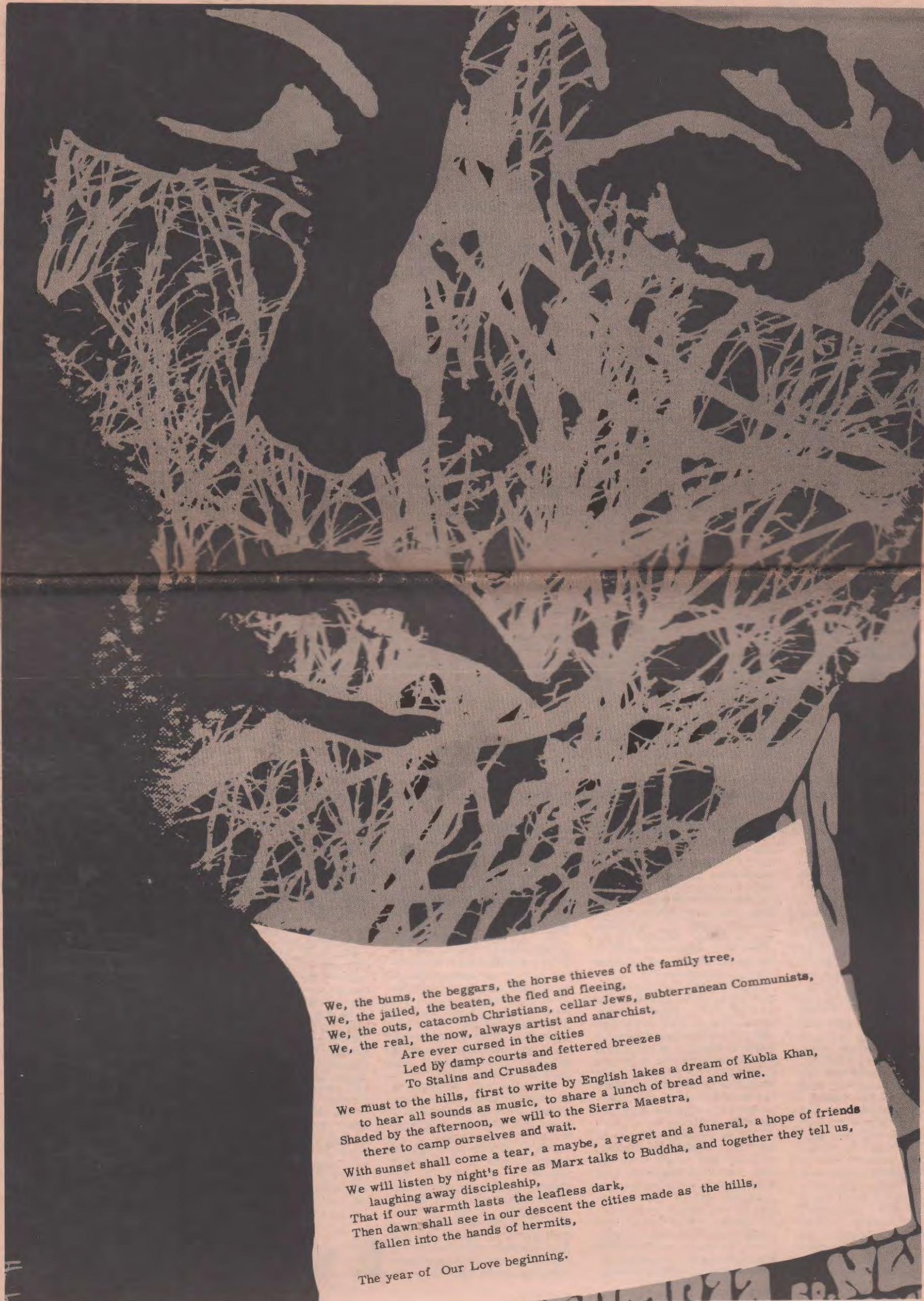


WASHINGTON FREE PRESS

December 12, 1967

WFP/ 1703 R St/ Wash D. C./ 20009/ Vol 2/ Number 20/ Within D. C. --- 20¢/ outside --- 25¢



We, the bums, the beggars, the horse thieves of the family tree,
We, the jailed, the beaten, the fled and fleeing,
We, the outs, catacomb Christians, cellar Jews, subterranean Communists,
We, the real, the now, always artist and anarchist,
Are ever cursed in the cities

Led by damp courts and fettered breezes
To Stalins and Crusades

We must to the hills, first to write by English lakes a dream of Kubla Khan,
to hear all sounds as music, to share a lunch of bread and wine.
Shaded by the afternoon, we will to the Sierra Maestra,

there to camp ourselves and wait.

We will listen by night's fire as Marx talks to Buddha, and together they tell us,
laughing away discipleship,

That if our warmth lasts the leafless dark,
Then dawn shall see in our descent the cities made as the hills,
fallen into the hands of hermits,

The year of Our Love beginning.

Yea, Che!

To the Editor:

Like every drama, the Pentagon March had its hero and its villain. Two personalities dominated: one a dead revolutionary, the second, alive and in the seat of power. It was Che Guevara vs. Lyndon Johnson. Pictures of the fallen guerilla leader were everywhere, as were signs like "Avenge Che!" Everytime a speaker invoked his name he drew thunderous cheers. At times, the marchers took up the chant "Viva Che! Viva Che!" with special joy.

Lyndon Johnson's name was much in evidence too in the signs treating his name with scorn and derision. Mention of it brought a response, too, but rather different from that evoked by reference to Che. Likewise the chants. A reporter from the Washington Post wrote in the Sunday edition, "The attitude of yesterday's marchers towards Lyndon B. Johnson was almost hateful." One would imagine even a Post reporter could have caught the emotion, because, baby, there was no "almost" about it--that was hate.

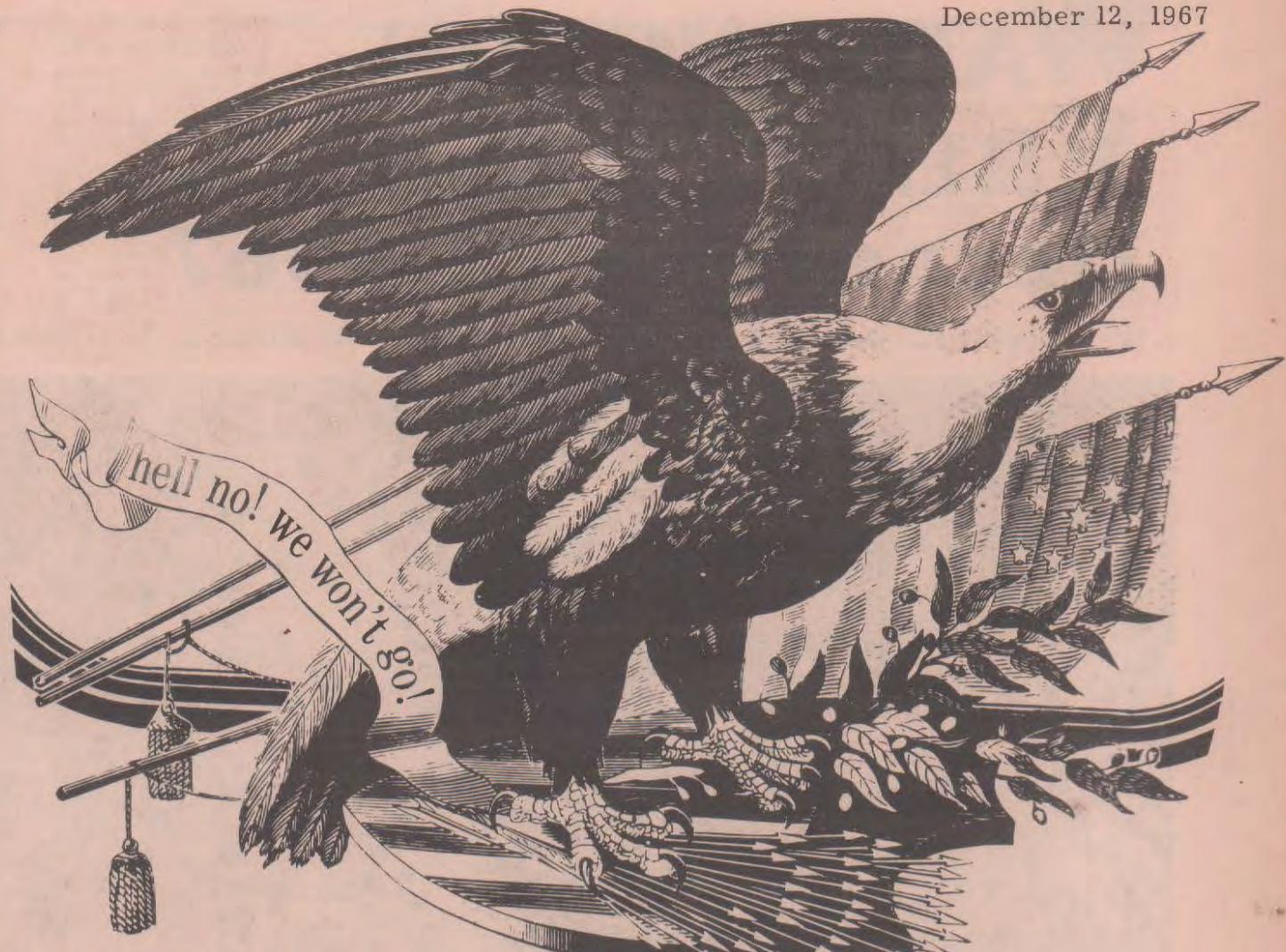
Strange day in the morning, when the arch enemy of current American policy in Latin America is the hero of tens of thousands of young Americans. A man who died fighting against an American client state and who, another Post reporter said, "could send chills through the collective power structure of the hemisphere." While at the same time the duly elected leader of this country, President of the United States, Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, and protector against Yellow Peril could be the target of near-universal detestation among the demonstrators.

... of even many of the cause ontrators espoused Che's special conception of marxist doctrine or because they are instant proponents of guerilla warfare, but because he represents the opposite of that which they dislike. A man who was capable of sending those cold chills up the back of Lyndon Johnson, Dean Rusk and Walt W. Rostow. A man who could do so not by controlling more banks or bombers or troops, but because he possessed superior courage - the courage to go out with a small band of men to challenge the vital interests of the United States. Superior

courage and a dream, a vision of a better life, of justice--disturbing to men whose only dreams are nightmares, who can only pay lip service to empty phrases. Could you see Dean Rusk going up into the Sierra Maestra mountains to convert the Cuban people to the benefits of capitalism, the American Way of Life, and the United Fruit Company? Lyndon Johnson revealed his dream for America to a convention of Jaycees last summer in Baltimore and it was a ringing call for more washing machines and more color television sets.

Johnson had the bombs and bullets so Che Guevara died in dreams know that bullets kill men, not dreams. So on Saturday in front of the Lincoln Memorial (another dreamer) the gaunt ascetic face with the burning eyes was everywhere and then later at the Pentagon somebody had written his name in red--Viva Che! -- on the side of a wall. There where he had given many men uneasy nights, and one imagines he will again. And one wonders if any place in the world people write Viva Johnson! on the sides of buildings.

David Luria



free press letters

The Free Cellar

Dear Free Press People,

In spite of the nrcs. housing inspectors a mugging, robbery, of plumbing and electricity, the Free Cellar Co-op has managed to keep going for eight months. We've given away piles of clothing, arm loads of really good books, hundreds of leaflets and papers on everything from not paying phone tax to Summerhillian education and the Green Revolution. Endless bowls of black bean soup have been served at the round dining table and we still encourage people who are serious about community to eat with us on Thursday nights (help cooking and cleaning up, and contributions of food or \$ is essen-

tial tho).

The procession of people coming to visit the Free Cellar and sometimes join the community seems never to end. The group is so beautifully diverse as to be surrealist. Usually our co-op is made up entirely of peace people, but right now one member is a high school cadet and two are veterans of Viet Nam. We range in age from eighteen to fifty-six.

Staying here have been theives (all of our musical instruments have been stolen, including now Robin's violin) and the lovliest of givers (some beautiful, open kids from the Lower East Side who stayed with us during the Pentagon Rising and shared with

us endless pocketfulls of raisins, tea, nuts. And then they got home and mailed us a huge box with homemade bread and even fresh pumpkin pie filling.

The variety of income, life style, education, politics or non-politics in the group is vast. Today, four people began to discuss religion and it turned out that we had a humanist, an atheist, a Santayana Catholic and a Quakerish agnostic.

Our community has been compared to the Catholic Worker (Tivoli) and the S.F. Diggers, but we are really not like either one. The Free Cellar Co-op is a

Continued on page 10

To the editor:

Anti-war young men are deserting or escaping from freedom-some after being inducted into the service, such as those in Europe who are fleeing into France, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Holland and Germany.

In addition, a growing number of young Americans are looking to organizations like the Toronto Anti-Draft Program. They look toward the organization for real help-not just moral support, but financial, job, social, housing, and legal help. Many of us feel that coming to Canada is the most significant way of saying No to support of U.S. policy in Asia. We feel that going to jail has not proved very effective.

At least 10 inquiries flow into the Toronto office each day, and five new people a day. Currently, six a day cross over into Canada as "landed immigrants."

There is one full time staff member who works six days a week at \$25 a week. Several other draft resisters help out on a volunteer basis. The Anti-Draft Program is made up of townspeople and supporters, many of whom work at the Univ. of Toronto. With lawyers, the Program has written a comprehensive, 23 page booklet on immigration into Canada, ESCAPE

FROM FREEDOM, which has had extensive circulation. Added to this are occasional supplementary sheets on colleges and universities in Canada, on the basic teaching requirements, and on renunciation of U.S. citizenship. Yet, most people do not renounce their U.S. citizenship on becoming "landed immigrants." It takes five years to become a full citizen in Canada just as it does in the U.S.

As a "landed immigrant," one may work, attend school, and in general carry on as would any citizen, except that he can not vote in Canadian elections, cannot obtain a Canadian passport, and can be deported for a variety of well-defined offences. Draft evasion is not one of them. There are no questions on the immigration form about the draft status of the applicant.

The immigration office is no place for a theological argument, so it is best to put down the faith you were raised in even though you no longer adhere to it.

Another crucial question is: Why do you wish to immigrate? Be positive about Canada, not negative about the United States.

One frequently asked question of new or prospective immigrants is about the availability of work.

Toronto is the most prosperous city in Canada and easiest to find work in, with Montreal second, especially if one has some knowledge of French. Montreal is 60% French speaking. Fewer Canadians go to college than Americans, so a college degree is worth more.

Do Canadian universities transfer credit? Yes -- most do if the grade obtained in the transfer is "C" or better. But because high schools here include grade 13, most universities will require that you have completed your freshman year in a U.S. university. Fees vary, but fall more or less between \$400 to \$600 per year. Teacher's colleges in Ontario are free.

The Anti-Draft Program at No. 15,2279 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada, sees or has contact of some type with many new arrivals. To mention a few:

Ivan S., 22, from rural Kansas, never did hear of the Canadian alternative until after he was drafted. And he only heard about us through a right-wing friend. Two frantic phone calls and he was on his way, but lack of time and information kept him from knowing what to do at the border which caused some complication. But he made it.

Bob T., 20, Until he immigrated, Bob had never been outside of Tennessee. His wife's parents had said they would never let him leave. Bob and his wife are "landed" now, but their problems aren't over. Toronto is much bigger than any city they've seen -- Bob works for the Ontario government now.

Jim T., 23, from Pennsylvania. Jim was the youngest recording engineer the Columbia Recording Company ever had, but he gave this up when his draft notice came quite suddenly. Jim arrived with sufficient funds, (\$200 is considered generally a good minimum) but was crippled with rheumatism soon after. Eventually he was forced to plead with sympathizers for rent money.

And still another letter from Iowa: "I received your letter today and I was so happy I almost cried: At the present time Vicki (my wife) and I have little to our names so our trip to Canada will have to be postponed until we can get enough to make the

journey.

"The people who are renting our old house told us they had a visit from the F.B.I. last week, looking for me, so as soon as we can scrape the money together we are heading for joy and Canada. God, I just hope we can leave in the next month or so.

"Please write as soon as possible!! Love and Peace."

In order to make a significant contribution to the crisis of our times, it is imperative that the Anti-Draft Program obtain the necessary funds to expand its services and make its existence known to increasing numbers of young Americans. No one knows exactly how many have fled to Canada. Press figures in Canada are over 10,000.

A note of caution: the Winsor port of entry is possibly the very worst of all to try to enter Canada through. (Ed. note: The booklet Escape From Freedom can be obtained for 50¢ from E. Godron, #15,2279 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada).

Exile Memo

mutinies! mutinies!

On the night of October 3rd many of the men of the 198th Light Infantry Brigade decided that they would rather go to the stockade than leave for Vietnam on the following day.

By early evening a feeling of tenseness had engulfed Fort Hood. The men of the 198th, though officially confined to their company areas, were wandering around the base looking for trouble. Later that night rioting broke out. An estimated \$150,000 worth of damage was done to personal and government property. Two delivery trucks belonging to an on-post private business were heavily damaged. A new privately-owned car was demolished by the rioters. The windows of the Enlisted Men's Club as well as scattered windows and glass doors were broken. Two buses loaded with men returning to the base from Killeen were stopped and their windshields smashed. One bus driver entered the hospital with glass embedded in his eyes.

At approximately the same time as one group of

AT FORT HOOD

men were conducting a panty raid on the WAC barracks another group was beating a Second Lieutenant to death.

One well-founded rumor is that several shooting sprees took place but the "authorities" won't verify the fact that the rioting itself took place, much less give specific information about it.

The number of men that were arrested by the Military Police has not been disclosed and no one seems to know any of the names of the men arrested, therefore making it impossible to interview any of the men in the stockade to gain a closer look at what happened.

During the weeks before Oct. 4th I'd talked to many of the men in the 198th and not one of them felt they'd had adequate time and training to go into combat. Most of them felt that this was due to the incompetency of the leaders. They knew that going to Vietnam meant al-

most certain death for many of them and, as the rioting proved, the men don't want to die needlessly.

Even by the "rules" of the system the 198th is not prepared to go into combat, but, on Oct. 4th, the men who weren't in the stockade left for Vietnam, and, for many, death. This proves that the System doesn't care how many of its own soldiers are hopelessly slaughtered just as long as it has a ready supply of bodies to be thrown on the burning fires of imperialism.

The men of the 198th Light Infantry Brigade know that they are going

Reprinted from THE RAG (Texas)

to die needlessly, but for them it is too late. Already their advance party has been attacked and many of its men killed or wounded.

The information contained in this article was gathered from men that had seen the rioting or had actively participated in it. Exact facts and figures are in the hands of the Fort Hood authorities but will not be released to private individuals such as myself.

Censorship such as this is rampant in the Army and until this is the most accurate account of the rioting that I can give.

— written by Army Pvt. Scotty Frame, who is stationed at the post. The mutiny of the 198th Light Infantry Brigade has been completely hushed up by the U.S. Army and no reports whatsoever have reached any of the press media or the public. Rag staffers have talked to many soldiers stationed at Ft. Hood, and have gotten verification of all the statements save the killing mentioned. There was a murder at Hood about that time, but we are not sure it was connected with the riot.

FROM THE INTREPID

Nov. 20 — The four U.S. sailors who protested the Vietnam war by not returning to their ship—the aircraft carrier Intrepid—did so because of what they had seen and heard in the Navy, and not because they had been coached by any political group, according to the American professor who interviewed them.

Dr. Ernest P. Young, formerly executive assistant to the U.S. Ambassador to Japan and now professor of oriental history at Dartmouth, said that the young men all seemed "normal", next-door neighbor types. The four had not been in the anti-war or other political movements before their enlistment, he said.

John Barilla, 20, of Catonsville, Md., explained to Young:

"I really like life. I get a kick out of everything, of

seeing a guy and a gal walking down the street hand in hand. Then I see pictures of a guy all burnt up. What's the difference between him and me? Just that his home is 13,000 miles from mine."

The Intrepid, in battle service in the sea off Vietnam, was on a rest and recreation visit to Japan, and was scheduled to return to the front, when the men refused to continue to take part in the war.

What they saw on their ship seemed to affect them all.

"Seeing those bombs go off, seeing the flash... Napalm. I mean you hear the pilot slipped and killed women and children makes you sick." (Richard Bailey, 19, of Jacksonville, Fla., son of a naval commander).

"They (the Navy) showed us a film on the Vietnam war; but how could you tell

who you were shooting? Going over there with men and guns seems a stupid way to solve problems." (Michael A. Lindner, 19, of Mount Pocono, Pa.).

"While I was deployed aboard the USS Intrepid, I saw tons and tons of bombs being loaded and jet after jet being launched..." (Craig W. Anderson, San Jose, Calif.).

The four literally cannot go home again. They would face long military prison terms, humiliation and harassment—even though to some Americans their action showed true courage. Of his exile, Bailey said:

"I am an American. It hurts to leave my friends and family and future there, knowing I can never return."

Regardless of such consequences, Young says the four are resolved to find asylum in a neutral country

and to work in the international anti-war movement.

Though the movement is strong in Japan, the men weren't able to stay there. Under the U.S.-Japanese Status of Forces Agreement, reached after World War II, military fugitives cannot get political asylum in Japan.

After a period of hiding, they appeared Nov. 20 in Moscow en route to a neutral country, the Associated Press reported.

The men were first absent midnight October 23, but they did not declare their intentions until November 1. Later, the Japan Peace for Vietnam Committee called a press conference to show films of each sailor explaining his stand.

In the filmed statement, John Barilla said:

"A governmental speech containing so many words such as 'Communism,'

"freedom" and "the aggressor" hardly gives an excuse to murder countless numbers of Americans and Vietnamese. Some people seem to be trained to respond to these emotive words and phrases like Pavlov's dogs.

It is time for Americans to wake up to reason and not words, peace and not war.

"Because of my actions and beliefs I will be jailed if I am apprehended. By some I will be labeled as an anti-American, or a Communist. These are just emotive words again and none of them actually apply to me. I am just an American standing up for what I think is right. I am not alone."

----- Liberation News Service

Advice to the Tax Refuser

By Matthew

This will not be an ordinary tax advice column. Unlike the columns and articles on taxation written by Barron's or the Internal Revenue Service, this is not designed to further enrich businessmen, doctors, accountants, or other petty criminals. This column will answer questions about tax refusal or tax avoidance as a form of protest against the Vietnam war and the whole array of federal agencies that work together to perpetuate violence as a national way of life.

Roughly 65% of your taxes go to support the military in one form or another. If the government's estimates for Fiscal Year 1967, which ended last June 30, can be believed, that much of your tax dollar was used to finance the Defense Department, the war in Vietnam, to pay veteran's benefits and interest on debts left over from their last few wars, and to promote future wars. There is no way to tell from the budget whether the Defense Intelligence Agency, the Office of Naval Intelligence, and similar investments in future wars are truthfully represented, but it is certain that the CIA is not. No one knows how much of your taxes go to

the CIA except the president, and we couldn't believe him even if through some slip he told us the truth.

The present Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Sheldon S. Cohen, recently made the connection neatly—if a trifle naively—between war and taxes. In a speech to the National Industrial Conference Board (the fat cats who read all the other tax advice columns) in 1966, Cohen said:

"It is an historical coincidence that the income tax, the backbone of the American tax system, was recommended by President Lincoln and enacted into law by Congress to finance the Civil War. And it was another war, World War II, that ushered in the self-assessment system we have today. World War II changed a lot of things permanently, but nothing more fundamentally than the income tax.

Well, Sheldon, if you'd been in Europe, World War II might have changed you more fundamentally than the income tax. God knows what marvelous fiscal benefits we can expect from the Vietnam war! But that self-assessment system that World War II presented us

with is an interesting thing... there is every reason to believe that it can help us stop World War III.

If we didn't assess our own taxes, and compute our own taxes, and send our own taxes in, they couldn't have their wars. With the growth of the anti-war movement, many more people have begun to adopt the tactics that have long been used by a relatively few pacifists. These include outright tax refusal, the more symbolic refusal, like Joan Baez', and even a fairly large number of refusals—most of whom live in communities like the WFP or on farms—who avoid earning more than \$600 a year, so that they'll have no taxable income.

In future columns we will be talking about specific taxes, like the telephone tax, which are more easily refused than the income tax. We will also have more to say about ways in which to avoid or defeat the collection of taxes, about the frightening economic and psychological weapons IRS can bring to bear on a delinquent taxpayer, and even of ways to reduce the amount of tax involuntarily withheld from your earnings. Of course, if any unlawful methods are

mentioned, they will be identified as unlawful, the legal penalties will be explained, and the likelihood of prosecution will be discussed.

This column will only be concerned with federal taxes, because it is revenue from the federal tax system that supports war while it is denied to the starving in this country and around the world. A recurrent theme will be the oppressive effect of the administration of the tax laws on the poor. It would be idle to attempt here a discussion of the overall inequities of the tax laws as they are written: their favoritism of the rich

at the expense of the poor is well documented. That they are in many cases so ineptly or so cruelly administered as to compound the injustices will be the unhappy subject of another column.

What must be established at the outset is that both the tax laws and their administration by the Internal Revenue Service are a major evil in American society. They finance the military establishment, favor the rich and the influential, punish the ignorant, the immigrant, the helpless, and exacerbate already serious social conditions. The tax system may

be a more remote threat to the peace and well-being of the world, but the way it is going it is no less dangerous than the draft.

The income tax, for example, got its first big break with the War of 1812, and as Commissioner Cohen noted, World War II was a boon as well. So were the Spanish American War and the Civil War, and Vietnam has occasioned an increase in the excise tax on telephone usage, and a call from the administration for a 10% ad valorem increase on our income taxes next year—a tax increase which may yet be enacted.

The Internal Revenue Service has no serious objection to conventional tax avoidance—it can understand avarice and the time-honored sharp practices by the Great American Businessman. What it cannot understand or countenance is tax avoidance for moral reasons. There is no place in this administration for morality.

TELEVISION Kills on Contact

Picket sign seen on Oct. 21: Johnson: Pull Out Like Your Father Should Have.

AU Rhetoric

Do you know how to plan, organize and coordinate protest rallies, or know the rhetoric of protest?

Then American University wants to hear from you.

American's Committee on Communication is asking for abstracts or expressions of interest by anyone in the Washington area interested in preparing a paper for presentation at the annual American University Symposium on Communication, scheduled for April 21.

The theme of the program will be "The Communication of Protest," and the Committee

has suggested such topic areas as protests and their influence on the administration and Congress, media coverage of protest rallies, and the effectiveness of protest.

The suggested topics are not restrictive and the Committee urges the proposal of other topics appropriate to the theme.

Deadline for the abstracts and expressions of interest is Dec. 1. Anyone interested in submitting an abstract or becoming a member of the University's Committee on Communication, should write or call Dr. J.A. Hendrix at the Department of speech arts, American University, Washington, D.C. 20016. His telephone number is 244-6800, extension 342.

THE EAGLE } STUDENT NEWSPAPER THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY MASSACHUSETTS AND NEBRASKA AVENUES NW • WASHINGTON DC 20016 • Phone 363-9500

(Mr. Shaffer, until recently, was the News Editor for The Eagle).

The Student Publications Board of the American University Student Association has successfully cleansed its student newspaper, The Eagle, of all staff members of "leftist" political orientation.

In a statement issued October 26 by SPB Chairman Frank

Riesenberger, it was explained that there had been "a conspiracy of left-wing elements to take over THE EAGLE." The statement was read at the beginning of a meeting of the Board at which complaints from several members of the student government concerning coverage of Homecoming Weekend were heard. The complaints centered around the fact that in the October 20 issue priority was given to the appearance of Henry Cabot Lodge on campus, and 62 students and faculty members who walked out

IS BAD.

of the speech, rather than to Homecoming weekend, which appeared as the number 2 front page story. Complaints were also heard concerning coverage of the March on The Pentagon, which appeared in the October 24 issue. The march story, written from a student's point of view rather than in Washington Post style, appeared on the front page next to a Homecoming event in which the writer apparently failed to glamorize the activities of the campus' "most elaborate social event of the year."

The Homecoming issue, that is, the issue of October 24, was lauded by many students and continued on next page

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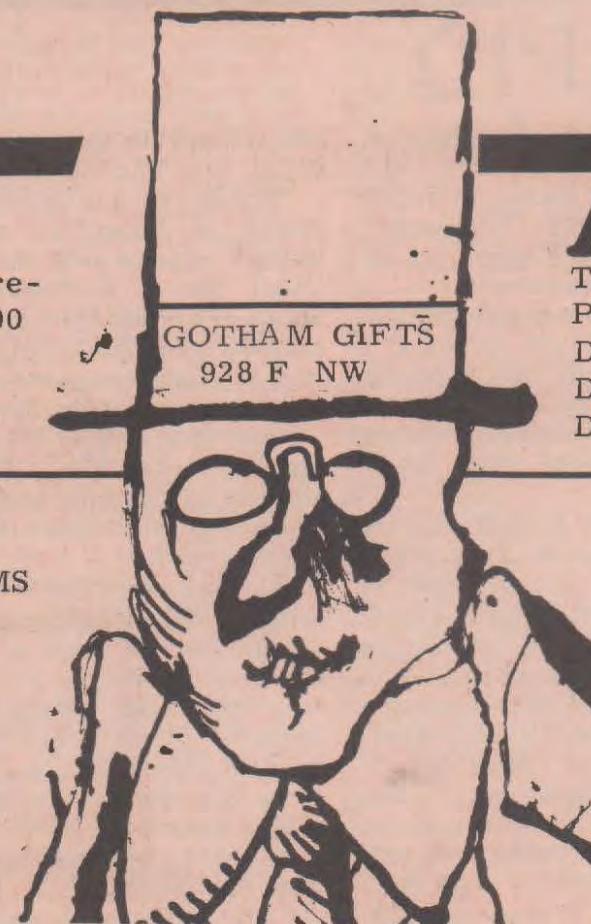
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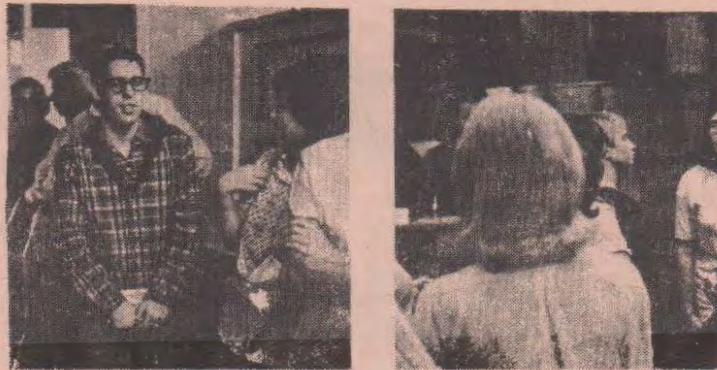
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EAGLE / continued faculty as the "best issue of the Eagle this year." Others, however, apparently saw it as "leftist propaganda."

Following the meeting of the SPB, certain pressures were put on myself and Features Editor Tom Richardson, doing away with any editorial powers we had had. I was informed that all assignments were going to be made by the Editor, Rona Cherry, and that all decisions concerning placement of stories, which stories



In the Washington Post of Nov. 10, on page 3, there was a story about underfed Negro children in South Carolina dying from parasites while public agencies and medical foundations ignore the problem.

One case cited was that of children so hungry that they dug up potato fields and cornfields, eating the potatoes and corn right out of the ground.

On page 5 we read that "Americans will celebrate the most bountiful harvests in history this Thanksgiving."

"The Agriculture Department said corn, wheat, soybean and grain sorghum crops for 1967 will set new production records. For all crops, production is running 2 per cent higher than 1965, the previous bumper year."

And on page 4, same day, same paper, we find our beloved President showing off a letter he had received from a government official. The article stated that "The letter cited the election of two Negro mayors in Gary and Cleveland, the conduct of Associate Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall in his judicial questioning of Alabama's Attorney General, and cellist Pablo Casals' hugging of a Negro girl member of the Howard University chorus on the Constitution Hall stage, as evidence of the progress humanity has been making under the Administration."

The shame of America is not simply that it has poor and hungry people. The shame of America is that it has poor and hungry people in the midst of the greatest wealth the world has ever known.

And we cover up our shame with public relations.

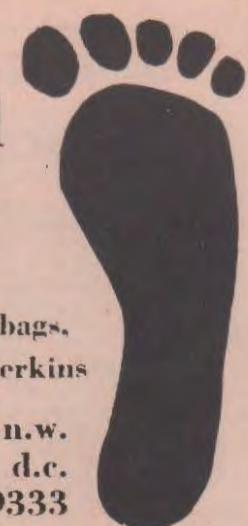
We've been reading lately about proposals to abandon the public school system in favor of private schools. The government would give each family money to pay for such a private school and the family would have the choice of which school to send their children to. They would shop around and choose the best school. The rationale behind all this is that such "free enterprise" would encourage better schools.

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would and would not go in, and headlines, would be made by the Managing Editor, Matt Tannenbaum. I was further informed that a new News Editor had been found, and that he would accept the job if I would leave the paper. Having attended the SPB meeting and being totally frustrated with the childishness and ignorance exhibited there, I jumped at the opportunity and resigned.

When I resigned, I took with me (though not purposely) several key staff members. Tom Richardson, Features Editor,

Speaking of the State Dept., we wonder how many Americans are aware of the fact that the State Dept. maintains, on magnetic tape, two

John Crouch, Feature Writer and Larry Gibbons, Staff Writer resigned. They were followed by Peter Benario, Sports Editor, who stated that his resignation was not connected with the leftist purge, but was based on frustration alone, and was completely voluntary.

There have been no complaints from the student government since front page space has been reserved for such events as Parents Weekend and Halloween. Perhaps such coverage is appropriate at a school like AU.

said. "Now we've got to get in the ballpark and play the game." (emphasis added).

And: if people need anything, they ought to 'go down to City Hall and ask for it.' That's

'I Read the News Today'

by Bill Blum

Perhaps so, or perhaps free enterprise will work in education the same wonderful way it works in industry. We can foresee some of the following things, for example, taking place:

One school pirating good teachers from another.

Patenting of new teaching methods for the exclusive use of one school.

All kinds of misleading advertising and commercials about different schools.

Suits by defrauded parents and students to obtain their money back.

"Industrial" spies being planted in the schools.

Eventually, merger and monopoly, no more competition, back to where we started.

Recently two members of the Washington Free Press editorial staff were invited to the apartment of a State Dept. Foreign Service Officer. There were five other FSO's present.

Five of the six FSO's were scheduled to go to Vietnam in the near future. They knew that their two guests were strongly opposed to the war and they wanted to discuss the whole question.

None of the Foreign Service Officers were "hawks." They all had reservations about the war — one stated flatly he opposed it (he defended his upcoming job in pacification work in Vietnam on the ground that if he resigned someone worse would take his place). But all of them defended the

Government position to one degree or another. Perhaps the presence of two "radicals" awakened a partially dormant patriotism in them.

It is interesting to compare the manner in which educated, "sophisticated" people defend the war as against the way it is defended by "the masses."

The latter come to the point immediately: "We have to draw the line against Communism somewhere — if we don't fight them in Vietnam, we'll have to fight them here someday."

"I don't like Communism, it's an evil system and our way of life has to be defended against this evil. Besides, we gave our word to those people, and if we don't honor our word who'll believe us in the future."

The more educated are, ~~understandingly~~, embarrassed to come on this way. So they begin by speaking of "national interest," "maintaining the balance of power," self-determination," etc.

However, it seems that when these arguments are subjected to critical cross-examination and scrutiny, over the course of a few hours (and a few drinks), they begin to change into arguments sounding very similar to those offered by the less educated, i.e., about one level above "we're good and they're evil, and good is obliged to fight evil."

very large lists of people. One list, of about 150 to 200 thousand is of Americans.

If anyone on this list applies for a passport, interested parties in the Dept. are informed and the issuance of the passport may be held up pending further investigation. Even if issued, the flagging of the individual's name may serve to allow the State Dept. to alert their embassies to prepare for surveillance of the individual overseas.

The second list, of about 100,000 is of foreigners whose applications for visas also receive special handling.

Beside name, date of birth, place of birth, etc., the tapes contain the reason for the person's inclusion. A lot of people might be surprised to learn that ~~they're~~ part of one of these lists or be surprised at the reason for which they've been included.

If you had any illusions that "Mayor" Walter Washington would rock the boat or step on important toes or question the system (choose your favorite cliche) or if you thought that the White House would appoint anyone who wasn't 100% "safe," you can wake up now.

The other day Washington showed his true color (no pun intended) by calling on Negro Americans to stop "shadow boxing" in the streets and fight for their rights by entering the mainstream of American life. (emphasis added).

"For too long we've been watching the ballgame through a hole in the fence," Washington

what the man said.

But lest you fear that the good Mayor doesn't know where it's at he closed his speech with "Keep the faith, baby." (Washington Post, Nov. 12).

**oh
boy'**

On the evening of October 22, at the Pentagon (the 2nd day of the now famous confrontation) this reporter happened to be talking to Congressman William J. Scherle (R-Iowa). He had come to the Pentagon steps where the anti-war demonstrators were congregated and talking to the soldiers. The Congressman had come to talk to the demonstrators about the war.

Cong. Scherle admitted that he didn't know as much about the war as he should. This was made embarrassingly clear when, after I mentioned a few very basic and very well known facts about the war, I was very impressed with your knowledge of the war young man and I want to talk to you further."

On the one hand, Cong. Scherle is to be complimented for his honesty and his willingness to go directly into the "enemy's" camp to learn first hand what is on their minds.

On the other hand, the lack of knowledge on the part of one who has been voting on matters concerning the war was rather sad and appalling.

Even more sad and even more appalling is the realization that all evidence of the past few years makes it very clear that Cong. Scherle's lack of knowledge about Vietnam and the war is only too typical of his colleagues.

If Cong. Scherle is unique among Congressmen, re Vietnam, it's only by virtue of his honesty.



BLACK LIGHTS
for rent



1665 Wisc. / 10am -- 10pm

SPARK

by Bill Gerson

Life appears to be getting too complicated for University of Maryland prexy Wilson Elkins (known to University students as Unavailable Tex). First a lousy football season. Then the Student Government planned a rights rally. (Imagine! Student rights at the University of Maryland!) And then came the last straw -- Elkins found out that those arch-villains, the bomb-toting Students for a Democratic Society, had the nerve to think they could put out a news letter! Without permission! And it had a naughty word in it! FREAK OUT!!!

The facts in the case are as follows: Maryland SDS members began publishing a newsletter, SPARK, last summer. The name was taken from ISKRA (Russian for spark), a newspaper published by Lenin in exile in Switzerland prior to the 1917 revolution. The newsletter uses no University funds for its publication.

The summer issues of SPARK were distributed daily to delegates at the National Student Association Congress, held at Maryland in August.

During the regular school year, SPARK has appeared only once, on October 11. This issue of SPARK contained an article on the University's refusal to permit co-eds to visit male dorm residents in their rooms which bore the headline, "DORMS AIN'T FOR SCREWING."

Elkins' response to the publication of SPARK was to send letters to the Administrative Director of Student Life, Francis A. Gray, and to the chairman of the Faculty Senate Adjunct Committee on Student Publications. Elkins indicated that he felt action should be taken against SPARK for two reasons: the "nature" of the publication (later SDS was to be charged with publishing a "... generally offensive, profane and/or lewd" publication) and "a violation of University regulations." The supposed violation refers to a rule on page 37 of the current General and Academic Regulations of the University of Maryland, which states that, "Any publication or pamphlet published by a student organization or group must be approved in advance by the Adjunct Senate Committee on Student Publications and Communications."

PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE MEETS

The Chairman of the publications committee is Dr. Walter Jacobs, head of the Department of Government and Politics. Jacobs, a prominent right-winger who teaches seminars at the Pentagon and is campus advisor to YAF, was only too anxious to do Elkins' bidding. Jacobs hastily convened the committee, which had not met all semester, on November 10, giving members only two days notice. No SDS representative was invited to the meeting to defend SPARK. After a brief charade in which a vice-president of the campus Young Republicans requested and received permission to publish a newsletter, Jacobs brought up the question of SPARK. When it became clear that Jacobs' intent was to have the committee declare SPARK "illegal", a number of committee members raised objections on the grounds that the jurisdiction of the committee was not clear, and also that the committee was not fully constituted since a number of additional student members were still to be appointed. Over Jacobs' objections the issue was tabled until the next

committee meeting. At this writing, the "next meeting" has been indefinitely postponed, apparently because Elkins and Jacobs do not think they can get a majority of the committee members to go along with their attempt at censorship.

STUDENT COURT HEARING SET

The other administrative action taken against SDS was to summon the organization to the student court. This seems like a better bet for Elkins, since the court has in the past always acted as a dutiful lackey for the administration. The court procedures do not permit SDS to be represented by counsel, and the court may at its discretion refuse to allow cross-examination of witnesses. Though the hearing is supposed to be open, it is scheduled to be held in a room which cannot accommodate more than a couple of spectators. At this writing, it is scheduled for Tuesday, November 28, at 7 p.m. in room 203 of the North Administration Building.

ACLU ENTERS CASE

Thomas Asher, Chairman of the Prince George's County

Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, has shown a strong interest in the case. Asher considers the rule on student publications in the General and Academic Regulations to be dangerously close to censorship. An ACLU lawyer will testify as a witness for SDS at the Student Court hearing, to introduce a legal opinion about the unconstitutionality of the University regulation. Asher also indicated that the ACLU might represent SDS in state or federal court if it became necessary to go outside the University to ensure freedom of the press for Maryland students.

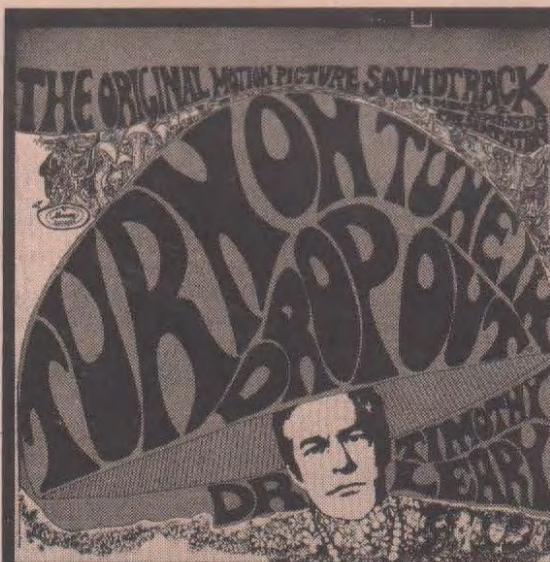
SPARK TO CONTINUE

The most eloquent answer to Maryland's would-be censors will be outside the courtroom however. SDS has announced its intention to continue publishing SPARK regardless of any action taken by the University administration. To make the point clear, the next issue of SPARK will be published the day of the court hearing, and distributed to the judges and spectators at the hearing itself.

CLASSIFIED AD FORM/ mail your advertisement to
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DR. TIMOTHY LEARY

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Korean Playing Cards -- Have
deck - want to learn games -
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WANTED: Specimen for red,
rock, freak bank place-drum,
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PROF & FAMILY need sublet
apt. in DC 12/7 to 12/22.
Write R. SANDELS, Dept.
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Get ready for your winter
season. No questions asked,
all answered. 667-6376.

Male law student is interested
in sharing life with intelligent
groovy female who is willing
to blow her mind and share
mine. Call Ralph, 527-5411.

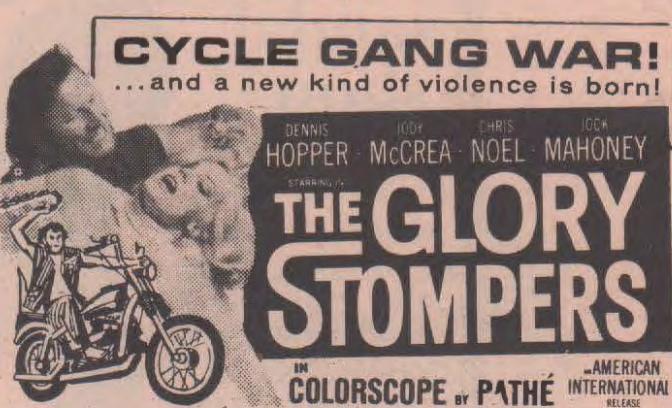
Male 30, management consul-
tant, interested in sports,
travel, concerts, seeks attrac-
tive mature woman 21-30 to
share Christmas vacation
abroad. Please supply back-
ground. Write WFP, Box J-1,
1703 R St., N. W.

Girl Friday long blonde hair
swinger excellent secretary
good cook good disposition ex-
cellent hostess. Long hours
trifle benefits good salary.

Send photo with biographical
information, salary expected to
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N. W.

National publication needs
groovy classified ads in follow-
ing categories -- buy and sell,
help needed, personal mess-
ages, graffiti. Send yours in,
we'll print it free. Write
WFP, Box J-1, 1703 R St.,
N. W., Washington, 20009.

Starts Wednesday, November 29



at these theaters:
ABC Dr. In/ Oxon Hill, Md.
Allen/ Takoma Park, Md.
Atlas/ Washington, D. C.
Beltsville Dr. In/ Beltsville, Md.
Coral/ Coral Hills, Md.
Laurel Dr. In/ Laurel Md.
Mt Vernon Dr. In/ Alexandria, Md.
Queens Chapel Dr. In/ W. Hayattsville, Md.

Senator/ Washington, D. C.
Sheridan/ Washington, D. C.
Sunset Dr. In/ Alexandria, Va.
Tivoli/ Washington, D. C.
Viers Mill/ Viers Mill Rd.
The Glory Stompers starts Friday at
Palmer Dr. In/ Ardmore, Md.
Ranch Dr. In/ Clinton, Md.
Rockville Dr. In/ Rockville, Md.
Woodbridge Sunset Dr. In/ Woodbridge, Va.

LET'S FACE IT, MA'AM

Washington Free Press
1703 R Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.
November 20, 1967

Mrs. Kenneth Hardy, Director
Women's Detention Center
1010 North Capitol
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mrs. Hardy:

Your staff is holding captive a certain member of our staff. We demand her immediate and unconditional release.

We know and you know and today everybody knows that Sheila Ryan is not being detained because she joined the White House demonstration during the Selma crisis. Today, your staff released into the Free World everybody else who sat down in the Blue Room. But your staff is still holding a member of our staff.

Let's face it, Mrs. Hardy. That's because Sheila

Ryan has a bad attitude toward your authority. She just doesn't respect you or your jail.

We could invite you to come on around and chat with us. (We hear you can be very engaging when you talk to people from the Dept. of Justice or the Press.) We could reason together. We could appeal to your sense of Fair Play: say, how would you like it if we got your Sgt. Brill over here and let General Marsbars kick her around a little? What if we wouldn't let you come and see her; what if we kept her here, say, six months? Would this argument touch your delicate sense of justice, Mrs. Hardy?

We'll spare you that query. You'd only be nervous coming here. You know and we know that sooner or later our institution is going to talk about your institution.

That's the issue. It's

been underneath every stupid and malicious thing your side has done to ours. No members of the press, you said, could visit in the jail. In fact, nobody who was going to talk about how you treat people in there. No work release for Sheila to the Free Press because she surely would write about the jail. And not an inch in the Post or Star about Sheila's beating or our demonstration. But sooner or later, Sheila's going to tell it like it is.

In the meantime, don't come down; there's nothing to talk about. Twice you have sent emissaries from the "progressive" faction of your institution over to our institution. First came poor Mr. Hawkins from The Work Release Program. He looked around at the Malcolm, Che, and Carmichael posters, sat down and explained for two uncomfortable hours about how he couldn't loan Sheila Ryan back

to us during daytimes because of -- well, protecting the liberal Work Release Program and avoiding trouble and funding problems and his boss decides anyway.

And then, week before last you sent -- oh dear! -- poor Father Ray, your Catholic-flavored man-of-God-in-residence, to pick up the issues of the Free Press with stories about your jail. He said right off you'd sent him and he wasn't very happy about it. Please, Mrs. Hardy, take out a subscription if you want to follow news of your establishment, but don't make your chaplain into a paper boy again. He doesn't have much dignity to spare.

No, don't come. Something your chaplain said made us think your institution doesn't really relate well to our institution. He asked us what he could do for us. Get Sheila a doctor, we said. But if he got Sheila a doctor, he objected, he'd have to get a

doctor for every addict and Black Muslim in the jail!

Were you to come down, we'd demand Sheila's immediate and unconditional release. And you say if you did that for Sheila, you'd have to do it for every . . . It's a deal, we'd say. If you'll bust it open, we won't write anything bad about your jail.

Without any respect for your authority,
THE STAFF OF
THE WASHINGTON
FREE PRESS

"dear Gen. Marsbars..."

**ADVICE TO THE
DRAFT RESISTER**

Dear General Marsbars:

Please write or wire U.S. District Judge Frank M. Scarlett (U.S. District Court, Brunswick, Georgia) asking him, in the interest of justice and interracial harmony, to reduce what is believed to be the heaviest sentence given a selective service violator since World War I. On October 11, Judge Scarlett gave two consecutive five-year sentences and two \$10,000 fines to Clifton Thurley Haywood, 24, a Black Muslim, even though the shattered young man told the court he was now prepared to violate his religious beliefs by entering the armed forces. Haywood's lawyer has announced he would appeal the conviction, but only the Judge can change the sentence. Could you also ask your readers to wire His "Honors"?

He was a Friend of Mine

Dear Friend:

I hope by publishing this letter that many of this column's readers will write or wire the Judge. Suggestion: when writing, be a person, not an organization.

General Marsbars
Dear General Marsbars:

I have a boyfriend that has been in the service for

four months. He doesn't know about your advice so I am writing for him.

If someone wants to join, this is their choice but we are both very much against the war and forced induction through the draft.

I noticed a letter from a similar case in the last issue and your advice was for the person to call you. Since I no longer live in your area (through the choice of 7th precinct, not my own), I am unable to do this.

Is there a legal way for him to retire from the service with an honorable discharge?

(Please withhold my name and city as a warrant for my arrest has been issued in Washington.) Thank you.

P. B.

Dear P. B.:

This procedure is so complicated that I would need much more space than I have to detail it. So let me begin by recommending several good manuals for getting a general discharge from the service.

1. *The Conscientious Objector and the Armed Forces*, available through the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2016 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 19103.

2. *Handbook for Conscientious Objectors*, available through CCCO, address in #1.

3. a. For Navy men: Copy of BUPERS 1616.6.
- b. For Marines: Copy of MCO 1306.16A.
- c. For Air Force men: Copy of AFR 35-24.
- d. For Army men: Copy of AR 635-26.

All of these regulations can be obtained through the National Service Board for Religious Objectors, Washington Building #550, 15th St. and New York Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

4. *Department of Defense Directive Number 1300.6*, issued August 21, 1962, which cancelled DoD Directive 1315.1 of 1951. Available through NSBRO, address in #3.

The above pieces of literature detail the procedure (which involves many steps and some strategy) a soldier must follow to gain a general discharge based on his opposition to war. Unfortunately, the same criteria for judging a conscientious objection apply to a soldier as to a civilian. This means that a soldier now has very little chance of

qualifying, since he will have to show why he has suddenly had a change of heart (especially rough to do if he is an enlisted man).

A little known fact: Under DoD Directive 1300.6, V-C-3, General Hershey of Selective Service is authorized to pass on each applicant for conscientious objection from the armed forces. If he does not recommend I-O or I-A-O status for a man, then he will be "normally retained in military service, subject to normal duty

role for a man who claims to be only a "procurer of bodies" for the armed forces!

Normally, a person who applies for discharge as a conscientious objector is immediately shifted to noncombatant duties until his case is decided, which can take up to six months. This can be a very valuable time-gain for someone in Vietnam or about to go.

General Marsbars
Dear General Marsbars:

I recently received the following letter from Local Board #54 in Bethesda, Maryland:

"The Board does not at this moment have an appeal agent, but expects to have one within a matter of two to three weeks. Any appointments to be made with him will be made

through the board.

L. B. Alexander, Clerk"

What can I do to get advice? Don't I have a right to this person's advice before my appeal comes up?

Confused

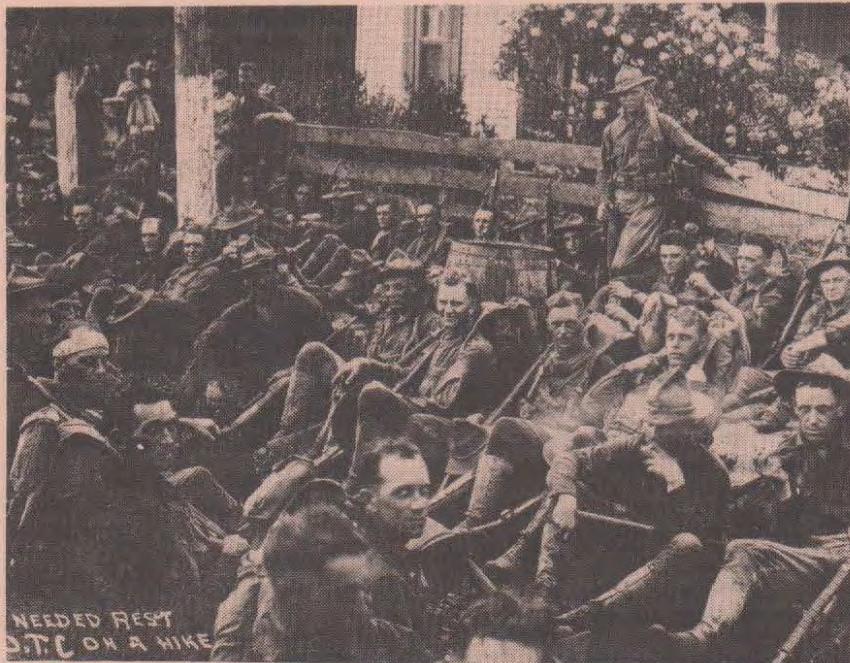
Dear Confused:

According to Local Board Memorandum No. 82 (issued March 6, 1967 and amended July 27, 1967), each

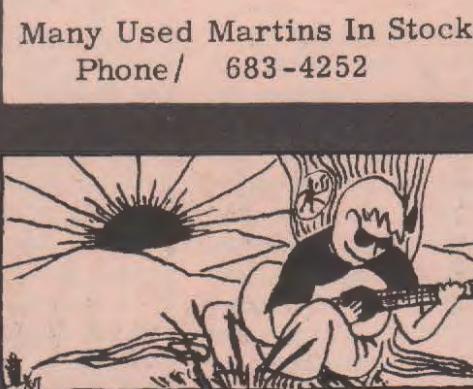
appeal agent, regardless of use, It has not been tested in court, but it is highly likely that if you request an appeal agent's help in writing and it is not forthcoming until after you have been re-classified, your procedural rights probably have been violated. You should definitely engage a lawyer to begin putting a case together. Anyone registered with this local board should immediately in writing request the help of the local appeal agent. Send the request by certified mail, return receipt requested. This action may help you at some time in the future, should you need to show that your procedural rights were violated.

General Marsbars

GENERAL MARSBARS- As A YOUNG DRIFTER



**ALEXANDRIA
Folk-Lore Center
323 CAMERON ST.**



CIRCLE

Nov. 29-30 / the Great Escape/
For a Few Dollars More
Dec. 1-4 / The Pawnbroker/
The Umbrellas of Cherbourg
Dec. 5-6 / The Silence/
Winter Light
Dec. 7-9 / Virgin Spring/
Through a Glass Darkly
Dec. 10-12 / The Seventh Seal/
The Devil's Eye
Dec. 13 / Three Strange Loves/
Illicit Interlude

THEATER

YOUNG and REVOLUTIONARY

The anti-war movement turned another corner Tuesday night, Nov. 14. Thousands of demonstrators converged on midtown Manhattan to protest the annual meeting of the Foreign Policy Association (FPA) in the closest thing to an anti-war riot since the Vietnam War began.

The Foreign Policy Association is an amalgamation of big business and big policy makers and acts as a propaganda machine for the government. Most of the corporate members have major financial interests abroad and a stake in the cold war. Intricately linked to the war machine, it was an obvious target for an anti-war protest.

Radical and provo tactics merged, as students launched the evening's disruption on the 57th St. block of Seventh Avenue by surrounding limousines, painting their windshields white, and splattering the windows with chicken blood.

On scores of corners, little dramas were re-enacted as roving protesters, largely students, tried to outmaneuver the police in an effort to stop airport limousines carrying notables to the foreign policy dinner at the Hotel Hilton, and later, to block traffic in the Hilton area.

About 70 were arrested, two on charges of inciting to riot. Hundreds of others were clubbed, some seriously, and a few were kicked by horses that carried police up and down Sixth Avenue.

Despite instances of brutality, the cops generally played it cool, shoving demonstrators out of the streets, and making menacing gestures with their nightsticks which effectively dispersed groups of protesters.

Before the night was over, demonstrators had thoroughly disrupted about 15 city blocks on Sixth and Seventh Avenues, and carried the protest from the Hilton on 53rd St. to Times Square, Herald Square, Grand Central Station and the United Nations.

Blood was freely spilled on the corner of 6th and 53rd around 6:30 in the evening, when the demonstrators made periodic rushes into the intersection, only to be driven back by cops on horseback and nightstick-swinging policemen. Several skulls were split open and a couple dozen were beaten in perhaps the ugliest confrontation of the evening. At least eight students burned their draft cards there, in a spontaneous protest.

Cop Against Cop

At one delightful point, a policeman stumbled over a cardboard box in the middle of the intersection. He struggled to keep his feet and ran smack into another cop. Thinking he was an assailant, the policeman clubbed him.

On the 48th St. block, demonstrators were having difficulties with a motorcycle-happy cop who made periodic forays into their midst, wheeling sharply and sending the demonstrators scurrying. Impressed with his success, the cop became more daring, wheeling more sharply with each succeeding pass, until he overdid it and spun into another policeman, sending him tumbling. The policeman got up and slugged the cop on the motorcycle. The cop got off the motorcycle and gave his assailant a hard left jab to the ribs. Students stood on the sidelines and cheered impartially.

We ran into Paul Krassner (editor of *The Realist*) on 50th St. chanting, "the cops are fairies." Later that night, Krassner told a gathering of demonstrators that "the demonstrators were ruthlessly attacking the policemen's clubs with their bare heads."

As the protesters became familiar with police tactics, their strategy grew more sophisticated. By 6:30, the police had successfully bottled up the Hotel Hilton intersection so protest-marshalls, carrying bull horns, urged protesters southward along 6th Ave. in order to split up the police contingents. For awhile it worked. Demonstrators would block up an intersection and when the cops arrived, would regroup on the sidewalks and make another assault on the street. Attempts were made to stay ahead of the cops, to walk among the cars in order to avoid the horses.

"Guerrilla" groups strode down sidewalks setting off fire alarms, writing "fuck" and "killer" on limousines, setting fire to trash cans and moving other trash cans out into the street to block traffic.

Cabbie Joins Cadre

Wherever we moved, it was happening. A hippie taxi driver stopped his car on 6th Ave around 47th St, and invited demonstrators to let the air out of his tires. The protesters obliged and then proceeded to push it into the intersection where it sat for 10 minutes fucking things up. With the taxi driver at the wheel, a dozen or so

Toyko International Airport/ November 12, 1967



RISING

We had stood in witness, in prophecy, and in art
While our words went to wind, and no one cured.
Now we spoke with sticks and stones and breaking bones
To the lands of the New Year's Buddhist and the Christmas Christian:
Yours is a free world without free men
And the shot we fire under the bow is
The shot of revolution.

police gathered behind it in

an effort to push it over to the side of the road. But they were unable to budge the car. Finally a cop got into the car and discovered that the woolly looking driver had jammed on his emergency break and locked the car in gear.

On Times Square, a group of about a 1000 stopped their evil for awhile to watch the news on the old Times building. But when they saw the report that Rusk had told the FPA dinner that he was willing to negotiate anywhere, anytime, a chorus of 'bullshit' 'bullshit' rose, echoing

across the square.

On 52nd St., between 6th and 7th, several thousand were driven down the street by groups of police and cavalry outfits. But midway between the avenues they stopped moving, climbed onto cars and began beating on hoods, chanting "Hell no, we won't go" until the buildings seemed to shake under the reverberating noise, and horses bucked nervously between the knights in blue.

On still another corner, a guerrilla theatre team presented the marriage of big business to the U.S. mili-

tary. The marriage was announced by the parents of the bride: Mrs. Dow Chemical and Charles Englehard who represent corporate finance. Englehard owns a chain of diamond mines in South Africa and served as host for the Foreign Policy Association dinner.

Following the demonstration, a number of radicals while elated at the widespread disruption, felt that the link-up between the FPA and U.S. imperialism had really not been achieved. No one leafleted on the scene to the thousands of automobile

Photo from
Asahi Shimbun, Tokyn



drivers who had to put up with the disruptions. The mass media billed the bit as a protest against Dean Rusk, though it was quite evident that no one really gave a shit about Rusk.

Anyone who believes that this job was organized is out of his mind. Many of us wandered from street to street, seeking out the action, with only a vague conception of what lay behind and no real idea of what lay ahead. It was readily appar-

Continued on page 10

NOV. NOTEBOOK:

Upstairs from the F train I am immediately surrounded by the hellish no's of we won't go. Enter the Man. And my first Manhattan steps are running ones.

The "new thing," child of Oakland blocks and Pentagon steps, is impeding the midtown flow of traffic. For the moment the limousines bear in themselves the inherent contradictions of their ownership. We hold intersections. We retreat uptown to hold another and another. Expertise in counter-insurgency falls, of course, to the New York cabbies, who find a way out when there is none.

To the anarchists, it is provo. To the ideologues, it is guerrilla, although the churches are without sanctuary and the residences without friends. To radio station WINS, the "beatniks" are either "rioting" or "near-rioting."

Surety is with the methods, the tactics, more than the terms and the contexts. All agree on the medium if not the message: Don't turn the other cheek, duck. Getting busted's a drag; if it comes, skip the valor and call Thoreau's aunt.

In the Hilton, "yellow peril" scholar Dean Rusk is chowing with the mines of South Africa and the his-and-her airplanes of Nienman-Marcus. He is protected in his evening repast by 2000 New York policemen. The table of the Foreign Policy Association hath been prepared in the presence of those inimical.

A better gadfly supplants the banality of the picket. Global routine is disturbed, irritated, even destroyed by a global resistance wherever the hands of unfreedom are clutching the young at hope.

Sunday afternoon in Japan, 5,700 members of Zengakuren gather at Tokyo International Airport to prevent a 4:04 P.M. departure. Eisaku Sato, prime minister, 1954 ship-building scandal defendant, voucher for the American plight in S.E. Asia, is heading west to Empire headquarters. His hometown sayonara becomes a bloody mess.

Nipponese-style resistance is more disciplined than the Sixth Avenue variety. In the former, cops are matched club for club, helmet for helmet. In fact, November 12 marks the first time that charges of "illegal assembly with prepared weapons" is applied to Japanese student demonstrators. In the latter, the greatest militancy and destruction is performed, not by the movement people, but by those disinterested

infiltrators whose ends and means coincide in apolitical vandalism.

The legality bag, perennial civil libertarian nemesis of the U.S. New Left, slips into irrelevance as the Zengakuren battle 5,000 riot police, who respond with 77 tear gas cartridges in ten minutes.

The authorities would judge us all the same, however. The Department of State, an avid follower of student leftist activities abroad, declare the efforts of Zengakuren "struggles by a group which has been forsaken by even the progressive forces in Japan." The white-haired, robed university prezzy tells the flustered alums that it is only a "small, subversive, vocal minority" that wants the womenfolk out past curfew.

On the other side of the rising sun, Sato is honored by such a figure, Columbia's Grayson Kirk, coincidentally a member of the F.P.A. Yet Friday morning, November 16, when the prime minister arrives to receive most honorary degree for most honorable man, three hundred students (including some Japanese) present the visibly perturbed official with another degree—Master of War.

The forging of morality of politics is an effort the whole wide world around. While Rusk speaks, the banner of "Che Guevara lives forever" parades down the Avenue of the Americas where the street lights carry seals of the Latin franchises of Uncle Sam. The cry in Spain, in Japan, in Guatemala, in New York is not "end war" but "end imperialism." Liberated countries are a moral prerequisite to world peace.

The non-violent direct action imperative of playing on the guilt-ridden conscience is replaced by a new drive towards creative disruption and destruction of that sacred cow of capitalism—property. Gross amorality on the macro-level, the killing of the Vietnamese rebel, allows Cadillac pounding, littering, and the magic marker of "REVOLUTION" on Manufacturer's Hanover Trust.

In the hotel the guest speaker acknowledges his inadequacy in moral philosophy. But of course...after all, Dean baby, it's juicy, abstract philosophy that burns in Napalm. "In my seven years as Secretary of State," he tells his fellow diners, "I never thought God was on my side."

Outside, across the barricades, a chaplain with decalogue on uniform is more

presumptuous concerning the role of the Deity in maintaining the territorial integrity of South Vietnam against the Russki-Chinki hordes of the Conspiracy. Somebody up there likes us, he tells the scoffers. The Buddhist who recently incinerated himself in Japan might beg to disagree with the role of the Real, the Good, and the True in American foreign policy.

The N.Y.C. Police Dept. adds a note to our ethics debate. Their writ allows agnosticism about the higher issues but no heresy when it comes to common courtesy. The kids may be clubbed, but we'll help the good people to car and cab. Watch your step, lady. Careful now, those flowers might be loaded.

With people hurt in the street all about me, a nicely dressed couple, if not up to seeing a legit show at least game enough for a Times Square flick, remark to this angered, shoved, pushed reporter, "God bless the cops."

Contrary to the Zengakuren, we operate without a worker's base for our actions and thus lack an alliance for mutual defense. A merchant on the Americas shouts, "You don't like war, fairies? I'll kick my foot up your ass." A big hulk, whom I should probably be desirous of organizing, gets into the spirit of the confrontation by pulling away my pad and pen.

Here I feel not contempt, but sadness and uselessness. We have not shaken their Willy Lomanesque in the diamonded democracy dream of America. We seem a feather of force in conflict with the thrust of Madison Avenue.

Maybe we, the hippie, the provo, the young leftist, recall to these people the hard work and military duty of their own youth. We could have what they want so badly, and we don't want it. They are led image by image, to identify with the corporate establishment that holds its goodies before them as the carrot on the stick. They strive all the more for what they cannot have.

Our stirrings are louder this November. Articles are more optimistic, as the rhetoric of resistance and even revolution fill our words and thoughts. Yet, 11:00 p.m. on Tuesday, November 14, with the F.P.A. home safe and sound, has a middle-aged soda jerk cursing us as Moscovites and invoking, in his behalf, the American way.

----- Ellis Pines

REVOLU-TIONARY

Continued from page 9

ent that sharp strategists were needed with bullhorns & walkie talkies to get protesters into actions and areas that were most effective. Demonstrators bunched at intersections when they could have been most effective in the middle of streets. There was no concerted effort to rush past menacing looking police who mumbled get back, because there were few leaders and tactical directions on where to move.

Muscle Flexing

Out of the chaos emerged a certain amount of community. We were fighting a war, albeit a limited war with very limited tactical objectives. Faces were grim at times, but generally people were smiling. We were doing something, making some sort of idiot impact. Perhaps we cannot stop the war in Vietnam, but we now know that we can go some distance in fucking up things

at home. The anti-war movement was flexing its muscles. It may only be the beginning.

That so many thousands had turned out for a demonstration despite the relatively lousy publicity is a phenomenon. That thousands were moving toward a degree of lawlessness, if this lawless war continues, is a significant development. That this demonstration was geared toward disruption of the military-corporate power elite represents a definite elevation of radical consciousness.

About 2 in the morning it was raining and snowing. Several of us stopped in at a pizza joint on 14th St. An Italian guy, about 21, looked at us from behind the counter. "You guys against the army?" he asked us. We grinned sheepishly. "Me too," he said. It was a good feeling.

the cellar

Continued from page 2

place where older new-left people, poor blacks, hippies, black-power people, peace workers, artists--yes and even our three children--manage to come together and even live cooperatively.

A lot has happened since we began eight months ago with poet/painter (and Free Press contributor) Tom Jackrell (Passaic). Now we are at a turning point.

Last Friday Jim (ed. note: Robin's husband) quit his job as a mathematician for NIH. Working for even that branch of the government was too much. As Thoreau wrote during the war on Mexico, "How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today? I answer, that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it." Everyone in the community rejoices with Jim in this decision. And yet he has provided 75% of the cost of rent and utilities. We are uncertain what to do now, and we need ideas.

We'd like to be able to open the Free Cellar every weekday

afternoon, not just Thursday, and evenings too. We'd like to have free coffee and hot apple juice for people to sip while they sit on the rugs and talk and read and maybe make critical decisions about how they can live their revolution. A poetry workshop is just starting to take shape and there is the prospect of a food co-op and an anarchist/Marcuse discussion group, etc. Hopefully we will find a way to carry on, perhaps by locating a larger house here in Adams-Morgan so that, with more people, we can spread the rent costs further.

But every day it looks less likely, and we are afraid that the community will have to split. So we are spending out a call: Is there another community group who would like to take over our house and develop the Free Cellar with your own ideas? Think it over. If you'd like to, let us know. (CO 5-0632).

Peace,
Roger Wilks and Robin Standish
(for the Free Cellar Co-op)

Ravi

On the cool evening of Saturday, November 11, in the D.A.R. Constitution Hall, Ravi Shankar, the Indian sitarist and composer, delivered a command performance to an entranced audience of both Indians and Americans, young and old. The concert elicited a five minute standing ovation from the crowded hall.

To those who are not familiar with the sitar, it is a plucked stringed musical instrument from India, capable of honey-sweet strains, dolefully wailing cries, and themes of ecstatic joy. It reflects human moods. It is usually, as was in this concert, accompanied by a set of double drums collectively called tabla, and a second stringed instrument called tamboura which maintains the indispensable drone charac-



Reviewed by
Roland Henderson

Shankar

teristic of Indian music.

The concert began with Ravi Shankar introducing his fellow musicians and giving an explanation of the instruments and the music of India. He announced each Raga or musical composition before beginning it. The first composition was Raga Samari which ended in tempestuous yet well articulated beauty. The next work, Raga Dilak Jamod, a second moody piece, brought the first half of the concert to a close.

Pandit Ravi Shankar began the second half of the concert describing the drums, both the one actually named tabla and the bass drum named banya. He pointed out the melodic qualities of the bass drum, indicating that it



baird

Who is Bill Baird? A man idealistic enough to believe that he can help change what he believes to be injustice, a man who acts on his convictions and stands up for what he believes in. Four years ago, having witnessed the death of a 29-year-old mother who had aborted herself by inserting a wire hanger into her uterus in an attempt to end her ninth pregnancy and had thus penetrated the wall of the uterus, dying an agonizing death, Baird began the Parents' Aid Society, a non-profit organization.

The purpose of the Parents' Aid Society is to disseminate birth control information and materials free-of-charge to anyone who may wish them. It operates a "Plan Van" -- a mobile birth control clinic to bring help and information into the ghetto areas.

Bill Baird's additional battle is with the archaic laws which so often cause death -- the death of women in their attempts to abort themselves, and the death of thousands more by quack abortionists, eager to step in and take advantage of the anguish and suffering of the unwed-mother-to-be, rape and incest victims, married women too tired to care for another child, and frightened fathers who can't afford another mouth to feed.

Bill Baird's main concern is with deadly and dangerous self-induced abortions; with the thousands of women who are fleeced and sexually abused by quack abortionists; with poor families that grow and grow without limitation; with barely mature girls who are forced to deliver their out-of-wedlock babies and then go through the heartbreak of giving them up for adoption; with the many young people who marry only because of a pregnancy, creating almost without exception, life-long unhappiness for themselves and their children; and with the fact that nobody else seems to care!

Baird's courage and determination has won him the respect, admiration, and love of millions of people across the world. Eurovision, West Germany's television station, taped an hour-long TV special on Baird's work at the Parents' Aid Society Clinic. It is being shown in England, Germany, France, and Italy. His work has been a subject on NBC's Frank McGee Report, and he has appeared on major radio and television stations throughout the country. He has spoken to standing-room-only audiences at universities, before civic and social groups and religious organizations, and he has received the praise of prominent men such as Mayor John Lindsay of New York, Senator Ernest Gruening, former senator Kenneth Keating, and Bill Booth, the Commissioner of Human Rights in New York City.

At a time when the Government is actively cooperating with the Republic of India and with several Latin American governments to promote a knowledge and practice of birth control through contraception, Bill Baird is fighting prohibitory birth control laws in the United States. His arrest in New York for teaching birth control in June, 1965 led to the reformation of the New York birth control statute. His arrest in New Jersey in September, 1966 has brought the question of the constitutionality of state's law before the State Supreme Court, where the ACLU is confident it will eventually be reformed. And now in 1967, in Massachusetts, Baird is attempting, at the risk of losing his own freedom, to abolish the State's archaic statute.

Without money, the support of political figures in Massachusetts, or adequate press coverage, Baird continues his battle. For those who would like to help, contributions may be sent to Parents' Aid Society, 130 Main St., Hempstead, New York 11550.

by Lucy Poppet

Take a card, any card. Shake it up in your mind. Shuffle the deck and do it again. Fly. Above all, be cool.

THIS IS A TRUE STORY, with minor alterations.

Scene: New York City, Lower East Side. Fairytale buildings, pastel-colored trees, luminescent streets.

Time: Irrelevant. But to keep our heads together, let us say 7 to 13 hours after midnight.

Arrival into Scene: Via the nation's bloodstream (shared by our many speed brothers), in a rusty green carriage with wheels that sometimes touch the ground, running on high currents and low currency, love, and low happy head play.

We land on 6th Street, where we climb a tower and visit two lovely queens, waking them from their flaming slumbers. We descend, and wait while a red rubber ball slips out from behind a wall and violently seduces me, as it turns to liquid gold, gathering my emotions into the intenser whiteness within its yellow pulsing frame.

The carriage takes us to 11th Street, where I am placed inside a small bright cube, filled with love and

head play

warmth and many tasty delicacies with which to tickle my mental palate. The handsome young Knight who lives in the cube treats me to a pinch of snuff, and I glow inside. He sallies forth, and I and his Lady sit down to have some tea, and to begin our morning head play.

I'm most pleased to see you again, Lucy. I get lonely here sometimes, you know."

"Well, I'm here, now, so you needn't worry. I'm sure we shall entertain each other quite well."

"Would you like some breakfast? I'm sure you must be weary after your long journey."

"Oh, not at all! But I would like a little something, if you don't mind."

"Certainly! Take a card." She smiled as her eyes widened in anticipation. The deck was beautiful. She was used to the best, I knew. I think she was born with a silver spoon in her head.

I chose a card, and we laughed together as we saw the picture of the jockey with the inscription, TALLY HO! JOKER". She carefully placed a pinch of white crystal upon its smooth surface. Food for a goddess, I thought, and I breathed it in as a goddess. I thought, A few minutes later I felt like one.

She followed suit, and then began to clean up a bit, putting things in their proper places. I took this space in time to begin putting my own house in order, rearranging my what-not, throwing out some old drapes (I don't remember what I had them hung up for in the first place), and examining pieces of my collection of relics.

When the room was as clean as it could be under the circumstances, we again sat down for tea and crystal, and picked up our conversation. I opened:

"How many holes in Blackburn, Lancashire, would you say?"

"Oh, about twenty thousand by now, I should think."

"Really, that many? My, the world does move faster all the time!"

"It certainly does! I've six myself now, you know."

"Et tu, Imogene! I thought you were still pure!"

"Oh now, Lucy, it's nothing, really. You get used to it very quickly. But if you want to know the truth, I still prefer the knighttime."

"I'm glad to hear that, Genie. You had me worried for a moment."

"That's only because of what you're used to. My trouble is..."(she sighed)..."Well, to come to the point

"What is it, Genie?"

"Doctor Feelgood is a day tripper!"

"Oh Genie, I'm sorry. But you can work it out. Here, let's have another." And I held out the card.

Tally Ho! We went at it again, had a little more tea, then Genie put everything away very neatly and we settled down to play a game of crazy eights. Genie chanted an old jump-rope rhyme in rhythm to the dealing:

"Little Miss Pinkie, hung on Blue, Died last night at a quarter to two. Before she died she told me this: Damn that spike that made me miss!"

While all this was going on, my consciousness happened to light upon a small black cone-shaped object on the shelf behind me. "What is this?" I asked Imogene.

"That's incense. Would you like to burn some?"

"Incense, yes. I prefer to stay cool, myself."

As she lit the cone I picked up my cards and found the other jockey joker in my hand. I replaced it with something a little more reasonable. We were allowed a few plays before we heard a brief, violent shuffle in the hallway, followed by a knock on the door.



"Who's there?" Genie called.

"Police."

This interchange was repeated. Then a little game of show and tell was played through the hole in the door. When Genie was convinced it was a real honest-to-Mother Badge of Distinction, she remembered to ask politely, "Have you a search warrant?"

I didn't distinctly hear the answer. It was something like, "I don't need one! I just busted your buddy out in the hall and I got a right to look through his 'personal effects'. Now listen here, if you don't open this door I got the keys and I'll bust the door down!"

That seemed a mite excessive. I'm sure he could have entered our little cube quite easily through time travel if he'd only put his head in the right place, but cops seem to have a thing about that. So he entered through Intimidation instead.

He had indeed disposed of the young Squire a moment before the rap at the door,

and he proceeded to pursue his "personal effects" scene, being careful at first to ask which articles in the room belonged to the Squire. Genie was most polite to the man, handing him the cleanest items in the room for his inspection. If only we could have given him something for his introspection! But cops seem to have a thing about that too.

When he had finished pawing through these items, he decided he'd take a look around the pad. I thought it was time to pop the question again:

"Do you have a search warrant?"

"Now look here! I could take both you girls down to the station, but you wouldn't want to go through any hassle, now would you? You're in enough trouble just being in this place to begin with!...(Sniff, sniff).... Burning incense, I see. Has somebody been smoking MARIJUANA in here?"

"No, sir."

"Well sometimes these kids burn incense to cover up the smell..." (It's obvious he'd done the required reading.)

"We just like incense."

It was also obvious he has burning himself up inside. "I know there are more drugs in this place than--" He sniffed and pawed around some more, copped the name of the Knight (through Intimidation again), and finally split.

Of course his presence in the pad was highly illegal in the first place, as we later confirmed. I guess that's why he decided not to take us in. He might have been embarrassed.

The next scene was quite predictable, of course. Flush, flush. Heads together. Split.

Superhippie and Bugman appear out of Fuzzland; one sees and the other hears. Superhippie stops at the corner and stares into Lucy's enormous eyes. His eyes are deep blue and they're pinned. His hair is wild and he looks freaky so you'll be sure to stare back. He crosses to the right, Bugman takes over, walks a few steps head. He has a bandana around his ears. Genie thought she'd point him out to me just in case I hadn't noticed. "He's got your head inside his scarf," she said. I don't know why she had to say that. "Bug in his ear" would have been sufficient.

The story goes on from there, of course. It has preliminaries too, like the two black Jacks and the Queen of Spades which appeared all together in Genie's solitaire game the night before. But that's enough paranoia to last us for awhile. It was a beautifully cool, smooth scene, right down to the last flush. I only have one regret. We forgot to lick the spoon.

Cheetah Comes To "Up-Tight" Washington

In the December issue of Cheetah Magazine, we sent a couple of reporters and a more-than-imaginative photographer to Washington, D.C. to cover a scene you just don't read about in the travel magazines. It's "turned on, up-tight" Washington. Anybody who lives, works, goes to school or ever visits the Washington area ought to read it.

We also had a reporter go with some smugglers as they ran "pot" from Tijuana to Southern California. It's a scary, nasty, fascinating bit of work. And there are stories on "groupies"—the girls who'll do anything for a star—on campus movies, on rock lyrics and part one of a series on the underground religions. All of this and more in

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A "preliminary investigation" of underground newspapers has been called for by HUAC member Joe Pool (D-Texas) in the aftermath of a speech by Pool at the Conservative Party of the Yale Political Union on November 6. Pool claims to "have information that throughout the United States underground newspapers will be published as a nationwide underground press syndicate. The purpose of these newspapers will be to slander and libel everyone who opposes these traitors in their attempts to destroy the American government."

Pool has already made a major plank of his re-election campaign in Dallas, harassment of NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND, a member of LIBERATION News Service and the Underground Press Syndicate. In his speech, he called for a HUAC investigation of SDS, Veterans for Peace, Committee for Independent Political Action, Stop the Draft Week Committee, Progressive Labor Party, SNCC and Resistance.

A spokesman for Pool, who would not give her name, said Pool could not reveal whether the preliminary investigation of the underground press had been begun by HUAC, since its executive sessions are private.

Pool's speech refers variously to "A nationwide underground press syndicate" and an "underground news syndicate." Therefore it is difficult to know what Pool thinks he is investigating.

Reporter: "But there's no such thing as The Underground News Syndicate."

Spokesman: "Oh Really? Well, you know what I mean. Perhaps it's a loose term."

Reporter: "Could you tell me the names of the particular organizations or newspapers the Congressman intends to investigate?"

Spokesman: "Well, I really couldn't say specifically, but I'm sure he intends to investigate these various newspapers that have a tendency towards, you know, the obscene, and undermining established authority in the country. He doesn't intend to investigate the established organs of the university campus. It's the small, new underground types that he's after."

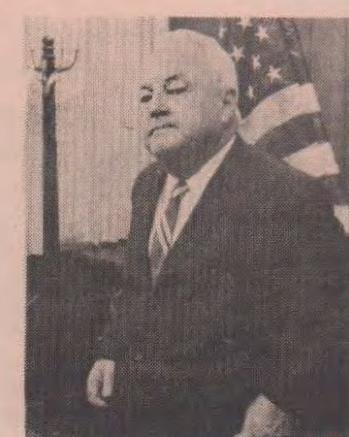
At Yale, Pool told his audience, "These smut sheets are today's Molotov cocktails thrown at respectability and decency in our nation." Reviving a charge made against Socrates, he said that the underground newspapers "capitalize on the innocence and confusion of the very young."

Even though they capitalize,

these newspapers are "the newest Communist strategy," and "people say these activities are not Communist inspired! To them, my best answer is: Who benefits most by such strategy? The Communists brag about being a part of the draft resistance movement in the United States. These underground newspapers are an integral part of their plans, and all responsible U.S. newspapermen condemn their gutter journalism."

Several times in his speech, Pool blamed the right of free speech as the cause of these newspapers. "The plan of this underground press syndicate is to take advantage of that part of the First Amendment which protects newspapers and gives them freedom of press," he complained. Thus the fact that "the underground news syndicate" has attacked Joe Pool and "also members of my family and members of my staff," are further proof that they are subversive.

"A revolution of some kind," a "destroy America movement" and the encouragement of a "readership of potential degenerates" are what he took to be the various goals of the underground press. "They know that the more obscene and dirty their newspapers are, the more they will attract the irresponsible reader whom they want to enlist in their crusade to destroy this country."



Pool said that these newspapers "encourage depravity and irresponsibility, and they nurture a breakdown in the continued capacity of the government to conduct an orderly and constitutional society."

Having recently settled out of court a damage suit by the owners

of a house who charged that he left the rented home "in a filthy condition and that much of their antique furniture and other furnishings were greatly damaged or ruined," (Washington Post, July 23) Pool said that these newspapers "make a mockery of decency and respectability."

In part, Pool's attack on underground newspapers was quite unconventional. The papers are "Smutty," written by "gutter journalists" for a "readership of potential degenerates."

But Pool is not merely a cranky middle-aged man. In Dallas, the Southern Methodist University SDS Chapter dissolved itself under the heat of Pool's attack last month, the Dallas Draft Information Center was illegally evicted from its office and NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND was banned from campus in a double-think statement by the President of SMU defending freedom of the press.

His speech suggests that an attempt may be made to link free men communities with political subversion, and harass them together in HUAC hearings. In Pool's mind, the distinctions between "psychedelic" and "political" underground papers may blur, although he will find out soon enough should HUAC create confrontations with the wide variety of newspapers that call themselves "underground."

Chairman of the Texas House Investigating Committee at the time the state government was rocked by major scandals involving insurance companies, loan sharks, real estate schemes and the Veterans' land program, Pool led his committee to investigate and root out horror comic books.

This past year, Pool has introduced a bill in Congress to prevent the disruption of the Selective Service System, and a bill to prohibit Americans from sending tangible aid to any group engaged in armed conflict with the U.S.

As a strong believer in "our beloved freedoms," Pool has recently urged that "Congress should deny funds to any university which permits SDS to have an organized chapter on its campus."

Any preliminary hearing on the underground press by HUAC has not been announced yet, so no response can be reported, but the United Press International (UPI) wrote up Pool's speech seriously, and he was warmly greeted and applauded by the Yale student group.

aristotle — inc.

December 12, 1967

Hundreds of pundits from the government, private industry and education have a big get-together planned for Dec. 6-7 at the Washington Hilton Hotel.

The gathering is sponsored by the National Security Industrial Association (NSIA), the closest thing there is to a National Society for the Promotion of the Military-Industrial Complex.

The specialists will be divided into ten "task forces" for the gathering, which is entitled Project ARISTOTLE. This, believe it or not, is an acronym for Annual Review and Information Symposium on the Technology of Training, Learning and Education.

Project Aristotle is a thinly veiled attempt of the Department of Defense (DoD) to involve itself in long-range education and formation of values within the U.S. and abroad. According to the symposium's prospectus, the DoD wishes to apply techniques learned in developing weapons systems to the field of education.

"DoD also recognized that many developments in the technology of education and training have been contributed by industrial, scientific and educational communities and is anxious to apply these developments to the solution of its problems," according to the prospectus.

The NSIA, the sponsoring agency, is the outfit that Paul Goodman addressed on the eve of the Oct. 21 mobilization. He told them that they were the most evil men in America and that the best thing they could do for the world was to phase themselves out of existence.

The leading participants in Project Aristotle include such individuals as Dr Lloyd H. Elliott, president of The George Washington University; Col. Frank E. Ball, of the U.S.A. Office of Asst. Secretary of Defense for Manpower; and Brig. Gen. James H. Weiner, US AF (Ret.), now with the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

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sition from a lighted match on a battlefield to a lighted match in Mata Hari's boudoir. Unfortunately, the battlefield scene, the best in the play, is unnecessary and should be written out of the script. In the scene, the French soldiers bitterly welcome the long overdue arrival of American soldiers with a harsh "Hello, Yank".

Interestingly, here is something on opening night National Theatre crowd (read Establishment) should cling to. "Hello, Yank" is an indictment of the American reluctance to enter World War I. It can obviously be read as an affirmation of American willingness to enter early in Vietnam, but the thought of our real war perhaps has crept into the mind of the audience for each war scene was received coldly. The Establishment seemingly refuses to admit their new war into their relaxation, even affirmatively.

Acting can best be described as minimal. Marisa Mell, as Mata Hari, leaves nothing to be desired, except grace. She is a poor dancer and gets around it by standing still. Her English-speaking voice is phonetically correct and tonally dreary. The only time she creates any real excitement is by appearing early in the play clad only in beads. She has a beautiful face and body, and one of the finest backs I've ever seen; it entitles her to pose for pictures, but not to play one of the most complex women of this century.

Pernell Roberts as LaFarge, is capable, agreeably made bald, and valiantly

struggling against overwhelming ennui. Only "The Young Soldier", who is carefully being written out, stands out from the rest. And he stands out because

the spotlight leaves him alone on the stage with a trite song called "maman" which he almost makes affected.

I wondered from the start

why I recognized a familiar mediocrity. After I had seen the production I found the reason in Playbill. Coopersmith had written Baker Street, a dreary musical about Sherlock Holmes, which survived only because of the magic of Inga Swenson. Coopersmith began with fine possibilities in both plays and crushed them in maudlin prose and story. As of now, there is no magic in Mata Hari.

As a passing reference: there was music and song in the show, neither of which is worth remembering.

The only reason Mata Hari hasn't closed already is because the Establishment press took the point of the sword from its throat. In this case, it seems to be in admirable hope that one of the ideas in the play can salvage the production. I can only join in wishing the same.

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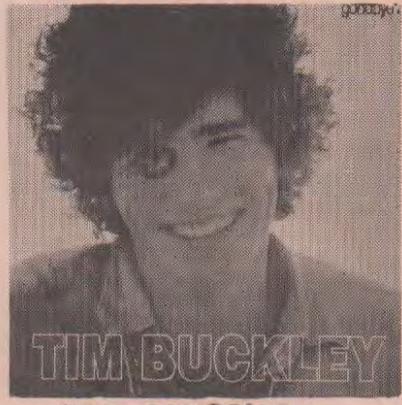


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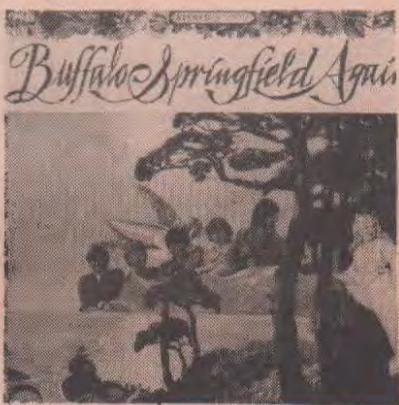
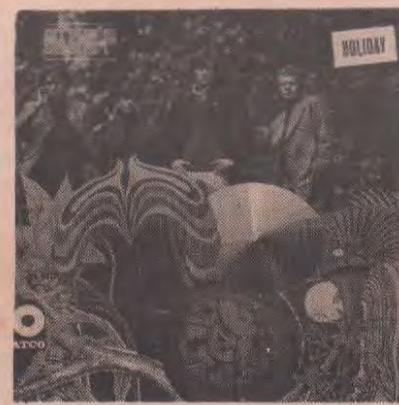
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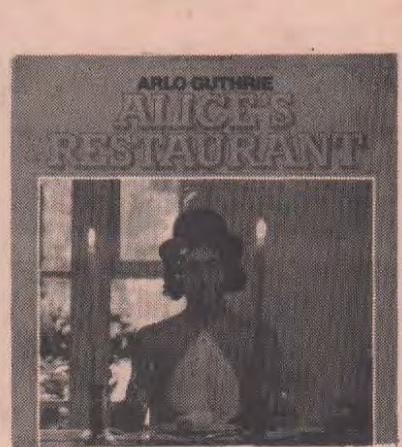
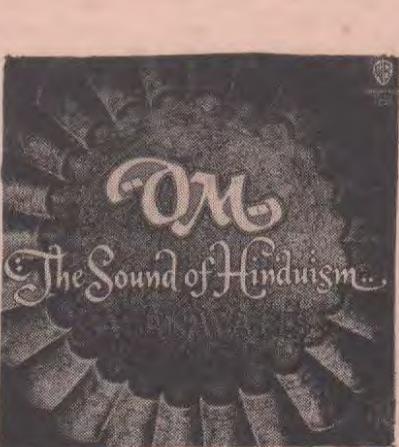
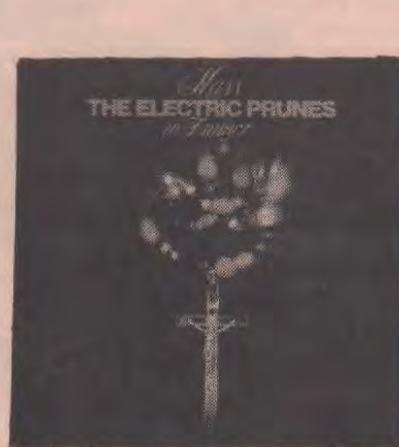
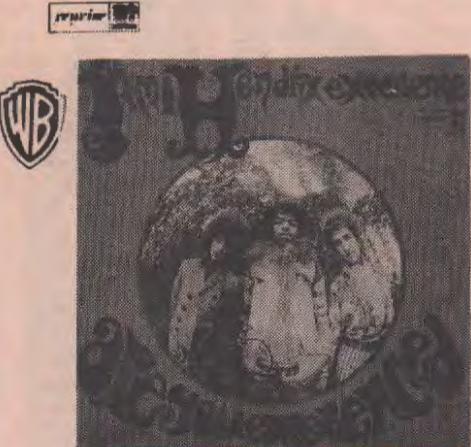
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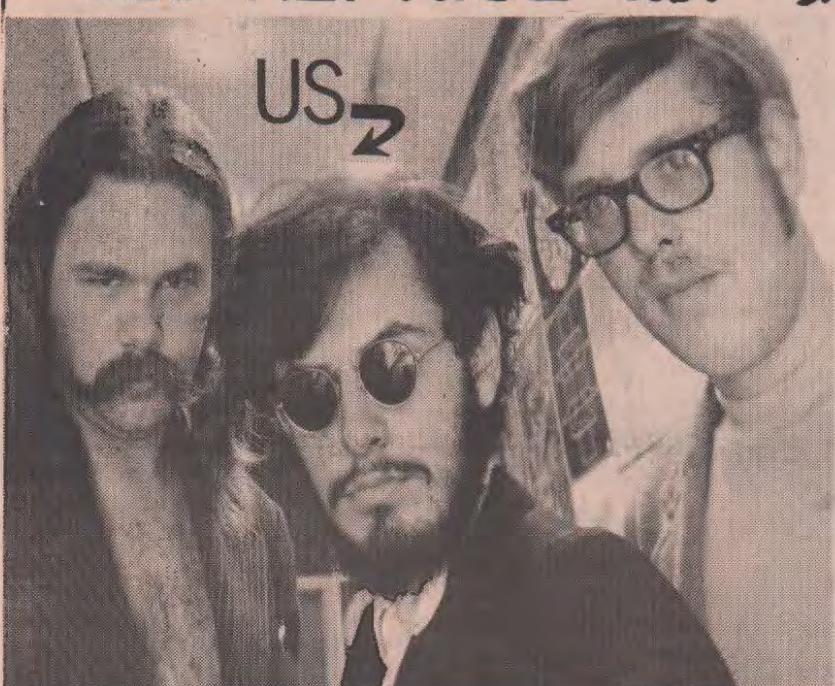


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HOURS: NOON TO 10-MID. *on fri sat.*

YONDER'S WALL HARPIED

— Bill Blum

The streets are not safe these days, we are told. They're full of violence. We need more police protection.

And what are the police of the 7th Precinct (Georgetown) doing about it? Why they're going after those kids who are up to no good.

Only the kids aren't in the streets — they're in a store. And the "no good" that they're up to is looking at pictures and lights and listening to music.

The store is Yonder's Wall, a "psychedelic" shop at 3320 M St., N.W. It houses the finest collection of innerscapes, posters, photo-poems, lighting effects, spirit baubles, contemporary buttons, underground literature, etc., etc., in Washington.

It offers free live and recorded music. It conducts a weekly discussion, led by the Psychedelic Information Center of Washington, on the legal, medical, social and "mystical" ramifications surrounding the use of various drugs.

It is also a hangout for young people—a place where they can look and listen and learn and feel very welcome and very much "at home."

But to the police of Georgetown, evil seems to lurk amidst the strobe lights. And so, for the past month they have continuously harassed Yonder's Wall and its patrons, sometimes invoking an absurd and irrelevant "anti-loitering" law, sometimes not even bothering with that formality.

The police frequently enter the store after 10 pm and demand to see the ID's of the kids. Those under 18 or not possessing proof of age are forced to leave (and go into those streets of violence) and the store is given a hard time, even forced to close one evening.

The store, in exasperation, posted a sign requesting those under 18 or having no proof of age on them to leave at 10 pm. This message is also announced. But that hasn't satisfied the police. They have asked the employees to stand guard



at the front door to check ID's.

Can you imagine the same being requested of People's Drug Store in Georgetown, which is also a hangout and is open all night?

One evening the police arrived and found two girls who couldn't prove their age. The girls were taken to the police station where their parents were phoned. The parents were told that their daughters were found in a place where drugs are dealt (Yonder's Wall has never had a narcotics arrest), and told that the girls were found embracing guys (the guys had their arms around the girls).

The police sometimes threaten to bring the fire marshalls around to inspect the place, and indeed the fire marshalls do come occasionally and give Yonder's

Wall more harassment.

The law which the police are supposedly acting upon, according to the 7th Precinct Captain, is D.C. Commissioners Order No. 60-1166 (as amended by Order No. 63-615) which states:

"It shall be unlawful for any juvenile (to be) found loitering in any public place or in any place open to the public in the District of Columbia between the hours of 10 pm of any day and 5 am of the following day."

Loitering is defined to mean:

"to idle, stand around, play in, tarry upon, or wander on foot, unless engaged in a

lawful business, educational or religious activity; or unless performing a necessary errand or any other lawful activity for which a good account may be given; or unless accompanied by a parent or guardian."

Now if you wonder how the above can be applied to customers inside a store, join the crowd.

The police don't wonder though. They say that if the kids are not purchasing something or not being entertained, they are loitering — although the cops have harassed the kids even while a live musical performance has been going on.

Yonder's Wall has been

robbed a few times recently. The police on each occasion have shown much less interest (and less result) in apprehending those criminals than they do in harassing the "criminals" who like to look at pictures and listen to music.

If the purpose of the police is to put Yonder's Wall out of business, they may very well succeed. "Flower children" are very passive; they don't like hassles, and when they are harassed they are not inclined to stand up for their rights. In this case they simply stop coming back to Yonder's Wall.

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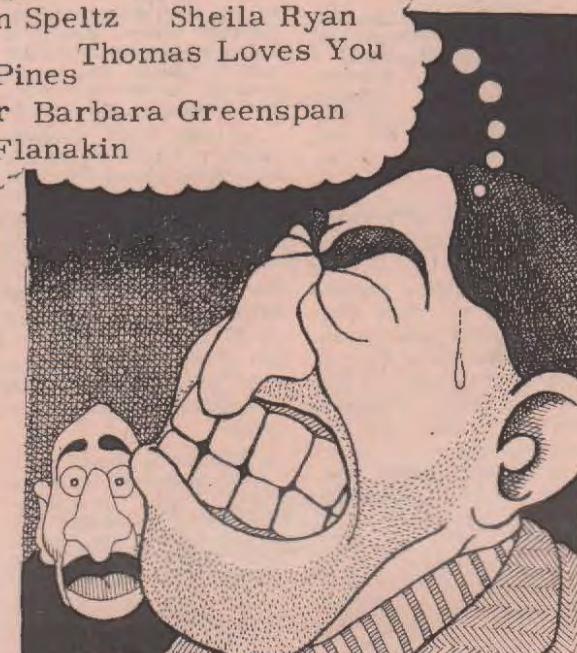
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TUESDAY - NOVEMBER 28

DISCUSSION/SOCIALIZING - - Yogi Sinha of the Yoga Institute speaking and demonstrating re Yoga at All Souls Church, Harvard and 15th Streets, N.W., 8 p.m., free, socializing before and after discussion.

VIETNAM DEBATE - For the good guys: Rev. Rodney Shaw, director of disarmament education for the Methodist Church's division of peace and world order; for the bad guys: Robert D. Levine, deputy public affairs adviser, State Dept., Bureau of East Asian and Pacific Affairs; 7:30 p.m. Hood College, Frederick, Md.

"THE MUSTARD SEED" center at Church of the Pilgrims, 22nd and P Streets, N.W., basement; Monday thru Thursday, 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.; free food, coffee, entertainment, chess, cards, piano; bring or do your thing; donations of \$ or labor appreciated.

TALK - "The Red Guard in China Today," Humphrey Evans, author of several books on Communist China; Potter's House Coffee Shop, 1658 Columbia Rd., N.W., 8:30 p.m., \$1, includes coffee.

WEDNESDAY - NOVEMBER 29

"THE MUSTARD SEED" see Nov. 28 listing.

TOM LEHRER, The New Lost City Ramblers, light show, music at Ambassador Theatre, 18th and Columbia Rd., N.W. - benefit for Concerned Citizens for Peace; \$7.50 per person, 8:30 p.m., cash bar, blacktie optional; call 543-7302 for further information.

ACLU meeting at Cedar Lane Unitarian Church, 9601 Cedar Lane, Bethesda, 8 p.m.; John Doar, U.S. Asst. Attorney General and head of the Civil Rights Division will speak on "Civil Disorder, Civil Rights and Civil Liberties."

FILM - "Jet Propelled," the story of jet flight, 8 p.m., free at Smithsonian Museum of Natural History.

AMBASSADOR OF BRAZIL da Cunha speaking on Brazilian foreign policy in lounge of school of International Service Bldg., American Univ.; reception at 4 p.m., talk at 4:30; free, open to public; program every Wed. while school is in session.

THURSDAY - NOVEMBER 30

DRAFT - Seminar for draft counselors on how to identify certain personality disorders, for the purpose of referring those seeking counsel to psychiatrists; seminar led by a psychiatrist; call Jim True at 667-6444 for time and place.

FILM - "Jet Propelled," the story of jet flight, noon, free at Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology.

"THE MUSTARD SEED" See Nov. 28 listing.

FILMS - One on Egyptian views of Zionism; 8 p.m., Glover Room, Hurst Hall, American U.; free, open to public. International Relations film series, each Thursday while school is in session.

LECTURES - Brand Blanchard of Yale University: "Rationalism as a Theory of Knowledge," 3 p.m., Room 212, McMahon; "Kierkegaard on Religious Knowledge," 8 p.m., Caldwell Aud., Catholic Univ., free, open to public.

TALK. Andrew Kopkind, prominent journalist, discussing Sept., 1967 meeting in Czechoslovakia between Americans and North Vietnamese and National Liberation Front; Martin Carnoy, founder of Concerned Citizens for Peace, discussing political strategy and outlook for the peace movement in the coming year; 8 pm at All Souls Church, Harvard and 15th Streets, N.W.; free.

PSYCHEDELICS. Discussion group at Yonders Wall, 3320 M St., N.W., 9 p.m. every Thursday evening; open to public.

SUNDAY - DECEMBER 3

LECTURE - "The Death of God Theology," Dr. Richard Rubenstein, 8:15 p.m., Congregation Beth El, 8215 Old Georgetown Road, Bethesda.

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY and Wes Montgomery at Constitution Hall, 8 p.m. Tickets at Super Music City stores.

THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE at the Sheraton Ballroom, 3 and 8 p.m.; tickets \$3, 4 and 5; call 337-7797 for information; tickets available at Ambassador Theatre, Disc Shop (1825 Conn. Ave.) and elsewhere.

ART EXHIBIT - See Dec. 2 listing.

TALK - "Man in Search of Meaning," Dr. Viktor Frankl, Prof. of Psychiatry, Univ. of Vienna; 10:30 a.m., Wash. Hebrew Cong., Mass. Ave. at Macomb Street, N.W., free, open to public.

SERVICES at Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St., N.W., 8 p.m.; "pro-Democracy -- The Rediscovery of America," 10:45 a.m.

LIGHT SHOW - See Dec. 1 listing.

HIKING - Glover Archbold, Dumbarton Oaks, Rock Creek Park. Meet at noon at 39th St. and Rodman St., N.W.; call 333-4427 for further information. Wanderbirds Hiking Club.

FOLK MUSIC. Amateur performers at Cellar Door, 34th and M, N.W.; every Sunday from 8 to 12 pm; \$1 cover charge; auditions at 6 pm.

P E A C E MOVEMENT. See Dec. 2 listing.

VIETNAM on radio. WAMU-FM(88.5), 5:30 pm, YALE Reports: Political Realities in Viet Nam.

MONDAY - DECEMBER 4

ART EXHIBIT - See Dec. 2 listing.

RESISTANCE - Week of National draft resistance to begin today. Rally at St. Stephen's, 16th & Newton, NW, 8pm; draft cards collected, to be turned in on Tues. also services for the American and Vietnamese dead will be held; 265-0584.

FILMS - See Dec. 3 listing.

COFFEE HOUSE at Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St., N.W., opens at 9 pm.

LIGHT SHOW. Ambassador Theatre, 18th St. near Columbia Rd., NW; continuous performances from 8:30 pm to 1 am; Friday and Saturday \$2.50, Sunday \$1.50.

COFFEE HOUSE at Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St., N.W., opens at 9 pm.

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RESISTANCE - See Dec. 4 listing.

ADA Foreign Affairs Committee organizational meeting; 8 p.m., 1614 S St., N.W.; public invited.

MEETING to organize a Prince George's County branch of ADA, 8 p.m., Royal Hart's Studio, 8813 Annapolis Rd., Lanham, Md. Public invited.

TUESDAY - DECEMBER 5

ART EXHIBIT - See Dec. 2 listing.

RESISTANCE - See Dec. 4 listing.

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