

# COLLAGE

The State News Bi-weekly Magazine

Thursday, November 16, 1967



Photo By BOB IVINS

*The summer is an old house now,  
lived in and lived in. Hot joys  
in bedrooms, reflections on porches.*

*Leaves, like pieces of paint  
flake off the trees,*

*pile up in curbstone eaves.  
I walk around as if I were  
the student in a French film about students.  
The camera catches from a second story window  
wind under my hair.*

*I ought to have some incite, some real  
incite, and I do.  
The trees are in their death-bloom.  
I am in my youth-bloom.  
The way the branches hang out color gives a feeling,  
but not strong enough a one to give to you.*



# Calendar of Local Events Nov. 16 - Dec. 2



<p>THURSDAY, NOV. 16</p> <p>Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out (7:30, Aud.)</p> <p>Flight of the Phoenix (7:30, Union)</p> <p>Antigone (Arena Theatre)</p> <p>Blood Drive (2-8, Demonstration Hall)</p> <p>Bridge Lessons (7:00, 21 Union)</p> <p>FRIDAY, NOV. 17</p> <p>Summerskin (7:30, Union)</p> <p>Julius Caesar (7:00, Anthony)</p> <p>Flight of the Phoenix (7:30, Union)</p> <p>Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out (7:30, Aud.)</p> <p>Antigone (Arena Theatre)</p>	<p>Record Concert (7:00, 114 Bessey)</p> <p>Blood Drive (10 a.m.-3 p.m., Demonstration Hall)</p> <p>The New Folk Men's (IM)</p> <p>"Good Times, Wonderful Times" at the Scene, Act II (8:00, 1118 N. Harrison)</p> <p>"Medea" on radio (8:00, WKAR-FM)</p> <p>SATURDAY, NOV. 18</p> <p>Through a Glass Darkly (7:30, Union Ballroom)</p> <p>Ralph Franklin on Lebanon (8:00, Aud.)</p> <p>Antigone (Arena Theatre)</p> <p>International Ball (9:00)</p>	<p>Flight of the Phoenix (7:30, Conrad)</p> <p>SUNDAY, NOV. 19</p> <p>My Little Chickadee (7:00, Union Parlor C)</p> <p>MONDAY, NOV. 20</p> <p>Keiji Yagi &amp; Company (8:15, Fairchild)</p> <p>TUESDAY, NOV. 21</p> <p>Tony Spina on Photography (7:30, Student Services)</p> <p>28 More Shopping Days Until Christmas</p>	<p>WEDNESDAY, NOV. 22</p> <p>Movies of MSU/Purdue Game (8:00, Union Ballroom)</p> <p>Holiday on Ice (8:00, Lansing Civic Center)</p> <p>THURSDAY, NOV. 23</p> <p>Thanksgiving Day Vacation</p> <p>Holiday on Ice (4:30, Lansing Civic Center)</p> <p>FRIDAY, NOV. 24</p> <p>Vacation</p> <p>Holiday on Ice (8:00, Lansing Civic Center)</p>	<p>SATURDAY, NOV. 25</p> <p>John Goddard on Turkey (8:00, Aud.)</p> <p>Football (MSU vs. Northwestern) (2:30&amp;8, Lansing Civic Center)</p> <p>SUNDAY, NOV. 26</p> <p>Last Day for Art Exhibition: "Sources for Tomorrow" (2-5 p.m., Kresge)</p> <p>Holiday on Ice (2:30, Lansing Civic Center)</p> <p>MONDAY, NOV. 27</p> <p>Last Chance to begin</p>	<p>those books you ignored all term.</p> <p>TUESDAY, NOV. 28</p> <p>Romeo and Juliet (Fairchild Theatre)</p> <p>WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29</p> <p>Romeo and Juliet (Fairchild Theatre)</p> <p>Movies of MSU/Northern Western Game (8:00, Union Ballroom)</p> <p>THURSDAY, NOV. 30</p> <p>Romeo and Juliet (Fairchild Theatre)</p>	<p>FRIDAY, DEC. 1</p> <p>The Collector (7:30, 109 Anthony)</p> <p>Record Concert: Handel's Messiah (7:00, 114 Bessey)</p> <p>Freak in at the Scene, Act II (8:00, 1118 N. Harrison)</p> <p>SATURDAY, DEC. 2</p> <p>Eisenstein's "Alexander Nevsky" (7:30, Union Ballroom)</p>
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## COMMENTARY

# Social emphasis needed in Vietnam

By MILTON C. TAYLOR

Fortunate are those who are either Doves or Hawks. It was because I had a more unhappy and uncertain middle position that I took the opportunity to revisit Saigon in September of this year after an absence of seven years. My hope was that a conversation with a few American and Vietnamese friends might either bolster my convictions or shatter them.

It has been observed that nothing remains to be said about the war in Vietnam that is really new. The debate goes on and becomes hotter, generates no new insights. For this reason, the few observations which I am reporting impressed me, not because they were unique, but because of their source. One cannot do much better under conditions of uncertainty than to consider the opinions of persons who are informed and intelligent.

To begin on a broad note, my friends are critical of the historical and political content of the debate. While a priority should be placed on bringing an end to the hostilities, much of the debate in the United States is at the level of a witch hunt. They argue that peace will come only when the focus is on peace, not when it is on a search for scapegoats and with an eye to the 1968 U.S. election.

Not calculated to make the Doves happy, my informants emphasize that the war is now global in its implications rather than localized. At one time it was possible to view the conflict as one primarily involving the future of South Vietnam. It was in part a nationalistically-motivated civil war, but directed and supported by the North.

Now the implications are wider, even worldwide. Now the war involves the two super powers as well as mainland China, and thus the balance of power in Asia. In fact, the attention of the world is focused on Vietnam. It is argued that all of this detracts from the likelihood of a unilateral U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam.

Similarly, not calculated to make the Hawks happy is the belief that the war cannot be won militarily without engaging in an all-out war. No one that I spoke to in Vietnam ever men-

tioned the possibility of an all-out war. The explanation for this appears obvious. While North Vietnam could be obliterated, with Russian involvement so could South Vietnam.

The essential reason why a limited war cannot be won militarily is that both the Viet Cong and the North have demonstrated a continuing capacity to escalate. Nor, it is believed, will Soviet Russia and Red China permit a military victory. Thus each phase of U.S. escalation is followed by a counterbalancing escalation. And each advance also convinces Hanoi that the U.S. is impatient for a military solution, which understandably provokes a higher level of resistance.

It is therefore not so paradoxical for my informants to claim that the greater likelihood of achieving a political settlement lies in a reversal of past (and present) policy. This reversal has two components. One is to halt the bombing of the North and further troop escalation, while the other is to convince the Viet Cong and the North that the United States will remain in Vietnam as long as it is necessary to achieve a political settlement.

What the Viet Cong and Hanoi fear most, in other words, is a continuing American presence. If they were convinced that the United States would not abandon Vietnam, they would be more inclined to come to the conference table now instead of later.

This "wait-it-out" approach also involves abandoning the "search and destroy" policy. It means consolidating the gains rather than taking the initiative. It implies also a greater assumption of responsibility by the South Vietnamese armed forces and a return to a military advisory role by the U.S.

A guerrilla war has two fronts, and even less

successful, my friends complain, is the level of economic, political and social achievements. After more than ten years of being a client government, South Vietnam is still essentially an exploitative society with a rising number of war profiteers in Saigon and landless poverty-stricken peasants in the countryside.

A social revolution is held to be mandatory on two counts. It is first a necessary complement to a military effort in a guerrilla-type war. Second, unless the basic fabric of Vietnamese life can be transformed, South Vietnam cannot have a viable and stable society after a political settlement.

Despite this, there is constant repetition of the claim that "we are fighting the wrong kind of a war." Land reform is cited as an example. Under Vietnamese regulations, the peasants must purchase the land and the landlords must be repaid. When some villages have been retaken recently, the landlords have traveled from Saigon to reestablish their "rights" over land they had not seen for as long as 15 years. This policy is considered to be patently ridiculous in the context of a war that is costing the U.S. over \$20 billion annually.

Who is held to blame for this failure to introduce economic and social reforms? Primarily the United States. It is argued that there is a willingness on the part of the Vietnamese government to utilize ideas and to introduce changes, and even if there was resistance, there is practically no use of the immense leverage at the disposal of the United States.

In brief, while no one that I spoke to is critical of American involvement per se, there is profound dissatisfaction with the course that this involvement has taken. In the briefest possible statement of the criticisms, there is agreement that there has been military over-commitment and economic and social under-commitment.

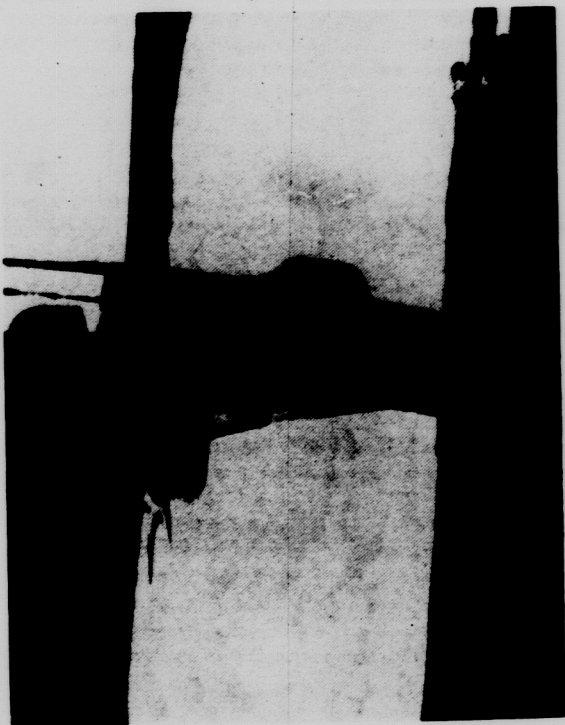
All of this leaves me about where I was when I arrived in Saigon—somewhere between a Dove and a Hawk, but with less uncertainty. But I learned something else that is perhaps more important. I gained the impression that the Vietnamese people earnestly long for peace. Time is running out on their capacity of endure.

## ART

## "Sources for Tomorrow"

By RICHARD HAAS

The current exhibition in Kresge Art Center is drawn from the James A. Michener Foundation Collection. The title tacked onto this show "Sources for Tomorrow" is catchy but pretentious. It is an unnecessary attempt to give special meaning to an exhibition which contains an interesting, though highly uneven, selection of paintings ranging over the last 20 years of American art. Significant works appear in this show and these offer a stimulating challenge to the viewer who is intrigued or puzzled by what is happening in con-

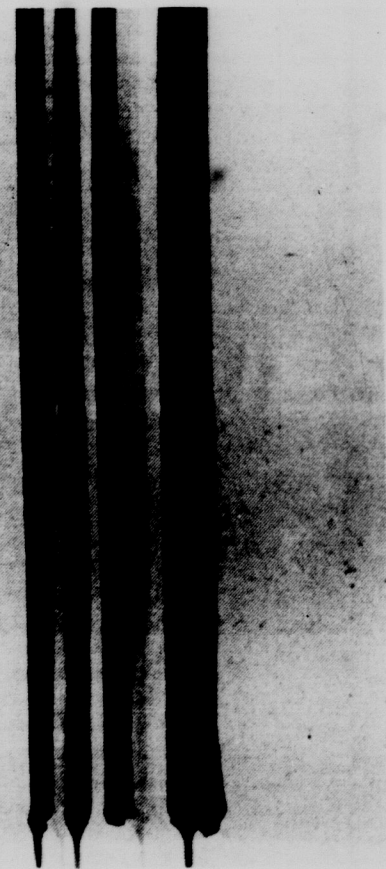


Franz Kline -- Black and White, Nov. 2, 1960

temporary painting. A show with such a variety of styles and gaps in quality echoes the problem that any viewer faces in the art world today, where he finds himself surrounded by competing works and must fend for himself in making distinctions between the significant and the mundane.

Before focusing on specific paintings that merit attention, a few comments should be made about collectors and collections of contemporary art. It is regrettable that more individuals with the means do not feel the urge to collect. Without the independent taste of private art collectors, art museums, corporations and public institutions would be the artist's only patrons. Private collections generally are more interesting because they carry the personal stamp of the collector with his strengths, bias, and idiosyncrasies. Private collectors of great daring and taste have helped painters and have occasionally influenced the course of art. How can we measure the importance of the aid given by the Steins to young Picasso, or the role of the Russian industrialist Schukin in encouraging Matisse's work? What would have happened to the daring and unpopular American painters John Marin and Arthur Dove without the help of patrons and friends like Alfred Stieglitz and Duncan Phillips? The collector who trusts his eye and pioneers in collecting works that have not yet acquired a stamp of critical approval is participating in a risk, taking adventure not too far removed from that of the artist. Not all collectors of new art are this inspired, however.

The majority of art collectors lack the intuition and judgment to detect significant works which have not yet received critical acclaim. Many private collectors rely on advisers and critics to suggest which artist, style or "ism" to buy. Such collections usually survey the contemporary scene or a segment of it and concentrate on representative examples by popular artists. While I do not know what Mr. Michener's buying habits are, the exhibition appears to be a sampling from a "consensus" collection; it covers



Morris Louis -- Water-Shot, 1961

the field and overlooks little. This attitude is similar to the modus operandi of most major contemporary museums in which the curators of today collect a bit of everything and leave to future curators the problem of weeding out the mediocre.

In seeking out those paintings that I consider significant, I am assuming the role of a curator of the future. This can be dangerous, but I find excellent paintings in this exhibition, particularly works by Guston, Kline, Louis, Noland Francis, Marca Relli, Leslie and Bischoff.

Phillip Guston's "Alchemist" is a painting which most viewers would probably overlook;

(Continued on page 8)





# Kennedy legend lives on

By JAMES D. SPANIOLO

November 22, 1967 will probably be no different from any other day. Americans will go to work. Children will attend school. Babies will be born; old people and some not so old will die. The bustle which characterizes the middle third of the twentieth century will send Americans scurrying hither and yon with little time to think about past events. And quietly it will mark the fourth anniversary of Lyndon Johnson's ascent to the Presidency.

Four years will have passed since that fateful and tragic day in Dallas. But there will be no fanfare this year. The public ceremonies will be fewer, the speeches more distant, and the magazine and newspaper articles less prominently displayed. In short, Americans have more important things to consider than to rethink or relive the death of anyone—even John F. Kennedy.

But for some, the day will rekindle past sorrow and renew a sense of void created by the cataclysmic events which sent a nation reeling in tearful grief. But even for them, time has worked its way. The events are less clear; the sound of muffled drums less poignant; and the emotion is further from the surface.

Nonetheless, this generation will never be able to forget those days in November, 1963. Nor will this nation forget John Kennedy, even though what is now and will be remembered, is embodied in what has come to be the Kennedy legend, the Kennedy legacy.

Theodore H. White in his book "The Making of the President—1964" accurately predicted the ultimate result. "So many things will be said about

Kennedy in the future, and the myths are already so thick, that without doubt the man himself will soon be lost in the myth."

And thus it has been. Literally dozens of books have been written about his or his family's life. Nearly every significant acquaintance, and some not so significant, have published articles or books relating their observations about the Kennedy they knew. In addition, with the assistance of the media and big time promotion, the inevitable Kennedy legend has been both exploited and distorted.

So, he is lost in the haze, the myth. He ceases to be viewed as a man, but rather as the Fallen Hero.

People do not remember that he was elected President by only the narrowest of margins. They do not remember that he compiled only an average record as a U.S. Senator. They do not remember how he stumbled through the Bay of Pigs fiasco, nor his initial reluctance to seek strong civil rights legislation. They do not remember his frustrations in dealing with a Congress which balked at his major pieces of legislation. And above all, they do not remember that he was above all a politician who successfully sought a position of power which, by its very nature, meant that he would exercise that power, sometimes ruthlessly.

What people do remember is the Kennedy charisma, charm and style. They remember a vigorous young man who looked even younger, a Bostonian with a thick shock of brown hair, a jabbing forefinger, an articulate speaker with a keen wit and ready smile. And even more pointedly, they remember how all of this was

snuffed out in a matter of seconds by an assassin's bullet.

Most Americans now remember only two distinct images. They remember the young President on Inauguration Day 1961, the cheer and ebullience of the occasion, and his most eloquent and most quoted address in which he asked Americans to ask themselves not what their country could do for them, but what they could do for their country. And they remember the final days, the assassination, the hollow days before the funeral and the strength displayed by the Kennedy family, particularly Jackie, and finally the long procession to Arlington National Cemetery, a final playing of "Hail to the Chief", then Taps, and the burial of a President.

So, this is where we are today, 1967; the memory still lingers but less emotionally. We try to concern ourselves with the present but cannot escape the past. And we remember what we want to remember.

We look at the Presidency, in particular the person who now personifies the office, and we do not like what we see. Part of the explanation lies in the personality and manner of Lyndon Johnson, a man haunted by the Kennedy legend. Obviously, Lyndon Johnson had a tough act to follow—especially from an image standpoint.

Of course, there have been the constant and inevitable comparisons between the two men, some of which have bordered on absurdity. But there are some striking contrasts, especially in light of the circumstances in which one died and the other came to power.

(Continued on page 5)



# ...although fanfare subsides

(Continued from page 4)

Where Kennedy was eloquent and distinguished, Johnson is inarticulate and folksy. Where Kennedy looked like a President, a statesman, Johnson appears every bit a politician. And while these elements of style are intangible, they are nonetheless real and important in terms of modern American politics.

On a more concrete level, both men have their strengths and weaknesses. The problem is that Lyndon Johnson's strengths are difficult to perceive while his weaknesses are all too visible.

For example, Johnson once said in a speech, "... We're on the move; we're on the go; people are eating, people are working. We're doing what a democratic government ought to be doing for a democratic people."

Another prime example of the problem is Johnson's relations with the press. He has managed to completely alienate the national press. Conversely, Kennedy won its favor and used it to his advantage. Kennedy enjoyed jousting with reporters at his frequent press conferences. He parried difficult questions, and when verbal darts were thrown his way, he'd throw them right back, usually in the form of a witty reply.

Johnson, on the other hand, has had few formal press conferences. And ever since the honeymoon ended between the President and the press, he has sulked when criticized, sometimes raging at a reporter who wrote an unfavorable story, sometimes resorting to unvelled sarcasm.

This all leads to the often-asked, yet never-answered question of what would the situation be like in the country today and in the world today if President Kennedy had lived? Obviously, no one can answer the question. But it continually comes to the surface.

Recently someone asked John Kenneth Galbraith, former ambassador to India and personal friend of President Kennedy, whether he thought the U.S. would have been where it is today in Vietnam if President Kennedy had been in charge the last four years. Galbraith said he couldn't answer the question because there was just no way of knowing.

But what brings immediacy and relevance to this impossible question is the fact that so much has happened in those four years. And in a sense everything seems so much worse. A nation has lost confidence and faith in its President and his policies. A deepening and seemingly winless war drags on indefinitely in Vietnam. Communist China has joined the nuclear club, and the United

States and Russia continue to escalate the armaments race despite public statements to the contrary and the presence of a limited test ban treaty signed in 1962. And at home, civil strife, indeed war, has ravaged our cities, making it painfully clear that lunch-counter sit-ins and protest marches in the South, even the Civil Rights Act of 1964 were only superficial scratches at the real American race problem.

Perhaps all this was inevitable. Perhaps Lyndon Johnson is the scapegoat for problems he did not create and problems that cannot be solved. Perhaps had he lived, John Kennedy would have left the office of the Presidency a beaten and frustrated man, nagged by personal defeat and a sense of inadequacy.

But it did not happen that way. It will always remain as one of the imponderable "ifs" of history. But the myth continues. And the legend has become deeply imbedded in the American political scene. The most quoted man on the campaign trail whether it be for President or constable, in 1964 and 1966 was John Kennedy. And most probably, the same will be true in the future. Almost every promising candidate for high elective office claims to be in the Kennedy tradition, whether Democrat or Republican. And while some are more overt than others, it is clear that the Kennedy style has permeated the political arena in terms of theme, in manner of speech, mannerisms and appearance.

One man however, more than any other, stands to benefit most from this legacy, and in fact has benefited substantially already. That man is Robert Kennedy. Either consciously or unconsciously, either motivated out of political astuteness or personal commitment, he seems intent on fulfilling the promises and goals never completed by his brother.

Listening to one of his speeches is much like listening to the 1960 presidential campaign. It almost is as if a 1960 speech had been re-activated, updating the problems, filling in the blanks with new names, and looking to new horizons.

In short, while emulating the style and articulation of his brother, he has obliquely attacked the status quo, this time personified by Lyndon Johnson. Much like President Kennedy criticized the Eisenhower Administration for not moving fast enough in the right direction, for not meeting new problems with new solutions and for not supplying vigorous leadership, Robert Kennedy has similarly accused President Johnson.

And so now, Robert Kennedy has become part of

the legend. He owes his election to the U.S. Senate to it. And whether he or the American public believes it or not, he owes his national popularity and sudden rise to political stardom to this legend.

And when Americans come to see Robert Kennedy, they come not to see the junior senator from New York but rather to see the reincarnation of his brother.

How far the legend will carry Robert Kennedy and future Kennedys is still unknown. Perhaps it will lead to the presidency. In the view of Lyndon Johnson, it has lead too far already.

But the fate of the legend will be decided in future political encounters and ultimately in the hearts and minds of the American electorate. And while the legend may lose its magic in terms of political output, its source will persist as a symbol of what is good in politics, of what a President should be, and of what a man should do in serving his country.

Future historians will have the task of evaluating John Kennedy's performance as President and his administration's policies in context with mid-twentieth century America, free from the emotion which still warps rational judgment.

John Kennedy was not a great president; his time was too short, but greatness was part of the man. He did not accomplish a great deal in terms of legislation or policy making; he did not move mountains. But he did move people.

And perhaps this was his most important contribution. He "turned on" a younger generation. He was at least indirectly responsible for the trend toward greater involvement by this younger generation. And by the freshness he brought to American politics, he inspired a cast of thousands to view public service, whether it be in the Peace Corps or in politics, as something worthwhile, indeed fulfilling.

In his inaugural address in 1961, John Kennedy spoke of the office of the presidency and of the responsibility of every citizen. "I do not shrink from this responsibility; I welcome it. And I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it, and the glow from that fire can truly light the world."

It is this attitude, this legend which persists into the future. And their potential effects will not be known for years to come.



Reproduction of a Tony Spina creation



## MUSIC

# New rock: a live, hard sound

By JEFF WEIDNER

On the surface, the rock scene does not appear to have changed significantly since the flower groups blossomed last year; however, something in the air and new things are happening. Perhaps in reaction to complexity of instrumentation in rock, the new groups, almost without exception, are seeking to put forth music which can be performed live on conventional rock instruments, such as guitar, bass, organ, and drums.

The best example of pure rock among new groups is the Paupers from Toronto. Aside from a twelve-string lead guitar and an act which requires three separate drum sets on stage, they are conventional. Their album is titled "Magic People" (Verve) after a song of the same name. The sound is reminiscent of the Byrds, especially on a song called "Black Thank-you Package," although they do not have the falsetto and complete harmony of the Byrds. The best cut on the album is "Tudor Impressions," which shows good lyrics and counter-rhythms played on two drum sets. Their songs have a lyrical quality comparable to the Beatles before they cut "Rubber Soul."

The West Coast groups are doing well generally, although the Jefferson Airplane had some bad luck with their last single, "Ballad of You and Me, Pooniel." Love is still much in the picture with groups such as the Airplane, the Grateful Dead, the Sparrow, Country Joe and the Fish, Moby Grape and the Doors.

Moby Grape is the finest of the West Coast groups. It was quite a disappointment that their second single, "Omaha," did not make the top ten. Moby Grape is one of a handful of American groups that are excellent musically and also say something that is worth listening to.

The Doors lit everyone's fire with their last single, and appear to be doing well with "People Are Strange." But, like Moby Grape, the Doors



have something to say, mainly that all is not hearts and flowers in hippydom or in everyday life. The flower children have become dream children and have left the self-made zoos and pseudo-hippies behind to roam the hills and forests and commune more closely with nature. The Doors' music oozes from the lilting organ of Ray Manzarek and the guitar of Robby Krieger. Their new album, "Strange Days," (Elektra), puts its music-poetry across unassumingly. When lead singer Jim Morrison wails and shouts so does the guitar, then when all is placid, the guitar vibrations merge with the fluid organ. The drummer, John Densmore, anticipates potential happenings in the music long before they crystallize.

It is indeed strange that a West Coast group should sing so little of happy things; all of the songs on the album express a melancholy which is accentuated by the music. Comparing their new album with their first, only one song immediately stood out as a line between the two. "When the Music's Over" is an eleven minute cut on "Strange Days," similar to "The End" from their first album in composition and mood, although "When the Music's Over" is more thought-provoking than the Oedipal "The End."

The most unusual cut, "Horse Latitudes," done in free verse, is reminiscent of the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner." It is not easy to understand what all the words mean, but the effect that the song produces is almost textual. One feels that things are about to reach out of the dark and touch him.

Hard blues is an area of popular music which has long been dominated by Negro bluesmen. There are several white bluesmen, however, who are exceptional: Paul Butterfield, John Hammond, Steve Winwood and Eric Burdon to name a few. Two blues groups have attracted much attention in the past five months, Big Brother and the Holding Company and Canned Heat. Canned Heat translates the old solo blues and traditional blues material into a traditional electric blues. At the Monterey Pop Festival last June, Big Brother and the Holding Company was the rave of everyone present. Janis Joplin, their lead singer, has been called the best white blues singer in the world. Miss Joplin has a raw and exciting voice. The group has the ability to be funky or bluesy and one cut from their album, "Call on Me," is quite lyrical.

Other good blues records are the "Blues Project at the Town Hall," a new album by John Mayall and the Blues Breakers called "A Hard Road," and a new album called "Earth Music" done by the Young Bloods, Jesse Colin Young's group.

The Jimi Hendrix Experience is one of the groups of the violent school of rock. Hendrix is billed as playing the guitar in more positions than anyone before him. He's even been known to make a torch of his guitar and stamp out the burning pieces on stage. His music is exceptionally brutal at times but can be tender in such songs as "The Wind Cried Mary" (Reprise).

Which group deserves the title of the best is also anyone's guess. Many would say the Beatles are still on top. As for their powers of innovation and quality of material I would agree. However,

(Continued on page 11)

## BOOKMARKS

## Dickey leaves reader breathless

By DAVID GILBERT

James Dickey will probably be listed in the Mentor book of "Major American Poets" of 1980, or whenever they get around to revising themselves. He is really a fine poet. Though a modern writer of the South, Dickey is caught in no regionalistic webs, but explores in violence and in depth the "overgrown forest of archetypal

scenes and situations," to quote Peter Davison (Atlantic Monthly, October, 1967.) Dickey is totally absorbed in the themes of communion with the dead and man's kinship with nature, many of his poems fit the progression of death-renewal-repetition-eternity. This is important.

To get down to specifics: my favorites in "Buckdancer's Choice" are "The Shark's Parlor," "Them, Crying," "Faces Seen Once,"

"The War Wound" and "Fox Blood." They remind me of nothing so much as a feeling I once experienced of being inside a moving camera, panning the horizon and watching the constantly new view flowing into my line of vision. Suddenly I was aware of the camera's having stopped, focusing on one object, but my mind had proceeded to expand from the view of that one object, and had created a whole, flowing, unified sequence of events.

In "Faces Seen Once," Dickey proceeds from an image retained:

Faces seen once are seen

To fade from around one feature,  
Leaving a chin, a scar, an expression . . .

to an image revived and expanded through the mind's own fantasies and the poet's craft:

Faces seen once change always

Into and out of each other:  
An eye you saw in Toulon  
Is gazing at you down a tin drainpipe  
You played with as a dull child  
In Robertstown, Georgia.

Again, in "The War Wound," the poet focuses on one incident, the war wound received by a fighter pilot when his hand smashed into a tachometer, but the image expands, this time backward and forward simultaneously, to link the past violence with "my two children threaten themselves, / wall-walking, or off the deep end / off a county swimming pool . . ." Thus, from the focused frame of reality, a war wound, we are taken through death, the dying act of colts, to renewal in the pilot's children, to repetition in "my two children threaten themselves," to, perhaps, an unexpressed thought. Similarly with "The Shark's Parlor," in which the boy

(Continued on page 11)

### "SWEATING EXAMS?"

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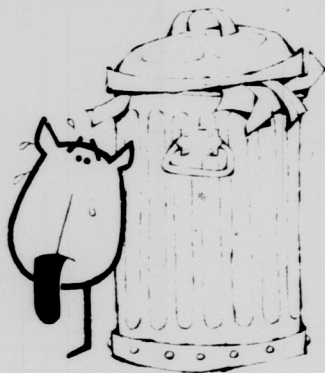
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AND MANY OTHERS

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# Romney: a paradoxical man

By MARION NOWAK

George Romney, ex-president of American Motors, presidential non-candidate, Latter-Day Saint and governor of Michigan, represents to the voters of Michigan--and still very conceivably to the voters of the nation--a personality that is sincere, square; confusing, confused; and at once both highly a competent and amazingly incompetent.

Born July 8, 1907 in the Latter-Day Saints (Mormon) settlement of Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, George Wilcken Romney is the fourth son of monogamists Gaskell Romney and Anna Amelia Pratt, both American citizens.

When Romney was five, he became, in his own words, one of the twentieth century's first displaced persons when Pancho Villa chased the Mormons out of Mexico.

Since then, with ambition and drive typical of many Mormons, he has progressed from a Washington, D.C. job as a tariff specialist in 1929, through a company presidency that revived a failing corporation, to governorship of one of the nation's larger states.

The next step to the presidency will be made with more difficulty than the gubernatorial step required.

A more attractive, magnetic personality than his opponent John Swainson, Romney entered the big-leagues in 1962, and sustained his position in '64 and '66.

Talking about the contest for the Republican presidential nomination, two-time loser Richard Nixon states: "This is going to be a hot five-man race between five non-candidates."

Romney's refusal to place himself in the running, while consistent with the theme of the candidates, stems from his belief in a prolonged period of deep meditation on every major decision, according to an aide of Lieutenant-Governor Milliken. Romney hasn't meditated on 1968 yet, the aide said.

This should not be doubted. It is too much to expect the governor of any large state to take time out from touring national slums, lunching in Boston with New England's newspaper editors, delivering a speech at Dartmouth College in the home state of the early bird primary and appearing on nation-wide television to perform such a time-consuming function as meditating. To say nothing of governing a large state.

Romney has declared he will announce his decision within the next few days.

If Romney does attempt the candidacy, his seemingly honest attitude could--against Johnson--very conceivably win the race for him.

If he doesn't run, will he be content to be merely the governor of Michigan? Or will his go-power act as a catalyst to push him towards higher offices?

Lenore Romney, in public speaking, has many qualities the governor lacks. She is witty, dramatic and a highly professional platform performer. Romney has referred to her as "the one person who can beat me in Michigan." She has been known, in public speaking, to refer to the "four years we have been in state government."

This spring, her resignation from the Women's Club of Detroit in protest of a club policy of racial discrimination was a dramatic illustration not so much her pro-civil rights stand as her shrewdness. She must be considered in any calculation of Romney's effectiveness.

Romney's honesty deserves examination because it is one of the major criterions he wishes to be judged on.

Most notably, his comments on Vietnam have led many to urge him to run for the presidency.

The leftist newsmagazine, "The Nation," has urged Romney to follow up his doveish and alternating actions by declaring himself a peace-in-Vietnam candidate, thereby forcing Johnson into the undesirable position of the war candidate.

Romney's exact position on Vietnam is to the public unclear. Playing the now-popular game of speech-referral, Romney refers all interrogators to his April Hartford, Conn. policy speech.

"In the rip-tide of today's heated debate on the paramount issue confronting our nation," he said then, "There is one incontestable truth: it is unthinkable that the United States withdraw from Vietnam."

The governor differentiates between the military war and the "other war"--more commonly known as the winning-the-hearts-and-minds-pacification program. While he feels the shooting

war has become largely Americanized, the governor says "It would be a tragic error to take over 'the other war' as some have proposed." And, while he recognized we are fighting communist forces in Vietnam and must still have "a just peace," he refuses to endorse a coalition government including the communist National Liberation Front, or even to endorse negotiations with the NLF.

On his latest speaking circuit, one of Romney's major themes is the crisis of the ghettos.

Romney's Civil Rights record has been quite good.

During World War II, Victor Reuther and Romney worked together to combat segregated housing in Michigan. When he was president of American Motors, the corporation was the only major company to actively support and lobby for civil rights in Michigan. He is largely responsible for the Fair Employment Practices Act, and for setting up a Civil Rights Commission in a new Michigan constitution. In 1966 he commanded an estimated 30 per cent of the Negro vote.

Unfortunately, though these measures are unique in one of his background, they have not come through strongly enough in recent actions.

Although one of Romney's major themes is civil rights, his only current actions have been speeches made on his tour of national ghettos, and during his current New England tour, and recommendations to the Michigan Legislature to adopt an open-housing bill later this session.

It is more than possible, however, that his inability to make a truly strong movement in this direction stems from his religion culture.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints follows the Book of Mormon, revealed to the Church's founder Joseph Smith in 1823.

One major tenet of Mormonism, following the Book of Abraham, emphasizes that all Negroes bearing the Mark of Cain are accursed. Therefore, all Negroes are barred from the priesthood in a religion that every man can become a priest.

Some Mormons use this exclusion as an excuse to deny Negroes any rights, privileges or opportunities that place him on an equal basis.

This distinction is being broken down. In the South Seas, for instance, some islanders have become members of the priesthood, although anthropologically they belong to the Negro race.

However, in a church where any deviation from church belief is punishable by excommunication, where church officials have been known to dictate how politically-involved Mormons should vote, Romney is in a precarious position.



Photo by Doug Elbinger

(Possibly Romney justifies this position with a contradictory quote from the 26th chapter of 2 Nephi from the Book of Mormon. The quote is the advice of the Angel Moroni who gave the Book to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

"For none of these iniquities come of the Lord; for he doeth that which is good among the children of men . . . and he inviteth them all to come unto him and partake of his goodness; and he denieth none that come unto him, black and white, bond and free, male and female . . .")

Romney's high degree of personal involvement with church and church culture, both of which have provided largely the impetus for his life, may emerge to a greater degree in his current actions than he suspects.

In 1963, proposing an "action-packed" legislative session, Romney unveiled his revolutionary tax reform program. Calling for a personal income tax, the program was designed to supplement the Michigan budget, then operated chiefly from sales tax revenue with corporation franchise fees and gross business receipt taxes supplements. Under this system, the Michigan budget rose and fell with the state's economy, which in turn largely rose and fell with the auto industry.

Although continuation of the plan for state income tax was thought to be political poison, the plan was pushed ahead, although defeated in the legislature overwhelmingly by both Democrats and Republicans. In reaction to this, Romney proposed an austerity budget including a layoff of 2,500 state employees. This, on top of various threats from some civil employees, plus Romney's promise the income tax would put a lid on rising property taxes, ultimately led to the tax's acceptance on June 30 this year. It included a flat-rate tax of 2.5 per cent on incomes exceeding \$1,200, a business income rate of 5.6 per cent and a gubernatorial promise to hold a popular opinion vote on the issue of graduated income city and state income tax. (Michigan's constitution now permits only flat-rate income tax.)

Romney deals largely in symbols--more so than many other politicians. The symbols of morality in social conduct and in religious conduct: virtually symbolic civil rights legislature not powerful enough for complete success; and anti-administration comments all are part of Romney's image.

A paradoxical man, Romney may become a symbol perhaps, to some, of the perfect president.

Says a Romney supporter, Romney, "has everything Wendell Wilkie had--plus experience."

Whether the analogy is accurate remains to be seen.



# A small but fervent voice

By LEE ELBINGER

In the first place, I make no pretense of being objective. When I was informed by friends that a demonstration was being planned in Hong Kong to coincide with the Oct. 21 demonstration in Washington protesting American foreign policy in Vietnam, I decided to attend as a participant rather than an observer.

It was actually a mini-demonstration; only ten American students showed up on the lawn of the U.S. consulate in Hong Kong. This was due to poor communications and the fact that the demonstration was planned only one night in advance. Post-demonstration sympathy led us to believe that had we announced our intentions earlier, we might have gained another 30 or 40 students. The number of American students in Hong Kong is quite small, and Chinese students are prevented from demonstrating because it is explicitly illegal for them to do so.

Oct. 21 was a bright, sunny day in Hong Kong. This was refreshing because Typhoon Carla had recently pounded the city with wind and rain. The group of students, mostly from the New Asia College of the Chinese University of Hong Kong, assembled at 11:00 a.m. outside the U.S. consulate. Not everyone was familiar, so introductions took place and camaraderie developed. We decided what our aims were and we set to work to fulfill them. Two banners had been prepared; one, in English, said "End the War in Vietnam Now", the other, in Chinese, said "American Students Opposing the U.S. Government Policy in Vietnam". We decided to hold the banners in front of the U.S. consulate in full view to the street. We would hold the banners for one hour in a peaceful, silent demonstration of our sympathy with those in the United States who carried similar banners.

At 11:30 our plan got underway. Passersby gawked in astonishment to see ten American students silently holding banners on the consulate lawn. Most people smiled; we do not know whether they agreed with our viewpoint or found us ludicrous. The Chinese people grinned the most—perhaps because our Chinese characters were so hastily drawn and almost illegible.

It did not take long to get a reaction. An armored car of Chinese police sped to the scene and dismounted, bearing awesome firearms and disapproving sneers. They shot venomous glances at us and wondered in Chinese what they were supposed to do. They finally decided to phone their superiors, and that is what was done.

Within three minutes, two very officious-looking British police officers strode to the scene and surveyed the situation. They were quick to register their disapproval and began making snide comments about the personal appearance of the demonstrators. (Comments of the "Why don't you cut your hair?" variety that police in Alabama like to invoke. It is depressing to learn that police are the same all over the world.)

We were then informed, in commanding tones, that due to emergency measures adopted because of recent terrorist bombings, political assemblies of more than three people were illegal in Hong Kong. Consequently, we were told to disband within five minutes or face arrest.

This ultimatum posed quite a problem because Hong Kong police brutality in cases of political activity was notorious and none of us relished the prospect of being beaten in a Hong Kong jail. I was particularly concerned because I had been taking pictures of the police scowling at us and I knew they eyed my camera menacingly.

Reporters from various news agencies had arrived on the scene and badgered us about what we intended to do. That was an interesting question, because even we did not know. We dropped our banners temporarily and held a



Photo by Lee Elbinger

short meeting. The police were quite threatening, but it was doubtful that they could invade U.S. property (the consulate lawn) and forcibly drag ten U.S. citizens off to jail. We did what most Americans do when they are threatened abroad: we asked the consulate for help.

The consulate was closed and empty because it was Saturday. A Marine guard on duty told us he was in charge, so we explained the situation to him and asked him if the Hong Kong police could abduct and incarcerate us. He was visibly surprised and confused. He summoned an official who listened to our story carefully and grimly. After we explained all that had gone before, he frowned, turned, and quickly entered an office and shut the door. We stood in the consulate lobby quite confused. Reporters snapped pictures all around us and asked for names, ages and addresses. The same official who had so recently frowned at us shortly emerged from his office all smiles: we would be allowed to demonstrate peacefully and silently on the consulate lawn. He escorted us, to the clicking of cameras and the flashing of flashbulbs, down the consulate steps and out to the Hong Kong police. After he had a short chat with the police, the demonstration once again got under way. The policeman who had threatened us before strode up to us and glared. He stood there, a 200 pound tower of British colonialism, and announced, in an impeccable British accent:

"The U.S. consulate has informed me that you will be allowed to stand on consulate grounds for one hour and have a peaceful demonstration. Very well. You shall have it. I am not impressed."

He then turned on his heel and strode away. We felt quite good about the way events had resolved themselves—indeed, I was quite proud about the manner in which the consulate handled the situation. It would have been easy to say that we had caused a disturbance and to request police protection. Instead, Asians were allowed to view first-hand what the American right to dissent meant when it was implemented. As one Chinese reporter said to me, "Chinese students would never even think of doing what you have done. I am impressed by your friendliness and your attitude of freedom. You people really are free." This comment was made in reference to the cocky and sometimes arrogant way we answered questions from the press, police and authorities. The reporter, who was our age, felt our firm but

friendly convictions to be evidence of more than political freedom—he talked about inner freedom. I smiled when he said, "I am impressed . . ."

The demonstration, once underway, was quite orderly and successful (as, I later learned, our counterpart in Washington was not.) Crowds of people gathered across the street to read our signs and wonder about them. If the people were Chinese, they stared in disbelief or smiled at our naivete. If the people were British or American, they signaled their approval or disapproval. Traffic slowed down slightly, but not enough to cause a traffic jam. News reporters swarmed everywhere, taking pictures, asking irrelevant questions, interviewing us. CBS took films which were later shown on Hong Kong television. A reporter from Newsweek circulated among us and we were kept busy telling everyone who we were and why we were there.

The demonstration was significant more for local than for international reasons. Hong Kong is a police state where diversity of opinion smolders under a false facade of "Business as Usual." Political demonstrations here are usually violent and result in swift and deplorable police repression. This situation has escalated over a period of time to the point where police parade everywhere with sub-machine guns (except in the shopping districts where tourists can see them.) Checkpoints are established at random where Chinese drivers are stopped, searched and questioned without reason; naturally, European drivers are allowed to pass unquestioned. Teenagers who espouse "inflammatory" ideas, either verbally or by merely possessing a poster, are sent to jail for years (this is repeated daily by the British courts.) The British provide no public education for the colony and are hard pressed to build living quarters for Hong Kong's teeming masses. The incidence of discontent, while always at a high level, is exacerbated by increased police repression. Our demonstration was a model of serenity in light of recent Hong Kong events. It is believed to be the first anti-war demonstration held by Americans in Hong Kong.

Internationally, the Hong Kong demonstration added a small but fervent voice to the thousands of cries for an end to the war in Vietnam. Although it will effect no major policy changes by itself, it provides an interesting footnote to the struggle between men and nations to achieve sane, healthy relationships.

## New rock: a live, hard sound

(Continued from page 6)

on the fifteenth on this month I had the opportunity to see the Cream live at the Grande Ballroom. Last spring the Cream released an album entitled "Fresh Cream" on the Atco label. The album contains hard rock "black" blues and something that can be best described as "white" blues. I had not realized how readily their songs could be adapted to live performance. On stage the Cream are fantastic. Eric Clapton is undoubtedly the finest blues guitarist around today. His nonchalance belies his skill with his instrument. Jimi Hendrix is the popular hero; he plays his guitar with his

teeth and elbows. Eric Clapton plays with his heart and his hands.

The strongest point of Cream is the excellence of each individual member. Initially, one thought that Clapton was going to carry the show, but both Bruce and Ginger Baker performed solo on harmonica and drums. Both performances were equal to Clapton's amazing guitar in effect. Their showmanship is not contrived. Clapton watched the light show while Bruce and Baker joked with each other, but by their last song each of the three was enveloped in his own music and the spell it had cast over them and the crowd. Their music at times approaches the jazz idiom. A great rendition of "Toad" brought a standing

ovation from the audience at the end of their performance.

As exemplified by Cream, rock is becoming simpler instrumentally speaking. More groups consisting of a single bass, guitar, drums and possibly a lead singer are going to be seen. The music itself seems to be moving away from the recording studio and is becoming a performing art again, with emphasis being placed on the quality of reproduction any certain group can achieve from their recorded sound to their live sound. Rock is becoming harder, with less exotic instrumentation. Competition is becoming more intense and fewer poor groups are able to slip by and record. One parting shot: remember the Electric Flag is coming.



## POETRY

## lost city lost



Photo by John Knapp

## Memorial Day 5:00 A.M.

veining into the wind  
of the pinkblue morning  
tender spirals of mist  
hovering moor

like over the water  
blasting down the highway  
vision sliced open to the  
graygreen winging  
of grass

and  
chasing,  
saw the sun  
flaming melon  
burst from the pod of night  
dripping skyward

knifed open the blue  
(pale nick  
le moon  
fitting neatly into  
the freshly nicked

slot of sky)  
slender stem of crocus morning  
subletting

begetting  
the faint, moist  
harlequin colors  
of dawn.

--for D.

--Sharron Marks

## rain october

cold wet and bruised  
closed upon the promise  
of a bright tomorrow  
wind swells of icy air  
lash the tired trees  
into meek submission  
and lovers eyes  
meet and lock  
between the drip

ping leaves.

--Sharron Marks

the orderly profusion  
of flickering prisms  
diffuses  
and refracts upon  
the tangible reality  
of a tiny snowbird  
veining through  
the disturbance  
of plump cotton air,  
clicking neatly  
into the sunken shrine  
of a  
wizened tree,

trembling and throaty  
flushed with warning-  
cymbal  
ized clanging of  
shattered crystal branches  
wintered and mold

ing  
holding  
shards of hope.

--Sharron Marks

resisting  
the implication  
of eager acorn eyes  
he sifts  
his dreams  
among the withered leaves  
breathing in  
the rawhide day  
and letting  
autumn color  
bleed beautifully  
on his upturned face  
and amid  
the raucous disorder  
that marks the dying  
season  
he laughs  
while an adolescent wind  
carves its first  
tentative message  
on the quivering skins  
of trees  
and mine.

--Sharron Marks

Sharron Marks is a senior from Detroit majoring in English. Her poetry has appeared in the Midwestern University Quarterly and Zeitgeist. A number of her poems are to be included in "Encounter: An Anthology of Modern Poetry," to be published by Idlewild Press, San Francisco, in May, 1968.

the taut  
heavy lidded  
eyes of night  
sleep bliss  
fully unaware  
of the tawdry  
sweet mellow-  
drama  
here in the lost city:

the bars  
flashy neon  
graveyards  
where unrequited  
lovers  
go to die

the rooms  
cluttered with  
sympathetic struggles  
of clumsy minds  
vs.  
overflowing ashtrays

and once  
in a while  
an unassuming  
star or two  
will stretch  
and solicit itself  
and the blue veined  
eyeskin of night  
sleeps on  
ignorant of the struggle

i walk  
the shrouded streets  
of the city  
lost  
fully unaware  
of the bars  
the rooms  
the struggles  
only looking  
in the crumpled streets  
for a dream i once had  
a dream

i held on to  
much too hard  
it broke in my hands  
and ran

quick  
silver  
through my fingers  
into the eager  
waiting  
belly  
of another woman

(in the lost city,  
the band played on)

--Sharron Marks

## second monday

angry  
orange and swollen moon  
bursting with winter seed  
and curved  
to fit the need  
whining clear throughout  
the metal mesh of neatly fitted  
souls sucked  
from the pool of pain

refrain  
from parting  
touch

and try again.

--Sharron Marks

## love crept in

love crept in  
and whistled  
thru the chinks  
of our argument

a breeze

was created &  
i reached for

a sweater

(the implication  
of your leaving  
made me chilly)

--Sharron Marks



# The Domes: 'clean-cut' new breed

By ROBERTA YAFIE

The flowering subculture has yet another new branch, which deftly defies traditional Establishment put-downs.

Call them Domes.

Color them clean.

The Domes are one of those lovely inexplicable social phenomena which popped from the heads of hippies, flower children et. al., according to our overseas bureau. Britain, it seems, was the first to succumb, where there are fewer of the blossomy breed than one would suspect. Concomitantly, as they began to wilt in San Francisco, the Domes began their ascent.

In keeping with the Romantic Renaissance, the Domes are perfectly bald, sporting small, pointed and waxed Prussian moustaches. They've learned to make it without monocles; one would guess that contact lenses, left over from the daze of middle class, would maintain on sheer materialism.

In terms of dress, the Domes have revived the great charge account tradition. Suits vary in pieces; an occasional sports jacket appears on the scene. Shirtmakers, however, are out of luck, and the \$10 tie is a ludicrous luxury, as far as Domes go.

For beneath that Brooks Brothers suit beats a Fruit of the Loom tee shirt. They stick with white, another indication of keeping things clean.

Socks and common shoes complete the portrait of the young man as a Dome.

The Domes have kindly uncluttered the language, returning to former graciousness. "My dear sir" is the catch-all, running the gamut from "My dear sir, I disagree with you entirely," to "That's a My-Deer-Sir thing to say to a chap." Its constant usage has no regard for sex or grammatical form.

Women are generalized by the Domes; every member of their sex is a "Madam." This generalizing has carried over to the place of the Madam in Dome life.

Female Domes, you see, are hard to find. By physical standards, they can be easily mistaken for flower girls. Basically, the only difference between the two is the company they keep.

Domes are no advocates of drugs; they're basically clean cut. They're also the peaceful sort, heavily swayed by the Indian influence.

The most interesting aspect is that no one really knows what they're going to do; they sort of creep out of the shadows and, before you know it, Domination has taken place.

Yes, fans, Domination.

Politically, they're riding the fence, although it's suspected that they might regard Ronald Reagan as rather campy. Considering the going



trend, Yul Brynner looks like a likely prospect for favorite son, and could surreptitiously be a member right now. One will recall Brynner's recent appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show, where he performed with a gypsy band, having sprouted a moustache for the occasion.

Generally, the Domes might serve as social pacification for the muddled masses, for above all, there really isn't anything objectionable about them. They're clean, neat, and keep their bad habits to a minimum. 'Twould be difficult, indeed, to find parents who wouldn't want their daughter to marry one, let alone live in the same subdivision.

For the possibilities are overwhelming. It's easy to imagine a nine-to-five middle class American hopping off the train and into the car and, back at the house, tossing his wig on the bedpost.

It should also put a terrific dent in the toupee business, not to mention barber shops. For after the initial shave, it's certainly more reasonable for a Dome to have his Madam trim his pate.

The Dome social sphere is earthy but nice, sort of a hyp jet set. They tend to settle in small

cities, where they are readily absorbed and, therefore, Domeic operations are facilitated. Their haunts are all-night Coney Island hot dog stands—one can be sure to find the Major Dome lounging at Nathan's—where they consume great quantities of hot dogs smothered in chili.

At a typical Dome soiree, they munch puffed rice and, as previously noted, although they eschew various narcotics, have something of a fetish for Hot Buttered Beer.

It is here that, if it exists at all, the social problem lies. Hot Buttered Beer contains not a drop of Bud but, rather, medicinal alcohol, which is heated and combined with a lump of butter or oleo, orange juice, pineapple juice or any kind of juice, preferably with some rind, seeds and the like.

This results in vast quantities of Domes seeking employment as hospital orderlies and bed-pan carriers, where they pass up morphine for a fifth. The repercussions, most certainly, are awesome.

The future of the Domes, however, is comparable. For Domination is the Holy Grail for every Dome, coming hand in hand with the creation of Domeicles, a reversion to the early Christian mode of communal living.

In understanding the Domes, supposition, regrettably, is the only tangible. Still, a futuristic glimpse isn't terribly out of place. Ah, for the day of the Domines! The Major-Domo's right hand men! It will be a time of Domination, when Madams will decide if they want to be Domeineering or, for a change of pace, be Dominated. Perhaps, in time, they will be able to assert themselves in a manner which will readily bring "Madam" to the lips of those who see them. They, too, shall adopt distinctive dress, wrapped in loose, hooded Domeinos, their faces concealed behind delicate Domeinicals.

The Domines (Random House may be consulted; Webster has since gone the way of all flesh) will each possess Domeinium—the complete power to use, to enjoy and to dispose of property at will, an important factor which will no doubt serve to strengthen the Domeicles.

And overseeing it all, the Major Domo, Domeine of the Domelion.

There will sit the Domes, appropriately dressed, at their respective clubs, playing Domeinos and burbling Bertie Wooster English, while in their more nostalgic moments reverting to Domeic verse, Tennyson, Byron and Shelley with the Domeic touch.

They're coming. Honest.

Dome de Dome Dome ...

# Saturday night at the nudies

By JIM YOUSLING

Last weekend, while touring lovely downtown Lansing, I stumbled upon one of those wonderful off-the-beaten-track spots which our capital abounds in: the Downtown Art Cinema.

While I had never seen their advertisements in the State News, I took a chance and went in. To my surprise, the charming billboards outside had only indicated a sample of the exotic beauty inside. The main feature, "Come Play With Me," starring lovely Charline Tesar, turned out to be written, produced and directed by Nick Consentino, who is best remembered for his stunning film versions of "Psychopathia Sexualis" and "Mondo Busto."

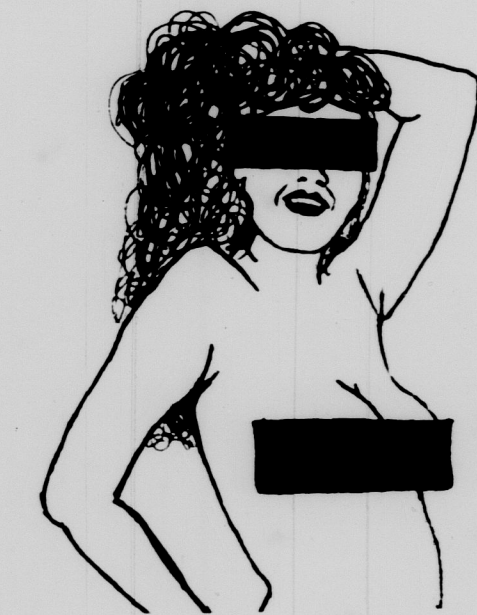
"Come Play" is a simple allegory of a young lady's search for normality. Opening with a tasteless seduction by force, the film soon whisks us off to a Kafkaesque world of alienation and life's absurdity.

Miss Tesar confides in her school-mate Clarissa that she is troubled. Her boyfriend Roger has difficulty expressing his passion for her unless he is first encouraged with a whip. "Is that normal?" she asks.

Clarissa comforts her, saying simply, "Let me take your clothes off."

Matters get persistently worse for the girl. Everyone she knows seems somehow confused. Her psychiatrist, her English professor, her friend Biff all want her to do these ... well ... odd things. No one seems particularly interested in old-fashioned fornication.

The final answer comes from faithful Clarissa (the symbolic oracle figure), who said earlier, "You know I could never love anybody else but



you. Now get the strap and let's get this over with. I have a lot of studying to do."

Casually applying lipstick to her otherwise unclad body (to underline her freedom from socio-cultural limitations), Clarissa discusses "normality" with Miss Tesar.

"Then who is to judge what is normal?" queries our heroine.

Clarissa wisely replies, "Just us, cookie."

Suddenly all is clear to the wandering child. "You mean we all feel a different drumbeat!"

she gasps, amazed at the simplicity of it. "We all are our own drumbeat, searching... seeking!" The word drumbeat takes on special significance when we recall that there were drumbeats on the soundtrack during each episode of Miss Tesar's educating experiences.

Finally, Miss Tesar returns to Roger and, clad simply in white underwear and go-go boots (purity symbol!) expresses her love for him with a razor strap, following which he expresses his love for her in a more direct manner as she cries in her simple monotone voice. "You're wonderful. Oh how wonderful you are." At last she is spiritually fulfilled!

The second feature, Joe Sarno's "The Bed ... and How to Make It" exemplifies the manager's excellent choice of double-features. Where "Come Play" is built around a passive girl who is "seeking her drumbeat" in life, "The Bed" provides a neat contrast: it is the multi-leveled study of a girl who has found her drumbeat. Her tragic flaw is that she tries unsuccessfully to force her drumbeat upon her contemporaries.

Set against the highly symbolic world of Russ, a virtuous motel manager (showing the coming-and-going impermanence of Life), "The Bed" tells us of Ellen, a buxom juvenile delinquent who, in her quest for truth, destroys both Russ and his alcoholic wife, and eventually, herself.

At this point I would like to explain some similarities between these two little-known masterpieces and the works of our better-known art

(Continued on page 11)



# Chicago opera house reopens

By JIM ROOS

If you were asked to name the greatest opera house in the world, which would it be? "La Scala" or the "Met," perhaps "Vienna" or even "Paris?" Whatever your choice, it's not likely you'd say "Chicago!" Yet, Chicago does have a great opera house. It's known simply as "the Auditorium." And last week, after more than 40 years of silence, the Auditorium's doors were opened again.

The Auditorium is housed in a massive ten story structure called the Auditorium Building. Built in 1887, it is a soot-laden fortress that stands about two blocks from the lake front in the heart of the downtown section. It's also a perfect example of American Romanesque architecture; the crowning achievement of Louis Sullivan's so-called masonry period.

For the past 20 years the building has been owned and occupied by Roosevelt University, but the magnificent opera theatre languished behind closed doors in a dilapidated state. In 1960, however, Roosevelt University took the initiative and organized a council to raise funds for the theatre's restoration. Thus, last week's re-opening marks the return of one of the world's finest stages for the performing arts.

Walking into the Auditorium is like taking a trip back to the dimly lit splendor of turn-of-the-century Chicago. The clip-clap of visitor's

heels originates from floors of marble and intricately fashioned mosaics. Bronze balusters line the broad staircase which leads from the main lobby to the grand foyer. The whole interior is painted gold and ivory, with occasional accents of onyx and fine woods.

The house itself represents the brilliant collaboration of architects Sullivan and Dankmar Adler. It has a seating capacity of about 4,300, is built low, and flares outward and upward from the stage.

The boxes, only forty in number, are open and arranged in two tiers at the sides of the parquet. Ferdinand Peck, the 19th century Chicago cultural leader who coordinated the original Auditorium project, regarded boxes as "undemocratic." He insisted that they be kept open and at a minimum. Peck wanted the Auditorium to represent "the future and not the corrupt past."

Whatever Peck's hopes, the Auditorium did come to represent the finest in concert and opera entertainment. Mary Garden, Galli-Curci, Paderewski, Chaliapin, Caruso, Bernhardt, McCormack, Prokofieff and other greats too numerous to mention, performed on its stage and rejoiced in its fabulous acoustical qualities.

It was also on the Auditorium stage that President Benjamin Harrison and Vice-President Levi

P. Morton were nominated for their offices, where President McKinley and Booker T. Washington made their impassioned pleas for racial tolerance and where Teddy Roosevelt was nominated for the presidency in the famous Bull Moose convention.

Thus, the Auditorium echoes the sounds and events of American history. This is one reason why it has been nominated for designation as a national cultural monument by the U.S. National Park Service, and also why a model of the hall is exhibited at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington D. C.

For today's music lovers and performers, however, the Auditorium is valued primarily for its superb acoustical qualities, rather than for its admitted beauty or historical significance. It is one of the few concert halls in the world that delivers an almost echo-free sound; a sound that is at once clear and mellow, perfect in balance and exceptional in tonal warmth. It is the type of sound that allows every instrument of an orchestra to be heard in true perspective, while maintaining over-all resonance.

Great performers and personalities such as tenor Jan de Rezske and architect Frank Lloyd Wright have lauded the Auditorium's incomparable acoustics. Now that it has once more been added to the ranks of the world's great stages, listeners may judge for themselves.

## "Sources for Tomorrow"

(Continued from page 6)

It does not reach out and grab you. Instead, it does quite the opposite. The painting might seem a bit dull at first glance, but I find it a challenging and demanding work that reveals itself slowly. The color is not bright. On the contrary, it is a pale, almost dirty overlay of grey blue with clots of brighter blue, black and red violet. The surface of the painting becomes less and less monotonous as the subtle structure emerges. The surface and color are activated by the colors under the outer skin which work their way out. Guston is a painter who deals in half-tones and transitional color. He is an impressionist who understands what Monet was about when he saw color and light constantly changing in objects observed over a long period. Guston simply deleted the subject references and deals with the ambiguous properties of color and painted surface.

Kline's "Black and White No. 2" has a more immediate impact. His painting deals primarily with the structural. It is a play of perpendicular elements that are thrown off by subtle breaks in direction and variation in thickness. Morris Louis's painting "Water Shot," like Kline's, immediately reveals its simple structure. When we move beyond this to the color we notice unex-

## Downtown 'art'

(Continued from page 10)

pected bounces from one blended color bar to the next. Why did he slip that brown stripe in between the yellow and orange? It's unexpected but it works. The painting has none of the qualities of brush work or texture found in Guston and Kline. It is a phenomenon of highly controlled pouring and staining that seems to have just happened. Sam Francis' "Blue in Motion" is softer, but has much of the appeal of the Louis. It is a soft stained painting with globs of blue suspended in the well-controlled space of the canvas. The concentric rings of Noland's "Split Spectrum" presents a static and even simple-minded symmetrical composition. The intrigue occurs in the way the color rings interact, recede and advance, pulsate. It is a quiet experience, but one where a limited and defined problem allows for a great deal of variation.

There are several figurative paintings in the show, but the works by Pearlstein and Bischoff are the most interesting. Phillip Pearlstein's "Two Nudes" carefully juxtaposes the figures against each other. The value changes in the figures, cloth and background are softened by avoiding clear shadow. The light quality emanating from the painting is more fluorescent than natural. Elmer Bischoff's "Breakers" is a seascape with a nude bather in the foreground amongst large brown rocks. The waves and sky merge in a solid interplay of shape and color, and the overall feel of the painting is heavy, dark and liquid.

I have not covered all the paintings in the exhibition that interest me, and have consciously avoided some of the most problematic ones. I hope, however, that I have aroused the reader of this article to become a viewer and maybe in the future, a collector of the new.

## Dickey's poetry

(Continued from page 6)

who succeeds in capturing a shark feels a communion with the bucking, maddened, blood-spewing slimy death-shape of the shark in the death-house.

There are imperfections in some of Dickey's poems. In "The Shark's Parlor," for example, Dickey gives a summing up at the end which is unnecessary to this essentially narrative piece. In "Fox Blood," the poet seems to focus too much on the one image, giving it a meaning or "bigness" which, as one Indiana critic put it, "just wasn't there and which the poem couldn't sustain." This "trying too hard" is not so much an indication of Dickey's failure as it is of the poet's unceasing effort to create art. Very few poets spring full-blown and mature, and Dickey has worked for ten years to achieve the position he has now. His imperfections reflect a striving for perfection.

To my way of thinking, then, the poet's job is to create that image or series of images which, through the artistic rendering of form, focuses the mind in one moment of eternity, and initiates its expansion temporally and spatially. As Dickey wrote in "Fox Blood":

To keep, not under, but over  
My thumb, a hammering day-and-night sign  
Of that country.

To be in Dickey's country is to live for one totally aware moment in the fantastic world of eternity. You are left breathless.

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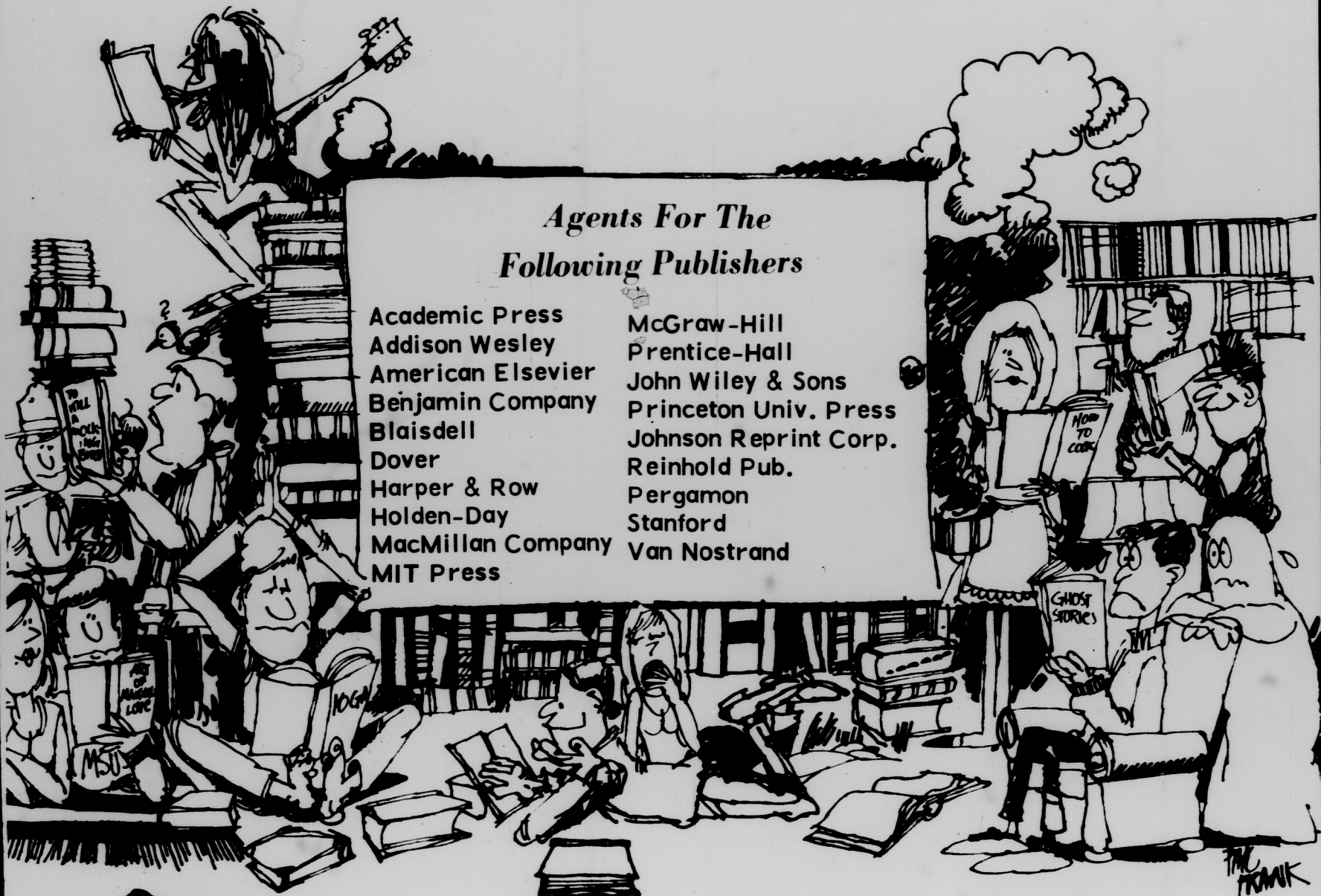
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