Business as usual prevails

(continued from page 5)

up again; splits. Helmets disappear and wearermen, their shopmashing done, melt into bystanders, all of them, thou-
sands, fleeing, then turning swiftly toward the White House. Many people who one expected to taste gas that night. Running south I bumped into the man in the street. He was drunk. "Got 'em? (cough) I say they oughta make them more pickety." The city wore a wartime face; no one hurt, but it looked like war.

And still they come, pouring in. Buses at midnight discharge binary gas canisters in Dupont Cir-
cle where the gas lingers; rows of freaks and not so freaks search for lodgings and wind up on floors in college buildings. Hotels turn them away. All night bands roam the streets, but most sleep. It is quiet in the citadel, I sleep briefly.

And still they come, again, these Armies of the Night.

A group of marchers carrying one of the twelve coffins that led the march down Pennsylvania Avenue last Saturday. The coffins contained the names of war dead.

SATURDAY

Morning, clear, cold, sunny,

nameless, like they themselves, are-
...gas, gas, gas. John Mit-

there was a March. Maybe it

The west was reserved for their fac-

And the wind blows in from

SUNDAY

Speeding North again on the

December 5, 1969

soldiers, fleeing the gas drifting

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