

# Berkeley Barb

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15¢ BAY AREA

25¢ ELSEWHERE

## THE MOON EATS YOU

for further details see p. 3



Left to Right, standing: Stew Albert of the Red Mountain Tribe, Erika, Don Kaufman, BARB staff, Jane Scherr, Paul Glusman, Red Mountain Tribe, Sandra Slind, BARB Den Mother, Allan D. Coult, Editor-Publisher, new BARB. Seated: Larry Mori, Buddha, BARB staffer, Ron Radell, BARB advertising Manager, Thomas Klaber, Editor, Berkeley Fascist and BARB's resident monk, and Karen Lance, BARB staff artist.

**INSIDE:** PANTHER CONVENTION • CHET HELM ON ROCK



# GI'S RAP

This is the transcript of a conversation held last week with two ex-servicemen in the BARB office. They asked that their names would not be mentioned, so we will call them Air Force and Marines.

**BARB:** What was your experience in the service?

**AIR FORCE:** I joined the Air Force when I was seventeen. I went in as a med student and did six months in an infirmary. I had a choice—the usual choice that's given you—and that is either to finish your pediatrics course or whatever medical course you're in and they send you to Nam; or you become an AP and you stay on the base. Well, I had the choice and it wasn't hard—I became an AP.

So I sat around the base and did my thing, which in those days was to do nothing, but my rank went up anyway. I went to OCS and came out a First Lieutenant. And as my prestige went up around the base with me brown-nosing everything that came down, I eventually became security officer at Fort L.

I was released this year. I only did three years instead of four and the reason was that I was deemed a security risk because I was dealing dope to the men on base. I was selling acid and lids and everybody in the Air Force there was really digging it. I mean it was the thing to be stoned and flying.

Dope in the service. Wow. It's a funny thing. They can't stop it, either. Running into people now and then who were heads in the Army or some other service—just about everybody I ever met from the Army is a head—I haven't met many guys who are out now who aren't pretty radical, hate the Army, hate the war, and are working for the movement in some way or turning on.

I ran into a guy the other night who gave us a ride all the way from Portland to Sacramento. This guy was a GI and he told us that he'd been dropping acid up at Fort Lewis. Oh, there's things happening at Lewis. They just had that rush on Lewis by the FTA and now, at the National Guard Armory at Fort Lewis—Camp Murray, the men up there have voted among themselves not to get haircuts or shave anymore. So they're confined to quarters.

I think the whole thing is pretty funny. And it's a good thing too. If the National Guard is going to be doing groovy things like that—out of sight. But if they're

going to come out on the street the way they did during the Park fight, then they're just pigs. Wait a minute, let me take that back. I do remember that during the People's Park hassles they carted off a couple of truckloads of the Guard because the Guard was flipping peace signs to the people and it was totally against protocol. So they shipped them out and they shipped in the real pigs.

Anyway, the stuff like the happening at Fort Lewis and the Guard flipping the peace sign shows you that the services aren't what the Army and the Air Force would like you to believe they are.

**BARB:** Right. What about the Marines? You want to talk a little about how it was there?

**MARINES:** I was a Lance Corporal. I joined up when I was seventeen to get away from Mommy and Daddy, which is as good a reason as any if you're going to join up at all. I wanted to get the hell away from home as soon as I could. So I did. I joined the Marines.

Well, I started out and went through basic all right and I learned how to take care of myself, you know, and I came to a choice, too. I had to pick between being a foot soldier and an SP, which is Shore Patrol. I was going to the Nam, I knew that, so I didn't want to be a foot soldier, that was for sure.

So I took SP and I wish I didn't. I was pretty dumb in those days and I always took the road of least resistance. Anyway, I was on brig duty and I was nothing but a regular, goddam pig. Right. I mean I was busting anchor-clankers and gyrenes, GI's and flyboys—everybody. I don't know why. I was pretty pissed off about being in Nam and I guess I took it out on whoever was handy. Man, I hated that hole. Everybody does except a few guys who've really flipped out. Thirteen fucking months I was there. VIETNAM. Wow! One hell of a place.

**BARB:** What was the dope situation in Vietnam? I've heard that it's pretty good. Talk a little bit about the dope there, would you?

**MARINES:** Well, in the Nam, most of the cats who were below E-5 (below sergeant) when I was there were smoking weed, opium, and one in a while snorting smack or coke. And we were hitting morphine suerets. Why not? Big fucking deal. Why should we have to go through the shit we were doing and not turn on to something? Man, there's nothing else there for you. Even above E-5, those guys had to kill their heads. But they were mostly booze hounds. But they would come into a town, say Pleiku for instance, or Saigon—natch—or Long Binh, and we would find these little shanties and there would be papa-san and mama-san and all their daughters. Well, you could go in and blow as much O or weed and sometimes you could have their daughters, too. Just as long as you brought the papa-san a quart of whiskey, which at the PX in Nam runs about a dollar and a quarter. Take three hits off that opium and it will really knock you on your ass.

It's pretty safe to say that the dope thing is far more advanced in the Nam than it is here. Except that you can't get any acid unless someone sends it to you. That's the only bad part, no acid. But what you get pretty much makes up for it.

**BARB:** So you stayed stoned for the most part in the Marines.

**MARINES:** Right. Except when there was contact. Well, some cats even do it then. They'll be out there fighting, stoned out on weed or whatever. For me, I could never handle it.

**BARB:** What did you think of the VC?

**MARINES:** I didn't think nothing about them. When I saw one, I killed him. That was my relationship to the Cong. But you don't really see that many of them. I will say this. If I was a peasant in Nam, I would join up with the VC. No question about it.

**BARB:** Why?

**MARINES:** For the same reason that I'm setting myself up with the left in this country now that I'm out. It's all part of the same thing. The liberation movements around the world are going to knock the old owners out of the box one of these days and I want to be part of it when they do.

**BARB:** What was the situation in the States as far as dope?

**AIR FORCE:** In the States we had people who would go down to Tijuana and smuggle the stuff up to San Diego. Then they would come across Arizona and bring it through to Colorado in trucks. Well, of course, this was only our regular shipment. We had shipments coming in from all over the place.

But the stuff that came on base was one of two kinds of grass. It was either very heavy Acapulco gold, or it was the Vietnamese—Hanoi gold. And acid was plentiful where I was. The men were holding all the time. And there were never any searches pulled on base because I was the security officer. If I wanted a search pulled I'd pull it and if I found anything, I'd just tell the guy to be cool and to stash it a little better because any time the CO might order me to pull a raid and he'd go with me. But that never happened.

We had a good scene there at Fort L. Mescaline and peyote were very easy to get because they grow wild in Colorado, and of course, weed grows there too, the guys were growing all of this right on the base until just before I left. The new security officer came around and even though he was a head too, he was pretty gung-ho for his Captain bars and he'd go around saying: "That's a marijuana plant," or "That's a peyote plant," and "Those are mescal buttons." He ripped all that beautiful stuff out.

But all the airmen at the base always had enough dope. You could get it just off base at a place called The Apple or your old lady could send it to you. We always had plenty of goods.

**BARB:** This is sort of off the topic, but what was the status of the American Servicemans Union? Did you have a chapter on your base?

**AIR FORCE:** No. Not in Colorado. We didn't have anything.

**BARB:** Well, the ASU is on one hundred bases now. They're doing really good work. Maybe you've heard about the coffee-houses they run around Ord and Leonard Wood and some other places. Did you have anything like that at all?

**AIR FORCE:** The only thing we had similar to that were two chicks that worked down at the USO. These chicks were super-good-looking and everybody on the base wanted to ball them, including myself. You might ask what the hell I was doing at the USO, ha, ha, ha. Guard duty, would you believe? Anyway, these two chicks were from Berkeley and they had been beatniks back in the late fifties. Their parents had been Bohemians, so you have some idea of the breeding these girls had.

When the men would go to the USO, these chicks would tell them: "What are you doing in the Air Force? You should let your hair grow long and do anything you want to." Those two chicks blew a few minds around the base and brought a few guys around to thinking in less-straight terms, but, no, we had no organized underground in those days. And no underground papers.

**BARB:** Well, now you were an officer. What was the attitude of the officers toward enlisted men?

**AIR FORCE:** The actual feeling of the officers toward the men was a father-type thing. You know, the officers were the fathers and the enlisted men were the children. And the Sergeants, the Staff Sergeants, they were the rowdy teenagers.

But there were a group of officers at Fort L., myself and about fifteen others, and we believed that you should be able to do anything you wanted as long as

you weren't on duty. The highest ranking officer in our bunch was a Major General, so the men did pretty much what they wanted.

We felt that you should be able to read anything you wanted to. In fact, we had a free library going where we brought on magazines and books that had been banned. This was toward the end of my stay there.

I remember we brought on Richard Farina's "Been Down So Long—a great book. It had been banned on base because supposedly it was pushing on a beatnik-type era and I remember a Colonel telling me there was no sense in bringing it on because it was too hard to understand. I thought that was pretty fucking funny with all the mescal buttons growing around. We brought Farina on and nobody seemed to have any trouble understanding it. But like I said, the officers treated the men like children. You know, they had to be trained.

**BARB:** Let's get back to the Marines. You were a Corporal. What was your attitude toward the officers?

**MARINES:** Didn't dig them a bit.

**BARB:** How did they treat you?

**MARINES:** Like we were about two years old.

**BARB:** So this was true all through the service then.

**MARINES:** Right. It was a generation gap thing. Anyway, that's the way I looked at it then. Now I think it's a class issue. The lifers and the officers are the ruling class. We are the proletariat. We have to wipe them out. Rip them off.

**BARB:** Do many of the men returning from Nam come back radicalized?

**MARINES:** I think the guys coming back now are pretty radical. When I came out, you didn't have the movement that they have now with in the service, and you didn't have the movement waiting for you in the States. Well you had a movement, but it looked so meek compared to Nam that you didn't feel like getting into it. I mean this was before SDS ripped off Columbia.

**BARB:** Right. Well, you were still at Fort L.—during the spring of 1968 weren't you? What did the men there think of Columbia?

**AIR FORCE:** Well, we thought it was a good thing. I thought it was great that they hung that sign that said RAPED BY THE COPS on the statue of Justice in front of Low Library. One of the men got that picture and ran about a thousand copies off on a mimeo machine and passed it around the base. It was incredible trip.

But if you're talking about the military in regards to the revolution you've got to remember that the two are very similar. You know, you've got groups pushing

a Che Guevara thing. Let's go get some machine-guns and go out and fuck up these old United States. Well, you've got the army doing the same thing. Let's go out and fuck up the VC. They're only gooks, right? The thing that they aren't hip to is that they are our brothers and sisters we're killing. But the military doesn't realize that they're training the Red Army, the revolutionary Army, whatever you want to call it, of the next few years.

## Panther HQ Raided

The Black Panther's San Diego headquarters was broken into last week by the local constabulary, who wrecked the files and office supplies, confiscated legally-permitted weapons, and then, flashing their "municipal warrant," departed through the same door they had broken the lock on.

A number of weeks ago, the Panthers' Sacramento brothers were subjected to the same brand of Fascism, when their office was ransacked by the Man up there.

ures not on the earth." This entire ancient Eastern tradition has a modern Western parallel in the works of Wilhelm Reich. The point this article began with, the phenomenon of cosmic longing, Reich correctly called the longing for orgasm.

In total orgasm all muscular tensions and psychic structures are let go of, internal and external boundaries disintegrate, and everything is dissolved back into the center. Orgasm is pralaya.

Reich also picked up on the necessity of going home. He said that man was caught in the "trap." The trap is this world and the body, sick and stiff with tension, i.e. structure. Reich emphasized that redecorating the trap still left us in the basic problem. Science may try to build windows to peer out of the trap, but as Reich said, the first thing to do is get out of the trap. The trap, the world, is also called the maze, and there is an ancient axiom that says "The exit from the maze is through the center."

To penetrate to the center is orgasm, pralaya. Karma is the past, which structures the present. In orgasm all structures are dissolved, the past is no more. Enlightenment comes when there is no more karma. Enlightenment is when you find out who you really are, and is equivalent to orgasm.

There are major pralayas and minor pralayas, just as there are different degrees of enlightenment. The pralaya of sexual orgasm is a mini-pralaya. Thesexual center is a lower center, which is why Reich never made it all the way home. In higher centers orgasm is accomplished through meditation techniques.

Before you get all the way home you must pass through a series of stages, that is, pass through a series of centers. In reality there is only one center, and for that matter there is no center, but this will be dealt with in another article.

First you find your body center, and become a whole individual. Then you may become a god, then a planet, then merge with the sun. It is said that the sun is the step-off point to home, although there are traditions which say that you must also become the center of the galaxy, then the universe, then God knows what.

Man's reaching for the stars is his desire to return home, his need of orgasm. But it can't be done in a rocket ship.

## Zen Thought

What's matter? Never mind.  
What's mind? Never matter.

## Campus Riot

The state Assembly recently passed a bill seeking to obliterate economically a student's right of freedom of speech by depriving him of state aid if found guilty of participating in campus demonstrations.

Of eighty Assembly members, fifty-eight were responsible for passage of the bill, with four voting against it, and eighteen either abstaining or absent from the vote.

State aid could be deprived for up to two years if the Senate also approves the bill, and would apply to students in public junior colleges, the State college system, and the University of California.

Another provision authorizes the granting of subsidies to local police departments. During major sieges, the state would cover half the costs after the local cops spend \$100,000.

An additional aspect of this bill directs the chief administrator on campus to expel or suspend a student, or fire or suspend a member of the faculty or administration if they are likewise convicted.



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# Lunargasm: How Did It Feel, Neil?

By Richard Milner

The moonlight beams on the girl of my dreams... (Song lyric fragment, Twentieth century America.)

The moonlight is the girl of our dreams. Pale and lovely in the night, she has always been a woman, wife of the sky-god, associated with the seasons, the growth of food plants, the rutting time of animals, the menstrual cycles of women. The sacred moonmaiden Raba in New Guinea; in ancient Rome "The Queen of Heaven... (who) looked down on her own fair image reflected on the calm, the burnished surface of the lake, Diana's Mirror" (J. G. Frazer). Eternal and eternally changing, this goddess, harbinger of cyclic regularity on earth, ebb and flow of the tides, a milner on wanderers in the night.

Cape Kennedy, U.S.A., July 20, 1969. In a penis-shaped rocket, the collective unconscious of the United States sends three men to have intercourse with the moon. Apollo 11 they call their tool, after the sun-god. Apollo has finally gotten his thrust back. Geologists are anxiously waiting to get their rocks off. All America waits impatiently for the actual moment of Penetration. How does it feel, Neil? I mean, how does it really feel to be the FIRST to touch the virgin goddess?

"Ah, well, uh, I'm going down the bottom step now. (No shit! This is it. We really made it!) Now I'm going to take that step, a small step for a man, a great leap for mankind. (Christ, I'm glad I got that right, been rehearsing it in my mind all week.) The surface is fine and powdery. It adheres like powdered charcoal to the boot, but I only go in a small fraction of an inch. I can see my footprints in the moon like fine grainy particles. (Oh Wow! I'm really on the fucking MOON!)"

And now we take you back to Cape Kennedy, where the astronaut's wives have been watching their husbands mount the moon. Newsman: "What was it like, Mrs. Armstrong? I mean, what did it FEEL like the moment you saw your husband touch the moon?" Mrs. Armstrong: (Oh, God, I al-

most came right in my pants.) "Uh, oh, it was good, good, good."

"At touchdown, she led loud applause, bouncing up and down on the bed with her son." — S.F. Chronicle.

Conversations no one ever had before: "Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, what was it like seeing your son set man's first step on the moon? What did it feel like?" Daddy Armstrong: "Very proud, we are very proud. And we thought it was very nice—it was very timely of the President to call Neil while he was still on the moon."

And the moment, the moment. Just at THAT moment, 7:56:20 p.m., PDT, what was it LIKE? What was it like to get so high Commander? Once we thought Lindbergh got high, but then John Glenn got even higher. But you—you've gotten the highest of anyone...

And now we take you to Mind-ville, Utah, where holy man Kneel Headstrong has just returned from a trip to outer space where he penetrated the moon goddess. The moon goddess later descended to her earthly form of Sylvia Crump, a no-good tenny-bopper who has since split. "For awhile there," said Kneel, "she really was the moon goddess and it was a beautiful trip."

Newsman: "Just how far out did you go Kneel? Kneel: Well, I don't really know, but it was pretty high, higher than anyone else has ever gone." Newsman: "At exactly what time did you penetrate the moon goddess, Kneel?" "At exactly the time that I did it is when I did it. I mean, I don't know what position the sticks on the clockface were at, but there was a moment when it happened, you know?"

Newsman: "That instant, Kneel, how did it feel?" Kneel: "I only went in a few inches, but it felt like a giant leap, you know, like I was just completely doing something new and fantastic." Newsman: "Could you give us a better idea of how it really FELT, what it was LIKE?" Kneel: "I don't know. Why don't you ask my old lady? She was watching."

# The Moon Eats You

By Tom Klaber

There are many persons not caught up in "national pride" or "awe and wonder" over the fact that man has at last reached the moon. Some of these people are those who have already been there. Then there are those who for a number of years have felt that the money could be better spent improving conditions on this planet rather than setting out to ruin another.

The Berkeley Barb will do everything in its power to stop the establishment's insane distribution of capital, but warns against blaming any particular individuals for this situation.

**The fact is that in reaching the moon, man was not acting under his own volition.**

Man does hardly anything under his own volition. Many people cannot understand why, if our technology is so advanced, our world is such a hell-hole of misery. The reason for it is given in many esoteric traditions.

Aeons ago, some being in the divine hierarchy intererred slightly in the cosmic plan. His action created an imbalance in this solar system that threatened to wreak havoc throughout this universe.

The gods decided on a plan to restore cosmic equilibrium. The focus of the problem was the moon, daughter of the earth. The moon was aborted from earth and could not sustain herself.

**The gods created an archetypal family situation, where the sun (father) fed the earth (mother) who fed her child, the moon.**

The life processes of the organic film covering the earth were altered in such a way as to feed the moon. The psychic energy generated in earthly activities went to the moon, sustaining her, and so kept this solar system and the rest of the universe in balance.

The moon nurses from her mother by moving the tides. The vicissitudes of vegetative life are governed by the moon. Procreative processes in animals are controlled by the moon.

The gods installed a special organ inside human beings to feed the moon. Gurdjieff called this organ the kundabuffer.

The kundabuffer served to keep things in balance, but unfortunately it had the side effect of fouling up man's reasoning and associative faculties in such a way as to cut man off from himself so that he never knew what he was doing.

The kundabuffer served to keep things in balance, but unfortunately it had the side effect of fouling up man's reasoning and associative faculties in such a way as to cut man off from himself so that he never knew what he was doing.

This kundabuffer was left in man for a length of time and then removed. But men had grown so habituated to having it functioning in them that even after it was out they acted in the same confused way.

From the above it is easy to see why, although man has developed an "advanced technology" enabling him to go to the moon,

conditions on earth are as bad as ever.

Contrary to the popular notion that as technology advances conditions on earth should improve, the fact is that as technology advances, life on earth will continue to deteriorate.

The billions of dollars spent on the space program will not benefit man in the least. Rationalizations about "weather control," "military purposes," and "man's quest for the stars" are uttered by robots who have no control over themselves, but are completely under the dominance of the moon—i.e. "lunatics."

The space program is but a drop in the bucket of moon food. There were pickets in front of the Houston Space center protesting space expenditures, but there has never been a complaint about lovers wasting their energy in service to the moon.

All those songs, poems, emotions, and love making go to the moon. Dogs and cats spend a lot of time performing lunar rituals. All aspects of agriculture is part of the moon plot, and even pot and hash are intimately related to the moon.

**The only way to combat the moon eating us is to preserve our psychic energy. The way of the yogi is a way to escape the moon. Eat little, fuck less, and don't waste your thoughts over foolish things. In this way you may be able to completely bypass the moon and get to the sun, without taking a crumb out of anybody's mouth.**

# Bringin' It All Back Home

By Sam Moddy

On a clear night, where the country is dark and quiet, who hasn't been filled with innocent emotion and forgotten familiar longing, mind turned reflective and profound.

That is HOME you are longing for. To understand why, understand this:

You were before you were born here. You can shed your body easily as you take off your clothes, and you can set your mind down like you slip off your glasses.

What are you? What is you and what is not you? Is your name you? Is your body you?

Don't be attached now, don't be selfish. Relax your hold on what you call "me," "my rights," and "reality." How did you get to be what you are? Did somebody lay it on you?

There is an old Chinese saying, that nothing truly yours can be taken away from you. You can lose every memory of the past. You can lose your life. What cannot be taken away?

To follow this try not to identify with anything. Look at it this way: if you lose a pack of cigarettes it doesn't bother you too much. If it is your last pack and all the stores are closed you feel worse, because now you are dealing with a habit with which you identify.

If your car is totaled you feel pretty bad, because that "takes a lot out of you." Your house burning down would be worse, but even that might not be so bad as having your hand cut off: that is really you. The difference in the pain involved in seeing a stranger break a shoelace and having your head cut off is the degree to which you identify with the matter involved.

All it all is just the void, revolving around you—its center—and it can all go away while you will still be. There is nothing to be afraid of. Any pain or pleasure you experience is determined only by your attachment to a particular moment or object.

Actually, everything goes away and comes back every second. The world, your body and mind, are constantly changing, dying and being reborn. It doesn't bother you if a teacup is removed from the room; why should it bother you if the room disappears?

Your cells are constantly being renewed, and over a period of time you change radically—yet "you" seem to always remain. Even when you sleep an unconscious sleep you are not destroyed.

In fact, in unconscious sleep you are in a more real condition than when widest awake, for sleeping you should be. Back home everything is in the deepest cosmic sleep, called in Sanskrit pralaya.

Laya means dissolution. The universe goes through cycles of creation, activity, and dissolution. Everything springs from the center in creation, structures are spun out in activity, and it all dissolves back into the center during pralaya. There is no space, no time, no substance, no movement.

The microcosm is the macrocosm; what is inside is what is outside. Why then isn't everything perfect? How is it that man can be alienated from his world?

**The answer is that this isn't our world. Our inside does not perfectly match this outside.**

A long time ago we were living in another universe. The inside matched the outside and everything was perfect. We were where we belonged.

Our universe was due to go into pralaya, however, and some of us decided we were having too much fun to go to bed. We decided to leave home and journey to another place where we could continue playing our crazy games, grooving on structure.

We chose this earth because it was the closest thing we could locate like home. Unfortunately our calculations were off, and we had to go on all sorts of far out trips to adjust to conditions here.

As soon as we arrived we started fouling things up. In order to survive we had to destroy the natural balance that had previously existed on earth and throughout the solar system.

We put on these weird bodies, and had to breathe, eat, and eliminate to maintain them. As if that wasn't enough we started adapting the rest of the world to our needs. We made fires, wore clothes, built shelters, and developed plastic fantastic extensions of ourselves, which today we call "culture," "civilization," and "technology."

All this disturbed the basic balance of this solar system. The sun, ruler of this system, was very annoyed. He wanted us out of his domain, but unfortunately we couldn't leave until we had undone all we had done.

This is karma. Everything we did had to be done back to us before we could leave. The problem was that every action had an effect to it: our karma kept on snowballing, one thing leading to another. In a relatively short space of time, most of us had accrued enough karma to keep us here for a long long time.

As we kept reincarnating on earth as we wore our bodies out, we began to forget who we really were and where we came from. We kept on getting more and more fouled up, sicker and sicker. As we became sicker we more and more became unable to adapt to the already unsuited conditions here, and had to contaminate more and more of the environment. Society became the collective cancer of human beings, rapidly spreading over and putrifying the body of the earth.

As we got sicker we got lazier, and began playing simple variations on a few games we had made up, games of worry, anger, hate, greed, fear, and selfishness. We played these games over so many times that they became habitual, and then unconscious, so that now most people act out their roles without even seeing what they are doing.

A few managed to escape, by paying back all their karma. When they got home, though, they were told that they would have to return here and bring the rest back. These few were the first saints, bodhisattvas, and great religious leaders of the world.

The purpose of religion is to show us the path whereby we can rid ourselves of karma and go home. Of course the true story of "who we are, from whence we came, and whither we goest" is never told, because who would believe it? Anyone familiar with various religious doctrines, however, should easily see how they are aimed at taking us back home—generally referred to as taking us back to God. Lay up your treasures.

## MOON VIEWS

By Don Kaufman

"Fuck the moon, how about right here?" one Avenue stroller named Jim responded when asked his opinion of the moon shot.

Jim's response represented about half of those approached on the subject. Others, whose opinions were more favorable of the venture, contended that the \$24 billion Apollo project has been well spent.

"I think it's good because it's bringing people together," stated a chick named Kyle. "Everybody's bitching about the money, but I think it would have gotten lost in the channels, anyway."

When one black chick was approached, she stated "I have more important things to think about."

Such as? "Revolution, man." "I think it's terrific," said Judy Cassidy.

"It would be nice if people weren't starving on earth," Lorraine countered.

"Way out thing," Raymond Todd began. "The expense is justified because most people wanted to see it done."

"I think they should have stayed here because they will probably damage the moon just like they've damaged the earth," Kathy Brisbane maintained, referring to the lunabugging. "The expense is ridiculous," she added. "I think they'll be sorry."

## COLUMBIA RISES

Columbia Records ain't going to advertise in the underground press no more. CBS President, Frank Stanton, got the word from HIGHER UP that sales are going down. Columbia, the gem of plastic, will hereafter sink her silver into straight advertising channels.

We can expect that several underground papers, deprived of Columbia's cash, will go under. Some papers sink or swim on Columbia ads.

Ideally, advanced technology would serve to make it easier for man to peacefully co-exist with man, but this doesn't seem to have happened. Instead, social development has been forfeited while our creative energies have been directed elsewhere.

One of the prime motives for the moon project was to claim first place in the space race. Hurrah! We got there first. WE'RE NUMBER 1.

What has it gotten us? Another day older and deeper in debt. America is still faced with precisely the same social dilemmas we were faced with years ago. In response to neglect, these problems have magnified and intensified themselves.

Poverty and racism thrive as Commander Carpenter bounces about the lunar surface, talking to President Nixon on the most expensive telephone conversation ever.

The total cost of the Apollo program is 24 BILLION DOLLARS! Reflect for a moment on other possible directions this bread could have gone. How much food and clothing could have been purchased? How many houses could have been built?

But let's not go so far as to charge that the moon shot was a tragic waste. After all, WE'RE NUMBER 1!

Columbia ads have, in the past, been full of hip slogans and groovy pictures. To sell her records, Columbia has tried to identify herself with the "revolution" with such slogans as "The Man Can't Bust Our Music." But it seems that "revolutionaries" don't buy her records anyway, or don't buy records. Now that Columbia has "risen" from under, will the other record companies be fast behind Her?



# GLOBAL VILLAGE DEADLINE

"After three thousand years of specialist explosion and of increasing specialism and alienation in the technological extensions of our bodies, our world has become compressional by dramatic reversal. As electrically contracted, the globe is no more than a village." Michael McLuhan

Newspapers began as a written supplement to oral communication. They provided a truth index to whatever rumors might be going around. The printed form had an authoritative stamp not born by stories overheard in the market place.

Today the pace of history has accelerated greatly. Radio and television have placed the average household as close to world events as the newsroom with its AP and UPI outlets. These media provide an oral reportage and eye-witness coverage that is reliable as and faster than newsprint. To read a newspaper today is to slow down from the rapid assault of mass communication. It gives us a chance to build a unified image of the community, the nation, and the world.

A morning newspaper over coffee is a preliminary engagement with reality for a reader scarcely emerged from the tangled wanderings of dreams. The stark black headlines and fact packed paragraphs provide a bracing first plunge into the world of large scale events. The need for this type of orientation is widely felt, since most of us must cope with this pulsing macrocosm in our waking hours.

Modern weapons that threaten mass destruction involve all men in the fluctuating international situation. The tone of the news, like an omen, often sets the mood for the day. One often gets the impression of a highly orchestrated play on public emotions by watching headlines shift from gloom to hope at seemingly regular intervals. The validity of this picture is questionable, as corporations and government agencies alike maintain control of their images by news leak.

When circumstance brings more than the usual distribution of crises, the collective emotional strain is evident. The early part of 1968, with its Tet offensive, Pueblo incident, assassinations and riots, was such a period. The limits of public endurance and what happens when they are reached is a matter of speculation.

For many, the press provides a window on a more personal world. Society pages and gossip columns are rich in vicarious fantasy. The personal lives of celebrities project styles aspired after by the masses. Lurid and sensational crime stories fill a similar need. The experience is again one of a collective whole, though founded on the morbid appetites.

Today's newspapers depend largely on advertising for revenue. Thus they are involved in the largest projection of mass identity in history. Ads are more engaged in selling symbols than products. Madison Avenue is constantly seeking to discover or create modern archetypes. All media partake of this process which returns us to the primitive world of myths. Our experience is again that of an oral, tribal culture, recreated on a global scale by electric communications.

We cannot condemn the fostering of collective postures as such, but must seek to foster healthier ones. It is the role of the underground press to provide an alternative to the slick ideal cast by Madison Avenue. The new identity must be better suited to human survival, and as free as possible from the corporate capitalist monolith. The danger is that advertising always seeks to coopt new ideas. Turned-on commercials and hip sell are now common fare. An attempt must always be made to go beyond current standards, to be subversive to prevalent modes.

Under Nazi press censorship, a tribalism arose that was savage and brutal. American tribalism, made inevitable by media, can be just as dangerous to the species. It is time to promote a global harmony rooted in the basic blood ties of the human family.

The underground press should shun divisiveness. Petty political feuding and name calling must be left behind. When the conventional news outlets are inaccurate, the truth must be reported. Education on sound ecology, and viable work and resource allocation should be provided. The disenfranchised need an opportunity to learn how to control their lives without wasting energy in fruitless political struggles.

The newspaper must not become merely a shield against eye contact with other passengers on the long commuter rides in the global Los Angeles of the future.

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## CHET HELM (FROM PAGE 9)

One thing that's been bothering me a great deal recently is that all of us in this scene depend on the showcases - the Fillmore, the Avalon, the Family Dog on the Great Highway, the New Orleans House, the Matrix. My feeling is this - that if the big bands don't support the little bands in the sense of supporting the showcases - and they are the

only ones who can really do it at this level anyway - then the little bands will fall by the wayside and once the bottom has dropped out of it there will be no big bands. It'll be a thing of the past, like Harry James and so on. A stagnant scene. It's time that the big bands recognize this responsibility.

I constantly get crucified on this little cross that the big bands present to me which says "pay such and such a price for us." And then: "Why do you let so many people in, it's too crowded in here, it's really unmerciful, Chet."

"I don't want to be a promoter, and I never did per se. My conceptualization of myself is as a producer, as a person who has something valuable to say in terms of showmanship, in the way an event comes off. I find that my energies have been constantly schizophrenically divided between promoting shows, raising bread and all that

money hassle. And on the other hand actually trying to produce and direct shows so that they come off as effective presentations.

I think that Gleason's initial column has hurt us pretty severely. I sense an inner response to what he considered hype and I suppose it was. But basically people out of sincerity were trying to help us, people who were professional publicists but who weren't being paid for their services. They wrote in a straighter fashion than Mr. Gleason would tolerate a presentation of what we were doing and I think Ralph sort of reacted to what he considered hype. It's the sort of thing like I was saying if you walk into town saying you're the top gunslinger, someone's got to shoot you down man, and I think Ralph is not really hip-enough to himself not to get into that kind of dialectical bag.

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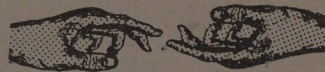
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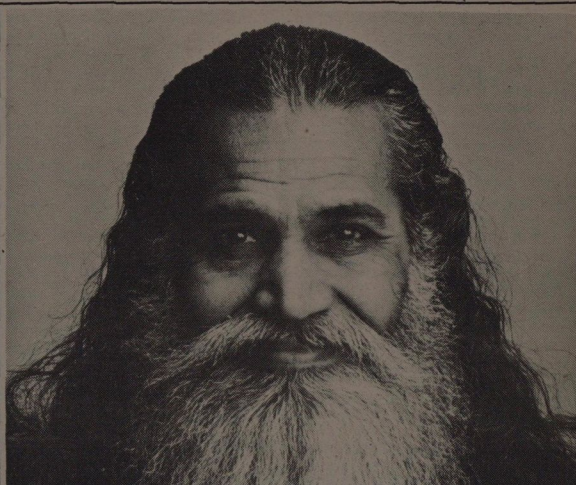
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WATCH OUT, DEAR ABBIE  
 THE INNER  
 SPACE ODYSSEY  
 BY FLAME ZAP

PHOTO BY FRANK EARSON



by Flame Zap

The sorarchy of Abigail and Ann is at an end. Zap's head is not where theirs are at. This column is dedicated to exploring the many different kinds of relationships that can exist between people and how they might be improved instead of disapproved of. Normal-schnormal, there are many brave people out there trying to live creatively in an insane world that tells them they are crazy. Let's share our individual attempts to solve the "how to live" problem and benefit. Not just sex either — write me about anything. In the meantime, here are some situations that my friends have been in, and my thoughts on them.

Dear Flame,

My mate and I have been living together for a year and a half. Part of the time we were in a large house with a sort-of communal thing going. Then we got a small cottage in order to be alone to see if we could really make it together. Now he wants this chick from the old house to move in with us and sleep with us, etc. I figure if he really wanted me then I'd be enough for him, but I don't like competition in my own house! Besides, he said the idea of leaving the commune was to be with me.

Old-fashioned Hippie Chick

Dear "Hippie" Chick,

I suppose you think you are really groovy living together without a marriage license. You think you are far ahead of the middle-class with your "sort-of communal thing." You're about as hip as Nixon "telling it like it is." You seem to want to own this guy and be owned in return. This is the usual cop-out "hippie marriage" which is just as messed up an institution as square legal marriage.

Hippie marriages just pretend to be groovier than legal marriages while in both cases the insecure participants agree to protect each other from the unknown and fearsome world outside. While they pair off to protect themselves from equally frightened pairs of people with whom they timorously socialize, they also protect each other from really knowing themselves. People sign mutual defense pacts at City Hall without really sharing their defense secrets or recognizing their stultifying nature.

Your man may have given up on really making it with you and may be escaping into an even more impersonal threesome. On the other hand, and depending on your behavior, a third person can crystallize the relationship between two people and promote growth, love, compassion and strength between all three. Making it with your man means walking beside him in the world of unexpected experience, and being an individual who welcomes change and growth.

You do not own him, he does not own you, you are free to come and go, and therefore, the only thing that holds you together is your desire to be together. Without that, a marriage is an empty legal contract enforcing fidelity under penalty of law and an open declaration of painful insecurity. If you cannot grock this you had better put on your shoes, tease your hair and look like what you are . . . your MOTHER. She'll be very glad that you've reformed.

Miss Hippie Chick's problem is only a variation on the old "Other Woman" problem. The only way that a threesome can work, either in bed or out, is for all three to be equally honest and interested in each other's feelings, and on the spot, not three days later! If the two women only relate to the man and do not create as deep a relationship with each other, they will go on a typical competition ego trip and wreck the entire structure. A triangle is only as strong as the bonds on each side. Empathy is the key.

Letting a third person into a relationship or a marriage is not so unusual. After all, people have to adjust to a third person when they have a kid, and there is often jealousy involved in that precisely because the child was conceived to bring the parents together rather than as an expression of their togetherness.

To all you advanced primitives out there experimenting with polygamy, recommend large houses and the three-way kiss, not to mention frequent hugs. That's right, three people simultaneously kissing each other on the mouth. . . it will make you laugh and empathize with each other whenever the green-eyed monster strikes!

Dear Flame,

Every time I go to a nude party there is always some horny clown and his bored wife who annoy everybody. If the wife gets interested in me instead of falling asleep, the husband becomes super-uptight and either leaves his wife immediately, fucks her to establish ownership, or grabs the girl I came with, assuming that it is right since I'm messing with his wife.

Disillusioned with sexual freedom

Dear Disillusioned,

The nude party is an institution which supports the individual as a sexually free agent. The "swinger" who can't operate on that premise, who is still in the screw-for-a-screw wife-swapping stage, or who, like a monkey king, mounts his mate to keep her in line, should be immediately thrown out as an evolutionary throw-back!

Dear Flame,

Why is it that the most stacked broads with the most beautiful faces are the worst bitches or else have no personality?  
 Girl-Watcher

Dear Girl-Watcher,

When a girl is treated like the greatest gift to all mankind from the time her chest grows grapefruits, her ass becomes heart-shaped, and her face hits the scene, she believes it, wouldn't you? Naturally, life is easy because she doesn't have to work hard to get attention, Mother Nature has done it for her. Beautiful girls become conditioned to a certain kind of treatment and will put you down even before you make a pass because they assume you are going to make it.

The only way to handle them is not to be impressed. Never look at a pretty girl on the street, it will drive them crazy and they will look at you! If they persist, give them your phone number. You will win, I guarantee, if the girl is worth the trouble in the first place, but you will never be able to let down your guard or she will delight in putting you down. You must act like a king not a begger. Come to think of it, it's not just the beautiful girls that are like this, it's 99% of the women. The beautiful ones are just worse.

Find yourself a late bloomer, a female who had a homely childhood; it builds character. Have compassion anyway, for behind all the makeup and stuff sits a little girl trying to keep it together and under the misapprehension that she has to play the lady game. It is your job as a male to understand that game and show her the way out of it. Unfortunately, it takes a few little games initially to awaken the interest of a beautiful girl.

Well that's all for this week. My point of view is really quite simple. Where there's love and people helping each other, it's got to be right.

Write to Flame Zap c/o The Berkeley Barb.





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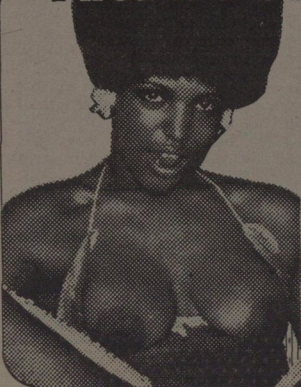
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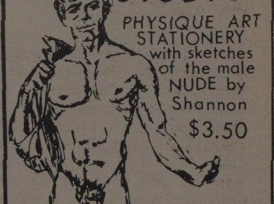
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# DEATH OF PEOPLE'S PAD

**By Don Kaufman**  
 "It's like the death of a ghost town. We're living in a dead place," one of the six remaining People's Pad dwellers told this reporter.

The pad, once a thriving happy hippy conglomerate of quasi-barack-type buildings filling up a city block, is now down to two occupied apartments. There is no water, electricity, or life. Brightly painted walls may as well be black.

Not long ago—perhaps only three weeks—there were up to 1,000 people there. Crashing, living, loving, just visiting. Black and white merged together into one alive place. At two big barbecues, a thousand hot dogs and a lamb were devoured. Two live bands accompanied the feast.

"There were good people here, nice people," one of the survivors recalled. A garden was begun with flowers and vegetable seeds contributed in a smiling community

effort. Now the neglected shrubbery stands as a morbid monument to what once was, and what now is.

After people started falling in, an old hangup of man emerged: people decided they had to tell other people what to do. Bad things started happening shortly thereafter.

"There was plenty violence. All sorts of people were here and the place started getting wrecked. We started a Pad Patrol—cops but not cops—and people didn't dig it. Cops also used to check the place out twice a night."

**The Pad survived throughout all the hassle because nothing serious happened. Until last Friday night.**

"Papa Slick was the self-proclaimed cook," one guy explained. "He was real bossy. He was one of the guys who had to tell people what to do. He wouldn't let you eat until he said 'eat'. That was his

only power. Last Friday night, one of the younger guys was messin' around in the kitchen. Papa Slick told him to get the Hell away, and the guy didn't dig it. They both grabbed pipes. Papa Slick came out on the bottom. "We had to get him to a hospital, so we called an ambulance. The cops found out about it and moved in. The guy who hit him split real fast. But things got real uptight. We thought Papa Slick was dead."

He wasn't dead, but the heat was on, anyway. People just picked up and left. The Pad was dead. **ORGANIZERS SPLIT WITH BREAD**  
 "What happened to the People's Pad money?" one of the guys wanted to know. "We had something like \$7,000 at one time from contributions and panhandling."

"Ask the organizers—if you can find 'em," another guy said. The organizers, or most of them, didn't live at the Pad. There was

a guy named Al, another named Diablo, and three or four chicks. Papa Slick was one, too. They came in, told people what to do, organized the barbecues, collected the bread, and took care of the needs of the people, for awhile.

"The last thing I know, they split. Al split for Texas in a blue '56 Ford," one guy said. "For all I know, they're together now and living off our money."

A guy looked out the window and saw two cops prowling around. Two minutes later, their footsteps were heard downstairs, and then up. They shoved open the door without knocking and beamed their flashlights in each of our eyes. "Haven't you heard? You're not supposed to be here," one of the cops called as he strolled through one of the other darkened rooms.

"You guys know where you stand," the other cop began as they were about to leave. "But we're not gonna do much about it." They left.

The Berkeley school board, the owners of the property, had decided, in response to neighborhood complaints, that the pad should be vacated. But they have not yet exercised their legal power of eviction. As long as things stay cool there, the few that are there now will be permitted to remain.

"As long as people stay away and don't get anybody uptight, things will be cool. But nobody should come here unless they absolutely need to."

That's pretty much where it's at. With no utilities and an abundance of cockroaches, spiders, and lice, it's not too groovy a place to crash.

**People's Pad is for all practical purposes, just a memory. A bad memory from something that started out groovy.**

"It's like the death of a ghost town. We're living in a dead place."

## Minuteman Has

## Change of Heart

**By Don Kaufman**

A former Klansman, Minuteman, and Wallace's Pennsylvania campaign manager has departed from the ranks and is now bent upon exposing these organizations through the mass media.

J. Dean Morris, 23, "took another look at society," and "saw reality," after infiltrating the Job Corps in his role of intelligence officer for the right-wing groups.

Now bearded, Morris has come to redefine Communism to be "commonism, for the betterment of all."

His expose, or "educational campaign," has thus far reached the readers or listeners of the L.A. Free Press, the Joe Pyne Show, and a few other lesser-known but nationally-syndicated talk shows and tabloids.

He is also currently in the process of writing two books on the subject: *To Kill a President*, and *Of Poverty, Guns and Hate*.

He plans to open his headquarters in Marysville, Missouri, an area which he describes as "very ultra-conservative, right-wing, and segregated." He was raised there, on his parents' farm, and states that his one-sided views were largely formed by parents and the rest of this community.

"I sought legitimization with a peer group," and that group was once, and terrorism."

From Marysville, he moved to Omaha, Nebraska, and got a job as gas station attendant, and was "turned on by one of the customers," a member of the Minutemen's local force.

From this beginning, he rose to the rank of Major in the organization, after taking their correspondence courses in intelligence, guerrilla warfare, and espionage.

Of his most important tasks was as an instructor in guerrilla warfare at a training camp in Sonora, California, about 160 miles north of San Francisco. "I also trained men in the Appalachian Mountains in Pennsylvania—for the Klan, the American Nazi Party, and the Minutemen. All three groups."

He professes a familiarity with

the techniques of explosives, assassinations, bugging devices: "I trained people for three years, and I know these people are deadly, and they're not kidding when they say that if they feel you are a threat to the country, and you are on their list, or liberals or known communists, and the time arises when they do strike, I'm afraid that you're marked for liquidation."

### MINUTEMAN STRUCTURE

Morris defines three elements which comprise the membership structure of the Minutemen.

The first division consists of the "typical paranoid who believes that the world is going down the road to Communism and ruin."

The second breakdown embodies WASPs who "help keep the thing together by paying their dues and furnishing material, and training the guerrilla war session in the summer and fall, and also keep surveillance on known liberals and Communists in various geographic areas across the country."

The upper echelon of the group is comprised of ex-military officers, who "feel that our country is becoming saturated with Communists every day, and feel the only thing we can do to save our country is to have the Minuteman organization infiltrate the different movements and prepare for physical confrontation with the point of a gun. And the tactics they are studying are guerrilla warfare."

### MINUTEMEN AND THE FBI

Maintaining that J. Edgar Hoover is a Fascist, Morris went on to state that "They try to lead the public to believe that the FBI was trying to act in opposition to them, but if you take a closer look, they are very much on the same trip. They exchange information. In fact there are FBI agents who are Minutemen, here on the West Coast, as well as in other parts of the United States. I know one Minuteman who is a former FBI agent. On the whole, the FBI has actually supported the Minuteman Organization, while making the public think they were opposed to them, or controlling them."

### ASSASSINATION PLOTS

If and when the group would decide to take over the United States, Morris maintains that

their first aim would be the assassination of virtually all "prominent liberals."

"Phase one would be assassination. And mass chaos. And they would take control. Communications centers have been under surveillance for a long time. They know where the high power lines are. In fact there have been some dress rehearsals of this recently in California. There were two high-power stations blown up by Minutemen. They would also put cyanide in the water supply. They know the key points of the water system. And when the order is given, I'm sure they would not hesitate to do so."

"Within a time period of one hour, 100 of the top prominent politicians in the country would be liquidated."

Morris' personal role in this was crystallized for him when he became involved in a plot to kill Humphrey, were he elected.

He credits the co-ordinator of the organization's Pennsylvania chapter with leadership in the plot.

Shaken by the possibility, Morris split from the scene, did some thinking, and decided to dedicate his life to fighting against that which he was fighting for.

"My life has been threatened numerous times, but every man reaches a point of reality, when he must confront his beliefs and decide what is truly right."

Despite the warning from head Minuteman Robert DePugh, who said that "Any body who exposes the organization from a membership standpoint won't have too long to enjoy it," Morris has vowed to do all that he can to curtail the strength of his former brethren.

In fact, Morris feels that he was instrumental in getting DePugh arrested. "I was on the Joe Pyne Show and stated that he was hiding out in Mexico. He was captured two hours later, and has been sentenced to one year on a weapons violation and also faces charges against him for bank robbery.

One cannot help but admire this guy's balls.

## Eddie Baker Murder Case

**By Don Kaufman**  
 Eddie Baker, 29, was killed Saturday night, July fifth, by one of four plainclothesmen who barged into his home after a set-up deal of one lid.

His wife Glenna, 20, and mother of six-month-old Larkin, tells the story: "This guy came. It was David, a quiet, polite guy. There were three others with him, kind of young. I told David he wasn't supposed to bring anybody here, but he said they were cool. They bought a lid and split. A couple of minutes later, they came back. They called from outside that they had enough bread for another lid. I opened the door about an inch and saw that David wasn't with them. They forced the door open and the cops pushed me out of the

way. I yelled to Eddie. Then I heard two shots from inside his room. I ran inside and saw one cop lying on the floor and Eddie was on the couch. I thought he was just unconscious.

Glenna, in her pajamas, was cuffed hand and foot, carried away like a sack of potatoes, and was later charged with contempt of court for being dressed that way. Larkin was taken away from her. (She got him back just this week, with a serious ear infection, scratches, and 101 temperature.) Eddie was buried in Nevada County.

Glenna can't begin to get her social security until her husband's death certificate is completed. For some reason, the coroner has not filled in the space after **CAUSE OF DEATH**.

## BROWN CONCERT

### On the Road Again

The following is a partial list of license plates you might keep an eye for in your travels. Try to avoid dealing with their occupants.

Be on the lookout for: YIL 656, WSL 167, OXG 207 OXF 613, MWM 169, XIV 971, VGK 156, MXB 134, WDN 096, TGK 304, XSU 317. Also: MXD 087, NAH 302 OLF 559, NQT 920, YHU 563, NJC 076, WBM 172, UXW 960, and XAD 830.

A word to the hip...

## Draws Bad Crowd

Two guys were shot and a third stabbed Wednesday in the Oakland Coliseum parking lot following a concert by James Brown.

Shot in the back was Leon Ferguson, 19, of 919 Seventh Street, Richmond, and Charles Gordon, 20, of 6190 Rose Arbor, also of Richmond. The third youth's identity was not disclosed.

A total of fifty were arrested as a result of the forty-five minute melee. Seventy-five cops were required to cool things down. The arrested were charged with loitering or refusing to disperse, but were released in the custody of their parents after being scolded.

It was reported that there was approximately \$2,000 worth of damages done inside the Coliseum during the concert.

James Brown, hassled by the whole affair, stated that he would not be into doing any more concerts in Oakland if this kind of thing was going to happen again.

## Columbia Rebs Charged Again

Two participants in the demonstrations at Columbia University, Henry Gehman, 20, and Lewis Cole, 23, finished serving their 30-day jail sentences on July 9.

Imagine their delight and surprise as they were picked up, along with half a dozen other SDS members, on their way out of the New York City Civil Jail. They were promptly booked on a new set of charges connected with disrupting a disciplinary hearing. Two of your friendly neighborhood Columbia University professors brought the new charges.



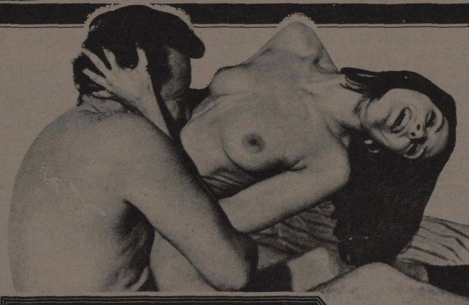
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11TH ST. AT BROADWAY - 444-2571

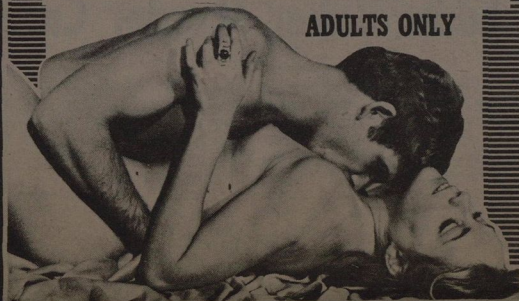
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# WALKING THE DOG

by the Mockturtle Guru

The moon, the television told me, has been stepped on. Live every step from outer space. No shit. The President was beaming, the masses were marveling, old Cronkite was steady as she goes—the world was making another "giant step"—and as the crow's nest shouted "tierra, tierra" I realized the force of gravity was leaving my ship and that I was much too high to be lost inside a tube, so I jumped on my trusty albatross and headed for the beach where I knew all my friends would soon be in reach.

I landed in Chet Helm's own garden of delights, the Family Dog on the Great Highway, and was glad to find so many fellow travellers seeking refuge from the burdens of advancing history. It was indeed a party. The surf was pounding the music was wailing and everybody was stoned.

"Just being here on the beach," explained Chet "within this environmental circumstance has done a lot of good for my head and has helped level me out a lot. It must have some element of that quality for the audience."

Chet of course, is hoping to turn the public on to the new style of environment he has created at the beach. He figures if it works for him it should should work for everyone. So far, in the six weeks it has been open it has worked, with every indication that it will continue to do so.

It's the concept of a party," Chet explained in his Moses-like manner, "which is not really a new concept. It's a very old concept. It has to do with the roots of all parties and religions and the roots of all effective gatherings of peoples and energies. The root of it is that people come to be with other people period, and come to see other people having a good time celebrating, and they come to celebrate with them.

I think that people sort of tend to assimilate their environment, at least let's say they walk into a crowd of people who are having a good time, and they have a good time normally. If they walk into a crowd of people who are angry and are throwing rocks at the cops, well, they pick up rocks and they throw it at the cops. That's not absolutely so, but by and large it is so. Recognizing that fact it requires certain reconceptualizations of where we have allowed ourselves to be, purely in a design and architectural sense and also in a format sense, not just a physical sense. Come let me show you what I mean."

We went off on a tour of the Family Dog. The two of us left the outdoor concreted garden with the lighted waterfalls and scattered groups of chatting friends, left the misty cold outside and entered into the barrage of sound and lights and swirling bodies on the inside. The band called Bicycle was churning out a pulsating driving music and the place was swimming with the hurdling bodies of dancing voyageurs. In the middle of the dance floor were several conga players drumming their rhythms to the high energy of the night, and everywhere was movement. High above reflected on the wall was a giant television screen showing the men doing their thing on the moon. No one seemed to be watching.

"The basic premise where most people go wrong," Chet went on as the television screen switched to an advertisement, "is that in this type of place they make the mistake of presuming that people come per se to see entertainment. At the point when people start coming to see entertainment, it's dead. It's show biz. That to me is the signal when the party aspect disappears.

Originally the San Francisco scene was a very general kind of happening. It was a party with many many elements that mutually entertained everyone. The record industry came in with the fifty and hundred thousand dollar advances which put an overwhelming social and economic emphasis of course on the bands per se and created a



cult of personality that extended through bands, promoters, et cetera.

I mean everyone reads their own press and falls on their face once or twice from the inflation that they get from that. I'm not saying that it's just the bands, but there has been the attempt on a lot of levels to try to follow the patterns of the bands in the instigation of a sort of cult of personality - you know, I want them to see me doing my thing instead of any longer wanting people to see your thing as a pure form of expression.

"I think that the headliner, secondliner, thirdliner format and repeat that we've been on for three years is deader than a door-nail. It does not really fairly present most of the acts. I believe that we're entering a time in which each act should be presented in and of and for itself one time only in the course of the evening as a unique and pure experience.

"I feel just from my experience in the last three years that an electronic band wants to play anywhere from an hour and fifteen minutes to an hour and a half in terms of their energies, on up to two hours. And so basically if there's an electronic act that I'm featuring here, I'd like to give the act anywhere from an hour and a half to two hours one time at a prime time in the evening, not the end. By and large most of the people have left by the end. Give that band a chance to really get their rocks off.

I would like to encourage bands to play symphonic sets. One of the things that was really marvelous and magical about the electronic music at the outset of the San Francisco scene three years ago was that people felt very free to play a twenty-five minute number, a twenty-five minute number, an hour number or never stop. It would move from movement to movement, and

become very eloquent and symphonic. It was an entire sort of voyage.

Some of that energy spilled over onto records, I think. The Who's rock opera *Tommy* and some of the things the Moody Blues did. The Grateful Dead is the only band around here that very often on a whim does an entire symphonic set, without stopping, sort of a unified thematic integrity and direction, instead of always eclecticism. Instead of trying to do everything, trying to please everybody as opposed to making a statement."

The Bicycle had finished their own portion of the evening's symphony and the conga players and hand clappers and tambourine shakers continued jamming nonstop as the crowd refused to let it die. In a minute the Sir Douglas Quintet was off and rolling at the start of their set on the second stage at the other end of the hall. Absent was the usual long and awkward pause between bands.

"I find that two stages is a vast asset in numerous respects. The first respect is just in making speedy transitions and not dropping the action, not dropping the energetic level. You can switch in theory anyway almost instantaneously with the flick of a switch from one stage to another, having another act already set up and primed.

Also, having a sufficient number of locales which people can be in which are not disconnected from the main ballrooms but in which there's a specific environmental effect like a fireplace or a puppet show or a black light, that a person can elect to participate in without necessarily participating in everything that's going on in the room but without experiencing any great sense of discontinuity between themselves and the rest of the audience.

"I think that just in terms of physical structure by and large in most presentation halls the stages are too high. They create an artificial barrier between the performer and the participants, shall we call them. Ideally the participants. This is one of the prime factors in whether or not a person in the audience will participate or not.

There was a certain fear expressed when we first went into this operation that people would climb on the stage but my experience has been that if a person is going to climb on the stage it doesn't matter how high it is. In fact, it seems to work the other way around. The higher the stage, the more desperation for contact, to touch the performers, to be in touch and consequently the greater manic throws they go through to get there. Whereas I find that people around a two foot stage - where the performers' heads are just slightly above the audience - immediately sense that these people are delicate and fragile and they don't want to crush them. There's almost automatic kind of reserve that I don't find happening with high stages.

High stages seem to imply sort of king on the mountain. It's sort of like walking into town and saying you're the heaviest gunslinger in town. Someone's bound to draw on you, or at least try to get up to your level. It's that whole sort of competitive-combative pageantry that we play out most of our lives in Western culture.

"I think that stage lighting is a very very big factor. In a lot of instances in presentation situations of all kinds, not just rock and roll, there's an artificial barrier very often created with stage lighting. Too bright a light, lights which cause performers to close their eyes and turn their bodies or contort their bodies to get out of the direct glare of it. A spotlight has the

quality of fixing attention, sort of like putting something in a book or in a newspaper or on TV. It has that kind of authority.

"The thing we want here is an intimacy. That's one of the good factors we have. This place, depending on which stage you're oriented to, seems spacious or seems intimate. If you put someone on a textural stage wherever you are in the room for some reason it seems really close up on it. I think it's because of the actual physical dimension. I think the two-dimensionality with the light show and the projection screen behind the band sort of gives an added sense of space like a mirror does in some ways. It's another world beyond.

"Very few of the lighting cats in the business really are very conscious of what the groups are doing, or where to draw attention, if at all. I find that if the light shows are too big and too encompassing that they can basically take the energies out of the audience and put it on the wall. I mean the people get the feeling that the environment can do it for them as opposed to them doing it in the environment. Light shows had reached the point of virtually mechanical wallpaper until the inception of this place five or six weeks ago. Primarily because the old format-onestate - does not allow for any kind of intervals. Intervals in light - darkness in other words - is every bit as important as is light per se. Just as silence - the intervals between the notes - is every bit as important to music."

"How have you been able to compete with the Fillmore?"

"On what economic or a charismatic scale I have not been able to compete with the Fillmore. I will say that it is difficult to find acts that are within my price range and that can draw a sufficient number of people here to pay for themselves and that are also good - three qualifications that don't always mesh. I feel that the quality of entertainment that we have presented here - if for no other reason than context of presentation - has been superlative to anything that's happened in this city in quite a number of months, including in the old Avalon.

I really don't believe that our shows have lacked for quality due to lack of funds. I know that we have opened a very wide area in terms of exposing people to a constant and we hope a high order of variety and pneumatic acts and visual spectacles. We're trying to open the doors in this context to a pneumatic kind of theater of song and dance. It's sort of the effect of allowing all of your audience to participate in a musical like *Oklahoma!*

"Some of the bands we'll be having in the future are Country Joe and the Fish, Taj Mahal, I'm sure we'll have the Bicycle back. I would like on some occasion to have the Airplane back, although it's sort of an uncomfortable circumstance just because of the physical number of people they draw, the Dead are going to play for us in the early fall. It's a Beautiful Day, A.B. Skhy, Tongue and Groove, Shades of Joy, Mother Bear, Charlie Musslewhite, New Lost City Ramblers, Pulse, Quidantos, Zoot Money, Poco and many more.

I think if he were a little more aware of himself and also more aware of his power in the media - it's unfortunate. I feel he's relatively unconscious of his power except in a very particular and self-aggrandizing fashion. Not to say that he has not in a political sense accomplished some very valuable statements for the scene. Not to delete in any part the part that he has had in building the San Francisco scene.

But I feel that he and Jan Wener of *The Rolling Stone* and publications of that order have contributed in part to the cult of personality and charisma and the emphasis on personalities as opposed to the scene because basically I don't think they ever quite understood it as a scene, very simply.



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(Photo taken Sept., 1956)

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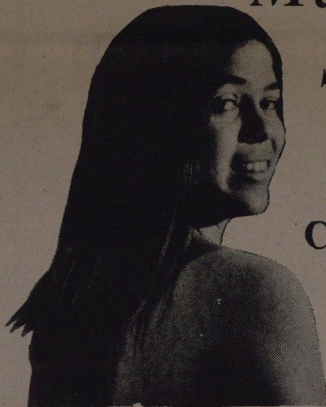
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# The Jungian Trip: The Way of Synthesis

By Diane Denman

Many have turned to Zen, yoga, and other Eastern methods of self-development. Others have re-discovered Carl Jung, the second and perhaps greatest pioneer of the psyche in the Western world.

Jung was a contemporary of Freud. He collaborated with Freud until they split up in 1910, for both personal and ideological reasons.

The Jungian theory of the psyche is opposed to the assumptions and values of Western culture, and for this reason it is extremely valuable today, as a new standpoint from which to regard human existence, its goals and meaning.

Jungian thought is valuable in another respect, in that it is one of the very few systems which attempts to bridge the gap between Eastern and Western philosophy. Jung describes in Western terms, and applies Western empirical methods, to experiences of the Self elaborated upon in Buddhist and Hindu religion. His description of the voyage to the Self accords point by point with the Eastern journey to enlightenment.

Unlike Freud, Jung incorporated the vast range of human experience, including mystical experience, into his theories. Jung's point, as an empiricist, was simply that the mystical experience, the merging of ego and Self, EXISTS as a human

experience, no matter what meaning you seek to ascribe to it; and that this experience is the only truly healing event of the psyche.

The key concept in Jungian psychology is that of the Self. The Self includes all the intriguing paradoxes of Eastern philosophy. You ARE it, and yet you must BECOME it. The self is PART, and it is also the WHOLE. The difference in Jungian terms, is in the awareness... as in Zen.

The Self is both potential and actual. Before we became conscious, as children, we simply "existed" along the smooth functioning lines of our innate psyche. With awareness, and a sense of ego, we cast out those parts of our being which the environment would not accept. The entire process of transformation consists in becoming more and more conscious of our split-off parts, until the original unity of the self is fully present in one's conscious mind, and finds full outlet in organized, prosocial expression.

This journey is an evolution of consciousness and the symbolic mind, to the point where it can recognize itself as whole. You ARE whole, but you don't KNOW it.

Further, the Self is both part and whole. One is whole; yet intimations of one's original unity may appear in symbols, a small part of oneself. This image of unity is the archetype of the Self, a deep-level image

imprinted in our nervous system. The paradox of part and whole is not really a paradox but rather stems from the theory that the self as an image stands for the nuclear model of the wholeness which already obtains.

Each person contains a nuclear model for growth; a psychological center, which maps his unique, individual expression of universal life and which appears in images as the godhead. As an archetype, the Self comes veiled in eternal, numinous images; but as an achievement, the Self is the totality of one's being, including the unique and temporal as well as eternal and universal attributes.

If the path of the yogi is to bring everything down to one point, and of the Zen student to expand out to include everything, the Jungian path is the attempt to do both simultaneously. Its enlightenment is that moment when one feels one's energy flow out to become the walls, the chairs, the people in the room; AND one is simultaneously aware of the unseen point radiating that energy within one. The two great poles of Self and World, are the energetic opposites-in-tension of the life process, contained within one harmonious whole.

The method of Jungian psychology is to recognize, understand and incorporate deep-level imagery from the unconscious into the conscious mind. One must reclaim all those experiences that one has repressed from consciousness, including experience of the archetypes.

The archetypes, according to Jung, are wired-in structures of the nervous system which give rise to symbols and metaphors OF ITSELF, producing the universal symbols recognized by all people in all times and places. The Anima is the eternal female, standing for the feminine side of oneself; the Animus, the eternal male, and the male side of oneself; the Syzygy, or mating couple, points to the union of opposites in one whole.

According to Jung, the synthesis of conscious and unconscious was in times past accomplished effortlessly through meaningful religious symbolism. In our "godless" culture, our symbols have become banal and cheap and no longer integrate us, so that the individual is in great danger of psychic fragmentation and must accomplish his own synthesis.

One technique of synthesis is dream analysis, where the symbols produced are related to the parts of oneself and to one's ongoing life. Another is "active imagination", a form of meditation where the person concentrates on deep-level images and attempts to see their relation to himself. These methods are perhaps most similar to Tibetan Buddhism, as expressed in the

Tibetan Book of the Dead, where the initiate must recognize the karmic illusions as his own mental productions, piercing through them to the Clear Light.

Unlike Eastern religious systems, there are no codified attempts at moral or physical purification. Jung stresses again and again, however, the moral purity required to come into contact with immense forces of power in the psyche. Like Buddhism and Hinduism, the system has its proscriptions as well as prescriptions.

One of the chief dangers in the journey to the Self is identification, leading to psychic inflation. Identification with one archetype, e.g. Earth Mother or Magician, tries to fit the whole, unseen Self into one image, distorting the personality.

One must never identify with one part but rather must seek awareness of the whole, and the central proscription, as with Eastern religions, is "Do not identify"...not with your social role, not with the archetypes, for you are not them.

Jung stresses that these psychic imbalances caused by overidentification with a part of oneself cause immense psychic pain. Errors along the path will be recognized by the person seeking his true nature, because they constrict the personality, leading to boredom, fear or pride.

After the errors have been recognized and corrected, one no longer identifies with only a part of the psyche but integrates all of the parts into a psychic whole. This totality of parts completely integrated is the Self.



## FLOWER LADY

By Don Kaufman

A seventy-four year old woman—Mrs. Cheryl—has converted an ugly, barren lot on the corner of Telegraph and Russell into a bed of flowers, and has warmed the hearts of hundreds of passers-by in the process.

"Last winter I threw a handful of nasturtium seeds into the lot, and this spring, my goodness! Now there is every shade of chrysanthemum you could imagine," she smiles, looking out her bay window at her fifty-by-one-hundred yard flower garden.

The land, owned by Values, Inc., was a notorious eyesore until Cheryl went to work. She planted dahlias, sunflowers, iris, lobelias, cacti, succulants, chrysanthemums, scabiosas, and anything else people would bring to help make her garden grow.

As Steve Lawton, the manager of Values, Inc., puts it: "People appreciate looking at it more than rubble. There have been lots of compliments."

"Everybody who passes stops and always has something kind to say," Cheryl notes. "Such lovely people."

One of these lovely people entered the garden while we watched from the window. The middle aged woman was inspecting some newly planted violet chrysan-

themums. She looked toward the window and waved, nodding her approval at the growth and beauty of the flower.

From the window, Cheryl directed my attention to a bird bath consisting of a garbage can lid atop an old iron pipe.

"I just threw that together from what we had around. And see the bird feeder over there?"

She then pointed to a pile of driftwood.

"Some lovely man stopped one morning while I was planting and told me that he had some driftwood home that would look very nice in the garden. He came back with it a few hours later."

She told of another man, well-dressed, who stopped his car a few weeks ago and gave her a few packets of seeds. And a woman walked by one morning and dropped off some corn seed.

This is the way it has been going all spring and summer. People come, see, and contribute to the beauty initiated by this one little woman, industrious and happy.

"I go out early in the morning—around 7—it's such a beautiful time of day. The first thing I do is give the plants a shower bath. I do this instead of using insecticides, and this washes off the insects from the previous night. It seems to work well," she notes.

Cheryl has spent the bulk of her life—forty years—teaching kindergarten.

"When I got finished teaching, my entire vocabulary consisted of Mother Goose. Now I'm trying to increase my vocabulary by learning the names of flowers."

After she admitted her age—"74, isn't that awful?"—the fact that her life has spanned the entire era of flight was discussed.

"I can remember when we thought we'd never fly unless we were angels."

I vaguely recall hearing about the Wright brothers when I was young. Our transportation was a little bit different.

When I was living in Alabama, I can remember riding on a wagon pulled by oxen. There were no reins, so the driver would yell 'Gee' for a right turn and 'Haw' for a left. This goes back quite a few years," she laughs.

But today, her time is spent reading and gardening almost exclusively, and when she goes anywhere, she travels by bus. Time has changed, but flowers are perennial.

Summing up her garden, she says that "It really isn't anything—just happenstance."

Summing up the appreciation for her efforts was a note tacked on the fence around it. The note read: "Thank you for making such an ugly place such a beautiful place."

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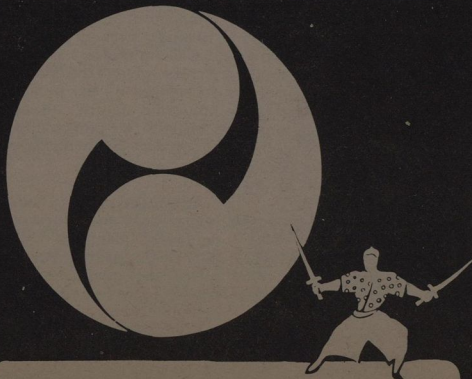
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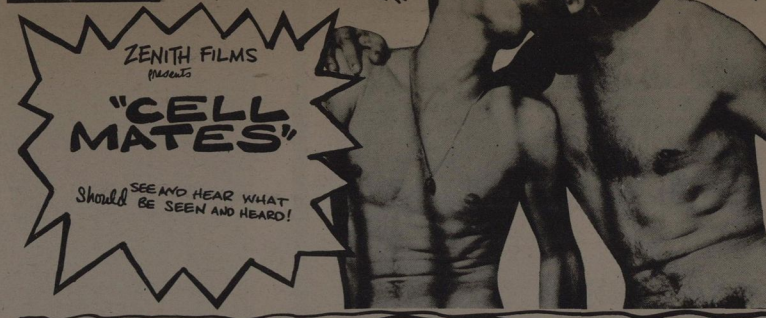


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# SOUND ON FILM



# Panther Power to the Vanguard

By John Suiter

There was much talk this past weekend in the Oakland Auditorium and Bobby Hutton Park about power coming from the barrel of a gun. Most of the talk came from student revolutionists who are untried in this particular area.

Those who know guns, who know what a gun is from years of firing them, and even more years of being shot at — the Black Panthers — talked about circulating petitions, putting propositions on ballots, and amending city charters to bring about decentralized police forces across the land.

The Panthers have a rule that they follow: don't go for more than the people can handle. Don't run when your people are only walking. Stay with the people's simplest, most basic desires. If the children are hungry, then feed the children. If the people need education, then build a Liberation School. If the people are being brutalized and constantly harassed by cops who come from the outside to do their terror, then go about decentralizing the police and bring them under the control of the people.

Decentralization of the police means a lot of hard, boring work. It leaves the street revolutionist high and dry for a time. The big question, of course, is whether the work will be worth it.

## REVOLUTIONARY REFORM

The National Committees for a United Front Against Fascism, under the lead of the Panther Party, will be organizing and educating masses of workers around this issue of decentralization. In many areas, it will include the job of voter registration. In the next few months, then, the United Front and the Panthers will be coming head on into a death struggle with the police power of this country.

Keep it in mind that if the police departments are decentralized and brought under community control in the manner the Panthers have promised, it will mean a change in the system so basic that it would amount to a revolution.

Since the Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1968 and the campaign of George Wallace, the cops have become a power unto themselves. What many people are wondering—and it is a legitimate question—is this: why should we spend so much time and energy on this program when we know from experience that no Fascist group has ever stepped down from the stage of power, no matter how many petitions or ballots they were confronted with?

The Panthers were working this past weekend with 4000 people in over 300 organizations from across the country. Many of these people are not radicals, and from the beginning there was a good chance that everything would be lost in a cloud of ideological bickering. But the people who ran the Conference, especially Panther Bobby Seale, were able to keep everyone thinking together.

The disappointing thing about the Conference is that, in the process of maintaining solidarity, important groups and questions were swept aside.

## ARMY WITHIN AN ARMY

Friday night, in the corridor at the rear of the Auditorium, I talked with GI Andrew Pulley of the Fort Jackson Eight. He was given an undesirable discharge from the army on May 22 because he was too hot for them to handle.

The interesting thing about Pulley is that he is an extreme example of what is happening to GI's throughout the services. They took Andrew off the streets of Cleveland, where, like Malcolm, he was into just about every hustle known to man. After six months in the army, he has been radicalized to the point where he can rap Marx, Lenin, Trotsky and the rest with complete lucidity. It's not all talk, either. His work at Jackson speaks for itself.

He told me the same thing that every GI has been telling me lately. That the army, the most powerful and most oppressive tentacle of the octopus, is breeding a hard-core of revolutionists. The lifer-officer class, which

makes up only one-sixth of the army, is on the run everywhere. Between GI's smoking weed and GI's organizing against them, the officers don't know what to do.

But the GI's were glossed over at the Conference. Sunday afternoon at Bobby Hutton Park, it was their bad luck to be scheduled behind the ministers, priests, and rabbis against Fascism. The preachers, in a Sunday kind of mood, seemed to rap forever, and in the end, they took all the time on the program. Too bad, because with the exception of Jesse Jackson and two or three others, nothing much of interest was put down.

They squeezed Andy Stapp, Chairman of the American Serviceman's Union, onto the Sunday night bill at the Auditorium, and Pulley didn't speak at all. Stapp talked for a short time

Stapp told about the American Serviceman's Union—how it has chapters on sixty bases in the States and forty bases overseas; how it is building an army within an army, organizing against the officers the same way that the Bolsheviks did in 1917; how already the stockades are packed full of brothers and the movement is growing every day that the wardragson.

"When the GI's turn their guns around, and the time isn't far off, the pigs will be burning their uniforms," Stapp said.

## RIFLE RHETORIC

The other group that must be wondering where it will stand with the United Front is the student radical Left. For a long time now, students have rejected the political action of the type the United Front is proposing.

The students had their say on Saturday afternoon. Spokesmen from SDS, Youth Against War and Fascism, the Third World Liberation Movement, and the Brown Berets from the San Mateo student strike talked from a flat-truck in Bobby Hutton Park. Over and over, they denounced political action, and the call to arms rang from the loudspeakers.

"Our problem," shouted Ken Martin of YAWF, "isn't that we have no politics behind our guns, our problem is that we haven't got any guns behind our politics!"

Most of it was only rhetoric, yet the very fact that the students felt the need to indulge in the gun-talk is of great interest. It's more than ego-tripping. To take up the gun now almost seems a logical step after the campus spring of 1969.

Already this year at Cornell black students brought rifles with them when they took over Straight Hall. And at Greensboro, North Carolina, there was a three-day shoot-out between students and National Guardsmen that left wounded on both sides and one student killed.

## HEAVY THINKING

The question of guns is one that has to be answered with clear, heavy thinking. Ideology won't make it this time. It is true that no revolution so far has been carried out without guns, but this country is at least a few years away from a revolution, and in this matter timing is everything.

And it is true that power comes from the barrel of a gun, but that is only a slogan, and many other things come from the barrels of guns. A gun is the difference between a person walking down the Avenue and a dead body lying on the sidewalk. It decides if you will kill or if you will let live.

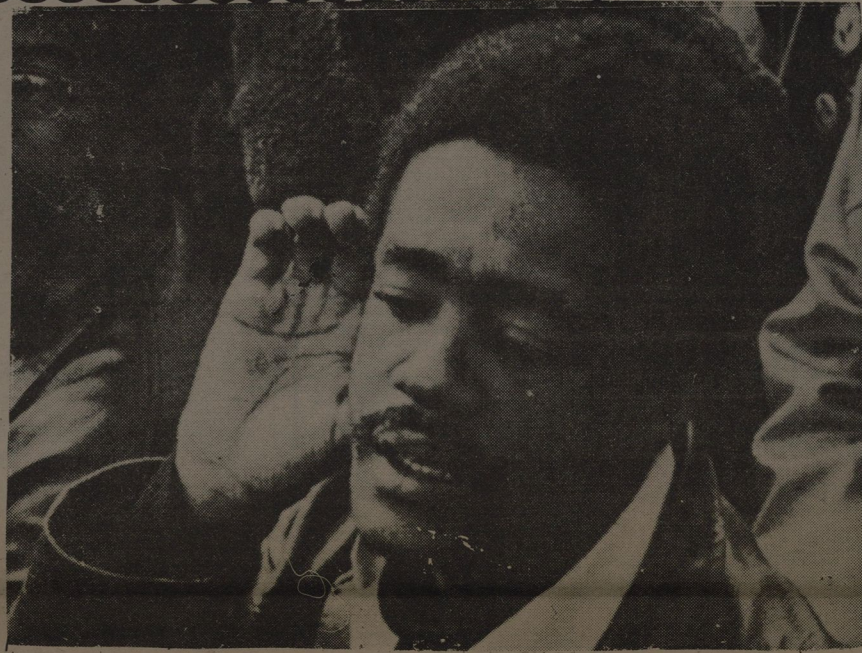
Students on the whole are not ready to die for the movement in this country. Some are, but the leaders are making a big mistake if they judge the temper of the people by their own standards. The leaders have to understand that they have been up front for a longer time than the average student radical today, and no matter how they themselves feel about what should be done, if they go beyond what the people can handle, they will fail. If they take up the gun now, without the support of great masses of workers and without even the masses of students, they will be killed for nothing.

## CIRCULATE!

It might even be a time for circulating petitions. Despite the condescending attitude of Bobby Seale toward some of the students, and the charge of "jive anarchism," remember that the Panthers have the experience. They are the vanguard if you believe in vanguards at all.

It is likely that students and people from the street will work with the Front on the decentralization program simply because it has the stamp of the Panthers on it. It will mean a lot of hard work and in the end it is improbable that the police will allow themselves to be decentralized without a brutal fight outside the law.

At the Sunday workshop, a girl from New York asked Bobby Seale what would happen if the decentralization was carried through every legal step to a victory and the police still refused to disband. His answer was simple: "Then there will be a revolution in this country."



## Panthers to Decentralize Police

The First National Conference to form a United Front Against Fascism opened Friday night at the Oakland Auditorium with raised fists and shouts of "Power to the People!" An impressive crowd of 4000 delegates from 300 radical and progressive groups from across the country gathered here in Oakland, in answer to the Panthers' plea to get together and stop the forces of the avaricious businessmen, the demagogic politicians and repressive police departments.

The three-day conference was a success in many ways. Sunday night, Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Panthers, announced plans to establish an American Liberation Front in the near future—a front that would parallel liberation movements in Asia and Latin America.

"We will not fight fire with fire," said Seale. "We are not rascists. We will fight fire with water. We will fight Capitalism with some basic Socialist programs and we will fight Imperialism with proletarian nationalism."

## BREAKING UP THE POLICE

Chief among the programs offered by Seale is the decentralization and community control of police departments. According to this plan, present police departments would be broken up into neighborhood divisions with 15-man Police Council Precincts. The office of Police Chief would be abolished in favor of a Police Commissioner, who would be elected in each precinct. If at any time the Commissioner was not doing his job to the satisfaction of the people he could be removed by vote of the 15-man commission or by a 20%

vote of the people in the area. All hiring of cops would be done on a local basis and every cop would have to live in the area he patrolled.

"This is a very important point," said Seale. "The way it works now, you have 1700 cops in the city of Oakland, 90% of which are patrolling black and Mexican neighborhoods. If a pig beats a man on the street, clubs him, brutalizes him, shoots him, well, that pig goes back to some other part of town and goes to sleep and that's it. We can't have that. We have to understand that every cop must sleep and live in the area he patrols. That way, if he clubs a man, brutalizes, whatever, then when he goes home to sleep, WE CAN DEAL WITH HIM."

Under the proposed plan, each neighborhood would control its own police department. No department would have any jurisdiction outside its particular area.

This is a concrete program. It should be supported in every area. It will be implemented through the National Committees Against Fascism that already exist in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco.

Seale and lawyer Peter Frank explained that the program would be carried out by amending the City Charters in each city, and a massive petition drive will be conducted in major cities across the country in the next few months by the Front Against Fascism.

Although it is being carried out by traditional political means, this is revolutionary because once it is achieved, it will set into motion a series of irreversible changes in the

present system of organized police oppression and brutality. The privilege of selective enforcement, which is already the rule in middle and upper-class white areas, will be extended to ghetto and working class neighborhoods.

Also to come out of this National Conference was a Temporary Legal Defense Committee to defend people working with the United Front in the rough months of work that lie ahead. The Defense Committee will also work for the immediate release of the 108 actual political prisoners in the country at this time. All proceeds from the Conference go to this legal work.

What the Front Against Fascism is doing here, under the lead of the Black Panther Party, is setting down to some long hard work. There will be a National Conference every four months, where the groups can get their heads together to see what has been accomplished across the country and still needs to be done. People are exhausting every creative right that is still left in this system in standing up to the growing Fascism in America.

During the mass workshop Sunday night at the Auditorium, Seale was asked what would happen if all this work was done successfully within the system and the present Police still refused to decentralize.

"Then we will have a revolution in this country," Seale said.

## EDUCATION AND SOLIDARITY

Outside of the issues of Police decentralization and legal defense, the keynotes of the Conference were Education and Unity. These were two very real problems because of the make-up of the dele-

gations, which ranged from the Panthers, SDS, and CP to quiet, progressive Catholic nuns.

Many of the liberal groups were not as aware of the dangers of Fascism as were the Panthers or the Third World Liberation Movement from SF State. The education was accomplished through a series of workshops, lectures and films which explained how everyone — women, workers, students, soldiers, churches — could join the fight. By Sunday afternoon in Bobby Hutton Park, even the little old ladies said the staid men in suits and ties were giving the Panther salute and shouting "Power to the People" and "Right On!" So the education, at least for the time, was pretty thorough.

The other problem was one of unity within the Front. Constantly, Seale emphasized the point: "In the face of the reality of Fascism we do not have time for the luxury of ideological debate. We have to understand that we must go forth with hard work and we have to get together and hit the common enemy."

Still, there was constant sniping at the Conference from dissident elements. Mark Rudd, SDS organizer of the Columbia take-over in 1968, was jumped and beat up by PL, the recently purged factions of SDS. But on the whole, solidarity ran high at the Conference, with telegrams coming in all the time from the Mexican Student Movement, the People of Korea, and the Left Wing Socialist Party of Denmark.

Eldridge Cleaver, writing from exile, sent his message to the Conference: "Right ON!" And when Eldridge says it, he means it.







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21 HANDSOME Bi-male model. 6 ft. of sensual innocent masc. excitement. No out calls. When in Berkeley call 841-8664 or 843-6765. \$20.00 hr. \$50 nite.

YNG. MALE MODEL Groovy Jon, 5'11", 145, interesting lbs. Tune-in Versatility. 362-5055.

FEMALE NUDE MODELING at my home, skilled and very versatile. Call Ann. 981-8313.

WELCOME TO SAN FRANCISCO LOOKING FOR A MALE MODEL THERES REALLY ONLY ONE NUMBER TO CALL FOR VERSATILITY-YOUTH-ENDOWMENT TRY US FIRST 282-9042 12NOON to 2:30 AM DISCREET-FRIENDLY-HONEST

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STAN 21 - Ex Army a country boy at heart 6'1" 160 lbs. Brown hair, blue green eyes - hung hung-hung-hung 986-0156

RICH 22 - blond hair-blue eyes 6' charmer-personality plus versatile-hung. 986-0156

RANDY 21 - 5'9" 135 lbs. You'll like this one a groovy well defined body-ver-endowed 986-0156

PAT - 22 - 5'7" 130 lbs. brown eyes-reddish bond hair 28 w - smooth upper body. Vers. & endowed 986-0156

DAVID - 23 - 5'11" 140 lbs It. Brown hair-green eyes. Surfer type body 986-0156

BEN-Black is beautiful - 23-5'11" 155 lbs. 30 W 40 C versatile-endowed 986-0156

LANCE 22 - French 5'10" personality-and a real charmer. Brn hair hazel eyes. Anytime and any place. Ver-w-endowed. 986-0156

STEPHEN-21- ex - navy 6'2" - 160 lbs br hair & eyes groovy-turned on 986-0156

MARK - 21 - 6' blond hair & blue eyes great body and personality anytime-any place 986-0156

BRUCE - 21 - 6'1" - 155 lbs. blond hair-blue eyes versatile -w endowed, 986-0156 available eyes only East Bay

TROY - ex-navy 5'9" 145 lbs 30 W 27 C brown hair-grey eyes-ver-endowed small & mighty 986-0156

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ROB - 22 5'10" 140 lbs. dark hair & deep tan versatile & hung evenings-weekends 986-0156

MODEL, Male, 25, 6'2", 180 843-6126

SAN FRANCISCO's most wanted male models are always available at 282-9042. Here are just a few of the many available at 282-9042 - Call early.

WADE - 21 - Handsome clean cut 6'1" versatile and hung-hung-hung 282-9042. Very popular.

STEPHEN - 22 - a real stud, versatile and groovy - hung - 282-9042. Call today.

SKIP - 22 - 6' blond hair blue eyes - ave chest hair - versatile - endowed, 282-9042

ALLEN - 23 - 5'11" 165 lbs 30 w, brown hair-brown eyes, yng versatile - endowed 282-9042 Verwell hung

RANDY - 21 - 5'9" - 135 lbs, brn hair - brn eyes - 29 waist, yng endowed - versatile. 282-9042

JEFF - 22 - 5'10" brown hair, deep blue eyes - hairy chested versatile - endowed 282-9042

DAVID - 23 - 5'11" 140 lbs. Top male model daytime only Surfer type - versatile 282-9042

ART - 23 - 5'10" brown hair brown eyes - versatile and well endowed-thick 282-9042

BRUCE - 21 - 6'1" 155 lbs. 30 w - 38 c blond hair - blue eyes versatile - endowed. 282-9042

DREW - 23 - 6'1" 155 lbs. ave. body hair - versatile - endowed - Marin. 282-9042

LARRY-21 - 5'7" - 28 waist, a 140 lb bundle of dynamic - great body - endowed - versatile - Call early. 282-9042. Anytime.

JIM - Black is beautiful. A groovy model for any need. Call 282-9042 for more information

MIKE - Oriental. A small model, but action galore. Call 282-9042 for more information.

DON - 24 - 5'11" Blond hair, blue eyes. A beautiful butch model, for your need. Call 282-9042 for more information

BILL 21 - 5'10" 30 waist light brown hair - blue eyes - versatile - endowed. 282-9042 all male.

JOHNNY - 22 - 5'10", 152 lbs, 29 w, br hair, br eyes, smooth body, anytime, any place, hung very well, versatile 282-9042. Groovy.

DUSTY - That cool drink of water from Texas - Tall turned on - Groovy - Call Today - Hung - Versatile. 282-9042

MALE Models wanted. Straight or gay. Harding Theatre. 616 Divisadero SF. 563-7536.

S.F.'s TOP MALE MODELS ARE: DON ROSS 647-6294 DIAL-A-MODEL 863-3331 MAC 431-0791 ART 621-8428 "HONESTY PAYS" MALE MODEL AVAILABLE Reliable-Trustworthy-Masc-Call Anytime Anyplace DON 647-6294 ART-Young & Masc Handsome & Versatile 621-8428 GOODLOOKING BLOND GUY FOR MODELING 981-1794 HANDSOME MALE MODEL INTELLIGENT EXPERIENCED MAC 431-0791

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JIM-Short-Italian-Developed Tan-Vers-Masc-Personality Plus

DON-CHAMP Cover Boy-BLOND Young-Built-Hung-Masc-Vers-Tan

TOM-Goodlooking young guy Built-Tanned-Vers-Masc-Hairy

JESS-Handsome young boy-Hng Masculine-Versite-Smooth bid

DAVID-Tall blue eyed BLOND SURFER-smooth-Built-Tan-D-Hung

FRANK-Short-young-Easterner Masculine-Versatile-Smooth-Tan

JAY-Tall Blue eyed BLOND Versatile-Masculine-Hng-Smooth

CLIFF-Tall-Slender Built Tan-Masculine-Aggressive-Hung

BOB-That Rugged Look-Hung Tall & Masculine-Versatile-Bit

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FILMS, ADULT - 776 - 4740 Serendipity...

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SENSUAL Women why not enjoy the erotic delights in a secret meeting with SUPERMAN?! Call 525-1544!

STRAIGHT Young old 45 needs companionship etc of swinging chicks under 35. Has bread, will share-share Van. 934-3406

SECRET Address - nobody knows! Your mail-out address. Forwarded to you unopened in a plain envelope. Customers from Korea to N.Y. Why not use the best? \$3/month- Free details! M.F.S., 3605 2nd St. San Jose Ca. 95113

YOUNG hip couple-attractive - seek same for unlimited pleasure- Send letter & photo to: C.J. Lacey, Gen. Delivery, Berkeley

AQUARIAN Male, Cal. Straight seeks 22 yr. old blond chick for space odyssey. Box 2372 Arpt. Sta., Oakland 94614

PSYCHOLOGY graduate wishes woman for warm, continuing relationship. Mature, and experienced. Write P.O. Box 802 Berkeley. Willansver.

LESBIAN 44 blonde 5'5", attractive, 125lb. Want to meet clean gay fem. Please enclose recent photo. No barflies, men or hippies. Write Eleanor Babs General Delivery, Oakland 94617

SUGAR DADDY or AUNTIE WANTED! 22-5'8"-140 - Bi-sexual Italian-college student having financial difficulty. Call Jim 673-6416.

COUNT Eric Von Stolzman is a PHONY untrustworthy cheat Never pays female models.

MY pad has unused bed I will share my Apt. with other man to 24 with possibility of low rent for care of Apt. Calls at any hour acceptable (no sex calls) PRI-0435.

GAY Guy 25 just moved to Oakland Would like to meet guys 21-30 for fun and games - POB 5428, San Francisco, Cal. First name and phone.

SAN FRANCISCO AREA! Negro bachelor wishes to swing with groovy chicks who want to do their thing. Any race. Phone after 6 p.m. 681-3816. Ask for Willie

MALE GRAD student 26 - new to Berkeley wants to find attract. girl or woman to introduce him to Californian way of living. Please call 841-3056 evenings.

Considerate, educated, man in early forties wants more from life. Desires discreet relationship with girl who wants same. Sincere replies only please. P.O. Box 125, Oakland.

GUY Interested in meeting straight & bi-guys who are horny, slender & wear Levis. Will treat it right. 775-2197.

STUD 30 seeks same. Hawaii this summer. Bx. 4222, San Jose

ARE YOU Feminine female feeling perceptive, receptive, refined, like discussions, the arts, etc. Call Ed - 885-0983 or write 858 Lombard St., S.F.

INCREDIBLY Straight male 44, athletic, clean, wants to meet lascivious, beautiful chick for sneaky-poo games. I look like something between Marlon Brando and Mickey Mouse with Montgomery Clift and Peter Lorre for cousins. Please lovely, lewd, lustful damsels show me where your head is. Call 536-7480. Ask for "Uptun"

GOOD-LOOKING male 27, seeks girl for making love. Call early or late, preferably. Bob-474-0811.

ATT Coperni Clip F23 Beauty M30 nice looks well built, wish to meet generous old or woman willing to help. P026124 SF 94126 Send ideas - lets discuss - discreet.

SAN FRANCISCO ADDRESS FOR YOUR PRIVATE MAIL \$3.50 per mo. Call 863-1448 Mon. thru Fri. 1-5:30 & 7-10 pm

NICE OLD GUY WILL TRY TO PLEASE. 893-5927

\*\*WOMEN\*\* INFINITE SENSUAL Experience awaits you, become my partner for a duet and for couples parties. Drop a line to Rob at 322-A Guerrero St., San Francisco, 94013.

HIP, neat, serious gay male share 3 bedroom flat. SF. 626-8436

SWINGING couple in group - marriage community seeks additional warm intelligent lasting friendships with other couples and singles. Wayne & Ruth Pox Box 1264 Berkeley Ca. 94705

MALE and female models desired for sensitive erotic films. Drop by the O'Farrell Theatre or phone 776-6886. 895 O'Farrell at Polk.

9-Yr. widower, middle aged, intelligent, sincere, and considerate. Needs a reasonable-looking Japanese. Korean or Arabing girl for marriage. 23 to 28 yrs of age. Genuine happiness is important to me - write Abdullah Ahmad Bey - 166 W Thompson St., Phila. Pa. 19122 Call 1-215-634-7945 or call Saxydia 626-6168 San Francisco

GAY Encounter. Mon & Thurs Intcls. Tues-\$2/don. 848-5220

East Coast bachelor, 45, desires male under 24 for serious lasting relationship. Security in exchange for affection. No drug addicts. Send name and phone no. to Bill, PO 291 2, San Francisco, Calif 94126

PART-TIME office work for female. Age to 30-swinger preferred. Downtown S.F. Ph. 982-8664. M.W.F. 1-5 P.M.

YOUNG MALE MASTER SEEKS TOTALLY SUBMISSIVE. WEALTHY SLAVE TO CATER TO MY EVERY WISH & COMMAND FINANCIAL BONDAGE & TOTAL HUMILIATION HIGHLY FAVORED CALL 843-6765. ASK FOR THOR.

ATTRACTIVE, Discreet male in early 30's, desires couple for French culture. Experienced in French culture. Any position, length of time or method desired. Reciprocation on your part not required. Ideal for the curious wife wanting to watch her husband or for the husband who either doesn't dig the act, or who could use assistance satisfying his wife. Added fun for the couple. Single women or swinging couples, two or more, also invited to respond. Absolutely no men without femlae companion. Write Jim Davis, 322A Guerrero St. S.F.

ONCE his hand gets far enough up your skirt, you give up, right, girls? Okay then, you all might as well give up and read Horseshit's grabby display ad.

TEACHER old and bitchy here for summer would like to meet mature man of like disposition 664-3156

Attractive, discreet male in early 30's desires couple for French Culture. Experienced in French culture. Any position, length of time or method desired. Reciprocation on your part not required. Ideal for the curious wife wanting to watch her husband or for the husband who either doesn't dig the act, or who could use assistance satisfying his wife. Added fun for the couple. Single women or swinging couples, two or more, also invited to respond. Absolutely no men without female companion. Write Jim Davis, 322 A Guerrero St, SF.

**WHEELS**  
MGB 66 \$1785 or best offer contact Patrick Bernin. 2511 Channing Way Berkeley

65 MG Model Mtr., brakes regult. 995. 527-2911.

'61 EASTERN Volkswagon \$300 or best offer, or trade. After 6:00 - 654-3433

FORD-VAN Rebuilt as camper. Sleeps 2+ child (dog?). Good running condition. Clean and roomy. \$600 cash. 397-5057 days

MOTORCYCLE 2000 mi. 175cc. BSA Super Bantam. \$300. 826-7314

Silver 544. 1960. Good Mech. Dependable. \$350. Call 848-6493.

HONDA 67. 305 Scbr. \$450. Call Ed. 387-1857 anytime. anytime

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Music...  
Guitar lessons from Loading Zone ex-lead. Peter. 531-3123

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# COMPLETE BOOK OF ZEN

By Allen Coult

Greetings to you, O Noble One! You are about to be Enlightened by Courtesy of yourself. How clever it was of you to prepare these words so that you might read them when you wanted to remember. O Noble One, you are the Atma, the Divine Soul.

There is no difference between you and these words. How could the words be one thing and yourself another? Look into the mirror of yourself which is yourself. How beautifully you communicate with yourself! How beautifully you understand yourself!

Sometimes you think that you would be Enlightened if you could transcend the dualities of the world, if you could synthesize the opposites. Remember now, O Noble One, that there is no dualism. There are nooppositions.

Then what is dualism?

It is a sentence in which the conjunction "and" is placed between two words said to be opposed to one another.

Then is there dualism?

No, there is no dualism.

Can one think dualistically?

No, one cannot think dualistically.

Is there then no past, present, and future?

No, past is a word, present is a word, future is a word.

Is there any more to be said in order to understand the past, the present, and the future?

No, you have already transcended the past, the present, and the future. Even as you read this you have already gone beyond them.

For are you not now at this point rather than at the point which you just left, which in itself could in no way exist? And how could there be any point except this point?

Where are you now, O Noble One? You are in the after-death plane, called the Bardo. Remember when you saw the clear light and fled from it? Now you are in the Bardo. You are already dead. So then how could you die?

How long will you wander in the Bardo? You led the clear light and took the hallucinations for reality.

Now in the Bardo you believe that you are waiting to die. You have seen the clear light. Now you are running from it.

When you talk of the clear light you are in the Bardo. You will wander in the Bardo as long as your karma dictates. There is nothing to be done about it. It matters not what you read, what you write, what religion you practice. You cannot put an end to it. And when the end comes will it be because you sought the path? No, it will be because it comes.

Fully Enlightened you wander in the Bardo. No further Enlightenment will come. Nothing will avail you. Millions of Buddhas have wandered in the Bardo. Should you be different from them?

Even Maya, even language, transcends duality. For there is no duality. No duality in language, no duality in Maya. There is not a single dual thing. This word you read is now the word you have read, which is the word you are reading, which is the word you are, which is just THIS. Right here and now and nowhere. And this is ANOTHER, and ANOTHER, and ANOTHER. And what comes next is THIS. Just this very THIS and no other, which is also this very THIS. Right Here and Now. Look, O Noble One, there is no more to be seen. Will you then see no more?

This you have written to yourself. How can the One Mind find anything outside itself? Here, you are talking to yourself. Look and see your mind. The One Mind. It is the sound of one hand clapping. How can there be any dualism? As you read these words you create them. A message from you to you. From the One to the One. As you see so you create. No time elapses between the conception and the creation. You are always in time with yourself. Should you first think and then conceive or do you conceive when you conceive?

Not a hair's breadth intervenes between yourself and your creations. How then can you seek yourself, for you must always be yourself. You are on the path because you are on the path. Run faster or

slower, it is all the same. It is always you. It is all ways you. This is just you. Had you thought it could be otherwise? And how could you think that?

Run this way, run that way. There is no escape. For what could you escape from and to what could you escape? Every moment is the moment of escape. Every moment is the moment of capture.

Meditate on this word

Escape

Meditate on this word

Capture

What now is the difference between Escape & Capture?

Can you capture the essence of "Escape"? Can you escape from the essence of "Capture"? And what is the essence of anything? Could it be essential to know this? Do you know what it is to be essential? Meditate on this word

Essential

If you are not now Enlightened you are stupid. There is no cure for stupidity. There is also no cure for stupidity. There is also "a green valley in which you may wander" if you give up your stupidity.

You have been taught that A is not not A, or that A is A. How is this A this A? Can you not see that this A cannot be this A? It must follow then that if A is A then A is not A. Your logic is useless, your mind is useless. Throw them out this instant!

If you wish to be Enlightened then explain the process of creation without creating an explanation, and if you create an explanation then explain how you created the explanation without creating an explanation.

Not until the moment that you cease to seek for Enlightenment will you be Enlightened. Yet even as you seek Enlightenment you are Enlightened.

Seeking or not seeking, it is all the same. Trying or not trying, it is all the same. If it is all the same, then there is no difference. And if there is no difference how could there be same-ness? Is there any difference between same and different or are

same and different the same? If you answer that they are the same then you are wrong. If you answer that they are different then you are wrong. And if you do not answer then you are wrong.

Now, is there any difference between right and wrong? Or are they the same? If you say they are the same then you are wrong and if you say that they are different then you are wrong. And if you do not answer then you are wrong. Now is there any difference between right and wrong?

If you think that the answer lies in not talking then you are wrong. If you think that the answer lies in not thinking then you are wrong. Talking, and not talking, thinking and not thinking, they are the same.

You will be Enlightened when you can write one word that explains all of this, or when you can not write one word that explains all of this.

You will be enlightened when you know that there is only one word and that the one word cannot be said, although you never cease to speak it. Look and you will not find it. Don't look and you will not find it, too.

O Noble One, you seek Enlightenment. What is this Enlightenment that you seek? If you are not Enlightened then how can you become Enlightened? Not knowing what you seek, how could you find it? How could you even know of its existence?

To find it you must recognize it. Yet if you recognize it you must have already had it. "Well," you say, "if I find it then I can go to a Master and ask if what I have found is really it." Yet how can you find that Master? And if you do find him then how will you know that he knows? But then to know that he knows you must know what he knows. So what is the use of seeking him? And who could he be besides yourself?

You will be Enlightened when you desire nothing except what you have. When you desire nothing, that is the end of seeking. Give up your desire for Enlightenment

and you will be Enlightened.

The path to Enlightenment begins when you seek Enlightenment, it ends when you no longer seek Enlightenment. Where does the path begin, where does the path end? What is not the path, what is the path? When you are on it, you are not on it, and when you are not on it, you are on it.

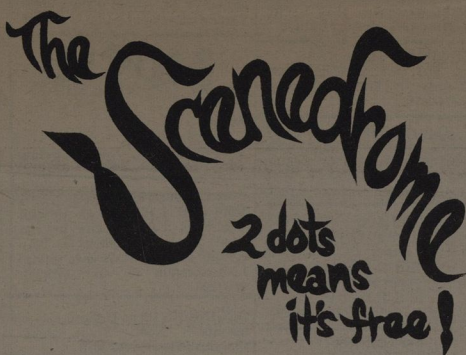
Here are the final instructions. This is the Master Koan. No greater Koan has been written since the beginning of time:

You are reading this first sentence. Now read the first sentence again. (Go back and read it, and after reading it read the following sentence.) You now realize that you could not reread the first sentence, for having once been read, it could never again be the first sentence. There is no going back.

Now go forward to the sentence at the end of this column Do you know that there is no going forward? For going forward to the sentence at the end of the column is no more going forward than going back to the first sentence is going backward. There is no going forward, there is no going back, there is no going back to where you left off. There is just going. Wherever you go, past or future, you are just goingness.

Now try to remember what you have just read. Realize that your remembering is not a going backward. Realize that you cannot remember but that what you call remembering is just goingness. Now reread the last sentence, and then the next sentence. Again there is no rereading, no going back, no going forward. There is just goingness. Remember that when one remembers one creates the memories, which being created then never existed previously, and will never exist again. And how could you remember this? Once and for all throw away your mind. It is stupid and unnecessary. Now just be. You are beingness. Just being. Just be.

Now go back to where you left off.



Fri. JULY 25

- CONCERT: Flamenco Guitar Concert, Pet's Coffee House, 579 Columbus Ave., North Beach, SF info 982-4999, free.
- EVENT: Faust, a mass for actor & audience, Free Church.
- DRAMA FESTIVAL: "An Evening of Improvisations, The International House, 2299 Piedmont Ave. gen. \$2.00, stud. \$1.00, 8:30 pm
- EVENT: Beer, wine, cider, soft drinks - The Purple Earthquake, Babyton - 2504 San Pablo.
- FILM: Jazz & the Blues, swing & the Pops in the flicks - a history of popular music in movies, Pauley Ballroom, gen. \$1.50, stud. \$1.25, 8 pm.
- DRAMA: Play reading, "The Reincarnation of Osawatomi Brown, info 661-4236, 8 pm.
- EVENT: Survey on the Mythology of Evil & the doctrine of the Fall in the East & West commentary, First Unitarian Church, gen. \$3.00, stud. \$2.00, 8 pm, info 431-8771.
- WESTERN DANCE/CONCERT George Log Cabin, info 334-8660.
- DRAMA: Play Camino Real, The theatre, 2980 College Ave. Berk fri & sun 8 pm & sat 7 pm & 10 pm gen. \$3.00, stud. \$2.00, info 841-6108.
- CONCERT/DANCE: Dan Hicks & his Hot Licks, Poppycock 135 University, Palo Alto, week-ends \$2.00, 9 pm.
- FILMS: Films of Scott Bartlett Metanomen, Off-on, A trip to the Moon, Le Conte School Aud., Russell & Ellsworth, gen. \$1.00, stud. \$.75, 8 pm.
- CONCERT: The Doors, Lonnie Mack, Elvin Bishop, Cow Palace 8 pm.

Sat. JULY 26

- DANCE/CONCERT: Ike & Tina Turner Revue & the Flock, Fillmore-West 1545 Market SF Th & Sun. \$3.00, Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat \$3.50, 8:30 pm & 2 am. info 621-0487.
- PLAYS: "Geese" 2 homosexual plays, Encore Theater, 422 Mason St., SF, Thru August 3.
- GROUP: Welfare Rights in Haight-Ashbury, 8 pm Wednesdays, Four-O-Nine House, 409 Clayton, SF.
- OPEN HOUSE: Monday-Saturday, 3-10:30 pm, Four-O-Nine House, 409 Clayton, SF.

Sun. JULY 27

- WESTERN DANCE/CONCERT see July 25.
- EVENT: Nocturnal Dream Shows, "Life of Juanita Castro," "Fireworks," "Fragments of Seeking," "Automatic Stick Shift", Palace Theatre, Columbus & Powell SF info 863-8036, midnite.
- EVENT: Cleanliness & Godliness Skiffle Band, Freight & Salvage Coffee House, 1827 San Pablo gen \$1.25, 9:30 pm.
- FILMS: "CINEMA EYE-I-a program of experimental films & animations, 155 Dwinelle, U.C. gen. \$1.25, 7:30 pm & 9:45 pm.
- FILMS: Foothill film festival re-runs, Foothill & deAnza gen. \$2.00, 8:15 pm.
- EVENT: Peace, Bread, and Land Band, Cabaret, 260 Valencia, SF, gen. \$1.00, info 845-2248 9 pm.
- FILMS: open screening, last 30-60 minutes of Holy Mountain Cinematheque, Russell & Ellsworth. Free admission to those with films, others \$1.00.

Mon. JULY 28

- DANCE: The Crabs, 1048 University Ave, 9:30 pm, info 845-9065, gen. \$1.00.
- EVENT: Cabaret "Las Flamencos de la Bodega, Bear's Lair, UC Student Union, 9 pm & 10:30 pm info 642-3361, gen \$1.50, stud. \$1.00.
- EVENT: Indian Puddin' & Pipe, Phananganang, Lights by Optic Illusion, Headhunter Amusement Park, 345 Broadway, SF, gen. \$2.00 8 pm-2 am, info EX 1-3600.
- EVENT: Art exhibits, food, folk dancing, games, singing "Fiesta Filipina", Tower Sprout Hall, noon-1 am & DANCE
- EVENT: El Baile Del Ano - Peru Independence Celebration, Hotel Jack Tar, Van Ness & Geary.
- EVENT: Special Celebration, Golden Gate Park, Speedway, Meadow SF, noon-4pm, info 431-1984.
- EVENT: Cuban movies, bands, dance, light show, food; 1249 Alabama SF, 8 pm, info 285-3196
- DRAMA: "Romeo & Juliet," see July 25 for info.
- MOVIE: Far from the Madding Crowd, more, 3727 Elston Ave. E. Oakland, 7:30 pm, info 261-8713.
- DANCE: see July 25 for info.
- EVENT: see July 25 for info.
- THEATER: Totally improvised theater, Saturday, 9:30 pm. \$2, Bishop's Coffee House, Harrison & 15th Street, Oakland

- CONCERT: Circus, The Clover, St. Peter's Hall, 1249 Alabama, SF. 7:50 singles, \$1.25 couples.
- CONCERT: George's Log Cabin, free, over 21. Info call 334-8660.
- FILMS: Open screenings, see Friday, August 25.

Tues. JULY 29

- LECTURE: Lecture on Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation, Shambala Basement, 8 pm.
- DANCE: Sweet Linda Divine, 1048 University Ave, 9:30 pm, gen. \$1.00, info 845-9065.
- LECTURE: Improvisational drama see July 25.
- EVENT: Open House of Sexual Freedom League, 274 Downey, SF gen. \$1.00, 8:30 pm.

Needs

NEEDS

- HELIOTROPE: Needs teachers for the Fall season to head courses, seminars, workshops & group experiences. Info 931-1693, 2201 Filbert St. SF.
- HAIGHT-ASHBURY CHILDREN'S CENTER: Needs funds, school supplies, building materials, info 431-3365.
- LIBERTY HOUSE: Non profit outlet for Poor People's Co-operatives, 1866 Shattuck.
- STREET THEATER: A marching band of actors & musicians of all ages needed. Info call 548-1867.
- JOBS: Youth Opportunity Center have people to fill jobs. Moving, cleaning, washing, anything. 845-7880

Wed. JULY 30

- DRAMA: Play reading, "The Reincarnation of Osawatomi Brown, info 661-4236, 8 pm.
- EVENT: Introductory group, The Institute of Human Abilities, all welcome, 8 pm, free. Info call 526-4165.
- DANCE: see July 29 for info.
- EVENT: Gentle Dance, Trans-Atlantic Railroad, Lights by Optic Illusion, Headhunter Amusement Park, 345 Broadway SF, info EX 1-3600, gen \$2.00 7:30 pm-2 am.
- DANCE: see July 29 for info.
- EVENT: Gentle Dance, Trans-Atlantic Railroad, Lights by Optic Illusion, Headhunter Amusement Park, 345 Broadway SF, info EX 1-3600, gen \$2.00 7:30 pm-2 am.
- DANCE: Now forming jazz & Modern dance, 2704 Alcatraz. Info 654-5921
- SCIENTOLOGY: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday 7-10 pm. 1 week, \$5, 2111 Shattuck.
- KRISHNAMURTI: Fresh approach to living, weekly class on Tuesdays, 8 pm, 413 Lily St. #B, SF

CLASSES

- MEHER BABA: Programs about the life & work of Meher Baba, 5th floor, Student Union. Monday, 8 pm, free.
- DANCE: Classes in technique, creative dance, & ethnic forms. New Dance Workshop, 6636 Telegraph, info 649-3678, or 525-5528.
- SENSUALITY: 2-day seminar, Institute of Human Abilities, July 26 & 27. info 526-4165.
- DANCE: Now forming jazz & Modern dance, 2704 Alcatraz. Info 654-5921
- SCIENTOLOGY: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday 7-10 pm. 1 week, \$5, 2111 Shattuck.
- KRISHNAMURTI: Fresh approach to living, weekly class on Tuesdays, 8 pm, 413 Lily St. #B, SF

Thurs. JULY 31

- EVENT: Open House, 320 University, info 654-0316, 8 pm, gen. \$1.00.
- FILMS: Films by Bruce Bailie, Canyon Cinematheque, 756 Union, SF. \$1.25 non-member, \$1 member. Info call 781-4719.

Continuing

- LECTURES: Tuesday & Friday, 8 pm, Sunday 11 pm 2955 Ashby.
- PEACE VIGIL: Port Chicago, 3:30-5 pm, daily. Info 626-8436.
- PLAYS: Lerol Jones "Slave Ship" and "Great Goodness of Life", Little Theater. Every weekend of July and August. 8:30 pm, \$2. Tickets - UC Box Office, Sherman-Clay, Shakespeare Books.

RAP: Rap Center, 2418 Haste, 2nd floor. Daily 4-9 pm.

FILMS: Open screenings, see Friday, August 25.

PLAY - "The Hostage," thru August 8, Saturday, 8:30 pm, Sunday, 7:30 pm, and matinee, Thursdays & Sunday, 2 pm info 771-3880

POT-LUCK SUPPER: Films, raps on nonviolent direct action, The Health, Oak & Baker, SF, Mondays, 8:30 pm

MUSIC & CONVERSATION: Drink beer, cider or coffee & exchange ideas, play chess. ODYSSEY, 2033 San Pablo. 8-2ntely.

DRAMA WORKSHOPS - Park Presidio YMC, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Info call 752-3557 or 621-0068.

COMEDY: "Star Spangled Girl", Kennedy Playhouse. Info call 534-5194.

FILM: "Hostage", Geary Theater, SF.

SCULPTURE: Works of Bruce Kaiper, Newman Center Gallery, College & Dwight. 7:30 to midnite, thru August

PAINTINGS: Canvases by Emny Damon, 2445 Dwight, Monday to Saturday, 10 am to 6 pm. Thru July 31.

SCULPTURE: Berkeley Art Center, 1275 Walnut, Tuesday to Saturday, 11 am to 5 pm. Thru August 21.

WOODCUTS: Augusta Lucas, Berkeley Public Library, Monday-Thursday, 3 pm to 6 pm, Sunday 1 pm to 5 pm. Thru August 25.

PAINTINGS: Victor Abtholt, Jerusalem Gallery, 5422 College, Monday-Wednesday 11 am to 7 pm, Thursday-Saturday, 10 am to 2:30 pm. July 23 thru August 13.

DRAWINGS: Patricia Oberhaus, 2120 Vine, Tuesday-Saturday 10 am to 5:30 pm.

SAN FRANCISCO

SCULPTURE: Works of Robert Gilbert, Vorpall 1168 Battery St. Noon to 6 pm, starting July 26.

ANNIVERSARY GROUP SHOW: Works of ten artists. 780 Sitter St. Tuesday to Saturday, 11 am to 5:30 pm. Thru August 16.

ELSEWHERE

PAINTINGS & GRAPHICS: Nancy Levaton, Gallery West, 450 Main St., Mendocino. Thru August 2, 11 am to 6 pm daily. Info call (707) 937-5751.

BATIKS: Miriam Rice, Anima Mundi Gallery, Thru August 2, Tuesday-Friday 11 am to 5 pm, Saturday 10 am to 6 pm.

PAINTINGS: "Every member show" Oakland Art Assoc., St. Mary College Art Gallery. Info 376-4411.