

# BIG SUR BUSTS

see below



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204

15¢ BAY AREA

20c ELSEWHERE



## FUZZ NO MATCH FOR SPRING SPIRIT

by Terry A. Reim

In Limekiln Creek last weekend, nearly 5,000 people gathered to joyfully celebrate the return of life to the earth, and to honor a man who was the living embodiment of the life force, Neal Cassady.

Many at the Limekiln fest had never heard of him. Neal was portrayed as Dean Moriarty, the lusty and loving hero of Jack Kerouac's "On the Road," the book that came to be called the Bible of the Beat Generation.

The celebration of the beginning of Spring is one of the oldest religious experiences known to man. The ancient rite has been practiced for thousands of years to welcome the return of the life and fertility spirits for the re-born season.

And that was the mood at Limekiln. The plastic Man managed to engineer only a few bring-downs.

Consistent with the recent oppressive actions and death trend pervading the establishment, sponsors of the Vernal Equinox celebration were busted Monday for "operating a camp-ground without a permit."

Vern Gates and Harold Treacy of the Omega Point Foundation, which sponsored the festival, were arrested Monday by Monterey Sheriff's deputies.

They were held overnight in Salinas and released Wednesday

morning on \$620 bail. But the festival itself was an incredible success--success in the sense that so many people came, got close to one another, and got close to Mother Earth again.

The festival was a 3-day experience which began last Friday. Although most of the people arrived early Saturday morning, many of the OPF members and serious campers were present for the Friday festivities.

By mid-afternoon Saturday, close to 5,000 people had arrived; cars were parked along Route 1 for three or more miles above the festival area.

Where Limekiln Creek flows from the forest to the sea, hundreds of people were gathered on the beach, clothed in brightly colored garments or not at all.

Bottles of wine and joints were passed back and forth among the nature worshippers. Others sat on the beach simply smiling and staring out to sea or at the dozen lambs roasting on spits above the fire.

Less than a mile back into the woods, the 23 rock groups kept the canyon filled with their knif-

see page 3

## IN SPRING A YOUNG CHICK'S FANCY...

CAMERA EYE (above) swung on Limekiln scenes from bridge piling, sighting Monterey Sheriff ready to bust two nude bathers (story) more pix, p.3). Meanwhile, at San Gregorio nude-in (below), 200 were nude but there were no busts reported (story, more pix, p. 7).





# ASSEMBLYMEN HIP TO CONS' FIGHT IN 'Q'

The convicts' fight for justice and humane treatment at San Quentin is continuing, despite the lack of loud demonstrations and headlines.

While some cons, according to inside reports, still linger in the hole for their part in the mid-

## BSU FAULTS BIAS SHOWN AT SF STATE

If white students can riot without arrest, the black students should have the same right to riot, the Associated Students legislature and the Black Students Union announced Wednesday at SF State.

The latest State riot occurred Friday when several 'Jocks' attacked anti-war SDS pickets at a marine recruiting session, according to a campus newspaper source.

Although one student was reportedly led away by campus cops, no one was injured and no one was arrested. All of the students involved in the incident, which was billed as a bona fide riot, were white.

Before the riot ended, it was claimed that campus cops knew the jock involved. And after the riot, Dean of Students Ferd Reddell labelled the incident as "just plain fun," "an instantaneous reaction," "nothing harmful."

The BSU-AS ultimatum issued Wednesday to the press insisted that if no action were pressed against white jocks, black brothers arrested in earlier riots should be left off the hook immediately.

They claim if the jocks aren't arrested, there will be more "just plain fun" demonstrations. They promised they'd be "spontaneous," and the straight press wanted to know, How?

While BSU members levelled charges amounting to racist at Summerskill and Reddell for their parts in riot control procedures, campus reaction described the latest incident as "pretty stupid."

February strike, state legislators are introducing prison reform bills, some of which reflect the cons' strike demands.

"The Outlaw," the inmates' contraband newspaper, continues publication although the men labeled its editors were shipped to other prisons. The March 20 issue focuses upon the unsanitary conditions in South Block.

Pressures inside have led to two inmate killings since March 10, casting further doubt on Warden Louis "Big Red" Nelson's get-tough policy, which he said would cut down on violence in San Quentin.

LEGISLATURE AWARE  
Assemblyman Bill Greene on March 20 introduced three bills which show awareness of inmate grievances.

Greene's bills would require that a physician and surgeon be on duty at all times in each prison; that parolees be given written directions on actions which would result in losing their paroles; and would provide for court trials on revoked or suspended paroles.

On February 15, coincidentally the date of the Convict Unity Holiday, a bill to restore voting rights to discharged prisoners was introduced by Assemblymen Alan Sirotty, Edward Elliott, Bill Greene, and John J. Miller.

So far no legislator or member of the public has been able to see a special report drawn up last year following the January 18 San Quentin "riots." According to "The Outlaw," the trouble was brewed by the custodial staff, and guards took pot shots at inmates gathered into a playing field.

Soon after the incident, Walter Dunbar, then director of the California Department of Corrections, set up a task force to inquire into the causes of the disturbance, described as a "race riot."

The report was completed a few months later, but has never seen the light of day.

### "OUTLAW" RIGHT

A recent report which has been made public confirms much of what "The Outlaw" says about the costly failure of the present prison program.

"Crime and Penalties in California," prepared by the Assembly Office of Research, states, "what is often neglected in official statements is not that prisons fail to rehabilitate but the ACTIVE nature of the destruction that occurs in prisons."

While prison custodians are still taking the "get tough" stand, including the lengthening of sentences, the Office of Research reports that "for most offenders, lengthy incarceration merely increases the difficulty of adjustment to normal life."

The report suggested that the CDC "increase considerably the number of parolees established in the community at \$500-\$700 per year instead of retaining them in non-rehabilitative state prisons at a cost of more than \$2,600 per year."

### COSTS

The California corrections system now costs nearly \$110,000,000 annually.

According to San Quentin inmates, the report seems to have pushed the Adult Authority into a position of greater caution, perhaps due to an awareness of its vulnerability. Since its publication, their decisions on prospective parolees have been noticeably less hard-nosed.

The report includes another suggestion which closely parallels what convicts have been suggesting in opposition to the prison medicalists:

"All offenders," the report states, "shall be released to parole at the expiration of statutory minimum parole-eligible period except those convicted of willful homicide, aggravated assault, forcible rape, and other specified crimes of serious personal violence, and those with histories of professional criminality or habitual extreme violence."

The report may be obtained from the Assembly Committee on Criminal Procedure, in Sacramento.

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# RUBIN RAP'S CAN WE SURVIVE BOBBY?

by Jerry Rubin

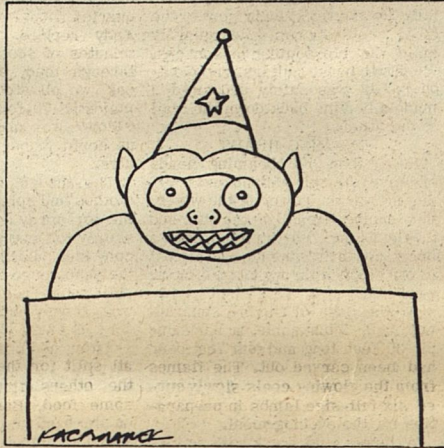
Many of my friends expected to be in concentration camps by the end of summer. Some expected to be gunned down dramatically in the streets of Chicago in August while yippie-ing at the Death Convention. These visions lead to caution, and one sometimes feels like he is living in Russia in the early part of the century.

There is a knock at the door. It could be the agent with our number up, and it could be a messenger bringing the news that McCarthy and Kennedy are going to fight it out for leadership of the anti-war movement! What a fuckedup country--we expected concentration camps and we got Bobby Kennedy.

I am more confident of our ability to survive concentration camps than I am of our ability to survive Bobby. Concentration camps capture our bodies temporarily but set our spirits screaming; Bobby injects a nerve gas into our veins, putting our body and spirit to sleep. The media overwhelms us with the reality of Bobby and Gene, and drugs us into identification with THEIR thoughts, arguments, trips, crusades.

Elections in America are a mind-poison. The energy for a mass, people-movement in which we begin to trust our own ideas and impulses, depend on our own strength, face the dilemma of making our own world...that energy is oozed out of us as we become voters, door-to-door vote salesmen, and spectators in the country's greatest theatrical event: the elections. Elections are authoritarian; the subjects elect their kings.

What's wrong with America is that her total institutions overwhelm her people into impotence and isolation. We all live the dream of the celebrity-candidate. Yet only massive populist revolution can liberate the imprisoned soul of the people of America. Revolution



"MY DEAR PEOPLE: WE ARE FIGHTING TO SAVE A GREAT GOVERNMENT."

is not a result, but a process. In revolution man liberates himself and becomes free, creating and discovering his own identity.

Elections are modeled after the sports world. That's why they are so mind-capturing. Candidates compete in contests which build up drama and suspense as The Day approaches. We are all baseball fans who vote for our team. The winner! The loser! The front pages read like the sports pages. We the masses do not participate; we give consent; we argue; we root; we take sides; but we are little more than bystanders in a mass athletic spectacle and it's called democracy.

The twinkles in Bobby's eye compete with the dark brows of McCarthy's face compete with LBJ's large nose competes with the uncompleted sexual act of JFK competes with Dick the Car Salesman competes with Johnny Carson competes with...is this what the Founding Fathers intended?

The most aware attitude toward the elections is (1) not to vote; (2) to vote for yourself, a national "Vote for Me" campaign; (3) to vote for a close friend. The yippies may nominate a 300-pound pig for president. His program is garbage. After nomination we will eat him and all become the candidate. The only answer to an absurd system is absurdity and laughter, followed by anger, and then absurdity and laughter. Anything else is playing by their rules, and their rules are oppressive and fixed-in-advance.

I ran as a candidate for mayor of Berkeley last spring and fell almost unconsciously under the drug of the election-system. In order to answer the streetcorner question: "Are you serious?"--sort of a pre-condition for people listening to you--I had to concentrate on the commodity, soap-disguised-as-votes.

I should have said I wasn't serious. I should have used the election purely as a stage for farcical theatre. I should have dropped out of the race a week before the election and encouraged people to vote for themselves.

The purpose of political life is to free the spirit and energy of man. Vietnam is a symptom of the American disease; the war is a symbol of violence and domination less dramatic. Vietnam is the mirror to understanding Detroit and South Africa.

Our goal is to transform the quality of American life, the distribution of power, the content of the culture, the forms of decision-making, the top-heavy organization of institutions, and the tiny influence individuals have over their own lives.

Dealing with repression is far easier than dealing with toleration and sweet bureaucracy. In reaction to the LBJ madness, America may be due for a national regeneration, a new FDR-type period, the end of wild rule by guys like Hershey and Hoover, and the triumph of public relations-liberal parents-dollar capitalism. This will mean a crisis for the repression-atrocity-oriented movement.

For whites the alternative is a national youth underground with new values and life-styles--the pot cigarette its symbol--an underground exploding in creation but badly seeking definition.

In the end, however, reform will lead to revolution. America proposes to us, but she cannot complete her promises. Reform creates hope, widens expectations, and then an inch demands a mile. JFK was a creator of the New Left. Bobby is going to invite us over for dinner and we are going to sleep with his wife, give his kids pot, and steal his money and send it to guerrillas at home and abroad. Today's shaved nice McCarthy/RFK collegians will be tomorrow's yippies!

# FUZZ DRAW BLOOD AT YIP FETE

NEW YORK CENTRAL (UNS)--Grand Central Station's Yip-In last Friday was expected to be a gentle gathering, but turned into billy-club wade-in when New York's Finest turned themselves loose.

Police raids on the Lower East Side earlier last week prompted a demonstration outside the precinct station, where several people were beaten by cops during a uniformed freakout.

That prelude probably raised the anger-level for the Yip-In the next day.

About a thousand people were expected at Grand Central Station as a result of a week of leaflets, word-of-mouth, and radio. Finally about 8,000 were on the scene--plus some 600 hyperactive cops.

Midnight was the scheduled starting time. Around 1:30 a.m. a few cherry-bombs were thrown and people who had climbed onto the information booth pulled the hands of the Grand Central clock.

Yippee Jerry Rubin told BARB, in a telephoned account, "This was one of the decisive things which probably caused the police to turn the affair into a riot, because property value is placed above human lives."

"The Mayor's representative became very angry about the clock hands. But time is irrelevant." Earlier in the day, Mayor Lindsay's representative had indicated by phone that he didn't think there would be any trouble. But with the removal of the clock hands, the cops took things into their own.

With no announcement of illegal assembly, between 60 and 100 cops came on in a flying-wedge. Attorney Alan Levine said it was the most brutal police action he had seen outside of Mississippi.

When cops smashed Ron Shea through a plate glass window, he put his hands up for protection. His right hand is expected to be usable in a few weeks, but the ripped tendons of his left hand may lose him the use of that one permanently.

Don McNeill, Village Voice reporter was also hurled into plate glass and then thrown into the street, his face and police press card wet with his blood. Five stitches patched up his head.

Many were forced to run a gauntlet of club-swinging cops to get out of the station. Several concussion cases were hospitalized for two or three days.

Fifty-seven were arrested, on charges ranging from felonious assault to disorderly conduct. About a thousand of the luckier Yip-In participants went to Central Park to watch the sunrise.

Jerry Rubin noted that the most used chant was lifted from the Doors rock band lyrics:

"We want the world, and we want it now."

## PAPANDREOU BACK IN TOWN

Greek patriot Andreas Papan-dreou's speech in Wheeler Auditorium on Monday at 8:15 may be seen as the political exile's "coming out," according to a spokesman for the Tri-Continental Students Committee.

His speech entitled, "Democracy and Freedom in Greece," will be one of his first since the former Greek leader was permitted to emigrate to the U.S.

"It's possible he wants exposure through academic circles," the spokesman guessed. "In his not-quite-clear relation to the current regime, it is possible that he seeks the academic circle as protection so as not to endanger his family at home."

The speech is sponsored by C.A.L. and the departments of economics and political science.



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# Too Much Heat In The Kiln



Photo by Cain

By Jeff Jassen  
There's only one thing in the world more obnoxious than a cop and that's two cops.

So everybody was understandably turned off when a phalanx of Monterey County's finest came swooping down like a pack of mid-victorian buzzards and crashed into the peaceful setting of Limekiln Creek, scene of a weekend Equinox celebration in memory of Neal Cassady.

The result was sixteen people behind bars in the Monterey County Jail in Salinas, twelve for grass, two for indecent exposure, and two, the holders of the property, for giving a private party without a permit.

WHAT??!! you may be asking yourself. Well, it started like this.

### ANTS

This reporter arrived at Limekiln, about 20 miles south of Big Sur, early Friday afternoon with members of San Francisco's Phoenix.

As we rounded the final turn we could see hundreds of tiny little ants scurrying around on the beach below, while fantastic aquamarine waves washed over the shoreline, leaving a foam which later proved to be two inches thick.

After receiving instructions on where to park our truck, and so doing, we walked up the main trail towards the camping area. The air was fresh with the scent of green life and the bright sun was blinding in its warmth.

(I'm a firm believer in the conviction that it never rains when something groovy is going to happen and this makes three in a row.)

After an hour's worth of customary confusion we all settled in a little campsite about a quarter mile up the trail, right next to the clear, cold stream, and squarely amid the blossoming poison oak. When all bags, guitars, and paraphernalia was safely deposited, I made a beeline back down the trail to the beach.

### BEAMING HEADS

More than 500 beaming heads engulfed the spit of sand and rock, digging on the power of the water, the tanning agents of the sun, and the throbbing rhythms of half a dozen conga drummers, who almost never stopped throughout the entire weekend.

At the base of the hill separating sand from shale, a barbecue pit 30 feet long and four feet deep had been carved out. The flames from the glowing coals slowly cured six full-size lambs in preparation for the evening meal.

A large Avis truck with no less than 200 gallons of wine stood parked a short distance away, and one by one people dunked their

empty cups into ten gallon milk containers full of the syrupy stuff.

As the sun dropped into the water a rather hectic food line formed, making many would-be participants glad they brought along auxiliary provisions. The evening ended with rock music at the bandstand back up the trail.

Early the next morning, with Mars trine Jupiter, Doug, Phoenix equipment manager, and I decided to do a little exploring.

A brisk walk deeper into the woods brought the discovery of several small waterfalls, three large abandoned forestry furnaces, and three more early a.m. trippers, Bruce, Barbara, and Andy.

### THE FALLS

"Where's the BIG waterfall that's supposed to be up here," queried Doug. "Back this way," Andy replied. And after twenty minutes of scaling cliffs, plodding through mud, and dodging poison oak, we all stood at the base of a majestic 70-foot natural shower. "Wow" was about all that any of us could manage for several minutes.

The thought of ripping off our clothes and splashing around under the icy spray occurred almost instantly to Doug and myself, but the combined absence of the sun from the deep gorge and the fact that the chill wind from the falling water was already numbing our bare toes gave us cause to reconsider.

After about fifteen minutes we all split for the beach, and while the others tripped off to score some food, Barb and I sat down on the sand and rapped about Leo-Virgo combinations, the difference between balling and making love, and possession versus independence. see page 7



Photo by Cain

Photo by Husari

## TOO LOVELY FOR THE FUZZ TO FREAK IT

from page 1

ing electronic sound. Hundreds more sat here digging the groups and the sunny afternoon.

And further back into the forest still, away from the sounds of the beach or the rock groups, others simply sat by the clear water creek and listened to its silent sound. The redwoods towered above this area of the festival, filtering the sunlight and containing the quiet and holy stillness.

It was the primeval forest; the creek had been flowing toward the sea making the same soothing and perpetual chant for all time... everyone and everything was stoned.

Tents were pitched all along the beach and back into the forest near the rock groups, but in the deep quiet areas, people remained apart. Sleeping bags and blankets were laid solemnly and singly next to the creek.

When darkness came Saturday night, small fires lit up the forest. On the beach the fires gathered groups of boisterous and fun-loving people together.

Candles were distributed and small incandescent glows soon saturated the darkness by the sea.

Two hundred gallons of wine were distributed and food was prepared on large pieces of plywood placed along the beach to carve the lamb on.

The lamb was pulled off the spit and served with natural rice and fruit salad from the tables.

When the feast was over, people returned to the forest or to their

sleeping bags near the beach and gathered together to talk and laugh and share with one another the warmth of the fire.

The straight and the hip together sat and performed the ritual of smoking the peace pipe.

There were soldiers from nearby Fort Ord, college students away for the weekend, and droves of children and oldsters.

There were even families of camping tourists who wandered into the canyon "to see the hippies" and ended spending the night and getting stoned along with everyone else.

When the sun rose the third day, the Hell's Angels had already come and gone leaving a wake of raised hackles and minor injuries.

People got up timidly knowing that they didn't want to return to the cities and towns--knowing that it would be a long time before they would again be as close to one another and to the land.

After staying at Limekiln Creek for 3 days amid the perpetual silence of running water and the redwood forests, some left understanding the distinction between harmony and the word peace.

It took Neal Cassady a long time to find his final harmony near the railroad tracks outside San Miguel Allende in Mexico. He was found dead of exposure there on February 4.

Someone at the Limekiln celebration of the rebirth of Spring felt him standing just outside the firelight.



BEAUTIFUL BODS (above) offended fuzz peering through binoculars almost a mile away. They swooped down to bust it. Are you offended?





# KREWKUTS KRAM KENNEDY KAMPUS KONKLAVE KWARTERS

by G. K.

"Do you feel that you are in touch with political reality?"

This question was put to me by a student when I mentioned I just had attended the first "Students for Kennedy" meeting at UC Wednesday night.

I answered: "No."

To proceed with the Kennedy/Students meeting - a standup crowd of nearly 300 students met for the first time at UC Berkeley and made plans for precinct work, registration and re-registration, public speakings, work in the ghettos and work in the Spanish - speaking & Freedom people," Dennis Creek spoke from the floor. "What are

you going to do after August if Kennedy does not get the nomination?"

Stressing that the Kennedyites would have no place to go after a defeat in August, he asked that "one-tenth of your energies and your money be given to Peace & Freedom Party. You'll need us."

Mike Lerner, of the P&F Steering Committee, put out a leaflet reading "someone is being fooled - is it you or him?" That didn't go over too well. Chairman Shonholtz said, "We love you, Mike, but not now."

Another philosophy was present but not mentioned . . . the philosophy of "democratic socialism" in the person of James Burnett, of the Young People's Socialist League.

He was all over the meeting, interrupting the chairman for a hush-hush talk while the students waited patiently. Later, Burnett made a pitch to a group - one of many groups - that "we need to strengthen our internal education for our campaign."

To this reporter, the most striking item of political unreality was found in the student's plans for "position papers." I asked the chairman what THAT was.

"These papers are statements from students to be sent to Senator Kennedy," he explained. "We hope students will help him articulate on the issues more."

If Sen. McCarthy can't articulate Kennedy, just what in the hell is a student "position paper" going to do?

Perhaps in "articulating Kennedy" the students may articulate themselves - especially when Kennedy gets all the use out of them he needs.

One further note on political reality: don't you just have that haunting feeling that you are setting up another Kennedy in 1972?

The Kennedy's - all of them - are the reality of the unreality.

## EMERGENCY PFM MEET

An emergency meeting of the Peace and Freedom Movement of Alameda County has been called for Sunday evening to launch a counter-campaign against the inroads of Kennedy and McCarthy Democrats.

Candidates Mario Savio, Bobby Seale and others are expected to say why the Democratic Party, even with liberal candidates again, is a bum trip down the same old establishment road.

Immediate results anticipated from the meeting are a reopening of the Peace and Freedom registration drive, and a campaign for write-in support of PFM and Black Panther candidates for office.

The Alameda County Steering Committee is urging all Peace and Freedom registrants to attend. The meeting starts at 7:30 p.m., Sunday, March 31, at LeConte School in Berkeley.

areas, but above all: register as many Democrats who want to vote against Johnson by April 11.

"Our main concern is anti-Johnson," Raymond Shonholtz, a third-year law student at UC told the eager students -- males were all without beards while the girls were 99.9% in skirts.

He also disclosed some interesting political news. "The Alameda Democratic Party is for Kennedy," he announced in an off-handed way as though EVERYBODY was for Kennedy.

"We are not against McCarthy, and we can work together," explained Shonholtz. "After April 11 we can discuss our philosophies."

One philosophy was present already, though not discussed as the spirit of the meeting was to organize into groups of "beaters" (students under 21, and "registrars" (students over 21). . . the Peace & Freedom philosophy.

"You are taking on the responsibility of re-registering our Peace

## HIGH SCHOOLERS DROP INTO UNDERGROUND

A new underground newspaper began publishing this week in San Francisco with BARB's admiration and blessing.

Edited and published by "the youth of San Francisco, THE UNDERGROUND intends "to demonstrate to the Establishment that youth are aware of the chaotic world made for us by adults."

The idea grew out of a Glide Church Youth Task Force meeting about a month ago. Staff member Bob Durham, Roosevelt Jr. High School told BARB that until now "there have been no real channels for youth to talk to other people."

The paper will serve as a forum for opinions of youth, confronting such issues as schools, Vietnam, police (especially in the Mission-Hunters Point area), and the city.

Several school principals have refused to allow distribution at their schools of the introductory issue. Copies are available at Glide church.

## TAXI CO-OP SHAFTED TWO WAYS

Taxi Unlimited, Berkeley's co-op cab company, is getting the shaft from the Teamsters Union and Golden Gate Race Track.

The long-haired and bearded drivers have been denied access to sections of Golden Gate Field which union cabs are able to use freely.

Two weeks ago the T.I. drivers demonstration at the race track made the track managers skitterish.

They placed full responsibility for the unequal treatment on the Cahuffer's Union Local #923 in Oakland.

but when Taxi Unlimited tried to obtain a contract with the union, the labor representatives wanted nothing to do with the co-op cab company, because the drivers were already in charge.

"In other words," said Robert Snyder, spokesman for T.I., "we are barred from business at the track because we are non-union, and they say they can't take us in because we are manager-drivers."

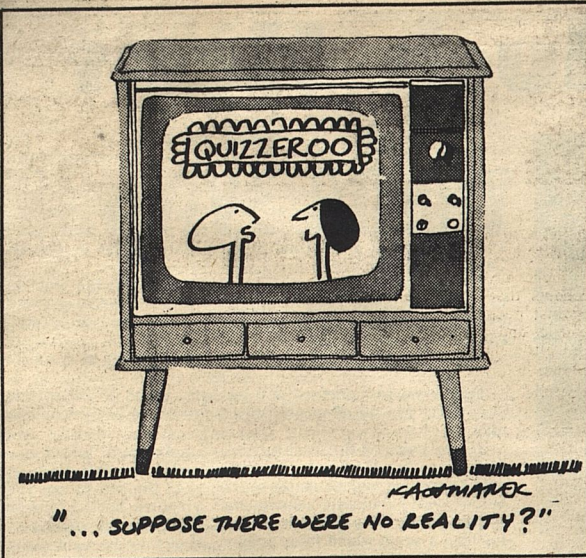
Taxi Unlimited has obtained a lawyer to help them press the issue.

The union's most recent response is that the final decision must come from the Washington Teamster's office, to which the matter has been referred.

But Snyder thinks the Chauffeur's Union is only stalling until the end of the racing season.

"We don't accept this as reasonable or fair, and we will continue to challenge the legality of it," he stated.

To gain union membership, the co-op cabbies would first have to relinquish control of the company, so the union could then right to regain that control -- for guess who.



## PFM CENTRAL COMM LIKE A CONVENTION

"This is worse than most."

"This is better than most."

Evaluations of Monday's meeting of the Alameda County Central Committee of the Peace and Freedom Movement were being whisped in BARB's ear.

The dominant strain of the evening was frustration and cynicism, broken only by a flurry of constructive activity during the last half-hour of a four hour grind.

The question central to all the divisive argument was, Why are the thousands of Peace and Freedom registrants in Alameda County apparently too disinterested in the party to take an active role?

Two answers were at odds: (1) Registrants feel that decisions are kept out of their hands by PFM organizational leaders vs. (2) Excessive attention to organizational problems has prevented the party from the activism which would stimulate participation.

Most of the Monday meeting was bogged in procedural sludge as a large portion of the Central Committee tried unsuccessfully to uproot the county Steering Committee on the spot.

Then, during an upbeat final ten minutes, they passed a quick series of resolutions calling for rallies, registration drives, and debates with Democrats.

The first twist in the meeting came at once when the agenda was changed to put discussion of the county office staff before reports on fund raising and discussion of "directions" of the PFM.

Office staff people, according to several of the Central Committee members, have been running the East Bay show independent of grass-roots decisions.

Others argued that the operations of a political party office cannot avoid political decisions, that even the choice to buy postage stamps instead of a typewriter ribbon can in practice shift a political emphasis.

Debate on the power of and controls on the office staff was intensified by an overt sense of urgency, created by the beginnings of the campaign for Bobby Kennedy in the Berkeley-Oakland area.

"This Kennedy thing could destroy the left," was heard both in and outside the meeting. Near-panic was in the talk of many PFM organizers as they watched the 18,000 party registrants in Alameda County dwindle by 3,000 -- presumably defectors to the Kennedy-McCarthy establishment camp.

Still, many of the Central Committee members wanted to make sure that party control in the PFM was secure in the hands of area groups before launching the counter-attack against the liberal Democrats.

Two proposals on selection of county office staff and Steering Committee had roughly equal support at the Monday meeting. One, from the county Steering Committee, provided that the Steering Committee would again be elected from the county Central Committee, and the Steering Committee would then hire office staff.

The other proposal, from Area Group 4, would form the Steering Committee from single delegates from each area group, and would prohibit office staffers from mem-

bership on the Steering Committee.

After proposal of the Steering Committee won, Mike Parker proposed a reminder to the area groups that they can bind their central committee delegates to a yes or no vote on the two proposals, if they want to reconsider Monday's decision.

By the time the meeting had waded to that point, through ripples of inattention which made it necessary to rerepeat motions ad tedium, it was a half-hour to closing time.

Then a series of speakers addressed themselves for the first time to large-scale politics.

Mike Parker urged hitting the liberal Democrats immediately at their weak points on the issues, such as black liberation. He indicated that Peace and Freedom would probably sink unless it set aside organizational contests to confront the Kennedy and McCarthy forces right now.

Mario Savio made some jaws drop when he said his own position was that "we shouldn't support any conceivable nominee of either (major) party -- but we might want to take the position that we don't want to OPPOSE one of them."

Peter Franck said the Democrats are vulnerable to a Peace and Freedom attack on their whole foreign policy. "Kennedy said he would negotiate with the NLF, and if the NLF wouldn't negotiate, then he'd try to win the war. We should point out that kind of thing," Franck said.

Someone remarked that if the PFM is to keep its radical posture, it is bound to lose its non-radical registrants.

As other people spoke briefly about issues and actions, a clock-watching janitor began to stack up stray chairs. At 11:25 the central committee snapped through a series of proposals for political actions to be handled by the Steering Committee.

As the delegates trickled away from the meeting, their faces showed dejection at the organizational conflicts, mixed with unsmiling satisfaction that in the end the mood had shifted to a challenge of the established enemy, not quite too late.

### REGISTER, REREGISTER OVER LIGHTLY

For those who have not yet given up on the major parties, or perhaps who have managed to forget the last Presidential peace candidate offered by the Democratic Party, April 11 is a vital day. April 11 is the last date by which a voter can change his party registration in order to vote in a June 4 primary.

The number of options boggles the mind. There is still time to get into the Peace and Freedom Party, or out of it. Or both.

You can join one party one day and change it the next day. Or it is even possible to switch into the Democratic Party before April 11, vote in the June 4 primary for the Irish candidate of your choice, and then on June 5 switch back to Peace and Freedom.

## SENATORIAL VOTE PUZZLE STILL UNSOLVED

Missing minutes of Peace and Freedom voting on Senatorial candidates have left oddities in the vote count unexplained for more than a week after the end of the founding convention.

Last week, BARB noted that in the run-off vote between Paul Jacobs and Hugh Manes, 34 more votes were cast than the total number of delegates counted in a roll call taken immediately afterward.

This week the PFM State Office had still been unable to track down the minutes of that Monday plenary session. No one at the State Office knows who the secretary of that plenary was.

One unidentifiable set of notes which may be the missing minutes is described by a State Office worker as "illegible."

During the Sunday evening plenary session, which Barbara Israel co-chaired, she announced that there were more blue voting cards on the convention floor than there were delegates. She asked that the extra voting cards not be used.

On Monday Jacobs beat Manes for the PFM Senatorial slot by 255 to 218, a total of 473 votes. A roll-call endorsement vote taken right after that showed 318 ayes, 70 nays, and 51 abstentions, a total voting delegation of 439.

A switch of 19 votes would have given Manes the nomination.

BARB checked the tape of Colin Edwards' convention report for KPFA. His report confirmed these voting figures.

## COMMENT ON OUR COMMENT

March 23, 1968

To the Editor:

Your Comment on the Richmond Peace and Freedom convention makes two major errors: first, in characterizing the proposals passed there as "far left-wing radical"; and, second, in viewing what you call the Berkeley Floating Caucus as a radical force at the convention. Despite a lot of radical rhetoric, the proposals adopted were almost entirely within a mildly reformist-liberal framework; and the Berkeley "radicals" in and around the ISC spearheaded the fight against radical positions at every opportunity.

The clearest example of this was the fate of the two proposals from the Economics Workshop, both calling for socialism either implicitly or explicitly. Although the Styles Committee had requested action on the Labor, Economics and Foreign Policy proposals to get an indication of the general attitude of the convention, Mario Savio prevented any discussion or vote on the Economics resolutions by having them tabled. The amendments Savio presented to the Garson statement the next day are devoid of the slightest socialist or radical content and scarcely suggest that the present system even needs reforming.

Similarly, the ISC wrecked a fairly good Foreign Policy statement, which exposed the imperialist nature of the U.S. intervention in Vietnam, by tacking on a Cold War amendment condemning "Communist imperialism."

Likewise, the only radical nominee for Senator, longshoreman Stan Gow, who campaigned for adoption of a clearly socialist program or an orientation towards creating a workingman's party, was the only nominee not given the floor to express his views.

The Garson-Savio basic policy statement is such a gutless pile of nothing that any PFM candidates who seriously feel bound by it will be totally unable to advance the kinds of criticism and proposals that could constitute a meaningful and educational campaign. Thus the PFM has taken a direction that makes it an obstacle to meaningful work towards peace and freedom. Consequently, the decision of the PFM Labor Party Caucus to withdraw, de-register, and operate independently is an approach all radicals in the PFM should consider.

Myron Strek Jr.



# WARNING!

# MACE MASKS KILLER

MACE masks a killer. Dr. Lawrence Rose, San Francisco ophthalmologist, pointed out to BARB Wednesday that MACE is extremely dangerous and may even result in death.

A US Department of Health, Education and Welfare publication shares this judgment.

Dr. Rose has been conducting research into the effects of MACE for several months, and at BARB press time he was ready to make his findings public.

"I have already examined one victim, Reverend Donald Cowan, who has suffered corneal scars as a result of direct exposure to MACE," Dr. Rose told BARB.

"There is also evidence to indicate that mental confusion and loss of co-ordination are some of its other effects."

MACE is the toxic eye-stinging chemical shot from pressurized cans which has become the most recent and widely used toy for fuzz throughout the country.

MACE is 95% methyl chloroform (1,1,1 trichloroethane) an industrial solvent described as a "central nervous system depressant" and capable of causing "death from respiratory arrest or peripheral vascular collapse," according to a poison control publication of HEW.

Dr. Rose originally became concerned about MACE last June when he learned that, at the request of the Police Officer's Association, the San Francisco Police Dept. was considering use of pocket size tear gas mechanisms.

The eye specialist wrote to Police Chief Thomas Cahill warning him that teargas, according to all previous medical reports, was a "grave danger to the eyes."

In a return letter, Cahill replied that the police were attempting to elevate their standards. "It would be sheer folly for law enforcement to abandon its search for better and more humane weapons," he stated.

But MACE was introduced into the Bay area nonetheless, at the first Stop the Draft Week last October in Oakland.

It was used again on demonstrators in San Francisco, first at Mayor Joseph Alioto's \$100 a plate dinner, later at the Fairmont Hotel demonstrations, and most recently when police invaded

the Haight and rioted for more than six hours.

There have also been numerous reports that MACE is being used against people stopped for minor traffic and municipal violations, and after they have already been put behind bars.

Reverend Donald Cowan, a Presbyterian clergyman, was MACE'd in January while protesting the \$100 a plate dinner Mayor Alioto was giving at the Fairmont Hotel.

In a written statement, Rev. Cowan said, "from about 12-18 inches, he (SF police officer, Badge No. 1596) sprayed MACE directly

into my eyes. I could feel the liquid hit me, not just a spray."

Dr. Rose has examined Rev. Cowan and determined that he has suffered corneal scars from the exposure to MACE.

Dr. Rose has been investigating the effects of MACE by exposing rabbits to it.

In the beginning, his research was greatly hampered by the unavailability of MACE; he was not able to get it from either the SF Police Dept, or from the manufacturer, General Ordnance Equipment Corp. of Pittsburgh, Penn.

The chemical was finally obtained through the UC Medical Drug Control Center.

One out of the first three rabbits Dr. Rose exposed directly to MACE suffered from "corneal scars and permanent loss of hair."

In skin tests upon himself, he also discovered that second degree burns, pain and redness would result from a direct dose on the arm.

Areas covered with Vaseline, however, were not vulnerable to MACE. The doctor suggests that possible victims be prepared by smearing themselves with Vaseline and wearing goggles.

But Dr. Rose feels that from the reports he has received, victims will continue to suffer from confusion and lack of coordina-

tion because of the chemical nature of MACE's primary ingredient. MACE is composed of 1% normal teargas element, 4% kerosene, and 95% methyl chloroform, the central nervous system depressant.

The "National Clearing House for Poison Control Centers," a Public Health Service publication, describes the symptoms of methyl chloroform as: "headache, lassitude, facial flushing, incoordination, confusion, vertigo, anesthesia, severe hypotension, coma. Death from respiratory arrest or peripheral vascular collapse."

It also lists liver and heart injury as other possible results. Dr. Rose stated that although

## ANTIDOTE

Baking soda and water constitutes the antidote for MACE as recommended by its manufacturer.

Instruction sheets for two models of the MACE weapon list the active ingredient as phenylchloro-methylketone.

They recommend that "contaminated areas" be flushed with cold water and baking soda.

Possible MACE victims may want to carry a plastic sandwich bag containing a rag soaked in a baking-soda solution.

other tests on the safety of MACE had been made, none of them were by qualified people, and none "tested MACE as it is now used--at a distance of less than six feet."

MACE squirted further than six feet turns into a gas, but at less than six feet, as Rev. Donald Cowan stated, it is still in liquid form and will therefore be received in large quantities.

"My first assumption was that people complaining of confusion, dizziness, etc. were simply seized by fear and panic," Dr. Rose told BARB. "But now I'm convinced that there is something more to it than that. There have been too many clear thinking people who have reported this sensation."

In this respect, MACE not only becomes the source of physical impairment and injury; it also violates a person's civil liberties by rendering him incapable of judging his actions.

The victim of a MACE attack, Dr. Rose points out, can neither see, nor answer questions coherently in a subsequent police interrogation. --tar



Photo by Dr. Lawrence Rose

**RABBIT EYE (above) was exposed one second to MACE at 6 inches, and suffered corneal scars and permanent visual impairment. Same effect was suffered by human MACE victim (see story above).**

# Exclusive--INSIDE THE DEATH LAB WHO KILLED THE 6,000?

What really goes on at the Army's top-secret Dugway Proving Grounds in Skull Valley, Utah?

This question was prompted by the mysterious deaths of 6,000 sheep from the Skull Valley area, who died of a degenerative nervous disorder last week.

To answer the question, BARB interviewed a man who has been stationed at Dugway Proving Grounds. The information he gave BARB was all unclassified; yet the soldier was still reluctant to have his name used publicly.

He told BARB that among other projects, the Army is perfecting a lethal nerve gas called "V" at Dugway.

A hair dipped into this chemical and run across the shaved belly of a rabbit will cause convulsions and death within a matter of minutes.

The Army has apparently been experimenting with this gas for a long time. After World War II, a Chemical Corps officer looking over the ruins of Hiroshima turned to a companion and said: "What a waste, we could have done it cheaper -- and left the buildings standing."

BARB's informant stated that Dugway is one of the largest proving grounds, for this killer nerve gas. Yet when questioned about the deaths of the 6,000 sheep, the Army denied any responsibility or

knowledge of the mysterious occurrence.

But BARB's informant revealed that sheep, as well as goats, rabbits, and local wild animals, are used regularly in experiments with "V".

Dugway proving ground is located on 980 thousand acres in the middle of the Utah desert, where a variety of experiments are constantly being performed in the fields of Chemical and Biological Warfare.

In the Chemical field, V-gas holds the center of the stage. The testing is for the most efficient way of dispersing this gas. Wind speed, droplet size air temperature and pressure can all affect the killing power of V.

Although called "nerve gas," under standard conditions it is actually a liquid.

Several years ago a National Guard plane had a flameout over Dugway; the pilot bailed out and landed in the middle of the test field. A two-man observation plane which was in the area, landed to pick up the pilot. Since it already had two men in it, one of them had to get out and wait while the injured pilot was rushed to a hospital.

The man who volunteered to wait, although he was wearing protective clothing and was picked up in a short time by a helicopter, has

been awarded one of the Army's highest medals for non-combat bravery.

Other projects at Dugway are involved in bacteriology tests, BARB was told. New and virulent strains of the Bubonic Plague have been bred in Dugway test tubes, along with hardy varieties of more common diseases.

One of the men on the base contracted what seemed to be malaria, our informant related. The Army would only let doctors who had been cleared for Top Secret examine this soldier, and refused to put the illness down in his medical records. He recovered, but still doesn't know what he had. Although, sometimes at night when he wakes up with a fresh attack of fever and chills -- which will be with him periodically for the rest of his life -- he can't help wondering.

The Bacteriological Warfare unit at Dugway has also reportedly developed a strain of plant rust that, if properly distributed, could destroy the entire rice crop of a country the size of China.

Dugway gives orientation courses for officers of the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and above. These brasshats spend three days in a plush auditorium attending lectures. Then, the fourth day, they go out in the field and watch V-gas artillery shells fall on a

concrete bunker.

The shells land with a thunk and don't explode. But soon, through closed-circuit television, the officers can watch sheep and goats tethered in the bunker as they start to twitch and then fall.

Then, as they turn away from the television set, perhaps one Colonel turns to his buddy with that certain gleam in his eye and says: "Well, it works on sheep."

-- Michael Kurland





**STDW--****MILITARY EDITOR'S  
OUTHOUSE HINTS  
ON HOW TO WIN**By Lee Felsenstein  
Military Editor

The plans for the next Stop the Draft Week are shaping up slowly but steadily.

It could be a debacle if the current plans are carried out.

The action, scheduled for April 23 (not the 30th as I had previously misreported) is supposed to be a street rally to be held in front of the Oakland Induction Center from 6:30 to 9 a.m.

No disruptive activity is planned, but the right of self-defense is reserved in case of police attack.

Part of the plan was to include massive community organizing and

public relations work to bring pressure on the cops to allow the assembly. Very little of this has been done.

What has been done is a vast amount of talking and a moderate amount of meeting. But the focus has been inward, with radicals talking to each other and only a few people concerned with "relating" to the outside world.

An example is seen in the rhetoric of a position paper passed out at the last meeting. It says; "... the purpose of the rally will be (a) to use the center and City Hall as symbols of oppression and (b) to blockade the buses for 3 hours."

Blockading buses is commonly understandable, but what's this stuff about "symbols of oppression"? The only persons you could argue that to are already convinced.

It seems obvious that the action is seen as a radical revival meeting, at which the faithful may gather (in these sinful times) to reaffirm their faith. Only it'll never get off the ground.

You see, kiddies, the cops will hold a little rally of their own at the Induction Center first. Also, the Knowland press will be running a public relations campaign slightly more effective than any mounted so far by our side.

Besides, Coakley and his goons now have the word from Chairman LBJ about such affairs.

Thus, the activist should expect to come up against a perimeter of fuzz when showing up for the event. This could easily lead to an almost exact repetition of the last brouhaha.

Therefore, defensive equipment is essential, and defensive organization should be considered, such as grouping in units of three persons and sticking together. Perhaps some arrangements for communications can be worked out in the time remaining.

In the meantime, a group at Stanford is acting in a manner much more to the point. They are organizing in small groups and studying various aspects of the warfare state and its local manifestations.

They will put their money where their mouths are by holding as yet unspecified demonstrations or actions around objectives they will select. None of that moral masturbation.

Perhaps the guiding principle for anti-war action in the future should be "It's not what you say, it's what you do."

**RESISTANCE  
TO HOST  
BURN-IN**

Resistance will burn-in at Provo Park Tuesday night, April 2.

A huge draft-card bonfire will break the skies and pierce the sinister shadows of Berkeley High, City Hall, the Police Dept., Post Office and P.G.&E. immediately surrounding the grassy oasis of the Provos.

The purpose of the celebration is to present nonco-operation as a Revolutionary coup d'etat and urge the pure of heart; not to register for the draft.

Starting at six o'clock, the freedom sound of drum flute jewsharp soul-kazoo harmonica Mad River and Crabbis will sock it to you on many levels while resistors burn, return, eat, smoke and shove up the insensitive bullshit of the Selective Service.

Cards collected at the burn-in April 2 will be turned in at the San Francisco Federal Building April 3 as part of National Resistance Day.

Freaks are expected to bring barbecue, brownies, brown rice, halvah, herbs, spices, dried fruit; draft cards, induction notices, incense and other flammables for which there is a burning need. -DA

**BOMBINGS--****The Medium  
is the Message**

There can be no doubt that the current bombings of utilities and the bomb threats with them are guerilla acts against the establishment.

We have no statements or messages left by the bombers, but they are not necessary. All the right-wing violence and destruction is being carried on by Johnson and company.

The utility bombings appear to be both practice for the bombers (who seem to be pretty good at it) and warnings to the establishment in a language they understand.

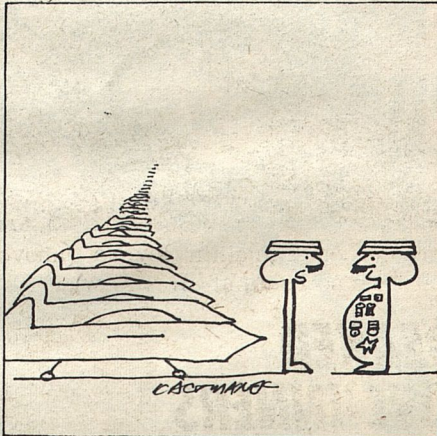
The people are getting the message. BARB happened to be near the Twin Peaks tunnel when it was closed by a bomb threat. There were thirty-five streetcars lined

up and a small crowd of spectators. There were less cops on hand than at an average Telegraph Avenue jaywalking bust.

A cop grinned in self-importance when asked the cause of the shutdown. A Black student-type expressed delight when he found it was a bomb threat. A hippie commented "out of sight, out of sight" and the general feeling of the crowd was favorable.

The inconvenience was secondary to the fact that the system had been screwed.

Old Leftists may hope for a manifesto with each explosion, but they would be superfluous and dangerous as clues. These days the explosion is its own manifesto. --BME



"A FEW REBELS REMAIN IN THE HILLS. I  
THINK WE CAN EASILY ELIMINATE THEM...  
SIR."

**SIGN OF OMEGA  
TO LIGHT THE LAND**

Omega, the sign of electrical resistance, will rainbow over some 75 cities across the country this Wednesday, April 13. Bay Area Resistance groups will join in San Francisco for a full day of demonstration, turning in draft cards, celebration.

Resistance chose a weekday, rather than a Saturday, when most people are available, spokesmen explained, because they feel it reasonable to ask persons believing in draft resistance to underline their feelings on a normal working day.

Berkeley Resistance will have a celebration Tuesday night from 6 to 10, in order to affirm unity within their community, particularly with high school students. The gig will be at Provo Park. Bands will play and Spooffo the Clown will be there for the kiddies. At least 20 cards will be turned in, which will be brought to San Francisco and handed over the following day.

Resistance Day will open with inter-faith service at First Congregational Church at 10 a.m., Marchers will begin to assemble at three locations around 11:30 a.m., from where they will converge on the Federal Bldg. at 450 Golden Gate.

Students, young adults, faculty are asked to meet in the Panhandle at Oak and Baker. Women and children will gather in Lafayette Park at Sacramento and Gough, and professionals (clergy, doctors, lawyers) and other adult supporters will group at Union Square.

Bruce Nelson of SF Resistance stressed that these groupings are not exclusive, and anyone can join the march where it's cool for him.

The sacrament will begin at 1 p.m., Resistance made no estimate of the number of cards expected; members expressed distaste for the numbers game anyhow. Each will turn his card over to a friend, establishing him in an act of complicity.

Speakers will be local draft resistors, Franz Schurmann, UC professor, and Darryl Skraback,

who recently got out of stir at Lompoc federal prison for non-cooperation. He is now working with L.A. Resistance.

The crowd will move to the Civic Center square at 2 p.m., for a celebration. Nelson said the day should not be serious to the point of gloominess, but instead should be a "day of Affirmation."

The Fool, rock band of the Peace and Liberation Commune, will provide electric vibes. Bring cookies, homemade bread, fruit, flutes, drums, color.

Resistors and interested persons will join in workshops that will begin that evening and continue the next day.

Topics include how to make prison a growing experience, legal aspects and consequences of draft resistance, organizational activities in coming months, and political perspectives of the Resistance.

Call 626-1910 for information.

**ARMCHAIR CRIMEBUSTER  
BUSTS CHAIR ARM OWNER**

David Axelrod, 20, a Resistance worker, turned his car onto University Ave. on Wednesday, picked up a couple of hitchhikers and was promptly handcuffed by a Berkeley cop for possession of a deadly chair arm.

"Taking on passengers in traffic" is illegal and any nice guy in Berkeley can be guilty of that. But "possession of a deadly weapon" is a more serious charge--only how serious is it if the deadly weapon happens to be a chair arm on the rear seat of a car.

"He pulled me over and said I had taken on passengers in traffic," Axelrod told BARB. "He hassled me for an I.D. My driver's license is an out-of-state and he checked that out, stalled a while for a university I.D. or other proof, and said what I showed him was not good enough. It's not good enough, he was saying, when he looked into the car and

**TRI-CON  
SEEK AID  
FOR NLF**

The Tri-Continental Students Committee will present for the first time on campus not just an anti-war demonstration, but a program to muster support for the National Liberation Front of Vietnam.

This celebration is the first of its kind within the academic community. The Mass Meeting in Support of the NLF will be held on April 1 at 7 p.m. in Pauley Ballroom. Admission is free.

"What we want to achieve is to bring a certain important analogy to light," Haj Razavi, off-campus coordinator of Tri-Con told BARB. "It revolves around the French Leftist attitude and the student syndicate in France during the Algerian War."

"This movement embraced a total backing of the Algerian revolution rather than just a call for a cease-fire or a negotiated truce," Razavi said.

He cited the statement of Thirty-one Intellectuals released in 1962 which urged French soldiers not only to resist Algerian service but to defect and join the Algerian NLF, or to offer any aid and assistance possible.

From the time of its founding in 1965, the Tri-Con Committee has supported the NLF struggle. "We have attempted to send assistance to the fronts and have succeeded in supplying leaders with substantial assistance," Razavi said.

"Tri-Con feels the NLF is the sole authority which recognizes the will of the South Vietnamese people, the only agency not under control of Hanoi."

The spokesman said that the proceedings of Monday night's meeting would be made known to the NLF through photos and tapes made in Pauley Ballroom and handled by Tri-Con representatives overseas.

"The Administration has been kind of apprehensive about the whole thing," Razavi admitted.

The celebration will begin with the National Anthem of Revolutionary Vietnam. A program of several speakers and more Vietnamese music will follow.

Nguen Van Luy, a Vietnamese-American, will outline the history and formation of the NLF.

Socialist Workers Party spokesman Pete Camejo will speak on the anti-war movement in the US since the Korean episode.

Eldridge Cleaver and Bobby Seale of the Black Panther Party will relate the NLF struggle to the black power struggle. Cleaver will speak on the effect of the Vietnam revolution on the politics of black power; Seale, on the coming of the Black Liberation Front.

John Grassi, recently-fired activist-professor at SF State, will discuss the possibility of many Vietnams, the relations of the current conflict to a possible third world war.

While no admission will be charged at the door on Monday, Razavi said a voluntary collection would be taken for Huey Newton's Defense Fund.

spotted the chair arm."

Axelrod described the deadly weapon:

"It's just an old black-painted chair arm, maybe two-feet long. It came from the Resistance Commune. Someone got home to find all the chicken eaten, and broke the chair in compensation. I guess that arm's just been there since."

According to Axelrod, the cop said "What's that?" and then told him he was under arrest for violating the municipal code, for possessing a deadly weapon. He was handcuffed and taken into custody.

"I'm expecting them to drop charges," Axelrod said. "My lawyer said the D.A. will be afraid to go through with it."

Axelrod told BARB that he believes his license plate was "on the list, just like Huey Newton's was."

BARB wants to know if the legal term for a crime committed with such a weapon is "arm chair assault?" s.b.g.

**KMPX MFU**

If the employees' grievances aren't enough for the KMPX management, perhaps this complaint will break their back.

Mid-Peninsula Free University of Menlo Park claims that the KMPX management is using them to "give credibility to their (KMPX's) operation."

MFU feels that other organizations are probably in the same position and wishes that KMPX would leave them alone.



# NO BUSTS SAN GREGORIO NUDE-IN COOL; NO HEAT IN SIGHT



Photo by Sorri

SURF AND FUZZ were rough on Limekiln lovers (above) But up North, at the nude-in, there were no busts at all (below).

## HOW FUZZ FREAKED LIMEKILN LOVE-INNERS

from page 3  
dence, interspersing our comments with frequent flashes about the water and the woods.

### UNEASINESS

A slight feeling of uneasiness had worked its way into the atmosphere, though.

The coming of Saturday had brought what seemed to be a large influx of scene-goers, the kind typically found on Haight St. wearing phony beads, dressing down, and mouthing "I'm where it's at."

In fact one silhouette was heard to murmur as it glided by . . . "Lids? Lids? Lids? . . ."

In addition, the realization that several troopers of the Monterey County Sheriff's Department periodically gazed down from the bridge high above did little to reassure anyone, despite the fact that the fuzz could distinguish nothing from their vantage point.

By two o'clock the bursting sun shone on the conga drummers, the guitarists, the rappers, and on the six nude swimmers, male and female, who had finally succumbed to the beckoning of the sun and surf. The crowd of nearly 1000 glowed in approval.

### CHARGE!

"Hey! The cops are coming!" Heads turned around to hear a voice on the bridge shout the warning. "They're after the people without

any clothes on!"

Yes, friends; it seems the cops, hard up for their yearly thrill, broke out the binoculars and zeroed in on the nature lovers.

Warrantless (Limekiln is a private beach), Smokey-the-Bear hats teetering in the sun, clutching their cans of MACE in one hand and their prurient interests in the other, Sgt. Robert Davis and several of his flunkies charged down onto the beach.

Naturally, by the time they got there everyone was properly attired. Pissed off at having beaten off their brains in vain, the fuzz stomped around for several minutes hoping to catch a glimpse of tit.

Unfortunately, they did . . . or at least that's what they claim, and they hot-footed it down to the far end of the beach after Bruce and Barbara.

As two cops chased the trippers up the rocky coastline a crowd of nearly 100 surrounded Fuehrer Davis and began loving him to death.

"I tell you what, officer," one lover, clad only in his undershorts, intoned, "Why don't we all take off our clothes and nobody would be offended?" "Yeah," added another, "what's offensive about the human body?"

Davis, looking as if he'd just had the virility scared out of him, spoke in a soft tone and mumbled something about "people oughta keep their dohickey in their pants."

The crowd cheered as a healthy breaker swamped the fuzz' storm trooper boots. "You oughta take off your clothes so you don't get wet," a bystander poked.

### CONCERNED

Had Bruce and Barbara but remained on the beach with the rest of the crowd it is quite likely that a mass disrobing protest would have taken place.

Unfortunately again, the fuzz cornered them about a quarter mile up the coast and dumped them, clothed, into a waiting paddy wagon. The county jail is 75 miles away in Salinas, a good three-hour drive by paddy wagon. Both were charged with "Indecent Exposure." Right.

### AS THE SUN SET . . .

Later that evening as the group prepared to split back to the City, I walked down to the beach once again. More than half a dozen still figures stood at intervals along the beach gazing at the setting sun as if in a sort of parting communion.

As we drove up the rocky drive to the main road a brilliant red-

see page 16

There was a chick sitting nude on a blanket next to the cliff face and a group of naked people playing with a frisbee just a few yards down the beach.

This seemed to be the place. I mean, I've heard about San Gregorio beach before, but, you know, who's gonna take his clothes off with a lot of people standing around?

I probably wouldn't even have gone if BARB hadn't assigned me to cover the Nude-In. All right, so I'm kind of straight. So what's your hang-up?

Straight or not, I had a job to do. So I walked directly up to a spot between the chick and the athletes, paying almost no attention to her satisfyingly large tits, dropped my coat on the sand, sat down on it and took out my notebook.

Man, was I businesslike. I kept the camera hidden though.

Casually I slipped off my shirt, just to get a little tan on my shoulders and to let the natives know I was friendly. No reason to go overboard though.

I turned to the chick, trying to look her in the eyes.

"Hi," she said, smiling.

"Uh, hello," I said. Then, to keep my hands busy I unlaced my shoes. "Sure a beautiful day, isn't it?" I added.

Even with my shoes off I felt a little strange. The beach was dotted with frolicking pink and brown bodies and I was a semi-clothed figure in their midst.

The chick looked at me oddly, somehow communications were strained.

Well, hell, I thought, if she's willing, I am. I slipped my pants off quickly and sat back down again, half-shielded by a rock.

"Yes," the chick was finally answering me and smiling again, "they certainly gave us beautiful weather."

I heard the "us" and felt comfortable. I even felt kind of clean. I turned toward her and grinned broadly. Her boy friend walked up, sat down on the blanket and the two of them smiled back at me.

Suddenly I realized that I was sitting alone, stark naked, on a public beach.

Along with me on a two-mile stretch of San Gregorio sand were perhaps 200 other naked people. But the ones I began to notice were the gawkers who paraded up and down the beach in clothes.

They were staring at me! Didn't they know I was one of them? I could tell from the looks that I obviously was not. To them I was something like a zoo animal.

I considered putting on my pants and joining the gawking clothes again, but something stubborn wouldn't let me. I was committed now. I was an "us" and no longer a voyeur.

I satisfied myself with taking

pictures of people who stared at me.

After a while I worked up the courage to come out from behind my rock. I approached the group that had been playing frisbee and asked if I could take some pictures -- the kind they may have seen in BARB once in a while.

They laughed and told me "Why not? Everyone else is." More than a few of the stagers carried cameras. So, I snapped pictures of people on the beach, swimming, sunbathing, eating their lunch, with no clothes on.

A lovely girl with long brown hair let me take pictures of her and her brother splashing around in the surf. I was moving in for close-ups when waves started washing over my camera.

There were four or five girls and six or seven guys in our group. Most were in their twenties. They were pleasant, friendly people and we all enjoyed ourselves.

Our bodies, while hardly ignored, were not the only things on our horizon. The day was incredibly blue and clear, and the surf was cold but fun to jump in as long as the sun was hot enough to dry us off. I felt freer than I have for a long time.

All of us were unencumbered by clothes and by conventions. When a pair of dark-haired girls nearby jumped up and ran down to the sea they weren't bound by stiffeners and straps, they bounced without embarrassment, and they were graceful and beautiful in the act of enjoying themselves. They were only themselves. The best of the clothes who watched them could do was get their jollies vicariously.

It may have been my imagination, but even my conversation seemed to be more straightforward. When you are facing someone who has no uniform or insignia of any kind it seems foolish to play mind games.

Roughly a third of the group seemed to be from Berkeley where the brief story about the Nude-In had its widest circulation in BARB. Others were from the city and San Mateo and a cross-section of places about the bay.

A dark-haired guy with his arm around his girl pointed out the Scenedrome notice on the back of the BARB which called the Nude-In a Love-In.

"I was expecting bigger things," he said, "this sitting around is kind of a disappointment." Then he and his girl ran out and rolled in the sand.

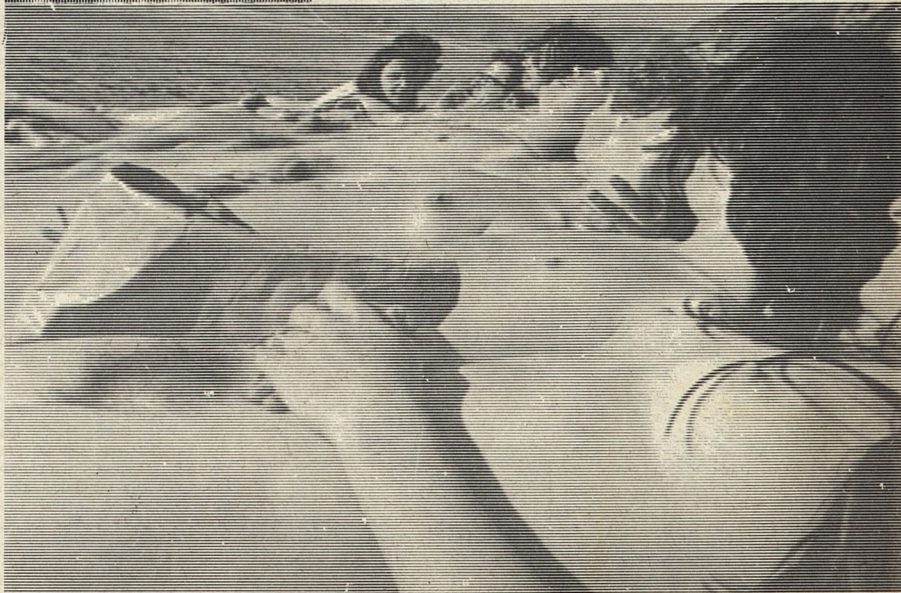
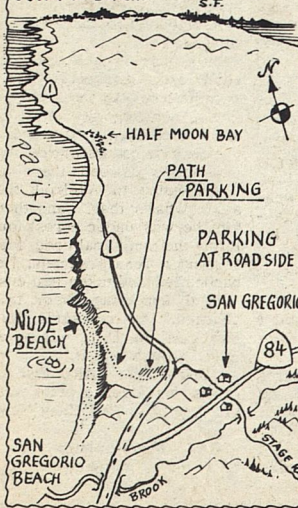
On an impulse someone yelled, "Hey, let's get some recruits," and the group took off down the beach to surround two guys and two girls with their clothes on. They danced around the foursome, laughing and telling them to join

see page 16

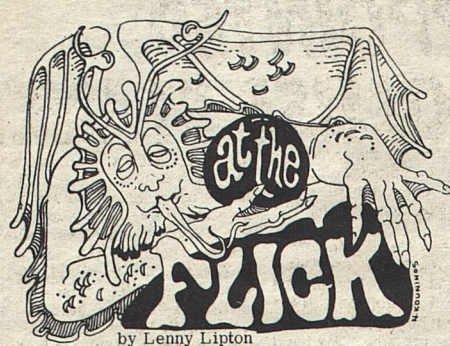


## HOW TO GET TO NUDE BEACH:

TAKE COAST HWY 1 SOUTH, APPROX. 9 MILES PAST HALF MOON BAY. STOP AT LAST CURVE BEFORE SAN GREGORIO TURN-OFF. TAKE 1/2 MILE PATH DOWN TO BEACH.







For whom is a film festival, or in plain English, who's a film festival for? Obviously, everybody except filmmakers.

Let us take the case of the 6th Ann Arbor Film Festival and Tour. Over the years this has become the most prestigious experimental festival in the country.

After the Ann Arbor Festival itself, there are fifteen festivals screening pretty much the same films. That is, the director of the Ann Arbor Festival sends around the country eight hours of films shown first at his festival. Some of the stops on the tour are the University of Illinois, University of Wisconsin, Yale, San Francisco State, and Berkeley.

Local promoters must pay the director, George Manupelli \$150 for the eight hours of film, and they must guarantee at least \$250 in prizes to filmmakers.

Additional boons to filmmakers include possible distribution on the Underground Cinema 12 circuit of 17 theaters, and possible selection for screening by the Museum of Modern Art.

Somewhere along the tour filmmakers have many chances to win prizes. Entering the Ann Arbor is like entering 16 festivals. Films which win prizes, it is asserted, have a better chance of attracting rental. At least every film on the tour is guaranteed lots of exposure.

On the other hand, the filmmaker will be missing his print about four months. Not only that, when he gets it back, more likely than not, it may be ready for the junk pile.

And filmmakers wind up competing with themselves, getting the shaft at that. The current going rate for experimental films is roughly a buck a minute, but eight hours of film for \$150.00 (not one penny of which reaches filmmakers) is a good deal. Even including the minimum \$250 awards, it's a bargain. Many of the organizations showing the tour will do so in place of their usual underground screenings.

Unfortunately, everybody doesn't have an equal chance at winning the prize money. Even a cursory look at winners of previous years will reveal that the winners at Ann Arbor are usually favored.

One point of view might have it that these are, after all, the best films, and that's why they win over and over again.

I don't believe it. It's damn hard picking a few films out of so many entries, and judges are likely to be influenced by winners at previous stops on the tour. So we get a snowballing effect, in which the same people win the prizes. Instead of getting exposure, most films are lost in the morass of so many hours of film.

And who are these judges? Most of them aren't filmmakers or film critics. It's totally unbelievable, but true. In writing competitions nobody would dream of getting painters or sculptors or photographers to judge the pieces submitted, but in a filmmaking competition English instructors, art instructors, and other unqualified people make the selections. I find this disgusting and disgraceful. Does film have to seek legitimacy by association with parasites of "established" arts?

So you can see why I find the financial arrangement a shuck. And even if I can accept the idea of a competition, the judging is also a shuck.

But why should I accept competition as the guiding spirit of a film festival? I deny the validity of competition, and it is especially repulsive to witness the acceptance of competitive festivals by filmmakers who so often ridicule conventional values.

This year the festival director had this to say: "Although the ANN ARBOR FILM FESTIVAL has never made editorial comments about films or filmmakers, I personally would like to thank the wonderful filmmakers of California for their support. Not often the subject of an endorsement, these artists are the main reason why there is an independent cinema of any substance and quality today."

Naturally I heartily support this

statement, having said the same thing.

I personally will avoid festivals that do not have a majority of filmmaker judges, and I would like to see competitive festivals ended.

I want to say that I do not doubt Manupelli's motives, but his festival procedures need drastic revision. I don't know the man, but he seems to be a genius at organization. Maybe he can apply some of this genius to reorganization.

Another outrage of the Ann Arbor Festival, and most others I might add, filmmakers have to pay an entry fee. Imagine having to pay the man an entry fee to make his festival work? What a load.

Getting back to Mr. Manupelli's endorsement of California film artists, I'd like to say that although it's deserved, filmmakers shouldn't gloat.

The way I've got it figured, we're doing him a favor. Sure he's coming on strong. He needs us. Whether or not we need him is questionable. I don't think we do need festivals, but they sure as hell need us.

Incidentally, of the nine first and second prize winners, five were local people. Mr. Manupelli would have been more accurate if he singled out San Francisco-Bay Area filmmakers.

It's like somebody congratulating the people of the New York City Scene with high praise for all of New York State. What kind of an experimental scene is flourishing in Albany?

Will Hindle won first prize with his new film, CHINESE FIRE-DRILL. Four of the eight second prize winners were from this area: LIBERATION OF THE MANNIQUE MECHANIQUE, by Steve Arnold and Michael Wiese; OFF ON, by Scott Bartlett; THE BED, by James Broughton; and FILMPIECE FOR SUNSHINE, by John Schofill. Schofill's film, recently booted in Pauley Ballroom, DIE, was singles out for special commendation, as was Bruce Baillie's VALENTIN DELAS SIERRAS.

As revolting as I find Mr. Manupelli's kind statement, and his festival, it's nothing to compare with the Independent Filmmaking Program of the American Film Institute.

Talk about shucks, this one wins the grand prize. So called grants, from \$500 to \$10,000 will be awarded to filmmakers. It's the first application of its kind I've seen that needs your social security number, but I'll let that pass.

First abomination: They want "A treatment or script or specific description of the project." To play their game, most filmmakers would have to write a scenario for the first time. It's like a publisher asking a novelist to make a film of his idea before they send him an advance for the book.

OK, it goes without saying that this thing, sponsored with government funds, isn't going to get too many proposals for scripts like THE GLORIOUS ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF CHAIRMAN MAO.

The next abomination, which is many in one goes like this: "... Under the terms of this agreement The American Film Institute will control distribution of the film and any profits will be

## A LETTER THAT TELLS IT LIKE WE LIKE IT

To the BARB:

Thomas Benji's wrath at the March 17th blocking of Haight Street, caused by the phony leaflet, strikes too harshly at the street kids and at the Machiavellian provocateurs.

Reading his diatribe, you'd think his brothers were his real enemies, while cops and politicians were "latter-day heroes."

Such over-reaction doesn't surprise me. I've been guilty of it myself, many times, in Southern civil rights work and other radical activism.

It's a mixture of love and fear, directed at those who closely resemble us. If our brothers choose a "wrong" path, they threaten our own resolve, by suggesting that we could do the same (thus the Trotskyist is emotionally undermined by his brother the Maoist, but merely bored by Republicans).

So am I threatened by the meth user, who could easily be me, but not by the Bircher. So Benji and the established H-A responsible leaders are threatened by (a) the super-revolutionary plotters and riots, and (b) the irresponsible kids. Who could be Thomas Benji, next year.

But also he fears for their safety, and his love-fear for their sake is stronger and harsher than fear for his own safety. So he nags them, curses and scolds, like a Yiddish mama. (Nu, doesn't she schlepp you because she loves you, you "ingrate"?)

And then there's the problem of serving as mediary between the power structure and its victims; as the "responsible leadership" of a ghetto; as the negotiating team with The Man. Your role is necessary, but it traps you in a molasses pit of compromise and ambiguity and conflicting obligations. Just when you're trying to deal with The Man, some damned fool on the street demands his rights. Pretty soon you get co-opted, and there you'll be with your long hair and (yes) actually holding, but still you'll be riding in the front seat of the fuzziobile with Hongisto and you'll be using his loudspeaker to plead with your brothers to stop their June/July/August riot, and you'll be amazed when some hippy throws a cokebottle at YOU.

Haight leaders, listen: the negotiation business is a tightwire act; you can learn how to do it right, maybe, if you'll consult with the cynical cats from the black ghetto and the FSM who learned the hard way how to use Mister Charley instead of letting him use you. But you've got to really study, all the ins and outs of power plays, really bad shit. Because if you approach the negotiating sessions with a true hippy love outlook, then the nice liberal Man (and why shouldn't Hongisto smoke pot?) will use you as a tool. "Negotiation" means either you use him or he uses you.

Now if you can't accept that, then you don't belong in the Power Broker business -- and maybe no hippy does, or no self-respecting man for that matter. Think it over. Then do it right or don't do it.

Switchboard, I'm calling you: stick with your own people, "the stupid, the misguided, the psychopathic," your own brothers. Whatever papers you might sign, the street kids have no obligation to obey The Man. Politicians and fuzz are NOT "heroes" just because this once they didn't attack us. They and their system have never earned our loyalty.

Love,  
Jefferson Poland

equally divided between The American Film Institute and the grantee."

Let's call a spade a spade; cats who want to approve a written script before they put up the bread, and then want to control distribution while taking half the cream ain't no foundation giving out grants. They're producers, man. Get it, producers! Foundation grant my ass.

How many films on the shelves of the Coop would be there today if Lyndon's henchmen had to approve them?



## THEATER WOW! LIKE, HOW OFTEN DO YOU GET A FIVE-IN-ONE DEAL?

Richard A. Ogar

If "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (at the Encore Theatre, 422 Mason, SF) does nothing else, it puts to shame the two-penny theorists who inveigh against the "old forms" of theatre in favor of their own (usually third or fourth-rate) modes of production.

It's talent, not random experimentation, that counts, and playwright John Herbert has that in abundance.

"Fortune" is a pure piece of theatrical realism. It's not difficult to see O'Neill peeking around the corners of the set, nodding assent at the dialogue, even smiling at old friends. But if O'Neill drags a bit today, Herbert does not. His play is the most intense, moving--yes, even gripping--piece of theatre I've seen in years. And, paradoxically enough, it's also one of the funniest.

It's a prison play, a fag play, a documentary play, a theatre of cruelty and a love-story. It recounts the six-month odyssey of a young first-offender through the vagaries of prison "politics."

Smitty (played by Peter Beiger) at first appears to be an innocent thrown suddenly to the wolves--Queenie (Bill Moor), a high-camp drag queen with "connect ons," and Rocky (Victor Arnold), a hard-nosed tough who claims to make his living off of queers and nothing else.

Smitty hopes to literally keep his ass clean, to steer a safe course through the Sympleglades of Rock and Queen. But the example of Mona (Robert Christian), the crushed spade fairy, points up the futility of non-alignment. Smitty learns the ropes, but he learns too well and too fast; no longer innocent, he tries to stake out some territory of his own. He is saved, but only through the martyrdom of Mona, whom he has tried to love and protect. In prison, nobody wins.

The cast is magnificent, although somewhat divided. Beiger, Christian and Edward Kovens (who plays Holy Face, the graft-guilty screw) are obviously actors--damn good ones, to be sure, yet actors nonetheless. But Moor and Arnold are presences, embodiments.

Most of the humor in the play belongs to Moor. Queenie is, of course, the juiciest role, but only a part of Moor's performance can

be thought of as "scripted." The rest -- and it may be the greater part -- owes entirely to his consummate skill as an actor. He speaks as much with his body (especially his eyes and mouth) as with his voice, and each is ripe with comic nuance.

Arnold, as Rocky, seems to be a natural. Whether he is in fact, or whether this is simply the sign of incredible talent is difficult to say. And it's also irrelevant: in this play he works, and works perfectly.

The other three actors go about their work with a little less ease. This is especially true of Beiger, who has to grow from the mild-mannered neophyte to the calloused pro in a very short time. Since he seems to overplay his initial lameness, the transition is at times hard to swallow. (Could he REALLY take on the formidable Rocky and win?)

Robert Christian is saddled with the most difficult role of all -- the perpetual, yet somehow noble, victim. He cannot remain a puling little faggot without endangering our crucial sympathy for him, nor can he be so noble that we fail to respond to his persecution. But most of all, he cannot cloy our emotions. It's a rough road, but Christian takes most of the bumps out of it.

Kovens, as the bullying, ulcerated Guard, does a generally creditable job, but there is something about his mode of violence, his way of threatening, that rubs me the wrong way. He seems to be extremely anxious about his toughness (which Holy Face is) without making that anxiety a dramatic, rather than personal, fact.

The play, I warn you in advance, can give you a case of emotional whiplash. The first Act, and the opening of the second, is uproariously comic, so funny that you ignore the obvious cruelties involved. But once Smitty and Mona are left alone in the cell, the comic facade is ripped away from the horror, the desperation, and, ultimately, the passion that constitutes the play.

And if it's difficult to imagine a homosexual love scene that could move one to tears, I must add that this one did just that.

"Fortune and Men's Eyes" will make you laugh until your sides hurt, and then it will rip your guts out. It's beautiful, and no one should miss it. Especially the two-penny theorists.



# BIG BUSTER



Mrs. Carole McMurray (above) may be groovy looking, but she turns out to be pure poison. The 20-year old divorcee has been working for the last year as a drug fink for the Napa County Sheriff's office. These and more gory details were revealed last Monday (March 25) in the Napa Register. This sweet looking mother of two is responsible for the busts of more than 20 people on drug violations. And from her information, The Napa County Sheriff has more busts on the way. Mrs. McMurray while attending Napa County College, put in more than 1,000 hours of undercover work for the Narc's last year. But she apparently never received a cent for it. According to the Napa Register, she did it only because she liked the work, not for the money involved.

# POT MEET-- HEADS DISAPPOINTED BY COMPROMISE STANCE

By Jeffrey Stallard  
A "National Marijuana Symposium," held last weekend at the U.C. Medical Center disappointed most of the heads in the audience by failing to call for the legalization of marijuana.

After a series of boring speeches delivered in pompous pseudo-scientific jargon, the organizers of the event canceled the panel of summary and recommendation that was to have ended the symposium.

The results was that the large number of national media representatives came away without hearing any specific plan or suggestions for the legalization of pot.

While the audience listened to Dr. Joel Fort, the San Francisco psychiatrist, call for the removal of all drug matters from the hands of the police into the hands of the medical profession, no other speaker went even that far.

Dr. Fred Myers, professor of pharmacology at U. C. and Dr. David Smith of the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic did stress the difficulties of doing adequate research about marijuana under the current laws.

But no one discussed the political or moral problem of the 1500 persons currently in jail for grass offenses.

Many heads said they were irked by the fact that the participants so

carefully avoided any reference to their own use of marijuana, but talked at such great length about patterns of drug use among the young.

Dr. Fred Myers was the only speaker who was both entertaining and enlightening. Dr. Myers had a pot plant sitting on a piano on stage, which he explained was a little unhealthy because "it's hard to grow plants in a closet."

Dr. Fred then proceeded to shoot

up a dog with a solution of what he described as "excellent Lebanese hashish" dissolved in a fat solution, to demonstrate the classic curve of cannabis excitation followed by gradual sedation.

The fact he used a large 30cc syringe and what must have been at least a #10 point bothered some squeamish ladies in the audience, but did not particularly bother the dog.

What bothered more of the audience, however, was a strange remark by Dr. Myers towards the end of his talk. Apparently addressing himself to members of the Ad Hoc Committee for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, Dr. Myers told of his activities amongst the legislators of Sacramento, saying, "I hope some of you won't yank the rug out from under me up in Sacramento by tarring the image of marijuana with other drugs like STP and LSD."

Dr. Myers and the administrators of the clinic believe that they can effect some changes in the marijuana laws -- possibly reducing or eliminating penalties for possession, but not for sales -- by working along with California legislators.

Dr. Myers and the other organizers refused to allow Mrs. Molly Minudri, Mrs. Garnet Brennan or Hugh Hinchliffe of the Ad Hoc Committee to participate in their symposium because "the Ad Hoc Committee is not a prominent enough organization," and because they felt the presence of the more militant group might offend the Establishment.

The academic heavyweight at the conference was Dr. Alexander Shulgin, the inventor of STP, who diagrammed the steps involved in the synthesis of tetra-hydrocannabinol, the active ingredient in grass.

Dr. Shulgin presumed a great familiarity with organic chemistry on the part of the audience, but there were not more than a half dozen in the audience who copied the formulas he wrote on the blackboard.

Dr. Myers advocacy of his view that marijuana is not properly a hallucinogenic, but a hypnotic-sedative, was interesting and well-presented; otherwise the symposium's intellectual content was skimpy at best.

Most speakers spent their time dressing up broad social truths -- like a lot of people are turning on -- in the language of Time-Life sociology.

Perhaps the most enjoyable thing about the conference was that the pressroom was located conveniently next to the poolroom. Three lovely Brunswick tables there provided frequent breaks from the tedium of the auditorium proceedings.

That the \$10 admission for the two days will go to the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic is commendable, but one might have hoped for a little more for the money.



## NO MERCY ON MERRY METER MAID

There is apparently no comradeship among members of the Stockton Police Force, nor any mercy for their "Lovely Rita," a Stockton meter maid.

The 25-year-old chick and former meter maid was convicted last week of grass possession, the Stockton Record revealed on Tuesday.

If she was really using her chalk stick as a roach clip, evidence at the proceedings was lacking.

# KMPX STATIC-- STATION OUT OF BREAD AND NO END IN SIGHT

By Jeff Jassen

No end is in sight to the strike dispute at KMPX Radio, and all indications are that the station will fold before the situation is ultimately resolved.

A Tuesday night negotiations meeting between the strikers and station management failed to produce any satisfactory results, despite the fact that the strikers have withdrawn the first six points of their list of twelve demands. These six include the reinstatement of DJ Tom Donohue and sales manager Milan Melvin.

"That is not to say that the subjects covered in the first six demands will not later be part of negotiations in one form or another," Bob McClay, DJ, told BARB Wednesday night, "since all are directly or indirectly involved."

"But right now we're content to work on the financial end. We're drawing up a list of demands as a basis for a proposed contract.

When it's done it will be presented to Management."

The management comment as of Wednesday night was again mostly no comment. According to Station Manager Ron Hunt's secretary, there has been no change in policy.

"Everything is going pretty good," BARB was told. What about in LA? "Just as well."

It seems that the station management is suffering from an acute case of self-delusion. KMPX is now totally without advertisers, and KPCC in LA has very few. The only spots heard locally are public service announcements.

"It takes bread to run a radio station," one striker emphasized, "and they haven't got it."

The station is still limping along on the air with the help of strike-breaking scabs, although almost all who originally went on the air have quit in the last week. According to Dusty Superchick, striking engineer, the station has been trying to recruit new scabs from

the local colleges.

"They're telling the students, 'Hey, they're having a few problems at KMPX and they need some help. It's a good chance to get in some live air time and, of course, you will receive consideration on your grade.' When we walked into San Francisco State's radio department, they just freaked."

The station is apparently concerned enough about the request of many groups, both local and national, to not play their records to require the requests in writing. In a call to Strike Headquarters Tuesday afternoon, Management asked that all such notifications be by telegram.

"We told them that we're not directly involved," McClay said, "because we're not. If the groups want to do that, it's their own thing, although we certainly appreciate it."

"However, there is legally no way that you can stop a station from playing certain records, as long as they continue to pay their ASCAP and BMI fees."

In the light of KMPX's current financial situation it remains to be seen how long the payments can be continued.

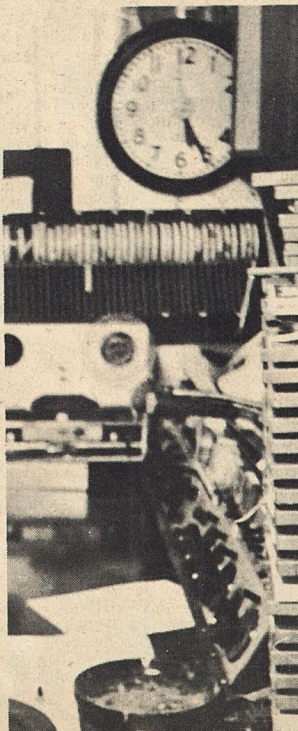
The financial outlook of the strikers, however, is a bit more on the bright side. A recent benefit in LA netted \$6,000, last week's Avalon blow-out brought in \$2,400, and the Sponsor's Dinner added at least another thousand.

Accompanying these initial successes are underground murmurs of buying a new station, to be run in the old KMPX tradition.

Another massive benefit is planned for Wednesday night at Winterland. Although there are no set confirmations, invitations to play have gone out to the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company, The Doors, Judy Collins, Eric Burdon and the Animals, and the Quicksilver Messenger Service. Consult your favorite poster for exact details early next week.

Meanwhile, the Strike Headquarters number once again is 989-6396; for KMPX, the number to call in San Francisco is 434-2837. Keep those calls coming in folks; they love to hear from you.

## KMPX NOT QUITE LIKE CLOCKWORK



## "LET'EM COME AND GET ME IF THEY WANT"

Phil Malec, under federal indictment for refusing induction, is "more or less in hiding" now in Berkeley. But he is considering plans to come into the open and "letting them come and get me, if they want," he told BARB this week.

Malec was not, as we reported in last week's BARB, busted for possessing a half-burned draft card. He has had a warrant out for his arrest since last summer, when he did not report for induction in Madison, Wisconsin.

Malec worked for eight months as a conscientious objector doing alternative service. For the major part of this time, he organized a youth group at St. Boniface church, alongside the militant Father James Groppi.

Finally, Malec decided that he could no longer cooperate in this way with the Selective Service System.

When Dean Rusk visited Chicago, Malec burned his draft card right in front of the Secretary of State. After he wrote to his draft board explaining his actions, Malec was classified "delinquent" and immediately ordered for induction.

Since then, Malec has been in the Bay Area, working as a common-church priest.

# COP VICTIMS' TRIALS A LONG, LONG TRAIL

What happens when citizens are arrested in cases where the cops decided to riot? Apparently very little and not very quickly.

In the Fairmont Hotel riot last January, 52 were arrested (See BARB, Jan. 19). In the Haight riot in February, at least 62 were arrested (BARB, Feb. 23).

At press time, six cases had been prosecuted, according to Peace and Freedom Party spokesman Bill Steinway.

Nine other individuals, indicted before a Grand Jury Tuesday were put off until May.

"It's been fruitless," Steinway told BARB, "they're putting off, putting off and putting off."

"In the Fairmont case, one has gone and finished, beaten with insufficient evidence. Tuesday, nine others appeared, but they were put off."

"They're just not going through. That's the way it's been," Steinway said.

"The Haight is going the same

way," Steinway said. "Sixty-two adults were arrested, five have gone through. Every one of them received a suspended sentence or probation."

"Of the juveniles arrested, we have been able to get no information," Steinway told BARB. "I've been calling the city people in charge, and there's just no information."

Steinway said he had also been unable to get information on those arrested in Stop The Draft Week activities last October and the SF State College mill-in last December.

"The PFP has been trying to push Alioto to drop all charges in these arrests," Steinway said. "Our witnesses and those of other groups agree that it was the police rioting in these cases."

Steinway said his group was working with the ACLU to see that all those arrested be released or at least processed without delay.





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Ron Barnett  
Berkeley, California

**SIDE 1**

- No More Tears (3:12)
- Love Feels Like Fire (2:40)
- Don't Lose Control (Of Your Soul) (3:21)
- I Can't Please You (4:07)
- Shop Around (3:50)
- The Bells (3:55)

**Personnel:**

- Linda Tillery, *vocal*
- Paul Fauerso, *organ, piano and vocal*
- Peter Shapiro, *lead guitar*
- Steve Dowler, *rhythm guitar*
- Bob Kridle, *bass*
- George Newcom, *drums*
- Todd Anderson, *tenor sax*
- Patrick O'Hara, *trombone*
- Drums on "Can I Dedicate"*  
by an old friend, Frank Davis

**SIDE 2**

- Kali Yuga-Loo (3:23)
- God Bless' the Child (4:45)
- Danger Heartbreak Dead Ahead (3:34)
- Can I Dedicate (9:37)

Public performance clearance—BMI

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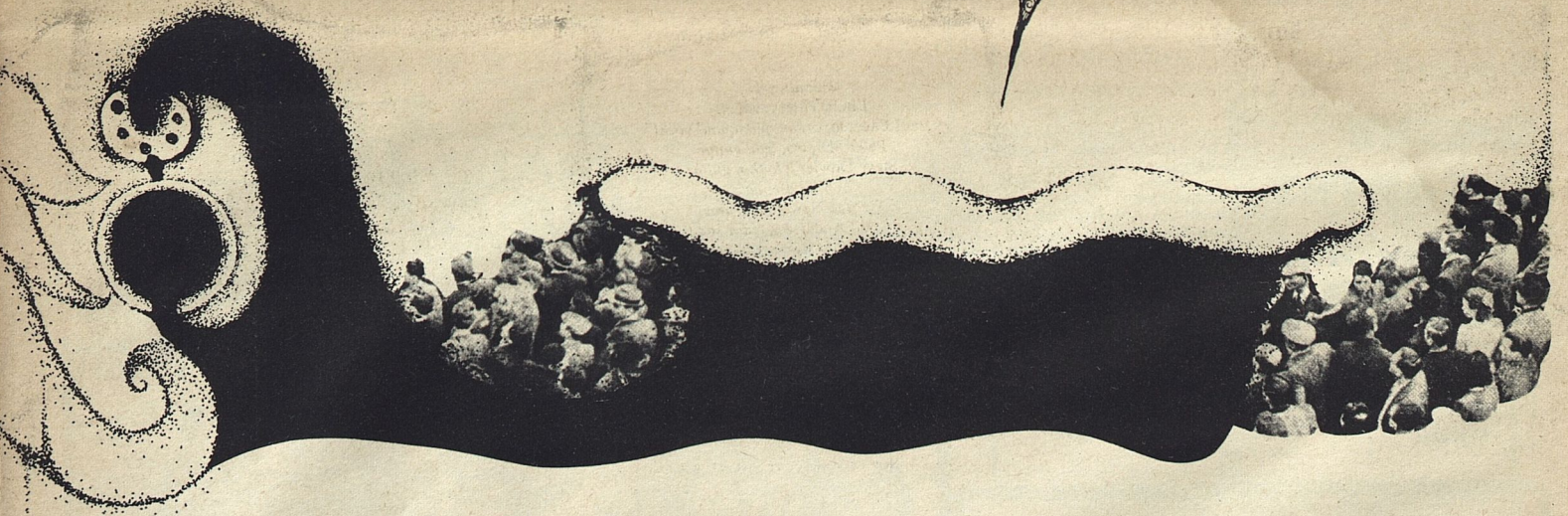
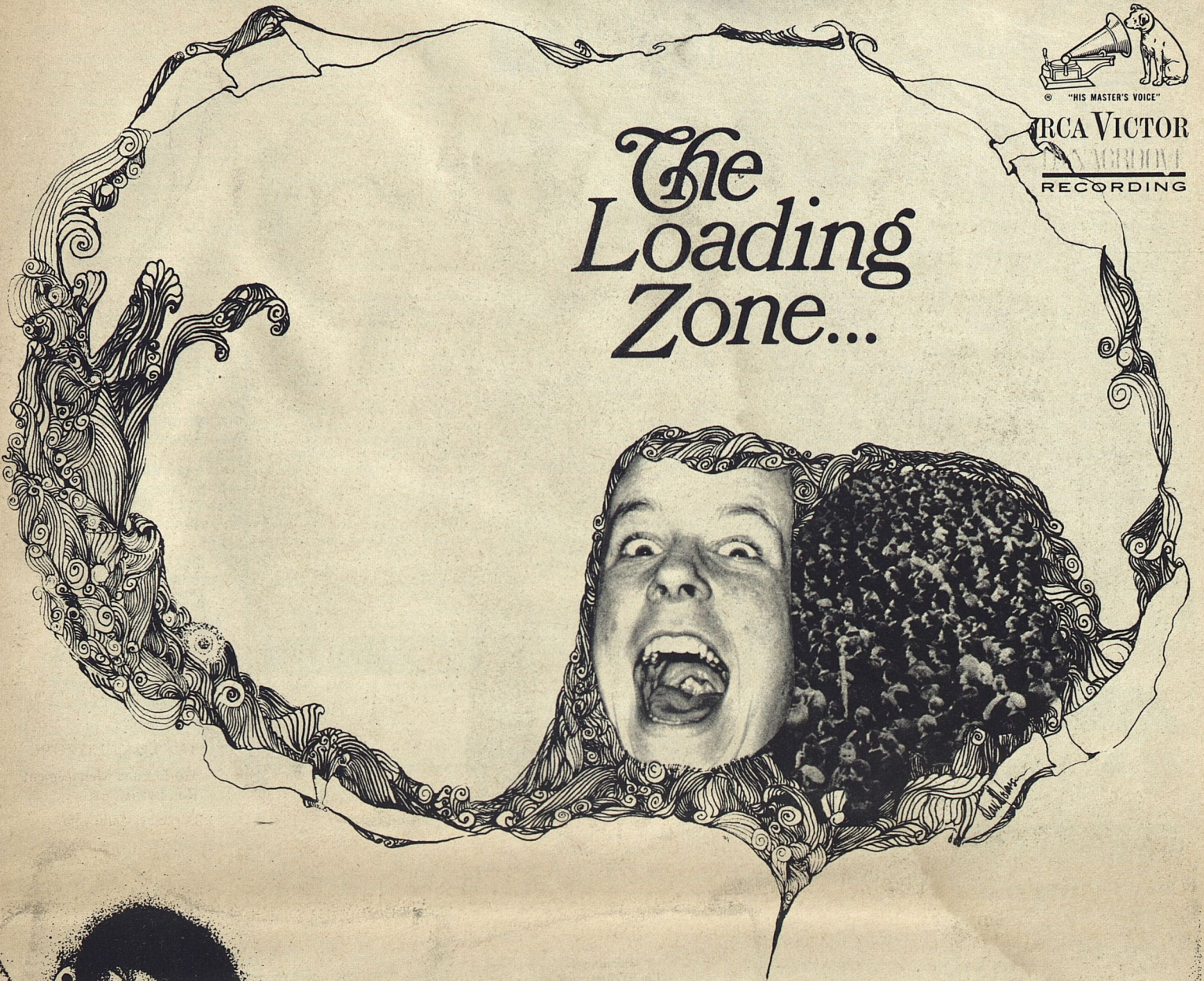




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# Roving Rat Fink



Last Thursday night, I witnessed a deplorable instance of the notorious failure of Berkeley people to support their own cultural events.

At the Unitarian church was held one of a series of performances by the Peace Players, intended to raise money for aid to injured Vietnamese children brought to this country. A total of ten people showed up. And since I was there on a pass, that makes just nine who counted.

I don't say that this case was especially significant in itself, though the cause certainly was worthy. I am only commenting on the most recent instance that I have seen.

For those of you who missed it, here's what you missed:

A powerful reading from the journals of Kathie Kollwitz, performed by the actress Jean Hochberg. Her performance is astounding; she actually seems to mesh in personality with the late German artist (incidentally, they were both born on the same day).

An equally powerful reading by Eric Vaughn, the Shakespearean scholar, from the poems of Wilfred Owen, the short-lived English poet who managed to make magic

out of the horrors of war. It is the measure of Vaughn's performing ability that he was able to sustain forty-five minutes of iambic pentameter without any sags.

For those of you who are interested, here's some of what is still to come:

A poetry reading by Robert Duncan in person. Several musical performances, involving Raylene Pierce among other well-known artists, and featuring three world premieres of compositions especially created for the series.

For times, check your local Co-op bulletin board. All performances to be held at the Unitarian church. I will concede that the Unitarian church is remote and hard to get to, if you don't have wheels. But if you can make the performances and don't, you deserve to live in Oakland.

...I think to myself, where else but in Berkeley could it happen? Anywhere else, such a live bubbling well of creative performance could at least count on attracting an audience of local culture vultures. Or alternatively, support not coming, it would just die, and then no more creativity.

But as I have often observed before, Berkeley is different. I don't know how many theatrical and musical ventures over the years have blossomed briefly and then withered due to lack of public interest. Still there always seems to be somebody else who didn't learn the lesson, and comes up ready to give it one more try. There's always something going on, crying out for your attention.

The atmosphere of Berkeley seems to be conducive to the growth of such. But you could make the atmosphere a hell of a lot more conducive, if you wanted to take the trouble. --R.R. (BARB invites notices of all such performances. Please note SCENEDROME deadline.--Ed.)



# CORRECTED POINT

Dear Sir:

Reference to your article "Points to Canada" page 6 of the March 1 - 7 issue, I respectfully suggest that it is hideously inacc-

urate and perhaps unfair to your readers.

For example, the article says "students" visitors already in Canada can become citizens within 6 weeks to 3 months! Quite absurd -- it's FIVE YEARS! This is standard international practice. Most countries in the world, including the U.S., require an immigrant to be resident 5 years before citizenship is considered. The last paragraph, concerning "Canadian passports" -- one cannot apply for a Canadian Passport 'til he is a Canadian Citizen; i.e., a minimum 5 years residence as an immigrant.

Sincerely,  
Pat McIntyre

Four governments (and Presidents) in four nations will be toppled in 1968 by the youth of these nations. They are the United States, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Italy. \*(NOTE: after this column was written, the London Economist digs youth with the same vibes)

The last two countries named already have new leadership or the government has been "dissolved." Poland and the US are pending, with the students of Warsaw going to make it, apparently, before the students of America. This has caused a "sudden summit" meeting of "Russia and its five remaining (sic) East European allies, minus Romania" Mar 23.

To show you the state of rigid fear and confusion that has grasped the old-line Communists, pick up the People's World of Mar. 22, 1968. Nothing, repeat, nothing is reported from Europe of this unrest.

To show you the rigid fear that has grasped the old line Communists in Poland, read of Gromulka's "explanation" of "Zionists" and, for an added fillip, "liberal intellectuals" whose "spirit must be removed" from the student's minds.

To show you the rigid fear that has grasped old line Democrats, listen to what they called Sen McCarthy in New Hampshire - he was pictured almost as a traitor. What these Democrats (Mayor Alioto, for example, who supports LBJ) will call Sen Kennedy is beyond imagination - a "neo-Zionist" perhaps?

What the left-world is going through (and in a sense, the electoral world in America) is what happened last year during the "Peace Torch" march to Washington.

The Communist Party et al locked out the hippies from the Torch. This columnist pointed to the utter stupidity of ignoring the hippies (especially when a rank-and-file vote supported them), and Aptheker, Lima, and Proctor replied (in indignation) to the column.

Today, in Europe, the hippies are locking out the governments all over the map. It is no accident that precisely where the youth admire Allen Ginsberg and The Beatles (Prague) is precisely where "the Communist party of Czechoslovakia plans to give up its dominant role as part of its sweeping democratic reform program," according to L'Unita, the Communist daily paper of Rome. (The Communist press in

America is SO goddamned sterile!) True, the force behind McCarthy and Kennedy are not so much hippies as they are youth. But they sure as hell are not regular Democrats or old-line left-over leftists (who, at this moment, are left without a doorbell to push or a precinct to work because Guru Unruh has outfoxed them).

"What is important is to remember that you and I are not important to any state or organization but important only to each other. When one comes to understand this, then one no longer has to 'explain' China, the USSR, or the US as something one 'belongs to' but rather they in turn 'belong to' you.

"As Brecht said, 'If the government doesn't like the people, then let the government dissolve the people and elect a new people'," this from my column of Sep 2, 1966.

Governments who try to dissolve people end up being dissolved by the very same people they were trying to dissolve. This is Dialectical Materialism, and even Communists are not exempt from the functionings of history. Rather, the governments that look upon dialects as a "Zionist-intellectual plot" are doomed to failure. G.K.

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# BLACK-DIRECTED CHANGE BACKED BY WHITE TEACHERS

Black-directed change is coming to Merritt College, and the instructors -- most of them white -- are backing it.

In an important faculty meeting last week a majority of the faculty members at the Oakland J.C. voted to adopt a series of sweeping changes in the white-oriented structure and policy of the school. The change they voted on were

- "Fuck war" said the sweet faced soldier & walked down the Pentagon steps dropped his sword & yielding his heart to the crowd that astounded wept to find such joy in Bethlehem
- 4 swift paratroopers came after twixt the soft breasts & heard tears of children
- & dragged him back to serve between the bayonets
- my brother you are the first victim of the American revolution
- The first h'ero' (of eros) her first lover we shall never forget you

-Tuli Kupferberg

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# ON "LEADERSHIP"

By Sgt. Pepper

When General Westmoreland assumed overall command in South Vietnam in 1964, there were 164 American dead. When he left command in March, 1968, there were 20,000 American dead.

The difference between 164 and 20,000 is the mark of his "leadership."

The arrogance of the military mind is, of course, in direct ratio with its stupidity. Westmoreland is the personification of this fact. Examples follow...

On Jan 1, 1968, he stated in his official and classified year-end report (unclassified, apparently, by the NY Times who got hold of a copy) that the NLF and the North Vietnamese were incapable of launching any attacks.

On Nov 30, 1967, the SF Chronicle reports that "the Hanoi Army newspaper predicted that 'savage' fighting would engulf American and South Vietnamese troops in the next few months."

This, of course, was the Tet offensive, launched Jan 31, 1968.

This was his last mistake, at least in Vietnam. As Army Chief of Staff, he can go on to bigger and better mistakes.

The General has succeeded in trapping ENTIRE ALLIED ARMIES behind their own barbed-wire. At Hue, 80,000 refugees "wander about looking for food" this week because the US Army can't help them. "6,000 NLF are just outside the city," an Army officer told a reporter who observed that "tons of barbed-wire" was being flown into this city.

Around Saigon, the late General's "Operation Bullshit" is still "sweeping the city clear" of the Vietcong for the third week of the "largest operations of the war."

Hue has become a coastal Khe Sanh and Saigon is rapidly becoming another Con Thien.

One of the most bitter indictments of the US Military was front-paged on the SF Chronicle, Mar 21, 1968, just one day before LBJ removed his "favorite commander" from Vietnam.

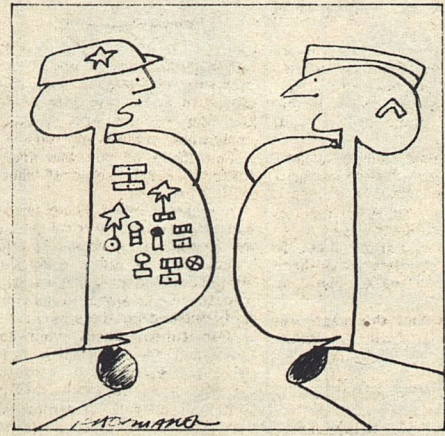
"The famed US Marine Corps is the biggest single failure of the post - Tet war. The troops are brave enough, but their training is inadequate, their leadership deplorable," writes David Leitch of the London Sunday Times.

(I have always maintained this about the Marines in this column. "In Hue I saw 18-year old troops fresh from the States killed be-

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"GUNS WILL MAKE US POWERFUL,  
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cause they did not know enough to tell the difference between mortars 'coming in' and those 'going out.'"

(I was in the battle of Manila, and for one week the Japanese had us pinned down in the main part of town, across from the Ermita district.

(Gen MacArthur had our flag flying from the Soriano Building while the Japanese had THEIR flag flying 300 yards away across the Pasig River atop the main postoffice.)

(Since he already had announced Manila was "secure," it was rather embarrassing and downright dangerous because the only way to tell our shells from their shells was play it safe and duck on EVERYTHING!)

"Their training had been in jun-

gle warfare and they (the Marines) were engaged, and humiliatingly beaten, in house-to-house war - fare." Leitch tells his London readers BEFORE Westmoreland was dumped.

I presume that when the Marine "leadership" gets around to telling the "Grunts" (Marine riflemen) how to fight in cities, they will be dropped in some jungle, probably in North Vietnam or Laos.

The reason Marines were not trained to fight in cities was because the NLF and North Viets were not supposed to take the cities in the first place.

This was why Westmoreland lost his job -- and 20,000 Americans lost their lives: piss-poor leadership of an arrogant military mind.

### CALL SWITCH!

Walk, don't run! Contact Switchboard for messages -- 1830 Fell St., S.F. -- 387-3575.

Ping Armstrong, Nora Allen, Ellen Agard, Cindy Belomo, Eileen Biggers, Dean Barnes, Diana L. Baker, Mary C. Bush, Ben Barth, Cristi Brooks, William Baker, Rober Burgest, Mike Butera, Roger Colgrove, Margaret Cantoni, Mike Carry, Kathy Cooley, JereCarvalho, Shawn Clark.

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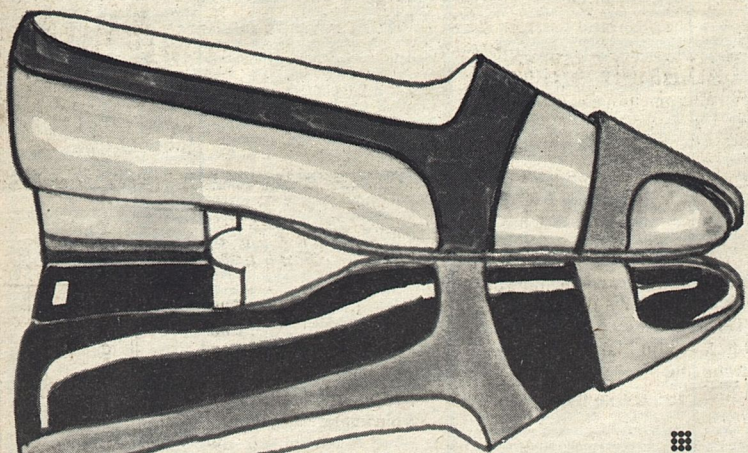
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**ANYONE IN TOUCH** with Charles Potts please tell him to write to Mary 4622 Iowa St. Fresno Cal. Reg they Listen Arul Linn H. O. S. L. S. & S. S. Contact Mike at 1220 N Cummings LA 90033 223-2673  
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**HEY OLD B.S.** - Thank you, for the paper mostly though money is handy at times ..... **KAREN**

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 Peter X & Mario Z  
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••• LLOYD HONEYCUTT •••

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**BUSINESSMAN 45** wishes to meet female 35 to 40 for love and sex cleanliness more important than looks. San Jose 2442443

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**FOREIGN BORN man** seeks girl for dates, outing, love. 2373907

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**YOUNG MALE** wants same for wild sm sessions call eyes 4332187

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**CANCELIAN MALE 30** gd looks seek males 21-27, 334-3464 eyes

**HANDSOME MALE** seeks female 18-20. Companionship? 9221543

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**ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAN, 28,** would like to meet students or servicemen for fun times, week-end outings, theatre, etc. Write to PO Box 31071, San Francisco

**YOUNG GUY** for sailors 4743435

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**WIFE WANTED FOR SINGLE** working male. One child OK. Write 2109 Shattuck Ave, No. 500, Berkeley. Send photo or apply.

**I WOULD LIKE** to meet a girl w brown hr, miniskit. Jim 2967695

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**34 YEAR OLD MAN** looking for a gal 4211618

**WISH TO MEET** mature affectionate nonparty girl to teach me love & pleasing & for pleas rel-at'v by cauc male (30) 3469136

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••• IAI RAM •••

**HOMOSEXUALS** - Learn about the largest homophile organization in U.S.A., the Society for Individual Rights (S.I.R.) Phone 781-1570 or visit our Community Center, open 11 am to 11 pm. Mon.-Sat., at 83-6th St., San Francisco (Adults only).

**YOUNG GIRL** wanted who likes French love. Call Henry at 632-1546 after 6pm.

**IS THERE A HAPPY** but unfulfilled man 25-35, unattached, non-possessive, yet capable of a deep, loving commitment to an attached woman? Ultimate goal: 3 way heterosexual partnership. Comprehensive letter to Box 3051, Oakl.

**WARM WENCH WANTED** by good looking man for IT. 584-3916

**POTENT YOUNG MAN, 29, gentle,** wants the presence of an intelligent, warm, erotically versatile girl (19-39) to indulge with. Call after 8 or all weekend 333-3300. Please.

**MARRIED MAN, 35** with gay male friend seeks female or married couple for 3-4 way parties. Write P.O. Box 761, Martinez, Calif.

**(F) yng 24 transcendental** mediator tall arty. Seek nice intelligent fellow PO Box 447 Larkspur 94939 (nr Sausalito)

**SEX.** Am young & new, need help & advise. Am gay & hot. Don West, 6263 64th Av., Apt. 6, E. Riverdale, Md. 20840.

**YOUNG MUSCULAR Cal student** (20) wants to be buddies with other muscular guys (under 23) Write to SFM - 1739 Oxford, Berk.

**MATURE MEN 48 to 59!** Looking for an attractive widow from the East? Well I'm here! Pls call Paris. No sex ad. 6485834.

**DISCREET yng, lady of independent** means seeking pleasure, sexual expression, compatibility, call Jim 474-9948 rm 31 eyes.

**SINCERE MALE, 22, sensitive,** intel., fairly attractive, openminded, shy, unaffected ways (but doesn't know how) to meet similar female - the type in fact who wouldn't ordinarily answer a Barb ad. Box 54, San Mateo.

**YOUNG COUPLE** wishes to meet couples for pleasure. Call or write send phone no. and pict. 867-5913 Box 159, Belflower.

**COUPLE DESIRING** a third for sex games call lock. 483-9629

**GIRLS AND WOMEN LIKING** French love call Harry anytime I am expert MO 4-5283. All races welcome.

**NONCONFORMIST SQUARE** financially secure seeks girl companion on beach combing trips here- there everywhere please write c/o P.O. Box 8945 Stockton, Calif.

**WOMEN IN A WANTON MOOD** Call Wayne 9644079 evenings.

**TWO GAY GUYS WOULD** like to meet singles or doubles for fun and games. 863-9007.

**YOUNG (26) ATTRACTIVE MALE** seeks Girl Under 5'6", slim, young (18-28) for sex and friendship. Call GL 2-4980, 5-11 P.M.

**ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAN, 28,** masculine, well-established and good sense of humor would like to meet student-type young guys for week-end outings, fun times, theatre, beach. WRHE to PO Box 31071 San Francisco.

**GOOD-LOOKING well built male** white 29 6'1" 185lbs Expert in French love. Will bring ecstasy and delight to women married/ single 18-39. If you are sincere and discreet call jim 647-4424.

**COUPLE WANTS** to meet intel. cpl w/similar inst. photog. writing conv. camping poss. sex but rapport more imp. Box 692 Sausalito, Calif. 94965.

**YG WHI CPL SEEK OTHERS** with liberal attitudes, subj. meeting of mind and body, sole and bi-girls wlcmd pict prefdr. Write us: PO BOX 368 SAN MATEO.

**AUSTRALIAN Graduate Philoso-** pher, bachelor, 28, wishes to exchange photos and correspondence with sensual unencumbered liberal young woman 20-26 of aesthetic tastes and dimensions with a view to eventually joining lit incompatibility do us part - William Lyons, 1140 5th Ave. N.W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

**THE PHONE CLUB** .....  
 GAY? Do you thing in your own home a discreet service that makes the naked male as available as your phone 9 to 9 only 535-2121

**BIG-BUTTED babes** abound all around, but where is the girl I can lift? I m 48 and not quite as strong as I used to be. Trim, smart minichicks call Charles, 397-2680 or 863-5536, eyes.

**EXPERIENCED SAILBOAT racer** would like to be weekend crew-member. Legit. 673-8429.

**ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LIBERAL** couple wants to meet other discreet hedonists. Box 10152, Oakland.

**RICH MAN** wants sophisticated rich girl swinger for fun, love & sex. Call OR35569 SF.

**DISCREET SINGLE NEGRO MALE** like to meet single or married female any race 18 to 40. Write freely Bill Box 24392 SF 94124

**MALE 38, 6'2"** Passive seeks dominant strong male who likes bondage and poppers. Box 1642, San Francisco 94101.

**WOMAN for SFL Parties,** or answer swap couple ads desired. Young man 31; Good pad Call 341-0085.

**WOMEN FOR** an exciting hour. Phone Pierre son of Eros. Your desires expertly completed by professional French love. 483-9629.

**SHY AND LONELY MALE, 21,** seeks gentle, sincere girl for love and companionship. Write Frank 2592 24th Ave SF 94116.

**SEX.** Am young & new, need help & advise. Am gay & hot. Don West, 6263 64th Av., Apt. 6, E. Riverdale, Md. 20840.

**YOUNG MUSCULAR Cal student** (20) wants to be buddies with other muscular guys (under 23) Write to SFM - 1739 Oxford, Berk.

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**YG WHI CPL SEEK OTHERS** with liberal attitudes, subj. meeting of mind and body, sole and bi-girls wlcmd pict prefdr. Write us: PO BOX 368 SAN MATEO.

**COUPLE.** Except. attrct, healthy, intel., educ., & active. Tuned in, 5'2"/5'7", well built. Seek same 27-38 who like; backpacking music (Frescobaldi to Floyd); health food & gourmet cookery; new ideas, experience & people; childn 6-10. For lasting, loving fun - trips at home and away. No clubs, prof. swingers or hangups please. If you don't fit, please don't call. If you do ... 369-7280. Ps. Particularly want harmonious Muir Trail trippers for June/July. \*\*

**RU LONELY & NEEDY** as I am? Prof man has much free time days mostly. Am married, neat, attractive, friendly, discreet. Gals any age, race, anywhere call Carl at 433-4854 or leave phone contact with switchboard.

**DISCREET MASCULINE FRENCH** artist seeks new contacts Male only. Ans all Box 4772 San Jose

**TWO YNG STUDS** seek 2 attr. yng girls willing to give and receive love to live in. Info. 2031 Dwight Way - 7 Berk. Albert.

**MALE 30** gd looking seeks male 21-27 levis & bondage, P.O. Box 12144, San Francisco 94112.

**MARRIED L.A. COUPLE** visiting Frisco desire friendly lodging Eastertime. Can pay a little. Are you open and friendly? Please write P.O.B. 34845, L.A. 90034. Thanks! Herb and Angie.

**GUY NEEDS** lovable girl to do chores around apt in trade for bed & board. Call HEI-8379.

**AIRBORNE DISCIPLINE** is good for all men ex-sext un-union.

**MALE IN 40's** like meet same or thereabouts gay bi or discreet speaks Fr. & Span. Faire pompier a besos negros. Write: Tutor, Box 344, San Lorenzo, Ca.

**FALL EXECUTIVE or Profes-** sional man needed to escort male executive 39' 6" in fem-attire attractive, fun, etc. Photo & phone replied first F.L. Dwell PO 18142 SF 94118.

**ATTENTION HARLEY DAVIDSON** RIDERS Man, single, white, Age 50 wants to locate big single mature cyclist for summer fun. No holds barred.

**STUDENT dropout 35** riding thru S.F. Will share your pad. No queens but dig bitch. Want on my list? 11900 SW-Douglas, Portland, Ore.

**EXPERIENCED** Justwriter operator wanted for full-time typesetting and offset layout position. Apply Monday afternoon only. Berkeley BARB, 2886 Telegraph.

**FRUSTRATED LONELY** married man 38 needs uninhibited girl for morning and afternoon dates out there somewhere there must be someone lonely and blue who feels as I do. Call George 8329583 between 230 and 3pm. Keep trying.

**GIRLS MARR.** singl gldoing guy 37 makes you feel fem. I'm love-able, masculin Box 3282 San Mateo.

**YOUNG GIRL WANTED** WHO LIKES FRENCH LOVE. CALL HENRY AT 6321546 AFTER 6PM

**MAN 26** would like to meet a girl with long touchable hair. Share SF apt or any other arrangement. Phone 474-3660.

**ATTRACTIVE BI - GIRL, 26,** SEEKS SAME, LETTER AND PHOTO PLEASE. P.O. BOX 3981 HAYWARD 94544

**MEET DATES FREE.** WRITE BAY AREA CONTACT P.O. BOX 695 HAYWARD, CA. 94543

**LOVELY MALE** seeks female to share apartment and sex. 648-7603

**MALE 30** gd looking seeks male 21-27 levis & bondage, P.O. Box 12144, San Francisco 94112.

**MARRIED L.A. COUPLE** visiting Frisco desire friendly lodging Eastertime. Can pay a little. Are you open and friendly? Please write P.O.B. 34845, L.A. 90034. Thanks! Herb and Angie.

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**AIRBORNE DISCIPLINE** is good for all men ex-sext un-union.







from page 7

# LIMEKILN COMEDOWN

orange hue filled the horizon, a kind of sunset I have never before seen. The sun, already down, was illuminating the crest of an incoming cloud bank that waited about thirty miles offshore. The impression was that of a flat plywood wall with the shadows of a mountain range painted upon it with a bright glowing fire, hiding all but its light, raging behind it.

And as we reached the road the red-orange sunset blended into the bright yellow flashing of a paddy wagon blower.

"Hey, the cops are holding some eleven-year-old girl and they say that if her mother isn't up here in five minutes they're taking her away as delinquent."

By Wednesday, Francis Heisler, a Monterey attorney who works closely with the ACLU, had taken over all the Limekiln cases, which included Bruce and Barb, twelve others for grass (the fuzz had finks run along the road to people's cars and ask for grass; if they got any they fingered the car and half a dozen cops would charge it). Bruce and Barbara will come up for trial by jury on May 16. They are seeking witnesses to attest to the fact that they were not A. engaged in a lewd (sic) act and B. that their charged nudity did not offend anyone. Their number in SF is 626-6072, or contact Francis Heisler in Carmel (offices Heisler and Stewart).

# IN THE PINK AT NUDE-IN

from page 7

us and to take off their clothes. The clothes looked at us, looked at each other, then walked over to our blankets and took off their clothes.

Most of the afternoon was this kind of a happening. For a straight, I was feeling curiously straightened out by the time I put my clothes on and left in the late afternoon.

As I walked down the beach toward my car I found myself looking at the nude people just as I had when I came on the beach. But this time I knew what they were all about and I no longer felt like a dirty old man.

Look for me the next time you're down at the San Gregorio. I'll be the guy in pink.



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### ADADADA from page 15

SLIM gay male 19 seeks same to share apt. call 845-9374 evenings 7-10

ROOM FOR RENT - suit 1 person. S.F. \$25.00 month 775-7339

LIVE IN housekeeper companion for father and three children 10-12&14. Not much bread but peace of mind in groovy home with country surroundings. Located in El Sobrante. Age 25-32. No acid heads please. Call after 7pm and anytime weekends. 2230470

GIRL 22 flying to N.Y.C. in June would like another girl to go along & be roommates. Write K. Moore 431 44th Ave. S.F.

YOUNG MAN to share SF apt. with same. \$85 with utilities. Own room. OR3-6560.

RM MATE NEEDED 21-30 TO share 1 bdrm apt near lake w/ yng man int in hist & cultures. Serious only call 465-1250

SECLUDED COTTAGE FOR SUN AND FUN LOVEING MASCULINE MALES 376-7576 AFTER 6

LIBERAL YOUNG GIRL wanted as company and housekeeper in Marin for father and son. Fun, Bed & board. 435-4142

GAY MALE student seeks same quiet clean to share pleasant vict. flat in Hash. \$80 No hip please. This ad legit. Contact C. Carlson 51 Downey 664-5931

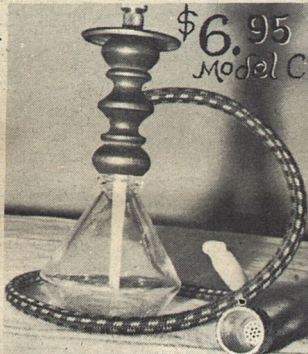
ATTRACTIVE MAN 38. Alone in SF view home with apartment. Seeking attractive natural young woman to share it with. Phone 586-9556. Eves or wk end.

NEED 2 FEMALES, must dig flying, to live in with 2 pilots 27 & 32 groovy pad, fringe ben. Call JE79989 Anytime

BODYBUILDER, YNG, Muscular, wanted for roommate or friend by coll. stud. teach me weight lifting, etc. Write with photo Bx 5333, San Diego 92105

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 or write P.O. BOX 14034 SAN FRANCISCO 94114  
 Box 15857, Sacramento

QUESTION: I am a girl from the mid-west, and seeing your column in the L.A. FREE PRESS, I became interested when you welcomed any questions from your readers.

I am not a "hick" from a South Dakota farm. I lived in Minneapolis most of my life.

I'm doing a research paper in a class that I have, it's about communism in underground papers, communist hippies, etc. I read that the editors or column writers of such a paper as the L.A. FREE PRESS are communists. Is this true? If they are, it doesn't matter to me, in fact I think it's alright.

ANSWER: I hope you receive my answer in time to help you with your paper about communism in underground newspapers.

You asked whether the editors or columnists of underground newspapers are communists. Because I write a column for several underground newspapers, I try to read them carefully; I feel I have some answers to give to you.

It seems to me that the main concern of the underground press is freedom. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of action. Since you have read an underground newspaper you are well aware that many of the views expressed are certainly not those you'll find in most newspapers. If some of these views seem different from those you've previously been exposed to, one purpose of the underground press has already been accomplished.

When I was a college student there were seemingly endless discussions about ideal communism vs. communism as practiced in Russia and China. There is no ideal communism and for reasons too complex to deal with here, Russia and China are countries which permit even less freedom than we presently have in our country.

talitarian state is an "organization man" who never questions authority. Hippies are not organization men, they like to think for themselves.

"Love thy neighbor" is a meaningless phrase for most people; few of the people you find in church each Sunday practice Christianity the rest of the week. But I believe the true hippie practices Christianity all the time, though he may call his religion Zen or have no formal religious beliefs.

The real weirdos and kooks are not people who have long hair, wear beads and have clothes that seem different from those worn by most people. The truly weird ones are those who say we must kill for peace, who say we must destroy villages in order to save them, who say we must devastate an already poor land in order to give its people what we call democracy.

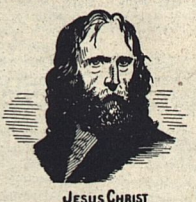
Wouldn't it be better to spend the billions of dollars now being used to kill and destroy in Vietnam to eliminate, or try to eliminate, some of the urgent problems in the United States? Only weirdos and kooks could, on the one hand, deplore riots and destruction, and on the other hand divert funds from programs designed to prevent such disorders to destroy another country.

I do find strange those who deplore the slaughter in Viet Nam while advocating violence in this country. Hippies do not kill their fellowmen.

Before you write your paper, try to read over the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. I think you'll find that the underground press and hippies adhere to these principles more closely than those who would silence them.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him C/O Berkeley BARB, P.O. Box 5017, Berkeley, Ca. 94705

**DANCE CONCERT**  
 NEW WORKS BY **TANAGE WENTWORTH**  
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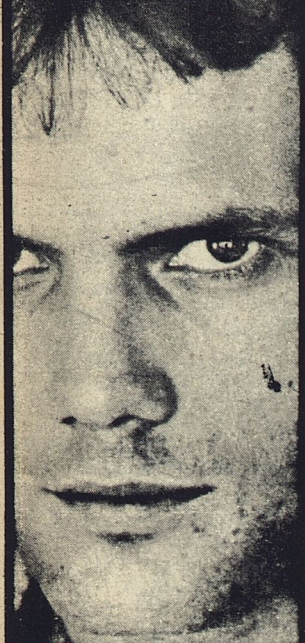
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- ECONOMICS: classes at Henry George School of Social Science; 1st classes Apr 2 & 4, 10 wk courses, free, info 362-7944
- CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY and related classes, w/ Josepha Haveman, w/ky classes beginning in April; info 843-3900
- ACTING: A. Meiselman, 608 Taraval, SF; info 566-9559
- CERAMICS: Also wheel rental; Craft Cntr, 1595 Univ, Bkly; info 845-7471
- CREATIVITY, ESP: Also genetic control; Wed & Sun, 8-10pm, 1524 Walnut, Bkly; free; info 841-2491
- PHOTO WORK: Processing, printing, for beginners; Mon, 7:30 pm; Carl McKissick, 710 Oak, SF; \$2 per class; info 621-5388
- ENCOUNTER: Sensory awareness seminars, encounter groups, counseling, 1090 Dwight, info 849-4864
- MYSTICISM, METAPHYSICS, OCCULT: Discussion group, info 653-6653, 655-2909
- FILM MAKING & ACTING: open to the interested & inexperienced, info 863-0663, evenings.
- FILM MAKING: 8 & 16 mm, w/lecture-demonstrations of equipment, film-editing techniques, sound, led by Steve Ashton & Bob Gioio, info 387-1184, 931-7744
- EXPLORATIONS INSTITUTE: T-groups, encounter groups, marathons, seminars on existentialism, info 548-1004

ART BERKELEY

- AUDREY SCHNEIDER: Exhibit of her non-objective, mixed media paintings; Artfactrie, 1751 Solano, Tues-Sat 11-5:30, thru April 12.
- JAMES McCRAY: Paintings; Bkly Art Center, 1275 Walnut, Tues-Fri 12-6pm, Sat-Sun 11-7, thru April 7.
- HILDEGARDE HAAS: Recent casein paintings & watercolors; Brickwall Gallery, 1652 Shattuck, Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30, Sun 1-5pm, thru April 5.
- FRANK PORPAT: Oils; Christie Gallery, 2445 Dwight, Mon-Sat 10-6, thru March 31.

- KEN BELDIN (Mexico) Dragons, masks & primitive jewelry; Skill Bag Co-op, 278 Bush, afternoons & weekends, info 921-9766 thru April.
- AUM: Sculpture & paintings, Western Addition Branch SF Public Library, 1550 Scott, Mon 12-9pm, Tues-Thurs 10-9, Fri-Sat 10-6, April 1-30.
- PATRICK SWAZO HINDS: Oils evoking images and colors of the Southwest; Cincinnati Gallery, 2351 Powell, M-Th 12-9, Fri-Sun 12-6, thru April 22.
- MATT KAHN: 12 contemporary tapestries; SF Museum of Art, Tues-Fri 10-10, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5pm, thru March 31.
- MASTERS OF MODERN ITALIAN ART on display; SF Museum of Art, Tu-Fri, 10-10, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, thru April 21.
- JERROLD DAVIS: Paintings of the coast; Quay Gallery, 521 Pacific - Tues-Sat 11-6, thru March 30.
- HARUO INABA: Paintings; Triangle Gallery, 578 Sutter, thru April 6.

- PATRICK TIDD: Paintings; Bkly Gallery, 855 Sansome, Tues-Sat 11-4, thru March 30.
- LOCAL ARTISTS: Paintings, portraits, drawings; Burton's Portrait Artist Workshop, 1309 Upper Grant, Mon-Sat from 11am, info 397-6785, thru March.
- JOHN BOHAN: Paintings; Cellini Gallery, 530 McAllister, M-Sat 9:30-5, Sun 3-5pm, thru April 14.
- PETER SHOEMAKER: Paintings and drawings; Trulton Gallery, 3381 Sacramento, info 921-6740, thru March 31.
- ISLAMIC TEXTILE FRAGMENTS from Egypt; Anneburg Gallery, 2721 Hyde, SF, Tu-Sat 1-6, thru March 30.
- THOMAS WEIR: Photos, and ALBERTO GUTIERREZ, paintings, Galleria Carl Van der Voort, 1 Jackson Place, Tues-Sat 11-6pm, info 391-0530, thru April 11.

ELSEWHERE

- ART ORIGINALS STUDY COLLECTION: Lyton Center of Visual Arts (via Oakl. Museum), 5050 Broadway, Oak thru April 19.

MOVIES

**ALBANY** 1115 Solano Avenue Park Free - LA 4-5556  
LAST BAY PREMIERE SHOWING  
ACADEMY AWARD NOMINEE  
Vivus Montana-Candice Bergen  
"LIVE FOR LIFE"  
Also: Cannes Film Festival winner  
Ork Begarus "ACCIDENT"

THE SEVEN SAMURAI  
w/Toshiro Mifune  
Wed, April 3rd - 3pm HLL 130  
7 pm, 9:10 pm, Sci. 210  
Thurs, April 4 - 11am - Ed 117  
7 pm, 9:10 pm - Sci. 210  
Fri, April 5th - 1 pm Ed 117  
Admission \$1 Campus YSA  
S.F. State College  
-also-  
Sun, April 7th - 7 pm, 9:20pm  
Admission \$1. Spons. MLF  
2338 Market St. SF (nr Castro)

CANYON CINEMATHEQUE  
At Intersection 756 Union S.F.  
Thurs, Apr. 4 8 & 10 PM \$1  
STAN BRAKHAGE; SONGS XXI  
XXII and XXIII: 23rd PSALM  
BRANCH

FREE FILMS  
"MAHATMA GHANDI"  
&  
"STARS & STRIPES"  
- study in juxtaposition  
F. D. Maurice House, 1248  
Arguello Blvd. 566-0410  
7:30 - 10:30 pm o Tues, April 12

CINEMA PSYCHEDELIC  
TECHNOLOGICAL CINEMA  
... in a light/sound environ-  
ment by "The Light People"..  
Pat O'Neill's "7362"  
"OFF ON" by Scott Bartlett  
John Whitney's "CATALOG"  
"LIBERTY CROWN" by  
Conner  
...computer films, videotape  
films by VanDerBeek, Nam  
June Paik, and Jud Yalkut...  
Two Shows Wed, April 3rd,  
8 & 10 pm  
Pauley Ballroom, UC Campus  
\$1.25

NORTHSIDE Bkly. 1828 Euclid  
Studio "A" "KING OF HEARTS"  
"10:30 P.M. SUMMER"  
Studio "B" "A WOMAN" and  
Genet's "THE BALCONY"

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PARKWAY Park Blvd. & E. 18th  
Phone TE 5-3535  
10 Academy Award Nominations  
Warren Beatty-Faye Dunaway  
"BONNIE & CLYDE"  
also Simone Signoret in "GAMES"

PIEDMONT Piedmont at 41st  
Park Free OL 4-2727  
FINAL WEEK ENDS TUESDAY  
Academy Award Nominee  
"IN COLD BLOOD"  
Michael Crawford-Oliver Reed  
"THE JOKERS" In Color

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(1961) and "Le Nouveau Monde"  
(1962) SUNDAY WHEELER AUD.  
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