

# WASHINGTON FREE PRESS

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20 Cents

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"We have nothing to apologize for. This is a peace administration." Hubert Humphrey  
"There (Washington) and someone had suggested that possibly this could be the means of winning the election in '68, I think I'd step up the war and get it over with before '68." Ronald Reagan



4th Party

RIOT ON LOWER  
EAST SIDE

North Vietnam  
Journal PART II

"The Day the Free  
Press went  
Daily"

# LETTERS

Dear Friends at WFP,

Sometimes I wonder if our scene will ever spread to the cold and hostile world of the straights. We just don't seem to be getting through to them. Will they ever learn?

I usually feel very sorry for them, they are suffering so much. That's why it is our thing to spread our beautiful scene to them. Someday, this task will be completed. Can you see it? Everybody doing their own thing. No more wars. Love, Peace, and Joy throughout the world. It seems impossible, but someday it will happen. If we keep our scene alive and make it prosper.

Also, I hope that interface or somebody can help with my problem. I don't think I can last much longer. I lay awake at night thinking about the beautiful life I had. Not a life of fantasy, but a beautiful life of Love, Peace, and Joy. Why did it have to end? What crime did I commit? You are my last hope. Please help me! They can cut off my hair and make me dress straight, but they can't change me inside!

#### The Dying Dandelion

Ed. Note: Dandelion, a 16 yr. old Washingtonian, was placed in a mental institution by his parents for "not conforming to the American Dream." They give him massive doses of tranquilizers to make him see the light.

#### To the Editors:

I am getting sick of the many heads who are sitting on their fat cans while the battle against the Establishment is raging. Very little cool, if any, is necessary to trip and hung around Georgetown or DuPont Circle. Everybody to the "left" of the so-called political spectrum must unite in a supreme effort to change America's imperialistic policies. We must keep on pushing as long as war, poverty, hate, and ignorance exist. It is not enough to drop out of the Establishment; you must destroy it.

Resistfully yours,  
Tony Wolfe

July 29, 1968

#### While watching Panorama

While watching Panorama on Channel 5 today, two (2) dirty, filthy looking freaks were being interviewed from the FREE PRESS.

Both of them needed a bath. The one with the beard should get his teeth straightened and cleaned.

It must be terrible for parents to have punks to grow up like that. You are sick.

I, for one, would never buy the junk that you nuts are putting out. I am not that crazy.

I was scratching while I was watching the program. Just filthy like the rest of the hippies.

Unsigned

#### Dearly Beloved,

I don't know to whom I write this, if in fact I write it to anyone. The world seems to me at this moment to be entirely devoid of life, no love, no companionship, nor friendship, nor trust, only a glazed abyss of uncaring and unseeing eyes. I am a guy, twenty-years old, if years even matter. If I love life, so much beauty, so

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many free and loving spirits to share it with. But you are all so far away and I cannot get to you, I cannot find you. So I have no one, nothing to wake for tomorrow morning. Loneliness is the most horrible, most abundant and most ignored curse ever unleashed on the face of the Earth.

Now, I ask you, you who call yourselves the love generation, you whom I love, you who are so much in my heart and mind, you

in Georgetown, the Village, the Hashbury, can you hear me? Can you give me one reason why I should not take a few too many pills and arrange to just not wake up some morning? Do you care about me? Will you acknowledge my existence? Will you tell me you are, you care, you love? Please write me.

Josaf-Donel Robbins  
Route #4, Box 34  
Thomasville, N.C. 27360

Dear Free Press,

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

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

Mr. Greybuisnesssuit, half-man of governmental and corporate bureaucracy has played the high-finance company game so dynamically that folks like me are on the run from the draft, from the heat and from the unfreedom. The sickness is not too subtle--you think about it when the cops drag down their stupid, arbitrary statutes to make you fall in, you think about it when you dig the morning paper, Life magazine, and the TV set, when your old man desowns you, and old ladies glare at you out of their cashmere. And the sicknews is sick on a big scale. I've found it in every corner of the country for Pocatello to Portland, in the rah-rah two party lik of election year. I've spent my short years of turned on-ness; building my own freaky defenses against it.

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

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

Oh life is rough and people are mostly unkind, but this need not be. Freaks always knew that and freaks set out to live at folks so that the old vision of love and trust didn't die. But in D.C., don't ask me how, the freaks took my little stake and let me off at fear again, and I just wasn't ready for that.

Now I accept your apology and your explanation that if I'd found the right folks it would have been different. I want to ask the right folks. Where the hell they are?

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

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

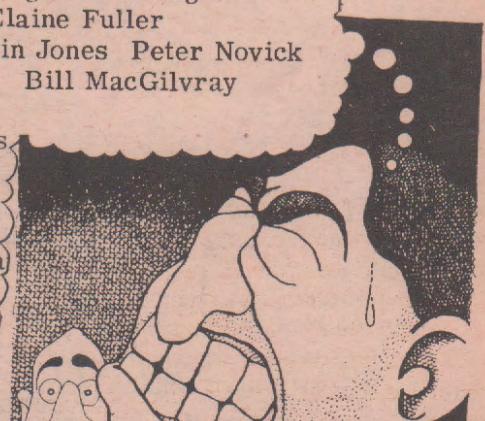
LOVE,  
Stephen Harris

P.S. Hiding don't do no good, a man's got to live with his head!

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In addition, the Free Press thanks all those who worked on the two Daily Extra editions



August 1-15, 1968

WASHINGTON FREE PRESS

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# LOWER EAST SIDE UNITED AGAINST PIGS

By Thorne Dreyer  
LIBERATION News Service

For the last two nights (July 22, 23) there has been a small scale riot on the lower east side of Manhattan. The action has centered between Avenue B and C from 10th Street down to Houston. A fight in an Italian bar on Avenue C started the action. It is plush, out of keeping with the surroundings, and not too popular with the neighbors. Some Puerto Ricans came in; there was a fight. A firebomb hit the bar causing a good deal of damage and injuring one patron. The cops came, and since everybody hates the pigs the bottles began to fly.

That's very sketchy but it really doesn't matter; people don't riot because of inflammatory incidents. They riot because they're pissed off and they're just looking for an excuse. On the east side they rioted because they hate cops and because cops are a symbol for all the unnamable frustration that comes from living in a tight ugly ghetto. Because the people don't have anything to call their own, and if they can't even control their own streets that's a pretty sad state of affairs. And besides, those Tactical Patrol Force cops with the shiny white helmets and the itchy trigger fingers are pretty ugly mothers.

The overall picture is simple and not terribly enlightening. Monday and Tuesday nights the cops were everywhere and everywhere bottles were thrown at them. Some street barricades sprang up, some fires were started, some store windows were smashed. Several times cops fired their guns over the buildings; at least once

they fired into a hallway where people had just run.

The atmosphere on the streets Tuesday night was keyed up, exhilarating. Up and down C people stood around, drinking and rapping waiting. A parade sponsored by Mobilization for Youth, an attempt to cool things off complete with priests, little kids in floats and Love-and-Peace-but-not Violence signs was weaving through the streets. But that's not where it was. When the bottles started to fly people began to yell and cheer and clap.

The press reported the incidents, as they always do, in racial terms. It was Puerto Ricans that rioted, said the Times. No mention of blacks and hippie/poor whites. Well, let me tell you, it was citizens that rioted. It so happens that most of the citizens around Avenue C are PRs. But there are a lot of white drop-outs and blacks that live in those environs and they were on the streets too.

Sixth Street between B and C really had its shit together. The block is a mixed bag. One house on the south side near C is really beautiful. At least fifty people were on the stoop all during the action. The cops charged the house, barged into rooms and dragged people out. One gutsy white guy, blond and shirtless, baited a cop: "Come over here and fight me, cop. Come one. Throw down your gun and your club. All I've got is my body. My beautiful body." The pig turned down the invitation.

The cops responded to the white guys in the crowd. "Hey you hippies! Puerto Ricans love hippies, don't

they? Is that right, Puerto Ricans?" The PRs weren't buying this shit. The occupying army of swine were the enemy and any allies against the pigs were brothers in the struggle. A PR cat came forth with a bottle and threw it at the cop who had spoken.

The cops don't understand it's not the "hippies" who are fighting them for the streets. It's not the affluent studs that parade on St. Mark's Place. It's white drop-outs who have buried their flowers and joined the community. It's

## Washington POP MUSIC FESTIVAL

by Robin Jones

"We're out to prove that Washington isn't just a politicians town bent on making money and wars," he said, and then he told me about Sunday. "I want to see people here grooving on their own people. Washington isn't dead musically. We asked some national groups and they said they didn't have time for Washington. Well, the local groups have time, and so did I."

George Hauer, of Unlimited Projects Company, who at one time was manager of a band called the Mosaic Virus, the members of which decided they could rather get stoned than sing songs, is not easily discouraged. He has solicited twenty local groups, completing the music bag from soul and rock or combining them

continued p. 16



the kids who made the scene during the summer of love and then had to survive the New York winter.

But even if it wasn't a racial thing, we've gotta give credit where credit is due. It was a Puerto Rican continued p. 14

## Free University Forming

In early Fall a booklet will appear in Washington bookstores called, "Groups Forming in Washington for Study and Action."

Basically a free university, the booklet will give a page to each individual who wishes to do something with a group of people: study a particular problem, organize a project, or take an action of some kind. It is anticipated that the booklet will appear twice a year: Fall and Spring.

It is hoped that people reading this notice will write a page (350 words) for the booklet stating what they would like to do with a group of like-minded people. Please begin your paper with personal information which relates to what you want to do so that it doesn't read like a dry, academic listing. As you conclude your paper, please state how frequently you would like to meet, where, when in the Fall you desire to begin, and how people may contact you. Please title your activity.

I may be reached at the following numbers if you would like further information: 483-8723, 234-9382.

Send your completed page by August 15th to: Rick Margolies, Institute for Policy Studies, 1520 New Hampshire Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.

*"Let's remember that a college education is a privilege, not a constitutional right. Those undergraduates who cannot give complete loyalty to the college they attend should leave and make room for others who would."*

## Senator's Daughter Joins Ranks

Rapid City, South Dakota  
July 30, LNS

Theresa Jane McGovern, nineteen, daughter of Democratic Senator George McGovern, was busted here today on charges of possession and use of marijuana. Her father is the favorite son candidate for the presidential nomination of the democratic party. She is a student at Dakota Wesleyan U-

# UNIVERSITY MEXICO

## Follows COLOMBIA-SORBONNE Route

Mexico City, July 30, LNS

On July 26, students at the University of Mexico City held a demonstration in support of Fidel Castro on the fifteenth anniversary of the start of Castro's revolution. Mexico City cops charged into the students, beating and injuring many. The following day a student rebellion began.

Using hastily but carefully laden plans, students boarded a dozen city buses and liberated them. Some of the buses were then driven to locations which would have a maximum effect in disrupting traffic, while the rest were parked in front of

students. The buses were all disabled to prevent their removal.

The students, whose ranks were swelled by many sympathizers who had not been involved in the Castro demonstration, issued a set of demands about the police, including the immediate removal of the police chief and chief of the riot squad for brutality against the students and restrictions on Pig Tower.

The police admitted an inability to handle the situation after they succeeded in alienating high school students by attacking a group leaving a

and the National Guard was called in. The street-blocking buses were removed, and then troops flooded one of the liberated buildings with tear gas. Over a thousand students remained, so a bazooka was fired into the building, blasting an opening in the barricades blocking the entrance; and then two companies marched in with fixed bayonets. The result was at least one student death (the government claimed; the students say there were five), and 500 injured students. Among the 1400 arrested were several from the United States, including Mika Seeger, daughter of

# JOEL BROYHILL: UNITE THOSE COPS

our own  
friendly  
southern  
lawmaker

by Judy Willis

My Congressman has been making headlines recently with his usual bigoted proposals, so I decided to call his office to ask about the rationale behind his views.

My friendly neighborhood Congressman is Joel Broyhill. He's been "representing" us Northern Virginians for more than ten years now, ever since he slid into Congress on the coattails of General Eisenhower.

Among his latest moves are pushing for a consolidation of all police forces in the District under one "Commissioner of Police," and calling for the resignation of the Rev. Walter Fauntroy from the D.C. City Council.

Hearings on the consolidation of police forces are presently taking place in the House Committee on the District of Columbia. The bills in which the consolidation proposal is made are H.R. 14430 and H.R. 14448, both of which were introduced last December and immediately referred to the Committee on D.C. which has not seen fit to consider them until lately. The two bills differ only in the terms of office of a proposed "Advisory Commission." Broyhill and seven others sponsor the first bill. The second is sponsored by Congressman Basil Whitener.

According to the bills, the "Commissioner of Police in the District of Columbia would be appointed by the Speaker of the House and the President pro tempore of the Senate for a term of four years. However, the Commissioner could be removed by the same two gentlemen for "inefficiency, neglect of duty, or malfeasance in office." His salary would be \$28,730 a year and he would have the "functions, powers, and duties" of all the following:

1. The Commissioner of D.C. and the D.C. Council with respect to the Metropolitan Police Force;
2. the Secretary of the Interior with respect to the U.S. Park Police in D.C.;
3. the Secretary of the Treasury with respect to the White House police;
4. the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives and the Senate Capitol Police Board with respect to the Capitol Police;
5. the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

The bills would also establish a "Police Advisory Committee" composed of nine members appointed by the Chairman of the House and Senate Committees on D.C.

I asked the spokesman for my Congressman if, since all the police would be under a different chief than they are now, the passage of the bill would eliminate any present positions.

The reply was "No." How about Tim Murphy's job?

"Oh, yes. It would change Mr. Murphy's position, the spokesman--or rather spoke-woman--replied, "He's head of the D.C. police and fire departments now--I forget exactly the name of his position--but if this bill is passed he would just be in charge of the fire department."

Broyhill's spokeswoman was quick to assure me that "the (police) administrator would answer to Congress." Aside from this not being very reassuring, a quick glance at the bills shows it is not even true. The Commissioner would be answerable to only two men: the Speaker of the House and the President pro tempore of the Senate.

I wanted to know, though, why Broyhill wanted to change the present police set-up. She anxiously told me that a terrific crime problem exists in the city. People were attacked, stores broken into, banks robbed every day. Something should be done about it. When I wondered aloud why I hadn't read or heard about these numerous atrocities, she replied, implying a conspiracy:

"It's kept out of the press. They just don't print it."

She continued that the D.C. Police are not now able to handle the crime problem because "their hands are tied." I silently asked who had untied the hands of the cops who shot Theodore Lawson at 14th and "U" and aloud asked what, exactly, did she mean?

"The police can't do anything," she hedged.

I again asked what she meant. The D.C. police have instructions not to arrest Negroes, she divulged, because they were afraid of instigating riots.

Naturally, with Broyhill's centralized police method, the current namby-pamby police practice would be

law and order to allegedly embattled D.C. streets.

Besides, I was told, tourists were not coming to Washington this year because of all the crime, and their

staying away was the cause of higher D.C. taxes.

Turning from bemoaning her pocketbook and arousing my fears to a more legislative argument the spokeswoman said Broyhill's bill would merely be returning to the Congress the power that was rightfully its--the power to rule the District of Columbia. Poo-pooing home rule for D.C., she said that calling Walter Washington a "mayor" was so much nonsense (I had to agree with her there), and that it was never meant that the citizens of the District should control their government.

"Everything is federal here," she said. "HEW is federal, the Department of Labor is federal, the Treasury is federal. The District of Columbia is not a state. It's a ...it's a...I don't know what it is, but it's supposed to be controlled by the federal government and so the police department should be run by the federal government."

It was a hell of an argument, so I asked her how come Broyhill wanted Rev. Fauntroy to resign from City Council.

Why, because he is a member of the board of the Black United Front. "Do you agree that the Black United Front is a militant organization?"

I hesitantly agreed, pointing out, though, that a member of the board of B.U.F. included quite moderate elements of the Black community such as members of the NAACP and SCLC.

Broyhill has objected to Fauntroy's being a member of the board of B.U.F. because it is a militant organization, she went on. But what really brought Broyhill's objections to a head was that Fauntroy never made a statement "either way" about B.U.F.'s position that the killing of a policeman was justifiable homicide. (Why do the critics of so-called black militancy never read the complete statements of the "militant" groups? In the case of the B.U.F. position, it was stated that the killing of a policeman by a black is justifiable homicide in the same sense

by a policeman for something like speeding through a red light is justifiable homicide, as the police department continues to rule.)

What I was really being told was that Broyhill wants Rev. Fauntroy's resignation because he refuses to renounce his alignment with the black community.

At the same time that B.U.F. made its statement about "justifiable homicide" the organization also suggested that policing of the city be turned over to the neighborhoods.

"Congressman Broyhill doesn't want neighborhood police because the situation wouldn't be any better than it is now," I was told. No, the only answer was the consolidation of police forces under the Congress.

I asked if Broyhill's asking for Rev. Fauntroy's resignation was in any way tied to the trotting out of the police consolidation bill at this time. The answer was a flat No.

After my conversation with my friendly Congressman's office, I asked another Northern Virginian who had been in the area longer than I had why the constituency--which is somehow thought of to be "liberal," (well, for Virginia, anyway)---keeps re-electing Broyhill every two years. He answered it was because Broyhill always pushed for raised for civil servants and the military an' fringe benefits like freeways through the District.

And that's all his people care about.



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# AN EXTRA STORY

THOUGHTS OF A "STRAIGHT" REPORTER OBSERVING THE DAY THE FREE PRESS WENT DAILY.

Paul Butterfield is sitting in Kiedel's toying with a beer and playing his own records on the jukebox and outside on Sixth Avenue in Manhattan in the sticky there are a few Village affluent partaking of what passes for haute cuisine south of 14th street. He has got some kind of pot-DMT-speed trip going on that leaves him asking me whether I can see the arteries throbbing in his temple, but the main thing is that he is telling me this long, long story about his cat. The story is prompted by my apology to him for not writing up an interview that I had wasted his time on some months before.

"See, I was free-lancing then, but then I had to take some hack work on a newspaper to pay the rent and the alimony and stuff," I had just alibied.

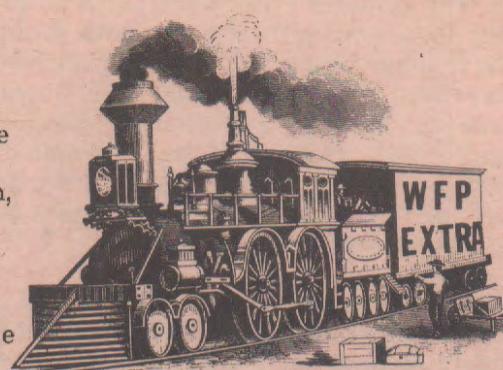
"Yeah. Well, I, ah... you're sure you can't see that artery, man? I mean, like, I just looked in the mirror, you know, and, well, I mean I can see it..."

"No, man, I really don't see it, but I can see you seeing it, you know?"

He gives me a sour look. Then he starts in again about the cat. He had these paintings by a friend of his on the floor of

his room in the Albert Hotel, the story goes--traipses would be a better word than goes--and he put these newspapers over the paintings, and the cat, while he was away, pissed all over the newspaper. That is the story, only it is much longer than that.

Then he gives me a look, kinda under his eyebrows, fake-innocent, putting-the-adults-on-type of look. This look says--I admit



it took me about a day before it dawned on me what it said--this look says 'You poor jive adult, you'll never be hip to the fact that I'm telling you that's all newspapers are good for: to keep the piss of real cats off art.'

So if you want to know what the Free Press is like, having

picked it up for the first time, gentle reader, that is the kind of look I was getting when I walked into their office to see how the action marched at the only game in town during Washington's first newspaper black-out in nearly 20 years.

It was kind of too bad, too, because I was just thinking that the joint had pretty much the atmosphere going around the old Paris Herald, a paper the American expatriates--they hated that name as much as the people around the Free Press hate being called hippies--were using back in the 1920's to put the establishment back home.

James Joyce used to send around for the guys from the Paris Herald to come and type up Finnegans Wake for him when his eyes finally went out.

Nobody paid much attention to the editor of the Paris Herald, and the Free Press doesn't even have one. There is a guy there who could pass for an editor, since he keeps his feet up on the desk and is on the telephone all the time. His name is Mike Grossman.

Otherwise, it looks pretty much like the city room of any other metropolitan daily: Papers,

scraps, squash, glue, odd shoes, old typewriters, and boxes full of trash all over the floor; reporter without the right clothes or the proper haircuts; a distinct lack of direction; dirty pictures all over the walls, and not more than three or four square inches of desk top in sight at any one time. They even have a rat under the front steps.

The basic difference is that everyone is sober and that they all seem to take themselves somewhat less seriously than, say, Morton Mintz.

Like the Paris Herald, there were some fears expressed that making money would ruin the whole damn thing.

Unlike the Paris Herald, there are girls on the Free Press. For some reason, they are all the same height.

The guys have all their hair, and then some, and are a lot skinnier than the head of the Washington Newspaper Guild. They talk Newleft, using a lot of words like relevancy and confrontation and uptight and doing your thing. It makes no more sense than J.R. Wiggins quoting Thomas Jefferson, but it's skinnier than The Rambler and beats the hell out of Don Hearn.

## THE PHOENIX:

Deep political divisions are beginning to appear after years of quietude. Immoral and illegal wars, both at home and abroad, have caused fissures in the political fabric of the country. We now have a peace and freedom party. The Committee for the Formation of a New Political Party. The committee is a reality with its national offices here in Washington at 1029 Vermont Avenue, 11th floor (for those otherwise oriented, down the block from the liberated zone at 3 Thomas Circle). The Committee has not issued a policy statement or discussed a platform -- they plan to hold a press conference August 1 -- but it has been very active.

The person most closely identified with the new party is Marcus Raskin, co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, and recently acquitted in the "Spock" draft conspiracy case. Raskin feels that the three political parties in the country reflect basic problems of American life. He believes additional violence will only lead to greater repression, but that there is still something here to build, which can be done by politically opening the system up and rebuilding it from within. Thus he proposes a new political party, operating within the present party system.

The platform that is emerging will be filled with good liberal "new politics" rhetoric. Certainly it will be anti-Vietnam. Then, too, it must be anti-racism, and against things such as higher prices in the ghettos, and even the ghettos themselves. It will clearly be against the closed political conventions of the major political parties. The party is headed toward a national convention, probably in Chicago, following the Democratic National Convention. Delegates to this convention will presumably be the electors whose names appear on the petitions. At the convention, the name, form, and candidate for the new party will be decided.

## fourth party



Raskin has said publicly that he would be inclined to support McCarthy, which would put the new party behind the Democrats if they nominate him. Rockefeller, Lindsay, and McGovern have been nominated as possible presidential candidates on the new party ticket. None of these individuals, though, has indicated interest in the new party at this time. The party will have to offer its candidate something substantial, like a strong viable platform, and ballot

positions in a credible number of states.

The rhetoric of the new party thus far is not very exciting. It is the crisis of this country has reached such a point that it is difficult to appreciate this kind of talk anymore. New politics is the password, yet the alignment is with old candidates. Perhaps one may take the word "new" too seriously. How much of an alternative is left within the old party system for this new politics is questionable.

Myra Lewenter

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

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**NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS**

Included in the mailing for this issue are the two copies of the WASHINGTON FREE PRESS DAILY, which appeared as #35 and #36 during the recent newspaper strike.

A few remaining copies of this limited edition are still available in the Free Press office.

(Marc Sommer, Naomi Jaffee, John Stielstra and David Tobis spent two weeks in the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, From May 10 to May 24 at the invitation of l'Union Des Etudiants du DRV. This is the second part of the journal that Marc kept on the trip. Part I was printed in the July 16-30 issue.

May 26, Hong Kong

Left the DRV with some regrets two nights ago, on Friday. Some regrets, because near the end I felt as though I'd begun to make some headway with a few Vietnamese.

But I was also very anxious to leave at the end. Two weeks was hardly enough to begin to understand Vietnam, but I also felt as though we'd reached the limit of our understanding without speaking the language of the country. An interpreter has only a limited value; he can transfer to you very little of the tone and emotion in a statement. And you can only rely so much on little gestures to tell you what a man is like, especially since you don't know what a gesture of a particular kind may mean in the Vietnamese context. By the end of the two weeks I was feeling very lonely for some kind of companionship, primarily female, to share my feelings with. Although I love the Vietnamese deeply, it is not the fully satisfying or consuming love of passion. They are too distant and too different for me to be able to feel that. Besides, our particular public relationship, I as representative of the American student movement and they as

Vietnamese being shot at by my countrymen, made things necessarily a little formalized. My love for the Vietnamese is more moral and political they have a just cause and they are a noble people. Loving them is like loving justice. Necessary but not sufficient to satisfy my hunger for love.

Something else too. I was tiring very fast of my public role as

# THE RADICALIZATION

## north vietnam journal

PART 2

"representative", even a little resentful that they wouldn't accept me in any lesser role. Towards the end I hardly had the patience to give another "coc-ban" speech or to endure the extenuated praises for the first half hour of every meeting. I ended up going to every meeting but one, the Minister of Health, for whom I hadn't any relevant questions. If it's possible to call any set of activities over a two week period a routine, that was what is was by the end, and my nature abhors routine. The seven o'clock breakfasts and eight o'clock meetings with some minister or association of literarati--always in groups of four or more, as if they needed to match your numbers in case you attacked-needed me after the first several days, and I was only saved from dire frustration by the four-day voyage to Than Binh province.

May 26, Hong Kong

Now I that I'm back in pure capitalist culture in extremis in Hong Kong I begin to appreciate even more fully the achievements of the Vietnamese. I couldn't want a more telling comparison between a socialist and bourgeois culture. Hong Kong is the city of spread legs and everything and everyone is on sale for a price, usually cheap. A serviceman's paradise just as it is any decent man's hell. The Chinese in the bourgeois areas I've been circulating it seem to have become utterly westernized, although they still eat with chopsticks. They dress Western, or an Eastern version thereof, making riproaring businessmen (even the hotel desk clerk tries to sell you a telephoto lens cheap), and watch American E Westerns with Chinese subtitles. I guess it profits all sides to have a whore port in the Far East with no pretensions to being anything greater. Even China sells products in Hong Kong--I saw Tsingtao Beer cartons on the first floor of the hotel.

The residents of Hong Kong seem to accept their role with great enthusiasm. From what I've seen, they have no political stance at all, standing between China and the West--they hold to the American pragmatic stance of making all sides at once. Shameless, but then why should they be ashamed? It was the British and Americans who cast them in this role, and rather than resist it, which might cause them "undue" bloodshed, they make the best of it.

### Les Jeunes students

Not exactly in the American style. To a Westerner, Vietnamese students may seem a little naive, a little too eager to learn for their own health. But from their perspective, their task is clearer than ours--they have real and necessary jobs to do, careers and functions to fulfill to build the country. Being the first post-revolutionary generation, they realize most clearly that they have to make it if the country will. The great majority are sons and daughters of working class families. The war has put severe strains on them--separation from parents and the necessity of building a new campus in the jungle--but the circumstances have been so pressing that no decision of the intellect need be made. There is an unselfconscious pioneering air about everything they do, even an unconsciousness of the remarkable thing they are obliged to do. They are really patriotic, but like the rest of the Vietnamese, not chauvinistic.

The students I met were political in a profound sense, that is, very conscious of their relation to society and their country's relation to other countries. Once again, the circumstances demand their awareness. They are remarkably sophisticated about the dynamics of American society, and often surprised us with their understanding (intellectual, at least) of the problems of a bourgeois life: that is, their knowledge of America and its mores is considerably greater than the average American student's comprehension of life in an underdeveloped society.

Before going to Hanoi, I thought of one of the questions I should be asking was whether the students were truly "revolutionary" or simply responding in the only way they can to pressing circumstances. The question seems foolish now, posed the wrong way with no understanding of what a social revolution is. Every man and woman I met in Vietnam was revolutionary in circumstances--that is, everything they did in working on shock brigades, studying in a decentral-

ized university, or firing rifles at American planes, was supporting and building a revolutionary society. And yet, the quality of their activity, though more rigorous and demanding than, say, my life, was not substantially different. They wanted to be doctors, firemen, soldiers, with much the same quality of ambition as any Westerner. But the final goal was somewhat less pecuniary, in fact, there was no element of that--more closely linked to the welfare of society. All that is not saying very much (and it's difficult to concentrate right now, since there's a stupid Chinese Western on TV).

The revolutionary fervor of the students expressed itself in some ways you might expect. At every gathering we had with students, there were always several songs sung in the traditional Vietnamese musical style, but with patriotic lyrics. After the introductory cacban, the MC for the evening would tell us that we needed some singing to make the atmosphere less formal. A young girl (from the pharmaceutical college, usually) or a group of 3 or 4 would stand announce quietly the song she was about to sing and look sheepishly at the floor. The singing was itself consistently good (a damn sight than ours), but what was most striking was the enthusiasm of the singers. It was clear from their gestures and inevitably portrayed the naturalness of the work of the Vietnamese, the naturalness and beauty of their land, and the unnatural acts of the Americans. The girls held hands and beamed broadly as they sang. Male students were even more expressive when they sang--profoundly melodramatic, they used the Vietnamese contemporary style that looks like a fervent Perry Como, or a Mario Lanza: arms spread expansively in front of them, eyes peering skyward with intense hope. You felt that they might explode with feeling.

The rhetoric of the North Vietnamese--the average peasant, student or factory worker--is not oppressive or polemical by any means. I found almost amusing the constant repetition of the phrase "American imperialist aggressors;" the Vietnamese seemed to use those few words as interchangeable synonyms for "United States." Our translator, Nien, none too fluent in English, would patiently struggle choppily through the translation of a sentence from Vietnamese until the tail end, when she would relax and tack on a casual, "defeat Am-



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erican imperialists!" and we smile with relief. But you could hardly blame them for that; it was, after all, a statement of fact. In addition, although some phrases sounded hopelessly stilted and awkward to Western ears, it may be that the Vietnamese come from a very different tradition of syntactical phrasing. I noticed repeatedly among the Vietnamese that very little of our conversation - even the most informal - was carried on in the first person from their side. Once again, I was frustrated at their apparent aloofness in that respect, and yet by the end I had the feeling that they weren't actually trying to dodge my questions. The way they chose to express themselves - the communal or democratic "we" - reflects a wholly different perspective. I'm not ready to make excuses for every rhetorical excess, but I'm not prepared to say that they're merely spouting propaganda.

What made me feel that their rhetoric was real and sincere was the earnestness with which they used it. To no one during my two-week stay did I speak at length about Marx or Marxist theory (and not at all about Mao), and I doubt that most Vietnamese know much more about the subject than I. What they knew was a word like "imperialism" or "socialism" or "revolution", and they knew that imperialism seeks to stamp out revolutions. Not a simple observation - it was the concrete simplicity with which the experience hit them. The rhetoric of nationalism, and that is probably an accurate reflection of the two forces in the mind of the peasant.

#### Dissenters -- The Catholics

It was very awkward asking ticklish questions of the Vietnamese. You want so much to believe in their purity of motive and action, and they seem so trustworthy, that you soon drop most of your critical judgement. Everything is so harmonious about the established relationships, and still yet so formal, that you're afraid one indiscreet question might break the careful bond of trust. After all, we were in Vietnam for many reasons and some of them were not our own. My roles repeatedly shifted, in my own

# OF CASTON ST. ROUET by MARC SOMMER

mind and in public, between student and "radical leader", professional journalist and American prototype of the people.

Because I sympathized finally with the NLF and DRV, I admit to being a less-than-objective reporter. I didn't press embarrassing questions because they didn't like them, but also because there I frankly didn't want to hear about them. When I finally did overcome some of those inhibitions, and I began to put sticky questions to the Vietnamese, I found that they were able to take care of themselves. If they didn't like the drift of a question, they would skirt it with a generality -- but these were usually military questions.

On the question of dissenters, the Vietnamese I questioned (Du, Hieu and a provincial party chief) were generally straight-forward, but perhaps downplayed a bit the intensity of dissent. That dissent comes primarily from Catholics, they said, and in particular, Catholic priests. According to Du, "some priests" tell their flocks that communism is evil and that cooperatives are dangerous to family life. But, he said, the government takes no action against them, except in cases when they take concrete action against the governor. In recent months, some Catholic priests have harbored spies and spy commandos in their homes. Du and Hieu both claim that most Catholics no longer listen to their reactionary priests, that there are whole cooperatives in some provinces made up of Catholics.

It's hard to tell how much of that is true. As far as I know, I didn't meet any Catholics; but on the other hand, I encountered no verbal prejudice against them. In the bombed out city of Thai Binh, I was shown the half-demolished Catholic church where one priest had died in a bombing raid: the Catholics have not been immune to destruction, and that fact may help to erase some of the old resentments and suspicions between Catholics and Buddhists. In addition, Vietnam under socialism is becoming a secular society and religious differences may very well be losing their importance.

As for other dissenters, elderly people as a group are a good deal slower in every respect to accept the changes since the revolution. I was told, though I never saw it myself, that the elderly still retain stronger ties to the village than to the nation. While everyone seems to admire Ho, who is called "old in body but eternally young in spirit," the old folks may not groove on some of the recent innovations in family life. They may also resent the emphasis placed upon the "new generation" raised since the revolution. Nevertheless, those older people I met in the villages - and there seemed to be relatively few - were quite friendly. One old man sat in a villager's hut and began asking us some very sophisticated and difficult questions about American motivations in the war. Occasionally, we would be walking past an old man with a wisp of white beard, and the children would start laughing as the man would look dumbfounded to see us. At first, I thought the kids were laughing at him but I was told later that it was an affectionate

I also don't believe I met a landlord during my stay -- though I may have. But I did inquire as to how they grooved on being expropriated. I was told that there was some resistance at first, and those who got violent were placed in jail for "political re-education." (The phrase sounds so ominous to an American). But in one village, there were 44 Viet landlords expropriated in the 50's and they are all now happy members of the co-op, according to one village official.

I don't think that there is some dissent in the DRV -- it is only to be expected. But I think that a combination of the war, the socializing revolution, and the strength of the Vietnamese nationalism have made dissent a very minor phenomenon. It's hard to tell if the society allows the bourgeois free speech liberties of the West -- I think it probably does, but it doesn't always appear to the outside because the "consensus" is so nearly complete. Perhaps the nature of dissent in Vietnam is less fundamental, more in the nature of making some small adjustments. The newspapers are flooded with letters complaining about one or another malfunction or misappropriation. To expect more fundamental criticism beyond that is, in many ways, to lift the Vietnamese out of their historical context. For almost every single Vietnamese this new regime and new system has been a complete boon and they are not about to kick what seems so new and fine.

#### The CIC -- Neutrality is a Four-letter Word

Meet the political eunuchs, castrated at an early age by the deleterious effects of Canadian American culture and made over into finely-honed technicians by the age of 30. Flying twice a week back and forth between Hanoi and Saigon, sitting in their colonial style offices off the central squire in Phnom Penh, watching emissaries from both (or all) sides scurrying to the side of one or another partisan in grandiose, self-important ways -- the CIC men are the ones in the best position of all to know what the war is about.

# OF CASTON ST. ROUET by MARC SOMMER

And yet for all that, they come out of the experience knowing practically nothing about the war and caring to know even less. In their "fuck-you" attitudes towards all concerned, though, they might finally be the least partial observers and in a certain sense "objective."

Major \_\_\_\_\_, who gave us a ride into Vientiane from the airport on the way out of the DRV, is head of the Laotian CIC office. A Canadian from Winnipeg, but he resembled more a Texas Army major in a reserve unit. He embraced with double enthusiasm all the delicate prejudices of an American (and he had phenomenally managed to erect about himself a mini-American sub-culture in the god-forsaken rural capitol of Vientiane). He spoke with seedy pride as he drove us into the city, pointing out one or another "night spot" much as a long-time resident of Luray, Virginia might display his hometown to a visitor from Ohio. "It's small, but it's all ours."

"On your left, you see the new cultural center, over there where all the cars are," the Major said. The center was a small, ultra-modern building, about the only modern structure I saw in Vientiane. "There's an industrial exhibition going on here now, all kinds of new American products. We wondered for a moment of what use American industry might be to a rural Laotian economy. "The Laotians are pretty backward," he continued, "but we've got some Western money in here now and we're getting some nice hotels."

Beside the Major sat another CIC man, a soft-spoken Quebecois. He said almost nothing during the trip to our hotel, except when spoken to. At one point, however, the Major started making a low sort of joke about Laotian women, then turned to the Quebecois and said in a somewhat harsher tone, "We'd better get out of here soon, Lt. \_\_\_\_\_, you're going Asiatic on us." The lieutenant turned his head away and glanced forlornly out the window. He said nothing.



THE ALBUM IS OUT.

# Jeff beck



# truth



• "EPIC", Marca Reg. T.M. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

# "dear Gen. Marsbars..."

ADVICE TO THE DRAFT RESISTER

## GENERAL MARSBARS

AT SOME POINT IN HISTORY

Friends: The General is taking his annual vacation at the ocean -- well--deserved, I think. In his absence I am carrying on!

Joy Almond

Dear General Marsbars:

As part of the Selective Service Pre-Induction Examination, a registrant is asked whether or not he is or has been a member of the groups on the Attorney General's list of subversive or fascist groups. What happens to a registrant who is a member of the American League for Peace and Democracy, the Communist Party U.S.A., the Negro Labor Victory Committee, to name a few examples? Can he be prosecuted for being a member of a subversive group; that is, is it illegal? How can this affect his Selective Service classification?

Yours truly,  
G. S.

Dear G. S.:

A registrant's Selective Service file is strictly confidential, and inadmissible as court evidence. The only exception to this is if the trial concern's the registrant's violation of the draft law. Even then, only the pertinent parts can be admitted as evidence. Active membership in these groups is usually grounds for a I-Y classification. That's the most definite we can be at this time.

Joy Almond

Below is a complete list of draft board members and their addresses for the Washington Metropolitan Area. We are indebted to Anne Brann for this research.

NOTE: By comparing the ZIP code num-



bers of the local board's geographical area with those of the local board members, you can see that there is a good number of white, Northwest men sitting on ghetto boards. ZIP

codes which are partially included in a draft board area are enclosed by parentheses. ZIPs which are totally included are listed without parentheses.

### D. C. DRAFT BOARDS

#1. 386-3391. (20007, 08, 09, 16, 36, 37).\*

Bruce Bryan. 1364 Iris St. NW 20012. RA6-5665. James A. Dent. 6334 32nd St. NW 20015. EM3-4505. Lewis A. Smithers. 2800 Woodley Rd. NW 20008. 387-1991. Wesley S. Williams. 7908 Orchid St. NW 20012. 882-1264. Robert Bear. 3290 Worthington St. NW 20015. EM3-0232.

#2. 386-3391. (20007, 08) 20015 (20016).

Franklin A. Durr. 3040 Idaho Ave. NW 20016. 966-5214. Gustave Burmeister. 3536 Chesapeake St. NW 20008. EM2-7185. Thomas L. Gaston. 4700 Conn. Ave. NW 20008. EM3-4986. Fred E. Bergquist. 3746 Cumberland St. NW 20008. EM2-6694. John L.C. Sullivan. 3627 Cumberland St. NW 20008. WO6-3445.

#3. 386-3391. (20009, 36)

Fred P. Fischer. 3407 Highview Terr. SE 20020. LU2-3407. Herbert P. Leeman. 1609 Hobart St. NW 20009. DE2-0290. William K. Norwood. 3231 Patterson St. NW 20015. WO6-2343. Jack H. Wild. 6015 Utah Ave. NW 20015. EM3-0840. Edward Williams. 1801 Taylor St. NW 20011. TA9-0937.

#4. 386-3412. (20011) 20012.

George D. Dixon. 824 20th St. NE 20002. Unlisted number. James P. Harrington. 720 Madison St. NW 20011. RA3-1327. Howard A. Parsons. 5351 32nd St. NW 20015. EM2-2119. Wallace J. Thorne. 3228 Sherman Ave. NW 20010. CO5-5823.

Solomon W. Calhoun. 5342 Addison Chapel Rd. Fairmont Park, Maryland 20027. SP3-6226.

#5. 386-3412. (20001, 09, 10, 11).

John O. Beaubien. 3900 14th St. NW 20011. 829-6948. L.J.P. Fitchorn. 1650 Harvard St. NW 20009. HU3-4218. James W. Greenfield. 1606 Portal Dr. NW 20012. 291-7568. Harold M. Collson. 6605 31st Pl. NW 20015. EM3-6605. Alexander L. Benton. 416 Buchanan St. NW 20011. TU2-0928.

#6. 386-3412. (20001, 02, 11) 20017 (20018).

Myer C. Handelman. 4201 Mass. Ave. NW 20016. EM2-1980. Arthur W. Jackson. 6904 32nd St. NW 20015. 363-3613. R. Reuben Kohn. 6445 Luzon Ave. NW 20012. 726-7580.

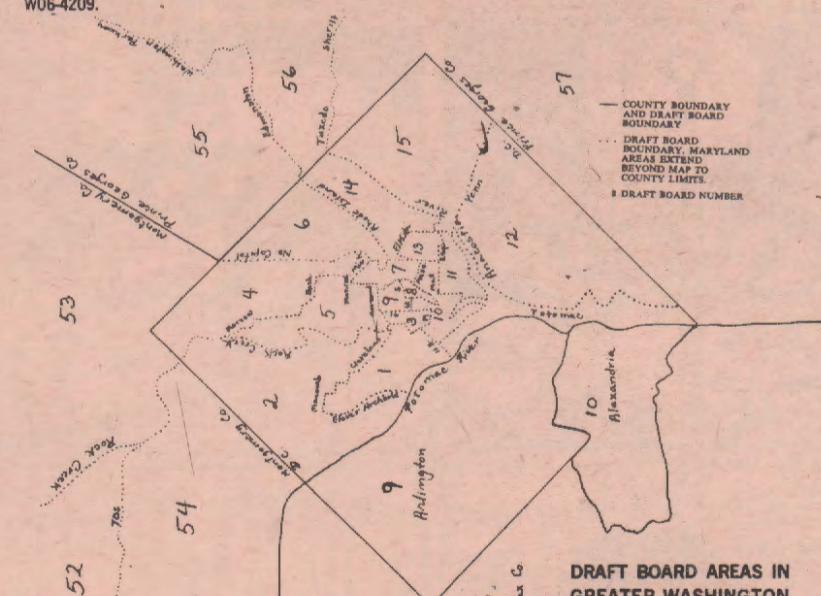
Robert G. McGuire, Jr. 1611 Crittenden St. NW 20011. TA9-7033. Arthur O. Waller. 124 Randolph Pl. NW 20001. H02-1708.

#7. 386-3514. (20001, 20010).

Charles H. Bush. 2217 4th St. NW 20001. AD4-0793. Vince Johnson, Jr. 6516 6th St. NW 20012. 829-5628. Clarence B. Wheat. 1207 Tewkesbury Pl. NW 20012. 829-4023. Israel Grossberg. 4545 Conn. Ave. NW 20037. 363-3952.

- #8. 386-3461. (20001, 05, 09).  
Lawrence J.W. Hayes. 1727 Swann St. NW 20009. AD2-8015.
- Frank T. Mundy. 1509 Hamlin St. NE 20017. 526-1509. Raphael A. Smith. 218 46th Pl. NE 20019. 398-3040. Walter A. Jones. 1801 16th St. NW 20009. 232-2604. Millard Williams. 1704 Kearney St. NE 20018. 526-3558.
- #9. 386-3461 (20009).  
Henry M. Davis. 3325 Stanton Rd. SE 20020. J02-8225.
- J. Warner Hagan, Jr. 1520 Farragut St. NW 20011. 829-5232.
- Joseph C. Khuen. 3073 Chestnut St. NW 20015. EM3-4908.
- James M. Pittman. 2601 Woodley Pl. NW 20008. 387-7646.
- Wilmer A. Sojourner. 1512 Taylor St. NE 20017. 529-3453.
- #10. 386-3514. (20001, 05, 24, 36, 37).  
Norman R. Grant. 4209 46th St. NW 20016. WO6-4209.

- William C. Weltzel. 3235 Highwood Dr. SE 20020. LU4-7390.
- Irving B. Yochelson. 3180 Westover Dr. SE 20020. LU2-4411.
- Stanley Anderson. 2604 Stanton Rd. SE 20020. J01-0085.
- #13. 386-3412. (20002, 03).  
J. Gaylord Boone. 2111 Sudbury Pl. NW 20012. 829-4459.
- James A. Kelley. 1011 Mass. Ave. NE 20002. LI4-4331. William L. Mackey. 511 10th St. SE 20003. LI3-8498. Leonard P. Ousley. 116 5th St. SE 20003. LI3-5447.
- #14. 386-3461. (20002, 18).  
Morris Altman. 2480 16th St. NW 20009. DE2-0178. Charles A. Jennings. 2935 Macomb St. NW 20008. EM3-0024.
- John A. Patterson, Jr. 6224 30th St. NW 20015. WO6-6224.
- George L. Holland. 2228 R St. NE 20002. 339-7785.
- #15. 386-3461. (20002, 03, 19).  
Leo M. Allman. 3019 Nash Pl. SE 20020. 582-8578.



DRAFT BOARD AREAS IN GREATER WASHINGTON

- Andrew J. Howard Jr. 1532 Upshur St. NW 20011. RA3-9007.
- Julius Levy. 4201 Cathedral Ave. NW 20016. WO6-2559.
- Donald A. Moler. 2475 Virginia Ave. NW 20037. FE3-2985.
- William S. Thompson. 4343 Blagden Ave. NW 20011. TU2-4524.
- #16. 386-3514. (20003, 24).  
Frank E. Bass. 4520 Ft. Totten Dr. NE 20011. 832-8154.
- Thomas A. Curran. 3176 Westover Dr. SE 20020. 582-1682.
- Oscar W. Eady. 1302 South Carolina Ave. SE 20003. 544-0460.
- Bernard L. Mann. 529 11th St. SE 20003. 543-9444.

- #17. 386-3514. (20019), 20020, 20032.  
Charles C. Elderkin. 3723 Bangor St. SE 20020. LU2-5586.
- William F. Pritchard. 2810 Ft. Baker Dr. SE 20020. LU2-4916.
- Charles E. Qualls. 7613 Morningside Dr. NW 20012.
- #9. 527-2992. 2116 Wilson Blvd. Arlington 22201. Dean W. Braley. 867 N. Kentucky St. Arl. 22205. 525-4946.
- James R. Lupton, Jr. 3336 N. Kensington St. Arl. 22207. KEB-4309.
- Homer Rex Thomas. 917 N. Jacksonville St. Arl. 22205. JA2-0031.
- #10. 0V3-0564. 108 N. Washington St. Alexandria 22314. Abbey J. Mintz. 2406 Crest Dr. Alex. 22302. 0V3-1597.
- William L. Hanbury. 492 N. Owen St. Alex. 22304. 931-8362.

### VIRGINIA DRAFT BOARDS

#29. 0V3-2150. Fairfax Co. 4015 Chain Bridge Rd. Fairfax 22303.

Archie T. Munson. 324 Little Falls St. Falls Church 22046. JE2-0697.

Frederick H. Otersberg. 4200 Linden La. Fairfax 22042. CR3-0243.

Joseph Robert Grille. 1005 N. Sycamore St. Falls Church 22046. JE4-7294.

John M. Lovorn. 10311 Darby St. Fairfax 22030. CR3-0579.

Herman Franklin. Near Vienna 22180. DUS-7630.

### MARYLAND DRAFT BOARDS

#### MONTGOMERY COUNTY

#52. P.O. 2-2420. 500 N. Washington St. Rockville 20850. Zips near D. C.: 20760, 66, 20850, 51, 52, 53, (54), 55.

Frank E. Williams. 19 Williams St. Rockville 20850. P02-2444.

Stanley P. Stabler. 4112 Brookville Rd. Brookville 20729. (301)774-6462.

Alfred W. Spates. Germantown 20767. (301)926-1499.

#53. JU 7-6263. Jessup Blair House. Georgia Ave. & Blair Dr. Silver Spring 20910. Zips near D. C.: (20012) 20901, 02, 03, 04, 06, 10.

Stephen James. 9411 Monroe St. Silver Spring 20910. JU5-2216.

Harold P. Morris. 1112 Noyes Dr. Woodside Park 20910. JU5-5765.

Woodrow L. Taylor. 217 Granville Dr. Silver Spring 20901. 589-3978.

#54. 654-6709. 4905 Del Ray Ave. Bethesda 20014. Zips near D. C.: 20014, 15, 16, 34 (20854).

Frederick M. Dolan. 6332 Western Ave. Chevy Chase 20015. OL2-5366.

O. Nils Harkins. 5703 Wilson La. Bethesda 20034. OL2-8986.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 7111 Ridgewood Ave. Chevy Chase, 20015. OL2-1167.

Thomas A. Farrell. 3409 Cummings La. Chevy Chase 20015. OL2-4121.

PRINCE GEORGES COUNTY

#55. 927-0388. 5122 Baltimore Ave. Hyattsville 20781. Zips near D. C.: (20012) 20705, 10, 22, 40, 70, 81, 82, 83, 20822, 40.

T. Earle Bourne. 7011 Chansors La. College Heights Estates, 20782. WA7-1065.

Lyman L. Long. 4605 Amherst Rd. College Park 20740. WA7-2582.

Ralph H. Lovell. 3312 Rosemary La. Hyattsville 20782. AP7-4390.

#56. MA7-2428. 3937 Main St. Upper Marlboro 20870. Zips near D. C.: 20784, 85, 86.

Charles C. Marbury. Upper Marlboro 20870. MA7-3357.

William H. Brooke. Near Upper Marlboro 20870. 627-3605.

Gustave A. Buchheister. Upper Marlboro 20870. MA7-3590.

#57. 627-5410. 3937 Main St. Upper Marlboro 20870. Zips near D. C.: 20021, 22, 23, 27, 28, 31.

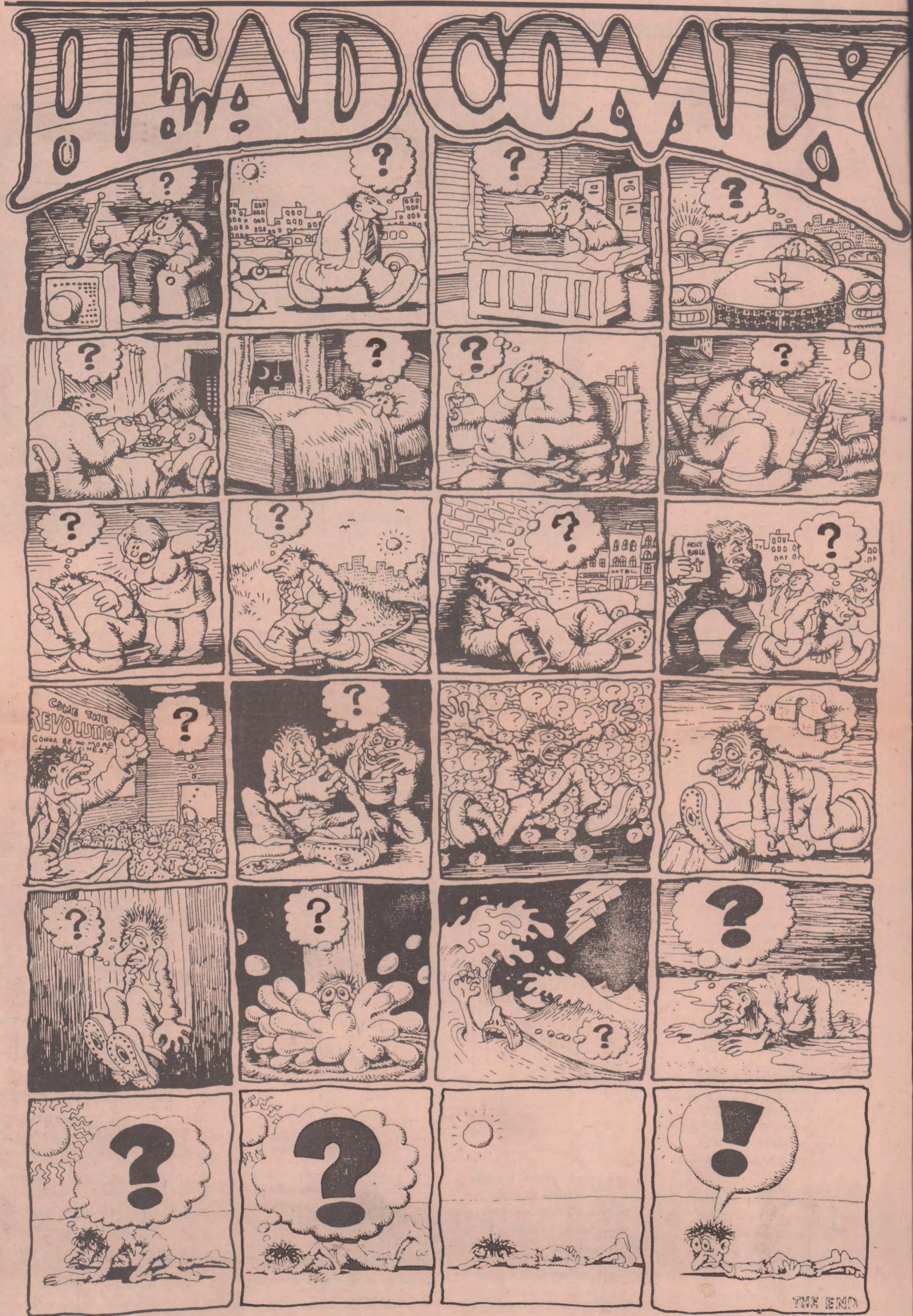
Walter N. Leibert (name listed as such on draft board wall).

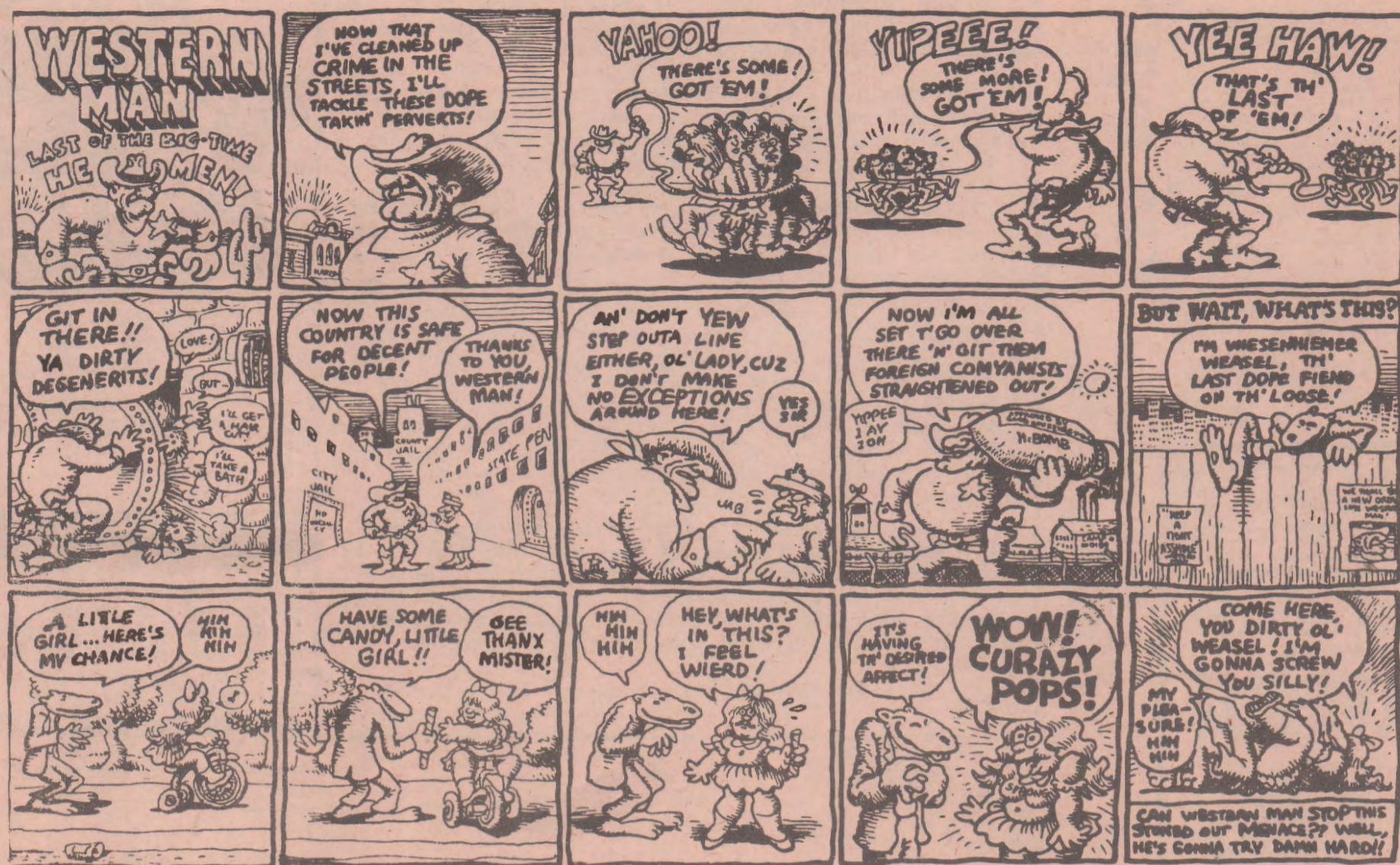
James Lancaster Thomas. Clinton 20735. 868-1724.

Robert L. Main. 7001 D St. Seat Pleasant 20027. 336-0943.

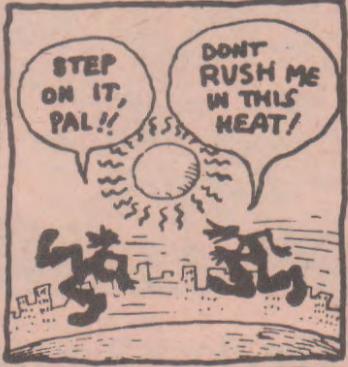
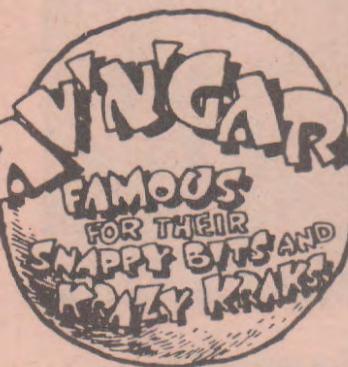
\* ZIP CODES which are partially included in a draft board area are enclosed by parentheses. Zips which are totally included are listed without parentheses. Use zips to find out if board members really are "our neighbors". Also check peace group mailing lists which are divided by zip codes to discover allies in your draft board area.

OFFICES FOR D. C. DRAFT BOARDS ARE ALL LOCATED AT 916 G ST. NW 20001.





### Then on the Other Hand...



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NATIONAL SYMPHONY  
PRESENTATIONS

## THE GOOD, BAD, AND UGLY

It was hot as hell at the Post Pavilion—a perfect night for an audience to be clammy and cautious—but instead the air was hyper-tense with anticipation. The Amboy Dukes of "Journey to the Center of Your Mind" fame gave a convincing performance—they're new, acclaimed, and could make it.

Something else—a pair called Friend and Lover. Lover came on in pink and green early floozy, backed by a band that looked and sounded definitely "B.C." It seems that their hit "Reach Out of the Darkness" is an exception rather than the rule.

Then this nondescript voice starts bellowing from the distance and out walks a pregnant-looking, knotty-haired Joan Baez carrying a mini-case—takes out the uke, gets the case tangled in the microphone wire, and starts to sing.

What a gas—the audience went wild with cheers—Tiny Tim was invigorated even more by his overwhelming acceptance and electricity shot back and forth from stage to audience. He sang a few tunes from the anthology of Mama's favorites, told the VIPER Joke (only Tiny Tim could put that one over)—included a solo duet of Sonny and Cher's "I Got You, Babe"—a schizoid phenomenon and turned on the "Mr. Sex Universe" to do an old Elvis favorite—contorting on the floor in an energetic approximation of Jim Morrison.

He's out to please, and blows innumerable amounts of kisses in appreciation 'cause it's his thing. He sort of cavorts around the stage in an air of naivete until he introduces a number—than it's quick change artistry from a coed, sex-lesson shyness to a strong man who loves and enjoys his music. He demands attention because he's real—and gets it because he's vital in a sensitive manner.

Anyway, he certainly ain't the most average-looking person."

by LESLEE YAFFE

HORSE  
of a  
different  
color

GEORGETOWN'S WAYOUT  
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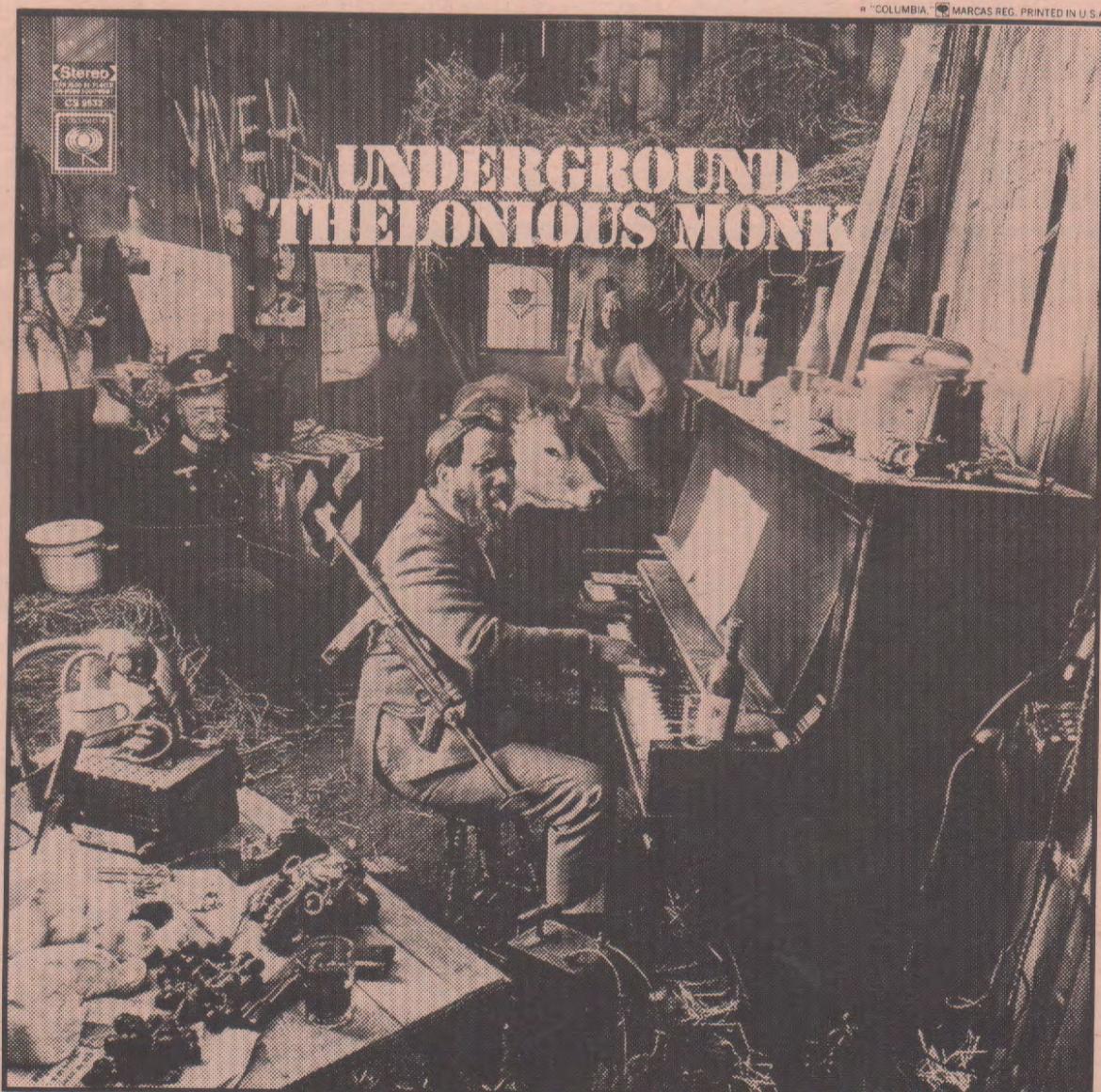
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## The Monk Runs Deep (or Thelonious Revealed)

A man's a genius for just looking like himself. So he should play like himself.

And the underground genius is no exception. He's a motionless beard. A foot flapping wildly like a blacksmith at a cranky forge. Fingers picking out unpredictable chords of Monkish exercises in horizontal creativity. Monk's original, professional and non-imitable. His new album, "UNDERGROUND," explodes on the scene revealing all the

total talent and genius he has to offer.

Two beautiful cuts from the album are "Raise Four" and "In Walked Bud." But most of the compositions are new and never before heard on a Monk album.

Columbia has also provided an out-of-sight cover photo. It's the one you see above. Dig it?

If you haven't been turned on to Monk yet, "Underground" will make you a fan for life. on Columbia Records.

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

Opening at the Plaza Theatre at 14th Street and New York Avenue a few days ago, and set for a good 6-week run or more, is an exciting film with an exciting, perhaps over-ambitious title, "Revolution", produced and directed by Jack O'Connell. With musical help from Country Joe and the Fish, and three other rock groups, this 80-minute documentary ride on the San Francisco roller coaster of purple waves freedom love acid rock park flesh madness beads trips pads mosaics smashing colors is a successful collage description of the love-generation, a sympathetic look at what has been and is being born. As we wander through parks, trips, and interviews with a lovely blonde thing from Arizona who migrates to the Sea via Haight Street, we pass through the Summer Solstice of 1967 San Francisco. We are waltzed through a musical orgy in the park on a gloriously sunny afternoon. We dig the diggers giving away goodies and love "with no profit involved". We have interviews with bearded, gentle-eyed men who tell us about why they have abandoned the world of jobs, dollars, and status. We witness evangelistic declarations about love, and drugs, and more drugs, and more love. A guerilla-theatre person, who must have been Ronny Davis (of the S. F. Mime Troupe) tells us that it's got to be done and not talked about, and finishes gently with "So we struggle in our own humble way to destroy the United States." We whiz through the League for Sexual Freedom gig, and watch real human beings, once the poor victims of another society, dance gladly through sandy beaches and green green swinging forests. We visit "Morning Star", a love colony where private property is a non-existent concept, and the entertainment of the idea of mass leisure as a natural result of technology is thought of as a beautiful thing, and where some groovy-looking people are out there just trying to make it as love-farmers in the country.

Stylistically, the worst thing about this flick is its inability to decide between being a sympathetic, surrealistic journey or an objective-type documentary with full-fledged interviews, and that sort of CBS thing. The discontinuity which results, for example, in leaping from acid laughter to the office of the San Fran police chief leaves the viewer occasionally confused, straddling the two sorts of trips, or jarred out of something too quickly after getting into it.

Musically, the score is only mediocre when one considers some of the new music of this decade. The rock backdrop provided by the Quicksilver Messenger Service, Mother Earth, and the Steve Miller Blues Band doesn't

# REVOLUTION - a movie review

## BY STEVE BROWN

harmonic subtlety. Joe and the Fish are still groovy, but never quite up to the quality of their first album, except for the two cuts from that disc used in the film.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to resist getting into the dashing color or some of the unique mind-sets of some of the people and scenes of this flick. Despite the paste-up format: the rude interruptions by police chiefs, doctors, or straights commenting on love-people and their behavior, diseases, and chromosomes, there is an overwhelming subjective magnetism, perhaps most grounded in Bill Godsey's incredible carnival photography. Somewhat reminiscent of Black Orpheus, it pulls you swirling along through that lovely city, and makes you happy that people are painting their bodies, making love, and dancing in the streets.

But -- and I know those scenes and those people out of my own life -- Cambridge, Avatar-before-it-was-Avatar, San Francisco just when North Beach was giving birth to the Haight -- there is a madness in that joyful passivity which ignores something, a few questions which raise their ugly heads momentarily during the film and then disappear underground, just as fast. Of course, it would be naive to think that revolutions can be made without alterations in the way we perceive the world, new forms of thought, unbelievable mind-constellations. Those people bringing up their kids in a world with revolutionary values in their own microcosm, unwilling to dirty their children with the old ways, may succeed in that cultural revolution. And I'm happy for those people, and those children. They are my friends.

But living the love acid-rock life never faces up to costs in question.

ask them. The scene in which an orgiastic dance to the Hare Krishna is meant to let one float into the mystical groove really began to make that point with me. I saw the analogy between what was taking place on screen and the colorful writings of some of the great Christian mystics such as Saint Theresa or St. John of the Cross. The joy, the fervor, of being swept up in the tide of something exciting and stimulating, with an almost mindless passivity may be part of some very basic human instinctive need -- which disregards what and why, the content of what one is putting his energy into.

Perhaps the crucial comment in the film representing both the truth and the grave shortcomings of the kind of revolution which has based itself on colors, acid, and communal love which too often fails to reach the society outside its own community, was the following brief declaration: "But just by being myself, I'm doing my part."

Such a philosophy ignores the meanness, pettiness, ugliness, poverty, and pain of 95% of the people in the world. It ignores the fact that the Brazilian peasant, the South African diamond slave, and the American factory worker will each continue to have the contents of their minds and their children's minds almost totally channeled by a singing group comprised roughly of the First National City and Chase-Manhattan Banks, their landlords, Time Life, a couple of radio stations, and some local equivalent of the New York Daily News -- i.e., all of the manufacturers

will still twist that same bolt for 40 hours per week with no one doing anything for his soul; or the wino under your porch; or the body in your alley that used to be a junkie down the block; or the cop at the Circle. What about them? Do we turn them on? No. They turn us off! Most of us . . .

Confronting the society with revolutionary life-styles is only one part of a total confrontation. To live in that narcissistic world in which some head contemplates his chick's incredible painted body just isn't enough; it's beautiful, but man, it's just not going to turn on, or destroy, the steel and concrete pillars from Fort Knox to Fort Detrick. Self-liberation is the crucial step; but to stop there after leaving the ticky-tacky rat race and grooving so much on that liberated self that nothing else matters -- that begins to smell of narcissism.

Narcissism as a normal component of human behavior means taking care of, and respecting, oneself. As a pathological entity, it exists on an individual scale as it does in most cases of insanity; or on a social scale, narcissism is a major component of any system in which self-aggrandizement either by the individual (as in capitalism) or by the state (as in fascism) becomes a goal in itself. The hippie community, at the moments that it most cuts itself off from the rest of society and ignores other people comes dangerously close to that sort of disease. We've got to get with it, not forget about Paris only three months ago, or Huey Newton. Paris and the hippie participation in what occurred there, or even last week in Boston when thousands of our alienated heads stood up against the Boston fuzz on their own terms, at least gave hope that the efforts of the liberated love-generation can become a much more radical force in American society today. But only if they don't forget that everybody's got to be liberated. One of the fundamental truths of the love people, in their waves of enlightenment, is that we're all in this together.

Taking into account these philosophical reservations, and despite some discontinuity of format, this is a fine film. Its pace and color have captured the essence of the hippie-love-generation and the San Francisco scene -- its love, its beauty, its spontaneity, its music, its irrationality, its mindless desperation in the search for something better. This film is to the point just where that scene is to the point, and lost just to the extent that that scene is lost. Perhaps it is a picture, a revelation, of how part of the Revolution in America is beginning. The sequel to the film, hopefully, is to find ourselves, with some real self-love and

page 14

# How To SURVIVE In The jungle -PART 2 FOOD STAMPS

BY Peter Holley

How would you like to buy some stamps which will enable you to buy more food than you would otherwise be able to, or will LET YOU SPEND LESS MONEY FOR FOOD???

If you are POOR you can do it. Here's how: Your head of household must apply to the Food Stamp Program, D. C. Department of Welfare. He or she must

bring along all necessary information, such as proof you live in D. C. Proof of all income of all members of the family; latest rent receipt, or home payment receipt; paid or unpaid utility bills; name and address of dirty landlord or rental agent; name and address of your employer, if you work; WRITTEN VERIFICATION of Social Security, V. A. benefits, or unemployment com-

pensation if you receive any of these things. If you have any cash or bonds or real-estate the agency says you must tell them how much.

Now, are you eligible? You are if you live in D. C. (P. G. County has its own program), if your household has cooking facilities, and if your income is for one person \$120 per month, for two \$180, for three \$220.

Co-ops and Tribes should be eligible for Food Stamps because a Family is defined as a group of people who live, and eat, and share food costs together. The head of household is whoever the "family" decides, or is the person who applies for Food Stamps. Single people can apply too. Here's how it works: When you are approved you pay for some Food Stamps and get

extra ones FREE. Then you take the stamps to a grocery store and buy good old American food! You cannot buy paper products or soap or dog food, and you cannot buy dirty foreign imported food, and you can't buy booze. You may be able to buy Pot, but I'm not sure. Anyway you can buy lots of PEANUT BUTTER, and beans, and meat, and bread, and mild, and lots of other good American food, and you can spend less \$\$\$\$ and get more food. And thereby survive in the jungle.

Where to apply for your food stamps:

1230 Taylor Ave., N. W.  
4313 Deane Ave., N. E.  
1418 Good Hope Rd., S. E.  
1326 Florida Ave., N. E.  
124 C St., N. W.

Or call: 629-3286, and ask them about it.

## New York Pigs - Ctd.

The scene on 6th was broken up several times, but it couldn't be snuffed out. At one point the cops amassed for a street-clearing assault. A bunch of plainclothesmen started running down the center of the street pushing people back to the corner. We got to the corner and sort of loitered. "Keep moving" the pigs growled. "We're the police. We don't want you here." We didn't mention that we were the people and that we lived there.

As we meandered to the corner of 7th and B, the sounds of drums from Tompkins Square Parj across the street had the proper cadence. We saw nine brothers and sisters and discussed the struggle for a piece of turf, a struggle of which we were only a small part.

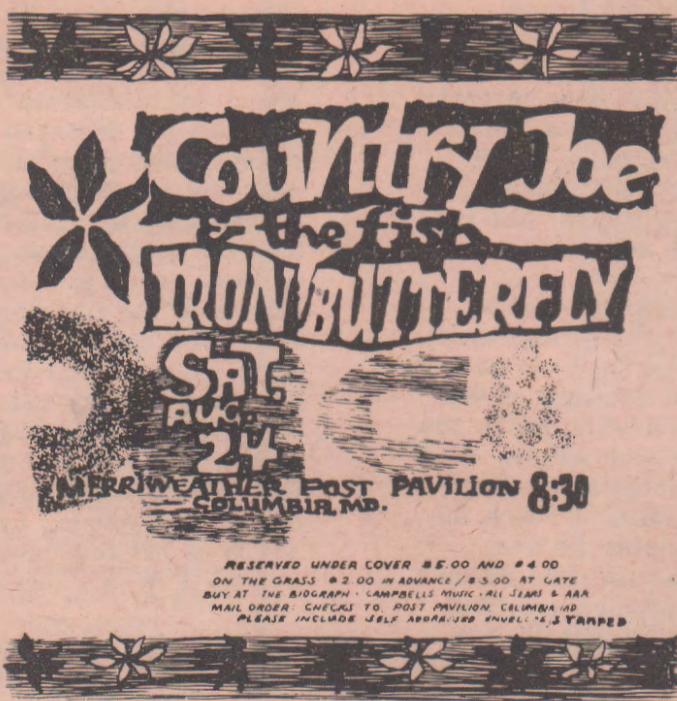
Earlier we had walked down 4th, bottles flying over our heads as cop cars passed. We got to the corner of C and rapped with some cats, getting briefed on the scene. A white guy with long stringy blond hair and a PR with trim beard said there had been some sniping. Someone took a couple of shots at a passing pig. The cop and his cronies hit the dirt

behind their patrol car. Some local folk meandered by. One well-meaning pig shouted "Hey, get away from here. You might get shot."

"No man," one of the guys laughed. "Nobody's going to shoot us. It's you they're after." And they strolled by, the cops just staring.

scene. Monday night the chant was "Ahora!" It was loose groups of young kids, mostly PRs, who kept the cops moving, always two steps ahead of them, elusive ducking into doorways and around corners.

Neighborhood folk master "mobil tactics" without having to create theories to justify their strategies. They simply know the turf. They know the buildings, the rooftops, the alleys. And they make the cops look like idiots. Like an invading army in enemy territory, the oafish fuzz huddle in clumps at corners. They suddenly mass in large numbers and charge some building, breaking down doors and arresting at random, beating some kid as revenge. Or they just charge down the street sweeping people into doorways or around the corners. But they still can't control the kids. Even with cops all over the roofs, the bottles keep flying.

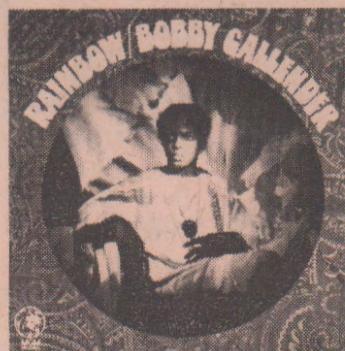


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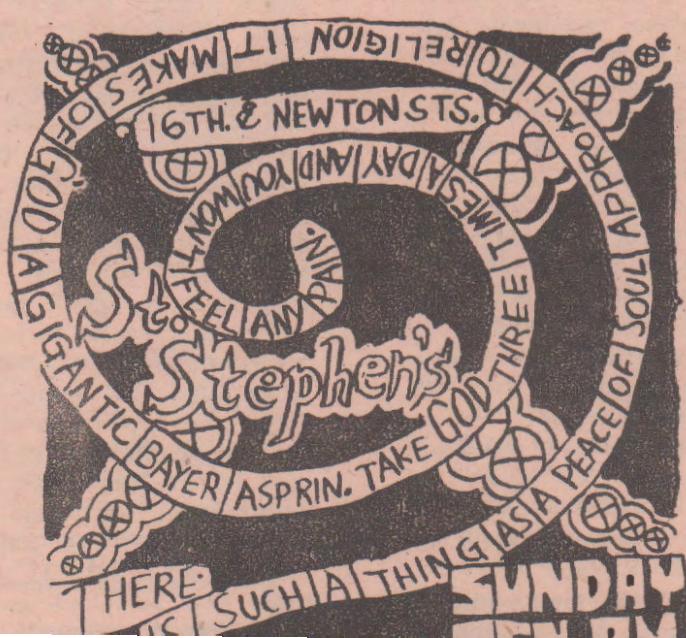
Day-dreams littered with the changes of past and present. Echoed in concentric circles of expanding sound. Ascending to visions accessible only from the vantage point of...



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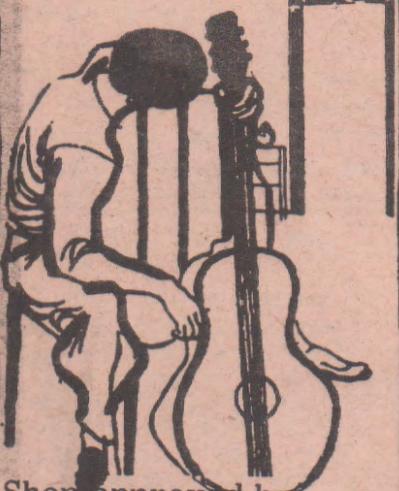


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WASHINGTON FREE PRESS

CONTINUED from page three

as does The Third World, a group of four girls, who come on in yellow robes and do Buddhist chants, country, folk and blues. The only non-local act is Mother Scott, a Mississippi blues singer.

There's a rock group from Bethesda called the Shot, which, at one point in the show, will jam with the Dolphin, a local group includ-

ing three of the former Hangmen, and guesting at the jam will be a pianist named Jay Levy. For rock hear also: The Harrison Act, The Telestars, Today's Special. Soul Groups include Bunky McCreary backed by The Expressions. Jazz groups featured are Bobbi Woods and her Men, Jambo (an Afro-jazz group from Howard University),

and The Steve Nathan Quintet. The Joe Lathan Trio with Dawn Thomson, Pat Bernstein, and Dave Wall will make folk music. Along with Mother Scott in the blues category is John Jackson, a local Negro blues singer, and representing country music is a group called The Rounders.

There may be other groups. They all haven't been heard from yet. It's all sponsored by Summer in the Parks and produced by Unlimited Projects Co. and The National Park Service. It happens at P St. Beach, Sunday, August 4th, from 1 till 10 PM.

If the rain comes hide your head away until Aug. 11 at the same time.

Hopefully people in Washington will respond to and groove on local stimuli and hopefully George will prove that Washington is capable of a musical orgasm.

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Watch the underground press for reports of the festival.

Aug. 15, 1968

WASHINGTON FREE PRESS



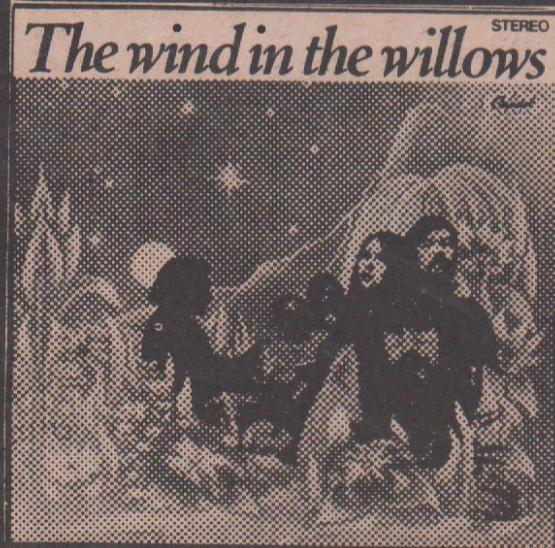
# CAPITOL

# SOUL SURF!

HOLLEY

# UNDERGROUND

**THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS**  
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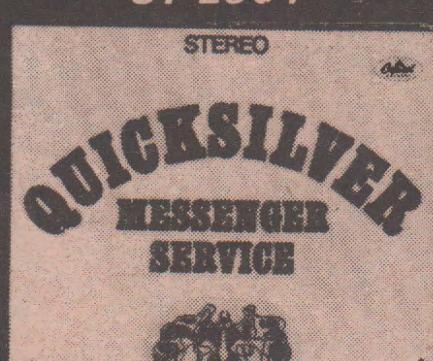
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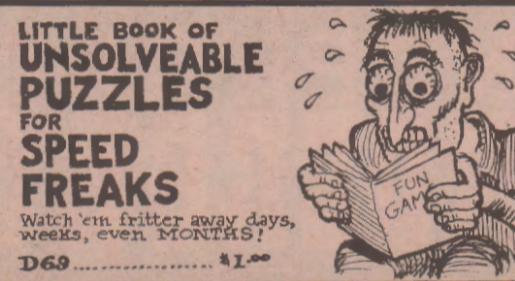
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Girl over 21 as model for photographer, part time, your home or my studio. Phone Mr. Jones ST3-7000



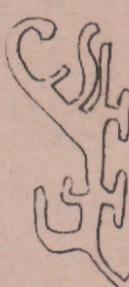
Student photographer needs amateur model. Payment in photographs. Write Daryl Paulson, CCI, 1501 Wilson Blvd., Arl., Va. 22209.

I am forming a group to go down to So. Amer. (Columbia) to pan gold. Anyone interested in the trip should contact: RON 528-2136 before noon.

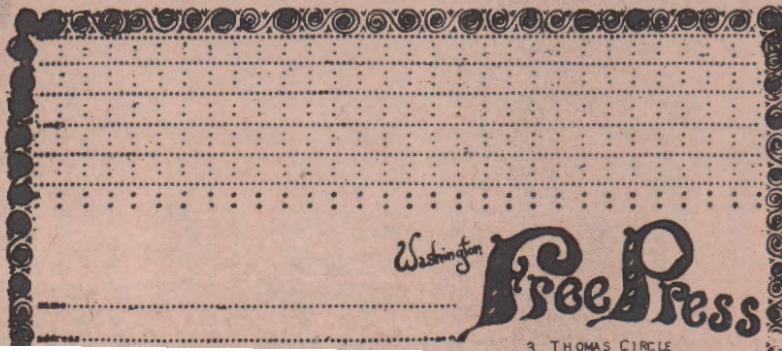
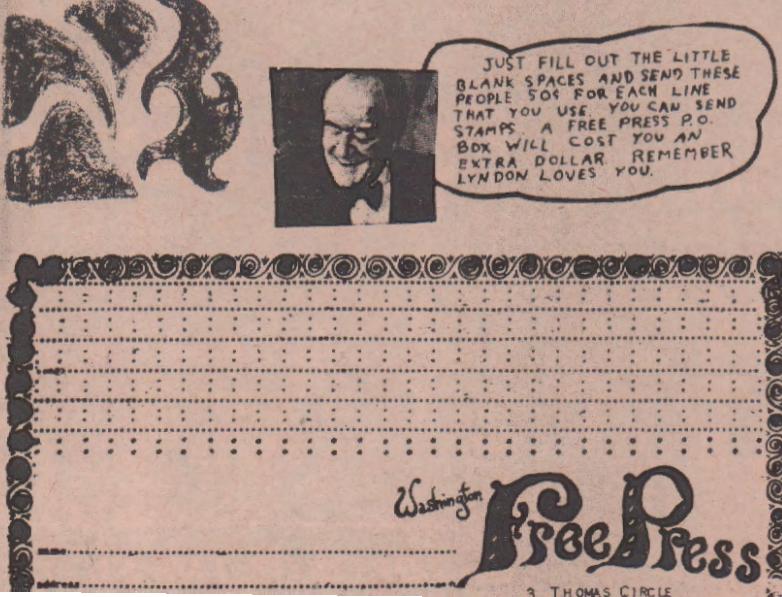
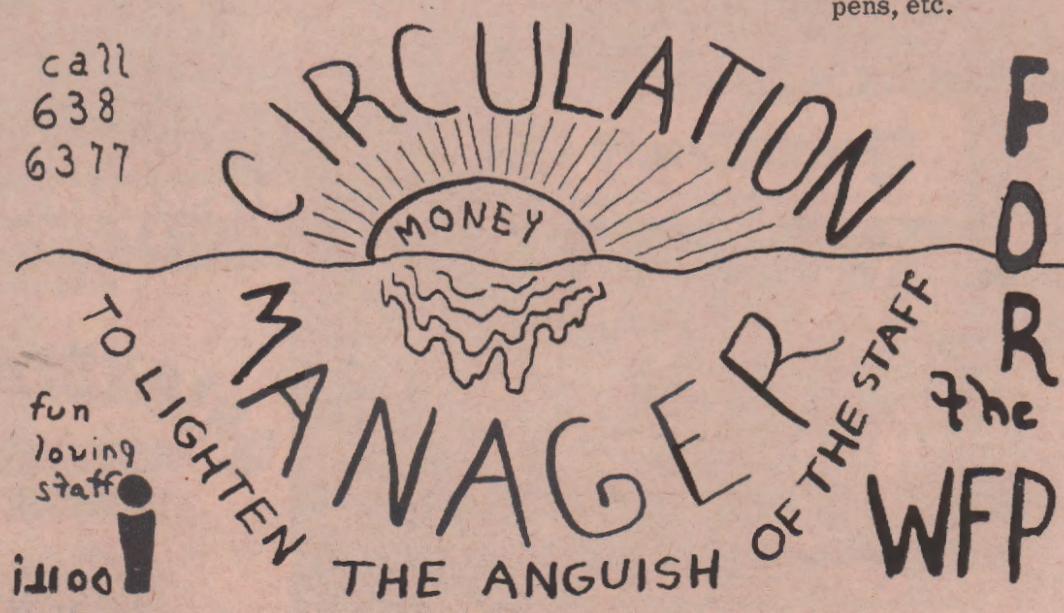
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stationary pens, etc.



call  
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# HEROIN

by Peter Novick

- Heroin...the greatest giver of man  
 - Reaching and being the voice of serenity

- I can handle that pill  
 it is for me

- I want to get down  
 too many head hassles  
 to be cool  
 I only need two caps

- nothing can touch me

- love hurts. I remember the things that once made me happy, and I can see that they are all gone

- Heroin: absolute good

- Power of control, over self.

- The bottom of life. I can't fall any lower

- I am stable

- Unborn, remember the womb?

- I want some Heroin

- I love it

- I can feel the needle in my vein. Dig the At where I am...

I see the dreams Of Sex  
 i wish for

- I can walk a hundred miles

- No pain!

- Who needs pain?

It is a reminder of all that can grasp a man from the inside and turn him around in the direction of alleviation

- Pain of love

- She's gone

- I can't see her

I can't feel anything. Too down, but i can remember all

I don't want to hurt anyone, and no one can hurt me

- The taker of life

- Totally alone, without human comfort a living exile of man

- it handles you  
 it is for itself  
 giving you a drink while creating the thirst

- relieves the hassles, and freezes the head  
 the coolness of a frozen cadaver

- nothing can touch you  
 untouched by life, maybe not hurt,  
 but never feeling love

- With Heroin they shall never return. You may never remember even what makes you fun for yourself.

- No, just Absolute

Pampering with the power of the Will. No will survives its death. No self on Heroin, just a sight response to blood and glass

- Nor rise any higher  
 You are dead. Only in death is there stability of mind

- Unborn, never to be Born.

- I know

- I know

- No, I love death.

- Dig the Time and Place without any commitments attached. At is where you float from, and do not anchor to

- Rather than have the dreams in reality

But cannot walk a across the room

- No pain!

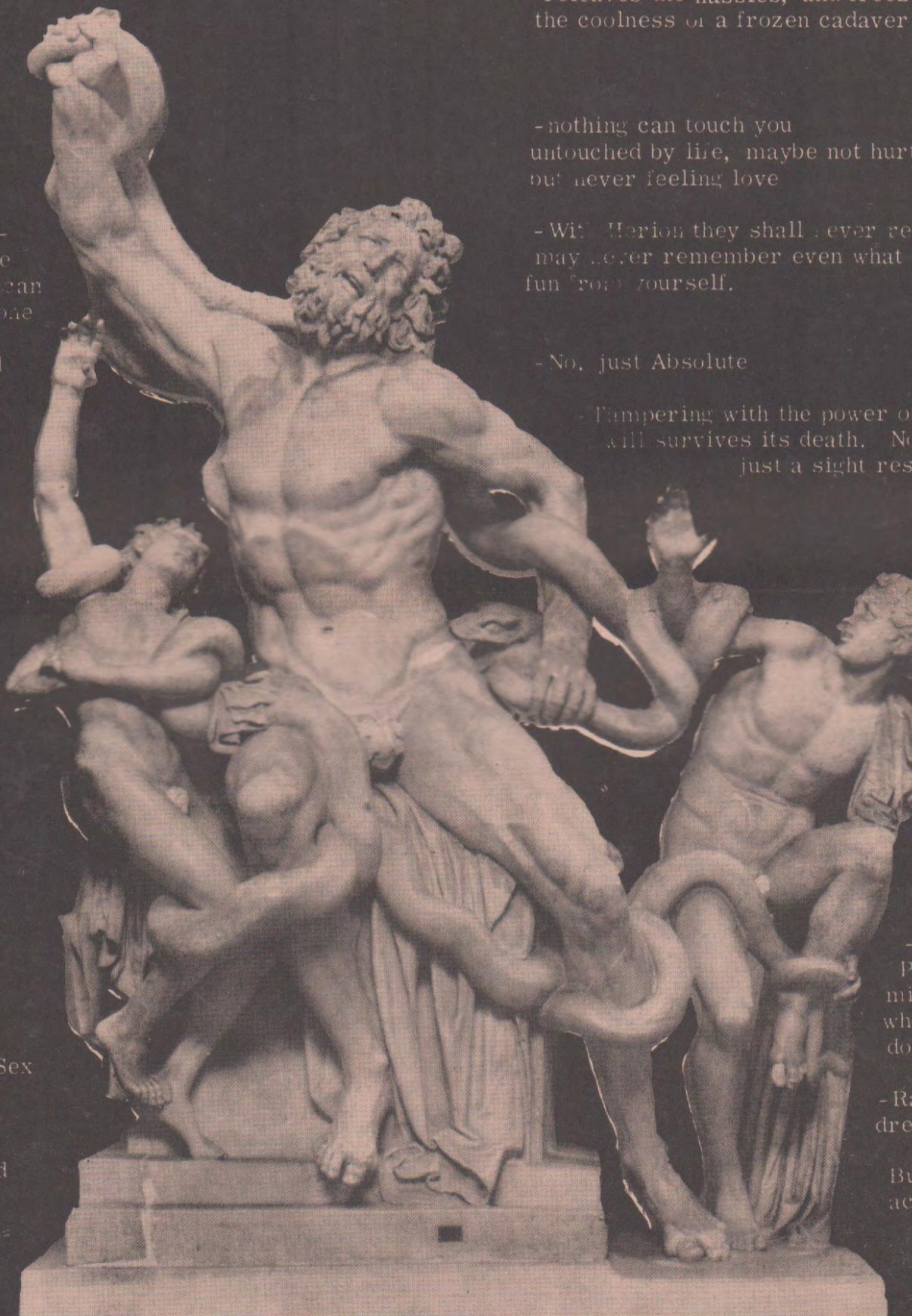
- The pain that will cause you to seek love again, not to hide from it. There are always more to love; and the love you shan't return to a corpse.

- No, you're gone. She is waiting

- Can't you feel the hand touching yours. Can not remember the instant Now as is Be in you.

- You cannot live in a void of self in a world of life. Heroin in you. You are an Ex-man. No one can hurt you. You cannot know Man or Woman.

The will that reflected energy. Heroin obliterates any



# WHERE TO Go

## DAY - AUGUST 2

LET, New York City Ballet. National Symphony Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, 8:30 PM. For ticket information call NA 8-7332

OND JAZZ FESTIVAL- at Laurel Course, Laurel Md. 5th Dimensions, Miles Davis, Dizzy Spie, Horace Silver, Joe Wil- & Count Basie; For ticket information call 301-234-1777 or 301-3701. 8:30 PM.

EEHOUSE IGUANA-- see Aug. 2 listing.

URN OF CRIME IN THE EETS Aug. 2-4, Film Festival 387-6436.

BITION ON PHOTOGRAPHY- through the 31st of Aug. Tawes Arts Gallery. Maryland University 10:00 AM to PM. Daily 8:00 AM-00PM.

AN RELATIONS Seminar of Institute in Group Relations, on theme of "Today and Tomorrow" Teachers College. Wilson Building Mr. Larson 629-2997

KWICK PUPPET THEATRE presents Sleeping Beauty, 10:30 AM Wash. Coliseum. Admission Information TA 9-6633.

IETY SHOW- P St. Beach 8:00 Folk music. Soul singers. Band. Gospel Music...and - FREE

## URDAY - AUGUST 3

LET, New York City Ballet. National Symphony, Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, 2:30 PM and 8:30 PM. For information call NA 8-7332.

CE - 8:00 PM, "The Magic" will play. P St. Beach.

REL JAZZ FESTIVAL, SALUTE er century of performing Jazz at 2:00 PM. Program at 8:30 will include Cannonball Adderly, Burton, Herbie Mann, Thelonious Monk and Woody Herman. See for Aug. 2 for telephone info.

CONCERT- Northern Virginia Music Center Symphony Orchestra, Wash. Plaza Lake Anne Village Reston, Va. 8:00 PM. FREE

COFFEE HOUSE IGUANA- See Aug. 9 listing.

RETURN OF CRIME IN THE STREET See Aug. 2 listing.

## SUNDAY - AUGUST 4

DANCE PERFORMANCES- Georgetown Workshop, Guy Mason Center, Calvert St. & Wis. Ave. Sunday 9:00 PM. FREE

BALLET, New York City Ballet, Wash. National Symphony, Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, Md. 8:30 PM. For ticket information call NA 8-7332.

LAUREL JAZZ FESTIVAL, will include Mirian Makelea, Art Farmer, Jimmy Heath, Arthur Prysock, Jimmy Smith, Rufus, Mel Lewis, and Thad Jones. 7:00 PM. See listing for Aug. 2 for ticket information.

CHORAL PRELUDE-D.C. Dept. of Corrections. Choir Wash. National Cathedral. 3:30 PM.

ORGAN RECITAL by DuncanStearns Washington National Cathedral.

Return Of Crime in the Streets- See Aug. 2 listing.

OUTING-Science Special- Turkey Run, Va. Info. call 938-6256 even.

## SUMMER IN THE PARKS- P St.

Beach. Washington Pop Music Festival. More than 27 bands including The Fallen Angels and Mother Scott. In case of rain, same time, same place Aug. 11. 1 PM-10 PM.

## WENESDAY - AUGUST 7

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CLASICAL GUITAR will present the 2nd program in its third annual Georgetown Summer Music Festival. At 3:00 PM. Parish Hall of Christ Episcopal Church, 3112 O St., NW. Georgetown. Info. call 773-3750.

PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY- 7 PM. 3108 Mt. Pleasant St.

## MONDAY - AUGUST 5

SWEET ADELINES, Greater Washington Area Chapters in Concert at the Watergate. 8:00 PM. FREE.

EXPERIMENTAL FILMS- Mustard Seed Church of Pilgrims. 8:00 PM. FREE.

## ENDING THE SUMMER SEASON

of the Evans Farm Dinner Theatre Company." The Voice of the Turtle" will be performed on the 5, 6, 7, of Aug. The "Public Eye" and the "Private Ear" will be performed on the 12, 13, & 14. Info. 346-3048. COFFEE HOUSE. Temple Senai. 3100 Military Rd. NW. 7:30 PM., 75¢ admission. Folk Music. Info. call DU 7-6162 or EM 3-6394.

Seminar: Health Care and the American System. Meets every other Monday at 8:00 p. m. Contact Rob Burledge or Linda Barnes at 234-9382. See page 4 above.

## TUESDAY - AUGUST 6

WRITER WORKSHOPS- Techniques of Creative Writing, sponsored by the Back Alley Theatre. St. Stephens Church, 16th & Newton Sts., NW. 10-11 AM. For info. call 332-5942. FREE

CHORALE PROGRAM-Bershere Boys Choir, Cathedral Summer Festival, Pilgrim Steps, South side. National Cathedral, 8:00 PM. FREE

ROADRUNNERS CLUB-Bunios Derby Summer Series, Info. call 449-6262.

"THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE" - See Aug. 5 listing.

VIGIL AND LEAFLETTING at the White House. 11:45. Meeting speakers in Lafayette Park.

## WENESDAY - AUGUST 7

FILM PROGRAM- "Colonial Naturalist" and "Group Portrait", Institut of Lifetime Learning, DuPont Theatre, 10:00 AM. FREE

CONCERT, The Cowsills, Washington National Symphony, Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, Md. NW. 9 PM to 1 PM. Sat. till 12:00. Refreshments & live entertainment.

PEACE VIGIL every Wednesday noon to 1PM at 11th and F Sts. NW. Call 234-2111 for further info.

SQUARE DANCING-to open, intermediate level, every Wednesday at Luther Place Memorial Church. 1226 Vermont Ave., NW, 8:30 PM, American Youth Hotels.

BACK ALLEY THEATRE. Calvary Baptist Church, 755 8th St. NW at 7:00 PM. "The End of the Rainbow" will be performed for children at 8:00 PM. "The Evening Out" will be presented for teens. The final play will be "Egad, What a Cad!", a melodrama for teens and adults.

Admission Free. Information-332-5942.

## THURSDAY - AUGUST 8

TODAY IS BARBARA FOLLIK'S BIRTHDAY:LUCY POPPELS GENIE.

8 PM Meeting of New Party; Marcus Raskin speaking, St. Marks Episc. Church, 3rd & E Sts. SW.

LECTURE on "Weight, reduction, smoking, and hypnosis." A \$2100 donation is requested. Institute of Nat. Science, 1726 Conn. Ave. NW, Info. 462-0221.

## FRIDAY - AUGUST 9

CONCERT- The Glen Miller Orchestra under the direction of Buddy De Franco; Wash. Nat. Symphony, Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia Md. 9:00 PM. For ticket info. call NA 8-7332.

## MONDAY - AUGUST 12

## MOVIES - 8:30 P St. Beach.

## TUESDAY- AUGUST 13

EXPERIMENTAL FILMS - Mustard Seed. Church of the Pilgrims. 22nd and P St., NW. 8 PM. Free.

"THE PRIVATE EAR" and "The Public Eye". See Aug. 5 listing.

## WEDNESDAY - AUGUST 14

1968 JUNIOR OLYMPICS SEMI-FINALS, sponsored by Safeway Inc. D.C. Recreation Dept. and AAU Semi-final competitions for softball throw, running broad jump, soccer kick and 60 yd. spring; Coolidge High School Stadium, 4th & Sheridan Sts. NW. For further information call the DC Recreation DEPT. 234-2056.

COFFEEHOUSE. The Iguana, at Luther Place Church, 14th and N sts. NW. 9 PM to 1 PM. Sat. till 12:00. Refreshments & live entertainment.

## THURSDAY - AUGUST 15

1968 JUNIOR OLYMPIC FINALS, sponsored by Safeway, Inc. thru

## SATURDAY - AUGUST 10

CONCERT- "Judy Collins and Arlo Guthrie", Wash. Nat. Symphony. Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia Md. 8:30 PM. For ticket info. call NA 8-7332.

CONCERT-Northern Virginia Music Center Symphony Orchestra, Wash. Plaza, Lake Anne Village, Reston, Va. 8:00 PM. FREE.

COFFEEHOUSE - Iguana. See Aug. 9th listing.

WRITERS WORKSHOP - Creative writing. Free. Info 332-5942.

OUTING - Assateague National Seashore. Knapsack. Info call 522-0941 or 387-5310. Evenings.

DANCE - 8:00 PM. P St. Beach. Am. Indian day. Indian dance show 1:00 PM.

## SUNDAY - AUGUST 11

CONCERT - Flatt, Scruggs and Doc Watson, Wash. Nat. Symphony, Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, Md. 7 PM. For ticket info call NA8-7332.

ORGAN RECITAL - Alvin Gusting, Wash. Nat. Cathedral 5:00 PM. Free.

DANCE CONCERTS in the Parks, Georgetown Workshop in repertory George Mason Center, Wisconsin Ave. and Calvert St. PM. Free.

PEACE AND FREEDOM Party meeting. 7 PM. 3108 Mt. Pleasant St.

## MONDAY - AUGUST 12

EXPERIMENTAL FILMS - Mustard Seed. Church of the Pilgrims. 22nd and P St., NW. 8 PM. Free.

"THE PRIVATE EAR" and "The Public Eye". See Aug. 5 listing.

## TUESDAY- AUGUST 13

1968 JUNIOR OLYMPIC FINALS, sponsored by Safeway, Inc. thru

DC Recreation Dept. and the AAUSQUARE DANCING. See Aug. 7 First and Second place winners listing. from the semi-finals will compete at DC Stadium prior to the Wash. "THE PRIVATE EAR" and "The Public Eye" See Aug. 5 listing.

ROADRUNNERS. See Aug. 6 listing.

"THE PRIVATE EAR" and "The Public Eye" See Aug. 5 listing.

## WEDNESDAY - AUGUST 14

FILM PROGRAM - "Bridge to Tomorrow" and "Futures in Steel" Institute of Lifetime Learning, DuPont Theater, 10 AM. Free.

PEACE VIGIL. See Aug. 7 listing.

## THURSDAY - AUGUST 15

MODEL BOAT REGATTA - sponsored by the D.C. Recreation Dept. Capitol Plaza Pool, 10:00 AM. For further info call 234-2050.

CONCERT - Simon and Garfunkel, Wash. Nat. Symphony, Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, Md. 8:30 PM. For ticket info call NA8-7332.

HORSE SHOW, Class A Horse Show at the Variety Horse Center in Columbia, Md. 8:30AM to 8:30 PM Aug. 15 thru 18. For info about schedules, entries, classes, etc. call 465-2168.

## FRIDAY - AUGUST 16

CONCERT - Jimi Hendrix Experience with the Soft Machine and Mark Boyle Sense Laboratory (light show) Wash. Nat. Symphony, Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, Md. 8:30 PM. For ticket info call NA8-7332.

COFFEEHOUSE. Iguana. See Aug. 9th listing.

COFFEEHOUSE- 8:30-12:00 Geuld Hall, St. Allans Parish, Mass & Wis.

PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE presents "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the Wash. Coliseum Ad 1, 00 Info TA9-6633.

FOLK CONCERT - 8 PM P St. Beach.

BEAUTY CONTEST - sponsored by D.C. Recreation Dept. Miss Aquade. Girls 14 to 16 years old. Info 629-7208.

CORCORAN School of Art will be exhibiting the work done by the student abroad Aug. 2-14, 9 AM to 6 PM weekdays.



Star Kart 11th & Pa. NW  
Fender's Wall 3320 M St. NW  
The Front Porch 317 7th St. S.E.  
Newstand 18th & Columbia Rd.  
Quicumbia Book Store 1220 Wisconsin Ave., NW  
Capitol Hill Book Shop 525 Constitution Ave., NW  
The Joint Possession 2009 R St., NW  
Toast & Strawberries 13th & Columbia Rd.  
College Park, Md.  
Horse of a Different Color 1687 Wisconsin Ave., NW  
Common Reader Book Store 1533 Wisconsin Ave., NW  
Alexandria Folk-Lore 1304 Connecticut Ave.  
Corcoran Art School 405 14th St., NW  
Circles 503 14th St., NW  
Universal News 405 11th St., NW  
Color 1533 Wisconsin Ave., NW  
Circles 323 Cameron St., Alexandria, Va.