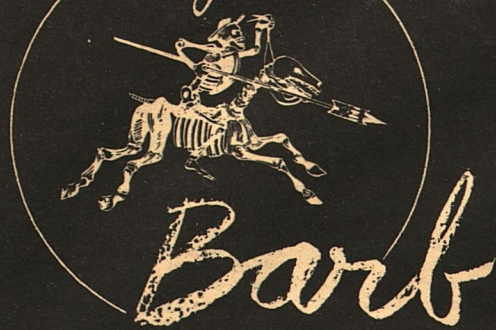


WANTED by D.A.
Jim Garrison



**This photo
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED**
Is blow-up from motion picture taken moments after JFK's assassination. Man shown was yelling in Spanish. Two Dallas cops seized him and let him go. He remains unidentified. Garrison wants him for investigation.
SEE STORY PAGE 3

Berkeley



Vol. 5 No. 10 Issue 109 (pub. Fridays) September 15-21
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The Noose Tightens

SUMMER SWAN SONG

SPACE, MAN, IN THE HAIGHT

STRIKE ON TELLY

LONG WAY HOME

Story and more photos
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AMERICAN INDIANS IN TREK TO COAST

Richard A. Ogar

A caravan of American Indians is slowly wending its way across the United States gathering the tribes together to battle the white man.

The immediate impetus for the march is the introduction into the House and Senate of the Indian Resources Development Act, better known as the Omnibus Bill, but the Caravan has its religious purposes as well.

According to its Statement of Purposes, the North American Indian Unity Caravan "will attempt to 'UNIFY' All Indian Nations, Tribes, Bands and Individual Indians" in order to "overcome those evil government politicians in Washington, D.C. and Ottawa who are stealing our lands and robbing our people blind."

While the government has tried to mislead Indians about the effects of the Omnibus Bill, its true nature is indicated by Secretary of the Interior Udall's testimony before the House Indian Affairs Sub-Committee: Udall testified that the bill would give the Indians "ultimate independence!"

"By 'ultimate independence,'" asked Rep. Aspinall, "do you mean the doing away with Reservations as such?" Answered Udall: "I think this is undoubtedly the ultimate end result, yes."

Among the other assaults on Indian land are Projects Gasbuggy and Bronco, both of which involve the use of underground nuclear explosions as a means of extracting natural gas and oil.

There is also the case of Quality Courts, a motel chain that wants to put franchised units on the reservations with the help of Federal loans.

According to the L.A. Times (Aug. 31), Quality Courts wants the government to back the loans "because a private lender couldn't foreclose against reservation property if a motel went broke," and the Department of the Interior likes the idea because "its policy is to seek new and imaginative uses for Indian land and resources, and to encourage Indian initiative."

The Caravan's religious significance is tied up with prophecy and a promise made by ancient leaders to the Great Spirit to preserve the Indian land, way of life and traditions.

"WE WILL SUFFER GREAT PUNISHMENT IF WE FAIL IN THIS MISSION to preserve these things," reads the Statement of Purposes. "And according to PROPHECY, the red man will rise again!!! We must make this happen."

By a happy coincidence, the Caravan will arrive in the Bay area on Sept. 21, the day of the autumnal equinox. A celebration of both events is scheduled to take place in Golden Gate Park on that day.

On the 22nd, the Indians will appear at the Straight Theatre to talk about their religion, prophecies and way of life.

Then, following a two-hour barbecue break, the "free persons" (which is Ron Thelin's substitute for "hippie") will present a two hour "ritual film-sound statement" of who THEY are and how THEY look at the world.

(The show is to be called "Life Is Grafted on a Fractured Globe of Rock/We Share a Carpet of Bones, Fur, Plant and Animal Love.")

A Peace and Friendship dance is scheduled for the 23rd.

Thelin stresses that this is not a "hippies - and - Indians" event, but, rather, a program designed to let the Indians know who the hippies are. The main purpose of the Caravan is to meet with Indians, and the Straight Theatre appearance is simply a by-product made possible by a colloquium of whites and Indians held in Los Angeles.

Thelin also would like to borrow five or six teepees so that a camp can be set up in Mill Valley. Prospective donors may contact him. Somewhere.



MIFFED MISS MARATHON NIGHTMARE

Last week, the narrator, who lives in Palo Alto told how she had accompanied the Peace Torch Marathon to give it a start only to find herself stranded in the city of St. Francis with just a nickel to her name. After some trials and tribulation it was suggested she try to borrow money from a priest.

Her story continues:

SOME time later I arrived at St. Mary's. Inspecting the premises I noted a couple of liberal publications around. Encouraged, I pressed the door bell at the priests' residence. After a long, long time someone appeared and asked what I wanted. I told him.

"If you had gotten here at 6 o'clock this morning we might have been able to provide you a place to sleep tonight. Nothing we can do this time of night. Why don't you try the Salvation Army?" he said.

"Where is it?", I asked. "Look it up in the phone book," he replied, going back to bed or somewhere.

BY THEN I was ready to embark on a life of crime. I went into the church and examined the poor box and other receptacles for money.

Dillinger would have given up. They had thought of everything. Even the coin slots were out on the bias to prevent anyone fishing anything out with chewing gum and a straw.

ON KEARNY Street I ran into the first policeman I had seen since leaving Sausalito. I explained my situation (again), and asked if the Police Department had an emergency fund from which people could borrow bus fare.

"No, we don't have anything like that," he said. "Why don't you go down to the Salvation Army. They have a place on Fourth a little past Mission."

I'd been told that twice now so I went. It was a rough neighborhood, I was a lone female 5'2" tall, 110 pounds, and it was now past 10 o'clock at night. I found a rack somewhere and getting a good grip on it, ventured on.

The Salvation Army Lieutenant was on the phone when I arrived and the door was locked, but after several minutes he broke off his conversation and let me in. He listened to my story showing no sign of life.

"We don't cover any situation like that," he said. "They might be able to put you up for the night over on Valencia Street."

"SUPPOSE they did," I said. "How would I get home tomorrow? I still won't have bus fare. Maybe I should stow away on a bus."

THE Lieutenant's expression fluctuated between shock and severity. I turned him off with a disarming smile. "They might be able to help you at Harbor Lights

Mission. It's only a few blocks up the street," he said.

HARBOR Lights were on. The door was locked, but people were around and someone finally came to the door.

"We're awfully short on funds," he told me. "We can't handle your kind of situation. I believe they sometimes loan people bus fare at St. Vincent de Pauls. I don't think anyone is there at night, but you could walk over and see. It's only a few blocks over that way," he said pointing.

ENOUGH'S enough. I headed toward the bus station, not sure what I'd do when I got there. Travelers' Aid was closed for the night. I checked the schedule. There was a bus up the peninsula at 11:30 p.m. and another at 11:50 p.m. At 1:15 I skulked furtively out to Lane 26.

No one was close by. The bus was the San Jose Express, a bus I had taken a few times between Redwood City and Palo Alto. It stopped only at the stations, but that was all right.

THE BUS was a luxury model. I pulled the door a crack and disappeared into the darkness. Keeping low, I made my way to the back and hid myself in the lavatory. Luckily the driver didn't check before admitting passengers.

After a short interval of muffled noises thumping suit cases, we departed. We seemed to be going about 80 miles an hour, presumably up the freeway.

I began to plan how I was going to get off. I didn't want to make a scene, and there were not enough passengers that time of night for me to blend into the crowd. There was a large window in the lavatory, however, and if it wasn't sealed I decided I would leave by that exit when we reached Palo Alto, with no one the wiser.

After about an hour the bus stopped, and I opened the window a crack. It should have been Redwood City, but it wasn't. At that time of night the bus just went like a bat out of hell from San Francisco to San Jose with no stops in between.

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THEATER

"JULIUS CAESAR" IS ALIVE

by Jerry Burns

Thirty-six B.C. Rome was hardly Attica, but as Shakespeare envisioned Caesar's court, so can I visualize a theoretical prototype of the play -- as it could have been produced during the annual Dionysian festivals of ancient Greece. Specific time of occurrence is non-essential in appreciating a good thing done well.

In point of fact, I saw it last Saturday afternoon on Haight Street by the Straight Theatre Company. Probably what gave me the thwarted time sense about this play, or, if you will, it's feel of authenticity, is that I can readily visualize the April theatre festivals (Pre-Christ Rome doesn't mean much to me) and all throughout this play I felt that I was seeing it as it happened. Rather than digesting some regurgitated history.

"Participated in" is probably more accurate than "saw," for the production did actively utilize the audience. The anatomy of the Straight Theatre lent itself readily to exploitation by their ingenious director, Joseph Gostanian.

The audience seated itself on old cushions and car seats which were placed in and around the playing area.

The absence of all but a bare suggestion of scenery, props, and other paraphernalia proved no loss. The actors filled the stage and commanded my undivided attention. And considering that Mr. Gostanian and his students from the Straight School of Theatre served an uncut and unrevised "Julius Caesar", this was no small feat.

Certainly there was a fleeting moment or two of confusion on the faces of a miscellaneous soldier or two, but the cast as a whole executed the production, and Julius, with grace and vitality.

Ian Frankenstein, in the title role, did a beautiful job. What with his imaginative costume -- half robe over corduroys, leather vest, white shirt & tie, complete with peace button and a nosegay of daisies, and imperial dignity, and the convincing persuasion of Cassius (Joseph Clarke), for the first time I wasn't quite so sure that the senators were wrong in liberating Julius from "20 years of anxiety over inevitable death."

Cassius was convincing. He was probably the mainstay and pacesetter for the entire first part of the play.

The most natural role, however, was accomplished by Joseph Costanian in the part of Mark Antony. When he completed his funeral oration the mob wasn't just pretending revenge on the murderers. They, and the audience, were moved

to ween. I WENT into the San Jose bus station and found a comfortable chair in the ladies' lounge. In the opposite corner was a tall, thin middleaged woman looking around as glum as I did. For awhile we both sat there.

FINALLY she said, "Do you like to travel?" "NOT the way I've been doing it today," I told her. She had no idea what I meant and I didn't elaborate.

AFTER a few minutes she tried again. We discussed the headlines of the last few days and other vital matters. She was spending the night in the bus station because her baggage had been misplaced and the bus it was on wouldn't be back until 9 o'clock the next morning.

She was too frugal to spend money on a hotel room. As a property owner she was much concerned about taxes. She felt one reason her taxes were so high was that welfare was taking it all. I thought I would set her straight by recounting my recent experiences with the welfare state.

MY story had her on the edge of her seat. "Yes! Yes! And then what did you do?", she asked from

see page 11

to act. Likewise, in his encounter with the corpse of Brutus with "This was the noblest Roman of them all," Mark Antony maintained his rapport with the audience.

Calvin Ahlgren, as Casca, deserves more than a casual mention. He managed to turn a rather straight and insignificant part into a real character. His casualness was an effective counterbalance in some otherwise transitional or heavy scenes. He managed to draw several chuckles as Casca, without drawing attention to himself as other than Casca.

Brutus, played by Edgar Weinstein, was probably the weakest of the leads. Somehow, for me, he was a little too Italian without being Roman. He did not see Brutus as a character of many faces-- or so it seems to me. He developed one idea of the man, played it well, but it only matched with what was expected of Brutus in spots.

For instance, when he reprimanded his fellow senators on their method of carving Julius, I believed him. When he portrayed a reflective, doubt-ridden man, I did not.

Aside from the brilliant production of "Julius Caesar", I was impressed by this group by their attitude toward their obvious economic handicap. The only time I heard the word "money" was when I hunted someone down and asked. And they replied that they had staged without any money because there was none.

Little Theatre has come to mean, at least to me, not only a substitute of sporadic enthusiasm for talent, but a kind of woeful "We suffer more because we don't own our own playhouse," etc.

These actors of the Straight were not only enthusiastic, but talented. And there was no pitch for donations, though they could use it. They simply did the best there is to be done with what they had to work with.

I strongly suggest you avail yourselves of this unique opportunity to see "Julius Caesar." They play again this week-end, Friday night and Saturday afternoon. Check for other times.



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BERKELEY CINEMA STRIKE FLARES

An eleventh-hour outburst of conflict may mark the closing of Berkeley's Guild and Studio theaters, scheduled for October 1.

Cinema-owner Edward Landberg once again finds himself beseged by irate student activists picketing outside his two smaller movie houses adjacent to "The Block."

Among the multitude of claims and denials by both sides of the controversy, one thing remains remarkably unclear: just what is the status of the three people who began the strike last Sunday night?

Projectionists Jeff Marchant and Roy Dahlberg, and cashier Kris Dymond, unhappy with their respective salaries of \$1.60 and \$1.40 an hour, formed the initial picket line at show time on Sunday night.

They all said they thought they were fired shortly thereafter. Dahlberg, and cashier Kris Dymond, unhappy with their respective salaries of \$1.60 and \$1.40 an hour, formed the initial picket line at show time on Sunday night.

They all said they thought they were fired shortly thereafter. Dahlberg tells of a Monday morning phone conversation with Landberg including the words, "The three of you are fired."

"I did not say that," Landberg told BARB. "How could I fire them? When they walked off the job, they quit."

Kris Dymond said she went to get written notice of her firing on Monday night, and was told by the girl in the cashier's booth that they hadn't been fired, but "were not reporting to work."

An additional puzzle is added by portions of "The Facts In The Cinema Guild 'Strike,'" A document issued by Landberg on Tuesday. The first of eight points begins, "The 3 employees picketing the Cinema Guild..."

Item 7 refers to "offering the strikers substantial raises" on Monday, the day after they refused to work and picketed instead.

At this writing, Landberg expresses the view that the three principals quite, which they deny, and they express the view that he fired them, which he denies.

No present labor union will be a party to the dispute, because the Studio, where Dahlberg and Marchant work (ed), is too small for the big unions to organize under their current rules.

Landberg, in his fact sheet, notes that the three picketers did not raise their grievances until just before show time on Sunday, and told none of the other employees about the impending strike.

The wildcat nature of their walk-out is, he states, "an act of blatant bad faith," making it "impossible to negotiate with people who are committing acts of un-

see page 14

AT HOME ABROAD



TRIPPERS were shot in London office by Sunday Mirror before being forced to leave the island.

HIP TRIPPERS MAKE IT HOME FROM BUMMER

"We were just sitting around last spring, thinking of a cheap way to go to Europe, and we decided to buy a steamship and charge people a reasonable amount to go to Europe and back," said Leo Steccati.

Steccati, Lee Davidson, Steve Metz, and Fred Kintzer immediately formed the Lark Shipping Company, which shortly thereafter ran out of steam.

"Basically, we couldn't get the financial backing, but during our correspondence we received a letter from the Sir Francis Drake Travel Club, telling us they could beat the price we would charge people if we used their airplane," Steccati said.

The debts of Drake Travel amounted to twice the assets, and after negotiation the owners gave Lark Shipping the Club, providing they would assume all the financial

responsibilities. "It was a shakey organization, but we figured it was a great thing. But the stigma was there, and we got conned on the whole thing," said Steccati.

In June, two days before the plane, a DC 7-B, was ready to leave for Europe with 100 paid passengers, California Attorney General Thomas Lynch said that the plane was not safe, confiscated all records, and froze all funds.

"He hadn't inspected it, and I feel that the real reason was that the other airlines wanted to stop us undercutting their prices. But now the people can't get their money refunded until Lynch gives it back to them," Steccati told BARB.

By then, Davidson and Steccati were in London on Drake Travel business.

"We're hippies, we have an airplane, and California is next to Mexico. Scotland Yard is ready for us, since we could be bringing in large quantities of grass," said Steccati.

Early one morning, as Steccati was trying on the toga he had just made, 3 members of London's finest knocked at the door of the orange painted office-living quarters.

"They said they were from the Flying Squad, special forces to do immediate investigation. They see the Fillmore and Avalon posters and the words to Dylan's Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands, which they think is a code, and they search the place.

"We play them Dylan's record and explain our business, and they seem satisfied. They let me go on to Switzerland," said Steccati.

In Switzerland, Steccati was told by a man he had just met that the Mafia ran things in Switzerland and did not like outsiders taking over the drug market.

"I keep denying I'm in the drug business, but he says that things aren't too healthy for me, whether I am or not, so I finally just go home.

"The Hip Ship is a fantastic idea. We really want to take people by ship, not plane. We're still looking for investors, and with what we've learned, we can make it a good thing," Steccati said.

NEW CLUES UNEARTHED IN JFK DEATH

By Hal Verb

Jim Garrison is looking for the man whose photo appears on page one of this BARB. Garrison thinks he may be one of the conspirators in the assassination of President Kennedy.

The photo, never before published, is a blow-up of part of a frame from a film which shows him seized by Dallas police and then released. His identity is still unknown.

An investigator into the JFK killing who is in touch with Garrison

NO BAIL YET FOR MEXICO 'FOURTEEN'

by Pete Camejo

Since the BARB ran the two articles on my brother's arrest in Mexico on charges of plotting to overthrow the government and my subsequent deportation from Mexico, people have been stopping me, asking how my brother is doing.

A cop even asked me "how's your brother?" while giving me a traffic ticket.

It has been two months since the famous 13 (now 14) were arrested, beaten into signing "confessions" and imprisoned in Mexico City.

The case disappeared from the Mexican press about a week after the "official" imprisonment, which was a week after their arrest by the secret police.

My deportation put the case back on the front pages for a day the second week. According to the Mexican press I "confessed" to various things including, deliberately planning to write about the case.

No bail has been permitted for any of the fourteen. No trial date has been set. Leaving prisoners in this indefinite state is one of the worst aspects of Mexican "Justice".

It is worth while remembering that Adolpho Gilly and others framed-up a year and a half ago on similar charges are still waiting for a trial date to be set. Other political prisoners in Latin America are now on their third or fourth years in similar situation.

The actual living conditions inside the prison have improved since I wrote the two BARB articles. However, the prison authorities continue to harass the 14 in petty ways. For instance, they are still not allowed to have books sent to them.

My brother Danny, is teaching English to the other prisoners. He holds classes Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Other classes have also been organized on various subjects.

Danny is also teaching the one illiterate peasant arrested with him how to read and write. The prisoners in his section have put him in charge of distributing the clothing and food donations they receive.

A defense committee has been organized in Mexico City by various student groups. When American dollars are exchanged for pesos even a small donation becomes substantial in Mexico.

The address in Mexico City is Para el Comité, Apartado, Postal 27-509, Mexico City, 7, DF

PEACE TORCH RUNNERS FACE MIXED PERILS

The Peace Torch set off three rallies in Salt Lake City on Monday.

At one of the rallies an ex-marine planted a bayonett in the ground and challenged "cowardly" peace demonstrators to remove it at their peril. When one did, he left.

The group may have been shot at from a moving car in Nevada a week ago. "It sounded like rifle shots but may have been just firecrackers," Suzanne Eubanks, S.F. coordinator, told BARB. Despite such minor harassments

son, the New Orleans District Attorney pressing the conspiracy charges, said that the unidentified man was grabbed when he began shouting something in Spanish, at the time the doomed President passed.

In an interview in the current issue of Playboy magazine, Garrison gives an account of an incident which may be directly related to the filmed event.

Garrison refers to a man not involved in the shooting who created a diversionary action to draw attention away from the snipers. He says the man, in green combat fatigues, faked an epileptic fit, diverting people from the grassy knoll just before the Kennedy motorcade reached the ambush point.

The "grassy knoll" is the place from which most critics of the Warren Report think most of the shots were fired at Kennedy. The knoll is near the Book Depository building where the Warren Commission places Lee Oswald as a lone assassin.

Accounts of location and timing put the man in the photo and the man in green fatigues at or near the same place at the time of the fatal shots.

The photo published here is one of 224 frames, taken by 57 different photographers, studied in detail by Richard E. Sprague.

Sprague began tracking down the photographic evidence after communicating with Harold Weisberg, author of "Whitewash: The Report on the Warren Report," and "Whitewash II: The FBI - Secret Service Cover-up."

Weisberg supplied the initial leads.

The results of Sprague's careful studies are discussed in Weisberg's newly-published book on the assassination, "Photographic Whitewash: Suppressed Kennedy Assassination Pictures."

According to Sprague, the Warren Commission used only 21 of the 224 photographs he studied. Nearly half of the photos, he said, were never examined by any official investigative body.

Weisberg uses Sprague's discoveries to show that the Warren Commission, FBI, Secret Service and Dallas police chose to ignore unwanted photographic evidence.

Sprague's study of the photos were aimed at establishing a time sequence which, he says, reveals the motions of various persons in the area at the time of the ambush.

Charting these movements, Sprague says, provides "a trail for following each of the potential assassins." His analysis shows five men on the grassy knoll apparently fleeing after the fatal shots.

Another sequence shows a man standing on the fire escape of the Dal - Tex building, across the street from the Book Depository building. The man, Sprague says, appears "startled by something nearby such as a possible loud noise coming from directly underneath him."

Another photo, he says, also provides evidence of a shot from the second floor of the Dal - Tex building.

The Warren Commission places Oswald alone on the sixth floor of the Book Depository building.

Another photo shows that sixth see page 10

SEXUAL FREEDOM VOTE SURPRISINGLY SMALL

The East Bay Sexual Freedom League returned two of its controversial directors to office in the organization's election this week.

Dan and Erlene Patchin, who had taken over leadership of the organization by a power play several months ago, were returned to the three-member board of directors by a vote of the League's membership.

The third member, newly elected to the Board, is Tom Palmer.

Dan and Erlene's first action in office was to move to Annapolis, Maryland. The move was necessary because of Dan's work in the Navy.

BARB discussed the situation with Tom Palmer, who is apparently now running the organization locally.

"The directorship is largely concerned with the handling of business matters and the philosophical end of the League -- programs, education, and so forth," he said. "The day-to-day running of the League is still in the hands of local people, and we shall attempt to maintain the status quo in con-

tinuing to serve the members' needs."

"One of the Patchins," Palmer continued, "has promised to resign from the Board in view of their move," so we will select another local person for the Board."

The vote was surprisingly small. There were only 55 ballots cast out of a voting membership of about 500.

In interviewing several League members, BARB had concluded that members were disgusted with the machinations of the Patchins and others, and had washed their hands of League politics, so long as the parties and other activities went on as usual.

"This is not so," claims Palmer. "It is true that some of the nominees resented the Patchin's move, but not the members. This is shown by the smallness of the vote. Very few people voted, and those who did voted in the incumbents. You see, there were obviously not enough people angry enough to vote them out, so resentment against them cannot be great."



AT THE WAKE for Chocolate George this looked like part of the fun until the lady (above) landed in the mud and a jacket loaned her a hand (below, and see next page)



EDITOR'S

Dear Editor:

THE BEAUTIFUL ANGELS

For obvious reasons I attempted to leave unsaid the following but, I guess in attempting to take some responsibility for my own feelings and actions, I find it impossible not to comment on JD's letter to the September 8-14 BARB in which he relates his Golden Gate Park encounter with the Hells Angels -- "If your man was a little closer, he would have seen that there was someone left lying on the ground, me."

I don't know any of the Angels personally and the wake for Chocolate George is the first time I've really photographed them at close range. Perhaps my feelings would be modified if I did have intimate contact with one or more of their "articulate" spokesmen. Somehow, I doubt it. It seems likely that the inner man is revealed by his external actions and the actions of the Angels are all too evident.

During this particular afternoon in the park I talked with a number of girls who, almost uniformly, seemed to believe that the Hells Angels are beautiful people. Well, I don't know all the hangups these girls have although I can perceive

some of the more apparent misplaced fantasies, but I do know the Hells Angels are not beautiful people. They are, collectively, a group of misfits and assorted morons who, at any given time, are one step away from violence and who will kick the shit out of anyone who happens to displease them (hippies included).

I find it very difficult to understand the sheep-like hippie acceptance of the Angels' behavior. Are hippies sheep? Sometimes I think so. Does turning on to drugs establish a common brotherhood directed against the establishment squares? I think intelligent hippies understand that such a thesis is ridiculous, but I could be wrong.

What am I really trying to say? I'm not entirely sure -- except that I am confused by the hippie-Hells Angels alliance when the fundamental concepts of each group would seem not to coincide. I wish the San Francisco ORACLE would occasionally address itself to some of these ambiguities instead of requiring a master's degree in Eastern Philosophy -- to find out what the hell they're talking about.

So, look! Here are the beautiful Angels at play.

Hap Stewart

Copyright Hap Stewart



COMMENT

How High On What Beam Can You Get?

The photographs and accompanying letter, entitled "THE BEAUTIFUL ANGELS" in this issue will doubtless cause much comment -- some well and some not too well-considered.

The writer-photographer himself is too confused to draw definitive conclusions from his short experience.

"Perhaps my feelings would be more modified if I did have intimate contact with one of more of their 'articulate' spokesmen," he writes. He then goes on to question "the sheep-like hippie acceptance of the Angels' behavior."

He is confused "by the hippie-Hells Angels alliance when the fundamental concepts of each group would not seem to coincide."

"I wish the San Francisco ORACLE would occasionally address itself to some of these ambiguities," he pleads.

Well, he did not send his photo and letter to the ORACLE, but instead to BARB, and although BARB may not be as well qualified to analyze these problems as its more spiritual brother paper, the issue is forced on us.

Our answer to the writer's dilemma may appear to many persons to be a little too simple. The confines of space could be used as an excuse for brevity. But in truth the dilemma is almost answered by the writer's letter, if he would only carry his insights further.

We have observed that the appeal of hippie thought ideally is in its anti-logical simplicity and directness. Cutting through the intricacies of linear logic, the hippie seeks to sense directly the significance and inner essence of all things -- that essence which can never be adequately verbalized. (As Camus once observed, the highest form of scientific logic evolves into poetry).

This is not to say that our ideal hippie makes or voices snap judgments concerning individuals or groups. Early in the history of hippiedom, the decision was made not to merely put anyone down.

A basic premises of the hippie group is that all things are that which they are and have their own beauty and meaning. Before being able to determine what they are, careful and "intimate contact" is considered a prerequisite.

With respect to the Hells Angels, the same principle is involved. They are our fellow men and all men are basically beautiful. If they do not appear to be so, or do not act in that way, the hippie way is to beam love and not hatred.

By beaming love, the hope is there may be enough left over to be absorbed by others.

This was the principle laid down by Allen Ginsburg in his talk "To The Angels" delivered in San Jose during that period two years ago when everybody feared the Angels

would attack the March of the Viet Nam Day Committee into Oakland.

Allen spoke to the Angels with love and they responded similarly. The threatened attack never took place.

The photos accompanying the letter we are discussing show a scene that began playfully and in mutual fun. Unfortunately, it turned to what many would regard as futile violence.

What hippie will condone violence? Yet, which of us hath not also sinned? We are not out to make excuses for anyone, whether hippie or Angel; at the same time we cannot carelessly put them down.

If the hippies choose to weave a web of love around the oft-condemned Angels, who can say categorically that they are wrong.

Has any other group gotten along better with the Angels? Have the police who have matched force by force? Or other citizens who have beamed hate?

We can only hope that some day it will no longer be thought necessary to use violent means to achieve good. Maybe the hippie insight will help us arrive at that day.

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SUMMERS END--

HAIGHTIANS THRILL TO SPACIOUS STREET

Copyright Hap Stewart

by Jeff Jassen

At midnight September 4 tourist season officially ended. And for most of the people concerned so did the Summer of Love.

Driving over to Berkeley last week, a sampling of sign-carrying long-haired voyageurs blanketed the Oak Street on-ramp like a picket line. "San Jose, LA, San Diego, Colorado, Wisconsin".

In a typical Herb Caen fashion, I took a stroll down Haight Street Tuesday afternoon. The sight that met my eyes would have shocked anyone that had spent any time at all in the Haight within the last three months. Similarly, it would have brought tears to the eyes of any slightly emotional veteran Haight resident (veteran-pre-Human Be-In).

For the first time since late March I was able to walk on the sidewalk between Masonic and Stanyan without being forced to stop for large crowds that knew no more where they were going than why they came in the first place.

For the first time in six months I perused the half-mile hip strip without once being asked for "Spare Change?"

Newspaper vendors stood in the street, vying for cars. There are few vendors now. Fewer cars.

I tried jaywalking across from Andy's to the I and Thou and was almost hit by a vehicle traveling at high speed. Indeed, there are so few cars that the ones left have plenty of room to accelerate, reaching speeds of near 25 mph.

The I and Thou was half empty. Some of the old faces have returned.

The rest of the street was much the same. Most of the stores were being lightly patronized. The street as compared with the same afternoon a week ago, was virtually deserted.

Even the perpetual door-huddlers have drastically diminished in number. Only one person sat on the steps of the United California Bank, in past months the scene of frequent spontaneous gatherings. In front of the Print Mint, nary a soul.

Nowhere was a camera visible.

A lot of good things went down over the summer. The Diggers, while remaining anonymous, did their best to keep people from total starvation. Unfortunately, there wasn't much they could do to alleviate the housing shortage.

The weekend Panhandle rock concerts, despite tirades by the cops and little old ladies, drew thousands of people from the congestion of Haight Street and turned them on to some turned on soul.

Headliner groups like the Dead, the Airplane, Quicksilver, Big Brother, and the Fish kept the musical notes flowing and paved the way for a second generation of San Francisco bands including the Phoenix, Mr. Rushmore, and the West Coast Natural Gas.

The Haight Switchboard, which began functioning in June, bridged the generation and communication gaps so well that their "recovery" rate for runaways far surpassed that of the police department.

The Hip Clinic, which came into existence about the same time, was instrumental in treating thousands of patients for everything from a stubbed toe to hepatitis. Capable attendants were also credited with the saving of several lives in emergency situations.

Summer saw the opening, at long last, of the Straight Theater as a community cultural center. Summer also saw the phones at LSD Rescue tripping overtime.

The thousands of bodies that climbed over Hippie Hill left it littered and a little sparse on grass, in more ways than one. The Panhandle, too, was worn bald by the weekend rock Diggers.

The Heat played it cool for most of the warm summer. Aside from the cop riot-freakout of July 9th, there has not been a major public display of police action in the



SCENE SHIFTS as willing gent gets beset (above). Note muddy miss pulling on jacket. Below, leather jack sinks to ground as on looker seems to be calling a halt.



Copyright Hap Stewart

Haight since April. There is strong evidence to suggest that this has not been an accident.

Shops like India Imports, The Inporium, BFA Jewelry, and most of the other Johnny-come-lately tourist traps can expect to face a long hard winter.

The dollars from Ohio and Utah which supported them through the peak visiting season are now a thing of the past. The fast buck artists who flocked to the Haight are due to find out that of the few true Haight people left, virtually none cultivate a taste for plastic jewelry and loveburgers.

The weekends still promise to be a bit hectic. North Beachie characters and winos (you know -- the ones who dig topless tits so they come to the Haight looking for "free love") are bound to spend not a few Fri and Sat

nites looking for the "action."

The football freaks will no doubt chose Haight Street as the most direct route home from Kezar on Sunday afternoons.

It all goes to prove what every veteran Haightie knew all along. Most of the summer lovers were out for their vacation thrill. They were tourists, plastic hippies, pseudohip, middle and upper class straights who came down to play the game.

Now the game is over and most of the kiddies have returned to school. The Switchboard, which last week handed BARB a list of some 120 runaway names this week gave us ten.

One long-haired veteran of the scene summed it up; "The Mafia spent so much time moving in, and now there's nothing left to



Dear Barb -
I am quite pissed off. About August 24 I sent you an unclassified ad and \$3. ad:
IF YOU LOANED PISS AT THE OAK. INDUCTION

move into."
But one thing happened that no one can dispute. In one way or another almost all these people were turned on, and while they may never again see San Francisco, it's a virtual sure bet that somewhere in the world they'll someday be wearing flowers in their hair.

CENT. AUG. 22, YOU MAY BE DEFERRED.

The ad never appeared. P.O. theft is possible and you might not owe me a thing. I don't have another \$3 however and I do think the 140# 5' 10" guy with the blond moustacho should know he has one hell of a high albumen count. Could you consider this a public service or a letter to the editor?

Love,

Bob Ploss
P.S. I got a special urine test. P.P.S. This cat could be real sick.

RADIO FREE AMERICA OFF LA

As plans for Radio Free America take shape in Southern California, Britain is in the throes of repressive measures against all offshore radio stations.

On August 15, the British Marine Offenses Act became effective.

Shortly after this, concrete measures were being taken in Los Angeles to take over one of the banned pirate radio station ships in order to set up a noncommercial operation off Long Beach, California.

Leadership in this move appears to originate with the Los Angeles Free Press-(UPS). Its columnist Lawrence Lipton has been advocating such a station for some time. Lipton's column is entitled Radio Free America.

The idea of a station that cannot be suppressed, managed or censored and free of control by the Federal Communications Commission is entirely feasible according to this group.

The ship would be located beyond the three-mile U.S. territorial limit, and would fly a foreign flag. This would make it immune to U.S. Maritime regulations.

Last Thursday a meeting to discuss further steps for final realization of plans took place on board the pirate ship off the coast near LA.

Meanwhile, in Britain the Marine Offenses Act, apart from making it impossible to operate an offshore radio station, also places what amounts to a total blanket of censorship over any kind of protest against the closure of these stations, according to International Times (ITS).

Thus, it is theoretically possible to go to prison for three months for wearing a "HANDS OFF FREE RADIO" button, having a pro-Free Radio sticker on one's car, or even selling a hamburger or a packet of cigarettes to a pirate disk-jockey, IT reports.

A serious adverse effect on progressive or experimental pop music is quite likely, IT says.



Movement Library Moving Up Fast

"Radical Literature Loaned Here Free. Easy to Borrow, Easy to Return," read the signs on the Movement Library's 1942 army ambulance.

"It seemed like a good idea to have a place where people could read radical literature, a place that could go to the people," said Arnie Egel, who calls himself the Librarian.

"Although it was pretty much my idea, it's not just my thing, other people are involved," Arnie said. "It cost us a lot to put together, and we've gotten money and publications from professors, businesses, and Moe's and Shakespeare Book Stores," said Egel.

Publications anyone may borrow from the month-old library are from Cuba, China, Russia, SNCC, and the Black Panther Party. There are books and articles by Marx, Trotsky, Engels, and Malcolm X,

"and anything left of social democrat inclusive," Egel told BARB.

Because many of the publications the library lends are from civil rights, anti-war, and student movement groups, Movement Library seemed an appropriate name.

A lot of different things have to happen for social changes to take place, Arnie believes. "Marches, draft refusal, and libraries are all necessary to build political consciousness and to make people aware.

Literature is borrowed by filling out a card with the name of the publication, and the borrower's name and address. The borrower may keep the item as long as he wants, and then can return it in the stamped, addressed envelope that the library provides.

"We're just beginning to go to other neighborhoods, and when we've had more experience, we'll work out a schedule."

Response on Haight is better than on Telegraph. In the Haight we had a lending rate of about 1 person every 3 or 4 minutes.

The library has permission to park and wait for customers in Berkeley, Oakland, and San Francisco. "We just talked to City Hall. They couldn't license us because we're not selling anything, and as long as we park legally, it's o.k.," Arnie said. "We've had a little trouble with the City of Albany, but we're trying to work that out," he added.

The Movement Library needs more literature and publications.

Books, magazines, copies of Ramparts, and progressive and political material can be left at Moe's Book Store (2476 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley).

The Movement Library is planning incorporation and will call itself the Committee for Movement Libraries. It is also planning to have a permanent location in about 6 months. In the permanent location will be a reference service and a place where people can read reference material, and will be in addition to the mobile library.

People in other areas of the country are also interested in doing this kind of thing, Arnie observed.

CANADA TIGHTENS IMMIGRATION LAWS

War resisters who plan to live in Canada take note.

There have been changes in Canadian immigration policy and procedure within the last six months.

Registration for residence in Canada is no longer possible within the country. It is now harder to take up residence in Canada unless the applicant has a degree, a guaranteed job, trade, skill or money.

This is the latest information received from the Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, a non-partisan organization whose pur-

LOGGER TELLS HOW REDWOODS ARE RAVISHED

By Robert Hurwitt

"That damn fool Sierra Club got a lot of money backing them but these here redwood companies got a lot of money behind them too."

BARB's informant was a logger. He was giving me a lift back to Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park where I have been camping. I used the opportunity to conduct an informal interview.

Earlier two park rangers had driven me around some of the cut-over areas within park boundaries. These are areas the park couldn't acquire until the timber companies had gotten all the use out of them

that they wanted. The park needs the areas to control the watershed and protect the virgin forest within the park.

All of these areas have been reseeded but none have more than a thick layer of undergrowth. Some have been so completely cut over that erosion has already taken its toll. The top soil is gone; gravel accumulates in the deepening gullies. Reseeding has little chance in such areas. All that greets the eye is a desert of huge stumps.

The logger who picked me up works for the Arcata Redwood Company which has holdings right up to the edge of the park. This company also controls much of the land along Prairie Creek, the large virgin timber area sought for a National Park by the Sierra Club.

The logger, his weathered face shielded by a bright yellow construction hat, drove me over back roads through areas even more desolate that the rangers had shown me.

"That's where I live -- right through there," he said pointing to a solitary cabin in a stump desert. His son, an overgrown 12 or under-mature 15, hunched over war stories beside him as the old man tossed lighted matches and cigarettes into an area posted Extreme Fire Danger. Smokey stood like a saint on his dashboard.

"We clean-cut this area last year," he said. "Now the damn-fool park wants to take-it over. Don't know what they want with it." He smiled when I asked him if he thought they'd get it, and went on to explain what clean-cutting is: "Well, we log everything on it, cut down everything that grows. Then we reseed it. Do all that reseeded with a helicopter."

After reseeded, he said, it takes forty years before they can log it again. They don't reseed with redwood -- that takes too long to yield a good crop. It would take a thousand years to grow good park-size redwoods again -- thousands to replace the forest that grew there.

Throughout this desert were signs telling the public to support the redwood companies' own ideas for using this land, "the sensible redwood recreation plan."

Even in the forest preserved in Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park is in some danger now. Route 101 cuts through the park and just north of the park that highway is being widened.

It threatens timber in this park and in Del Norte and Jedediah Smith State Parks to the north. These three parks contain the finest stands of redwoods presently preserved.

As you drive along 101 through Prairie Creek your eyes may be drawn beyond the huge trees to the denuded hilltops that border on the park. Logging operations have effectively cut the park off from the Redwood Creek area.

Similar logging operations have been carried out around Del Norte and Jedediah Smith, where the Mill Creek watershed and its stand of virgin redwood forests are under consideration for a national park. These are the only two major redwood areas left that are worthy of national park status.

The battle to save them has bogged down in the House. Our logger is pretty confident.

DECLARE WAR!

Stop The Draft Week organizers declared war on the Army this week.

The first action in the declared conflict will be a "poster happening" set for Saturday, September 16, at 1 p.m. at Bancroft and Telegraph.

The Stop The Draft Week Committee is asking people to come and hand out Stop The Draft Week posters "all over Berkeley." They will supply posters.

A poster circulated by the group states: "People Get Ready. By Our Decree, There Will Be a Draft Holiday. The Oakland Induction Center Will Be Closed, October 16-21."

SPLIT VIEWS ON HOW TO BEAT THE DRAFT

by Gar Smith

The Civil Action Day Committee in the projected October 17 Anti-Draft action being conducted by the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee. Instead, it has rescheduled its action to the day before.

SNCC's approach to Resistance Week is expected to be militant, the group has not eliminated the possibility of violence. CADC for its part has not forsworn its strict pacifist discipline.

When asked what SNCC's relation to a peaceful sit-in would be, a SNCC-member said, "You go ahead and have your sit-in at six o'clock, but we'll be along later and we will probably converge on your area."

That "area" would be the doors of the Induction Center where, in three previous CADC protests, individuals have sat down and blocked the entrance with their bodies.

Rather than running the risk of being lost in the "convergence," CADC is rescheduling its action for the 16th, -- the day on which the Resistance will lay its draft cards on General Hershey's table.

CADC hopes to send waves of twenty against the Induction Center in a day-long non-violent assault. Individuals will employ non-violent resistance tactics to clog the cogs of the war machine.

Inductees and induction personnel will have to step on the CADC demonstrators in order to begin the abstract business of supplying a far-off war.

CADC's motto remains "If you enter these doors you'll have to walk over the bodies of other human beings. You might as well begin with the bodies of fellow

FAMILY FLESH FILMS

As I was shopping Thursday night out at Bay Fair Center near Hayward, I looked up from the parking lot to see a sultry blonde technicolor against the balmy evening sky.

She was slowly undressing on the huge screen of the drive-in next door. As she took off her shirt, she lolled her tongue about her open-mouthed lips as the camera proceeded to zoom down to her waist where she started to unbutton her jeans.

In no time at all, the entire screen was nothing but her black-lace panties and fleshy thighs in full glowing color, pushing themselves right into the camera and audience and families at Macy's parking lot, moving, undulating, just short of an orgasm.

I stood there, transfixed, with a can of beer in my hand, thinking, "God Bless America!" A teenager came up to me and said, "You're not supposed to be looking at things like that."

Yes -- a family that shops together stays together.

-- G.K.

HIP CLINIC ASKS FOR FIRST AID

by Ernie Barry

The Haight Ashbury Medical Clinic is in dire financial condition.

Assistant Administrator Lowell Pickett returns from the benefit for them last Saturday night at Longshoreman's Hall were disappointingly meagre.

The Clinic netted only a couple hundred dollars and not the \$2,000 which it had been encouraged to believe would be raised, he told BARB.

An example of what he called mismanagement was in the hiring of the Kaleidoscope rock band to play. They were paid \$400 but couldn't come on as Longshoreman's Hall forced the Clinic to end the benefit by 1:15 A.M., much earlier than originally planned.

The audience, resentful of the early closing time and the failure of the Kaleidoscope to play, had no idea of how the Clinic was the victim behind the scenes.

This has put the Clinic in a situation where it has only \$150 in the bank, operating costs of a few thousand dollars a month, and no new benefit coming up for another month.

Administrator Pickett states that, "The very existence of the clinic is threatened." Readers are asked to help by sending money to the Clinic at 558 Clayton Street, San Francisco.

Despite its financial distress, the Clinic is busier than ever. It is now seeing an average of 175 people a day. It has served over 12,000 people since opening in June. It has done all this free, receiving only approximately \$100 in voluntary contributions from the 12,000.

The Clinic operates without any foundation support and with no funding by any Federal, State, or City agencies. Alan Rose, Another

GI TELLS MEKONG VIRTUES GRASS

By Russell Tell

Servicemen in Vietnam are smoking marijuana, a recently returned serviceman told BARB this week.

It is not unusual for an enlisted man in his outfit to say, "want some dope, lieutenant?" says the serviceman whose name is not Steve.

The lieutenant, straight at first, finally did want some dope, and so the whole patrol went off into the jungle absolutely stoned.

Being stoned, however, did not particularly hinder combat effectiveness, said veteran Steve. He mentioned that he was under fire once while he was high, and that the first Viet Cong bullet was an instant bring-down.

Reports published in the Chronicle on September 9 and before in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin that six marines were killed while high by North Vietnamese surprised Steve.

"Though they have some pretty heavy (strong) grass (marijuana) in Vietnam," he said, "it never put me so far out that I couldn't save my life. They must've been pretty stoned."

It is not too surprising that men stationed in Vietnam eventually turn to marijuana. The whole war is more or less run by giving personnel different kinds of pills. "They give us bennies when we go out on patrol, and tranquilizers to get us back down after a patrol," Steve explained.

Such use of drugs to help men fight naturally conditions them into what psychologists call "a drug personality" in which the individual uses and believes in the effectiveness of drugs.

Pot is not hard to find in Vietnam. Just north of the Mekong Delta, a store selling pot is located just a few houses from the local Army command headquarters.

Apparently not only marines turn on to pot. Navy and Army personnel bought pot at the store he frequented, Steve reports. He said a joint (a single cigarette) cost about five cents, American currency, and that the equivalent of a lid, one ounce of marijuana, cost about two dollars.

The joints were manufactured using regular filter-tip cigarettes and contained a mixture of tobacco and marijuana which was extremely potent. "One joint was enough to blow your mind . . . you got absolutely stoned . . ."

Generally the use of marijuana is a covert though accepted practice, "like prohibition, s a i d Steve. The way to avoid arousing suspicion after getting high is to drink one beer just before coming on base.

"As its completely acceptable to arrive at the base drunk, the smell of the beer on your breath completely gets rid of any suspicions."

Steve said that he had never tried marijuana before he went to Vietnam. Now that he has come back he uses it as often as he can get it. He mentioned to this reporter that he could have introduced me to at least four other of his buddies who also turned on while in Vietnam.

"It makes waiting easier," he explained.

The Viet Cong that Steve has seen have not been noticeably users of pot, but then again, they might have been high before combat. And combat is a real bring-down.

BLASTS BAY DAILIES FOR 'MAL-REPORTING'

by Doug Davidson

A particularly ugly example of mal-reporting was provided by the Berkeley Gazette and the S. F. Examiner two weeks ago. Both papers quoted the Berkeley Police Department as saying that Rod Camp, 26, "might" have died from an overdose of drugs - drugs which were identified as "probably methedrine."

But the newspapers and their informants were proved wrong. Tests reveal no evidence that the death resulted from any drugs whatsoever, BARB was able to

ascertain.

Camp, who had been paralyzed in a car accident two years ago, had had trouble with the Berkeley Police before.

Last January, the BARB carried a story about Rod's bust on charges of possessing pot.

He had only been in Berkeley a month when The Man came knocking at his door. After accidentally wrecking his wheel chair, our local police had to carry Rod to a squad car.

He was later convicted, sentenced to one day in jail (suspended), and put on a year's probation.

Could it be possible that this

earlier trouble with the law was the cause of the distorted reports of his death? It is just barely possible that reporters for the local papers automatically classified Rod as a hippie, and so accepted the cop's word about his death without investigating for themselves?

Compare the accounts in these dailies with the facts which were uncovered in BARB's two-week investigation of Rod's death:

(1) Both the Gazette and the Sunday Examiner/Chronicle reported Rod was dead on arrival at Herrick Hospital the night of the 26th of August.

The chief nurse on duty that night at Herrick's Emergency Ward told BARB Rod was alive when brought in by ambulance, and that he did not "expire" until a half-hour had passed.

(2) The Gazette stated that "fresh needle marks" were found on Rod's arm at the hospital.

A mark of some sort was discovered on Rod's arm at the hospital, according to the examining doctor's report, but it had apparently disappeared when the body was examined at the County Coroner's office - the pathologist's report does not mention it.

Does one blemish qualify as "fresh needle marks"?

(3) According to the Gazette, witnesses at the scene told police Rod had informed them that he had been on a six-day methedrine trip.

But a follow-up report from Lieutenant Huston of the Berkeley PD to the Coroner's office stated that unidentified witnesses had told him that Rod had NOT taken methedrine that day.

Lt. Huston's report - still quoting unidentified witnesses - went on to say that a Negro girl -- name unknown -- had walked into Rod's shop on San Pablo, handed him a purple-gray pill, and asked him to identify it for her. Rod, it was claimed, told her that the pill was STP and then took it. Later that evening, the report said, he changed his mind said that the pill was "speed and acid".

None of the "witnesses" quoted by Lt. Huston were identified, and the Negro girl -- if there was one -- is still nameless.

A casual reader might suppose that the police would be interested in apprehending anyone who goes around handing out purple death-pills, but this doesn't seem to be the case. Not when it involves a hippie.

This is just another example of the crack police investigations carried out by our local lawmen.

There is one authority which can't and doesn't depend on casual, unsubstantiated reports. It - the Alameda County Coroner's Office - has refuted the police and the papers.

One of the best forensic pathologists on the West Coast performed the post-mortem examination of Rod's body.

According to the pathologist's report, "no basic or morphine-like drugs" were recovered. There was no trace of amphetamines or barbituates. No "tracks" (scar tissue indicating use of needles) were found. Rod had been in good health.

The report concludes: there were no "physiological or toxicological reasons for death." Rod, for some reason beyond the ability of medical science to discover, just died. Like that.

As required by law and professional ethics, the doctor refused to sign the death certificate.

Such cases, BARB was told, are extremely rare, but they do occur occasionally.

Just to get things absolutely straight, BARB asked the deputy coroners if there was any -- any -- evidence that Rod Camp had died of an overdose of drugs.

If he had, they responded, it was not a drug capable of being traced by any of the exhaustive tests used in forensic medicine.

Rod Camp simply passed away one Friday night - of "causes unknown" -- that's all there is to it.

But "real" newspapers, relying on the police, reported that another hippie had "probably" died of an overdose of drugs.

The Good is off Interred



Rod Camp

Photo by Brad Derr

CALLING ALL COMMUNES

The free Hip Clinic has put out a call to all communes in need of medical aid.

"Mostly we would like to know where they are and if they need help," a Clinic spokesman told BARB Wednesday. "We'll try to help them with medical attention, clothes, supplies, and whatever else we can."

Communes can contact Jody Friedman at 431-1714 or write to the clinic at 558 Clayton, San Francisco.

Clinic administrator, stated that, "The community has to support it and must support it."

In the short time that this reporter was at the Clinic for this story at least a half dozen people came into the Clinic and received the kind of free and sympathetic care they can get nowhere else in the city.

Staff members were sympathetically working with Eddy, a 19-year old from New York who had been running along Haight Street screaming at people and assaulting girls.

At the Clinic for awhile he alternately shouted, "I want to have sex," and, "I want to call my mother." At one point he tried to masturbate on the Clinic's outside steps.

My interview with Lowell was interrupted by a pretty young girl coming in and beginning this conversation:

"I'd like a pregnancy test."

"O.K. You'll have to come by tomorrow."

"Oh."

"How many months have you skipped?"

"I don't know. A month or two."

"Well, don't worry. If it was just two weeks or so, the test couldn't tell. Just come back tomorrow."

Let's just hope the people of San Francisco come up with enough money for the Clinic so that there will always be a tomorrow for it.

Fuzz Muddy On Sculpture Ban

What is more harmless than a driftwood sculpture? Answer: A billboard. At least that was the answer given BARB by Chief Steeves of the Emeryville police.

That's why you can get busted for building a driftwood sculpture but not for putting up a billboard ad these days.

Driftwood sculptures which have appeared for years on the Emeryville mudflats between the freeway and the Bay have recently been declared a traffic hazard by the Emeryville police.

But it wasn't Chief Steeves' idea. He got the idea from "a state official," Emeryville police sergeant Sousa told BARB on Friday when the chief was out of town.

The state official got the idea that the structures were hazardous from a series of alleged accidents allegedly caused by distractions to motorists from the sculptures.

BARB wanted to know the

official's name.

"I won't tell you. I wouldn't want to put one of those guys on the spot," was Chief Steeves' reply on the following Monday.

Was the man from Sacramento concerned with the traffic hazard or did he see a greater danger in the increasingly political import of the mudflat erections?

Nothing like that, said Chief Steeves. Why, he himself admitted a personal liking for some of the creations.

"I've been down there to look at them myself," he said. "Some of them look very good."

But don't you try it. Just looking at driftwood sculptures is dangerous these days.

If you pull off the freeway to examine them the fine for illegal parking is from \$25 to \$500. If you walk in you are liable to the same fines for trespassing on State property.

EXPO WILL FIGHT MUDFLAT SCULPTURE SABOTAGE

by Richard A. Ogar

Expo 67 Vietnam hasn't even opened yet, and already it's been the victim of sabotage.

To advertise the event, half a dozen members of the Expo committee built a 40 foot driftwood sculpture on the Emeryville mudflats.

As first completed, the sculpture was topped with a flag, and draped with large plastic letters reading "Expo 67". The letters were later replaced with a banner stretched between the original piece and a

neighboring "dinosaur."

On Wednesday morning, Andy Potter reported that one of the Expo organizers, Lonnie Bing, had driven by the mudflats and discovered the sabotage. The structure had been chopped down and the banner removed.

Potter said that the group planned to return to the mudflats that afternoon and repair the damage.

"None of the other sculptures were torn down," said Potter, "so in a sense it shows we're making a mark, but somehow I feel like the woman in the dunes

sweeping out the sand--just about as much as collected the night before."

BARB called the Emeryville police to see if they had any knowledge of the damage, and was told they had no jurisdiction over the mudflats: "Call the State Highway Patrol."

We did. The San Leandro office said it didn't patrol that far, and the San Francisco office said they only controlled the highway going past the flats.

Apparently, the mudflats rest in no man's land.



by ED DENSON

San Francisco is being called the Liverpool of the West or something like that because it is presently the creative center of the new music which is coming onto the charts.

This week 3 of the top fifty lp's in the country are by San Francisco groups, and there are 2 other Fresno lp's in the top 200. Everywhere in New York's music industry they speak of the San Francisco groups, and yet there is something a little strange going on which probably points to something else which is happening.

If I had to define the essence of the Frisco sound to people, and I do often here when someone in a suit will look at me and say "just what is the Frisco sound anyway, I don't understand this new music" I think of the endless flickering evenings I have spent in the Avalon and the Fillmore listening to walls of dark pulsing electric blues cooking with intermittent guitar solos, musicians wavering back and forth as they play to a darkened hall filled with entranced hippies watching glassy eyed and half cauldrons of energy where whirling dancers bodies become molten and flowing as the music meets their minds; and I say, "it is a new development of blues with some of the rhythms stretched, and a great deal of improvisation" and subside into a silence as the echos sound in the back of my consciousness.

"The Frisco sound is the Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Grateful Dead, Big Brother and the Holding Company, and Steve Miller," I say, "drawing on the blues of Muddy Waters and Paul Butterfield who were the first to show it could be done, and done today.

"Above all I think of Frisco as the blues, a development of a tradition which began in the flat Delta of the Yazoo in Mississippi, moved to the slums of Chicago with the northward flight of the country negroes, and thru a gigantic cosmic coincidence was found meaningful in Liverpool and San Francisco when the people there needed a music.

And then I smile and say to myself, "yes, you understand it. The Frisco sound is blues, a new and exciting, almost intellectual blues, but basically blues" and God knows that Butterfield, Bloomfield, the Animals, Canned Heat, Cream, Cotton, Dead, Buddy Guy, Yardbirds, Junior Wells, Jimi Hendricks, Blues Project, Steve Miller, Howling Wolf, Steve Miller, The Stones, Johnny Hammond, and Big Brother are all blues bands.

And God knows that they are all very successful blues bands who can play the new psychedelic circuits from Boston to D.C., from Vancouver to Los Angeles; for serious proper New Yorkers' sipping ice cream sodas at the Go-Go and the wild hippies at the Avalon and the Fillmore; and their records even those from the heavy bands which get no airplay, sell respectable amounts and they appear at Expo and the State Department ships them around the world. Yes, yes, its true, and I think of it and feel that I am right in what I have said to the suit in New York.

Except for one thing. The Three Frisco groups that are on the top 50 of this week's Billboard charts of best selling pop records, are not blues bands, and if what I have said to the suit is correct, in some sense they are not central to the Frisco sound either. Moby Grape is perhaps closest to a blues band, but the Fish and the Airplane are not at all.

The Grape is a shooting star, you blink and you are not certain that they exist at all. They spent little time in Frisco actually, or anywhere else that I can put my finger on, but they got one of the most fantastic promotion jobs imaginable with literally tens of thousands of dollars spent lifting them from obscurity to their present status in a hurry.

The Airplane is a rock band, they mix pop with hard rock, and a little of something else; and the Fish seem a little more undefinable and yet certainly they are more pop than blues. It is their something else, and the Airplane's something else, and perhaps the Grape's something else that have made the difference.

The present popularity of the blues is the result of a cosmic coincidence, an accidental crossing of cultural lines of force, and it is not likely to live long after those lines cease to cross. You can see the lines by looking at the present blues bands: there are the "real"

bands, the southside Chicago Negro bands who have played basically the same music since they moved north and invented it in the early fifties, playing in the crowded clubs of the ghetto and periodically renewing themselves with road tours of the Negro South.

It is their music, it means something to them and to their original audience which it does not mean to me, or the bulk of its present audience. The associations are not there, it is a tremendous intellectual effort to ferret out the meanings of the verses, even the surface associations are not present.

Just what is a mojo hand? what does it look like? what does it feel like to buy one in Louisiana and to move among the women knowing that your mojo means that any of them are yours if you want them, and wondering if it will really make you invisible so you can steal, and what do you owe the mojo factory for it? I don't know any more than a southside Negro could know what it was like to go off to the Western Front for the Kaiser with a copy of Nietzsche in his back pocket.

The second wave of blues bands are the English, who seem to have taken the music as top forty material from the records that were brought to port by sailors, and played it in the basement clubs in Liverpool or later London because it was the sort of thing that everyone wanted to hear.

The early Stones imitations of Slim Harpo, and the Beatles copies of Chuck Berry seem to be a sort of nostalgia for the old radio hits, certainly that was the reaction that they aroused in many hippyhearts in the mid sixties; the good old stuff that they don't play anymore, reminds me of high school and my early life; then they seized it and moved into their own ways of thinking and expressed contemporary England and its problems.

Who knows whose daughter runs off with someone from the motor trade, and what do all those farmyard sounds mean to an Englishman? And when those guys burn their equipment in an orgiastic destruction who in their American audience was a part of Dada?

The Beatles have once again become Englishmen with their new record, and we will have to be also to hear it all, and I imagine that the others will follow suit. Anyway the nostalgia is gone now, now that someone has played like the fifties and then moved on, the desire to hear someone else play like that is extinguished.

And the third wave of blues bands were the hippies, and they played blues for just the opposite reason that the Englishmen did, and for a reason not connected with southside Chicago, they played blues because it was not rock and roll, and so not corrupt. For the hippies used to be the people who listened to folk music . . . did you ever hear that one about the monks in a cage who all got splashed by their keeper everytime one of



High on Hippie Hill

by Lenny Lipton

High on Hippie Hill
through a wide angle lens
so far away
and the hill waves hello
a rippling blanket
of crazy colors
with the same old names
a Bruegel scene
people hanging from mushroom
trees
playing games
Pinhead, a spade weightlifter
snarls and bites a chunk out of
his barbell
secrete agents circulate amongst
the naked savages
bongo drummers and too many
photographers
all taking pictures of each other
and a hippie stops to take a shot
of a bugeyed tourist
who will return home
with a plastic Golden Gate Bridge
that tells the time and fortunes
everything is normal
unconsciousness is expanded
and me, I'm playing Hamlet
but it comes out like Polonius
they pay me as much attention
as they do a fortune cookie
nobody realized that I am the hero
Arty lies on the blanket
zonked by the hole in the sky
that lets through the light

them reached for a banana, and they would put a new monkee in the cage and he would reach, and all the others would kick the shit out of him so that he wouldn't get them splashed, and everytime they put one in they took one out until finally they had a cage full of monkees who had not ever been splashed but who kicked the shit out of each new monkee that reached just the same.

That's the position of the hippy who validly asserts that he never listened to folk music . . . because it was not corrupt rock and roll, and because in its protest phase it began to express the things that they were concerned with. They went electric just when the southside Chicago bands had just been admitted to the number of the untainted after years of

we eat chicken and plumbs and peaches
Diane is talking to Virginia about cloth and scouring power and Jonah finally unscrews little Daniel's toe
by and by a girl and boy land by our side
on their feet
on the way they lost their shadows somebody's got to grow suspicious but I sure don't give a shit the people and the hill today are too three dee to have to worry
this witch, whatshername put a spell on us
and now I think maybe the soul does survive
the last comfort is withdrawn if even death cant kill me or turn off this mind
what's there to look forward too? even while all these phases in and out -- meanwhile
back at Hippie Hill where the action is the day after yesterday the day before tomorrow says hello
and bows from the waist bright tassles and pantaloons flapping in the breeze this medieval day and flash my eye catches a flashing light flash
greengrowing things flash in the sunlight casting cellophane flickers
Diane says its butterflies
Diane, what does she know? I know better

people saying that they were too much like rock to be real; and there was this civil rights generation empathy for the Negro and his life.

All of this has changed. The Negro is going to lose his position among the hippies because black power seems frightening and unpleasant, and unsafe for the white hippy, and it probably is; the civil rights movement is about over, just as the fifties rock nostalgia is over, and the line between rock and hip music is very blurry with three hip bands in the top fifty along with the Beatles, Stones, and Dylan. The non musical attraction which the blues had among the middle class whites are no longer realities in the young middle class mind.

The hip groups, the Frisco see page 15

Beings in the stratosphere helmeted and hunched over a penis-like ray gun interfere with the normal passions of this day
obscene machinations their vortex blaster klystron transistor energy machines see-saw time
and this mysterious light only a byproduct of their work
Diane calls butterflies and the two shadowless people sneak our food
and repay us as best they are able with fables
none too witty
but a growing boy must eat how else could he afford film for his
two Nikons, strapped around his thighs
light meter nailed to his chest
In a burst of friendship offering me their use
but I decline
I am familiar with these devices the girl,
almost not gifted
dumps out her bag of harmonicas and plays each in each mouth from each she tells us another name
Susannah Johanna Mary Lou Sal Dilatia
or was that her sister's name? she says she met Curly the boney wraith poet
oh we says
and he is a speed freak she says oh we says, hope he uses clean needles we says
then she speaks to us in Hawaiian she says molanamanaliabella boolaboolaboo
and I lose interest
foreign languages turn me off
bring me down
even amuse me
I discover that plastic wrappers are inedible
because she does not eat them
and blowing all harmonicas at once
she bends the ear and the mind
her little way
to show you that she cares
and then we rise
fling the blanket up
give the grass a chance to grow
clear the set
make way for tomorrow's actors
on this very sight
we walk away
the camera rises high on the crane
for the very last shot
bound to tug at your heartstrings

Copr. L. Lipton 1967



THE WHITES: A CLOWN SHOW

(FIRST OF TWO PARTS)

By Marvin Garson

"This play, written, I repeat, by a white man, is intended for a white audience, but if, which is unlikely, it is ever performed before a black audience, then a white person, male or female, should be invited every evening. The organizer of the show should welcome him formally, dress him in ceremonial costume and lead him to his seat, preferably in the front row of the orchestra. The actors will play for him. A spotlight should be focused upon this symbolic white throughout the performance."

Jean Genet, THE BLACKS: A CLOWN SHOW

There are plenty of good, rational theories about what happened at the National Conference for New Politics meeting in Chicago, and I intend to give one or two eventually.

But there are aspects to it which can only be grasped if you yield to the fantasy that it was a play staged by blacks for their own edification, using white actors. As the converse of Genet's play, its logical title would be THE WHITES: A CLOWN SHOW.

The stage was set for the main action in several lazy days of pre-convention panels and commissions. At first everyone was preparing for the familiar liberal-radical fight, between "Negotiations Now" and "Immediate Withdrawal," between support for and condemnation of the Detroit uprising. But there was no one to argue with; there was only one open liberal (Peter Weiss of New York) in the entire convention, and he never made any trouble.

For a day or two we had fun working out drafts of alternative perspectives to present to the convention: a third presidential ticket; a full-blown third party; or a "year of local organizing" without any national electoral activity.

Then we began to get that uneasy feeling that someone was looking over our shoulders. As more and more delegates arrived and the convention was about to open formally, it dawned upon us that there were many more black faces in the hotel hallways than in the deliberative sessions. The whites all had neat printed "New Politics Convention" badges; the blacks wore

their own badges with the word "BLACK" hand-printed in un-necessarily large capital letters.

A Black Caucus was meeting somewhere in the hotel, and whites weren't allowed in. Rumors began floating around that the whole Black Caucus, or part of it, had moved to a separate convention on the South Side, or was about to.

A "Black Support Caucus" of whites was formed to figure out what the hell the blacks were doing. It discussed a memo of ambiguous origin complaining that blacks had been systematically excluded from the convention by the NCNP Steering Committee. After the whites had exhausted the subject, a black took the floor to denounce the black nationalists who he said had taken over the Black Caucus -- and to suggest dramatically that they might revenge themselves upon him for speaking up.

The Conference formally opened with Martin Luther King's keynote address before five thousand people, of whom all but a few hundred were white. Some middle-aged or elderly Tom-looking black couples set among the whites, and clusters of angry-looking young black men who made a point of never applauding and who sat by themselves.

Ossie Davis, chairing, set a cheery, militant tone by saying: "I voted for Lyndon Baines Johnson in 1964 and I'm here to apologize." Alderman Rayner of Chicago set things back on their previous uneasy course by apologizing to his black brothers for not adequately representing them on the NCNP Steering Committee. He gave no explanation. Entertainment by a white jug band did not soothe any savage breasts.

Dick Gregory united the crowd with a rousing speech in defense of the Detroit uprising, getting applause even from the angry-looking young blacks who had until then sat on their hands. At the climax of his speech he leaned back and said: "Hope you don't let yourselves get corrupted by all that liberal Democratic money they pumped in here."

Martin Luther King orated: "We have seen our nation weighed in the balance of history and found wanting . . . this is a dark hour . . . bright tomorrow of justice . . . our hopes blasted . . . what happens to a dream deferred? . . . racism, that hound of hell that dogs the tracks of our civilization . . . tragic adventure in Vietnam . . . what Senator Fullbright calls our arrogance of power . . . 100% of a citizen in warfare, but 50% of a citizen on our nation's soil . . ." He was the only one to speak of the Detroit uprising as "unfortunate" -- and, God help the Steering Committee, the only one to speak well of IT.

The next day it became harder and harder to pretend we were talking about third party or third ticket or local organizing. All the juicy rumors had to do with the Black Caucus; even the metropolitan press was wise. That eve-

ning word began to make the rounds that the Black Caucus had prepared a resolution which it would present to the conference as an ultimatum.

At midnight the Steering Committee met to consider the demands of the Black Caucus. This was not the much-despised 24-man Steering Committee which had organized the Conference, but a new expanded ad-hoc Steering Committee organized out of the Conference that day. The whites at the meeting were nervous; the handful of blacks representing the Black Caucus were angry and contemptuous.

Mimeographed copies of what was to become known as "the 13 point resolution" were passed around the room:

We, the black people, believe that a United States system that is committed to the practice of genocide, social degradation, the denial of political and cultural self-determination of black people, cannot reform itself: there must be revolutionary change. Revolutionary change does not mean systematic exclusion of blacks from the decision-making process as was done here in this convention. This exclusion raises serious doubts that white people are serious about revolutionary change. Therefore responding to our revolutionary consciousness, we demand that this conference:

1. Respond to the importance of black participation by re-grouping all committees, giving fifty percent representation to black people.
2. Make the conference slogan not Peace and Freedom, but Freedom and Peace.
3. Support the concept of self-determination for black people.
4. Give total and unquestionable support to all national people's liberation wars in Africa, Asia, and Latin America, particularly Viet Nam, Mozambique, Angola, South Africa and Venezuela.
5. Condemn the imperialistic Zionist war; this condemnation does not imply anti-Semitism.
6. Condemn the further disenfranchisement of the people of Harlem and demand the immediate reseating of Adam C. Powell, the duly elected representative of Harlem. Powell must immediately be restored to his former chairmanship of the House Committee on Health, Education and Welfare.
7. Assist indigenous local freedom and political organizations in voter registration, political education, and the election of black candidates whom black people select.
8. Give support to black control of the political, economic, religious and social institutions in black communities.
9. Call upon all "so called" freedom-loving white people who wish to strike a blow for humanity to unshackle their minds from old conceptual structures and deal anew with the 20th century facts of black liberation efforts.
10. Make immediate reparation for the historic, physical, sexual,

mental and economic exploitation of black people.

11. We strongly suggest that white civilizing committees be established immediately in all white communities to civilize and humanize the savage and beast-like character that runs rampant throughout America, as exemplified by George Lincoln Rockwells and Lyndon Baines Johnsons.

12. Go on record as supporting all resolutions issuing from the recent National Conference on Black Power in Newark, New Jersey.

13. Support the Conyers Bill to rebuild Detroit black communities destroyed by gestic police tactics and army occupation.

Some of the points would be politically embarrassing ("the imperialistic Zionist war"); some were inarticulate ("call upon . . . white people . . . to unshackle their

away.

The Steering Committee was shocked into stupidity. "Does it have to be by 12:30?" one would ask. "Yes it does." "Well, suppose it was clear by 12:30 that a good faith effort was being made --" "I said 12:30." "Now, what about changes in wording? Why can't there be any changes in wording?" "I said you must accept it or reject it as it stands."

Perhaps they were trying to use the field slave's trick of pretending not to understand anything; if so, it wasn't working for them.

I hesitate to call "demagogic" the debate at the following morning's special plenary session. It would be like calling Batman "artistically inferior." Someone would be bound to say: "Of course it's crap, that's why people get such a kick out of it." The tone was typified by a leaflet the Du-

Bois Clubs got up during the night and passed out in the morning: We support this resolution as stated from the Black Caucus. We of the W.E.B. DuBois Clubs urge you for sake of this country to support all thirteen points as is and then find ways and means to implement them. The future of your country lies in the passage of this resolution.

Since our black brothers are being beaten, starved, raped, in short exploited and oppressed that we support their struggle to the fullest extent. (Phrase missing in original). We must have a united front against our common enemy, Capitalism.

If we do not support them we shall and will have more Watts, Detroit, Newark and others. If you do not want to see a nation destroyed by not voting for the

resolution then our nation is doomed to destruction through your own hands. How can we have a true peace if you dash their hopes by voting against it? Then how can we tell people all over the world that we have a Democracy? Can you then call yourselves a decent and free American? We have to put up or shut up. Let's then not say we are free if this is voted against.

A more articulate leaflet issued from something called "the non-black ad hoc committee to support the resolution of the black caucus":

The spirit of this resolution calls for ACTION from the white community -- not just liberal bullshit, paper resolutions, or a meaningless third party with no base. Let's not continue to bitch about a word here or there -- that's really "old politics." This resolution calls for more than rhetoric from us. It calls for community organizing by white radicals among white constituencies to develop a base for radical action. Black people are already on the move. They are able to move because they have a base. White people do not now have such a base and that's where it's at! . . . We . . . urge you to think in new RADICAL terms rather than worrying about particular white interest groups. Don't try to change the specifics of the resolution -- that's completely missing the point. Let's vote with the spirit of it. LEARN, BABY, LEARN!

I asked a delegate sitting in a DuBois Club cheering section whether he knew that one of the Newark resolutions we were supposed to endorse declared that birth control was a genocidal plot against the Negro. Did he agree with THAT one? He thoughtfully cupped his chin and started, "Well, in the South --"

"Forget about the South," I said, "The Newark resolution doesn't say the South."

"Actually, it's possible that birth control IS a kind of plot --"

I interrupted again and told him he was full of shit. He offered to knock my teeth out. The floor debate started up again at that moment and broke up our own little dialogue.

The speeches in favor of adopting the 13 points were exercises in masochism: We have oppressed the black people for 300 years (or 400; I once even heard 500). This resolution is a last call for help, a plea to be heard. If we turn a deaf ear, we are guilty, guilty, guilty.

Of the speakers against, only Bob Avakian -- a man with excellent black power credentials, who had called months earlier for whites to aid black revolutionaries by gun-running -- objected strongly on principle. By accepting the resolution, Avakian said, the whites would at the same time be patronizing the blacks and humiliating themselves. A serious white movement -- an ally of the black movement rather than a hanger-on -- would have to work out its own program autonomously, with its own constituency.

By and large, however, the opposition was more concerned with Israel than with decent black-white relations. It was Point 5 rather than the principle of the thing that stuck in their throats.

Robert Scheer tried to separate out the Zionist question by proposing an amendment replacing Point 5 with support for the Palestine Liberation Front and a call for Israel's armies to withdraw from the conquered territory. He was proposing the current official Egyptian position in capsule form.

Amid shouts of "It's a scheme!", Black Caucus representatives leaped to the microphone to call Scheer's amendment out of order. The question before this body now was whether or not to adopt the resolution AS A WHOLE. If it were passed, then amendments could be made later -- by the Black Caucus!

A motion to suspend the rules and come to an immediate vote was carried overwhelmingly, and the 13 points passed by a 3-1 margin.

After lunch, the convention went right back to its supposed real



minds from old conceptual structures . . ."); some were badly worded ("unquestionable" instead of "unquestioning" in point 4); some were ludicrous ("that this conference . . . make immediate reparation for the historic, physical, sexual, mental and economic exploitation of black people"); some were insulting ("that white civilizing committees be established immediately in all white communities"); and some were completely humiliating (to support all resolutions issuing from the Newark Black Power Conference in the absence of any list of those resolutions -- some of which were secret, anyway).

The Black Caucus insisted that the 13 points be adopted "in toto, with no changes in content or wording, by 12:30 tomorrow afternoon," which was twelve hours

Bois Clubs got up during the night and passed out in the morning:

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NEW CLUES IN JFK CASE

from page 3

floor window a moment before the assassination. No person or projection from the window is visible.

In his Playboy interview, the New Orleans D.A. also refers to one of the motion pictures studied by Sprague. D.A. Garrison says the film shows the Dallas police carrying the assassination weapon from the Book Depository building "approximately 20 minutes before Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano was 'discovered' -- or planted -- on the premises."

Garrison points out that the rifle first seized by the police is shown by the photos to have no telescopic sight, and so cannot be Oswald's rifle.

Weisberg's works have played a key role in the investigations being pursued by Garrison, who says that the CIA "knows that some

of its former employees were involved in the Kennedy assassination."

Author Weisberg, in 'Photographic Whilwash,' states, "When pictures were pressed upon it (The Warren Commission), it refused them. When leads were thrust upon it, it ignored them. And when it could no longer avoid the photographic evidence, it abused and misused it. . . ."

"It did not in a single case, where it dared no longer ignore the photographic evidence, enter into its record a single original and undoctored picture!"

Not only the commission stands accused of suppression of evidence.

Both Weisberg and Sprague worked with CBS in its recent four-day marathon on the assassination. They offered CBS all the films uncovered in their investigations.

Weisberg told BARB that CBS totally ignored this photographic evidence, and said instead that there was no "new evidence" contrary to the findings of the Warren Commission.

"The news media," Weisberg said, "have success in brainwash the public by a coordinated campaign of suppression, deception, distortion and outright lies that has, to a large degree, succeeded in misleading those who do not have the truth and do not know how to get it."

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CHICAGO

from page 9

business as if the racial question had been solved. The third party, third ticket, and local organizing people maneuvered for votes in preparation for the plenary session that evening.

The first vote eliminated third party from the running; the second vote established local organizing as the conference's perspective by the ludicrously thin margin of 13,519 to 13,517; and a third vote passed a compromise consolidating third ticket and local organizing in what seemed like a blatantly contradictory resolution.

The following morning was Sunday, and some people were able to sleep late.

The first demonstration of the new black-white unity we had achieved came Sunday afternoon at a seminar that was supposed to feature H. Rap Brown. It began with the announcement that brother Brown would speak only to the Black Caucus. James Forman would speak to the whites.

Forman began with an insult: "The only reason I came to this conference -- BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT THIS NEW POLITICS IS -- was to get support for the armed liberation struggle in Southern Africa." That failed to get a rise out of the audience, Forman went on at length about recent events in Africa, then began reading a long resolution dealing with internal affairs of the Ivory Coast. He even skipped some paragraphs ("You're not interested in this") and then called for a vote. "All in favor, say aye. All right, the ayes have it."

A blonde girl: "Point of order, you haven't called for the nays."

Forman: "There's no points of order here." Shouts of "Dictator!" Forman: "That's right, I'm a dictator."

At that moment the audience might have broken into good-natured, nervous applause and Forman could have had his laugh among his brothers afterward about how much these whites will allow to be rammed down their throats. But it didn't happen that way. The blonde girl kept yelling "point of order." Half the people were on their feet shouting protests or heading for the exits.

The meeting would have broken up if Forman hadn't made a last-minute save. "Jesus Christ, man, we just can't have any fun," he said, smiling sweetly and turning the whole thing into a shared joke with the audience.

(To be concluded next week)
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by Ernie Barry

I was raped this morning of my beautiful long red hair by a disciplinarian German barber on Market Street. In the hope of easing a body flea problem picked up from my apartment, I decided to trust a commercial barber and get my hair trimmed.

My precious reader, my thoughts were on what to tell you today and I failed to notice and take heed of the barber's surly and hostile disposition toward me. Within ninety seconds it was too late.

The bastard had vigorously and viciously cut off huge chunks of hair on the right side of my head. I screamed stop and sputtered out at him a reminder that I had said I wanted a "medium cut." With a sneer out of the corner of his mouth, he said he hadn't heard me. Sarcastically he commented on how it was too late now and did I want him to cut the other side of my hair to even the cut.

I think he knew the moment after that comment left his lips how close he came to getting his throat slit. His hands tapped nervously on the barber chair as his eyes watched the violent rapping of my knuckles together.

But it was done and he was my Delilah and I was betrayed and denuded. He rubbed salt in the wound by muttering loudly, "Now you look like something." So now I understood. In his little barber shop he waited in ambush for longhaired hippies to ravish. It was as if he waited in a clump of bushes with a pack of college fraternity kids to jump the longhaired kid on campus.

My precious readers, mourn for me. I stepped out of that barber shop still Ernie Barry Samson, but I had the image of Mr. Straight Pool.

I headed out to the Oak Street freeway entrance in San Francisco and started to hitch for a ride to Berkeley. Carload after carload of beautiful people passed by, none stopping to pick up straightie looking me.

It's me, it's me, Ernie Barry, mischievous anarchist, bohemian - beatnik - hippie bum, a man in the Movement and kicked around by the Establishment since 1960 when security guards punched and kicked me after ripping me off then Senator John F. Kennedy's back to which I had clung with a batch of peace leaflets. I shouted all this soundlessly to the cars passing me.

Finally a car with a straight

ANTI-DRAFT WOMEN PICK IT

Women from the Berkeley chapter of Women For Peace will picket the draft board on Grove Street from 12 to 1 p.m. on Wednesday, September 20.

At that time they will present a "Women's Statement of Conscience" in the form of a petition to the Draft Board.

The demonstration will be in support of a similar demonstration by National WFP to be held in Washington on the same day.

The National WFP action on Sept. 20 represents one of many demonstrations of resistance to the draft organized under the National Mobilization program of Direct Action from September 11 to October 211.

Other participating groups include the Resistance and various Stop the Draft Week (Oct. 16-21) organizations around the country.

NCNP

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AT The Flick

by Lenny Lipton

Plunking for De Grasse

I started to write film criticism because I was convinced that very nearly all of the film critics didn't know where it was at.

Some of the best film criticism I've read has been by writers outside of the critic establishment. For example, Henry Miller's essay on "L'age d'or" is a brilliant piece of writing. I think it's even better than the film. But there we are again, back to apples and oranges.

It has been repeatedly stated most of all in school, by professors, that you don't have to be able to do the thing in order to make lucid comments, criticism, write papers, books, whatever will add to the critic's aura, and so on. Do you have to sing, to criticize singers, or be a poet to criticize poetry, they tell you?

Now they have to say things like that, because critics and scholars haven't any more creativity than any other group, for example taxi cab drivers or carpenters. Indeed, most of those who make their livelihood safely studying the works of artists, are people within the walls of the castle, studying the work of the dropouts. In fact, that's what school is all about, studying the works of dropouts.

Perhaps the greatest and most galling dropout of all is Shakespeare. It is not amazing that pedants would try to disprove Shakespeare's authorships of his plays. How could anybody who didn't go to college write like that? How could anybody who went to college write like that, after they got finished with his mind?

It would be too much to say that I have new respect for film critics because I have discovered just how difficult it is writing film criticism. Writing about the conventional novelistic-theatrical cinema, the critic can always fall back on the literary aspect of the plot, and in effect, become a drama or book reviewer.

These are established forms, dealing with characterization,

lighting, and so on. The feeble vocabulary of cinema, or as it has been called grammar of cinema, that is at the disposal of the contemporary film critic, is usually limited to some interpretation of the work in terms of Eisensteinian theories; theories actually based on work more or less perfected by Griffith.

Now I'm not talking about reviewers for the local yahoo press whose comments on the art are usually expressed in the terse, and all knowing phrases, like, the photography was good, or the action was smooth, or the camera angles were interesting. This buffoon, no better than his mentor, the medicine man, attempts to show the yahoos with a few waves of the hand, flashy talk, and a roll of the drum, before he starts handing out Dr. Creeps Snake Oil.

I'm talking about "serious" film critics.

Most of the people cannot accept a motion picture unless it has an "intellectual" message. If there isn't one, they have a need to extract it. Unless they are able to express the intent of the film with verbal symbols, to their intellectual satisfaction, they will decide that a film has little merit. Searching for such an intellectual theme in many one-man films, is like searching for the meaning of a flower.

My own film, "The Dunes of Truro", is an example of a truly non-intellectual statement about the way I perceived the dunes on Cape Cod. Truro is a small town, a couple of miles down the coast from Province town.

The beauty, the color, the sandy texture, the loneliness, all the things I cannot adequately say in words about what I felt standing or sitting in the dunes, I tried to put on film.

Gradually, as I watched the dunes my initial feeling of loneliness left me. I discovered that the dunes were not dead, I had been blind. There were insects, and birds, and somehow, I had overlooked my relationships with the plants that survive so well on the sandy slopes.

I succeeded in animating the vegetation by using a flowing camera technique, which reveals the motion of the plants, which is implicit in their existence. The camera actually moulds the terrain.

But I knew that in exploring my relationship to the dunes, I had left out something very important I had left out me. Born and raised in the city, bound to return after a few days, somehow the sadness of leaving the dunes themselves, their permanence and my transience, made me want to add a track of city sounds.

This track has been totally misinterpreted.

The easy explanation for the critic, the man Dylan would call "Mr. Jones", is that I am saying something about how terrible the

city is, and how wonderful nature is, how the city will take over nature must remain, we can't pave everything with concrete, and so on.

The axiom underlying such criticism is that the sound of the traffic, the city, is unpleasant. I do not think it is. It is, in fact, lulling, and it's rich rhythm serves to heighten the experience of the dunes.

A musical score would have imposed its own pattern, of melody and harmony and rhythm, that I would have found unacceptable.

In contrast to my film, "The Dunes of Truro", the films of Herb de Grasse are easier to approach because they do contain actors, and a strong dramatic element, if not story line.

Recently at Cinema Psychedelica I saw some films by this Berkeley filmmaker. De Grasse is struggling to say things with such thrashing and effort, intensity and severity, that for these reasons alone his films would be worthwhile.

One other thing in his favor, two of his shorter films, "Killman", and "The Inner Argh" were interesting. This simple statement may seem flat, but a filmmaker who can sustain interest is ahead of the game.

De Grasse is obviously learning his craft, but still his films are interesting. There is a very sensitive wedding of technique, and it's crude, but it works.

I like looking at great big globs of swirling grain, and hash-edged shapes. They give the action an extra life. In De Grasse's own words "Killman" is about "the last hours of a homicidal maniac. Incapable of talking to a man without killing him, or making love to a woman he ogles at a rape at the end of the film".

De Grasse is actually a very funny filmmaker, a rare talent. His invention, and his looney plots, in fact the acting in his film, and his whole approach to filmmaking strongly reminds me of the work of George Kuchar. It is inevitable, if De Grasse continues to make film in this vein that he will be compared to Kuchar.

Such comparisons are usually very stupid, but I won't let a thing like that stop me. Why should I?

From what I have seen of De Grasse's work, he should try to make comedies, albeit black comedies.

This is cruel to say, but "Demons" a film I believe was meant to be an earnest romantic story, when it isn't a drag, comes off as a comedy. If a figure walks down a street for ten minutes, so I understand what is going through his mind anymore than if I watched him for thirty seconds?

De Grasse is attempting to convey moods, the turmoil within, but he doesn't realize that this state must somehow be created dynamically, on the screen. How is his problem to be solved? I don't know.

We see the pads of Berkeley, the streets of Berkeley, and De Grasse's people. The dialogue--there's just a little of it--is very funny. I don't think De Grasse meant it to be. It's probably unfair of me to report on this film, because I only saw half of it, because I had to leave before the second reel started.

Again at Cinema Psychedelica, I saw one of the most beautiful films I have ever seen, and I don't know what to say about it. It is "FFTCM", by Bill Hindel. It's three minutes long, it's in color, and it's a great experience. When I see more of Hindel's films I hope to be able to tell you about them.

QUESTION: What is the current medical opinion on routine male-infant circumcision? Some of our friends tell us doctors now say don't bother unless it's a necessity (e.g. a tight foreskin). But are there other considerations, for or against? All the men in our families were circumcised (routinely, not ritually). Of other men we know, it's about 50-50. We are concerned because we may have a son in a couple of months.

ANSWER: Jews, Arabs and other tribes routinely circumcise male infants. The origins of male circumcision were related to sound health practices and later became incorporated into religious rituals. In the Jewish religion, the circumcision ceremony or "briss" is a festive occasion attended by many family members and friends.

I remember the "briss" of a second cousin in the Bronx when I was eleven years old. The apartment was crowded with people and laden with meats, fresh baked pastries and home-made sweet wine. My mother pointed to a small middle-aged man with a goatee and said "That's the moyle. He's the same one you had."

I was thus doubly interested as I watched the moyle use a small sharp knife to deftly and swiftly remove the foreskin of my infant cousin. So quickly was it done the baby hardly cried. Immediately there was a chorus of congratulations and everyone set upon the food and wine, all of us getting a little loaded.

HOSPITAL CIRCUMCISION

There are two methods of infant male circumcision used in hospitals today. One involves the use of a metal bell and circular clamp. The bell is placed over the head of the penis and the foreskin pulled over it. After screwing the clamp tightly against the bell, the foreskin between the two, a scalpel is used to cut away the part of the foreskin covering the bell. The clamp remains closed for a few minutes to prevent bleeding.

A newer method uses a plastic bell and twine. The bell is placed over the head of the penis and the foreskin pulled up over it. Then the

twine is tied tightly around the bell the foreskin between the twine and the plastic bell. After a few days the foreskin falls off, its blood supply cut off by the twine.

It is said that the baby feels little pain during this procedure, yet he always cries. How much discomfort, emotional or physical, the baby really experiences neither I nor anyone can tell you. Nor can anyone later recall the first few days of life (though some people claim to have recalled their births on LSD trips).

CURRENT MEDICAL OPINION

Until recently, it was felt that all males should be circumcised. One reason for the practice of universal male circumcision is that otherwise daily retraction of the foreskin is required. Foreskin retraction preventa phimosis or tightening of the foreskin and allows cleansing the glans or head of the penis of smegma, a cheesy substance.

Several studies have shown that the wives of circumcised males are far less likely to get cancer of the cervix than the wives of uncircumcised males. This increase in cancer of the cervix has been blamed on smegma and circumcision is advanced as a preventive health measure.

Another reason given for circumcision is that diseases such as syphilis will be noticed more readily in the absence of a foreskin.

But provided there is an elementary knowledge of hygiene and an adequate supply of soap and water there seems to be no absolute reason why circumcision must be practiced. Since physicians are themselves divided on the question of the necessity of circumcision you will not go far wrong whatever your decision.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o The Berkeley Barb, PO Box 5017, Bkly Calif.

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Leave a space between words and after punctuation marks. Do not run words on from one line to
the next unless PROPERLY HYPHENATED. Figure 27 units per line for each line which includes
a word in CAPITAL LETTERS, or 22 units for a line ALL IN CAPITAL LETTERS.
Please print your ad clearly in the space provided. (We reserve the right to edit or reject any ad
which may jeopardize our existence.)
My ad is ___ lines to be run ___ weeks; I enclose \$ ___
Name: _____
Address: _____
Phone: _____
The Berkeley BARB
Post Office Box 5017
Berkeley, California 94705

MAKE BREAD

Sell the Big Soft Pretzels call 549-1849 for info.

Tepping realty co.

1667 Shattuck Ave., Bkly
10751 San Pablo Ave., El Cer.
TH3-5353 LA6-5353

DICK JOHNSON

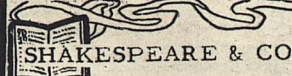
INSURANCE
TH5-3941
1503 Shattuck Avenue

AIR TICKET TO NY \$105
Call Jill or Frank 346-6982.
HOROSCOPES DRAWN accurately
Call 841-7588.

MARRIED MAN SENSITIVE TO
female needs, seeks daytime &
evening dates. Confidence and dis-
cretion assured. Roberts, Box 194
Berkeley

**SUPERPATRIOTIC POSTERS - WWI
and WWII.** Provocative, very colorful,
BIG (to 40x46)! All 1917-19 & 1942-45
originals by U.S. Govt., YWCA, etc.
("Back our girls over there," "Victory
Creed for '43," "Pass the Ammunition,"
"Next Stop, Tokyo!") Free brochure -
K.R. Enterprises, Box 636, S.F. 94101
FOR ROBERT WETTESON, FHS
Seattle. Tolo will never be the same
ching tina rip

WILL SHARE 1 br San Mateo
apt with gay, masculine young
employed male 344-2120 7-10 pm
PROFESSIONAL MAN will share
life travel & good times, with
young Scandinavian woman -- write
Bob 2419 Haste St. #7. Berkeley
wkr-



for books -- 2499 Telegraph Ave.
Berkeley, Calif. 94704
841-8916

INSTITUTE OF applied hypnosis
teaching self-hypnosis is for con-
centration - memory-relaxation
self improvement-self discipline
etc. 284-5850
NURSE, 21, desires visit west
coast; needs transp. money. Will
remember any who help. Box 714
Hillside, N.J. 07205

ATTR YNG MALE Needs gay yng
Buddy show him ropes and spots
on S.F. visit, M. Roman 406 S.
2nd St., Alhambra Cal 91801.
DRAFT COUNSELING GI paper--
AID TO GIs - Draft Counseling
Community Work. Berkeley Anti-
Draft Union 1703 Grove, 8452470
EE, CONSULTING part time or
evenings. Power Supplies, E. Bay
Area E, Payne 522-6656

WANT TO SKI FREE? Sharp girl
folksinger 21-27 help runski lodge
& bar. Rm bd the moon for right
girl. Write Bill Lockwood, The
Boatrest, W. Campton, N.H. 03228
PLUMP BUT PRETTY girl want-
ed for photo model. Some semi-
nude guar. \$5/hr. Call 548-1959
after 6pm, strictly bus.

GREAT KITTENSI Housebroken,
loving 977 Fell St. SF 861-9567
COED, 21, no housekeeper, seeks
home, privacy, \$50/month Bright,
friendly, tolerant. Call Sandy, 845-
8257

MASCULINE model available. Call
Frank 885-0962
ELDERLY ARTIST young at heart
own house wants attr girl pref.
oriental as loving companion to
movies theater art shows request
modeling fig photogr call after-
noons 6587454 or weekends.

ALEX CALL US collect. You don't
have to return. Just let us know
you are OK. TROY
SF STATE student needs pad/co-
op. \$40/mo. 467-1955, Ron

MALE MODEL, Cauc Nude, avail
for female artists, Lv phone Box
1026, Walnut Creek
BI MAN would like to meet
couples. PO 9193 Berk.

VERSATILE female wanted by
male 34 for partner in meeting
other bi couples. PO 9193 Berk.
WARM SECLUDED, IBD, BARN
with hardwood floor. Footpath, 3
min to Fairfax, Marin Co. \$13,850
all ash GL3-0348

MODEL, exper. fem. 981-5741
GT. DANE-SHEPARD pups given
away good home 841-0082

NEW YORK CITY Ride or rider
wanted. Lv 9/30- 10/1 share ex-
penses & driving 967-6543

MALE 29 wants same to share 2
bedroom apt in SF Call Roger
647-0882 after 6:30 pm

GROOVY MALE GRAD 26 seeks
yng warm intell. semi-hiph Berk.
girl who apprec. music, art, sail-
ing & wants responsive meaningful
relationship. 658-6779.

LOVE CHILDREN?? New idea for
person with creative abilities to
meet with kids on street. SF. Call
841-7719 eves.

A GROOVY STORE on Haight St
is for sale. Might take a working
partner (no investment needed) .
Call 391-2408 after 1 pm Roy
DAKOTA call Sam collect 916-446-
5136

MALE COLLEGE STUDENT seeks
same for a friend P.M. 776-6201
SWING cpls. single, ladies join
discreet heterosexual fun group
No Hippies or Homos. Bx. 12282
S.F. 94131

MODELS WANTED: Experienc e
not necessary will train. Write
Gene Box 11116 Oakland give
phone number.

GAY 21 year old male, attr.
straight looking need attr. gay
female fem Sincere marriage
cover-up. Call: 566-3525.

SQUARED-AWAY young man, 28,
wishes to meet servicemen or
students for fun times, weekend
outings, theatre, etc. 626 -0731

MALE WILL share his new S.F.
studio apt. with young male under
22. Good deal for right person.
Security-(415)433-0998

GARDENING - odd jobs wntd.
wknds or after 3 M-F Dan 641-
5779.

HONDA '62 125cc super dove rare
immaculate offer 388-5199

The Good Karma Cafe

Natural Food Creative Cuisine
Macrobiotic Restaurant



J U I C E 501 Dolores St., S.F. 621-4112
B Open 11am to 11p.m. Closed Mon. & Tues.
A R In conjunction with Sunset Health Foods 1319-9th. Ave., S.F., 564-3360

VOX-cambridge reverb-\$150 GIB-
SON-fuzz tone-\$20 good condition
Call STEVE 584-4024

MEXICO driving to Guaymas area
for three weeks of swimming, fish-
ing and drinking round trip trans-
portation \$50.00 DALE 654-4398
SALE TRIUMPH 650 Mr & parts
66, 5000 mi, tools, shop manul
etc, \$350, call Pete 841-0765

MATURE MAN, would like to meet
a straight, sincere, girl for dates
and good times, call 885-6925 SF
aft. 6pm.

ATTRACTIVE MALE 51 liberal
outlook seeks interesting female
5377253 eves.

YOUNG MAN, 32 wish girl-nice,
liberal, friendly, intelligent. No
guys! My hobbies: cycles, guitar,
flying, "ham" 751-7715 eves.

INDIAN MUSIC tutoring by 3rd yr.
students of ALI AKBAR KHAN-
sarod, sitar, vocal, tamboura; Jim
Darby--566-8862 & classes in raga
& tala & childrens' classes!
Sangeet, Box 9173, Berkeley

ROOM FOR RENT, SF. \$35 mo.
Lite kitch. priv., bath, tele. Emp.
straight lady, do typing all or part
rent. 621-8918 aft. 6.

WILL LADY FROM Oakland who
called CONSUMERS CO-OP, please
call again. Line cut off by operator.
621-8918 aft. 6 pm.

WHY PAY RETAIL? 200,000 items
30 to 60% saving. For info call
CONSUMERS CO-OP aft 6, 621-
8918

GO-BETWEEN seeking contemp-
orary soul-body mate for warm
beautiful unloved. 38 yr old gal
no flingseekers or youngsters.
Call Bob or Peg 843-6001

YOUNG EXEC. in Sausalito area
wants to learn new go-go dances.
What do you want to learn? Send
photo and tel. no. to Bill, PO Box
2552, San Rafael.

SAVE \$40. New Craig stereo tape-
deck, 2 speakers, 4 groovy tapes
(Dylan, Cream), 673-6115

SHY MAN 38, active in homophile
movement, seeks man for long
term love. Write J.T. Noscoe, PO
Box 5794 SF 94101

NATIVE BUT VIRILE UC student
seeks mature woman as instruct-
ress in life & love. Call 548-
1959 eves.

LIZ BALDWIN please call me. IM-
portant. Willes 254-5161

ATTRACTIVE MAN wishes to meet
girl to take to SFL party Mr. Marx
621-6734

GIRLS
Chronic scoptophillic needs girl
to alleviate his suffering. If you're
planning to visit L.A., and you need
a place to stay, write Bob, 3256
N. Alameda Ave., S. San Gabriel,
Calif.

MAN 24 needs sex relations with
bisexual girls & divorcees. Sub-
missive girls write to M. Sanders
22671 3rd St., Hayward Ca. or
phone 581-0688

DISCREET BACHELOR WANTS
married male bisexual. Object-
mutual pleasure. PHIL 349-4096

ACTIVE MATURE MALE SEEKS
female companion for outdoor ac-
tivities especially sailing. Call 434-
1247 evenings.

BUTCH (26) wishes to meet same.
Write, S. Taylor, 856 Page St.,
San Francisco

TALL, HANDSOME guy seeks
same 18-25 only for roommate.
Call early AM or late PM 527-
1770.

W MALE 27 desires neat attrac-
tive female for 1 mo U.S. tour
Dec, Jan. Visit places of mutual
interest. Coy, 593-1564 after 9
pm or weekends

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, David
A. Arnold, State Licensed -- Miss-
ing Persons - Unsolved Questions -
Free Consultation. 452 Chilton St.,
Oak, 652-9162, 24 hrs.

MALE NEEDS rm-mate semi-hiph
discreet acd male/fmle. Fems
must be fe butch ok if male no
sx/r crmps gen fpl pno owl rm
9/1 \$60 R A Bldn gen del Berk

HOMELESS? Roomy bright, pad to
share (male or female) \$70 Call
848-8464, 10-noon, 6-9 pm.

classical pianist, female attrac-
tive, mature, sought by mature
financially secure bachelor gen-
tleman with professional voice
training and experience in addition
to academic-type profession, as
companion and accompanist for
classical vocal repertoire. Great-
er potential for the right person.
Please write PO Box 31189 SF 94131

TWO HARD workers can do land-
scaping and hauling TH14922

BALKAN DANCE PARTY, Satur-
day 9th, 427 S Van Ness SF 8:30
Student rates 431-3929

GREEK DANCE beginners class,
Mondays Sept 11th 7:30 Eight weeks
427 S Van Ness 431-3929

ISRAELI/BALKAN dance class for
new people, Weds. 8pm 427 S Van
Ness Student rates

SEEK INSTRUCTION in simple
tasty cooking. For bachelor- has
lived in Europe- now recovering
from surgery. Willie LA4-2198

HANDSOME MALE 48 seeks old or
unattractive woman for intimate
relations-Brad-Gen Del Campbell,
Ca.

MADELINE GOLDSTEIN lost your
address- don't want to lose you!
Please write Bill Sturgeon 308
Westwood Plaza, PO 527 LA 90024

GENTLE, considerate middle aged
man, intell. ints., sense of humor
spending money, wants dates(F)
for SFL parties X age or race.
Your terms, if reasonable. Fringe
benefits. Box 71, Fairmount Sta.,
El Cerrito, 94530.

BUTTONS hand lettered with your
name/slogan/protest/graffite/etc.
Send 50¢ & wants Box 731 Hayward
Calif. 94543

CHRYSLEER 1959 4-door windsor
sedan \$350, 845-0674

GARY THORNTON - call Nick
Skames 707-6444116 pre 9/30

MAN IN fifties looking for friend-
ship general interest, old style
gemuetlichkeit, arts, music,
languages, weekend tours Phone
843-4127

WANT A steam bath at reasonable
rates? 2 for 1 Mon thru Thur
330 Ritch St. Ex 2-3582 SF 24 hr

POLAROID PARTY BUFFS
Couples/singles Call 362-6966.
NEED SUN girl for free beach.
Undergrd film no exper need. Gd
figure youth IMPT 362-6966

SEXY POTTERS WHEEL, KICK
type. Aft 5 or wk end 621-5461
2 BEAUTIFUL LITTLE CATS need
homes Call 549-0855

LOTTA, MONEY FROM SWEDEN
Call collect 213-445-3512

THANK YOU ST. RITA
THANK YOU ST. JUDE
GENTLE "PROFESSOR" (M) in
50's desired by M.A. (F) for last-
ing relationship. 387-5459

MALE 29, discreet experienced
desires sensual, intelligent clean
females 23-45 for sex and other
good times. Ask for Larry 756-
6304, S.F. eves after 6

GIRLS' gay or bi-sexual, write
PO Box 8652 Oakland. Send pic.
MALE 27, S.F. State stu. seeks
female roommate to share groovy
2 bdrm apt. No strings. Own rm
824-8461 7-12 pm



Journey to East of the Sun
American Indian Crafts
Alchemy, Astrology
Egyptology
Folk Art
Herbs, Numerology
Palmistry
Tarot (6 decks)
Witchcraft
Zen, Yoga

East of the Sun, 3850 23rd St.
has books, folk art, jewelry, can-
dles, incense, prints, etc. 1 block
off Church st. on 23rd in San
Francisco.

WANT ADVENTUROUS girl for
wholesome dinner SFL date 9/15.
Call Carl 293-9441 4-4:15 pm on
Fri. 9/15.

MUSICIANS-VOCALISTS find tal-
ented performers to begin or com-
plete your rock R&B or folk
group send resume of your needs
include name address age phone
sex musical & vocal abilities. In-
clude \$2 per position at least five
referrals guaranteed. Avant Garde
Musicians, Match p.o. box Berke-
ley CA9-4707.

GIRLS not reaching fulfillment in
sex or tired of being pure &
want to become a woman, call.
871-8551 ask for Jim. I'm not
handsome. I'm not ugly I'm 39.
had a Vasectomy. Will consider fe-
male Rm Mate.

FORMING NUDIST GROUP
GEORGE JACKS GENERAL DEL-
IVERY BERK.

MALE-GAY 20-30 share my SF
apt must be involved in peace &
equality movement call after 8pm
587-5871.

MY IRISH WASP LA LADY
A birthday full of LOVE
and SMILES and FLOWERS
your brooklyn boy, prof forever
MALE MODEL for clothing photo
or artist, 6ft tall, 155 lbs. dark
hair eyes. No nude J. Roberts
Box 1425 SF.

SF TO PALO ALTO girl wanted
to go to free beach with athletic
male 24 343-3466 after 5.

LAURA HAUSMAN I-LOVE YOU
PLEASE WRITE AND LET ME
KNOW WHERE YOU ARE, MENDY
Wholesale POSTERS & BUTTONS
BYM Box 783 Berkeley, Calif.
94701

WELL ENDOWED male available
for private nude modeling for male
or female photographers. Mascu-
line & versatile. Studio available
Call Don WAI-4692 S.F.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG man, 24, is
available for nude modeling 9AM-
1AM masculine & versatile. Call
Joey WAI-4692

CRAFTSMAN upholstering chair
\$22.50, couch \$60, labor. Our
fabric or yours. Antiques same
price 521-7941

THE SANDAL SHOP Handwovens
and sandals. One of the oldest
shops of its kind NO TELEPHONE
regular hours Tues-Sat 9-11AM
1-6PM Sun12-6PM 900 NorthPoint
Street San Francisco Closed Mon
MALE CAUCASIAN 31 of IM-
peccable taste, bondable, faithful,
healthy personality to suit. Ex-
change for life of ease & travel
with wealthy lady. Reply to Box
8697 Sacramento Calif. 95822

FREE DOG Male Husky-Collie li-
mos., all shots. Very large &
loving. Likes people, kids and
cats/ 525-0937 aft. 6 or wknd.
GARAGE SALE Sun. the 17th. 1620
Sacramento St. at Cedar clothes
things & boomershine

MALE wants studio apt, or share
apt. with other male 845-0159
Eves.

MALE would like to hear from
likeable male males, country,
towns, cities U.S.A. all ages.
Photo nec. Joe Harris Gen. Del.
S.F. Calif.

GAY young male, attractive, in
S.F., frequently, seeks same for
mutual good times. Must be well
built, attractive, masculine. Am
financially well endowed. Can
indulge the right party. Letters
with photos answered first. An-
thony P. Box 17441, L.A. 90017

MARRIED MAN SEEKS FEMALE
for mutual benefits, mostly her
needs. Roberts, Box 194 Berkeley
COTTAGE NEEDED 2-3 rms &
kit and yd under \$95 Write
Savio Gen Del. Berkeley.

Skames 707-6444116 pre 9/30.

MAN 40 wishes to meet gal with
some plain horse sense likes camp-
ing-fishing-wandering-Write po
box 1532 Sunnyvale Calif.

MALE 32 Quiet type new in city.
Seeks intro to attractive girls
22-35. Boy/girl type fun and
games. I have no particular hang-
ups except perhaps that I like sex,
golf and SF Giants. Call 922-6082
after 7 pm.

COLLECTORS DREAMI RARE
8x10 photos of Jayne Mansfield in
the raw she never allowed pub-
lished. Singles \$1. Complete set
\$10. Lamont Publications, Box 2116,
Winnetka, Calif. 91306.

ATTRACTIVE MARRIED couple in
early 30's would like to meet
other married couples who are
interesting and stimulating and
broadminded too. Please send
complete resume and photo. All
replies answered. POBox 19174
Sacramento, Calif. 95819.

VW & PORSCHE repairs ONLY
tune up \$9.50. Brake job \$36.60.
Clutch Job \$55. Valve job \$75.
Singh's Imp Car 420 25th St.,
Oak. 832-5059. Bet Broadway &
Teleg. Open Mon. to Sat.

AFRO-AMERICAN greeting cards
assorted box of ten humorous \$1.75
Perspective. Box 282, Oakland.

UNDERGROUND DISTRIBUTORS
wants to handle your UPS papers
posters poetry inags in Bay Area
& No Cal Also clothing & crafts
Write/call UD POBox 151, 128
SF 94115 648-7900 8-8 pm

REWARD RETURN WHITE MALE
samoyed husk; 845-6600 EX-4941

WANTED LEAD GUITAR ROCK
originality To. 837-7415

GENTLE MAN 40's - SINGLE,
SQUARE, SOLVENT, HOPES WO-
MAN SIMILAR WILL WRITE PO
BOX 31244 SAN FRAN 94131

SF ROCK BAND needs groovy
sensual female housekeeper live-
in. large affluent pad. call 564-
4689

GAME OF CENTURY needs mfr
creator literally starving. Kincaid
431-1145. No pat. atty or agents.
THE FUTURE IS ZOD.

POT
 IS PASSE. PILLS
 ARE PLEBEIAN
 ACID IS ASSININE
 FOR A REAL
 TRIP WE DISSOLVE
 A COPY OF SNEL
 SILVERSTEIN'S
 ALBUM, "DRAIN MY
 BRAN" *IN A GLASS
 OF WATER AND
 INJECT IT DIRECTLY
 INTO OUR
 HEARTS!



* CADET LP/LPS 4058

CINEMA STRIKERS CLAIM BOSS DISDAINS STUDENT WORKERS

from page 3
 warranted hostility."
 The three originators of the picket line told BARB they decided to strike immediately because, they said, the manager, Michael Lappin, gave them a runaround. They said they told Lappin they wanted to talk to Landberg about their wage increase, and were told to meet Landberg in his office on Tuesday. They smelled stalling, so

they struck. They estimate that their picketing has turned back about 60 percent of the business at Landberg's Telegraph Avenue movie houses. One result of the strike was an immediate raise in the wages of the non-union help. Projectionists now get \$2, cashiers, \$1.60. The strikers, who would like to represent the non-union workers as the "Cinema Guild Employees Association," are demanding \$2.50 and \$2.

Although their action began as a strike for higher wages, Marchant, Dahlberg and Dymond quickly began to see their effort as a focus for a larger issue--"the exploitation of students by businesses around here, giving such low wages because there's such an oversupply of students who need jobs."

Landberg, in point 8 of his fact sheet, maintains the strike's "true aim appears directed at using the Cinema Guild as a scapegoat in a long-range plan for raising the level of student wages." Both Landberg and the strikers point to the fact that only three or four of the 20-odd picketers are Cinema Guild employees as evidence that there is more at stake than higher pay for a few theater workers. The wild catters now express hope for a movement for "free cinema".

The concluding passage of Land-

berg's point 8 is viewed by the three original strikers as a revelation of the typical attitude of businessmen near the UC Berkeley campus.

"Rhetoric aside," striker Dahlberg said, "what it says is, 'You're just students, so screw you. If you push for better pay, you'll find yourself without a job.'"

Landberg's point 8 concludes, "But students -- understandably more concerned with their studies, career planning and extracurricular activities than with their jobs -- are less efficient than full-time employees; they are, in consequence, less valuable to employers. Rather than raising student wages, this ill-advised action is likely to diminish drastically the number of jobs for which employers will seek student help."

"... marvelous ... TO BE APPLAUDED!" - Wasserman - Chronicle.
PITSCHER PLAYERS
 PRESENT
W.C. FIELDS
MEMORIAL
ORPHANAGE
 directed by A. Raim
 A NEW POLITICAL REVUE
 9 P.M. Every Fri. & Sat.
 (Between Mission & Valencia off
 15th) 120 Julian Street
 \$1. Coffee, Black Bread and
 Cream Cheese Free

West Coast Comm. For Democracy
 in Greece Presents:
BENEFIT-DANCE
 For Publication of "Report on Greece"
 Newspaper
 AT THE STEPPENWOLF - SUN. SEPT. 17
 4 P.M. - ON Live Greek Music \$1.50

THE NEW ORLEANS HOUSE
 1505 SAN PABLO AVE 525-2221

AD FRI SAT/SUN
 West Coast
 Natural Gas
 2-2007
 8:30 11:30
 11:30 1:30
 DANCING
 to
 Martha's
 Laundry

Tues/Weds
 Steve
 Miller
 Band
FRI Sat
 Strawberry
 Window

CAPN
ALYAB
ROME COMING
MIR BEACH
SUN. SEPT. 24
NOON
 WEST COAST NATURAL GAS
 CRYSTAL SERPENT POWER
 MAY RIVER CONSUL PHOENIX
 BIVENTRAVEL FREEDOM NICKSW
 JAZZ FREE FOOD
 PH 775-8845
 362-1853
 ACE BLUE CHEER
 CUPS
 FLAMING BOOTIES

Roving Rat Fink



Discussion of basic values is always ticklish. You don't discuss the pros and cons of salvation with a Christian, nor suggest to a black nationalist that there is a case against Freedom Now. But the time seems to have come to say something about the Love mystique.

Don't misunderstand. I love. I love many people. I don't think I really hate anyone. And I get those moods of euphoria when I feel benign toward the whole world.

But honestly, I don't love Ronald Reagan. I don't wish him dead, but I do want him recalled.

I don't love LBJ. I wish him a long and prosperous life, but far removed from the exercise of power.

I didn't love George Lincoln Rockwell. And frankly, it did my heart good when he was shot by another of his own kind.

I do deeply and sincerely love Berkeley. I do not love Dubuque, Iowa. Not that I bear it any ill will. But in all honesty, if I ruled the world, I would probably be hacking at Dubuque to make it more like Berkeley, so that I could love it. Regardless of whether Dubuque wanted to be like Berkeley or not.

Which I think brings us to the wak point of the Love philosophy. The tendency to try to alter the loved one, to make him more lovable from your own point of view. In extreme cases it can mean atrocious mistreatment of the other person, "for his own good." The medieval Inquisitors didn't hate the heretics they burned at the stake. On the contrary, they loved them--far too much to let them go to hell.

Also, there is the question whether that kind of universal love is not a phony emotion. Real spontaneous love is for most people what they feel for individuals or small definable groups. It is possible sincerely to love everybody, but first you have to be a saint.

I admit that I am not young any more, and may be somewhat out of tune with the young. Perhaps the onset of the Aquarian Age has produced a new breed of young people, who do know how to love universally and sincerely. We will see.

They maintain that love is better than hate, and they are entirely right. The song says that what the world needs now is love, sweet love, and I agree completely. This purposeful Turn Toward Love offers one of the most hopeful prognoses for the new culture.

But I still can't forget that line from the author whose name I now forget: "Hate is too important to be wasted on individuals." R.R.

from page 8

groups which are making it, and inevitably setting the path that the others who are going to be successful will follow, are not blues bands, they are something else.

They write their own songs, for the most part. This is the key, because their own material is more in tune with their audiences' mind than old blues. The Airplane, have had tremendous success with their second lp, due in great part to the two singles which became hits from it: Don't You Want Somebody to Love, and White Rabbit both of which strike themes, obviously intensely meaningful to the audience which they, like all of these bands, must reach, the 18-30 year old hippies, bohemians, and uncommitted college students.

Love is about the pains of emotional isolation, Rabbit is about acid, unless I hear incorrectly, and these are themes that neither the southside blues band nor even the English, until very lately, could get into.

Bass Strings or Sweet Lorraine by the Fish have the same quality: the treatment of grass, and intellectual chicks, is not something the Negro or English bands could have written because they do not share the experiences. The very successful bands are beginning to express a particularly modern-white-middle-class-American consciousness -- one which their audience is most interested in, since it shares it, just as its fathers share the whisky consciousness problems which Sinatra sings of.

Now that the Airplane, Fish, and Grape have discovered that a vast audience shares their consciousness, there is no return possible. There is no cold calculation about it, it is a cultural fact.

Would you watch a leading college student be introduced to LBJ on NBC; how about a hippy being introduced to LBJ on LSD on NBC? Nothing calculating about it, its just that one will pick an experience with which one can identify.

I ought to close this letter with a prediction after so much analysis,

IRON CASTE

The odor of the caste system is evident at liberal Berkeley's state office of unemployment on University Avenue.

Out where the untouchables gather awaiting their turn at the counter, the lavatory doors are marked "Men" and "Women".

Apparently a different bread, the civil brahmins of the state have their "Employees Only" doorsigns worded as befits their station: "Ladies" and "Gentlemen."

the folk scene

doubtless I who have toured the 42nd parallel with the Fish and been exposed to many hours of other bands, can take this experience and mingle it with my sharp powers of mind, and predict which bands will be great in the future.

But no, outside of Frisco most of the bands sound very much like the Yardbirds, and that will have to change if they are going to make it; a few sound like white Motown but they are always doing black Motown material. Nothing promising there.

Among the Frisco bands who are not well known I can't predict because I've been out of the scene for over a month: Mad River and Mother Earth seemed promising, the former for its songs, the later for Tracy Nelson's singing, but lord only knows what changes have gone down since I left. That's it, can you dig it?

WED. 8:30 P.M. SEP. 22 TO SEPT. 29 1968

CEDAR CINEMA PR 6-8300

PAKALLI TO GEARY AND POST OFF LARKIN

CURRENT ATTRACTIONS

THURSDAY **Francois Truffaut** (Julius and Jim)

FRIDAY **Julie Christie** **Oskar Werner**

First role since her winning Academy Award for "Barbarella"

Winner of the New York Critics Best Actor Award

"Jahrenhell 451" TECHNICOLO®

... vivid and imaginative; highly original! ... Arthur Knight, Saturday Review

PLUS: **GRANITO** **HUTTENLOCH** **SPON**

"A Courtship in Old New York"

WRITTEN DIRECTED AND STARRING **CHARLES CHAPLIN**

... the critics disagree; many don't like it... does it hit too close for comfort??

LATE SHOW SATURDAYS, MATINEE EVERY SUNDAY

The Beatles

"A Hard Day's Night"

HELP!

SUK San Francisco MO 4-6300 Irving at 46th Ave.,

MARY ANN POLLAR PRESENTS

Pete Seeger Sings

WED., SEPT. 27 - 8:30 P.M. BERKELEY COMMUNITY THEATER Proceeds to Port Chicago Vigil	THURS. SEPT. 28 - 8:30 P.M. SAN JOSE CIVIC AUDITORIUM Proceeds to San Jose Peace Center
--	---

Adm: \$2.50, 3.00 and 3.75. Tickets on sale at Downtown Center B.O., 325 Mason, S.F. (PR 5-2021); Sherman/Clay B.O., 2135 Broadway, Oakland (HI 4-8575); Record City, 2340 Telegraph, Berkeley (TH 1-4652); San Jose B.O., 40 West San Carlos (CY 5-0888).

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

"... ranges from the brilliant to the merely excellent!" Ogar/Berkeley Barb

"Warm! Bright! Witty! Still one of the best buys in town!" Sorkin/KSFO

"... the company performs magic... hilariously fascinating... a satiric topping delicious to behold!" McElhatton/KCBS

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

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

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

"You can always count on The Committee to be up-to-date... ingeniously clever... irresistible... you can bet money on them using their versatile talents to make you laugh!" Bladen/San Mateo Times

"The new show continues The Committee's tradition and reputation for being one of the wittiest, inventive, most topical shows around, while at the same time remaining one of the most disciplined performances on any stage, anywhere! A BIG HURRAH!" Rose/Palo Alto Times

THE ALL NEW IMPROVISED SATIRICAL REVUE

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.

"The committee has sound hits in both its theaters!" Knickerbocker/Chronicle

COMMITTEE HURRAH!

AMERICA HURRAH!

"FIRST RATE!!... Sharp, satisfying... successful!!... a solid show befitting the attractive theatre... it should enliven the San Francisco summer!!" -Knickerbocker/Chronicle

"FIRST RATE! Committee's new work rates a rousing hurrah! Rarely have I seen anything as powerful or jarring on the stage." -Eichelbaum/Examiner

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"An unqualified hit! COMMITTEE HURRAH!" -King/KSFR

COMMITTEE THEATER

836 MONTGOMERY STREET PHONE: 986-1639

Performances nightly except Mon. Additional Performances 10:45 Fri. & Sat. Special Student Rates. Minors Welcome. Mail Orders Accepted.

Tickets available Downtown Box Office, S.F. Sherman Clay Box Office, Oakland, ASUC B.O. Berkeley, Palo Alto B.O., San Jose B.O. and other leading agencies.

Mellow Yellow • Black City Woman • Season of the Witch • Guinness • Catch the Wind

BILL GRAHAM IN ASSOCIATION WITH A/C PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

DONOVAN

FIRST & ONLY BAY AREA APPEARANCE

FRIDAY, SEPT 22

AT STEWART PALACE

PRICES - \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50 - TICKETS ON SALE AT SHERMAN CLAY IN OAKLAND, 21st St. & BROADWAY, HI 48575 - DOWNTOWN CENTER BOX OFFICE, 325 MASON, PR 52021 - SAN JOSE BOX OFFICE, 40 W. SAN CARLOS, 295 0888 - AND - AT TIDES BOOKSTORE SAUSALITO, 332-1188 - DISCOUNT RECORDS, 2309 TELEGRAPH, 849-3332 - WILD COLORS, 1418 HAIGHT, 626-5768 - PALO ALTO BOX OFFICE, 328-1723, #11 TOWN & COUNTRY VILLAGE, PALO ALTO - COW PALACE BOX OFFICE 584-2480

THE SCENED TIME



FRIDAY

Sept. 15
 ● FILMS: Polanski's 2 Men & A Wardrobe, St. Louis Blues (W/ Bessie Smith), Van Meter, others; Filmmakers Workshop, 975 Howard, SF, 9:30 pm, \$1, info 391-1724.
 ● CONCERT / ROCK: Martha's Laundry; H-A Espresso, 776 Haight SF 9-1 75¢ info 626-9608
 ● CONCERT / DANCE: Youngbloods, Other Half, Mad River; Avalon SF 9-2, \$2.50, spns Family Dog, info 885-2131.
 ● DRAMA: Speers: Maddox, also his Advent; Mission Playhouse, 362 Capp, SF, 8:30pm, \$1.50, info 647-8555.
 ● CONCERT DANCE: Steve Miller, Sopwith Camel; Straight Theater, 1702 Haight, SF, 9pm, \$2.50, info 387-0289.
 ● DRAMA / DANCE: Karen Ahlberg in concert; Dancers' Wkshop, 321 Divisadero, SF, 8:30 pm, adm, info MA6-0414.
 ● JAZZ: Jamar Colt; Cedar Bonita Coffeehouse, Bkly, 9pm, Sof (free coffee, cider, cookies), spns Bkly Fellowship of Unitarians
 ● FILMS: Way Down East (1920) Fields' The Pharmacist, Boying (color satire from France); Avenue Theater, 2650 San Pablo, Bkly, 8:15pm, \$2, info 584-2636.
 ● FORUM: Louis Cobet, on Karl Marx, The Man; Militant Labor Forum, 2338 Market, SF, 8pm, \$1 (students 50¢) info 552-1266.
 ● MEETING: Annual Consumer's Union meeting; Pauley, UCB, 8pm all welcome.

SATURDAY

Sept 16
 ● CONCERT / DANCE: Steve Miller see Sept 15. Note NOTES / Under-ground replaces Sopwith Camel.
 ● CONCERT / ROCK: Martha's Laundry; H-A Espresso, 776 Haight SF, 9-1, 75¢, info 626-9608.
 ● DRAMA: Speers' Maddox, more, see Sept 15.
 ● DRAMA: Straight Theater performs Julius Caesar; 1702 Haight, 2 & 4 pm, \$2, info 387-0289.
 ● CONCERT / DANCE: Youngbloods, River, see Sept 15.
 ● DRAMA / DANCE: Ahlberg, see Sept 15.
 ● FILMS: Way Down East, more, see Sept 15.
 ● FILMS: Filmmakers' Wkshop, see Sept 15.
 ● DRAMA: SF MIME Troupe's L'Amant Militaire, Provo Park, Bkly, 2pm, free.
 ● AUDITIONS: Open readings for New Shakespeare Co's production of Midsummer Night's Dream, Trinity Episcopal Church, Bush & Gough, SF, 2pm, all welcome, info 771-5290.
 ● EVENT: Monterey Jazz Festival, see continuing.
 ● VIGIL: Quakers against Vietnam War; Oak Memorial Plaza, 12-2 pm, all welcome, info 848-7505, 525-7372.
 ● DRAMA: Pitschel Players perform WC Fields Memorial Orphanage; 120 Julian, SF, 9 pm, \$1, info 664-2148.
 ● FILMS: Many, w/ free food; 3727 Elston, Oakl, 7:30pm, info 261-8713
 ● FLEA MKT: 6th & Gilman, Bkly, 11-5pm, info 848-1655.

● DRAMA: Sturgis' Proliferations; Cedar Alley Theatre, SF, 8:30pm, \$1, info 771-5321, M-F 2-7pm.
 ● VIGIL: Silent, for peace in Vietnam; Bkly City Hall, 12:30-1:30pm.
 ● HOOT: I/Thou, 1736 Haight, SF, 8-10pm, free.
 ● FLEA MKT: 6th & Gilman, Bkly, 11-5pm, info 848-1655.
 ● GAR POOL: to nude beach; meet 5755 Market, Oakl, 11 am, free, spns SFL, info 654-0316.
 ● DRAFT COUNSELING: Walden, 2446 McKinley, Bkly, 7 pm, all welcome, info 845-7468.
 ● FILMS: by Mayberry, Pearson, Clayton; St. John's Methodist Church, 756 Union, SF, 8:30 pm, \$1, spns Canyon Cinema, info 391-1724.
 ● HIKE: meet Bkly City Hall 11:30pm for Tilden walk, spns SFL, info 654-0316.
 ● CONCERT: The Seven Disciples; Vin et Fromage, Bkly, 9pm, \$2.50 inc wine & cheese, info 525-9916.
 ● BENEFIT / DANCE: for free newspaper "Report on Greece"; w/ live Gr. music; Steppenwolf, Bkly, 4pm on, \$1.50, spns West Coast Committee for Demo. in Greece.
 ● EVENT: Tribal meet for Journey to Kigali, Rwanda; Bohemian Hill, G.G. Park, SF, 2pm.

MONDAY

Sept 18
 ● FORUM: Speaker from Asso, for Repeal of Abortion Laws; 5755 Market, Oakl, 8:30pm, free, spns SFL, info 654-0316.
 ● POETRY: Laura Viewicz, David Gutin, Lee Meyerzove read their own God's Eye Theater, Frederick & Stanyan, SF, 8:30 pm, 50¢, info YUI-7082.
 ● FILM: El Verdugo; Diablo Valley College, Concord, 7pm, free, info res, 685-1230.
 ● CLASS: Carl Mayberry teaches filmmaking for beginners; 975 Howard, SF, 8pm, 50¢, info 391-1724
 ● REHEARSE: w/ Coll / Marin Comm Orch; Coll/Marin Fine Arts Bldg, Kentfield, 8pm, all welcome.
 ● MEETING: A Police State in SF? w/ Rev Cecil Williams; Third Baptist Church, 1399 McAllister, SF, 8 pm, spns NAACP.
 ● POETRY: Open reading; I/Thou, 1736 Haight, SF, 8-10pm, 50¢ (students 35¢)
 ● LIFE DRAWINGS: w/ models; Settlement Hse (Basment of Page St Library), Page St Haight, SF, 8:30-9:30pm, 50¢ (pays for mod-els), info 922-0980.

TUESDAY

Sept 19
 ● CLASS: Photography for beginners, w/ Carl Mayberry, Filmmakers' Wkshop, 975 Howard, SF, 8pm, 50¢, info 391-1724.
 ● REHEARSE: w/ Coll / Marin Comm Chorus; Coll/Marin Fine Arts Bldg, Kentfield, 8pm, all welcome.
 ● DRAMA: Sturgis, see Sept 17.
 ● CLASS: Hatha Yoga; 1748 Haight, SF, 10-12 noon.
 ● CLASS: Summer workshop on Kennedy assassination, w/ Hill Verb; location varies, 7-10pm, free, info 567-5534, 849-3926.
 ● DRAFT COUNSELING: meet & discuss & be assisted; Wesley Found, Bancroft & Dana, Bkly, 7:30 pm, all welcome, info 845-2470.
 ● FORUM: Baha'i fireside discussion on a new world religion; 2655 Virginia (top floor), Bkly, 8 pm, all welcome, info 845-8249.

WEDNESDAY

Sept 20
 ● REHEARSE: w/ Coll / Marin Comm Band; Coll / Marin Fine Arts Bldg, Kentfield, 7:30 pm, all welcome.
 ● POETRY: I THOU, see Sept 18
 ● DRAFT COUNSELING: Bkly SDS Anti-Draft Union Office, 1703 Grove, Bkly, 3-6 pm, all welcome, info 845-2470.
 ● WITCHES: charm school - secrets of applied magic taught by Anton La Vey; 6114 Calif, SF, 9 pm, \$2.50, info 752-3583 after 3 pm.
 ● LECTURE / WORKSHOP: Norman Sturgis on The Conditioned Reflex & Semantics; Cedar Alley, 40 Cedar Alley, SF, 8:30pm, \$2, info 771-5321, M-F 2-7pm.

THURSDAY

Sept 21
 ● FORUM: LSD Research Report, w/ Fort, Metzner, Mogan, Grof Bkly Comm Theater, 8pm, \$2.50 spns Esalen Institute, info 431-8771.
 ● FILM: Dr. Strangelove; Laney Coll, 225 11th St, OAK, 8pm, free.
 ● FORUM: Baha'i Fireside Discussion; El Cerrito, 8pm, all welcome, info, location 524-0286, eves
 ● JAZZ: Free form; Newman Center, 2700 Dwight, Bkly, 8:30 pm, dons, spns Warehouse.
 ● CLASS: Yoga, see Sept 19.
 ● EVENT: Take a Trip to the 1st Int'l Psychedelic Exposition; Forest Hills Country Club, Monterey (7), thru Sept 24.

● LECTURE: Violence In Our Cities; Does The Negro Have An Alternative? w/ Ray Talaferro, Orville Luster, Percy Moore, & Arne Werchick, 8 pm, Hall of Flowers, 9th & Lincoln, G.G. park free, spns Eth Forum of SF.
 ● OPEN HOUSE: Sexual Freedom League; 5755 Market, Oakl, 8pm, free, info 654-0316.
 ● FORUM: w/ Anton LaVey, on Black Magic & Sorcery; 6114 Calif, SF, 9 pm, \$2.50, info 752-3583 after 3 pm.

FRIDAY

Sept 22
 ● DRAMA / DANCE: Ahlberg, see Sept 15.
 ● FORUM: Pete Camejo on New Politics conference; Militant Labor Forum.
 ● CONCERT / DANCE / BENEFIT: Flaming Groovies, Time, more, lights; Irwin St warehouse, 502 Irwin St, San Rafael, 8:30 pm (7), \$2, info 435-3325.
 ● FILM: Liliuth; Diablo Valley Coll, Concord, 7pm, free, info, res 685-1230
 ● POETRY: Calvin Scott reads from his Pretty Black Is The Color soul, also Chris Thorsen, Tom Darby, John Robertson, others; Mill Valley Public Library 8pm, free, info 388-4245.
 ● EVENT: free refreshments, see Sept 15.
 ● CONCERT: Julian White, pianist Bkly Little Theater, 8:30pm, \$2.25 (KPFA subs & students \$1.50) spns KPFA, info 848-6767.
 ● EVENT: Audium, see Sept 15.
 ● FOLK DANCE: Scottish, see Sept 15.
 ● LEAFLET: ILWU, see Sept 15.

● MEDITATE: Blue Mtn Center of Meditation, Parker & Fulton gives instruction & practice in meditation Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat nites 8-9:30 pm w/ Sri Esawaran, free, info 452-4329.
 ● MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL: Sept 15-17, Monterey; w/ BB King & more, Sat aft, MJQ & more, Sat nite, 5:30 info & more Sun aft, Gillespie & Herman & more Sun nite, \$3-6.50, info 408-FR3-2961
 ● AST/VIGIL: indefinite fast & peace vigil at Port Chi- need volunteers to fast one day per month info 932-1968.
 ● FRISBY MEET (Sept 18-21): 1st Int'l; G.G. Park on lawn bowling area, daily warm ups 9 am, finals Sat & Sun, info 654-7185.

Phrequent Phones

Alcoholic Anonymous: 653-4300
 American Civil Liberties Union (Bkly): 548-1322
 American Civil Liberties Union (SF): 433-2750
 Association to Repeal Abortion Laws: 387-6480 or 326-3208
 Citizens Alert (SF): 776-9699
 Bkly Draft Info. Comm. 845-7468, or 548-0982 evenings
 Bkly Fire Department (Emergency): 845-1710
 Haight-Ashbury Switchboard: 387-3575
 Hip Job Co-op: 681-0232
 Hip Medical Clinic: 431-1714
 Oakl Planned Parenthood: 845-3212
 Bkly Police Dept.: 654-8000
 Pregnancy Test (ask for Diagnostic Lab): 841-0200
 Berk. S.D.S. Anti-Draft Union (1-5 pm.): 845-2470
 Recall Reagan Committee (SF): 648-5713 (Bkly): 526-5456
 Sexual Freedom League Inc. (M-F, 6-8 pm.): 654-0316
 Suicide Prevention - Berkeley: 849-2212
 Suicide Prevention-SF: 221-1424
 LSD Rescue Service: 626-6190

CLASSES

● RICHMOND ART CENTER: classes for children, teens, adults, in ceramics, weaving, watercolor, more, one class weekly Sept 18-Jan 19, register Sept 12, fees very little, open to all, info 234-2397, M-F 9-4.
 ● CRAFT WORKSHOPS: ceramics, jewelry, more, \$18 for 6 wk class at Folk Craft Center, 1808 Harrison, Bkly, info 655-1449.
 ● DANCERS WORKSHOP: full classes for children, teens, adults, in technique, improvisation, composition; 321 Divisadero, SF, register Sept 11-16, info MA6-6014.

NOTICE - Scenedrome Small deadline: Tuesday 5pm. Please include description, time, price, and a phone number - so we can verify.
 849-1040

● MEDITATE (MWF): Zen (Zazen), 1670 Dwight, Bkly, 5:45am, free, spns Zen Center of SF, info 845-2408.
 ● ACT TRAINING PROGRAM: enrollment limited program Nov 7-Feb 24, 5 days w/ky, directed by ACT members, adm open to anyone over 17 - fee \$500, info ACT, 450 Geary, SF.
 ● CREATIVE DANCE: for adults-beg, int, adv; Mons beginning Sept 18 Veterans Hall, Lafayette, 10-11:30 am, or Thurs. beginning Sept 14 Oak Springs Clubhouse, Orinda, 9:30-11 am; instructor Reva Tow, fee 10 wks for \$15, register at 1st class, info 935-0271.
 ● PAINTING etc: graphics, etching, engraving, jewelry, etc, etc; Master Artists Guild, 2201-19th SF, info 285-5279.
 ● RECORDER WKSHOP: all levels of instruction; 4221A 25th, SF, info 824-0948.
 ● 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.
 ● THE FUNDAMENTALS OF money; discussion course, free, begins Sept 28, 7:30 pm, Montclair School, 1757 Min Blvd, Oakl, once weekly for 8 weeks, info 658-1099, 362-7944.
 ● POVERTY: free 10 wk disc course in committed politics, begins Sept 28 Bkly Evening School Rm C-102, 7:30 pm, or Kensington Library, 61 Arlington Ave, Sept 26, 7pm, info 658-1099, 362-7944
 ● FUNDAMENTALS FOR THE ACTOR: w/ instructors Philip Prouneau, David Lindstrom, class meets Sat 10:30-12:30 am beginning Sept 23 for 8 wks, register Sept 16, 10:30 am, Playhouse, Beach & Hyde, SF, fee \$405 info 775-4426
 ● THE OCEAN'S EDGE: Bodega Bay course will exam intertidal life Oct 6-8, fee \$40mc meals, \$30 w/out meals, info Biologic Field Studies Asso, POBox 247, Bodega Bay 94923, or UCB ext 3716.

BERKELEY

● PHOTOGRAPHY: The Image circle-student show; Josepha Haeman new color; Sept 1-30 at Photon, 1652 Shattuck, 1113-3900, Mon-Fri 9-6.
 ● DESIGN ARCHITECTURE - Land-USE DESIGN ARCHITECTURE - landscape architecture selected student work for the year 1966-67 Wurster Hall, Rm 130, UCB, Mon-Fri, 8-5, thru Sept.

● PHOTOGRAPHY, Larry Steiner at Bob Jefferson, 3054 Telegraph, Tues Sat 1-7, Sun & Mon by appnt, Sept 17-Oct 14.
 ● ELEANOR LAWRENCE: photos-people, places; architecture of Ajijic, Mexico; Arts & Crafts Co-op, Brickwall Gallery, 1652 Shattuck, Sept 3-30.
 ● PRINTMAKERS Graf, Filtrairt, Kasten, Miyasaki, at Berkeley Art Center, 1275 Walnut, open Tues-Fri, 12-6pm, Sat-Sun 11-7, info 849-4120, opens Sept 11.
 ● DRAWINGS by Richard Gayton; paintings by Charles Bragg, Ele. McDonald, Redbug Gallery, 2921 Colledge, Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30, thru Sept.
 ● AFRICAN ARTS & SCULPTURE at Louie Mus of Anthropol. UCB, Kroeber Hall (Bancroft Way at Colledge) Daily 10am to 5pm

SAN FRANCISCO

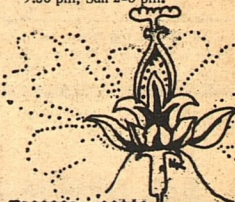
SAM FRANCIS: Drawings & prints thru Sept 24 at San Fran. Museum of Art.
 ● GENE BEERY: Recent paintings; The Quay Gallery, 521 Pacific Ave thru Sept 30.
 ● 21st ANNUAL SF Art Commission Outdoor Art Festival, Civic Center artists & craftsmen of nine Bay Area counties, Sept 20-24.
 ● ARTS OF SAN FRANCISCO: exploring many of the attitudes currently prevailing in the visual arts of the Bay Area. Sculptors: Bob Anderson, Rodger Jacobsen, Stephen Kaltenbach & Gerald Wald-burg; Painters: Fred Spratt & Joseph Tanous; Furniture Designer: William Blackwell. A memorial exhibition of sculpture & paintings by John Baxter will be featured. Thru Sept 19. Adm free, Tues-Fri 10-10, Sat 10-5; Sun 1-5. Weekly lecture series Sundays at 3pm.
 ● PAINTINGS: Hallucinations in symmetry by Larry Epstein, The ZNYX Gallery, 483 Guerrero, thru Oct 5, hrs 3-7, Tues, Wed, Thurs 1-4 Sun.
 ● ARTISTS COOPERATIVE: Carol Sideman, Gary Swartzberg, Bernice Huggard, Elo Pratinio-Olits thru Sept at 2224 Union St, daily noon-6 Fri & Sat until 9.
 ● WILL COLLIER, paintings; John Bolles Gallery, 729 Sansome, SF, open M-F 11-4-3, Sept 5-29.
 ● CAPOZZIO '67: Lawson Galleries, 823 Sacto St, SF, closes Sept 18.
 ● BOKS ART: Maria, 2530 Calif, SF, Fri-Sat-Sun 12-5 pm, Sept 8-Oct 8, info 346-7216.
 ● PAINTING etc: graphics, etching, engraving, jewelry, etc, etc; Master Artists Guild, 2201-19th SF, info 285-5279.

OAKLAND

● WILFRED LANG - 20 year retrospective, California College of Arts & Crafts Gallery, Broadway at College Ave.
 ● SHERBONDY SAMUELSON, ZAZZI: ceramics, painting, sculpture; Studio, 4917 Tele, Oakl, M-F 11-6, Sat 10-10, info 658-5078

ELSEWHERE

● RICHMOND ART CENTER: Sculpture by Howard Whalen; paintings & constructions by Alan Albert & photographs by Don Beatty, thru Sept 17, M-F, 9-4:30, M-Thurs 7-9:30 pm, Sun 2-5 pm.



MOVIES
 ALBANY
 First Berkeley-Albany Area Showing
 BERGMAN'S PERSONA
 "Exquisitely Beautiful, New Yorker"
 Marina Mercuro-Romy Schneider
 "10:30 PM, SUMMER"
 Coming Next "Mark-Sade"

PARKWAY Park Blvd. & E. 19th
 Exclusive First East Bay Showing
 From the Best Sellers
 "MY SISTER, MY LOVE"
 Also "HOURS OF LOVE"
 Coming Next "Taming of the Shrew"

Filmmakers Workshop
 975 Howard St., SF, 391-1724.
 experimental films - local & foreign - September 15th, 16th, 17th. TWO MEN & A WARDROBE - Polanski, ST. LOUIS BLUES - Bessie Smith, UPTIGHT L. A. IS BURNING SHIT - Vanmeter, others. 9:30 pm, adm, \$1

NORTHSHORE Bkly, 1828 Bechtel
 "Studio Art Award Winner"
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PIEDMONT Piedmont at 4117
 FINAL WEEK - ENDS TUESDAY
 Leo Marvin - Ernest Borgnine
 "The Dirty Dozen" - Clint Eastwood
 "Born Again" - John Huston
 "TEXAS ACROSS THE RIVER"

U.C. BERKELEY - Univ. of California
 "The Dirty Dozen" - Clint Eastwood
 "Born Again" - John Huston
 "TEXAS ACROSS THE RIVER"



SUNDAY

Sept 17
 ● CONCERT / DANCE: Youngbloods Mad River, more, see Sept 15.
 ● CONCERT / DANCE: Cleanliness & Godliness, New Delhi River Band Strawberry Window; Provo Park, Bkly, 2-6 pm, all welcome.
 ● CONCERT: Little Richard; Straight Theater, 1702 Haight, SF, 8 pm, \$3, info 387-0289.
 ● DRAMA: Straight Theater's Julius Caesar, see Sept 16.
 ● POETRY: Open reading Shakespeare & Co, Dwight & Tele, Bkly, 8pm, free, spns Undermine Press info 845-4208.
 ● CYCLE: Motorcycle run into Mendocino Co. back roads - bikes should be highwayable; meet Tele & Ashby, Bkly, 8:30 am-lark, free, spns Bkly Motorcycle Club info 549-0917.
 ● MEETING: The Resistance; Lutheran Center, Coll & Haste, Bkly, 7pm, all welcome, info 849-4950
 ● FORUM: The New Politics Conference; Why It Failed, w/Peter Camejo; 2005 Milvia, Bkly, 8pm, free, spns YSA, info 848-3992.
 ● DANCE / CONCERT: Athenum Fall Festival, w/Sheila Xoregros; Mt Tam, Marin Co, 3:30 pm, \$2.50
 ● FILMS: Filmmaker's Wkshop, see Sept 15.
 ● DRAMA: MIME Troupe, see Sept 16.
 ● EVENT: Monterey Jazz Festival, see continuing.
 ● FORUM: The Decline & Fall of the Marriage Institution; 1090 Dwight, Bkly, 7:30pm, 25¢, spns ISPR, info 849-4864

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