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LETTERS

Editor,

I was very upset to learn of the discontinuance of Mary Cliff's "WAVA Underground" next week. We are in the midst of a mindless desert concerning the broadcast media. It is vitally important to save this program and preserve its purpose. If anyone is interested in continuing this program, say so in a letter to:

Mary Cliff
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Arlington, Va. 22209

or call Dale or Pete at 735-5068.

Dale Hinckley

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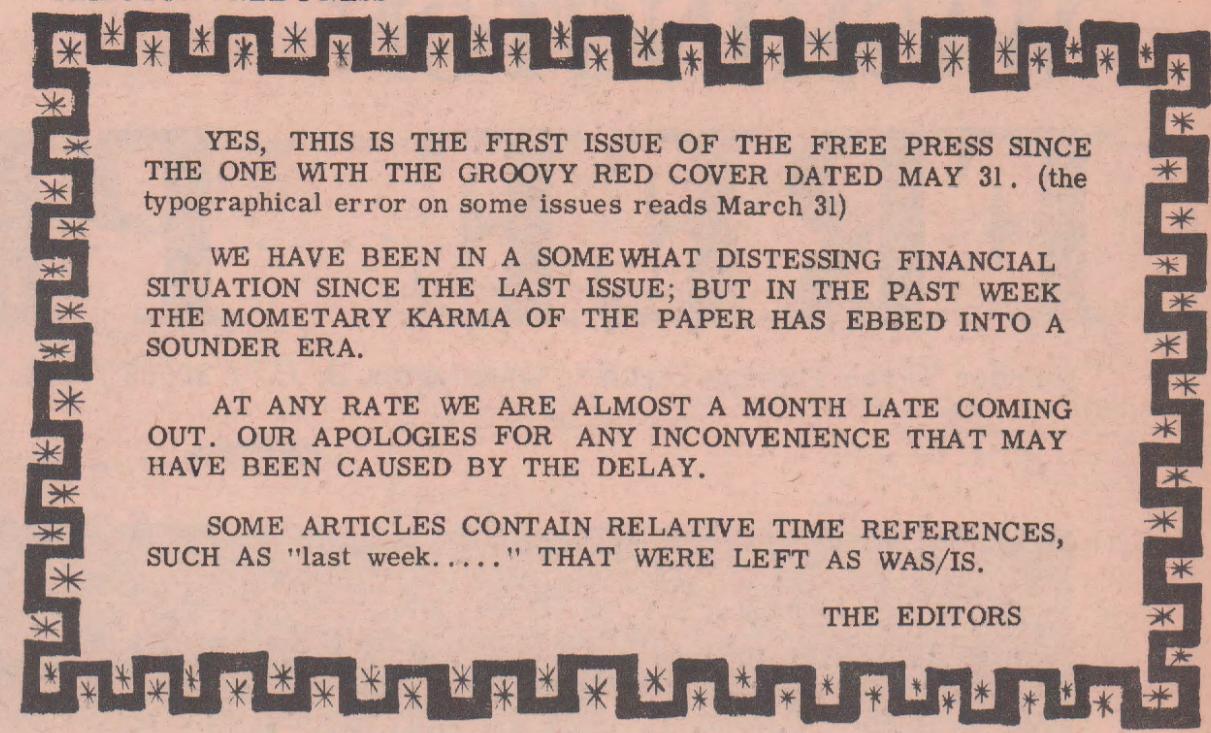
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YES, THIS IS THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE FREE PRESS SINCE THE ONE WITH THE GROOVY RED COVER DATED MAY 31. (the typographical error on some issues reads March 31)

WE HAVE BEEN IN A SOMEWHAT DISTRESSING FINANCIAL SITUATION SINCE THE LAST ISSUE; BUT IN THE PAST WEEK THE MOMENTARY KARMA OF THE PAPER HAS EBBED INTO A SOUNDER ERA.

AT ANY RATE WE ARE ALMOST A MONTH LATE COMING OUT. OUR APOLOGIES FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE THAT MAY HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY THE DELAY.

SOME ARTICLES CONTAIN RELATIVE TIME REFERENCES, SUCH AS "last week." THAT WERE LEFT AS WAS/IS.

THE EDITORS

Dear Sir,

I am a regular reader of your excellent paper; as for the issue of April 22, I really was amazed. I mean the review of "Suzanne Fields"; all my compliments. I am a student of O'Neill and find this review was excellent, in every respect; much better than that of good old New York Times/family Ochs-Sulzberger/. It is very rare somebody really does understand what O'Neill would have liked or had to say. With all my thanks, I am most respectfully yours,

Dr. A. Goellner

Dear People,

This is a warning to those who have not been impressed as yet by messages in other papers. Do Not go through Flagstaff, Arizona, when travelling in the Southwest!!! After a brief trip to L.A., I got fed up with Diggers, where I was working, and decided to split for home. Five people in a car, we were stopped by police in Flagstaff at 4:00 in the morning on May seventh.

The driver was charged with speeding, and two of us were charged with "Party to a Crime"! We were kept in jail for the duration of the week. We were not allowed to have phone calls or visitors and were not allowed to call our parents, lawyers, etc., until we began threatening to call in the A.C.L.U. When one girl was denied use of the phone we made the mistake of informing the warden that we had observed the fact that she was a dyke. She informed us therefore that we were a little too noisy and would have to be separated. I don't know what happened to anyone else, but I was immediately put into the drunk tank. I still wanted to call my parents to ask about bail (this was on Friday). Finally I was connected with my home, bail was arranged, and then a lady cop got on the line and asked my parents if they were sure they wanted to pay bail for "these filthy degenerates." (Those filthy degenerates were two straight girls and my filthy degenerate self.) They said that they did and that they didn't consider me a degenerate.

Well, I did get out of Flagstaff alive, but not before a full week of being forced to bathe with "A-200" the entire week. (For those of you who are not familiar with "A-200" it is to kill lice and crabs and can eat a hole in a styrofoam cup in less than five seconds.) We were the only people in the place who had to take baths every day. No one else there had to bathe at all. (Not that I am opposed to bathing daily but it is kind of hard to shower when you have to push a button to get water. Besides that, "A-200" is hell to put on your body.) I really think this dirty hippie prejudice crap has gone just a little bit too far.

Love to you,

Carol Avedikian

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River is a serpentine body of water flowing freely north or south, east or west. The flowing river as a flow of energy emanating from a source moving outward (downstream) until dissipated: End of flow. Flash of lightening always different: Never strikes twice; has forks tributaries a strange cosmic dance visible for a second; Instant flash: Gone. Energy as a recurring pattern of life on this planet we call Earth, like the river, like lightening, moves freely. Energy is free. Moves in any direction or all directions from a source. Energy can change; form can change; direction can change. The dance of energy is the passage of time-is history-is the present-will still be going on in the future. All form is energy: Everything we see hear touch feel think is energy. That computer we call a brain is a delicate human organ (instrument) that allows us to tap the energy flow we call mind. Mind is the source and is all forms that Mind (God) as energy takes. (Which we experience on the highest level as ourselves). And Mind is free. And we are born free as mind-as planet Earth-is free. That which we call Mind is God is me is you is Free. Einstein called it a "Unified Field Theory" (of energy): "That all energy is the manifestation of the same source of energy.") Myself yourself ourselves are free and the planet Earth is our birthright. Earth belongs to all of us. Earth is woman our mother giving constantly anything we ask of her. We have only to free free ourselves of attachments to things-to ideas-to ownership-to titles-to forms. Free is a word, but more than only a word-it is a concept and more than only a concept-it is a style of life to be practiced by Freemen and Freedwomen living and working joyously together in communes-in families, raising free children in a healthy, free atmosphere. Freechildren do not belong to any one set of parents; they are part of a family, enjoying all the privileges due a member of a Freefamily. Any member of the Freefamily is capable of loving and caring and fulfilling the needs of any other member of the family. At each moment every member is father-mother-son-daughter and the roles are interchangable and do change from moment to moment. The family is no longer limited to man-wife-child relationships: The family extends to include the family of man. We as Freemen and Freedwomen are and are in the Aquarian Age; don't let anybody bullshit you about some future date when it is supposed to happen. You are the Aquarians living in the Aquarian Age; The age when religion, science and philosophy are one expressed in a joyous living loving life style where the family is everyone is one as we are born one. The slayer, the slain are one; the jailer, the jailed are one; the buyer, the seller, the sold are one. The time is now to free the slayer, the jailer, the buyer, the seller in each one of us. The time is now to tear down the old forms, the forms that separate-that enslave-that divide us from ourselves. And to do this we must begin at the highest level and the highest level is not the fucking governmental organizational institutional level. That is the lowest level of consciousness, of human relationships; the highest level is us-each one of us. Don't let anybody bullshit you about reality. Reality is what you make it. The days of a Power Elite making up and deciding reality for you are over. They are dead or haven't you noticed. Don't be fooled by Kings Queens Presidents Priests Teachers Parents Property Owners Shopkeepers Cops Soldiers: Parasites one and all telling you what reality is, defining boundaries, building fences, sucking your energy, trapping you into the prisons and concentration camps of their minds. It is not dope that's going to turn on the world it is free people living acting and interacting freely, loving freely being free. The time is now to drop out of the social games, to remove the structures that burden our lives. To think that we can work within the structure (Establishment) to bring about social change (revolution) is to defeat ourselves, drain ourselves of energy and rob ourselves of vision. Governments are devices whereby unscrupulous and ineffectual and effete men promise that the solutions to all our ills lie in the future. How many times have you heard? "Just have patience-- your government is doing all it can" etc., etc. Governments are constantly working on the solutions to yesterdays problems, having no insight into the present, while believing they are actually planning for the future: Well we have seen the future as planned by them, and we know it doesn't work without more cops, more soldiers, and endless repression; all the while telling us they are working on the solutions - all they need is time. This has been the history of leaders and leadership representing an establishment since Egypt more than five thousand years ago and they have not changed. People are still letting leaders make up and define their reality for them instead of doing it themselves. Only you can free you. No government is going to issue an edict setting you free and, if that's what you are waiting for you are a nigger (or a kike or a mick or a spick or dago or wop) and nigger isn't a color it is a life style. A pretty fucking unpleasant one, too, full of disappointment, frustration permeated by fear, brought about by clinging to old unworkable forms that have only enslaved, caused division, and conquered the potential of the human race. Mind is energy, is man, is God, is matter, is free as love is free, as planet Earth is free. It is up to you to make it so. Now new leaders will hypotize the young: "Vote for me and I promise to do": To do what? Where? When? How? Are they really going to buck the political system? Politicians? Are they prepared to kill the FBI? The CIA? The other invisible secret agencies? The governments within our government? The Military Industrial complex? Do they really have the balls? Vote? What the hell for? Never mind this silly game bullshit "Vote for me" crap. Don't register don't vote don't perpetrate a hoax upon yourself don't make yourself an accomplice to the crime. Drop out of the social games social forms. Why make the games more gamey? Better than running down to the polls to vote run to your front door and unlock it and leave it unlocked. Do it now. If you are afraid of being raped or busted the lock on your front door isn't going to protect you-it is your vibrations your living style. You're free

Hippy Crates On Acid & Chromosomes

Stephen Brown, M. D.

(Dr. Brown is a graduate of Princeton University and Harvard Medical School. He is presently involved in research in anthropology and child development in the Washington area. He is the doctor for the Washington Free Community.)

I am writing this article in response to many, many questions I've been asked by people in the Free Community, and the Washington head community generally, as well as in response to several articles published during the past 6 months -- particularly articles by Bill Blum of WFP, Bryan Kelly of AVATAR, and Lisa Bierberman of Psychedelic Information Center (Cambridge).

Before I begin, let me say this: From my earliest contacts with psychedelic drugs (1961), as both an observer and participant, I always had a definitely positive and sympathetic position; I had high expectations for this drug, not only as a genuinely positive and insight-providing experience, but as a psychiatric medication. I never had a bad trip despite quite a few exposures. And I was never hung up in the usual Establishment jargon or arguments about the use and abuse of drugs by contemporary youth (us). Four years at a very Establishment med school did not convert me. But during the past year, an increasing bombardment of experimental studies on the effects of LSD and other psychedelics -- biological effects -- have forced me to rethink the question.

The bulk of the argument does not rest on the problem of pregnant females taking the drug. I think that is -- or should be -- a closed issue. By that I mean that there are several reported cases in humans, and thou-

this case; first of all, humans are directly affected; secondly, enough different species are involved to risk generalization; thirdly, the obvious mechanism by which embryos are affected or killed is the genes (i.e., the chromosomes) of the reproducing cells -- and all animal cells have chromosomes made of the same basic chemicals. Thus, I believe it is clearly irrational to think that women who expose themselves to LSD during the first months of pregnancy don't put their future children in danger; they do. A very real, but not-so-obvious problem is that group of women who don't find out about being

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pregnant until after the fact, and after the acid . . . and then it's just too late.

The problem of chromosome damage in general is less obvious, but probably more important. The argument is based on an understanding of human biology, the function of chromosomes, and genetics. I'll try to go through some of those facts and feelings, briefly.

Chromosomes are the carriers of genetic coding, and thus of all hereditary biological information -- carrying out the messages

tional to suspect that anything which interferes with the clumps of nucleic acids called chromosomes which become visible under the microscope during cell division, may well interfere with the very process of cell division or its control, the biologic properties of the daughter cells of that division, or the inherited biological properties of any future organism (individual) which (who) is descended from that daughter cell. Now let's look at the chromosome question as it pertains to LSD.

What is the significance of the fact that LSD breaks

The only two not suspected of anything (yet) are Herpes Simplex and Yellow Fever vaccine.

Chemicals which I know of causing chromosome breaks are caffeine and theophylline (both in much higher doses than ordinarily used), the various drugs used for cancer treatment (known as "anti-metabolites"), and the family of industrial chemicals of which benzene is prototype. I know of no reports on librium or other common drugs, except aspirin -- and there it is not clear whether there is any pattern to the breaks the way there is with LSD and with radiation. Caffeine has long been suspected of causing or predisposing to cancer of the stomach and esophagus (the way cigarettes do to the lungs); besides, unlike the LSD studies, the doses of caffeine needed to cause chromosome breaks are much higher than those ordinarily used by man. The entire group of anti-metabolites has long been known to cause sterility or infertility, aplastic anemia, and birth defects. Few people who take these drugs survive long enough to find out about any long-term effects. Incidentally, there is evidence, not published yet, by a well-known geneticist in New York, that LSD produces acute and long-lasting infertility or complete sterility with low or absent sperm counts in males for long periods of time (two years in one case) after exposure to acid.

Most important in the chemical group, benzene and the related family of compounds, causes severe and long-lasting chromosome breakage, an increased incidence of mutations in offspring of those exposed, and a much higher incidence of malignant tumors, including leukemia. The same situation, almost precisely, applies for certain types of radiation including X-rays and gamma-rays, in certain specified doses. Needless to say, the tumors don't show up for years, and the mutations may not appear for generations.

The diseases (other than viral) associated with chromosome breaks include Fanconi's Anemia and Bloom's Syndrome. It is interesting that persons with either of those diseases have a much higher chance statistically of getting leukemia than the normal population. In fact, if one looks at a list of any and all diseases which are associated with higher-than-normal incidences of leukemia, the first six items (the ones most frequently associated with leukemia) all have some abnormality related to chromosomes -- an extra chromosome, or breaks.

Let's go down that list:

First, the viruses: I know of at least 14 viruses associated with chromosome breaks; all but two are at least seriously suspected of something really bad besides the acute viral infection they cause and besides the chromosome breaks; these include German measles (birth defects), chicken pox (birth defects), measles (birth defects, associated with lethal degenerative disease of the nervous system -- Dawson's Encephalitis), PPLO and infectious hepatitis (both suspected as causes of mongolism), and Adenoviruses 3, 4, and 7, Simian Viruses 7, 20, and 40, and Rous Sarcoma Virus (all of which cause malignant tumors in animals or malignant changes in human cells in tissue culture, or both).

To summarize, then, what I have tried to do is to show that of a biologic, chemical, or physical agent which cause chromosome breakage, a very large percentage also cause some other serious disease -- birth defects, mutation, decreased cell reproduction of certain body tissues, infertility or sterility, or increased likelihood of malignant disease. One must assume that the way these



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through the genes; messing around with genetic controls in an embryo or reproducing tissue could explain any of this serious group of conditions. The crucial fact is that LSD, and probably all of the other psychomimetic amines, are in the family of chromosome-breakers. At this time, it is impossible to know whether that means it will produce all of the horrible conditions mentioned; that it produces one of those conditions -- birth defects -- is already accepted. I would not want to mess with my own genetic material UNTIL I knew that the others were definitely not going to result. Right now, my feeling is, knowing how high the probabilities are that LSD belongs in the same family with benzene and radiation, I have a very high level of expectation that during the coming twenty-five years, it will be found that malignancy and/or mutation will result, in an unpredictable but higher-than-normal percentage of those exposed. And I do not wish to be among that percentage. Nor do I believe that once you have taken the drug, the damage has been done; there is no reason to believe that, with repeated exposure, just as with radiation, the chances of damage will not become increasingly greater as the cumulative dose rises. Having had it ten or even fifty times, even if you accept my arguments here, should not be reason to continue.

Those are the arguments. The idea that "speed kills," which may be an exaggeration of something partially true, has been used too often by friends of mine as a reason to switch to acid, or argue in favor of its use -- as if acid is really harmless compared to speed; that's rationalization, or maybe misunderstanding of the biologic data available; or maybe, just as I felt several months ago, after several good or important trips, you just don't want to believe that the producer of such a beautiful and important experience could be bad; it's kind of easier to overlook something which is potentially dangerous like air pollution when the effects may not turn up for a generation. But, as for me, while the facts about acid are not really all in and can't be for decades, the facts about radiation, and adenoviruses, and benzene, and nitrogen mustards, etc. -- those facts are in. And, with several good trips behind me (and I, in all honesty, would have really dug some more), really think that it's time to cool it. . . . The possibilities are too bad, and too great.

I welcome all questions and discussions, and wish to remind one and all that a search for biological ill effects of cannabis sativa and cannabis indica has

Free School Opens

In Silver Spring

by Cathy Wilkerson

The Freedom School offers an exciting alternative to public school routine. Organized by students themselves, it is a projection of their vision of a model school - a school free from irrelevant pressures and structure, and in touch with the problems and issues of the society at large.

The Freedom School will deal extensively with social and political issues, going beyond intellectualization to action. It will also provide many courses in the arts and in academic and practical areas largely untouched by the regular schools.

The School will open Monday, June 24, with an all day happening in which students and teachers will talk about the workshops and meet each other. During the day, all those who have signed up for each of the workshops can decide when and how often they want the workshop to meet.

Between now and June 24, we need as many people as possible to come to the School on weekends and after school to help paint, build shelves and get the School ready.

So far, students from many high schools have participated: Wilson, Western, Walt Whitman, W.J., Blair, B.C.C., Peary and others. Many more students and teachers can participate. To find out about workshops and other aspects of the School, call Jenny Stearns, 244-8955, Sue Orrin, 723-3182, or Cathy Wilkerson, 332-1387.

Some of the courses include: The U.S. in Asia, The U.S. in Africa, Urban Problems Education in the U.S., McCluhanism and the Mass Media, Sex and Drugs, Radical Christianity, Poverty, Auto Mechanics, Radio and Electronics, Poetry, Drama, Graphics, and The Role of Social Change in America. New courses can be created at any time by students. (There are 36 workshops set up so far.)

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Jewish Guerillas in Action

Jewish guerillas swung into action last week after Charles Smith, President of the Jewish Community Center, refused to offer shower facilities to the poor people of Resurrection City. A representative of SCLC had requested that the poor people be allowed to shower and shave at the Center.

When word of the denial got out, members of the Jewish Urban Guerilla threatened to hold a "doven-in" and take over the operation of the Center to allow the poor people the use of the showers. The take-over was set for 5:30 p.m. By 6 p.m. Charles Smith had changed his mind and said that the poor people were welcome to shower at the Center.



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Last month Watts happened in Washington. We burned, baby. Metal melted and wood charred. Now the ghetto commercial centers stand in black silent protest. April was a cruel month. It made us beware.

August 1965. Ancient black history. Watts was on fire. Little has changed the skyline of Watts since then: a small medical clinic was built and an urban design center exists with lots of plans for Watts. But that is all and Watts made us beware.

WATTS ON IN D.C.

Art
Review
by
Suzanne
Fields

Politicians politic and writers of reports report. But there is more than one way to skin a conscience. The artists of Watts have translated their experience of the riot into artifacts reflecting their own personal visions and divisions. These art objects can now be seen at The Washington Gallery of Modern Art until June 10. The Watts art is related to the Washington experience in a separate exhibition of slides and photographs showing Washington ablaze. Now Watts happens in Washington from an artistic point of view.

The Watts show is provocatively called "66 Signs of Neon," though there isn't a neon sign in the show. The title derives from the heat molded metals found after the Watts fires. The two leading assemblage artists in the exhibition, Noah Purifoy and Judson Powell, collected most of the junk materials for their art from the rubble of Watts in its smouldering stage. The smell and the form of the materials they gathered haunted their thoughts and this show was bred from debris.

The show has both social and aesthetic interest. Here is riot archaeology and riot art. It is critical of our junk culture at the same time it creates out of the cultural waste. Recently a black leader said that America has created so much garbage, it finds it now has to eat it in order to get rid of it. In the junk sculpture exhibited there are aspirin bottles and old bathroom fixtures. Art

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can consume material creatively.

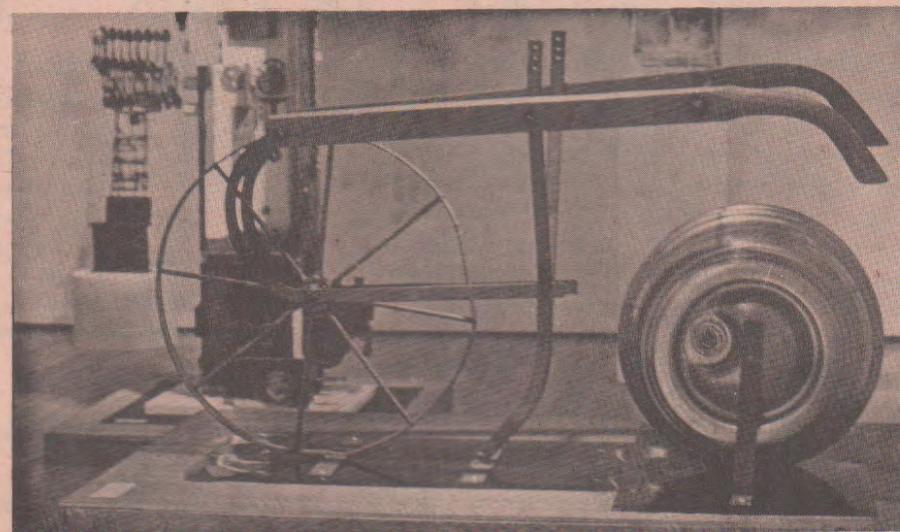
The idea behind this kind of art is not new. In the Dada movement of World War I, Kurt Schwitters made collages and constructions of exquisite beauty composed of jetsam salvaged from the streets. At the same time Marcel Duchamp not only combined ordinary objects into unusual constructions, but he also exhibited simple mundane pieces with audacious pretentiousness: a bottle rack or urinal were positioned uniquely so that they were suddenly seen as strikingly original forms. More recently Edward Kienholz, the California artist whose assemblage art was on exhibition at The Washington Gallery of Modern Art last fall, showed great virtuosity and emotional depth in a composition such as "The Illegal Operation" which metaphorically drew attention to objects asso-

area and landed an exhibition at the University of California at Berkeley when Mario Savio led his student revolt. A revolution within a revolution. Soon they received support from Roger Stevens through The National Endowments for the Arts which is partly responsible for bringing this sculpture east. From Washington the show will move through various southern cities as it works its way back to California. One feels the Watts riot made this travelling exhibition possible for the Watts artists. A line from one of Powell's picture poems applies ironically to the new audiences created for these pictures. From the artist's point of view:

Out of sight

As far as my sight goes.

The best works in the show are Purifoy's and Powell's. Their joint effort in "Barrel and Plow"



ciated with abortion, artistically arranged on a supermarket cart.

Purifoy and Judson are not unsophisticated artists, and they certainly reveal an awareness of the tradition behind them. But as black artists in Watts before the riot they were particularly cut off from a growing Los Angeles art scene. Before the riots brought attention to him, the serious black artist in Watts had a curriculum vitae of negative possibilities: he had never had a one-man show and was not about to get one; he didn't even live in the right part of town where museum and gallery dignitaries slum to discover new talent; and he was hardly able to get a good job teaching outside of the community. Literally, he was forty miles away from the Los Angeles "action."

At that time Noah Purifoy was the center of a little art scene inside Watts made up of artists, white and black. After the riots this group decided to hang together: black power was paraphrased art power. They created their own little guild, staging shows that one another criticized, writing pamphlets and manifestos like the Dadaists before them. Walter Hopps, director of the Washington Gallery of Modern Art, who knew these artists in California, described them as working "From handbill to happening." They sought an audience wherever they could find one. They booked themselves as a side attraction in a home appliance show in the

displays disarming wit within a disciplined formal construction. It is humorously rhetorical at the same time that it is strangely abstract: just as the beer glass glistens and the plow rusts in thematic juxtaposition, the textures and forms contrast and balance one another. There is an altar-piece elegance in Powell's "Large Assembly with Neon" and his small plastic constructions downstairs counterpoint jewel like metal objects with pictures burned into plastic; the pictures are in reverse, so in one negative a tiny image of a black boy is white.

The social theme of the show is stated by an isolated metal sculpture by Roy McConchie called "Watts '65." The black metal objects are illuminated by red fire. It has a childlike quality that is earnestly serious and suggests objects for a contemporary game of chess: instead of castles, knights, and pawns, there are burning tenements, policemen, and looters.

The show is uneven. A painting called "Thorn in My Crown" is embarrassingly amateurish, but seems to be rationalized by a group environmental piece called "The Church." Black and white doll constructions, so obviously imitative of Kienholz, are sterile and unimaginative. There are some successful serigraphs by Arthur Secunda as he shows a developing interest in color, but his artistry is marred when he interrupts a graphic collage.

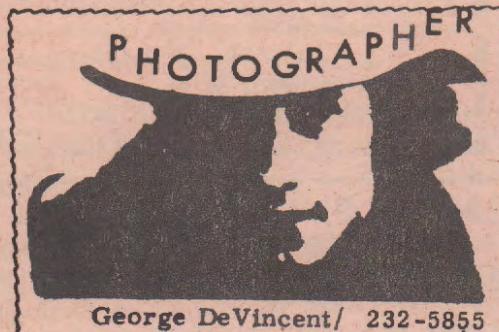
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Purifoy feels the show exists on three levels simultaneously as assemblages and artifacts of the Watts riots, as an evolving philosophical system, and as a one-to-one format of the communication between individuals who would not otherwise communicate. In this regard the show raises some interesting questions. Certainly many of these artifacts deserve to be exhibited in an art museum whether or not they are made from materials from Watts. And the group as a whole reflects a kind of aesthetic philosophy which, though subordinate to each individual piece reflects a spirit which is organized around a conceptual use of materials. These two levels are met by the gallery's exhibition. The museum is limited, however, as to the kind of format of communication it can provide "between individuals who would not otherwise communicate." Certainly as the show travels it receives a broader spectrum of spectators. But in Washington this show should not be limited to those who are members of The Washington Gallery of Modern Art or to people who can afford to pay the dollar price of admission. It should be shown in the schools and neighborhoods of the city.

Price of admission. I didn't see a black person in the museum when I viewed the show, and I don't know how many store owners from Fourteenth Street visit art galleries. It should be shown in the schools and in the neighborhoods of the city.

Art as an experience deepens our insight of the world in which we live. It communicates the beautiful in many different forms. "66 Signs of Neon" expresses one group's sense of beauty. It also opens up the possibility of enlarging as art audience for this kind of communication. More thought should go into the problem of creating broader formats for artistic experiences.

A particularly beautiful object in the show is Purifoy's "Phoenix", softly crushed metal mounted on a tall narrow cylindrical base. It is monumentally symbolic of the theme of the show. The mythological Phoenix, a symbol of immortality, flew over its own funeral pyre, jumped in, sang its own funeral song, was consumed, and then rose triumphantly from its ashes.



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JEAN LUC GODARD'S

"LA CHINOISE"

in color

STARTS WEDNESDAY

June 26

MANIFESTO

to

CUT

THE

BIG HANG

UP

BY

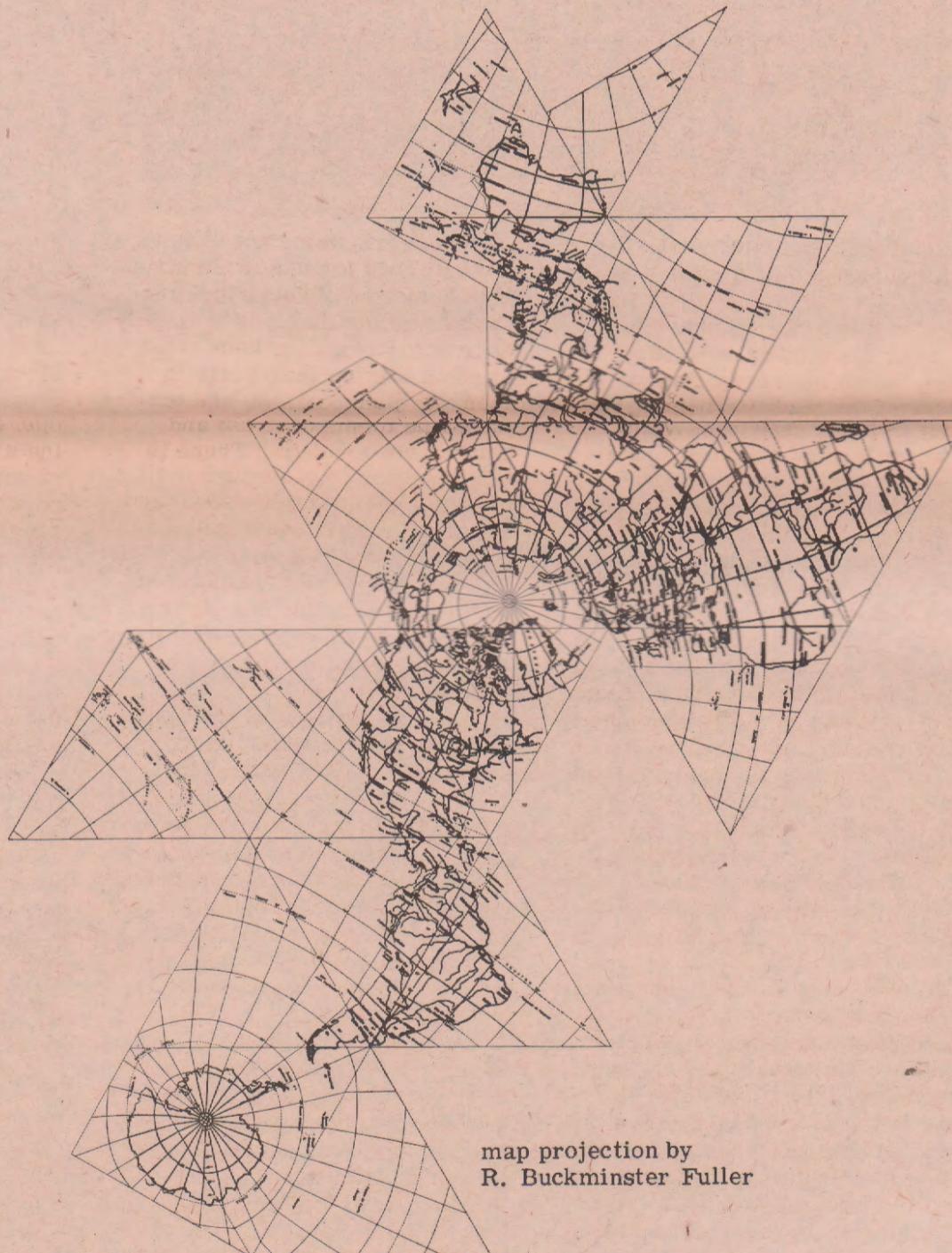
ALLEN WATTS

On returning to the United States after two months in Asia -- Japan, Ceylon, and Thailand -- I am conscious of a marked and dangerous swelling of the national paranoia. Even flower-children are beginning to talk of violent reprisal against the increasing apoplexy of the police and the up-tight establishment. There is a gathering storm of sheer rage in which almost every important political group from the Birchers to the New Left is fascinated with the forces which it hates, and is bereft of psychic energy for any constructive action. Apart from a few high dreamers like Buckminster Fuller, Robert Theobald, Lewis Mumford, and Marshall McLuhan, no one seems to realize that an entirely new world is technically possible in a very near future -- a world in which fascism and communism, capitalist war-economy and socialist levelling, poverty and taxation, overcrowded cities and rush-hours, and the necessity to earn a living by drudgery become entirely unnecessary. This wholly possible "utopia" is the only alternative to that total blackout of mankind for which we are now heading. A mutual massacre of scapegoats!

Perhaps some hippies, the real spiritual-type dropouts, have a contribution in preparing themselves for the leisure society -- but their back-to-the-soil and arty-crafty notions of an economy are both sentimental and dangerous. To push back technology is to let millions starve. But the technology which hippies resent -- the industrial slums, the smogged skies, the freeways, the piles of mass-produced junk, and the continued stuffing of our constipated cornucopia of useless or unused products -- all this is simply obsolete. That most people are unaware of this plain physical fact is because our supposedly "materialistic" civilization is hypnotized, clobbered, stoned, and asphyxiated in a poisonous cloud of pure abstraction -- of symbols, concepts, and institutions which have no further relation to the material world of nature.

Materially, we have created an electronic, computerized, and automated technology which is capable of handling almost every type of drudgery from accounting to digging ditches. It is capable of producing the basic necessities of food, clothing, housing, and utilities in unbelievable abundance. Yet instead of letting it go ahead full blast, we let it create a problem of "unemployment," and squander most of its energies on making ever more satanic engines of war -- because we are too stupid and deluded to cooperate in any large social project except under the stimulus of terror. Only the Big Bogey of communism can force the public to fork out enough taxes and the government to increase the national debt sufficiently to keep the economy running.

Hasn't anyone heard? Taxation became obsolete with top hats and hansom cabs, and money is a reality of exactly the same type as meters, hours, and gram. Our divorce from the material and physical world is so complete that we don't know the difference between money and wealth. Remember the Great Depression? -- when, despite the material resources of the industrial world, the economy collapsed for lack of money, for lack of the power to purchase what industry could produce. Sorry, chum, you can't build that house today. Not enough inches to go around. Yes, just plain inches. Not inches of wood or metal. Not even tape-measures. Simply a slump in inches as such.



map projection by
R. Buckminster Fuller

There it is -- concisely, without the many technical details which a handful of economists have already worked out. Capitalism, the obsession of making money, and socialism, the project of robbing the rich to pay the poor, are alike forms of the delusion that money is wealth, and belong to the pre-technological and pre-electronic age. Yet, in this country, not one single major political party -- left or right -- has any notion of putting such a scheme into practice.

Even on the basis of our current use of money, it does not seem to have entered the heads of our menuetting politicians that all the energy and treasure spent on war since 1914 could have provided every human being on earth with a life of comfortable luxury. Yet apparently we would rather have dollars than fine food or clothes, the "true" religion rather than the kingdom of heaven on earth, the "right" ideology rather than healthy populations, and seem to derive much, much more pleasure from hating and plotting against our imaginary scapegoats than from enjoying the riches of the earth.

(reprinted from EVO)

Today, an effective revolution of the young-minded can be neither of the left, of the right, nor of the middle. These are merely the standpoints in a political debate which has no further relevance to facts. We must create a total diversion from the war of ideologies and from this obsessive scrambling for poker-chips mistaken for wealth. But it is not enough to drop out, don beads, and chant mantras (not that there's anything against it, in an age of leisure), for the expansion of consciousness must, at the very least, involve the liberation of our heads from this bodiless, bloodless, and obsolete world of abstractions which we mistake for our natural universe.

It is in this sense that we must get out of our minds to come to our senses -- where "mind" signifies the confusion of words with meaning, menu with dinner, money with wealth, ego-personality with living organism, marriage with love, and law with order. All these abstractions are social institutions or conventions which are useful only so long as they are seen for what they are. This is the kind of vision of which the prophet said, "Where there is no vision the people perish" -- and how appallingly true this is, not only of the United States but also of most civilized countries, at the immediate moment. For the most part, even the Underground Press is an outlet for 'horror stories and protests, allowing only fragments of space to woo men from their follies by describing the exuberant style of life which we could begin living today. If only we could open our eyes to what politicians and preachers call "hard" facts and "down-to-earth" realities -- we should be as happy as larks.

BLACK POWER

by Will Inman

1 Fossils and fire
What is black power?

At night is very dark.
Sometimes there is moon.
Man was forever and forever afraid of
darkness

But---black power.

Not only sun knows answers
Not only sun. Darkness too is wise.
There are vines that reach. There are roots
that probe. There is day. There is night.

But---black!

Sun makes green leaves. Green leaves
sink under several hundred million
years press black black black
20 feet of sungreen leaves mash
flat
to one foot of coal

Power?

Put a match to it. See will it burn.

I was talking about people:
you're making poetry.

Poetry is where people are at.

2 A question of words

Carmalcolm X observes that,
while white students agitate
for freedom for pot and lsd,
black students fight for their
lives...

Don't put tags on my man. He speaks strong words
Tough words. Words bad like we need.

Then what is this black power?

You know what is white power?

There is day. There is
night. We need both.

When sun comes up and stays up
and buries night for all those years --
that's white power.

What is black power?

Way it's been, some white folks would come down
in the hole where we live, bring a little sunshine;
we didn't have no light. We thought. They thought.
They didn't know we was coal. We knew it but
didn't know it. Now we know it. Now we can see
in our own dark. With our own light.

You mean black power is like
burning your own self? seeing
by your own pain?

No. We've had enough pain. We are masochists no
longer. We still have enough anguish to see by,
sure. But now, if we must suffer, we'll create
some sparks ourselves.

Are you threatening violence?

We are threatening nothing. We threaten nobody.
This is no threat: it's a promise... first of all, to
ourselves... then, if you're ready -- or whether you're
ready or not -- a promise to you.

What is your promise?

Freedom.. Humanity.. Self Respect.

What does that mean? Everybody
says those words. What do they
really mean?

You don't know those words? They ain't African words.

But when you say them --

When I say them, they get woolly hair.. Look, man,
words don't change when I say them..

OB lack Man, you better believe
words change when you say them.

Change? Words change when I say them? How?

Because you mean what you say.

What? Don't you mean what you say?

I don't know what I mean. I
thought it was hip to talk
without meaning anything.

Hip? You call that hip? God, man. Hip. There was
a time when black people had to talk sideways like a
crab walks so as to ease our meanings into white
people's ears like something big in a tight hole...
but we always meant it.

We didn't understand.

You looked at the sun and you saw day. When night
came, you shut your eyes and went to sleep. Or burnt
the candle at both ends. But we didn't

away. It just crept together and hugged. Sometimes
weeping. Sometimes laughing. And waiting. Always
waiting.

Waiting too damn long. Ain't waiting no longer. We
can talk straight now. Move straight now.

3 A white man speaks of black power

O white man, what do you know
about black power?

When I was a boy, they told me I was evil below the
belt.. not to touch.. not to fondle.. dirty.. nasty..
black black black!

O white man, what do you know
about black power?

When I was in school, they told me to trust clarity:
logic is the light, they said, darkness is evil, abhor
that which is evil, think no dark thoughts of mother
or sister nor of any woman...

O white man, what do you know
of black power?

One day I looked in the street and saw black people..
people with dark skin, dark faces.. I was told they
wanted my sister and my mother.. it was they, not I
they looked very strong.. they wanted power over me..
not my own darkness but theirs.. I must keep them down
suppress this darkness.. prevent their rising.. it was
they, not I, who wanted all those things.

O white man, what do you know
of black power?

I learned to hate myself below the belt.. I learned to
despise my secret thoughts and desires.. I began to
distrust my sudden insights, mysterious intuitions,
flashes from my inner veins of coal.. O I learned to
suppress all of my darkness and all things dark.

O white man, what do you know
of black power?

Suppressing my own darkness, I went tame and tepid,
frustrate, intellectually acute, an IBM machine
programmed for walking death.

O white man, will you ever
come to life?

I shall learn to love the darkness in me.. shall
learn to find in blackness the hidden secrets of
life. Somewhere yet in my soul is a root of true
laughter!

4 Were you there when America?

What's this about black groups
ousting their white supporters?

Black people don't need no white jock straps.
But you're a minority, you
can't win alone.

We're a minority in the United States. But not in
the world. Still, you can remember when we were
willing to join hands with you. If you would change.
But that time is no more. You are going to change
whether you like the means or not. Meanwhile, we
have to get our own hands together first.

Are you black before you're
American?

Damn straight.
But we're human before we're black.
However, since you don't consider us human,
we have to face it first: we're black..
once we know we're black.. and black is human..
then maybe we can begin to discover
whether white is American first
or white first
or just possibly
possibly
human....

Then black power doesn't
necessarily mean violence?

You're so worried about violence.
Where were you when whites stoned Negroes in Chicago?
Where were you when grown white men made black
children run a gauntlet of axe-handles and chains?
Were you there when Ku Klux Klansmen marched in
Raleigh? Where were you when Orangeburg? Were you
there when Mississippi? Were you there when Alabama?
Were you there when America?

You forget Harlem and Watts. And
Newark and Detroit. And Washington
and Baltimore. Whites aren't the
only ones who commit violence.

No. But unfortunately damn near it.

What do you mean -- are you at last
coming out openly?

Advocating violence?

We advocate Life.. and that is not to sit back and let
ourselves complacently be devoured. A world that treats
us less than human, does violence to our bodies, our

But violence in return never
won anybody's freedom.

What? Where's a telephone? Quick
What's the matter?

A telephone. I have to call the President. He's
making a terrible mistake.

What? What are you talking
about?

You say that violence never won anybody's freedom. The
President is bombing Vietnamese in the name of freedom!
Sending napalm to murder guerrillas in South America
in the name of freedom! Shipping American boys to die
in the name of freedom! We got to tell him he's making
a mistake.

Say... are you putting me on?

You just told me violence never won anybody's freedom,
didn't you?

Now, look... go easy... don't get
me in bad with the President...

5 Resistance

I want to support your resistance
to this war, to this society.

Man, you got a white face. You-Are-The-Enemy. Go
Resist elsewhere. With your own kind. We need to
build our own group, find our own substance without you.

(Mine is a woodthrush soul. I sing best
dusk and dawn. My face is white, and yet
I've learnt to love my inner darkness. My
own kind talk too much. Black people
don't need me.

Still I'm not sorry for
myself: talking out of both sides of my
mouth, I discover the secrets of a single
whole tongue.

Meanwhile, it is a terrible
luxury, this separation. Somebody is still
making money off us both, dividing us for
profit, laughing at our different directions,
since we buy their separate color schemes
for our own new patterns of resistance.)

6 Love is Black is Love

What is black power?

When moon rises,
mimosa leaves do not pretend to open.

What is black power?

When coal burns, stars speak of a million years...
around a campfire of silence...

What is black power?
The greatest friend of true noon is genuine midnight.

But black power?

A brief eclipse of our inner blindness.

Power?

The night the lights went out, we found out we
love one another.

Black power?

Your face is my inwardness.

Black?

Black black black beautiful

What is black power?

Life in our own hands.

Black power?

One night in jail with Stokeley is worth
ten in church with Will

You prefer one race over
another?

Human power means loving all that is human in
individuals.

Love? Power?

I cannot love you till I have the right to hate you...
and, until I have the right to hate you, I cannot
respect myself

Power?

The power to hate you means the power to love you

Black?

I must hate you then a little while so that, if we learn
to love one another, we shall know we mean it

Love?

I cannot love you till you learn to love yourself,
your darkness, your secret unders, your soul, umbra,
hidden, Self

What is black power?

When you learn to love all of yourself, you will love me
at first too much

What is black power?

When you stop taking revenge on yourself for using human
beings for profit, the world can stop fearing and hating
white people

What is black power?

When you learn to be human, the sun can remember how to
set without an armed escort, without two policemen to the
bear, without napalm

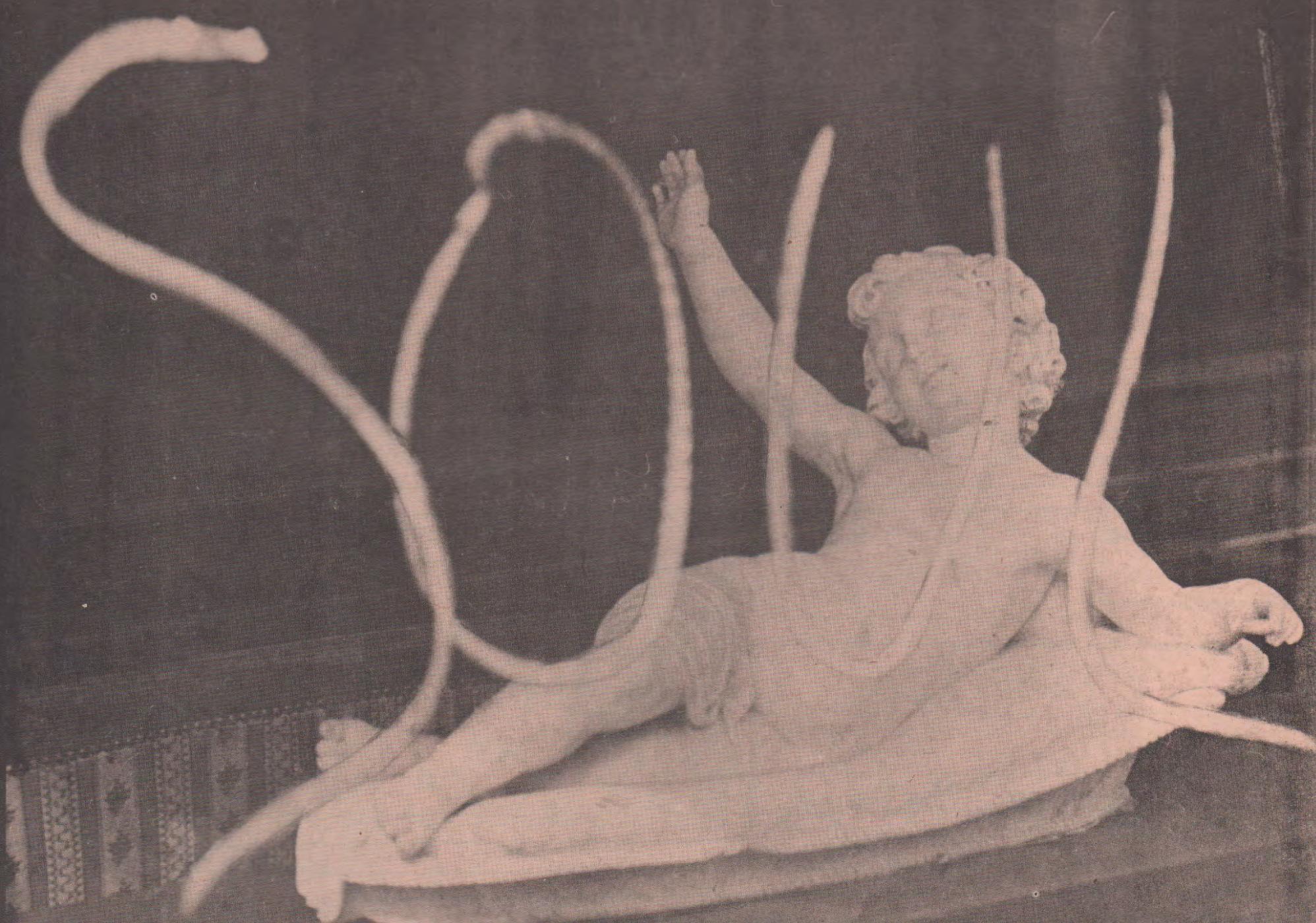
But what is black power?

Yes.

What is black power?

Yes.

Photo: L. A. Johnson



WRITTEN for the
5 String BANJO

Words & Music by
P.G. Novick



CA_m C F CC⁴ C F C F D D-G D G

Fire! Calling Fire! Years before of what I know, Says be careful- Do not fondle

D G F B^b F B^b C B^b F B^b C_m D-G-C-G

1: Living fires As they grow Fire!- Calling fire, Staring at the
2: Deep red glow I am certain- It's the devil Cryptic pagans In its Flow

(2) Fire!- Help me fire
Do not make me have to go
I am young yet- do as I will
Tell me fire what you know
Fire- growing higher
As upon you more I throw
Devil's lightning on an anvil
Let ne watch you
And your show

(4) Fire!- All conspire
Breathed in from the lava slow
Some desert us
With their power
Others slay us
With your foe

(6) Fire!- Shanti's shire
Turned from evil
And your throw
But the horses
And the feathers
Broke upon the
Cellar Floor

(3) Fire!-Satan's sire
Sent to sever raven's crow
Who can tell you
How to smother
Heaven's water
With what you know

(5) Fire!- My desire
Yet it seems that all we know
Comes from candles
Kissed by devils
Take me to the
Waterfall

(7) Fire!- Draw me higher
As I make you into me
I have swallowed
God's redeemer
And it tells me what
I see.

NOD CITY PIPE DREAM
part I Pete Novick

C_m Em A A4 A D D4 D G4

G C repeat 3 times Am-C C B^b F C G

For the past couple of years, you couldn't have picked up a copy of Look, Life, or the other mass media magazines without seeing "LSD -- Blessing or Curse?" or "America's Turned-On Youth: What Next?" When I heard that Jeremy Larner, turned-on and still in his twenties, had written a novel about the acid scene, it sounded like good news. Larner's other writing has caught and reflected the glory and excitement in the contemporary scene. His journalism can transform a common event into a Happening, or a pro basketball game into an epic contest between graceful, heroic giants.

In The Answer, Larner does create a graceful, strong hero in Alex Randall, a twenty-year-old star athlete and college student. His lack of interest in sports and studies, his desire to live or to create, are representative of the prototype of alienated American youth. Yet the novel is, on the whole, disappointing. Larner consistently sacrifices development of character and artistic unity to a polemic on the dangers of the Answer Drug (LSD).

Larner begins his argument in the Prologue with a quote from Lewis Carroll:

He thought he saw an Argument
That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again and found it was
A bar of Mottled Soap.

'A fact so dread,' he faintly said,
'Extinguishes all hope.'

Larner develops his characters only minimally because he is using them only to make points in his argument. He lines them up as examples of what LSD can do or fail to do for you. As a result of the drug, one character is a suicide, another psychotic, and many are foolish.

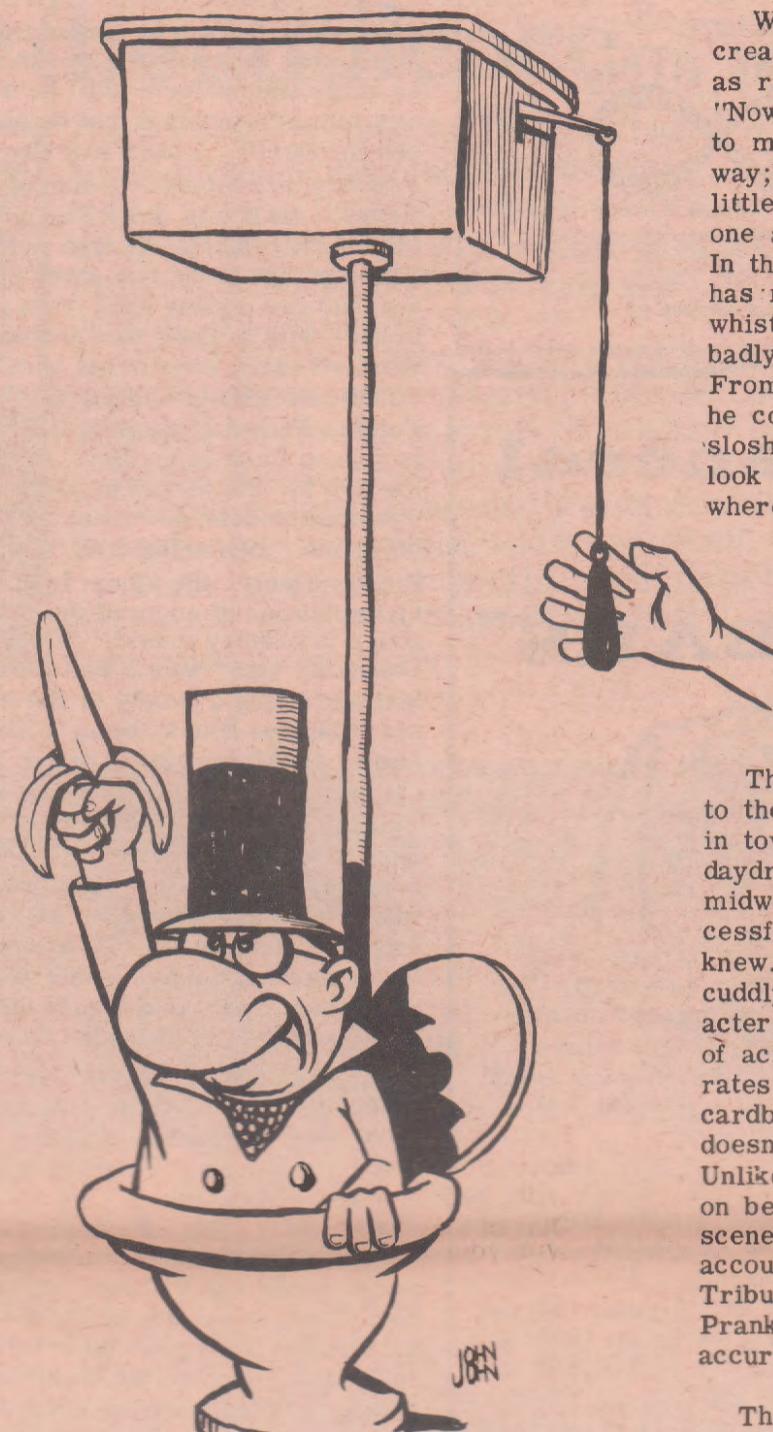
Disillusionment with the Answer Drug is a central theme of the narrative. Randall's roommate takes the drug and has an anguished, self-destructive trip. Randall sets out on his epic journey -- the long drive to Heavenly House (read Millbrook) to get an antidote from Dr. Magus Tyrtan, a successful neuro-surgeon turned guru (guess who?). At Heavenly House, Alex hears that his roommate is asleep, and over the worst. He decides to stay and take his own trip, guided by Tyrtan.

At first, the trip is ecstatic for Alex, but he grows to resent Tyrtan's glib and paternalistic spiritual explanations of man and the universe. Still tripping, the two take a walk together. On a stone wall at the brink of a canyon, Alex dances. He yells, "I'm all free; do what I please, because nothing matters," and starts to jump over the brink. Though terrified of falling himself, Tyrtan reaches out to catch Alex, mindful of the bad publicity that would come from Alex's death. Alex returns from the walk and helps a jilted disciple of Tyrtan's to wreck Heavenly House. When the house is aflame and in chaos, he flees in one of Tyrtan's cars, pursued by Tyrtan.



Larner: Plastic People for a Cardboard Answer

by
Max Smith



He spends several hours exploring his college town, still stoned, seeing the "ecstatic order of the universe as a sugared mock-up for the vicious earthly mess which now held me fast." Tyrtan then finds him in his room. Alex beats up Tyrtan because -- as the reader discovers at that point -- his roommate has hung himself with his rep tie, apparently a consequence of the bad trip. In this scene and other fight scenes, Alex becomes less credible. The fights do not seem to grow naturally from Alex's character or from the development of the story, but rather to have been added arbitrarily for excitement.

When the author is less involved in creating an epic, Alex's character emerges as real and loveable. To his father's "Now if you ever mention a word of this to my Mary, who is a great gal by the way; you know damn well how I love my little gal," Alex thinks, "I didn't give one shit how he loved his little Mary." In the awkward seconds just after a girl has refused to sleep with him, he starts whistling Yankee Doodle; "I whistle badly, but with astounding virtuosity." From the same part of his character, he confesses, "I was down in the streets sloshing and cursing my way along. To look at me you would've thought I knew where I was going."

"The Answer"
By Jeremy Larner
Macmillan, 216 pp., \$4.95

There are few such candid glimpses into the other characters. Alex's father, in town for a day and often in Alex's daydreams, is real -- a blustering, rich midwestern businessman like every successful midwestern businessman I ever knew. Alex's girlfriend, passive and cuddly, also rings true. But the characters of Heavenly House are caricatures of acid-heads out of Terry and the Pirates and Little Orphan Annie. They are cardboard, doubtless because the writer doesn't know the people he writes about. Unlike Burroughs on junkies or Kerouac on beats, Larner is a tourist in the scene he tries to recreate. Tom Wolfe's account, a year ago in the World Journal Tribune, of Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, gave a much more vivid and accurate account of a tribe of acid-heads.

The author's feelings about the Answer Drug are underscored in the Epilogue, where Alex tells fifteen years later what has become of himself and the others, and how the Answer Drug fad has faded. Larner gives his own answer in the last line of the Epilogue: "To face one another, deal with our own selves -- no matter how dear the cost or brief the time."

My experience with hallucinogenic drugs has been that they can help you -- not do it for you but help you -- to get to know and sympathize with others, to really get inside someone else's head, and to get to know yourself, especially that sexy, playful, sadistic, loving, terrified, powerful part of yourself, unknown to the conventional, conscious adult mind.

Maybe Larner got some bum acid.

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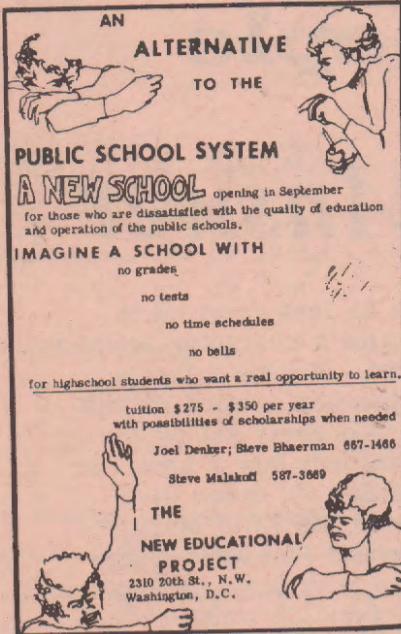
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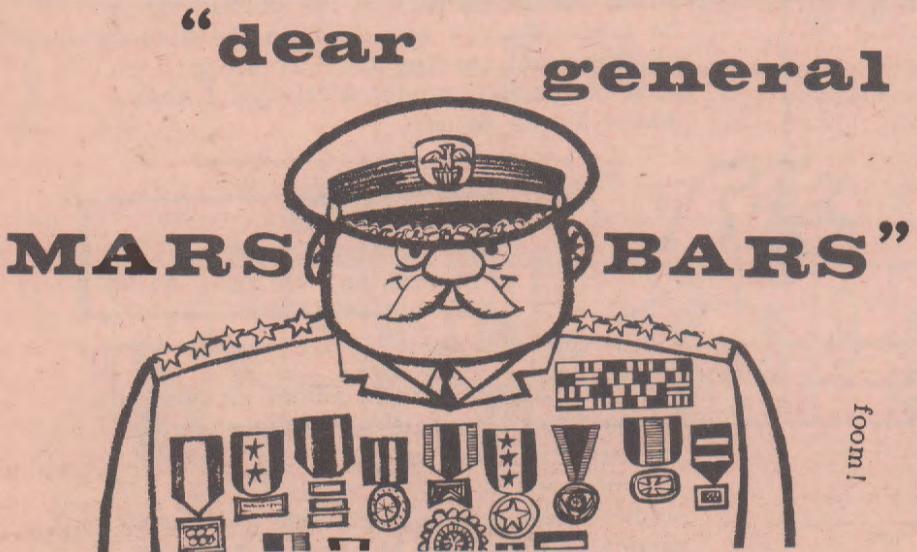
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Dear General Marsbars:

What really happens to a draft resistor who refuses to show up for induction? If he leaves town and bums around, how long is it before he is usually caught up to?

G. L.

Dear G. L.

In the calendar year of 1967 there were only two draft indictments in the District of Columbia. And yet I personally know of a number of men in excess of ten who did not show up for their induction. Some of these men are still in town.

One example should suffice: a young man ignored an induction notice during the late summer of 1967. As of this writing, the only action his local board has taken is to statistically notify the Justice Department of his action. No warrant was ever

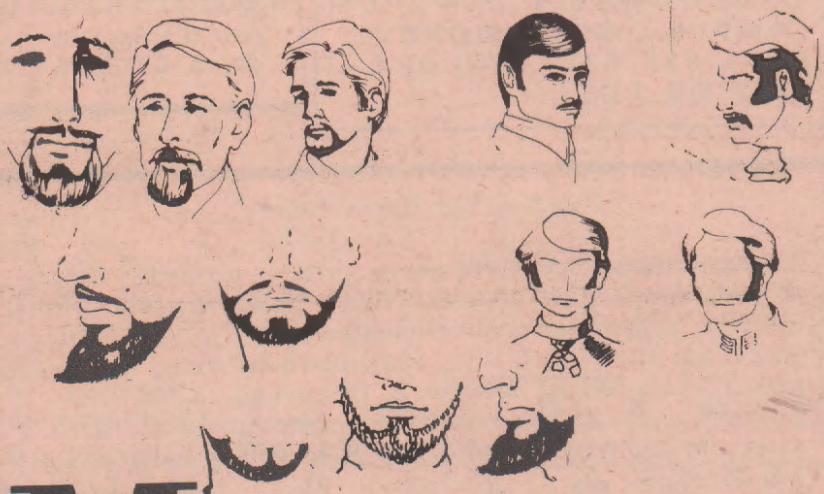
issued for his arrest, no brief was ever prepared. He has since reappeared in his local board's office, where he is being treated once again as a normal registrant, soon to be inducted.

The point is: the philosophy I would take about the draft is simple -- I would do everything in my power to postpone receiving an induction notice. Once I received it, I would still figure I had a year of freedom, just because of the local D.C. boards' inefficiency and/or lack of concern about prosecution of draft dodgers. And with the war seemingly in its final stages, that extra year may be crucial.

That kind of consideration should at least enter the mind of a man wondering whether to answer an induction notice out of a repugnance for serving time in jail and a false sense of the efficiency and diligence of Selective Service.

General Marsbars

3 NEW IDEAS FOR 1968 beards mustaches sideburns



MONSIEUR HAIRPIECE

CELL SOUL

Mr. Johnny Cash is a man who loves what he's doing. He can stand on stage and perform until he's so wet with perspiration that he can't see through it. I once saw him do a twenty-two minute version of John Henry. As if this wasn't an accomplishment in itself, he was swinging a pair of tire irons that must've weighed two pounds each from front to back with a clank that probably vibrated every bone in his body.

This new album, "Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison (Columbia CS9639)" is Johnny Cash at his best. Performing live for the people he loves best. The downtrodden down and out, or just poor. Beginning with "Folsom Prison Blues," the album is a virtual goldmine of some of the oldest songs in country music. "Dark as a Dungeon" and "Send a Picture of Mother" being a couple of the oldest and "Cocaine Blues" being a little later. He also includes one of his old hits "I Got Stripes," along with "Jackson" originally done by Nancy Sinatra and Lee Hazelwood. On this song he has the help of Jane Carter whose been around almost as long as Mr. Cash himself. There are a few humorous ditties with equally humorous titles, like "Dirty Old Egg Sucking Dog" and "Flushed from the Bathroom of Your Heart." Also included are lots of "live" interruptions by Prison Personnel, clanging doors and rattling keys. They certainly convey an atmosphere.

"Paranoia." Mr. Cash says behind the bars, locked out from society you're being rehabilitated, convoked, re-briefed, re-educated on life itself, without you having the opportunity of reliving it. You're the object of a widely-planned program combining isolation, punishment, training, briefing, etc., designed to make you sorry for your mistakes, to re-enlighten you on what you should and shouldn't do outside so that when you're released, if you ever are, you

can come out clean, to a world that's supposed to welcome you and forgive you. Outside your cellblock is a wall. It's twenty feet high, and it's granite blocks go down another eight feet under the ground. You know you're here to stay, and for some reason you'd like to stay alive--and not rot.

Prisoners are the greatest sunshine audience that an entertainer can perform for. We bring them a ray of sunshine in their dungeon and they're not ashamed to respond and show their appreciation. And after six years of talking I finally found the man who would listen at Columbia Records. Bob Johnson believed me when I told him that a prison would be the place to record an album live.

Here's the proof. Listen closely to this album and you hear in the background the clanging of the doors, the shrill of the whistles, the shout of the men. Even laughter from men who had forgotten how to laugh. But mostly you'll feel the electricity and hear the single pulsation of two thousand heartbeats in men who have had their hearts torn out, as well as their minds, their nervous systems, and their souls. Hear the sounds of the men, the convicts--all brothers--with "Folsom Prison Blues."

by Tom Henry

AFRICAN PRINT COTTONS. MOROCCO caps, clothing, leather. Bead, silver, wood jewelry -- Africa, Mid-East, India. Donald P. Brown, 109 W. 82 St., NYC 10024 (212)-SC 4-9430.

Hippies and DC Doctors Plan Free Clinic

The Government has its National Institute of Health, Eisenhower has his Walter Reed and soon D.C. hippies will have a Free Health Clinic.

The Free Clinic, fashioned after the Free Clinic in Haight-Ashbury is the result of the work of Dr. Steve Brown, the Free Community Witch-doctor. Ever since Dr. Brown volunteered as the Free Community Surgeon General, he has been flooded with cases of colds, hepatitis, broken heads, and political bruises from the cops. To help him with his work, Dr. Brown has called upon the aid of ministers, psychiatrists, hippies, lawyers, and physicians.

So far he has turned up some funds for the rent of a small building in the Georgetown-Dupont area and the time schedule for the proposed clinic is beginning to fill up with volunteer doctors and shrinks.

Hopefully the building will be staffed with a doctor and a psychiatrist day and night. Hippies as well as parents of hippies will be welcome to come and have their minds massaged by the shrinks.

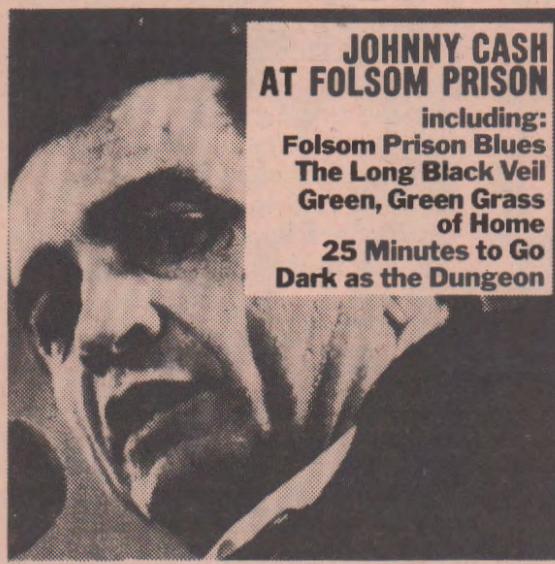
There are still a lot of legal hassles to get around, and it will take more Energy to make the Clinic a reality, but the outlook is now very good that all of us freaks will soon be able to have our bodies and minds attended to for the rest of our drop out days.

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Some people may buy it just to hear the audience.



**JOHNNY CASH
AT FOLSOM PRISON**
including:
Folsom Prison Blues
The Long Black Veil
Green, Green Grass
of Home
25 Minutes to Go
Dark as the Dungeon

CS 9639*

The audience is convicts. They can't leave when the show's over. Some of them know what it means when the song talks about killing a man. The atmosphere is electric. Really electric. When you listen close, you hear clanging doors, whistles, shouts. Responses that aren't the same as yours. Because they're not walking around like you are.

You'll probably never know what it's really like. Johnny Cash does. He's been inside prisons before. Not always on a visit. This time he went back to record an album of his original songs—mostly prison songs—in front of the inmates of Folsom Prison, California. No one knew exactly what would happen. But the mikes were there, and it happened.

Listen to this album and try to get some feeling of what was happening. And know that this is probably as close as you'll ever get to being inside.

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



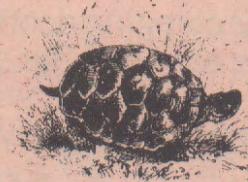
Johnny Cash on COLUMBIA RECORDS

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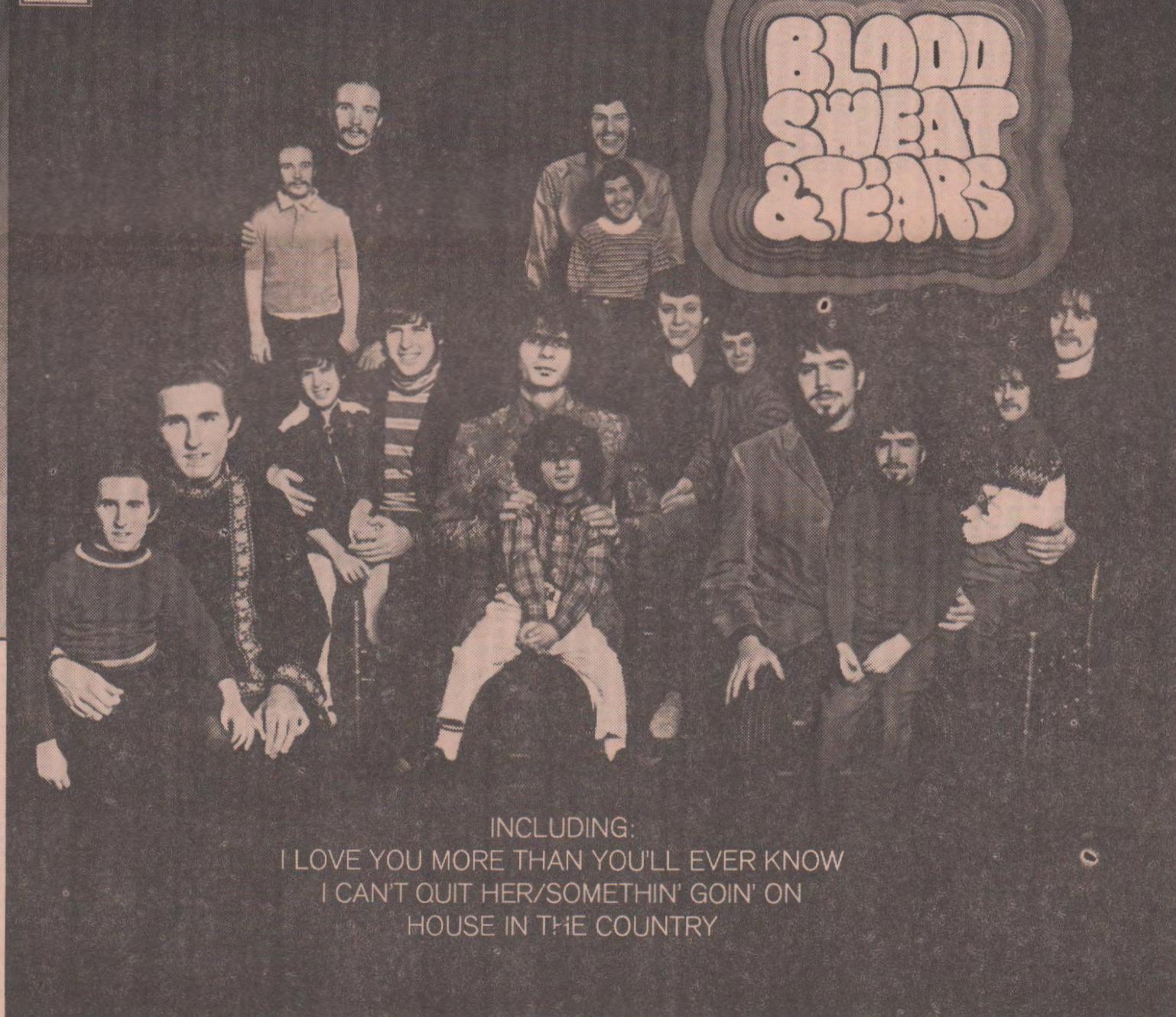
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WHERE TO Go

WEDNESDAY - JUNE 26
 PEACE VIGIL every Wednesday, noon to 1 pm. at 11th and F Sts., NW call 234-2111 for further information.
 LECTURE "American Youth Hostels," "Man and his Music" by Hubert E. Potter. Odd Fellows' Hall, DuPont Theater, 10 a.m. Free.

LECTURE AND DEMONSTRATION "The Baroque Aspects of the Film" by Bernard Hanson, Philadelphia College of Art. Nat'l. Philadelphia College of Art. Nat'l. Gallery of Art, 6th and Constitution Ave., N.W. 4 p.m. Free.

BARGE TRIP on the C & O canal, 6:30 p.m. 30th St. south of M St. Free.

POVERTY AND WASHINGTON Segments of broadcasts made during the Poor Peoples' Campaign. 7 a.m. - 3 p.m. WAMU-FM, 88.5 on the FM dial.

THURSDAY - JUNE 27

CONCERT by the Wakefield String Quartet. Selections from Mozart and Haydn. Tiber Island Apts. Central Courts, 4th and M Sts., S.W. Free.

COFFEEHOUSE-DISCUSSION, open, intermediate level, every Wednesday at Luther Place Memorial Church, 1226 Vermont Ave., NW, 8:30 p.m.;

CONCERT Avant-Garde Music in Spain. Department of Commerce Auditorium. 8:30 p.m. Tickets are free by writing to the Music Div. of the Pan American Union, 17th St. between Const. Ave. and C St., N.W.

POVERTY AND WASHINGTON See June 26 listing.

FRIDAY - JUNE 28

COFFEEHOUSE The Iguana at Luther Place Church, 14th and N Sts. N.W. 9 p.m. - 1 a.m.

CONCERT - Andy Wallace, folksinger and amazing banjoist, at the Salvation Army Hall in Cumberland, Md., 8:30 p.m. Admission \$1.

COFFEEHOUSE "Through the Gate" in basement of Capitol Hill Presbyterian Church, 201 4th St., S.E. 8 pm., entertainment; Saturday also.

FILM FESTIVAL, Political and Movement films. Including "Head Games" or The Pentagon. Oct. 21. Institute for Policy Studies, 1520 New Hampshire Ave. NW. 8:00pm.

POVERTY AND WASHINGTON See June 26 listing.

SATURDAY - JUNE 29

COFFEEHOUSE The Iguana at Luther Place Church, 9 p.m. to midnight.

SOCIALISM DISCUSSION. Series presented by the Young Socialist Alliance, every Saturday, 2-4 p.m., 15 7th St., N.E.; 546-2092

MUSICIANS' WORKSHOP Luther Place Church, 14th and N Sts., N.W. 1-6 p.m.

CRICKET British Commonwealth Cricket Club. Polo fields, West Potomac Park. 2 p.m. Free.

BARGE TRIP on the C & O Canal, 30th St., N.W., south of M St. 6:30 p.m. Free.

FILM FESTIVAL - See June 28.

FOLK DANCING Petworth Memorial Church, Grant Circle, 8:30 - 12 p.m. 75¢.

SUNDAY - JUNE 30

FILM FESTIVAL - Same as June 28 but at 2:00pm.

LECTURE "The Baroque Aspects of the Film" by Bernard Hanson, Philadelphia College of Art. Nat'l. Philadelphia College of Art. Nat'l. Gallery of Art, 6th and Constitution Ave., N.W. 4 p.m. Free.

BAND CONCERT Meridian Hill Park, 16th and W Sts., N.W. 6 p.m. Free.

OUTDOOR DANCE CONCERT Wisc. Ave. and Calvert St., N.W. 9 p.m. Free.

CRICKET The British Commonwealth Cricket Club. Polo fields, West Potomac Park, 11 a.m. Free.

LECTURE "Social, Economic and Political Origins and Character of Stalinism" by Les Evans, staff writer for the Militant. #3 Thomas Circle, 2nd floor. For time call 332-4635.

HIKE TO GREAT FALLS and watermelon feast. Meet at parking lot near old Cabin John Bridge on MacArthur Blvd. at 9:30 a.m. Info. call 671-4249 Fee 50¢.

DISCUSSION AND SOCIALIZING Sunday Evening Club at United Presbyterian Church, 4th and I Sts., SW, 8 pm.; coffee and fellowship.

MONDAY - JULY 1

BLUEGRASS by the Country Gentlemen at the Shamrock bar, 34th and M Sts., N.W., 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

VIETNAM Wash. Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, meeting every Monday at 3 Thomas Circle, 8 pm.; everyone invited.

EXPERIMENTAL FILMS Mustard Seed, Church of the Pilgrims, 22nd and P Sts., N.W. 8:00 p.m. Free.

TUESDAY - JULY 2

CONCERT Selections from Mozart, Rimsky-Korsakov. Roosevelt High School, 13th and Uppure Sts., N.W. 8 p.m. Free.

ACTING WORKSHOP. Georgetown Day School, 4530 MacArthur Blvd. NW, 7:30-11:00pm., Free. Good group therapy for losing inhibitions.

DISCUSSION AND SOCIALIZING All Souls Church, Harvard and 15th Sts., NW, 8 pm., speaker at about 8:45; socializing before and after the discussion.

BLUEGRASS See July 1 listing.

DISCUSSION - COFFEEHOUSE.

Potters House Coffee Shop, 1658 Columbia Rd., NW, 8:30 pm.; \$1 includes coffee.

JAZZ New Thing Jazz Workshop at St. Margaret's Church, Conn. Ave. and Bancroft Pl., NW. 8 pm.-10 pm.; \$1 includes coffee.

WEDNESDAY - JULY 3

AMERICAN FOLK LIFE FESTIVAL Concerts start at 8:30 p.m. on mall of Smithsonian Institute, include Muddy Waters, Skip James, Grandpa Jones, Doc Watson & son.

BLUEGRASS by Bill Emerson, a banjoist, and his band at the Red Fox Inn, Bethesda, Md., every Wednesday night.

THURSDAY - JULY 4

AMERICAN FOLK LIFE FESTIVAL See July 3 listing.

FIREWORKS Washington Monument, 16th and W Sts., N.W. 7:30 p.m. Free.

COFFEEHOUSE-DISCUSSION See June 27

TRY AND BE-IN P Street Beach 22nd and P Sts. NW. 2pm. After the be-in we can go see the fireworks.

FRIDAY - JULY 5

COFFEEHOUSES See June 28

AMERICAN FOLK LIFE FESTIVAL See July 3 listing.

SATURDAY - JULY 6

COFFEEHOUSE The Iguana, at Luther Place Church, 14th and N Sts., N.W. 9 p.m. to midnight.

MUSICIANS' WORKSHOP at Luther Place Church, 1-6 p.m.

AMERICAN FOLK LIFE FESTIVAL See July 3 listing.

CRICKET Polo fields, West Potomac Park, 2 p.m.

FOLK DANCING Petworth Memorial Church, Grant Circle. 8:30 - 12 p.m. 75¢

SOCIALISM DISCUSSION Series presented by the Young Socialist Alliance, every Saturday, 2-4 p.m., 15 7th St., N.E., 546-2092

FOLK DANCING See June 29

SUNDAY - JULY 7

AMERICAN FOLK LIFE FESTIVAL See July 3 listing.

EXTENDED EVENTS

THE MUSTARD SEED center at Church of the Pilgrims, 22nd and P Sts., NW, basement; Monday thru Thursday 5 pm. - 1 a.m. free food, coffee, entertainment, chess, cards, piano; bring or do your own thing, donations of \$ or labor appreciated.

SEMINAR in the country. American Friends Service Committee holding week long seminar in the Poconos on "U.S. Responses to a World in Revolution," July 7-14; for details or to register contact AFSC, 319 E. 25th St., Baltimore 21218 or the Washington Peace Center AD4-2111.

WHITE HOUSE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS EXHIBITION Outstanding news photographs of 1967. Library of Congress, Main Bldg., Ground Floor, thru Sept. 2.

ORIENTATION IN NON-VIOLENCE at Heathcote, the "School of Living" Freeland, Md., Aug. 17 to Sept. 1; discussions will center around the problems arising in trying to lead a daily life of non-violent witness in a world of increasing force and violence; communal living for two weeks at a cost of about \$3 per day; Aug. 24 and 25 will be an open weekend for those unable to attend the full 2 weeks; for all details write to Wally Nelson 3810 Hamilton St., Phila., Pa. 19104

