

VOL 1, NO 17 Friday, December 3, 1965 Berkeley

# Grape-Striker's Gaining With Solid Union Support

Jack London would have been elated with a scene that took place Tuesday north of the Square that bears its name in Oakland.

A little after midnight, members of the Farm Worker Association (FWA) and the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AWOC), who are on strike in the Kern County grape-fields, placed a picket line at the Oakland Produce Market. And once again the rank and file responded. Members of the Porters Union and Teamsters Local refused to handle 150 boxes of grapes on the sidewalk, or to unload two trucks of grapes.

That's the way rank and file solidarity has been paying off. So far, all workers in the Bay Area confronted with a grape-striker's picket line have refused to cross it. This means a lot of grapes are not going to rot on the vines; they're even going to cost the growers money to store after they're scab-picked.

That this is racking the growers is evidenced by the resolution passed by the California Farm Bureau Federation's House of Delegates, meeting in Berkeley this week, condemning the picketing at shipping terminals.

Wednesday, from midnight on, flying squads of grape-strikers, many of whom are billeted with Berkeley families, roved the entire Bay area to warn rank and file dockers and warehousemen against the "no" cargo. They found many a grape being handled.

Efforts now are to plug possible outlets at Stockton, San Jose and Los Angeles ports. Meanwhile - back at the ranches, things look better for the strikers. BARB learned from some AWOC strikers who visited its offices this week.

According to these informants, the strike has hit the smaller growers hard, and they are kept from negotiating only by the pressure of the larger growers and the banks. But soon, now that the pruning season is at hand even the big growers will feel the pinch. It will not be long, say the banks who will want to resist negotiations.

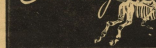
This is not misplaced optimism, they feel, for those who understand the grape industry as they do from years of work in it. For example, even with all the table grapes scab-picked except for one-third left on the vine for lack of hands, all the waste used in using seals is not accounted for.

Even a skilled picker will sometimes make a mistake, it is pointed out, and put a rotten bunch in a box. If this happens the whole box will rot because of the one bad bunch.

## WHERE TO BUY THE 'BARB'

- Many readers of the BARB have been accustomed to buying it from someone on the street or in a cafe. But the rains are coming, and there's always a chance you may not see a vendor.
- S. 31-C is on sale at: Campus Book Shop, Bancroft & Telegraph.
- Whelan's Smoke Shop ... Bancroft & Telegraph.
- Moe's Book Store ... 2476 Telegraph.
- Cody's Books ... Telegraph & Coast.
- Books Unlimited ... Shattuck Ave. & Coast.
- University Avenue Co-op, Telegraph Avenue Co-op.
- The Strauss, Mendocino & Steppenwolf, Blind Lemon.
- We hope to have street stands soon.
- BUT, best of all SUBSCRIBE. See blank on bottom of back page.

See blank on bottom of back page.



# Fight Against "Neighborhood Erosion"

"It's important for a lot of people to be there," Lynn Crocson, consultant to Citizens Opposed to Special Industrial Zoning, told BARB. She was referring to the next meeting of the City Planning Commission at 8 pm, December 3, in the Berkeley City Council Chamber.

At this meeting the Commission, presided over by Mrs. Virginia Simburg, must vote explicitly whether or not it will recommend to the City Council that it return a 15 block area in West Berkeley to the residential status it had almost a decade ago or deny it that character in favor of industry.

Re-zoning is necessary, COSIZ maintains, in order to halt and reverse the "neighborhood erosion" caused by present zoning provisions.

The area in dispute is a narrow strip along the west side of Sixth Street and the East side of Fifth Street running from Dwight Way to Camella Street. Over 20 families live in 200 residential structures there, have owned their homes for an average of twenty years. Seventy-six percent of the residents are non-Caucasian.

In 1956, Sixth Street was designated as the "proper divide" between industrial and residential use, according to COSIZ advisor Henry Mandel. This was the result of a "partial compromise" between business elements and residents of the area west of Dwight Way.

# Ten Years Ago-Totville Today, as zoned-Rustville

SEE accompanying story.



Before zoned Special Industrial this was an organized playground; now it is organized industry.

# VDC Will Keep Up With LBJ's V.P.

**Happy Humphry**

FRIDAY: 11:15 am arrives at SF Airport, Pickett, carpool, 10 am, 247 Fulton.

1:30 pm speaks at Cal Teachers Assoc. at Hotel Hilton, downtown SF, Call 948-9311 for carpool. 6 to 8 pm, Read article below.

SATURDAY: 10 am receive honorarium L.J.D., at U of Santa Clara, Carpool 8:30-9 am, 2407 Fulton.

Hubert Humphry may derive some pleasure from seeing how a hopper-for 1200 \$100-plate-diners disappear down as many gilded gutters Friday night as he addresses them at the Fairmont Hotel - BUT the VDC aims "to give LBJ's V.P. the reception he deserves".

At least so says a leaflet inviting readers to a picket at 47 SF's Fulton from 8 to 8 pm (car pool 4200-516, VDC office, 2407 Fulton St., Berkeley adds the leaflet).

"The feeling of the Vietnam Day Committee's" spokesman Bob Hurwitz told BARB, "is that Hubert Humphry is fair game. He knows what's going on in Viet Nam and doesn't need a demonstration to inform him about it." "But this demonstration will tell him "where it's at," Hurwitz noted.

The VDC will send a delegation of representatives, and those of any other organization which is interested, to ask Humphry to debate US policy in South Vietnam with one of its members, Hurwitz explained.

The Committee would like to institute at this a national television debate with Humphry or any other administration representative in high office with some nationally known leader who opposes US policy in Viet Nam.

## CORRECTION

In the last issue of BARB, in a story beginning on page four, entitled "VDC Busties with Plans for Future," Bill Miller was erroneously referred to as saying an intensified anti-draft program will be undertaken to explore all ways of avoiding the draft, including "everything from homosexuality to god...".

The statement in quotes was in error.

# WHITE SHADOW IN ASIA To Score a Chick

(Some time ago we left the narrator, Steve Fox, in an opium den outside of Saigon. We return to him there.)

Van came over to me, interrupting my contemplative state, and said that we'd had to be returning, as it was becoming quite late. He asked me for some money, about thirty-five cents, to pay for the opium, which I willingly handed over to him.

As we entered the city, the driver back in the cool clear evening was in great contrast to our trip out.

As we went through the city, the driver made one last attempt "Now you want number-one girls?"

I declined again. He dropped me off in downtown Saigon after I paid him the dollar he has asked for.

A half an hour remained before curfew and I decided to look up a bar-girl whom I had during my previous visit.

Walking down Tu-do Street, I found delinited in the multi-colored signs advertising the many bars along the side streets which catered mainly to the U.S. servicemen. The signs were in English. Most were named after popular cities in the States in hopes of attracting the homesick G.I.'s.

Few Vietnamese were on the streets as the soldiers began filtering out of the bars, halting taxis to rush them back, before the midnight curfew, to their billowing quarters, former hotels commandeered by the U.S. forces.

I turned down the street in an attempt to relocate the bar where I had met the girl a year ago. It was futile. One bar resembled the next and I couldn't recall the name of the place.

"What's the Bar?" (guess the homesick appeal succeeds) sign drew me toward it. I didn't want to return to the ship this night; and I hoped to score a chick.

At the bar of the now near empty club, I ordered a Tiger Beer (Indo-Chinese Brewery) and started looking Vietnamese girls. The girl filled my glass and produced a deck of playing cards.

"You like play Black-Jack?"  
"No, not right now. What's your name?"  
"My name Suzie. You?"  
"My name Steve." I mimicked, struck by the irony of this precious little Vietnamese pigeon naming herself Suzie.

"Oh, Steve. Nice name. I don't fight V.C.'s V.C., no good."  
"No, I don't fight V.C.," I told her, as I began explaining how I happened to be in Vietnam.

"Don't worry. You go back to ship tonight?"  
"No, I'll stay with you tonight, Steve."  
She responded with a moogle pickie in fine Hollywood movieland fashion, and as she took hold of my hand replied, "Oh good, I like you very much with Suzie. I have ten dollars!"  
"I'm not G.I. Have only small money. Working people. Same-same you."

Her big smile faded somewhat but not her spirit. "O.K. For you, eight dollars..."

# "Oath" Foes Clarify Position

"Should a teacher be forced to give up some of his political freedoms in order to give a course in which he is vitally interested?" This was the "question facing me this summer," Charles Aronson explains in the "END THE OATH" brochure being distributed on the UC campus this week, along with the statement of Barbara Garson, another non-signer.

"I resolved the dilemma by both refusing to sign the oath and at the same time denying the state the right to cancel the course" by teaching without pay, Aronson went on to explain.

Barbara Garson became a non-signer because of a rather Kafkaesque situation. According to her statement in the leaflet, she wrote an "exception" to the line provided for exceptions, whereas she was informed that "no exceptions are accepted on the exception line."

"I swallowed my pride and did as directed," she states, by writing "no exceptions" in my own handwriting on the "exception line" with an asterisk and attaching "my objection to the oath."

Mrs. Garson "worked till the end of the month without overthrowing the government." Then she was informed she would get no paycheck because her oath was "unacceptable."

The oath "demoralizes" those who sign it, Mrs. Garson states, by making them "compromise" and "play the game" until one collapses completely on all other issues. So she "unsigned" it. Both non-signers ask that funds be sent to the END THE OATH Defense Fund, 2411 Grove, Berkeley, to help action to overthrow the oath.

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film

Flabby Armpits
..staggering!

by Leonard Lippton

Les Gras Assisesles, a new film by the young director René S. Rasperieu, shows great promise of being the most impressive asperer of the year...

A delightfully bizarre work that taps the strength of the viewer, it gambles forth on the screen with the immense vitality that is sometimes a bit musty, almost trite...

Rasperieu is obviously a young man, mad with his craft, appreciating little of what others have to offer, giving of his own vitality, but owing a tremendous nod to Chaplin...

If only it could be permitted to see the completed unmitigated version! The film now playing runs 100 minutes, but European audiences have been allowed to see the entire 1 1/2 hours 20 minutes of the original.

True, the film has seen some good moments of direction, but that is present for it lacks continuity, and cannot be considered a serious effort.

LBJ's Pop Pull

Approve 65 69
Disapprove 19
No Opinion 15
San Francisco Chronicle August 4, 1962

Maybe I'm reading into this but when the typesetter picked out a five instead of a two he was remembering some photo of a child charred by napalm or an exhausted village...

of Rasperieu unaccountable damage. Yet the spark of creation is there.

The Flabby Armpits, as the poetic title crudely translates into English, is a difficult film to sit through, but the viewer will be rewarded with a rich, derivative, titanic, filmic, transparent, opaque, grim, bloodish view of sights never before to reach the screen...

And such performances, you shouldn't know from It! Edmond Dantes plays the part of tortured count, robbed of his birthright who swears vengeance on all injustice, tyranny and murder. The film is a vivid indictment of war, and while it has been said again and again, no other film has said it so well since All Quiet on the Western Front...

As magnificent an effort as the film was, as truly staggered as the Western Front, the dramatic scope and cinematic power, with some of the most superb performances of the year, there, in 1962, I must say, I am not watching it, so I left after twenty minutes.

EYES THE ANGELS

The recent emergence of Hell's Angels as super-patriots started a lot of people. Not that it should have. Certainly the Angels haven't built up a record of being opposed to fighting.

More to the point, the whole thing is another example of thinking in stereotypes; of feeling that simply because someone is a "patriot," he is also a human person with all its built-in unpredictabilities. And any group, such as the Angels, develops its own personality, and its own unpredictabilities.

A guy can roar around on a motorcycle, and break what laws he wants, and still be a patriot, an identification with his nation's government, just as I can be against the government, and still be a patriot, and still lead (recently, at least) a perfectly law-abiding life.

Who knows the mind of God?

There is no mystery. It can all be explained. And when we know our last question shall be who told us... "WAR WITH RED CHINA FEARS GROW CALLED Tribune, June 23, 1964. "HINT VIET AIR STRIKES"... "SOVIET Premier Khrushchev apparently has decided to nothing might interfere with President Johnson's extraordinary decision on launching Communist aggression in Vietnam"... SF Examiner, June 23, 1964, Who knows Russia?... increased secrecy in the Federal government is becoming more and more frightening... Last week it was disclosed the US had solicited a request from the Dominican Republic for American troops that for more than six years US nuclear warheads have been mounted secretly on planes and missiles of West Germany... the limit of fright is reached with reports that the President was unaware of the specific arrangements the Defense Department and the NATO allies had made (in re nuclear arms)... the U-2 incident, the CIA invasion of Singapore... the lack of information on the war in Vietnam"... Daily Call, Nov. 24, 1965, Who knows the mind of God?... Perhaps the CIA is running America, not LBJ, and most certainly, not Congress, who now we find out that it is something very important happened... and we find it out only after it has been somebody forced by government to admit it... this is not the first time we have been lied to... no wonder we have people parading through the streets against the war, they simply have not been told the truth... SF Examiner, Nov. 21, 1965, Sec. of State Rusk lies in his teeth, Thanksgiving, 1962, in trying to explain why we bomb innocent folk, he now says we had offers but they were rejected for various reasons... LBJ, the President - said they "heard" nothing, even as close as New York City... James Reston calls it "M.I. precision" "astounding". They even lie as this column is written. We apparently have informed State that "no matter what" comes out of negotiations, "the National Association Front will have its role in future government." Yes, Thanksgiving, 1965, Rusk says is "ready" and "without preconditions" to talk to the liar. In the same NY Times story on Rusk (via SF Chronicle, page 27, '65), comes the fact it was Russia, Washington, too, feared an early victory by the Communists that it began in February, 1963. He's posturing, greatly expand its commitment of US troops"... This is the truth, not Rusk and LBJ's posturing. ... Who knows the mind of a politician? Ask God ... Who knows the mind of God? There is no mystery. It can all be explained. And when we know, our last question shall be shaped by a cloud... G.K.



Reviewing for the BARB is great fun. I can do what the pop-shots at the things which cry out for it but seldom get it. And, since it's behind the "idiotry" of the S.F. Symphony, or the University, or the Gazette, or the daily newspapers to notice the BARB, I'm never called on my shots, or answered.

For example, I have written several letters to the Gazette asking why it doesn't ever print a music review. Naturally, I got no answer. But after my third letter, they began printing tiny, tell columns about some of the local music events. These columns are, in the Victorian sense, "formal" reviews, roilient of post-concert receptions, cookies and punch, and speaking of pleasantness and lavender velvet sachets.

Like this: "Lovely and penative song..." "Lighter touch might have been applied..." "Heedfully pizzicato strings..." "Incredibly beautiful melodies..." "A lovely work, fittingly played..."

And so on. Now I've no doubt this is a new way to satisfy the Gazette's insatiable desire to print words of SF local music, but despite the floral scent, it is a kind of verbal perfume, and speaking of pleasantness and lavender velvet sachets, served up in a regurgitated format. I guess in the Gazette, it's appropriate after all.

It's all part of this provincial paralysis that allows only book-keeping, when a sneaky discomfiting goose is what's needed. With the imminent commencement of the San Francisco Symphony's season, I prepare for another season of trying to administer the goose. I suspect that few of the writers of this column will be able to do this year may try it.

too. Far from presenting such intrinsically specialty, I welcome it. The more the merrier. Despite past performances, there is reason to hope the San Francisco Symphony may move up from the ranks of lower mediocre to the level of first-middling. Under Krups, the orchestra has improved. The fact that Krups is a conductor who for when Krups stepped in, the only alternative was dissolution of the orchestra completely.

But his Orchestra is at best still mediocre. At its best, it can play all the notes at approximately correct tempo, in a rough consensus of unanimity. Now that's an improvement. But it's still only the minimum we expect.

What's next to hope for is a little infusion of style or warmth, or of the musical conducting. And despite Krups' lateness and sloppiness, I expect a little of this in the coming year. So you see, I'm not judging them. I even lean over backwards in expecting improvement. But I am not in the pay of any side. I just call them as I hear them. And that's part of the fun.

One of the best things, however, is that I have no ties with the musical conducting. And one of the big daily reviewers, know none of the big names in publicity or management. I have no social debt to be paid off in reviewer's coin.

I do know a few of the participating musicians, but I owe them nothing in print, either. I have eschewed opportunities to meet Krups (I am a physical coward) and have failed to Mr. Samuel only twice, both times without, think, being recognized. And that's part of the fun, too.

Perhaps the most enjoyable thing is hearing all the local music. The extremely good local chamber music is very rewarding. And the touring international performers are always good things (though I seldom review them). What could Richter or Oistrakh or Gledu care about my comments?

I like my semi-anonymity. I enjoy my freedom.

M.A. Romanov

WHY THE SHADY ASIA

"How do you tell who the 'gooks' are from the 'friendly' people"?

I asked. "Man, they're all the Y.C. At first we made the mistake of trusting some of the 'friendly' villages. What a joke. They just don't exist. We'd put up with them for the evening and in the morning a couple of the guys would be gone. Don't make that mistake any more. They're savages. Know who they are? They're captured!"

He continued before I could inquire, visibly drunk and despondent. "Take one of my buddies for instance. He had been missing for days. Then we found him 'welcomed' on a bamboo pole. These people ain't human. I tell you, they're like crazed animals."

"Well, we fixed them but good. Opened up with everything we had. We shot him and he was killed. I took a photograph of him. Look at eyed it satisfactorily. 'They didn't know what hit them. Wall and aye, it's flipping the photo across the table. 'Well, we fixed them but good. Opened up with everything we had. We shot him and he was killed. I took a photograph of him. Look at eyed it satisfactorily. 'They didn't know what hit them. Wall and aye, it's flipping the photo across the table."

"You did this?" I asked, unable to hide my horrified feelings. "Hell, that ain't nothing. Sometimes we'd castrate the old men and show it down their throats. You should see them squirm as they choke to death. Why, one time..."

I got up silently, hurried to the street, puked and got a cab back to the ship.

(to be continued)



And dig this, you little Angels! I'm on your side, like Ginsberg, I wouldn't want you to change. A world dominated by your kind might be pretty strenuous, but a world dominated by my kind might be pretty lame. G.K.

sub

# WHITE SHADOW IN ASIA

"No can do Sizie, I told you, I'm not G.I. No have money." She began withdrawing her hand, "You no good. What kinda girl you think Sizie is?"

I held on to her hand. "Look Sizie, I like you. You Number One, Tonight for Love, Friendship, You know, for the betterment of International understanding, Fraternity and Solidarity." I said desperately as she yanked away from my grip and looked at me in disgust.

"You Number Ten, you crazy, Go home, Sizie no like you," and she continued raining on, now in loud Vietnamese for the benefit of the other bar-girls.

Struck out here. Paid for my beer, which I never tasted, and split.

Soon as I was out of the door, a few little kids grouped around me and took my hands as I tried to walk without tripping on them. "You give me five cent?" they demanded in high-pitched voices as they pulled on my hands and trousers and slapped me on the backside, in what they thought was cute child-play (American style) as taught to them by their parents.

I felt disgusted as I recalled the many times I had seen "our boys" in every direction and laugh uproariously as the children frantically scampered to retrieve the coins in what to them was a serious matter, Survival.

I grabbed a cruising taxi with the intention of returning to the ship. Before I could give the driver directions, he offered to take me to an all night club, which for some unexplained reason wasn't affected by the curfew, I agreed.

A short distance away from the general area of the bars we pulled up in front of a shuttered store. "Around six, upstairs, very nice."

As I climbed two flights of stairs I could hear faint sounds of music. Through a heavy padded door I entered a well-decorated night club, softly lit — an intimate setting instead of the usual crowded bar-room. At least thirty people were present, most of them officers sitting in couples with women or even in a few instances with officers of the Vietnamese Armed Forces, it seemed somewhat strange as I couldn't recall ever seeing this fraternizing of the "allies" before.

I chose a small empty table along the wall and walk away from the bar. A polite waiter formally asked for my order.

"Tiger Beer."

"Sorry, Sir. The only beer we have is Budweiser." There was some comment in his voice for this unobedient foreigner, "OK, Bud, bud."

The night-club atmosphere was relaxing to me. Dim lights, soft music, couples huddled together in quiet conversation. The heavily cushioned chair also added an overall feeling of security.

The optum was still in effect, I began nodding out in my snug little corner with the expectations of being left to my dreams all night.

"Mind if I join you?" a voice boomed into my transcendental state.

My reflexes responded — quicker than I had wanted them to. "Sure. Sit down."

As the waiter took his order, he offered to buy me another beer.

"Where are you from?" he asked me just as I began to nod. "Oh, ah, the States," once again opening my eyes.

"No kidding. You don't look like an American. What are you doing over here?"

"I'm working on a Chinese freighter."

"You don't even sound like an American."

"Well, I am. And you're a G.I., right?"

"Right, Staff Sergeant. Special Forces. Been over here eleven months."

"That's fine, Serge. How do you like it over here?" As attempted to make conversation and keep my head from flopping on the table.

"It's OK. There's a job to be done, and we're gonna do it."

"What job is that?"

He looked at me as if I was illiterate. "Defending these people's freedom and democracy. Man, don't you read the papers on ships?"

"Not very often. Have you seen much action?"

"Hell, my company's right in the thick of it. Just been out for three weeks in the jungle. Got back yesterday on an R.R."

"Well, I'll be damned."

"No, man. Rest and Retreat. We've been stomping from one village to the next. Flushing out them gooks. Everywhere you go the place is crawling with 'em. It's not so bad in the daytime, they pretend to be farmers. But at night, Watch out baby." SEE page 2

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# Grape-Strikers Gaining

from page 1  
fore long. This has been happening with a high percentage of the scabpicked table grapes. Fruit is a highly skilled job and much more critical than picking. If not properly done, scabs can't be trained for it easily, the loss in vines will amount to millions of dollars.

Thus, it seems, all the strikers have to do is hang on through the season, and then the rest will be up to their joint FWA-AWOC negotiating committee, "We can and will hang on as long as we get help and can stick it out," they told BARB.

And help is coming from all directions. Last week, for instance, United Auto Workers leader Roy Reuther brought AWOC a check for \$2,000 from his union, as he addressed 400 strikers. In addition, checks small and large are coming in from all over the country, especially encouraging are the daily factory gate collections from Los Angeles where responses to strike leaflets is bringing from \$200 to \$800 a day in small change.

With this backing AWOC has been able to keep its members supplied with the necessities of life.

BARB visitors spoke about rank and file solidarity of other unions in recognizing and honoring the strike. They felt it was a reflection of their own solidarity within their ranks and with the FWA.

"Our minds are different — FWA is more of a movement, and we're a bread and butter union, maybe," they said, "but we're close — very close. And together we'll win."

"But win or lose," said these bread and butter men, "in Delano, we're going to run our own candidates. There's been five Anglos on a five-man city council too long."

# Fight Erosion

from page 1  
San Pablo Avenue, Business wanted the entire area for industry and commerce; the residents, "dissegregated," wanted to maintain their community. As a compromise the "strip" was designated as a buffer and the residents in it given 24 years to phase out.

With fifteen years left the residents of the Zone, of whom 45% own their homes, are still hanging on, although the zoning law prevents home improvements and causes neighborhood erosion. Mandel noted.

"The hoped-for influx of industry and commerce has proved to be wishful thinking," he told BARB. "With little demand for land, the 'to-be-displaced' homeowners are not getting good prices to offset their post-distanced eviction notices."

Whether anybody is benefiting from Special Industrial Zoning is questionable, according to Mandel. "The city treasury isn't," he pointed out. Vacant factories and unused land abound in the area. And small industry in the area are not extensive users or big profit-makers. Nor does the area seem to attract or retain big factories.

The only big beneficiaries may be land speculators, Mandel believes, if they buy now cheap and at low tax rates and hold for potential industrial demands in BRD "or thereabouts."

At the previous hearing before the Planning Commission, the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce and the Berkeley Manufacturers Association opposed rezoning. BMA spokesman Marlow said "factory" for the people in the Zone but informed the Commission industry did not want more land; it just wanted to know what it has.

That's what COSIZ wants in another way, Chairman Charles E. Patterson told BARB (see page 2).

# Frazzled Word May Reach High Court

Whether the use of the frazzled word "disturb" under certain circumstances is criminal may have to be decided by the Supreme Court of the United States on behalf of his clients, Berkeley attorney George Lydon informed BARB this week.

As matters now stand nine of his clients have been convicted for displaying or uttering the word or for disturbing the peace of persons in the city. Complaints have been filed by the Appellate Department of the Superior Court of Alameda County.

Lydon and co-counsel Berkeley John George have filed a petition with the court to certify the case to the Federal District Court of Appeals in order to obtain a rehearing on the question. Tentatively the hearing on the petition is set for 2 pm, Dec. 17. The American Civil Liberties Union has been invited to participate.

If the petition is denied, the attorneys may then ask the District Court to accept on direct motion. If the court refuses the next step is appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, Lydon explained.

As matters now stand it appears use of the word may result in prosecution and conviction, according to Lydon's view, if persons exposed to the use or utterance have no choice or way of avoiding the exposure, this is the concept being combated.

Oct. 15, "We want the homes saved because they are just that — home," he said, emphasized  
See page 4

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# What to Do & Where to Go

NOTICES OF ANY EVENT OPEN TO THE PUBLIC ARE WELCOME. To be included, the following Friday they should be received in Monday's mail. Please specify admission price or if free. Address BARR 2421 Oregon St., Berk.



**Friday** ..... (December 3)  
**FOLK:** Bob Dylan, Berkeley Community Theater, 8:30 p.m., adm. charged.  
**CONCERT:** The University of California Chamber Band, performing Schoenberg, Hindemith and others, Hertz Hall, campus, 8:30 p.m., 50c, call student box office for tickets.  
**FOLK:** Jean Redpath, Scottish ballads, guest set with Karen Williams, The Questing Beast, 9 p.m., \$1.50.  
**MINSTREL:** "That Minstrel Show" by S.F. Mine Troupe, and film "Oo Deo Noo Noo Noo." Berkeley Little Theater, 8:30 p.m., stud. \$2.00, gen. \$2.50.  
**BENEFIT:** San Francisco Boys' Chorus, Michael Fujimoto, guitarist; benefiting the Junior Center of Art and Science, 7:30 p.m., Kaiser Center Theater, Oakland, children \$1.75, adults \$2.75.  
**THEATER:** "Heart Break House" by GD Shaw, presented by Actors' Ensemble, sponsored by Berkeley Recreation and Parks Dept., the little theater in Live Oak Park.  
**LECTURE:** Dr. Rollo May, psychoanalyst, professor at New York University, speaking on "Anxiety and the Student's Identity," Merritt College, 8 p.m., admission free.  
**THEATER:** Plays from classic French drama, Department of Dramatic Art, "Horatius," by Cornelle, Dartman Stage Theater, Dwinelle Hall, campus, 8:15 p.m., 50c.  
**EXHIBITION:** Paintings by Roy Scott and photography by Kelly Hart, Open Theater Gallery, thru Dec. 21, free.  
**THEATER:** "Heartbreak House" by Shaw, Actors' Ensemble, Berkeley Recreation and Parks Dept., at the Charles Davis Little Theater in Live Oak Park, 8:15 p.m., stud. 50c, gen. \$1.  
**LECTURE:** "The No Masks in the History of the Japanese Theater," by Father Benito Ortolani, 160 Kroeber Hall, campus, 8:15 p.m., free.  
**LECTURE:** "The Nondiversity of the Nonexistent," by Arthur N. Prior, 110 Wheeler Hall, campus, 4:10 p.m., free.  
**THEATER:** Two one act plays: "The Edge" by Isell Tarlow, and "A Story Teller from Flea St.," by Dennis Dowdowicz, Open Theater, 8:30 p.m., \$2.  
**FILM:** "One Eyed Jacks," and "That's Me," Slate Film Series, Physical Science Lecture Hall, campus, 8 p.m., 75c.  
**FLAMENCO:** Ken Spiker, Jabberwock, 9 p.m., \$1.

**Saturday** .... (December 4)  
**BAZAAR:** Friends Committee on Legislation 9th Annual Holiday Bazaar, Vine and Walnut, 9:30 a.m.  
**ARTISTS SALE:** Custom gift show and sale, Dec. 4-11, Sat. and Sun. 11am to 9:30 pm; weekdays 1:30-5:30 and 7-9 pm, presented by Glenn and Shirley Myers, 1670 Dwight Way.  
**FOLK:** Jean Redpath, see Friday.  
**MINSTREL:** "That Minstrel Show" Friday.  
**FOLK:** Bob Dylan, see Dec. 3.  
**HOOT:** Chris Selsor, ASUC Hoot, 7:30 p.m., Later, campus, 9pm, 25c.  
**THEATER:** "11 Announce Fate a Marie" by Paul Claudel, produced by Le Theatre de Paris, Wheeler Auditorium, campus, 2:30 & 8:30 pm; for tickets call TH 1-1170.  
**LIVE CONCERT:** Rey de la Torre, classical guitarist, playing Rodrigo and Villa-Lobos, Merritt College, 8pm, admission free.  
**POETRY:** Robert Duncan, presented by Occident, 155 Dwinelle, campus, 8 pm, 50c.  
**THEATER:** Two one act plays, see Dec. 3.  
**THEATER:** "Heartbreak House" by Shaw, see Dec. 3.  
**SHOW:** "Oriental Exhibition," a program of Chinese art, music, fashions and dance, the Chinese Students Club and the Chinese Student Association, auditorium of the International House, evening.  
**FOLK:** Ken Spiker, see Dec. 3.

**Sunday** ..... (December 5)  
**FILM:** "Daisy of Wrath" by Carl Dreyer, Pauley Ball Room, campus, 8 pm, 50c.  
**CONCERT:** Wilhelm Kempff, pianist, Beethoven concert, Harmon Gymnasium, campus, 8:30 pm, call TH 1-1170 for tickets.  
**FOLK:** Jean Redpath, The Questing Beast, 9 p.m., 50c.  
**OPERA THEATER:** "The Trial" Pauley Ballroom, campus, 8:15 p.m., student \$1.00, general \$1.50.  
**FILMS:** Berkeley Busset presents "Kumori Kyoshiro Enjokuro" (The Fantastic Swordsman) and "Naruno Bakuso" (The Black Riders), English sub-titles, Garfield, \$1.50.  
**CLASSICAL GUITAR:** Selections from Villa Lobos and Dowland, The Quest, concerts at 2:00 and 4:00 pm, admissions \$1.00.  
**FLAMENCO:** The Albatross, 3,7 p.m., 50c.

**JAZZ:** Progressive Jazz, Mandrake's, 8-12 pm, Free.  
**FOLK:** BENEFIT: Over ten folk artists, Jabberwock, 9pm and 11pm, \$1.

**Monday** ..... (December 6)  
**THEATER:** "Horatius" by Cornelle, (see Dec. 3).  
**THEATER:** "11 Announce Fate a Marie" by Paul Claudel, see Dec. 4.  
**Tuesday** ..... (December 7)  
**FOLK:** Jim Lynch, The Questing Beast, 9 pm, \$1.00.  
**DANCE:** Daniel Nagrin, Dance Soloist, Wheeler, campus, 8:30 pm, students \$1.00.  
**THEATER:** "Misanthropes" by Moliere (see Dec. 3).  
**FOLK:** Chris Selsor, Jabberwock, 9 pm, 50c.

**Wednesday** .... (December 8)  
**FOLK:** Dave and Tina, electric bass, bluegrass and ballads, 9pm, The Questing Beast, \$1.00  
**FOLK:** Ray Olivier and guests in The Singers' Circle, Jabberwock, 9pm, 50c.  
**LECTURE:** "Florentine Mannerist Portraiture" by Kurt Foster, Professor of Art History, Yale University, lecture with slides. 145 Dwinelle, campus, 8:15 pm, 50c.  
**BENEFIT:** Lecture and film, "Hoving Skis" by Hans Gomoer, Ski Hut presenting Sierra Club benefit, Berkeley Little Theater, 8:15 pm, \$1.50.

**Thursday** .... (December 9)  
**FOLK:** John Shine, blues, The Questing Beast, 9 pm, \$1.00.  
**THEATER:** "Horatius," by Cornelle, (see Dec. 3).  
**JAZZ:** Progressive jazz, 9-11 pm, Mandrake's, Free.  
**BLUES:** Robbie Basho, Delta Blues, creole dances, Raga- textured music, Jabberwock, 9pm 50c.  
**THEATER:** "Heartbreak House" by Shaw, see Dec. 3.

**Friday** .... (December 10)  
**THEATER:** Two one-act plays, see Dec. 3.  
**FOLK:** Lee Underwood, blues, kazoo, The Questing Beast, 9 pm, adm. charged.  
**CONCERT:** "An Evening of Songs," Glee Club and Temple Circle, Hertz Hall, campus, 8:30 pm, stud. 50c, gen. \$1.50.  
**RICHTAL:** Mariora Abramowitz, soprano, Bernhard Abramowitz, pianist, First Unitarian Church of Berkeley, 8:30 pm, stud \$1, gen. \$1.50, tickets at ASUC box office.  
**MINSTREL:** "That Minstrel Show" see Dec. 3.  
**FOLK:** Mike Cooney, banjo concert, winner, Jabberwock, 9 pm, \$1.  
**SHOW:** Christmas program, Berkeley High School, Berkeley Community Theater, 8:15, adm. charged.  
**THEATER:** "Heartbreak House" by Shaw, see Dec. 3.  
**FILM:** H. Bogart in "The Maltese Falcon" and "Casablanca," Slate Film Series, 155 Dwinelle Hall, campus, 8 pm, 75c.

**Fight Against 'Erosion'**  
 From page 1  
 The "Community spirit" that still prevails in this well-integrated neighborhood."  
**COSIZ'** current proposal, which the commission is considering, is to reverse the push toward industry and permit and invite more and better residences to the zone. It asks for a park system to protect the homes from the factories, and has plans for a non-profit cooperative housing corporation to help develop the area if its re-zoning proposal is accepted.  
 If the Commission rebuffs COSIZ, there is still recourse to the City Council.  
 "And that's why," Lynn Crescione repeated, "it's important to pack the Council chamber."

# "Hangover" March Out of Oakland

A "Hangover March" out of Oakland on New Year's Day will shake up at the Bandstand, Lake Merritt Park, 11:30 a.m., to "protest... Oakland's." BARR learned this week.  
 No organization is sponsoring it, not even an ad hoc, BARR was told. Yet it most assuredly will happen.  
 Bring your lunch and "any sign you want about what you don't like about Oakland," the word goes around Berkeley these days. The only rule is that you must stay on the sidewalk, as no permit is needed to walk there — at least at this writing. Walk in any direction you want and as little or far as you want. This march will arise spontaneously from the unity and feeling of people who don't like Oakland, maybe because of the hysteria of city officials over the VDC parade, Or maybe because of the fact the voters of Oakland rejected the Peralta College bonds whereas Berkeley, Piedmont, and other outlying communities of Alameda County supported them, thus passing the issue.  
 If you don't like the Mayor of Oakland — walk. If you don't like the water — walk. If you don't like Knowland — walk. If you don't like the fire plugs — walk. If you don't like Chief of Police Tothman — walk. If you don't like the gutless voters on the City Council, or even the gutters — walk. It's your sidewalk, not theirs.  
**SF MIMM THROU**  
**Minstrel Show**  
 "Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel" Dec. 3, 4-10, 11- 8:30 pm.  
**BERKELEY LITTLE THEATRE**  
 Tickets: ASUC box office & Campus Records 9A-1984

**Cedar Lynch Cinema**  
 (N. of Geary & Larkin, SF.)  
 Ph: PR 6-3200

Fri., Dec. 3 to Thurs., Dec. 9  
**Genet's THE BALCONY**  
 —and—  
 Charlie Chaplin in  
**THE TRAMP**

**Modern Jazz**  
**Scott-McLean Quartet**

Sunday  
 3 to 7 pm

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**A PIZZA DEICACY**  
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**the steppenwolf**

(a quiet place to talk)

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**JEAN REDPATH**  
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**KAREN WILLIAMS**

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