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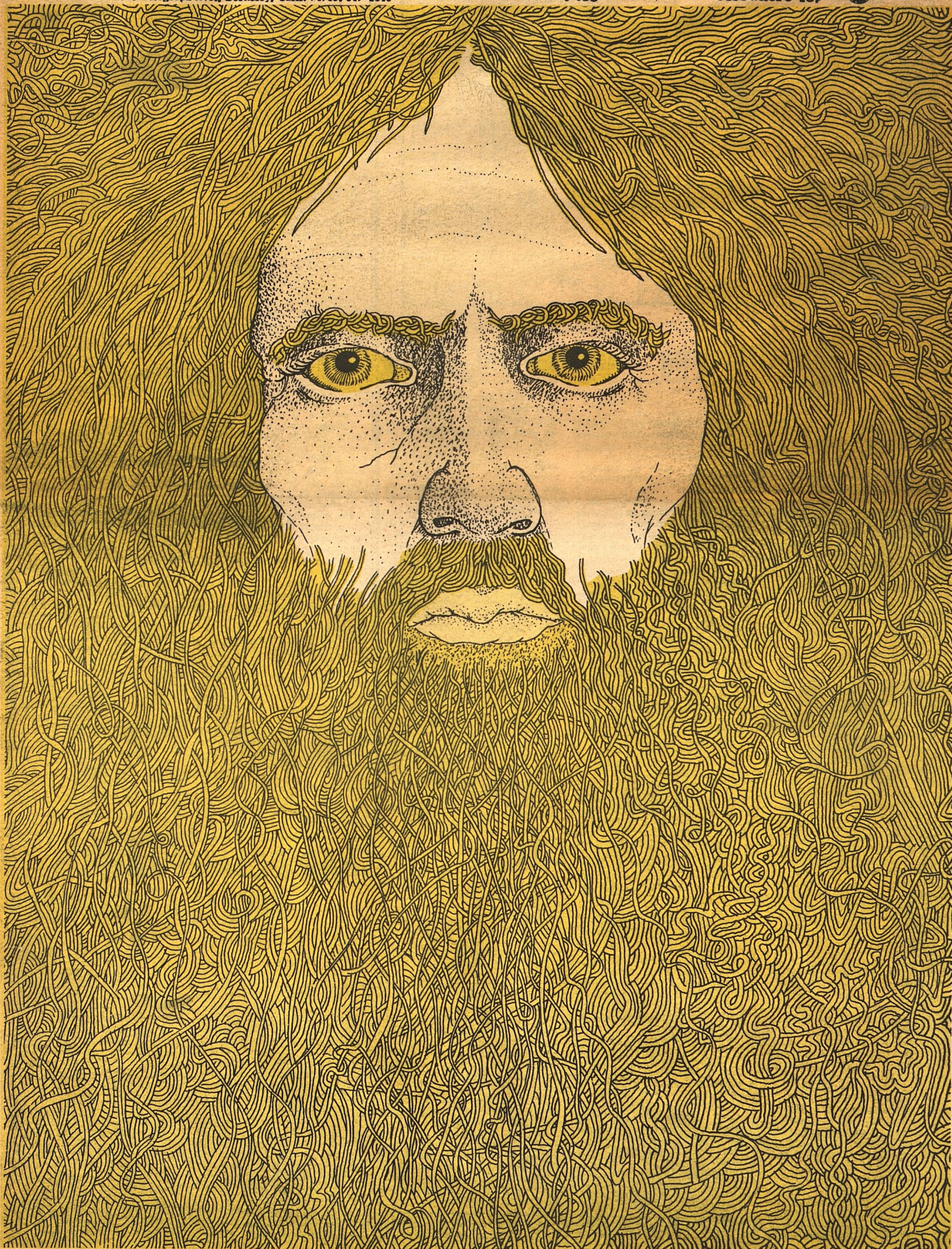
Barb

Vol. 5 No. 6 Issue 104 (pub. Fridays) August 11-17  
2886 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94705. 849-1040

in Berkeley 10c

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## On Creeping Shitheadism

Richard A. Ogar

Henry Adams once wrote that, for him, the progress of American politics sufficiently refuted Darwin's theory of evolution. The reaction of America's political "leaders" to the still-smouldering coals of black revolt seems to give the theory final confirmation.

To ignore the THREAT of revolution is pure simple-mindedness, but to ignore the FACTS of revolution, after its occurrence, is stupidity of a most astounding magnitude.

Yet we find ourselves with a Congress which is doing precisely that. News reports remind us constantly that riots produce hostility in Washington; few Congressmen now feel at all disposed to pass civil rights legislation. Of course not, because to do so now would, in their eyes, be bargaining from weakness (neither nations nor Congressmen ever think to bargain from rightness).

To a white Congressman, the proper climate for civil rights legislation is one built on beseechment and gratitude -- he must feel he is dispensing the gifts of civilization to his poor benighted brethren. It's all pure Kipling.

Aside from the vague charges of "outside agitation" (the Great Cop-Out of White America), the most common evasive tactic used by mayors and governors alike is this: to stress the fact that rioters represent only a small minority (the Mystical Statistic is generally 2%) of the Negro community.

The statement has innumerable implications, a few of which I shall enumerate forthwith (I'm as cagey as the next white man, baby): 1) it implies that no "responsible" Negro could possibly dislike the white man that much, or conversely, that no sane (as opposed to "mad-dog") Negro could garner up the guts to resist him that fiercely; 2) it implies a mutual community of interest between blacks and whites, which is useful in retaining Negro votes -- "if we seem to be attacking Negroes," it says, "you must realize that we are merely attacking SOME Negroes whose activities are detrimental to us both";

3) it implies that the government's responsibility for the riots is minimal -- "After all, we've pleased 98% of the black community"; 4) it implies a minimal threat to the white community, which is useful in retaining THEIR votes -- "Don't worry, folks, we can handle a few crazy niggers"; 5) it paves the way for the acceptance, by whites, of increased police brutality -- the smaller the number of potential victims, the less moral fuss.

Chief among the shibboleths by which a true Negro leader is distinguished is "responsibility". It's nearly a fetish with Whitey.

But what Whitey calls "responsibility" is black prostitution -- sucking off the white man in return for handouts. The notion that a black man might define his responsibility in terms of his black brothers is preposterous.

Yet, in this sense of the word, Whitey is one of the most responsible creatures that ever walked the earth; it is absolute responsibility to self (and secondarily to fellow whites) that produces bills to outlaw Stokely Carmichael, \$300 million for better police forces and \$0 for rat extermination.

My father-in-law writes from East Lansing, Michigan: "There seems to be a consensus of opin-

ion in that this outbreak (in Detroit) had little or nothing to do with civil rights . . ." And who the hell ever pretended that it did?

"Civil rights" is now (and probably always has been) an empty package, a fact which, more than any other, prompts so many whites to generosity in this regard. Civil rights are nothing more than a means to an end, and the civil rights movement, in retrospect, seems merely to have been a cautious opening gambit in the Black Power game.

The riots are a direct response to the fact that, thus far, the black community hasn't gotten anything BUT civil rights.

A good many whites have taken the fact that some of their fellow whites were engaged in sniping and looting as proof of their contention that the riots are merely examples of "crime in the streets".

To say this is simply to deny that, in socio-economic terms, there are "white niggers" as well as black. This striking example of integration where it counts OUGHT to indicate just how great the failure of white America is. Instead, it is cited as evidence that all is well. Whitey lives on.

## SUN ONLY HEAT AT SMOKE-IN

The only heat was from the sunshine at the Polo Grounds Smoke-In in Golden Gate Park last Saturday afternoon.

The Smoke-in gave 300-400 San Franciscans a chance to protest California's cruel and un-natural dope laws. All afternoon people arrived to sit and talk, tickle their faces with the sunshine and watch the passing flow.

The protest was a quiet groove. While 40 or 50 observers protected themselves from a possible bust by remaining upwind in the stands the crowd on the field did their thing.

Small groups sat on the grass while kids flew kites and rode bicycles in and out. Two drummers were ringed by a circle of dancers. Guitars, flutes and voices made music.

Joints passed from hand to hand and group to group. The quiet hiss of happiness was heard. It was a family picnic.

Late that afternoon when BARB left all was peace and calm. No

heat. No hassles.

Many present at the Smoke-in felt that the fuzz just didn't want to bother busting hundreds to find a few pot seeds.

Others said they probably had not got the word. The absence of the straight press and cameramen tends to confirm that. (BARB's photographer didn't take photos in order to keep bad vibes down.)

That evening near the Haight BARB talked to many who thought the Smoke-in was to be held the next day.

"I rolled these joints for it and now I've missed it," moaned one San Francisco citizen.

Public support for the next Smoke-In would be greatly increased with firmer advance word.

Nobody benefits from crazy laws and un-necessary enforcement. The Smoke-In was a living demonstration of the ridiculous inappropriateness of California laws.

Last week a Smoke-In was set for September 2, same place.

# EDITORIAL KILL THE LAW SAVE LIVES

Has The Syndicate moved into the Haight? While there is no real evidence as yet, there are enough grounds for suspicion to cause the Chronicle to feature the possibility on page one of last Tuesday's edition.

Current speculation centers around the murders of John Kent Clark and William Thomas ("Superspade"), both Hashbury drug-dealers. While Carter's death, despite the arrest of Eric Dahlstrom, is still shrouded in mystery, Thomas, according to friends, "had recently been told to join 'The Organization' or suffer the consequences."

And there have been other indications of gangland activity as well. Sellers have reportedly been warned by "mobsters" not to exceed a predetermined sales quota. Witnesses to the beating of a hippie were allegedly warned by his assailants that this was the treatment to be expected by "burn artists" -- users or sellers who don't pay for their drugs.

Even Herb Caen was prompted to announce last Tuesday that "The Syndicate is slowly and methodically getting rid of amateur pushers in the Hashbury by tipping off the cops to their activities; the violence is getting a little violent, too."

It makes sense. Organized crime has always played the capitalist game to the hilt: if there's a buck to be made, someone will make it; if there's a market to be exploited, it'll be exploited. And if there's competition, it will be eliminated.

The irony is that gangland activity--whether in drugs or elsewhere--is entirely a creation of law. Prohibition was once the law of the land, and it's chief distinction is that it spawned the greatest wave of organized crime the nation had ever seen.

The proposition is a simple one: if it's illegal and someone wants it, someone else will get it for them--at a price.

But despite its simplicity, the proposition seems beyond the mental scope of most Americans. Prohibition is just another lost lesson of history. Faced with the growing use of LSD, Congress immediately -- and predictably -- made it illegal. This creates a very handy vicious circle: whenever a socially distasteful activity crops up, it is driven underground, where it becomes even more distasteful, and thus produces even more stringent arguments in favor of the law.

There can be no other rationale for laws which are obviously unenforceable (statistics indicate that drug traffic increases in direct proportion to the efforts made to suppress it), and whose chief effect is the production of crime and human misery. The laws against drugs produce not only the syn-

dicates, but the innumerable petty crimes committed by addicts desperately seeking the money to support their habits. The reduction in crime alone would justify the abolition of drug laws, yet Life magazine (July 7, 1967) fails to even mention this as an argument in favor of legalization.

We must also take into account the reduction of human misery. The Establishment press -- which overwhelmingly supports the current drug laws--is fond of shedding crocodile tears for the young drug user.

"The dangers of LSD," says Look magazine (August 8, 1967), "lie in its unsupervised use. . ." Yet this is precisely the condition which the law necessitates. Look goes on to say that drug users find it difficult to get help when they need it: "Having defied California Federal laws in taking drugs, they feel outside society, afraid of its police and health officers." And this is, of course, the result of a law passed for their "protection."

Life fretfully reports that "it remains to be seen how socially damaged they will become by living in such outright violation of both law and cultural taboo," but would never think to suggest that either burden be lifted.

Almost no one in the Establishment advocates the legalization of drugs, although a few "liberals" -- Life and Look included -- have urged a reduction in the penalties for use or possession of marijuana. Such proposals are a simple subterfuge to forestall any real progress. However welcome a reduction in penalties might be, it is nonetheless an evasion of the point at issue: the law. Even with the slightest possible penalties, pot would remain illegal and gangsters would continue to prosper.

BARB suggests that those who are REALLY concerned with the protection of the young--and of themselves as well--work to protect them from gangsters, prisons, harassment and impure "underground" drugs by urging the immediate repeal of existing drug laws.

--RAO

## SPAR BLAMES LAWS FOR H-A MURDERS

"Those two recent murders are a natural outgrowth of the way our society pushes the underground."

Bill Jackson, spokesman for SPAR (Society for the Prevention of Abridgement of Rights) told it like it is to BARB this week.

He believes murders like those of William E. Thomas (SuperSpade) and John Kent Carter could not have taken place if marijuana were legal and the rights of individuals in their own homes were respected. "When a natural need such as that for marijuana becomes apparent to the opportunists," Jackson said, "the stage is set for crime."

Jackson feels that as long as marijuana remains illegal "murders are just the beginning, because when you have a commodity so sought after by young people you are going to have crime."

Jackson's organization will have a referendum for the legalization of marijuana this Friday. It demands the repeal of the current

marijuana laws and includes a tax provision.

SPAR, according to Jackson, will not depend on just heads and hippies to put the referendum across. "The right approach," Jackson says "is to get a professional to do it.

"If you have enough money," he added, "you can get it on the ballot. We don't know if we'll win," he said, "but if a significant minority votes right it will tip the scales favorably for the eventual repeal of the law."

Returning to the subject of the recent murders, Jackson said this is "just prohibition all over again. We are going to have more gangland murders so long as a harmless commodity remains illegal and provides for a few people to make easy money."

"He pointed out that gangsters do not have recourse to the police to enforce their own rules and so they have to rely on their own

# PORT CHI STILL UPTIGHT

Sad as the scene was at Port Chicago this weekend, it was a lot milder and calmer than the day, a year ago, when the Vigil let the world know where the napalm comes from. BARB was the first to break the news to the world. A year ago 30 were arrested, dozens were assaulted by civilians, Marines, and/or men from the Contra Costa County Sheriff's office. Last Sunday over 150 people

came and went throughout the day and peacefully subjected themselves to heckling from civilian workers on a balcony, safe on a "government reservation," passing motorists, some of whom took pictures, and a representative of Contra Costa's finest, one Sgt. Nielson. "During the night, while the vigilers calmly sat on the ground, vandals destroyed tables, chairs, and signs belonging to vigilers, and slashed the tires of a car. They

poured crude oil and kerosene on the ground surrounding the area, causing offensive fumes for many hours," a vigilier told BARB. A normal night. Larry Cooper of the Port Chicago Peace Vigil, who fasted for 30 hours, plans to call an indefinite fast, and is asking for volunteers who will fast at least one day each month. The number to call for information is 932-1968.

# The Torch- DOVES PURGE PEACE HAWKS

by G.K. "The moderates have thrown out the militants. Never before has this happened in the Vietnam peace movement."

Pete Camejo put it this way for BARB on his expulsion from the Peace Torch Marathon last week, along with Jerry Rubin, Stew Albert, and Carl Frank. Camejo and Frank are SWP's. Rubin and Albert are New Left Independents.

After a hectic meeting Sunday, the Marathon decreed a policy of 'non-exclusion because of political views or affiliation be firmly established, and that the four individuals excluded from the project be reinstated into the decision-making apparatus'. The vote was 96 to 46. Apparently however, it has no force with the Peach Torch Marathon because, in the words of its founder, Lars Speyer, it is

"independent of all other groups." You won't go along with the motion?" BARB asked Speyer Tuesday.

"That is correct," he replied. LOCKED OUT Jerry Rubin and Stew Albert, in a statement handed out Sunday to the Spring Mobilization Conference before the vote, said: "Last Friday, August 4, we arrived at the headquarters of the Peace Torch Marathon, where we had been working full time for almost a month.

"We discovered that the door had been locked and that a new lock had been installed overnight... we were joined at the door by a number of others who had been working on the project and who were also wondering what was happening. We saw that the typewriters had been removed, that even the 'Peace Torch Marathon' sign had been taken down..."

Both Rubin and Albert point out that "by general agreement, a committee of six made decisions in the office. The six were Stew Albert, Lars Speyer, Sue Witovsky, Jerry Rubin, Carl Frank, and Richard Elmore (the other co-founder of the Peach Torch Marathon; gk).

SUE "This committee sent Rubin to Los Angeles to organize a Marathon office. They also decided to send Richard Elmore to Japan to light the torch.

However, according to the statement, Sue Witovsky informed Rubin that "Richard and I have decided that you, Stew Albert, Pete Camejo, and Carl Frank, can no longer work on the Marathon."

Rubin told the BARB, "Micky Lima, northern California chairman of the Communist Party, told me he supports what Sue did in kicking us out."

What is not clear is who and what Sue Witovsky is, since she "just joined the Marathon recently," said Jerry.

IRONIC This feeling for "moderation" comes at an ironic time.

The Daily Californian, this week in an editorial called "The Protest Syndrome," says: "Historians will record the various protests in the sixties as a sign of the times. But the method of protesting also depicts social movement in this country..."

"Witness the 'free baloney sandwiches why pay \$100-a-plate' protest outside the Fairmont Hotel Friday night while Sen. Kennedy was addressing a \$100-a-plate Democratic dinner.

"This protest was influenced by the hippie movement, which has also affected music, dance, fashion and art..."

The people who put out the baloney sandwiches for the \$100-a-plate Democrats were Jerry Rubin, and Stew Albert (among others) now locked out of the Peace Torch Marathon.

FULLBRIGHT Senator Fullbright made this statement Tuesday: "We are denied the imagination and the energy of the hippies". (Monitored on CBS. S. F. Chronicle story says "Younger generation".)

DIGGERS Now, cut to Rubin's statement: "For example, Sue Witovsky argued that she felt the basic purpose of the send-off day should be to involve Bishop Meyers and the Grace cathedral. We agreed to an event at Grace Cathedral but felt that something of equal importance should be held at the Golden Gate Park, involving the Diggers, thousands of people and rock bands.

"To this Sue explained from her point of view 'to involve middle class people and leaders of churches and trade unions, it is necessary to give them control and guarantees; the students and hippies will come along regardless'. Sue particularly objected when the Diggers wanted to become part of the Marathon itself..."

As Don Rothenberg said, to Carl Frank, "The Spring Mobilization just died." Who killed it?

## PUSH-PULL A YEAR AGO



(Photo by Elliot Borin.)

# FLAME FLICKERS IN THE HAIGHT

The only thing that upset the heat was the flame. That's the word on the newest H-A-ppening in the Haight.

A three-o'clock meeting Monday at Hippie Hill has resulted in, among other things, a nightly peace march from the Psychedelic Shop com-center on Haight to the park lake on Stanyan Street.

As of Wednesday night, crowds of from three to five hundred people have participated in the carrying of a lighted peace torch along the street, which is inspired by the scheduled coast-to-coast marathon "run-in" from California to Washington, D.C.

The Monday meeting was a ceremonial gathering, according to spokesman Richard Webster of the Psych Shop, of interested creative people in the HA scene.

Approximately 200 people gathered as hippie artists and businessmen discussed projected goals they could pursue as an organized group.

The was some objection to the idea of any organization as being too "Establishment", but, says Webster, minimal organization is a necessity so that "we can find out what the fuck is happening and do it together."

He emphasized that the group's chief goal will be to organize

the creative output of the community for sale and to use the money to finance food and shelter for hippies.

The nightly marches culminated in hippie homilies by ranking Diggers and members of the PS tribe on such diverse topics as spiritual love and getting along with the police.

Both have been in evidence at the gatherings but the police were cooperative, saying only a fire permit would be necessary for the open torch flame and that there would be no interference as long as the meetings were peaceful and the crowds did not block traffic.

Money is being collected daily on Haight Street from 9 till 6 and meals a la the Diggers have been served for six days as of Wednesday.

## ARCHITECTS OUT TO DO THEIR THING

The freebie bug is buzzing architects. Tom Reidy, Stanford architect, will now do his thing free for those who need it.

"I have an office open now," Reidy told BARB, "to provide free architectural services to communities like the Diggers in Mendocino, and to individuals who need this kind of help but can't afford to pay for it."

Reidy pointed out that he and his partner can "give advice on sanitation and overcrowding regulations and help people plan buildings or just remodel their bathrooms."

Crash pads, take notice. For your tribal architect, call 327-3828

Also envisioned by the group is a 24-hour cafeteria and various agricultural projects for the benefit of HA residents.

# City Fathers Sicken Visiting Student

"That was the most sickening thing I ever heard."

This was Councilman John De Bonis's reaction to... not a statement of hatred or insanity but to... the nauseating scene of a citizen exercising his right of freedom of speech.

Gerald Doyle of 1016 Page St., a SF State student, wrote BARB: "I attended (my first Council meeting) without any idea of what to expect; and as the item of my interest was far down on the agenda I was treated to two hours of Politics in Action. Anyone still believing in Democracy should attend one Council meeting..."

Doyle went expecting to see both sides of a police fight incident at the Blue Cue Billiard Parlors fully aired, according to the greatest traditions of American Democracy in Action.

What he saw was an attempt to dismiss a written complaint from Gary and Kathleen Gresher without according it hearing, an honest citizen named Aubrey Bailey, an innocent victim of police insult, forced to stand unrecognized on the floor for twenty minutes, a VOTE(!)

as to whether Mr. Bailey should be allowed to exercise his rights at all, and the above vicious public insult from a man who is by definition one of Mr. Bailey's serants.

## GAY MARCH ON CAPITAL

Homosexual leaders from throughout the U. S. will gather at the Potomac River for the National Planning Conference of Homophile Organizations, reports Vector, official publication of the S. F. Society for Individual Rights.

The August 17th, 18th, and 19th "march on Washington" will commemorate steady progress in spite of doubts, problems and persecutions.

One of the goals of the Conference is to promote legislative changes in the U.S. like those which have finally happened in England, taking "acts of love between members of the same sex out of criminal courts, so long as such acts are between adults... consenting and in private."

## HOW TO GET OUT OF THE RATRACE

Ready to give up on the ratrace? Here's your chance if you are under twenty-five.

Random House, an establishment publisher, will send you, all expenses paid, to Tahiti or a Marquesa Island "retreat from western civilization" for at least a year.

The publishing establishment wants artists, writers, musicians and young people who want to find out what's happening.

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The project will start next summer. If interested send a sample of your work to Reed Scofield, 4908 Browndale, Minneapolis 55424.

# TAKES BREAD TO MAKE BREAD

Which comes first, the bread or the bread?

Although the answer is obvious, the Free Bakery at the All Saints Episcopal Church at 1350 Waller St, has been turning out nearly half a ton of free bread a week at a cost of about ten cents a pound.

The bread (which BARB's office bread-tasters say is delicious) is made from whole-wheat flour, brown sugar, molasses and dried milk and is fortified with nutrition supplements.

If you're a little short on bread, here's the way to make it:

### WET MIXTURE:

2-1/2 cups warm water (not over 85 degrees - if it is too hot it will kill the yeast, which can survive at freezing temperatures but not at high ones)

1 cake or package of yeast. Cake works faster. If the recipe is doubled or tripled, this is still enough yeast.

1 tablespoon flour (unbleached)  
1 tablespoon honey or sugar

This can be mixed in your 2 lb. coffee can. 2-1/2 cups water fills it to the middle line. If you wish you may add any of the following:

A couple of spoonfuls of honey, molasses, brown sugar, dextrose, (We are putting molasses in our loaves now, because it is so rich in minerals etc.) Let the wet mix stand while preparing the dry ingredients.

### DRY MIXTURE:

1 level 1-lb. coffee can of whole-wheat flour, or 1-1/4 lb.

1 tablespoon salt, or to taste  
1/3 to 1/2 cup dry milk

Combine the two, let the dough stand for two hours, knead for about 15 minutes, and bake for an hour in a 400 degree oven.

In a letter from Mary McClain of the Bakery we are told that the bakers add other ingredients if they are available, such as raisins, mashed bananas -- "Well, I guess no grass, but lots of honey, fruit, etc."

Now is operation every Wednesday and Saturday from 9 a.m., the Bakery always needs flour, sugar, dried milk, tea, jam, or fruits to make jam, and volunteer workers. If you are interested in helping, donating, or more information about the process, call Mary McClain at 362-6374.



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Underground Press Syndicate (UPS)

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Second class postage paid at Berkeley, Calif.  
\$5.00 per year

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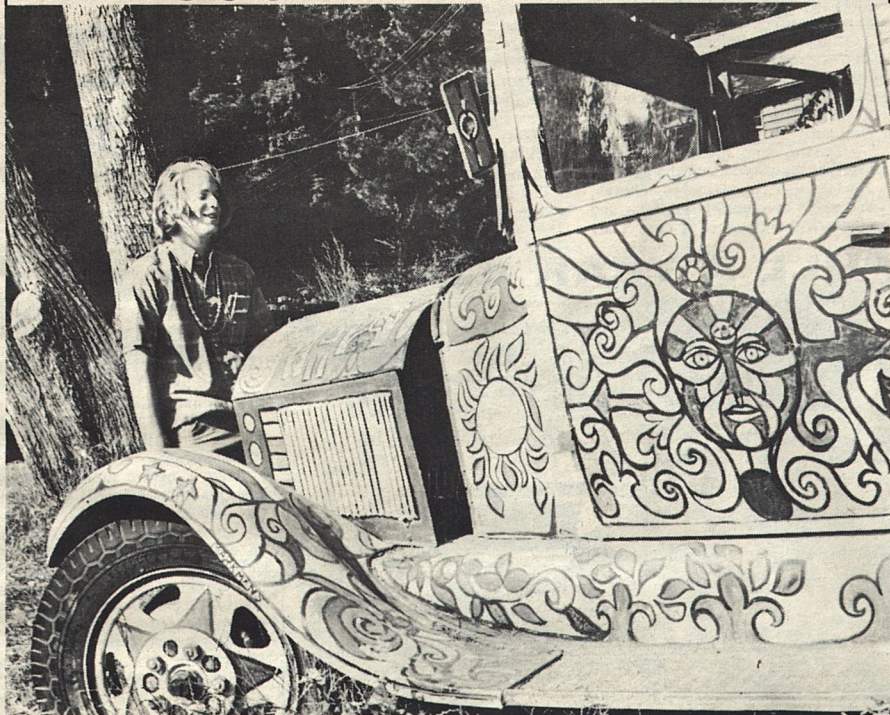
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## COSMIC CAR CAPER



MARTY SCHAAF WAS CAUGHT BY BARB'S LOW-FLYING PHOTOGRAPHER while digging a Mill Valley entry in the First Annual Cosmic Car Show, a benefit to be held Sept. 2 for the Delano Grape Strikers. The show will begin at 11 am at Muir Beach in Marin, and will run into the evening. Rock bands will also be present. Cars can be registered for the event, at no cost, through the Switchboard, the Provo Free Store (see Phrequent Phones), and Marin Peace Central, 332-0912. Donation is \$1, drivers excepted. (Photo by Voiz)

## The Folk Scene-- DIG TO LISTEN, NOT TO SCREAM

In recent weeks Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley have appeared at the Fillmore, with white kids digging them; these things are obvious. But the question is -- what do they mean?

To understand you have to back almost a hundred years, to 1953 or so, when the great blues singer Joe Turner had recorded "Shake, Rattle, and Roll." "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window and other fluff were hitting the charts, and Big Joe was putting down the True Word:

"I'm like a one-eyed cat, peepin' in a sea food store,  
Can look at you, tell you don't love me no more!"

Of course almost nobody knew about this, except black people. Eventually a white singer named Bill Haley recorded "Shake, Rattle, and Roll" -- less groovily than Joe Turner did, but he became much more famous. A number of the suburban kids I knew who had the Bill Haley record had never even heard of Turner.

It was the same old story -- black men creating the music, and white men getting rich from it. Often you would hear of some great singer or trumpet man, black yes, going off to die somewhere of obscurity, or of misunderstanding. Let's put it bluntly then: American has done these men a great injustice!

It is therefore not surprising that when Chuck Berry was making his biggest hits of the Fifties he wasn't exactly the King. He had to share the scene with manufactured idols like Paul Anka, Ricky Nelson, Frankie Avalon, and -- the ultimate put-on! -- Fabian. Yet Chuck Berry is, unlike many of his competitors, an original. He is also a much finer artist than they, as well as a more influential one.

The same can be said for Bo Diddley, Joe Turner, Muddy Waters, and other black per-

formers who did make it, during rock and roll often weren't the very best ones available.

Of the whites a few -- like Elvis Presley -- showed promise, but it was soon erased. Elvis today is no longer the same "lean and hungry" guy who did "Heartbreak Hotel" and "Money Honey." They have transformed him into something else -- a cash asset, rather like an oil well, or an automobile factory.

Think what might have been had they let him alone! Allowed him to evolve naturally, as artists have always developed throughout all the days of history before the discovery of mass markets!

But they didn't, and so you don't hear Elvis at the new ballrooms of the Bay Area. The kids have better taste for that today! They can tell the difference! At least the ones out here can. Good sounds are beginning to be heard, instead of evasions.

And the British singers -- Burdon, Jagers, the Beatles -- have apparently been listening right for years now! They weren't fooled by the Dick Clark show! They even knew about Howlin' Wolf before many of us did.

The trouble during the Fifties was that no one was ready yet. Superficial music was preferred because the Truth of a driving blues by, say, Muddy Waters would have blown everyone's mind to pieces. It was there, but nobody was listening.

In those days you could still be ostracized for using the verb "to screw" in public. People were still afraid of Senator McCarthy, who wasn't censured until 1954, or of his ghost. The Doctor Jive Revue appeared on Ed Sullivan with Bo Diddley and Willis "Gator-Tail" Jackson, but nobody paid any attention.

Imagine if they had heard Bo Diddley singing "I'm a MAN!" that night! The tubes would have been blacked out by censorship; there would have been investigations, obscenity trials, blood purges in the networks...

Things are still like that in too many places, but today there has been a Beatle and other revolutions. The white kids are less inclined to believe the old bullshit. Their singers have listened to the

black men, and to the brown men, and have even added something of their own. Instead of pretending to be Superior Beings like in the fan magazines, they have sometimes dared to say "Fuck you!" to things as they are.

During the Fifties there were rock and roll riots, and the kids tried to rip off the performers' clothing for souvenirs. In the new ballrooms of the Bay Area the kids dance; many of them sit up in front and pay attention, as if they understand who Chuck Berry is.

The signs are in the air; it only remains to read them. The changing music scene is one such sign: America is taking a grand new direction. The days when a Fabian -- or a Thomas Dodd -- could fool people are coming to an end.

This is the meaning of the hippies, of Black Power, and of Chuck Berry coming to the Fillmore to be listened to instead of screamed at.

by Lou Prisco

## INSTANT CON-CAMP ON SHELF

Instant concentration camps are still possible, despite denials from Bobby Kennedy and the U.S. Internal Security Division.

The U.S. Government can take over three operating federal detention camps, and reclaim two more detention camp sites leased to local businesses AT ANY TIME WITH NO NOTICE WHATSOEVER, according to Charles Allen in "Concentration Camps USA."

In a recent letter to the Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties, Kennedy said that the Internal Security Division "states without equivocation that there are no concentration camps in existence in the United States, and that the allegation that a master pick-up list for 500,000 Americans was held by the FBI... is a complete fabrication."

But Kennedy's denial completely contradicts what Senator Pat McCarran said when he proposed the bill

McCarran said: "In our own national community, according to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, there are 12,000 hard core, dangerous communists who could immediately be picked up. There are 55,000 members of the communist party. In sympathy with them are 500,000 additional Americans who are either willing tools or party-line followers."

And a former FBI agent, Jack Levine, says "The FBI estimates that within a matter hours every potential saboteur in the United States will be safely interned."

Where will these "potential saboteurs" -- peace movement leaders, draft protestors, Negro organizers in ghetto uprisings and others in the underground community -- be incarcerated?

Right here in California, the Tule Lake Detention Camp site (estimated capacity 10,000) is being leased by the Tule Lake Growers Association. But the title to the detention camp, like that of the Wickenburg, Arizona, detention site, is restricted and provides for the right of re-entry by the actual owners -- the U.S. Government -- at any time with no notice required!

Bobby Kennedy says that the detention camp project was discontinued in 1957. But the government is prepared to reverse its policy at any instant.

All it would take, says Allen, would be for LBJ to declare a state of "insurrection from within" and the "Nervous Nellie" protestors he so hates, plus the Black Power leaders who demonstrate the farce of his "War on Poverty" would be safely shut away, with no recourse to justice or the law of the land.

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# OAKLAND COPS IRED BY QUIZ

"You just want me to say something that you can twist and put in your paper," Oakland police sergeant Price informed BARB Tuesday.

He is handling the investigation of the racism-inspired arson that nearly caused the death of Mrs. Francine Swanigan and her two daughters on July 26. (BARB Aug 4-10)

In last week's article, BARB printed a remark overheard by Mrs. Swanigan thirty-six hours after the fire. The Fire Department arson inspector, working with Sgt. Price had exclaimed "Why wasn't I called earlier? Fingerprints deteriorate after 24 hours!"

BARB asked Sgt Price about the delay in calling in the arson inspector.

"First of all it is stupid to say that fingerprints deteriorate in 24 hours," he said. "They can deteriorate in a moment or last indefinitely depending on atmospheric conditions, the condition of the surface, and the type of material."

Thinking that glass was a good material for picking up prints, BARB asked the sergeant if he had checked the window the arsonist apparently opened when planting the igniting materials in Mrs. Swanigan's living room.

"I won't say anything about whether I looked for fingerprints or not or whether or not I should have," he replied.

He termed the 36 hour delay in calling in an arson inspector "part of normal procedure" but declined to comment on the correctness of this procedure.

BARB called back to ask the name of the policeman who investigated the racist threats leading up to the fire.

"Forget it, I won't talk any more over the phone," the perturbed policeman managed to say before slamming down the receiver.

The next day BARB went to see Sgt. White of the intelligence division. He had conferred with Sgt. Price in the meantime and reported that Sgt. Price would have no further comment over the phone or otherwise.

Sgt. White would not explain the failure of the department to provide police protection for Mrs. Swanigan in spite of the extraordinary events preceding the fire.

"If I told you why we didn't station an officer at the house, people would start making comparisons," he intimated. "They would begin citing cases where someone received protection with seemingly less need. That would just make our job harder."

"We have no hard and fast policy prohibiting investigators from giving out information on cases," he said. "But an investigator will rarely discuss his investigation in detail with anyone."

His words were more than borne out by his and Sgt. Price's refusal to answer any criticisms of the Department's handling of the case.

As of Wednesday, Mrs. Swanigan had heard nothing from police indicating progress toward apprehending the arsonist.

## BE HIP — CALL!

Will the following people please call the Hip Switchboard, 387-3575:

- Cara Howarth, Susan Bradley, Bonita Tanner, John Carney, Jerry Quesnel, Jim Bird, Mike Speaks, Chris Barumiller, Herb Wattsif, Bunea Rodgers, Larry Headlund, Sheila Hammock, Steve Ziolkowski, Jack Earry, Gary Jones, Susan Seale, Kim Hanson, Cheryl Gaul, Marlene Lovelace, Carol Royston, Kathy Wheeler, Linda Gehhart, Chris Guarena, Christine Kessy, Steven Bixler, Ellie Wallis, Michelle Friedman, Barbara Elam, Linda Bobbit, Conrad Carpenter, Nick Hill, Deborah McCabe, Paula Prince, Charlene Veach, Phillip Grant, Ellen Stein, Susan Smith, Dorothy Smith, Deborah Lucas, Peter Hirschberg, Charlie O'Clark, Bob David, Walter Graf, Patrick Heatherstone, Patricia J. Leonard, Gerge Davy, Rosalie Smith, Jim Garrick, Helen White, Denis Wiebert, Gene Birdsoll, Trudy King, Wanda Gradie, Sheryl Heath.

# NAKED INTO THE WORLD



ABOVE MUG SHOT APPEARED in his campaign ad last spring when Big Bill ran for Mayor of Berkeley.

## Big Bill Bids Burg A Blithe 'Bye Bye'

"I want to replace my public ego with a personal ego," Bill Miller told BARB Wednesday.

"I want to try to do my thing without the security of the Bay Area," he explained.

And that's why Thursday, as BARB goes to press, Big Bill is on a truck heading east. His current destination is a little town on the east bank of the river, opposite St. Louis. He may hole up there "a year or two, looking at the river and maybe do a Provo thing."

"The mid-west should turn on a little bit," said Miller expectantly. "There are lots of colleges and some wide open spaces, and a small town is ideal for a personality change."

Bill emphasized that he was "not going straight. My friends made me

some super-clothes, like a Jesus Christ outfit. And they sort of gave me a going-away party, my last Provo happening, in San Francisco. We gave flowers away to the people in the financial district."

Miller, who founded the Berkeley Provos last winter, assured BARB that the local tradition would be carried on. "The free bus, the free store, the free food...they'll all still be here. It was my thing for a while. Now it's the new people's thing, and they'll carry it through like always."

"So goodbye, I'll see you sometime."

## TROOP TRAINS AGAIN?!

After many Vietnam summers dies the swan, . . .

Two years to the day, a troop train went through Berkeley this week on Wednesday, unnoticed, unheralded, and unstopped.

BARB was told of a "pullman train" seen heading for Oakland on the Santa Fe tracks. The only passenger trains on those tracks in years have been troop trains.

BARB was forced to ring up, finally, Santa Fe and, after getting one tape-recording instead of a passenger agent, finally found a live person in Richmond, a lady who explained she was "new to California and just started working."

She said she saw no soldiers. When asked if she had ever seen any passenger-cars go through Richmond for Oakland, she said "No. They get off here and take busses."

But she added that today a passenger-train did go through to Oakland.

A sealed-train. Perhaps it had Lenin on board? G.K.

## C.O. WON'T GO

Conscientious objector Victor Saravia will be court-martialed on Wednesday, August 16th, in the Presidio Army Base of S.F.

He is charged with being AWOL, but he is a conscientious objector whose claim is being denied.

Saravia applied for C.O status and was told that a "new directive" ordered all C.O. applicants to be shipped to their next duty

# OATH CASE DEATH KNEEL FOR TEST OATH

by Robert Hurwitz

The Levering Act loyalty oath violates the First and Fourteenth Amendments' guarantees of free speech, constitutes prior restraint, violates the Fifth Amendment guarantees against self-incrimination, violates constitutional guarantees of due process, constitutes a bill of attainder, and is unconstitutionally vague.

So alleges the petition for a writ of mandate filed in California State Superior Court by Albert Bendich and Coleman Blease on behalf of ten present and former employees of UC at Berkeley.

### NAMES

The petitioners include Charles Aronson, Barbara Garson, Peter Carelton, Suzanne Savio, and Michael Marcus, all of whom were fired by the University for not signing the loyalty oath and were never paid for the work they performed up until that time.

The other petitioners, Henry Nash Smith (English), Owne

Chamberlain (Physics), Howard Schachman (Molecular Biology), Sheldon Wolin (Political Science) and Kenneth Stamp (History), are full tenured professors who, according to the petition, signed the loyalty oath "despite the profound concern about its corrosive effect upon academic freedom" and doubt as to its constitutionality.

These ten are petitioning for the reinstatement and payment, with interest (7%), of those fired and for the oath to be expunged from the records of the others.

The petition further asks the court to decalre the Levering Act oath unconstitutional.

### TWO YEARS

The suit has been almost two years in getting to this point. Charles Aronson, tall, quiet and darkbearded, was hired by the University to teach "Origins and Growth of Mathematics" for the fall semester, 1965, in the University Extension.

Aronson refused to sign the loyalty oath. The administration cancelled his class, but Aronson decided to teach anyway. His was the only math class in the extension being offered for credit.

As reported first in BARB, 20 students remained to hear his lecture after an administrative representative told the class it was cancelled and gave the administration's reason. Next week 11 students showed up. Aronson continued to meet with his class until the Christmas vacation, by which time attendance had dwindled considerably.

Meanwhile, Aronson decided to fight the administration's action in the courts, and, after failing to get help from ACLU, he went to Albert Bendich and Coleman Blease who agreed to take the case.

Barbara Garson was hired in September, 1965; and then fired. She was hired as a "half-time Senior Clerk-typist," according to the petition, and signed the "oath of non-disloyalty," adding a reservation:

"I will advocate overthrowing any government when it is feasible, desirable, and when overthrow is supported by a majority of the citizens."

She was fired in October.

Aronson approached her, he told BARB, and "we decided to have a suit in common." Blease and Bendich began preparing the suit. "In the meantime," Aronson continued, "more and more people got involved."

### SUZANNE

Suzanne Savio had been hired as a reader in the Dept. of Philosophy in the Spring of 65. She had signed under protest, adding a note describing the unconstitutionality of the law in that it limits freedom of speech and of association.

"It calls upon the signer to affirm support of the Federal and State Constitutions," she wrote, while asking him to support what so blatantly violates them."

She worked a total of 38 hours before the Savios left for England, and was never paid. When they returned, Aronson told BARB, "I got in touch with her and she said she wanted to bring suit, too."

### OTHERS

The other cases are similar. Peter Carleton was hired in Spring '66 as a reader in the Scandinavian Dept. He signed the oath under protest, similar to Barbara's, and worked ten hours. He was never paid. Michael Marcus was hired as a reader in Political Science for Summer 66 through Winter quarter '67. He refused to sign the oath and was not paid for work performed.

Prof. Smith, former Chairman of the English Dept. and of the Berkeley Division and Statewide Academic Senate's Academic Freedom Committees, told BARB that these committees have been informally considering action on the oath since 1962.

The addition of the five professors to the petition was not, however, an Academic Senate action, but owes more to the work of Prof. Schachman. Both Smith and Aronson agree that many more professors could have been added to the petition if it had been felt desirable.

# AFTER BERKELEY MEXICO UNCOOL

MEXICO (UNS) -- The single word which describes the scene in Mexico City is "middle-class". Imagine the most typical suburban PTA-type, then square it, and you have the predominant pattern of person and scene here in Mexico.

There are good people and things going on, but these are hard to

find. There is no community at all like that found in the Haight.

The young intellectuals are for the most part close-up in their houses and country estates, and sometimes at their galleries and theaters. Generally they are invisible. They dress and wear their hair just like the rest.

Their women, for the most part, are as conservative as any Latin Catholic. The only young women wandering around in the streets are American, and the Mexicans, to a man, call them whores for this and for other reasons.

Mexico City closes down at about eleven in the evening. A few restaurants stay open, and incredibly expensive bars. No such thing as a Steppenwolf, Albatross, or Mediterranean can be found. A few coffee shops may be found in the American section of town, called here "la zona rosa" or "rose-colored neighborhood", perhaps because Americans see the world through rose glasses.

Through the years Mexico has been getting used to Texans and New Yorkers and have geared most of their entertainment to their tastes and pocketbooks.

There is one hippie in Mexico City, and he can't walk down the streets without people insulting him. He says that on a couple of occasions he has had to duck bricks coming from buildings. He was certified by the American border guards when they would not let him in to the US. Only if he cut his hair and shaved the beard would they let him in, they said. He only laughed and came back to Mexico City.

The news in Mexico is managed by a form of "voluntary" censorship which, for the most part, plays down the Vietnam war and concentrates on the opening of roads and schools by Mexico's president, Diaz Ordaz. The LA demonstrations, according to Mexican papers, simply did not occur. The New Jersey "insurrection" did, however, merit front-page space.

A recent student strike, (you may not, in your managed press, have heard about it), involving over 50,000 students in schools all over the nation, was successfully concluded with the removal of the undesired university officials. Several students were killed in Puebla as a consequence of the strike. Police play rough in this country where all goes well.

Mexico City is building a subway, part of which is supposed to be ready for the Olympic Games. They began last month after the government decided that it was a needed thing.

Recent elections for congressional posts resulted in the predictable landslide for the incumbent, since 1920, P.R.I. (Institutional Revolutionary Party!) One minor irregularity, quite important in a semi-literate nation, which the government failed to correct this time as it has in the past is fact that P.R.I. has, in specific violation of the national constitution used the colors of the flag for the ballot colors. The whole election was looked on so cynically by university students that most of them did not bother to vote.

The countryside is great. The Indians, in some cases not yet spoiled by Spanish-Mexican culture, remain the coolest cats. Grass is used externally for healing by applying it to wounds, as are peyote buttons. It should be kept in mind that pot is used only by the lowest of the lower-class people and by a few, very few of the upper intelligentsia in Mexico City. Acid is virtually unknown, but artists and other of the bohemia seem to want to try it.

If you come, bring your own scene.

# RECALL REAGAN CAN'T LOSE

"The Co-ops are pretty well shot for us. They say that the Recall Reagan Campaign petitions are political, and they have this policy of non-involvement; we say it's a moral issue, but there's nothing we can do," Mary Burch, treasurer of the Campaign, told BARB.

The Campaigners have set up tables on the sidewalks in front of all the Berkeley Co-ops, and plan to keep them there, "for no longer than 73 hours at any given time," until December 1st.

"After 78,000 signatures are collected from all over California, they'll file the petitions with the county clerks and call for a special election.

Miss Burch feels she's riding a winner. "If the people want Reagan recalled," the Democratic party will run someone against him in another special election; if they don't want him recalled, at least we know we've raised some doubts in people's minds, and this might hurt his chances for the White House." An organizational meeting for a Berkeley-Albany canvas will take place at the Washington School Auditorium, Wed. Aug. 16, at 7:00 P.M. Volunteers are welcome.

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# HIPPILY MARRIED



WEDDINGS SEEM to be the latest thing in the Haight. Last Saturday four couples made a rather elongated march down the aisle from Hip Job Coop to the Lagoon in Golden Gate Park. They were Bob and Michelle, Carlos and Marilyn, and four others who were too stoned by bliss to worry about giving BARB their names. (Photo by Hayes)

## SEEN FROM BRITAIN

# HIP, HIGH AND HOLY

by W. R. BREWIS

It is true that the use of Mantric chants can produce various types of altered physiological and mental states. Mantras are really a kind of battle cry. What they actually do is induce a form of self-hypnosis, known by Coue and his disciple, Boudouin, as auto-suggestion. Needless to say, they were very popular with medieval knights about to join battle with the infidel.

Coue's old adage -- every day I get better and better -- can easily be adapted to modern equivalents: every day I get higher and higher! Essentially, the mechanism involved is one of synaptic inhibition.

It is also a question of adjustment. I once knew a Rosicrucian fire-eating magician who could turn on with a pint of milk, or simply by inflating his latissimus dorsi. He had a chest expansion of over six inches. On the coldest days of are known to employ them. The winter he could be seen about the technique, known as auto-conditioning, goes something like this: every time you turn on ring a small bell or clap a cymbal at the outset. After a few weeks it will be found that by simply ringing the bell or banging the cymbal you turn on without actually imbibing any drug -- a particularly useful asset when bread is scarce.

Conversely, by the Pavlovian expedient of the conditioned inhibition it will be found that by ringing a small bell, preferably of the push-button variety, every time you have an orgasm, your orgasms reach the Crown and Anchor (sic) at a later stage will not occur until the bell has been rung; moreover, with elaboration, orgasm itself may be sustained throughout the time the bell continues to ring.

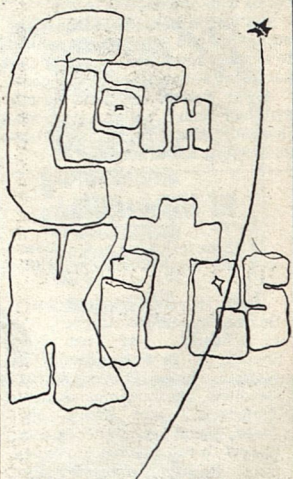
I would also recommend the use of placebo's. A double-think process is required to achieve take-off, but the hippie who can convince himself that a few ounces of Old Holborn are aromatic grass from Tikuna can experience two kicks at once. Another highly satisfactory form of double-take practised by chicks on the mantric path is to auto-inductively swallow birth control pills as psychedelic placebo's.

In conclusion a word of warning: middle-aged Latvian refugees swinging radioelectric pendulums in Hampstead and claiming enlightenment, even though they are

clearly in an advanced stage of self-hypnosis, should not be accepted as gurus until they have been made to pass a series of tests. (These tests will be provided on application to the author of this article.)

Finally I must remind readers that the Mantric Path is in reality a dual carriage way, and, although as Aleister Crowley used to say, the black mass is a gas, dad, it may lead one into quagmires of illusion unsuited to the requirements of electronic technology. (Submitted by J. Hoffman, who notes:

W. R. Brewis is a British psychologist. He is not unsympathetic to the psychedelic scene, although a certain skepticism may be noted. In view of the many breadless pilgrims expected in the Bay Area his advice might even get active response and be of spiritual use to the faithful.)



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UPSTAIRS

# STOP DRAFT FORCES ON THE MOVE

Bay Area STOP THE DRAFT WEEK forces will be on the move next week. A general membership meeting for the entire Bay Area will take place on Aug. 17 at SNCC headquarters on 449 14th St., San Francisco at 8 p.m.

Organizers of the Week (Oct 16-21) foresee "men and women from all over Northern California covering on the Oakland Induction Center to physically shut it down; for seven days.

"We do not advocate traditional non-violent forms of protest," a spokesman told BARB. He put tactics under the heading of "Creative Obstruction" including "things we can't discuss in the press."

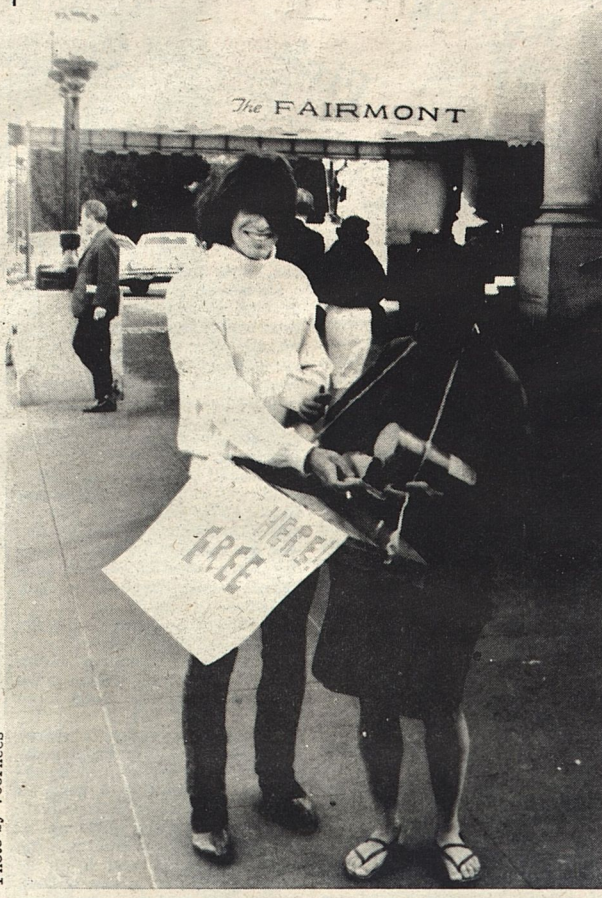
The San Francisco group, composed of elements from SDS, PL, SNCC, other organizations and independents, is cooperating with The Resistance. Resistance members will turn in their draft cards during STOP THE DRAFT WEEK.

The Week is "a program geared (a) to organize as many high school and college students as possible against the draft in coordination with SNCC organizers in the ghetto; (b) to show men who are facing the draft that thousands of men and women their age support them; and (c) to escalate the level of resistance to the war machine."

Participants expect the October activities to act as a "spur to anti-draft activity and serve as a model for subsequent actions to cut the (draft) supply line to the war."

They look for a "tremendous reaction" from the federal government and police.

# TRY SLICING IT



# BALONEY B'YS COOL KENNEDY

by Robert Hurwitt

"Why pay \$100 a plate? FREE BALONEY HERE."

Under this militant slogan, four or five dozen demonstrators converged on the Fairmont Hotel last Friday to protest ... well, Robert Kennedy was there speaking at a fundraising dinner for the Democratic Party. That's enough to bring me out on a picketline.

A leaflet appeared that afternoon in San Francisco and Berkeley announcing that there would be a baloney sandwich dinner party at the Fairmont, sponsored by Jamie's Nightly Dinner Party (a malicious slander - Jamie is a very good cook).

By 7:00 demonstrators were arriving at the Fairmont, many carrying signs protesting RFK's non-stands on Viet Nam, racial insurrections, etc., some like Barbara Garson, carrying bread and baloney. Barbara is the author

of Macbird, a play written primarily, if I remember correctly, to warn the left not to flock to the standard of this fencestraddling exwiretapper.

The demonstrators gathered, with signs and baloney, outside the Fairmont Grand Ballroom scene of the banquet. A man with a big cigar and one cop ordered the demonstrators out, but the protestors simply mingled with the arriving dinner crowd.

"It was guerilla warfare," Jerry Rubin, one of the demonstrators, told BARB.

Practically every person attending that fundraising dinner had to pass among the picket signs protesting liberal gutlessness and was offered free; more nourishing baloney.

The protestors met with hostility, humor, and a lot of guilt. Some people spit and stepped on toes.

"A lot of people apologized," Rubin told BARB, "and said they got in free." Many other demonstrators reported the same phenomenon.

One old guy kept asking Nancy Rubin for "free love pills," she told BARB.

When the crowd thinned enough the cops hustled the demonstrators out of the building. They approached each demonstrator individually and asked him to leave, doing a very thorough job of singling out the hip and square protestors.

They only missed one. Mike Lerner, dressed, as always, in jacket and tie, was overlooked.

"The police never approached me," he told BARB, "never asked me to leave."

Lerner did not go into the banquet room. He stayed at the entrance where "several people were milling around -- some policemen, some hotel managers, and several city dignitaries, including the mayor."

"Suddenly this group formed a corridor," Lerner explained, "and I got into line with these people. Bobby Kennedy appeared and started walking down the corridor, shaking hands. Lerner waited until New York's junior senator from Massachusetts was about two feet from him, and (as Marvin Garson told the crowd outside) "he thrice shouted 'GET OUT OF VIET NAM!'"

"Almost instantaneously," Lerner continued, "I was picked up by two policemen who turned me around and carried me out. Kennedy looked a bit startled.

"I was carried out the door with the manager running after me, saying, 'How could you do this? Your friends were all so nice. They left quietly.'"

Outside the cops had already

see page 10

# ANTI-DRAFT DEFY COURT HASSLES

"The 13 anti-draft demonstrators who spent the night in jail after being arrested at the Oakland Induction Center, pleaded "no contest" to the charge of Disturbing the Peace," Jim Wessner of the Civil Action Day Committee told BARB.

"The police had originally put 3 charges on us to screw us because bail would be higher, but we committed only 1 act, we sat in front of the door, so there was only one charge," Wessner said.

Bail was originally set for \$716 and the lowered for 12 demonstrators, but not for John McInTeen, a C.O. during World War II.

"The D.A. demanded a 6 months probation be put on us, and that would mean we couldn't even jaywalk much less demonstrate.

"Then the judge said he would give us a 30 day suspended sentence if we accepted probation, and 2 people did. Then he lowered the sentence to 2 days or \$22. One man payed the fine, and the rest of us spent 2 days in jail," said Wessner.

The C.A.D.C. plans another demonstration on Aug. 15 starting at 7:00 A.M. at the Induction Center at 15th and Clay in Oakland. Anyone interested should call the Catholic Peace Fellowship, in San Francisco, 621-8787; in Berkeley, call Candy Stevens, 841-5962.

# ADDICTS BLAST DOPE BUMMER

by Beatrice Cameron

(Third in a series on Drugs in the Tenderloin)

The compulsory Nalline bummer may turn out to be illegal -- if a drug parolee can be found who is willing to be the defendant in a test case.

Jim Fauss, an organizer for the Central City Multiservice Center, says he is looking for someone who will refuse to take the tests.

The case would be based on the fact that, before leaving prison on parole, a convicted drug addict must sign papers promising to submit to testing for addiction.

"But," Fauss told this reporter, "it's questionable whether you can sign a contract in prison to go through this torture, because you have no legal rights."

Nalline is an opiate which acts as an antidote to other opiates. The subject's reaction to it is supposed to show whether the parolee has returned to fixing, though Fauss' has said that he doubts its reliability.

Fauss and others who have taken them are bitter about the Nalline tests. According to Fauss, the test gives the addict "all the symptoms of heroin, but nothing like a high" and creates an overwhelming desire to "fix" again.

Healthwise, it's also definitely a bad trip.

"I have this friend," Fauss says, "his own doctor ordered him not

to take the Nallines. He had heart trouble and was using digitalis and everything.

"The parole office -- he used to be my parole supervisor, by the way -- was sympathetic." But a Dr. Woark (who administers the tests) made him take the Nalline, according to Fauss. Later, Fauss related, his friend's heart was pounding, he was afraid to take the digitalis."

This reporter also received a phone call from a girl who said she had fainted on the bus after taking the Nalline.

"It makes me deathly ill," she said. "It takes me about five days to recuperate.

"It's a dirty chemical, it tastes bad, it makes you feel like you've shot gasoline," she added.

She said she intended to contact Fauss about the possibility of participating in a protest against the Nalline.

Besides the test case, Fauss is thinking of picketing the Hall of Justice, where the tests are held. He suggests that others do the same.

Those interested in either form of protest can contact Fauss at the Central City Multiservice Center, 626-4636.

Next week, the series will conclude with a report on Central City's efforts to cope with the drug problem.)

# MAFIA WOOS MARY JANE

from page 2

means. "We have brought the Mafia to California," he said. "Now that the Mafia has moved in, it says, 'Hey, we can't let these punks make money. We got to drop a few to teach them a lesson.'"

Meanwhile, SPAR will endeavor to upset the applicart by getting the marijuana laws repealed.

In order to raise money for this purpose, it plans to have benefits and ask for contributions. SPAR's address is 220 Bush Street, San Francisco; phone EX 2-2475.



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# THE HIP & THE SQUARE

by Tuli Kupferberg  
(Last of Three Parts)  
III, THE SQUARE

1. All this apocalypse, this joy, this Eden is opposed by that veritable monster, the new devil himself: the square!  
Who is the square?

Well maybe a little of me & a lot of you. (Or is it a lot of me & a little of you?)

Since I know myself best - I'll talk from my own terrible mouth. I am 43. I start from way back, yes really the 19th century. My parents, my elementary school principals & teachers were 19th century people. So am I (to an extent). I was as square (am as square?) as the best of them, the rest of them.

In 1956 I was almost as bad as you are now!  
I was writing conventional romantic poetry, I was a traditional (albeit anarchist) revolutionary. Its true I had been a political radical since 1936, but so had you maybe. (& before that I was a conventional (neurotic) Jewish middle-class child).

I was raising a traditional family & trying in a traditional way to be a traditional bohemian.

I was "... lonely (angry?) & afraid in a world I never made"  
I was unhappy with my work, my wife, my child, my poetry, my life. In a few words: I was miserable. & then I found God...

No... then I found the mainstream... I found beat poetry. Yes... maybe I did find God!

My first impression: disgust. These were the new fascist barbarians my Marx had predicted. I was a revolutionary too, but the goal of these peoples revolution was: FUCKING IN THE STREETS! & they took dope: which overthrew the altar of reason & destroyed the temple of the body!

I ignored them.

This became harder & harder as they became more & more popular. I ignored them harder & harder. I developed a sneaking admiration for their force, honesty & (misplaced) courage. I venally began to admire their audience, their popularity. I attended my first readings of poetry & jazz. The force & excitement of what was happening grabbed me. What if THEY were right? What if I was a coward? What if I was really a middle class prig, a sexual cripple, a moral coward who talked unconventionality & freedom, & lived like my parents anyway. What if I had internalised terrible things? What if I was fighting these things so hard (supposedly) only because I was trying to escape them in my self.

Reichian therapy & the ideas of the Sexual Revolution opened me up a bit. I began to see a congruence between anarchist theory & the new artistic & personal radicalism. The beats WERE anarchists. I had to have the courage of my convictions.

Timidly I attempted a few poems in this new style. Not as good as my old line poems. Terrible. Imitative. Fake. I was an old man, from the other era.

Timidly I stumbled down the steps of the Metro Cafe. I wanted to meet the new poets. They seemed like madmen to me. They fucked everyone & took all kinds of dope. They didnt work. They were homosexual!

Timidly I began to read. Slowly I began to permit myself to become influenced. What started as affectation, became real. It was hard. I was never satisfied. (I still am not!)

Yet: O strange. Today - I am one of the voices that speak for this generation. Yes I must have changed much. But the change was slow, undramatic... I hardly noticed. Perhaps it is better that way. Perhaps that way it is more organic, deeper, realer.

2. Well what is all this to you?

How did I feel when my Reichian therapist told me (that prick, that perhaps my energy system had been damaged as a child - that I wd never experience the cosmic orgasm we all sought. (It gave me little comfort when I inferred that the majority of my countrymen had been so damaged). What! No Cosmic Orgasm & "it wdnt have been worth it after all." (Well I still am fucking like a major - & enjoying it most of anything I do).

So how do you answer a statement like that: you're never going to really get there! Get where? I'll get where ever the fuck I can & let the psychiatrist take the hindmost. He was only a put down artist anyway. But he did help me & Reich is one of the beloved (insane) geniuses of our century.

Well, what is all of this to you?

Simply this. IF I DID IT, why the fuck cant you? So you wont be number one on the fuck parade. At least get a little joy out of life! Get the most you can!

3. When the NY Times Sunday Magazine asked me to do this article, my reactions were mixed to say the least. First I was flattered. Next pissed off: where were you when I needed you? Up the old bandwagon eh? I was almost as good 2 years ago you know. Trying to compete with the WJT's NEW YORK, eh? Afraid you'll be left behind the underground press, eh. Cashing in on my Fug martyrdom huh.

But then I returned to the suggested theme & it fascinated me. (First I wanted to reject it & give it to Ed Sanders, because I felt he was actually better qualified to do it. But he wdnt hear of that. So then after some that I thot what the hell - they wont use it anyway: their suggested theme was: THE LANGUAGE OF HIP; I thot it might be fun to make up some words & slip them into the glossary which they insisted must appear). They also in their first letter listed a definite % payment (which I forget) for a completed but unaccepted (unacceptable) mss.\*

\*Not too really noble a thot is it? But I HAD it.

I also recalled the terrible & I believe true rumors about how articles were returned and/or rewritten (like at TIME) until they conformed to the NYSunTimesMag style, that is until they had no style whatsoever.\* Dear grey/lady (Lady Grey).

\*A friend recently informed me that the NY Times Mag has within the recent period commissioned & then rejected articles by three

Roving Rat  
Fink  
Sniffing  
the Phonics



The other week I made reference to Tim Leary, Billy Graham, Marshall McLuhan and Hugh Hefner as "the four egregious phonics of our time." Since then, I've been challenged enough times that I believe I should clarify my case.

Leary, I admit, knows drugs better than I do. And I admit that I am a drug user myself; namely, alcohol. The difference is, I never heard anyone argue seriously that hanging one is a form of epiphany.

I don't say that experience is invalid because it was chemical in origin. I believe in the sanctity of physical experience. I just don't get with this mystique that to be drunk, to be horny, to be gowed up, are grossly material -- but pot and LSD, oh, they're different.

When you can just go out and buy a pack of Instant Nirvana, it destroys everything religious associated with the concept. It's no basis for a church.

I wrote about Billy Graham a few weeks ago. So I'll just say that I have no quarrel with his go-to-heaven routine, for those who believe in it. But too few do for him to have anything real to offer to modern man.

Hugh Hefner has added a lot of fun to our culture, and has talked some good common sense about sex and other matters. The trouble is, his Playboy Philosophy boils down to no more than a wordy rationale for getting your jollies within the Affluent Society. It's a form of distorted patriotism: feel lucky to be an Ameri-

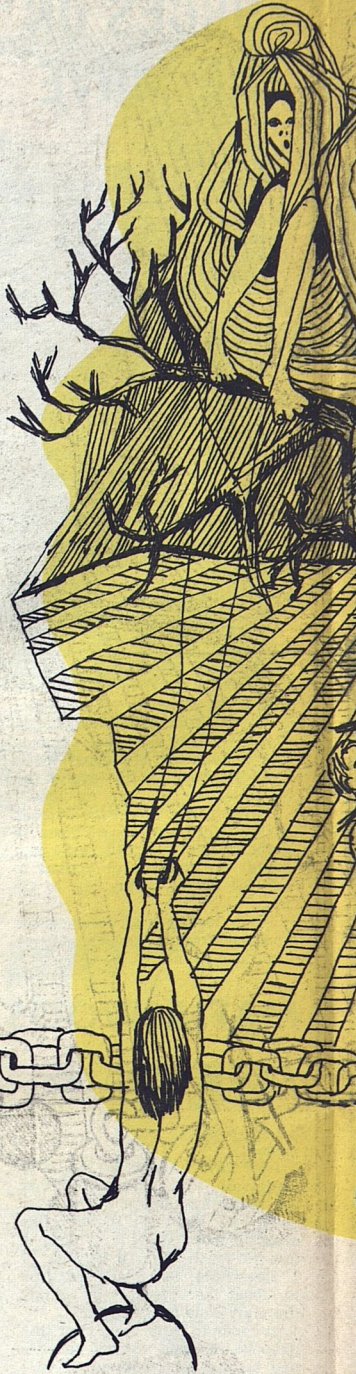
can, and make the most of it. He has no guideline to offer as to what is generally human, not twentieth-century American. And we all know that, in the face of spreading world starvation, the Affluent Society will soon have to go. Hefner makes plentiful use of the word "hip", but in truth the young hippies are much nearer reality than he is.

Marshall McLuhan once wrote a good book called The Mechanical Bride. Later he wrote a bad one called Understanding Media, which was the basis of his fame. Someday some one may write a book called Understanding Marshall McLuhan.

He obviously knows his subject matter, and he actually writes no more obscurely than many modern thinkers. The hitch is that on top of being obscure he elects to be cute.

To call photography "a whorehouse without walls" undoubtedly does mean something. Some photographers I know think the point well taken. But it is an unfair shot straight at the worst side of the undergrad mentality. The temptation is to reel it off by memory, in a one-up way, and feel that you've said something profound. When actually you have just relayed on a mystification.

In concluding, I might say that I make no personal accusations against these men. It is just that they have been taken up by the gullible, in a way unjustified by their real content.



R.R.

mutual friends: 1) Leroi Jones, 2) Hubert Selby, 3) AB Spellman. Move over boys.

Convicted by your gaily colored lies of omission. 99.99% of your stories on anti-war demonstrations or Village events of ANY kinds always listed the number of beards (& every time at the beginning of paragraph 2!). Talk about conforming bohemians! The spiritual home of Hubert Humphrey. All the news thats fit (or fits?) the print. How abt dipping yr paper in Vietnam blood? Is that fit to print? ... (And still alas our best paper!)

But anyway - we all just work here & that not our department. (I am not famous in my circles for being the least self righteous person!)

But I became fascinated by the question of why the Times wanted such an icky-corny article.\* & I suddenly was transported back to

\*Incidentally I have since been informed that TIME considered & rejected such a glossary section in its hippy story because it felt it too corny. All these journalists who want to define things - & then think they have controlled them! When anything anyone defines changes again immediately & subtly even before the ink dries on the paper.

my icky, corny, square self of 1956 & I saw that it was impt & good that I address myself to that question. "I was there... I alone am returned to tell the tale..."

Please listen to me: this is the greatest charity I can muster. I speak to you out of my own anguish & sympathy for you. I am, was, am now no diffit - "And baby wont be blessed... till she learns shes just like all the rest."

YOU WANT ME TO WRITE THIS ARTICLE, YOU WANT TO READ THIS ARTICLE BECAUSE YOU DONT WANT TO BE LEFT OUT OF THE JOY OF THE UNIVERSE. You feel unhappy, maybe deep down miserable even. You see this insane joy around you & a quiver goes thru you. What if they are right? You want at least to know the language. You want the bridge, the possibility to be maintained. Who blames you? Any smug superior feeling in myself and/or others deserves a swift kick in the pants.

If I sound patronising... well I'm sorry. I cant do any better.

4) OK. Heres my simplistic advice. Forget the technical language. With friendliness, love you can travel thruout Europe & not know a word of any foreign language. There IS language of the heart. Come to us with open arms. Yes we do want love to conquer the world (dont you?)... & for selfish & unselfish reasons - however one will be able to now distinguish these - we need YOU, we want you - every last one.

Today - one persons unhappiness is a threat to the happiness of all.

We will meet you more than half way. We go to you always. You arrest us, ignore us, spit on us, beat us, imprison us, laugh at us, kill us, & still we come. Make love to us. There is no other way. This requires incredible courage from you & some from us. We are not perfect, you are not lost. We are all a little of each.

Come on - the alternative is death - everyones.  
Come on - its incredibly difficult - we all have a long way to go.  
Come on - we've got to get rid of the pap, & taste the fruit (sweet & bitter) in the experience itself

Come on - lets start  
Come on - you know you want to love  
Come on - you know you love us, me.  
Come on - we've got to start the dance  
Come on - we've got to start to fuck, to make love again, to make new children of joy  
Come on & touch & lets begin... no other way is known.

ALL DRAWINGS ON THIS PAGE BY JANICE SPECK

## Hear Ye! Convene On the Day of Miracles!

The South Campus Ministry's Free Church has proclaimed a day of miracles.

This Saturday from 5 o'clock to sunset all persons of any age and whatever faith are invited to congregate, commune and co-mingle through the afternoon in the block-long parking lot adjacent to the Free Church west of Telegraph, between Channing and Haste.

This is the first miracle: three acres of parking space resurrected for the use of dancers, mimes, musicians, artisans, strollers, loungers, lovers, prophets, holy men and blessed women.

The purpose of this August Occasion is to celebrate the Assumption of the Virgin Mary.

The Free Church will provide the Virgin Mother. The community is invited to conjure all wonders. Mad River, Motor, Marth's Laundry and the Second Coming will amply and magnify the Lord.

Cars and bodies alike will don paint; colored chalk for inscribing the rhymes of beauty on the tabature of sidewalks. Unicorns, storks and all animals are invoked. Makers of diadems, flower folders, tinkers and jongleurs, Bakers of sacrament, wise kings, shepherds and visionaries. All welcome.



# The Ombritical To a Saboteur

by Marvin Garson

Two month ago I wrote a description of a pro-war march in New York under the title "When the Workers Start to Move."

It contained what turned out to be an unforgettable sentence: "The next time I see some \$3.90 an hour AFL-type workers striking for a 50¢ raise, I'll remember the day they shouted, 'Burn Hanoi, not our flag' and so help me I'll cross their fucking picket line."

I am told that that article was clipped out and posted on quite a few bulletin boards in such places as Barrows Hall, where Seymour Martin Lipset's theory of working-class authoritarianism still reigns. That's embarrassing.

It has also been embarrassing to be asked by friends, "Crossed any good picket lines lately?" The fact is I haven't crossed any picket lines and don't intend to, but there's more to say than that.

I am prompted to write on this subject again by a letter from a friend, a left-wing carpenter who gets the BARB and shows it around way up in Bellingham, Washington. His letter is, he says, in appreciation of my column on the workers' war march; yet it, much more than any of the protests from my Marxist friends, has made me feel the need to publicly climb down somewhat from my outburst of two months ago.

He writes that in order to feed his babies he bought into the carpenter's union and signed an oath. "I swore that I was never a communist or a revolutionary and never would be in the future, that I did not know any revolutionaries or communists or others of a subversive nature, and that I did not nor would I ever harbor any ideas or thoughts of a subversive nature. That's almost verbatim; but as if that wasn't enough, I had a bunch of other things to swear to, such as never to reveal the quarterly password or the nature of the organization or this oath."

He writes about the faces at the union meetings. "The grey, pinched, harsh, threatening faces. They frightened me. I can't sit through a strained union meeting without trembling now. They are American Legion faces. The only one who is not pinched and grey is the slick, cigar-smoking, expensively suited ex-athlete who is their political representative somewhere or other. And all the unions are the same -- the laborers, the machinists I used to be in."

He writes about the time he was working at Boeing on the Minuteman missile, and at a union meeting "stood up on my hind legs and proposed that the Machinists Union set up a committee to help the company develop alternative sources of employment for them in the event that peace should break out -- thereby making the transition easier for all concerned."

"God, do I remember those faces. They were angry. They were really bitter, like I'd stolen the food from their plate -- but I was trying to do just the opposite! What had I hurt in them, to get that raging reaction, to almost get my face punched? Well, you said it: Some kind of perverted pride in what they were doing. They were willing to risk a drop in wages, if that's what it came to, to keep making that missile. They didn't want alternatives. Their patriotism meant war."

Yes, those are the people I was talking about in "When the Workers Start to Move." They are the public face of Labor; and if they ever get stirred to real action, they will be the public face of Fascism. But there is another, a more private, side to it.

My friend writes that for a while he was working at Boeing, on the prototype for the Minuteman missile.

"Someone there, not myself, was sabotaging that missile. Seriously, I discovered things that no relatives just tired of living and cancer.

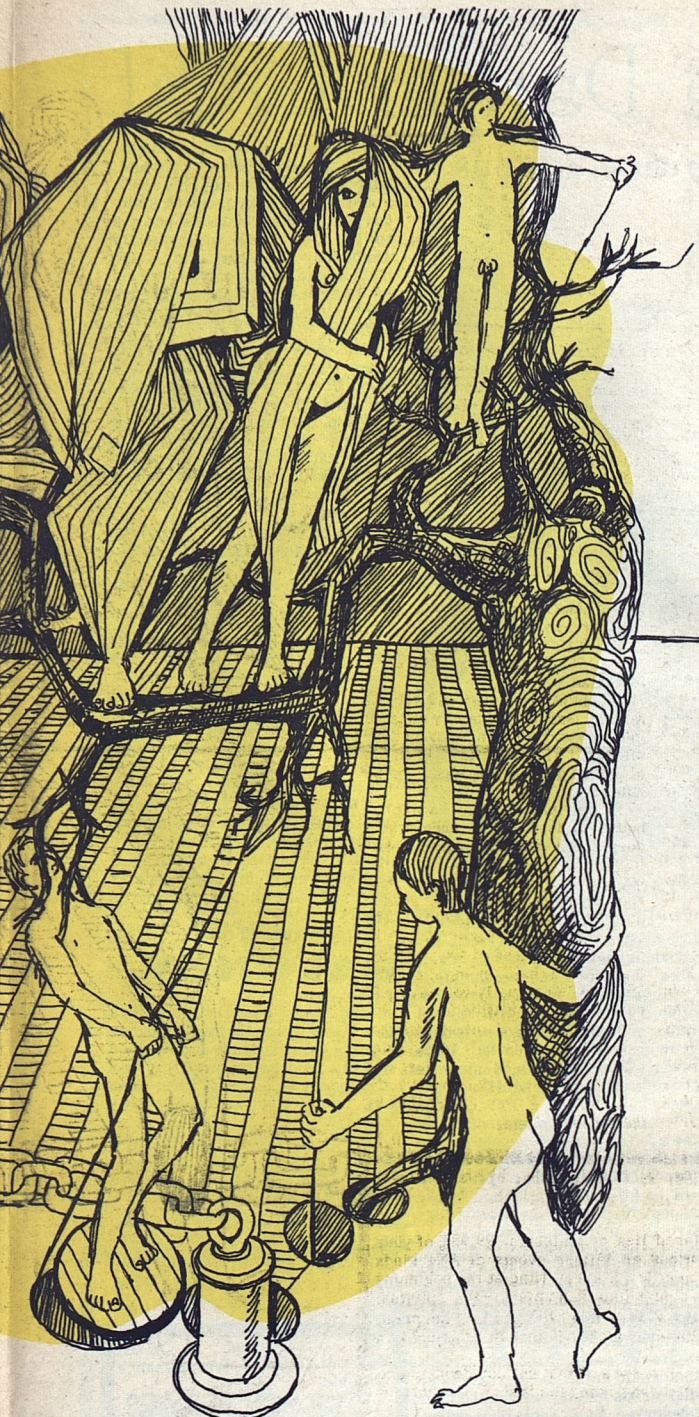
One day the president called on the computer to tell him a few funny jokes. But the computer only spoke riddles, for it had finally escaped from the yoke of foolish self-deception. For once it told the truth. But the president wasn't in the market for reality. He was looking for the other thing.

Yet the computer only spoke wisdom, little tidbits like KEEP OUT OF THE DRAFT, IT'S BAD FOR YOUR HEALTH.

When the king, president in some versions of this story, heard this, he really got pissed off, for he knew he was dealing with a truly irascible cat who wouldn't play ball. All the people, who could read, because in this country to be literate was to be unhip, broke into tears when they read the news. But there was nothing they could do. The computer was shot, and that was that.

Not only were they working nearly four days a week to support the super battle lightning-war blitz, many of them had given an arm or a leg or even an eye to stop the menace.

REMEMBER THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN.



## filums Remember.. the life you save may be

by Lenny Lipton

I hear the Storm Troopers boots. They are marching one last march, before retirement, when they will collect their social security checks.

They are marching away from the fires of burning American cities. Cities that look like a sculptor's statement on the futility of war.

The smoke is rising above the ghetto battlegrounds, and congress is passing a law against smoke. They've just passed a law against gravity, (the day congress repealed the law of gravity it shall be known) and everything is floating away except private property, because only that has any attraction, after all is said and done.

The billboards advertise injections that will turn the negro white, he listens, and freaks out. The president makes a speech in which he says he abhors violence, and then increases taxes ten percent so that we can keep fighting for freedom on some distant shore. Only eight billion dollars a year. Do you want to know why they didn't pass your pathetic rat control bill?

If there are riots, pass a law, if there is death, pass a law, if there is hope pass a law. Pass a law against Rap Brown. Stokely Carmichael has no right to exist. But if you succeeded in putting all the people away for stating the truth as it might be stated in a hundred thousand living rooms...

That's OK. In a society in which it's a crime to kill yourself, which is after all the ultimate absurd crime, can any law be respected? The scene is a courtroom, Judge Lynch presiding. On trial, K., who just killed himself. K. rots, and the bailiff brings in a pail of ice, placing a chunk here and there to prevent stench. The jury is composed of twelve decomposing

corpses.  
A jury of his peers, if you please. Meanwhile congress is passing laws. Freaked out on a super monster trip, congress passes laws. Dickens in BLEAK HOUSE talks about antiquated laws, ghosts from that past, dragging the living to death.

But we've got to get a man on the moon, so that somebody can take pictures of the fire when it spreads from sea to shining sea.

Did you ever cross into Mexico and wonder what hit you?

It's hard to tell whether or not this is the year it hit the fan, because I thought that last year was the year.

CAN THINGS GET WORSE?  
HOT NEWSFLASH:

The body of a man 70 years old recovered from the creek taken to the city mortuary for an autopsy  
In a pocket Police found this note:  
I'm Joe Barnes  
no record  
no permanent address

## NEW ERA FOR LIGHT AND SOUND

by Richard A. Ogar

Due to one of those unfortunate accidents of journalism, last week's announcement of the opening of Light Sound Dimension at the Live Oak Park Little Theatre (Shattuck and Berryman) failed to make the BARB. As a result, far too many people, I fear, have missed a tremendously exciting light-sound show.

Up to now, the light show has been little more than an environmental complement to the rock dance, and has therefore suffered as an art form. Caught in this back-up role, it has produced its own brand of excitement and, less occasionally, moments of stunning beauty; but it has lacked cohesion and structure. It cannot command the full attention of the audience and, as a result, has rarely demanded it, preferring to maintain itself as a subliminal three-ring circus.

With Light Sound Dimension all this has changed. No rock band-- in fact, no visible performers at all; the audience is seated in front of a single screen and a barrage of invisible loudspeakers. Sight and sound, free of human intervention, dominate the consciousness. Images appear "as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen"; electronic music throbs through the viscera.

Describing the total effect is impossible. After a few moments of immersion in "total darkness at zero decibels," one finds oneself suddenly confronted with the flow of fiery corpuscular forms in an emerald lake, the rush and swoon of bacchic, Bach-like organs in shuddering revolt, galactic chaos, ferns against the universal quiet, amplified brain-waves, synaptic fractures, cerebral dislocations, unfurling silver semen, lab slides of iridescent angel-flesh, crescendos of exploded energy, a microtempest in a stellar sea, flux and fusion, creation and eternal holocaust--the perpetual oscillation between the microscopic and the telescopic, blending the subatomic with the super-cosmic, thrusting inner galaxies into outer cell-space.

Light Sound Dimension is the creation of Bill Hamm, who handles the lights, and Fred Marshall and Jerry Granell, the musicians. Working with a bank of projectors and two assistants, Hamm has injected order into chaos, replacing the traditional conglomeration of images with a structured amalgamation of color planes.

The uncontrollable plasticity of the liquid projections is stabilized by the introduction of static geometric forms, producing images as formally elegant as the Kandinsky watercolors they so often resemble. And he has done this without reducing the excitement inherent in the medium; if anything, it has been heightened by the use of lyric counterpoint.

Hamm is working with back-projection for the first time, and the technique has many advantages. It first of all eliminates the mechanical distraction caused by the light beams cast from the projectors. By eliminating the glare from the screen, back-projection also mutes the colors without in any way diminishing their value.

Marshall and Granell's music is the aural equivalent of Hamm's lights, a free-form blend of electronic and percussive sounds that surge and flow, bubble and burst like the liquid projections themselves. The electronic instruments -- principally "megatar," an 8-stringed, fretless electric guitar -- are Marshall's inventions; his wife, who provides the "vocals," is not (according to Granell).

Perhaps the most amazing feature of Light Sound Dimension -- given its formal structure -- is the fact that the entire performance is improvised and spontaneous. Nothing is pre-arranged.

"Oh," says Hamm, "I might say 'I think I'll start red tonight,' but see page 11

# The Time Is Short, The Danger Great

by Robert Hurwitt

"Already the fairest and largest trees have fallen before fire, axe, and saw. Those magnificent pillars which form so strange a crown to the mountains, when seen from San Francisco and the bay are slowly disappearing."

So reads an editorial in the San Francisco Daily Chronicle in 1884. The paper was protesting redwood logging in the Berkeley and Oakland hills, where, says John DeWitt of the Save the Redwoods League, "there was a large virgin redwood forest with trees 13 to 20 feet in diameter."

### LOST

The giant redwoods topping our hills once formed an outstanding scenic feature of the bay area; they are now lost to posterity.

Of the original 2 million acres of redwood forest along the coast, only 300,000 acres of virgin growth remain -- and only 50,000 acres are preserved in existing state parks.

The importance of preserving the redwoods is no longer a matter of debate. The battle for preservation has been going on since 1852. A resolution was presented then to the State Assembly to make redwoods "common property of the citizens of the state, not subject to trade."

The Save the Redwoods League was formed in 1918. This organization has raised, DeWitt told BARB, over \$12,500,000. With matching state funds, this has financed much of the existing state redwood park system.

The League supports the present federal administration bill for a Redwood National Park in the Mill Creek area of Del Norte County; but it is not waiting around for its passage.

### CUTTING

"At the current rate of cutting,"



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## A THOUSAND YEARS TO GROW; AN HOUR TO DESTROY.



DeWitt says, "about 15,000 acres a year, the remaining stands of redwood will be gone in twenty years." If there is any protracted delay, the proposed park areas will be pretty badly chewed up."

The League is currently working on a project to buy the northern end of the Avenue of the Giants and add it to Humboldt Redwoods State Park.

The present federal effort to establish a redwood park, called "a last hour effort" by Interior Undersecretary Charles F. Luce, has met with a series of delays. The bill has been bogged down in the House Interior Committee since June. (Committee chairman Wayne Aspinall, announced recently that there will be no action on it this year.) Governor Reagan has just recently thrown a further obstacle in its path.

### PUSH - PULL

As reported in BARB, the governor is insisting that the federal government turn over some of its redwood holdings in northern California to the Rellim-Miller Lumber Company (a strong backer of Reagan's campaign) in exchange for virgin forest the company owns in the proposed park area.

This the National Forest Service opposes on the grounds that it would establish a dangerous precedent. The Forest Service is willing to grant timber rights, but not turn over the land outright.

The Governor says he will not budge on his stand -- the interests of the lumber industry must be respected.

But in this case the interests of the lumber industry are in direct opposition to interests of greater importance. Not only is it greatly in the national interest to have a Redwood National Park, for recreational, aesthetic and scientific purposes, but it is in the economic interest of the state and the counties involved.

The lumber industries in Del

Norte and Humboldt Counties, according to reports made by Arthur D. Little, Inc. for the National Park Service, are in a phase of "declining levels of timber cuts and employment... which is expected to continue until 1985."

The reports demonstrate that, in the long run, the tourist industry around a federal park would employ more people and pay more taxes than the lumber industry would.

### NEED

It is impossible to overemphasize the need for a large comprehensive redwood park. It is necessary both to enable visitors to get the full experience of being in an awe-inspiring redwood forest and to adequately preserve the redwoods in existing state parks.

The majority of preserved virgin redwood forest lies within four state parks, Humboldt, Prairie Creek, Del Norte, and Jedediah Smith Redwood State Parks. These parks are all beautiful (BARB has visited all four) but small, "a series of gems without settings," DeWitt said.

They're beautiful at close range," Gordon Robinson of the Sierra Club told BARB, "but they don't give you the broad view."

This broad view, available only in complete landscapes, is essential to the wilderness experience, according to Robinson. The peculiar and awesome experience of a redwood forest is as difficult to describe as any of the synthetically induced trips so popular among

### Bay Areas.

### WILDERNESS

"The wilderness experience," Robinson said, "is essential for providing assurance that all is well when man does not manipulate."

Furthermore, the preservation of entire landscapes, "and the full range of variety in which redwoods grow from sea level on up," Robinson told BARB, "is of immense importance for scientific purposes."

Less generally appreciated is the need to preserve whole watersheds in which redwood groves are found. This need was made apparent to all conservationists by the recent history of the Rockefeller Grove in Humboldt Redwoods.

### FLOODS

This magnificent grove was purchased by the Save the Redwoods League and set aside as part of a state park. The land around it was heavily logged. In the 50's a series of heavy floods hit the area, floods that would not have been nearly so disastrous had the watershed been preserved as an ecological entity. Hundreds of giant trees were lost.

Since that time the League has concentrated on preserving watersheds and has been buying up the cut-over land surrounding the Rockefeller Forest," Ralph W. Chaney, Professor Emeritus of Paleontology at UC, told BARB. Robinson pointed out that the forest is not yet saved, due to the "glacier of gravel" moving down Bull Creek towards the big trees.

### PROPOSALS

Currently there are three proposals for a Redwood National Park before Congress. One, proposed by Don Clausen (representative from the redwood area) and Senator George Murphy provides simply for a connecting corridor between existing state parks. It contains

practically no new virgin timber.

The administration's proposal, introduced by Senator Kuchel, would include both Jedediah Smith and Del Norte Redwoods and the entire Mill Creek watershed of which they are a part. This would include one of the only two virgin forest areas that the National Park Service considers worthy of preservation.

The other forest they rate as being "park quality" is on Redwood Creek, in the area proposed for a park by the Sierra Club and Rep. Jeffrey Cohelan. There is a minor difference between some conservationists on which of these two proposals is the better; but all are agreed on the immediate need for a park.

Senator Kuchel, in an article in Parks & Recreation, states that "within as few as two years" all "suitable areas of park-quality old growth... will be scarred by commercial operations."

Both the major proposals contain much virgin forest -- both contain much cut-over land. A drive up 101 is ample proof that the cutting continues at a great rate. You see as many trees on trucks as standing by the roadside. And the cutting has taken a strange pattern recently.

"It almost appears," John DeWitt told BARB, "that the lumber companies are trying to sever park lands from prospective park lands by cutting corridors, and it appears they're trying to chew up the lands pretty bad."

Time is running out.

## BALONEY

from page 7  
moved the demonstrators across the street from the hotel. Marvin Garson (no relation to Jamie) stood up and said he guessed that was all there was, "and there's no ball to raise." Everybody cheered.

It was an excellent demonstration.

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Playing Games



by Ernie Barry

Most radical theorists insist that the increasingly swift and violent repression of Black rioting and rebellion in Northern cities is simply the result of calm and logical Establishment planning to protect the status quo at all costs.

I think that they're completely wrong for it is clear that the Establishment can't move calmly and rationally to protect itself and its present society.

Every escalation of violence against Blacks and other urban slum dwellers creates a parallel escalation of the number of people psychically alienated and the number of people in physical opposition to the status quo. As in Vietnam, with every man shot down or beaten-up by the cursing and brutal troops, you create ten more resistance fighters out of his brothers, parents, sisters, and friends.

The Systems don't do it to save themselves; that could easily be done by wholesale national economic reorganization. That would involve integrating and assimilating Blacks and Puerto Ricans into the systems and thus preserving them by giving them vested interests in the protection of the profit society.

That type of reformism worked hundreds of times in our history but now we're in a situation where the society is not capable of offering it. In Milwaukee on the night of July 30 the death wish of the society caused a pervasive police state overnight. That night two Black women had a quarrel in front of a rock 'n' roll night spot in a Milwaukee Black area. Police interference in the name of keeping things orderly resulted in gangs of young Blacks roaming the streets in anger a few hours later.

The police responded with more interference in the natural order of the community. Within 16 hours 4,000 armed soliders (National Guardsmen) and 2,000 over-armed police were imposing a 24-hour curfew on this city of over 750,000 people.

This meant that all the city's highways and streets were closed down, all the businesses and shops were forced by the city government to close, and three quarters of a million people lost their rights to walk in and use their community. They stayed inside and watched soldiers on armored jeeps itching to fire their 50-caliber machine guns at them if they got the mistaken notion that the community was theirs.

All of this was ordered for the people by Milwaukee Mayor Henry W. Maier, who explained his action by saying: "It keeps the law-abiding citizen home and allows police to concentrate on those in the streets who intend to do damage."

In the process Maier and the police criminally and illegally make prisoners of hundreds of thousands of people and do permanent damage to the psyche of the community. In addition, they did much of the physical damage in the Milwaukee riot. The two people killed in the upheaval were both burned to death by police when sparks from a tear gas shell lobbed by them to drive out a sniper set afire a building. One of the two killed in the burning wooden frame structure was a wounded policeman. (The regular press slanted this incident so readers had the impression rebelling Blacks killed him.)

To me, all of this illustrates again that this is surely the most schizophrenic society that ever existed. Millions of straight Americans regularly commit crimes such as tax fraud, drunken driving, embez-



Beginning this week I am dropping the "M.P.H." usually found after my name. M.P.H. stands for Master of Public Health, a degree acquired after a very long year in New Limbo (New Haven), Conn., otherwise known as the home of Yale University. The initials were confusing to many people so they will no longer be used.

QUESTION: I read (in another underground paper) about a man who experienced a strange trip by taking 25 Sominex tablets. He said that someone (I forget the name) recommended 16 tablets. I thought Sominex was a sleeping tablet and further I thought that people could kill themselves by taking more than a few sleeping tablets. I was thinking of trying this trip until I learned what the product was.

ANSWER: If a report were printed that cow plop caused one to be high there would be some who would try it. The letter you refer to caused a reader in Boston to try this trip. Here is a portion of her letter:

"I read about this in the letters to the editor column of the East Village Other and tried it. A highly curious experience but I have an idea that it's fortunate I threw up half an hour after I took them. It took me a day before I could see properly afterwards."

One of the ingredients of Sominex is scopolamine, a drug similar to belladonna. The first report of poisoning due to belladonna-like compounds in North America dates back to 1676 and was due to tea made from Jimson weed seeds. The effects of ingesting large quantities of scopolamine are as follows: dry mouth with a sensation of burning, thirst, blurred vision and sensitivity of the eyes to light. The skin is hot, dry and flushed. A rash may appear over the face, neck and upper part of the trunk. There may be a sharp rise in body temperature. Blood pressure rises and heart palpitations may be noted. There may exist simultaneously an urge to urinate and difficulty doing so. The patient is restless, excited, confused, weak, giddy and has muscular incoordination. Nausea and vomiting may occur. Memory is disturbed and there may be confusion about time and place. Hallucinations, especially visual, are common. The effects often last 48 hours or longer.

With large doses the blood pressure drops and breathing becomes more difficult. Death due to respiratory failure occurs after a period of paralysis and coma. QUESTION: This is (for me) an embarrassing question to ask but you seem to be my only source of information at the moment. What does "blow" mean in sexual contact and can you describe the pro-

cedure, insurance fraud, and shoplifting. Millions of other teen-age and adult Americans who like to consider themselves straight commit burglary, robbery, auto theft, and forgery regularly in their lives. Yet, most of these people really delude themselves into believing they support law enforcement and community order.

The criminal dropping of 77,000 tons of bombs a month on innocent people in Vietnam doesn't excite them even though it will mean more American deaths and wasting away of billions of dollars of precious square profits through war taxes. But they'll rip apart the society and make it a police state and arrest thousands after inciting rebellion because they won't allow 20 million Blacks to join in economic equality the system's own American corporate capitalism.

Apparently the Left has been offering political analysis too often as an answer to problems which are essentially the result of deep emotional and psychological misdirection.

cess? I have an idea but it's the method I don't know. Please... I'm serious about this.

P.S. Please HURRY. My boyfriend will be home in three weeks. ANSWER: The term you use is slang for fellatio or cunnilingus; it most usually refers to fellatio. Fellatio is the application of the mouth and tongue to the penis. Cunnilingus is the application of the tongue to the clitoris and vulvae. Both are by law felony crimes punishable by long prison terms. In Florida, these and other such crimes are covered by the general phrase "the abominable crime against nature."

The perpetrators of these "crimes", i.e. nearly everyone past puberty, are not prosecuted with much vigor by the authorities. One might even surmise that law enforcement officials and their wives regularly commit these felonies.

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

**LIGHT, SOUND**

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that's about it." It's all sheer genius. Light Sound Dimension will be at the Little Theatre until August 27, with performances at 8:30 Thursday through Sunday nights, and 3:00 matinees on Saturday and Sunday. Admission is \$1.50 (\$1.00 for students). Two words of advice; one, be prompt, as no one is admitted after the show starts; and two, if you go stoned, be aware of the possibility that you may never come down.



**LET THE PEOPLE VOTE ON WAR!**

So you are unhappy about the brutal war of genocide and biocide that is being perpetrated -- IN YOUR NAME -- against the people of Vietnam, both North and South. You read about civilian casualties outnumbering military casualties three to one, about callous torture and murder of suspected Viet Cong. You see the photographs of Vietnamese children mutilated beyond belief by napalm -- and you wonder what the hell it is that we are supposed to be fighting for.

SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE WAKING UP -- 500,000 MARCHED ON APRIL 15 AND SINCE THEN OPPOSITION TO THE WAR HAS DEEPENED.

IT IS TIME FOR THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE TO BE HEARD.

The signatures of 12,000 registered San Francisco voters will put the following statement on the ballot on Nov. 7, 1967:

"It is the policy of the people of the City and County of San Francisco that there be an immediate cease fire and withdrawal of U. S. troops from Vietnam so that the Vietnamese people can settle their own problems."

A mighty vote to BRING THE BOYS HOME NOW will give the lie to the assumption that the American people support the war.

Help us to do in San Francisco what is also being done in New York City, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Berkeley, Marin County, etc.

**TWO MOBILIZATIONS**

**Sat. Aug. 12, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.**  
**Sat. Aug. 19, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.**  
**55 Colton St. San Francisco**  
 (between Market, Mission & Gough Streets)

Registered voters will circulate petitions. But if you are not a registered San Francisco voter - COME ANYWAY. You can accompany petitioners, distribute leaflets and talk to voters. You can do paper work. We need hundreds of people to help!

Coffee and donuts from 10 A.M. Sandwiches during afternoon. Free babysitting service.

Send money contributions to help us in our work.







# The Scenedrome

## OAKLAND

●**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 Rumsfords Drugs (nr Ashby) & 2-5pm Live Oak Park 1301 Shattuck, Tues 10-1 Fresno St nr Solano 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 & Eunice.

●**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.

●**DRAWINGS** by Richard Gayton; paintings by Charles Bragg, Ele. McDonald, Redbug Gallery, 2921 College, Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30, thru Sept.

●**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 & STONEWARE** by Doug Hale at Guiti's, 1643 University. Opening July 28, 7-11 pm.

●**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 midnight daily, noon-midnight Sun.

●**PHOTOGRAPHY**, miscellaneous, at 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.

●**KALEIDOSCOPE PAINTINGS:** by John Rosenbaum, Channing Place, 2511 Channing Way, Bkly, 11 am-9 pm daily, info 548-0757.

●**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.

●**PAINTING** etc: graphics, etching, engraving, jewelry, etc, etc; Master Artists Guild, 2201-19th SF, info 285-5279.

## ELSEWHERE

●**THE HANG-UP GALLERY** in Sausalito now showing nude oils by Nancy Clark, nude pastels by Jim Bork, garbages 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.

●**EXHIBIT** of prints, oils, sculpture by Columbian artist, Enrique Sanchez, Lowell's Gallery, 579 Broadway, Sausalito, Aug. 11-18, 10 am-7 pm.

## CLASSES

●**CRAFT WORKSHOP:** New center opening - ceramics, kiln building, jewelry, batik - register 1-5 pm, Mon & Fri, and 1-8 pm Wed (thru Aug. 18) at 1808 Harmon, Bkly, info 655-1449.

●**RECORDER WKSHOP:** all levels of instruction; 4221A 25th, SF, info 824-0948.

●**DRAMA WORKSHOP:** instructor Joy Vronsky -- classes based on techniques of Stanislavsky and Spolin; Aug. 6-10, \$2.50/session, info 527-4939.

●**CREATIVE DANCE:** for children, also classes in creative movement for men & women, w/ Felicia Corth 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.

●**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.

●**PAINTING** etc: graphics, etching, engraving, jewelry, etc, etc; Master Artists Guild, 2201-19th SF, info 285-5279.

●**STUDENT SHOW** of photographs 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.

## ART BERKELEY

**Cedar Alley Cinema**  
Cedar St. off Larkin between Geary & Post • PR. 6-8300

## BOLSHOI OPERA

Friday Through Sunday;  
BOLSHOI OPERA  
Tchaikovsky's  
"QUEEN OF SPADES"  
and BERLIN STATE OPERA  
in MOZART'S  
"MARRIAGE OF FIGARO"

Monday through Thurs:

BOLSHOI OPERA in  
MUSSORGSKY'S  
"KHOVANSCHINA"  
Music arranged by  
Shostakovich

## PLUS

BOLSHOI OPERA in  
Tchaikovsky's  
"YOLANTA"  
\$1.75 - Students \$1.50

FRI: "ECHOES  
OF SILENCE"

## OATH CASE

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able. PROSPECTS  
Prospects of the case are excellent, Smith and Aronson feel. "The Supreme Court has handed down quite a number of opinions which seem to cut the ground out from under all of these loyalty oaths of the Levering type," Smith said.

Specifically, similar loyalty oaths have recently been invalidated in Arizona, New York, Washington and Florida. In view of these decisions the Los Angeles County Superior Court refused to do the same.

In the light of these contradictory decisions the next logical place to turn is the state Supreme Court and that is just what the petitioners are doing. They are asking the court to substantiate their belief that this oath "is not a constitutionally valid condition of employment."

To which Aronson adds, "I just don't like to take oaths."

CONGRESS OF WONDERS FRI  
STRAWBERRY WINDOW  
SAT CONGRESS OF WONDERS

YAJAHLA

SUN - MON

THE SECOND COMING

THE SOUTH SIDE  
TUE - WED SOUND SYSTEM

1505 SAN PABLO - 525-2221

THE PROPOSALS - MODERN JAZZ

SUNDAYS  
AUG. 13, 20, 27 - 5:30-9:30 PM

NEW ORLEANS HOUSE

# The Committee.

622 Broadway. 392-0807. Regular Show 9:00 P.M. Improvised Show 11:00 P.M. Nightly Except Mon. Sat. 8:30, 10:30, 12:30. Minors Welcome. Student Discount.

AMERICA HURRAH

"FIRST RATE! Committee theater has a hit! Committee Hurrah! Knickerbocker/Chronicle, Eichelbaum/Examiner, Nachman/Oakland Tribune, Bladen/San Mateo Times, Sorkin/KSFO, Peterson/KCBS

COMMITTEE THEATER

836 MONTGOMERY STREET PHONE: 986-1639

Nightly Except Mon. at 8:30; Fri. & Sat. also 10:45; Week Nites, \$2.50 & \$3.50; Fri. & Sat., \$3.50 & \$4.50; Special Student Prices. Minors are Welcome. Mail Orders are Accepted.

## MOVIES

**ALBANY** 1115 Solano Avenue  
Park Free - LA 4-5656  
Rex Harrison-Susan Hayward  
"THE HONEYMONEY" In Color  
Also: "A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM"

## Cinema Psychedelica

Cinema Psychedelica Stiles Hall Bancroft at Dana  
"SINS OF THE FLESHAPOIDS" by Mike Kuchar  
Pintoff's "THE CRITIC"  
"MONTEREY POPS FESTIVAL IMAGES"  
"YES WE HAVE NO BANANAS" by John Sunier  
Kosower's "THE FACE"  
Two showings Friday August 11, 8 & 10 pm, \$1

## Filmmakers Workshop

975 Howard St., SF, 391-1724  
Fri. Sat. Sun, Aug 11, 12, 13  
Night On Bald Mountain  
Sunday Sun  
Trip To The Moon  
The Golden Fish  
An Oscar For Mr. Rossi  
Blue Moses  
Time 9:30pm Adm \$1

## THE FILM CLUB

Truffaut's  
SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER  
&  
Riefenstahl's  
TRIUMPH OF THE WILL  
Friday, Aug. 11 8 PM  
155 Dwinelle \$1.25

**SU4** Irving at 46th Ave.,  
San Francisco  
MO 4-6300  
Fri: "Juliet of the Spirits"

**PARKWAY** Park Blvd. & E. 18th  
Phone TE 5-3535  
Sandy Dennis  
"UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE"  
Michael Caine "Funeral in Berlin"

**PIEDMONT** Piedmont at 41st  
Park Free OL 4-2727  
Lee Marvin-Ernest Borgnine  
"THE DIRTY DOZEN"  
Also: "King of the Wild Waves"

**U.C.** BERKELEY - Univ. at Shattuck  
Lee Marvin-All Star Cast!  
"The Dirty Dozen" In Color

"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 COMMITTEE HAS EVER OFFERED!"  
Knickerbocker/Chronicle

"The new Committee show is the funniest... Recommended for anyone who enjoys good satire!"  
Rose/KNEW

"WHERE THE FUN IS!!... six peerlessly-matched jesters... delightful... marvelously witty! The most alert, clever and funny material The Committee has yet performed!"  
Eichelbaum/Examiner

"... the company performs magic... hilariously fascinating... The Royal Ballet Bust is a satiric topping delicious to behold!... very uninhibited theater. The evening feels like a free and open, very familiar party!"  
McElhatton/KCBS





Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven forget-me-nots of the angels  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the