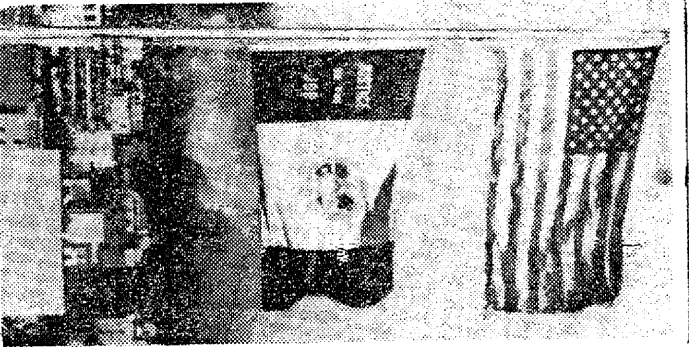


JIMMY BRESLIN IN WASHINGTON:

... The Fear and the Flames



WASHINGTON.

In the end, in the fear and the smoke, there seems to be no society at all. A Nobel Peace Prize winner is dead in an assassination and the cities that make up the country are in flames. Last night America became a place where you could understand the meaning of the word anarchy.

When the traffic light on the corner of 13th and V turned red the body on the sidewalk could be seen. It was a man in his 30s, lying on his back. One leg was drawn up under him. People walked through the smoke from the fires and went past the man without bothering to look at him.

Two dogs that had been rooting at spilled garbage came up and were sniffing at the man. Two Army trucks, staying close to the curb, came rushing past. The dogs jumped back and went away.

The man was in a brown suit and had on a shirt and tie. Blood ran from his nose and mouth. In the dark you couldn't tell whether there was dirt or blood from a chest wound on his shirt. "He's dead," somebody said.

"No, I think he's just about breathing," somebody else said.

* * *

A hospital was in the middle of the block. The man probably had been dumped on the corner with the idea that the hospital would come out and get him. The hospital has a circular driveway in front of it. It is five stories high. The sign says "Children's Hospital, Founded in 1870." Glass entrance doors were locked. A guard opened them, but only grumpily.

"You've got a man dying up on the corner," he was told. The guard turned and walked into the dimly-lit lobby. A short man in a business suit came out from an office behind the reception counter. "I'm the administrator," he said.

"There's a man dying on the corner," he was told. "What do you want us to do?" the administrator said. "Help him."

The man shook his head. "I'm not sending anybody from this place outside tonight for any reason," he said. "Let some-

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