejected all this. And since cartoons deal wholly in stereotypes, they deal with the stereotype of the hippie—unwashed, unkempt and drenched in drugs.

Drugs are, of course, the sphere of hippie life which with the cartoonists are most preoccupied. To the artists, drugs are to hippies as water is to fish. Strip hippies spend most of their waking hours taking trips on doses of LSD powerful enough to stone a herd of elephants.

The second method, the far more common one, is for hippies to materialize out of the dirt and wreak havoc among regular strip characters. For example, Gil Thorp, the football coach hero of a strip so corney it's usually relegated to the sports or want ads, nearly swallowed his whistle when his star player (and the mayor's son, to boot) hung up his shoulder pads and joined a gang of hippies led by a super-reprehensible named Rud.

Dress designer Winnie Winkle had a similar traumatic experience when, hard on the heels of discovering that her son hang out with a gang of dope-pushers (only to find out that Billy was working hand in hand with the police to expose them), she learns that her daughter is dating a hard-core hippy.

LSD and comic strips are in name) more than ten years ago hasn't mention them since—referring of course to "Peanuts"—and the patron saint of all flower children..."Pig Pen."

The best example, however, is in a strip sermon out of the Chicago Tribune Syndicate called "Teen-Wise," whose current saga is that of young Eddie ("My parents don't understand me"), who checks it all in favor of joining a hippie enclave led by "Dave" and his perpetually glasses-eyed girlfriend "Petah." At the last installment, after begging for money, Petah announces to Eddie: "We're in luck! We've got enough to buy some acid!" After an ominous pause, Eddie returns with a line that will live with "Asquith" and "Gloriesky!" as a comic classic: "You mean...LSD?"

Eddie is really fast on the draw. It's easy to explain why this sudden explosion of hippies and why cartoonists have suddenly seized on them. First is that they're in the news. Second is because they have so many caricaturable qualities—their clothes, their attitudes, their habits, all of which are anathema to the middle-class stereotype that most strips are dedicated to. Kids are always wholesome and cuddly, then they grow up and go off to college where they hang posters in their rooms. But they always return to their hometowns, where they marry childhood sweethearts and settle down in a little white house in the suburbs.

Hippies have rejected all this. And since cartoons deal wholly in stereotypes, they deal with the stereotype of the hippie—unwashed, unkempt and drenched in drugs.

Where will it end? The hippie movement is dying everywhere except in comic strips and as soon as the fad runs its course, cartoonists will have to find someone else to caricature.

One final note: Surprisingly, the strip that introduced the first hippie (in appearance if not in name) ten years ago hasn't mentioned them since—referring of course to "Peanuts" and the patron saint of all flower children..."Pig Pen."

...WE WEAR THESE NEON CLOTHES AND MAKE A LOT OF NOISE...BUT HERE'S THE FUNNY PART...WE ACTUALLY COME OUT GREAT AT FIRST...AND WE DON'T LIKE ANYONE TO SEE OUR EYES.
COMMENTARY

Bipartisanship--Vietnam

By WILLIAM B. HIXSON, JR.

As he looks toward the November election, the discerning voter is confronted by the issue of the war in Vietnam. He may accept the cherry predictions radiating from Washington--and accepted by much of the media, such as Senator Valley, Senator Cooper, Governor Reagan, and Mr. Goldwater--that we are actually "winning" the war. But a war with a "long-range result" of these "isolationists" for the removal of American occupation forces from Latin America that permitted the "Good Neighbor Policy" to succeed. In 1940 the entry of Theodore Roosevelt's old associates, Simon and Knox, into the Cabinet marked the ascendancy of the "interventionists." They were among the most persistent voices heard, warning of the menace of Hitler; hence, their constant references. 30 years later, President Nixon, to whom the President addressed himself, was permanently foresworn in 1961, when to combine our policy toward the world as we are to see exactly why we are in the war, and how we got there, and in the ensuing analysis we should spare neither the politicians nor the voters whom they represent. As Lincoln observed over a century ago, "We must disenfranchise ourselves--and then we shall save our country."
**Calendar of Events: Feb. 15-29**

**THURSDAY, FEB. 15**
- Early Enrollment Begins
  - The Velcas Inc. (8:00, Aud.)
- "Longest Day" (7 & 9, Brody)
- "Animal Farm" (PAC, Brandy Arena)
  - "Ivy Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bron Theatre; call 332-2221 for ticket information)
- Senior Recital, Paula Wright, Clarinet (3:10, Music Aud.)

**FRIDAY, FEB. 16**
- Union Board Week (through Feb. 24)
  - Gonzo Teresa, Guitarist (8:15, Erickson Kivl)
  - Record Concert (7:00, 114 Bessey)

**SATURDAY, FEB. 17**
- Greta Garbo in "Grand Hotel" & "Kinotheka" (7 & 9 respectively, 110 Anthony)
- "Longest Day" (7 & 9 Anthony)
- "Inザ pool on "Peru" (8:00, Aud.)

**MONDAY, FEB. 19**
- Richard Wood Quintet (4:00, Music Aud.)
- "From Chaos Into Order" (2:30 & 4, Abrams)
- Marcel Marceau, Pantomime (8:15, Aud.)

**TUESDAY, FEB. 20**
- "Animal Farm" (PAC, McDonal Kivl)
  - International Dinner Forester Shindig
  - Grand Ole Opry (8:00, Lansing Civic Center)
- "Ivy Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bron Theatre)
- "From Chaos Into Order" (8:00, Abrams)

**THURSDAY, FEB. 22**
- Washington's Birthday
  - "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, Brody)
- "The Abduction from Seraglio" (PAC/Music Dept., 8:15, Music Aud.)

**FRIDAY, FEB. 23**
- "The Fantastics" presented by The Hall (McDonal Kivl)
- "From Chaos Into Order" (2:30 & 4, Abrams)
- "Ivy Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bron Theatre)
- "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, Wilson)

**WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28**
- "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
- "The Would-Be Gentleman" (PAC, Fairchild)
- "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, Conard)

**MONDAY, FEB. 26**
- "The Abduction from Seraglio" (PAC/Music Dept., 8:15, Music Aud.)
- "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
- "Ivy Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bron Theatre)

**WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28**
- "The Would-Be Gentleman" (PAC, Fairchild)
  - "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, Conard)
- "The Abduction from Seraglio" (PAC/Music Dept., 8:15, Music Aud.)

**TUESDAY, FEB. 27**
- "The Fantastics" presented by The Hall (McDonal Kivl)
- "The Abduction from Seraglio" (PAC/Music Dept., 8:15, Music Aud.)

**SUNDAY, FEB. 25**
- "The Marx Brothers in "Coconuts" and The Cinema of Love (7 & 9, respectively, Union Ballroom)
- "The Fantastics" (McDonal Kivl)
- "The Abduction from Seraglio" (PAC/Music Dept., 8:15, Music Aud.)

**THURSDAY, JUN. 29**
- "The Abduction from Seraglio" (PAC/Music Dept., 8:15, Music Aud.)
- "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
- "Ivy Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bron Theatre)

**SUNDAY, FEB. 25**
- "The Abduction from Seraglio" (PAC/Music Dept., 8:15, Music Aud.)
- "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
- "Ivy Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bron Theatre)

**WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28**
- "The Fantastics" presented by The Hall (McDonal Kivl)
- "The Abduction from Seraglio" (PAC/Music Dept., 8:15, Music Aud.)
- "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
- "Ivy Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bron Theatre)

**THURSDAY, FEB. 29**
- "The Abduction from Seraglio" (PAC/Music Dept., 8:15, Music Aud.)
- "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
- "Ivy Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bron Theatre)
- "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
- "Ivy Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bron Theatre)

**WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28**
- "The Fantastics" presented by The Hall (McDonal Kivl)
- "The Abduction from Seraglio" (PAC/Music Dept., 8:15, Music Aud.)
- "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
- "Ivy Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bron Theatre)
- "Naked Prey" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
- "Ivy Tower" (8:30, Okemos Bron Theatre)
Stones evolve a new idiom

By JEFF WEIDNER

Some years ago F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote that men have dreams which they fasten on to things in an effort to concretize those dreams. When rhythm and bluesman Chuck Berry came out with his "Rolling Stone Blues" in the early 1950's, three young men in Richmond, England, fastened their dream of a vital rock-blues idol to the title of Waters' songs and so was born. The Stones were born.

Two months ago, the Stones released an L.P. entitled "Their Satanic Majesties Request" which has since engendered much discussion. Many think that the Stones have removed themselves too far and too abruptly from their blues roots, and that their most recent material is neither genuine nor desirable. Others feel that they are only an intermittent is of the Beattles, and that "Their Satanic Majesties Request" reflects this imitation. Perhaps most significant, the unease felt by the Stones in trying to find an idiom which is both relevant for today and which is not foreign to them.

Certainly the Stones began as bluesmen. This is in itself is significant, since they have revitalized interest in the old Chicago bluesmen whose music had been passed over in this country. The early Stones' music covered Chuck Berry, Lather and Willie Dixon, Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters. Through rock dynamism, the Stones put this music on the charts, and in so doing began to educate a public which had been subsisting largely on a diet of teen music. Even at this time, through, lead singer Mick Jagger admitted that the Stones were only Englishmen passing over blues music. After their early successes with "Not Fade Away," "Heart Of Stone" and "Time Is On My Side," the Stones produced the more commercial and rockish "The Last Time" and "Satisfaction" from their album, "England Swings." While the Stones may be far removed from their blues origins, the change has certainly not been abrupt. Each of their L.P's preceding "Request" has been blues-influenced, though decreasingly so. "Out Of Our Heads" and "December's Children" began to reveal the change with such lyrical cuts as "Play With Fire" and "As Tears Go By," the latter complete with string accompaniment. The evolution was marked by increasing complexity and instrumentation in their music. For example, "Aftermath," although strongly blues-influenced, contained such songs as "Paint In Black" and the beautiful "Lady Jane" and utilized such instruments as sitar, dulcimer, harpsichord, bells and marimbas. "Between The Buttons" and "Flowers" followed "Aftermath." The former was a logical extension of "Aftermath," while "Flowers" was marked by the inclusion of several songs which had already been recorded. This was necessitated by the doped-outness of Jagger and Keith Richards, who were unable to complete recording for the album.

"Their Satanic Majesties Request" is not concerned with the materials of the blues in the same tradition as the pub blues were. Hard blues concerns itself with human experience; the album is definitely realistic. "Request" is deeply mystical and idealistic from its three-dimensional cover to the last chord. However, the Stones do not seem to have closed their eyes of the narrow hand of human experience; the album does comment on the everyday. This is perhaps ironic in the songs present picture, the album picture until in "On With The Show," the listener is dropped from vast space into a crowded cabaret. It is a paradox. The Stones seem to be inviting a comparison of the cabaret to the pictures, while the pub is itself a place of escape from the workaday world.

The album opens with an anthem, "Sing This All Together," in which Jagger asks the listener to close his eyes and let the pictures come. The lyrics are poetic and the instrumentation is strongly oriental, reflecting Jagger's association with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Oriental instrumentation not withstanding, it is mysticism and deep concern which are at the heart of the parable which most colors the album. The title of the cut is "The Lantern," which asks for a sign, a lantern that can be followed. Acoustic guitar and piano provide sadly melancholic chords, and the voices of the singers come far away at the beginning of the verse, slowly growing in volume to the end of the song. If poetry can be concerned a musical picture, this is an idea.

(continued on page 10)

Shaw had career as music critic

By JIM ROOS

While perusing the hallowed shelves of the M.I.T. library recently I stumbled across a volume entitled London Music: 1888-99. Curiosity being the strange force it is, I decided to examine the book and discovered that it is part of an edition of musical criticism penned by that venerable cad, George Bernard Shaw.

Although Shaw's talents as a playwright, novelist, political philosopher and general social critic has long been acknowledged, his career as a music critic has had considerably less claim on public attention. His writings on Italian grand opera dismays Request" which has since engendered much discussion. Many think that the Stones have removed themselves too far and too abruptly from their blues roots, and that their most recent material is neither genuine nor desirable. Others feel that they are only an intermittent is of the Beattles, and that "Their Satanic Majesties Request" reflects this imitation. Perhaps most significant, the unease felt by the Stones in trying to find an idiom which is both relevant for today and which is not foreign to them.

Certainly the Stones began as bluesmen. This is in itself is significant, since they have revitalized interest in the old Chicago bluesmen whose music had been passed over in this country. The early Stones' music covered Chuck Berry, Lather and Willie Dixon, Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters. Through rock dynamism, the Stones put this music on the charts, and in so doing began to educate a public which had been subsisting largely on a diet of teen music. Even at this time, through, lead singer Mick Jagger admitted that the Stones were only Englishmen passing over blues music. After their early successes with "Not Fade Away," "Heart Of Stone" and "Time Is On My Side," the Stones produced the more commercial and rockish "The Last Time" and "Satisfaction" from their album, "England Swings." While the Stones may be far removed from their blues origins, the change has certainly not been abrupt. Each of their L.P's preceding "Request" has been blues-influenced, though decreasingly so. "Out Of Our Heads" and "December's Children" began to reveal the change with such lyrical cuts as "Play With Fire" and "As Tears Go By," the latter complete with string accompaniment. The evolution was marked by increasing complexity and instrumentation in their music. For example, "Aftermath," although strongly blues-influenced, contained such songs as "Paint In Black" and the beautiful "Lady Jane" and utilized such instruments as sitar, dulcimer, harpsichord, bells and marimbas. "Between The Buttons" and "Flowers" followed "Aftermath." The former was a logical extension of "Aftermath," while "Flowers" was marked by the inclusion of several songs which had already been recorded. This was necessitated by the doped-outness of Jagger and Keith Richards, who were unable to complete recording for the album.

"Their Satanic Majesties Request" is not concerned with the materials of the blues in the same tradition as the pub blues were. Hard blues concerns itself with human experience; the album is definitely realistic. "Request" is deeply mystical and idealistic from its three-dimensional cover to the last chord. However, the Stones do not seem to have closed their eyes of the narrow hand of human experience; the album does comment on the everyday. This is perhaps ironic in the songs present picture, the album picture until in "On With The Show," the listener is dropped from vast space into a crowded cabaret. It is a paradox. The Stones seem to be inviting a comparison of the cabaret to the pictures, while the pub is itself a place of escape from the workaday world.

The album opens with an anthem, "Sing This All Together," in which Jagger asks the listener to close his eyes and let the pictures come. The lyrics are poetic and the instrumentation is strongly oriental, reflecting Jagger's association with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Oriental instrumentation not withstanding, it is mysticism and deep concern which are at the heart of the parable which most colors the album. The title of the cut is "The Lantern," which asks for a sign, a lantern that can be followed. Acoustic guitar and piano provide sadly melancholic chords, and the voices of the singers come far away at the beginning of the verse, slowly growing in volume to the end of the song. If poetry can be concerned a musical picture, this is an idea.

(continued on page 10)

Shaw had career as music critic

By JIM ROOS

While perusing the hallowed shelves of the M.I.T. library recently I stumbled across a volume entitled London Music: 1888-99. Curiosity being the strange force it is, I decided to examine the book and discovered that it is part of an edition of musical criticism penned by that venerable cad, George Bernard Shaw.

Although Shaw's talents as a playwright, novelist, political philosopher and general social critic has long been acknowledged, his career as a music critic has had considerably less claim on public attention. His writings on Italian grand opera dismays Request" which has since engendered much discussion. Many think that the Stones have removed themselves too far and too abruptly from their blues roots, and that their most recent material is neither genuine nor desirable. Others feel that they are only an intermittent is of the Beattles, and that "Their Satanic Majesties Request" reflects this imitation. Perhaps most significant, the unease felt by the Stones in trying to find an idiom which is both relevant for today and which is not foreign to them.

Certainly the Stones began as bluesmen. This is in itself is significant, since they have revitalized interest in the old Chicago bluesmen whose music had been passed over in this country. The early Stones' music covered Chuck Berry, Lather and Willie Dixon, Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters. Through rock dynamism, the Stones put this music on the charts, and in so doing began to educate a public which had been subsisting largely on a diet of teen music. Even at this time, through, lead singer Mick Jagger admitted that the Stones were only Englishmen passing over blues music. After their early successes with "Not Fade Away," "Heart Of Stone" and "Time Is On My Side," the Stones produced the more commercial and rockish "The Last Time" and "Satisfaction" from their album, "England Swings." While the Stones may be far removed from their blues origins, the change has certainly not been abrupt. Each of their L.P's preceding "Request" has been blues-influenced, though decreasingly so. "Out Of Our Heads" and "December's Children" began to reveal the change with such lyrical cuts as "Play With Fire" and "As Tears Go By," the latter complete with string accompaniment. The evolution was marked by increasing complexity and instrumentation in their music. For example, "Aftermath," although strongly blues-influenced, contained such songs as "Paint In Black" and the beautiful "Lady Jane" and utilized such instruments as sitar, dulcimer, harpsichord, bells and marimbas. "Between The Buttons" and "Flowers" followed "Aftermath." The former was a logical extension of "Aftermath," while "Flowers" was marked by the inclusion of several songs which had already been recorded. This was necessitated by the doped-outness of Jagger and Keith Richards, who were unable to complete recording for the album.

"Their Satanic Majesties Request" is not concerned with the materials of the blues in the same tradition as the pub blues were. Hard blues concerns itself with human experience; the album is definitely realistic. "Request" is deeply mystical and idealistic from its three-dimensional cover to the last chord. However, the Stones do not seem to have closed their eyes of the narrow hand of human experience; the album does comment on the everyday. This is perhaps ironic in the songs present picture, the album picture until in "On With The Show," the listener is dropped from vast space into a crowded cabaret. It is a paradox. The Stones seem to be inviting a comparison of the cabaret to the pictures, while the pub is itself a place of escape from the workaday world.

The album opens with an anthem, "Sing This All Together," in which Jagger asks the listener to close his eyes and let the pictures come. The lyrics are poetic and the instrumentation is strongly oriental, reflecting Jagger's association with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Oriental instrumentation not withstanding, it is mysticism and deep concern which are at the heart of the parable which most colors the album. The title of the cut is "The Lantern," which asks for a sign, a lantern that can be followed. Acoustic guitar and piano provide sadly melancholic chords, and the voices of the singers come far away at the beginning of the verse, slowly growing in volume to the end of the song. If poetry can be concerned a musical picture, this is an idea.

(continued on page 10)
Staggering potentials exist in computerized films

BY JIM YOUSLING

In a conversation a few days ago, I was told that in a few more generations, actors as we know them may be totally unnecessary because of automation. One would think that if any occupation were safe from the computers, it would be acting, but science may soon prove otherwise.

And it is true, in the very near future, that computers could then give us a picture of a cone, pyramid, cube or other simple shape on a television screen. Then the computer can make the cone move, grow, dance, stand on its head or anything else that we can program with mathematics.

In other words, there never was a real cone being photographed; but if we can tell the computer exactly what the cone would look like, it can give us a picture of one, seen from any angle.

Now imagine a much more complex computer of this type, with a much more complex programming mechanism. We could then tell the computer exactly what, say, Marilyn Monroe looked like, down to the last detail, and then tell it exactly how she moved, talked, breathed or coughed. The machine could then give us a picture of "Marilyn Monroe" and make it move, talk, and even cough.

To go one step farther, it would be relatively simple to tell the machine all about "Macbeth." And there you have it: A movie version of "Macbeth" starring Miss Monroe as Macbeth, Lady Macbeth or as all three witches.

The possibilities are more than staggeringly great. We could see Shirley Temple in "I. A Woman," Mae West in "The Sound of Music," Jayne Mansfield in "1 Remember Mamma" or Tab Hunter in "Hamlet."

In a more serious vein, Hollywood's great casting errors could be corrected. "Dizzy" could be remade with Ethyl Merman. "My Fair Lady" with Julie Andrews. "Hello Dolly" with Carol Channing. And, if anybody cares, Bette Davis might get a chance to play Scarlett O'Hara.

We have passed the time when it is merely interesting "what ifs," but the implications of computerized films reach far beyond this casting device. Eventually, actors could be done away with altogether. Say, for example, that someone makes a movie of "The Catcher In the Rye." Why should the filmmaker program information about Holden Caufield and then have the machine put an actor like Steve McQueen into it? It would be easier and more logical to simply give the computer J.D. Salinger's description and then let it manufacture "Holden Caufield."

Thus, the filmmaker (or author) who programs the machine would create the characters, not the actors, who would impose their own personalities and opinions upon the writer's conception.

Some of us would, of course, mourn the death of the star system. It is hard to imagine movies without box-office attractions like Sophia Loren, Cary Grant, Elizabeth Taylor and all the others. But even now the great stars are dying out and relatively few newcomers are taking their places. Our generation is the first, for example, without a reigning sex symbol. Monroe may have been the last. More than ever, people are going to see a film because of its director (Bergman, Fellini, etc.) or because of the qualities that the particular film has (Virginia Woolf, Bonnie and Clyde), not because of the actors who play those roles. The computer will make it possible to create an image of a "Marilyn Monroe" and make it move, talk, and even cough. The machine could then give us a picture of "Marilyn Monroe" and make it move, talk, and even cough.

We have paused to muse over some interesting "what ifs," but the implications of computerized films reach far beyond this casting device. Eventually, actors could be done away with altogether. Say, for example, that someone makes a movie of "The Catcher In the Rye." Why should the filmmaker program information about Holden Caufield and then have the machine put an actor like Steve McQueen into it? It would be easier and more logical to simply give the computer J.D. Salinger's description and then let it manufacture "Holden Caufield."

Thus, the filmmaker (or author) who programs the machine would create the characters, not the actors, who would impose their own personalities and opinions upon the writer's conception.

Some of us would, of course, mourn the death of the star system. It is hard to imagine movies without box-office attractions like Sophia Loren, Cary Grant, Elizabeth Taylor and all the others. But even now the great stars are dying out and relatively few newcomers are taking their places. Our generation is the first, for example, without a reigning sex symbol. Monroe may have been the last. More than ever, people are going to see a film because of its director (Bergman, Fellini, etc.) or because of the qualities that the particular film has (Virginia Woolf, Bonnie and Clyde), not because of the actors who play those roles.

The computer will make it possible to create an image of a "Marilyn Monroe" and make it move, talk, and even cough. The machine could then give us a picture of "Marilyn Monroe" and make it move, talk, and even cough.

We have paused to muse over some interesting "what ifs," but the implications of computerized films reach far beyond this casting device. Eventually, actors could be done away with altogether. Say, for example, that someone makes a movie of "The Catcher In the Rye." Why should the filmmaker program information about Holden Caufield and then have the machine put an actor like Steve McQueen into it? It would be easier and more logical to simply give the computer J.D. Salinger's description and then let it manufacture "Holden Caufield."

Thus, the filmmaker (or author) who programs the machine would create the characters, not the actors, who would impose their own personalities and opinions upon the writer's conception.

Some of us would, of course, mourn the death of the star system. It is hard to imagine movies without box-office attractions like Sophia Loren, Cary Grant, Elizabeth Taylor and all the others. But even now the great stars are dying out and relatively few newcomers are taking their places. Our generation is the first, for example, without a reigning sex symbol. Monroe may have been the last. More than ever, people are going to see a film because of its director (Bergman, Fellini, etc.) or because of the qualities that the particular film has (Virginia Woolf, Bonnie and Clyde), not because of the actors who play those roles. The computer will make it possible to create an image of a "Marilyn Monroe" and make it move, talk, and even cough. The machine could then give us a picture of "Marilyn Monroe" and make it move, talk, and even cough.

We have paused to muse over some interesting "what ifs," but the implications of computerized films reach far beyond this casting device. Eventually, actors could be done away with altogether. Say, for example, that someone makes a movie of "The Catcher In the Rye." Why should the filmmaker program information about Holden Caufield and then have the machine put an actor like Steve McQueen into it? It would be easier and more logical to simply give the computer J.D. Salinger's description and then let it manufacture "Holden Caufield."

Thus, the filmmaker (or author) who programs the machine would create the characters, not the actors, who would impose their own personalities and opinions upon the writer's conception.

Some of us would, of course, mourn the death of the star system. It is hard to imagine movies without box-office attractions like Sophia Loren, Cary Grant, Elizabeth Taylor and all the others. But even now the great stars are dying out and relatively few newcomers are taking their places. Our generation is the first, for example, without a reigning sex symbol. Monroe may have been the last. More than ever, people are going to see a film because of its director (Bergman, Fellini, etc.) or because of the qualities that the particular film has (Virginia Woolf, Bonnie and Clyde), not because of the actors who play those roles. The computer will make it possible to create an image of a "Marilyn Monroe" and make it move, talk, and even cough. The machine could then give us a picture of "Marilyn Monroe" and make it move, talk, and even cough.

We have paused to muse over some interesting "what ifs," but the implications of computerized films reach far beyond this casting device. Eventually, actors could be done away with altogether. Say, for example, that someone makes a movie of "The Catcher In the Rye." Why should the filmmaker program information about Holden Caufield and then have the machine put an actor like Steve McQueen into it? It would be easier and more logical to simply give the computer J.D. Salinger's description and then let it manufacture "Holden Caufield."

Thus, the filmmaker (or author) who programs the machine would create the characters, not the actors, who would impose their own personalities and opinions upon the writer's conception.

Some of us would, of course, mourn the death of the star system. It is hard to imagine movies without box-office attractions like Sophia Loren, Cary Grant, Elizabeth Taylor and all the others. But even now the great stars are dying out and relatively few newcomers are taking their places. Our generation is the first, for example, without a reigning sex symbol. Monroe may have been the last. More than ever, people are going to see a film because of its director (Bergman, Fellini, etc.) or because of the qualities that the particular film has (Virginia Woolf, Bonnie and Clyde), not because of the actors who play those roles.
**The Winter**

The winter came on us quick, 
broke the old car's engine block 
sent cold drafts around the windows 
and the back door, 
struck one last fly against a pane.

The furnace shut down, 
and warmth was as futile 
as a dim bulb in a cold room 
No wood for a fire and the coal truck stuck.

I bled the pipes and stuffed some cracks 
We had an old barn behind the house, 
built in the same year of the same timber. 
Last year the barn collapsed.

**Epitaph**

I was only here looking around 
like a grey cat inside a house 
all night alone. 

My fur bristled 
caught drafts drying static on acrylic carpets. 

Green lenses strained 
screening light from dark 
seizing shapes to chase.

Till the house burning down 
cought them all in their sleep 
not excluding myself.

**Poem on Poem**

Chameleon-like, 
club-footed Mercury 
sheds his boot and scatters 
like tubs of Quicksilver 
tipped down a mountain.

So cold and so close to the sun, 
so crisply laced among mountains, 
How can you miss the high ice fields I swiftly traverse 
in my fur-lined Porsche?

**Poem on Poem #2**

The cat continues to play in the bath tub, 
flips around and about for a bread wrapper wire, 
continually bruising himself. 
The game could as easily be played on the carpet, 
but the wire would be lost under furniture 
even the cat likes form.

---

**An Unfinished Poem on the Wall of Kedzie Chem Lab Extension**

I sing of Golgoth, 
whose full Immensity is shown in no picture 
whose colossal cubic density 
perches over a marsh: 
where slender green reeds are blown in a thin wind 
and no light starling perches 
on Golgoth's ponderous brick and concrete columns 
standing two massive against each other 
in such a manner that if one should crumble 
or give way from all the weight of duplicate copies filing 
higher in bulk. 
the other can have no choice but to crumble. 
Great Golgoth the One and Only.

Thus are the needs of heroic saviors in Golgoth's interest 
as well as in the interest of all personnel. 
Thus the need for voluntary displacement of muck 
at Golgoth's base, though swollen bodies strengthen not the foundations. 
Thus the need for precise equipment 
of the seismograph type, 
of the digital type and the integral type 
and the hidden microphones 
- and the silently pregnant silos 
- tensing toward the birth of death. 
Thus the need of laden aircraft 
- pregnant with death. 
Thus is great Golgoth maintained.

Yet for all Its ears is Golgoth no less deaf 
and for all Its eyes no less blind 
and for sacrifices no more content 
and for content no more content 
and for sacrifices no more pain in Its defects. 

Condoning some religion in pre-fab temples 
we cannot adjust Its circuitry.
Military triumph in Vietnam

State of Vietnam. What Dullies wanted, and what the Protocol did give him, was a "fact of history." He was also the spokesman for the President of the United States to intervene in Indochina. He was rigidly determined, amidst the heated controversy over the reunification of Vietnam if it meant a Communist-dominated Vietnam. Hence the reunification of Vietnam was sacrificed to the demands of Pentagon strategy almost as much as the ink was dried on the Geneva agreements. The Democratic Republic of Vietnam, the Viet Cong, protested all the way down the line and called it aggression in intent and a clear violation of the Geneva accord. The United States, however, put forth a "Monroe Doctrine" for Southeast Asia, an analogy that seems alarmingly far-fetched, to say the least. Prime Minister Nehru of India, who had followed the Geneva conference with deep interest, took a very dim view of SEATO and all military pacts. "It seems extraordinary," he declared, "to lay great stress on all kinds of military alliances and parts in Southeast Asia. It's like putting the cart before the horse. There is no security in the name of peace and security. He lamented that the hopeful solution presented by the Geneva conference was shattered by SEATO. "The very proposition that the conference was a success," he protested, "was manifestly not so. The last chance of the "hot cold" war into Southeast Asia.

RCR, reading

(continued from page 2)

hold skills with words has given. He read from one of his books whose poems explore the full range of "literary" language, in addition to the rhythms and cadence of speech. The applause was overwhelming.

William Pitt Root followed. This young poet, who was a member of the English department, published an amazing poem called "The Storm" in the June, 1967 issue of the "Atlantic Monthly." You can find it in the stacks on the second floor of the Library under AP.

The next section is from one called "The Passage of Living," to be published in the spring "Sewanee Review." As a train in the night gains speed, I was to darkened woods, with a silver fox, caring through frail galaxies of stunted shrubs that glitter and vanish in fields beyond the town, and farther still through threads of mist that blasted from their darker stone that dimly lay against the passage of the living through the darkness, through the sleep of daylight, men and women dreaming as the dark cries to their dreams and their dreams cry to the dark.

The last one he read, worth watching for in the "New Yorker," is called "Circle of the Struggle." In the night a predatory owl is trying to wrench a silver fox from a trap. The artist watches, scarred and involved, fierce living and fierce dying in one image. His emotion shows how profoundly death mixes in with our life. How do we confront our own death and the deaths of our families? What can we do with the new horizons from the love of the Puritans that he ends with? The Pit.
The evening went on. Roy Bryan read his fine poems. John Campbell, thumping the rhythm section of his folk, played his energetic music from every corner.

The atmosphere of The Pit is comfortable but always an unusual place for poets. The poets read and musicians sang. The beauty that comes from the hard perception of reality. Between the broken windows that form the cover of the new "Red Cedar Review," a similar transformation takes place. Skillful hands makes the clearest reality into beautiful forms.