

UNDERGROUND REPORT--

INSIDE DETROIT

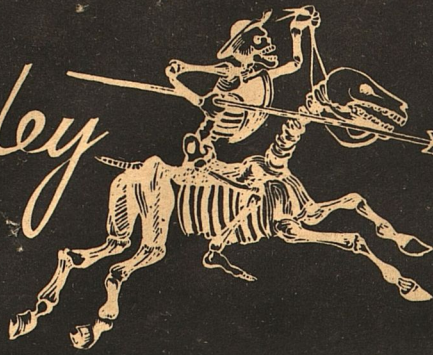
SEE
INSIDE

Aug. 7. Wayne Barly, arrested July 27
Dept. 3 - held over to Aug. 18. Not guilty plea.

Docket no. 27063 Sec. 211 PC
2088 S. Pablo 841-9157

Asked for court appointed
attorney. Dissatisfied
with D.A. Possibility
for AR denied?

Berkeley



Barb

Vol. 5, No. 5, Issue 103 (pub. FRIDAYS) August 4-10
2886 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94705 849-1040

in Berkeley 10c

elsewhere 15c



photo by C. T. Walker, 5th Estate (UPS)

FRIENDLY CAMERA CAUGHT Black rifleman in Detroit skirmish
area. Otherwise all seems tranquil?

ALSO INSIDE

LIPTON ON 'LOVE-INS'

MARCUSE

ON HIPPIES?!

French Twist

No Jelly Roll

IN OAKLAND

FUZZ COLD

ON BURNING

PLEASE COME HOME



BILLIE'S BEAUTIES 'VE GONE AFIELD

by Richard A. Ogar

As of late Wednesday night, actress Billie Dixon's two children, Will, 5, and Baba (pronounced Baybay), 3, are still missing, despite a long and arduous search.

The children were first taken from their home last Friday night by Miss Dixon's estranged husband,

Michael, while she was on stage at the Encore Theatre (where she stars as Jean Harlow in "The Beard").

After a frantic search, Miss Dixon located her husband and the children at the San Francisco airport twenty minutes before his flight to London was scheduled to depart.

She recovered the children and hid them with a friend whose address was unknown to Dixon. She did not realize, however, that her husband had several accomplices, one of whom apparently followed her to where the children were hidden.

After Miss Dixon left for the theatre last Saturday, Dixon allegedly entered the friend's home by force and took the children a second time. Neither he nor they have been seen since, although Miss Dixon is fairly certain that the three are still in the Bay Area.

Miss Dixon charges that at least six former friends have "conspired" with her husband, lending him shelter, transportation and a deceptive cover. It was by means of such aid that he was able to recapture the children.

"I should have known better," she said, "but after Friday night,

I never thought he'd try it again."

Claiming that neither the police nor the District Attorney's office have provided much assistance,

Miss Dixon has done most of the detective work herself, logging 900 miles by car in three days.

The only bright spot in the affair, she said, is the help given her by a "posse of hippies, Diggers, and dogs" which formed in Attorney Leroy Hersh's living-room last Sunday. The posse, armed with restraining orders, has kept a continual guard over airports and other areas where Dixon might be expected to show up. "It's really so beautiful," she said, "and, of course, there's no way I can really thank them."

Miss Dixon was anxious to clear up a misleading statement which appeared in last Tuesday's Chronicle, implying that Attorney Hersh was somehow negligent in failing to formally notify Dixon of the court order restraining him from taking the children out of the country. (The lack of such notification has prevented the District Attorney's office from issuing a complaint against Dixon.)

"He (Hersh) begged and pleaded with me to let him serve the order," said Miss Dixon, "but I wouldn't let him do it because Michael was very upset at the time. It was my fault, not Hersh's."

Miss Dixon asks that anyone with information as to the whereabouts of her children to call 843-6859 immediately. Meanwhile, she will continue her performances as Jean Harlow. How, with what she's been through, I don't know.

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CO-OP RENEGES IN "RECALL" TABLE TIFF

The top brass at the Berkeley Consumers Co-Op can't seem to make up its mind whether the "Recall Reagan" petition is a political matter or not.

The Recall Petition Committee

ARE FUZZ AFRAID OF LIGHT?

"They think rock bands and light shows are morally destructive. Denial of the dance permit will not keep the people away."

This is what Hillel Resner, board member of the Straight Theater, had to say concerning the Police Department Permit Bureau's rejection of the Theater's application for a dance permit.

The chief objection given was that dances would draw crowds and traffic into the area. Organized resistance was backed by the Haight-Ashbury Merchants Association, although the H-A Neighborhood Council supported the permit in a letter to Police Chief Cahill. Monday, August 14, is the date set for appeal to the 5-man civilian Appeal Board, comprised of political appointees.

As to whether they will reverse the decision, Resner said only that "the Theater is here to stay."

He said that he believed the real reason for the denial is that "the police are down on hippies."

The recently renovated theater has a legal capacity of 1,464 and a dance floor that can accommodate 600.

set up two tables, at the Shattuck and University stores, this week, only to have the chair pulled out from under them by the store managers. The Committee insists it had "gone through channels" and obtained permission to set up the tables for the purpose of securing signatures on the recall petition.

"We obtained permission from Emil Sekerak," Berkeley attorney Mary Montgomery told BARB. She is an initiator of the campaign. Sekerak is Education Chairman of the Co-Op and editor of its newspaper. The two managers cited Manila as authority for their act, according to attorney Montgomery. Manila is general manager of all bay area Co-Ops. The recall group maintains it got a ruling from Sekerak and the Education Committee that it is "not endorsing a political candidate" and therefore is "nonpartisan and therefore entitled to collect signatures."

"The use of the tables was rescinded," Manila told BARB, "because it was a political issue. There is a rule against use of tables for political issues." Asked to comment on the fact that Sekerak had granted permission, Manila said "It must have been a mistake. Mr. Sekerak is on vacation now, so I can't ask him." Mr. Pritchett, the manager of the Shattuck store, who pulled the chair there, is also on vacation. The manager of the University Avenue store was too busy to respond to a BARB call.

BARB readers will remember that activists from the Port Chicago Vigil received the same sort of runaround by the Co-Op. They sat in at Co-Op entrances until they got what "channels" had granted them in the first place.

New Yorkers Still Honor Howard Levy

NY(UNS) - To protest the confinement without bail of Dr. Howard Levy, go to New York.

Nothing doing here -- at least as far as anyone is willing to let us know.

In New York, manacled, white-coated doctors and a contingent of Vietnam Veterans Against the War, will lead a march through Times Square on Saturday, August 5th, and hold a rally to protest the confinement without bail of Dr. Howard Levy.

Dr. Levy was recently sentenced to three years confinement for refusing to instruct Special Forces aidman. The army has refused to release him on bail while his case is being appealed.

The doctors will be part of a large contingent of doctors and nurses from the New York Medical Committee to End the War in Vietnam. In addition to the Vietnam Veterans, Veterans for Peace in Vietnam and Veterans and Reservists to End the War in Vietnam are also sponsoring the march and the rally which will follow.

Other sponsors are the Student Mobilization Committee and the Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee.

Several thousand marchers are expected, with doctors, nurses and veterans marching in uniforms.

Among rally speakers will be Francis Rocks, a Vietnam Veteran who served in Hue during the Buddhist uprisings; Arthur Kaufman, a student at Downstate Medical Center where Dr. Levy attended medi-

cal school; Mrs. Grace Mora Newman, whose brother is presently in an army prison for refusing to go to Vietnam; an Army psychiatrist who served in Vietnam and who was to have testified at Dr. Levy's trial; and Dr. Levy's father.

The August 5th date was deliberately chosen because it was felt that action's like Dr. Levy's will help prevent future Hiroshimas.



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LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING



OAKLAND FUZZ TURN BACKS ON ARSON

Someone tried to kill Bonnie Swanigan last week.

They nearly succeeded but she and her two daughters, aged five and three, escaped their burning house early Wednesday morning. No thanks to the Oakland police.

Mrs. Swanigan married a Black seven years ago and had her two children by him. She divorced him in 1965 and was living with her daughters in Oakland's multiracial Fruitvale district until Wednesday.

On Sunday, ten days before the fire, she began receiving threatening phone calls. A half dozen callers told her they would kill her, "cut out her liver," and rape her.

"There was no trace of Negro accent," she said "and no sign of juvenile horsing around. The callers were male, rather deep-voiced, and extremely malicious."

She called the Oakland police. The sergeant said "there's nothing we can do. Besides, people who make threats over the phone never carry them out." He suggested she have her phone number changed.

Early Monday morning her phone rang. "What did the cop say, Bonnie?" a voice asked. She received a few more calls during the day.

At about five she answered her phone again and heard "nigger lover" repeated over and over by "five or six" voices in unison.

Again she called police. She reported the racist content of the calls and expressed fear that the callers meant business. What disturbed her most was the callers' knowledge of her previous call to police and the fact that they knew her nickname, "Bonnie."

"Was there anything the police could do?" "Nothing."

On Tuesday the phone company said it would change her number. She received more calls but ignored them until Thursday when her number was changed. Everything was quiet until the following Monday.

On that day she returned home from Merritt College to find a crudely drawn swastika in her mailbox. Alarmed that her callers knew her address, she again asked for help from police.

"The cop seemed fairly concerned," she told BARB. "He sent someone over to investigate." The investigating officer looked at the swastika, asked her if she had any idea who drew it, and left.

The next day she received

another swastika.

Tired of hearing "There's nothing we can do," she did not call the police. That night she went to bed at 12:45 after turning on the heat and closing an open window in her livingroom.

She was awakened by cries of "wake up! Your house is on fire!" early Wednesday morning. The cries were from her neighbor, a white woman, who had to be restricted from running into the house by other neighbors who arrived on the scene.

A perfectly circular hole was burned completely through the living room floor just inside the window she had closed before going to bed.

The fire spread upwards from the floor, giving off enough heat to melt plastic articles in adjoining rooms, and burned through the ceiling and roof.

Despite the phone calls preceding the fire, the hole in the floor, and finding the window by the hole open, the police were reluctant to call it arson.

When the arson inspector was called in, two days after the fire, Mrs. Swanigan overheard him remark, "Why wasn't I called earlier? Fingerprints deteriorate after 24 hours."

What incensed Mrs. Swanigan most was the unconcern of the police throughout all phases of

their handling of the case.

"They should have provided protection," she told BARB. "These men were not ordinary cranks, picking a number at random from a phone book. They knew my nickname, which is on no official lists, and they knew my address."

She recounted an incident that occurred five years ago when she was working for the Oakland police department.

She had been working for about a week when it was discovered that she was married to a Negro. She was told by another woman employee that the first impulse of the department was to fire her.

They decided to let her stay on only because they were afraid she had been pliant by the NAACP.

BARB was present when a police inspector and a fire department inspector revisited the house on Monday of this week.

The policeman, dressed in a newly pressed green suit, seemed reluctant to dirty his hands by sifting through the rubble. And indeed there was no print. The arsonist had done a clean job and it was too late to search for clues.

After interrogating Mrs. Swanigan, and taking a few pictures both inspectors left. They said they would put their reports and pictures on file in case any clues turned up in the future.

Prairie Flowers Growing Wilder Every Hour

Minnesota has by far the largest acreage of wild grass of any state in the nation, U.S. Bureau of Narcotics figures show.

Last year county weed inspectors reported that they had discovered 1,723 acres of Cannabis in the state. To the inspectors it's "just another weed."

This spring an inspector attended a town meeting in a small Minnesota community. "Did you know you have marijuana growing in the town?" he asked.

The members looked shocked and demanded to know where he had seen it. He led the group outside and pointed out a group of tall, leafy plants flourishing in the shelter of city hall.

The plant is on the state's list

of noxious weeds and attempts to destroy it are made whenever it is found. An agent for the bureau said he has no idea why Minnesota ranks at the top of the marijuana destruction list.

"During World War II," he said "the federal government sponsored a number of hemp factories in the state for war use."

An officer of the Minneapolis police nark squad said the domestic crop causes no concern to police officers. "The good stuff, the stuff we smoke up, comes from Mexico or Panama."

Climate, he said, determines whether grass is good or bad, and the Minnesota weather does not produce good pot.

California, on the other hand, . .

BEAT FOR BEEFING

BERKELEY COPS IN CLUB-IN

The Berkeley Police clubbed three persons and busted two others last week -- for talking.

It happened July 27 on Telegraph Avenue. No one started a fight, threw a rock, parked overtime, or jaywalked. But some things were said that the fuzz didn't like.

The fuzz reacted with fists, billy

clubs, and tear gas.

The incident began with an argument in the Blue Cue Pool Hall, according to Everett McKellern, an employee there. Two customers finished playing a game and one of them, Tommie Josephs of Berkeley, who had been drinking, refused to pay his tab and swore at the attendant Peter Caprice.

To settle the hassle, McKellern paid for the time himself, then asked a nearby cop, Berkeley badge #1, to talk to Josephs and take him outside. The cop replied curtly to McKellern, a black, "If you want him outside take him out yourself."

Josephs then began swearing at the cop for no apparent reason. Badge #1 responded by banging Josephs' head against the wall, throwing him on the floor, shooting tear gas in his face, and beating him with his club, McKellern said. Josephs, as you may have guessed, is black.

Caprice protested the beating of a man too far gone with liquor to be a possible threat to anyone, and ordered the cop out of the place. Badge #1 arrested Caprice for interfering with an arrest.

Outside, Gary and Kathleen Gresher, who happened to be walking by, joined the crowd which had gathered, curious about what had drawn "about a dozen" cop cars to the scene. They could see nothing, they said, and along with the rest of the crowd they started joking about the concentration of fuzz.

They saw a black teenager smiling broadly as he joked, "Someone give me a piece of paper so I can go out in the street and burn it." The youth was arrested immediately, on a charge of disturbing the peace, and put into a cop car.

He was later identified as Warren Williams, 17 years old of Oakland. At BARB press time, more than a week after his arrest, Williams is still being held in Juvenile Hall.

According to Gary Gresher who tried to get the boy out, he has been denied legal assistance and has not been allowed to see anyone with the exception of his brother.

When Williams' arrest was protested by people on the street, one man, a white, was thrown face down in front of a patrol car and struck repeatedly on the back and head with a club.

Gresher saw another white struck repeatedly in the ribs by another cop's night stick. His offense, too, was a protest against the arrest of Williams, Gresher said.

In defense of Williams and in protest of the brutality displayed by the cops, Gresher planned to file a complete rundown of the incident with the City Manager's Office Thursday morning. The report is listed as a Communication to the Mayor, Chief of Police, and the City Council.

The report will be on the City Council agenda Tuesday night. Gresher would like all witnesses to the incident to attend.

ASSUMING THE VIRGIN

"The Free Church is going to have a festival celebrating the assumption of the Virgin Mary," a Provo spokesman for the Free Church told BARB.

"We plan to have a Virgin Mary. We're assuming that God assumed she was a virgin, so we'll assume our Mary is a virgin, too," said the Provo.

"It's going to be kind of a paint-in. We're going to paint cars and motorcycles and people, water-base paint that'll come off in the next rain, or bath," he continued.

The paint-in and assumption will be at the corner of Haste and Telegraph, in the parking lot next to the Free Church at 2427 Haste, on Sat., Aug. 12th, at 4:00 p.m.

"We plan to have rock bands, but we'd like people to bring drums, guitars, tamborines, and spread blankets and sell hand-made crafts."



MARIJUANA PLANT "Just another weed"

NEW FREE STORE IN DETROIT



FUZZ FLUSHED FROM FILLMORE

BY Dick Holway

"What are you doing here?" A black finger pointed accusingly at the only white person in the Black Free Store on McAllister St. in the Fillmore district. BARB's clean-cut, youthful reporter, mistaken for a plainclothes whitey rookie cop, got no chance to reply.

"It's O.K.," interjected Bobo, one of the Store's directors. He made a brief explanation of BARB's unexpected presence.

Earlier that day BARB talked with Cecil Williams, minister with GLIDE and chairman of Citizen's Alert. He related the unique success of the Black Free Store in getting unwanted police out of the Fillmore. As a result, he said, the situation there was relatively cool but still unpredictable.

At about one that afternoon BARB was sitting in the Store getting Bobo's views on the Fillmore situation (and occasionally looking out the window.

Fresh plywood covered windows and doorways. of burnt-out, white-owned stores spaced at intervals along the street. Hippies, walking singly or in pairs, were the only other whites visible.

"The police have been the big problem," said Bobo. "When those kids see the Man, they fuck up. Just because he's there. They can't fight him because he's got a gun. So they wait until he leaves and then go and burn something."

He related numerous cases of police fumbling, harassment, and brutality. A week ago Tuesday 11 orderly blacks were busted for I.D. in a pool hall by four or five cops.

An angry crowd began to gather outside, just a block up from the Free Store. Workers at the Store called Citizens Alert. SF Police Chief Cahill was notified and promptly had the Blacks released, averting probable violence.

Although "greatful" for the tip, Cahill did not stop members of his riot squad from pushing their way into the Free Store the next night and "breaking a lot of furniture and glassware."

Incensed at the police action, Roy Ballard and others from the Free Store in concert with Rev. Cecil Williams paid a visit to Chief Cahill.

What resulted was an agreement to stop police harassment of the store. The chief also agreed to keep police out of the Fillmore "unless an emergency arises."

The pact got a test on Saturday night. Eight fuzz in two squad cars pulled up across the street

from the Store.

"They just sat there, waiting," said Bobo. "We walked over and told them what Cahill said. They left."

According to Bobo, there is not much chance of a widespread uprising in the Fillmore as long as the police keep the agreement. But Blacks on the street had different views.

Most approached by BARB were unemployed youths. All were willing to talk, but those involved in the firebombings were not about to tell Whitey about it.

"Pimp me. Send me over four or five of those free love chicks from Berkeley" was one pool player's repeated response to various questions.

A somewhat younger Black who had participated in the firebombings was more open. He thought it would help if the Free Store could succeed in stopping police harassment, but he had little interest in the Store's attempts to prevent further violence.

"I'll be out there next time," he said. "Jobs, man, that's the problem. I go down town and fill out an application. Some Honky says, 'I'll call you.' They could at least be honest and admit they won't hire you because you're black."

The lack of jobs, not police harassment, was the major complaint see page 10

"get the big stuff"

by Peter Werbe

"The chickens are coming home to roost" Malcolm X, Nov. 22, 1963.

Malcolm was right, of course, and the chickens have come home so many ways since that grim day four years ago. Vietnam, Malcolm's own death, riots across the country and now the biggest chicken of them all -- the Detroit riot.

Detroit always does things up in a big way.

The destruction, looting, killing, and violence have been chronicled to such an extent that no repetition is necessary here.

This newspaper has concentrated its observations on the hippie, new left, and avant garde community it serves.

The geographical center of that community -- the Warren Forest area near Wayne University -- was relatively untouched by the holocaust.

The FIFTH ESTATE office at Warren and John Lodge was unharmed as were the adjacent offices of the Artists' Workshop, Trans-Love Energies, and the Detroit Committee to End the War in Vietnam. Our newspaper office sported a "soul brother" sign and two large banners were hung from Trans-Love reading "Peace on Earth" and "Burn, Baby, Burn."

Hippie and political residents of the Warren Forest area reacted

to the situation just like their poorer neighbors -- they took whatever wasn't nailed down.

They joined the Negroes and Southern whites in cleaning out the stores on Trumbull and Forest, which now lie in ashes, the Krogers on Second and Prentis and other stores. Looters came back laden with goodies, swapping stories of harrowing experiences with the guardsmen and bartering goods that they had in excess. The mayor was certainly right about the "carnival atmosphere." Everything was FREE.

Kae Halonen, a resident of W. Hancock, described the scene as that of integrated looting. "There was complete cooperation between the races in their common endeavor," she said. "There were children carrying toys they never would have been able to afford."

Detroit's Communications Company, which distributes leaflets in the area, put out a broadside that advertised "Detroit's Summer Plunder Festival" and advised residents to "Get the Big Stuff" and "Loot -- it's the American Way." One hippie was reported to have unlocked an abandoned gas station and was pumping free gasoline to anyone who came along.

When asked if looting was not contrary to the hippie philosophy of love, John Sinclair, head of Trans-Love and FIFTH ESTATE staffer replied, "We told the merchants before the riot they should give everything away, but they wouldn't listen."

"It's a little out of hand, but it's beautiful," said one hippie. "It looks like Rome burning," said another as he observed the city in flames from a roof top.

Wayne University was untouched

by the rioting as was Mixed Media bookstore on Cass Ave. Also, unscathed was all of Plum Street which had protection from the Outlaws Motorcycle Club.

Residents of Prentis, near WSU, report severe abuse at the hands of the Detroit Police the second night of the riot.

Eric Glatz of 669 Prentis told of how police and national guardsmen entered his apartment and struck him several times. An eye witness report of other brutality appears elsewhere in this issue.

As I sat typing this story two carloads of Detroit cops in full battle gear pulled up to several citizens peacefully sitting in front of 633 Prentis. As they leaped from their cars they shouted, "Don't you know there is curfew on?" It was 10:15 p.m.

"Stand up and touch your toes!" yelled one cop at those stranded in front of the building.

The cops searched their victims and in the process kicked one to the ground. There was no problem in the neighborhood, but that's how it always is on Prentis.

H. Rapp Brown, chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, who was arrested July 26 (veinte - seis de julio) for inciting to riot, said, "We (Negroes) built this country and we're going to burn it down."

And it looks like they will if Detroit is an example.

The toll is 38 dead; injuries in the thousands; 1,500 fires; almost 2,000 looted stores; 15,000 troops in the city; over 3,100 arrests; and about a billion dollars in property damage. All set records.

That's a hell of a chicken.

STORM WARNINGS

TACOMA (UNS) -- The racial lid is set to blow in the Pacific Northwest this weekend, and it looks like Tacoma, Washington is going to get the worst of it.

According to a long distance call received by BARB Wednesday night, Tacoma Blacks in the Hilltop area have armed for a full-scale blow. Shop owners on Kay Street this week found notes under their doors reading, "Black Power -- This Friday."

The Hilltop area, located primarily between 11th and 38th Avenues on Kay, is more than 50% Blacks. The housing conditions, according to the night editor of the Tacoma News Tribune, are considered fair; "Not the best but not the worst."

BARB called sources in Seattle and learned that there have been no incidents yet in the Tacoma area and that the notes may be part of a scare play "to fan the fire and stir up trouble."

There also is a suspicion that the "trouble" is being made by whites and not blacks.

In Seattle just thirty miles away, a rumor has spread for several weeks that this weekend, August 5-6, the days of the city's traditional Seafair Celebration, the predominantly black Central Area would explode.

The Gold Cup hydroplane races are being held on Lake Washington this weekend, an event which normally brings thousands to the shores of the lake. A good portion of the course borders the Central Area.

This year, because of a strike eliminating television coverage of the race, the crowd is expected to more than double. According to the rumor, Blacks are planning a pipers movement. This could conceivably trap as many as 50,000 spectators on the shoreline in an effort to "Drive Whitey into the Sea."



Sign above artists' workshop-Photo by C. T. Walker.

DETROIT UPRISING

All material on this page from The Fifth Estate (UPS) Detroit

TOP TUNE! 'BABY LIGHT MY FIRE'

by Harvey Ovshinsky

On Sunday, July 23, at 3 o'clock in the morning, the DOORS 'Baby Light My Fire' was the number one song in Detroit.

It couldn't have been more appropriate.

At 3:30 a.m. a large crowd of black people watched as their brothers and sisters were arrested for drinking in a blind pig.

At 4:00 a.m. they stopped watching and began throwing things. The rest is history.

As of this writing, 40 people are dead, 2,000 are wounded and 3,500 people are in jail.

It started with mass looting in the inner city, but soon spread quickly into other areas. It was black and white together as looters gave way to arsonists and arsonists gave way to snipers. Young children watched as their parents broke into hardware and grocery stores. When the paratroopers came in with machine guns and tanks the looting stopped. Not so much because the people were afraid but because there wasn't anything left to loot.

When the fires started on Sunday afternoon, Mayor Cavanagh asked that suburban fire departments come in and help out. Several times the fire fighters were forced to leave the area because of heavy sniper fire. At first the fires were limited to clothing, furniture and grocery stores, but on Monday the shit hit the fan.

Bands of arsonists left the ghetto and by late Monday many homes and businesses in Northwest Detroit were gutted by fire, as were many on the East and West sides.

As this paper goes to press, over 1,300 fires have been set, 30 firemen wounded by sniper fire and everybody wants to know why.

Cries of 'outside agitators' fall on deaf ears for this reporter. The looting was interracial and unusually cordial and friendly until the paratroopers began firing. Teenagers joined with black militants in arson and sniping. Six whites were arrested for firing on troops and while many deaths were blamed on snipers, the black and white residents of the ghetto say that the troopers were responsible for most of the killing.

In a discussion with FIFTH ESTATE co-editor, Peter Werbe, one black militant acknowledged that residents were arming themselves and in his words "getting themselves together."

Fighting between snipers and

one person and there were now over one hundred people in the block. Those near the door grabbed the food and the cops told us they would be back in a while with more.

People formed a line in front of the window and waited for hours until some of them started fainting. For a while the cops refused to do anything about them. People started screaming and making a lot of noise until finally the cops came and moved them somewhere else.

Then a turnkey came to the door and said "Ten of you come with me." He took us to the bull-

see page 14

Monday night they opened up the cells because they were so crowded and let people roam around in the cell block. I talked to one guy had been picked up Saturday night on a drunk charge and still hadn't had anything to eat.

Tuesday night they brought fifteen sandwiches on a tray to the cell block. The block was made with twenty-four cells, each for

Later my friend who was in the other car told me they stopped his car, cocked a pistol and stuck it in his mouth, and told him to get out of the car. Another one grabbed his hands and handcuffed him. He threw him to the ground and five cops started stomping on him.

He tried to bury his face in the street and they just about peeled the back of his head with their boots. They put him in the back seat of the cop car with two of his friends and told them to put their heads between their knees. While they were driving one cop sitting in the front seat beat them on the backs of their heads with a flashlight yelling at them "Try to lick your dick."

We were put into a different cop car, one of a whole caravan going to the Vernor precinct station. On the way they wanted to stop and pick up looters but were afraid of getting shot.

In the car they repeatedly hit us on the head, the back of the neck and ribs with a black jack and jabbed us in the ribs with a shotgun. They were screaming that they were going to put us into a cell with a bunch of black guys and tell them we were setting fire to black people's homes and let them work on us.

At the station they photographed us and took information. They let us keep our wallets except one guy who reached to take his wallet back was hit with the butt of a pistol and never got his wallet back.

They lined us up and marched us down the hall to a cell. The black guy had been separated from us. As they shoved us into the cell one cop stood and hit us in the face with his fist. They locked six of us in one cell about eight feet long, six and a half feet high and five feet wide. It had a sink, a toilet that kept overflowing, and a bench running along one wall.

Every once in a while they would bring in more prisoners. Almost all of them were brought in for curfew violations and almost all of them had been beaten. People

in some cells had no toilets or drinking water. Sometimes police would take them out of the block to get a drink or use a toilet and sometimes they just told them to get fucked.

Monday night they opened up the cells because they were so crowded and let people roam around in the cell block. I talked to one guy had been picked up Saturday night on a drunk charge and still hadn't had anything to eat.

Tuesday night they brought fifteen sandwiches on a tray to the cell block. The block was made with twenty-four cells, each for

Later my friend who was in the other car told me they stopped his car, cocked a pistol and stuck it in his mouth, and told him to get out of the car. Another one grabbed his hands and handcuffed him. He threw him to the ground and five cops started stomping on him.

He tried to bury his face in the street and they just about peeled the back of his head with their boots. They put him in the back seat of the cop car with two of his friends and told them to put their heads between their knees. While they were driving one cop sitting in the front seat beat them on the backs of their heads with a flashlight yelling at them "Try to lick your dick."

HOW COPS HANDLED VICTIMS

Anonymous

Sunday night a bunch of us were over at a friend's house. We didn't have room to stay there so we thought we'd try to make it back to another guy's apartment. We were almost home when five cop cars pulled up with guns sticking out of all the windows and stopped us.

We were in two cars. The cops that came over to our car stuck shot guns in our faces and made us get out. They handcuffed our hands behind our backs. The handcuffs were fastened very tightly just at the wrist joint so that today, Thursday, our hands are still numb.

They lined us up against the brick wall of a house and started questioning us, searching us and banging our heads against the wall. There were three of us, two white guys and one black guy. They found some empty cartridges in the black guy's pocket that he had picked up off the street -- because he had the cartridges they thought he must have a gun, too.

They searched the car and couldn't find one. One cop stuck the barrel of his shotgun in the guy's throat, cocked it, and told him if he didn't tell where the gun was hidden they were going to kill him. At the same time they were kicking him and hitting him across the head and back with black jacks.

Meanwhile they were working us over. They lifted our hands up behind our backs as far as they could with the handcuffs and said "Come on you dirty cock suckers, where the hell are you hiding that gun." They kicked us in the ass and the balls and screamed "Where are the guns you dirty cock suckers?"

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We were put into a different cop car, one of a whole caravan going to the Vernor precinct station. On the way they wanted to stop and pick up looters but were afraid of getting shot.

In the car they repeatedly hit us on the head, the back of the neck and ribs with a black jack and jabbed us in the ribs with a shotgun. They were screaming that they were going to put us into a cell with a bunch of black guys and tell them we were setting fire to black people's homes and let them work on us.

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They lined us up and marched us down the hall to a cell. The black guy had been separated from us. As they shoved us into the cell one cop stood and hit us in the face with his fist. They locked six of us in one cell about eight feet long, six and a half feet high and five feet wide. It had a sink, a toilet that kept overflowing, and a bench running along one wall.

Every once in a while they would bring in more prisoners. Almost all of them were brought in for curfew violations and almost all of them had been beaten. People



Badgeless cop jogs down grand river ready for business.

in some cells had no toilets or drinking water. Sometimes police would take them out of the block to get a drink or use a toilet and sometimes they just told them to get fucked.

Monday night they opened up the cells because they were so crowded and let people roam around in the cell block. I talked to one guy had been picked up Saturday night on a drunk charge and still hadn't had anything to eat.

Tuesday night they brought fifteen sandwiches on a tray to the cell block. The block was made with twenty-four cells, each for

one person and there were now over one hundred people in the block. Those near the door grabbed the food and the cops told us they would be back in a while with more.

People formed a line in front of the window and waited for hours until some of them started fainting. For a while the cops refused to do anything about them. People started screaming and making a lot of noise until finally the cops came and moved them somewhere else.

Then a turnkey came to the door and said "Ten of you come with me." He took us to the bull-

see page 14

eyewitness

By Bob Serling

It started around 10:30 p.m. Monday, July 24 on Prentis, while there was a small integrated group sitting in front of our apartment building, talking like they do every night, and the police came by and saw them and said "Get in the house, white boy, and you too nigger."

These people came in and told us and we went out and told the police that they didn't have to talk to those people that way because they weren't causing any trouble. The police and National Guard came by in trucks and told us to get in the house or they'd kill us. We went in and came back out to talk about twenty minutes later, and they told us to get in the house again, then started shouting that they'd kill us if we came back out. Someone shouted that it was too bad that there weren't any Indians around and the police started firing shots into the building. They didn't hit anyone, but there are marks all over the apartment.

They they went up and down Prentis shooting at the buildings. We watched from the apartment, and when the National Guard left, people started throwing bottles from the roofs so that if they came back, they'd get flat tires. A couple of carloads of Detroit Police came by with shot guns, pistols, machine guns and riot helmets. Every cop had at least two guns. They were walking up and down the street and right below our window we hear them say "Well, we're going to kill some of those fucking hippies." They came into the apartment building, and since our apartment is first, they came in there first.

Six policemen came in and held guns at everyone's head, with the safeties off and ready to shoot us. None of the policemen wore their badges so we couldn't get their numbers. One guy came walking out of the bathroom and the police started hitting him with the butt of a gun until he fell down on the couch. Most of the girls in the apartment were crying by this time. The police searched the apartment, broke our radio, searched the refrigerator, and kept repeating all this time that they were going to kill us if we moved. They couldn't find anything that they thought was wrong so they told us that the whole place smelled and went upstairs and beat up some more people.



FIFTH ESTATE co-editors Ovshinsky & Werbe interview looters as they window-shop at a cleaners at the corner of Trumbull and Forest. Photo by C. T. Walker.

FEED, FAST TO HONOR PORT VIGIL

A FOOD-IN FAST-IN will take place this weekend at Port Chicago to commemorate the first anniversary of the vigil opposing the Vietnam War and the shipment of napalm plus the 22nd anniversary of the destruction of Hiroshima. It is the longest continuing peace vigil in the country.

It's a FOOD-IN FAST-IN because there are two vigiling groups -- The Port Chicago Vigil invites everyone to bring food to share, symbolizing peace and love; the Port Chicago PEACE Vigil plans a 30-hour fast (from Sunday noon to 6 P.M. Monday) as a symbol of pain, suffering, and love. Take your pick.

Six other peace activities this weekend mark the anniversary of the Hiroshima catastrophe (remember, the U.S. is the only nation that has ever USED an atomic weapon).

Friday and Saturday the San Francisco Vietnam Summer is sponsoring a silent auction of paintings, drawings, and sculpture at the Glide Memorial Church, Ellis and Taylor, S.F., from noon to 8 P.M.

Charles Mattox, Kenneth Patchen, Wally Hedrick, and Varda are some of the Bay Area Artists whose works will be auctioned to open more peace centers and support this summer's peace marathon. (Info 776-2702, 921-9436, 564-9361.)

Saturday morning volunteers will solicit signatures on a petition to put a proposition for an immediate cease-fire and withdrawal of U.S. troops from Vietnam on the November ballot in S.F.

Car pools form at 9 A.M. at 2001 Milvia in Berkeley -- to volunteer call 845-9159 in Berkeley, 431-9771 in S.F.

The Spring Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam and the S.F. Citizens Committee for a Vote on Vietnam are coordinating this petitioning, which will include a rally at City Hall Plaza.

To help raise funds for the Spring Mobilization there will be a party Saturday night, 55 Colton St., S.F., from 8 P.M. Donation is one dollar.

Pacifica Vietnam Summer will present a Peace Rock Fair on

Sunday from noon to 5 P.M., at Terra Nova Fields in Pacifica, with the San Francisco Mime Troupe, the Sons of Champlin, peace literature and anti-draft information.

Also on Sunday, the West Coast Regional Conference of the Spring Mobilization will sponsor a workshop and discussion on Vietnam, featuring Dr. Carlton Godlett, a leader of the 1964 S.F. auto-row sit-in. He will speak on "Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and Vietnam."

The conference is at California Hall, Polk and Turk, S.F., 10 A.M., \$2.00 general admission, \$1.00 students, for info call 845-9159 in Berkeley and 431-9771 in S.F.

And don't forget the FOOD-IN FAST-IN on Sunday - for Port Chicago Vigil bring food (info 339-9668, 376-4621) but for Port Chicago Peace Vigil (info 587-5871) bring only water.

NEW HAVEN FROM DRAFT IN MEXICO?

MEXICO CITY (UN) -- An eighteen-year old from Kansas may be the first political refugee in Mexico due to the Vietnam war.

He has entered the country legally by means of tourist card and he has never left. Living quietly as a mechanic, he is known in the neighborhood but not to government authorities.

The Mexican government legally will recognize political refugees, but the procedure for receiving this classification and thus avoiding extradition are fairly complex and depends a good deal on the nature of the Mexican government's relationship with refugee's country.

In the case of Mexico and the U.S., the relationship is sufficiently delicate and important to Mexico that the chances of receiving a legal classification of refugee, implying as directly as it does that there is something in the U.S. that makes for political refugees, seem to be pretty slim.

The eighteen-year old from Kansas has not sought official classification from the government, and he is not likely to as he just wants to be left alone to live, in his way, his life.

If some American wants to become the first official political refugee, he will have to face the possibility of being extradited summarily by a Mexican government anxious to remain in the good graces of "Uncle Sam".



VANDALS' VENOM BURNS VIGILER

"For the 12th time during the year of the Peace Vigil at Port Chicago, a Vigiler's car has been destroyed," a Peace Vigil spokesman told BARB.

The car was parked among worker's cars at the Naval Weapons Station on July 20th and "a group of neighborhood youths slashed the tires of a Vigiler's 1960 Ford. He had to leave the car overnight, and when he returned, it was completely destroyed, burned and rolled into a ditch", the spokesman said.

The Highway patrol stated that they had taken a report at 10:00 P.M. on July 20th, that there was a "vehicle on fire, belongings scattered on the road."

"They said there was nothing they would do about the incident," said the spokesman.

Don't Say 'Riot' In N'yAwleans

Don't talk about any black uprisings if you are in New Orleans; you may wind up in the cooler there.

Barb found out about this simple truth when ex-Berkeley Provo Frank Martin called the editor early Saturday morning.

"I'm calling from the New Orleans clink," he laughed, "I hate to disturb you this early," he continued, "but I just had to tell someone. It's just too funny."

Then Martin related how he and a friend were discussing the Detroit happening while sitting in a "tollhouse," a New Orleans short-order diner.

They had hardly been talking five minutes when they were surrounded by six cops.

They were escorted outside as five cops' cars pulled up. The cops ordered them to sit on the pavement and in tribal council discussed how to book them on a vagrancy charge for three and a half hours.

The cops then escorted them to Martin's friend's car to see whether it had any dangerous weapons. To Martin's surprise and amusement, the only thing "dangerous" in the car was a copy of the satirical magazine Grump opened to an article entitled "How to Start a Riot."

That did it. The cops photographed the magazine and hauled the two friends to the tank.

"There's a phone next to the john here," Martin told Barb, "and I thought you would like to hear the story. Police are so up tight

here in New Orleans," he said, "that they are all decked out in riot helmets and riot equipment, but we didn't think you couldn't mention the "word."

Martin said people are talking about the fact that the New Orleans chief of police checked out of the public library last week a book on riots.

"It's a good thing for him he's the chief and not a civilian or he'd be in the tank with us," Martin concluded.

Martin is operating as a Provo in New Orleans. He pointed out that soup is now served in Jackson Square there once a week.

Bouillabaise?

LSD RESCUE RESTORED

Several weeks ago BARB removed the number of San Francisco LSD Rescue from our Phrequent Phones box. The reason was that numerous attempts to reach someone at that number had failed.

This week BARB was informed by LSD Rescue that a new 24 hour answering service has begun assisting the 15 'round the clock volunteers and that there will always be someone there to answer the phone. A call to the new number did produce an answer.

Therefore, as of this week BARB is again adding the number of LSD Rescue to the list. For a fast downer, bum trippers can call 626-6190.

MONEY URGENTLY NEEDED!
Send donations to "SPRING MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR IN VIETNAM," 55 Colton, S.F. (431-9771)

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SEATTLE HIP TO SHUCK-IN

by Jeff Jassen

SEATTLE-The Great Love Shuck well known in the larger hip communities of Haight and LA, has slipped its greedy paw under the door of Seattle's University District.

This time, however, the hips are making a concerted effort to cut the hand off at the neck. For several months, they have been verbally protesting the promotional activities of an organization called Trips-Lansing, Inc.

Trips receives most of its backing from a big-time and little-talented local disc jockey named Pat O'Day. The organization has been responsible for a recent rash of psychedelic-oriented musical exploitations of the growing hip scene.

The joint that broke the camel's back came last Sunday when O'Day combined forces with a downtown promoter named Blaise to produce the Gold Creek Park "Love-In".

At \$3 a ticket, the Great Shuck was plugged frantically for a week on O'Day's station, advertising ten of the most popular local bands and featuring San Francisco's Moby Grape.

By the time the bands got hip to what was happening it was too late to cancel out. The Magic Fern, a favorite among Seattleites, was threatened with a breach of contract suit when it rescheduled Sunday for a side gig with the Yard Birds who were appearing in two shows downtown.

United Front Productions, working in conjunction with the Overall Cooperative Structure, an organization akin to the Family Dog, gave out hundreds of free tickets to the Yard Birds concerts in an effort to draw away from the Trips crowd.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer and KOL Radio, the city's only other rock station, gave media support when OCS announced the staging of a protest Love-In in Ravenna Park the same afternoon.

HELIX, Seattle member of the Underground Press, runs this week a front page caricature of O'Day with a large button reading "SPEND" pinned to his coat. The surrounding headlines read, "Teeny-Bop Spectacular Love-In---Wheel Seal Bel!"

Scribbles below taunt, "can't buy me love" and "tell Pat O'Day to go fly a kite." Two HELIX vendors were later expelled from O'Day's fiasco for selling there.

Both events began about 1 pm. The protest Love-In, although it didn't draw more than a thousand people the whole day (six hours) was a loving success. Adults and children grooved side by side under 80 degree sunshine.

Live music was provided by whatever rock bands were not already contracted by O'Day. To top it off, the Basic Needs Company, a newly formed group of Seattle Diggers, distributed free hamburgers and potato salad.

At the Shuck-In things didn't go quite so well. According to Seattle hip actor Roger Westberg, who attended the event, the cross-section of teenie-boppers and sucked-in adults were treated to the miseries that accompany fast-buckism.

"When the sun went down we all sat out in the park and froze," said Westberg. "When they finally moved everyone into a big auditorium, it was so hot inside that the heat slipping through a few open doorways melted the ice in the adjoining skating rink."

Westberg was incensed about the transportation facilities. "Three busses picked people up in the U District and took them out to the park (20 miles away). When the thing was over, there wasn't a single goddam way to get back."

Reports filtered back to the Shuck-In that there was "more free food and things" at the Ravenna Love-In and some people left O'Day's early. There they were asked to donate for the "free" food they received. After paying \$3 to get in.

One thing is certain; Seattle people are fast finding out that paying for a love trip is not where it's at.

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MEXICO GIVES BUM'S RUSH TO BARBMAN

by Pete Camejo

A few hours after last week's BARB hit the streets in the Bay Area I was kidnapped in Mexico City by the Mexican secret police, taken to the immigration authorities and deported.

The July 28 BARB carried an article by me on the arrest and torture of thirteen people, including my brother, in Mexico on charges of "plotting" to overthrow the government.

I suspect there may be a direct connection between my deportation and the BARB article. The

first statement the secret police made to me was, "I see you like to write against our government."

The action of the Mexican government against me, like its actions against my brother, were in complete violation of its own laws. By Mexican law a person who is being deported must be brought before a judge who must rule that the prospective deportee has violated a law.

I was never arrested. I never saw a judge, not to speak of a lawyer.

Without an explanation I was grabbed as I was leaving the federal prison, put in an unmarked station wagon and driven off.

The DFS agents began to question me in the station wagon on all sorts of topics. They threatened me indirectly with comments like, "you'll want to talk when we get you where we're taking you" etc. They took all the papers I had on me and started going through them.

Eventually, and to my happy surprise, we arrived at the Immigrations building which is located on the outskirts of Mexico City.

Once in the building the DFS agents requested the immigration officials not to indicate in any of the papers necessary for deportation who had grabbed me and brought me there.

The DFS then checked with their office and stole all my papers including an old VDC card which delighted them for some reason or other.

An immigration clerk then started typing out a statement for me. In the clerk's statement I admit violating Mexican law by my "admitted" efforts to aid my brother legally. According to this clerk if a tourist tries to hire a lawyer or in some other way engages in such legal activities he is violating his tourist status and can be deported.

The clerk and his superiors whom he kept calling on the phone, including "el C. Jefe del Departamento de Inspeccion de la Secretaria de Gobernacion, Jorge Vazquez Robles", didn't agree with the Mexican court, and the Prison Authorities, both of which had approved official papers for me as a tourist to engage in legal aid for my brother.

While at the immigration authorities, I insisted on calling the American Embassy. I also demanded to be allowed to pick up my personal belongings before they deported me. By international law a deportee is supposed to be permitted to pick up his clothes etc. Both of these requests were denied.

I was rushed to a Braniff International flight to Texas and taken aboard the plane. At each step a photographer for the Authorities kept taking pictures of me.

The Mexican government, in its panic that its frame-up of my brother and the other 12 might be exposed even in a newspaper over a thousand miles away, dropped all pretense of legality and simply got rid of me.

Actually they are justified in their panic because even the slightest investigation of the "plot" charges reveal its falseness. The Judge on the case has already thrown out the only concrete charge on all the defendants except one.

As word of the methods used by the DFS to force the confessions, which make up the major part of their "proof", gets around a small though meaningful reaction is setting in against the prosecution.

The daily papers which screamed the story on banner headlines for almost a week began to discover it was best forgotten.



PHOTO FROM OPEN CITY

OPPOSE WHITEWASH IN KILLING CASE

by Robert Hurwitz

"The attitude of the City Council in general was that everything is all right in Berkeley and we are already doing everything that the Berkeley Emergency Action Committee could ask for."

That, according to Brownlee Shirek of the BEAC (Berkeley Emergency Action Committee), was all there was to City Manager Hanley's investigation of the shooting of Charles Hansen by BPD sergeant R. B. Johnston. Hansen was shot fleeing the scene of a bank robbery in South Berkeley on the afternoon of June 6. Councilman Ron Dellums had asked Hanley to prepare an investigation of the incident three weeks ago.

Hanley's report, as printed in the Berkeley Gazette, shows that his investigation covered the police and the coroner's reports, if it didn't go any further. The coroner's verdict, on July 25, was "justifiable homicide."

"They have a good case but we have very strong reasons to doubt whether the shooting was 'reasonable' ", BARB was told by Richard Allen, chairman of the Ad Hoc Committee Investigating the Killing of Charles Hansen. Allen asked the council for an open hearing on the killing next Tuesday evening and his request was granted.

At the last meeting of the issue of this particular killing was lost in the proposals made by the BEAC to ease the possibility of a race riot touched off by police brutality.

The City Council replied to the BEAC Tuesday morning by turning down all its proposals, except two, which it sent to the Public Safety Committee for study: that officers hand out citations for misdemeanors, rather than arrest the suspect; and that there be established a civilian patrol, made up of the residents of each area.

Among the demands turned down by the council were, "an end to all discriminatory promotion and hiring policies" in the BPD; "that all policemen serve in the areas in which they reside, that all police be recruited from the Berkeley population; and that the police be prohibited from using firearms or 'violence of any kind against suspects or prisoners except in the

defense of human life."

Richard Allen is anxious to make clear the distinction between BEAC and the Ad Hoc Committee of which he is chairman.

"The BEAC is mostly white citizens," he told BARB. "They address themselves primarily to the white community."

The Ad Hoc Comm. was formed by people in the Black community who were concerned about the killing -- "mostly young, militant blacks," said Allen, "although there are some older people too, some ministers, businessmen, ordinary housewives."

They will try to show at the open hearing on August 9th that the killing of Hansen was unreasonable. "There's not much we can do at this point," Allen told BARB. It's hard to get hold of some of the witnesses. Tellers in the robbed bank, Allen said, have been put on sick leave.

Many questions about the shooting remain unanswered. "Why didn't they see him drop the toy pistol,"

Brownlee Shirek asked BARB, "if he was in sight during the chase -- if it was his. 'The toy pistol was found along the route of the chase in an empty lot."

The police use it to substantiate their claim that they thought Hansen was armed. But even if Hansen had been armed, how could he present "an immediate threat to life" (the only circumstance under which firearms may be used to apprehend a felon under the policy announced by Chief Beall) when scaling a seven foot fence?

Was it necessary for Sgt. Johnston to fire three shots to apprehend Hansen? The City Manager's report, contradicting the statement made by Lt. Hickman of the BPD to BARB, says that Johnston fired three shots, including both shots that hit Hansen.

During the City Council meeting Dellums asked Beall what the definition of a felon is. "You have to understand," said Dellums "that it is always black supposed felons that are shot."

LAUDS GUNRUNNING AS VALID ALLIANCE

Born from the nationwide insurrections, Berkeley has a new and more radical civil rights organization -- the Student Organizing Committee "for want of a name," spokesman Robert Avakian told BARB.

This is the group that says "white radicals must run guns to the Black revolutionaries," not the Berkeley Emergency Action Committee, as reported in the Gazette.

The group not only says it, it does it. Avakian told BARB that although he will be a leading spokesman for the group, "there will be other people implementing what we advocate."

"We're providing technical assistance," he continued, and pointed out that this was what Lee Felsenstein advocated in BARB earlier in June. "We didn't originate this idea. We're responding to requests we've had from Black groups and Black leaders."

Avakian emphasized another ac-

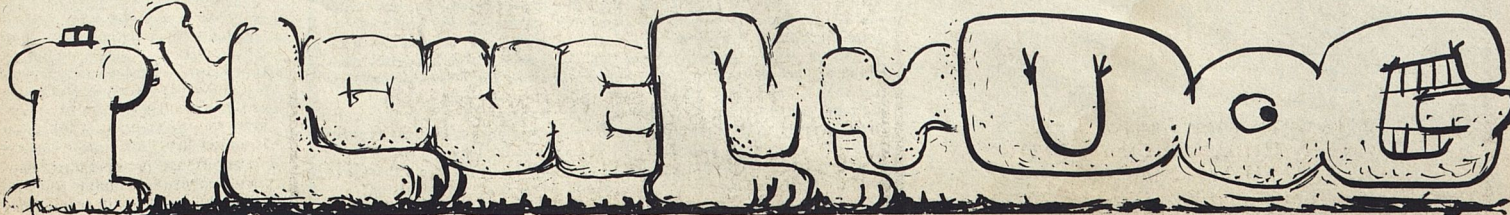
tivity of the organization which, he said, "will be ultimately much more significant." That is "organizing among poor whites so that they can control their communities."

He pointed to the significance of the integrated looting and sniping in Detroit, which shows the issue is not just racial but political.

"At this time white radicals do not have a base," he said. "Eventually it's going to be necessary to engage in parallel activities. These rebellions are going to occur and intensify and the power structure is going to respond to them with tanks and machine guns."

Avakian pointed out that this may not be the optimum time to start fighting in the streets, but that it is happening.

"The people are taking to the streets," he echoed for BARB, "before the black revolutionaries have organized," RH



THE HIP & THE HIPPIE SQUARE

By Tuli Kupferberg

II. THE HIPPIE GENERATION

1. In the transition from hip to hippy the following perhaps occurred: The hippy (the new man) is a very recent phenomenon. The hip person, the "hipster" had to work for it. The hippy is to the manner born. He probably somewhere wonders incredibly what the fuss is all about. His times have solved (or in many cases: dissolved) problems the immediate past was obsessed with. The immediate past: incarnated in what is called the older (above 30?) generation is still obsessed with problems that have absolutely no reality for him. For example: the Black problem: namely & essentially: 1) shall we fuck beautiful black people? 2) shall black people partake equally of the benefits of American affluence? The hippy just fucks beautiful chicks (or men) of any color or nationality & just lives & shares with chicks & men of any nationality or color, naturally.

By naturally I mean without thinking twice. If differences are noted, they are perhaps praised & they are individualised. If one has to think in racial terms & really it is not that all necessary or useful & can be just as sociologically confusing at times as it is beneficial: for example: one fucks individuals not races, one must feed bodies of individual people, not of abstract groups - then in the new systems each group has its own superlatives - so that if the blacks are "different" even by the old standards they may come out different yes, but what if they're BETTER?! (What now white cow?), BUT IN A JOYOUS, ABUNDANT SOCIETY WHAT IS REALLY THE NEED TO CLASSIFY AND/OR RATE? There are enough emotional rewards for everyone. Then why classify or rank our brothers.

Hell (or heaven!) even the hippy dogs are friendlier, more beautiful, more lovable! The greatest, friendliest, most laughing-humorous dogs in the world walk the Berkeley campus. "I wd rather be a dog in Berkeley, than the mayor of Harlem".*

*cf (sil vous plait) the old: "I wd rather be a lampost in Harlem than the Governor of Alabama".

2. So here we have this sneaky hippy beneneration that suddenly appeared while we turned our back to have a chocolate malted. So here we have an underground press that emerges (worldwide) in one year to a readership perhaps in the millions & talks abt impt fundamental things of which the overground press was so terrified that it didnt want to even acknowledge their existence, or actually never realised existed at all.

& the rate of evolution (& the sometime generation gap) is so incredible that 2 yrs means a new generation, a new music, a new clothing, a new style or substyle.

The change is the massage. He who does not permit himself to keep fit runs the risk of spiritual death. No you need not accept it all - BUT YOU MUST FEEL IT ALL.

3. What is this new amazing generation that no one understands? I dont know. I dont understand it myself. Maybe it does not understand itself. But my muscles or I myself dont know the formula of creatine or the amino acids or the energy paths of glucose metabolism either, & my fingers still write these words. Birds fly & know even less of the theory of flight than I do who cannot fly.

It is so new, it is so changing it is hard to grasp. Let us attempt some generalizations. Let us look for directions.

1) The change from hip to hippy was a change from hard to soft:

2) Tough leather towards nudity. Clothes reveal the body as a supple free instrument of beauty & joy.

3) Machine shoes to boots & sandals & to bare feet. Boots are elegant & they ARE masculine - & they can be "tough". The damned up sadism exposes itself. When it works itself thru we see it again as rough love. After violence man becomes soft. The trick is to prevent the accumulation of uncontrollable deadly hate (murderous hate). The more man fucks, the less he beats, all other things being equal. Fuck however alas does not equal fuck. Some fuck with hate & not in love. Some achieve arousal & no satisfaction, no climax. Some fuck because it is expected of them. Some see it as proof of their worth &c. &c. "Are you fucking more & enjoying it less? . . . then why dont you fuck less & enjoy it more". The old are terrified of the frank dialog. The new say "we can work it out".

4) The music is free, dancy, inventive, moving, total, overwhelming.

The hippy is not afraid to be overwhelmed. He has more mystic (total) experiences in a week, than the old man has in a lifetime.

The music, art is not separate from life. He plays and/or listens to music everywhere. He will dance anywhere. He is not ashamed of his joy. His dance is a prelude to sex, or a celebration of his existence: not a substitute for sex, or a tease, or a ritualistic (unsatisfactory) discharge of sexual energy.

The dance has made him free. His freedom has made him dance.

The world is an artform. He will decorate his body as a work of art. He will bead it, paint it, clothe it in rainbows & the idiosyncratic style or mixture of styles of all times all place: there is no CORRECT way to dress, there is no correct way to fuck. Let a thousand bodies bloom!

5) The hair grows, yes it flows: look again: is it not beautiful! Headhair kept its long growing capacity one might think only as an esthetically desired-able thing. What else is its fundtion? Look at it, touch it, smell it!

Is it not beautiful? Why do you cut your beauty every day, every week, every month? Your grandfathers were smarter than you! See the miniskirts? See the beautiful legs. Yes they lead to the cunt! & these girls do not tease. . . they fuck. Can you take it?

6) There is a disgust with the cruel abstract, the fake, the phony, the rhetoric, the gas & lies of politicians, the neuroses of bureaucracy, the insanity of war & internal institutionalised brutality (ie the police & "justice" systems).

There is a mistrust of the written word - used to mystify & to oppress with meaningless dogma.

There is a mistrust of the phony sound, the bad poet, the lying, sneaking, power mad, murderous politician (often called: mayor, congressman, governor, president . . . formerly: king, dictator, commissar, pope . . . remember?)

There is an unwillingness to "play the game" when the game means disease, poverty, discrimination, boredom, murder (called "war" or "self defense"), enslavement to property (things), or many "ideals" (oftimes meaningless abstractions like "nation", "country", "flag", "state", "honor" for which men are asked to die and kill - but which have their true reality only in the terrified emotions of greed, fear, hate, paranoid mistrust & "religious" belief in the foulness of man & of life itself, sexual frustration, & unhappiness -



JANICE SPECK

distorted diseased perceptions - so that friendliness is sometimes interpreted as guile - so that gratuitous love is sometimes rejected in fear because O Lord - if the world is really loving then my whole life has been a terrible mistake and loss).

7) There is a movement of disgust with the entire old dying society & an attempt to retreat, to drop out. There is an incredible seeking out, testing & creation of new forms of living together & of raising children: meditation, communal living, tribalization (a restructuring of the old paranoid family whose main slogan was actually: "us against the world") There are new economic forms being contemplated: a new "primitive" communism. There is a movement away from the choked dying cities to the living countryside. There is a rebirth of communal work, even in the egotistic arts. Works are appearing without signatures. The egomaniac artist sees his contorted face in the mirror & starts to wonder just what his ego is all about. In a loving world one doesnt need to always prove ones worth. In a joyful world one does not need to retreat that much into a self contained world of art.

In a world controlled by man for his own joy the difference between art & object disappears . . . life becomes the work. The true work of art is the infinite body of man moving in harmony thru the incredible changes of his particular existence. When the body sings, the world dances. When the world dances, the freed body sings. He who cannot dance, dies.

8) Drugs are his magic. He uses them in 2 ways:

- 1) to get him past the past
- 2) to get him into the future

It is perhaps the nature of man to always want more. When the satisfactions of this world are given (& a new 19 yr old, a 19 yr old hippy, perhaps, has lived more than 98% of all people over 30. He has had love-sex, travel, marriage, children. He has read more, absorbed more, TV'd more, moved more, & intelligenced more than yes 98% of the people over 30,) he goes on. & where is on? Some new country? Yes. Some new familial form? Yes. Some new music or art? Yes. Some new religion? Yes. Some new universe? Yes & Yes again.

& since this is a scientific & chemical & instantaneous age he uses perhaps the old methods: fasting, meditation, music, fucking &c, but he also is ready to & does use the chemical methods (do not be disturbed by the word CHEMICAL: your body, your food are chemicals - when the food you eat is powerful enuf if it is called medicine - when the medicine you take is powerful enuf it is called "drug".) Today the foods & the medicines are powerful enuf. Today the powers are magical. TV & LSD: both are magical: that is instantaneous & overwhelming.

DRUGS BREAK PATTERNS, thats all they do. When patterns are broken, new worlds CAN emerge. They may be better or worse (good or bad trip) but they are new.

The new man is known by his readiness to embark into these new worlds. He is brave & of times foolhardy. These drugs have their dangers, namely the ability to permanently remove you from this plane of existence - either thru physical death or brain or body or genetic damage or "insanity".

We must all do everything we can do to make sure we reach new worlds & do not simply die out of old worlds: "A living ogre is getter than a dead saint".

If I have but one life to lead let me lead it alive.

But the terror of the new, the irrational drug panic this country is now living thru is a sign of ITS disease, of its fear, of its terror. For all of these repressed desires shd come out: because they are beautiful, because they reinforce & add to & fructify & glorify life, because they strike joy into the universe! (second of three parts)

WHAT WEIRD WORLD?

By Ron Brown

Big Sensational Shocker! Terror! Violence! Recommended for adults only.

This is the apropos billing for THE WEIRD WORLD OF LSD. Send your donations for more movies like this one to director Robert Ground or the American Entertainment Association.

It begins with a pan to the stars, the galactic regions, a black piece of paper with pin holes held to the light, while our trusted amigo, El Narrator, gives us the acid scoop.

LSD, he confides, destroys reason. Insights occur with it (with destroyed reason?), movements become uncontrollable and sights and sounds are unreal. Reason becomes altered (I thought you said destroyed?) and timing and judgment become extraordinary.

Flip to a "user" lying in an absurdly beatific swoon on a studio couch, motionless. We are about to witness what happens to a "user" who decides to become a bird while on LSD.

Beatific starts flapping his arms. He wears the same insane expression and holds the same position on the couch. He just flaps his arms. Terror? Violence? Absolutely! He falls off the couch and gets a bloody nose.

This is the first in a series of 14 bad trips, all seen without benefit of dialogue, just rapid narration and an incredible collec- see page 11

Marcuse on the Hippie Revolution

Herbert Marcuse, whose work, "One Dimensional Man" is crucial to the development of American radicals has said that, in order to be liberated, a man must be aware of his oppression. A difficult awareness indeed, in a country where words like "freedom," "democracy" and "humanity" have become meaningless, where rhetoric has no base in reality, where even the word "revolution" has been absorbed into the status quo.

Marcuse recently led a seminar at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington. Below are excerpts from the discussions, which included the hippie phenomenon.

Marcuse: I was going to talk about the hippies. It seems to me the only viable social revolution which stands today is the Youth, as on the West Coast. They are totally pervasive and fascinating. This group no longer cares about Marxism. But they do have an immense social import. A revolutionary impact.

Student: Aren't they revolutionary though in the sense that they are acting negatively to oppose a repressive system, or are they revolutionary in the sense of positively asserting new principles of organization?

Marcuse: A negative in this situation is already something positive in itself.

Student: But you see no positive expression, just an implicit positivity?

Marcuse: To reject the junk they're supposed to buy now, to reject the war and to reject the competitive performances, these are all very positive.

Marcuse: I'll qualify the implications of this discussion of socialism and hippies, because it seems to me that the revulsion against

worldly goods, like asceticism through the ages, has always been a characteristic of the well favored and the well-born, and the working classes are revolting against worldly goods. The whole thing is completely irrelevant to a tremendously impoverished world, a kind of premature revolt against... Africans and Asians certainly as workers want worldly goods and we're the prisoners of this technology that the kids are revolting against. Student: I think everybody's trying to pin it down, to say this group of kids are this, are either a positive force or a negative force. A lot depends on what happens in their nitty-gritty kinds of confrontations with the existing establishment. Especially in

the courts. The way they are now, the judge is telling them--if you don't shave off your beard you're going to be guilty before you get to court...they're going to have to cope with that. Either go laughingly to jail with daffodils, or...

Marcuse: Yes, but don't you see that this is something very important. Here is a judge sitting in court who tells them in so many words that no matter whether or not they are innocent or guilty they are already sentenced. Now that humiliates the entire system of justice in the society. And these kids learn in this way something that they never would have learned. It's the same as when the whole thing started, when the kids went out

and worked with voter registration. For the first time in their lives they saw how the sheriffs behave. They never saw that before. That destroyed their whole image of American society....

Student: The only way that I can come to accept the whole analysis of the hippies is to think that there is a higher reason with...that rhetoric. Certainly they're revolting against a kind of Puritan ethic, and there is a random hedonism, but they still are really accelerated by the needs for the very kinds of good which the rest of society are purchasing....

Marcuse: It is certain that there is behind these playful tendencies, for example, the famous

thing the Diggers are doing now with their slogan "Take from the poor, give it to the rich;" That is, they collect junk from the poor, then they drive into Beverly Hills to some mansion and ring the doorbell and ask whether they want to have the stuff, they can have it for free. But these are playful forms which, however, hide very clearly, social content. On Hippie Communities and "Tribal" Living....

Marcuse: My personal objection against that community stuff is that these semi-repressive or non-repressive communities are either mildly repressive or totally selfish. I mean what you get is some sectarian groups who live on for some time doing good to each other and that's it. It doesn't change anything. The community can become acute only after the advent of social change and not before.

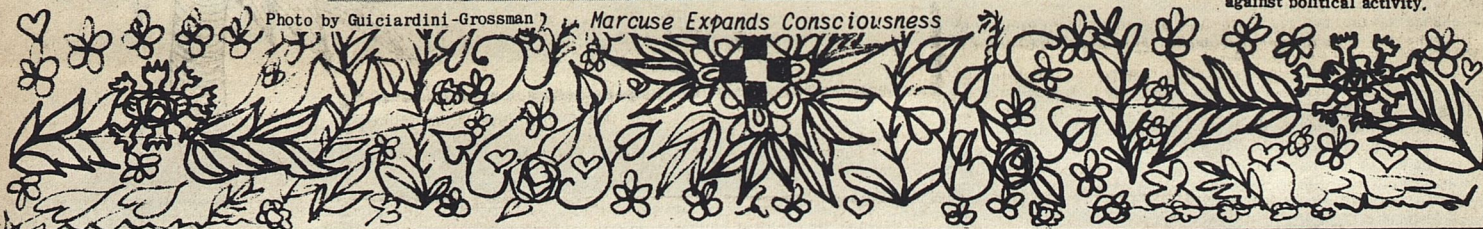
Student: Isn't there in the hippie movement, the hippie style, a great element of just that, this living within the totality?

Marcuse: That is a small community consisting of people you select and certainly not in any way claiming to be self-sufficient. Self-sufficient in such a way that they could go on living if the society about them would disappear.... They're not in this way self-sufficient.

Student: But they're making a rapid...some sort of a surge-- Marcuse: In this way, yes. But I would say there are for the time being strategic ways of opposition, but you--cannot say a free society will be based only on very small communities. If these groups really remain self-sufficient it would mean that they close themselves off for example, against political activity.



Photo by Guiciardini-Grossman Marcuse Expands Consciousness



films Not Even Good For Nothing

by Lenny Lipton

The question that poses itself this week is, how do you type when you've got a boo boo on your pinky. An instant of forgetfulness, and I'm plunged into the wonderful world of pain. Have you noticed how many things in the U. S. of A. are the Wonderful World of..... (Walt Disney, Racquel Welch, King Dinosaur, and on and on)?

Once, to reward me for just being alive, my mother took me to see a show at Radio City Music Hall in New York City. On stage a hundred girls kicked their legs, a man has his trained bear do tricks, a monkey rode a bicycle, a shrew sang a song, and at the critical moment, a sixty foot painting of Dwight Eisenhower, President, dropped from the rafters, and two thousand people clapped. I was so moved, I cried.

Between the stage show and the film, an organ would float out of the wall, the side of the cavern, and a man would start playing TEA FOR TWO. This would have made Bach weep with joy. Which is the way America is, all these great instruments invented daily, at the command of Demoniacle Industries, and all we know how to play is TEA FOR TWO.

So the organ at the UA Theater in Berkeley, was no bring-down, it was the real thing on a small scale. Just a little tug at the soggy memories of yesteryear. By God I was in a mood for YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS, after having seen THE LOVE-INS.

In case you want to know, I got in free, which I am told is the coolest possible thing to do with this flick, supposedly about the Diggers et al.

I thought that nothing in a theater could embarrass me any more. Actors screwing, or even forgetting lines, not even missing cues--it should all leave me indifferent. A live performance is one thing. Anything can happen. That's exciting. Somehow or other, THE

LOVE-INS made me cringe, made me think of the live theater, made me want to flee.

Looking back at it, I realize that it is hopeless to search for the film's point of view, or a raison d'etre beyond the simple desire to milk every possible melodramatic or sensational device the writers could drain out of WHAT'S HAPPENING.

If for one moment the film had dealt with any of the issues, it would have been unshowable, or at least unmakeable. In America, that is. American filmmakers, commercial ones, man, are totally unable to deal with the most important problems facing this bloated moribund heap.

Has anybody made a film about Vietnam? They couldn't handle it. Or a film about the ghettoes, that really tells the tale? How then could I expect THE LOVE-INS ("THE HIPPIES AND DIGGERS ARE HERE! With the way out excitement that's turning on America today!...) My fear is that the only thing that really turns on Americans, is violence. Not even sex. Everybody, men and

women, are castrated. If you don't believe that, turn to the classified ads in this paper.

The film is billed "for mature audiences only." This concept of maturity is right in line with what I should have expected. In this country maturity is the ability to accept myths in place of uncomfortable reality. The LOVE-INS is such a crazy piece of crud my circuits get crossed every time I try to tell you about it.

Perhaps a description, a simple description about some of it.

James MacArthur plays the editor of an underground paper who is expelled by the evil dean of a university. So far things look good, but don't be suckered. MacArthur's chick, Susan Oliver is tossed out with him. She's an editor, too. Anybody can be an editor in the movies. Hollywood has always had a low opinion of the press.

Susan Oliver has teased bleach blonde hair, and wears out-of-it mod fashions. Which is appropriate, since her boyfriend looks as straight and clean as a sunbeam. Not a curly hair out of place.

This is nuts, I've lost heart, can't go on describing. We need some simple analysis. You see, if you're going to make a movie that will have appeal, the hero and heroine have to look straight. But they're supposed to be leaders of the hippies. Are they trying to tell us that hippies are really run by straights?

Richard Todd plays the Timothy Leary role. I would love to watch this flick sitting next to Leary. Would he ever come down after seeing it? And where is down, while I'm on the subject.

Todd finks out in about half an hour, and is only in the LSD bit for the bread and the power trip. In fact he is on a regular Doctor Frankenstein trip.

BE MORE, SENSE MORE, LOVE MORE, are the catch words of

the movement. Everytime Todd uttered them, or a hippy came by with a placard, I felt flushed. Why do you suppose?

This film is completely crazy. James MacArthur shoots Todd, at a monster rally, in Kezar Stadium, that looks strangely like the last Viet Nam Spring Mobilization march. For medium shots and closeups, Todd is shown in front of the stadium which is rear screened.

Friends, how do you like being in this flick? They were very careful to shoot you from the rear or the top, so you couldn't sue.

So the underground editor shoots the Leader in Kezar Stadium, at the Spring Mobilization, because Leader ordered the plastic chick with the teased hair to visit a Tijuana dentist.

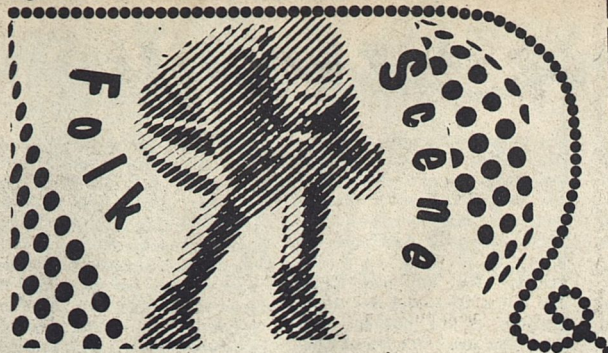
If nobody wanted to take LSD before this flick, now they do. Mr. and Mrs. Mooch are going to have a hard time keeping their kids away from acid, after they get a look at the "put-down". Plastic Miss Hippie has an Alice in Wonderland trip, that you have to see to truly believe.

Let me say that I'm glad nobody leaned against the set, or the whole thing would have fallen down.

It's not only that the sets look phony, even street shooting looks phony in this production. I don't know how they create this world of globs of color. Everything looks like painted paper mache.

Sam Katzman, you've done it again. In the thirties, you earned the name Jungle Sam. In the late fifties you were Twisting Sam. Now, Sam, you're Psychedelic Sam, and you know it. I can tell that nobody directs a Sam Katzman production, toss the credits to the wind, all except the name of you know who, Sam the Man. (None of this article may be quoted or otherwise used for commercial purposes.)





by ED DENSON

This week I went to the dance halls and did the whole trip. It's a nice thing, no wonder so many people go. Watching Sam and Dave and James Cotton I danced and yelled when they asked the crowd to yell, and tried to follow the steps the horns were doing and all of that. The Fillmore line-up defied description this summer, if you are interested in contemporary music you can find it all there.

If you are interested in what is happening on the Frisco scene, long touted as the most important musical scene in the nation, and now certainly appearing to be just that, go to the Avalon.

Last night I went and watched some incredible things. Sunday's are the best days for the dance halls since the crowds tend to be fewer and more into the music, and this time I saw Mount Rushmore, who I am biased towards, Mother Earth, and Canned Heat.

Mother Earth is the long awaited Tracy Nelson Band. They have a piano, an organ, guitar, bass and drums, and most important they have Tracy singing. She put out an lp on the Prestige Bluesville series as a folk singer, which showed some nice selection of material but not really much else, and during the months she was going to put her band together, I never really expected much although I hoped it would be nice because Tracy is (you may have met her at Berkeley's Discount Records selling lp's and rapping about blues).

But she is really doing the thing. Still new at singing there are rough spots where things get a little out of hand, but she sure is going to be one of the finest female singers going, and soon. She puts out incredible emotion -- songs like "Without Love (I had nothing)" or some gospel. The group is doing nothing con-

temporary or relevant yet -- right now it is giving nice performances of outdated material, but these things change. Put it on your hitbound list. And go see them, and tell Tracy that ED sent you.

And Canned Heat seems better and better to me. When I reviewed their single in a fit of error, I said Henry Vestine played the guitar but it was Al Wilson, you can tell because its slide guitar. Al is also a really fine harp player. When I saw them, with their bass player's arm in a sling from dislocating his shoulder, the drummer from the Electric Flag came up and he and Bob Hight sang soul together. I liked it.

And it should be chronicled for the future, and for those of you who venture out not so often that some strange things occur at the Avalon, which has spiritual overtones. Last night those things were a man from the Esalen Institute, those people who have taken over the Big Sur Hot Springs, and he led the audience in zen exercises.

You wouldn't believe how beautiful a room full of people saying OM can be, especially when the women did it, then the men in a sort of round. The man was there.

It will be broadcast on KFRC's Perspective show soon. I should also chronicle that I mistrust the Esalen Institute -- they have a little of the fanatic's intolerance peeping through from time to time, which should not be the case for spiritual people who are finding out where it is at. T.W. said that he really liked the exercises and they felt real good. Nothing is black and white.

FARM WORKERS' NEW ACCORD WITH TEAMSTERS

DELANO - The Teamsters' union has ended its scabbing on the United Farm Workers at Perelli-Minetti.

The two unions have signed a mutual aid and jurisdictional agreement, under terms of which UFW will organize field workers without interference, while the Teamsters will stick to packing shed employees and truck drivers.

With the Teamsters withdrawing at Perelli-Minetti, which UFW organized last year, the company agreed to conclude a contract with UFW.

The major victory over Almaden Tuesday, appears to be a clear result of the concord with the



by Ernie Barry

My column last week dropped its head and appeared as a news story with the seemingly sensational headline of "WAS THE REAL JFK KILLED?" The article was about hushed-up things in John Kennedy's life and to some readers didn't discuss or answer the headline question above it.

They took it too literally and didn't realize the editor was referring to my scoop showing the assassination of a man quite different from the popular image: a man who concealed an early broken marriage, who kept secret apartments as a young man, and who was dependent for life on drugs for his Addison's disease.

Perhaps a better headline would have been a head like "HOW JFK REALLY WAS." To me this is all highly amusing since I have actually written an article suggesting the existence of a 2nd JFK but I've never told the BARB of it. For mystery fans it certainly adds flavor to the 2nd Oswald theories.

At the time I wrote it, I assumed that the 1945 job application I mentioned last week was filled-out by someone other than JFK. It was chock full of highly personal information (like specific information on his impending naval discharge) that only someone extremely close to him might have.

The application was for an expeditor's job with a Boston manufacturer and I couldn't imagine John Kennedy being interested in the job when he was shortly to run for Congress. I didn't think he would have helped a friend get a job by having him apply under his name; it wasn't his style and he would surely have lent money instead. I eventually concluded that someone was posing as him with his knowledge and assistance.

This type of speculation and the information I disclosed last week on Kennedy's marriage previous to Jacqueline and his secret Boston addresses, has led some people to suggest that his assassination might have been part of a private conspiracy rather than a political one. So much has been hushed-up about the man's life and his murder. The mere fact that no theorist, in or out of the government, has explored the possibilities of a family and personal basis for the murder is cause for some wonder.

The Kennedy family for decades has had the reputation of carrying out vicious power plays for pride and the family name. Assuming Mark Lane, Weisberg, Ramparts, and the rest are right about the assassins still being around, it doesn't make sense the Kennedys couldn't care less.

Jacqueline and Bobby hounded William Manchester mercilessly for months because he was going to betray their trust and tell things like how JFK sat around in his undershorts in the White House. Why didn't they do anything when some bastards blasted John's head apart and every American institution would have rallied to them in smashing any conspiracy?

Bobby Kennedy headed the Justice Department with thousands of suddenly extremely loyal agents. All of American industry was behind Joseph Kennedy, all the American people were behind Jacqueline, and the whole IBM-New Frontiers intelligence establishment was highly distrustful of loud mouth Texas Lyndon.

I would think that Johnson would have deferred to the Kennedy family on the matter of what to tell the public. I suspect that he was one of the few who argued against the cover-up we got; he surely knew how it could backfire destroying his hope to win national political acceptance. He knew this when they started covering-up, a few hours after the assassination.

What I am suggesting is that the conspiracy of silence on the truth of the assassination is the Kennedys' idea. Perhaps it is all related to columnist Drew Pearson's supposition that Robert Kennedy, as JFK's watchdog over CIA activities after the Bay of Pigs fiasco, personally knew of Cuban affairs agent Lee Harvey Oswald.

Teamsters. "Inevitable" is what Almaden V-P J. J. Fisher called it, in explaining why they gave in to UFW without a struggle.

There is more. Jerry Veracruse, secretary of a Teamster local, and a number of others from that union, took part in UFW ceremonies here and in Bakersfield July 21 and 23.

On the 21st, a cornerstone was laid for a co-op gas station and store, first buildings in a membership service center planned by UFW.

Veracruse was one of many union officials to place an adobe brick in mortar as part of the cornerstone laying. There were so many ceremonial bricks that Cesar Chavez remarked "We'll have the wall half-way built before the afternoon is over."

Paul Schrade, regional director of the Auto Workers, took part; also Paul Perlin of ILWU in Los Angeles, and people from the Packinghouse, Distillery and Amalgamated Clothing unions. There was a delegation of Mexicans from the CTM in Baja California.

Two days later at Bakersfield, a rally of 2,500 was held to mark the start of a new organizing cam-

paign in the vineyards and other farms, with support from some locals, at least, of the unions named above.

FLUSHING FILLMORE

from page 4

of nearly all those questioned. Few had any faith in non-violent solutions offered by various federal agencies having offices in the area.

One of the small number of Blacks who had heard of the Black Free Store, although sympathetic, thought it had little more chance of bringing relief.

"It's right next door to our needs. Things like the Youth Employment Service are about three doors down. But the people don't pay much attention to the Free Store because it's run by hippies."

An older man, well dressed and holding an open wine bottle in a sack told BARB: "I came here in 1925. It was a nice area then. Now it's a ghetto. Most of the people here have nothing to look forward to."

He pointed to an old apartment building. "Rents there are a hundred dollars or more," he said. "All of this is going to be destroyed one day soon. Even your square white Christian Bible says that much."

Back at the Free Store, BARB talked to Bobo again. He admitted that most other Blacks regard those at the Store as hippies, if they are aware of its existence at all.

"We'll just have to keep doing our thing," he said. "It's too early to tell the effects."



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WHAT WEIRD WORLD?

from page 8

tion of human and grind music. Almost each trip ends in suicide, murder of mutilation. Going up takes less than a minute and the trips last from 5 to 10 minutes.

The movie's "pusher" wears a suit and tie and drives a Cadillac. The narrator explains that he's a smart pusher because he doesn't take LSD himself, he just pushes it on people who are out for "kicks."

Sample scene - The pusher parks his Caddy in front of the Wild Boar bar which looks like some kind of World War II Army barracks. He enters, sits down and places some foil-wrapped sugar cubes on the table. Two cats come over from different tables and buy the cubes at \$1.00 each. One gives a lump to his fiancée who, the narrator is careful to explain, is narcissistic. He then defines narcissistic.

We are told that when under the influence of LSD, Daisy Green becomes a "self - love goddess." There she is, Daisy Green, cutting off her skirt and blouse with a scissors she carries in her purse for just such occasions. She steps up onto the table and dances to drum tats in her panties and bra. She rubs her breasts and strokes her legs while four cats play-act a sort of watchful onnu.

Eventually she's carried off to her bedroom by the fiancée. He lights a cigarette, gives her a disgusted look and then decides to make the best of a bad scene and moves in to kiss her. She resists. They fight, pulling hair and ripping clothes - more drum tats.

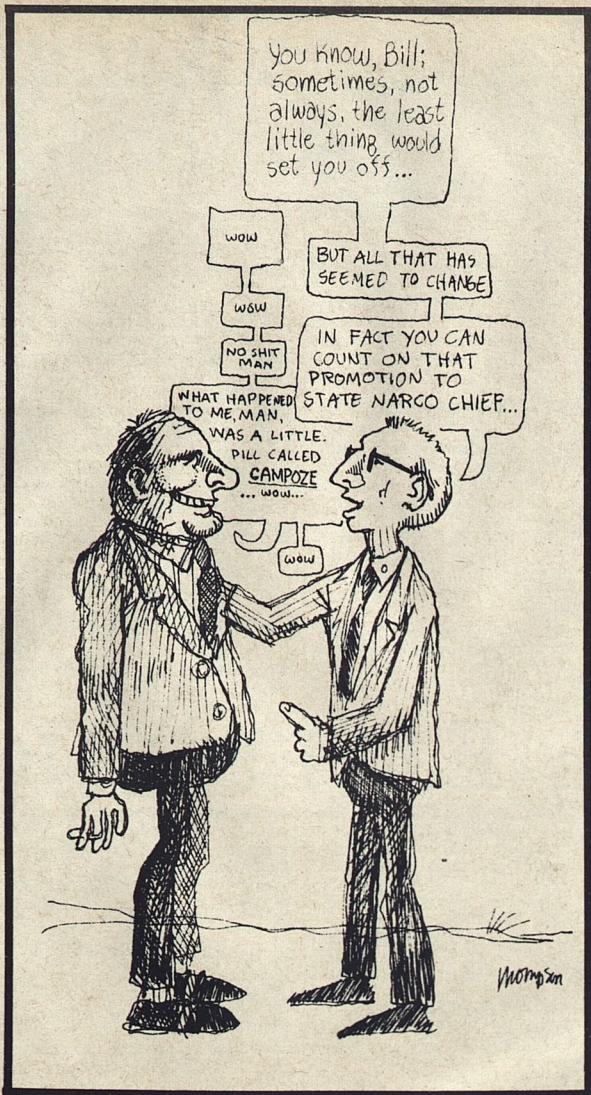
He finally leaves, and poor narcissistic Daisy, alone, despondent and on acid, does the only reasonable thing to do in this movie. She reaches for a bottle of pills and swallows the lot. Off the bed she falls. Narrator - "Repulsion, rejection, suicide."

A few helpful hints dropped by the narrator - Playing like a kitten can't satisfy the normal person. No man can outrun his fears any more than he can outrun his legs. Nobody should take LSD without "proper post - LSD recovery equipment" (whatever that is).

In the midst of this black and white fiasco we are given the hard core message while an un-introduced chick in a leopard skin top and black tights grinds out her homage to a leopard skin drum.

The message - Alan Watts, Timothy Leary and Aldous Huxley all say that LSD can make a person saner, but doctors say that it is dangerous with irretrievable consequences. Permanent damage can result from repeated use.

Unfortunately, says the narrator, those most attracted to LSD are those most unbalanced. The same should be said about the movie.



DeBonaire Daily Goofs on Gleason

Hardly anything that Ralph Gleason, the Chronicle's jazz critic, writes goes unprinted. Wednesday somebody capitalized on this by signing Mr. Gleason's name to a letter to the Gazette he didn't write.

NEW POINTER FOR THE DOG

The Family Dog has a new "pointer."

He is Malcolm Rockwell and he has replaced Phil Hammond as the booking agent for the Avalon Ballroom.

The Avalon is traditionally the sounding board for new talent in the Bay area and Rockwell plans to continue the hunt for capable rock bands who need exposure.

The letter under the name and address of Ralph J. Gleason asked:

Would the distinguished City Councilman, Donald Dellums (sic), call for a report had it been a Caucasian ex-convict, bank robber, and convicted felon, who had been shot, after robbing a bank? More power to Dellums, do you suppose he will run for Governor of Alabama against Lurleen?

BARB contacted Gleason to see if it was possible that he had written it.

He said he had just returned from vacation, checked the letter out, and called BARB back to say, "I did not write this letter. I am going to call the Gazette and demand a retraction. I haven't written a letter to the Gazette in years."

Thursday's Gazette had a proper retraction.

So add it to your what-to-do-before-vacation list. Stop the milk, the mail, the newspaper delivery, and call the Gazette and let them know that you will be out of touch with them for a few weeks.

FRAME VICTIM RAPS ON NARKS

"The narks aren't really trying to lie," Jim Fauss states in an interview with BARB, this week. "They're just trying to present their version of the truth."

"They'll do anything," he added, "to present their version of the truth."

Just how far they'll go is highlighted by the story of how and why Jim Fauss was framed. He is an ex-convict, ex-addict, a Central City organizer, and an advocate of drug reform.

His recent troubles began last winter, when the Central City Multi-service Center started working on the Report "Drugs in the Tenderloin" Before releasing the drug report, the writers held a press conference.

"I accused the narcotics agents of giving drugs for info," he remembers, "not expecting a big uproar because I didn't know that was news."

"On the news that night Fred T. Dick, former director of the regional office of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, denied it was true and if anyone knew of anything like this happening to report it."

"Then the next Monday the FBN went and subpoenaed a copy of the film of the press conference from Channel 4. At that time my bosses and a couple of attorneys from the Neighborhood Legal Assistance Foundation told me to beware and have a witness with me as much as possible because they figured I would be framed up in some way."

Fauss' parole officer also added a friendly warning about making public statements without the permission of the parole officer's superiors.

Later Fauss was invited to speak before a group of parents at a Community Relations Committee meeting. "At this time," he says, "I didn't know there was a Chronicle reporter there."

"The TV men were acquaintances of mine and cooperated and didn't use my name, just my picture, but the newspapermen had my name all over the papers next morning."

The meeting was supposed to be

FREE, DIVINE, REBORN

Underground sources have disclosed this week a brand new psychedelic drug will make its debut on the scene this Friday.

The drug, a legal one manufactured by everybody's favorite Good Doctor, is called FDR. The initials could stand for Free, Divine, and Reborn.

The effects of the drug are essentially the same as STP; however, the chemical compound is different, and, according to BARB's informant, "You can turn it off whenever you want to. If you want to come down, you can do it yourself."

Contact!

a panel discussion on narcotics but, according to Fauss, "it wound up as a debate on marijuana."

"I wanted to talk about narcotics and they kept talking about marijuana, so I finally told 'em about marijuana . . . I told them that I would give and had given marijuana to a five-year-old child."

"I told them the nark on the panel was lying about marijuana to protect his job. The man claimed to have experience as an undercover agent, and he does. His name is Billy Morrow, and he is still working as an undercover agent."

"My parole officer read it and wasn't too happy about it."

"Then I was arrested for armed robbery which is sort of funny because I was a CO and haven't touched a gun since 1959."

"I got out on OR this time, a cop recommended me, he was a pretty nice policeman. A month later I got arrested for another armed robbery and they put a parole hold on me, which means you have to stay in jail until your case is taken care of."

Asked if this wasn't sort of like imprisonment without trial, Fauss said, "Uh-huh."

"When I went to jail the second time," he continued, "it looked like they were pretty sincere in their efforts to do something to me."

"I knew from certain sources that someone was trying to get me, and I resigned myself to the jail like a political prisoner."

"My fiancée and my friends went out and organized a defense fund for me. They got Ephraim Margolin and Hal Lipset. Mr. Margolin started to prepare a case for me -- this went on until the trial was supposed to begin on Monday."

"That Thursday they arrested another man."

"Thursday night they mysteriously moved me to another cell which I was tipped off was bugged. They were trying to get something else on me."

After his release Fauss remained on parole. However, the Central City Board had recommended him for a promotion as a vote of confidence after he was arrested. The board, his director and his friends wrote letters to the head of the Youth and Adult Corrections Agency.

Fauss considers these letters and the publicity on his arrest instrumental in his getting off parole. His parole ends today.

Fauss was not optimistic about the chances for an addict's kicking the habit. He says that action and devotion to a task are about the only cure.

For himself, "I try to put as much time and energy into my job as someone who's strung out. And someone who's strung out has to be pretty ingenious to stay that way."

"I've just decided that someone has to sacrifice their love for drugs to their love to fuck with narks."

"I'm strung out on fucking with narks."

(Next week, BARB will continue the series on drug addiction.)

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\$1. Coffee, Black Bread and Cream Cheese Free

HOW DETROIT FUZZ MALTREATED VICTIMS

from page 5

pen which is a fairly small room with a sink, a toilet and a bench. There were thirty three of us. Two turnkeys agreed to buy candy bars for us but one took a commission.

I talked to one of the black guys with us in the bullpen. He said "We were in the Packer store on Trumbull and Grand River. Man, there was everybody in there, hillbillies and soubrothers and everybody just takin' all the shit they could get their hands on and everybody was saying 'this

mother fuckin' Packer store done robbed everybody for so long we just gonna clean the store out.

"People was pushin' away whole grocery carts full of food and then this one cop car drives their cop car sitting' out on the street. Man, people inside just kept right on lootin'. They started throwin' cans at them cops."

When I asked him why he thought people were rioting he said, "Man, peoples is workin' their ass off on their jobs and ain't makin' shit. And if they bought the house they're livin' in with their life savings the taxes is so high. And then they want to tear it down for some expressway or university or something. People is tired of bein' screwed over by everything. Seems a lotta white people don't like it neither."



"The new Revue... is a howler: funny, bright and audacious! masterful!... a total success!... the burlesques of the Royal Ballet with Dame Margot and Rudi on the rooftop is delightful! THE BEST THE COMMITTEE HAS EVER OFFERED!"
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Bladen/San Mateo Times

"... the company performs magic... hilariously fascinating... a satirical topping delicious to behold!"
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"The new show continues The Committee's tradition and reputation for being one of the wittiest, inventive, most topical shows around, while at the same time remaining one of the most disciplined performances on any stage, anywhere! A BIG HURRAH!"
Rose/Palo Alto Times

"The new Committee show is the funniest... reached its peak with the takeoff of the Nureyev-Fonteyn hippie ballet. Recommended for anyone who enjoys good satire!"
Rose/KNEW

"I thought The Committee couldn't be funnier... but they ARE!!!"
King/KSFR

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COMMITTEE HURRAH!

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"FIRST RATE!!... Sharp, satisfying... successful!!... a solid show befitting the attractive theatre... it should enliven the San Francisco summer!!"
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"FIRST RATE! Committee's new work rates a rousing hurrah! Rarely have I seen anything as powerful or jarring on the stage."
-Eichelbaum/Examiner

"Fun and madness... cleverly staged!"
-Nachman/Oakland Tribune

"A wild evening in the theatre!"
-Bladen/San Mateo Times

"Dazzling! Compares with the best of ACT!"
-Sorkin/KSFO

"The Committee Theatre has a hit!"
-Peterson/KCBS

"Imperative and totally committed theater. It will be discussed for years to come."
-Sales/KQED & San Francisco Magazine

"I'm still laughing!"
-Hart/KCBS

"Powerful rhythm of hatred, spite, and horror. Makes a great comic evening!"
-Herbert Gold/novelist

"Do not miss America Hurrah... a masterpiece!"
-Ogar/Berkeley Barb

"Clear as a well-edited film. Joyous! Irreverent!"
-Grimm/Oracle

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-King/KSFR

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Roving Rat

Fink



At this writing, the story of Detroit is not yet complete, and there may be further developments to alter the picture. But from news reports up to now, it appears that the ugly Detroit scene has presented us with something brand-new and interesting.

Integrated rioting. According to news dispatches, there have been about as many whites as Negroes out there smashing and looting. There have even been reported cases of a Negro looter dropping something, and a white man picking it up and giving it back to him. How much more integrated can you get?

I don't like to gloat, and I don't want to be accused of advocating anything illegal. But I do recall that in this column, just a year ago, I predicted that if the discontented whites should also get on the rioting kick, that would be all she wrote. Now look what happened. The U. S. Army had to step in, for the first time since the Whiskey Rebellion of 1791. And that was just the start.

Of course, the so-called "race riots" of recent years have not been really racial, not in the sense of black against white. They have been confined almost exclusively to the Negro section of town, and the property chiefly suffering has been homes and stores owned by Negroes. The point of the rioting has not been specifically anti-white, but a blind striking-out against the system. You feel like smashing something, so you smash what is closest to hand, and never mind the race of the man who owns it.

Which brings me to the real point. Some Negroes are anti-white on principle, but not most. At least among the urban ones, most Negroes know that many whites are okay people, and in the same boat with them. In fact, they know that some whites are actually on their side, whether they realize it or not.

The Negroes undoubtedly have the greater reason for discontent, but there are also a lot of discontented whites. And the Negroes know it, and are not so racist as to refuse to make common cause with them.

Because the cause is common. The rioting is not just over segregation or unemployment. The segregated Negroes of Alabama don't riot, and neither did the unemployed of the thirties. Those are potent factors, but the real issue is the American culture in general.

This culture no longer provides essential human satisfaction. To be integrated, or to be employed, is merely to be included back in the rat-race. But life can't be lived without one or the other, or both. The only answer is a new and transformed culture. Rioting won't bring it, and Congress can't legislate it. We who are concerned with the matter have our work cut out for us. In the meantime, I'm afraid the breakdown will just still continue. R.R.

100,000 FLOWERS

from page 7

We want to get those people out." SPAR plans to have several benefit performances, but also relies on contributions from the public. They may be sent to SPAR, 220 Bush Street, San Francisco. Anyone who wishes to volunteer to work for SPAR may contact Bill Jackson at EX 2-2475.

will cause an act of congress, so we won't have to carry the whole project through to the end," said Jackson. "Then we can move on to End the War, or legalize LSD, or something."

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The Tsar's Bride
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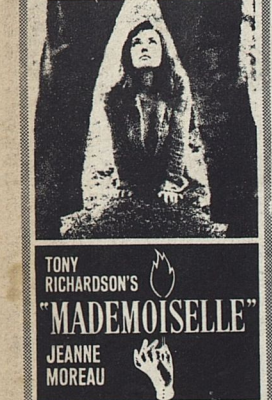
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Starts Wed: "DIRTY DOZEN"

Friday, Aug. 4
The Idiot (1948, French)
Plague Summer (1951 based on The Journal of Albion Moonlight)
Two Charlie Chaplin shorts
One show; 8 pm; Le Conte School Aud., Russell & Ellsworth \$1.35 (2-1/2 hrs.)

GREEK DANCE

Sunday, Aug. 6, 4-8 p.m.
At the STEPPENWOLF
2136 San Pablo Ave.,
Donations to support
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●BERKELEY ANTI-DRAFT UNION meets in Wesley Foundation, Bancroft & Dana, 7:30, every Tuesday. 845-2470 or 841-1746.
●DRAFT COUNSELING: Aid to GI's. Bkly Anti-Draft Union, 1703 Grove. Afternoons 845-2470 or 841-1746.
●DRAMA (Fri-Sat): New Girl in Town (musical); Masquers Playhouse, 105 Park Pl, Pt. Richmond, 8:30pm, \$2, spon. Masquers, info 843-5475, BE 2-3888, thru Aug 19.
●DRAMA (Tues-Sun): Gold's Eye Theatre performs Automobile Graveyard; Frederic & Stanyan, SF, 8:30pm, voluntary dons Tues-Wed, \$2 Thurs-Sun, info 566-7932, thru Aug 13.
●VIGIL/CARPOOL (daily): to Port Chi -- cars Iv Powell & Market, SF, 9:30-10am, & 2001 Milvia, Bkly, 10-10:30am, info 587-5871.
●READ! Swinging book bus w/ 3000 paperbacks has weekly schedule thru Aug 24: Sun 11-5 Civic Center Park opp BHS, Mon 10-1 Sacto St opp Rumbfords Drugs (nr Ashby) & 2-5pm Live Oak Park 1301 Shattuck, Tues 10-1 Fresno St nr Solanao opp Park'n' Shop & 2-5 pm James Kenney Park 8th & Delaware, Weds 10-1 Co-op Univ & Acton & 2-5pm San Pablo Park 2800 Park St, Thurs 10-1 Adeline (nr Harmon & EOO Office) & 2-5pm Codornices Park Euclid & Emice.
●FOLK DANCE (Bkly)(Tues, Wed, Fri): Tues intl w/ teaching (elem 8-9pm, adv 9-10pm) plus free dance 10-11 pm free at Hearst, UCB; Wed Israeli w/ teaching 8-9:15pm, free dancing 9:15-11pm, 50¢ at Int'l Hse, top of Bancroft; Fri intl, no teaching, 8-12pm, at Hearst, UCB.
●DRAMA (Thurs-Sat): Don Juan in Hell (Sturgis); Cedar Alley Coffee Theatre, SF, 8:30 pm (Sat addn'l perf 10:30 pm), adm, info 885-9987, thru Aug. 26.
●FREE BAKERY: bakers needed (free bread), Wed & Sat, 9 am on; All Saint's Church, 1350 Waller, SF, info 362-6374, spon. Diggers.
●CO COUNSELING (daily): 912 Lincoln, San Rafael, daily 9 am-6 pm (Thurs to 9 pm), spon. Vietnam Summer - Marin, info 453-2440.
●VIGIL: Port Chi anti-war watch, info, rides 339-9668.
●MUSIC EQUIPMENT: Roger Calkins Music Co will be very happy to provide Kustom amps & PA systems, free, to any non-profit group -- 621-6281.
●PLAYREAD: all welcome to summer & fall workshops - casting now for Brecht, O'Casey, Anouilh, Lorca, many others, info 524-7666 (days 653-1817).

OAKLAND

●WATERCOLORS by Eric Oback, at the CCAC, 5283 Broadway; created with a vast array of found pigments, organic and synthetic; Tues-Sun 11-5; Aug 1-25.
●PAINTING, SCULPTURE of the Oakland Art Association, Kaiser Center Art Gallery, 300 Lakeside, Mon-Sat 7 am-9 pm thru Aug 6.

SAN FRANCISCO

●PAINTING etc: graphics, etching, engraving, jewelry, etc, etc; Master Artists Guild, 2201-19th SF, info 285-5279.
●GRAND CANYON photographs by Ernest Braun. Also Art Treasures of Turkey, at M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, Golden Gate Park, Daily 10-5 thru Aug. 6.
●PSYCHEDELIC art's top five-"Joint Show" at Moore Gallery, 535 Sutter St., SF. Works by Rick Griffin, Kelly, Victor Moscoso, Stanley Mouse, and Wes Wilson,
●ARTISTS COOPERATIVE, oils by Patti Bowler, Audrey Karlak, Celia Michelena, Richard Ward, at 222 Union St.; Daily noon-6, Fri & Sat until 9. Opens Aug 1.
●NAVAJO paintings and drawings at the Museum of Indian Art, American Indian Historical Society, 1451 Masonic Ave.; Tues-Sat 3-7, July 15-Aug 15.
●RECENT European print accessions at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, Lincoln Park; Mon-Sun 10-5; July 15-Aug 27.
●ARTS of San Francisco, exploring the principal developments & current attitudes prevailing in the Bay Area art scene. August artists: glassblower Marvin Lipofsky; print makers Andy Brady, Kathan Brown, Patricia Forrester and Martha Shaw; photographers Robert Frank and Francis Bruguiere; sculptors Tio Giambruni and Rodger Jacobsen; painters Patrick Humble, Clayton Pinkerton, Daniel Shapiro and Fred Spratt; and a small survey of new directions in posters. San Francisco Museum of Art. Adm free. Tues-Fri 10-10. Sat 10-5; Sun 1-5. Weekly lecture series on the arts of San Francisco Sundays at 3 pm.
●THE BICYCLE RIDER and other images, photography by Richard Olen, San Francisco State College Library. July & Aug.

ART

●RECENT ACQUISITIONS in modern art by the Univ. Art Mus. Incl paintings, graphics, sculpture, UCB, Barrow Lane (off Bancroft Way) daily 12 to 6pm thru Sept 10
●AFRICAN ARTS & SCULPTURE at Lowie Mus of Anthropol. UCB. Kroeber Hall (Bancroft Way at College) Daily 10am to 5pm
●PAINTINGS by Barbara Strasen and Milton Komisar - a new dimension in painting. Berkeley Art Center, 1275 Walnut St., Live Oak Park, 849-4120. Tues 1-9 pm, Wed thru Fri 1-6 pm, Sat 11 am-9 pm, Sun 11 am-6 pm; opens July 31.
●PORCELAIN & STONWARE by Doug Hale at Guiti's, 1643 University. Opening July 28, 7-11 pm.
●DRAWINGS by Richard Gayton; paintings by Charles Bragg. Ele. McDonald, Redbug Gallery, 2921 College, Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30, thru Sept.
●TEL-AVIV: portrait of a city. Photography, bronze, wood & granite sculpture by Aaron Goodelman. At Judah L. Magnes Memorial Mus, 2911 Russell Str. Sun thru Fri 10 am to 4 pm. Thru Aug. 28.
●EXHIBITION of paintings by Ruth Garbell at the University of California in Berkeley, ASUC Gallery, Student Union, from July 30th through August 12; 8 am-12 mid-night daily, noon-midnight Sun.

CLASSES

●CREATIVE DANCE: for children, also classes in creative movement for men & women, w/ Felicia Cortth Goldstein, & Lenore Friedman; in Bkly & El Cerrito, info 526-0671.
●WORKSHOP (Mon-Fri): for the very young - music, art, stories, dance, teacher Shirley Carlson; 1221 Grove, Bkly, 12:30-3:30 pm, info 525-0457.
●MEDITATE (MWF): Zen (Zazen), 1670 Dwight, Bkly, 5:45am, free, spon. Zen Center of SF, info 845-2403.

ELSEWHERE

●THE HANG-UP GALLERY in Sausalito now showing nude oils by Nancy Clark, nude pastels by Jim Bork, garbhages by J. Edgar Jade. Thru Aug. 9-5, 325 Turney St., Sausalito, 332-1941.
●FIGURES, musical instruments, busts and heads by Ron Boise, Triton Museum, 99 2nd St., San Jose, July 7 thru Aug. 19.

STUDENT SHOW

by students in ACCJ sponsored classes at the Arts & Crafts Co-op, Inc, 1652 Shattuck Ave. Mon-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-5, TH 3-2527. Aug 4-Sept. 1.

●RECORDER WKSHP: all levels of instruction; 4221A 25th, SF, info 824-0948.
●PAINTING, WEAVING, BATIK & TIE-DYEING, and teen color-light workshop - classes for all ages; Arts & Crafts Co-op, 1652 Shattuck, Bkly, register Aug 5, 10-3, info 843-2527.
●STRAIGHT THEATRE workshops in Drama, mime, modern dance, hatha yoga -- info 387-5074, 387-1184, classes run July & Aug.



daffy over Ravi? we are!

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West Meets East
YEHUDI MENUHIN - RAVI SHANKAR
SHARE THE REVEREND
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Ravi Shankar
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Ravi Shankar
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Who is this woman?
And if you know who this woman is, then who are you?

O.K. here we go again with offer #4 in the Capitol Records beautiful poster thingy you-send-for-it-we'll-send-you-it giveaway. Cut this coupon out quick as you can grab some cutter-outers, send it to us via the same government agency* as you did the last time, and we'll send you not a poster, not a W. C. Fields handbook of witty sayings, not the personal diary diaries of Patty Maxine, or Laverne, but a beautiful four-color, 12"x12" photo of Ravi Shankar. Send soon... this is a limited offer.

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FRIDAY

●FILMS: Cocteau's Blood of a Poet, Dali/Bunuel Un Chien Andalou, WC Fields' My Little Chickadee; 155 Dwinelle, UCB, 8 pm, \$1.25, prsntd Campus Film Club, info 843-3287.
●FILMS: Burroughs' Towers Open Fire, Etaix' Happy Anniversary, others; Filmmakers Wkshop, 975 Howard, SF, 9:30 pm, \$1, info 391-1724.
●FOLK/EVENT: w/ bands Jim Trumbaux Qter, Black Swan, more, all welcome to participate; Haight A Espresso, 776 Haight, SF, 12 noon thru Sun midnite, 50¢, info 626-9608.
●EVENT: Audium sound-space experience, w/ Stan Shaff & Doug McEachern; 309-4th ave, SF, 8:30 & 10:45 pm, \$2.
●CONCERT: Gioacchino Rossini's Petite Messe Solennelle; Veteran's Aud, SF, 8:30 pm, \$3, info 861-2534, 751-0837.
●DANCE CONCERT: Noel Parenti performs; St. Aidan's Episcopal Church, SF, 8:30 pm, \$3, info 771-6300.
●FORUM: on SFL; 7th Seal, 2309 Bowditch, Bkly, 9-12 pm, free, info 848-0269.
●MEETING: to form underground Bkly motorcycle maintenance club; meet Ludwigs Fountain, UCB, 4 pm, all welcome, info 549-0917.
●FILMS: Born Yesterday, & Solid Gold Cadillac (w/ Judy Holliday); Stiles, Bkly, 7:30 & 9:30pm, \$1.25, info 841-6010.
●CO COUNSELING: Bkly Civic Center, noon, all welcome, info 845-6595.
●RADIO/LSD: documentary - "LSD-Nirvana, Inferno, or a modest tool of science"; KPFA/FM, 2-3 pm.
●CONCERT/DANCE: Charles Lloyd, West Coast Nat Gas Co; Avalon, SF, 9-2, \$2.50.
●FILMS: Wax' Muggins, Lipton's Ineluctable Modality of the Visible, Kuchar's Sins of the Fleshapoids, others; 145 Dwinelle, UCB, 8 & 10 pm, \$1.25, spon Bkly Cin/Cinema Psych, info 849-3147.
●CONCERT/DANCE: Loading Zone, 2nd Coming, 8-1, (Provo Lights); Bkly HS Cafeterium, 8-1, 50¢, spon Bkly Parks & Rec, info 841-0200 x375.
●CONCERT/DANCE: Strawberry Window, Genesis, Blue Union; Lafayette Veterans Hall, 9 pm, \$2.
●CONCERT: Muddy Waters, Buffalo Springfield, Richie Havens; Fillmore, SF, 9 pm, \$3.
●ART AUCTION/BENEFIT: Glide 330 Ellis, SF, 2-3 pm, free, info 776-2702, benef Vietnam Summer.
●FOLK: w/ many artists - also open auditions, Golden Lamp, 209 Park Rd, Burlingame, 8:30 pm, 75¢ (much & exotic food avail), info 343-6015.
●FILMS: The Idiot (1948, French), also Plague Summer (based on Journal of Albion Moonlight), also 2 Chaplin shorts; LeConte School Aud, Russell & Elsworth, Bkly, 8 pm, \$1.25 (2½hrs), info 549-0875.

●PICKET/LEAFLET: protesting establishment of open pit mine in wilderness area nr Seattle; meet Bancroft & Tele, Bkly, 12 noon & 1pm, all welcome, spon ACT, info 843-2117.
●DRAMA: Mime Troupe's Olive Pits; Washington Sq Park, SF, 12 noon, free.
●OPEN HOUSE: "Open Cellar" 2041 Larkin, SF, 9-1, all welcome, info 771-6300.
●FOLK/DANCE: w/ Bkly Scottish Country Dancers. Instructor Stuart Smith; loc, adm, info 848-1946.
●LEAFLET: Outside ILWU (Ferry Bldg), SF, 6am, spon Workers' League, info 282-7931.
●DRAMA: Farquhar's Recruiting Officer; Wheeler, UCB, 8:15pm, \$2.50 (students \$1.50), ASUC Box, prsntd Alumni.
●DANCE: Ballet '67; SF Ballet Theatre, 378-18th Ave, SF, 8:30 pm, \$2.50, info 751-2141.
●CONCERT: Music of Japan; Hertz, UCB, 8:30pm, \$2 (students \$1), spon Am Soc Eastern Arts.
●DRAMA: Pitschell Players perform WC Fields Memorial Orphanage; 120 Julian, SF, 9 pm, \$1, info 664-2148.
●DRAMA/CONCERT: Rogewicz' Dossier (7:30 pm), Wildflower, Paul Arnoldi, Marlowe & Clover, (9:30 pm); Straight Theatre, 1702 Haight, SF, \$2.

SATURDAY

●GARAGE SALE: 1123 Shattuck, Bkly, 9-4, all welcome, info 527-4176.
●FOLK/EVENT: see Aug. 4.
●CONCERT/DANCE: Charles Lloyd, see Aug. 4.
●FILMS: Burroughs, more, see Aug. 4.
●ART AUCTION/BENEFIT: Glide, 330 Ellis, SF, 2-8 pm, all welcome, benef Vietnam Summer, info 776-2702.
●DRAMA: SF Mime Troupe's L'Amant Militaire; Lafayette Pk, 2 pm, free.
●CONCERT/DANCE: Melvin Q Watchpocket, 2nd Coming, Skins, visual stimulation; Pauley, UCB, 8 pm, \$1.50, info 549-0109.
●CONCERT/DANCE: Martha's Laundry; Lower Sprout Plaza, UCB, 1 pm, free, info 843-3049.
●DANCE CONCERT: Noel Parenti, see Aug. 4.
●FOLK/FORUM: open mike for poets & musicians, 7th Seal, 2309 Bowditch, Bkly, 9-12 pm, free, info 848-0269.
●PARTY: Spring mobilization - refreshments, music, more; 55 Colton, SF, 8:30 pm, \$1, info 334-9771.
●DRAMA: Recruiting Officer, see Aug. 4.
●FOLK/BENEFIT: w/ Malvina Reynolds, Cleanliness & Godliness, others; LeConte School Aud, Bkly, 8 pm, \$2.
●EVENT: Karate contest - all black belt; SF State Main gym, SF, 2-5 pm, \$2 (students \$1.50).
●DRAMA/CONCERT: see Aug. 4.
●CO COUNSELING: Walden School, 2446 McKinley, Bkly, 7 pm, all welcome, info 845-7468.
●CONCERT/DANCE: Muddy Waters, see Aug. 4.
●ART AUCTION/BENEFIT: see Aug. 4.

●FLEA MKT: 6th & Gilman, Bkly, 11-5pm, info 848-1655.
●FILMS: Many, w/free food; 3727 Elston, Oakl, 7:30pm, info 261-8713
●WORK: Help gather signatures to put Vietnam war on ballot; 55 Coulton, SF, 10am, info 431-5560.
●VIGIL: Quakers against Vietnam War; Oakl Memorial Plaza, 12-1 pm, all welcome, info 848-7505, 525-7372.
●DRAMA: Pitschell Players perform WC Fields Memorial Orphanage; 120 Julian, SF, 9 pm, \$1, info 664-2148.
●MEDITATE: at Straight Theatre, SF, 10-4, free, info 387-0289.
●CONCERT: Chamber music by JS Bach for 2 violins &/or cello; Vin et Fromage, Bkly, 9pm, \$2.50 inc. wine & cheese.
●DRAMA: Sturgis' Proliferations; Cedar Alley Theatre, SF, 8:30pm, \$1, info 771-5321, M-F 2-7pm.
●VIGIL: Silent, for peace in Vietnam; Bkly Civl Hall, 12:30-1:30pm.
●VIGIL: for peace, Oakl Army Base, 2-5pm, info, VERIFY, 621-2057.
●OPERA: Barber of Seville; Stern Grove, SF, 2 pm, free.
●FILMS: Many, w/ free food, see Aug. 5.
●DANCE/BENEFIT: Greek dancing, live Greek music; Steppenwolf, 2136 San Pablo, Bkly, 4-8 pm, dons, spon West Coast Comm for Democracy in Greece.
●OPERA: Don Giovanni; Hertz, UCB, 8:30pm, \$2 (students \$1), spon UC Student Opera Theatre.



●CONCERT: Bach to Mozart - Handel, Schutz, Quantz, Handel, more; Hotel Claremont, Bkly, 2:30 pm, adm, info 843-7692, 843-3000 x160.
●EVENT: Ashleigh Brilliant announces his establishment-shaking secret; Golden Gate Park (west end), SF, 3 pm.
●EVENT: Motorcycle on back roads - hippy/straight OK; meet Tele & Ashby, Bkly, 8:15 pm, free, all welcome, spon Bkly Motorcycle Club, info 549-0917.
●CONCERT/DANCE: Charles Lloyd, see Aug. 4.
●DRAMA: Recruiting Officer, see Aug. 4.
●CONCERT: Mahalia Jackson; Oakl Aud Theatre, 10th & Fallon, 3 pm, \$2-3.50.
●CONCERT/DANCE/BENEFIT: Earl's NOH band, Bob Mielke's Bearcats - food avail; New Orleans House, 1505 San Pablo, Bkly, 3-7 pm, \$1.50, benef Delano, minors OK, info 525-2221.
●CONCERT: Karen Bronkhorst, organist; Mormon Temple, 4780 Lincoln, Oakl; 4 pm, free.

SUNDAY

●GARAGE SALE: see Aug. 5.
●FOLK/EVENT: see Aug. 4.

The SCENE DROME
NOTICE: SCENEDROME FINAL DEADLINE: TUESDAY 5 P.M. PLEASE INCLUDE DESCRIPTION, PHONE NUMBER & VERIFY TO 841-9470

●EVENT/BENEFIT: Pacifica Vietnam Summer Peace Rock Fair w/ Keating, SF Mime Troupe, Sons of Champlin, David Harris, more; Terra Nova Fields, noon-5 pm, free, info 359-0930.
●FILMS: Burroughs, more, see Aug. 4.
●CONCERT/DANCE: Muddy Waters, see Aug. 4.
●FAST/VIGIL: Commemorating Hiroshima Day, & 1st Anniversary Port Chi Vigil; waterfront gate Port Chi, all day (24 hrs) thru Mon 6 pm, info 587-5871.
●FILMS: Satyajit Ray's Devi, also shorts; 1757 Waller, SF, \$9/yr (Eisenstein Memorial Cinema 1st*), info OPFFUX-14.
●CONCERT: Band, w/ dir. Ralph Murray; GG Park Music Concourse SF, 2pm, free.
●HOOT: I/Thou, 1736 Haight, SF, 8-10pm, free.
●FLEA MKT: 6th & Gilman, Bkly, 11-5pm, info 848-1655.

MONDAY

●FORUM: w/ Chad Reeser, on Sex & Humanity; 5755 Market, Oakl, 8:30 pm, free, spon SFL, info 654-0316.
●LIFE DRAWINGS: w/ models; Settlement Hse (Bsmnt of Page St Library), Page nr Haight, SF, ½30-8:30pm, 50¢ (pays for model), info 922-0980.
●FILM/COMMENTARY: Special tribute to stan Laurel, w/ organ music, souvenir programs, more; Pauley, UCB, 8 pm, \$1.50 (students \$1.25), info 841-6010.
●POETRY: Open reading; I/Thou, 1736 Haight, SF, 8-10pm, 50¢ (students 35¢)
●REHEARSAL: Coll/Marin summer band; Coll/Marin Kentfield, 7:30pm, all welcome.
●CLASS: Filmmaking for beginners, w/ Carl Mayberry; 975 Howard, SF, 7:30pm, \$1, info 391-1724.

TUESDAY

●FOLK/DANCE: Balkan class w/ Rick Tejada-Flores; Petrero Hill, 953 DeHaro, SF, 8-10 pm, \$1.
●FILMS: comedies Windfall in Athens (Greek w/Eng subs) & new Angels (Italian w/ Eng subs), 155 Dwinelle, UCB, 8:15 pm, \$1 (students 85¢).
●CONCERT/DANCE: Electric Flag (Bloomfield), South Side Sound System (Musselwhite), Moby Grape; Fillmore, SF, 9 pm, \$3.
●DRAMA: Sturgis, see Aug. 6.
●MEDITATE: w/ Sri Easwaran; ASUC 5th floor, UCB, noon, spon Blue Mtn Center of Meditation, info 452-4329.
●CLASS: Summer workshop on Kennedy assassination, w/ Hal Verb; location varies, 7-10pm, free, info 567-5534, 849-3926.
●FORUM: Baha'i; 2655 Virginia #C, Bkly, 8pm, all welcome, info 845-8249.

WEDNESDAY

●AUDITIONS: open, for H/A Theatre Wkshop's production of Capek's Insect Comedy; 1350 Waller, SF, 7:30 pm, all welcome, info 681-0232 (Bob Fleming).
●FILMS: at SFL, 975 Howard, SF, 8 pm, \$2 (members \$1).
●DRAMA: Romeo & Juliet; Wheeler, UCB, 8:15 pm, \$2.50 (students \$1.50), prsntd Alumni.
●SWITCHES: charm school - secrets of applied magic taught by Anton La Vey; 6114 Calif, SF, 9 pm, \$2.50, info 752-3583 after 3 pm.
●LECTURE/WORKSHOP: Norman Sturgis on The Conditioned Reflex & Semantics; Cedar Alley, 40 Cedar Alley, SF, 8:30pm, \$2, info 771-5321, M-F 2-7pm.
●CLEAN-IN: w/ brooms provided by city, & free food for sweepers, afterwards; meet Haight & Ashbury Sts, SF, 12 noon, all welcome, spon Hip Job Co-op.

THURSDAY

●OPEN HOUSE: Sexual Freedom League; 5755 Market, Oakl, 8pm, free, info 654-0316.

●PICNIC: Single adults - men bring beverage and/or firewood, women bring meat or salad; Live Oak Park, Bkly, 6:30 pm, free, spon Unitarian Fellowship, info 524-5192.
●DRAMA: Recruiting Officer, see Aug. 4.
●CONCERT/DANCE: Fillmore, see Aug. 8, note Steve Miller replaces Moby Grape.
●CONCERT: J. S. Bach chamber works for violin and/or cello; Vin et Fromage, Bkly, 9 pm, \$2.50 inc wine & cheese.
●FORUM: w/ Anton La Vey, on Black Magic & Sorcery; 6114 Calif, SF, 9 pm, \$2.50, info 752-3583 after 3 pm.

FRIDAY

●CONCERT: Isidor Lateiner, violinist, plays Mozart K305, Bach Partita D minor, Bartok Sonata #1; Hertz, UCB, 8:30 pm, \$2 (students \$1).
●FILM: On Swedish co-operative movement; Univ Co-op, Bkly, 8 pm, 50¢.
●FOLK: group singing & dancing w/ Uncle Charlie's Banjo Band; Cedar Bonita Fireside, Bkly, 8:30 pm, 75¢ (inc wine & chips & dips), spon Unitarian single adults, info 845-4271.
●CO COUNSELING: see Aug. 4.
●FOLK: Golden Lamp, see Aug. 4.
●EVENT: Audium, see Aug. 4.
●CONCERT/DANCE: Fillmore, see Aug. 8, note Steve Miller replaces Moby Grape.
●OPEN HOUSE: see Aug. 4.
●FOLK/DANCE: Scottish, see Aug. 4.
●LEAFLET: ILWU, see Aug. 4.
●DRAMA: The Visit; Wheeler, UCB, 8:15 pm, \$2.50, stuicnts \$1.50, prsntd CAL

CONTINUING

●DRAMA: (thru Aug. 19) Calif Shakespeare Festival - Othello, Taming of the Shrew, Comedy of Errors; Univ Santa Clara, 2350 The Alameda, info 408-246-4446.
●FREE FOOD (Bkly): (daily) - Provo Park, Grove & Center, Bkly 6-7pm, free (bring your bowl & spoon).
●PREGNANT? (Daily): Diagnostic Lab; 2105 Grove, Bkly, (Bkly residents only) free, info 841-0200.
●RIDES (alternate Suns): to Port Chicago Vigil; info 841-8919.

PLAYREAD: all welcome to summer & fall workshops -- casting now for Brecht O'Casey, Anoulin, Lorca, many others, info 524-7666 (days 653-1817).

SEE PAGE 15 -

Frequent Phones

Alcoholics Anonymous:	653-4300
American Civil Liberties Union (Bkly):	543-1322
American Civil Liberties Union (SF):	433-2750
Association to Repeal Abortion Laws:	387-6480 or 326-3208
Citizens Alert (SF):	776-9699
Bkly Draft Information Committee:	548-0982 or 845-7468
Bkly Fire Department (Emergency):	845-1710
Haight-Ashbury Switchboard:	387-3575
Hip Job Co-op:	681-0232
Hip Medical Clinic:	431-1714
Oakl Planned Parenthood:	654-3212
Bkly Police Dept.:	845-8000
Pregnancy Test (ask for Diagnostic Lab):	841-0200
Bkly Provos & Provo Free Store:	848-7758
Recall Reagan Committee (SF):	648-5713 (Bkly): 526-5456
Sexual Freedom League Inc. (M-F, 6-8 p.m.):	654-0316
Suicide Prevention - Berkeley:	849-2212
Suicide Prevention-SF:	221-1424
Tribal Lawyers (8 a.m. - 7 p.m.):	848-2201
LSD Rescue Service:	626-6161

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