

OLDFATHER

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This issue of **Collage** marks the beginning of a new era (of uncertain duration) as a new director, Mike O'Neal, assumes the mantle of editorial responsibility. As always, **Collage** encourages any and all to submit their creative endeavors, whether they be essays, photography, artwork, humor, poetry, fiction, reviews or any other printable creative form. **Collage** is a unique form of expression in the University community--use it.

For those of you who have already submitted work and have not as yet been notified concerning it, please be patient. As in most coup d'etats there has been a certain amount of reorganizing necessary, and consequently things are just beginning to get under control here. We'll try to get in touch with you as soon as we're able to go through our files.

Besides contributions in general, **Collage** is looking for people who are interested in doing well-researched, readable, critical articles on issues relevant to the University community. We've got some challenging subjects to be handled this spring and need top-notch writers if they're going to come off. Now is the time to claim your niche on the **Collage** staff.

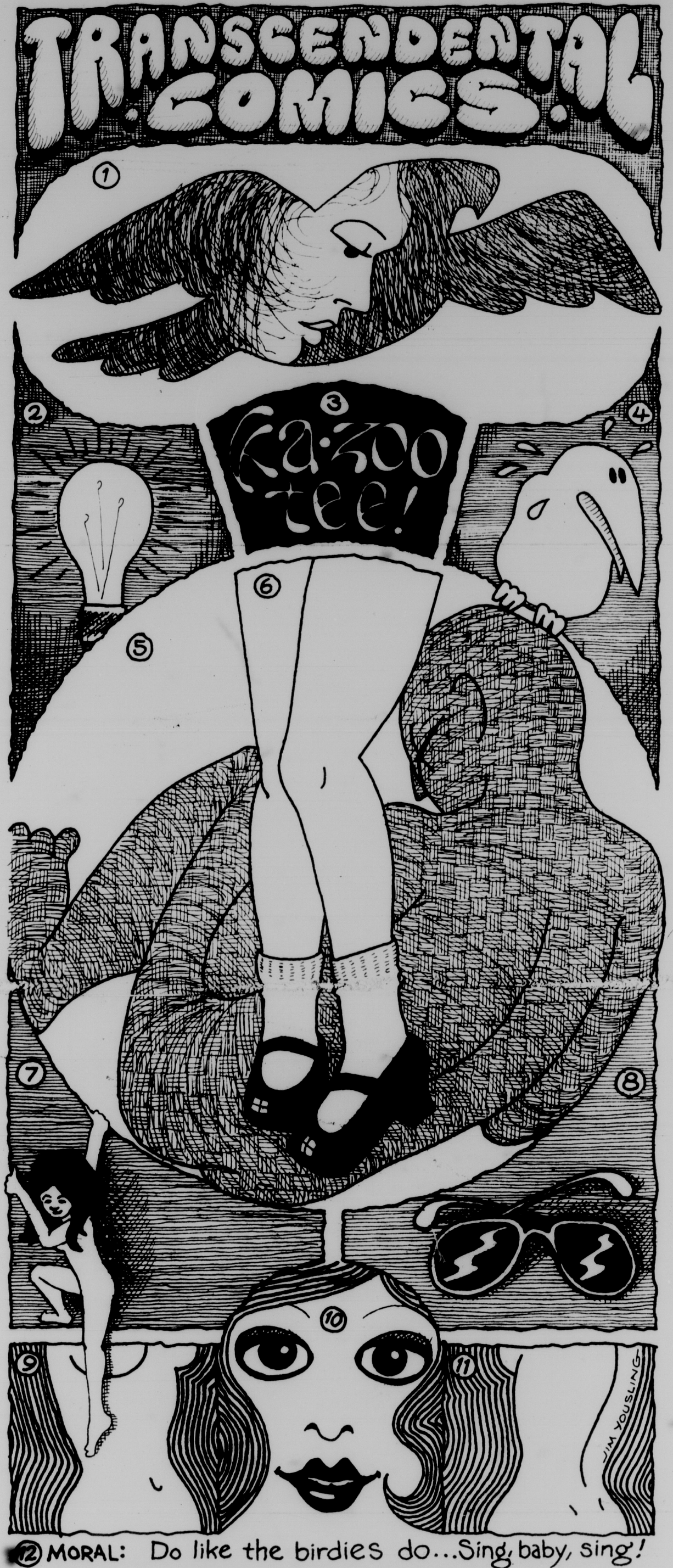
(Incidentally, for those who may be concerned about the welfare of David Gilbert, the previous director, place your hearts at ease. The old fossil is being kept around the office for sentimental reasons and is still available to anyone who wants to come in and reminisce.)

Collage is your magazine. If you have any ideas or suggestions about what you'd like to see done in **Collage**, let us know. Send your cards and letters to **Collage** (c/o State News, Student Services Bldg., MSU), or drop by the office, or call us at 355-8252.

We'll be waiting.

They (today's young people) spend their time in classrooms and are so career-conscious they are afraid they will never get ahead unless they have a degree. At 19 or 20, they should really be enjoying themselves, instead of always having nervous breakdowns or taking tranquilizers. So much education tends to specialize you--nowadays few people really stimulate you with what they say, and these are usually men.

Agatha Cristie, 79-year-old mystery writer, in an interview in McCall's magazine.



Contributors...

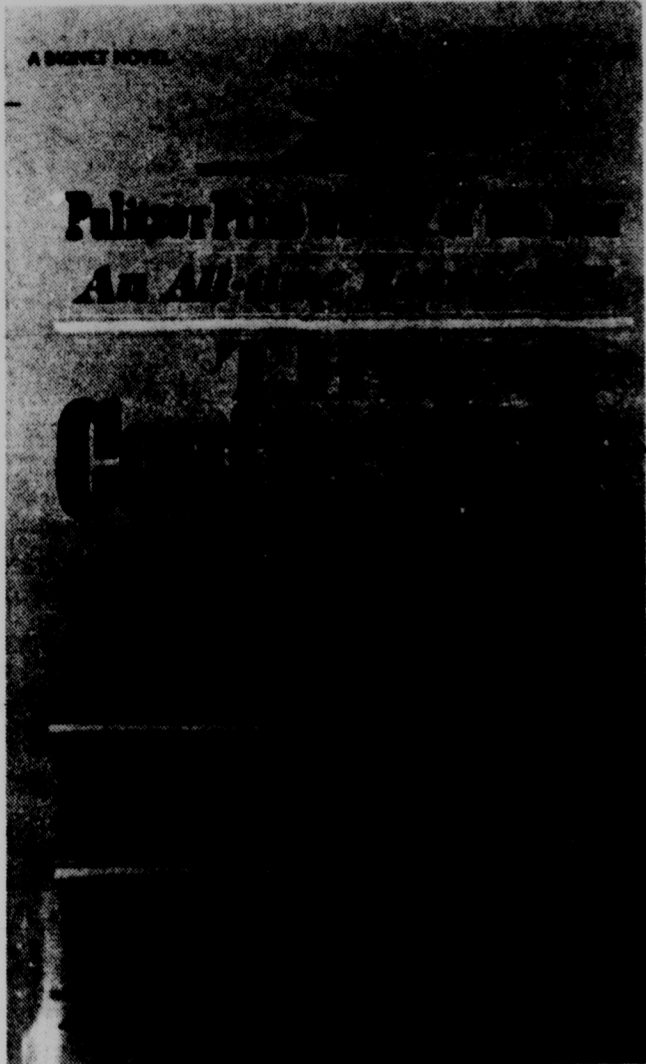
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A White Man's Nat Turner



By BRUCE CURTIS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Bruce Curtis, assistant professor in ATL, also holds an appointment teaching in James Madison College. His major field of specialization is American intellectual history.

Certain books are deceptive in appearance. The cover or title or stated intention of the author misleads us, prepares us to be taught or titillated in a certain way. And then our expectations are disappointed. William Styron's "The Confessions of Nat Turner" is such a book. In the interests of clarity and general readability, the book should have been subtitled "A Novel of Today." Confusion arises because, since Nat Turner was hanged as a rebel slave in 1831, the book seems to have a claim on the past and invites examination as an historical novel. But "The Confessions of Nat Turner" is best regarded as a work whose writing and reception, while casting a harsh light on the present, is less than successful in illuminating the gloomy past. The novel is a present-minded document. And Styron—and his critics as well—can teach us much about the uses of the past in the hands of present-minded men.

In discussing his reportorial technique in "The Algiers Motel Incident," a story of three killings in the Detroit riots of 1967, the novelist John Hersey wrote:

There was a need, above all, for total conviction. This meant that the events could not be described as if witnessed from above by an all-seeing eye opening on an all-knowing novelistic mind; the merest suspicion that anything had been altered, or made up, for art's sake, or for the sake of effect, would be absolutely disastrous. (p. 27)

John Hersey sacrificed art to ensure absolute veracity.

William Styron, like Hersey, a white novelist writing in a time of racial turmoil, but a Southerner as well, takes a diametrically opposed position. As author and defender of his "Nat Turner," Styron insists:

the book is neither racist nor a tract but a novel, an essay of the imagination where the necessities of always questionable 'fact' often become subsumed into a larger truth. (Nation, April 22, 1968, 545)

In further defending his novelistic method, Styron quotes George Lukacs, the "greatest Marxist literary critic," who asserts:

What matters in the novel is fidelity in the reproduction of the material foundations of the life of a given period, its manners and the feelings and thoughts deriving from these. This means that the novel is much more closely bound to the specifically historical, individual moments of a period, than is drama. But this never means being tied to particular historical facts. (Ibid., 546)

William Styron insists upon his right and duty to reject discrete historical facts when they impede his novelistic purpose of seeking a "larger" truth.

When one examines reactions to the book, it quickly becomes apparent that critics who praise it are predominantly white, while those who damn Styron and his novel are predominantly black, and that, although they receive some white support, they are in the minority. It is also clear that black critics, like those represented in "William Styron's Nat Turner: Ten Black Writers Respond," are incensed primarily by what they see as Styron's misuse of facts, and by his consequent cruel, distorted and racist characterization of Nat Turner. No doubt Styron has been surprised by the amount and intensity of criticism that he and his novel have faced in recent months, especially from black writers. For it seems probable, despite charges to the contrary, that Styron acted in good faith in attempting to create a richly complex human being. His Nat Turner was fated, by innate intelligence and inherited slavery, to be caught and torn between two cultures, and between the violently contradictory emotions of love and hate for both his slave brothers and his white masters.

It may be that black critics reject Styron's "Nat Turner" because it is essentially an integrationist novel. Styron tries continually, sometimes by main force, to bring black and white together, to have the black, at least, try to understand white, to have Nat succeed, ultimately, in overcoming hatred by escaping from the clutches of emotional ambivalence into the arms of Christian love. It is because William Styron wants black and white to be reconciled (or is it that unconsciously he wants the black to be reconciled to whites?) that he ignores or alters some of the soundest facts about Nat Turner. The chief historical source is Nat's own "Confessions," transcribed and published soon after the revolt by a white lawyer, Thomas R. Gray. According to Gray's parenthetical comment, "Nat Turner could read and write," to read by his black father and mother—apparently both could read—and Nat says he was fond of his deeply religious grandmother. Although Gray undoubtedly altered the "Confessions" in some respects, it seems improbable that he falsified the record so as to emphasize the influence of Nat's family. The best evidence available, then, suggests that the black slave quarter as well as the white big house, considerably influenced young Nat Turner's development.

Virtually the entire thrust of Styron's novel, however, is to exhibit a black slave who has been almost swallowed up in the dominant white culture, who is a virtual stranger to his black fellows, whether slave or free,

man or woman. Nat Turner works and plays, is petted and pampered, educated and trained, elevated and cast down, in the white house culture. His meaningful intellectual exchanges are with white. His sexual fantasies are lily white. The most meaningful human relationship he experiences is with a white girl. She teaches him of the temporal and spiritual dimensions of love. William Styron's Nat Turner wants white. He wants to be integrated. But, his promised manumission shatteringly denied, his not-fully-recognized yearning for fulfillment with a white (on white terms) blocked by his slave status, Nat's potent, visionary religious drive provides a vehicle and a rationale which carries him, sword in hand, a new but vacillating avenger Christ, down the road of revolt that leads to Jerusalem, Va.

Understandably, numerous black critics do not recognize Styron's Nat as either a richly complex human being or a reasonable facsimile of the historical rebel slave and Black Hero. To them, this white-washed Nat is weak, cowardly, ambivalent and emasculated. Their Nat is the prophet of black power, a founding father of the revolution. As their culture hero he is the black equivalent of the whites' George Washington. Perhaps those who praise and defend Styron's novel should ask themselves this: How would they, or their ancestors who are seeking an identity as a people, have reacted if 150 years ago, say in 1811 on the eve of war with Britain, a novelist, say an Englishman, had published a "mediation on history" in which he tried to present the rich human complexities, ambiguities, idiosyncrasies and weaknesses that made up the character of George Washington? The novelist of course would have been seeking to create a "larger" truth, which would have allowed him to ignore inconvenient facts or to fabricate when there were none to guide him:

George Washington was a British subject in the colony of Virginia. As a young man he recognized and sought to attain the superiority of the mother country. But, rejected repeatedly by Britishers as an inferior colonial, he became a bitter, anarchistic rebel who, in revolting against the King's authority, laid waste the property and lives of thousands of loyal British citizens and soldiers. Throughout a long and trying rebellion, George Washington appeared as a truly human figure, subject to all the doubts and indecisions that any leader not a demigod would have felt. The culminating crisis of Washington's faith in his cause and his God came at Valley Forge where, cold and hungry, with great numbers of ill-disciplined forces now deserters, he railed against "my damned army," which had led him to successive,

(continued on page 11)



POETRY

Jeffrey Justin was poetry editor of Collage last year. After graduating from MSU, he spent one term writing at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. He is now teaching in Monroe, Mich., and writing "a great deal." The poem, "Growing Old," is an example of Jeff's latest experiments with prose poetry.

SURFACE ONLY

Headlights show long strokes
of night rain washing the streets.

The bed I lie in is a phone booth.
The door sticks. Sheets of rain
drape the facades of buildings.

Jerking passers-by around,
the flasher on a police car
winds attention tighter.

This doesn't illuminate:
it announces.
Each fears he has been found out.

The loneliness of the petitioner
with his forms lost or misfiled.
The trapdoor of bed can't drop me:
I see there is no bottom to the world.

A traffic light at 4 a.m.
signals an intersection
where night is stalled.

--Jeffrey Justin

THE STREET PREACHER

He squawked and cars honked
in the aim of traffic lights.
He said, "The truth kills
but you can't see no blood."

Day-to-day mothers,
huddling children to safe flanks,
had no ear for his war-talk.
He stopped people.

For fourteen years
he stuck in the street gullet.
He stuck out the white page of his bible
among buildings the color of gallstones.

The chain of cars clanked as it tightened.
He jangled in the lock.

--Jeffrey Justin



GROWING OLD

Florida sticks out like a tongue. It savors the old people on it. I tell them, don't go there! Green is no plant but the slowest, largest and most complicated of animals. I don't know if Florida is a full body or just the mouth. Travel posters picture a blue forehead and green fur around smiling lips of land.

Day and night, the metabolism of green pounds steadily as a piston. Though it assimilates and sloughs off, green does not age. It is the electric idling of now.

Flowered shirts are paws! The grip is too delicate for old people to feel. They believe they retire in safety. But all around, green stalks, green stalks. Young people see green for the animal it is, but believe that the roads they whip down have tamed it.

Suddenly green clutches and accelerates, into the future. In an instant people are past.

Even the sea there is sick, heaving from the salt seasoning with which it eats green. So I tell old people, go home up North! But they say, there snow freezes us out. We are shut in and shut out and finally shut up. White is the extreme and so is black. We would rather be in Florida where green preys for us.

So they even garden green. I am amazed at the courage of this act.

--Jeffrey Justin

NIGHT RAIN

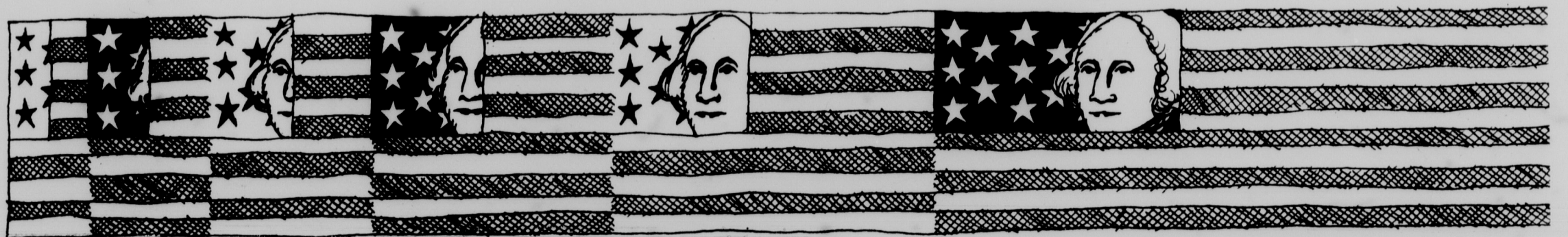
We stopped to match ourselves
with the real bus running
in a file cabinet on purple streets.

Windshield wipers ticked:
clock hands waving
in nervous breakdown.

Heads had popped
from jack-in-the-box seats
into yellow light.

But during supper
the couple next door
just started singing.

--Jeffrey Justin



By MITCH MILLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mitch Miller, State News staff writer, is a graduate student in communications from Wynnewood, Pa.

I was born in West Philadelphia 22 years ago, and I spent a considerable portion of my youth there, working in the basement of a mom and pop store at 42nd and Lancaster.

Anything that happens in this world happens at that corner. The kids that I waddled around with grew up to be Big 42, the worst murder gang in the city. The bar across the street, one of the six I could see from the front window, had more fights than the Arena. The constable next door to it was one of the first closed down when the D.A. started his investigation into the constable-magistrate system.

I state these facts merely to establish my credentials to talk about the racial-urban problem. Not that it is impossible to grow up in such an environment and be a racist, because many of the country's worse racists are those who have had the most contact with members of other races, but because without such contact you cannot really know whether you are a racist or not.

But certainly it is impossible, having lived on 42nd Street, to grow up with the academic liberal perspective that exists without the slightest knowledge of the everyday gut problems that make living in a slum different from living in Penn Wynne, Long Island, Grosse Pointe, or Claxton, Ga.

Those who have been there know what the problem is not one of institutional racism, the exploitive capitalist system or any other nebulous cloud. The problem of black people, the problems of the cities are individual problems caused by individual people, real living breathing people, with names, positions, and, above all, political affiliation.

So, in hopes of shedding some real light on the problem (and by real light I mean the glare of a red car's spotlight rather than the reflected glow of a pipe) I offer what I have learned and what I feel about the cities and what I think are some questions that ought to be asked.

I learned about the building inspectors that never come around, because the slumlords make the payoffs to the Democratic City Committee.

I learned about the constables, the magistrates, and the credit merchants who have nice little three-way partnerships going.

I learned about how the big stores and the Teamsters get together to deprive everyone else of any chance to work for themselves.

I learned how the other unions, the construction workers, the plumbers, the electrical workers make sure nobody who is black gets a good job.

I learned how highways always seem to go through certain neighborhoods, and how there never seems to be enough money to relocate everybody, and five years later the highway is cracking everywhere because the concrete is 50 per cent more water than it "legally" is allowed to be.

I learned how a bricklayer who builds hospitals that collapse gets to be ambassador to Ireland.

I learned all about how the Mon. James M. J. Tate and Daley, and Cavanaugh, and their cronies run the city.

And I have learned something about my own feelings about race. I think of Afro-Americans as people. Not as a "race," not as either all good or all bad, some of whom work and some who don't, some of whom are criminals and some who aren't.

Certainly black people (as well as tan and brown people, who are becoming the nation's most neglected minority group) have some problems in common. But I have had too much personal contact with them, as buyer from and seller to, as co-worker and underling to say either "All the sohwtzes are lazy, good-for-nothing..." or "We must do something to lift from our black bretheren the burden of our guilt toward them..."

So I find that I am not a white racist, as some people would like me to be. Nor have I taken up the role expected of my people, that of the long-suffering but sympathetic liberal.

I do not have any guilt to assuage by pious liberal platitudes, by listening to people revile me, by pretending those whose skin is darker than mine are guiltless of any sin or free from criticism.

(continued on page 11)

By ROGER HOWARD

Roger Howard, Detroit junior, is majoring in psychology. He is chairman of Students for White Community Action at MSU.

The White man in America today is a confusing sort of animal. Question him, and like a jack-in-the-box, he is up, asserting himself, hastily arranging the particular mask he has grown to know and love and chosen for the particular occasion. Confront him, and he vigorously (vocally, at times) lashes out at the WASP hovering above his head, stinging him on an all too rare, embarrassing occasion. Organize him, and his leader is left saying: "Where are my people? I am their leader. I just follow them." Then, shock and disgust him. And the guilt builds up and lasts for a time, and the overreactive, collective behavior follows. He has examined his way of life in this country--has examined the value system, and has viewed conditions as they actually exist--and when he is able to see and begin to perceive, when he is able to understand and begin to feel, he discovers inconsistencies. He studies the situation, criticizes it, condemns it, defends it (some men die for it), and in the final analysis, ends up by doing all that he is capable of doing: he accepts it.

Today we talk of "White Racism." We "dedicate the absolute of our existence" to eliminating it, we hesitate to define it, and we live and function under the institutions which propogate it. And the results are pessimism, cynicism, and when the commitment so often spoken of, and the social disruption so often encountered, is seen as somehow out of place, and is viewed as inconsistent with the way in which our society is operating, we stand confused. We, strangely enough, again arrive at where we began.

Any attempt at eliminating what so many have come to call "White Racism" (a term, you will remember, so boldly discovered by the Kerner Commission one year ago) is highly inconsistent with the way in which our society is operating.

Some do talk of freedom; that ambiguous word so glorified, so nebulous, that few Americans care to do little more than merely accept it too. I ask: freedom for whom? Freedom for what? Freedom from what?

Freedom to choose, perhaps; freedom to choose and to examine the alternatives, to grip and cling to the realization, and develop the courage to act upon that knowledge. For ideas, choices, are nothing unless they are acted upon.

But this freedom, you say, is guaranteed. Guaranteed, yes, but is it taken advantage of? Is it taken advantage of by the white man who finds himself "playing a role" in the interpersonal relationships he may experience with blacks? Is the "freedom to be real" taken advantage of by those in the "golden ghettos" who find themselves psychologically strained and tense upon the arrival of a black neighbor? Or is this freedom taken advantage of by the black man who compromises himself to be "accepted" by White society?

Perhaps it is a freedom which will allow the White man to act like a human being; a freedom which will allow us to act, ignoring custom, and freed from the strong "cultural pattern" present in our society today. Gordon Allport, in his book "The Nature of Prejudice," has stated that about half of the prejudiced attitudes present today are based solely on this need to conform, this desire to accept and, in turn, to be accepted. And if this is the case, it is the black man who is deprived, or is it the white who is bound by the chains of custom, of tradition, or the idea that "to leave well enough alone" is acting in the American way? For what other than acting upon this freedom will redeem our country from the "American Dilemma?"

But of course, you see, there is no "American Dilemma." The white man does not act unless he is directly threatened. He doesn't give an honest damn about the "rights of man" or "equality." After all, the North did not fight the Civil War to give blacks their equality (if indeed the North could give to blacks that equality). The Men in Blue fought to preserve the Union, to put an end to slavery, but no black was allowed to fight for himself if he stood beside, on an "equal" footing with, a white soldier in the Union Army. And to

(continued on page 9)



Illusion or Solution: Two White Views



Floating away from the eye on the wall
FLL1QoAaTtiNnGaway the eyeonthe walls
floating away on the wallllll 1 1 1 1 1 1
floating A W AY ry o t u

The following is an excerpt from a volume to-be by Hugh Fox, asst. professor in ATL, to wit, Chapter One of *Severed Selves and Electronic Guruhood*. We recommend two readings, one for fun and one for philosophy. Fox is also editor of the *International Quarterly of Experimental Poetry*.

Floating away from the Eye on the Wall

When I first nail the eye on the wall, it stares at me and I stare at it. It bugs me. It winks, blinks, it "knows" all about my inside me. Then two weeks later it's there, but I don't see it anymore, not "it," but only some faded, washed-out abstracted environmental-complex reference frame in which everything "fits" without being looked at. If someone took it off I'd notice, but as long as it's there, it's no longer "there," not it, it's changed, floated away from me and I've floated away from it.

The girl who works in the Art India store, filled with exotic silks and cotton-prints, Indian musical instruments, sandals, the air thickened with incense, is "there," but isn't "there." The guy who works in the psyche-out poster shop has been there eight hours a day for a month, and the walls become blank for him. I walk in, turn on, he sits in the middle of it and doesn't. Art India and poster shop change places and the magic happens again, reality ups its potency, the "thisnesses" of things ooze out again, our eye inscapes into the landscapes.

Potency of Perception 1 Acquaintance-time

From which it follows that the shorter the "acquaintance-time," the greater the "potency of perception," and within the limits of the perceivable the greatest potency of perception should come from the fastest, shortest "impulses."

Which is essentially what Aldo Tambellini's Village Group Center means when it proclaims that its aim is to "bombard, propel and blast the audience into what Group Center believes is the 'New Reality.' . . ."

Focus IN and Fall all the Way Through

I go into the Princeton Dark Room—complete soundlessness and lightlessness. Sleep for the first 12 hours. Have food, bed, toilet. But after another day (how to measure it, count heart-beats?) I push the panic button. I want out.

Or, on a less drastic level, I let the eye on the wall fade, close the blinds, move FM-, SW- and AM-less, hi-fi- and TV- and filmless through time, move further into the world of the purely eidetic. The spatio-temporal, the omnitude real-istic, recedes, I move away from the "real" (*wirkliches*) and into a world of my own mind. That "other sense-world is there outside me but it dims and I become Donovan's Brain, severed from sense, kept alive in the saline solution of my body-liquids.

My only connection with the "real" is Maslow's "deficiency cognition"³—enough of an awareness of the "real" to be able to "operate" on an empirical level. But my whole stimulus-response game⁴ is inside my own abstracted, cut-off, severed self.

The longer I stay totally wrapped up in my "self," the more I become involved with my own fantasy-world, hallucinations, obsessions, anxieties. I "corrode" internally, clot up, hate and feel hated. If I am already schizophrenic though, I tolerate sensory deprivation much better and if I am hebephrenic even "enjoy" it; but the more "normal" I am to begin with, the more I suffer cut off from my hands, eyes, ears, body-surface. I see an equation between sensory awareness (a sense of the common) and common sense.⁵

Sanity, then, is unity between sense and mind (Plato's *koinonia*), and insanity "as a disturbance of *koinonia*, of the functional unity of the Dasein's ontological potentialities."⁶ The various gradations between the sanity-insanity poles are gradations in awareness of being a part of or apart from my sense-anchors. Even within the limits of the sane, sensory deprivation disturbs perception, cognition and learn-

ing, and sameness: that floating away from the eye on the wall, from the walls, from the room, the door, the corridor, the view out the window, is a kind of sensory deprivation because the longer I stay fixed with a given, unvarying reference frame, the less I see of the details of that frame, and the more I drift into using my own "abstracted" mind-image (an albino cricket sucked dry by a spider) as a substitute for the frame itself. I become sensory deprived with all my senses turned on, lights, noise, sandwiches I don't taste, women I don't really enjoy. I live swinging between past (shoulda done) and future (gotta do), but never stop in the present (am doing).

The Caboose Coupled on to the Non-Sense Time-Train

We are pulled through time by habit and cannot easily un-link (un-couple) ourselves from our anti-sensory neurotic mind-confinement. We need help.

FLOATING AWAY FROM THE EYE ON THE WALL

A movie is a show; it discloses what had been concealed from us in reality, or what had never been before, as in surrealism.⁷

Movies, TV, a light bulb, a visit from Mary Poppins, break the routine, but the stronger the routine has become, the closer we move toward total uniformity and mechanization of the everyday, the stronger the "shock" has to be to prevent us from being pulled irresistibly along on the time-train.

Electric shock treatments can bring the psychotic "back" to "reality," and the right kind of art, contrapuntally at odds with the patterns and rhythms of the "humdrum" which has pulled us away from "reality" in the first place, can pull the mind-world neurotic out of his mind-world so that after being exposed to an anti-humdrum conditioning session, he can emerge and "reality" will smack him across the face like a wet fish.

The discontinuity of *Nouvelle Vague* films, for example, can enable us to return to the "reality" off the screen with all our logic—and vision-patterns fragmented:

... the directors of the *Nouvelle Vague* destroy the relations of time, which is the dimension of action, and of space, which is the dimension of human contact, by violating all the rules in the book The destruction of the continuity of time and space is a nightmare when applied to the physical world but it is a sensible order in the realm of the mind.⁸

Our normal everyday space-time sequence (the one which keeps floating away from us) shattered, we are moved into a world that demands effort on our part to "follow" it with its sequences purposefully mixed, broken, "un-sidened." It is not enough to merely work on an empirical level (deficiency cognition) but we must reactivate, re-adapt, respond.

Then, when we return to the "normal" world the normal has become new, and if not disjointed, at least re-jointed to us from the vantage point of our realigned reaction patterns.

Never Plugged Out

Maslow's "peak experience" should be continuous. The "adept" should be able to carry his cool, his blue-white totally permeable light-envelope around him. Should. The imperatives of CAN:

The enemies of the esthetic are neither the practical nor the intellectual. They are the humdrum; slackness of loose ends; submission to convention in practice and intellectual procedure.⁹

Creativity deranges (disarranges), then rearranges reality. Creativity means new reality-patterns, and the creative experience is primary, at hand, at-sense reality breaking through and breaking DOWN boredom.



All reality-rearranging is creative and we float through uplift as long (but only as long) as reality-rearranging continues.

Dada, vorticism, futurism, surrealism, light keep the creativity, peak-experience plug in, but the more we participate, not merely "soak up" de- and re-arrangement, the more complete our experience is.

Modern Times Close In, We Open Up

Committee meetings, multitudes of to-be-filled-out (social security number!) forms, lines, turnstiles, phone and license numbers, bill to be paid, licenses to get, taxes to be paid, nullify the open-ended out-in, interchange, psychic oxygenation, and as a consequence the Shock-Treatments must be more drastic because they have heavier patterns to shake up, break down:

The alienated individual of today's industrial society has become what he is because the mass organization he has been accustomed to has caused his creative powers to atrophy.¹⁰

Scott Bartlett, film-maker, fills the screen with freak-out-aha. Our scripture, our religious awe-SDF and beyond, and the beyond keeps moving toward us. We shut off sky and season change. Accepted. Shut off "movement" (except for that Sunday drive). Establish a work-home-TV-sleep routine and the TV becomes routine, the routine of TV-ing saves the little of us that is left to save, but the de-rangement is at a minimum. In a totally "controlled" (closed) environment when everyday equals space ship conditions, then sensory bombardment equals (continued on facing page)



Disciplined. A soldier has little privacy, and when he seems relatively safe, he remembers that his best buddy may very well turn out to be the platoon informer. Thus there is little griping. Guns, of course, are kept locked up, and after each rifle use, bullets are carefully counted. This keeps the incidence of revolts and suicides extremely low. Soldiers sharpen their heads so that makes it difficult to go unnoticed. With a sharp blade, a dull blade is a dull blade. A sharp blade is a sharp blade. A sharp blade is a sharp blade.

up through the post in the East. The Russians are off the coast of the nuclear had... Some... had... intriguing... the Russian... do with... Stalin's secret... counts. The Russian... rted that the... tor stashed a... miss banks before... eath. The reason... daughter Svetlana... in Switzerland, they... allege without proof... was to raid Stalin's... deposit boxes.

(continued from previous page)

sanity equals continuous peak experience and sensory withdrawal equals neurosis equals humming along equals what today is termed "normal." Today's "normal" is closed, inflexible, paranoid.

Unbury the Eye and Let It Rain Down (In)

Learning is "applied" creativity, and change-conditions (pattern-breaking) that enable us to penetrate into continuous peak-experiences creativity-wise, also apply to learning. Light-shows (total-environment freakouts) break patterns, re-establish sense-non-sense equilibrium, turn us on and turn our learning potential up (all the way):

Dances are organized for the men each week, and girls are rounded up to participate. But the penit- less soldier does not rank highly with the average Russian girl. Moreover, the girls who attend the dances are not held in particularly high esteem. Political lectures are given in the unit. Dances are organized for the men each week, and girls are rounded up to participate. But the penit- less soldier does not rank highly with the average Russian girl. Moreover, the girls who attend the dances are not held in particularly high esteem. Political lectures are given in the unit.

The chief learning derived from these marvelous environments is about the nature of the possible... an ecstatic environment, providing appropriate materials, can produce a learning rate fantastic by all present standards. 11

Electronic Gurus

The non-enlightened, unplugged-in, inflexible, impermeable, trapped with stale thought-bags tied around their heads, distrust electronic humanism, but (conversely) electronic humanism, getting in to Heidegger's *Existenz*, snipping away and discarding the un- or anti-essential, inevitably creates permeable flexibility. I look up and see you in slow-motion moving through life-span-time on this planet-surface and-aware of the meaning of time-experience (experience in time)--seeing you move luminescently toward me carrying your "thisness" with you, I see the total-you, present, past, future, in relation to the total-possible-you, in relation to this particular bleep on the world-contexted U.S.-centered historical-time screen, and I can step inside you, see myself seen through your life-vision.

The "high or true art... that is an art which doesn't confirm people in what they already know... arouses (a) state of ecstasy... if you get into the presence of truth, it will create this ecstatic state... and I take it to be the function of... art to teach through this ecstatic state." 12

Only the non-ecstatic, still linear, sequential, abstraction-based, non curved-spatialist, simultaneous and "reality" based, are ecstasy (peak experience) illiterates, not only do not participate in the mystique of electronic sanctity

You're getting nowhere fast. 2001

(sanity) but want to destroy it. The linear moves in to "straighten out" curved space. Healthy paranoia.

Electronic "turn-on" is necessarily corporate and communal (permeability equals social permeability) but not automatic: "perceptual proficiency can be learned and taught, in fact out to be learned and taught." 13 P. Adams Sitney in a kind of notebook-scratchpad in *Film Culture* quotes Artaud: "Cinema implies a total reversal of values, a complete smash-up of optics, perspective and of logic." 14

Electronic communion, salvation, transfiguration IN LIFE. The generation gap is a gap between electronic literary (the young) and electronic illiteracy (the old). The un-turned on precisely because they aren't (turned on) focus out of NOW into MIND-ARTIFICIALITY which broods paranoia, ulcers, angst, so the circle closes, and the world outside (the circle) continues to open while the world inside (the circle) arms itself defensively (with its eyes half-closed). "The eye is a part of the mind." (Leo Steinberg)

FOOTNOTES

1. See John Gruen's *The New Bohemia*, N.Y., 1966. P. 111.
2. See Husserl's *Ideas*, N.Y., 1962. Pp. 45-57.
3. See Ludwig Von Bertalanffy, "The Mind-Body Problem," in *The Human Dialogue*, ed. Matson-Montagu, N.Y., 1967. Pp. 236-7.
4. Colin Cherry's *On Human Communication*, M.I.T., 1966. Pp. 265-9 for a discussion of C.S. Pierce's pragmatic theory of signs.
5. Duane P. Schultz, *Sensory Restriction, Effects on Behavior*, N.Y., 1965. Especially pp. 102-111.
6. J. Needleman, ed., *Being-in-the-World, Selected Papers of Ludwig Binswanger*, N.Y., 1963. P. 217.
7. William Earle, "Some Notes on the New Film," *Tri-Quarterly* (Winter), 1967. P. 158.
8. Rudolph Arnheim, "Art Today and the Film," *Film Culture*, (Fall) 1966. P. 45.
9. John Dewey, *Art as Experience*, Chapter III, in *Philosophies of Art and Beauty*, ed. Hofstadter-Kuhns, N.Y., 1964. P. 604.
10. William O. Reichert, "The 'Unpolitical' Philosophy of Sir Herbert Read," in *Arts in Society*, (Spring-Summer) 1968. P. 139.
11. George B. Leonard, "The Future Now," *Look*, (October 15) 1968. P. 66.
12. Kenneth Kelman, *Film Culture*, (Fall) 1966. P. 80.
13. George Amberg, *Film Culture*, (Fall) 1966. P. 27.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 78.

Maybe next time. . . .but don't look back

By PAUL ANTHONY ORLOV

Shuffle up to the Library, up the stairs, through the door, through the turnstile, into the womb of irreality. . . . Gotta forget about yesterday and all the other yesterdays, gotta go in and study and do the world's work. Safe with the books, away from the competition and solitude and coldness of the outside-life alone, you can cop out on living, just doing your thing with your computer-sharp mind, keep those four points rollin' in, so easy and secure.

Wearin' your uniform, cords, sweater, stompin' boots, beard, cold eyes . . . keep on the facade like everybody, gotta look hard, self-content, just shufflin' along like you don't give a damn, not feelin' uptight about a thing, you know you're too groovy to care—it seems. Ah, but appearances can be deceiving, but then you never know for sure, so you can't penetrate the facades you see walkin' the streets and you've gotta keep your cool by meetin' the stoneyes with your own. Softness inside you, inside them, lookin' for somebody—to be with, to groove with,—behind the stoneglance, could it be? Hell no, not me.

Just slide on up the stairs, through the next door—you see yourself in the glass of it as it slides toward your pulling hand, seeing eyes hard and defiantly afraid, could truth be known But don't you know, haven't you heard? You can tell it like it is, but you'd have to be a fool to let it look like it is on your face, 'cause nobody plays the game that way, and everyone plays by the



same rules or you know they've gotta be losers. Go ahead, so simple now to enter the room, get a book, pick a table, focus on the words, lose yourself in it and forget the people whose eyes are hard and averted on their own books. Like a roomful of kids, absorbed in themselves and studyin' to find out what life's about in words, knowin' the words are only part of the story, but it's so rough to hack the coldness you pass through to get at the real experiences. So much easier this way, and the system you know so well how it is in the books you quietly take inside you to fill all the voids of time and space.

Now comes the rough part, gotta bop on up to the desk, face the girl there, can she see it in your eyes? No, couldn't be. Look up the call number, like you'd look up the phone number of someone you're afraid to call because neither of you can admit it that maybe you're not totally self-sufficient. But it's so easy with the book you get, just silence, give her the number, get the book, sign your name, you've got it and you're set not like callin' that phone number you're always ready to call and never do, to reach out and be set where it matters. After all, you start doin' that you've gotta talk, you've gotta let somebody see you where you really live, 'cause the words come from inside, but eyes and silence keep up the great facade. You're always safe with facade, you're impregnable, you're golden. Yeah, baby, golden, 'cause nobody else knows how it is deep and dark inside your being, inside your soul.

Book safely in hand, all you've gotta do now is get a table, open the book, and you're away from all the world in the shroud of silent thoughts. Table empty, that's where it's gotta be, so nobody can sit there, so close to you, eyes glancing up awkwardly, wonderin' what your eyes say back. Just about to sit down at the empty table and you look up a last time, and there she is. Some girl takin' off her coat, lookin' at you, ten feet away through silent space, sees you look up, kinda widens her eyes as you look back at her. You both stop your mindtimeclocks and look so hard at each other, but in the intensity some of your soul comes up through your vision, so does hers. Thinkin' to yourself, isn't she afraid, does she want me to dare to approach her soul through her eyes, like by really talkin' to her, losin' the safety of being strangers, by lookin' at and into each other? Musta been a mistake, you just surprised her by lookin' back, don't make a fool of yourself. She's got her table to herself, you've got yours, that's the only way to play it: nothing intended in a single meeting of eyes over ten feet of silence, wall of hardness. No way anything could've been intended.

Read the book awhile, still thinkin' about her eyes. Did it mean anything, could it ever, even though shades of gray of winter weather? Finish the first reading assignment, time to shuffle back and get a different book, time to play a different call number for new experience. You've got the book, turn, return to the hard, wooden rectangle of asylum-stopping only to glance at her again, quickly, but she catches the impulse, reaches out for the moment, looks back again. Again she widens her eyes; slightly raises the eyebrows in surprise, looking the question of what is meant, so deep, could something be? You sit down, your back to her, reading again, eyes seeing black on white, growing hazy and darkening into the mind's eye where she's facing you, looking at your eyes again, silently wondering *if she dares*, if you dare. You start on a fantasy into the darkness of the coming night, you see you and her able to put down the hard exterior, to reach out and touch inside each other's souls. Can almost feel it now, almost feel the warmth, the other-ness of her there with you, so close and important, at least for one otherwise cold, silent night of piercing darkness without you within you. Maybe you should try, maybe she hopes you'll try like you hope she wants you to. Maybe—you'll see. Yeah, ok, but maybe.

Time and silence roll on, reading finishes somehow, goodby, you'll make everybody so proud again with those golden grades, real boywonder of academia. Nothin' left to do but leave now, unless, maybe Is she still there? Will she look at you that way again? Has she kept thinking maybe, too?

You push back the chair, getting up to put on the coat as if to say, that's that, book, world's work done, not thinkin' about what's past. Coat on, fingers scrambling up the buttons quickly, locking yourself in another layer of cover against the coldness of eyes and wind outside. A sound behind you like a chair pushing back from another table, another coat going on, other fingers scrambling up buttons and gathering books. You pick up your books, walk to the desk, return the leather package of instant truth, never looking back. You pause at the desk, thinking, was she about to leave too? Turning eyes slowly toward the back of the room, you see her coming your way, going toward the doors, 10 feet across the floor from you, walking slowly as you stand still, trying not to look at her, yet unable not to. She pauses, slows down,

turns her face toward the desk, toward your face, and there it is—the same look, the same moment again. Same silent questions being asked, louder than ever, intense, between your eyes her eyes, wondering more than ever Now or not at all, should it be now, baby? You think her eyes look yes, look come on, look risk it, look reach out, look maybe it'll work out.

You have to decide now, before the moment is gone, before she lets the fear rise again, forcing her to turn her eyes away, to walk on. You hesitate, yelling inside yourself, asking for what to do, can she really be looking yes? Underneath the cold silence only uncertainty comes back to your mind in answer you look at her again, eyes deep and steady, reading the same doubt, hope, fear, wonder in her eyes—she must be seein' the same in yours. Ten feet away,



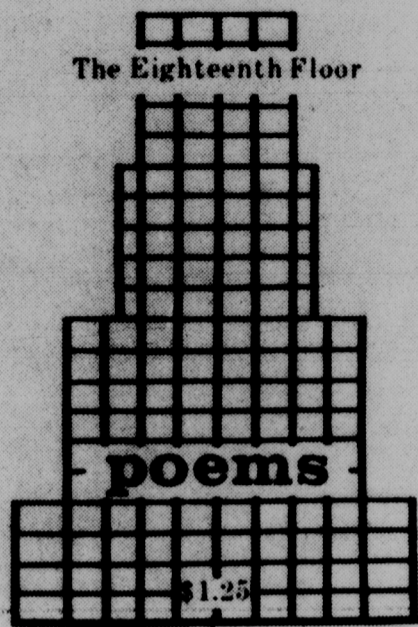
maybe closer, but gotta decide, gotta move now. Last long look, knowing it has to be at once or forget it, her eyes holding steady, could be right, try. She starts moving slowly ahead, looking back at you once more, same look of wondering in lifted eyebrows and widened eyes; you start moving too, looking at her, yelling at yourself inside. Then you finally know. You can't do it, don't think so, she's pushing open the door, out on the landing to the stairs, glances back at you once quickly, you start moving again but you know it's too late. Waited too long, couldn't do it, now could, but she's gone. Should you run down the stairs, catch up with her, tell her you still want to reach out, touch her, look yes if she'll do the same, showing it's alright?

No. Impossible. You can't play it like that, you couldn't take one moment as it lingered across ten feet of silence as eyes met and questioned. So she's gone, it's over, what the hell. Maybe you were wrong anyway. How can you ever know now? Yeah, but maybe. So forget it, just another girl, another moment, nothing special. There've been lots of times of almos before, so why not now? No reason why this should've been different than anything past. Gotta go places and do things anyway. Forget it, bop down the stairs, put the facade back in place. Hey eyes, no regret, just be cold, just be hard, not lookin' back to her or anything behind in the times you've seen. Shuffle back out of the library, listen to the bell-tower chime, time going on like nothing happened or could have, so why regret? Forget it, keep moving down the street, looking up at the cold, gray sky and taking some of its surface reflected back on your eyes as they meet other eyes impenetrable, unknown, quickly averted. You see that girl in your mind once more, wonder again, move steadily on, protected in your core of hardness, forget her. Don't think about her; pointless. Softness inside you, inside her, inside others, lookin' for somebody behind the stoneglances? Hell no, it couldn't be; not me. Well . . . maybe next time. . . .but don't ever look back.



Review

A. Quinn Smith



By LINDA WAGNER
The Eighteenth Floor by A. Quinn Smith. Zeitgeist, 1969. Illustrated by Todd Smith.
EDITOR'S NOTE: A. Quinn Smith is a 26-year-old Wayne State dropout. *The Eighteenth Floor* is his first collection of poems except for a limited edition published previously. Linda Wagner is an asst. professor in English at MSU.

There aren't very many good "city" poems. Gwendolyn Brooks' recent "In the Mecca," Williams' "Paterson," Hart Crane's "The Bridge"—the lyric tradition somehow turns away from all the discord usually associated with the urban. A. Quinn Smith's "The Eighteenth Floor" sounds as if it might be a "city book." But even though Smith uses Detroit as background in some of the poems (Woodward Avenue, riots, "great nagging snowdrifts"), his focus is primarily himself and his reactions. And Smith as a product of urban living seems not so very different from most of us.

Many of his best poems are self-realization studies. "Journey's End" recreates in strong images and well-paced understatement a man's coming awareness:

Don't you see, I knew
 the dark & winding road
 by heart. Tho the white flowers
 were bits of strangeness.
 Or was it just me . . .
 It has been a while--this ride--
 but I was nearing the house.
 Then the small town came
 upon us--a gaping, unexpected lair.
 When we treated ourselves at
 the only, local bar,
 the Drambuie tasted like the
 cashews that tasted like the coffee
 that tasted, too, like cold stars
 of sugar.

And then I saw that it was
 a black sky & no more &
 very frigid stars
 with no taste to them.
 Those flowers, too, along the road
 were more than likely weeds.
 I began to catch a cold.

The straight, idiomatic opening and closing are characteristic of Smith's writing. It is as if he literally begins with a statement and then pushes out past the colloquial into more impassioned levels of speech, coming back at the end into what seems his normal restraint. "A Return to Satori" ends with "I am a stranger within/ my own rooms;" "Smith's Odyssey" mourns the poet's cigarette smoke, which carries with it "no recognition of the sender."

The awareness which Smith reaches in some of these poems—"Half Your Age," "Possession"—proves to be their greatest value. (Technically, in his short poems, organic form and colloquial language too often give only a cute image or a flat description.) But when Smith tries for the theme of man alone, separated, searching through love for love, and finally despairing--then the poems take on a surpris-

ing richness. Two of the best of these poems are "Life in Death City" and "Moment;" interestingly, both do make use of Detroit as setting.

Bumming around, I move
 in this mess of crushed fog
 that is Detroit in winter.
 Nothing is open and
 everybody is dead except
 my wife and me. All my friends--
 where are they? And the strangers . . .

I can see flower bulbs, dead
 in the dirt. I can see
 cars, crusted with salt and mud,
 moving down Woodward in
 a funeral train. And the river
 is packed with foot-thick ice;
 even the breakers shy away . . .

In "Moment," the "citycrow" shies away just like the breakers. And we feel that Smith shares their reaction, that the eighteenth floor has been a good perch from which to view the restless alienation of modern man. Perhaps his second book will go a step beyond this awareness, to some kind of solution.



Racism


(continued from page 5)

day, unless the buildings are burning, unless a black leader is brutally felled by a sniper's bullet, the white man is not torn and tortured by the conflict between his devotion to the American creed and his actual behavior.

If this short article sounds to redundant, too indicting, it is only because I have been raised and conditioned in a society that places too high a value on guilt, while it avoids and skirts the dynamic processes of concrete, active change. That sentence, in itself, you can see, indicts our society, which only goes to show the power of socialization in the hands of the white middle-class in America.


Until the institutions maintained by that class are functionally changed, racism will remain a prevalent force in our country. Until the moral philosophy of the American creed enters the pragmatic world of business, the hard world of realism in politics, the educational world with its many facets, will white, middle-class America continue to destroy itself. The idea alone makes me very tense.

And I see the freedom from racism, from "White Racism," as a freedom allowing me to save myself, to save myself as a White man, with all men benefitting when I am able to stand unconfused, and unconfusing.




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Calendar of Events: April 8-21



JIM YOUSLING

Calendar of Events if pg. 8
TUESDAY, APRIL 8
 Modern Dance Concert (PAC, 8:00, Arena Theatre)
 Faculty Exhibition (Kresge Gallery, through April 27)
 "Journey Through the Universe" (Abrams Planetarium, through April 27)
 Graduate Recital, Marcia Hilden, Clarinet (8:15, Music Aud.)
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9
 "Goldiggers of 1935" (7 & 9, 106 Wells)
 Modern Dance Concert (PAC, 7:15, Wonders)
THURSDAY, APRIL 10
 "Winds of Change" Seminar (8:00, Erickson Kiva)
 Ferrante and Teicher (8:15, Auditorium)
 "Two for the Road" (7 & 9:15, Brody)

FRIDAY, APRIL 11
 "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?" (7 & 9:30, 108 Wells)
 "Two for the Road" (7 & 9:15, Wilson)
 "Lord Jim" (7 & 9, 100 Vet Clinic)
 "Shop on Main Street" (7:30, Auditorium)
 "Fahrenheit 451" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 Modern Dance Concert (PAC, 7:15, McDonel)
 "Winds of Change" Seminar (8:00, Erickson Kiva)
SATURDAY, APRIL 12
 "Two for the Road" (7 & 9:15, Conrad)
 "Fahrenheit 451" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?" (7 & 9:30, 108 Wells)
 "Lord Jim" (7 & 9, 100 Vet Clinic)
 Modern Dance Concert (PAC, 7:15, McDonel)
 "Winds of Change" Seminar (All day, Erickson Kiva)

SUNDAY, APRIL 13
 Easter Concert, University Chorus & MSU Symphony (4:00, Auditorium)
 Senior Recital, Patricia Case, Soprano (2:00, Music Aud.)
 Graduate Recital, Dean Turner, Clarinet (2:00, Music Aud.)
MONDAY, APRIL 14
 "Champion" (7:30, E. Lansing Public Library)
TUESDAY, APRIL 15
 Cleveland Orchestra (8:15, Auditorium)
 Concert, Materials of Music (3:00, Music Auditorium)
 Recital, Deborah Gale, Oboe (8:15, Music Aud.)
 Tennis, MSU vs. Notre Dame (3:00, Varsity courts)
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16
 "Lifeline for Biafra"
 "Casablanca" (7 & 9, 106 Wells)
 Baseball, MSU vs. Albion (2:30, John Kobs Field, 2 games)

THURSDAY, APRIL 17
 "Point Blank" (7 & 9, Brody)
 Green Splash Water Show (6:00, Women's IM)
FRIDAY, APRIL 18
 "Morgan" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 "Behold a Pale Horse" (7 & 9:30, 104 Wells)
 "Point Blank" (7 & 9, Wilson)
 Arts and Letters Recital, Beaux Arts String Quartet (8:15, Music Aud.)
 Baseball, MSU v. Michigan (3:30, John Kobs Field)
 Tennis, MSU vs. Northwestern (3:00, Varsity courts)
 Green Splash Water Show (6:00, Women's IM)

SATURDAY, APRIL 19
 "Behold a Pale Horse" (7 & 9:30, 104 Wells)
 "Morgan" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 "Point Blank" (7 & 9, Conrad)
 Green Splash Water Show (6:00, Women's IM)
 18th Century Literature Seminar (Kellogg Center)
 Tennis, MSU vs. Wisconsin (1:00, Varsity courts)
 "African Elephant" (Cleveland Grant (8:00, Auditorium))
SUNDAY, APRIL 20
 Concert, Premiers of New Music (4:00, Erickson Kiva)
MONDAY, APRIL 21
 Concert, Richards Quintet and Anthony Milner (8:15, Music Aud.)

'White' Turner 'Solution'

(continued from page 3)

unnecessary defeats because they did not care enough about their own freedom. Kneeling in the snow, he tried to pray. But he could in no way reach that all-healing, all-powerful conqueror God on whom he had depended so completely for so long.

As a truly human figure, George's sexual life was unremarkable, for an 18th-century Virginian. As an adolescent he had a slightly homosexual encounter with a half-brother while swimming after a hard day's surveying, but that experience soon faded from his consciousness and he began courting the girls. He married the widow Custis, but of course the union was not blessed with children. Always privately something of a visionary, George imposed on Martha a pact that they should never seek to consummate their relationship because George felt called, like a secular priest, to a broader, all-inclusive Fatherhood. Despite that pact, however, as a slaveholder George almost inevitably drifted into sexual fantasies peopled by the earthy black women on his plantation. Fantasy was transmuted into reality when he found among them the one soul-mate of his life who saw what he really was, deep down, as Martha never could. When George Washington came to die, his last concern was to bless that black, unlettered kitchen girl who had taught him the meaning of truly spiritual, truly Christian love.

The point does not require further elaboration. We are all at least as sensitive about our myths, symbols, images, as about our facts. William Styron, a white Southerner, had the poor judgment and timing to elaborate a myth of Nat Turner that inevitably called forth a response, in mythic terms, from increasingly militant blacks. There is no reason to suppose that either of these conflicting symbolic representations of Nat Turner has much history on its side. Why should it? Neither Styron nor the bulk of his critics are historians, and most of them seem to have little use for history, except as a depot from which to draw ammunition for their present-minded causes. Critics on both sides ignore inconvenient historical facts and probabilities. In turn, they cast their immediate desires into an historical mold. And in each case out pops a Nat Turner who would almost certainly have been unrecognizable to the original.

No doubt fiction as history and myth as history both have legitimate claims on us,



just as "objective" history has. But neither advances its cause much when it too blatantly ignores historical facts and probabilities in order to create its own reality. Is it probable, for example, that the real, historical, condemned Nat Turner, after leading a long-planned, bloody and devastating holy war against white slave owners, acted as Styron's Nat did? Is it probable that he managed at the very end to reconcile himself to his God and his fate, and to avoid analysis of the revolt and his role in it, by repenting his murder of a white Southern belle? I think not. Styron says that his is not an historical novel but a "meditation on history." But how can he escape having taken Nat Turner's name? In taking the name, whether he realized it or not, Styron also necessarily took up the whole burden of fact and probability associated with that name. John Hersey's nonfictional study of black boys in Detroit is more effective than Styron's fictional study of a black man in Virginia, not because it is "fact" rather than "fiction," but because Hersey's book is more credible. We believe Hersey. Styron, we think, tells us some important truths. But Hersey gives us a clearer glimpse of that larger "truth" about race and love and hate in America that Styron tries so earnestly, so sweatily, to create for us.



This is not to say that Styron is all wrong and his black critics are all right. Certainly they are also often guilty of distorting facts and probabilities, of refusing to allow for the possibility that Nat Turner could have outraged their preconceptions. Before any critic sets about attacking Styron's novel, he should study "The Autobiography of Malcolm X" and compare that richly complex and human character to Styron's Nat. Surely he would then find it difficult to assert that

Nat Turner could never have been attracted to white women, or been both celibate and masculine, or felt hatred as well as love for his black brothers.

Both Styron and his critics, then, are guilty of raiding the past for present-minded purposes. Styron writes as a twentieth-century integrationist and novelist. His black critics defend their black militant hero against an arrogant, despoiling, white racist. They are saying of Nat Turner, I think, what Ossie Davis said in 1965 of the assassinated Malcolm X:

Malcolm was our manhood, our living, black manhood! This was his meaning to his people. And, in honoring him, we honor the best in ourselves. . . . And we will know him then for what he was and is—a Prince—our own black shining Prince!—who didn't hesitate to die, because he loved us so. (Autobiography of Malcolm X, p. 454)

We can sympathize with them all, with William Styron and especially with his critics. And we can learn from them all. But we should not believe that we can learn from them the truth about the real Nat Turner.

(continued from page 5)

I do not bear the burden of being a Jew-liberal. The Jew-liberals are the social workers, the welfare bureaucrats, the school-teachers who stopped thinking in 1932. They are the ones who have been perpetuating poverty by playing the liberal game. (It is immensely gratifying to me to see black people waking up to this fact and kicking the paternalists out, like at Ocean Hill-Brownsville. It couldn't happen to a nicer bunch of people.)

The question I find myself forced to ask is why Afro-Americans put up with all this nonsense for so many years? And why, in great new era of "black self-awareness" are they continuing to put up with it?

Why should blacks continue to vote 95 per cent for the party responsible for their oppression North and South, the party of Daley and Maddox? Why should they vote for the crooked constables and building inspectors, the county clerks and the deputy sheriffs?

Why should they vote for the unions that keep them from getting jobs?

Why haven't they built political power by getting specific pledges and candidates in return for their votes?

Why do they permit the existence of primarily Jew-liberal welfare bureaucracy whose purpose is to perpetuate poverty rather than eliminate it?

Why did literally thousands of blacks turn down posts in the Nixon administration, up to and including cabinet-level jobs?

Could it possibly be that the old leaders are getting benefits from their association with the Democrats and the welfare bureaucracy? Could it be that some people like their secure political plums?

Why haven't the militants done any really radical thinking, instead of simply following like puppy dogs the voices from Cuba and Red China? Maybe they are too interested in stepping into the already existing sinecures. Maybe they like to see their names in the paper more than they really want to help their people.

The facts are these: there are laws on the books that would make a difference. But they are not enforced. There are solutions to the racial/urban mess available, but they are met with opposition by the old guard and by the militants.

There is a way out of the mess, but it will take not study groups and presidential commissions, but people with brains and guts to look at a situation, come up with a solution and implement it.

There is a way to build Black Power, but it's not with the obsolete economics of the 1930's and it is not by sticking to the Democrat party and getting nothing in return.

There are people who can do the job. And when the Jews move out of their stores in the black neighborhoods, these people will move in. When the rich politicians go, these people will move in. These are the people who will build and control their own neighborhoods, these are the people who will police them.

And here is the word from 42nd Street, for the "black leaders" and the "black militants," for the Jew-liberals and the Democratic party: You are going to be very surprised at what happens when they do.

Things are going to get better, and it is not going to be due to the efforts of any of you.

The "black leaders" are going to be surprised when they find followers considerably less docile.

The "black militants" are going to be surprised when the first "Tom" they've been terrorizing shoots one of them—and is backed up by the black community and the black police.

The Jew-liberals and the Democrats are going to be surprised when progress is being made without their being around.

And that, for me at least, will be the most gratifying surprise of all.



HIS RETURN

*It was a good day to return.
His arrival shook the air
Into snow. Cold and grief
Bit color equally, damply,
Into cheeks; while darkening slightly
The outside peered through windows
At traditional words, the traditional
Gathering. Solemn-suited men
Paired before the entrance
In a dark line. The ground
Stiffened the corners of a hole,
Waiting the winter hours for him.*

*Church was the same in childhood:
The cross, the candles, the altar,
The comfortable black of a cloak
Wrapped about the last priest.*

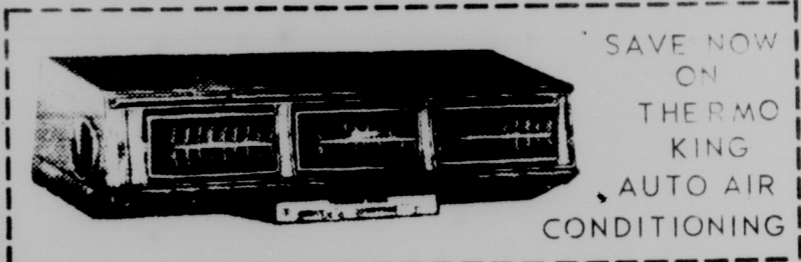
--Kathy Ingley



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