

COLONIAL TIMES

Washington Bombed By B-52s



DuPont Circle, The Morning After/ Drawing by Robin Hill

Community Moves Against War

by Bill Sievert

In an attempt to develop appropriate responses to the renewed U.S. bombing of Vietnam, a group of D.C. residents has quasi-consciously created a radical community council.

As many as 150 local people in the last month have participated in a series of community meetings to plan ways of protesting and stopping the U.S. war machine.

The first meeting was called on 24-hours notice after the bombing began, and it brought together about 60 representatives of various anti-war and movement groups, communes and collectives at the Institute for Policy Studies to plan an immediate response to the U.S. escalation.

The results included a lot of leafleting and a small, local demonstration at the White House and Saigon embassy during last month's frozen cherry blossom festival. A third result was another community meeting.

This meeting was attended by more than 150 people and included practically every anti-war group with spokesmen or spokeswomen in Washington, students from area universities, Quicksilver Times, people representing movements of blacks, gays, and women, as well as collectives and families.

While some movement organizations and even more communes were not represented—apparently due to the looseness of communication within the radical community—the idea was to involve as many radical groups, collectives, and individuals as wanted to participate.

In practice, there was a broad perspective base. Just as important, there was an ability to make some group decisions. The meeting's participants agreed to sponsor (and many carried out) demonstrations at the local offices of International Telephone and Telegraph, a press

conference at the Russian embassy urging more support for the North Vietnamese people to counteract the U.S. bombing and electronic warfare, and support for the April 21 student strike.

Proposals for an occupation of Congress and a demonstration at the Baltimore Harbor against the supplying of materials for U.S. participation in the war also were discussed and further community meetings were planned to consider these ideas at length. (The community is notified of meetings through a loose telephone network and sometimes through leaflets.)

The continuing nature of these community meetings has been one of the most impressive assets. While, in the past, there have been occasional community gatherings, usually prompted by crisis, this has been the first time the meetings have continued week after week with many of the same people returning.

There have been at least four such meetings in the past 30 days, about one a week. And from conversations with participants, there appears to be developing a feeling that D. C. radicals should continue to meet on a regular basis...both socially and to coordinate political and cultural activities.

Certainly there are some problems in creating a more permanent community meeting structure (a community council, as it might be called). The large number of participants and their wide variety of ideas and perspectives has made the largest meetings of the past month unwieldy and frustrating to many of those attending. On the other hand, at times, when there is not a sense of immediate crisis, fewer people might be willing to put their efforts into community organizing and the meetings would be too small.

continued on page 5

Washington, D.C., 2 May 1972

B-52 bombers of the Armadillo Armed Forces dropped close to two hundred tons of high explosives on heavily populated sections of Northwest Washington last night, after apparently overshooting military targets in Northern Virginia.

Civil Defense officials said the number of people dead cannot be accurately measured at this time, but estimated some seven thousand killed in the half-mile wide, three mile long target area stretching from eastern Georgetown through DuPont Circle and into residential Adams-Morgan.

That area today is little more than a collage of rubble, fifty-foot bomb craters and immeasurable human misery.

The dominant signs of life - and death - are the occasional wail of ambulances rushing bomb victims to hospitals, the noise of unexploded bombs being set off by rescue workers digging through the rubble in search of trapped survivors, and the scores of vultures scavenging for human remains.

The rescue operation has been hampered by the fact that Connecticut Avenue from Columbia Road down to K Street, has collapsed into the Metro tunnel.

The Armadillo Radio Network told its listeners just before midnight that "air strikes against military targets near the capital of the United States tonight did extensive damage to enemy military communications networks and other support facilities for enemy troops."

The report said the targets of the 9 p.m. raid included "logistics, communications and air defense facilities in areas where the enemy has been assembling and moving supplies and troops to support its aggressive actions."

U.S. Military spokesmen said today they are certain the intended target was the Fort Meyer-Pentagon complex, across the Potomac River, south of Washington's Georgetown section.

Army reservists and National Guardsmen have been on the streets of the nation's capital since just after Midnight to prevent looting and to restore order.

All telephone communications in Northwest Washington have been out since the raid. Most of the areas radio and television stations have been continuously broadcasting news and civil defense instructions.

Authorities late this morning began allowing limited numbers of people into areas cleared of unexploded bombs, to look for friends and relatives.

Sanitation Department trucks have been taking away human remains shattered beyond recognition. Bodies that might still be recognizable are being taken to the RFK stadium and the D.C. National Guard Armory, where friends and relatives may seek to identify them.

Vultures, normally seen around the National Zoo, spread throughout the bombed area today. Police and National Guardsmen had been shooting them to keep them away from human bomb victims, but authorities ordered this practice stopped because the sound of gunfire was frightening the already traumatized population.

Teams of students from local medical schools are working in emergency medical centers and roaming throughout the city offering assistance to survivors.

Groups of students from area universities and members of several communes in the DuPont Circle/Adams-Morgan area have turned most of the churches and large buildings left standing into emergency food and housing centers.

Armadillo Defense Minister Mal Lard, in a morning broadcast on Radio Armadillo said raids such that directed against Washington were "limited duration protective reaction strikes."

John Glower, conservative senator from southwestern Armadillo was quoted in the early editions of the semi-official Armadillo Times as saying "I've been advocating this for eight or nine years - with our accurate bombing, I feel there's no worry about hitting civilians."

Deputy Defense Minister Schweindienst told a reporter for Radio Armadillo "we only hit military targets. But I've never known a war yet where civilians weren't killed. U.S. military officials say the Northwest Washington area was hit by a sortie of six high-altitude B-52 bombers, each carrying thirty tons of high explosives, dropped in a pattern called "saturation" bombing.

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The Washington Monument/ by Robin Hill

The Bombing of Washington

The day after the American bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong, the *Colonial Times* staff met to talk about this issue of the paper.

Sharon Rose had been to a community meeting about the war at American University and brought us news of what others were doing to try - again - to stop this madness.

The story of the bombing of Washington on page one was the result of the brainstorming that took place at that meeting around the question "What can we do about the war in general and the renewed bombing in particular - in our roles as members of the *Colonial Times* staff."

Some of the incidents recounted actually happened in North Viet Nam, others seemed to be the "logical" result of 500 and 750 pound bombs being dropped on us and our homes.

Writing the final version of the piece brought the war home for me and we hope it does the same for you.

Colonial Times Lives?

The really sharp readers may have noticed that it has been a little more than two weeks since our last incredible issue, but to misquote Mark Twain - "rumors of our demise are slightly exaggerated."

Our problem is money. Remember money? We have vague memories of it and would like to renew our acquaintance but until we do, we're going to struggle on, monthly, stripped down to sixteen pages, no fifty-weight paper on the front and center and no color.

If any of you moneybags would like to "loan" us \$10,000 (or any part of it), then we could hire two or three of ourselves for \$75 or so a week and start working here full time and really acting like a community news paper.

Dare to Giggle, Dare to Grin
Robert Hinton

Patrick Henry of Colonial Times

by Sharon Rose

Once, when I was in the fifth or sixth grade of an all-white, middle class public school in suburban New York City, I saw a short color-film dramatization of Patrick Henry's speech before the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1775, in which his final impassioned cry (while holding a sword to his own throat) was "Give me liberty, or give me death." The scene was just prior to the American "revolution", and Henry was pleading with his Virginia neighbors to join the other colonies in their declaration of independence.

I responded in the manner I'm sure my teachers wanted me to: I was moved to tears by this brilliant display of patriotic courage. (They later had us memorize the whole speech: "They tell us, Sir, that we are weak, unable to face so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed and a British soldier is stationed in every house? Sir, we are not weak...")

Now, when I close my eyes and picture that film, I see Patrick Henry, representative of the landed gentry, decked out in ruffled shirt and wig, surrounded by petty-coated, painted ladies, crying out for his own liberty, not, perhaps, the thought, for that of the slaves he owned.

What does Patrick Henry have to do with us, the staff of the *Colonial Times*? Just this: most of us (with only a few exceptions) are children of the white middle class who used to believe that Patrick Henry did it for us. We swallowed the line about "liberty and justice for all", and only comparatively recently have we seen through the Big Lie.

Unlike our sisters and brothers who are black, Spanish speaking, Indian or of a lower class, our up-bringing allowed us to believe that we would have control over our own lives. Only after experiencing the Civil Rights movement, the Free Speech movement, the Peace Movement, have we understood that this is not true. We are weak, we have little power over our own lives. What is worse, we discover white skin privilege, and we're damn angry about that (and sometimes guilty, when that anger turns inward).

When we chose the name *Colonial Times*, we were thinking of ourselves as living in a colony: but unlike Patrick Henry, we want to reject the role of the upper class colonizer. Contrary to old Patrick, we understood as well that in order to change this society we have to change not only its institutions, but ourselves as well. We have to change the ways in which we communicate with each other, the ways we work together. We have to stop being authoritarian, and start being egalitarian.

So we formed a collective. We said, "Each of us will share equally in the decision making. We will share the skill work and the exciting, creative work. We will talk everything through. No one will impose her or his will on the others." But there is a little bit of Patrick Henry still left in us, and because it is very difficult to take out our anger on the system we are really angry at, we take it out on each other. Our rage at the war, poverty, racism, sexism, at all the ills of our society and at our own powerlessness, spills over into our relationships with each other.

Each of us has moments of being convinced that only she or he knows how best to do something. We don't take enough time to listen to each other. We are judgemental and self-righteous in our anger: after all, it's for the good of the "revolution". We struggle, but we often fall apart from each other in total frustration. We go away vowing to never have anything more to do with this bunch of ridiculous, angry people.

But we have also learned that because we carry our anger with us (as if it were in a gunny sack permanently slung over our shoulders) the only thing we can do is to try to work it out together, as painful as that is.

So, here we are, six months later, a little bruised for the experience, having alienated a number of good friends along the way, but hopefully, a little more changed in the direction we want to be: a little less Patrick Henry.

Those responsible for this issue of *Colonial Times*:
Marcia Carter, Gil Friend, Robert Hinton, Bill Hobbs,
Steve Kiltzman, Dorothy McGhee, Marie Nahikian,
Will Raymond, David Riley, Bleya Rose, Sharon Rose,
Mike Roskey, Richard Sharp, Bill Stewert, Amanda
Spoke, Patsy Truxaw, Robin Walden

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Washington April 1972

I share this sunny heavy air

with the mad bomber.

Income tax and moon-shot

pregnant buds ready to deliver

here and in Indochina.

The jets overhead

make me a Hanoi mother

the neighbors' barbecue

sends smokey meat aroma

I smell the burning of Haiphong.

Gabrielle Simon Edgcomb

THE ADAMS-MORGAN ORGANIZATION

A New Thrust Toward Community Unity

By Marie Nahikian

Take a walk up Connecticut Avenue and turn up Columbia Road walking towards 18th St. and you can't believe you are just five blocks away from the teeming convention crowds at the impenetrable Hilton Hotel complex. Or make the jump across Rock Creek Park via the Calvert St. Bridge and suddenly the streets are alive with color.

Blues and yellows from the New Thing Art & Architecture Center, a historic townhouse converted into a McDonald's that creates a unique meeting of the new and old. Latin music filtering onto the sidewalk from a neighborhood department store, a huge white German shepherd in his everyday perch in the front window of his owner's cleaners. Stuck away in unsuspecting corners you'll find old apartment work the best Greek delicatessen in the city, an exquisite French bakery, the Ben Franklin with real penny candy, a host of next-to-new shops for furniture, clothes or just junk. An inner-city coffeehouse that always has a crowd, a park built by the surrounding community in the wake of the vacancy left by land speculators' bulldozers, restored townhouses of the affluent attached to the crumbling apartments of the shun landlords. People know each other, yelling back and forth across the street.

The streets are always changing. In winter it's bleak and a fleeting hello on the way to the Safeway may be the only real warmth around. Neighborhood winos sleep in their abandoned cars that only get towed away with the budding of spring that brings neighbors back to perch on their front steps, late into the night. Small groups form and reform talking, laughing and hiding a "public display" of beer from patrol cars. 7 a.m. volleyball games happen in the park, dogs get walked, cars get washed. Block parties are planned and happen, bringing together a spontaneous "I'm glad I live here".

This is Adams-Morgan. A vibrant community of diversity that mirrors the complexities of the inner-city urban life. This is a community where many different people live. You'll find rich and poor, black and white, Latin and Asian, radical and conservative that has made roots in a community where there is always some excitement. There is a feeling that part of the community belongs to everyone.

And that's where the problems begin. Generally bounded by Rock Creek Park and Harvard St. on the north, 16th Street on the east, R St. on the south, and Connecticut Ave. on the west, everyone is interested in a piece of Adams-Morgan. Land speculation is rampant as the community becomes ringed by affluent white high-rises and convention central. Plans for expressways criss-cross the some 300 acres of Adams-Morgan with high ideas of getting the omnipresent commuters in and out of federal building faster. Resources from the District are sporadic and few; no one wants to tangle with the obvious diversity in population. Problems of any inner-city exist...drug traffic, housing, shun landlords, pollution, filth, economic gaps, traffic, health services and education.

Until the Second World War, about two-thirds of Adams-Morgan was a very exclusive white residential neighborhood. The other one-third was a black poverty area. With the coming of the Second World War, older owners of the very large homes between 18th and 19th Streets moved away and Adams-Morgan very rapidly became a rooming and tenement house area. Part of the area remained largely white homeowners, but housing conditions deteriorated considerably.

Political activity has always been visible on many levels in the community. The Giant is a favorite spot for Young Socialists to warn blacks, whites, poor, latins and freaks alike not to spend their money for food in that capitalist establishment. The 18th & Columbia Rd. newstand is one of the best in town, carrying papers from all over the world, undergrounds, women's papers, and a fine selection of pornography tucked away inside.

And the organizations and groups. Some 60 to 70 exist in Adams-Morgan. Welfare mothers, ward politics, block associations, citizen's groups, landowners, sports clubs, business associations all trying to hold onto a part of the community that they feel is partly theirs.

Since Adams-Morgan is indeed part of the District of Columbia where residents are largely disenfranchised of any input towards local government, local government has remained largely unresponsive. Neighborhoods have no way to transmit their demands to the government and so in Adams-Morgan the community has had to learn to organize itself to try to begin to ascertain their needs and to find solutions for them. And the community has learned some bitter lessons.

With the 1954 school desegregation decision, the principals of the neighborhood's two elementary schools, Adams and Morgan, decided to mount community effort to improve conditions in the neighborhood. A racially and economic-

ally open group called the Adams-Morgan Better Neighborhood Conference was formed in 1956 and was able to obtain a demonstration grant under a federal housing act that was supervised by a team from American University. So the initial organizing of the community was supervised by persons outside of the community.

In 1959 twenty odd groups in Adams-Morgan pulled together to form the Adams-Morgan Community Council and the Adams-Morgan Planning Committee. They set their goal to work with the physical problems of the community and requested the District to designate Adams-Morgan an urban renewal area, realizing that past experience proved physical blight in the area couldn't be stopped on a purely voluntary basis.

The area was designated an urban renewal area in 1960. For the next five years the community worked with city planners to develop several renewal plans. The result was that the plans were turned down by Congress as a result of the House District Committee's investigation to prove that urban renewal had been mishandled in the District of Columbia. Once again it was force outside of the community that came down to censor what had basically been a locally-based effort.

The Adams-Morgan Community was left bitter and frustrated at seeing five years of work down the drain. Congress had loudly criticized the efforts of the community and as a result the Planning Committee just disappeared from existence, leaving the Community Council as the only supposed "representative" group in Adams-Morgan.

The Community Council continued to function besieged by the powerlessness of no resources, feelings by some parts of the community that it did not fully represent everyone in Adams-Morgan, and a real lack of continuity and coordination.

One positive step during this time was the designation

of Morgan School as a community school in 1968 and then Adams in 1969. The concept of a community school has several characteristics that revolve around community control in that the school is governed by an elected board of local community people. Morgan and Adams school are both directly responsive to the needs and desires of the community, and to an extent the buildings serve as a center for the community. The schools also have control over hiring their own principal and staff. Paraprofessionals and volunteers are closely involved with the program. Construction is soon to begin on a new building for Morgan school, brought about by the push of the community.

For a long time, the most pressing need for Adams-Morgan has been some kind of structure that could put all this diversity into a unified voice that could speak for some of the common needs that everyone in the community is concerned about. A lot of different groups have tried.

The police have tried with the pilot district community relations projects. Some of the third district police even live in Adams-Morgan, a phenomenon that doesn't exist in many places. But while grants to different projects have been spent, the real intent and result has not been any degree of unification.

Local politicians are quite active with local supporting organizations for Rep. Fauntroy demonstrated by the grass-roots activity for his reelection. Reform Democrats exist in the area but on a much less visible basis. The Kalorama triangle area of the community which is mostly white homeowners and young couples in apartments with some communes, demonstrated an active support for Marion Barry's bid for the school board. But support of individuals seems to carry a price-tag that brings few tangible results on a local basis, largely because elected officials in the District have little actual power.

Continued on page 8

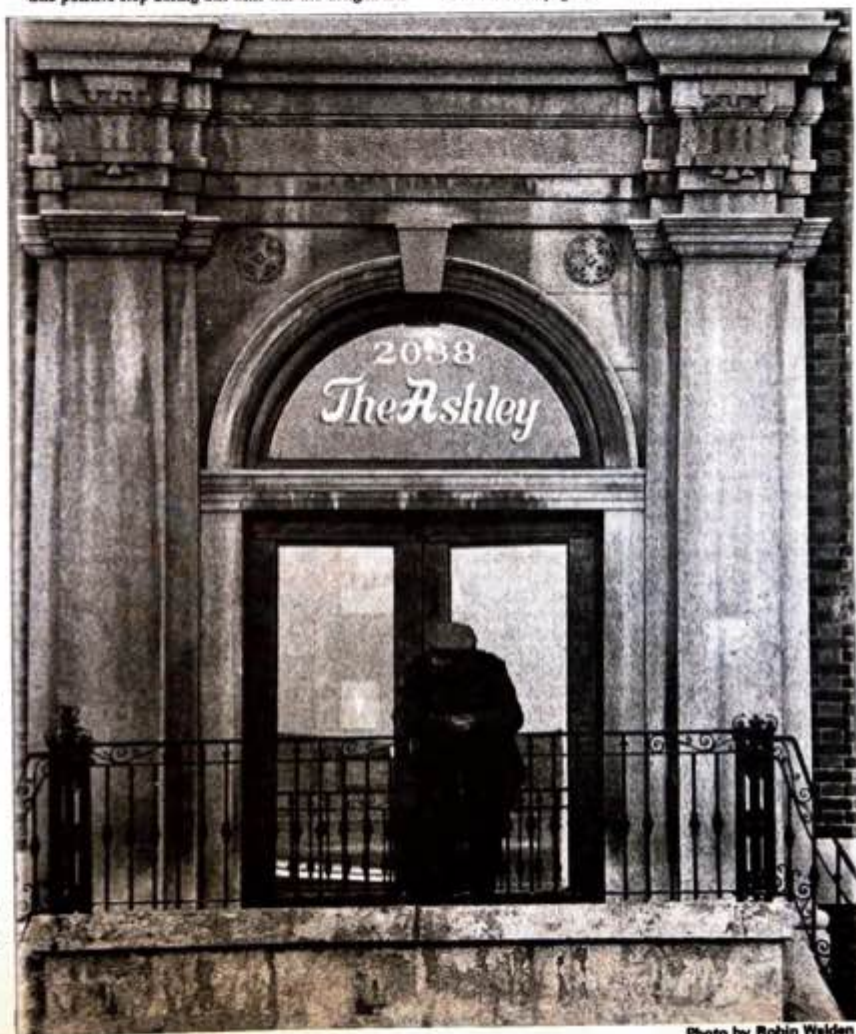


Photo by Robin Walden

ON 18th STREET - The budding of spring brings neighbors back to their front steps.

Major Volkswagen Blunder Revealed



drawing by Marcia Carter

By Herb Adelman

VW Executes Employee

Bonn, April 25: From beneath a cloud of secrecy, a bizarre tale of industrial stupidity and public relations camouflage is being pieced together by our correspondents in West Germany and the United States. Ina Dumkopf, a twenty year veteran at the Wiesbaden design center of Volkswagen was taken out at dawn this misty morning and run down by a rank of twenty black Super-Beetles. The secret execution, attended by a small contingent of plant executives, had all the drama and tradition consistent with German big business.

This reporter spoke with a reliable source in the men's room of the Wiesbaden plant and pieced together the following remarkable story. Dumkopf was responsible for designing the engine air intake louvers in the 1967-69 Volkswagen Fastbacks and Squarebacks. Unfortunately, he had a rare case of reversed vision and so reversed their orientation in relation to the front of the car. A well placed company spokesman admitted that Dumkopf's unusual design, instead of maximizing the cooling effect on the engine actually minimizes the volume of air reaching the engine, thus causing engine damage. There are still conflicting rumors current as to when and how the damage occurs. Some sources have said damage occurs during low speed city driving while others have said the damage occurs during high speed, highway driving.

An informant, very close to top management, stated company policy as: "mistakes are not tolerated, recognized or revealed at Volkswagen." He went on and said, "whenever possible, mistakes are always blamed on the owner for his mishandling and abusing their fine car. Volkswagens are well-built, precision instruments... too good for the owners who mistreat them. Any damage that occurs must be the owner's own fault."

At about noon, under pressure from the press, an official company spokesman read the following prepared statement: "It is absolutely ridiculous to believe that a German company would manufacture a car for three years with such an obvious mistake. There is no fact to the rumor that the air intake louvers on the 1967, 1968, and 1969 Volkswagen Fastbacks and Squarebacks are poorly designed and that their engines can be damaged by an allegedly insufficient volume of air reaching them! That is all the company is prepared to say at the present time."

When pressed further by the many inquiring reporters and several angry consumers asking about a rumored warranty extension to cover damages caused by the reversed air louvers, the spokesman, obviously nervous and perturbed, conferred with several other company officials. He then stated that, "recognizing the anxiety and doubt sewn in the minds of Volkswagen owners by these patently false and malicious rumors, Volkswagen, as a courtesy gesture, has extended the warranties on the 1967-1969 Fastbacks and Squarebacks by an additional twelve months or 12,000 miles. Let me make myself perfectly clear. This warranty extension covers the body work to correct the reversed louvers that are really not reversed and to fix any engine that surely could not be damaged by a mistake that doesn't exist. This is a gracious and beautiful gesture on the part of Volkswagen."

One reporter asked whether there was any plan to contact the car owners. "Not at the present time" was the answer. When pressed on the subject, the spokesman indicated that the responsibility for finding out about the non-mistake and the courtesy warranty extension was the owner's.

VW Secrets Design Defect

Far fetched? Not quite! Volkswagen did reverse the air-intake louvers by mistake, causing damage to engines. And the warranty extension is a near secret. When talking to anybody at Volkswagen about it, one gets the feeling that they have made a break through in creating a time-

space warp where positive is negative, real is unreal and fantasy is truth.

I bought my 1969 Volkswagen Fastback 31 months ago, and cared for it as well as any new car owner has cared for his car. I had my oil changed every three thousand miles and had my car inspected, diagnosed, tuned and treated at VW dealers every six thousand miles. If it coughed, if it sputtered, if it whirled I would rush it in for additional treatment. Money was no object. At Volkswagen it couldn't be! After all this was my first new car and I loved it...I truly loved it! It was inexpensive to operate. It didn't pollute as much as the big cars. It was easy to park. It was fun to drive.

Then back in December 1970, a dealer in Fairfax County diagnosed my car as having a loose cylinder head. Why should a well-cared-for car with only 30,000 miles have a loose cylinder head, I asked. Well there might be many reasons, I was told. The way I drove might be one; the air conditioner, which was especially designed for Volkswagen and which my dealer sold and installed, might be another. Well, after feeling duly guilty for driving my car and using my air conditioner, I meekly asked, how much would it cost to make my car run as it had in the past? About \$150-\$175 was the answer. I was unemployed, and the car seemed to be running alright, so I decided to wait until the loose cylinder head loosened significantly more to fix it.

The car ran fine for more than a year. Then, this past winter I started to have trouble. Fumes were entering the car by way of the heating system. The car was becoming a gas chamber. It was making loud and embarrassing noises. It sounded as if it was on its last wheel. Then one morning it just wouldn't move. I took it into a VW dealer near my office and it was determined that the engine's cylinder head was loose, the engine would need re-sealing, and various other dire diagnoses and prescriptions. When the service rep was finished scaring me to death and moving me close to the brink of bankruptcy, he calmly said, "Oh you have one of those cars." I quickly replied with, "One of what cars?" He said, "the ones with the reversed vents!" Thinking he was joking I quickly dismissed it as a prank and said, call me when you know how much it's going to cost. Good day.

A few hours later the service rep called me with the bad news: \$300 worth, and finished with: "And what do you want done about your vents?" Incredulously I replied, "You weren't joking?" No he said, "The vents are reversed, the engine doesn't get enough air to cool it and therefore, it can be damaged and Volkswagen has extended the

warranty by twelve months or twelve thousand miles to cover the body work to reverse the vents and fix any engine damage. But of course with 56,000 miles, you're not covered."

I quickly realized that it was out of the hands of the local dealer and decided to call Bernie Barilla, regional distributor in Lanham, Maryland. He admitted to me that the vents were reversed, but maintained that it was only a minor mistake. If the mistake is so minor, I inquired, why has Volkswagen extended the warranty for extra body work and engine damage? Oh, he replied, we expect that a mere 5% of the cars with reversed vents will develop problems and that's our "goodwill settlement" for those people. Well, I fumed impotently, I am part of that mere 5% adversely affected, why wasn't I told about the defect or about the warranty when I was still covered by it? He ignored my complaint and said that there was nothing I could do about it. Sorry and goodbye.

At the same time, my secretary, who has the same car with only about 30,000 miles on it was also having engine trouble and was told she had about \$150 worth of engine work to be done. I told her about my experience with VW and she went back to the dealer asking about her reversed louvers, warranty extension and her engine problems. Suprise! She too was among the "mere 5%" adversely affected, but luckily her work was covered by warranty.

Believing as I do in the American ideal, I wanted to let my neighbor know about this insidious plot and secret warranty. I called that liberal bastion of the free press, The Washington Post, to place an ad to alert other unsuspecting VW owners. But I quickly found that the Post was not going to accept any ad, no matter how phrased, that would antagonize a major advertiser like Volkswagen. Try to reach a mass audience in this society!

My idealism would not be tarnished. I began a campaign to let the truth be known about Volkswagen's reversed louvers. I called such mass circulation journals as the Quicksilver Times and the Colonial Times. I wrote newspapers, television stations, columnists, government agencies, senate committees. I handed out leaflets. In the six weeks since the campaign began I received bullish replies from Volkswagen and the government agencies; no replies from most other quarters; and positive support from the Washington Post news department, Nicholas Van Hoffman and WTTG/George Washington University Consumer Help Project and Ralph Nader's Center for Auto Safety.

The Center is trying to gather names of VW Fastback and Squareback owners who have had engine trouble and have either been informed or not been informed about the reversed louvers and extended warranty. It is too late for 1967 and 1968 car owners, however there still might be time for the 1969 car owners to get their work done and louvers reversed under warranty.

For the others, it is time to fight Volkswagen, industry and government to demand protection for the consumer from shoddy workmanship, misleading advertising and secrecy. The Center for Auto Safety would like to pursue this and possibly develop a test case forcing industry to repair poor designs, and manufacturing mistakes under unlimited warranties. VW's louvers are going to remain reversed no matter how much or how the car owner drives.

If you own or know someone who owns a 1967, 1968, or 1969 Volkswagen Fastback or Squareback that has engine problems, please contact: Center for Auto Safety, Box 17250, Ben Franklin Station, Washington, DC, att: Kerry Cathcart or Herb Adelman.

Post Blocks Consumer Effort

It would seem there is a conspiracy of silence in this country and the weapon used is advertising revenue. The same people that pollute the newspapers and air waves with advertising maintain their exclusive access to media by wielding the blackjack of advertising revenue.

After speaking to a public relations-type at the Mid Atlantic Distributor of Volkswagen in Lanham, Maryland, I was enraged at VW's Alice-in-Wonderland policy and their smugness and confidence that an individual could not fight back. I was so enraged at VW's Alice-in-Wonderland policy and their smugness and confidence that an individual could not fight back, that I called the Washington Post to place an ad to tell other VW owners about the air louver defect and VW's secret warranty. I didn't want a classified ad, I wanted an ad in the body of the paper.

Apparently the Post's policy is not to accept ads that would antagonize regular advertisers. No matter how I

phrased it, a Post advertising salesman would not accept it. I finally said, how about an ad reading "1968 and 69 Volkswagen Fastback and Squareback owners contact... No, was the rejoinder. Asking the salesman why, he replied because it implies that something might be wrong with the car. But there is something wrong with the car and Volkswagen admits to it, so it can't be libel... Forget it. We don't accept that kind of advertising. But I want to pay for it. No. But what if I wanted to start a club of VW owners. No way.

Now the Post news department has been supportive. They ran a story about my dilemma on April 27. But strangely, they omitted any mention of the Post's refusal to run my ad and their contribution to the conspiracy of silence which undermines the consuming public's ability to protect itself from corporate irresponsibility.

Ever Feel Like Burning Your 'Money Matic' Card?

By Stephen Klitzman

Has your bank ever denied you a loan on the basis of credit information and then refused to tell you its source? Do you think your savings and loan association is making questionable loans or imposing excessive finance charges?

Are you angry about community-callous management or lousy customer service?

Well, you can at least bitch about it: complain to the government. And here's a sweet switch: the banks pay for it.

"Most people don't know about us," said Joseph Pogor, one of 25 attorneys who work in the Office of the General Counsel, Comptroller of the Currency. The Comptroller, Pogor explained, is the Federal administrator of all nationally chartered banks and of all 13 major banks in the District of Columbia.

Being federally supervised, D.C. banks pay a fee for their own supervision. The Office of the Comptroller of the Currency, in fact, gets no funds from general tax levies but receives all its funding from fees and assessments levied on each bank. With this money, the office examines bank records, administers federal regulations, litigates and handles consumer complaints. And the banks pay for it.

"If you think you've been ill-treated or the bank is doing something wrong, you can complain and request an investigation," said Pogor. For example, he cited the case of someone who was denied a loan on the basis of credit information and the bank refused to divulge the source of the information.

"That's against the Fair Credit Reporting Act of 1970," Pogor noted. Under the law, you have a right to know what group or individual submitted credit information about you. If your bank won't tell you, it's breaking the law.

In addition to loan denials, the office of the General

Counsel, Comptroller of the Currency, has handled complaints about questionable loans, unsound bank management and excessive finance or annual percentage charges in violation of the Truth in Lending Act of 1968.

Pogor couldn't estimate the total number of complaints the office received last year but said it was "well over a couple of hundred." Many came from the Bureau of Consumer Protection, Federal Trade Commission, and the Office of White House Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs, Ms. Virginia H. Knauer.

Last month, the office received a complaint from this writer. For a long time, I had been irritated by, but tolerated the humorless, indifferent service I had received at my bank, the National Bank of Washington. Then I heard that the bank management was heavily involved with the corrupt leadership of a corrupt labor union.

So on April 12, I wrote a letter to the manager of my bank branch. I informed him of my complaint and plan to close out both my checking and savings accounts and to return the bank's latest gimmick, a "Money Matic Card."

I started calling around town to find the right office that should also receive a copy of my complaint. After calls to the American Banking Association, the Bankers Association of D.C., The Federal Trade Commission and the Office of the Comptroller General, I finally reached the office of the Comptroller of the Currency and Mr. Pogor.

He suggested I enclose a cover letter with my copy addressed to the Comptroller, Mr. William Camp. I did and a week later received a response from Thomas G. DeShazo, Deputy Comptroller of the Currency.

He informed me that my comments had been noted and placed in the bank's file. "Having a continuous interest in supervising the affairs of all national banks," Mr. DeShazo "appreciated my observations regarding the bank." He also told me that if I had any other problem with a national bank I should feel free to contact his office again.

Later that week, I did, curious as to what might happen now that my complaint had been "placed on file." Pogor explained: "If a case comes up for litigation against the bank, we'll check our files and often send out anything we've got," my complaint included. The office also checks the files for recurrent complaints about individual banks.

What can it do about them? Pogor acknowledged that

the office has limited supervisory powers and cannot penalize for violating consumer rights. In fact, Title 12 of the U. S. Code covering the banks says nothing about consumers, though it implies that banks should treat them honestly.

Pogor added, however, that the office does have various administrative powers and under Title 18 of the U. S. Code can press for criminal sanctions against certain kinds of illegal behavior (banks directors making loans to themselves, etc.). "And now with the Truth in Lending and Fair Credit Reporting Acts on the books, we're becoming more like a consumer protection agency."

The address is Office of the Comptroller of the Currency 15th and Penn. Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20220. Phone 393-6400.

What if your bank is in Maryland or Virginia? There's an office for you, too. If your bank is a member of the Federal Reserve System you can complain to Office of Public Information, Federal Reserve System, Constitution Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20551. Phone 737-4171.

If your bank is not a member of the "Fed" but is insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, you can write to Ms. Harriet Scholl, Office of Public Information, FDIC, 550 17th St., NW, Washington, DC 20429. Phone 393-8400.

Ms. Scholl also suggests you contact your banking commissioner. In Maryland, he's the Hon. William L. Wilson, Banking Commissioner, 1 N. Charles St., Rm. 2005, Baltimore, Md. 21201 and in Virginia he's the Hon. Thomas D. Jones, Jr., Commissioner of Banking, Blanton Bldg., Rm 800, Richmond, Va. 23219.

Finally, if you bank at a savings and loan association, lodge your complaint with the Office of Public Information Federal Home Loan Bank Board, 101 Indiana Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20552. Phone 386-5403.

In my case I got some personal satisfaction and letters from the Deputy Comptroller of the Currency, and the President and Public Relations Director of my ex-bank. Both the President and PR man apologized for the service I'd received and asked me to reconsider closing my accounts with them. "The next time you are near our main office" wrote President True Davis, "I would be delighted to have you stop in and say hello to me." I just might do it.



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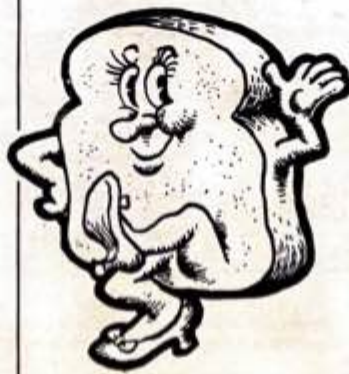
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Community Creating Radical Council

continued from page one

When the meetings are too large, there is always the option of breaking down into more workable units based on areas of chief concern, as has been the case of several of the recent community meetings. At one meeting, for example, after a general discussion, the participants broke down into two groups. One discussed lobbying, the other street demonstrations.

Whether or not the group ultimately divides itself into smaller committees at a meeting, the support for general meetings in which at least broad areas of agreement can be reached and through which D.C. radicals can gain some sense of community with one another, appears to be growing.

"It feels good to know there are other people in this city who feel the way you do about things, and it's good to get to know one another as people, not just faces in a demonstration," said a participant in one recent community meeting.

For a community council to succeed, adequate opportunities would have to be provided for participation by all who wish to participate. And, participants would have to exercise patience with long, tedious, and sometimes frustrating discussions.

But, it appears that more people are agreeing that if the D.C. radical or free community is really to become a community, its members will have to get together, and often.

WGTB Goes Stereo, Broadcasts Alternative News

WGTB Radio, the community radio station operated by students at Georgetown University, has announced it will go stereophonic this summer and plans to construct a new antenna that will carry its signal as far as Baltimore.

At FM frequency 90.1, WGTB offers 24-hour progressive music and alternative news from 9 to 9:15 a.m. and from 6 to 6:30 p.m. Monday through Friday. The evening news also is broadcast on Saturday.

The news reports include the Unicorn news program and

a report prepared by Clergy and Layman Concerned. A woman's news program, "Radio Free Women" is broadcast on Tuesdays at 8:30 p.m. and Thursdays at 2:30 p.m.

Despite its temporarily reduced signal, WGTB can be picked up throughout most of the city.

Washington Journalism Review

Writing The Story Of America

Blacks Charge Discrimination at The Washington Post

by Robert Hinton

On Monday February 7th of this year, the nine black reporters on the Metropolitan Desk of the Washington Post sent a letter to Ben Bradlee, executive editor of the Post asking twenty very pointed questions about the paper's coverage of news events involving black people; the assignment of black reporters, and the absence of black people in most of the decision making roles at the Post.

They told Bradlee that they "would like to have written answers to the ... questions by Friday, February 11, 1972 at 6:30 p.m."

Bradlee wrote back saying he was "against ultimatums on principle. They add one more barrier to the solution of problems that are already hard enough to solve."

He suggested a Thursday or Monday meeting. "The Metropolitan Nine" agreed to a Monday meeting and sent Bradlee Webster's definition of an ultimatum: "A final proposition, condition or demand, esp. one whose rejection will end negotiations and cause a resort to force or other direct action."

In the memo he gave to the Nine at that Monday meeting, Bradlee said that they were not meeting because of the specific grievances implicit in the twenty questions, but "because you feel seriously aggrieved, and discriminated against — because you feel that the Washington Post as an institution and some of its managers are consciously or unconsciously racist."

"I am here to explain and more hopefully to listen, to explain my own instinctive commitment to complete equality and explain what I believe to be our record, and to listen to your grievances."

"Believe me, I hear them, loud and clear."

Bradlee went on to run down the statistics that prove the Washington Post is probably the most liberal newspaper in the country in its hiring practices, and he told how the Washington Post Company had given its FM radio station (WTOP-FM, 96.3) to Howard University (see "Howard University Takes Over WTOP-FM" by Robert Hinton, Colonial Times, Number Three, 3 December 1971).

During the rest of February and early March, the Metropolitan Eight (since one reporter had dropped out) and Bradlee exchanged memos and "Affirmative Action Plans"; with the Eight demanding that the Post eventually bring "black employment on the Washington Post newsroom floor (within) the range of 35 to 45 per cent of every job category," and making suggestions for how and when that might happen.

"black Americans are painfully aware of the lack of their participation in the writing of the story of America in a time of change..."

On March 14th, twenty-six black editorial employees of the Post (photographers, "copy-kids" news aides, librarians, dictationists, etc.) wrote Bradlee a letter in support of the Metropolitan Eight.

In that letter they said in part:

"We write now because we wish to make certain the heart of the issue is not obscured by a debate around the narrower question of precisely what (the) numerical participation ought to be."

"But these (20) questions reflect the need of the black journalist on this newspaper to state that in particular the Washington Post and generally in this society, black Americans are painfully aware of the lack of their participation in the writing of the story of America in a time of change. We could not insist that all matters relative to blacks be written and reported by blacks, anymore than we could countenance the writing of all stories about women by women, all Catholics by Catholics, or all whites by whites."

Although a disproportionate share of the correspondence between Bradlee and the Metropolitan Eight dealt with numbers, both the Eight and their 26 black supporters stressed the fact that "the lack of black participation in the shaping of news about the society in which they play so vital a role has led to unfortunate distortions of the basic posture of the community on such vital questions as crime in the streets and the busing of school children."

Unfortunately, they all saw a mere increase in the numbers of blacks as a solution to the problems black people have with the establishment media in general and the

Washington Post in particular.

It is this black journalist's opinion that the problem — and hence the solution — goes much deeper.

The Washington Post, like most "major" American newspapers is organized hierarchically, with the appointment and assignment of editors and reporters being made from the top down.

The Post is run by and reflects the world-view of White Liberal Heterosexual American Males (WLHAM). The fact that the paper is owned and published by Katharine Graham, whom I presumed to be white, liberal, heterosexual, American and female, does not change my premise because she inherited a paper already defined by WLHAMS and her role now seems primarily to appoint WLHAMS as her top editors and managers to run the paper for her.

The problem this brings about is that anyone who is not white, liberal, heterosexual, American or male has a difficult time appearing "qualified" and "objective" as a reporter or editor, when measured by WLHAM editors according to WLHAM assumptions.

Black people of all sexual persuasions and women of all colors perceive the world differently than do white males because the world they are allowed to live in is a different world.

At the risk of oversimplifying a very complex situation, let us deal with some functional definitions:

Ideology — world view, assumptions of why things happen, who makes them happen, and what things should happen.

Objective — seeing and reflecting the ideology of the editors and publishers.

Qualified — able to perceive events and write intelligibly about those events from a posture reflecting the ideology of the editors and publishers.

Experience — having been watched by editors and publishers or others who share their ideology so that they can be sure the person under consideration will toe the line.

For example, to be "qualified" to write for *Muhammad Speaks*, the newspaper of the Nation of Islam (The Black Muslims), one must be black, inclined toward Islam, and able to believe that all white people are devils.

If your writing reflects the assumptions that (1) Islam is the "correct" religion and (2) that white people conduct themselves in a diabolical manner, then you are being objective — for *Muhammad Speaks*.

So it is with the Washington Post.

To be "objective" and hence "qualified" to work at the Post, some of the things you must believe or pretend to believe are: (1) that it's alright for editorial policy and assignments to be passed down from the bosses above to the reporter below, who just follows order; (2) you have to believe that the American brand of capitalism with its concomitant neo-colonialist foreign policy, cleansed of the more obvious excesses like Viet Nam and ITT, is in the best interest of America and the world (3) you have to believe that what happens in Europe is more important than what happens in Africa, Asia and Latin America, unless there are white people involved there, and (4) you have to believe that what government officials say is probably true unless extensively discredited and what ordinary people say is probably wrong or irrelevant unless undeniably documented.

The way the Post covers the world might give an additional insight into its attitudes and assumptions.

There are thirteen people in the Post's "Foreign Service". There are four assigned to Asia, including two in South Vietnam, one in Hong Kong and one soon to set up shop in New Delhi. There is one each in the Middle-East, Latin America, the United Nations and one "roving correspondent" who takes extended world tours. The Post has five correspondents in Europe and none in Africa.

"... it is the considered opinion of the editors involved that the South Asia story is more significant now than the Africa story..."

There was a Post correspondent in Africa but the Bureau there is now closed temporarily because as Bradlee explained to his black reporters: "I have only so much money to spend, it is the considered opinion of the editors involved that the South Asia story is more significant now than the

Africa story and that the only way we can finance coverage of the South Asia story is by closing the African Bureau temporarily."

The Africa Bureau was also closed temporarily so that the Post's "white man in Africa" could cover the Indo-Pakistani war from West Pakistan.

Of course, the Post's coverage of Africa was never very good anyway. When Jim Hoagland replaced Anthony Astrachan, it got a little better, but the Post has never told the "story" of the African countries governed by French speaking elites, and so much of the Post's "African" coverage has consisted of liberal breast-beating over the white domination of southern Africa (the old style of up-front colonialism) while never dealing with the neo-colonialist roots of so many of the conflicts of black-governed Africa.

The question seems to be: "In 1972, are events in Europe really five times more important than events in Africa and Latin America combined?"

Ben Bradlee and the Post's editors obviously think so but how they reached that conclusion may never be known because there is no mechanism for the reporters or readers of the Post to hold the editors responsible for that kind of decision. But to this humble Washington Post reject it seems not just racist but criminal for a supposedly liberal newspaper in a city that is three fourths black to have only one - white - correspondent in the whole of Africa and the crime doubles when that one person is then moved to cover another "story".

There seem to be three basic approaches for journalists on the staff of the Post who don't want it to continue being the kind of newspaper it is:

(1) a conservative - Nationalist/Separatist - approach would demand a separate section of the paper prepared for, about and by blacks, women, homosexuals, etc.

(2) a liberal - Integrationist - approach would demand that blacks, women, homosexuals appear on the staff in roughly the same proportion as they appear in the community.

and (3) a radical - Liberationist - approach would demand that editors be elected by the staff, and reporters assigned and editorial policy drawn up by the staff acting as a collective of more or less equals.

This "radical" approach might include major elements of the first two, neither of which deals with the important and basic question, "who decides?"

The Metropolitan Eight apparently favors the second approach. I prefer the third, but feel they are all equally possible or impossible.

I see the conflict at the Post then as a conflict between black liberals and white liberals. While the issue the black liberals raise - racism - is a legitimate issue, it is not the only issue.

There is an equally important issue of sexism that has already been raised by the women at the Post. (See "D.C. Newswomen Take on Media", by Ellen Hoffman, Colonial Times, Number Four, page 6.)

There is speculation that just as the blacks filed a suit with the U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission on March 23rd, charging racial discrimination, women at the Post will file a similar suit charging the paper with sexual discrimination.

It'll be interesting to see if the Metropolitan Seven (another reporter had dropped out, leaving five men and two women) and the other black and white women at the Post ever put their individual pieces of the puzzle together so that they can begin seeing the larger picture.

I think that the "larger picture" will show them that as long as all the power at the Post lies in the hands of the white, liberal, heterosexual, American males, then women, blacks, homosexuals and those with other racial, sexual or philosophical "afflictions" are going to experience difficulty getting hired and/or promoted.

Only those women, blacks, etc., who become fluent in the "language" of the WLHAMS (i.e. "she thinks like a man") are going to make it, unless the power realists are changed.

The story of the black revolt did not appear in the Washington media until March 22nd when Ben Bagdikian, who does media commentary for the Post used his column "The News Business," to break the news.

continued on page 10

Post Falls for Kissie's Capers

by Patsy Truxaw

"Who," the question in the Sunday supplement asks, "loves Henry Kissinger best: Nancy Magness of Washington, D.C., Charlotte Ford of New York, or Ming Toy Epstein of Denver?" "Henry Kissinger," replies Walter Scott, "loves Henry Kissinger the best."

Though Scott perhaps has struck a penetrating truth, we tumble nonetheless, once again, into the giddy fantasy world of Henry Alfred Kissinger: diplomat, playboy extraordinaire, world traveler, war criminal. The saga of schizoid Henry continues, accent on the sexy, cuddly, complex man, the "celebrity" of the Nixon administration.

Kissinger's facility in evoking Personality Parade curiosity is expressive not only of the gross decadence of the commercial press, responsible for the role confusion hiding the real Kissinger, but also of the success of the man himself. Acceptance of the Kissinger myth—Henry, nouveau playboy of the Western world—is both indictment of public and commercial press sensibilities, and a testament to the incredible cunning and will of a man bent on becoming the most powerful, non-elected official in the world today. While the media get mileage out of Henry's sexy capers, Kissinger is free for literal and figurative clandestine missions, steadfast on a path of securing his place in history as diplomat extraordinaire.

The Washington Post, editorially aghast at Nixon-Kissinger's barbaric foreign policy, can always be counted on to condemn U.S. escalations in the Indochina war. Yet, in the Style section, which after all is where it is really at for the common denominator citizen, Henry reigns supreme, the *enfant terrible* of the administration. Style has devoted more copy, inch for inch, to Henry than to any other "colorful" public figure since the passing of Camelot. Kissinger ruthlessly meets felt needs.

Daily we are confronted with a surfeit of Henry: his quips, innuendo, scenes, women. Daily Henry Kissinger is presented as witty, intelligent, soft, complex, sexy, human. Daily the Post poses a man too with-it to suspect, and daily they are duped by a man cashing in on the freedom this image affords. How could shy, cuddly Henry be one of the biggest unselected war criminals of all time?

The White House announces Kissinger's secret trips to Paris to negotiate with Le Duc Tho. Nixon bares his oft-rejected Eight Point Peace Plan. Jack Anderson blows the whistle for the first time. Two big spreads on Henry, several Art Buchwald columns, and multiple pithy tidbits later, who is even capable of comprehending that the war could have ended had Nixon-Kissinger tossed out Thieu?

Kissinger kidding CIA director Richard Helms: "I've taken your job."

Helms: "You're welcome to it."

Kissinger, encountering Walter Cronkite and Larry O'Brien at the Sans Souci:

O'Brien: "Henry, I thought you'd be in Paris or Peking or someplace."

Kissinger: "Kissinger is. I'm really Howard Hughes in disguise."

Kissinger on a date (the man has a real predilection for anachronistic form): "I just picked her up on the stairs. I didn't want to come in alone."

The grand diplomat, never above a laugh on himself, as quoted by Phyllis Cerf at the Today Show's birthday party, January 28:

"Henry had invited us to have lunch with him today at Sans Souci. He said it would ruin our reputations. Instead we had lunch on the Hill with Senator Javits; that didn't ruin our reputations."

The best from the Post's black humor file on Kissinger's secret trips-peace plan-Anderson papers-obfuscation goes to the reportage of the National Women's Press Club's "Salute to Congress." Kissinger was keynote speaker at the event. For the sake of irony, bear in mind that Kissinger views Congress as he does the CIA, Cabinet, Departments of State and Defense—they're extraneous cumbersome bureaucracies, worthy only of contempt.

The evening begins with an engaging phone call from the President.

President: "Hello, Henry, where are you?"

Kissinger: "I'm at the National Women's Press Club."

President: "Well, Henry, as soon as you can get away from the ladies, I want you to get back here to the White House as soon as you can."

Kissinger: "I'll be there, Mr. President, for the usual."

Daily noting the sexism and wild laughs, we bypass the meal and move into the meat of the speeches themselves: one of the nation's oldest doves, Frank Church, shares top billing with super-hawk. The two, described by the Post's Dorothy McCardle as "long-time friends-and-foe," proceed to trade barbs; after the gags they are

seen comparing witticisms left out of their speeches.

Church, in deference to Kissinger's power, speaks first, and addresses Kissinger in his opening remarks as a character witness for Father Berrigan. The laughter just gets off, as Church turns to a discussion of the then forthcoming trip to the People's Republic of China.

"Henry is studying the Peking phonebook for out of the way Holiday Inns." Abundant guffawing, more jokes about Nixon-Kissinger expansionist foreign policy, including a routine on the "containment of India" follows. Kissinger rises to the podium.

"The first question I ask myself just before retiring every night as I look under my bed is, 'Is someone trying to get me?' There have been a lot of stories to the effect that I have enemies who are out to undermine me. Nothing could be further from the truth. Secretary Laird, for example, assured me that his confidence in me is unbounded. As evidence of that, he has recommended that I go along on the next space shot."

Later, Kissinger grows more serious:

"In a world," he says, "in which there has never been more talk and less dialogue, nothing is more important than to raise our debates from motives to issues. As we regain trust in each other, the important can replace the urgent in our concerns. So beyond all the hoopla and drama of presidential trips, beyond the exegesis of speeches, we're on the quest for a peace deeper than the absence of war among nations. . . ."

Not only are we to applaud Kissinger's humor, we are to respect the profundity of his thoughts. Yet this funny and transcendent man is the same one pictured stern and bellicose on that very day's front page, meeting the press to discuss his secret negotiations. On the front page, we see a man utilizing the "hoopla and drama" of



which he is so disdainful a few pages back to disguise his boldface lies to the press and the public. One highlight is his repetition of the well-worn disclaimer, "It is not we who are looking for a military victory."

Kissinger got away with it then, and he continues to do so. With him, lie and evasion is a daily, if complex routine. Truth impedes the preponderance of his line on balance of power, his singular, driving interpretation of international politics. "Henry," an ex-aide of his has said, "is not willing to accept the imbalance of power which is there as a reality." International stability means to Kissinger quite simply that we prevail.

It is therefore entirely in keeping that the power recently displayed in North Vietnam preceded Kissinger's passage into Moscow. He entered hand-in-hand with brute force. And force, or the threat of force, is diplomatically what Kissinger is all about. Even though the rest of the world is coming to the conclusion for whatever moral or pragmatic reasons that force will not work in Indochina, Kissinger-Nixon persevere, manically convinced of their correctness. But for the public: just keep them laughing and speculating about romance, romance, romance.

A small box on the front page of the April 12 Post announces the postponement of Kissinger's planned trip to Japan. Kissinger is to stay home and direct the Washington Special Action Group's meetings on Vietnam. A week later, this group advises the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong Harbor.

Henry is predictably caught in a heady social whirl. April 10 we read of the Gridiron Dinner. Henry was in on the laughs there, and giggled so hard he had to go back the next day for the taped re-run with his "date," Nancy Magness, so she could share in the fun sexually denied her

the evening before. April 12, Kissinger is seen with a new woman. Photographed at a wedding reception for Mike Mansfield's daughter, Henry quips that Phoebe is "going to try to teach me a little humility."

Two days later the Post teases its readers with the *piece de resistance*, and surpasses all sordidness to date in Kissinger's cleverly executed obfuscation. Danielle Hunebelle, liberated (we are led to believe) French woman has published a book confessing her unrequited love for Henry Kissinger.

Hunebelle keeps Henry alive in his comfortable, dominant style slot as he firms up plans to rain bombs later that weekend on civilians in Indochina. *Dear Henry* recounts Hunebelle's three year crush, passion, quest after a man she terms, the "little man...not handsome, nor sporty, nor educated. He was timid... And yet, there he is, right up front, naked but for his intelligence, which is all he has."

The Post's attitude is more sympathetic than cheeky in dealing with Danielle. "She has her memories, for what they are worth, and her newspaper clippings." *Dear Henry*, as yet unpublished in English, pictures Henry on its cover, at the doorstep, milk bottles, morning paper, bathrobe and all. A fine, human portrayal.

A witty entry in the People column a few days later informs us that Danielle addressed Henry as "my dearest barbarian," in her letters to him. Although the Post could have made much with this one, they report only that the reference made Kissinger angry. "He wants to be befriended and be regarded as a gentleman." They go on to quote Hunebelle:

"I discovered that this compatriot of the Goths and Vikings possessed the cruelty, egoism, despotism, genius

and also the innocence of his people."

Given the calculated confusion of Kissinger imagery, it was no surprise to observe the abortive impact of the leak of Kissinger-commissioned National Security

Study Memorandum 1 (NSSM-1).

Although the December issue of

Ramparts reported that

NSSM-1 was designed

solely to entangle

Kissinger underlings

at State, Defense and

the CIA in bureaucratic

busywork, thus freeing

Kissinger to consoli-

date power, we won't

expect acknowledgement

of this aspect in the Post.

Kissinger jets back from Mos-

cow. NSSM-1 evaporates as a many

shaded report. We brace up for

still another round of esca-

pades-with-Henry. Style notes

Pat Nixon and William Rogers winking slyly: they knew all along that Henry was out of town, and they are learning to keep their secrets.

The rapid duality, the cute, coy, lightness, by now the standard Post treatment of Kissinger, is quite simply, insidious. Analytical articles in the front or back of the paper do not stand up to any caper Henry cuts in Style. Style endorses Henry Kissinger positively, and in so doing indulges in frightening and dangerously unreal journalism.

Kissinger's success in becoming the *beau ideal* of the Nixon administration threatens people throughout the world daily. The Post's complicity in the creation of this phenomena cannot be ignored, no matter how many antiwar editorials to the contrary. Kissinger has implanted himself in our minds as sexy, cuddly, hot, human stuff, completely obscuring the fact that he is rapidly becoming the most powerful man in the world. Kissinger, who controls the fate of us all, asks us to laugh with and at him. Kissinger, who found in Nixon a man equally appalled by popular opinion as he is, has also found in Nixon a constituency of one. Kissinger has reached a peak upon which he is untouchable. As Nixon's alter-ego, he need only claim executive privilege or congressional immunity, to stop his public lying.

Henry Alfred Kissinger is no joke. Were it not at the cost of lives and nations, his story would be the best of black comedy.

ADAMS-MORGAN



Photographs by
Robin Walden



The Adams-Morgan Organization: A New Thrust Towards Community Unity

A new thrust towards community unity has recently been visible in Adams-Morgan that could prove to have exciting results. Based on a theory of neighborhood government, the Adams-Morgan Organization has been proposed as a new basis for communication within the community that could represent a unified voice to those outside the community.

The whole idea began last summer when a Catholic University law class invited three individuals from Adams-Morgan to talk about the problems of the area. Tapper Carver, director of the New Thing, a black oriented dance, film, music, graphics and art center; Carlos Ruano of the

Spanish-speaking community and Steve Klein from the Adams-Morgan Community Council came way from Catholic University feeling that there had to be some kind of new effort in the community.

Pulling on resources and contacts within Adams-Morgan, a group began to meet together on Saturdays at the Putnam House, a church-sponsored coffeehouse, to talk about the possibility. The group changed constantly, growing but holding onto a common goal that Adams-Morgan as a community and neighborhood was important. They realized that it was important to different people for different reasons, but it became obvious that there were some common goals that could be talked about—

housing, sanitation, education, health services.

What finally evolved was a decision to create a structure whose power base was in the community on an individual basis and could yet accommodate all of the particular organizations and groups within Adams-Morgan without threatening their autonomy and singular efforts. It took months, but using resources of a variety of individuals and groups within the city, a proposed by-law and articles of incorporation was created for AMO. From the beginning the work reflected the input of virtually every facet of the community. Business, Spanish, black, poor, affluent, white were active in the work.

It wasn't until March of this year that the group felt

ready to propose their idea to the community. A series of neighborhood meetings have recently been held, all turning towards a community assembly on May 6 that will vote as a body on ratification of the by-laws.

The structure of AMO is unique. The power is vested in an assembly made up of each member of the organization. Every person who lives and works in Adams-Morgan can be a member. The Community Assembly meets twice a year and other special meetings can be called. The Assembly is a forum at which all of the members of AMO can meet, consult and arrive at decisions and projects and programs for the community. Legally, it is a body that can make effective decisions for the community.

The Chairman of AMO is to be elected on a one-man-one vote principle by the entire assembly.

The Assembly can also authorize committees formed from pre-existing groups or associations in the Community or it may authorize a new group to carry out work on behalf of AMO. This means that if a block association wants lighting, they can get the sanction and support of all of AMO in their fight with the District government.

An executive council is elected by the Assembly that largely represents neighborhoods within the community. AMO is divided into five neighborhoods and each elects four members to make up neighborhood representation on the Council. Ten members are elected at-large, three

of whom are designated youth representatives.

AMO feels that it is important that most of the representation on the Executive Council is derived from the neighborhoods because it is on the neighborhood level that people know each other and can choose people to represent their desires best.

The whole proposal is ambitious. If all the people of Adams-Morgan can pull together to focus their diversity towards a common goal of being able to make decisions about the quality of their lives, then AMO could have ramifications for every neighborhood in the city. Then the concept of home-rule will be a reality without the U. S. Congress ever having to take a vote.

Blacks... at The Post

continued from page 6

Bagdikian explained that the story hadn't gotten out before because "none of the parties wanted it to."

"The journalists involved held back from publicity because they wanted to show good faith in private bargaining and use publicity as a last minute weapon - a nice problem in journalistic conflict with self-interest. The paper didn't want publicity because it is embarrassing to it as a newspaper, as a community institution, and as a corporation. Its radical and conservative enemies would rejoice."

Bagdikian repeated the Post's liberal credentials and went on to describe the situation as "... a clash among friends and colleagues who mostly like each other and would rather be about their journalistic jobs. It is laden with guilt and frustration by everyone (including this writer who in 20 months as an editor was just as guilty as anyone else in failure to hire blacks). It is happening at the Post which believes itself to be better on this issue than any other paper."

About ten years ago when I was still living in North Carolina and considered myself a black nationalist, I wrote that the "only difference between conservative white folks and liberal white folks is that when both of them are banging you on the head with baseball bats, the liberal is the one who is crying and apologizing with each swing."

I remembered that note because that's what the Post's editorial power structure sounds like in its responses to the charge of racial discrimination.

What Bradlee and to a lesser degree Bagdikian seem to be saying to the sisters and brothers is: "We know we're discriminating against you. We're sorry we're discriminating against you. But we're going to continue discriminating against you because you're still inferior."

□□□□□

I was a general assignment reporter for the Washington Post city desk from November 1968 to May 1969. I was fired at the end of my six month "trial period" because I "didn't live up to our (the Post's) expectations."

I'm not sure of all the reasons why I was fired because I never got very straight answers to my questions, but I'm reasonably sure that my being black had little to do with it, but that my being openly radical in my politics had a good deal to do with it.

There is the possibility that I was not as good a journalist as I thought, but I was obviously too good to be fired.

The final blow came when I was not allowed to write the story about the D.C. Nine's trashing of the Dow Chemical offices at 15th and L, NW; a story I was turned on to by mutual friends of mine and The Nine.

I put a couple of Post editors in the position of having to kiss my ass for taking the story away from me or firing me. The choice, so obvious now, should have been obvious to me then.

I'm still bitter about my experiences there because I had made a strong emotional commitment to that paper only to find out that the Post had no commitment to me.

Robert Hinton

by Michael Everett

I cannot begin to count the times that people have stopped me in the street or phoned at 2 a.m., and seized with inspiration, revealed excitedly the outline of a film so freighted with meaning and eloquence that it could not fail to bring honor and wealth to both my friend as creator of the concept and myself as film maker.

The fact is that a lot of these ideas are quite good, and a surprising number of people harbor an occasionally burning desire to make their own movie.

Those who pursue their desires further into reality ultimately discover that producing a 16 mm film acceptable for distribution involves a highly complex and expensive set of processes. Equipment rentals, laboratory charges, and sound services, not to mention any salaries, can climb into the thousands of dollars for even the smallest of films. Most people can't be blamed at this point when they give up the idea altogether.

But for the film maker who is unable or unwilling to assemble the necessary skills and funds for a 16mm film, there is a simple, relatively inexpensive, and increasingly versatile alternative.

Professionals have long looked down their noses at the smaller gauge Super 8 format as little more than a toy. But recent technological innovations have opened up a broad range of opportunities for Super 8 to compete successfully with 16mm as a format for small audience films.

Traditionally motion pictures destined for general release have been shot on film that was 35 millimeters - about 1 1/4 inches - wide. 16 mm film, being less than half as wide as 35mm and consequently much cheaper and easier to handle, came into general use in the 1940's. While 35mm is still the standard for Hollywood-scale movie productions.

The next step came in the Fifties when, by slitting 16mm film in half, the 8mm format was introduced. By the early Sixties, Kodak had rearranged the size and position of the picture frame and sprocket holes with the 8mm width resulting in a frame appreciably larger than the standard 8mm version. This new format was called Super 8.

Getting started in Super 8 is not terribly expensive. A new camera can range in price from \$35 - 1000. A reliable camera with electric drive, zoom lens, automatic metering, slow motion, and so, can be purchased new for two or three hundred dollars. Silent projectors sell for fifty dollars and up, while a viewer and splicer which are necessary for editing your film, will cost twenty or thirty dollars.

Second hand equipment is plentiful, and you might save half again on these prices by purchasing your equipment used.

Super 8 film comes packaged in plastic cartridges in fifty foot lengths. Shot and projected at the standard silent speed of 18 frames per second, fifty feet of Super 8 will yield 3 minutes and 20 seconds of footage.

Assuming you are shooting in color, a cartridge of Kodachrome II, a fine grain color film stock primarily for outdoor use, lists for \$3.20 and sells at discount for around \$2.50.

Kodak film processing costs about \$2.00 per roll so that total costs for 3 minutes and 20 seconds of processed color footage is something less than \$5.00.

Incidentally, the mark up on photographic supplies is

outrageous and list prices should never be paid. The roll of film that the dealer lists at \$3.20 for example, costs him \$2.04.

As a film student, artist, experimenter, or whatever, you should insist on a reasonable discount. For this reason it is important to establish a relationship with a reliable camera store.

Kodak offers several types of Super 8 film in both black and white as well as color emulsions.

Over the winter they introduced a new film called Ektachrome 160 which is several times more sensitive to light than is Kodachrome II. This long awaited development now enables the Super 8 filmmaker to shoot just about anything indoors or out which is lit to a normal level of indoor illumination. This single development has increased the range and versatility of Super 8 radically. Not all cameras can accept the new faster film however. So if you are interested in the ability to shoot under low light levels, make sure the camera you purchase can accept fast film.

Probably the most difficult technical problem a filmmaker has to deal with is sound, which can be the single most expensive factor in the filmmaking process.

The simplest solution is to put together a sound track of music, narration, etc. on conventional audio tape and set it to play back as the film is projected. No amount of adjustments to tape or film however will bring the sound into absolute frame by frame synchronization with the picture. Thus under this system, to have the sound of a slamming door "synched" to a shot of a slamming door, or to "sync" dialogue to an actor's moving lips is virtually impossible. If you are willing to forego dialogue and slamming doors however, this system can provide excellent sound tracks for your films.

A more recent development in Super 8 sound involves having your edited film "stripped," a small stripe of iron oxide which you can have coated onto the edge of your developed film for a few cents per foot.

The stripe, which is similar to ordinary magnetic recording tape, assures absolute synchronization between sound and picture.

Projectors are available which have a tape recorder and amplifier built into them, so that sound can be added to the film by projecting the film and recording the sound onto the film stripe. Inputs on the projector enable the filmmaker to record narration or dialogue with a microphone, to link a record player for music and sound effects, or to add previously recorded material from another tape.

Super 8 sound projectors range in price from two hundred dollars and up.

If any of this appears overly complicated, it is simplicity itself when compared to professional 16mm filmmaking procedures. Super 8 equipment is light weight, fully automated, and because it is manufactured for a mass market, relatively inexpensive.

Virtually its sole disadvantage is the relatively small size of its image which is not well suited to being projected to the size of a large movie theatre screen. But for audiences of less than a hundred, Super 8 is more than adequate.

Exactly what areas formerly covered by 16mm will be taken over by Super 8 is as yet unclear. But already the newer format is gaining acceptance as a media tool in a variety of applications.

Super 8 cassette viewing systems are now in operation in a wide range of uses. One hotel chain offers its guests individual viewing of feature length films reduced from 35mm to Super 8.

Another firm is planning to market a Super 8 system to replace the 16mm system now used on many commercial airliners.

In television newsfilm, Super 8 has many advantages over 16mm and few disadvantages, and its use in that field is growing. In addition many businesses, institutions, libraries, and schools are turning to Super 8 as an economical means to communicate with small audiences.

One film production house in Colorado now deals almost exclusively in Super 8 production. And as a learning tool, its use is growing rapidly in filmmaking courses.

But perhaps the most exciting aspect of Super 8 is the potential it carries for democratizing the filmmaking process.

The mammoth production costs of conventional 35mm and 16mm production leaves filmmaking largely in the hands of those who have access to large quantities of cash. Super 8 has put the filmmaking process within reach of just about everyone who can round up a few hundred dollars. How this will affect a new generation of filmmakers and filmgoers remains to be seen but its growing potential cannot be denied.

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A Critique of 'The Last Picture Show'

Manhood Emerges Again, and Again, and Again

by Rita Mae Brown

If *The Last Picture Show* were the last picture show to have as its theme the life and times of a young man on the "verge of maturity," I would view it with less jaundice. However, the coming-of-age movie seems entrenched; men are apparently fascinated with their first fuck and with the fading of boyhood into what it euphemistically termed "manhood." This particular movie, saturated with packaged cinematic sensitivity, is more dishonest than most in its handling of a hackneyed theme.

First: the technical dishonesty: movies shot in black and white in the 1970's are arty fartsy. Human beings see in color; we don't need to be insulted by enduring a black and white movie which is to clue us in on the fact that it is "serious." There's a class aspect to black and white movies in our times. Supposedly, the bleak screen will serve to heighten the viewer's sense of the drab, the working class, the impoverished.

Those of us growing up impoverished were oppressed in living color and any deviation from that is a perversion of our lives justified in terms of "style." When our ceilings peeled they peeled from pea green to red to black to grey and all together it was more hideous than anything shot in black and white. The only possible excuse any filmmaker can offer for shooting in black and white is money. Anything else is elevated crap.

If the color insult were not enough, we had to endure bad lighting, zilch camera work and shots of the Texas plain held overlong.

The shabby technical work is collaborated with the shabby story line which is the archetypal relationship: two male friends. This time it's Sonny and Duane. Let's follow Sonny and Duane in their adventures. So we do. They get drunk. They hurt a deaf-dumb friend. They screw girls. They fight each other. From these activities Sonny's "manhood" emerges, an understanding of life. No, I'm not making this up — if you've seen the movie, you know it's true. Why do people sit through this shit? It's very simple and it's all connected with male supremacy, white supremacy, and class supremacy.

The people who make movies are male, white, usually middle class and usually heterosexual. The people who review the movies for the most part bear those same distinctive scars. So the rest of us who don't fit into those categories have to watch movies that have nothing to do with our lives. Worse, we have no access to media to communicate the reality of our own life experiences. Therefore all of America since the beginning of film has had to watch the white, middle class, heterosexual male version of life. I don't know about you, but I'm sick of it.

If white men had concentrated only on themselves it wouldn't be so disastrous, but they didn't. They gave us their version of what women are, what Blacks are, what people are who are not like themselves. It's grim. Women, sex objects, live through men. Blacks in the 30's and 40's were happy, dancing, simple people. Today, Blacks are superstitious detectives treating women the way white men treat women. Those distortions, past and present, have influenced oppressed people, influenced us to a harmful degree. All too often, oppressed people identified with the oppressor's definition of themselves, an activity which creates intense self-hatred, hatred of your own kind and a desire to "make it" in the rich, white man's world. People denied their own life experience and adopted the media image of life as fact.

The Last Picture Show successfully meets most of our oppression ratings. It ignores Texas' racial question completely; the movie is 100% white; non-white existence isn't even verbally recognized; it presents an arty version of working class whites as well as the typical male supremacist view of women. And this film gets rave reviews from most critics plus "right on" from the radical community.

To draw a sharper focus on the distortion, the women characters in the movie are worth a look. All the women in the movie are vacant and what little there is of life for them revolves around the men. Not one of these women has work of her own or even a hobby. Now many Texan women in the 1950's may have been that vacuous, but they did have some brains in their heads even if they didn't have careers or hobbies. In *The Last Picture Show* they do not have brains in their heads, just dim ghosts of intelligence.

Jacy, the beautiful young girl, is a spiteful bitch who pits the boys against each other. No insight as to why she does that, of course. We only see poor Duane and Sonny suffering. Most women reading this article know why Jacy does what she does. Men, however, are disturbed and mistified by this "bitch behavior". That's all we know of Jacy, bitchiness; her character is not developed, we see only surface action. I didn't take this lack of character develop-



"Most women know why Jacy does what she does..."

ment as sexist because the characters of the men didn't get off the ground either. Cybill Shepard deserves a great deal of credit for taking a tedious teenager and holding our attention with her.

Jacy's mother, played by Ellen Burstyn, is more interesting. She is good looking late-thirties-early forties, bored as hell with Texas, her husband, her tacky lover. She knows sex doesn't mean much when you do it with men and she makes this clear although I doubt that was the intention of the author or the director. Lois is the only person in the film who sees through the heterosexual sham, but unfortunately, she doesn't see far enough, the usual film lobotomy on female minds. So Lois wanders through the movie trying to convey her experiences to her daughter in order to save her from the same faded life. Too bad she didn't wander into her local, neighborhood Lesbian; it might have made a better movie and Lois would have been a much happier woman.

Bogdanovich's (McMurtry's) portrayal of the women isn't even outrageous, it's dreary and familiar. What is outrageous is that people are still receptive to that conception of women.

Sexism explains why men view the women in the same old way, but what explains how they view themselves? Do they actually think that Sonny and Ben the Lion are sensitive men? Why hasn't this sentimental slop about white, male, small town youth been rejected by critical male reviewers? Worse, if it is a fairly honest portrayal of those youths, then men are much worse off than I thought. The men in this movie are not sensitive to anything except what is connected to their concept of self. They have zero ability to empathize with a woman's life and only the tiniest ability to empathize with each other.

Even the two men closest to each other, Sonny and Duane, do not understand and love each other. Each man is locked into his sense of himself which, according to *The Last Picture Show*, is tied into screwing girls/women. If that's what men's lives are like we can look forward to World War III unless there is a women's revolution. Unfeeling, unthinking, uncaring about anything except their concept of self, "masculinity," these men are set-ups for any politician or military leader who can give them that "butch" self they crave. If anyone doubts the severity of this collective male identity crisis and its potential for political manipulation remember that Hitler built a party out of that same psychological dynamic.

The only time in the movie when a male character is not centered on himself, when he is drawn into another human life, is at death. When Billy is killed, Sonny recognizes a love for the deaf-dumb boy. Is death what it

takes to get men to realize they love somebody? And running true to form, Billy's death was too much for Sonny to handle so he ran to a woman to help him get through it. And she ran true to form according to white heterosexual, male moviemakers — she was glad to help him, even though he had fucked her over. She threw a five-minute fit, cried and took him back. What incredible male propaganda. With this kind of propaganda on the screen, do you ever wonder if the movie makers are part of the ruling elite's plot to keep us all down?

The Last Picture Show, like all pictures made in this country, feeds us a distortion of life, feeds us an apolitical, hopeless view of the world. And that apolitical view is the only view available to the public in mass form.

form. Movies may be critical of American life, *The Last Picture Show* is certainly that, but the subject matter has been flogged to death. It's a catechism and audience reaction is automatic. There is nothing new, challenging or useful. It provides mechanized outlet for frustration with no solution. There seems to be a shred of reality on the screen, after all, most white, middle class viewers came out of spiritual, emotional emptiness if we are to believe their testimonies in the arts and politics, so they are safe in the familiar, dressed up to look different; i.e. working class Texans — but they haven't been pushed, questioned, taught.

These movies are more than apolitical or neutral, they are blocks to real political understanding. *The Last Picture Show* offers no analysis of why people's lives are empty. The screen in America is kept free from disquieting political thought, although it is kept entertaining. This absence of thought, analysis, solution gives us barrenness frequently disguised in technical riches.

More, movies serve the oppressors in ways other

without resolution, catharsis without cure. Movies keep images of oppressed people intact and relative to the image of the white, middle class male. The oppressed image only changes (if at all) if the white, male image changes — i.e.

Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate* and *Midnight Cowboy*. These changes are so minute that we can safely say, racism, classism and sexism reign supreme in the movies. *The Last Picture Show* is not *Green Beret* which is blatant enemy propaganda. *The Last Picture Show* is more destructive because it is so seductive to the minds of white, middle class males and the heterosexual women still tied to that

continued on page 12

A Counter-Review of Raskin's "Being and Doing" Projects: No Substitute For Organizing

by Sharon Rose

This is not a book review—it is a polemic. I read the book, think much of it well written, but disagree strenuously with its prescription. Thus I disagreed with Bob Borasage's very positive review in the last issue of Colonial Times. So I asked for and got equal time. I'm not polite; I have an axe to grind. I'm not objective; I'm an organizer, and the following is submitted in a spirit of tough dialogue.

There are two varieties of liberal speculation on the visibility of movements for social change in the United States. One is the handwringing "things are so terrible we can barely do anything more than tip the balance of countervailing powers" pessimism of a J. K. Galbraith. The other is the "I'm alright, you're alright, we're all going to be all right doing our own groovy projects" optimism typified by Marcus Raskin. But, ironically, the latter melds into the former.

Being and Doing is a scary book. Its author does such a convincing job of telling it like it really is that his faith in individual projects is a non sequitur. It is difficult to imagine how a reader who hasn't previously thought about a program for social change could come away with anything but total despair. To wit, to quote Raskin directly:

The task, therefore, is to persuade political forces in a coalition to bring about a situation wherein the national security state is dismantled before it undertakes a series of wars that will cause revolutionary coups from the right which will then cause a full-scale fascist repression and other glories that twentieth-century man has invented. This task is incredibly difficult because of the nature of American military engagement all over the world. (page 198)

Granting that such Orwellian despair is well founded in reality (and I recommend this book to anyone who wants to read a convincing argument that it is), I take exception to the author's formulation of what is to be done.

Raskin's central thesis is that we are all colonized into four colonies: the violence colony (the war machine and police control at home), the plantation colony (workplace), the channelling colony (the educational system) and the dream colony (media). He asserts that change will be affected by larger and larger numbers of "young people, black people, and dropouts from their class" (p.xvi) who realize the current state of affairs and their alienation from it and who decolonize themselves by creating new life-style projects, thereby reconstructing American society.

Before one can judge whether such a vision is realistic, one ought to formulate some theory as to what caused the colonized state in the first place. If there are colonies, there must be colonizers. The author does not address this question however, because he cannot and still assert that we are all colonized. Instead, he refers to the ubiquitous "hierarchical other" to which we are all brought up to be loyal and which controls our lives. By that he is referring to

bureaucratic institutions and faceless corporate monsters, in short, "the system".

Reference to a "hierarchical other" without reference to who that is, is a mystification of reality. Certain people set up the system the way it is, and they stand to benefit from its continuance. There is, of course, a sense in which large numbers of people are both colonized and colonizer, in so far as the oppressed are party to their own oppression by going about their downtrodden lives every day without protest.

But the author is asserting more than that when he says, "the possibility of approaching inner freedom emerges when we become aware of the colonizing role we are assigned or seek. Thus the value transformations in America which are going on cannot be viewed as limited to one economic or social class. They cut across all classes of society. The result is that in each major institution and economic class there will be insurgents and splits along lines that cannot easily be seen with classic Marxist analysis" (p. 168).

Great. People should become conscious of the bad roles they have been brought up to assume. People should drop out of the colonizer and colonized class. Granted that Rockefeller breathes the same polluted air as the rest of us and is in that sense colonized too, is that going to be enough to persuade him to stop doing bad things with Standard Oil? Oil is used to heat homes as well as fuel bombers. And it doesn't have to pollute the atmosphere. Why then don't those who control it put in anti-pollution devices and put their technology to good use? Because that would cost them profits. The logical conclusion, then, is to do away with profits. But how? Not by dropping out, but by organizing.

Most people are not colonizers in any material sense. They do not have comfortable lives: decent food, clothing, shelter, recreation, education, medical care. And most people know that. The difference between most people in America and the small number of middle class "dropouts from their class" who dig the idea of projects is that the latter categorically reject the comfort-producing products of American technology while the former want a bigger share of the goodies at less cost. And we are not wrong to want what people all over the world want. American technology has the potential to produce a decent life for every person on earth - a post-scarcity world.

The trouble is that most of us do not yet see that the way to bring that world about is not by aspiring to become colonizers ourselves, but by each of us taking over the piece of technology she or he relates to. Making that connection means organizing where people are - inside the workplace - to take away the power to produce from those who control it now for their own profit and use that power to produce for all of us.

Projects like food co-ops, child care centers, free schools, underground newspapers, and TV stations may be useful models for how things might be. But as long as they exist outside of - and over and against - the mainstream of people's lives, they will not make basic changes.

Forty million of us try to survive on incomes of under \$5000 for a family of four. The rest of us are doing only slightly better. What relevance do projects have for us? We have to work to feed our children. Most projects I know are funded by foundations and foundations get their money through profits from investments and profits are produced by workers on the plantation. Thus I cannot escape the nagging suspicion that workers on the plantation will actually be supporting Raskin's projects without having any say in their control. Is there any change in that?

Philosophers like to invent new words - the ones that suffice for the rest of us never seem to do for them. They also like to redefine existing ones. So Marc Raskin talks about "revolution" as if it were synonymous with "palace coup." And he insists upon calling the basic transformations that we are all seeking "reconstruction." Call it what you will, it ain't going to happen through projects. Those who have power will not give it up because they are politely asked. They can live with projects until 1984 and beyond.

What they cannot live with, are people refusing to produce for them. In order to galvanize the power we do have - the power to strike - we need organization on a mass scale. We need massive alignments between those who produce goods and services and those who consume them. Such social action Unionism has been around for a long time and needs redefinition. There is a grand struggle emerging between those who own the means of production and those who don't and we have to get ready.

At several places in the book, Raskin deplores the fact that the McCarthy era produced such a paranoid atmosphere in American academia that Marxism has never been seriously debated, resulting in a situation in which young people take up the subject on their own, without the guidance of elders, thoughtlessly swallowing whole the writings of Marx, Lenin, Trotsky, or Mao. I fail to see how this argument fits into the author's exquisite condemnation of the American educational system as "channelling colony" rather than creator of thoughtful, educated and educating human beings. If the schools are so deadening, then it might just be the luckiest thing that ever happened for us to study Marxist thought outside of their control. We don't have all the answers, but we have discovered one important thing: if you really understand about alienated labor, you won't be afraid to associate with those who have to (or think they have to) still do it eight hours every day. Don't drop out, go to work. Don't do projects - organize!

Manhood Emerges Again, and Again...

Continued from Page Eleven

system of thinking/acting/being - and that's millions of men.

The seduction is based on the ignorance mentioned earlier in the article. Without an understanding of other people's lives, the white, middle class heterosexual viewer finds her/his experience reinforced by the media and is never confronted by those of us coming from very different places. The movies may seem honest because the viewer can pick out parts of her/his experience which corresponds to it. But to millions of us who are the "Other", those movies are white men's lies, lies we have to fight everyday in our existence. Even the parts of a movie, this movie, which are honest cannot soften the overall effect of the movie: it keeps us in our place, our place in the movie, in the media, which is no place.

Is there a way out of this art rot, this media sabotage of our lives? Yes, but it's a long haul and the critical element is not drive, talent, skills but money. We have to make our own films. We have to convey the truth of our own life experiences to the mass public.

I would like to think we could all get it together and do it. But who is going to give us the money to make a high quality, well distributed movie? Our vision of the world, our thoughts are threatening to the people who control the money, the government and obliquely, the film industry. We have a vibrant, newborn art, how can we get it to the public?

Maybe in the beginning, some of us will have to sell our work to the Man and watch him depoliticize it, watch the jobs go to people who keep us from those jobs. Infuriating as all that will be, in time, we will have the money to make our own films and pay our own people for their skills.

However we do it, we must do it. Film is a powerful form of communication and we need it. We have to build a fighting media or we will find our ideas in twisted form selling vaginal deodorant before 1980 as well as selling us down the river. We have to build a media to get across a few scraps of the truth, of our lives, our art and of a hope beyond violent despair.

The Last Picture Show will not be the last oppressor's movie we will watch. But it can be the last picture show we watch passively. Get yourself together and help build an alternate media. Write, paint, dance, speak, sing, act - it doesn't matter what you do as long as you do something. I know that's not the whole answer but in my own simple way, I can't but think that if each of us does something it will be a beginning.

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A Spiritus Cheese Review

by Mark Gorbulew, Richard Mauro and Sara Vass

"When they first came to Vietnam, they were anxious to prove themselves in the most integrated war in American history, sharing the leadership, sharing the foxholes and sharing the plastic bags. Then the war soured. Black progress at home began to fade, and mood changed. Then in Vietnam, came a second war — black against white on a double battlefield — racial slurs, Confederate flags, cross burnings, knifings, burnings."

These are the words of Black journalist Wallace Terry who spent two years in Vietnam, talking to and recording black servicemen in DaNang, and the Ashau Valley. The result is an album released on Black Forum, a subsidiary of Motown Records, called *Guess Who's Coming Home: Black Fighting Men Recorded Live in Vietnam* (B454L).

What is contained on the record is the first oral document of black feeling and experience and involvement in an American war. These are the voices of black soldiers schooled in the science of war as no other generation of blacks. And they are fed up with dying in a war they believe is a white man's war. They're coming home determined to get their share even if it means turning to violence.

The black soldiers who fought and who died in our previous wars have been forgotten. Did you ever hear of black soldiers who fought the Indians for the Pilgrims, who died at Valley Forge, who turned the tide at the Battle of New Orleans, who drew the praise of France in World War I? But we're not going to be able to forget the blacks who fought in Vietnam; they're not going to let us.

In the Vietnam war, the blacks, who make up 11% of the American population, make up 22% of the dying. In a way, we all know what's on this album, just as we all knew that the destruction and death we are causing in Vietnam is calculated, even before the Pentagon Papers proved it unquestionably.

Perhaps the most surprising thing on the album is the continuing professionalism of some of the black Navy and Marine officers such as these recorded in DaNang.

"The average young Negro comes over here, he's deficient of criteria. He gives you the high power or black power sign. This don't mean shit to me, because I'm a Professional Marine. I judge people. I can raise my fist and put a glove on it. Didn't take a whole lotta common sense to do that either, but what does it mean? He don't know."

"But tell him to go out and blow up somebody's house or break out a 5 gallon can of Eiso and burn it down, he's ready. He's damn sure ready. What's he doing it for? He don't know."

"I best serve the Negro people by setting an example, because I'm in a position to instruct. So I go out there in the bust and I do the thing I'm best qualified to do. So the Negroes that work for me, they're not as qualified, but I give them that tool that the good man gave me, that little bit of knowledge."

Colonel Frank Peterson, a Phantom squadron commander, who was in charge of many of the black Marines at DaNang, gives us this prognosis:

"Many of the blacks who are being discharged, if they encounter the right set of conditions, will become guerillas. And I think that the average black who has been here and then goes back to the States is bordering somewhat on the psychotic as the result of one, being a Negro in America having been born and raised and then having been given this Black pride then to go back home and find nothing has changed."

The racism of the war is apparent too, as is reflected in the words of another soldier at DaNang.

"I don't think we should be here because it always was a black man fighting a yellow man for the white man. It shows in cases where the white man is. With the white man, why don't he drop the bomb on Germany when he was fighting Germany instead of droppin' it on Japan?"

"He don't drop anything that harmful on the people he consider the same as he is, so why should we be here fighting a war for him, for him to profit off. And, shit, the money we spending here could be helping out people back in the States in more ways than one."

Probably the best rap is one Wally Terry had with a nineteen year old private from Washington, D.C.:

TERRY: "Why do you think America's fighting this war?"

PVT: "So the white can put 'beaucoup' money in his pocket."

TERRY: "How's that?"

PVT: "Cause anything America gets into, the white man puts 'beaucoup' money in his pocket. He just lets you, man, so he can send his little war materials over here, in. Shit, they don't care about you, man. All they want do is just get some money. Build their little old firms up

Black Fighting Men Recorded Live in Vietnam Guess Who's Coming Home

here and around, send everybody over here, man, and round up their dust and let you die. And don't give a fuck."

TERRY: "What did you think about America reaching the moon?"

PVT: "I wish I could piss that far, 'cause, man, they can't find anything better to waste their money on than going to the moon. I mean, wow, it's really something up there, right?"

"The moon, man. If there was some food up there, they were gonna bring back to feed these poor people in the street, well, shit yeah, so to the moon all you want."

TERRY: "What do you think about the Kent State and Jackson State killings?"

PVT: "I think they're martyrs. I think they also died in vain. All through the years, man, they kill anybody they want. And nobody cares. Nobody in a position to do anything about it cares, right? And anybody who could get in a position to do anything about it gets killed."

TERRY: "Do you think Vietnamization will work?"

PVT: "No, you're Americanizing the war. You're weaponizing Vietnam. Try to give them all kinds of fucked-up values. Just trying to make them capitalists, killers, oppressors. Teach them how to kill their brothers. That's what they want them to do. Kill your brother, right? Kill the

North Vietnamese while you're South Vietnamese.

"Why do anything for them. Why try to see things his way at all. Kill him."

TERRY: "What do you think America has achieved in Vietnam?"

PVT: "Ah, we really have achieved in Vietnam. We're doing alot for Coca-Cola. Coca-Cola really doin' well in Vietnam, because of us Americans. Those Vietnamese can sell Coca-Cola for 50 cents. I think that's really nice, man. We help those Vietnamese people out alot by selling them those Coca-Colas."

"Damn right! They like Coca-Cola. We like Coca-Cola. Coca-Cola in every country in the world. Hurray for Coca-Cola, right? Turn on with a Coke, man. It's the thing. The young generation or something."

"Other than that we just treat them bad. Just do 'em in, man. Do the poor Vietnamese in."

Let the last words of this review be the angry voice of a black soldier about to return:

"Let the Man know well. If I can come back to the States, he's got something to deal with when I get back. And I ain't coming back playing 'O Say Can You See', I'm whistling 'Sweet Georgia Brown' and I got the band."



More Cheese—

Double Cheese Award to Blue Thumb records for its refreshing exercise in eclecticism. The last time this little label dropped its load on us we found an interesting melange of music and humor. Just seven records here this time, but a welcome variety not often found in the hysterical, commercial search for a formula to sell a million, to make the charts.

To take a quick look:

Jesse Hill: Naturally Here's a heavy rhythm and blues talent who wrote some of the biggest hits of the last ten years (remember "oo poo pah doo"?). He sings and talks from the gut on this album.

The Crusaders: I This is a first album for Blue Thumb by this group, formerly known as the Jazz Crusaders. Here it seems they are trying to make their music more accessible, creating a good funky sound while retaining their musical integrity.

Mark-Almond: II Another nice package design and a second fine album from these multi-talented musicians headed by Jon Mark and the versatile Johnnie Almond. These are two more ex-John Mayall sidemen and British sessions musicians who seem to have spent some time in California, a haven for English pop stars.

Dave Mason: Headkeeper This sky rocker (formerly of Traffic and the Delaney and Bonnie gang) put out such a classy first album that this one seems a little dull by com-

parison. Half are new songs, half old tunes he wrote for Traffic and for his first album recorded live at the Trubador. A very ugly cover this time.

Lenny: The Original Broadway Cast A salute to one of the true geniuses of comedy/satire. It's hard to react properly to a Broadway show spinning on your turn table. We should probably all see this one on stage.

Ken Nordine: How Are Things in Your Town? This double album is a collection of recordings made from 1957 to 1960. Don't let his smooth professional voice fool you — this guy is berserk. He comes on sounding as safe as TV itself and then strings you along with his crazy word jazz, truths, half-truths and just things he thinks about. It's like having the Man from Glad over for dinner and discovering he's a freak.

Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks: Striking It Rich There's plenty of music here to read the album cover by. Dan thinks his sound is a combination of jazz and folk — what ever he knows about it. He listens to everything and considers himself "some kind of genius" and so do we.

This ex-Charlatan seems at times like a PCP Frank Zappa. He and his Hot Licks make mellow, graceful music with lyrics caustic enough to cause a double take or two. An instant favorite, it goes great with bloaters and frozen goonies bars.

The ideal Blue Thumb group, it's composed of what appears to be best in various methods and styles.

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Public Notices

Handy Guide for Tenants Fighting Phase II Rent Increases

call or write National Tenants Organization,
425 13th St., N.W., 347-3358

Manual of Tenants Rights and Responsibilities in D.C.

call or write George Washington University
Legal Aid Bureau, 714 21st St., N.W., 676-7163

The Eco-Tactic Guide to D.C.

write the Washington Ecology Center, 2000 P
St., N.W., (room 308), D.C., 20036

Movement Speakers Available:

on any aspect of current struggles: women's
liberation, Black liberation, antiwar,
Palestinian revolution and more.

Contact Issues and Activists Speakers Bureau,
202-783-2363

Washington Child Care Exchange

Assistance in helping parents find people in
their own neighborhood who need babysitting
exchanges; responsible babysitting; information
about other agencies who have information
on full and part-time work, college courses,
activities in art, dance, politics etc. Call or
write 1718 Q St., N.W.; 232-0957; 10AM to
4 PM Tues. through Fri., \$5.00 fee

Student Housing Information

Assistance in finding and maintaining off-campus
housing; pre-rent information; furniture
and household goods bulletin boards; central
files on landlords and their treatment of peo-
ple; referral to legal and government agencies, etc.;
call or write: Room 439 of the Marvin Center
at George Washington University, 676-7490

D.C. War Tax Resistance

To show that many people are already refus-
ing taxes, we would like the names of tax re-
sisters who are willing to be included in a pub-
lic list of resisters. Please state whether you
are refusing the telephone tax, income taxes

and/or are living on an income below taxable
levels. Washington War Tax Resistance, 120
Maryland Ave., N.E. D.C. 20002

Project Air War

needs volunteers for research both short and
long term into bombing in Laos. Call 785-3111
or come to 1322 18th St., N.W.

Vigil For Peace

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

Gay Coffeehouse

Friday nights in the fifth floor lounge of the
Marvin Center at George Washington Univ.,
21st and H St., any gay performers who would
like to entertain (for pay), call 676-7383

Gay Events Line

Find out what's happening in the gay commu-
nity; call the Gay Events Line after 8 PM for
a recorded message; including meetings, rap
groups, dances, poetry readings, concerts and
political actions. 676-7378

Volunteers Needed for Free School

We're a free school for kids 4 to 8, located
near Columbia Rd. and 18th St., N.W.
We need people this summer (drop-outs, drop-
ins, no degrees required) to be with kids at
least three full days a week from 9 to 3 PM.
Call Walter (332-7320) or Margaret (234-3130)

Women's Commission on Abortion and Forced Sterilization

Sponsored by D.C. Women's National Abortion
Action Coalition, Sat., May 6, 2 PM to 10 PM,
at St. Marks Church, 3rd and A Sts., S.E.;
panels, films and demonstration of a vacuum
aspiration technique of abortion; for infor-
mation, call 785-4769

Source Collective Needs Volunteers

Part-time people needed to put together a
national catalog of movement/community
resource resources. Research, writing, copy

editing, book reviewing, composing, layout,
graphics.... no one gets paid, but we all eat
good organic food. Call 387-1145

Abortion Research in D.C. Research on Abortion and Sterilization in the District

If you have had problems getting an abortion
either at a clinic or at a hospital due to age
or consent regulations; refusal of medical to
pay; refusal or waiting on the part of a hospi-
tal to perform an abortion; lack of infor-
mation on where to obtain an abortion; or if
you were able to obtain an abortion only by
submitting to sterilization, we want to know
D.C. Chapter of the Women's National Abor-
tion Action Coalition, 1346 Connecticut Ave.,
N.W., (rm. 318) 785-4769. All information
is strictly confidential.

House Wanted for New Washington Women's Center

If you have a property with space for a do-
zen or more activities, consider the tax benefits
of letting this community organization use
and maintain it for you. Activities include
library, store, skills center, self-help pro-
gram, legal services, crisis center, lesbian cen-
ter etc. If you know of a suitable place for
sale or rent, call Elizabeth Milbrandt at
333-0761

FREE CLASSIFIEDS

Capital Hill efficiency to sublet. \$100 a month
includes all utilities. Call Bill at 546-6231
or at 546-8840

Coffee pots, Kodak Instamatic, toaster, books,
gym lockers, mini-organ, cheap. Call 387-6788
after 10 PM

Lablanc clarinet, terrace clay planters, Yashica
D-double reflex camera. Call 783-2363

Hermes Portable typewriter, script typeface, 6
months old; \$70 or trade for non-script
portable still under warranty. Call 244-0702

BSR MacDonald record changer, cartridge,
base, and cover. \$35. Call Gil at 387-1322.

Job Co-Op Serves 'Freak' Working Class

For a year now, the Job Co-Op has been finding employ-
ment for the new "freak" working class. We have been serv-
ing disillusioned young people who take the blue collar
jobs that their parents scorn and drop-out professionals as
well, who want manual laboring jobs. Some want full or
parttime jobs that allow them to pursue their lifestyles in-
dependently. Others are involved in the more serious effort
of building grassroots alternatives to the traditional work-
ing place by starting their own work cooperatives, or by
building alternatives to institutionalized medicine or edu-
cation by starting their own clinics and schools. Freaks
are playing a new role in the working world.

Job Co-Op began last year as a project of Special Ap-
proaches in Juvenile Assistance (SAJA) — the umbrella or-
ganization that links Runaway House, the two group foster
homes (Second House and Third House) and the New Edu-
cational Project Free High School (Bonzo Ragamuffin
Prep), in the Dupont Circle area of the city.

Last year Sharon Grant was a one-woman, walking Job
Co-Op. Since then the collective has grown to four full
time members and Sharon has moved on to the Home
Rule Natural Food Store on Columbia Road.

Beginning January 1st, we received a \$22,000 grant from
the Jewish Social Services Agency of Greater Wash-
ington (JSSA). This guaranteed our rent, utilities and sal-
aries for a year and left three thousand dollars extra with
which to do job training or job-creating. We are still very
much a part of the SAJA Collective, but are no longer fi-
nancially dependent on it.

The Job Co-Op has already established two on-going
cooperative projects — The Home Repair Cooperative and
the Mother Nature natural foods catering service, both of
which operate independently of the traditional workplace.
Both of these projects were started because we believe that
changing human relations is a revolutionary process we can
begin to establish in our own lives now.

The JSSA support has made it possible for us to extend
financing to other projects: a small wood-working shop, a
photography studio and possibly a cooperative leather work-
ing shop. Each shop will have several apprentices too.

What we'd like to do with Job Co-Op as a whole and
what we have to settle for are two different things. The
realities of widespread unemployment, low wages, discrimi-
nation and bad working conditions constantly confront
our ideals head-on.

The problem used to be that we didn't have enough jobs.
But as we have become increasingly recognized, the problem
now is making the jobs we do have, more human. A big land
scaping company offers us twenty-five desperately

needed jobs, but refuses to hire women. What do we do?
We hassle with them continually about their sexism, but we
try not to lose the jobs too.

Lately we have been strengthening communications with
Vocations for Social Change at American University. The
difference between our jobs and theirs seems to be that we
try to think of every Job Co-Op job as a forum for "social
change", whereas their definition is confined mostly to
jobs with alternative institutions. Of course, we fail more
often than not, but there are many times when the Job Co-
Op collective can support a worker who presses for short-
er hours, more pay or more people-centered activities
where he or she works.

We are often handicapped by people's attitudes in cre-
ating satisfying working conditions for themselves and
others. People forget to call us back to tell us whether they
got a job or not. They forget to share information with us
about jobs they know of, and people call up on the phone
and say "Have you got any jobs today?" as if they want a
computer service answer to their questions, rather than
volunteering information about who they are, what they
can do and then asking specific questions that we can ex-
change information on together.

Your interview with us is important. Ideas or courses
of action often develop from open-ended rapping that
would not have happened if we simply show you the jobs
available on cards and walk away.

Most of our present jobs fall under the following cate-
gories: babysitting, restaurant work, landscaping and odd
jobs, office work, home repair, house cleaning, moving and
hauling.

We also have people skilled in auto mechanics, wood
working, photography, sewing, painting, etc., who find
work through us occasionally.

It's time to start new Job Co-Op in the Washington area.
We are most effective in the downtown Washington com-
munity and would like to follow the example the George-
town Free Clinic set in helping suburban clinics get off the
ground during the past year or so. Come to us and talk if
you're exploring the possibilities of starting one in your
neighborhood.

Learn to use the Yellow Pages and the Classified Ads,
learn to use government and private information services to
to your own advantage, and constantly share with people
what you're learning and what you feel.

Bring us your fantasies, and talk to each other about
them. The Job Co-Op office is on the second floor of the
Community Building, 1724 20th Street, N.W. We are
open from 10 AM to 3 PM, Mondays through Thursday,
closed Fridays for collective meetings. 265-7850.
Mara, Beth, Gray and Loraine

Combat Profiteering: Save Right!

The prospect of what happens to our money between the time it is earned and the time it is spent, should be an issue for every member of the community.

When you decide to save, you ordinarily have two courses of action open to you. You can hide your money under the bed and hope it remains there until you need it. Or, like most, you can put it in a bank. The bank, the profiteering vehicle for a handful of unidentified capitalistic bureaucrats, then takes everybody's savings and invests them in "sound corporate entities", such as General Motors, AT&T and the US Government.

An alternative to this process is in the making: the creation of a community credit union. We will be successful only if we can get the support of all the community's organizations, groups, businesses and services and a large portion of the general populace.

We are gathering what information we can about the common bond, stability, economic stability, economic viability and strength of commitment that exists within the free community.

We ask for your reaction, and if possible, your support. This process is new for the community, and things will come up which are invisible now. But the large potential of a Community Credit Union seems to make the effort worthwhile.

If you have any questions or want more information, call 265-9509 and ask for Tom or Steve.

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EARTH WORKS

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

Calendar

Thursday, May 4

EXHIBITION OPENING: "If Elected..." unsuccessful candidates for the presidency at the National Portrait Gallery, F and 9th Sts.

CONTEMPORARY SCULPTURE: outdoor court at the Phillips Gallery, thru May 16; 1612 21st St., N.W.

GAY PRIDE WEEK: including arts and craft exhibition at the Community Bookstore, 2028 P St., N.W.; thru May 7

FILM ON SIBERIA at the National Museum of History and Technology at noon

FILM ON CHINA: "Inside China" (30 min.) shown hourly from 11 AM to 2 PM at the National Collection of Fine Arts, 8th and G Sts.

PUPPET THEATER: The Wizard of Oz, at 10:30 and 11:30 in the Auditorium of the National Museum of History and Technology thru June 14th

FAG STUDY GROUP at the Community Bookshop at 8 PM, 2028 P St., N.W.

Friday, May 5

EXHIBITION OPENING: "J. Alden Weir and American Paint Maker" thru June 4th at the National Collection of Fine Arts, 8th and G Sts., N.W.

FILM: Midnight Cowboy with Dustin Hoffman at 7 and 9:30 PM at Student Union, University of Md. (75cents)

FILM: The Wizard of Oz, at the Marvin Student Center, George Washington University at 7 and 9:30 PM

FILM: The Romantic Story, at the New Lecture Hall, American University (free) at 6:25, 9:45 and 12:05

FILM: Lion in Winter, at the New Lecture Hall, American University (free) at 7:30 and 12:20

DANCE CONCERT: at the Cendenson Theater at American University (\$1.75)

POETRY READING: Ken Pitchford at the Community Bookshop at 2028 P St., N.W. at 8 PM

Saturday, May 6

FILM ON CHINA: see Thurs., May 4

NIGERIAN POTTERY DEMONSTRATION: by Ladi Kwali at the Renwick Gallery

PUPPET THEATER: see Thurs., May 4th

FILM: MASH with Elliot Gould at Student Union Ball Room, Univ. of Md. at 7 and 9:30 PM (75 cents)

FILM: The Wild Child at the New Lecture Hall at American Univ. (free) at 7 and 8 PM

FILM: The Golden Dawn (1936) and The Devils Brothers (1939) with Laurel and Hardy, in the Hettley Building at Georgetown Univ. at 8 PM

DANCE CONCERT: see Fri., May 5th

WOMEN'S COMMISSION ON ABORTION 2PM to 10PM see Public Notices

Sunday, May 7

WOMEN'S SELF DEFENSE WOMEN'S SELF-DEFENSE at the Community Bookshop at 2028 P St., NW at 4-5:30 PM

PIANO RECITAL: at the Phillips Gallery at 5 PM (Free) 1612 21st St., N.W.

SPEAKER: M. Ludwig Heydenreich on Leonardo Divinci at the National Gallery at 4PM

FOLK SINGING: Middle Machine at 8:30, 9:30 and 10:30 at the Potters House at 1658 Columbia Rd., N.W.

POT LUCK DINNER: for neighborhood workers for Charles Cassell, if you are interested in working for the Statehood Party this summer come at 7 PM to 635 C St., NE

Monday, May 8

FILM SERIES BEGINS: Kenneth Clarke's Pioneers in Modern Art, daily at the National Gallery of Art at 11:15, 12:15 and 1:15

POETRY WORKSHOP: Mass Transit Poetry Workshop at the Community Bookshop, every Mon. at 8 PM 2028 P St., NW

SPEAKER: Cong. Paul Rogers on Health Issues in Congress at the New Medical School Auditorium, Georgetown Univ. at 8PM

LATIN NIGHT: at the Potters House, food and entertainment, from 8 to 11 PM at 1658 Columbia Road, N.W.

SPEAKER: Robert Nigri on The Reality vs. the Commercialism of Health Food at Fabרגen House, 1627 21st St. NW at 8PM

Tuesday, May 9

FILM ON CHINA: "China 1971" at the Museum of Natural History Auditorium

BARTON CIRCUS at the Univ. of Md., Denton Field at 4, 8 and 10:15 (\$1 for children and \$2 adults)

SPEAKER: Cong. Ron Dellums on Can a Black Woman be Elected President? at the Potters House, at 8:30PM; 1658 Columbia Rd., NW

JAZZ LECTURE: Martin Williams on Where is the Melody? at the Museum of Natural Hist. Auditorium at 8:30pm

Wednesday, May 10

FILM ON CHINA: see Tues., May 9

COMMUNITY BOOKSHOP OPEN MEETING every Wed. at 7 PM at 2028 P St., NW

SPEAKER: Raja Rao, Fellow at the Woodrow Wilson International Center, on Gandhi, Saint or Politician, in the auditorium of the Museum of History and Technology at 8PM

MIDDLE EAST PROGRAM: "On Imperialism in the Middle East"; Community Bookshop at 8:30PM call 462-4242

Thursday, May 11

SPEAKER: Claude Grandjean, Professor of Classics at Hunter College, on Archology in Malta and the Unknown Mediterranean, at the Museum of History and Technology at 8PM

Friday, May 12

CHILDREN'S BALLET PROGRAM by the Capital Ballet Guild at Linder Auditorium at George Washington Univ. at 10AM and 8PM

FILM: What Ever Happened to Aunt Alice at the Student Union, Univ. of Md. at 7 and 9:30

SPEAKER: Marylee Barker QUET: Marylee Barker, cello, and Jacqueline Schaffer, Piano, at the Potters House at 9:15 and 10:30 at 1658 Columbia Road, NW

WOMEN'S SONG AND DANCE FEST to Benefit the Washington Women's Center at G.A.A. Hall, 1213-1219 13th St. NW \$2 donation

Saturday, May 13

CHILDREN'S ART FAIR: at the National Collection of Fine Arts, for children ages 6-12, special shows, puppeteer, treasure hunt, at 10 AM Noon, 2 and 4 PM

FILM: Whatever Happened to Aunt Alice see Friday May 12

Sunday, May 14

FILM SERIES: Kenneth Clarke's Pioneers of Modern Art at the National Gallery at 12:15, 1:15, 6, 7 PM

PUPPET SHOW OPENING: Tom Sawyer at the Museum of History and Technology Auditorium at 11, 12AM and 1PM

RECITAL: Vivien Harvey-Slater, Piano, at the Phillips Gallery, 1612 21st St. NW at 5PM free

RICHIE HAVENS CONCERT: at the Cole Field House, Univ. of Md., at 8 PM (\$2.50)

SPEAKER: Raymond Avrutis, Poet, Social Critic and Philosopher at the Potters House at 8PM at 1658 Columbia Road, NW

Monday, May 15

SPEAKER: Mal Davis (Head of George Washington Univ.'s Board of Chaplains and People's Union and a radical clergyman of the Church of Christ) at Fabרגen House at 8PM; 1627 21st., NW

Tuesday, May 16

SPEAKERS: Chuck Taylor (formerly Harlem Globe Trotter) and Ray Schoenke (formerly of the Washington Red Skins) on "A Special day in the Lives of Mentally Retarded"; at the Potters House, 1658 Columbia Rd. NW at 8:30

Wednesday, May 17

FILM: "The Music Rack" (30 min., on Windel Castia) continuous half hour showings from 11:30 to 2:30

FILM: "Rocky Mountains" and "The Island at Aldabra" at noon and 1 PM in the auditorium of Museum of Natural History

MIDDLE EAST PROGRAM: Kumal Boullate, Palestinian artist, on "Art and Revolution" at the Community Bookshop 2028 P St., NW at 8:30 PM

Thursday, May 18

FILMS ON CHINA: "Painting the Chinese landscape"; "Chinese Painting"; "China: the Old and the New"; continuous half hour showings from 11 AM to 2:30 at the National Collection of Fine Arts

FILM: "Rocky Mountains" see Wed. May 17

PANEL DISCUSSION: "The Dynamics of American Political System: the Changing Political Techniques"; sponsored by the Woodrow

Wilson International Center at 8:00PM at the Museum of Natural History

Friday, May 19

FILM: The Deliverance of LB Jones at 7 and 9:30 PM in the Student Union Ball Rm at the Univ. of Md.

SPEAKER on "The Third Indochina war" by a representative from Project Air War at the Potters House at 8PM; 1658 Columbia Rd., NW

Saturday, May 20

FILMS ON CHINA: see Thurs. May 18

SPEAKER: Arthur Feldman on "The History of the Renwick Gallery" at the National Collection of Fine Arts at 3PM

FILM: The Deliverance of LB Jones see Fri. May 19th

Sunday, May 21

OPENING EXHIBITION: Wilhelm Lehmbruck Sculpture at the National Gallery of Art

SPEAKER: WR Daisell on "Westminster Abbey" at the National Gallery at 4PM

SONG RECITAL: Jane White, Soprano, Gillian Cookson, Piano, Richard White, Eng. Horn, Faith Carman, Harp, Frans Vlashek, Cello, at the Phillips Gallery, 1612 21st St. NW at 5PM (free)

BHATI YOGA: demonstration at the Potters House, with chanting, slides, spiritual food 8PM; 1658 Columbia Road

FILM: The Deliverance of LB Jones see May 19

Monday, May 22

SPEAKER: Jeremy Rifkin, organizer of the Counter Bicentennial; 8PM; Fabרגen House 1627 21st St., NW

Tuesday, May 23

SPEAKER: Dr. Abraham Bergman, "The Practice of Political Medicine"; Potters House; 8:30 1658 Columbia Rd. NW

Wednesday, May 24

FILM: on Five British Sculptures by R. Kitai at 12:10 and 1 pm at the Museum of Natural History

SPEAKER: Roger Roa, "Wisdom and Power: A Marriage to Necessity"; at the Museum of History and Technology at 8 PM

Saturday, May 26

OPENING EXHIBITION: Norman Rockwell Collection at the Phillips Gallery 1612 21st St.

Sunday, May 28

SPEAKER: David Brown "Raphael's St. George and the Dragon"; 4PM at the National Gallery of Art

CELLO RECITAL: James Kreger and Edmund Batterbury, piano; 5 PM at the Phillips Gallery 1612 21st St NW (free)

FOLK MUSIC Winanne Dreger, Clayton Schneider at the Potters House 8:30 1658 Columbia Rd., NW

FILM: Taking Off at the New Lecture Hall at American University at 6:45; 8:45; 10:45

FILM Hopscotch at the New Lecture Hall at American university; 7, 9 and 11PM

Monday, May 29

FILM: Before Winter Comes at the New Lecture Hall at American Univ. at 7 and 9 PM

Tuesday, May 30

FILM: THE JAPANESE " " at 12 and 1 PM at the Museum of Natural History

SPEAKER: Cong. Louis Stokes of Ohio "Aims of Blacks in Congress"; the Potters House at 8:30; 1658 Columbia Rd., N.W.

FILMS EVERY FRIDAY EVENING AT THE COMMUNITY BOOKSHOP 2028 P STREET, NW CALL 833-3775 FOR INFO

Notices of calendar events should be sent to Colonial Times, Box 21026, DC 20009 by May 23rd to make the June issue.

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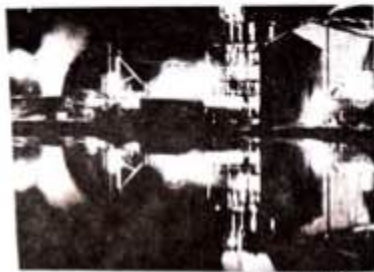
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REWARD HAS GONE ALMOST UNNOTICED.**

· THE WATER REFUSE ACT of 1899 ·

made it unlawful "to throw, discharge, or deposit any refuse matter of any kind or description whatever into any navigable water of the United States." The only exception is when a permit to pollute is obtained from the Army Corps of Engineers.

\$500⁰⁰ To 2500⁰⁰
A DAY!

The law makes every individual and corporate polluter subject to a fine of 500 to 2,500 dollars for each day of the violation.

And whoever catches the polluter can get half the fine as a reward. There are over 40,000 industrial polluting plants in this country operating outside the law.

If you want to know how to catch them write for The Bounty Hunters' Guide on Water Pollution, The Project on Clean Water, Natural Resources Defense Council, 36 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

The best way to fight water pollution is to make your own waves.

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Prepared by the Stern Concern

Colonial Times
P.O. Box 21026
Kalamazoo Station
Washington, D.C.
20007

B-52s Bomb Washington

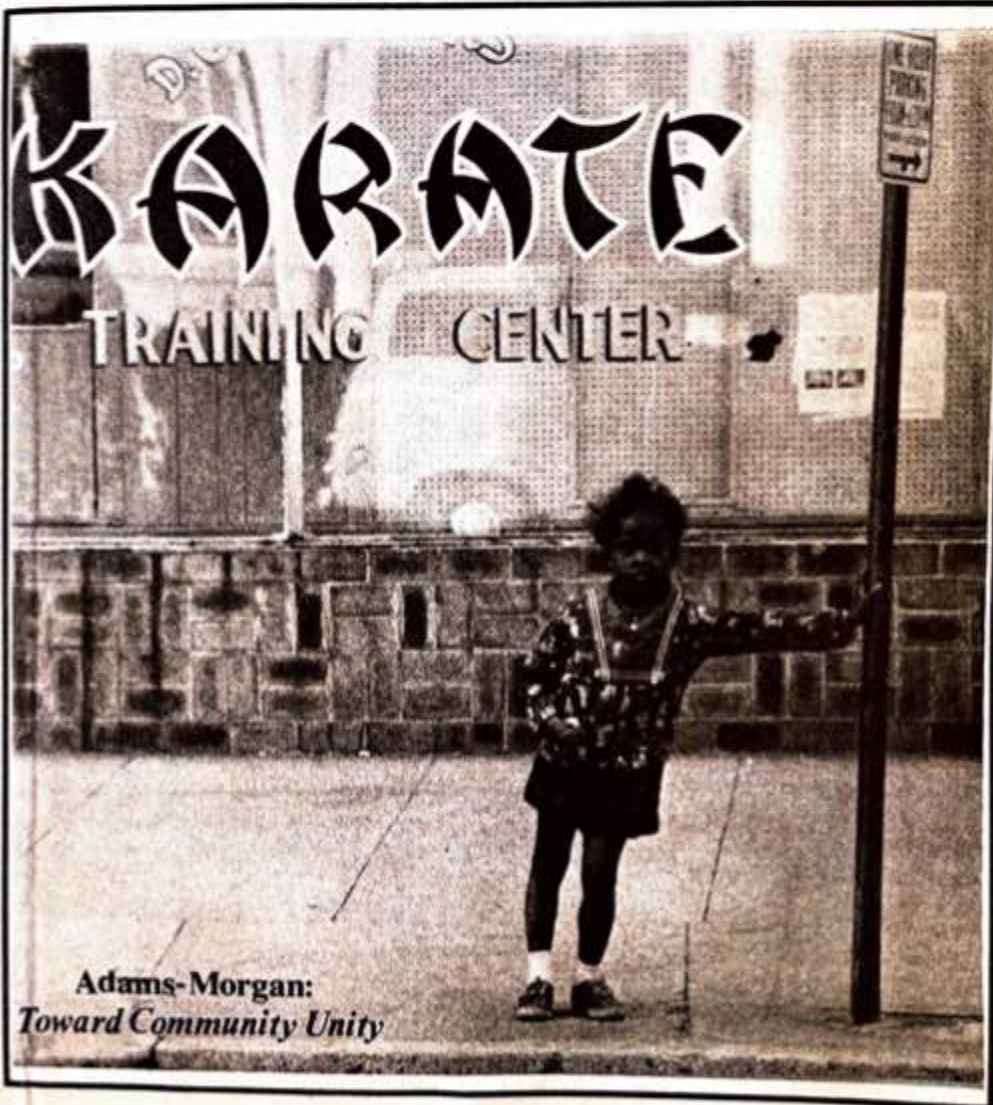
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