EDITORIAL

MSU's motivating philosophy of education, according to section 1.1 of the Academic Freedom Report, holds that "the basic purposes of the University are the enlargement, dissemination and application of knowledge." The student's right to learn, the report emphasizes, is best promoted through provision of "the environment most conducive to the many faceted activities of research, teaching and learning." The purpose of any university is to give the consumer--the students--what he came to school to get; that is, an education that is not only superior but constantly seeking improvement of the community.

Tragically--and, perhaps, typically--many of Michigan State's institutions work against this very philosophy. The danger inherent in John Hannah's "best for the most dynamic--the failure to achieve a true excellence--has given us a multiplicity of, at the very best, mediocrity. Most of the institutions and in the perpetuation of an even adequate university have been transmuted into pure educational problems. MSU's library system is the most glaring and unfortunate exponent of this failure. The fault may lie with no one (it certainly does not rest with library director Dick Chappell), yet, it rests with everyone in the University's community. Apathy, lack of money, bureaucracy, all are inadequate excuses in a learning situation where the nature of the library determines the nature of the community.

Consider how such mediocrity reflects Michigan State's self-proclaimed "best possible" ethic. Then consider how it reflects on your community.

Then consider what it says about you.

STAIN

I tried to wash the stain
but it just stayed there--
an organic interweaving
with the thread.
millions of parasitic atoms in a stranglehold
And nothing would touch it
So I just had to stand there
limp
And hope that the next
man passing
would not see it and laugh

-John Knapp II

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pictorial credits

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calendar . jimi youslng
On first entering the university the typical student might attend a presentation by the supposedly most well-known and influential person on campus.

"I'll see you and raise you five." The typical student, adjusting to living and studying in the dormitory and undergoing stimulating interaction with people of his own age, might go on to attend a presentation by the person who is in reality the most well-known and influential person on campus.

He attends his first classes which he was told would bring a personal touch to his education in spite of the large size of the university.

Four weeks I've been in this class and today I find out it's not Anthropology.

And discovers the many facets of the campus newspaper.

Harry up. Here he comes.

The first term passes more quickly than expected, giving rise to the trauma of getting college grades for the first time.

You're in the basement.

If all the little guys get their movie tickets for this afternoon?

With a full term of college life under his belt, Our Hero is qualified to enter the swirling social arena of Greek life.

Some tapes will self-destruct in 30 seconds.

And is generally absorbed into the university's social community.

Is this the Shaw Hall dance room?

No, it's a Shaw mixer.

Then where are the girls?

I am a girl.

Eventually, as an upperclassman he is able to make the big move to off-campus housing.

As graduation approaches, the now highly-qualified student is interviewed by companies competing for his talents.

Finally, diligence and hard work are rewarded by the diploma which he earns on his way out to a mature and well-educated individual.
By Tom Chapman

"Hello, everybody, and welcome to The Registration Game! I'm your host, Horace King. This is the show that brings together four couples who meet at registration and have since married for mutual protection. Now, let's meet today's players!"

From nowhere, the booming voice of a Registration Aide calls out: "Couples No. 1 from Spartan Village, Bob and Mary Lou White. Bob and Mary Lou have been married two terms and met when Bob trooped over Mary Lou, who was crawling underneath the canvas in the dirt area looking for a lost IBM card. Mild, polite laughter and applause led to the next couple."

"Couples No. 2 is Greg and Shirley Bronski, seniors living in an Avedale cottage. At registration Greg's home address card accidently hooked onto Shirley's sorority pin. By the time it came to turn the card in, Greg and Shirley had struck up quite a friendship, and decided not to register that term."

"Couples No. 3 is Lester and Maureen Pope. Lester and Maureen met at counseling clinic registration when they were accidently given the same student number. They explained the mistake to registration officials, but the University would not recant on its decision that Lester and Maureen were Siamese twins. They have been married for one term and are living at 225 Williams Hall."

"Couples No. 4 Howard and Lesley Johnson, and qualified as in-state students while waiting for their hold cards to be processed at registration. They soon discovered they had a mutual interest in education and have since transferred to Lansing Community College. Howard and Lesley were married Tuesday and kindly consented to take time off from their honeymoon to join us on "The Registration Game."

We cut away for a commercial, then rejoin Horace King amidst a magura of applause spilling over from the gallery above.

"Remember players, the object of the game is to beat the system. King explained, "Everybody ready?"

The four couples respond as one. "Yes." "Okay, players, but remember not to say the secret word. Couple No. 1 come up and get your registration cards." They do so hurriedly. "Here is your name card, your home address card, your schedule card, your local address card, your fee payment card and ah, oh, here's a HOLD card. I'm sorry Bob and Mary Lou, but you'll have to see what comes up at the AI table."

"But I didn't even know I had an overdue book!" Bob shouted.

It's not that, Bob. According to our files you got into a football game freshman year claiming you were in Hock 5 when you had actually forgotten your student ID. You didn't tell the truth so you have to pay the consequences. When is standing in line for three weeks at the Administration Bldg., which, of course, will make you too late to enroll Moving right on..."

Bob and Mary Lou are hustled off by several Registration Aides. "Moving right along to couple No. 2 Greg and Shirley. I see here that you have no classes on your section registration card. And we all know what that means. That's a no-no! I'm afraid you'll have to be relocated at the Pre-registration booth until the Dean of your college decides what to do with you."

"But we see we were working with the Teacher Corps this summer."

"Enough! All I hear all day long is excuses. What do you students think you have? Rights or something? You are only students. Do you hear that? Just students. The next time you know you'll be wanting all your guaranteed Constitutional freedoms."

"But we're not going to let anything stop us!"

"It's just a little technique for which you will probably go to hell. But until your judgment in other worldly names, we'll punsh you here at MSU. Just in case the good Lord should somehow overlook it. Take them away to the chapel."

"Couple No. 4."

"Just a minute," shouts Howard, "you're acting as though everyone here was a subversive..."

"What was that you said? Your last word. what was it?" King asks.

"Subversive."

"I'm sorry, Howard. You've said the secret word."

Somewhere from the ceiling drops a duck on a string whose head bears an incredible resemblance to President Hannah. In the duck's mouth is an exclusion card. Almost at once the MSU police in riot helmets with pistons drawn surround Howard and tell him to give up in five minutes.

"I'm sorry, Howard," says King pulling the card from the duck's mouth, "but in accordance with the President's new directive you must be expelled."

"But for what?"

"For interfering with the game by using such words as "subversive" which might lead to unrest among the students. You see, Howard, there is always a chance the other students might not understand what you're saying. And we can't have that, can we?" So we're going to have to expel you."

"But you can't. I go to Lansing Community College."

"Oh, an outside agitator. How delightful! We got to call in the FBI."

The campus police immediately seize the announcer's bullhorn. "Alright, keep in line, no moving."

"Howard and his wife are dragged away yelling such words as "conflict of interest" and "featherbedding."

"This is Horace King, saying that's all the time we have for today. Tune in next time for "The Registration game."

The audience applauds wildly.
EDITOR'S NOTE: The interview with John Mayall was done through the courtesy of WMSN and Mr. Allen Mitnick of London Records in Detroit.

MSN: Your latest album what way would you say your music is going with a heavier sound or more harmonic?

JM: Well the difference is that through the albums things have built up to a big band thing and when it has appeared live, of course, it’s been a distribution of soloists which is getting away from what a blues singer is. Basically, it’s a solo artist and that’s really what we are going back to now. Sort of to enable me to play lead.

MSN: So your next album won’t feature the group that much together? It will be a look at each of the guys individually?

JM: No, it’s one unit but it’s less of them, you see.

MSN: Who did Eric Clapton leave?

JM: Because he wanted to.

MSN: Are you going back to England after you finish your tour in the United States to do a tour there?

JM: See, in England it’s not termed as being a tour. you just work five nights a week and that’s it through the year.

MSN: Is there a particular place outside of England that you like well, or where the audience seems particularly to know what is going on?

JM: For me, anyway, the audience is wherever we play. It’s the same audience, because it just draws through its members on people who know what they come to listen to.

MSN: How do you feel about what Eric Burdon is doing now as compared to what he was doing in England in the old days? Now of course he’s living in Hollywood and is more or less in a San Franciscan hag and is getting away from the blues.

JM: I don’t think he was ever in it. He’s just a bad singer. He’s a friend of mine but you know.

MSN: Who are some of your friends that students at MSU would identify with? Do you know any of the Rolling Stones very well?

JM: Yeah, Mick. He’s the only one that’s still with us in this world. Mick’s the only one who had a guitar. He’s a real working person.

MSN: John, getting back to Eric Burdon again. He said that he moved from England to California and he spoke about how the Beatles and especially the Stones, since the Stones

By Cliff Kachinski
Writing about the blues, I am reminded of a Jules Feiffer cartoon that features a black man saying, “First I dug Jazz—then Whitey picked up on it,” and proceeded to list all the things in our white culture that have been pre-empted from the black culture. Now Whitey is beginning to pick up on the blues, too. And the danger is that, in finally absorbing the blues into the white culture, we may get much that is imitation, second-rate, or downright bad.

As an illustration, when the blues became a part of the major-record-company-big-money-market game, the major labels recorded nothing but archaic country and city blues, unamplified and performed by white musicians. Performers like Dave Van Ronk and Dave Ray sincerely tried to give us a worthwhile music, but it was somehow extremely ersatz with Lightnin’ Hopkins and Leadbelly so close at hand.

At any rate, the point is that we were given and accepted something that is archaic and imitative. Some critics were able to accept only these archaic copies, and think of electronically amplified blues as somehow “tainted” or “too commercial.”

The sort of mentality that prefers the archaic blues to contemporary blues seems to predominate in England, the home of John Mayall. A few years ago some very aged and alcoholic blues musicians made a tour of England, drank a lot of gin and played sloppy blues in concert halls being helped on and off stage. The audiences loved it, which is fine, but they were hearing neither the best nor the most contemporary in blues.

John Mayall, then, is an English blues musician. He plays a number of instruments: guitar, harmonica, piano, and sometimes he plays them very well. The difficulty, however, is that, having a whole range of blues history to choose from, he is unable to decide just how archaic or contemporary he wants to be. For example, on “Blues Alone” an album which he has recorded by himself except for some drum accompaniment, he combines an early urban blues harmonica rhythm with a very much earlier country guitar part. The result is somehow unsatisfying.

Mayall is at his best when he is able to make his styles fit together, when he is able to give all of his instruments the same degree of “agedness.” When he manages the trick, he does it very well, but even then the finished product is not contemporary, nor I suspect, is it the best of its kind.

The real difficulty with Mayall is that we are unable to form a true and meaningful conception of what the blues are today from listening to him. There are other artists who are able to give us a much better idea of what the blues today is all about, and some of them should be mentioned, along with a few albums. The Butterfield Blues Band, “The Resurrection Of Pigboy Cotton,” “In My Own Dream.” Muddy Waters, “Electric Mud.” B.B. King, “Laclede,” “Blues Is King.” Buddy Guy, “A Man And The Blues.”

This is hardly a comprehensive discography, but it will give some kind of a standard by which to judge Mayall’s interpretation of the blues.

Try and put your finger on silence and press it down. Somehow it slips away and transcends any one set of rules.

For silence contains all, but by itself is nothing.

Silence passes restlessly with a lapse in conversation between a boy and girl, or it might be a kitten approaches a ball of string.
BY MARDON NOWAK

Editor's note: Marion Nowak, COLLAGE staff writer, is a Justin Morrill junior majoring in American intellectual history. This article is the result of extensive research and an interview with Richard Chapin, director of MSU's libraries.

A university cannot be great without a great library. Director of Libraries, Richard E. Chapin said.

And MSU's library system is most definitely not great.

There are many flaws in the system, and the correction of these flaws is not at all aided by false controversies. The long-term cause of the flaws is, as always, due to the official lack of money. The more immediate causes are the catch-all scapegoats of bureaucracy and apathy.

Their effect on our libraries has been significantly deep.

The current great controversy centered on the Library-the fiasco concerning the grad stacks is a virtually false controversy. The major decisions in setting up limited-access are complete, perhaps regrettable so, but most certainly, necessarily so. The major factors of the conflict, nevertheless deserve review.

First, favoring the so-called "closing out" of the second, third, and fourth floors of the east wing has evoked belief with five justifications:

One that the Library is committed to the provision of diverse services to the academic community (which of course is an argument for both sides).

Two, that most large libraries, e.g., the Detroit system, the University of Michigan system are now and have been operating successfully with a limited stack system.

Three, that limited access will not prevent the issuance of books on request.

Four, that original funds for building were partially obtained from the federal government in stipulation build a limited-access stack in the program could result in restrictive measures.

And finally, perhaps most important:

The east wing is not capable of handling the heavy traffic of unrestricted use.

Those in opposition to restricting the east wing offer an argument based chiefly on the concept of student academic freedom. In theory, the limitation of the grad stacks to graduate students and undergraduates with permits, plus the original decision concerning the building of the east wing, violates student rights. The original decision, they contend, ignored the students voice. Based perhaps on some degree of deliberate discrimination, it restricts one specific student group from a form of learning, and violates the Academic Freedom Report by cutting off some of the "diverse services" that a Library must provide. How these factors affect the situation must be considered in the light of the standing situation.

The final three points of the defense of the new program are, however, the determining factors of the entire situation. It is interesting that the government commitment through funding has not yet been punctuated. The justification of avoiding federal retribution through cutting off of aid, unfortunately, all too true. But any system depending on money merely to exist, the possibility of eradication of any aid represents a significant threat.

And the most unfortunate circumstance in idealistic terms, is that the new wing is already completed. Following great concepts of equality and freedom the unrestricted opening of the east wing can very easily be justified. However, in practical terms, this is not just unreasonable but ridiculous.

The east wing, being designed for limited-access, lacks browsing aisles, study areas, and general facilities. The design is functional only in limited-access terms. We cannot, as two leading opponents of the proposed system have suggested, tear down the entire Library, nor can we at this point entirely renovate the east wing. And the new system will throw barriers between the books and the students.

In addition to a paging system, a flag permitting undergraduates to receive east wing access permits with permission from an instructor will be enacted. Thus, the interested student, any interested student, can get at the materials he needs, while the student not in need is screened out. The entire controversy, then, has reached a level so disproportionately great that the true problems of the Library have been obscured in this light.

One of the most significant of these true problems, and one of the most immediate causes of the mediocre service offered at the Library, is the under-staffing present throughout the system.

The problem, due of course to lack of money, has been hampering the library system for more than the past decade.

One of the most significant by-products of the lack of adequate staffing is illustrated in the switchover to the Library of Congress system of classification. The switchover, due to lack of sufficient personnel, has taken over ten years. This classification and shelving of newly acquired volumes (one hundred thousand new books are purchased annually) is similarly hampered.

New books are simply not appearing on the shelves.

Operating with one-third the necessary staff, the Library has created problems to such a degree that the Library's most vital life functions are maintained at a poor efficiency, at best half-adequate. The essential Freedom Report guaranteed right to learn is obstructed not by seeming "discrimination" but by the very process of correcting the need is, at the very best, tortuous. Significantly, in order for the problem to be alleviated, the nature of that problem must first be determined—not popularly, but officially.
Assume that the Library needs to increase its staff. First, a survey must be taken to determine how the staff shall be increased, and even if there actually is a need to increase it. Only after this survey has been conducted can even a request for funds be made. The same holds true for any improvement in the entire system. And even a survey illustrating the powerful existence of a need may not be acted on. Such a survey, conducted from December 1967 through January 1968, reported on the need to keep the library open until 1 a.m. for study purposes. An average of 607 students per night used the Library between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m. Yet even so, with the need so powerfully illustrated, no extra funds were allotted for this need. This true controversy became lost in the shuffle of finals, to be obscured by the disproportionate flurry over the grad stacks and another perennial false controversy.

This controversy, one of the more pernicious MSU issues, centers about the competency of Chapin, Director of Libraries at MSU since 1953. He has been accused of ignorance of modern library science methods, misuse of funds, deliberate anti-student discrimination, in short, he is regarded as the absolute tyrant of libraries who is trying very hard to keep the six books in MSU's possession away from the students.

Chapin's record as head of a system everyone expects to be great on inadequate resources serves, on investigation, to emphasize his personal integrity. In a system where a laughable budget forebodes most short-term improvements, Chapin is attempting to make a series of long-term improvements which, in turn, will result in long-term university improvement. At the same time he stands almost in the position of a double scapegoat. Chapin must answer both to the administrative community and the student community in providing library services. On the one hand, he is under-funded, on the other hand, he is over-demanded. Library understanding additionally obstructs the few long-term actions being taken (such as recataloging, limiting stacks and acquisions).

Caught between the letters of immediate student demands and nonexistent administrative cooperation, the director's reputation has suffered significantly. Yet though he takes the pains, Chapin does not do the stacking in the University Library system.

Who does the stacking? Ultimately two groups are responsible: the first and seemingly most powerful is the administration. Controlling the purse strings, its failure to respond to, or even to investigate, the need of the Library for vast improvement is a glaring source of blame. And this is further compounded by past overlooking of proven needs, as in the late-hours experiment. The inaction of this body may require a catalyst before steps can be taken.

The second group holding responsibility in the state of the Library is the group most immediately affected by its worth: the students. One of the major factors of academic freedom emphasizes the responsibility of all groups in the academic community. The responsibility of the student in such a scheme cannot be under-emphasized. The nature of a library reflects on the nature of its university, and therefore on the nature of its students. Can Michigan State students honestly permit the implications of a mediocre library system? The student voice, student action, student demands better than past apathetic attempts for this direct improvement in the education process must be made. Ignoring the false issues, they must be made now. The state of the university—and the state of its students—cannot honestly be left to mediocrity.

The decision to do the stacking may not rest with us, but we can take it into our hands. Speak out.

---

Is silence the enveloping emptiness of a forest covered with its never blushing cheek?
Or, is it a feeling you get by a lake on a still, clear evening, when even the waters cease to lap on the shore?
John Mayall: Interview

(continued from page five)

can't get back into the country, they are missing an important part of life—n't being able to get back to California. I'm in the U.S. and settle down for a while. Of course, all the Beatles and Stones have spoken very highly of California. Do you think this is true? Do you have any desire to stay in the States? Or are you happy where you are in England?

JM. Well, Los Angeles is my place. That's my town. You can search the world and find some place that's not suited to you. L.A.'s the place where everything suits me in every aspect.

MSN. How do you find it here in relation to upper England in particular, audience-wise and the type of set-up you have a business with the people here, like at the Grandy and Filmore in San Francisco. You played at the Avalon Ballroom. I think a little while ago...San Francisco. Do you think you get more response from the managers and audience in particular in the U.S. as opposed to England or is there any comparison?

JM. The audience is the same wherever we play. It does strike me that there are a lot of promoters over here that don't seem to know what they are doing—running business very badly. I think probably Bill Graham's the only proper promoter in the whole country. He's a businessman and he runs things properly.

MSN. Would you say the major portion of your audience is like 10-15 age group or 16-21? I've never checked 'em out, but I think they're reputed to be between 16 and 30. I really wouldn't know. They're just made up of anyone discerning enough to appreciate music.

MSN. Back to this audience thing—Do you think the people here really appreciate your type of music and what you're doing now? It seems that somehow that you haven't had quite the exposure that some of the other groups have had. And I know that people like you, and for example, Bert Jansch. You mention their name and unless someone is a connoisseur of music they don't know what you're talking about.

JM. Well, it's a connoisseur's music isn't it? Not sort of a big show business thing. They're not marketing a new sound or a new group, just getting up—it's bound for the top and just goes back down to the bottom again. I should hate to be marketed the same way the Cream would be marketed, which is one of the factors for Eric leaving—cause he just can't stand that sort of thing because, it puts unbelievable pressures on the musicians to say that you will play with him and him and him. This is the sort of thing you will do. If you don't feel like playing you still go and go through all those things as if you were enjoying it. It's like, if a thing gets big, it becomes a trap for you, because then you have to play what people expect of you and you have less freedom to do anything you want.

MSN. Is there one thing that you would like to do, I mean that you haven't done. Is there some goal you have?

JM. Oh yeah. There's always goals. They come up all the time and never reach anywhere where you can be satisfied. Either with daily playing or with things to do. Over here—there's a lot of work to be done over here—in the Blues music thing—cause it's very bad over here. You get people appreciating things. Like, you get the talk of an upsurge of Blues revival in this country, when in actual fact it isn't at all. It's the popularity of American white groups, playing what they label as Blues. And people say,

 Oh Well, they're getting very very popular and he's popular and he's popular and Blues is coming in. When I'm an actual fact, the racial thing is so tremendously over here that it's completely out of balance. So you get in the South side of Chicago and the whole ghetto is loaded with Negro Blues talent. There are no gigs and no white people that go down to the South Side to go and be able to hear them. It's like two separate worlds all over the country with the exception of the West Coast, which is slightly freer in that respect in the music side.

SEAHORSE AND PINE
(for barns, cows, calves, looks, June, Charlie and Malcolm)

Wednesday through
woods water ran
to voices one
couldn't be sure
that last time
those locked in
green
would heal
or find a way
to talk
Wednesday through

—Richard J. Mamrasi

BOOKMARKS

DECEMBER, X (Curt Johnson, Editor, Box 274, Western Springs, Ill. 60558-222 pp. $2.00)

This is December's tenth anniversary issue, an age seldom reached by independent "little magazines." It has come to maturity without the aid of any university, foundation or private sponsor means two things: 1) it needs money; 2) it is not limited editorially by any outside interests. And one would like to think that somehow this freedom more than offsets financial hardships.

Over the past ten years December has published fiction, poetry, and prose by writers known and unknown, and in the best tradition of "little magazines" it has published known writers when they were unknown. Work from its pages has been reprinted in anthologies—a December story, for example, appears in The Best American Short Stories of 1967. The magazine's criterion has always been that the work is of high literary quality—and this issue is no exception. One story, "By the River," is by Joyce Carol Oates, a Detroit writer who usually publishes in the high-paying magazines; that she would write a story in December is in itself a quiet comment on the magazine's quality.

There are other stories, numerous poems, pages of artwork—including Lasansky drawings and some beautiful pictures of Barbara—and a lengthy section on "The Movies." The latter is a feature that has been developing in December over the past five years. The magazine's approach to the film is serious, but not, I think, scholarly. The current issue devotes 56 pages to this subject, including: an overview of Manny Farber as Critic; On British Critics; On Kenneth Anger: The Strange as 1945; On Gollancz, Movies, Books on the Movies; Loney on Loney.

An impressive list—and December, moving into its eleventh year, is an impressive magazine that lives up to the promises of its subtitle: a magazine of the arts and opinion.

—A.D.D.
How I served my time as God

by Randy Droll

Editor's Note: Randy Droll, Kokomo, Indiana junior, is a major in physics. His greatest desire in life is to Wooster House (North Wonders Hall) to win a basketball game.

It was my third week working at the dairy store. This character in a gray suit came in, walked over to me, whipped out a gun and made it plain he wanted me to clean out the cash register. I was very willing to oblige, but made a bad job of it, trembling and dropping coins as I put them in a sack. Also, I needed to sneeze and I kept telling myself this was not an appropriate occasion for sneezes. However, as I handed the man the sack, the big sneeze came out. I seemed to hear a noise like someone dropping a book above the noise of the sneeze, and I guess it must have been the shot.

The next thing I knew was in what I can call nothing. I didn't have a body, and yet I could see things. A middle-aged woman walked up and announced that she was God. I was pretty scared, but she put me at ease, declaring I was immortal and that anyway no one could hurt me 'cause I was a little bit of God and God's the only person. She then told me to be quiet while she explained things or else she would get the Japanese boy in Toronto. Otherwise being, perhaps 40 percent of my character, I promptly stifled all questions running through my head.

She began speaking, flatly, without much enthusiasm. I am the God who created the world. There were two others before me, but they didn't create anything, being unable to decide what to do. They both had schizophreric divisions, the half that was them going to sleep, and the other half carrying on as God. They lie sleeping in this room. I do not know if they will rise again.

'I am the product of the second God's division. I was more adventurous than the others and created the world. As I grew bored with touting around matter, I started making tiny schizophreric divisions which account for living things. Observing the actions of these parts of myself has kept me busy for a long time. However, I too am now bored, and want to go to sleep. However, I am not going to make a complete split. Instead, I am going to put you, an infinitesimal division of God, in charge of the whole works. Your consciousness will be God's consciousness and will control the mighty unconscious power of God. You will be God's brain and the brain is the most important part. You will be all-powerful. I chose you because you seemed to be remarkably happy even though rather timid. Behold the world I created.'

Black curtains seemed to slide away and I could see thousands of stars. The bright lights were very exciting, something like going into Detroit on a bus at night.

She interrupted my admiration. 'Before I put you in charge, I want you to promise not to mess with this world. You can do

all your creating in another dimension. Do you promise?'

'Sure enough, I am God. I made myself a million dollars, then a motorcycle, but I knew I was just messing around. I began making a big flat world, stretching forever. This kept me occupied quite a while. Then I began tossing big chunks of stuff around, bigger than the whole world the other God had made. They slammed together and made big explosions. This seemed fun for a long time but there wasn't anything to it. Finally I got real clever and made a girl like Bonnie in 'Bonnie and Clyde.' She was sprawled out on a big raft calling me to her. However, I lost the sex urge when I became God. There wasn't anything there to urge.

She kept calling me so I dropped a mountain on her. This shook me up quite a bit, and I decided I didn't like being all-powerful. I wanted to go back to the dairy where I could at least be scared of things. I had almost decided to offer the job to the Japanese boy in Toronto when up jumped the first God who had been sleeping. He growled, 'Damn, you have to wake up.' Before I knew it he had pushed me clear out of God. I found myself in the dairy, two hours before the time I had been shot. I hastily wrote out a resignation letter and got out of the dairy, thinking of the two hours' pay I'd lost. But I guess the first God has started messing with the world because when the time came, there wasn't any robbery at all, just a nuclear war.

Silence seems to reverberate throughout an empty cathedral,
Echoing the sounds of ages past.
Or, it creeps upon you in an old wooden home,
threatening your mind with events to come.
The Kansas City Poetry Contests
6th Annual Competitions 1969
$1,900.00 IN CASH PRIZES

Editor's Note: Robert Vander Molen, East Lansing poet, is the author of two books. His first volume, Blood Ink, was published in May 1967, The Invisible Last Book at Deep Ocean Fish is available in East Lansing area.

Linda Wagner, assisted professor of English at MI, has published her own poetry and criticism. She has interviewed poet Robert Creeley in the current issue of Paris Review.

Robert Vander Molen's second book of poems, The Invisible Last Book at Deep Ocean Fish, is a strong new collection. Traditionally a good lyric poet in some ways, reflects the poet's craft, writing a collection of 15 poems of this book. They are crafted with the same care, each one easily recognizable as Vander Molen's, yet seldom repetitive. It is the range of approach that commands the reader to express me more, poems are about fishing, liberal good old Michigan fishing, yet each one is a unique poem. There is the simplicity of poems like "The Pool of Salmon and Sealweed":

The smell of salmon wind
Digs into the hill and takes the grass...
There is the sense of fishing and the delight of the pastime. These is the way Hemingway used it, or the satisfaction of fishing equaled with sexual pleasure. There is the further metaphor as in Caught Bloodless...

Ices on Lake Michigan a refractory
Of greenish eyes
Several stories deep
They speak
Sargents and you hold an invisible
Lost book of deep ocean fish
Whose eyes glisten for the slightest
Echo of light under pressure
Your eyes are dull.

Green eyes
And under sail boats
With sparks racing sails intersecting
To cut even fingers
Lying hunched on an unowned snow.

Vander Molen writes many short, imaginative kinds of poems, reminding me of Williams' No ideas but in things. Many longer poems are sequences of brief impressions like:

The sand kicks the surface
When the woman
Walks hugging a woman shadow...
Yet even these lyrics are marked with the poet's characteristic irony and understated statement. My skin has been in the room too long, "but it wasn't so much." In April, I gave up writing. It is Vander Molen's voice, not a tired echo of Pound or H.D., for these are unmistakably indomitable poems. The lower-case dietion strikes me as appropriate to the poems as well as to the poet. Without being sensational, Vander Molen's language is apt and apt and apt. He seems to have no reverence about using I in his work. The more often of a poetry mature poet.

In another sense, his work choice is quite active, with verbs forms often used in place of modifiers and nouns the wind turns to fluttering, changing months.

Most important of all, Vander Molen's mood here is cool, yet caring is important. It's right. We need to read these glimpses of honest involvement with people, future: life. We need to share the reality of poems like "Big Sable River" and "First Person."
But and offended Civil she rules Black Characters concept Lena been interrupted her him. begins the she the the her they film of MIND Sjoman Some soul, ombudsmen Vilgot with continuing. the image to we9 Borje were before. scenes you and berry footage has the character. are few people The and the film passes many scenes you and a Berry. passes the film film's many scenes you and a Berry. passes the film. They are going up in an elevator, and a rather four lady answers the titles. ‘But I’m not. We discover that there are two editions of the film, a blue and a yellow, the colors of the Swedish flag. We are to see the yellow edition.
The film that follows is a series of scenes involving several levels of reality, reminiscent of Pirandello’s ‘Six Characters in Search of an Author.’ There is the initial relationship between Lena and Vilgot, before the filming of ‘I Am Curious’ there is the actress, Lena, portraying a character. Scenes supposedly acted are interrupted by the participation of the film crew in the action of the story, as when the crew gets down on the grass and shows Lena how to perform yoga passes with which she has difficulty. The effect is to erase conventional conceptions of what is actual and what is in the script.
Sjoman thinks Lena incredibly naive about political matters. As the script requires, she becomes a self-styled interviewee-reformer who, in her immaturity, uncovers more truth than the politically aware policemen. She interviews young workers who think it is fair that they are underpaid. She talks with umbrelishmen who reply in doubletalk. She becomes very upset when she discovers, after interviewing several young men in an induction center, how little military people know about non-violence.
In the film, Sjoman’s slogan technique is very effective. During a scene in which Lena opens an institute for non-violence three slogans are flashed on the screen:
NON-COEPRATION
SABOTAGE
FRATERNIZATION
Other slogans appear during various scenes throughout the film. In the midst of discussing ‘Sjoman’s Institute’ for non-violence Lena and girlfriend Ulla casually talk of methods of masturbation. Now we know the film will be sexy—or do we?
The censors may have been disappointed because the uneasy acting sequence Lena makes a large, black bag labeled ‘The Guilty Conscience of Social Democracy’ which she plans to fill with everything she finds that belongs in it. Again, slogans:
SHARPEN YOUR MEMORY
SHARPEN YOUR MIND
WHAT IF LENA HIDING IN THE BAG?
Lena and her friends proclaim in the，

interesting, but Censored

By VALERIE RESTIVO

“Am Curious (Yellow)”, a film by Vigdor Sjoman Translated from the Swedish by Martin Minow and Jenny Rob¬

bon. New York, Evergreen Black Cat (A Book, 1968, $2.50)

Very interesting but Censored. That was the verdict passed in May of 1968 by seven men and women in the Dock, at a hearing, of the New York City Board of Censors. ‘I Am Curious (Yellow)’, which was made in Sweden, has been shown in many countries, including the United States, but it has never been released in New York. The film was shot in 1965 and was the most controversial of the ‘Am Curious’ series, which includes ‘Am Curious (Red)’ and ‘Am Curious (Blue).’

Sjoman is a Swedish filmmaker who has been involved in the film industry for many years. He is known for his controversial films, which often address political and social issues.

The film ‘Am Curious (Yellow)’ is set in a small town in Sweden and follows the story of Lena, a young woman who is a member of a group of activists working to promote non-violence. The film explores themes of political activism, social justice, and personal relationships.

The film was originally released in Sweden in 1965 and received widespread attention due to its controversial nature. It was banned in several countries, including the United States, due to concerns about its political content.

The film’s reception has been mixed, with some critics praising it for its boldness and creativity, while others have criticized it for its political message.

Overall, ‘Am Curious (Yellow)’ is a thought-provoking film that explores important social issues and challenges viewers to consider their own beliefs and values.

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Orange berry in my palm.
I pulled you from your mother
To share your wax and stem
Between the sun and I.

Orange berry I toss soiltly in the air
And watch you are against the sky another sun;
And catch you at dusk
With tender fingers of fascination.

--Richard Forster

A mother breathes easily as her now-quieted baby sleeps

In a cradle.

An old woman never notices as her wrinkled husband
dies silently in his sleep.

Was that silence? Silence contains all, yet by itself

is nothing.

May God's voice still be heard in our world,

and we speak aloud the meaning of silence.