

Steve Weissman's 'Pre-Jail' Letter -- p.3

Viet Nam Com Keeps "Cool" as Leaders Head for Jail

Vietnam Day Committee spokesmen aren't exactly happy at losing the benefit for thirty days "of such capable leaders as Jerry Rubin and others who will be entering the San Bruno Jail", J. Windrim Smith told BARB this week.

"Naturally, it hampers us to a degree," he said. But he hastened to point out that the anti-war protest movement is not centered on any single person.

A speaking tour which Smith, Weissman and Rubin announced last week has been called off, but not on account of the jailings, Smith was careful to point out. The tour has been postponed in deference to the National Coordinating Committee convention to be held around the middle of January, according to Smith. At the convention the time and personnel of the tour will be decided.

"Jerry might be able to make the convention, if it's held on the 15th," Smith said. "If held a week earlier, he'll miss it. He should be there; he has a lot to contribute." The others in jail will not complete their sentences in time for the convention.

Smith considered the sentencing extremely severe, and "part and parcel of the policy to silence opposition."

Another spokesman, Bill Miller, called the sentencing a "sign of things to come." "It shows," he said, "that when war is the issue, any rights may be walked over."

Also sentenced were Henry H. Mitchell, of Fresno; Barbara Gullahorn, of New York; and Steve Weissman, of Oakland. The four were sentenced to 30 days in jail, a six month suspended sentence and one year's probation Monday in San Francisco municipal court. They pleaded 'nolo contendere' to charges of trespassing and resisting arrest last August. The charges resulted from a protest session aimed at General Maxwell Taylor, then visiting San Francisco.

Rubin entered San Francisco Jail at San Bruno immediately after sentencing. The others will start their terms Saturday. Larry Loughlin, who was too sick to be sentenced, will appear for sentencing on December 27th.

An attempt by Rubin to read a statement characterizing the punishment and imprisonment as "political" was thwarted by Municipal Judge Donald B. Constance who threatened him with contempt of court if he continued.

Rubin managed to say, in part: "Today in this courtroom five Americans have been sentenced to jail. Our crime is called trespassing and resisting arrest. But let no one be fooled by that. We are guilty of intruding upon the normal lives of our fellow Americans by sitting down to protest our government's action in Vietnam. We are guilty of protesting our government's moral luxury -- its ability to impose its morality on the world. We are guilty of communicating to the American

people and to Maxwell Taylor in an effective manner that when he uprooted the people of South Vietnam in the strategic hamlet program, he was not doing it in our name."

What remained unread, included the final words, "... there is only one thing a man of conscience can do ... protest and, if necessary, go to jail."

Local Gets "De Facto" Recognition

UC (Berkeley) Local 1474 of the American Federation of Labor, received "de facto" recognition from President Clark Kerr this week, as bargaining agent for its members, according to business agent Keith Nason.

As arranged with the President, members of the local will meet "periodically" with Vice-chancellor Cheit to discuss matters of interest to the groups represented by the locals. In turn, the Chancellor's office has promised to advise the local of anything they are doing or considering which involves its membership.

Besides UC faculty, local 1474 represents professional librarians, as well as non-faculty professional and research personnel on the academic payroll.

Of importance to all union members on the campus, Nason informed BARB, is the organization of a Campus Inter-Union Council. At present, the Alameda Central Labor Council and the Building Trades Council are in the process of setting up the machinery to establish it.

"Since the State of California opposes 'official' union recognition, we cannot claim recognition at present," Nason explained. "However, the channels of communication are now defined."

Planned for discussion with Cheit are: -- Adequate grievance procedures for non-Senate academic employees; that is, those not eligible by regulation for the

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WHITE SHADOW IN ASIA To Meet a Monk

The voyage down the Saigon River, around the Mekong Delta and up through the Gulf of Siam proved to be three days of quiet and relaxation.

The November weather was dry and warm. I spent my off-duty hours on deck, in the sunshine, erasing the unpleasant memories of the Vietnamese situation from my mind.

On the morning of the fourteenth, the Bethlehem steamed into the port of Bangkok. The piers were over-crowded with ships laboriously unloading their cargoes. We anchored mid-stream as no berths were immediately available.

I was anxious to go ashore and visit Wat (Temple) Rajpradit. I had stayed there for many weeks during my previous visit to Thailand and was looking forward to renewing old acquaintances with the Buddhist monks.

I made my rounds bidding farewell to the Chinese crew whom I'd worked with for the past six weeks. Up through the engine-room, mess-hall, deck-crew and officers' quarters. Those who could speak English translated my departure to the others. They all came forward to shake hands, offer some advice and then followed me to the gang-plank.

Capt. Chie had given me my discharge papers earlier as well as a letter of recommendation. He invited me to watch for the return

"Better Buy Berkeley" - for Sale, or Lease



Photo by C. Ray Moore

Claims that industry needs land more than the people living on it in Berkeley are belied by the photo above, showing how cows still graze on land that housed thousands of Berkeleysans over ten years ago in Berkeley's ill-fated Codornices Village. Why not give people a new lease on life rather than big business to replace the cow, COSIZ argues.

Navy Bites Back at Disabled Vet

Dick Gibson may be escalated back into the Marines as a result of his run-in with Naval security officers October 31.

In a case pending in SF Federal District Court, Gibson is charged with violation of a federal statute forbidding re-entering the Alameda Naval Air Station without permission, after being told to leave.

At the time of the alleged infraction, Gibson was attending an "Open House" at the station and was home-filming a "funny" scene showing his fiance, Darcy Abbott, 17, and her sister Chaney, 15, holding anti-war bumper stickers over their heads.

Gibson's trial has been postponed until January 3. In the meantime, he has been ordered to report to the Naval Air Station for a physical examination. Gibson is a disabled veteran. If the examination shows his disability has ended, Gibson told BARB, he will be re-inducted.

"It's strange that the order came at this time," he told BARB, adding that periodical exams of disabled veterans are usually made every year or 18 months.

See page 4

'Industries Don't Vote' - Planners Vote for Them

by David Holm

Berkeley's Planning Commission almost stood on its head in an effort to bemuse Citizens Opposed to Special Industrial Zoning, but showed its teeth when it voted unanimously to deny their plea for reclassification

of the Special Industrial Zone to "mixed residential", Monday night.

"The commission has not altered its attitude one iota in six months," COSIZ consultant Jerry Mandel told BARB. "They made no effort to compromise and the sympathy they voiced was not manifest in their action."

Mandel, not alone in his criticism, spoke after reclassification was denied. Most spectators at the meeting shared his disappointment.

"Horizontal and vertical street lines are more important to the Planning Commission than the way people choose to live," Mandel said.

The Council chamber was full, and people sat in the hall listening to the commission proceedings. Though only the commission discussion and vote was on the agenda, the audience voiced its dissent by murmurs and groans as the unfavorable decision unfolded.

The motion was passed after a report by Assistant Director of Planning John Gray. Gray said Berkeley has less land available for industrial purposes than any other Bay Area city. "There is no intent on the part of the city to force people out of homes in the SI district," he added. "If redevelopment (in other areas - Ed.) goes through, it seems feasible to relocate families in that area."

Gray stressed, however, that it had been part of the "master plan" of city zoning to "phase out" homes in the SI area by 1981.

Assistant City Manager in See page 4

Dylan Concert

so man like i went and it turns out i'm the only goddamn spade in the whole audience and he's just standing up there

Berkeley Barb

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film

Movies Are Better than Acid

by Leonard Lipton

Last night as I left the U.C. theater on University Avenue, a guy walking behind me said to his friend: "That was better than acid, man!" It was the last show, and little clots of people were leaving. The theater was almost empty. As I walked up the aisle, I noticed a girl in a seat behind me was crying.

During the performance I heard some of the loudest belly laughs I've ever heard in a movie, and in an almost empty house at that.

Yes, "Ghidrah, the Three Headed Monster," has come to Berkeley, and Ghidrah was a welcome sight -- just in time for the madness that seizes us these winter nights. Bears can hibernate, but people have to sit around and get on each other's nerves, and stay awake even when they'd like to sleep. But don't worry, for over an hour "Ghidrah" will transport you.

Once when I was talking to two water witches, dousers they call

themselves, they told me I needed faith -- I had to believe in finding water with a stick. They said that if I accompanied them on a dousing expedition my hostile vibrations would throw them off, and they'd never find any water -- not so much as a drop.

Now I know better than to laugh. They were right. I was foolish. So if you've got any friends who don't believe in dragons, or elves, or wizards, or three-headed monsters, don't go with them. They will spoil the whole scene for you.

These junky Japanese monsters are so badly done, that the makers of this film have brilliantly capitalized on this defect. Godzilla, Mothra, and Rodan team up (although reluctantly) to fight Ghidrah. They roll their eyes, the gesticulate, they act stupidly and stubbornly, while two little fairys translate monster talk.

Until now Japanese monster pictures have been terrible. This one is really funny -- on purpose. It's sort of a parody, but not really. It's a film strictly for kids, and they must like funny monsters.

The Japanese actress who plays the Martian princess (Thuvia?) is one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen.

You will also like the Japanese gangsters. They advertise their trade with "zoot" suits and broad brimmed hats. They are very mean. They try to kidnap the princess. They shoot at the hero. Their skin is oily.

"The Blob," playing with "Ghidrah," isn't very good at all. But if you have any doubts about the hero's ability to rid the world of the Blob, you will have a fine time.

Tenants Committee

Like many citizens, we are un-acquainted, and out of sheer complacency, unwilling to protest social ills, even when the personal cost may be great. Now, however, we do wish to take a stand. Simply stated, in Berkeley, housing costs in the general vicinity of the University of California campus are exorbitant to the point of abusiveness. At the same time, the alternatives are, at best, either unfavorable, due to living considerable distances from the campus or, such other things as a variety of forms of dormitory living which for many individuals is at best debilitating.

At this time, it seems increasingly important, for social responsibility (which ought to transcend the profit motive) that mature leadership within the "adult" community assert itself and act upon rectifying this problem.

Toward this end, we feel that some positive and concrete action must be taken against those property-owners who exploit the dependent college community.

If any BARB readers are interested in forming a committee

music

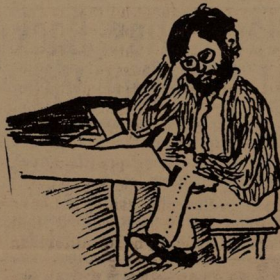
CRITICAL NEEDLE WORK, OR, DARNING THE CRITICAL FABRIC

The comparison between the Oakland Symphony and the high-priced spread of Josef Krips may be odious (especially to certain San Franciscans) but it's natural, inevitable and quite enlightening.

For example, there are two nice restaurants in the Berkeley area which feature good or excellent food and frequent live music, the Quest on Shattuck, and the Vin et Fromage on Solano.

Sunday, I visited both. In the afternoon, at the Quest, Beverly Bellows gave a solo recital of Spanish harp music and modern pieces, with an elegant Dussek sonata in between. She's an Oakland Symphony harper, and she has the technique, the will and, most of all, the spirit. Before an appreciative audience she gave an exploratory and enjoyable recital.

Later that evening the Vin et Fromage inaugurated the first significant Beethoven Festival around the Bay, except for Krips' "Beethoven Festival" of last spring, which was significant only for impoverished imagination, laziness and the stiffness of the whole San Francisco Symphony scene.



For the price of a good meal, a happy crowd heard! FREE! a long evening of spontaneous and lively chamber music, nearly all by Oakland Symphony members.

Probably few of these performances were worthy of recording for posterity, but all were immediate, conducive to good digestion, and enjoyable. Several were genuinely admirable, as for example, Sally Kell's Op. 5, No. 1 'cello sonata with Hiro Imamura which glowed. A quartet led by Anne Crowdon gave an unpolished, but strong and progressively tighter reading of Op. 18, No. 6. Miss Crowdon is a newcomer of considerable value, and we will surely see her put to good use.

Others included Istvan Nadas in a very mannered but interesting performance of the Op. 110 piano sonata, Hope Green, viola, Marilynne Blank and Nelson Green, all from the Oakland Symphony.

Miss Imamura has gained keyboard power from somewhere in recent months and it's a pleasure to hear so much of her (for she played in nearly everything). The Festival continued till Thursday.

But the comparison must always come back to the orchestras

From Faraway

Stockholm, Sweden

- 1) Please send the BARB by surface mail to the above address until the enclosed \$5 is used up.
- 2) ... my congratulations to the BARB for the creation of a lively and interesting sheet.
- 3) As another citizen who thinks the news media have a crucial role to play in social and po-

themselves. And to the conductors.

On Wednesday Mr. Samuels directed the Weber "Euryanthe Overture", Schoenberg's "Music for a Film", the Bartok violin concerto No.2, with Igor Oistrakh, and finally, the Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 4.

All were excellently well done. The Weber shone especially for the central string sextette passage, where concertmaster Nathan Rubin and others, beautifully rehearsed and ensembled, gave us exemplary playing.

The Schoenberg piece is a mystery to me. But it's only played once in a blue moon, so I'll give it a chance. At least it's played in Oakland, if nowhere else, and very well, at that.

Igor Oistrakh (who, says Paul Hertelendy, "has a broad fundamen-") -- a description somewhat more applicable to the concert master Krchmalnick at San Francisco than to this thin young man) is an impressively gifted violinist, with a first rate teacher, one assumes. His composure and technique ensorcelled the audience.

The final Tchaikovsky Symphony Number 4 (a work much too gauche and to rousing for the pseudo-sophisticates of San Francisco to perform) was a razzle-dazzler. Mr. Samuel chose the unique alternative: he played it as it's written, and, of course, its effect was heightened and magnified. It was a good example of varied, resourceful, meaningful thinking.

By contrast, the Kripsian concert on Friday of Wagner excerpts, quite unfeelingly played and frigidly misunderstood, and a mediocre Strauss "Heldenleben" which was garishly marred by those horns, which gore you when your attention wanders and bore you when it doesn't -- these things, by comparison, are dull, lifeless and irrelevant.

Mr. Krchmalnik, Mr. Persinger and his section, and Mr. Green's bassoon were notable for their excellence, which stood out like a healthy thumb on a sore hand. It was loudly applauded.

One is prepared to apologize a bit for amateur musicians, but no apologies are needed for the University Symphony under Michael Senturia. They remain second only to the Oakland Symphony in excitement, and they are better rehearsed. Their horns could be models for the San Francisco Symphony. And if the strings sound a bit tweedy, they are at least well-woven.

Stravinsky's beautiful "Choral Variations" on a Bach tune went well enough Monday night, hampered only by a somewhat limited University Chorus.

Michael Isadore gave an exemplary performance of Bartok's 3rd Piano Concerto: facile, mature and sympathetic.

Between these, Mr. Senturia conducted the Symphony No. 92 of Haydn, which illustrated the advantage of intelligence over government honors. It was excellent.

Dr. Krips refused an invitation to share my tickets. Too bad. He might have learned something about conducting Haydn. Or an orchestra. -- M.A. Romanov (Mr. Romanov's comments at greater length are heard on KPFA at about 9:30 Tuesday evenings and 1:00 Wednesday afternoons.)

RADIO: Three hour-long programs produced by Chris Koch

catch 8 1/2

By G.K.

Some people have the FBI following them, but I have the Vice President of the United States. Last week I was crossing the freeway on an overpass by the SF Airport when I looked down and saw a flashing red-light convoy of cars rushing Rusk and Humph to the AFL-CIO convention, so there I was (again) right on top the VP. I had visions of flying through the air and landing alongside Humphrey, saying: "Let Hertz Put You in the Driver's Seat -- Get Out of Vietnam!" ... Because our VP unquotes himself continually (he denied the SF Chronicle story on the VDC; he denied the I.F. Stone story that he said the communists "master-minded" the dissent movement), the following text is suggested to serve as a model for an interview: "We stand ready to negotiate with any glumphful group," stated the Vice President yesterday as he was honored with a degree in glumphology at the University of California. Having been awarded a doctorate in glumphics at the University of Santa Clara, campuses around the nation are hard put to come up with a new glumph. Meanwhile, back at the American Federation of Labor (forget the CIO; it faded away), he brought the torpid trade unionists to their feet when he uttered the famous words of General Custer Glumph (a distant relative): "Where in the hell did all these Volkswagens come from?" ... I bring you poems and coffee; I bring you kisses and KPFA; I bring you wine and paperbacks; I bring you love and all those other things ... Someone in a huge office close by has been cashing company-drafts on customers' accounts, keeping the money, and (apparently) auditing it as regular business; this has been going on (they just found out) for the past two years, so now everybody is looking sideways at each other; feeling is that it's a man, a harried husband living in Lafayette, trying to keep up his upper-middle class home and family on a lower-middle class income, a loyal supporter of our war in Vietnam who voted for Goldwater; and that, when caught, nothing will be done about it.... -- G.K.

books

MARCHING MARVIN, The Red Watcher! By Joel Beck, Sunbury Products, 2981 Birmingham Dr., Richmond, Calif. 75c.

As predicted by BARB, "Lenny of Laredo!" has become a "best seller"; it is now in its second edition. Joel Beck has brought off another satire on phony middle-class morals, and just in time for the yearly guilt-orgy of Christmas.

It has to do with Santa Claus who, apparently all these years, had a "tragic secret." He told his wife and "she sued for divorce." Even his elves left him because he had "strange sex habits." (This Santa Claus book is not repeat not to be put in anybody's stocking; see Kraft-Ebbing.)

Then Marching Marvin, The Red Watcher, shows up. Sex is never uncomplicated. Somehow, "Hugh F. Hare" and his Bunny Girls make the scene, along with "Marky" a TV announcer whose head is encased in a TV set.

WHITE SHADOW IN ASIA

landing, where an official met me and directed me to their offices behind a long row of storage sheds.

The room contained three desks, two apparently vacated; a framed picture of King Bhumiphol, numerous calendars on the wall advertising hair pomades with pretty boys, soda-pop with pretty girls and of course Elvis. Everywhere you go in Thailand, there's the picture of Elvis. Often framed, sometimes with prayer beads surrounding it. The radio stations constantly play his records and at least one movie theatre may always be found showing an Elvis film.

The government official, obviously prosperous in his neatly pressed khakis cluttered with brass ornamentation, an array of ball-point pens protruding from the breast pocket and a flashy pinky ring, invited me to sit down. I handed him my passport and health card.

To flaunt his fluency in English, he opened the conversation with, "Do you speak Siamese?"

"No, I've just arrived in Thailand."

"I see. How long do you wish to stay?"

"About three months."

"How many dollars do you have?"

This surely must be the principal dilemma which every hitchhiker faces upon entering a foreign country. The local officials tend to believe that it requires a great sum of money, especially for an American, to survive abroad. If it's not in your pocket, you're going to try to earn it. It's unlawful in most foreign countries for tourists to work. As they believe you're not about to break the law, then they deduce you're going to become a burden on their government and will eventually have to be deported.

So the conning begins:

"Three hundred dollars?" I replied, matter of factly.

"May I see it, please?"

Clever bastard. "Well, that is to say I'm expecting three hundred dollars at the American Embassy."

"I see. You work for the Embassy."

"No. Actually not. You see, my family sends it to me there."

"Well then, how much do you have now?"

"Really, they do. Every month in fact."

Becoming irritated, "Mr. Fox, do you mind telling me how much you have now?"

"Twenty dollars," in a barely audible voice.

Leaning back in his chair, lighting a filtered cigarette and drawing on it like a prosecuting attorney who has just won a case in court, "I see."

He began carefully scrutinizing my passport. "You've been to many countries."

"Yes. I'm a student. Traveling around the world," I offered in explanation.

"I see you've been in Thailand before. Why do you return?"

"I like the Thai people very much," trying to befriend him.

"Why?" suspiciously.

"Well, the Thai culture and customs are very beautiful and interesting. The people are friendly and good."

That seemed to break the ice. "Perhaps someday you will write a book on your travels," as he handed me his name-card which I imagine was meant to indicate the inclusion of his name in my 'novel'.

I nodded gratefully.

"Have you had all your inoculations?" he asked, looking through my International Health Certificate. "Yes."

"Anything to declare with customs?" "No, nothing."

"No tobacco, whiskey, gold, pistols?" "Nope."

"That is your bag there?" motioning towards my pack. "Yes."

"What's in it?"

"Just some clothing and books."

"O.K. I will grant you a fifteen day visa" as if he'd just commuted a life sentence. "If you wish to remain after the fifteen days, apply to the Immigration Division on Ploen Chitr Road" stamping my passport and returning my documents to me.

Hoisting the rucksack on my back, I walked out of the office and down the quay. Outside the gates a few tri-shaws waited. They're really great little vehicles for traveling around cheaply. Converted motor-bikes, I believe. Enough room in the covered back for two passengers. The driver rides the saddle and handle bars.

I approached the dozing driver. "Hello, Wat Rajpradit" as I pointed down the road so he'd understand that I wanted to go there and wasn't merely making a statement.

"Hah (5) baht," he demanded, with a large grin on his face.

"Sahm (3) baht," I offered, not one to be gyped.

"See (4) baht," we agreed upon.

Placing the rucksack on the seat, I climbed into the cramped remaining space. He kicked the starter a few times, it caught, and we sputtered off, bumping and back-firing.

Facing me, on the dashboard, was a color post-card of Elvis. "This vehicle is protected!" I exclaimed, inwardly.

We bumped along down the poorly paved road through the outskirts of the city. The homes here were constructed from wood panels and the absence of glass, even for windows, was obvious.

The entrance of Bangkok proper was marked by wide, landscaped boulevards lined with canals. The buildings were of modern construction and brightly painted.

As I approached the Temple, where I planned to stay for the evening, I remembered the first time I came to Thailand, a year before. Overland from Malaysia and up through the dense jungles of the Thai peninsula. I paid the driver and entered the Temple.

(to be continued)

Letter from the (near) Berkeley Jail, or, Going Limp for Fun and Prophets

Like many others who have chosen to pay the price which society demands of those who transgress its ordinances (Section 602L, Trespass, and Section 448R, Resisting Arrest), I too have a dream.

Now to be quite truthful my dream hasn't exactly been inspired by the tortured solitude of San Bruno Prison Farm. The Barb has a Wednesday deadline, and I'm not going to jail until Saturday. Also San Bruno doesn't permit pens and pencils. There's not even much paper, and what there is will, I'm sure, be zealously hoarded. But these are petty details, and with dreams like mine, history should not be denied.

The Judge, I think, shares my dreams. When he explained why our group was getting thirty days for such a little sit-in -- first offenders, too -- He said that by going to jail we would be helping to preserve the process by which we were convicted. It really seemed as important to Him as to us that we have the opportunity to help our country. He even had a typed speech about law and order and the American way of life, which He waited with until after our lawyer told Him about us so He could consider each case individually before reading the sentences. Anyway, we're really thankful that in this country of laws, not men, in this country of opportunity, we're getting ours. And whenever we commit civil disobedience in the future, we'll understand the contribution we make by quietly going to jail.

Going to jail is also very important to my Mother. What I mean is that she wants, if I have to grow up to be a radical, that I should at least be an American

radical. Like most of you, she really doesn't understand the "American Radical Tradition." But she knows that it's very important to those nice liberal professors at Berkeley -- Didn't they bring Bayard Rustin all the way from New York to tell the students to go to jail? (That is, when they break the Law.) After all, the family is too long from the old country for me to be part of that other tradition. Besides, the old Bolsheviks in the family always had the engineers organized before they stopped any trains.

So what it boils down to is this: If you don't like the way the Law works, and if you're committed to do your part, then you're against the American Way. That, I guess, would make you a revolutionary -- and without pencils.

This American Way business works in other ways, too. For instance, after Katzenbach attacked the anti-draft campaign, many of us thought that we'd all get attacked as traitors and that the movement would be crushed. Remember how we yelled "Fascism" and "Here comes another McCarthy era," and how we had meetings and rallies. Well they took pictures of all that, not for the FBI, but to show people around the world about Free Speech. And you know that a country which has so much Free Speech wouldn't use napalm, unless, of course, there was no other way to preserve Free Speech ... and Free Enterprise, and all our other freedoms.

Well, that's my dream. Have a patriotic Xmas, and we'll be seeing you after the Declaration of War.

Pax,
Steve Weissman



Smells a 'Split'

I see that the proposal to split California into two states is back in the active file. It's also been unofficially proposed to name the northern state California and the southern state Disneyland.

But no doubt the same will happen with California as with Carolina and Dakota. We'll end up with North and South California.

The prospect has interesting possibilities. South California, newest of the emerging states, with its sacred independence to be maintained. Maintained in particular against Communist North California, home of the notorious Berkeley Campus. We'll have South California's great leader, Ronald Reagan, requesting aid to halt the dangerous infiltration of Berkeleyans into Venice and Pasadena. Detachments of Texas Rangers and Arizona Air National Guard arrive to hold the line against the unthinkable of submission to Sacramento.

When the Regan regime is overthrown by a real anti-Communist, James Utt, things escalate. "Catalina-based Arizona bombers struck today at Carmel..." "A detachment of San Francisco motorcyclists were repulsed in heavy fighting near Coalinga. Casualties were reported moderate..."

Actually, if I were a bit younger and more active, I'd volunteer for the Berk Cong myself. Failing that, I could go to Australia and organize protest demonstrations against the war in California. -- R.R.

Recognition

From page 1
Academic Senate, such as visiting professors, instructors, some lecturers, librarians and professional researchers. -- Changes and terms and conditions of employment for faculty members made by the quarter system. The problem here, Nason noted, is that the present unilateral contractual relation may allow the university to change the conditions of that contract and require more output from faculty members because of the quarter system.

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Against COSIZ Planners Vote

From page 1

charge of planning James Barnes remarked that urban renewal "would accelerate" the phasing-out process.

An impassive discussion followed Gray's report. It seemed to promise a stay of execution and COSIZ' hopes were temporarily boosted. Commissioner Albert Schaaf proposed tabling the motion on reclassification until a study of low cost housing could be completed. Commissioners John A. Foley and David J. Martin voiced agreement. Then Barnes informed them that the housing study would not include the Special Industrial Zone.

This terminated the discussion and the motion to deny reclassification was passed.

COSIZ President Charles E. Patterson was not deterred by the ruling. "We intend to work harder," he stated. "We will appeal promptly to the City Council."

"They (the commissioners) are aware of certain interests not favorable to residents in the Zone," he told BARB. But, he felt, the commission failed to realize that many changes have been made in the area of minority group relations in the past ten years. The commission is "not very progressive and responsive to the needs of the people involved," he concluded.

Most of the residents in the disputed Zone are black or Mexican Americans. Patterson has emphasized, in earlier interviews, the amicable relations between all neighbors in the community. The majority of the audience Monday night were Negroes; none of the commissioners are.

Jerry Mandel expected "more imagination and sympathy" from city council members "because they're elected." "Industries don't vote," he said, "but people do -- or at least that's the maxim."

Navy Bites Back

From page 1

"My last exam was eight months ago," Gibson said.

His court defense will be based on the fact that he was not adequately warned of his offense. "If this doesn't work, we'll attack the statute itself," Oakland attorney Neil F. Horton will represent Gibson.

Film, confiscated by security officers at the time of his arrest, was returned to him, Gibson said. He had filmed himself being dragged down the stairs, arrested and "mugged." This part of the film had been deleted, apparently for security reasons, according to Gibson, and a clear negative had been substituted for the missing part.

Maximum penalty for conviction under the statute is a \$500 fine or six months in jail.

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 BARB 2421 Oregon St., Berk.

Friday (December 17)
THEATER: "Phaedre," by Racine, plays from Classic French Drama, Dept. of Dramatic Art, Durham Studio Theater, Dwinelle, campus, 8:15 p.m., 50c.
BENEFIT PARTY: Dancing, drinks, entertainment and surprise movie made by NL F OF S. Vietnam. For defense of those being prosecuted by US Government for traveling to Cuba, 1229 Rose, \$1.00 for employed, 75c students and unemployed.

PANTOMIME: "The Explainers," portraying on stage the cartoons of Jules Feiffer, Cedar Alley Coffee House (Larkin & Polk, S.F.) 9:30 pm, \$1.25.
JAZZ: Mandrake, 8-1 pm, Modern Jazz, no cover.

MUSIC: Shin-ichi Matushita's "Hexahedra", 8:30-11pm, The Avant Garde of Japan, 321 Divisadero, SF, \$1.00
ROCK AND ROLL: Huck Rorick and his Rock & Roll Friends, Questing Beast, 9 pm, \$1.00.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM: Books Unlimited, Cooperative, Christmas program with the Sierra Club; meet authors and photographers of the Sierra Club: Ansel Adams, William Siri, Richard Kauffman and others, Shattuck Ave. Co-op, 7:30 pm, free.
THEATER: "A Story Teller from Flea Street," by Dennis Jasudowicz, and "The Edge," Idell Tarlow, Open Theater, 8:30 pm, \$2.

FOLK: The Enigmas and Blind Ebbetts Field, Hudson River Delta blues, Jabberwock, 9 pm, \$1.

BALLET: "Hansel and Gretel" Oakland Ballet Co., Kaiser Center Auditorium, 8:30 pm, adult \$2, child \$1.25, for tickets call Roos-Atkins Cal Shop.
THEATER: "Phaedre," by Racine, see Dec. 10, Plays from Classic French Drama.
FILM: "The Exiles," and "On The Bowery," Slate Film Series, 155 I winelle Hall, campus 8 pm, 75c.

Saturday (December 18)
CONCERT: Children's Folk Songs, performance by Barry Olivier, Washington School Auditorium, Bancroft & Grove, 11 am, \$1.
BALLET: San Francisco Ballet presenting "Nutcracker Suite" under direction of Gerhard Samuel, Oakland Symphony direct-

What to Do & Where to Go

or, Company of 150 with full orchestra, San Francisco Opera House, 2:30 pm, tickets: Roos-Atkins Cal Shop, \$2 and up.
FRENCH THEATER: "Horatius" by Corneille, directed by William Oliver, Classic French play (presented in English), Durham Studio Theater, Dwinelle, 50c.
FILM: Indian Students' Movie, "Chaudhavin Ka Chand", 155 Dwinelle, campus, members \$1, non-members \$1.25.

DANCE ENSEMBLE: Talmy Folk Ensemble, Benefit for Israel, Cafe Night, Congregation Beth Israel, 1630 Bancroft, 8 pm, general \$2.50, students \$1.75, admission includes refreshments.
THEATER: Last performance "A Story Teller from Flea Street," and "The Edge," see Dec. 17.
FOLK: The Enigmas and Blind Ebbetts Field, see Dec. 17.

Sunday (December 19)
FOLK: "Hoot", The Questing Beast, 9 pm, free.

BENEFIT: Children's Community Hanukkah Festival (dances, songs, dramatics, refreshments). Congregation Beth Israel, 1630 Bancroft Way, 10:30 am - noon, 15c donation.
LECTURE: "Legal Alternatives to Military Service," panel, 7:30 pm, Friends Meeting House, Walnut & Vine, free.

FESTIVAL: Dance, drama, singing and posing -- 200 boys and girls doing Christmas scenes with Berkeley Recreation and Parks Department Christmas Festival, Berkeley Community Theatre, 2:30 pm, free.

THEATER: Open Theater, Sunday meeting, Music, light and surprises, Donation, 3:30 pm.
JAZZ: Scott-McLean Quartet, Albatross, 3-7 pm, 50c.

HOOT: Jabberwock, 9pm, 50c.
CHRISTMAS PROGRAM: A Correlli Christmas Concerto, plus Beatle readings, and sound spectacular, Open Theater, \$1.

Cedar Alley Cinema

(N. of Geary & Larkin, SF),
Ph: PR 6-8300
(Phone to verify)
Fri., Dec. 17 thru
Thurs., Dec. 23

Truffaut's
SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER
and
SUNDAYS AND CYBELE

BALLET: "Nutcracker Suite," in SF, see Dec. 18.
BALLET: Oakland Ballet Company, one performance only at 2:30 pm of "Nutcracker Suite," Oakland Auditorium Theater, Oak & Fallon Sts., \$1.50 and up.
PUPPETS: "The Little Match Girl," by the Brentown Puppeteers, sponsored by the Live Oak Senior Citizens, Live Oak Park 2 pm.

Monday (December 20)
BALLET: "Hansel and Gretel" Oakland Ballet Co., Kaiser Center Auditorium, 2:30 pm, adult \$2, children \$1.25. For tickets call Roos-Atkins Cal Shop.
BALLET: "Nutcracker Suite" in SF, see Dec. 18.

Tuesday (December 21)
REUNION: C.O.s 20 years after, RSVP, 848-7505, LA 5-6746.
FOLK: Ken Spiker, flamenco and classical guitar, The Questing Beast, performance begins 9:30 pm, tickets at door.
BALLET: "Nutcracker Suite" in S.F., see Dec. 18.
BALLET: "Hansel and Gretel," in Oakland, see Dec. 20.

Wednesday (December 22)
BLUEGRASS: Bob Cooper playing Carter Family Bluegrass, Questing Beast, begins 9:30 pm, tickets at door.
BALLET: "Hansel and Gretel" in Oakland, see Dec. 20.
BALLET: "Nutcracker Suite" in SF, see Dec. 18.

Thursday (December 23)
THEATER: Open Theater, 8:30 pm, Christmas Show.
JAZZ: Traditional jazz, Albatross, 10 pm, 50c.

GOSPEL MUSIC: Music for the holidays, Golden Key Singers, & Jay Vernon and Group. Questing Beast, performance begins at 9:30 pm, tickets at door.
BALLET: "Nutcracker Suite," in SF, see Dec. 18.
BALLET: "Hansel and Gretel" in Oakland, see Dec. 20.

Friday (December 24)
GOSPEL MUSIC: Golden Key Singers and Jay Vernon and Group, see Dec. 23.
BALLET: "Nutcracker Suite" in SF, 11 am, performance, see Dec. 18 for place and ticket information.



Charming children on stage, such as the one pictured above will charm the audiences (mostly charming children, we hope!) at the San Francisco Ballet's traditional performance of the "Nutcracker Suite."

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Christmas TREES
Ashby and Telegraph

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the
steppenwolf

(a quiet place to talk)

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Modern Jazz
Scott-McLean Quartet

Sunday
3 to 7 pm



the albatross

the
QUESTING BEAST
presents
HUCK RORICK
and his
ROCK 'N' ROLL FRIENDS
FRI-SAT-DEC 17-18
and the
Golden Key
GOSPEL SINGERS
THURS-FRI-SAT-DEC 23-25
at

