Violence in the streets ...
Violence in the streets...

We have had it before. History has sifted and simplified its causes into “Slavery and Secession,” “Unions vs. Management” or “Bomb-Throwing Anarchists.”

But today is not history. We have no glossy sense of perspective. Yet we speak as though we knew—really knew—the causes of violence in the Sixties...

“Too much television... and the movies don’t do much good either. No wonder these kids today are mixed up.”

“We’re weakening as a nation. Moral standards have slipped since the old days when people knew that there were some things you just didn’t do. Common sense, we called it. Where is it now?”

“Those lousy politicians have gone too far. Sure, everybody’s got to have his rights, but some people are just plain lazy. Want everything handed to them on a platter. I worked hard to be where I am. Why should I support these bums just because it will win votes for some crooked senator?”

“I suppose it must be the Communist influence. When people are poor, they’ll listen to anything. And socialism sounds pretty good to people who have nothing to lose or to idealistic kids who never had to work and then see their hard-earned money dumped into taxes.”

“You’d have to be insane to want to kill such a wonderful man. That’s all, just insane.”

“If I’d had the chance, I would have pulled the trigger myself. He’s the one who started all this trouble we’re in right now.”

Why do we insist on platitudes?

Why can’t we accept part of the guilt?

Sure, you’ve never broken a law in your life, or kicked a pauper or encouraged someone to kill a politician.

But guilt runs deeper than any superficial explanation. And the man who ignores the causes of violence and refuses to help destroy its roots must share the guilt when it matures and flowers in the streets.

Do not ignore the seed of violence, even if you have not planted it.

In our version of democracy, we are not legally our brother’s keeper. The laws cannot control our moral obligations.

But we all must live in the result of our inaction.

Violence in the streets...

Why? The answer is within you.

Apologia

Unbelievable as it may seem, the Editors erred. The marvelous photo of the old man on the bench (page 8, bottom, of last issue) was taken by Jan Deen, Livonia junior, not by Gordon Moore.

Collage photography editor.

The best laid plans...
By DON OLSON

The photographers had their cameras trained on the President that bright fall day, as he enjoyed another warm reception along his current tour. Certainly none of the photographers could have imagined that their films would become valuable evidence in a Presidential assassination which they were about to witness. According to the official reconstruction of the shooting, that day the President fell, fatally wounded by two bullets fired from a cheap weapon by a lone and probably demented assassin. In some of the important pictures, the face of the accused assassin himself, soon to die in turn, appeared clearly recognizable moments before the shots were fired. One of the photographers took a motion picture which depicted the events right up to the firing of the fatal shot. Partly because of the lack of evidence and of a confused and partly because the government investigative agencies said they noticed nothing in the films which would lead to the existence of any fellow conspirators, the lone assassin theory came to official acceptance. Thus photographic evidence in use in coming to conclusions regarding the events which led to the execution of President Kennedy was almost as valuable as the assassination of President McKinley on Sept. 6, 1901.

Sixty-two years later the situation was repeated itself, with the names changed to Lee Harvey Oswald and John F. Kennedy. Photographers were in abundance at Dealey Plaza in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963; a recent book lists the witnesses. According to the official reconstruction of the assassination, government investigative agencies were able to assemble a veritable mountain of evidence relating to the assassination: important pictures, the face of the accused assassin (himself soon to die in turn), an assassin (himself soon to die in turn). In some of the now-important pictures, the face of the accused assassin, however, was justifiably accused of selectivity of evidence here, for at least five other similar points exist in the film which were not mentioned on the show. The point became academic later, however, when more careful research proved that Alvarez initial assumptions were false and had been based on a lack of information.

The official findings reached less than unanimous acceptance. Initially prompted by the unfair treatment given Oswald in the press and electronic media (both of whom convicted Oswald within days of the assassination), various people took it upon themselves to argue in the defense of Oswald. Particularly indefatigable were Mark Lane, Sylvia Meagher and Harold Wasserberg. Almost every statement in the 888 page report was examined, challenged and refined in the seven books produced by these three authors. The attacks prompted defenses of the report and counter-attacks on the critics. The controversy occasionally reached the level of a shooting match. The critics have been referred to as scavengers, grave robbers, and opportunists; a U.S. representative assured me that Mark Lane would not hesitate to use whole-cloth fabrications to prove a point. Of the defense books, the only one that presents any new information was "Shoah We Now Believe the Warren Report" by Stephen White, a spokesman for CBS News.

CBS NEWS update: The Warren Report. White's book proofread in 1963, the reasoning and research methods which went into the production of the CBS News report on the Warren Report, SIT-A on June 25-28, 1967, the four hour-long specials were essentially an answer to the critics who by late 1966 had stirred up enough doubt so that 67 per cent of a Harris poll sample felt that Oswald had not acted alone. CBS showed creditable initiative in conducting extensive tests of rifle speed and accuracy, ballistic penetration and the like.

The number and timing of the shots is essential to a start point of the number of gunman, obviously. X claimed to have discovered clues in the pursuit of the timing of the shots. With the expert advice of Lamini Alvarez (a recent Nobel laureate in physics from Berkeley), CBS thought it had found one and built their thesis about this finding. CBS was justifiably accused of selectivity of evidence here, for at least five other similar points exist in the film which were not mentioned on the show. The point became academic later, however, when more careful research proved that Alvarez initial assumptions were false and had been based on a lack of information.

Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking by CBS was the production of the firing site. A target was set at the proper average speed down a track, at a lower equivalent to the six shots, at a quarter mile away alleged to have been used by Oswald. CBS used a rifle similar to a Gould's but with an important functional difference: as reported by White the "voluntary marksmen" often got off two aimed shots at the moving target in less than two seconds. Oswald's rifle had been shown to take 2-3 seconds just for working the bolt and trigger between shots, with existing time for aiming at a moving target. The eight seconds became crucial in analysis when one recalls that the entire assassination took place in about six seconds. Furthermore, CBS was again guilty of some selectivity in presentation. On only 20 of the 37 trials could the second three shots be gotten in 2 seconds time limit. CBS described four of these 20 runs but failed to mention that the average accuracy on the total of the 20 trials was only 12 hits out of three versus Oswald's supposed two hits out of three.

(continued - next page)
The 'Age of Beige' blues

There is nothing exciting for kids to grow up in, nothing but corporations and security, says Paul Goodman, one of our angry prophets, and he is right. America gets duller and duller.

Ted Sorensen's speech several weeks ago on SST was one symptom of our problem. The quietness and resignation in his voice seemed eerie and out of place in a political speech. Mostly he urged the students who could vote, one candidate may be a little better than the others. You must at least vote against the candidate you like least.

Our candidates, like a large part of the public, seem to want to represent, things to tradition and safety. And they were only three of many people who run after all the wrong things and have the real and exciting things alone.

Nixon, Humphrey, Wallace. There was no risk, no hope, no frankness or deep feeling about them, just safety, security, and fear.

Another example: Congress has just approved an enormous defense budget—$71.9 billion—setting still another all-time appropriations record and getting it through almost without a fight. However, the education bill is only 3.1 billion. And the space budget has been cut.

Our external enemies are more real to our congressmen than the internal, restless, searching imagination. In education there can also be a lot of excitement and wonder. Unfortunately, many schools, especially for those who need them most, are really places where kids go to be bored, to be hassled about their grades, and to be controlled.

The problem, of course, is bigger than money or schools or space. What we need is a new feeling. We need to care about excitement and adventure. We need to go somewhere and do something as a society instead of fighting Russians, Asians and South American guerrillas to make the world safe for the upright citizens we are creating.

We need to care and to try, rather than to defend. Only if we stop being dictated by enemies and the evil trade are we going to be aware of the things we need and want, and the things that really affect us. Because the trouble with the things we are supposed to care about is that they don't matter.

There is a film called Sixteen in Webster Groves. It is about high school juniors in a wealthy, conservative suburb of St. Louis. They are deal-beats.

They have empty faces and talk about nothing but grades and social position and how they would like to grow up and make money and have a nice house and security. Only twenty per cent of them had skipped school even once.

These are the things, as the movie goes on to show, that they are told to care about by their parents and teachers. However, the filmmakers also found the outcasts of Webster Groves High School, the kids who didn't fit. These oddballs did have something of their own to say. They were the intellectuals and the vocational training kids.

It was not cool to take a vocational rather than an academic course. Those who did were considered "out of it."

But when some of the kids who took metalworking were interviewed, they said that no matter what the other kids thought, what they were doing was not Mickey Mouse.

We really work," they protested, "We're proud to look at something we built ourselves.

They are doing something important and something that they care about, but no one can see that. The worst thing was that it all remained true of my old high school: Why can't we see real achievements, and respect individuality.

There is a good attitude in the space program. Schirra, "grump because of his cold," refused to prepare a television broadcast aboard the Apollo 7 because the equipment he had would not make a good enough quality film to satisfy him. Schirra's "I won't," was accepted without much question. Good. We must let people do their thing without bugging them.

Our society regiment human beings and ignores their needs. Not just their physical needs, but their emotional needs.

Albert Einstein was a very independent person who knew what was important to him. When his wife died he was of course in great sadness.

Unfortunately, many schools, especially for those who need them most—those who need them most—are really places where kids go to be bored, to be hassled about their grades, and to be controlled.

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Our society regiment human beings and ignores their needs. Not just their physical needs, but their emotional needs.

Albert Einstein was a very independent person who knew what was important to him. When his wife died he was of course in great sadness.
This article completes a three-part series on the effects of the physical environment on the student body. Bruce Spitz, senior in urban studies, excerpted this series from research he has conducted in connection with his major.

By BRUCE SPITZ

In the fall of 1965, I enrolled at MSU and became a resident, in my own mind at least, of East Lansing. During the last three years, I have passed through a weird series of side-shows, through long hallways and plastic clos­ets. To the accompaniment of Muzak and the enlightenment of green and white spotlights, plaid-clad horkers softly mouthed, "We Care!" and "We're glad to have you!" The pamphleteer's pamphlet asserted that "though we are a small campus," we do exist. "We've been through a weird series of side-shows," the Muzak exhorted. "But the student body. Bruce Spitz, senior in urban stu­dies, has conducted in connection with his major."

The Perpetual Motion Machine

Life does not follow a normal curve. To in­form someone that he has just undergone a third standard deviation experience is mean­ingless. Our lives are asymmetrical. Unlike the Donna Reed Show, we do not exist in tightly packaged serials of love, crises and happy conclusions. Your relatives do not die every week nor do you get married every month. We walk along roads of varying intensities: exsta­tis then miserable exhaustion then semblance, active then bored. Much like the hanging scrolls of the Orient, sections of our lives are finely detailed, others sketchy and still others blank. At times we full the scroll. At times we shriv­el and hide in one of the corners. Conflict arises when a rigid structured system is superimposed over the irregularity, the assym­metry of our existence. MSU is such a sys­tem. It thrives with precision and dependability. Enrollment is the acceptance of the ten­tative version of our existence. The one week period of production, the five week de­nunciation of cross-examination and the one week interim of collapse. The Perpetual Motion Machine. The Perpetual Motion Machine is right and necessary, I ask them to consider the consequences that cannot be completely objectified. We experience the stifling atmosphere in­herent in the credit system. We experience the stu­dents who you are. We are measurable in terms of time units, subject units, credit units and grade units. No one has ever been successfully explained to me what grades are. Five credits of 3.0 of grades of Rus­sian girls. Our lives are assymmetrical. Unlike the MsU human being, we do not exist in tight­ly packaged serials of love, crises and happy conclusions. The lectures took place Tuesday, November 26, 1968.
LINES FOR MOSS, TWO

POETRY

today
I will
write a-

about P
a
ience

(waiting)
waiting
waiting

--James Sherwood Tipton

---Albert Drake

First printed in West Coast Review

---Albert Drake

POETRY

---James Sherwood Tipton

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no eSCape

a blooming flower
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suffocated by surrounding

a Well
To
Spread
black by dis...ease

that's choking his sphere

A
beckoning

to

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the parental atmosphere

Yet
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the direction to HEAD?

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Knoecking
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winds

---Shirley Echols

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---James Sherwood Tipton

EDITOR'S NOTE: An attempt to justify this form of poetry would only develop into a rambling discourse of semantics. Suffice it to say then (cop-out) that the POEMS which appear on these pages have, in a sense, transcended the dimensions of familiar descriptive relations. They have in fact founded their own dimensions through the device of mixing media. Some, like Albert Drake's, "post-impressionism success," have become pure SOUND-SCAPES. Others, like Stephen Hathaway's, swastika creation, and Albert Drake's, "Lines For Moss, TWO," have bombarded our senses from so many directions that they have become WORDART LANDSCAPES. The rest of the poems offered here, for the most part, use a sight-device technique to illustrate a single thought or scene.
Renaissance in education?

BY TOM BOWERS

"I'm happy here," Enrico Forni remarks of his class as he leans back in his chair and breaks into that warm, slightly self-conscious grin of a person confessing a personal truth. He means it. His whole face is smiling. Then there is a pause of perhaps half a second as his eyebrows and forehead give a fleeting hint of frustration. The smile wavers a vague, helpless gesture of his hand when he adds, "I'm not ready to go home." For Forni, this is what has made America rich and powerful.

"But education must not be a tool of society," Forni warns. Education should effect its environment, not be controlled by it. Forni finds a major shortcoming in the American system to be a tendency to make education subservient to society. He considers the idea of a board of trustees to be a sign of this major flaw. Education should not be run by specialists, he says, "not by Ronald Reagans and gas station owners sitting on the board of trustees." Regardless of its shortcomings, American education provides a model which the more rigid European systems ought to study. Forni says, "This is what motivates him right now and he is writing about American education in an effort to influence the educational system of Italy and the rest of western Europe. European universities fail to function in society. Forni emphasizes, and he hopes his articles and the book he is writing will help produce the Italian academic community into a more progressive attitude.

"My aim is a political one," Forni says earnestly. "This study is not just academic. I want to effect some change." Forni, who holds a doctoral degree in theoretical philosophy, is the equivalent of an associate professor at Bologna. At MSI, he teaches history of philosophy. He seems amused at the difficulty American students supposedly have in making 8 o'clock classes. 8 o'clock is not early to me, he says, but the class is always sleepy. "Maybe," he suggests with an assumed expression of one giving inside information, "maybe philosophy is too dull to teach at 8 a.m."

When Forni returned to MSI's Philosophy Dept. in the fall of 1967 he went to teach at San Francisco State College, still scared, and still unsure of what he wanted. When Forni got it at Bologna." So he decided to go abroad. Ignoring his apprehensions, he came to the United States in the summer of 1967 and spent the first confusing months at MSI. He was terrified, he admits, especially because he was obliged to speak English. With laughter and tears in his eyes, he describes the anxious minutes he spent circling Morrill Hall to build up courage for his first encounter with the chairman of MSI's Philosophy Dept. In the fall of 1967 he went to teach at San Francisco State College. He was scared, and still unsure of what he wanted.

When Forni returned to MSI's Philosophy Dept. in the fall of this term and faced the prospect of something he was searching for. Forni came to the United States to do research on the philosophy of history. But a year of participation in American higher education had a profound effect on this man who had been bored in the atmosphere of a European university. Something about the openness of American education first impressed him. Soon the whole concept of the American educational system began to fascinate Forni. He forgot his research and began to study the educational concepts he saw and was experiencing.

The connection in America between life and scholarship is a key to his interest. "In America every activity of life is studied and taught," he says in a tone which betrays admiration.

When Forni begins to talk about education, he sounds excited. As the discussion goes deeper his conversation gets faster and he forgets to put a question mark in his voice each time he uses a word from his English reading vocabulary. "It becomes more and more exciting, and the ideas come through clearly anyway. He has obviously thought a great deal about what he likes and dislikes in education."

"Public education is a public service. Therefore it must be a function of society," Forni says. Education fits properly into society by teaching people to function in society. Students in America learn how to perform in life. An engineering student is ready to go to work when he finishes his education, and a journalism major is taught to write for a real newspaper. Forni finds European education too academic and too separated from real life. Programs emphasize things like law and humanities if you study medicine. Forni remarks, you don't learn how to work in a hospital. An Italian college graduate can hardly enter a professional field without on-the-job training. American education does relate life and scholarship. And to Forni, this is what has made America rich and powerful.

But education must not be a tool of society," Forni warns. Education should effect its environment, not be controlled by it. Forni finds a major shortcoming in the American system to be a tendency to make education subservient to society. He considers the idea of a board of trustees to be a sign of this major flaw. Education should not be run by specialists, he says, "not by Ronald Reagans and gas station owners sitting on the board of trustees."

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Creative People Of The World, Submit!

... Submit your ideas, poems, stories, articles, and all, to Collage. We are now accepting material for next term's issues. If you are alive, imaginative, and ready for a challenge, Collage is for you. We are still at the State News office, Sunday through Thursday afternoons.
over and digested the fact that things were conventional people, speed is not the most important thing. The public at that point could hardly be blamed for being in confusion. An understandable opinion was that the questions were unresolvable and one might as well believe wherever one liked.

Fortunately at this point objectivity entered the scene in the person of Joseph Thompson of Haverford College. Having concluded that the Warren Report left much to be desired, but noticing that most criticism had been only destructive, Thompson attacked the problem. If the Warren Commission had erred, was it possible to determine what really had happened in Dealey Plaza? Working as much as possible from primary sources, Thompson studied the case for over a year before publishing his results. On the basis of detailed photographic analyses using enlargements, dissecting microscopes, projectors and optical scales wherever applicable; and the consideration and organization of evidence glanced over or not known to the Warren Commission, Thompson arrived at several conclusions which contradicted commission findings.

Besides a large number of statements correcting persistent mistakes in analysis of the films, Thompson made two major contributions to the study of the films. Acting as consultant for Life magazine, he studied the Zapruder film and for the first time saw the Zapruder film and for the first time saw enough evidence to prove that Gov. Connally had been correct in stating that he had been struck by the second bullet, different from the one which had already struck the President at this point. The explanation for this related noticing of evidence lies at least partly in the inferior quality of the film used by the FBI for the commission; it was a copy of a copy. Life still has the originals today. At the crucial point in the film (frames 224-238; Commissioner Allen Dulles asked the FBI expert if the "jerky motion in Connally" was a motion in Connally or a jerk in the film; the FBI expert could only reply "You can't tell." I spent a full day of my time at the National Archives in Washington studying the Zapruder film frames and paying particular attention to the governor. The clearest way to separate the motions proved to be this: using two projectors, I superimposed nearby frames (in this case 236 and 238) on the same screen in such a way that the fixed parts of the car window sill, door handles remained stationary when we flipped back and forth between the frames. The motions then observed in Connally - the 20 degree shoulder drop, the puffing of his cheeks, the disarrangement of his hair, etc. - were quite obvious when brought out in this way. In light of the related testimony and evidence, the logic of the case necessitated an additional assassin to the rear of the motorcade.

Thompson's other major contribution lay in studying the motions of the President's head after the fatal shot, which vastly explodes the right side of the President's head at frame 313. By making extremely careful measurements, Thompson proved that the bullet had not moved already, that the fatal shot drove the President back and to the left, slamming the back of the seat. The FBI had made a detailed analysis of the site witness testimony and media reports, he showed that the car did not accelerate at this point. He did not subscribe to the conclusion that Mark Lane's hypothesis of a gunman on the grassy knoll, which lies to the right front of the motorcade route, is indeed confirmed by the evidence. My study of this portion of the film, in light of the physics of conservation of momentum, led me to feel that if anything Thompson understated his case. On this point Counsel Luerbe could only say of the official analysis of the film, "It's only small victories the critics have raised this point that anybody has ever looked at it closely."

While Thompson's book is not totally free from errors, his main conclusions appear well-reasoned, flatly contradict the conclusion of a lone assassin. To briefly doubt confused reader: Then a period of about six seconds, a total of four shots fired. Four assassins were hitting the President and one hitting Governor. The question naturally comes: how did the other assassins escape commission findings?

(continued on page 24)

Assassin? Or Assassin?

Decide Before It's Too Late

It is disastrous to ignore our most important thing. If something hurts, it is an important thing, then we are confused and torn apart inside. We are only emotionally deprived of simple sadness. If something is important, but we don't value it, we are likely to ignore it, and to do a thing which we think we should which leaves us empty. A society's need to live is important. If something is exciting and important, but no one becomes a lonely person, then something is missing. Something is so intense and exciting that including yourself, you become a part of it.

We live in a society where we will be lost and in which people with imagination are going to be very crowded and lonely.
Word-plastics: new graphic tendencies

By HUGH FOX

Hugh Fox is a professor of ATL at MSU. He is editor of the "International Quarterly of Experimental Poetry."

First a little name-dropping. J.F. Bory ('Approches'), Ugo Carrega ('Tool'), Pierre Garnier, Martino Oberto ('Ana Etcetera'), Waltai Deppe, Dick Higgins ('Something Else Press')

Now some explaining. The above are the names of poet-experimentalists who no longer try to use words to communicate as thought-symbol units but, rather, avoiding linear, type-page "meaning," try to use words as a plastic matrix to be moulded and manipulated to give immediate plastic effects. J.F. Bory, the editor of Approches, for example, in his "Hiroshima" begins with a dot-size word-conglomerate that explodes toward the reader. Fear is communicated by words without using them - thought-symbols. In another poem of Bory's, "Saga," using the two words "On Va" he attempts a kind of history of communication. First the ON VA'S fill the page like back columns or pillars and a small figure stares out from behind a huge N. Meaning, Ancient man begins to emerge timidly into the symbolic world. Next, stone Assyrian faces are interspersed mainly with a Gestetner silk-screen-type machine, a's, u's, x's, etc. Here the typewriter becomes a substitute for a pencil or brush - but there is no relationship between Garnier's drawings and words as "thought-vehicles." Technically, though, in terms of presentation, Garnier's work does not approach that of Bory or Carrega. Bory and Carrega are technically "slick," neat, hold to a firm hard line and highly refined surface, whereas the work of Garnier is flaccid, often amateurish. The plastic manipulation of word-structures demands precision and technical mastery.

Although at first glance some of the work of Martino Oberto (a friend of Ugo Carrega) seems merely an extension of Carrega's "scrittura simbolica" symbolic writing - it is really much more ambitious. Oberto describes the purpose of his magazine Ana Etcetera as: the operational awareness creation of the specific exercise of linguistic

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Linguistically based, Oberto tries—among other things—to find links between graphs (grafies), words (verbales) and their analogical equivalents. In Ana Etcetera 6, for example, in a section of ‘semographs,’ a black spot followed by its analytic equivalent ‘a definite form’ element; its ‘association’ (‘indescribable’) black spot, then its analogical equivalent ‘un

trois sans contour a la surface du vide’—a vague without a contour, a surface of complexness. A white spot in the middle of a red square becomes an “indefinite element of form.” a “mer bleu ‘red seat, whose equivalent word-graphics combination is sought, that will get behind’ Language to ‘reality.’ Oberto does not seem to belong in the same category as his friend Carreaux or Berners, but in fact all these poets have in common an interest in transcending language and moving toward a Heideggerian confrontation with ‘Ex- istence.” Also, it is important to note here that they are only remotely related to that E.E. Cummings A.L. Gillepse attempt to ‘explode’ or ‘rescursive’ language to approximate im-

mediate, in-life language situations, although Oberto, the most semantically, meaning-orientated of the group, does, in a sense approach Gil-

lepsie’s program of returning to ‘the original flashlight on consciousness’ of QUANTITY OF Imagery, that polygonizing Impact-series of the was-as-

projection in all its purity and force. The free-

verse is sought, that will point toward a de-

finite elimination of ‘meaning’ as the roton

d’ore of poetry.

Service de la Revolution (No. 5) are two poems by Giacometti combining faces, spaces and

words, others by Mich Leiris that are very reminiscent of Pierre Garners ‘letter-pictures.’ The other hands Kurt Schwitter’s own literary invention, the ‘Merzism’ was a liter-

ary equivalent of random collage-work, and al-

though it lacked the total plastic orientation of a Giacometti or Leiris, it does point toward a de-

finite elimination of ‘meaning’ as the roton
d’ore of poetry.

By ALBERT DRAKE

GHOST DANCE No. 2 (Hugh Fox, Editor, Dept. of UNESCO, 1970, p. 27).

The ghost begins to dance in East Lansing, but its shimmering steps will be seen from afar. Its editor, Hugh Fox, might call it a mind blast. What he does call it is: The International Quarterly of Experimental Poetry, and its policy is ‘To save the print-

ed word from obsolescence by stretching it into the media-revolution now world.’

Or, W.

ORD means linear button down NOISE AND

what is desired is ILLUSION IN FOCUS.

Although there are poems here that are linear and frankly sequential, the emphasis is on experimental poetry which, in one way or another, breaks out of traditional frames—such as Jean-Francois Bory’s Hiroshima, where words and letters swirl on the page, and the next page, and the next, each time moving closer until the reader really is ‘in-

volved.’

Other poems are catalogues, visually manipu-

lated verbal pictures, concretes, etc. There are also tralinations of Heinrich Boll from the

German, of Manuel Santos from the Spa-

nish, of Carreaux from the Italian, etc.

And for a real mind blast, try reading some of these poems aloud.

Stagger

Rainworms.

Fishes.

Clocks.

The cow

The woodland leaves through the leaves.

A drop of rain in the snow.

Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry.

A wise man explodes without payment.

Some critics like Matthew Josephson saw that the American Billboard Culture later to become Pop Art/ nicely combined meaning (the sell) and graphs (the design), but for the most part the furthest that U.S. poets went was in the direction of Cummings-esque or Poundian word-puzzles, just as today in the United States most of our furthest out poetic experimentalists like Vito Hamish Arceons and Anam Sarreens are not so much experimentalists as exhibitionists. Sarreens, for example, in an old hat concrete poetry had long ago super-

seded in European circles. fills pages with one word like BLACK or ‘prints’ books with nothing else but vowels. Among U.S. poets there are very few who, like Richard Kostel-

anetz or Lynn Lounier or Wally Depew, ap-

proach the genuine originality of a Bory or Carreaux, Kostelanetz, widely knowledgeable in modern theater ‘author of The Theater of Mixed Means, 1948’ and the whole U.S. contemporary cultural scene, does poems like a ‘tribute to Henry Ford’ where part one is made up of a series of large T’s arranged on the page like cars in a parking lot, part two is a design with A’s and part three a flower letter intersection design made out of A’s and T’s combined.

Lynne Lounier in the journal Tree 1967. 1967. works out a contrapuntal meaning-graphics combina-

tion that is very amusing, parting impenetrable word-combinations like TENDER TENEMENT TENNIS DENTIST. PATENT EYES, BUILD-

ing BALL NOSTRIL or WOOL’S FAIR-HAIR-

PIECE on the same page as a drawing of a 1930 style gas stove. Wall Depew’s Black Poems are merely designs made with line-interferences. But Lounier, Kostelanetz, Depew are rare birds on the U.S. poetry scene and except for them and a few others the only equivalents of the contemporary European poetry experimentation in the United States are in poster art, record covers, experimental films and some rock groups— all of whom have in common the conveyance of ‘sound’ through ‘direct’ rather than ‘indirect’ art or gesture as part. In a recent letter to me, Linn Higgins from something else Press, the New York publishing center of avant-garde poets in the United States, and an important member of European avant-garde movements, we are taught to think that there is something peculiar about a form and verse full in American avant-

garde work actually full in what happens in Providence, R.I. in 1934 and throughout Europe in 1970—especially in Madrid, London, Nice, Prague, Berlin, Dusseldorf, Mifana and Frankfurt, where the actions is (Tokyo seems) to have slow-edowns.

Higgins’ big mistake here—I think, is to fail to recognize where the action is in U.S. art—
in the young rock groups, poster makers, cloth-

designers, interior decorators, folk singers.

Just how “traditional” most U.S. poetry is is come home rather forcefully by the other night when a poet friend of mine said: ‘Robert Frost claims that writing verse without a rhyme is like playing tennis without a racket, but I do it all the time.’ He was actually speaking of his poems, not those of those of Halipo, the director of the Dance Writer’s Shop in San Francisco, or Leiris, who think primarily of ‘arts of plastic impact.’ European ‘plastics’rfree of dance painting, ‘sculpture writing’ and media become involved the compart-

ments between genres are obliterated and non-academic art-artifacts— I’m thinking of rock groups like the E.E. Giraffe Deed—however, live out of classification and categorization, cross and inter-
gender patterns much as Europe, ‘poetic’ poets do.

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A Skeleton Full of Closets

in 1967. Several hundred people gathered in a white-walled, concrete-block building. Fifteenлеveral hundred people wanted to get up and leave. I kept looking over my shoulders for the audience to respond. I was not so eager to get up and leave.

I suggest that this campus is constructed in such a way that you just want to get up and leave. Leave the dorms. Leave the large classes (in Fall of 1966 there were over 25,000 students enrolled in classes of 100 or more). Leave the television lectures during 1966-67 over 62,000 students were enrolled in TV classes. Leave the impersonal, non-human, restless, tense environment that is MSU. Leave the anxiety and the pressures that we brought here and the fertile MSU soil within which they so eagerly blossomed.

Empty rituals, pressure, mechanization, anonymity, crowds, confusion, totalizing, classes... Here is where the apathy lies. Here is where the drabness, the dull gloss of the university. It is very hard for a speaker to develop on the broad, more encompassing level of concern eyes and minds are born. And for those concerned eyes and minds are born. And for those concerned eyes and minds are born... We are in a constant state of polarization. While we slush through the resignation and life-avoidance of our parents and the adult world, we feel a torrent within us white. But I thought life was more...

While we search to find ourselves, we feel the grasping claws and the bony fingers of others tell us who we are. While we wander in daydreams and life in romantic fields of success, of love and of acknowledgement, we are placed in mechanical dorms and promised jobs with IBM and Ford. While we yearn to Do something, we are relegated to the peanut gallery of the uncertain where we wait and watch the qualified majors and march off to the world. While we beg to be left alone, to withdraw from the pressure, to regain our composure, to allow ourselves to cogitate and heal, we are threatened and coerced - Diploma or the Draft. Diploma or Failure. Diploma or Disgrace.

MSU stands enclosed and encapsulated; an assembly line of rituals, a test of endurance. Each succeeding year MSU strips her students of patience and compassion, dismisses their minds, shackles them into the fragmentary world of "expertise without conscience" and forcibly molds their bodies into her plastic image. As teachers at this institution, we do not have the right to look at us, at our equality and mechanize with disgust and disdain. Look outside that classroom window. Look at that glorious benefactor of all that is good and right. And then look into the inner windows of your own minds. What have you done to change it? To what extent are you responsible for it? Or are you as we, petty points lost in a petty game of status and information commercialism? Do you also plead ignorance and impotency? Do you also squander your lives in promises for tomorrow? Do you also sit with us in a nervous twilight of uncertainty, tapping your feet in the bloodless rhythm of cogs and hollow voices?

The New Satisficer

The final closet of this article concerns the concept of "satisficing." Satisficing is an economic term which recognizes the difficulty man has in optimizing his profits. On the theoretical level economic man has perfect knowledge of all the variables, on the real level he does not. So, he aims for an area of economic return within which he will be satisfied. Extend the meaning of profits to encompass life returns and we notice that the satisficer takes on new connotations. Instead of shooting for the best, we now aim for the least worse and the best escape. School rather than the Draft. Suburbia rather than the City. Nixon rather than Humphrey. The safe way rather than the way of the free. Freedom reigns and the American dream wins the pale valet at the Olympics.

In conclusion of this article and this series, I ask that you consider a rather interesting paradox. If the Universe implies the perfect and absolute containment of all that exists, then how many Universes constitute a Multiverse.

Paperbacks on your reading list?

FIVE SMOOTH STONES

By Anne Fairbairn

FIVE SMOOTH STONES is the story of one man's search for identity and love. It moves swiftly from a small New England town, where a black earth reaches out for a better life, to the setting of intimacy and kindness that mark his journey to manhood... the life initiation into love. A passionate love—the love of ultimate sacrifice and tragedy—a forbidden love.