

atmosphere was like an analgesic balm.

I decided to cooperate with the inevitable. I lifted Becky, my middle-aged lady dummy, and moved toward him. Becky was dressed in a startling costume—a black dress, spattered with junk jewelry, ornamented with garish red piping, a black lace mantilla covering her iron gray hair. Her staring eyes, on the move, were arresting if not hypnotic. I mumbled a few Creole phrases which I had learned in a local house of low repute which masqueraded as a dance hall. *Rien! Nada!* Nothing! He didn't even look up. Finally, I walked up to him and put Becky's face right up to his; I heard her raucous laugh. She jabbered away in French. Suddenly, like some prehistoric creature just released from an icepack, the patient looked up.

IT TAKES A HEAP OF TENSION to make a Haitian psychiatrist excited. The tension was there. I reached over to Douyon's desk, picked up a card, placed it in the dummy's hand, and had her offer it to my "antagonist." He looked at her intently, with a kind of tunnel vision which excluded all else. He lifted his arm, reached out, and took the card. After a brief, vacant glance at the card, he slowly put it into the breast pocket of his pajama coat. The one-sided conversation went on. One had to admire the way that dummy kept on chattering to the patient, asking about his life, and spattering him with little Voodoo phrase-droppings. *Papa Legba ouvre barrière pour moins, Ago-é* (Papa Legba, the dominant Voodoo god or "loa," and Ago-é, the loa of the sea).

Once again the patient seemed to come up out of some secret cellar. He began to mumble a few words in Creole. They were connected words, jumbled; I didn't understand, but I counted each word. Whatever happened now, I had scored. My own inside animal had been booming my pulse and washing my skin. I looked at the staff and saw respect, which I relished without shame, but with some embarrassment.

I suppose we had demonstrated the value of an irrational object, the dummy (in an irrational situation), in restoring for a short time the attention of a withdrawn psychotic. The patient had paid no attention to me. Perhaps it was the

first strikingly interesting object he had seen in the past four months. I always felt that schizophrenics kept two sets of books—one for reality, and one for their own psychotic area. It was too hot to talk about it, to draw conclusions, to do anything but drive back through the rutted squalor of Port-au-Prince to my veranda, and sleep away the worst of the humid hours.

Letters:



INTELLIGENCE ON CAMPUS

SIRS:

We had surmised that much was "Fish-y" about the MSU project [RAMPARTS, April 1966] over there.

D. SPEIR
Lincoln Park, Michigan

SIRS:

Here are my—uh—credentials.



MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

JOHN A. KLEMPNER
is an alumnus of
Michigan State University

Jack Klemmy
DIRECTOR OF ALUMNI RELATIONS

If you'd care to arrange a public gathering at which we burn our MSU alumni cards, I'd be delighted to oblige.

JOHN A. KLEMPNER
San Francisco, California

SIRS:

As a '65 graduate of Michigan State, I read your cover story with great interest. While I knew nothing of MSU's alleged ties with the CIA, I did have a political science course taught by Dr.

Fishel; I found him to be both an outstanding instructor and superb speaker, as did many of my fellow students.

Toward the end of the article, Mr. Hinckle states: "MSU is still big on police. There are, literally, police all over the campus... Finally, it is hard to find a parking spot on campus since so many police cars are occupying the stalls..."

To put it mildly, this just isn't so! MSU is a giant school with an enrollment of about 30,000. The author omits the fact that a year ago, over half the students owned cars. MSU dwarfs East Lansing, and its size creates problems necessitating an efficient—and helpful—self-contained campus police force. To try and create the image of MSU's being a police state is just misstating the facts.

DICK KUEHNEMUND
Princeton, New Jersey

SIRS:

Congratulations! Your April 1966 cover, and its accompanying article, have finally earned you the title of Yellow Journal. It is the only thing yet that I have found comparable to American Opinion. But you must be careful: articles such as the one on Marshall McLuhan are absolutely unacceptable to your new role in yellow journalism; secondly, you must be *very* careful to avoid articles like your "Battle of Selma."

HARRY V. ELLIS III
Atlanta, Georgia

IS EROS DIRTY, IN FACT?

SIRS:

Your write-off of Ralph Ginzberg in "The Cleavage Culture" [RAMPARTS, April 1966] seems unfair and out of character. Henry Miller wrote, "I am *against* pornography and *for* obscenity." Judging contemporary advertising in all its media, it seems reasonable to say that pornography is not off-scene (that is, obscene) in our society.

Among the minor deities of our pantheon which he has "brought down front" in his publication Fact are AT&T, Coca-Cola, the DAR and *institutional* Catholicism.

Ginzberg's brand of publishing has certain qualities: it is readable and it gets down to specifics on some social

issues. Not that everything Ginzberg publishes is a gem of wisdom and taste—or that it will last forever. (Whose will?) It is just that, analyzed in particulars, he is not all that bad. The kind of thing he publishes works on people's "cognitive dissonance," and that does infuriate. He pulls the shower cord on his readers at times. But if his iconoclasm makes people think, maybe for the first time, about some of our sacred cows, surely that is to the good?

No one denies that Ginzberg's motives were frankly commercial. But to impute that his motives were *only* commercial does not seem warranted and is downright wrong and dangerous.

By reading *RAMPARTS* it is very clear that the publisher is an Irish Catholic American. He is a good man, but he does not exhaust the universe of same. It is equally clear that Ralph Ginzberg is *not* an Irish Catholic American. It is as simple as that.

FLORENCE FITZGERALD JAMES
La Mirada, California

SIRS:

Your "men of low principle who publish trash" and non "redeeming social importance" shots at Ralph Ginzberg seem: (1) from ignorance of the "beautiful" Eros; (2) a death-blow to an overwhelmed "fellow intellectual" (I thought you were); (3) pretty loose journalism at a time when "Big Brother" is after those who would think for themselves.

L. CHARLES HUGHES
Cincinnati, Ohio

ART DIRECTORS ANONYMOUS

SIRS:

Thank you again for the generally high caliber of news. With Mr. Felix Greene's beautiful spread of photography [*RAMPARTS*, April 1966], it is obvious that your magazine is capable of taste, judgment, and may I add—even a sense of mission.

H. KRUSE
San Francisco, California

SIRS:

The one most annoying thing is your big compulsion to deal with everything in terms of your own sphere of political (and thus moral) commitment. This

works fine with politics, but it's only part of the totality of existence. This came out clearest when you pushed Willy Oeser's paintings [*RAMPARTS*, March 1966]. Mr. Reinhardt spent 5½ columns proving that because Oeser painted noble moral dilemmas, that his actual paintings were proportionately good. It's a polemicist's hangup. Thus he praised Oeser for the same non-esthetic reasons as those for which the Nazis persecuted him. If you want to preach, preach, but don't get your media crossed.

PAUL FISHER
Portland, Oregon

SIRS:

Congratulations on the most tasteless and foul-mouthed exhibit ever to appear in your magazine: "The Crocodile" [*RAMPARTS*, April 1966].

You'd better move back to Menlo Park, gentlemen; you're not ready for the big city.

R. TANTALO
Rochester, New York

20TH CENTURY PURITANS

SIRS:

Your magazine is a middle-class "Fact." And frankly, I'm just a little bit tired of all these publications, well-heeled columnists, etc., constantly reminding me what UGLY AMERICANS we are. I think you're all a bunch of 20th century puritans.

The world is in turmoil, has always been and probably always will be. But I think it's a better place than it would otherwise have been if the United States had never reared its ugly head.

Maybe we should never have gotten "involved" in 1941. I think Munich was Vietnam and not Spain. Most of the people loved the Nazis and the Fascists (talk to a few people who lived in Austria and how Hitler bettered their lives). So a few minorities got wiped out. But if the vast majority were better off and the bad elements were baked, why should we have gotten involved? Why didn't we let Hitler's revolution take its course? The people wanted it.

We were fed a bunch of pap about how great we were. Somehow it was okay to wave the flag then, wasn't it? Remember Kate Smith and "God Bless America" and all that crap?

Today things are different. Somehow it's "liberal" to let the Communists do what we would never let Hitler do. I don't know about you but I'd rather live under Hitler than Stalin. I might have even qualified for a superman.

Now, if you don't mind, I'll go back to my *National Observer*.

GARDNER MACARTNEY
Methuen, Massachusetts

SIRS:

Flying over the United States watching an Ann-Margaret "strip" show, on the way to a conference for the purpose of devising a new scheme to enable our military to outwit the Russian radars, is as good a place as any to decide to adopt a liberal magazine. I cannot agree with some of your positions. However, I believe that your liberal and frequently dissenting news organ is one of the most important information disseminating and analyzing media in the free world.

PHILIP S. CARTER
Palo Alto, California

VORPAL GALLERY

SAN FRANCISCO

JULY

STEPHEN OSBORN
(SEE PAGES 15-27)

JESSE ALLEN

MULDOON ELDER

AUGUST

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Charlie's long march



ON THE battlefield the GI's call them "Charlie"; at headquarters in Saigon, the "V.C." In the conservative papers they're the Viet Cong and in the liberal press, the "NLF." In the East they are "the Front" or "our glorious comrades of the Vietnamese liberation army." In the West one would prefer not to call them anything. One fights them without knowing them.

Jean Lacouture

Illustration by Dugald Stermer