

THREE YEAR LAW SCHOOL REQU. MAY BE REDUCED

San Francisco, California (CPS)--The law school education requirement in the U.S. may soon be reduced from three to two years.

Remarking that the time for change in legal education is overdue, Clark Kerr, Chairman for the Carnegie Commission, said at a San Francisco news conference, "The chances are good that the American Bar Association will accept the recommendation that the minimum requirement for law school education in this country be reduced from three years to two years."

Kerr praised a newly published study of American legal education, written by Professors Herbert L. Packe and Dean Thomas Ehrlich of the Stanford Law School and sponsored by the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education.

New Directions in Legal Education, to be published by McGraw-Hill, was commissioned in response to both increasing student interest in law and the increasing importance of the legal profession in this country.

YEARBOOK STIRS CONTROVERSY OVER ITS THEME

(CPS/LNS)--A new direction is thematic material for college yearbooks has emerged at the State University of New York at Albany.

Torch '72, the yearbook at SUNYA, is not just aimed at its college audience, but says something for those who have never even set foot on campus.

The Torch editorial staff has dedicated the book to "anyone and everyone, who have been used, or manipulated, by the 'power elite' to maintain their power and wealth. In other words, this book is dedicated to poor Whites, Indians, Mexicans, Blacks, Puerto Ricans, women, homosexuals, political prisoners...and the 'silent majority.'"



"Wonderful"

ROTC ENROLLMENT LOWEST IN 25 YEARS

(CPS)-- Enrollment in Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC) programs in U.S. colleges and universities is the lowest in 25 years.

Figures released by the Pentagon in late December indicate that college ROTC rolls are down for the sixth straight year.

The figures show that 72,459 students were signed up at the beginning of the school term--a decline of 10,574 from last year and 191,749 below 1966 when the decline began.

Pentagon officials say, however, that the ROTC is producing its share of officers to meet the needs of their shrinking regular armed forces. Other officers come from Officer Candidate schools and the service academies.

They said the drop on ROTC enrollment is due to lower draft calls and a decline in the number of schools requiring all physically fit male students to take at least two years of ROTC training.

Pentagon officials indicated a possible upward trend in the future. The 1972 enrollment was 13.7 percent, while the decline registered for 1970 was 28.8.

Officials said that there were ROTC units on 392 campuses in 1972, an increase of 18 from 1971.

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The Captain's Log

Christopher Newport College of William & Mary



editorial

I had intended to write a rather hot and heavy editorial calling for the abolishment of the SGA on this campus. However, after talking with several members of the SGA recently I've decided to hold off on that particular piece for at least two months to see whether or not things change around here.

Somebody out there please correct me if I'm way off base but I've always thought that a Student Government would be similiar to other governments in that it would concern itself with the problems of the governed and, in simple terms, try to take care of these problems. Webster's defines government as "the organization or agency through which a political unit (in this case the student body) exercises authority". So far our SGA has been nothing but an entertainment agency. It's merely a social organization. Let me make a suggestion that the SGA use some of its money (which they always seem to have plenty of) to conduct some sort of survey of students needs and desires. Who the hell needs to have someone go out and buy their beer for them!

Matt Stowell

DEATH OF PTV

NEWS ANALYSIS BY TOM BROM/AFS

(AFS)-- The American press has so many attacks on free speech and information to report these days that the less dramatic but thorough demise of public television seems relatively unexciting. The transformation of NET to the Nixon Network, however, has been as sure and devious as any of the current grand jury indictments against reporters. The difference with PTV is that while the battles continue, the war has certainly been lost.

PTV was never a truly competing voice with commercial television, even in the "golden age" of the mid-1960's, drawing only a miniscule audience to cultural and current events programming. But the shows were independent, creative, and, on occasion, exceptionally good. The documentaries of NET Journal and NET Festival by Jack Willis and others were a joy to behold, competing favorably with the best of the BBC teams.

Certainly, the destruction and demoralization since then hasn't been all

Nixon's doing. The Public Broadcasting Act of 1967 was Lyndon Johnson's baby, complete with a Corporation Board of political appointees and local station funding through the office of Health, Education and Welfare. Nixon merely had to dry up the money, replace the 15 board members with his own political allies, and establish an Office of Telecommunications Policy to make sure everything was Perfectly Clear.

In this case, everything is. The 226 non-commercial TV stations currently have to survive on \$45 million a year, allocated after the Presidential veto of a two-year \$155 million budget.

John Macy, president of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting since its beginning, was replaced in November by Henry W. Loomis. Macy was no flaming liberal, having previously served in the War Department, Atomic Energy Commission, and Department of the Army. Mr. Loomis, however, is not only devoted to Nixon but was a deputy director of the USIA, our international propaganda network.

The CPB now perfectly reflects the policies sent from the White House via Clay Whitehead's Office of Telecommunications Policy. For the past year, the OTP has "jawboned" local station managers and PTV bureaucrats with the Nixon doctrine on public television. The litany includes "bedrock localism" in program origination, little or no networking, satisfaction with tiny audiences, an avoidance of controversy and public affairs programming in general, emphasis on "culture" and "education", and of course, a marked reversal of the "Eastern liberal bias" of everyone involved. That message is repeated by both Loomis at CPB and Nixon's Federal Communications Commission chief, Dean Burch.

However jaded and resigned the PTV bureaucrats have become, few were prepared for Henry Loomis's first official act. Totally ignoring the Public Broadcasting Service, the networking and programming arm of PTV, Loomis wired 142 local stations to offer as much as 21 hours of NASA moon shot coverage in December. The package, budgeted at \$500,000, would include a special group of scientists and science reporters gathered by NASA to "emphasize the scientific aspects of the mission." Finally, NASA offered to contribute all pool and feed costs for networking the 3-day broadcasts. Variety's Bill Greeley commented, "The anti-journalistic aspects of this NASA boondoggle run so deep, they're a chore to list."

The proposal drew an immediate angry response from the slighted bureaucrats at PBS, who blinked to discover that programming as well as financing had suddenly become part of the White House domain. Loomis and NASA withdrew the offer with some embarrassment, leaving the CPB and PBS directors to work out position papers on who should have control over programming.

The answer to that hasn't taken long to arrive. Under pressure from the Administration, the CPB announced that most of the PTV public affairs programs will be axed from the schedule. Among them are "Bill Moyers' Journal," "Washington Week in Review," Sandoz Vanocur wherever he might appear, and William F. Buckley's "Firing Line"--pulled for a little political balance. What remain are a lot of BBC cultural imports, and "Sesame Street."

John Macy was the last CPB official to fight the open politicization of public television, and now only a few pockets of resistance remain at the local level in New York, Boston, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

At present, there is no political base for countering the Nixon Network in Washington. "Retrenchment" is the word of the season. The fact that the Nielson ratings report PTV audiences are often too small to measure seems little consolation. For the next four years, the password is "Read a book."

The Captain's Log is published every two weeks. All contributions from students and faculty are welcome. Deadlines for the rest of the year are: Jan. 31, Feb. 14, Feb. 28, Mar. 14, Mar. 28, Apr. 11, Apr. 25. Contributions or letters to the editor can be left in either the Dean of Students office or our office in G-203.

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cowboy bob's column

Upon this, the beginning of a new semester at CNC, I would like to make a few casual observations.

Overall, the first semester of the current school year was satisfactory. This is not to say that it was overly exciting or tremendously impressive, because it was not. Nothing really bad happened. Nobody caused an upheaval within the student body. No raids were staged on campus. In short, things were pretty peaceful. The major problem was that nothing really good, exciting, or intellectually stimulating occurred either. There were a few scattered exceptions, of course. The debate between the Philosophy and Psychology departments was rather good and, I might add, well attended. The plays presented by the CNC Players were well done, although the selection of them left something to be desired. But overall, the most exciting "happenings" over the entire semester were the "beer blasts" sponsored by the SGA among other groups.

I personally attended a couple of these so-called dances and found them very interesting, to say the least. For the first one or two hours there seemed to be a contest going on to see who could drink himself (or herself) under the table in the shortest amount of time. Then, while everybody was still feeling good, things were relatively bearable. Students were dancing and mingling and having a good time. However, shortly following this brief respite, the fireworks started. Within a few short minutes, the entire gym and the adjacent hallway began to smell like stale beer and wine. What went on after this I really don't know for it was at this time at both dances that I chose to make my exit.

Before I ramble on too much further,

however, I would like to say that I don't think that these dances were total failures or that they are completely useless, but that they appeal only to certain types of personalities. Mine, unfortunately, does not happen to coincide with the idea of a good time being to get drunk and make an ass out of myself.

To change the subject a bit, I would like to comment on current registration procedures in effect. The idea of pre-registering and then paying tuition as the only necessary steps in re-registering is good. However, there have been scattered incidents where, due probably to the large volume of students registering, students' forms have been misplaced or they have had the wrong form sent through the computer. I can't speak for all of these cases, but the particular one with which I am familiar resulted in the student being closed out of classes for which he previously thought he was registered. As a small consolation, his name was placed on a writing list for these classes. In this particular case, the fault was somewhere in the registration process and not with the student. Therefore, it is my opinion that the student should not have to suffer for someone else's mistake and should be placed in the classes on his original schedule.

Last semester, President Windsor expressed to me his interest in holding an open meeting with the student body some time during the spring semester. I feel that such a meeting would be beneficial to the students in that it would clear up many misunderstandings and misconceptions. Details as to the time and place will be made public as soon as they are decided upon.



EATS

Getting tired of those MacDougals' ground horse-hoof burgers, Pal? A little weary of Arbos' completely synthetic R. Beef Sandwich on a toasted air bun? Whatsamatter Bunky, had one too many of those ever-shrinking BiggyBoys from Shoopys with the fabulous camelsnot dressing ("Our very own"). Has all this slop got you down, Honey? Are ya in a fix when your baby says "where ya wanna eat, Trix? (oh that's bad) Well, cheer up Sweets. Kick off them shoes and shuffle your feet. And the next time you don't know where to go to fill that ole hole, just remember this - Two pairs sheer garden hose-\$1.99 a yard.

Now you may ask, "What is that supposed to mean?" Nothing, really, but I couldn't figure out how to get the name of Vancostas Restaurant on Kecoughtan Road in the SouthHampton Shopping Center in there and have it make sense. Like I just did.

Anyway, the interesting thing about Vancostas Restaurant is that it is run by two brothers and one of them, Van, used to be on the faculty here at Christopher Newport as a language instructor. "Thought I'd give my brain a little rest," he says. Well, Van acts as a sort of overseer of the place making himself available out front for conversation with the customers while Costas is in the kitchen cookin up some of the best food to be found on the Peninsula. The friendly atmosphere can add to the enjoyment of a full course Italian dinner as well as a simple meal of pizza (A+) and beer. I've been there four times in the last couple of months and so far I've had absolutely no complaints. The service is smooth, the prices are extremely fair, and like I said the food is exceptional. I suggest you give it a try.

Matt Stowell

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The Underground University in Thieu's prisons

JOHN G. CHAMPLIN

(Editor's Note: John Champlin first went to Vietnam in 1968 as a U.S. Air Force Medical Officer. In 1970, he returned to Vietnam as a doctor with Civilian Children's Medical Relief International. In that capacity he traveled throughout South Vietnam for almost two years. He is fluent in Vietnamese.)

(L.A. FreePress-UPS)

SAIGON (PNS/LNS) - Tran Van Minh was eating dinner at home when he was arrested by helmeted Saigon police. Ngo Van Anh was snatched off the street in broad daylight and hurried away in a military van to an unknown destination.

Like hundreds of other arrests which take place regularly throughout South Vietnam, no reason was given. They simply disappeared from sight, leaving a bewildered family, friends, and fellow workers.

When a person is arrested by the Thieu regime he or she enters a new world almost devoid of communications with the outside. Each becomes just another one of the thousands who are shunted from prison to prison, torture chamber to torture chamber in an underground railway of detention.

For Americans, whose attention has been riveted on the fate of American prisoners and missing-in-action, the functioning of South Vietnam's prison system comes as a shock. But it has been an integral part of the lives of the Vietnamese for many years. As one young poet, imprisoned both by Diem and Thieu regimes, told me: "The entertainment has become slightly more sophisticated over the years, but no less painful."

In the South today, there are estimated to be more jails than schools, churches and pagodas combined. And even the most conservative observers put the number of political prisoners well over 100,000.

Many Vietnamese refer to the largest of these prisons as "Ho Chi Minh Universities," and to the whole prison complex as their "education system." The route through this system has long been a guarded secret of the Thieu regime, however, through numerous interviews with ex-prisoners, prison guards, and other knowledgeable Vietnamese, it has been possible to reconstruct it.

In the Saigon area, most political suspects are first taken to a local police station and then to the General Directorate of National Police on Vo Tanh Street, where they are usually kept for a three month period of "interrogation." According to Nguyen Tu Do, 34, who has gone

the route himself, "If suitable information isn't immediately forthcoming, the detainee (yet to be tried or even formally charged) is offered a choice between an "airplane ride" or a "boatride." In an airplane ride the prisoner is hung upside down from a ceiling hook and batted back and forth between two hard-punching policemen. On a boatride, soapy contaminated water is poured into his mouth and nose simultaneously. The complete list of tortures is too long to include here.

When not being questioned, the prisoners are often kept in a sitting position on the floor with their legs in irons, their hands tied, and a bar wired between their teeth to prevent them from committing suicide by biting off their tongues. Salt and rice is the standard diet.

Throughout this trying period, ex-prisoners state, the only relief comes from anti-war and anti-government songs, stories, and jokes which they can hear in their isolation cells. When an inmate is forced to crawl back to his or her cell after a grilling session, the low murmur of song arising from other cells is a significant psychological boost.

The transfer to a permanent prison can be a harrowing experience. Sometimes bags are tied over the prisoners' heads and their hands are trussed behind their backs. If during the trip to their new jail, some should get sick, they run the risk of choking on their own vomit.

"Real organization," says Nguyen Hoc Binh, 17, "began only after we were transferred to the permanent prisons-- Chi Hoa, Thu Duc, Tan Hiep, the infamous Con Son "Devil's Island" prison, the huge Phu Quoc POW island, or any of the dozens of smaller camps.

Each of these prisons now contains a potential force of such size and political conviction that the Thieu government would never dare to release them all at one time. "I've seen completely apolitical young men pick their pain-wracked bodies off the floor and swear that they will join the 'other side' when they get out," says Nguyen Long, an elderly and respected Saigon lawyer.

On arrival at the Chi Hoa Prison on Le Van Duyet Street in Saigon, the prisoners are divided into two main groups: those who agree to obey all prison rules, and those who do not. The three regulations that most find objectionable are the orders to shout, "Down with Ho Chi Minh," to salute the na-

tional flag of the Thieu government (or the "flag of corruption" as some prisoners call it), and to salute the same guards who beat and insult them.

Most resisters are confined to separate cell blocks where they immediately fit into a schedule established by the inmates who preceded them. In the early morning, all 80 to 90 prisoners in each cell arrange themselves into two exercise groups--one for the aged and lame, and one for the others.

Later, classes begin. The variety of those arrested by Thieu's police ensures a good education. Monday morning, for instance, might find a medical class taught by a prisoner knowledgeable in that field (usually a doctor or a medical student). On Tuesday, a peasant or a fisherman teaches agronomy or piscatology. Wednesday a professor, or perhaps a self-taught poet, deals with Vietnamese literature. Science, history and geography come on the following days. On Saturday mornings time is devoted to a formal discussion of politics and current events.

Language is taken up in the afternoons--usually French, Chinese or English, as well as elementary reading, writing and mathematics for those who never had an opportunity to go to school.

Americans play an essential role in South Vietnam's prisons. They often act as the good guy in prison interrogations, offering prisoners a cigarette and the alternative of "talk to us or we will send you back to your own police." Some of the actual torture, as in the case of Huynh Tan Mam, an imprisoned Vietnamese medical student and former head of the Saigon Student Union, has taken place in the US/RVN (Republic of Vietnam) Combined Special Intelligence Office in Saigon.

Through the Agency for International Development and the Department of Defense, the United States finances almost the entire prison system. Americans build the prisons, provide equipment for the police, supply actual U.S. prison advisors, and give special training to prison staffs. Over \$600,000 has been budgeted by the U.S. in 1972 alone for the police/prison system of South Vietnam.



FILM

AFS

The Discreet Charm Of The Bourgeoisie

reviewed by pam + michael rosenthal

This is probably the most elegant, sumptuously entertaining, and uproariously funny shaggy-dog story you are likely to encounter. It also seems to be a profound comment on power, fear, and the bourgeois mind—but contrived with all the delicacy and slyness that one likes to associate with age, wisdom, experience. For Luis Bunuel is 72 years old, and this may be his best film. It is also his first great popular success, and except for the first-run prices involved, an altogether happy event.

The bourgeoisie in question include the ambassador of Miranda, a mythical corrupt Latin American republic; two wealthy businessmen, their well-dressed, well-coiffed wives; and a younger sister. The six form a tight social circle, dining together, the women meeting for cozy afternoon teas, the men for big-time cocaine deals, the ambassador and one of the wives for a civilized extra-marital affair.

We first encounter the ambassador, one couple and the younger sister en route to a dinner party at the other couple's home. But there has been a misunderstanding; the host is away on business and the hostess insists that the dinner was planned for the following evening. No matter—brilliant smiles all around—and the five friends are off to a nearby inn, where, however, dinner plans are again subverted. It seems that the

Sipress



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SIPRESS 9

innkeeper has died that afternoon, and lies unappetizingly in the next room, surrounded by wailing staff and family, and awaiting a tardy undertaker.

And so it continues. Our six bourgeois are attacked by terrorists, and by their own sexual desires; they endure police arrests, military maneuvers, bad dreams, and shortages of tea and coffee. For the simple-minded punchline of this shaggy-dog story is that they never get to eat. Yet they meet all interruptions and inconveniences with the same marvelously bland, bright smiles, beautiful manners, in short with all the discreet charm that keeps the social machine in repair, in a world that constantly threatens to go out of control.

Of course, things can go out of control in any number of ways, and the bourgeoisie, balanced neatly atop an unsteady social pyramid, are plagued by a wide range of imminent disaster—from mixed-up dinner plans to murder by revolutionary terrorists. The fear of being exposed, unmasked, unpowered, embarrassed, is ever present, and our group deploy all their formidable politesse to keep things in good taste—and to save their skins. In fact, the two sorts of imminent danger are not so different, at least in the minds of our group. For the world of the bourgeoisie is ever on the alert against the faux pas. Murder and revolution are just not done, any more than forgetting an appointment or serving rubbery chicken. It is a dream-like world of formal gesture and constant danger, and death, insult and bad manners become outrageously, hilariously interchangeable.

Dreams are an essential element of the precarious social mixture, for dreams are where we stash all the gnawing, sinking terrors that accompany the smooth functioning of social life. Several dreams are interwoven into the film, some explicitly announced as entertainments, like the recitation by a dewy-eyed young soldier, to which the assemblage listens as though it were a harpsichord recital. Some dreams are not announced, though, but seem to

grow directly out of the fabric of social life. Soon after the young soldier's dream, our group is seated at a formal dinner party, in a room hung with red velvet curtains. The curtains suddenly part and the bourgeoisie discover themselves on stage, confronting a jeering, booing, audience, while a prompter frantically tries to feed them their lines. They run offstage, in terror and mortification, and one of them, mercifully, awakens from this nightmare.

Yet, as absurd and surreal as this episode has been, we are as surprised as the dreamer to find it was only a dream—for the ambiance is identical to that of the dinner parties that have preceded it. Again, embarrassment is the imminent danger, and keeping it at bay is what the bourgeoisie use their discreet charm for. In the dream sequences, the ill-mannered world takes over, as people in precarious positions of power must ever fear and dream that it will do.

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CUSTOM WORK



Charles Auringer

I'M YOUR CAPTAIN

GREG SHAW

(AFS)--Captain Beefheart has always had the problem of being inaccessible to the great mass of record buyers, because of his, shall we say, somewhat advanced ideas. As his childhood friend Frank Zappa said, "No commercial potential." Ironically, Zappa himself has enjoyed a great deal of success, due mainly to self-made claims about the advanced nature of his music. Of the two, there's little doubt that Captain Beefheart will emerge, despite his taciturn dignity, [!!] as the more revolutionary. Although perhaps not in his lifetime.

Critical acclaim has never been lacking, but it's nice to sell a few records too. Apparently Beefheart and his new producer Ted Templeman have reached the same conclusion, because his latest album, Clear Spot (Reprise 2115) comes across as a strong bid for commercial success.

Not entirely vanished, but certainly relegated to a supporting role, are the weirdo rhythms and avant-garde jazz interludes of Beefheart's last few albums. He's not back singin' the blues like on those early A&M singles exactly, but he is operating at pretty nearly the level of his first album, which with its hummable

melodies and fairly standard rock & roll instrumentation is still, I believe, his biggest seller to date.

The songs are actual "songs," with verses and choruses and their meanings are not hard to figure out. "My Head Is My Only House Unless It Rains" sounds as conventional as something by Lou Rawls. "Crazy Little Thing" simply raves about some wild female of Beefheart's acquaintances. "Long Necked Bottles" is a fairly straight blues in the John Lee Hooker mold, while "Too Much Time" sounds like an Otis Redding album track on Stax Records.

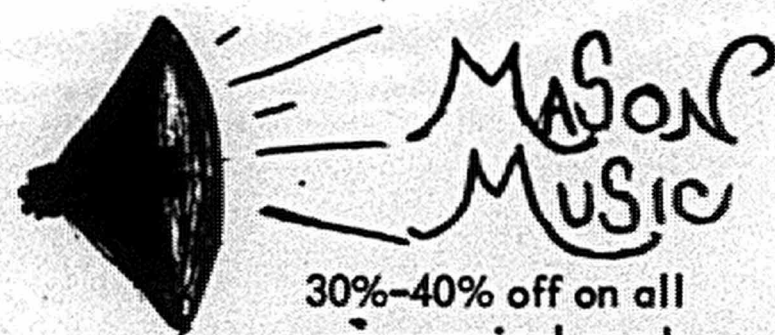
Listening to this album makes me wonder where Beefheart would be today if he had decided to play it straight, kept singing blues as he was at the start, and allowed himself to develop in that direction. He could've been a brilliant songster but he's already much more. Yet Beefheart is one of music's true geniuses; his vision and imagination span whole categories of music; his songs are as much jazz as rock, and not so much of either as they are pure Beefheart.

Even on this album if you get into the most ordinary-seeming songs, you find

little word tricks, an inspired poetry of lyric every bit up to his previous standard. And there are a couple of songs that stray into the weird atonal Beefheart universe of yore. "Big Eyed Beans From Venus"--the album's longest track--ventures somewhat cautiously into the bizarre but manages to stake out quite a bit of odd territory in its 4:23. "Golden Birdies" is a fascinating narrative, recited over discordant and intermittent guitar jumbles.

So there's plenty here for the hardened Beefheart fan, as well as for those who prefer to be led through more familiar land on the way to Beefheart's world. I doubt if he'll stay on this track for long, but he'll likely pick up a lot of new followers while he does.

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Slaughterhouse-Five Universal

Slaughterhouse-Five is the name of a meatcutting house turned concentration camp in Dresden, Germany. Dresden was the city that was fire-bombed by the United States towards the end of WWII, the city contained not one military target, only some of the most beautiful art objects of the Germanic People. The city was virtually destroyed. Kurt Vonnegut Jr. was one of the prisoners in Slaughterhouse-Five when it was bombed. He wrote the book on which this movie is based as a protest of wars in general, and of the United States' methods of waging war in specific. It is a powerful book, and Director George Hill and producer Paul Monash have done an excellent job in bringing it to the screen.

Slaughterhouse-Five is the story of Billy Pilgrim, a man who has become unstuck in time, constantly shifting from one moment in his life to another, to another. All this shifting around is a little hard to follow in the book, and

it is even harder to follow in the movie, but that's the way Vonnegut meant it to be; and Screenwriter Stephen Geller has wisely left the many shifting stories in Vonnegut's order. It is not an easy story to follow, but is worth the time it takes to put things in their correct perspective.

Visually the movie is striking. There are no tacky camera tricks, but the cinematography is excellent. The editing is above fault. This is a movie that one must see to really understand, no short review could possibly convey its impact.

Music is supplied by Glenn Gould, who plays Bach's piano concertos with a style that may not be orthodox, but that does produce an interesting change from the usual movie sound tracks. Bach's universality is a charming counter-point to the movie's story. It seems almost to have been written for the movie (a view that Vonnegut and his fans would no doubt agree with, and even believe).

Billy Pilgrim is played by Michael Sacks. He does an amazing job of playing the many facets of the character. One minute he's nineteen year old Pilgrim as a soldier, and the next he's fifty year old Pilgrim as an Avitar. In one

scene he's the lover of a beautiful young actress, and next he's the husband of a fat little rich girl. If all this sounds confusing, it's because it is.

This is the story of man's existence, told in an amusing way. It is a philosophy of life, a religion. One can easily see why it won the 1972 Cannes Film Festival Jury Prize. This is a movie that has a message, and one that tells that message in a spell-binding way.

We suggest that one reads the book before seeing the movie, and that one sees the movie by all means. This is not just another "in" movie; to the sensitive this can be an experience that will effect one's way of viewing life.

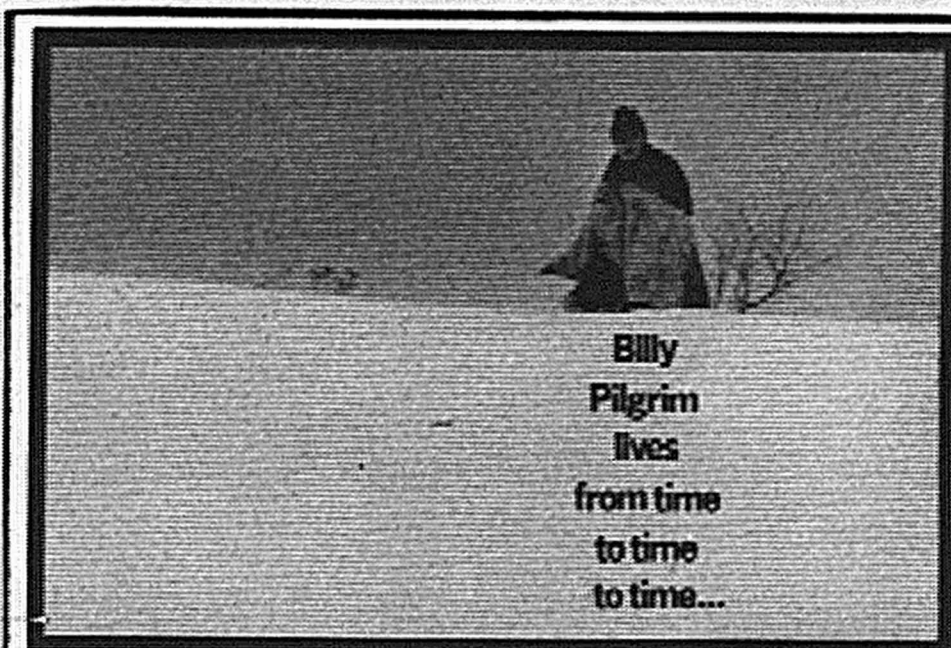


"Third Eye" Special Minute Review!!

Neil Young's "Harvest" album, his best to date, several numbers from other albums, but in all a fine effort.

"Four-way Street" C S N&Y's live recording, for the true fan only. Harmony poor, some numbers just plain bad. Young best on record.

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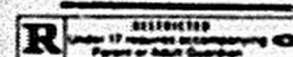


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THE COUNSELING CENTER

Susan Ramsey

The CNC Counseling Center has been in existence since the school was founded in 1960. President James Windsor began the counseling service as an outgrowth of his longtime interest in the problems of students. The Center is currently operated by three very competent and experienced people, Mr. Glen Vought, Acting Director, Dr. Ruth Mulliken, clinical psychologist and teacher, and CNC newcomer Mrs. Ellen Levy, a psychologist and teacher. They are aided in their jobs by Mrs. Judy Bryant, secretary and general "keeper of records."

The Counseling Center is capable of helping students with a variety of academic and personal problems. The Center employs the help of older students to aid freshman and unclassified students at the college. Mr. Vought stresses that the Center is not in operation to give "advice" to the student. He says that the counselor's role is to assist the student in sorting out his own concerns. The counselors try to help increase the students strong points, and provide accurate information to dispell uninformed judgments and to help students formulate a rational approach to their problems. If the need for vocational aptitude or interest testing arises, the center can administer these tests.

The primary goal of counseling is to enable the student to better cope with his problems. The importance of personal growth enters the picture here. The Center tries to abet the student's personal growth where and how he wants, to become more responsible and assured. If the student has difficulty with his interpersonal rela-

tionships, the Center can help him in this area. Mr. Vought realizes that at times a student can become bogged down with homework, job, outside activities, personal relationships, and his interests may be so divided that he may not be able to handle them without temporary support and review of problems.

The Center offers therapeutic assistance for many mental health problems. It works with personality problems and behavior difficulties. Short term counseling groups are offered to help the student better understand himself and his relationships with others. Mrs. Levy has recently begun a Personal Growth Group for students seeking some insight into themselves, and their relationships with others. Counselors hope to be able to offer other group experiences to meet the needs of various students in the future.

Dr. Mulliken is generally interested in three major groups: psychology majors, working with community to find jobs for psychology majors, and in individual therapy. She speaks to community groups to promote CNC and to inform them about the school. She works with supportive therapy or students referred to her by private psychiatrists. She has dealt with emergencies or crisis around the school, including potential suicides and deep depression.

Many students are not aware that the counseling center is a multi-service center, offering help in almost any area the student may need assistance. The Counseling Center is three people working together to form a unit offering diverse services to all CNC students.



BAD NEWS!

(CPS)--A recent "Business Week" special report has predicted that there will be a serious oversupply of college graduates in the U.S. in the 1970s. Rather than being temporary, the problem seems to be long-range and will require a readjustment in the educational thinking of the whole country.

While the unemployment rate for the total work force in the U.S. is 5.6 percent, the rate among recent college graduates is almost 8 percent. Many college graduates are working jobs that don't reflect their ability, creativity or B.A. or M.A. degrees. However, the statistics show that a degree is still somewhat worthwhile. The jobless rate among non-educated young people is 15 percent.

The teaching field is one of the most oversupplied. Teaching jobs expanded by 53 percent in the 1960s, but there will be virtually no expansion in the 1970s. Since cities are having increasingly more trouble keeping their schools going, the only demand for teachers may be as replacements for teachers who retire or die. There could be nearly two million extra teachers by 1980, including everyone from kindergarten teachers to college professors.

A federal task force on higher education estimates that by 1977 every recognized profession will have an oversupply of new graduates. To some extent, the problem will correct itself. Colleges will be forced to cut back programs for budgetary, if not job market, reasons. Expansion programs for physical facilities are being cut back all over the nation.

The decline in college enrollment has eased the pressure in some fields. The oversupply of engineers has particularly been well publicized, and engineering enrollment dropped 17 percent last year.

The "Business Week" article predicts massive job retraining for college graduates whose fields are oversupplied and more people turning to technical careers instead of college.

