

ROBERT VANDER MOLEN



more impressionistic technique is not original with Vander Molen -- folk rock, Joni Mitchell's lyrics, the poems of Galway Kinnell -- one sees it many places; but Vander Molen uses it, as he did the simpler devices of Imagism, with authority.)

Despite the expansion in the poems, there is no question that the same poet wrote them. They no longer deal with the great Michigan north (he notes in one poem, "As a boy / I was closer / to the shore") but they do deal, always, with the poet and his life. The most important change in this book is that the poet, though young, has already realized that a good part of him comes not from his immediate experience and surroundings, but from his past -- the stone-faced aunts, the solemn barns, the porched homes ("I dissolve into snow / I worship the child / That wasn't me"). As he says in the second poem,

I grew up believing
In large views
In the terms
Of many suns
But I've shrunk
From that...

direction. Vander Molen is searching rather than just observing. Like many of his contemporaries, he is not content with the "oughts" and "musts" of a "career"; in poem II he muses,

I'll get a factory
Job

Or I'll turn myself in
As a farmer
Walking from the woods
In my boots
Become obstinate
As a farmer

Sharpen my knives
In the barn

Denis Donoghue wrote a few years ago that most long modern poems are "works of moral ambition." In their culminating effect, Vander Molen's poems do have a strangely moral impact. One young poet, searching, for the best that is in him -- or in any possible life. "Variations." Read it.

--Linda Wagner

These poems also convey a real sense of

Zeitgeist \$1.25

"Variations" by Robert Vander Molen (Zeitgeist Press, \$1.25, available at Paramount News)

Robert Vander Molen's "Variations" is another book of good poems. Vander Molen, an MSU student, has published two earlier books with Zeitgeist, "Blood Ink" (1967) and "The Lost Book of Deep Ocean Fish" (1968). The present book differs from the previous ones in that it is one long poem, comprised of seventeen sequences, instead of numerous short poems. It is like the earlier poems in its ironic understatement, its sometimes flat phrasing, and its attention to the simple and concrete:

Old women with hats
Walk slow
On some slow day
In their heavy black heels
While the street becomes a trance...

The surrealist tendencies of "Deep Ocean Fish" show in "Variations," too, but to better advantage. Once the reader is used to Vander Molen's customary Objectivist approach (short descriptions of the "real"), he reads the surreal poems with a tentative response. The lines about the bullet wound in the poet's stomach -- sure, we know this is fantasy, or do we: Look at its context:

I awoke thirsty
In some decayed board of a hotel
Where at the sink
I discovered
A small hole in my stomach
But I had no pain
I could feel the bullet
Under the skin
With my fingers....

The impression is of a real sink, real skin, real idiom. Like Kafka, only the single premise is fantastic.

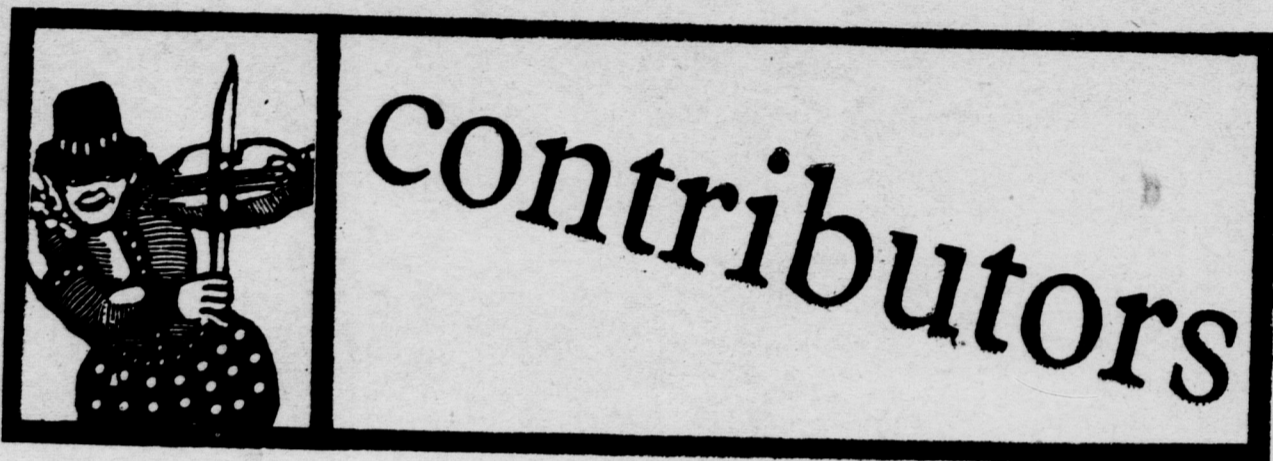
Many poems in "Variations" work in this manner, joining concrete and imaginative for a harsher, more evocative picture of the mood and times.

Sometimes it seems as if Vander Molen has consciously substituted the fantastic for the more expected metaphor. "III, 4" is a poem that would have been typical in either of the earlier books:

The glorious screams
Of my childhood
Of my strength
Of my beauty

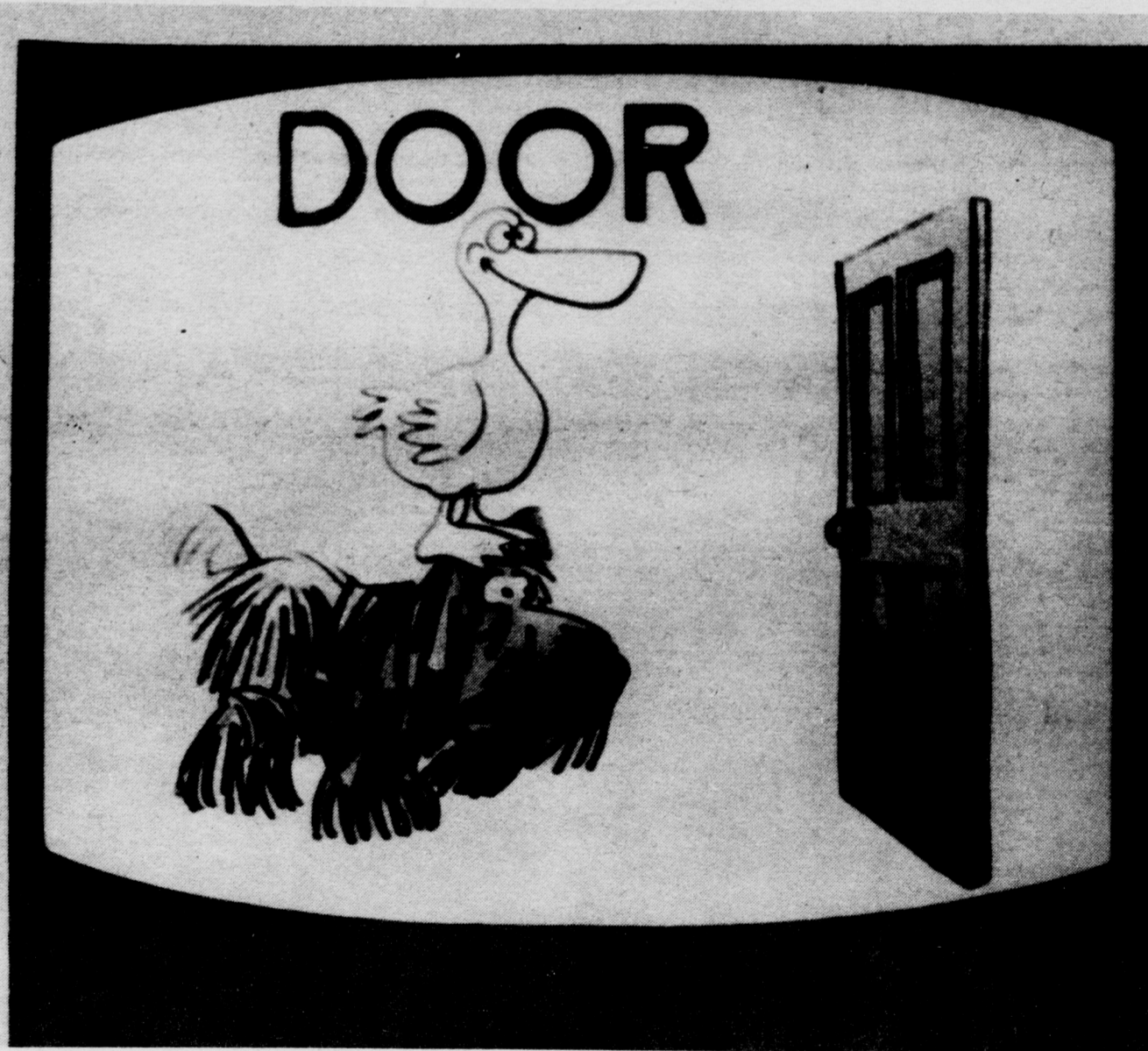
The toss of diamonds
On the floor

The ending image crystallizes and clarifies the list preceding it. In "Variations," his more customary approach is to avoid the tight summary of the metaphor. Vander Molen gives the same concrete opening, but follows it with an oblique image, or another seemingly disparate picture. Instead of shaking his head with a satisfied "That's right," the reader can only keep reading -- the poems seldom "end"; they have consequently become appreciably longer. (This



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Life on 'Sesame Street'

By BETSY ROACH

*Sing a song of before and after,
Sing a song and sing some more.
Sing a song and try to tell me
Which comes after and which comes before.*

It's "silly song time."

Five of Jim Henson's Muppets bounce around on the television screen singing this little ditty. A man illustrates the concepts of "before" and "after" by showing the order of certain actions —



for example, you pick up the fork before you eat the cake.

Then comes the inevitable commercial. But wait — they're advertising O! The letter O. There's a catchy jingle with animated cartoons about O. It's enough to make you sing along.

Like in other television programs, another commercial follows. It's about the number eight. "E-e-e-ight!" screams a cartoon spider as he spies a snake which forms an eight. Film clips show objects in groups of eight — eight coins, eight pies. The number flashes on the screen various times in time with music.

Then back to the program. Obviously, this is not the run - of - the - mill stuff to come from the idiot box.

It's "Sesame Street."

Story reading, puppet dramas, short films and the commercials help the racially integrated cast of children and adults teach such concepts as letters, words, numbers, classification and ordering, as well as reasoning skills and problem solving, to the preschool children who watch it.

Sesame Street is a city street. Action centers around the candy store, or the steps of one of the houses, where members of the cast gather to talk about sounds, table manners or the wind.

A furry grouch of a Muppet named Oscar lives in a nearby trash can, where he can be found watching a televised football game between the Midtown Meanies and the Dullsville Drudges.

The program, which is experimental, was developed by the Children's Television Workshop and is seen nationwide on some 200 educational television stations.

"Sesame Street" uses the repetitive, entertaining, fast-paced style of a commercial as a means for teaching letters, numbers and ideas.

The program is funded by the Carnegie Corporation, the Ford Foundation, the U.S. Office of Education and several other federal and national agencies.

Statistics gathered by the A.C. Nielsen Co. indicate the program is seen by some two million households daily. Officials of the Children's Television Workshop estimate that "Sesame Street" reaches over five million children per day.

Studies have been conducted in an attempt to measure the program's effects on preschoolers. Edward Palmer, research director for the Workshop, found some of the most impressive increases in the area of naming letters and numbers.

Some 130 three - to - five - year - old children in day care centers in Maine, Long Island and Tennessee took part in the learning tests. The sample was divided almost evenly between black and white children, including those from homes with working mothers and modest economic means. After six weeks the ability to name letters showed a nine per cent gain for viewers compared to a three per cent gain for non-viewers. The ability to name numbers showed a 12 per cent gain for viewers and a four per cent gain for non-viewers.

A booklet about the program put out by the Workshop emphasizes the need to begin a child's

education early, since half of all growth in a person's intelligence takes place between birth and age four. Another 30 per cent occurs between ages four and eight.

The booklet also cites statistics saying that 90 per cent of households with an annual income less than \$5,000 have a television set.

Locally, "Sesame Street" is seen Monday through Friday from 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. on WMSB, channel 10. Retuns of Friday's program are shown at 10 a.m. Saturday mornings.

The big problem is getting people to tune into educational television.

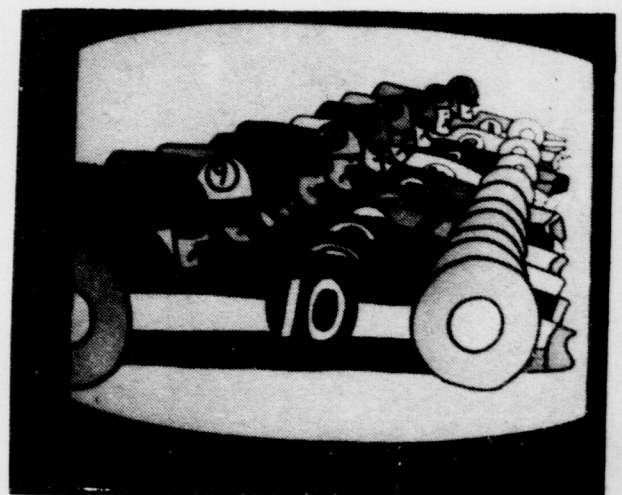
"I don't think the community is accustomed to watching channel 10," said Faye Elizabeth, community contact for WMSB. "The thing is to change their viewing habits."

She said each television is allowed 1,000 free copies of the "parent / Teacher Guide to 'Sesame Street,'" which is published once each month.

Miss Elizabeth said free copies of the guide are also available at various pick-up centers: the Bethlehem Lutheran Church Office, Friendship Day Care Center, Cristo Rey Community Center, Spartan Nursery School, Community Services Council, the West Side Drop-In Center and Heard Start offices. The guide, which costs \$2 for a six-month subscription, helps parents review the ideas presented in the program with the children.

Miss Elizabeth said a major problem is whether

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Notes on women's liberation . . .

By MARION NOWAK

To understand the idea of women's liberation is to realize, perhaps for the first time, the ultimate essence of oppression in this society. You discover not merely the nature of oppression (more so than in mere oppression of minority groups), but the extent to which modern society is based on a total exploitation of women.

Two current controversies in America are pointing up the need to scrap the present system: ecology and women's liberation. The movement for environmental reform is based on poisoning

.....
Unto the woman (God) said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

(Genesis 3:16)

.....
of the physical planet itself. Women's liberation, more strongly than any "civil rights" movement in history, is instead based on the poisoning of minds and lifestyles.

"I am Furious (Female)," a pamphlet produced for the Women's Caucus of the New University Conference, states that "the condition of female oppression does not 'depend on,' is not 'the product of,' nor is it 'integral to' the structure of society: it is that structure."

This is why any initial discussion of women's liberation is so difficult. It's quite easy to point up the facts of prejudice against blacks, or Jews, or even Indians. Such groups are a small segment of society; it is so much easier to regard such fractions than to view the whole system of mankind.

The realization of the condition of women comes by studying the whole society, rather than a small part of it, for its ingrained biases.

The typical college student prides himself on his respect for human rights. He believes that people like blacks should be equal, not inferior, in the eyes of society. But how deep does our great love for humanity go? Sure, blacks can be equal to whites. Jews and Italians are OK, too. Well, what about foreign students; or homosexuals? Do they deserve human rights too?

And, most of all, do you really think women deserve human rights?

Not the "right" to look pretty, have a few years of post-wedding career, then turn into a baby factory, seeking fulfillment through whiter

whites and pottery. But a first-class right to realize one's own potential freedom from the overwhelming prejudice of cultural cliches.

You, as a college male, are about to enter a life where you will inevitably sabotage the life of a woman to fulfill your own fulfillment.

And you, as a college female, are probably the product of lifelong pressures sugaring you into delight at the prospect.

An idea of the total system pressurizing women into their place can be gathered using Michigan, and particularly MSU, for examples.

MSU's part in this societal fact, like its part in America's racism, is a perpetrator of the system that changes only under duress. Such duress has not yet appeared.

Adherence by the University to a Michigan residency law, for instance, seriously affects the economic life of many students. This law dictates that all wives follow the residency of their husbands. Thus many coeds studying in Michigan who may have premarital in-state status are penalized for marrying.

Dorm life, although not directly discriminatory, further reveals the symptoms and stresses of the modern means of female oppression.

Interpretation of rules and regulations in residence halls is a prime example of these symptoms. The rules in theory are pretty equal, right? The major difference in written regulations is that men aren't allowed in women's halls after closing while women can enter lounge areas in men's dorms anytime. Again, women's halls are locked while men's are not. Merely to say that women need more protection is not just inadequate but naive. Why does the University think women must be protected?

The answer to this reveals the basic prejudice inherent in the problem. Women, the University says in effect, are too weak to defend themselves. Why? By and large because, from birth, every woman is pressured culturally into believing so. Woman is physically weak, and therefore she is emotionally, psychologically and mentally weak also. She is an inferior - but a necessary one in many specific social functions, like maintaining universities. Therefore, she must be protected, somewhat like a microcephalous idiot.

This protection of the semi-human extends through all phases of dorm living. Imagine keeping girls out of the lounge of guys' dorms after twelve. And imagine having to escort all female guests through men's halls to protect the guys' privacy and innocence. And, even if such rules were created, how long would they be enforced, if at all?

Enforcing these rules offers another example of the manifestations of oppression at MSU. All dorms have about the same rules regarding fornication, liquor, noise. But, because of the differences in enforcement, these rules in effect are totally different in male and female halls. Try to have a Friday night booze bash in Williams

Hall and see what happens. Try the same thing in Snyder Hall and see what doesn't. Sure, the rules are the same. But their enforcement makes them different.

Ironically, here as so many times in the past, the oppressive system is helped along by the oppressed. Because of the overwhelming conviction of the oppressor, many blacks honestly believed they belonged in slavery, and

.....
A witch is an all - woman Everything. It's theater, revolution, magic, terror, joy, garlic flowers, spells. It's an awareness that witches and gypsies were the original guerillas and resistance fighters against oppression . . . Witches were the first Friendly Heads and Dealers, the first birth - control practitioners and abortionists, the first alchemists . . . A witch lives and laughs in every woman. She is the free part of each of us beneath the shy smiles, the acquiescence to absurd male domination. . . if you are a woman and dare to look within yourself, you are a witch . . . you are free and beautiful . . . Whatever is repressive, solely male - oriented, greedy, puritanical, authoritarian - those are your targets. . . you are pledged to free our brothers from oppression and stereopted sexual roles as well as ourselves. You are a witch by saying aloud, "I am a witch," three times, and thinking about that. You are a witch by being female, untamed, angry, joyous, and immortal.

(Excerpted from the Witch Manifesto)

.....
many Jews honestly believed they deserved the death camps. Consequently, both furnished people who acted in overseeing functions to help make their own kind obey.

At MSU, the function of the RA as "perpetuator /overseer" is only as subtle as the pressure of society. But since the RA is the initial rule enforcer, this can have many ramifications. That Friday night booze bash, for instance. We all know that a guy can't possibly be corrupted by a little drinking; men are too strong to be shattered by the experience. But women! The threat of corruption to the coed is always there. Being foreordained sub-humans, women can't be allowed to toy with such masculine things as liquor, aggressive sex or noise. Masculinity would shatter her. The lifelong pressure convincing women of this determines residential life here and everywhere.

Another part of residential existence is dorm government, best exemplified by Men's Hall Assn. (MHA) and Women's Inter-residence Council (WIC). The mere fact that there are two such on-campus groups rather than one is important. But, if there were one, it's doubtful that any coeds would participate actively. Automatic deference to male figures is programmed quite well into the modern American woman, and college is a place to further this way of life.

Greek life at MSU epitomizes in many ways the entire system of modern female oppression. We see here two distinctly separate - by - sex organized groups, which adhere to the exploitation pattern through the convenient nicknames of "social clubs."

Sororities, functioning today as just such social clubs, are designed largely to perpetuate the idea of woman as an attractive piece of property. In a sorority, one Enjoys Being A Girl. Crucial to any such enjoyment is proper behavior; that is, an entire facade cautiously built from the right manners, makeup, dress and purpose.

The purpose of the facade is to catch a man by play - acting the ideal woman. The nature of the facade forbids any reality in this idealism: the package produced is mostly a fantasy, and entirely a trap. Ironically, it does not just trap a man but the woman. When you live such a fantasy, you're forced to become that fantasy, or lose anything you've won by it.

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... and a discussion

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following comments are edited from a conversation with four women students active in the women's liberation movement at MSU.

Interview by MARION NOWAK

ONE: After doing some reading and talking about the subject I went from a feeling of individual confusion to a feeling of real oppression. I wanted to do something about it. Groups I was involved in that operated on a personal basis were generally dissatisfying. Over Christmas we attended a conference in Ames, Iowa dealing with women's liberation. I came back with a real collective sense of working for my sisters because it's really important to me...

We must be careful of using rhetoric. When we say "there must be a revolution" we have to explain why very carefully. To me there are some logical reasons we have to work toward this goal. All the changes that have to be made will never take place in this society because capitalistic society reinforces the dominant patterns set up before, providing surplus labor and good consumers. Still, any time we use the words like "revolution" or "capitalistic" we must be conscious that we're clear on what we mean. We can't alienate people.

I'm really in a quandary. I wouldn't talk of revolution before the conference but that's really unfair. Assuming women can't accept the idea is both unfair and condescending.

TWO: Personally, I'm not as deeply into it as that. I'm not at the point where I'm ready for the idea of revolution. Perhaps it's because I don't fully understand my feelings about women's liberation yet.

ONE: Primarily, capitalism operates on a property basis: people are property just as much as things are. Certain groups of people are made to be satisfied as castes, particularly blacks and women, to serve a property function. Their physical characteristics identify them as surplus labor. They've the 'last hired, first fired.' They're used to keep the general work force's wages low. They're paid less than white males. This surplus labor is thrown in and out of the market, keeping wages down and profit high.

THREE: Another economic function of putting women in a separate class is that they come to serve a social function of doing jobs for free. Caretaking, janitorial, childcaring services are done for free when otherwise additional workers would have to be hired. This today is a sexually discriminating function. It's necessary to create the proper mentality in a class of people, like in "Brave New World" where the Gamma class is brainwashed into liking its labor. A whole psychological context is created to pressure women into voluntarily performing certain functions. They certainly wouldn't take these jobs for pay so they must be brainwashed.

Considering the economic thought behind the system helps you to go from frustration and hatred to an understanding that when we're fighting male oppression we're fighting the entire economic system.

FOUR: When women's jobs are reclassified part-time, employers don't have to pay fringe benefits; they're not covered by the union so they can be fired at any time...

ONE: This oppression is so cohesive that the whole social system really works well together. It's an entire psychology constructed out of a social context. Some of Freud has no proof at all but his results were consistent with his expectations based on his social context.

FOUR: These include the myth of the vaginal orgasm and the idea of anatomy - as - destiny: woman is capable of having children, therefore that's all she should do.

THREE: Freud also said that women don't form identities until they get married. A woman's nature is to fit to her husband's form.

FOUR: Freud took men and made women their opposites, negative men, instead of investigating women as women.

ONE: Also, he described social attitudes rather than delving into them.

THREE: Freud also perpetrated a medical belief persisting from Plato, who 'discovered' that all hysterics were women. Freud studied only female hysterics with things like paralyzed legs and said the paralysis was due to an emotionally misplaced uterus. He never examined similar male things like impotence. Here you see how the

translating of the idea 'all hysterics are women' into 'all women are hysterics' took place.

FOUR: 'Hysterectomy' means getting rid of hysterics.

Concerning local activism, the only thing I've done is in the area of self - defense. I don't feel safe or at ease alone on campus after dark. Since the University is concentrated all in one area, we're really sitting ducks, we're really accessible. I want to establish the principle that the University owes you protection, and not just from cops cruising around. You should be taught how to protect yourself. This includes not just students, but staff and female faculty...

I took these ideas to the ombudsman to see if the University could establish a daytime free self - defense program. He told me if I didn't feel safe on campus I should transfer to some other campus, or go home. When I said that implied staying home the rest of my life, he said 'I guess so.' Rust added 'I don't think any woman could protect herself against a man even if she does know self - defense.' I then asked him who the group should see concerning the school's legal responsibility for free daytime lessons. The University attorney, Rust told me, but 'he doesn't see students.'

THREE: Now that's a really fine example of how the university helps its students go through the proper channels to effect change.

FOUR: Before talking to the ombudsman, I asked the dean of the women's HPR dept. to support the self - defense program idea. She said, 'I realize girls are afraid to go out after dark but you still have to prove to me that this program is really needed.'... What the program should teach is something like karate, that builds strength and gives you confidence. We shouldn't get just tricks that don't alleviate the problem that women freeze - they're scared because they think they're weak... A policeman came around the dorms to talk about self - defense. His method of defense in case of rape was either scream or get raped. That's all. Your only alternatives.

ONE: It's so easy to get sex on campus. A rapist is really out for violence, not sex. Screaming won't stop him.

There are so many things that women just take on themselves that we assume are our own

faults. But things I thought were psychological aren't - they're societal. They're not just my problem - they're a lot bigger than that.

TWO: Like not being heard, or overlooked, or not even speaking out in classes...

Yeah. I explained this away by thinking 'Maybe I wasn't clear enough' or 'maybe I'm stupid.' That's what we're told to think. Males tend to speak up first - females don't feel as competent, or can't get a word in edgewise, or seek approval so they remain silent. The whole pressure of society makes women need to seek male approval. When I stopped setting my hair it really threw me: I wasn't pretty any more! Before, I had to depend on this fantasy of prettiness to get what I wanted from men. Now I'm able to be much more honest.

FOUR: You just don't know what goes on in your mind. I used to get complimented on the way I looked a lot. I knew what a big facade it was. Women have this big problem with fantasy and reality: they are made to believe people will only like the unreal about them... When I started reading women's liberation literature, it really blew my mind that it was so well-written. A woman wrote this? I was so repressed...

TWO: When a woman does something athletic, the reactions are just a scream.

FOUR: I feel really insecure about sports. Women aren't trained to use their bodies, so they're insecure and unwilling and sure they'll fail.

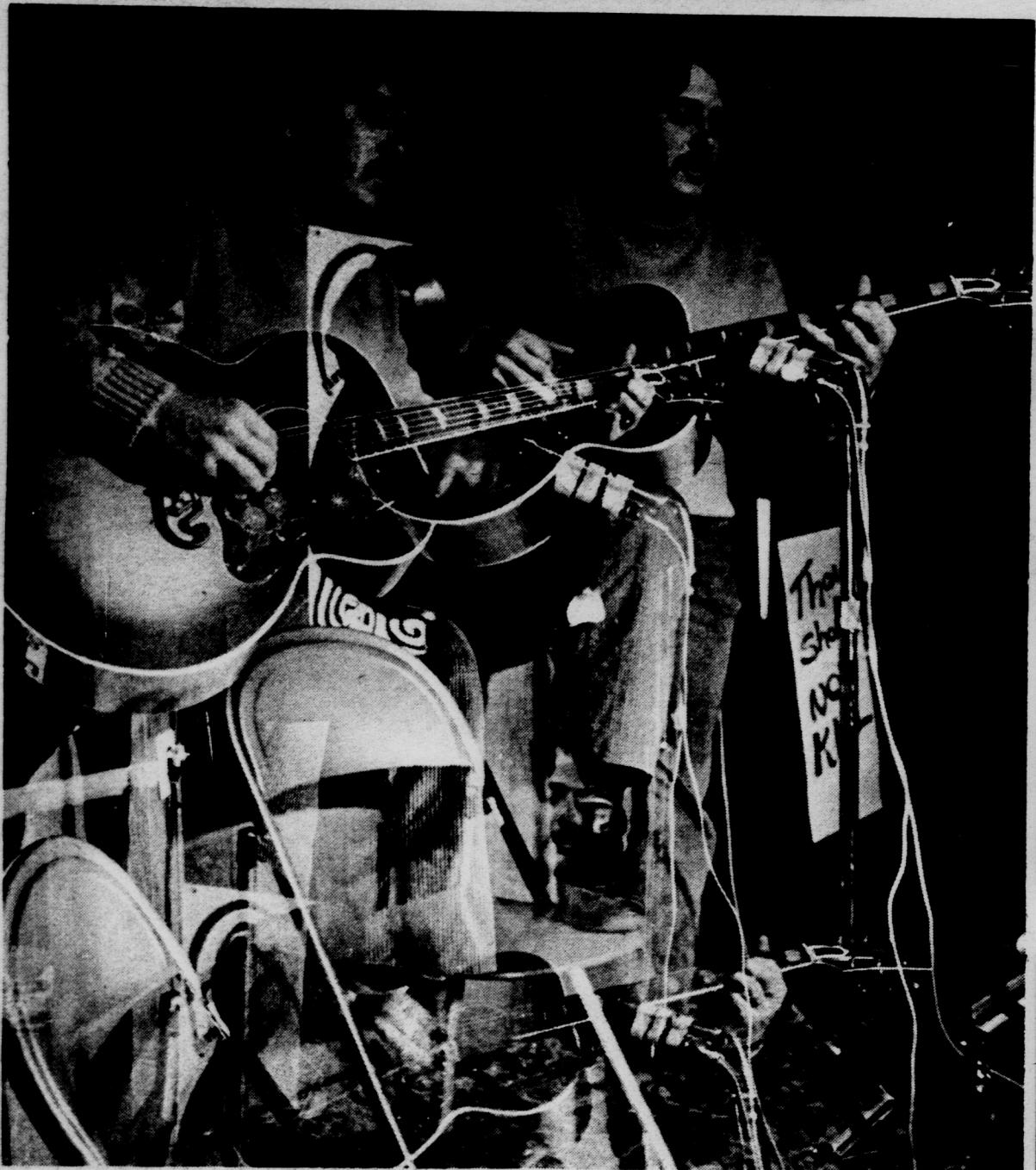
THREE: My mother taught me not to be athletic not from fear of failure but because I might get hurt, and scarred. They teach you in all sorts of little ways...

FOUR: You're told it doesn't matter if you don't do well, or you're simply not encouraged. It makes it easy to learn to fail when you don't get any supportive behavior. If you succeed except in being "feminine" you lose approval...

ONE: I have a new sense of total honesty. It's so good to be completely honest. When I first heard of women's liberation, I thought it was really stupid, run by a bunch of castrating bitches. But our own experience bears out everything women's liberation says.

FOUR: I thought I was the only person in the world messed up because I was a woman. It was really fascinating to discover I wasn't.





The Albatross

The Albatross is a coffeehouse that tries to be human. The underlying concept is of a place where people can get together and talk with each other and, as a sideline, be able to hear some good folk music or see an underground film. The emphasis is on participation and involvement, not entertainment.

Hum-'n-Strum, a unique feature of the Albatross, is an expression of just this philosophy. Every Wednesday evening finds the Albatross stage filled by anyone who wants to perform a song or read a poem. Lately the response has been so great that the number of songs

that each performer can be limited to three. It is during the Hum-'n-Strum nights that the weekend talent has been most apparent. The photographs on this page were taken at the Hum-'n-Strum on February 25.

The Albatross is located on the first floor of the Paramount Motel, next to the Ice Cream Shop - Paraphernalia and is open every day except Sunday (from 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. on Friday and Saturday). There are pretzels, chips and pops available.

The Albatross is here. It is on the wing.

Photo essay by W...

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n. to 1 a.m. (8 - 2 or 3 on
d Saturday). Coffee, tea,
ips and pops are available.
ntross is here. The bird is on

ay by Wayne Munn



The woman and the university

(continued from page 4)

The sorority here offers a prime example of this double trap. An additional irony is that the victim is not conscious she is a victim. This furthers the perpetuation of the sorority ideal of enjoying being a girl.

Fraternities exist as not just social clubs but symbols of the *raison d'être* of the sorority. True, sorority women don't confine themselves to fraternity men. But their symbolic value as the most significant determinants — and the only determinants within the Greek system — is great.

For this reason, it's highly unlikely that a united Greek organization could be said to truly represent all Greeks in student government. Greek women ultimately would defer to Greek men. Their way of life depends on it.

Independent career life as such is not considered a valid future for most women at MSU. This is not only because MSU is the nation's largest university marriage market. The majority of female students here major in areas not likely to interfere with woman's social function of preserving the family.

(As Engels states, the word "family" comes from the Latin "familia": the total number of slaves belonging to one man.) Elementary education, social work, home economics and nursing are a few fields the compassion of woman is expressed in.

The panacea that women are compassionate is extended to emphasize that women, because they are so emotional and compassionate, are not suited to hard cold things like math, logic, medicine. At MSU this is expressed in the preponderance of men in such disciplines. MSU, remember, does not consciously say "Keep them women out" of such fields. It's just that to enter and succeed in them the coed must be, like the black, super-talented.

Otherwise she ends up in her predestined social place, binding together her nuclear family and seeking fulfillment.

This brings us to another point in which MSU figures importantly: the idea of Fulfillment. This is a panacea doled out as a substitute for freedom. Women can find true womanly fulfillment through womanly things like whiter whites, Pamper diapers, Revlon and — if it all begins to pale — Excedrin.

Why should a woman even bother to attend college, then, if she only is happy in the home? The answer: college helps her to feel Fulfilled. She is, after college, capable of conversing more readily with her spouse and his friends, more

capable of raising children; therefore, she is a better wife; therefore she is more Fulfilled. The entire system is remarkably cohesive: all the pressures, even the paradoxical ones, point one way. And MSU helps them point that way.

What can be done to make women into first-class citizens? Only part of any solution begins at MSU. The question of residency requirements, for instance, has an obvious solution: don't penalize the wife economically for her husband's residence status. The well-ingrained conviction that women are weak (if so, why do they outlive men?) can be countered at least one way: through a self-defense program designed to eliminate female fears of physical weakness or helplessness.

But such therapy is on the whole inadequate. It is all too easy to recognize that women will never be free until they have full control over their own bodies.

The most direct implication of this is reform

of every existing prohibitory sex law, and most particularly those forbidding abortion.

Equally implied is actual enforcement of civil rights laws regarding sex.

But perhaps the most important implication is that, because the very nature of America today depends on keeping women in their places, the whole nature of society must be changed. Many liberation groups insist that the only way this will come about is through a revolution. Whether revolution or evolution suits as a solution remains a deep intellectual and psychological problem of human rights.

Any belief in human liberation must inevitably consider — more, emphasize — the woman. Any larger justice shouldn't exclude half the world. If the only way a man can stand up is by crushing down a woman's life, he does not deserve to stand. More importantly, the system that justifies his stance must be changed as subtly or as totally as it destroys.



'Sesame Street'

(continued from page 3)

the guides will reach people who will read and use them.

Estimating some 380,000 preschoolers in the Lansing-East Lansing area, she said there are not enough free guides to go around. For this reason she wants to know who gets the guides.

Miss Elizabeth is especially interested in finding out where potential "Sesame Street" viewers are.

"I understand that there are quite a number of organizations and courses on campus that take students out into the community," Miss Elizabeth said.

She said she wants these and other people to tell people in the inner city about "Sesame Street," and then to tell her who they told. She would then give the volunteers guides to take to the homes.

Miss Elizabeth said she needs a mailing list of viewers of the program in order to mail out announcements concerning the program and other programs of interest to preschoolers.

She said in order for the station get more guides they must be paid for by someone in the community. Those wishing to underwrite subscriptions for underprivileged families can send the money to "Sesame Street," WMSB, MSU.

Miss Elizabeth said she had heard no unfavorable comments about the program; the general response to the program has been very enthusiastic.

Mrs. Marjorie Tingley, of Jackson, wrote to WILX-TV:

"I have five boys, two of them preschoolers. The other three, first, second and fourth graders,

all come home from school at lunch. All of them watch this wonderful program and are very interested in it. My three-year-old counts all the time and even recognizes letters and says "That's from "Sesame Street."

Geraldine Wells, teacher at the Friendship Day Care Center in Lansing, said the children who watch it there during lunch "like it a great deal."

Hiram Fitzgerald, assistant professor of psychology, said "Sesame Street" is the first children's program he has seen that makes an attempt at using psychological principles.

Fitzgerald said the variety of people and situations presented widen the horizons of the white middle-class child.

"The program presents people from various ethnic and racial backgrounds in situations where they're just people," he said.

Fitzgerald said "Sesame Street" is definitely the favorite program of his five-year-old son. This is a sign that television could have a great, wonderful effect on children, he said. The main effect the program has had on his son is to stimulate questions about differences in people and places, he said.

Fitzgerald said the use of the commercials and other attention-getting devices are very important in the teaching of numbers and letters. He said children are entranced by commercials at an early age due to the fact that they are simple and quick. As an example he mentioned his 14-month-old daughter, who orients toward some commercials.

"This is an example of what people can do with this really important communications medium," Fitzgerald said. "I think it's one heck of a beautiful program."



Thursday, March 5, 1970 9

A seasoned courage

By MARK NIXON

The trail wound muddily into the poplars like the scarred bed of a vanished river. Three hunters walked side by side in the trail with the gunstocks under their arms and the barrels pointing into the ground. The hunter in the middle, the old one, walked with a heavy limp. Parts of the ground were frozen and their footsteps made stifled crunches that echoes in the windless forest. The old hunter cursed softly.

Low sloping ridges thinly grown over with poplar and scrub jack pine followed them on both sides. The trail became narrower and brown tufts of swamp grass flourished in the mud. They stopped. Filmy white breaths rose and disappeared



from their mouths. The morning air had a solid feeling that stuck to the lips and insides of the nostrils.

"Stay close to the swamp," said the old one. "They'll head for the swamp in daylight." He plodded lamely off the trail and behind the ridge.

The other two stood silently, hearing the sound of the old hunter's footsteps being swallowed by the forest floor.

"See you back at the tent, Mike," said the tall one.

"Good luck," said Mike. The tall one walked away.

Mike looked up. The leafless branches webbed over a sullen dawn-lit sky. There were no limbs clashing or trunks creaking.

He climbed a steep sloped embankment, and at the top looked below to the other side. The swale was tundra-like; a treeless clearing overridden with marsh grass and thick gnarled roots. Huge pine stumps rotted in the swale, their jagged bark lifting like black desolate fingers.

Mike chose a spot at the edge of the swale near a stump. The insides of the stump had decayed fully and now quack grass and moss grew there. Sapless roots lay unearched by erosion at the base of the stump, gray and spindly, suspended and grasping in the air. He sat down with the gun across his lap.

"There won't be many deer in there," he thought. "He was right. I'm too far from the swamp." His eyes passed over the swale and he wondered if the stumps were made by a lumber cut or a fire.

He lay his head back against the stump. His face and hands were cold already. It hadn't warmed at all. It would snow today. Tracking would be easy. He flexed his toes inside his boots to keep them warm, being careful not to rustle against the ground.

"I wish I had killed one before," Mike thought. "If I had killed one, I might know."

The day before he had sighted his gun. He shot at three tin cans. The kick of the stock against his shoulder was comfortable. He squeezed the trigger clean and the shots made his ears ring for an hour. He felt confident and good. But now he was here and he wished he had killed one.

There was a far away sound of twigs cracking behind him, a faint and subdued, as if it had resounded only in his mind. He waited. Again a distant movement arose from the forest floor. He was dead still. His breath tried to come slowly through his tight pressed lips.

The sound was regular and sharp now, like tramping. "Yes, like a hunter," he thought. "Yes, of course. Probably a damned hunter. No animal is that noisy. Yes, the woods are full of hunters.

"I'd better not move. No telling about some hunters. They shoot at anything that moves. I might startle him. I'd better not move."

The tramping became obscenely loud. "God!" Mike laughed to himself. "How does the guy expect to see deer when he's stumbling over every leaf and log in the woods? Well, maybe it's a woman." The old one said women were bad hunters.

He rolled his head against the stump to the right to see the approaching hunter.

It was a young spikehorn. It walked slowly into his view from around the corner of the stump. Ten feet away. A clean easy shot. The young deer stopped. It turned its head and faced him with depthless black eyes. The hide seemed brown-matted, like dried summer grass. The hairs all flowed the same way as if groomed. Its thin strong legs stood fastened to the earth. It did not move. He could almost feel its heart beat.

The doe lay in the dry leaves, its sides heaving. At the base of its neck the hair was soaked with a small patch of red.

"Oh my God," choked Al. "God, I thought I saw a rack. I was sure of it. God!" Al was crying.

He dropped to his knees before the dying animal. He unsheathed his knife and drove the knife deep and hard into its neck. The blood pumped out onto the leaves and steamed in the cold air. The sides stopped heaving.

The spikehorn had not moved. "I have to wait for him to look away. If I move while he's looking, he'll bolt and I might miss. Look away. Don't watch me." A clean easy shot.

Kneeling, Al began to gut the body of the doe. "Mike, help me. Hold its back leg up." Mike stood back, white-faced, arms trembling and heavy.

"Help me," Al said again. Mike held up the back leg, still warm.

Mike backed away. Al's hand was fumbling inside the neck. He withdrew a red stained hand. "I can't get the windpipe." Al turned and was sick.

The young spikehorn turned its head and started walking. He watched it amble on, over the edge of the swale and up a small pined knoll.

"Oh god," Mike said aloud. The deer was gone.



Within minutes the sound of the first shot cracked high into the treetops, hung there, then drifted far into the woods and oblivion. Then two more shots fired, one after another, and fell into the same bewailed and ghostly echo.

"They may have missed," he thought. "Maybe it got away." He stood up and gazed at the pined knoll, wanting to see over it, beyond it; to see the young spikehorn. "They may have missed."

There was another shot, echoing with ragged sharpness, like the sound of a fragment being chipped off a large rock. "That's the pistol," he thought. "That's what they use to finish it. They couldn't bear to use a knife. No. They couldn't touch it when it was still living."

He walked back the way he came; again on the mud trail. There was a wind now, rocking the frail-looking poplar limbs, blowing the snow clouds into the land. He met two hunters on their way in, and he nodded to them.

"Any luck?" said one.

"Nothing," said Mike.

The others weren't back yet. He went inside the tent and rested on a cot. Everything smelled of kerosene and wet canvas. He stared up into the tent darkness.

"Maybe," he thought, "there is
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A seasoned courage

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something that jells in you as you grow old. Something like courage. Something that makes you want to kill the deer." He did not know. Perhaps it never grew. He did not care. He slept then.

The tall one pulled open the tent flap and stepped in.

"I don't see any rack hangin' on the tree outside," he laughed. "See any?"

"Nothing."

"Me neither. The old man had a crack at one. Too far away though. Didn't have a clean shot."

He began making a sandwich. "Yeah, I ran into the game warden on the way back. Said a hunter was killed this morning in the next township."

"Is that right?"

"Yeah," said the tall one, biting into the sandwich. "It was his brother that did it. Thought he was a deer. The guy didn't have a chance. Some people shoot anything."

"Yes," said Mike. "Some people will."

"Say, you feelin' all right?"

"Yeah. I'm just a little tired."

"Well, get something to eat." He went outside.

The flap was thrown back. A gray light wafted in from the opening. The tall one poked his head in.

"You comin' out with us after lunch, Mike?"

Mike lay there thinking. "They need it. The old man and the other. They have reason to kill the deer. Maybe we . . ."

"No. Maybe later. I just want to lie here awhile."

Outside the old man asked something in a low voice.

"Naw," said the other, "the cold just got to him a bit." After a while he heard their boots pulling and sinking on the worn mud trail.

Now the wind swelled with the fury of the season. It pawed at the tent and shook it, rippling over the folds of canvas with the sound of a drum roll. Mike looked out through a partially opened tent flap. It snowed, beating down in a multi-rhythmed beat, in time with the earth's pulse; a lasting snow that covered the wounds of the mud trail.



The theater concept at MSU

By JOHN REESE

EDITOR'S NOTE: John Reese is a graduate student in theatre and an actor in the Performing Arts Company.

The opportunities at MSU for enriching theatrical experiences, both on and off-stage, are almost countless: THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING was the most recent Performing Arts Company presentation; the Spring Repertory Festival, consisting of the comedy, VOLPONE, Harold Pinter's THE HOMECOMING and the musical, THE THREEPENNY OPERA, is rehearsing nightly for the May 6-26 run; Michael McCarty, graduate student, is readying a production of VIET ROCK in conjunction with an undergraduate acting class (to be presented March 14-15 in Brody Hall); Doctoral candidate, Jay Raphael, is conducting a workshop based on the theories of Antonin Artaud; in addition, fourteen productions are being rehearsed by members of Theatre 448 (Directing II). These plays include DEATH OF A SALESMAN, A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM, WAITING FOR GODOT and BAREFOOT IN THE PARK; and the Theatre Dept. has recently sponsored the NEW PLAYWRIGHTS THEATRE in which aspiring directors and playwrights have had the occasion to test and display their artistic talents.

These are indicative of the diversity of the theatrical experience at MSU. The opportunities for significant participation in every aspect of production are available to the aspiring actor, writer, technician and director.

Thus far, the MSU theatrical picture seems quite good. However, as in any university program, and, especially the arts, there are problems. One which predominates on this campus is the conflict between the Performing Arts Company and those individuals who are not members of the company.

The Performing Arts Company (PAC), is a unique aspect of MSU's Dept. of Theatre. The present company is composed of twenty carefully selected "artist/student" members who are pursuing graduate degrees in Theatre. The company members have production responsibilities in acting, business management, costuming, play-writing and technical theatre. In theory, the PAC provides a core of superior specialists in each of the significant areas of production; it is assumed that non-PAC members, the remaining graduate and



undergraduate students, will work closely with company members, and enhance the quality of their practical theatre experience by this association.

This assumption can be misleading for a number of reasons. The composition of the PAC, in spite of rigorous screening, can vary in quality from year to year. Also, the growth of the theatre artist is best attained through actual significant theatrical experience. And there are too many aspiring theatre artists to be accommodated even in a program as extensive as the one at MSU. Consequently, a degree of resentment exists between PAC and non-PAC members. A frequent complaint of the undergraduates is that they are limited to minor roles and walk-ons, or they are virtually ignored when it comes to the production program. This is not an unjust reaction.

On the other hand, there are important artistic and financial considerations that drastically affect production decisions. One centers around the fact that company members are selected after a comprehensive screening process involving interviews and auditions. Following selection, each company member is the recipient of an assistantship as an

acknowledgment of his talents and skills, and is obligated to the production program in some capacity. In that respect, it would be a waste of talent and money if the theatre staff failed to utilize the potential of the PAC.

There is an understanding among the directors of the theatre staff that if a non-PAC actor or designer of superior quality comes along they will be utilized in the place of a less talented PAC member. Indeed there are recent notable illustrations of productions which consisted of predominantly undergraduate casts. Several of last season's plays, THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR, THE TORCH-BEARERS, LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE, MARAT/SADE, and OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAR had large numbers of undergraduates participating in major and secondary roles. An undergraduate is currently designing one of the repertory productions.

The casting situation has been undeniably less favorable for non-PAC members this year due to the Theatre Department's experiment with a Spring Repertory Festival of three plays.

The concept of repertory is relatively simple although it is filled with complications in practice. Within a specific period of time several plays are presented, alternating performance dates. A core of actors (the PAC in this instance) play the major roles in each of the productions composing the repertory. The other roles are supplemented by non-PAC members.

Ideally the merits of such an experiment are numerous: the audience has the opportunity to view the range of more talented actors who play a variety of roles; the individual actors must meet the challenge of enduring intensive rehearsals and developing different characterizations within a limited span of time; less experienced actors have the chance to work with their more talented peers; and the university community has the occasion to witness significant contemporary and classical drama.

This ideal is marred by the demands of such a schedule on the time and energies of everyone concerned: being unfamiliar with the repertory concept, many inexperienced theatre-goers could view three plays within a twenty day period as too confusing or too demanding of their time; the rigors of rehearsing and building three plays are most stringent when one considers that each of the participants is also either a student or teacher; and with the present set-up, most participating undergraduates are involved in less significant ways. This latter problem seems inherent in a large university in which the number of potential participants is so great that everyone cannot be utilized. The problem becomes quality versus quantity — a controversy for which there seems to be no satisfactory or easy solution.

The opportunities for active involvement in every aspect of theatre production are greater at MSU than at many large universities. The regular production program is one of the most important in the country. Furthermore, additional student productions are encouraged, and are possible since the kivas provide an excellent place to perform.

The MSU Theatre Dept. is sensitive to
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Calendar of Events: March 5 - March 16

THURSDAY, MARCH 5

"Night of the Generals" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 101 N. Kedzie Hall).

FRIDAY, MARCH 6

Beaumont String Quartet (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium).

Big Ten track meet, preliminaries, Jenison Field House.

"Graduate Works" opening (Kresge Gallery, evening, through March 29).

"Sunset Boulevard" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).

"Fireman's Ball" (7:30 p.m., Auditorium).

"Hot Spur" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 106B Wells).

"Godzilla vs. the Thing" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).

SATURDAY, MARCH 7

Big Ten track meet, finals, Jenison Field House. "Godzilla vs. the Thing" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).

"Fireman's Ball" (7:30 p.m., Auditorium).

"Hot Spur" (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 106B Wells).

"Sunset Boulevard" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).

SUNDAY, MARCH 8

Senior Recital: Elizabeth Rice, flute (2 p.m., Music Auditorium).

Senior Recital: Penny Pekrul, piano (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium).

John Mayall with the James Cotton Blues Band (8 p.m. Auditorium).

MONDAY, MARCH 9

Lecture-Concert Series (B): Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano (8 p.m., Auditorium).

Senior Recital: Jerry Kalber, clarinet (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium).

Graduate Recital: Donald Busarow, organ (8:15 p.m., Hart Recital Hall).

TUESDAY, MARCH 10

President's Reception for Seniors.
Honors Concert (8:15 p.m., Fairchild).

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11

State Singers: Dave Brubeck compositions (8:15 p.m., Auditorium).

"Green Pastures" (7 and 9 p.m., 101 N. Kedzie Hall).

THURSDAY, MARCH 12

Senior Recital: Frank Merritt, french horn (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium).

FRIDAY, MARCH 13

"Fahrenheit 451" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).

"King Kong" (PAC Film Classics, Anthony Hall).

"Candy" (7 and 9:15 p.m., 106B Wells).

"The Servant" (7 and 9:15 p.m., 104B Wells).

SATURDAY, MARCH 14

"Fahrenheit 451" (7 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).

"Candy" (7 and 9:15 p.m., 106B Wells).

"The Servant" (7 and 9:15 p.m., 104B Wells).

SUNDAY, MARCH 15

Commencement
Senior Recital: Stephen Costing, tenor (4 p.m., Music Auditorium).

MONDAY, MARCH 16

Early Registration through March 17.
Finals begin (through March 21).

Bookmarks

"Riverside Quarterly," (Box 40, Univ. Station, Regina, Canada), 50 cents or \$2 per year.

There are Little Mags, and then there are little mags. As science fiction readers know, there is a vast underground network of "fanzines" -- small, mimeographed publications which are usually exchanged among the contributors and editors. But there are also two or three s-f journals, of which "Riverside Quarterly" is the best. Its approach to the genre is critical, literate and interesting.

In the first dozen issues were articles on Heinlein, parapsychology, sexual symbolism in s-f, etc., and some of these were very critical, even scholarly -- but not pedantic: "Tarzan and Rima: The Myth and the Message;" "Some Religious Aspects of "Lord of the Rings;" "Blish, van Vogt and the Uses of Spengler;" "The Faustus Tradition in the Early Science-Fiction Story."

RQ also publishes poetry, reviews, discussions, letters and features and "interesting column on Old Time Radio material. Its contributors include some of the best-known names in s-f; Blish, Burdys, Roger Zelazny, Jack Williamson, John Campbell, Moskowitz, Delany -- names which attest to the magazine's stature and well-deserved reputation.

--Albert Drake



Theater at MSU

(continued from page 11)

current inequities and has revamped the 1970 - 1971 production program in an effort to involve the non - PAC members more directly. In addition, the undergraduate theatre curriculum has been revised to provide more enriching and meaningful educational experiences; and since the current repertory season is the first, the coordinators have no doubt profited by certain errors.

These problems are recognized and efforts are being made to correct them.

Leadership and responsible involvement on the part of all persons concerned are essential.

New plays are being written and produced. This

experimentation, provides the necessary life - blood of the theatre. The cost of theatre at MSU for the spectator is ridiculously low when compared to commercial prices. The current season coupon book, for example, sells for only eight dollars. This entitles the holder to attend seven plays, a dance concert and eight films. Most student productions are free.

Many members of the university community, students and faculty alike, have never attended any production. There is a considerable difference between the spectator who goes to the theatre, hates what he sees and vows never to return, and the spectator who has never given himself the opportunity to make such a decision.