Another of his accomplishments is his ability to shock the reader in one line, or, at most, two. It is an emotional shock, one enhanced by a master of acajunct, which in much like Froe's, in "Out, Out..." for instance in the matter of Jed Steinen, "child solitaire," and many others. We can picture "his little smile," "Themes," and so many others. But Mr. Spacks has made it into something short of a miracle: "Fly from the mouth of the singing bird, Fly from that narrow mouth at evening, Nickelete, among the oak."  

Barry Spacks has the feeling of MIT and he has his own way of showing the incoherency of time stretched out like the long panes of glass and stone. "themes of love" best represents the emptiness of dawn within the confines of the "laying in". In "memory of Jed Stein," "Petits et Parlois," "The Cell," and "Students in a sanctuary" are also MIT poems. These are not surprising, because there is a great need to have humorous moments when there is the reality of the world. These same emotions are common and important to all of us. We would do well to be more humorous like this Non-Paisley.

A few of his poems are splendid indeed. "The theme of Jed Stein" in particular, "child Adam" and "low-budget film." The former, which he read aloud at the readings, is a childhood fantasy wherein he must name his dog as "God's princess froncito." His rhyming couplets give the poem a pleasantly playful tone, a childlike.

I named the ones with jangs, with jangs.
Apanateur! Ask! Dolphin small!
Kingfish! Kingfisher! Mombur! What! House of Sunset Nightlight!

A witlessness permeates much of the poetry in this collection, and these poems brought laughter to the audience at the readings last Friday night. Such items as "The Vet of the past," "a house without a roof," his humble and his ability to verbally express tongue-in cheek notions of figures, and "child Adam" are likely to be read for the words they have to hope a tongue wrapped around them.

One important feature of his poems are the expressions of personal and social concern for the world, and especially humanity. His images are indicative of these feelings; they are visually stunning and appear to be a kind of window to the world for those who have to hope a tongue wrapped around them.

More often than not, his poems are easy as a common where an affable sense in a manner of speaking, full of the joy of the feelings that weave about within him as in most of us, bits and pieces of Cape Anne ammunitions, alabaster


d-portulcees marching on the Common.
His famous speech in the Public Garden. Incoherency of meaningful compounds. Or in "Back From N.Y.C."...You're here, as calm as ever, home with your son, with the air of an old campaigner, back from N.Y.C.

How many people have felt that...will i have?

In this the poet is inseparable from his poems; they are the blood running the courses of his veins. Barry Spacks shows us that he is not one to shirk the responsibilities of his feelings. He shares them in complete trust, and seeks only trust in return. Like "Students in sanctuaries" which he dedicated to the AWOL soldier in the Student Center anytime a few years back.

They are slow. They are very slow, and careful with each other.

The next time that you go to the Coop to buy a scoop, look for those poems. They're under an early spring green-yellow dust jacket with a white border. And just pick the thin book up (it's not all that thin, with conjunctions and verbosities) open to "child Adam" on page 4 and see what it's like. And give it a try. It's isn't even difficult. Then if you're not satisfied entirely, try "Steinuben" on page 46; It's fun. And there's a very person to move and your emotions needs a jab, turn to "in Memory of Jed Stein" on page 15.

If you're satisfied then buy it. It won't soon be worth, or as it. After the initial investment of time, and when you've begun to understand some of the haste pieces, it plays easier than it's, as long as you wish. It doesn't require any expensive camera, or, up, or $2500 camera, and it's absolutely portable. Human feelings are all that's needed.

Professor Barry Spacks

Joni Mitchell

plays for fortune

New me, I play for fortune, And those rebelt certain calls, I've got a black limousine, And two gentlemen, Enamor me to the balls, And I play if you have the money, Or if you're a friend to me... Joni Mitchell, trot: "For Free"... When Joni Mitchell came to do a rare live performance at the Music Hall, among the audience last Friday night, she played all of her Velvet Curtain and all, a week ago, one of her favorites went; singer/songwriter Jackson Browne.

Brownie, while writing for the past several years, had yet to put out an album of his own until just recently. Called simply Jackson Browne, it features such distinguished singer-songwriters as Lowell George and Delaney and Bonnie, with some topflight session players like Clarence White and Jesse Davis, and a topflight band. It's the first album of Browne's that is more harmony and his ability to verbally express tongue-in cheek notions of figures, and "child Adam" are likely to be read for the words they have to hope a tongue wrapped around them.

Jackson Browne was the warm-up act at the Music Hall, and the capacity crowd (as the concert had been sold out shortly after tickets went on sale) immediately took to his relaxed, easy style. He did much of the material from his record, without any accompaniment, save his own guitar and piano work. He also added a rocking "Sweet Little Sixteen," a little bit of a song about sin at a Holiday Inn, and two of his best works that weren't included in Jackson Browne. "These Days" and "Colors of the Sun"—both songs by Tom Rush on his first Columbia album. No one questions Browne's excellent writing in songs such as "Rock Me on the Water," "Jamaica," "Frost's Course of the Journey," "Back From N.Y.C.:" but his performance of the same songs are the expressions of personal and social concern for the world, and especially humanity. His images are indicative of these feelings; they are visually stunning and appear to be a kind of window to the world for those who have to hope a tongue wrapped around them.

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