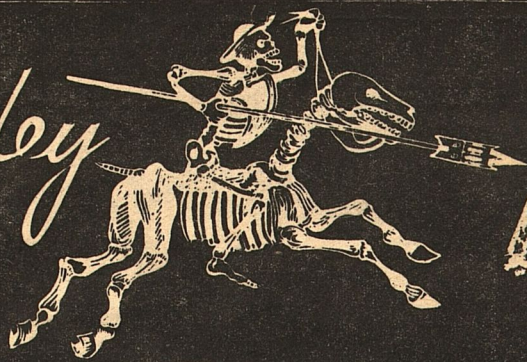


Berkeley



Barb

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MANDEL RAPS

FLAYS ISRAELIS FOR IMPERIALISM

by G.K.

A "civilized solution" to the crisis in the Middle East would be "Israel access to the Suez Canal and Gulf of Aqaba" but "conditioned upon satisfactory provision of the Arab refugees as the prime condition" plus "withdrawal to the armistice lines of 1949."

HITS U.S., CIA AID TO CO-OPS

"The United States is using the Co-op League as a front to carry out State Department policy abroad," charges Bob Treuhart a member of the Berkeley Consumers' Co-op Board of Directors.

Through a letter from Stanley Dryer, national director of the League, Treuhart learned that the U.S. Government has contributed 9-1/2 million dollars to the Co-op League.

Earlier last month, under pressure from Treuhart, Dryer also admitted that the League received secret CIA funds.

At a meeting earlier this week, the Board of Directors of the Berkeley Co-op passed a resolution deploring the receipt of secret CIA funds (about 1-1/2 million). Treuhart said that the resolution condemned the secret aspects of the government contribution, but not the actual participation of the CIA in the Co-op. He and the other two non-establishment members of the board voted against the bill.

Treuhart then introduced a resolution asking that the Co-op explore the question of US government participation in the Co-op League. The resolution was defeated by a vote of 3-3-3.

"The Co-op League was never able to get the government to help build co-ops in the United States," Treuhart pointed out, "but now they are spending millions for co-operatives in South Asia and Latin America."

The introduction of co-ops in underdeveloped countries will hold back progress, Treuhart feels, because they are used as a substitute for needed land reforms.

thor of 'Russia Re-Examined' (Hill & Wang), and commentator of current Russian press on KPFA. In an exclusive interview with The BERKELEY BARB, Mandel also made the following points:

"Just as the Japanese are now 'good Orientals' because we want them as our base and ally in Asia against Russia and China, so now the Israeli's in the Middle East against the Arabs; we even use the word 'beachhead' to describe Israel."

Mandel feels that the Arab nations are the only anti-imperialist force in that area. "It is appalling to me that the anti-imperialist groups in America have so far not organized one single meeting in defense of the Arabs against aggression," he said.

He declared "I would be delighted to speak at such a meeting. I do so with a clear conscience as a Jew that has been publicly critical of anti-semitism, both in my own country and in the USSR."

Mandel was asked if he would accept an Arab occupation of Israel.

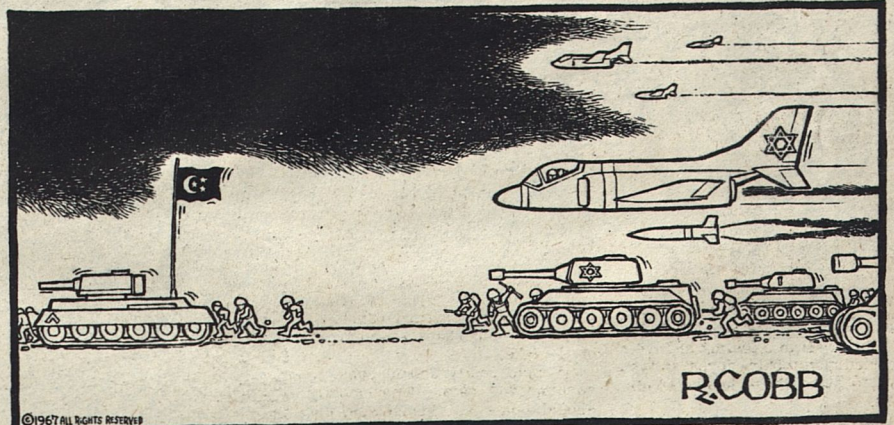
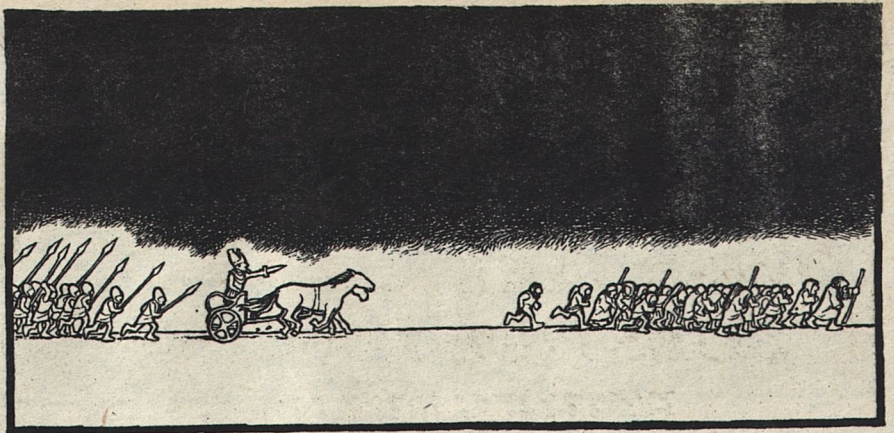
"To say that such a thing would result in a massacre of the Israeli people is the heights of racist chauvinism," he replied. He pointed to press reports of the burnings of western consulates and business, "but not one person has been hurt, even touched," he added.

"If any one single fact outrages me more than any other," he went on, "it is that the American people seem more concerned with the right of Israel, which has an excellent seaport on the Mediterranean, to have access to the Indian ocean; what about Israel's refusal to offer any reasonable solution for the million and a half displaced Arabs?"

"Israel was willing to take reparations from West Germany for Jewish property lost there, but they have never given the same to the Arabs. My great regret is that the Zionist leaders, as well as the feudal lords of the Arab nations, are equally guilty of unwillingness to establish a bi-national state."

Mandel felt that the "invasion of Syria" was part of the "original plan of war to overthrow the Syrian government. This government has been the leadership for taking over the oil companies. The invasion had nothing to do with the shelling from the hills above Israel."

(Note: Last Friday's headlines ran this way: "SYRIA GIVES UP" -- Berkeley Gazette, 8 a.m. "ISRAEL INVADES SYRIA" -- SF Examiner, 11 a.m. "ISRAEL IN-



VADES SYRIA" -- Oakland Tribune, 11:30 a.m.).

He said the "continued maneuvering" in the UN by Israel and the United States "was part of this plan" to let Israel get a firm beachhead (sic) in Syria.

Mandel was asked what the role of the Soviet Union was in this crisis.

he quoted from KPFA's correspondent, Dale Minor, "with the Armed Forces of Israel." Minor reported this week "from Syria" that "it has even been suggested that the Soviet note, breaking off relations . . . has made the victorious Israeli's as anxious for peace as the defeated Syrians . . . it can be said that the Soviet Union holds the key."

Mandel felt that the Arab peoples do not know how to use "modern weapons" such as tanks and rockets, but he remained silent to the question of why the USSR didn't know this in the first place.

"If Israel insists on keeping her present gains," he went on, "then one can see years and years of guerrilla warfare, just as in the past. There will be no peace in the middle east if the armistice lines are not put into effect."

Mandel said this threat of continued war is pushing the Soviet Union to calling a UN Assembly session "free of the veto. The USSR, China, India, the African as well as the South American countries are all supporting the

Arab states. Only the US and England support Israel."

He further stated that with "England and Europe depending upon 60% of her oil from the middle east just simply to keep warm and alive, how long can the United States maintain support of Israel's gains? To put it mildly, Israel won the war but the West lost the oil."

He was asked whether in view of this situation could Gen. Dayan and his Israeli's become the US Marines for the West in the Middle East. "This could happen," replied Mandel.

Mandel last week had expressed the belief to this writer that the Israeli attack on the US "listening ship," the Liberty, was done

deliberately because "we were right up on shore, listening to the walkie-talkies of the Israeli blitz-tank."

This week, TV reports tell of the magazine 'Newsweek' making the same charge and the Israeli Ambassador in Washington denying it.

Mandel was asked the future of the UN.

"The United Nations can succeed whenever the United States accepts the fact that it is no longer able to maintain imperialist domination either by force of arms, the CIA, or financial manipulations of other governments," he replied.

Or runs out of oil.

LOVE VERBOTEN

Putting pennies in the parking meter -- as a gesture of love for your fellow human beings -- is against the law in Berkeley, BARB learned this week.

A friendly guy tried just that -- and got warned by the Man. He was walking down Telegraph near Bancroft when he saw a cop giving out tickets for six motorcycles parked in one parking place and the meter gone on "violation."

"I went up and put a penny in the meter," he told BARB, and the cop got mad and said, Do

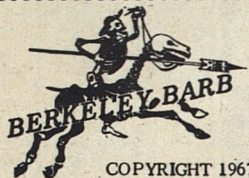
you own any of these motor cycles?

"When I said no, he said, Do you know any of the people who own them?"

"When I answered no again, he said, Do you know you can be fined \$25 and be put in jail for doing that?"

"If you can't do a friendly favor for people you don't know, what can you do?" he asked BARB.

The fuzz didn't carry out his threat, but promised to do so the next time he saw him putting pennies in the meter like that.



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Channing Place invites you to the opening of its Gallery and Shoppes on Sunday,

June eighteenth, from two to seven, at 2511 Channing Way, Berkeley.

Channing Gallery

The Molecule

Paraphernalia

Sanamu

The Glass House

Lothlorien

Generation

BAND BANNED?

Charge Undue Pressure

LOVE-QUAKE SOLSTICE FORESEEN

by Robert Hurwitz

"Come to the Summer Solstice with costumes and love in your loins and sleeping bags," said (Diggers dig anonymously) Another

ORDERED TO KILL WOUNDED VIET CONG

"It's a hell of a feeling to have a wounded man looking at you, and you have to stand there and shoot him in the head."

This grim statement is from a letter written to his mother by Marine Lance Cpl Theodore C. NewCity in Vietnam, and later published in the Houston (Tex.) Post. One June 3, less than two weeks after writing the letter, NewCity was killed in action.

Telling of one skirmish in which the Marines repulsed some Viet Cong attackers, he wrote, "After the VC turned back we had to go out and kill the wounded ones."

In another action, NewCity said, a "fire team" consisting of himself and three other men killed two teenage girls from ambush. "Nine VC came walking down the trail and we killed them all. The worst part about it was that two of them were girls only about 16 years old.

"After you shoot them you have to go make sure they are dead and take their weapons. That is when I saw the girls. Last night I was on ambush and I actually prayed nobody would come by."

Lt. Gen. R.C. Mangrum, acting Marine commandant, was quoted as saying, "No American Marine, or for that matter American soldiers anywhere, have been told to do anything like that." He termed the matter "preposterous."

Mrs. NewCity said of her son, "He was a wonderful boy. He wrote me at least twice a week. When I didn't hear from him for two weeks I knew something bad had happened to him.

"If I can help that fellow who was sentenced to life imprisonment over there," she went on, "because he was told to kill a VC prisoner, I will be grateful."

She referred to Marine Sgt. Charles Wilkerson, who was sentenced by court-martial on May 18 to life imprisonment for the slaying of a prisoner, claiming that he was ordered to kill the captive.

At issue is that part of the 1949 Geneva Convention which requires humane treatment without prejudice of all wounded combatants.

Digger Wednesday evening.

The summer solstice will occur Wednesday, June 21, at about 9 pm. A great celebration, sponsored by everybody is planned. The celebration will begin at sunrise on the 21st and last "probably all day and night and day," Miss A told BARB.

The permit for the celebration covers the whole park. Everybody can just go off in a corner and groove or they can gather at any of the planned events: a magician competition, motorcycle and chariot races, archery and games of all sorts -- perhaps even barges on the lake.

"People really should come in costume," A said. "They mostly should come as themselves, but really as themselves. To consider what period and what civilization is most themselves, like what they embody -- or their astrological sign. Whatever their essence is. Bring flags, bring torches, bring things to give away."

The Diggers have received a letter from Dame Sybil Leek, a witch, which A said serves as an introduction to the festivities and the idea behind them.

The letter reads in part: "Intoxication is the way to reality. There are three gods whose function is to bring the soul to the realization of its own glory: Dionysus, Aphrodite, and Apollo, or, if you wish, wine, women, and song.

"The ancients, both in the highest civilizations, as in Greece and Egypt, and in the most primitive savagery, as among Burians and Patuans, were well aware of this and made their religious ceremonies orgia, meaning WORK.

"Puritan founess, failing to understand what was happening, degraded the word orgies to mean debauches. It is the old story of the fox who lost his tail. If a thing seems impossible or you cannot understand it, call it wicked!"

"Do you know there's supposed to be a big earthquake on that day?" A asked towards the end of our conversation.

Dr. Lomnitz, seismologist at UC's seismographic station, was interested in this information. "We have no ways of predicting earthquakes," he told BARB.

He said the station has had a great many such calls all spring. "The date seems to change each time. Most of the calls predicted a date in May."

But in the midst of this Summer Solstice an earthquake could go almost unnoticed.

"All greeting should be 'merry greet,' and 'merry part,' Dame Sybil's letter states. And at the end, A said, "maybe we'll all go down to the sea."

Would you attempt to trade stocks with Big Brother and the Holding Company? Would you try to book a flight to Chicago with the Jefferson Airplane?

And what kind of salvation would you expect from the New Salvation Army Banned?



THIS BANNED MAN got his kicks at the Magic Mountain even if notice of the Banned was blocked. (See story column).

(photo by Gerhard Gscheidle)

The New Salvation Army Banned is a Haight-Ashbury rock group which has recently run afoul of the real Salvation Army. They had played at the Avalon and Fillmore Ballrooms and at Varni's Roaring Twenties in North Beach, which is a topless club.

But then the pressure was put on.

In the true spirit of Christian charity, the Salvation Army hired a lawyer to threaten the rock group.

Bryant Cohn, the manager of the Banned and of the Roaring Twenties, received a phone call from a San Francisco lawyer in May. He made it plain that the Salvation Army was "upset" and "irate" and warned the band to "cease the desist" from using its name.

"The Salvation Army has had many phone calls asking, 'What is one of your bands doing in a topless place,'" the lawyer said.

'BANNED'

"We thought the name was very appropriate," Cohn replied. "The group sings about Vietnam, about turning on, about love. The Salvation Army of yesteryear would get on a street corner and sing the old gospel, which is all well and good. But our group sings the message of today -- the new gospel. It's the 'new salvation', and its 'banned'. Get it?"

Cohn made no attempt to change the name of the group or to fire them from the Roaring Twenties.

The law firm then wrote to William Varni, owner of the Roaring Twenties. "On behalf of the Salvation Army, a California corporation," the lawyers demanded that the group change its name.

"The use of the name 'The New Salvation Army Band' (sic) constitutes an unauthorized appropriation of The Salvation Army's property right in that name," the lawyers wrote.

"Its use in connection with the uniforms which are replicas of those worn by members of the Salvation Army tends to damage and to hold up to ridicule and contempt the members of the Salvation Army, particularly in consideration of the surroundings of the business conducted on your premises," they concluded.

Actually, the rock group's "uniforms" consist of World War I-type Army jackets and high-crowned, Amish style hats (see photo).

CANNED

Club owner Varni decided that he would no longer employ the group at his club while they kept that name, since "it certainly is not our desire to embarrass or ridicule so fine and worthy an organization as The Salvation Army."

However, he went on to advise the lawyers that "we have no control... over a group of musicians as to what they want to call themselves" when they are playing at clubs other than the Roaring Twenties. see page 6

STP's FASTER, HERE'S WHY

by BARB'S Dope Editor

Since every acid head in the country is flipping out over STP, the new super mind-expander, BARB feels a certain obligation to its readers to clear up a lot of the low-flying copy being dished out by the megalopolitan press.

The Crudicle, for example, recently stated that STP was going for \$5 to \$7.50 a hit in the Haight. Well, maybe two months ago, when the drug was still relatively new.

However, in recent days thousands of tabs of the stuff have been given away at no cost to the recipients. Therefore, the "average" hit has been going for at most a nickel or ten cents.

The effects of the drug, according to many sources, are completely out of sight. "You know what one acid trip is like?" BARB was asked. "Well, this is like a million acid trips all in one."

When BARB inquired of a person who was "under the influence" if colors were more intense than with acid, the dreamy reply was, "Oh man, they're washing right over me."

The Crudicle also stated that the drug reached popularity through a leak in the government agency that was producing it. It therefore seems strange to BARB that quantities of the drug purchased locally by narks should have to be sent back to Washington for synthesizing.

BARB is also of the opinion that the Crud is confused about

which drug is actually which. BARB has learned from reliable sources that STP was first manufactured by everyone's favorite little old dope maker, whose initials are LSD? The Crud claimed it was a result of World War II experimentation.

As to the drug's ingredients, one dedicated dealer volunteered, "It's 300 micrograms acid, 30 milligrams psilocybin, and 60 milligrams of that good old cocaine."

Each ingredient in itself is ille- see page 5

Abortionists Will Pile Hoax on Hoax

"The new abortion law is one big hoax. It's a fraud on woman," said Rowena Guerner of the Society for Humane Abortion in an interview with BARB.

But the Society plans to teach women dupes to get around the present law.

"We're going to instruct women in the arts of phony psychosis and false hemorrhage," said the indomitable Pat Maginnis, head of the Abortion Society.

She plans to help women prove to law enforcement officers and physicians that they have been raped or are psychologically in danger of their lives so that they can get legal abortions.

"This unbelievable piece of legislative slop must be violated to the point that the medical profes-

sion and legislature is pressured into accepting more modern abortion techniques," Pat said.

She feels that women have been deceived into thinking that they can easily get an abortion by claiming rape. But they've got to prove to a committee of men "by a preponderance of evidence" that they have been raped. "We're going to help them do that whether they've been raped or not," she said.

Meanwhile her class in self-induced abortion techniques will be held in Berkeley at 2108 Shattuck, Room 128, on Thurs., June 22 and 29. The discussions begin at 7:30. Men are welcome but they must come with a woman. A donation of \$5 is asked.

Meth in his Madness

Will methedrine freak one out of the Marines? It's a dangerous trip, but it's been made successfully.

Paul Gold, now of San Francisco, was drafted in January of this year. "I didn't want to go into the army at all," he now tells it.

"I admitted I used drugs but they said the Marines would cure me," he laughed, still nervous about that time. "They said they would fix me right up."

At the New York induction center they picked some of the men for the army and some for the marines. "They pick the biggest guys for the marines," Paul told BARB. He is 6'1".

"I was on a two week run of speed. It took a day to get down to Parris Island. The first day

down there I started crashing. "A lot of gung-ho Marines said they would take care of hippies. I think they were shocked by my long hair. They cut it all off at Parris Island."

"I was crashing and freaking out, so they sent me to the shrink. He took one look at me and talked with me for a half hour. The next day we talked for a half hour."

"They had me sign papers saying I wouldn't sue them for anything. Then they let me go. They gave me money and everything. I had about 30 extra bucks left when I got to N.Y."

"They don't have time to go through the whole cure of people on speed or anything else--so they just let you go," Paul said. Moral? Don't be caught half fast.

SOME BULL



(photo by Jassen)

DOWN ON THE FLATS solid eating a-plenty

Muhammad Ali Honored At Hunter's Point Festival

It was a strange scene at Hunter's Point last weekend, where high on a hill overlooking the city and the bay a festival was held honoring Muhammad Ali. The two day happening was scheduled to run from sunrise to sundown, both Saturday and Sunday. Saturday's events didn't begin till around noon, and the situation was similar the following day. When BARB arrives Saturday, Roy Ballard and friends were in the process of pit barbecuing a side of beef to feed all comers. The Phoenix stood by, ready to play but awaiting a power supply which someone had forgotten to

provide. As Diggers and others decorated telephone poles with flowers and flowing lace materials, several sidewalk musicians began banging empty beer cans and sticks on the cement, providing music for all. About 2:15 the Phoenix finally obtained a generator and blasted some down home soul, electric style. A crowd of close to 150 gathered around the sound truck and soon couples began pairing off for mutual enjoyment of musical vibrations, i.e. dancing. Later in the afternoon, a figure very much resembling Allan Ginsberg was seen moving through the

crowd. Business matters called him away, however, before he could recite any words of wisdom from the sound truck. On Sunday problems arose when only one of the half dozen scheduled bands for performance. Music for the afternoon was supplied by a group of conga drum enthusiasts. Muhammad Ali, who was expected at the Sunday ceremonies, couldn't swing it. He did manage to send a telegram, however. The telegram read "Ask every one who's the greatest." As per request, the emcee did, and the crowd replied in exuberant unison, "Muhammad Ali!"

CON-CAMPS

WHAT'S KNOWN FOR A FACT

by Lee Felsenstein
(So many rumors have popped up about concentration camps recently that BARB is compelled to set down what it knows on the subject.)

Title II of the McCarran In-

MOST ZEN MUSIC EVER DUE HERE

Billed as the "greatest single gathering of Indian and Japanese musicians," an all-day program of concerts with lectures and demonstrations will take place on Sunday, June 25 at the Masonic Auditorium, Taylor and California Sts in San Francisco.

The event will benefit the school and scholarship program of the American Society for Eastern Arts, dedicated to providing Western students with opportunities for study of the Asian performing arts with Asian masters.

Also to benefit is the building and development program of Zen Mountain Center, a newly acquired 160-acre area in Los Padres National Forest in the mountains east of Big Sur.

When completed, the Mountain Center will be the major headquarters of Zen practice in the Western Hemisphere.

Both ASEA and Zen Center are non-profit organizations.

Featured performers for the June 25 event include Ustad Ali Akbar Khan, well-known locally as India's master of the sarod; Pandit Nikhil Banerjee, termed "the most brilliant young sitarist in India today"; kotoist Keiji Yagi, "leading exponent of the classical Ikuta school"; tabla player Pandit Mahapurush Misra, sarodist Ashish Kumar Khan (son of All Akbar Khan), and Kodo Araki and Kayoko Hashimoto on koto, sangen and shakuhachi. The schedule program begins at 9:45 AM with day-long series registration and continues through a final concert starting at 8 PM.

Lectures on the music will be given by Graeme Vanderstoel of ASEA and Zen Master Shunryu Suzuki, Roshi of SF Zen Center.

Advance tickets for the series only are on sale at SF Downtown Center Box Office, 325 Mason, and ASUC Box Office at \$4.50, \$7.50 and \$15.00. Admission to single morning, afternoon or evening sessions will be sold at the door only at \$3.50 and \$6.00

hippy article and Warren's recent Ramparts putsch -- is a thing of great beauty. It works so efficiently, like a Minute Man missile.

I'll almost be sorry to see it go.

Yours,
Chester Anderson

ternal Security Act of 1950 authorizes the Attorney General to "apprehend and detain" in such places of detention as may be provided by him...all persons as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person probably will engage in or probably will conspire with others to engage in acts of espionage and sabotage."

Such detention would be carried out under the Act if the President declared state of "Internal Security Emergency" under certain conditions.

These conditions are: an invasion of the United States or its possessions; a declaration of war by Congress; or an "insurrection" within the US in aid of a "foreign enemy."

Most of the McCarran Act, which deals with registration of the Communist Party and other organizations, has been held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. But Title II has never been tested and still stands.

Under the provisions of the Act, six "detention centers" were set up by the Federal Bureau of Prisons. Five of them are still maintained; three are on "immediate standby" status.

The locations of the "immediate standby" camps are at Allenwood, Penns., El Reno, Oklahoma, and Florence, Arizona. The are currently being used as low security Federal prisons.

The camps whose sites are maintained are at Wickenburg, Arizona, and Tule Lake, California (actually at the village of Newell).

The capacity of these camps, as estimated by Charles R. Allen, Jr. in his pamphlet "Concentration Camps, U.S.A." amounts to 26,500. There are other sites available.

The FBI has "Operation Dragnet" in readiness, whereby all persons whose names they carry on their "pickup lists" would be seized and placed in detention centers as soon after the declaration of emergency as possible.

In a conversation with a reporter for SF State's "Daily Gater" an FBI man said recently that the FBI did not have the facilities for physically picking up the "subversives" and that the job would thus fall to the military.

Allen reports that a "master pick-up list" of 500,000 names is constantly kept up to date by the FBI, with names taken from the files of HUAC and other minor "Un-American" committees.

One million "Emergency Detention Warrants" have been printed for Operation Dragnet, according to Allen.

Most of the detention camps are in remote or barren areas. All would have to be rapidly expanded if the pick-up were put into effect. All (except Tule Lake) lie on main highways. If necessary, the military establishment could set up additional temporary camps with tent housing.

There are numerous reports afoot about construction of new camps, and about plans to pick up hippies. BARB is currently working on the substantiation of these reports.

INSIDE INSIDE STORY ON THE 'HIPPIE' TALE

Dear BARB:

The infamous Ramparts hippy shuck presents all right-thinking heads with yet another example of the evils of alcohol, and I suppose for the sake of world peace and hip amity I ought to explain how it happened.

Last January Ramparts was hung up for a cover story, so I submitted the outline of an enormous essay called "The Psychedelic Conspiracy" that I've been working on for the past three years. This, plus the constant and outrageous presence of Claude Hayward in the office, pushed the following ideas through Mr. Hinckle's alcoholic mind barrier:

- (1) hippies are interesting and colorful;
- (2) hippies may have some nicely radical political significance;
- (3) the biggest hippy community is right next door; and
- (4) Ramparts has available a research team of bona fide hippy experts --

precisely what the rest of his staff had been telling him for some months. Wherefore Ramparts expeditiously rejected my essay, bought my idea, and set me and Claude to work researching an article on Haight Street that had to be written and set in type within ten days.

The research staff consisted of Anderson, Hayward and John Wrenner, Sunday Ramparts' resident pop culture specialist and Ralph Gleason's right-hand teenybopper. Jann contributed the data on music, the Hell's Angels (via galleys of Hunter S. Thompson's prose poem) and rock dances. He also contribute Gleason to the name list, though Gleason would've gotten in anyhow, as all the rest did, by virtue of being quoted.

Meanwhile, Claude and I descended on Haight Street and environs armed with tape recorders, cameras, notebooks and the universal hippy green passport. We collected almost 30 hours of taped interviews, to which we added half a pound of paper: a history of the drug scene, technical notes on drugs and music and, a detailed socio-political study of the hip community, plus my original



Don Duncan's dog tag, a CIA business card).

But we failed to count on the rigid strength of the alcoholic psyche. When all the material was finally assembled, Hinckle digested it in less time than it would've taken to play all the tapes and turned it in a mere eight hours into yet another booze sales package, designed primarily to boost Ramparts' circulation and secondarily to give smug liberal readers a comforting sense of their superiority to those funny-looking longhaired radical dope fiends.

To these seamy ends Hinckle perverted all over facts. To make it easier for scotch-soaked minds to assimilate he portrayed a movement that is consciously trying to free itself of personality cultism in terms of a handful of falsified heroes. He ignored everything that contradicted his own sales thesis and carefully slanted everything he didn't ignore.

Despite cautiously worded warnings by Dugald Stermer and other real people on the staff, he finished article took Claude and me by surprise. The first big shock came in the first paragraph, wherein Hinckle reported a meeting that hadn't taken place. After that, even the odd identification of my anthropological self as a historian was only mildly jarring.

Since then Claude and I have spent more time than we like to think about explaining how we happened to get caught up in a shuck at our ages. Hopefully, this letter will end that embarrassment, as well as many of the other confusions Mr. Hinckle has engendered.

For my part, I find the whole experience has been highly educational. I'd never before had a chance to study anyone like Hinckle so closely. Once you get over the effects it produces, the Hinckle mentality -- as displayed in the

essay outline -- enough material for a full and accurate book.

Furthermore, we exposed Warren Hinckle to the scene with fanatical ingenuity. We threw Emmet Grogan at him, we took him into our pad and blew smoke at him, we took him to Dr. Leary's Psychedelic Celebration at Winterland, we even (incurable optimists) gave him a tab of Owsley's finest (but he doesn't seem to have dropped it, as we pretty much expected -- probably saving it at home among his souvenirs -- sutures from LBJ's symbolic wound,

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MONTEREY

SET TO POP

by Robert Hurwitt

There's no place to camp in Monterey; there are no more tickets for any of the Pop Festival concerts this weekend except for Ravi Shankar.

Ralph Gleason said it Wednesday in the Chronicle and BARB takes the same line: if you don't have tickets, don't go.

Record crowds are expected in Monterey this weekend. Only those people with tickets will be allowed on the fairgrounds, and all Festival plans to have campgrounds and entertainment for nonticket-holders have fallen through, as reported earlier by BARB.

The program remains practically the same, with only two important changes: The Beachboys

have bowed out, due to recording engagements and Carl Wilson's appearance in court, Tuesday, to escape the draft; Eric Burdon and the Animals will make a surprise appearance Friday night.

The program is as follows: FRIDAY evening: The Association, Buffalo Springfield, Eric Burdon and the Animals, The Grateful Dead, Jimmi Hendrix Experience, Laura Nyro, Lou Rawls, and Simon and Garfunkel.

SATURDAY afternoon: Big Brother and the Holding Company, Paul Butterfield's Blues Band, Canned Heat, Country Joe and the Fish, Hugh Masakela, Steve Miller's Blues Band, The Quicksilver Messenger Service, The Royal Zoo.

Saturday evening: Booker T. and the M.G.'s., The Byrds (with Hugh Masakela, The Jefferson Airplane, Moby Grape, and Otis Redding).

SUNDAY afternoon: Ravi Shankar.

Sunday evening: The Blues Project, The Impressions, The Mamas and the Papas, Johnny Rivers, Dionne Warwick, and The Who.

On Saturday afternoon there will be workshops in guitar (with Dr. Erick Hord, Papa lead guitarist) and lightshows. On Sunday there will be a songwriters workshop and a symposium (moderated by Ralph Gleason) to discuss the roles of different people involved in the music industry.

In addition to the workshops and concerts there will be various booths scattered over the fairgrounds, including a meditation room, and a Moog synthesizer, which makes electronic music. The Whitney Brothers will have a booth for their lightshow, a non-oil based light show made by analogue computer.

ABCTV has the exclusive film rights to the festival, for a color tv show this fall. Leacock Pennybaker, who did the Dylan flick, is doing the filming so this film may well be a drag too.

All proceeds from the Festival are supposed to go to charity but the mechanics for doing so have not yet been set up. BARB will keep its eyes open.

STP WILL NOT SET YOU FREE

from page 3
gal under the Drug abuse Law. However, when the three are combined they form an entirely new drug, one not covered by present legislation.

There are several "dangers" involved with the drug. For one, there is no known cure for bummers, as there is with acid. Also, cocaine can be habit-forming.

General consensus of the drug's effects have left most experimenters with little desire to take it again.

"Man," said one veteran acid tripper, "that stuff is too damn strong. It blew my mind. Once is enough for me."

LOTS OF FEATHERS



(photo by Gerhard Gescheide)

BUT NO MEAT at the Fantasy Fair in Sharp Contest to Muhammad Ali's Fiesta. (See opposite page)

PROVOS BACK FOR REAL FOR LOVE

by a Provo

The Berkeley PROVOS are back in action for the Bay Area's Summer of LOVE.

Starting this Monday and every day thereafter between the hours of 6 and 7 pm, there will be free delicious hot soup for those of our community and the peaceful summer travelers who will be joining us. Bring a bowl and spoon.

Some bands have offered to play at these evening happenings as well as the Sunday scenes in PROVO Park.

As part of their Thing for this summer the provos are also trying to provide pads for people to crash at.

Some sleeping places are already available; however more will be needed, so if you have room for one for more people to stay, call or drop us a postcard.

There will also be limited legal aid available for those running afoul of the local law.

Best bet is to do your thing, be cool and LOVE BABY LOVE.

If you want to give the provos a hand or anything else like food, sheets, blankets, sleeping bags, pots, pans, bowls, spoons, coffee, candy, beads or yarn CALL us at Our new phone number 848-7758, leave things at THE STORE on the Avenue, Provo Park, or at 2228 San Pablo Ave (downstairs).

The provos as well as other interested people wanted to have a free bus available for around town as well as to S.F. this summer.

Unfortunately they couldn't find a bus for free.

Nonetheless they still want a free bus and so there will be a benefit on Sunday July 9th with Country Joe and the Fish, Notes from the Underground, and other local groups.

This gig will be the last thing that the Provos will sponsor at which money will be charged so keep that date open and let's all groove this Summer of LOVE.

MAGIC MOUNTAIN FERVOR LEAVES POST-TEEN COOL

by Robert Hurwitt

More than 35,000 people, according to the organizers, attended the KFRC Magic Mountain Festival on Mt. Tamalpais this weekend.

Yuri Toropov, who put together the fair (not the musical program), told BARB he was satisfied that the whole thing came off very well.

Perhaps most of the crowd thought so too, but there were dissatisfied elements.

On Saturday this reporter was one of them. Perhaps my expectations were too high, perhaps I should have turned over my assignment to a much younger person. It was a high school trip and I, over twenty-one, felt like an outsider.

Generally it looked like a very straight crowd -- a crowd that had trouble grooving. All the arrangements had been made for a happening of gigantic proportions. Yuri Toropov had carefully avoided the mistake of the Be-In and scattered booths, bands, and games over the hillside so that the crowd was not subject to the control of any one group of performers at a microphone.

But the crowd did not respond to the opportunities offered it. The tire swings, connected so that the motion of each would affect the motion of the others, were usually only half occupied.

The Valley of Dance, each time I visited it, boasted only one or two self-conscious dancers on the outskirts of a small group of listeners.

I avoided the booth advertising "Acid Shakes 50¢," got some milk, and suffered secondhand Motown at the hands of the incredibly pseudo-spade Spyderys until the more hip Berkeley Philharmonic came on.

At least the sound was clear in the Valley of Dance. The main amphitheatre was having its problems. The Fifth Dimension, Blackburn and Snow, The Doors, Dionne Warwick and the Jim Kweskin Jug Band put on great performances but, listening, I kept wanting to remove the dust from the needle.

The Mt. Tamalpais amphitheatre has incredibly good acoustics for ordinary speaking performances, but once electronics come into the picture the mountain seems to rebel. I got the impression that KFRC planned to get over this problem with sheer volume of sound, but it didn't work. You have to work with the mountain, not against it. Even Dionne sounded like she had to clear her throat.

Blackburn and Snow expressed mild disappointment with the crowd. They'd had a flat tire on the way up the mountain, and "I was surprised to see how many people passed us by, wouldn't stop

and give us a wrench."

Bob Gray, an organizer of the Festival, stopped to give me directions, and asked a passing teenybopper if he could borrow her program. Love generation replied "NO," petulantly and hurried off, glancing back suspiciously.

Bob was surprised but by this time I wasn't. Most of the people I talked to were leaving for Hunter's Point, and that's where I went Sunday. The scene at Hunter's Point was much more congenial. The Diggers supplied material for a happening (Ron Thelth rented the generators) in honor of Muhammed Ali (who sent a telegram) and this happening happened.

Nothing daunted by the failure

JURY HAS MOST FUN AS THE EXCESS WINS

The Deadly Excess Shop got a unanimous acquittal Tuesday on charges of displaying obscene photographs and contributing to the delinquency of minors.

Both of the prosecution's child witnesses, brought in to support the second charge, blew it for the D.A. According to Doyle Phillips, owner of the shop, located in SF's North Beach, the trial was ridiculously funny from beginning to end. At least the jury seemed to feel so, judging by its frequent laughter at the DA's antics.

Even the BARB was brought in as evidence that the shop (which

of performers to show up Sunday afternoon, local talent turned the crowd on with bongos and piano and people seemed to be grooving.

There was no need to turn over any proceeds to the Hunters Point Child Care Center. There were no proceeds except the thing itself and it was less than a block from the center.

I don't want to put down the Magic Mountain unfairly. People who went Sunday told me the scene was much better than the day before.

Certainly the fair was well organized. It had all the makings of a great, decentralized happening -- even three parachutists each day. But you can't sell happenings.

sells the BARB) was corrupting the morals of kids from the junior high school across the street.

The "contributing to the delinquency" charge was added on nine weeks after the shop was first busted, Phillips said. The shop was busted for two photographs in a prize-winning exhibit, one showing a nude man and woman sitting on a bench and the other a sign in the background saying "Fuck War."

BARB's only color edition was held up by the D.A. as an example of the kind of horrific pornographic literature which was corrupting the kids, Phillips said.

"The D.A. asked, Is this a typical issue of the BARB?" said Phillips. "When I said it wasn't, he ran downstairs and came back up ten minutes later with more back issues."

"They must have a good file of them down there," Phillips commented.

The D.A. then put all the BARBs into evidence and they went into the jury room for the juror's perusal.

"The jury came out after only an hour," said Phillips. "Several of the jurors told me afterwards that my lawyer's closing argument made up their minds."

The lawyer, David Weaver, said that the bust was a clear case of police harassment, pointing out that 3 other "hippie" shops were busted in the Haight on the same day. He asked the jurors, Is this a free country or Nazi Germany, Russia or Cuba?

"The most convincing thing he said was, 'What right do the police have to say what is obscene?'" said Phillips.

SOCIOLOGIST SURVEYS CITY JAIL

BARB received an angry request for bail from the Berkeley City Jail early Wednesday afternoon.

Vaughn Yozarian, a sociologist new to the area, had been busted a few minutes before for violation of section 3602--"Hitting".

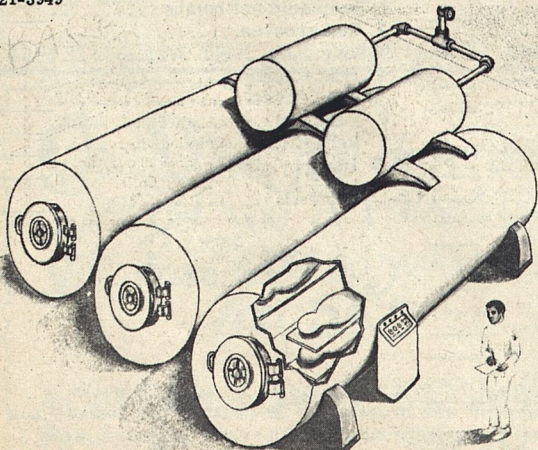
He had left his house at Fulton and Channing around 12:30 to work out by running around the block, taking with him only a box of raisins.

When he finished them he stuck the empty box on a post to free his hands, and was immediately stopped by a Berkeley Police Officer in a patrol car who accused him of a violation of 3602 and asked for ID.

Yozarian said he could get some from his house, but his offer was declined, and he was escorted to jail because he had committed an "offense" and to the officer "didn't know who he was." Bail was \$4.

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What's In A Name?

From page 3
 Twenties. Also, he wrote the lawyers, "we have strongly suggested that (Mr. Cohn) counsel the group to use good sense and change their name."

The group did not change its name. Although the Banned no longer performed at the Roaring Twenties, it continued to be heard around town. It had gotten some good reviews and its reputation was growing.

Several weeks ago, Cohn received a letter from the Better Business Bureau of San Francisco.

"We find that your use of the Salvation Army name is causing confusion and misunderstanding as it relates to your musical group," it read.

THREAT?

"As an aid to you, we call this matter to your attention feeling an awareness of the potential dangers inherent in continuing this, may be detrimental to you and your associates."

After this ungrammatical but unmistakable threat, the letter concluded, "please advise us of your authorization to use the Salvation Army name and whether your group in reality represents what is implied by the title 'New Salvation Army Band.'" (Sic).

The letter was signed by Charles R. Thurber, Executive Vice President of the Better Business Bureau of San Francisco.

From then on, strange things began to happen. There were hassles with the Union. And the name of the Banned disappeared from the entertainment columns of the San Francisco Chronicle.

For example, Ralph Gleason's column announced a big week-end list at the Avalon Ballroom three weeks ago. All the rock groups which were to play were mentioned -- except the New Salvation Army Banned. The same thing happened in his announcement of last week's Magic Mountain Festival, at which the group was slated to appear.

POWER

To BARB, what had started as an amusing comedy of errors began to take on more serious implications. What was the power of this so-called charitable group that to risk its displeasure meant lawyers' threats, pressure from the Better Business Bureau, and a virtual publicity blackout by a major newspaper?

We contacted the Better Business Bureau and interviewed Mr. Thurber. He said he thought the group's name caused "unnecessary confusion" and, when pressed, thought that other rock groups with similarly "confusing" names could have action brought against them by the offended businesses.

"We never really thought of the Salvation Army as a business," BARB said. "Oh, it's a business, all right," he replied. "A big business."

A little checking brought to light that within San Francisco, the Salvation Army owns a great deal of property and real estate, including its seven community centers.

TREMENDOUS

The magnitude of the operation

is enormous, and no one seems to really know just how big it is.

"It's tremendous," said one source, "like the Roman Catholic Church. It's very rich, and its arm is long." Like the Church, it pays no taxes.

BARB contacted an anthropologist who is working on an undercover expose of the organization. He posed as a wino and joined the recipients of the Salvation Army's "bounty."

Although he uncovered many evidences of abuses he is, understandably, withholding these until the publication of his report.

"But I can give you some idea of the business aspect," he said.

"I worked on a truck which would pick up stuff which was contributed to the Salvation Army. We usually picked up two truckloads a day. And there were 23 radio-controlled trucks. I counted them."

THE TAKE

BARB's advanced mathematicians have calculated that if the contents of each truckload would yield \$1380 a day and \$6900 for a five-day week. This bare-minimum estimate of junk pick-ups alone comes out to \$358,000 a year. Of course, the actual figure must be much higher -- probably well over half a million.

And, of course, this does not include the income from bequests,

Federal grants, investments, property, and the contributions which daily accumulate in proffered tambourines.

A former resident of Skid Row who is now a dedicated worker in a social service agency, told us, "The Salvation Army is a mendacious parasite. Like other Establishment sops to the poor and down-and-out, it is the organization which benefits more than the people it is supposed to be helping."

HEAR 'EM

The New Salvation Army Banned will perform next weekend at the Central City Street Fair in San Francisco (see accompanying ar-

ticle).

Since the Fair is part of an effort to revitalize a depressed area, the Original Salvation Army Band had consented to appear. However, when it learned that the New Salvation Army Banned was to appear it cancelled the engagement.

"We can't appear with them," said a spokesman. "I think we're going to sue them."

Other groups to appear at the Fair next week include the Freedom Highway (attn: Dept. of Roads and Highways), the Mount Rushmore (will the Parks Commission object?), and the Freudian Slips (will Sigmund's heirs sue?)

-- HARPO



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HASTE & TELEGRAPH

BERKELEY BLIND PICKET IN SAC

Blind pickets from Berkeley demonstrated against the Department of Rehabilitation in Sacramento early this week.

Their grievances include earnings as low as 40¢ an hour, lack of medical and other state benefits, and mismanagement of the California Industries for the Blind.

BARB talked with Sid Urena, President of the State Employees Union of the Berkeley shop.

The California Industries for the Blind (CIB) was developed to provide employment for blind and other handicapped people, but the non-handicapped Civil Service Employees get all the benefits, Urena complained.

"They have salaries of up to \$1000 a month while 109 of the state's 230 blind workers are paid below the federal minimum wage," he said.

He complained of "deadwood," especially in the hiring of Civil Service employees. There is almost one non-handicapped employee for every three handicapped workers.

"What I want to know," he asked, "is why they need two accountants and nine new adding machines when they can't afford decent sewing machines, broom winders, and maintenance equipment."

Urena feels that the program should be aimed at getting people off the welfare roles.

"We want to be tax-payers instead of tax-consumers, but we can't do that without receiving the minimum wage."

Urena estimated that 75% of the blind workers could make it in regular industry, but they are not hired because of prejudice against blind applicants.

"The program should develop competent skills and provide incentive but it can't do that with antiquated equipment and the present wage system," Urena said.

Under the present wage system workers are paid by piece work; when they are transferred to an hourly wage the pay rate is determined by their previous hourly average on piece work, according to Urena, who also represents the Blind Workers Guild of Northern California on the California Council for the Blind.

Some workers bring home as little as 35 or 40 cents an hour under this system, he said.

"The Department of Rehabilitation (under which CIB was organized) won't help us, and they won't let us transfer to another department like Social Welfare," Urena pointed out. "By picketing we are hoping to focus attention on some

of the discrepancies within the Department of Rehabilitation. This isn't a strike, but we have applied for a strike sanction.

"This is not a demonstration against the Administration or the Governor or the United States," he concluded.

The blind are lobbying for passage of Senate Bill 326 which will guarantee the national minimum wage to blind workers. They also want provisions for sick leave, vacations, work lay-off, and a wage adjustment for the rise in cost of living proportionate to the wage increase of the civil service employees.

RESISTANCE ON MOVE

The Berkeley Resistance has spawned a school of travelling agitators.

The Resistance was formed to coordinate a national turning in of draft cards on October 16th. The travelling agitators are beginning that coordination.

Two already ran into trouble in Milwaukee. Lenny Heller and Dickie Harris were arrested for a sit in at the Milwaukee draft board. Both were taking part in the Milwaukee Draft Resisters Union demonstration. Arraignment was on the 15th.

Agitator Lenny Heller will then move on to Chicago, where he will work with Gary Rader, the ex-Green Beret who burned his draft card at the N.Y. Mobilization March. They are organizing a Draft Refusers Conference for July 7th.

Resistance workers Rod Gage, Milton McDowell, and Steve Hamilton are leaving in a few weeks for a summer of organizing draft resistance in the American South. Meanwhile, back at the Resistance office at 2502 Telegraph, work continues. Contacts are being made with lawyers to back the Resistance noncooperators.

And money is needed to keep the Resistance going.

"Vietnam Summer has agreed to pay half the sustainer for three organizers," Resistance spokesman Hamilton explained, "if we can find some group to pay the rest."

This is the first money released by the West Coast Vietnam Summer for antidraft work, probably the most radical antiwar work being done in this country.

"To get money to run the office, pay travellers, and build a bail fund," a Resistance worker added, "we are doing a benefit at Pauley Ballroom on July 8th."

More Resistance work will be hashed out this Sunday at 7:30 in the Lutheran Chapel on Haste and College. Hal Cohen



(photo by Gerhard Gscheidle)
FUN BOOTH at Magic Mountain done by Synanon; should be fun at Street Fair.

SYNANONISTS OUTWIT SUBTLE ACA-DEANS

Berkeley Friends of Synanon got the royal run-around from the University administration this month.

Deans, deanlets, and University policemen played out their roles in the years-old ceremony known as "kick them off campus."

Berkeley Friends of Synanon is soliciting donations for Synanon Foundation. As an inducement, a drawing is being held and tickets are being given free or for a donation. (State laws forbid an actual lottery.)

The drawing will be a feature of the Synanon Fair, to be held on June 24 (noon to midnight) and June 25 (10 AM to 10 PM) at Lombard and Sansome Streets. The fair will feature five rock bands and a light show, Afro-Cuban jazz, Mod fashion shows and artists and artisans in action.

The University administration first told BFS not to solicit these funds on campus. When asked why, Dean Hopkins, the Negro dean put in charge of sticky matters, refused to set down his reasons in writing. He did say, however, that "The Chancellor's Office does not wish to be associated with this type of money raising project."

When confronted with the absolute legality of the group's activities, the Deans and deanlets assumed their famous fish-face expression and repeated their demands in spite of logic.

At this point, (June 12), the Friends of Synanon decided that they wouldn't bow to this arbitrariness and kept their table up. Then began the famous ritual dance of Deans, police photographers and sundry administrators.

The BFS called their lawyers in and found out exactly how to ask for donations without sounding like they were demanding payment.

Dean Van Houten, an official nice guy, came down and asked if he could have a ticket free. He was told to leave his name and address and a ticket would be mailed to him. After ruminating for a while he retreated to the halls of Sproul.

Next came Dean Hopkins, who consulted with the table-sitters and with the lawyers in a considerably more relaxed manner. He, too, retreated.

All the time the University Police force's photographer perched on a

nearby fence, nonchalantly looking at the sky. He had a movie camera and a still camera ready.

At the end of the day, no action was taken by the administration. The game was over, too, since

the quarter had officially ended and no more tables could be set up until the next quarter began.

All players passed "go" but it was not known who among them collected \$200.

LAMB AND LION IN HARMONY?

"This is a project put together by Berkeley business dropouts", said Jon Fabbro. He, his wife, Louise, Marian Yothers, and Federico Montoya are preparing a pre-opening of his art gallery and "Shoppes" on Sunday, June 18th, from 2 to 7 P.M.

Construction on "Channing Place", 2511 Channing Way in Berkeley, began 6 months ago. Most of the remodeling and landscaping of the then condemned building has been done by volunteers who work for food and rent.

Fabbro feels that there is no place for a local artist to show and sell his work at reasonable prices. He wants the gallery to deal fairly with everyone--with the artist by buying his work directly and not on consignment; with the buyer, by not over charging him.

"Most galleries are museums," he told BARB and are abstract and you don't touch anything, and just walk out again. Here you can touch. We hope this will be a clearing house for work being done by people in Berkeley."

Some of the artists showing their

work are Enrique Sanchez, Robert Merino, Stella Popowski, Bill Yokoyama, Robert Storm, Jennifer Badger, and James Hemenway.

The "Shoppes" in Channing Place are: the Molecule, selling hand made children's clothes; The Glass House, imported beads from all over the world; Lothlorien, originally designed hand-made "Wearables", ties, scarves, shirts, imported papers, and "unique miscellanea"; Paraphernalia, clothes like "the electric dress" and "the plastic mini-skirt"; Sanamu, imports from craft cooperatives in Africa; and Generation, a men's clothing shop.

They represent a mixture of established businesses and young Berkeley artis, in line with Jon's theories.

"We want to show that the establishment and Berkeley people can work together in harmony," he told BARB.

"Dissent and revolution and anti-establishment have to go on," he acceded, "but we're working from within the establishment to change things and make them better."

J.E.

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Where Have All Our Heroes Gone?

by Ernie Barry

Ever notice how there's no solidarity on unemployment lines? On the lines you face a system which impersonally exists to process you.

And yet these people are so often sending bad beams to you rather than to the system. If the oodles of red tape and stupid forms cause a delay for someone on the line, he is usually the target of "What are you holding things up for, Stupid!" beams.

I collect unemployment on an interstate claim and the extra red tape causes endless delays on my line. One poor fellow has been on unemployment for seven weeks and has not received one check. He's an unskilled Black laborer who's semi-literate and can't understand or fill out the system's endless forms for an interstate claim. He's continually being interviewed while his claim's hung-up because he's not satisfying the reporting requirements. While the system shits on him, his fellow unfriendly unemployed give cold stares and send bad beams.

Actually his claim is more valid than those of a half dozen I know on our line alone. People who never look for work but write down firm names from the Yellow Pages to give as places they went to for work.



But they play the game well and know that the main thing is to fill the forms with the right things in the right spaces. Not the truth, but the right simplified things which aren't questioned. Then the unemployment interviewer gives you a smile and warmth beams. Play it the other way and complicate things and you'll get punished with frowns and long waits.

One of the saddest things about unemployment in this post-Marxist age is that people are returning to the view that there's something wrong with them if they're on unemployment. The system penalizes them with long lines in dull offices and they punish themselves with inadequacy feelings.

How do you tell them that almost invariably the real reason for their being fired is the economic system's inadequacy. For example, ideally in a production-oriented society not one willing producer/worker would be told not to produce or work. Yet in America tens of thousands of farmers are paid not to produce to full capacity. So they hire tens of thousands less farm workers. Similar underproduction exists throughout most American industries. (Except in the highly productive war industries.)

The System is a failure even in its own terms. Personally I think up to 80 or more per cent of American production is clutter in all of our lives. But the millions of sadsacks in America out of work and out of money do not believe it. Mostly they are experiencing disappointment and shame because they aren't working and they don't have money.

With this in mind, it was particularly annoying to see the local mass media make employment heroes out of longshoreman boss Harry Bridges, S.F. Mayor John Shelley, and a number of maritime industry employers. These leaders recently inaugurated a new job program in which 700 new longshoremen's jobs were created, and thus 700 new men admitted to the Union. If you read to the end of the news stories on this you would have learned that they were the first new longshoremen's openings in a number of years and would probably be the last for some years, and 21,000 mostly unemployed men had applied for the openings. Which means that the new program couldn't find work for 96 and 2/3% of the men.

RAMPARTS WITHOUT ROCKS

By Our Special Folding Paper Correspondent

Tally ho, Smedley! Stable the horses, kennel the hounds - there's something amiss this morning. The Sunday Ramparts seems devoid of print. Column after column of blank space abounds therein.

Either get me another copy or

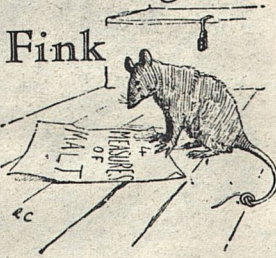
have my bifocals checked. But hold! I see something that says this is the last issue.

Yoicks! The fox has gotten in with the chickens again. First, it was the SF Examiner, then the Berkeley Citizen (all versions), and now we are left with only The BARB!

Questions must be raised for

Roving Rat

Fink



The Electric Umbilical

I suppose you heard of the man who wanted to save on gasoline, and designed himself a little car to run on electricity. He made a trip from New York to New Orleans in it, and it only cost him 89¢ for oil and \$3,672.45 for extension cord.

So, it appears that the electric automobile is not ready yet. But according to State Senator Petris, it had better be by 1975. By then, it will be time to take all gasoline-burning autos off the roads, before the atmosphere becomes too polluted for life to continue.

As Petris frighteningly points out, one car traveling from Santa Monica to Pasadena in 45 minutes uses up more oxygen than the entire human population of Los Angeles during the same period. And the earth's supply is not unlimited.

The electric auto, as Petris points out, is not ready yet. Extension cord is hardly practical, and a battery runs down too fast. He suggests that the next eight years will afford time to perfect it. I suggest that the answer is already here.

Steam. Old-fashioned steam.

The tendency has grown to regard the old Stanley Steamer as a joke, a sort of primitive forerunner of the real automobile. It is not generally realized that back in the early 1900's steam automobiles -- ordinary stock models -- racked up speeds untouched until Sir Malcolm Campbell in the 1930's; and he used specially built models.

I submit that steam-powered automobiles would offer these advantages:

No exhaust fumes, and thus no smog. Enough of them discharging water vapor could add to the overcast, but that doesn't really hurt anyone.

Return to the atmosphere, in water vapor form, of oxygen used in powering the car.

Extreme simplicity of motor. Any semi-intelligent man could easily learn to do his own mechanical work. This could put an end to several rackets connected with the automobile scene, including the "built-in obsolescence" that now only a professional can pinpoint. It could force Detroit to start building cars for use, as they do in Europe.

The whole point goes back to the early days of petroleum, when the point of cracking it was to produce kerosene, then needed for lamps. In this process you produce a troublesome dangerous stuff called gasoline, and it was always a problem what to do with it. Standard Oil found the answer: to squash the flourishing steam-car industry and throw its support behind Henry Ford and others who were experimenting with internal-combustion autos. So, now we have to go back in order to go forward.

-- R.R.



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The Umbilical Welcome To Our Desert Hero!

by Marvin Garson

There was a spectacular smash-up in the Middle East all right, but not the one I called for in my last column. The closest it came was the "accidental" Israeli attack on that American ship, which hardly had the same consequences as the abortive or imaginary North Vietnamese PT attack on the destroyer Maddox in the Gulf of Tonkin three years ago, if you can remember that far back.

I changed sides two or three times during the Middle East thing. Until June 5, the day the war began, I was mildly pro-Arab. Not that I had any warm feelings for Nasser, whom I think of as the Art Goldberg of the Middle East. (Old Berkeley hands will know what I mean; newcomers are merely advised that I do NOT refer to Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg.) But it did seem that a major cause of the crisis was trigger-happy Israeli air raids on Arab towns. The Jews, in other words, were being pushy, and they compounded their pushiness that Monday morning by starting the war and shooting up the UN forces.

Monday evening I switched to the Israeli side because of the clear Arab declaration that their purpose was to destroy the State of Israel (necessarily involving genocide); the clear Israeli declaration that they sought no territorial gains whatsoever; and the apparent fact of American, British and French neutrality.

That position lasted a couple of days, and I must say it felt good to be on the winning side for once. I advised Israel to destroy the Arab armies and then unilaterally withdraw to her borders the way China did in her border war with India. That would show unequivocally that Israel's policy was basically defensive, and it would make the Arabs feel silly rather than vengeful. Israel rejected my advice and let me know that I had been a sucker to fall for their "no territorial ambitions" line, so I switched back to the Arabs, who welcomed my support by telling me to go fuck a camel.

All this demonstrates the futility of taking political stands on the basis of shifting day-to-day events instead of rigorous social analysis. The roots of Israeli and Arab foreign policy will be found in their respective social structures, not in the statements of their leaders.

Israel is a tiny bastion of liberal democracy in a sea of feudalism and corruption. It is a social laboratory, rejecting the dogmas of capitalism and socialism, amalgamating the best features of each in a genuinely mixed economy. Yeah, sure it is.

The Israeli economy is plain capitalism with little Brook Farms here and there for them that likes it. Press censorship is a lot more firmly established than civil liberties. "Youthful idealism" is universally enlisted in an army whose social and political weight was alarming even before last week's Jordanian Real Estate Acquisition Project. Israel treats her resident Arab population with the same solicitude Americans showed towards Indians in, say, the 1880s.

The Arab countries, by contrast, stand for revolutionary nationalism striving to break the chains of imperialism and colonialism which have restrained their autonomous development. Sure they do.

King Hussein is, best anyone forget, a monarch and a monarchist, a product of British public schools and a favorite beneficiary of U.S. military aid. Nasser talks a good revolution but all he has accomplished is an old-fashioned coup, replacing a corrupt monarchy with a military government. The Egyptians are still the most miserable people this side of India.

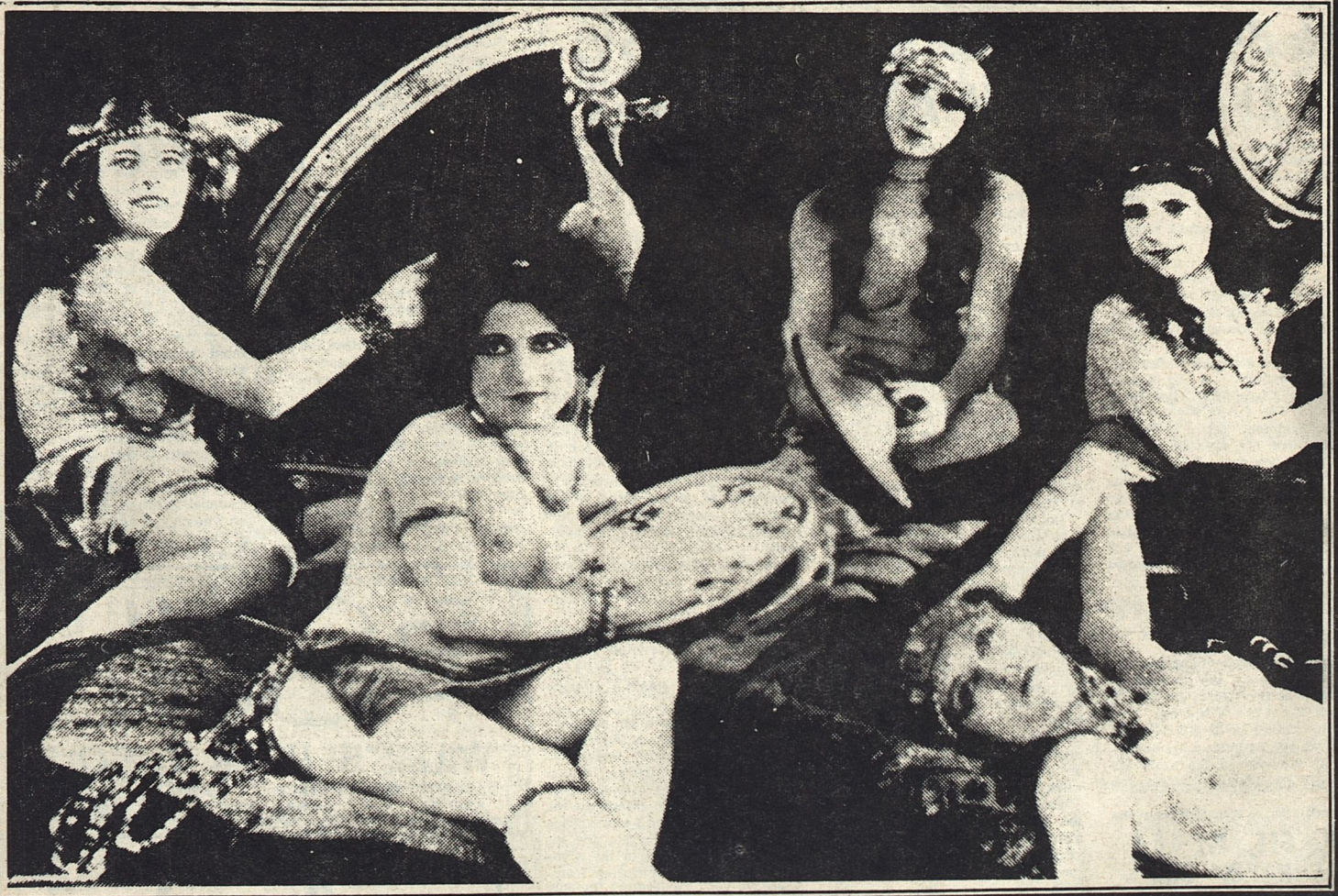
That leaves us back where we started, I'm afraid, either neutral or treacherously shifting our loyalties every day.



The New Jersey power failure saved me from complete political humiliation. My last column, you will remember, was in two parts, the first raising false hopes of a spectacular naval war in the Middle East and the second urging deliberate power failures to greet Hubert Humphrey on his fund-raising trail. In the aftermath of the Jersey blackout we are now being told that power systems are more vulnerable than ever, and may go out simply from too many people turning on air conditioners at the same time. You read it first in the BARB.

I never did find out why this column was called "The Umbilical". Max Scherr, who is responsible for these headlines, never answered the specific inquiries I made. Obviously it has something to do with an umbilical cord; the original purpose was to use the column as some kind of umbilical cord tying me to Berkeley, it being impossible for any healthy organism to breathe in New York.

It was also to maintain old friendships more efficiently than keeping a dozen correspondences going at the same time. But the column has lost me my old friends (the last straw was my threat to "cross their fucking picket lines" in the column "When the Workers Start to Move"), and hasn't made me any new ones, judging from the zero response in the letters-to-the-editor column over an eight-month period. Even Max is mad at me. (I am NOT Marv; just insecure. Also, quite a few letters to the editor. We just don't ever seem to find room for many letters. - Ed.) You'd think he'd be grateful for free copy, but instead he's annoyed because it arrives so sporadically. Anyway, the umbilical cord won't be necessary any more since I'll be back in Berkeley for good a few days after this appears in print. (We'll call it The Returnee? - Ed.) I hope I recognize the place.



films

DON'T LOOK BACK, or maybe DON'T LOOK UP

by Lenny Lipton

This week, four reviews, or if I run out of steam, as is rarely the case, folks, three, and so on to the negative numbers, to imaginary numbers, and then three dee colored numbers that you can pick from the trees like fruit.

First, **DON'T LOOK BACK**, the film about Bob Dylan, by the established - ponder the meaning of that word - filmmaker, Don Pennybaker. The film was produced by the three year old's trainers and managers, and like a colt, he's out of the gate, and around the track, and around, and around again, and around again.

Like the great David, he slays Goliath, over and over, again, and then again. So what if Goliath is only two feet tall this time? So what? Because, as it is well known in certain radical circles, even left circles, it's not so much the man, it's the machine he's part of. So when Dylan puts down the dummy student and the Time Reporter, we cheer and we are repelled. That is, I am.

What would I do? Everybody knows that Slime is a piece of shit, manufactured under strick supervision of orgs, a product never touched by human hands. How great it is to hear Dylan tell the boob he (Dylan) doesn't need Slime. By the way, Slime is what the people who work there call it, don't ask me how I know, or I could rap on and on, and where would it get either of us?

But the Slime reporter is a man, isn't he? Why bother to put the poor tool down, why?

But Bob babe, you were right, you did the right thing, you gave him a little piece of hell, you blew his mind just a little. What did the copy he sent to the toll in New York say about you, Bob, I wonder?

Dylan is on all the time. He is the hub, and he deserves it. I think Bob Dylan is a great songwriter, not a poet. Poems are not where it is at, nobody reads poems, except in a few little magazines.

Songs are what's happening. The loud speaker is what's happening. People are getting their poetry out of the box, not off the page, and you did it, Bob, almost single-handed, and for that even you wouldn't want to be revered, don't follow leaders (watch your parking meters), but can I help but admire you?

The film they used was probably Double X, or Tri X, pushed I bet, too, to get all the speed out of it they could. I like the grain, I do not like when the image goes flat. At these points the negative must have been mighty thin, and there is no variable contrast printing stock to save the day.

I heard one critic on TV praising

man ought to be the director, a sound man with the mike, and a helper, to get coffee, and roll joints.

Cinema verite technique does not allow adding lights, or for that matter anything that would change the effect on the subjects more than the basic minimum for preserving what's happening.

Since there's only one camera grinding, and camera time in a sequence must be real time, with the exception of some jump cutting, cinema verite tends to get boring, because a lot of needed cutting doesn't happen. Very often you want to see for example, the reaction of Joan Baez to what Dylan is rapping about, but you can't unless the camera swings away from Dylan. What do you do then, when you've got two things to show at once? You can't entirely solve it with one camera.

I think wide screen would be perfect for cinema verite, wide

screen and fast wide angle lenses. Somebody ought to try it. You need to cut less when you can show more, and wide screen might help cinema verite.

How did I get on this trip?

The film is a study of power, and what infinite wealth, for all purposes that I can imagine, which are quite finite, and infinite adulation can do. When you are on top of the heap, what do you say to the world? And more often than not Dylan and his manager, Albert Grossman (co-producer), do just that, and the film is a variation of the theme of two men telling the world to fuck off, drop dead, and so on to epithets not heard daily by many a Catholic nun.

Dylan tells off everybody. But man is he up tight. You would think, not if you've listened to his songs that is, that he's got the world by the balls, but it's got him. Really everybody else in the

world is jacking Dylan off, and there is nothing he can do about it, except rap back. Dylan is under the thumb of a lot of hotel owners, managers, swans, dogs, dinosaurs, and cobras to name a few.

I saw in this film, that the only time he gets a little peace, is when he's on stage. Surrounded by a thousand people, he is more alone than when surrounded by a wood troll, a hobbit, and a sorcerer.

On stage it's time to fall asleep in your words, relax because this is what it's all about, anyway, and who cares, and these words have been sung until they are not words anymore, not to Bob Dylan.

But what does this film of his tour of Britain, this journey with Bob to and from concerts, tell us about him? Do I have to tell you, do I need to explain, that it's so very little, but so very much. You'll learn more about him from his songs. Instead of the revelation, the hard hitting, honest, tact, too candid to believe concoction the producers must have imagined they were going to pawn off, Pennybaker has thrown them a curve, and given us all a warning. Do you want to make it to the top of the hill, only to discover you're standing on a mound of shit? With Donovan hard at your heels?

Now that's a Lenny Lipton ending, if there ever was one. Just for fun, here's how Ramparts would end an article like this:

DON'T LOOK BACK is about the nova of his time, giving gravity to a generation, a generation without faith, but not without hope; The Don't Look Back Generation.

And that's how this generation might get put into a (plastic) bag.

The film doesn't say Dylan to me, not the Dylan I think of, not the man who harnessed ambiguity and beauty and rode them across the sky, pulling the sun along for a ride, on its big bright trip.

the film for its documentary cinema verite look. No man, the filmmakers weren't adding to the misery. One of things about cinema verite is that it strains the equipment, the people making the film, the people in the film, and good cinema verite is tension, it has to be.

This is the way such films are made: The film unit usually consists of three men, a cameraman and director, that is the camera-



WILDERNESS MARCH

THE GREEN BERET HAS WHAT IT TAKES TO MANEUVER IN ALL TYPES OF DIFFICULT TERRAIN AND TO REACH HIS OBJECTIVE FAST
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64
GREEN
BERETS

REVIEW: THE NEW LEGIONS by DONALD DUNCAN, Random House \$5.95

by Robert Hurwitt

"After ten years in the army it feels great to be marching for something that makes sense," 8; 10; 12; 20,000 marchers, assembled in Oakland's De Fremery Park, November 20, 1965, greeted Don Duncan's debut as an anti-war speaker with cheers. The press reported not a word of his speech.

Since that time it has become virtually impossible for the establishment to ignore this quiet-spoken former master sergeant in the Green Berets.

After the De Fremery Park speech Duncan began giving speeches on Vietnam based on 18 months service there under the auspices of VDC, until Bob Scheer wisely snapped him up to become military editor for Ramparts.

His "I Quit" article in Ramparts produced a series of angry denials from the White House and the Pentagon, General Yarborough,

commander of the Special Forces, not only denied that Duncan's information was correct but angrily accused him of disloyalty in releasing such information.

Unless the Pentagon has developed a much thicker skin the public should expect another such rash of denials following the release this week of Duncan's first book, *The New Legions*, published by Random House. In this book, Duncan has delved far more deeply into the Green Berets, American intervention in the war in Vietnam, and the increasingly dangerous role of America's huge military establishment in American political life.

"Random House is listing it under Political Science," Duncan told me with surprised amazement. There's nothing surprising about that. The book is excellent political science, cogent and current. It is an excellent, factual argument of Duncan's major thesis: "The role of the military elite in foreign policy must be eliminated . . . It must be returned to the control of a re-

sponsible government."

Yet the book does not read like a political science dissertation. Duncan presents his case by stating the facts of his own military career, interspersing it with brief chapters of insightful analysis. The result is exciting and challenging reading from Duncan's personal introduction to Universal Military Training, to his final analysis of America's position in world affairs today, "known and feared for our legions."

Reviewers should carp and criticize, but I'm still too much impressed with the book to think of any more serious drawback than that it lacks a glossary of military terms. (The vast majority of citizens have not undergone military service, and checking back through the footnotes is a drag.)

This, of course, is only a minor point. *The New Legions* is an extremely important contribution toward understanding how a self-perpetuating military clique has gained control of our national politics and how this affects the political life of our nation.



LA READY FOR LBJ EVEN EFFEN HE AIN'T

"The Peace Action Council of Southern California, representing many peace groups, is planning to 'greet' President Johnson on June 23rd."

That's they way P.A.C. wrote it to BARB.

The greeting will consist of a peace-in, a march, and a rally. A personal "greeting" will be attempted through a hotline to Johnson either at his dinner or in his hotel suite.

"Maybe he will make a few relevant comments," said Kristin Penn, one of the Bay Area Coordinators. The P.A.C. seems fond of understatement.

They are not lacking in organization, however. The Bay office (phone: 845-9159) is collecting people with and without cars to go down that day. ILWU local #10 is giving money to pay part of the bus fare for a chartered bus. Car and bus costs are estimated around \$5 per person.

The Peace-In will be from noon until six at Cheviot Hill Park on Motor Avenue. Barbara Dane will sing there.

The rally may be before or after the peace-in, the decision is not firm at this time. Dr. Spock, liberal critic of the war, Rap Brown, chairman of SNCC, and possibly Mohammed Ali, heavy-weight champion of the world (as far as we're concerned) will speak there.

There will be a march from the

AW, GEE, WE WAS HAVIN' FUN

Gentlemen:

The following letter was submitted to San Jose State's Spartan Daily newspaper editorial page. Because the editors are so enveloped in the Greek system here they refused to print it. Having exhausted the avenues of expression here, I have submitted that same letter to the BARB in full faith of its receiving the attention it deserves:

Last Saturday night my roommate narrowly escaped being physically assaulted by no less than a dozen members of Theta Chia fraternity, most of which were half-naked and intoxicated. She and her escort had to resort to climbing out of the window in order to escape these young men as they pounded on the door screaming obscenities and threats of sexual assault, even though they had no idea who she was. My roommate narrowly escaped to a nearby church where she had to call for assistance to be safely escorted home. If such actions are any indication of the fraternal spirit at San Jose State then I question the responsibility of such a system. The following people do not condone such action:

Judy Marston Vikki Bennett
Nona Tobin Janet Holgerson
Gay Baldasini

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park to the Century Plaza Hotel, where the peaceniks can be expected to have a "warm reception" for the President, in P.A.C. terms.

The wind has rumor of "many interesting activities" for that day, but publication at this time would spoil the show. h.d.c.

HAVE LOVE, WILL AGITATE

"275 agitators wanted - experience helpful, will train."

While the above advertisement has not appeared in any paper, Vietnam Summer is recruiting just such people. Full time subsistence-salaried peace organizers are being sought to work in all the Western states.

Norm Potter of VNS told BARB that they are attempting to get 275 unattached activists to commit themselves to such work. VNS will be holding a training institute this month for the "agitators," as he described them.

After training intensively in individual development and studying constituencies and programs, the agitators will fan out to work for organizations covering the full range of antiwar activities. Experienced organizers are very much in demand for this project, as are those who are willing to work in the Northwest states.

Pay will be quite low. The period of employment is the summer, although it is hoped that some will remain beyond. The training institute will be held from June 25-29th.

Potter is hopeful that the universities will provide a good crop of activists willing to spend their summer doing organizational

NOTES ON NOT BEING THERE

This is the letter of resignation Ralph Gleason wrote to Ramparts last February. Ramparts has never printed it.

Mr. Warren Hinckle III
Executive Editor
RAMPARTS

Dear Warren:

May I ask that you allow me space in your letters column in the next issue to disassociate myself from the article on the Hippies in the March issue?

I was not consulted on the article, did not contribute to it in any way whatsoever, despite being listed in your credits, and wish to make it clearly understood that I bear no responsibility for it.

Circumstances seem to me to make my further participation in Ramparts as a consulting editor useless. I would like to submit my resignation, effective immediately.

When and if I have something I wish to write and which I think will interest Ramparts, I will submit it to you.

Meanwhile, I remain, as everyone else, an interested reader.

Sincerely
Ralph J. Gleason

Dear Barbitues:

I wish to acknowledge one perfectly just criticism of the "Ramparts Hippie Article" which appeared under my byline in last week's BARB. I have been criticized for failing to interview the people whose article I was writing on. There is no excuse for my failure to do so. It is the same fault for which I criticized Ramparts.

Robert Hurwitz
work. Those interested (from all walks of life, not just college) should call 776-2702.

SET TO FREE ABDUCTED INDUCTEE

Lawyer Philip Ziegler has new information that may free Ted Townsend from the military stockades at the Presidio.

"Information can not be released until the hearing on Tuesday," Ziegler told BARB.

BARB has inside information about the new information, but public release before Tuesday may harm Townsend's chances of getting out of the stockades.

Ziegler did say that he is now going to hire a handwriting expert to check the army evidence that Townsend signed a written oath of induction back on September 14th.

"I showed him a copy of the written oath," Ziegler told BARB, "and he said he never saw any-

thing like it."

Ziegler was at first hesitant to hire the handwriting expert. It was difficult to believe the government would forge a signature. The case is stronger on the newer, and so far unreleased information.

Friends of Townsend are the most optimistic they have been since the dreary night of May 13th when Townsend was taken from his home and thrown into the military stockade for desertion.

They have asked everyone with a committed interest against the army to attend the hearing at Judge Wollenberg's court in the Federal Building, 450 Golden Gate, on Tuesday at 10:00.

The army must prove itself there.

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FSM REBELS READY TO PAY

A movement by FSM arrestees to reject fines and probation and demand jail terms has fallen flat. Now the US Supreme Court has refused to hear the appeal of the 551 defendants, almost all of the arrestees are preparing to pay their fines, which range from \$75 to \$250.

defendant Steven Saslow to organize defendants to reject payment of fines. "300 going to jail will blow their minds", said his circular. A meeting was held of those interested, but enthusiasms was low. Only a few will voluntarily choose jail.

Many have no choice. The Savios, Mario and Suzanne, were sentenced to 120 days and 45 days respectively as well as a fine. It is not known whether their son Stefan will be imprisoned. Other leaders were singled out for jail terms, although the charges brought against them are the same. Perhaps the most interesting jail sentence was that of Steven DeCano, who did nothing more than sit down with the rest. He was sentenced to 30 days. The deciding factor was that DeCano was afterwards an editor of Spider Magazine, which was thrown off campus in 1965 by acting Chancellor Meyerson.

All of the present sentences were handed down by Judge Rupert Crittenden, who died early in 1966. He had earned promotion to the County Superior Court bench before his death. There he regained his liberal credentials by issuing an order restraining the City of Oakland from preventing a VDC march. Starting on June 20, hearings will be held in the Berkeley Municipal Court to determine a schedule of payments for the fines.

SILENCE MAY BE YOUR CRIME

by Carla Selby

Silence, it has been said, signifies consent. But, even more, it may someday indicate guilt.

In order to remain guiltless a group of Californians have formed an organization called Individuals against the Crume of Silence (IACS). To Herbert D. Magidson of LA goes credit for the idea. Twenty-five Los Angelinos from all walks of life gave it impetus.

Their principal goals are to "put pressure on the Administration to end the Vietnam War" and to allow those people who sign their Declaration to be on permanent record . . . to show where they stood on this Vietnam issue . . . that is, if the world as we know it still exists."

The content of the Declaration stresses the crime of silence which was in the recent past, during the time of Hitler, one of the major reasons he was able to go as far as he did . . . The other tenets of the Declaration of the IACS are our commitment to the United Nations Charter, the Nuremberg Tribunal with its thesis of individual responsibility and, above all, the American Constitution which grew from the soil of dissent and protest."

The UN has agreed to regularly receive report of the numbers signing the Declaration for its permanent archives.

QUESTION: Some of my friends have taken literally dozens of beautiful acid trips with no apparent bad results. Can you comment on the possible dangers of LSD? ANSWER: All the legal supply of LSD in the United States is controlled today by the National Institutes of Mental Health, which permits selected investigators to use the drug for research purposes.

Therefore, the LSD available "on the street" is illegally manufactured and you have no way of knowing whether the drug you purchase contains pure LSD, imperfect LSD, or has added to it belladonna or methedrine.

Some black market chemists, who sincerely believed their manufacture of LSD was a public service, switched from capsules to tablets when they found small dealers were cutting or diluting the capsules. But even tablets may be pulverized and repressed.

Let's assume for the moment that you could obtain pure Sandoz LSD. There is no absolute way of knowing who will have a good trip and who will flip out. Richard Alpert has taken LSD over 300 times and by any standards is a rational person. Others have taken acid dozens of times, all beautiful trips, but on the next voyage they flip out and must be hospitalized. Some people have required hospitalization after only one LSD trip.

The incidence of bad trips has been estimated as from 0.2% to 1%, i.e. trips so bad the individual must be institutionalized. No one knows for certain because the drug is illegal and fear of police reports undoubtedly prevents many from seeking medical aid in hospital emergency rooms. But having one's name on a police report is far better than taking a dive from a tall building.

The long term effects of LSD are unknown but several reports have linked LSD use with cell chromosome abnormalities. The May 29, 1967 issue of the Journal of the A.M.A. reports twice as many chromosomal abnormalities in 8 hippie LSD users when compared with 9 non-LSD users.

Obviously this is a miniscule sample and the investigators do not know whether these abnormalities existed before the use of LSD. In the words of the principal investigator, "It is too early to assess the significance of these findings and the effect, if any, on future generations."

Facilities for treating bad trips are still limited or non-existent. Hospital emergency rooms have already been mentioned. LSD Rescue has a small group of dedicated but medically untrained volunteers. The Diggers in S.F. are presently organizing a medical clinic. Berkeley's Provos have begun discussions with health officials regarding humane means of dealing with freakouts. Christ's message of love also had a slow start.

QUESTION: My favorite tripping buddy has had headaches, earaches, post-nasal drips and sore throats for the past 8-10 months. He has been tested for all sorts of pollens and food allergies with all tests negative. Allergy pills and/or abstinence from marijuana relieves the symptoms. Are there any reported instances of allergy to marijuana?

ANSWER: You bet your sweet kilo there are! Reports in the medical literature indicate that bronchitis, asthma and allergic pneumonia can follow inhalation of marijuana smoke.

The surprising thing is that this particular allergy is relatively uncommon, otherwise anti-hist-

amine manufacturers and allergists would work themselves to death. Your friend ought to report this allergy to the student health service at the university he attends. They will be interested in using his case for research purposes.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o: Berkeley BARB P.O. Box 5017 Berkeley, Calif. 94705

PICK-A-POSTER

Over twenty art and political posters from Florence, Rome, and Paris are on display at Cody's Books, Telegraph and Haste, Berkeley. Brought back from Europe by BARB writer G.K., they are upstairs in The Print Room and are not for sale.

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CONCERTS & LECTURES

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The American Society for Eastern Arts makes available to Western students an opportunity for extensive study and immersion in the disciplines and traditions of Asian performing arts with masters from Asia. Classes will be offered for three months this summer with the artists on this Benefit program. The scholarship and other expenses of ASEA's school are not covered by tuition and this Benefit will help to maintain the school and its scholarship program. ASEA is a non-profit corporation.

Zen Center of San Francisco is purchasing deep mountain land and buildings that sleep 60 to 70 in the middle of a 350,000 acre National Forest in the Coastal Mountains of California. Formerly a hot springs resort, the Tassajara Springs Meditation Center (Zenshin-ji) is currently being rebuilt and enlarged to meet the enormous interest in zen practice in this country. Zen Center is a non-profit organization.

SCHEDULE

- 9:45 a.m. Registration for series only. Singles will be sold throughout the day.
- 10:30 Demonstration Concert: Indian music, rhythm structure, instruments. The differences between sarod and sitar will be demonstrated and explained.
- 11:15 Interval
- 11:30 Concert: Nikhil Banerjee on sitar, Mahapurush Misra on tabla, and Ashish Kumar Khan on tamboura.
- 1:00 p.m. Lunch Break
- 2:30 Concert: Instruments and voice: Keiji Yagi on koto, Kodo Araki on shakuhachi, and Kayoko Hashimoto on samisen and koto.
- 3:30 Interval
- 3:45 Lecture: The Practice of Japanese Music, with a discussion of the relationship of the shakuhachi and Zen. Zen Master Shunryu Suzuki, Roshi of Zen Center.
- 4:15 Concert: Shakuhachi and koto.
- 5:00 Dinner Break
- 7:30 Lecture: The relationship of the audience to Indian music. Graeme Vanderstoel
- 8:00 Concert: Ustad Ali Akbar Khan on sarod, Mahapurush Misra on tabla, Ashish Kumar Khan on tamboura.
- 9:00 Interval
- 9:15 Concert: Continuation of concert.

TICKETS, advance sales, series only for the complete day. \$4.50, \$7.50, \$15.00. Downtown Center Box Office, 325 Mason St. San Francisco, Associated Students, University of California Berkeley Box Office. Admissions to single morning, afternoon, or evening sessions will be sold only at the door, \$3.50 and \$6.00.

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UNITED ARTIST BERKELEY TH 3-1487
"WAR WAGON"
"VALLEY OF MYSTERY"

U.C. BERKELEY—Univ. at Shattuck TH 3-6267
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"FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE"
 Steve McQueen-James Garner
"THE GREAT ESCAPE"

BLACKS TO BAN FUZZ AT FETE

Juneteenth Day is nearing for Oakland Blacks.

De Fremery Park will be filled with picnickers and dancers this Sunday if all goes as expected. Prominent California Blacks will speak, and the entertainment will also be by Blacks.

Black Panthers will monitor the event. The Oakland White Police have been officially requested not to show up on the scene.

Juneteenth Day was originally a Texas celebration which commemorated the day Texas got word of the freeing of the slaves, June 19, 1863. The local festival will occur a day early this year to take advantage of sunny Sunday skies.

The keynote speaker, State Sen. Mervyn M. Dymally, will also get the key to the city. Other speakers include State Assemblyman Willie Brown and John J. Miller, Elijah Turner, Hazalah Williams, Booker T. Emery and Curtis Lee Baker. Picnickers are requested to bring their own lunches, but there will also be on hand franks from Montgomery Wards, ice cream from Carnation, and Red's Tamales (owned by Oakland's Mayor John Reading).

The Open Search Foundation, A Black Arts group from UC, will hold an art exhibit inside the building at De Fremery in conjunction with the festival. Choral groups and a rock band may also perform, and a Black fashion show will be put on.

The Black Committee Group Players from SF State will put on a drama event.

Things will start happening around noon, when the speakers start speaking. Expect plenty for the rest of the afternoon.



Last week's column (a letter for "An American Negro") showed to what extent emotion effects logic. This week, I had an experience which repeated the same scene, only this time it was Sabras vs logic.

Since I have been laid up for a week with a bad back, I had the opportunity to watch all the UN sessions on TV. Friday morning, U Thant reported that Israeli planes had used napalm against the Syrian village of Squofiyeh (he spelled it out), that Israeli planes attacked Damascus, that para-troops were landing around that city, and that 200 Israeli planes were "involved in the attacks on Syria."

This was AFTER the first cease-fire. At the time I wondered just what took place that justified such a major thrust by Israeli into Syria. The violation by Syria of the first cease-fire (the shelling of Israeli farms) was quickly subdued by Israeli troops, but why all this major military activity into Damascus?

(Note: Sunday night, the UN voted for "all" forces to go back to Saturday's positions; since Syria was in Syria it didn't have to "go back" very far).

I reported this to an informal group of students at UC, rapping away on campus, that same afternoon. Immediately, I was set upon (verbally) and accused of "not hearing right" or "it must have been Syrian reports." I found myself having to defend not what I heard, but rather, had I even heard right in the first place!

I staggered away, wondering, indeed, if perhaps my mind had played tricks on me and U Thant was not really U Thant but somebody else looking like U Thant. Okay - the next morning (Sat), the Berkeley Gazette (which is not pro-Arab) front paged: "In New York, Secretary General U Thant said he had been advised by the Norwegian commander of the Palestine truce organizations that Israeli planes attacked Damascus and used napalm against the Syrian village of Squofiyeh" etc., etc.

SEE, MARV?

Sirs,

My favorite columnist has done it again: he has presented a very modern home truth to an audience desperately in need of a good talking-to. How much time, how many tears have been wasted on that rapidly obsolescent organism, the American working man: As I say, Garson is everlastingly right: they are swine. Intellectuals need them like they need leprosy; yet good young lives are being thrown away on these mindless bacteria. I urge Garson to speak now to the horny-handed fools thusly: "You need us. We don't need you. We can make our peace any day with capitalist society. You-product of thirty generations of inbred mental debility will soon be rushed off to the garbage heap of history by those you trust in. Well and good. Humanity will be rid of one more dread disease: "You,"

K G Lehrerin

THERE WAS UNTRUTH, AND IF YOU CLUNG TO THE TRUTH EVEN AGAINST THE WHOLE WORLD, YOU WERE NOT MAD" -- George Orwell. And that, sabras and gentlemen, is where it's at.

- ENDS SUN.
 - Last 4 of Chaplin Series
 - One on & with Max Ernst ("Psychedelic" says Larry Jordan)
 - One of Keathe Kollwitz
 - 2 Undergrounds by L. Pearson

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LETTER FROM JAIL

June 9, 1967

To all BARB Readers and Portia: First, many thanks for your efforts on behalf of me and my stand with the Selective Service.

I am still being held in the S.F. County Jail. I hope to be transferred by next week.

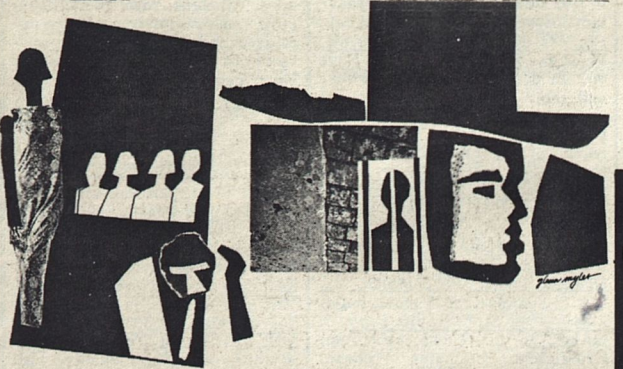
To Portia: I will answer your thrusts in an earlier "BARB" if you write to me c/o Evelyn Dundas, 5910 Ocean View Drive, Oakland 94618. I don't have the room herein to discuss the aspects of choosing ways of going to court -- lawyers, rules, and decorum etc. Suffice it to say - I chose to refuse lawyers because law is a fraud in this country. It is written to protect and enhance

the elites and not us. So I chose the moral statement. One man taking the responsibility for his crimes and declaring himself opposite to the system that allows this travesty of war and slavery to exist.

To others concerned about the draft -- fight it! Vote against leaving or jail -- don't support unjust systems!

To fight a case legally one needs money -- I suggest that a fund be started via b ebeneft for non-cooperators. Also perhaps the Boalt hall student could offer their services as researchers on cases and laws for writing writs etc.

In Peace, I am doing well,
 Malcolm Dundas



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Hot Time Ahead For Central City

There'll be a hot time in the old town next weekend. That's Central City, folks.

Right in the heart of the golden city, San Francisco, renowned for the Tenderloin, Skid row, the New Hall of Justice, Bridgeway House and on your right, folks, the Salvation Army Center.

Next weekend, June 24 and 25, everybody's welcome at the Central City Street Fair.

Health Screening, Planned Parenthood, San Francisco Neighborhood Legal Assistance Foundation, and others.

The Central City Street Fair is being sponsored by the Central City Multi-Service Center of the Economic Opportunity Center of San Francisco in cooperation with various civic groups.

There will be a weekend of free entertainment, art exhibits, paint-ins, and games at Sherman and Cleveland Streets in San Francisco. Entertainment will be free and continuous throughout the two-day fair. Shifting scenes will range from a puppet show early Saturday morning to an entire evening of psychedelic sounds on Saturday night.

On Sunday afternoon there will be blues from jazz groups, and a phantasmagoria of colors will be presented Saturday night by the Amplified Ohm.

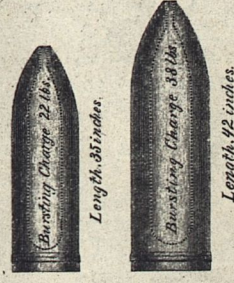
Local entertainers are donating their services to the non-stop entertainment. Among those scheduled to perform are the Amplified Ohm, the Bay Area Quintet, Bill Jackson, the Freedom Highway, the Morning Glory, Mount Rushmore, the New Delhi River Band, the New Salvation Army Banned, the Raven, the West Coast Distributor, the Sonny Lewis Quintet, Ulysses Crockett, and the Afro-Blues Persuasion.

The good old Salvation Army Band had also agreed to play but when the Army of the Lord learned that the New Banned was to appear it cancelled the engagement. (Further details in accompanying article).

Central City resident groups will run food and flea market booths in an attempt to raise money for community tutoring, job development, and recreational programs.

Community interests and needs will be represented by such booths as those of Welfare Rights, Citizen's Alert, Voter Registration,

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