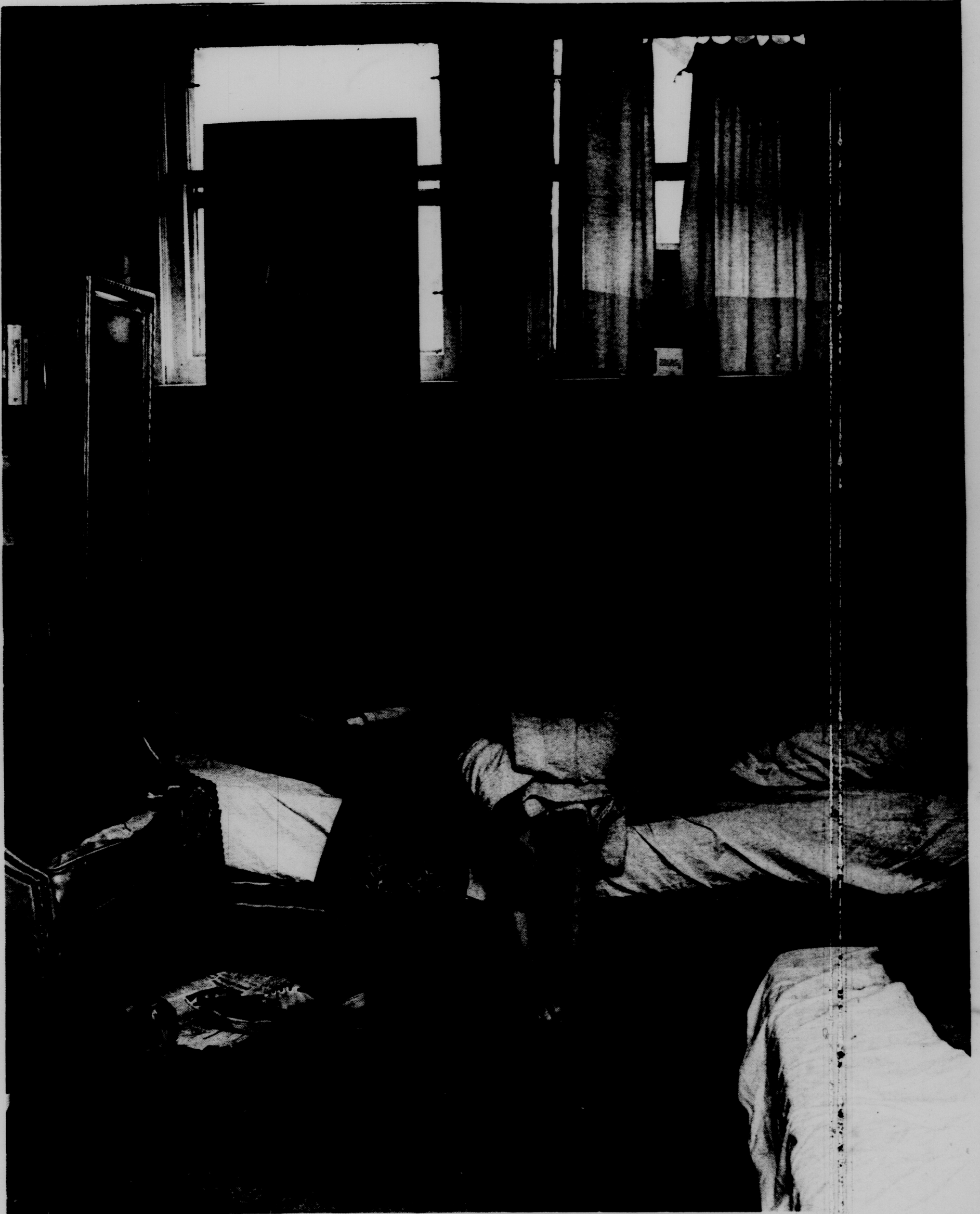


# COLLAGE

The State News Bi-weekly Magazine

Thursday, May 16, 1968



Difficult search for "self" at the University. See pages 4 and 5

Photo by Bob Ivins



# Calendar of Events: May 16-30



THURSDAY, MAY 16

Gentle Thursday  
"The King and I" (PAC, Aud.)  
"Black Orpheus" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)  
Luis Bunuel's "Viridiana" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)  
Fraternity Track Finals  
Isenberg Memorial Lecture: Norman Chomsky (8:00, 104B Wells)  
Student Woodwind Quintet (3:00 Music Aud.)

FRIDAY, MAY 17

Luis Bunuel's "Viridiana" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)  
"Black Orpheus" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)  
"The King and I" (PAC, Aud.)  
Women's Glee Club (8:15, Music Aud.)

"Stars in the Making" (8:00, Abrams)  
Street Dance  
Engineering Expo  
Baseball, MSU vs. Illinois  
Alumni Weekend

SATURDAY, MAY 18

"Freaks" & "The Pit and the Pendulum" (7 & 9:30 and 8:00, 109 Anthony)  
"The King and I" (PAC, Aud.)  
Greek Feast  
Engineering Expo  
Baseball, MSU vs. Purdue  
Rugby, MSU vs. Windsor  
Tricycle Race  
Alumni Weekend  
"Stars in the Making" (2:30 & 8, Abrams)

SUNDAY, MAY 19

The Best of Charlie Chaplin, Part III (7 & 8:30, Union Ballroom)  
Greek Sing  
"Stars in the Making" (2:30 & 4, Abrams)  
Graduate Recital: Albert DeRuiter (4:00, Music Aud.)  
Richards Quintet (2:30, Kresge Gallery)

MONDAY, MAY 20

Read "War and Peace"

TUESDAY, MAY 21

Last Day: Graduate Art Exhibition, Part II (Kresge)  
Baseball, MSU vs. Western  
ROTC Commissioning Parade  
President's Reception, Seniors

Senior Recital: Sharon Wedgwood, Soprano (3:00, Music Aud.)  
Symphonic Wind Ensemble (8:15, Fairchild)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22

President's Reception, Seniors  
Senior Recital: Lawrence Brown, Cello (8:15, Music Aud.)

THURSDAY, MAY 23

Alfred Hitchcock's "Psycho" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)  
Antonioni's "Il Grido" (7:30 Aud.)  
Student Recital (3:00, Music Aud.)  
Chamber Orchestra (8:15, Music Aud.)

FRIDAY, MAY 24

Jean-Luc Godard's "Breathless" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)  
Antonioni's "Il Grido" (7:30, Aud.)  
Alfred Hitchcock's "Psycho" (7 & 9, place to be announced)  
Water Carnival  
Parents' Weekend  
"The Enemy Below" (7:00, Anthony)  
African Film Series  
"Stars in the Making" (8:00, Abrams)

SATURDAY, MAY 25

"King Kong" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)  
Jean-Luc Godard's "Breathless" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)

Water Carnival  
Track, State H.S.  
Lacrosse, MSU vs. Chicago  
Rugby, MSU vs. Cleveland  
Parents' Weekend  
Army ROTC Field Day  
"Stars in the Making" (2:30 & 8, Abrams)

SUNDAY, MAY 26

MSU Symphony Orchestra (4:00, Aud.)  
Delta Omicron Recital (2:00, Music Aud.)  
"Stars in the Making" (2:30 & 4, Abrams)

MONDAY, MAY 27

Activity Band (7:00, Landon Field)  
Senior Recital: Susan Irish, Viola (8:15, Music Aud.)

TUESDAY, MAY 28

Undergraduate Art Exhibition, through June 23 (Kresge)  
President's Reception, Foreign Students  
Concert Band (7:00, Landon Field)  
Joint Recital: David Sebald, Clarinet & Katherine Spaetzle, Oboe (3:00, Music Aud.)  
Senior Recital: Daine Skentzos, Soprano (8:15, Music Aud.)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29

"A Funny Thing Happened On the Way To the Forum" (7:30, Aud.)

THURSDAY, MAY 30

Memorial Day



## MUSIC

# Horowitz recital stuns Chicago

By JIM ROOS

Like the maiden who refused to wash her cheek where the prince had planted his kiss, those who attended pianist Vladimir Horowitz's Chicago recital last Sunday afternoon may abstain from washing their ears with the sounds of other music and other pianists for a few more days.

Such is the magnetism and magic of Horowitz in the flesh, that no amount of reading about his artistry or listening to his recordings can fully prepare you for the blitz-like impact of a live recital.

Even the recent Columbia in-concert recordings, which come closest to conveying a true picture and clear aural perspective of Horowitz's interpretative and digital powers, cannot completely capture his tonal palette nor the intensity of concentrative effort and personal communicative reaction he transmits in the living act of musical re-creation.

Following the expected storm of applause that greeted the 63-year-old super-virtuoso upon his first Orchestra Hall appearance in 17 years, he seated himself at the chosen Steinway to offer a memorably introspective performance of Beethoven's A major, Op. 101 Sonata.

This was pearly Beethoven in the Horowitz manner, carefully chiseled and notable for structural clarity and granitic strength. There was also many moments of poetic phrasing in the third movement with its lingering, melancholic overtones.

In fact, for this reviewer, who has never been particularly impressed with Horowitz's recorded versions of Beethoven, the probing phraseology and tonal majesty Horowitz brought to each section of this late Beethoven sonata was a pleasant surprise. It would indicate that the years he has spent in the quiet of his New York home studying manuscripts of Beethoven's works have been worth the long wait for his return to concertizing.

Horowitz's increased musical imagination and maturity were also evident in his playing of a Chopin group which followed the Beethoven. In the gentle "Barcarolle" he found hidden inner voices, interesting cross-counter accents and a new sensitivity for the undulating left hand rhythm.

There is a tendency for him to rubatoize and toy with the rhythmic subtleties of this particular work and despite the incomparable beauty of Horowitz's tonal shadings, I continue to prefer the more fluid understatement of the late Dinu Lipatti's recorded interpretation.

The F minor Nocturne, Op. 55 received an inspired reading which revealed the seemingly infinite spectrum of Horowitz's dynamic range, especially his ability to distinguish between a true pianissimo and piano.

The triumphant F sharp minor Polonaise, Op. 44, which concluded the first half of the program was all heroic grandeur set ablaze by chordal explosions and breath-taking runs that produced audible gasps from the audience and had them cheering and standing in unison from the main floor to the gallery.

After intermission Horowitz returned to spin out four of his favorite Scharlatti Sonatas (Longos 23, 24, 188 and 335) with inimitable finesse and effortless, sparkling passagework.

Then it came. In honor of the 25th anniversary of Rachmaninoff's death, Horowitz programmed the rarely played Sonata No. 2 in B-flat minor, Op. 36 of that great composer.

Composed in 1913 and revised by Rachmaninoff in 1931, Horowitz uses a combined version of both editions which was approved by the composer. I am not sure how much the pianist has added to it himself, but I seriously doubt if anyone else could play it in this arrangement—at least certainly not in this manner.

Without resorting to pounding or straining, Horowitz, who is relatively thin and light of frame, seemed to attack the piano like a lion making its kill. And while there were extraordinarily beautiful and songful moments, the performance was for the most part ferocious.

The diffuse medodic fragments were punctuated with spine-chilling runs, as Horowitz riddled off torrents of notes and octaves with unbelievable speed and incredible precision.

Such passagework needs little pedaling to cover dropped notes when executed with Horowitz's accuracy, and he employed the swell pedal sparingly.

During the screaming accolade that followed, Horowitz smiled broadly and joyfully like the conquering hero he was and generously played encores of Schumann's "Traumeri," Chopin's "C-sharp minor Waltz" and "F minor Mazurka."

Then, sensing that his audience deserved a special treat after 17 years of waiting, he grinned, signaling with a finger that he would play one more encore.

With the audience already totally mesmerized at this point Horowitz nevertheless added the capstone to this unforgettable recital by performing his own "Carmen Variations." It is one of his knuckle-breaking arrangements that makes some listeners wonder whether he is in league with the devil. Paganini and Liszt were suspected of such an unholy alliance too.

Fortunately, for those who could not be present, Columbia has recorded the recital, as it did another last month in Boston when Horowitz played the same program there. According to Columbia's recording producer, Paul Myers, Horowitz will cull the best performances from both recitals and eventually a composite disc should be issued.

Seeing Horowitz in concert points up the dangers involved in judging a great artist on the basis of recordings alone. Not only is the visual and extra-musical communicative factor necessarily missing in any recording, but as in the case of Horowitz, tonal qualities are often distorted.

## The meeting

The earth is assembling t-o rain  
There's a tree in the back yard  
Tha-t's ca-lling a meeting of the win-ds t-o disorder.  
And I'm a-t the fringes of the crowd  
Drawn b-y oratory hurling its arms and hair.

Then through a-cclaiming air  
f-lies a-n aimless lightning lag,  
blink-ing, we ran aft-er op-er-handled into darkness:  
chased to the fence we cou-l not cross,  
our laughter bounded  
a-t such st-ruck-off sparks  
of our summe-r hearts.

This tree towered out of my reach,

Rising firm int-o the outside world:  
Now it waves over my home,  
The goal of their race,  
Night and rain.

--by Jeff Justin

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# Suicide plagues campuses

By FRED SHERWOOD

If there is anything to contradict the belief that money can bring happiness, it is the high suicide rate that prevails in today's affluent society. The notion that affluence also carries complex and inescapable problems is demonstrated by the fact that of the overall U.S. suicide rate of 11 per 100,000, the rate for whites is twice that of non-whites.

Submerged in this statistic is the fact that although more women than men attempt suicide, more men actually succeed in taking their own lives. This is strangely reversed on the West Coast where the suicide rate is the highest in the United States. Studies show that attempted suicides run from six to 15 times as high as actual suicides and that one of 10 of those who attempt suicide will probably try again.

Shrouding concrete facts and statistics concerning suicides are the legal, cultural, and religious codes of Western civilization which can affect the accurate recording of suicides. Dr. Stanley F. Yolles, Director of the National Institute of Mental Health, estimates that actual attempts are probably twice the reported annual figures.

Perhaps the most disturbing statistic, however, is the high toll suicide takes among the young. It ranks third as the cause of death in the 15 to 19 year old group and second among college students. One estimate placed teenage suicides at 550 in a recent year. The suicide rate is also generally higher among university students in Great Britain than the general British population and notably higher at Oxford and Cambridge.

The paradox of a high suicide rate for today's college students, who apparently have more to live for than any previous generation, continues to plague psychologists and sociologists. A study conducted by Philip R. Werdell for the student oriented *Moderator* estimated that 34 per cent of all college deaths are suicides. Only accidents caused more deaths (37 per cent), and the study concluded that the suicide rate for the colleges surveyed was 50 per cent higher than that for the American public as a whole.

This is possibly a symptom of what Yale's head psychiatrist Dr. Robert L. Arnstein has called the "totally trapped" student.

In a study of 23 suicide cases on the Berkeley campus from 1952 to 1961 the typical suicide victim was found to be withdrawn and friendless. One such person was not found in his room until 18 days after his death. The suicidal Berkeley group was generally older, with a greater proportion of language majors and foreign students. All except one were considerably above average in their schoolwork.

The peak period for suicides in the Berkeley study was in the first six weeks of the semester, with 16 of the 23 occurring in October or February, contradicting the usual generalization that the pressure of studies leads to more suicides during final exams.

Students of English literature were also particularly susceptible. Some left lengthy dissertations, one ending with a quote from Camus, "Life as a human being is absurd."

This waste of frustrated creativity seems to be a recurring theme in college suicides. A coed at an eastern school jumped from the 14th floor of the school's library. Authorities found a finished novel in her room which some professors said showed considerable merit.

Other suicides appear to be the result of unbearable anxiety stemming from the fear of failure. In one instance, the son of a pharmacist who had long dreamed of becoming a doctor, shot himself when he couldn't make the grade in a pre-med curriculum.

Such cases seem to fall into the categories established shortly after the turn of the century by French sociologist Emil Durkheim and still accepted for their basic analysis of the types of suicidal instincts. Durkheim divided suicides into three specific areas. The first was the "egoistic," or the one who is poorly integrated into society. The highly creative coed would probably fit into this category.

Durkheim's second category was the "anomic," one who was previously in equilibrium with his environment and society, but has been driven to suicide by a loss of integra-



tion. An example would be the pre-med student who found that he could not live up to his highly-desired expectations.

The third and smallest of Durkheim's categories was the "altruistic," a small anomalous group of martyrs who take their lives for philosophical reasons.

The suicide that occurs on a college campus, however, often has deep-seated roots of depression far in the past. Occasionally this symptom is strong enough to manifest itself in a childhood suicide. Such children are often found to be without friends and holding no part in a peer social group. Sleeplessness and anxiety can be a warning sign of this depression. Alcohol and barbiturates were often used by suicides who took their lives by other means.

Norman Abeles, associate professor of psychology and Asst. Director of the MSU Counseling Service, feels that there is a healthier atmosphere at Michigan State than at schools of comparable size.

"The University has made attempts to break down residence halls into smaller units such as the new James Madison, Justin Morrill and Lyman Briggs colleges," Abeles said. "These tend to decrease alienation."

"The University's living-learning units also make people feel there is a more personalized system," Abeles said. "Coed halls tend to divert energies away from being depressed and alienated. They may make people more active, which is healthy."

Abeles pointed out, however, that the size of a university is not necessarily the issue. He said that there are people with as many problems on small campuses as large cam-

pus, and the way the cope with these problems depends on the people around them.

"Keeping channels of communication open is necessary," he said. "The feeling that nobody cares, that you can't complain to anyone leads to suicide. Some people leave suicide notes because they want others to know how badly they feel, and suicide is a way of drawing attention to it."

Abeles' hypothesis of a healthier atmosphere compared to other large campuses is born out in part by the dearth of reported suicides at MSU. According to Richard Bernitt, Director of Public Safety, there has been only one suicide reported on the East Lansing campus in the last four years occurring in October of 1966 when a 19-year-old psychology major walked in front of a train on the C&O railroad tracks.

The number of reported suicides, however, is not a clear index of attempted suicides and the related problems.

"The police are not involved in attempted suicides," Abeles said. "Many people give the attempt some thought. Some come to the counseling center because they have attempted suicide, others because they are thinking about it."

Abeles believes that the high suicide rates among college students is partially due to problems related to the development from late adolescence to adulthood. A suicide attempt or thought about it is connected to larger problems of depression, anxiety and frustration, he said.

"People react in many ways to these problems," Abeles said. "Some take them out internally. Many people who are alienated are able to take constructive action. Being aware of alienation can bring the start of doing something about it. The person who is most in danger is one who feels alone and isolated and is not able or willing to do something about it."

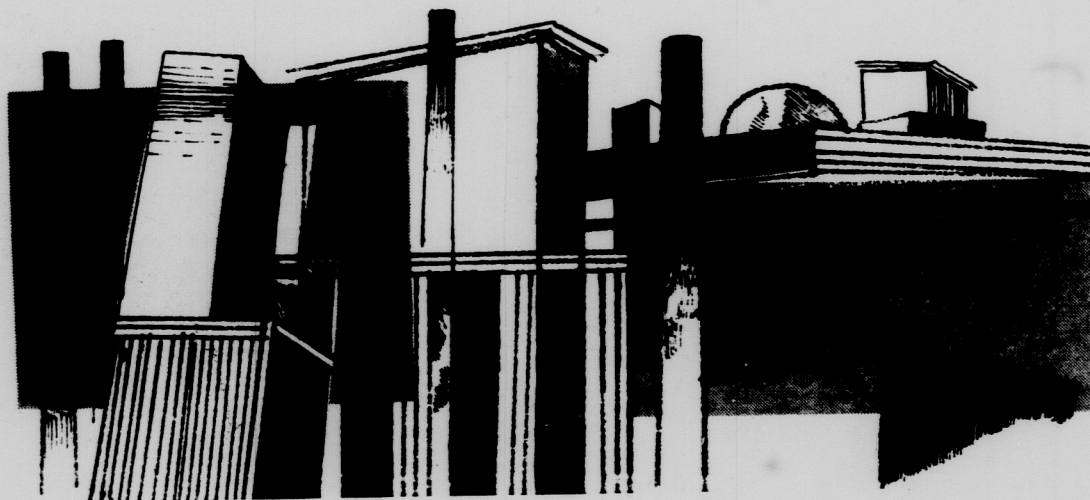
The course of giving alienated individuals the chance to "do something" about their feelings has been followed by some groups. Such an organization is the Samaritans, comprised of 181 groups in 23 countries who offer counseling and telephone service to potential suicides.

Dr. Robert Litman of the Los Angeles Suicide Prevention Center said that "prevention" centers are actually more first aid and referral programs than actual preventive devices. Apparently giving a person who is on the brink of suicide even the minimal opportunity of communication such as a telephone call to a stranger, can be helpful. Litman says the more extreme the crisis, the less specific professional training necessary.

Abeles says that the treatment given a student who has contemplated suicide is based on the individual's specific problems and the development of a relationship between counselor and student.

"A very thorough look is taken at how the person feels about himself and others and how he can achieve some insight and understanding," Abeles said.

Attempted or threatened suicide are not the only symptoms of the problems of college students. After his survey Philip Werdell speculates have emotional problems sufficient to warrant professional help. Abeles said that of the 25,000 student contacts made annually with the counseling center about 15 per cent are solely for personal problems.





# 'U' to help student realize ideal

By JEFF JUSTIN

Your life is entangled in tension, ties to parents, lovers, and friends pulling you into knots inside. I recall the character in Ingmar Bergman's "Winter Light" who committed suicide because of the Red Chinese. That distant menace was vague enough, yet terrifying enough, to be the focus of his interior, nameless dread, a tension society can help implant in you. The job of relaxing tensions in student life and organizing them to pull in one constructive direction toward self-hood falls ultimately on you yourself, but the Administration of MSU feels an obligation to help the student.

"The University is eventually going to be asking the student 'What is your ideal?' not 'Where are you in your academic program?'" Don V. Adams, director of Residence Halls Programs, said. "We've got the people to do this now, but there are no rewards for looking at the total development of the student as the first priority. Right now the University is not primarily oriented to deal with student tensions. We are moving in that direction, though, and MSU faster than any school in the country," he said.

Adams has a vision of the University as a model structure which provides both the proper environment within which it can assist the individual to achieve his self. He gets enthused talking about it, leaning out of his chair, gesturing, and concentrating furrowed brows on making his vision clear.

"Tensions aren't the same for all students," he continued. "The freshman comes to the University generally as an example of the vocational type of student. He believes he knows what he wants and he views seniors as vascillating people. But there is a shattering of his world in the freshman and sophomore years. A seeking of experience follows this. But by the end of the junior year, the game of exposure is over. His new orientation as a senior is more like the freshman."

"The University is not prepared for this change. It does not realize that this change is illogical. The role of the University should be to help men orient themselves to the ideals they decide on for themselves. It should help them to be satisfied with the discrepancy between their actions and the ideals they decide on."

"As it is," Adams continued, "there is no one around to interpret a student's failures, whether developmental or academic. Residence hall staff are the third choice a student turns to for counsel, after parents and friends. Still, we are much more sensitive to development than in the past, and at this University, faculty interest in development is far and away the highest."

Asked about the variety of environments within the University and their effects on students, Adams said that freshmen and sophomores should be required to live in residence halls, with an option to leave if this should prove necessary for their development.

"After all," he said, "many students come here seeking anonymity, which is found in the residence halls. This anonymity is the springboard for their achievements. In the hall the student can be led to self-questioning of his achievements, and this is what we should be doing there. The residential colleges reflect very strongly the University's concern with total development of students."

Herbert Garfinkel, dean of James Madison College, is an example of the concerned faculty member Adams praises. A respected academician, he views his job as "deliberately infusing the peer group culture with academic values."

"Outside the residential college," Garfinkel said, "the academic community is separated from the peer group—the residence hall personality is not academic, and there is a small proportion of majors, which could provide community, in any single class. The University outside the residential college does not harmonize academic values and living."

"The residential college is not a panacea for all the ills of the University. But we are in existence because of the size and

complexity that characterized this school," he said.

Like Adams, Garfinkel believes that the student searches for identity through the University. The administrator, he believes, must turn the tensions of that search to educational account.

"I would submit to you," he said, "that in the Playboy Philosophy exemplified in some ideas about living in apartments, as well as in the philosophy of total revolt, there is a subversion of the values with which teachers should imbue students. Students should reach for things that are not shoddy. They should develop the academic value of looking deeply into things and suspending their judgment until they do."

Garfinkel is filled with an ebullient sort of intensity. He punctuates his speech with academic jargon, searches for references, and seems to be accomplishing four things at once. You feel you should be energetically agreeing or disagreeing with everything he says.

"We have extensive cocurricular activities here," he said, "and these are a means of infusing academic values. They are optional—we're not brainwashing anyone. But we've had nationally known speakers, many from our own faculty, in an effort to reach into the life of the residence hall. This weekend for example, we are organizing a trip for the students away from the college in order

to get a better perspective on what we are doing."

Sensing the intensity that surrounds Garfinkel, I felt that the examination of academic life in the residential college might itself become a cause of tension for some students, perhaps as mind-blowing as the tension of anonymity in the residence halls.

This feeling was given voice by Lee Upcraft, Director of Student Relations for Justin Morrill College. "You have to realize that the residential college is a double-edged sword," he said. "The atmosphere here is intense because a sense of community is real. Some students say, 'The pressures around here are so great, I can't change, can't develop,' and they leave. The far more typical response, though, is 'I am really helped by this environment,'" he said.

"A student in a residence hall can change from one end of the campus to the other, have the same type of living situation, and start off fresh where nobody knows him," he said. "There's no doubt this can be a benefit. We feel, though, that in the life in Justin Morrill there's a creative tension—the individual is pressured to commit himself. You know, it's tragic to walk away after four years of college with just a piece of paper," he said.

Upcraft's speech is evenly modulated and lucid with ideas. His mustache chimes in with

(Continued on page 11)

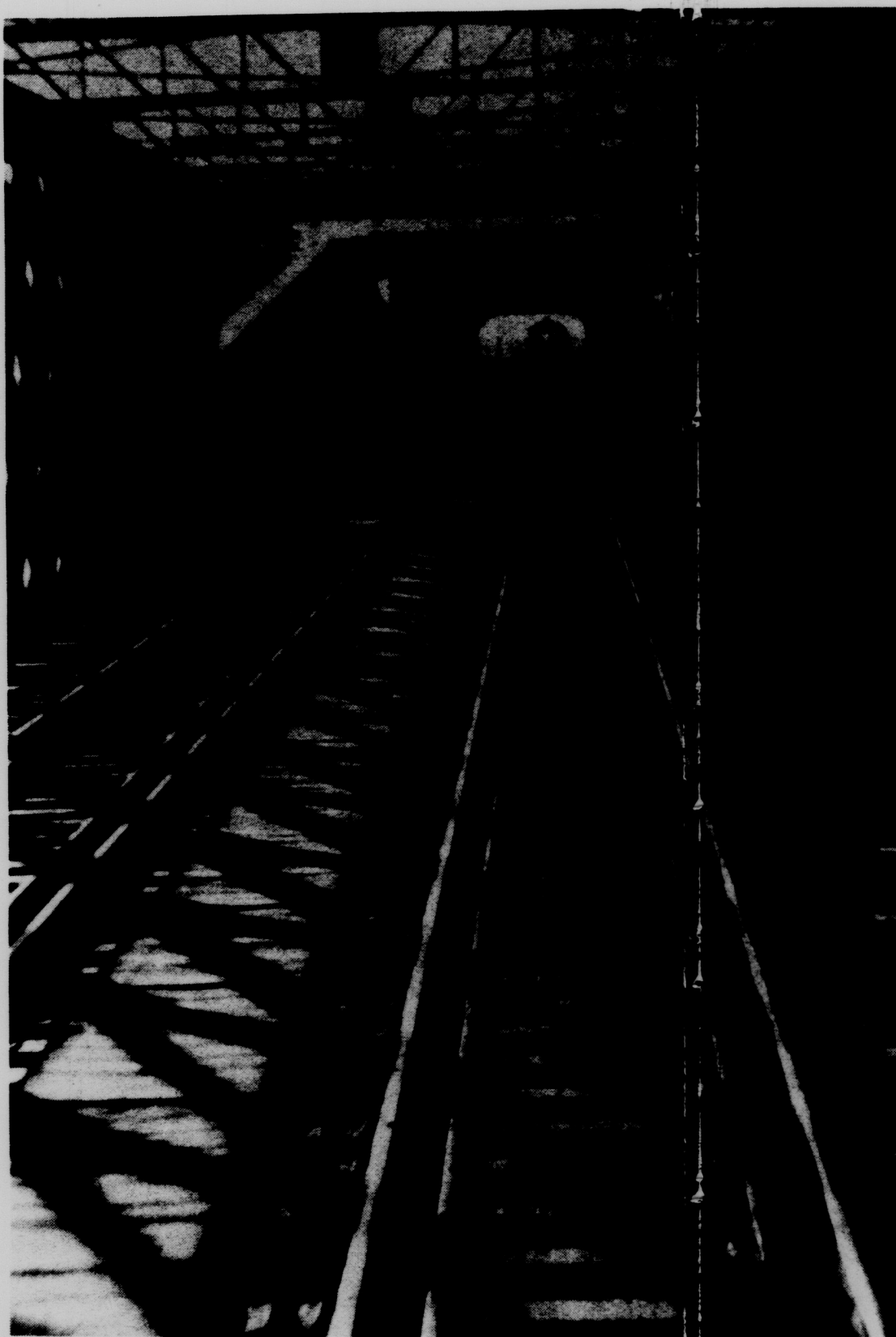


Photo by Mustafa Elhalwagy



# U.S. charged with atrocities

By LEE ELBINGER  
Vientiane, Laos  
April 9, 1968

The following letter is reprinted exactly as I received it (with English grammatical mistakes intact) and exactly as it was sent to the U.S. Embassy in Saigon:

Saigon, Vietnam, 10 April 1967  
To: Mr. US Ambassador to Vietnam, Saigon  
Dear Sir;

I undersigned Ngo-Huong, ID Card No. 467822, residing at No. 173/11/3 Hong-Thap-Tu Street Saigon, respectfully submit this claim because of the following sorrowful case:

My son Ngo-phuoc-Tai, born in 1948, translator/interpreter of US Special Force B, 50 located in Nha-Trang, every month he had to go on TDY to highland provinces: Banmethout, Pleiku and Kontum with his boss, an American Major, about 20 or 25 days and returned home station in Nha-Trang, but the last time he left Nha-Trang from December 1966 until the end of January 1967 neither return nor news therefore I came to Nha-Trang and I found out that he was pushed down from helicopter and shot by his American employer in the jungle because of a discord between that US Major and 12 Vietnamese employees.

The twelve Vietnamese consisted of 2 interpreters (1. My son Ngo-phuoc-Tai; 2. Nguyen-tuan-Kiet) and the other ten: cook, houseboys, and laborers. On 2 Jan. 1967 the cook, Nguyen-Tai, and the houseboy Cu who worked late then the US Major got angry, he beat them too much, my son Ngo-phuoc-Tai interceded, he said: If they did not work well you should release them, should not beat them so cruelly, people may say American oppress Vietnamese. The US Major stopped beating them but took back all their clothes and ordered them to go out of the camp. Nguyen-Tai and Cu had left only their underdress to walk through the jungle to Nha-Trang then the rest ten Vietnamese including my son could not keep silence in front of this cruel action they objected (protested) by stopping work and requesting the US Major to return them to Nha-Trang and release them. The US Major then released them all and let them walk to Nha-Trang, they did request airplanes, the US Major told them to wait for helicopters until 1600H then US helicopters came, the US Major divided 10 Vietnamese into two teams in each helicopter and the helicopters flew in push them down into jungle, my son was pushed down first and shot by the US Major with a burst of machine gun therefore I believe my son was actually killed cruelly in the jungle by his boss. I know that because I have met Mr. Nguyen-tuan-Kiet, Mr. Thong, and Mr. Loi who survived from that case and they themselves accused this cruel fact to the Sub-General, Commander of Vietnamese Special Forces in Nha-Trang.

You are now requested to consider this cruel case, order that US Major to look for my son for me even he is alive or killed and must pay a sum of money commensurate with the life of my son if you do not intercede I will soon show up the cruelty of this US Major to international publicity through the I.C.C. and magazines and newspapers.

Respectfully yours,  
Ngo-Huong

I received the letter through a Vietnamese Catholic priest who knew Mr. Ngo-Huong and who wondered if I could help him discover what happened to Huong's son. At first the incident held no interest for me: so many Vietnamese people are shot every day for no reason that this one event is simply a pitiful example of bad luck on the part of Ngo-phuoc-Tai, who was unfortunate enough to get mixed up with a particularly nasty U.S. major. But as I analyzed the case closer, I became struck with the classic simplicity of events, the clear-cut difference between right and wrong, the lack of political significance (except as gross propaganda) and the unique opportunity to peek inside The System in Vietnam and see how it works and what the people in it are like: I decided to play detective and follow the death of Ngo-phuoc-Tai to a more successful conclusion.

It must be noted here that I, too, fell



victim to the psychology of despair that pervades Saigon when I decided to concentrate my journalistic time and effort on such a seemingly small occurrence in a country that abounds with myriad injustice. But the futility of facing the total picture, of properly assessing it and putting it on paper forces the mind to concentrate on details, on slices of Vietnamese life. The only way to understand the confusion and agony of Vietnam is not to read one long polemic essay on the subject, but to fix in your mind a photomontage of contradictory events that transcend political considerations and arrive at the reality of what is going on in Vietnam. Once you understand the reality—the hopeless, confusing, twisted tangle of circumstances that defy ethical or moral categories—then you are in a position to act. But the basis for action—the ethical and moral considerations that do not apply in this case—are missing, so concrete courses of action are very difficult to justify once they are decided upon. That is why Vietnam is the bane of our age: it points up our lack of moral foundations as nothing has before. It is a mirror that shows us (Westerners) the beast in us and our reactions can be one of three: 1) we can face the horror of what we have done, stop it, try to rectify it, and take measures to see that it is never repeated, 2) we can seek to justify what we have done, defend it, and pray for a favorable outcome, or 3) we can ignore the subject of Vietnam entirely and continue in a state of mindless bliss, picking our intellectual noses. Naturally, most people choose the last option.

I decided to investigate the actions of this "U.S. major" after I met Ngo-phuoc-Tai's father. The old man was hopeless, a devout Catholic, beaten, and a little bitter. I am sure he expected no more action on the question of his son to spring from humanitarian motives (the Church seemed to be the only organization that was genuinely concerned about finding the missing interpreter) and if a white-skinned vulture like myself moved into the picture it could only be for selfish reasons: either the story would make money for me as a journalistic "scoop" (Flash! Read All About It! U.S. Major Shoots His Interpreter in Mad Fit of Rage!) or as political propaganda (Once again the mongrel U.S. imperialists and their parasite lackeys washed their hands in the blood of another fine, noble Vietnamese lad . . .) But my approach to this story (although I was justly and righteously angry at the actions of this "major") was more prosaic: I used the framework of this story to reconstruct the events and thus better understand the workings of the U.S. military and Vietnamese civilian minds. My thesis is that the war is a failure of cultural communication and I unearthed one interesting fact to support that conclusion.

My first interview with the dead boy's father took place in the storefront office of a Catholic, leftist, somewhat underground

political organization. This organization supports the "coalition" idea of ending the war—and thus has more to fear from the South Vietnamese "government" than from the Viet Cong. Mr. Ngo-Huong turned to these people (because they are primarily Catholic and genuinely interested in getting things done) when it became apparent that official channels were not going to help him find his son. Everyone there was quite friendly and helpful—they provided me with an interpreter to interview Ngo-Huong, supplied the letter printed above, offered me access to any information in their possession and the use of their office machinery (mimeograph, typewriter, taperecorder, etc.).

My interview with the deceased's father bore out exactly what he said in his letter. His son disappeared, he went to Nha-Trang to find him, the survivors told of his helicopter-ordeal (it seems that all 12 were pushed out of two helicopters) told him his son was shot, and he asked for an investigation of the circumstances, and/or compensation for his son's death.

The alleged murder took place on Jan. 2, 1967. The letter to (the then) Ambassador Lodge was sent on April 10, 1967. I interviewed Ngo-Huong in early December, 1967. Nothing was done by officials—either U.S. or South Vietnamese—in the interval between these three dates.

I decided to go to Nha-Trang (which is 200 miles north of Saigon on the coast of the South China Sea) to interview the other interpreter, Mr. Nguyen-tuan-Kiet, and, possibly to discover the identity of the suspicious U.S. major. On December 6 I checked into the press camp and began work. I was armed with a long list of names and facts to be checked and correlated: these included Father Dubey, a French Redemptress priest in Nha-Trang who was acquainted with the facts of the case; Major Tung, who was a captain at the time of the incident but who nevertheless knew the details of Ngo-phuoc-Tai's assignment; several survivors of the tragic helicopter flight and friends of the deceased. The press camp in Nha-Trang provided me with a chauffeured jeep and helped to arrange all the interviews necessary for my mission (I, naturally, did not explain a detailed version of the story to the press camp officials for fear of sabotage). Nevertheless, even though the whole case looked open-and-shut, I discovered what Ngo-Huong knew all along: 1) nobody cares what happened to Ngo-phuoc-Tai and 2) nobody will help anybody find out what happened to Ngo-phuoc-Tai. All the friendly witnesses were not available (Father Dubey was in the countryside and not expected back for weeks) or unobtainable for one reason or another. The key witness, Nguyen-tuan-Kiet, was working in the same Special Forces Camp (i.e., Green Beret unit) as Ngo-phuoc-Tai, but

(Continued on page 8)



--Alice Carey



# U.S. Captain kills interpreter

(Continued on page 6)

(presumably because of the incident in the helicopter) was transferred to another department.

I drove out to the Green Beret camp where everyone was quite friendly and kind (they offered me spaghetti and Scotch) until I asked about Nguyen-tuan-Kiet. At that point the mood changed abruptly and I was asked "What do you want to see him for?" I told them that I was doing a human interest story on his family in Saigon and I had come out to Nha-Trang to interview him. The lie fooled no one and the Green Berets remained highly suspicious. They told me Kiet was a nobody, a truck driver or a dish washer, and that I would definitely not be interested in speaking to him. Furthermore, I was told that he could not speak English and was very busy at the moment. I expressed surprise and said that his family in Saigon claimed that Nguyen-tuan-Kiet was an interpreter, so I was thus more eager than ever to interview him—merely to see if he could speak English. This tipped off the Green Berets that I knew more than I was letting on, so I was asked to wait while permission was obtained from the commanding officer of the U.S. Special Forces Camp in Nha-Trang. "All this to talk to a truck driver?" I said, but I waited. Naturally, permission was denied and no explanation given. The Green Berets then asked me if they could be of any more help to me, and I assured them that they had done quite enough.

My interview with Major Tung of the corresponding (but subordinate) South Vietnamese Special Forces Camp in Nha-Trang was much more fruitful, but it took an entire morning of driving around Nha-Trang to find the major due to the fact that no one seemed to know where he could be located. I was introduced to all sorts of men in the South Vietnamese forces who genuinely wanted to help me locate Major Tung, but who were either misinformed or ignorant of his whereabouts. The whole incident was a trifle embarrassing (I wondered what the same men would do if they needed to locate the major) and I was grateful for the patience of the U.S. soldier who drove my jeep (he was as baffled as I was at South Vietnamese inefficiency) and who finally helped me track down the elusive major.

My experience with Major Tung was entirely different from my experience with the Green Berets. The major had nothing to hide and he, too, was personally interested in the disappearance of Ngo-phuoc-Tai. He opened his files on this subject and we poured over them together. The files contained affidavits written by the witnesses and carbon copies of letters exchanged between various personages on this subject. The affidavits of the witnesses bore out the same story outlined in Ngo-Huong's letter, but I was able to obtain some new information.

In a letter dated Jan. 31, 1967, from General Doan Van Quang, Commanding General of Vietnamese Special Forces, to Colonel Francis J. Kelly, Commanding Officer of the Fifth U.S. Special Forces Group Air Borne (presumably the same man who denied me permission to see Nguyen-tuan-Kiet) a brief description of the events of Jan. 2, 1967, could be found. The letter was basically a request for an investigation or an explanation (neither of which were obtained) of the events that led to Tai's disappearance and revealed the claim by the "U.S. major" that the cook and the houseboy who were beaten (and thus instigated the incident) were caught stealing.

More relevant facts could be found in the major's files: the man allegedly responsible for Ngo-phuoc-Tai's death was not a major, but a captain—Capt. Wilson, commanding officer of A-503/Special Forces (whatever that means). There were two sergeants also involved who drove the helicopters and presumably could supply the "American" version of this story: SSG Robert L. Dodd (RA 24625442) and SGT Paul G. Corchado (RA 11430000).

The major could tell me no more: no court martial was ever arranged for Capt. Wilson and no compensation was ever offered to Ngo-Huong. As far as the military was



concerned, the case was closed. Since Ngo-phuoc-Tai never showed up after being pushed out of the helicopter, Major Tung believes that he was either 1) captured by the Viet Cong or 2) died of starvation and/or disease in the jungle. Major Tung does not subscribe to the theory that Capt. Wilson shot his interpreter. "These men," the major said, "are not animals. They do not shoot people for no reason. I am convinced that there is a good explanation for what occurred on that day."

I, too, was convinced that there is an explanation for what occurred on that day, but I was not convinced that the explanation is good. I had exhausted my list of names and had obtained very little information. All that I could say for sure was: 1) Nguyen-tuan-Kiet is in Nha-Trang, does not speak English, and cannot be interviewed, 2) the possibility exists that the men were caught stealing, 3) the mysterious and evil "U.S. major" is, after all, Capt. Wilson. So I flew back to Saigon to sort out what I had learned and to decide what to do next.

Back in Saigon I told all interested parties what I had discovered and they were dismayed by the paucity of my results—all except for Ngo-Huong who never expected results and whose morose expression never changed upon learning that I was unable to extract more information than he could.

At this point I was given the address of Nguyen-dinh-Ho in Nha-Trang and told to look him up. This man was Ngo-phuoc-Tai's second father—the man he lived with while working in Nha-Trang. Mr. Ho is the principal of an English school in Nha-Trang, is pro-American, and knows all the facts of this case. He supervised the rounding-up of the witnesses, the gathering of affidavits, and the translation of letters for Mr. Huong when Huong returned to Saigon. Mr. Huong wrote a letter in Vietnamese to his friend Mr. Ho and asked him to please cooperate with me as I was trying to help them locate his son or obtain compensation for same. I procured a tape recorder and set off once again to Nha-Trang, armed with a specific address and a specific set of questions (such as "Can Nguyen-tuan-Kiet or can he not speak English?").

I checked back in the Nha-Trang press camp on December 12. The press camp was covered with Christmas decorations and a holiday spirit reigned. Morale in Nha-Trang was incredibly high and, as a result, I benefited greatly by the atmosphere of helpfulness. I was soon chauffeured to Mr. Ho's house (and adjacent school) and we (Mr. Ho and I) were soon sitting hunched over my tape recorder and a glass of Scotch recreating the circumstances surrounding Nguyen-phuoc-Tai's disappearance.

I taped an hour interview with Mr. Ho that is interesting more for the insight it gives into Vietnamese life than for the new light it shed on Tai's case. Mr. Ho is an amiable but confused man. He is quite tough, for he has to be: to survive the political roller-coaster in Nha-Trang of cooperating with the Americans (by running a

school) and merely maintaining a family (Catholic, with several children) the man is forced to live with enormous insecurity and insufficient remuneration. Consequently, he seems to have adopted the American custom (in Asian eyes, it is an American custom) of preceding every decision and each action with a drink of Scotch, of chain smoking, or working extremely hard, and of worrying.

Mr. Ho's story once again correlated with Mr. Huong's letter. It seems that on Jan. 2, 1967, Capt. Wilson led twelve Vietnamese on a mission that included three province capitals. In the course of the mission, an argument ensued between the captain and one of his subordinates (the letter to Col. Kelly says the argument concerned thievery, but Mr. Ho denies this). Capt. Wilson is then alleged to have beaten his disobedient subordinate, at which point Nguyen-phuoc-Tai interfered to reestablish peace. The captain ordered the cook and the houseboy to shed their clothes and walk home to Nha-Trang (a journey of 300 miles) wearing nothing but their underwear. This was clearly a death sentence, and the other ten Vietnamese refused to work if this action was carried out. The captain then became more furious and ordered helicopters to return the work crew to Nha-Trang. Two helicopters came (after much waiting) and the work crew was given what the marines call "half a helicopter ride." That is, members of the Vietnamese crew were forcibly pushed out of the low-flying helicopters and left in the jungle to return to Nha-Trang as best they could. The first to be pushed out was Nguyen-phuoc-Tai, and a burst of machine gun fire accompanied his expulsion. None of the others was shot (presumably the sight of Tai's fate accomplished what the captain had in mind); all of the others returned to file affidavits against the captain. The survivors were not attached to Wilson's detail after that incident, but otherwise, nothing further happened. Officials seemed to have lost this incident in the stack of similar murders that occur daily in Vietnam. Nguyen-phuoc-Tai, loyal to the American cause, received a bullet for his efforts. So says Mr. Ho.

Mr. Ho and I talked leisurely about the "situation" in Vietnam (i.e., the American failure to achieve even its most modest goals) and I learned, as Mr. Ho spoke, of our important difference in attitude toward this (and similar) incidents. My reaction to the above story is one of intense rage at the injustice that was done to Nguyen-phuoc-Tai. I do not know the nature of his disagreement with Captain Wilson, but it surely did not warrant capital punishment. In my opinion, Wilson is a murderer—a wanton, cruel, cowardly murderer who hides behind the facade of ideology and duty to exercise his perverted passion for self-aggrandisement. He disgusts me and he fills me with shame. I would go so far as to say (based on my experience in Vietnam) that the "men" who enjoy the bloodbath in Vietnam—like the French who enjoyed Algerian torture and the Germans who enjoyed Nazi persecutions—are desperately sick and dangerous men. I shudder to think of the medals they win and the fact that they will one day walk the streets of America: criminals and psychopaths acclaimed as "heroes." It is a sad moment in the history of America that the lunatics are now in charge. The Army harbors much of the human garbage in our society: the human misfits, misanthropists, cynics, morons, the unloved, the unloving, the cruel, sadistic, the morally and intellectually crippled. These people can go nowhere else and do nothing else but take orders, give orders, and kill. I hate them, I fear them, and I pity them. But mine is a typically Western reaction.

The Vietnamese—being Asian—see the whole incident differently. Mr. Ho and Mr. Huong do not really feel rage at what happened to Nguyen-phuoc-Tai, for the period of grief has been long, for human life is cheap in Vietnam, for the Oriental attitude toward death is characterized by a Buddhist resignation. They do, however, feel rage: at the fact that the family of Nguyen-phuoc-Tai was

(Continued on page 12)



## COMMENTARY

# Turmoil hits Nigerian campus

Much controversy has been raised in recent weeks over *Collage's* coverage of the Nigerian crisis. The following article is an attempt to eliminate much of the misunderstanding about this little-known war. Its purpose is not to promote either faction in the war, but rather to offer a factual description of the war's course and its consequences. *Collage's* position is not pro-Biafran. Neither is it pro-Nigerian. It is pro-peace.

By JIM BUSCHMAN

The Nigeria Programs Office at Michigan State was once one of the busiest offices in the International Programs Bldg. Only a little over two years ago it coordinated the activities of more than 30 MSU faculty members and their families on assignment at the University of Nigeria. Their job was to develop programs at the university to the point where Nigerian faculty and staff could take them over and continue the university's work after the Americans were gone. Though the largest number of professors was involved in agriculture, Michigan State also provided men in such areas as engineering, economics and continuing education.

The Continuing Education Centre served an important twofold purpose:

First, it served as a base from which the university could set up classrooms and professors for non-credit adult classes taught in area centers throughout the Eastern Region of Nigeria. Primarily, these classes taught better agricultural methods to the farmers of the region. They also taught English, the official language of the country.

Secondly, the Centre held conferences for various groups who came to the campus at Nsukka to learn more about their occupations—groups such as policemen, poultry farmers, high school teachers.

On May 30, 1967, the Eastern Region of Nigeria declared itself the independent nation of Biafra. Four weeks later the first—and only—graduating class of the University of Biafra held its commencement exercises.

Soon afterward the university closed its doors and the students went home. For Nigeria was on the verge of a civil war which has virtually destroyed not only the years of effort by the team from Michigan State, but in many respects the entire nation itself.

For years Nigeria was highly regarded as one of Africa's leaders. It had somehow managed to keep its mutually distrustful tribes and regions together in one democracy. It had also become one of the wealthiest nations in Africa, largely due to American and British oil interests. These oil interests were in the Eastern Region.

But those who pointed with pride to Nigeria's unity as a nation somehow overlooked the fact that the mutual distrust was being replaced by a mutual hatred. Riots began erupting in several Northern cities between those who lived in the region, largely Hausa, and those Ibos from the Eastern Region who had come in search of jobs.

The hatred increased when, in a military takeover, the Prime Minister (a Northerner) was assassinated, along with the regional prime ministers of the West and North, while the Prime Minister of the East escaped unharmed. Nigeria's new leaders was an Eastern military officer, Major-General Aguiyi-Ironsi. Six months later he was himself assassinated, as were many army officers of Eastern origin. His replacement—Major-General Yakubu Gowon from the North.

The riots began again in the North with increased violence, and thousands of Ibos left their belongings and fled back to their homes in the East. The Military Governor of the East, Colonel Odemegwu Ojukwu, announced that his government could no longer take responsibility for the safety of non-Easterners. This then started a mass movement of Westerners and Northerners away from the East.

It should be obvious by now that relations between the Eastern Region and the rest of Nigeria were hardly cordial. The important point to understand is that the basis for this rift did not lie merely in the events of the previous few years, though these were bloody and brutal enough. The basis lay in traditional tribal animosities: The Hausas

hated the Ibos who came North with better education to take away many jobs.

The Ibos in turn hated the Hausa, who for years had dominated Nigeria's internal affairs, having a majority of the country's population. Certainly religious differences also played a part: the North was largely Moslem and oriented toward the Arab world, while the East was primarily Christian.

The Western Region, also primarily Christian, was controlled by the Yoruba tribe, which had a majority in the region. Western leaders were split on what to do: join with the North in an uneasy alliance against the East; or perhaps consider secession themselves. In the end they chose to remain with the federation.

In January of 1967 both parties met in Aburi, Ghana, to decide what would be necessary to maintain unity and peace in Nigeria. They came away from the meeting with a list of proposals aimed at decentralizing the nation. The position of the East was that the two sides should abide by the Aburi Agreements. The Federal Government, however, argued that they had not fully agreed to all the proposals. Colonel Ojukwu warned them that if the Aburi Agreements were not adhered to, the East would be forced to secede. Soon afterward, Ojukwu pulled the East out of the federation.

It appears that the motives of both parties from this point on were guided by one main influence: oil. Oil had made the East rich enough that they felt they could do without the rest of the country. On the other hand, the Federal Government realized that without this oil Nigeria's position as an economic power in Africa would be impossible to maintain. They had to bring Biafra back into the federal union, regardless of their feelings of the Biafrans themselves.

But although the oil was in the Eastern Region, it was not in Ibo territory. The oil lay in the Rivers Area, populated by several smaller tribes. If the Ibos wished to secede, the government argued, why should they drag unwilling tribes along with them? The answer seemed to be the same—for the oil.

Both sides appealed to Great Britain and the United States for help. The two nations officially followed accepted diplomatic procedure and continued to recognize the Federal Government as the legitimate government of all Nigeria, while at the same time stating that this was an internal affair of Nigeria, and that therefore they would remain neutral.

Privately, the major concern of the United States was for its oil interests, which were now dormant, and would remain so as long as the war continued. Great Britain, which had received 10 per cent of its oil from Nigerian oil fields, also realized the urgency of the situation. Though it could do nothing officially, it began providing clandestine support for the side felt to be most capable of ending the war and renewing the drilling operations. That side was the Nigerian Federal Government.

Nigeria also received aid from the Soviet Union, eager to gain a foothold in West Africa after the Ghana disaster. But Biafra began receiving a steady supply of goods and arms from Portugal. The war, contrary to the early predictions, did not end; instead, it evolved into a stalemate. The Biafrans had been pushed into an area about one-third their original size. Most of their major cities had been captured. But the Nigerian Army was not powerful enough to break into this stronghold.

And so the war remained virtually unchanged, while Nigeria and Biafra suffered. Nigeria's foreign exchange reserves were cut in half, from \$171.5 million in 1966 to \$87.2 million in 1967. Petroleum production for January of this year was approximately 5 per cent of the rate a year earlier. Meanwhile Biafra continued paying Portugal in Biafran currency which would be valueless unless they won the war.

The major powers pressed for talks to end the war. General Gowon, however, refused to talk until the Biafrans formally renounced the idea of secession. This likewise appeared to be a deadlock until Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere announced that his government now officially recognized the existence of Biafra as an independent nation. Not only that, he indicated plans to press other African nations to do the same at the upcoming meeting of the Organization of African Unity.

Gowon, sensing that the chances of achieving his aims would perhaps not be this good again, announced that he was willing to talk without any conditions beforehand. Last week the talks began in London.

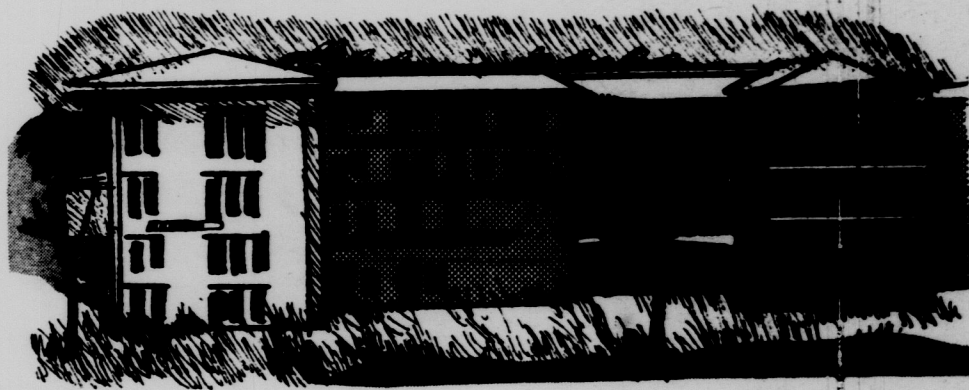
As with the U.S. - North Vietnam talks in Paris, the London talks are merely preliminary discussions. The Biafrans will not concede anything until they are sure that when they put down their weapons, they will not face mass extermination. This has happened to whole segments of the Biafran population during the course of the war. However, the Biafrans, when given the chance, have eliminated portions of the Nigerian Army in a like manner.

Most of the atrocities on both sides have been fully reported in the British and American press whenever facts have been known—and indeed, often when only rumors were available. This has caused great concern among many of the Nigerian and Biafran students in those countries, who still retain their friendships despite the war. More than most, the students want peace as soon as possible so they can return to their homes and the friends they left—friends of all tribes.

At this stage it is too early to determine what course peace will take. It would seem that the only way that the Biafrans can insure their survival is to ask for United Nations supervision. Naturally, the Biafrans wish also to remain Biafrans. The chances of this seem greater as the talks drag on, since other African nations may soon follow Tanzania's lead and give Biafra official recognition.

There is no University of Nigeria/Biafra any more. The place where it once stood is in federal-held territory now. Reports from the area say that Nsukka is a ghost town and that those university buildings which have not been destroyed are serving as barracks for the Nigerian Army. The books in the library have been burned.

There is still a door in the International Programs Building which reads "Nigeria Programs." But not much happens behind that door any more. The personnel is down to three. There is Irving Wyeth, coordinator of the Nigeria Project, and his secretary. They haven't had much to coordinate lately. And there is Andy Doyle, Chief of Party. First he was exiled to Lagos from the university, and now he too has returned to East Lansing. Doyle is the party. No one else is left. He's just keeping the door open. Maybe someday, he hopes, Michigan State can go back Nsukka—and start all over again.





# Facing equality's challenge

By RALPH W. BONNER  
and  
KNIGHT D. McKESSON

The challenge is clear. We must help to close the gap in education, in housing, in the fullness of living. And we must do it now. for the danger signals are flashing.

In Lansing the problems perhaps are not so apparent because of an unusually stable economy, bolstered by three base industries: state government, education and automotive. But even the blindest among us must see the unmistakable signs. The undercurrents are swirling to the surface to burst upon us as fear, resentment, hate.

The man who silently hermits a demeaning ethnic "joke" to go unchallenged is as guilty in his contribution to the unsettled times in which we live as the young hoodlum who throws the stone through the Negro church window.

We face crisis again this year, but it is not the fact of the crisis that is most disturbing. The way we are failing to act is the cause for gravest concern. Certainly, the greatest sin among us is non-involvement. Crisis should draw us together, but instead we withdraw in fear to our insular capsules of self righteousness, saying to ourselves, "Lord knows I haven't a prejudiced bone in my body, but . . ." And another crisis is built on the dead bones of the first.

We are paralyzed by doubts. Every move that is made brings an avalanche of criticism and second guesses. We spend more time looking for a likely spot to place the blame than in seeking a solution.

The time has come to ask ourselves: Does it really matter at this juncture whether the blame for the situation in which we find ourselves is apportioned fairly? It is necessary that we formulate the diagnosis to everyone's satisfaction before we get on with the treatment of the disease which is waiting our society?

The Greater Lansing Urban League is a professional community service organization committed to securing equal opportunities for Negroes and other minorities in all areas in the Greater Lansing region.

It is non partisan and interracial in its leadership and staff.

The Urban League has adopted as its overall objective, "Equalizing Life Chances." As a tool for planning toward this goal, we seek to measure "the racial gap." The racial gap, however, defines not the lack of "equal chances" but the absence of "equal results." "Equal chances" carries with it a connotation of "equal opportunity"—the removal of the legal and social barriers to advancement and upward mobility for members of the Negro community.

No one knows the enormity of the task of solving the ghetto problems better than the Urban League, which has attempted to deal with the urban Negro's problems in employment, housing and education, since 1910—long before it was generally recognized that the future of the nation was identified with the welfare of the urban population.

It is "equal results" for the Negro which is the Urban League's guiding objective.

We cry out, "What do they want?" Each of us knows what "they" want.

If we were to look beneath the abstractions, we could arrive at a true consensus among Americans about the goals each man pursues: a good job, a comfortable home in a safe, pleasant neighborhood, a wife who does not have to work to support the family, children who will be able to get a good education.

The basic fact we are dealing with is that these goals are out of reach for a large part of our population. Is it possible that, idealistic as we are as a people, we can permit one totally inconsequential fact—that a man is a Negro—to remain a handicap in the achievement of these goals?

Perhaps it is embarrassing to look at the problem stripped down to these simple questions. Whether one is the victim of the status quo or feels responsible for it, it is easier to think that the suffering we find so difficult to alleviate is rooted in a problem of epic dimensions. We talk about the great hostility, fear and suspicion which separates

the races. White Americans point to the Negro's self-destructive behavior patterns and ascribe to them his failure to take full advantage of the opportunities that are now opening to him. They advance the conclusion that from here on in, the problem of inequality is largely the Negro's own problem which he will have to solve for himself.

Negroes know that the problems of the ghetto, psychological as well as social and economic, are the result of the attitude of the white majority. The walls of the ghetto are held in place by those on the outside, not by those within.

There is no mystery about what is actually happening in our cities. They have become a vast "stopping place" for families on their way up the economic and social ladder. Those who can, abandon the city for the suburbs. They continue to make their living in the city, but leave it to its own devices after dark. The problem of the city are dumped on those who have the fewest resources to deal with them—Negro citizens and members of other suppressed minorities who have been denied economic and social mobility. With each year, the cities become more crowded, a little poorer, a little less able to serve the needs of their citizens. The schools deteriorate. The welfare rolls and crime rate inch up. The tax base falls further. More white families give up on the city and move to the suburbs. The door shuts tighter on those who cannot escape.

The Urban League concentrates all the resources it can gather on specific action programs which seem to offer the greatest promise of breaking this malignant cycle. Our chief concerns are programs designed to improve the quality of education in public schools; to expand the housing supply and to secure public and voluntary health services for Negroes and other minorities; to provide job training and upgrading for the unskilled, and open new and expanded employment opportunities for those who have been denied them; and to increase minority group participation and authority in community affairs.

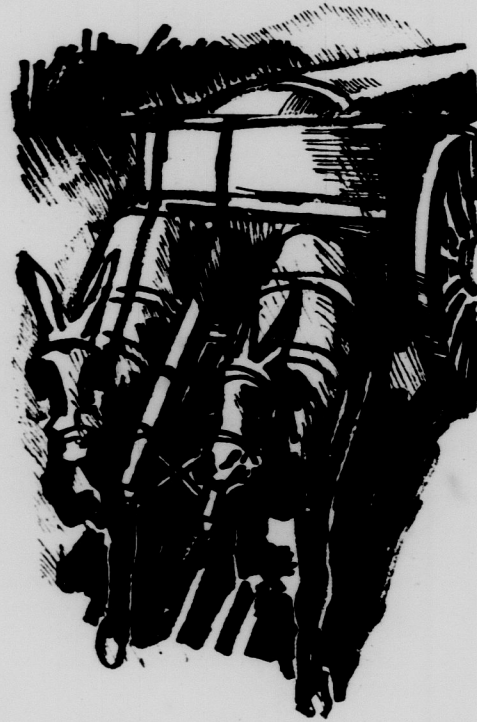
We know too well that in each of the areas which we work, the active partnership of every segment of the nation will be needed to complete the job we can only begin. The walls of the ghettos can be torn down. Our cities can be integrated. Urban life can be made constructive and whole. The only question is whether we will make the effort that is required. No one can answer, "yes, the nation will," or "yes, Lansing will," unless he commit himself personally to the struggle.

Certainly major gains have been made in the last ten years in the civil rights field, yet the median income of white and Negro families has been drawing apart. As technological advances eliminate more of the unskilled jobs which are held by a disproportionate number of Negro workers, the gap can only widen. Corporations and unions must assume the responsibility for providing the training and advancement opportunities that will prevent the Negro from becoming the chief victim of automation in American life.

Housing programs have to date resulted in few integrated communities. In most instances urban renewal has only changed the borders of the Negro ghetto, giving rise to the bitterly accurate description "urban renewal is Negro removal." The end of residential segregation will only be brought about when families make an active effort to open their neighborhoods to all.

The festering community problems need sound progressive, aggressive leadership at the local level—the same type of top echelon business leadership given to fund-raising drives and various local civic activities. The problem of unemployment, training for jobs, housing of Negroes in urban areas is a human problem—not just a racial problem. Solution of the problem requires total community involvement, not just government or social agencies.

The recently released report by the President's Commission on Civil Disorders has caused many of our national, state and local officials to take a second look at the direction in which this country's race relations are headed. It is a forceful and frank document, one which doesn't try to hide the great dangers the nation faces.



Its release couldn't have been more timely, for all over the country people are arming themselves and police departments are stocking war weapons like armored cars and tanks.

The report points out the terrible dangers of such actions. It also documents the way police forces can provoke trouble because of a lack of appropriate training in human relations and in dealing with tense situations.

Another great value of the report is that it puts the essential blame for disorders where it belongs—on white racism. "What white Americans have never fully understood," says the Commission, "but what the Negro can never forget, is that the white society is deeply implicated in the ghetto. White institutions created it, white institutions maintain it, and white society condones it."

The Commission's report has also pointed out the enormous but manageable cost of freeing black Americans from the ensnaring mesh of unemployment, under-employment, miseducation, welfare and ill housing. But what the Commission did fail to do, is provide us with a meaningful timetable.

It appears that the recommendations ought to be fitted into a time-limited, phase-oriented plan. Tangible goals should be set up in housing, in employment and in education. There should be a definite timetable for progress.

At any given point we should be able to say: "Yes, we have reached such and such a percentage of our original plan. At the end of this year schools and housing will be improved by so much, and by next year Negroes and other minorities will be on a completely equal basis."

Without such a timetable, frustrations can only continue to mount. People are tired of promises that they have heard repeated over and over again. They want to see change. They want that job now, they want decent housing now, and they want to see their kids get a good education now.

After reading the report, there is little doubt that America is facing a national crisis as grave as any in history. Unless America stirs herself mightily she will be splintered for not being able to deliver the basic freedoms on which she was founded.

Like every great national mission, making America into a truly open society with justice for all will demand some sacrifices. The Commission mentions the need for higher taxes to finance its proposals. A lot of people will also find it painful to change the attitudes and special privileges of a lifetime.

But when we see what the alternatives are, there really isn't much choice.

We can be a living democracy, with equality for all our citizens, or we can become a dying democracy using arms to perpetuate the status quo.

The choice is America's.

Ralph Bonner is the Executive Director of the Greater Lansing Urban League.



## ART

# New talent on the horizon at Kresge grad exhibition

By RICHARD HAAS

In the past a young American art student would generally either go abroad to study or pick one of the renowned private art academies in this country to work toward that maturity which allowed him to be considered as a member of the realm of professional artists. The young artist in this country increasingly takes a different route. He will probably be found in one of the major universities working on a Master of Fine Arts degree. This degree is awarded to the artist after spending two or three years beyond his undergraduate work developing his skills and talents in his chosen media and using the tools and facilities provided by the university. It is therefore worthwhile to look at graduate exhibitions to see new talent on the horizon.

Kresge Art Center is currently host to Part II of the graduate exhibitions which will run through May 21. Each Master of Fine Arts candidate is required to exhibit several major works produced during his period of study. This year there is a total of 21 candidates exhibiting work in painting, sculpture, printmaking, graphics, design and ceramics. The overall quality of both exhibitions would compare favorably with any graduate show across the country. The first exhibition, which unfortunately came down a week ago, had many outstanding works which deserve mention. Gaylord Torrance showed several large and small horizontally striated landscapes. These paintings were obviously influenced by the great plains in form and color. Jim Van Patten's work also related to landscape but his references to field and horizon were reduced to a flat patterned scheme arbitrarily broken by vertical shapes. Kazuko Guernsey's bold horizontal, vertical and diagonal bands defied the rectangle of the canvas completely. The one that was shaped seemed most comfortable with its image.

In the current exhibition many of the individual presentations merit attention. Robert Oppenheim produces large complicated works which combine structural and biomorphic elements. He often breaks up his outer rectangle or square with an echo of the outer shape painted within. (This device is used by other artists in the show as well.) The color in Oppenheim's paintings move the full range from stark primary contrasts to murky browns.

Greg Constantine works with an interwoven and intersected series of banded stripes that look like glimpses of unfurled ribbons. The monochromatic central image paintings are the most successful since, in these, the activity of the stripes is carefully contained and played off against the larger fields.

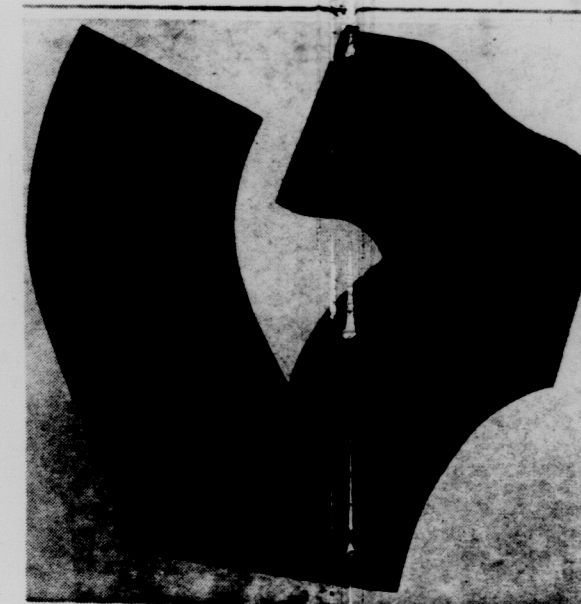
John Fletcher and Carol Maus are the two printmakers represented in Part II. Fletcher shows ten black and white etchings that contain large single forms which move in subtle variations from print to print. (The theme and variation idea is a popular one among contemporary artists.) Part of the impact is in seeing the entire series as a group though each work is a complete entity. Carol Maus' lithographs are quiet figurative statements. Barbara Turner and David Kleis also deal with the figure in painting and drawing. Miss Turner in her smaller canvases especially, works with an inventive and animated doll-like form painted in muted monochromatic colors.

The ceramic presentations by Kathryn McCleary, Gerald Lang and in the last show, Alan Vigland, are all of an ambitious scale and of excellent quality.

The sculpture of Jim Hay was a little disappointing. Certain works are of good quality, but I find an uncertainty of direction as I move from piece to piece. There are some good starts in new directions but only glimpses of what is possible.



by Greg Constantine



by John Fletcher

## Administering ideals

(Continued from page 5)

the general image of the Justin Morrill community. He echoes Adams' ideas of the university in his definition of education as "development of the self."

"It's too narrow to confine the University to the idea of filling academic requirements," he said. "The University's job is to provide a whole environment for a student's development."

The ideas of the administrators were in accord with the contention of Eldon Nonnamaker, associate dean of students, that the University is a freer place, a less tension-inducing place, for the search for the self than society outside the University.

"After all," he said, "Universities have traditionally been unreal communities. Here you can exercise freedom and get away with it. Structures like the corporation, the church, impose conventions that limit expression," he said.

"In that sense, the University has less tension. It has less tension today because of relaxed rules which give the student the feeling that 'Big Brother' is watching less, like the records policy that insures privacy. At the same time tension from academic competition has increased."

Nonnamaker was hesitant to compare generalizations about life-styles within the University, and all the administrators refused to single out one form of student life as the best. They seemed to value a multiplicity of living situations—the anonymity of the residence halls, the involvement of the residential college, the social life of fraternities, the aloneness of off-campus living—as various constructive environments for a multiplicity of student tensions. They believe it is not only the job of the University to teach the mechanics of living through knowledge, but also to help students reach the goals of living through wisdom.



by Robert Oppenheim

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# 'The System' lacks justice

(Continued from page 8)

not compensated *financially* for his death. This fact is the cause of much bitterness, a bitterness foreign to Western minds. If the rich Americans are going to kill poor Vietnamese boys, this is the nature of the world and must be accepted as such. But if the rich Americans kill a poor Vietnamese boy *and do not pay his family*: this is unjust. The attitude is simply that the boy is gone and cannot return, but the family must survive. To deny consolation and existence to the boy's family is considered the supreme insult, the grossest injustice, the most callous offense. Mr. Ho did not ask me (as a Westerner might expect) "Why did Capt. Wilson do what he did?", rather he queried "Why don't the Americans pay?" The taperecorder captured our variance on this issue: my questions tried to probe his personal feelings on the moral and political implications of this incident and his answers (so sophisticated and worldly is he) kept returning to the problem of compensation. Mr. Ho had seen enough of the world to know that morality and politics are only of interest to those who are well-fed and have leisure time to read newspapers and discuss such things: a practical man in Vietnam must not

ask "What happened?" (for then he will surely lose his sanity) but must ask "Where do we go from here?"

I thanked Mr. Ho and flew back to Saigon with a taped interview, notes, ideas, confusion, and weariness of the case of Nguyen-phuoc-Tai. I tried to imagine what went through Tai's mind when he realized that he was going to be pushed from the helicopter and I tried to pierce the darkness of Wilson's mind to see his incredible rage at the stupidity and disobedience of his subordinates. Only one explanation for the incident: cultural communication failure.

One week later I walked into J.U.S.P.A.O. (the Joint U.S. Public Affairs Office) and asked to see the liaison man to the U.S. embassy. This man, a balding, talkative, salesman type, was—as is customary with American officials in Vietnam—quite helpful and friendly until you need him. I dropped the facts of Capt. Wilson's case on him like a bombshell. I gave him a mimeo-copy of Huong's letter, told him of my interviews and tapes, and requested information about the embassy's actions in this matter (they had, presumably, known about this incident since April, 1967). The liaison man's obsequious smile melted as I outlined how much

I knew and what information I wanted from the embassy. He asked me what paper I wrote for and I said *Michigan State News*. He then proceeded to give me a long explanation of why college students would not be interested in reading about this case, and how I should write something *positive* about the U.S. effort in Vietnam. I cut him short (his manner offended and bored me) and asked to know what—if anything—had been done about Mr. Huong's letter. I was told to wait one day for a reply.

On the next day I learned that the embassy had *never received* Mr. Huong's letter. Why? Liaison man: "Well, as you know, postal service in Vietnam is quite poor." I thanked the U.S. embassy for its (non-) help and there the matter rests. Nguyen-phuoc-Tai is dead. Capt. Wilson is on the loose, postal service in Vietnam is poor, and the U.S. embassy (as always) knows nothing. So it goes.

I would like to see Capt. Wilson brought to trial: Mr. Huong would like to get paid for his dead son. Therein lies a significant difference in cultural attitude: compound these differences many times over on many different levels and the result is war, death, and chaos—Vietnam.

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