

COLLAGE

The State News Bi-weekly Magazine

Thursday, September 28, 1967



IT BEGINS HERE

Forum for understanding

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

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

Implementation of the Academic Freedom Report, black power, urban renewal, the War, communications, drugs--these are all issues that must be dealt with, explored, and analyzed in

an open forum. Emotions, in the final analysis, must give way to rational discussion if there is any hope for friendship and understanding among men.

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

The forum is here. It is open to all. We are all part of the Collage.

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COMMENTARY

Caught in his own trap

By MAX LERNER

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

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

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

Rockwell had little success in a wakening anti-Semitic hatreds in America. He did have some success in his anti-Negro propaganda, especially among some of the whites around Chicago who feared the encroachment of Negro housing. He felt he had struck pay dirt in the anti-Negro hatreds and was confident that the black power movement, with the panic fear it evoked, would play into his hands. His latest talks before his death were geared to the white power theme, and he was in the midst

of preparing a book with that title.

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

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

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

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



GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL



COLLAGE

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Wanda Hancock

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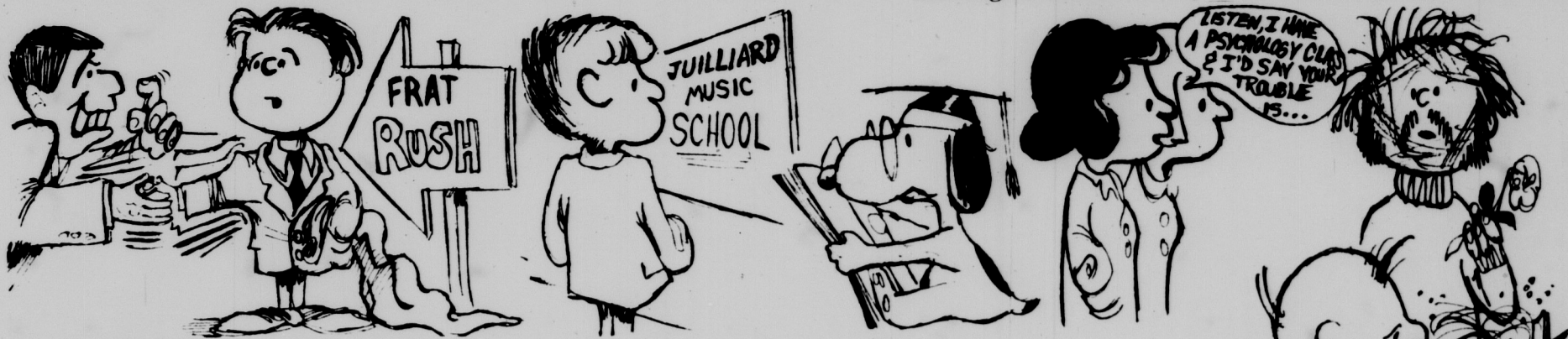
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BLEAH!

Good OLD Charlie Brown

By BOB ZESCHIN

Let's face it. Comic strip characters are endowed with a longevity and agelessness that must confound medical science. They never get any older. Look at Little Orphan Annie. Some time back, she celebrated her 40th year in print, and there's not a wrinkle in her face. Or in that red dress of hers, either. You'd think that for her 40th birthday, cartoonist Harold Gray could have at least coughed up a new outfit. But the eyeballs he gave her must have more than made up for it. At last Annie can see what a good job whoever gave her that permanent forty years ago did.

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

Anyway, what would happen if these kids aged like everybody else? And what better examples to pick than the funniest and most financially

successful of all the comic kiddies--the Peanuts gang?

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

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

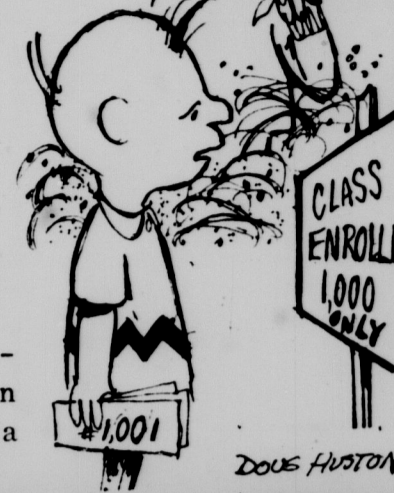
And if Schroeder's at Juilliard, Lucy would have to be somewhere in the New York area, so as to be near her sweetie. She might be studying for an M.D. at Columbia, in which case the prices at her psychiatric help booth might go slightly higher than "five cents, please."

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

Regardless of where she goes, Lucy as a college student would be a first-rate activist. Her years of being the World's Number One Fuss-budget would prepare her perfectly for four years of picketing and protesting. And judging from her ultimatum that she'd "give everybody just twelve years to

straighten everything out, so I can live my adult life in a

(continued on page 12)



DOUG HUSTON

PAPERBACKS IN REVIEW
A publisher's survey of what's new in the world of unrequited reading

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

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

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

Anchor Books has just published a volume of Voznesensky's verse, including eight new poems, entitled **ANTIWORLDS AND "THE FIFTH ACE"** (edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward; \$1.95). It is a bilingual edition, with the Russian texts on left hand pages and English versions facing them. And it is a remarkable venture in the art of translation, because six American poets -- W. H. Auden, Jean Garrigue, Stanley Kunitz, Stanley Moss, William Jay Smith, and Richard Wilbur -- worked with the editors from literal translations of the poems to create English equivalents. Voznesensky has written the translators of **ANTIWORLDS**: "I have long been convinced that poetry must be translated by poets. A poet understands another poet, even without the help of a dictionary..."

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

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

The two books reviewed above are published by the sponsors of this column, Doubleday Anchor Books, 277 Park Avenue, New York City, and Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. You'll find them both at one of the best equipped booksellers in the country -- your own college store.

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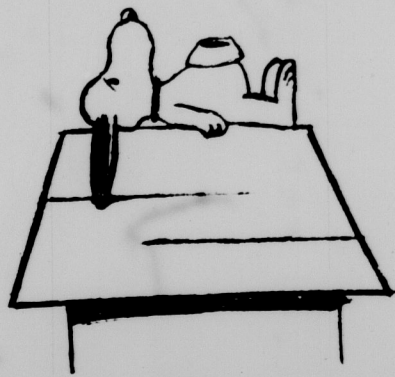
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Filmdom's new breed: 3 faces of Murray

By ROBERTA YAFIE

There were days when actors were actors. Brando, Dean, Bogey, Stewart, Cagney, Fonda. They learned their lines, stood before the camera, did their things and, after they had shed a lot of blood, sweat and tears, we plunked down the appropriate sum at the friendly neighborhood cinema and sat back to enjoy the fruit of their labor.

You never clipped photos of DeMille, Selznick, Logan or Preminger to paste in your scrapbook, though. How many of you fans know Josh Logan's favorite color or Cecil B.'s birthplace? All that most of us knew of these men was that they were good at their craft and made a lot of money. They weren't even divorced much.

About a dozen years ago, however, the new generation of screen gems, like Tony Curtis, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas and Sinatra, crossed the line to the other side of the cameras to play the producer-director game.

To the average movie fan, the only explanation was in terms of dollars and cents. Some worried that their favorites would abandon the wide screen for an even fatter purse.

Which brings us to Don Murray, the hometown boy who made good. Like all local products, Murray left home to seek his fortune, returned with a pot of gold and set out to establish himself in his native habitat.

Murray was born and raised in the shadow of Paramount Studios, that is to say, Hollywood, into a show biz family. His father was a dance director, his mother a former Ziegfeld girl.

East-bound stage

After traveling about the country, he wound up in New York's American Academy of Dramatic Arts and spent his summers in stock. His first major role was in "Insect Comedy" with Jose Ferrer at the City Center, shortly after graduation from AADA.

That led to Broadway, where Murray was cast as the young sailor in "The Rose Tattoo."

Both appearances won him high critical acclaim and sent him soaring to the top. He played opposite Helen Hayes and Mary Martin in the revival of "The Skin of Our Teeth." As if it's rave notices weren't sufficient, the State Department sent the show to Paris as a special gesture of good will entitled "A Salute to France."

He was searching for a leading man. It was a special role. Logan was directing the film version of his Broadway hit, "Bus Stop," and the part in question was that of the cowboy, opposite none other than Marilyn Monroe.

Logan saw Murray in "Skin of Our Teeth," as well as in "Hot Corner," in which he starred, and tested him for the male lead.

The rest is history. He was an over-night Hollywood star and spent the rest of his time in front of the cameras. A string of films followed--"Bachelor Party," "A Hatful of Rain," "From Hell To Texas," "Shake Hands With the Devil," "The Hoodlum Priest," "Advise and Consent," "Baby, The Rain Must Fall," "Kid Rodello" and "The Plainsman."

He brightened up that vast TV wasteland, too, with roles in "The Hasty Heart," "Billy Budd," "Winterset," "Alas, Babylon" and "The Borgia Stick."

At his best

"The Hoodlum Priest," next to "Bus Stop," was perhaps his best recognized film, although many viewers probably fail to note that his acting stint was but a slice of the work.

Murray co-authored and co-produced the film with Walter Wood. In these new roles, Murray had the opportunity to express some ideas and convictions of his own, in his own right.

"Hoodlum Priest" was done in black and white, as a documentary. It met with great success, on all counts. Murray, however, wanted more.

With film and TV commitments out of the way, he's spent the past five years on his second production, "Tale of the Cock," which opens Friday at the State Theatre.

No documentary, this. Filmed in California in Eastmancolor, Murray employed a real-life

Murray isn't looking for hidden, symbolic interpretations, although he's open to them. For him, the proof is in the pudding.

story, a young cast and the photographic talents and directoral know-how of John Derek who, like Murray, climbed the ladder of success as an actor.

Derek's photographic excellence can be remembered in the essay he did in Playboy on his former wife, Ursula Andress. Got the picture?

With "Tale of the Cock," Murray was aiming at creating a form of realism that would make an immediate impression on the senses, independent of detail. He uses light and color to evoke physical contact.

Impressionism is the key to the film, according to Murray, and the key to its impressionism, he continues, is John Derek. Derek's techniques, his proficiency in photography, film editing and production, have made "Tale of the Cock" click.

He used telescopic lenses, for example, in shooting the fight scenes, placing the actors several feet apart, yet getting the effect of physical contact.

The story, a romantic drama, concerns two people whom Murray knows in Hollywood, a young, motorcycle-riding, flamboyant boxer, played by Murray, and a sensitive girl intent on becoming a missionary, played by Linda Evans.

It's a sophisticated film, Murray says, to be played to sophisticated audiences. When he spoke of it, he alluded to Michelangelo Antonioni's "Red Desert" and "Blow-up," especially where photography was concerned.

In keeping with this, the film will open only to college and university communities, where the young people are. "Tale of the Cock," however, is not for the young.

Speaks for itself

Murray isn't looking for hidden, symbolic interpretations, although he's open to them. For him, the proof is in the pudding.

Rather than rely on Hollywood extras, he's used the average American to play that role. He explained that professional extras are too professional, often cancelling out realism where it is most needed.

"They eventually do everything the same way, every time," he pointed out. "They don't change with the roles. It's like a rhythmic slow motion, and they inevitably overact."

It wasn't an easy film to produce, and Murray had his share of close scrapes. His sparring partner, reacting instinctively when Murray landed a punch, returned it with vigor, landing Murray in the hospital with a concussion. While learning how to ride the motorcycle, he was thrown from the back, but suffered only minor scrapes.

When it comes to casting, Murray relies on similarities between the actor and the role rather than the versatility of the actor.

He got just the opportunity with a man who'd been around the movie industry for years, but had never had a speaking part and wanted to join the Screen Actors' Guild. Membership in the union requires that the applicant have had a speaking part.

"The man just happened to be identical to one of the firm's characters--a lonely old man who talks to others, not with them.

"When I auditioned him, he said he still didn't understand his lines," Murray remarked, "and after I explained the part to him he wasn't even listening to me; he was off in another world. He just played the part. Actually, he wasn't even acting."

At the screening, the audience reacted to the comic character of his part with laughter. At the showing's conclusion, however, the man stalked out. He was genuinely insulted, for all those people were laughing at him. He still wasn't aware of the role. All the while he was only playing himself.

He never quite got the picture.



Tender Moment

Caught in a tender moment are Don Murray, who portrays the hard-biting, flamboyant prizefighter and Linda Evans, co-starring as the gentle young girl bent on a career as a missionary in "Tale of the Cock." The film, written and produced by Murray and photographed and directed by actor John Derek, opens Friday at the State Theatre.

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Detroit's fall scene swings

Something old, something new... the Detroit scene this fall offers a spectrum of activity that runs from the granddaddy of cinema spectaculars to the sparkle of programmed nightlife.

Hollywood's hardest perennial, "Gone With The Wind," is back... again... ready to delight millions of movie buffs for three hours of tear-jerking excellence. "GWTW" is re-debating across the country, and arrives at Detroit's Madison Theatre in mid-October.

The Detroit Institute of Fine Arts has extended until October 29 its exhibition of "Cezanne and His Contemporaries," from the private collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman.

The collection includes 24 Cezanne oils, watercolors, lithographs and etchings, as well as works by Toulouse-Lautrec, Manet, Modigliani, Tenoir, Soutine, Utrillo, Kokoschka, Degas, Daumier, Lehmbeck and Lipchitz.

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

Fifty outstanding examples of the rugmaker's art from 1550-1850 will be shown through October 1. From the McMullan Collection, these Islamic rugs range from sophisticated court and mosque rugs to vigorous peasant and nomad carpets.

In the Education Corridor, selected textiles from the permanent collection will be exhibited through October 8.

The 80 galleries of the Detroit Institute are open from 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Tuesdays, and 9 a.m.-

6 p.m. Wednesdays through Sundays. The Institute is closed Mondays and holidays and admission is free.

The Grande Ballroom at 8952 Grand River will be the place for today's psychedelic rock sounds. Presented by "Uncle Russ," this weekend's card features the Apostles, the East Side Orphans, the MC-5 and the Spikedrivers. Performances are at 8:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday.

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

For these evening concerts, there's an age requirement of 17. Tickets are \$3.50 and are available at Grinnell's, Hudson's, Mixed Media at 5704 Cass and 100 Camels Books at 923 Plum St.

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

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

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

The Veteran's Day Affair November 11 will have the Upper Deck decked out in red, white and blue. No cover charge for vets. Thanksgiving festivities get

wound up November 25. For details about the special surprise night, phone the Upper Deck at VA 3-1000.

What could brighten up a cold

December night better than a Hawaiian luau? That's the bill of fare December 2, when you'll enjoy leis, fish and poi and an eleventh hour hula show.

Judy Garland will be at Cobo Hall Friday night at 8:30, straight from her rave run at the Palace in New York. Tickets are on sale at the Cobo Hall box office.

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PAC offers tour, music and 7 films

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

Thornton Wilder's satire "The Skin of Our Teeth," concerning a family which has survived everything from the Ice Age to the latest war, will be performed October 24-29. It will tour Brody, Wonders and McDonel Halls winter term, along with Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

Sophocles' ageless tragedy, "Antigone," written about 441 B.C., will be presented Oct. 31 through Nov. 5.

An opera--yet to be chosen--will be presented winter term by PAC and the Music Dept. under Dennis Burk. Auditions for leading roles will be held Oct. 2.

"Animal Farm," George Orwell's tale of a farm overthrown by its barnyard inhabitants and ruled by hogs, will be presented Feb. 6-11.

Moliere's "The Would-Be Gentleman," a satire about a bourgeois gentleman who seeks instruction in social graces to win his lady's favor, will be performed Feb. 27 through March 3.

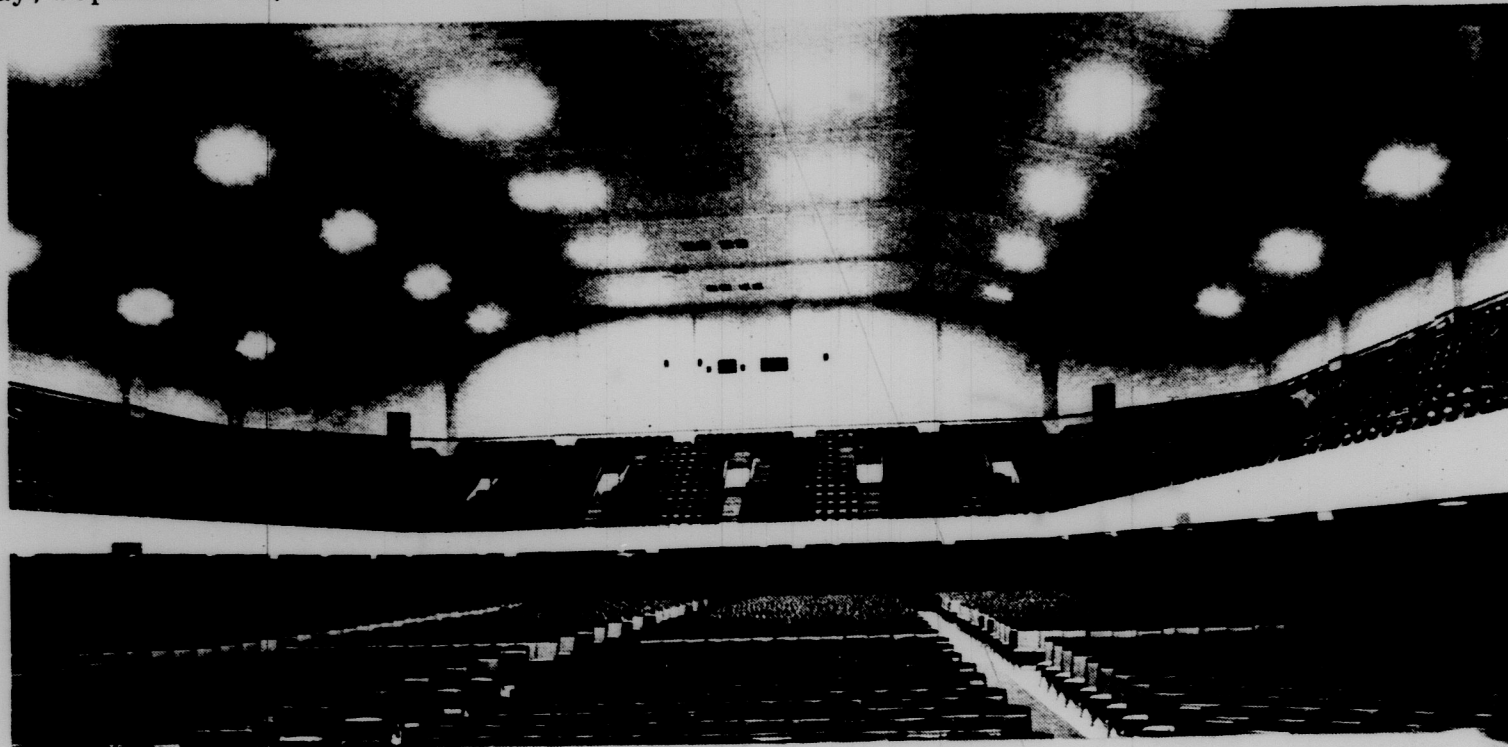
"Serjeant Musgrave's Dance," a drama of war by John Arden, will be presented April 23-28.

Siam comes to the stage with Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical "The King and I" on May 16-18.

Also appearing on the PAC series this year are a dance concert April 2 and seven films.

"Alice in Wonderland" will be shown Friday; "Julius Caesar," Nov. 17; "The Human Comedy," Jan. 12; "Bad Day at Black Rock," Feb. 2; "How Green Was My Valley," Mar. 8; "When Comedy was King," April 12; and "The Enemy Below," May 24.

All films are at 7 p.m. in 100 Anthony Hall. Admission is by coupon book, but any seats left over will be sold at the door at 50 cents.



Theater: no room at MSU

By STUART ROSENTHAL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Physically, the Fairchild stage is too small with no fly space, which immediately makes elaborate production techniques impractical. When a large road show performs on campus, the MSU community seldom sees the performance with its full spectacle because the dearth

of fly space limits the number of drops and effects which can be employed.

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

The dressing rooms, according to Rutledge, are miserably inadequate. Between actors and costumes there simply is not enough room in the cramped quarters backstage, especially when a number of major costume changes are required.

Visually, Rutledge describes the Auditorium side of the stage as a "gun slot in a western fort." The ideal dimensions of a proscenium should be 2:3; the height being two-thirds of the width, or by Baroque standards, a one to one relationship is desirable. Aesthetically, he depicts Fairchild as "foreboding," comparing the atmosphere to the aura of a gas chamber.

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

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

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

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

In fact, Fairchild Theatre is a virtual echo chamber—a University resonance hall. The walls were made of wood in anticipation of a resonance effect similar to that found in many opera houses. But instead, the effect is a sharp resounding which has led to the hanging of oriental rugs in the theater to offset the bounce.

The mid-section of the stage extends straight up to the roof, a highly undesirable situation especially in regard to musical performances. The sound tends to go straight up and to get lost

on the stage itself, instead of being projected out over the footlights. The problem is that the house is so gargantuan that the sound dissipates by the time it gets halfway across the room. "From this point back," according to Greenwell, "you are getting, at best, an echo of what is going on. There are places where you actually do get a sharp echo and have the strange state of listening, in essence, to two performances of the same thing at one time."

Rutledge attributes the same situation in Fairchild, partially to the inverted tub ceiling of the building, and thinks that the situation would be somewhat remedied if it were possible to lower and flatten said ceiling.

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

The reality of the situation in which University facilities are unavailable to MSU-sponsored programs was driven home this summer when the ASMSU Popular Entertainment series was unable to procure Jenison Fieldhouse for a Saturday performance by Bob Hope this fall. Fortunately, it was possible to get a Sunday booking for the busy comedian, although the change will undoubtedly result in a drop in ticket sales.

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

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

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

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

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

(continued on page 9)

A midwinter night's dream

By JEFFREY JUSTIN

A night last winter term, and among the antiseptic corridors of Fee Hall, a strange phenomenon was occurring. A darkened classroom obscured the blankness of the walls. Checkered table cloths flickering from candles gave a bogus coffee-house atmosphere. The room was filling at 25 cents a person to the Fee cultural committee. They had come to listen to student poets and student musicians, and in the reality of words and music the contrived atmosphere was dissipated. A live expression of the creation of art was taking place.

This in contrast to slides of masterpieces rattled off before sleepy students in Humanities sections. In contrast to the dull dissections of Paradise Lost for a term paper.

We were witnessing one facet of the rise of culture at MSU--culture here defined as the widening of the faculty of enjoyment, the deepening of that faculty.

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

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

I read some of my own verse at the beginning.

It was the first time I'd read them to anyone other than a few friends, and I still remember the surprising pleasure of having those important thoughts understood by strangers. My delusions of grandeur aside, I knew there was communication. I knew it in the pregnant silence between stanzas or between poems--a different feeling than you get from the sterile silence between the T.V. commercial and the station break.

I sat down and listened. The Black Humor of Ken Lawless' verse, the new protest; bitterness made livable with a grin. The distinct monotone of Robert Vander Molen's reading, sending out the intense verse, our minds racing to fill in the significant spaces between the images. Three students' dramatic reading of a section of Benet's John Brown's Body. Guitar players and singers performed between the readings. The strings that vibrated before us made music more real than the records they had started from, more immediate.

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

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

Toward 11 p.m. the room was so crowded that people were standing along the walls. Lawless had commented earlier on how much the experience would have been improved with a couple kegs of beer, and later amid applause, two students carried in two symbolic empty kegs and put them in front of the microphone. Being a resident assistant, I caught my conscience worrying that there might be some alcohol left in them. Why should that be?

Groat said that Zeitgeist had been looking for such a room for its "culture fests" for two years. I recalled the long line at the State Theater where Ferlinghetti had to read, and asked myself: Why should that be?

I looked at the crowd of students around me, neither hippies, nor dormies, nor frat-rats-- simply students perceiving and enjoying another man's thoughts about his life. I asked myself for so long, subjects only for the archeology of scholars.

The rise of culture at MSU.

The Process of Autumn

I. Early

The turning season. Autumn inches
Away from summer on green hinges.
Easy breezes push the limbs
A little farther than before.
A fresh breath trembles the opening door
And lungs of men whose upward eyes
See how clouds change their minds

II. Middle

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

III. Late

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

Realizing III

Assembling of gear, then creak of oars
as my rowing ripples twilight like the water
to the weeds along the point opposite the pier.
The worm stays impaled on the hook, or is nibbled off.
My father and I never catch anything,
but watch light slowly closed out from the lake
like the lover made to turn, pulling down the shade
of the window of the calm room before lovemaking.
He thinks of death I know.
The cracking fabric of his skin, his bones
working rough in the worn sockets.
Neither in hope nor in despair
his face is set.
I nearly weep.



Realizing I

at about four o'clock in the morning as in bed I lay,
my eyes are opened and I become afraid.
my eyes with their shutter broken,

the world will pose for other blinking eyes.
my hope is in a conspiracy,
kept going only by outlandish risks

which can be fouled in an instant's slip-up.
the plain naturalness
of not being alive. how laughingly I try

to spend one side of a coin.
my mind sweeps like a hand
in a stumbling room for a lightbulb cord.

the brand new coat hanging in my closet.
then I sleep, and the hasty
morning light comes to wrestle my eyesight.

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

Zeitgeist loses sex appeal

By DAVE GILBERT

It can be said without exaggeration that ZEITGEIST magazine has had the greatest single literary influence on our university community. To accomplish this feat, ZEITGEIST first shocked, then scared and eventually bored the intellectual champions at MSU. In any event, it acted as a stimulus, and in its wake followed THE PAPER, THE RED CEDAR REVIEW (revitalized) and even the Undergraduate English Club.

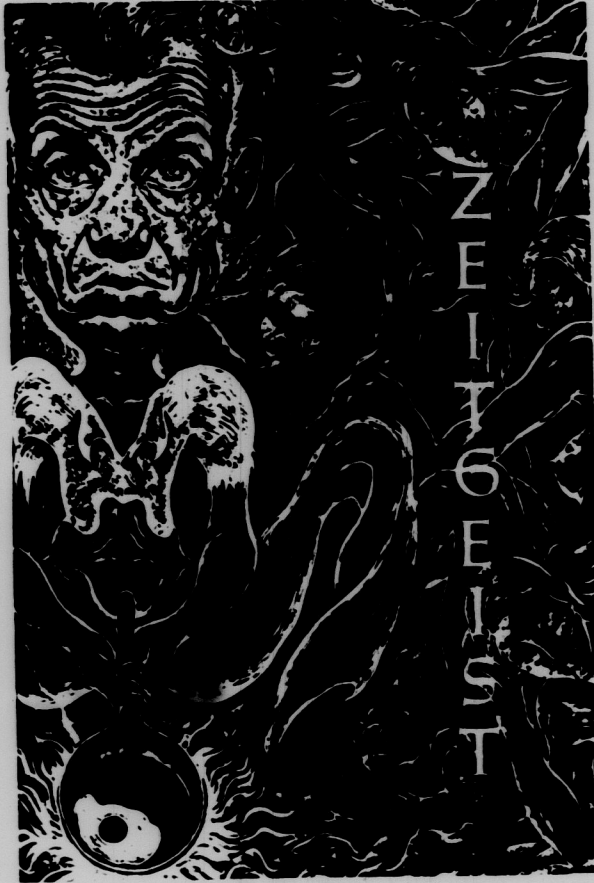
But it seems that ZEITGEIST is coming of age. As "the spirit of the times," ZEITGEIST, "an independent . . . journal of ideas and the arts," has changed, matured and mellowed. To be sure, Gary Groat, editor and publisher, shoulders his perennial chip, which he wields with all the delicacy of a bludgeon in a rambling editorial involving "beautiful" and "ugly" lies, Groat's firing, and a confused salvo against hippiedom.

Ken Lawless, an old ZEITGEIST favorite, is still grinding out hellishly realistic garbage. His "Take A Shallow Girl, Add . . ." is a poorly conceived, incoherently executed and unfortunately printed account of a boy, deceived by a woman he cannot understand, going into the Army and renouncing love: ". . . and I don't open much less answer any letters."

In depicting his non-hero, a small-town or country boy at college, Lawless changes writing styles several times. Knocked down by his brother-in-law, and then helped up again, Lawless says, "He gave me a hand and in two shakes of a lamb's tail there we were back as we'd been." Four lines later, our hero says, "It was just a moment of passing idiocy and then we began to talk like rational human beings again, despite the massive evidence to the contrary." The lack of continuity of character expressed in the vocabulary is staggering.

Steve McMath, fortunately, gives credence to ZEITGEIST's literary pretensions with his powerfully executed poem, "Vacancy,"

. . . I walk out, now, down steps
of aging moss-veined concrete
into someone's november
to look at the brown earth,
not knowing where



I have lost it or her.

Yet there are significant changes. ZEITGEIST, in becoming a national magazine, has dropped the banner of "sex for sex's sake." In exchange for a deluge of obscenities and the obsessive bandying of bed scenes, there is now the quiet and unanswerable pathos of Lydia Anne Moore's "Attempt":

call me between
one o'clock he
said so i tried
to but when he
answered my mind
was out of order
and i didn't know
what to say so i

just said this is
a recording and
hung up.

Douglas Uzzell employs sex to portray a young wife's loneliness and frustration, and despite some awkwardness, handles the scene sensitively:

". . . And at last there he stood in the door, naked and beautiful; and all at once, I resented his being up and the morning's no longer being my own private thing."

Eric Sauter produces an effective poem, "Black Candle-Wax,"

Sauter's story, "On Cold Hands and Warm Hearts," begins with a neo-Salinger approach, is haunted by useless clichés ("The past is a helluva hard life, especially for those of us that live it every day") and can be safely skipped.

Two very fine poems are "Owed to Charlie" by Bernice Winters and "Delirium IV: Snowstorm '67" by Sharon Marks. The imagery of Miss Marks' poem and the brilliant choice of words in "Owed To Charlie" bespeak a literary renaissance in the history of ZEITGEIST:

Despite the usual inclusion of sub-standard material, this issue of ZEITGEIST has a great deal of very good work, including poems by poet-professor Frederick Eckman and Antoni Gronowicz, poet, playwright and novelist. But perhaps the best effort is a poem by a student, Dawn Denbrock:

USED

Used the sign said,
Used, and so
I went on my
Way while
People in the
Background gumbled
With their
Buckles and laces
And tried to
Convince themselves
That Used wasn't
Used at all
But merely
A step
Beyond
New.

Building with cement and love

By JEFFREY JUSTIN

BLOOD INK, Poems by Robert Vander Molen; published as a Zeitgeist Supplement, \$1.

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

He's not setting up symbols from the real world to stand for ideas in his mind while going about perceiving the real world in another way. Eliot and Auden did this. Vander Molen talks about specific things—Kollin's dock, a movie theater, Memorial Day, a friend named Al. He tells about the way these realities acted on him and the way he reacted and those real things acting are his philosophy. I draw the distinction; his poems do not.

This makes his poems more a living than a literary experience. He talks about his life. You draw conclusions. But he talks with choices of words, and thus controls your conclusions about his life. You could not sit down with him to talk in prose and find out the same deepest things. His poems talk so well, I don't think you could sit down with anyone you know, and find out so much about another's life.

In the things of his daily life his circumstances are a lot like yours. He's a student here. He's in a fraternity. He's one participant in being, which will

be ended in death, just like yours. So when you find out his hard thoughts, you find out your own, that perhaps you didn't have the courage or skill to express. I find this a cleansing and enjoyable experience.

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

And old women green
dark
Telling me
To eat prunes
And I refusing

Softly objecting
And turning
To their gazing white
window
To the absinthe rain of
my friend
Utrillo
And while
Prune juice
Was poured quietly
Over my head

Think of your filial respect that persists in spite of a generation gap. Think of your parents' advice when you left for school. Think of your closeness to your friends. The delicacy of the image about Utrillo's painting mixes very well with the old women's prune juice.

This poet never raises his voice. In one respect his verse is as naively obvious as a first grade show-and-tell class. What

he shows you, though, is the world of his reverence and despair at the fact of death. He has in his mind a vision of his life in a certain set of objects, and then he simply writes these objects, and himself down so that you will know what happened, all of what happened. Thus, the direct statement and the absence of punctuation. The tone is so intimate here, the revelation so frank, that punctuation would be pretentious.

And his way of looking at his life seems to be like these poems without punctuation -- much is rushed into a short space, what at first glance ought to be conclusive, definite, is found to be full of many meanings. In a poem titled "Love".

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

There's a tone throughout this book not of despair but of realization. Realization of self-destruction and beyond that, of the world's destruction in the eyes of the living human being, does indeed bring despair. But it is a kind that is allied to reverence. The realization sets up a system

of values for the disappearing life. "Grand Haven," about a day at the beach, values the innocence of childhood when death wasn't there, but at the end of the poem the idea of things possible to him gives the poet desire in the face of destruction:

I kiss my dream in the
sun
And boys in an inboard
Honk and clap and
whistle
While gulls glide to
molest the sun

Once in a while, however, among poems filled with unexpected brilliant handlings of words, he fumbles. In "Age Turnings," for example, stanzas 17 and 18 of section two seem to me contrived and banal. And he comes too close to being trite in "America" with his wind-in-the-hair apostrophes to the "world". Yet you can't wholly condemn a poem with such lines as:

Thinking of the loose
overhead clouds
As harbors
And the stars as air-
plane lights
The moon rides with
the car like a balloon

The truth is that Vander Molen seems to have found an appropriate style and idiom for himself. This, allied to his great

facility in making metaphors and choosing the right things to focus on, shows even the least successful of these poems to be skillfully made.

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

Finally, Vander Molen writes with beauty. Everything in your world is here in these poems, but not sublimated into symbol. Here, cement is cement and love shown to be love. But the pleasure you get from Vander Molen's building with cement and love indicates a skill in living and a skill in diction which does not turn the world to beauty, but exposes its beauty. Beauty in the face of death. Frustration, despair, yet reverence, in your world. Read these poems; Zeitgeist has done the university a service in publishing them.

COMMENTARY

Communications hangup

By LEE ELBINGER

Broader, vaster and wilder than the human imagination can comprehend is the psychology of communication. Millions of squirming electrical impulses racing to the brain. Languages of complex construction, a thousand years of social conditioning, without beginning and without end is the psychology of communication.

The brain is a computer. One brain; one computer, with tangled mazes of wires that we are only now beginning to understand and untangle. Centuries of programming obscure the original patterns.

To even contemplate the psychology of communication for one moment is to be trapped in an infinity of mirrors—infinite regression—the subject thinking about itself thinking about itself thinking about itself thinking about itself.

"No matter how well people know one another, they can never get closer to each other than words." Leif Panduro, Kick Me in the Traditions.

In assuming a psychology of communication we assume, in Western fashion, the existence of a psychology in which the individual organism is isolated from his social and ecological milieu and frozen in time and space and then carefully, ever so carefully, scrutinized for evidence of a mind. And, assuming the existence of a mind, that mind is scrutinized carefully, ever so carefully, to find out how it works so we can get the goods on it and, ultimately, control it.

"I suppose that people, using themselves and each other so much by words, are at least consistent in attributing wisdom to a still tongue . . ." William Faulkner, *The Sound and the Fury*.

Language is impure. It comes disguised, pretending to communicate. But the ruse fools no one.

In assuming a psychology of communication we assume that people can communicate, that information can be transferred from point A to point B, that I can let you inside my head to see what's going on, and that you can do likewise.

"Words are a kind of information retrieval that can range over the total environment and experience at high speed." Marshall McLuhan, *Understanding Media*.

Systems, systems, systems. Where does one stop and another begin? There are so many systems within systems that you're overwhelmed before you get warmed up. How can you freeze the whole swirling psychology of communication to understand it? No one can run that fast. But wait. Structure provides economy. Simple: learn the equation. Whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Gestalt. Simply learn the equation and then substitute . . . which equation?

"The way that can be told is not the constant way;

The name that can be named is not the constant name." Lao Tzu, *Tao te Ching*.

Take a human being. Brain, spinal cord, nervous system. Hears sound. Wow! Little thingy-doo neurons travel zipiddy-doo-da up to the brain. Phonemes, morphemes, symbols with referents. Little man in brain checks memory bank. Word-symbol is encoded almost exactly like object-referent.

Lights flash, sirens wail, bells tinkle. Recognition.

Okay, folks, second half of the show. Message received, deciphered, reacted to, filed; time for reply. Sensory images floating around in cortex trapped, sent to packaging department. Gift wrapped in tin cans. Processed and vacuum packed. Transferred to delivery trucks. Vocal cords opening and closing in anticipation. Message loaded into the throat, points and manners of articulation ready. Air rises from lungs, slowly at first and then in a great rush. Phonemes and morphemes reverberate. Message released. And that's how people communicate. Right? Am I right? Huh?

"Babbitt nodded his head at every fifth word in the roaring rhythm . . ." Sinclair Lewis, *Babbitt*.

" . . . the way children use

words, holding them at arm's length because they have a natural apprehension of their power to build or destroy." George Steiner, *The Death of Tragedy*.

All right, imagine this: languages are a part of the socializing process. Kid is born, digs everything. Goodness, says Society, that will never do! This whining, crying little brat must be taught to view his environment exactly the way Daddy and Mommy do. So we teach him how to talk. When he learns how to talk, he'll differentiate the same sounds that we differentiate and he'll make the same relations that we make and he'll assume the same metaphysical assumptions that we assume. (And then they wonder why he makes the same mistakes that we make.)

"The words are chicle and chicle is indigestible." Henry Miller, *Tropic of Cancer*.

Language is impure. It comes disguised, pretending to communicate. But the ruse fools no one. Even the most obtuse can see language as an impotent impostor, incapable of communicating the simplest message.

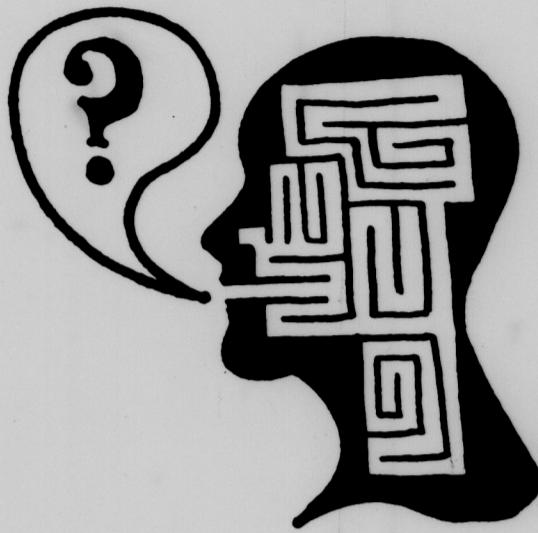
And yet we use it every day, as if patently counterfeit money had value. We exchange words constantly, we are constantly bombarded by verbal communication. We deal in symbols; organizing, arranging, classifying them seems to be our task. Symbols tell us how to act, what to think, how to live. We worship symbols, even though symbols are impure and sometimes lie without provocation.

The language is an invisible dictator. It moves and oozes over centuries, crushing everything in its path, changing slowly, yielding only with great difficulty. It censors reality, subdues imagination, chains and enslaves entire generations in tight, escape-proof verbal boxes.

The language moves among us unnoticed, innocuous, innocent. Posed as a messenger, it tampers with the message; posed as a glacier, it always threatens Ice Age. The language is dragged backward into the future, always the last to change. It is conservative and yet it is noble; it is powerful and yet it is gentle. We are trapped by language, imprisoned within its walls. A smart man will try to escape the bonds of language conditioning; a wise man will realize that such escape is futile and will beat peace with language.

"BUTLER (almost pitying): Six years in a loony bin for semantics?" Edward Albee, *Tiny Alice*.

"Goodbye, Ruby Tuesday. Who could hang a name on you?" The Rolling Stones, "Ruby Tuesday."



Auditorium

(continued from page 6)

just that—a recommendation, nothing more.

The need for new auditoria is clear; the outlook for improvement in the near future, however, appears slim.

There has been talk, for many years, of a new communication arts building to include a theatrical physical plant for the exclusive use of the college.

Frank Rutledge, however does not believe that the building will ever materialize, while Jack Bain, the new dean of communication arts hopes that this year's freshmen will be working in the structure by the time they are seniors.

The building was on the verge of existence this spring, and ready for the architect's plans when the legislature's budget cut forced the junking of the project. This action is a repetition of events which have transpired with frequency in the planning history of the communication arts building.

Rutledge attributes the resignation of Edward Andreasin, long-time designer for the PAC and Summer Circle productions, to the fact that a new building had been promised so many times and nothing had ever come of it, that he "just got tired of being on all those committees to talk about a new building and a new stage, and all that time and effort going for nothing, and having to stay with this awful place." He refers to the loss of Andreasin as "criminal."

Perhaps the most poignant comment of all is that of Charles Greenwell. "The best thing that anyone could do would be to force the university to build a new auditorium by dynamiting the old one."



James Rosenquist's oil painting, "Dishes," will be among the works displayed in the "Contemporary American Still Life" exhibit, beginning Sunday in the Kresge Art Center.



CALENDAR OF EVENTS

<p>① "SUN, MOON, AND STONEHENGE" ABRAMS PLANETARIUM 2:30 + 4:00 PM</p> <p>MSU ART COLLECTION "CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN STILL LIFE" THROUGH OCT. 22</p> <p>SPECIAL EXHIBITION: JENS PLUM</p>	<p>② DICK WILSON: "THE RED CHINESE PUZZLE, OR WHAT IS BEHIND THE UPHEAVAL IN CHINA?" 8:15 PM UNIV. AUD.</p> <p>VISIT MSU'S RECORD LIBRARY IN THE MUSIC BUILDING</p>	<p>③ THE ROAR OF THE GREASE PAINT - THE SMELL OF THE CROWD BROADWAY THEATRE SPECIAL 8:15 PM UNIV. AUD.</p> <p>STUDENT TICKETS: \$3.50, \$2.50, \$1.50 AT UNION BOXOFFICE</p>	<p>④ 10th ANNIVERSARY OF SPUTNIK! DATING SEMINAR - WILSON</p> <p>FRANZ LEHAR'S "LAND OF SMILE" LECTURE-CONCERT SERIES 8:15 PM UNIV. AUD.</p> <p>LAST DAY TO DROP COURSES</p>	<p>⑤ "SWAN LAKE" (NUREYEV + FONTEYN) 7-9:30 PM UNIV. AUD.</p> <p>\$1 ADVANCE, \$1.50 AT DOOR</p> <p>UNION BOARD'S FREE BRIDGE LESSONS</p> <p>"THE CARPETBAGGERS" BRODY AUD. 25¢</p> <p>"COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA" OKEMOS BARN THEATRE \$1 CALL 332-2221</p>	<p>⑥ JEAN COCTEAU'S "BLOOD OF A POET" 7 PM, 109 ANTHONY</p> <p>SWAN LAKE 7:30-9:30</p> <p>CARPETBAGGERS - WILSON</p> <p>COME BACK LITTLE SHEBA OKEMOS BARN THEATRE</p> <p>IONESCO'S "THE BALD SOPRANO" - DRAMATIC READING - 8 PM WESLEYAN FOUNDATION</p>	<p>⑦ JENS BJERRE: CHINA TODAY UNIV. AUD. 8 PM</p> <p>FOOTBALL: MSU + WISCONSIN</p> <p>CROSS-COUNTRY MSU + INDIANA</p> <p>CARPETBAGGERS - CONRAD</p> <p>"COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA"</p>	<p>⑧ BOB HOPIE JENISON FIELD HOUSE</p> <p>THIEVE'S MARKET: SELL YOUR ARTWORK</p> <p>FACULTY RECITAL: JACK KRIPPL-SAXOPHONE 4:00 PM - MUSIC AUD.</p>
<p>⑨ "SUN, MOON, AND STONEHENGE" ABRAMS PLANETARIUM 2:30 + 4:00 PM</p> <p>MSU ART COLLECTION "CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN STILL LIFE" THROUGH OCT. 22</p> <p>SPECIAL EXHIBITION: JENS PLUM</p>	<p>⑩ CAREER CARNIVAL MANTOVANI 8:15 UNIV. AUD.</p> <p>PANHELLENIC RUSH SIGN-UP</p> <p>MANTOVANI AND HIS ORCHESTRA 8:15 PM. UNIV. AUD.</p>	<p>⑪ Carmina Live Opera Burana 8 Ballet from Expo 67 8:15 AUD</p> <p>RUSH SIGN-UP</p> <p>"CHARLIE'S AUNT" 8:30 WEST JR. HIGH AUD. CALL IV 4-9115</p> <p>BARBRA STREISAND T.V. ON</p>	<p>⑫ The Winters' Tale 6:30 + 9:30 PM. AUD. \$1 ADVANCE, \$1.50 AT DOOR</p> <p>THE CHASE - BRODY AUD. "CHARLIE'S AUNT" 8:30 BRIDGE LESSONS - UNION RUSH SIGN-UP</p> <p>THE FOUR SEASONS LANING CIVIC CENTER \$3, \$4, \$5</p>	<p>⑬ MEIN KAMPF DOCUMENTARY ON THE NAZI HOLOCAUST</p> <p>THE WINTER'S TALE 6:30 + 9:30 UNIV. AUD.</p> <p>THE CHASE - WILSON RECORD CONCERT</p>	<p>⑭ THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY 7:30 PM UNIVERSITY AUD. 50¢</p> <p>THE WAR LORD BRODY AUD. 25¢ 7:00 + 9:30</p> <p>FACULTY EXHIBITION KRESGE ART CENTER 9 AM - 12 PM & 1-5 PM TUES. EVE. 7-9 PM SAT. SUN. 2-5 PM</p>	<p>⑮ THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY 7:30 PM UNIVERSITY AUD. 50¢</p> <p>THE WAR LORD WILSON AUD. 25¢ 7 + 9:30</p> <p>FRITZ LANG'S "M" PARLOR B+C, UNION 8 PM</p> <p>RECORD CONCERT 7 PM 114EM</p> <p>PLANETARIUM SHOW 8 PM</p>	<p>⑯ JOHN MOYER: INDIA AUDITORIUM 8 PM</p> <p>INT'L CLUB MIXER 7:30 UNION BALLROOM</p> <p>"THE WAR LORD" - CONRAD</p> <p>FREE GUITAR LESSONS CH. 10 - TV - 11 AM</p> <p>PLANETARIUM SHOW 4:45 + 8:00 PM</p> <p>"NEVER ON SUNDAY" ON TV. 9:00 PM</p>



FRIDAY the 13th

Boss time at Mickey's place

By MARION NOWAK

Funky interpretation of "Tramp" . . . emcee in drag . . . Motown, Motown, Motown . . . put them altogether and they spell "Mickey's Hideaway" (nee Spiro's) where, Friday night, the leading question was, can you jerk like me?

Spiro Tesseris, proprietor, in corroboration with Mickey Shapiro, Southgate junior, have created the chaos that is Mickey's out of the order that was Spiro's.

Opening night was a tossed salad of highly scatological humor, an almost overly spontaneous audience, a very surprise performance by some local "talent" and a mediocre showing on the part of the Contours, who topped the bill.

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

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

Saturday night, however,

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

In spite of the minor technical difficulties of a broken microphone and sloppy choreography, the trio rendered superior performances of their two hits. In addition, they offered a version of "Ain't Too Proud Too Beg" second only to the original by the Temptations.

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

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

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

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

That's show biz, folks.

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

Pay, fans, and stay away from the coke floats.

Mickey promises lots of improvements, and we can only hope he keeps his word. The

posts, which we are led to believe hold up the ceiling, are coming down so that everyone can see the show, and the back room will be opened for dancing.

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

Spiro recommends the Hideaway as a place where students can go "to eat, see a show, talk. . ." It's understandably difficult to maintain a conversation, but the show is definitely worthwhile.

This weekend Spiro and Shapiro present the Precisions; next weekend "Shotgun" Edwin Starr is featured. Shows are at 8:30, 10:30 and 12:30, Friday and Saturday nights.

And in a special in October, Martha and the Vandellas make



Our gang

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

their joyful noise at the enterprising Greek's.

MSU ID is needed for admission.

This may well be a vital addition to the MSU cultural gestalt.

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

Song for Kelly

It

Hurts

When you're quite so very young and you have to ostrich your feelings

To prevent your being squashed by a world

Hippopotamus in the sand cesspools-- traveling salesman jokes.

. . . David Gilbert



Humanities— will it help?

How the study of the humanities -- art, music, literature, theatre and history -- can help to meet the needs of today's youth will be examined at an Oct. 4-6 educators conference here.

About 100 Michigan high school teachers and principals will take part in MSU's first Conference for Secondary School Teachers of the Humanities.

Addressing the group will be Distinguished Professor Ernest O. Melby of the MSU College of Education; Dr. William Fleming, Syracuse University professor of fine arts, and Dr. William W. Wattenberg, associate superintendent of the Detroit Public Schools.

Participating teachers will have an opportunity to view current films in their field, to see an exhibit of contemporary American still life from the Museum of Modern Art, New York, and a film of the Swan Lake ballet.

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

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When Peanuts go collegiate

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

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

Linus has over the years exhibited interest in being a football player, a polled Hereford rancher, a "world famous humble little country doctor" and a "great philanthropist with somebody else's money." Let's hope

he has a definite career in mind by the time he starts school. He'll have enough neuroses without that to worry about.

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

He'll spend his days forever following the little red-haired girl, whose hair will undoubtedly be long and straight. He'll always be the 1,001st person to register for 1,000-seat lecture sections. He'll accidentally bend an IBM card and end up with 15 eight

o'clock classes in one week and 45 credits of Advanced Yoruba. He'll wishy-washy his way through six majors and ten academic advisers by the end of his sophomore year. And guess who, while playing in the intramural baseball championship game, with his team behind by one run, will strike out in the last half of the ninth with the bases loaded?

Lastly, what about the most famous member of the Peanuts crew? Dorm rules being what they are, Snoopy won't be able to come to school with Charlie Brown. There is, however, one chance. Consider: (1) Snoopy has constant delusions of grandeur.

He's always imagining to be a vulture or a dinosaur or a mountain lion or something he's not. (2) He's forever living in the past, with his endless sorties

against the Red Baron. (3) He cares only about pleasure--the supper dish.

What else? He'd be a perfect fraternity mascot!!

Broadway begins

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

It's about an amiable old fiend up in the Vermont hills who metes out poison as well as pills. But author Ira Levin, who also directed, wobbles between morality and grisly humor so much that a

spectator can't swallow any of it.

As the self-appointed court of last appeals who knocks off 30 ornery citizens before being detected, we have Burl Ives, the sometimes wayfarin' balladeer.

Ives winks and grimaces, huffs and puffs when his rural serenity is disrupted by Keir Dullea, a town youth just back from medical school.

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