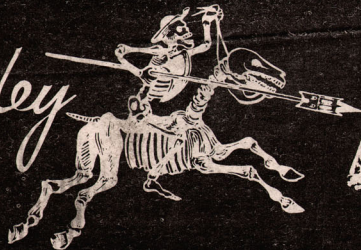


Berkeley Barb



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204

15¢ BAY AREA

25¢ ELSEWHERE

“JOIN US”



photos by Pat

by Pat

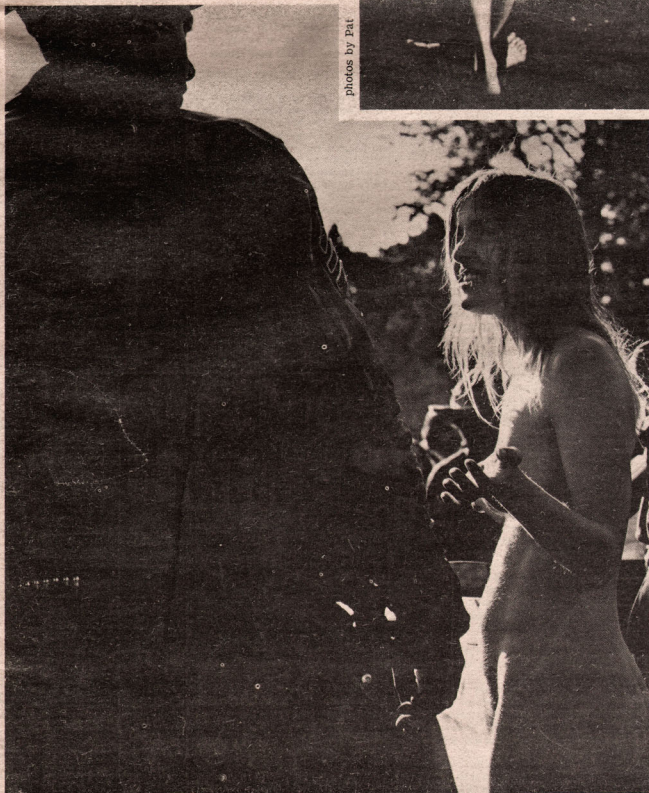
Some SF cops blew a beautiful opportunity to become part of a miracle of love and happiness in Golden Gate Park Wednesday.

The opportunity was extended to them on the smooth golden hand of a lovely naked princess. She offered them love and joy and a freedom from death and pain.

They struggled -- she was hard to resist. But in the end their fears overcame them and they did their duty as they saw it -- to protect society from the nakedness of the princess and her two courtiers.

This little fairy tale

see page 13



EVERYBODY IS DANCING EVERYWHERE

by Sgt Pepper
 The British are landing on Anguilla -
 The Americans are landing in Korea -
 The Israelis are landing in Jordan -
 The Arabs are landing in Israel -
 The Chinese are landing in Russia -
 The Russians are landing in China -

American fallout will fall out on Canada -
 The Vietnamese are landing in Vietnam. (There's something wrong with this last sentence).

No matter - let us concentrate on the British and what's left of their Empire...
 (Note: Chan 4 Wed says London says the invasion is a "Bay Of Pigslet").

Anguilla is the top of an arc of islands which sweeps south from the area in the Caribbeans near Puerto Rico to Venezuela in South America.

A former Peace Corps worker from that area told BARB this week that Anguilla "has no city and only one dirt road." It is a swath of sand, 34 square miles, populated by 6000 people.

Anguilla declared itself independent of England in May 1967.

This week, England marshalled its forces of 100 paratroopers "in full combat dress", 40 London Bobbies to direct traffic (apparently) on that one dirt road leading to no city, and three warships.

Nobody, repeat nobody confronts the British Empire!

How-er, things got off to a bad start. Someplace between the Aldershot barracks and the Royal Air Force base in Wiltshire, it got too foggy, so the whole invasion had to wait a day or so

until it cleared up.
 (Note: it was snowing in Korea, so THAT paratroop was called off for a day, too. "Neither heat nor sleet nor rain nor snow can carry the postman in his designated rounds" but US paratroopers fuck up).

Having been in London, Sgt Pepper can sense the confusion of the British troops: "Pardon, sir - but some of my men seem to be missing."

"I can't see you, Sgt, where are you?"
 "In front of you sir."
 "Well, then--speak up!"
 "Some of my men..."
 "Oh, drat! Call the roll!"
 "The company-clerk is missing sir."
 "Have your men sound off."
 "Sound off!" (Silence).
 "Sgt?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Hold my hand."

Meanwhile, back on the other island, the invasion went off "without a hitch" and loss of life. Only the popping of flashbulbs from news cameramen lit up the early morning light.

The invasion of Anguilla brings to mind the landings of the British in Greece during WW II. There, they lost only three men (two by drownings) because the Greek underground had driven out the Germans.

The British then turned around and attacked the guerrillas in a series of battles which found Churchill meeting with his General DSD's tank in them.

After months of fighting the underground, the British succeeded in destroying the Greek guerrillas (some of whom are STILL in jail on lonely Greek islands).

Years later it was discovered that Stalin and Churchill had made an "agreement" that "the West" would have Greece while the Russians were "to have" the Balkans.

Nobody bothered to tell the Greek guerrillas.

It is this sort of shit that pisses off Sgt Pepper. Quite obviously, China is about to be sold out, just like Greece. How does one "contain" 600,000,000 guerrillas?

WHILE WE ALL DANCE AT THE 'Y'

Everyone is invited to dance its ecstasy and chant ancient mantras as spring arrives in Berkeley, today.
 Bring drums, cymbals, flowers, incense and good vibes.
 Share Krishna celebration Friday at 7:30 at the Campus YWCA (Bowditch and Bancroft.) j



DO YOU KNOW THIS YOUNG MAN?

IDENTITY: UNKNOWN AGE: 23-25
 HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 140 BUILT: SLIM HAIR: BLACK EYES: BROWN
 OTHER: CHIPPED FRONT TOOTH, SMALL COLORED TATTOO ON RIGHT SHOULDER
 Possible service background, fluent French, Northeastern accent, educated and amiable; last seen in San Francisco, March 11-12. If you are aware of his identity or know his whereabouts or also interested please write: Ted Ferenc, 29 Saturn, SF 94114



photo by Cope land

maggie's farm

BEWARE! WOLF!

Hubert is the 'big winner' at UC Berkeley. With the pickets all gone, the scrawny preacher has Bancroft and Telly all to his carnival self.

On Wednesday, Jan. 22, Ysidro Macias, Charles Jackson and Jeff Leong told a press conference that "our survival is non-negotiable."

On Friday, March 14, the last day of winter classes, the TWLF announced to a press conference that strike activities were suspended.

What happened between those two announcements is that the strike failed to close the Motherfucker down.

Three or four weeks into the strike I interviewed Ysidro Macias for the BARB. I asked him about the gap between TWLF rhetoric and TWLF tactics. He replied, for publication, that at rallies, if you were a speaker, then you sometimes had to sell wolf tickets to the people in order to build up their enthusiasm.

You know the story of the boy who cried wolf. Well, reams of wolf tickets were in fact, sold to the people throughout the strike, but the real bummer came when the TWLF bought one themselves.

The critical moment of the Berkeley strike arrived with Ronald Reagan's Regental safari to University Hall.

For two weeks the strike had been building. After each police attack on strikers and strike leaders, the picket lines had swelled. The white support the TWLF needed and sought was firmly growing.

When tear gas choked Sproul Plaza lifeless, that Thursday, it was clearly a brutal attack upon strikers and students in general by an Authority ruling society and determined to break the strike.

On Friday the pig at the top arrived across the street from campus to flaunt his power over our lives. He brought the county sheriffs, the SF Tac Squad and the National Guard with him.

5000 people gathered across from the fortress to spit at his authority, to make a move toward ripping off his power.

The TWLF decided to cool it. They spoke of things like legitimacy, demonstrating to the public the strike's basic non-violence, focusing attention on the demands.

From then on the strike flailed its way down a futile abyss.

And the Man was neither selling nor buying wolf tickets. Heys promised police, Reagan promised the Guard, and both kept their word.

They nearly killed Ysidro Macias in cold blood in the middle of the campus.

What a bitter irony it is that Macias and his fellow leaders bought their own wolf tickets, failed to win a single demand, and got beaten and busted just the same.

Perhaps what really happened those first seven weeks of the strike was that the TWLF had the courage to put forth revolu-

tionary demands but was not ready to win them.

The Prelude to Revolution is a trap--because the System is too strong and too brutal to be beaten by pamphlets and pickets, a fiery Jim Nabors rap and an ambiguous TWLF tactic.

The strike will probably try to revive itself next quarter. For it to succeed, things like the distance between the central committee and the footsoldiers will have to be resolved. And those of us who are not ready to go beyond where we have gone, will have to get out.

Sproul Plaza was a bad scene to make last Friday.

For those who had struggled, there was defeat to flip out on. For those who had avoided the struggle, there was an obnoxious relief that they hadn't missed out on history after all.

MARIJUANA CONSUMERS & DEALERS GUIDE

Tells How to Extract Hashing from Marijuana. LSD from Morning Glory, Mesquite from Peyote, Interior Pot into Super Grass, How Not To Get Burned, Test for T.H.C., What to do about Sugged Grass, Warnings.

PLEASE SEND ME BOOKS AT \$1.00 APIECE. ENCLOSED IS \$ PLEASE ADD 25¢ FOR HANDLING.

NAME: _____
 ADDRESS: _____
 CITY: _____
 STATE: _____
 ZIP: _____

DEALERS INQUIRE - MANY OTHER GOODIES

haired spectacle was greedily railing at his wasted customers to feel guilt for an ancient god. And it seemed like there was worthwhile rest to be had beneath the apolitical sun.

So all hail Hubert! He is the best that Bancroft, and Telly, can dig.

GRAPE BOYCOTT WARM-UP

The grape strike's boycott of Safeway Stores is only a warm-up exercise for action to come this spring, according to Kathy Murguia, one of the co-ordinators of the strike in the Bay Area.

Though she did not specify just what movements the strike would take when the fresh grapes come in, Mrs. Murguia pointed out that Safeway's national headquarters are right in Oakland.

"Our present drive for signatures on our petitions for the boycott is gathering strength, but we still need people to help circulate the petitions", she added.

To help forward the grape strike contact United Farmworkers 647-7032 in San Francisco, or in the East Bay at 655-3256.



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THE LIE OF THE LAND

STATE STRIKE ENDS

The SF State strike is over. "We feel the 15 demands have been met to our satisfaction," Roger Alvarado told BARB at press time, Thursday afternoon.

He said implementation of the demands has been worked out with the administration.

Amnesty for 85% of those arrested since the strike began prior to Christmas last year has been granted. Alvarado didn't elaborate any further.

"This is just the beginning of the fight for Third World liberation," he said.



photo by Shames

ALVARADO PASSING SCREAMING SIGN BY SILENT MAJORITY

HAPPY HAYAKAWA'S HARRIED HATCHET

by Pat

Happy Hayakawa's harried attempts to hatchet the student press at SFSC once again have been thwarted by the forces of light and truth and student power.

Yes, Happy, the GATOR is coming out today, without your permission, without your money, and probably without your best interests at heart. "The past four issues have been held up while the GATOR swaps printers and gathers funds from none other than the student body government of good ole calm, placidest San Jose State College."

Last week Happy H. got upset with the painfully accurate reporting the GATOR was doing on his lack of reaction to the denial of students and faculty strikers. Of course the GATOR made every effort to ignore the suspension and went right on printing, with some very playful cartoons of the interim dictator.

According to editor Dikran Karaguzian, Peter Zinger Press decided not to honor its offer to print the GATOR for free while the paper's funds are frozen by the State Attorney General. But the Associated Students of SJSU with a little help from the SPARTAN DAILY, have raised the \$200 needed to put out a fourpage paper today. They also have begun a

fund-raising campaign on either eight or state college campuses to keep the GATOR alive until it gets its money back.

"We have ignored Hayakawa because his orders were based on a false premise--at first he claimed that the Board of Publications was not functioning," the editor said, "when we showed him it was functioning, he decided it was not functioning responsibly--it let us print."

"He now claims" Dikran continued, "that the GATOR doesn't represent 50% of the students. But we know no college paper in the country represents 40% or even 45%--and he doesn't represent anybody!"

Dikran said that when Happy H. circulated a petition among the faculty at SFSC, he could only get 69 out of 1100 teachers to sign supporting him. And his pets, the Blue Button Boys have only been able to get 12 students to join their Committee for Academic Excellence.

"We know he can't do anything", Dikran said, "or he would have done it much sooner. Besides we have supreme court legal precedent and a precedent with the GATOR and Summerskill when he tried to get to Blair Partridge and admitted that he acted 'precipitously. And we now have a

see pg. 17

PIGS EAT PIGS

Once again, the FBI is having an investigation of certain happenings around the Berkeley campus.

But cool that surge of paranoia for a minute, and dig this: They're investigating the pigs, not the people. Or at least that's what they claim.

A number of agents are investigating four or five specific cases of "possible" police brutality that "may have occurred" during the arrests of certain individuals involved in the strike, BARB learned Wednesday.

The "possibility" of police brutality on the UC campus first came to the FBI's attention a few weeks ago, when a civil rights investigator from the Justice Dept rapped with some people from the UC Legal Defense group whom mentioned a few prominent cases.

After rapping with some law professors, the civil rights man turned in the extra info to his headquarters, and the FBI was assigned to check it out.

the UC Legal Defense, some sort of gentleman's agreement had been made with the Feds, that all parties involved in the cases in question would be questioned by the Feds over the phone; and that UCLA would contact them first to explain the situation.

However, a few of the witnesses without phones got heavy vibes of paranoia when they found an agent or two on their doorsteps.

The word from UCLA is not to treat out, Bingham pointed out that the subject of the investigation is POLICE BRUTALITY and nothing else. So people questioned on the matter should talk about just that: NO MORE.

Bingham added that students paranoid about the FBI having their names and addresses should realize that the Berkeley Fed office with its amazing thoroughness, most likely has just about everyone's name and address anyway. Bingham said that the Berkeley Fed office and his meemies by the FBI may be of doubtful value, the word is to cool it and play along.

by Bill Paul

BARB heard the full story of San Francisco State's Legal Defense Committee Wednesday. A two hour rap session at their Fillmore St. office revealed how much the committee has done to prevent the student movement from succumbing to the man's judicial system.

Talking to co-chairman Roy Harrison and committee aides Bob English, Joe Hartman and Jon Love, I learned that almost \$40,000 in bail funds has been rounded up and provided by the committee so far. That's a fact.

In addition to raising bail, the committee advises students of their legal rights, warning them that municipal courts have "a tendency to (override) concern for a defendant's constitutional rights."

Legal Defense has set up groups of ten arrestees, each headed by a coordinator. All involved are theoretically in instant communication with each other by way of a telephone tree.

An estimated 25 defendants who will conduct their own defense are attending seminars. They were encouraged by Stew Albert's recent self-defense in Berkeley courts.

The committee is keeping fairly accurate records of legal proceedings from arrests to final dispositions. For example, their tally sheets show a total of 55 obscenity arrests to date.

Eighty-one out of approximately 700 students arrested have suffered serious injury, from head lacerations to broken fingers and groin damage (the latter a favorite police target during paddy wagon rides). A full report on the effects of police brutality is coming at a future press conference.

An original elite lawyers who were interested in defending students was reduced to fifty as hard and fast commitments were set. Many of the barristers belong to the local Lawyers Guild, a "radical, people-oriented" group. Lawyer Peter Haberfeld has been an outstanding help, the committee said.

The Legal Defense office is also in touch with medical facilities and personnel and can offer advice on how to find sympathetic treatment for the injured. Students in custody of the fuzzi who have been brought to Mission emergency hospital have had sloppy and indifferent treatment, according to those interviewed.

The committee is organizing evidence. Needed are prints of TV newstiffs, contact prints of still photos, and the names of witnesses who observed arrests. I heard complaints that DA's have undermined freedom in presenting courtroom evidence (often irrelevant) while the defense is unfairly re-

stricted. Much of the \$40,000 bail fund was raised at benefits such as film showings, poetry readings and dances. The Marin Strike Support coalition donated \$3,000, mostly raised at an art sale.

The Legal Defense Committee has played along with the rules of the legal game, even though they feel that the courtroom process is a "farce" and "useless."

"I prefer to blow up the Hall of Justice and forget about it," says one committee member.

"The thing we have to fight is police testimony," explained Jon Love. "We're really gully before we enter the courtroom."

In effect every pig is a judge when he's standing on the campus sidewalk fingering his stick--he has merely to tick someone out, bog him, write him up for assault, and have another officer verify the story.

On Wednesday news broke of a reduction in sentence for several of the Presidio 27 "minutemen". This concession from the Army

brass was likely a reaction to mounting public concern, which may be the lever students need in a courtroom where judges represent the vested political interests.

Another lever is time itself. By using continuances, delays, etc., the trials are put off to a more favorable day when jurors may be less brainwashed and there is less clamor for vengeance.

"All we have to do is get one juror on our side." The committee began its work at the beginning of the strike in the Ecumenical House when busted students decided to pool energies. Nowadays the staff, with ten full-time workers, is still mostly composed of students afraid of the law.

Trials of those arrested at the January 23rd rally begin Monday.

The committee's work will continue as long as student persecution continues. Donations to the effort should be directed to the Legal Defense Committee, PO Box 31150, San Francisco 94131. Their telephone is 863-8441 and 8442.

PIGS GET FEE SHAFT

by G.K.

Cops can't break the law while supposedly upholding the law.

This fact has now been sustained by a US Court of Appeals in Chicago.

"There is no reason why unidentified and allegedly unidentified police officers should not be

YOUR GODDAMNED BADGE! This is what BARB has been rapping about for months.

Just last week, the Berkeley Police Department made his point but only after persistent complaints and pusting from BARB.

The "explanation" given by Lt. Crooke for Berkeley cops without badges was "they were changing their badge" from inside their jacket to outside, or just plain "forgot."

Okay last year on SF State campus a squad of Berkeley cops WITHOUT jackets appeared WITHOUT BADGES on their uniforms. The Police Sgt in charge had his badge on, but, apparently the other cops "forgot" or wore them on their underwear.

After complaints were made (and also reported in the BARB) they "remembered" to put the badges back on again.

Other police departments continue to "forget". Among those police in Berkeley (during the day) of the National Guard and Reagan) who were WITHOUT badges were Albany, Fremont, San Leandro, Santa Cruz.

The ENTIRE force of the California Highway Patrol were without badges, as was the ENTIRE force of Sheriff Madigan's Blue Menards.



subject to this action?" (of being sued).

"A contrary rule would encourage continuation of the unlawful removal of official identification which allegedly occurred during the Democratic National Convention" in Chicago, the AP reporting the court's ruling.

In other words, cops, WEAR

AN UNWELCOMED VISITOR

by Gene Debbs
 "My life has been a series of accidental happenings. Someone would suggest something, and I'd look into it and never be the same again."

So began my conversation with pretty, 28-year-old Ilona (Loni) Hancock, who happened to carry the hopes of a good part of the Berkeley Left for a voice on the City Council.

Loni Hancock is backed in her bid for Council seat in the April 13 city election by a loose grouping of Left and Liberal elements known as the Berkeley Coalition. Her "partial list" of endorses, which shows numbers in the hundreds indicates substantial and wide-

spread support in Berkeley. For example: Al Bendick, Mal Burnstein, Fred Cody, John George Conn Hillman, Mike Jones, Mario Savio, Sam Shaaf, Fred Stripp, and Haziah Williams, are all signed up.

And who is Loni Hancock? Under thirty, with shapely legs that she advances beneath her colorful mini-outfits, and outspoken, she shines with a warm and personal light amidst the twenty men with whom she is vying for office.

"I'm energetic," she says, "but really pretty shy, maybe you would say introverted."

Why then is she in the noisy, dirty game of politics?

"Because I want to join with

those who are risking themselves and what they value in order to make the world better. It probably sounds corny, but some of us really want to save the world before the people who've been running it destroy it completely."

Loni is still surprised and sometimes hurt by the personal attacks leveled at her by establishment types but she has also discovered "the joy of combat for a good cause."

She says, "You can achieve so much, more than you believe at first, with just a little guts and imagination. Most people won't think outside their own bag until you show them how easy it is to find new solutions, to look for new answers."

She says, "I have a theory that the best thing is to be at least half-scared of what you're doing. That means you're reaching and growing. I'm a housewife and not afraid to go by that label, but I also think life is an adventure and not one that you can hide from in a snug little house somewhere."

Do you consider yourself a radical, I asked? "Yes, I believe we need to restructure the economic and political life of this country pretty completely. I would prefer the revolutionary changes to come especially, I don't relate to the hurting and killing. Maybe having two young children modifies my perspective, humanizes it I think."

"I've marched, I've sought for justice, I've worked like crazy, and just because I can't grow a beard I suppose some people will call me a liberal and put me down. But that's boring to argue about."

As for "old" and "new" politics, Loni feels that the Vietnam

war busted up the existing compromises and alliances, and exposed the way the machine really works.

"Old and new really means pre and post Vietnam in America. The way is open now for new alliances, between Black and White Left, for example. There's a chance now for political power to shift into new hands."

At this point, Loni's older daughter Leita and her friend Lisa, both seven, came running in from the front porch with small bunches of flowers they'd been arranging in the neighborhood. Leita wanted to color Easter eggs NOW, Loni put her off after a long lap-sitting discussion of great seriousness on Leita's part. Wish a shake of her small red head, Leita marched back into the afternoon outside.

Then Loni talked about the poetry she had written in college and her hope to take another crack at writing, fiction this time, if she got the chance. "I suppose it's the same with everyone. We dream a lot of dreams and find we have time to live very few!"

Loni's husband, Joe, is an Assistant Professor at Plant Pathology at UC. He has backed the strike all the way and has put himself on the line for it.

Loni is active in ways you would expect for a young, politically aware housewife. She edited the Community for New Politics "Communicune" for a year and helped start their Cities Are For People committee. She is active in Women for Peace and has worked for recreation and school needs on various ad hoc and "official"

committees. As a final question I asked Loni how she felt about the Women's Liberation movement. "My mother was a strong feminist. In my family the question wasn't would I have a life of my own, but what life and career did I want. I think women's role has to be rethought. People are changing. They are demanding different things. We have to respect each person's need to grow and develop."

"Actually, I think the liberation of women will solve the problem for men, too. When men begin to break out of the stupid 9 to 5 trap—you know, hustling the other guy all the time—then we'll start making progress."

Loni summed up her hopes this way. "I want to win on April 13. I think my winning will educate all of Berkeley. It will tell this city that we on the Left have power and that we must be listened to and respected. It will be disgusting if the election is won by candidates who are simply trying not to offend anyone. That's pretty slimy. Maximizing gains and minimizing losses may be good for business but it's bad for people."

We said goodbye and toddled off thinking about how it might be nice to have a young, attractive, and sincere councilwoman up there a little square, a little old-fashioned, but a voice and a vote from the Left, another break in the wall protecting the established powers—that's Loni Hancock.

If you dig it, she'd give to see you—17089 Grove, Berkeley.



photo by Shames

BIRCHING IT OUT

BY Paul Slater

"I'm not a dirty little old lady who gets her kicks by going out and talking about sex perversion—but I've been accused of that."

That's how Mrs. Gerrie McCormack, 60-year-old Orinda "research analyst on religion and cults," begins her talks on the Underground Press.

When she isn't writing for the Kernel, a straight Walnut Creek weekly, or doing her thing with the Society for Christian Theology, Mrs. McCormack packs her little brown suitcase full of hippie

papers and nudist magazines and sets out to expose smut and subversion with missionary zeal.

Recently it was the Kensington Republican Women's Club, a bevy of very proper ladies in bouffant hairdos, chiffon scarfs and knit dresses—the essence of Contra Costa County capitalism.

What began as just another routine discourse on the "breakdown of moral values" soon turned into a swinging session on the use of four-letter words, with the ladies—albeit trembling and red-faced—turned on to the explicit

nude color photography of ANKH and the hard-hitting prose of Paul Kressner.

After all, you knew such things existed but you didn't admit it—until you saw your fellow Republican clubwomen.

"Sex is a very big thing with some," Mrs. McCormack said acidly. "Some like it with their hands and by rather cunning implications. Let me read you an excerpt from *The Realist*," she said, "in introducing our new magazine that the magazine can be purchased at the U.C. campus bookstore."

She chose a description of the Air Force One flight to Washington after the Kennedy assassination in Dallas. L.B.J. hovered over the Kennedy corpse and, minutes later—Mrs. McCormack took a deep breath—"he was literally fucking him in the throat."

"Really now!" "ardon me," she gasped quickly.

As if that weren't enough, Mrs. McCormack produced photographs of the Kennedy assassination from two underground newspapers. Passing them around, she said, "It's too dirty for me to tell about. Here, look at it for yourself. Especially this one on the left."

And then, from out of the little brown suitcase a picture of two naked lovers taken from the Express Times. "He's kissing her. You know what," she felt obliged to explain. "Remember, your children and this."

As for the glossy, full color nudes in ANKH, Mrs. McCormack has this observation on the human body: "The photograph is love—but the subject matter makes me ill."

"Fuck the draft!" she quoted a BARR article. "Ooohh!" groaned the audience in unison. Turning to an advertisement: "Here you are girls, if you don't know how to be a heterosexual, you're going to learn from this. This is the way it's done."

Group intercourse was a topic that particularly intrigued Mrs. McCormack. "Not just two people, mind you, but a whole group.

do it," she said, but expressed the fear that, if it catches on, "they'll be so tired the next day they won't be able to go out and earn a living."

Titters from the audience. "Don't you feel kind of sick now? Every time I give this talk I get sick," she said, digging deeper into her suitcase.

She placed her wares on the table for perusal during the coffee hour—the red folder contains the obscene material, she warned as the ladies stared anxiously. "Most of the people don't know about what I show you. They don't believe it. That's why I carry this little suitcase."

Now accustomed to the gasps and chuckles and fogged-up glasses, she carried on with the lecture. Exposing her own past, Mrs. McCormack confessed she used to revolt against the Establishment ("After all, I grew up in the farm country"—but today's scene is different).

As for underground newspapers: well, girls we have only ourselves to blame for all of this. There has been awareness in these two years ago, I don't think we could have slotted it, but maybe we could have slotted it to a walk," she explained. "The Underground Press didn't just hap-

pen—it has filled a vacuum we parents have left."

The reason you are now reading the Berkeley BARR, according to Mrs. McCormack, is because you "grew up in a vast moral and psychological vacuum," and because you had permissive parents and Sunday school teachers. You, dear reader, had No Moral Guidance.

"We were busy being tolerant... we knew our Doctor Spock and had no fear of our children's disapproval," the G.O.P. ladies were reminded. Now the tide has turned, she said. Campus protestors are reverting to the behavior of their infancy. "Maybe they're trying to tell us something!"

The growth of the Underground Press fairly astounded the worthy matrons, as Mrs. McCormack estimated some 1 1/2 million readers ("nearly all 12-25 mind you") and their high school press circulations amounting to more than 100 school papers.

Gaspl! Coincidentally, she said, hinting of intrigue and conspiracy, "I don't know if you have realized the increasing number of high school students that have been

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LIBRARIANS BAR ANTI-BARB TOWN

Richmond is beginning to reap the harvest of a Birchier-inspired censorship drive against its library last fall. Now the city will be hard pressed to find a replacement for head librarian John Forsman who resigned in protest of the rightist pressure.

Last week's sanctions were placed on the library by AFT Librarians local 1795. The union passed a resolution condemning censorship and asking all American Library Association members to stay away from the vacant head librarian post in Richmond.

The sanctions stem from a controversy at the library last September which resulted in the removal of BARR and Avant-Garde from the library's shelves. The censorship drive was instigated by middle aged rightist housewives calling themselves Concerned Mothers.

In the wake of what came down from the ban head librarian John Forsman resigned. He had been instrumental in making Richmond library one of the best facilities in the Bay Area.

Hopefully the sanctions will help the Library Commission reelect the ban," Jean Hudson, president of AFT Local 1795 said. "Otherwise Birch types will do the same in towns everywhere," she warned.

tar sanction in Rosefield, New Mexico has worked in keeping the library without a head for several years.

At a meeting of the Richmond Library Commission Monday night the ever present censorship question came up again.

Paul Varacalli, executive secretary of Municipal Employees Union local 930 asked the Commission to work out a clearer definition of pornography and sensational. These were two terms most often thrown about in banning BARR and Avant-Garde.

The Concerned Mothers were also present at the meeting. One of them Mrs. Dorothy Stindberg was completely unhinged in her performance. She screamed at the Commission to do something about a Richmond weekly, which she waved about frantically. It had labeled her a "right-winger," she claimed. She was politely told to leave the library.

As of the moment the situation at the library doesn't appear any brighter than in other aspects of life in Richmond. There has been a sanction against teachers working in Richmond for over a year. Even the law enforcement agencies. Recently racial friction within the Richmond police force came to the surface. None of these problems



DID SHE SAY BARR?



ARLO AND KAYO AND CROWD (below) getting it together photos by Altman

You are driving through the lush green country side, and -- all of a sudden -- mps!

You see tall, barren, black trees coated with layers of chalk-white ashes the last quarter mile of road leads to where the store and post office once stood. Spreads of underbrush, burned a stark black, make slashes up the ridges from the creek bed alongside. Homeless people stand amid slag-littered bodies of cars and melted slag heaps.

A flashing nightmare of a bomb, an earth-ripping explosion, and a hungry, sucking firestorm has roared through the lives of these quiet but determined villagers. Although they have not yet met their enemy face to face, these down-home people have vowed to stand their ground to defend their community in the face of further fire.

This might be one of many villages in Vietnam. Instead, the road brings you into the small hamlet of Canyon, California, hardly a half-hour's drive over the hills from Berkeley.

A bomb ripped open the Shell

Oil Company gas line at Canyon last Monday night, and the aviation fuel that gushed forth became in a flash a wall of flames that swished into the tiny community. Several were burned.

The bombing was done with dynamite, according to Lt. Robert Sang of the Contra Costa Sheriff's Dept. "The strongest likelihood is that the dynamite is related to a labor dispute between oil workers and Shell" (Oil Company), Sang was quoted as saying in Wednesday's Oakland Tribune.

Some of the Canyonites, however, don't swallow his theory. "It's hard to tell right now who it might have been," one rugged resident told BARB as he sifted through the ashes of the local post office Wednesday morning. His young face was shadowed with thought as he continued. "... It might have been the Minutemen; there are plenty of people who want all of us out of here."

Not everyone is sympathetic to the plight of the residents in the hills. Previous to this week's disaster, the Canyon people have been hassled often by outsiders. They are fighting even now to keep their homes in the face of recent eviction notices. "The Canyonite added, "One car load of them pulled over to where we were working and laughed at us, saying 'burr, baby, burr!'"

But the pioneer spirit of the Canyon people is stronger than ever after Monday night, Henry "Fire" who had kept the general store, insisted.

"Nope, there's nobody going to be leaving here 'cause of this. It's our home and we're all going to stick it out."

Other members of the community standing nearby in the burn-ruined parking restrooms said words. "We'll build her back up again... We aren't leaving now."

Some expressed fears that the county would not grant building permits to Canyon people to build "... but we'll build with or without one of their permits" one woody frontiersman declared to BARB.

Where the general store and post office stood, there are now only half a dozen charred mounds of support posts, and stumps of twisted melted metal lie half buried in the foot-deep layer of ash. A melting motorcycle is a monument of the disaster.

Seven or eight tough and resourceful Canyonites combed through the general store to salvage useful remains, while more rapped about future hopes in the early morning sun.

Whether up the blackened stream-bank, Shell Oil Company men worked on repairing the fuel line that had pushed the pipe

see p. 17

PRESIDIO BRASS KNOCKED ON ASS

by Jon Jacobson

Terence (Kayo) Hallinan, attorney for the Presidio 27 is elated about the Army's backing down on the harsh sentences of the "mutineers."

"We'll beat the mutiny rap yet," he told BARB Tuesday.

Other sentences will be similarly reduced, Hallinan noted resoundingly.

Although he feels this is a "seasonal victory," he reiterated he won't be satisfied with anything less than a honorable discharge for his clients.

General Stanley Larsen commander of the Sixth Army has reduced the sentence to 7 years. Within hours the Army's chief Judge Advocate General Kenneth H. Hodson reduced it to two.

"The military really slapped Larsen's face. This is an unprecedented insult," Hallinan said. "I think he's destroyed his own career with this case."

But even with the taste of victory here, Hallinan still plans to "expose one of the greatest scandals of military history" when his clients come to trial April 7.

Wednesday morning in preparation for the trial Hallinan filed a motion in the Judge Advocate General's Office to include enlisted men on the court martial panel. He wants the selection to be made on a random basis, not by General Larsen the man who placed the charges against the 27 soldiers.

Hallinan is also subpoenaing all the brig records for 6 months prior to the shootings of Richard Dunch October 14. The records will include information from medical files of Letterman's hospital on the prisoners as well as such minute details as how many shotgun shells are given to stockade guards. Seventeen psychiatrists have volunteered their expert testimony on the mental status of the imprisoned GIs.

Kayo credits the protest movement, and the underground press for putting pressure on the military to reverse its abuse of justice.

In the beginning the straight press paid scant attention to the capital offenses in tiny charges against the sit-down soldier while underground papers spread the shocking facts throughout the country. Several weeks after the Buckley killing BARB was contacted by clergymen in Minneapolis who wanted more information on the

case). However, liberals shouldn't feel too overjoyed by the reduction of sentences, Brian Drolet of Clergy and Laymen Concerned told BARB. "The GIs shouldn't do any time at all," he said. "Public outrage and pressure shouldn't slacken, it must continue."

Drolet pointed out most of the men have already served six months before coming to trial. "Anything exonerating the Army from injustice in this case is missing the point," he said.

Even Trikey Dick's Army Secretary Stanley Resor is reportedly down on the Presidio brass. In a meeting with Mark Sullivan of Clergy and Laymen in Washington D.C. this week he is reported to have said that "Levenworth is better than the Presidio stockade."

Publicity over the unjust sentences has brought pressure for a Congressional investigation of the whole military prison system. Senators Cranston of California, and Goodell of New York have called for such a probe. Even Berkeley's milkman, J. Cohen, has finally spoken out against the blatant injustice.

Cranston's offices says it won't focus on the mutiny trials, but on the treatment of young Americans inside military prisons of course with lawnorner goon John Stennis of Mississippi set to head the probe

see p. 6



BSU LEADER IOLTS MARIN WITH SLEEPER

BSU leader Conrad Harris III shook up the non-involved campus of Marin College last Friday when he and members of BSU and TWLF staged a two-hour confrontation in the student center demanding that the student body government resign because it was illegally elected.

He so shook up the student body officers that two of them tried to get the school closed with a Superior Court injunction. The Court refused, and the two officers, president Peggie Gutrie and parliamentarian Mike Boryles refused to step down. Two other officers did resign.

BSU and TWLF claims to have "swept the government out of office" and set up an interim committee to consider new elections.

Harris, who ran for student body president March 6 and lost, claims that the entire election was illegal and did not represent the entire student body, particularly those from the Third World.

Dean of Students Irwin P. Diamond told Harris that he was acting illegally in trying to overthrow the present student government and that the interim committee is also illegal. However he gave in when he was shouted down and said that the present government should be allowed to dissolve itself and hold new elections.

The interim committee, appointed by the people of the College of Marin to set up free

elections is made up of reps from the BSU, TWLF, the athletic department (politics makes strange bedfellows), the student Executive Council, and the Inter-Cub Council. As BARB goes to press the new elections are still under discussion.

CANYON

HOW TO HELP

The Canyon people need help to rebuild what they lost from the explosion and fire that hit last Monday night. They also need loans of equipment and supplies to tide them over as many will have to start out from scratch.

At least seven are temporarily homeless, and could dig an offer of temporary shelter with some friendly even closer.

Canyon needs the rakes, shovels, other "implements of destruction" (Arlo Guthrie) plus some heavy transportation... trucks would be cool.

They've got to tear down the ruins and clean it up before they can start building again, right? Clothing, furniture, and all varieties of household goods are needed, as these were stored in the general store building which burn-

ed. Earl Davis, a resident of the community, added a promising note: Already offers of help and labor have come in from many students, and the effort to rebuild may bring the Canyon dwellers and their absorbing community even closer.

The mailing address for Canyon Help is P. O. Box 61, Canyon, California. They can be reached at 372 - 5159, or 376 - 3038.

The Telegraph Area Liberation Fund has also formed a reconstruction fund. Contributions can be sent to Solidarity, Contra Costa Community Club, Canyon, Shell Oil has offered a \$50,000 reward for the bombers. Information sheets can be sent to Shell at 100 Bush Street, S.F. 94106. The offer expires June 17.

PHOTO PHOBA

"Don't take photos of the Presidio stockade or you'll lose your film," a voice warned BARB over the phone this week.

The tipster, who wished to remain anonymous, said his film was confiscated Sunday after taking pictures of the infamously brigaded. Or, returning home he phoned the CHP to find out what the scene was. To his surprise he learned there was an all points bulletin out to see, but as the photographer drove off after taking a picture, he noted a Highway Patrolman taking down his license.

"So I turned in my film at the Presidio," the caller said. "I didn't know what else to do."

RALLY AT PLANT TO HIGH STANDARD FOR PICKET'S DEATH

by Bob Avakian

A rally to protest the killing of Richard Jones will take place in front of the Chevron Chemical plant in Richmond Saturday, March 22.

The rally will wind up a 24-hour mass picket of Chevron Chemical, a subsidiary part of Standard's giant Richmond complex.

Jones, a 50 year old oil worker, was picketing a Standard Oil bulk station near Martinez on January 5, when he was knocked down by a Standard tanker. The union claims a Supervisor saw Jones fall under the truck and ordered the driver to go ahead anyway. Three sets of the truck's double wheels ran over Jones, crushing most of the bones in his body. He died on February 20.

The District Attorney John Nejedly, who also happens to be a candidate for State Senate in the county, refused to file charges against anyone involved in the killing.

Instead he turned the investigation (read white-wash) over to the Grand Jury--which, along with almost everything else in the County, is controlled by Standard Oil. To no one's surprise the Grand Jury concluded its investigation with the decision that nobody was responsible for Jones' death.

Meanwhile, the refinery workers at Standard have won their strike, after a bitter 6 week battle. But their union brothers at Chevron Chemical are still striking, because the company (actually Standard through its dummy corporation, Chevron) is trying to force them to give up the union shop they have had for 20 years. This is the only union shop agreement with any of Standard's family of exploiters, and it serves as a source of agitation and inspiration to thousands of refinery workers in Richmond and southern California.

The mass picket and protest demonstration tonight (Friday) at 6 p.m. at the Chevron plant (Hensley and Castro Sts., Richmond, off Route 17) to show Standard's pig bosses that they can't get away with murderous union-busting.

The time of the picket-demonstration was deliberately set to make it possible for workers from all over the Bay Area to participate. Wednesday, the heads of the San Francisco, Alameda and Contra Costa Labor Council held a joint press conference to announce the picket and protest rally. So the Longshoremen who have

consistently supported the OCAW/ will be joined by members of most of the other major unions in the area.

Standard and Chevron make chemical defoliants that are used all over South Vietnam to "pacify" the countryside and any people who happen to live there. Hundreds of thousands of acres--and people--have been pacified in this manner.

In this country, Chevron manufactures pesticides that are poisoning thousands of farm workers, who work for miserable wages under miserable conditions. The fields they work in are largely owned by the Bank of America (world's largest), whose President, Rudolf Peterson, is also on Standard's Board of Directors. (Can you dig the incest of the rulers of the American Empire?)

In its home plants like Richmond Standard has given black workers the South Africa treatment. Until very recently the company refused to hire blacks at all--except for the dirtiest, lowest-paying jobs. Then in response to the civil rights movement, they tried to bring in black people to work alongside whites--for lower pay! (The union fought this and forced Standard to open up some of the better jobs to black workers).

If you want to join up for the full 24 hours, and need overnight arrangements, there are sleeping bags crashing on the floor of a con-

EASTER MARCH ACTION

Preparations for the Easter Peace March, set for Sunday April 6, in S.F. are rolling in full stride. Posters, stickers, and leaflets by the thousands have been distributed in the Bay Area.

Army, Air Force and Navy bases have been quietly but steadily stocked with these things by personnel on the bases, but they are waiting until late this week to bring them out for fear of the brass restricting everyone.

Last week Max Imhoff of the March Committee tried to gain use of a parking lot, or some other facilities on the Presidio grounds for an out of door meeting of GIs and civilians to discuss the war and the trial of the Presidio 27. An Infantry Colonel told him to shove off and said that was the only answer he'd get.

But this week he received a letter stating "No facilities of the Presidio... are available..." therefore, a conference to discuss your request for facilities will be unnecessary.

The list of speakers has not been settled yet, with Roger Alvarado of the SF State TWLF, being the only one confirmed. A spokesman for the March Committee has promised a couple of surprise guest speakers.

The March will start at 12:00 at the Civic Center and go to the Presidio. Come out and take a walk in the sun, it's a good way to spend Easter.

For further information, contact our Solidarity Committee, 237-7284.

BRASS ON ASS AT PRESIDIO

from p. 5
the outlook cannot be too optimistic.

Last weekend all over the country protests focused on the Presidio's inhuman brig. Of the over 100 cities participating San Francisco, of course, had the largest turnout. The reduction of Sood's sentence followed by only a few days the nationwide protests.

About 6000 turned out at Marina Green under sunny skies Saturday. They sat on the grass and listened to Arlo Guthrie, the Mime Troupe and speeches on the Guards' brutality, while balloons floated overhead.

The crowd was held spellbound by Hallinan's description first of the shooting of Richard Bunch, and then of the sadistic torture methods of the guards. "Kill the generals! Kill the generals!" shouts came from the crowd as he spoke. Hallinan received a stand-

ing ovation with raised fists and V-signs as he ended by promising victory for the inmates against their keepers.

There was no confrontation with the Presidio military fuzz, who were alerted just a few blocks away. Inside the Presidio MPs were jittery in battle garb, 30 of them sitting in trucks by the Commissary.

We tried to drive past the stockade. An MP stopped the car. "Sorry this road is closed let's see your ID," he said. "Why what's wrong sir?" we asked.

"Nothing wrong, but you have to take a different road." As we turned the car around 60 MPs came down the hill double time, getting their exercise as they jogged toward the brig. A long-hair in a VW bus was being questioned by the military police as we drove off.

This Monday is open post at the Presidio. Everyone is welcome, but don't be too sure you'll get to see the stockade.

Meanwhile the trial of five others of the 27 GIs got under way in Seattle Wednesday. The trial was moved to Ft. Lewis because of the strong feelings in the Bay Area against the Army's injustice.

The five defendants are all from California. They are Eddy Yost, Mike Murphy, Harold Swanson, Ricky Dodd, William Hayes. Wednesday morning 75 Seattle citizens showed up at the base to protest on behalf of the imprisoned soldiers.

DAVEN' JOAN

Joan Baez Harris and her husband David will be in San Francisco speaking on draft resistance next Tuesday.

"Non-violence and Draft Resistance -- Where we stand now" will be the title of their rap, set to be put down at the First Unitarian Church (Franklin and Geary), Tuesday, March 25, at 8 p.m.



STEREO 95 INVITES YOU TO TURN ON WITH

Mose Allison/Eric Anderson/The Animals/Brian Auger & the Trinity/Avnsley Dunbar Retaliation/Charles Aznavour/Joan Baez/The Band/Robbie Basho/Beach Boys/The Beatles/Beau Brummels/Jeff Beck/Captain Beekheart/Be Gees/Chuck Berry/Big Brother & the Holding Company/Theodore Bikel/Blood, Sweat & Tears/ Mike Bloomfield/Blue Cheer/Blues Project/Grahame Bond/Luiz Bonfá/Bonzo Dog Doo/Dah Band/Booker T & the MG's/Oscar Brand/James Brown/Oscar Brown Jr./Tim Buckley/Buffalo Springfield/Sandy Bull/Butterfield Blues Band/The Byrds/Hamilton Camp/Canned Heat/Claarence Carter/Johnny Cash/Mama Cass/Chambers Brothers/Len Chandler/Ray Charles/Clancy Brothers/Cleanliness & Godliness Skiffle Band/Coasters/ Leonard Cohen/Albert Collins/Judy Collins/Sam Cooke/James Cotton/Country Joe & the Fish/Hank Crawford/ Cream/Credence Clearwater/Barbara Dane/Erik Darling/Reverend Gary Davis/Deep Purple/Jackie DeShannon/Bo Diddley/Dion/The Donahue/Donovan/The Doors/Dr. John/Drifters/Champion Jack Dupree/Richard Dyer-Bennett/Bob Dylan/Electric Flag/Rambling Jack Elliott/Even Dozen Jack/Bud/Everly Brothers/Scott FGragg/Marianne Faithfull/Richard & Mimi Fariña/Fats Domino/Jose Feliciano/Jammin' Groovies/Flatt & Scroggs/Fleetwood Mac/Four Tops/Artha Franklin/Jesse Fuller/Lowell Fulson/Marvin Gaye/Bobbie Gentry/ The Godz/Barry Goldberg/Grassroots/Grateful Dead/Arlo Guthrie/Woodie Guthrie/Buddy Guy/John Hammond/Tim Hardin/Francois Hardy/Slim Harpo/George Harrison/John Hartford/Richie Havens/Screamin' Jay Hawkins/Jimi Hendrix/Judy Henske/Woody Herman/Billie Holiday/Buddy Holly/Holy Modal Rounders/ John Lee Hooker/Lighting Hopkins/Howlin' Wolf/Mississippi John Hurt/Janis Ian/Jan & Sylvia/Incredible String Band/Iron Butterfly/Burl Ives/Mahalia Jackson/Elmore James/Etta James/Jimmy James & the Vagabonds/Jefferson Airplane/Kaleidoscope/Johnny Keating/Alti Akbar Khan/Albert King/B.B. King/Kinks/ Gladys Knight & the Pips/Al Kooper/Jim Kweskin/Peter LaFarge/Lambert, Hendricks & Ross/Leadbelly/Led Zepplin/ Jerry Lee Lewis/Gordon Lightfoot/Lovin' Spoonful/Lonnie Mack/Rose Maddox/Magic Sam Blues Band/ Miriam Makeba/Mamas & Papas/Harvey Mandel/Manitas de Plata/Manfred Mann/John Mayall/Bob McClay/ Brownie McGhee & Sonny Terry/Rod McKuen/Milan Melvin/Lee Michaels/Buddy Miles/Roger Miller/Smoky Robinson & the Miracles/John Mitchell/Moby Grape/Jeff Monn/Carlos Montoya/Moody Blues/Van Morrison/ Jelly Roll Morton/Mother Earth/Mothers of Invention/Charley Musselwhite Blues Band/Fred Neil/Neil Nevada/New Lost City Ramblers/Randy Newman/New York Rock & Roll Ensemble/The Nice/Laura Nyro/Phil Ochs/Odetta/Olatunji/Buck Owens & His Buckaroos/Pacific Gas & Electric/Les Paul/Tom Paxton/Peanut Butter Conspiracy/Pearls Before Swine/Melvin van Peebles/Pentangle/Peter, Paul & Mary/Wilson Pickett/ Tony Pig/Stefan Ponek/Bob Postle/Bob Prescott/Elvis Presley/Procol Harum/Quicksilver Messenger Service/The Rascals/Lou Rawls/Otis Redding/Jeann Redpath/Paul Revere & the Raiders/Malvina Reynolds/ Rhinoceros/Little Richard/Righteous Brothers/Paul Robeson/Jimmy Rodgers/Rolling Stones/Biff Rose/Tom Rush/Mitch Ryder/Sabicas/Buffy Sainte Marie/Sam & Dave/Mongo Santamaría/Savoy Brown/Pete Seeger/ Juan Serrano/Ravi Shankar/Siegel-Schwab Band/Simon & Garfunkel/Nina Simone/Sir Douglas Quintet/ Patrick Sky/ Percy Sledge/Bessie Smith/OC Smith/Sonny & Cher/Spanky & Our Gang/Otis Spann/Scener Davis Group/Mark Spoelstra/Dusty Springfield/Staple Singers/Steppenwolf/Alan Stone/Diana Ross & the Supremes/Sweet Inspirations/Swingle Singers/Taj Mahal/Johnnie Taylor/The Temptations/Ten Years After/ Joe Tex/Big Mama Thornton/Tiny Tim/Traffic/Jethro Tull/Jo Turner/Dino Valenti/Vanilla Fudge/Dave Van Ronk/Vacco/Union Walker/Fats Waller/Dionne Warwick/Muddy Waters/Doc Watson/The Weavers/John Wells /West/The Who/Hank Williams/Sonny Boy Williamson/Jackie Wilson/Stevie Wonder/The Youngbloods/ Roland Young/Zombies.

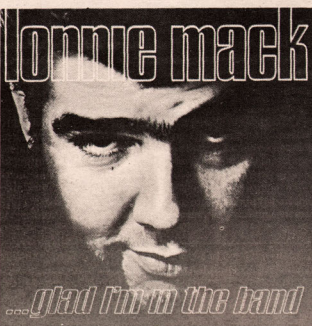


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THIS IS WHERE IT'S GOING.



[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

MOTOR CITY MADNESS

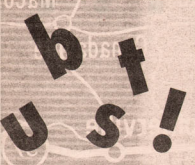


photo by Hoffman

“Get Down! Get Down! Kick Out the Jams, Motherfucker!”

Wednesday night Finnish Cultural Hall became sole property of the people. Joints everywhere. Porny pics on the ceiling. Beer and wine downstairs. A thousand stoned freaks swallow hard to save their eardrums. The MC-5, fresh from the San Francisco jail, now in Berkeley.

They are loud—unbelievably loud. And berserk. People are stunned. Power? Music? Energy? Fuck the definitions, man, it just feels good!
Can't you see?



The MC-5 blasted their way out of the grease pits of FoMoCo city, resolved their feud with the Motherfuckers of New York's lower east side, and wound up in the San Francisco jailhouse this week after a near street-fight with the city TACs.

The Five and eleven other friends of the White Panthers were rolling down the Bayshore Freeway in the early hours of Tuesday morning, doin' their usual thing when a squad of TACs busted them for speeding, drunk driving, the possession of marijuana and other dangerous drugs, overloading a stationwagon, contributing to the delinquency of, fucking, and otherwise violating minors, and assault.

In the scuffle that followed, White Panther Jerry Vonkins was almost pushed over the guardrail of the skyway by pigs who taunted: "Who would they believe punk, you or me?"

Rhythm guitarist Fred Smith had the shit kicked out of him by two leather-gloved TACs.

photo by Bacilla



White Panther Minister of Information and manager of the Five, John Sinclair, was in another vehicle and escaped across the bridge

to Berkeley. Sinclair is currently being tried in Detroit for the sale and possession of narcotics, his third offense. If convicted, he

faces a minimum of twenty years to life.

At their arraignment Wednesday, the charges were reduced to driv-

ing while drinking alcohol, and resisting arrest. The Motor City Five, who have been playing in the streets of San Francisco/Ber-

keley, will be playing in Fort Lauderdale on March 31st with Chuck Berry and Credence Clearwater at the Pop Festival there.

by Art Johnson

"I'm a businessman now." John Sinclair would say in his hawked farmer's bartone, and we'd all guffaw.

Ex-convict, three-time loser, beatnik days poet and jazz critic, Sinclair had taken to hanging around with Rob Tynes and his grizzly Motor City Five. Coming home late at night from the Fifth Estate office back in '68, I could hear the Five blasting this primitive atonality into the glass-littered streets outside what was then their home, the Artist's Workshop. Their only fans were greasy bike outlaws and fugitive dope addicts.

They couldn't get hired then—even as Bill Graham refuses to hire them now—because of their reputation as rabble-rousers. Their organ was the much busted SLIN newspaper. They played at benefits in the streets with black jazz innovators like the Pig Fuckers and the Joseph Jarmín Trio; the Five's music was born with, rather than "influenced by", the revolutionary jazz associated with Detroiters like Elvin Jones, Yusef Lateef, Barry Harris.

During the second civil war in Detroit, while me and my buddies roared up 8 mile in our channeled Harley-Davidsons, lights out, swigging contraband liquor, whites and blacks together were fighting the 101st airborne (from Vietnam) in our streets and alleys. Machine gun fire cracked through the burning nights, and the MC 5 were exposed to the kind of violence which made Chicago of last summer look like a student protest where "hard" groups like the Fugs and Country Joe withered, the Five were kicken out the jams in Lincoln Park, and Norman Mailer gasped for breath, describing them as "the best in all nihilism".

After the insurrection no one ever really put the lid back on Detroit. There were late at night echoes of sniper fire in the ghetto, Anarchy fomented in the 8 to 5 armpit of the Mechanical Bride, Dynamite and guns could be had from the Renegades and Outlaws, when they weren't bashin', each others' toothless brains in at the 400 bar on John R.

The Five were perpetually at war, "this time with the Mafia of Plum Street, now with the West Virginia rednecks who sopped up beer at the C&W saloons of Third Street, and always with the cops; the history of the Five's commune, Trans Love Energies, is the history of midnight firebombings, extradition, police-infiltration, wierd alliances with motorcycle gangs and black revolutionaries.

In the city which the Guardian in a five page story last week described as having "the most important revolutionary action in the country", Sinclair formed the White Panthers, the underground arm of the Five's philosophy. Not long afterward began a series of draft board and CIA office bombings. The "mad bomber", running

DOING IT FOR GOOD

A benefit for Black Panther and White Panther candidates in Berkeley's City Elections will take place this weekend.

Supporters of Black Panther Charles Bursley and White Panther Bill Miller will be able to groove to freaky rock sounds at the Finnish-American Center both Friday and Saturday nights.

The sounds will be provided by the MC-5, Mad River, Sky Blue, Flesh, and Joy of Cooking. Lights will be by Proveo.

The gig starts at 8 pm at 1819 10th street (corner of Hearst). Admission is \$1.50.

down the Panther line, gave interviews to the Fifth Estate in which he lectured to his next victims.

Motor City Madness is what they call it. It was around before "revolution" became vogue to talk (and sing) about; our fathers used to open their shirts and show us their scars from the epochal '43 race riot.

The Five, who have a total of one and a half of higher education between them, are raw alienation. When I heard them at the Straight last week, half the audience was paralyzed and the other half were groping themselves. As the Village Voice noted, no other group does the Little Richard split, the Chuck Berry cakewalk, the James

Brown kneedrop, the Jackie Wilson leap with the mystery of the Five.

As Sinclair describes it, "We're a total thing, a working model of the paleocymbelic culture in action." They bombard your senses from every angle; the drawback with their album (Electra 74042) is that it's like buying a sou-sou-ear program to a Maximilian circus.

"People into progressive rock" says Tynes, "have trouble relating to us. We have evolved beyond the key and the beat. It's based on energy. A song, like everything else—including our lives—is viewed as an energy force".

"We don't play Hollywood shit", adds lead guitar Wayne Kramer, "Our music is rock and roll, dope and fucking in the streets."

"Kick Out the Jams" is the most revolutionary—in form and content—album to ever hit the streets. Sinclair, in his capacity as Minister of Information of the White Panthers, says in the liner notes, "The MC 5 are totally committed to revolution, just as revolution is totally committed to driving people out of their separate shells and into each other's arms...We are a lonely desperate people, pulled apart by the killer forces of capitalism and competition, and we need the music to hold us together...Go wild! The world is yours! Take it and be one with it!"

One ad the Five were running (till Electra spotted it) ran: "Kick out the jams, motherfucker, and if the store won't sell you the MC 5 kick the doors down. Fuck Hudson's."

Like most record stores, Hudson's in Detroit won't carry the album. A few stores have been busted for selling it.

Says Sinclair: "Jack Holzman (of Electra) got fucked up by the industry, the distributors, the d.j.'s and the police for backing us. According to an article in Billboard I read today, Electra is changing the liner notes. They're scared. They don't know what's goin' on. Holzman came crying on my shoulder, and I told him we knew people would get up-tight."

When Janis Joplin is playing Carnegie Hall, brothers, the Five will still be jamming free in the streets.

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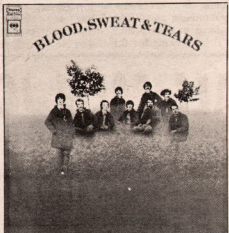
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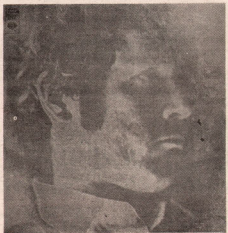
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CS 9720

Blood, Sweat and Tears The New Tim Hardin The New Leonard Cohen

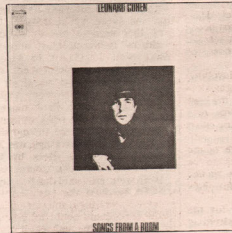
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BETTER BERKELEY CHARACTERS JOIN THE REVOLUTION



photo by Copeland

SEVENING UP

by Art Goldberg

"In the eyes of the law," intoned Lowell Jensen, "Robin Hood remains a thief."

The assistant DA was summing up his non-case in the trial of the Oakland Seven yesterday (Thursday), and attempting to convince the jury that the inaudible motive was no excuse for the commission of a crime.

"We are not so much interested in why things were done, but in what was done up," he continued. "The what is the evidence." Jensen spoke for nearly three hours trying to convince the twelve men and four women that Stop the Draft Week had been a conspiracy. He seemed to lose many of the jurors when he went into vague and complicated legal concepts, and when he attempted to summarize his lack of evidence.

He dwelled on statements made by some of the Seven and referred to the awful "overt acts" they had committed such as Mike Smith charging an open-nike meeting in Sproul Plaza, Bob Mendel and Smith opening up a bank account for Stop the Draft Week, and Reese Erlich arranging for meetings at the Westy Foundation. Jensen also insisted that Stop the Draft Week had an organization, and the organization was constituted to commit illegal acts. This is the heart of the conspiracy charge, that the Seven conspired to trespass and to interfere with police officers.

There has been almost no evi-

dence about interfering with police officers, so the DA concentrated on the fact that the Seven knew that persons would be sitting in at the Induction Center, and therefore are guilty of conspiring to trespass.

Malcolm Burnstein fired the opening salvo for the defense. He stated that Jensen was misinterpreting the law to the jury. One of the elements of the conspiracy law, he said, was that there be agreement among the alleged conspirators. The Seven, he contended, were among many people who had come to the same conclusion about a way to protest the war and the draft, but their statements showed no agreement on how to go about this.

"The district attorney is attempting to take away the humanity and the individuality of the thousands of people who went down to the Induction Center to protest the war," Burnstein said. "We put forty-seven witnesses on the stand who testified that they went down there completely on their own."

"They were not forced, not told to go by any of the Seven," he went on. "They decided by themselves." Speaking about Jensen's assertion that the Seven knew persons were going to sit-in (trespass), and might have even encouraged it, Burnstein said, "It is no crime to suggest that persons trespass."

He then suggested that those in the courtroom, the spectators, the jurors, and the attorneys go over the Induction Center and sit-in photographs which were taken. "If I am committing a crime by saying that, why haven't I been arrested? There's a DA, policeman and a judge right in this courtroom."

Burnstein also stressed that First Amendment rights covered what was done during Stop the Draft Week. "We're not trying to deny that we went down there to protest the war and the draft," he said. "We're saying that we were right in doing so." He said the defendants, convinced that the Nuremberg Principles applied to the Vietnam war, did not feel they were doing anything illegal. To the contrary, they felt they were acting within the framework of X international law.

The defense attorney then noted that the judge would instruct the jury that none of the defendants could be found guilty if the evidence of the defendants could not be used to convict them, unless it were shown that they were calculated

to bring about acts which the government had the right to prohibit.

Finally, said Burnstein, the judge will instruct the jury that the Constitution protects even the advocacy of crime, in the absence of direct incitement.

The defense summation will continue on Monday and Tuesday, when Burnstein winds up, and defense counsels Dick Hodge and Charles Garry make their final arguments to the jurors.

Then Jensen will have the right to rebuttal, and Judge George W. Phillips will read the more than sixty-five instructions to the jury.

see p. 23

To the General Committee, Berkeley Coalition—

"Like it or not, we have reached a point in the social, cultural, intellectual and artistic history of the United States where we are all going to be affected by politics. We can no longer ignore it, it threatens our daily lives and our daily happinesses. The new political movements we feel all around us can no longer be left at the periphery of the artistic consciousness."

"Our black population and our student population have finally declared themselves sick and tired of desolation row and finished with the old folks home at the college. The blacks and the students are our brothers and they are doing something which we must take awareness of. And we must participate in it because they are fighting a fight against OUR enemies, even if our participation is just by the fact of awareness itself."

"These new politics are about to affect that part of our daily lives, and willingly or not, we are in it."

Jam Wenner
Special
ROLLING STONE, Special
Issue on the American
Revolution — 1969

This is a letter giving notice of a change in the course of my political involvement. I find myself deciding to move from the sphere of electoral politics (and my activities with both the Berkeley Coalition and the Better Berkeley Council) into the mainstream of the Revolution.

For the first time I've had the feeling that the things that I

had involved myself in were somehow becoming irrelevant to what was happening in the world around me. I do not feel quite so paranoially pessimistic as some of the current feeling that is being expressed. What some of the people are saying is true, repressive reactions to the changing Revolution do, and are going to, exist. Police riots and the defensive violence to resign as Chairman of the BBC Elections Committee, and of the Coalition Issues Committee, and from my membership in both organizations—and I will give you a poem...

As water finds its natural course, the people will always over come.

Revolution 69
Be happy,luv,
JOHN A.G. MADDEN

WHAT'S NEW BEAD?

by the ram ban

Berkeley's twenty year old underground radio outlet, KPFA, announced last week that it had acquired a new Station Manager.

His name is Al Silowitz. He's got beady eyes, a beard, and he's under thirty. Silowitz could pass for anything from a benign rabbinical student to a dangerous cop-watcher (he's been Chairman of the Better Berkeley Council which runs fuzz-patrols).

Silowitz has an extensive background at KPFA, especially as a reporter and interviewer. He's done programs on the FSM, Black Writers, from Watts when it was happening, etc.

He came to Berkeley from New York City eight years ago to be a graduate student at UC. He dropped out after getting a Master's in English because he didn't like the "short circuit of white middle-class education, like a house of mirrors with each little ego as the star performer."

Silowitz gave BARB the following statement:

"KPFA exists because its listeners voluntarily pay for it. Its listeners pay because, with all its faults, it attempts to speak truthfully about, at least KPFA TRIES to tell the truth. For twenty years the Bay Area has been a better radio station. It has to speak through us and listen to us. But this community is large and various, and we have to find its many

voices. "News, poetry, satire, music all have to be updated. KPFA of all places must experiment. At the same time, there's enough chintzy merchandise around so that it wouldn't be adding to the garbage heap."

"We need volunteers and workers, but they'll have to have brains and ability. I'll be looking for the

best people we can find. We don't have much margin for error, especially the way things seem to be coming down all around us."

"That radio channel being kept open and free is my first responsibility. KPFA has operated for twenty years. If this country has any future worth speaking about, KPFA will continue to exist and to speak truly and well."

ALL MELODY

by Rick Heide

Rarely does a headline bring joy to all who read it. Last Friday, though, one came close. "Alto Roughed Up" said the front. It appears that San Francisco's own Big Al was punched in a scuffle at Washington's Georgetown University. It reportedly happened during an SDS demonstration of Joe's speech on (get this) "Law and the Campus."

The right wing was happy. Alto had been trying to take away their "sacred right to bear arms." (Police, military, and public officials excepted of course). They also feel he doesn't support their local police with adequate fervor.

The left wing was happy. Even though it happened across the continent, it was "our people" who finally got hold of the motherfucker. It was a great morale booster, helping obscure the gnawing realization that pig power is increasing.

The frightened majority was happy. "Now maybe he'll realize how serious the problem is," they said. They now hold high hopes of greater protection from rapists. Nope

fiends, anarchists, and other criminals.

Those who have suffered under Alto's brand of law have happy to see Alto get his, even if it was infinitesimal compared to the methodical brutality they've endured.

Joe Appleton man in town, though was Joe Appleton. On his return he milked the old Hayakawa line about dope-crazed kids. This "proved" the need for pigs on campus. And now Joe's a living martyr in the battle to preserve the American way of life. This has got to help Joe with the 'good citizens' of San Francisco, who presently constitute a voting majority.

The big winners for the time being are Joe and his buys-ego. The middle-of-the-road fascists who run the Democratic Party have also gotten a boost. But the boost isn't going to last forever. The times they are a changin'.

LEGAL WIN IN FIRST UC STRIKE CASE

The first UC strike bust case went to the Berkeley Municipal Court this week, and the defendant came out smelling like a rose.

Steve Marantz had been arrested for disturbing the peace... (he allegedly used the words "cock-sucker" and "cock-sucker" in the presence of women and children).

His jury was left neatly hanging Wednesday as they voted ten to two for acquittal.

Steve's case has been scheduled for continuance in June, but hopes are high that prosecuting DA Gill Jensen may drop the case as unworthy of the hassle.

Numerous other cases involving demurs filed by UC Legal Defense lawyers (stating that the laws that people were busted on were unconstitutional) won't enter court for some time.

The 26th of this month is the date set for the demurs to be decided upon...if they are turned down, the future dates for jury trials will then be made. The new phone number for the UC Legal Defense Committee is 845-0180.

DOIN' IT IN THE MEADOW



Photo by Hoffmann

BARB

A good vibration-transfusion-formation-local group—far out-rook—transfusion begins next week in an effort to save the Avalon Ballroom from the fate of the old Fillmore Auditorium.

The vibrations-transfusion is the brainchild of Brian Knapp, drummer and leader of the Initial Shock, who has put \$5,000 of his and the group's money into saving the Avalon as the birthplace of rock, San Francisco style. Brian and his ten-member group took over the Avalon along with Bob Simmons and Gary Scanalin of the old Family Dog when the city took the hall's dancing permit away.

"We want everybody to know that the old managers and the old ways are out at the Avalon. Just the old good feelings of the place remain," Knapp told BARB this week, "we want people to know that it is not uptight here, the same beautiful vibes that began the whole scene are still here and we want to save the Avalon as a sanctuary for the city for beautiful people and beautiful music."

Brian said that the Avalon has lost \$14,000 since it reopened because of the new city regulations haven't been able to get groups with big draw and they have been hassled by the ballroom's owners, the city, and the city's red tape.

"We have to tear out the light show box and put up scaffolding to make room for enough people to make the ballroom pay, but more important," Brian said, "we have to buy out the owners and stop the hassles. I've cut out all the money we will do it and make the Avalon what it used to be and more."

Knapp said that he and the manager did not want to move to the larger Winterland because of the beatings and robberies of U.S. people it attend shows there.

"Most important, we want to build the Avalon into a showplace for good local groups, and there are lots of them," he said, "we can give them a good place to play and some decent money and good exposure."

Knapp said they need \$8000-\$10,000 to save the ballroom. He will pay old bills and buy advertising and give advances to top groups that up to now have been out of the Avalon's reach. The rent on the hall, \$2000 a month has been a big factor in the money loss and buying out the lease would

solve this and the hassles with the city.

The good-vibration-transfusion will begin next week on a day to be announced later, and will include Youngbloods, It's a Beautiful Day, Initial Shock, Lin County, Almen Joy, Country Weather, A, B, Sky, Wilover Fields, Conqueror, and Frumious Bandersnatch.

This week the Avalon is hosting Santana, Sons of Champlin, and Dancing, Food, and Entertainment. Lights at both shows.

MAGIC THEATRE NOT JUST 'THEATRE'

To the editor:
I want to talk to the community through the BARB about the things that are going on at the Magic Theatre. I believe that the Magic Theatre is important to the community in the same way that the riots on campus or the culture on the avenue are important to the community.

In each case the important factor is the notion of an alternative on the one hand, all alternative to an oppressive archaic social system, and on the other, stemming from this, an alternative to an equally oppressive and archaic academic system.

About one year ago the Magic Theatre formed with three actors, a director, two tech people and a play called "The Lesson", in which a tiny old professor cracks up the will power of a willing student and ends up murdering and raping her.

Now, nine plays later, and with those six plays in repertory, the Magic Theatre still is harping on the same theme—the idea that oppression, internal or external, can only lead to one thing—psychic death and in some cases physical death.

Aesthetically we are forced by the conditions around us to also take a new stand. As artists we want to communicate the joy of our creation but we also want to alter the psychic climate of the audience. We want to offer an alternative to the fluff of boulevard theatre by trying to show that communication between people is a measurable psychic quantity that can be on stage communicated to an audience. We want to destructure the social places that avoids the wasteful business of "realism".

If some of our pieces are too "structured" to be put on in the street, at least part of the stage and the audience to stand as a metaphor for the street. We use films, slides, live music, or any other media that help us convey our purpose. We love to make people laugh.

We charge one dollar. While this is not a strict rule, most people to most people it is nothing. Thursday and Friday we perform "The Leader" by Ionesco, "Holy Communion" by Ionesco, and "The Dutchman" by Lorca. On Saturdays we perform "Victims of Duty" by Ionesco and Sunday we do Schevelli's "The Master" and "The Game of the Gods". Our main train time is 8:15pm. The Magic Theatre is moving from the Stephenwolf to the Mandrake effective March 27th. The following month will be the most crucial period in our existence.

The Magic Theatre has never been free of debt for more than a few weeks at a time, and with additional expenses of moving, new lights, a sound system, stage alterations, etc. it is heavily in debt. We are not asking for your buck door charge, so we're hoping the increased seating capacity will pull us out of our financial downer.
John Lion Director, Magic Theatre

by Art Johnston

Nobody fails to be impressed with the MC 5. Not in pluralistic, polytheistic America. The last absurd manifestation of the ethos of Individualism: even we have taken to counting ourselves.

Well, between fifteen and twenty thousand of us (12,000 at the "peak") turned out to romp in the sunlight Sunday at Speedway Meadows in the Park. ("Maid it was twenty degrees warmer, this'd be an orgy!")

Boogie, Sons of Champlin, and the MC 5 burned out their amps trying to "give back all that energy to the Earth that the Sun is layin' on us", as the Five's Tyler put it.

Boogie played a mite too much like another white blues band!

blackface, but the Sons of Champ did some truly mean jams—there was nobody settin' down—accounted by a pretty feverish tenor sax. The MC 5 came on like Tutti Frutti Thunder, and the cosmic curtain came down at 8:00 with the hungry masses yearning for "More!"

"Crazy Bob" of the Thirteenth Tribe (the sponsoring non-profit organization) explains that the permit for electric music runs out at five. However, there was only one pig there Sunday, and he got squeaky and split when he saw the Hell's Angels.

Coming Attractions: This Sunday, the first Sunday of Spring, all the raunchy beggars from the five counties will be kickin' out the jams at the SPRING EQUINOX.

BE-IN. The Last Mile, Cream, Initial Shock, the Joy of Cooking, and Johnny Sunshine and His Pipe Joint Compound Jugband (the JSAPH [C]B7) was there to fug your ears.

The price of admission is to Turn a Stranger on: with your dope, your juice, your food, your vibes, your body. The word is to bring food, guitars, drums, and do your thing before, after and while the bands are jammin'.

"Crazy Bob", our lison with Big Brother, says "Pick yer shit up." Bob asks all warm-blooded peoples to send a postcard to All-door, City Hall saying "Thanks for the Park - why not EVERY Sunday?"

Do it, muhuh.
And then let's do it in the meadow.

FREE SPEECH HONKEY?

When a 15 year old black peeks at a Third World Liberation rally at plastic College of San Mateo, he'd better know the pigs will try to tear him.

Like Keith Tolliver who spoke there last December, and now he has to go court in Belmont Tuesday to face a charge of malicious mischief. The Man says he broke a TV camera when violence followed a noon rally at CSM December 13.

Like Treuhart, Keith's lawyer, tells it like it is. "This is purely a question of free speech," he told BARB. "Only those who spoke at the rally have been charged with anything."

Keith was not in any photos shown by the prosecution Treuhart pointed out, but authorities knew he was there because he spoke for Third World demands.

The attorney plans to subpoena the probation officer who had taken Keith to court. He said he was acting on political pressure and misleading information by witnesses, Treuhart said.

Usually such cases are handled in district court, but because of the court, the attorney noted.
Earlier this month San Mateo County Judge W. Howard Hartley denied a hearing on charges against Keith based on the same December 13 incident. (j)

WOMEN FOR FREEDOM

Some members of Berkeley Women's Liberation will be running the Surplus Prophet's show on KPFA Friday night (it starts around midnight). Tune in for further information and entertainment.

Women's Liberation is women coming together for the following: to know and appreciate each other, to investigate the nature of our oppression, to identify its psyches and its effects on us, to discover its sources, and to make ourselves a collective voice demanding changes in the institutions and values which make us unhappy and unable to realize our potential.

We do not ask merely to be allowed into the Man's world. We mean to help make the Man's world a People's world.
Our struggle involves hard thinking about our own lives, about the implications of solving trivia. The following article deals with

HOUSEWORK

WOMEN'S WORK - Part I, Women at Home

Housework has inherently alienating qualities. It is done in isolation, in an inefficient manner (one woman, one house) and is often both tedious and frustrating. Even child-care must be considered largely maintenance work, despite the warmed-over Freud laid on mothers to make them think they actually create their children's psyches.

Still, that kind of work has an immediate, visible and understandable purpose, which is more than a lot of other jobs offer. Why, then, is housework oppressive to women?

The Supreme Court began to answer that in 1954 when it reversed itself on "separate but equal" education. The evidence was in, proving that there was no such thing, that the very act of discriminating between people on the basis of race implied inequality. So, too, a division of

labor based on sex implies inequality and a consequent downgrading of women's work.

We live in a society where the cultural values are defined by (and for) men. For example: a man may express admiration for his wife, marvelling at how she manages the house and deals with the children. But along with that goes an unspoken message: he wouldn't want to be the kind of person who was good at that sort of work.

Men define what is noble and admirable, and women either aspire to fit the man-made mold (the so-called bitches, castrating females, etc.) or else accept themselves as hopelessly secondary and try to attach themselves to a man who will fulfill their hopes for them. Very few manage both to identify with other women and esteem themselves at the same time.

In the usual vicious cycle, the fact that housework and child-care is relegated to women is both a symptom and a cause of oppression. Women must collectively announce that their peculiar work is socially valuable, and demand appropriate recognition and pay for it.

Their work must be made convenient and profitable enough for them to do too, as long as men consider housework and child-care beneath them, as long as they feel degraded or embarrassed or out of place doing it. If, then the acceptance of such work by women as their natural lot cannot help but degrade women.

Integration on the job, however, does not solve the problem. By itself, it would only mean that women are nudged out of their niche with no place to land. Unless we take collective action, and know what we are liberated TO as well as FROM, further gains will prove about as valuable as the vote.

The liberation is in the struggle. Good luck to us all.
Jennifer Gardner member, Women's Liberation do be continued next week, or whenever the BARB has space)

WELFARE MOTHER STRAPPED BY BABY

Stephanie Henis, 20, goes to Oakland's Llaney College daily with her nine month old daughter Elisia strapped to her back.

"What else can I do?" she asked rhetorically. "I have no money for a baby sitter."

Stephanie claims she was promised money for books and child care by the Welfare Department if she went to college. So in January she enrolled at Llaney. But no funds have come through, she complained.

The young mother is divorced and gets no child support, but she does get Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) which is just enough to live on. She was encouraged to go to school under the Work Incentive Pro-

gram (WIN) by the promise she would get more financial aid. But now she's getting bureaucratic run-around.

"Nobody knows what they're doing," she said of the back passing agencies. "The whole system from beginning to end is the shits."

She says she has tried everything she can think of, all without results. Moreover, she is not alone. "There are other mothers going through this same hassle," she pointed out.

Stephanie has a hard time concentrating in class with Elisia strapped to her back. "I can't think of a crying baby," she sighed. "If I don't get some help, I'll probably have to drop out."

WE ARE FREE

SPRING HOPES AFTER A

From p. 1
unfolded early Wednesday afternoon in the park. The sun was so warm and the day so bright that the three free spirits decided their clothes were a drag and removed them.

There was no scene, no stares, no uprightness when I asked them

if I could shoot their pictures for the BARB.

"I love you, yes I really love you", the beautiful blond chick purred at me. Then she and her two friends took my hands and sent vibrations through me, I felt ashamed that I was clothed,

looking at their naked bodies.

"We are free," they sang, "we are all one...take off your clothes and drop fear."

The sun was just beginning to glow down over the meadow by the merry-go-round, so I declined and clicked off a few frames of the

trip laughing and hugging and gamboling about among the 500 singing, drum - playing, dog-smoking souls. Few others in the meadow gave the three more than a second's glance.

They told me they had felt the freedom of oneness that day and decided that they just didn't need clothes.

"There is no death, there is no pain. No one can hurt you," the blonde said stroking and caressing me with a dextrous hand.

"John us, don't be afraid...these people can't hurt you, the police can't hurt you," her friend said, his lovely long chestnut locks and thick brown beard rustling slightly as the evening breezes curled around us. I saw goose bumps.

They took my hand again, and the hands of others sending happy vibrations all through the meadow. A black cat walked up and asked if we were sun-worshippers. The blonde caressed his cheek and purred "I love you" again. The two clothes-free boys shivered a little and told him they were at last free of fear and restrictions. "We are free in our minds and therefore in our bodies" the naked blond boy told us, "there is no death." They danced off singing of death and telling happy parkers of their love.

A shadow passed by, a blue shadow with red lights on top, the fuzz bugged drove slowly into the other end of the meadow and watched for awhile. Many well-wishers ran over to the carefree three and told them the Man was here.

"Let them come," cried the girl, "they can't hurt us, we will love them too." One of the friends began to look around for his clothes, scratching his beard.

The fuzz watched. They drove slowly toward a clump of trees still on the other side of the meadow. They disappeared but everyone knew they were coming. There was a small crowd of park people around the naked three, protecting them, exhorting them to put their clothes on. They insisted they were free and would not be hurt.

The Man was reluctant. The girl was beautiful, the park people peaceful. There is nothing but beauty in the human body even the Man saw a glimmer of this beauty. But duty calls. The car moved slowly into the grass toward the crowd. It stopped next to the three naked forms.

One, the one with a beard, was holding a pair of jeans. A Gypsy

Joker walked in front of them, ignoring the naked girl and the cop. The good vibrations were still there, generated by the glowing face of the girl and her spouting.

I love, she said to the young man in the car. She caressed his cheek. He seemed to be undergoing a struggle. The crowd had grown. "I love you", she repeated.

"?po you have any clothes?" he asked.

"We are free", she answered. "If you have any clothes, put them on and go home," he told her.

This was too much for the blond boy. They weren't hurting anyone; they were spreading joy and beauty with their bodies.

Now the pigs were uptight, very uptight. The crowd was getting noisy, ugly. The other cop radioed for help.

Once again the request to get dressed and get going. Once more the response of love and happiness. No communication. They just couldn't understand what a beautiful miracle they were being allowed to witness—to join with a beautiful loving welcome. They blew it.

The sirens grew in the distance. Two more patrol cars arrived, then three wagons. A plainclothesman appeared out of nowhere, ignoring the clouds of dog smoke. A piggear with four black-shirted TACsquadders pulled up. The newly-arrived cops weren't young and patient. They were big, big in their leather jackets and jangling equipment.

"What do you think you are doing," they demanded of the girl. She responded with love. No communication. The crowd begged them to get dressed. The Man was growing impatient, but he hadn't moved. Other pigs came to face down the crowd, now shouting and catcalling. The Man was gentle but firm. Into the car they went amid words of love from the girl and cries of "We are free" from the boys.

As they drove off a man in a wheelchair hitched a short ride on the bumper of the fuzzbuggie, sending laughter through the crowd and releasing tension.

Ten minutes was all it took. An fifteen cop, policeman and one detective. They all blew it. In ten minutes they received and rejected the message of happiness and freedom that people across the land are embracing.

Will they blow it next time? Probably, but there is always hope.



Photo by Paul

HASH SEEDS BLOOM

by Art Johnson
"I think it's going to get a hell of a lot better on the street", says one-eyed Jan of the Diggers. His "butcher" knife comes SPLATTING into the Union Oil surplus whalemeat.

"And the magic broom is getting rid of all the dogshit," SPLATT!

New shops and old faces are opening up on the Haight. The Diggers (who give out free bread and grub, and run a job co-op under the Episcopal Church on Waller) are one of the several groups on the street who are busy pulling things together for what many feel will be the "biggest year since the summer of 1965".

Paul of "The Last Homely House" estimates that over 60% of the shops are being opened with community money.

"A lot of people in Mendocino want to come back," raps Gaylord, sipping his morning tea in the back of Middle Earth. "Haight is still the Mecca. We've got a responsibility to the thousands of kids who'll be coming here this summer."

Since the sun has come out, the hobos have been emerging from their holes, and the lemhas has been getting better.

Sometime around last August Haight Street finally O'Donmehadine. Since then the atmosphere, many feel, has reflected the poor quality of the dope being sold. According to sources, only one

gram of good acid was sold over the past six months; easier-made mead drags such as DMA have been sold with speed and STP for acid. But very recently there has been some good stuff turning up, some of it in the form of, yes, sugar cubes!

"I think we're going to see some good acid and grass around," says Charlie Weaver of the Haight Ashbury Drug Treatment Program "and when the spring comes, people usually get away from needles. The word has finally reached the kids that speed kills, and when they finally drop out, they're avoiding it."

As people turn away from methadine, Weaver anticipates an increase in the street sale of barbiturates, downers.

Up by Clayton, the Haight Defense League maintains their nightly vigil—ipso the poor immigrant—trying to find crash pads for two dozen dispossessed American youths from Muncie Indiana, or thereabouts, who straggle into the street every night.

"The numbers are growing in the past couple weeks," explains the League. "We're trying to get more people to accept the idea of community. One way is to open your doors for one or two people."

As the Switchboard corroborates, the crash-pad situation has not been good. "A lot of people got burned last year and shut their doors," explains Lyn. The average age of the kids coming in

now seems to be around 19.

The 409 House around the corner on Clayon offers library and locker services, a friendly armchair-environment, and head-repair in the Psychiatric Annex upstairs. Proprietor Lyel Grosjean reflects that the Haight has been through a lot of changes, and it views the idealistic young vagabonds with the quiet eye of an aging woman who has had many lovers, but still delights in the unspilt freshness of a warm nineteen year old.

"We've got to remember," says Lyel. "That the Haight-Ashbury is a neighborhood filled with a lot of black people and immigrant families as well as heads—it was a fairly interesting community before the hippies came—and in our plans and projections we've got to take into consideration the whole community."

While Lyel's assistant, Richard Ross, feels that the newcomers seem "in a lot of ways, nicer than the people who came last year." Lyel, with the jaundiced eye of a former lover of Madame Haight, remarks that "the kids still take drugs to get them. They don't seem to be looking for enlightenment anymore."

Howmany times, one might ask, can you go to the mountain? It has long become evident that our lives cannot be lived in the firmaments of our first acid-revelation—very with a byllychou on every corner, not when your stom-

JUDGE AFFIRMS BARB'S STREET VENDOR RIGHTS

Does San Francisco's new "anti-hippie obstruction" law apply to BARB street vendors?

Not according to Judge Joseph G. Kennedy.

Judge Kennedy took only one minute Monday at the Hall of Justice to find vendor Jim Fulton not guilty of "impeding" the sidewalk while selling BARBs.

About 4pm he was rapping with four friends who happened to come by and put his remaining BARBs on an empty Black Panther vending box.

As soon as his friends left four fuzz moved in.

"They never told me to move," Fulton said. "I was simply told I was under arrest."

"I was shocked," the vendor said Monday because the

Namplate on every tree, every piece of fruit, every space that the earth has given us.

But, as your court reporter remarks to this writer, "We've got to get about the business of living the revolution now; being stoned, being happy, being togeth-

er" in recounting how the four cops led him away, "this had never happened before and I would be useless to say anything."

Monday Fulton pleaded innocent before Judge Kennedy. The black judge merely glanced at the verdict and pronounced "not guilty" sheet.

"Other vendors should also plead innocent," said Fulton said. "If anybody is convicted on this charge," he said, "the cops will start busting everyone."

Judge Kennedy's courtroom wasn't that of Fulton's day at the Hall of Justice. When he went to the basement to pick up his belongings he was greeted by his wife and his 19 remaining BARBs. After going from office to office for two hours in a Kafkasque quest the vendor finally recovered his belongings. But when he counted his papers he found only 15 there. The cops had ripped him off for 4 copies.

Fulton plans to be back at Seventh and Market selling this week's BARBs.

Haigt-Ashbury is like an old whore; she smells a little bit, and she scratches and whines when you plan to be back. Seventh comes, she cums all over you—sheer funky Woman dripping down your thighs.

So you knew it could be good again.

LAST CHANCE FOR SPEAKERS

by Keith Lampe

People in the Movement and sub-culture probably will have to take to the streets with disruptive Save-Our-Species-Week demonstrations in order to give the liberals of the Sierra Club any lobbying leverage with the U.S. regime.

Speakers at the Sierra Club's annual Wilderness Conference last weekend delivered articulate warnings of various impending ecological disasters.

The several approaching catastrophes seem to be racing each other: will the human-mammalian species first poison itself or starve or asphyxiate or disintegrate in a nuclear finale?

The speakers at the SF Hilton had organized their information brilliantly—and delivered it firmly. But because most of them have academic backgrounds, there was a dissatisfying gap between the intensity of their awareness and the hesitancy of their suggestions for action.

Here's an example of how heavy the information was: Prof. Robert Curry of UC Santa Barbara said the population explosion is not occurring but has already occurred and the first of a series of widespread famines is inevitable within a relatively short time; he proposed that certain wilderness areas be designated "refugia" and protected by any means necessary from "large, weak, starving populations" in order that all present animal and plant species might survive and later multiply.

Gary Snyder was there to hand around copies of a book "I don't like the Bear Sutra". He suggested to some people in the lobby that Prof. Curry's refugia also protect traditional primitive peoples in order to preserve the knowledges of wild ecology—for example, herbal lore. He also suggested that Borneo be sealed off from civilized human predators because the people there stand the best chance of surviving the next hundred years.

Curry said he'd be happy to sit down in front of a bulldozer whose operator was bent on earth-rape. He proposed investigations to determine which US corporations and individuals are most responsible for the degradation of the ecology. He said the investigations should be followed by "educational raids" on the offices of those most guilty. "Ecology radicals", Snyder said "should call for Green Sues programs at universities—teaching emergency plant information and the non-negotiable demands of nature if the biosphere is to survive intact."

John Conboy, a student at UC Davis, said he'd heard students there talking about raiding unworthy construction projects and removing surveyor's stakes as litter.

The rank-and-file audience at the Sierra Club conference seemed ready for action than the speakers. One of the professors was asked whether he was aware how "subversive" were the implications of his analyses—and whether tactics of the civil-rights movement should be used by conservationists. The professor was unable or unwilling to answer either question forthrightly. The audience seemed disappointed.

On Sunday the SF Examiner derived little sense of urgency from the Saturday sessions of the conference. Its story dealt only with discussions of US oil exploitation in Alaska. Though oil greed has been enormously destructive, it is not the only animal in the total catalog of planetary injuries documented that day.

R. Buckminster Fuller, that incredible poet of science, was the best high talk at the Hilton Saturday. He spoke on "Conserving the Resources of SpaceShip Earth for the Benefit of the Globe." Our old concepts of the universe and even our language are becoming antiquated, he pointed out. So, Fuller said, such terms as "up and down" and "four corners of the earth" are meaningless. They were invented to accommodate the concept of an infinite plane -- earth.

"In and out" are the proper words for our scientific world, Fuller feels, because we come in toward bodies in the universe and go out to them.

He pointed out another interesting expression -- "science without order out of chaos."

"That is not the case," Fuller said. "The great scientists who make discoveries are overwhelmed by the sublime orderliness of the universe."

"The fact there is life about our spaceship earth is something we ought to consider very deeply," Fuller stressed.

It is man's collective mind, not

his muscle that is of prime importance.

"And beyond mankind's mind there is something even more important: understanding and love," Fuller said.

Without those he thinks "this little crew on our spaceship earth will perish."

Since the scene was expensive (\$5 admission) and middle-class, there was only a smattering of young people among the few hundred in the Hilton audience—and not a single black of any age. Black Americans have at least as big a stake in this as whites: what if the white man destroys the planet before they've even had a chance to enjoy it?

In an essay called "The Politics of Ecology" Aldous Huxley six years ago suggested that man must shift his "collective attention from the merely political to

the basically biological aspects of the human situation" in order to improve his chances of survival.

Hopefully, Old Leftists and New Leftists in the US today will be able to dig ecology-action even though existing Marxist regimes are almost as culpable ecologically as capitalist ones. All of us now hung up with the Industrial Revolution have got to move from the disastrous notion of man-versus-nature into a peaceful co-existence with nature.

Probably the brightest ecological action so far was one pulled off by Diggers and Proves in New York City in early summer of 1967. Executives of Consolidated Edison, one of the chief air polluters in NYC, got soot sprayed in their faces as they emerged from their headquarters building around 5 pm. The guerrillas got

away before the peace officers arrived.

Besides being wise and necessary, ecology-action probably would be good strategy right now for those of us committed to a second American revolution. We are presently sustaining rising casualty rates on the anti-war, anti-university, anti-police and pro-drug fronts. We are gradually dissipating ourselves in courtrooms. If we open up a new front, the regime can't strike back hard until it first cooks up public anger. The regime will have to devise even trickier media distortions in order to get away with busting people for conspiring to sustain life on the planet.

Here in California revolutionary ecology-action--a new front--probably would be a smart response to the low-level Reichstag Fire games that Reagan has begun to play.

SMOKEY THE BEAR SUTRA

Once in the Jurassic, about 150 million years ago, the Great Sun Buddha in this corner of the Infinite Void gave a great Discourse to all the assembled elements and energies: to the standing beings, the walking beings, the flying beings, and the sitting beings—even grasses, to the number of thirteen billion, each one born from a seed, were assembled there: a Discourse concerning Enlightenment on the planet Earth.

"In some future time, there will be a continent called America. It will have great centers of power called such as Pyramid Lake, Walden Pond, Mt. Rainier, Big Sur, Everglades, and so forth; and powerful nerves and channels such as Columbia River, Mississippi River, and Grand Canyon. The human race in that era will get into troubles all over its head, and practically wreck everything in spite of its own strong intelligent Buddha-nature."

"The twisting strata of the great mountains and the pulsings of great volcanoes are my love burning deep in the earth. My obstinate compassion is schist and basalt and granite, to be mountains, to bring down the rain. In that future American Era I shall enter a new form: to cure the world of loveless knowledge that seeks with blind hunger; and mindless rage eating food that will not fill it."

And he showed himself in his true form of

SMOKEY THE BEAR.

A handsome smokey-colored brown bear standing on his hind legs, showing that he is aroused and watchful.

Bearing in his right paw the Shovel that digs to the truth beneath appearances; cuts the roots of useless attachments, and flings damp sand on the fires of greed and war;

His left paw in the Mudra of Contradictory Display—indicating that all creatures have the full right to live to their limits and that deer, rabbits, chipmunks, snakes, dandelions, and lizards all grow in the realm of the Dharma;

Wearing the blue work overalls symbolic of slaves and laborers, the countless men oppressed by a civilization that claims to save but only destroys;

Wearing the broad-brimmed hat of the West, symbolic of the forces that guard the Wilderness, which is the Natural State of the Dharma and the True Path of man on earth; all true paths lead through mountains—

With a halo of smoke and flame behind, the forest fires of the kali-yuga, fires caused by the stupidity of those who think things can be gained and lost whereas in truth all is contained vast and free in the Blue Sky and Green Earth of One Mind;

Round-bellied to show his kind nature and that the great earth has food enough for everyone who loves her and trusts her;

Trampling underfoot wasteful freeways and needless suburbs; smashing the worms of capitalism and totalitarianism;

Indicating the Task: his followers, becoming free of cars, houses, canned food, universities, and shoes, master the Three Mysteries of their own Body, Speech, and Mind; and fearlessly chop down the rotten trees and prune out the sick limbs of this country America and then burn the leftover trash.

Wrathful but Calm, Austere but Comic, Smokey the Bear will illuminate those who would help him; but for those who would hinder or slander him,

HE WILL PUT THEM OUT.

Thus his great Mantra:

Namah samanta vajranam chanda maharoshana
Sphataya hum traka ham nam

"I DEDICATE MYSELF TO THE UNIVERSAL DIAMOND
BE THIS RAGING FURY DESTROYED"

And he will protect those who love woods and rivers, Gods and animals, hobos and madmen, prisoners and sick people, musicians, playful women, and hopeful children;

And if anyone is threatened by advertising, air pollution, or the police, they should chant SMOKEY THE BEAR'S WAR SPELL:

DROWN THEIR BUTTS
CRUSH THEIR BUTTS
DROWN THEIR BUTTS
CRUSH THEIR BUTTS

And SMOKEY THE BEAR will surely appear to put the enemy out with his vajra-shovel.

Now those who recite this Sutra and then try to put it in practice will accumulate merit as countless as the sands of Arizona and Nevada.

Will help save the planet Earth from total oil slick, Will enter the age of harmony of man and nature, Will win the tender love and caresses of men, women, and beasts


Will always have ripe blackberries to eat and a sunny spot under a pine tree to sit at.

AND IN THE END WILL WIN HIGHEST PERFECT ENLIGHTENMENT.

thus have we heard.

(may be reproduced free forever)

THE ALIENATED WAR BABY REPORT



THE PROFIT

BY JOEL BECK

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A NUDE PERSON SITTING IN THE MIDDLE OF A BEAUTIFUL SERENE FOREST~

HELLO TREES! BLESS YOU, FLOWERS! HOW'S IT DOING, MY FRIEND, THE CHIP-MONK? AND YOU, THE BUNNY? AND YOU, THE MEADOW LARK?

PEEP PEEP!

WHEN THE PROFIT CAME WALKING BY!

AAAAH! WHAT A GREAT PARKING LOT THIS WILL MAKE!

HE'S! HE'S!

HEY YOU!

LEAVE THIS SERENE BEAUTIFUL FOREST OR GET LOGGED OUT WITH THE TREES! GOTTA MAKE WAY FOR A GIANT NEW PARKING LOT!

HE'S! HE'S! HE'S!

WHAT? YOU'RE GOING TO RUIN ALL THIS BEAUTIFUL NATURAL SCENERY FOR A PARKING LOT? AAK! SINFUL FLESH! AAAAAH! GET BACK! GET BACK! YOU'RE NUDE! AAAAAH!

EITHER CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT THAT PARKING LOT PLAN OR I'LL STAND HERE FOREVER!

OK! OK! ANYTHING! ANYTHING! I PROMISE! I PROMISE! OUT... AAK! YOU GOTTA HIDE YOUR FLESH AWAY! AAAAAH!

WELL...

ALL RIGHT.

YOU FOOL!!

YOU DIDN'T ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT LINE OF BALONEY DID YOU? I OWN THIS FOREST OUTRIGHT! AND I'M THE BOSS! HEY SMOKEY!

KILL SMOKEY! OR LOSE YOUR JOB EMPLOYMENT RATING!

HURMFM...

WHAT?

FIRST SMOKEY CLEARED OFF ALL THE DRIED TWIGS, DEAD LEAVES AND FALLEN BRANCHES AND THEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CLEARING HE DUG A HOLE, AND THEN HE GRABBED THE NUDE PERSON, AND...

- 1 SNUFFED HIM OUT!
- 2 BROKE HIM IN HALVE!
- 3 STOMPED HIM INTO THE GROUND UNTIL HE WAS OUT!

FRUNCH! FRUNCH!

4 AND BURIED HIM!

WELL... A BEARS GOTTA CAREER TO THINK ABOUT!

WE'RE ONLY HUMAN YOU KNOW.

YES SIR! SMART BEAR. THAT SMOKEY! HE'S GOING PLACES!

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BLACK, WHITE, A BALL

"Racially speaking, Theater is in a bad way. Not only are racial problems rarely probed and explored by most of our playwrights, but many directors are afraid to use black actors as human beings," states playwright Perry.

Perry, a black writer, is author of that dramatic explosion "The Mock Trial of Huey Newton" presented at UC last year. He is a student at UC, coming direct from a parking-lot where he worked as an attendant.

In "The Side Show", a black actor, Hayward Coleman, plays a human being, a man who exploits

see p. 17

Just Like Napaalm

from p. 5 for the holocaust.

Shell is as much a target for the resident's bitterness as are the bombers who caused the explosion that mislead the first storm.

"Shell Oil drops over 20,000 gallons of aviation fuel into the creek which leads into here, and it blows up as it heads downstream to us," a long-time resident of the area pointed out. "Yet the County told us we couldn't live on the hill above the creek because WE might pollute the

scene, "but no one from Shell has said a thing to me, or to any of the other people here so far."

His eyes darkened as he told BARB of the community meeting the night before at the Canyon Schoolhouse. Residents had expressed their resentment of the repairs being done on the exposed pipeline, but their protests had reached deaf ears at Shell.

"The only thing Shell is doing about what happened is to get the pipe line back into operations as fast as they can," he remarked angrily.

"It's supposed to be against safety laws for lines of this nature to be above ground, but they're fixing it up now just like it was, in spite of what happened.

"They could bury it now; it should have been buried long before this all happened. It's not like Shell Oil doesn't have the money!"

Henry paused to kick a charred hunk of wood. Down the road the repairmen hammered away on the pipe.

"But as for helping us, we haven't heard a thing, not even an offer of help from the company. Lots of people lost their only transportation." He waved as ash-smeard hand towards the burned out cars resting near the store site.

"But I didn't see any Shell Oil come out here and say 'there is a car or a truck you can use for a while,' or 'here's some food

to tide you over'."

A young man joined the small gathering of people, fondling a blackened knife he had just recovered from the ruins of the store. "All I've got now is the clothes on my back," he explained to BARB. "Everything we had was at the store . . . and now it's all gone."

Henry, the storeworker, picked up a tiny sack that was resting against a blackened tree at the edge of the clearing.

"What are you going to do now, Henry?" This reporter asked him as he headed up towards the hill. "Well, right now I'm going to take my own toothbrush and find some water and brush my teeth," he grinned, the sun lighting up his face. "And then I'm going to come back down and start cleaning this mess up!"

GATOR LIVES

from p. 3 financial and moral support of eight campuses behind us."

It looks like Happy was getting a better press in Washington than he will in his own home town. Too bad Hap. You shouldn't have tangled with the paper that has been the official student voice for 50 years. The GATOR is permanent... you are only "interim."

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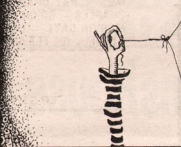
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Many people cringe their lives away. Everything frightens them. We named our magazine HORSHIT. The Offensive Review, to keep such crawlers and weepers away. Then there are the sort of people who claim that nothing ever frightens them. I meet this kind all the time. Our last type-writer made that claim. He was a college graduate who claimed to have read almost everything. Then he started setting type for HORSHIT. He kept going slower and slower and finally he caved in altogether. The whole tone of HORSHIT staggered him and shook him and finally frightened him so much that he flatly refused to finish setting our type. He was just another cringer. There is nothing you can read to prepare yourself for HORSHIT. Some of the bookstores around self Lenny Bruce, De Sade, The Realist, every book and magazine in the world - except HORSHIT - HORSHIT appalls them. Okay, this is your chance to find out if you can be offended. Subscribe. HORSHIT has a money-back guarantee in case you're too shocked.

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Last week I wrote about THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, and I failed to give it a rating on the Hedonic Index. Many months ago while discussing PLANET OF THE APES I wrote that that film had a very high Trip Factor.

The film with the highest Trip Factor I have seen is Kubrick's 2001. On Leary's Hedonic it would rate at level one. PLANET OF THE APES is at about level three.

Leary uses a scale of seven levels, from seven for sleep, when consciousness is totally extinguished, to level one, in which you are in touch with the god-head, cellular knowledge, the clear light, or how ever you want to say it. If I recall correctly, between levels four and three, (or was it five and four?) Leary drew a straight line and called that the Hedonic Barrier.

His presentation of the Hedonic barrier and the levels of consciousness was tongue in cheek, and it's not very important whether or not there are seven levels or eleven, or any number of quantized levels in fact. But I think he has the right idea, since it's so close to my idea of the Trip Factor for films.

Many people have started to call experimental films, Head Flicks. This is a good name. The people realize, before the moronic critics, that the singular distinguishing factor that separates head flicks from the rest of cinema,

notably most melodrama, is that they try to turn you on. Essentially, head flicks, formerly called experimental, independent, or avant garde films, are concerned with hedonic matters and attempt to raise the viewer's hedonic index. I'm not saying this is true of all head flicks, any more than I would say that the purpose of all theatrical or melodramatic films is to turn you off. But there it is. As clearly as.

the finger of god scribbling into the stone for old Moses to carry down to the people. Hollywood films are designed to turn you off. They have in general, a very low trip factor.

As a matter of fact, I'd say that most melodramas is down around level seven, or the sleep level. (In fact, they actually put many people to sleep.) To watch one of these things is to be put into a very low level of consciousness. I'm not putting it down, it's very important to be able to get turned off. We all need sleep, it's necessary. You can't always be up at pot or acid or contemplation or sexual energy high (which can often be at level five).

Turning off is necessary and important. Complex organisms need to turn off. And the Hollywood melodramatic theatrical experience works with an experience which is not unlike sleep.

For years critics and boobs alike have called these films escapist dramas. This analysis has gotten in my craw (where is your craw?) and now at last, I can verbalize why. Escapist my asshole they are just the reverse. But the double-think that has the rest of society in its grasp (luckily we have escaped) makes turning off turning on. Escaping is

dropping it, not dropping it, at least in the terms applied to really good, really turns you off, it takes an expert to turn you off, to put you down to sleep level. The way I judge a good TV for

see p. 19

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FLICK

from p. 18
Hollywood 'nug is whether or not it puts any thoughts into my head. If I find myself becoming conscious, I know the people who have made it have failed.

Most melodrama succeeds in

putting me on about level five or so. I think about ditty-shit in such a state, my mind mulling over nagging worries. That's not what I want from a turned off production. I want a state that resembles sleep. I want to be turned off, and not disturbed.

Two television programs parti-

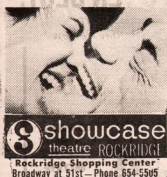
cularly appeal to me because they are consistently able to turn me off to about level seven, sometimes, when they are a little weak, to about level six. They are DARK SHADOWS and PERRY MASON. I look forward to them because these shows are nowhere. They are extremely complex, in point of fact. I have to tell you that they have about the most complex plots going on TV today. In fact, it is impossible to follow either. But the idea is not to try. Just watch the thing, letting it glide by, putting you into a turned off trance.

While I have written a great deal about these geniuses who make head flicks, putting us up beyond and across the Hedonic Barrier, those men and women who have devoted their lives to discovering the true nature of the filmic form, let me now express my admiration for those men and women who try so valiantly to turn us off, the hack filmmakers, writers, TV and movie people. For the latter are as necessary as the former.

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<p>Fri Mar 21, Sat Mar 22, Sun Mar 23 Francis Truffaut's JULS and JIM Stars Jeanne Moreau-Oskar Werner Although Truffaut evokes the romantic nostalgia before World War II, the excruciatingly illuminates a modern woman.</p>	<p>Mon. Mar. 24 Tue. Mar. 25 Satyajit Ray's 2 Daughters Adapted from stories by Rabindranath Tagore. Berlin Film Festival and O. C. Szelnick Golden Laurel Awards.</p>	<p>Wed. Mar 26 Thur. Mar. 27 INGMAR BERGMAN'S MOST EROTIC FILM MONIKA A sexually experienced girl and a young boy bring an idyllic summer to a rural Swedish until she finds herself pregnant, bored and afraid of a mundane existence.</p>
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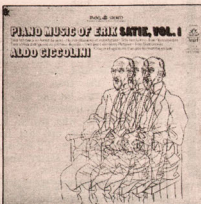


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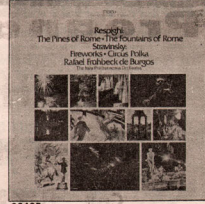
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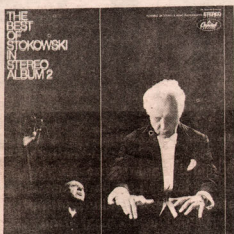


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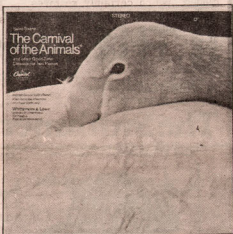
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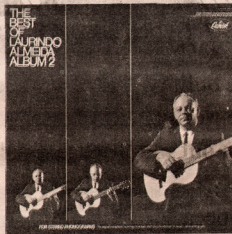
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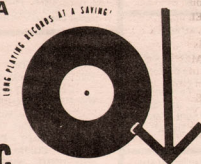
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A BALL

from p. 17
two of his actors to an agonizing degree. Don Harris and Virginia Ree play the role of a young couple whose smile is almost frozen on their faces (they are aware they can take off their makeup but somehow have a hard time getting rid of the smile).

They get rid of their exploit, by quitting, after being put through a series of dehumanizing acts. The last scene in this play (done in split action) is exceedingly novel.

"The Minstrel Show" is not quite as successful—a little too

long for the points made. It is also too confused to explain here, but sufficient to say both actors, Joe Pulido and Brian Allen, delineate the confusion in a remarkable way.
The high point of this play is when the black, acting as a white girl, comes to the apartment of a black man (who is white but is acting as a black man) because she "feels so bad what we whites have done to you people."
To make up for it, of course,

they make love in a most hilariously spook of the sexual act ever staged (including the orgasm).
Playwright Perry, the actors, director Ray Tatar, stage manager Luella Miller, and the Actors Ensemble, deserve long and loud applause for these plays. It is hoped other producing units will pick up on Perry.
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SEVEN TRIAL

from p. 11

that the defense, the prosecution and the court have agreed upon.

If the jurors are not totally confused after that, they will retire to consider the evidence, and try to reach a verdict. The trial has now lasted ten weeks, and it will be eleven weeks before a verdict can possibly be reached.

There is also a distinct possibility that the jurors will not be able to agree, and there will be a hung jury. A hung jury should be as good as an acquittal for the Seven, because the county is not likely to want to go through another long and costly trial with such flimsy evidence. But you can never tell. Rationally apparently does not count for much in the mind of District Attorney J. Frank Cookley.

An acquittal or a hung jury will also go towards weakening the prosecutor's case against the Moses Hall Three, also up on a conspiracy rap. Their trial is due to come up in May.

COWELL SET-UP CLEAR

Cowell Hospital is available to any UC student, even those on the President's new interim suspension. Dr. Henry Bruyn, director of the hospital, told BARB this week.

Because of a statement in the BARB by Third World Leader Ysidro Macias several weeks ago there has been some confusion as to who can use the campus medical facilities.

Macias had told BARB he had to clear with the Dean of Students before using the hospital.

In order to clear it up, once and for all, Dr. Bruyn, said, "He doesn't have to clear with anybody."

The doctor pointed out the new rules specifically state Health Services will still be available to cited students. All they have to do is present their reg card and they'll be treated as always.

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A TORRENT OF RAW EMOTION EXPLODES IN

RAW LOVE



THE BOLD STORY OF MILANLY STYLE LOVE THAT "TORRACO ROAD" DIDN'T DARE TELL


ADULTS ONLY!

FREE NO GIMMICK
ALL THE POPCORN, HOT DOGS, COLD DRINKS YOU CAN EAT. BE A "HOG" AT OUR EXPENSE.

THEATRE #2
SEE IT AS IT IS!

We don't show whores, tramps, or sluts on our screen—just nice cute freckled faced kids who were fortunate to catch with "their pants down." A red face is all they are shown wearing.

T&D FOLLIES 11TH ST. AT BROADWAY - 444-2571



SPECIAL LESBIAN

PRACY TALES... A FEAST FOR THE SENSES IN SEVEN COURSES... UNABRIDGED COLOS.

SEE IT AS IT IS

5 TIMES MORE SHOCKING

GREATEST ARRAY OF INTERNATIONAL FEMINE BEAUTY EVER ASSEMBLED. EVERY COLOR, SIZE & SHAPE!

WORLD WIDE

Skincams

FILM THIS WEEK

DON'T BE DEPRIVED OF YOUR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO SEE THESE CONTROVERSIAL FILMS. THE SUPREME COURT RULED IT UNCONSTITUTIONAL TO PREVENT THE SHOWING OF THESE FILMS. SEE THEM UNCUT AND UNCENSORED AS THEY WERE MADE.

OAKLAND'S ONLY AUTHENTIC ADULT SHOW PLACE

Plus 2nd. Naughty HIT!
AND! ALL NEW DARING GIRL SHOW!

SEE The UN-CUT Version and YOU BE THE JUDGE!

T&D FOLLIES
11TH ST. AT BROADWAY - 444-2571

MESSAGES

JOE, met you at Daves, SF, drove to...
BALLING ROOM NOW BUT ENJOY...
Write Yab Yum Youth Group, Box 26372 San Francisco, Calif. 94126

LUDDY wanting your zapping device...
CAMERA LOST while hitchhiking...
LADY wanting your zapping device...

DR. PHILIP L. GOOD...
Part 3 - my mad deception...
JAM Heard about your groovy trip...

STEPHEN in Montreal's brother...
THE POWER ELITE CONTROLS...
THE MONKEY'S PAW WILL RECEIVE YOU MARCH 28

CHERYL I miss you...
JOHN MILLER - Write Margie...
STONER CRINGING Horshish's display...

THE LOWLANDS WILL RISE...
BYE - by how you must know...
Come - I'm MOVING immediately...

GAY GRAD 28 seeks fr. Exotic...
WANT to meet young girl...
COLLA, grad, 25, straight, clean...

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TRANSEXUAL wanted for research purposes...
MIDNIGHT...
GENTLEMAN discreet dancing etc...

WANTED males married 28-40...
SLIM Sexy male animal seeks...
KALE 25, 5'10", 160 lbs, blonde...

is anxious to receive good looking...
ANARCHIST, socialist, mystic? Dig...
LIFE Like this is your bag...

BEAUTIFUL swinging young...
WANTED male 26, interested in...
WOMAN 26, interested in meeting...

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2 GUYS NEED place to stay...
NO PERSONAL CHECKS FOR OUT-OF-TOWN ADS.

ATK, MALL, 93, coll. grad...
WANTED male 26, interested in...
WOMAN 26, interested in meeting...

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ALL added details in advance to the Berkeley BARB...
We do not guarantee publication of any ad...

My ad is lines to be run weeks: I enclose \$
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Name:

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ENCOUNTERS

●MICRO-ENCOUNTER 4 hour, one-time encounter experience for a common male, designed for new-comers to encounter groups. Fri & Sat evenings, \$3.50 inc. meal, w/Sittes Hall (experienced, lead). 11-14-013
●ENCOUNTER: vodoo, see Fri listings
●ENCOUNTER: growth marriage realize own potentials, gestalt, more to encounter groups. Fri & Sat evenings, \$4-682 collect
●ENCOUNTER: w/Hellrose (Pete Univ), SF, \$15 for 2 mo, info 811-1693-885-665.
●ENCOUNTER: Physical - minimum rapping, maximum encounter. Sat, 10-11-013, info 724-4847
●ENCOUNTER: Vozg, Zazen, body awareness, yoga encounter. Sun 10:00am, info 861-130
●ENCOUNTER: Gestalt - 1st meeting Tues March 25, 7:30pm Hillside, Berkeley, in Macin, Co. info 645-6109

●ENCOUNTER: Experienced leader - 2 groups, 24 meetings, 12 hrs. (eventual marathon) in Marina Co. info 454-1341
●ENCOUNTER: 2 groups & seminars on self-actualization, explorations Institute, info 548-9800
●ENCOUNTER: group forming - psychodrama, gestalt, mind-body awareness, more. Info SF 7:00pm
●ENCOUNTER: New member openings: Human Encounter Institute, Berkeley, info 848-2470, 848-3898.
●W-5: The encounter groups program, more. Info SF 7:00pm (641-600) and CPE, UC Berkeley (482-2200) on free, info 482-2200 quarter scale charge billed.
●ROCK: Sunday happenings at Speedway Meadows, Golden Gate Park, SF, need a PA system or generator, info 861-9049

●890,000 in need to pay fines for violations by smoking, driving sit-lies. See -AN-193X Defense, Univ, 900 Golden Hill, UC Berkeley, info 848-2470
●CENTRE: Co-operative Theatre Action (CTA) meets play-weights actors, actresses, radio media people, info 848-4805
●BIRANY: Help SF public library serve county jail, city residents, south of Mt. Diablo, info 848-2470, 825-8564, 828-9690
●ECOLOGY ACTION: Needs medical equipment, doctors & persons & paper to work on radical ecology & student staff - 658-3000, info 848-1437
●ESP STATE EXPMNTL COLL: Needs teacher-people & a home off campus, info 469-1008
●INSTRUCT: Courses for Hellotrope (SF & Marin Free Univ) anything off or far in or between info 319-6923

●ECOLOGY ACTION: Whose needs art & office supplies, plants, aquariums, tele & microscopes, video, info 628-9920
●BOND NEEDS: Civilians to put it in hands of servicemen info 526-6202, Oakl, 655-2675
●W-5: SFERS Artists, writers, photo, for stipend/orp-1000, info 848-2470, 825-8564, 828-9690
●WORK: Volunteers needed for SFERS, info 848-2470
●MUSICIANS: Drummer & guitarist into meditation & guitar, info 848-1437

Art, Berkeley San Francisco

●PAUL FISHER / PAT KENNEDY: Paintings, ceramics; Brickwall Gallery, 1652 Shattuck, Berkeley, Mt-Sat 9:30-5:30 pm, March 9 - April 5

●GROUP SHOW: Acrylics & photos, assemblages, woodcuts; Berkeley Gallery, 2444 Wood St., Bldg, M-Sat 10:30 thru March 31
●PRE-COLUMBIAN: Art from Central & South America; Berkeley Art - prints & drawings; Phoenix Gallery, 2984 Colk, Bldg, Tu-Sun 10:30 thru March 27
●PHOTOS: SF Women artists' exhibition; Newman Hall, 2200 University Ave, Berkeley, March 29, info 848-782
●BEEN HAZARD: Profile & charcoal drawing, plastic sculpture; Bkly Art, 1293 Walnut, W. Berkeley, Tu-Fri 11-5, Sat-Sun 11-7, thru April 3
●LEON KENNEDY: Drawings; Bkly Art, 1293 Walnut, W. Berkeley, M-F 3-9pm, Tu-Sat 12-9pm, thru March 22
●CLAUDIA CHAPLIN: Acrylic paintings; Hawk Gallery, 780 Sutter, SF, Tu-Sat 11-5:30pm, thru March 15

●HILLDEGARD: batte hangings (batik & tie-dye); Vorpall Gallery, 1000 University, SF, daily 12-6 pm, Mar 22-31
●LARRY JOHNSON: Quag, Calligraphy, 2444 Wood St., Bldg, info 848-2470
●CREATIVE: PHOTOGRAPHY; 10 Bernhard, Hayward, Cuming, University, 2444 Wood St., Bldg, 3235 Sacto, SF, thru March 27
●GEORGE RAMOS: paintings; Humboldt Galleries, 780 Sutter, SF, Tu-Sat 11-5:30pm, March 18-27
●HOWARD KOTTLER: Decal painted ceramics; Amberg Gallery, 1000 University, SF, thru March 31
●JANET HOARE: Sculpture; John Bolles Gallery, 299 Sanson St., SF, thru March 31

Elsewhere
●RIKI LITE / STEVE JENSEN: Prints; Potage / Pottery; Albany Library, 1000 University, M-F 10-9, Sat 10-3, thru March
●JAMES MCCRAY: Paintings; Potage / Pottery, 1000 University, M-F 10-9, Sat 10-3, thru March 31

FROM BACK PAGE

26

FOR SALE

ALL SURPLUS Bell bottom pants Navy sweaters & pea coats, winter jackets, raincoats, ponchos, ski boots, blankets, tents, back packs (40 styles), GI sleeping bags, 16 x 32 tents, tarp, canvas cot, cast iron pots, food lockers, trunks, food rubber, puffers, parachutes, 487 tanks, helmets, HENDERSON'S SURPLUS 1941 Lincoln Ave., Oakland

HERMAN HENSEL: HELLING and suits, complete collection \$500 Westlake, SF 424-3939

WHO SALES nobody wants you when you are old and gay. We love everyone who is old and gay. We have a lot of old and gay clothing, suits, shoes like our store - 600 Castro - Sides - Books - Cigs - Photo sets - see it all at San Francisco's leading Adult Goods Store - NEAL-CLIFT

2nd Floor - Daily 10 to 11:30
272 O'Farrell St., Sunday 11 to 12
San Fran. info CA 94102-362-1678

NOW THE BEST
NEAL-CLIFT
THE SEXUAL ONE
NEAL-CLIFT
MEN & WOMEN
NEAL-CLIFT
HEAR ABOUT THEM
NOW COMING TO OUR
NEAL-CLIFT
WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
NEAL-CLIFT
FOR MEN 80% COMPLETE
DILOS-18" TO A FOOT LONG
NEAL-CLIFT
WITH OR WITHOUT HARNESS
TWO WAYS - LOVE CANDLES etc
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NEEDS

TV 1069 OF EXC GOOD LONG HAVE YOU PASSED YOUR OWNALS BEING VIOLATED BY MOTHER DRIVING WHILE AT THE BULKY, CHECK OUTS AT BERT, FARMS TRAVEL, PHOTOS, ARTISTS, WRITERS, PHOTO, FOR STIPEND/ORP-1000, INFO 848-2470, 825-8564, 828-9690

ALLEN: refined personal fellow house help, 27-28 male, intelligent, Well developed all round, Versatile 62-73/4

PROY: yeg Greek, handsome well groomed, Very developed mind and body, any time Tab 431-6100

BYRON: 5'10", Lt. Brn Hr, blue eyes, pers, endow'd & fit, Western style, 863-8331

FRANK: 2'2" & New to the field, 5'10", 160 lbs, 28 male, Smiling & BH 863-3331

LANOM: 2'1", 5'8" X-Marinio BH Hazel eyes, 28 Wat' Person; Very fit, 77-100 lbs, 28 male, Brn Hr, blue eyes, pers, 863-3331

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ALLEN: 2'2" & New to the field, 5'10", 160 lbs, 28 male, Smiling & BH 863-3331

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