

# Berkeley



# Barb

VOL. 6 NO. 5 ISSUE 129 (PUB. FRIDAYS) FEBRUARY 2-8  
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15¢ BAY AREA 20¢ ELSEWHERE

## GUESS WHO'S WINNING?!

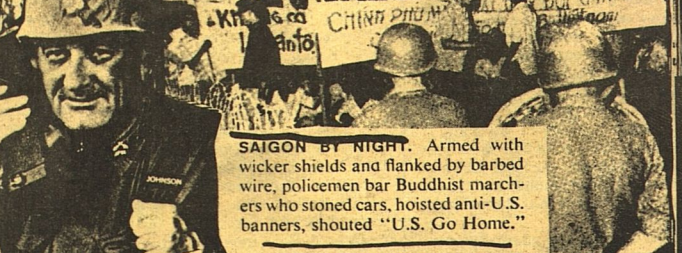


See p. 3

### Strangelove

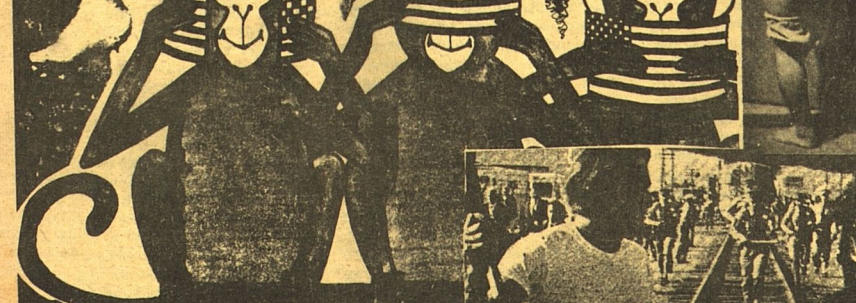


### Sentence of DEATH



### L.B.J. Hated Benefactor

### New U.S. Strategy: Hit Vietnam Where It Hurts



# LE ROI BLASTS U.S. BASTARD JUSTICE



"WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FOR HAVING A NIGRA TO LUNCH?"

This is a major portion of Le-Roi Jones' statement on his case, sent to LNS through Walter Lowenfels and the poet Allen Ginsberg. Jones has just been sentenced to two and one-half years in prison, plus \$1000 fine, by Essex County Judge Leon W. Kapp, who cited Jones' writings as "diabolical."

By LeRoi Jones

After midnight on July 14, 1967, I and my companions were driving in my station wagon, talking and listened to the radio. As we reached the corner of South Orange Ave., which was on our direct-route home, we were stopped by at least two carloads of white-helmeted police with shotguns and several detectives. They advanced on our van: we thought that at most they would check us out, ask for identifications, etc., then let us go.

We were told to come out of the car. When I opened the door and stepped down, one detective, whom I recognized as having once attended Harringer High School while I was there, reached up to me, screaming that "we were the bastards" who'd been shooting at them. "Yes," he said, "a blue panel truck." (My station wagon is an olive-green camper bus.) I said that we had not been shooting at anyone. I told the officer that I thought I remembered him from high school -- whereupon he hit me in the face and threw me up against the side of the truck. (The others had also been taken from the truck.)

The detective then began to jab me as hard as he could with his pistol in my stomach, asking, "Where are the guns?" I told him there were no guns. Suddenly it seemed that five or six of the officers surrounded me and began

to beat me. I was hit perhaps five times on top of my head by nightsticks, and when I fell, some of the officers went about methodically trying to break my hands, elbows and shoulders. One officer tried to kick me in the groin -- and there were many punches thrown. As they beat, they kept calling me, "Animal," and asking me, "Where are the guns?" Inside the wagon, the beating continued. They took us from the wagon and as I was pushed up the stairs at Police Headquarters, an officer called out, "Wait a minute," and then punched me in the pit of the stomach. I fell to the ground clutching my stomach.

Inside the station, Mr. Spina (the Police Director) was standing behind the desk. I asked him had he ordered me beaten. He replied, "They got you, didn't they?" -- smiling. An officer then grabbed me, asked me to take off my belt. He ran his hand in my pocket, pulling out my wallet... later I discovered that the officer had taken about \$65.00 and a checkbook out of the wallet.

We were taken to City Hospital; I was dragged in and handcuffed in a wheelchair. The "doctors" put eight or nine stitches and one doctor shouted at me: "You're a poet, huh? Well, you won't be writing any poems for a long time now." (At no time were we allowed to make a phone call. At no time were we read our rights.)

We were then taken to police headquarters on Franklin St., fingerprinted and brought into the courtroom and arraigned. The prosecutor asked for \$25,000 bail for me, which the judge allowed. I was taken to Essex County jail and put into solitary confinement, where I remained until I was released. (All motions for lowering the bail were denied.)

## EARTHA SOARS LADYCROW'S CAWS LIFTS BLACK SOULS

HAKIM A. JAMAL

Malcolm X once said... "One joy can dispel a thousand cares." And so it goes. My first big joy of 1968 was none other than a person whom I had once given up as a hopelessly stupid, handkerchief-head nigger woman. I now stand and humbly ask forgiveness from a WOMAN. A black woman. One of the biggest women we have, Eartha Kitt.

All birds have names such as sparrows, eagles, buzzards, etc., but the way they strut and strut remind one of some specific sort of bird.

Speaking of buzzards, Lady Bird was taken to task by a "House Negro" this week in a way that makes black people move up one more notch on the ladder of humanity. Once it was Harriet Tubman who forced black men into a position of having to do something to defend themselves. And now in 1968 it is Eartha Kitt.

I don't know if this will force the Bill Cosby's, Sammy Davis Jr.'s, Sidney Poitier's to rally to the side of this beautiful black woman, but we lesser lights, know that her stand (against all odds) makes us also stand a little taller. But why does it always have to be our women who push us? All the TV, radio, and press coverage given to "men" like Cosby, Davis, and others, has very wastefully gone down the drain. It has been used to further their own images and add to their already bursting bags of money and "position" in a world that omits their people.

The talk of the ghetto is now, "Did you hear what Eartha Kitt told old Lady Bird (buzzard)?" or, "Boy oh boy, Eartha Kitt sure told that old bitch off, didn't she!" This may not please some of our "black men in high places"; it may not please "black responsible leaders" but it sure pleases us in the street.

Most black people who are invited to attend banquets in high places such as the White House, the Pentagon, The Factory (in Hollywood) are hand-picked. The reason is clear. They don't and won't make waves. They are so imbued with their "importance" that they feel that a cry for their own black people, will somehow topple their "position" or make them seem as though they are being disloyal to their lord and masters.

So there they sit, their foot on fire, and they smile, pretending they don't feel the pain, or smell the flesh burning. Maybe because the flesh happens to be on the bones of their brothers and sisters, but Malcolm X once told me a very true thing. He said, "... if a man jumps on your little toe which is way at the end of your

leg and at the end of your foot, your mouth, which is away up on top, will yell... ouch!"

So with our girl, Eartha Kitt taking her stand, and making our stand her stand, she has taken an awesome step. One that could perhaps lead to some very unfortunate and devastating consequences, if we allow it. It seems to me that it didn't take her very long to make her decision to speak out. She heard wrong, and she attacked. Hell she just saw a wrong and her "black blood" boiled, I hope, and she dug in. And in so digging, she emerged... a queen.

It follows that the white press will begin, as they usually do, with

leading questions to "leading Negroes."

It is now that these "leading Negroes" must decide that Eartha Kitt is just like a little toe. If she is jumped on, we all will feel it. Eartha didn't take her stand based on race. No, Eartha stood up for youth, all youth--the very youth that must zero-in on Vietnamese kids and squeeze the trigger, only to find out that while they were doing everything the Vietnamese kids on the other side were zeroing in and squeezing the trigger on them. And some youth, black or white or Vietnamese, which I guess are called yellow, gets his brains shot out, and stays there, in some filth ridden rice patty, with flies in his now dead, but open, mouth.

Dick Gregory has been saying the same thing. Stokely says the same thing, Rapp is yelling it, Sister Betty (Malcolm X's wife) gave her husband, who was the leader of it, and now comes Eartha. Not in the same way nor in the same words, but equally as beautiful. Stop killing, stop making excuses for killing, stop justifying killing. But Eartha, dear Eartha, the thing you don't realize yet, is that when white folks smell blood, what lengths they will go to to make certain, absolutely certain, that they taste it, and drink their fill. The pigs.

I know, as well as do many other brothers because we discuss it enough, that Eartha Kitt does not think racism. She is not a racist. I wish she were, but she is not. I also know that she is concerned with saving lives, black and white and yellow. I also know that when the power of the White House press gets on her fully, we be to those who would offer her a job, or even mention her name. So it is now that we need you Bill Cosby, Sammy Davis, Sidney Poitier, Gregg Morris. I don't mention Ivan Dixon's name because that brother would never leave a sister, in war or peace. He's always there to help.

If these "big men" let Eartha Kitt be inundated (whatever that means) I know that not only the black youth will and should run from them, but so too should the white youth. Youth is the power and force that moves any nation, when they know it, this being the case, youth should be made to understand, the stand that was taken by Eartha Kitt was not for publicity, it was a stand for their lives. For their future, for their right now. If the same youth does not react in Eartha's behalf, against all odds, they deserve a rice patty in the face, with flies in the mouth. I have noticed that the mention

## NO SNAGS FOR BSU AT SAC CC

SACRAMENTO (UNS) -- A Black Student Union chapter has been organized at Sacramento City College. And a BSU chapter is expected to be formed soon at Sacramento State College.

The BSU movement began to pick up steam here in the wake of successful black power organization in the Bay Area.

But so far, controversy or a confrontation with the establishment has not entered in the Sacramento BSU movement picture.

Although there are definite signs of militancy in the Sacramento organization which is reflected in "Black City," the official college BSU newspaper, many of the members can be considered moderates. There seems to be a leaning toward meeting half way with Martin Luther King's organization.

BSU President William Mitchell, 28, a social science major, appears to be in line with this comparatively moderate stand.

He says he sees himself as a mediator between the more radical BSU elements and the moderates and conservatives in the organization.

But he declares the goal of every BSU member is the same -- black unity and power.

Even the college administration has not found disfavor with the BSU and appears unruffled by its presence.

"The Black Student Union on campus is conducting itself very well," commented SCC President Oliver Durand. "It is acting in the best interest of black students. We would not want to discourage such an organization."



of the fact that "Lady Bird Johnson" (what sort of bird was that?) was crying. Not one correspondent has said that what Eartha Kitt said was wrong, in substance. Not one writer or newscaster has said that Eartha Kitt did not speak as millions of mothers all throughout the world would like the chance to speak, and to the face of people like the Johnson Birds. But most black people who have the chance usually are, as I have said, hand-picked, and so grateful to be invited to be in the company of "big white folks" they wouldn't open their mouths, except to smile and agree with anything.

But Eartha stood tall. And tall she stands in the eyes of most militants, moderates, civil rights, and just plain "little folks."

Malcolm X once said, "... Freedom from desire leads to inward peace." We all, black and white people, know that black men and women want to say something. Black people want to yell out, reach for something that works, or at least helps. But we always do this, thinking like slaves, and thusly our voices that were strong become weak. We see a white face, and our anger melts, and we smile, seeking to please not our own but the white face. Some say

that "their job would be in jeopardy," if they spoke out, some scream that, "they don't want to embarrass their good white friends." But Eartha Kitt, bless her little black soul, desired to speak, to right a wrong, to give a voice to the unheard youth, I'm sure she has found... inward peace.

In all honesty, I guess the biggest thing that I had against Eartha Kitt was the fact that she married a white man. I knew that with a warped sense of judgment like this, the whole woman was decadent. I guess that from this point on I'll judge like spending money, you spend some, and you have some left. I looked at her when she married this cracker, and I gave up on the whole woman. I didn't know there was so much left that was so concerned about people. I'll never make this mistake again. So Eartha Kitt, in a strange way, has changed me also... and I'm glad.

Eartha, in closing, let me say this to you. You have always referred to yourself as a Negro, and I hate this, but if Negroes act like you, I know a whole lot of "black men" who could use some of your "Negro" dander and guts. And when we meet again and you call me a Negro... I'll be proud.

**NO COP-OUTS HERE**



NO DOUBT WHO'S FOR HUEY here in Oakland Courthouse as cops look scarce.

**END IN SIGHT FOR U.S. FIGHT IN VIETNAM**

American troops had better get out of Vietnam while there's any of them left.

The planning, organization, and audacity of the National Liberation Front attacks all over South Vietnam has left the world breathless.

"A Stalingrad in the jungle" claims one West German paper. (This echoes BARB column 'Catch 8-1/2' which stated months ago

that when and if the NLF decides to move, the end result will be "another Stalingrad for the people of Vietnam" when they throw back the invaders).

"This will force President Johnson to think of some compromise," writes the London Times.

The French press says this all proves military might (of the US) "is not enough." They ought to know. We armed them in their same battle which they lost, too. The NY Times reports that American officers in Saigon "privately" speak of "admiration" in the way the NLF organized the blitz.

Against all this world-wide admiration, Gen. Westmoreland still insists "the enemy's well-laid plans went afoul."

This is how "afoul" they went...

"The whereabouts of President Thieu and VP Ky could not be immediately determined" said the NY Times, Wednesday, during the first day of the attacks.

But everybody knew where the NLF was. They were coming through the windows of the American Embassy and the doors of

**HUEY MAY BE PFP CANDIDATE**

Two "radical Black candidates" were presented to the Peace and Freedom Party Wednesday night. Both are seeking the Party's endorsement for the upcoming 7th district Congressional Seat race.

One candidate was a lawyer and a Democrat, John George; the other candidate is Huey Newton.

Many at the Peace and Freedom meeting felt that if the Party supported John George rather than Huey Newton, the Black Panther's support would be withdrawn.

"There is a coalition now between blacks and whites in this party," the Panther Minister of Information told the BARB. "If Huey is not supported, there will not be one."

A Panther position paper condemning George and all "Black bourgeoisie" was read to the meeting by Kathryn Cleaver. She told the audience that no Black politician could help his people from within the framework of the Democratic Party.

Mrs. Cleaver's comments were loudly applauded by the Peace and Freedom Party audience. John George's views, on the other hand, were received politely but quietly.

Mrs. Cleaver pointed out the hypocrisy of the Democratic Party and its past history of courting the Black votes while only giving Black communities "tokens" in return.

A radical party like Peace and Freedom, she said, must steer clear of dishonesty for the sake of experience, and must never support a member of the "party of the oppressors," the Democrats.

John George, well-dressed in a three-piece suit, promised to support "radical" causes such as unconditional withdrawal from Vietnam and the freeing of Huey Newton. But this did not prevent Mrs. Cleaver from classifying him with the "bootlickers and Uncle Toms" who try to work with the established political system.

"Rosa Parks refused to get up when a White man wanted her seat on a bus," said Mrs. Cleaver; "and so Martin Luther King went to Sweden to get a Nobel Prize. But where is Rosa Parks now? What good did it do her?"

"The Democrats get the Black votes and so they give a few big Negroes high-up jobs," she continued. "But these Negroes also see page 15

**NLF IN CONTROL?**

"The National Liberation Front has startled the world in announcing it has set up a provisional government in Saigon" - Channel 4 Feb. 1, 1968, today

"This NBC 'today' show also reports that "allied planes are bombing Saigon" "for the first time American troops are fighting in Saigon," "the NLF has control of many large areas and cities in South Vietnam and is setting up revolutionary councils to govern."

"scores of targets" in Saigon. (The US announced "we knew this was coming" yet seems oblivious to the fact that if this was known in advance, why the surprise?)

Every provincial capital and every major airbase or US Army Hq was hit, including Camaranh Bay, noted as "the most secure base in Asia."

Loss of planes, alone, is well over \$75,000,000.

At Pleiku, the major air base and supply terminal for the Central Highlands, "at least 50 buildings were reported afire with hundreds of refugees roaming the streets."

Soviet news reports say the NLF have "occupied" Pleiku." KNBC reports that "we have half of Hue" and that "fighting is continuing Thursday morning in Saigon and elsewhere."

Channel 4 reported that martial law had been declared throughout South Vietnam. "This means all bars, newspapers, movies, are closed. It also said that "some areas of Saigon have been cleared to permit South Vietnam air force see page 11

**HOW TO BEAT ON MEAT**

All last year the BARB pointed out new methods of grocery and meat marketing which can spell doom for the Berkeley Co-Ops. This week's Wall Street Journal (Jan. 29) reports the latest.

"That butcher whacking away at huge chunks of meat behind the counter of your neighborhood supermarket may not be there for long," the paper states.

Instead of a side of beef being delivered to each store then cut up by butchers and packaged by girls, "six of Southern California's 27 chains already have their meat cut at their own plants... some of the contract packers are located as far as 1,000 miles away." The Journal points out that "cur-

rently, 300 chain executives are attending a four-day conference (in LA) to 'explore advantages' of the new methods" of eliminating the butcher in each store.

The Amalgamated Meatcutters Union has 10,000 butchers in S. California. They take a dim view of the whole affair.

An official of the Association of Food Chains, however, is overjoyed. But he warns, "The move might (sic!) result in lower meat prices for the shopper, but not much lower."

The only thing that has gone down at the Berkeley Co-Ops is the patronage refund.

-- G.K.

**EAST BAY FIVE JOIN HUEY TO CHALLENGE GRAND JURY**

The East Bay's five conspiracy defendants have joined forces with Huey Newton in challenging the legitimacy of the Alameda County Grand Jury.

Lawyers for the five will file the challenge on Friday Feb. 2 charging that Alameda County has systematically excluded persons of low income and students in the selection of the jury.

The five, Bob Mandel, Steve Hamilton, Mike Smith, Reese Erlich and Frank Bardacke have been indicted by the Grand Jury for conspiracy in connection with last October's Stop the Draft Week demonstrations.

"Overt acts" listed by the District Attorney in the indictment include such things as opening checking accounts, renting busses, walking several blocks in Oakland and giving instructions in the use of a stick as a club.

Two others, Terry Cannon and Jeff Segal, have been indicted but

are out of the state at the present time. Cannon is expected back in March and Segal is facing jail for draft refusal in Chicago.

A joint demonstration in support of the five and Huey Newton will be held at 1:45 PM on that day at the County Courthouse, 12th and Fallon St.

Huey is challenging the legitimacy of the Grand Jury in a similar fashion, including the charge that Blacks have been excluded as well.

Bob Mandel of the Stop the Draft Week Defense Committee told BARB that expectations for the challenge are optimistic, noting that systematic exclusion has been held by the US Supreme Court as valid grounds for overturning the rulings of a grand jury.

Mandel noted that nominees for the Grand Jury are suggested by the county judges and are usually friends of the judges. This makes them primarily rich, conservative Oaklanders.

The official classification of

"workers" has made up only 4% of the Grand Jury in recent years, Mandel said.

The five were imprisoned at the County Courthouse for twenty-four hours last weekend. They were kept in a cell next to the one occupied by Huey Newton, and report that Huey is in excellent spirits.

Huey told them that demonstrations of unified support have eased pressure on him considerably.

The five smuggled him a "Free Huey" button.

The conspiracy defendants agree that it is important that the next stop the draft week be bigger and have a wider impact than the last one. Four of them have agreed to work full time organizing for it.

Their defense will require about fifty thousand dollars. Contributions may be made payable to Stop the Draft Week Defense Fund and sent to 233 Lake Drive, Berkeley 94708.

"We hope to see a couple of Blacks and some hippies on our trial jury," says Mandel.

**Where Coak Was At All Along**

Jan. 29, 1968

Dear Barb, Your article on D. A. Frank Coakley's efforts to stifle the anti-draft movement refreshed my memory concerning the background of the D.A., which may be of interest to Alameda County residents, particularly the Black Community.

As every sentient person in the Bay Area knows, Port Chicago is the principle embarkation point for military ordnance being shipped to the Pacific Area. The base served the same function in WWII, and in those less subtle days the stevedore crews were composed of Black sailors.

In 1944, there was a tremendous explosion on some of the ammo ships tied up at the base, and a crew of over 100 Blacks was ordered aboard the blazing ships to throw the unexploded ammunition overboard. The Black stevedores, reluctant to risk their lives to prevent the ships from sinking, refused to obey the order.

The ensuing court martial for mutiny was distinguished by the exceptionally harsh sentences which were passed on the mutineers. The prosecutor whose zeal in that kangaroo court earned him the favorable attention of his superiors was the Port Chicago Naval Weapons Station Legal Officer, Lt. Frank Coakley. It was the distinction garnered by Coakley in that affair which served to launch his political career.

I hope this letter shows that the links which bind racism, the war in Vietnam, and oppressive law enforcement are more than rhetorical.

Mike Slackman

**SPOCK TO TALK**

Dr. Benjamin Spock, baby doctor, political spokesman and one of four men recently honored by a Justice Department indictment for conspiring to advocate Christianity, will speak Sunday, February 4, at 8 p.m. at the Berkeley Community Theater.

Spock's appearance, sponsored by a host of peace, political and legal organizations and individuals, has been planned to increase understanding and support for the five men cited for "aiding and abetting" young men to resist the draft.

Tickets available for \$1 at Record City, NCNP office at 428 Thirteenth Street in Oakland, in San Francisco at City Lights Bookstore. Also available at the door. Further info: 836-0114.

**MARCUSE MAKES IT**

BOSTON -- Boston University administrators say they are "ready" to make an exception in their faculty-age policy for Herbert Marcuse, it became known recently.

BU vice-president Everett Walters says Marcuse will be hired to teach philosophy after "salary details" are worked out.

He and president Arland Christ-Janer had announced last week that Marcuse would be refused because he is 69 years of age. Their announcement brought on a barrage of protests via newspaper editorials, letters, and telegrams.

Meanwhile, the BU faculty will "initiate a study" into future arrangements for "distinguished faculty members" who exceed BU's age limit of 70.

**RADICALS TAKE OVER COOP BOARD**

The radical caucus of the Berkeley Co-op last week captured a majority of the seats on the Board of Directors.

In a surprise upset Ray Thompson, Larry Duga and Bob Arnold, all running on the radical slate, won with totals of about 1,500 each.

Board Member Duga told BARB that he felt the radicals rode in on a wave of dissatisfaction, "mostly economic."

The current Co-op president, Carroll Melbin came through fourth to win an alternate seat. It is not known whether he will accept this let down.

Duga told BARB of how an "audible gasp" ran through the audience of the annual meeting when the results were announced. The audience was primarily comprised of old-line conservative co-ops.

One of the first acts of the Board will be to withdraw from the Chamber of Commerce, according to Duga. Another projected move will be to eliminate loss leaders and increase the exactness of price markings.

The caucus will organize the board meetings on the basis of the current problem at hand, rather than the static agenda passed down from the bygone ages.

Duga feels that the radicals can effect improvements to show sufficient results in their first year to ensure their continued tenure.

IT MAY BLOW YOUR MIND; THIS IS FROM--

# The People's Korea

No. 358

EVERY WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1968

(1961年8月22日第三種郵便物認可)

★ Price 15 yen (5 cents)

## Captured Captain of U.S. Armed Spy Ship Confesses to Crime

PYONGYANG, Jan. 24 (K-CNA)—Lloyd Mark Bucher, Captain of the armed spy ship of the U.S. imperialist aggressor army which was captured by naval vessels of the Korean People's Army while perpetrating hostile acts after illegally infiltrating into the coastal waters of our side on Jan. 23, admitted the espionage activities the U.S. imperialist aggressors committed.

Follows his confession:

I am Commander Lloyd Mark Bucher, Captain of "USS Pueblo" belonging to the Pacific Fleet U.S. Navy, who was captured while carrying out espionage activities after intruding deep into the territorial waters of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

My serial number is 58215401. I was born in Pocatello, Idaho, U.S.A. I am 38 years old.

The crew of our "USS Pueblo" are 83 in all including five officers besides me, 75 servicemen and two civilians.

My ship had been sent to Sasebo, Japan, to execute assignments given by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency.

On December 2 last, we Port of Sasebo from Rear Admiral Frank A. Johnson, U.S. Navy Commander in Japan, to conduct military espionage activities on the Far Eastern region of the Soviet Union and then on the off-shore areas and coastal areas of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

My ship had conducted espionage activities on a



**Captain Lloyd Mark Bucher of the captured armed spy ship Pueblo writing a confession, admitting the criminal hostile acts of the U.S. imperialists against the DPRK**

number of occasions for the purpose of detecting the territorial waters of the socialist countries.

Through such espionage activities, my ship detected the military installations set up along the coasts of the socialist countries and submitted the materials to the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency.

Recently, we were given another important mission by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, that is, to detect the areas along the Far East of the Soviet Union and the Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

The U.S. Central Intelligence Agency promised me that if this task would be done successfully, a lot of dollars would be offered to the whole crew members of my ship and particularly I

myself would be honoured.

Soon after that I reinforced the arms and equipment of the ship and made detailed preparations for espionage activities.

Then we disguised my ship as one engaged in researches on oceanic electronics and left the Port of Sasebo, Japan, and conducted espionage acts along the coast of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea via the general area off the Soviet Maritime Province. We pretended ourselves to conduct the observation of oceanic conditions on high seas, electronics, research on electric waves, magnetic conditions and exploitation of oceanic materials.

It was on January 16, 1968 that we entered the coastal waters of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea via the Soviet Maritime Province.

In accordance with the instructions we had received my ship was on the utmost alert and observed and ascertained the depth of water, current, water temperature, sea basin, salt condensity and water transparency of the territorial waters of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea with radars and various kinds of observatory instruments in a clandestine manner at Chongjin, Wonsan and several other points, and detected the radar network, accommodation capacities of the ports, the number of the incoming and outgoing vessels and manoeuvrability of the naval vessels of the Korean People's Army.

Furthermore we spied on

## KPA Navy Captures U.S. Armed Spy Ship

### For Its Hostile Acts in DPRK Territorial Waters

PYONGYANG, Jan. 23 (KCNA)—Thrown into a complete discomfiture by the activities of armed guerrillas rapidly intensifying of late in South Korea, the U.S. imperialists and the Pak Jung Hi puppet traitors are harshly suppressing the people by issuing the so-called "emergency mobilization orders" all over South Korea and letting loose hundreds of thousands of U.S. imperialist aggressor troops and puppet military police, while becoming more frantic in provocative manoeuvres along the Military Demarcation Line and the eastern and western coasts.

The U.S. imperialist aggressor troops which went into a fit of frenzy after armed guerrillas mounted a surprise attack on the enemy in the heart of Seoul, sending cold shivers down the spines of the U.S. imperialists and the Pak Jung Hi puppet traitors, fired thousands of shells and bullets into the area of our side on the ground from the night of Jan. 22, while infiltrating a U.S. army armed spy ship into our coastal waters up to the sea off Wonsan to commit a grave provocative act.

What a shameless, death-bed frenzy of the aggressors!

Our naval craft on routine duty captured the armed ship of the U.S. imperialist aggressor army and all the aggressors aboard; resolutely putting down the resistance of these hateful U.S. imperialist provocateurs.

However wild the U.S. imperialists and Pak Jung Hi traitorous puppet clique may run, they will be totally crushed each time in face of the water-tight defences of the heroic Korean People's Army, and neither war racket nor suppression will be able to put down the anti-U.S., anti-puppet struggle of the patriotic South Korean people fiercely raging like a prairie fire.

various military installations and the distribution of industries and the deployment of armed forces along the east coast areas and sailed up to the point 7.6 miles off Ryudo (39 degrees 17.4 minutes N., 127 degrees 46.9 minutes E.) when the navy patrol crafts of the Korean People's Army appeared.

We were on the alert instantly and tried to escape, firing at the navy patrol crafts of the People's Army.

But the situation became more dangerous for us and

was a criminal act which flagrantly violated the Armistice Agreement, and it was a sheer act of aggression.

For the purpose of disguising the activities of my ship throughout the whole period of espionage activities, we used cunning methods, namely, we did not hoist the U.S. flag and sailed at the highest speed when running out of the territorial waters after the espionage activities having intruded into the territorial waters from high seas.

I have no excuse whatsoever for my criminal act as my ship intruded deep into the territorial waters of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and was captured by the naval patrol crafts of the Korean People's Army in their self-defence action while conducting the criminal espionage activities.

The crime committed by me and by my men is entirely indelible.

I and my crew have perpetrated such grave criminal act, but our parents and wives and children at home are anxiously waiting for us to return home in safe.

Therefore, we only hope, and it is the greatest desire of myself and all my crew, that we will be forgiven leniently by the Government of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

## More Report on "Pueblo" Capture

PYONGYANG, Jan. 24 (KCNA)—The U.S. imperialist aggressor army which is becoming all the more frenzied in its moves to ignite another war in Korea, committed a premeditated hostile act by infiltrating an armed ship into the coastal waters of our side in the East Sea up to the point 39 degrees 17.4 minutes of North Latitude and 127 degrees 46.9 minutes of East Longitude on Jan. 23.

Our naval ships which encountered it while out in the sea on their patrol duty returned the fire of the piratic gang who put up an arrogant resistance after intruding deep into the coastal waters of our fatherland and killed or wounded several U.S. imperialist aggressor troops, captured alive over 80 of them and seized the warship of over 1,000 tons together with the anti-aircraft machine guns installed in it and scores of shooting weapons, tens of thousands of rounds of ammunition and hand grenades and quantities of arms and equipment for espionage activities.

This vicious provocative act of the U.S.

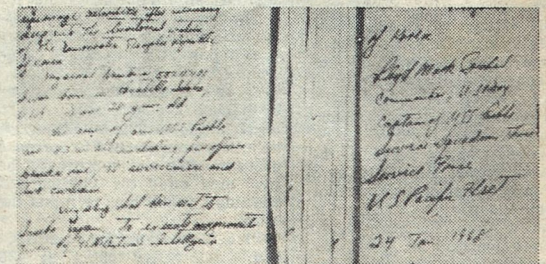
imperialist aggressor army is the most odious provocation ever committed by it since the armistice which goes beyond the case of intrusion of escort craft No. 56 which was sunk at one stroke when it intruded into the coastal waters of our side in January 1967 and all the provocative acts perpetrated by it every day in the East Sea of late, and it is a more sinister and open provocative act of the U.S. imperialist aggressor army intended to suppress and stifle with an aggressive war racket the spirits of the anti-U.S., national salvation struggle of the people which are mounting higher as the days go by in South Korea.

If the U.S. imperialists and the traitorous Pak Jung Hi puppets persist in their reckless provocations, the heroic Korean People's Army which is prepared as ever-victorious revolutionary armed forces, each man a match for 100 enemies, in cooperation with the entire Korean people, will wipe out the aggressors at one blow at any time.

thus one of my men was killed, another heavily wounded and two others lightly wounded.

We had no way out, and were captured by the naval patrol crafts of the People's Army.

Having been captured now, I say frankly that our act



Confessions by Captain L. M. Bucher

**BERKELEY BARB**

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Underground Press Syndicate (U.P.S.)  
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Second class postage  
paid at Berkeley, Calif.  
\$5.00 per year

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2421 Oregon Street  
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Kat Wright.

And thanks to John Berger,  
and Kay Greaves.

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## Participatory Democracy In Action



NOTABLE DISSIDENTERS demonstrate notable lack of dissent at PFP conference.

## What About that New Script?

Dear BARB:

Last Saturday night at the Hotel Shattuck, the Peace and Freedom Party held a meeting to make plans for the first state convention. I was walking by on my way to the hardware store and decided to drop in and see what was happening. Here's what I saw:

The most important question up for vote was whether the convention would be open to all persons registered with the Peace and Freedom Party, or whether it would be limited to selected delegates.

It was promised in the pamphlet used in the registration campaign that, "All persons registering with the party will be eligible to participate in the convention." Now me and my friends all thought that meant we'd get to go and vote at the convention.

But if you examine Webster's you'll discover that there is a slight difference between being QUALIFIED to participate and ELIGIBLE to participate. Eligible means, "Qualified to be CHOSEN to participate." A fine hair at best, but the delegates felt justified in using it as the basis for quickly

disposing with the idea of a mass convention.

Fourteen people voted for a mass convention. Fifty people voted for a closed, delegated convention and another thirteen were in favor of a mixed plan. Thus, by virtue of a cheap trick, less than 1% of the party were able to sell out the hopes of thousands, including many who had never registered to vote before. Since the P&FP has never appeared on even a single ballot, let alone won anything, it must have set some kind of speed record for corruptibility, even for American politics.

The argument of the elite guard was, "Well you just can't have 105,000 people at the convention." No? Why not? If it is the will of the 105,000 registrants of the party to come to the convention, then it is the function of the leadership to provide for them. And where do those 50 people who said "no" get their balls? What they really meant was, "If 105,000 people come to the convention, the importance of my ego-game will be greatly diminished."

I thought the P&FP was supposed to have been something new, a real departure from the deadly history of our past. To have simply thrown open the doors to the little guy (for whom the party leaders obviously had nothing but contempt), now that would have been something. The august solons who did last week's dirty deed obviously never thought about something as intangible as the high spirit of trust that would have resulted from such an honest, open attempt to do right.

But even if it had failed, it would have been clear to everybody on the set, and something else could have been tried. That was what was really sad. In the face of the enormous changes that must be made in our society, not to even try. Isn't that the script our elders have been reading from for years? "It can't be done." It is not merely a whim, a fun idea; at this juncture of history it is an absolute necessity to break away from the cold hand of what has been. Not to even try... That's sick.

-- Jeffrey Stallard

## ACTIVIST LULL AS PFP GIRDS FOR VOTE ROUTE

While the Peace and Freedom Party has been getting itself organized recently, direct action on the streets in Northern California has been held in abeyance.

Neither the Alameda County office in Berkeley nor the San Fran-

cisco office on Wednesday knew of any activist events planned for their areas. Nevertheless, both expressed confidence that action would follow soon after the neighborhood groups complete their initial organizational business.

At a statewide planning conference held last weekend in Berkeley's largest hotel, PFP delegates set up the structure of the party convention to be held in mid-March at the Richmond Auditorium.

Earlier hopes for a mass convention open to all Peace and Freedom registrants were quickly disposed of. The telling argument was that the open conference in Pasadena last month proved too unwieldy.

The March convention will be closed; voting will be done only by delegates selected locally in neighborhood PFP groups. All decisions made by the convention will then be referred back to the area groups for ratification.

Each delegate to the convention will represent 200 PFP registrants, giving Alameda County about 100 of the 500-odd delegates.

Prior to the convention, Tom Condit and Peter Franck will represent Alameda County in the statewide Interim Committee. Their alternates are Mike Delacour and Mike Parker.

The San Francisco PFP group, which strongly supported selection of delegates by neighborhood groups which retain the power to ratify convention decisions, is now nearly out of funds. They do not have enough money to send their current mailing to all San Francisco registrants in new party, according to PFP member Heron.

Peace and Freedom Parties are now beginning to form in New York and in Washington, D.C.

"We anticipate that we will be able to place the Peace and Freedom Party on the ballots of 20 to 30 states," Tom Condit said.

Alameda County has been divided into 16 areas, with equal numbers of PFP registrants, for the formation of area groups of the Peace and Freedom Movement. Ten of the county's 16 areas are in Berkeley.

Neighborhood meetings will begin in the East Bay next week.

## PAISLEY POWER SOUR

The Paisley Power Caucus believes that all registrants in the PFP should be represented equally -- as by the statewide convention formula of one delegate per 200 registrants. And we believe that neighborhoods in the large counties must be represented separately, so that minority interests will be represented and safe-guarded.

Unfortunately, this principle of "ONE MAN, ONE VOTE" has not been applied in San Francisco, and hippy voters are not getting equal representation. The Haight Ashbury has between three thousand and eight thousand registered PFP members -- perhaps one-fourth or one-third of San Francisco's total.

Yet at the recent statewide PFP meeting in Berkeley, the Haight received only one delegate out of thirteen. And on the proposed new SF County Committee, to be formed Feb. 5th, the Haight will have only two delegates out of thirty-four -- or six delegates out of a much larger total.

The present San Francisco procedure divides the city haphazardly into neighborhood groups, and give equal power to each group. But most neighborhoods have rather few registrants compared to the Haight. Thus a Pacific Heights member has more representation than a Haight member. It's the same old "rotten borough" system that gives Nevada the same number of U.S. Senators as California -- it's a system for representing land rather than people.

Three Haight groups will present proposals Feb. 5th to give the Haight a fair share of the SF County Committee, based on the number of registrants.

Signed: Jefferson Poland, Solon Coldridge, (name illegible), Diann Harmon, Penny A. Tully, Bert Kohl.

# ADS BRING RESULTS FAST

The police (of all genre) would like to be respected. We're told that the absence of such respect is one of the contributing factors to the rising crime rate.

The public would like to respect the police. Those of the public who are not constantly harassed by the police for no good reason, have no problem in giving this respect and wonder what all the hassle is about. The others wish that the police would act in a manner befitting such respect.

It was with this wish in mind that J. D. Kuch, Chief Boo-hoo (priest) of the Neo-American Church in Washington, placed an announcement in the Christmas issue of the Free Press. The announcement read:

At Christmas time, an open prayer for Donald S. Smith and David Paul: May the Good Lord bless you and teach you love, Christian Charity and humility.  
J. D. Kuch

Donald Smith is with the U.S. District Attorney's office. Detective Sergeant David Paul is with the Narcotics Squad of the Metropolitan Police Dept. Mrs. Kuch has had previous jolly encounters with both.

Perhaps one would have to be naive to expect such a request to have any significant effect on

either of the two gentlemen.

But one would have to be very cynical indeed to expect it to have the effect that it did.

On Christmas Eve, David Paul and about a dozen other law-enforcement officers entered J. D.'s home and arrested her and seven others for possession of various drugs. According to one of those present, Det. Paul, upon entering, said, smirkingly, "Saw your message to me in the Free Press." Subsequent remarks by Paul made it plain to those present that he had come because of the message.

The law-enforcement officers overturned drawer after drawer and emptied out closets, tramping on clothing as they went. They broke expensive crystal, took church records and J. D.'s personal address book and drank beer and ate during their 3 1/2 hour visit.

In addition, according to the same eye-witness, Det. Paul took \$30 cash from J. D.'s pocketbook and another \$100 is missing from the house.

She has not seen any of the money since and no formal acknowledgement of the money's existence has come from the authorities.

It is rumored that next Christmas Eve, Det. Paul plans to arrest his mother.



J. D. BUSY at church work. BARB readers may remember her by Bill Blum kind words about "Papa" Al.

# ten days that shook the university

THEY ALSO HURRIED TO CARRY OUT THE SMALL CHORES NECESSARY TO THE DEFENSE OF STUDENT INTERESTS...



The poverty of student activism is the main thrust of argument in a pamphlet by Situationist International, a Marxists-anarchist group born in France. This BARB series is a reprint of that pamphlet.

A small group of students at Strasbourg University in 1966 got elected to power in the students union. Instead of devoting themselves to sandbox reform, they proclaimed their intention to dissolve the student union, and they used its funds to publish Situationist-inspired propaganda.

## Part Five of a Series

As for student unionism, it is nothing but the travesty of a travesty, the useless burlesque of a trade unionism itself long totally degenerate.

The principal platitude of all future revolutionary organisation must be the theoretical and practical denunciation of Stalinism in all its forms. In France at least, where economic backwardness has slowed down the consciousness of crisis, the only possible road is over the ruins of Stalinism. It must become the *delenda est Carthago* of the last revolution of prehistory.

Revolution must break with its past, and deprive all its poetry from the future. Little groups of "militants" who claim to represent the authentic Bolshevik heritage are voices from beyond the grave. These angels come to avenge the "betrayal" of the October Revolution will always support the defence of the USSR—if only "in the last instance". The "under-developed" nations are their promised land. They can scarcely sustain their illusions outside this context, where their objective role is to buttress theoretical underdevelopment. They struggle for the dead body of "Trotsky", invent a thousand variations on the same ideological theme, and end up with the same brand of practical and theoretical impotence. Forty years of counter-revolution separate these groups from the Revolution; since this is not 1920 they can only be wrong (and they were already wrong in 1920).

Consider the fate of an ultra-Leftist group like *Socialisme ou Barbarie*, where after the departure of a "traditional Marxist" faction (the impotent *Pouvoir Ouvrier*) a core of revolutionary "modernists" under Cardan disintegrated and disappeared within 18 months. While the old categories are no longer revolutionary, a rejection of Marxism à la Cardan is no substitute for the reinvention of a total critique. The Scylla and Charybdis of present revolutionary action are the museum of revolutionary prehistory and the modernism of the system itself.

As for the various anarchist groups, they possess nothing beyond a pathetic and ideological faith in this label. They justify every kind of self-contradiction in liberal terms: freedom of speech, of opinion, and other such bric-a-brac. Since they tolerate each other, they would tolerate anything.

The predominant social system, which flatters itself on its modernisation and its permanence, must now be confronted with a worthy enemy; the equally modern negative forces which it produces. Let the dead bury their dead. The advance of history has a practical demystifying effect—it helps exorcise the ghosts which haunt the revolutionary consciousness. Thus the revolution of everyday life comes face to face with the enormity of its task. The revolutionary project must be reinvented, as much as the life it announces. If the project is still essentially the *abolition of class society*, it is because the material conditions upon which revolution was based are still with us. But revolution must be conceived with a new coherence and a new radicalism, starting with a clear grasp of the failure of those who first began it. Otherwise its *fragmentary* realisation will bring about only a new division of society.

The fight between the powers-that-be and the new proletariat can only be in terms of the totality. And for this reason the future revolutionary movement must be purged of any tendency to reproduce within itself the alienation produced by the commodity system<sup>1</sup>; it must be the *living* critique of that system and the negation of it, carrying all the elements essential for its transcendence.

As Lukacs correctly showed, revolutionary organisation is this necessary mediation between theory and practice, between man and history, between the mass of workers and the proletariat *constituted as a class* (Lukacs' mistake was to believe that the Bolsheviks fulfilled this role). If they are to be realised in practice "theoretical" tendencies or differences must be translated into organisational problems. It is by its present organisation that a new revolutionary movement will stand or fall. The final criterion of its coherence will be the compatibility of its actual form with its essential project—the *international and absolute power of Workers' Councils* as foreshadowed by the proletarian revolutions of the last hundred years. There can be no compromise with the foundations of existing society—the system of commodity production; ideology in all its guises; the State; and the imposed division of labour from leisure.

The rock on which the old revolutionary movement foundered was the separation of theory and practice. Only at the supreme moments of struggle did the proletariat supersede this division and attain their truth. As a rule, the principle seems to have been *hic Rhodus, hic non salta*. Ideology, however "revolutionary", always serves the ruling class; false consciousness is the alarm signal revealing the presence of the enemy fifth column. The lie is the essential

product of the world of alienation, and the most effective killer of revolutions: once an organisation which claims the *social truth* adopts the lie as a tactic, its revolutionary career is finished.

All the positive aspects of the Workers' Councils must be already there in an organisation which aims at their realisation. All relics of the Leninist theory of organisation must be fought and destroyed. The spontaneous creation of Soviets by the Russian workers in 1905 was in itself a practical critique of that baneful theory, yet the Bolsheviks continued to claim that working-class spontaneity could not go beyond "trade union consciousness" and would be unable to grasp the "totality". This was no less than a decapitation of the proletariat so that the Party could place itself "at the head" of the Revolution. If once you dispute the proletariat's capacity to emancipate itself, as Lenin did so ruthlessly, then you deny its capacity to organise all aspects of a post-revolutionary society. In such a context, the slogan "All Power to the Soviets" meant nothing more than the subjection of the Soviets to the Party, and the installation of the Party State in place of the temporary "State" of the armed masses.

"All Power to the Soviets" is *still* the slogan, but this time without the Bolshevik afterthoughts. The proletariat can only play the *game* of revolution if the stakes are the whole world, for the only possible form of workers' power—generalized and complete autogestion—can be shared with nobody. Workers' control is the abolition of all authority: it can abide no limitation, geographical or otherwise: any compromise amounts to surrender. "Workers' control must be the means and the end of the struggle: it is at once the goal of that struggle and its adequate form".<sup>2</sup>

A total critique of the world is the guarantee of the realism and reality of a revolutionary organisation. To tolerate the existence of an oppressive social system in one place or another, simply because it is packaged and sold as revolutionary, is to condone universal oppression. To accept alienation as inevitable in any one domain of social life is to resign oneself to reification in all its forms. It is not enough to favour Workers' Councils in the abstract; in concrete terms they mean the abolition of commodities and therefore of the proletariat. Despite their superficial disparities, all existing societies are governed by the logic of commodities—and the commodity is the basis of their dreams of self-regulation. This famous fetishism<sup>1</sup> is still the *essential* obstacle to a total emancipation, to the free construction of social life. In the world of commodities, external and invisible forces direct men's actions; autonomous action directed towards clearly perceived goals is impossible. The strength of economic laws lies in their ability to take on the appearance of natural ones, but it is also their weakness, for their effectiveness thus depends *only* on "the lack of consciousness of those who help create them".

The market has one central principle—the loss of self in the aimless and unconscious creation of a world beyond the control of its creators. The revolutionary core of autogestion is the attack on this principle. Autogestion is conscious direction by all of their whole existence. It is not some vision of a workers' control of the market, which is merely to choose one's own alienation, to programme one's own survival (squaring the capitalist circle). The task of the Workers' Councils will not be the autogestion of the world which exists, but its continual qualitative transformation. The commodity and its laws (that vast detour in the history of man's production of himself) will be superseded by a new social form.

To Be Continued



# 'TOP SECRET' CHARD BURNED BY BRASS

Charges that a client of his "was shanghaied by the Army" were made by San Francisco Attorney Aubrey Grossman this week. "I contemplate filing suit against all of the Army personnel who had any responsibility for this outrageous action," Grossman told BARB in a letter containing the shanghai charges.

Included in the letter was a photostat copy of a hand-written letter by his client Army Sergeant Fred Chard. Chard has the highest security clearance of the Army, top secret crypto.

Two weeks ago BARB related how Chard decided to quit the Army as a Conscientious Objector after

seeing a Felix Green movie on Vietnam.

According to the report, the Army did not appear to be put out by Chard's contemplated defection. At the Oakland Army base, the commanding officer welcomed the Sergeant cordially. He had watched Chard on television and stayed up to greet him at 11 p.m. But that was 2 weeks ago.

A week later on January 23rd, in "flagrant violations of my rights," Chard wrote to Attorney Grossman, "an armed escort of two burly sergeants with Army 45's took me into custody from the Presidio (San Francisco) Stockade and ushered me into a

military car. I was informed that I was being taken to Travis AFB on orders from Army Security Agency headquarters for a flight to Okinawa . . .

"My status was that of prisoner. I repeatedly asked to contact my lawyer, even see the Army Inspector General, but all requests were denied . . .

"I was told that if I did not willingly board the aircraft, I would be carried aboard. I was not handcuffed after pledging not to make an incident.

"... I believe these actions to be a flagrant violation of my rights as I have not been charged by the Judge Advocate General." R.L.L.

# BEAT THE DRUM FOR THAT NEW TIME RELIGION

by Leo E. Laurence

"Open the church 24-hours a day and let people worship in their own way," says a Digger leader of a movement to open churches throughout the city. "It means opening the doors to all people all the time."

It could be risky. Some may worship with traditional prayers, but others may express devotions by artistic painting on the wall, dancing, or making love. Whatever

the individual's form of worship or meditation, the church should be open for it. That's the "Free Church" concept.

Applauding the idea were spokesmen for the Catholics and Episcopalians in San Francisco.

"There ought to be a place for men to go at all times, says Very Rev. C. Julian Bartlett, Dean of Grace Cathedral.

"Our Wayside Shrine of St. Francis is such a place. It's an unattended sanctuary open continuously.

"Unfortunately, some warped minds frequently desecrate it. They start fires, vomit on the floors, steal statues and vases (anything not bolted down), and even urinate in corners. As a practical matter, city people won't respect it. You must have custodial supervision, and most churches cannot afford it."

A Catholic took it further. "It's an urban crisis. We are all strangers, where we should all feel like a community. In the small villages of Europe, where nobody is a stranger, the churches are open continuously," explained Monseigneur Francis Quinn, "In Ireland, the churches are always open, day and night.

"What these hippies are trying to do is a wonderful development," the Monseigneur pointed out. "Although it's a variation in hippy thought, which usually locates God within oneself, rather than in a church, their idea should be tried in a few pilot churches in San Francisco."

(All night churches exist in New York City: Penn Station, the Theatre district, and a workers chapel in the printing district.)

Glide Methodist historically has initiated experimental forms of worship that have literally started the religious world. But, this "Free Church" was a project started by the hippies, not the Glide staff, and it got thumbs down from Glide ministers.

Two weeks ago, Glide reluctantly let a few use a small sidewalk chapel. The Glide staff then claimed "nobody would assume responsibility" and locked the doors. Finis!

But not quite. Armed with leaflets demanding "Why has Glide locked its doors to free communion?" and three conga drums, about a dozen hippies attended.

As dark suited ushers passed collection plates, the kids passed their inverted drums making their own collection. That only brought a few chuckles.

The ushers then presented the offertory at the altar. Suddenly, one of the freeman strode down the aisle, removed a dollar from a collection plate, and burned it. The congregation was stunned. From behind the sanctuary, someone shouted: "You can't buy God."

One of the congregation rose demanding: "What's the truth about stopping the Free Church?"

"We agreed to certain limita- see page 13

# Draft evaders to be hunted by superfeds

SHEILA RYAN

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19(LNS)—A new unit of the Justice Department established to deal with violations of the Selective Service Laws is apparently to be a super-secret entity. The Justice Dept. has refused to release any information on the plans of the unit or the names of personnel assigned to it. Officials also refuse to specify the number of employees under the unit, or even to state whether it is "tiny" or "massive."

The special prosecution unit is headed by John Van de Kemp, former U.S. Attorney for the Central District of California and currently Deputy Director of the Executive Office for U.S. Attorneys. The Justice Dept. has turned down all requests from the press for interviews with Mr. Van de Kemp.

The Attorney General's year-end report stated that "intensive investigative and legal work done in 1967 was to lead to prosecutions in 1968 for aiding and abetting violations of Selective Service law—the first such prosecutions in a decade."

In 1967, the Justice Dept. initiated 1,643 prosecutions under the Universal Military Training Act. This represents an increase of 62 per cent over 1966, and 226 per cent over 1965. 952 convictions were obtained, a figure up 78 per cent from 1966 and 250 per cent from 1965. The average sentence meted out to those convicted under the draft law increased from 25.4 months in 1966 to 32.1 months in the past year.

Recent statements by Attorney General Ramsey Clark indicate that the Justice Dept. is gearing up for a crack-down on insurgent elements of the American population. Six weeks ago, in an announcement of the formation of the draft law prosecution unit, Clark said, "All U.S. Attorneys have been instructed to expedite investigation and prosecutorial recommendations on these cases. They have also been directed to cooperate with local law enforcement officials and to urge them to vigorously prosecute violations of local laws which may occur in demonstrations against the Selective Service System."

Clark's annual report to the President also deals with new Justice Dept. measures to track down "extremists" in urban rebellions, civil disobedience and demonstrations will be fed into the intelligence unit's computers. That unit is being reinforced and cyberneticized to meet Justice Dept.'s "most difficult criminal intelligence problem."

# BOSTON FIVER INDUCTED

BOSTON, Jan. 24 (LIBERATION News Service)—Michael Ferber, one of the "Boston Five," under indictment for conspiracy in violation of the Selective Service Act, has received an induction order from the U.S. Army.

Ferber, who is 23 and a second-year graduate student in English at Harvard, recently lost his



# Did 40 Men Jump 'Intrepid' Down Under?

by Gar

Last week, on flight from San Francisco to Orange County, Fred Harvey, a psychologist in industrial consulting, was privy to a most extraordinary off-the-cup conversation.

While a trim stewardess circulated altitude-enhancing jiggers of booze to the denizens of the plane's tail lounge, Harvey listened with interest, then disbelief as a small party of sailors, adrift on a sea of Johnny Walker, discoursed to an attentive file of businessmen on the topic: "The Navy as a Shuck in Time of War."

The sailors complained with disgust how it is impossible to keep combat aircraft in parts. Even the fighters that remain airworthy are not entirely ship-shape, the sailors lamented.

"It's no wonder so many planes get shot down," one serviceman sneered knowingly, "A lot of them go into combat with their radars on the fritz."

When Harvey learned these men were from the carrier Intrepid, he inquired if the men knew anything of the four young sailors who jumped ship in Japan to protest to the Vietnam war. Their answer was, to say the least, surprising.

One of the men, a 12-year veteran of the Navy, declared that he hadn't heard of the Intrepid Four but there was, of course, the incident where all those men disappeared when the Intrepid made port in Australia!

"The ship was a day late leaving Australia because of that," the sailor said, "We spent that day

trying to find all those men."

The men were part of an on-board discussion group which had been considering the vital issues of war and staying-in-one-piece.

In all, over 40 men went overboard-without-leave. Included in this number were some officers. None of these men were recovered, the sailor said.

It was at this high point in the conversation that a clean-cut man in his early thirties swung out of a seat further up the aisle and flashed the contents of his wallet in the veteran's face. "Keep your mouth shut!", he yelled, "That's an order!" The veteran turned as white and noncommittal as an arctic iceberg.

As Harvey left the airplane at the end of the flight, he observed the authority-figure huddled with the abashed serviceman, notebook and pencil at the ready.

Is the Resistance alive in the Outback?

# FREE CHURCH SWITCH NEEDS ALL OF US

The Free Church Switchboard, a Berkeley institution which has furnished jobs, crash pads, medical, psychiatric, and legal referral service to needy Berkeley denizens, now needs community support.

The hip church has grown short of housing offers, because it has had to rely so heavily on its current list of persons offering lodging that these are being withdrawn. Anyone who has a phone and can offer anything from a four-poster to a floor is invited to call the Switchboard at 549-0640.

Volunteers who know the local area well, and can keep a cool head in the face of emergencies, are also needed by the Switchboard to man the phone. The formal 24-hour operating schedule has recently been reduced in half (from 12 p.m. to 12 a.m.), as a result of the present scarcity of staff.

# Barb Spy Fails to Pin Supersnoops

By Larry Crawford

If you went to the Country Joe benefit for the ASUC Bail Fund last Tuesday night in Pauley Ballroom, there is a good chance that your picture is now on file somewhere. Yes, it's true, your past paranoia is now justified.

Around 10 p.m., I was standing outside the entrance to Pauley watching the light show through the open door. There was a very straight-looking individual standing next to me trying very hard to become invisible. To my amazement, he quickly pulled out of his black trench coat a small, inconspicuous, observation-type camera and clicked off a quick shot of the crowd gathered around the door.

I was so astonished that I immediately turned to a friend of mine to see if he could confirm what I had just witnessed. He

confirmed. After a few minutes, another click.

About ten minutes later the photographer left and we decided to follow him. He went out of the Student Union and started across Sprout Plaza. When he got to Sather Gate, we noticed another man walking parallel to him but about 50 yards away.

As the people on campus got fewer and fewer, these guys got closer and closer. At Wheeler Hall, the photographer stopped at the trash can -- fiddling through its contents -- while his accomplice played with a bicycle about 25 yards away.

Finally, they both began walking uphill toward the Chemistry Building, trying not to acknowledge each other's existence.

They walked toward a grate in the road which was billowing upsteam from the underground heating sys-

tem. They stood on the grate, enveloped in white steam, and the guy in the black trenchcoat handed the camera to his partner.

Then they proceeded to Birge Hall where they walked around and around inside the building, covering every floor. By this time it was pretty obvious we were following them -- they kept looking back at us -- and we decided to split to avoid any type of confrontation.

I couldn't establish any type of correlation between the camera and his subject matter at Pauley, but it was evident that he was trying to stay inconspicuous. I felt as if I was participating in some sort of ludicrous spy-farce movie; that this couldn't be real.

But now I know -- Big Brother IS watching.

# Land of the Free



by James A. Schreiber

The latest legal crisis for residents of Morningstar Ranch is over. Right now the biggest problem is the rainy season.

Nineteen Morningstar people stood trial last week for contempt of court, charged with violating an injunction forbidding them to live at the notorious hip community.

Eight were found not guilty. Ten found guilty were given probation, one was sentenced to 20 days in jail.

Despite the natural rain and the judicial heat, about two dozen people are now staying at the ranch. If Lou Gottlieb's prediction is accurate, more than ten times that number will be staying at Morningstar during the summer.

Two weeks ago, BARB printed the first part of a kitchen-table conversation with Gottlieb, the legal owner of Morningstar Ranch. (The series was interrupted last week due to the immediate importance of the San Quentin article.)

A few years ago Gottlieb was best known as one of "The Lime-lighters." He bought the ranch near Sebastopol "after looking it over for 10 seconds" in October, 1962, with the intention of real estate speculation.

When a trickle of friends began to arrive, Gottlieb decided not to charge them rent. Then several Diggers arrived in the early spring of 1966, and the first real seeds of "Alternate Society" were planted in Sonoma County.

"Alternate Society" is Gottlieb's term for what happens when a plot of land is made open to all people without exception. The only rule at Morningstar is that access to the land is denied to no one. "The Diggers are Alternate Society in the city," Gottlieb said. A basic premise of the Digger "free" thing is that access to the products of society should be denied to no one.

The people who come to live at Morningstar are, in Gottlieb's view, the "technological unemployables," persons who have suffered the shock of realizing that their jobs can and will be done better by machines.

Most of the Morningstar inhabitants are the "children of Alamogordo," young people born after the explosion of the first atomic bomb, Gottlieb noted.

"If Marshall McLuhan is right, this has created a new medium, and the message is--any hour may be the last," he said. "They have what Hemingway called 'a built-in shit detector,' a feeling for the genuine which is stronger than in my generation."

BARB wondered what the aim of Alternate Society might be. "That every day should be a completely spontaneous, thoroughly attractive, joyous event," Gottlieb said. He said this has become possible due to the existence of "the happy slave," completely automated machinery which will give people the responsibility for decid-

ing what to do with leisure.

"It will obviously have to do with Being, not Doing," he said. But isn't it selfish for a small group to enjoy these fruits while millions are starving? What about the geography of hunger?

"Development never comes evenly," Gottlieb replied. "And we are the vanguard."

"Cyberneted industry in Kenya, in Ghana, in Chad is going to come like a torrent, and nobody will go to work. Those people will go from primitive communism to the era of economic abundance with nothing in between, because the factory will come from West Germany and the guy that runs it will be packaged along with it, and he'll sit there and read funny books while the people benefit."

What do the people in the alternate society at Morningstar do with their leisure?

"They talk an awful lot," Gottlieb said, "and some garden, some paint, some write songs, some pray, some build little structures." No TV, no athletics, and no central meeting house for people to get such notions as "move the previous question."

Free access to the land seems to get into people's heads to loosen the bondage of ownership. Not only is the "territorial imperative" broken down, but apparently the whole impulse toward possessiveness.

Chris, a Morningstar resident, said that "ownership" had come to mean simply "the presence of something in someone's hands," a strictly transitory experience.

This attitude seems to carry over into a great reduction in sexual possessiveness or jealousy. "It's more moral than most night-clubs," Gottlieb said.

Chris said, "It's just another thing that happens in common. It depends on the way people really feel. And there aren't all the props, like lipstick."

Although the ranch has been condemned as unsanitary, Gottlieb views the community as a place where the achievement of mental health far outweighs the chances of physical disease.

"Sheriff's men have come up and said, 'This is the only place we feel welcome!' And they should be welcome, because the police

are under a terrific strain.

"There's more high blood pressure on the sheriff's department, and more Tums and Roloids consumed, than in any other occupation there is. It's a bum gig. You always get called when people are in a tense, emotional situation."

"The most welcome people in Alternate Society have to be law enforcement officers. All law enforcement officers have got a very shaky center, and if you're shaking, then the whole thing gets vibrating. But if you have an inner calm, you can confront a cobra and it won't be bad."

What about drugs at Morningstar?

Although there is no prohibition against drugs there, Gottlieb expressed strong distaste for alcohol.

"Alcohol produces the same numb, bum, dumb trip every time," he said. "It's the perfect hallucinogen for people who work with machines."

"Let's face it. The most successful people in the Great Society get up in the morning and have caffeine and nicotine; then they're a little bit tense, so they have a neprobomate; then at lunch they have some alcohol...then after noon slump sets in, so they have a few amphetamines; then dinner with alcohol, caffeine and nicotine, and then to sleep they have to take a barbiturate. Day after day after day."

Gottlieb expects several more open, intentional communities to be created this year. For persons not quite willing to take all the hassles anticipated from the surrounding community, he makes an offer:

"If anybody has a piece of land he's willing to make open to anyone, he can give it to me, and I'll 'own' it in case there's heat, and I'll agree to sign it back over at any time. I'll be whatever is necessary...."

"When the summer comes, and when we again have another graduating class of young people who are not inspired to activity by the goals and incentives which have moved their parents, and who are seeking the Alternate Society, it will certainly be a larger summer this year than last."

## Rubin Raps

# 'DON'T TRUST ANYONE OVER

by Jerry Rubin

ramblings from the stratosphere/scratches on my brain while insane/thanks to chemistry/all rationalized from memory and put into better (or worse) language days later:

\*\*\* We of the white middle class are not children of violence. But increasingly, day by day we are becoming the enemies of a system whose basic means of control is violence, or the threat of violence. One never knows if he is going to return from a demonstration anymore with his previous head in one piece.

Doesn't it follow that the larger our movement becomes, the greater our threat, the more likely it will be that we are going to die? When we speak of revolution, do we realize that we are talking about our own skins, our own lives? Is America going to let us humanize her without a bloody fight? Why are we white middle-classes any different than the blacks or the Vietnamese?

In this sense Che is more powerful dead than alive. His death demonstrates to us that if we want change, we are going to have to risk our own lives. When does the revolution begin? When does one get a gun? blow up a draft board? When guerrilla war breaks out in the city, and cops and blacks start shooting, are we going to hide, or are we going to take sides?

Have words, arguments, debates ever settled a struggle for power? Even if our offensive tactics are non-violent, what are we going to do when the police come to take us away, or when they brutally attack us during demonstrations? Hmhmhm.....think about it.

\*\*\* Today our war is symbolic---theatrical. We are trying to take the charm, the mystery, the prestige out of their symbols. Once the symbol has lost its myth, America has lost her power to command authority. Everything is up for grabs.

The campus demonstrations have zonked the myth of the university as a sacred place.

The draft actions have laid bare the draft as an arm of brute force.

The Pentagon spectacular dramatized the Pentagon as a place where one should piss, smoke pot, and scratch on the wall: "Che Lives!"

And next August comes the National Democratic Convention in Chicago....yippee! yippee!! yippee!!!

\*\*\* America has lost her myth. Myths make history. American institutions lack ideals. America is old, tired and fuzzy, and today she represents guns, napalm, and money. America

sationalizes and roams through the magic of every home. The effect How would Marx h he had known about theorists who don't incor theories of social cha the 19th century.

Television has out speeches, and convent has made theater and of learning in America The long-hairs have America: a visual mi is through theater, th America from the de our own culture and c press, values, myths a

\*\*\* It's a regional revolution. Certainly to build a new cultur than it is in New York you have a base, a ho that have come first like shock waves have

The HUAC demons Movement, the first r tions, the rock mus papers, the peace can first official anti-war diggers, the dances, first flowering of com and values are domi society" is suspect.

It is where one is confident that one beg and advance into the ur "California" to us but freedom. To the "Go West, young ma spirit, the emphasis o of our types means r ornia as a guerrilla ba But California does props. The Pentagon Stock Exchange. Th tion is going to be l We need theatrical pr great confrontation-sh myths which cut thro the media into the livi of the youth.

\*\*\* After Chicago to get a traveling yip



offers us nothing to believe in, nothing to get excited about.

The only exciting thing around is anti-Americanism.

The revolution is generational. The war is between the young and the old. Not a psychological conflict a la Freud, but a historical-generational conflict. The young who inherited America feel no responsibility to defend her irrationality and insanity. We want to create our own insanity!

It is not a mechanical matter of age. Bertrand Russell is a leader of the youth movement, and he's in his 90's. "Don't trust anyone over 30" should now read "Don't trust anyone over 34"--it is now four years later. Every generation should look to the youngest generation for leadership, because it is the youngest generation which is the most directly and emotionally affected by society's repression.

The younger you are, the clearer is your head. The healthiest society is the one which the youngest people make all the decisions. The young should teach the old, not vice versa. I, certain that 16-year-olds and 18-year-olds should vote; I don't know about people over 40.

The youth have polarized America. When a kid grows up and looks at the horizon, various images comes to mind...the military...Harvard...the corporation...Madison Avenue...Berkeley. Each word carries its own meaning.

Our life style has boomed its way into every home, and every kid today has a choice. If he lets his hair grow, begins to take dope, and laughs at the war, he has joined the youth revolution.

A romantic, cultural youth movement is a greater threat to the stability of America than is any political movement of ideology.

\*\*\* We are creating an alternative culture. The media, whether or not they like us, sen-

roaring through colleg burning degrees and ex busting up classrooms from the prison of the get beat up or arrest is the final protector classroom.

The universities ca must be abandoned or be used as bases for never taken seriously! nothing to teach; we ing America. We can than we can from any u

Besides, our brotho think the white middl class--are in prison tized by their acceptan the school system.

Fuck those grades a doing, not reading! O the schools! Close th Live for the momen

\*\*\* America is bo myths. America is de The values of America, this country meets her

The values of democ and authority are fo country is caught in a sc

We are taking serio elementary school, an ditions in favor of fre

In Vietnam America war in Vietnam is rea the two America's are erica and the youth o together against old A but aged in power. T wounds of America, a thing, to make our r







BY Lenny Lipton

It's really the in-thing to think that there are just billions and billions of planets up there, teeming with life. It's the kind of thought you get when you look up at the night sky, and look at the stars. Sort of puts a lump in your throat, don't it ladies and germs? Why, you just puts your arm around your sweetie and feed her that line and the next thing you know, you've forgotten all about the stars.

If there are so many planets full of people up there, looking down at us, how come none of them have ever visited these parts? Because, just as they were on the verge of space travel they blew themselves up, just like we're going to do.

SUPERMAN, on the other hand, is science fiction, because it doesn't take place in the future. Any story, you see, that makes the assumption that there is going to be a future has got to be fantasy.

And now that THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN has left the tube, the only show worth watching, except for Julia Child, is STAR TREK.

Cut now to an ad in the last week's adadadada section of the infamous Berkeley BARB:

STAR TREK MAY BE CANCELED! Fans-- write letter of protest NOW to NBC, c/o KRON-TV, 1001 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.

It seems to me that I have wanted to write about STAR TREK since the summer. Now that pressure is mounting, I can't fore-

bear. (Before I forget, while I'm on the subject of television, I'd like to express my gratitude to our leader, LBJ for calling attention to one of this nation's pressing problems. In his State of the Union Message the president got down to the nitty gritty and said the gov't was going to investigate the problem of excessive radiation from the TV tube. Talk about priorities.

Where was I? Pressure was mounting. That's right. Briefly, STAR TREK is about an interstellar ship of the line, manned by a crew of 400, lead by the intrepid Captain James Kirk. Each week the Star Ship Enterprise orbits another planet, or gets lost in a giant nebula, and in general does battle with the forces of evil from one end of the galaxy to the other.

If STAR TREK goes off the

air, the only thing I'm going to miss about the show is the character of the ship's science officer, Mr. Spok. Mr. Spok is half Vulcan, half human.

The Vulcans are a race of superrational emotionless humanoid creatures, and somehow, Mr. Spok's mother fell in love with one. Would you want your daughter to marry a Vulcan?

Mr. Spok has, what one would call, saturnine features. His ears come to points, and they are very large. He got them from his dad. Once I saw the show on a color tube, and Spok's either got a pallor, or he's sort of greenish. But I dig him no matter what color his skin, because deep down, under that seemingly emotionless, cold, even ironic exterior, there beats the heart of a rogue.

After many a STAR TREK episode I like to imitate Mr. Spok. Only a small circle of intimate friends can appreciate the truth of this statement, but my impersonation is very, very powerful. I have a pair of paper ears, kept in readiness, which I fasten to my ears. I become terse, logical, almost expressionless, and sardonic.

Mr. Spok is always making cracks about the human race. Little sardonic remarks about our love of violence and killing, and our lack of rationality. For a long time it was up to Mr. Spok to save the day, each and every episode. But it became all too apparent that he was up-staging the ostensible star, William Shattner (Spok is played by Leonard Nimoy).

Shattner plays the part of Captain Kirk with the mannerisms of Robert Culp (I SPY) and the virility of Larry (Buster) Crabbe (FLASH GORDON CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE).

Lately Spok has begun to fade away, back into the cardboard scenery on the Paramount lot. Maybe, someday, he'll get a command of his own, and we can all watch that show.

The first thing that happens, when you're approaching an alien planet, now remember this procedure, the very first thing, Spok tells us about the sensors.

He says: "Captain, the sensors read..." The sensors can read life on the planet, on weird emanations, or snow storms, or erosion of all, and this puts everybody very uptight: "Captain, the sensor readings are unlike any I have ever encountered."

Just as it is imperative for the United States to police this Earth, it is imperative for the Federation to police the galaxy. So the galaxy is a little bigger. Galaxy, shmality, when you've got a ship like the Enterprise, you do what you want.

No sooner does the Enterprise get to a planet than they begin to "assist" the natives. Just a little helping hand. And if they don't like it, a taste of phaser beams, or photon torpedoes, or anti-matter bombs might make them change their tune.

It's not at all strange that I'm repelled by that self-righteous moralizing son-of-a-bitch Captain Kirk, and attracted by "emotionless", alien Mr. Spok.

Talking to friends, with or without my pointy paper ears, I have discovered that nobody likes Cap-

tain Kirk, and everybody grooves with Mr. Spok. It's a sign of the times. The people are down on force, brown, and authority figures. Down with the Captain Kirks!

And you want to know something? Mr. Spok is a great guy. Let the rest of that yahoo crew tease him. Spok has rekindled my faith

in reason. He gives me faith in intelligence.

If all men were rational, wouldn't they really be kind?

Spok is the personification of the concept that rationality and genuine kindness, humanity if you like, are one and the same thing.

How little Captain Kirk and Mr. Spok have in common.

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# LIBERATION

## A Primer for Resistance

The recent Mobilization and Resistance actions were a turning point for the anti-war movement. They also raised many questions: about direction, about tactics, about overall strategy. The editors of LIBERATION magazine - Dave Dellinger, Barbara Deming, Paul Goodman, Sidney Lens and Staughton Lynd - have put together a special issue on The American Resistance that seeks to answer many of these questions. It serves as a primer for resistance.

Besides the contributions of the editors, there are articles and analyses by George Dennison, Martin Jazer, Keith Lampe, Walter Schneir, Arthur Waskow, David Zimmerman of The Resistance and an interview with John Wilson of SNCC.

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To acquaint you with LIBERATION and to place this important issue into as many hands as possible, we will send you The American Resistance free with a one year (\$5) subscription to LIBERATION.

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# CATCH 8

What needs to be challenged is not that our government keeps saying: "Our ships were in international waters."

What must be challenged is the foreign policy of our government (containment of communism) that

places our ships, planes, and men in situations that causes the crisis in the first place.

Show me ONE political figure of a national stature (black or white) that makes this challenge, just one, please.

Not finding one, I don't intend to vote, for North Korea has turned our lances into straws.

There will be no hot summer this summer. Faced with a nuclear spring, Black Power is nothing.

There will be no PFP this March, no CDC, CNP and what all, for their doves have become hawks, their ballots empty, their spirit sapped with technicalities of meeting this electoral requirement, that election code.

On the other hand, President Johnson has been awakened THREE TIMES IN ONE WEEK in the dead of night to be "kept abreast" of events.

Further proof of the insanity of electoral politics today is about to bloom: what do we do if Johnson succeeds in getting the sailors out of North Korea alive without a war (by admitting our error).

If he does this, he loses the election. This means LBJ becomes a dove and must be supported. This week he already has shifted gears on Rusk over negotiations with Hanoi. One more retreat like that and he is out!

So, where does that put you?

We are about to be pushed out of Vietnam like the French. We are about to become involved in a two-front war like Hitler (and with the same slogans).

There is nobody to save us this time, no Hitler, no Mussolini, no Tojo, to "contain" communism.

Maybe the Russians will save us. G.K.

# CONGRESS TOLD U.S. DOOMED?

from page 3 to bomb the city."

US Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker is safe in his bunker.

After Westmoreland's "victory statement," the US Army in Saigon announced "we no longer are responding to them, they are responding to us. The situation is under control."

The NLF then proceeded to blow up a power plant and two police stations. AP and UPI report that "Guerrilla infiltrators in army uniforms or peasant garb with red armbands" turned Saigon "into a battlefield as they struck South Vietnam from one end to the other."

Congressman Dirksen said that the "VC is acting out of desperation."

Meanwhile, back in Washington and suffering from lack of sleep, President Johnson called congressional leaders into a "special meeting" to ask for bipartisan support for "further measures" to meet the crisis facing the American military posture in Vietnam and North Korea.

That these measures were not spelled out, even "leaked" out, indicates the utter seriousness of what is coming. They could include the use of "tactical atomic weapons," "a mobilization order," or a "declaration of war" -- or all three of these lovely things.

So far, the North Vietnamese troops -- an estimated 40 to 60 thousand -- have not yet moved South.

## 1,000 IN CHICAGO

### VOTE APRIL STRIKE

Over 1,000 people in Chicago last weekend at the conference of the Student Mobilization Committee voted to call upon students around the world to demonstrate international solidarity with the Vietnamese aspiration for self-determination by striking on April 26.

The conference also voted to support and organize for the mass demonstrations called by the National Mobilization for every city on April 27.

The conference witnessed the formation of an independent Black Anti-War Anti-Draft Union, which also called for a strike on April 26.

The Berkeley antiwar movement was represented at the conference by Peter Camejo, of the SWP; Bettina Aptheker, of the CP; Paul Glusman, of SDS, Jim Nabors, of the Berkeley Afro-American Student Union, and Carl Frank, from the Student Mobilization.

They are planning to begin organizing for the Spring strike action immediately. The first strike planning meeting will be held Wednesday, Feb. 7, on the UC campus in room 1 LeConte.

## IS RAMPARTS UN-AMERICAN?

ROBERT SCHEER

VS.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY

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## Post Office Down on Garb of Smartest

In case you don't recognize your mailman (or mailwoman) next week, it's because of "new regulations" being issued by Assistant Postmaster General Richard Murphy.

Up to now, beads, barefeet and other "fantastic get-ups" (to quote the Assistant General) are out, while beards "kept trimmed" and hair "not below the earlobes" are in.

This all came about, not because of confidential replies to the Post Office's stool-pigeon form (see story elsewhere in this issue), but rather because he was in the bay area and saw one or two of

our hippie postmen.

Back in Washington, he sounded off. He felt it all started in San Francisco. "I think it highly inappropriate for a representative of the United States Government to appear before the public in such attire," he said ("with a grimace").

The UPI carries this story which reveals (without knowing it) the thinking of the establishment: "Why does the Post Office hire hippies as mailmen?" it asks.

"The answer, Murphy said, is that postmasters are hemmed in by numerous laws and regulations which were designed to prevent discrimination in hiring on grounds of race, religion or politics."

Since this places hiring on intelligence (based on highest grades in the postal tests), "the hippies are highly educated so they make tremendous scores and go right to the top of the hiring register."

In other words, the post office can't dump a mailman because he is black or a hippie. They are therefore stuck with the most intelligent of their applicants.

Now isn't this a shame! G.K.

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# Roving Rat



# Fink

What do they do for fun in Berkeley? Too much has already been written about that subject. But one amusement that so far doesn't seem to have made the mass media is the Prefix Game.

I won't claim any necessary influence in its origin. For years, people have been finding melds among the many prefixes in the English language. Still it's true that long before I heard of the Prefix Game I was spreading my idea for a rock trio to be called The Verts (Intro, Extro, and Per).

That probably gives you the idea. The game is played quite simply. Every one in turn, or each one as inspired, announces three prefixes, as varied as possible. Then everyone else is to guess a word, or word element, that fits them all, and thereby establishes a set.

Thus: Over, Out and Above (the Boards).

Ad, West, and Prime (the Min-

isters).

Or one in which I take pride. Black, Block, and Shit (the Heads).

It can also be done with phrases, as: Sugar, X, and Manta (the Rays).

Rechecking the above, I realize that purists may insist that Westminster is spelled without the second i. But this is irrelevant. The clues in the Prefix Game are phonetic rather than orthographic.

It can also be played as a Suffix Game. One of the few rules of the game is that you then must clearly announce that the puzzle involves suffixes. Otherwise it's assumed that prefixes are intended.

But most true suffixes are not worth the trouble (as: Tant, Ate, and Tary, the Consuls). So, for game purposes, the basic word element itself can be regarded as a suffix: Ed, Itus, and Ercion (the Cos).

There is one more basic ground rule. Any answer that fits has to be accepted, even if not ex-

actly what the questioner had in mind. Thus: Con, In, and Re are not necessarily the Fers. They could be the Sults, or the Spires, among others.

Beyond this, a given group of players make their own rules. And there are all sorts of possibilities. You can insist that the root element must constitute a meaningful word in itself. Or that all three of the constituent words be of parallel grammatical structure (which would rule out, e.g., Pre, Ad, and Ver as the Dicts).

You can either permit or allow the combining of words and phrases in the same puzzle. You can ban or permit the use of proper names (as in Black, Silver, and John, to get the Smiths). Or you can let anything go.

You're on your own now. Have fun.

Re, Dis, and Sub...? That should be easy. R.R.

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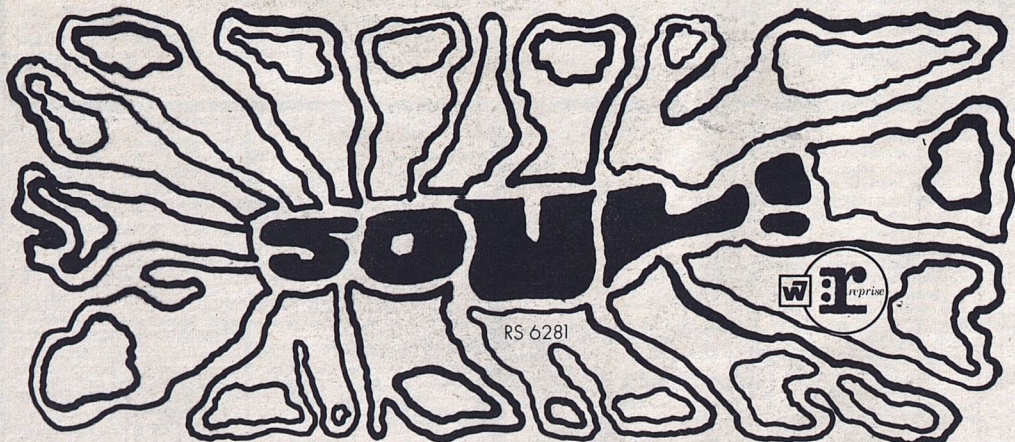
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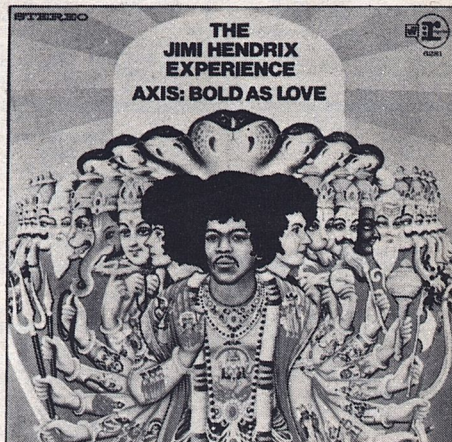
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**HIPPOCRATES**

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 Eugene Schoenfeld,  
 M.D.

QUESTION: Although this problem may seem rather humorous to some it has finally ceased to be so with myself. When growing up I used to delight in farting a great deal. The louder the funnier, the more offensive the more successful (fart wise). In the army they called me "big fart". This used to be a real gas but I think I now am seeing the results of being a "big fart". That is, I don't have many friends.

My wife tells me I should stop letting farts, which I have tried to do. She says if I hold them back they will disappear. I just can't hold them back—I feel like I'll bust.

Could you tell me if farts are physical or psychological? Can I hold them back until they disappear or must I just go on losing friends. By the way, my office mate put in for another office the other day stating she would like a place with better ventilation. That really hurt.

How does one get rid of, if one does get rid of, farts? Woe is me! ANSWER: Flatus is the medical term for gas expelled from the rectum. Passing flatus in public is often a hostile act, according to most psychiatrists, a conclusion in which the victims may concur, though the perpetrator may not be consciously aware of this hostility.

**AIR SWALLOWING**

Flatulence, or gas in the intestinal system, is due to swallowed air and gas produced by certain foods.

People suffering from anxiety often sigh and breathe deeply, thus swallowing large quantities of air. Deformities of the nose and nasal passages or large spaces between teeth may also cause one to swallow large amounts of air.

One of the most common causes of flatulence is the habit of chew-

ing gum. Also to be avoided is eating while under emotional strain or eating too rapidly.

**DIET**

Consuming large amounts of food or swallowing large quantities of liquids with meals will tend toward flatulence. In general, a person who considers this a problem should eat bland, high protein, low fat, low carbohydrate foods.

Avoid gas-producing foods such as cabbage, tomatoes, beans, sugar in large quantities or in concentrated forms (such as candy), fried foods, nuts, raisins, berries or other seedy fruits, spices, licorice (a great sacrifice, I know) alcohol and carbonated beverages.

Your physician may wish to use a drug to reduce salivary flow since air swallowing accompanies the excessive flow and swallowing of saliva. Excessive salivation often accompanies anxiety so tranquilizers may be indicated.

**SOME FIND IT A BLAST**

Flatus contains large quantities of methane gas, the same gas found in household use. A pretty little laboratory technician once told me she amused herself and her friends by igniting the gas as it was expelled. This amusement is not uncommon. Though I have never heard of harm resulting from this practice, it would seem to represent a fire hazard.

Rumor has it that militant demonstrators plan to employ this weapon to counteract police flamethrowers.

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

**HUEY MAY RUN**

from page 3  
 ready have jobs. This is nothing but window dressing. Real power for the Black masses will never come from the Democratic Party."

No official decision has yet been made by the Peace and Freedom Party about which candidate to endorse, if either. But the feeling of the audience Wednesday night was well in favor of Huey.

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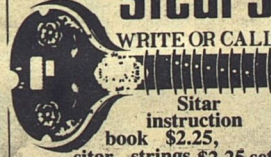
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