

# COLLAGE

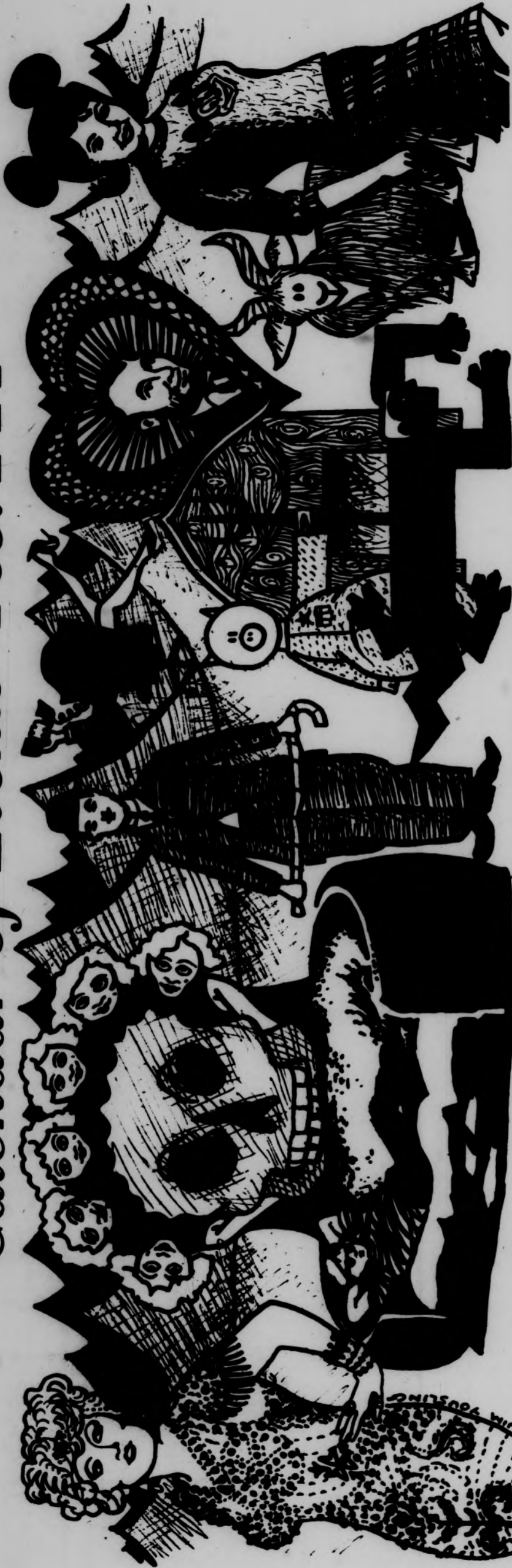
The State News Bi-weekly Magazine

Thursday, February 1, 1968



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, Brody)  
 Richard Linde on "The Middle East" (8:00, Aud.)  
 Farmers Week

**FRIDAY, FEB. 2**  
 Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker" (7 & 9, 100)  
 Vet Clinic  
 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  
 Wrestling, MSU vs. Illinois

**SUNDAY, FEB. 4**  
 Graduate Recital, Constance Roeder on piano (4:00, Music Aud.)  
 "From Chaos Into Order" (2:30 & 4, 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" (3 & 7:30, Aud.)  
 Cello Recital, Joseph Schuster (8:15, 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)

**THURSDAY, FEB. 8**  
 Busby Berkeley's "Footlight Parade" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)  
 "La Traviata" (7:30, Aud.)  
 "Stagecoach" (7 & 9, Brody)  
 "Animal Farm" (8:00, Aud. Arena)  
 Gymnastics, MSU vs. Michigan  
 JMC Forum (7:30, Erickson Kiva)  
 "How to Succeed in Business" (8:30, West Jr. High)

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

**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" (8:30, West Jr. High)  
 Richard Maxson 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**  
 Andy Warhol films (9:00, Union Parlors)  
 "Animal Farm" (PAC, Aud. Arena)

**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  
 "Phedre" (8:15, Aud.)  
 "Animal Farm" (PAC, Brody Arena)

**THURSDAY, FEB. 15**  
 MSU Symphony Concert (4:00, Aud.)  
 "From Chaos Into Order" (2:30 & 4, Abrams Planetarium)



# 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 there 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.

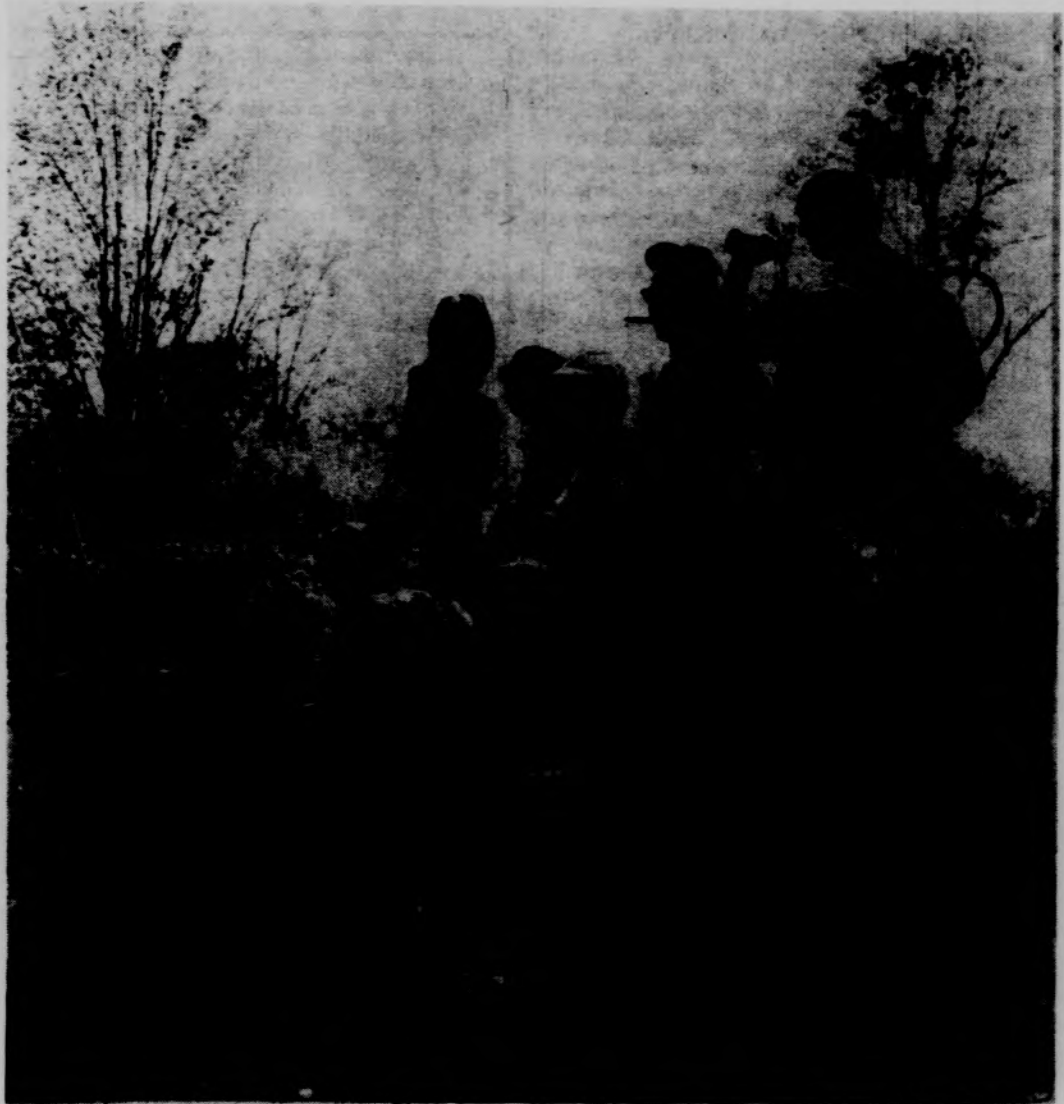
"Sex makes the beholder feel young again," he says. "It reassures men of their masculinity and women of their femininity. Sex is one of the most basic of human emotions, a way of 'getting away from it all,' and a status symbol."

Baker claims that even fabrics can take on sexual connotations in advertisements, 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 blatancy yet retain the eye-catching appeal.

Today, however, blatancy, or at least exploitation of more explicit sex, is becoming the new kick on Madison Avenue. Messages representing today's new hip, upbeat society are put into hip, upbeat slogans such as "Tiffany Eubank won't do it without her green stripe," which could be taken as a pitch for a swinging new kind of green paint, or "Splash on Riptide and she'll take the plunge," a promise of ecstasy in the sand to lovelorn surfers if they use the right after shave.

A change in attitudes and moral standards is taking place, ranging from the harmless exhibitionism of miniskirts and Playboy bunnies to a more permissive view of premarital sex. The mass media have covered the issue of changing morals with an almost slavish devotion to the exciting details. In a society that permits the near-general circulation of movies such as "Ulysses," the books of Terry Southern and Henry Miller, it is not too surprising to see a relaxation of standards.

Advertising has keyed its approach to the new "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 the editorial gloss.

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.

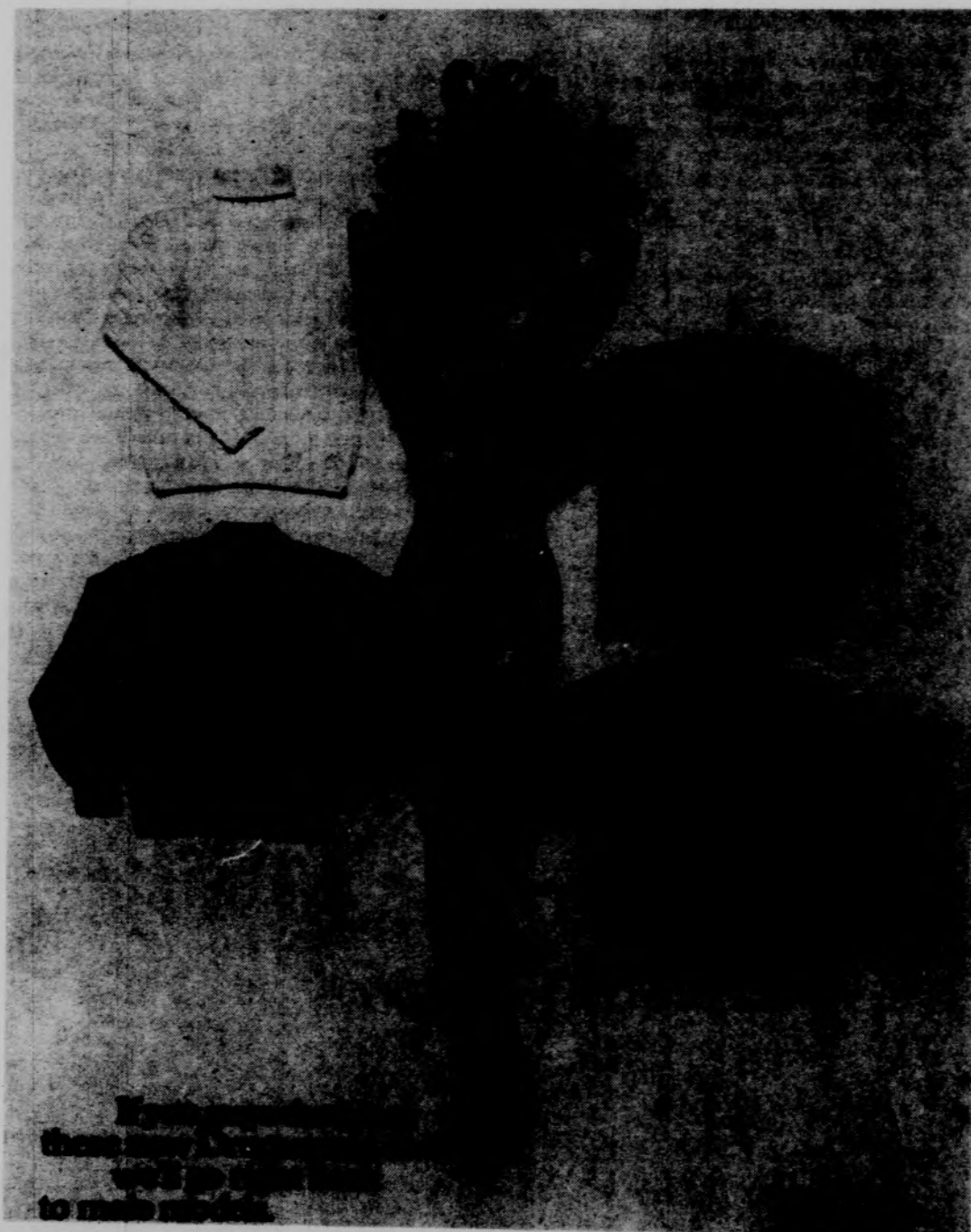
Chateau Martin Wines adopted the leering vernacular of the day by presenting a partially washed face with their headline, "Had any lately?" Crestwood Advertising, which handled the account, credited the campaign with a 48 per cent increase in sales.

"Was it him or his Piping Rock?" a girl who can only be described as neatly dissheveled asks herself as she reclines pensively 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 Sony 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, Bernbach, 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 Bernbach staff in order to give the ad a look of realism.

Ernest Schwarzenbach, Sony's president, in a mastery of understatement, said the ad was "unusual" and would draw attention to the portable TV set. There did not seem to be too much adverse reaction to the ad, but Charles Lewin, a DDB ac-

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# Vietnam under the French

By LAWRENCE BATTISTINI  
Copyright, 1968

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 for a comparable base in or near China became irrepresible. At this time China to the French, as well as to Englishmen and Americans, began to be viewed as a limitless potential market for the "surplus" 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 satisfactions and guarantees, and in the following year French forces seized the ports of Danang (Tourane) and Saigon. Lacking effective military power to oppose the French, the imperial Annamese 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 aggressions, the Annamese resorted to intensive guerrilla warfare and even the massacre of Christians, 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 "fanatical" (heroic?) resistance and assistance from imperial China, the Vietnamese regulars and guerrillas 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. Cochin-China was made an outright colony, and Tonkin was organized as an administrative region with combined characteristics of a protectorate and colony.

French rule was dictatorial, harsh and exploitative, although there was some economic development which resulted from substantial French investments 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 between two and three hundred million dollars annually. On the eve of World War II French nationals residing in Indochina numbered some 40,000. For these colons, as they were called, life in Indochina was profitable and very pleasant, as was the case with resident colonialists in almost any other colonial area. Away from their homeland, "liberty, fraternity and equality" found practically no application in their interpersonal relations with the indigenous peoples, who in general were regarded as inferiors.

The French, like other imperialists, were in Indochina basically for the material benefit it might bring to the "mother country." They made little effort to promote integrated economic development and the general welfare of the masses, and none whatsoever to prepare them for self-government, let alone eventual independence. After more than eighty years of the French presence, for example, only two per cent of the children were enrolled in elementary schools, and there was only one sub-standard university in the entire country, located at Hanoi. Some 10,000 Vietnamese, mostly large landowners, commercial elements and officials employed by the colonial administration, made an accommodation



Lawrence H. Battistini, professor of social science at MSU, was educated at Brown University and Trinity College. He received his Ph.D at Yale. Specializing in U.S. foreign relations, with an emphasis on U.S.-Asian affairs, he is the author of six books in this area.

In an effort to stimulate informed debate on U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia, *Collage* has asked Professor Battistini to write a series of five articles on the history of Vietnam and Western power there, drawing from the manuscript of his new book.

This is the second in the series.

to the French presence and in general even profited from it. However, most Vietnamese did not.

It was from the very small middle class that many young men became greatly influenced by French culture, especially its revolutionary concepts of liberty and equality, as a result of attending French-operated schools in Vietnam or institutions of learning in France. It was mainly from this class that the leaders of a modern nationalist movement arose. One of these leaders was the then youthful Ho Chi Minh. He, and others like him, in one crucially important respect, did owe something to France. As Philippe Devillers, himself a Frenchman, has written: "From France they received the humanism of France—of Montaigne, Descartes and Rousseau and down to Valery and Malraux—which with its concepts of liberty, reason, dignity and fraternity had truly fecundated Vietnam. The intelligentsia could not long remain indifferent to the physical misery which colonialism seemed incapable of remedying and to the spiritual disintegration of the national civilization before the Western impact . . . In assimilating French culture they rediscovered their equilibrium and their sense of purpose. It was around 1925-30 that the most conscious elements of the intellectual class began to understand that the new literati, like those of ancient Annam, had the duty of being the 'the guides of the people'."

Despite the rising tide of discontent and nationalist feeling in Indochina, especially in Vietnam where serious uprisings broke out which were brutally crushed in 1930 and 1931, the French up to World War II made practically no concessions to native nationalism. To increased political consciousness and agitation they almost invariably responded with increased repression. Actually the civilian government of metropolitan France was not in complete control of Indochina anymore than it was in France's vast colonial possessions in North Africa. And certainly the men who believed in the great liberal and humanistic traditions of France were not really the ones who controlled the hand that held the sword.

After the German invasion and conquest of France in the late spring of 1940, the Japanese gradually moved into Indochina and soon brought it all under their control. At first the French authorities in Indochina under Admiral Decoux, who had remained loyal to the Vichy Government in France which was collaborating with Nazi Germany, cooperated with the Japanese. Accordingly the Japanese left the French colonial administration relatively undisturbed and made no effort to exploit native resentment against the French as long as the latter cooperated in making food, labor and logistical support available to the Japanese armed forces.

On March 9, 1945, however, with their defeat imminent and the restive French no longer to be trusted, the Japanese ousted Admiral Decoux and interned all French troops and administrators. They opened the jails and released some eight to 10 thousand political prisoners. The Japanese also encouraged Bao Dai, the puppet emperor of Annam, to proclaim independence from France and to reclaim Cochin-China and Tonkin as parts of his realm, which became known by the ancient name of Vietnam.

At this time Ho Chi Minh was the foremost leader of the Vietnamese independence movement. By World War II he was already known and revered throughout much of 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 of 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 Vietnam Revolutionary League.

Although a Communist, Ho Chi Minh has never been a doctrinaire one. He has always been, no doubt, 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 in the late 1920's, he has completely subordinated his personal life to them. Ho, of course, was a "number one" on the wanted list of the French secret police in Indochina, and actually it was 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 coalition of various elements, including men of democratic, liberal and socialist persuasion, who were dedicated to Vietnamese independence. This coalition was called the Viet Nam Doc Lap Dong Minh (Vietnamese Independence Front, or League), which became known in abbreviated form as the Vietminh. Meanwhile clashes with the French in Cochin-China 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 Vietminh was to fight both Japanese and French imperialism and to obtain independence for Vietnam. In southern China the Vietminh built up their forces and directed guerrilla operations in Indochina against the Japanese and their French "allies." Beginnin

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# It began with a priest's death

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in 1943 American warplanes began bombing transportation facilities and industrial targets in Vietnam. By early 1945, American air raids had succeeded in virtually isolating Tonkin from the rest of Vietnam. These American actions greatly encouraged the Vietminh.

After the Japanese coup of March 9, 1945, the Vietminh operations against the Japanese took on major proportions in northern Vietnam. In fact, the Vietminh in Tonkin called for a national uprising against the Japanese. At this time the Vietminh began receiving considerable assistance

from American forces based in Kunming, China, which parachuted them supplies and equipment. Later American officers operated among them to assist in the common fight against the Japanese. Some American officers operating with the Vietminh assured them they could count on the United States supporting their independence aspirations after the war was over. In the summer of 1945, American missions arrived in Hanoi and Saigon and openly sympathized with the Vietminh independence cause. Some Americans even made speeches at public independence rallies. No doubt the encouragement given by Americans in Vietnam,

especially from officers connected with the O.S.S. (Office of Strategic Services) mission in Tonkin greatly encouraged Vietminh leaders to believe they could count on America to help them attain their independence aspirations. In Hanoi, for example, Major Patti and other O.S.S. agents referred to the Vietminh as the "liberators of the Vietnamese people" and assured them of American support. In October, however, there was some clamping down on the political activities of American personnel, and they were forbidden to make any more speeches at rallies.

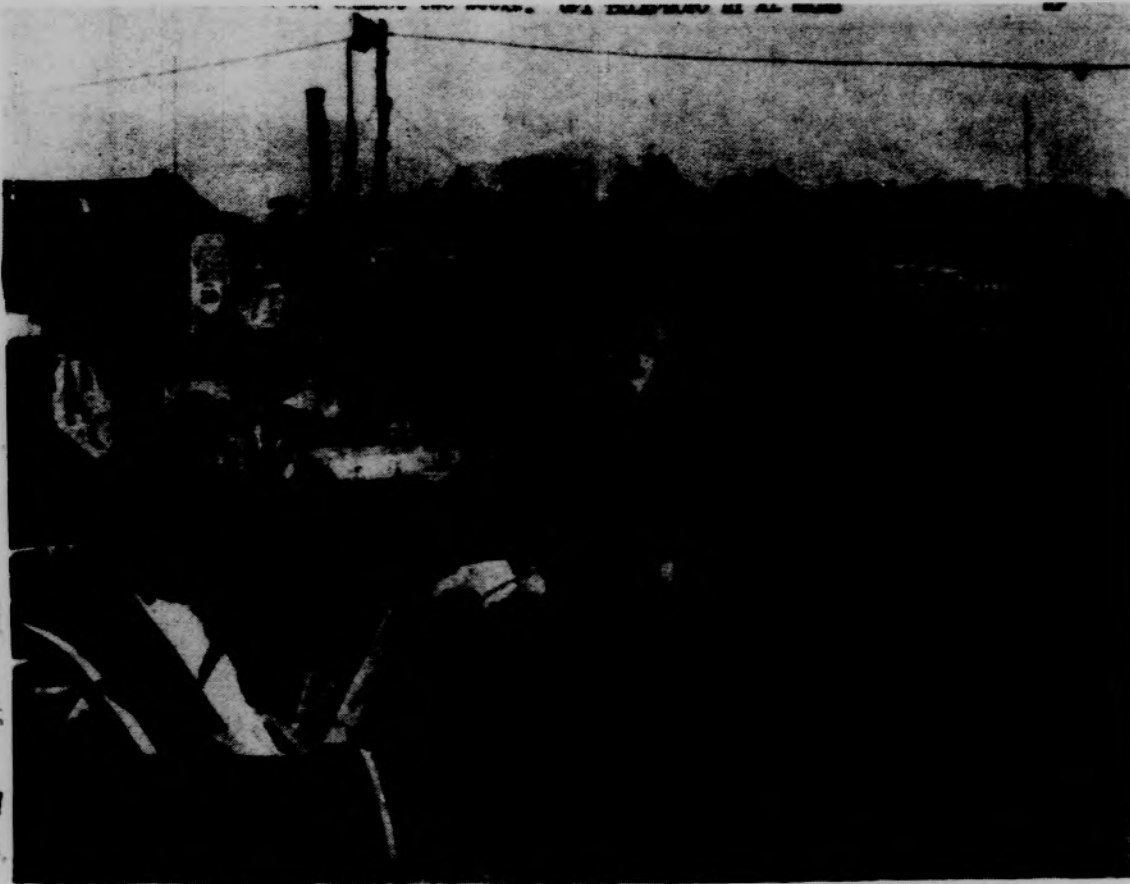
Despite the ousting of Admiral Decoux in March 1945, and the establishment of the Bao Dai puppet regime in Vietnam, the Japanese had continued their campaign against the Vietminh, whom they regarded as allies of the United States. By the summer of 1945, however, as the collapse of Japan's war effort was imminent, the Japanese commanders in Vietnam acting on specific instructions from Tokyo permitted the Vietminh 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 Communists but dominated 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 administrative control of a considerable part of the country. The puppet emperor Bao Dai, bowing as usual to the prevailing wind, on August 24 abdicated and transferred his powers to the DRV. He urged all elements, including members of the royal family, to "support the Democratic Republican 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. Within a few days 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 Republic of Vietnam, proclaimed independence from France in a document closely modelled 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 live, to be free, to be happy." The Vietnamese declaration continued: "These are undeniable truths. Nevertheless for more than eighty years the French imperialists, abusing 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' have violated the land of our ancestors and oppressed our countrymen." Then, following the U.S. model, the document went on to list the many specific wrongs that France had committed against the Vietnamese people. The document concluded: "Vietnam has the right to be free and independent, and in fact has become free and independent. We are convinced that the Allies who recognized the principles of equality at the conferences of Teheran and San Francisco cannot fail to recognize the independence of Vietnam."

However, Ho Chi Minh and the other Vietminh leaders were realists as well as idealists. They understood that the mere proclamation of independence was one thing, and that recognition of this independence, especially by France, was quite another thing. On the same day that independence was proclaimed, Vo Nguyen Giap, then the Minister of the Interior, spoke of the "particularly intimate relations" with the United States and China (Kuomintang), but also warned his countrymen that France was planning to invade and reconquer the country. While expressing a willingness to negotiate with France, he 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 responsibility for enforcing the surrender terms on the Japanese in all of Southeast Asia, except that part of Indochina north of the sixteenth parallel, where Kuomintang China would have the surrender responsibilities. The Kuomintang occupation authorities who entered northern



## The hazy 'Other War,' not fought with guns

By MITCH MILLER

"We often hear from the news media of "the Other War" being fought in Vietnam, but what that Other War is no one has clearly defined.

Is it the pacification program? The "Open Arms" campaign? The "battle for the hearts and minds of the people?"

Because of the U.S. government's position that our presence in Vietnam is solely in response to the presence of North Vietnam's forces there, we have not been able to admit that we are engaged in a political war, a war that has many fronts, such as the "Other War" not the most important of which is the military.

Political warfare is not confined to a shooting war, however. It can be carried out in any part of a nation's foreign policy, from negotiations to espionage to an international incident to an all-out war conducted by political-military means to gain political ends.

In this kind of war, the very kind we are fighting in Vietnam, military conceptions of gain and loss are not those by which the war is won, and military maps may not even reflect the truly key terrain of political ups and downs.

What is important is not how many of the enemy are killed, or what positions are taken, but the creation of incidents of symbolic value, like the burning of a refugee camp by the Viet Cong, or the abandonment of a village the United States said it would never leave. While the refugees are certainly not combat-effective soldiers, nor the village an important military property, both incidents were political warfare battles the United States lost, because in this war it is more important to protect the people on your side from a Communist terror squad than it is to destroy a battalion.

Measures short of overt hostilities are part of political warfare, too, for this kind of war makes no distinction between the seizing of the USS Pueblo and a naval battle, or the sending of a few guerilla

cadres to Bolivia and an invasion. All are part of the range of possibilities available to be used in political warfare.

In a political war, action is not confined to the military theatre of operations, either. It also takes place at conferences in Geneva, at the United Nations, at demonstrations on college campuses, because a political warrior knows that creating enough confusion and demoralization in his opponent's home he can win a war much more surely than by trying to defeat his better armed and better equipped soldiers.

The most important rule is, "Politics comes first," says Mao. Everything is political, even down to dealings with stamp clubs. (The Communist Chinese recently ceased to send notices to a West German philatelic group because it also received stamps from Formosa.)

Trade and aid are conducted so that not only are profits maximized, but so are political gains, such as the Soviet building of the Aswan High Dam in Egypt—a project the United States abandoned.

Propaganda on an international scale is, of course, a part of political warfare, but so is the spreading of rumors in a Brazilian barrio and the dropping of hints at a Washington cocktail party.

The terrorist bombing of a bus in Vietnam is political warfare, but so is the murder of an American relief organization worker in Czechoslovakia.

A Communist student strike in France is a victory, but so is a Student Mobilization Committee strike in the United States.

Not only can political warfare be the employment of agents, saboteurs, propagandists, organizers and the like, but it can be the maneuvering of whole armies, or diplomats, or positions and treaties, as when the Soviet Union signed a non-aggression pact with the Nazis during World War II, in order to gain strength for the time when the pact would be broken.

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# Despair, loneliness, disgust

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 Jan 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 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 peeling wall of curses and the cracked slab of my thoughts. Fragmented descriptions from the contents of other lives echo between the vibrations of my fears and boredom. Time extended and twisted into a drill, burrowing into recollections of the past, revealing the escaping ooze of today's breakfast--brown murk and five stewed prunes. Despair rumbles beneath a frail skin of serenity, waiting to clutch a hand into a wall-beating bloody stub. The window veils a blue haze that must be the sky and that dubious freedom that is "my" America.

If I mail my-self-thoughts as a letter I know I must endure the jeering eyes of some authoritarian automaton. A world where a pencil for an hour is a privilege, a white sponge of dough is its only answer to all hunger, and time is wielded like a weapon.

A murderer with nine years on a chain gang in his memory, a burglar, an alcoholic--my companions. Somehow they are closer to me than that which represents the element of "good." I must feel that haircuts, lack of food, humiliation, and the feelings that ask my soul to destroy itself and its vessel are tasks to conquer and that I am not merely their victim.

Sept. 21. A floor--gray and yellow, mottled and indifferent to the pacings of ragged cloth-covered feet, scattered cigarette butts, tomato seeds and toilet-paper shavings. Faded, limp mattresses draped over neutral-brown bunk girders. Two peeling open-jawed commodes, hungry for the attention of garbage and excrement. Fingers drum on a steel-slab table. Bodies lie on the floor, disheveled in death-like repose. Occasionally one stirs--sound of canvas against concrete.

Henderson struggles to fill his lungs with damp, heavy oxygen. Nasal, strained inhaling, sound of clogged radiator emitting steam. His hand explores his naked shoulder, finds a blackhead, squeezes it. His eyes examine the residue.

John, lying on the floor, reads aloud anecdotes from the "Readers' Digest". No one laughs. Henderson walks toward him, leans silently against a bunk. His mouth hangs open, the upper lip protrudes, stumps of teeth hang from it.

Sept. 22. I float helplessly in a deep, brown pool. My hands explore the mud bottom but all holds ooze through my fingers. My lungs scream silently for a breath, yet a consciousness detains the self-obliterating act. My eyes look to a surface that they fail to find.

I am chilled beyond the aid of a warm shower--A mouse in a trap without the luxury of cheese.

I asked today about your letters. They told me that only one had been held back. Tell my apathetic friends to write.

Today I woke up from not-sleeping and it was still yesterday. I woke up . . . bars, other people. I LOVE YOU.

Sept. 23. I cannot continue to write controlled letters that make me feel totally imprisoned by the untruths of this place. In one sense, I feel that admitting that I am being destroyed is in itself an act of destruction. Yet my strongest feelings tell me that confronting my weaknesses and fears is the only alternative to complete despair.

I do not want to burden you with the knowledge of my anxieties, but I can see no other course of action for my "sanity." At six in the morning the wallspeaker overlaps its waking nightmare upon the long night's sleepless images. "Clean up those wet-dreams! Out of the rack!" I lay paralyzed, sensing the unreality of the situation but finding it difficult to remember what anything else was like.

I sleep in two or three hour stretches--night and day differ only in the contrast of the shadow of the bars on the mottled concrete.

Jim is short with black greasy hair, two teeth are missing in front, tatoos decorate his arms--"I love U, Mom," a heart, a dagger. Drinks, screws, fights.

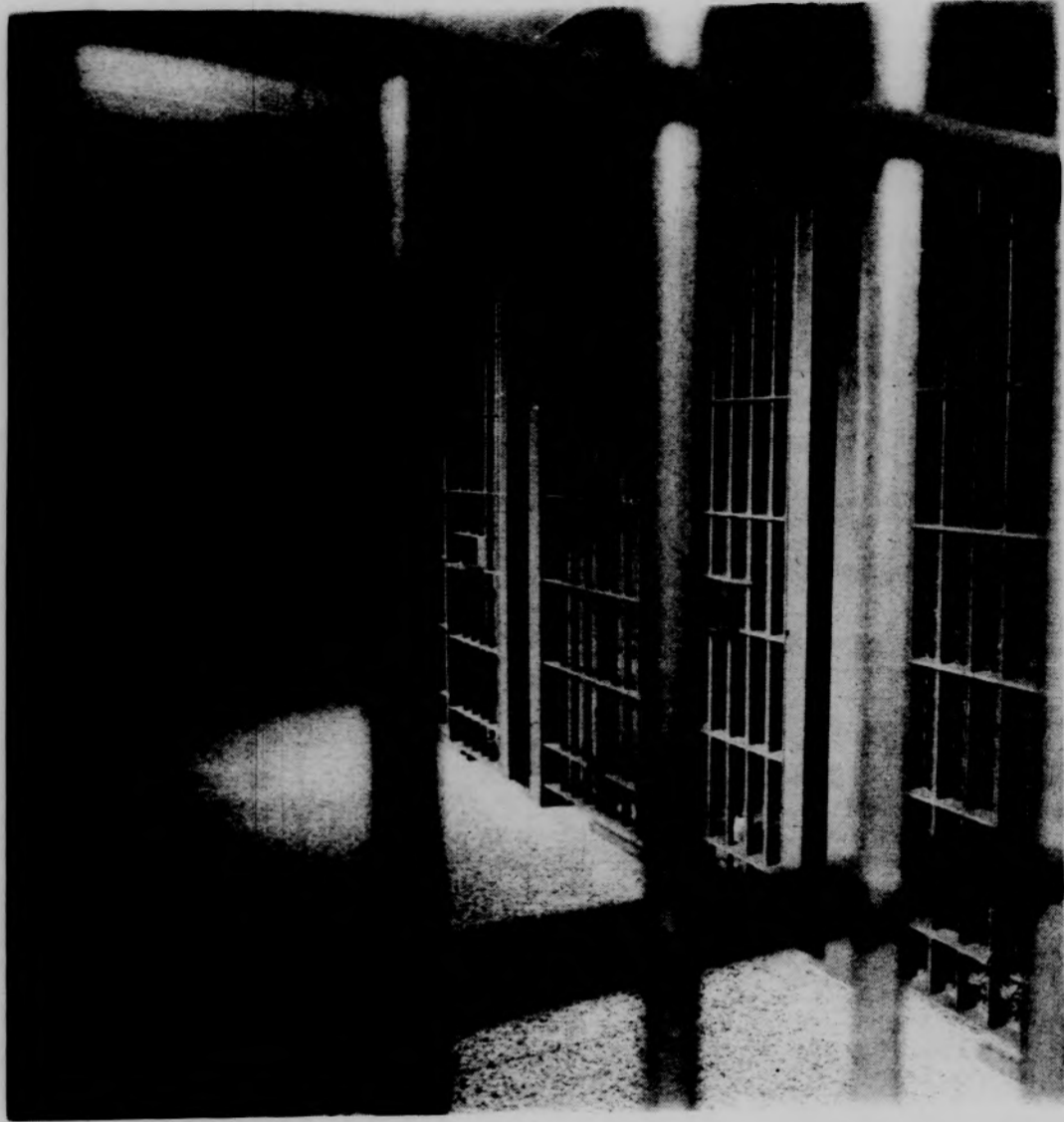


Photo by Bob Ivins

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

Darling??

Why was this fated for me? An awakening? I am.

Sept. 24. I did not sleep well last night--my mind focused on the snoring bunk next to me. I finally attempted masturbation--I became wet without the sensations of orgasm--nerves?

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 promised to fix the turn signals. The warranty 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 time, the folly of men--music flows in my veins as I feel my facial muscles strain to cry/not-cry. I want you. A crystalline desire. A fear that I am not in your thoughts and heart wells through 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 came about 2 hours after you left--they were so warm that my environment became mere incident and our life together became the only important thing. I felt strong--suddenly the bureaucratic games, the petty simple psych tricks became as laughable and transient as the antagonisms of a stubborn house-fly.

You looked very beautiful to me--I was startled to be confronted with the image of my thought-hopes after the schizoid happenings of the past few days--they are of such frightening consequence to my emotional stability that I cannot record or confront them while I am still incarcerated.

I hope my rather uncontrolled, frustrated behavior did not disturb you or my mother too greatly. I get tired of covering my feelings with peanut butter and honey. I feel like this is a game

of "king of the mountain" and I'm the mound of dirt--I don't hold up well in the pious role.

There is always a feeling of uselessness. Meaning has substance only when future is presupposed. If future equals "now"--"now" is empty. If future is postulated, "now" can be used to plan, to evaluate, to dream. The past is difficult to decipher. It is bathed in emotion. Each incident is regarded, not as having a specific consequence or result in the present, but AS the present. That is, the strength of emotive content is greater than the stimulus of the present, therefore past equals the shadow that is my "now." I live in the dim valley of my recollections.

The small events--generally negative in emotional content--in my jail life are exaggerated by the overall lack of external change. When something "occurs" it bites like a waking nightmare. I feel naked, defenseless and cornered in a world in which my skills fall out of context. If one is versed in chess, it does not follow that he will succeed in a place where football rules are in order.

It takes about an hour in the morning to separate what happened or is happening from the nightmares of sleep. This is a recent acquisition of my psychic life. I am not sure if it will continue. (i.e., I was SURE that Hillman was arrested, I remember the photo, the by-line.)

I think about you until it bothers me to the point where I will talk, read an article in R.D. or pace the cell. But soon I am back--thinking again. Je t'aime.

Sept. 29. Afternoon. Time--again I struggle in its grasp. It feels as if a day has passed since I wrote the last letter to you. I dread the loneliness of the weekend. I hate to watch time being trampled, slowly, slowly . . .

I lay down on the floor after finishing the last letter. I felt cold. I wanted to sink into the cement floor and dissolve.

Duke was talking about his kids today. He has five of them. I feel a desire for children but I fear for them. Is it my paranoia, or is the world a fist that squeezes the life-breath from those that want life most?

I feel my life hinging on the decision of one man--indifferent in his world of paper laws. I'm not bitter, hon, don't worry. Perhaps if I were older and more settled I would not feel that such a vital chunk of my Being was threatened.



# ... letters from a prison cell

I reread your letters 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 football game. I thought about the colors of the crowded stand, about High School football games and how young I was.

I lay on the floor--hungry for your warmth, the pulse of my heart heaving in my stomach. My neck tightens and my heart gains in heaviness--I roll over on my stomach. I decide to stop thinking of you--I try to relax, you reappear, brighter, clearer, but you evade my grasp.

The day passes its hours slowly--constipated and bloated in its lack of fecundity.

Sunday noon dinner--unusually edible. We can lay on the bunks, so I do. I anticipate a nervous week, for I have thought about the sentencing all morning. I try to prepare myself to do more time, anticipate the worst--I cannot. My lips are chapped, my skin is drying, peeling on my feet. I do not exercise any more--I yield slowly to inertia. Reasons to go on occur seldom.

I have had many thoughts on destiny and death in these weeks. I wonder why we let so many distractions confuse our lives and cripple our love for one another. Sometimes I am able to find solace in the fact that life is finite--consciousness would be such a burden if it lasted forever and we did not understand ourselves better than we do now.

I have dreams that I do not get out of jail and go mad with the thought of not seeing you again.

There are beaded stars on the window outside the bars. The sun is going down and I want to see it. I think of how you wanted to see the sunset in Farmington but the structures of "civilization" overshadowed it. I would do my time easier if I did not have so much to come out for. I think back to last Thursday--I do not recall feeling as frustrated as when I stood behind that glass wall. I remember when I used to desire an image on a movie screen and how my chest would ache.

I could not sleep last night until around three--thinking, thinking . . . Under 100 hours until I'm sentenced.

Driving from Philly to Lansing, trying to cook hamburgers by an old skeet-shoot range, taking pictures . . . Planning for a future and fearing it, calming down, rolling over, your face in golden sunlight, Donovan, Bill and his dirty room; I love you and wait with what strength is left me.

Oct. 6. It is Friday--I was NOT on the court list this morning! Questions overlap--are you in court? My lawyer? Why did they leave me? They won't tell me what's happening. Impotent anger paces in the constructed passages of my thoughts. What do I do? What CAN I do? Will I be eternally sentenced to be sentenced? (I think of Camus--"Myth of Sisyphus")

I have a letter from you dated Thurs. morn. In it, you ask some questions that are important.

"You have laughed at stability because you have never had it." Yes, I despise the aspect of the word "stability" that connotes the inert, the unresponsive. I admire the strength that is required to will, control, and overcome fear, however. I have confronted the raw material of fear in these weeks and have passed through the dregs of many "selves" I have previously been successful in escaping.

Yes, I must say that I have rationalized, or deflated the value of, situations in which I have felt inadequate. I have come to be much more honest with myself. I have never REALLY suffered before. I was always opening avenues of escape in the form of people, activities, philosophies. It is therefore not our defense that I can say "No!"

to your accusation "You are basically very weak emotionally."

I'll admit that I'm overly concerned about projecting certain images of myself; professing pseudo-independency; a concern for a freedom that I do not really want and actually HAVE if I would stop pretending I don't; avoiding mature commitments, living for today not because I am fully aware of today but because I do not want to consider future responsibilities. That's part of the story--I don't have the facilities to compose a voluminous discourse at present!

Oct. 6. 8:30 p.m. I just returned to my cell--a flurry of questions. The guys tried to encourage me--I guess I look pretty bad.

I got your note--my throat constricted while I tried to stop the tears from melting what little control I had left. It was beautiful--I feel the power of your love as I sit here, calming now from the mounting despair.

I cannot ask you to suffer the physical deprivations I must face but I would feel grateful if I knew that you could attempt to discipline yourself in that which is dear to us both. Life has much to give us if, as you say, we do what we must do for that which is greater than either of us--our union.

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

Oct. 9 I reread your last letter and it knots my throat like the first time I read it. I try to outgrow my jealousy and my fear of jealousy. I keep thinking of the people and who will be able to see you, talk, smile, or touch you. I try to grow away from these fears -- death thoughts that make the time unendurable. If I think of Thanksgiving, Christmas, weekends, and nights, my nerves rage into a million tiny strangling hands. I am trying.

Your last letter was so very beautiful. I do not doubt your love -- I fear change. I am strong enough now to bear whatever prison holds for me, but not what you could do to me. Reassure me.

I anticipate the visits from many demons. I hope that I am prepared sufficiently to bear them.

Keep in touch with my parents -- lean on one another. Drive, walk, live carefully. Do not let carelessness separate us more than it has. (Is it chance? Punishment? Molra?)

Somehow, I still cannot BELIEVE this situation. I ask myself "How did I harm society, Why does it punish me?" In "Origin and History . . ." look in the index under "Hero archetype" and "Christ archetype." An explanation, but not reassuring.

I do not feel that there is anyone here but me and that I am not here. I am lost. Find me.

Oct. 11. Things are bustling. I get up at 6:00 for oatmeal, lay around, eat soup at 11:00, pace a bit, shower, lay around, eat potatoes at 5:00, play a card game, lay around until it's time to lay around at 8:00 p.m. when we're allowed to lay around on the bunks. Ah, social rehabilitation.

Did you find the unposted letter? The locket? I got my hair cut because it's impossible to keep me and my hair alive at the same time. Pretty soon I'll be able to squeeze between the bars.

I am not sure how I am going to deal with the time ahead of me -- if the past is any indication, it will be very bad. God, I feel so pre-emptious trying to write a "cheery" letter. I ask myself if I can keep living in this murk. If I do not try to find humor, my lack of it will destroy my hold on myself.

It is somewhat easier now -- the hardships no longer seem infinite. I know they will pass with the melting of the snow.

What do I say to you from the starving void of by existence? I want to communicate but I do not want to burden your freedom with the heaviness of my thoughts. I want to tell you how I love you when I know that our need is not words.

I think ahead to future frustrations, the glass wall between us. How will I nourish you when my senses are deprived of stimuli, my thoughts and words of experience, and my body of even the simplest demands. What will make a promise more exciting to you than someone else's immediate presence?

I hope work is going well. I hope the bills will leave you enough to buy something new.

Oct. 13. Sentencing Day. Thursday was a very bad day -- anticipating your visit, fighting myself and my fate, and worrying sleepless into the fluorescent light. White glare of fears, doubts.

You were beautiful today in court! I like your new dress. Don't dare cut your hair.

My problems now are yours. I will not require the psychic attention of the past month -- I know what I must do, I understand my environment, its psychology, and my private fears. Ego remains strength -- it no longer has to face an infinite, incomprehensible darkness. I can advise you guide you with my love-thoughts. I can assure you a future worth the living, securities I did not think myself capable or mindful of. Do not fear to discuss your difficulties. I am strong -- soon I will be free to give you my strength in return for your patience.

I am capable of working now -- I know what I want now. You, a child, a place by the sea . . . My dreams no longer carry me, wandering alone, asking myself that which I cannot answer (I look at you, there is no question, no answer).

I love you now with thoughts for a lifetime -- education, travel, children, the passing of many seasons, together. You ask yourself about its reality. Do you remember a haunting Philadelphia night when I confessed that I had always wakened to the realization of love only after I had allowed it to pass? I have caught up with my elusive love-soul, named her in my mind's heart, and given her your image.

Wait for me.

P.S. Sorry, Hon -- cats GO.

P.S.S. Pick up my clothes and leave the shoes.

Oct 16. Time does not hasten despite the relief of knowing my sentence. The continual confrontation of emptiness is something that will not cease to anger and frustrate me.

Conversation consists of crimes, fights, bar-room incidents, and the unfaithfulness of wives. Alternative activities are pacing, thinking, and laying on the floor.

Try to understand my experiences while you are free to divert your own energies. My thoughts lead me down strange and sometimes frightening paths. I always carry your image with me -- on occasion I will become insanely jealous or possessive. It is because of having NO way of knowing what is happening in the world of the living! I am in a coffin, dead to all purpose, but still conscious. The fluids of life and need flow through me -- I can only answer with MORE control.

I have come close to myself in a way that is hard to describe. One way that may startle you because it seems contradictory to what you have known is my desire for a home and a chance to be responsible. You may think it is because I am confined -- I have examined that

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## BOOKMARKS

## 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 most inappropriate and non-newspaper style. In fact, I started the review (?) with a discussion of another book of Mr. Golding's, "The Spire". But before I scapped my carefully scribbled effort, 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 ordinary review. I wanted to do something vital, alive, with artistic merit, and not a mish-mash of platitudes or an English major's rehashing of theme, plot, etc. Which is to say I found both books to be extraordinary.

"The Hot Gates" is a series of essays, ranging in content from the personal crosses Mr. Golding must bear to his position of fabulist in "The Lord of the Flies". It is an amazing little volume. For example, you are not supposed to become passionately involved in a writer's reminiscences about a trip to Thermopylae, site of the defeat of Leonidas and his 300 Spartans (unless you tend to bleed green and white). But something goes wrong. You don't just sit with Golding on the bitter mountain, enduring the searing heat, nor can you snap a few picturesque mind-slides and comment, "Ah, what a setting for a novel!" Instead, you feel irresistibly drawn to the past, and you feel as though you are one of the unlucky 300 soldiers, waiting in the heat of a mountain pass for the hundreds of thousands of Persians coming to annihilate you. You find yourself in the mind of one of the long-dead soldiers, feeling that somewhere, sometime, you should have done something, but the chance is gone and your fate is decided. Worse, you realize that even if you had done something, it wouldn't have made any difference.

Or take the essay, "Digging For Pictures", an account of a "rescue dig" by Golding and some other amateur archaeologists in the Downs of Southern England. The area of the "dig" is to be made into a runway for the world's largest airplane, and the bulldozers are right behind the archaeologists. Golding has an intensely personal experience of horror in his find of a small mound, containing the skeleton of an old woman atop an ancient rubbish heap, the victim of what "may very well have been a prehistoric murder." The impossibility of lingering over this occurrence is impressed upon Golding by the impatient bulldozers, steadily advancing to flatten the burial mounds. Golding conjures up the picture of technological society after technological society, hurrying in "its petty pace" to the total disregard of individual human tragedy. The world's largest airplane becomes a symbol of destruction, preparing to destroy uncounted numbers of human beings and leave them in so many rubbish heaps, where their bones may or may not be discovered by some future archaeologists, who may or may not have time to evaluate the dried bones and tell the world to stop and reconsider before a new generation of bulldozer shoves our dreadful remains back into the deep pit.

As Golding puts it, "There is a sense in which I share the guilt buried beneath the runway, a sense in which my imagination has locked me to them." You come away from "The Hot Gates" feeling precisely like that.

I read "The Spire" in addition to "The Hot Gates", chiefly because I couldn't remember much of "The Lord of the Flies", and I didn't see much promise in discussing a novelist's essays without knowing something about the way in which he writes novels. As I read with passion the essays, so I read with what amounts to a strange fear the novel. The style flows smoothly from easy-going conversation to very fine description, which is to say nothing about the stark terror that seizes you from beginning to end. This is not to say that there are no flaws in the novel. Certainly the technical language, with regard to the building of the church spire, is incomprehensible other than symbolically to

(Continued on page 12.)



## Szell displays prowess in Mozart sonatas

By JIM ROOS

Despite another deluge of Mahler symphonies, Stockhausen "experiments" and Bruckner behemoths, a perusal of new recordings for January turned up two discs which indicate that Herr Mozart continues to hold his place in the affections of musicians and music lovers alike.

The records to which I refer (Columbia releases) feature George Szell in his usual role as conductor, and also in a less frequently documented capacity as pianist. Although Szell generally disclaims exceptional talents as an instrumentalist, he began his musical career as a pianist. In fact, at the age of 17 he acted as both conductor and soloist in a performance of Beethoven's demanding "Emperor" Concerto with the Vienna Philharmonic.

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, he decided to have some fun at the keyboard again, and in so doing turned to four of Mozart's loveliest violin and piano sonatas (K. 376, 301, 304 and 296).

As his collaborator, Szell chose none other than the concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, Rafael Drulan. It was a good choice because Drulan—an impeccable violinist and soloist in his own right—proves a compelling partner for Szell's perfectionist approach.

For one thing, both performers are exquisite executants. In Szell's hands all of Mozart's notes and phrases fall into the right places and are bolstered by a bright, resonant, pearly sound. Drulan compliments the maestro's timbre with a singing tone, suitably diminished vibrato and faultless intonation.

Of course, it takes more than technical polish to make Mozart shine and, happily, both performers know it. They have avoided the pitfalls of clipped Allegros or sluggish Andantes and somehow have managed to adopt a tempo for each movement that seems absolutely "right".

This is particularly true of the K. 296 Sonata where the duo achieves near perfect realization of Mozart's Allegro vivace marking, without rushing or blurring a single detail. Both artists seem to relish their task and they produce a unity of conception while swapping prominence, phrase for phrase.

In both the second and third movements too, intricate ornamentation is kept lucid without sacrificing the awareness of Mozart's melodic line, nor the poetry of expression.

In short, we have here a recording of truly remarkable musical teamwork, and fortunately

it has been processed with loving care for spacious stereo sound and ideal ensemble balance.

Speaking of "ensemble", that is a subject upon which Szell is nearly fanatical. Indeed, his approach to chamber music forms the very basis of his conducting technique.

In an interview with musicologist-critic Paul Henry Lang (published in High Fidelity Magazine), Szell 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."

Szell's method works well enough with Mozart and other composers of the classic period, but he is occasionally criticized for an ultra-precise and somewhat dry handling of Romantic and post-Romantic repertoire.

This is not the problem in his account of Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 3 with Issac Stern, which takes up half of the second disc mentioned previously. Here is an amazing example of just what Szell 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 pleasantly brisk tempos in the first and last movements—as in the Mozart sonatas—clarity is preserved, yet the totality of the music's impression is left uncompromised.

Stern turns in some beautiful playing to be sure, yet his interpretation strikes me as a trifle overbearing. This is especially evident in his angular and aggressive approach to the first movement cadenza by Franko.

In fact, the performance is somewhat lacking in the type of reflection and poise I have heard Stern bring to this work in concert or to his previous recordings of the Mozart 1st and 5th Concerti with Szell.

The other side of the disc, however, is a real let down. Stern acts as both conductor and violinist together with violist Walter Trampler and members of the London Symphony Orchestra in Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante. To one who is familiar with Stern's splendid 1952 recording with William Primrose and Casals conducting, this new record promises exciting possibilities. But few of them have been realized.

For some mysterious reason Stern chooses excessively deliberate tempi and consequently spontaneity is lost. Trampler, an outstanding violist, produces a solid, but lightly shaded tone. In the Allegro maestoso he and Stern work well

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## POETRY

## 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, tangle, push  
 To impregnate immobile land.  
 Nothing of mine grows  
 Except a little flesh;  
 And the ground encrusts the futile lunge.

Each potent 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 sexless journey.  
 In this worthless residue  
 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 its claws on the hunter's call

II

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

and curled 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 silhouette 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

and wounded, the crow falls

down on his lonely earth

Roy Bryan, East Lansing junior, has been published in "Zeitgeist," and last term his work appeared in the October 12th issue of "Collage."

He is currently involved in organizing a poetry reading. Students and faculty will read their own works at The Pit restaurant on Wed., February 7, starting at 8:30 p.m.



Photo by Jim Richardson

## 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  
 can be a futile hunt, shiny swords  
 soon lose gloss  
 rubbed by yellowing clouds.

the many times you have lit up  
 dwindle in constant progression,  
 and with each new pack opened  
 it seems the last twenty;

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

## Pacific Coast, A.M.

## a love

Yesterdays sunned-rocks  
 Are cracked open, cold  
 Shanghied on landscape  
 Rolled in fog dough.

Barefoot; liquid salt  
 On a raw coast,  
 The wound burns deeper  
 In my wool coat.

Wave, wave over wave.  
 What carved inlet  
 Traps her warmth. My body  
 Lay every bet

Among seagull swirls

Surface  
Tension

Skimming water, bugs  
 Flirt the skin;  
 Eyes touch taughtly strung.  
 City creased, village worn  
 Eyes nervously hunt  
 A tremble of love  
 To wet shriveled seeds.

## 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)

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

It is more than that and you are inseparable from it. The prospect of another four more months sickens and threatens me. I do not want to return to find that you have skirted your role in this situation. Handle the financial curse, regardless of what you would rather do. Accept the one physical deprivation, I promise that you will not be sorry. At least you have food, friends, music, entertainment, books — all of which seem like great luxuries to me.

Evaluate your love — am I what you want? Do you value my word? Most important do you believe me and IN me? Excedrin and unemployment are in the past. I promise you more than a shoulder for crying — trust me. If you want us, act for us NOW. If you don't, don't delude my time, my love, my thoughts. I have already realized that Gwen is an image you no longer need strive to replace. I am not negating her as a person. I am saying that I have a more complete, honest, and realizable relationship with you. I do not need to worship you to love you, idealize you to feel the pain of the lack of your presence.

I feel as if I bore you, sometimes, with my prattle, praise, promises and pedantic ultimatums. I am a man out of my element. I have sought to cultivate that which is 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 — the painted backdrop of the theatre's worst play.

Friday — waiting in the "bull-pen" — an old man has an attack, rolls his eyes, clutches 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.

Am I growing dim to you? Is a shade in a county jail worth living for? February — skiing? March — the fourth! April 28, May 20! I hope I 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 shakey, sweating. I fear that something will happen to take us from one another. Moods — I'm learning about mine. I love you.

Oct. 17. Today for the first time, I was let out in the hall to scrub the walls. I saw for the first time what the cell looks like from the "outside." It was a very "shocking" experience! I looked at the pale, almost lifeless bodies lying on the floor. It was a mausoleum, and I was one of the corpses. Nerve-heat, my knees caved! (It frightened me to have such an intense physical reaction.)

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

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

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

He straightens his lapel, gives me an intent, authoritarian stare.

Me: "I seem to be over-reacting 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 morbidity. I'm becoming spiteful and I don't want to. I notice many obvious schizophrenic tendencies in myself."

Chaplain: "Have you ever received any psychiatric care?"

Me: "I was suicidal for a period at school and went to an analyst. His reactions were quite shallow, so I didn't see him again."

Chaplain: "Have you received Christ as your Savior?"

Me: "What do you mean?"

Chaplain: "Do you believe that man is depraved and can only find salvation through the Son of God?"

Me: "I believe that God is love — Christ is a symbol."

Chaplain: "THERE'S your problem. Until you realize you are sinful and insignificant you will never be saved!" (angry)

Well you know what the rest of the dialogue is. We talked about war — he told me that God was on our side, that we had to destroy Communism. The fact that we would destroy the world as the odds of nuclear war increased didn't seem to change his mind. "I served my two years," he said. He then ran down to me his belief that all college students who try pot should be locked up along with conscientious objectors. There's more, but I think you have the idea.

Oct. 18. For the last hour or two I have been restlessly pacing the floor of the cell, rereading your letters, performing my daily ritual of self-evaluation, and using my powers to comply with the absurdity of my fate, waiting for the communal pencil to arrive. At last it comes and I reach for it with hunger.

Forgive me for the anxious letter of Monday. When I read your comments about human insensitivity and your charges against me, I became very upset. As you can probably understand, lack of immediate communication, in an environment devoid of any positive stimuli, can be extremely frustrating.

I do not want you to doubt or question the existence of my love for you. You must understand that the metaphor of "sinking ships" is a phase in my psychic life. It is one, I can assure you that has passed into obsolescence. Time — still my enemy.

Your letters are more important to me than I can explain. The day centers around their arrival. I am very much alone. My thoughts are with you continually. I'm not being figurative in the last statement. Write, please, if only it's to tell me a few brief impressions. I am starving for stimulus. I need to know your thoughts, feelings.

Oct. 20. It is with the greatest difficulty that I do not become the animal I am made to resemble. The limits of my thoughts and aspirations narrow with each hour. I have all I can do to prevent myself from entering the game of Hate as I feel my mind being squeezed, my emotions choked.

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, entering my mind from behind.

The chattering of the idiot inmates, the blare of the radio, the inactivity — I still do not have books — 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 care. It's hard 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 awake finding that I have had a wet-dream, and loneliness pours into me.

I do not know if it is the calculated psych-outs of this place, the sensual 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 some way (for a moment, physically; emotionally through lack of empathy; 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 razor-blade when it comes in. Distorted, violent dreams haunt my sleep and waking.

In the hole — blood on the walls, death closing in — 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.

Why must I 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 *Collage* 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 work 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.



# MSU moviegoers find variety

By JIM YOUSLING

Two years ago, MSU was a motion picture wasteland. There was an International Film Series—an Establishment group that packed 'em in at Fairchild for films as good as "Mafioso" and as commercial as "Lillies of the Field." MSU had the new MHA-WIC series which generally showed trash like "Under the Yum Yum Tree" for only 10 cents. And finally, there was the struggling MSU Film Society which, under the leadership of Doug Lackey, supplied the campus intellectuals with films that were very old or very esoteric. With the exception of the Fairchild series, no one was making money.

Then last year something happened: the film groups began splitting, changing, trying to be heard. The International series outgrew Fairchild. The MHA-WIC group organized, raised prices to 25 cents and began to advertise heavily. And the Film Society fell apart. Frank Leahy, who had been helping out Lackey's successor, Harvey Goldman, began to crystallize his Unitarian Church-supported Exploring Cinema Society. Due to a series of expensive, poorly-publicized and unsupported showings of French art films, the Film Society ended up the year \$800 in debt.

It began to look like MSU simply would not support good films unless they were backed and publicized by the University itself.

Finally, MSU became film conscious. Over the summer, the off-campus theaters jumped from four to six. The on-campus film groups blossomed. Two years ago, hardly anyone at MSU knew who Ingmar Bergman and Federico Fellini were. Now, showing "The Virgin Spring" or "Juliet of the Spirits" seems almost as commercial and profitable as a Doris Day movie. Even the State Theatre has taken to holding art film festivals.

To help the bewildered keep the many series straight, here is the latest run-down of local film societies:

MHA-WIC (based at Brody, Wilson and Conrad): This 25 cent series supplies funds for MHA-WIC. They rely exclusively on the newest money-makers from Hollywood ("The Chase," "The Carpetbaggers"), totally without consid-



eration of artistic value. They are for those who like "a good movie" at a low price.

INTERNATIONAL FILM SERIES (based at the Auditorium): While not particularly knowledgeable about motion picture art, this group does an excellent job of finding unusual entertainment such as the Nureyev-Fonteyn ballet series and such tasteful "little" films like "The Shameless Old Lady." Only rarely do they slip into the banalities of something like "The Shaggy Dog."

CINEMA GUILD (based at Wells Hall): This group, which serves as a fund-raiser for Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), was born when the Film Society went bankrupt last spring. They show consistently good films by such well-known directors as Bergman, Antonioni and Eisenstein.

MSU FILM SOCIETY (based at Anthony Hall): Having cut all ties with SDS, the Film Society was reorganized as a non-profit group. Their film tastes have been almost identical to those of the Cinema Guild, with mostly well-established art

films and an occasional dip into oddities like "Freaks" and "Summerskin."

After paying their debts, however, they have started a second series as well. With the art films shown on Fridays, they are now devoting Saturdays to Hollywood classics, offering Mae West and Garbo festivals.

EXPLORING CINEMA SOCIETY (based at the Union Parlors): This group, supported by donations and the Unitarian Church, has constantly presented excellent, obscure and shocking films from the Underground plus an occasional goodie like W.C. Fields or "42nd Street."

In addition to these major groups, we find films being shown at THE SCENE, ACT II Coffee House, at the Edgewood Church, at individual dorms, in JMC courses, and as a totally unpublicized part of the PAC Season Coupon series.

Why this sudden interest in films? Why, when two years ago you couldn't find anything to do at MSU, are you now swamped with so many film groups that you can't keep them all straight?

The answer may be simple: an entire generation has grown on mature, high-quality films. Even "Time Magazine" has noted that "cinema has become the favorite art form of the young." For the first time since the advent of television, movie attendance is setting record highs. Even television has turned into a movie dispenser. (Next season NBC will have a prime-time movie every night!)

Here at MSU, Art Weld's "History of the Motion Picture" course has grown from a few dozen students to over 150 in only two years. In fact, the film history department needs desperately to be expanded from one term to a year-long survey like the Art History series. Likewise, the film-making courses have swollen from a handful of film enthusiasts to over 60 per term.

Whatever the causes, the effects are obvious. MSU students are interested in the cinema as art as well as the movies as entertainment. Our film groups are, for the most part, of a first rate quality and, for the first time, are doing a good business. And finally, the campus can offer filmgoers some relief when the local theatres decide to hold "Thunderball" or "To Sir With Love" for an entire term.

## You name it, sex can sell it

(Continued from page 3.)

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

The Times was not so conservative in another case when they ran an ad for a New York clothier with a self-confident headline "Howard makes clothes for men who make babies." Other New York papers refused to run the ad, and after one showing in the Times the ad was withdrawn at the request of the Improvement of Advertising Consent Committee.

Norman B. Norman, president of the agency that created the ad, said, "Sex has always been a part of advertising, but it has usually stayed on the fringe. Now we are encouraging our copywriters to talk more openly and liberally about sex."

Mort Wimple, a Norman, Craig, and Kummel executive, said the idea of the Howard clothes ad was to "show men doing things associated with being successful."

All this is a far cry from the Holeproof Hosiery ads of the early 1900's, which are credited with the introduction of "cheesecake" to advertising. The Holeproof ads had the audacity to show drawings of a girl revealing her legs, including portions well above the knee. In addition, the legs were covered with, not the traditionally accepted white cotton, but rather questionable black silk.

The flapper age came, and women began to buy silk stockings by the millions. In 1926 Chesterfield put the first woman in a cigarette advertisement. She did not smoke but, looking adoringly upon the manly figured smoking next to her, murmured "Blow some my way."

Today women are in all kinds of advertising for their power of attraction, drawing attention to such highly sexed products as Alcoa Aluminum and Art Metal File Cabinets. Those who tire of the continuing exploitation of sex appeal for commercial purposes may take some comfort in the fact that it is not entirely an American phenomenon.

In Asia, where the advertising business is booming with a 15 per cent yearly increase in volume, ads often use blatant virility symbols and vivid illustrations of busty models. Explicit advertisements for contraceptives are not uncommon. Ads with sexy Japan models flopped in Thailand where there is a low opinion of Japanese sex appeal. One wonders what the discriminating Thais might think of Twiggy.

A nude male model appeared in an underwear ad in Paris magazines with the copy surprinted on his derriere. "Just about where the eye would naturally be drawn by curiosity," in the words of the copy chief of the agency that did the ad. The ad was used because it received a favorable reaction when tested with women, who buy 65 per cent of their husbands' underwear in the low price bracket.

Admen sometimes carry sex as a means of persuasion beyond the obvious melange of picture-perfect flesh and suggestive headlines into the nether world of inner motives and Freudian symbols.

Norman B. Norman pops up again, this time as the Ajax knight in shining white armor. Norman employed his white knight to sell cleanser when a psychologist told him that 90 per cent of the housewives in America would like to supplement their sex lives. The white knight supposedly symbolizes strength and power to meet this need.

In "The Hidden Persuaders," Vance Packard writes at length about the use of motivational research in advertising. The researchers, says Packard, have examined consumers' needs and personalities almost to the point where consumers can be manipulated without realizing it. When a couple is looking for a house for instance, the man sees a house as a symbolic mother and the woman sees the house as an extension of her own personality. The motivation conscious advertiser, therefore, should stress warmth, safety and comfort to the man and style, decor and beauty to the woman.

Ernest Dichter, president of the Institute for Motivational Research, has said that men see convertibles as symbolic mistresses and sedans as faithful wives. Therefore, they end up buying a

sedan and dreaming about owning a convertible.

Whether it is the symbols or the skirts that sell products, it seems clear that sex is here to stay in advertising. Sex is used by the advertiser to draw attention to his product, to identify it with sex appeal and to put it in attractive surroundings to enhance its image.

The advertising with sex presents a world of smooth skin and pretty faces on the pages of magazines and on the television screen where even black eyes are painless little black rings. It is the world of beautiful people doing beautiful things, and its only danger lies in the chance that someone really might take it seriously. It must be taken with a grain of salt for its reality does not extend beyond the printed page.

## Mozart

(Continued from page 8.)

together echoing each other's phrasings, but the tempo drags. The Andante too sounds over-calculated and studied, while the last movement Presto lacks the joy and buoyancy one normally associates with it.

It is interesting to note that although most performances of the Sinfonia last about 25 minutes, Stern's tempos have stretched the work to nearly 32 minutes!

Thus, if you're looking for a completely satisfying record of this musical gem I don't think you'll find it in this soporific performance.

For those who are interested in a nearly ideal version, I refer them to Yehudi Menuhin, the Bath Festival Orchestra and the marvelous Russian violist Rudolf Barshai. Here is music making that mixes exuberance with abandon and lyricism with understanding. Also, Barshai's burnished viola sound dovetails extraordinarily with Menuhin's Prince Khevenhueller Stradivarius.

As for the Mozart G major Concerto, I have yet to hear a performance as musically adroit as that of Gioconda Divito's with Rafael Kubelik.



# Vietnam under the French

(Continued from page 5.)

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 operated 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 mostly 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 rearmed the 5000 French troops which had been interned 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 mercenaries. With these forces they were able to reestablish complete control over Cochín-China. North Vietnam, however, still remained under the control of the Vietminh.

Kuomintang forces began entering their occupation zone from neighboring Yunnan province in China at the end of August, 1945. Their total strength reached 180,000 men—far more than were really needed to take the surrender of the



Japanese forces in the northern zone. According to the American journalist Harold Isaacs, who was there at the time, the Vietnamese "were at the mercy of the Chinese, and while the Chinese were momentarily friendly—at least not unfriendly—no one in the Vietminh government, least of all Ho Chi Minh, could mistake the rapacious Kuomintang militarists for apostles of freedom."

The Chinese occupation forces were under the command of General Lu Han, one of the notorious "Yunnan opium generals." The record of plunder, corruption, and "legalized" extortion of the Kuomintang hordes was one 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 3500 French troops were kept disarmed and semi-interned. 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 was 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 was dead. Had he still been alive, things might very well have been quite different as far as U.S. Asian 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 hope for support, had no intention of contributing to the demise of French control over Indochina. When the Truman Administration announced that it was offering France \$160 million worth of vehicles and miscellaneous equipment for use in Indochina, Ho realistically recognized that the United States was prepared to help the French bear the cost of reconquest. Sobered but undaunted, Ho sadly confided 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 Chungking on February 28, 1946. Considering Chiang Kai-shek's many anti-imperialist tirades during the war, the Kuomintang with this deal in effect sold out Vietnamese nationalism to Western imperialism. France, however, paid a heavy price. Among other things, Chinese nationals in Indochina were to enjoy 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. With the conclusion of this rather cynical deal, the Kuomintang hordes departed. With their departure, rapacious as they had been, the Vietnamese nationalists lost their only support and the way was paved for the attempt to restore French colonialism by the sword.

## 'Other war'

(Continued from page 5.)

And not only can political warfare be conducted by nations or blocs of nations only, but it is practiced by members of the university community as they hold rallies, write leaflets or attempt to force the administration into a misstep.

Political warfare, then, is the combative maneuvering of men, materials, and events in political, economic, and psychological arenas to win victories which will gain strength or support, or weaken one's opponents.

It is obvious from this that aggressive political warfare on a worldwide scale is directed toward the achievement of longterm global goals. And it is similarly obvious that in a competitive world, where one side practices offensive political warfare extensively and successfully, the other side must do so also, or ultimately it cannot survive.

## Golding review


(Continued from page 8.)

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 vision, who carries it out to the utter destruction of the four people he loved most, only to find in the ferocity of a storm that he has "traded a stone hammer for four people."

The "stone hammer" of the spire is neither completely destroyed as a sign to tell the priest, Jocelin, that he should have picked the world of men, 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 Jocelin 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 Hot Gates". There you feel, with the 300 Spartans, that you are making a choice, and if it is the wrong one, no other choice would have been any better.

What I mean to say is that Mr. Golding has put us within the sphere of truth. We feel, after the experience of his work, the pull of life and death upon our own throats, and we journey through joy and terror to the tethered ends of our own imaginations.



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By Margaret Mitchell

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