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World

The

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Wife

God



By  
Joanne





Columbia University students who took over the campus for a week last month were engaged primarily in a power struggle against the administration and its racist and pro-imperialist policies.

But inside the occupied buildings -- later designated "liberated areas" and finally called "communes" -- a cultural revolution was taking place.

It was, to take a phrase used by Regis Debray, a revolution within the revolution.

I was one of the three hundred residents of Fayerweather Hall, a seven-story red brick building housing Columbia's elaborate graduate program in the social sciences. I moved into Fayerweather on Thursday, April 25, in the evening, about eighteen hours after the original occupying party took over the building. As a two-time alumnus I felt a total involvement in the events. Though I originally planned to stay only one day in Fayerweather, it soon became clear to me that I could not leave until we had won or until the cops carried us out.

It was this spirit of total involvement that struck virtually everyone in the building. A few, like myself, had been involved in political activity in the past, but for many, this was a totally new experience.

The New York Times and much of the commercial press had tried to present the strikers as hoodlums, hooligans, extremists and other irresponsible elements. This was an outrageous lie. The vast majority of the people on Fayerweather -- brothers and sisters, as we called each other -- were serious students. Many were working on graduate degrees, including doctorates. The stakes were high; the students seemed to know that it was worth risking a degree, even a career, if Columbia could be forced to stand for something human and decent, if the paternalistic Columbia-Community gymnasium could be defeated, if the school's ties to the Pentagon-backed Institute for Analyses could be cut.

The primary activity inside the building was political debate. Here was democracy in action -- a vigorous, exciting, emotional, at times frustrating and painful institution -- but ten times more real than the phony "democracy" of American elections. We met in mass meetings, sometimes six or eight hours daily, to debate the issues, to work out strategy, to think about the future.

The conflict between participatory democracy and action by a revolutionary vanguard emerged early in the game. Inside Fayerweather Hall, some students objected to the fact that the Central Strike Coordinating Committee

was dominated by individuals from Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), since SDS people were not in a majority among the 800 residents of the occupied buildings. Others, including myself, argued that were it not for the bold action of SDS in the first place there would be no occupation. In any case, the communards stalwartly voted to support the leadership on all issues.

of the work had been done earlier, since both the gym and the IDA have been subject of previous educational campaigns by SDS and by the blacks of the Student Afro-American Society. While some students disagreed with our tactics, since we were "interfering with the rights of others" to go to classes we explained how Columbia moved like a leviathan through the Morningside

tear gas and Mace. Law students formed a legal committee and distributed information on arrest and arraignment. Volunteers set up a food committee. When someone implied that "the girls should cook," there was a general outcry from liberated women, and so the food committee was well-integrated. In fact, a varisty wrestler headed the food committee.

Clean-up and sanitation was a major problem, quickly met with the formation of another committee.

A defense committee formed, and monitors began building barricades and manning the windows to keep out hostile elements. Fayerweather was the only racially integrated building, and the blacks played a key role in the defense committee. A tense moment struck Thursday night when a band of about 50 right-wing toughs -- conservative business school types and "jocks" (athletes) -- threatened to storm the building. Five lines of warriors guarded a vulnerable window, and a few faculty members succeeded in convincing the rightists to save their strength for the weekend sports events.

The upper floors of the building were reserved for sleep. There were sleeping bags and blankets for comfort. A few faculty offices were opened and designated as liberated bedrooms. Bathroom facilities were also liberated -- no more men's rooms and women's rooms. I'm sure the outside world thought that we were establishing a horrible morass of dope and sex. There was sexual intercourse taking place in Fayerweather and a hash pipe was passed around one day in a corner of the lounge, but there was something pure and clean about life there. Ours was a highly moral society



## COLUMBIA LIVES

The moderates in Fayerweather wanted to make overtures for negotiations, but we argued that we must stand firm in our demands, including the demand for amnesty, in order to create a firm power base on which to build student-faculty control of the university.

Some Fayerweather residents wandered outside on the campus to do "missionary work"; that is, to explain our position to those on the campus. Actually, much

Heights neighborhood, and how the counter-insurgency work of the IDA, including napalm research, "interferes with the rights of others" in Vietnam, South American and the ghettos of U. S. cities.

Back inside the building, committees were forming. Our own revolutionary government was being created out of nothing. Medical students came on board to set up an infirmary and teach us how to defend ourselves against

-- but it was a new morality which we all shared and which was based on complete personal liberation in the context of a new constructive society.

Linda LeClair, the Barnard girl who became nationally famous when it was discovered that she was living with her boyfriend, Peter Behor, was with us in Fayerweather along with Peter of course. I couldn't help but recall the Columbia proctor who once told us that the university couldn't

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permit "fornication" inside its walls.

On the roof, someone unfurled a red flag, and another mechanically-minded brother rigged a spotlight on it. An artist stayed most of the time in a garret, painting a huge canvas with wild psychedelic oil colors.

We ate well. There were scrambled eggs and toast and coffee for breakfast, bologna and cheese and tuna sandwiches for lunch; stew, ravioli, and hot dogs and beans for dinner.

While dangers and torment from without faced us constantly, there was plenty of time for joyful expression of comradeship.

Our feelings of brotherhood were manifold. They extended to the people on the streets -- the pedestrians and the taxi drivers who responded to our "V" for victory with their own fingers held up in a "V". They went out to the neighbors and friends on the street who responded to a bucket we had suspended from a rope with offerings of food and money. We wore red armbands to show our solidarity with our brothers in the other liberated areas.



Fayerweather Barricade  
R. Robertson/LNS

The highlight for us in Fayerweather came Sunday night with the arrival of the Pageant Players, a well-known guerrilla theater street-acting group from New York's Lower East Side.

A percussion band was improvised using pots and pans and drums, a big old Chinese-red skillet, and a tambourine that somebody brought. The loud clatter of music filled the Fayerweather lounge, and everyone was dancing frantically to tribal rhythms. A primitive but highly human feeling pervaded the building, despite the fact that many of us believed police action was imminent.

The Pageant Players put on a simple allegory about a king and a queen and their minister and how they are overthrown by the people. The audience went wild with glee; interplay between actor and viewer could not have been more complete.

An effigy of Grayson Kirk was beaten about and eventually tossed from the window.

Suddenly a young couple, Richard and Andrea, appeared on the balcony overlooking the lounge. "We were going to be married on Memorial Day," they said, "but because of the spirit in this building, we want to be married now." A general cheer went up. Someone went out to find the Rev. William Starr of the chaplain's staff who shares the political views of the strikers. He was eventually busted with the rest. The hall was decorated for the wedding,

cheese wedding cake, and made sure she had something old, new borrowed and blue (dangarees).

The couple withdrew into the sedate seminar room where stodgy professors give oral examinations to nervous PhD candidates. On the wall, dozens of portraits of old academics stared outwards. One portrait, that of Prof. Charles A. Beard, the economic historian who was forced out of Columbia for political reasons during World War I, was in a place of honor. "Revolutionary Man from an Early Age," someone had written in chalk below the photograph of Beard.



M. Bokser

Richard and Andrea smoked the sacramental weed and together with the Rev. Starr, they re-appeared on the balcony.

There were no blood tests, no marriage licenses or speeches. Bill Starr said, "Andrea, do you take Richard for your man," and Richard, do you take Andrea... "and when both had said "yes," the ceremony was over. Starr said, "I now pronounce you children of the New Age." The couple kissed, then descended into the cheering throng below. The dancing continued.

"Satisfaction," by the Rolling Stones, on the record player. This had become something of a theme song for Fayerweather, and we all danced wildly, even as we knew the cops were moving in on our brothers and sisters elsewhere.

While we knew we were about to be physically removed, we were confident that we had won a moral victory and that political victory was within reach, too. Eventually, however, for safety's sake, we stopped dancing, and sat down on the floor.

## OUR DEMANDS

1. Disciplinary action against the six originally charged must be lifted and no reprisals taken against anyone in this demonstration.
  2. Construction of the Columbia gym on Harlem land must stop NOW.
  3. The University must use its good offices to see that all charges against persons arrested at the gym site be dropped.
  4. All relations with IDA must be severed, including President Kirk's and Trustee William Burden's membership on the Executive Board.
- President Kirk's edict on indoor demonstrations must be dropped.
6. All judicial decisions should be made in an open hearing with due process judged by a bipartisan committee of students and faculty.

## STRIKING COLUMBIA STUDENTS

Later a wedding procession marched throughout the campus, visiting the green-armband sympathizers who were vigiling on the sundial, and passing by each of the liberated buildings.

Much of this spirit of communal joy and love lasted throughout the next day, unfazed even by the mighty, ugly and brutal arm of the law, and unaffected by political arguments that sometimes caused tempers to flare.

On Monday, the final night in Fayerweather, Irwin Silber, cultural editor of the Guardian, and Barbara Dane, the folk singer, visited Fayerweather. She sang Cuban songs while he showed slides of Havana and the Cuban countryside. Shortly after midnight, news of the impending bust came and was confirmed. There

Defense plans had already been elaborated. One group, about two-thirds of the inhabitants of the building, would be behind an unbarricaded door. Some would walk out; others would have to be carried. We called this "passive non-violent resistance."

The remainder of us, about 110, fortified our barricades. We wanted to make it as tough as possible for the cops to get to us. We wished to show our complete contempt for the presence of cops on campus. While a defense team of about 10 fortified the barricades, using assorted furniture, someone put

THE COLUMBIA STRIKE COORDINATING COMMITTEE NEEDS MONEY FOR THE ONGOING STRUGGLE---FOR THE UNIVERSITY EMPLOYEES WHO SUPPORT THE STRIKE, FOR PRINTING, FOR SOUND EQUIPMENT, FOR FOOD, AND FOR COUNTLESS BILLS.

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linking arms and singing freedom songs. The first men in blue broke through the barricade and lumbered into the room like monsters in a science fiction movie. They used the debris from the barricades to attack us. They kicked and cursed and used their blackjacks. They pulled hair and dragged people across the floor. No one hit any cops; all the ugly violence came from them. Several persons were struck on the head; blood flowed. Among those injured was Art Grosman of the Washington Free Press.

An officer strode into the room and said, "At ease!" The cops drew back, sweating and panting. Some of them were ordered out of the room, but in a few minutes the remainder started all over again.

Finally, the last of us were removed and dragged away and thrown into waiting police vans. The campus was deadly quiet; it was 5 a.m. Only later did we learn that before moving on the buildings the cops had charged at hundreds of students and faculty members who were observing the proceedings, or who were trying to protect us. In fact, most of the injuries were suffered by those outside the buildings.

Some of us went to look at Fayerweather Hall the next day. Cops guarded the building, but somehow we knew it was still ours.

We decided to meet as a group, and although the political battle, still raging, was the foremost consideration, someone suggested that the Fayerweather Hall commune acquire an apartment to carry on the spirit of revolution and love we had created.

by Allen Young

G. S. Uphams/LNS





## Military Deserters Evict 'CIA Agent'

By Wilfrid Fleisher  
Special to The Washington Post

STOCKHOLM, March 15—William Russell, who described himself as an editor of the U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force Times, was evicted from a press conference here today by American military deserters who charged he was "an agent of the CIA."

The press conference had been called by a group of 20 deserters to explain the circumstances under which Ray Jones, a deserter who returned to Frankfurt on Tuesday, was "pressured" by Russell to give himself up. Russell admitted he "convinced" the soldier to return to his unit in West Germany and accept his punishment.

Russell announced at the start of today's meeting that he had talked with the Judge Advocate General of the U.S. Army in Heidelberg, and that "any American who returns with me, or without me, between now and Sunday, will be given a considerable advantage or a reduction of his punishment."

William Jones, head of the newly formed American Deserters' Committee here, re-

plied, "There are no takers." He accused Russell of being an agent for the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency and ordered him to leave the meeting.

Asked if the group could prove that Russell was a CIA agent, William Jones said Russell had come here with records of each of the 42 deserters known to be in Sweden which he could "only have obtained from American military authorities."

Russell told a reporter that he was here "to persuade as many American deserters as possible to return to their units." He told the deserters, he said, that he was not a CIA agent, but that "they were not being neglected by the CIA and there were agents among them."

At a press conference yesterday to explain his mission here, Russell charged that Sweden "is making political use of American deserters to discredit the United States."

Swedish newsmen called Russell's behavior "an extremely crude performance."

"The above story which ran in the Washington Post, March 15, gives esoteric hints of the harassment of the American Deserters Committee in Sweden. A more detailed account, based on personal statements of deserters and on a tape of conversations between U.S. agent William Russell and members of the U.S. Embassy staff in Stockholm begins to unravel the mystery. The following is a condensation of these documents obtained by WFP from the Committee."

Political asylum-- these words have been on the minds of many expatriates of the U.S. Army who have come to Sweden in the last few months. Men forced, by conscience and belief, to disassociate themselves completely from the policies of the U.S. government at home and abroad. Leaving the army was the only alternative to going to jail for one who was determined to follow his sense of right and wrong to its fullest logical conclusion. But the only place available for one to go and live without harassment was Sweden. And so, from Germany, Japan, Canada, England, Ethiopia and Viet Nam, the migration began. We now number 52 with a daily influx of new deserters. We have received much help from our Swedish friends. We realized, of course, before we came, that there would be many obstacles to face and hardships to overcome, difficulties in finding jobs, homes, and in assimilating into the Swedish society. These have been considerably alleviated by the aid received from the Swedish Committee. But regardless of the difficulties we met as newcomers, we were always heartened by the thought that within a matter of weeks we would receive our asylum. After all the months and years of military harassment and all the long anxious days on our way to Sweden, the idea of finally being granted asylum

was indeed a blessing, a goal reached.

As our membership grows, the U.S. government has become extremely apprehensive. Not that the few of us have seriously impaired the military might of the U.S.; but, with the growing moral unrest among soldiers and sailors in the U.S. armed forces, the very fact of a number of men living and working in Sweden with complete freedom from harassment by the American government, was a constant temptation to the large number of morally conscious soldiers. And so the U.S. government needed some way to mitigate the influence of the deserters in Sweden. First there were attempts to malign the deserters' characters. The United States army in Europe sent out reports that we were bums who were wanted for various crimes by the Military. Members of the U.S. press depicted us as young kids with no sense of responsibility, merely in a rebellion against all authority. Threats of severe punishment to men caught in the act of desertion were made. And still our members grew.

So the government attempted a different strategy. Ray Jones, one of the first deserters to come to Sweden, made a deal through a government agent to go back to Germany, where he painted a black picture of life in Sweden. This set the stage on

all fronts. Pressure was put on families back home to write letters appealing to their sons to come home. Some of us have received threatening letters. Others have been approached by strangers who wanted to meet them at out of the way places. Parents at home have been visited by strangers trying to intimidate them. Many of us have been followed. There have been attempts to infiltrate our organization.

In March the campaign reached a climax with the arrival of the U.S. agent William Russell born and bred in Mississippi. Despite

an open threat of abduction, Mr. Russell and his alleged secretary Miss Patton Lindsey were allowed to remain in Sweden at liberty to operate freely among us. It was necessary for us to discover their methods and tactics and the extent of the involvement of the American Embassy personnel in this affair.

In Stockholm, American Embassy apologists for the US State Department's intelligence activities in Sweden have no more adroit side-step or more plausible rationalization than those proposed by Arp, Russell, and the embassy

staff, then they might just as well come out with the truth. Let the US Embassy face the facts and have done with their subterfuge.

For example: On March 17, in a phone call to the Swedish Foreign Office, the US Embassy reported that an official of the US Embassy was pushed around, robbed of identification documents, and interrogated by a group of Anti Vietnam War Students. The US Embassy also reported that when Arp arrived at Jerum, there were a dozen students waiting in the apartment.

# ARMY ATTEMPTS TO FRAME DESERTERS



Why is the pretty girl smiling?

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## DIRECTING MACBIRD

Andre Smegma

Rehearsals for this production of MacBird have been so full of catastrophes (abdication, withdrawal of backing, foreclosure, assassination, curfew, last minute dropouts) that I have more than once been driven to consult my *I Ching* to determine whether or not to go on. Each time, I got the same answer: in the face of great difficulties, withdraw. I generally do what *I Ching* says, but in this case I have flown in his face. Daily events have so cried out for a Washington production of MacBird that I have each time decided to push ahead. I suppose every successive catastrophe was only *I Ching* getting back at me, but this particular show had to go on -- here, now.

If I ever had doubts about it, it was immediately after Johnson's announcement. All of us watching were so stunned, that it was only three minutes later that someone called out, "Hey, what about MacBird?" I drew a big blank emotionally, and I wasn't about to try to figure it out in that moment of joy, so I shelved the problem for the night and got on the phone to get people out to dance on Pennsylvania Avenue. After a lovely night, I went to sleep.

For breakfast I had Bobby Kennedy's press conference. His first words were an almost exact quote from the end of the play:

-- Last night I sent the President a telegram which read as follows: Dear Mr. President,

I sincerely request a visit with you so that together we may work out the ways and means of restoring unity to this divided country, etc. etc. --

Without even having to think about the problem, the answer was there. MacBird passé? Turn on the T.V.

At the next rehearsal, I announced my decision to continue, but several cast members weren't so sure. I'm still not completely clear on their thinking, but it was something about Johnson becoming a great man, we can't go against public opinion, the object of satire must be current, etc. The next day three cast members quit. I've asked each of them to write a piece for the Free Press stating their views, but I've had no response. I argued at the time 1) that the old fox wasn't gone yet, and we still couldn't be sure about a takeover in Chicago, 2) that the play was still about current American electoral politics, in an election year, with one of the major characters still running, and 3) that if LBJ was going to succeed in re-creating his image of himself as a man of peace, there ought to be someone pointing out otherwise. Since that time we have seen the Kerner report shelved, a bombing escalation publicized as a bombing letup, a peace offer delayed a month after "anytime, anywhere", an announcement that "I will not be a bystander" in the election after the previous "I will not spend one second of my time", and the emergence of old Hubert, who looks suspiciously like a stalking horse. Bobby's rhetoric has shifted to the right as his courtship of the machine has become more serious, and while I am of the opinion that Bobby is less "bad" than he looks, I am also conscious of an already widening credibility gap as the "Good Bobby" confronts the "Bad Bobby". Day by day, I cling to the contrary, I find my decision to continue confirmed by events.

I did feel, however, that the play might be brought more up to date in its details. Barbara Garson was very cooperative in supplying rewrites (typed on the back of flyers showing HHH embracing Lester Maddox and talking about how the Democratic Party is like a big house. ("There's room for all kinds... my friend Lester is a good Democrat".) We've got a new ending in which MacBird abdicates and is proclaimed as a Prince of Peace, and we've got a MacCarthy-Kennedy feud as Bobby tries to use McDove as a decoy. But these rewrites are trivial in the light of the continued presence of the behemoth, coupled with the continuation of exactly those brutal and stupid policies which motivated the play in the first place. MacBird remains a relevant and incisive look at American politics and will continue to be so as long as political rhetoric continues to cloak the realities of the search for power.

The aspect of MacBird that has infuriated people is its implication that Johnson was in some way responsible for Kennedy's assassination. Even critics who have responded positively to the play have dealt with this point by citing necessities of the MacBeth plot. Garson doesn't really mean it, of course. Well, perhaps she didn't in 1965, but as Garrison's investigation of the assassination proceeds and as the resistance increases, it seems more and more likely that there is much to be covered up. The Warren report has been sufficiently decimated. There must have been more than one assassin. What is left to demonstrate is government complicity in the plot. All evidence currently points to an anti-Castro right wing paramilitary group, in some way associated with the CIA and with a New Orleans - Dallas circuit of people. If this is in fact the case, then the assertion of the play must be taken literally, and MacBird must be seen as an indictment of the first order. While all this burdens a basically light, entertaining satire with almost unbearable seriousness, the possibility must be faced that the implications are true. This production addresses that point: the only real items in the show are the guns which kill Kennedy. Those real guns on a fake stage mean -- this is for real, take it seriously.

I doubt that America will ever be able (or allowed to) swallow the truth about the Kennedy assassination. Gar-

## THE NEW GROUP OF WASHINGTON

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risson will be martyred for his hubris. That is why it is important for this production to make its viewpoint as clear as possible. Most of the audience will take it as lightly - or dismiss it - as they take or dismiss the rest of the play. I hope our intention will stick in the maw of the few who perceive it, as it does in MacBird's when he watches the play within the play.

MacBird in Washington is much like a play within a play. Public reaction -- especially that of government people -- will be especially interesting here. Will there be poor attendance at such a cause célèbre? Linda Bird will not come to see it. I wish she would. We will send weekly invitations to Lyndon. I wonder if Bobby will come. Or MacCarthy.

I can't imagine why anyone who lives in Washington would not want to see MacBird -- even if he thought it a bad play or a college joke -- two fashionable criticisms

(My god, considering the trash most people spend their theater money on, the quality argument can't really stand up. And there's no doubt in my mind that MacBird is the most exciting thing in town.) If the play were as trivial as people like to make out, I would imagine that many in government would come to see it for the same reason they might go to their college varsity show: it's always fun to see your friends spoofed on stage.

But I suspect it won't be taken as innocently as that, and that we

may have trouble finding audience in this company town. Time will tell.

Poor attendance at MacBird, if such turns out to be the case, might possibly be related to the same phenomenon which haunted the Federal Employees against the War drive: For every one who signed the petition there were two who were in sympathy, but who wouldn't sign for fear of losing their promotions, etc. Uptight Washington, one writer has called it. Attendance patterns will be interesting to watch. We are doing a job survey at the door. A democracy, I'm told, supports its critics.







Dear Sir:

We presume without question that all patriotic Americans believe that Dr. Benjamin Spock and his associates who oppose our country's policy in Vietnam should be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Only a respect for fair play prevents us from advocating a well-deserved coating of tar and feathers for those political and social perverts. Still, certain well meaning housewives, who deplore Spock's politics, defend the doctor's contributions to pediatrics. We hope our evaluation of Dr. Spock's best selling work, Baby and Child Care, will prevent mothers from becoming influenced by certain subtle ideas within this innocent looking volume that could rot our nation's moral fiber.

After reading this book, it does not surprise us that Dr. Spock applauds college students who practice civil disobedience. His casual attitude toward toilet training stands as evidence that he strives to create a generation of rebels. When he says that "it isn't really stealing" when a two year old takes something that doesn't belong to him, we begin to realize that parents who heed his advice may be raising future Bonnies and Clydes.

In a distasteful chapter entitled, "The Facts of Life", the Doctor writes that parents should actually tell three year olds where babies come from. His reaction to wise old institutions like the story that storks deliver infants, can only lead to more sexual immorality among our youth, while his iconoclasm may shatter concepts that many adults still cherish. We need some courageous journalist to reply: "Yes, Virginia, there is a stork."

Finally, we must consider evidence of a more subtle but no less dangerous nature. So many times does the word "red" catch one's eye on a mere skimming of the text, that suggestions that the Doctor is employing some sophisticated brainwashing technique may not be unfounded. We become fully conscious of the political propaganda hidden within this so-called reference book on child care when the Doctor refers to conjunctivitis as "pink eye."

Parents must reject advice from revolutionaries like Dr. Spock. Mothers need no help from books by "egg heads" to rear their kids. Destroy these insidious handbooks and look to grandmother and the friendly neighborhood midwife for counsel. However, if you decide to burn your copy of Baby and Child Care, don't forget to return your matches to a storage place beyond the reach of your little toddlers.

William Woods

(a letter sent to WEBN-FM radio, Cincinnati, Ohio)



Gentlemen:

One of the foremost characteristics of the cultural lower left community is its happy facility in believing what it is told, if what it is told is what it wants to believe. I have, after extensive investigation, found that the entire hip community has been roundly hoodwinked and hoaxed by various so-called "creative" rock groups and individuals. This has been escalating for the past few years. The conspiracy has now reached monumental proportions. When the whole finally comes out in the open, there will be red-faced hippies from coast to coast.

I cite just a few examples from my investigation files:

1. There is no such thing as "Acid Rock." All of these songs are 100% written compositions put together in the studios by professional Hollywood orchestra musicians, whose average age is 45 years.

2. Tuli Kupferberg is not Jewish, and that is not his name. His real name is Arthur L. O'Brien and he is only 27 years old. Not only that, but Ed Sanders is in reality a girl named Heloise Archbold, a graduate of Goucher college.

3. There is no such person as Frank Zappa. He is a fictional creation of Hollywood writers and producers (the same creative team that developed "Maverick" and "Cheyenne"). In public appearances he is played by a character actor named Louis Dickstein. The Mothers of Invention are all played by Dickstein, using the well-known technique of overdubbing.

4. The Jefferson Airplane, Moby Grape, Big Brother, and most of the San Francisco groups are all actually one group, Buck Owens and his Buckaroos. All their tunes are recorded in the studio by this same versatile band. The various groups in their personal appearances are enacted by members of Explorer Scout Post 212, Los Angeles.

5. Jimi Hendrix cannot play the guitar. All his celebrated solos are actually Doc Watson banjo solos played backwards at different speeds through a Moog Synthesizer.

6. The so-called "mouth-harp" or harmonica does not exist. Little Walter is actually a moonlighting employee of the U.S. Post Office. They are all making those sounds with their mouths. The harp is a prop.

7. Eric Clapton is in reality Buddy Merrill, the lead guitarist with Lawrence Welk. His guitar playing is for real, but his voice, hair, and teeth are dubbed in. Ginger Baker is a former masseur. His drums are real but the sticks are dubbed in.

8. High-level decisions as to which underground rock groups will become national sensations are made by a governing committee consisting of Dick Clark, J. Edgar Hoover, Buster Crabbe, and the Executive Vice-President of the Clearasil Company.

I could go on, but I fear that revelation of any of the more shocking details might result in attempts upon my life. Therefore, I leave much unsaid, but exhort you to Wake up America! Stop being fooled. Accept no substitutes.

Yours for truth in packaging,

Ken Greene

#### THE NEW GROUP OF WASHINGTON -

1. Announces itself and declares its opposition to the cultural establishment in this city.

2. Declares its refusal to participate in or encourage,

symphonies  
Patrick Hayes  
The National Foundation for the Arts  
Silly Wordsworth  
Ballet  
Howard Mitchell  
The Hinckley & Brohel Gallery  
Any Gallery  
Museums  
Arena Stage  
Films that tell a story  
Janus 1 and 2  
Jazz  
Charlie Byrd

3. Says that art is love happening in the streets on the corners around swimming pools in your sweetie's lap

4. Fights for these principles and asks all who will join with it to write us at 2604 36th Street, N.W., D.C.

Dear Pete,

...I have been locked up for 47 days now. I wonder how much longer this game with my parents is going to continue. There are some half-hip people here but they have been messed up on heroin and speed.

In case you have not been informed, my parents are trying to change me. They say, "This Hippie stuff has made you sick." Yes, it has made me sick. Sick to my stomach to think of how brainwashed straight people are! I have learned two things from this experience: How much freedom means to me and how much I love the scene...

Do you know if my letters are getting through to Fern Rosenberg? All letters are censored by my doctor, half of them probably never get out. Please send me the Washington Free Press. I miss the scene so much!

The Dying Dandelion

P.S. Please write back, my address is:  
Pat Bienvenu, Seton Psychiatric Institute  
6420 Wabash Ave.  
Baltimore, Md. 21215



Photos by Sgt. Ewing, an old comrade of the General from the 1916 Mexican Campaign.

Marsbars departs on a fact finding mission to Sweden.



## 'DEAR GENERAL MARSBARS'



A delay (which caused this col. to appear a week late) for mechanical repairs in the Azores.

Dear Reader:

It's so good to be back after such a long stay! I see Joy has done her usual fine job of fronting for me. Well done, good and faithful servant-chick.

I find that many letters have piled up in my absence -- a situation I will try to remedy in a couple of weeks. Since the largest number is from soldiers anxious to "improve" their situation, I am devoting this week's column to the problems and possibilities of their going to Sweden.

I would appreciate hearing of any additional information any reader can supply on this important subject. I am indebted for the following information to several Swedish deserters and a courageous Swedish woman who personally flew this information to the United States and placed it in my safekeeping.

There are 52 American deserters in Sweden right now. They have formed an American Deserter's Committee, headed by William C. Jones, an ex-medic from St. Louis, Missouri. He was stationed in the Saar valley in Germany and came to Sweden in January, 1968.

If you want to get in touch with him, here is his address:  
William C. Jones  
c/o H.G. Franck  
Kungsgatan 24  
Stockholm C  
Sweden

The American Deserter's Committee will help you once you are in Sweden. They'll get you a place to stay, they will put you in touch with the Alien's Commission and through their lawyer help you get a permit to stay and work.

Sweden has denounced the war in Vietnam as immoral and unjust. American deserters are welcome. Sweden is not a NATO country. Sweden is prepared to protect and help you and there is nothing US authorities can do to get hold of you once you are in Sweden.

Here is some useful information on Sweden:

Sweden is a rich, highly civilized, democratic country, politically stable, run by the social democrats since the 'thirties. There are seven million Swedes. Social welfare is extensive. Crimes are few, homicide almost 1/20 of US rates. Lately there is some unemployment, but welfare keeps unemployed people going. Sweden spends less than 5% of the total national income on defense, but 17% on welfare.

### Money

American deserters automatically receive welfare money until they have gotten a work permit and found a job. At most you'll get approximately 20 dollars a week and housing subsidies of approximately 30 dollars a month. You'll get by, but no more.

### Prices

On the whole, food prices are the

same as in Washington. Housing is far less. Cigarettes are expensive and so is liquor and gas. European cars are the same as here, taxes on cars are high and there is a strict safety control on every vehicle. Clothes are the same or less than in the US, styles excellent and quality high.

### Education

All education is free. If you want to go to school, Sweden is the ideal place. There are more than 100 so called Folk High Schools, equivalent to junior colleges and which accept students of various ages and backgrounds. You can spend from one to three years in such a school, learn Swedish and prepare for university or higher vocational training. There are numerous vocational schools. Standard of education is high. To study medicine, psychology, education, civil engineering, architecture and a few other subjects you need very high marks from junior college. You get a monthly allowance once you're in school. Sweden is generous with scholarships. Most of them are given on need, not on merit.

### Health care

Hospital care, all medicines, operations, etc. included, is 5 Swedish kronor a day, a little less than one dollar, which is reimbursed by the health insurance program. You are automatically part of that program once you start working. But if you get sick and can't pay at all, they'll take care of you anyhow.

### Homesick?

You needn't be. Sweden is modern, advanced, and highly Americanized. You'll recognize brand names in any Swedish supermarket, feel at home in most coffee houses and recognize what they play in the discotheques. Every second person understands English, every third speaks it.

The country is beautiful and empty. There are miles of empty beaches, beautiful woods just outside any city, and

if not the only true wilderness left in Europe. Great for hiking, camping, fishing - if you have nothing better to do.

### The Swedes

aren't always easy to get in touch with. They seem quiet and distant, are serious minded and sincere. But once they know you, they'll do what they can to help you.

### Drawbacks

The climate is lousy. Summers are lovely but short. Winters long, dark and miserable. Sweden offers little excitement; it's quiet, uneventful, well organized. You may find it boring. Swedes are concerned with morality (has nothing to do with sex morals). They care about what's right and what's wrong. They like people to be sincere, serious, opinionated. They have little patience with hippies, pot, aimlessness. Laws are strict but not enforced. First time narcotics offenders don't go to jail, but pot smoking is not acceptable. Communism is.



### Yes

Girls are pretty and morals free, and age of consent is 15.

### How to go to Sweden

Icelandic airlines one way ticket New York-Goteborg (southern Sweden)

in season (5/22 - 8/3) \$258  
off season \$214

It's a 16 hours' flight according

SAS one way ticket New York - Goteborg  
in season \$297  
off season \$252

It's a 7 hours' flight

To leave New York by air for Sweden, all you need is a valid passport. No one checks on you when your leaving.

You don't need any permission or papers to enter Sweden, except a valid passport.

One way ticket from Munich (sthrn Germany) - Helsingor (northern Denmark) by train, second class is 27.50.

It's a 17 hours' train ride.

You'll have to cross the German-Danish border. You can do that with (forged) military leave papers. That's what some of the deserters have done. Or you can take the risk of talking your way through, which is what others have done.

From Helsingor, Denmark, you take the ferry for less than \$1.00, to Halsingborg, Sweden. The ferry runs at least once an hour. It's a 40 minutes' crossing.

In Halsingborg there is no control whatsoever. You just walk ashore.

If you arrive by air in Goteborg or Stockholm, this is what you do: Take the bus (appr. \$2) from the airport into town. Ask anybody in the street for the nearest police station. Walk in and give yourself up. They'll take care of you from there on.

If you arrive in Halsingborg, this is what you do: Walk into town, ask anybody for the nearest police station, and give yourself up.

You may have to spend a night or two in jail until the police have checked up on you and found you a place to stay. Conditions are bearable, the police, on the whole, humane and understanding. Ask in either case to be put in touch with:

Lawyer Hans-Goran Franck

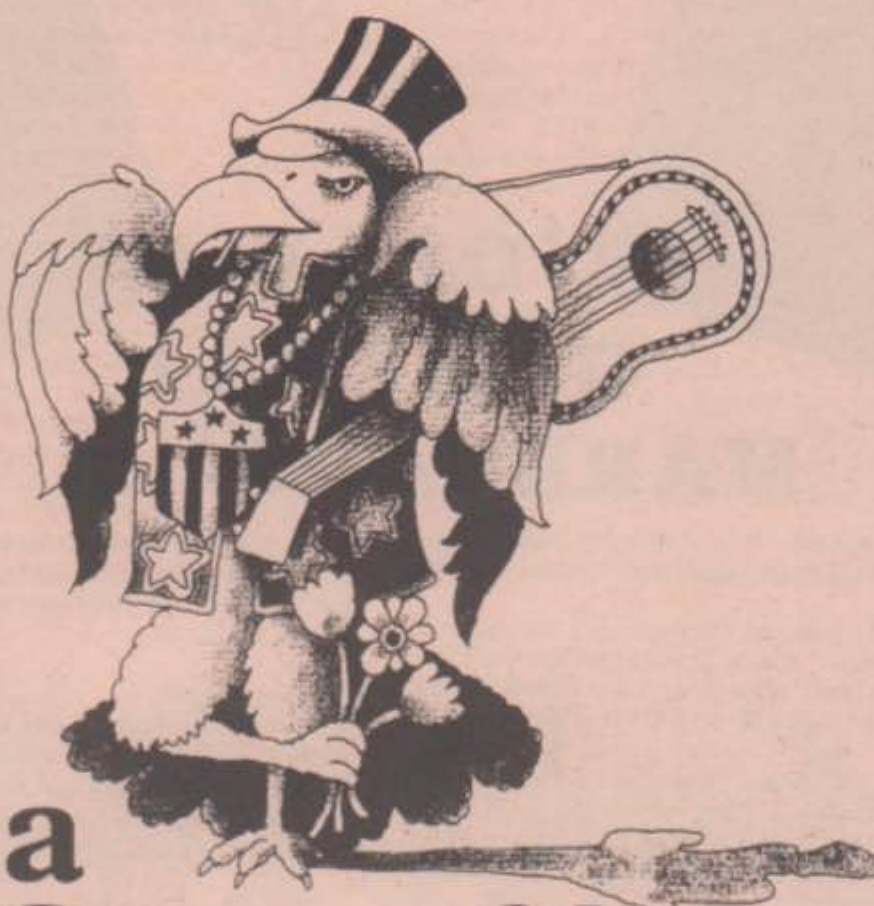
Kungsgatan 24

Stockholm C

who is currently helping the American deserters get permission to stay and work in Sweden.

Bring some money with you, if you can. It isn't necessary, but it helps.





# There's a United States of America that's a far cry from Mom, Apple Pie and the Flag.

It's the United States of America of The United States of America. (Hang in there; we won't lose you.)

The United States of America is the name of the most exciting new rock group around. And the name of their first album. It's also what their album is about. A gut level view.

One of an America that can't escape the light of day and hide behind the wholesome images everyone holds so dear. (Like the good old American Eagle.)

It's the America of turned-on people and turned-off people, and simply twisted people. And strange desires lurking behind upright, uptight facades.

In cuts like "The American Metaphysical Circus," "I Won't Leave My Wooden Wife for You, Sugar," and

"The American Way of Love," the lyrics will bite your head off. And the sound... well, it's something else: Electronic... a whole new thing... places where no one's been before. Synthesizers, distorters, unlikely instruments turned electronic. The music surrounds and lifts you, and throws you around a little, too.

The USA does strange and exciting new things to music and the music will do strange and exciting things to you.

It'll clear your head like a whiff of ammonia.

**The United States of America. On Columbia Records®**



CS 9614-T

\*Stereo. Also available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridges.

© COLUMBIA RECORDS INC. 1968



## An American levitation dream:

float the long tears of a cemetery,  
a loaded century,  
and circles of contorted trees  
oddly mineral  
lying around like loaded guns  
we have accepted unhealthy ways  
a vested interest  
in death  
we of the window world  
looking out  
at the Afro-dada children  
at the Aztec men watching Arapeesh women  
there is child slavery still

the Anglo-bratwurst children  
lying around in their cages  
are such a fine  
bonemeal fertilizer  
asphyxiating in lines  
while their pederast  
teachers  
come at them  
smiling  
with candy sticks

o ring the bells  
against the eight arms  
of destruction  
call up the phosphorescent  
life of the waters  
I hear the Incas are organizing

float the long ghosts of a cemetery,  
the undead who have not lived  
unnatural as perverted flowers  
gashing the ashes  
were these trees not so ineffectual  
they would hold  
the mal-aura

a body  
dropped like a seed  
into a hole  
is better  
if once he had  
been  
once worn a Mexican skull mask  
with a crude cross on it  
at the vernal equinox  
proclaiming the dynamism  
of being born  
and of dying  
if once he had written  
on window walls in chalk  
fuck you  
dog of death  
in life.

Anne Oswald



## LT. KIJE: SKIRMISH

Kije fired blind  
the night he did  
not know was waiting with the dreams  
who hid among the reeds and in  
the towers of green heat across the fields  
(he did not know the night  
but knew the waiting

he had waited  
all his seeming march)  
and killed  
three old women crouching in wonder  
two children playing  
and an old man saying his prayers  
face bleeding into the sky

Kije saw his leeches trail  
blazing through the teardrop dark  
but did not know

did not know  
until morning when the dead  
were cleared away

and even then  
did not know  
that the red blooms  
in the women's breasts  
the faceless  
priest the shredded children

grew  
from seeds he planted in the dark of the moon

Paul Grant

Sometimes a devilish genie in me  
half closes my eyes  
lets my head rock from side to side  
swings smoky blonde hair in my face  
trails chantilly scented locks  
over my sholders  
Sometimes I feel so one with music  
so in love with life  
such a fluid senuosness pouring over me  
so much need  
so much longing  
Sometimes I wish you could come to me  
out of the deep blue  
into my arms  
to she who loves you  
Please come back alive  
Sometimes I think I can't stand it  
I need you  
take off that uniform  
that keeps us apart  
wrap me in a civilian embrace  
and kiss away the longing

Melissa Garrey



On the flooded beach  
the pallid sand  
you kissed my hand  
and touched my breast  
the lifeless lightless glow  
of the dying cigarettes  
a nimbus of non-light  
for our souls  
reflected only lust  
another time  
between the sheets  
the cigarettes again  
formed unknown halos  
between our groping fingers  
when morning crashed  
a twisted shaft of sun  
lay on the floor  
and lighted once again  
the broken butts  
of two  
dead  
cigarettes

Patricia E. Joy

## With apologies to Lawrence Ferlinghetti:

I am waiting to be processed,  
And I'm waiting for a rebirth of wonder;  
And I'm waiting for the Cherokee Nation  
to reclaim it's birth right as a world power;  
And I'm waiting for a universal draft  
And a universal discharge;  
And I'm waiting for the Cerebral Palsey poster boy  
to throw away his braces and speak coherently;  
And I'm waiting for the first American  
off the moon to bring with him a little  
of the magic of that world;  
And I'm waiting for an anarchist to sneak in  
the back door of the White House;  
And I'm waiting for the President of the  
United States to submit to a polygraph;  
And I'm waiting for the Pope and the Protestants  
to meet head on at the Greenwich meridian  
only to find the Nation of Islam at their backs;  
And I'm waiting for the Utilitarians  
to find an argument for West Virginia;  
And I'm waiting for the Diggers to love me;  
And I'm waiting for each and every military compound  
to be declared a bewilderment sanctuary  
And receive a federal grant;  
And I'm waiting for the American Dream to ejaculate  
in the mouths of a billion willing weapons carriers;  
And I'm waiting for a reaffirmation of  
"Our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor",





# JFK MURDER EXPOSED

By Pete Novick

Not since 1901, when President William McKinley was assassinated, has there been a trial for murdering the President, and today, public attention is intentionally being drawn away from such a trial.

Tremendous energy is being expended into nullifying Jim Garrison's plan for such a trial, and attacking his abilities as a District Attorney, and as a person. (There have been gossip column feature articles on his psychiatric record.) It seems that if Garrison's opposition wants to see the trial not go on, it does not want to see the trial go on. If they don't want to see it progress, they must not be too confident that their own theories about the Warren Report are sound. Because if Garrison can use the same evidence and follow it to a different conclusion, then the Warren Report will be seen as faulty.

Garrison's case centers around conspirators who have been involved in the planning of the event, and eyewitnesses. Often, the line between witnesses and defendants is thin.

Perry Raymond Russo has been one of Garrison's principal witnesses thus far. It was his testimony that identified Clay Bertrand as Clay Shaw. Russo stated that he was with Bertrand, Lee Harvey Oswald, and David Ferrie at Bertrand's apartment. The group discussed angle of rifle shots, availability of exits, and sacrificing one man as patsy, according to Russo. Escape routes to Mexico and Brazil were proposed, with Ferrie, the pilot, re-fueling in Mexico. It was suggested at the meeting by Russo that none of those present participate in the actual shooting, and that each be seen in public at the time of the shots.

Clay Shaw is an ultra-conservative businessman, the former executive director of the New Orleans International Trade Mart. He is charged in the conspiracy, and is reported to have been seen in meetings with Oswald and Jack Ruby. On the day of the assassination, he was in Los Angeles at the L.A. Trade Mart. He had written two weeks earlier and scheduled a visit for Nov. 22.

by the D.A. Garrison's assistant, James Alcock, stated "We got some very interesting questions to ask her. We know of several instances when she was with Oswald when he saw some of these conspirators. I don't see how any court would say her testimony is not material in this case."

Edgar Eugene Bradley is a case in point where there is a polarization of conclusions from the same available testimony. Bradley was seen on the grassy knoll by another witness, Roger Craig, who was at that time a Dallas deputy sheriff. Bradley denied he was there, and the Warren Commission states that Craig's testimony was unreliable. In fact the Warren Commission stated that no persons were present on the grassy knoll at the time of the shooting. Therefore, to prove by



photographic evidence or eyewitness that there was at least one person on the knoll, not necessarily even an assassin, is to refute one of the Warren Report's major conclusions.

The following is an interview Roger Craig had with the Los Angeles Free Press and Texas editor Penn Jones:

RC: I have no idea. -- Now, I want to say I don't think Oswald killed President Kennedy. I'm sure of it. I don't believe that rifle was ever fired; the shells found on the floor in front of the window -- I saw 'em -- they were laying, all the shells were facing in the same direction -- there was not one of them more than 3/4 of an inch apart. And I've fired many a bolt action rifle and I have never had two shells land in the same place.

FP: When you went up to the sixth floor of the depository -- you were part of the first group that saw the shells and the lunch bag -- did you see a big brown paper sack at that time?

RC: There was no big brown paper sack.

FP: How much later did the brown paper sack show up?

RC: It never showed up.

FP: In the Depository?

RC: No.

FP: What do you mean?

RC: Well, it wasn't there.

FP: Where did it show up?

RC: I don't know -- unless they went out and bought one. Because it wasn't there when I was there.

FP: Who's the deputy who testified that he got it there?

## "...AND BRUTUS WAS AN HONORABLE MAN."

RC: I don't know. I was there with all of them, and I didn't see it. Maybe they saw something I didn't. I was also present when the rifle was found. Now this rifle -- there's no possible way that a man could lay that rifle between those boxes. He had to drop it in there. I'm six feet tall, and I couldn't reach down and pick that rifle out without climbing on top of those boxes and getting down in 'em by moving some of 'em to get to that rifle. And there wasn't a scratch on that rifle, and the scope was not one fraction out of kilter.

FP: Did you handle that rifle?

RC: Yes, I did. I couldn't give its name because I don't know foreign rifles. I know it was foreign made, and you

ejected one live round from it. The scope was facing north, the bolt facing upwards and the trigger south.

But there was another rifle, a Mauser, found up on the roof of the depository that afternoon.

FP: A Mauser on the roof? Who found it?

PJ: I don't know who found it, but I do know that a police officer verified its existence. Captain Glen King, the Public Relations Officer for the Dallas Police Department, told a reporter that "The Mauser found on the roof of the Depository was a bit of momentary confusion." He stated that the rifle was dropped by a security officer.

FP: How do you know that? Has that ever been published before?

PJ: No, it hasn't. I know that because that reporter, Thayer Waldo of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, told me that, in person.

FP: Do you know who owns that property -- the building of the Book Depository?

PJ: Yes, I do. B. Harold Byrd. He's a -- oh, a couple of hundred million dollars -- big oil man in Texas. He's owned it for a number of years. But the price went up tremendously

after the assassination. I think it will be destroyed. I don't



# GARRISON RAPS TO PRESS

... my message is simply that the government does not have the right to lie.

If the government has the right to lie, it has the right to murder. And I can assure you, that any government which is able to get away with a lie, will get away with a murder. Because the name of the situation we have when a government is allowed to lie, with equanimity, is fascism, that's all it is, fascism!

And when you reach the point where you can have magazine articles, with men writing articles such as "The government has a right to lie," or "I'm glad the CIA is immoral," what you reach is a point of acceptability of fascism in certain areas. And I think it's a time to become concerned. Because that's what the Kennedy assassination is all about. And the fraudulent concealment of what really happened, that's what it is all about, too.

The fact is that some degree of fascism has arrived in our country. You recall that George Santayana said "those who do not learn from history are condemned to relive it." If we have not learned from our experiences before and during World War II, what fascism is, then we in time ourselves, will be condemned to relive the very history that they did. Because we are headed in that direction.

Fascism, just to summarize it briefly, is the kind of government you have when the government, although using populist phrases like bread and work, is really alienated from the people.

Fascism is what you have when violence, such as the assassination of the President, becomes acceptable. And fascism is what you have when a fraud perpetrated by the government is so powerful, that individuals and even many publications are afraid to oppose it.

Fascism is what you have when there is a question about what happens to the dissenter. The most important thing we have in our way of life, in our form of government, is the fact that the dissenter is usually available to survive, even when he criticizes the most powerful men in government.

But we have reached the point in recent years, perhaps because of the development of the industrial warfare machine that Eisenhower warned about, where major magazines and major publications hesitate to criticize the government. And before they take a position, test the wind, to see from which way it's blowing.

Truth becomes secondary, justice becomes secondary. Truth is whatever the government wants to be believed. And justice is whatever the government wants to happen.

We have reached that point. And I want to try and give you a few examples to show you. Now, what I'm going to say tonight, I am going to make short, because I know that you have a lot of awards to give, will probably not be liked by everybody here, but, if what I said was liked by everybody here, then I wouldn't be doing it right.

Because, I want to say things to you that are true, and when something is said that is true, the one thing that is predictable is that it will not be liked by everybody. It will be necessary for me to pick a few bones with the Great Society. These will be domestic bones, so it won't involve the war in Vietnam, or the use of napalm on other human beings, but it will involve the question of whether or not the government has a right to lie. Because our government has been lying to the people of this country now, for nearly four years.

Now our government is lying! And I want to give you a few examples. What the United States government did in the Kennedy assassination, and it was a well-planned assassination, involving a number of individuals as you will learn, I assure you. What the government did, was to practice two essential actions to conceal the truth of the assassination.

One was concealment of evidence and the other was destruction of evidence.

Now, examples of the destruction of evidence began with the burning of the autopsy notes by Commander Humes. Of course, one of the most important questions in the entire assassination was the question of the direction of the bullets.

Another case of spontaneous combustion occurred when a CIA memo requested by the Warren Commission, was accidentally burned while being Thermofaxed. This happened the day after the assassination occurred, in Washington.

The Federal agent who interviewed Oswald in New Orleans, a



## WANTED FOR TREASON

THIS MAN is wanted for treasonous activities against the United States:

1. Betraying the Constitution (which he swore to uphold): He is turning the sovereignty of the U. S. over to the communist controlled United Nations. He is betraying our friends (Cuba, Katanga, Portugal) and befriending our enemies (Russia, Yugoslavia, Poland).
2. He has been WRONG on innumerable issues affecting the security of the U. S. (United Nations-Berlin wall-Missile removal-Cuba-Wheat deals-Test Ban Treaty, etc.)

3. He has been lax in enforcing Communist Registration laws.
4. He has given support and encouragement to the Communist inspired racial riots.
5. He has illegally invaded a sovereign State with federal troops.
6. He has consistently appointed Anti-Christians to Federal office. Upholds the Supreme Court in its Anti-Christian rulings. Aliens and known Communists abound in Federal offices.
7. He has been caught in fantastic LIES to the American people (including personal ones like his previous marriage and divorce).

This handbill was passed out on the streets of Dallas the morning of the day President John F. Kennedy was assassinated.

gentleman named Quigley, burned his notes after the interview. Yet he belongs to an agency whose policy is never to burn notes.

The major landmarks on the grassy knoll area where the assassination occurred, have been changed. Signs have been moved, to make it harder for measurements to be made.

Another interesting example, of what the government has done is turn your attention away from the directions where the assassins came from, and cause you to look into another spectrum, another area.

I have to explain to you, before I go into this, so that you will understand, because I am about to talk about political ideology. And you don't know me, so I have to tell you that, I certainly don't claim any special merit in it, my political position is pretty much in the center-of-the-road. We need conservatives, obviously for stability, and of course we need liberals, too, because they give us progress.

But one of the particular problems in this case is that everybody is trying to impose their own political ideology on the assassination. For example, friends of mine who are conservatives, can't conceive of anybody but an extreme liberal killing the president. And friends of mine who are liberal, can't conceive of anything but an extreme conservative.

Of course, neither extreme has a monopoly on virtue and by the same token neither extreme has a monopoly on murder. And it just happens to be a fact that in this case, the President was murdered by militant members of the right wing. The main function of the Warren Commission, and the reason it was appointed, the main function of the Warren Commission was to conceal the fact that militant right-wing individuals had killed the President of the United States. And also to conceal the fact that individuals connected with the Central Intelligence Agency were involved.

Now, with this in mind, you can better appreciate that among the items of evidence destroyed, or changed, which is a form of destruction, is in Oswald's notebook. If you were to open Lee Oswald's notebook, one of the first names and phone numbers you see is General Edwin Walker's name. Has Walker there, and has his phone number. Now, when the United States Government got finished re-typing that name, into a memo, Walker had become Volke; now I'm just giving that as an example to show you how systematically everything that even touched the right-wing they either eliminated or concealed. It doesn't mean necessarily that General Walker is involved. But the point is, the United States Government was well aware of where the



I Am Curious-Yellow is a provocatively serious film with political, sociological, psychological, and sexual themes. It explores with humor and honesty the implications of the international peace movement slogan, "Make Love Not War." There are five explicit love making scenes in the film that are unusual in their truthfulness. But to extract these scenes which trouble the censors would be like cutting the pre-conversion of Mary Magdalene from Medieval Drama. They are an integral part of the film's aesthetic.

The heroine, Lena, played by Lena Nyman, is a kind of voluptuous socially-conscious Candy. Her life's energy seems to be directed against a disappointment in her father: he went off to fight in the Spanish Civil War, but then deserted. She marks days on a large blackboard in her room -- 11,272 since he "chickened out" Her acts of protest are like constructive rituals in expiation of his sin. A huge picture of Franco looms over the ideological chaos in her room, testifying to the villainy of that dictator's existence.

Lena provides an innocent's point of view for the film. She is the curious young person seeking answers in the world around her. The first part of the film is taken up with her interviews and the second with her love affair. She questions people on the street as well as her boyfriend about ideas which perplex her, and she carries pickets on issues she challenges, such as the class structure in Sweden. He answers that he intends to climb. The interviews have a documentary quality except for Lena's spontaneous reaction to them. She asks, answers and provokes. She even manages to get into the Royal Palace where she questions Gustav VI Adolf. "How does it feel to be the absolutely last king of Sweden?" In the street a newspaper boy's voice is heard advertising a paper with the "gout" offering Sweden's most "ancient points of view."

There are three important non-fictional characters in the film who hold positive heroic qualities for Lena, and who are drawn from Swedish, Russian, and American life. The Swede is Olaf Palme, whose intellectualizing bores Lena, but who is noted for being the first public official in that country to speak out courageously against the Vietnam war. The Russian is poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, who is seen at first reading his poetry. Later Lena protests Russia's expedient politics, "I like Socialism without Tyranny," and the poet defends his system of government though is sensitively aware that the "new Soviet had to be had to be born with so much sacrifice."

Lena's most important interview is a fantasy with Dr. Martin Luther King. It focuses on the central issues of the film and dramatically expresses Lena's human conflict. The scene follows Lena's love crisis, after she recognizes that she contains violent energies of jealousy which contradict her non-violent principles. She had chased her lover with a gun, and had even fantasized his castration when she learned that he betrayed her. If one acts violently in personal life, she questions, can public non-violence be philosophically justified? Lena says "NO" and becomes a dropout from political crusades. Though Dr. King's face heroically graces the screen she reluctantly turns her back on him and his views. She is disappointed in herself. The scene has an intensity that is even more relevant now as a result of King's death.

The confrontation between Lena and King is immediately followed by a Utopian broadcast on the Swedish television announcing that Sweden had turned to non-violence as the official policy of national defense. Lena had already given up her Yoga diet, comforting herself with mounds of sweets. Now she cries like a child. The scene brilliantly expresses her relief. Her burden was no longer hers alone. It had been taken over by the government. In this way the director united sexual and political themes. It is conceivable that Lena would not have resorted to personal violence if non-violence had been her cultural inheritance.

Actually all of Lena's experiences are tests of her values of whether in fantasy or reality. She and her boyfriend make love early one morning on the balustrade of the palace. The scene good humoredly expresses her sexual and political liberation. In the middle of a political discussion Lena talks of masturbation techniques with a friend. When she retreats to the country to study Yoga, the lovemaking incidents which follow satirize Sweden's preoccupation with literature regarding sexual positions. Lena has intercourse on the bottom of a lake and in the top of a tree. For even the most sexually experimental this is comic exaggeration!

The files in Lena's room contain data on concentration camps, dictatorships, bombed out areas and men with whom she has slept. How simple her

life expresses the buoyance and resiliency of existence and resiliency of existence, the horror of war, and repressive authority. Sjoman is not trying to titillate the senses, but to break down taboos -- sexual, political, social, and artistic. And he does this with comic seriousness. Though Lena made love with 23 men, the film does not suggest that sexual liberation is an answer for her. Lena admits, "the first nineteen were no fun." There is poignancy in that fact. Still, frustrated lovemaking didn't prevent her from finding out what each of her lovers thought about military service, separation of church and state, and sexual freedom. Lena searches; she doesn't find. If this film is pornographic one might as well concede that most sex is dirty and bodies are bad. Indeed, the heroine and her lover are seen completely naked in a variety of positions which reveal sexual organs and pubic hair, but the director is concerned with truth, not myth, sexual realism, not storybook romance. He examines love and lovemaking on the spectrum of personal and public morality. The sex scenes integrally relate to



the social and political commentary.

The experimental technique of this film seems particularly appropriate to the radical content. Sjöman is not only intent on breaking down censorship obstacles for filmmaking, but he attempts to break down barriers between art and reality. The director appears in the film itself, commenting and participating in the action. He shows an involvement with Lena which suggests that there is feeling between them off the screen as well as on. He is viewed on two levels at once. He angrily directs Lena in a scene in the film he is making, and then shows jealousy towards her film lover in between the film shots. He reveals himself to have the weaknesses and virtues of the world he views: he directs a film about ideals of love and non-violence at the same time he contrasts himself to these ideals by being unfaithful to Lena and verbally aggressive to her and her film lover.

The political idealism and artistic integrity of the film as a film is juxtaposed to the blurred, sloppy experiences of human life which are also filmed. The double visions of the characters merge in the end as Lena leaves the director for her leading man, Borje Ahlstedt, and Sjöman is seen flirting with a new sweet young girl in the cutting room of his film. The purity of Lena's non-violent crusade is corrupted by her violent feelings of jealousy toward her film lover; the jealousy which separates Sjöman and Lena echoes the filmed relationship between Lena and Borje. Art is part of the actor's reality, but as their lives participate in this art, the film achieves another reality.

The line between life and art changes its form, but is nonetheless formal. In an interview, Sjöman said that he felt he was moving into the fields of psycho-drama, but "you are still doing an artifact, some piece of art with arranging things all the time." The fictional Lena chooses to save herself and not the world. The director's life appears less artfully structured than his film. But as Sjöman pointed out, "The actual reality was something else from what we were actually presenting...the film did not reflect the actual nature of my relationship with Lena." A film is a film is a film.

Sjöman aesthetically explores the complexity of our humanity, underlining the need for an awareness of the dilemma of human conscience though Lena, like her father in the film, cannot live up to her ideal, the ideal itself is not invalidated. As Sjöman points out, he did not intend to have his character Lena compromise her values of non-violence, but his artistic intuition dictated the nature of her action. The social-political parts cannot be separated from the sexual ones. Lena is not liberated sexually or socially: her emotions have not caught up with her convictions.

The human reality does not nullify the idealistic virtue. When Lena rejects Martin Luther King's message, King was still there to carry on with his message. Unhappily life with greater cruelty comments on this scene.

Lena's clashing words to King are sad commentary indeed. "Listen now Martin! I'm terribly sorry that I just can't make it when it comes down to it, but that's the way it is...You've said it yourself, haven't you? If you can't live by the principles of non-violence, you shouldn't be in it. You've got to have people who are strong. I'm never going to speak for your ideas any more."

Ingmar Bergman considers this film a masterpiece. The Swedish Bard of Censors releases it as a "film of artistic unity with a political and moral commitment unusual in Swedish cinema." Ironically, in this country I Am Curious - Yellow experiences its own repressed reality, and comments once again on itself. Now who's curious?

# I am curious Yellow

(Jag är nyfiken)

a review by Susan Fields

a Swedish film  
directed by Vilgot Sjöman

has been seized as obscene by United States Custom Officials.

Grove Press, American distributors for the film, intend to fight the act of censorship, hoping to earn for the film industry the same freedom the *Lady Chatterley's Lover* case won for literature.

Because of Irving Fishman, director of the Imports Compliance Division of the Regional Commissioner of Customs, New York, this film may not be shown publicly. One man determines what imported films are obscene ("utterly without redeeming social importance") until they are tested in the courts.

I saw this film at a private showing at the United States Treasury Department in connection with Grove Press's censorship case. The government official introducing it said the film should not be discussed in print. He read a statement prepared by Lawrence Shilling, an assistant U.S. Attorney in New York who is prosecuting the film:

The film is being shown solely for the purpose of pending litigation and persons viewing the film at this showing should not publicize the contents of the film or publish any comment on the film, except in the course of proceedings in this action, unless and until a final judicial determination is made that the film can be imported into the United States.

Censorship begets its own rhetoric and rules. I Am Curious - Yellow is an important film which should be shown and discussed.



In the aftermath of LBJ's sudden shocker, a heated dialogue between Phil Ochs, folksinger, and Jerry Rubin, yippie organizer, took place on the subject of America, Johnson, Kennedy and the movement. Perhaps it was not untypical. . . .

RUBIN: The six-gun has surrendered; the machine will now move back into control of America's banks. Rationality will replace the sloppy hand. Kennedy, the mechanical consumer product, will replace Johnson, the existential gambler. And things won't be as interesting up there.

OCHS: The machine has never relinquished control; the six-gun is now fully automated. The yippie is a political child reacting emotionally, like an artist, armed with intuition and numbers, and therefore effective in the current madness. Perhaps the politics of acid. The yippie is the child and creation of the insane technological society.

RUBIN: Only an emotional child could react properly to this world. What can a grown-up Harvard professor say about napalmed babies? What can a rich man know about black poverty? I try to react to America like an emotional child. I am also angry. I am angry at a machine that does not ask why, that smiles, that shakes your hand, that feels no emotion. The battle in America is not between Johnson and Kennedy, or Democrats and Republicans, but between children and the machine. Kennedy represents the basic evil of America, not Johnson. Johnson was just doing all he could in his own way to live up to J. Kennedy's memory. I hate all rich bastards.

OCHS: You radicals are all alike, lashing out at the approaching armed tractor with yo-yo's. I agree with an essential part of what you're saying, but I also sense the machine is developing a rather apparent emotion, that of survival. The system is in a state of crisis and I feel there may be a surprising number of radicalized establishment figures ("rich bastards") who are responding to the lunacy of the times as deeply as we are. Many people are very mad, many are in a drugged stupor, and being a semi-yippie I'm hysterical.

RUBIN: OK, that draws the issue clearly. I do not want this system to survive. You do. I want to help destroy America's military domination of the world, and her cultural imperialism. To me the essence of America is viewing man as a material, not a spiritual, object. In other words, the Death society. America at her essence is irrational to man's freedom. Kennedy would rationally protect this irrationality. Kennedy is the enemy of the South American peasant, the Detroit black, and the dropped-out Long Island white teen-ager.

OCHS: Once again I essentially agree with you but I see a different pattern for the change. America must change the direction of its foreign policy and the character of its soul if it is to survive. The world at its essence has been historically irrational to man's freedom and we're just the new generation of actor-comedian-revolutionaries who get to face the impossible, but only worthwhile battle. I'm as unpatriotic as the next gut but I realize the revolution requires timing as well as militancy. Look before you leap and consider who else might be dominating.

RUBIN: Fuck your timing. Johnson quit because like you, he understands that the counter-revolution also requires timing as well as militancy.

OCHS: Johnson pulling back is either the noblest or the craftiest move he ever made. The advancing armies, panting on the verge of a major kill, pause and lift their visors to discover to their outrage that their helpless enemy has disappeared and joined their ranks through the night. Come back Lyndon, we need you.

RUBIN: Johnson hates Kennedy more than he hates Ho Chi Minh. He has robbed Kennedy of a Kennedy crusade. Johnson can now sit on the sidelines, amused. Both men have so confused their images with their heads that all they see is their images colliding in the media. And the whole charade is a technicolor movie distracting us, the yippies, from doing our thing.

OCHS: Yes, but it's a great movie, and I suspect we're all part of it, without our choice. In fact, we are probably creations of it. We're trying to kill daddy by our underground films, forgetting that Warner Bros. can still come up with Bonnie and Clyde. Yes, one hand on the creation of the new society, but perhaps another trying to keep horseshoes away from the cossaks.

RUBIN: The change in the faces of royalty have no effect on Yippie. Chicago will still be a theatrical stage, and we actors. The Democratic Convention still smells of Death. Yippie and black power are the only ideas left to believe in in America.

OCHS: The change in the faces of the party will in fact diminish some of the natural organizing power of yippie. Johnson is the great theatrical enemy to have; it is much easier to get people to freak out over him than the memory of John Kennedy.

RUBIN: But in four months Bobby as the established candidate will reveal his fanged teeth; he will oppose revolution in South Vietnam; he will salute the flag; he will attack crime in the streets; he will embrace Lyndon B. Johnson; he will condemn extremism; he will court the South; he will have you arrested for pot; he will joke on camera. Bobby is the polar opposite to our alternative consciousness, alternative culture. In Chicago the freaky, emotional, communal underculture will expose itself to Bobby's refrigerated mind.

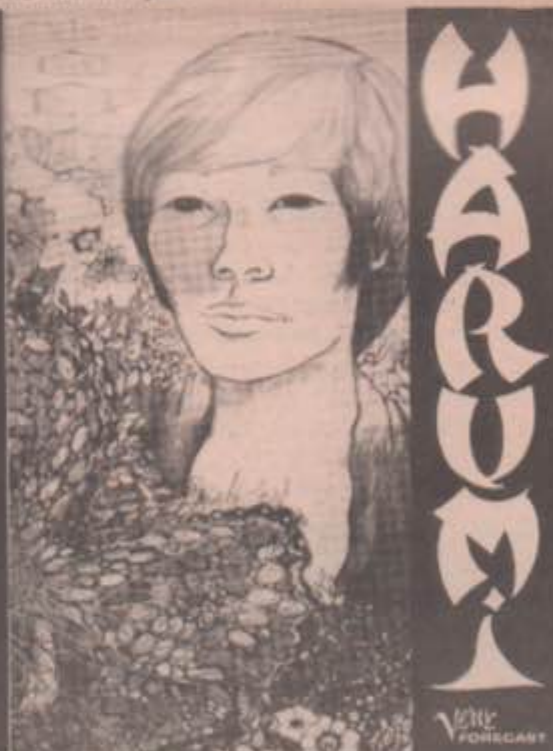
OCHS: All presidential candidates are required to recite the defensive slogans of the corporation cold war; the question is what they actually do when in office. John Kennedy followed the natural political course, which was middle; Robert Kennedy will follow today's natural political course, which is moderate left. I'm not proposing to blindly follow the man. I'm leaving open the possibility that he is hip enough, and charismatic enough, and powerful enough to make a major attempt to reform an unworkable system. If he really has no intention of making a change, he will fall like any nearsighted bureaucrat.

RUBIN: Phil, please take your thumb out of your mouth! Don't swoon so soon! Bobby Kennedy believes in the corporate cold war with all his sawed-off soul. Bobby Kennedy has won your heart and stolen your head. Kennedy stands for the maintenance of property; we stand for the destruction of property and the establishment of community--never the two shall meet. The youth are building a real thing, and Kennedy is irrelevant to it. I suggest a five-month ban on the mention of Kennedy's name.





The Grapes' latest offering displays their virtuosity, also perhaps their weaknesses. The first or main course record, (there are two in the set), WOW, is extremely diverse. Listen particularly to Motorcycle Irene. Album two, Grape Jam, is a collection of jam sessions with the Grape and miscellaneous personnel from here and there. I thought it was pleasant enough, but a little repetitious over





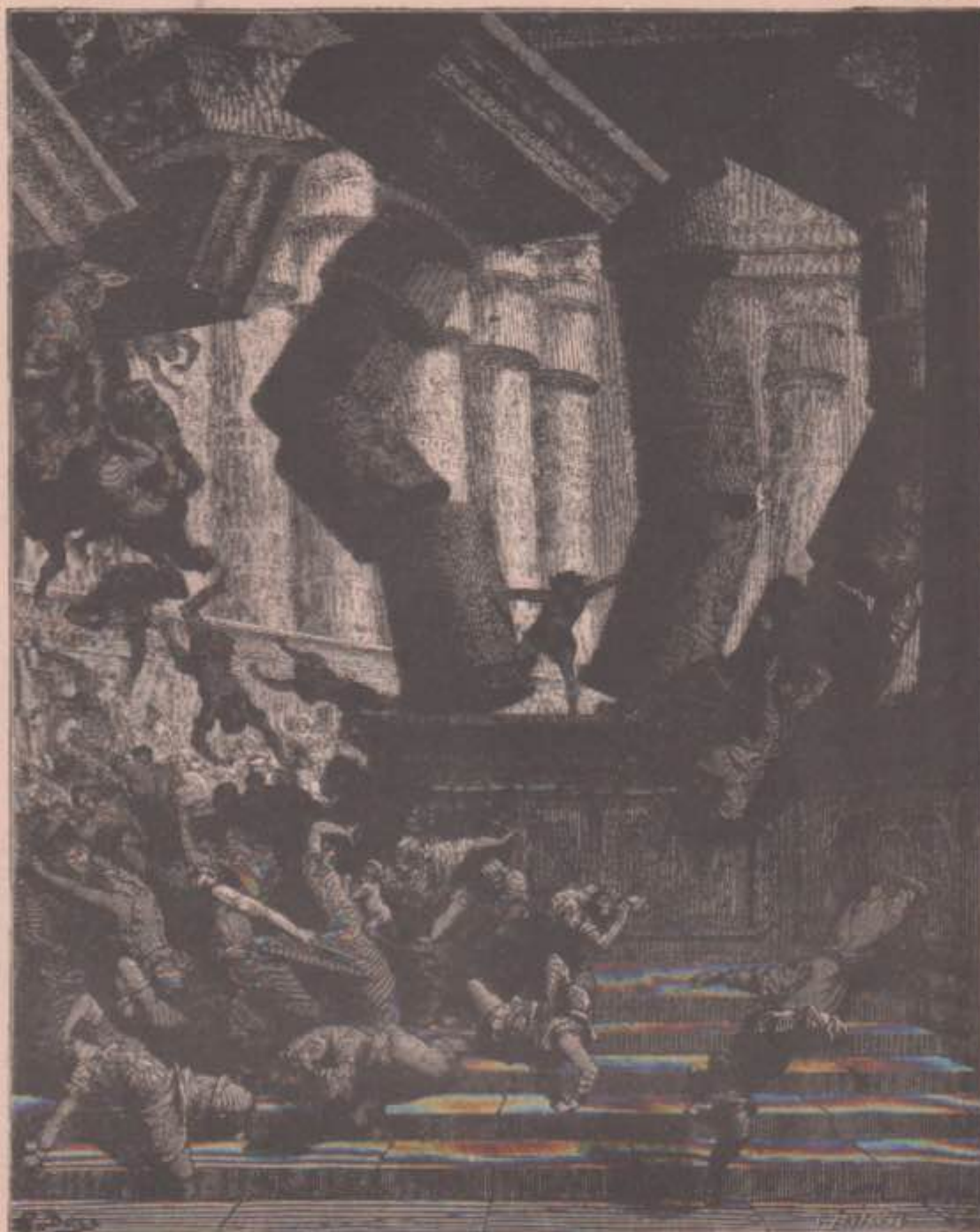
# FALL:

Written Three Days Before Johnson's

Dropping Out Speech -- A Holy Act --

Finally

In the Olden Days, a king, if he could not do something, raged publicly in his weakness, he would go out into the yard and mass with bare hands mounds of rock and debris and having done this in utter rage and helplessness and love would shout, "I cannot do this, can't you see I can't do this, here I fail, here I fail." And the people would know and the court would dispatch men who could help and the king's mental-earth-debris would be lifted from an otherwise human heart and head and woe unto us this day for the king is arrayed in great splendor of a fabric woven by his lies and the monstrous deceits of his age and it is so foul that only the king's true men -- those rare watchers and Avatars -- who know the way -- only they see the true fabric of the one mind and know themselves to be the body of Christ -- in Christ -- Christ-like and seek a common resonance of love total -- for that which is not total is doomed -- And all that which is negative is doomed -- And we-they see the danger and cry to heaven "Behold darkness is upon the land and the king's fabric is insanity for he has lost his way and dwells in the land of never -- and with him go many lost -- who we will meet later on -- Cannot you see him thrash his teeth under the ponderous oil being poured upon troubled waters for he is right and yet not totally right and so we separate and suffer. But this oil -- FOG -- is like the king's own fabric invisible, transparent and it is congealing now like drying blood and the stain grows bigger -- some few rise above it and come back to tell -- What must be in future is everyone rising above and none coming back -- finding enlightenment in departing -- Cannot you see the King's Debris, cannot you lift this moat from the eye of God? If not this empire -- this shell-armor ego -- is doomed and only the King of Heaven shall unravel this craziness. Ay and once the queen would go to the earth where mighty minds had lost their way and had lost favor



with the King and were buried, and she would throw herself upon their graves and listen to the beating of their Earth-Hearts and would pray for their souls and would be a link -- a vessel of spiritual light from the king through her into the Earth over the fallen forms of those who lost their way -- Look ye carefully into the Queen's eyes now -- Insane -- poisoned -- and when she lies upon the earth and puts her ear to the earth she knows it is only frozen ground -- There is no channel for her heart anymore -- heartless the ear freezes on the cold ground -- a hopeless, bitter spectacle, a spiritual nothingness, the final declining spiral that cries out to those who universalize God to live their time and conceive the future as a presence. "Dear God the king's mind is in ruin and he will not confess -- the people are too busy hiding to point him out -- he is the burner of Rome -- his queen now plants roses in a garden of death -- woe be unto this earth for worse is yet to come. For this king is the Death of the Western Sun-Son. We are the second coming." "All things fall and are Built Again and those that build them again are Gay." That which is not a total way is doomed. The Ultimate Limit is perfection, program that into your computer. Create your own Idea of where you can be real, when all of us have done this -- Paradise will be enough.

"All things fall and are Built Again and those that build them again are Gay."

-- The Angel Spencer,  
The Eternal Family



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Written by the Angel Spencer

formerly Barton Heyman of Earth

Member of the family and World Savior

We know now. We move into Innerspace soon. Much Information of this in "The Future of Man" Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. From Omega Point -- Supreme Synthesis -- Universal centre are emanating radiations hitherto only perceptible to mystics. I will call this God, Jesus Christ is completing his vision. A God the Son - Christ, Holy Ghost within vibratory Creation -- emanating in the ocean or substratum Cosmic primal ocean through man and out his pores. That time has come for all men to become Christ. We can't get out through rockets. We must know truth and live it and soon unify so that we can leave Earth to its primordial dissolution -- as for all men they shall become as one. I could go on indefinitely but I want to share with you the events of the recent visit of the Eternal Family.



Several weeks ago there was parked in the rear of the Washington Free Press a bus, a yellow ex-school bus owned by the "Eternal Family." At that time consisting of David, Rueben, Michael, Thomas, Mary and Diane, when leaving they counted two more Barton (now the angel Spencer) and Audrey (now the angel "Bell"). David Samuels embodies the presence, essence and teachings of the Holy Spirit-Ghost of Christ. He is not long on self- (body) praise occasionally self proclaiming only that he is an unusual or groovy guy. The bus left for New York where they were met with considerable negativity -- then on to Boston and Mel Lyman on the Hill (The Boston Avatar) -- Mel just wrote a book "The Autobiography of a World Saviour" David felt that Mel had come to Truth and was moving from writing in the Avatar to expanding to Television facilities and global communications. (It is David's intention to establish in Berkeley; ask for "The Eternal Family" there.) David hoped to link with Mel and bring Mel to Berkeley, Calif., where we are starting a Christ Community based on love and trust. David went around to several places in Washington and gave this advice. The Roman Mask or Temple of Government is cracked to its very foundations get out -- out to the outskirts of Washington because the government is now going to thrash itself to death. Avoid Activism, politics and conspicuous free community behavior. The Government is going to bring the free community down -- busts, raids, suppression and complete intolerance. Because the free community is itself divided into different activities it will be further divided by those differences -- Avoid any negative activity -- Don't give your energies to negative demonstrations -- Be very wary of guerilla Theater -- you are moving in a dangerous direction and will bring down on your heads an equal and better armed retaliation. Politics will not save the situation, nor demonstrations nor guerilla activity. Mischief is already afoot -- why add to it? The generation of trust and love within a community away from ground zero is necessary. Virginia Beach area is a good location. "He that diligently seeketh good procureth favour; but he that seeketh mischief, it shall come unto him." "Resist not evil." Take your other cheek out of the city. "Let the Dead bury the Dead." Have sympathy for the drowning for they too believe they are doing right. Reality is Collective Subjective Reality, we are each others mind. Therefore if ye will, live new thought. Think anew, do not be enclosed by attachments of politics of hate -- Anything less than living God is a life act of self limitation. Know thyself which is not the Body so the body may dissolve in the Sea of Light. Resist not Evil. Pass through it, It is not real. Say yes and move on. Gather and 24 such wise men will form a basic community of life. Evil is made real by negating destructive struggle. You have powers within you that you haven't even dreamt of -- yet. When the Kings of the Earth resign their posts -- President -- The Pope -- it is a sign that agreement has ended -- "Sanity is a trick of Agreement."

Now as a so-called Community Pick up thy Bed and walk -- Don't be in any large city come Summer. Don't even be a Medic in this Battlefield of Crumbling ignorance. A cry has been heard in the Wilderness. For Christ's sake live for Christ's sake -- I was at the Sunday Be-in several weeks ago I didn't see much living Truth, a lot of self conscious and unconscious imitation of hippy-life-style. The Community is threatened by its own spiritlessness -- Washington is numbing you -- get out of it and cool your political factions and look for your prophets, Some of you are living Together few are being real together -- No. -- Avatars -- in Washington -- yet.

# An Open Letter from an ex-Marine to Potential Cannon Fodder by Nick Juan Livse

Since my discharge from the Armed Services of the United States, I've found myself wandering from city to city looking for someone or something to which I could dedicate my services. Here I am.

As most of you know, Vietnam has a very rich cultural background, one that I won't take the time to tell you about for reasons untold. Nam is well talked about, largely because of the moral support that it gives the average service man. The fact that it's a mere 13,000 kilometers away is irrelevant; the fact still remains that they have the most complete array of dead people to pick your brother from, and that you can contact almost any disease from Crabs to Trench Mouth at no extra cost.

You all know the way to get a free, all expense paid trip, right? JOIN THE ARMY, NAVY, MARINE CORPS OR AIR FORCE.

So who the fuck am I to tell a free American citizen what to do? Good question. My sole intention is to bring to you, the public, the facts regarding Draft Resistance and the How To's of getting around the shitty situation.

Here in front of me sits a young man of 22, a person with a good mind and sound body. This young fellow is against the draft for various reasons. He is a liberal, with long hair, beard, and the like. Hence, a Hippie. Now anybody with long hair and a beard is a Hippie. Right And what is worse, a liberated Hippie!!!! This dude is by no means stupid. He has bounced around for many a day looking for a rare, exotic disease that no doctor or medic can find a cure for, with no luck. This screw ball of sorts is really uptight with the world so he freaks-out in the City Sewage Disposal Plant and lands in the Jug for inciting a riot. Why? 'Cause he's a fuckin' Hippie.' What better way is there to explain it?

Our Texas Liberal sees things in a different perspective than everyday common people. The hillbilly vegetable thinks that he's God because he has the power to take life from the young people of this Generation. LBJ, in his suit of Red, White and Blue, is leaving his mark upon the hearts and souls of a really majestic class of people. His follow-up of the Vietnam conflict is based on a personal goal he has set for himself. It is knowing this that hurts people in a sense. The government CAN'T be embarrassed. Good ol' LBJ can't save thousands of innocent lives because he might be put down, right? Bullshit! REACH OUT, GRASP HIS HAND. LET HIM SMASH YOU AS HE HAS SMASHED OTHERS.

We can't last at a rate like this. America is really going to hell because of our leader's personal goals. If there are enough bold Americans with the balls to let others know just what the hell is going on then we may survive this show of ignorance!

I am a part of a revolution that will never die as long as mankind exists.

You too may be part of this growing group of open minded, freedom loving people. Take a look at yourself in the mirror. Do you see what I see when I comb my hair or brush my teeth? Do you see a human being or is it a robot that can let itself shrivel and die like a flower in the cold?

If you're 19 or older, these next few lines are for you, unless, of course, you happen to be a spastic or in the booby-hatch.

There are several publications on the market specifically for the draft resister. Besides Marsbars in the Free Press, there is, for example, 1001 Ways to Beat the Draft by Tuli Kuferburg and Robert Bashlow. This covers everything from mygrain headaches to misplacing your left eyeball. Even though you may find that you'll have to get Webster's Unabridged Dictionary just to pronounce the authors' names, in most cases you'll never get away from the "Green Machines' Long Arms." If you like the more personal approach to your problem you can contact the Washington Draft Resisters Union (628-2528). Take it from someone who knows" If you can't find anything better, get yourself busted on a narcotics rap!!

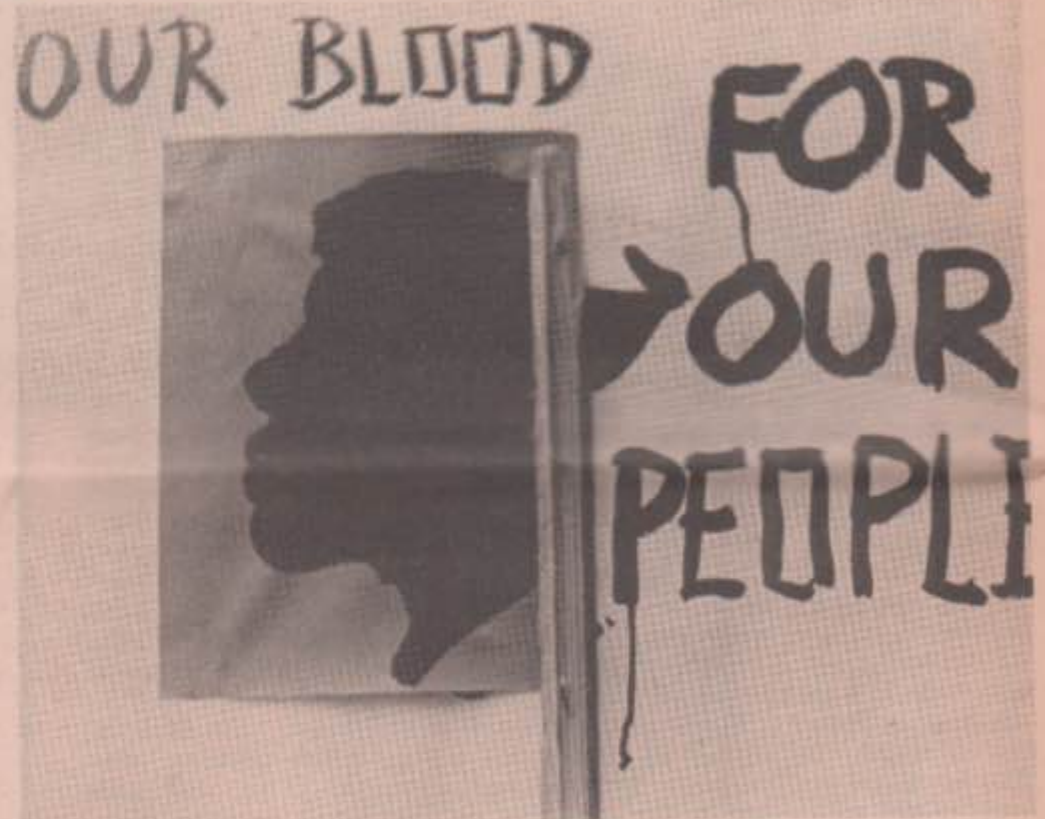






SNCC organizer Jan Bailey raps --  
Joe Miles sings, "...this little light of mine,  
we're gonna let it shine..." -- as D.C. Black students  
let it be known they're tired of this shit  
from honkie draft boards.

April 26, 1968 G St. Induction Center



Photos by Mickey Proctor





## A NARC IN TROUBLE

by Bill Mahon

NEW YORK, April 29 (LNS-NY) -- The Dutchess County sheriff's office had an undercover agent on the Bard campus for weeks. He was a Negro, working as a janitor. For weeks he mingled freely with the students, gaining a reputation as a "cool cat" to the point where he was sharing some of the students' pot. The Sheriff planned on hitting the Bard campus like a sheriff of the old West, riding in on his faithful pinto, Chevy, and apprehending the dangerous desperadoes. But, alas, a snarl has cropped up, before he can put the evil doers on trial. Seems his undercover agent got a wee bit too friendly with the Bard students, and there is a stand off at the moment: if the Sheriff does not pursue the pot charges, the students won't force prosecution of the agent for statutory rape.

This is an interesting moral dilemma. Should the sheriff abandon his agent for moral turpitude, and try him, along with the students? Might this have an unpleasant effect on the good burghers of Dutchess County: a trial in which the chief witness for the prosecution is a Negro accused of sleeping with an underage white girl? Wow! Stay tuned to your potline for the next move.



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## SCLC CALLS STUDENTS

The Poor People's Campaign of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) is making a national appeal to students across the country to join thousands of America's poor in Washington, D.C., starting May 27.

Rev. Dr. Ralph Abernathy is urging "all students who support this Poor People's Campaign of militant nonviolent action to join us in Washington as soon as studies and examinations permit. We especially need students starting May 27, when we will be building up our demonstrations and preparing for a great March on Washington May 30.

"Students in America, both black and white, have provided a great physical, moral and intellectual support for human rights movements in the past," Dr. Abernathy continued. "It was students who were the shock troops through the sit-ins, Freedom Rides, the Birmingham and Selma Movements. We are now confident that they will join their poor brothers and sisters of all races, faiths and nationalities in this Campaign."

Demonstrations in Washington are scheduled to begin May 20 after the arrival of masses of poor people from all parts of the nation. By the time of the large influx of students beginning May 27, the Campaign is expected to have escalated to a level of serious confrontation if the National Government fails to respond adequately to poor people's needs.

The word from your

## FREE COMMUNITY DOCTOR

The two most effective contraceptive devices now in use are "the pill" (compounds in the non-ethynodryl family) and the I.U.D. (the coil, or intra-uterine device). Each one has a few side effects. The pill may cause a rare thrombophlebitis (infected clot in a vein) or minor change in thyroid activity. The I.U.D. may cause cramps, bleeding between periods, or infections in 10-20% of women and is slightly less effective than the pill - but there is no schedule to remember.

Neither one is in the category of a dangerous medication. All women, chicks, teeny- and micro-boppers are urged to practice some method of planning to avoid pregnancy, particularly if they plan to be exposed to LSD or other hallucinogens during what could be the first three months of pregnancy, during what could otherwise be the first three months of pregnancy.

Planned Parenthood offers very low-priced medical exams and prescriptions to all girls over 21 or over 18 and financially independent. There is little hassle. I don't believe they're too sticky about the latter requirement if you can tell them you have a job. They'll let you choose your own method, they don't give any sermons, and provide all services necessary. They are located at 1109 M Street, NW. You can call DU 7-8787 and make an afternoon or evening appointment.

For girls who don't meet the age requirements above, the FREE COMMUNITY doctor (yours truly), can help provide the names of low-fee private doctors who might be able to help. I can be reached via the Washington Free Press office (638-6377).

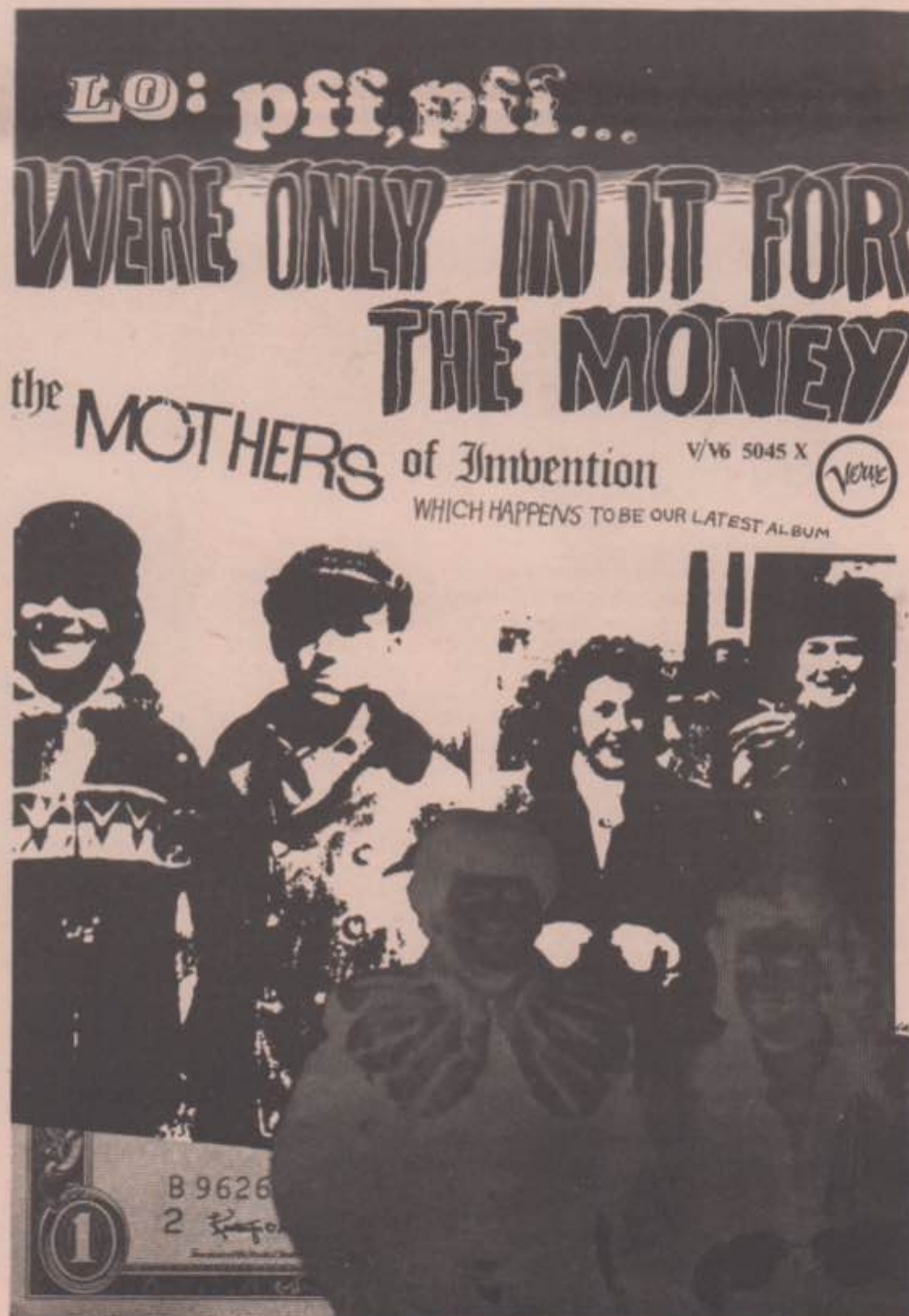
Please send any and all questions concerning health, drugs, or psychiatric matters to "Hippo Crates", c/o WFP.

We are interested in starting a synanon for addicts and ex-addicts (including A-heads and meth-heads) in this city. If interested, please send your first name and phone number to me care of the Washington Free Press.

Stephen Brown, M.D.

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And I think that definitely the main basic points that I think that the UPO hasn't even recognized that the leadership of the black community has been organized, a united front. UPO is not officially a member of the community. That's a very important point. I know, that UPO doesn't identify with the black community through the Front. Even one of the high executives in the City Council is a member of the Front. And I understand that yesterday (May 3) when the Front had a press conference amidst the scared refuse of the rebellion they had a representative up there to observe the press conference but not to participate in it. And I think that's a very relevant question: has UPO as an organization that is serving the black community come out and identified with the people that people are involved in? The other question is do they know the 20 families that were burned out during the riot? And have they done anything for that 20 families? The rebellion and have they done anything for that 20 families? I mean you know, you're interested in it, said: look this is what happened on May 2nd, 1968, what happened? And I think another question you have to ask is UPO's position, you know, the community is in basically a rebellious position--what is UPO's position to that? And I think that's the that was being asked at the demonstration for the staff--that on April 18 at UPO, if you are an organizer of UPO you will lead the demonstration, if you are a member of the black community, you will call it a strike action. The UPO employees who showed up, and especially the ones that were voluntarily terminated, is completely called the strike action. You dig that?



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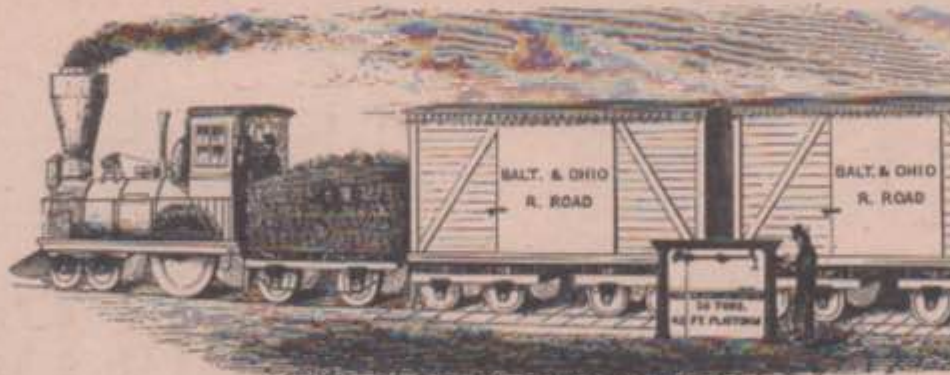
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FEAR OF LAUGHTER." And you  
start laughing. Totally cracking up.  
Now immediately both of you are  
involved in a life and death  
struggle.  
She can have you locked up or she  
will have to come to grips with  
what you said. Now if you let  
the madness of the scene get hold  
of you then they've got you. They  
put you away in the nut house.  
But the fact is that you see the total  
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have to do RIGHT THERE ON THE  
STREET CORNER. Again, you  
look her in the eye and say, "Mad-  
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beam, smile and show warmth and  
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## HEAD KIT

In an effort to aid in Campbell's "Final Solution" to the burgeoning "Hippy Problem", your City Government requests that you wear this armband whenever you are outside your own house. The police and other authority figures will appreciate your co-operation in identifying yourself as a "hippy". The sudden appearance of "hippies" under the guise of respectable citizens — i.e. wearing suits, holding good jobs, luxury apartments and affecting short hair — has made the establishment doubt its ability to preserve its sociological purity and, God forbid, even its basic ethic. In order to ensure the past and present way of life of us all — not to spill the applecart — we ask one and all "love children" to identify themselves, and clearly point out to the citizenry who the "hippies" are, whether or not they look straight. Wearing this armband will help openly establish our position as second class citizens and protect others from unnecessary contact with us.

To effectively wear this armband, hug the side of walls while walking down the street, making sure not to obstruct straight people who are entitled to exclusive use of the sidewalks and courtyards of our city. Cringe whenever spoken or transport, and be sure to only sit at the back of the bus. Whimper and beg for mercy whenever approached by the police; retain this baggie — finding it on your person will reassure the police they were right in stripping you.

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