

# IS UC SEX SCENE SICK?



## ORGY SCENE UNCOVERED

BARB asked author John Bleibtreu, expert on social behavior of animals, recently arrived in Berkeley, to give us his views on Bay Area behavior. Mr. Bleibtreu is author of "LSD and the Third Eye," which appeared in the same issue of the Atlantic Monthly as Lewis S. Feuer's exposé of UC.

He loves me...

### EXCLUSIVE PROOF: RUBY NEAR WHEN JFK WAS SLAIN

Picture Inside

by Hal Verb

BARB has uncovered evidence that Jack Ruby may have been present at the scene of the assassination of President Kennedy when the shots were fired.

This evidence directly contradicts the Warren Commission's conclusion that Ruby was at another spot during those fatal moments.

Photographs available to the commission may help refute its conclusions.

Ruby stated, and the Commission agreed, that at the time of the assassination he was not on the scene but some distance away at the Dallas Morning News placing ads for his two nightclubs.

The photograph of a figure resembling Jack Ruby was taken by Phillip L. Willis, who was a witness to the assassination. He took twelve pictures at the time of the assassination and the Warren Commission published them in one of its volumes of exhibits (Vol. 21). They do not appear in the Warren Report, however.

The photographic resemblance to Ruby was discovered in Willis', photo-slide number 8 which is reprinted in Volume 21 on page 771. Taken moments after the assassination, the picture shows with his back turned and looking in the general direction of the Texas Schoolbook Depository Building.

Another photo (not by Willis), of a man which the Commission identified as Willis shows him with his back similarly turned. He is placed then at the third floor of the Dallas Police Department about 11:30 p.m., November 22, 1963.

The two photos placed side by side are strikingly similar. Willis testified before the Commission and discussed the photos he had taken but was not questioned about Willis slide number eight.

#### INVESTIGATOR TALKS

This reporter spoke with an investigator who interviewed Willis about the photos he had taken. He said that Willis had a photo (slide #8) taken moments after the assassination.

When the FBI examined the photos they pointed to this one and said: "Say--what's Jack Ruby doing there?"

Willis also said that he pointed out a figure of a man resembling Jack Ruby to the Warren Commission but that they would not comment on it.

None of this appears in the Warren Report or in the Volumes of Exhibits and Hearings. At one point in the testimony of Willis there is a note that the "discussion" is "off the record."

Willis is not the only person to identify a figure resembling Jack Ruby in the vicinity of the Texas

Schoolbook Depository Building. At least four other witnesses present at the assassination are mentioned on page 2

### LBJ Laughed

An anecdote by Mark Lane on KNEW's Joe Dolan Show Wednesday night caused BARB's phones to buzz.

Lane said that he had been on a TV show (The David Frost Show) in London with Gore Vidal, who is closely related to Jackie Kennedy. During the show, Vidal had said that the reason Mrs. Kennedy won't have anything to do with the Johnsons is that on the plane, when she went in to be with the body, she surprised Johnson in the act of chuckling over her husband's corpse.

Dolan asked Lane again, and Lane repeated it, saying that the London audience of 300 gasped collectively, but to his knowledge, none of the news services picked it up.

I first heard this story in great detail two days ago from an investigator of the assassination who lives in Los Angeles who heard it from Lane. Lane felt it could properly be told because it had been made public on TV.

Lane told him Gore Vidal said he had seen the text of the forthcoming Manchester book on the assassination. (The book was commissioned by Jackie Kennedy.) Included in the text was a story that Jackie Kennedy, during the flight of her husband's body, had moved to the rear of the plane and saw Johnson leaning over the casket chuckling. She vowed that from that moment on she would never have anything to do with him.

This story will not appear in the Manchester book, however, said the investigator, because it has been deleted from the text.

Hal Verb



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### Co-ops Gag At Ungagging

Co-op members are again permitted to speak at their Board of Directors meetings.

At the previous meeting, a new gag rule produced a walkout by over half the struck-dumb observers. (See Sept. 30 BARB).

"First, they backed down from the clear rule which had been enunciated," Co-op member Larry Duga told BARB. "Second, they wobbled around the stand they took at the last meeting."

Members of the audience spoke, see page 2

### Black Power Meet Status Not Set Yet

All was not rosy for UC or SDS as BARB goes to press. In fact, two confrontations are definitely possible; one between the UC administration and SDS, the other between SDS and Mark Comfort.

In a Wednesday night meeting, the SDS decided that several of the "guidelines" set down by Dean Donald Hopkins for the upcoming Black Power Conference are totally unacceptable. The main points of contention are:

-The ban on sound trucks and car pools to attract "non-university persons" to the conference.

-The total exclusion of non-students from "planning, control, and direction" of the conference.

-The 9 am to 6 pm time limit.

-The prohibition of all but "one large banner bearing the name of the conference, the sponsoring organization, and invited speakers."

-The ban on concession stands. "The administration seems to accept the idea of the conference as an educational event, but these 'guidelines' seem intended to damage it" one SDS spokesman said.

The concession stand ban was cited as an example. "They're trying to starve us. It might have been acceptable elsewhere, but not here" see page 4

### No Cops On The Line

The Berkeley Police last Saturday twice refused to respond to a call for police protection because "all men were handling football traffic."

This was the experience of a large apartment-house manager near Bancroft and Telegraph when "about 14 youths" had congregated in the parking-basement and refused to leave.

The apartment has been the target of robberies over a period of time. Dark and out of sight, cars are often broken into, but on game-Saturday, apparently, a tenant went to his car late in the afternoon and

found these youths just sitting around in the garage.

He asked them to leave and he said they "taunted him and wouldn't let him out of his car." Another tenant, a lady, came to her car and the man asked her to go back upstairs and phone the police.

She told the manager who phoned the Hall of Justice. The officer on duty said "I'm the only man here - all the rest are out directing football traffic." A second call later got the same response.

The police never did arrive. And nothing was stolen.

Hell, they were just like oldtime Finnish Sauna parties except that there was no sauna and -- perhaps more sorely missed -- none of that great Finnish food. Jumping around in the raw builds up the appetite.

The Friday night party was sponsored by the UC Campus Sexual Rights Forum and was a good deal more disorganized than the Saturday night party which was given by private individuals in a private house on the top of a mountain down the Peninsula.

The Friday night party was larger, about 50 people were there, pretty evenly matched between men and women except for a hard core of six or seven beady-eyed vulpine stag men. These were real uglies, and I felt like Black faced with a Sicilian opening in chess. The damn White Bishop sits off to one side of the play exerting a horrid threat over the whole board.

These stag men were probably principals in the organization who couldn't be turned away, but they acted like such bring-downs, if it had been possible, I'm sure they would have been encouraged to leave.

When on their best behavior, they stayed totally outside the happening, standing like leering gargoyles posted in doorways and corners, and at their worst they came on super-strong trying to force their way into some going scene, trying to make it different from what it was.

The whole point of a "free party" revolves around the idea of sexual equality and is based on consent. If women are treated merely as objects, in Buber's terms as "its" rather than "thous" the whole thing dissolves into something predatory and repulsive. These men at the Berkeley party did a good deal to threaten see page 5

### Bulletin

MARK LANE, author of "Rush to Judgment" and leading critic of the Warren Commission, will make his only public lecture in the Bay Area in Berkeley during his current 4-day visit.

His talk is sponsored by the Citizens' Committee of Inquiry under the auspices of the BARB.

Lane will appear Saturday at the Finnish Brotherhood Hall, 1970 Chestnut St. (nr. University) at 8 pm. Donation \$1.50.

# More On LIFE And JFK Death

(Last week's front page story on Life's alterations of the Kennedy Assassination issue was written by BARB reporter Hal Verg. BARB inadvertently omitted his name. We're sorry.)

Verb has this footnote to add to the story:

Life's reply to the Berkeley student who discovered the five altered versions of Life (Oct. 2, 1964) admitted to only one change. And on this one change they gave as an excuse that Life had erred by giving an "inaccurate impression of the manner in which Lee Oswald was finally apprehended."

Life knew better than this, for it was aware of the substitution of one photo for another showing Kennedy being struck by a bullet. This certainly had absolutely nothing to do with Oswald's "apprehension" and Life knew it!

But Life's duplicity extends far beyond the eleven typescript changes and the substitution of one photo for another. In that same issue of Life on page 41 a photo is published showing an FBI re-enactment of the assassination from the sixth floor window of the Texas Schoolbook Depository Building, from where Oswald was allegedly firing.

In typical fashion Life demonstrated the same incapacity to deal with the facts as it did in handling its five different printed issues.

First, the reconstruction was made with the window entirely open. (photos taken by photographers just before and just after the assassination and submitted as evidence by the Warren Commission itself showed the window half open).

Then, the picture shows the ballistics expert resting his arm on a box incorrectly positioned. Lastly, the rifle used is without a telescopic sight, yet Life's caption reads that the FBI man used the "killer's rifle." According to the Commission Oswald's rifle was equipped with a telescopic sight.

The magazine published a front page doctored photo of Oswald with a rifle on Feb. 21, 1964. It admitted the photo was doctored in a letter to the Warren Commission, reprinted in one of the Commission's volumes. This photo, more than any other piece of "evidence" helped establish firmly in the public's mind the guilt of Oswald.

It was noted in last week's BARB that Life is now calling for a reopening of the Warren Commission.

## Co-opers Gag

from page 1

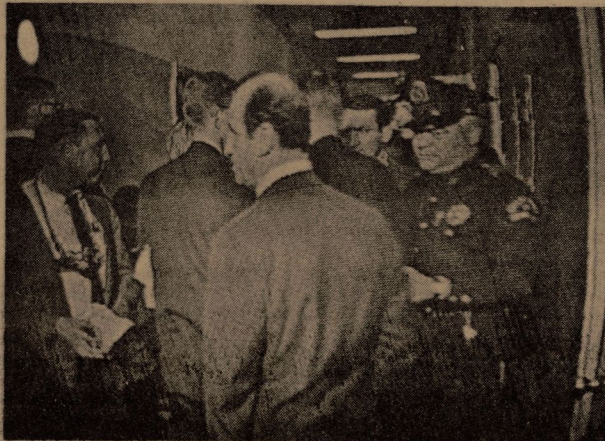
mostly in favor of the Women for Peace boycott of Dow Chemical--makers of napalm--products.

The Board voted 5-3 against the boycott.

Three Co-op members dissatisfied with current Board policies and practices are beginning a campaign to be elected to the Board in January. Herb Adler, Larry Duga, and Ray Thompson signed leaflets passed out at the recent ungagged meeting.

They will soon announce an organization designed to help the campaign, Duga said.

# Proof: Ruby Near When JFK Was Slain



COMMISSION EXHIBIT No. 2423

from page 1

tioned in the volumes of testimony published by the Commission.

Victoria Adams was on the fourth floor of the Depository Building and she stated that after the last shot was fired she ran out of the building to the front. She reported that she saw someone "standing on the corner of Houston and Elm (site of the Depository Building) asking questions there" and that he "looked very similar" to Jack Ruby.

### TESTIMONY

Mrs. Jean Hill testified: ". . . I am fully aware that his whereabouts have been known at all times, and that it seems that I am merely using a figure and converting it to my story, but the person that I saw looked a lot like - I would say the general build as I would think Jack Ruby would from that position. . ."

Mr. Specter: (Assistant Counsel, Warren Commission): "his height you said was about the height of Jack Ruby?"

Mrs. Hill: "That's right."

Mr. Specter: "How about his weight?"

Mrs. Hill: "That's the only thing - I would say - he certainly wasn't any bigger than Jack Ruby."

Malcolm Couch, a TV news cameraman for WFAA-TV in Dallas was in the sixth car of the Kennedy motorcade and testified in part:

Mr. Belin: "There is an FBI report that states that you had heard hearsay statements that someone had seen Jack Ruby emerge from the rear of the Texas

School Book Depository Building around that time. Did anyone ever tell you that?"

Mr. Couch: "Yes. Uh - where I first heard it, I could not now recall; but - uh - the story went that - uh - Wes Wise, who works for KRLD -"

Mr. Belin: "TV?"

Mr. Couch: Yes - saw him moments after the shooting - how many moments, I don't know - 5 minutes, 10 minutes - coming around the side of the building, coming around the east side going south, I presume."

### COMMISSION MUM

The Commission never questioned Wes Wise about this rather significant "rumor".

Couch also took some "sweeping pictures" of the crowd standing near the Depository Building and suggested that if the frames were blown up one might determine "if someone were standing ehere - identify someone". The Commission never took up his suggestion and did not publish the films he took.

At least five other photographers who took pictures of the front of the building at the time of the assassination have never had their films published or released by the Commission. They are: Mary Moorman, James Underwood, Mary Muchmore, Hugh Betzner, Jr. and Robert Hughes.

None of these persons were ever called to testify before the Warren Commission.



WILLIS EXHIBIT No. 1--Continued (Slide No. 8)

# Moe Gets Less

"One old lady used to walk up and down the street every day. Now she only goes out to the drug store and the bank, she is afraid of the hoppers."

Moe Moscovitz was talking to the BARB about his troubles in the Haight-Ashbury.

As reported in BARB last week, the San Francisco police department refused Moe a "used goods permit" on the basis of fears such as that of the little old lady mentioned above. Without the permit, Moe cannot open a used book store

## Campus Sex Group Maps Sex Program

A campaign to distribute contraceptives at Cowell Hospital is on the agenda of the Campus Sexual Rights Forum for the coming school year, Forum president Sam Sloan told BARB.

"This will be one of the activities of a political nature in which we will be mainly engaged," he said.

Due to the Forum's previous efforts the coming ASUC election will give the students the opportunity to vote on this proposal. The group is also circulating a petition to legalize abortion in California and will try to help defeat the obscenity initiative sponsored by CLEAN (California League Enlisting Action Now).

"In addition," said Sloan, "the Forum will hold social functions, including nude parties. We hope to have a social event every weekend, but will definitely have one every two weeks."

Sloan outlined three universal rules for these events. "Persons under age 18 will not be admitted; minors between ages 18 and 21 will be admitted only under the proviso that they do not consume any alcohol; and no use of narcotics or other illegal substances will be tolerated at the parties."

Only registered students can be voting members of the Forum, but non-students may become non-voting associates, he stated.

The Forum will sponsor free lectures beginning with a speaker on contraception from Planned Parenthood and another on venereal diseases from the Berkeley Health Clinic.

The Forum will also sponsor a series of four sensuality discussion groups followed by a "sensuality workshop" by Maxine Sani (Rey Anthony), author of "The Housewife's Handbook of Selective Promiscuity." The series begins tonight with a discussion group at 7:45 p.m. at the Unitarian Fellowship Hall, 1924 Cedar St., Berkeley.

The Forum is also presenting another series of lectures and discussions by Robert Kramer, M.D. titled "Seduction: Art & Science." The first of these, "An Introduction to Ethical Seduction," will take place Tuesday, October 18 at 7:30 pm at 1703 Grove St. in Berkeley.

## Acid Head DEW Line Not Quite Set

BARB has been accused of operating a DEW line system for acid heads.

Last week's Citizen claims that the BARB identified a person pictured on its front page as a narcotics agent - and that furthermore this picture warned certain LSD suspects to cool it out of town.

To its knowledge, the BARB has never had a picture of a narcotics agent on its front page.

On September 16th, BARB published a picture of an FBI man on

on Haight Street. Apparently, it is felt that his store would attract more hoppers to the area.

This Monday, Moe took his case to the Board of Permit Appeals. The purpose of this board is to review the decision of the police department, and if that decision seems unreasonable, to overrule it.

"But two of the members of the board swore allegiance to the police. It was ludicrous! By doing that, by saying that they will support the police no matter what, they are abdicating their responsibility as members of the board," Moe said.

"The decision was, 3-2 in your favor - one vote short of the necessary majority, BARB said. "Were the two who voted against you the same two who swore allegiance to the police?"

"Yes, of course," he answered. "It was a matter of hysteria. This wasn't anything to do with criticism of the police department. It was ridiculous."

"Are you going to appeal?" BARB asked.

"Yes, there will be a re-hearing. I don't know the date yet, but I'll let you know as soon as I find out," he said. (Check next weeks BARB.)

"At the hearing Monday the board asked for a stand up vote of the spectators - for or against me," Moe went on.

"How did that go?" BARB asked.

"It seemed about even," he said, "but most of my friends were already standing when the vote was called, so it wasn't very dramatic."

"Did the board base their judgment on this vote?"

"Well, they said it wouldn't affect their judgment, but it must have had some effect."

"I hope that a lot of people will come to the re-hearing and sup-

see page 7

## Rank'n File Rankled By Rank In Meet

"Black Power" is on-campus (at this writing) and so is peace (at this writing).

"Directions and Perspectives of the Anti-War Movement" will be held all day Oct. 15 at 155 Dwinelle Hall, 9:30 a.m. The conference is sponsored by the Campus Community for New Politics.

For a while, it appeared as though this conference would take some action "in support of" the Conference of Black Power, which initially was banned on campus. However "things are working out" with Black Power coming in the back of the campus.

Speakers at the peace conference will include Bob Scheer, Professors Windmiller and Schurmann, as well as editors Steve Murdock and James O'Connor.

One thing is not clear (at this writing). Bill Mandel expressed concern over the fact "no women have been included in the list of speakers, yet the Women For Peace have been in the forefront of the anti-war struggle."

Another rough on is that the way the conference is planned, the "position papers" asked for will be read to small groups (if at all).

No plans for coming back for discussion have been made, according to spokesmen for the Conference.

its front page. We do not know if he is a narcotics agent, and we did not say that he is. He made an arrest on a narcotics charge, but it is well known that any law officer can arrest any one who

see page 7,

# Abortion Laws Seen As Hassle

"Abortion doesn't ring a happy note with politicians."

Pat Maginnis, San Francisco's most active crusader for women's rights to abortion is talking about the Beilenson Bill, the Therapeutic Abortion Act now before the California Senate.

"Senator Beilenson is considered a hero for supporting this bill - by those who haven't read it," she says.

"What is wrong with the bill?" BARB asks.

"What's wrong with it? It's absurd! It's a system of hurdles.

"Any woman who wants an abortion must get the permission of two doctors, who have to submit an appeal to a Committee of not less than five doctors, four of whom have to be specialists!" she exclaims.

"In the case of a rape victim, she must get the DA to verify that she has been raped, and if he doesn't do this within 10 days after the initiation of her appeal, the Committee can turn her down."

"It does sound rather complicated," BARB ventures.

"It's almost easier for things to be illegal," she replies. "And even worse, the bill re-enforces sections 274, 275 and 276 of the penal code, laws pertaining to abortion. Section 275 is the notorious one making a woman who has an abortion - self induced or otherwise - guilty of a felony. Since a woman can't be made to testify against herself, it is unenforceable."

"Isn't that contradictory?" BARB asks.

"Only legally," Pat answers. "Actually, women don't know their rights. I heard a plainclothesman talking to an assembly of doctors at St. Luke's Hospital. He told them to immediately report all abortions cases admitted, so that we can question them while they are still feeling bad, and obtain more information." The doctors were shocked. "The woman we report becomes our enemy and we lose a patient" was one doctor's reply.

"Under the Beilenson Bill," Pat goes on, "It will still be virtually impossible for a woman to get an abortion. Most doctors are conservative, and there is no provision in the bill to exclude from the Committee any doctor who is prejudiced against abortion in the first place. Why one Roman Catholic doctor could be responsible for turning down every single applicant."

Meanwhile, back in San Francisco, Pat is holding weekly abortion classes for interested women, and running pregnancy tests at her home.

"What is happening with your legal case?" BARB asks.

"I was arrested under a local ordinance. Police section 188," she says. "Section 188, (advertising abortion and lewd literature prohibited), has been declared unconstitutional. Now it's the state laws that need changing."

"Although it's beginning to look like I will never get a test case," she said. "I've heard that the police don't intend to arrest me now because I'm 'too hot'."

"Did you hear that from the police?" BARB asked.

"No, I didn't," she laughed. --Mary Sue Slatkin

# LOVIN' HAIGHT

"Isn't it a nice day?" the non-violent spade asked, handing out carnations. At that point it was indeed a nice day. The Panhandle was slowly filling with people-- quiet people, stoned people, and cops.

At a little after 2:00 the Earl Cross All Stars set up and did a jazz set. Some of the older hippies dug it, but on the whole the crowd was waiting. Big Brother and the Holding Company were next. TV people, radio people and newspaper people broke out their tools and started to work.

"Tell me, sir, what does LSD mean to you?"

"Whaaa?"

It was the Love Pageant, brain-child of Ron Thelin and friends. Bright pennants, like good-guy battle flags, and crude signboards on sticks moved through the bright crowd, towing their turned-on bearers gently under them. All

started dancing.

"Dig the wino talking to the captain."

Five movie cameras and at least a dozen 35's zeroed in on the secret meeting.

At this point the captain looked up at the bus, jumped a small foot, and walked away from his man a bit unhappy. The wino headed back for the crowd with a dozen fingers trained on him.

An so it went. Every time a Bryant Street hippy made a report cameras clicked and fingers pointed.

"Say. What you fellows going to do with the pictures?" asked clever BARB.

"Gonna make posters, man and stick them up all over town."

This reporter must admit the S F cops have come a long way. Some agents show much imagination and I was in awe more than once as the day tripped on.



hands were dancing, even the ones that were sitting on the grass -- you could tell. Four cats grooved around in a slow circle, blowing flutes and wooden pipes.

"A new form of action," says Thelin. "Better than the usual protest."

Saw Bob Peterson. "Tell me sir, what does all this mean to you?" BARB asked him.

"I think it's great. People are getting so they're not afraid anymore. So the law goes into effect today. What's it going to change? People should be free to open their minds, and once they do, nothing is going to close them again."

Bob Peterson comes up for trial October 19th in Capitola on Possession of pot. He claims his religious rights are in jeopardy. He has promised BARB a statement on this date. BARB at this point mounted Kesey's bus, seeing a group of rather hip looking cameramen there.

"You cats making underground movies?" asked BARB.

"No, man. We're filming cops." The Holding Company came on and a couple of hundred people

The Wildflower came on and so did S F's Star Narco.

"Hey baby, is Ken around?" Star Narco called up to the top of the bus.

"You know better than that sergeant," came the reply. Star Narco jammed his hands into the pockets of his Levi's, pulled his bopper cap down low on his forehead, and bopped off as cameras and fingers followed him into the crowd, now about 400.

Sat down next to a cute teenybopper with Bob Peterson on her other side, with Colt 45 in hand (a completely unique experience) and dug the Dead, the dancers, the teeny bopper. Bob turned to BARB after a bit and said out of the front of his mouth, "If this teeny bopper reaches for your beer, break her arm we're surrounded."

Sure enough--we were. Eight of S.F.'s finest stood within busting distance. Cameras clicked, fingers pointed, and soon empty Colt 45's were put in pockets. No litter bugs BARB.

The Dead hung it up at about 6:00, much to the dismay of the crowd, BARB and the cops. They didn't bust anybody.

# Ploy-by-ploy As School Boycott Looms

"Mayor Reading is out of town - he won't be back until the 20th," said the secretary who answered the phone.

"What is the official opinion about the upcoming school boycott?" BARB's reporter asked.

"The upcoming WHAT?"

"School boycott - the upcoming

school boycott." BARB repeated.

"What boycott?" "The Ad Hoc Committee for Quality Education has announced plans--"

"Ad Hoc Committee for what?" she asked, apparently writing it down.

"Quality education," BARB said.

"Well, as I said, the Mayor is out, but I'll see if I can find out anything, and have his assistant, Mr. Price, call you back."

An hour later Mr. Price called us back.

"The Mayor is aware of this," he assured us. "He will be back in town before the dates of the boycott."

"But, isn't the boycott scheduled to begin on the 19th?" asked BARB.

"I'm sure most of this information has been provided to this office," he replied.

Later BARB talked to John George, who heads the Ad Hoc Committee. We mentioned that the Mayor's office did not seem to be concerned or even informed about the boycott.

"We've had no newspaper coverage," he said.

"The BARB has printed stories about the boycott for the last three weeks," we said. "We mentioned your 17 point demand, calling for the employment of more Negro teachers, smaller classes, an end to de-facto segregation, freebooks for students, among other things. We also reported the reply sent to you by the school board - their letter claiming that the situation isn't really that serious."

"But you have to be intelligent to read the BARB," he replied. "Certain Oakland city officials don't have the intelligence to translate the English in the BARB."

"We are encouraged by the support we have received from parents and children," George continued. "This is just a sneak preview - a foretaste of what's to come. The boycott is definitely going to take place, but unless people read the BARB, it may sneak right past them."

Next we called Carl Munck, president of the Oakland school board.

"What is your opinion of the upcoming school boycott?" we asked.

"I don't think it is justified. It is an attempt by certain elements in the community to do something which amounts to contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

"Do you think their demands are justified?" BARB asked.

"Most of the demands are completely out of reason. For example, they demanded free lunches for all students. We haven't the facilities for this and besides, 90% of the students have parents who can afford to provide lunches for them."

This amounts to a flat contradiction of the claims of the Ad Hoc Committee.

BARB asked if there had been an increase in the price of lunches to the students.

"The prices were raised a few cents, but we still operate at a deficit."

Munck went on about lack of Federal funds.

"This area Federal aid to the target areas was only 85% of what it was last year, and we won't receive any more money this

# Haight Hips Meet Up With Straights

The sign on the door said: "Chuck has gone to LA. When he comes back, he won't want to live here anymore. Please do not disturb new tenant."

Undaunted, BARB walked into what used to be Chuck's room, in the downstairs of 1090 Page St., SF. A large table and a few chairs were the only furnishings. A broken window provided a bohemian atmosphere.

Two thirty-ish activist types, one with a black woolen skullcap, the other with an SDS lapel-button, were discussing the police situation. From time to time, someone else (there were about ten of us) would join the conversation briefly.

When we let it be known that we were from BARB, a very Brooks - Brother - ish young man handed us his card.

"I'm a police-relations consultant from Glide Foundation," he introduced himself. "I used to be a policeman in Watts. Highway Patrol. But I resigned, and now I go to the school of Criminology over in Berkeley."

He talked for a while on the importance of establishing a dialogue, of cracking the police mystique, of changing the police method of operation. Policemen, he said, are "culturally deprived."

At last, he had inside information on how a police force works, which no one else present seemed to have. But Black Skullcap, who seemed to be the leader (if not the ancient wise one), reacted rudely. When the Glider left, everyone cracked up.

"That was a good prelude," someone said. "Now let's get down to business. Is there a report from the legal committee?"

"Yes," came the answer. "I contacted several lawyers, and Beverly Axelrod, for one, agreed to help us with it."

Help with what, BARB wondered aloud.

"We'll think about that later."

By this time about twenty people were present. Black Skullcap and friends rapped about the "ecstasy and agonies" of hippies, which they thought was fine.

"They're all individuals, and it's a beautiful thing. We can represent them, bargain for them, if they want us to, in exchange for their helping us out."

BARB asked if the idea was to help the hippies, or to involve them in something bigger, or both. After a non-answer, one of them thought to ask the hippies what they wanted. He looked around for someone with long hair, and posed the question.

The hippy calmly sketched faces on a newspaper as he talked.

"This business of alliances is

see page 5

see page 7

## For A Beck Society

The New York Times carried a particularly horrible story last week about two German sailors who were shot for desertion five days after the end of World War II, under the auspices of Canadian military authorities.

The sailors hid until V-E Day, when they surrendered and were sent to a Canadian internment camp in Holland. German officers in the camp then court-martialed them and sentenced them to death before a German firing squad.

There is some dispute over details. The German officer who presided over the court-martial claims that "the whole affair was organized by the Canadian commander. They even decided where to hold the execution." A Canadian embassy spokesman, on the other hand, said that since the internment camp held surrendered troops rather than prisoners taken in combat, "Canadian military authorities did not have jurisdiction over those troops. They were responsible for their own affairs."

(The embassy spokesman did not mean, of course, that the German troops were responsible for their own affairs; he meant that the German officers had total power over the men. Probably he saw no difference between the two.)

Since the Canadians have a much better reputation than the Germans---the Canadians are, in fact, so much like ourselves---let us assume that their version is true. Then it is possible to see a certain magnanimity in their stance. The Canadian commander was treating the German officers (and by extension the whole German army) with respect by allowing them to maintain discipline over their men. One is reminded of the military courtesies at Appomattox. It is only a shame that no courtesies were extended to the civilian population of cities like Dresden which, although they had no military significance, were completely destroyed in bombing raids during the last few months of the war.

We are not supposed to feel sympathy for the millions of German civilians killed during World War II. They shared in the collective guilt even though all they did was follow orders. As long as eighty million fanatical Germans followed their Fuehrer wherever he ordered them to go, free men could not breathe easy. So Germany was destroyed, and when it was all over, Bruno Dorfer and Rainer Beck, two young Germans who had refused to follow orders, crept out of their hiding places and surrendered themselves to Allied soldiers. They were placed in an internment camp along with German soldiers who had faithfully followed orders to the end. Then began a weird drama which, if it can ever be reconstructed, will tell us much more about modern morality than any of the dramatizations of the Nuremberg trials.

The victorious Allies had no sympathy for the leading Nazis they hanged at Nuremberg, nor for the unarmed civilians, many of them refugees, that they roasted to death in the Dresden fire-storm, nor, certainly, for Bruno Dorfer and Rainer Beck. They extended their sympathies rather, to those quiet Germans who had conscientiously carried out orders without presuming to ask questions---the petty functionaries, the middle-level bureaucrats, the honorable military men who shot Bruno Dorfer and Rainer Beck and then went on to build the post-war world in Germany and in Canada, in Russia and in America.

The John Birch Society takes its name from an event superficially similar to the death of Dorfer and Beck. John Birch, an American missionary turned soldier, was captured and shot by Chinese Communist soldiers just as the Japanese were surrendering. The shot that killed John Birch was, for the right wing, the opening shot of World War III, a war that can only be finally ended by the destruction of China.

We, with a different vision of the world, might well take Bruno Dorfer and Rainer Beck as our symbolic founders. We may never be able to write their biographies. We may never learn whether they deserted as a matter of high conscience or simply because they didn't want to get killed. They are not necessarily symbols of physical courage, but they are symbols of the mutilated people of the world making a gesture, however feeble, of resistance to death.

## Black Power Meet

from page 1

at the Greek Theatre. People would have to leave for half an hour to get lunch."

Many SDS members felt that the University was discriminating against them.

It cannot be accepted that the public is not to be invited to this event, any more than the University would think of forbidding advertising to the public for its concert series, or its football games", said Karen Lieberman in a prepared statement. Her statement

was adopted by the membership as the framework for a rebuttal to the "guidelines."

Meanwhile, Oakland civil rights leader Mark Comfort complained to BARB that he has not been invited to the conference. He hadn't even heard of it until "I caught part of it on TV." BARB told him that Black leaders from Watts were being invited.

"Those are my friends," he replied. "I'll be there anyway, and they (SDS) won't like my presence."

## BBC Will Challenge Cop Arming

As he ran from the scene of a nighttime burglary, Henry Booth was shot and killed by a Berkeley policeman.

A Berkeley Gazette article (Aug. 19) described how the man fled, was ordered to halt, "and when he did not, (the officer) raised his shotgun and fired once."

The fleeing man dropped. There was a small wound in the back of his head. He was dead.

Inquiries from readers led BARB to call Captain Starr of the Berkeley Police Department, to inquire about the use of shotguns.

Shotguns are not assigned to all cars, Starr said. Shotguns are assigned to specific officers.

BARB asked about the reasons for the use of a shotgun in the case of stopping a burglary suspect, such as the Booth incident.

"It's effective," Starr said.

BARB asked the Better Berkeley Committee its reaction to the Booth killing. Their steering committee considered the matter.

Steering committee member Bill Woodson told the result.

"First, we're going to look into the present ordinances regarding the use of firearms by police in Berkeley," he said. "Now it's apparently true that an officer can use his firearms at will, regardless of the nature of the suspected crime."

"Second, if this is true, we are going to act to try to enact ordinances to restrict the use of firearms here."

BBC co-chairman Leo Bach said the group intends to study the City Council's authorization of the Fourth Platoon of the BPD, and to find out "just what is this Fourth Platoon."

Booth was shotgunned by a member of the new platoon.

"We're going to press for ordinances limiting the use of firearms to major crimes," Bach said, "as is the case in many other cities in the United States."

To help protect civilians from illegal police practices, the BBC is publishing a "legal first-aid" pamphlet. BBC officers said the legal-information booklets will be carried by the BBC patrols beginning next week.

Later, they plan to distribute them en masse throughout Berkeley. JAS

# FILMS

## Guru or Gorilla- It Blows the Mind

by Allan Coult

Morgan is a magnificent tale of a tripped out ape-man's adventure in the super-real world of Beauty and the Beast. Beauty who has recently divorced him is a jet-set princess, whose prince is sometimes Morgan of the mumbo jumbo in the jungle and sometimes her effete, art-gallery owning, proper Oxford lover. Karl Marx as played by a mortuary sculpture is papa ape while mama is a Cockney revolutionary agitating for the working woman's paradise.

The adventure involves Morgan's attempts to eliminate civilized Charlie of the art gallery and arouse the beast in Beauty. Charlie turns out to be indestructible and although Beauty proves to be responsive to a certain amount of chest thumping, her libido is preoccupied with the nicey-nice package sold by the Establishment.

In company with another ape-man, Morgan kidnaps Beauty from the bed of her lover and takes her off to his lair in the living jungle. She, however, longs for the city, and the forces of the concrete jungle arrive via Rolls Royce and drag Morgan off to judgment. In psychedelic detachment Morgan tells the judge that he does not recognize the authority of the court. The feeling is reminiscent of e.e. cummings's Olaf: "I will not kiss your fucking flag." "There is some shit I will not eat."

So off goes Morgan to prison to emerge a full fledged gorilla King Konging up a building to commit mayhem at Beauty and Civilized Charlie's wedding reception.


Like all the jungle folk, ape-man is driven off and in terror finds himself amidst the ultimate triumph of the city, a junk yard, drowning in the tin-can refuse.

Poor Morgan has had it. The litanies of the revolutionary gods are chanted. All the spirits of honky-tonk land, bourgeoisie and proletariat, Beauty and Civilized Charlie, papa Ape and incest loving mama shoot ole Morgan up. This time he is the hanged man of the Tarot deck, suspended between up and down, this and that, nature and culture, life and death, heaven and earth, and me and you, too.

Through all this Morgan has been preoccupied with the hammer and sickle and now this same device has cut it off for him. But don't go away. Morgan's detumescence is his resurrection. He pops up again in the belly of the Beauty. Up the revolution. Up mama. Mor-

gan is dead. Long live King Kong. This flic is a trip sans acid. It is "for madmen only." Those who interpret everything in terms of their Sociology textbooks will find nothing of interest here.

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## Off-campus, On-campus Game With A Shovel

A UC administrator described one of the official University objections to the SDS Black Power conference as "Bullshit." He told BARB that many other administrators hold the same view.

"When there are conferences on health, physics, or English, no one is troubled by the use of outside consultants.

"It's very strange that it's objectionable to have Jerry Rubin as a consultant in a political matter, but would be perfectly all right to have Gerald Rubinstein as a consultant in physics," he said.

The administrator asked not to be named.

Mike Lerner, an organizer of the conference planned by the Stu-

dents for a Democratic Society, expanded on the same theme.

"Campus Religious groups such as Hillel and Westminster House rightfully employ non-students to actively organize their activities. They couldn't function without them," Lerner said.

He pointed out that private corporations, military recruiters, and the ASUC itself promote events on campus which are conceived and organized by non-students.

"For military, industrial, and other outside groups, they gladly suspend all the rules," Lerner

said.

He noted that in a recent TV appearance, Chancellor Roger Heyns said that UC welcomes non-student participation in campus affairs. Lerner said that Heyns obviously applies a double standard in interpreting the rules.



## LSD, Sex, and Religion

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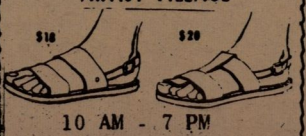
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### ARTIST VILLAGE



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Bancroft Way and Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley  
or, mail your check to Campus Sexual Rights Forum,  
Box 833, Berkeley.

# Vietnam, Too, Has A South

Dick Gregory may visit North and South Vietnam in the near future, BARB learned exclusively this week.

The noted comedian and civil rights leader will visit Lord Bertrand Russell in London next month, to discuss Russell's proposal that they visit the war-torn country together, according to UC student Bob Mundy.

Mundy, who is also editor of Academic Publishing, said that Gregory would like to go, but is apprehensive about possible harassment from the United States government.

Mundy recently interviewed Gregory for Academic Publishing. The transcript of the interview is available on campus, but the mood of the interview comes off much better on tape. And mood is a very important part of Gregory.

"He's changed a lot in the last year and half," said Mundy. "He's bitter, he's bewildered. When I told him that lately I find his routines too serious to laugh at, he said, 'I think we are both growing up.'"

The text of the interview is full of Gregory's bitterness.

"So I think maybe the civil rights movement has gone as far as we can go. Maybe nonviolence has gone as far as it can go . . ."

"There's a Johnson on every block, man. . . damn near every house."

"The longer America exists, the whole world's fucked up, man, because of what we're doing, above and beyond our racist attitude."

Mundy said this bitterness has not yet seeped into Gregory's night club act, but thought it might in the near future.

"Pretty soon, it may not be a comedy act at all," he added.

# Haight Hips Meet Up With Straights

from page 3

no good, man. We're the scapegoats, no matter what we do, nobody likes us."

"Well, what do you suggest," someone asked.

Another long-hair spoke up. "If we could show the neighborhood people that after the cops get rid of us, they'll need a new scapegoat . . ." He headed for the door.

"Go on, man, go on," someone urged.

"No, man, I'm too stoned, I'm gonna split."

After the meeting broke up, BARB overheard someone comment: "That's the trouble with hippies. They're high all the time; they don't see past themselves." --SS

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# Flowers for Matt



by Hal Verb

A young Negro stood looking at a makeshift wooden billboard. On it were two drawings of the Memorial planned for Matthew Johnson, the 16-year old shot down September 27 by a cop.

"What's it mean?" he asked. "It's a Memorial they want to build for this kid who was shot," I answered him. "Did you know him?"

He said he didn't. Another kid came up. He said he was a good friend of his. He paused for a moment, trying not to cry.

"What was he like?" I asked. He replied that he was good at the school metal workshop.

He said nothing more, and left. I read the description of the project planned by architects Carlo Rhodes, and Robert Tyler.

They would place a broken shaft at the spot where Matthew Johnson fell. Then four radiating lines would extend out from the shaft "symbolizing the effect his death had on the community."

This would be followed with tiers of plants which would spread out from the shaft as new plants are brought in.

Finally, a sculpture would "burst forth" to match the location.

Next to the diagram of the Memorial was one for a "Creative Hillside Park."

This project seemed more ambitious. It envisaged "naturally rolling contours" that would provide for the "creative and recreative uses of the adjacent community."

Here on the flat grassy areas small groups and families could

gather to rest, play and talk. Classes from the new nurseries could meet. Artists would work on varied projects. Then, finally, a "natural amphitheater" would rise from the sloping area to provide a forum for local talents, discussions, etc.

This could be done with "some lawn and grass and care."

"Do you expect any opposition to your project?" I asked Rhodes. "Opposition - no! Our worst enemy is apathy!"

Rhodes said he had discussed his proposals with the City Housing Authority and had gotten their approval.

I pointed to the Naval Radiological Defense Laboratory serving as a backdrop just below the "hill" on the other side of the street. It was ironic -- this barren desolate wasteland and the modern design building where people were working to "defend" people who had nothing.

"It's a strange contrast, Rhodes said, "between life and death. That's what this is all about. Can we make a human being live in this kind of world - amid the refuse of burgeoning technology."

I didn't answer. I wasn't sure we could.

As I left, I noticed the giant placard atop the hill. It read simply: "Rest in peace - Matthew Johnson was Cool!! He died here."

Two flowers were drawn on the placard. Flowers of hope in an otherwise gloomy and dreary setting. Kids were still raking up the ground when I left.

Maybe next time I return, I'll see those two flowers there.



(photos by Gerhard Gscheidle)

# Nude Party

from page 1

the viability of the whole scene with their threatening presence.

The main party took place downstairs in the combination living room and kitchen alcove of a house that had obviously not been lived in much. There was beer from a keg and wine from jugs. There was dancing and talking. The mood was intimate in the best sense of the word; contact wax being made by people being people, stripped of their clothes and pretensions.

Upstairs there were two bedrooms where the action was carnal as well as social. And it was here, on the second floor that the stags tried to play scavenger, bursting through half-closed doors trying to alter whatever game was going on according to the wierd dictates of their fantasies.

The thing that first strikes one at a nude party is how beautiful people are without their clothes, without belts to cinch in the flesh, without breaking the vertical lines of the body with horizontal barriers of cloth. And the people inhabiting these bodies are also beautiful, armored by a tender sense of their own vulnerability which brings tenderness to all their interactions with others. I saw none of the commonplace ego games that go on in clothed parties, none of those abstract arguments whose goal is domination or manipulation.

It seemed to me that everybody had their clothes off at one time or another, though there were clothed people coming and going all the time, and there was no hassle about getting undressed except at the

beginning when there was a difficult and stagnant period of collective awkwardness. Two or three couples who had been talking together finally went upstairs, took their clothes off, came down again and then things got moving.

On Saturday night at the Peninsula party, this unpleasant protracted moment was avoided by the fact that there was a discernible host and hostess one of whom met guests at the door in the nude and took them into a room where they could undress. But the gesture was directional, not authoritarian. From then on you were on your own, but you knew there was a host, and you knew who he was. If you couldn't find your sock when you had to go, there was someone to ask, someone who might find it, or your wallet and save it for you.

And there was also an outside! Guests were able to go nude into the star-showered night, onto a terrace surrounded by towering redwoods.

Though I had felt the need for a sweater while driving in a closed car to the party, once all my clothes were off the sweater was superflous, the air was mild and gentle, and there was the possibility of that murmuring kind of closeness that the cage of the house wouldn't permit.

The group at this party was somewhat older than the Berkeley group; many of the people were married and if there were any stag men they didn't make themselves known as such.

The Peninsula house was luxurious; it wasn't a matter of money, the hosts weren't rich, but the lighting and the audio had been arranged and there was a voluptuous feeling for textures and forms. The house was obviously that of a head who noticed these things. In the Berkeley party, the house did nothing to contribute to the mood, it was just an envelope keeping the rest of the world out.

At the Peninsula party there was no visible carnality at all. At least, I didn't see it. I'm sure it took place, but it wasn't nearly so much a part of the central scene as it was at Berkeley. The mood of the party was far more like an extension of the Free Beach at San Gregorio -- almost as if the house were on the beach and a part of it.

One of the demoralizing elements of urban life is the surface quality of relationships. At most parties people are part of the furnishings. Middle class hostesses often prepare their guest lists by mixing the social roles with the same kind of objective diligence as they mix ingredients for their cocktail dips. It may be that the nude party is a way of breaking down, or breaking through the social role-playing that is so much a part of urban life.

It is very difficult to sustain that kind of social identity one gets from one's position or profession while dancing in the nude. It's an experience containing all the challenge and mystery of a masked ball; except that in this instance the everyday mask is off and you are the stranger to yourself.

# Seize Sex In Season of Drama

by Dennis

"I like sex," was Valerie Alison's frank reply to BARB when asked why she joined the East Bay Sexual Freedom League. "I was also attracted by the offer of free membership to women."

Miss Alison, new to the sexual freedom movement but not to the Berkeley scene, is 25 years old and a graduate in English literature with a minor in drama from Stanford University. She calls herself an "apprentice playwright", having written some six plays, one with a near miss on both publication and production.

She is the "Convenor" of the series "The History of Sex in Western Theatre" being conducted by the Artist's Circle of the SFL.

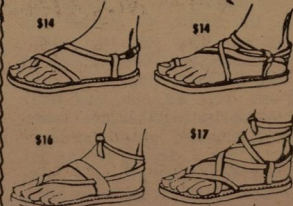
This Circle recently advertised for persons interested in production of a play on abortion but has decided to go back to the sources and read plays illustrating the history of the treatment of sex on the stage.

The playreading group will meet every Tuesday night at 8:00 P.M. at 924-60th Street, Oakland. Non-members are welcome although their membership in the League will be encouraged after trial attendance.

Scheduled for the next four weeks are (in historical order): LYSISTRATA, IL CANDELAIO, LA RONDE and AMPHITRYON 38.

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## All Aboard And Turn On A-Holding

Gather closer round the fire children, and pull your rugs up over your shoulders. Tonight we are going to ride the Electric Train, and I'll turn you on to Big Brother and the Holding Company, if you missed the last Mojo Navigator.

I have never said much about the Frisco rock bands because I have found them almost uniformly uninteresting. For the most part they do imitative versions of Chicago blues, or rework other folk material, and during an evening spent listening to them you can get a bunch of flashes but no sustained high. Some seem to be worse than others, but I have not formed any value judgments about any of them because I have had this persistent feeling that there must be something going on in their music that I didn't see.

Every couple of weeks I get over and listen some more, but until last week the only band that was more interesting than the light shows was the Great Society and they broke up.

It wasn't rock which lured me to the Avalon last weekend, it was Kweskin's Jug Band for whom I was prepared to sit thru a couple of sets of electric music. After all the loudness and the surroundings generate excitement even when the musicians can't, and I have never disliked an evening at one of the dances even the few turn me on.

The Electric Train was no surprise. They have a lead singer with a good voice, and a limited number of things that he can do with it, a bass player who really seemed good, and some backup instrumentalists. A lot of their material is borrowed from other groups like the Animals, or the folk tradition, like Route 66 which was most enjoyable, and by comparison their own arrangements and material seemed few, heavy and melodically inept like the oral literature of a race that just acquired a language from its neighbors.

It was, in other words, an adequate, typical Frisco band. The kind that you would have at a charity ball at the Hilton for the youngsters to dance to. It looked a little weird, played music which was nice for dancing, and adequate for listening, and didn't bother your mind by doing unexpected things.

Big Brother and the Holding Company, who are more or less the Avalon house band, came on next. When they climbed onto the stage I thought I was going to hear the same thing for another hour. People had told me earlier that the chick with the group could really sing, but I didn't believe them very much because almost no one has any prespective about these things. As they tuned and moved the amplifiers around on the stage I remembered seeing her years ago in a North Beach coffeehouse, singing blues with no microphone. Yet and still I didn't expect anything.

The chick really can sing, tho. She is a blues wailer working material from Shirley & Lee back to Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith, with the ability to scream and throw her body into the music. The bass player, whom I took to be Big Brother, sings also, altho not so well as she, and their voices worked together nicely when they harmonised, or did their sermon. It was a strange evening for a blues freak like me, very much like seeing one of my tapes come to life in a strange form. It must have been a real trip for the people in Chicago where the group

just played.

But it was the instrumentalists who made the group out of sight. I didn't pay too much attention to the drummer who seemed Frisco rock heavy on the beat, but not like a soloist, because I was hooked on the guitarists. They flank the stage: on the right the straight guitarist who plays his instrument well - he is the lead on the Ha of the Mountain King from the Peer Gynt Suite - and on the left playing a two knob electric is the guitarist who tripped me over. He played rythm guitar almost entirely with the volume control, setting it between the notes and certainly spending more time with that than he did on the strings. I am not positive that he was intentionally making the sounds that he did, but I know that I really liked them.

They gave the music a dimension other groups lack. And quite naturally the volume control is at least as important as the notes on an electric instrument, but very few guitarists know that.

Overall was the feeling that the group was making their music, not just their living, & that they were doing some inventive things. There was a subtle limitation on what they did - a feeling of crude directness about much of the set, just as there is in Little Richard's lyrics - but I almost didn't feel it.

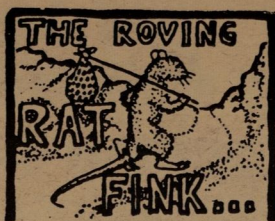
Another nicething: My friends tell me that the group's material changes pretty much from time to time.

Otis Reding coming to the Fillmore. Butterfield finishing this weekend.

I missed the take on the light show at the Bob Holt Dance at the Finnish Brotherhood Hall this Friday. I thought it was strange that it got equal billing with the band. Bob tells me that it also got featuring, and the covers in the Life Magazine issue on psychedelic art.



As this is written (Monday, Oct. 10) two reports have come from Hong Kong and Moscow that indicate China is coming apart inside itself; 1 - Lin Piao is now under attack by the very Red Guards he started up (today - channel 4), and 2 - Moscow reports a Peking broadcast "for the Red Army to back Piao", that apparently China is "near anarchy" (CBS) . . . Bill Mandel says he feels that those under attack by the Red Guards are the intellectuals of the Chinese Communist Party who want to work with the Soviet Union and that current reports this week indicates the attack on them is back-firing . . . Some of the people under attack (before Lin Piao), indicated by the statement that "at the beginning of June, a brief announcement noted the dismissal of Pen Chen, Mayor of Peking and first secretary of the Peking Municipal Committee of the CP. The entire Peking committee was also dismissed" (The Nation, Oct. 3); then came the Red Guards and their leader, Lin Piao, and now comes his loss of merit-badges . . . All this will come out, at least as far as I am concerned, at the CNP all-day conference on peace-strategy, Saturday, Oct. 15, 155 Dwinelle Hall, UC . . . It was my impression this conference would be an informal affair where anybody who wanted to get up to talk could get up and talk, but now I



## Like, See, Another UFO

Last Monday evening, I stood on the street corner for about fifteen minutes, along with this teenage boy from down the block, watching that strange light hanging over the Bay. It hovered completely stationary, flashing back and forth between red and blue, and when on red it was bright enough to show that it was giving off smoke.

We both stood and watched it till it burned out, and we agreed in hoping that it was a real Ufo, but feeling that we couldn't be so lucky.

Of course, the next day we checked the paper, and saw the story about the rescue on the Bay, and the use of flares.

But, as usual when something is seen overhead, official switchboards were, from what I've heard, jammed with frantic calls that Monday night. The few of us who'd like to see a real Ufo are vastly outnumbered by all those who are terrified at the thought.

There was a good point made by the good Willy Ley following last spring's saucer flap. He seemed to feel that it had something to do with debunking the whole matter, but I don't quite follow his reasoning.

Ennaway, his point was that there's come to be a certain Flying Saucer Psychology, that predisposes people to see them, and to interpret what they see accordingly.

The point is that there was the time that if a man saw something strange in the sky, he would react like, "That was sure a weird thing I saw--but I suppose there's some explanation." And at most he might tell his wife, or his buddy.

Today, people have been conditioned to react like, "I saw one! A real flying saucer!" So, call the police, and the Air Force, and the newspapers, and tell all their friends.

Ley's argument seems to me to be a backhanded admission that there were strange things to be seen in the sky even before the public got Ufo-conscious.

Personally, I'm convinced that they do exist, wherever they come from, I'm also convinced that most of the reported sightings aren't really.

The US Air Force has often been accused of covering up on the subject. Perhaps it's not letting out everything it knows. But at the end of 1965, the Air Force reported having investigated 10,147 sightings since 1947, and having found satisfactory explanations for 9,501 of them; while the remaining 646 "cannot be correlated with any known objects or phenomena." That strikes me as quite plausible ratio, considering people's tendency to see things, R.R.

read that the wheels are going to be on the platform all morning and we can pick up their crumbs in the afternoon; it should be done the other way around - let us amateurs speak first then let the experts fill in the gaps . . . "While I do not support the Red Guard actions, I can understand their frustration, just as one can understand the frustration of the Negro people in Watts and Hunters Point; in simple, nitty-gritty talk, China is being sold down the river by the entire world and all we in the peace movement can come up with is 'Get Out Of Vietnam' - core of my position-paper (if it ever gets to be read) . . . In other words, peace-demonstrators, raise the slogan: HANDS OFF CHINA! G.K.

## Fragment 5

# From a Novel "From the Campus to Indian Rock"

by Jose M. Souto-Martinez  
Translated by: Jose Santiago Negron

"December the 25th"

"Our house" is almost desolate; very few occupants remain. Most of them have gone to spend Christmas far from Berkeley. Today the majority of the most rebellious liberals are prodigal sons who awaken to open their Christmas presents, sit at the table with their parents, and later attend church. I can no longer remain alone in my room; I don't want to hear any more music, or continue reading. I start out towards the Mediterranean; it has been a long time since I last visited it. The door of Helen's apartment is locked. She left yesterday. I cross the street, enter the cafe, get my cup of hot chocolate, and take it up to the balcony. Many tables are empty. From here I amuse myself observing those who enter or leave. I believe that tonight even in company I would feel lonely. I see a skinny blonde enter in black pants and gray coat. Her hair is short and uneven and she wears glasses and from where I am contemplating her, she doesn't seem too ugly. She gets a glass of hot milk and comes up. She sits too far from me. Now she lights a cigarette and fixes her gaze on the glass of milk. I get up, go to the bathroom and return; I cross towards the telephone booth, stop in front of her, ask her for change; she has none. I descend, get change at the cashier's window, climb, enter the booth, dial Silvio's number, dawdle a moment, and dial Helen's number; then leave. I look at the blonde skinny one face to face, smiling with a superhuman effort. She returns my smile with sincerity.

And we begin to talk; and it so happens that she knows Robert, a homosexual but a good guy; and we comment in respect to the evil and aberrations of the Middle Class; and she tells me that she studies Anthropology; and she agrees that Berkeley is a golden prison; and we have the same opinions on many things, and we go to the Cinema Guild and come out; and we return to the Mediterranean; and I take her home. Like me, she lives in a small room, in a large rooming house, surrounded by a garden and I visualize, in each room, a lonely one like us. She has already been in Berkeley for two years. Her mother is a patient in a mental hospital, her father died during the war, she is 21 years old, her name is Erica. Sitting on the floor, we listen to music. I attempt to kiss her mouth; manage only to do so on her forehead. Another attempt; it is useless. She leans her head on my shoulder; and thus, we maintain ourselves silently, for one, two, three hours perhaps, while the music of various composers accompanies us in our thoughts, which I believe are identical.

Finally, towards the break of dawn, I leave, saying "Until tomorrow or the next day." Slowly, with my tiredness on my back, I walk the silent and empty streets. I look at the trees; many of them are familiar to me; never have I thought of calling any of them by a definite name as one does with domestic animals or human beings. But why? After all, I believe that trees are the only thing, thanks to their immobility, that can not hurt us, unless we throw ourselves against them.

And I arrive at "Our House." Already the light of day is beginning to impose itself upon the receding dark of night. I climb the stairs, beginning to count them; but I am distracted by the creak that they make under my weight. The house is silent as never before. Finally I reach my room. I don't need to switch on the light and without undressing I drop onto the bed and fall asleep immediately . . . and I begin to dream.

It all takes place in Berkeley, for in my dream, Berkeley is the only known world. All things previous dated from the immemorial, within pre-history. Professor Almada conducts his class without gestures, without moving his lips, without uttering a sound; and thus I learn that for millions of years there existed civilizations of mortal beings who were sick with an ailment then known by the name of cruelty; That its laws in respect to nourishment and reproduction were unjust and cruel. The cruelty of those beings seemed to have had its origin in the bad faith with which they practiced their religious and political beliefs. And one day, all these civilizations and their evils were destroyed by the same weapons with which they ruled their destinies. And I want to desist from my destinies. And I want to desist from my dream that seems absurd and ridiculous. However, still dreaming, I begin to walk towards Indian Rock with Marcia and Silvio. We arrive at our destination, Marcia's home. But upon beginning to ascend the steps, I discover they are not with me; and on entering the apartment I find them locked in a death struggle. Silvio grabs a knife from the kitchen and stabs Marcia. Suddenly he emits shouts of anguish. Each stab he thrusts into Marcia cuts deeply into his own body which bleeds in spurts. Sultan indifferently laps up the blood running over the floor. Silvio is dead. I see how immortality belongs to the one who is attacked; the attacker always dies.

Hand in hand Marcia and I resume our way back to the campus. "What kind of women are the Spanish-American, to permit their men to go about driven crazy running after sex?"

"Your question is an interesting one. The Spanish-American lover is simply any wretched male who, due to the force of abstinence, unbounds himself in infernal frenzy when he gets the chance with a woman."

"But you are different from Silvio. He had me sick, up to my neck every moment, asking me to go to bed with him, instead of saying to me that he loved me and wanted us to get married."

"What are you going to do now with his body?"

"Sultan will eat it. Let's not go to class today, Gustavo. Let's

# WHAT IS "JOINT ART"



Joint art, of which the accompanying is an example, is an idea put forth by the Bodega Bay Company, a multi-faceted, progressive corporation with the highest goals. The company was recently founded by artists Gary Goldhill and Peter Spoecker and it is dedicated to the public dissemination of psychedelic art.

The term "joint art" comes from the fact that some of the works of art produced by the company are done by more than one person. For example, the accompanying drawing was done by Peter Spoecker, Gary Goldhill, and Steve Austin.

The drawing was not done according to any particular plan or idea, but the artists would simply trade drawings every half hour or so.

Psychedelic art, then, as envisioned by the founders of the Bodega Bay Company is a continuous record of a sort of non-verbal stream of subconscious thought.

## From a Novel

from page 6

return to my apartment."

"Yes, Marcia."

And we returned. On entering the front room, Silvio's body and all the blood spots had disappeared completely. Marcia undressed herself in my presence and began to be possessed by Sultan.

"I don't mind you watching us: Our relationship is a disinterested one."

"Yes, Marcia."

I feel afraid and I leave. On arriving at the campus I meet Silvio who assures me that he is not dead and that Marcia only exists in my imagination. He seems shocked at my narration. I begin to think that I'm going mad. I direct myself towards "our house," but on arriving there I don't dare to enter . . .

I awaken confused.

## School Boycott Looms

from page 3

year."

"What do you feel are their chances of success?" BARB asked.

"Responsible parents will refuse to participate. They will send their children to school," he answered.

Finally, BARB talked to Seymour Rose, a member of the school board once described by John George as one of the two sympathetic people on the board.

"I am very sympathetic with some of the underlying causes for this boycott," Mr. Rose began. "Many of their goals I share but I cannot condone this boycott."

"In fact, boycott is the wrong

word to use. A boycott indicates a legal choice, such as refusing to buy at a certain store. But you cannot legally refuse to buy the Oakland school system. Children may not legally stay out of school, hence this is an act of civil disobedience rather than a boycott. The whites have been boycotting Oakland schools for years by moving to the suburbs."

"Do they have a chance to succeed?" BARB asked.

"I'm afraid their success will be moderate, at best."

Meanwhile, the Ad Hoc Committee seems confident.

—Mary Sue Slatkin

## Acid Head DEW

from page 2

breaks any law.

As BARB goes to press, we are busily scanning the front pages of back issues. If we find a narcotics agent, we will let everybody know.

## Moe Gets Less

from page 2

port me," he added. "I'll even supply transportation. I have a truck and I can take people over to City Hall. And if I can get someone in a straight disguise to speak for me, it might help sway one more board member." Mary Sue Slatkin

# Opting For The Op

by John Rockwell

Opera, as a giddy mixture of the different arts, has always been the bane of the aestheticians, and its very nature makes opera going rather unusual. It is easier to have an unambiguous reaction to a play or a movie.

Opera succeeds in transcending its disparate components only rarely; perhaps only once in the whole evening has been worthwhile. Most of the time many, if not most, of the elements are in some way unsatisfactory.

Yet opera disciples keep reappearing at the shrine. No doubt they keep hoping for that rare evening in which everything works. But given a predisposition for the combination of the human voice and drama, most of them are able to derive an evening's entertainment from, say, just one singer, or the sets, or the conducting. They hope for the Gesamtkunstwerk, but when it falls apart, they enjoy the pieces.

Of the five performances I have seen at the time of this writing, only one was a totally absorbing experience, and that was the Greek Theater Elektra.

In the opening Elektra at the Opera House the parts had simply not jelled, and especially stage director Paul Hager had not been able to impose his conception of the work on the singers. Amy Shuard in particular was awkward and even embarrassing in her stylized gestures, and Horst Stein's conducting seemed curiously muted and erratic.

The most obvious tangible difference in the two performances was, of course, in the settings. Alfred Siercke's anthropologically correct, igloo-like shell was designed partially as an aid for the singers, although why this was felt necessary considering Stein's restraint and the reduction of the orchestra by thirty because of the small pit I do not know. One certainly heard the voices in the Opera House, sometimes as if through a megaphone.

By contrast, if the Greek Theater is suitable for any opera, it is suitable for Elektra. As always, a good deal of the string and bass tone was lost, and the effect was rather anemic from the grass. But visually the stately stone facade was a good foil for the hysterical carryings-on on stage.

In Berkeley Stein's conducting caught fire, and Miss Shuard's acting had gained immeasurably in conviction, even if she still has some growing to do in the role,

preferably with a director of the caliber of Wieland Wagner. Regina Resnik made the most striking individual impression: Klytemnestra is one of this great singing actress's most impressive roles. The singing, too, although it had been the S.F. performance's strong point, had improved in Berkeley. Shuard's strong, sometimes harsh voice contrasted nicely with Enriquetta Tarres's feminine quality, while Thomas Stewart and Richard Cassilly complemented them well in the male roles.

Don Carlo was more of a mixed bag. This intermittently compelling example of middle Verki, more than other of his works, needs a unified and creative production to tie it together, and it did not get one on September 22.

Jon Vickers's mannered but immensely moving Carlo, and Peter Glossop's manly Rodrigo did much to salvage the evening. But Giorgio Tozzi's uncertain intonation and Marilyn Horne's forced and hard singing set it back again. Clair Watson, enchanting in the lyric Wagner roles, was miscast as Elisabeth, although she always has an attractive stage presence. Molinari-Pradelli conducted a typical Molinari-Pradelli performance: idiomatic, musical, and ultimately undistinguished.

I Puritani is one of those happily idiotic Italian potboilers in which the problem of reaching an ideal balance between all the arts is a less crucial one. If you have good singing and like the music's tunefulness, you enjoy yourself, and I enjoyed myself opening night.

But in the end I am too much wedded to the ideal of opera as drama, especially considering the efforts Callas made towards re-investing such works as this with theatrical validity. Joan Sutherland just sings, and she sings very well, despite her (now somewhat improved) swallowing of words, veiling of tone, and toying with rhythm. Alfredo Kraus is especially well suited to the high-lying Bellini tenor lines; and his dashing stage presence, although it showed up Miss Sutherland's stolidity, was an added benefit. Raymond Wolansky contributed his usual smoothly sung and blandly acted performance.

Wolansky and the bass Nicola Ghiuselev also appeared in the season's first real bomb, L'Amore dei tre re. This somewhat eclectic example of late verismo has its effective moments and provides two starring roles for the soprano and bass.

Dorothy Kirsten's voice has never done much for me, although she acted competently. Ghiuselev's singing is pleasant, but he lacks the commanding theatricality that Archibaldo requires. Giuseppe Campora was an off-pitch, muddily voiced, arm-flailing disaster, and the sets and directing attained a level of uninventiveness rare even in the annals of American opera production.

The season has still another month and half to go, and there are some potentially exciting

## Latest Scoop

### On Some Dirt

A few minutes of casual observation can give one some amazing insights into the workings of a giant corporation. Witness the following, observed by BARB this week on Shattuck between Bancroft and Durant:

Two piles of dirt, call them A and B, lie in the center parking strip, About sixty feet apart. They appear to be of about the same quality.

Bulldozer #1 approaches from the direction of University Ave., carrying a load of dirt. It drops its load on pile A, and heads back towards University Ave., to get another load.

Bulldozer #2 then approaches from the same direction. It scoops up a load of dirt from pile B, takes it off in the direction of University Ave., and returns for another load.

BARB watched this little scene for about five minutes, thinking of the little IBM card we get several times a year which tells us how much we owe for the privilege of cooking with gas. But rapid transit must go through. S.S.

## CFJ Looking

### For a Home

The Council for Justice, which handled 95% of the San Francisco "riot" cases, is without an office, BARB learned Wednesday night.

The Council has vacated its Telegraph Avenue headquarters, and will accept few if any new cases until money is raised to cover its debt of \$6,000, according to CFJ attorney R. J. Engle.

But cases already being handled will not be dropped, he said. The work will have to be done in lawyers' offices.

Engle told BARB that the Council hopes to raise enough money "to continue and enlarge operations, and to get a proper office and staff."

In addition to the San Francisco cases, CFJ is working with the Port Chicago arrestees, the VDC suit against UC, UFWOC, BBC, and other civil liberties - type cases.

things in it. Boris is always worth seeing, and the cast here could be a good one. In the Italian wing the most promising would seem to be Rigoletto. The Figaro cast is a superb one on paper, while the combination of a strong cast, an interesting conductor, a gifted designer, and my program notes should attract the Wagnerians to Tannhaeuser. Collectors of exotica -- and great music -- might consider Les Troyens, despite the truncated version to be used here. And Marie Collier and Leos Janacek should make The Makropulos Case a fascinating experience.

But it is the intangible which makes opera great, and, as I have said, it's hard to predict when it will be present.

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# How Do You Know You're Not a CO

There is nothing wrong with using a CO Form 150 to tell your draft board your feelings about the Viet Nam War. The only rule is that you must not say anything which is untrue. This is illegal and can result in a perjury charge.

Actually, there is much to be gained by using the CO form for the purpose of telling the draft board your views. The CO form becomes a part of your permanent Selective Service file and is available to you and to the draft board in any administrative proceeding or in any court proceeding. Also, filing the form causes the Selective Service system to follow a certain prescribed procedure in deciding whether you are eligible for induction. This procedure will be described in a later article, or see the CCCO Handbook.

When you tell someone at the draft board your views orally, this does not become part of any written record, and it does not cause the board to do anything. The same is true when you write your views to the board in a letter or on any other sheet of paper.

The procedure which follows your filing of the CO form takes several months. During this time you can write additional material to the board which further explains your views. All of this is added to your form 150 file by the board and is considered by them.

To young men who "know" they are not COs: Many registrants "know" they are not COs although they have never spoken to a lawyer or a CO counsellor. Sometimes they are right. But sometimes they do come within the legal definition of a CO.

The following questions may help you decide where you stand. Do you think war is a good way to solve problems? If so, you are clearly not a CO.

If you think war is the worst possible way to solve problems, then you should question yourself further.

Did the invention of atomic and nuclear weapons make any fundamental difference in the nature of war? Did it abolish the concept of "just" or "ethical" international wars?

If it did, then is it possible to give a true or meaningful answer--in the atomic era--to any question about the morality or "necessity" of any pre-atomic war?

Is it relevant any longer to ask whether World War II was a "just" war, or whether the Civil War was morally necessary, in deciding one's views about all future wars by an atomic power such as the US?

Is it relevant today to ask whether it was moral for the US to participate in any past world wars in view of the formation of the United Nations and US participation in it after the last world war? Is it moral now for a member nation to go to war when this instrument exists for the purpose of achieving peaceful solutions to world problems which in the past resulted in war?

Does the success of the non-violent mass movement for civil rights in this country in the 1950s and '60s indicate in a new way the possibility of achieving positive social change through nonviolent methods which may have implications for nonviolent social change on an international scale?

The purpose of the CO form is to guarantee protection of freedom of thought and freedom of religion to registrants opposed to participation in War. Specifically, the form is intended to determine whether the government can draft you to fight in any war which may arise during the years you are of draft age. This is its only purpose. It is not a religious or philosophi-

cal exercise in the abstract.

If you are firmly convinced that, during the years you are of draft age, there is no war for which the US government might conceivably draft you, in which you are conscientiously prepared to fight, should you come within the definition of "opposition to war in any form" in the law?

This position is being taken by some young men today. It has never been tested in the courts. It may be rejected or it may be accepted or it may be accepted in part. If it accurately expresses your conscientiously held views, it cannot be wrong to state on a CO form that you are opposed to war in any form and, in your hearing, to explain your precise position. The board may reject or accept your views. If it rejects them, you can appeal. This appeal procedure will be discussed in a later article.

Ultimately, every man of draft age who is not 4-F faces the possibility of going to war, or going to jail if his CO application is denied on appeal and he refuses induction and is convicted for his refusal. This is a hard choice which takes time and thought. There are no easy answers.

Perhaps it is worth remembering that any decision by the draft board can be appealed within ten days. If a man is classified 1-0 (as a CO) and then the United States is attacked by a foreign power or gets involved in any war in which the CO believes he should fight, he can immediately ask his draft board for reclassification as 1-A. In other words, a youth may become a CO and may stop being a CO.

Does the US government lose anything by permitting a man to do alternative, civilian service as a CO if he is a sincere CO, even if later he may feel differently?

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# Agri-Meet Not Quite Complete

They raised all of the right questions. But most of those whose actions will shape the answers were not at the conference.

The conference was on the Future of Agriculture in California. It brought together some 175 persons in Berkeley's Little Theatre for a day and one-half of discussion last weekend.

Principal accomplishments were in turning attention to the problems of farm workers and small growers, and in bringing about communication where there had been none. This was the opinion of UC Professor George French, one of the organizers of the conference.

"I saw a leader of the migrant minority and a grower engaged in a long discussion," said French. "Previously, there was no communication at all between them."

One big grower was present: Pete Hamatani, president of Sacramento County Farm Bureau. Two labor leaders were on hand: Clive Knowles, former farm labor organizer, noq research director for the carpenters union; and Ann Draper of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in San Francisco.

There were professors, church leaders, research and administrative people from the state government, and small growers.

BARB asked Mike Gilliland of the United Farm Workers what he thought of the conference. "It was fine," he said. "Very good. But I wish some of them had been willing to help us organize support and raise money for the Delano strikers."

# The Black Flag

By Stewart Albert

This is not intended to be an expert analysis of the concept of Black Power. No one to my knowledge has as yet written a Ph. D. theses on the subject, and no one could.

Black Power is still in the speculative stage, and concrete reality has yet to give it a rough--much less finished--form. But with Black Power Day coming up on the U. C. Campus on October 29th, I feel that it might be useful to offer a few experiences that I had with what Black Power concept. That is the ghetto Negro's long-time self-hatred which manifests itself in a denial of his blackness.

I was this very blonde liberal kid working for the New York Department of Welfare. I was a social worker, and I had all the best intentions. To my clients, though I was just another white boy on their backs. But blonde hair made me a little more than this. I was to them also Mr. Whitey in one of the boldest expressions of the type that they had ever seen.

The first time I walked down Grafton Street in the Brownsville Ghetto in Brooklyn, a little brown kid who was playing stick ball in the street stopped in the middle of his turn at bat and looked at me and said, "If you would only comb your hair back you sure would be pretty." And on my first visit to a client, there was a four year old girl in the room who kept running her hands through my hair.

I soon came to realize that blackness was really despised in the ghetto. A way that a guy had for putting down a chick who he went out with but didn't dig would be to say, "Boy, was she black!"

In this neighborhood where, when the old lady took her kids out for an airing, she also brought a stick or a makeshift whip along, a favorite mothers' threat was, "Boy, if you don't behave I'm going to beat every bit of black off that ass of yours."

Since the Civil Rights Movement has begun scoring its successes, there has been token integration on Madison Avenue. TV viewers of Gillette Razor commercials have become familiar with a brand of almost white Negro. This type is long familiar in the ghetto signboard advertisements, though. He is the model which the people are called on to follow. The darkest complexioned character in ghetto advertising is Smokey the Bear.

Then there are the products sold in the ghetto. The most offensive are the hair straighteners and the skin lighteners. Listeners to WLIB (a station oriented to a Negro audience) are constantly told by the DJ's that they can really make it in the sex and business worlds if only they would rub Dixie Peach Cream on their faces and look white.

Some people wonder why the crime rate among darker Negroes seems to be higher than among the lighter. If this is true, the reason for it is that the blackest kid in the litter is the one rejected by the mother (the old man has usually skipped out). These are the people who hate themselves the most, and they turn to heroin to kill the pain. The drug is paid for through prostitution, muggings, and second-story work.

I got to know one fellow very well. He was a good jazz drummer. He had played all over Europe, and now he was writing poetry. He was a really good poet with a fascination for Lorca. We became good friends, and he liked trying out his verses on me.

Milt was jet black and hated himself more than any man I ever met. He was really strung out on H and paid for it through the customary channels. He was the best

heist man on Pitkin Avenue. Always trying to kick the habit, he would check into Manhattan General Hospital, take the treatment for a couple of weeks, and come out cured. But then, because being black and on welfare, he was eligible to live only in the junk-infested ghetto, he'd always get hooked again.

It was at these times when he was beginning to shoot up again that Milt's hatred for himself really came out. This brilliant man would cry hysterically and torture himself, saying, "A black nigger. That's what I am. Just dumb, a nigger, it figures." I don't know what ever happened to Milt. I figure that he will wind up with a cop's bullet in the back of his head, or in the electric chair. That's the way we usually treat people whose blackness can't be cured even with Dixie Peach Cream.

No one should allow himself the southern comfort of thinking that hatred of black means love of white. The ghetto black man may envy the white man, but don't confuse this with love. The ghetto feels infinite hatred for the white race. The worst hatred you can feel is for the guy who's responsible for you hating yourself. And anyone sharp enough to make his living on the street has the brains to know who is behind it all -- whitey.

During the summer, social workers in some centers refuse to go out on their rounds unless accompanied by a cop for protection. One time in August -- it was on Amboy Street -- someone threw an empty Thunderbird Wine bottle at me, and from all the windows in a shouted chorus, it came: "Hey Whitey, we're going to get your ass!" On the sidewalk a pregnant woman noticed that my black-bound looseleaf notebook (the mark of a social worker in N.Y.) was hidden by a newspaper (it was accidental). "He's trying to hide it, but I know who he is!" The newspaper was the "New York Post," and it was appropriate

# All For Free At ALF Spree

by Jan Shannon

Drag queens and prostitutes painted pictures and danced last weekend in San Francisco's Tenderloin when the Artists Liberation Front presented its second Art Free Fair at Glide Foundation. The fuzz showed up asking if Ken Kesey was around. The big hotels complained about the noise. It was beautiful.

Thirty poets read from their own works. Crowds danced to rock groups, which included Country Joe and the Fish. The Old Committee performed. Contortionist Bernie Orlando escaped after being tied up by sailors.

One high point came during a performance by Mrs. Joseph P. Lacy III's Jug Band when a big pottery jug fell on the head of one of the AFL workers. The jug was shattered. The head bled. The fair went on.

Next weekend the third of four fairs will be held in the Panhandle. It will be more of the same--do-it-yourself art, music, dancing, entertainment. A parade is being planned for Sunday by Gary Goodrow and Tangerine.

"We should really swing in the Haight - Ashbury," said Barbara Wohl, AFL Spokesman. "Everyone's been having so much fun, they all plan to come back."

Hours are from noon to 10 p.m. both Saturday and Sunday.

that she thought I was trying to hide behind that liberal figleaf.

So, what does this all have to do with Black Power? Simply this. The ghetto man is discovering that he will never be able to build anything for himself unless he stops hating himself. The vicious cycle of self-destruction has to be broken. Milt's way of killing the pain with a needle and depending on the Welfare Department for a subsistence living is not the way out.

Black Power means that blackness will be waved as a flag of prouddness, and it may at times border on chauvinism. And instead of welfare checks, co-operative living will be relied on for subsistence. The Black man will try to build a decent life for himself here in America, and by and large, he will have to do it himself. It is through the building of his own society with black brains and hands that true self worth will be achieved. And as for the whites what they must do is realize that the dignity that they seek in their communities is in reality denied to them. To achieve their dignity as men -- this is what the whites must seek to do in their own society. When this is done then will the idea of integration between the races on a large scale be a liberating force.

In the short run we as whites can begin to help the Negro by struggling to get off his back.

# Children Need Milk In Delano

Children of Delano have had no milk for many days.

"We need your help more than we have ever needed it before," says an appeal from the United Farm Workers' strike committee. "Many of our friends think that our strike is over - that we do not need their help any more."

"We need more food in a day than a family of four eats in a year. We need money to pay for the Di Giorgio election and to continue our efforts tomorrow. Without food and money we can't continue."

A caravan -- carrying food, it is hoped -- will leave Oakland on Saturday, October 15. Your donation of food or money, or both can be taken to Sather Gate, where there is a box to receive it, or to UFW headquarters in Oakland, 568 47th St. (a half block west of Shattuck).

Friends of the farm strikers are invited to join the caravan. If you are interested, be at UFW headquarters in Oakland at 8 am Saturday morning. It is suggested that you call ahead of time, so that enough cars will be on hand. Call 655-3256.

Some cars of the caravan will return from Delano on Saturday. Others will stay overnight and return Sunday. If you wish to return Sunday, take your own sleeping bag.

For the future, plan to give food and money again to go with a caravan leaving the San Francisco Labor Temple on Saturday, October 22.

A rummage sale to help the strikers will be held Sunday, October 23 at the Co-op on University Avenue in Berkeley. Saleable articles will be welcomed; call UFW headquarters in Oakland.

A UC chapter of Students for Farm Labor was organized last weekend, with Lillian Oliver as chairman. They made plans to help with fund raising and with picketing liquor stores, if that proves necessary, in support of the boycott of Perelli, Mineetti and Sons' products.

Don't buy or serve:  
WINES: Ambassador, Eleven Cellars, Red Rooster, Greystone, Buasti, Calwa, F.I.  
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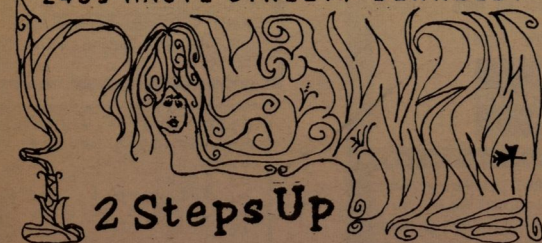
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# Co-op Bows To Dow

"Napalm is a grizzly thng," says Jane Lundin of Berkeley Oakland Women for Peace. But the Co-op Board of Directors doesn't seem to agree. Last Monday it turned down a motion to label Dow Chemical's products as subject to boycott, by a vote of 5-3.

Miss Lundin told BARB that she is hopeful that the decision will be reconsidered.

"They are asking for more opinions from the membership," she said. "I hope lots of members will write in to support the boycott."

"There is a feeling that the Co-op leadership is getting too conservative. Much of what was said at the meeting seemed like a cover-up for their timidity about the matter."

Women for Peace has been boycotting Dow products in protest of that corporation's willingness to manufacture napalm for use in Vietnam.

Miss Lundin said the motion, made by Bob Arnold of the Member Relations Committee, provided for bulletin board space and shelf labels for all products which are subject to an "organized" boycott. The Co-op now has a similar policy for products whose manufacturers are subject to strike action, she added.

Supporting Arnold's motion were Board members Shirek and Browdie; opposed were Farris, Gilbert, Barankin, Ahonen, and Chairwoman Hayakawa.

## Precensoring Napalm News

Results of last week's meeting between representatives of Women for Peace and those of Dow Chemical Company are still not available. The subject was Dow's continuing manufacture of napalm.

It seems that the Dow people agreed to a meeting only on the condition that they get censorship rights to any information given out concerning the meeting.

The Barb will receive an "approved" press release as soon as it is available.

## Black Power Soviet Style

"BLACK POWER-Soviet Style" is being taught by William Mandel Monday nights, 7:45 p.m. at the Free University Berkeley, 1703 Grove.

"Uzbekistan is the cotton-growing 'Mississippi' of the Soviet Union," Mandel said. "Before the revolution its people were nearly 100% illiterate. Today there are more Uzbeks in college than there are Swedish students in college in Sweden."

This and other ethnic themes within the USSR are discussed.

Mandel also teaches a course in "Contemporary Soviet Civilization" at the Experimental College, SF State.

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# adadadadadadada

All ads in this section must be paid in advance to the Berkeley BARB. Deadline is Wednesday noon. The cost is 50 cents per line or part-line. There is a two-line minimum. Figure 30 units per line. Each letter, punctuation mark, space, or symbol counts as 1 unit. (Figure 27 units per line for each line which includes a word in CAPITAL LETTERS.) Please print your ad clearly in the spaces provided below.

My ad is \_\_\_\_\_ lines to be run \_\_\_\_\_ weeks; I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

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Berkeley BARB  
2421 Oregon Street  
Berkeley, California 94705  
841-9470

2 Females wtd to share house w/two males. Room, board for light housework. Call in person 6-7 at 1626 Stannage, Bkly.

HUDSON HORNET, 1954, blk. 4 dr. Beautiful. \$300. 845-1644.

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER 848-6317.

IT'S HAPPENING: A Portrait of The Youth Scene Today by J.L. Simmons and Barry Winograd. This book tells youth's side of the drugs, sex, and new politics story and illuminates the smoldering civil war between the generations. Out soon. For an early copy send \$2 to It's Happening, 3933 Maricopa Drive, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Man, 35, lv world cruise early '67. Wants cultured, presentable lady sec'y-social companion, age 21-30. All exp & salary. Photo and reply to NICHOLAS M, SENDEK, 2824 CHERRY ST., BERKELEY, C/O J.F.

UNDERWOOD 5 typewriter, good cond, \$15, phone 526-1038.

SEX clubs do NOT discuss & fight for sexual freedom. We do! Sceptical? EBSFL 654-0316 M-F 4-6pm-Box 1276 Bkly.

COMPETENT CARPENTERS--All manner of imaginative designing & BUILDING. Call 549-1791 eves. 60th/Mkt. \$35, new decor, parlor, garden, no kitch., near Merritt, 658-6723.

\$80:1954 Ford convertible. V-8 engine, transmission in excellent cond. OL3-1382.

SENSITIVE working man to interview male/female parties to share secluded 2 bdrm cottage. Own qtrs, \$77.50 mo., someone compatible, stable enough to assure clean hs, reg. meals. Straights not welcome. 845-7088. Gerry.

PARROT: PLAYFUL AMAZON sale \$150/offer, call 849-2332 eves VESPA 90 '64. Operable but needs work. \$150 or ? 836-3991.

MOD yg woman wd like neat, clean pers, share her immac huge 2 bdrm apt, garden 845-7999

WANTED: Large, unfurnished bedroom in comfortable home in exchange for expert child care afternoons, evenings, nights. Excellent references. Contact Gerri Looney 233-5962.

WANTED: Cartoons for the BARB --strips, spots, half-pages, etc. Reward: a more picturesque newspaper demonstrating your talent. Call Max, Jim or Dennis 841-9470.

## RETIRE ON \$150<sup>o</sup> A MONTH!



## MUTUAL CASUALTY

GREEK, Yugoslav, near Eastern folkdancing lessons dancing. Membership open, coffeehouse atmosphere 427 S Van Ness 431-3929. PHOTOGRAPHERS who took pictures of small blond shirtless boy at ALF Glide Sun. aft fair clay table contact me please. Want to buy. 935-7705.

Get "LOST" for your next convention or seminar. Accommodations for groups up to 35, reasonable, flexible arrangements. Complete seclusion, with access by "Skunk" Railroad only. Main lodge under virgin redwoods, on the Noyo River. For further information call

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BUMPER-STICKER: NO WAR ON CHILDREN. 25¢ EA. AMERICAN SOCIETY TO DEFEND CHILDREN P.O. BOX #18163 SAN FRANCISCO.

LEARN FRENCH WITH COLETTE

Teleg. Ave. Co-op. Tuesdays 7-8 pm, \$10. for 8 lessons. Beginners. Need--original Prints & Drawings for consignment 2377 Shattuck Ave. NEED COOL couple to farmsit 17 acres til spring near Monterey. Write Bob Gordon c/o 1627-1/2 Francisco, Berk.

WORKSHOP 2011 Blake, Berk. - Pottery classes Thurs eves experienced instructor begins October 13.

NORTON ATLAS 750, 1965 3900 miles, A-1. \$850. 845-1644.

MALE/FEMALE Roommate wanted. Own room in lrg unique flat, 2511 Telegraph #2 anytime \$50/month.

VICTORIAN 1 br, yard, view, deck between 14th Ave--13th Ave Oak. \$75.00 mo. 533-9444.

SHARE large 3 br. house by Live Oak Park W. 2 male grads. Luxurious but groovy. Large br. is \$70 for 1, \$35 each for 2. Fireplace, stereo. 549-0126.

ART POSTERS, pop, op, etc., Warhol, Albers, Kline, etc., \$5 each, 3237 1/2 Ellis St., Bkly.

ROOM FOR RENT - \$45. Share bath, hot plate TH1-9261.

ENTRAILS #2 The Mag of HAPPY Obscenity is out again \$1 covers postage. Gene Bloom Edt 283 E Houston St NY 10002 Dig it baby.

FOR SALE: Refrigerator, runs good, will deliver, \$30, 843-7102.

FOR RENT--furn single rooms, cooking share bath \$38 to \$42 call 841-8932, 2030 Virginia.

FOR SALE 1960 Falcon, good motor \$200 or best offer 843-6833.

PAT McCULLOCH - WHERE ARE YOU? - KATHRYN 841-3049. SHAKTI NEEDED for Composer 843-9369.

STROBOSCOPES--Rented and built to your specs. LIGHT SHOW equipment and operation. Meyer 841-5594, 2400 Haste #205, Bkly.

Wtd--2 classical guitarists, baritone--experienced reading music, bassoon player--able to transpose, to play Art of Fugue for avant-garde happening Nov. 18 & 19. Carol 848-9734.

YAMAHA 250 c.c. 1966, 4000 miles, clean. 843-8252

BARB will set display type for your litho production. Filmotype, 841-9470.

BARB Staff Meeting Sunday at 9 pm. 2421 Oregon (2 blks. No. of Ashby - 1/2 blk. E. of Telegraph). New volunteers welcome too.

STUART WHITMAN - JANET LEIGH

This is Mrs. Rojack. Be glad you're not Mr. Rojack.



ELEANOR PARKER

as "Deborah" Based on a novel by NORMAN MAILLER Executive Producer WILLIAM CONRAD Screenplay by MANN RUBIN Directed by ROBERT GIST From WARNER BROS. TECHNICOLOUR

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"EVERY LINE AT LEAST 30 YEARS OLD!"

"YOU'LL BUY YOUR BEER FROM US OR ELSE, WISE GUY"

"SEE PAT O'BRIEN AS AN ALTER BOY"

"ALL RIGHT SON, YOU'D BETTER LET ME HAVE THE GUN"



MIDNITE SATURDAY ADMISSION \$1.<sup>25</sup>

## FLASHBACK FLICK FESTIVAL

Please don't call the theatre for the movie titles. We won't tell you You'll have to come and see for yourselves.. BUT would you believe: BOGART. . . CAGNEY. . . BETTE DAVIS . . . SPENCER TRACY . . . and many other all time favorites . . . You'll see them on this screen soon!!

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"SEE BETTE DAVIS BEFORE HER VOICE CHANGED"

"ANY GIRL WHO USES LIPSTICK IS FAST"

"SEE BELA LUGOSI INVENT NO-CAL BLOOD"

"BUT FATHER NOLAN, I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT THAT GUARD"

WEDNESDAY . . . . (October 19)

VIGIL: see Oct. 14.  
 PUPPET THEATRE: Stockholm Marionette Theatre of Fantasy in Brecht-Weill's 3 Penny Opera; Veteran's Aud., SF, 8:30 pm, \$3.95-2.95, Sherman Clay Box.  
 MEETING: Ex-convicts discuss how to stay free (7th Step Foundation); Garfield Sch., 22nd and Foot-hill, Oakl, 7:30pm, info 532-3588.  
 TRIAL: Port Chicago arrestees; Port Chicago  
 PICNIC: Cook-out; Live Oak Park, Bkly, 6:30-9:30pm, free, info 758-2208.  
 FOLK: Only Alternative, etc., see Oct. 18.  
 FOLKDANCE: Israeli; Hillel, Bancroft below Piedmont, Bkly, 7:30-10:30 pm, 50¢ (members free), teaching 7:30-9 pm with Ruth Browns.  
 CLASS: meditation, The Teachings of the Buddha; 285 Lee St., Oakl, 8 pm, dons, accepted, info 452-4329.  
 THEATRE LAB: Workshop open for all, conducted by Norman Stur-gis; Cedar Alley Coffee House, SF, 8:30 pm, 75¢, info JU 6-8558.

READING: Poetry by Lee Strothers; Intersection, 150 Ellis St., SF, 8:30 pm, 75¢

FRIDAY October 21

VIGIL: Oct. 14.  
 BALLET: "A. A. Leath Takes You Topless"; Intersection, 150 Ellis, SF, 8:30 pm, \$2.50.  
 FILMS: Garbo, see Oct. 19.  
 THEATRE: Sartre's No Exit, see Oct. 20.  
 THEATRE: Illegitimate, see Oct. 14.  
 DISCUSSION: see Oct. 14, note new place Shattuck Hotel - Gold Rm, Bkly.  
 FILM SCREENING: Straight-Ash-bury, see Oct. 14.  
 THEATRE: Waiting for Godot, see Oct. 14.  
 EAT: "togetherness"; Bavarian Village, 1411 Powell, El Cerrito, 6:30pm, Co-opers Unlimited.  
 FOLK: Only Alternative, etc., see Oct. 18.  
 FOLK/ROCK: Blackburn and Snow; Jabberwock, Bkly, 9pm, \$1.25 (couples \$2.25).  
 CLASS: meditation, see Oct. 14.  
 LECTURE: Daniel J. O'Hanlon on The Dangers of Christian Unity; Newman Hall, Ridge at LaLoma, Bkly, 7:30 pm, free to all.  
 CONCERT: Manitas DePlata, flamenco guitarist; Berk Community Theatre, 8:30pm, \$3.75-1.75, ASUC Box.  
 CONCERT: Melos Ensemble of London, playing Mozart, Brahms, Schubert; Hertz Hall, campus, 8:30pm, \$2.50 (students \$1.50) ASUC Box.  
 LECTURES: SF Unitarian Comm. Forum prsnts Dr. Loren Eiseley on Man's Changing Vision of Nature and Himself; Roosevelt Jr. H.S. Aud., SF, \$2.00, info PR6-4580.  
 CONCERT/DANCE: Bill Graham presents Grateful Dead, Lightnin' Hopkins, and The Loading Zone; Fillmore Aud., SF, 9 pm, \$3.00 adv. (Shakespeare and Co), \$3.50 at door.  
 LIGHT/SOUND/DANCE: See Oct. 14, note addition of Blackburn and Snow.  
 FILM: Opening - SF Film Festi-val, info, tickets Masonic Temple BO.  
 FOLK DANCE/PARTY: Wizards and Witches sponsor a Greek Glendi, with John Pappas' Meraklides; 1924 Cedar St., Bkly., 8-1, dona-tion-reservation \$1.75 (534-2282, 849-1352, 525-0457), joyful dress!  
 THEATRE: Coll. of Marin prsnts Anouilh's The Lark; Harlan Hall, Coll. of Marin, Kentfield, 8:30pm, info or res. 454-3962 x 293.

# First Break In Adoption "Honest Way"

Theodore and Lela Calaman, the rather - affluent Berkeley couple who have been found ineligible to adopt a child "the honest way" seem to have had the first real break in their case last week. John Joyce, of the San Francisco County Adoption Agency, told them, they said: "99.9% of people wanting adoption are out of their thirties, long married, and incapable of having their own children. You're exceptional, and should have preferential treatment."

Perhaps this couple, who say they would rather adopt an existing child than add another to the exploding population, may be on their way to getting their wish. Meanwhile, they have been manning a table on the UC campus all this week, to bring their cause to public attention. The establishment, they feel, is simply not aware of the extent to which a demand exists to adopt children. They urge all couples interested in their cause to go to the Alameda County Adoption Agency and express interest. You can always back out later, they note, and the point will be made.

According to the Calamans, the Alameda County rules would permit them to have someone else's baby born in their name, after which there would be no adoption difficulties.

They refused. They want to do it "the honest way". And as far as having children is concerned, they could do it themselves.

## CORRECTION

A quote in last week's BARB attributed to Tom Voorhees was not authorized, BARB learned. The remark was in an article about the Port Chicago Vigil by Elliot Borin.

# Pot Busting Country Style Hit By Victim

For those who have been wonder-ing -- you don't have to be on Telly or the Haight to get busted for pot-blowing. The fuzz are hard at it in the countryside too.

Robert Peterson, 29, arrested earlier this year was arrested in the small town of Capitola, south of Santa Cruz, for possession of marijuana.

Robertson, who lives in nearby Aptos with his wife and small child, goes to trial in Santa Cruz on October 17. A struggling writer, he had found that using marijuana helped him adjust to the world around him and provide the much-sought "inner harmony."

His defense will be based on freedom of religion and speech, the right to privacy and subjection to cruel and unusual punishment.

A communication from a fund organization set up to aid in Robertson's defense states that a psychiatrist and a pharmacologist from San Francisco have agreed to testify in his behalf.

More people professionally qual-ified to offer testimony in Robert-son's defense are needed, and their help is requested by the

fund's spokesman.

Robertson is prepared to take the case all the way to the Supreme Court, if necessary, according to the fund's communication.

Contributions, offers of profes-sional aid, inquiries and names and addresses of those who wish to be advised of the progress of the case may be sent to the Robert Peterson Defense Fund, PO Box 1088, San Jose, Calif. 95106.

**MORE PROMINENT PEOPLE**  
 Won't admit they  
**READ THE BARB**  
 than any other  
 newspaper.

**The Blind Lemon**  
 "a cheap, hippy place"  
 — Sat. Eve. Post  
 2362 San Pablo, Berkeley

THURSDAY October 20

MEETING: 7th Step Foundation; San Quentin Prison, 7pm, info, rides & req. prison clearance call Dave Cook, 532-3588, open to all.  
 CONCERT: Bill Graham prsnts Manitas De Plata; Fillmore Aud., SF, 8:30 pm, \$3.00.  
 FILMS: Garbo, see Oct. 19.  
 THEATRE: Sartre's No Exit; Bkly Playhouse, College Ave., 8:30pm, \$2.00 (students \$1.50).  
 FILM: Moliere's Bourgeois Gen-tilhomme; Oak. Aud. Ballrm, 10th at Fallon, 8pm, free.  
 POETRY: Rhymer's Club spons. James Koller; 101 Calif. Hall, campus, 8:30 pm, \$1.00.  
 ART/CLOSING: works in retro-spect by Buk Ulreich; Ed Lesser Gallery, 685 Sutter, SF, 10am-5:30pm, info 885-5903, last day.  
 NON-EVENT: ESFL open house cancelled this week.  
 LECTURE: Richard Hofstadter on A Constitution Against Parties; de-tails see Oct. 18.  
 VIGIL: see Oct. 14.  
 PUPPET THEATRE: see Oct. 19.  
 THEATRE: Waiting for Godot, see Oct. 14.  
 FOLK: Only Alternative, etc., see Oct. 18.  
 FOLK/BLUES: Circus Maximus, etc., see Oct. 18.  
 DANCE CONCERT: Lotte Goslar and Co.; Wheeler Aud, campus, 8:30pm, \$2.50 (students \$1.50), ASUC Box.

A. All beards are dirty.  
 B. All dirty people are bad. All clean shaven people are clean and good.  
 C. Little old ladies' noses always tell right from wrong and always point to heaven.  
 D. Book readers are undesirables.  
 E. Book dealers haven't the constitutional right under the first amendment to disseminate literature.  
 Anyone who doesn't agree with the above, please, write:  
 Board of Permit Appeals  
 Attn: Ed Maddox  
 Secy. Rm. 227  
 City Hall (Moskowitz vs. S. F. P. D., NR 4393)  
 Thanks,  
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mary ann pollar presents

Six Performers Direct From Paris

## PARIS RIVE GAUCHE

(Paris Left Bank—"La Contrescarpe")

AN AUTHENTIC FRENCH "CABARET LITTERAIRE"  
 PRODUCTION OF SONGS, BALLADS, SATIRE & MIME  
 IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH

**SATURDAY, October 22 . . . . . 8:30 p.m.**

BERKELEY COMMUNITY THEATER.

Adm: \$2.50, 3.00 and 3.75. Tickets: Downtown Center B.O., 325 Mason, S.F. (PR 5-2021); Sherman/Clay B.O., 2135 Broadway, Oakland (HI 4-8575); Record City, 2340 Telegraph, Berkeley (TH 1-4652).  
 Shakespeare & Co., Dwight & Tel. - Berk. (841-8916)  
 Res. & Info. 836-0564

Bob Holt presents in BERKELEY a Dance-Concert!

with the SOUNDS of

# THE SECOND COMING

and

# BLACKBURN & SNOW

Lights by Adler  
 with Infinity Projections

FINNISH BROTHERHOOD HALL  
 University & Chestnut

Fri. Oct. 21  
 9 PM-1

tickets at door  
 Price \$ 2.50, S. B. card \$ 2.00

Don't miss TONIGHT'S Happening with Kaleidoscopic Infinity Pro-jectin, The Second Coming, &c. Same time & place.

Notices of any event open to the public are welcome. To be included the following Friday, they should be received by Tuesday noon. Please state admission price. TH 1-9470  
 READERS: We print this information as we receive it. Call them—not BARB—to verify.

# The Scenedrome

## FRIDAY, October 14

**THEATRE:** Festival Theatre performs satiric British musical *Oh What A Lovely War*; Wheeler Aud., campus, 8:30 pm, \$2.50 (students \$1.50).  
**LECTURE:** E. Gelinas on Natural Law and Birth Control; Newman Hall, Ridge Rd. at La Loma, Bkly, 7:30 pm, free to all.  
**THEATRE:** Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*; The Playhouse, Beach and Hyde, SF, 8:30 pm, \$3.00, res., info PR 5-4426.  
**NON-EVENT:** Berk Cinematheque/Cin. Psychedelica chgd to tomorrow nite.  
**POETRY READING:** by Dan Langtoan; 7th Seal Coffeehouse, 2309 Bowditch, Bkly, 9 pm, free.  
**BLUES:** Lightnin' Hopkins; Matrix, SF, evng, adm.  
**FOLK/ROCK:** Country Joe and the Fish; Jabberwock, Bkly, 9:30 and 11:30 pm (2 shows), \$1.25 (couples \$2.25).  
**CONCERT/DANCE:** Bill Graham prsnts *Butterfield Blues*, Jefferson Airplane, Big Mama Mae Thornton; Fillmore Aud., 9 pm-2 am, \$3.00 adv. sale Shakespear & Co., \$3.50 at door.  
**LIGHT/SOUND/DANCE:** The Second Coming, Richard Alderoff's Kaleidoscopic Infinity Projections; Finnish Brotherhood Hall, University & Chestnut, Bkly, 9:00 pm, \$2.50 (students \$2.00).  
**BOXING/BENEFIT:** Spencer vs. Jones; Cow Palace, SF, 8:30 pm, \$2.50-\$10., ben. Synanon.  
**CONCERT/DANCE:** Everly Bros, the Generation, more; Rollarina, San Leandro, 9 pm, \$2.75.  
**FILMS:** CPL prsnts *To Die in Madrid*, plus NLF movie *US Get Out of Vietnam*; 155 Dwinelle, campus, 8 pm, \$1.00.  
**JAZZ:** John Handy Quintet, Bola Sete Trio, Jean Hoffman trio; Cal State Coll, Hayward, 8:15 pm, adm.  
**THEATRE:** *Illegitimate*, presenting improvisatory material; the Tangent, 117 Univ. Ave., Palo Alto, 9 and 10:30 pm (2 shows), adm (?).  
**DISCUSSION:** Sensuality, by Maxine Sanini; Campus Sexual Rights Forum; Unitarian Fellowship Hall, 1924 Cedar, Bkly, 7:45 pm, \$3.00.  
**THEATRE:** 4 playlets by Ed Bullins, prsntd by SF Playwrights' Workshop Co; Intersection, 150 Ellis St, SF, 8pm, adm.  
**ART/OPENING:** Collages by Rachel Landes; Beaux Arts Gallery, 5407 College, Oak, thru Nov. 13, info 654-7833 or 845-2504  
**FILMS:** Baillie's Port Chicago, Black Coin #4, others; 2478 Telegraph, Bkly, 8-1 (continuous), 35¢.  
**FOLKDANCE:** 220 Hearst Gym, campus, 8-12 pm, free.  
**ART/OPENING:** National exhibit of work by American Indian artists; 300 Lakeside, Oak, 7:30 am-9 pm, thru Oct. 23.  
**VIGIL:** Port Chicago, car pools call 621-5796, 566-7343, 845-9159, food needed to sustain the vigilers, bring to car pools or leave at 2001 Milvia.  
**CLASS:** meditation, The Upanishads; Blue Mtn. Ctr of Meditation, 285 Lee St., Oak, 8 pm, dons. accepted, info 452-4329.  
**ART/OPENING:** Rene Magritte, Surrealistic paintings in various media; Univ Art Gallery, campus, 12-6 pm daily thru Oct.  
**FILM SCREENING:** Straight-Ashbury Viewing Soc. shows works by Warhol, Nelson, Bailey, and/or others; 1748 Haight, SF, 8 pm, membership \$3.00, single adm. \$1.00 at door, info 387-3303, days.  
**CLASSES:** FUB fall semester—Alpert, Marx, seriography, Beckett, Genet, farm labor, psychedelics, Kazantzakis, much more; info 1730 Grove, Bkly, 841-6794.

**SALE:** Oakland Art Museum's Concours d'Antiques sale; Oakl. Aud. Arena, 10am-9pm.  
**CAMPING:** at Guerneville--with Russian River inner tube rides, etc.; car pools, info 451-4711 or 524-7666.  
**DROP IN:** at 1914 Rose, Bkly, 8 pm -- Co-opers Unattached offer an "evening of relaxed conviviality."  
**ART/OPENING:** Photos by Betty Berenson; 10th Music Bookshop, 900 Noe St., SF, 7-9:30 pm weekdays, 1-6 pm Sun, info. 826-1225, (An odd little shop) thru Oct.  
**FOLK/ROCK:** Country Joe and the Fish; Jabberwock, 2901 Tele, Bkly, 9:30 and 11 pm (2 shows), \$1.25 (couples \$2.25).  
**LECTURE:** Dr. Allan Couit, LSD, Sex and Religion; 160 Kroeber, campus, 8pm, free, spon. UCB Anthro Dept.  
**FOLKDANCE:** 220 Hearst Gym, campus, 8-12 pm, free.  
**ART/EXHIBIT:** 21 Names; CCAC Gallery, 5283 Broadway, Oakl, open 2-9 pm, Sat 11-5, closed Sun, thru Oct.  
**FILMS:** Genet's *Un Chant D'Amour* others; Armenian Hall, 1563 Page, SF, 8 pm, \$1.

## SATURDAY October 15

**CONCERT/DANCE:** The Group, Just 5, Purple Earthquake, others; Maple Hall, San Pablo, 9pm, \$1.50.  
**THEATRE:** *Illegitimate*, see Oct. 14.  
**FILMS:** Baillie's Port Chi, see Oct. 14.  
**VIGIL:** Quakers' Silent Vigil expressing sorrow and protest at Vietnam war; Oak. Mem. Plaza, 14th and San Pablo, 12-1.  
**FOLKDANCE:** Israeli; Hillel, 2736 Bancroft, Bkly, 8-11 pm, 50¢.  
**THEATRE:** 4 playlets, see Oct. 15.  
**VIGIL:** see Oct. 14.  
**THEATRE:** Moliere's *Imaginary Invalid*; The Playhouse, Beach and Hyde, SF, 8:30pm; \$3.75-\$3.00, res., info PR 5-4426.  
**FAIR:** ALF Street Fair - Agit Prop Opera, tables, exhibits, more; Panhandle at Masonic, SF, noon-10pm, free.  
**FILMS:** on horses and riding (color) -- Spanish Riding School, Horseshoers, Appaloosa, Intro to Arabian Horse; Oakl Pub. Museum, 1426 Lakeside, 2pm, free.  
**CONCERT/DANCE:** Butterfield, others, see Oct. 14.  
**FESTIVAL:** Walden--SF Mime Troupe's Olive Pits, jazz band, free movies, more; Dwight at McKinley, 10am-4pm, free adm, info 841-7248.  
**BLUES:** Lightnin' Hopkins, see Oct. 14.  
**FOLK/ROCK:** Country Joe, see Oct. 14.  
**SALE:** Concours d'Antiques, see Oct. 14.

## BULLETIN

MARK LANE, author of "Rush to Judgment" and leading critic of the Warren Commission, will make his only public lecture in the Bay Area in Berkeley during his current 4-day visit.  
 His talk is sponsored by the Citizens' Committee of Inquiry under the auspices of the BARB.  
 Lane will appear Saturday at the Finnish Brotherhood Hall, 1970 Chestnut St. (nr. University) at 8 pm. Donation \$1.50.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_  
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 Berkeley BARB  
 2421 OREGON ST.  
 Berkeley, Calif.  
 \$5 PER YEAR

**THEATRE:** UCLA Opera Theatre prsnts *The Good Soldier Schweik*; Hertz Hall, campus, 8:30pm, \$2.50 (students \$1).  
**FILMS:** Campus Friends of FUB (Berk Cinematheque/Cinema Psychedelica) prsnts Mattsson's *The Doll*, Bunuel's *Exterminating Angel*, Baillie's *Everyman*, News #3, Chap. 11 Flying Disk Men From Mars; 155 Dwinelle, campus, 8pm, \$1, door prizes.  
**CONFERENCE:** CNP spon. Peace Conf., "Directions and Perspectives of the Anti-War Mov't: A Strategic Analysis; 155 Dwinelle, campus, 9:30 am, no adm.  
**ART/CLOSING:** Watercolors and collages by Katherine Barieau; Derby Gallery, 2644 Ashby, Bkly, 11am-6pm, last day today, info 843-9152.  
**MEETING:** Fund raising for Fort Hood Committee; 101 California Hall, campus, 8 pm, \$1 donation.

## SUNDAY October 16

**HOOT:** Jabberwock, 2901 Tele., Bkly, 9 pm, 75¢.  
**PICNIC:** spon. by Nat. Guardian; 123 Sir Francis Drake Blvd., Greenbrae (Marin Co.), 2-5pm, dons. \$1.50. Phil Drath speaks.  
**BLUES:** Lightnin' Hopkins, see Oct. 14.  
**FOLK/ROCK:** Country Joe, see Oct. 14.  
**HORSESHOW:** MHA Junior Open; Sequoia Arena, Joaquin Miller Park, Skyline Blvd., Oakl, 9am-5ish pm, free, grade C, info 845-3945, 531-8967, Western events in am, English will follow.  
**SALE:** Concours d'Antiques, see Oct. 14, note new time 10am-5pm, final day.  
**CONCERT:** Schubert quintet and string trios; Vin et Fromage, 1556 Solano, Bkly, 9-10:30pm, \$2.50 inc. wine and cheese.  
**FILMS:** on horses, see Oct. 15, note new times 1 and 3pm (2 shows).  
**CONCERT:** Fellowship Church spon. Fisk Jubilee Singers; Washington HS, SF, 3:30 pm, \$2.00-3.50, info or res. 845-3443.  
**POETRY READING:** Shakespeare and Co, Tele at Dwight, Bkly, 2 pm, free, spon. Undermine Press.  
**CAT SHOW:** Golden West Cat Show; Hall of Flowers, GG Park, SF, all day, fee (?).  
**THEATRE:** *Good Soldier Schweik*, see Oct. 15.  
**FILMS:** on The Beginnings of the Western Film; The Movie, 1034 Kearny, SF, 2pm, adm.  
**FAIR:** see Oct. 15, note new addition Country Joe and Fish, aft.  
**CONCERT:** Ian Hampton, cello, and Donald Pippin, piano, play Beethoven sonatas; Old Spaghetti Factory, 478 Green St., SF, 8:30 \$2.00 (students \$1.25).

**VIGIL:** see Oct. 14.  
**DRAMA FILMS:** by Carl Mayberry; Intersection, 150 Ellis, SF, 8:30 pm, don. \$1, filmmaker to be present.  
**HOOT:** with Michael Hunt; Cedar Alley Coffee House, 40 Cedar Alley, SF, 9:30 pm, 75¢, info 885-9987 or 771-1062.  
**CONCERT:** Alma Trio play Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert; SF State Creative Arts Aud., 1600 Holloway, 3pm, free.  
**TAPE:** SA Spons. Malcolm X's speech "The Ballot or the Bullet"; 1733 Waller, SF, 8pm 25¢ donation.

## MONDAY October 17

**VIGIL:** see Oct. 14.  
**FILM:** *Dead Birds (color)*--New Guinea; 1426 Lakeside, Oakl, 2pm and 7:30pm (2 shows), free to public.  
**MEET:** Swami Chinmayananda; Tilden Meditation Rm, ASUC, campus, 4-5 pm, all welcome.  
**MEETING:** EBSexFreeLeague Horny Men's Circle; info 654-0316 M-F 4-6 pm.  
**FILM:** CAL presents Profile of Canada, narrated by Willis Butler; Wheeler Aud, campus, 8:15 pm, \$1.00.  
**FOLKDANCE:** campus, see Oct. 14.  
**JAZZ:** Danny Zeitland; Trident, Sausalito, evng, adm.  
**ZEN:** Zen Center sponsors meditation; 2919 Fulton, 5:45-6:45 am.  
**CLASS:** YSA sponsors discussions of colonial revolution; 2005 Milvia, Bkly, 8 pm, 25¢.

## TUESDAY October 18

**FOLK/BLUES:** Circus Maximus w/Nepenthe; Jabberwock, Bkly, 9 pm, adm.  
**FILMS:** Le Mepris, also La Femme Mariee (both dir. by Jean-Luc Godard; Wheeler Aud, campus, 8:15 pm, \$1 (students 85¢).  
**LECTURE:** Richard Hofstadter (Columbia) on Party and Opposition in the 18th century; 155 Dwinelle, campus, 8pm, free.  
**PLAY READ:** EBSFL reads *Lysistrata*; 924 60th St, Oakl, 8 pm, open to all. Bring copies; info 654-0316, 4-6 pm M-F.

**MEDITATION:** Class; "Bhagavad Gita"; Blue Mtn Center of Meditation, 285 Lee St, Oak, 8 p.m., donations accepted, info 452-4329.  
**CLASS:** YSA, on State and Class (read Lenin's *State and Revolution*, also Engels' *Origins of the Family*) 1733 Waller, SF, 8 pm.  
**VIGIL:** see Oct. 14.  
**MEETING:** Organize East Bay 7th Step Foundation--help ex-convicts help selves to maintain freedom; 3050 - 55th Ave., Oakl, 8pm, all invited, info 532-3588.  
**RADIO:** The Alchemy of LSD by Alan Watts, KPFA/FM 1:30pm; Floyd McKissick on Black Power, KPFA/FM 8:15pm (1 hr.).  
**FOLK:** The Only Alternative and His Other Possibility, w/Mimi Farina; Matrix, SF, evng, adm.  
**LECTURE/DISCUSSION:** Campus Sex. Free. Forum spon. an Introduction to Ethical Seduction by Robert Kramer; 1703 Grove, Bkly, 7:30 pm, \$2.  
**SEMINAR:** Seminar in Community Issues spon. by Community Research & Education Found. of SF.; Immaculate Conception Academy, 3625 24th St, SF, 7:30 pm, \$20 (for 6 wk. course).  
**CLASS:** ISG spon. Hal Draper on The Revolutionary Elitists; p27 Dwinelle, campus, 8 pm, sm. adm.

## WEDNESDAY October 19

**FOLK/BLUES:** Circus Maximus, etc., see Oct. 18.  
**CLASS:** Improvisational drama, teacher Elly Basayne; 2908 Regent, Bkly, 10am-noon, \$2.50, info 931-9030 (SF).  
**FILM:** A Fool There Was (with Theda Bara) (1914); Merritt Coll. Aud., Oakl, 7pm, free to all.  
**FILMS:** Mata Hari w/Greta Garbo, also Red Dust; Richelieu Theatre, SF, 6:30 pm (1) \$2.00.  
**FILMS/OPENING:** Silent film classics, accom. by live piano; Wharf The., SF, 6pm, open daily.  
**CONCERT:** Contemporary Jazz by the Lee Schipper Quintet; Hertz Hall, campus, 12:10 noon, free to all.  
**MEETING:** VDC; 4 LeConte, campus, 7 pm, open to all.  
**REZONING:** City Planning Commission meets on rezoning West Berkeley, City Council chambers, 8 pm, free  
**CLASS:** YSA discusses labor history; 2005 Milvia, Bkly, 8 pm, 25¢.  
 MORE see page 11

