

Washington, D.C.

RAPE! *Understanding and Preventing It at George Washington University*

By Jane Pierson

The author is an undergraduate student at George Washington University.

About two weeks after the recent rapes on the George Washington University campus, I was walking in front of Lisner Auditorium at about 10:30 p.m. when I saw two figures struggling on the sidewalk.

A station wagon stopped and its driver began to cautiously approach the couple on the ground. I heard a girl laugh and yell, "Rape!" The individual from the station wagon, more embarrassed than confused, turned away. As I got nearer the two people I could see a group of two or three other couples standing a short distance away, also laughing.

One of the girls said, "Come on Cathy, that's enough . . ." The couple on the ground persisted, their audience remained to watch, and another car stopped to offer help, but drove away, its occupants embarrassed at having taken seriously a group of students playing.

To this couple, rape was just a joke. And this attitude seems to be prevalent. But many women are beginning to grow concerned and angry about this continuing crime against women, and are trying to educate other women into seriously facing the problem.

The G.W. Women's Liberation is planning a conference to help community members understand rape and its prevention. A panel discussion will be held for community members and students at 11 a.m. on April 8th in the G.W.U. Center Ballroom. A women psychologist will speak on the psychology of the rapist and the effects of rape on the victim. Mary Helen Motner, a lawyer, will discuss the legal repercussions of injuring the rapist, to help the victim protect herself from liability after the rape.

Carole Burris from the National Organization for Women and a male officer of the D.C. Vice Squad will be present. Members of the community are especially welcome; everyone is asked to come with food to share.

Two self-defense training sessions will also be held, on April 19 at 12:30 p.m. and 3 p.m. These sessions are open to women only.



Judging from their first responses to the rapes, many G.W. women may not attend the conference. They still seem to feel, "It won't happen to me." They may be slightly more fearful of being raped, but beyond that are mostly unconcerned. The fact that one of the rapes occurred in the bathroom of the Student Union did upset many women.

"It's the last place you'd expect something like that to happen. Now you have to be on your guard when you go to the bathroom . . . it's absurd."

When asked why they fear rape, some women explain that it is not fear of intercourse or physical harm, but more the fear of being forced into doing something against her will, especially something as important to most women as sexual intercourse. "I just don't want to have intercourse that way."

This type of fear would better be expressed in anger, since fear is one of the responses the rapist desires. When a male sexually attacks a female against her will, he is showing his inability to cope with himself, his "desire for power" or other maladjustments.

A women who feels anger instead of fear will be stronger, more in control of herself, and will stand a better chance of defeating her assailant.

Yet, to perhaps the majority of G.W. women, rape, even after it has occurred on campus, is just another event in the outside world, which may affect another student but not oneself.

How To Succeed At Conspiracy Without Even Trying

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The Harrisburg Trial

By Marjorie Shuman

(The author was named as a co-conspirator in the Harrisburg conspiracy case, but not indicted. She is a Washingtonian.)

It's not awfully difficult to conspire these days. Given the horror that many feel over the plight of the planet and its people, and the insecurity that makes the government see a threat "behind every mailbox," only two more ingredients are needed before the government can serve up conspiracy stew: Have an agreement among friends that things are bad and the causes clear; then make a few phone calls. Now you're all set.

What makes the people in the Harrisburg conspiracy trial a threat to the government is the fact that the struggle is seen precisely in terms of a decision of conscience. As Bob Hoyt (defense committee) points out, the spirit and values of the government are pitted against the spirit and values of conscientious resisters—and the Harrisburg defendants welcome the comparison.

Added to the moral force and conviction of those implicated by the government is the type of resistance the conscience radicals have undertaken. From Phil Berrigan's Baltimore Four who poured blood on the Selected Service files in 1967, draft board disruption grew to 300 people taking responsibility for similar actions in Union City and Elizabeth, N.J. in 1971. The Selective Service System reported that 279 "incidents" involving draft boards had occurred across the country in 1969 and 1970. That's an average of 11 a month or one every three days. These actions have highly embarrassed the government and its super-sleuths who have for the most part been unable to discover enough evidence to apprehend the perpetrators. This kind of non-violent sabotage has been the cutting edge of the non-violent movement.

The Harrisburg Case

The history of the accusations, readjustments, new accusations and final settlement on who and what to

continued on page fourteen

A Clockwork Orange: "Reactionary Science Fiction"

by Richard Sharp

A Clockwork Orange presents us with a choice—a choice of which poison you want to swallow.

Kubrick sees that the world is a pretty awful place to live—full of sadistic violence breakers and greedy, power hungry men. His world is a promise of instant gratification never delivered and the empty rituals of middle class life. But Kubrick's schema does not leave us a way out of this mess—society is a giant technological machine performing an intricate little game to a predetermined doom, and everyone is stuck in the same boat.

This is the message of Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*. I call it reactionary science fictionism; reactionary because Kubrick, like a behavioral scientist, cannot understand what moral choices man has left, or even what a moral choice is, and science fiction because of Kubrick's overwhelming belief that technology is the social and political determinant of the shape of the world.

What Kubrick began in 2001 he has finished in *Clockwork*. The technocentrism of *2001* was obvious; in fact,

A Film Critique

it could be considered the first technological musical in history. In *Clockwork* Kubrick continues to reinforce his mystical belief in the omnipotence of technology by trying to place the blame for the moral indifference, the sadism, and the savagery of his characters at its feet.

His dazzling cinematic display of plastic, concrete, and the wonders of technology are always hovering in the background of each scene, as if to remind you that there really are no escapes from its all-pervasive force.

But even more telling is the way in which technology is finally used to control its enemy, Alex.

Alex is not a very sympathetic character—although Kubrick presents him that way. Actually, Alex is a vicious uncontrollable sadist.

In the first couple of scenes Alex and his band of Droogs beat up an old bum just for kicks. In another they perform a gang rape, and in yet another they initiate a gang war. But he's portrayed fairly consistently as just another kid who gets his kicks out of violence.

Alex already has a parole officer, but the officer as well as his mother and father are incapable of deterring Alex's violent behavior. Inevitably Alex gets caught after performing a particularly disgusting murder. He is tried and imprisoned.

But even this does not deter him. Although he is a model prisoner, the chaplain's assistant, we viewers discover that Alex still fantasizes about the old "ultra-violence" and the old "in-out, in-out," (read forcible rape).

Finally Alex agrees to undergo a new treatment just devised to control the violent impulses of people like himself. Called the Ludovic Treatment it is the worst of what behaviorists call aversive therapy—they try to stop Alex's violent tendencies by administering a nausea and pain inducing drug while he views sadomasochistic movies. Of course it works. Technology triumphs.

At the end of the movie Alex becomes so miserable due to his "treatment" that he attempts suicide. The adverse publicity surrounding the suicide attempt almost

continued on page 14

COLONIAL TIMES

Volume One, Number Seven

When we started going over ideas for this issue, we discovered that a number of people were trying to figure out how they felt about the electoral politics scene, both locally and nationally.

The result of that discussion, and some investigation that followed, is the Political Forum which begins on Page 8. The four pieces represent a range of opinion that we hope provides a useful context for debate.

Crippled Creek

Rock Creek Park has meandered through the city since it was set aside by Congress eighty years ago. It is a popular recreational area, but it suffers from a split personality.

On the one hand, it seeks to be used for all sorts of leisure activities, from bike riding to picnicking to strolling and picture-taking. At the same time however, the Park is plagued by all the neuroses of the rest of the city—vandalism, pollution, disrepair.

Gil Friend's pictures tell the story: of bike paths and friendly signs next to health warnings and shut facilities. Look what nature gave us, and look what we did to it.

Help!

The *Colonial Times* staff hereby issues a call for new people to work with us—our crew of writers, photographers, and layout people is vastly overworked.

Decisions as to what gets printed, how the paper looks, and editorial policy are made collectively—that is, by all the people who work on the paper—in marathon meetings at which we critique the past issue and plan the next one. If you would like to get involved please call or write.

A New Name

And now we bring you the seventh exciting installment in the continuing saga of *Colonial Times'* search for a new name.

We're really tired of having people think we're an old Virginia antique magazine, but we haven't come up with anything yet that grabs us as the perfect substitute.

Several people have sent in suggestions, some funny, some serious, and we thank them sincerely. The one we like best so far is *The Wicked Messenger*, inspired by the Bob Dylan song of the same name (we do like to think we put out a *wicked* newspaper).

But we have enough doubts about that name to want to ask our readers first. Please let us know how that grabs you, or send in other suggestions—the coveted prize may still be yours.

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To the Staff:

A visitor from the DC area brought along a copy (the second issue in fact) of the *Colonial Times*. Until now the alternative press situation in the nation's capital left a good deal to be desired. It seems now that with the introduction of the *Colonial Times* there is a filling of the maw that I've heard many from the DC area complain of.

I would like to extend a special thanks to Jon Freeman's article on PBS. It is sad that the "public" network had to go the way of the commercial mega-nets, but to expect more from a federally initiated, funded, and scrutinized broadcast system would be terribly naive. Perhaps now those who aren't gullible enough to believe that PBS is the best we can do as an alternative to commercial networks will lend their support and viewer-listenerage to those of us who are actively building what we consider to be a real alternative...

Also a special thanks to Steve Klitzman for the Washington Journalism Review. I hope this is a series type thing that you plan to continue, it would be well worth it. I would also like to see more coverage of things that folks are doing in other forms of alternative media in your paper. The common concept that alternative media is available only through print is becoming untrue.

Would it be possible for us to receive your paper in exchange for other things (though I can't really think of what right now)? Anyway, thanks for putting out a much needed paper.

Ken Kerwin
Twin Oaks Community
Louisa, Virginia

To the Staff:

I wish to question the practicality of Ian and Kay McNeely's premise in "Sir Thomas Crapper..." in your January 14 issue...

The DC area contains 19×10^6 feet². The US Army allows 12 feet² per person for living space. That comes out to 36×10^6 feet² needed for the people living in this area. However, due to highrises, this space doesn't have to be at ground level. But, if all the roughly 1×10^6 families in the DC area used an outhouse, that would be a land requirement of 9×10^6 feet² (based on an outhouse with 3 feet sides—9 feet²) or almost half of the ground space in the metro area.

Half of the nation's capital a shithouse? Oh well, the implications are here.

Charles R. Redmond III
Washington, D.C.

Dream of the Gentlest Tiger

I dreamed of the gentlest tiger.
He blocked my path
as I was walking down my city street one night
his gentle eyes imploring
pleading his strangeness on my city street one night.
The softness of his eyes on mine
the softness of his paw upon my cheek
gave me such joy, such comfort
that fear and caution were no longer mine.

Briefly, I became tigress, or he man.

I saw the gentlest tiger next
in his lair, with mate and cubs.
He blinked at me and yawned
nuzzled his young and glanced
now and then, at her.

The dream goes on. For while he's in his lair
I feel the gentle paws and mouth upon me
soft though unyielding
and I know that I've been swallowed.

I cry "let me go"
and the surprised beast, silent,
blinks and yawns, proving me free
to walk my city street which he, a stranger
does not roam.

Gabrielle Simon Edgcomb

Ma

The last time I saw my grandmother, she was
a hawk gliding overhead on winds of sweetgrass smell
and early fall chill — she circled twice overhead
so I'd know how to follow when ready.

And while she flew, they all wept over a
box with an old bewildered woman in it, dressed
in a fall frock — because it was fall.

And she and I laughed at them together, and
expanded joyously into the universe.

Susan Fowles

The Third Indochina War

An Interview with Fred Branfman of Project Air War

Fred Branfman came to a meeting recently to talk with a group of federal employees about the continuing war in Indochina. He passed around photographs of some of the one thousand napalm-scarred twisted-limbed victims he interviewed in Laos until he was expelled a year ago.

He took out a "Guava" bomb and a "Pineapple" bomb and explained how each is designed to propel their deadly pellets at just the right angle to find their victims' hiding places. His voice never rose above a calm matter-of-fact tone as we discussed strategies for educating people about the secret air war. Only an ever-present cigarette betrayed the tension of living with unmitigated horror.

I left that meeting wanting to know more about the life and thoughts of someone who apparently lives, breathes, eats and sleeps the war and how to end it. I thought you would too. Sharon Rose.

Could you tell us something about how you got to Laos and what you were doing there?

BRANFMAN: In February 1967 I was in Tanzania on a Harvard University volunteer program. I was an advisor on education, writing a textbook to teach agriculture to elementary school students. I wrote an article on the problem of kids who drop out of primary school—50,000 annually in Tanzania. A lot of people wanted me to stay, including President Nyerere. But my draft board changed my status to 1A. I knew I could get out of serving in the army by joining the International Volunteer Service which is run by AID. It was on that program that I got what they call "channeled" to Laos, and I found myself one of many IVS people there. They have since learned better, though. One reason I think there is no economic aid program in Cambodia is they don't want to train Americans to speak with Cambodians—because the war there is even more horrendous than in Vietnam.

For my first two years in Laos I was an educational advisor, making a study of primary schools. I was the one who was supposed to know more about the Laotian primary schools than anyone else in the world. I was working out of the AID office in Vientiane and I got caught in a bureaucratic power struggle between the primary school division head and the secondary school division head who was angling for the job of head of the whole AID education division. I made a terrible mistake—I wrote up a long study of the Laotian education system containing 20 suggestions on how to improve it to serve the Laotian people. They didn't like me making trouble so we made a deal that I could live in a village and continue to write my textbook. That was how I really got to know the people. From March '67 until September '69 I didn't know anything about the air war. I learned of it when they began bringing the first of thirty thousand refugees off the Plain of Jars. When I found out we had been bombing Laos for five years I wrote to everyone I could think of back here. But there was a deliberate news blackout. It wasn't until March '70 that they admitted to Congress that any bombing at all was taking place in Laos. I guess I'd still be there interviewing people and filing stories with Dispatch News Service if the government hadn't expelled me last year.

What are you doing now?

BRANFMAN: The Indochina Resource Center is a clearinghouse for information on the war. Project Air



Fred Branfman

War tries to inform people of the third Indochina War—the electronic war that doesn't kill our soldiers but is destroying the people of Indochina. We distribute books and articles, hold briefings and seminars and produce a twice-a-month newsletter, the "Indochina Chronicle". Also, I am working on a book that will be out soon called, *Voices from the Plain of Jars*.

I don't think that we have to tell people that the war is wrong. People know that—the peace movement did that job very well. But many people believe Nixon when he says that the war is winding down. Just this week while he's in China he's dropped 14,000 tons of bombs on Laos. All we have to do is show them that it's not winding down.

What do you see happening then?

BRANFMAN: If we put major emphasis on the air war in the next months that will really be crucial. The first thing is to get people talking about the air war. In many ways the politicians have been ahead of the peace movement recently. Congress has the advantage of access to the press. Even though they are powerless they can at

"War is no longer the desperate annihilating struggle that it was... It is a warfare of limited aims. This is not to say that... the conduct of war... has become less bloodthirsty or more chivalrous. On the contrary... But in a physical sense war involves very small numbers of people, mostly highly trained specialists. The fighting takes place on the vague frontiers whose whereabouts the average man can only guess at..."

George Orwell, 1984

least raise people's consciousness. But I think perhaps there's been a time lag and the peace movement is now catching up. I'm sure if we had now the kind of momentum we had in 1968, together with the new offensive coming in Indochina the war would be over. Our job now is to keep leafletting, speaking, pamphletting, putting ads in the papers, demonstrating. We have to keep showing people that it's 1984—a tiny elite is waging an unseen war halfway around the world against an unseen enemy. They drop six million pounds of bombs a day—4,000 pounds every minute. They've killed 500,000 civilians, wounded one million more, and made refugees of more than 8 million—all so they can keep building their sophisticated aircraft. Anyone—anyone else—would be better than Nixon. He seems committed to staying in Indochina indefinitely, while anyone else is likely to end the war out of their own self-interest.

If you could do anything you wanted to after the war is over what would you do?

BRANFMAN: I can't visualize an end to the war, but what I want to do is work in a movement for social change. But until the war is over I don't see much chance for creativity. I think there are four stages of revolution: the revolutionary stage when power is actually changing hands, the pre-revolutionary stage when people know they're oppressed and are doing something about it, the pre-pre-revolutionary stage when people are generally unhappy but haven't gotten organized yet, and the stage we're in now when 53% of the American people think Nixon's doing a good job. Our work is just trying to push it to the next stage.

What about the argument that you have to start where the people are, that the anti-war movement lost its momentum because it didn't try to address people's basic economic needs, but you can't organize people out of guilt?

BRANFMAN: We have chosen to emphasize the moral issue above all because the self-interest issue is more theoretical than real at this point. It is important to talk to workers, but why not continue talking about the war? Workers may not have registered against the war in the polls but they also haven't been for it. Take federal employees: they tend to be more informed as a group and they have many organizations to act. People shouldn't quit their jobs, they should stay in and organize. The bureaucracy depends almost entirely on those at the lower levels to do the work, and disruption within this outer party bothers the inner party people much more than any other kind.

I see a direct parallel between what happened on the Plain of Jars and what has to be done here. When the bombing began in May, 1964 the people were apathetic and terrified. If the Pathet Lao had seen only that static situation they would have given up. But the executives of the war overreached. From a few propeller planes dropping 500 pound bombs they went to multimillion dollar jets, laser driven bombs, napalm, white phosphorous, anti-personnel weapons. And the people organized. Young people became new men and women. They built a new society under the bombs. It was a simple fact of faith in people and it gave me a faith in mankind, a reason to believe it can happen here.

Children March To Stop Nixon Welfare Plan

A Children's March for Survival to protest President Nixon's Family Assistance Program will be held in Washington on Saturday, March 25.

George A. Wiley, Executive Director of the National Welfare Rights Organization and one of the organizers of the March, told a press conference here that the March will "focus national attention on the problems of children and begin an action plan to save the nation's children."

"We call for all people, young and old, rich and poor, to join with us in a witness that 1972 must be the year of the children," he declared.

The demands of the Children's March include: an end to the Indochina war, universal child care, a national comprehensive health plan, income tax reform,

and the defeat of H.R. 1 (the Family Assistance Plan bill).

The sponsors of the March oppose the Family Assistance Plan because, they say, it is "worse than the present inadequate welfare system."

They believe the payment levels are too low (\$2400 a year for a family of four); that the bill makes recipients ineligible for food stamps, thereby lowering their real standard of living; that under the bill payments would actually be less than at present for poor families in all states except Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, South Carolina and Louisiana; that states would be encouraged to reduce payments; that cost-of-living increases will be denied; and that mothers with children over 3 years of age will be forced to work.

The schedule for the Children's March is:

- Friday evening, March 24: rally.
- Saturday morning, March 25: sightseeing tours for children and anti-FAP demonstration.

- Noon Saturday: March around the White House begins from the Mall between 12th and 14th Streets.
- 1 p.m. Rally and entertainment on the Mall.

- 2:30 p.m. to dark: Children's Festival on the Mall including art show, games and workshops.

Early sponsors of the March were the National Welfare Rights Organization, Congresswoman Bella Abzug, Rev. Jesse Jackson, Dr. Benjamin Spock, the National Association of Social Workers, the National Indian Youth Council, and the National Council of Negro Women.

Projects: The Answer To Alienation . . . Raskin

Being and Doing: by Marcus Raskin
Reviewed by Robert Borasage

When existing institutions fail to deal with "the simple, the human, and the obvious," individuals are forced to search for new modes of being and doing, to question existing institutions and seek alternatives. In the past decade the failure of existing institutions in America has resulted in dropping out, and sitting in, and lashing back.

In *Being and Doing*, a book growing out of this turbulence, Marcus Raskin — intellectual, citizen and teacher of many, including myself — has attempted to outline a process by which a more humane society may be developed. The book represents an intellectual effort on a grand scale. It offers a total philosophy: a view of man and his institutions and his potential. It reflects Raskin's personal history as a citizen. In the early sixties, he served on Kennedy's National Security Staff under McGeorge Bundy. He left in disillusionment to form the Institute for Policy Studies, fostered experiments in alternative institutions, developed a serious analysis of the National Security Institutions, actively opposed the Vietnam War, and was indicted (and acquitted) in the Boston Five Conspiracy case. This rare synthesis of an intellectual's perspective and a citizen's experience provides the foundation for the book.

Raskin suggests that we have created institutions to serve us which are now beyond our control and mold us to serve them. We erected schools to give us knowledge and understanding of our human condition. Instead our

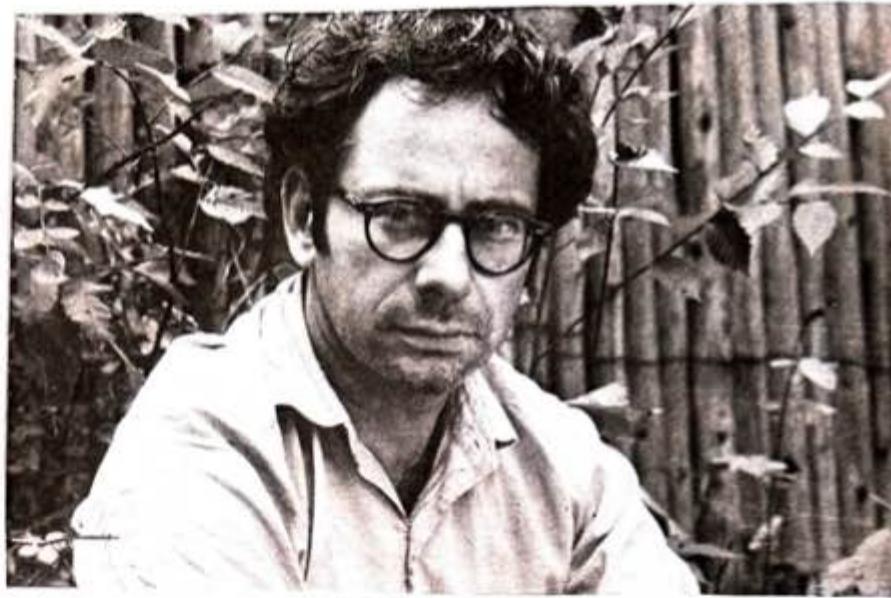
schools teach us how to pass their tests and give us specialized knowledge for a specialized job (in the old fraternity argot, we learn how to be a head and get ahead). We seek work to satisfy our material needs and to fulfill a desire to create. Instead we are taught to rent our lives to a bureaucratic structure; we are given fragmented tasks defined by others and turn out products chosen by others.

We see in television and radio a way to expand our experiences, to develop contacts with other peoples, cultures and ideas. Instead our media isolate us in our living rooms, provide us with a bland ersatz culture and, with advertising and programming, tell us what to wear, how to live, and what to dream for. We establish a state structure in a social contract offering obedience in return for protection from external enemies. But our national security institutions draft us to fight in foreign wars, and use us as hostages in nuclear showdowns (as in the Cuban missile crisis where 15 men demonstrated their virility by threatening our lives).

Raskin asks us to see the implications of this not uncommon description. He suggests that the process of molding people to fit institutions results in an institutional psychology which dominates individual psychology. We learn to relate to others and to ourselves in terms of assigned roles. Our roles create a social character for the individual the beside-himself.

For example, I enter school and learn that my record—grades, activities, and recommendations—is more important than any knowledge, creativity or personal traits I may possess. I am evaluated by my record. I learn to wear masks conforming to the standards of others in order to produce a better record. My masks supplant my personal identity in my various roles.

Moreover, I relate to others on the basis of function. For example, I work on an assembly line with others. We relate to each other as workers. I find that my home life is miserable, I am tired, bored and dissatisfied. I attribute it to my personal shortcomings. In England, a sociologist did a study of assembly line workers and found that virtually all of them shared the same feelings. When he showed them his results, they met together and organized a strike, demanding a restructuring of work. They had never before discussed their personal feelings. Each had assumed the others were satisfied.



MARCUS RASKIN

This process of characterization robs us of the capacity to assess the results of our acts. The value and meaning of our work is assigned by the structure which it serves. The result is absurdity. A biologist studies philosophy while developing biological weapons. A Robert McNamara is a member of the ACLU while directing the Army to engage in surveillance of domestic protesters.

Raskin argues that the process of characterization cuts across class lines. In a hierarchical society, all are colonized. The middle and upper classes come to realize that their lives are "as starved as the poorest beggar in the Bowery." Thus, for Raskin the basic contradiction derives not from material exploitation, but from the individual creative impulse, a life instinct *beyond need*. In times of social unrest, it is the contradiction between our intuitive human impulse and the dictates of our roles that create dissonance and frustration.

From this contradiction Raskin derives his instrument for change. He argues against revolution since it merely changes the identity of those on top of the institutions which colonize us. He dismisses liberal reform since it seeks only to provide everyone with an equal opportunity to rise in those institutions.

Raskin supplies many examples of projects, derived from the experiences of the young during the sixties. People's Park was an example of young and old, affluent and poor, working together to create a park which satisfied the needs and desires of the community. Neighborhood government, cooperative day care centers, free schools, experiments with worker-controlled shops, all share the characteristics of the project.

To avoid reproducing characterization in another form, the project must be based upon a different notion of structure, relationship and knowledge. In discussing a number of experiments, and attempting to define the proper determinants, Raskin offers perhaps the most valuable contribution of the book.

To avoid relationship by function, each project must be based upon shared authority and associative relationships. Each member must be an inventor, participant and observer. Each must attempt to comprehend the desires and pain of others involved.

Moreover, the participants in the project must remain conscious of its effects on those outside of it. Raskin uses an example of students who decide to establish a commune near a university. They must assess the effect of their move on the housing situation in the community. Part of the project may of necessity be a campaign to force the university to build new housing in the community.

Central to the notion of the project is a different concept of social knowledge. Raskin suggests that institutional orders develop a kind of knowledge which serves their purposes. In our society, we have a specialized, "objective" social knowledge, based upon a detached observer measuring a facet of human activity with statistics. This knowledge becomes the basis for hierarchical control. The knowledge is used to prescribe solutions for others. Thus, the liberal social scientist discovers that some are homeless: the result is a massive housing ghetto for the poor.

knowledge is to incorporate subjective feeling into itself. The project begins with personal feeling and is evaluated by personal experience. But it is based on more than good feelings. If it is to avoid a new process of characterization, it must be based on the "rigors of empathy and the magic of induction."

Empathy is necessary for the individual to be able to relate to others inside and outside of the project in their totality. The empathetic sense provides the different perspective which indicates and tests proposed methods of solving shared problems.

Perhaps the best metaphor for the project is the performance of a jazz group. Each musician creates music from his individual feeling and history, but does so in close interaction with his fellow musicians. The process of invention is based on the shared interaction of the musicians.

This process of creation is tested and evaluated by the audience (and the musicians as they create) on the basis of a broad tradition of jazz. The tradition not only provides guideposts for evaluation but also becomes a factor in the interaction of the musicians. Similarly a reconstructive social knowledge based upon empathy and induction would provide guideposts by which we might judge our experiments and the solutions proposed by others.

Raskin depends upon projects developing in and opening up space in the society. He foresees the necessity to confront present-day institutions, and the inevitability of clash. He suggests that a political party (the New Party) could provide legitimacy and protection for projects.

One may doubt, however, whether the state will allow worthwhile projects to survive. The People's Park, which involved merely a patch of unused land, evoked a most brutal reaction. What would happen if workers demanded control of a General Motors plant? Perhaps only limited parasitic projects may develop, making reconstruction nearly impossible.

Moreover, space seems very much a class prerogative. Middle class youths have created projects because they have little fear of hunger, penury, sickness. The poor, who live on the edge of survival, would seem to have much less freedom for projects based on an instinct beyond need. Workers whose behavior must be controlled for the economy to function are also possessed of much less space for reconstruction. Risk is one aspect of space, and the risks seem much greater for the old than the young, the working class than the middle class. It may be that we are all colonized in shared ways, but have vastly different opportunities for breaking loose.

These and many other doubts, questions and criticisms arise from reading this most difficult book. The writing is sometimes illuminating and sometimes obscure.

Because of its breadth and insight, it stimulates, disappoints, frustrates, elates. I have read it more than once, each time learning more from it.

I recommend it to you — particularly to those who are

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Air Pollution: Top 35 Offenders

The Metropolitan Washington Coalition for Clean Air, Inc., a local non-profit ecology organization, has listed in its recent newsletter the District's "Top 35" pollutant sources.

The list includes hospitals, universities and federal installations, as well as a few private apartment or hotel developments.

Here is the list: American University, Anacostia Naval Annex, Anacostia Naval Station, Benning Road Power Plant (PEPCO), Bolling A.F.B., Buzzard Point (PEPCO), Capitol Heating Plant, Catholic University, Central Heating Plant, Curtis & Johnson Asphalt Co., D.C. General Hospital, D.C. Village, Fort Totten incinerator, Gallaudet College, Georgetown Heating Plant.

Also listed are the George Washington University, Howard University, McLean Gardens, Mt. Olivet Incinerator, National Capital Housing Authority, National Training School, Naval Research Laboratory, "O" Street incinerator, Sheraton Park Hotel, Shoreham Hotel, St. Elizabeths Hospital, Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington Hospital Center, Washington Navy Yard, Wire Properties Co., Stewart Petroleum Co., B.P. Oil Corp., Hess Oil Corp.

The Metropolitan Washington Coalition for Clean Air, Inc. is sponsored by the D.C. Tuberculosis and Respiratory Disease Association.

Its monthly newsletter is available by writing the Coalition at 1714 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, or telephone 785-2444.

WAFU Catalogue is Out

The Washington Area Free University has released its spring catalogue. The catalogue is available free at most local bookstores, campuses and record shops.

WAFU offers a wide variety of courses, including arts and crafts, languages and literature, mind expansion, food, politics and media.

All WAFU courses are free.

Included in the spring catalogue are the offerings of the University of Maryland Free University, the Fairfax Free University, and the Georgetown Free University.

The WAFU catalogue is coordinated by Isabel Holt out of a small cramped office on 20th Street, N.W. Since WAFU pays no salaries, its only expenses are for printing and mailing the catalogue, phone and duplicating costs.

Tuesday night WAFU holds open meetings; if you call 387-5437 they will tell you how to become involved.



Photo by Sid Tabak

For Glut

It's Feast and Famine

GLUT, the food coop, celebrated a deficit last Saturday with a fund-raising dinner, arts fair, and dance.

More than 300 persons turned out at Georgetown University to browse through the craft booths and then partake of a 50-cent dinner and a 50-cent dance with live music and chain dancing.

While the affair was intended to be fun, it also kicked off a serious campaign to increase GLUT's income. Upkeep on the coop warehouse has cost more than expected, and the 10 per cent mark-up on food over its actual cost simply has not provided the coop with enough operating cash to pay the bills.

Needs \$7,500 A Week

While the coop is doing \$6,000 a week in business, it needs to do \$7,500 to survive. To operate comfortably, it needs about \$10,000, says Jim Bowling of GLUT.

The alternatives are either to find new customers and larger orders or to raise prices, according to the GLUT staff.

Business of a Mom-and-Pop Store

"We do a little more business now than a small mom and pop store," says Bowling, "but we need to do better." GLUT is accepting donations of both money and time. Members of the 50 buying clubs that use the coop are being asked to pitch in and work at the warehouse at least until two more full-time staff members can be hired.

At the moment, staff members are paid only \$40 a week; if business picks up enough, the staff would like to raise salaries to \$75.

For more information about joining or starting a buying club, or about the coop in general, call the warehouse at 779-1978.

National Consumer Groups You Can Join

by Laura Horowitz

In addition to the consumer groups active in D.C., Maryland and Virginia, listed in our next to last issue, No. 5, there are also some national groups that welcome members from this area.

None of the national groups have local chapters or

strictly local activities, though several have offices and meetings here and devote a major share of their efforts to monitoring and communicating with nearby federal agencies.

Many of the national groups also issue excellent publications with valuable information on consumer politics,

business tricks, government action (or inaction), and product quality.

Here is a rundown of the major national consumer groups. Like the local groups, they can give some clout to individual consumers who might otherwise be ignored by government and business.

peanut butter and infant food. It has about 6,500 members, no chapters, and occasional meetings.

NATIONAL CONSUMERS UNION
P.O. Box 113, Prospect Heights, Illinois 60070
\$10 dues per year. Occasional newsletter.
Formed in 1969, this is an aggressive, militant group working primarily on supermarket reforms and particularly on open dating. It cracked many of the secret date codes manufacturers use on their products and has published a book revealing their findings.

This group is not affiliated with Consumers Union. Despite its name, most of its activities and leaders are in the Chicago area, although it wants to encourage local chapters throughout the country.

PUBLIC CITIZENS, INC.
Box 19404, Washington, D.C. 20038. Ralph Nader, President, \$15 dues per year. Newsletter to be issued at least annually.

The nation's newest national group, but already one of the largest with some 30,000 members who have responded to invitations and advertisements.

It has no chapters, meetings, or projects of its own and will not issue a newsletter until May. Its major purpose is to enable members to support Ralph Nader's projects. Ultimately it may evolve into a Common Cause-type consumer-ecology citizens lobby.

AMERICAN COUNCIL ON CONSUMER INTERESTS (ACCI)

238 Stanley Hall, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo. 65201. \$3 dues for six months trial period. Monthly Newsletter.

This group is primarily for consumer affairs professionals and academics. It is not especially activist or active, though it has an annual meeting. Its major value to members seems to be the annotated listings of magazine articles, books, and consumer education materials contained in its newsletters.

CONSUMER ALLIANCE
P.O. Box 11773, Palo Alto, Calif., 94306. Roy Kiesling, president, \$5 dues per year. Occasional meetings.

A group formed by Paul Erlich and others to influence industry to provide durable, safe, non-polluting products, along with detailed information on repairs, hazards, ingredients, and parts. Its major accomplishment is a declaration of consumer rights, outlining information consumers should be entitled to before making a purchase.

Membership is small, and the recent annual meeting had too few people appear to transact any business.

CONSUMER FEDERATION OF AMERICA (CFA), Suite 905, 1612 14th St., N.W., Washington D.C. 20005.

Erma Angevine, Ex. Dir., Don Willner, pres. Newsletter published every few weeks. Will be sent to individuals who contribute at least \$10 to Paul Douglas Fund.

A national organization made up of state and local grass-roots consumer groups, labor unions and cooperatives. D.C. Citywide Consumer Council, Maryland Consumers Association and Virginia Citizens Consumer Council are local affiliates. The combined membership of all of CFA's affiliates is in the millions.

CFA focuses on legislative affairs and has worked especially for a federal law allowing class action suits to get refunds for injured consumers; for a strong independent consumer protection agency; and on utility rate challenges and credit and interest rate reforms. It serves as an information clearinghouse and helps local groups organize and solve problems.

CFA's annual meeting and its 1972 Consumer Assembly held Jan. 27-29 in Washington, named the outstanding consumer enemies of the year.

CONSUMERS UNION
256 Washington St., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550

A small public affairs office operates from the National Press Building in Washington. Colston Warne, President, \$8 per year dues, paid for by subscriptions to CONSUMER REPORTS.

Consumers Union is the world's largest product testing organization. With a staff of more than 300 in its Mount Vernon office, its members are CONSUMER REPORTS' two million subscribers who vote for CU's board and fill out an annual questionnaire.

CU has no local chapters. It conducts a broad national consumer affairs program, however, including special publications, testimony, legal actions to prod slow-moving governmental agencies, conferences, grants and fellowships, and consumer education.

Its monthly magazine, CONSUMER REPORTS, is the single best consumer publication issued today and is must reading for any consumer. The magazine features ratings and test reports on products ranging from frozen vegetables to automobiles. It names names.

CU's 1972 annual meeting will be held in October in conjunction with the Virginia Citizen Consumer Council's annual meeting.

FEDERATION OF HOMEMAKERS

921 N. Stuart St., Arlington, 22203. Mrs. Ruth Desmond, President, \$5 per year dues. Newsletters mailed five or six times a year.

This group focuses on safety in labeling of food, drugs, and cosmetics, and particularly on matters within the jurisdiction of the Food and Drug Administration. It has recently won important victories upholding the purity of

YOU ARE INVESTING IN MURDER FOR PROFIT.

Think about it. Tens of thousands of human beings, many of them your fellow Americans, have been and are still being slaughtered, and you, the American taxpayer, are investing in this slaughter.

You have been told that this mass destruction of life is necessary to "preserve the freedom of southeast Asia." Freedom for whom? Certainly not for those whose lives are daily being destroyed by horrible and ghastly instruments of mass destruction. Certainly not for you, whose environment and quality of life is daily deteriorating; your ever increasing taxes providing continually less adequate (yet always more expensive) health care, housing, education, transportation, sanitation, personal security, and all of the other essentials for life in a highly technological, urbanized modern society.

No, the freedom is for giant corporate interests who profit from the manufacture and sale of these horrible and deadly sophisticated instruments of mass devastation. The freedom is for giant corporate interests who profit from the provision of goods and services essential to the maintenance of a modern military establishment. The freedom is for giant corporate interests who profit from the exploitation of the resources and labor of less technologically developed countries. The freedom is for giant corporate interests to reap huge profits on your tax investment.

Why should you invest in this mass annihilation of human life? Why should you, the American taxpayer, invest in murder for the profit of others?

You don't have to. A book has been published which cohesively and comprehensively outlines the collective experience of people like you, people from all parts of the country and from all walks of life, who refuse to allow their tax dollars to be used for the heinous and immoral destruction of their fellow human beings: people like you who see the withholding of their taxes as a legitimate and moral way of protesting the dehumanization of our society. This book, **AIN'T GONNA PAY FOR WAR NO MORE**, by Robert Calvert, Coordinator of National War Tax Resistance, is a milestone in the history of non-violent protest literature; a 'must' for all who are genuinely concerned with the attainment and preservation of human ideals and with the future of life itself on this planet.

You can obtain your copy of **AIN'T GONNA PAY FOR WAR NO MORE** by sending the coupon below, together with check or money order to:

Washington War-Tax Resistance
120 Maryland Avenue, NE, Washington, D.C., 20002
546-8840 or 546-6231

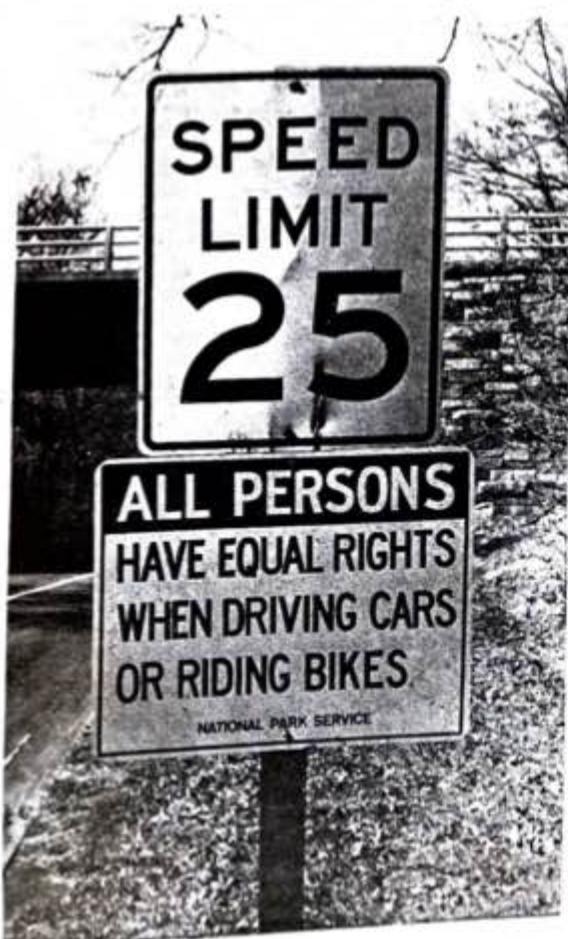
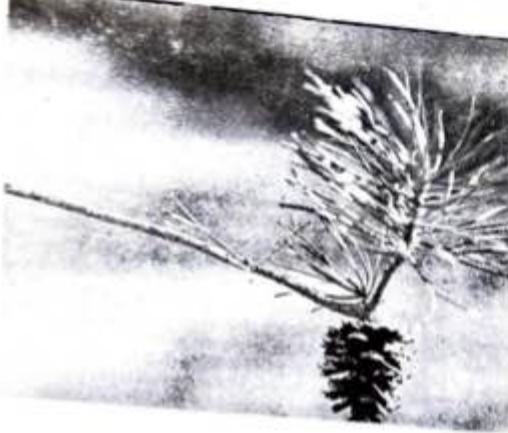
Please send _____ copies of **AIN'T GONNA PAY FOR WAR NO MORE**
I enclose \$_____ (\$1.00 per copy. Please add 15¢ per copy for postage.)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

For those who act now*, a button commemorating April 15 as War Tax Resistance Day will be sent FREE along with each copy of **AIN'T GONNA PAY FOR WAR NO MORE**.



Rock Creek ...



Map courtesy of U.S. Park Service



Photos by Gil Friend. Prints by Cal Hoffman.

"The Reverend Delegate" and The Reformers

The Democratic Party

by Dorothy McGhee

Conventional party politics in Washington is a hogtied, three-legged varmint. The Republican party here is an amputee with only 13% of the registered vote. The Democrats are polarizing into at least two major factions: those supporting non-voting delegate Walter Fauntroy and those against him, represented at this point by the fledgling D.C. Reform Democrats. And some of the most creative activists in town have spun off into yet another party: the D.C. Statehood Party, which polled 13% of the vote in the delegate election last year against Fauntroy, but which has only 83 registered voters.

Restrained by Congress from any local or national politics until 1964, the disenfranchised residents of the District have traditionally had no incentive to develop either political awareness or organization. In 1964, the generosity of Congress extended to us the "right" to vote in presidential elections. In 1968, we could vote for our own Board of Education. In 1971, we were allowed our own genuine, gold-plated, non-voting delegate in the U.S. Congress. The growth of political organization in the city at the incentive of these "privileges" has been a thrashing, muddled and sporadic thing.

Democratic party politics here has traditionally been the plaything of a relatively small group of people and organizations who control larger financial donations and of

the active Politicos: a strange breed of self-appointed party activists who relish the hustle of political action at the ward and precinct level. Politicos, crucial because they are willing to do electoral shenanigans such as getting petitions signed, campaign mailings and telephone campaigns, are the uncertain instrument of organized control of the city's voters.

The Politicos of Washington's Democratic party are currently hustling and maneuvering in preparation for their major ritual which comes to us every four years under the guise of the Presidential Preference Primary. No one, of course, will be fooled by the name of this event which suggests that you and I will be able to participate in the selection of the Democratic party's presidential candidate. It is a well known fact that Walter Fauntroy and his favorite son candidacy have prevented any presidential candidate from running in the city's primary.

The Big Apple

But for the Politicos, the party primary elections in May are a sort of Big Apple. Democratic voters will be selecting not only a slate of 20 delegates to the Democratic National Convention and 15 alternates, but also a National Democratic Committeeman and woman to represent D.C. at the convention. They will also elect the D.C. Democratic Central Committee, a body of 26 persons whose activities are entirely unclear to most voters, but related to representing city Democrats before Congress and our appointed "city council".

The currently acknowledged power within the D.C. Democratic party is, of course, the golden-throated Walter Fauntroy who, in January of 1971, polled 58% of the vote in an election in which only 45% of the registered voters bothered to vote.

Until recently, it looked like Fauntroy's Politicos were going to monopolize the May Democratic Party ballot, with D.C. voters, like those in South Vietnam, having no choice: only one slate of delegates and one list of nominations to affirm or not.

But a movement has gotten underway among Politicos dissatisfied with Fauntroy's single-handed reign of the local Democratic party, inspired by none other than Fauntroy's own former campaign manager, John Wilson. Calling themselves the D.C. Democratic Reform Committee, the group has already held "conventions" in the city's eight wards, as well as a city-wide "convention" to select a slate of delegates to the National Convention and candidates to the D.C. Democratic Central Committee to run against Fauntroy's people. Not surprisingly, John Wilson has been nominated to run as National Committeeman,

which, if he won it, would make him the formal head of the Democratic party here.

John Wilson is, self-admittedly, a hardcore Politico. He is a stereotypical young, smart and angry black man. He started in politics in the seventh grade running for class president, and held that position all the way through high school. In the tenth grade, he was a field marshall for SNCC during the famous Route 40 demonstrations in Maryland which attempted to desegregate restaurants there. Eventually he became a Deputy National Chairman of SNCC under Rap Brown. Wilson says that it is no exaggeration that he was arrested at least 50 times in Cambridge, Md., and over 20 times in Prince Anne County, Md.

Since those days, Wilson has been Co-Chairman of the National Mobe; Chairman of the National Black Anti-War and Anti-Draft Union. He has worked on campaigns for Julian Bond and Andy Young in Georgia, the McCarthy campaign and finally, after coming to D.C. in 1968 to work as a lobbyist for the Sharecroppers Union, on Fauntroy's campaign last year for non-voting delegate.

Wilson says that he is disillusioned with Fauntroy because he has spent more energy in trying to be accepted by the power structure than in representing the "little people" who sent him to Congress. Fauntroy, according to Wilson, has "disregarded the poor."

Wilson and the Reform Democratic Committee are apprehensive of the power and patronage Fauntroy will control if he gets his people onto the Democratic Central Committee as well as the D.C. delegation to the National Democratic Convention. A high priority in Fauntroy's "Agenda for Washington", which he says he will take to the convention, is the stipulation that the President submit to the ad-

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John Wilson by Earl Dotter

Hobson For Vice-President

The People's Party

by Loren Weinberg

For the last four years, just about everyone on the left has blurted out at some time about how he or she is not going to pay any attention to the 1972 presidential campaign.

Oh, no, we're not going to get caught up in that. It will just divert us for a whole year from what we really ought to be doing, which is organizing locally against the economic ruling class. All that glamour of political campaigns has bedazzled too many past radicals, and robbed resources from too much real community organizing.

But now that 1972 is here, one really intelligent thing is happening on the left: the rigidity of the past few years is bending. Many are looking for a more complex movement that uses a variety of tactics. Thus, if there were some way to use national elections to support local organizing, rather than subtract from it, then maybe we should get into this thing after all.

Well, the machinery to do this is being created by a few hard-working people. There are reasons to be skeptical for awhile; it might be horrid in the end; but it also just might attack beautifully. It's called the People's Party.

There are two things about the People's Party that are encouraging to me: one is an intelligent platform, and the other is the vice-presidential candidate, Julius Hobson.

Julius Hobson is that sweet wild man, that stubborn egotist who loves our children, that guy who's always catapulting to conclusions and who is always hassling some ruler, that brilliant fuzzy man who handcuffed himself to a bed in the white ward of Washington Hospital Center and desegregated it, who followed policemen around with a homemade parabolic microphone on top of his car and proved that they often have racist attitudes.

That atheist, Marxist, emotional intellectual who trapped rats in the ghetto and marched them over to Georgetown (where he drowned them in the river on the sly, after pretending to let them loose in the streets to make his point); that constant curmudgeon who led boycott after boycott downtown, and won, and then started suing the bastards, too (and won).

They kept putting him in jail, and each time he got out he marched all over town. And now do you know what's happened? He's been made the vice-presidential candidate of the People's Party.

The People's Party? Who are these people that did this? Well, there aren't very many of them right now. They got together in two conventions: in Albuquerque in July and in Dallas in November. There were about 200 of them at each convention. Most of them were people who had been organizing local alternate parties.

Dr. Spock For President

The convention delegates made several decisions which assure that there will be a fourth party this year. They have allied their local parties into the People's Party for the presidential race. They nominated Benjamin Spock for president. They decided also to select a "shadow" cabinet. They elected national party officers, and set up a national office (1404 M St., N.W.). They will have another convention this summer in St. Louis, Missouri. Until then, Spock and Hobson are stand-in candidates.

They decided that each local party would retain its autonomy and its own name, and would only participate in the People's Party by agreeing to nominate the same presidential and vice-presidential candidates, while nominating their own candidates for local office.

The convention drew up an extensive platform on which any candidate eventually chosen will have to run. The platform is strongly anti-racist, anti-sexist, and ecology.

minded. It wants the U.S. to withdraw not only from Vietnam but from everywhere. It wants to totally revamp education and health care. It is anti-big-business, anti-rich-control, anti-imperialist, anti-corporate exploitation; and yet somehow it is not always socialist. This is partially because different planks were written by different committees, and partially because not everyone in the People's Party is socialist.

The result is that there are many who think the platform does not go far enough; but there is no one who doesn't agree that it is different from Democratic and Republican positions by quantum amounts, and its positions are clear enough to educate, stimulate and politicize the public if they hear of it.

These convention decisions were not arrived at without some conflict. Two conflicts, in particular, were dominant. One was a battle between those who say that a radical alternative can only be presented by a candidate who is free of past involvement in the parties of corporations and war; on the other hand are those who want to grab a lot of votes by nominating one of the "liberal" Democrats. The latter position was especially attached to Eugene McCarthy. The first position would seem to have won, since Spock was nominated. But this conflict is in fact dangerously alive. For it was to appease the McCarthyites that Spock and Hobson were designated as stand-ins. The summer convention could still replace Spock, and with a recycled Gene.

The second major conflict was between those who

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Julius Hobson by Michael Shapiro

El Topo: A Savage Allegory

A Film Review by Michael Evers

Imagine that Luis Bunuel were young today, and perhaps doing a little peyote now and then. His first film might have been something like *El Topo*. *El Topo*, or the mole, we are told is a creature who claws his way through the dark darkness in search of the sun's brightness. In this case the mole is Alejandro Jodorowsky, the film's director. As a metaphysical voyager in a vast desert, he leads us through a savage allegorical landscape of brutality and perversity.

Jodorowsky was born in Chile of European parents and works in Mexico where *El Topo* was filmed. The dialogue which is simple and minimal, is in Spanish with English subtitles. The film itself bears few national characteristics and might have been produced in any one of a number of countries.

When *El Topo* was brought to the United States it was turned down by one distributor after another. In desperation Jodorowsky struck a bargain with New York's Elgin theatre for midnight screenings every Saturday. Through word of mouth and over a period of many months *El Topo* built up a track record that even the most skeptical of distributors could no longer ignore. It has only recently gone into general distribution and whether its appeal will extend beyond hard core film freaks remains to be seen.

The film begins as a man on horseback with a naked child clinging to him, makes his way slowly across the desert. They pause and dismounting, the man instructs the child to bury in the sand his first toy and a picture of his mother. Resuming their journey, they soon find themselves in a small adobe community which has just suffered a My Lai-style attack by marauding bandits. The walls and mud roads of the village are splashed with blood. Everywhere bodies lie where they have fallen. Others hang from the rafters of the church. After tracking down the bandits and avenging the slaughter with more of the same, *El Topo* sets out to challenge and destroy the Four Masters of the desert. In the process we are exposed to an endless (two hours, anyway) display of violence and bestiality including suicide, cannibalism, rape, flagellation, animal mutilation, and more.

No stone is left unturned in exploring the most exotic forms of human degradation and misery. A group of monks are sexually abused by bandits. An armless man who carries a legless man on his back is pursued and killed. *El Topo* and his dwarf companion are forced to make love before an audience of leering townspeople. Most of the characters are spiritually deformed. Others are physically deformed.

The images are appalling in their clarity. The color photography is faultless. The sun always seems to be at high noon. And the pale washed out colors of sand and sky lend credibility to a sense of desolation and despair.

Combining a Hesse-like spiritual quest with a descent into Hell, the symbolism of *El Topo* is open to as many interpretations as there are people who see it. But its uniformly



from Jodorowsky's *EL TOPO*

is a pervasive and central problem of the human condition.

To demand that a film maker exclude the realistic treatment of violence from his films is to demand that certain unpleasant and disturbing aspects of human behavior be ignored altogether. The current controversy over violence in movies is reminiscent of the outcry a few years back when the last barriers against sexuality in films were falling. The sensational and gratuitous use of sex in an overwhelming number of films did not mean that the subject could not be treated in an honest and legitimate manner. Now that violence is being brought out into the open by a few enterprising film makers, an identical syndrome is developing. Amid an avalanche of gratuitous violence and sadism some critics and filmgoers have been moved to write off any treatment of violence as immoral and opportunistic. Moreover, it is somehow expected of film that it adheres to special standards and restraints from which other forms of artistic expression are exempted. No one has suggested that we avoid the works of Hieronymus Bosch, whose disturbing often violent images incidentally, have much in common with those of Jodorowsky. Shakespeare's name has not been excluded from the immortals even those his characters had a tendency to stab and poison one another. Nor has Dylan been condemned for sharing with us his apocalyptic visions of dead ponies, wild wolves and branches with blood that keeps dripping.

The point is that the weirdness and savagery of *El Topo* is not unjustified. It is not contrived nor does it strive for a fake artiness. Seeing *El Topo* is like overturning a rock in the forest, briefly revealing the crawling creatures beneath it scurrying for the darkness. This is the dark side of human consciousness, the side we are told to cast away from us, to repress and ignore out of existence. Though it is made from the stuff of fantasy and nightmare, it is very much with us, and is every bit as real as Vietnam as Altamont.

El Topo will be playing at the Key Theatre, 1222 Wisconsin Avenue, Georgetown, for "at least another week, probably longer". Admission is \$2.50.

Clockwork...

continued from page one

causes the government's collapse. So the state returns Alex to his original state of viciousness.

And of course this is accomplished again, through the magic of technology. Again and again it is made clear that technology is the true miracle worker in this film, and human beings are little more than its instruments.

What this overwhelming belief in the omnipotence of technology leads Kubrick to is an exquisite despair—a despair so acute that the sole ethical dilemma in the film revolves around Alex's loss of individuality during the Ludovico Treatment.

The question we are faced with during and after the Treatment is who is worse—Alex, the sadist, or the men who put him through this inhumanly brutal treatment? Of course, when faced with this alternative we might just choose the individuality of Alex to the more deadening games of the larger society.

But this is clearly a false alternative. Why must we choose abjectly decadent, morally indifferent behavior at all? The real alternative is opposition to both the vicious-

ness of an Alex and the deadliness of the dominant forces in society. And this alternative is just not allowed a hearing in this movie.

The reason that Kubrick cannot imagine real alternatives is his mistaken belief that men's minds are controlled by technology.

Everything nicely programmed, nicely packaged, except, of course, the viciousness of Alex.

And of course this reactionary message strikes home to the movie viewer already taken in by the fantasy world of TV, the posturing and fakery of politicos, and the valuelessness of the American middle class. A critic in the *New York Times* can describe this movie as "a delight to the senses."

The film does provide a simple answer to the vague rumblings of their own despair. Now that they've seen *A Clockwork Orange* they can sit back and confidently accept the inevitability of their demise.

And of course they can avoid that uncomfortable confrontation with the nagging problem of the decadence of their society and themselves.

savage and pessimistic view of Western civilization in inescapable.

In terms of violence, *El Topo* picks up where films like *The Wild Bunch* and *Clockwork Orange* leave off, and for some this film will be the last straw. Recently we've been hearing from some critics and filmgoers a growing outcry against the graphic depiction of violence in films. In the good old days, the bad guy was neatly plugged through his heart and slumped to the ground in a discreet and almost orderly manner. But times have changed and we have all seen things on the television screen and in real life that contradict this myth. We have lived through a decade of war and know that violence is neither neat, nor painless, nor antiseptic. We also know that it

A Review by Spiritus Cheese:
Mark Garbulew and Sara Vass

Esther had a hit record in the '60's, Lennon and McCartney's "And I Love Him". We didn't know where she had been in the eight years since then. She had been in hell, mainlining heroin to the tune of one hundred dollars a day. Like many musicians and singers before her, Esther was underpaid and used people in the music business. Being black and a woman is not easy in the "business". As Esther herself has said, "With me it was record companies that sold millions of copies and just literally took your money. One time I sued and won the case, but even then they never paid off."

Her story immediately brings to mind that of Billie Holiday, who was on and off hard drugs until it killed her. Fortunately Esther seems to have made it back from the dead. At her manager's suggestion, she entered Synanon in 1967. She credits the West Coast organization with helping her.

The only singing she did in those two years was a role in a rock-jazz cantata written and sung by and for fellow addicited residents. (*The Prince of Peace, The Sounds of Synanon, The Synanon Choir* — Epic 26475).

Esther left Synanon in the fall of 1969, and has been playing in the Los Angeles area and touring with Johnny Otis. Otis, considered the "godfather of rhythm and blues" was the person who got Esther started and named her Little Esther when she won a singing contest at the age of thirteen in his club. At the 1970 Monterey Jazz Festival the Johnny Otis Show reunited to include not only Little Esther Phillips but blues veterans Joe Turner, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, Pee Wee Crayton, Ivory Joe Hunter, and Roy Milton as well as younger performers Delmar "Mighty Mouth" Evans, Margie Evans, and Otis' sixteen year old son Snugge Otis.

The show, one of the hits of the festival, was recorded and is available on a two-record set released by Epic Records. (*The Johnny Otis Show Live at Monterey*: EG 30473).

In the year since Esther Phillips has returned, she signed with veteran jazz producer Creed Taylor's new Kudu label. Her first album for Kudu (*Esther Phillips — From a Whisper to a Scream*: KU-05) was released a few weeks ago. Esther performs beautifully, although some of the arrangements are a bit saccharine and over-produced.

Undoubtedly, the best song on the album and the one that comes across with the most feeling and emotion is "Home is Where the Hatred Is," a song written by a young black poet named Gil Scott-Heron who has released two albums of his own on Flying Dutchman records.

The song deals with drugs but not in quite the way James Brown's current single "King Heroin" does. A key difference is that Esther sings from the gut of experience, with that biting and caustic edge she can add to a song.

"I'm getting along alright," she says, "still people don't realize that when you've stopped using narcotics, it's always a day to day battle. Nothing is guaranteed."

She says the same thing when she sings, "Home is where the needmarks / Try to turn your sick soul inside out / So that the world can watch you die / You keep saying / Kick it, quit / But did you ever try."

One hears an ironic tone when she speaks about the sudden "discovery" of a hard drug problem in America.

"When I started using drugs, nobody was trying to do much to prevent it. You got caught, you went to jail and that was it. No understanding; nobody wanted to know about it, especially the middle-class with their it-can't-happen-here attitude. Well it's happening at every level of society now."

Esther's intensely personal delivery extends to all the songs on her album. Janis Joplin's "Scarred Knees" is an example of Esther Phillips at her bluesiest. Her fine sandpaper voice is very reminiscent of her first idol, the late Dinah Washington; Esther adds a tartness and a feeling all her own. "Scarred Knees" also is used as a vehicle for Esther's soulfully punctuated humming.

New Orleans songwriter Allen Toussaint contributed the title cut "From a Whisper to a Scream", and "Sweet Touch of Love", both of which Esther does with her typical gutty forthright blues style.

"Baby, I'm for Real", written by Marvin Gaye and his wife Anna, starts slow and builds ever so slightly with Esther controlling every phrase until the end when she drives the song home. "Your Love is So Doggone Good" and the Eddie Floyd penned tune, "Til My Back Ain't Got No Bone" typify Esther's vibrant and moving sculpting of notes.

Neil Young: A Few Steps Backwards

Reviews of Neil Young's *Harvest* (Reprise) and *America* (Warner Brothers).

By Bill Sievert

Neil Young just isn't as weird as he used to be.

And that's too bad. Because in Neil's weirdness was a musical uniqueness that produced some of the finest music of the 1960's. First with the Buffalo Springfield and later in his first two solo albums, *Neil Young* and *Everybody Knows This is Nowhere* (with Crazy Horse), he haunted us with his eerie melodies, flawless guitar work and mind-jolting lyrics. The images of living that Neil Young used to come up with showed us that he, too, was balanced precariously on the fringe of understanding, the fringe of being able to cope with his life, the fringe of sanity. He made it a little easier, a little more difficult, to go on.

But Neil's poetry began to miss a few beats in *After the Goldrush*, his last album. The product was a little less profound, more commercial, and naturally it sold better. Today, Neil's long-awaited *Harvest* is an instant commercial giant. But it is leaving some of his old wax-student friends a bit more distraught.

Yes, the album has moments that indicate Neil has not entirely lost his perspective now that he is a super-star (an occurrence that came about in large measure due to his temporary hook-up with Crosby, Nash and former fellow-Springfield Stills).

The cut "Old Man" for instance, is superb—good enough to stand with any of Neil's earlier works; it is strongly reminiscent of "Empress of Wyoming." It deals, in part, with the link between youth and age, the supposedly strong and the so-called weak; it does so tastefully without a hint of corn.

And, while it is commercial enough to be Neil's biggest single hit of all time, "Heart of Gold" captures a touch of the magic that many of us have come to expect from him. There's a searching for something that probably isn't there at all, but the search will continue. (It's also very nice to hear harmonica work the caliber of Neil's on "Heart of Gold," once again an influence in our music).

But then there are other cuts in which Neil seems to have found some answers—answers that have moved him a few steps back from the brink. Neil's answers are questionable, ranging from politics of condescension to sexist relationships.

In the title tune, "Harvest", Neil tells his women to "dream up, dream up, fill your cup with the promise of a man," suggesting that the promise of Him is all she should ever need.

It should be noted that Neil isn't too certain of this philosophy in a couple other numbers, though he sings of it often. In one cut, he says, "the woman I'm thinking of has loved me all up," and he needs to escape. In another, he decides in his best forlorn voice, "a man needs a maid," just someone to "keep my house clean." He does not sound convinced. In general, about half of the album deals with his need for a strong relationship with a woman, and much of that material indicates that he is leaning toward the idea that the man should control that relationship.

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Then there's "Alabama", the one rock-out number. It's a 1972 repeat of "Southern Man." As rockers go, neither comes anywhere close to Neil's earlier "Cowgirl in the Sand". But, content-wise there is an even greater problem with "Alabama". Neil seems to believe that the South is the only area of the country where racism exists, and he loves to pick on the region as a sad, sick land where there is far less progress than anywhere else. Neil sings, "Oh, Alabama, you have the rest of the union to help you along." I'm sure the people of Alabama will sleep better tonight knowing that Neil Young and the other 49 states are ready to help bring Alabama to their high moral standards.

Musically, Neil has given up much of his creativity in favor of experiments with approaches and gimmicks that have made other musicians successful. He does a couple numbers with a London symphony orchestra, as the Moody Blues first tried successfully about four years ago. The result upon Neil Young's material is drastic overstatement. He should leave the symphonic arrangements to the Moody Blues and their lesser imitators. Neil also does a touch of country and western that was recorded, of course, in Nashville and more than a touch of plain pop. Only his oddly nasal twanginess makes the material superior to that of Three Dog Night.

All of Neil Young's work has been disturbing—that's exactly what made the first two albums great—but *Harvest* is disturbing in the wrong ways: in its often questionable content and in its not very creative style. If you aren't familiar with his earlier work, don't judge Neil Young by *Harvest* or even *Goldrush* alone. Turn off the radio, and try on something earlier.



WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT of Neil Young, there's a new group that has one of the "hottest singles" in the U.S. and Britain right now because, in part, one of its singers, Dewey Bunnell sings and writes much like Neil Young.

America is the group, a male trio of U.S. citizens who have been living in England for five years while at least one of them was avoiding the draft. They're back in the country to promote their first album and for a concert tour. They've played twice in the Washington area, and they're good.

No, Dewey's writing is not yet of the caliber of most of Neil Young's. And in concert they are all very nervous, trying to be showmen and succeeding only at being human beings who make good music.

Their single, "Horse Without A Name" is one of the best top-40 efforts in awhile, particularly for its lyrics which reverse some common images about what is good and what is not. "It felt good" to be lost in a desert "out of the rain" where "you can remember your name" and there "ain't no one gonna give you no pain."

But the single was only an afterthought. It wasn't even on the album, entitled *America*, when it was first released early this winter. The album by no means needs the single for it to stand out as a good work, worthy of a four-buck investment.

America's harmony is excellent, and its three-man guitar work—much of it with acoustic guitars—the same. As a whole, it is one of the most pleasant, together records to come out of a new recording group in recent memory. The album contains a couple rock pieces, the best of which is "Sandman", a number which first introduced the group to Washingtonians last fall when WMAL-FM picked it up off the British version of the album. "Sandman" starts out calmly—a reunion between two old friends who have in some ways been apart a long time—and it builds musically and lyrically to both an a cappella chorus and to a barrage of electric guitar guaranteed to make you move.

Most of the album is more low-keyed. All three America's sing lead and all three write. While there is a weak spot or two, mostly on the second side, the material is generally strong and good to hear.

On 'Radical Lifestyles':

RADICAL LIFESTYLES: PROFILES OF SIX COLORFUL AMERICANS WHOSE DYNAMIC ALTERNATIVES TO MIDDLE-CLASS CULTURE MAY GUIDE YOU TO LIBERATION. By Claudia Dreifus. Reviewed by Sharlene J. Kranz.

In the introduction to her book, Claudia Dreifus states her belief that "at the forefront of the changes in American life are a few hundred people who've lead their lives so differently that they've served as the pioneers for this revolution."

We are introduced to six of these innovators in a fast-paced, well-researched and well-written paperback recently released by Lancer Books (\$1.50).

Dreifus is active in the women's liberation movement as a writer and lecturer. Her work has appeared in *The Nation*, *McCalls*, *Penthouse*, *Village Voice*, *Rolling Stone* and other national magazines. She is a former union organizer, producer of public affairs programs for WBAI in New York, and editor of the *East Village Other*.

In *Radical Lifestyles*, we meet Kate Millett, feminist author, and philosopher. We hear her ideas that a feminist revolution will not just free women; men too have been imprisoned by sexual roles and stereotypes. Millett discusses her bi-sexuality, pacifism, and her views of the male left in America.

We meet AJ Weberman, collector of Bob Dylan's garbage; John Wilcock, who started the *Village Voice* in 1956 and *The East Village Other* in 1965; and Susan Schnall, a former Navy nurse who was the first woman court-martialed by the U.S. military for opposition to the Vietnam war.

Florynce Kennedy is a fascinating black, middle-aged woman lawyer who organized 200 women to sue the State of New York for the abolition of the abortion law; the lawsuit was a major factor in forcing the State legislature into repealing the restrictive abortion law.

And then there is Howard Levy, an Army doctor who spent time in prison for refusing to train Green Beret "medics". It is Levy's story, I think, which best illustrates the kind of life which begins in a middle-class neighborhood, gets a good education, and is radicalized by an event in early adulthood. The chapter on Levy is an exciting picture of the evolution of a man's political consciousness.

Levy grew up in a comfortable Jewish home, Brooklyn style, attended New York University where he accumulated \$10,000 playing the stock market, and went into medical school because, he says, "I wanted desperately to remain affluent." His first clinical experience at a city hospital disgusted him. The sit-ins of the early sixties attracted Levy's attention at this time and he began to read the literature of the new civil rights movement. Finally he chose Bellevue for his residency, where, rather than recoiling at the abominable conditions, he "reacted to the vermin, insensitivity and shortages with fulminating anger."

In 1965 Levy was drafted into the Army and sent to Fort Jackson, S.C. He became involved in an SCLC voter registration drive in the nearby town of Newberry. Levy calls his first day of voter registration work "the most rewarding day of my life."

During his second year at Fort Jackson, his job began to involve the training of "medics" for Vietnam.

"When Levy decided to refuse to train Green Berets," writes Dreifus, "he hadn't thought of his action in terms of a planned act of political opposition to the Army. It was just a moral question. As a doctor it was ethically wrong to train soldiers in political medicine."

Levy was court-martialed for disobeying an order, for promoting and encouraging disloyalty among the troops, and for engaging in "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." Charles Morgan from the ACLU was his attorney. In June 1966 Levy was sentenced to three years of hard labor.

Now he is involved with Health-PAC, a radical research group in New York, and travels extensively speaking with GI and medical groups. He also does volunteer work at a clinic on Manhattan's Lower East Side.

Dreifus concludes that Levy's resistance to the Army "brought about the massive GI anti-war movement we know today," and that he is "the only authentic hero that medicine has produced since Benjamin Spock."

Radical Lifestyles is worth reading if you want to get to know what kind of people are active in movement work, and how they got there. You can admire them, or envy them, or think them fools, but at least this book will introduce you to them in a satisfying and easy-to-read format.

Peoples Party

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wanted a "name" candidate, whether liberal or radical, to attract votes and those who wanted an unknown candidate, so that the Party could emphasize issues instead of personalities. Spock almost lost because of this battle.

The proponents of running a lesser known candidate first approached Marge Buckley, who is largely unknown outside of California, but she refused. She will run for city attorney of Los Angeles instead, a non-partisan race the thinks she might win.

Instead of Buckley, Jack Hampton, also of California Peace and Freedom Party, ran. Spock defeated Hampton by only four votes. This difference in philosophy is still reflected in Party meetings.

The first meeting of the candidates (including the cabinet) after the Dallas convention produced an embarrassing display of the "name" hangup. All of the candidates except Hobson participated enthusiastically in making up a list of movie stars who could be approached for announcements of support. Hobson squirmed quietly, and at the next meeting presented an alternate campaign proposal. His strategy is based on two tenets. First, the public must be given issues that will make them think, not merely personalities who only make them emotive.

Second, these issues cannot just be presented in speeches. Who will listen? They must be presented through direct action programs which are the heart of the campaign, and which organize people to fight the ruling class regardless

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of how many votes the Party gets. It is this plan which might relate the presidential race to the left and to the residents of D.C. For it assumes that the campaign is entered not for its own sake, but to gain a stump from which to organize.

Current campaign strategy calls also for concentration on those states where ballot petitions are due early; it also calls for concentration in those states where there are primaries, taking advantage of the presence of the media and of the opportunity to present an alternative to the Democrats and Republicans who are saying nothing in their primaries. Another campaign decision—a very bad one—is to concentrate on campuses. This assumes that the People's Party vote will be largely a youth vote, and ignores the necessity for talking to the exploited working people of this country, and letting them know what this alternative platform has for them to think about and do.

Hobson's first action project tied to the campaign is his challenge of the license renewal WRC. He has charged that they are unrepresentative of this community and that they are racist and sexist, and he is gathering evidence to prove it. Already he has one beautiful statistic. Federal Communications Commission rules require that a broadcaster survey the community it serves to ascertain the community's program desires, and further requires that 70% of those surveyed be residents of the municipality in which the broadcaster is located. Last year, only 27% of those surveyed by WRC lived in D.C. (the previous year it was 20%). A few years ago, Hobson and some others challenged WMAL, and in order to head off non-renewal of its license, WMAL had to

spend \$150,000 on a new ascertainment study, and had to hire Black professionals to become more representative of the community.

Thus, he also intends to describe in his campaign the methods used to force schools to stop discriminating on the basis of economic class. Hopefully, the campaign will include the development of new action strategies.

Hobson has said he will run this kind of locally oriented campaign whether the rest of the candidates of the People's Party do or not, but hopefully they will.

It was then that Gwen Dillard, Barry Hawkins and other Black newsmen appeared on Channel 7. NBC sent some high officials to D.C. to try to dissuade Hobson about WRC. They even tried to buy him off, asking him if he would like to have the contract to do a new ascertainment study. Hobson, naturally refused and is proceeding. Of course, Julius has always done these things in D.C., but the significance of being a national candidate is that he can now instruct people in other communities as to how to challenge broadcast license renewals. Instead of just making a speech about the evils of capitalism, he can enter a locality with outlines of specific actions which local people can undertake. The general speech on the nature of the American economic system is therefore not the focal point of the campaign stop, but is instead the background for the specific action. It is used to make the point that all corporations control us, and that the specific action against this one corporation must be one of a series of such actions developed by that local community. The action itself is the focus.

Democratic Shenanigans

continued from page 8

vice and consent of the local party committees (ie the Democratic Central Committee) the name of Presidential appointees to local positions such as city councilmen and women, and judges, as well as the names of Federal appointees who have authority over District programs, like the Small Business Administration and the local Federal Housing Administration. Fauntroy, Wilson says, "wants to be a black Mayor Daley."

The Reform Democrats say they were forced to start their own organization because they were excluded from Fauntroy's slate-making process. This is certainly likely, for what political would involve his opponents in creating a slate of delegates that is supposedly loyal to him alone? As one Reform Democrat put it, "There was no chance of my getting involved in the Fauntroy thing short of going to the good Lord and asking him to get me involved."

Ballot Stuffing?

When Fauntroy held his Ward One "convention", supposedly a well-publicized and open meeting, to select its delegate and alternates to the National Convention and its nominees to the Democratic Central Committee, people

Chicago + 4

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convention would have dissolved on national TV. If there really had been a mass fist-fight a quarter of that convention could have walked out and tried to rebuild the Democratic party. But the liberal leadership backed off from their position—dumped a decision the peace caucus had unanimously made—and the moment went by. What was worse, the liberal delegates let them do it, gave away raw power into the hands of O'Dwyer and Lowenstein. It was a classic withdrawal from resistance to mere dissent. "Dissent" meant the candlelight march to Grant Park. When I got there I found a friend who was suffering from tear gas and shell shock, and I took him back to my motel. At that point I couldn't imagine ever going back inside the convention.

But the next night I found myself in a daze, totally unclear about my own identity and where I belonged. Was I a delegate, a radical, a New Party organizer? I didn't know of the march that Dick Gregory was organizing and I ended up in the Convention Hall after all. When Humphrey arrived I almost puked; threw my delegate card at a guard who demanded my I.D., and finally wandered across the street to the Stockyards Inn, where a group of mostly stodgy people were sitting around sipping cocktails and waiting for the wave of delegates that they expected to come over and help them form a New Party. I couldn't stand that either, and left. I felt totally "dissolved" and I realized that I had lost who I really was—mostly because I had come to like the D.C. delegation so much and feel so involved in its platform discussions, its efforts to affect the

were presented with a slate of names which had already been prepared by "ward Leaders". Single nominations for the various positions were not accepted from the floor, opposition was allowed only through the creation of wholly new slates.

According to reports, one intrepid man came to this "convention" with a bus load of supporters in an attempt to throw the election away from the Fauntroy Politicos. And although only 66 people there were signed up to vote, 93 votes were cast, allowing the "ward leaders" slate to win by a small margin. Someone moved that the vote be declared void because of the discrepancy between the number of people who had registered to vote and the number of votes cast, but Fauntroy's Administrative Aide, Delo Lewis, upheld the results.

The Reform Democrats' "convention" in the same ward was quite another thing. Although much smaller than Fauntroy's, there were no prescribed lists of candidates; anyone who showed up was free to make nominations. According to one woman present, "anyone who knew anyone else there nominated each other."

Why Vote

The Reform Democrats final list of delegates to the National Convention and their nominees to the D.C. Democratic Central Committee reads less like a guide to well known political hustlers than does Fauntroy's. The money people, like John Hechinger, who is Fauntroy's nomination for D.C. National Committeeman, are going

convention, and all that, that my ability to break with the Democratic Party had been undermined and my own identity as a radical had been weakened.

How do you feel now about electoral politics?

WASKOW: I try to understand the real power people have. What I did in 1968 was to ask people in D.C. to put their power into my pocket to carry to Chicago on their behalf. The result was that was much more powerless than the people in the streets, and the D.C. people were much more powerless too.

The election process is one in which people don't learn to run any institution which controls or serves their lives—like an institution from which they get bread, or newspapers or policing, or health care. Instead, the election process carefully organizes people to turn over their power to other people. That becomes clear when someone like Kennedy is killed. People who have organized their power around one person are bereft. But it's true even if the candidate wins: he has power, his campaign workers don't. The democratic goal is for people to learn to govern themselves. Elections don't help people learn to do that.

What about supporting the lesser of two evils in a crucial election campaign?

WASKOW: Sometimes it really is the difference between a fascist or a war criminal versus a fairly moderate corporate capitalist who promises to stop being a war criminal as soon as he is elected. Some claim the obligation is to work for Muskie or McGovern as a united front. I think that's not an evil thing for people to do, but I'm not go-

ing to. I'm prepared to participate in electoral politics to the extent of ten minutes voting on primary day and ten minutes on election day. There is a very great difference between the election process and the non-electoral political process by which people learn to govern themselves. It is the obligation of people who believe in that difference to spend their energies on helping build self-governing communities of people—food coops, free clinics, etc. That does not mean a purist total rejection of voting. If you see a real difference in party candidates, use a limited amount of energy on that.

What about a new party that would really be democratic as you envisaged making the Democrats before you went to Chicago?

WASKOW: My answer to that goes to what I think I now understand about the connection between the election process and the state. The state by its nature is a small cadre of people which is intended to govern and keep other people from governing. Even a good party is funneling energy from self-government into other-power. The goal is not to make Spock and Hobson president, but to abolish the presidency. The real task now is to liberate work—the process of material production—and make it subject to the moral value system of the people who are working. How to do that varies. One way is to build small alternate work places to practice what that means. We should never blindly believe that our society can be totally rebuilt out of those small places alone, but we can carry that practice into the large work places. What I don't want to do with my energy is organize people to give their power to someone else.

Move To The Country? Never!

by Sharlene Kranz and Alan Fectar

We've all read a lot lately about the joys and glories of living in the country, of going back to the land, of leaving the soot and the frenzy and the concrete of the city behind for the peace and good air and green of the outlands.

Well, some of us believe that city life is a groove, too. As confirmed urbanites we'd like to tell you why.

We live in a small rowhouse in Foggy Bottom, an unglamorous name describing a charming section of the city that is roughly bounded by the G.W.U. campus, the Kennedy Center, the Watergate, and Washington Circle. The State Department is also in our neighborhood, as are the Circle theaters, Thompson's boatyard, and the West End Library.

Our neighborhood is interspersed with pastel colored town houses, some with English gardens in front, others with richly blooming rose trellises over arched gateways, still others neatly decorated with ornate wrought iron tables and chairs in small backyard patios. During the summer each block becomes a cacophony of color as one garden of annuals after another explodes into bloom. Our house has a private garden in the rear.

We can walk to all the places that make it nice to live in a city. Movie theaters for example. We are surrounded by the cheapies but goodies: the Circle and Inner Circle, the Biograph and the Cerberus. In addition, G.W.'s student center shows low price films every weekend—and we've never been checked for ID's.

Shopping is also convenient. There is the Watergate complex, which includes a Safeway, Peoples, dry cleaner, bakery, bookstore, wine shop, post office, and terrace restaurant, all open to the public. If you prefer smaller shops to brand-name enterprises, right off Washington Circle is a food market with the world's loveliest produce, all year round. And two liquor and wine stores which both offer free delivery and late-night hours. There is also a shoe repair shop, a plant-on-premises dry cleaner, and a florist with a wide selection of indoor and outdoor plants as well as cut flowers. We have a clean and cheery laundromat, a card and gift shop, and a hospital emergency room for quick medical care.

Our neighborhood library, the West End branch, is a well lit and modern facility where all the stacks are open to browsers. Besides books, they lend records, posters, and framed oil paintings. Their big bulletin board is full of notices of community events, and the free meeting rooms upstairs are used by groups ranging from the Democrats to the feminists.

Besides being a place to pass through on your way to somewhere, Washington Circle is a pleasant place to sit and relax. The City keeps it colorful and clean, and in spring and summer the flowers are changed often. The Circle is

also a place for frisbee games, where players are unimpeded by trees or overhanging wires. Doctors and nurses from the hospital eat their lunches there, as do the girls from the Catholic school across the street. And on nice Sunday afternoons there are the young couples sitting on the lawn with the Sunday papers spread out in front of them.

We often take advantage of Georgetown's proximity by taking a slow stroll up to The Parlor on Wisconsin Avenue for an ice cream soda, window shopping along the way. Walking amongst the people who are also out enjoying the city, and listening to the balloon man run down his line, we laugh at the traffic and the tourists who are intently inspecting the natives in their natural habitat.

Foggy Bottom is so strategically situated that it is almost silly to own a car. Besides being able to walk to entertainment and shopping and services, anyone who works downtown (or near Dupont Circle or Georgetown) can walk to work in all except the most inclement weather. And on these days, the frequent Pennsylvania Avenue buses run to all parts of the city.

Living in the city allows us to sample and become involved in a wide range of community activities. There are women's groups, consumer groups, community newspapers, political groups, and civic associations. Our neighborhood association is involved in fighting G.W.'s proposed takeover of the neighborhood with high-rise monsters; it favors keeping the existing brownstones and row houses wherever possible. The association also deals with the problem of dogshit on the sidewalks, and sponsors frequent free block parties.

We can go to an afternoon show at the Circle and then sit outside of P.T. Barnum's sipping a beer, soaking up the rays of the later afternoon sun, and watching the town whiz by. We can bike over to YES! for dinner, or up to Maison des Crepes for brunch. We are only minutes away from our friends houses. We can walk down to the Interior Department Auditorium for a free concert and come back through the G.W. campus, maybe bowling a game in the student center on the way home.

We like being able to bike to the Sylvan Theater, toting along a picnic supper and a blanket, for a concert or a play.

We like being able to walk to the boathouse with a jug of wine, the papers, and a portable radio, to pass the afternoon floating in a canoe on the Potomac.

We like being a short walk to the P Street Beach, and the swimming pool and tennis courts at 24th and N. We like being a 15-minute walk to Dupont Circle, where we can browse through the book and record store, or listen to a symphony concert on a summer evening, or lunch with a friend who works nearby.

We like seeing lots of people on the street, lots of different-looking people going to different places for different reasons.

We like it when a neighbor recognizes our cat and takes him in if it starts to rain.

We like it when the man at the laundromat remembers us and says yes, he'll take the wash out of the dryer if we're late getting back.

We like it when the mom-and-pop store on the corner says sure, you can pay for it the next time you come in.

After fifty walks down a familiar street there's still some new aspect of a house or garden to notice; maybe it wasn't there the last time you looked, or, if it was, you just didn't see it because there was so much else to look at and be involved in.

For us, the city lives. It breathes, moves and changes. Its neon signs pulsate, while its eyes—the traffic lights—blink on and off, allowing traffic to stream like its life's blood through its arteries.

Go live on a farm? Not on your life. Move from the city? You must be kidding!

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Put Your Money Where Your Mind Is - The People's Fund

By Tim Frasca

The People's Fund is nearing the end of its first year as the countercultural community chest. Sparked by the successful Philadelphia People's Fund, the D.C. version has raised about \$1,000 so far.

Early organizers saw People's Fund as a way of freeing social change groups from financial dependency on foundations, wealthy benefactors, or other whimsical sources, and reducing wasteful and time-consuming money raising with a more efficient joint hustle.

They also wanted to give people dissatisfied with the United Givers Fund a way of "putting their money where their minds are."

An important by-product has been increased cooperation and communication among participants. Recipient groups have already lent each other money and given free mailing and printing services during the course of the campaign.

When People's Fund was being organized last summer, problems of purpose and philosophy came to a head over the selection of recipient groups. Over a three or four week period, applications to be a People's Fund recipient were encouraged with ads in *Quicksilver Times* and personal contacts. The working committee then

Harrisburg 13+2-3+2-1 . . .

charge in the Harrisburg case has been fascinating. First it was Hoover accusing both Berrigan and the East Coast Conspiracy of a bomb and kidnap plot.

Then as the Justice Department tried to build a case, they found Dan Berrigan and the East Coast Conspiracy had nothing to do with Hoover's charges. The first indictment was weak and had to be revised downward. (The grand jury investigations did not help much because 19 out of 22 subpoenaed refused to testify, risking jail for contempt rather than cooperate when the indictment should have been dropped).

The second indictment reduced the maximum sentence from life to five years, omitted Dan Berrigan completely and added draft board disruption, to add quantity where quality was lacking. The redrawn and reduced second indictment indicates the inability to prove the charges of the first.

The fluctuations are not only unjust but incompetent. And how will the government make restitution to the so-called co-conspirators who were accused and then dropped, or to the remaining alleged co-conspirators who have been accused but not charged?

The numbers game that has been played in the government's year-and-a-half of trying to build a case is interesting. Over 70 people have been implicated either as defendants, "co-conspirators," grand jury witnesses or named in the bill of particulars (government detail of charges). At first it was the Harrisburg 13. Then three were dropped and two added. Then two more were added and one "severed." So the final count is: The Harrisburg 13+2-3+2-1.

The irregularities in the government's handling of the case are legion: wiretapping without authorization, searches without warrants, arrests without warrants, excessive bail, manipulation of grand jury procedures, arbitrary contempt citations, motion after motion denied.

In the face of all this, the Harrisburg defendants refused to plead to the second indictment. In his statement in lieu of a plea Phil Berrigan said of the indictment: "I will regard it, therefore, as a piece of legal pathology supporting our military pathology in South-east Asia. And I will resist it as I resist the war."

What Is a Conspiracy?

The law says that conspiracy is an agreement between two or more people to commit an unlawful act. Can people be indicted for talking? Apparently. The free association and discussion necessary to determine whether to engage in civil disobedience or not seems to be denied by the conspiracy laws. Yet the feasibility and moral justification of such things must be examined.

How many people have "conspired" to think through the possibility or impossibility of various tactics to bring about a change in government policy? Look at the government's tactics: shadowing, searching, bugging, impersonating, subpoenaing, indicting—in a word, entrapping. If the Harrisburg "plot" had not been abandoned, wouldn't Hoover & Co. have preferred to catch

selected the following community groups to benefit from the first year of People's Fund: the Gay Liberation Front, publishers of the Gay newspaper *Breadbox*; People's Coalition for Peace and Justice (PCPJ); two local welfare rights organizations: the Free Clinic; Radicals lesbian Press, publishers of *Furies*; Washington Area Free University; the Washington Area Military and Draft Law Panel; Special Approaches in Juvenile Assistance (SAJA) and the Gale Street Community Center, a neighborhood controlled center for children and young teens in Far Northeast.

Recipient Groups Selected

The groups were selected on the criterion of providing some significant service or function not otherwise available and leading to desirable social change. All the groups have been assisting in the actual fund-raising.

Two 50's style sock-hop benefits attracted many well-wishers and boppers and a hefty \$500, which People's Fund applied to "seed" costs, or costs of operation. No contributions are being used for administrative expenses unless specifically marked "seed" or taken in at specially advertised benefits. There are no salaries for People's Fund workers.

A membership meeting scheduled for April (any contributor is a voting member, no matter what size donation) will hear recommendations from the working committee and try to formulate goals and procedures for the following year.

A strong recommendation will probably be made to give about 70% of the funds collected to the advertised groups. The other 30% would be left in escrow as "emergency" money. What exactly constitutes an emergency will be decided at the meeting. A new and possibly more permanent working committee or other administrative structure will be set up for the future.

charge in the Harrisburg case has been fascinating. First it was Hoover accusing both Berrigan and the East Coast Conspiracy of a bomb and kidnap plot.

Then as the Justice Department tried to build a case, they found Dan Berrigan and the East Coast Conspiracy had nothing to do with Hoover's charges. The first indictment was weak and had to be revised downward. (The grand jury investigations did not help much because 19 out of 22 subpoenaed refused to testify, risking jail for contempt rather than cooperate when the indictment should have been dropped).

The second indictment reduced the maximum sentence from life to five years, omitted Dan Berrigan completely and added draft board disruption, to add quantity where quality was lacking. The redrawn and reduced second indictment indicates the inability to prove the charges of the first.

The fluctuations are not only unjust but incompetent. And how will the government make restitution to the so-called co-conspirators who were accused and then dropped, or to the remaining alleged co-conspirators who have been accused but not charged?

The numbers game that has been played in the government's year-and-a-half of trying to build a case is interesting. Over 70 people have been implicated either as defendants, "co-conspirators," grand jury witnesses or named in the bill of particulars (government detail of charges). At first it was the Harrisburg 13. Then three were dropped and two added. Then two more were added and one "severed." So the final count is: The Harrisburg 13+2-3+2-1.

The irregularities in the government's handling of the case are legion: wiretapping without authorization, searches without warrants, arrests without warrants, excessive bail, manipulation of grand jury procedures, arbitrary contempt citations, motion after motion denied.

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A People's Fund campaign timed to coincide with the Fall United Givers Fund (UGF) push worked well in Philadelphia and may be attempted here.

Contributions to People's Fund are not tax deductible since People's Fund admits its political nature, unlike UGF which hides behind the "charitable" label. UGF cannot legally or practically take the political position and exercise the political influence which leads to social change without losing its tax-exempt status.

TEN LARGEST BENEFICIARIES OF 1971 UGF MONEY:

Family and Child Services of Washington, D.C.	\$613,898
Health and Welfare Council	580,000
Hospital Council of the National Capital Area	545,113
Salvation Army, National Capital Division	460,000
Boy Scouts, National Capital Area Division	369,674
Catholic Charities, Archdiocese of Washington	307,000
YWCA, National Capital Area	301,688
YMCA, Metropolitan Washington	299,000
Girl Scout Council of National Capital Area	221,127
Jewish Social Service Agency	214,603

UGF does fund useful projects. But UGF exhibits the social work syndrome of teaching people to adjust to poverty and deprivation by providing them with palliatives and hand-aid measures while the institutional sources of UGF money continue to create and perpetuate the inequalities in the first place. Real services to the community would be services to fight bad housing, atrophied public schools, and oppressive welfare practices—but a UGF funded with powerful government contact and support is not going to provide such self-annihilating services. Real services would include services to fight employment discrimination, union discrimination, and the general economic withdrawal to the suburbs—but a UGF dominated by local corporate interest (as in Philadelphia) is not capable of serving poor people in such ways.

Real anti-drug addiction services would be services to go to the heart of big-money dope and sort out the complex of underground and aboveground interests who profit from it—services which would be attacking and advocating in a way UGF could not imagine.

UGF co-opts healthy public concern by providing a highly visible ameliorative and convincing people that UGF money leads to social change. Furthermore, UGF confuses people and fudges the issue of who should provide certain services, the public or private sector. A recent UGF ad showed a Red Cross worker aiding a wounded veteran. UGF also supports the United Serviceman's Organization (USO). If a government determines that it must have its soldiers stationed all over the world, then it ought to provide them with the necessary services and the so-called "charity" should not fill in where the government is negligent. The same could be said for nearly all the health and welfare services of the UGF.

UGF does provide services which people need, and which ought to be provided. But the services, just as foreign aid on the international level, have a context—a political context.

UGF's political context is stability, consensus, and *status quo*, aimed at teaching people to live in society as it exists rather than standing with people to build a better one.



Some
interesting
things for the
individual with
taste.

A COMMUNITY CRAFT SHOP
contemporary clothing, candles, pottery
jewelry, leather goods, macrame, ceramic
pipes, and bongs, silkscreen, tie-dyes,
beadwork, incense, comix, oils, rolling
papers and smoking supplies

EARTH WORKS

1724 20th Street, N.W.
387-6688

Calendar

Colonial Times

Calendar Notices for the next issue should be submitted to Colonial Times, P.O. Box 21026, Washington, D.C. 20009 by March 24, 1972.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16

LECTURE: "Our Glorious National Parks" Edward Brigham, Jr. 5:15 and 8:30 p.m. Smithsonian Natural History Auditorium, Free.

MEETING: Washington Area Peace Action Coalition, 1345 Connecticut Avenue NW Room 513, 7:30 p.m. SPEAKER: "Role of Youth in World Leadership" Hisanobu Shibusawa, U.S. student, American University New Lecture Hall, 8 p.m. Free.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17

FILM: "The Women's Film," "Blood of the Children" and "Discussion of the Children's March," Community Bookshop, 2028 P St., NW. Donation 50 cents. 8 p.m.

PLAY: "Gospel According to St. Matthew" 7 p.m. 9:30 p.m. G.W.U. Marvin Center, 50 E. Tabor. "Enemy of My People" 8 p.m. Georgetown U., Theater, \$2.50.

COUNTY: "Folk" G.W.U. library, 26th and G Sts., NW. All day and folk dancing at 8 p.m. LEC: URE: "Bali Canto in Jazz and Popular Songs" by Henry Messanti, 8 p.m. Smithsonian History and T - "ontology Building, Free.

SUBVERSIVE FILM: "T The Bog-Raphe" and "The Lover" and "The Women's Film" at 12:30 p.m. 50¢. Program repeated Saturday morning at 10:30. DRAMA: "Much Ado About Nothing" 8 p.m. Folger Theater, 8 p.m.

FREE FILM: "Les Misérables" (1935) at Montgomery College Takoma Park, 7:30 p.m. WOMEN'S ART exhibit opens at 2028 P St., NW through March 31.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18

FILM: "Growing Up Female" at the Community Bookshop, 8 p.m. 50¢.

CONCERT: Danny Hathaway and Les McCann, 8 p.m. Constitution Hall, 1972 KITE CARNIVAL lecture on the history and design of kites by Paul Gerber, Natural History Bldg, 1:30 p.m. Free.

DRAMA: "Much Ado About Nothing" 8 p.m. Folger Theater, 8 p.m.

FREE CONCERT: "Les Misérables" (1935) at American University New Lecture Hall, 8 p.m. 25¢.

CONVENTION: D.C. Statehood Party, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. St. Anthony's Church, 12th and Lawrence Sts., NE.

CONCERT: Clancy Brothers at Lisner Auditorium, 8 p.m.

DRAMA: "Enemy of the People" see March 17.

FREE CONCERT: Pablo Elvira, baritone and Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist, Dept. of Commerce Auditorium, 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19

BLUEGRASS CONCERT: Dept. of the Winter Auditorium, 2-4 p.m. Free.

BENEFIT FOR OFF OUR BACKS: 2-8 p.m. #1200 Cleveland Pl., NW. Donation \$1.

CONCERT: Jean-Pierre Jumex, classical WMR, Liner, 3 p.m.

CONCERT: Ike and Tina Turner, Cole Pines House, Univ. of Md., 8 p.m.

CONCERT: Dave Mason and Taj Mahal at Catholic Univ. Gymnasium, 4 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. Tickets \$3.50.

SPRING HIKE through Rock Creek Park, 2-4 p.m. Meet at the Nature Center.

FOLK JAM: G.W.U. Marvin Center Ballroom 2-5 p.m. Free.

MONDAY, MARCH 20

ART EXHIBIT opening: "Ten Women Artists" at Folger Theater, Thru April 8.

FABRANGEN COFFEEHOUSE: Mike Tabor speaks on "Trees for Vietnam" 8 p.m. 1627 21st St., NW. Free.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21

FREE FILM: "Great Expectations" 3 p.m. Montgomery College Takoma Park, Auditorium. Donation 50 cents. 8 p.m.

PILGRIMAGE begins to Harrisburg, Pa. to support Harrisburg Defense Committee. For info call 232-2465.

SPEAKER: James Tingle on "Disarmament" G.W.U. Marvin Center Rm. #10. 8 p.m.

BALLETTE BLACKINGTON of the Intl. Institute of Women's Studies, speaking on "Women vs. Psychiatry," 7:30 p.m. Community Bookshop.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22

CONCERT: Melanie, Constitutional Hall, 8 p.m. Tickets \$4.50-6.50.

FREE FILM: "Bushwhack" at Smithsonian Natural History Building, 1:30 and 4 p.m. Free. Repeated on Thursday.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23

EARTH ONION Theater Troupe at Community Bookshop, 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24

SUBVERSIVE MOVIES at the Biograph: "Ramparts of Clay" 12:30 p.m. 50¢. Program repeated Saturday morning 10:30. Children Free.

FILM: Community Bookshop at 8 p.m. "Ramparts of Clay" 50¢.

FAMILY NIGHT at the Rock Creek Park Nature Center, 7:30-9:30 p.m. Nature films, planetarium show, animal talks.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25

CHILDREN'S MARCH: All day. See story in this issue.

FILM: "Romance and Juliet" with Peter Ustinov, 8:30 and 10 p.m. American Univ. New Lecture Hall.

SUNDAY, MARCH 26

1972 KITE DAY: Entertainment, free kites, kite repair clinic, Noon-3 p.m. on the Washington Monument Grounds.

POETRY READING: May Skinner and Sam Housley, 8 p.m. Library, 8 p.m.

ART BARN store opens; featuring contemporary art and wall hangings, Thru April 20. Free, 10-5 pm weekends.

FOLK CONCERT: Benefit for Children's Free Community School, St. Stephen's Church, 16th and Newton Sts., NW, 4 p.m. Donation \$2.50.

ENVIRONMENT: '72 is an outdoor art fair in Georgetown's Canal Square sponsored by the local chapter of the American Institute of Interior Designers. Noon-5 p.m. To focus attention on the ways to use throwaway waste as decorations for the homes: wall hangings from recycled paper, cans, nails, old buttons, strings, wire, corks, dried flowers will be on sale.

CONCERT: Humble Pie and King Crimson at the Alexandria Rock Rink, 3 and 8:30. 8 p.m. Advance admission.

MONDAY, MARCH 27

FABRANGEN COFFEEHOUSE: Martha Tabor, AFGE activist, speaks on "Worker's Right Conditions for Government Employees" 8 p.m. Free. 1627 21st St., NW.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28

FREE FILM: "India - the Sleeping Giant" at Smithsonian Natural History Bldg, Noon and 1 p.m. Free. Repeated on Wednesday.

WORKSHOP by The Furies Collective. Lesbians only. Community Bookshop, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29

WOMEN'S POETRY reading, all invited. Community Bookshop, 8:30 p.m. Free.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31

CONCERT: St. John Passion (Bach). Washington Choral Society, 8:30 p.m. Kennedy Center, 81-7:30.

Public Notices

Vocations for Social Change

helps people find meaningful work in the Washington area and all over the country in free schools, co-ops, political groups, clinics, etc. This is a Key Spiritual Life Center on the American University campus. Mondays 2-5 p.m. Tues. thru Thurs. 7-8 p.m. Call 886-2391 for information.

Coalition to End the War

meets every Thursday at 7:30 at the Peace Study House, 2127 F St., NW. For information call 232-2403.

Vigil for Peace

every day in front of the White House. Call 811 at 546-8840 or 546-7631.

Natural Living Class

Festivals, vegetarian diet, Wednesday evenings at 7 p.m. at the Free Clinic, 1556 Wisconsin Avenue, NW.

Radical Therapy Center

1724 20th St., NW holds Sunday discussion groups at 6 p.m. for new people and 8:30 p.m. for on-going groups. New gay men's discussion group forming. Women's group meets Wednesday at 8 p.m. Come and meet us Sunday evening.

Books for Lorton Reformatory

are being solicited by an inmate group called ALERTS. Books are wanted on teaching of reading and writing, trade and vocational manuals, humor, history, black ethnic heritage, New. Write ALERTS c/o Off. E.R. Johnson, P.O. Box 15, Lorton, VA.

Project Air War

needs volunteers for research both short and long term into bombing in Laos. Call 785-3111 or come by and ask for Steve, 1322 18th St., NW.

Benefit Welfare Dinner

sponsored by National Welfare Rights Organization on March 25 at 3 p.m. at Christ Methodist Church, 4th and Eye Sts., S.W. Cost \$10. Speakers are Gloria Steinem and Jonnae Tishman. Theme: "Welfare is a Woman's Issue." Call Deborah Smith, 347-7727 for info.

BIKE Rental Facility Opening

at the Thompson Boat Center, opposite the intersection of Rock Creek Parkway and Virginia Avenue, NW. A total of 40 new bikes takes available at hourly and daily rates, every day from 9 a.m. to dark. Canoes and rowboats also available at weekly rates.

Hayrides Through Rock Creek Park Five-mile trip through the Park with a midway stop at a bonfire. Reservations for groups are required in advance by calling 426-6834. The rides are free and limited to 35 persons per wagon.

Nature Van

Filled with small live animals which children can touch and hold, the animal van can be rented free from Rock Creek Park Nature Center. Rangers show rabbits, snakes and raccoons in live demonstrations. Call 426-6829.

Benefit Folk Concert

for the Children's Free Community School on March 26 at 4 p.m. at St. Stephen's Church, 16th and Newton Sts., NW. Donation \$2.50 per person. Featuring: Archie Stewart, Frank Bullard, A Touch of Blue, and Bill Seligman.

Georgetown Coffee House

open Friday and Saturdays from 9 p.m. on in the basement of Healy at Georgetown University. Folk music, poetry, and drama entertainment. For information: 625-4792.

American Film Institute

present series of films about "Sports," March 17 to April 2. Films about basketball, surfing, football, tennis, auto racing, baseball, pool, bullfighting, boxing and the 1936 Berlin Olympiad are featured evenings at 8 p.m. Call 554-1000 for membership information.

Ingrid Bergman in Person

at AFI Theater, March 26 at 8 p.m. to introduce "Casablanca" (1943). She will answer questions after the film, also.

The People's Party

a new national political organization, whose presidential candidate is Benjamin Spock with Julius Hobson for vice-president. Hobson has opened its national headquarters in D.C. at 1404 M St., NW, Tel. 785-1535.

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SATURDAYS: 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.
CLOSED SUNDAYS AND MONDAYS

