Michael Johnson, an MSU artist at work. See related cover notes, page 10. Photo by Mike Schoenhofen
Calendar of Events Feb. 1-14

THURSDAY, FEB. 1
"Patch of Blue" (7 & 9, Brady)
Richard Linde on "The Middle East" (8:00, Aud.)
Farmers Week

FRIDAY, FEB. 2
Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
Chaplin & Fields (7 & 9, 108 Wells)
"Patch of Blue" (7 & 9, Wilson)
"Bad Day at Black Rock" (7:00, 109 Anthony)
Last Day! Art Exhibition, Carl Matsuda (Lansing Public Library)
"From Chaos Into Order" (8:00, Abrams Planetarium)
Music From Marlboro (8:15, Music Aud.)
Record Concert (7:00, 114 Bessey)

SATURDAY, FEB. 3
Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
"Absent Minded Professor" and "The Shaggy Dog" (7:30, Aud.)
"Patch of Blue" (7 & 9, Conrad)
"From Chaos Into Order" (2:30 & 8, Abrams Planetarium)
Basketball, MSU vs. Michigan State
Wrestling, MSU vs. Illinois

SUNDAY, FEB. 4
Graduate Recital, Constance Roeder on piano (4:00, Music Aud.)
"From Chaos Into Order" (2:30 & 8, Abrams Planetarium)

MONDAY, FEB. 5
Olivier's "Richard III" (7:30, Aud.)

TUESDAY, FEB. 6
"Animal Farm" (PAC, 8:00, Aud., Arena)
Olivier's "Richard III" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
"La Traviata" (7:30, Aud.)
Cello Recital, Joseph Schuster (6:15, Music Aud.)
All-A Dinner (6:00, Union)

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 7
"Animal Farm" (PAC, 8:00, Aud., Arena)
Sudha Chandra Sekhar, Classical dances of India (8:15, Fairchild)

FRIDAY, FEB. 9
"Sleeping Beauty" (7:30, Aud.)
Faculty Recital, Elsa Ludewig on clarinet (6:15, Music Aud.)
"How to Succeed in Business" (5:30, West Jr. High)
"Stagecoach" (7 & 9, Wilson)
"Sorority Rising" and other short classics (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
African Film Series
"Animal Farm" (5:00, Aud., Arena)
Record Concert (7:00, 114 Bessey)
"From Chaos Into Order" (2:30 & 8, Abrams Planetarium)
Hockey, MSU vs. Michigan State

SATURDAY, FEB. 10
"The Night of the Iguana" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
"Stagecoach" (7 & 9, Conrad)
"Animal Farm" (8:00, Aud., Arena)
"How to Succeed in Business" (5:30, West Jr. High)
Richard Mason on "The Himalayas" (8:00, Aud.)
W. C. Fields Birthday Alumni Distinguished Scholarship Series
"From Chaos Into Order" (2:30 & 8, Abrams Planetarium)
Swimming, MSU vs. Ohio State Track, MSU Relays

SUNDAY, FEB. 11
"Animal Farm" (PAC, 8:00, Aud., Arena)
"How to Succeed in Business" (5:30, West Jr. High)

MONDAY, FEB. 12
"Animal Farm" (PAC, Wonders Kiva)
Lincoln's Birthday

TUESDAY, FEB. 13
"Hogan's Goat" (8:15, Aud.)
"Animal Farm" (PAC, Wonders Kiva)

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 14
St. Valentine's Day
"Phedra" (8:15, Aud.)
"Animal Farm" (PAC, Brady Arena)
"Animal Farm" (PAC, Aud., Arena)

MSU Symphony Concert (4:00, Aud.)
"From Chaos Into Order" (2:30 & 8, Abrams Planetarium)
"Animal Farm" (PAC, Wonders Kiva)
Sex: magical marketing tool

BY FRED SHERWOOD

"There are few appeals in advertising that equal the force of sex," says Stephen Baker, an adman who authored Visual Persuasion, an illustrated discourse on the graphics of advertising. "Readership studies show that here is one element which arouses the immediate interest of both men and women."

Baker offers several reasons for the appeal of sex in advertising, other than the obvious physical attraction of beautiful models. "Sex makes the beholder feel young again," he says. "It reassures men of their masculinity and reassures women of their femininity. Sex is one of the most basic of human emotions, a way of 'getting away from it all,' and a status symbol."

Baker claims that even fabrics can take on sexual connotations in ad illustrations, ranging from the urban sophistication of wool to the soft sensuous qualities of silk or lace. Nude figures can be toned down and disguised by photographic or rendering techniques that reduce the hostility yet retain the eye-catching appeal.

Today, however, honesty or at least exploitation of more explicit sex, is becoming the new kick on Madison Avenue. Sex is being accepted and successful long before the ads on its pages even approached the usual "open" society. One might say it indicates what is becoming acceptable. Advertisers are extremely sensitive to mass culture and standards and dislike spending millions only to find they have offended and alienated most of their audience.

For this reason advertising usually follows the trail of changing standards rather than forcing its own standards on an unwilling public. Playboy magazine was accepted and successful long before the ads on its pages even approached the air-brushed, "skin you love to touch" sex appeal of line-drawn glass.

Sex in advertising today is more blatant because openness offends fewer people than it did yesterday. Somebody's grandmother may complain once in a while, but even grandmothers are getting pretty hip.

In a frequently shown television commercial a Scandinavian blonde purrs, "Take it off, take it all off," as a handsome chap rips a razor across his face in time to a tongue-in-lathered cheek bump and grind while taking off Noxema shaving cream.

A spokesman for Noxema's ad agency said they intended the viewers to "get the pleasant feeling of being in on a joke. We hope the audience will laugh along with us and buy a can of Noxema."

The selling-through-humor-through-sex approach, a sort of reincarnation of the old-time traveling salesman's off-color joke, has been gaining popularity. A striking ad in the front pages of Playboy last fall featured a nude model reclining and covered by only a few sweater sleeves draped precariously over her. The only copy was a succinct headline, which threatened the return of male models if the sweaters didn't sell. Nothing was said about what would happen if the sweaters did sell.

Citizen Martin Wise adopted the leering vernacular of the day by presenting a partially washed face with their headline, "Had any lately?" Crestwood Advertising, which handled the account, credited the campaign with a 48 per cent increase in sales.

"Was it him or his Piping Rock?" a girl who can only be described as vastly disheveled asks herself as she reclines painfully among some sheets. Fortunately, there is a bottle of Piping Rock among the sheets with her to show readers it is an after shave and avoid any speculation about just what a piping rock might be.

One of the classic ads of last summer was "The Sonny for Sun-Lovers" which featured a group of nudists, neatly camouflaged by grass, a dog and each other, avidly watching a portable television. Doyle, Dane, Bembach, the agency made famous by its highly creative Volkswagen campaign, ran the ad in Life magazine. The photographer used amateur models, including two people from the Bembach staff in order to give the ad a look of realism.

Ernest Schwarzenbach, Sony's president, in a mystery of understatement, said the ad was "unusual" and would draw attention to the portal TV set. There did not seem to be any reaction to the ad, but Charles Lewis, a DDB so-

(Continued on page 11.)
Vietnam Under the French

By LAWRENCE BATTISTINI

Copyright, 1948

After the British had obtained Hong Kong as a naval base in 1842 as one of the spoils of an aggressive war against China, the French desire to obtain a comparable base in or near China became irresistible. At this time China to the French, as well as to Europeans and Americans, began to be viewed as a limitless potential market for the "suroipt" manufactures which their industries were unable to dispose of in domestic markets.

It was Louis Napoleon who laid the foundations of the French empire in Southeast Asia. His initial objective was a naval base. Using the murder of a Catholic missionary as a pretext, he dispatched in 1857 a punitive military expedition to obtain satisfaction and guarantees, and in the following year French forces seized the ports of Denong, (Tourane) and Saigon. Lacking effective military power to oppose the French, the imperial Annam government at Hue in 1862 reluctantly concluded a treaty which transferred Cochin-China to France. This was the beginning of the piecemeal dismemberment of all Vietnam.

The treaty of 1862 did not, of course, put an end to French military invasion. As the French continued their aggression, they resorted to intensive guerrilla warfare and even the massacre of Chinese who were regarded as being associated with foreign imperialism. The main interest of the French at this time, however, was not so much the conquest of Vietnam per se as its utilization for the development of the China trade. They accordingly extended their military operations to Tonkin, whose northern borders are contiguous to the southern provinces of China. Despite their "strategic" (terrorist) resistance and assistance from imperial China, the Vietnamese resistance could not cope with the modern weapons of the French, and in the end all of Vietnam, as well as Cambodia and Laos, were conquered and became part of the new French colonial empire in Southeast Asia. Laos and Cambodia, as well as Annam, were organized as protectorates. Cochinchina was made an outright colony, and Tonkin was organized as an administrative region with combined characteristics of a protectorate and colony.

French rule was despotic, harsh and exploitative, although there was some economic development which resulted from the substantial French investment in transportation, agriculture, mining, and certain other enterprises. Actually, Indochina became economically important to France, and in the peak pre-World War II years returns to metropolitan France amounted to 250 million dollars annually. On the eve of World War II French net foreign investments in Indochina numbered some 60,400. For these colonists, as they were called, life in Indochina was profitable and very pleasant, but it did not contribute to the general welfare of the masses, and some whatsoever to prepare them for self-government for Asian independence.

After more than eighty years of the French presence, by 1940 the Japanese had overthrown the French and brought in the Communist leader Ho Chi Minh. He was a Catholic, but the French had made it illegal to preach the Gospel in the empire. During his years of absence, Ho continued his efforts to win independence for the Vietnamese from French colonialism. In 1925 he struck his first blow for Vietnamese independence. As the French government refused to negotiate, Ho, of course, was a "number one" on the wanted list of the French secret police. He was actually not until October 1944 that he set foot again on his native Vietnamese soil, after an absence of some forty years.

In early 1941 Ho Chi Minh organized under Communist leadership a broad front of three main elements, including men of democratic, liberal and socialist persuasion, who were dedicated to Vietnamese independence. This coalition was called the Viet Nam Doc Lap Diem Minh (Vietnamese Independence Front, or League), which became known in abbreviated form as the Viet Minh. Meanwhile clashes with the French in Cochinchina had resulted in the outbreak of open rebellion in December 1940. In an appeal to the people of Tonkin on September 8, 1941, Ho proclaimed that the objective of the Viet Minh was to set up a "new, free, independent and democratic Viet-Nam".

On March 9, 1945, however, with their defeat imminent and the revolting French no longer to be trusted, the Japanese ousted Admiral Decoux and interned all French troops and administrators. This opened the doors for Vietnam. As a young man he had visited many countries in the West, including the United States and France. It was while in France that as a result of his association with the French leftwing he became a Communist, believing that all the competing revolutionary ideologies only Communism could really win freedom for the Vietnamese from colonialism. In 1925 he struck his first blow for Vietnamese independence by organizing among Vietnamese exiles in Canton a Vietnamese Revolutionary League.

Although a Communist, Ho Chi Minh has never been a doctrinaire one. He has always been, so far, a nationalist first and a Communist second. At the end of World War II, for example, he explained himself as follows: "My party is my country, my program is independence." Since his dedication to the cause of Vietnamese nationalism and independence is the late 1930's, he has completed the task of revolutionizing his party. In 1941, Ho, of course, was a "number one" on the wanted list of the French secret police. This was actually not until October 1944 that he set foot again on his native Vietnamese soil, after an absence of some forty years.
It began with a priest's death

In 1945 American airplanes began bombing transportation facilities and industrial targets in Vietnam, by early 1945, American air raids had succeeded in reducing Totin from the rest of Vietnam, These American actions greatly encouraged Vietnamese leaders to believe that the war was over and that their independence aspirations would soon be realized. In April, for example, Major Kao and other OSS agents met with the Vietnamese leaders in Saigon and assured them of American support. In October, however, there was some doubt about the political situation in American, and perhaps were forbidden to make any public statements.

Despite the ouster of Admiral Decoux in March 1945, and the establishment of the Bao Dai puppet regime in Vietnam, the Japanese had continued their campaign against the Vietnamese, whom the Americans regarded as allies of the United States. By the summer of 1945, however, as the collapse of Japan’s war effort was imminent, the Japanese commanders in Vietnam set on specific instructions from Tokyo to permit the Vietnamese to enter the cities, including Saigon and Hanoi, organize independence demonstrations and convene assemblies. A number of parties and groups participated in the Vietnamese elections that took place, and in Hanoi a national assembly, made up of many elements besides Comminists, was established by them, drafted a declaration of independence.

In August 1945 a provisional Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRV) was established at Hanoi, which was actually in control of a considerable part of the country. The puppet emperor Bao Dai, bowing to the prevailing wind, on August 24 abdicated and transferred his powers to the DRV. He urged all elements, including members of the royal party, to "support the Democratic Revolutionary Government wholeheartedly in order to consolidate our national independence." A few days previously he had written General de Gaulle, then the head of the French government, to recognize the independence of Vietnam and "to renounce any idea of reestablishing French sovereignty or administration" in any form. While there was no more talk of Bao Dai’s abdication, DRV officials occupied practically all government buildings in the country and took over effective administration.

In Hanoi, on September 2, 1945, Ho Chi Minh, the president of the Democratic Revolution of Vietnam, proclaimed independence from France to a document closely modeled after the U.S. Declaration of Independence, of which he had been a great admirer. "All men are created equal," said the Vietnamese declaration, "They are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. Among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. These immortal words are from the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America in 1776. Taken in a broader sense, these phrases mean: All peoples on earth are born equal; all peoples have the right to be free, and to be happy." The Vietnamese declaration continued: "These are undeniable truths. Nevertheless far more than simply civil rights, independence, liberties, equality, and fraternity have vised that the Vietnamese people were oppressed and our oppressed countrymen."

In 1945 the United States recognized the principles of equality at the conference of Teheran and San Francisco, and when the corresponding independence was proclaimed, all peoples have the right to be free, to be happy," The Vietnamese declaration continued: "These are undeniable truths. Nevertheless far more than simply civil rights, independence, liberties, and fraternity have victed that the Vietnamese people were oppressed and our oppressed countrymen."

However, Ho Chi Minh and the Vietnamese leaders were realists as well as idealists. They understood that the mere recognition of independence was one thing, and that recognition of this independence, especially by France, was quite another thing. On the independence was proclaimed, Vo Nguyen Giap, then the Minister of the Interior, in an "extremely intimate relations" with the United States and China (Kuomintang), but also warned his countrymen that France was "in a state to reconquer the country. While expressing a willingness to negotiate with the United States at the same time made it clear that, "If our negotiations are unsuccessful, we shall resort to arms."

At Potsdam, in July 1945, the British had been given the opening move to bring about surrender terms on the Japanese in all of Southeast Asia, except that part of Indochina north of the sixtieth parallel, where Ho Chi Minh had the surrender responsibilities. The Kuomintang occupation authorities, who were authorized
While you're reading these letters, the man who wrote them is sitting in the Ingham County Jail, serving a sentence for smoking marijuana. His name is Jon Deen, a former MSU student. His letters are written to his wife out of the agony and self-questioning he is experiencing. They begin as he is waiting to be sentenced and cover the first few weeks of his term.

Although we have done some editing to string the letters together, they are all his own words. Words from suffering that get past the small-talk of our lives.

Darling,

Sept. 16. Morning. Cemented between a feeling well of course and the cracked slab of my thoughts. Fragmented descriptions from the content of other lives echo between the vibrations of my ears and boredom. Time extended and twisted into a drill, burrowing into recollections of the past, revealing the excepting sense of today's breakfast—brown murk and five stewed prunes. Despair bleeds beneath a thin skin of security, waiting to clench a hand into a wall-beating bloody stub. The window veils a blue haze that must be the sky and the diabolical freedom that is "my" America.

If I tell my self-thoughts as a letter I know I must endure the jarring eyes of some authoritarians amongst. A world where a pencil for an hour is a privilege, a white sponge of dough is an order to all hunger, and time is wielded like a weapon.

A murderer with nine years on a chain gang in his memory, a burgler, an alcoholic—my surroundings are tasks to conquer and that I am not merely their victim.


Henderson struggles to fill his lungs with damp, heavy oxygen. Nasal, strained inhaling, sound of canvas against concrete. I love you. I love you.

A Negro with huge hands, long fingers tales of violence. Whitney talks about screwing. Cards are shuffled all hours of the day. Hillbilly music whirrs over the radio all afternoon.

Sept. 24. I did not sleep well last night—my mind focused on the learning built next to me. I finally attempted masturabation—I became wet without the sensation of orgasm—survive?

Before you come to see me on Thursday try to borrow money to get the bug serviced. Take it to Sullivan's. Tell them at 6,000 miles they will cover cost.

I thought about you for hours last night. We are fortunate to have our love.

Sept. 24. Evening. Thoughts of love—hungry stirrings in the fluids of my body. The irony of the time, the folly of men—music flows in my veins as I feel my facial muscles strains, tears, hot cry, I want you. A crystalline desire, a fear that I am not in your thoughts and heart and soul from me—I let it pass. I have learned that hope can be a weapon against me. I want you. (I think of Bob Dylan.) The radio—a woman's voice—"I'll be coming home to you, Love. Until the day I do, Love, P.S. I love you...

Forgive me my bitterness. Human waste and ignorance tends to twist one a bit. Looking forward to Thursday.

Sept. 29. Your letters come about 2 hours after you left—they were so warm that my emotions became more incident and our life together became the only important thing. I feel strong—suddenly the bureaucratic games, the simple psych tricks become as laughable and transient as the antiquities of a mbler house-fly.

I do not want to burden you with the knowledge of my weaknesses and fears in the only alternative to complete despair. I do not want to burden you with the knowledge of my weaknesses and fears in the only alternative to complete despair.

I am chilled beyond the aid of a warm shower—a mouse in a trap without the luxury of cheese. I am chilled beyond the aid of a warm shower—a mouse in a trap without the luxury of cheese. I am chilled beyond the aid of a warm shower—a mouse in a trap without the luxury of cheese. I am chilled beyond the aid of a warm shower—a mouse in a trap without the luxury of cheese. I am chilled beyond the aid of a warm shower—a mouse in a trap without the luxury of cheese. I am chilled beyond the aid of a warm shower—a mouse in a trap without the luxury of cheese. I am chilled beyond the aid of a warm shower—a mouse in a trap without the luxury of cheese. I am chilled beyond the aid of a warm shower—a mouse in a trap without the luxury of cheese. I am chilled beyond the aid of a warm shower—a mouse in a trap without the luxury of cheese. I am chilled beyond the aid of a warm shower—a mouse in a trap without the luxury of cheese.
I reread your letter today—your dream makes me tremble inside. I feel as if we know so little of one another yet so much.

Sept. 30, Evening. The radio played the Michigan State/Iowa game, and I thought about the freedom I do not really want and actually HAVE if I would stop pretending I don't; avoiding mature commitments, living for today but not for tomorrow because I am fully aware of today but I do not want to compromise future happiness. That's part of the story— I don't have the facilities to compose a voluminous discourse at present. Thanks for my grade, g.s.p.x. I am allowed to call you— a flurry of questions. The guys tried to encourage me— I guess I look pretty bad.

I get more—my throat constricted while I tried to stop the tears from melting what little life I had left. It was beautiful— I feel the power of your love as I sit here, calming now from the mocking despair.

I can only tell you of the physical deprivations I must face but I would feel grateful if I knew that you could not describe yourself in that which is dear to us both. Life has much to say to us, as you say, we do most of it the way I, who is 18 years old, and that is not reassuring.

I was too tense in court that I got my teeth and chipped one in front. My tongue touches its rough side. Take care of yourself, my parents, love my friends for me. I love you with all that I am and will or ever will become.... You're beautiful.

Oct. 9. I reread your last letter and it hurts my throat like the first time I read it. I try to outgrow my jealousy and my fear of jealousy. I keep thinking of you and wondering who will be able to see you, talk, smile, or touch you. I try to get it off my mind, but I can't. I have a death thought that makes me feel unendurable, I think of Thanksgiving, Christmas, weekends, and nights, when I'll lose you and my nerves rage into a million tiny strangling chapped, my skin Is drying, peeling on my feet. I could not sleep last night until around three— I am trying.

I got your note—my throat constricted while I tried to stop the tears from melting what little life I had left. It was beautiful— I feel the power of your love as I sit here, calming now from the mocking despair. I can only tell you of the physical deprivations I must face but I would feel grateful if I knew that you could not describe yourself in that which is dear to us both. Life has much to say to us, as you say, we do most of it the way I, who is 18 years old, and that is not reassuring.

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Standing with 300 at Thermopylae, awaiting annihilation

By DAVE GILBERT

The Hot Gates by William Golding Pocket Books 1967 Available at Paramount News

Actually, this started as a letter to Mr. Golding in a more inappropriate and non-narrative way. In fact, I started the review (1) with a discussion of another book of Mr. Golding, "The Spire," but before I scraped my carefully scribbled efforts, I looked it over again, and discovered at least one merit: I had been so affected by both "The Spire" and "The Hot Gates" that I didn't want to do an essay. But giving up on the essay form, I set out to do something, anything. And so I read, and enjoyed, and felt compassion for the "heroes" of the novel, and turned up two discs which indicate that Herr Moest continues to hold his place in the affection of musicians and music lovers alike.

In an interview with musicologist-critic Paul Henry Lang (published in High Fidelity Magazine), Moest noted: "I personally like complete homogeneity of sound, phrasing and articulation within each section, and then—when the ensemble is perfect—the proper balance between sections plus complete flexibility—so that in each movement one or more principal voices can be accompanied by others. To put it simply: the most sensitive ensemble playing."

This is not the problem in his account of Mozart Concerto No. 3 with Isaac Stern, which takes up half of the second disc mentioned previously. Here is an amazing example of just what Moest meant when he referred to the juxtaposition of orchestral inner voices and what one might term the concept of hearing "all the music at once."

Despite other deluge of Mahler symphonies, Stockhausen "experiments" and Bruckner bolsom, a period for new recorders, the 300 lucky 300 soldiers, waiting in the heat of a strange fear the novel. As Golding puts it, "There is a sense in which the concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, Rafael Druzin, it was a good choice because Druzin—unprepossessing, violent and also a dynamic, intelligent, hard-driving player—proves a compelling partner for Moest's perfectionist approach.

For one thing, both performers are exquisite executants. In Szell's hands all of Mozart's sonatas and phrases fall into the right places phrase for phrase. As his collaborator, Szell chose none other than the concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, Rafael Druzin. It was a good choice because Druzin—unprepossessing, violent and also a dynamic, intelligent, hard-driving player—proves a compelling partner for Moest's perfectionist approach.

It has been processed with loving care for spacious stereo sound and ideal ensemble balance. Since then Szell has rarely displayed his pianistic prowess, with the exception of a few recordings he made about fifteen years ago with the Budapest String Quartet and Joseph Szigeti. Now, taking advantage of new stereophonic techniques, Golding has some fun at the keyboard again, and in so doing turned to four of Mozart's most virtuoso and piano sonatas (K. 279, 301, 304 and 294).

Moest displays prowess in Mozart sonatas

By JIM ROOS

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It's Mine

Caught in the rumpled mind
My muscle sweat permeates
The tongue's taste.

Cities flow, ebbing
On the bed-sheet ground.
Cars rush, tangled, push
To impregnate immobile land.

Each parent mind
has conceived a vision,
Tries to thrust it
Into her, then felt
His sterile groin.

Of those miles of love
Passing through my bedroom curtains,
I have lied; for they were all made
On this endless journey.
We find ourselves each night
Or day; in this, our own,
Building to the climax of our life.

down current

I

tipped in new ink
the crow's wing quills swift picture lines
against a sky
of cold low clouds

and curved around a down current
it twists a thread
law, it cries
and dies, descending cold arrow straight
striking the close on the hunter's call

II

curved around a down current
a crow was lured
his shotgun wound spreading

and curved around a down current
a man was lured
his parachute open and combat boots
bent at the knees
in prayer
above the world
lured towards the shotgun wound

to clot the world
in his prayer

III

nothing is illegal in killing crows
the red leaves sillhouette laced boots
and hunters brush the new snow

wounded, the crow falls to his death
and wounded, the man falls to his earth
or is it wounded, the man falls to his death

a fever burns at each cigarette's end
waiting for the looping sunset to be flicked.

a match

each hand holds that nervous burning
its smoke curls the air

a current underlines its movement
connects our inner draft
and room to room builds a fog;

it seems that following the sun
a futile hunt, shiny swords
soon lose gloss
rubbed by yellowing clouds.

the many times you have lit up
and curled around a down current
its smoke curls the air

a current underlines its movement
connects our inner draft
and room to room builds a fog;

it seems that following the sun
a futile hunt, shiny swords
soon lose gloss
rubbed by yellowing clouds.

the many times you have lit up
down current underlines its movement
connects our inner draft
and room to pöm builds a fog;

it seems that following the sun
a futile hunt, shiny swords
soon lose gloss
rubbed by yellowing clouds.

the many times you have lit up

down current underlines Its movement
connects our inner draft
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it seems that following the sun
a futile hunt, shiny swords
soon lose gloss
rubbed by yellowing clouds.

the many times you have lit up

I Buy It, Everytime

Yet, a strange call beckons constantly,
There--sifting through elusive holes (punched
In these grey clouds) falls

The Journey's start;
Sturdy Beams
of assorted sizes.

Grasp one, it's a one way trip
And the salesman is so smooth.
Letters from a prison cell

(Continued from page 7)

letters from a prison cell

possibility. It is just a reaction to confinement, my desire would be to try to "make it up" to you by a fast and impulsive living.

It is more than that and you are inseparable from it. The prospect of another four more months makes me physically sick. If you were to return to find thy that you had sketched your role to the bottom of the tirsle financial curve, regardless of what you would rather do. Accept the one-act frustration of my dementia. I promise that you will not find me happy. Sorry, at least you have food, friends, music, entertainment, books — all of which seem a great luxury to me.

Evaluate your love — ask what you want? Do you value my work? Most important do you believe me and IN me? Escravirion and unemployment are part of the past. I promise you more than a shoulder for crying — trust me, if you want us, act for NOW. If you don’t; don’t indulge my time, my love, my thoughts. I have already realized that which is the most beautiful and human within myself, and it is just those qualities that cause me the greatest pain.

I wonder at your world, your activities. The color of the window changes from blue to black, ever so slowly and the lighted backdrop of the theatre’s worst play.

From your point of view in the "bull-pit" — an old man has an attack, rolls his eyes, chokes his heart, swallows his tongue, falls to the cement. Later, a 17-year-old, skinny, pimples and red nose cries by himself; I am very lonely. And I am so far from a country jail worth living for? February — skiing? March — the fourth! April 28, May 20! I hope we can look forward to them when the holidays come.

I think the only way I will be able to do this time is to numb my mind — train myself not to think. If you have any idea how to do that, let me know.

I have nightmares — mostly about violent deaths. I wake up shaky, sweating, I fear that something will happen to take us from one another, Moods — I’m learning about moods.

I love you.

Oct. 17. Today for the first time, I was let out to the hall to scrub the walls. I saw for the first time what the cell looks like from the "outside." It was a very "abasing" experience. I lost sight of almost all the bodies lying on the floor, It was a mausoleum, and I was one of the corpses. Nervousness, my knees caved: It frightened me to have such an intense physical reaction.

Then, after I had been scrubbing an hour, crying to calm down (God, don’t let me blow it now) that "chaos" of the jail came to see me. He went to the connecting room next to the visiting area. He is middle aged, soft, with stark brown eyes behind lenses, dark hair, oil, and waved. After he did not offer his hand, the following occurred.

Chaplain: "Are you in on use or peddling of marijuana?"

Me: "I need someone to talk to... I’m having serious emotional and nerve problems...

He straightened his lapel, gave me an intent, authoritarian stare.

Me: "I seem to be ever-creating to my environment. I do not ‘interact’ in any way — I find myself alienated and repulsed. My nerves and my thoughts are adding to my physical deterioration. I live mostly at the whim of my unconscious. I am preoccupied with death and my thoughts are adding to my physical deterioration. I have nightmares — mostly about violent deaths. I wake up shaky, sweating.

I do not want to convey to you that I am steeped in self-pity although there is an element of it creeping up my spine, alienating my mind from behind.

The chattering of the idiot inmates, the blare of the radio, the inactivity — I still do not have food, all add to a mental state that I know is difficult for you to understand. Sometimes I don’t even want to tell you. I wonder if you can’t just bear to suffer alone.

I do not masturbate. I don’t feel I can expose something that is a part of us to the indignity that surrounds me. Occasionally, I am filled with the feeling that I have had a wet-dream, and loneliness pours into me.

I do not know if it is the calculated psychotics of this place, the mental deprivation, missing you and the things we could be doing together, or a combination — whatever — it’s working into me. I fight, find myself starting to harden, hate — then wonder if I’m not wrong in not remaining open to the suffering. Most often, I have no choice — I suffer.

Do you feel that I am weak because this brings me such pain and I allow it to?

I think about how I will react when I am finally released and discover you have left me in the way to feed this moment, physically, emotionally through lack of love; permanently through an immediate need, I try to build defenses but realize that it is only another face of self-pity.

It takes courage for me to not think of the extrasodlal when it comes in. Discouraged, violent dreams haunt my sleep and waking.

In the hole — blood on the walls, death closing — a fear of one of us dying without the other! A dream — howling faces, teeth, eyes — many of them coming toward us — I stand in front of you, shoot a few, then turn to you, pull the trigger to protect you — you misunderstand, shriek (your face!!). I waken, sweating, shaking.

You must experience so seriously? So intensely? I want to be numb, to sleep for four months.

I love you.

Your husband

Cover notes

Pictured on the cover of College is Michael Johnson, Inkster, sophomore, who is majoring in art. Johnson helps earn his way through school doing pastels and sketches of students on campus.

Some of his works may be part of the Black Student Arts Festival, scheduled for the beginning of spring term, and sponsored by the newly formed Black Student Alliance.

According to members of the alliance, the purpose of the festival is to develop social consciousness among black students here, and to destroy the myth that American Negroes have no culture.

Tentatively, the festival will include art exhibits, jazz sessions, and workshops.
Two years ago, MSU was a motion picture wasteland. There was an International Film Series—establishment group that packed 'em in at Fairchild for films as good as "Mastro" and as commercial as "Lillies of the Field." MSU had the SJMK-WK series which generally showed trash like "Under the Yum Yum Tree" for only 10 cents. And, finally, there was the strongest MSU Film Society which, under the leadership of Doug Lackey, supplied the campus intellectuals with films that were very old or very exotic. With the exception of the Fairchild series, no one was making money.

The Times saw the ad they turned it down for "too New York Times was scheduled, but when the count executive, said it was not repeated due to its "seasonal nature." A July insertion in the with pun intended.

Committee. 

showing in the Times the ad was withdrawn at the wasteland. There was an International Film Society.

You name it, sex can sell it

(Continued from page 3.) 

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Vietnam promptly recognized the DRV as the de facto government of their zone and cooperated with it. The British, however, refused to do so in their occupation zone and in fact took measures in a manner to make possible the speedy return of French control.

Major Douglas Gracey was the commanding officer of the British occupying forces. Only 10 per cent of these forces were made up of Englishmen, the remainder being mainly Indian mercenaries. The British forces began pouring into South Vietnam on September 12. They delayed the disarming of the large number of Japanese troops in their zone, and in fact even utilized them in military operations against the Vietminh militia and police forces. The British also refused the 3000 French troops which had been interred by the Japanese. Commenting (in Tokyo) on the British use of Japanese forces against the Vietnamese patriots, General MacArthur vehemently declared to an American journalist: "If there is anything that makes my blood boil it is to see our allies in Indochina and Java deploying Japanese troops to reconquer these little people we promised to liberate. It is the most ignoble kind of betrayal.*"

Among the people of the United States there was little if any understanding of, or interest in, what was going on in the unhappy land of Vietnam. By December of 1945 the French had well over 50,000 troops in South Vietnam, many of them mercenary. With these forces they were able to reestablish complete control over Cochinchina. North Vietnam, however, still remained under the control of Communist forces. The Kuomintang forces began entering their occupation zone, reoccupying human rights, and reasserting Chinese presence as a symbol that they were justified in adhering to the world of God. As Jocelyn, that he should have picked the world of God, was one of the inhabitants of the areas probably never forgot. Nevertheless, Lu Han cooperated with the Vietminh and left them largely undisturbed in their administration of the northern zone. Vietnamese and Kuomintang flags flew side by side over public places. Unlike the British, the Chinese promptly disarmed the Japanese in their zone, and the 5000 French troops were kept disarmed and semi-interred. For a while the Vietminh leaders probably even believed that Chiang Kai-shek had meant it when he said during World War II that "the end of the war must bring with it the end of imperialism." However, there was mutual suspicion and distrust between the Vietminh and Kuomintang authorities from the beginning. The latter, no doubt, feared the peasant and revolutionary orientation of the former.

It soon became clear to Ho Chi Minh and his followers that none of the victorious Allied powers were really much concerned about Vietnamese independence or with implementing the noble ideals that had been proclaimed during the war. President Roosevelt had more than once expressed his conviction that the French had no right whatsoever to be in Vietnam, but he had still been alive, things might very well have been quite different. As far as U.S. policy was concerned, Harry S. Truman, the new president of the United States, a country on which Ho and other Vietminh leaders had come to place hopes for support, had no intention of contributing to the demise of French colonial rule in Indochina. When the Truman administration announced that it was offering France $160 million worth of vehicles and miscellaneous equipment for use in Indochina, it realized that the United States was prepared to help the French bear the cost of reconquering. Scerbo and saddened, Ho sadly confessed to an American journalist: "We apparently stand alone. We shall have to depend upon ourselves."

The French speeded up the withdrawal of the Chinese occupation forces from North Vietnam with a political deal concluded at Chiangkung on February 28, 1946. Considered U.S. "irrelevant," the many anti-imperialist strivings during the war, the Vietminh with this deal offered to sell French nationalism to Western imperialism. France, however, paid a heavy price. Among other things, Chinese nationalism in Indochina would not see the same rights as French nationals residing there. Chinese goods were to be exempt from taxes and fees at the port of Haiphong, and France was to surrender all railroad rights in Yunnan province. By February 28, 1946, the French had left Indochina.

The realization that you can never know which choice you should have made is the theme of the essay, "The Fat Caesar." There you feel, with the 500 Spartans, that you are making a choice and if it is wrong, the wrong one, no other choice would have been any better. By Margaret Mitchell

Golding review

anyone who has not had a course in English architecture, but this does not impair the impression the book makes.

"The Spire" is the story of the building of a spire to reach some 400 feet high in an era where more than a hundred feet was considered impossible. It is also the story of a priest obsessed with a spire, who carries it out to the utter destruction of the four people he loved more than to find in the fancy of a sacred row he has "traded a stone hammer for four people." The "stone hammer" of the spire is neither completely desired as a sign to the priest, Jocelyn, that he should have picked the world of man, nor does it stand firm on the sinking church foundations as a symbol that he was justified in adhering to the world of God. As Jocelyn dies, he says, "Now, I know nothing at all." The realization that you can never know which choice you should have made is the theme of the essay, "The Fat Caesar." There you feel, with the 500 Spartans, that you are making a choice and if it is wrong, the wrong one, no other choice would have been any better. By Margaret Mitchell

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