



JOINT TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH VIETNAM AND NORTH VIETNAM

Be it known that the American and Vietnamese people are not enemies. The war is carried out in the names of the people of the United States and South Vietnam without our consent. It destroys the land and people of South Vietnam. It drains America of its resources, its youth and its honor.

We hereby agree to end the war on the following terms so that both peoples can live under the joy of independence and can devote themselves to building a society based on human equality and respect for the earth.

1. The Americans agree to immediate and total withdrawal from Vietnam and publicly to set the date by which all American forces will be removed.

The Vietnamese pledge that as soon as the United States government sets a date for total withdrawal:

2. They will enter discussions to secure the release of all American prisoners including pilots captured while bombing North Vietnam.

3. There will be an immediate cease fire between US forces and those led by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.

4. They will enter discussions of the procedures to guarantee the safety of all withdrawing troops.

5. The Americans pledge to end the imposition of Thieu-Ky-Khiem on the people of South Vietnam in order to insure their right to self-determination and so that all political prisoners can be released.

6. The Vietnamese pledge to form a provisional

coalition government to organize democratic elections. All parties agree to respect the results of elections in which all South Vietnamese can participate freely without the presence of any foreign troops.

7. The South Vietnamese pledge to enter a discussion of procedures to guarantee the safety and political freedom of those South Vietnamese who have collaborated with the United States or with the US supported regime.

8. The Americans and Vietnamese agree to respect the independence, peace and neutrality of Laos and Cambodia in accord with the 1954 and 1962 Geneva Conventions and not interfere in the internal affairs of these two countries.

9. Upon these points of agreement we pledge to end the war and resolve all other questions in the spirit of self-determination and mutual respect for the independence and political freedom of the people of Vietnam and the United States.

By ratifying the agreement, we pledge to take whatever actions are appropriate to implement the terms of this joint treaty and to insure its acceptance by the government of the United States.

Signed . . .

United States National Students Association
South Vietnam National Union of Students
North Vietnam National Union of Students
South Vietnam Liberation Student Union

A War That Doesn't Die

by jonny neumann



'VIETNAMIZATION'

Coretta King Speaks

LIBERATION News Service

SALINES, CA.—Coretta King recently addressed a crowd of 2,000 farmworkers from the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC) and their supporters. She spoke to the group after visiting Cesar Chavez in jail. Chavez was jailed on Dec. 4 for an indeterminate term when he refused to call off the current lettuce boycott. He has since been released pending a hearing on whether or not the injunction against him violated his constitutional rights. (The injunction prohibited picketing and other informational activities against Bud Antle, the powerful lettuce grower who refuses to negotiate with the UFWOC). The following excerpts from Coretta King's address were originally published in El Malcriado, UFWOC's newspaper.

As I was preparing to leave my home in the east, the President of the United States was involved in a unique ceremony. He was publically celebrating the reaching of the trillion dollars mark in the annual output of American goods and services. The trillion dollars is a lot of money—one thousand billion dollars—so much it is hard to understand. But what is easy to understand is that even with such fabulous wealth there is poverty in this country.

A trillion dollar economy takes care very handsomely of the people at the top. It takes care generously of the people near the top. It rewards people in the middle, but it starves and brutalizes people at the bottom. The weight of all that wealth is like a mountain crushing millions who are below it and especially those poor who are black, brown and red.

There are allies among the Americans of good will, black, brown, and white, who are ashamed of poverty in a trillion dollar economy. That is why your boycotts have succeeded. While some Americans are willing to forget the poor and if necessary suppress them with violence and brutality, there are still many Americans who cannot live with the immorality of inequality.

They would not eat grapes when grapes became a symbol of oppression and they will not eat lettuce, now that it has become tainted with injustice.

They cannot be complacent about the brutal fact that though you feed the affluent society, it starves you.

Social progress has always come when the people on the bottom, who in organized strength and from the foundation shook the whole structure. Social change does not come from voluntary good will and charity from the top. It comes from action at the bottom.

Black people and brown people are herded at the bottom and told to be quiet and to wait for slow change. But change has never come to us in waiting. Waiting has multiplied the profits of the rich, but it deadens and depresses those below.

We are tens of millions strong, and waiting not only offends our dignity, but leaves us in deprivation. We know our own history, waiting and patience have resulted in economic exploitation and racial abuse, and finally together, we have said there is an end to waiting.

We are not enemies of the nation, but we are treated as if we were conquered and enslaved. We have fed and clothed the nation by our sweat and toil, but our share in its goods is the share of prisoners.

If this nation can produce a trillion dollars every year, it is a disgrace that some people should be haunted by hunger and hounded by racism. The President of the United States should not gloat and take pride in a trillion dollar economy. He should be ashamed and mortified to acknowledge that abundance exists while the system producing it still cheats the poor.

His days should be restless until the crime and violence of poverty is rooted out of the land rich beyond imagination. While the President stands before the flashing lights of the computer that says a trillion dollars, we stand before a dark jail that says oppression. America cannot be both.

What can you say about a seventeen-year-old war which won't seem to die of anything, much less of some rare blood disease?

That we have completely forgotten it since Kent State? That all of us have lost our political energy and compassion? That we no longer care—even though the War has forever destroyed at least one fifth of the fertile land in Vietnam and has killed over a quarter of a million people? That there is no need to protest any more and our anger is meaningless? That it is more groovy for us to think about clean young love in our love stories than it is to hate war? That we have no love left for ourselves, no hope for people? That we are that immoral? Perhaps not.

There is no way to figure our insanity. One day we are enraged by an invasion of Cambodia, a few weeks later we have forgotten it. No news from the War surprises us, nor does it stay within us for very long. Or, we realize that an ecological disaster may be near, but we continue to buy products from the worst polluters—Standard Oil or General Motors, for example—and we watch their television shows, or we actually sell their items for our living. How else can we get by? And even when we become genuinely upset by a giant issue like the War, our anger can only be temporary and our protest superficial. We are surrounded by short-lived and empty ideas everywhere—with serious television commercials for vaginal deodorants; with serious political rhetoric about nonsense, humorous political rhetoric, rhetorical political rhetoric from all sides; with the police clenching their fists and breaking the law to go on strike; and with best selling books like *Love Story*, which somehow avoids telling the real story, while substituting unadmitted fear and perversion for love—who can tell moral from immoral? Can there be sanity?

We still have the ability to think things out. Somehow one should sense that we all see very clearly what is happening in Southeast Asia. The endless murder, the irrevocable ruin of countryside, the continuous lying by our government, the blatant economic, political and military losses we have incurred: these must be obvious to at least a large number of people. And within so many of us there must be building an immense anger and disgust with the War. For the past decade, of course, we have learned a hundred times over to hate the War. And with the invasion of Laos this week many people must again be cringing and bubbling with fury at our government. People are keeping their anger to themselves now, or speaking only with friends; but such a large number of us are rekindling our passion against the War. After months of silence, we are beginning to make moral judgements again.

We have been silent so far this year. Nixon has tricked many people, he has played with grand illusions of what we so desperately hoped for, he has set up a beautifully complicated series of deceptions and lies. He fooled a large portion of us, for a while, at least. Above Nixon's gimmicks, we have been told that our shouting and protesting have been unhealthy and damaging and somehow morally wrong. Though the administration's arguments against protest have been faulty and weak, they have been easy to believe. There have been so many heavy scenes at demonstrations (factional fights, police beatings, general chaos), it became easy for

anyone—even protestors—to associate demonstrations with hard times. And in many ways, our protesting has been an unhealthy experience. It has been very frustrating and confusing, especially when we appeared to have no effect on the War. Most of us grew tired or lost or bored with protesting. After the killings at Kent and Jackson State colleges last spring, protesting seemed to become masochistic. Aside from being frustrating and confusing, demonstrations were made into something frightening: you could be killed simply by walking near a protest action. Was it worth putting your life on the line when no one was going to listen to you anyway?

Since last spring, the idea of mass demonstrations was made into something ugly. People on every side have felt repulsion this year at the thought of a political rally. Sickness and perversion and fear have been associated with large protests. More often, boredom and weariness ("I've had enough of this...") have been a common reaction to any anti-war actions. We have become lost in political or personal depression. And we have mixed our individual and societal problems while painfully feeling sorry for ourselves. Confusion and a sense of futility have led to isolation. ("We already brought our case to the people and look where that brought us.") In its crazy American way, being lonely has been this year's form of rebellion—up until now, anyway.

We are not all apathetic; we are lost for ways of expressing that we care. What we have forgotten in our self-pitying is that we are not powerless as human beings. We do not have the political power to make major changes in the economy, but we can affect ourselves and each other. We have common roots and common frustration and anger, even if we do not express our feelings in the same way. Though many of us have disagreed on tactics and goals, we still basically share the same desire for change and growth. We are each isolated and pessimistic now, but we should not be hopeless. We are feeling lonely not because we hate each other, but because we want to show love and do not know how. But we can still work with each other.

With the invasion of Laos, new healthy feelings of political anger may shock us into realizing again that mass protest is not bad or immoral or dirty. Mass protest actions are not only moral and good, but they are necessary in order for us to give sanity to our lives. National demonstrations are already being organized for the end of this month and April. Large anti-war actions, though they may seem futile, are actually immediately effective. Mass protesting of war is honest and real and it is a satisfactory way of expressing feelings which often seem impossible to express. Morality and spirit, or love—or whatever you like to call it—is not possible if we do not speak out against the War. It is such a simple and obvious truth but it is simple to forget: Both on a personal and political scale protesting war is a healthy activity. We must make moral value judgements and commit ourselves to them again and again if we mean to be serious, decent human beings.

Don't believe everything you read: Love means HAVING to say you're sorry, or angry or frustrated or enraged... or whatever you are. Protesting war is an act of love.

Dr. Hippocrates

Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

Dear Dr. Hip:

Several months ago I had intercourse with a boy I thought I was in love with. Now I think I may have syphilis.

How can I find out for sure and where would be the best place for treatment?

ANSWER: See your family physician or contact your city or county public health departments. Public health departments operate free venereal disease clinics where you can be diagnosed and, if necessary, treated.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I've just been to a doctor who says I have monilia (yeast) infection. He prescribed suppositories and said not to fuck for 15 days.

He also said the male is not a carrier so my husband doesn't need to be treated. My questions are:

1) If the male isn't a carrier why can't I fuck for 15 days if my cunt feels up to it and, most importantly

2) If the male isn't a carrier how did I get this disease? It seems very coincidental that I got this (never had it before) after sexual contact with a person whose old lady had it too.

I really need some answers because me and my old man are getting into a group marriage relationship with the couple I just mentioned and we

need to know who can fuck with whom when one of the females has monilia (or trichomonas). For instance, can my old man fuck with the other old lady without giving monilia back to her?

ANSWER: Most physicians believe yeast infections are not transferred through sexual contact—that's the way it's taught in medical school. But other physicians, including myself, think monilia infections can be transmitted this way.

Thrush infections (a monilia infection of the mouth) in newborn babies, for example, often result from contact with the infected mother during childbirth.

Uncircumcised males are more likely to harbor yeast organisms than those who are circumcised, but in any case, proper personal hygiene should reduce the possibility of transmitting the disease. The reason for abstaining from sexual intercourse while your infection is under treatment is to prevent further irritation of the inflamed tissues.

And don't wear nylon panties or leather pants if you're prone to getting yeast infections. A modest member of my research team compromises by wearing tie-dyed cotton panties. But the mountain-climbing Berkeley GP who uncovered this information breezily advises patients with monilia problems to throw care to the winds and abandon underpants altogether.



More than 1500 people, largely students and young people, gathered yesterday evening at 5 PM in Times Square to protest the invasion of Laos by the Vietnamese allies of the United States.

Drug Committee Submits Report; Guards Arrest Two for Heroin

The joint Student-Faculty Committee on Drug Abuse presented its report to President Robert Marshak yesterday, as two more persons were arrested for heroin possession in Finley Center.

Ten pushers of heroin at the College had been apprehended in November shortly after a New York Times article revealed widespread drug use here. Repercussions from the article led to the formation of the drug committee.

The committee report will not be made public until Marshak has had a chance to study it, and drug committee members refused to elaborate on its contents. However, a source close to Ken Marion, student co-chairman of the committee, said that the report took a "hard line" on drug abuse.

Dean Sohmer stated yesterday that he believed that the persons arrested were students here, but added that his information about the incident was incomplete. Sergeant Edward Sullivan of the 26th Precinct station, where the suspects were brought, said that he did not know whether the pair actually attended the College.

Albert Dandridge, Director of Security at the College, was unavailable for comment and individual guards refused to discuss the incident.

Both Sohmer and Marshak would not answer questions about



Robert E. Marshak

the drug arrests because of their lack of complete data. They declined to draw any relationship between the arrests and the drug report.

Senate Launches Probe Of Wackenhut Guards

The Student Senate, in response to a growing number of complaints about the conduct of the College's security guards, has created a grievance board to review "incidents" between students and Wackenhut guards.

The board, which will be headed by Senate Executive Vice President Maureen Sullivan, will include four student senators and will accept written complaints about Wackenhut guards.

The Senate also formed a committee to review charges against the Wackenhuts and make recommendations on security operations at the College to President Robert Marshak.

The long-range goals of the committee are to "get the Wackenhuts off the campus," according to Assistant Campus Affairs Vice President Elena Hirst. She also said that the committee would advocate prohibiting guards from carrying

guns and would seek to replace the lowest bid method for selecting security agencies.

The committee consists of Hirst Sullivan, Senators Paul Hoffman and Sharon Cohen, and special student advisor Ben Zion. It will meet with Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer and Chief of Security Albert Dandridge, and two as yet unnamed faculty members.

A letter written by the committee protesting the arrogance and general inefficiency of the Wackenhuts will be sent to Marshak, Sohmer, and Dandridge. The letter according to Miss Hirst, will state that the College's students will no longer suffer Wackenhut abuse.

In the future, Student Senate President James Small hopes to expand the role of the committee to one of a disciplinary panel, that will act as a mediator bet-

ween campus security and the police.

In a related development, Prof. Julius Elias, the City College Ombudsman, announced Tuesday that an impartial inquiry into the alleged beating of a student by a Wackenhut guard last Tuesday will be conducted by him with the aid of the Student Ombudsman, Rick Rhodes.

"There have been charges and countercharges," Prof. Elias said. "We owe it to the College community, in everybody's interest, to establish the truth."

The ombudsmen normally shun publicity about their investigations, but Elias stated that "in the present case we are announcing the fact that we are conducting an investigation because unfounded rumors are floating around, and we hope to reassure the community that the matter is under impartial inquiry."

Jews Denounce Professor

The Jewish Campus Collective is planning to confront Professor Edward Sagarin (Sociology) for what it calls "blatant lies" about Soviet Jewry. Sagarin reportedly told a Soviet Foreign Policy class that "Soviet anti-semitism is the invention of Tel Aviv."

The collective walked into Sagarin's 3 PM class yesterday, but the class was being taught by a guest lecturer. The group intends to go back to the class Friday at 2 PM.

The collective consists of the Jewish Student Union (JSU), Hillel, the Israeli Club, the Jewish Defense League, and Yavneh.

"We are trying to prevent the faculty from making detrimental remarks about the Jewish community," Martin Kaplan, president of JSU, stated. "It is our duty and obligation to protect Jewish interests and protest any statements by faculty that are unfounded, and untrue, as are Prof. Sagarin's statements."

Kaplan emphasized that "our position is not one of violence," and that "we strongly believe in academic freedom."

The Jewish groups plan to go back to Sagarin's class, in Wagner 225, on Friday at two o'clock.

Why? Why Do They Do Such Things?

by fred miller

Just a short while ago I realized that I was a senior. That realization did wonders for me. It made me think that in four months I will no longer trudge up the hill to inhabit these dreary classrooms. This was a cheering thought.

But it made me sad too, for I realized that a part of my life, a meaningful part, was drawing to a close. So I began to order my life according to the idea of no longer revolving around the College.

As a result I declined the editorship of a College paper, a weighty responsibility, and made arrangements for less straining diversions. I lined up a series of classes solely on the basis of extraordinary subject matter or teacher, in the hope that they would leave a good feeling for education when I leave the College and a senior's early registering hour was ideal to giving substance to my hopes.

I approached the Spring term in a sort of reverie, knowing that come the warm weather I could sit on the grass and observe the birds and the beasts of the realm, free at last, almost free at last.

But it took only three days of my last term, four classes, to remind me that the College is no place for reverie, and even if the supposed aim of higher education is the cultivation of educated individuals, the College, either directly, or by lending support, constantly works to destroy itself as any place worth spending time. The College oppresses the individual, extremely, as it did to Jay Shulman, or calmly, as I shall describe. But the College does oppress. I would like to leave the College with fonder memories. It will not let me.

The Art Department offers a two credit course in film; Art 284 "The Art of Film." Faced with the demand that I pay for the credits I decided to audit the course. The College knows that free higher education consists of 128 to 132 credits. One can only presume that a person with 127 credits is obviously uneducated and that one with 133, which I would have been, is educated to the point of being socially dangerous.

The course is taught by Herman G. Weinberg. Alas poor

Weinberg. There was greatness in that man. How many foreign films did he subtitle? How many great directors sung the praises of his film criticism? Perhaps one should feel lucky that such a renowned man deigns to teach film to College students.

To the first session, a four hour meeting on Tuesday, he showed the first documentary, Robert Flaherty's classic "Nanook of the North," made in 1920 and still a vital human document. After the film Weinberg asked if there any technical questions.

One student asked if parts of the documentary had perhaps not been shot as they occurred, but partially staged so as to take place on camera.

Weinberg listened to the question and responded, "I'm glad you brought that up. In every class, every year, we have certain students who think they have to show they are smarter than the director and the teacher and try to prove it by nitpicking points these films."

"It doesn't matter if they were faked because it wouldn't detract from the film's poetry, but Flaherty would never stage something."

The student replied that he intended no criticism, he merely asked a technical question. Weinberg responded, "That is irresponsible criticism, and there is no possibility that anything was faked."

A second student rose to speak commenting, "I was bored by the film. In places shots of eskimos looking into the camera reminded me of my bar mitzvah movies."

Weinberg rose to the occasion. "How dare you say your bar mitzvah movies were superior to 'Nanook,'" he screamed. "If your bar mitzvah movies are that good bring them in and we'll screen them and you can endure such idiotic criticism of them! I can hardly believe this, in fact, if you have so little sensitivity to films I don't think you belong here. I think you should get out of this class now!"

Whispers flowed in the class urging a walkout, but just as Weinberg was too frightened of his students to listen to them, the students were too frightened of Weinberg to walk out.

One person, shaking slightly, then asked, "Are we free

here to disagree with you?" Weinberg responded, "Of course, I don't want you to feel intimidated. But you have no right to criticize these films! They are established masterpieces, not just by me but by the history of film and you should not criticize them!"

An art course with a catechism. Seems marvelous. But Weinberg is in his eleventh year teaching and no one moves to stop his running a class this way. A cafeteria friend supplied the reason: "He has tenure." So it goes.

The next day I went to Psych 45, Theories of Psychotherapy, a new course offered for the first time this term. It is being taught by Murray Staal, who, in himself, is one of the finest educational experiences the College has to offer. He was my teacher last term and I cut too often. When with him I sometimes felt like I was actually learning something and that's an excitement I rarely get at school. I was looking forward to it.

But there was a problem. Murray had insisted that he take only 20 students in such a course, but someone, he blamed the computer, had registered 40. Twenty would have to go. We argued for a while about how to throw 20 people out of a class; a marvelous topic for group discussion. Of course those twenty would get another professor, but most of the people there had not registered for the course, they had registered for Staal.

Why does this happen? Is it a computer? Or is it Psych Chairman Herbert Nechin trying to force Murray Staal into teaching 40 students? Or is it the registrar trying to prevent 20 student sections as an economy measure?

Staal finally eliminated twenty students by pulling their course cards out of a hat.

Why does the College do such things? All these wonderful things, like posting Wackenhut Guards in Harris to order students to stand up rather than sit in the halls while waiting for 9 AM classes. The subtle things that create the College's student: apathetic, vapid, uninspired.

This term I really wanted to get away from that. I wanted to enjoy this place in a final term's revel.

But the College is the College is the College. And I almost forgot.

Winter Soldier Investigation's Verdict on Vietnam

by Larry Rosen

Last week, more than two thousand honorably discharged Vietnam veterans sponsored an investigation into war crimes "committed as the inexorable result of national policy."

The Detroit group called itself the Winter Soldier Investigation (WSI), taking its name from the writings of Thomas Paine. In *The Crisis*, Paine wrote:

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; he that stands by it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

More than one hundred Vietnam veterans, representing all branches of the service and virtually all of the combat units that have fought in Vietnam testified to civilian massacres, torture of prisoners, murder of prisoners, and the employment of chemical and biological warfare specifically outlawed by the laws set down by the Geneva Convention and the Nuremberg trials.

"The purpose of WSI," said Allan Hubbard, an official of WSI and a former Air Force Captain, "is to demonstrate to America that My Lai was not an isolated incident, but

I was struck with feelings of rage, pity and shame while listening to the veterans testify to what they were forced to do in Vietnam. Rage at the Government for being the perpetrator of the crime and its ability to delude and trick the public and hide the truth that the veterans tried so hard to show the people; pity for the American soldier and the Vietnamese, who are both victims of this damn war; and finally shame when I look at myself and say, "What have I really done to end this lousy war?"

psychological impact of the war on GIs and the Vietnamese, the issue of racism against Asians and black people, and finally an indictment of the military and political leadership of this country for the crimes committed against the Vietnamese people.

During the three days, the men testified in panels made up of veterans of the same combat units. "This way," said Lt. William Crandell of Lansing Michigan, "corroboration can be offered immediately and the fact that we are dealing with policy, not individual aberrations, can be readily understood."

The tapes of the investigation were played on WBAI on Saturday and Sunday, last week. Unfortunately, but predictably, WBAI was the only part of the media that gave any substantial coverage to the investigation in the East. All newspapers and television stations imposed a news blackout on the happenings in Detroit.

During the investigation, one of the many people to testify was Steve Natell of Long Island attached to the 5th Special Forces Group and part of a Psychological Warfare-Civic Action team in Vietnam. He testified to the mistreatment and murder of prisoners.

"We were transporting 16 prisoners that had been interrogated at several levels to Saigon. There were two prisoner helicopters and eight were put into each copter. Their hands were tied behind their backs and they were tethered together around their necks. With each group were an equal number of ARVN (Army Republic of Vietnam) troops. I flew in one of the other copters that was assigned to protect the two prisoner helicopters. When we arrived at Saigon, there were three prisoners left on one copter and one prisoner left on the other copter. They were bound and blindfolded. I couldn't believe it. I went over to the American door gunner of one of the two ships and he said the ARVN guards pushed them out over the Mekong Delta. There was blood and flesh on the door frames where they were forced out.

"I witnessed a public display of electrical torture of Vietnamese prisoners, by Americans. There were 150 ARVN's and Americans watching. The torture was done for a psychological effect—to show off a new lie detector that the Captain of the American A-Team devised. They took a plain SONY tape recorder and hooked it up to telephone batteries and a switch controlled by a Special Forces sergeant. The captain asked questions of the prisoners, who was stripped naked and electrodes attached to his neck, armpits, feet and genitals. He was told that this apparatus was a lie detector and everytime that he lied he would get a shock. In truth, when the captain didn't like the answer, he gave a signal to the sergeant who connected the batteries and the prisoner jumped and screamed. Everyone was impressed by this new lie

detector and they got information whether it was valid or not.

"B-team had an eight foot python snake; prisoners were placed in a room with the python. The python is a constrictor and probably can't kill a full grown American but the Vietnamese are a lot smaller. It sure terrified the Vietnamese and they struggled with it overnight. At one instance, they had to gag the prisoner so that they wouldn't keep everyone up all night. In the morning the prisoners were more cooperative.

"Nowhere was there humane treatment of prisoners. Also there were barbed wire cages. Prisoners were stripped naked and put into the cage for a 24 hour period. In the day time they baked in the sun and at night they were sprayed with mosquito attractant so they were bitten very severely."

Biologists and soldiers talked of the effects of defoliation chemicals. Forests and crops have been destroyed but even worse, pregnant women in the defoliated zone were having mongoloid children, along with other mutations.

"A mother was hit with defoliant spray when she was seven weeks pregnant. Child's head is flat from forehead to the neck. Index finger is flat. Three toes are abnormally long and left foot has 6 toes. Tear ducts run into nose instead of eye and when child cries, tears run into the respiratory system. This causes permanent infection of the eyes. The baby can't stand, walk, or talk and has a low intelligence from poor cerebral development."

Former Marine Corps IST Lt. William Forester of Columbus, Ohio, who returned from Vietnam during February 1969, told of "the introduction of the Integrated Observation Device near Da Nang, in what the Corps refers to as the 'Arizona Territory.'" He said that the device "was introduced during September 1969 by the 11th Marine Regiment. It is 'comprised of a laser rangefinder which permits accurate distance determination up to 30,000 meters, attached to high power, submarine-type binoculars, which permit a target, a man, a woman or a child, to be visually sighted at a distance of 7000 meters. When the sighting took place a few rounds of artillery fire eliminated the people in short order."

"A scoreboard was erected," Forester continued, "at Regimental Headquarters with each of the five teams represented on it by location name, such as 'Fire Support Base Ryder.' The scores, the number of men, women, or children killed, were posted each day. To increase the competition, a Bronze Star (with a V for valor) was automatically recommended to be awarded to the artillery officer for each 400 persons killed. 100 kills," Forester reported, "earned a recommendation for a Navy Achievement Medal. One team, functioning on Hill 250, was particularly notorious for killing civilians."

Arthur Flesch, of Columbus, Ohio, a former Army Staff Sergeant in Vietnam, charged the administration "with cynically seeking to shift its own guilt to the lower grade officers, the non-coms and the enlisted men, for crimes that originate in Washington D.C." He asked, "who manufactures the M-16, the use of which is a war crime? Who designed and originated the illegal and immoral concept of the 'Free Fire Zone' and 'Strategic Hamlet?'"



one of hundreds of war crimes, and that the responsibility cannot be diverted from the US higher commands to the men in the field."

The Investigation plans to go to Congress with its testimony and ask for a Congressional investigation into US war crimes. They will first take their appeal to the House Armed Services Committee and if that fails, to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

The three-day investigation began January 31 in Detroit and concluded Tuesday February 2. The hearings were held each day from 10:00 AM to late in the evening.

Among the financial sponsors of the convention were Secretary-Treasurer of the United Automobile Workers Emil Mazey; Michigan Secretary of State Richard Austen; Jane Fonda, actress and long active participant in the Vietnam Veterans Against the War Committee; and many local lawyers and clergy from the Detroit area.

On the last day of the hearings, a number of Vietnamese victims of the war were supposed to give testimony from Cleary Auditorium in Windsor, Canada. The two locations were to be connected across the Detroit River by closed circuit television. But a week before the investigation opened, the Vietnamese were denied visas and ultimately entrance into Canada. Spokesmen for WSI charged the Canadian Government with "capitulation to pressure from the US State Department." When WSI officials tried to cross the border to get written statements from the Vietnamese before the investigation was opened, they were met with severe harassment from border guards on both sides.

An official at WSI headquarters said that "the canceling of visas to victims of the war is a political act. The American people are entitled to hear from all parties concerned about alleged war atrocities, whether they be soldiers or civilians."

Veterans testified to crimes they saw performed or crimes they actually committed under orders while on combat duty in Vietnam. The conference was divided into different parts: accounts of atrocities committed against the civilian population, similar to the incident at My Lai; accounts of the air war; the treatment of Vietnamese prisoners of war; the use of defoliants and its effects on new born children; and the introduction of computerized, automated warfare. It concluded with a discussion of the



se Massacres: American Military Leaders Guilty



The military industrial complex is the answer to both questions. I agree with former U.S. Brigadier General Telford Taylor, chief counsel at the Nuremberg Trials, that since the Nazi and Japanese leaders and the high commands were guilty of ordering the criminal actions which took place on the field, their US counterparts, including President Johnson, President Nixon, Generals Westmoreland and Abrams and the joint Chiefs of Staff might be considered similarly guilty for Vietnam war crimes. In my view," Flesch concluded, "they certainly are guilty."

In a statement released by the Vietnam Veterans Against The War, Jan Crumb, the president, said, "We intend to tell America that, yes, we killed and often tortured women and children; yes, we destroyed villages and even parts of cities and entire towns for no discernable purpose; yes, we used weapons and munitions and even

gas, banned by international law; yes, we forcibly removed entire populations.

"But we intend to tell more. We intend to tell who it was that gave us those orders, that created that policy, that set that standard of war, bordering on full and final genocide. We intend to demonstrate that My Lai was no unusual occurrence—other than, perhaps, in the number of victims killed all in one place, all at one time, all by one platoon of us. We intend to show that the war crimes in Vietnam did not start in March 1968, or in the village of Song My, or with one Lt. William Calley. We intend to indict those really responsible for My Lai, for Vietnam, for attempted genocide.

"We intended to widen the circle of responsibility for war crimes to the top levels of society—and then to draw it tight. We intend to indict, to accuse, to hold responsible our nation's military and military policy leaders."

Farinas Sentenced To Prison Term

Juan Farinas, 23, a janitor at Columbia University and former student at the College, has been sentenced to two years in prison for distributing anti-war leaflets at an Army induction center. Nearly 300 students and workers demonstrated outside the Manhattan Federal Courthouse January 29 as the sentence was handed down.

Farinas, a former member of the Progressive Labor Party, was arrested by FBI agents at the Whitehall Induction Center in August, 1968 and charged with hindering and interfering with induction processes.

Sanford Katz, attorney for Farinas, told the court that the defendant was protected by the First Amendment, preserving the right of freedom of speech. The prosecution responded by labeling Farinas a Cuban nationalist who had "bit the hand

that fed him"

Farinas claimed, "It's a political attack on all militants like Angela Davis, directed essentially against the working class and youth."

In his statement to the court, Farinas said that the war in Vietnam was an essential issue in his trial. "You and your government may brand me as a criminal," he asserted, "but let me tell you right now, no matter how much you may try to do it, in my eyes and in the eyes of millions of working people and youth in this country and around the world, you are the criminals!"

Farinas is now working with the Workers League, a Marxist oriented organization, to plan an appeal and to mobilize support for his cause. Anyone interested in helping Farinas should call 924-0852.





The Only Risk Is Being Touched

Ricorso, the latest in a series of educational experiments at the College, was started by Dr. Jerome Gold, Department of Special Programs, in the fall of 1969. Since then it has grown from a modest program involving 200 participants into a community of more than 600 students, teachers and friends dedicated to the deceptively simple task of trying to be human beings in an increasingly inhuman environment.

Dr. Gold, a bearded fortyish psychology professor, is almost impossible to speak to for more than a few minutes. The phone in his office is always ringing, and students, teachers, friends and munchkins keep popping through the open door. And, although Jerry, as most students call him, seems always hassled to the breaking point, there is never any lingering hostility. The doors stay open. Because Ricorso is largely run by the participants in the programs, there are always a number of busy people doing things that should have been done yesterday, or the day before.

"What draws people here is the hope that, within something so ambiguous, it might actually be possible to break through the walls and really touch other people," said Barry Feuerstein, a student. "And it is. The only risk you take is being touched."

"What we're trying to do is put people together so they can have a chance to make contact, reach one another," explained Peter Spowart, a staff member.

Most of the planning is done by students involved in the

program themselves. They are enthusiastic, but not fanatic, believers in what they are doing. "It made me aware that I am different from other people, but also feel that I was part of a group. I guess it helped me to realize that I'm just as special as everybody else. That's a very good thing.

Jerry explained. "The program began with my growing awareness of the escalation of impersonality on the campus. My experience with House Plan has led me to believe that small groups could be a very effective tool for combatting the dehumanization process that seems to characterize out institutional life."

(Jerry was director of the House Plan Association at the College for 11 years.)

Ricorso is Jerry's device for bringing people into such small groups, where the resistance to other people is lessened. The effect can sometimes be startling.

One participant wrote of his experience: "Ricorso meets a need for warmth, closeness and a feeling of being wanted. It begins to break down the impersonal tone of the College."

An English professor wrote: "In my twenty years at City College this is the first time that I have had . . . the experience of genuine group communication in an academic setting, untouched by ulterior needs either of classroom requirements or of college politics. All the people in this Ricorso group have shared one motive: to know one another solely as human beings. . . ."

I Don't Know Where I've Been

"Where have you been,

Billy Boy. Billy Boy?

Where have you been,

Charming Billy?"

My name isn't Billy, and I don't really know where I've been. But I was there for a very long time and when I come back here a younger generation dances around me to the mechanical music of the old decade, and I feel like an actor who has blundered onto the wrong sound stage. I'm an anachronism, a soldier from a war movie dripping blood and gore onto the set of a Restoration comedy. That's all right, I've played comedies before, but I'm out of costume and somewhat out of date. As a matter of fact, I'm more of a prop than a person, window dressing for someone else's show.

You wanna see my scars. I got this one outside Whitehall Street, and that one in Chicago. This other one I got at Kent State. You don't see them? Well, listen, I wasn't even there in Chicago or at Kent, but the scars are there. I can't see them myself, unless I look into a mirror. Do you know, I can't remember the names of the kids they killed last year. I swore I would never forget, but I forgot. But it doesn't matter; they could have been my friends. Maybe they were. The names don't matter, except to friends and lovers and members of the family.

I've outlived my time. The people dancing around me, they're the younger brothers and sisters of the students I first came here with. When I first arrived at this pile most of you were still in junior high school. But you don't care. Nor should you. Would you like to hear how I feel when a certain girl twitches her nose a certain way? It doesn't matter to you, it doesn't even matter to her any more. I am a kind of soldier, but it's a different kind of war. Old soldiers fade away, don't they?

I hope they do. It would be easier that way.

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A group of students and faculty at the City University under the direction of Dr. Laurence Gould, are currently conducting an extensive research program on the assessment and evaluation of sensitivity-training. In connection with this program we are offering students and others the opportunity to participate in a series of one and two-day workshops to be held on week-ends at the Psychological Center of City College.

Since the evaluation and assessment of the experience will require some additional time (approximately two hours) we are able to offer these workshops at a very nominal cost. The fee for the one day workshop is \$3 and for the two-day workshop is \$9. (This is about 1/3 or 1/4 of the usual cost for comparable experiences. The two-day workshop is not held

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overnight, but the cost of this workshop includes other additional expenses not incurred by the one-day workshop.)

It is important to note that these workshops are NOT experimental. They will be conducted in exactly the same manner as comparable workshops offered on a regular basis. In view of this, we would like to stress the following:

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The series of workshops will be scheduled for various week-ends from the end of February to the end of April.

These workshops are open only to students with no previous experience in sensitivity-training. (Micro-lab and/or classroom experiences are NOT considered by us to be "previous experience." However, Psych. 58 is considered "previous experience.")

you have had no previous experience with sensitivity-training and are interested in participating in our workshops, please fill out the attached coupon and mail it to the address given within the next few days. We will contact you with further information and answers to your questions at a later date.

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It's A Jewel of A Theatre

by don rosenfield

A different kind of movie theatre has recently arrived at the Times Square area. Strangely out of place surrounded by legitimate theatres and porno flick houses, the Bijou Cinema stands as this city's latest testament to an increasing public interest in unusual and hard-to-find films.

The Bijou is housed in a narrow, high-ceilinged 400-seat auditorium at 45 Street west of Broadway, which was previously a television preview theatre and before that a movie house which exclusively showed Japanese films. The theatre was born on December 25, the creation of several young filmmakers who run their own film company.

Russell Schwartz, one of the Bijou's founders, has been

making films for four years and has taught a film course at Hunter College. Schwartz, who is 24, shot a low-budget, 25 minute documentary at the College last summer which publicized a day care program for Harlem children.

Schwartz said that he had decided to manage a theatre to learn about the distributing end of the film industry. He intends to show a large variety of rare, "forgotten" films, both foreign and domestic.

"The big film companies are not aware that many people today want to see sophisticated, quality films," Schwartz said. In his search for films of this type from the early decades of the film era, Schwartz was amazed to discover that vast numbers of films had passed into near-oblivion. "No one has any idea how many of these films still exist," he said. "We could probably show a different one each week and not have to repeat our program for 500 years."

The Bijou opened in December with two Marx Brothers films and then two Buster Keaton pictures, neither of which was shown at last summer's Buster Keaton festival at the Elgin.

What has brought the theatre considerable attention and press coverage is its current showing, a film called *Freaks*. The film was made in 1933 by the American director Tod Browning.

"Browning was one of Hollywood's unknown directors," Schwartz said. "When *Freaks* opened in 1933 just two blocks from this theatre, it scared a lot of people, who regarded it as nothing more than another schlock horror film. Although it received critical acclaim, *Freaks* was publicized and accepted in this country as a horror film, and consequently was seen infrequently after its first run here. In Europe, however, *Freaks* was seen as being a sensitive and compassionate film, not an exploitation, and has been quite popular there for the last 40 years.

Freaks is indeed an amazing film. Browning has a group of circus freaks play themselves in the simple story of their retaliation against their exploitation by two of the "normal" circus members. It is not hard to draw the parallel between the intense comradeship and mutual protection displayed by these circus freaks with that of today's long-haired "freaks" or with any other group which considers



Freaks director Browning and his friends

itself to be an oppressed minority in our society.

The Bijou has been showing *Freaks* with various other films by Browning as the second feature. "We've been changing the second film in order to create a Tod Browning retrospective," said Schwartz.

"It's amazing," Schwartz said. "We've been getting quite a few phone calls from little kids—11 and 12 years old—who want to know if they're going to have nightmares if they see *Freaks*."

What does he tell them? "We tell them to come down with a couple of friends so they won't get scared. When the kids do come they seem to like the film. It's nice to know that there are hip parents who turn their kids on to films like this."

Although the Browning films end their run on Feb. 14, Sch-

wartz said that they might continue to have a special midnight showing of *Freaks*, which would eventually be replaced by another "classic horror film."

Starting Feb. 15, the Bijou will be showing many of D. W. Griffith's full-length films and one-reelers, including the original rehearsal scenes for *Birth of a Nation*. The theatre will follow that series with a Japanese film festival.

What kind of audience has *Freaks* been attracting? "We've been getting all different sorts: the genuine cinema buffs; those who saw the film when it first opened and want to see it again for nostalgic reasons; and, of course, the "freaks" of today's society. Last week, Holly Woodlawn (of *Trash Tame*) came to see the film. She was with a dwarf."

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Light and Relaxing

The best thing about *Earthlight*, a new theatrical group from Los Angeles, is the music. The accompanying rock band called Pure Love and Pleasure was just that.

The performance I attended at the Garrick Theatre consisted of a series of short skits, alternating with music and an attempt at audience participation. Some of the pieces originated from a script and others were improvised. The result is some really funny moments giving spark to a not so interesting show.

The themes of alienation, unsatisfactory social relationships, conformity, politics and the military are difficult subjects to deal with in light of their current overuse in the theatre today. Unfortunately, *Earthlight* gives us more of the same, and we sit through the show with jaded anticipation. What's there to get excited about when an actress comes over to you and asks for a piece of candy? I reached into my pocketbook and gave her a life-saver. I think she needed it.

However, the group does try. Their sheer exuberance and refreshing sense of humor makes up for some of the triteness of the material. If nothing else, the little long-haired blond boy of seven who comes on in the last scene wriggling, grooving and digging the music made it worthwhile for me. If you want something light and relaxing, go see this show.

Relaxing and light, but also enchanting is *Story Theatre*. Made up of short skits based on stories and fables some of us remember from childhood, the play is hilarious and imaginative, and makes some very serious points. Cast as animals in a skit called Henny Penny, with "Fixing to Die Blues" as background, the actors communicate both the stupidity and cruelty of human nature.

In all nine skits the cast is wonderful and creative, with an instinctive feeling for detail. There are songs by the Beatles and Bob Dylan, such as *Here Comes the Sun*, and *I'll Be Your Baby Tonight* juxtaposed at the right time to create brilliant humor with a sharp edge of wisdom.

It is a show definitely for children—children of all ages. I almost wished I had a kid so I could take him. It was one of the best things I've seen in a long time and if you want to restore your faith in the theatre, don't miss this one.

The show is currently running at the Ambassador Theatre.

—judith juredi

Revival

At Ricard Nader's "Rock and Roll Revival V" in Madison Square Garden, the acts were rushed along like they were on a conveyor belt. The show was run like the old rock and roll shows at the Paramount, with a performer coming on and doing three songs and being whisked off as the next group was run on-stage.

Some of the talent not seen in New York for quite a while The Angels, The Dovells, Carl Perkins, Jay and the Americans, Freddie Cannon, and Jerry Lee Lewis were scheduled to appear, with Bill Haley and the Comets headlining the show.

OPOP:

Rock and Theatre

It worked well for The Angels (*My Boyfriend's Back*, *Till*), Freddy Cannon (*Tallahassee Lassie*), and the Dovells (*Bristol Stomp*, *You Can't Sit Down*) but some of the acts deserved more time. Carl Perkins, in his first New York show, did *Matchbox*, *Honey Don't*, and *Blue Suede Shoes*, then was talked off the stage. Only Jay and the Americans were allowed an encore, probably because the audience would have torn down the walls if they weren't. Like most of the other groups, the only thing changed was their hair. They still do perfect vocal renditions of their hits: *Let's Lock the Door*, *Only in America*, *Cara Mia*, and *She Cried*.

Just before it was time for Bill Haley, Nader announced that Jerry Lee Lewis had not arrived. This was suspicious, as Lewis was scheduled to leave Nashville at nine in the morning. If the plane was not hijacked and didn't crash, the only possible explanation was that somebody was sick or that he had never intended to show up. If that was the case, Nader must have known about it beforehand, and was afraid to mention it before the show for fear of having to refund money.

Even if Jerry Lee Lewis was there, there wouldn't have been enough time for him unless everybody was cut down to two songs. All afternoon, Nader was rushing the performers along, and became completely unglued when it took Bill Haley's group five minutes to set up their two amps. After proudly introducing the groups, and taking full credit for any enjoyment that the audience might get, he commented, "Boy—can't you hurry up!" and "Gee—you guys got more equipment than Sly and the Family Stone." Before Haley even finished the set, the houselights were turned on and the guards started hustling everybody out.

Somehow, Nader's promise that Jerry Lee Lewis would be in the next show in the fall wasn't a just consolation.

—harry taylor



Earthlight cast shows exuberance but performance sometimes fails to excite.

—Zoe K. [unclear]

Uncle Vanya

If you're looking for something off-off-Broadway and *Oh Calcutta* isn't quite your bag, try *Uncle Vanya*, the Anton Chekhov play at the Roundabout Repertory Company's theatre on 26th street off Eighth Avenue. First produced in 1899, it's the first major drama commenting on the world wide ecological crisis. Julie Garfield, daughter of the late John Garfield, loses herself (and beautifully) in the role of Sonya. Thayer David, whom you might recognize from *Journey to the Center of the Earth* and *Dark Shadows* is also in the play. The production is running until February 28 and is not worth missing.

—nadeine tress

A Gentle Massage

Listening to "American Beauty", the new album by the Grateful Dead, is really not like listening to music. It's more like getting a gentle massage or sitting on a rock in a shallow, rapidly-flowing stream.

Except for a few guitar notes on the final song, nothing jars the peace of mind which the album generates. Even then, the brief snarling electric guitar lines on "Truckin'" play against soft swelling harmonies and a flowing melody.

The Dead are together. The music and personality hassles that kept them down for so long all seem very far behind.

"Workingman's Dead" was a more adventurous album: their first attempt at acoustic instruments and fine harmony. Though successes were greater than those of "American Beauty", it had its failures too. "American Beauty" is less spectacular but more consistent.

The songs on it are about quiet and tired people. They are songs for people whose heads are wearied by troubled times and who want to be soothed by musicians who've already been there. The music is largely acoustic, flashing guitars and mandolins, intriguing bass lines by Phil Lesh and a single drum set. Nine of the ten songs are Garcia, Weir and Lesh harmony pieces. The other is a toekn R&B number from Pigpen.

The songs are about running from the law, touring, sitting, listening to lapping water, and thinking. They are introspective and sad enough to be real but the lyrics are just a small part of the ambiance the music creates; the general warm glow.

"In a bed, in a bed

By the waterside I will lay my head
Listen to the river sing sweet songs
To rock my soul."

The Dead are a good way to rock gently, gently, gently.

—fred miller

Eric at War

To those who went to the War concert at The Felt Forum last September, this album will come as no surprise. For those who didn't go because they never did like Eric Burdon or those Animals he sang with, this album will come as a shock. Eric Burdon is into a lot of good things now.

A critic for "Cashbox" tried to review this album by his built-in prejudices for Burdon, and did not even listen to it, but he gave himself away. He looked at the back cover, and under side one he saw, "Black on Black in Black," "Paint it Black I," "Pintelo Negro II," and "Paint it Black III."

"Aha!" he said, ole Eric's still into wishing that he was born black. Look—there's even a picture of him and a black chick on the back of the cover, and a picture of a black guy on the front. The truth is that the titles to the songs are meaningless. All four sides, like the songs at the concert run straight through, relying heavily on Afro-jazz

rhythms, blues, and even a little rock.

The "Paint it Black" portion is the most exciting part of the album. The blending of the conga, drums, and bass provide the dark mood, and Burdon's wailing voice is more powerful and has more assurance than it ever had on any of the old Animals records. "Spirit" follows, and exhibits the great musicianship of the band, especially saxophonist Charles Miller and Dee Allen, the conga player.

War also does a side based on The Moody Blues', "Nights in White Satin." It is also done in what can be called an Afro-jazz style, but it is very mellow compared to the exploding, raucous version of "Paint it Black."

The bombastic ending of the Forum concert is recreated on side three. The Garden cops turned off the electricity in the middle of the set, but Burdon kept the show going by clapping and stomping to the chorus of the song. Out of nowhere, that chorus reappears on the album.

Side four has a great boogie song, "Bare Back Ride," and their new six minute forty-five second single, "They Can't Take Away Our Music." It's a dedication to Billie Holiday, Jimi Hendrix, Sam Cooke, Elmore James, and Janis Joplin. It builds to a tremendous crescendo when Burdon exclaims that they're still alive because you can still hear them. In other words, "No matter how bad you feel, We got something they can't steal. No, they can't take away our music."

Like I said before, Eric Burdon is into a lot of good things. Even if you still don't like him, you'll agree when you see the centerfold of the centerfold of the album, and find a War bond inside the jacket. The bond is good for a dollar discount on any two tickets purchased anywhere for any War concert through 1973.

—harry taylor

Throwback

Remember, a few years ago, when most of you were still in junior high school, when we really thought we could overcome and a bad trip was just a visit to the dentist? Remember the music then—it was simple, just like life—before everything went electric.

Well, Don McLean is something of a throwback, a return to the clear-sounding acoustic guitar and easy rhythms which characterized the folk-singing rage of the early sixties. And yet McLean, in his album "Tapestry," also manages to capture the note of plaintiveness and despair which make this time different from that time.

I really dig Don McLean. He reminds me a little of James Taylor, and while I don't like "Tapestry" quite as much as "Sweet Baby James," it doesn't fall far behind. I've listened to McLean's album three or four times, and the other day I found myself humming a couple of the tunes in my head while dozing through one of my English courses.

Unlike pure folk-singers, McLean uses some backing by piano and drums, but mostly the clear tune of the acoustic guitar comes through.

—arthur volbert

PAIN IS UNLIKE A FLOWER

pain
is unlike
a flower:
it has no
smell or colour
no natural fiber
shape nor dimension;

yet
pain is unequivocal
with all of these and more;
pain is
planted
watered and tended;
then
it blooms
deathly
corrodes
offends
withers &
dies

—judith juredi