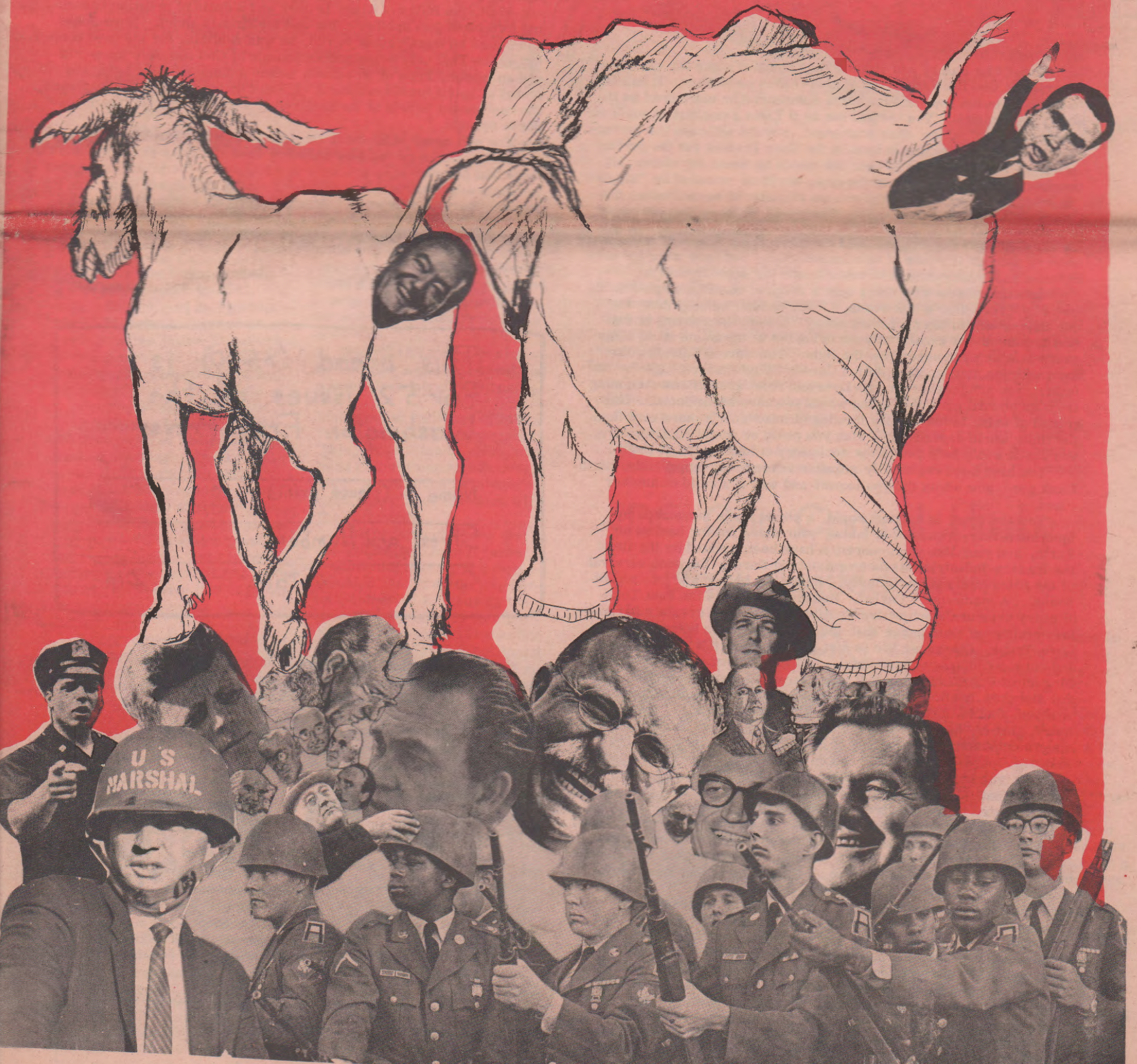


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MISSIVES

TO THE

STAFF

AND FRIENDS

Dear Josaf-Donel:

Inrelation to your letter to WFP, and "anyone"-- You are that world of Life; You are love itself, and that Companionship you so desire; You are Friendship and Trust, and that "glazed abyss of uncaring and unseeing eyes"--this is your careless self, not knowing its Self, and loving its Self with that infinite capacity of Love that is yourself, and I love you, too, because I love my Self so very much.

I work out from my own concept of what I am, and that work is most effective when I think of my Self. There is no nothing beautiful as some Thing that is being what it is. Daring to be what you are takes a great deal of Courage, but that, too, is within you, like all other great things.

Work out from where you are, and what you are, and each day discover more and more about all these wonderful things that are You, and Me, and Everyone, Everywhere.

Bitter Soul

My father,

"Honor Thy Father and Mother" has come to mean for me the honoring of God the Father and Mother-Earth as Mother. It has had to mean so to me now because I feel dishonored or unhonored as the son of mortal man. You treated me as if I was a product of someone else's creation rather than your own... you did not honor the perfection of two people joining in love in the Then Present for the perfect Infinity. You have failed to hear my words or honor my vision; My prophecy, or the prophecy of the new world as revealed by "Hippies." "In prophecy there is a disappearance of material sense before the conscious facts of spiritual truth"--There will be those who surrender to mammon and those who revel in the Glory of God--each other, for we are Gods and Goddesses. So I have become a Prophet and have entered the last life role of this incarnation. You have been my crucifixion and resurrection and rebirth into the Angel Spencer.

I understand now why Jesus said a Prophet wasn't accepted in his own city--"hell, that's just Jesus," "Why doesn't he stop dropping out and go back to his carpentry shop?" I wept the evening of that last argument--not exactly at your dying but at the waste of so many years in which you never saw the light. You were a Captain going down with his ship--another Julius Caesar "Might makes Right". No father, you are forever wrong--Love and trust are actions stemming from an eternal ground of being which you have never found. This ground of being is the "Happy Hunting Ground". It's more real than the finite world around you--I wish you could or would find it before you die--It would help you in the decision you must make at Death.

You have been essentially negative to me from, apparently, birth. I ask you now whom did you expect--and was it a child of another sex.

You are dying in a dying world, a planet made monstrous by ignorance-fear-dread. You laid up your store not for heaven but Earth, and you, like you generation have been haunted by the lie of the leaders--Industrialists--economists and Darwin--Between survival of the fittest and non-sufficiency. Earth has been made into a madhouse... A madhouse. Unreal. Because Reality is the Sum Total of every creature's Subjective Reality. In order to create a harmonious reality we must agree that the center of man's being is God-Love-Trust. Otherwise life is just me and mine--it's not, it's us and ours. You are very prideful. Old men killing their sons, prattling about Communism as if it was real while hoarding Mother Earth and diseased by a love for Mammon and immersed in Materialistic Atheism--God is the buck. Man is a slave to the buck. Some inquiry, that is, had you looked deeper you might have found the water underneath--the true wellspring of life--The True American. The drinking Gourd. The True Freedom of the Song of the Open Road and that true freedom is this: Follow only the Soul of a greater Spirit. That is a man's responsibility to imitate Christ. And all Christ wanted to do is be free without hurting anyone. Can you imagine the agony of being such a person? You never discovered Christ because if you had you would have discovered the prime mover behind man's fancy and pretensions at being the "possessor of Talent" or owner of Earth or measurer of all things, including man's value measured on a Rack--an electric chair--a Cross.

Not the Pope nor President nor potentate, statesman nor soldier will save this world, only world saviors can do that. And if you're not saving the world, you are helping bring it down. No soldier has ever brought peace to this Earth. Only God manifested in men has the power to do that. Only Holy Spirit within men will free us. At this point you will probably not know what I'm talking about. Well, the words are clear. Truth is hidden to those who do not actively seek it, but have their minds made up beforehand. You cannot live, love and have your mind made up to begin with, because Truth isn't a state, it's a direction and a direction requires motion, if you stand still you die.

This American Empire has had it--won't you see that politics and war don't work? It's out of hand, over-extended--too much Negative energy in the hands of negative people and negative people are afraid to die, so they take the whole world with them. They do so because they will what animates the world spirit--and negative people have little spirit.

Only those seeking for Truth--The Absolute in the ocean of being will survive by floating and lifting with each successive wave--The lion will lay down with the lamb--The meek shall Inherit the Earth. The birth of the new world is coming--you shall see more signs of destruction lighting the sky but after this Crucifixion ordeal by fire and water, the Angels shall fill the body of Christ--not a cosmic abstraction, but the reality of Christ Consciousness--no consciousness is lost to the world and in order not to succumb to the consciousness of the world you must wear the true Crown.

You have a problem--you have always thought one-sided. This side of the wall of skin which is the vestment of Christ--I tried to tell you but I always had to ask internal permission of you. I now cease to ask permission for living--Pardon me for living.

Now, your question I could not answer before. "What is my value, what am I worth?" What is my value indeed! You don't have the bloody conscience to be ashamed of such a question. You will old man--I'm God, but on your level, my life expectancy is greater, my physical strength more, my wisdom deeper, my trust greater, my hopes higher and my sure knowledge of spirituality Infinitely Greater than yours. I will not go to school with you nor place my soul on your socket of dark Justice. You don't even know who you are; where do you get off assessing or questioning my value? We see where your values have gotten us. Look around, listen if you have ears to hear.

More important, what were you trying to do with that question--destroy my self-confidence--poison me? How could you know my value when you had to ask? "You're insignificant" you said. Well, since you assess only negative value, I guess that tells us pretty much what you think of yourself--A spiritual bankrupt system resulting in Insanity and the "valuelessness" of all things. You damned fool, you've been killing the Holy Spirit through the body of your son by attacking your projection of content, of value, out of your negative head.

Well, the Reign of Kings is over and a cycle of creation is coming to rebirth into another cycle and the time is short. When Johnson stated he wasn't going to run, he was realizing for the first time the Truth--That only peace and knowledge of God can save the world and no leader, Pope or President means a damn with out being the vessel of spirit for all mankind. It can't be by warriors of the Sword--the best sword is kept in its sheath--that was the sword of Truth Jesus brought.

You will never bring forth the spirit of God by force and suppression. The world can only be united by love and trust and if you don't have that for your son, you have participated in the killing of another person's universe, which includes your own. What were you supposed to learn on this earth? You'd better give that much thought if you want to know what to do at the moment of your death. And you'd better find it in your heart to pardon yourself or you will never get God's pardon. And if and when you should want to do so, I'll give you absolution.

BARTON

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DC OFFERED CASH FOR RIOT CONTROL

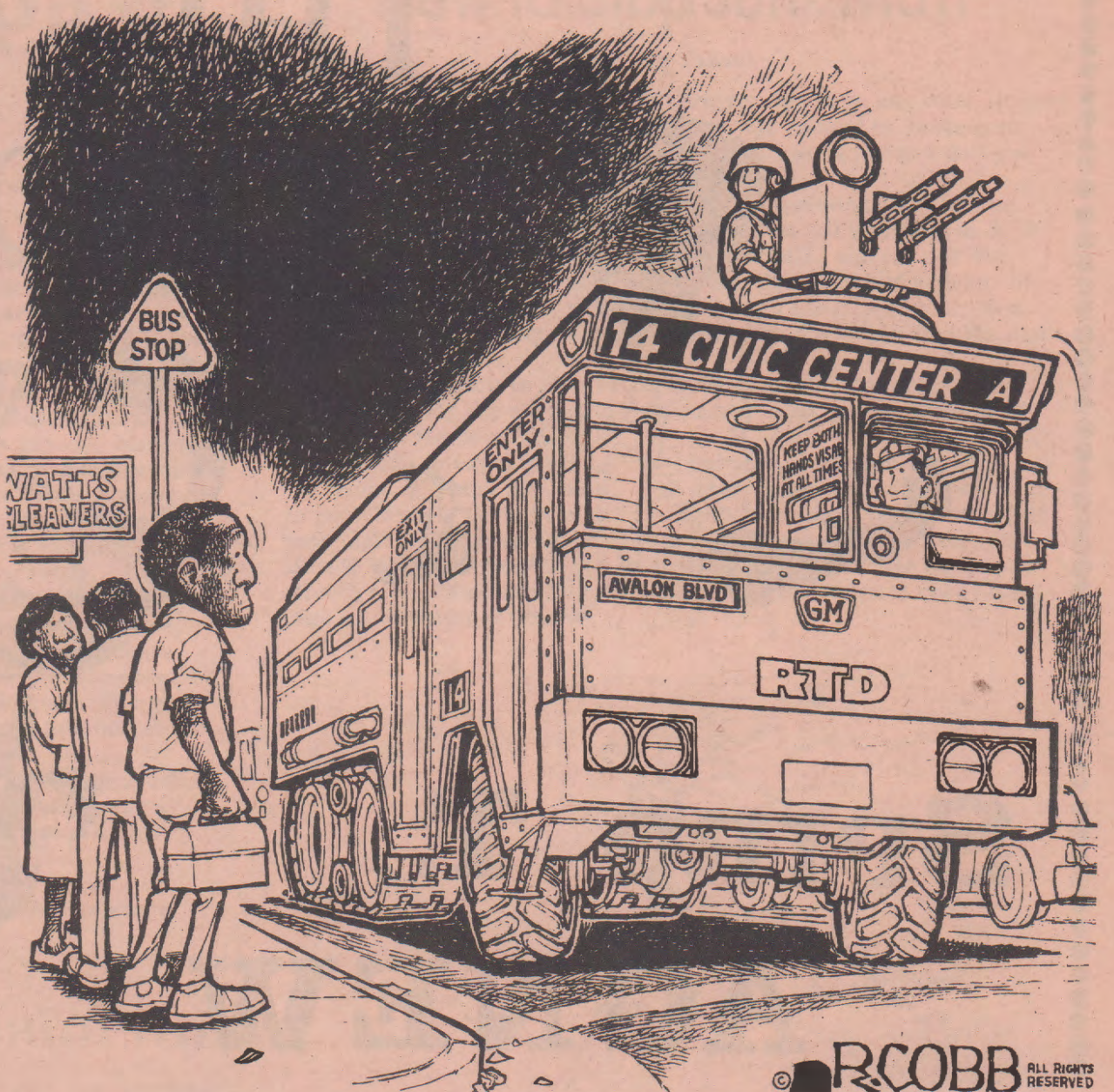
The Justice Department announced on Wednesday that it was offering \$17,531 to the District of Columbia to pay the bill for riot control plans. These prospective grants, provided for under the LBJ-sponsored Safe Streets and Crime Protection Act of 1968, are part of a general package of 4.35 million offered to all states and territories.

Although the grants will not be made until after the hot summer ends, Attorney General Ramsey Clarke wants action fast. Telegrams were sent to all Governors (and Walter Washington) calling their "urgent attention" to the grants and urging them to apply before the August 26 deadline.

The grants are for long range planning rather than immediate expenses. Federal experts in "riot control" have decided that ghetto riots will be a permanent feature on the national scene for years to come. The continuing War in Vietnam and a likely Republican victory in November have counted out even a part way attack on racism and poverty. Permanent riot control units and long term planning are thus necessities for retaining control over the cities streets.

All sorts of bills can be picked up by the Federal Money as long as the activities are part of an overall plan. Organizing and training special riot control units, cooperative arrangements with nearby police departments, planning staffs, equipment purchase, and "public education" are all on the list for possible federal cash.

Walter Washington has not made public his plans for these "riot control" grants.



ACLU Reports on Police Dept.

The National Capital Area Civil Liberties Union recently submitted a report entitled, "A Police Department in Trouble: Racial Discrimination and Misconduct in the Police Department of Washington, D. C." to a City Council subcommittee studying the police.

The report contains an 18-point proposal for improving the Metropolitan Police Department of Washington, and a detailed study of the two major area NCACLU considers to be in greatest need of reform; abuse of citizens and internal racial strife. The major point of the report is that there is no effective way for the citizens of the District to receive fair hearings on complaints against the Police Department.

To correct what the reports terms "grave deficiencies", it proposes the creation of Citizen Advisory Committees in each of the city's precincts by popular

election; reform of the complaint and disciplinary system; steps to insure "fairness" in cases where criminal charges are brought against the police by citizens; as well as suggesting steps to end discrimination against the black policemen.

The report states that the higher ranks of the Department "are incapable of understanding the problems of policing the Negro community, and many of them are highly prejudiced against Negroes. Moreover, even if they were willing to change, many of

them are too incompetent to perform the difficult task required to administer a large police force in a city with serious problems."

The NCACLU report recommends that a new, professional police administration be established using qualified officials from outside the Department.

This, in addition to giving citizens committees an advisory role, would bring the Department into closer harmony with the community.

The report concludes that the Police Department takes "deliberate actions to cover up, condone, and treat lightly serious abuses of citizens by the police". To remedy this the NCACLU proposes the election of the Complaint Review Board and trial boards to be made up entirely of civilians; an independent investigative staff for the Complaint Review Board; a special division of trial counsel to prosecute officers before trial boards and a schedule of advisory minimum and maximum disciplinary punishments for certain offenses by officials.

The report also advocates the improvement of police officers' rights by suggesting a Fifth Amendment right, right to free counsel, and the right to form policemen's groups other than the existing Policemen's Association.

In order to reduce and elim-

inate discrimination against black policemen, the report proposes that the police department be required to comply with the D. C. Equal Employment Opportunity regulations, "including the requirement to produce data that will disclose the comparative qualifications and treatment of white and Negro officers".

The report concludes by stating that "the growing awareness

by Negro citizens of the long denials of their rights makes the Police Department's abuses much more critical than they have been at any time in the past. If strong civilian control is not exercised at once to alleviate these conditions, the result is bound to be increasingly ugly confrontations between police and citizens." And you know what that means.

DC Gun Control Hit by Black United Front

The newest target of the Black' United Front is the DC gun control legislation. In a resolution adopted at a closed meeting last Wednesday evening the BUF declared that "the DC gun-control legislation is a white racist means of taking away from the black people an instrument of self-defense". The law was signed by "Mayor" Walter Washington on July 19 and is scheduled to go into effect Nov. 16, 1968.

The facts certainly support the Front's stand. Washington, which is 68% black, has gun control, while neither the Maryland or Virginia suburbs which are 98% white

have any gun control laws. While DC blacks are being disarmed by the legislation, whites in the suburbs are "actively being urged to arm and are arming," the Front declared.

A referendum is planned by the Front aimed at immediate repeal of the gun control legislation with

any future legislation to wait on Congressional action that will control white people as well as blacks.

Julius Hobson, a local black leader who is also a candidate for School Board, is urging the Front to go a step further. He plans to ask the Front to urge Negroes in the city to arm themselves.

Hobson underlined his stand by purchasing a .22 caliber rifle and two boxes of ammunition at a Washington sporting goods store.

Hobson also plans to urge the Front to sponsor fund-raising rallies across

the city to help people who can't afford to buy their own guns.

"I'm for gun control," Hobson said, "but I am not for keeping guns out of the hands of blacks but not whites."

Five Baltimore patrolmen were disciplined for "conduct unbecoming an officer" as the result of a parking lot fracas in which "they maced each other and got off some tear gas in a patrol car."

THE

PEOPLE'S
CHOICESPIRO T.
AGNEW

by Von Pelot and Richard Hunt

The blacks assigned the menial task of cleaning up the Miami convention center will somewhere in the debris and litterings of the "right thinking" Americans discover the raped and eviscerated body of the lady once known as Liberty. The Republican establishment has once again performed their quadrennial dog and pony show best described as the "Great Leap Backward". Once again America is confronted with the specter of "Dick" Nixon attempting to lead the country further into the Slough of Despond. Any attempt to discuss "Dick" would be an exercise in futility; so, accepting his self-assigned role as God, who is her personal choice as Jesus?

Spiro T. Agnew. Spiro T. Who?? A political nonentity, virtually unknown even in his home state until two years ago when he became governor by default. The combination of being opposed at the polls by a perennial neverwin-right-winger and a strong campaign by liberals and blacks provided the Greek with residence in the governor's mansion. When the traumatic shock of this undeserved success finally penetrated his consciousness, Spiro T. reacted in a schizophrenic manner and abandoned the electorate in order to emulate that great Greek patriot, Papadopolous, and that great American, H. L. Hunt.

Selected by the Republican "God" on his ability in dealing with state and urban problems, Spiro's record speaks for itself.

On August 1, Spiro T., the great defender of the American way, self-assigned representative and protector of the millions of "responsible citizens" who don't riot, demonstrate, or dissent, made the enlightened pronouncement that a policeman would be justified in shooting a looter, if the officer didn't know the severity of the crime.

Following the civil disorders concomitant with the wanton murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, "Massa" Ted summoned the black moderates in order to vilify them for not keeping their people (the militants) in line.

Spurious Spiro's response to a nonviolent justified and extremely well-conducted boycott at predominately black Bowie State Col-

armed and dangerous riot police against the students. Five days later these same students staged a sit-in at the statehouse in order to gain an audience with his august presence. Summoning his Geheime Staats Poleizi (GESTAPO), Spiro closed the school, throwing students out into the night rain, because some students were arrested at the statehouse. Citing "a clear and present danger" as justification, the Greek ordered what the Washington Post termed editorially "a clear case of over-kill."

His actions have provided America with a new symbol of its sickness -- the overfed, undereducated, red-neck honkey cop with a "nigger stick", shouting obscenities through his bull horn. Bull Connors is pleased.

The man whom the Republican establishment desires "a heartbeat away from the Presidency" has demonstrated his acumen and grasp of America's problems with statements concerning the "so-called poor people" involved in the PPC, and attacking "this permissive climate and misguided compassion of public opinion" which he feels contributes to civil disorder. He argues that hard work and law-abiding shuffle-footing will allow the black to pull himself to the level of a second generation Greek-American, unfortunately, the black cannot anglicize his skin as Anagnostopoulous did his name.

Spiro (during his gubernatorial campaign it was Ted) says, "civil disobedience (has) no constructive purpose in a constitutional Republic" ignoring a sign in his statehouse lobby which reads "The right is more important than the peace." Being of such short tenure in the United States (far less than 400 years) perhaps the Greek is unaware of the foundations of this Republic. His education may lack an awareness of earlier disobedient Americans whose names appear at the bottom of the document revered in this country as the Declaration of Independence.

Be of good cheer dear hearts, all is not yet lost. This winning combination will surely find additional freedoms to deprive us of, in the name of democracy, Mom, apple pie and Christian fellowship.

BLACKS SAY NEVER

by Lee Webb

Spiro T. Agnew, who parlayed an anti-Negro reputation into the Republican Vice Presidential nominations, would not expect any black votes in November if the plans of a group of 18 Maryland black leaders are successful.

Speaking at a news conference in a ghetto church in Baltimore on Tuesday, the 18 leaders accused Agnew of "desecrating the memory of Martin Luther King by denouncing non-violent protest as a legitimate means for the redress of grievances." Many of these same men had been blamed by Agnew for not criticizing black militants during the recent riots in Baltimore last April.

The statement promised to tell Negroes across the country of the "experiences" of Maryland Negroes under Agnew's governorship. Agnew was also attacked for his rejection of the Kerner Commission report, his "contempt for the Poor People's Campaign" and his statements that "flaunt notions of justice and encourage police brutality."

The attack on Agnew, however, doesn't mean automatic endorsement for the Democratic slate. Parren Mitchell, the former head of the Baltimore anti-poverty agency and now a candidate for Congress revealed that his organization would "not necessarily" support the Democratic ticket either.

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Students Pay War Tab

Johnson signed a bill raising the interest rates on student loans for college, vocational, business and technical schools from 6% to 7%.

The student loan program is the latest casualty of the Vietnam War. Students returning to campus this fall will find tuition loans both more expensive and difficult to get.

Rising interest rates have sent the cost of any loans or credit skyrocketing. Mortgages are running over 7%, and auto and home impro-

over 7%, and auto and home improvement loans are hitting 7.5-11%. Bankers are unwilling to grant student loans which pay 6% interest when more money can be made elsewhere.

Under the Higher Education Act of 1965 an undergraduate student could borrow up to \$1,000 an aca-

ademic year to a total of \$5,000. Graduate students could borrow up to \$1,500. Interest rates were set at 6% a year. The Federal Government would pay interest charges while the student is in school.

With interest rates rising shortly after the law was passed, bankers shifted their loans to more profitable lines. Some banks reserved student loans for their favored customers. Others refused to participate in the program.

The bankers are striking against the loan program. For instance, only about \$248 million in loans were made to 330,000 students in the 1967 academic year. The goal was \$700 million to 963,000 students.

Even with the new 7% interest rates chances are that bankers will still not participate as more profitable

profits can be made elsewhere.

How to Stop Junk Mail

Dennis Van Tassel

A new law has been passed where you can have any mail stopped which you consider offensive. The law was passed to smite smut -- always good for the idiot vote -- but the bill is as worded that you are the sole judge of what is offensive.

If you feel that your congressman's newsletter, a religious appeal, or the normal junk mail is offensive, all you have to do is go to the post office and ask for P.O. form #123 and fill out the form, giving your name and address and the name and address of the firm which you want to stop sending you advertisement. You do not have to give any reason or justification why you find the mail offensive.

The post office is then required by law to send a prohibitory order directing the sender to refrain from any further mailing of any kind to the complainant.

The bill is expected to be repealed once the public learns it can be used to stop junk mail. The advertising agencies are bound to protect their God-given dollar-rights to deluge your house with junk mail at taxpayer expense even at the expense of a little smut getting through. But the law is still effective and while the law is effective, you can have fun declaring junk mail or your congressman's newsletter offensive.

McCarthy Workers Hit Mall's Ban On Leaflets

The Montgomery County Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union is considering taking the case of students stopped last week from handing out political leaflets at Montgomery Mall.

The group of students had tried to pass out leaflets inside the Mall area advertising a McCarthy for President rally, but were told that the Bethesda shopping center had regulations prohibiting distribution.

"We try to protect our customers from any annoyance of any kind", said Paul Huitt, general manager of the Mall, adding that the policy also is in effect to prevent widespread littering.

Huitt said that workers collecting signatures for a fourth party have been allowed to canvass at the Mall, since their activities did not involve passing out papers.

Fourth party workers have been excluded, however, from gathering signatures at some other county shopping centers, a spokesman said.

It will all prove worthwhile, said a McCarthy worker, if as a result of our efforts, there will be "not only cash registers ringing but great ideas circulating" inside Montgomery Mall.

Fraser Attacks Pentagon on Herbicides in Vietnam

by Lee Webb

The public outcry against the use of chemical and biological agents moved one small step forward this week as Congressman Fraser of Minnesota demanded a "full explanation" of the use of herbicides on rice crops in South Vietnam.

The extent of public opposition to this inhuman policy is evidenced in the fact that Fraser is supporting Humphrey for President. Housewives, students, and faculty in his Minneapolis district have been especially active on this issue. Fraser hopes to calm opposition to his support for Humphrey by strengthening his opposition to the war.

In his statement Fraser revealed that cacodylic acid, a chemical containing arsenic, had reportedly been used in Viet Cong controlled areas (90% of Vietnam) to destroy rice crops for several years.

He said according to Defense Department statistics, from January to September of 1967, some 121,400 acres of cropland were sprayed with chemical.

the chemical.



Quote of the Week:

....one officer who volunteered to fly into the perimeter in a helicopter said: "I don't care any more if I get back to the world, a world too stupid to stay out of the war, too stupid to know how to fight it, too stupid to know how to end it."

-- Wash. Post roundup from Dakto, Nov. 22



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MODEL CITIES

by Chris Webber

In 1966 Congress passed the Demonstration Cities and Development Act. The Act offered federal funds for urban development in cities that submitted acceptable development programs. Washington was one of the cities which met the dual Congressional requirements of need and program of implementation.

Section 103(a)(2) of the Act requires that a Model City program, provide for "widespread citizen participation in the program". This is not further clarified in the law.

The Department of Housing and Urban Development, the government agency which handles the Model Cities program made a policy statement in October of last year regarding citizen participation. It called for "constructive involvement of citizens. . . in planning and carrying out of the programs." It further stated that, "the neighborhood citizen participation structure must have clear and direct access to the decision making process of the City Demonstration Agency so that neighborhood views can influence policy, planning and program decisions." The implementation of these guidelines are left up to each City Agency.

In Washington there are four neighborhoods comprising the Model City: Shaw, NW-1, Stanton Park and Trinidad. It covers a broad area between 15th St., NW to 15th St., NE. As yet there is no local participation in higher planning or program implementation.

In early August of this year, Mayor Washington announced the appointment of an Ad Hoc Citizens Committee for Model Cities. The Committee was

given the assignment of presenting the Mayor's office with a recommendation on the role and responsibilities of the citizens of the Model City vis a vis The Model Cities program. Their findings have just been made public in the form of a report.

The report suggests the establishment of a permanent citizens' Model Cities Commission to serve as a "planning body". Members of the Commission will be chosen from the Model City areas in elections, which will be held in late October if the report is approved by the District government.

The proposed Commission will have thirty-four members. This includes twenty adults from the Model City area, elected by adults residing there, four youths, elected by persons between the ages of fifteen and thirty, and five members from other areas of the city "representing the outer city's investment, and appointed by the Mayor. The Mayor would also appoint five non-voting, ex-officio members representing the various District agencies having programs in the Model City.

In addition twenty wards would be established in the model area, each having a seven-member Ward Council. The Councils, made up of both adults and youths, would function as a link between the people of the areas and the commission. The chairman of each council would serve as the Ward's representative on the commission.

The Ad Hoc Committee also suggests the establishment of four youth districts, each containing five Wards, and each with an organization similar to the Ward Councils. The chairman of each district would serve on the Commission.

Although the Commission would seem to be representative of the Model City, the permanent citizens' Model Cities Commission would be relegated to a role of advisor, without any power to implement action. The Ad Hoc Committee's report states that the Commission should be

given "the responsibility and power to give planning and policy direction to the Model Cities program," and in exercising this authority "will be empowered to make all decision. . . with respect to all matters affecting and concerning the Model Cities program." But this is rhetoric. In fact the Commission is given no power in which to implement decisions it arrives at. These powers of implementation are reserved for a proposed Model Cities Administrator, which would be responsible directly to the Mayor's office, which in fact means the City Council, which is in turn responsible to only the Congress of the United States.

Nine of the Ad Hoc Committee's nineteen members voted against an amendment to designate the Commission a "planning body," and submitted a minority report in which they stated that the designation's "effect is to reduce the power of the Model Cities Commission" and "relegates the Commission to an advisory role."

The duties and functions of the Commission as proposed in the report do not follow the Department of Housing and Urban Development's year old guidelines which state that "the city government, as the principle institution for carrying out the Model Cities program, will be responsible for insuring that whatever organization is adopted provides the means for

the model neighborhood's citizens to participate and be fully involved in policy-making, planning and the execution of all program elements."

If the Ad Hoc Committee's report is approved as it now stands, the citizens of the Model City would serve in the capacity of advisory council, sounding board, and titular voice of the people, rather than being given any real voice determining and implementing plans and programs affecting them. But this seems to be a rule in Washington, and it is difficult for one to expect anything else.

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On the 20th of the month the Yippies' Festival of Life, a week of "satire and destruction", will begin. It will be a confrontation, a be-in, a freak-out, a freak-in. Rock groups, guerilla theaters and thousands of Yips are expected.

The idea for the festival was much talked about and publicized in the Spring. But most of the work on it disappeared during the last three months.

Yippee was dead and buried. Its organizers attributed this to the change in the importance of the convention after Johnson's decision not to run. However, besides the Democratic Party's ass there is now a bigger one named Humphrey at Chicago. So the Yips will now go to Chicago and nominate their pig for President, for in these dark days the country needs some hope or at least a good side of pork.

Although they have not obtained a permit to use Lincoln Park, Yip organizer Jerry Rubin expects the city to allow them to use it at least in the daytime, but also warns that Yippie could easily be transformed into a bloody confrontation, "pentagon #2". According to the ad hoc Free City

Survival Committee in Chicago, "there will be ample opportunity to disrupt the Democratic Creep Follies. There are many reasons to disrupt the Death Gala. If you feel compelled to cavort, then this is an action city. There is no reason to wear flowers for masks. If you want to go up against the wall, then come. But don't expect to come to Chicago if you just expect a five-day Festival of Life, music, and love." The Yips are setting up both legal defense and medical aid.

The tentative schedule for the festival is as follows: Between the 20th and 24th, classes in self-defense and snake-dancing will be held in Lincoln Park. On the night of the 24th, a fireworks display, courtesy of the Mayor of Chicago, will take place by the lake.

Sunday afternoon, the 25th, the Yips will go to the hotels to meet and freak the delegates.

Sunday night a festival of music and light, including the Fugs and Country Joe & The Fish will be held. Monday, workshops are planned in How to Live Free, How to Build a Community, How to Start an Underground Paper as well as draft resistance and new politics. And Monday night there will be a beach party near the Park and the nomination of a pig for President.

Tuesday will be a day of mantras, chants, and whatever your thing is. The National Mobilization and Yippie will jointly sponsor a benefit, at night. Wednesday will consist of sunrise services, Yippie Olympics, the Miss

Yippie contest, the March of the Pig through the city—"meet the candidate march". The Yips will then join in on the Mobilization demonstration of the convention. The organizers hope that the schedule is loose enough so that anyone can do and create whatever they want -- plays, workshops, demonstrations, etc.

YIP! YIP!

YIP!

Chicago, August 5

Leaders of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War unveiled plans for a "people's assembly" and a series of protest actions to take place here during the Democratic National Convention, Aug. 24-29.

Focus of the events will be on the dual goals of an immediate withdrawal of U.S. and allied troops from Vietnam and the liberation of black Americans, but will not be related to any presidential candidate, they emphasized. They also stressed that the huge demonstrations during Convention week would not be aimed at physical disruption of the Convention, its delegates, or proceedings.

"The anti-war movement is going back into the streets and will stay there no matter who the candidate is, until U.S. troops are withdrawn from Vietnam," said David Dellinger, editor of Liberation Magazine and chairman of the National Mobilization, an umbrella anti-war group comprising more than 100 groups and

civil rights organizations. It planned the Pentagon demonstration last October.

The people's assembly will be a widely decentralized series of meetings, discussions, and teach-ins to be conducted in some 30-50 churches and union halls known as "movement centers" in various parts of the city. They will be established on ad-hoc issue-oriented bases, as centers for city or state groups and as formal organizational operations.

Highlighting the six days of pre-convention and convention activity will be outdoor rallies, a birthday "celebration" for Lyndon B. Johnson noting the failures of his political career and administration, demonstrations at

the war and racism, and culminating in a massive march through the city to the International Amphitheatre on the night the Democrats select their candidate. The following day may see further demonstrations and a mass rally.

A daily newspaper for protesters will be published in conjunction with Ramparts Magazine here during the convention, and an information office will be opened for news media.

some of the plans would be subject to change based on occurrences at the convention and in the city. He said the National Mobilization served mainly as coordinator and provides a working structure for the protesters. The final decisions on many actions will be made by the assemblies and at the movement centers.

U.S.

YIPPIE
CHICAGO



Every California grape you buy helps keep this child hungry.

The farm workers of America do not ask for pity or charity. We ask for our rights. Rights that you accept as your due. But for us it is still 1930 and the Grapes of Wrath are still growing.

We have been on strike for three years and we are hungry. But the growers in California refuse to recognize our rights and import illegal labor to break our strike. The Government does little or nothing to stop it.

So we appeal to you, the people of

America, to help us.

To help us get paid a living wage so that our children do not have to quit grammar school to help earn food (at present rates a farm worker who is fortunate enough to work 40 hours a week, 52 weeks a year would earn \$2386).

To help us obtain the elementary right to collective bargaining, unemployment insurance and health and welfare benefits.

To help us obtain the right to live and

work with dignity.

You can help by not buying California grapes until the strike is settled fairly. When you refrain from buying California grapes

you are telling the growers that you do not wish to take the food from the mouth of this child.

For further information contact: United Farm Workers, AFL-CIO,

433 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., NW
NA 8-0028

Don't buy California grapes

Picket International Safeway, 12th and F Sts., NW. Thurs & Fri 5-7 pm, Sat 11-3pm

MCCARTHY STAFF TO JOIN IN GRAPE PICKET LINE

Staff members from the Washington D.C. headquarters of Senator Eugene McCarthy will join a picket line Thursday night in support of striking California grape pickers.

Campaign manager Blair Clark issued an invitation today (Aug. 7) to the McCarthy staffers in a memo noting that McCarthy has issued a strong statement "supporting the boycott of table grapes to help the grape pickers of California win a contract for decent wages and working conditions."

The picket line is sponsored by the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (AFL-CIO) during the hours of 6:00 until 8:30 p. m. Thursday (Aug. 8) and Friday (Aug. 9) and Saturday (Aug. 10) from 4:00 p. m. at the Safeway store, 12th and F Streets, Washington D. C.

In his memo Clark said, "We invite you to join the picket line Thursday night because it's a good cause, good politics, and good exercise."

On July 25, McCarthy issued a statement on the grape strike boycott saying, "I urge all those who are concerned with human dignity and determined to lift the burden of poverty from our land to support the boycott of table grapes from California declared by the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee under the leadership of Cesar Chavez."

Clark's memo also referred to the mayors of New York, Detroit, Buffalo, Toledo, and Baltimore who have "publicly supported the boycott with the support of the McCarthy committees and our candidate."

"On August 15, farm workers representatives will appear on the platform of McCarthy Day Rallies in 26 cities," Clark said.

HUMP ON PEACE

Humphrey said before a group of college students gathered in his office that too many young people are preoccupied with the Vietnam War, engaging in what he termed "escapism," and were overlooking the US's attempts to preserve world peace."

D.N.C.
obviously sure



where they're
at

About 800 National Guardsmen will be on "regularly scheduled drills" near the International Amphitheater, the center of action at the Democratic National Convention.

However, the Convention will not be conducted "in any atmosphere of an armed camp," Attorney General Ramsey Clark said Wednesday.

L.A. FBI MEN

by Mark Lane

J. EDGAR HOOVER

NY, Aug. 6 (LNS) -- Several Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation assigned to the Los Angeles Office have recently called for the removal of J. Edgar Hoover as the Bureau's director. In an eight page, single-spaced letter to Attorney General Ramsey Clark, on FBI stationery, the agents related numerous acts of betrayal and incompetence.

The document, probably unprecedented in the history of the FBI discloses inside information regarding the Bureau's many failures in important cases over the years.

The letter states that various officials within the FBI instructed agents to make false statements under oath to the United States Civil Service Commission in a hearing involving former Special Agent, William Turner, who is now a staff-writer for Ramparts Magazine.

On this question the agents concluded "while we do not fully agree with the various writings of Turner or the methods he has chosen to strike back at Hoover and these people, we do know he was terribly wronged by the FBI through Grapp (Wesley G. Grapp, Special Agent in Charge of the Los Angeles Office) and others at Hoover's discretion."

Yet despite this disclaimer the document attacks upon Hoover and his associates in the upper echelons of the FBI by the agents are far more violent and savage than any comments published by Turner or any other critic of the FBI.

The letter begins with a summation:

"Hoover lives in the past, dreams of days of Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, and others; is surrounded by aged or incompetent men who have spent their careers looking backward and telling Hoover what he wants to hear. President John F. Kennedy, and his brother, then Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, planned to retire Hoover on his 70th birthday (January 1, 1965), but the assassination of President Kennedy saved his job. President Lyndon B. Johnson seriously considered replacing Hoover. Hoover has stated that the President's first request after taking over the White House was for about 1,200 dossiers from confidential FBI files on Johnson's political adversaries, and the number has increased since that time. I am sure you know this is blackmail. Hoover promptly sold out our organization and his integrity to stay in power."

"Hoover has long been in politics, coming out more openly in recent years to the disenchantment of millions of Americans. For example, he 'cleared' Walter Jenkins, top LBJ aide found in homosexual

contact in a Washington YMCA in 1964, and even sent Jenkins flowers and a note (which he later lied about) and even sent a top aide to assist Jenkins in interrogation by FBI agents. He later bitterly criticized the Washington Police Department for Jenkins' arrest, convincing many FBI employees 'o wonder anew about Hoover's homosexual inclinations."

The agents invited an investigation by the Department of Justice into the many serious allegations contained in their report.

They wrote, "I want to assure you that an investigation on your part will disclose every word to be true. Our strong loyalty to our country and interest in what becomes of our organization in the future prompts us to report to you certain background information regarding J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI."

Perhaps the most amusing story of FBI mismanagement relates to the kidnapping of Kenneth John Young in Los Angeles last year. Ransom in the amount of a quarter of a million dollars was paid to the kidnapper under the direct supervision of the FBI. Yet the kidnapper escaped from the scene and has not as yet been apprehended. The Los Angeles agents recount the tragedy/comedy in this fashion: "He (Grapp) very badly botched the Kenneth John Young kidnapping case here in Los Angeles which occurred April 2, 1967. \$250,000 ransom was paid for the safe return of the victim, under the watchful eyes of the FBI. Grapp's supervision was incredibly stupid. A taxicab used as a cover in the payoff could not keep up with the kidnapper and he was lost. Grapp became hysterical at this point, tied up radio traffic with his obscenities, and instructions could not be gotten to surrounding agents in time to follow and apprehend the kidnapper after release of the victim. Millions of dollars may be spent before this case is ever solved. Gale, mentioned above, was sent to help direct the case, but he is held in as high contempt by the agents as is Grapp. Hoover reportedly threatened both Grapp and Gale if the case is not solved, adding further incentive for the agents NOT to solve it. Unfortunately, Hoover and Grapp refused to tell the Chief of Police in Beverly Hills, where the kidnapping occurred, about the case, hoping for a quick solution and a grab of all the publicity. Now the Chief refuses to touch the case, even though there is no FBI jurisdiction since no state lines were crossed; and the kidnapping victim was not harmed.

This vignette has not yet been presented by ABC-TV in its series starring Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

KANGA - ROO: GO GET IT

There may be a few old timers among you who remember the "Wad" when the Peppermint Lounge and the Coop were the places to go in Georgetown. If there are, you'll almost certainly remember the power behind the group, John Hall, who is probably one of the most musically acclimated people we have ever known, or have had the pleasure of working with. His newest endeavor is called the Kanga-roo and their new album by the same name on MGM (SE-4586) is definitely the best thing to come from the local yokels yet.

John is a Baltimore boy who played around Georgetown for a long time with groups like the Wad, the Briars, and the British Walkers. While playing with the Walkers, John met a young cat from Vienna, Virginia named Teddy Spelies who without a doubt is the best and most original guitarist to come from this area. Along with N. D. (Norman Smart II) and a young lady by the name of Barbara Keith, they put together an album anyone of you will enjoy. (Some of you will dig the shit out of it!)

John, who plays bass, does all the keyboard work and even plays the steel guitar (which incidentally was a Fender Telecaster bottle necked with a vaseline jar, the only thing available at the time.). He wrote all of the songs except five. Some he wrote as long as two years ago. All the songs have surprising chord changes, reminiscent of early Beatles' days.

The Henry's Ted does some riffs on guitar which will give some of you better guitarist Afro-Scalp; John's bass work is incredible N. D., as he now prefers to be known, is a very proficient drummer and also wrote two of the songs on the disc. He has a down-home voice and style of writing. He's an extremely relaxed person on stage and a joy to watch.

The other group member, Barbara, wouldn't have to do anything but stand around to be a worthwhile part of the group, but she also wrote two of the songs and sings them well.

With the exception of the "waa waa" viola played by Rusty Clark on "The Only Thing I Had," most of the unusual instrumental sounds are created by Teddy's guitar.

The songs are as individual as the personalities of the people who wrote them. Barbara's songs reflect the dreamy, melancholy side of the group, while N. D.'s songs have a good-timey flavor tasting of his jug band days with the group called Be Grampus. "Happy Man", written by Ted, contains probably the best guitar work of any of the cuts, combined with pleasant lyrics. The remainder of the songs, which were written by John, have an inimitable style which you can recognize anywhere.

All in all, their music produces a dynamic and beautiful effect, and that's about all we can say.

FLA. Free Press: Needs Love & \$\$\$

Dear Friends,

The Florida Free Press has never been in such dire straits. We desperately need money for our defense.

Robert Fierstein was bonded out Wednesday. His fellow-prisoners -- mostly blacks, ironically enough -- forced him to cut his hair with threats that they would gang up on him and fuck him in the ass if he didn't. Whenever he dozed off, they spread toilet paper over him and set it on fire. All kinds of shit like that.

The Federal Narcotics Bureau has decided to file suit against me to keep my car on the grounds that it was used to transport contraband. All this jazz is fucking phony. The Miami Beach cops planted the dope and added more after impounding the car to strengthen their case.

One of us remains in jail. Bill Bucolo hasn't been bonded

out yet and he remains on a hunger strike.

We now have three cases pending: obscenity, possession, and the suit.

Can you do anything to help us?

I spoke before a small group of Florida radicals this week and managed to raise \$31. Twenty-five of which was given by a kind commie. As a result of the CP donation, our lawyer, Barry Taran, wants to bow out of the case for fear of being labeled a commie. We're getting fucked all over the place.

Our copy, ads, and the rest of the world was in the car at the time of the plant and I have yet to get it back.

Kill a Cop for Christ,
Romeo

8233 Nebraska Avenue
Tampa, Florida 33604

Drug Addiction Treatment and Rehabilitation Center

Interview by Marilyn Ecker

On March 4, 1968, the new DATRC, operated by the Department of Public Health, accepted its first patient at 1825 13th Street, N. W. Mr. Rimsky Atkinson is well-qualified to serve as the Project Director, holding degrees in psychiatric social work from American and Howard Universities; and previously held positions at at The Receiving Home for Children, Lorton Reformatory, the D. C. Juvenile Court, and on the faculty of Howard University. His staff at the DATRC consists of a physician, psychiatrist, nurse, recreational therapist, social worker, chemist, two psychologists, and ten ex-addicts.

Mr. Atkinson states that the Center's purpose is to be "a marriage between addicts, ex-addicts, and professionals", and that "communication is the name of the game".

All of the patients are volunteers, accepted only when their motivation towards cure is strong. The clinic tries to find productive outlets for its patients by combining group therapy, medication when needed, and supportive therapy as long as necessary. The personnel will assist in finding jobs for people when

indicated, and they also sponsor two residential half-way houses for those requiring more intensive care. Patients may be sent initially to either D. C. General Hospital or Saint Elizabeth's Hospital for therapy during withdrawal, and then returned to the Center for completion of the program. There is currently no charge for care, although this policy may change in the future.

The Center has many small offices and conference areas, and a lovely recreation room complete with music, table-tennis, a pool table, and a canteen. The walls are decorated with colorful drawings and posters created by the patients. It is open daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. and has telephone advice 24 hours a day at: 234-5828.

Mr. Atkinson urges those with a drug problem to visit the Center. "Taking drugs is like playing Russian Roulette: You never know just when something serious is going to happen. We do not advocate maintenance on drugs such as methadone, although that is preferable to stealing in order to support a habit. It is like treating a Sterno drinker with vodka: he will still be an alcoholic."

COMPLAINT CENTER

The Institute for Political Service to Society, Inc., is a non-profit service organization formed in early April and contracted by the District Government for a four month study to determine how quickly and adequately the 33 District Agencies respond to citizens' grievances.

In May, IPSS helped to establish a city hall telephone complaint center (call 393-3333) which operates 24 hours a day, an answering service taking the calls at night. Each call to the center is turned over to the proper District Agency after necessary information is taken.

D. C. radio stations gave

IPSS free public service spots in order to publicize the complaint number. The number remains in operation and the response of the public is good.

IPSS staff and volunteers monitored the complaint calls for a 2month period ending in mid-July, as the first phase of the study. In the second follow-up phase, all persons who used the complaint number are being contacted to determine how their complaints were responded to. The staff hopes to reach as many as 80% of the callers in this way.

The final report will probably be in the Mayor's hands in September and likely be made public.

DRUG SEMINAR

On Tuesday evenings, Sept. 10 & 24, an open seminar on the nature and treatment of drug abuse in adolescents, and the related psycho-social problems of generational revolt, will be discussed at the Interface Community Clinic (located at the Georgetown Lutheran Church, Wisconsin & Volta) by three of our consulting psychiatrists: Dr. Barbara Beaven, administrator of the drug-abuse ward at Saint Elizabeth's Hospital; Dr. Carl Salzman, a psycho-pharmacologist with extensive experience concerning psychedelic drugs; and Dr. Ricardo Galbis, a

child psychiatrist whose specialty is adolescent problems, and who has worked with me all year voluntarily in dealing with psychiatric problems among Washington's "underground community". We hope physicians will use these evenings, starting at 8:00 p. m., as an opportunity to discuss with their colleagues and the local hippie and underground people who attend some of the medical and psychological problems, and difficulties they might have encountered or anticipate in their work with our clinic.

S. Brown, M.D.

WE GO TO THE BACK MOUNTAINS OF VICTORY OR DEATH

(LNS) Following the murder of Che Guevara by the Bolivian Army, there has been considerable discussion about the viability of the model of revolutionary struggle which Che followed. Some have said that Che's death and the apparent quashing of the guerrillas in Bolivia constitute proof that this strategy cannot succeed.

A reply to those critics has been made in a communique released in Havana, issued from the headquarters of the National Army of Liberation of Bolivia.

The manifesto was signed by Inti Peredo, now the political leader of the Bolivian guerrilla movement. The first guerrilla headquarters in Bolivia was a farm which Inti Peredo and his brother, Coco, since slain in a clash with the Bolivian Army Rangers, had rented for that purpose.

Peredo's message also contained a critique of the role of the Communist Party, as failing to give meaningful support to the guerrilla. This indictment parallels the break that the Venezuelan and Guatemalan guerrilla movements have made in the past year with the Communist Parties of their respective nations.

In this special message, which LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE publishes on the anniversary of the Cuban Revolution, Inti Peredo affirms that the Bolivian guerrilla has not been crushed, and that the struggle goes on to victory or death.

A Communique from the National Army of Liberation of Bolivia:

The Bolivian guerrilla is not dead. It has just begun. The Bolivian guerrilla is in full progress, and we will not hesitate to predict the triumph of the revolutionary forces that will establish socialism in Latin America, as the brilliant conclusion of the guerrilla.

Our country has lived essentially a revolutionary experience of unsuspected continental dimensions. The beginning of our fight has been accom-

panied by a tragic adversity. We have suffered a heavy blow in the irreparable physical loss of our friend, companion and comandante Ernesto Che Guevara, and many other guerrillas. They, who constituted the most pure and noble of the generations of our continent, did not hesitate a single instant in offering for the sake of human redemption what little they were able: their lives. Yet, rather than deter us, these painful events strengthen our revolutionary consciousness, intensify our resolve for the just struggle, and cause us to forge, in the hard and cruel crucible of war, new combatants and leaders who will give honor and pay tribute to the glory of those now fallen.

We know why we struggle. We do not make war for the sake of war. We are not a group of visionaries. We do not fight for personal or partisan ambitions. We have faith in man as a human being.

Our only and final goal is the liberation of Latin America, which is not only our continent, but also our fatherland, temporarily fragmented into twenty republics.

We are convinced that the dream of Bolivians and of Che to unite Latin America politically and geographically, can only be achieved through armed struggle, the only just and honest, glorious and irreversible road which will motivate the people. No other form of struggle is more pure. And on the road of the armed struggle, the guerrilla is the most effective and correct method.

Thus, as long as there is an honest man in Latin America, the guerrilla will not die; the armed struggle will develop vigorously until the entire mass of people acquire consciousness and rise in arms against the common enemy, North American imperialism.

And the Bolivian guerrilla has not died; it is barely beginning.

II

Friends and foes of the revolution have analysed, with greater or less intensity, from one and many points of view, the complex problem of the guerrilla episode which took place in our country. Guided by base interests, they all arrive at the narrow and partial conclusion that in Bolivia the guerrilla is not the method which should be followed to take power.

Dishonest documents have been submitted, distorted and malicious reports have been given; and thus they have been successful in part, in confusing world public opinion about these facts. But what they have

not been able to do is to break the faith and will of the revolutionary forces in our country. The clearest and most categorical proof is that our Army of National Liberation (ELN) has remained, and remains, loyal and firm in the struggle, despite the passing difficulties which confront us.

It becomes my task, thus, by circumstance, to explain to the revolutionaries of this country and of the whole continent, the reasons why we, even when we have recently lost a battle, insist on our position of acknowledging the guerrilla as the most effective and surest to taking power. Any one of our comrades in this contest who fought and fell heroically would have done the same.

I do this without considering myself for even a moment the immediate successor of the comrade Che Guevara. That would be much too high and exalted an honor for me. I act, rather, as an accidental inheritor of the last and thus most valuable teachings of the greatest and most inspired Latin American revolutionary.

I have hope that this document will go on to enrich the cumulative revolutionary experience of our countries in their struggle for national liberation, and make no pretense at any time of justifying our errors.

Nor is this a lament, or the complaint of a solitary survivor of the guerrilla struggle. It is, on the contrary, the frank expression of the forces of the National Army of Liberation, which represents our people and which actually holds the real, firm and objective conviction that within the armed struggle, the guerrilla is the specific method which presents the broadest perspective to make concrete our ideals of liberty, freedom and social justice.

It has been cleverly attempted to prove the opposite, arguing that "the guerrillas were crushed" in a relatively brief time.

For us, the guerrilla is a form of struggle which utilizes the people in taking power, requiring as an essential characteristic the guerrilla's prolonged duration. The first stage of all guerrilla struggle consists in the ability to survive until its roots grow deep into the people, particularly the campesinos. From that nucleus it will renew its forces continually until reaching such a degree of development that transforms it into an invincible power. The guerrilla then begins to deal blow upon blow upon the regular army, demoralizing it, and weakening it, until defeating it and destroying

it completely, and with it, the system that it sustains.

The guerrilla movement, in our case, could not go beyond the first stage; but others will come which will emerge and develop fully until crushing the enemy.

Our critics conclude, in view of this circumstantial fact, that the road is the wrong one. They neither touch upon nor want to analyse the causes which led to our partial and momentary defeat; and they do not want to do this because they will be forced to judge themselves. They contemplated our struggle from afar, and further; they isolated it totally, refused any cooperation, and carried on antiguerrilla propaganda in the midst of their militancy. Later, to salvage an anti-imperialist appearance, they sent communiques of "solidarity" with the guerrilla struggle. But in fact, the "solidarity" was translated into simple, empty words of obligated moral support to a small group of "romantic dreamers."

Dreamers yes. But dreamers who constituted the only force in Bolivia which seriously proposes to take power by and for the people.

The leadership of the PCB (Bolivian Communist Party) talks of the preparation of the party to take power in "all ways." In taking power, the entire mass of people should and must participate. Thus the people must be made ready for it and one cannot talk to them about "all" the ways when one of them is being prepared and carried out. When a political party or a group proposes to take power it chooses a certain method; the contrary is not to think seriously of taking power.

They gratuitously pretend that guerrilla life is dying because of the first defeat and insist on the possibility of the "democratic" or reformist way, despite the continued failures it has suffered.

Let us dismiss the electoral problem. This cannot be the road to taking power for any serious revolutionary in Bolivia or in any other Latin American country.

How many peaceful demonstrations in which thousands and thousands of workers and common people have been violently suppressed by the repressive government machine, inflicting hundreds of casualties. Still fresh in our minds are acts of May and September 1965, in which the humble and defenseless miners, offering practically no resistance, were brutally assassinated. There are the bloody events of San Juan 1967, when again miners

WILL MAKE BOLIVIA TREMBLE

were assassinated in cold blood while at the same time our guerrilla, with scarcely a few men, dealt hard blows to the same army, causing serious casualties and demoralizing it internally.

We are not enemies of the people's struggle for their vindication, but we are certain that it will be much more fruitful and effective if they confront a government frightened and weakened by the actions of a guerrilla foco.

This guerrilla foco is the one that demonstrates to the people with deeds that it is possible to confront the might of imperialism and of its puppets; and that not only is it possible to confront it, but it is possible to defeat it.

The people and particularly the campesinos do not support something which is not real for them. To expect the support of the campesinos for the armed struggle when it does not exist is to play at insurrection, as do some "theorists" of the armed struggle who previously demanded the massive support of the campesinos. The campesinos will only support guerrilla foco in concrete ways when it shows them its strength.

For these reasons the objective of the first stage of the guerrilla struggle is to strengthen itself, to survive in the terrain of operations, with the aid given them from the cities constituting an essential factor. In our case, that help was denied by the political forces told about the existence of our movement.

The parties that pretend to be the vanguard of our people in an anti-imperialist struggle have the duty to be honest and to render an account of their actions to the people. They also have the duty to admit their errors if they consider that they have erred, or to explain their conduct if they consider it just.

How could these parties pay homage to the fallen guerrillas if they attacked them when they were preparing for the struggle?

How could Monje have alerted the militants of his party against a "fractional group" which was departing from the "line" and that for the same reason Zamora expelled from the pro-Chinese P.C.B., companero Moises Guevara, who with a group joined the guerrilla struggle.

The people expect and demand an explanation for this duplicity.

We do not pretend to blame

for the result of the first episode. What we seek is to establish the historic responsibilities of the parties that present themselves in our country as anti-imperialist fighters.

Some think we are a disbanded force. They deceive themselves. We are intent on the task of reorganizing our armed cadres and we will return to continue the struggle in the mountains, because we firmly believe that this is the only road which will lead us to the liberation of our people, and of Latin America, from the talons of Yanqui imperialism.

We are not seeking to organize a political party.

We will finally structure an armed force capable of confronting and defeating the army, which is the prime sustaining instrument of the present government in our country.

Nor will we be the armed wing of any political party.

We are fully convinced that guerrilla does not constitute an auxiliary instrument to any other "superior form of struggle". On the contrary we believe, and international experience proves to us, that this form of struggle will lead to the emancipation of our people.

The different forces that pose national liberation as their goal will unite in the heat of the struggle, and militants of the different parties will incorporate themselves into our Army of National Liberation (ELN). Then, the true alliance of anti-imperialist forces will be a reality.

The forces of the left will come to unite around the guerrilla foco and help it. Our brief experience has already demonstrated this reality.

All the leaderships of the political parties of popular origin whose militancy demands clear and anti-imperialistic action found themselves obligated to support the guerrilla movement. We realize the support was formal, but when the guerrilla movement manages to achieve its first stage, the masses will force them to turn this formal assistance into actual assistance, lest they be totally isolated and lacking a base from which to lead.

Only then will the political instrument needed by the people to conduct their future government emerge.

The liberation of our people cannot be the work of a single group or of a single political party. In that, we concur with the leftist parties. We need a

Our brief experience has demonstrated that in a few months of armed struggle it was possible to advance this front to a far greater degree than in all the years of sitting at round table discussions.

In fact, all the parties that expressed their sympathies, whether they wanted to or not, were uniting around the guerrilla foco.

The people and only the people will be responsible for giving the title of vanguard to those men who lead them to their liberation.

The struggle that develops in the cities should assist guerrilla action; thus, the city cannot direct the guerrilla. It is the guerrilla, as the armed group, the vanguard of the movement of liberation, that should direct the movement. This happens naturally. To want to do the "contrary" is the same as condemning the guerrilla to ineffectiveness, to make it slow and heavy. In synthesis: to lead it to defeat.

The struggle itself will create its leaders. In it the true leaders of the people will be forged and no one who considers himself honest can demand the leadership or fear that it be taken away from him.

The same prolonged character of the struggle allows that one define a clear consciousness of the goals. The forces polarize, and the fundamental enemy, Yankee imperialism, shows its whole substance. The people clearly see how imperialism demands greater discipline from its puppets and does not allow masked positions.

Imperialism is not ready to hand over its markets, to leave its colonies. Thus, the people must prepare for a hard and prolonged struggle. To think that we are going to take power without making sacrifices is to create illusions and conformism among the people.

In summary: it is not violence for the sake of violence that we predicate. It is the retaliation against organized oppression, in turn organized to achieve our full freedom.

Soldiers of the Bolivian army fought against our guerrilla following the "instructions" of Yankees experienced in Vietnam and provided with armament and rations of the armies in Argentina and Brazil.

We are sure that when the guerrillas take full form in our country and the regular army feels incapable and impotent to destroy them, the army will receive rapid assistance from the

itary supplies, but also soldiers. But then revolutionary war will broaden and will extend also to those countries producing the same insecurity and incapability in their respective armed forces. This will be the moment in which the great Yankee Pentagon will see itself forced to change its politics of "advice" for the "direct" participation of its troops and each time in greater number, as is the case in Vietnam.

We have lost a battle and in it fell the foremost leader of the oppressed: Comandante Ernesto Che Guevara.

But the war continues and we will never stop it, because we who fought next to Che do not know the word surrender. His blood, and that of the combatants, that irrigated the fields of Bolivia will make the seed of liberation germinate and will convert our continent into a volcano that will spew fire and destruction against imperialism.

We will be the triumphant Vietnam, which Che, romantic, visionary and heroic, loved.

For these ideals we are ready to win or die.

For these ideals Cuban companeros died.

For these ideals Peruvian companeros died.

For these ideals Bolivian companeros died.

Honor and glory to Tania, to Joaquin, to Juan Pablo Chang, to Moises Guevara, to Jorge Vasquez, to Aniceto Reynaga, to Antonio Jimenez, to Coco Paredo, to each one of those who fell with gun in hand, because they understood that, as Che said, "Wherever death might surprise us, it will be welcome, as long as our battlecry has reached a receptive ear, and another hand will reach out to take up our arms, and other men will take up the bittersweet songs to the staccato of machine guns and new cries of war and of victory."

Let imperialism and its lackeys not yet chant victory because the war is not over: it has scarcely begun.

We will go back to the mountains, and again our cry of "victory or death"





The Sport of Kings by Judy Binder

By Jerry Rubin

We were kicked out of the Newport Folk Festival Sunday, then quickly driven to the border by three cops and thrown out of town, "for giving pornographic literature to a nun."

"This story will sound incredible to everyone but those who experienced the Newport Festival firsthand last week end. Even the nun seemed surprised."

Tim Buckley was just finishing his fourth song around 5 PM when I noticed four nuns sitting quietly in box seats a few feet away. I

walked over to give them a copy of the Free Yippie newspaper, a brightly-colored, 10-page paper including drawings, poetry, and spiritual thoughts from our anarchist-revolutionary point of view.

Included in the paper is valuable information like: "How to make a Firebomb." Also an essay on America titled: "America Eats the World For Dessert", and scattered thought like, "The theatre continues. We are life actors, laughing, getting into our flesh, kissing our neighbors, and ridding ourselves of garbage. Our liberated spines are creating an ecological network manifesting itself in a life oriented energy circus without authority systems. We support our inner concepts through action by recognizing that there are no problems, only thing to do."

There was a drawing of a couple making love in the paper and there was one passage which included a slight putdown on nuns. It read, "Who says that rich white America can tell the Chinese what it best? How dare you tell the poor that their poverty is deserved? Fuck nuns: laugh at professors: Disobey your parents: Burn your money: you know life is a dream and all of our institutions are man-made illusions effective because YOU take the dream for reality. The rich are rich because they are thieves and the poor are poor because they are victims, and the future will condemn those who accept the present as reality."

My motivation was not malicious. My purpose was the free exchange of information. I thought the nuns might be interested in our paper. They were. "Thank you," one nun said, smiling graciously. A nun behind her said, "Can I have one too?"

"Don't have any more," I replied. "Can you all share this one?" Before they had a chance to reply a blonde woman in a yellow dress rudely grabbed the paper out of the first nun's hands. The nun and I shared shocked looks. "We'll see the paper later," the embarrassed nun said.

"WHY DID YOU DO THAT?" I screamed at the woman. I was furious. "You can't hand out literature on festival grounds," the woman said. "I am one person and I was giving another person something to read," I said. "Who are you to grab it out of her hands like that?"

"I am Mrs. Sweeney, the wife of the co-director of the festival." Catching her off balance, I grabbed the newspaper out of her hands and returned to my seat with it.

Five minutes later a small army of six festival cops headed by George Wein, director of the Newport Folk Festival, descended on me. Wein's neck was red with anger. "Who are you? Who are you?" he kept asking. He ordered his cops to kick me and Peter Rabbit, who had a stack of yippie materials in his arms, off festival grounds, "and if you come back here we're calling Newport police and putting you in jail."

I wasn't in the best position to argue since I hadn't paid to get into Wein's festival. On my chest was a phony press pass. How can you pay four dollars to hear a concert? It's an outrage. Paying money to hear music turns it into another consumer shuck. How many people can't hear the music cause they can't afford it? Music concerts should be free or run by the community for the community at razor-thin costs. Profit is pornography.

Wein saw the defiance in my eyes: the defiance I feel toward business and businessmen, especially those who live off the movement: there was war in my eyes and war in his eyes.

"Scum, you are scum," he kept shouting. "Get out, stay out." Wein and the cops led us personally to the exit.

Three armed Newport cops arrived. They conferred privately with one of Wein's assistants. Nancy, my girlfriend, then arrived to find out that a lot had happened while she was in the john. "The scum were giving pornographic literature to a nun," Wein repeated. "Hands up and against the car," a Newport cop said to me, Peter and Nancy. (Nancy slipped two joints into her bra, never to be discovered.) We

RUBIN YIPS NUNS AT FOLK FESTIVAL

At the station the captain carefully reads the yippie paper and announces our punishment: immediate banishment from Newport, R.I. The whole thing was ending like a Western movie. Three cops drove us to the border, the ferry out of Newport, and told us: "You have till the next ferry to get out of town. If we see you again, you're going to jail."

Getting kicked out of the festival at least made it worthwhile going to Newport. The only other thing worth remembering happened Friday night after the concert when Phil Ochs and I recognized William Buckley sipping a

beer. We were infatuated with the idea of Buckley come to the Folk Festival, and we irresistibly began following him. A friend of Buckley's stopped him. A crowd of about 100 people began to gather.

Ochs told Buckley that he had just come from singing at a McCarthy rally in Fenway Park in Boston. Ochs said that Pete Seeger also was there, and that this was the first time since Henry Wallace that Seeger had sang for a Presidential candidate.

"You mean the first time since Moscow?" Buckley replied.

"I hope," Buckley continued, winking his famous Buckley wink, "that Pete Seeger will be singing on the Czechoslovakian border to the Russian troops as they come marching through."

"When are you singing at the festival?" Buckley asked Ochs.

"I'm not. I wasn't invited," Ochs said. "I guess I don't fit into the Folk Music Establishment."

"Oh, is there a Folk Music Establishment too?" Buckley said, his eyes twinkling, and a sly look on his face.

At that point George Wein spotted Buckley, and he entered the crowd smiling proudly, like the impresario of a festival which had attracted a celebrity like William Buckley. After introductions, Buckley snapped at Wein: "Why wasn't Ochs invited to sing at your festival?" Wein was caught off guard. Here was right-winger William Buckley asking him in front of left-wing protest singer Phil Ochs and a hundred other people why Ochs was not invited to sing at his festival. Wein passed the buck, saying, "Phil, why didn't you sing?" implying that Ochs had been invited.

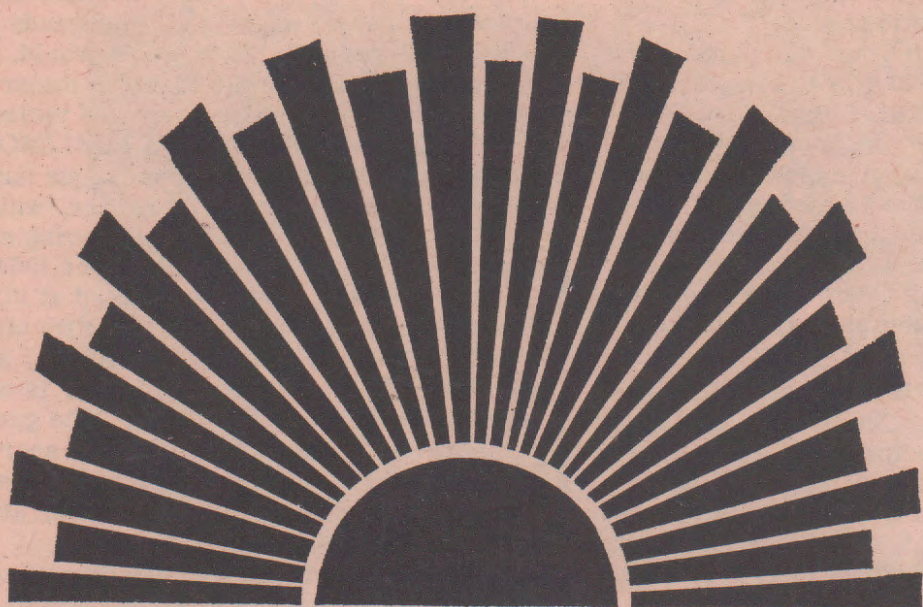
"Why didn't you invite him?" a number of people in the crowd shouted. Wein then invited Buckley to a performers' party and left, embarrassed. Later Ochs, Nancy and I went to the party, but at the door a festival official said, "Phil, get rid of your friends and you can come in." That was the crude tune played all week end: one hassle after another for those who upset the festival decorum. Wherever you went there were officials and cops asking: "Who are you?" "Where is your ticket?" "What is your business?" By Sunday there was hardly a person around who didn't have at least one harassment story to share.

This was all ironical because six yippies and myself had come to Newport to disrupt the Folk Festival. We were inspired by what German SDS did to German left-wing singers at the festival last month in Germany. Midway through the concert SDS jumped on stage and took over the microphone. They called it a "bourgeois festival" and said that people were consuming protest songs the way they consume clothes. "The times are too revolutions for this," one said. After an hour of debate with the audience, they left and the concert continued amidst NLF flags and huge pictures of Ho Chi Minh.

The yippies came to Newport with similar ideas, but with no specific plan. However we quickly picked up on the vibrations: the m.c.'s were talking like camp counselors and the crowd was an audience, docile and accepting. There was no drama or tension in the air.

"It's too dead to disrupt," said one yippie, as he left for New York. I stayed and learned again that no matter what you do, if you look like a nigger, white or black, the festival directors and cops will get you. They may even accuse you of giving pornographic literature to a nun.





newport

THE ATTACK OF THE GIANT FIRE-BREATHING MONEY-GRUBBING MIND FUCKING FOLK MONSTER

Newport 1968: by Jonathan Eberhart

(heavy breathing in background)
Hey, wow, Big Brother's gonna be there!
(yeah! let's do it! what a gas!)
Hey, and Taj Mahal!
(outsight! fantastic! yeah, but what about the folk?)
Well, there's Joan Baez Harris...
(yeah, but what about the folk?)
Well, Richie Havens?
(yeah, but W. A. T. F. ?)
Janis Ian?
(yeah, but...)
Would you believe George Hamilton IV?
(you mean as in A Rose And a Baby Ru---)
I guess so. How about Kweskinmuldaurlymankeithrich
mondandcompany?
(are they throwing in the mayor and the Boston city
council too?)
Well, no, but they will have a member of the Newport
town council and the governor of Rhode Island.
(at the risk of being a drag, WAFT?)
Roy Acuff? Oscar Brand?
(enough. wake me up an hour before you leave. on sec-
ond thought, don't.)

---chapter 2: ex post facto---

Okay, it was the world's biggest hassle. At least at Monterey everyone was stoned. Here only about 65% of the dudes were heads. Although there was easily enough smoke around (despite five kinds of fuzz) to turn on the rest and the Newport town council too.

It's too easy to simply write Newport off as a giant commercial drag, unworkable as a true folk festival and burdened down by its own weight. That's the standard putdown, and Newport has its standard reply (the crowdpleasers pay for the ethnics0). The point is, it ought to be possible to run a large (if not that large) folk festival without all the hang-ups that seem to surface during George Wein's annual folkathon.

"There are no screens," wrote Bruce Jackson (I think) in the introduction to this year's 44-page program, "other than the ones we put around ourselves, to keep us from knowing one another during this summer week." Well, no screens except press passes, kin passes, performer passes, courtesy passes, restricted areas, 10 zillion miles of fence and of course all the people. Like, Times Square on New Year's Eve may be a groove (and then again...), but it's hardly designed for empathy.

So let's not kid anybody. Newport is bound and determined to be an extravaganza--folk music just the way De Mille would have loved it. The only reason there's any point at all in discussing it is that there are ways to have big folkings without all the ulceration.

I freely admit that two of the three groups I really went to Newport to see were electric--Taj Mahal's blues band and an acid--country--desert-rock band called Kaleidoscope. But that doesn't mean that they should have been there. The '67 Monterey Pop Festival and its abortive successor this year hardly provided adequate outlet for the kind of music around which they were designed. I would much rather have seen such groups at an East Coast pop festival (or in clubs, but lots of luck with that in D.C.), which would have had the dual advantages of putting them in their own element and leaving the folk festival for the people that bend that way.

I'm not putting down either kind of audience--it's just that the scope of the two kinds of music is so different that they clash, rather than five and take. There are an awful lot of ex-folkies in rock bands today, of course, but even so, the visceral elements of rock are alien from those of most of folk music. That doesn't mean that the latter has no gut appeal--it certainly has. But the audiences are different, they respond to different things.

Of course, the other way to review a festival is simply to report on the performers--Doc Watson was a gas. Fred McDowell again demonstrated his ability with a bottle neck --but what difference does that make? Except for gratifying somebody's name drop syndrome, there's not much point. A festival is a phenomenon, a happening, a gadget invented for one of two reasons. One reason (and seldom a good one in the case of folk festivals) is to make money for the promoters. The other is to give people a chance to hear performers whom they would not otherwise experience.

And here is where Newport has lost its grip. By far the majority of the festival's time was divided among: commercial groups (Big Brother), city folk, (Richie Havens et al, who may represent a valid extension of folk music, but who also already have the largest chance for exposure in urban clubs, concerts, etc.) and nepotium folk (how many Lyman's are there?). Even the traditional performers had almost all made several previous appearances at festivals in the same part of the country. When the Folk Boom (sorry about that) taught people the names of Doc Watson and Jean Ritchie, did the collectors who had been people-hunting in the hills just stop looking?

So there's a lot to criticize. That didn't seem to keep the crowds down. The Newport Folk Festival is a spectacular, and being right in the middle of it is pretty wild. And of course with all those minutes of condensed music, there were bound to be a lot of good ones--and there were. My only complaint is that the good moments happened largely despite the festival, rather than because of it (except that it did pay transportation for the performers).

Who knows? I might just go next year.

by Cephas S. Brown

As soon as the Vietnamese war is over and done with, then the Southern African racial conflict, which involves Portuguese Angola and Mozambique, Rhodesia, South-west Africa, South Africa, and the newly-independent South African satellites, will come to the fore and will be discussed as the important international issue it is.

The liberation movements now operating against white imperialist domination of these Southern African nations have already formed loosely knit but effective multi-party alliances to combat the destructive effect of splinter groups. The Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA), the Mozambique Liberation Front (FRELIMO), the African Party for the Independence of Guinea and Cape Verde (PAIGC), the Zimbabwe (Rhodesia) African People's Union (ZAPU), and the South African National Congress (ANC) have all come together under the umbrella of a loose interterritorial organization called the Conferencia das Organizações Nacionalistas dos Colonias Portuguesas (CONCP). Theirs are much more ideological links rather than formal structures.

In Angola, Dr. Agostinho Neto, a talented physician and poet, in leader of MPLA, a revolutionary group comprising the various splinter groups that had flourished under Western Press encouragement in neighboring Congo-Kinshasa. MPLA's strongest appeal remains in the urbanized sectors of the Kimbundu speaking community of 1.1 million in north central

Angola. In the north, MPLA units have been engaged in sporadic actions since 1961. In the Eastern region of the Angolan panhandle that juts into Zambia, MPLA has been recruiting Angolan refugees and emigres for military training in Eastern Europe, and since early 1967, MPLA's well-armed guerrilla forces were generally agreed to be ambushing Portuguese forces and sabotaging bridges, roads, and river barges on the upper Zambezi and Lunguenvungue rivers. They ranged widely over the sparsely-populated grasslands of Eastern Angola.

Ever since January 1964, when MPLA had the honor of a visit by Che Guevara and a cadre of Cuban instructors, despite a number of desertions and other reactionary activities from traitors, the Angolan revolutionary movement has established primary schools and medical centers in such liberated portions as the miniscule territory of Cabinda. By mid-1966, MPLA forces claimed that they had killed 1500 Portuguese soldiers, and new fronts had been opened in northern and eastern Angola.

In 1967, an estimated 400,000 refugees "vacated--and thus left vacant--large areas of Northern Angola," where the Portuguese army had created a rule of terror through the use of U.S.-supplied napalm, mines, and bullets, and sought sanctuary in the Congo. Holden Roberto used this mass exodus as a source for the formation of an exile government under the banner of his Governo Revolucionario de Angola no Exilio (GRAE). A GRAE refugee school and medical center,

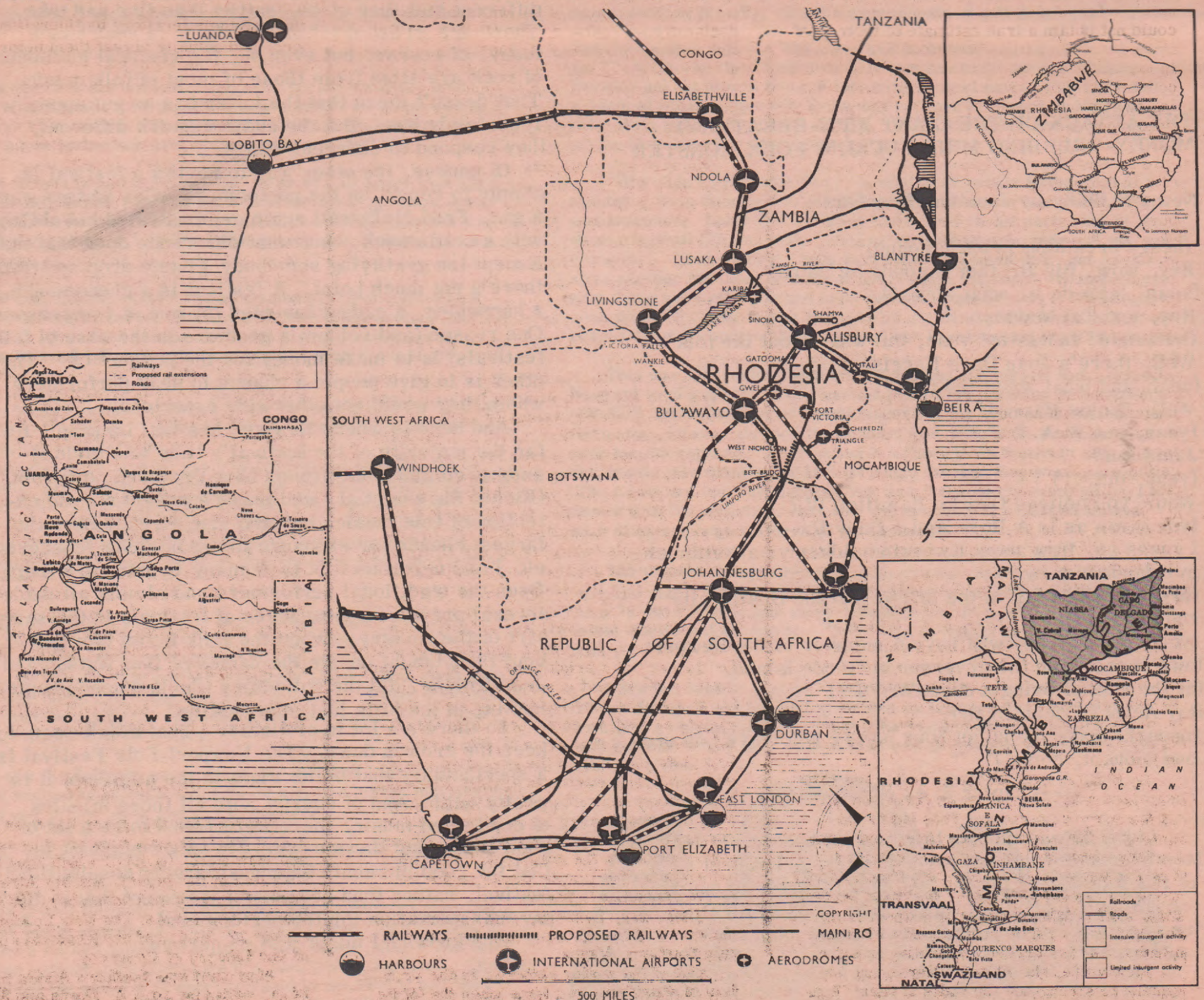
together with an army base, became the center of much fanfare and propaganda prestige for Roberto in the Western World.

Meanwhile Portugal's claim to ownership of Mozambique is being contested violently by Dr. Eduardo Mondlane's FRELIMO. Revolutionary action in Mozambique has been going on for seven years now, while military insurgents have been moving southward from bases in Tanzania since 1964. The FRELIMO army is estimated at 10,000 strong. Although the majority of its officers are still trained outside the country, approximately 80% of all enlisted training is now conducted inside Mozambique. The guerrilla commander whose identity is kept secret, is a 30-year-old student very well versed in the theories of Mao Tse-Tung, Che, and General Grivas.

Support for FRELIMO has come from large segments of the Makonde, Nianja, and Ajaua tribes living in the Niassa, Cabo Delgado, Tete and Zambezia provinces. FRELIMO influences are also felt as far south as the Coastal city of Lourenco Marques. Fighting goes on in one-third of the country, and a total population of almost one million in that northern area is under the virtual control of his organization's "Shadow Government."

"Today", wrote an eyewitness to the Mozambique struggle, Lord Kilbraken, on September 29 and 30, 1966, in the Rhodesia Herald and Chronicle, "the battle zone stretches some 20 to 40 miles inland along almost all of Mozambique's border". The FRELIMO, a Vietcong in miniature, are a tough and elusive

Southern Africa





REVOLUTION

enemy. They generally operate in very small units, often of only half a dozen men. He could not obtain a true estimate of their total strength/ "They (the FRELIMO) are at home in the jungle and bush, where they live off the country, striking silently at night, withdrawing swiftly into the dense cover if the Portuguese reply in strength." The Portuguese have gun-boats patrolling Lake Malawi and have an air-supported army of 45,000 operating in Mozambique alone.

The protracted war of liberation in neighboring Rhodesia, aimed at regaining the lost glory of what was once Zimbabwe, a nation which had reached the highest form of civilization--that of peace--from the eleventh century until the arrival of the white man, has been going on for a long time, notably since 1958 when nearly every urban center experienced a shock wave of rioting by the indigenous populace. By the following year Sir Edgar Whitehead, then Prime Minister of the beleaguered British colony, recognizing the true meaning of the "winds of change" then blowing fiercely across the African continent, called out government troops, banned the African political group then known as the National Congress (ANC), and loaded every nationalist leader, from village chairman to the top ranks of the party into army trucks for detention camps and prisons.

A time of dissident African parties followed, instigated by freshly returned idealistic students who had seen life abroad. With the formation of the National Democratic Party (NDP) on January 1, 1960, a new wave of African insurrections in the urban centers ended in what seemed to be a major concession from the settler government, which immediately called for a constitutional conference in London.

By 1961, radical elements within the NDP organized acts of sabotage on their own without the party's approval. This led to the banning of the party in December, and more leaders within the country were detained. The Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU) which succeeded NDP under the same leadership, still retains nationwide support from the Africans. ZAPU was banned within nine months, and is currently operating in exile.

Meanwhile, the white settlers were beginning to strengthen the walls of their "laager"

ahead to preserve their "way of life."

With the coming of the white unilateral declaration of independence (UDI) from British rule on November 11, 1965--"a unilateral declaration of war" in the eyes of the Africans--a number of those Africans considered politically dangerous were again screened and detained indefinitely, or left the country to form exiled outposts from which they continued to infiltrate into the country, causing havoc. There is an estimated 5,000 Africans in concentration camps in Rhodesia today. The Zimbabwe liberation offensive has now reached its final stage. The people will continue to fight until the day of victory, despite the absence of their leadership. Violent uprisings are reported going on daily, and the white dictators have resorted to news censorship to avoid nationwide panic within the white community.

Beginning with the UDI, ZAPU joined up forces with the South African National Congress (ANC), which eventually shall reach the final destination further south. Last August a major offensive by a joint force of ZAPU-ANC guerrilla fighters was followed by another in March of this year which is still raging. Most recently, the Rhodesian regime has resorted to recruiting high school and college students (white) from age 17 upwards, according to the regime's own propaganda pamphlet called Rhodesian Commentary. Sources within the country confirm reports that European mercenaries, notably from West Germany, have been coming in to protect the "laager" at a brisk pace. This may very well be the illegal government's last stand, for at a recent meeting in Bulawayo, the regime's second-in-command, John Wrathall, announced that some 19,000 Africans lost their jobs due to the so-called worldwide economic sanctions against Rhodesia, and Anthony Astrachan of the Washington Post presents a very bleak picture of the country's economy. "Terrorism from the armed police in the countryside has only helped bring the people closer to the incoming freedom fighters."

There are, however, many setbacks to the cause of the Africans now fighting to regain Southern Africa.

One of the major setbacks is the problem of dissidents at a time when the White

a strong "unholy alliance". In Angola, myriads of African opportunists abound. In Mozambique, they have only been minimized by the existence of FRELIMO's leader, Dr. Mondlane. But in Zimbabwe and South Africa, where the top leadership is still in detention there is much fertile ground for "intellectual" defectors whose ambitions are usually fed by the existence of much outside encouragement.

Other obstacles exist within the newly-independent African nations, such as Malawi and Botswana, who refuse transit through their territory by liberation fighters, and actually arrest them before they get to their destinations.

The white imperialist world is also behind the Southern African regimes, and NATO openly provides them with military equipment. Various clandestine methods are used to transmit these arms. The U.S. CIA smuggles bombers and napalm to Portugal, and the Saturday Evening Post of July 2, 1966, carried a report on one such clandestine action. The mock case which later followed in the U.S. law courts against the few well-known smugglers simply fell through on October 14, 1966. (See the Washington Daily News, same date.)

On the African side, however, the OAU's Liberation Committee of Five channels almost all of whatever economic, equipment and training aid is provided largely by the non-Western world, where the liberation movements maintain headquarters and branches.

What the reactionary forces of the world fail to understand is that with the breakdown of the Vietnam war now on the horizon, the final showdown which must come to a head some day will necessarily engulf the rest of Southern Africa in a racial blood-bath which will possibly affect the rest of the world, especially those segments still retaining some interests (at the cost of practical genocide against the African peoples) in Southern Africa.

There is a racial war going on in Southern Africa. And it will continue until the Africans have won. Time is on their side.

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Material for this paper has been borrowed freely from a number of newspapers and periodicals (most of which have been indicated in the paper), notably Africa Report, February and November, 1967, and other recent issues; The New Leader, November 22, 1965; and the Rhodesian papers at the Library of Congress.

Also used was Southern Africa in Transition, edited by John A. Davis and James

CHILDREN'S PAGE

TOMORROW



Faith to know that Sun will rise

Tomorrow

the eastern sky

And sleep will end

When morning birds

Seek out your window

As they laugh and fly

Tomorrow

Is another chance to live the

Dream the night before

And turn your sorrow into joy--

Tomorrow, if you try.

- Peter Novick

BUBBLES



I think sometimes that bubbles

Are shining fragile dreams

That when with precious wind are born

May set a goal both kind and high

But meeting with the smallest thorn

They burst apart and die.

-Robin Jones

ONLY IN THE RAIN

Swimming in a lake of ice cream,

Flying with cinnamon wings,

Climbing over sea horse valleys

When crystal flowers sing.

Only when it's raining

Only in the rain

Can a child climb a

And drive a railroad train

Only when it's raining

Only in the rain

Will you see the sky from far up high

and do anything you try.

Peter Novick

BY THE SEA



"Do you
make ships
wreck on
the rocks
where you
sing?" I

asked her, feeling sand between my toes.

"Oh, no," she laughed, "I swim the seas and sing my songs
to silver fishes. But when the sun is shining, I come here
to see the ocean wearing diamonds."

Then she sighed, "Sometimes I wish I had toes to feel
the sand between."

"And I," I said, but she was gone.

"And I" I thought, "wish sometimes I could sing
my songs to silver fishes."

-Robin Jones

YOUR BROTHER



Your brother is a person
just like you

Feeling all the good times

That you do

Exploring what is lavender

And blue

Your brother is a person

Just like you.

Your brother built a sailboat

Which he let you sail

And then he took you walking

Near the juniper and quail,

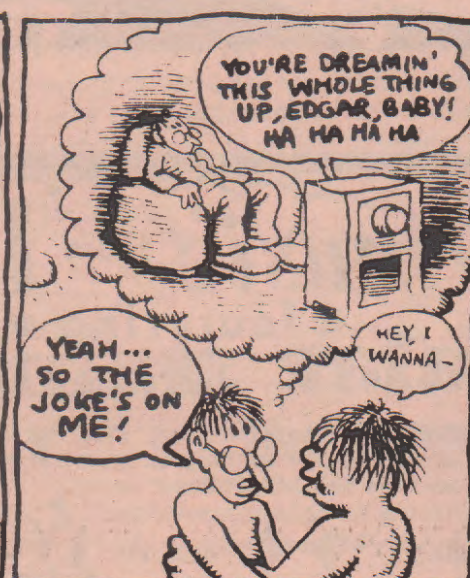
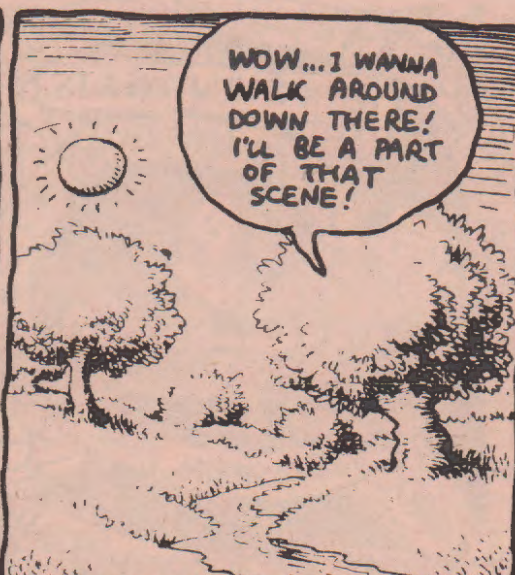
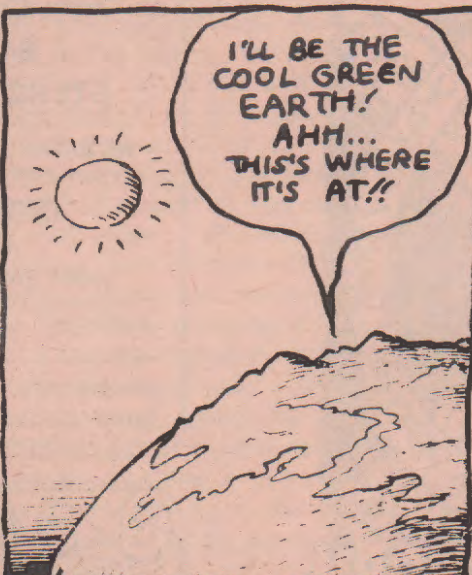
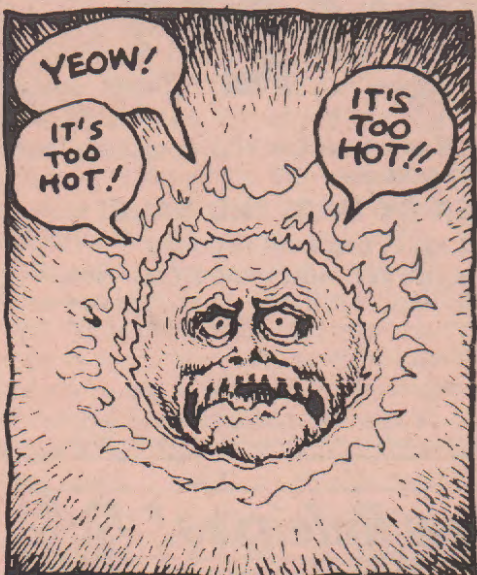
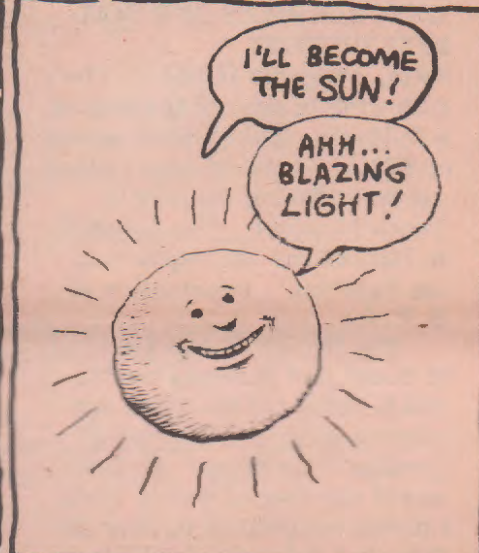
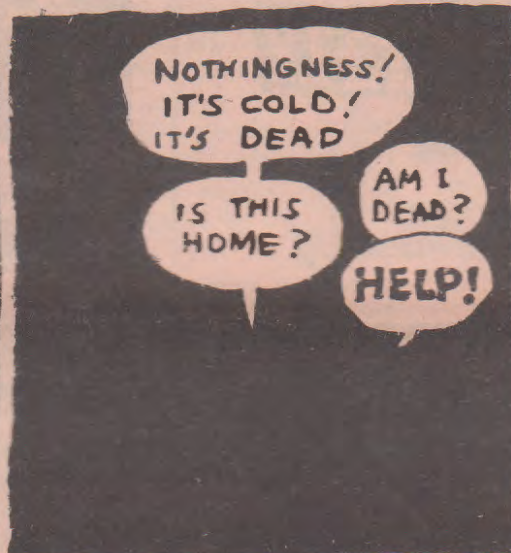
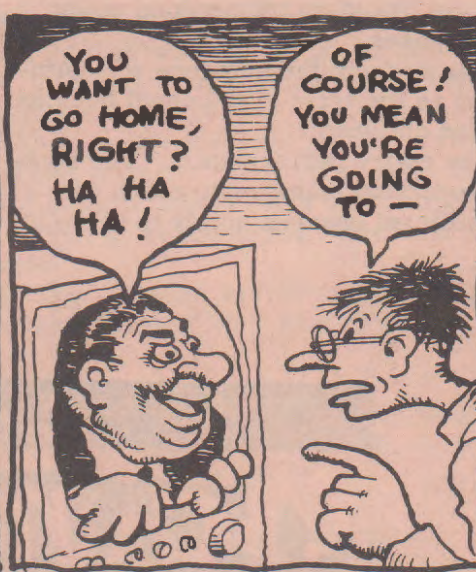
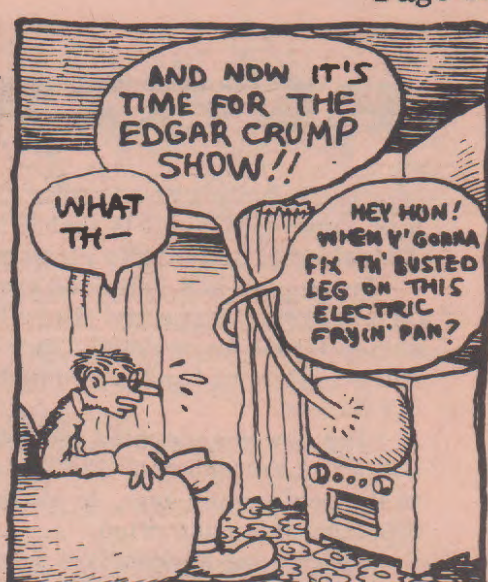
He may seem really different

It may seem that you're two

But really

It's no secret

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pop fest

Ah, P Street Beach: Land of enchantment, flowers, Narcs and people. Sounds of bells, laughter, and (more or less, probably less) 27 assorted bands, groups, guitars and hair.

The "Washington Pop Music Festival"—another case of naming a phenomenon before it happens. Whether or not it was a "Pop Music Festival", it was phenomenal in that people (maybe 3,500) experienced an atmosphere of something that can only be called a lack of "up-tightness", or for the more idealistic, a great deal of love people, who rarely crawl out of their caves and out of their trese, and out of the suburbs. The cave dwellers, tree climbers and suburbanites with smiles and hugs and nods and peace signs and beads and it was all "summer of love-like". Almost.

Wandering around, over and through all those bodies was a pleasureable test of equilibrium. Arms, legs, breasts, knees, blankets and heads of all ages were everywhere. What were they doing? Some (a small sum) were dancing, a many were grooving on wandering around looking at each other, trying to keep their cool (it was really hot) by not being too friendly or happy, many were grooving on their friends on blankets on the grass. But almost everybody was showing symptoms of that great East-coast sickness: The music is really cool and the drummer is really great and I feel good and I really want to DANCE but I'm too inhibited to do it in front of a lot of people in broad daylight—it is. Maybe everybody was too stoned to move and maybe they were grooving on just sitting there and letting the sounds bounce through their heads, or maybe it was too hot or maybe people here just don't dig dancing too much; but if you looked really close, you could see arms twitching and legs jerking and fingers thumping and heads nodding to the beat groups like the Fallen Angels, what's left of the Hangmen, Bunky McCreary with the Expressions, Jambo and A Host Of Others. So maybe there's hope for us yet.

Climbing over bodies toward the shade-giving trees became a small Exodus of individuals seeking other water-sharers. It was fantastic? The change in what was once call vibrations (a word so overworked that no self-respecting head uses it any more, but that's O.K., I'll use it anyway), was so abrupt it was a little hard to assimilate at once. Beautiful children sitting on rocks in the swirling water; beautiful children on the banks of the creek, or up in the trese, all smiling and holding hands and throwing pebbles, smiling, and holding hands and throwing pebbles into the water. Beautiful children who had tired of the sun or being told not to stand on the dance floor (isn't the whole world a dance floor?) or of groups that began to differ from each other only in how bored or bad they sounded or of being packed into a relatively hot and unhappy sardine can, all sat in thegreentogther. There, the focus wasn't on the music, but rather on the water, the trees, and each other. Sometimes the music weaved its baskets through the leaves and tripped with the water—but mostly it was the splashing of the creek and the splashing of us. It started with throwing rocks so that they would land in the water in front of someone to splash him a little. It ended with many children in the I-don't-care-if-it's-polluted-or-not-water swimming and feeling and laughing and street clothes getting soaked and building the most delicious dam across that creek out of the biggest rocks and the smallest chicks carrying them that I've every seen.

Whatever we felt for the music or the water or each other was there, and it was real. Perhaps, from the ashes of all those earlier dreams, a stronger, lasting Freedom is rising.

FESTIVAL of



by Terry Becker

Tripping as an art form leaves something to be desired.

This was true at the "Festival of Lights" performance put on by Nicholson Hecht last Saturday (Aug. 10) at St. Stephen's Incarnation Church. Many of Washington's hippies came to see what they thought would be a light show, but instead turned out to be an entertainment idea new to D.C., and idea both novel and boring.

The scene was the altar area of St. Stephens. A green carpeted, circular, slightly raised platform, almost like a portable golf green, provided the stage. On the middle of the platform squatted a large grey V-shaped rock that resembled a peace sign, a hammock-cradle, or cupped hands. It was up to the audience to interpret it. Around this symbol the evening revolved.

WITNESS: a procession of dancers costumed as Pancho Villa, a butterfly man with wings, an Arab, a pirate, a fairy out of Walt Disney, a Christ, a leprechaun, and others contorting, leaping, and rolling on the stage.

HEAR: a very low base guitar, a tamboura, a recorder, drums, an organ, singers, hummers, and clapper all blasting away or softly intoning singly or in combination.

TASTE: homemade dark bread and wine passed around for communion.

SMELL: incense wafted to the audience by the whitetwirling arms of a bare-chested, red-sashed dancer.

Mix all of this sensory stimulation together and you get a porridge which, depending upon your high, tasted either like ambrosia or fetid, sour milk.

Many people liked it, many didn't. The audience was split between those enraptured in attention and those so bored that they were thumbing through prayer books. Two kids dug their own show, they were having a good feel in a pew several rows up.

Throughout the night, the dancers kneeled on the stage floor or darted back and forth waving their arms, stomping their feet, and kicking their legs in a crescendo of unstructured dancing.

The Christ figure gave a silent Sermon on the Mount and his followers crawled around his feet.

Meanwhile, the audience drifted in and out of the church, receiving bread and wine upon entering, feeling either enthralled or puzzled when they walked out.

Once, the dancers passed a hat; the idea was to put in what you could give, or to take out what you needed. The hat, somehow, got lost.

Washington wasn't ready for the diggers.

An attempt was made at audience participation. After the distribution of bread and wine, the stage was turned over to the audience. The watchers were called upon to become the watched, but the response was disheartening. No one came forth with the expected uninhibited dancing or singing although the audience did leave their seats and congregated around the stage, on the stage, and around the drummer.

Washington wasn't ready for street theater.

The closest everyone came to involvement was when they chanted "love... love... love... love..." or "follow the yellow brick road... follow the yellow brick road..."

Once, everyone clapped for the dancers and the dancers clapped back at them.

Another time, the song "He's got the whole world in his hands" inspired a few people to sing. An element of drama was added to the night with the appearance of a tiny, long-haired girl, aged 3 or 4, who jumped onto the stage and precariously weaved in and out of the dancing, whirling figures, never colliding with anyone. This was her act; she had done it before. Her eyes were immense.

But all in all, the evening was a bust. The dancers had their own show and the audience was excluded despite the frantic efforts of the dancers to include them. The audience was on the outside of a trip looking in—and in order to appreciate it, they would have to have participated, danced, rolled on the floor, sang, and so forth. But no one did.

Yet while the goal of the evening may not have been achieved (i.e. to liberate the audience) the performance was magnificent in its failure, in its attempt to convey the idea that entertainment in its best form means involvement rather than passivity.

Hecht's group tried to get the audience to free their bodies as well as their minds through totally informal and free-form dancing, singing and movement.

So while failing, if failing is the word, the "Festival of Lights" at least illuminated the direction to take. This new art form, like the communion wine passed around, could be distilled much more; the potential for a more powerful draught is there.

Nicholson Hecht's group should come again.

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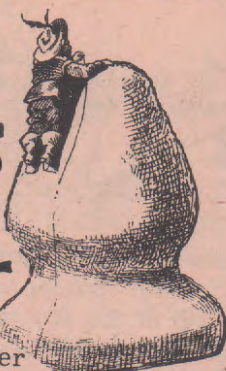
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Aug. 21



SIX INCHES TO BELLEVUE

By Paul Krassner



(LNS) Austin Burton is a distributor of lapel buttons. His favorite one reads "Sterilize LBJ!"

But, as if to indicate that he does not visit the sins of the father upon the son-in-law, Burton sent a present to Luci Baines and Patrick Nugent: a pamphlet advertising a prosthetic device, the "United Artificial Penis," "an authentic reproduction of an adult human penis."

Manufactured of soft, plastic, flesh (i.e., Caucasian)-colored material "firm enough for its purpose," the fake phallus is circumcized. Religious mythology was compounded by medical mythology, and now the unholy trinity has finally--albeit belatedly--been fulfilled by the Industrial Revolution.

The device is supposedly used as an artificial aid to--or, rather, against--impotence, by persons who suffered from birth defects and by amputees. Thousands have been mailed by the producer, United Surgical Supply Company of Los Angeles, without any legal problem.

According to Secret Service agent Michael Miskinnis, Burton had written on the advertising brochure: "Wish you a full moon on your honeymoon." He was held in \$200,000 bail for "mailing obscene matter" in violation of the U.S. code.

Four days later, Burton was committed to Bellevue, when the government stated at the preliminary hearing in U.S. District Court that he "may be presently insane or otherwise so mentally incompetent as to be unable to understand the proceedings against him. . . ."

Nearly two months later, he was released, although Assistant District Attorney Jack Kaplan has been trying to get him re-committed. There's been no indictment so far. Burton says that if the case comes to trial, he'll ask that the Nugents be subpoenaed.

He fears that he's in for a pre-frontal lobotomy, if re-committed. Bellevue's administrator, Cr. Randolph Wyman, says that lobotomies are performed at Bellevue usually for neurological cases.

"My experience with people who've had them," he goes on, "is that everything is a glorious joke: after the lobotomy they're very happy people." He explains that if a patient refuses to consent to one, the court can appoint a committee to recommend it.

Austin Burton's trouble really began back when Luci and Pat were to be married, and he announced his intention of picketing the wedding, a loser in the game of Advance Publicity.

However, he has since won the Vice-Presidential primary in New Hampshire, beating out Massachusetts Governor John Volpe, Florida Governor Claude Kirk and California Governor Ronald Reagan.

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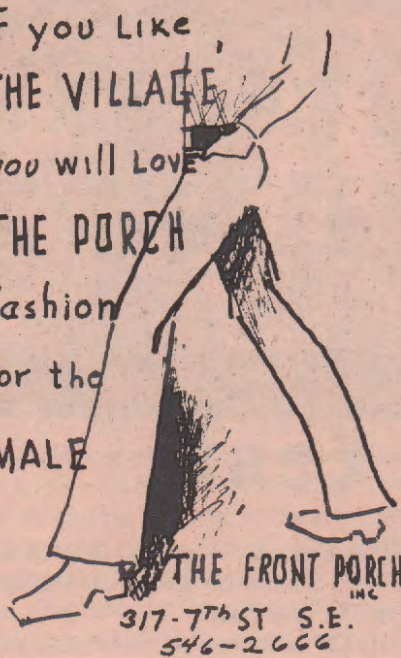
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Packages of bubble gum cards called "The Story of Robert F. Kennedy" will reach DC stores in a few weeks. This commercial necrophilia is the most garish of the paperbacks, medallions, buttons, and photobooks (complete with the shot of Bobby on the floor of the pantry of the Ambassador Hotel) that have hit the sales counters after his assassination.

Each set has 55 different cards with a photograph from his life and a caption or quote on the back.

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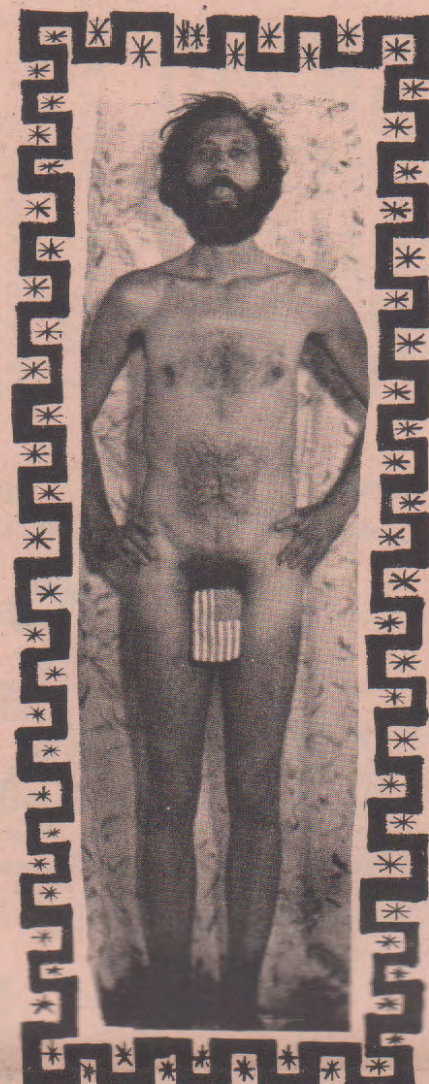
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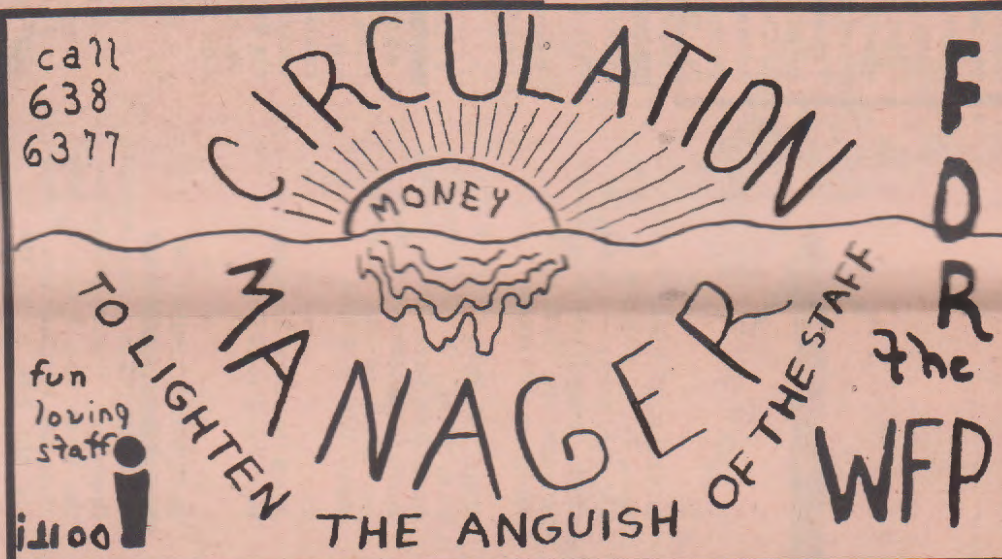
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