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APRIL 4th - 8th, 1968



by
Jenny Diver

It began with Johnson's announcement that he was finished, continued with the first hopeful sign of Peace in Vietnam, but ended with the savagely symbolic slaying of Dr. Martin Luther King. It was time for Black America to exact a just vengeance from a sometimes brutal, always indifferent White America. The bubble of euphoria created by the first two events was burst by the thrust of truth that, in reality, Vietnam and LBJ are only two relatively minor manifestations of the ills of Imperial America. Our problems go right to the core.

The Underground Press is "experiential" journalism. We report what we live, see, think and even smell. On occasion the result is trivial in the eyes of many, important only in so far as each individual being's experiences are important. But because we are representatives of a segment of the disaffected, sometimes our mere existence assigns us roles in social change.

Throughout these last few days our existence has been inextricably connected spiritually and geographically with a community in revolt, a Black community. Though we are white and the source of our alienation is symptomatically somewhat different, we were caught up in the same whirlwind of events and shared many of the same sights, smells, sounds, emotions, and even, on occasion, thoughts and deeds. Therefore, in spite of sincere feelings of inadequacy and humility before the recent panorama of events, we will try to convey some of our reflections on their meaning.

The assassination of Dr. King was a political act (motivated almost certainly by racism). So too was the Black violence directed against white America in an attempt to achieve some degree of retributive justice. A revolt against racism, exploitation and injustice -- no matter what its form or whether it is in response to a specific act or a general situation -- will always be political. In this case it took the form of taking political revenge on symbols of economic servitude and white domination of the economic life of America's Black communities. White businesses, the institutions through which subordination is in part achieved, were the targets. What before was arson and looting became the destruction of enemy property and the liberation of the resources of life.

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Photos by Jan Westmann



As whites in the middle of this but being partisans of our opposite color we felt uneasy throughout. As we walked the streets (from 14th and U, NW, to 11th and N and 7th and O, NW) at the height of the uprising, we encountered a mixed reception. Occasionally it was verbal or overt hostility. But more often the reaction varied from indifference to acceptance and, more than once, sincere concern. "Hippies have soul" and "Soul Brother" were shouted at us as we liberated a bottle of wine, picked up a new shirt or expropriated cartons of frozen vegetables.

When one lady cried "Hippies gotta eat too," she communicated more than an obvious fact. The disaffected do have some common needs and goals that they can unite in action to achieve. Just as importantly, it gives a clue to the nature of the riot: it was clearly directed more against institutions than against people. The distinction was not always clear but it certainly seemed to be there, at least in the case of readily identifiable socially and politically outcast whites (i.e., looking like "hippies" and/or responding to people on a level other than fear and hostility). While what we found to be good for public relations in our own neighborhoods cannot be elevated yet to the level of a general political principle of Black-White unity, it does provide both lessons on the nature of the insurrection and on what may prove to be an eventual political necessity.

It is over for now in D.C. The experience of freedom from uptightness with political violence, the feeling of liberation from the externally imposed restraints reflecting the property-oriented values of White America, are now memories. Life hasn't returned to normal, but neither is it what it was on Friday the 5th. While we view what occurred as a legitimate political response, it obviously failed in achieving in full its political objective.

The spontaneous insurrection has its limitations as a political tool. Conceivably it can make the price of the status quo too expensive in the eyes of those who govern to go unaltered. But the response of white America to this kind of pressure in the past is far from encouraging. Those who rule white America have at last admitted that the problem exists (i.e., racism and the system that breeds it) and must be dealt with but so far they have done little in the way of concrete action. (Indeed they may conclude that meaningful change in values, institutions of economic and political power, etc., takes more balls than they have and will try to make do with more ineffectual urban pacification programs.) The spontaneous insurrection can only pressure those who control political power; it cannot exercise power itself short of seizing it.

The urban insurrection has one other drawback: its effects are felt most harshly by the black community itself. It is the stores in their neighborhoods that are closed, some permanently, and Blacks comprise the vast majority of the killed, injured and arrested. These costs could easily be tolerated if there were now hope that change would be forthcoming, but uneasiness pervades the Black community that this will not be the case. (The conclusion that not enough concrete action will result to justify the cost dispirits some by making it all seem futile. But for others it serves as a spur to further action along many different lines. They have learned from a political experience and will now go on in pursuit of the same goal but perhaps using different tactics. What these shall be will be decided in the coming months and years. However, the crucible of fire and raw emotions may provide the key to hope for a New America of individual and collective creativity and fulfillment, free of servitude in all its forms.)





'We're gonna get every nigger and long-haired son-ofabitch'

---d.c. police badge
1627

Police suppression of Press and Emergency Volunteers struck members of the Washington Free Press and Liberation News Service, April 4 and 7.

On the night of Martin Luther King's assassination, Craig Spratt, of LNS, and myself were arrested on the sidewalk of the Liberated Zone, 3 Thomas Circle. The offense: never exactly stated, but apparently overtly anti-social. Up against the wall.

The incident occurred while we were talking to three Black citizens walking past the office. The police approached from across the street, singled out that group and ran toward them. The police then told them to halt, and place their hands on the paddy wagon. When Craig asked them what their offense was, Officer #1627 told him to leave the sidewalk.

"I have a right to stand here."

"You are under arrest."

To which I replied, "You can't arrest him, he didn't break any law."

"You are under arrest too."

Three days later, the same cop rounded up every 3 Thomas Circle worker he could find. Austin Hyde and myself were distributing food for the victims of the insurrection when we were returning from the distribution center at Luther Place Church on Thomas Circle. Directly across from the Free Press office, we would have been on the streets for less than half a block. At that time Ray Mungo, Craig Spratt and another LNS worker from New York were returning from the church also in search of food; all the stores being shut. Larry Deene, WFP staff member, was approaching the door of the Liberated Zone.

From behind the trees at the circle came the uniforms. As the battery appeared, we presented our identification quietly to the officers. Every one had a press card from the Washington Free Press or Liberation News Service. Ray had a D. C. Police pass, signed by D. C. Chief of Police Layton. The officers made no attempt to verify with the church whether or not we had been delivering food. We were directly in front of the church. They honored no press pass. The only way we discovered that we were incarcerated was as we proceeded to light a cigarette.

"You can't smoke while you're locked up."

Instantly a battalion of police machines pulled up to the scene, giving the impression that they were laying in wait for someone from the Liberated Zone to hit the street. The most acidic of all was a Black enforcer of White justice that was driving a station wagon filled with crew-cut white cops and soldiers.

"I see we got a bunch of them long haired bastards.... if we can't draft them, let's kill them...."

How can the police ignore a press pass signed by the Chief of Police himself? Why was officer #1627 and his crew the only group of officers encountered by the Liberated Zone workers that would not honor the press passes? Every soldier we were confronted by permitted us clearance, even in the burnt, looted, rebellious areas.

Why were volunteer workers at the Luther Place Lutheran Church arrested. -- even after they risked their lives working at night in the Capital city to help the victims of the "civil disorder"?

No sooner had he left than badge #1627 stated, "We gonna get them fucking niggers and long haired sons of bitches...." It seems that his favorite alcohol joint, the Ozark Club, was burned to the ground.

So he in turn burned the niggers.

This is the second time in three days we were placed in the lockup in Number 2 precinct. Seven of us, including a Negro who had been walking to work, were placed in cell number 14. The toilet hadn't flushed in a week, perhaps a month. There was no fresh air. One cot was iron hard with vomit coating. No phone calls, no food, not informed of rights, not given glasses with which to see. On April 4th, we were locked also seven to a cell. Tired, sick old men -- young angry soldiers to be. The stench in the cell brought one to nausea. No medical aid for the many who were sick. Held six hours in the dungeon basement, we were then transferred to the basement of the Court House of General Sessions. Locked up there about six more hours; no place to sleep, no food, no water, no toilet facilities for four hours in a tier of badly built, dark underground cells. No indication of when we would get to a judge to get bail bond set. One man waited 14 hours with a severed finger, held on only by a tendon.

No legal advice. Victims of the Big Sweep were huddled into a bull pen later and hustled off to the court room at the given time, usually before anyone had a chance to talk to the battery of volunteer lawyers working to talk with everyone.

Why did Washington's "mayor" first praise, then later condemn the rescue operation, preferring instead that it be worked out from his office?

Why do they want Blacks to starve?

Because they burned down the Ozark Club?

They certainly do seem to be out getting "every nigger and long haired son of a bitch".

"You should have seen the suits I got. When the man came, I was smack dab in the store."

"I was on the street, not even in the mother fucking store. That jiving cop pulled a gun on me and said 'nigger, you better not run'".

"The man picked me out, shit, there must have been about fifty people in that store, and he got me. I must have a bad cloud over me. My record's so fucking long they gonna give me twenty years."

Of all the conversation, not one word was uttered about Martin Luther King. Everyone spoke only of the stores they hit, and the goods they got or tried to get. One man only hit the real issue.

"You're wasting your time stealing transistor radios. Steal the guns, man, steal the guns."

After we were released on the 7th, with summonses to appear at a later date, we were denied our property back. No glasses with which to see, no keys to get home or drive, no identification, no money. They said return at noon. When our group did return, the police had returned everyone's belongings except Ray Mungo's. The only one with a police press pass, mysteriously disappeared. After three hours of searching to no avail, Ray called a lawyer through IPS. Five minutes later, his belongings were discovered in the lieutenant's office, with apologies and politeness. The lieutenant muttering "police press pass... police press pass."

The ACLU is considering lodging a complaint concerning the brutal treatment of members of the press. Reporters from the Washington Post and New York Times were also illegally arrested.

It remains to be seen whether the outright illegal arrests executed by the 2d precinct will stand in court. Clearly they cannot lock up indefinitely 6,000 persons... yet...

Remember, the United States is the only other Free World nation, except for South Vietnam, whose capital city is occupied by its own army.

by Peter Novick



TALKING WITH THE TROOPS

by Marilyn S. Webb

A little old man with an East European accent asked a soldier stationed near the Capitol Building, "Is this the Capitol of America?" The soldier told me he had always been able to toss back responses but not to this cutting question.

Black soldiers especially find themselves in extremely uncomfortable positions. But all the soldiers were scared and few seemed fond of this tour of duty. Many seemed to feel that they were clearly on the wrong side of the uniform. They disliked the cops even more than the looters, and seemed unanimous in wanting to get out of the Army. They said they didn't want to defend stores or fight but "there isn't anything I can do about it."

White soldier in front of liquor store:

WFP: Where are you from?

S: Oklahoma City.

WFP: What do you do there?

S: I work in a gas station. I wanted to get a better job so I was glad, sort of, when I got drafted. I didn't want to go in the army, but I thought maybe I could get some training. I'd never been out of Oklahoma. Well, we got trained all right. We're hired killers; murderers. Where can a trained killer get a job when he gets out? Some guys who are trigger happy join the police, but I don't want to be a hired killer all my life. I want to get out.

White soldier:

S: The other night we were stationed up on Georgia Avenue. The police came over and told us they thought there was a sniper in one of the buildings. One of our officers told us to go in to look around. While we were in there those damn cops threw a gas grenade into the building. They didn't even tell us or wait until we came out. There



wasn't any sniper in there anyway, but we found some literature the cops said was Communistic. I don't know what it was, but I didn't hear any sniping.

White soldier from Colorado:

WFP: How would you feel having to shoot people who live here?

S: Aw, I wouldn't shoot. We have orders not to load our guns unless an officer tells us to. There's no officer around here, though, so I couldn't put any bullets in my gun, even if I wanted to.

WFP: So what would you do if someone were to loot this store?

S: Well, I would go up to them with my rifle pointed at them, but empty. And I would say, "Stop looting." But if they said no, I would just run. I couldn't do much if I stayed.

White soldier -- Oklahoma:

S: I never knew any Negroes before I got in the army. Now I realize they're like us, they have feelings and I like some of the guys. But I didn't realize how bad people live until we got here to Washington. Man, I couldn't live in those houses. And I didn't know about those stores until now. People say they charge high prices and things. I didn't know about that. I wouldn't shoot anyone unless someone shot at me.

A black soldier, a white soldier and I had been talking for awhile:

White soldier: I don't ask questions I just follow orders. If people riot, I shoot.

Black soldier: Oh, man, get off it. People have been put up tight for too long; they're cheated and poor.

WS: We defend America.

BS: What about here, man? What are we defending here? Liquor stores?

WS: Well, maybe we shouldn't be here, but we get sent into other countries when governments ask us to come.

BS: You know those people looting on 14th Street? What if they asked the Chinese to help them fight and the Chinese came in and fought us. They would say Americans asked them in. Well, maybe that's what we do in other countries. I just came back from Vietnam and I bet that's what happened there. I don't understand it there.

WS: I just follow orders.

BS: You should be in Nazi Germany. Hitler would like you. (To me:) There aren't many guys like him in the army. I volunteered to go to Vietnam four times but they wouldn't take him. He kept saying he wanted to kill people. He thinks he's John Wayne. They've kept him here. He's nut. Other guys don't like it.



Photos by Jan Wostmann

Letters

Dear WFP,

I was deeply affected by reading of Ann Cranshaw's suicide. In becoming Ann for a moment, I revisited depths I once knew. All our action seems futile if people can still be as alone as that. But suicide is so unnecessary. (In fact, despair and ecstasy are closely related, physiologically and psychologically, and with a little knowledge the former can become the latter.) If only she had known that there are people willing to help, people who ask nothing but to be there when another human being is needed. Most of us can give our hearts, some of us knowledge. No one need be so alone; we can all afford to leave our roles in the game long enough to lend a hand to another who is desperate. There exists vital and joyous information for people who can't make it any longer, for whatever reason, and -- we are at heart all one Person.

Sincerely,
Mark W.

Dear Free Press,

I can't see anybody's "feelings" being hurt by lonely little me. And not one bitter concept in this tirade should come as news to the "love people" of D. C. but since I hit Washington I have been impressed with the sickness here that soaks the hopeless souls in every level of society and not-society.

I have been canned and conned and hassled 'till I have caught the sickness again. I'm crying like a two-timed tennibopper now.

Mr. Greybusinesssuit, half man of governmental and corporate bureaucracy has played the high-finance company game so dynamically that folds like me are on the run from the draft, from the fear and from the unfreedom. The sickness is not too subtle. You think about it everytime you look for some reality with which to fill the hours of awakeness. You think about it when the cops drag down their stupid, arbitrary statutes to make you fall in. You think about it when you dig the morning paper, Life Magazine, and the T V set; when your old man disowns you and old ladies glare at you out of their cashmere. And the sickness is sick on a big scale. I've found it in every corner of the country from Pocatello to Portland, in the rah-rah two party lie of election year. I've spent my short years of turned-onness building my own freaky defenses against it.

And, praise goodness, honesty, love, trust, freedom and the human spirit, there were always folks who spoke my language, cried my teardrops, and shared my dope.

I travel a lot. Until I came to D. C. I never had to beg on the streets, sleep in bus terminals until evicted, get hassled over employment sharks, or to talk to myself when I needed company. I lived such an unshaven, smelly clothing life for two weeks until I could make enough of their god-damned money to hear people would actually talk to me.

Oh, life is rough and people are mostly unkind, but this need not be. Freaks always knew that and freaks set out to live at folks so that the old vision of love and trust didn't die.

But in D. C., don't ask me how, the freaks took my little stake and let me off at fear agin, and I just wasn't ready for that. Now I accept your apology and your explanation that if I'd found the right folks it would have been different. But I want to ask the right folks; where the hell they are at

At any rate I'm still alive and able to leave here with my health. And I have learned my lesson. But one thing burns in me and I have to ask: where's it going to end freaks? Shall we keep on accepting the colossal burn that we are pulling on each other? Do you want to spread the America sickness with a D. C. twist, or do you want to destroy it?

The spades are conning and being conned and being subtly bought and rebought three blocks from anywhere. Whose side you on anyway? We've got to start pulling together before we all strangle in this soul starvation. The man and his game are getting out of hand, getting a rotten finger in our heads. I suggest we say a fat emphatic "fuck you" with everything we do. Time's a wastin'. Let's start digging ourselves at all levels and maybe salvage our lives from all of this.

Love,
Stephen Harris

P. S. Hiding doesn't do any good, a man's got to live with his head.

Dear WFP

Beautiful day in Washington --- what a drag the East is. What I mean by the East is Newark -- left there to come to D. C. It was cold and depressing. By the time I got to Washington the weather was groovy and the people were beautiful. One of the real ironies of history -- here I am 25 years old arrested seven times for everything from fighting with police to saying Fuck in front of Sproul Hall at Berkeley. And I come all the way from Newark with this lawless record to hear the greatest lawyer in the country argue before the Supreme Court on a highly technical procedure point which will give to black people some of the freedom they should have had that was taken from them by the white beasts. Beautiful sunny Washington---went to visit my friends at Howard. Oh God do I miss them free open people---I have had love relationships with people before but my Howard love affair has to be one of the deepest most beautiful experiences of my life. To see kids that I spent every day of my life with---who to a man risked their hard-fought (baby I mean hard-fought in that having six kids in your family and having to work to help support them plus going full time to law school) struggle to make Howard into the law school and to feel the warmth. Funny thing how people make buildings beautiful. I go to Rutgers law school now---only because I was thrown out of Howard for agitating---the buildings at Rutgers are more modern than the law school building at Howard and the facilities are much more elaborate---but the soulful people of Howard make their people a groovy experience rather than the uptight drag that one feels when he enters the sterile middle-class atmosphere of the Rutgers law school. I am writing this article at the free press's extensive suite of offices---when the history of the last 10 years is written certainly the free press will be included as one of the most successful undertakings by young kids ever---less than a year ago they didn't have shit, no contributors, no money, no office, no space, no nothing but balls and baby their pay to put out a groovy paper to get the white kids together is what they started out to do and is what they have done. These are the soulful people that make us struggle---that make it possible for this commie-jew-beatnick to have a love affair with life and to know that wherever people like these are in Washington or in L. A. or maybe even in Newark that they give a little salvation to this otherwise complete nothingness we call racist brutal America.

Art Goldberg

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REPORTER AT SMALL

It's getting tougher and tougher to do political parody or satire. Reality is becoming a very hard act to follow. Like you might have made up a story that Herman Kahn, the thermonuclear war strategist, was being sent to Vietnam by the Pentagon to advise on pacification. It might have been funny, in a sick way. But now that it's actually taking place what can you say except that it's like asking Adolph Hitler to advise on the Jewish problem.

Last month farmers in Indiana killed and buried 59 hogs worth \$2360 as part of a campaign to withhold hogs from market until the price went up.

Webster defines obscene, in part, as "abhorrent to morality or virtue." In a country where children suffer mental retardation because of lack of protein in their early years, the actions of the Indiana farmers is truly obscene. And the American public still wonders why radicals and hippies speak of "changing the system" or why so many of them are turning to socialism.

It's been announced that police in Saigon plan to "give householders 'denouncement cards' so they can inform on Vietcong, draft dodgers and deserters." (Wash. Post, April 11.)

This is one of the anti-Communist bugaboos that we were all brought up to believe -- that informing on one's neighbors for "disloyalty" was something practiced only by Communist countries.

The other day the Washington Post ran a picture of some hippies who were sitting nude in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The picture showed only the backs or the heads of the girls who were included in the picture. However, the complete picture hangs on the bulletin board of the Post news room and shows, God forgive them, two girls with BARE BREASTS -- and that's how it should be -- that kind of stuff is OK for the clean thinking men of the Post news room but you don't want the whole family seeing such things.

General William Westmoreland spent four years in Vietnam.

After it was announced that Westmoreland was leaving Vietnam he said that he regretted leaving Vietnam "before peace has been restored

to the people of this beautiful land so torn by Communist aggression." (emphasis added)

General William Westmoreland neither saw nor learned anything in four years in Vietnam.

The newly formed Federal Employees Against the War in Vietnam may prove to be very contagious. It's already given rise to D. C. Government Employees Against the War in Vietnam. We can see on the horizon: White House Employees Against the War in Vietnam, Cabinet Members Against the War in Vietnam, Members of the Presidential Family Against the War in Vietnam, Members of the House Committee on Un-American Activities Against the War in Vietnam, Lyndon Johnson Against the . . . no, he has a commitment.

American involvement in Vietnam is becoming more and more like a script written by Art Buchwald.

The U.S. recently completed an operation in the III Corps area of South Vietnam called "Resolved to Win." Now, a new operation is being planned for the same area. This one is called "Complete Victory", which should give you an idea of how successful "Resolved to Win" was.

We expect that the only operation standing a chance of success will be the one called "Total Withdrawal."

Bill Blum

Secret Pentagon Plan for World Domination

By George Novack

Despite the mountain of evidence accumulated over the past 20 years, many liberals refuse to believe that the executive heads of the U.S. ruling class are methodically proceeding to police the world in defense of capitalism. The Marxists are wrong, they claim, in attributing deliberate designs of world domination to Washington. The policymakers there do not pursue any single foreign policy line but stumble unthinkingly into one mess after another.

Thus each case of counterrevolutionary intervention into the affairs of other peoples is construed in isolation and not seen as one more piece in a consistent pattern of imperialist aggression.

This thesis will be much harder to uphold if an informative document that the Pentagon has in its possession were made public. This is a study, completed two years ago by the Douglas Aircraft Corporation, under army sponsorship at a cost to the taxpayers of \$89,500. It was originally entitled "Pax Americana" but was later given the less provocative label of "Strategic Alignments and Military Objectives."

It was revealed in Washington Feb. 15, that Senator Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, requested the Department of Defense last Nov. 29 to declassify, or remove security restrictions from, the document. Fulbright told the department he was making the request because the study involved foreign policy and "the important conclusions of the report" were in agreement with "so many recent statements made by Government officials."

The Department of Defense has refused Fulbright's request to release the secret study, even though it concedes that there is relatively little "militarily sensitive" information in it. But politically the document is highly explosive. For it reportedly sets forth plans on how the United States can "maintain world hegemony in the future."

This was acknowledged by Paul C. Warnke, assistant secretary of defense, in his answer to Fulbright last Dec. 14 that, even if all classified contents were deleted, the department would still be opposed to publishing the text because its conclusions might be construed as United States policy and thus "could produce serious repercussions abroad."

Since the conclusions dealt with military objectives and alignments over the next 20 years, he said, "it would be inappropriate to make official estimates of what their validity may be now."

Democratic Senator Hartke of Indiana, who first called Fulbright's attention to the existence of the study, called upon the Defense Department to "come out in the open with this." He said, "I think in a self-governing society that the American people are entitled to know what military involvements are being planned which are contrary to general American principles."

"The unfortunate situation we are involved in in Southeast Asia could have been avoided if the American people had been aware as to what was being planned and what was going on," Hartke continued. "Secretary of State Rusk should appear in public before the Foreign Relations Committee and explain the document."

Fulbright has linked the recommendations of the Douglas Aircraft report with a number of

policy statements on the U.S. role in Asia made by Johnson and top advisers. One is the President's declaration on July 12, 1966, that "the crucial arena of man's striving for independence and order" was Asia, and that the United States was determined "to meet our obligations in Asia as a Pacific power."

Another was the proclamation of Vice President Humphrey after the Honolulu Conference on Asian Affairs in April, 1966, of a "Johnson doctrine," which he said was "a pledge to ourselves and to posterity to defeat aggression, to defeat social misery, to build viable, free political institutions."

Fulbright, Hartke and their fellow senatorial "doves" are not anti-imperialists opposed in principle to a global strategy for American capitalism. But they do have serious tactical disagreements with the administration's deepening involvement and overcommitments in Southeast Asia, and they fear the perils of head-on collision with China or the Soviet Union. By insisting on the exposure of official military aims in that area, they wish to embarrass the White House and arouse public opinion to pressure Johnson to revise his course.

However, the administration is not in the least disposed to draw back. The designs of the President and his generals bring to mind the Japanese general and premier, Baron Tanaka, author of the infamous "Memorial" which he submitted to the Japanese emperor in 1927.

Domination

This document outlined in detailed steps a program of imperialist expansion, beginning with the establishment of Japanese control in Manchuria and leading to domination of all China, Indonesia, the South Sea Islands, the Maritime Provinces of the USSR, and eventually India and the whole Pacific basin. He even envisaged ultimate Japanese control of Europe.

At the time, the document was branded by the Japanese as a Chinese forgery, although most foreign chancelleries were convinced of its authenticity. (Shortly before his death Leon Trotsky wrote an interesting account of how the Soviet intelligence service secured the "Memorial" from the archives of the Japanese government and made it public through the U.S. press. His article was published in *Fourth International*, June 1941.)

Beginning with the military intervention in Shantung and then the invasion of Manchuria in 1931, Japan proceeded along precisely the lines charted in the "Tanaka

Memorial."

After the initial successes in the 1930s and early 1940s, this over-ambitious venture of Japanese militarism ended in catastrophe for its promoters. A similar fate befell Hitler who, in *Mein Kampf*, likewise spelled out in advance his scheme for conquering Europe and the rest of the world.

Driven by their sacred mission to perpetuate the profit system, and intoxicated by the prodigious power at their command, the ruling circles of the United States feel that they are invincible and will succeed where their predecessors failed. They believe that the plans for world hegemony which their hired specialists have put down on paper can be translated into permanent realities.

What a delusion! The resistance they have already encountered in Cuba and Vietnam and the further revision their course will provoke abroad and at home, will eventually lead to their own downfall, too. The point is to prevent these nuclear-armed imperialist brigands from dragging the American people and the rest of mankind into the abyss along with them.

Reprinted from
"The Militant"



WASHED OUTINGTON

Angel Spencer, Eternal Family

(Based in Berkeley, California)

Formerly Barton Heyman of Planet Earth.

Dead -- Minus charged ions -- heavy -- heavy hangs over thy head -- Berlin revisited -- Hanoi come to WashedOutington -- sins visited upon heads of states of Chaos -- Troops -- Police Cars -- half tracks of United States Government Issues -- "Salute the uniform not the Man" Curfews and sent to my room like 6 years old and want to stay outside on Curfew Evenings -- "It's getting tiresome isn't it," -- "Yah it's getting in my way" Time to get out -- escape -- What is there left to say -- live, be good and find your people -- here bands of fucked up looking to off you -- not me -- not my sins -- number me not -- count me out -- have your riot I watch without glee -- I want a world for my son -- for my hopes -- for my being -- don't destroy my being any of you -- I do not consent that you shall -- Go fuck yourself if you want to rape me -- I want none of it -- little boys dragging panda bears from broken stores -- I have no words but feed, house and clothe. I'd pull all troops from Viet Nam and conduct carpentry lessons and send them into every Ghetto in The Country with tons of wood -- nails -- paint -- brushes -- hammers -- crowbars -- T. squares -- Plumb lines -- bricks -- glass and etc along with milk -- bread and bologna -- and card tables filled with lemonade. That's what so-called leaders of United States should be doing -- lift up -- lift up

While you sip lemonade -- pound hammers and pour concrete -- A new Jerusalem. If you Stokeley, Lyndon, Walter Washington really want to build and not destroy blueprint your brain with home construction -- add money to above receipe and start to cook, the receipe is called Righteous Soul Stew. A new Jerusalem with Simon of Cyrene as Chief Chef -- a new Jerusalem -- "All things fall and those That build them Again are Gay."

your heads you unconscious -- un-awakened cunning Chiefs of at the Stake -- Get off your ass and grab a hammer -- a new Jerusalem is going up -- it begins in The mind then into actuality. "All things fall and are built again and those that build them again are Gay." Don't blare at me with loudspeakers and bull horns -- Play music fill the streets with music



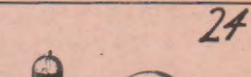
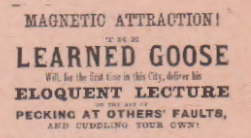
Susan de Verges

Susie Part II



Saturday

State Dept. admits that plane may have been a bomber but denies that it was piloted by an American.



31
Riot breaks out in New York City. All American troops brought home from Vietnam to quell the riot ... join it.





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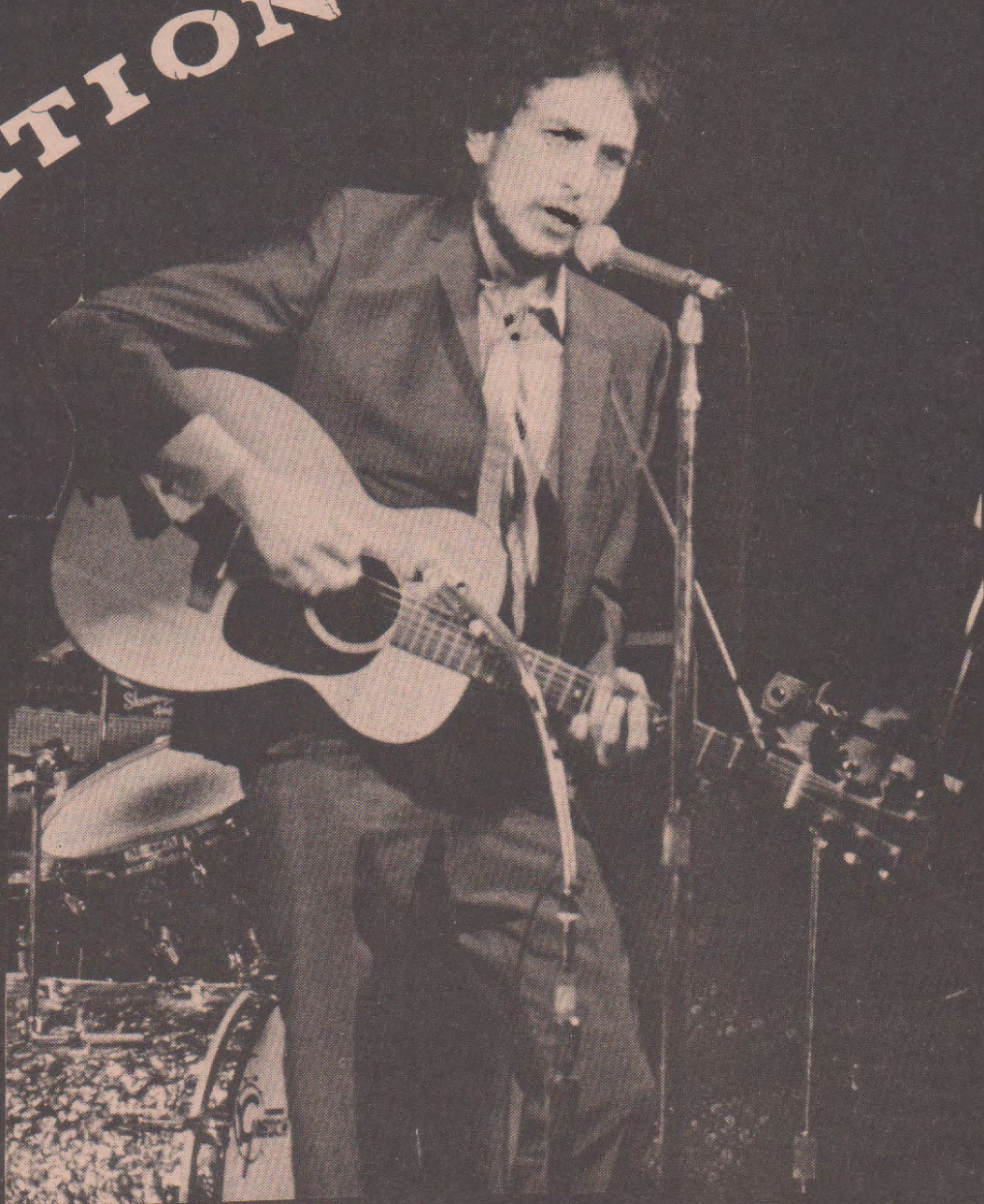
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for more
with

from Jan 1968
with Jan

DESOLATION ROW



by Lesley Jaffee

Since the only free movement acceptable today is bowel movement, free thinking rock might never make it to Constitution Hall. But music doesn't end with Stravinsky, and neither does talent. One of the greatest displays of contemporary musicianship, post Stravinsky, is STRANGE DAYS by the DOORS. Appropriately titled, the album is a monument of sensual distortion, and you don't have to turn on anything but the record player to feel it. Under the languid melodies of

the organ's vibrato in When the Music's Over, an eleven minute eternity. Roby Krieger, on bass guitar, employs another valuable musical device in You're Lost Little Girl. The obligato bass, reminiscent of pre-Sergeant Pepper Beatles, adds movement to a slowly paced tempo, and carries a continuous focal point throughout the song.

It is evident in Unhappy Girl, one of the weaker cuts, that the Doors still have some work to do - but not much. When

complexity of contemporary music, is a blatant avoidance of the swelling rock epidemic. From the cover design to the last note on the album the message is well spoken.

Having already exhibited two distinct styles of folk communication, Dylan has arrived at stage three, a compromise between the two previous stages. Typically, early Dylan demonstrated an intricate balance between guitar, voice and harmonica. With the addition of the electric sound, and a

traded his electric friends for three Indians, a folk guitar, bass and drum. The result is JOHN WESLEY HARDING, seventh album in the Dylan repertoire. With no remnants of Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands, the music is constructed on three primary chords, and contains extremely simple melodies. Title song, John Wesley Harding poses interesting variations of instrumental roles. The drum, instead of keeping the basic pulse, is used more as an ornament, while the beat is maintained by the moving bass. If All Along the Watchtower sounds at all familiar on first hearing, it's because the instrumentation is the same as that of Love Me as I Love You, only in a different key.

It seems very probable that in his next endeavor, Dylan might re-acquire not only his missing guitar but also his former title -- Bob Dylan, Folksinger.



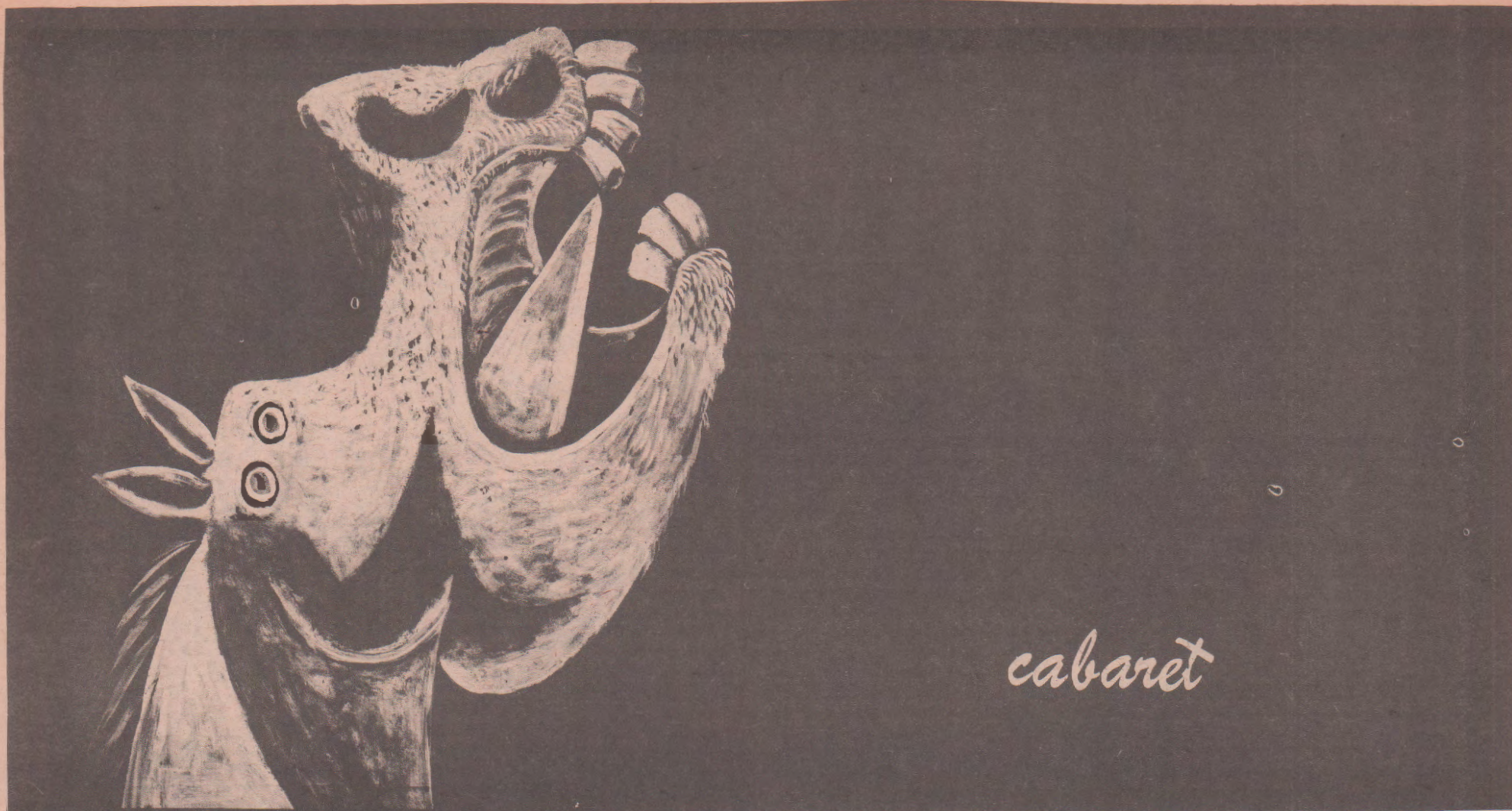
delightfully demented Jim Morrison is a precise blending of keyboard, guitar, and percussion. But the instruments do more than blend effectively - they also draw a musical picture of Morrison's text, a practice which Handel used in portraying "The Messiah." The word "butterfly" is colorfully described by

a group can put over a collage of musical malapropisms like Horse Latitudes - they've made it!

JOHN WESLEY HARDING, Bob Dylan's answer to the plug-in

little help from his friends, he instituted Folk Rock, and abandoned his Guthrie influences for a rock beat.

Now, in an effort to escape the inevitable Hard Folk Rock, Dylan has



cabaret

by Kelly Monaghan

Cabaret is what is known in the vernacular as a cop-out.

The idea of a musical dealing with Hitler's Germany was freaky enough, I suppose, for the American musical theater, but the idea of a musical really coming to grips with the horror of the Nazi sickness was obviously more than the Broadway moguls could stomach. Consequently, the real power of the play is dissipated in Broadway glitz and situation comedy staging.

There is much that is good in Cabaret but there is also a heavy larding of trash. And the trash is so prevalent and annoying, it is hard to know where to begin. Let's try.

Plot: Based on I Am A Camera, the play is set in Berlin during 1929 and 1930. A young American writer (Gene Rupert) comes to Berlin with hopes of writing a novel. On the train he meets Ernst (David Rounds), who finds him a room in Fraulein Schneider's (Signe Hasso) rooming house and introduces him to the cabaret of the title.

At the cabaret, presided over by a congenially degenerate emcee (Robert Salvio), the writer meets Sally Bowles (Melissa Hart), a beautiful English singer with whom he promptly establishes a liaison.

In the rooming house lives Mr. Schultz, a fruit merchant who happens to be a Jew. Schultz falls in love with Fraulein Schneider and they plan to marry. But Ernst, who we now discover is a fledgling Nazi, persuades her that the marriage would be unwise. Meanwhile, the writer sees the writing on the wall and decides to get out of Berlin with his new love, who is by this time pregnant. Sally, however, gets an abortion and decides to stay, returning to her old job at the cabaret. The writer leaves Berlin and the play ends with a reprise of the opening cabaret sequence -- this time with Nazi armbands, goose-stepping waiters, and dead pan show girls. So much for the plot.

Not such a bad plot, really. In fact, it could be the basis for a truly great piece of theater. Unfortunately, the writer, the lyricist, and the director seem to have chickened out. What we get is a watered down picture of the rise of Nazism, a constant failure to follow through on the social and human implications of the situation, and continued and conscious efforts on the part of the production to keep the audience from getting too disturbed about the whole thing.

But let's begin with the good. The most successful portions of the play are the cabaret sequences and the cabaret numbers staged by Ronald Field. It is here that the real power of the play lies. The cabaret is an analogue for the moral morass that was post-World War I Germany and the emcee -- played brilliantly by Salvio -- emerges as a Hitler figure.

But if these scenes succeed in concept they fail in degree. While the cabaret is tawdry and disgusting, it should be more so. Some of the numbers ("Two Ladies" and "If You Could See Her," in particular) typify the putrid escapism of the German mentality, but there is an overlay of Broadway sweetness which keeps it all from hitting home.

In fact, everything is too sweet. Herr Schultz is a Hollywood Jew -- just Jewish enough to be recognizable yet not so Jewish as to risk offending the Anglo-Saxons in the audience. The writer is a Dick Van Dyke nobody. It's all so very plastic.



The sets are very pretty, very Broadway fairytale, and all wrong. The costumes say affluence when they should say lower middle class. The writer says 1967 when he should be saying 1930. The cabaret says taste when it should be saying tastelessness. The Nazi spectator says paper dragon when it should be screaming terror.

Some of the music is brilliant ("Wilkommen," "Tomorrow Belongs To Me," "Don't Tell Mama"). Some of it is even reminiscent of Weill ("So What?" "What Would You Do?"). Too much of it is sloppy and pointless.

Yet, remarkably enough, real power shows through the Broadway gloss. The first act ends on a chilling note. Up and coming Nazi Ernst has just disrupted the engagement celebration of Fraulein Schneider and Herr Schultz and every self-respecting Aryan in the place joins in a rousing, bone-chilling paen to the "Vaterland."

The second act is an elaborate apology for shocking the audience. The plot trickles off into flatulence and the potentially powerful climax is made as painless as possible.



The killer is the curtain call.

The swastikas and Nazi helmets have disappeared. Everyone is smiles and elation. Yecch.

Strange as it may seem, the script -- despite some bad songs and lame writing -- is salvageable. A lot could be done to repair the damage of the current production. As a small starter, why not make the curtain call an extension of the play itself? Why not have Schultz come out for his bow with huge blow-ups of Auschwitz on a screen behind him? Keep the armbands and the helmets on.

Above all, the play demands a rigorous production. To risk cliché, it cries out for Artaud -- a "cruel" attention to the desired effect.

The audience should be moved to disgust (not laughter as they were at the National) by the cabaret routines. The "humor" of these numbers should be more graphic and more vulgar. Herr Schultz should be carefully designed to bring out any latent anti-semitism in the audience. The sets should be realistic and tawdry. The staging in the cabaret numbers should be intentionally bad; the singing should be grating to the ear. We could go on, but the point has been made.

Naturally, we can't expect this sort of production from Broadway. But the play can be saved and it should be saved. Hopefully, some enterprising repertory company will take it on and give it the kind of production its subject matter demands.

Very few musicals have dealt effectively with overriding social or human issues. Brecht and Weill's Threepenny Opera was one and so was the British Oh, What A Lovely War. South Africa's Black King Kong was another. Cabaret could have been in this class but didn't make it.

There is an impeccable production of Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* at the Arena Stage. Set designer Ming Cho Lee has imaginatively circumscribed the set with the simplest suggestion of bare heating pipes in a lower West Side bar. Edwin Sherin has skillfully directed his actors to convey a poetic, even lyrical naturalism. Each actor individualizes his role with appropriate comic eccentricity and poignancy. The fault is not in the stars, but in the play, alas. Simply, it is too long. Not a word should be cut, but still it is too long.

The length of *"Iceman"* is part of its metaphor. So is the flatness of language. It would hardly be appropriate for a group of derelicts to express themselves in poetry, and time passes slowly in the forgotten lives of alcoholics. But O'Neill was never noted for economy or felicity of language, and one cannot afford to measure his plays in minutes and words. (In the New York production of *Mourning Becomes Electra* audiences ate dinner between acts.) Realism may sacrifice dramatic intensity, but *The Iceman Cometh* has a tragic power that is well worth the time. Here is the metaphysical rebellion defined by Camus. Man not only protests against his own condition, but against the whole of creation.

Harry Hope's bar microcosmically depicts what Robert Brustein calls the existential revolt of modern man, man protesting against existence itself, "a cry of anguish over the insufferable state of being human." This revolt is impotent and despairing -- Romanticism turned in on itself and beginning to rot. Man is not seen perfecting himself; he is seen in the process of decay. There are no heroes, only anti-heroes.

Ironically, however, *The Iceman Cometh* is a religious play, or as the striking language of its title suggests, a kind of religious dirty joke. A group of derelicts from various rungs on the ladder of life have all descended to the

bottom to live out their last illusions, their hopeless hopes. Their sacrament is booze; it has the power to transform their visions of failure into infinite possibility. Their glory is in their capacity to live a life of damnation. When left alone with the bottle, they are at peace.

There are three dominant figures in this saloon life, Larry Slade, a disaffected anarchist; Don Parritt, a young man whose mother was leader of that radical movement, and Hickey, a hardware salesman. The conflict of the play is provided by Hickey, a fast talking, oily tongued rhetorician, who would be Willy Loman's dream of success, not only liked but well-liked. Each year on Harry Hope's birthday, he treats the derelicts to their drunk of drunks, deliciously serving up his mythical stories about his wife and the iceman along with drink. In the parable of this play, however, he changes his goods and style. He offers champagne, but he peddles a product damaging to the soul, not the liver. He becomes a salesman of a false salvation. As he counsels each bum to give up his illusion, he brings an awareness of the death-in-life. He is the religious messiah spouted and inverted, the savior with his disciples at Harry Hope's last supper party. His message is his rationalization for killing his wife; he is the prophet of death. But Hickey's evangelical salesman's style belongs to a world of hardware not spirit, and the tragedy of his mistake is brashly and effectively conveyed in Richard McKenzie's performance.

The role of Hickey is neatly counterpointed by Larry Slade, brilliantly played by Richard Venture. He provides the action with a cynical chorus of comments, at the same time that he portrays a kind of negative father figure for Parritt, whose mother he had once loved. When Parritt confesses to Larry that he has informed on his mother he forces Slade to become his judge and

executioner; Slade counsels the young boy to suicide and thus becomes a true convert to Hickey's philosophy of death.

The Iceman Cometh is a play without a hero in a world without heroes. In this godless universe there is a tragic negation of the holy trinity suggested by the three characters discussed: Larry, an inverted God, the father, instead of creating, watches the world in its destruction; Hickey, the son, prophesizes death without resurrection; and Parritt, the ghost, haunts the barroom with his self-imposed death, the logical consequence of his original act of hatred and cowardice.

This play shows a life endurable only through illusion, but within these illusions there is still a life-giving force. This fact is powerfully conveyed in particular performances. Barton Heyman plays the Harvard Law School dropout with tragic insight; as he sings his drunken tunes, one feels the frustrated energy of this intellectual failure. Frederick O'Neal's depiction of a has-been Negro gambler is movingly sad and comic at the same time. James Kenny's performance as Harry Hope, buoyant spirit and owner of the bar, shows unwavering perception and stunningly unifies the comic-tragic tone of the action. Ned Beatty, as the bartender with his stable of whores, effectively punctuates the action with comic burlesque.

Underlining this play is Larry Slade's philosophy, which has much in common with Edmund's in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*. "We are such stuff as manure is made on, so let's drink up and forget it." But O'Neill has so powerfully structured this message, that in the drama of the play itself, the meaninglessness becomes meaningful. Certainly, this quality is experienced in the current production at Arena

Suzanne Fields

*"we are such stuff as manure, so
let's drink up and forget it"*



CONCERNED HONKIES

Elaine Fuller

Everyone knew that riots in Washington were inevitable. City authorities, then, were well prepared to effectively and with cool heads control the city by military and police power. They made no plans to take care of the needs of people who would be involved in those riots. Not even the Welfare Department had developed plans for food distribution. On the Saturday of the riots, they called the Center for Emergency Support with an offer of financial assistance through the purchase of food stamps. However, the Welfare Department would only agree to opening five purchase centers, for the most part inconvenient to available grocery stores.

On Monday following the outbreak of riots the previous Thursday night, the City took over food distribution and demanded that the churches cease independent operations. Officials had become very upset that the churches remained open after curfew. The churches complied with the order because they want to be a power force within the city government rather than oppose it. The City wanted to be identified with the humanitarian cause rather than solely as the military power.

The Welfare Department was poorly organized to handle the flow of food even though they were using many of the original distribution centers. By Tuesday at noon most of the centers had run out of food without receiving new supplies from Welfare.

Statement developed by a working group initiated by the Center for Emergency Support.

RACIAL VIOLENCE IS ROOTED IN WHITE AMERICA A CALL TO WHITE NON-VIOLENCE

A white man killed Dr. Martin Luther King last Thursday. Black Americans were deprived of a leader and a friend. They were convinced, once again, that white people are incapable of the non-violent love that Dr. King advocated.

For three hundred years America has demanded that blacks be non-violent while whites have been violent. It is time for white America to pay that historic debt: to be non-violent even if blacks are violent.

Instead the American government has responded to the black man's sorrow and anger by sending troops to surround his neighborhood. Many of the individual soldiers -- black and white -- have behaved with great courtesy and restraint. But to black people, their job still appears a simple, racist one: to protect property even at the expense of the interests of black people. That priority exemplifies what the President's Commission on Civil Disorder denounced as white racism, the fundamental cause of the present crisis.

We urge white America to leave the black community free to create its own form of self government, with police responsible to and controlled by its own community. In order to facilitate this local control, we urge that the President offer to withdraw the troops and allow representative black leaders to decide on the process of creating their own peace-keeping force.

Government Employees Become Citizens

by Bill Blum

"Fifteen years ago you couldn't get a group of government employees to come out to a meeting to feed hungry eskimos because it might turn out that their igloos had left-handed doorknobs." This was how journalist I. F. Stone underlined the difference between the McCarthy era and the present one as he spoke to the recently founded Federal Employees Against the War.

Unfortunately, the Washington Post appears not to have noticed the change. The Post, by putting up one obstacle after another, in effect refused to print the group's petition as an ad. When approached by the Employees group, the Post said that the proposed full page ad would have to be approved by the newspaper's acceptability committee. The Post indicated that the announcement by the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) of a possible investigation of the Employees group might be a factor in influencing the acceptability group to refuse the ad. This despite repeated Post editorials attacking HUAC.

The Post then refused to accept the corporation's assumption of legal and financial responsibility (the Employees group is incorporated), insisting that some individual assume responsibility. The group insisted on the corporation being held responsible which the Post finally agreed to but then made the request for photostatic copies of all the petitions. The Post's representatives, Robert Burnett and Joseph Lynch, said that if there were any misspelling of names their phones would be ringing all day.

The Employees group brought in all the original copies of the signed petitions and the Post dropped their request for photostats but then made the request that the advertisement carry the address of every person who signed the petition. Beside the fact that this would considerably reduce the space available for names in the ad, all the addresses were not available. The Post knew this from seeing the petitions which clearly state that the signer's address is optional. The Employees group finally decided that the Post had no intention of printing the ad but didn't have the nerve to say so.

The group went to the Washington Evening Star where none of the Post's objections or requests were made and the ad was accepted without any hassle. It appeared in the Star April 1. Perhaps next week the Post will run

another editorial defending the right of government employees to criticize the war.

On April 1, six persons picketed the Post in protest of the Post's refusal to print the ad. After about 15 minutes of this, Post officials came out to ask the picketers to please stop and come in and talk to them.

A 15 minute conversation between the two groups failed to relieve the picketers of their skepticism of the Post's objectivity in the matter.

The first few meetings of the Employees group were filled with misgivings and fears of various reprisals the Government might take against those signing a petition against the war. This finally evolved into an attitude of "Dammit, if we're really against the war we have to speak out and the Government can do what it damn well pleases," and they were most responsive to I. F. Stone when he was most militant.

The petition has already been signed by over 2500 Federal employees although the full page ad had room for only about 1500 names including about 22 blank spaces for the Agency for International Development employees who signed the petition but were refused permission by their Agency to have their names printed.

A copy of the petition was presented at the White House on March 31 to a guard because no White House official was willing to accept it.

The Employees group plans to be an on going thing, not disbanding with the publication of the ad in the Star. For one thing, they plan to continue gathering signatures and hopefully will print additional full page ads. Money is very much needed for this. Someone at the meeting suggested that they sell their list of names to HUAC. It was a measure of where the group is at that they laughed and applauded at this remark.

Contributions can be sent to 404 Sixth St., S. E., Washington, D. C. 20003 (checks payable to Federal Employees Advertisement Fund).

As an outgrowth of the Federal employees group, a D. C. Government Employees Against the War in Vietnam group has been formed. Interested parties may contact Reggie Sigal at 544-5137 after 5:30 pm.

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Student Power Rising

Richard Ochs

Thousands of Washington-area university students staged rallies and demonstrations here mostly in reaction to the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King. Many met police opposition.

On Thursday, April 4, 290 students of the predominantly Negro Bowie State College were released from an Annapolis, Md. detention center where they were taken after being arrested for sitting in earlier at the Maryland State Assembly.

On Friday, the day following Dr. King's death, as estimated 1000 people, mostly from Georgetown and George Washington Universities staged rallies and marched on the White House where they were met with illegal police violence.

Police Stop Students

Approximately 1200 students met at the chapel at the University of Maryland for a prayer service and teach-in and later 800 occupied the Administration building for a short time demanding the close of the School on Monday in respect of Dr. King. The following Monday, 500 Maryland students, led by the presidents of the resident halls were turned away from University president Elkins' house by campus police but were successful in their demand for a school closure in respect for the Tuesday funeral.

Police Oust Students

The arrest of the 290 Bowie State College students was ordered by Maryland governor Agnew after the students refused to leave the State House without a discussion of their grievances with the governor. Their grievance list of four pages covered four main areas: numerous deficiencies in the physical plant, inadequacies in curriculum, irregular hiring and firing of staff and an incompetent faculty. The sit-in followed

a student boycott and occupation of campus administration buildings.

Governor Agnew carried through his threat to close the school if significant numbers of the students were arrested. The group arrested comprised 2/3 of the campus enrollment and they were supported actively by the local chapter of the NAACP. The governor ordered the State Police to occupy the campus, remove all the students and close the school. He refused to talk to the students unless they would return to classes and call off the boycott. As of the time of this writing, no solution has been reached.

Police Beat Students

The group of 1000 Georgetown students, priests and nuns were given a police escort to the White House where they demonstrated without incident. Approximately 25 of them joined in a subsequent demonstration of 200 people at the District Building demanding that troops not be called into the city. Afterwards, some of them joined a group of 50 from George Washington University again at the White House for an orderly demonstration. A busload of riot police complete with long riot clubs and helmets, faced the student line for five minutes and then without warning charged into the students, pushing some to the ground, clubbing John Davis of American University on the head and forced them across the street from the White House. Police deny that they failed to give warning before attacking the demonstrators and failed to say why they did it.

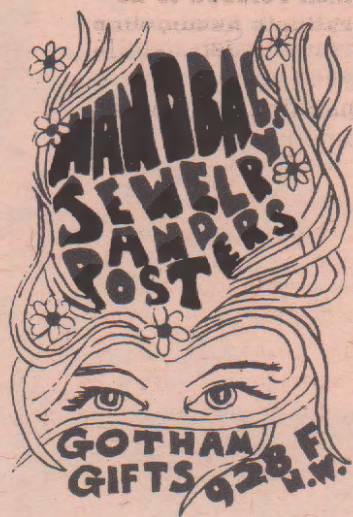
Eight of the White House Policemen who were directly in front of the demonstrators had taken off their name plates and number badges either before or immediately following the attack. When a demonstrator, Shiela Ryan, called this to the attention of Lt. Finagen of the White House police, he said he was aware of it.

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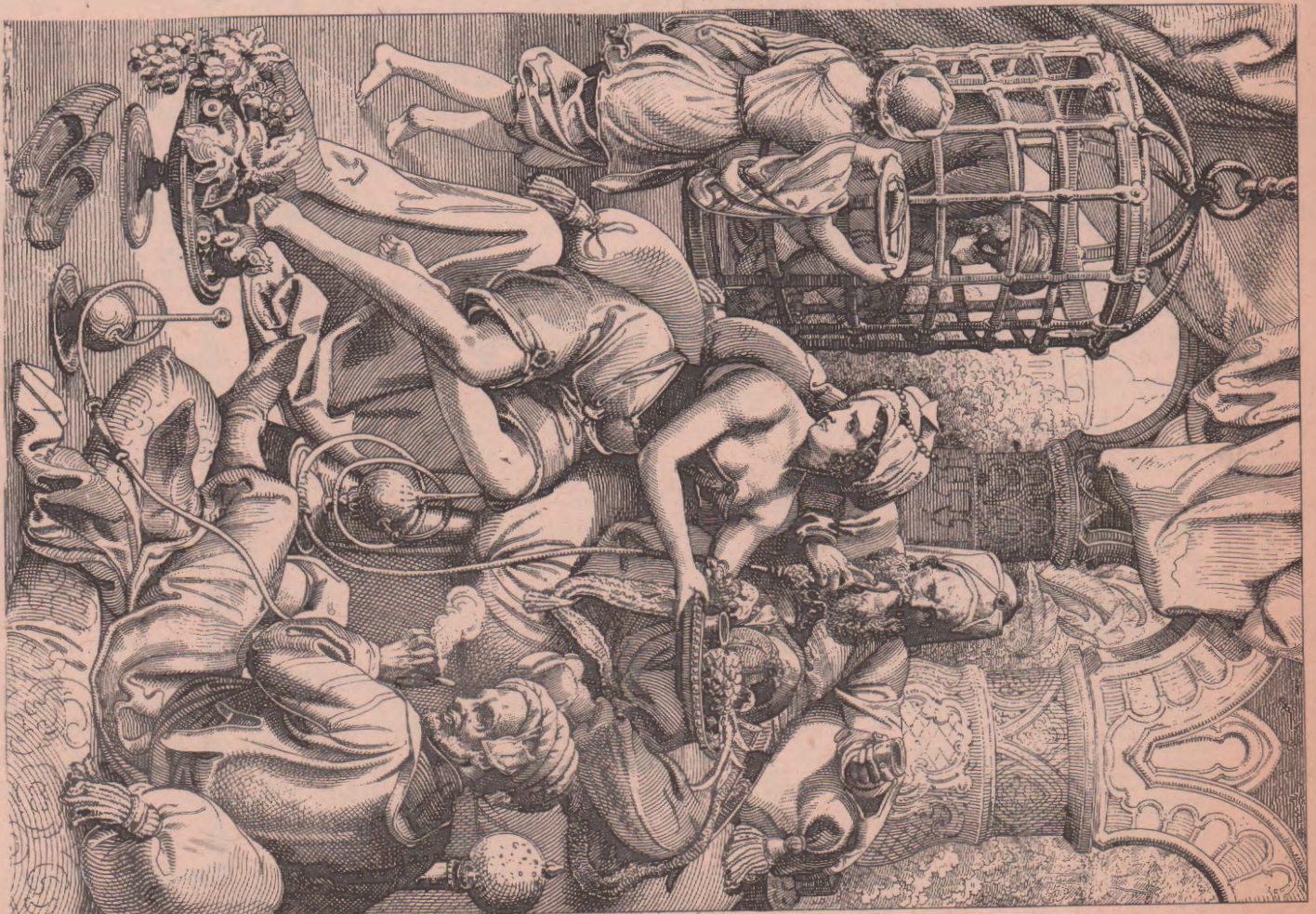


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Washington Free Community Get Together



'DEAR GENERAL MARSBARS'

ADVICE TO THE DRAFT RESISTER

Dear General Marsbars:

I am a senior in high school and presently have a student deferment (I-S). I hope to go to college next fall. I don't hope to go to the army next fall. 18-36 is a long cat and mouse game to play. How can I do something about shortening it?

Ted

Dear Ted:

Two points to make here: (1) You will be making a big mistake if you run out and request a II-S deferment next fall. Reason: once a registrant has requested and received a II-S classification after July 1, 1967, he can almost never receive a III-A deferment (for dependents). This means that during those critical years after you graduate from college and before you turn 26 you will have very few if any holes to hide in. Much smarter to go to the family doctor or some doctor you can trust armed with a copy of the Surgeon General's List of Medical Fitness Standards. Have him study the list and then examine you with a fine-tooth comb to see if you qualify for a I-Y and IV-F classification. You also have a right to an interview with the medical advisor assigned to every board. If either of these classifications can be obtained until you become a father, you will have pretty well solved your 18-36 dilemma.

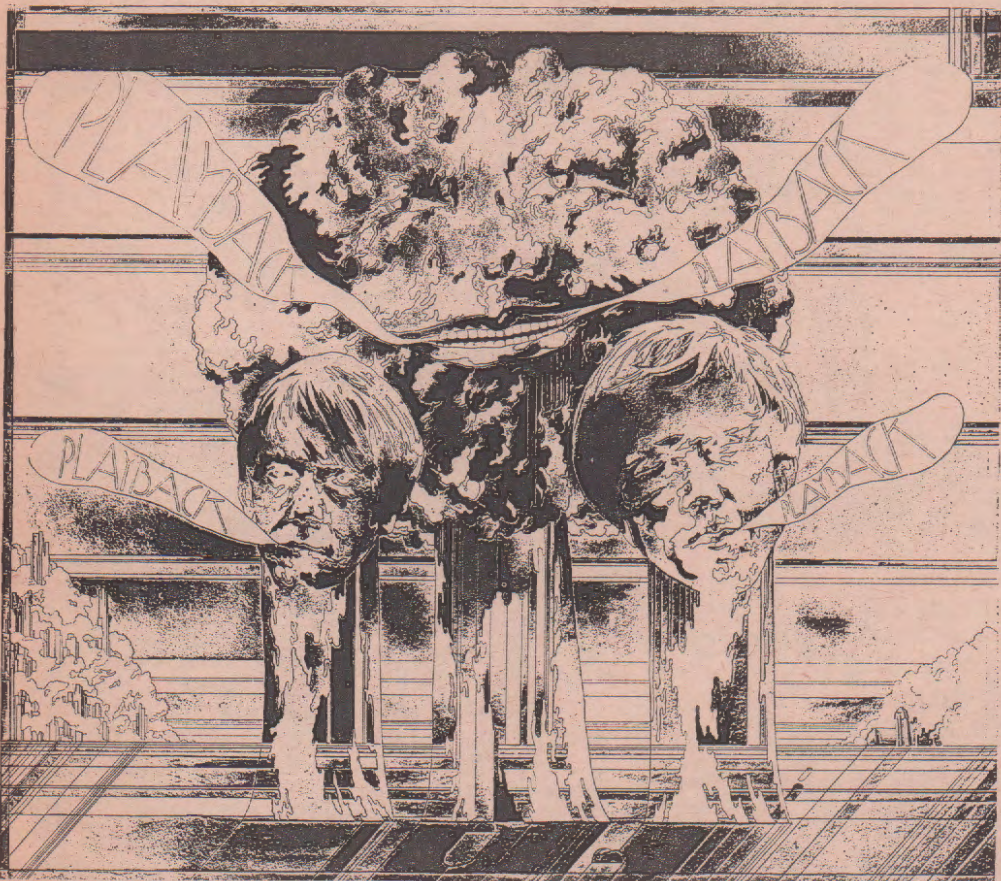
Another point for high school students who have not turned eighteen; If you are physically out of the U.S. on your eighteenth birthday and stay out until your 26th birthday, you have escaped any obligations to the Action Army. You still have to register with the U.S. Consulate in whatever country you are residing. No more trouble than going away from home for college and graduate school.

Joy Almond

Dear General Marsbars:

Your comment on expatriation is regards to Canada and being able to return to the states is at best vague. In point of fact there is no way a person who has already registered can come to Canada and be able to return to the States without facing prosecution. If one renounces before he violates a Selective Service System law he will be able to get a IV-C (alien); but would be barred from entering the U.S. in the same way Trudeau, the current minister of Justice, is barred from entering.

Stephen Schmidt



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PLAYBACK

FT/FTS-3042

VIEW
FORECAST
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THE GENERAL IN DRAG



Dear Stephen:

I would appreciate a lawyer's comment on this problem: If a registrant, before violating any Selective Service regulation legally renounces his U.S. citizenship, is he then free to travel in the United States? My sources indicate varying answers. I will try to have more information next time.

Joy Almond

Dear General Marsbars:

I am a black organizer here in Mississippi. One of the members of the draft board here has informed me that he "will not rest until you're in Vietnam." Obviously any personal appearances or appeals I might ask for here are futile attempts. Is there any way I can change my draft board, or at least where my personal appearances and appeals are held?

J. T. H.

Dear J. T. H.

Once the local board has classified you (usually about six months after you register), you must remain with that board unless all parties involved (your board, the board you will transfer to, and yourself) agree to a transfer. Unlikely in your case.

Selective Service regulations permit you to change your personal appearance and appeal to another locality if you live there and if you "can demonstrate a good reason why your personal appearance and appeal should be transferred," in the words of a counselor at National Selective Service headquarters. In practice, only requests for occupational deferments (II-A or IV-D), or student deferments (II-S) are transferred. The philosophy behind these transfers is simple: your local board may feel it is not qualified to pass upon your importance to your employer or your university from a great distance. Obviously a local board in the same city as your employer or university would be much better qualified to do so. I have no knowledge that poverty or race ever played a part in a transfer -- I would appreciate hearing of any occasions where this happened.

I would suggest that you engage a lawyer to see if a good case can't be made that you will be classified improperly due to racial prejudice.

Joy Almond

P.S.: The best states to get a classification reversal at the appeal board level are: New Mexico, Alaska, Mississippi, Nebraska, District of Columbia, Iowa, California, Montana, Oklahoma in that order. The worst places to get a classification reversal at the appeal board level are: (beginning with the worst) South Dakota, Puerto Rico, New York City, Hawaii, Pennsylvania, Maine, Alabama, Illinois, Oregon, Washington (state), Arizona.

It is a sad commentary on the lack of effectiveness of the draft counseling here in D.C. that out of all the states, we rank 45th in the ratio of our appeals to the number of registrants here.

((For this information, plus lots more, see Table 4.1 (page 110) of the Marshall Commission Report on the Draft.))

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

SUNDAY APRIL 14

HIKING in Green Mt., George Washington National Forest; Chartered bus leaves 12th St. and New York Ave., NW at 8:00 a.m., \$3.75. For more information call Joe Ferrus; 868-5512.

PHIL OCHS and **Richie Haven** in concert. Shady Grove Music Fair 8:30 p.m. For ticket information call 948-3400.

BASKETBALL The Harlem Globetrotters, Washington Coliseum, 3rd and M Sts., NE; 1:30 and 5:30 p.m.; LI7-5800.

EASTER HAPPENING 4 p.m., Dupont Circle, guerilla liturgy.

EASTER SERVICE "for those who rose to the occasion"; Luther Place Church, 14th and N Sts., NW, 1 pm.

RADIO Speak out with David Eaton. Eaton is on the board of the Black United Front; 11 p.m. - 1 a.m., WOL.

MONDAY APRIL 15

HYPNOSIS. Washington Hypnotic Guild, 8:00 p.m., Sheraton Park Hotel- "Brainwashing and Hypnosis" Demonstration in brainwashing by an Army Representative and another demonstration by a professional hypnotist, free.

WAR TAX RESISTANCE To commemorate tax deadline day, the Washington War Tax Resistance will distribute leaflets entitled: "What Do Federal Taxes Pay For?" at IRS, 10th & Pa. Ave., NW, 4 p.m.; the group will dine together afterwards at Dave Millers, 945 L St., NW; for further information call 544-0878.

TUESDAY APRIL 16

ADA Education Committee Meeting 3311 Porter St., NW 8:30 p.m. to discuss School Board elections and decentralization of D.C. school system.

TALK. Dr. Fayez Sayegh, noted Arab diplomat and scholar will speak on "Israel, Twenty Years Later." Lisner Aud., 21st and H Sts.; 8:00 pm.; Free. Sponsored by the International Student Society (I spy with a little help from my friends) of George Washington University.

HARPSICHORD CONCERT by Albert Fuller to inaugurate the newly restored Benoist Stehlin harpsichord (Paris, 1760). Museum of History and Technology, Hall of Musical Instruments, 8:30 p.m. Free.

DIALOGUE at the Potter's Coffee House 1658 Columbia Rd., NW Monroe Freedman, law professor at George Washington U. and former chairman of National Capital Area Civil Liberties Union will speak on "Civil Disobedience.... The Morality of Illegality"; 8:30 p.m., \$1.00 charge includes coffee.

WEDNESDAY APRIL 17

FILM "Inside Red China", filmed for CBS by a West German production team. Museum of History and Technology Aud. at 2:00 pm.; Museum of Natural History Aud. at 8:00 pm.; Free

MOBILIZATION meeting to plan April 27 demonstration to Stop the War, 8:00 pm. every Wednesday at St. Stephen's, 16th and Newton Sts., NW; public welcome.

SQUARE DANCING, open, intermediate-level, every Wednesday at Luther Place Memorial Church, 1226 Vermont Ave., NW, 8:30 pm. Come with or without partner; American Youth Hostels.

THURSDAY APRIL 18

FILM "Candide - The Twentieth Century Optimist". A 1960 French film. Corcoran Gallery of Art, 17th and New York Ave., NW; 6:45 and 9:00 pm.; Donation \$1.00

ADA membership meeting for those who like to dabble in electoral politics. Endorsement of candidates for D.C. primary, 7:30 pm., New York Ave. Presbyterian Church.

FILM. "Inside Red China." Filmed for CBS by a West German production team. 12:00 noon, Museum of History and Technology Aud.

DISCUSSION Speakers from FDA and the Institute of Mental Health on effects of drug consumption. Montgomery Blair High School, Girls Gym, 7:30 pm.

LECTURES "The Condition of Philosophy Today" at Catholic U. Nursing Aud. 3:00 pm; "Hope and History" at Catholic U. Caldwell Auditorium, 8 pm - Josef Pieper, Univ. of Munich; free

FRIDAY APRIL 19

COFFEE HOUSE. The Iguana - Luther Place Church, 14th and N Sts., NW; open Fridays 9 pm. to 1 am. Saturdays 9 - 12 pm.; diversified ages, food, coffees, refreshments, entertainment, art exhibits, lectures and discussions Call 667-1379 for further information.



Lonely? Bored? Alienated?

CHOREOGRAPHERS' CONCERTS presented by the Georgetown Workshop, 1519 Wisconsin Ave. NW. Included in these performances will be works by Jean-Paul Comelin, Jan Gamble, Beth Powell, Celeste Stein and Nancy Tartt; 8:30 pm. For information call FE 8-4744.

IAN & SYLVIA at Prince George's College, 8:30 pm; Call 336-6000, ext 248.

BAND CONCERT. U.S. Navy Band, Dept of Commerce Aud. 8:30 pm., free.

GARDEN TOUR of Georgetown. Today and tomorrow; call 333-4953 for information.

FILMS. Scorpio Rising; Relativity; Oh Dem Watermelons; 12-12-42; Janus Film Society, Conn. and R Sts. NW, Midnight.

FOLK MUSIC-Folklore Society Annual Folk Sampler with John Jackson, Joe Hickerson, Andy Wallace, Jonathan Eberhart, Helen Schneyet and Mike Rivers. Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St. NW; 8:30 pm., \$2 for non-members.

SATURDAY APRIL 20

HIKING in Georgetown area with the Sierra Club; meet at 1:30 pm, Reservoir Rd. and 44th St., NW; call Jim Moorman, 333-8303 for further information.

COFFEE HOUSE The Iguana - See April 19 listing

ARTISTS' WORKSHOP at the Iguana Coffee House, Luther Pl. Memorial Church, 14th and N St. NW; 1:00 - 6:00 p.m. For more information call 667-1377.

THREE LECTURES on the future of social work in America. Presented at the Catholic University School of Social Work; 10:00 am. 2:00 pm. 4:00 pm. For more information call C. U. Public Relations Office 529-6000 Exts. 339 and 614.

FILMS on Vietnam. Shoenbrun's "Vietnam: How We Got In, How We Can Get Out", and "Time of the Locust"; 1323 New Hampshire Ave., NW; 8:00 pm. and 9:30 pm. Free.

TOM PAXTON. Lisner Aud., 8:30pm. Tickets from \$2.50 to \$4.00; available at the Talbert Ticket Agency in the Willard Hotel (NA8 -5575); Learmont Records in Georgetown; the Alexandria Folklore Centre, 323 Cameron St., Alexandria, Va; and by mail-order from Stanley-Williams Presentations, 1715 37th St., NW, D.C., 20007

CHOREOGRAPHERS' CONCERTS See April 19 listing.

ROCK. Jefferson Airplane at Shady Grove Music Fair; Ticket information-948-3400; 5 and 8:30 pm

GARDEN TOUR. See April 19.

SOCIALISM DISCUSSION SERIES Sponsored by the Young Socialist Alliance; 2 - 4 pm at 15 7th St., NE; 546-2092, 667-8039.

SUNDAY APRIL 21

CULTURE on a Sunday afternoon. Fred Coulter, pianist. 2:30 pm. Corcoran Gallery of Art, 17th and N. Y. Ave., NW Free.

CONCERT Piano recital by Damiana Bratuz, 5:00, Free, Phillips Gallery, 1600 21st St., NW

HIKING to Compton Gap, Shenandoah National Park, Va. Chartered bus leaves 12th St. and New York Ave., NW at 7:00 am. Send reservations to Charles Dawson at 6811 Fairfax Rd., Bethesda, Md. or call him for more information (667-5186)-\$4.00 fare, bring lunch; Wanderbirds Hiking Club.

CHOREOGRAPHERS' CONCERTS See April 19 listing Sunday times: 5:30 pm. and 7:30 pm.

VANILLA FUDGE plus others, Alexandria Roller Rink Arena, 807 N. St. Asaph, Alexandria; 8:30 pm.; tickets at Montgomery Ward, Giant Music, Yonders Wall, Learmont Record Shop.

HIKING with the Sierra Club in Shenandoah National Park, Va., meet at 8 am. at Cooper School on Va. 193 just off beltway Exit 13; bring lunch and water; for further information call Helen McGinnis, 864-0194 (eves) or Barry Weaver, 337-4182 (eves).

FILMS. Scorpio, etc., 11 am. See April 19 listing.

NATURE WALK in Rock Creek Park with National Park Service Guide; meet at Nature Center, Glover Road, south of intersection of Military Road and Oregon Ave., NW, 3 pm.

TUESDAY APRIL 24

Riots break out in 50 major American cities; vice-president, entire cabinet, 23 governors assassinated; all American students go on strike; anti-war demonstrators take complete control of Pentagon; President Johnson moves to Hanoi.

FRIDAY APRIL 26

WASHINGTON BLACK STUDENT STRIKE AGAINST THE WAR. Rally, 10 am., Bannaker Field, Georgia Ave. and Euclid St., NW; prominent black speakers; march to Selective Service Headquarters 916 G St., NW.

SATURDAY APRIL 27

INTERNATIONAL DAY OF PROTEST AGAINST THE WAR IN VIETNAM. Gather at Franklin Park, 14th and K, NW. 11:00 am, then march to induction center, 916 G St., NW; return to Franklin Park for 1:00 pm. rally with Howard Zinn, James Farmer, Donna Allen, Jan Bailey, Etta Horn, and others. Call Mobilization Committee, 347-6633 for latest details.

EXTENDED EVENTS

New Canadian Art Exhibit by seven Montreal Painters, April 10 through May 5. Washington Gallery of Modern Art, 1503 21st St., NW For more information call 293-1700

CELLAR DOOR presents Chad Mitchell, Monday through Saturday until April 20; 34th and M Sts., NW

ARTS FESTIVAL in Rockville; Drama, Music, Dance, Childrens Theatre; April 20 thru May 5; for tickets and schedule: Sears, Montgomery Mall; Korvette, Rockville; Dale Music, Silver Spring; 762-5400