

collage

The Monthly Magazine of the Michigan State News

Sunday, Oct. 26, 1969

THE ONLY

WEEKLY



COLLAGE

intro

This fall sees several changes in Collage.

1.

Collage will publish only two issues per term this year, instead of the usual four, due to financial set-backs.

2.

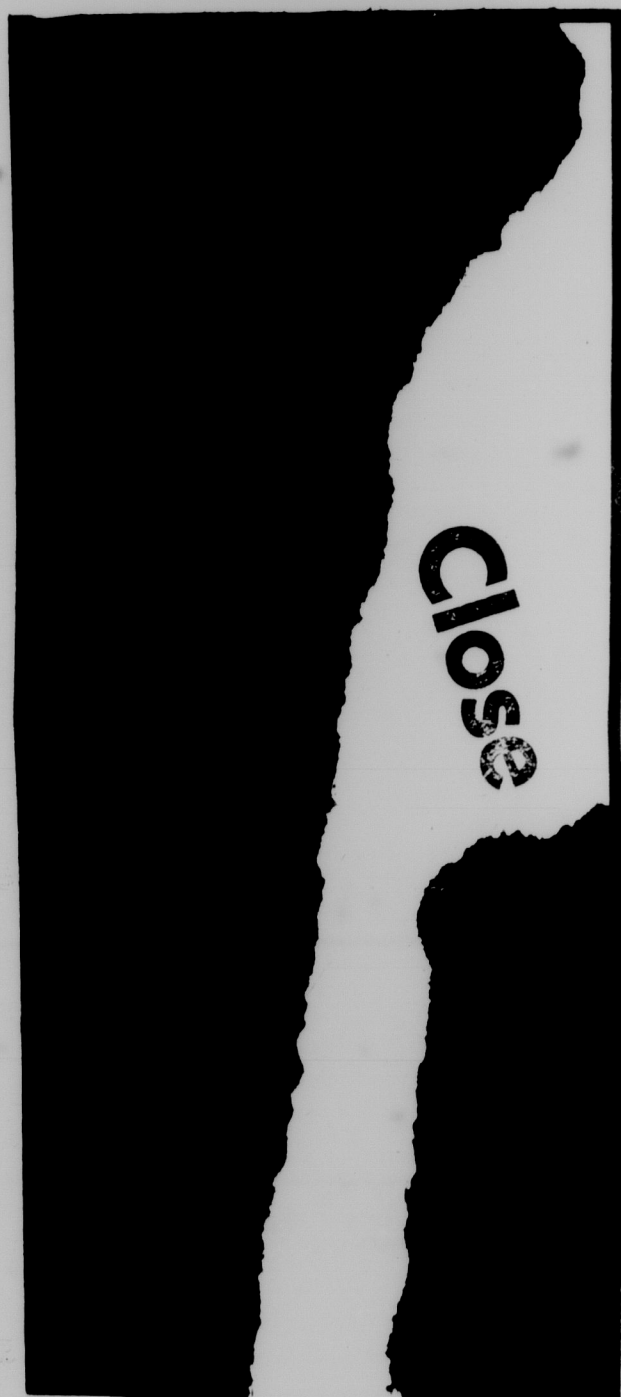
The primary editorial emphasis this year will be on original ideas on any subject rather than stale ideas on a "relevant" subject. This isn't to attack relevancy, of course, but is, instead, to encourage individualistic thinking.

3.

Contributions of all kinds (fiction, photographs, poetry, drawings, articles, etc.) are heartily welcomed. Few people are aware of the extent to which the quality of Collage depends on such contributions.

4.

Enter the parody contest.



The 1969 Collage

Parody Contest

First Prize: \$10

Second Prize: \$5

Third Prize: \$2.50

1. Each entry must be original and unpublished.
2. There is no limit to the number of entries that may be submitted per person.
3. Any form of written parody is acceptable (poetry, plays, fiction, non-fiction, institutional writing, etc. ad infinitum).
4. Any MSU student, faculty or staff member is eligible.
5. All entries must be submitted by Sunday, Nov. 23, 1969.

6. Winning entries will be published in the winter term issues of Collage.

7. Entries may be delivered to the State News office or mailed in to:

Collage Parody Contest
c/o State News
Student Services Bldg.
East Lansing, Michigan

8. Members of the Collage staff are ineligible.

9. In the event that insufficient quality entries are submitted, the judges reserve the right to withhold prizes.

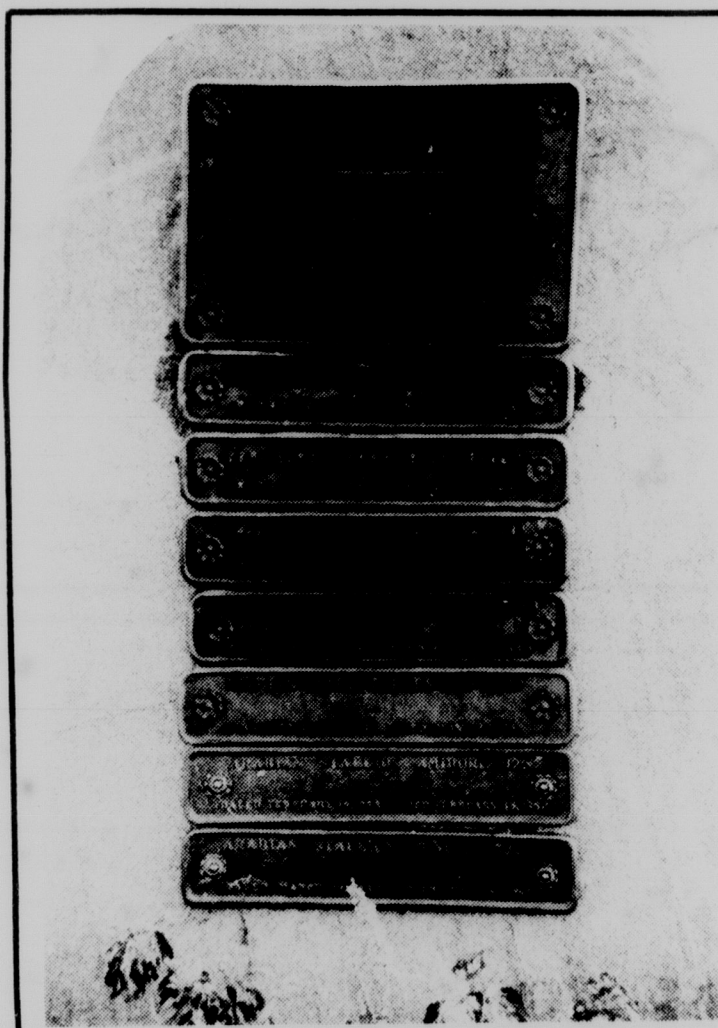
Deadline: Sunday, Nov. 23, 1969



Contributors

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Photo, page 2 Bill Porteous
Photos, page 3 courtesy of Spartan Twin Theater
Photos, page 5 Sue Green and Larry Latavec



Collage Award for Monumental Thinking

October Winner:
Michigan State College

MIDNIGHT COWBOY

By ERIC SAUTER

"Midnight Cowboy" is the kind of movie that makes you want to go home and take a shower, to clean yourself--to gather all of your senses and push them through some sort of purification ritual-- trying to rid yourself of the symbols and images that Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight and John Schlesinger implant in your consciousness.

But you can't, and therein lies the power of this film and the message in this year 1969--a year, like the last two or three, that is filled with images, some of which are as painful and ugly, as any shown in "Midnight Cowboy." Steve Stills had the foresight many years ago to write "everybody look what's goin' down" and it is really about time we all did. "Midnight Cowdog," with its sustained ugliness, could help (or save) us all.

Somehow "Midnight Cowboy" avoids the message trap usually inherent in films of this caliber. That is, it fails, intentionally or unintentionally, to answer or even to ask specific questions. Rather, it leads you up a plane where it unloads a great number of open-ends--it never answers. It throws bits and pieces at the viewer like a quick light-weight boxer, sometimes hitting in the stomach--most often-- having an effect like a strong dose of barbituates, numbing the viewer inside and out until, gasping for air, sitting corpse-like in the straight-jacket chair, he can only mutter--"I don't think I can take this. Sometimes hitting the brain, short jabs that burst like neon light patterns, manifesting themselves in an occasional squirm. Basically it is an embarrassing film; embarrassing because we can't answer specifically, are in no position to answer any of the images presented by "Midnight Cowboy." All we can do is feel:

Ratso and Joe are themselves, open-ended and unanswered. We know nothing about Ratso except that he's a sick hustler. And aside from experiences with a floozy grandmother and a



chick who had the misfortune to get gang-banged, Joe is a naive hustler. But they are human, probably the most human characters to appear on the screen since Buck Barrow in Bonnie and Clyde. They are without the usual symbolic gloss and effect--they are human first and symbolic only if the viewer cares to make them so.

They are common. You can see Ratso and Joe any day of the week. As 42nd St. leftovers, strung out on smack or speed or perhaps just on the loss of their own dreams of manhood, they sit or stand, get sick, hustle or steal food. If their hair is long, it's only because they can't afford a

haircut. They don't dig music because they can't hear it and they probably don't give a damn anyway. They don't list a stereo or a tv on their list of must haves. You can't eat a tv and you sure as hell can't use it to keep you warm. So they just sit and live out their lives on the street, and even if they don't die in camera sequence, most of them wind up dead and it usually isn't in bed. Ratso and Joe are trapped physically as well as mentally-- caught in their cold condemned tenement. They are mental cripples, incapable of communicating with anyone but themselves, and even that has the bite of bitterness hanging on the edge of every sentence. Ratso and Joe may creep out their lives on the concrete of NYC--but, wait, it can happen here-- "everybody's talkin' at me, can't hear a word they're sayin"--like the freaks and the cheap hustlers and the fags, we're all in a hurry to go somewhere. But where or why?

The characters in the film--the street people--are a life apart from you and me-- we really only see them in the movies or perhaps the Sunday Supplement underneath inch-high letters spelling out their plight--the poor or the hungry. And to some, the answer is a small sticker on the back of a bumper--I Fight Poverty, I Work. Or perhaps free food, passed out at a party by people who perhaps do not understand that nothing you get in this bloody world is free--"but the food is free, why are you stealing it?"--"Well, if its free, then I'm not stealing, am I?" Does the girl understand the meaning of free, or even the meaning of stealing? Of being hungry or tired or alone -- or even of being frightened? Worst of all, does she know what it's like to be alive? Those at the party are the beautiful people and only beautiful people are capable of cruelty. They really don't know what it is. They are incapable of recognizing sin or suffering because sin is something they have sealed themselves off from, yet they are capable of the most inhuman acts, in the bedroom and out. The poor and the hungry are different -- yet we are all the incommunicate lonely.

We can't all be studs, yet we are all totally capable of reducing people to the role of studs, hastily handing over \$20 for an orgasm. While Joe is ugly--next to the party, this is the ugliest scene in the picture--he nevertheless needs the \$20 to live, to exist. While the rest of us--while not exchanging money and perhaps most of the time like Joe not exchanging anything else be it understanding, love or kindness--have reduced the act of love to something of boredom. We do it because we don't have anything else to do. Somebody once told me that the ability to make love in a crowd of 40 people was really the epitome of free--is it really the epitome of anything?

We can hand out free food to people who don't need it anyway or throw phenomenal gigs for people who are usually too stoned or just too numb to appreciate them anyway--and nobody



(continued on page 10)

Russia in retrospect . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: Each summer, a group of Russian-language students from MSU, predominantly Justin Morrill College students, travel to the Soviet Union to study at Leningrad State University. The articles here, contributed by four such students, are individual perceptions of life in the USSR.

Our first encounter with Leningrad State University was traumatic. After a 12-hour train ride, we arrived in the city at midnight. Since Leningrad is so far north, it was still daylight and the streets were teeming. Immediately we were crowded into buses and taken to dormitory No. 6--our home for the next six weeks.

The dormitory is located on the bank of the Neva River, directly across from the Winter Palace. Unfortunately, the sight of the dormitory took away our pleasure at its location. The building--70-years-old--looked 200 years old. We were herded into the dormitory past drunken Africans proclaiming their hatred for America, and through dark halls that smelled of cooked cabbage, stale cigarettes and countless other unknown things.

Each room was equipped with beds, a radio, one table and a bureau, and had four, six or eight people assigned to it. We discovered that for our convenience, hot water was scheduled in the showers twice each week . . .

The life of a Soviet student, we soon discovered, differed quite a bit from American student life in respects other than residential. Although classes didn't begin until 9 a.m., we were awakened promptly at 7 a.m. every day by a woman doctor who asked if we were healthy. By healthy, she meant being able to crawl out of bed.

Classes were 1 hour and 20 minutes long, sometimes longer. Attendance was mandatory. All students in the USSR are required to study constantly and keep themselves healthy.

The one bright spot in this routine was the informality in the classroom. Seldom were we lectured to. The result was a more free and open relationship between professors and pupils.

Yet the rigid structure of Soviet school procedure prevented this informality from improving education above any standards we had been used to. Just the fact that it was one's requisite duty to attend class and keep healthy for class was far too stifling.

I prefer a system where so much more is left to one's own incentives.

By THERESA BELLA

One of my first impressions of Leningrad and the Soviet Union was created by the pairs of women walking arm-in-arm or hand-in-hand. It seemed very strange to me at first, even stranger the several times I saw two men walking arm-in-arm. After throwing out the idea that everyone in Leningrad was homo, I came to realize that two people of the same sex walking together was only one facet of the warmth Russians have for each other, and for people in general.

In my opinion, the Russians are the friendliest people in Europe. With them, affection is generous and sincere. They can express what they feel. I once told my teacher, a middle-age Soviet who I always thought was very cold, that I felt sick. She immediately put her arms around me, told me I wasn't eating enough and that my clothes were not heavy enough. (We had brought summer clothing; Leningrad temperatures barely reached 55.) She spoke with obvious concern and warmth.

Instead of feeling childish, I felt cared about.

Another time our guide, Vera, a Russian girl who lived with us, came into the room when I was feeling very low. She did not

hesitate to put her arms around me, hold me, and sympathize. Again, I was greatly comforted by her ability to express her caring.

As time went on, I became used to this manner of friendship. I made friends with a Russian girl named Nina, and soon I found myself walking with her arm-in-arm, or running through parks holding hands. At times we embraced for sheer joy or for no reason at all, except that we were friends. When I left Leningrad, I kissed her goodbye without feeling at all embarrassed or queer.

This is the thing about the Russian affection: it is honest and genuine, a necessary extension of liking and loving another person. Friends who are girls, friends who are boys, parents and children, brothers and sisters, all can be close without the cold taboo of "hands-off." In America, these affections are reserved for use only between a boy and a girl romantically eligible for each other. Two girls walking down Grand River holding hands would attract a lot of attention, and yet after this summer's experiences, it seems strange and unnatural that they don't.



... and America

By BETSY BREE

We had wanted to go to the synagogue for a long time, but never had the courage to ask our guides where it was. We didn't want to be labeled as Zionists. We knew that last year one particular person had visited synagogues and was subsequently interrogated at the border and had his visa cancelled for five years. But I was very friendly with Igor, and he told me where

could send them to Israel, or perhaps a part of Israel could be part of them.

We left very quickly. We weren't very happy any more.

By SYLVIA NOVAK

Even though Western trends seem to have a delayed influence on Soviet life, hippies and their subculture were already

decided from my brightly colored clothes and mini-skirts that I was an adequate example of the female hippy; he proceeded to introduce me to his friends as an original flower child from the USA.

Having a somewhat limited vocabulary, I never was very successful in penetrating his thoughts on the subject, so I left things pretty vague and never really knew his full concept of a hippie. It wasn't until our last night together in Kiev, when the subject came up again, that I got a better idea. And I must admit, it got out of hand before I really knew what was being said.

Early that evening, Vasya, his brother and I had traveled across the city to see the Golden Gate of Kiev. We were strolling through the surrounding park when the conversation suddenly changed from an easy-going chat to a high-speed flutter of Ukrainian. I was attempting to decipher the rubble of words snatched from the new conversation when the brother quite matter-of-factly pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and proceeded to hand them to Vasya. In return Vasya guided me out from under his arm and next to his brother. It wasn't too long before I had an almost too clear understanding of what had just taken place; in questioning the two of them I discovered my suspicions were quite correct. They had read in a Soviet publication that the hippie's concept of free love was so limitless and unrestricting that the man would trade his mate for a pack of cigarettes.

As I look back on my trip, I find it was in times like this that I could most easily cross the Great Communications Void to become a more accurate dictionary of American trends than any local publication.



the synagogue was located, without any word of warning.

The next Saturday morning, we assembled in front of the dormitory and walked over to the synagogue. It was a beautiful day and we all were very happy, though a trifle nervous. We joked the whole way over. Our jokes stopped when we saw the synagogue behind a rather ugly brick fence. There was the front door emblazoned with a Star of David -- and boarded up. The whole building seemed deserted. We walked all the way around it, and we could hear voices from the inside, the vague but familiar chants. Someone noticed a very small side door that appeared to be open. Extremely conscious of the suspicious gazes of the Russians passing by, we ran into the building.

My eyes were fastened on a plaque that was mounted above the entrance to the service "Happy are those who are with the Torah." The inside of the synagogue was built in a magnificent Moorish style. There were balconies for the women to sit, since the synagogue was orthodox. We saw a cluster of about 50 old men, bowing and praying in loud voices. Above the din of this mass group was the high wail of the cantor celebrating the Sabbath.

We put our scarves over our heads and sat in the back partition for the women. Three ancient women, nodding Sabbath greetings, immediately noticed that we were foreigners. They asked us if we were Jewish. We answered and added that we were from America. We were then bombarded with questions about the treatment of the Jews in America. It was hard to answer them. Then a real sensation occurred when an Israeli woman walked in. The old women, hearing that she was from Israel, burst into tears and kissed her hands repeatedly, as if that

a common topic of conversation among Russian students during the summer of 1968.

A Ukrainian friend named Vasya whom I had met during my stay in Odessa,



How to be COOL and LIVE

By MARION NOWAK

This may be 1969, but with the latest tuition and cost-of-living increases, for all practical purposes we're living on 1966 wages. Or no wages at all. And consequently, the cost of social life and mere existence is overtaking us more than ever.

Collage notes with sadness that this situation generally results in a polarization of participation, in fact, of existence: have fun and look good for half the time; starve and look hideous the rest of the year.

In the spirit of preventing this, Collage has compiled a group of money-saving ways to look, dress, eat, decorate, entertain and exist CHEAP!



The Dating Game

Freeee dates

1. Go for a walk in the Sanford Preserve at Bogue Street and the Red Cedar. If you love Rod McKuen, you'll adore the Sanford Preserve. If you want vivid proof of America's water pollution, you'll adore the Sanford Preserve. In fact, you'll like it even if you don't give a damn.
2. Swim at the Men's I.M. Bldg. during coed time: at 6 and 9 p.m. Friday and 2 to 5 p.m. Sunday.
3. Go to church on Sunday.
4. Go to church on Wednesday.
5. Milk cows at Dairy Research, 3 p.m. daily on College Road, south of Forest.
6. Go on the exclusive Collage Absolutely Free tour of MSU.
7. Visit the Michigan Historical Commission Museum, 505 N. Washington in Lansing, 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., weekdays; 12 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekends.
8. Watch residence hall TV.
9. Study in the Library.
10. Study in your room.
11. Study in your room with the lights out.
12. Go on a leaf-picking walking tour.
13. Visit the friendly pigs at Swine Research on a bicycle.
14. Visit the Albatross on free weekdays.

\$1 or under dates

1. Drive down and around to the cider mill on Okemos Road. Absolutely fresh and cheap cider.

Cheap Vittles

Good Ol' Chicken Soup

This traditional recipe, contributed by a genuine Jewish mother, is the stuff the ethnic jokes are made of.

- 1-1½ lb. chicken necks or backs
- 2 small carrots
- 1 stalk celery
- 1 Tbsp. chicken bouillon
- 1 small onion
- salt, pepper
- cold water

Make sure all ingredients are cold. Peel onion, scrape and clean carrot, skin the chicken. Place the chicken, carrots, onion, celery, bouillon in a large pot. Pour cold water over them to several inches over covering. Bring the whole to a boil, then simmer gently for 45 minutes. During the simmering process, season with salt and pepper to taste. The solid ingredients may be discarded, or the chicken saved for later, if you like overboiled chicken. Also, a little crushed carrot is good in its serving. Serve with the classic noodles, or with potatoes, rice or nothing.

Arthur Fromer's Guide to Interior Decorating

Whether you live in a residence hall or a dump (the terms are interchangeable) inevitably you're faced with the problem of covering up that natural ugly with something that may not be beautiful-but at least makes you happy.

But, of course, in keeping with the state of your pocketbook and the nature of this page, you can't afford much.

Nevertheless, with some cautious planning and even more cautious spending, you, too, can have the sort of place conducive to the existence of life.

Crap art, the latest development on pop art, is inevitably the only solution to decorating problems. Mostly because the things that make up crap art as a whole are cheap. Or free. And that's just what you need.

It's called crap art because that's what it is; you can't afford anything more so you might as well be honest about it.

Crap is crap.

Posters, of course, are a mainstay of any student's living quarters. Everywhere people are overjoyed to lay down from \$2 to \$5 and up for glow-in-the-dark, political or artsy-craftsy representations of long-gone concerts and unattainable breads.

Well, frankly, is the pocketbook masochism worth it? There are several postery things you can procure for far less than \$2 that will mean much more to you.

For instance, go to Sunshine Art Supplies, a student-run discount shop at 201½ East Grand River, Room 12. There, buy a big piece of paper. Cost: 3c. In addition, buy a tube of acrylic paint, probably about 70c.

Smear the paint on your feet and walk around on the paper.

Or put the paint on the tires of a bike, motorcycle or car and drive over it (if there's enough mud you don't even need paint).

Or skip the paint and get all your friends to write or draw something on your paper.

You now have a ready-made, attractive and highly personal poster of your very own.

Revitalize a crippled wardrobe with 35 cents worth of dye and an old T-shirt, and, incidentally, go along with the latest European fad: tie-dyeing.

Take a white T-shirt. Tie knots in it in any pattern your little heart desires. For small designs (yes, it is hard to tie knots in fabric) bunch up the material and tightly wind rubber bands around it. During subsequent dyeing wherever the fabric is pinched, the dye will not color the fabric.

Follow package instructions in dyeing; improvise with clothespins or paper clamps.

For the glib talker attracted to store-display posters, sweet-talk the manager. Students in this area have come away with everything from Del Monte, Round-up posters to band and movie ads. But don't bother to ask for the posters at the cinema: these are leased by the moviehouse along with each film and must be returned.

Fillers lifted from University bulletin boards are already convenient.

Or, if you must, you can get free posters from 7-Up Poster, P.O. Box 11382, St. Louis, Mo., 63105. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Now, having diverted yourself with that, your next step is to figure out whether you really need those three decorating cliches: bedspreads, rugs and curtains.

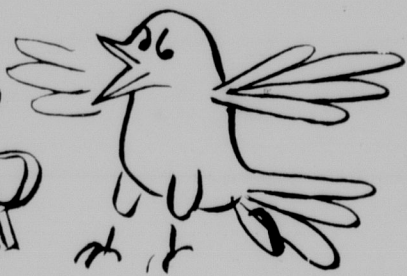
Several years ago it was still expedient to solve two thirds of this cliché by purchasing a whole bunch of burlap. Now that our local merchants have gotten wise to everyone's attempt at cheap decoration, the price of burlap has become ridiculous.

And that's what we're here about.

Don't buy burlap. Instead, AFTER measuring not the width of the windows in question but that of the curtain rod on top, buy 1½ times as

(continued on following page)

CHEAP
CHEAP
CHEAP
CHEAP



in E. LANSING

The All-day Fun-day Freeeee Tour

Our dedication on these pages is to save you some cash.

In addition to this spirit, we are assuming (quite logically) that most MSU students simply don't know MSU.

Moreover, it is possible to tour MSU for little or no cash (depending on where you go) and simultaneously have a good time.

And to this, we dedicate the All-Day Fun-Day Absolutely Freeeee MSU Tour (patent pending), a collage of experiences, bucolic and otherwise, to spend some time without spending some cash.

Step 1. Begin at the Horticulture Bldg. The horticulture greenhouses behind it are open to the public from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays. Here you can see everything from hothouse carnations to all manner of exotic jungle plants. Watch your fingers.

2. While you're there, walk around in--not next to or through--the Horticulture Gardens behind Student Services Bldg. This time, look at them. It will be quite some time before you see flowers again. Eat lunch there. Look at coed's legs. Play in the pool. For a sidetrip, go into the Student Affairs Office in Student Services Bldg. and ask to see the charter of the Order of the Owl, the society dedicated to the propagation of love and joy.

3. Flash down to your respective I.M. Bldg. for a swim and steam. Or check out the University Museum, 8 a.m. - 5 p.m. weekdays, 1 to 5 weekends except football days, when it's 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

4. Thus refreshed, go to Anthony Hall. From 2 to 3 p.m. Fridays, only the MSU Cheese Store peddles its wares: great MSU-made retail-priced cheeses of every persuasion. Since this is a free tour, you can't buy any, of course, but you don't like cheese anyway.

5. Natural Resources lobby: see the University's very own stuffed super polar bear.

6. The MSU Horse Barns. The Collage Monument of the Month is located here, dedicated to several "Celebrated Horses of Michigan State College." Even the horses have student numbers.

(continued from preceding page)

much of a plain-colored cheap cotton, like unbleached muslin.

You can follow the pseudo-poster route again and have all your friends doodle around on your curtains. Or, again, you can walk on them or ride a cycle over them. In glorious Todd-ao color, naturally.

Or, a la Jackson Pollock, spend a couple hours flinging paint leftovers at it. Such paint can be procured by raiding fraternity storage rooms, or by returning to Sunshine's to actually purchase some. For a cheap two-color job, purchase two tones of Speedbal I ink, at 55c retail.

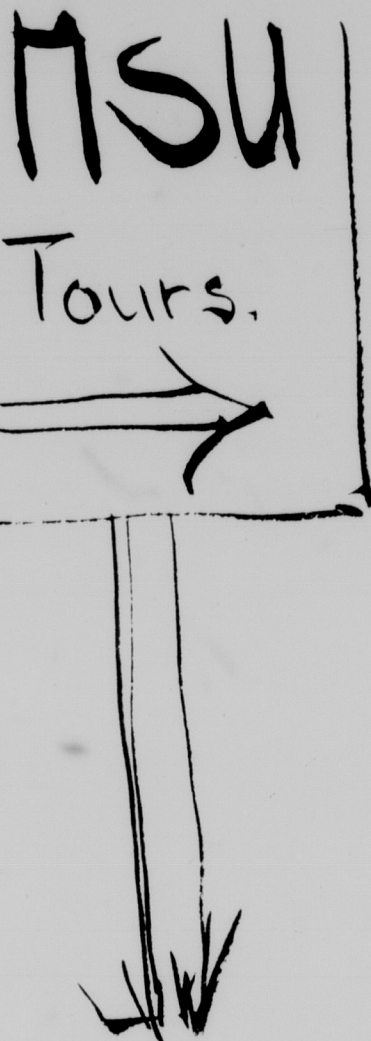
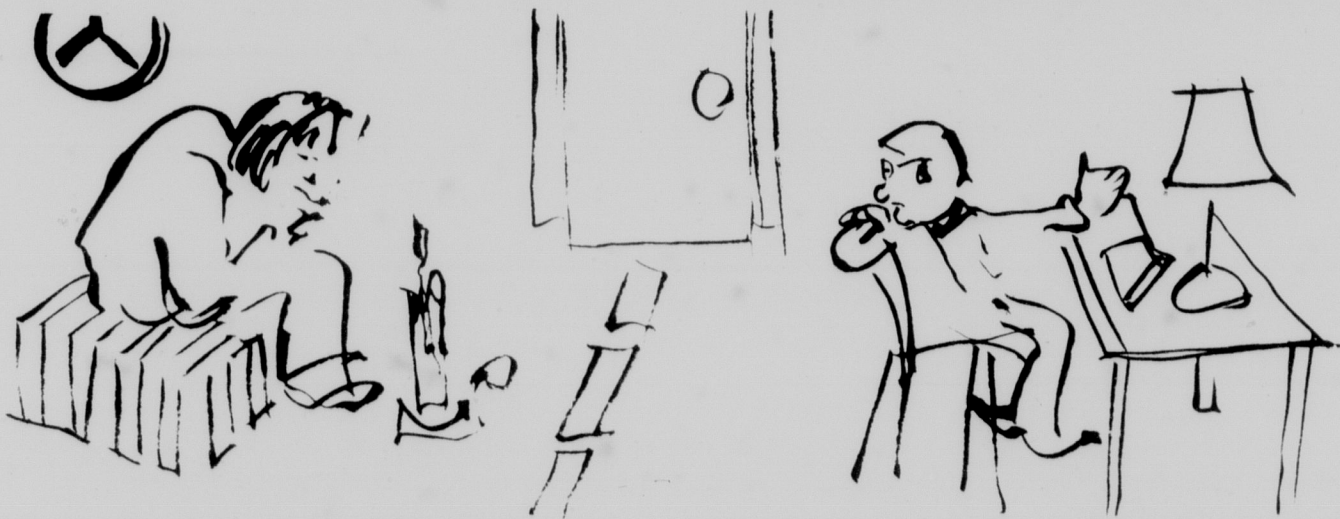
Or you could always tie-dye them (see box).

And zap up some bedspreads to match.

As for carpets--well...

Here, one inevitably runs into the necessity to lay out a significant amount of capital. It's pretty hard to offset this expenditure, but it can be done.

Buy a can of quick-dry varnish or clear plastic Latex and varnish things cut out of magazines to the floor.



7. Dairy Research Barn. You, too, can be an agrarian myth. Milk a cow any day around 3 p.m. You even get to keep the milk (about 7½-8 lbs. per cow) but bring your own bucket. College Road south of Forest Avenue.

8. At Sheep Research you learn that absolutely all our animals have student numbers. Springtime at sheep shearing, anyone can participate. Hagadorn Road.

9. Glimpse at the home of Del Bennett, MSU's very own hermit cum Walnetto Man. Bennet Road.

10. Further up Hagadorn, stop off at Barn No. 3. Here, believe it or not, MSU's experimental

wallabies (small kangaroos) can be found. They leap! They hop! They whistle 'Dixie!'

11. On your way to the next stop, glance anew at East Complex. Of the six residence halls here, five are partially located in Meridian Township, meaning the people living there have to do things like vote in Meridian. You, too, can be trapped in red tape.

12. The pine grove is not on MSU property, which is why it's so unkempt. Another venerable monument, dedicated to an MAC professor from the last century, is located here. An unbelievably great view of the Red Cedar River.

fruit and tarantulas, they even have iron handles.

Use them for coffee tables, low chairs, a base for a stereo. Paint them with quick-dry enamel in a basic color.

Use orange crates not for anything requiring strength but for something really crap art, like a picture frame.

Cover everything with big home-made cushions: buy fabric scraps and stuff them with holey sox or runny nylons. With enough of these, who needs a couch?

And, of course, there are always bricks, the mainstay of student culture. They are useful not only for decorating, but for holding down papers or scoring a political point. Check out the cost at a lumberyard (in many cases it's now as exaggerated as burlap's price) or locate your area building sites.

And this brings us to our next point: aluminum foil.

A capital outlay of 89c will not just get your TV to work. Cover an ugly bulletin board. Cover your phone (don't forget the little holes). Wrap it partially around colored lights. Put strips across the ceiling. Cover a door. Cover your RA.

The glories of a can of quick-dry enamel are further aid in the resurrection. With it, you can salvage anything wooden. You can paint beer or wine bottles. A row of the same size bottles painted the same color is particularly effective.

The potential cost to the Highway Dept. of picking up one beer can from a Michigan roadside is 25c. Keep your state and your home beautiful by decorating with beer cans. The best possible thing is a bar made of stacked-up cans, fastened together with the solder that comes in a tube.

Also, take the whole top off with a can opener and use the can for a pencil container. The same thing, more a la Warhol, can be done with Campbell soup cans.

Decorating to exist can be cheap. And with your budget, it had better be.



Blinking eyes

fanciful legs
encased in sheaths
of flimsy cotton
dreamily walking
in slow sensuous steps
distant eyes
aimless and bored
find direction
legs and eyes
the confrontation
timeless
and yet so meaningful
an entire generation
caught staring
at themselves
thighs and breasts
fused
in an unalterable image
of uncertainty
and question
unanswered
the fanciful legs
pass through doors
the mirage passes quickly
leaving only
blinking eyes

-Andrew Dobin

AUTHORIZED ENDEAVORS : the creative writer at M.S.U.

By JOHN T. JUEL

"A writer needs three things--experience, observation and imagination--any two of which, at times any one of which, can supply the lack of the others."

--William Faulkner

The top: Pocket Books paid Richard S. Prather \$1,100,000 as an advance against royalties on a multiple book contract. Philip Roth received \$900,000 in advance royalties and the sale of movie and paperback rights before his novel "Portnoy's Complaint," was even in print. Charles Portis got \$400,000 for the movie rights to "True Grit."

On the other end of the spectrum are the thousands of beginning writers, each one struggling to put words on paper in just the right order to make him as good as an Ernest Hemingway or as wealthy as a Harold Robbins. Pecking away at their typewriters for any of a hundred reasons, because they want to write well or become famous or simply because they enjoy it.

There is often a tendency to refer to the writer as a creative person. The term is accurate enough, the writer creating a unique work of poetry or fiction, but "creative person" carries with it a connotation that can be a hang-up for would-be writers who take it too seriously. It implies there is a breed apart, creative people as opposed to un-creative people, who are born to write. This unfortunate myth can have two bad effects, scaring off some potentially good writers who are afraid they lack the necessary creative talent, and deluding those novice writers who do show talent into thinking that writing is going to come easy.

It's certainly true that some people are born with, or develop, more natural talent than others-- contrary to Abe Lincoln's rhetoric, all writers are not created equal--but raw talent is only one of the things the potential writer needs if he is to become the artist he wants to be. Any person who tries writing soon realizes it takes more than just wanting to write, even if you are talented; it takes discipline, desire and, above all else, hard work.

The heart of creativity is self-expression; expressing one's individuality in concrete terms and sometimes--though not always--relating it to the outside world. Most people feel this need for self-expression, but the way an individual expresses it depends on the direction of his talents, his early interests and experiences and the opportunities at hand. An architect or a shoemaker may be just as creative within their arts as the writer is within his; the difference comes in the limitations of the medium they work in.

The thing that sets the writer apart from most other professions is his vast freedom; his medium is language, and about the only limitations he

faces are those he finds within himself. The writer is working with ideas and images, emotions and experiences, and if he is good enough, he can bring you into his privately created universe and show you something you may never have noticed about life or even about yourself. It is this potential to reach people, to make them laugh or cry or think, as well as the dream of creating on paper something of permanence and beauty that gives writing its appeal.

Because of the tremendous freedom of writing, not to mention the inevitable hopes of fame and fortune (\$\$\$), some people write, many others want to write and a great many people talk of how nice it would be to write if they only had the time or talent. Unfortunately, as is made all too evident by the growing corporate profits of the company that prints rejection slips, not all people are cut out to make their living writing. Most of those who try soon learn the marked difference between wanting to write and having the considerable talent and ambition and discipline and/or luck necessary for becoming a professional.

But there are a great many personal satisfactions that transcend the commercial aspect of writing--one should never overlook the great cathartic value of putting things down on paper-- and as the optimists always tell you, you'll never know until you try. And it's true; if you really want to write, try. Write, write, write and keep writing, and if in the end you find you just don't have it, you at least gave yourself an honest chance . . . and maybe had some enjoyment along the way.

In a university community like MSU, the natural starting point for the aspiring author or poet is a creative writing class. The worth of writing classes has been widely disputed; William Styron, author of "The Confessions of Nat Turner" offers one opinion on the value of creative writing courses to young writers:

It gives them a start, I suppose. But it can be an awful waste of time . . . A writing course can only give you a start, and help you a little. It can't teach writing. The professor should weed out the good from the bad,, cull them like a farmer and not encourage the ones who haven't got something.

Styron's comment is valid, but greatly underplays the importance of getting a start, the biggest problem for many young writers. A writing class gives the novice writer an opportunity to work, and gives him the benefit of qualified criticism. Better yet, it forces him to do at least some work if he intends on passing the course. This is the important thing: to get writing.

While the university environment has many



advantages for the young writer, it also poses several problems. Because of the workload in other courses, the college writer seldom has a chance to become really absorbed in his work. Instead of working for days at a time on a story or poem, he's forced to grab an hour or two whenever he can. This discontinuity makes it harder for a student to get a feel of the work as a whole, and makes even movement and tone more difficult.

Another problem, especially bad at MSU because of its size, is lack of communication. It's hard for the writing program to reach all the students who do have potential and make them aware of the opportunities that exist. MSU's own program needs to establish a strong identity as a serious writing program if it is to avoid becoming lost in the milieu of the English Dept.

The present creative writing program at MSU is a fairly good one. As of fall term, six creative writing classes were offered; three in fiction writing (228), one in poetry (229) and two upper level courses, advanced fiction writing (300) and conference advanced writing (424). The classes are generally limited to 20 students because of the individual attention the instructor must give to student manuscripts. There is some excellent work being done, as witnessed by the fact that a recent MSU graduate, Ann Hamilton, received one of the eleven 1969 Book-of-the-Month Club Fellowships (worth \$3,000) awarded nationally, for a novel she wrote here under the guidance of David Roberts.

The director of MSU's writing program, Albert Drake, asst. professor of English, has several ideas on what can be done to unify and expand the existing writing program. Last spring term, a Newsletter was started, and weekly poetry readings were held by faculty and students. Drake hopes to initiate some interdisciplinary activities, working with the art and theatre departments, and would like to experiment in film making, not necessarily to help the writer with film scripts but to aid in the teaching of point of view and exposition, and to help the writer see things in terms of scenes and images.

The opportunities for work in creative writing exist at MSU, but the most challenging thing is that the beginning writer is still on his own. It's not a matter of memorizing facts to beat a multiple choice test, or combing through other people's thoughts to research a term paper--you sit at a typewriter with a blank piece of paper in front of you and you're forced to reach inside and see what you can bring out. A writing instructor can give you the chance to write and help you along with some of the tricks he'd picked up through his own writing, but ultimately it's up to you. The writer must prove himself to himself, and if he can do that, the results are rewarding.



Thoughts On The Backroom

Dice and cigarettes
Purge my fingertips
Promise to save me
From all I cannot stand.

Their hot eyes sneer.

The Fat Man sweats
over my shoulder
and laughs and stinks
Then barks
"You win again, by God!"

Clammy arms hunched
And tumid with greed
Glutted by hunch and impulse.

They pilfer from man's tomorrow.

And watching those hot eyes
drop
and roll laughing
I promise myself.

The little girl had soft eyes and held a dead fish in her hand.

I will go back
will go back
go back
back

-Mark Nixon

The Pin

Running on his pen, the poet sits (wildly)
With head-leaned elbow, pressing bold
Thoughts mindfully into place until they knit
Into a gossamer pattern that will hold
Up the sun and spread out the grass
Into a blue of beauty greener than sea-
moss silently breathing under the sky of water.

His walled room is less there than the paper's end
Lines finally crossing out into space
Quicker than the idea could shape its blend
And come fully into a narrower place
Where the hand does not forget to pen
On the lined paper on the desk, the pen
Which will be the wheel for other men.

-James Adams

The torch rippled the air
Turning motion on, then off
And under my stare
My hand moved soft

So it took forever
To peel an orange
For my thumb could not sever
The skin of sponge

Slowly my finger gained under
Where the surface was fabric
With tiny ties keeping order
Over thin skin, delicate

And I would stop to feel
But then move on
To taste's strong appeal
A goal to happen

My fingers touched the sphere
Till it was clean
Feeling icy tear
Purify the scene

And the taste was brilliant
With cool, flavored points

-Jo Cannon

Domingo

Waking-up in a Mexican jail
To bells from the church across the cobbled street,
You can see the belfrey through the bars,
And imagine Padre jerking-off the endless rope;
His dedication hammering my sensibilities.
Everyone stands to make the sign-of-the-cross,
Even the crazy one
With the first bells of morning.
And I laugh, but make a secret one on my palm
Wondering when I'm going to be free again.

-R. A. Forstner

Bookmarks

"TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW," No. 32, (Box 3348, Grand Central Station, NYC) 160 pp., 75 cents, Available at Paramount News.

The number of magazines which carry short fiction is steadily diminishing-as emphasized by the recent death of the "Saturday Evening Post." There are less magazines which publish fiction, and those remaining devote less pages to fiction than in the past. Gone are those mags which brought fiction to the masses: "Liberty," "Bluebook," "Collier's," et al. The focus is on non-fiction, and as this trend continues, the short story writer-and reader, if he exists-may wonder where the genre is going.

It's tempting to think that the short story form will thrive in the little magazines. But the average literary quarterly publishes only a story or two an issue-that's perhaps eight stories a year, in a magazine with a very limited circulation.

There is happily, at least one exception: "Transatlantic Review". Now in its 10th year-a long life for a little mag-it consistently publishes an abundance of excellent short stories. In fact, I'm amazed at the list of name writers who contribute to TR-and they give the mag some of their best work. Issue No. 31, for example, had a great story by J. F. Ballard, "The University of Death." The current issue has stories-good ones-by John Updike (who is seldom found outside of the "New Yorker's" pages), Anthony Burgess, Herberg Gold, Joyce Carol Oates, Jay Neugeboren, Willard Marsh and seven others who are excellent writers but less well-known. That's a total of 13 stories-more than most little magazines publish in a year, or even the "Atlantic," for that matter.

For a bonus, as it were, there's an equally distinguished list of poets here: C. Day Lewis, Robert Graves, Ted Hughes, George Barker, Muriel Rukeyser and a dozen more. There are also interviews with Jules Feiffer and John Hopkins.

This is an impressive list, and it adds up to create a magazine of which Ford Maddox Ford-who edited the original "Transatlantic Review" during the 'Twenties-would approve.

--Albert Drake

"only the echoes..."

(continued from page 3)

really sees the garbage that's left over in the morning. We can all go home to our music and beads and thinking how nice it all was while Ratso dies on a Greyhound bus just outside of heaven-- and it is all really funny, like a cripple is funny or like death is funny.

"Midnight Cowboy" is ugly--not the condition of Ratso and Joe, but the behavior of everyone



around them. We live in glass houses, crystal clean; we gather our stones to throw at all the sacred temples we seem to find lurking about us--we mobilize against this or for that, getting down, getting stoned, groovy, parks and love and flowers and peace and we still miss the most obvious: that there are no bricks and there are no temples. And while we might love humanity, most of us still hate our neighbor's guts. There are a lot of ugly people running around the streets these days capable of ugly deeds who still consider themselves prototypes of the new generation-- who will probably save the world in spite of themselves and may end up creating a great deal of lonely people before they realize that they--not "them"--have committed the crime, and while remaining pure of thought are guilty of deeds done and undone. "Everybody's talkin' at me, I can't hear a word they're sayin'-- and while we garnish ourselves with images and symbols and grant all power to all people, we lose sight of reality and reduce the world to neat categories replacing human beings with four-letter words.

Few of us--if that--have lived or will ever live like Ratso or Joe, and most of us would never care to. But the answer, or the question, whichever you choose, lies in the reaction. Sin can be worthwhile only if you understand it--seeing the ugliness, how else can you comprehend the word beautiful? And although we aren't granted the right to use bullets, there is a lot of blood in the air, and not all of it comes from the other side. Some of us are very adept assassins. Lying is as bad as murder in jest or murder in rank, and an honest death is worth much more than a thousand empty, dishonest lives.

This looks like it's going to be a long war--not Vietnam or Korea. But here, you there, on the corner-- but this time, unlike all the others, the enemy isn't so clear--so look twice, maybe three times before you shoot. You might better put the gun against your own head. You wouldn't be too far from the truth.

Old Books & Dusty Shelves

By MARION NOWAK
The Situation

Much of the difficulty of the current student-library dilemma is the fact that the Library too often functions on a system of hidden secrets.

It's not that someone is steadfastly trying to prevent students from so much as touching the books. It's that there's no mechanism to let most students know they can touch most books.

Delving into the hidden secrets of the Library here won't come close to solving this problem. But it will illuminate many aspects of the Library system, both major and trivial, that represent a darkest continent to many MSU students.

First off, many of the secrets of the Library are hidden even from the staff. Most of this staff has no consistent idea of the rules the Library functions under except that the desk closes at 11 p.m.

And with the current restricted stacks system, many of the books in the Library remain a hidden secret. One of the original purposes behind the system was to put only books constantly needed by undergrads in the undergraduate library. Most other books are consequently in the graduate restricted building.

Now, one can page any book desired from the main desk. This system, however, functions on a basically faulty premise: that every student knows or can easily find out the name of every book he wants to use.

An idea, with the state both of the card catalog and student knowledge of Library usage, that is laughable, at best.

As for the card catalog itself, it is responsible for many of our hidden secrets, largely because of the missing cards in the system.

Further mysteries are induced by faculty-student fine inequities, which do virtually nothing to encourage any faculty member to do anything so wild and wooly as return a book.

The only organized current attempt to disseminate mass information at the Library now is in the form of tours there at 4 p.m. Tuesday and 2 p.m. Wednesday: ill-attended and inconvenient.

Telling you these things certainly cannot improve them. Even making them obvious cannot help the Library improve them: they haven't got the cash. But there are a few obscure and useful aspects of the Library system that we can bring to attention here at no cost.

Exotic Secrets

Most of the Library's well-kept secrets are found in the Library basement.

Of these, the Historical Collection and Archives is, perhaps because it's not under Library administration and still unofficial, easily the most obscure. The Historical Collection consists of manuscripts dealing with state and regional history. Formerly under the administration of the Museum, collection manuscripts are numbered and catalogued for reference purposes. The largest collections owned are the papers of the Michigan Tuberculosis Assn. and the records of the R. E. Olds Motor Co.

The Archives are made up of records of the University. "MSU is just getting started in collecting its archives together," Randall Hoyer, asst. to the director, said. Very few records have been gathered into the Library-housed group.

Most departments, he said, keep their own records perpetually, and eventually these records get thrown out. "We hope to get everything together -- and keep them," he said.

A third segment of the collection is officially designated as the Land Grant Research Center. Most of the land grant collection exists in microfilm; the collection is entirely concerned with the people involved in passing and effecting the 1862 Land Grant or Morrill Act, which



started MSU and 68 other colleges around the country.

A chief feature of the center is the papers of Justin Morrill, creator of the 1862 act, plus papers concerning related legislation, legislators and educators who worked for the land grant idea.

"This is, of course, national in scope," Hoyer commented, "and we hope to become the national center for research in this, covering the period around 1862, hopefully up to the present time."

The Historical Collection and Archives, incorporating the Land Grant Research Center, is open from 8 to 12 a.m. and 1 to 5 p.m. weekdays and is located in the basement of the east wing (accessible to undergraduates through the west wing science stacks).

Special Collections, another hidden secret placed in the basement, houses over 40,000 rare books and documents. Perhaps the best method of showing the collection's scope is through enumeration of some of its possessions:

The oldest manuscript in the collection is the "Stimulus amoris divini," written by the pseudo-Bonaventura around 1350.

The oldest printed book is entitled "Scriptores rei rusticae," a selection of excerpts on agriculture and husbandry from the writings of Columella, Palladius, Cato and Varro. The "Scriptores" was printed in 1472 in Venice by master printer and type founder, Nicolas Jensen.

About 1,500 volumes on the history of criminology, mostly in German, are in the possession of the Special Collections.

Also in Special Collections are first editions of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Nature" and Henry David Thoreau's "Walden."

Yet not everything in this hidden secret is old: a significant acquisition called the Orange Horse Notes is made up of mimeographed handouts circulated during the 1966 MSU campus uprising. And a full assortment of extremist literature, for instance, "Stormtrooper" magazine, hides away here, too.

To say nothing of a spread of acquisitions in modern literature, particularly from the expatriates of the 1920's.

No browsing is allowed in Special Collections; all documents, however, are listed in the wonderful main card catalog. Open 8 to 12 a.m. and 1 to 5 p.m. weekdays and 8 to 12 p.m. Saturday.

The fourth floor of the west wing building houses the National Voice Library, an archive containing the voices of 8,000 celebrities. Installed in the spring of 1962, the archive does not include language study records, operas, rock recordings or lecture tapes.

It does, however, contain a totally unique accumulation of recordings of internationally historical figures ranging from Mark Twain through Fiorello LaGuardia to Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

Know who you want to hear before you get there. Open 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily.

Surprisingly, some of the most "hidden" secrets of the MSU Library are located in full sight on the first floor: the vertical file is one of these.

A series of gray cabinets near the reference section, the vertical files contain information on the State of Michigan and on MSU.

Along side the vertical files stands a shelf housing one of the Library's most obscure possessions: a series of international phone books and college catalogs. Phone everywhere from Akron to Worcester in the United States; phone all over Canada and England; phone Bombay or maybe: Tanzania.

Calendar of Events:

Oct. 26 - Nov. 22

Sunday, Oct. 26

"Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" PAC, 8 p.m. (Fairchild Auditorium, last night).
"The Permanent Collection," Kresge Gallery (last day).

Monday, Oct. 27

The Prague Symphony, Lecture-Concert Series, 8:15 p.m. (Series A, University Auditorium).

Wednesday, Oct. 29

"The Third Man," (7 and 9 p.m., consult State News for location).
"Damn the Defiant," (7 and 9:15 p.m., 128 Nat. Sci.).
"The World of Carl Sandburg," Lecture-Concert Series (Lecture-Special, 8 p.m., Auditorium).

Thursday, Oct. 30

Royal Choral Society, Lecture-Concert Series, 8:15 p.m. (Series B, Auditorium).
"And Then There Were None," (7 and 9 p.m., consult State News for location).
"Curse of the Demon," (7, 8:30 and 10 p.m., 128 Nat. Sci.).

Friday, Oct. 31

ASMSU Homecoming Dance, (Auditorium).
Al Butterfield and The Warmth, blues group, (8:30 p.m., Albatross Coffeehouse).
PAC Film Classic: "The Thing," (Anthony Hall).
"How I Won the War," (7 and 9 p.m., 100 Vet Clinic).
"Roman Holiday," (7 and 9:15 p.m., 106B Wells).
"Frankenstein," (7 and 9:30 p.m.) and "Bride of Frankenstein," (8:15 and 10:45 p.m., 108B Wells).
"Warrendale," (7 and 9 p.m., 104B Wells).

Saturday, Nov. 1

Al Butterfield and The Warmth blues group, (8:30 p.m., Albatross Coffeehouse).
Indiana vs. MSU, Homecoming football.
ASMSU Pop Entertainment: Blood, Sweat and Tears, (Jenison Fieldhouse).
World Travel: Norm Wakeman, Pacific Shores, (Fairchild).
"Molas" panels, (Kresge Gallery, through Nov. 23).
"How I Won the War," (7 and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony).
"Roman Holiday," (7 and 9:15 p.m., 106B Wells).
"Frankenstein," (7 and 9:30 p.m.) and "Bride of Frankenstein," (8:15 and 10:45 p.m., 108B Wells).
"Warrendale," (7 and 9 p.m., 104B Wells).

Sunday, Nov. 2

MSU Chamber Orchestra Concert, Arts and Letters Recital Series, (4 p.m., Music Auditorium).

Monday, Nov. 3

Student Woodwind groups, Arts and Letters Recital Series, (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium).

Tuesday, Nov. 4

PAC: "The Dutchman," (8 p.m., Arena Theatre).
Melos Ensemble of London, Arts and Letters Recital Series, (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium).
African Dance Co. of Ghana, Lecture-Concert Series, (Series A, Auditorium).

Wednesday, Nov. 5

PAC: "The Dutchman," (8 p.m., Arena Theatre).
African Film Series: African Art, (Wells Hall).
"Paradine Case," (7 and 9 p.m., consult State News for location).
"Footlight Parade," (7 and 9:15 p.m., 128 Nat. Sci.).

Thursday, Nov. 6

PAC: "The Dutchman," (8 p.m., Arena Theatre).
"Mame:" Lecture-Concert Special, (Auditorium).
"King Rat," (7 and 9:30 p.m., consult State News for location).

Friday, Nov. 7

PAC: "The Dutchman," (8 p.m., Arena Theatre).
"Mame:" Lecture-Concert Special, (Auditorium).
Graduate Recital: Marily Garst, piano, (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium).
"Roadsigns on a Merry-go-round," and a folksinging program, (8:30 p.m., Albatross Coffeehouse).
"Seven Samurai," (7 and 9:30 p.m., 104B Wells).
"The Trial," (7 and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony).
"La Dolce Vita," (7 p.m. only, 108B Wells).
"Born Free," (7 and 9 p.m., 106B Wells).

Saturday, Nov. 8

PAC: "The Dutchman," (8 p.m., Arena Theatre).
"Roadsigns on a Merry-go-round" and a folksinging program, (8:30 p.m., Albatross Coffeehouse).
"Seven Samurai," (7 and 9:30 p.m., 104B Wells).
"The Trial," (7 and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony).
"La Dolce Vita," (7 p.m. only, 108B Wells).
"Born Free," (7 and 9 p.m., 106B Wells).
World Travel: Capt. Finn Ronne, North of the Circle.

Sunday, Nov. 9

PAC: "The Dutchman," (8 p.m., Arena Theatre).
Graduate Recital: Sarah Gustin, piano, (4 p.m., Music Auditorium).

Tuesday, Nov. 11

Richards Woodwind Quintet, (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium).

Wednesday, Nov. 12

"The Public Enemy," (7 and 9:30 p.m., 128 Nat. Sci.).
"Billy Budd," (7 and 9:15 p.m.).

Thursday, Nov. 13

"An Evening with Walt Disney, Part 2," (7 and 9:30 p.m., 128 Nat. Sci.).
"Little Caesar," (7 and 9 p.m., consult State News for location).

Friday, Nov. 14

Walter Verdehr and Ralph Votapek, Arts and Letters Recital Series, (8:15 p.m., Music Auditorium).
Program on the Moratorium, (8:30 p.m., Albatross Coffeehouse).

"The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).

"To Die in Madrid," (7 and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony).

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

"The Chase," (7 and 9:30 p.m., 106B Wells).

Saturday, Nov. 15

Football: Minnesota vs. MSU.
Program on the moratorium, (8:30 p.m., Albatross Coffeehouse).
ASMSU Pop Entertainment: Dionnne Warwick, (Jenison Fieldhouse).
"The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).
"To Die in Madrid," (7 and 9 p.m., 109 Anthony).
"Alfie," (7 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).
"The Chase," (7 and 9:30 p.m., 106B Wells).
World Travel: John Goddard, Exploring African Wonderlands.

Sunday, Nov. 16

Faculty Recital: Joseph Evans, piano and Ralph Evans, violin, (4 p.m., Music Auditorium).

Tuesday, Nov. 18

PAC: "The Comedy of Errors," (8 p.m., Fairchild Theatre).

Wednesday, Nov. 19

"The Notorious Landlady," (7 and 9:30 p.m., 128 Nat. Sci.).
PAC: "The Comedy of Errors," (8 p.m., Fairchild Auditorium).
"Death of a Salesman," (7 and 9:15 p.m.).

Thursday, Nov. 20

PAC: "The Comedy of Errors," (8 p.m., Fairchild Auditorium).
Concert by composition students, (8:15 p.m., Union Lounge).
"Citizen Kane," (7 and 9:15 p.m.).

Friday, Nov. 21

PAC: "The Comedy of Errors," (8 p.m., Fairchild Auditorium).
Graduate Recital: John Courter, organist, (8:15 p.m., St. Mary Cathedral).
"This Solitude Through Which We Pass is I," plus the folksinging group "The Stepchildren," (8:30 p.m., Albatross Coffeehouse).
"Les Abysses," (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).
"Ship of Fools," (7 and 9:30 p.m., 108B Wells).
"Cat Ballou," (7 and 9 p.m., 106B Wells).

Saturday, Nov. 22

PAC: "The Comedy of Errors," (8 p.m., Fairchild Auditorium).
Hockey: Alumni home game, (Ice Arena).
"This Solitude Through Which We Pass is I," plus the folksinging group "The Stepchildren," (8:30 p.m., Albatross Coffeehouse).
"Les Abysses," (7, 8:40 and 10:20 p.m., 104B Wells).
"Ship of Fools," (7 and 9:30 p.m., 104B Wells).
"Cat Ballou," (7 and 9 p.m., 106B Wells).