

# collage

1969

TUESDAY JAN 14

**interview**  
**WITH JOHN**  
**MAYALL**

**POEMS & PIECES**  
**by Queen LEE**

**STORIES**  
Registration game

**MY TIME AS** **god**

**MUSIC**

Cover by  
SANDY



## EDITORIAL

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

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

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

Then consider what it says about you.

### STAIN

I tried to wash the stain  
out  
but it just stayed there--  
an organic interweaving  
with the thread.  
:millions of parasitic atoms in a stranglehold:

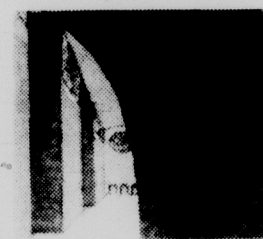
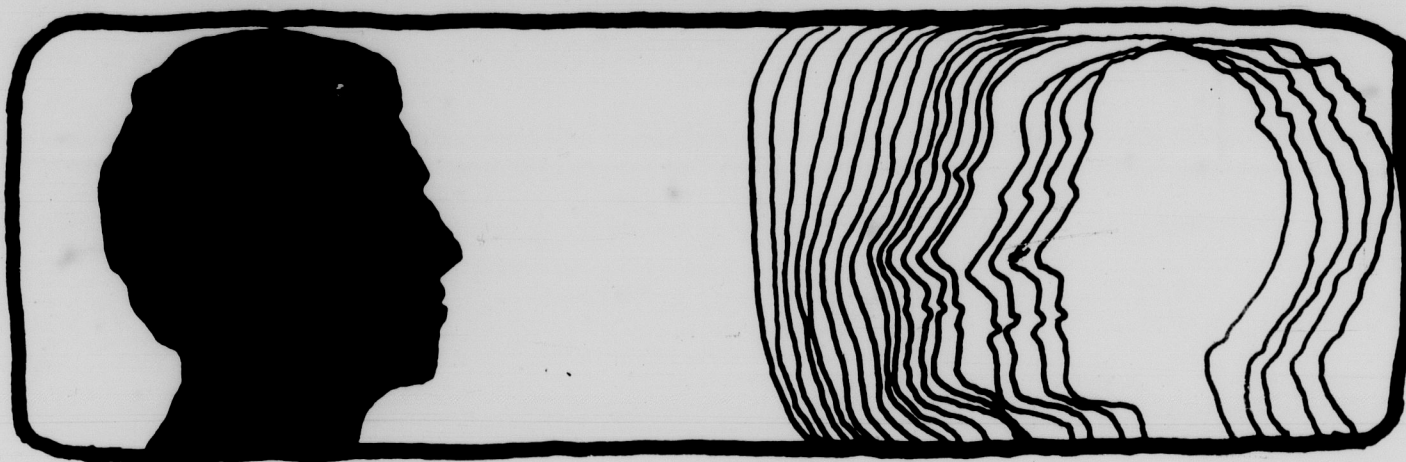
And nothing would touch it

So I just had to stand there  
limp

And hope that the next  
man passing

would not see it and laugh

--John Knapp II



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director . . . . . david gilbert  
executive editor . . . . . michael o'neal  
graphics . . . . . sandy moffat

fred sherwood, doug huston, tom chapman,  
nancy church, joe tyner, mary mckeeney, bob  
ivins, morgan moore, cliff kachinske, colleen  
lee, marion nowak, richard j. amorosi, a.d.d.,  
randy droll, shelly sutton, linda wagner, john  
knapp ii, valerie restivo, richard forstner, jim  
yousling.

### pictorial credits

cover . . . . . sandy moffat  
cartoons, p. 3 . . . . . doug huston  
sketches, p. 4 . . . . . nancy church  
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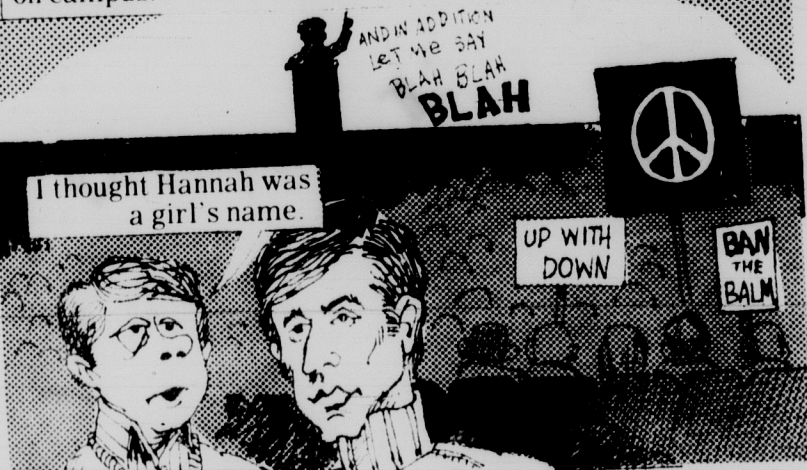


# THE SUPER UNIVERSITY SYNDROME

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUG HUSTON

WRITTEN BY: FRED SHERWOOD

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

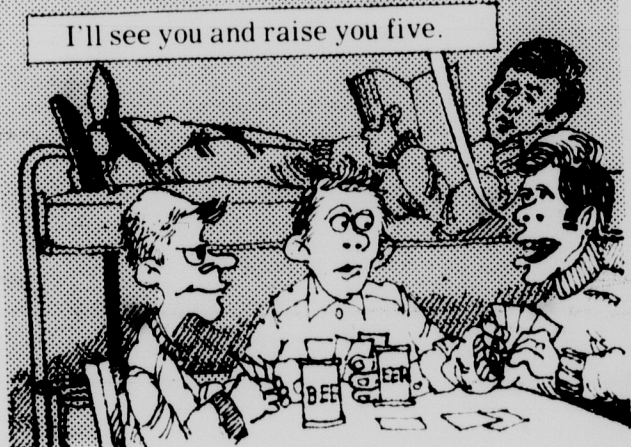


Later he might attend another presentation by the person who is in reality the most well-known and influential person on campus.

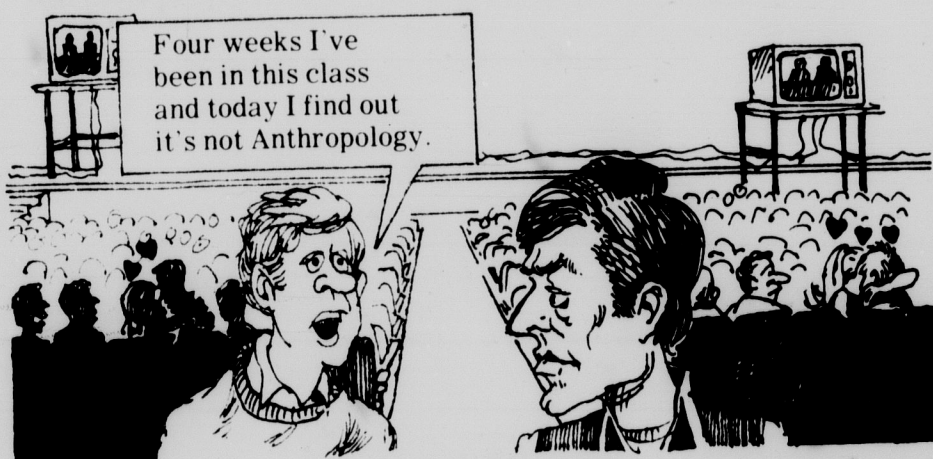
It's meet the team with Duffy Daugherty.



In short time the new student begins adjusting to living and studying in the dormitory and undergoing stimulating interaction with people of his own age.



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



And discovers the many facets of the campus newspaper.



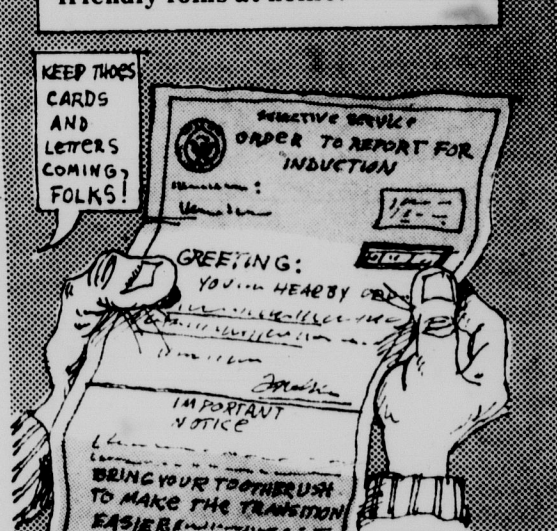
The first term passes more quickly than expected, giving rise to the trauma of getting college grades for the first time.



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



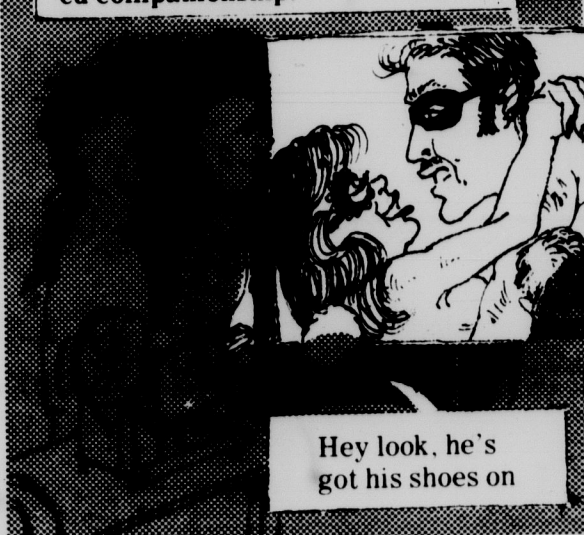
And all the while, of course, receiving welcome letters from the friendly folks at home.



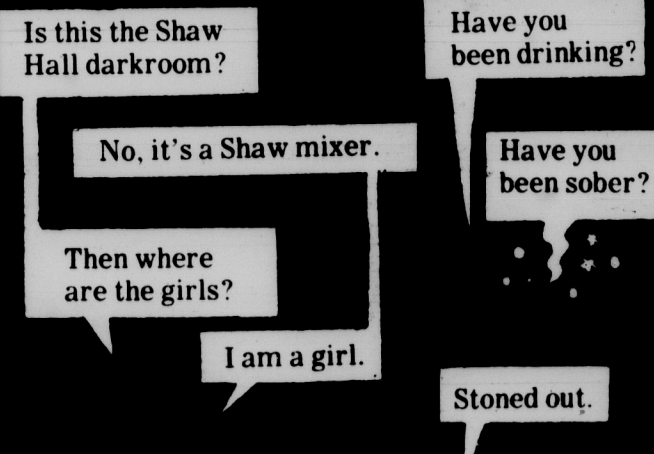
Terms roll by, and the ever-alert student discovers broader areas of intellectual endeavor to supplement his curriculum.



He undergoes a maturing process in the camaraderie of sophisticated companionship.



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



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



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



Finally, diligence and hard work are rewarded by the diploma which the graduate can carry confidently before him as he enters the world, a mature and well-educated individual.







Editor's note: Most of us have recently suffered the indignities of registration, with its hold cards, delayed scholarships and snafus. Tom Chapman, Lansing senior, probes a little more deeply into the "gamy" side of "The Registration Game."

By Tom Chapman

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

From nowhere, the booming voice of a Registration Aide calls out: "Couple No. 1 from Spartan Village, Bob and Mary Lou White. Bob and Mary Lou have been married two terms and met when Bob tripped over Mary Lou who was crawling underneath the canvas in the dirt arena looking for a lost IBM card."

Mild, polite laughter and applause lead into the next couple.

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

"Couple No. 3 is Lester and Maureen Page. Lester and Maureen met at counseling clinic registration when they were accidentally given the same student number. They explained the mistake to registration officials, but the University would not recant on its decision that Lester and Maureen were Siamese twins. They have been married for one term and are living at 242 Williams Hall."

"Couple No. 4 Howard and Lesley Labeau met and qualified as in-state students while waiting for their hold cards to be processed at registration. They soon discovered they had a mutual interest in education and have since transferred to Lansing Community College. Howard and Lesley were married Tuesday and kindly consented to take time off

from their honeymoon to join us on 'The Registration Game'."

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

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

The four couples respond as one, "Yes." "Okay, players, but remember not to say the secret word. Couple No. 1 come up and get your registration cards." They do so hurriedly. "Here is your name card, your home address card, your schedule card, your local address card, your fee payment card, and . . . oh, oh . . . here's a HOLD card. I'm sorry Bob and Mary Lou, but you'll have to see what comes up at the A5 table."



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

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

Bob and Mary Lou are hustled off by several Registration Aides.

"Moving right along to couple No. 2 Greg and Shirley. I see here that you

have no classes on your section reservation enrollment card. And we all know what that means. That's a no-no! I'm afraid you'll have to be detained in the Pre-registration booth until the Dean of your college decides what to do with you."

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

"Enough! All I hear all day long is excuses. What do you students think you have . . . Rights or something? You are only students. Do you hear that? Just students. The next thing you know you'll be wanting all your guaranteed Constitutional freedoms. And as everyone knows a progressive educational institution can't be bogged down with such petty nonsense as student rights, the entire educational system would become complete chaos. And we've worked years on just building up University College. Enough said."

"But . . ."

"Save it for the Student-Faculty Judiciary! Take them away!"

A group of volunteers from the audience-moved by the mc's words-cart off Greg and Shirley.

"Bad news for couple No. 3, Lester and Maureen. You've failed to fill out the religious preference card."

"But we're no pref!"

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

"Couple No. 4 . . ."

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

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

"Subversive."

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

Somewhere from the ceiling drops a duck on a string whose head bears an incredible resemblance to President Hannah. In the duck's mouth is an expulsion card. Almost at once 120 MSU police in riot helmets with pistols drawn surround Howard and tell him to give up in five minutes.

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

"But for what?"

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

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

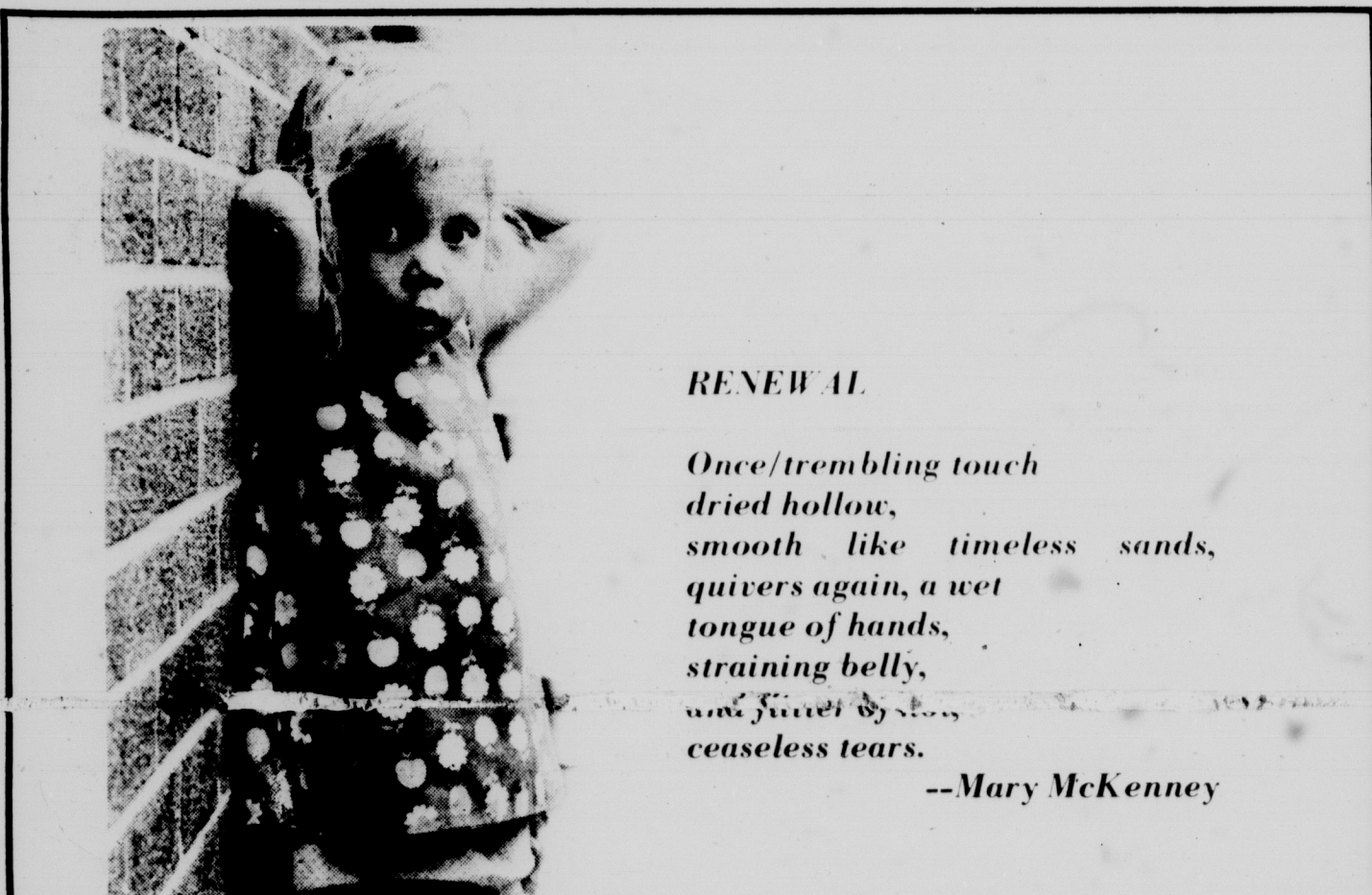
"Oh, an outside agitator. How delightful! We get to call in the FBI!"

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

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

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

The audience applauds wildly.



#### RENEWAL

Once/trembling touch  
dried hollow,  
smooth like timeless sands,  
quivers again, a wet  
tongue of hands,  
straining belly,  
and fierce by stars,  
ceaseless tears.

--Mary McKenney





# BLUES OF JOHN MAYALL

By Cliff Kachinske

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

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

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

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

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

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

The real difficulty with Mayall is that we are unable to form a true and meaningful conception of what the blues are today from listening to him. There are other artists who are able to give us a much better idea of what the blues today is all about, and some of them should be mentioned, along with a few albums: The Butterfield Blues Band, "The Resurrection Of Pig Boy Crabshaw," "In My Own Dream," Muddy Waters, "Electric Mud," B.B. King, "Lucille," "Blues Is King," Buddy Guy, "A Man And The Blues." This is hardly a comprehensive discography, but it will give some kind of a standard by which to judge Mayall's interpretation of the blues.



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

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

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

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

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

MSN: Why did Eric Clapton leave?

JM: Because he wanted to.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JM: Yeah, Mick. He's the only one that's still with us in this world. Mick's the only one who has any sort of a head left. He's actually working.

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

(continued on page eight)



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

*For silence contains all, but by itself is nothing.*

*Silence passes restlessly with a lapse in conversation  
between a boy and a girl, or timidly, a kitten  
approaches a ball of string.*



# WH

By MARION NOWAK

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

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

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

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

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

Those favoring the so-called "closing off" of the second, third and fourth floors of the east wing back their belief with five justifications:

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

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

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

Four, that original funds for building were partially obtained from the federal government to specifically build a limited-access library and change in the program could result in retributive measures;

And finally--and perhaps most importantly--the east wing is not capable of handling the heavy traffic of unrestricted use.

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

The final three points of the defense of the new program are, however, the determining factors of the entire situation. It is interesting that the government commitment through funding has not yet been publicized. The justification of avoiding federal retribution through cutting-off of aid is, unfortunately, all too true. If any system depending on money merely to exist, the possibility of eradication of any aid represents a significant threat. And the most unfortunate circumstance, in idealistic terms, is that the new wing is already completed. Following great concepts of equality and freedom the

unrestricted opening of the east wing can very easily be justified. However, in practical terms, this is not just unreasonable but ridiculous. The east wing, being designed for limited-access, lacks browsing aisles, study areas and general facilities. The design is functional only in limited-access terms. We cannot, as two leading opponents of the proposed system have suggested, tear down the entire Library; nor can we at this point entirely renovate the east wing. And the new system will throw barriers between the books and the students. In addition to a paging system, a plan permitting undergrads to receive east wing access permits (with permission from an instructor) will be enacted. Thus, the interested student, **any interested student**, can get at the materials he needs, while the student not in need is screened out. The entire controversy, then, has reached a level so disproportionately great that the true problems of the Library have been obscured in its light.

One of the most significant of these true problems, and one of the most immediate causes of the mediocre service offered at the Library, is the understaffing present throughout the system. This problem, due of course to lack of money, has been hampering the library system for more than the past decade. One of the most significant by-products of the lack of adequate staff is illustrated in the switchover to the Library of Congress system of classification. The switchover, due to lack of sufficient personnel, has taken over ten years. The classification and shelving of newly acquired volumes (one hundred thousand new books are purchased annually) is similarly hampered. New books are simply not appearing on the shelves. Operating with one-third the necessary staff has created problems to such a degree that the Library's most vital life functions are maintained at a poor efficiency--at best half-adequate. The essential Freedom Report-guaranteed right to learn is obstructed not by seeming "discrimination" but by penury. The process for correcting the need is, at the very best, tortuous. Significantly, in order for the problem to be alleviated, the nature of that problem must first be determined--not popularly, but officially.



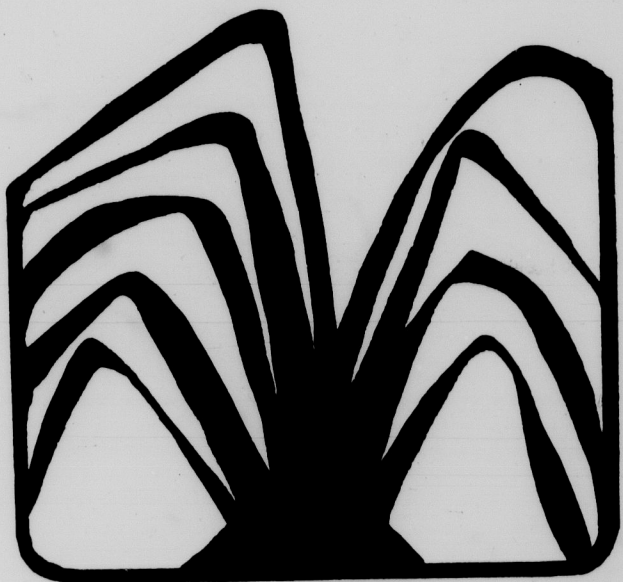


# How does the stacking?

Assume that the Library needs to increase its staff.

First, a survey must be taken to determine how the staff shall be increased, and even if there actually is a need to increase it. Only after this survey has been conducted can even a request for funds be made. The same holds true for any improvement in the entire system. And even a survey illustrating the powerful existence of a need may not be acted on. Such a survey, conducted from December 1967-January 1968, reported on the need to keep the library open until 1 a.m. for study purposes. An average of 657 students per night used the Library between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m. Yet even so, with the need so powerfully illustrated, no extra funds were allotted for this need. This true controversy became lost in the shuffle of finals, to be obscured by the disproportionate flurry over the grad stacks and another perennial false controversy.

This controversy, one of the more perennial MSU issues, centers about the competency of Chapin. Director of libraries at MSU since 1955, he has been accused of ignorance of modern library science methods, misuse of funds, deliberate anti-student discrimination; in short, he is regarded as the absolute tyrant of libraries who is trying very hard to keep the six books in MSU's possession away from the students.



Chapin's record as head of a system everyone expects to be great on inadequate resources serves, on investigation, to emphasize his personal integrity. In a system where a laughable budget forbids most short-term improvements, Chapin is attempting to make a series of long-term improvements (which in turn will result in long-term university improvement). At the same time he stands almost in the position of a double scapegoat. Chapin must answer both to the administrative community and the student community in providing library services. On the one hand, he is underfunded, on the other hand, he is overdemanded. Library underfunding additionally obstructs the few long-term actions being taken (such as recataloging, limiting stacks and acquiring new books). Caught between the factors of immediate student demands and nonimmediate administrative cooperation, the director's reputation has suffered significantly. Yet though he makes the plans, Chapin does not do the stacking in the University Library system.

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

The second group holding responsibility in the state of the Library is the group most immediately affected by its worth: the students. One of the major factors of academic freedom emphasizes the responsibility of all groups in the academic community. The responsibility of the student in such a scheme cannot be under-

emphasized. The nature of a library reflects on the nature of its university, and therefore on the nature of its students. Can Michigan State students honestly permit the implications of a mediocre library system? The student voice, student action, student demands better than past apathetic attempts for this direct improvement in the education process must be made. Ignoring the false issues, they must be made now. The state of the university--and the state of its students--cannot honestly be left to mediocrity. The decision to do the stacking may not rest with us, but we can take it into our hands. Speak out.



*Is silence the enveloping emptiness of a forest covered  
with its winter blanket?  
Or, is it a feeling you get by a lake on a still, clear  
evening, when even the waters cease to lap on the shore?*



# John Mayall: Interview

(continued from page five)

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

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

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

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

MSN: Would you say the major portion of your audience is like, 18-25 age group or 16-21?

JM: I've never checked 'em out, but I think they're reputed to be between 16 and 30. I really wouldn't know, they're just made up of anyone discerning enough to appreciate music.

MSN: Back to this audience thing--Do you think the people here really appreciate your type of

music, and what you're doing now. It seems that somehow that you haven't had quite the exposure that some of the other groups have had. And I know that people like you and, for example, Bert Jansch. You mention their name and unless someone is a connoisseur of music they don't know what you're talking about.

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

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

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

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

## SEA HORSE AND PINE

(for larry, tony, carol, linda, jane charlie and malcolm)

wednesday through  
woods

water ran  
in

voices one

couldn't

be sure

that

last time

those

locked in

green

would heal

or

find a

way

to talk

wednesday through

--Richard J. Amorasi

## BOOKMARKS

DECEMBER, X (Curt Johnson, Editor. Box 274, Western Springs, Ill. 60558). 212 pp. \$2.00


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

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

There are other stories, numerous poems, pages of artwork--including Lasansky drawings and some beautiful pictures of Barbara--and a lengthy section on "The Movies." The latter is a feature that has been developing in *December* over the past five years. The magazine's approach to the film is serious, but not, I think, scholarly. The current issue devotes 50 pages to this subject, including: an overview of Manny Farber as Critic; On British Critics; On Kenneth Anger; *The Stranger* as Film; On Godard; *Monsters in the Movies*; Books on the Movies; Losey on Losey.

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

--A.D.D.



## Paperbounds on your reading list?

### A SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH

BY RUTH MONTGAMERY

PAPERBACK .....95¢

This is a book about one person's search for the deeper meaning of life. Why were we born? What is birth? Did we live before? and is birth, like death, simply another step in a continuous progression of the soul? Do personality and memory survive our passage through the door that man calls death? Do we have a mission in life? If so how can we determine that mission? What is our goal? This book is about experience.

### THE 10 BEST-SELLING PAPERBACKS

1. The Exhibitionist	6. Christy
2. Myra Breckinridge	7. Rosemary's Baby
3. The President's Plane Is Missing	8. Five Smooth Stones
4. Confessions of Nat Turner	9. The Games
5. The Klansman	10. The Plot

# CAMPUS BOOKSTORES

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# How I served my time as God

by Randy Droll

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

.....

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

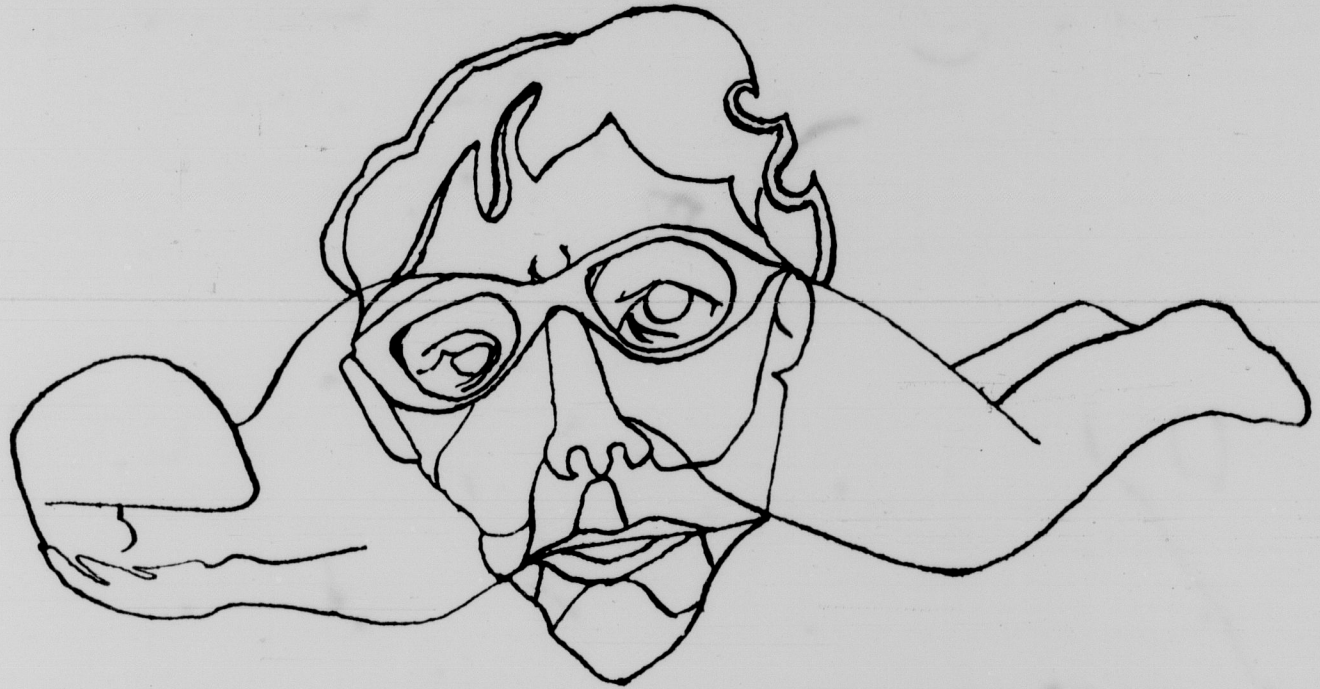
The next thing I knew was in what I can call nothing. I didn't have a body, and yet I could sense things. A middle-aged woman walked up and announced that she was God. I was plenty scared, but she put me at ease, declaring I was immortal and that anyway no one could hurt me 'cause I was a little bit of God and God's the only person. She then told me to be quiet while she explained things or else she would get the Japanese boy in Toronto. Obedience being perhaps 60 per cent of my character, I promptly stifled all questions running through my head.

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

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

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

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



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

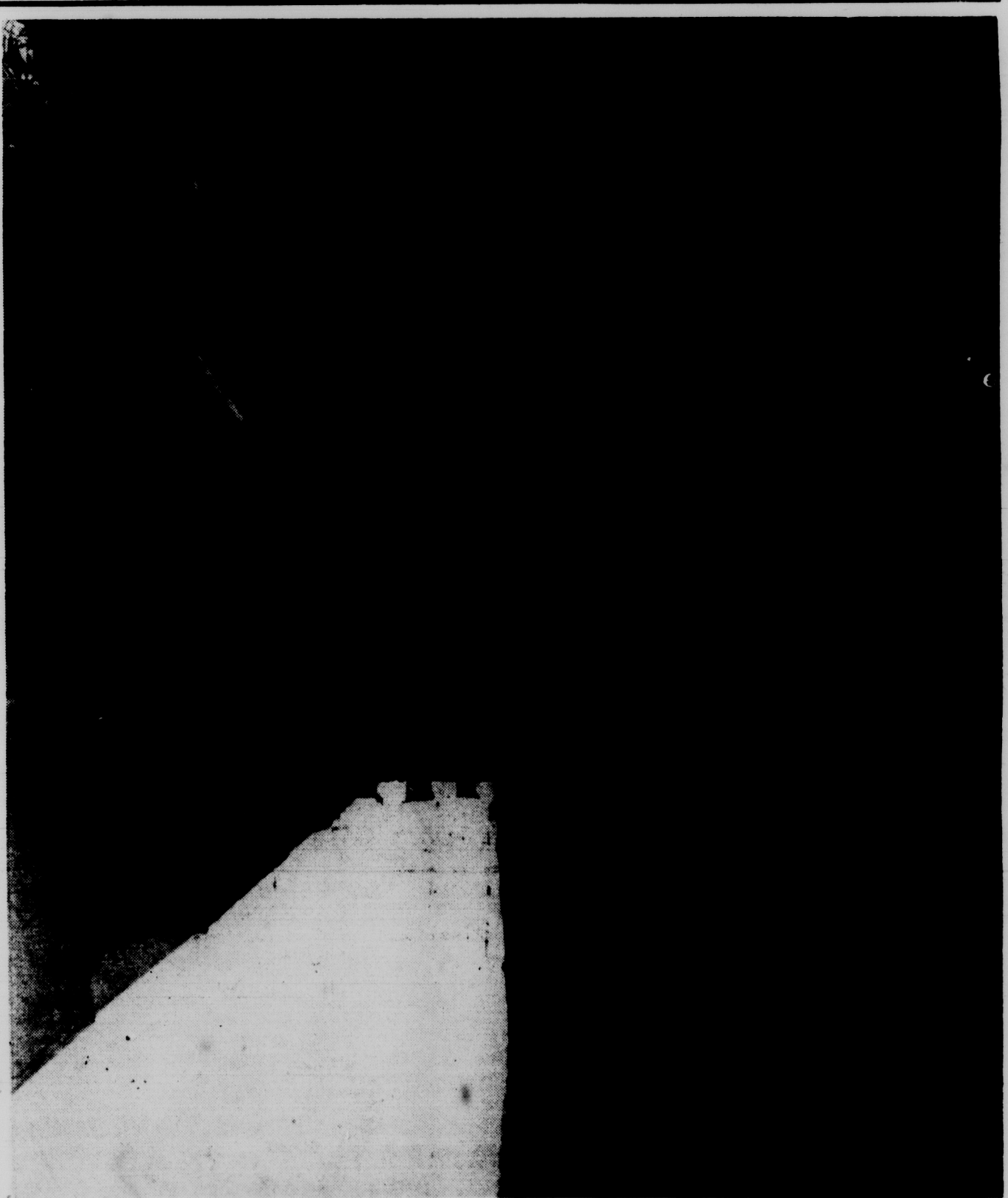
"Yes."

"Well, good luck."

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

She kept calling me so I dropped a mountain on her. This shook me up quite a bit, and I decided I didn't like being all-powerful. I wanted to go back to the dairy where I could at least be scared of things.

I had almost decided to offer the job to the Japanese boy in Toronto when up jumped the first God who had been sleeping. He growled, "Damn, you have to wake up." Before I knew it he had pushed me clear out of God. I found myself in the dairy, two hours before the time I had been shot. I hastily wrote out a resignation letter and got out of the dairy, thinking of the two hours' pay I'd lost. But I guess the first God has started messing with the world because when the time came, there wasn't any robbery at all, just a nuclear war.



*Silence seems to reverberate throughout an empty cathedral,  
Echoing the sounds of ages past.  
Or, it creeps up on you in an old wooden home,  
threatening your mind with events to come.*



# THE INVISIBLE LOST BOOK

By LINDA WAGNER

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Robert Vander Molen, East Lansing poet, is the author of two books. His first volume, *Blood Ink*, was published in May, 1967. *The Invisible Lost Book of Deep Ocean Fish* is available in East Lansing area.

Linda Wagner, asst. professor of English at MSU, has published her own poetry and criticism. She has an interview with poet Robert Creeley in the current issue of *Paris Review*.

Robert Vander Molen's second book of poems, *The Invisible Lost Book of Deep Ocean Fish*, is a strong, sure collection. Traditionally, a good lyric poem in some way reflects the poet writing it; the 97 poems of this book are very much of a piece, each one easily recognizable as Vander Molen's, yet seldom repetitive. It is the range of approach that impresses me—many poems are about fishing, literal good old Michigan fishing, yet each one is a unique poem. There is the simplicity of poems like "The Pool" or "Salmon and Seaweed";

**The smell of salmon wind**

**Digs into the hill and rakes the grass.** . . . There is the sense of fishing as a ritual pastime, almost in the way Hemingway used it, or the satisfaction of fishing equated with sexual pleasure. There is the further metaphor, as in "Caught Bloodless," the poem from which the book title comes:

**Ice on Lake Michigan a refractory  
Of green lights  
Several stories deep  
They spear black sharp  
Sturgeon and you hold an invisible  
Lost book of deep ocean fish  
Whose eyes protract for the slightest  
Echo of light under pressure  
Your eyes are dull**

**Green eyes**

**And under sail boats**

**With sparks racing rails intersecting  
To cut even fingers**

**Lying bunched on unmoved snow**

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

**The sand kicks the surface**

**When the woman**

**Walks hugging a woman shadow.** . . .

yet even these lyrics are marked with the poet's characteristic irony and understatement ("my skin has been in the room too long," "But it wasn't so much," "In April, I gave up writing"). It is Vander Molen's voice, not a tired echo of Pound or H.D., for these are unmistakably "idiom" poems. The low-keyed diction strikes me as appropriate to the poems as well as to the poet. Without being sensational, Vander Molen's language is apt-apt and easy. He seems to have no reticence about using I in his work, the mark often of a pretty mature poet. In another sense, his word choice is quite active, with verb forms often used in place of modifiers and nouns ("the wind turns to battering," "changing months,"

Most important of all, Vander Molen's mood here—cool yet caring—is important. It's right. We need to read these glimpses of honest involvement with people, nature, life. We need to share the reality of poems like "Big Sable River" and "First Person."

## The Kansas City Poetry Contests 6th Annual Competitions 1969 \$1,900.00 IN CASH PRIZES

Plus Publication by the University of Missouri Press  
of One Poet's Book Length Work

**Devins Memorial Award — \$500**

A cash advance on royalties from winner's book to be published by the University of Missouri Press

**Kansas City Star Awards — \$700**

Seven \$100 prizes for single poems without regard to age or residence within the United States

**Hallmark Honor Prizes — \$600**

Four \$100 prizes for single poems submitted by full-time students of colleges and universities

**H. Jay Sharp Prizes — \$100**

Four \$25 prizes for single poems — Open to high school students of Missouri and adjoining states

Prize winners will be announced April 24, 1969, at the closing reading of the 1968-69 American Poets' Series of the Kansas City Jewish Community Center. Prizes will be mailed to winners.

The winner of the \$500 Devins Award will be invited to speak at the 1969-70 American Poets' Series and be paid the usual honorarium and expenses by the Center. At this appearance his book will go on sale.

Prize-winning individual poems may be printed in The Kansas City Star and in booklet form by Hallmark Cards, Inc., but no entry will be published for commercial purpose without the consent of the poet.

### RULES AND REGULATIONS

(Please read carefully. Violation of any rule may result in rejection of your entry.)

1. The Kansas City Poetry Contests are open to residents of the United States. (See Exceptions and Special Rules below.)
2. Each entrant, by submitting a poem or manuscript, acknowledges his assent to the rules and regulations.
3. Each entry must be original and unpublished for date of submission. (For Devins contest see Exceptions and Special Rules below.)
4. Each entry or manuscript must be submitted in triplicate, must be typewritten, double spaced on one side of plain, unlined paper 8 1/2 x 11 inches. (Any clear copies acceptable.)
5. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1969.
6. Poet's name, address, city, state and zip code must appear on two typewritten 3 x 5 cards, and placed in a sealed envelope. Title and first line of poem or manuscript must appear on face of envelope. Title must appear also on each entry, but poet's name must not appear on entry.

7. Entries in the Hallmark and Sharp contests must include the name and address of an English teacher or faculty adviser on the 3 x 5 cards in envelope. (No letter is necessary.)
8. Entries must be addressed in this manner: (the blank space to contain the particular contest being entered, i.e., Devins Award, Hallmark Prize, Star Award, or Sharp Prize.)

Kansas City Poetry Contests

8201 Holmes Road

Kansas City, Mo. 64131

9. No entries will be returned except those in Devins contest. (See Exceptions and Special Rules.)
10. No poem may be entered in two or more contests.
11. Judges and directors of the contest will not enter into any communication whatever about the contest or individual entries.

### EXCEPTIONS AND SPECIAL RULES

1. Each manuscript in the Devins contest must be unpublished in its entirety, and must be original (no translations). If individual poems previously published in magazines and newspapers are included, poet must include in the sealed envelope (containing his name and address) a statement of all such previous publication.
2. All three copies of submissions to the Devins contest must be separately bound and securely fastened, and title must appear on outside cover of each copy.
3. Devins Manuscripts will be returned only if postage is enclosed in sealed envelope.

4. The University of Missouri Press has first publication rights to all Devins manuscript entries, regardless of judges' decisions, should the Press desire to publish the work of a non-winner.

5. The directors of the contests reserve the right to withhold prizes in any case where judges cannot agree on winners.

6. Entries for the Kansas City Star Awards must not exceed 40 lines.

Reprints of this announcement may be obtained by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Poetry Contest Directors, 8201 Holmes Road, Kansas City, Mo. 64131

**You are nothing contradictory  
Or unreal  
Smoking cigarettes nude  
With your curtains dyed green**

**So dark as chestnuts**

**A sprinkle of brooding oaks  
In the alley never  
Ready for snow**  
To borrow his own words, Vander Molen's poems come through in just that way—"nothing contradictory, Or unreal." Real --and good.

### SCRAPBOOK

**How can you grieve a cleansing  
when it's all washed away**

**the glue  
that held you squirming to a  
damp page**

**: crackled ships  
sprung:**

**leaving dust-cheated a white**

**an abstract embarrassment**

**rectangle box**

**we call**

**two albinos shovelling snow**

**laughing**

**till it hurts**

**disguising a crowded tear**

**that somehow  
slipped**

**out.**

**--John Knapp II**



# Interesting, But Censored

By VALERIE RESTIVO

"I Am Curious (Yellow)" a film by Vilgot Sjoman. Translated from the Swedish by Martin Minow and Jenny Bohman. Grove Press, Evergreen Black Cat Book, 1968. \$1.25

Very interesting . . . but CENSORED. That was the verdict passed in May of 1968 by seven men and five women, in the U.S. District Court, southern district of New York. Until two weeks ago, when the decision was reversed, the film "I Am Curious (Yellow)" could not be seen in this country. The scenario, with many photographs, was printed in an "adults-only" edition.

"I Am Curious" illuminates a less-than-Utopian society in a country which many of us have long admired. The film is primarily a document that examines Swedish political, economic and social norms? Why censorship? About one-third of the printed text of the film deals with some form of (you know what I mean . . . )

The film opens with closeups of actress Lena Nyman and director Vilgot Sjoman, with the title, **I AM CURIOUS**. They are going up in an elevator, and a rather, dour lady answers the titles: "But I'm not. . . ." We discover that there are two editions of the film, a blue and a yellow, the colors of the Swedish flag. We are to view the yellow edition.

The film that follows is a series of scenes involving several levels of reality, reminiscent of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author." There is the initial relationship between Lena and Vilgot, before the filming of "I Am Curious"; there is the actress, Lena, portraying a character. Scenes supposedly acted are interrupted by the participation of the film crew in the action of the story, as when the crew gets down on the grass and shows Lena how to perform various Yoga positions with which she has difficulty. The effect is to erase conventional conceptions of what is actual and what is in the script.

Sjoman thinks Lena incredibly naive about political matters. As the script requires, she becomes a self-styled interviewer-reformer who, in her immense naivete uncovers more truth than the politically "aware" sophisticates. She interviews young workers who think it is fair that they are underpaid. She talks with ombudsmen who reply in doubletalk. She becomes very upset when she discovers, after interviewing several young men at an induction center, how little military people know about non-violence.

In the film, Sjoman's slogan technique is very effective. During a scene in which Lena opens an institute for non-violence three slogans are flashed on the screen:

**NON-COOPERATION**

**SABOTAGE**

**FRATERNIZATION**

Other slogans appear during various scenes throughout the film. In the midst of discussing "Nyman's Institute" for non-violence, Lena and girlfriend Ulla casually talk of methods of masturbation. Now we know the film will be sexy--or do we? The censors may have been disappointed here, because the unsexy action continues. Lena makes a large, black bag labeled "The Guilty Conscience of Social Democracy," which she plans to fill with everything she finds that belongs in it. Again, slogans:

**SHARPEN YOUR MEMORY**

**SHARPEN YOUR MIND**

**WHAT IS LENA HIDING IN THE BAG?**

Lena and her friends proclaim in the streets that the conservative paper is "a newspaper with gout."

Finally, Borje arrives and the movie has a love-interest. Lena closes "Nyman's Institute" for lunch (all afternoon) to enjoy their love-making. After the two are exhausted, a television announcer appears to report "a faulty coupling." We are sorry that we have had some

technical difficulties in the South of Sweden during the last hour. . . . The lovers discuss Lena's portrait of Franco, whom she hates, and her blackboard, "The Great Scandal Board," on which she writes the number of days that have passed since her father's return from the Spanish Civil War. There are also photographs of Vietnamese war victims. There is a file of Lena's lovers--23 of them ("but the first 19 were no fun"). The movie is interrupted by an imaginary meeting (still another level of "reality") of the Board of Film Censors in Stockholm, who check the rules to discover whether it is immoral to have 23 lovers.

Lena's search for soul, self, and society is climaxed by a Yoga-style retreat: (she discovers she is poor at executing the Yoga poses for meditation). She posts pacifistic messages on trees and walls. She makes a shrine of a portrait of Martin Luther King and a broken rifle, in contrast to the anti-shrine of Franco in her bedroom. When Lena's hideaway is invaded by the amorous Borje, she grabs the rifle from the altar of nonviolence and aims it at him. Violence is swiftly undermined by love--but the censors objected to the expression of love as oral sex.

"I Am Curious (Yellow)" is uniquely explicit in its photographic presentation of

sexual intercourse. But footage has been cut before; why not in this instance, when the substance of the text is significant and socially relevant? Some viewers might be offended by on-film intercourse. Some might be inspired to try their luck at love-making. I think as many would want to try their luck at nonviolence, which is really the message. If the New York censors had insisted on their "morality," they could have cut a few scenes without totally destroying the message of "I Am Curious." Instead, they denied the entire film entrance to American theaters. Now that they have reversed their decision, it will be interesting to see if the film has been cut.

After the "story" is over and Lena and Borje have broken off their relationship, the actress Lena sees Vilgot Sjoman in the studio with his next leading lady, watching Lena on screen. Still on film, "the real Lena" hands Vilgot his apartment key, meets and embraces Borje the actor, who has been waiting for her to return the key. They happily descend in the elevator, as we hear slogans:

**Buy our film/. . . Buy the yellow/ Buy the Blue/ Buy our film for there are two/ Exactly the same movie, yet each so different.**

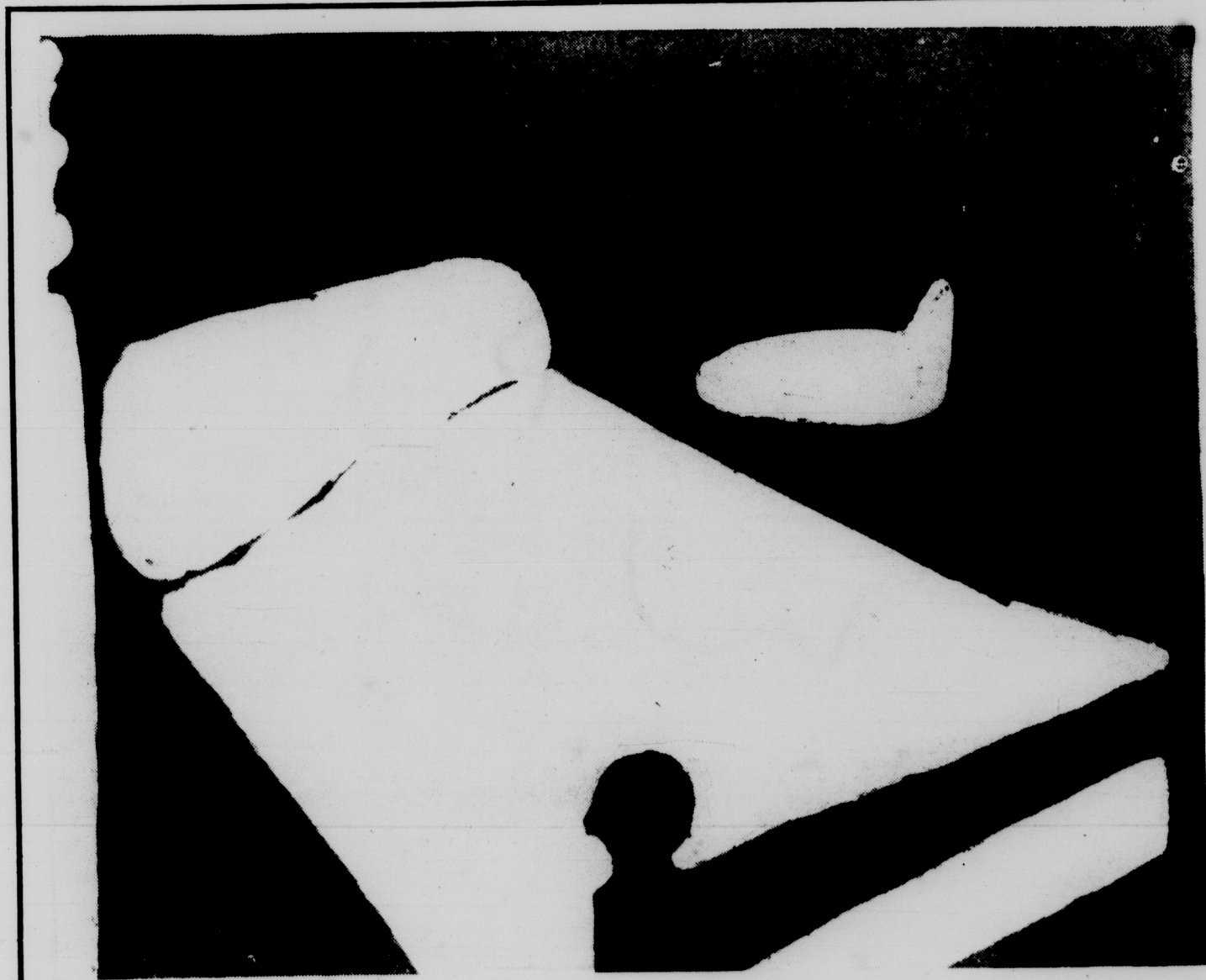
The last image is a button with slogan "Make love, not war" and the nonviolent resistance symbol.

The book includes excerpts from the censorship trial, in which all the witnesses declared the film's social validity. Sjoman explained the concept of the two versions of the film. There are the same lovers, Lena and Borje and the same situation, with Lena the interviewer-reformer. The story begins and ends the same, but the blue and yellow films depict different sides of Swedish life. Sjoman's approach to the love scenes is as frank and "curious" as his approach to the political problems; it is his censors who have been inconsistent. Whatever his real motives--and we have seen the fickleness of reality--Sjoman has created a work which he can justify socially and artistically.

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

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

--Richard Forstner



*A mother breathes easily as her now-quieted baby sleeps peacefully in his cradle.*

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

*What is silence? Silence contains all, yet by itself is nothing.*

*Man's mind alone fills in where sound has left off and speaks aloud the meaning of silence.*



# Calendar of Events: January 14-27



**Tuesday, Jan. 14**  
 "Oh What a Lovely War" (PAC, 8 p.m., Arena)  
 Theatre, through Jan. 19  
 Colloquy on Sexuality (4 and 7 p.m., Auditorium)  
 "Drawings by Young British Artists" and "Paintings by Anthony DeBlasi" (Kresge Art Center Gallery, through Jan. 31)  
**THURSDAY, JAN. 16**  
 "Up the Down Staircase" (7:30 p.m., Auditorium)  
 "Taming of the Shrew" (7 and 9 p.m., Brody)

**Friday, Jan. 17**  
 "How I Won the War" (8 p.m., 109 Anthony Hall)  
**SATURDAY, JAN. 18**  
 "The Organizer" (7 and 9 p.m., 108 Wells Hall)  
 "How I Won the War" (8 p.m., 109 Anthony Hall)  
 "Taming of the Shrew" (7 and 9 p.m., Conrad)  
 "Cyprus" (Robert Davis (8 p.m., Auditorium)  
 Wrestling, MSU vs. Southern Illinois (7:30, I.M. Arena)

**SUNDAY, JAN. 19**  
 State Singers (4 p.m., Peoples Church)  
**MONDAY, JAN. 20**  
 "Fiddler on the Roof" (8:15 p.m., Auditorium)  
 "Oh What a Lovely War" (PAC, 7:15 p.m., Wonders Kiva)  
**TUESDAY, JAN. 21**  
 Senior Rectal, Joseph Docksey, trumpet (8:15 p.m., Music Aud.)  
 "Fiddler on the Roof" (8:15 p.m., Auditorium)  
 "Oh What a Lovely War" (PAC, 7:15 p.m., Brody)

**THURSDAY, JAN. 23**  
 Hague Philharmonic (8:15 p.m., Auditorium)  
 "Animal Farm" (7:30 p.m., 109 Anthony Hall)  
 "To Sir with Love" (7 and 9 p.m., Brody)  
 "Oh What a Lovely War" (PAC, 7:15 p.m., Brody Arena)  
**FRIDAY, JAN. 24**  
 "How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying" (7:30 p.m., Auditorium)  
 "Persona" (7 and 9 p.m., 108 Wells Hall)  
 "To Sir with Love" (7 and 9 p.m., Wilson)

**SATURDAY, JAN. 25**  
 "Cartouche" (7 and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony Hall)  
 "Oh What a Lovely War" (PAC 7:15 p.m., McDonel Kiva)  
 Graduate Rectal, Andrew Froelich, piano (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium)  
 Hockey, MSU vs. Michigan (8 p.m., Ice Arena)  
**SUNDAY, JAN. 26**  
 Neil Diamond and Bob Seger (8 p.m., Auditorium)  
 Graduate Rectal, Robert Graham, cello (4 p.m., Music Aud.)

**MONDAY, JAN. 27**  
 Colloquy on Sexuality (7 p.m., Auditorium)  
 "Oh What a Lovely War" (PAC, 7:15 p.m., McDonel Kiva)  
 "Sweden and Lapland," Ralph Gerstle (7:30 p.m., Auditorium)  
 Basketball, MSU vs. Michigan (2:15 p.m., Jenison)