

# collage

The Bi-weekly Magazine of the Michigan State News.

Tuesday, November 26, 1968



*Violence in  
the streets . . .*

## Violence in the streets . . .

*We have had it before. History has sifted and simplified its causes into "Slavery and Secession," "Unions vs. Management" or "Bomb-Throwing Anarchists."*

*But today is not history. We have no glossy sense of perspective. Yet we speak as though we knew--really knew--the causes of violence in the Sixties . . .*

*"Too much television . . . and the movies don't do much good either. No wonder these kids today are mixed up."*

*"We're weakening as a nation. Moral standards have slipped since the old days when people knew that there were some things you just didn't do. Common sense, we called it. Where is it now?"*

*"Those lousy politicians have gone too far. Sure, everybody's got to have his rights, but some people are just plain lazy. Want everything handed to them on a platter. I worked hard to be where I am. Why should I support these bums just because it will win votes for some crooked senator?"*



*"I suppose it must be the Communist influence. When people are poor, they'll listen to anything. And socialism sounds pretty good to people who have nothing to lose or to idealistic kids who never had to work and then see their hard-earned money dumped into taxes."*

*"You'd have to be insane to want to kill such a wonderful man. That's all, just insane."*

*"If I'd had the chance, I would have pulled the trigger myself. He's the one who started all this trouble we're in right now."*

*Why do we insist on platitudes?*

*Why can't we accept part of the guilt?*

*Sure, you've never broken a law in your life, or kicked a pauper or encouraged someone to kill a politician.*

*But guilt runs deeper than any superficial explanation. And the man who ignores the causes of violence and refuses to help destroy its roots must share the guilt when it matures and flowers in the streets.*

*Do not ignore the seed of violence, even if you have not planted it.*

*In our version of democracy, we are not legally our brother's keeper. The laws cannot control our moral obligations.*

*But we all must live in the result of our inaction.*

*Violence in the streets . . . Why? The answer is within you.*



Director . . . . . David Gilbert  
Executive Editor . . . . . Mike O'Neal  
Poetry Editor . . . . . Joseph Dionne  
Photography Editor . . . . . Gordon Moore  
Jim Yousling, Don Olson, Pat Lewis, Bruce Spitz, Tom Bowers, Hugh Fox, Albert Drake, James Sherwood Tipton, Shirley Echols.  
Pictorial . . . . . Bob Ivins

### PICTORIAL CREDITS

Cover . . . . . Jim Yousling  
Sketch, page 3 . . . . . Jim Yousling  
Sketches, page 4 . . . . . Shelley Sutton  
Headline, page 5 . . . . . Jim Yousling  
Sketch, page 5 . . . . . Doug Huston  
Sketch, page 9 . . . . . Shelley Sutton

### Apologia

Unbelievable as it may seem, the Editors erred. The marvelous photo of the old man on the bench (page 8, bottom, of last issue) was taken by **Jan Deen**, Livonia junior, not by Gordon Moore, *Collage* photography editor. The best laid plans . . .

# One day in Dealey Plaza

Don Olson is the Chairman of the MSU Chapter of the Kennedy Assassination Truth Committee. An Honors College senior from Toledo, Ohio, Don has been researching and reading for this article for five months. His major is Physics.

By DON OLSON

The photographers had their cameras trained on the President that bright fall day, as he enjoyed another warm reception along his current tour. Certainly none of the photographers could have imagined that their films were to become valuable evidence in a Presidential assassination which they were about to witness. According to the official reconstruction of the shooting, that day the President fell, fatally wounded by two bullets fired from a cheap weapon by a lone (and probably demented) assassin. In some of the now-important pictures, the face of the accused assassin (himself soon to die in turn) appeared clearly recognizable moments before the shots were fired. One of the photographers took a motion picture which depicted the events right up to the firing of the fatal shot. Partly because of the lack of definite evidence of a conspiracy and partly because the government investigative agencies said they noticed nothing in the films which would lead to the existence of any fellow conspirators, the lone assassin theory came to official acceptance. Thus was photographic evidence in use in coming to conclusions regarding the events which led to the execution of Leon Czolgasz for the assassination of President McKinley on Sept. 6, 1901.

Sixty-two years later the situation was to repeat itself, with the names changed to Lee Harvey Oswald and John F. Kennedy. Photographers were in abundance at Dealey Plaza in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963; a recent book lists 22, and there were several others. The most important of them was Abraham Zapruder, whose 8mm color movie captured the entire assassination sequence. None of the photographers was able to capture a clearly recognizable picture of an assassin, however. Besides the photographs, government agencies were able to assemble a veritable mountain of evidence relating to the assassination; nevertheless, many important points remained unclear.

At least 50 books have been written in efforts to clear up the mysteries surrounding the events in Dealey Plaza. Twenty-seven of these are the volumes released by the Warren Commission, which had been created Nov. 29, 1963, to "evaluate all the facts and circumstances" of the assassination. The scope of the Warren investigation seemed mammoth: the blue volumes fill an impressive three feet of my shelves. The con-



*"If anybody really wants to shoot the President of the United States, it is not a very difficult job--all one has to do is get on a high building some day with a telescopic rifle."* (President John F. Kennedy, the morning of November 22, 1963)

clusions were no surprise. The main contribution of the commission beyond the assembling of evidence for the long demented assassin-cheap weapon-two shots hit theory was Counsel Arlen Specter's controversial "single-bullet theory." One bullet was theorized to have struck both Kennedy and Governor Connally, who was riding ahead of Kennedy, and to have caused seven of the wounds noted in medical reports. Careful study of the frames from the Zapruder film, along with related evidence, had shown that anything but the single-bullet theory necessitated the existence of at least two gunmen.

The official findings received less than unanimous acceptance. Initially prompted by the unfair treatment given Oswald in the press and electronic media (both of whom convicted Oswald within days of the assassination), various people took it upon themselves to argue in the defense of Oswald.

Particularly indefatigable were Mark Lane, Sylvia Meagher and Harold Weisberg. Almost every statement in the 888 page report was examined, challenged and refuted in the seven books produced by these three authors. The attacks prompted defenses of the report and counter-attacks on the critics. The controversy occasionally reached the level of a shouting match. The critics have been referred to as scavengers, grave robbers and opportunists; a U.S. representative assured me that Mark Lane would not hesitate to use whole-cloth

fabrications to prove a point. Of the defense books, the only one to present any new information was "Should We Now Believe the Warren Report?" by Stephen White, a spokesman for CBS News.

## CBS NEWS inquires: The Warren Report

White's book presented in detail the reasoning and research methods which went into the production of the CBS News report on the Warren Report. Shown on June 25-28, 1967, the four hour-long specials were essentially an answer to the critics, who by late 1966 had stirred up enough doubt so that 66 per cent of a Harris poll sample felt that Oswald had not acted alone. CBS showed creditable initiative in conducting extensive tests of rifle speed and accuracy, ballistic penetration and the like.

The number and timing of the shots is essential to a statement of the number of gunmen, obviously. CBS claimed to have discovered clues in the Zapruder film which could pinpoint the timing of the shots. With the expert advice of Luis Alvarez (a recent Nobel laureate in physics from Berkeley), CBS thought it had located three shots in the film and built their theory about this finding. CBS was justifiably accused of selectivity of evidence here, for at least five other similar points exist in the film which were not mentioned on the show. The point became academic later, however, when more careful research proved that Alvarez' initial assumptions were false and had been based on a lack of information.

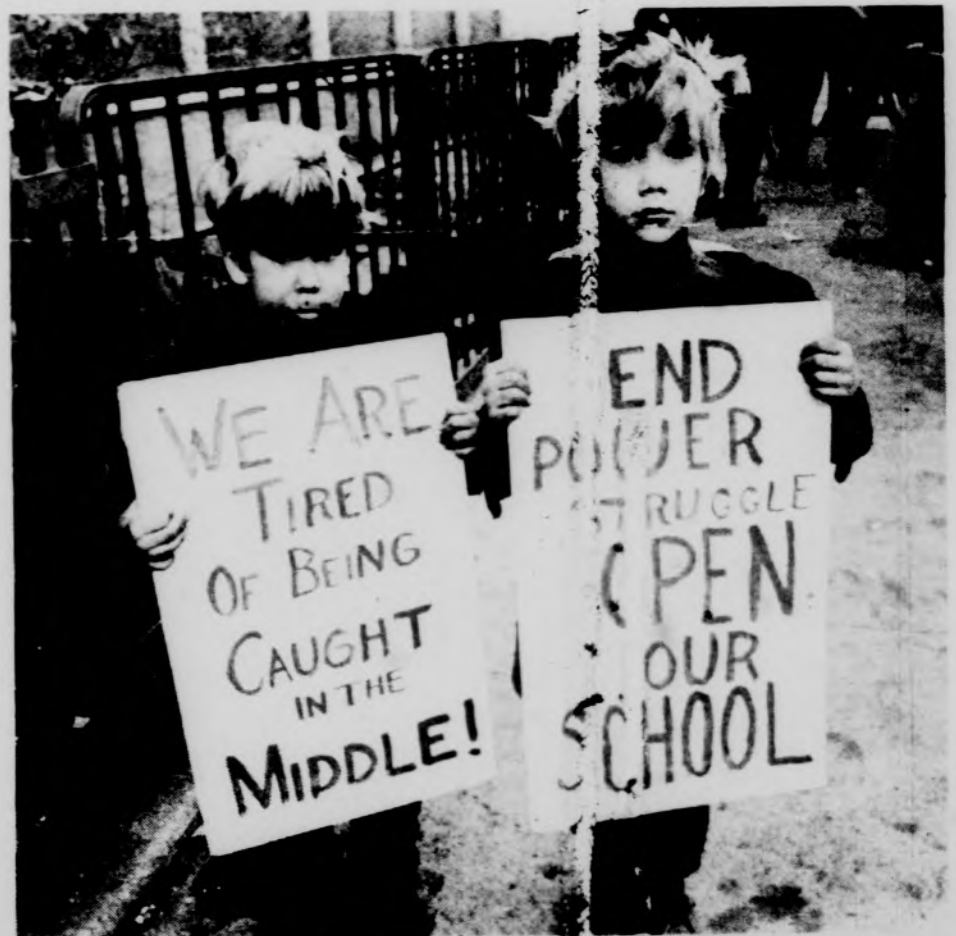
Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking by CBS was a reconstruction of the firing site. A target was placed at the proper average speed down a track before a tower equivalent to the sixth floor depository window alleged to have been used by Oswald. CBS used a rifle similar to Oswald's, but with an important functional difference. According to White the "volunteer marksmen" often got off two aimed shots at the moving target in less than two seconds. Oswald's rifle had been shown to take 2.3 seconds just for working the bolt and trigger between shots, without including time for aiming at a moving target. The split seconds become crucial in analysis when one recalls that the entire assassination took place in about six seconds. Furthermore CBS was again guilty of some selectivity in presentation. On only 20 of the 37 trials could the desired three shots be gotten within the 7.5 seconds time limit. CBS described four of these 20 runs but failed to mention that the average accuracy on the total of the 20 "best" runs was only 1.2 hits out of three versus Oswald's supposed two of three).

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*New York is only a group of people, who, for their own reasons, are situated in close proximity to each other. To see New York without studying carefully the individuals who compose it is to completely miss the fascinating subtleties that form the basis for that megalopolis.*

*These photographs are the product of two days shooting, but to cover "the City" in any real depth would require months. Or perhaps a lifetime would not suffice.*

--Bob Ivins



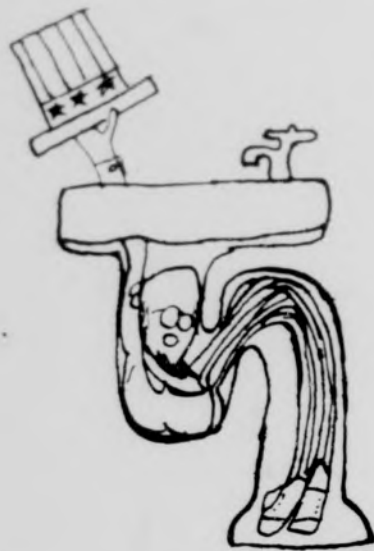
# The 'Age of Beige' blues

By PAT LEWIS

There is nothing exciting for kids to grow up to, nothing but corporations and security, says Paul Goodman, one of our angry prophets. And he is right. America gets duller and duller.

Ted Sorensen's speech several weeks ago at MSU was one symptom of our problem. The quietness and resignation in his voice seemed eerie and out-of-place in a political speech. Mostly, he urged the students who could to vote for one candidate may be a little better than the others. You must at least vote against the candidate you like the least. It was one of the saddest speeches I have ever heard.

Our candidates, like a large part of the public they wanted to represent, cling to tradition and safety. And they were only three of many people who run after all the wrong things and leave the real and exciting things alone.



Nixon, Humphrey, Wallace. There was no risk, no hope, no frankness or deep feeling about them, just safety, security, and fear.

Another example: Congress has just approved an enormous defense budget—\$71.9 billion—setting still another all-time appropriations record and getting it through almost without a fight. However, the education bill is only 3.1 billion. And the space budget has been cut.

It looks as though our representatives will act out of fear, but won't do much out of hope, or out of concern, for people. Billions for defense, but not much for a better country. Our external enemies are more real to our congressmen than the internal, restless, searching, but potentially very stagnant society they pretend to be defending.

Space is one of the few remaining refuges for restless imagination. In education there

can also be a lot of excitement and wonder. Unfortunately, many schools, especially for those who need them most, are really places where kids go to be bored, to be hassled about their grades, and to be controlled.

The problem, of course, is bigger than money or schools or space. What we need is a new feeling. We need to care about excitement and adventure. We need to go somewhere and do something, as a society, instead of fighting Russians, Asians and South American guerrillas to make the world safe for the uptight slob's paradise we are creating.

We need to care and to try, rather than to defend. Only if we stop being deluded by arms races and the rat race are we going to be aware of the things we need and want, and the things that really affect us. Because the trouble with the things we are supposed to care about is that they don't matter.

There is a film called *Sixteen in Webster Groves*. It is about high school juniors in a wealthy, conservative suburb of St. Louis.

They are dead-heads. They have empty faces and talk about nothing but grades and social position and how they would like to grow up and make money and have a nice house and security.

Only twenty per cent of them had skipped school even once.

These are the things, as the movie goes on to show, that they are told to care about by their parents and teachers. However, the filmmakers also found the outcasts of Webster Groves High School, the kids who didn't fit. These oddballs did have something of their own to say. They were the intellectuals and the vocational training kids.

It was not cool to take a vocational rather than an academic course.

Those who did were considered "out of it." But when some of the kids who took metal-working were interviewed, they said that no matter what the other kids thought, what they were doing was not Mickey Mouse.

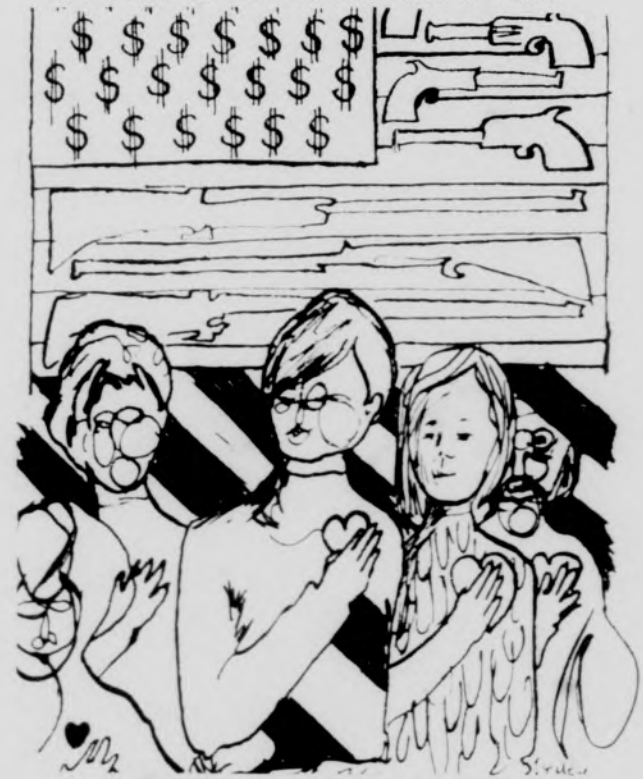
"We really work," they protested. "We're proud to look at something we built ourselves."

They are doing something important and something that they care about, but no one can see that. (The worst thing was that it all reminded me of my old high school.) Why can't we see real achievements, and respect individuality?

There is a good attitude in the space program. Schirra, "grumpy because of his cold," refused to prepare a television broadcast aboard the Apollo 7 because the equipment he had would not make a good enough quality film to satisfy him. Schirra's "I won't" was accepted without much question. Good. We must let people do their thing without bugging them.

Our society regiments human beings and ignores their needs. Not just their physical needs, but their emotional needs.

Albert Einstein was a very independent person who knew what was important to him. When his wife died, he was of course



very sad. One of his fellow scientists came to see him and, to cheer him up, they spent a few hours together on the hardest physics problems they could think of. When the other man was ready to leave, Albert Einstein was very grateful to him. "Thank you," he said. "It was fun."

He did not find comfort in the work he loved merely because he was a genius. But simply because he was a human being.

But how many people hate their jobs and work for the money, either because they have to, or because they don't care enough to change their jobs? (Or is it that they just don't have the energy?)

Around 1962, on the lower east side of Manhattan, the Real Great Society got started. A bunch of kids, mostly former gang members, got together and decided they wanted to do something, and they are doing it. They have a University of the Streets, where anyone can come in and teach anything, and anyone can just walk in and take any class that is offered, free. The gang members began by writing down on a three-by-five card: "What can I teach?" "What would I like to learn?" Anyone can now learn any-

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# A SKELETON FULL OF CLOSETS

This article completes a three-part series on the effects of the physical environment on the student body. Bruce Spitz, senior in urban studies, excerpted this series from research he has conducted in connection with his major.

By BRUCE SPITZ

In the fall of 1965, I enrolled at MSU and became a resident, in my own mind at least, of East Lansing. During the last three years, I have passed through a weird series of side-shows, through long hallways and plastic closets. To the accompaniment of Muzak and the enlightenment of green and white spotlights, plaid-clothed barkers softly mouthed, "We Care!" and "We're glad to have you!" The pamphleteer's pamphlet asserted that "though this is not the best, YOU are partaking in an explosive, dynamic, approaching-the-best institution." The bull horns belched directions. The chorus tumbled across green mats and screamed, "State is Great!" Toilet paper was thrown from the upper tiers. And I would fall into line and prepare myself for the next act.

But it has been three years. I'm tired of the preparations. The shows have lost their meaning. The vitality that I brought as a freshman has dissipated into weariness. To try to find out why is to reopen doors to now familiar closets. This article allows the public airing of five of these closets.

### Structure Suffocation

The frame of a car, the bones of our bodies. The steel beams of a skyscraper. We usually envision a skeleton as a structure, a support network designed to contain and protect a much more viable and vital system. It is not the frame that is of prime importance but the content which it securely encases. It is the proper function and operation of the organism that is the essence of the skeletal existence. Alarmingly enough, that situation has been reversed at MSU.

When I ask an upperclassman how many good courses he has taken since he has been here, courses that he considered to have been enlightening, he usually replies between two and four. And yet, how many lectures has he attended, how many exams has he taken, how many papers has he written, how many inane

and petty academic rituals has he adhered to? We operate within a processing plant of structure, skeletal beams so tightly packed together as to squash out all but very little content. We experience the stifling atmosphere in our classes, in the dorms and in our MSU patterned life-styles. The relevance, the meaning, the importance of what we do lies not in the content of our actions but in the act of doing them. We fall prone to an updated American disease, that of structure suffocation.

### The Perpetual Motion Machine

Life does not follow a normal curve. To inform someone that he has just undergone a third standard deviation experience is meaningless. Our lives are assymetrical. Unlike the Donna Reed Show, we do not exist in tightly packaged serials of love, crises and happy conclusions. Your relatives do not die every week nor do you get married every month. We walk along roads of varying intensities: ecstatic then miserable, confused than omniscient, active then bored. Much like the hanging scrolls of the Orient, sections of our lives are finely detailed, others sketchy and still others blank. At times we full the scroll. At times we shrivel and hide in one of the corners. Conflict arises when a rigid structured system is superimposed over the irregularity, the assymetry of our existence. MSU is such a system. It throbs with precision and dependability. Enrollment is the acceptance of the ten week period of production, the five week demarcation of cross-examination and the one week interim of collapse. MSU. The green and white merry-go-round. The constant straining for gold rings. The uneasy vertigo of perpetual motion.

However, if you succumb to system fatigue, if you start to tire and break your vows, if your own life suddenly spills like milk on concrete, if parental pressure and the draft are insufficient to keep you here; you can hand in your ticket. You can walk away from the carnival music and the garbled roar of 40,000. You can leave, if you know where to go and how to get there.

### The Statistics Syndrome

The tremendous student enrollment, the

necessary control of those students, the bureaucratic organization and procedures established to meet this task and the subsequent use of computers have led to an interesting phenomenon - the statistics syndrome. The first law of MSU human behavior states that if a concept of a thing cannot be objectified, it does not exist. How can it? How would the bureaucrats be able to record it? How would the computers be programmed? Your age, your sex, your major, your grades, your parent's income: these are the only true facts, the only substantive measure of a human being. Our dorms are built on the sand of economic returns, ounces of meat per meal and cubic feet per person. We are measured in terms of time units, subject units, credit units and grade units. No one has ever successfully explained to me what 10 weeks of five credits of 3.0 grades of Russian history means. At the risk of being preposterous, I doubt whether the credit is a valid knowledge unit and suspect that the credit of grades (the alleged accurate measure of the intensity of those mythical units) is a sign of absurdity.

For those who consider the statistics syndrome as right and necessary, I ask them to consider the concepts that cannot be completely objectified, the words that imply more than can be statistically computed, the ideas that are a large part subjective entities. What of freedom, of loneliness, of self? It teaches us that if they exist, they can be found only in the material and productively operational world. All subjective connotations are banished to the backwaters of our minds, decay into unobtrusive sediment. To stir this sediment is to question who you are. That question is far too dangerous for far too many of us. Never taught to think or be objective, we would collapse; better the plastic waters of a plastic world.

### Vanishing Act/Geshtalt

Students are aware of the pressure under which the faculty insists: the necessity to publish, the advantages accrued from foreign studies, the work in committees and sometimes, the desire to be within a competent department and to be an excellent teacher. Let me get personal about it. You, the faculty, as teachers and as men of excellence in one narrow field of knowledge, are hindered severely by the contained quality of your involvement. From that precipice of specialization, you will never be able to help attain or actualize the full potential that exhibits; rather your approach will only worsen the present situation.

For example, controlled in a class last spring - IDC 303 Africa. The materials were good. The lectures were initially interesting. The class was a flop. A fourth factor overwhelmed the

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--Shirley Echols

THE OLD PAL  
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--Stephen Hathaway

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--James Sherwood Tipton

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** An attempt to justify this form of poetry would only develop into a rambling discourse of semantics. Suffice it to say then (cop-out) that the **POEMS** which appear on these pages have, in a sense, transcended the dimensions of familiar descriptive relations. They have in fact founded their own dimensions through the device of mixing media. Some, like Albert Drake's, "post-impressionism success," have become pure **SOUNDSCAPES**. Others, like Stephen Hathaway's, swastica creation, and Albert Drake's, "**Lines For Moss, TWO**," have bombarded our senses from so many directions that they have become **WORDART LANDSCAPES**. The rest of the poems offered here, for the most part, use a sight-device technique to illustrate a single thought or scene.



# Renaissance in education?

By TOM BOWERS

"I'm happy here," Enrico Forni remarks to his class as he leans back in his chair and breaks into that warm, slightly self-conscious grin of a person confessing a personal truth. He means it. His whole face is smiling. Then there is a pause of perhaps half a second as his eyebrows and forehead give a fleeting hint of frustration. The smile covers a vaguely helpless gesture of his hand when he adds: "I'm not ready to go home."

Enrico Forni is an Italian, a visiting professor at MSU. He is on leave from the University of Bologna in northern Italy. Bologna is the oldest nontheological university in Europe and has a long heritage of traditions. The heritage is nice, but a few years ago Forni began to get restless under the traditions. Italian higher education seemed to him to be missing something to be too tied down, to be almost irrelevant. "I was bored," he says, "and I wanted to get out and see something else. I was mad because I know there must be something more but I couldn't get it at Bologna." So he decided to go abroad. Ignoring his apprehensions, he came to the United States in the summer of 1967 and spent the first confusing months at MSU. He was terrified, he admits, especially because he was obliged to speak English. With laughter that comes only from regained confidence, he describes the anxious minutes he spent circling Morrill Hall to build up courage for his first encounter with the chairman of MSU's Philosophy Dept. In the fall of 1967 he went to teach at San Francisco State College, still scared, and still unsure of what he wanted.

When Forni returned to MSU's Philosophy Dept. in the fall of this year, he had a new outlook on things. For one thing, he could at last speak good English without undue strain. But much more important, he had found

something he was searching for. Forni came to the United States to do research on the philosophy of history. But a year of participation in American higher education had a profound effect on this man who had been bored in the atmosphere of a European university. Something about the openness of American education first impressed him. Soon the whole concept of the American educational system began to fascinate Forni. He forgot his research and began to study the educational concepts he saw and was experiencing.

**The connection in America between life and scholarship is a key to his interest. "In America every activity of life is studied and taught," he says in a tone which betrays admiration.**

When Forni begins to talk about education, he sounds excited. As the discussion goes deeper his conversation gets faster and he forgets to put a question mark in his voice each time he uses a word from his English reading vocabulary. *The* becomes *ze* and *something* becomes *tsomezing*, but the ideas come through clearly anyway. He has obviously thought a great deal about what he likes and dislikes in education.

**"Public education is a public service. Therefore it must be a function of society,"** Forni has written. Education fits properly into society by teaching people to function in society. Students in America learn how to perform in life. An engineering student is ready to go to work when he finishes his education, and a journalism major is taught to write for a real newspaper. Forni finds European education too academic and too separated from real life. Programs emphasize things like law and humanities. If you study medicine, Forni remarks, you don't learn how to work in a hospital. An Italian college

graduate can hardly enter a professional field without on-the-job training. American education does relate life and scholarship and, to Forni, this is what has made America rich and powerful.

**"But education must not be a tool of society,"** Forni warns. Education should effect its environment, not be controlled by it. Forni finds a major shortcoming in the American system to be a tendency to make education subservient to society. He considers the idea of a board of trustees to be a sign of this major flaw. Education should be run by specialists, he says, "not by Ronald Reagans and gas station owners sitting on the board of trustees."

Regardless of its shortcomings, American education provides a model which the more rigid European systems ought to study, Forni says. This is what motivates him right now and he is writing about American education in an effort to influence the educational system of Italy and the rest of western Europe. European universities fail to function in society, Forni emphasizes, and he hopes his articles and the book he is writing will help prod the Italian academic community into a more progressive attitude.

**"My aim is a political one,"** Forni says earnestly. **"This study is not just academic. I want to effect some change."**

Forni, who holds a doctoral degree in theoretical philosophy, is the equivalent of an associate professor at Bologna. At MSU he teaches history of philosophy. He seems amused at the difficulty American students supposedly have in making 8 o'clock classes. 8 o'clock is not early to me, he says, but the class is always sleepy. "Maybe," he suggests with an assumed expression of one giving inside information, "maybe philosophy is too dull to teach at 8 a.m."

## *Creative People Of The World, Submit!*

... Submit your ideas, poems, stories, articles, et al, to **Collage**. We are now accepting material for next term's issues. If you are alive, imaginative, and ready for a challenge, **Collage** is for you. We are still at the State News office, Sunday through Thursday afternoons.





# Assassin? Or Assassin?

(continued from page three)

In the final analysis after tests like these, CBS essentially agreed with the Warren Commission, with some small variations in the story. The public at that point could hardly be blamed for being in confusion. An understandable opinion was that the questions were unresolvable and one might as well believe whomever one liked.

### Six seconds in Dallas

Fortunately at this point objectivity entered the scene in the person of Josiah Thompson of Haverford College. Having concluded that the Warren Report left much to be desired, but noticing that most criticism had been only destructive, Thompson attacked the problem: If the Warren Commission had erred, was it possible to determine what really had happened in Dealey Plaza? Working as much as possible from primary sources, Thompson studied the case for over a year before publishing his results. On the basis of detailed photographic analysis (using enlargements, dissecting microscopes, projectors and optical scales wherever applicable) and the consideration and organization of evidence glossed over or not known to the Warren Commission, Thompson arrived at several conclusions which contradicted commission findings.

Besides a large number of statements correcting persistent mistakes in analysis of the films, Thompson made two major contributions. Acting as consultant for Life magazine, he studied the clear Life blow-ups of the Zapruder film and for the first time saw enough evidence to prove that Gov. Connally

had been correct in stating that he had been struck by the second bullet, different from the one which had already struck the President at this point. The explanation for this belated noticing of evidence lies at least partly in the inferior quality of the film used by the FBI for the commission; it was a copy of a copy. Life still has the originals today. At the crucial point in the film (frames 234-238) Commissioner Allen Dulles asked the FBI expert if the "jerky motion in Connally" was a motion in Connally or a jerk in the film; the FBI expert could only reply "You can't tell." I spent a full day of my time at the National Archives in Washington studying the Zapruder film frames and paying particular attention to the governor. The clearest way to separate the motions proved to be this: using two projectors, I superimposed nearby frames (in this case 236 and 238) on the same screen in such a way that the fixed parts of the car (window sill, door handle) remained stationary when we flipped back and forth between the frames. The motions then observed in Connally - the 20 degree shoulder drop, the puffing of his cheeks, the disarrangement of his hair, etc. - were quite obvious when brought out in this way. In light of the related testimony and evidence, the logic of the case necessitated an additional assassin to the rear of the motorcade.

Thompson's other major contribution lay in studying the motions of the President's head after the fatal shot, which visibly explodes the right side of the President's head at frame 313. By making extremely careful mea-

surements, Thompson proved that many people had noticed already, that the fatal shot drove the President violently back and to the left, slamming him against the back of the seat. Thompson made a detailed analysis of the situation in light of witness testimony and medical evidence and other possible explanations. For instance, he showed that the car did not suddenly accelerate at this point. He led to the conclusion that Mark Lane's hypothesis of a gunman on the grassy knoll, which lies to the right front of the motorcade route, is indeed confirmed by the evidence. My study of this portion of the film, in light of the physics of conservation of momentum, led me to feel that if anything Thompson understated his case. On this point Counsel Liebeler could only say of the official analysis of the film, "It's only since the critics have raised this point that anybody has ever looked at it closely."

While Thompson's book, like all others, is not totally free from error, his main conclusions appear well-reasoned. However, they flatly contradict the commission findings of a lone assassin. To briefly summarize for a no-doubt confused reader, Thompson feels that in a period of about six seconds, three assassins fired a total of four shots, one hitting the President and one hitting the governor. The question naturally comes to mind how the other assassins escaped the commission analysis and who they might

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# Decide Before It's Too Late

(continued from page four)

thing from acting to accounting. They just got a \$70,000 grant (ask and you shall receive).

There was a sort of immediacy about them. They had figured out a way to help solve a poverty problem in a small town on Long Island, and were ready to carry it out before the conventional people had decently pulled over and digested the fact that things were bad in that little town. (But never mind, conventional people, speed is not the most important thing. The most important thing is that we realize we can do something.)

No one seems to realize the importance of the goals that humanly matter, at least not those who are in power. Many of the needs we minimize are more important than we think. We are restless with the need for ad-



venture and curiosity, with the need to make a real contribution to human beings rather than just to make money, with the need to feel that the things around us are part of us (even cooking our own food helps in this respect,) and with the need to feel we can do something that makes a difference. We need to feel alive.

It is disastrous to ignore our feelings. If something really hurts us, but no one believes it is an important thing, then we become confused and torn apart inside. We are deprived even of simple sadness.

If something is important to us emotionally, but we don't realize it intellectually, we are likely to ignore it, and to do something which we think we should do, but which leaves us empty.

A society's people need to have meaningful goals in common, or they become lost and confused. When you think something is exciting and important, but no one else does, you become a lonely person. When you need something, but no one else sees it as a need, including yourself, you become a lonely person.

We live in a society where most of us will be lost and in which people who are imaginative are going to be very lonely.



# Word-plastics: new graphics

By HUGH FOX

Hugh Fox is a professor of ATL at MSU. He is editor of the "International Quarterly of Experimental Poetry."

First a little name-dropping: J.F. Bory ("Approches"), Ugo Carrega ("Tool"), Pierre Garnier, Martino Oberto ("Ana Eccetera"), Wally Depews, Dick Higgins ("Something Else Press").

Now some explaining. The above are the names of poet-experimentalists who no longer try to use words to communicate as thought-symbol units but, rather, avoiding lineal, type-age "meaning," try to use words as a plastic matrix to be moulded and manipulated to give immediate, plastic effects. J.F. Bory, the editor of *Approches*, for example, in his "Hiroshima" begins with a dot-size word-conglomerate that expands outward toward the reader as he turns the pages, until finally the conglomerate moves off the page and the reader's eye is led into space and then blackness. The image literally explodes toward the reader. Fear is communicated by words without using them as thought-symbols. In another poem of Bory's, "Saga," using the two words "On Va" he attempts a



kind of history of communication. First the ON VA'S fill the page like back columns or pillars and a small figure stares out from behind a huge N. Meaning? Ancient man begins to emerge timidly into the symbolic word-world. Next, stone Assyrian faces are interspersed between military rows of ON VA'S. Word and non-word break apart, the ON VA'S are "dislocated," "fragmented" and eventually formed into a map. On this map instead of cities the

parts of speech ("sujet," "verbe," "sufixe") are given. Reality has been totally subjugated to the word. The linear abstract word-world has taken over. Again "communication" using words as graphic, plastic symbols.

Ugo Carrega in Milan looks at language in a way very similar to J.F. Bory--only even more in terms of a TOTAL plastic expression. Carrega is interested in:

the world of verbal-phonetic signs (of the words apart from their meaning or sound) and the world of graphic signs (their physical appearance, the "matter" of the word on the page.)

*(il mondo dei segni verbofonetici (della parole nel loro significato e suono) e il mondo dei segni grafici (l'aspetto fisico, materiale della parola sul foglio).)*

In his work "Segno Vita," for example, a multi-limbed red design is projected on a bright orange surface and words skate along the edges of three of the six limbs. His "Rossa essenziale" is composed of a straight line at the top of the page ("non principio e fine," written under it) followed by what look like drawings of neurons with text ("governa ma l'ultimo fatto:ora") placed contrapuntally along the edges, followed by more text (e dal complesso, enorme agita l'universo), a small, black, red-centered circle, more text (secondo gli Antichi), a black and white Yin-Yan symbol. The text as "idea-vehicle," though, is totally subordinated to the visual-emotional effect of the word-drawing complex as design on the page.

The works of other poets that Carrega publishes in *Tool* often approach Pop Art. This is especially true of Alviani's black and yellow squares-within-squares, Luigi Ferro's complex geometric figure made out of black L's and red R's, or Maurizio Spatola's "Intercromatico" composed of a red-lined parallelogram in the middle of a "field" of parallel black lines--all in *Tool* No. 6. At times Carrega returns to more conventional word-sound-meaning play as in his "Ti M Mare" where he uses "mare" (sea) to evoke "un uomo a mare" (a man at sea), but most recently he has shown a marked trend toward total visualization.

Pierre Garnier, especially interested in "spacialism" (spatialisme) and concrete poetry, although he often does silk-screen art work (as in his "Le O est omnipresent..."), works primarily with a Gestetner silk-screen-type mimeo and an ordinary typewriter to make figures out of letters. In his Jeanne D'Arc (an "historical structure"), for example, "The Angel of the Annunciation" is drawn with y's, z's,

a's, u's, e's, x's, etc. Here the typewriter becomes a substitute for a pencil or brush--but there is no relationship between Garnier's "drawings" and words as "thought-vehicles." Technically, though, in terms of presentation, Garnier's work does not approach that of Bory or Carrega. Bory and Carrega are technically "slick," neat, hold to a firm hard line and highly refined surface, whereas the work of Garnier is flaccid, often amateurish. The plastic manipulation of word-structures demands precision and technical mastery.

Although at first glance some of the work of Martino Oberto (a friend of Ugo Carrega's) seems merely an extension of Carrega's "scrittura simbiotica" (symbiotic writing) it is really much more ambitious. Oberto describes the purpose of his magazine *Ana Eccetera* as: the operational awareness (ceccato) of the specific exercise of linguistic



terms, integrative levels for a type of language programmed to the philosophical abstractism (verbalizations taking as a model the operation-sense in the language-game (with Wittgenstein), synoptical writing as serial montage, transcriptions, graphic semantics, anamorphosis and a new extraction of the term (abstract), from the essentialism to the "thought by machine," in the intention of a philosophical language, to distinguish the sense of the operation from the operation you do, then a philosophy taught as *ars* (a poetical philosophy)

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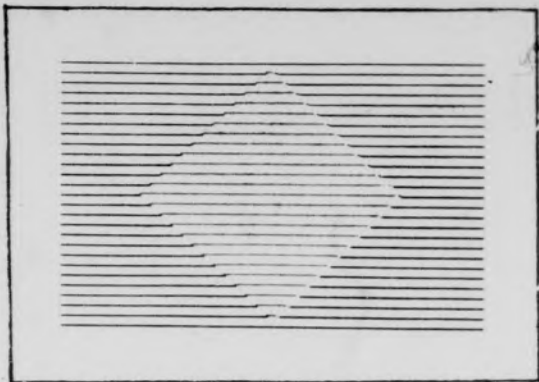
Linguistically-based. Oberto tries--among other things--to find links between graphics (*grafico*), words (*verbale*) and their analogical equivalents. In *Ana Etcetera 6*, for example, in a section of "sem-graphics," a black spot followed by its analytical equivalent ("a definite form--element"), its "association" ("soleil noir"--black sun), then its analogical equivalent ("un trou sans contour a la surface du vide"--a cavity without contour on the surface of emptiness). A white spot in the middle of a red square becomes an "indefinite element of form," a "mer rouge" (red sea), whose equivalent analogue is "air becoming the recipient of a neutral form containing a neutral form."

Here conventional language is viewed as an impediment to total communication and a new word-graphics combination is sought that will "get behind" language to "reality." Oberto does not seem to belong in the same category as his friend Carrega (or Bory and Garnier), but in fact all these poets have in common an interest in transcending language and moving toward a Heideggerian confrontation with "Existenz." Also, it is important to note here that they are only remotely related to that E.E. Cummings-A.L. Gillespie attempt to "explode" or "resensitize" language to approximate immediate, in-life language situations, although Oberto, the most semantically, meaning-oriented of the group, does, in a sense approach Gillespie's program of returning to "the original flash-sensar-Consciousness QUANTITY of Images, that polygonating Impact-series of the was-aspected Ideation." (*Transition*, 12, March, 1928, P. 173).

The origins of this contemporary experimentation extend back to the experimental climate of Europe at the beginning of the 20th century. In the 1910 "Futurist Painting: Technical Manifesto" of Boccioni, Carra, Russoio, Ball and Severini we find a declaration on painting that applies just as well to poetry: "... all subjects previously used must be swept aside in order to express our whirling life of steel, of pride, of fever and of speed." In Tristan Tzara's "Dada Manifesto" (1918) the anti-traditional program becomes even more far-reaching: "I am against systems, the most acceptable system is on principle to have none ... I detest greasy objectivity and harmony, the science that finds everything in order." In his 1934 "What is Surrealism?" looking back to the earlier battles gained by the surrealist revolution, Andre Breton writes: "Surrealism ... was securing expression in all its purity and force. The freedom it possesses is a perfect freedom in the sense that it recognizes no limitations exterior to itself."

Most of the "experimental" contemporary poetry is directly descended from this ferment of activity in the period between 1905 and 1935.

In the surrealist magazine *La Surrealisme au*



*Service de la Revolution* (No. 5) are two poems by Giacometti combining faces, spaces and words, others by Michel Leiris that are very reminiscent of Pierre Garnier's "letter-pictures." On the other hand Kurt Schwitters' own literary invention "Merzism" was a literary equivalent of random collage-work, and although it lacked the total plastic orientation of a Giacometti or Leiris, it does point toward a definite elimination of "meaning" as the *raison d'etre* of poetry:

By ALBERT DRAKE

*GHOST DANCE No. 2* (Hugh Fox, Editor, Dept. of ATL, MSU), 31 pp., 75c.

The ghost begins to dance in East Lansing, but its shimmering steps will be seen from afar. Its editor, Hugh Fox, might call it a mindblast. What he does call it is: The International Quarterly of Experimental Poetry, and its policy is "To save the printed word from obsolescence by stretching it into the media-revolution now-world."

Or: W

ORD means lineal button-down SEQUENCE and what is desired is ALLITONCENESS

Although there are poems here that are linear and frankly sequential, the emphasis is on experimental poetry which, in one way or another, breaks out of traditional frames--such as Jean-Francois Bory's *Hiroshima*, where words and letters swirl on the page, and the next page, and the next, each time moving closer until the reader really is "involved."

Other poems are catalogues, visually manipulated verbal pictures, concretes, etc. There are also translations of Heinrich Boll from the German, of Manuel Santos from the Spanish, of Carrega from the Italian, etc. And for a real mindblast, try reading some of these poems aloud.

Stagger.  
Rainworms.  
Fishes.  
Fishes.  
Clocks.  
The cow.  
The woodland leaps through the leaves.  
A drop of asphalt in the snow.  
Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry.  
A wise man explodes without payment.

Some critics like Matthew Josephson saw that the American Billboard Culture (later to become Pop Art) nicely combined meaning (the sell) and graphics (the design), but for the most part the furthest that U.S. poets went was in the direction of Cummings-esque or Poundian word-puzzles, just as today in the United States most of our furthest out poetic experimentalists like Vito Hannibal Acconci or Aram Sareyan are not so much experimentalists as exhibitionists. Saryoan, for example, in an old-hat concrete poetry fad long ago superseded in European circles, fills pages with one word like **BLACK** or "prints" books with nothing else but empty pages. Among U.S. poets there are very few who, like Richard Kostelanetz or Lynn Lonidier or Wally Depew, approach the genuine originality of a Bory or Carrega. Kostelanetz, widely knowledgeable in modern theater (author of *The Theatre of Mixed Means*, 1968) and the whole U.S. contemporary cultural scene, does poems like a "Tribute to Henry Ford" where part one is made up of a series of large T's arranged on the page like cars in a parking lot, part two is a design with A's and part three is a cloverleaf intersection design made out of A's and T's combined.

Lynn Lonidier in her *Po Tree* (1967) works out a contrapuntal meaning-graphics combination that is very amusing, putting improbable word-combinations like **TENDER TENEMENT TENNIS DENTIST, PATENT EYES, BUILD-**

**ING BALL NOSTRIL** or **WORLD'S FAIR HAIR-PIECE** on the same page as a drawing of a 1939 style gas stove. Wally Depew's **Block Poems** are merely designs made with individual letters.

But Lonidier, Kostelanetz and Depew are rare birds on the U.S. poetry scene, and except for them and a few others the only equivalents of the contemporary European poetry experimentation in the United States are in poster art, record covers, experimental films and some rock groups ... all of which have in common the conveyance of emotion through "direct" rather than "indirect" (two-stage) sensory impact.

In a recent letter to me, Dick Higgins of Something Else Press, the most important publishing center of *avant-garde* materials in the United States, and an important member of European *avant-garde* work-writers:

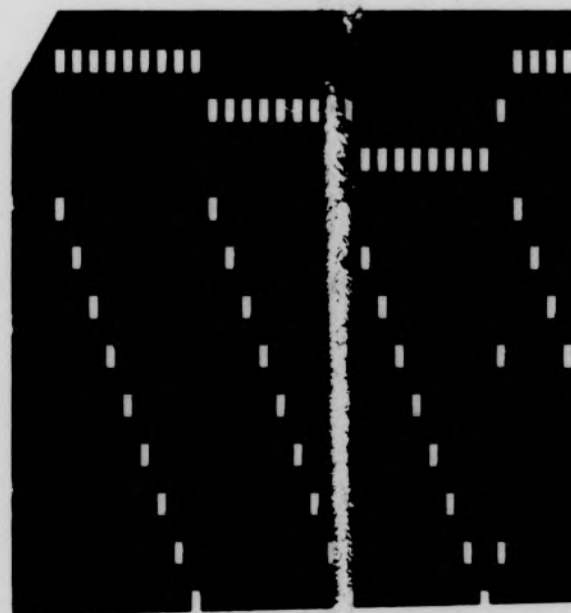
... we are taught to think that there is something peculiarly iconoclastic and verve-full in American *avant-garde* work: actually it isn't so. What happens in Providence, R.I. in 1968 becomes known in New York in 1969, and throughout the world in 1970--especially in Madrid, London, Nice, Prague, Berlin, Dusseldorf, Milano and Frankfurt, where the action is (Tokyo seems to have slowed down).

Higgins' big mistake here--I think, is to fail to recognize *where* the action is in U.S. art--in the young rock groups, poster makers, clothes designers, interior decorators, folk singers, ballet dancers and in some very alive contemporary U.S. playwrights. Minds like those of Ann Halprin, the director of the Dancer's Workshop in San Francisco, or playwright Allan Kaprow, think primarily in terms of "plastic impact." European "plastic" poetry borrows freely from dance, painting, sculpture, playwriting and media become "mixed," the compartments between genres are removed. Completely "non-academic" art-acivities--I'm thinking of rock groups like the Electric Prunes or the Grateful Dead--however, have out of classification and categorization "cross-- and inter--genre patterns much as European poets do.

Just how "traditional" most U.S. poetry is came home rather forcefully the other night when a poet-friend of mine said: "Robert Frost claims that writing verse without rhyme is like playing tennis without a racket ... but I do it all the time." He was apologetic and seemed happily unaware of the "revolutions" of Dada, Surrealism, Merzism, Futurism and all the other "isms" which should have had some influence on the United States, but which, for the most part, have been nil. Another statement from the Higgins letter quoted above, though, at least shows the direction that the U.S. thought should take:

... I suppose the answer is that we are trying to really BELONG to the Global Village. We don't care much for the more typical U.S. attitude that "so what if it happened in Stuttgart or Rome if it hasn't happened in New York it hasn't really happened."

One can only hope that some of the plastic energy of other U.S. art forms can be somehow transferred into U.S. poetry at the same time that the hoped-for global village comes closer to becoming more of an immediate reality.



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LA FRONDE

Michel LEIRIS,

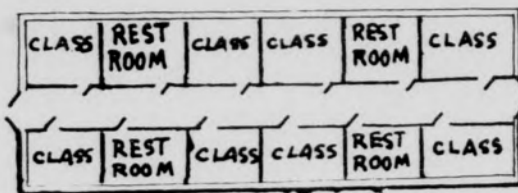
# A Skeleton Full Of Closets

(continued from page five)

in 106 Wells Hall. Several hundred people gathered in a white-walled, concrete-blocked, sterility ward. Thirty feet high, a 100 or so feet long - it is the biggest john in the world. I kept looking over my shoulders expecting to see stalls lined up against the walls. It is very hard for a speaker to develop any rapport with an audience in that setting or for the audience to respond; they just wanted to get up and leave.

I suggest that this campus is constructed in that fashion-you just want to get up and leave. Leave the dorms. Leave the large classes (in Fall of 1966 there were over 25,000 student enrollments in classes of 100 or more). Leave the television 'lectures' (during 1966-67 over 62,000 students were enrolled in TV classes). Leave the impersonal, non-human, sexless, tense environment that is MSU. Leave the anxiety and the pressures that we brought here and the fertile MSU soil within which they so eagerly blossomed.

Empty rituals, pressure, mechanization, anxiety, crowds, isolation, totality, classes . . . Here is where the apathy lies; here is where the drabness, the dull gloss of unconcerned eyes and minds are born. And for all your concern as academicians and teachers, for all your fragmented sincerity, your inability to challenge and to search for change on the broad, more encompassing level of the total environment, will be the reason for your failure. When you stop doubting your own actions as being insufficient, when you recapture the excitement that teaching once held, when you reconsider the pupil and challenge the premise that the student has a plebeian outlook, a childish desire to remain childlike and is the necessary recipient of regurgitated knowledge: when you do that



and then question why--maybe you will begin to attack the problem in the proper perspective. That bored, uninterested class you instruct is filled with members of a nervous, confused, frustrated generation. We are in a constant state of polarization. While we slush through the resignation and life-weariness of our parents and the 'adult' world, we feel a torrent within us whine. "But I thought life was more!" While we search to find ourselves, we feel the grasping claws and the bony fingers of others tell us who we are. While we meander in daydreams and life in romantic fields of success, of love and of acknowledgement, we are placed in mechanical dorms and promised jobs with IBM and Ford. While we yearn to "DO something," we are relegated to the peanut gallery of the uncertified where we wait and watch the 'qualified' maim and botch our world. While we beg to be left alone, to withdraw from the pressure, to regain our composure, to allow ourselves to coagulate and heal, we are threatened and coerced - Diploma or the Draft, Diploma or Failure, Diploma or Disgrace.

MSU stands enclosed and encapsulated: an assembly line of rituals, a test of endurance. Each succeeding year MSU strips her students of patience and compassion, dismembers their minds, shatters them into the fragmentary world of 'expertise without conscience,' and forcibly molds their bodies into her plastic image. As teachers at this institution,

you do not have the right to look at us, at our apathy and mediocrity, with disgust and disdain. Look outside that classroom window. Look at that glorious benefactor of all that is good and right. And then look into the ivory windows of your own minds. What have you done to change it? To what extent are you responsible for it? Or are you as we, petty pawns lost in a petty game of status and information commercialism? Do you also plead ignorance and impotency? Do you also squander your lives in promises for tomorrow? Do you also sit with us in a nervous twilight of uncertainty, tapping your feet to the blissless rhythm of cogs and hollow voices?

### The New Satisficer

The final closet of this article concerns the concept of "satisficing." Satisficing is an economic term which reconciles the difficulty man has in optimizing his profits. On the theoretical level economic man has perfect knowledge of all the variables; on the real level he does not. So, he aims for an area of economic returns within which he will be satisfied. Extend the meaning of profits to encompass life-returns and we notice that the satisficer takes on new connotations. Instead of shooting for the best, we now aim for the least worse and the best escape. School rather than the Draft. Suburbia rather than the City. Nixon rather than Humphrey. The least worse type of life; the best escape from living. Freedom reigns and the American dream wins the pole vault at the Olympics.

In conclusion of this article and this series, I ask that you consider a rather interesting paradox. If the Universe implies the perfect and absolute containment of all that exists, then how many Universes constitute a Multiverse.

# Dallas . . .

(continued from page nine)


### The Garrison Commission

Dist. Atty. Jim Garrison of New Orleans feels that he can answer those questions. His investigation from the fall of 1966 to the spring of 1967 led to the arrest on March 1, 1967, of Clay Shaw, a prominent New Orleans resident, for conspiracy in the assassination. Garrison claimed to have solved the assassination with regard to the identity of the conspirators and their motives. After the initial sensation the American news media looked the other way as the wheels of justice rolled through the appeal courts Shaw's lawyers sought an injunction against prosecution by Garrison on the grounds that Garrison had bribed and threatened witnesses among other misdoings. Newsweek, Time, NBC and the New Yorker repeated the charges. The judges were apparently unimpressed. Garrison has won all legal encounters so far. The case is presently reaching the Supreme Court of Chief Justice Earl Warren.


### Conclusion

While the precise details of the Garrison investigation must legally remain secret until the trial (despite polemics to the effect that Garrison should put up now or shut up), Thompson's book more than any other has gone beyond mere refutation of the Warren Report and has presented reasonable and convincing alternatives regarding the events in Dealey Plaza. For the interested reader, I suggest the following list of sources as the best place to begin a look beyond the Warren Report. I further welcome any comments, opinions or questions regarding the details of the points of controversy and how the photographs help to resolve them.

No doubt the timing and content of this article will bring to me charges of irreverence or (at best) irresponsibility. To the latter charge I can only reply with the photographic evidence as I have studied it. To the first charge I stand in agreement with those who feel that the memory of President Kennedy's life is less than adequately served by the official endorsement of a mendacious account of his death.




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