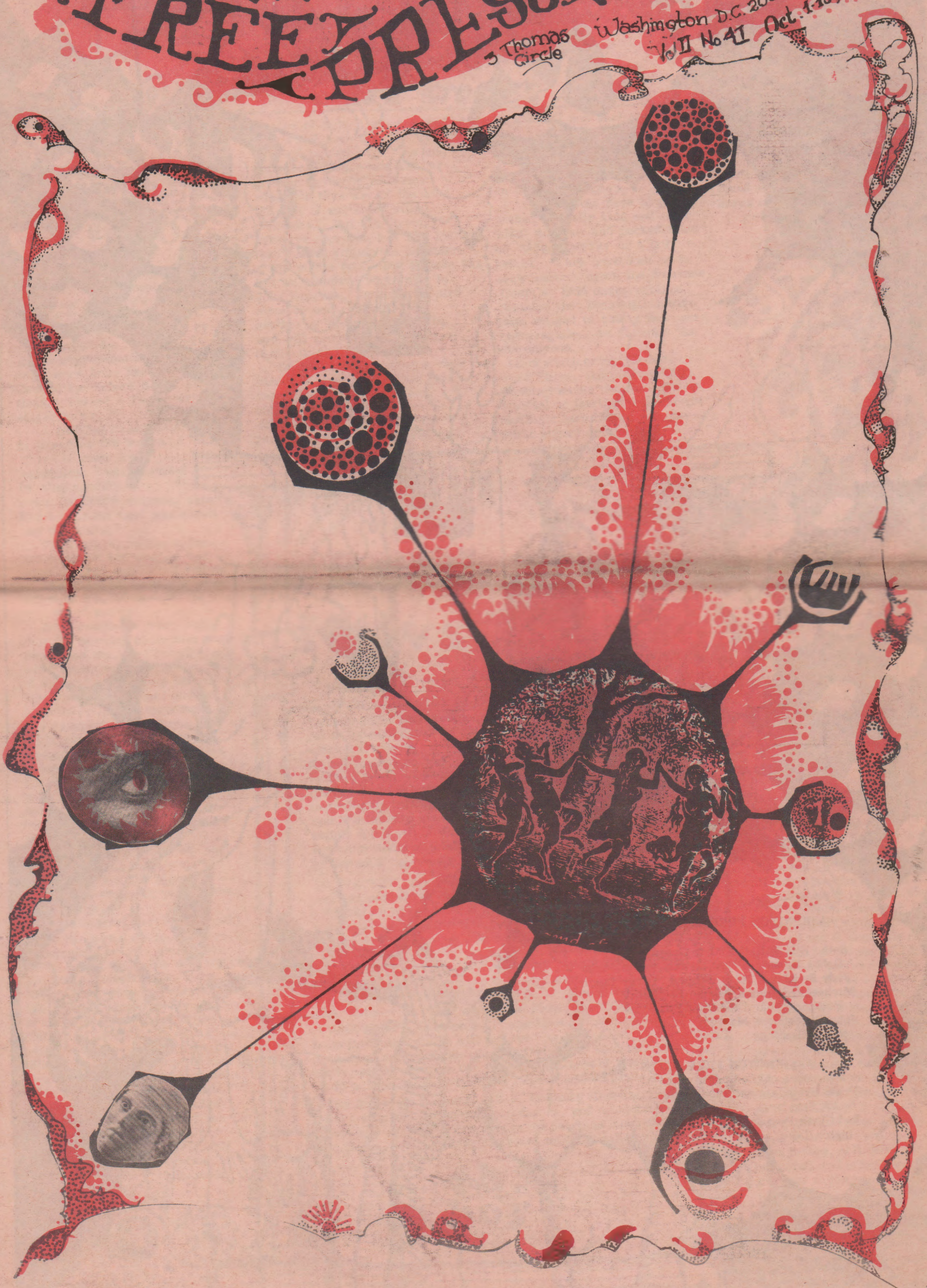


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WHEELS

OUTBREAK HUAC CIRCUS

SEE STORIES PAGES 4-6...

SCHOOLS

By Chris Braithwaite

A meeting called Sept. 25 to introduce the residents of Ward Six to the at-large candidates for the District of Columbia School Board was attended by three candidates, one candidate's representative, and three organizers from the Ward Six Council for School Board Elections. Period. The voters stayed home.

A meeting called Sept. 26 to introduce the voters of Ward Three to their local candidates was attended by nine candidates.

some 160 White citizens, three Black citizens, and one brown and white dog.

The Sixth ward has a population of 108,900 and (at last count) 16,202 registered voters.

The Third Ward has a population of 105,200 and 36,982 registered voters.

Such contrasts were built into the election early last summer when the ward boundaries were drawn by the District Board of Elections. It was decided that each ward should enclose a more-or-less homogeneous and coherent community. The sixth ward is a tight triangle wedged between Capitol Street north and south and the Anacostia River. Its residents are mostly poor and mostly Black. The Ward is smaller and more crowded than any other save the First.

The Third Ward is big and White and rich, consisting of Georgetown and the elegant residential districts west of Rock Creek Park.

This ethnic gerrymander will give the White Ghettoes it circumscribes a little extra clout Nov. 5, when the District elects its first local officials since 1874. The heavy registration in the affluent wards on the northern and western edges of the district (Three, Four, and Five) will give them an edge over the Black Ghetto in picking the new Board's three at-large members. This may make things a little rough for some of the blacker and angrier spokesmen for the city center, particularly for Julius Hobson, whose 1967 suit against de facto segregation, brought about the simultaneous

demise of School Superintendent Carl F. Hansen and the "track system" he fathered. As an outsider, Hobson has had far greater influence in district education than any of the long, flat list of appointed board members. But his direct, abrasive approach has won him few friends among the defenders of the status quo. But Hobson has an effective White ally in John Sessions, incumbent board member and candidate for another of the at large seats, and will probably overcome any backlash that develops.

Despite this slight edge their habits of good citizenship give them over the disenchanted residents of the slums, there is no avoiding the fact that the good people of Ward Three are

in a small and shrinking minority. While about 40 percent of the District's population is White, their children occupy only seven percent of the desks in the public schools.

Most whites have long since picked up their kids and their kids' marbles and packed them off to the sanctity of a private school. They have done so in such quantity since the Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision that sociologists have been obliged to coin a new word--re-segregation--to describe the phenomenon.

All of which brings us back to Ward Three, and the few White Washingtonians who for reasons financial or inertial or downright idealistic have stayed with the public school system.

The problems of the district's schools are poor people's problems and Black people's problems, and damn few solutions are going to be found among his green half-acres of Ward Three.

Cont. page 8



Would you believe something is trying to happen out in never-never Elkins Country? A couple of dozen of the under-world (call them Jim and Scott) are belieing the reputation of ApatheticU. and are breaking their asses in order to bring love and joy to the people of College Park. They have started with free folk/rock concerts in the open air of Old Calvert Park in Riverside. The GROKS come with free Kool-Aid (no acid test yet) and hot dogs in addition to music and combined with groovy Fall weather provide all the mechanicals for a beautiful Sunday afternoon.

The bands, from jug to acid rock, are local DC groups that donate their time and musicianship to the cause. Some of the groups are just forming and others are ones that have been on the scene for awhile, but all in all they blow their brains out for all to enjoy -- so all should.

The GROK stands for Good Relationship Organization of the Kindred and is hopefully an umbrella for all sorts of groovy things from coffee shops to a newspaper. The concerts are being held off-campus to prevent hassles with Elkins and his No-Nos and interruptions and intrusions by the defenders of university apathy and provincialism.

This Sunday, when you're doing what ever it is you do on Sunday, do something different--go to the GROK-In at Calvert Park anytime after 12 noon. Walk up to some you have never seen before, tell them they are beautiful, and enjoy the music together in the sunshine.

Further information can be obtained at the Joint Possession, 7402 Baltimore Boulevard College Park, Maryland. Phone 277-8892. Tell them they are beautiful 'cause they are

'I' Read the News Today

BOSTON, October 5--An Army division in Viet-nam has threatened its rear-echelon soldiers with immediate transfer to forward areas for failure to salute. So says a copyrighted article in today's Boston Globe. According to the Globe, the September 8 copy of the daily bulletin of the 4th Infantry division announces the following consequences for the failure to salute: "any person in the base camp will be immediately transferred to the forward area" and "any person in a forward area such as a brigade trained area patrol supply dump will be sent further forward." The armed forces protocol officially designates the saluting of an officer as a "privelege."

MILWAUKEE, September 24(L. N. S.)--A group of fourteen war resisters, including five Roman Catholic priests, a Protestant minister, and a Christian Brother, this afternoon siezed and burned with homemade napalm the I-A draft files of Milwaukee's Selective Service Board Numbers 42, 43, 45, and 47. An estimated 20,000 vital draft statistics were destroyed. The action was seen as being in continuation with the nine protestors who napalmed the 600 I-A files of the Baltimore suburb of Catonsville last May. The "Catonsville Nine" go on trial Monday, October 7.

WASHINGTON, October 5--Prospective exchange students from the United States will feel the bite of reduced congressional appropriations for the fiscal year 1968-69. With the legislated cut from the 46 million dollars of last year to 31 million dollars, the State Department acknowledged today that funds for sending U.S. graduate students, research scholars, lecturers, professors, and teachers abroad may average slices across the board as much as two-thirds. War spending has eaten into cultural exchanges.

oh boy'



THE HONORABLE HUGH ACK a brief political biography

Aries

Representative Hugh Ack is a typical member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and is participating in the HUAC subcommittee hearings presently being held in Washington on the demonstrations in Chicago during the Democratic National Convention. He has a long background of participation in conservative causes; served as a fundraiser and member of the Advisory Board of the Young Americans for Freedom; has been involved in the Committee for Government of the People, a group seeking to overturn the Supreme Court reapportionment rulings; was a founder of the "National Draft Goldwater Committee" and a supporter of the Committee of One Million (against the admission of China to the United Nations). The list of organizations for which he has been a speaker reads as a register of right wing groups in America: The Daughters of the American Revolution, Human Events, the Liberty Lobby, The American Victory Force, The Manion Forum, and others; and he has been published in *Human Events*, *Liberty Letter*, *Federation for Constitutional Government Newsletter*, among others.

He is a southerner, representing a Congressional district in which 5 out of 9 counties have black majorities, but where registration is as low as .8% for blacks but 65-100% for whites. As is typical of reactionary southern Congressmen, his Congressional voting record has been consistently anti-poverty appropriations, anti-welfare, and anti-civil rights: he led the southern opposition to the 1964 Civil Rights Act, voted to strike the Fair Housing section from the Civil Rights Act of 1966, voted against the Civil Rights Acts of 1966 and 1968, voted to kill the Rent Supplements program in 1967, and has repeatedly moved to cut the already helplessly inefficient Office of Economic Opportunity and its programs. In his own state, he has been a major proponent of massive resistance to racial reforms such as school integration, and has worked vigorously as a

Member of Congress and of the HUAC to attack, isolate, and discredit the organized civil rights movement. Of Martin Luther King, Ack said: "While preaching non-violence I believe the record clearly shows him to be an apostle of violence... I believe he has done more for the Communist Party than any other person of this decade... His conduct is clearly criminal... and certainly has helped develop the idea among rioters and looters that they can obey their own concepts of good and bad laws and act accordingly." In 1965 Ack made the following comments about the Congress on the

Assembly of Unrepresented People:

"Gentlemen, we all agree that every American has the right to petition his government... But we must distinguish between the right to petition and the right to cloak conspiracy in the guise of petition... I do say that those taking part in this counterfiet assembly who are not Communists are either being exploited by Communists or are knowingly and openly collaborating with them... Let legitimate peace and civil rights organizations... disassociate themselves from the

assembly. Let all Americans, all organizations, all in their power to make these people stand out, isolated and alone, for what they are."

One time-proven strategy for dealing

There is only one way to save America and that is by revolutionary upheaval from within. History is not over: history is experiencing the pains of childbirth. We white middle class American youth must recognize our identity with the Vietnamese and the blacks; we must make our own revolution in America.

We have got to freak America out. "Ahhhhhh!" she exclaims as she sees us. All systems have broken down in America: the military perpetuates war, the economy perpetuates waste and poverty, the political system perpetuates confusion.

Sound familiar? The American economic system says: work hard so you can retire for a good life in the future! The American school system says: study hard so you can get a degree and become a big something in the future!

In American a revolutionary movement could be built around the idea: I want to live life now! Now! has become our rallying cry. And the message is: you are the message. Be your own leader. Start from scratch. Make the revolution wherever you are, school, home, city, office building.

There is no right or wrong tactic or strategy. Things always turn out different ly than you expect them to--always--not necessarily worse, but different. Er- debates are debates. Do it--we'll see the results afterward. Everything is possible.

What is your program? "America's worst enemies should be her best friends." "Abolish Congress and turn the nation's elementary schools into the legislative bodies." Our program is acting out of need, emotion, feeling out of reaction to external conditions. Our program is: Life. Passion. Hope. Rebellion. Romance. Energy. Daydreams.

America tries to teach us cynicism, realism, experience.

America says to its youth: don't. don't. don't. We say: do. do. do it again. and again.

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(LNS) The House Un-American Activities Committee, with a new image, a new chairman, and a new target, is at it again. The trouble is, they can't forget the old tactics. A link to the fading spectre of the American CP still their criteria for subversion. The new chairman, Missouri's Richard H. Ichord, shows patience with the ridicule to which the new left subjects him, but counters with the same dogged insistence on redbaiting. The fear of the old days is gone. The Committee's only weapon now is the contempt charge. These were once slapped down like the cards in a winning poker hand, but now Ichord holds them in paternal suspension.

Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin counter or strike back with thick satire, and even frontal assault. At one point Tuesday, Hoffman left the boring drone of bugged ACLU meetings and shouted through the Committee doors as he left, "You're all full of shit."

The defendants in ties and coats are no less disrespectful. Bob Greenblatt in effect refused to testify Thursday and got away with it. Quentin Young's answers to the Committee's questions were as oblique as possible. And Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis and Dave Dellinger had their tongues just as far in cheek.

The lawyers for the defendants will file a restraining order against the Committee in a federal court here, and each member of HUAC will have to appear in October at the hearing on the injunctions against them.

But veteran HUAC watchers here see darker times coming. Frank Wilkinson, director of the National Committee to Abolish HUAC, cites Ichord's new bill in Congress that would label a group subversive if "one known communist has a dominating role" in the organization.

This would be only the second bill passed by the Committee. The first, the McCarran Act, has been overruled by nine Supreme Court decisions, even though the authors of the first two articles are now leading candidates for president. Nixon wrote the title on subversive registration, and Humphrey, the concentration camp section.

But Wilkinson points out a name change and a grab at a new button-down role in the repression of the new left.

In any case, here's how HUAC wormed up for a new role.

The hearings Tuesday began with Jerry Rubin being ejected before he even got in. He arrived in Viet Cong pajama bottoms, ankle bells, layers of beads, day-glo war paint, a Black Panther beret and one gold earring which required constant adjustment by his girl friend Nancy. He carried a lifesize toy M-14 and had a bandelero full of real 30-06 shells strapped across his chest. At his last adornment the guards took

with radical political movements in this country has been to create a pervasive paralyzing fear, splintering the movement and coopting the mushrooming alienation of the American people into a reactionary and fascist backlash, and Hugh Ack has been in the forefront of this counter-insurgent tide. Anyone advocating change in American society becomes a target. When the American Civil Liberties Union defended demonstrators arrested for burning the American flag, Ack said: "It is unconscionable that anyone except Communist sympathizers and those who would destroy our nation should advocate a theory that it is a proper means of protest to desecrate the stars and stripes. The American Civil Liberties Union adds one more footnote to a history which already is full of questionable chapters."

Ack said that "Communist organizations, the Communist press, Communist fronts and individual Communists have drawn together under the banner of the Student Mobilization Committee... The primary objective of this United Front is to defeat America's determination to

continue to support U.S. policy in Vietnam... (They also hope) to (1) depict the United States government as 'imperialistic' in its policy of assisting nations which are

All the "isms" from capitalism to socialism are dead. It is revolutionary to see life as a trip, not a drag. Elvis Presley killed Dwight Eisenhower. YOU are the revolution.

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presently opposing Communist aggression... and (2) to exploit the current racial tensions in the U.S. by blaming continuing ghetto problems on the diversion of poverty funds in order to fight Communist aggression in Southeast Asia and elsewhere."

He attacked the liberal National Committee to Abolish HUAC: It goes without saying that the Communists and their frontiers and satellites are at the forefront of those who clamor for the abolition of the HUAC... They have been working toward this goal for 20 years and they feel they are making progress in the riots they can provoke when HUAC meets and the naivete of people who succumb to their emotional arguments." Congressman Ack has also wheezed a good deal about the "hardcore Communists" in leadership positions in organizations such as the Southern Conference Educational Fund and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, as well as much recent puffing about the student movement, and particularly SDS, Students for a Democratic Society. It is likely that the next investigations undertaken by Hugh Ack and his cohorts will be of SDS, and it is no coincidence that these will come at a time when a phenomenal number of young people around the country are coming to identify with SDS and the New Left, making it the central organization in a movement posing a growing threat to the fascist power structure of America.

In 1966 Ack participated in a "Fact Finding Mission" to Southern Rhodesia on behalf of the American-African Affairs Association. His comments, in Congress, on his "findings" are revealing of his racist bias: "The Smith Regime is secure. It has the broad support of the

European minority... The African majority still has more identity to their ancestral tribes than to a nationalist Rhodesia... Southern Rhodesia is a model nation for peace, stability, racial harmony, with... increasing rather than decreasing efforts toward an understanding between races... Salisbury is a... white man's city with skyscrapers and all of the hallmarks of European and Western civilization. The point I make is that it is possible for the African to move into this society on a basis of merit and even to leadership... Self-government can only flourish to the degree that education, understanding, and citizenship prevails. The African has his own tribal way of life which is another world. For him to achieve self-determination in Rhodesia or anywhere he must evolve through a transitory stage to our ways."

Hugh Ack's record on major legislation, in addition to the previously mentioned actions on Civil Rights and aid to the poor, shows that he has been a major proponent of the war in Vietnam, increasing military buildup, the draft, and re-

pressive domestic legislation such as the Anti-Riot Act of 1967 which prohibits crossing of state lines or use of interstate facilities (e.g. telephone, mails, etc.) to "incite a riot", and under which authority the current investigation is being held, and the Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, which authorizes wire-tapping and severely limits individual civil liberties in times of "civil emergency". In 1966 he supported an effort to require criminal proceedings rather than civil commitment for narcotics addicts charged with selling narcotics and to eliminate the possibility of parole for young narcotics and marijuana offenders aged 22-26.

Not a very friendly picture... Hugh Ack is, of course, a composite man--he is in fact Rep. John Ashbrook, Rep. Edwin Willis, Rep. Richard Ichord, Rep. Albert Watson, and Rep. William Tuck put together. The names have been changed to portray the indecent. All of the above data and quotes are verifiably attributable to one or another, or several, of these men, and there are thousands more details about each of these men that could have included. While it is true that members of HUAC tend to be among the most outspoken reactionaries and anti-communists in Congress, one should not be fooled into thinking that they do not reflect the basic ideas of all Congressmen. They have been selected by their parties to perform the hatchet work that is too damaging to the images of the rest of the members of Congress, an instance of repressive desublimation of the rabid fascist strain inherent in every American politician.

And dropping flowers on America's grave will be the dancing spirits of Jesus Christ, Karl Marx, Nguyen Van Troi, Simon Bolivar, Bonnie and Clyde, Che Guevara, Thomas Paine, Malcolm X.

America was right--it was a conspiracy after all!!!

Our movement is educational guerrilla theater. Out tactics are crisis, surprise, scenery shock, abrupt change in frame of reference... a Vietcong in your soup! all of a sudden your grandma turns into a napalmed Vietnamese child! Our role is to redefine the normal, re-define the acceptable in America. We teach by example.

A classroom setting is an authoritarian structure: teacher up front and students lined into rows. Break the chairs! Smash authority! Authority is the enemy. Experts are fuckups. Fuck the rules and charts and diagrams and "the-way-we-do-things." The only real expert is your own heart and intuition.

The castrator of our youth today are the schools. America's schools convince the young that they cannot fly. The schools produce wounded, half-people by discouraging enthusiasm; by converting youthful emotion and curiosity into serious reasonableness; by glorifying the expert and scorning the hero; by dividing life into pieces called "subjects." Castration is performed through the school cycle: material is memorized for the right answers for the good grades for the degree. This is homogenizing for the 9-to-5 success-career-job stupor of middle class life in which play is divorced from work.

We are a danger to our government. It is tough to fight a war like the one in Vietnam with one hand tied behind your back, and we have one hand tied behind the Man's back and one finger up his nose. The disruptive street demonstrations, the rowdy campus uprisings, the disaffiliation from the society by the youth, the riots, the outspoken defiance of the draft, the emergence of serious doubts by respectable politicians... all this creates a mixture that the Man must deal with. America is isolated in the world. She has no allies; she cannot even create diversionary crises. She is lonely with her weapons. All alone. And its cold. But we are warmth. We are hope. We are life.



Robert Pierson, was testifying and he wanted to hear him.

About the only live witnesses that afternoon were two Chicago red squad cops whose testimony no one thought worth repeating. So the staid pantomime was acted out and everybody was escorted out by the chamber guard. Wednesday was an announced day off for Yom Kipper, or the World Series, depending on your persuasion. But the Committee did meet in private executive sessions. The rumor was that they had questioned two New York Yuppies or Bob Pierson. On Thursday morning the Committee was asked by the defense lawyers if this was in fact what happened. Ichord denied that they had questioned Pierson but left the other possibility open.

The main effort of the day went into rallies at George Washington and American Universities to rouse some support from the apathetic D.C. student community.

Rubin and Hoffman spoke at the George Washington rally-dance-be-in and Bernadine Dohrn and Frank Wilkenson, addressed some 600 students at American University. At George Washington, the mood ranged from apathy to hostility. A fight broke out over the New York Veterans for Peace National Liberation Front flag, and a fire was started in a nearby classroom building. The athletic community (accused of the arson by the lefties) also kept on unplugging the rock band equipment and for a blacked out 20 minutes during the middle of the rally Abbie Hoffman's electric yo-yo provided a light show.

Thursday, HUAC began to show its old colors when Hoffman tried to wear red white and blue to the hearing. He had just walked across the street from the Congressional Hotel in a storebought American flag shirt, and then two cops on the Cannon Building steps grabbed him and started ripping the shirt off his back. His wife Anita shouted "Don't touch him! Don't touch him!" And they grabbed her too. By the time they got him to the paddy wagon around the corner he was stripped to the waist and his shirt was in tatters. The charge against Abbie: mutilating the American flag. Rubin, bare-chested in a Viet Cong flag cape was untouched on his way into the hearing. (continued on page 6)

Richard Ichord's committee's tactics of respectability. Now discredited and a laughing stock even in the less than liberal press, he wants HUAC to slip a velvet glove over the sword in the new repression of law and order after the election.

So even though the circus reopened for a few votes in the coming congressional election, and a little appropriation fanfare, the show was to be kept subdued. One of the smallest hearing rooms was chosen and even then most of the seats were filled with black plainclothesmen. The press that was admitted got the table and chairs usually reserved for lawyers and clients. The subpoenaed witnesses sat in a bare row of chairs from which they could barely see the Committee members.

According to Beradine Dohrn, current SDS Interorganizational Secretary, and counsel for Davis and Hayden at the hearing, the proceedings were really dull. And most of Tuesday's testimony was excerpted from movement papers, and merely read into the record.

During the luncheon recess, Rennie Davis came over to Rubin's table, and said that after an hour or so of the afternoon session, one of the lawyers would stand and give the Committee a rap on its unconstitutionality and everyone would rise in support and get escorted out. Rubin



Hoffman spent the night in jail and his wife was detained in the Women's House of Detention for five hours.

The third bust of the day was a Yippie who calmly began letting the air out of the paddy wagon's tires, as they loaded Abbie in. The security at the hearing itself was just as tight. Bernadine Dohrn, counsel for Hayden and Davis, was not allowed in for the first two hours of testimony.

The movement press was also excluded again even though Henry Di Suevero began the adversary's statement with the demand for their admission. He was gavelled down half-way through the pitch.

Star witness Thursday morning was finally Robert Pierson, Rubin's Chicago biker-cop-bodyguard. His most telling point was that the bikers backed the Yippies "because they promised to trade dope and sex for bike power."

Simultaneously, SDS and Yippies were trying to gather a crowd on the capital mall for a march on the Cannon Building. The rally had been announced at the college rallies Tuesday and Wednesday.

On Tuesday night, October 1st, a rally was held in the Auditorium of George Washington University in support of those subpoenaed by HUAC. The speakers were Rennie Davis, who was in charge of the Chicago organizing for the Mobilization to End the War in Viet Nam, Dave Dellinger, national chairman, Bernadine Dohrn, Rennie's attorney, and Frank Wilkenson, who is head of the Committee to Abolish HUAC.

Davis began the speeches with a history of the movement "from August 28, 1963, when 300,000 men, women and children peacefully marched to Washington for jobs and freedom, and were warmly received by John F. Kennedy to five years later, August 28, 1968, in front of the Hilton Hotel in Chicago where they were gathered to bring to the attention of the world the haunting spectre of Viet Nam, instead of friendly greetings we got maced, clubbed, and otherwise brutalized. Both Kennedys were dead as well as Martin Luther King, and the country

ing police state of America. He was continually gavelled down and finally said he was sorry, that he would be happy to answer questions, but couldn't continue in the midst of the armed camp in which HUAC conducted its proceedings. He and his lawyer then walked out and held a press conference in the hall.

In line with the new image he apparently won't be slapped with a contempt charge and was welcomed back on Friday.

Quentin Young, head of the Medical Committee for Human Rights, was questioned. First question: Where were you born? Second question: Are you now or have you ever been...?

The room exploded and the queries continued to swing between irrelevant personal data and ancient CP history. Sound familiar?

The Friday hearing didn't go well for the Committee. Once again the subpoenaed witnesses took a powder. And the rumor is that the HUAC hearings won't be resumed until after the elections. Gosh!

RENNIE DAVIS RAPS—Seth

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had spent this year three times as much money on riot control weaponry as on all the anti-poverty programs combined.

We of the movement are dedicated to creating a new, independent political force in this land, a new life society different from the plastic suburbia and depersonalized mediocrity that we would otherwise have to look forward to.

In going to Chicago there was hope. Gene McCarthy had created a campaign in which 80% of the voters wanted a change and peace and the mass of public opinion said they were tired of the past. There was hope that America was going to alter its course of racism and imperialism and that we could control the technology that was building a military-indus-



Instead, what we are faced with are three candidates who reduce all the problems facing the United States to crime in the streets. In return, they need all their political and military power behind them to achieve by force what could not be achieved by consensus.

We spent two months meeting with every conceivable organ of the city, state and federal government from the Department of Parks to the Bureau of Sanitation, from the Justice Department to the Mayor's Office, from the police department to the National Guard, to talk. We wanted to make it quite clear that we were not there to disrupt the convention, because we were certain that the convention would disrupt itself. We were there to make dialogue.

We continually ran up against blank walls. For two months we requested permission to use any large stadium or park for our rally. We were continually turned down. The tone for August was set in April after the Martin Luther King assassination when Mayor Daley issued his 'shoot to kill' order. This gave the cops a mandate and on April 27th 10,000 people peacefully marched to the downtown civic center and were brutally clubbed and gassed. A federal investigating committee (continued on page 16)

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What to do on election day besides voting for Nixon, Humphrey, or Wallace? Boycotting the election is morally appropriate but won't distinguish you from the millions who don't care. You can register a protest vote by write

-in. I will write

nobody, but cut myself and bleed on the ballot. I want to say why.

Maybe there is a lesser evil even among the three candidates who play politics with the lives of hundreds of thousands of people. But is that choice as worthy as a moral experiment of focusing one's being and resisting distractions from the central fact about Vietnam—that ending the killing will take look into America's soul rather than hunt around the world for some political gimmick that will "make it possible" for the United States to get out.

For Viet-Nam is less a war than a Roman circus where GI and Vietnamese alike are sacrificed for the political entertainment of the American people. To see this, do not look at people's words or conscious thoughts, which are usually sentimental or evasive, but rather see how they react to the threat that the war may be taken away from them. Nothing better evokes the most potent American political themes--soft on Communism and peace-at-any-price--than any serious threat of peace. So behind the words "Peace, peace" is the real cry of "Sock it to me." Our officials understand: they lead "peace efforts" which pacify our consciences but could never work; they lead diversions to Paris, Hanoi, Peking, Moscow, and Prague, while in truth the crux of the war is within ourselves.

And whenever there is danger of peace, they escalate to "save American lives".

"Notice how the American middle class has almost no outlet for hostility, and yet is full of the bureaucratic exasperations and cruelties which cause hostility. When a man gets shit on his job and can't talk back, which form of release is psychologically milder--to retaliate directly or to take it out on something in the news? The news--an hourly entertainment, a limbo of irresponsible aggressions and posturings, a general fantasy outlet for so much of what we forbid open expression. And in fantasy, unlike reality, the aggressions flow unchecked and unsatisfied, and our opportunistic politicians use the power of technology to weave those fantasies into hideous realities.

Young men at least may need occasion to express rage with the whole body; already there are groups which are building this principle into wild and somewhat dangerous therapies. Perhaps we create crime and war and other problems in our search for such opportunities. Perhaps we are beginning to learn that there is no way for us to short circuit emotional expression and still remain human, but that our choice is whether to go on as we have, repressing rage, etc.

Let us work towards a politics of therapy, and have no illusions of any early success.

By John James

Steve Scolnick 1951-1968

He was the youngest member of the family and the first to call to call it a family. He was driving up from New York which he couldn't stand (except for Central Park, where I had gone with him asking buddies--if they could--spare some change,--see how easy it is Marshall?--and we had wound up sharing the lunch of two young ladies he had charmed) to our farms in Massachusetts & Vermont.

He was probably staring at a particular leaf, taking a photographers' too-long and too-hard glance at it, and his car went straight but the road turned. Or was he driving while tripping, eager to come and already high in anticipation of seeing us all?

He came to LNS when he was sixteen, fibbing his age to be 18 so we'd let him, telling his parents that if they wouldn't let him come then he would run away and they wouldn't know where he was. He had been thrown out, hurt, and surprised--not angry--from two prep schools; or had quit, or both at once.

Only a half a dozen pictures during his entire six months in Washington, and he never finished the darkroom he was building. But even now I can recall each of his photos, of the hundreds we've sent out or looked at, and they still keep showing up places, on

Iron covers double spreads, in two columns or superimposed positions, posters (Fuck the Draft), Atlantic Monthly.

Almost never with credit. He was sloppy and messy in the Free Press darkroom and Mike Grossman complained endlessly; but his were the best photographs of the Pentagon weekend developed there.

On our living room wall, in the house where he had made a family out of his lonely kid's head for brothers and sisters and parents, he hung half a dozen pictures of one girl, the largest one in the center being a radiant, glowing open picture, a girl who embodied timeless spring and youth and freedom; and the others not even being recognizable as her--unless he told you. He knew moods and the experiences of persons.

For his seventeenth birthday, we got him a light meter; and a week later his camera was stolen from where he had (too casually?) left it in the office. By now he needed beyond a family?, a lover or two, and he changed our house into his lair with other rooms appended. He touched secret truths with a bewitching poetess, and she opened her most delicate self to their shared trust. And then he violated everything temporarily for another. Never would she forgive him--how could she?--but her parting goodbye to Wash-

ington was to tear the only photo of him from my wall and put it in her purse.

He brought the first (and last, mind you) smack into our house--to snort--and when he was called down in front of guests for his indiscretion--it was the first weekend with our new cousins from NY LNS whom we had invited to our house and lives--he cried and it was us who ended up apologizing.

He loved us and would work endlessly, especially when he thought he was in danger of getting canned; he hated us and connived ways to get by just like he had to at home or at school. He drew in new people to our house and attracted friends; and yet he was the most happy to have all leave so the "family" could spend a quiet evening together. He had slept with his first girl at fifteen and by sixteen he had an affair with a high school teacher (and I think he told his mother about it later) and he would use words he didn't know the meaning of. He was the first LNS staff member to be beaten up by young blacks, walking in Washington.

Right now he is crying for the grief of his parents who knew him enough to let him be free, and who had the pleasure of his last months, or is he sailing through the swirls of clouds in the sky's hole, digging the ultimate trip

Continued from page three

But community control cuts are both ways. The Ward could keep its citizens' considerable expertise and their instinct to involvement to itself, set up a rich-people's district, and turn out Harvard freshmen by the bushel.

Albert Rosenfield is a board member, a board candidate, and a grocer who really wanted to be an athletic coach. He talks funny, and so doesn't go over too well with this over-educated electorate. But he said a pretty good thing about that kind of community control at the Sept. 26 meeting: "I can see Ward

Three could have one of the finest education systems in the country. We have the affluency (sic) and a lot of brilliant people. But is this



the kind of community we want to build?"

It may be exactly the kind of community they want to build. They have a candidate handy who would be happy to build it for them. Malcolm Semple is a former teacher and lobbyist on the Hill. Among other things, he is for "maximum attainment of each student's talents, no matter how unequal that maximum may be." And for "a return to order and discipline in the classroom." He is convinced that "permissiveness and progressiveness are dead"—a claim which drew lots of applause and some jeers. He says "the Skelly Wright decision (in Julius Hobson's case) of throwing everybody into a bucket and teaching them together is intolerable" (more applause).

Semple also won loud applause for insisting on the student's "right to attend his neighborhood schools" and the principle that there would be "no lowering of standards in one school to improve those in another. "Not terribly subtle stuff.

Bardyl Tirana, a lawyer, took a firm stand opposite Semple. "We've got to concentrate on learning to educate the poor," he says, "Then we can cope with the problem of improving the system of education as it exists in Ward Three.

"The problem is not race, it is the difference between the poor and the well-to-do," he continues. "What we want for our children—quality education—we must demand for all children."

Stanley Newman, director of social planning at the Department of Housing and Urban Welfare, took a strong stand for community control. "The flight from the District's public schools reflects community disintegration. Since we have little control over our schools, we detach ourselves from them." Noting that standards have improved and vandalism decreased since the community

took over Morgan Elementary School last year, Newman said, "Morgan testifies to the success of community commitment and stands as a symbol of community respect for responsive education."

The other five candidates might be typified as technicians, less interested in educational politics than in bringing their skills to bear on particular problems.

Their credentials are formidable, their attitude condescending, their usefulness to a board faced with massive political problems questionable. Samuel Eastman, president of Economic Sciences Corp., would solve problems with something called Planned Program Budgeting. Dr. Peter



CAMPAIGNING IN WARD THREE

Angelos, shrink, would bring his talents to bear against learning blocks.

It is just as well that Ward Three got off to an early, well organized start in this election. Its voters face a tougher ideological decision than any that will be presented in the Black Wards. They are overwhelmingly against bussing and anything else that would seriously disrupt the education of their own children.

But in devising an educational system for the children of the slums it is unlikely that the new board will be able to maintain a passive, middle-class learning environment for the passive, middle-class children of Ward Three. The Ward could elect to fight a rear-guard action, but as Susan Lieberman, the Ward's only woman candidate warns, "a Ward Three member who is merely a defender of the status quo will be continually outvoted and ignored by the rest of the board."

On the other hand, the continued involvement of a monied, articulate middle class that is committed to better schools because its children attend them would be of considerable value to the whole system.

A candidate who could maintain the support of Ward Three and still be taken seriously by an activist board might be well worth voting for.

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FOOMAN ZYBAR

AN INFORMATIVE DISCUSSION OF CEREBRAL STIMULATION AND KARMIC WELL BEING

Fooman Zybar, being influenced by the warm winds of generosity and knowing that God is deep in the hearts of all men wishes to share with his friends everywhere the remarkable biological influences embellished in the hitherto unfathomable (except by a few) secrets of the Vegetable Kingdom. Indeed they have been there all the time! The sun shall rise and set even if you spend the day in a cave and cannot see it. And the instant that you understand what the universe is, it shall have been going on forever up to that time, at that time, and forever after that time.

The friend with whom we share this insertion is that favorite kitchen spice, and glortitude of the orient, namely, mace.

In speaking of mace, we should also take into consideration its offspring, nutmeg. Originating from the same plant, *myristica fragrans*, the difference is that mace is the pollen from the plant and nutmeg is the fruit or seed. So we shall call the drug mace, since it is slightly stronger than nutmeg, and will refer to them each individually when they differ in the qualities being discussed. Mace has the epitome of foul taste in a spice. It is the most pungent, aromatic odor that a human being can possibly muster up the courage to swallow, and many cannot swallow it. So they take their dosage in many disguised forms. However, to start with the fundamentals -- the dosage for mace is one heaping teaspoonful, and for nutmeg, three teaspoonsful. This comprises an average trip (trip being a more suitable definition than high because of the intensity), and the dosage for those who really want to feel the effect may run up to twice as much. However, mace can be poisonous in overdoses, though an overdose is not to be worried about if you only take up to three teaspoonsful. There is a variety of ways in which to take mace. We will deal with them in the order of their pleasantry.

An appealing an even relaxing way to do mace is to make mace tea. Since the active ingredient, myristicine, is a fa-like product, its solubility in water is weak. In fact, mace is one of the few drugs that we do that isn't easily soluble in water. (marijuana is another). The myristicine must be extracted from the mace in liquid form and this entails heating the water to the boiling point. If we boil the mace powder for about 10-15 minutes, most of the active ingredient will have dispersed into the water, and all that remains is to let it cool. If you have ever tasted hot mace tea, then you would probably not want to read this column. It undeniably has a strong reaction on your olfactory sensations. It is probably the equivalent of biting into the stink pouch of a skunk. Letting it cool and adding ice will aid tremendously in being able to stomach it. Boiling it with regular tea (Lipton type) adds greatly to the flavor, and the caffeine and theophylline content of the regular tea makes for a more up trip, and a happier one. Also heating it with cloves adds to the taste. Drink the tea and relax.

If you take mace by this od you can become more attuned to herbs and other plant drugs by their aroma, taste, texture, color, and general kharma.

But you may also swallow the mace as a powder. If you have on hand a collection of empty gelatin capsules, then you can cap the necessary mace into capsules and swallow them. But if you think this will prevent you from tasting it you are mistaken. No matter if it touches your mouth or not, a gaseous lurch of mace shall rise up from your stomach. It even smells strongly on your breath. Friends may come up to you when you are alone and say, "Hey man, you



been doing mace again?" But if you aren't ashamed of smelling like a bathroom cleaner, then it's cool. Other more daring drug addicts swallow their mace whole. That is, shoveling a spoonful into the mouth and drinking a suitable counter-tasting liquid to wash it down. If this is your bag, you will be amazed at how slow you swallow things when you are in a hurry.

Those with a great deal of patience smoke mace, but one should note that it takes a joint of mace approximately an hour and a half to burn. If one is really determined to inhale this high, then mix the mace with marihuana in a portion of 3 parts m. j. to one part of mace. Roll a loose joint either way since a tight roll of mace will burn slower and the fine powder causes a giant lump.

If you swallow mace, it takes from 4-6 hours to get high. If you smoke it, you will never get a genuine, sock-em, overwhelming mace high, but it takes then only about 15-30 minutes.

A mace high sneaks up on you, and then hits you hard in the center of your head. The first time I had taken it, I was

coming into Washington during rush hour. I had taken it about 5 hours earlier. On the bus, I got slower, and everything looked entirely different, as if in a dream. The geometrical perception became unreal. At the end of the ride, I could not get up, until enough time elapsed to force me up. I literally crawled the streets until I found a movie house and sat out the experience watching some picture. I never did consciously know what I was watching, or for how long. A rather heavy state like this may happen to you, but it is only typical of the maiden voyage on myristicine. Subsequent trips are never as jolting, but instead the high gets more sublime and more perceptually distinct. Mace becomes a drug in which your reality is seen more clearly; you can understand better the physical world and its workings, and your part in it. You understand, for instance, why you were bitching at your girlfriend, or why you haven't done any work at the office or at the house. You can also grasp the pattern of the sky and the arrangement of the stars. The wind through the trees awakens in you a deep love for the night, and for the chance to fly. You can feel the heaviness of life surrounding you. You are a part of the unit called life; then you are a part of all matter on earth; then a member of all the matter in the universe; and then you become all the matter and energy and time; and then you are God.

In general, drugs are available to those who want them, and the variety and quality is fairly good. Remember to be careful, drugs are strong medicine, and can radically affect your head.

So before you play around with dope that you don't know about, write to Fooman Zybar, care of the Washington Free Press, #3 Thomas Circle, Washington, D.C., 20005. All responses will gladly be answered. Also write in for general information and a welcome listener.

ARTHUR AND PIGLET RAP ON STREETS AND STONES

"Summer's here and the time is right for fighting in the streets."

With this provocative statement from the song "Street Fighting Man", the Rolling Stones, the perpetual bad boys of British rock, present their view of the revolution. It is deliberately in marked contrast to the view posited by the perpetual good boys of British rock, the Beatles, in their latest single, humorously titled "Revolution."

We are told in "Street Fighting Man" that "the time is ripe for violent revolution." Although one may disagree with the Stones's historical analysis that says that now is the time, American activists must certainly applaud the way in which the Stones see the change as coming. The Beatles seem to think that a revolution in life-style is enough,

THE TIME IS RIPE

man, you've made the revolution. This is pure bull-shit. "Hippies", "flower children", et al, are tolerated by the system as long as they don't present a direct threat to it. The flower movement has certainly never done that. The people and land of Vietnam are still being ravaged, the condition of the colonized blacks has deteriorated, the ruling corporations of America have gotten bigger and richer as a result of America's imperialistic policies in Latin America, and around the rest of the world, and, all the while the flower movement has flourished.

In other words, the corrupt system goes along its way not in the least bit affected, and, in fact, mostly entertained by the life-style

Now it is true that the revolution in life style has been the greatest as far as it goes. But it must go further. Such a change, unless accompanied by a total revolution in society, is useless and may indeed be counter-revolutionary. We have all seen how the ruling business class has packaged and marketed the whole hippie culture. Furthermore, some of the biggest rock groups on the West Coast groups who achieved their fame and riches because of people like us, are now some of the biggest slumlords in San Francisco and Los Angeles. When the revolution comes don't expect to see the Beatles or groups like them beside us at the barricades or on the rooftops, for they now have a stake in the Establishment and don't want to rock the boat. Hell, the Rolling Stones might not join us either, but at least in "Street Fighting Man" they are tell

SCIENTOLOGY

by Peter Novick

Our saviour is alive and functioning in a most scientific manner. Not Jesus Christ, or the living incarnate of the multitude of traditional holy men, but an American writer and scientist who has announced that his church is here to save you. The church is Scientology, an organization that is not short on claims; and scientology is synonymous with its founder, L. Ron Hubbard.

Scientology claims to be the direct inheritors of the knowledge of the ancient Greeks. "The wonders of chrome and metal cars, planes, the atom bomb, and even the satellites have their roots in the firm base of Greek Philosophy... The Greeks thought they had failed, and indeed their wisdom was of no practical value until now. They had failed... until today."

Ancient wisdom died out in what scientologists term the superstition of the Middle Ages. It took the combination of the forefather's abstract theorems with practical applications. "They needed the higher mathematics and electronics, which would... develop their philosophies." And Scientology is that unique combination, so they claim of fulfilling the theory with its technological implementation.

Whether or not Scientology is democratic is not an easy question. It certainly has no means of electing from its members the holders of the highest echelon position. But it is fundamentally democratic if one considers that positions of responsibility are open to anyone who reaches the mental condition that is the foundation of Scientology. In other words, anyone who scores through tests or displays that he has reached a level of mental and spiritual accomplishment is raised another notch on the gradations of the group. Scientology, at least in its theoretical paper, seems anti-totalitarian, in that the En-trapment of persons by mental control is condemned. Hubbard criticizes those "Who depend upon the slavery of others for their living or power." Too often a political or religious hierarchy exists because those at the top know the ropes of the structures. Scientology claims that knowledge shall set us free, and this knowledge must be open to members of the group that display an interest. "Suppression and oppression are the basic causes of depression. If you relieve those, a person can lift his head, become well, become happy with life. Common man likes to be happy and well, and he knows that his freedom lies through knowledge." Through Dianetics, discovery of mental images that can freeze mental development, were developed. This is related to the Freudian idea of a complex, and Dianetics is concerned with removing these engrams, or "mental pictures of an experience containing pain, unconsciousness, and a real or imagined threat to survival."

Procedures were developed for erasing them. The amount of benefit gained from running half a dozen engrams exceeded anything that Man had been able to do for anybody in the history of the human race.

And the bringing it home of the philosophy is Scientology.

Hubbard named the man's individual identity-himself-a Thetan. A Thetan is "the person himself, -not his body, or his name, the physical universe, his mind, or anything else; that which is aware of being aware; the identity which IS the individual. The Thetan is most familiar to one and all as You. Dianetics, however beneficial it may be to reaching the Thetan, is small stuff compared to the advanced study of Scientology. "The order of magnitude between Dianetics and Scientology is hardly comparable... it's like digging a ditch by going out and counting the number of grains of sand that lie on top of where it should be."

Savage cultures, and Oriental disquisitions of understanding of the mind, led him to write his work on the principles of human existence.

In addition to speculation and pronouncements of the human species, he has also written science fiction stories, western and adventure books, and "is still one of the better known science fiction writers." In 1936 he wrote his first movie script, and has since then worked on other films.

The Hubbard Claim to fame originated after he was blinded and crippled from injuries suffered in World War Two. He claims that by his studies of philosophy and by "two discoveries" to have completely cured his blindness and physical health. "It is a matter of medical record that he has twice been pronounced dead..."

The prelude to Scientology is his discipline of Dianetics. This was in part a revulsion "at war and Man's inhumanity to Man. He resigned his (military) commission rather than assist the government research projects. He subsequently published his original thesis on his work and the startling popularity of this thesis brought publishers to offer him a contract for a popular work. Published in 1950, it soared to the top of the best seller list and stayed there."

The book, which surprised Hubbard by its appeal and success, is 'Dianetics, The Modern Science Of Mental Health.'

Dianetics is a science that explains the operations of the mind; not the individual differences, but those functions that are common to the species. Hubbard considered Dianetics "a major breakthrough in the history of man, "this was not the limits that his discovery could bestow men. Therefore, Scientology evolved out of Dianetics, and indeed, Dianetics is considered a pre-requisite for the advanced study of Scientology.

At the top of the hierarchy, Hubbard is emphatic in presenting the point of view of the learned man of experience. "I have seen much human misery. As a very young man, I wandered through Asia and saw agony and misery of overpopulated lands. I have seen people uncaring and stepping over dying men in the streets."

"I have lived no cloistered life, and hold in contempt the wise man who has not lived and the scholar who will not share."

All religions strive to give the same release of the soul that Scientology does. However, Hubbard is critical of the practical benefits of the established religions, whether they be Christian or Oriental. "Oddly, the step from human being to spirit has been achieved, if rarely, in Buddhism, other spiritual practices, even Christianity, but was not generally credited."

As for the benefits Western Civilization had derived from Christianity, Hubbard is even more sceptical. "The West is a scientific barbarism. It is not really a civilization-not-yet-but is very scientific. Actually, the society is very unbalanced at this time, to the degree that it possess scientific power without the gentler graces. It has power without humanity, and to that extent is not a civilization... They are attempting to alter human behavior with a strong arm."

The goals of scientology are simply the Enlightenment of all man. All we know about science or religion comes from philosophy", and Hubbard's Scientific religion is designed to spread that philosophy to the common man. He is taking the roots of what the religions of man are based on, and the theories that encompass science, and finding the common ground at the basic level. In this consideration, the assumption that science and religion are contradictory is absurd. They both come from the same source.

L. Ron Hubbard is a rural based native of Nebraska, who spent his early life on his grandmother's cattle ranch in Montana. His approach to man was not oriented as a child to the dehumanization and tension of the urban East Coast. At least, not until the age of ten when he moved to Washington, and there he became familiar with the son of President Calvin Coolidge. According to the first issue of Scientology, the field staff magazine, the untimely and sudden death of Calvin Coolidge Jr. made a pronounced effect on Hubbard's interest in the human mind.

At the age of fourteen he moved to the Orient, and went to China at fourteen. He associated with the Eastern religions, and learned about the "destiny of man". At 19, he returned to Washington, and studied mathematics, engineering, and nuclear physics at George Washington University. He supported himself in his early days by writing, and was known as an essayist and fiction writer.

"His first act on leaving college was to lead an expedition into Central America. In the next few years he headed three expeditions, all of them undertaken to study savage peoples and cultures to provide material for his articles and stories."

There are three principles to Hubbard's philosophy. The first is "that wisdom is meant for anyone who wishes to reach for it. It is the servant of the commoner and the king alike and should never be regarded with awe." The second principle "is that it must be capable of being applied."

The third principle, that of the pragmatist, is "that any philosophic knowledge is only valuable if it is true, or if it works. The name Scientology is given because Hubbard considers that these three principles are so alien to our modern world of religion that a new word had to be phrased. His philosophy is "only a route to knowledge and that the recipient must use it as a tool and comprehend its fundamentals."

Whether or not Scientology is to be the path for you to follow, is a decision that you must make regarding your faith in the age old goals, with belief in technology. Be prepared to pay for your journey to nirvana in Scientology. Salvation isn't free.

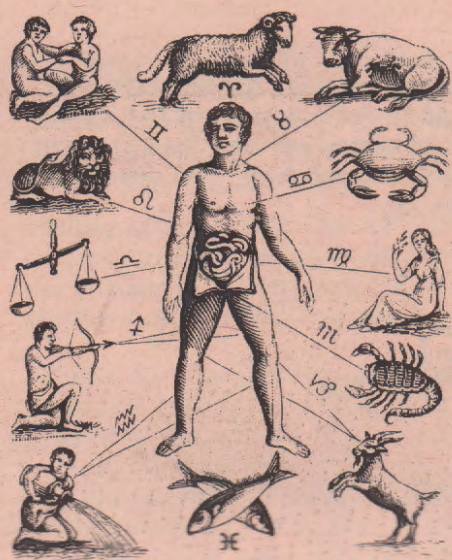
THE STARS

★
imply

by Albert
P. Russo

Every soul is a divine fragment, with origin in God's life and consciousness. Through an act of his will he sends them into being, and they continually pass through lower and denser planes of matter until their origin is forgotten. No matter what a person's spiritual condition or level of existence (insect, animal, man, angel, etc.) all emanated from the Solar Logos. Those who give in to weakness, evil and temptation will one day shine as spiritual leaders of the race, just as those who are now strong have learned the lessons of previous incarnations.

Souls descend into matter for purification, through experience. They grow in power by living the life of action and learning the consequences of their works; in love by feeling the common spiritual essence that unites all beings and transforming selfish desire to pleasure-giving experiences that result in lasting happiness; and in wisdom by observing deeds and feelings and remembering which are uplifting and which self-destructive--then being true to himself.



Man's inborn wisdom and talents result from incarnation, but his survival is based on understanding and adjusting to his environment, or else changing it to his own needs. If he is unsuccessful, life is shortened. Fundamental to this process is that the Not-Self (the universe of all animate and inanimate existences which create stimuli) mirror itself accurately in on the Self (man's consciousness of his own body and mind). Man evolves in his intelligence as he is increasingly able to mirror the universe: to see what really exists and expand himself in its existence by experiences. This is a two-way street; first the interaction, then the image retained of what happened, and as the image is reworked and thought out larger and larger sets of abstractions are formed which are concrete in determining the type of next experience one has. Each of the elements of these two universes, inner and outer, can be classified as belonging to one of the planets. Rulership is in the sense that as the planetary bodies have been studied certain general yet unique occurrences have been assigned to each, so that as the matter of the planets moves in space it creates a change in the same type of matter that forms our minds. This brings an added dimension to existence, so that the total universe is three; Not-Self, the world of other things, Self, our feelings, thoughts and actions in response, and the relation, where the concrete, tangible world and man's consciousness meet--the Body. These three aspects are governed by the planets. When each mirrors the other and is in perfect harmony, birth takes place--for the planets and signs without reflect the personality within, and their relationship is complete in the body.

In the following syntheses of the planets it is important to remember that each is dual, with the potential for a positive or negative manifestation in the consciousness. For example, Jupiter represents sociability, responsibility, and the humanitarian impulses, but can also express itself as gossip, superficiality, and charlatanism. To carry the image further, the duality is expressed along one continuum so that each sphere does not consist of two poles, but of subtle shadings from negative to positive along the planet's one ray of color or vibration.

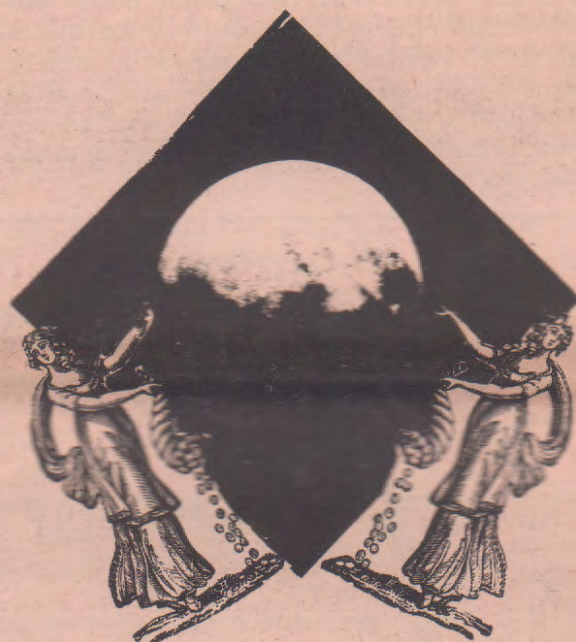
The Sun is life-giver to our solar system, sending heat, light and energy into all that exists. This major luminary represents the visible manifestation and ray of the invisible Central Sun which is our universe. Its symbol shows unmanifested collective existence (the circle), with the essence of latent being contained in the center (the dot). This dot, ray or stream of life, received from the SOLAR LOGOS, is then transmitted to the other planets, each receiving its energy and dominion from the Sun. It is the individuality, the real self, which does not change from day to day. Beneath the Sun are all the transitory phases of life--and this planet is the integrating principle that prana (life-breath) that gives the ability to express and then unite all power, feeling and wisdom into the whole man. It is the conscious, the positive and masculine, the man who knows himself and thus has control over the environment and his whole being.

In the outer world (Not-Self), the Sun signifies presidents, people in authority, fathers, employers; that places where these figures work, such as palaces, businesses, banks, offices; also in its dominion are gold, diamonds, and the color orange. In the inner world (Self), all the leading, vitalising states of consciousness are included: power, prestige, grandeur, self-motivation, pride and ambition. The parts of the physical body ruled are the heart, arteries, eyes, spinal cord and the vital life-force.

The Sun rules the fixed-fire sign Leo, giving it intensity of desire, idea, and action. Leadership and a sense of the dramatic, as well as courage, aggressiveness and sometimes egotism, are all imparted by the Sun, making Leo the natural-born King.

The major luminary is the Will-to-Be, the pure energy by which we achieve realization of self. It is the most important sign in the horoscope, for the sign occupied at birth is where the true nature and basic talents of the native are focused, as it points out the character to be manifested during this incarnation. As Desire is transformed into Will, the Sun is the basis of Action.

The Moon is mother, the nourisher and sustainer of life, Astarte of the Chaldeans, the Virgin Mary of the Christians. Esoterically the earth is her child, so she has direct rule over all that exists on our planet, while the Sun is the lord of the whole solar system. She is negative, feminine, receptive, passive, changeable--the Queen of the form side of life, the bodies into which the Sun pours prana. Nothing is stable under her: everything passes, ebbs and flows--thus



she is Maya (illusion), our susceptibility to all changes of environment, expressed in enslavement to matter until our spiritual will is sufficiently developed. Then we can put the Moon "at our feet" and rise to control our destiny. The lesser luminary rules the unconscious the deeper, complementary self where our root feelings and impulses rest. As such she is Chaos, the primordial ocean of the collective unconscious, in which all diversity dissolves into oneness. The Moon is also symbolic of the etheric double, the shadowy nonphysical other body into which our material body and life is poured. She is a dual

planet, torn in polarity between the gravitational magnetism of the Sun as spirit, and the Earth as physical experience. Negatively, she rules habit patterns and the ever-present temptation to return to the past, and positively gives an appreciation of heritage, our birthright from family and ancestors, that is the foundation of who we are.

In the Not-Self, the Moon indicates women, wives, water, nurses, sailors, travelers, and the common people; also houses, journeys, and nurseries. Silver metal, moonstones and opals, and the colors violet and grey relate to her. In the Self, or inner walls, she represents instincts, sensations, concrete and practical thoughts, receptivity, fluctuation, feelings, cautiousness, imagination and psychic inclinations. In the Body her dominion is over the fluids, breasts, reproductive organs, the stomach and digestion, and the sympathetic nervous system.

When positive the Moon gives great sympathy and the urge to protect and nourish, domestic abilities, and sexuality but negative shadings are fantasy, childishness, living in the past, severe fluctuation and impressionability. She rules the cardinal-water sign Cancer, giving dangers of self-deceit, mothering and helplessness, but also the most receptive, feeling sensitive, and trusting of the signs, the Queen of the zodiac and the Universal Mother.

The Moon is personality, the manifested part of the soul. She is the sea of undercurrents where all influences and vibrations of the other planets' rays are gathered, assimilated and then passed on to the mind, which reacts to the stimuli of the forms of existence evoked by her Veil of Illusion.



Everything real is given and received in silence



Rabban Simeon ben Gamaliel said: All the days of my life have been passed in the company of the wise, and I have found naught of better service than silence; not learning but doing is the chief thing; and whoso multiplies words causes sin.

--- Pirke Avoth

Prayer

The eyes must be closed

to good and evil,

and see only

the Vision of God.

The ears must be deaf

to pleasure and pain,

and hear only

the Voice of God.

The lips must be silent

in joy and sorrow,

and utter only

the Name of God.

If you were to ask me why I do not speak, I would say I am not a speaker. Secondly, to relieve the boredom of forms, I keep silence in my personal talk in itself is idle talk. Lecture of any kind, spiritual or otherwise, writings, are just idle talk when not rooted in silence.

If you were to ask me why I do not speak, I would say I am not a speaker and that I speak more eloquently through gestures and the alphabet board.

If you were to ask me when I feel like uttering the only beginning, as that Word at the beginning of my outward silence to you.

On the tenth of July in the year 1925 Meher Baba, who three and a half years before had realized himself to be the Unlimited Soul of God, became silent. The thirty-one year old Avatar used pencil and slate or paper for communication. On the second of January in the year 1927 he ceased to write. He now combined gestures with the use of a Roman alphabet board. His circle, or mandali, would then 'read' the board to others.

The young St. Thomas Aquinas was known in Paris as the "dumb ox." He travelled on foot, seldomly affixing himself to one spot, often returning to places of his prior visits. Thus he spent his entire life. He worked on the text Summa Theologica, his great work, for seven years without its completion. Thomas stopped, was silent, wrote no more.

Many were concerned. They urged him to give an explanation for his action. Would he resume this most fine and outstanding document for the Church?

But the answer to silence was in more silence.

Was this the Divine Silence, spoken of by one of St. Thomas's revered authorities Dionysius the Areopagite? In 1274 at the age of fifty St. Thomas Aquinas died.

Shortly before death he dropped a hint to his ways. He said, "All I have written seems to be nothing but straw compared to what I have seen and what has been revealed to me."

St.
Thomas
Aquinas



On the seventh of October in the year 1954 Meher Baba discarded the alphabet board. Thenceforth he has communicated by the means of

Buddha, what is the


Buddha, what is the

Buddha, what are

SILENCE

the nature of Reality?

the nature of Nirvana?

by the beloved 

From the 2nd Discourse of Rumi

Someone was saying: Our Master does not utter a word.

I said: Well, it was the thought of me that brought this person to my presence. This thought of me did not speak with him, saying, "How are you?" or "How are things with you?" The thought without words drew him hither. If the

reality of me draws him without words and transports him to another place, what is so wonderful in that? Words are the shadow of reality and the branch of reality. Since the shadow could draw, how much more the reality!

Words are the pretext. It is the element of congenity that draws one man to another, not words. If a man should see a hundred thousand miracles and expositions and divine graces, if there is no element of congenity in him connecting him with the prophet or saint concerned, then all those phenomena will be profitless. It is that element which keeps him agitated and restless. If there were no element of amber in straw, the

straw would never move towards the amber. This congenity between them is a hidden and not a visible thing.

It is the thought of a thing that brings a man to that thing. The thought of the garden brings him to the garden, the thought of the shop brings him to the shop. Within these thoughts, however, is a secret deception. Do you not see how you will go to a certain place and then repent of having done so, saying, "I thought that it would be good. It was not so"? These thoughts then are like a shroud and within the shroud someone is hidden. Whenever the thoughts vanish from the scene and the realities appear without a shroud of thought, there is a great commotion. Where such is the case, there remains no trace of regret. When it is the reality that draws you, there is nothing other than the reality. It would be the same reality which drew you hither.

Upon the day when the secrets are tried.

What occasion is there then for me to speak?

the duties of Discipleship?

talk, I would say mostly for three
h you all I am talking eternally.
talking incessantly through your
al form. And thirdly because all
messages, statements, discourses
imparted through utterances or
acted upon or lived through.

dent,
et

I will break my silence, I would say, when
real word that was spoken in the beginningless
is worth uttering. The time of breaking
er that word is very near.

And straightway in the morning the
chief priests held a consultation
with the elders and scribes and the
whole council, and bound Jesus, and
carried him away, and delivered him
to Pilate.

And Pilate asked him, Art thou the
King of the Jews? And he, answering,
said unto him, Thou sayest it.

And the Chief Priests accused
him of many things: but he answered
nothing.

And Pilate asked him again, saying,
Answerest thou nothing? Behold
how many things they witness
against thee.

But Jesus yet answered nothing;
so that Pilate marvelled.

QUESTION: Is it not difficult for you to express yourself clearly in
your high mission and noble undertaking?

MEHER BABA: No; because, both internal and external mediums are
at my disposal.... God has been everlastingly working in silence, un-
observed, unheard, except by those who experience His Infinite Silence.
If my silence cannot speak, of what avail would be speeches made by the
tongue. The very moment when he thinks my speaking should be heard
universally, God will make me break my silence.

After Awakening

Pleasure
Handed once as a distraction,
Offered misunderstood
For insecure thoughts
Of imagined emotion
Has grown
After it can be experienced no more.
I long to feel now
What I meant to give before
Since I learned to please
Before frightened leisure
That I would love
Tomorrow.

Peter Novick

there are times of fashion
and expedient
excursions

and camel rides

and surface
raffles of
flesh

and monsoons of mystery
destroying the known in

ignorance

but times are centered

on pleasures

and problems of pleasures

but the mastery of time is that

time shall pass

realizations are wise in any respect

for a man to realize that his wisdom ferments from his

realizations and his awareness from his ability to return

any civilization to the state of being aware

then he may share in the infinite wisdom of the ages

entering the reality of his infinity

i shall overcome

and you and you and he and she

shall overcome

for there is no we in or beyond eternity

when everyman is one

one shall overcome

in a physical sense

i extend no further than

food can fill my flesh

i stand no higher than my skull

but my being will fill the

universe when everyman

is one in everyman and these

worlds are heard and understand

in everyland of has been, is, or is to come

Melanoe Farmer

You know I would have jumped
Off the Golden Gate Bridge
Long Ago
But there are
Probably
Narc bulls driving
Around on the floor
Of the Bay
In unmarked seaweed
And you can't fix in salt water
Anyhow
But catch me?
Not on your
Tin
Type
Star Buddy
Best you go after
Johnny
You know
The punk
With the Mustang
And the beard
But watch out
He's a cop.

Denny

REFLECTIONS OF A DOOMED BALOON

Sad and doomed,
The thin balloon,
Unwilling to wrinkle and die,
Drifted through the room
And vanished in the sky

And down below on the patio
The manic children cried;
While by the pool, the fat fool
Drank until he died:

The post-coital mountain
Sighed in the desert air;
As the shock of the plummeting falcon
Shattered the back of the hare:

And fourteen football players
And the Plastic Arts Brigade
Bruised their bones and soul with a prayer
While foaming crowds hoorayed...

And spoke the consumptive volcano
As the jelly angels jeered,
And the blistering billions bubbled
Burst and disappeared.

Michael Neuman

More Than Eyes

Darkness Be not
Selflessness
Music can fill the
Soul
That need not have eyes
To love.

Spoken softly
My lover entrances me
With accents of love,
And can fill temples slowly
And be real.

Your touch
On the fingers of my heart
Clasp deeply,
As manifest as a
Face smiling
Not only for itself.

Behind the smile
Emerges skin
Felt responsive
By a heart
Touched by love
That strengthens itself
For another

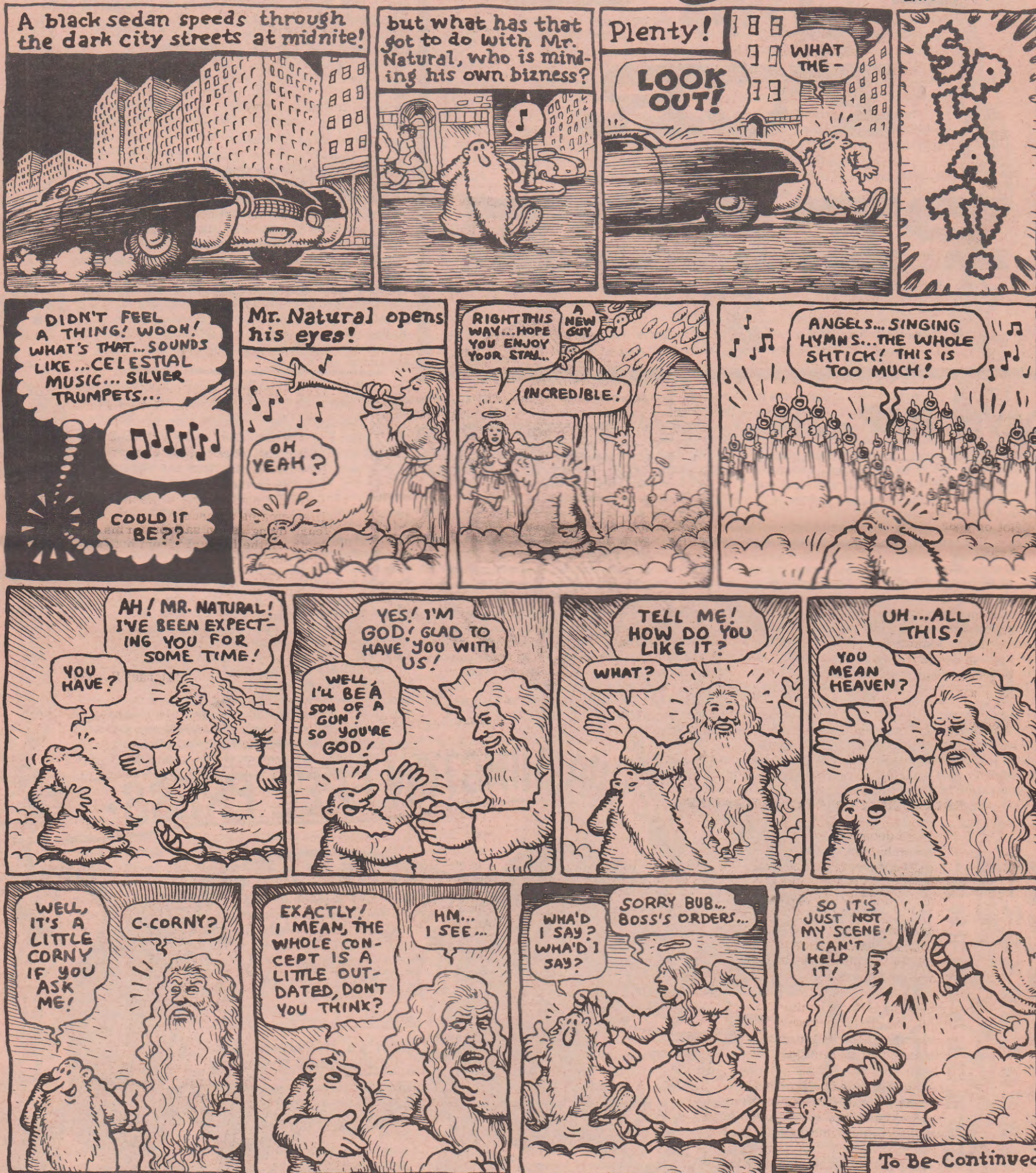
I kissed her lips
Because I can't see them
When I am close enough
To forget
That there are two of us.

Absorbed her glow
With my mouth
Satisfied to heaven
Dying in the timeless
Breath
That explodes in knowing.

Peter Novick

Mr. Natural meets God

ANOTHER
R. CRUMB
LAFF RIOT!





DAVIS RAP cont'd.

later verified that those arrested were placed in closed vans, the vents were shut, and mace was sprayed in. They had for all practical purposes portable gas chambers, the horror of which could not be imagined.

Chicago was a tremendous watershed for our country. Condoning the brutal suppression of that political act of defiance of legitimate political authority made it impossible for the Democratic Party to pose as the peace party as it fraudulently did in 1964. The spectacle of Chicago generated an enormous spirit among white youth across the country, and the establishment is getting shaky, for everywhere they look their power and legitimacy is crumbling around them. Their answer is suppression---Law and Order.

There is a vast conspiracy in America today---not by a few leaders, not by the FBI in their harrassment, not by HUAC who is trying to fabricate some kind of Hanoi tie-in to the peace movement, but a conspiracy by the authorities to join together because they fully realize that authority that can't be maintained by consensus must be retained by force.

What our response must be is a rejection of

their fraud.

I believe that anyone who votes for the big three supports the destruction of hope in America.

We have to go and haunt all three candidates everywhere they go with the spectre of Viet Nam.

We have declared November 1-5 as National G. I. Week to demonstrate that the major force of Americans who want to end the war and bring our boys home are the ones who are their friends, and NOT the three candidates who want to use them for cannon fodder.

We will hold massive demonstrations and love-ins near Army bases to support soldiers in their basic right to come home.

On November 5 we will find alternate ways to vote. We will vote with our hands and feet, and with thousands of burning draft cards. We will announce on November 5 that it the impending election will bring on four more years of racism, repression, and war (that WE WILL DESCEND ON WASHINGTON WITH THE SAME DETERMINATION WHICH BROUGHT US TO CHICAGO.

We want
our leaders
We int
candidate

"....I spent 33 years and 4 months in active military service as a member of our country's most agile military service-- the Marine Corps.... During that period I spent most of my time being a high-class muscle man for Big Business, for Wall Street and for the bankers. In short, I was a racketeer, a gangster for capitalism.

".... Thus I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. I helped in the raping of half a dozen Central American republics for the benefit of Wall Street. The record of racketeering is long. I helped purify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Brothers in 1909-1912. I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916. In China in 1927 I helped to see to it that the Standard Oil went its way unmolested.

"During those years, I had, as the boys in back room would say, a swell racket.... Looking back on it, I feel that I might have given Al Capone a few hints. The best he could do was to operate his racket in three city districts. I operated on three continents."

The above quotes are from an article written in 1935 by Major General Smedely D. Butler, USMC, Retired.

Washington--A/C Michael Locke, co-organizer of the up coming San Francisco anti-war demonstrations (October 12) was followed and harrassed while in Washington on authorized leave. Air Policemen arrested Locke during a news conference in Lafayette Park and held him for five hours without charges. The detention prevented Locke from talking to members of in order to gain support for the demonstration. Following his release he was followed by plain-clothesmen everywhere he went including Dulles Airport to see him off.

March 1968.

In Chicago it was a case of Police turned Pig. When I saw the brutality starting to unfold on Wednesday, I immediately thought of the women and children who had come and who were witnessing what was happening as well as being in immediate danger of serious bodily injury. I was on the stage in Grant Park and I immediately grabbed the mike and called for our 1500 marshals to cordon off the cops to protect the people. At that point it became clear that we were so much better organized than the police who were running wild.

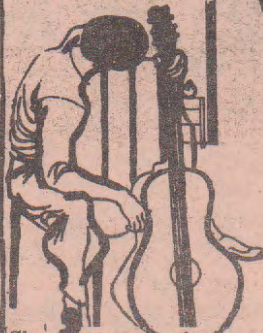
For the first time in my life I was really afraid of death. The cops were yelling "Kill Davis. Kill Davis." and for a moment I thought they would. My head was split open and my back and arms were beaten again and again.

We believe that this country can be more than fear and repression. We believe that this country can be more than military bases in Formosa, Japan, Thailand, Turkey, and Germany. We believe that this country is more than rats and roaches and vermin and poor people and kids. We are asking you to join the

WASHINGTON FREE PRESS.

一面的比較話句子跟圖,就明白話的意思了。不用太使勁記,只要記住句子的意思怎麼變,怎麼跟着功,倒很

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HEPATITIS

by Henry Roth, M.D.

Hepatitis is a disease caused by a virus which invades the body and damages the liver. Since the liver—as the body's chemical factory—is a vital organ whose continuous functioning is necessary for the maintenance of life, its total destruction leads inevitably and promptly to death. Fortunately the vast majority of hepatitis victims recover quite completely and without any bad after-effects. This they owe mainly to two factors: (1) the ability of the body to overcome the virus before it has had a chance to spread to all of the liver cells and destroy them and (2) the remarkable ability of the liver to regenerate itself from a small remnant of surviving normal cells. (Regeneration is an otherwise unusual phenomenon in the human organism—consider the damaged finger, ear, tongue, heart, etc. They may heal over, but do not grow back.) So the outcome depends on a race between the body's defensive mechanisms and the reproducing virus. Nine times out of ten (approximately) the body wins. Most cases, therefore, are mild, self-limited, and in the long run harmless to the victim himself (although he may infect others who may not get off so lightly), and many cases are so mild that they produce no signs at all and go completely unnoticed. It is, of course, the doctor's prerogative to take the credit whenever recovery occurs—but what is his real contribution in this disease? We'll touch on that later on.

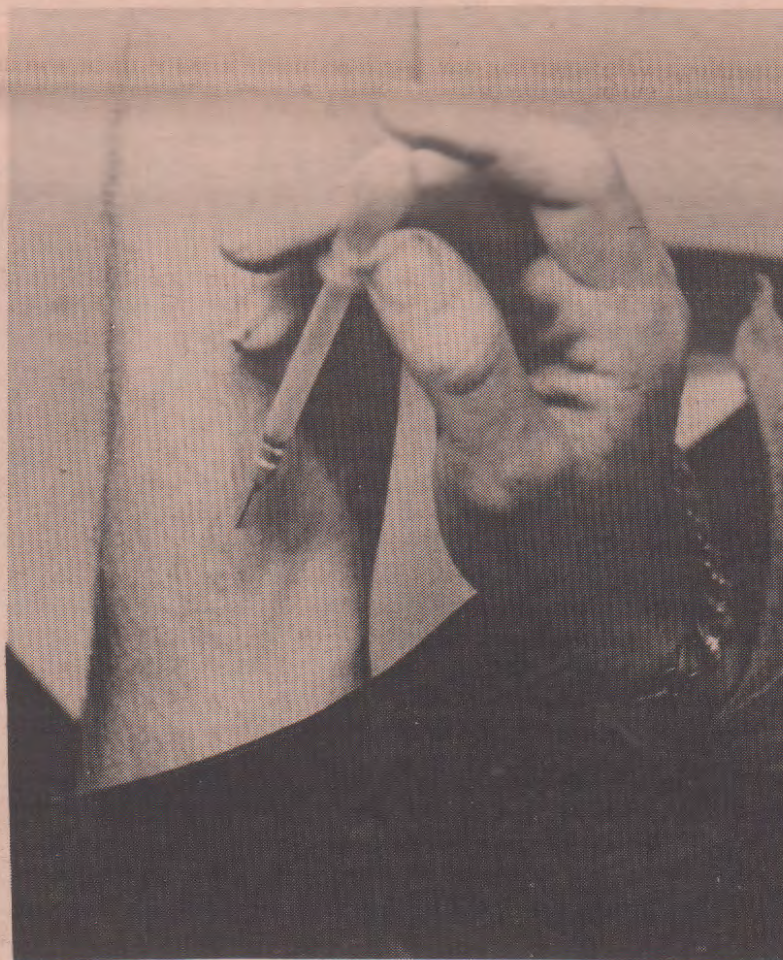
Hepatitis is mainly a disease of children, teenagers, and young adults, although older people are occasionally affected (When an older person is affected the disease is often more severe.) There are two forms—infectious hepatitis and serum hepatitis—apparently caused by two different viruses. Infectious hepatitis is caught through any form of close contact with an infected person or with objects (such as clothing, utensils, sheets, joints, etc.) used by him, the virus entering the body through the mouth, to which it is usually carried by the hands. The disease usually becomes apparent 2 to 6 weeks after entry of the virus. The virus of serum hepatitis must be injected into the blood stream with some object (usually a needle) directly contaminated with blood (the tiniest invisible microscopic trace is sufficient) from an infected person. Serum hepatitis usually becomes apparent 2 to 6 months after the introduction of the virus.

Once these two viruses have entered the body and passed through the latent period, they behave exactly alike, produce exactly the same effects and after-effects, and there is no way (as yet) to tell them apart (except by determining, if possible, how and when the infection was acquired). Having had either form of hepatitis generally (but not always) provides a fairly lasting immunity to reinfection by that form—but not the other form. (So it is theoretically possible for everyone to have "hepatitis" at least twice.) The virus may hang around in the blood stream for months or years after apparent recovery has occurred, so people can continue to infect others through blood transfusions or sharing of injection needles for a long time (perhaps indefinitely). You can protect yourself from hepatitis by (1) washing your hands after every direct and indirect contact with an infected person and (2) never taking a drug or medication by injection unless the needle has been boiled or is an unused disposable needle. If you require a blood transfusion, you will have to accept the risk of hepatitis—which is about 1 chance in 20 for each pint of ordinary (screened) bank blood. ("Screening" consists essentially of asking every donor whether he has ever had hepatitis or jaundice.) Once contact or infection has occurred, the disease can often be aborted or made milder by the administration of gamma globulin.

Hepatitis—of either type—produces a feeling of fatigue, weakness, and loss of appetite, sometimes accompanied by fever and headaches. Many of the victims also notice a decreased desire for cigarettes and sex (or both). As liver cell destruction becomes more widespread, jaundice (yellowing of the eyeballs and skin) occurs, the urine becomes unusually dark, and the stools become abnormally light in color. This phase may last a few days or a few weeks, after which recovery takes place spontaneously. Many cases are so mild that the phase of jaundice never develops, and a few, conversely, may drag on for months or years, to produce permanent damage. Now, this group of symptoms may occur as the result of a number of different conditions other than hepatitis, so the only way to find out whether they are actually due to hepatitis is to be examined by a doctor; often he cannot tell either with a special blood test. This test (called the transaminase test) usually gives a straight yes-or-no answer with respect to hepatitis, but it may take several hours or overnight to

perform (depending on the laboratory). (The Washington Free Clinic unfortunately does not have the facilities to do this test at present, so it means going to a hospital emergency room and waiting there for the result.)

Once hepatitis is diagnosed, the best thing to do, in general, is to enter the hospital. There is really no specific treatment for the disease, and most victims will recover no matter what is done, but because hepatitis occasionally has the potentially catastrophic complication of liver failure, its presence is sufficient to warrant the taking up of a precious (often desperately rare) hospital bed. The benefits of hospitalization are as follows: (1) protection of the patients' friends, relatives, and intimates from exposure; (2) a chance to rest and be waited on, allowing the weakened body to mobilize its defenses against the invading virus; (3) regular vitamins and (more or less) nourishing meals which, however cold and unpalatable they may be, are necessary if the liver is going to be able to regenerate itself; (4) the opportunity for close medical observation and periodic blood tests to monitor progression of the disease, so that appropriate steps can be taken in time in the rare event of liver failure—a few such cases are fatal but many can be saved and brought to full recovery through the use of intravenous feedings, blood transfusions, cortisone-like drugs, or devices resembling artificial kidneys. Cases requiring such radical treatments are extremely rare, but it seems to me that it's worth putting up with the frustrations and indignities that some doctors and hospitals can deal out (especially to patients with unconventional appearance or ideas), if it can mean the difference between a lingering death and complete recovery.



Two final points: Alcohol and certain related liquids such as benzene and carbon tetrachloride, act as violent poisons to the virus-threatened liver, virtually insuring destruction and an unfavorable outcome. No one with hepatitis (or with a strong possibility of contact) should allow himself to be exposed to this class of products—whether by swallowing or inhalation—until at least one year after full recovery. (If he wants to live to dig later kicks, he will just have to cop his present kicks some other way.) Nor should he donate blood or be generous with any injection equipment he may have ever again—for however great the love or nobility of soul which motivates these gestures, the higher love and nobility dictate that he keep the accompanying invisible bonus gift to himself.

Note: The Free Press would like suggestions for upcoming articles related to health and drugs.



If you won't listen to your parents, the Man or the Establishment...

Why should you listen to us?

Because of the power of Rock,
the shriek of the Blues, the doubt of
Country-Folk.

Because of the sound of love and
anger and confidence and hope.

The sound of a search.

Because of a white chick belting
black Blues and wiping you out—Janis
Joplin

three greats together for the first
time feeding each other's souls—
"Super Session"

brothers signing their vibrations
with peace—The Chambers Brothers
a young songwriter who got tired
of other people singing his songs—
Gordon Alexander

the sensation of seven guys
creating a new direction for Rock—
The Millennium

the greats of British Blues brought
together in one album

the sound track of the image of our
time—"You Are What You Eat"

a musical accompaniment to the
agonies of heroin—"Chappaqua"

an album that's as different as it
looks—Small Faces

an imported sound with a
macabre name—The Zombies.

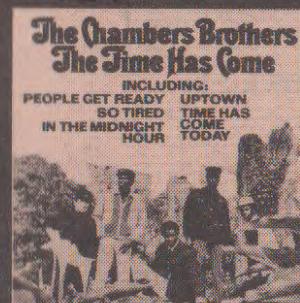
Because it's you.

And that's why you might want to
listen.

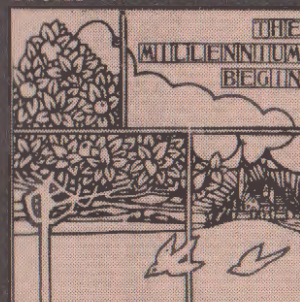
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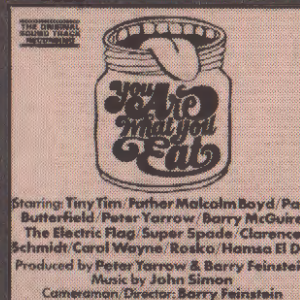
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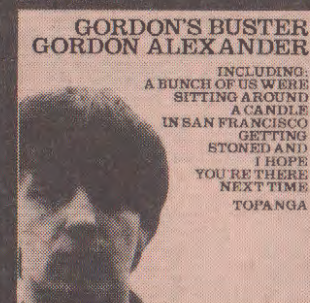
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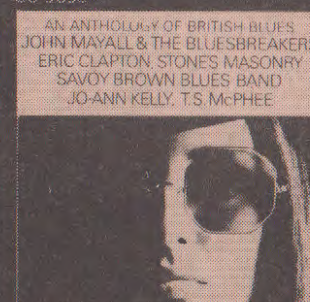
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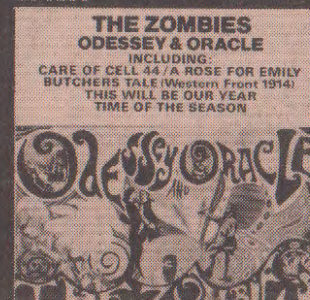
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OS 3230



FES 4013 Date Records

HOW TO AVOID ELECTRONIC EAVES-DROPPING AND PRIVACY INVASIONS

available for \$2.98 from: Investigator's Information Service, 806 S. Robertson Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif. 90035

The 1984 Orwellian Nightmare has arrived. In the past a person didn't have to worry too much about being bugged. But today all that has changed.

The legislature has taken away our right to privacy by passing a bill which not only allows electronic surveillance by federal state and local law enforcement agencies but also allows wiretapping without a court order. The power to install bugging devices and tap telephones carries with it shades of Nazi Germany with a new setting.

Temporary consolation for few sane who most bugging rather expen

if made inoperative by fair means or foul, "Big Brother" is going to be at least a little discouraged. This book points out that it is easy to prevent someone from bugging your place than it is to find a bug. A good tip to remember is always ask for identification of any repairman.

The best anti-bugging device known to man is found in this simple little bit of advice: "Keep your mouth shut". It is a completely foolproof method. Moreover, it's free.

However, since most people find this method somewhat impractical, other more elaborate means are necessary. The second best way to discourage a snooper, then, is that when you have something confidential to say turn on your t.v., shower, radio, alarm clock and any other noise-producing electrical appliance. Since most bugging devices cannot concentrate on one particular voice when confronted with many noises, the bug villain is foiled. At least one bugging device type is voice-actuated; that is, it goes on automatically whenever someone speaks. If a radio is left plying, the device will soon use up all the recording tape and become useless.

If something happens to strengthen your suspicions, search a bug. A careful, inch by inch, Sherlock Holmes type of search of the suspected area will sometimes uncover a bug. It is important to be particularly watchful for any new plaster or paint on the wall. A bug is a device, after all, which can be located by a methodical ter or paint on the wall. And a metal detector can be used to locate any metal object in a wall. However tempting it is don't get rid of the bug as soon as you find it. Instead, use it to pass on false information to counter-act information already given. Another thing too, don't let on that you're looking for a bug. Some bugs can be turned off, thus making the electronic location of a bug almost impossible.

There are several types of phone bugs; some operate only when the telephone is being used and others are constantly tuned in to the goings on in a house. There are methods to combat both types of telephone bugs. If the device is only a telephone monitoring device, you can dial for the time of day and leave the phone off the hook. While the time is endlessly repeated into the listening device, the battery which powers the device will slowly but surely run down. And even if the mechanism is hooked up to an electrical tape recorder the machine will eventually run out of tape and the snooper will know the game is up.

Some advice to combat phone bugs: Use public phones instead of your home phone for personal calls and avoid using the same phone for all calls. You can also call up the phone company periodically to make sure it hasn't been switched.

Knowing how to locate a phone bug is just as important as knowing how to knock it out. If you unscrew the mouthpiece of your phone you will find a standard phone mouthpiece microphone inside. Identical to the mouthpiece gadget in your phone is a high-powered radio transmitter which has the double capacity of being a mouthpiece and a radio transmitter. The device is sold only to policeman in some states. Since it looks like an ordinary mouthpiece it is hard to detect. But if you suspect one is planted in your phone, simply take the mouthpiece microphone out of your phone and trade it for one you find in some public phone booth. The snooper will have one hell of a time trying to find it and he'll be out some money too. Mark your new one with some almost indistinguishable sign and inspect it periodically to make sure it hasn't been switched.

There are special electronic devices available for tracking down bugs but there are simple homemade methods too. A t.v. set can be used as an excellent bug detector. Turn the t.v. set on to a vacant channel, replace the outside antenna with rabbit ears. Turn the fine tuning knob completely through its cycle you will cover the frequency between the adjacent stations. Either a visual herringbone pattern or an auditory feedback squeal will become evident on the screen - if you've located a bug. Try it man, try everything, but whatever you do don't get paranoid.

by Den van Tassel

I was born one morning on the planet Mars
I gassed up my cradle and shot through the stars
I landed on earth with a solid bang --
Man, I'm the Fang.

There was this guy, see, who went around half singing half talking that all the time, along with a couple of other verses (if you're really desperate, drop me a line), and it naturally came to pass that his name, which was Tom Hoskins, sort of slid under the rug until he was Fang altogether.

Fang did stuff like ride around on a big hairy godforsaken old four-cylinder Indian bike that must have

weighed about a zillion pounds half of them rust. Then there was the infamous Coke Machine Caper ("Sittin' in the dark, wailin' and a-cryin', scrapin' all the paint off an old tire iron") but never mind about that. Once upon a time he even went down to Avalon, Miss., and dug up a little old black man (who was scared to death and thought Fang was the Feds, which is more incongruous than just about anybody but J. Edgar himself) was named John Hurt, one of the neatest lovingest openest funkiest pickinest people there ever was.

Well, now, Fang was just one of the bunch of young guys who went around and hunted up a bunch of old guys with names like Bukka White and Skip James and Son House, and all the young guys would scrounge around in Harper's Ferry and East Redneck, Va., and places like that, digging up records of all these old guys, as well as of lots of guys who it was too late to find - bless thier loving pickin' souls. You remember those old records? 78s, they were called, and they weighed as much as a fat potato and they'd break if you said their name too loud and they made noises and scratches that even today's ultramodern electro-pastel 24-channel nuclear-powered star trek recording studios haven't thought of.

Anyhow, one of the guys in that old dirtball with Fang and the rest was Mike Stewart, who figured that 78s by those old bluesy and raggy pickers were something special and that he wasn't doing right by them if he couldn't play all those good old songs note for note.

If he could have melted them down and distilled them & and shot up their Inner Essence he probably would have done that too.

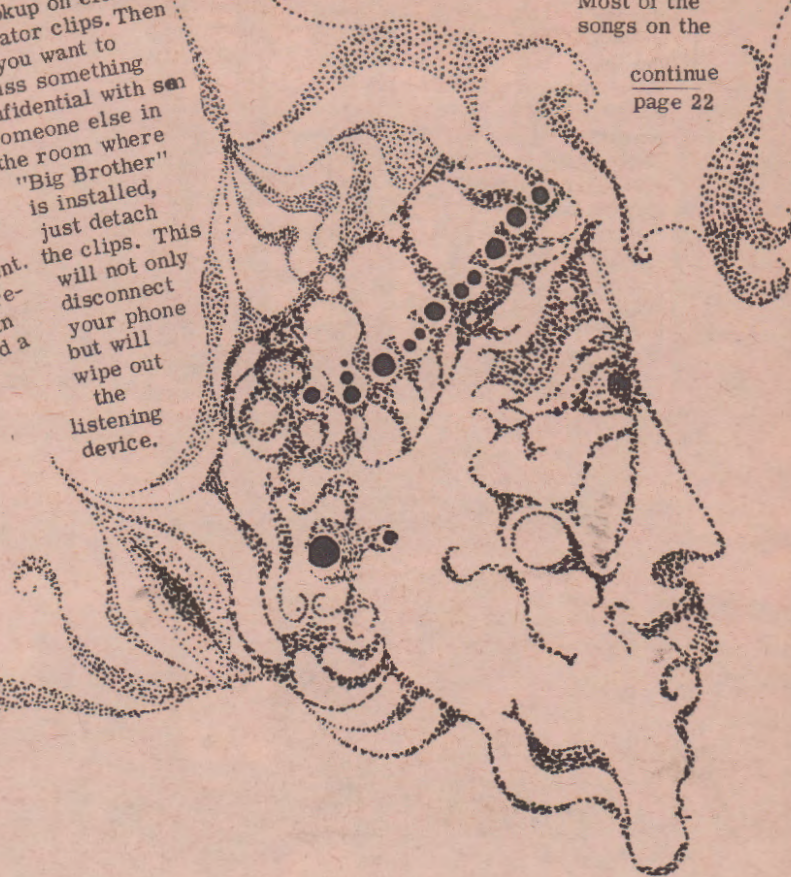
So the point is he was good. He'd pick from 26 to 28 hours a day, eight or nine days a week, and his main mindfuck was only that he couldn't learn a song off one record while playing a different one he'd just learned from another. Some way (it was rather deliberate, as I recall) Stewart became Backwards Sam Firk, and he's still out there in the darkness around Annapolis & Takoma Park and Oz and such places and he's still picking. & he's made a record namely the True Blues and Gospel. Only it's not a 78 anymore, it's an LP. Only it's not just a record at all, it's a love-in, with 26 pages of notes & words & poems and purrrrr held out in his two hands touching but open like a prayer book telling you how the music of a blues is just the little bit you can see when there's really people (like John Hurt who put down his guitar in 1929 and didn't pick it up for more than 35 years

and picked cotton instead) & places (like the dead fester festering slums of west Chicago or the overgrown dusty dump near Magnolia, Ala., where you end up if you're ornery and don't take the fork that says Butcher's Landing) & before & after & all kinds of things that you don't see till you look deeper, just like you don't see a person's life if you only stand there & stare at him or even shake hands.

Firk, alias Stewart, is, to say the least, a faithful renderer of his old loves, the songs. If anything in fact, he is so computer like in his renditions that while he is so smooth, he doesn't always, well, swing. Listen to Tom Rush do Bukka White's Panama Limited or Bill Broonzy's Joe Turner. Rush's city slickness has no place in Firk's bag, but the point is that it's possible to inject new or additional life into old-timey styles, rather than sounding like an ethnic music box.

Most of the songs on the

continue page 22





It's like nine o'clock in the evening and I'm sitting around bemoaning my dullsville birthday when there is this pounding at the door and in comes about five feet of hair, some of it dark and stoned but mostly red and beautiful. Along with comes a cakemix, some other goodies and an English recording of some chick named Jools. Five minutes later the cake is baking, we're digging the goodies and the record is doing its thing on the turntable.

Well, yeah! All right! The girl is a groove. Jools, it turns out, is Julie Driscoll, who's been knocking around for two or three years with this once-was jazz organ player and his group Over There, and she's finally cut an album after what is a monumental amount of woodshedding in these days of hey-kid-can-you-sing-here's-a-contract bands.

Now this may not help much, but she sounds a lot like Aretha, with a little Bobbie Gentry (Bobbie Gentry ???) thrown in and some phrasing borrowed (probably unintentionally) from old John Coltrane sides like Blue Train - just a little flat or sharp in just the right ear-wrenching spots -- and after all that it's haul up the damper and GO.

Unfortunately she's only on one side of the record (maybe Jack Alix can use the other side - which is Brian and Co., without her - under commercials), but her five songs are worth the price of the whole schmear and then some. Roebuck Staples' (of the Staples Singers) Why Am I Treated So Bad is a long slider with a single half-tone interval spread over about three measures like Mazola at a body-oiling party, and the song could easily go down the drain in less competent hands (or tonsils).

On the other extreme is an original by Auger called Break It Up, with some scatting that is both nimble and intense, like some of the funkier old moments of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross.

The big production number is Donovan's Season of the Witch ("I look over my shoulder and what do you think I see? Some old cat looking over his shoulder at me-- and he's strange!") which grooves on for almost eight minutes, with solos by everybody, jazz-style.

A big help is the fact that drummer Clive Thacker knows how to play a cymbal as something more than an object of sadistic abuse. It sounds like a huge ride cymbal about 28 inches across, and it rings, pings, slithers and swishes just as though it were worth what Avedis Zildjian probably charged for it, instead of sounding like the usual rock drummer's trashcan lid.

The English version is on the Polydor label, but it's now out on Atco (SD 33-258) with fortunately, none of the songs omitted. In England, Jools has a hit single of Dylan's This Wheel's on Fire, which could mean that there is a second album in the works, since it's not on this one. She is one of the most interesting voices around, with a group so tight they must have to bathe in Vaseline, and another album would be a welcome treat.

If (spelled w-h-e-n) it happens, it's gonna be Birthday Time again.

by
Jonathan
Eberhard

LOOK BLACK IN ANGER

The Gingham Dog by Lanford Wilson
Directed by Davey Marlin-Jones
The Washington Theater Club
Review by Suzanne Fields

The Washington Theater Club has opened the new season with a world premier, *The Gingham Dog* by Lanford Wilson. Its director Davy Marlin-Jones considers it to be a "deeply disturbing play." He writes, "If we were looking for a sure commercial bet for the season's opener, it would not have been chosen." He's right about it being disturbing, but certainly he wasn't serious about questioning its popular appeal.

The story is about an interracial couple just about to split. After three years of marriage, Gloria-black and Vincent-white, fight like cats and dogs. The title of the play takes its theme from the child's verse about the Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat. For those who don't remember:

"The truth about the cat and the pup
Is this: they ate each other up."

Eugene O'Neill brought this idea to the stage in 1923 in *All God's Chillun Got Wings*. Audiences then were horrified when a negro man kissed a white girl's hand-- even though the white lady was his wife. Now audiences pat themselves on the back accepting Sidney Poitier as a black suitor for a white woman, and it is easy for liberals to turn in disgust at our treatment of the first black heavy weight champion of the world depicted in Howard Sackler's *The Great White Hope*. The most recent writers dealing with black-white relationships lack conviction and artistic toughness. They are devoid of fresh insights and merely replace an older stereotyped version with a newer model. It is not enough to know the playwright shares the "ain't it awful" attitude. That's unfortunate as a life view, but as theater experience, it is boring. Eugene O'Neill penetrated beneath the social mythology and shocked the public with his perceptions. Except for rare moments, *The Gingham Dog* suffers from an ordinariness of mode and conception, an inability to go beyond the assumptions of the audience.

Perhaps Wilson is too much a naturalist for modern taste. Given their genes and their environment, his two main characters don't stand a chance. Every fact reinforces their sense of hopelessness and documents a philosophical determinism. If there wasn't the color issue, there would have been something else. Their lines of dispute are always irreconcilable, both publicly and privately. Each personal attack is rooted in an attitude toward society. We hear the hardened positions of those who no longer love.

Occasionally and almost with embarrassment this unhappy couple reminisces about the time when

their diet was not so carnivorous, when they enjoyed spaghetti and lived happily on the west side. That was when Vincent, the architect worked in a small downtown office designing store fronts. But he changed, got fancy, moved uptown, found better pay in higher buildings, and began drafting "vertical slums" to replace the horizontal ones. Outraged at his uninspired drawings, and sell-out mentality, Gloria protested in the name of social injustice. "You can't elevate the floor, you have to elevate the spirit." But she was really interested in the personal kill. "That bulge in your pants is your money belt. . . I don't need your security." Of course, she had changed too. Gloria the psychologist, stopped working with troubled children and began going to Black Power meetings. He charged bitterly, "You used to be a human being and then you became a Negro."

The words create a polemic, not a drama. Certainly a wife can express disappointment in her husband's work, but Gloria's tirade against urban redevelopment is a cliched editorial not a woman's anguish. It wounded as though it had been written down before it was spoken. The author is too much with us. Even Gloria's inability to understand her Harlem sister's telephone conversation smacked of gimmickry; it provides for a melodramatic closing for the first act, but it doesn't bear the scrutiny of credibility. And Vincent's lily-white sister (did she have to wear white gloves to help her brother move out?) is merely the hackneyed anti-heroine of another racial joke.

The Gingham Dog is an ambitious play, and if I am particularly critical, it is because the play's merits demand such examination. Wilson has a good ear for language when he doesn't give in to the corny epigrammatic phrase. There is sad whimsy delicately developed in Gloria's dream of green people descending from Mars. The situation for lingering banter in the second act is extraordinarily sensitive to the lost unspoken feelings of a dead relationship. But the play is less a drama than it is a series of dramatic moments. It is almost as though Wilson is afraid of letting out all his ideas, of probing the depths of the complicated problems he raises for his characters. I had the feeling that he shared too much of Vincent's sarcasm. "They say it's good to get things out in the open. . . Well that's horseshit."

There is one speech of Gloria's, however, that beautifully reveals Wilson's ability to follow his heroine's emotion to an appropriate pitch. She recalls her early fantasies of having Vincent's child. Would he be caramel colored or cocoa? She could taste her cinnamon son. Her speech moves dramatically away from such lyricism and she becomes black Medea, aware that had she had his son she would have bashed its head against a radiator rather than let him know his father. Such is the stuff that mangled marriages are made of. Wilson seems to be saying that you don't have to black or white to hate thy mate but mixing colors is slightly more difficult than a combination of the same hue. In this particular instance he powerfully expressed Gloria's emotions. She was a black woman and wife recoiling from the wounds of her white husband. Here Wilson opened up to the felt experience and it hurt.

The acting in this four characterplay is superb. Both Micki Grant and Robert Darnell brilliantly live out their roles as the unhappy couple. Bob Spencer is amusingly eccentric as the friendly growling his "grr" in graffiti, and Diane Gardner brings polish to the misplaced character study of the sister. Davy Marlin-Jones directs with skill and imagination.

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continued from page 20

record flow smoothly enough, however. I could run down the titles - there are pieces from Furry Lewis, Bo Carter, John Hurt & others - but that's not the point. They are a variety of different picking styles put together in a way that if you are lucky will show you something nice to have & feel about love & music.

Reading Firk's notes & listening to two John Hurt's songs on the album I had a special treat. A few years ago a bunch of the dirtball people & few straights separated John's 72nd. & 73rd. birthday at my house, & now he's gone. So besides loving the blues -- I got to cry too.

by Jonathan Eberhart.

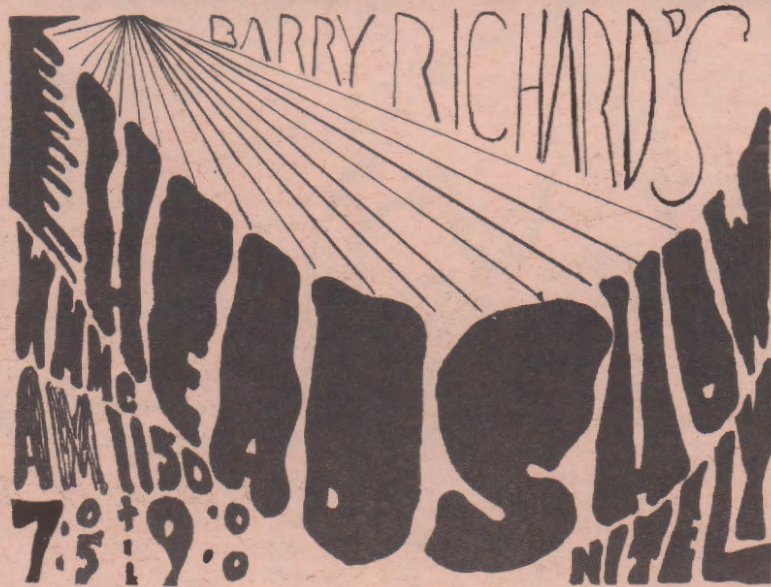


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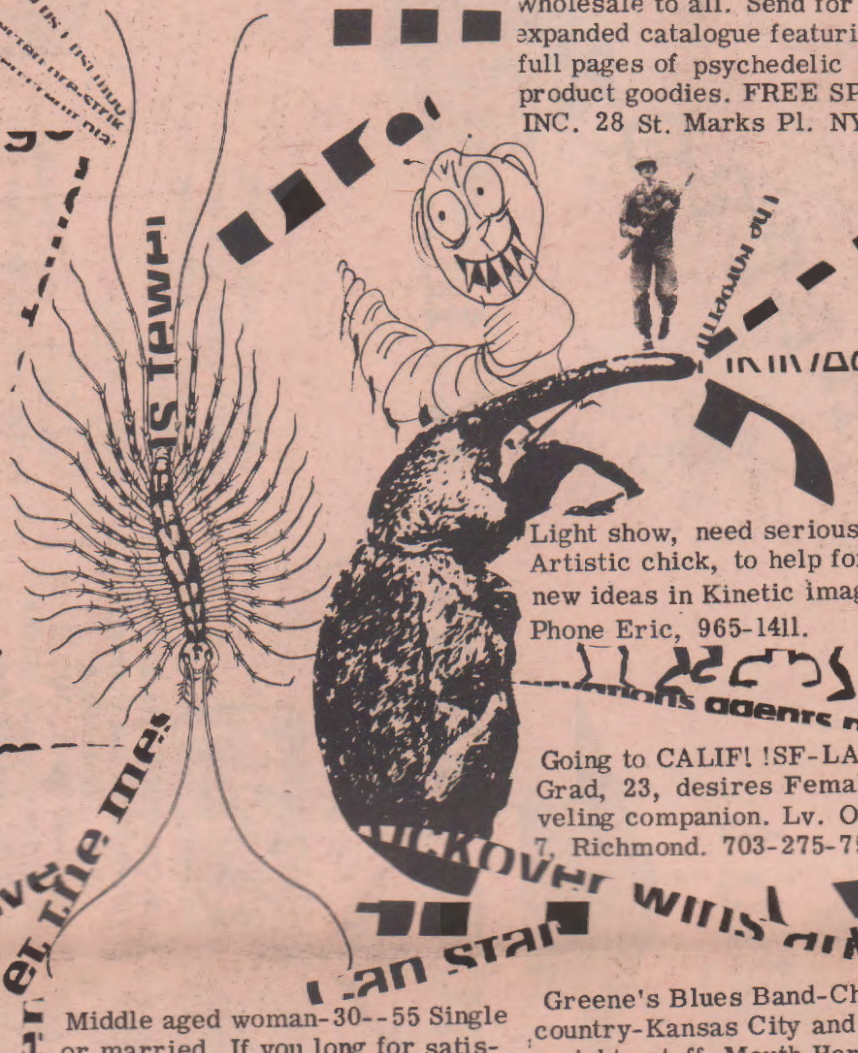
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GUIDED WALKS. Theodore Roosevelt Island. Beginning at Roosevelt Statue. 11a.m., 2 p.m., 4 p.m.
CRICKET MATCHES. West Potomac Park. Polo Filed. 1 p.m.
NATURE WALK. Rock Creek Park. Meet at Nature Center 1 p.m.
EXPLORING THE SKY. Rock Creek Park. Beginning Glover Rd. at Picnic Grove 16. 7:30 p.m.

CORCORAN EXHIBIT. Gaston Lachaise's sculptures and drawings. 8:45-11pm.

SUNDAY-OCTOBER 13

BARGE TRIPS. See Saturday, October 12
GUIDED WALKS. See Saturday, October 12
CRICKET MATCHES. See Saturday
OAKS AND ACORNS WALK. Rock Creek Park. Meet at Nature Center. 2:30 p.m.
NATURE WALK. See Saturday, October 12

EXCURSION. Slaughter Fire Road and Conway River. Shenandoah National Park, Va. Chartered coach leaves 12th St. and NY Ave. NW 8am. Fare \$5. 338-9491.

FORT TOURS. Fort Washington. Meet at Drawbridge Entrance, 2 and 4 p.m.

MONDAY OCT 14 LECTURES. Smithsonian. "The Use of Leaf Architecture in Identifying Fossil Leaves". "Seed Identification: the Vetches". Room W-531, Museum of Natural History. 6pm

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From London. WAMU-FM (88.5) 6:45pm.

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OCT 6-10 Catonsville. Nine Trials. Baltimore P.O. & other locations. Details: AD4-6211.

EXHIBIT. Library of Congress. "The Race for the White House" Currier and Ives. Pen & ink drawings by political cartoonists. Main Building.

OCT 10-13 PROTEST. Huegla Picketing International Safeway. California Grape Pickers. 332-1387.

OCT 11-13 FILMS at JANUS I "Moon Fire", by Lewis Marvin III. "Billabong", by Will Hendle. "God is Dog Spelled Backwards", Dan Mc Laughlens. "Peace Pickets Arrested", by Leonard Henny. "7362"

"7362", by Pat O'Neill. "Escalation", by Ward Kimball A. Disney. "Wipe-Out", by Paul Golding. "Muggins", by Steve Wax.

"UNC", by Bruce Lane. WOMAN'S STRIKE FOR PEACE CONFERENCE. Wm. Penn House. 515 E. Capitol St. 593-6948. PLAY. "The Importance of Being Ernest", Oscar Wilde. 8:30pm. 1437 Emerson Ave., McLean Va. 356-3048. WASHINGTON INTERNATIONAL SKI SHOW. Sheraton Park Hotel. Fri: 6pm-12am Sat: 1pm-12 am Sun: 1pm-8pm Adults 2 \$2.50. Child \$1. POTOMAC HIGHLAND REVIEW. Transportation arranged. Leave Fri. 7:30am pm. Overnite at North Branch Youth Hostels. Early Sat. departure. Until return 3:00pm Sun open. Make your own reservations for float trip, hike and dinner. Fare \$7. 462-5780.



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TUESDAY OCTOBER 8 Patior's Coffeehouse, 1658 Columbia Rd. NW "The Rebutlican Domestic Platform", congressman JR Dellenback, Ore. 8pm. \$1.

SMITHSONIAN. Learning to Look Workshop. 9:30am. Adults by pre-registration. 381-5159.

SMITHSONIAN. American Interior Architecture Class. 10:30am. Adults by pre-registration. 381-5159.

LECTURE. Prof. Wm. Fong, Princeton University. Freer Gallery auditorium, 12th St. and Jefferson Dr. SW 8:30pm.

Sensitivity Training Workshop. Every Tues. 16th and Q St. NW, Jewish Community Center. 8:30pm. DU7-6162.



HHH will be at Statler, 16th and K St. NW. Be there at 1pm. Hump will be there 2pm. Call Ann Stulz. 363-5723.

WEDNESDAY OCT 9 FILM THEATER Smithsonian, "The World of Jacques Yves Cousteau" (color). Preparations for the actual submersion of the six oceanauts in Conch Shell III. Museum of Natural History, 8pm. Museum of History and Technology, 2pm.

SMITHSONIAN. Art Class: Masters in Depth. 10:30am. Adults. 381-5159.

SMITHSONIAN. Archeology of Canaan and Palestine class. 10:30am & 8pm. Adults, 381-5159.

LECTURE. Leslie Judd Ahdander, "The Growth of Impressionism". Coreoran Gallery of Art. 11am. 628-9484.

LECTURE. Wm. Corson, Prof of Economics, Howard University & former Marine Lt/Col. On Vietnam. Burning Bush, 2612 Georgia Ave.



THURSDAY OCT 10 SMITHSONIAN. Film Aesthetic Workshop 7pm. Adults. 381-5159.

POTTER'S HOUSE PROGRAM. 1658 Columbia Rd. NW. \$1. Miss Elly Jensen, London.

Founder of the Richmond Fellowship. The influence of Community living in rehabilitation of the mentally disturbed.



CONCERT. The Juilliard String Quartet. 8:30pm. 25¢. Advance tickets. 393-4463.

FILM. "Lord Jim", American 1965, Peter O'Toole. Corcoran School of Art. 7:30pm.

FILM. "The Shameless Old Lady". Refreshments. 7:30pm. \$1.

FRIDAY OCT 11 BOOK SALE. 1006 Connecticut Ave. Over 3000 used books. 10am to 7pm.

CONCERT. Joe Heaney, Irish Ballads. Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St. NW. \$1.