

POOR DEREK'S ALMANAC

by derek shearer

In a growing number of cities around the country—Boston, San Francisco, New York, Cleveland—*People's Yellow Pages* have been appearing. An alternative to Ma Bell's Yellow Pages, these directories list anti-war groups, free health clinics, ecology groups, carpentry collectives, tenants' organizations, legal aid communes, crafts cooperatives, alternative schools, day care centers, as well as individuals who have skills and information to share.

To help people interested in starting a *People's Yellow Pages* in their own city, the group which compiled the Boston edition has produced a pamphlet entitled *Getting Together A People's Yellow Pages: An Underground Underground Toward Social Changes*. The pamphlet lists directories of this sort which have appeared around the country. Copies cost 50 cents each. (Write: Vocations for Social Change, 353 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Telephone: (617) 661-1570.)

The National Organization of Vocations for Social Change serves as a clearinghouse for information on radical projects and lists work opportunities with alternative institutions. VSC publishes the monthly magazine *Work Force*, which contains listings of available jobs, articles on organizing, and a resource section to help people develop their own projects. VSC will send you a single copy of *Work Force* free, but they cannot afford a large free mailing list and so must charge \$10 for a year's subscription. Prisoners and GIs however will be put on the mailing list at no cost. (Write: Vocations for Social Change, Box 13, Canyon, California 94516. Telephone: (415) 376-7743.)

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc., should be addressed to Derek Shearer, RAMPARTS Magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.

Citizens' groups in cities like Philadelphia and Atlanta have recently been fighting rate hike requests by private electric companies. It is an old story—how the utilities milk the public—well-documented by Senator Lee Metcalf and his legislative aide Vic Reinemer in their muckraking book *Overcharge* (McKay, 1967). Municipally-owned power companies (as opposed to private companies like Georgia Power or Pacific Gas and Electric) can produce lower cost electricity for consumers and at the same time raise revenue for a city's budget.

In Northern California, eleven cities have formed the Northern California Power Agency to purchase low-cost power from the Federal government. Mayor Gary Gillmor of Santa Clara, one of the Agency's member cities, has stated that over the last five years the residents of his town saved \$8 million on their power bills over what they would have had to pay at Pacific Gas and Electric rates. In Palo Alto, another Agency city, the municipal power agency last year brought the city \$3.7 million in revenues as compared to \$1.5 million in property taxes.

A similar argument—that public ownership of the phone company would make possible free local service—is outlined in the pamphlet *The Case Against AT&T* by Ed Greer and Michael Tanzer, published by the New American Movement. (For copies of the AT&T pamphlet and information on NAM's Economic Task Force, write: New American Movement, 2421 Franklin Avenue Southeast Minneapolis, Minnesota 55406.)

The last few years have seen a resurgence of cooperative enterprise in America. "Food conspiracies"—cooperative food purchasing groups—have sprung up in nearly every large city, particularly in areas where young people are concentrated. Cooperative bookstores, bakeries, and car repair shops have been launched, and in some university towns such as Ann Arbor new cooperative housing projects are underway.

Cooperative enterprise (in which profits are returned to members and consumers have control of management) has a long, though somewhat

checkered, history in the U.S., going back to Robert Owen's 19th century utopian community of New Harmony, Indiana, and agricultural co-ops like the Grange and the Farmers' Alliance. Suffering from a shortage of capital and a lack of technical know-how, few co-ops survive, and those that do often turn inward and become politically moribund.

People who see the new co-op movement as an agent of radical social change would do well to read a special report on the movement by Richard J. Margolis which appeared in the April 17, 1972, issue of *The New Leader*, a liberal biweekly. Titled "Coming Together—The Cooperative Way: Its Origins, Development and Prospects," copies of the special report cost 50 cents each, 100 copies for \$45. (Write: New Leader Reprint Dept., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010). Margolis' 35-page article, based on six months' field work, surveys the historical background of co-ops and considers the current state of co-ops in farming, food, health, and housing.

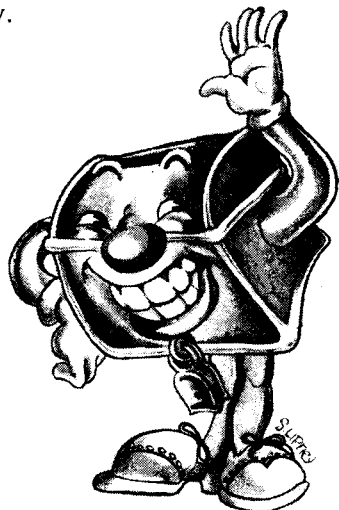
If you're interested in starting a co-op, or broadening the ties of an already existing co-op, you should be aware of the North American Student Cooperative Organization (NASCO). Founded in 1968, NASCO provides technical assistance to co-ops and keeps them in touch via its publications, including the monthly *Journal of the New Harbinger* (\$6 a year), which has featured special issues on such subjects as food co-ops and co-op financing; the monthly *News Bulletin* of the co-op movement (\$2 a year); the annual *Community Market Catalog* (\$1 a year), which keeps track of available co-op merchandise and describes various co-op stores; and the annual *Directory of Student and Community Co-ops* (\$1 a year).

(For these publications and further information on how to join NASCO, write: North American Student Cooperative Organization, 2546 Student Activities Bldg., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104. Telephone: (313) 663-0889.)

Since this column began in October, I have begun receiving mail with suggestions and materials from readers. Elaine Reuben of Madison, Wisconsin,

sent me a copy of the *Daily Cardinal*, the university's student paper, which describes the Madison Sustaining Fund, a money-raising and distributing cooperative which provides funds for alternative organizations in the Madison community. Begun a year ago by eight movement organizations which realized how fund-raising can drain time and energy from a non-establishment organization, the Fund has established a kind of counter Community Chest or United Fund.

One program called Community Chip consists of a voluntary five percent mark-up at movies shown by participating groups and a penny-on-the-dollar mark-up on retail goods sold by participating co-ops and stores. Another program, the Community Cache, is based on a system of personal and/or group monthly pledges. Organizers are pressing the university to allow automatic payroll check-offs for employees, as they do for the United Way.



SPARE CHANGE?

If you'd like more information or have specific questions about setting up such a fund (and avoiding tax hassles and establishing criteria for distributing the money) write: Madison Sustaining Fund, P.O. Box 1187, Madison, Wisconsin 53701.

Another useful source on fund-raising is the paperback guide *The Bread Game*, written by members of two liberal west coast foundations. It explains in detail how to apply for foundation grants, set up a tax exempt organization, etc. Copies cost \$1.95. (Write: Glide Publications, 330 Ellis Street, San Francisco, California 94102. Telephone: (415) 771-6300.)

LEAKS (From Page 26)

was (1) to arouse media interest through an article in *The Washington Monthly*; (2) to arouse congressional interest through the media and the pressure of citizens who would write to their congressmen about what they read in the press (in fact, more than 50 congressmen made inquiries to the Pentagon during the first month); and, (3) to bring suit in the courts against the Secretary of Defense to end the domestic surveillance programs. In Pyle's words, "To move in one area was insufficient. To move in all three areas raised the possibility of change."

Pyle started his campaign because he believed that military spying on civilians was "unconstitutional, illegal, immoral, and a waste of money." He was also curious "to see if I could stick my finger in the system and make it change."

He was successful beyond his expectations as large numbers of former military intelligence personnel came forth with their own accounts of the program. Senator Sam Ervin (D.—North Carolina) became interested and held extensive congressional hearings on the subject. Finally, in December 1970, the Army issued an order stopping the surveillance of civilians and the accumulation of data. Three months later the Department of Defense as a whole followed suit.

Pyle's example is unusual in that he actually succeeded in stopping a government activity he considered to be wrong. Others, like Daniel Ellsberg, have not had such luck.

But if Ellsberg did not accomplish his goal of ending the war, he did at least become a symbol and an inspiration for government workers who oppose U.S. involvement in Vietnam. In July 1971, for example, hundreds of bureaucrats calling themselves Federal Employees for Democratic Society (FEDS) threw a banquet in his honor. They presented him with their Man-of-the-Year award—a huge declassifying stamp.

Ellsberg's release of the Pentagon Papers inaugurated a period of leaking which reached a culmination of sorts last May, following Nixon's decision to mine Haiphong harbor. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, a group of Vietnam veterans and anti-war activists formed an Ad-Hoc Military Build-Up Committee.

It publicized its phone number through the anti-war underground and invited GI's to call collect with news of military deployments. The information received in Cambridge was then organized and passed on to the press for publication. In this manner, the Ad Hoc Committee announced that B-52 strikes against Haiphong were being planned days before the raids actually occurred. The source: young airmen involved in the targetting operation at Hickam Air Force Base on Hawaii.

An intelligence network of this sort would have been the envy of any self-respecting foreign spy. In the words of *Washington Star* reporter James Doyle, "in any other war, what [the Ad Hoc Committee is] doing probably would have been prosecuted as espionage. The activities of the Committee are the latest example of the trouble deep within the armed services over the Indochina war." No doubt the Pentagon must find disturbing the prospect that, in the future, American forces will probably not be able to react to a crisis with any degree of secrecy—assuming a fairly high level of opposition within military ranks to the underlying policy. In fact, the time may be approaching, if it is not here already, when the U.S. government no longer can keep any secret for long.

To be sure, the Nixon Administration has tried to crack down on leaks, as have others before it. After the revelations about military spying on civilians, the Defense Department quickly moved to bar non-career servicemen from the military intelligence field. It reasoned that "lifers" are more likely to agree with government policy and to fear the risks of leaking than are short-term soldiers.

In addition, the Administration has frequently ordered investigations of leaks. After a major disclosure on the SALT Talks in July 1971 (the *New York Times* had printed the American bargaining position even before it was presented to the Soviets), FBI agents roamed the State Department looking for the culprit (who was generally assumed to be in the Pentagon). Lie detector tests were given to a few prime suspects, but the guilty person was never caught, as is almost always the case.

In fact, investigations are started not so much to catch the actual leak-

ers as to intimidate those who might try it in the future. A general has described how he was placed in charge of investigating a leak for which he himself was responsible. A former CIA official tells how the CIA director once ordered a search for a leaker when the director himself had ordered a subordinate to give to a newsman the information in question. The director's main intent, it seems, was to frighten lower-level employees who might get ideas from his example.

Because of the difficulty of actually cutting off unauthorized leaks, the Nixon Administration has sought to defend itself by diminishing the number of government employees with access to sensitive information. Through this process, the State Department has been virtually eliminated from major foreign policy questions such as the Vietnam peace negotiations and the rapprochement with China.

The technique has been tried before—with poor results. It usually turns out that, if the bureaucracy does not know what is going on, the bureaucracy cannot function. And if the bureaucracy cannot function, then the work falls upon those few people around the President who supposedly can keep secrets. They find they cannot handle the load and so the circle of knowledgeable people gradually expands, and the leaks eventually start up again.

A more serious effort to curtail leaks may come on the heels of the Supreme Court's *Caldwell-Branzburg* decision, according to which reporters can be compelled to name their confidential sources. Already, Peter Bridge of the *Newark Evening News* has served three weeks in jail for refusing to tell a grand jury certain information about the Newark Housing Authority. If the Administration uses this tool to catch a few leakers, it could seriously curtail the authorized leak phenomenon.

In the meantime, however, the leaks continue, and will continue so long as the government does in secret what it cannot defend in public. As long as the government's actions continue to outrage the ordinary people it relies on to carry out policy, some of those ordinary people are likely to go on blowing their whistles.○

SOLDIER (From Page 32)

the porch holding up the doorway. I could see it in his eyes. He wouldn't make the same mistake the next time, if there were a next time. Jesus, I thought. Give me a battalion of this type and I'd clean up Vietnam by myself.

Two of our men had been hit by the explosion. I didn't remember even hearing the grenade detonate, except vaguely perhaps. That's how unimportant grenades were—for me, at least. I had seen them all over the world and had used them and had had them used against me, over and over. I did not respect them as a weapon. They were charges. They blew up and out. Lay one out at arms-length, stay down flat, and the worst it could do to you was give you a concussion. Run, and you got some shrapnel in your ass. I liked the grenade for its psychological impact, but not for the way it was used in the movies. Everybody has seen the same scene: the grenade goes in, the walls explode out, people catapult through the roof, and the entire building collapses. Crap. One day I'd probably lose my ass for not getting down all the way, but one thing was for sure: I still had the stud in my sights, and I wouldn't have if I'd hit the dirt along with everyone else.

Someone went over and yanked the body out of the bush. He had a radio, a pouch of documents, and about four or five more grenades. Someone shouted, "Grenade!" again, and this time we all hit it, including the stud. It came right off the porch and laid up against the cement and exploded between us. There were ricochets, and I got a mouthful of sand, but nobody else was hurt. I bounced back up right behind the blast and the stud was still down on his stomach. It damn sure hadn't been his.

"Watch him," I said and turned to LeRay. "That grenade came from the building. You take that side and I'll take this one." I turned the muzzle of the M-16 west and followed it around the building. I heard LeRay fire. Just then a grenade exploded and I got around the building just in time to see LeRay kicking away the reeds and dragging the body from between the

false walls. The guy had been wedged into a section about the size of a bird cage. LeRay nudged the bloody body with his foot. "A loser, sir," he said quietly, gently, with that same catch in his voice that you hear in the movies just before the tears. "A god-damned loser-dink." He rolled it over gently. The guy had been a real trooper and he had tried just as he had been told, just as so many of our kids had been told and would have tried had they been in his place. Uncle Ho would never even know the poor bastard was dead, nor would he have given a shit had he known. Like those on our side, he was just another statistic. We left him there in the dirt.

"Take them back to the LZ and get them on the first birds along with the wounded," I said, and turned back to the brush, still kicking around. There was no sense starting out in any other direction. LeRay had seen to it that we had men all through the village and it was getting close to dusk. Franklin wanted me on the net, so I moved back into the clearing and took the hand-set.

"This is Involved Six. Over."

"This is Speedster," he said. Damn it, he never used the correct call-signs. "What's the story? Over."

I gave it to him as best I could, and when I was done he told me a Vietnamese unit was coming in "just to make it legal." There would be a U.S. advisor with them, he said, and I was to turn over any detainees.

"Too late. Already out at the LZ ready for extraction."

He got nasty. He wanted them turned over to the advisor and the Vietnamese. If they were out on the LZ already, then I was to stop and do as he said. "Over." Franklin switched.

"This is Six. Roger. Out."

It was too late. I could hear the birds coming in to the LZ. I'd have to explain later, I knew, but then those were the breaks of the game. I turned back to LeRay.

"Anything going?"

Before he could answer, firing broke out to the south and we were off and moving. "Get on the net and get the word out that we've got South Viets in the area," I shouted to him. Smitty

came in on the path behind me just as Warden trotted breathlessly around the bend toward us. He was sweating like a coal miner the day after the strike, and I guessed that one of two things had happened: either our guys had opened up on the South Vietnamese accidentally or else the South Viets had been shooting indiscriminately, as they were so prone to do.

I was wrong on both counts.

Warden poured out his story. The U.S. advisor to the Viet police had met him enroute to the LZ and had, Warden said, "assumed responsibility" for the detainees.

"So I turned them over," he continued. "Then they just started questioning them and blowing their heads off, sir."

That was the firing I had heard to the south. We started back down the trail at a trot. An outright run was out of the question because, more than likely, if you broke out of the bush running, you were a dead-ass. Even at our speed, it was more than a few seconds before we reached a large, grassy clearing. The American lieutenant, the advisor, was on my left as we entered the clearing, and the rest were standing around in no particular formation. Across the clearing I saw one man, a Vietnamese, holding the young girl's hair with his left hand, bending her head back, baring her throat. His right arm was around her and a knife in his right hand was dug deeply in her flesh, beneath and to the left of her esophagus. All he had to do was pull and click, she was gone. One of the children was hanging onto her pajamas, screaming, and the other child's face was being steadily squashed into the sand by the boot of another Vietnamese. The child was suffocating. I shoved the American lieutenant out of the way and shouted something, staring at the guy with the knife at the girl's throat. He was staring at me, too.

With great ease, he pulled the blade across. Her blood spurted and gushed down the front of her pajamas and she dropped to the darkening sand, pulling the child with her. It took no more than a second from the instant he moved the knife until she crumpled in a lifeless heap, her baby still screaming, still pawing at her legs. Her killer jumped back into the group of Viet-

namese, pulling with him the guy who'd been suffocating the child. I should have shot them on the spot, while I could still identify them. The rest of the detainees were lined up against the bushes. Four of the men were already dead, lying in the grass off to my right with their heads blown away. A Vietnamese was parading up and down in front of the survivors, waving a pistol. I noticed that one of the four dead men was the stud we had captured at the hut. I felt myself go empty, something drained from me in that moment that I have yet to replace.

You dumb son-of-a-bitch," I screamed, grabbing the American lieutenant by his shirt. In that instant, I was only a flick away from killing him. It passed. I calmed and turned him loose. "Just what the hell did you let happen here, Lieutenant?"

He was only an advisor, he said. They were only doing a job. They knew their business. Guerrillas weren't protected under the Geneva Accords. They were following orders.

Oh God, I thought. A big, bad-assed American who had never killed anyone in combat or captured a single prisoner legitimately had played hell with these poor devils. Big, bad-assed, All-American boy. God, I was frustrated. I raised my hand to slap him across the area. I lowered it.

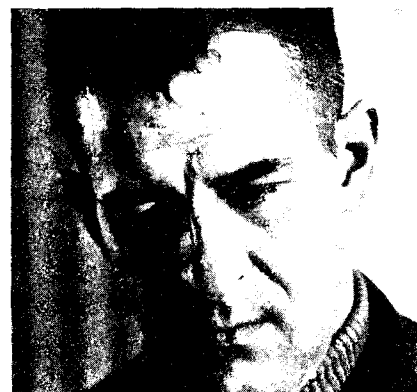
"You get all your scrap together and then get the hell out of here," I screamed at him.

"Sir, I have a job."

I glanced down at the four dead men and over to the woman's body. "Not anymore you don't, Lieutenant." He was staring at me with what seemed to be disbelief. I moved as near to him as possible without touching. "Now, you get your people out of here—out of here," I said, quietly and calmly now. "You're finished here. The rest of this—like the charges—we'll take care of back at English."

I think I was steady by then, but there was great hatred inside me. I hadn't felt it with such intensity in years.

I turned to Wally Warden. "Get the rest of the detainees together and out to the LZ, and get on the radio and have your men guard the rest and



make sure that none of these rats' asses get back to them." I went over and knelt down next to the girl's body. I looked at the children for a moment, wondering what was creeping through their young minds as they crawled and cried around their mother's bloody corpse. I picked up both of them and carried them over to the line of detainees against the bushes. I handed them to one of the men. "I'm sorry," I mumbled. "I'm sorry. Take care of them." I turned back to Warden. "Now get them out of here, Wally."

Smitty and I were left alone in the clearing—alone with the dead. "Smitty," I said, staring hard at the bodies of the men, "the hard-core stud there was a better man than that son-of-a-bitch of a lieutenant."

The radio crackled. "Speedster, sir," Smitty said, offering me the hand-set. "This is Six. Over."

Franklin wanted to know whether or not I had given the detainees to the American advisor and the Vietnamese. I tried to tell him what had happened without using the word "murder" on the radio. "The lieutenant has overstepped his authority, sir, and had to be ordered out of the area," I said into the microphone.

"Let me talk to him," Franklin said. "He's gone."

"You go get him and turn those people over to him."

I tried to explain that that would be impossible under the circumstances, and for some reason I mentioned MAC-V Directive 20-4, the war-crime counsel from higher headquarters. He seemed not to be listening. I had been given a direct order, he said. Either I would obey it, or I would be guilty of violating direct orders under combat conditions. He made it sound very

ominous.

"I'll explain it when I get back," I said.

"You bet your ass you will," he said. "You get back here right now."

"Roger that. Out."

I handed the set back to Smitty. There was some more firing off to the east. Dusk was settling fast. I bent down over the bodies of the four men. The flies were already gathering on their gaping wounds. I glanced back at the girl. The shadows were already reaching her form. In a couple of minutes, it would be black.

"Give them the word, Smitty," I said. "Out to the LZ."

We pushed off east while he was still talking into the set. The C and C came in in a swirl of loose sand. I looked back as we lifted off and banked away. There were a half dozen helicopters on the beach. Someone fired two rounds at the birds from the treeline. A door gunner blasted the area. Then it was still.

After berating me for disobeying combat orders, Franklin finally asked what had happened—and I told him every last sordid detail, right down to the blood leaping from the girl's throat.

"Herbert, you're a goddamned liar," he said.

I assured him I wasn't lying. "There were other witnesses, sir."

"Then you're exaggerating," he said. "Did the American, the lieutenant, take part?"

"Yes, sir, he was in charge. He had assumed responsibility for them from Sergeant Warden."

"But did you see him do any killing?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

"Then you're a goddamned liar. There were no U.S. personnel involved," he said. "Goddamn it, Herbert, you're always coming in with these wild-assed, exaggerated stories trying to make trouble. What the hell is wrong with you? You're getting carried away. Maybe you're getting old."

"Maybe, sir," I said, keeping my seat.

"What is it about you, Tony? For Christ's sake, we're not responsible for every last thing the Viets do. After all,

it's their country and their war. All we can do is advise and assist. We don't have any operational control over them. That may be unfortunate, but that is a goddamned fact."

"Not this time, sir. That bastard was in charge. He supervised it and he watched it. He flew in on our birds under our orders, he was under our control, and he was in our General's area of operations."

"Are you calling General Barnes a war criminal?" he raged.

"No, sir, I'm not."

"Are you calling me a war criminal?"

"No, sir, I'm not calling you one either."

"Are you calling the lieutenant a war criminal?"

"Yes, sir."

He threw up his hands. "Goddamn it, Tony, what the hell am I going to do with you? You were a young lieutenant once yourself." He shook his head and laughed.

"Yes, sir, and before that, I was a sergeant and before that, a private—and I never murdered anyone, let alone women and prisoners."

"Murder? Did you see that lieutenant murder anyone?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Then you better watch your ass," he said. "Maybe Bertha was right. Maybe you are getting soft, or maybe guerrilla warfare is too rough for you. I guess it's not quite as soft as a leg-outfit in Korea."

I had been around too long to let myself be baited. "Maybe so, sir."

"Or maybe you're not quite the hero everybody figures."

"Maybe not, sir," I said, standing up. "Sir, I'll get the statements for you and bring them in."

He stood up, too, and came right up against me. We were nose to nose. "No, Herbert, no, you won't do that," he said. "I'll get the statements and you, Lieutenant Colonel Herbert, will do exactly what I say. Understand?"

"I understand, sir."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir, there is. I don't ever want that son-of-a-bitch of a lieutenant or his goddamned scrap outfit out with any of my troops again."

"Don't you worry about that, Herbert, the next time you can try it all alone."

He waved me off. I saluted, said my "Good evening, sir," and walked out. I had a crick in my neck and a pain in my back, but it was a waste of time to call for a jeep. I walked down the road to the battalion, checked by the TOC, and then dropped into the sack. I stared at the ceiling.

"Happy Saint Valentine's Day to you, Mister Capone," I mumbled. ○

Lt. Col. Herbert complained of mismanagement, corruption and atrocities, and was relieved of his command. He persisted, however, in seeking Army investigations in these matters. The Army responded with harassment of Herbert and his family. Finally, in November, 1971, Lt. Col. Herbert resigned from military service. This vignette was taken from Soldier, a memoir which Herbert wrote with James T. Wooten of The New York Times. Soldier will be published next month by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

FELICIANO (From Page 36)

booths. Second, if the detectives waited so long to get to Feliciano's car, could it be because they wanted someone other than themselves to find the bombs? Why? The question hung in the air of the courtroom. Kunstler never actually accused the detectives of placing the bombs in the car, but the attorney had brought out clearly in his cross-examination that before being assigned to surveillance of Feliciano they had both been in the Safe and Lock Department, which meant to those in the courtroom that they should know how to open the trunk or door of any car. He had also established that, before Feliciano left home that morning, they were across the street from his home and his car. Kunstler also enjoyed one other revelation: although all four witnesses had been asked not to apply for commendation for that day's action until after the trials, Gutierrez had done so and received the highest award the Police Department could give.

Talking about it last month, Kunstler said, "I don't believe the system said 'frame him.' Instead, a climate was created in which Feliciano was made to appear as a very dangerous man—and then self-interest began to operate." Kunstler never asked Feliciano to take the stand. He called

only one witness, the owner of Harry's Sporting Goods Store—emphasizing later in his summation that the prosecution had never called on him although Feliciano had told the patrolmen that he was on his way there—and the man testified that his store was down the street, that he might know Feliciano as a customer but could not be certain, and that the scope did need repairing. The jury discussed the question of “possession” longest, but decided that Feliciano had no knowledge that the bombs were in his car.

I asked Ramon S. Velez, a Bronx Democratic Party leader who is head of the Hunts Point Multi-Service Center, if he believed the Defense Committee's contention that Feliciano was framed because he was a Puerto Rican nationalist. “I would not be surprised,” he said, though he had not studied the case. Herman Badillo, the Bronx congressman who is perhaps the most successful of local Puerto Rican politicians, thinks the case follows the typical pattern of district attorneys these days—“they go on a crusade with such tenacity that juries get suspicious.” Badillo believes that the Manhattan trial should be dropped. There has, in fact, been a great deal of pressure on District Attorney Frank Hogan to drop the Manhattan case, but some Defense Committee members feel that Assistant District Attorney Fine is eager, for ideological reasons, to go on with it. Possibly also because he thinks he has a sympathetic judge in Birns.

Since his release from jail, Feliciano has moved to Williamsburg. He said he had suffered too much harassment from the police in the barrio. Then,



The Feliciano family

too, the old place had too many bad associations for him. He and his wife had been saving, before his arrest, to return to Puerto Rico. Ms. Feliciano would still like to go back; she worries about her children going to schools where dope is pushed.

Although the Puerto Rican Nationalist Party has no organization in New York, old nationalist friends have come to Feliciano's aid and they spend much time together. Since the Bronx trial ended, he has been doing volunteer work in the drug addiction clinic at Lincoln Hospital, hoping that the work will become permanent and salaried. He feels useful there and admires the ex-addicts with whom he works. And politics? “Oh, I shall always be a nationalist,” he replied.

One evening I took the QJ train of the BMT to Williamsburg. I looked down from the elevated at the neighborhood that I had visited many years earlier when it was a Jewish ghetto. It looked the same from the train, but down in the streets, except for an occasional Hassidic Jew or Jewish store keeper, there were only Latins to be seen. It was a late summer evening and some men had set up tables in front of the old brownstones to play dominoes. The sounds of the people, the music along the streets, made me feel that I was on a Caribbean island. The park that Ms. Feliciano could not name but which she identified as one with a large statue of a man on a horse was not difficult to find.

The meeting—an anniversary celebration of the birth of Albizu Campos, Don Pedro to all Puerto Ricans—was held with the speakers' backs to the rear of George Washington's horse. On either side of the stand were two flags: the Puerto Rican flag we all know and the red one with the yellow star of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party. Soon after I greeted him, Feliciano dashed home to get the flag of the Nationalist Party. It was one he had carried decades ago when he was a young cadet and Don Pedro led the fight. It is a solid navy blue with a white Maltese cross at its center. Feliciano tied its horizontal ends to the staffs of the other two, so that it stretched directly above the heads of each speaker. Finally, his turn came to speak. “I shall always be a nationalist,” he began, “always.” ○

MIDEAST (From Page 40)



Jewish refugees barred from British Palestine

itself unable to deal with pressing internal social needs. But far more serious than resistance in its implications for Israeli society would be acceptance of the Gaza pattern as the norm, as an unpleasant necessity. This would surely have a corrosive effect on Israeli democracy and social life.

Israel will have to come to terms somehow with the fact that it is a Jewish State governing a society that is in part non-Jewish. This fact, rarely faced in a serious way, has always been the Achilles' heel of political Zionism. If a state is Jewish in certain respects, then in these respects it is not democratic. The problems of achieving democratic goals in a multi-national or multi-ethnic society are not trivial ones. It is pointless to pretend that they do not exist.

It has frequently been suggested that the Jewish state is to be Jewish only in the sense that France is French or England is English. This is patently impossible, however. An immigrant who receives French citizenship is French. If there is some form of institutional discrimination against him, if he is not “truly French” in the eyes of the law or administrative practice, this will be regarded as a departure from the democratic ideal. A citizen of the Jewish State, however, does not become Jewish. This is a matter of principle, not a departure from some ideal norm towards which the society strives. Since it is a matter of principle within a Jewish State, there will be no remedy through slow progress.

The respects in which Israel is a Jewish State are not trivial or merely symbolic, and there is no indication

that this situation will change. A non-Jewish citizen suffers various forms of discrimination. He is not permitted to lease or work on state lands or lands owned "in the name of the Jewish people." He is not able to reside in all-Jewish cities, such as Karmiel, built on lands confiscated from Israeli Arabs. To mention a recent case, a Druze, formerly an officer with 20 years service in the Israeli Border Police, was denied the right even to open a business near Karmiel by decision of the Israel Land Authority.

According to a publication of the Israeli League for Civil and Human Rights (August, 1971), there are tens of thousands of stateless Israeli Arabs, unable to satisfy the requirements of the Israeli Nationality Law; and the number is increasing, since statelessness is inherited. Arabs born to parents without citizenship, who may not even be aware of this fact until they apply for passports or other documents, do not acquire Israeli citizenship by virtue of the fact that they are born in Israel, in villages where their families may have lived for generations. Arabs do not receive benefits from laws that remunerate families of members of the Israeli Armed Forces, i.e., virtually all Jewish families and, apart from the Druze, no others. In myriad ways, Arabs will not enjoy the full rights of citizenship. It was for such reasons as these that left-wing elements in the Zionist movement were always wary about the idea of a Jewish State, which did not, in fact, become official Zionist policy until 1942, at the time of the destruction of European Jewry by Nazi terror.

The problem is not a small one, no matter what the size of the Arab population in Israel, but it takes on major dimensions when this population is very large, as it will be if the tendencies noted earlier persist. The Supreme Court of Israel has recently ruled that "there is no Israeli nation apart from the Jewish people and the Jewish people consists not only of the people residing in Israel but also of the Jews in the Diaspora." The Court so ruled in rejecting the contention of Professor George Tamarin that Israel is separate from the Jewish people, and thus denied his appeal to change the designation "Jew" in his identity card to "Israeli." The ruling no doubt ex-

presses the implicit content of political Zionism. It also reveals that the legal structure of the state, as well as its customary social practices, will be inherently discriminatory. Liberal Americans oppose laws that discriminate against blacks, and would be appalled if New York City should adopt an urban development program to preserve the "white character" of the city. It is unclear why they should react differently when Minister Shimon Peres outlines a plan for development in Jerusalem that is to perpetuate its "Jewish character" or when non-Jews are excluded from the extensive state or national lands, or even from the grant of citizenship.



Aged Jewish immigrant reaches Israel

[FACING THE BINATIONAL STATE]

The fact is that Israel is already a binational state, at least in the sense that it is a state that contains two identifiable national groups, Israeli Jews and Palestinian Arabs. Even this is misleading, in that some may choose to identify themselves differently (like Professor Tamarin), and Arabs may understand their associations in very different terms. While all of this may have seemed a secondary issue before 1967, after the Six-Day War it became a major problem. If the analysis of current trends outlined above is accurate, it is a problem that will become increasingly serious. The operative question, in my opinion, is how Israel will deal with the fact of binationalism.

One approach is to try to change the fact by Israeli withdrawal from the administered territories. Left-liberal forces in Israel have urged such a policy.

A second approach is the South African or Rhodesian model, not necessarily with the brutality or viciousness of the white racists of Africa, but with a similar institutional structure. Surely this is an intolerable outcome, though it is far from obvious that it is not a likely outcome.

A third possible approach is the American "melting pot" model. But this is inconsistent with Zionist ideology, and will almost surely not be acceptable within Israel. Mayor Teddy Kollek of Jerusalem has stated that "we have no intention of creating a melting pot for Arabs and Jews along American lines." He adds, quite properly, that "If, in a few years, the educational and social gaps between Jews and Arabs in Jerusalem do not disappear, some day . . . there will be an explosion." However, even in the unlikely event that social, educational and economic gaps disappear, the "gaps" in political rights are in principle insurmountable, given the legal doctrine that "there is no Israeli nation apart from the Jewish people," which includes the Jews of Israel and the Diaspora.

A fourth approach is the federal model, for example, along Yugoslav lines, with federated republics each dominated by one national group, and efforts, one would hope, to achieve social, economic and political parity. One might imagine that a regionally-based federation might gradually evolve towards closer linkages, if forms of association along other than national lines prove to be meaningful and firm. Personally, I feel that among those policies that are at all realistic, given present circumstances, some kind of federal solution is the most desirable.

There is, to be sure, still another approach to these problems: to bury one's head in the sand and pretend that they do not exist. Unfortunately, this approach is characteristic of many Americans who regard themselves as supporters of Israel. Whether or not they are supporting Israel in a meaningful way by adopting this attitude is another question.

In any event, it is, I think, important that some Israelis are seriously facing the facts. After participating in a protest, which he helped to organize, against the expulsions in the Gaza region, Amos Kenan wrote that if, as maximalist groups argue, "one who believes that he has no right to Gaza must also doubt his right to Tel Aviv," then he, Amos Kenan, will "begin to doubt if indeed I have a right to Tel Aviv—at least to Tel Aviv as it now is: a Jewish city, in a Jewish state with a million Arabs deprived of rights" (*Ha-Aretz*, April 18, 1972). "Today," he writes, "we are not living in a Jewish state, but in a binational state." The old Israel came to an end in June 1967, and "a colonialist Israel," which he finds "ugly," was born at that time. The "dynamics of Israel 1972 has already left behind it the protesters of the past," those who called for withdrawal. Presently, the state of Israel rules over a million non-Jews who lack the rights of equal citizens and who now "furnish Israel with cheap labor, without which its high standard of living cannot be preserved." These are the bitter comments of a person who has struggled courageously to prevent the permanent occupation that is now taking shape, with its inevitable consequences for a "democratic Jewish state."

[ROOM FOR CRITICISM]

Throughout the history of Zionism there has been a certain tension between radically opposed conceptions, one socialist and "universalist," the other nationalist and exclusive. Today, the tension between these competing elements remains unresolved, and has become a matter of fundamental importance under the conditions that now exist in Israel. The problems, of course, can only be faced and dealt with by those who are on the scene. Sympathetic outsiders might be able to be helpful, if it becomes possible to create an intellectual and emotional climate in which rational discourse on the topic is possible.

In the United States, at least, this has hardly been the case. Since the Six-Day War, critics of one or another aspect of Israeli policy have been subjected to ridiculous accusations and childish distortion. They have been portrayed as supporters of terrorism or

even genocide, or as opponents of democracy. They are asked why they do not denounce Iraqi and Syrian oppression and atrocities, surely quite real, and are told that only those who prove their good faith by "support of Israel" are permitted to criticize the policies of the State.

Examples are many. It is, for example, common to identify binationalism with the PLO position in support of a "democratic secular state." This is a gross error. The PLO (Fatah in particular) has always opposed binationalism in quite explicit terms. This kind of confusion contributes to the unfortunate tendency to identify any critical discussion of current Israeli policy,



Young Jewish citizens of Israel

and any speculation about alternative political arrangements in the Middle East, as "support for terrorism." Or consider the Op-Ed statement by Irving Howe in the *New York Times* (March 13, 1971). Howe claims that opposition to Israel among "a portion of New Left intellectuals" results from their "downright contempt . . . toward the very idea of democracy." He claims that "the campus Guevarists, Trotskyites, Maoists and Panthers" support the Arab states against Israel precisely because of their opposition to democracy, i.e., because the "Arab opponents [of Israel] are ruled by rigid dictatorships" (e.g., Egyptian Communists "languish in jail," etc.).

Consider the reasoning. For Howe's thesis to be coherent, it would at least

be necessary to show that the groups he identifies support Egypt and other Arab states against Israel. Howe offers no documentation to support this claim, which, so far as I am aware, is quite untrue. It is certainly false with regard to Sartre (whom he specifically mentions) and his attempt to imply that the *New York Review* and the New Left "everywhere"—from Scarsdale to Palo Alto—support the Arab states against Israel is hardly worthy of comment. There are segments of the New Left that give unreserved (and, in my opinion, often rather mindless) support to the Palestinian organizations, but these latter organizations are not, of course, to be confused with the Arab states to which Howe restricts his comments. Furthermore, these Palestinian organizations are, to my knowledge, supported in the belief that they represent a socialist alternative to the rigid dictatorships that Howe irrelevantly discusses. One might argue that the belief is false, but then the argument no longer serves as a stick to beat the New Left for its alleged totalitarianism. In any event, it is quite obvious that Howe's critique as formulated is simply irrational, quite apart from his misrepresentation of the beliefs of his political opponents.

Surely it is obvious that a critical analysis of Israeli institutions and practices does not in itself imply antagonism to the people of Israel, denial of the national rights of the Jews in Israel, or lack of concern for their just aspirations and needs. The demand for equal rights for Palestinians does not imply a demand for Arab dominance in the former Palestine, or a denial of Jewish national rights. The same is true of critical analysis that questions the existence of the state institutions in their present form.

In every part of the world, there are certainly possibilities other than the system of nation-states; they have their merits and defects, which should be rationally discussed. The problems are particularly acute in multinational societies that are dominated by one national group, with the inevitable violation of democratic principle and practice that results. Neither abuse nor evasion of serious issues makes any contribution to the amelioration of problems that are stubborn and simply will not fade away. ○

LETTERS (From Page 6)

Editors/This is just a note to get a few things off my dope-eaten, disease-ridden, pinko-leaning mind. RAMPARTS is ... whew ... the most effective and honest news magazine available today. Keep up the good work, but let's see more of Abbie's stuff and less elitist dialogue. Also, something objective on the Black September movement and on Palestinian attitudes and ideals and objectives, etc. Also, Hunter Thompson could "spice it up" a bit. That's all I can write now—my liver's going to burst from all this effort.

—Tom Meyers
Albany, New York

Editors/I wish to congratulate you on the high quality and contents of most issues of RAMPARTS. However, I wish you would stop insulting your readers and contributors by inclusions such as "Uncle Bob's" assessment of the chances of getting away with insurance fraud. Have you ever considered how the purposes of "radical politics" are retarded by your adolescent preoccupation with individual thieving? It's not the first time I have protested such sophomoric folly on your part. Fie on your dilettantish approach to social change. This is a serious business, and you should either regard it as such or stop trifling with us.

NATIONAL BESTSELLER

Universally acclaimed!
The book that explains
what is happening in
Vietnam.

FIRE IN THE LAKE

THE VIETNAMESE AND THE
AMERICANS IN VIETNAM

FRANCES FITZGERALD

5th BIG PRINTING!
\$12.50 at all
bookstores



ATLANTIC/LITTLE, BROWN

Editors/I thought you might be interested in some information to store in your AT&T War Chest. Five interconnected firms are filing an antitrust suit against "AT&T, all its operating subsidiaries, and Western Electric."

The suit contends that AT&T has violated the Sherman Antitrust Act "in maintaining an illegal monopoly with AT&T's control over the equipment portion of the industry." The suit asks that AT&T be forced by the court to remove itself from dealing in station equipment and end "present restraint-of-trade practices." They are also seeking an estimated \$25 million in damages "caused by this illegal monopoly."

The plaintiffs say that Bell has restrained competition by charging exorbitant rates to supply the smaller companies with necessary equipment to cover the costs of supplying equipment to their own subsidiaries.

The plaintiffs also charge that "Bell subsidiaries have conspired to use political and economic influences to unfairly influence contract decisions."

The suit also contends that a "conspiracy exists between various parts of the Bell System to control the Telephone equipment industry."

A spokesman for the five companies, Mr. Bob Roberts, compares Bell's ownership of the 24 Bell subsidiaries and its own supplier to "the local electric company controlling all the light bulbs and lighting fixtures." He says that when a person is forced to rent or buy their services from such an organization, "it's always the consumer that ends up getting the short end of the stick."

The suit was filed October 10 in the District Court in San Antonio, and may be amended to include other firms wishing to join in the suit. The original five plaintiffs are Gulf State Telephone, Northeastern Telephone Co., San Antonio Telephone Co., Gulf Telephone and Electronics, and El Paso Telephone Co.

It's about time.

—Peter Almquist
Tucson, Arizona

Editors/I find it quite significant that of the dozen or more magazines I read regularly, only RAMPARTS refrains from printing letters from readers in some issues. Clearly, your magazine is the most "closed" and unresponsive of the lot—and the most totalitarian. Evidently, you believe that you have "the answers," so there is nothing to be gained from dialogue.

Printing this letter will prove nothing to me. I wrote it for myself. I believe that if I am to criticize and complain I must make at least a perfunctory effort to enlighten. I am satisfied.

—Martin Seim
Richmond, B.C., Canada

We will correct this. —Eds. ○

FIRE IN LAKE (From Page 47)

between them, rather he asked himself where his duty lay. Which regime had the power to claim his loyalty?" But if this was the case, then why did so many peasants follow the NLF against Diem? We are offered a second explanation: Again it is based on the premise of the absolute authority of the father. This authority, plus Confucian education, "discouraged self-assertiveness and invention." The Vietnamese children, therefore,

learned to hold in their feelings—particularly their hostility and aggressiveness. . . . Brought up in the traditional manner, the villagers of the 1960's had learned that their very lives depended upon their "self-control," or, in Western terms, their ability to repress those feelings which might bring them into conflict with others. As children they played no contact sports. (When the Westerners brought football to Vietnam, they did not perhaps realize the difficulties the game might provoke.) As adults they took pains to avoid even the smallest argument with their neighbors.

This repression of anger, which Fitzgerald equates with the Puritans' repression of sex, makes the Vietnamese feel "shame" or "disappointment" about themselves even when mistreated by their landlords. But the situation changed when the Viet Minh and the NLF came along:

The solution of the Viet Minh, like that of the NLF, was the systematic encouragement of hatred . . . The Saigon government could not match the NLF, for the systematic encouragement of hatred was a truly revolutionary act.

And once the "sluice gates" of Vietnamese anger had been opened, the NLF, like the Viet Minh and the Chinese Communists, provided "a channel for that energy," a channel

that released aggression. . . . For the NLF, the energies of "hatred" were to go first not into violence, but into the formation of a disciplined community. The Front's plan was to focus hatred upon an external enemy and thus to create unity among its own members.

This entire argument is flatly wrong. Did the Vietnamese really play no contact sports? What about the traditional game of *vat lau* which the historian Luong Duc Thiep, among others, has described in some detail? The game was played with two teams on a large field. On each end of the field a hole was dug, and the strongest and biggest member of each team sat or lay down on top of it. The object of the game was to move a grapefruit, or some other round object, from one end of the field to the other by passing, running, tackling, hitting, wrestling, etc., and then to dump the grapefruit into the hole by forcibly removing the hole keeper. Each team had 15 players clad in tight loincloths. Contact there was, and much more so



than in the Western game of soccer which, FitzGerald says, traumatized the Vietnamese. Then there was a game called *danh phet* which involved two teams with flat-ended clubs and wooden balls. The game was first used by a Vietnamese woman general of the first century A.D. to train her soldiers in developing muscles, stamina, and a sense for tactics. We need not even mention boxing, wrestling, etc.

There is also no factual basis for FitzGerald's statement that the Vietnamese felt "shame" or "disappointment" when they were mistreated by the landlords and other authorities. Certainly they would avoid conflict with superior force, for the simple reason of self-preservation. Yet on numerous occasions their anger vented forth in rebellious actions against the most powerful authorities: witness the rebellions against the Nguyen court at the pinnacle of its power: Some 500 *khoi nghia* (literally, "uprisings for a righteous cause") are

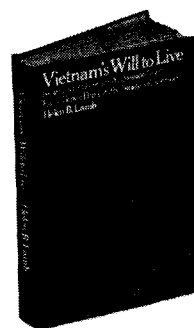
listed in the official chronicles for a period of less than 80 years.

The French colonial period also saw countless uprisings. The Vietnamese knew better than to blame themselves for their wretched condition. Many directed their anger against the exploitative landlords who had the support of the French colonial administration. The exploitation during the French colonial period made the Vietnamese lose their "Confucian self-control," if they ever had it in the first place. Hatred did not have to be systematically encouraged. What had to be encouraged was compassion and concern not only for one's neighbors but also for the population of the entire country. And it was this that transcended all individualistic acts and made the Viet Minh and the NLF revolutionary movements instead of just rebellious groups. There is a huge Vietnamese literature on this subject. But it is enough to read the books written by Phi Van in the 1940's about the peasants in the southern part of Vietnam in order to see the change in their attitude from hatred of the common enemy to love for their own people, and hence the change from individualistic acts of rebellion to revolution.

Through long and tortuous years of political education, the Vietnamese learned that it was not enough to rid their country of the foreign invaders; they had to change all the social ills created and perpetuated under those foreigners in order to build a better society for themselves and their children. To stress that "the systematic encouragement of hatred was a truly revolutionary act" is to underestimate the Vietnamese and to misunderstand the driving force behind their struggle.

The father's absolute authority is also the key to Frances FitzGerald's explanation of the relationship between the "natives" and "colonials":

The whole notion of an overwhelming power was, of course, an important theme in Vietnamese life. As anyone with a knowledge of Freud might suspect, it had something to do with the relationship of the Vietnamese child to his father, with the idea, conceived in early childhood, that the father, and behind him the ancestors, have far-reaching control over the child. As men tend to see the world accord-



VIETNAM'S WILL TO LIVE

Resistance to foreign aggression from early times through the nineteenth century
by Helen B. Lamb

"How was it possible for Vietnam," Helen Lamb asks, "to occupy for a time the very center of the world's stage and become America's nemesis?" She finds the answer in the fusion of two powerful aspirations: the longing for independence and the country's reunification, and the drive for economic and social justice.

Dr. Lamb begins with the origins of the Vietnamese people in antiquity. She draws on the most authoritative historical sources, and has brought together a mass of material hitherto little known or unavailable in English. The roots of what may be the major turning point in modern history are thus to be found in this book. \$10.00

THE MILITARY ART OF PEOPLE'S WAR

Selected Writings of
General Vo Nguyen Giap
edited by Russell Stetler

The epic story of how a peasant people fought to a standstill three of the most powerful armed forces of modern times, told by the military genius of Vietnam.
\$8.50; \$3.95 (paper)

VIETNAM: THE ENDLESS WAR

by Leo Huberman, Paul M. Sweezy and Harry Magdoff

A unique view of the United States in Vietnam, and its dogged policy of holding on in a war it has lost.
\$5.95; \$2.25 (paper)

At your bookstore or order directly from



Monthly Review Press
116 West 14th Street
New York, N.Y. 10011

Add sales tax where applicable and 20¢ for postage and handling.



ing to their earliest and strongest impression of it, the Vietnamese had transferred this image of childhood to the relationship between two different nations.

As further proof of her contention, FitzGerald cites Octave Mannoni's psychological study of French colonialism in Madagascar, *Prospero and Caliban*. Her justification for drawing this parallel is that "the Madagascans, like the Vietnamese, were ancestor worshippers." Even if one grants that Mannoni's study is valid for Madagascar in the first place, it seems that the connection between Madagascar and Vietnam as given by FitzGerald is extremely tenuous. It is just like saying that the United States and the Philip-

pinos are similar because both countries are Christian and both are former colonies. There is not so much as a peep of qualification on her likening of ancestor worship in Madagascar and in Vietnam. Neither is there a discussion of Vietnamese ancestor worship anywhere in her book (all Vietnamese are ancestor worshippers and that is quite enough for FitzGerald to go on.) She cites Mannoni as saying that when the French first arrived in Madagascar, "the natives received them not with hostility but with fear and then a kind of elation." She also says that they "concluded that the French had superhuman powers" and then "by analogy accorded the French a position similar to that of their ancestors." Then she

says that the "French conquest of Vietnam had certain startling similarities" because the "French troops met small resistance."

Now, one may ask, what are the "startling similarities" between the fact that "the French troops met small resistance" in Vietnam and the fact that they were received with "fear and then a kind of elation" or were regarded as "superhumans" in Madagascar? And which Vietnamese received the French with fear and elation, or considered them superhumans? The French were generally regarded as "barbarians" and they certainly met with strong and persistent armed resistance as well as other forms of struggle. As for armed resistance during the early years, it has been admirably treated in David Marr's *Vietnamese Anticolonialism 1885-1925*. (It is curious that, although Marr's study was available to Frances FitzGerald long before the publication of her own book, she never used it.) But armed struggle was hardly the only concern of the Vietnamese at that time. The French had arrived at a most critical juncture in Vietnamese history. There had been widespread hunger due to unusual natural disasters such as floods, droughts, and insects. The Vietnamese court had been weakened by rebellions and uprisings against the feudalistic Chinese institutions it had imposed on the Vietnamese. These problems were to worsen after the court surrendered to the French, against the will of the general population. If the military resistance against the French was not up to FitzGerald's expectations, it is because she does not measure it against this arduous background.

An objective look at Vietnam's history and literature would show that the Vietnamese have never been overly impressed by force or supernatural power. They valiantly and successfully stood up against the Chinese for hundreds of years. A grasshopper kicking against a chariot, the Chinese said. But the chariot was overturned. Given enough determination and some luck, "a toad could become the uncle of the king of heaven," the Vietnamese contend. As for supernatural power, the Vietnamese say that "it is only a lump of clay that makes a Buddha." (*De la hon dat cat*

nen ong but) In their ancestor worship, the Vietnamese do not consider their forefathers superhuman and thus worthy of fear. On the contrary, they felt that since their ancestors had been kind to them and provided for them, they should do the same for the departed ones. That was one way of leading a virtuous life and enhancing the lives of their posterity.

Having made her connection between Madagascar and Vietnam, Frances FitzGerald continues to cite Mannoni as saying that Caliban "hates his master not because Prospero dominates him but because he treats him so badly." Therefore, Caliban (along with the Vietnamese and the Madagascans) "looks forward not to independence, but to finding a new and better master." Then FitzGerald states that in the 1920's and 1930's in Vietnam, the "very foundations of the paternalistic colonial authority" were shaken by their own reforms.

[Reforms] indicated to the Vietnamese that the French were no longer sure of themselves. Because they were no longer sure of their right to power, the Vietnamese intelligentsia began to conclude that they had no right to rule.

Hence subversion and rebellion. Hence the success of the Viet Minh

because they managed to create a real alternative to French rule, a state with sufficient authority to mobilize the peasantry and direct their long-suppressed anger against the French to the achievement of national independence."

Thus does Frances FitzGerald dismiss in one sweep the long-standing tradition of struggle for independence among the Vietnamese. In the exercise of this tradition the Vietnamese have sacrificed almost everything to drive mighty foreign invaders from their country. "It is better to be the head of a chicken than the tail of an elephant," as they express it colloquially. (As the American elephant must have learned by now.) Worse yet, she totally disregards the tremendous effort made by the Vietnamese to overcome the social, economic, and political problems which hindered early successful military resistance. Due to the French policy of "impoverishing the population to rule them" through land expropriation and through increased taxa-



tion the Vietnamese population became so hungry that one would imagine they had precious little energy left for political questions:

All through the sixty years of French colonization our people have always been hungry. . . . So hungry that their bodies were scrawny and stunted; so hungry that no sooner had they finished with one meal than they started worrying about the next; and so hungry that the whole population had not one moment of free time to think of anything besides the problem of survival. (Thanh Nghi bi-weekly, May 5, 1945)

Yet so fundamental was their desire for freedom that the Vietnamese waged their revolution through the

long and tortuous years of education and political organization required for success. To claim as FitzGerald does that, because the French gave the impression of weakness, the Vietnamese then concluded the French had no right to rule, is grossly to downplay the tremendous effort by the Vietnamese against all odds toward winning independence. And in the process, FitzGerald ignores objective historical facts to score some dubious psychological debating points. The same frivolous explanations are then applied to the situation in the southern part of Vietnam after the coming of the Americans, because the south

merely passed into a new phase. . . . The peasants, even those who once

belonged to the Viet Minh, looked at the Americans much as they had looked at the French. Afraid of the Americans, afraid of their own anger, they tended to avoid the confrontation by blaming the sufferings caused by the American bombs and soldiers on Fate.

But, FitzGerald continues, the NLF made a major effort to convince the peasants that they had "a real and vulnerable enemy," so they got the support of the peasants! Whereas those "who lived under the aegis of the GVN" "assumed the Americans were endowed with an invincible power," so "they wanted the Americans to feed them and take responsibility for them." And the anti-American hunger strike in Hue is explained in the same context: "By refusing food the bonzes were in effect pleading for the Americans to feed them."

FitzGerald's stress on the authoritarian nature of Vietnamese society also leads her to rely on the most damaging misinformation without checking the authenticity of the sources. For example, she claims that the Viet Minh executed Nguyen Binh, the chief of the Viet Minh in the south, because he happened to make a few mistakes. But most French sources say that the French ambushed him on his way back to the north and killed him, not forgetting to cut off his forefingers to display as evidence.

Then, she repeats the old myth about a "bloodbath" in the DRV during the land reform: it was "an anarchic campaign of terror much like that waged by the Diem regime in 1955-58 in which, by conservative estimate, some fifty thousand people of all economic stations were killed and the lower ranks of the party badly damaged." By whose conservative estimate? FitzGerald does not tell us. One can only suspect that it comes from Bernard Fall, who is in fact the source of his own estimate. Or perhaps it is FitzGerald's own conservative estimate based on sources supported by U.S. intelligence agencies, such as the book by Hoang Van Chi. In any event, this myth has frequently been exploded by Vietnamese and Americans alike. For example, Colonel Nguyen Van Chau, who was director of the Central Psychological War Service of the South

Vietnamese Armed Forces from 1956 to 1962, declared in a recent interview that the alleged bloodbath in the north was "100 percent fabricated" by intelligence officials in the Saigon government and by their British and American colleagues (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Sept. 24, 1972). Gareth Porter of Cornell University has also published a detailed paper on the subject.

But *Fire in the Lake* thrives on its own misinformation as well as every conceivable cliché that has been uttered about Vietnam and the Vietnamese. For, in spite of the fact that



Frances FitzGerald ostentatiously denounces the "invincible ignorance" of American officials and reporters, the basic problem of her book is its almost total reliance on American sources—Sampson, Pike, Sacks, Shaplen, and the numberless "captured" documents and prisoner interrogations. The greater part of the remaining sources are those written by former French

and British colonialists. We can appreciate the fact that the author does not know any Vietnamese at all (she is fond of citing Vietnamese words but she misspells them about 90 percent of the time; she does not even know the meaning of *Viet*, for she says that it means "simply southern.") But she might at least have used the Vietnamese stories, poems, and novels that have been translated into French and English. Then, again, perhaps the author sees no need to know what the Vietnamese say about themselves, because, after all, her book is an analysis of the Vietnamese subconscious, and what Vietnamese have consciously said about themselves may be all wrong.

Fire in the Lake is reminiscent of the writings of former French colonialists who tried to explain away the French failure in Vietnam. It is also reminiscent of the psychological treatises by missionaries and sons of missionaries after the "loss of China." Now, after more than a decade of flexing its economic and military muscles in Vietnam, perhaps America is searching for the "root" cause of her failure. Again, it could be conveniently found in the oriental psyche. In spite of all the failure and the destruction, the "inscrutable East" is finally capsulated, its essence captured. Because it has tidbits of the exotic in it, *Fire in the Lake* might become as popular as the American dish of chop suey. For a "native," however, the concoction is not only quite mixed up and tasteless, but it will also give him heartburn. ○

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE



Please include a Ramparts address label whenever you write us about your subscription.

ATTACH
LABEL
HERE

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

- ☐ 1 Year (12 issues) \$ 9.50
☐ 2 Years (24 issues) \$16.00
☐ New Order ☐ Renewal
☐ Payment Enclosed
☐ Change My Address to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

All subscription correspondence should be sent to:
Ramparts, 2054 University Avenue, Berkeley, California 94704

Free! One recent issue of Environmental Quality

It could change your life. And help you change the whole world for the better. Because this is the magazine that does more than just talk about ecology. Every month, we tell you what to do to make things better.



Just to give you an idea of how we're different, here's a sampling of what a few recent issues have covered:

Terrors in Toyland. How safe is your child's toy? "The Ralph Nader of the toy industry," Edward Swartz spells out the perils. And lists 30 do's and don't's for intelligent buying.

Witness for the Living Sea. Jacques-Yves Cousteau outlines 4 points that could keep the sea — and mankind — alive.

Vanishing Point. A regular feature. So far, we've considered the alligator, coyote, tule elk, sea otter, dolphin, brown pelican, wild mustang.

The New Panama Canal. What will it do to the waters, the islands, the people? Whom should you write — and why?

Keep Out of the Reach of Children. Cereals are healthy for TV, no so healthy for kids. A hard look at American way of breakfast, with cost and nutrient analyses of 33 breakfast

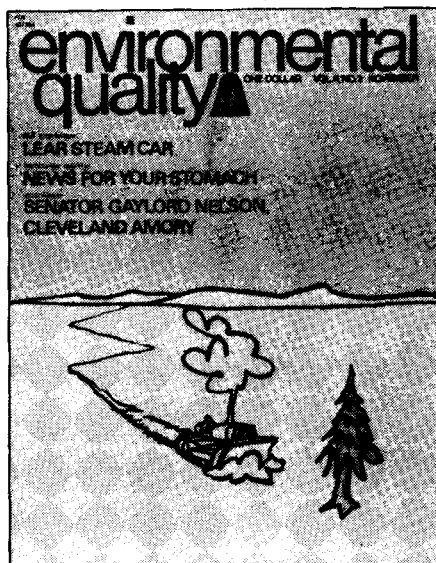
foods. Other articles have examined baby foods, hamburger, water fluoridation.

Strip Mining: The Prostitution of America. And the disgrace. Richard Cramer suggests other choices.

Obscenity and Ecology. Joseph Sorrentino wonders why cops and courts go after porno peddlers with such zeal, while letting polluters sock it to society with such impunity.

Engines and Alternatives. In separate articles, we've examined the Wankel rotary engine, the Lear steam machine, the bicycle and the turbine motorcycle.

Interviews. We've talked with Walter Hickel and Henry Gibson,



Senator Gaylord Nelson and Cleveland Amory. We've followed William Ruckelshaus through 2 days, and published Ralph Nader's views on 23 issues.

Futures. We'll tell you about health food restaurants in major cities. Charter flight inequities. No fault insurance. Consider socialized medicine. Prison reform. Day care child centers.

About that free offer. We'll send you absolutely free a recent issue to let you judge it for yourself. This is



not one of those phony offers where the "free" copy is actually the first issue in your subscription. It's really free.

We will enter your subscription for one year automatically. And we'll bill you for our special rate, \$6.00 for 12 issues. If you don't want them, write "No!" on the invoice, return it within 15 days, and we'll cancel. You will owe us nothing. And we won't pollute your mailbox.

environmental quality magazine 40 38

10658 Burbank Blvd.
North Hollywood, Calif. 91601

Send me my free issue, and enter my subscription for 1 year, \$6.00 for 12 issues. I can cancel by writing "No!" on the invoice within 15 days. I will owe you nothing and you will not pester me.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

CLASSIFIED

PERSONALS

Insurance offered altruistically. Auto, tenants and all other lines. G. D. "Jack" Martin, 415-632-2211, 6736 MacArthur Blvd., Oakland, Ca. 94605. California residents only.

SLEEP-LEARNING-HYPNOTISM! Books, tapes, equipment. Strange catalog free. Auto-suggestion, Box 24-RM, Olympia, Washington.

JAPANESE INTRODUCTIONS! Send \$1.00 for descriptions, photographs, brochure, questionnaire, guarantee! Inter-Pacific, Box 304-RT, Birmingham, Michigan 48012.

UNATTACHED? MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE. Computerized Matching, Only \$12. Free questionnaire, Team, 1270 Broadway, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10001.

BRENT CRUSH: Inform DJG recent letters received and delivered. Everyone at home okay and grateful. Would like to establish two-way communication.

LONELY? Club for positively All types! Names, addresses, descriptions \$1. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

Will Ted Vail please contact RAMPARTS as soon as possible?

WHAT'S YOUR GOAL IN LIFE? Considering the Catholic Priesthood? If so—I would like to hear from you. Write—Rev. J. Cavanaugh, 2249 Shore Road, Linwood, N.J. 08221.

BUMPER STRIPS, POSTERS BUTTONS & T-SHIRTS

ENJOY SMOKING? Use Mass Transit, Tax the Rich. Bumperstickers. \$1.00 ea. 3 for \$2.50. Dolff, 560 Riverside Dr., NYC, NY 10027.

BIG BROTHER BADGES. 1976+8 — Brother. Red, White & Blue 2 inch button proclaiming the reign of Big "B". \$1.00 each postpaid: B-B Co., P.O. Box 7371 Murray, Utah 84107.

HEALTH

PREGNANT WOMEN! Nutrition is the key to healthy pregnancy — **HEALTHY MOTHERS AND HEALTHY BABIES.** Doctors use drugs, starvation diets that harm your health. Write for FREE information to: Tom Brewer, M. D., Nutrition Action Group, Box 1364, Richmond, CA 94801.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING — Fasting. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Wholesome Meals. Peaceful surroundings. Exercise Classes. Pool boats, solariums. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-RM.

"NATURE'S MEDICINES" GINSENG — \$6.25. Fo-Ti-Tieng \$5.45. Gotu-Kola \$3.95. 50 capsules each. Ginseng Extract with root \$6.50. Ginseng Instant Tea \$5.45. Free Literature. The Health Merchant, 1069 Denwall Drive, Carson, Calif. 90746.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE WESTERN SOCIALIST. \$2.50 for 12-issue subscription, 295 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass. 02115. NO solution within framework of capitalism. World-wide socialism possible today.

BOOK OF PROSE. Young woman publishes first book of writings—"My Eyes Are Windows"—good reading. Send \$2.00 to: Dolores D. Kendall, 383 Waltham Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey 08840.

SERVICES

CAREER GUIDANCE. Analysis, resumes. Free Details, personal marketing aids. Consultant, 4172 R Emerald Lake Dr., Decatur, Ga. 30032.

BIOFEEDBACK

ALPHA-THETA BRAIN WAVE CONTROL. Learn to control your Alpha & Theta brain waves. Relax—Meditate—Create. Money-back guarantee. For free literature: Phenomenological Systems, Inc., Dept. R, 72 Otis St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

ALPHAPHONE™ headset — brainwave trainer. Free literature. Aquarius Electronics. Box 627-V, Mendocino, Calif. 95460.

MOVEMENT INFORMATION

JEWISH WALDEN TWO? Living symbiotically with Texas soil? Write Jubilee, Rt. 4, Box 128, Temple, Texas 76501.

PERSONAL / POLITICAL LIBERATION: Books, pamphlets, posters. Feminism, Alternate Culture, Third World, Gay Liberation, Men's Consciousness-raising, Youth Liberation, Prisons, Ecology. Free catalog: TIMES CHANGE PRESS, Penwell-S Washington, N.J. 07882.

1973 LIBERATION CALENDAR. Africa. Middle Cadres: Heart of the Revolution. Officially commended by MPLA, FRELIMO and PAIGC. Contains significant dates in the anti-imperialist struggle, drawings, photos. Proceeds go to Southern African Liberation Movements. \$3.00 (bulk rates). Liberation Support Movement, Box 338, Richmond, B.C., Canada.

PRISONERS' COMMUNICATION NETWORK: a group formed by ex-prisoners and concerned individuals urgently needs financial assistance to help provide men and women prisoners with: Legal assistance, bail funds, Visits, Commissary needs, Educational materials, and Clothing. Contributions and/or requests for information. PRISONERS' COMMUNICATION NETWORK, c/o Alfred J. Gary, 98 Third Ave., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10003.

MOTHERS: Children's non-sexist coloring book, \$1.25. Rainbow Institute, Box 13907 UCSB, Santa Barbara, California 93017.

EMPLOYMENT & BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHING POSITIONS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES. 1972-73 guide contains current information about private and governmental organizations seeking teachers. General and personal requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. More than 100 pages including a survey of foreign embassies. Over 20,000 copies in print. Guaranteed satisfaction. \$2.00. Foreign Countries, Box 514-R3, Ames, Iowa 50010.

EUROPEAN - FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES — Detailed report, currently available jobs — Europe, Africa, Australia. \$3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-M, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

"HOW TO GET A JOB OVERSEAS"—Free information: IBA, Box 5528-RT, San Mateo, California 94402.

YOUR RESUME—Write it yourself! Instructions, samples, forms: \$2. Resume Company, Dept. 0, 359 Jersey Avenue, Fairview, New Jersey 07022.

STUFF ENVELOPES, \$25 hundred. Immediate earnings. Beginner's Kit, \$1 (refundable). Lewcard, R392A, Brea, Ca 92621.

MAIL ORDER PRODUCTS

ROACH CLIP beaded EARRINGS, pierced or regular, \$1.00 pair. Two foot tall plastic marijuana plant, \$2.25. From: S-T Mail Order, Box 1885 Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

Hand-carved **BLOCK - MEERSCHAUM PIPES** at 50% SAVINGS. Satisfaction GUARANTEED. Free Catalog: S.I.R., Dept. "R" P.O. Box 629, Levittown, Pa. 19058.

ESKIMO FUR DOLLS. \$5 each. Also fur-owls. \$10 each. Various furs. 25% less by dozen. Pay to: Minnie Sophie Allen, P.O. Box 1147, Inuvik X06-OTO, N.W.T., Canada.

MEN'S CONTRACEPTIVES.. BY MAIL!

Your choice of the best men's contraceptives — the reliable Trojan, exciting new JADE and many others. Plain, attractive package assures privacy. Service is fast and guaranteed. Sample pack of 12 assorted condoms: \$3. Catalogue alone: 25c. Over 40,000 satisfied customers. Write today: Adam & Eve, Dept. RA-2 105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Sample Pack, Only \$3.

TAPES, CASSETTES, RECORDS, MUSIC

SPERRAKE HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Excellent, dependable, beautiful. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield St., Bethesda, Md. 20034.

OBSCURER BLUES, Underground Albums. Send for catalogue. Rasputin Records, 2521 Durant St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE quality instruments and kits: Dulcimers (\$20 up), Psalteries, Banjos, Thumb Pianos; books, records. HERE, Inc., #R, 410 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55404.

LAND

IDEAL 5-ACRE RANCH, Lake Conchas, New Mexico. \$2,975. No down, no interest, \$25 monthly. Vacation paradise. Money maker. Free brochure. Ranchos, Box 2003RA, Alameda, Calif. 94501.

HAMMOCKS

HAMMOCKS — World's most luxurious hammocks. Hand-made in Yucatan, Mexico. Suspend yourself in relaxation. Discover age-old pleasure, floating on the original couch. **COLORFUL, WASHABLE, and STRONG** (holds one ton). Specially priced by importer. Large: 11' L x 12' W (holds two) \$24.50. Jumbo: 12½' L x 18' W \$64.00. Prompt delivery. Send check or money order to: COZUMEL ENTERPRISES, 54 E. Third St., N.Y. 10003. Wholesale inquiries invited.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per Word (Single Insertion)	
15-word Minimum	55c
Per Word 3 Consecutive Times in	
One Contract Year	50c
Per Word 6 Consecutive Times in	
One Contract Year	45c
Per Word 12 Consecutive Times in	
One Contract Year	40c

Payment in Advance

Classified Ads

RAMPARTS

2054 University Ave.

Berkeley, Calif. 94704

The Four More Years Survival Kit

Do you realize that Nixon can't run again? All we have to do is hang in there until 1976. The Four More Years Survival Kit is for anyone who wants to hang in. You, we hope. Here's what's in it:

A roadmap. A floodlight. A Who's Who. A skeleton key. A magnifying glass. A crystal ball. An early-warning system. A scorecard.

The roadmap will show you how to get around in Washington, state capitals, and city halls all over America.

The floodlight will illuminate those traditionally shadowy seats of government.

The Who's Who will tell you about the important unknowns.

The skeleton key will tell you how to open the right doors.

The magnifying glass will give you a close look at how things—good and bad—get done, how the machinery works.

The crystal ball will give you an idea of what's possible.

The early-warning system will keep you from being surprised—and unprepared.

The scorecard will tell you where you stand.

Where are all these tools and how do you get them? They're in **The Washington Monthly**, a magazine The New York Times calls "an indispensable ombudsman." I. F. Stone says it is "outstanding" and "doesn't go in for half-assed hysterics." John Chancellor says that the people he knows "spend a little more time than usual with this one."

Use the coupon below to receive, with no cost or obligation, your complimentary copy of **The Washington Monthly**. If you like it we will enter your name for a six-month subscription—making seven copies in all for only \$5. If you don't find it of value, simply write "cancel" across the bill, return it within one month and that's that. In either case the complimentary copy is yours to keep. (If you send your money now we'll add an extra month to your subscription for saving us bookkeeping costs.)

Send this Coupon for Free Copy.

The Washington Monthly

1150 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Send my complimentary copy and enter my name for a 6-month subscription for only \$5. (Enclose payment and get an extra month.)

Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

R-12

**Robert
Redford**
as **"Jeremiah
Johnson"**

some say he's dead... some say he never will be.



ROBERT REDFORD in A Sydney Pollack Film "JEREMIAH JOHNSON" A Joe Wizan-Sanford Production Co-Starring WILL GEER · ALLYN ANN McLERIE · STEFAN GIERASCH
CHARLES TYNER · And Introducing DELLE BOLTON · Music by John Rubinstein and Tim McIntire · Screenplay by John Milius and Edward Anhalt · Produced by Joe Wizan
Directed by Sydney Pollack · Panavision® · Technicolor® · From Warner Bros., A Warner Communications Company

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED -
Some material may be inappropriate for children under 10