

Berkeley Barb



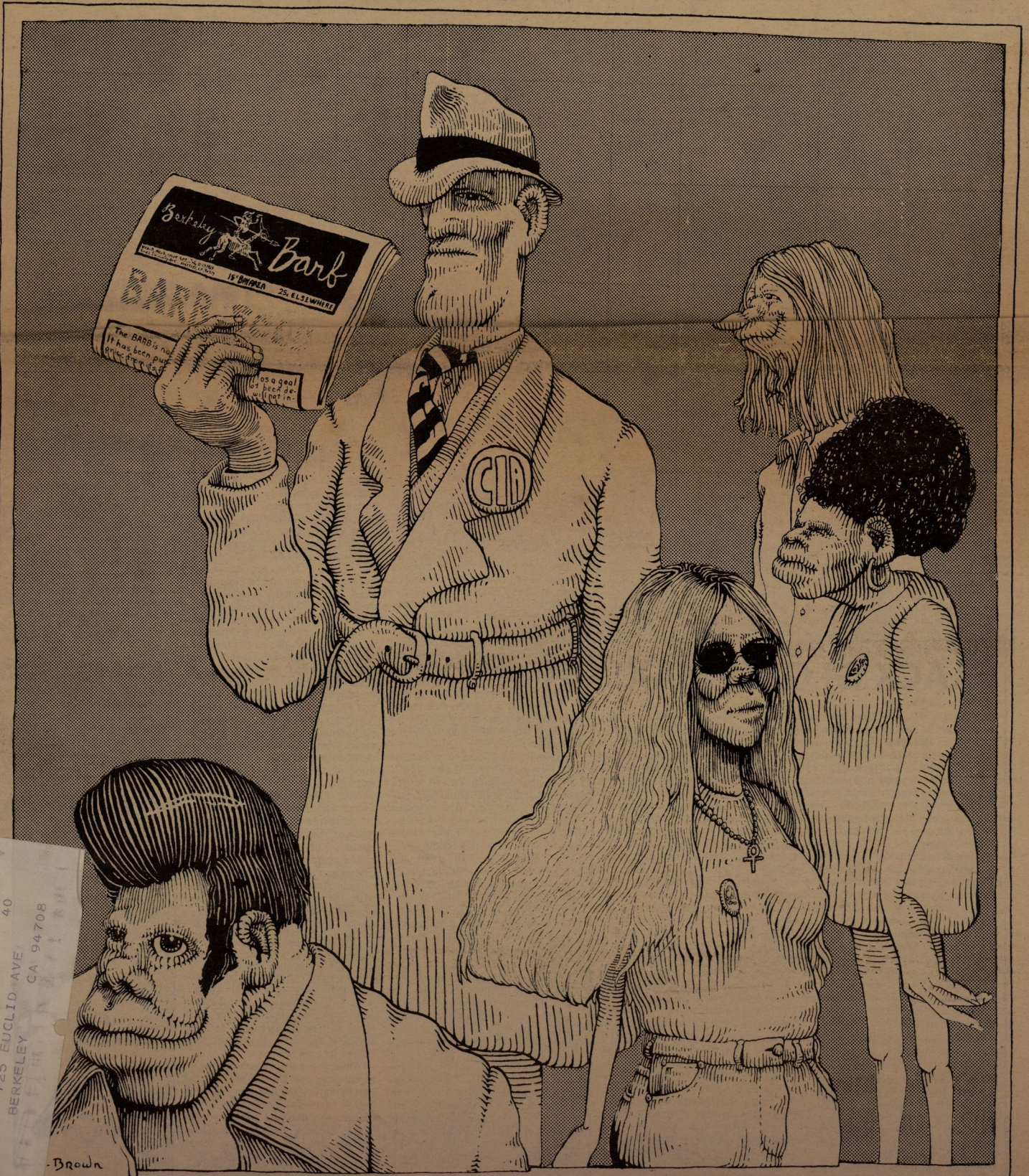
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25¢ ELSEWHERE

CIA BUYS BARB



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EDITORIAL

ANTI-SEMITIC JEW

In the past week certain newspapers, including the L.A. Free Press, the Good Times, and the Berkeley Tribe, have accused me of being a Fascist, an anti-Semite, and anti-Black.

As far as being a fascist and anti-Semite is concerned, I think it is a sufficient reply to this to state that I am a Jew, circumcized and Bar-Mitzvahed, as are a number of my staff. I do not know the exact number since a person's racial, national or religious affiliations are of no concern to me.

In the two weeks I have published the BARB, exactly one Black person applied for part-time work and was hired. In the picture of the staff that appeared in the second number of the Berkeley Tribe, I did not notice one Black person, although there were at least 35 people in the picture.

I called the Tribe and asked how many Black persons were in the Tribe. I was told by Sheilah Grant that there were none and that it was "none of your fucking business, Mr. Coult. None of your fucking business."

I was raised in the Negro Ghetto of Syracuse, New York. Our neighbors and friends were Negroes. I did not know that they were Negroes. I did not even think of them as dark-skinned people. They were just people, some good and some bad, like all others.

I worked for years in a cannery with Negroes. We worked together, and got drunk together.

I spent nine months on an Indian reservation, and still have many close Indian friends. Like all people, there are good Indians and bad Indians.

I have lived and worked with many Jewish professors and businessmen. And among them, too, there are the good and the bad.

I reserve the right to like or dislike any person regardless of his national, racial or religious affiliations.

As for myself, I too am good and bad. Sometimes I'm good and sometimes I'm bad. I try to be good all the time, but if I could accomplish this I would be a Saint, no longer in this world.

The present day advocates of violent revolution object to the present BARB policy of non-violence. They maintain that non-violence cannot bring about a revolution. This is merely an excuse for the hate they harbor in their hearts. They advocate violence because they are violent.

Although many of the advocates of this violent Revolution earned their living by working on the

BARB and participating in the BARB's policy on sex, they now accuse the BARB of sexual exploitation. Yet these same people all posed nude for a cover on one of their publications. No doubt they believed that their naked bodies were somehow more holy than the naked bodies pictured in the BARB.

These advocates of violent revolution are now pursuing an anti-sexual policy. Beware of them. Anyone who is down on sex in any form is dangerous. The anti-sexual individual is unhealthy. Not understanding his own sexual frustration and the self-hate that it produces, he projects the hate outward and finds it in the external world. He forms exclusive tribes and looks for opponents to destroy.

He creates incidents so that he can justify his own hate-filled soul. He creates innocent martyrs and then kills in their name. And he talks of love while he had vibes the world.

The Policy of the Berkeley BARB is to expose hypocrisy and hate, no matter what quarter it comes from. We will not be caught up in name-calling and love for this group and hate for that. Each person will be judged by his own actions, not by the actions of the group with which he chooses to affiliate. For us there are no groups, just individuals.

We will not indulge in the big lie or the little lie. We will call the cards as they fall. Let those who choose label and classify us. The discerning reader will note that we pursue no narrow-minded policy; that we seek a completely free and open exchange of ideas in our pages.

There are two sides to every story. And both sides are right, and both sides are wrong. In the end there are no sides, there are just people, hateful one moment, lovable the next, pursuing the usual course of self-righteousness, and self-justification; each thinking that God (the good) is on his side; each believing that he is the most precious soul in the cosmos; each on his own ego trip.

In this world we play the ego game. Make no mistake about that. But let's play it with a sense of humor. In the end, hero and villain will come out after the play and take their bows. Each will realize that he is God and God is one.

Those who lose their sense of humor will merely cause themselves to suffer. Let us be fully dedicated to the game of life while being able to laugh at ourselves. Life without humor is a drag.

BLACK GI GETS MAX

FORT DIX, N.J., -- The special court-martial of Henry Mills, a member of the American Servicemen's Union, was held Tuesday, July 22. Mills, a black GI, was charged with missing a formation. The all-white court-martial board, composed of five officers --- one lieutenant colonel, one captain, two lieutenants and one second lieutenant --- convicted Mills to the maximum sentence of six months at hard labor in the stockade. Mr. Henry DiSuvero, Director of the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, represented Mills.

Mills previously had served six weeks in the stockade after being AWOL since last November when he refused to go to Vietnam. Mills stated in an interview with Muhammed Speaks, "The black liberation army is the only army I'm interested in."

During the proceedings, DiSuvero asked for a motion to dismiss the court on the grounds that the board members were all high-ranking officers (Mills is a private) and that since they were all white, did not have the right to try a black man --- Mills should be tried by an all-black jury of enlisted men of his own rank.

In his statement to the court at the end of the trial, Mills

stated: "First, I'd like to say something about pre-trial confinement. I've already been in the stockade for two months. There is no bail and this time doesn't count against my sentence. But the Constitution says everyone has a right to bail. Conditions at the stockade are so bad that in June, there was a riot. 38 of my fellow prisoners have been charged with rebelling against these inhuman conditions.

"Since I came into this court I realize what the court system means to all black people in the United States. I'm being tried by a group of officers; all of you are white. You said at the beginning of the trial that you have no prejudice towards me, but I can't accept this. I notice that three of you officers have been to Vietnam. You were over there because you believed the world needs to be dominated by white people. The black people are like the Vietnamese; their struggle is our struggle. How can I believe you aren't prejudiced against me?"

"What is happening here is that the Department of the Army and the Pentagon have put SPID News and the American Servicemen's Union on trial. That's all I have to say to you; that's the end of my statement."

ALL POWER FOR SHIT

by B. Wright Blunt

In an article in a recent issue of the Berkeley Tribe, there was a report about research at U.C. on coprolites (fossilized feces). Actually the "report" was a confused rapping by some head about his reaction to the fact that some people groove on old, exotic turds. I say "confused" because it was difficult to digest the contents of the article. No clear message seemed to be contained in it. Rather, the head's tale confused, in telltale fashion, heads and tails. (Telltale is used here with the meaning in music of "an indicator on an organ showing the wind pressure").

In order to locate the source of the confusion, let's inspect the contents of the tale. First, it was evident that the teller's mind was blown by the detailed analysis of coprolites at U.C. Why the dissolving, smearing, and spreading of shit there should blow anybody's mind is a far-out notion, but let's accept for the moment that a mind was blown. Secondly, the head got uptight, seemingly because of the possibility of scientists discovering alimentary facts from playing with somebody's shit. Of course what the head was balking at was the possibility that someone might get ahold of one of his turds, and that was precisely what made the tale uptight.

This was the source of the confusion, thinking that heads and tails are different. Actually they are different only in degree, if one views the whole in perspective. Heads spend most of their time chasing tails and vice versa. Heads and tails are merely opposite ends of the same tube, and in view of the fact that a direct connection holds, it isn't surprising that as the head

blows (i.e. expands), the tail becomes uptight (i.e. contracts). The reverse is also true. When the tail expands, the mind contracts, as illustrated by man locking himself inside a little room when he defecates. If you still don't believe this, try plinking one of the little beauties into the bowl with your mouth open.--it's an eye opening exercise.

At any rate, now we can see that the article told us little more than that the head's mind was blown and that his tail got uptight. Nobody but nobody was going to get one of his goodies, not even the FBI. Why he thought that somebody would be interested in his turds just shows where he's at--self-centered. On second thought, though, it might be that his shit would be the most interesting part of him.

Since the article in the Tribe revealed more about the bodily functions of the writer than about coprolites, the truth about fossil dung has yet to be revealed. And for all you coprolite fans out there, the naked truth is going to be exposed. Reliable sources confirm reports that coprolites are alive and well at U.C. (some are even known to be chairmen of departments). Coprolites of ancient American Indians are indeed being poked and pinched by the fingers of prurient philosophers. Some people prefer moon rocks, some Indian turds--each to his own.

These human remains have been found by the thousands in dry caves in Nevada, and careful and considerate analyses have yielded remarkable insights into the life of the Indians. A special technique for analyzing the finds was developed at U.C., and the title for the process was borrowed from hunting-and-gathering Indians in

Nevada. In times of severe famine, the people would process their fecal matter for undigested portions of food. These portions would then be prepared and re-eaten. The Indians jokingly referred to this as the Second Harvest. Thus we have the Second Harvest Investigative Technique, or SHIT. All power to SHIT!

So far, as the Tribe article correctly noted, the U.C. scientists are interested in what the Indians ate, but there is no good reason why new channels can't be explored. SHIT promises to open up new, stimulating avenues of investigation. For example, you are what you eat, but you are also what you shit. The groovy thing about the latter is that you've got the record of what you are right there in your hands, so to speak. Biochemical analyses could provide you with an account of your body's activities, the whole works. Budding young scientists could have their own SHIT kits. They could start off with simple stuff, like using litmus-toilet paper to test for acidity. Private enterprise, as e.g. paper companies, could get a hand into that too. There's a little shit for everybody.

Extensive use of SHIT could reveal hitherto unknown secrets of the universe. It would be possible to look directly into the hearts of great scientists, philosophers, musicians, religious leaders, etc. There would be direct access to their thought processes. For heads who groove on cosmic consciousness, the thoughts and meditations of the greatest spiritualists would be right there on paper for them to see. Just think of it! Holy shit!

All power to SHIT! (sometimes you need it).

OUR NEW ELECTRIC BODY

by Joe Gaughan

Technology has greatly altered the American scene since the second world war. New forms of communication have radically changed the nature of our experience. Information now travels instantaneously around the globe. A vast external memory bank of films, records, and video-tape makes the past more accessible than ever before. The boundaries between reality and fantasy have been redrawn--our dreams now appear on the entertainment screen. It is as though we were given a second skin, a new sense of life.

The generation now in control of our institutions grew up before most of these changes took place. The management class, with attitudes formed in a world now obsolete, confronts the new environment like an immigrant, handicapped by language and cultural barriers. It is their children, native born to this culture, who possess the greater understanding of it. Today's youth constantly confound their parents with alarming new life styles and forms of sensuality.

Marshall McLuhan has dubbed this process "retribalization". Patterns of adjustment in electronic society, he tells us, resemble those of pre-alphabet tribal societies. The simultaneous, all-at-once effect of mass media removes us from the specialized, linear continuum of print and mechanization. We are back in the closely knit, resonating sphere of an oral society.

To primitive man time consisted of recurring cycles related to fertility and the heavenly bodies. His history was Sacred History--myths of the seasons, the occasions of birth, maturity, marriage and death. His Speech was the main form of communication--words, gestures, and tones of voice had magical qualities.

The alphabet divorced language from the realm of mystery. It emphasized repeatability and continuity. Each letter, meaningless in itself, linked into a series created meaningful whole. Time and space are now linear, separate quantities. Euclidean geometry grew out of the peculiar new visual emphasis of Greek alphabetic culture.

Gutenberg applied the idea of

identical, repeatable parts in the printing press--the first assembly line. A principle of isolated parts working in unison formed Newton's clockwork conception of the universe. This nation, with its checks and balances, was founded on such a system. History was interpreted as progress toward a goal. The history of America is mainly the fulfillment of this concept--progress through mechanization. Electric technology has now reversed this process.

McLuhan's argument is a review of aesthetic impressions--a profile of cultural modes throughout history. He deals with the inner life, the sense experience of man as his consciousness is extended by information media. All media are extensions of our senses, and each new medium alters the relationships between senses. Electronic communication has broken the dominance of the eye, sustained for centuries by print technology. We are now in the dark, intimate world of touch and sound.

Relativity physics is the scientific embodiment of the new sense ratio. Events as Einstein conceives them take place in a field of simultaneous relationships. Time and space are one. We have departed from uniform Euclidean space and Newtonian Mechanics.

Magic has returned to the scene. Ancient cosmic awareness embodied in the I Ching, Tarot cards, and astrology is now being appreciated and used. Longburied areas of experience are being explored with drugs, psychotherapy, and oriental disciplines. "Mysticism," says McLuhan, "is tomorrow's science dreamed today."

Man's primal kniship with his natural environment is being restructured as ecological awareness. Everybody's involvement with and responsibility for each other is a newly awakened feeling. We are entering an age of total global interdependence.

When the basic assumptions of a culture are threatened, as the mechanistic foundations of this nation are threatened by mass media, the national identity is in peril. Such a feeling resembles vertigo or loss of footing on an accelerating treadmill. Historically such crises generally result in war. When identities are

threatened men feel compelled to prepare for armed conflict. Modern weapons make this sort of spastic behavior dangerous to the survival of the species.

As technology is employed throughout the planet, the problem of adjusting to the new environment becomes crucial to man's future evolution. The Jesuit biologist Teilhard de Chardin puts this in perspective:

"Thanks to the prodigious biological event represented by the discovery of electromagnetic waves, each individual finds himself henceforth (actively and passively) simultaneously present over land and sea, in every corner of the earth."

The vast information network forms an external nervous system or what de Chardin calls the "noosphere," a new layer of evolution.

Unless we focus our attention on these processes we become prey to constant anxieties and pressures. McLuhan sounds most disconcerting when he says, "Terror is the normal state of any oral society, for in it everything affects everything all the time."

PEOPLE'S PAD

Bill Boyer, a member of the People's Pad committee, came into the BARB office to comment on a story related by Street People to the BERKELEY BARB.

Various persons living at the Pad had reported to the BARB that the Pad organizers had split with \$7000 in Pad money. Bill told us the following:

Only \$150 had ever been collected by the committee. This entire sum is still in possession of the committee.

All of the organizers of the People's Pad can be contacted through the People's Park office, 549-3977. The organizers are Kip Kennedy, Bill Boyer, Diablo, Al Dziuk, Larry Miller, and Papa Slick.

The people who had been living at the pad came from many parts of the country. They are now looking for places to crash. Street people looking for pads should contact The Free Church, 2200 Parker.

CIA BUYS BARB

Last week, one of our distributors was stopped at the corner of Telegraph and Durant as he was asking a vendor about carrying BARBs.

Our man was interrupted by a moustachioed hip-type who yelled, "Don't sell BARBs, man. Don't you know what's happening?"

"What?" asked the innocent vendor.

"The BARB is now a tool of the CIA," the moustache hissed, "this Coult is a CIA agent who has been sent to de-fuse the Berkeley Movement."

That was the first time we heard this rumor, but it was not the last. The word was out, among those who claimed to know, that the BARB was now a counter-revolutionary tool run by secret agents of the Government.

How did the true story get out so fast? We thought we had maximum security on this operation.

Well, we might as well come clean. Three weeks ago President called Editor Allan Coult, who was sitting in his yard practicing a very difficult Yogic exercise.

"Allan, this is Dick," he said. "How would you like to take over the Berkeley BARB and de-fuse the people's revolutionary Movement?"

"Will do, Chief," said Coult, "but how do I get the money to buy this thing?"

"Never mind," the President replied. "We'll set it up. And don't worry. We'll pay you back if you lay out the bread. You know we're good for it."

"Okay, I trust you, Chief," Coult replied. "What else has been happening?"

"Well, the anti-cigarette campaign is going great guns, Allan," said the President. "Soon hundreds of millions of Americans will quit smoking tobacco forever."

"Great, Chief, said Allan. "But let me in on it, will you? I mean, what's in it for the Government to get all those tobacco-heads to quit smoking?"

"Don't you get it, Allan," the

President chuckled. "After awhile nobody will smoke tobacco cigarettes. So the only people left smoking ANYTHING will be the pot-heads. Then we can pick them right off. No more wondering if the guy puffing away in his car with the windows rolled up is smoking weed or not. Soon as we see him lighting up, we'll KNOW what it is."

"Good thinking, Chief," Allan said. "One other thing I wondered about. Why the hell are we so concerned about getting to the moon?"

"Sorry, I can't tell you that," the President said, "that's highest top priority classified information."

"Pretty please," said Allan. "You know I won't breathe a word to anyone. Besides, I know who you went to a motel with last weekend."

"Oh, all right, Allan, since you always find out all our State Secrets anyway. The moon is being developed so that the rich people can live on it in a few more years when the earth is hopelessly polluted by their industrial holdings. Just as the rich people live up in the Berkeley hills, isolated from the fumes and crud of the flatlands, that's the way the moon will be to the earth."

"We will build beautiful, air-conditioned sealed-off palaces on the moon, with landscaped gardens under plastic domes with artificial atmosphere, and no poor people will be allowed to set foot on the property. They won't be able to afford the rocket fare. Of course, moon residents will take commuter flights to earth every month or so to check on their holdings."

The President then wished Allan good luck on his mission and hung up. We have not heard from him since.

The reason we are revealing the truth behind our secret operation is that the Government has not yet paid us the bread we fronted, and we are pissed off.

So pay off, Dick, or we won't de-fuse the Movement. — R.M.



NEW YORK PANTHERS STAND

Over the weekend it looked like a major shoot-out was shaping up in New York City between the cops and the Black Panther Party. Chairman Bobby Seale and Field Marshal Don Cox called a special news conference on Saturday to inform the press of the dangerous situation that was developing. They said that they had it from reliable sources that D.A. Hogan of New York was planning to wipe out the Panther leadership within forty-eight hours. The charges were to be for conspiracy to blow up a jail. The jail in point is called "The Tombs" and it is unlikely that the Panthers would want to blow it up, since there are many members of the New York 21 already imprisoned in "The Tombs."

The New York Panther 21 were taken on April 22 on conspiracy charges to blow up several department stores and railway stations. They are a small number of the 108 men and women in this country who are being held as political prisoners.

But the remaining Panthers in the New York leadership were not about to be taken away on these new trumped-up charges. There is a rule the Panthers have—Executive Mandate #3, from Huey P. Newton, which states that if the Man comes to take you away, you must use whatever technical equipment necessary to defend yourself.

At the Saturday news conference, a reporter from an establishment newspaper asked Don Cox what he meant by "technical equipment." D.C. explained:

"Well, when the Man comes, generally he's bringing bullet-proof-vests, toting twelve-gauge shotguns, and spraying tear gas. So figure it out. Figure out what you would need to defend yourself."

Any Panther who doesn't follow the Executive Mandate in such a situation is banned from the party for life.

Forty-eight hours passed. Nobody came for the Panthers. On Monday afternoon, Don Cox said that he thought things were cool for a while. (As cool as they can be when the Man is trying to wipe you out.) Apparently, the news conferences that the Panthers called were enough to make their determination clear, and D.A. Hogan's heroes never showed.

So there is a temporary truce. But basically, the situation remains unchanged. All over the country the Panthers are under heavy attack. Without actually saying so, the cops have declared open war on the Panthers. The repression coming down on them is a good measure of the effectiveness of the revolutionary work that they're doing. They are helping the poor worker and it is hurting the established power structure. POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

SORRY

The BARB regrets the confusion and misunderstanding that has arisen as a result of our publishing a list of busts connected with the Bastille Day demonstrations.

We did not mean to imply in any way that those listed were guilty as charged; we were merely reporting who got busted and what they were charged with.

NO GARBAGE

by John Suiter

SEVERAL CARLOADS OF REVOLUTIONARIES GOT THE WRONG DIRECTIONS AND COULDN'T EVEN FIND THE PLACE -- Ike Clanton, Berkeley Tribe, referring to Fidel Castro's raid on the Moncada barracks in 1953.

Nothing happened at the People's Park Fence on 26 de Julio. It was supposed to be a day when many people would bring their trash and garbage to dump over the fence. It was intended to be a sort-of expression of solidarity with the people of Cuba. But nobody showed up.

It's not hard to understand why. The issue of the Park Fence is dead. The people of Berkeley can't relate to it anymore. The idea of attacking the fence on days of revolutionary nostalgia is the worst kind of irresponsibility there is. It would be alright if it was spontaneous, but it's not; it's trumped-up. The fence is not the Bastille. And it reminds no one of the attack on the Moncada barracks.

The closest we came to ripping off the fence was on July 14. There were four holes cut into it, some of them large enough for a hundred people, moving swiftly, to invade what's left of the park. There were over two thousand people in the street that day—two thousand of them pressed up against the cyclone fence, shaking it with the sheer anger that is born of frustration, shouting "We Want Our Park!"

Inside, the cops were freaking out, they ran back and forth to guard each new hole. This flimsy dam they had built, now holding back a tide of the people's stored-up wrath, was beginning to leak and they couldn't plug it up fast enough. They knew that if the dam broke it would take a machine-gun to stop the flood.

But the regime in this state can't afford to use machine-guns on the people. The Reagans, the Aliotos, the Hayakawas are kept

in power by black-jacks and tear-gas and the threat of guns. But not by guns in themselves. Any regime that shoots the people once too often automatically brings on a revolution. It is an open admission that they can't control the people anymore. So they bring on the guns. The killing of James Rector was their biggest mistake so far, and they will have to pay for it in the long run. Each time they shoot us, they are cutting their own throats.

They can't use guns, but they have exhausted everything else. They've used riot-sticks and black-jacks and they haven't stopped us. We come back stronger every time. The Law lines up across Telegraph Avenue—brown-shirted, toting shot-guns and cans of mace clipped on their belts. They fire gas at the crowd. The people use side-streets to escape and in five minutes we are back on the street again.

We are in a state of revolt and the only way they can stop us now is by cutting the ground from under us with reforms. But they aren't ending the way, they're not changing the government. It's getting worse all the time. And even if they wanted to reform, they couldn't do it fast enough now. There's too much to do, and not enough time.

So what are they left with? Raw force and guns they can't use without calling the game.

But the clubbing of thousands of people, the indiscriminate gassings, and the salvo of Number Eight buckshot that took James Rector has left the people stunned. It has been too much to absorb all at once. The movement is a little punch-drunk. The months have gone by too quickly. In the short interludes between incidents we wonder where we're at. The worst thing is that we've forgotten where we began.

The July 14 gas-attack on Telegraph Avenue had hardly anything to do with the Park Fence. The

two thousand people walked along the fence for an hour and a half. Up Haste, across Bowditch, down Dwight, they moved along the gray trip-wire, following it like an argument, until they came to the end at the Park Center.

There at the end of the fence was a mass of people, two thousand strong, full of energy and excitement and anger, anxious to do something that would be real. Someone shouted for the crowd to turn around, to go back up the fence along Dwight, repeating the ritual in reverse. But the people were too bored for that; they wanted something new. No leader rose that the people could listen to. They sang, "We want a revolution . . . NOW!"

Instead, they were given an incident. Ten people began tipping over a patrol car. That's when the club fell. And the gas came down.

The hours that followed were pretty strange. You didn't get the feeling that you were Che Guevara. You felt more like Joseph K. On campus, during the heaviest gassing, people played cards in the Bear's Lair while outside on the patio cops were beating people left and right. On Telegraph the tables of the Heidelberg were filled. People sipped beer at the windows while blue gas-grenades rolled down the sidewalks. On back streets, cops stopped you on corners and asked for identification. They gave you crazy, roundabout directions and you wandered through a maze of check-points, never getting to where you wanted to go.

The organizers of the campaign against the fence have lost touch with the people. They have gone beyond the NEEDS AND DESIRES OF THE PEOPLE and are trying to educate them to play the game of revolution. If we are going to raise the movement from a lower to a higher level, it will have to be done with work, pure unromantic work and some basic socialism.

SAN FRANCISCO'S HOLY RATHAYATRA

by T. K.

2000 people congregated at Haight and Ashbury Sunday to celebrate the Great Festival, Holy Rathayatra, by pulling the great Jagarnath car from the Haight down to the Family Dog auditorium on the Beach. There they were joined by thousands more who heard His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami speak and who joined in the chanting, dancing, and feasting.

The festival was in honor of and intended to please Lord Jagarnath, the Supreme Lord of the Universe. The Devotees re-enacted Lord Jagarnath's journey to the sea over 5000 years ago, as it has been annually celebrated throughout the last 2000 years.

The Devotees of Radha Krishna took a beautiful vehicle for a huge wooden car 20 feet long, and over 10 feet high. It had a dome of colored material, painted on the front with topped with pennants decorated with flag cock feathers, bells, ornaments, and a satin cloth pentagon blue, green, and bordered by gold tinsel.

In the front row (Bhaktivedanta), wearing robes of his red and gold vestments, on all the other devotees, the prophet's nose and forehead were painted with telok, a white compound that is drawn to represent Vishnu's heelmark and the banyan leaf, sacred to Vishnu. Above him was the Jagarnath altar, with three figures representing Krishna, his brother Balarama, and his sister Surabheda, the three of whom form Lord Jagarnath.

Devotees on the deck next to the altar tended large incense burners which scented the air for a block around, and threw flowers from the cart into the street. Inside the car were a dozen musicians sitting on oriental rugs, chanting and playing flutes, drums, bells, and a small organ.

The crowd gathered at noon and led by the devotees chanted until 12:30 when Prabhupad arrived. He was greeted with cheers and man-

tras of praise and obeisance as he took his seat on the car. He was given a gigantic garland and gave a brief greeting and blessing. He remarked that when he first stepped off the plane in San Francisco, reporters asked him what he thought about man setting foot on the moon.

"I told them frankly that it was simply a waste," he said, "In any planet you go to, disease, unhappiness, and old age will follow . . . But these who go to my planet will enjoy life that is eternal and blissful."

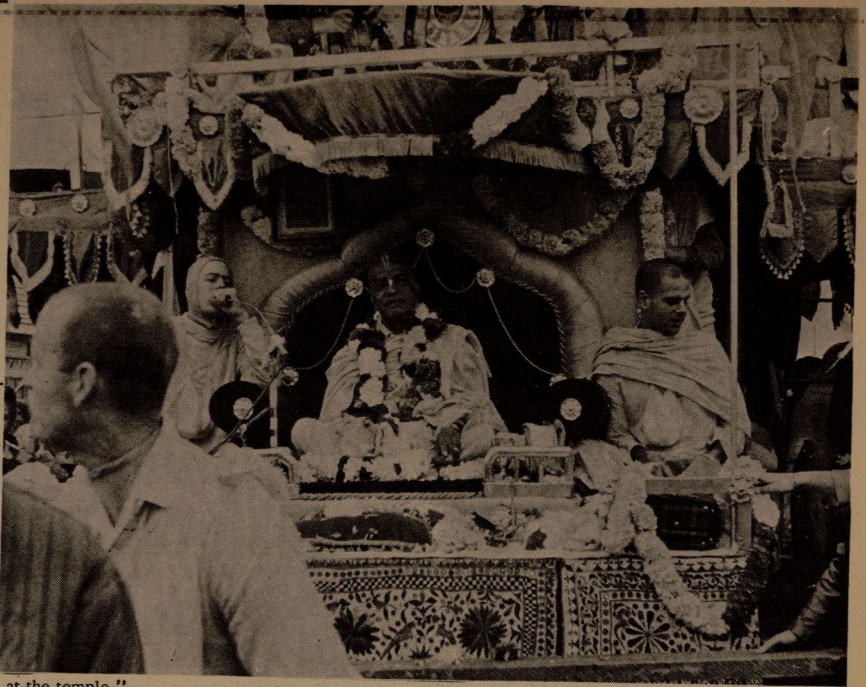
His Divine Grace then led some chanting and the crowd began pulling the car toward the beach. Chanting and dancing the entire journey, the crowd went down Haight through Golden Gate Park, down to the Great Highway and to the beach to the Family Dog auditorium at Playland - a distance of several miles.

There were quite a few people in religious robes. Half the cops cleared the streets for the procession moved toward the beach.

The crowd was made up of men, women, and children. Many of the men, and both young and old, were 3 to 70 years of age. Some were playing various instruments - drums, recorders, and some were singing.

As strong as the smell of incense. Krishna Consciousness does not approve of drugs or any intoxicants, but the people apparently didn't mind His Divine Grace or the SFPD, which shares Prabhupad's dim view of pot, noticing.

After their three hour pilgrimage the crowd arrived at the Dog, where they continued chanting and/or ate, and listened to Bhaktivedanta. Down on the Beach a devotee was addressing an audience of about a hundred people, telling them something about Krishna Consciousness. "We were just like you" he said, "we tried everything (to get high), and had hair down to here. None of that made us happy. Chanting made us happy. Try it for three days and see if it doesn't make you happy and peaceful. Spend a day with us



at the temple."

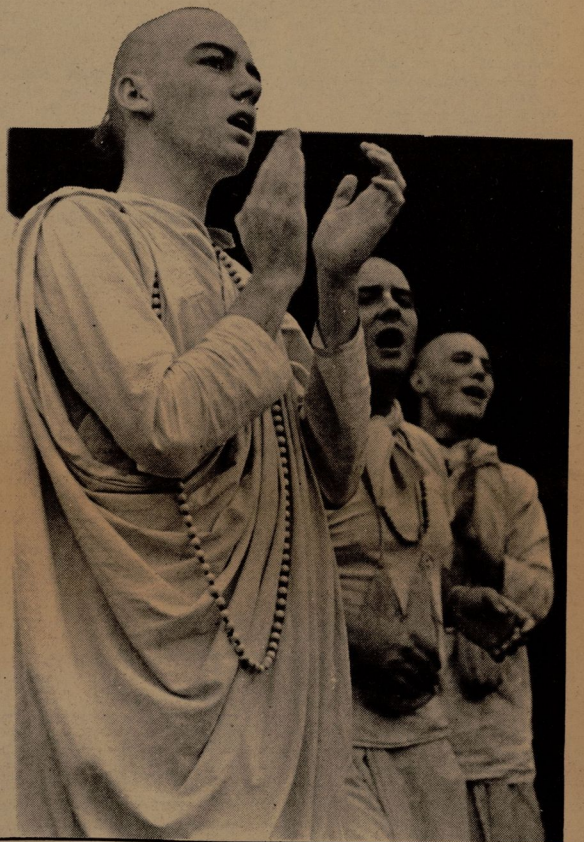
The feast was served on the beach from half a dozen garbage cans. It was delicious and consisted of sweet rice, apple chutney, watermelon, little green apples, and a fruit salad. There were hundreds of plates set up in the back plaza of the auditorium to be served at a later time. The food was all donated. "All this came from Krishna," one Devotee said.

As many of the crowd as could fit filled the auditorium to chant and dance and hear Prabhupad speak. Rather than being exhausted by their long walk the crowd seemed more exuberant than ever, and their elation quickly turned on the large numbers who had just joined the Festival at the Dog.

Prabhupad expounded on some basic truths and practical advice. "Every one of us is a living creature . . . is a part of the Supreme Being. Not only man but all living creatures are the sons of God. . . Every son has the right to inherit his father's property. We all have the right to achieve the status of our father, the Lord Supreme.

"We are the atomic parts of God, and He is the Universal Soul. . . Just as pieces of gold though separate are all made up of the same substance, everyone of us has within him God."

"This life is an illusion. It is a miserable condition. This mantra ("Hare Krishna") will lead you to the abode of the Supreme. We simply request that you chant this mantra and come with us. . . If you want to understand this moment, then realize you are God."



PHOTOS BY RON RADELL

GOD GOES TO THE BEACH

by T. K.

About this time every year, millions of people in India make the pilgrimage to Jagarnath Puri in Bengal to celebrate Holy Rathayatra, the Great Festival Day. They chant the Maha Mantra ("Hare Krishna"), dance, play music, feast, and pull the great Jagarnath car down to the water's edge.

The festival is in celebration of that time, over 5000 years ago, when Krishna, his sister Surabheda, and his brother Balarama, made the same journey. They had left from the Kureckchetra Battlefield, site of the Bhagawad Gita and key spot in the Mahabharata, which is to the Indians what the Iliad and the Odyssey were to the Greeks. Krishna had been made a prince, and had visited the locale where he grew up among the simple cattle folk (gepisi). Waiting for him at the beach was Radha, embodiment of the purest love a devotee can have for Krishna.

Krishna, Surabheda, and Balarama together form Lord Jagarnath, Supreme Lord of the Universe. Although the Devotees do not call it as such, this is the

trinity for the Krishna Conscious order. All religions and good philosophies and scientific theories have a trinity making up the Supreme Deity, the One. The Festival is simply a re-enactment of that day on a lunar eclipse, when Lord Jagarnath journeyed to the beach.

This reporter attended Sunday's Festival, and in writing the story on it asked a number of the devotees about various aspects of the celebration. A surprising thing at first was the fact that not one devotee knew much if anything about the meaning of the festival, and many did not even know the story any farther than Krishna going to the beach.

This is not to the discredit of the devotees. They seemed healthy, happy, and sincere, and appeared to practice what they preached, and that was to chant 16 rounds (of 108 times), "HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA, KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE HARE, HARE RAMA HARE HARE RAMA, RAMA RAMA HARE HARE", and to follow a vegetarian diet, avoiding any drugs or illicit sex, and devoting their whole being to serving God.

Krishna Consciousness is a form of Bhakti Yoga, employing the form

of Krishna upon which to meditate, cultivating devotion in one's heart, and using the Maha Mantra to invoke the Lord's blessing. Yoga is generally a process of concentrating every ray of one's being toward one thing, called God, then losing the self and merging with God.

Krishna Consciousness should be good for the West. Westerners are very vocal so that Mantra comes pretty naturally to them. Westerners are also short of Bhakti (devotion), being intellectual and egotistic.

This reporter went inside the auditorium, hoping Bhaktivedanta would shed some light on the meaning of the festival. All Prabhupad had to say on the matter, however, was to tell the story briefly and say that by taking part in this festival we pleased God.

We of the BARB all sat down on the sand afterwards. This reporter absent-mindedly looked at the waves roll in until it suddenly dawned on him what the festival meant.

If you want to become God, act Godly. Now one day God went to the beach . . .



SOME NOTES ON THE VIOLENT GENERATION

by David Super-Straight

If young Americans of the 1950's have come to be remembered as the Silent Generation, young Americans of the 1960's will probably come to be remembered (if anyone is around to remember them) as the Violent Generation. Whereas the Silent Generation has at least survived to multiply and enjoy an affluence based upon debt, however, the Violent Generation seems destined to destroy itself, with considerably more effort than its predecessor achieved inanity.

A glance at the immediate past, though, reveals that this was not always the case, for in 1966 something strange was beginning to happen in a run-down section of San Francisco called the Haight-Ashbury District. Beautiful people, young, sometimes unwashed, sometimes sick, and most always impractical, were flocking to the Haight to live together in the cheap housing near Golden Gate Park.

By Easter of 1967 thousands of the beautiful people day and night thronged Haight Street, where hugging, kissing, sharing, loving, grooving, and being nice to people was as natural as being out of doors. Even straight people could walk up and down the Street, hug and kiss anybody, and even handle change from the Flower Children.

When receiving alms, the Love Children would beam their appreciation and affectionately thank their benefactors. Sharing food in the Drogstore Cafe was more natural than buying it, and people in the Drogstore communicated with one another on a personal level—hippies, bikeriders, straight people, tourists, even Berkeleyites talked and grooved.

Hip shops, stores, and cafes opened on the Street, and many new publications appeared; people played musical instruments and sang and danced in the streets, and the Police never bothered anyone on the Street except to check the I.D.'s of the very young, who might be runaways; rock bands gave free concerts in Golden Gate Park and the Panhandle, the Free Clinic treated the sick, the Diggers fed the hungry, and the Free Store clothed the cold.

Flower Children helped those less fortunate than themselves, including bums and psychotics who came to Haight Street to escape being hassled. The Beautiful People used acid, grass, mescaline, and psilocybine; hardly anyone used speed, and nobody took junk. Love was the spirit of the Street and optimism was its philosophy, for the Beautiful People believed that a better world lay ahead, based upon love and psychedelics.

Even the few crooks around were groovy people, and there were NO guns.

When the Ginks of Berkeley learned that just across the Bay a new, gigantic social movement was happening—without their direction or consent—they became very upset and held central committee meetings, presidium plenums, and caucuses, where they passed resolutions instructing the Love Children to "Change Reality Through Politics, NOT Psychedelics!" But for some reason the Flower Children ignored this good advice and continued to groove.

This enraged the Ginks even more, who, after numerous meetings, self-criticism sessions, purges, and studious re-readings of the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Che, and Chairman Mao, accosted the Flower Children, shouting, as they waved their Red Books:

People's Struggle!
People's War!

Commissars and guns galore!
On hearing this, the Love Children laid flowers and acid on the Ginks, who frantically searched their Red Books for an explanation for this irrational behavior. Some flipped through the pages so fast that they developed finger cramps. Eventually they found the answer:

Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.

"Ah ha!" said a presidium member of the Progressive Working People's Revolutionary Gink Party of Berkeley, PWPRGP (B). "If we

are to mobilize these Lumpin Proletarians, we must first isolate them from the capitalist bourgeoisie. In other words, we must make the Flower Children hate the same people that we hate."

"But that's impossible!" interrupted a mere candidate member of the Presidium. "Flower Children can't hate anyone." For such negativism the candidate member was immediately ordered to commit self-liquidation or pay a fine of fifty cents.



While the Ginks were searching the revealed word of Marx-Engels-Lenin-Trotsky-Stalin-Che-Mao for precise instructions on how to make the Love Children hate, however, bad vibrations were already beginning to be felt on Love Street. It has long been known by those who understand humanity that human beings living together in close proximity must live under a recognized authority if they are to behave with civility and virtue.

At first, the novelty of Love Street, the challenge it threw down to Suburbia, and the power of the psychedelic movement (an illusory power based upon sensational publicity, the tremendous success of rock music, the widespread use of the incredible drug, LSD-25, and the development of a new sub-culture complete with heroes and millionaires) was a sufficient authority for the pioneering Flower Children.

The upper-middle class college-educated youth in their middle twenties, who had left Suburbia to find Love Street and a new way of life, worked hard to justify their way of life to the straight world and to themselves.

But by Spring of 1967, a generation of younger Americans was filling Love Street, a generation less mature and more screwed-up than the Love Pioneers, and a generation in need of a tangible authority, which was nowhere to be found. It was this generation that began the destruction of Love Street.

The Establishment also did its share to rip off the Love Movement. Panicked by the sudden, enormous influx of hippies into the Haight, the straight community demanded police action, and panicked by the sudden enormous increase in the use of psychedelic drugs, the State demanded police action. So the police acted. They raided and/or drove all of the soft, easy-going, honest psychedelic drug dealers out of town, and dried up the drug supply completely.

By summer there was not a blade of grass or an ion of acid to be had, and some hippies could even be seen to drink whiskey.

An organization of dealers known as the Brotherhood had been formed to prevent what many wise dealers foresaw as the inevitable consequence of all this, but the Brotherhood leadership was busted and/or run out of town, some by the FBI.

Thus it happened: tempted by greed, the remaining drug dealers

began to burn one another and rip one another off, and overnight a community of trust disintegrated into one of suspicion, hatred, and fear. The good people of Haight began to leave quickly, to be replaced by bad cats; speed came into great use, people began to carry guns and to suspect everyone of being a Nark; and street people began to do bad things, like block off Haight Street and when the police arrived, call them "pigs" and stone them with bricks and bottles.

but give them revolution!" (stormy, prolonged standing ovation from all nine delegates in the hall).

After the rioting on Telegraph was over and the tear gas had cleared, Comrade Camejovitch was made a Hero of Socialist Labor for his brilliant display of revolutionary strategy and tactics, though he was not made a Hero of the Peoples Republic, as, unfortunately, no one had been killed in the riots. For that to happen,

The Heat came down hard on the Street, and freaks began to replace Love Children there. Bikeriders and their proteges rumbled on the Street and threw bottles at cars. People began to kill one another.

Not surprisingly, many of the street people, both good and bad, who left the Haight came to Berkeley, where the scene was picking up, looking like Haight used to, and this did not escape the attention of the PWPRGP (B).

"Comrades!" Peter Camejovitch, one of the biggest Ginks of Berkeley Ginkdom, excitedly began his address to the opening plenum of the Third Party Congress of the PWPRGP (B). "The dialectical forces of bourgeois capitalist decadence and oppression have collided to produce a qualitative contradiction which furnishes the vanguard of the Proletariate—that's us—a revolutionary opportunity at last to forge a united front of Lumpin Proletariate, students, and workers to overthrow this bourgeois democracy and establish a Revolutionary Working Peoples State! (stormy, prolonged applause in the hall) In other words, all these street freaks drifting into Berkeley can be used to make us some hay."

Comrade Camejovitch then explained that while, unfortunately, there was no chance of rallying the unenlightened street people with the glorious sayings of Chairman Mao, it would nonetheless be easy to get them to riot against the cops, thus creating a revolutionary situation, by promising them something for nothing.

The PWPRGP (B) would form a front organization, the Ad Hoc Committee for the Closing of Telegraph Avenue for the Greater Glory of the Street People of Berkeley (AHCCTAGGSPB). When the City refused to close Telegraph, as it would inevitably do, the AHCCTAGGSPB could then call for a BE-IN and march to be held on the Avenue, in defiance of the City. The police would naturally be called in to clear the street, and a confrontation would occur.

A sound truck would have to be used to keep things boiling, though care should be taken to keep several hundred freaks between it and the Heat at all times, to insure that the only thing busted would be the freaks' heads.

"In the words of Chairman Mao," Comrade Camejovitch concluded, "Promise them anything,

yet another confrontation would have to take place.

Then there was the Peoples Park. It is well known how the street people of Berkeley love open space, blue skies, flowers, grass, and trees; that is why they hang out on Telegraph Avenue. It is also well known how the Ginks of Berkeley have provided leadership in the humanitarian effort to provide land for the street people, for the Ginks love the people, as evidenced by their efforts to start a war between the people and the cops, a war that has already cost one life and innumerable injuries.

This time the rioting was not the work of Comrade Camejovitch and the PWPRGP (B) but of another, similar group of revolutionaries who hate humanity and are being willfully aided in their efforts to vulgarize and enslave it by the Violent Generation. The street people of Berkeley are the vanguard of the Violent Generation, a generation of young Americans dedicated to living an orgy of active sado-masochism, hurting and being hurt, killing and being killed, destroying and being destroyed.

The Ginks of Berkeley are not only against the Establishment—many, many persons are against the Establishment—they have declared themselves against and have shown themselves by their actions to be against God, sex, drugs, rock music, art, classic beauty, spiritualism, leisure time, and all natural differences between human beings, and the female Ginks have declared their hatred for men and male sexual organs, which they have sworn to cut off first chance they get.

What the Ginks are for is best expressed by the following excerpt from George Orwell's 1984, where the chief Gink is lecturing a helpless captive who dared to defy Ginkdom and is now being tortured:

"The Party seeks power entirely for its own sake. We are not interested in the good of others; we are interested solely in power. Not wealth or luxury or long life or happiness; only power, pure power. What pure power means you will understand presently. We are different from all the oligarchies of the past in that we know what we are doing.

All the others, even those who resembled ourselves, were cow-

ards and hypocrites. The German Nazis and the Russian Communists came very close to us in their methods, but they never had the courage to recognize their own motives. They pretended, perhaps they even believed, that they had seized power unwillingly and for a limited time, and that just round the corner there lay a paradise where human beings would be free and equal.

We are not like that. We know that no one ever seizes power with the intention of relinquishing it. Power is not a means; it is an end. One does not establish a dictatorship in order to safeguard a revolution; one makes the revolution in order to establish the dictatorship. The object of persecution is persecution. The object of torture is torture. The object of power is power.

We are the priests of power. God is power. The real power, the power we have to fight for night and day, is not power over things, but over men. How does one assert his power over another? By making him suffer. Obedience is not enough. Unless he is suffering, how can you be sure that he is obeying your will and not his own?

Power is in inflicting pain and humiliation. Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choosing. Do you begin to see, then, what kind of world we are creating? It is the exact opposite of the stupid hedonistic Utopias that the old reformers imagined. A world of fear and treachery and torment, a world of trampling and being trampled upon, a world which will grow not less but MORE merciless as it refines itself.

Progress in our world will be progress toward more pain. The old civilizations claimed that they were founded on love and justice. Ours is founded upon hatred. In our

world there is no emotion except fear, rage, triumph, and self-abasement. Everything else we shall destroy—everything. Already we are breaking down the habits of thought which have survived from before the Revolution.

We have cut the links between child and parent, and between man and man, and between man and woman. No one dares trust a wife or a child or a friend any longer. But in the future there will be no wives and no friends. Children will be taken from their mothers at birth, as one takes eggs from a hen. The sex instinct will be eradicated. Procreation will be an annual formality like the renewal of a ration card.

We shall abolish the orgasm. Our neurologists are at work upon it now. There will be no loyalty, except loyalty toward the Party. There will be no love, except the love of Big Brother. There will be no laughter, except the laugh of triumph over a defeated enemy. There will be no art, no literature, no science. When we are omnipotent we shall have no more need of science.

There will be no distinction between beauty and ugliness. There will be no curiosity, no employment of the process of life. All competing pleasures will be destroyed. But always—do not forget this—always there will be the intoxication of power, constantly increasing and constantly growing subtler. Always, at every moment, there will be the thrill of victory, the sensation of trampling on an enemy who is helpless. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever."

Yet, the Ginks have but to command, and the street people dutifully hurl their bodies against the organized armed might of the State, to be dashed, heads bloodied, lungs choked, and flesh torn, into the mud. Could it be that the street people enjoy this? That is the only logical explanation for their behavior.

The Violent Generation is a sick generation, bent upon destruction and self-destruction. It is determined to clash repeatedly with the soldiers of the Establishment over non-issues and inanities until one or the other side is wiped out. This must change.

SO YOU GO TO THE UNIVERSITY! HAVE YOU EVER...

- Found that your professors don't give a damn about you or your intellectual development?
- Suffered through boring and meaningless lectures designed by the professor solely to fill up time?
- Had the feeling that graduate seminars are more concerned with a phony "politeness" and decorum than with the vigorous and free exchange of ideas?
- Been shocked to find that your professor spends his time watching television and fixing his rock garden while he expects you to read a vast quantity of books in his field which he has never read?
- Found that dull cynical people who constantly agree with the professor on everything consistently get better grades than bright sincere seekers of knowledge who challenge his values and opinions?
- Noticed what an easy time docile girls have in getting high grades over contentious young males?
- Heard about advanced graduate students of proven ability and interest who are summarily flunked on their Orals or thrown out of school for no good reason (except lack of ass-kissing important professors)?
- Had professors con you into doing their research, writing

their papers, compiling their bibliographies, etc. as part of "advanced course work"?

The next time the University erupts (and there will be a next time) students will blame the Administration, and the Administration will blame the students. Those in fact responsible - the professors - will get off scott free, as usual.

Let's not let it happen again. The BARB encourages students to expose the professorial racket. Send us notes taken during ridiculous, irrelevant, meaningless, obscure, or otherwise impossible lectures.

(Try for some verbatim quotes. Students who know shorthand will find this an excellent way to avoid going out of their minds with boredom).

Send in your true hair-raising tales of undergrad or graduate school foul play, in which the student, bereft of rights, is fucked over by his power-mad professors. (We have a few beaux on file already). Ask your professor what books he has read this week, if any, and what he thinks about, if anything.

Those of you still naive enough to be impressed by a show of phony

knowledge and superiority in the classroom will be shocked and amazed by the results. The BARB will publish your findings.

Either make your own survey, write up your story, send your lecture notes to us, or, if the situation warrants it--come into the office and tell your Walt Disney True Life Adventure to one of our reporters.

Let's expose the phonies, the mediocrities, the bureaucrats, the politicians for what they are--and replace them with wise and courageous men who have something to teach and care about teaching it.

GET THE UNIVERSITY

There are always two classes, the haves and have nots. The haves are the parents and the have nots are the children. The parents have expropriated the means of production. The children consequently must work for the parents.

The quarrels of history are always over the inheritance of the parental means of production.

The parents are greedy; they are only children grown older. They keep all the toys for themselves and give the children none. The children train for years to be parents, to be bosses. However, if they do not learn to take the initiative themselves and assert their rights they will never themselves control the means of production.

The revolution is always the revolution of child against parents. In the past it has always been a violent revolution. But violence is necessary only where there is no creativity. If the children can out think the parents, if the children are more creative than the parents, then the children can replace the parents through brain power alone.

Although the children complain about the parents, their children are always in awe of them. To the wrathful Old Testament dieties. The children must learn not to stand in awe of the parent. The Children must learn the skills necessary to outwit the parents. Knowledge alone can win the revolution.

Violence is the way of the immature. It is the way of the infant and the animal. If you can't outwit someone you strike out in anger.

The first goal of the new revolution is the development of a revolutionary character. The revolutionary character must remain centered at all times. He must never act out of passion or momentary anger. He must be aware of what he is doing and of his own motives. The best guide for the revolutionary character is the I Ching. Repeated reading of the I Ching will impress on one the requirements of knowledgeable control of self and the means for initiating a non-violent revolution.

There is no one who can not be defeated without laying a hand on

him. There is no one who will not become a victim of his own inabilities. Often inaction is the best strategy in revolution.

We must learn to let our opponents, defeat themselves. We must learn to sit passively in times when action will not achieve our goals and wait for moments when action will lead to gains.

Every moment of the revolution we must think and think and think.

We must choose our goals carefully. But we must not be committed to only one goal at a time. At all times we must have alternate objectives. In this way we can always shift our objective and snatch victory from defeat.

Recently the opponent of revolutionary activity has been the University of California. Revolutionaries have attempted by violent means to take a piece of property from the University. The violence did not achieve its goal.

There is a way to take over the University without violence. We must expose the whole educational system. But we must not expose it in the abstract. We must concentrate on individual members of the system. On those persons who are most susceptible, the professors.

Every Professor must be closely scrutinized by his students. The students must decide for themselves whether the professor is doing his job, whether his lectures make any sense, whether the professor communicates meaningful information.

The students must have confidence in their own ability to determine the adequacy of professors. They must be their own authorities at all times.

Any Professor who is not doing his job will be exposed in the Barb; in order to do this we must have the cooperation of students.

Students are urged to send in reports on their professors, to make transcripts of poor lectures. These reports and transcripts will be analyzed and reproduced in the Barb.

Professors will no longer be able to hide behind the skirts of Alma Mater. They will no longer have the protection of institutional anonymity. In two months time we will bring the University to its knees.

THEATRE WITHOUT WALLS

THEATER WITHOUT WALLS

A PLAY BY LEROI JONES

BERKELEY LITTLE THEATRE

by John Suiter

Six black drummers pound out an African beat on their drums. A deep green light is on them. Their hands move like birds over the drumskins and you become lost in the primal beat. The faces of the drummers are like masks--eyes closed, their heads nod in deep reverie. After a while, you can't remember when this playing began; it seems that it has always been like this. A jungle-cat screeches in the dark. And now a piccolo. You are among night-birds, soaring low over steamy tree-tops. You are free -- freer than man has ever been.

Then something happens. The piccolo stops. The sounds of the jungle are fewer and farther away. Soon you are aware of other sounds--the agonized, lost moans of men and women, and the ghostly dragging of slave-chains.

You are taken on a voyage on a slave ship. But don't look for other slaves. You are the slave.

Two men appear at the head of the ship, dressed in white-satin frock coats with gold trimmings. Are these the white gods, come to take us to heaven? This stinking ship, loud with the cries of human suffering, this must be our ship of punishment. We are being purged of our sins; surely we are being taken to heaven. But wait! These white men are laughing at us. Listen to them, laughing at our degradation. NO! They are devils! My God! What have we done?

The white men disappear. The screaming of the slaves is louder now. All this time, the relentless tempo of the drums continues. "Save us!" "Help me, my God!" "I'm dying, Lord!" Dancers come to the head of the ship. More screams.

The stage lightens. In the place of the slave traders, a different character appears. Somewhere a mutation has occurred. Somewhere in the journey from the jungles to this slave ship, a new species of man has been created: the Southern plantation field nigger. In another time he might have been a tribal prince; now he is stooped and humble, a cross between a man and a lapping dog. Look at him! Good God, I know that man. He was a hunter for my village. What has happened to him? What has happened to US?

from one to several hundred dollars a week on equipment in an attempt to constantly improve, such as slides, films, and a whole generation of new ideas in the industry.

Casalaina is one of the five members who form the Guild's negotiating team. The other three are: Ray Andersen (The Holy See); Chris Micklev (Little Princess Number 109); Dave Ostrom (Dementia Luminae); and John Hardham (Deadly Nightshade).

The two basic requirements being sought by the Guild are: a fair minimum wage based upon the size of the hall, and publicity billing of no less than 35% of the lead performer's billing.

GUILD HISTORY

The field slave smiles and shuffles, hat in hand. "I sho' is happy, boss," he says. The laughable sounds he makes is the heart-breaking effort of the former tribesman struggling with a strange language that has been forced upon him. The piccolo, friend from the past, plays the strains of Dixie, and the slaves dance off stage.

Enter another black brother, the opiate of the people. He wears black robes and a tight white collar. He stands at the head of the ship, where the white devils stood before him. "Save us!" the slaves shout. "Stop our suffering!" Suddenly, the preacher-man gives a confident smile, the smirk of the con-man who has found his mark. He pauses for a long moment while the slaves wait, holding their breath. Then the preacher speaks. "Sweet Jesus!" he yells. "Oh Sweeeeeeeeet Jesus!"

"Sweet Jesus?" the slaves ask themselves. "Who is this Sweet Jesus?"

"Sweet Jesus!" the preacher storms.

"Will he save us?" the slaves wonder. "Will he take us out of this place?"

A single slave calls out the name. Then another. "Sweet Jesus! Sweeeeeeeeet Jeeeeeeteeeee-sus!" Soon everyone is shouting Sweet Jesus. We sho' is happy now.

And now the field nigger returns. Some of the slaves, it seems, are shouting Sweet Jesus by day and storing up knives and axes by night. "Uh, scuse me, Massah. Uh, I done heard sompn you oughta know, Massah. Uh, yeah, uh, yassuh. Nat Turner, say, scuse me, Massah, Ise jus sayin what I heard. Ise happy and I loves yuh, but Rev Turner say he gonna, uh, cut yaw mother--fuckin throat."

The people in the theatre, 1969, still laugh at this nigger. But it's not the last laugh. A greater laugh, an evil alugh drowns out the people in the theatre. The drums pick up their beat once more. The back of the stage explodes in a flash of white lighting as a projector throws film clips of the black revolution onto a screen. For five full minutes, the Berkeley Little Theatre is a house without walls. It is as if the walls have been ripped off and you are looking at the streets of Berkeley, Oakland, San Francisco and beyond to all the land.

REVOLT! The flashes come rapid fire, as the events themselves have come. They appear so fast that the eye has barely taken

them in when the mind has lost them. But a pattern emerges. Black men slaughtered by vigilantes, klansmen and cops. Hung from trees. Tarred and feathered. Clubbed and shot down in the street. Sit-ins, freedom marches, and bus rides to revolution. A gun. Watts, Harlem. North Philadelphia. Detroit, Newark. Fillmore District. Chicago, Washington D.C. and Hough. Again Chicago: They say it's a big, rich town, but I lived on the porrest street. Bedford-Stuyvestant, New York City, Malcolm! My people! Memphis. Martin!

And all the while the beat goes on, but the drummers no longer nod in slumber. Their eyes are opened, alert. They are wide-awake. The slaves in the aisles have broken their chains; they run through the theatre, firing pistols at the audience. A few members of the audience, slow to catch on, still smile at what they take for extravaganza. After all, what has all this to do with us? It is a cool summer night, only a Saturday evening in Berkeley. We paid money to come here, to be entertained. It is only a play. It is only a play and the actors will take their bows, as they have always done, and we will go home.

But it isn't over yet. The preacher-man returns, this time a little nervous. Take it easy, he tells the slaves. Take it easy. Y'all is going too fast. A white plantation owner joins the preacher on the stage. "What's all these niggers revoltn'?" And now the slaves are moving in the aisles, up to the head of the ship. The preacher and the owner can't talk fast enough. The people stomp them to death.

Now the play is over. Can we leave now? Can we go home to our beds? The people file out of the theatre. But you can't get away from it. You're part of the solution or part of the problem. You're involved in mankind, no matter where or how you hide. The jungle beat that you run from in terror is only the beat of your own racing pulse.

The slave ship has been sailing now for a long time. Colonized people--black-red-brown-yellow are still on it. White brothers are being thrown on all the time.

But the ship is listing from over-weight. It is going off course. It is heading for shore, toward black, jagged rocks.

LIGHT GUILD

by Don Kaufman

Sixty-five "light artists", in an attempt to improve their and the industry's status as purveyors of a legitimate art form, have banded together to form the Light Artists' Guild, and are currently attempting to negotiate with the City's three leading rock establishments--the Fillmore West, the Family Dog, and the Wintergarden--for fair wages and billing.

The Guild's four-man negotiating team has sought to meet with the promoters of these establishments, but has been unsuccessful to date. The Guild has set minimum wages that shows must be paid at the Fillmore and the Family Dog, to go into effect August 5 and 1 respectively, according to Jerry Abrams, one of the Guild members, whose show is Jerry Abrams Head Lights.

According to Abrams and fellow Guild member Vince Casalaina, who calls his show the Dr. Zarkov Light Show, the industry has been shat upon in the past three years in all possible ways, from billing and wages to equipment purchases.

"Light shows have been getting the shaft from every one they've been dealing with," states Casalaina. "The Guild is trying to arrange for professional discounts with large companies. Some of us have researched the market and have uncovered wholesalers who beat retailers by about thirty per cent. We are ultimately trying to get straight wholesale prices. Membership in the Guild would be one way for light artists to acquire equipment less expensively."

Casalaina went on to note that, "a show might spend anywhere

decisions are made on the basis of one man - one vote. The Negotiating Committee was selected in a similar fashion.

Artist Vince Casalaina explains that there should be, and to his knowledge, are no trade secrets. "There is no point in hiding things from one another. A painter can spend a half hour studying someone else's painting and understand the techniques that were implemented. It works the same way with light art."

The Guild is hoping to launch an educational campaign to give people the opportunity to grasp the basic concepts of the form, and to increase understanding and enjoyment from either participation or just observation.

The light artists originally banded together about a year ago under the name of the San Francisco Bay Area Light Show Guild. Since that time members have joined from other areas of California, Salt Lake City, and Washington, D.C. The Guild also decided to not limit membership to light shows exclusively, but rather to all light artists, and thus have changed their name to simply the Light Artists Guild.

The major intent in organizing was to promote a free exchange of ideas, techniques, and anything else for the purpose of improving the quality and status of the art form.

They operate with a sort of communal leadership structure. De-

BABY KILLERS

by Allan Coult

Every child born into this world is a part of living, pulsating nature. He is a microcosm of the universal macrocosm. He is attuned to nature; he is nature. He is not, as some would have it, a blank tablet. He contains within his body the whole record of cosmic history, the entire record of inorganic and organic evolution. He is a child of the heavens and the earth. At birth, under natural conditions, he is born into a world of which he is the mirror. Under natural conditions his exit from the womb is into an environment to which he has been attuned and to which every pulsating particle of his body is attuned.

How could it possibly be that that which is formed of nature could find nature unfamiliar? How could birth into a world out of which one has been formed possibly be anything but the most natural and ordinary of processes? The possibility arises only when nature has been assailed by the sick mind of man.

What child of civilization could recall his entry into the world without experiencing the trauma induced by the artificialities by which man substitutes his own lifeless, wretched imitations of nature for the reality of the God-created cosmos?

The very act of conceiving life is regarded as base, animalistic behaviour. The method by which God creates is seen as far inferior to the techniques of creation devised by man. The mysteries of nature's creativity are seen as unimportant beside man's "creative power", displayed in his works of technology and art.

Civilization, in exalting culture and debasing nature, engages in the paradox of judging the products of their creator as higher than the creator himself. Thus God's means of creating life is seen as inferior to man's means of creating artificialities, which not infrequently are used in destroying life.

In the perverse mentality of modern society, economic considerations outweigh all others. Therefore the birth of a child is dependent on the weighing of complex economic factors involving gain and loss for the persons involved. To have a child without having weighed the economic, cultural considerations is regarded as sinful. Until a woman has contracted with a man for economic security she is beneath contempt if she becomes pregnant. In order to forestall such an eventuality and to guard against other situations in which economically unfeasible births might take place, the female is induced to take birth control pills which alter her feminine physiology, depriving her of the very basis of her womanhood.

When and if the female does become pregnant she immediately begins to be treated by a physician. This has the consequence of defining pregnancy as a sickness rather than a healthy state in the life cycle of a woman. She in all likelihood will be treated by a male physician who must necessarily lack any personal knowledge of female physiology. The physician on his part, having become thoroughly convinced of the superiority of culture over nature, treats his patient according to whatever happens to be the current theories held by his male colleagues, who for various neurotic reasons have developed a curiosity as to the female reproductive system. When the female is ready to deliver the child she is brought to the hospital, again defining her condition as physiologically abnormal, and in need of special techniques of care.

She is wheeled into a delivery room where she is surrounded by plastic and metallic objects and her nose is assaulted by various chemical fumes designed to destroy life. She is strapped upon a table with her legs in the air; a position that is most convenient for her male attendant, but in which her muscles have to strain

against gravity in order to deliver her child. Chemicals are fed into her in order to relieve her of the "terrors" of childbirth which she has been taught to expect by her culture. This fear causes her to tense in a way which hinders rather than facilitates the birth of her child.

As the child begins to be delivered his body is filled with the chemicals pumped into his mother. The tension in his mother's body prevents the vagina from relaxing, thereby affording an easy outlet from the womb. The child's body is therefore crushed as in the coils of a snake while he is being born, and he tastes and smells the life-destroying chemicals which attend his birth. When he finally emerges from the womb he is slapped on the bottom and chemicals are poured into his eyes.

He is emerged into a completely alien environment of plastic, metal, and glass, which makes absolutely no sense to him. He has been born as if on another planet into an environment that is completely alien to his nature. He is surrounded by beings covered with cloth and is whisked away to the artificial environment of the hospital nursery.

Instead of being fed by his mother's breast he is fed from a plastic bottle, filled with various

adjust to the demands of society. The child must learn to repress these functions and to control them by exerting pressures counter to them. He has the task of fighting the nature within him which is expressed in such forms as the peristaltic function of the intestines and bladder tensions. In toilet training he first learns to ignore his feelings and to regulate his bodily functions not by his natural inclinations but by the dictates of society. He is no longer his own man but has become an extension of the authorities of his society.

The child who has the natural mammalian inclination to huddle and sleep together with others of his own kind is made to sleep alone in a crib, and is given stuffed animals with which to cuddle. It is not deemed proper for the child to have extended contact with the flesh of his mother. Paradoxically, the adults who have decided on this insane measure hang together in their own bed each night to attain the security of human contact which they deny to their child. Although it is deemed sinful for the helpless infant to enjoy the warmth of its mother's body while it sleeps, adults are continually preoccupied with finding someone with whom they can enjoy the pleasures of sensual contact.

this does not obliterate the impulses but merely produces counter tendencies which strain against the impulses and produce a continual conflict within him.

The internalized prohibitions of the society cause a split in his unitary life impulses. He must borrow energy from himself to repress his own feelings. This energy then comes to constitute a system separate from the rest of his being, to which the Freudians have given the term "superego". His psyche consists of a land divided against itself. With the natural life impulses being continually at conflict with the internalized dictates of the society, the psyche becomes a battleground for the war between nature and culture, and the victories continually go to culture.

Denied bodily access to other human beings, the child's only contact with others is the sense of vision and words which are the concomitants of visual specialization. The child continually reaches out towards others with verbalization, but these can never afford the primary satisfaction that comes with sensual contact. He comes to spend his life engaging in long periods of meaningless verbal encounters which cannot possibly provide satisfaction for the needs of the flesh. He is ensconced on a verbal merry-go-round which has no satisfactory point of cessation.

The child is not allowed to touch and feel and even contact afforded by the sense of smell is denied him, since the adults mask their odors with numerous chemical substances and frequent baths by which they attempt to deny their animality. Only through the sense of vision may the child reach out toward another human being, but even the natural pleasures of this sense are denied for humans choose to cover their God-given forms with cultural artifices.

The child comes to develop an insatiable curiosity about the bodies of others, particularly those of the opposite sex. But his inhibitions disallow him from satiating his curiosity by direct observation. His problem becomes how to observe without being observed. He turns to cultural representations of the human body in the form of paintings and photographs. His sexual fantasies come to be accompanied by observations of imitations of the human body. In this way he develops sexual responses to these imitations and the material of which they are made. He conditions himself to respond sexually to artificialities. When, as is often the case, these representations of life are his only contact with reality for many years, he is unable to react appropriately when faced with the real thing.

His sexuality has been conditioned to respond to inanimate objects and he seeks not a real living member of the opposite sex, but a being who will have the characteristics of the artificialities which have been imprinted on his psyche. A woman for this plasticized being should have skin of the paper used in the center-fold of "Playboy", or the quality of the stockings in which the female wraps her legs. Her odor should be that of printer's ink. When she walks she should tinkle her metallic bracelets and tap-tap-tap along with the sound of high-heels clicking against the pavement. The reader may determine for himself the source of many of the other perversions of culture.

No sooner is the child born than the parents begin to be concerned with his eventual value on "the market". The sooner he can talk and read the more valuable he will be. From the outset he is not allowed to enjoy his animality but as soon as possible is cajoled and coerced into speaking and into contemplating such products of culture as are likely to hasten his entrance into the marketplace. His mother buys books full of cartoons and patiently explains to him how this cartoon is a dog, how this cartoon is a cat, and how this cartoon is a man. (He is also taught to stay away from real dogs,

cats, and men.) Imprinted in his mind are myriad series of cultural caricatures rather than the realities of nature. The substructure of the psyche is artificialized and forms a foundation which can then support the massive artificialities which he will be required to assimilate.

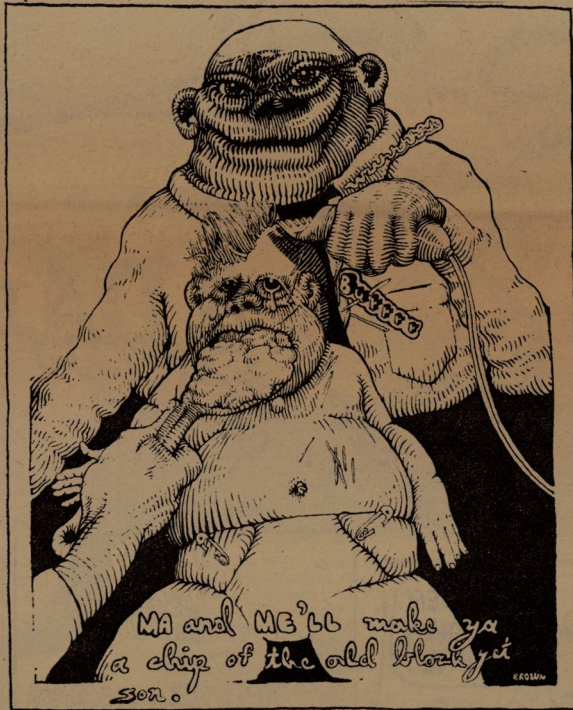
When he is four or five years of age, whatever freedom he may have enjoyed up to that time is terminated, and he is sent to school to begin training. Here he is put to work, only his activities are euphemistically called "education." He is being exploited at the youngest age that any child in the history of the world has ever been exploited by the state. He is put under the control of a strange adult whose orders he must obey unequivocally, and the entire force of society stands ready to see that he does in deed obey his new master. He is now totally enslaved during the school day in a way that few people have been in the history of the world. He is assigned a seat in which he must sit in spite of the natural inclinations of his body to move around. If he needs to urinate or defecate he must ask the teacher who then decides whether it's really necessary. If he becomes sleepy, he is told that he can sleep only at what is deemed the "proper time" for everybody to sleep. If he feels hungry he is told that he can eat only when it is the "proper time" for everybody to eat. Control over his bodily feelings and functions is taken from him and put into the hands of a clock, and the person who watches that clock. His body has become an extension of his teachers' will. He must kill the feelings of nature pulsating in him and regulate his needs according to cultural dictates.

When this method of training is applied to animals it is called domestication. When applied to human beings it is called education. The process of domestication forms the basis for human social existence. It entails the subordination of the body of an individual to the mind of another. In this way human beings become extensions of their superiors -- tools to be used by those who control them.

The process of domestication involves the subordination of feeling to intellect, of nature to culture, of the unconscious to the conscious. To become a social being involves the subordination of bodily feelings to cultural dictates. The process of education is designed to kill bodily feeling and to produce a plasticized being. The natural rhythms must be replaced by the mechanically regulated rhythms of human existence. The child must be trained to regulate his bodily activities according to the school schedule. Such an "education", by its very nature, must artificialize a human being and produce a societal robot.

During the years that the child is being adjusted to mechanical rhythms, he is entirely under the control of the state. He is a ward of the government, and no one except officials appointed by the government is allowed to influence his education.

In school the child's teachers are generally repressed members of the society, usually women whose fear of sex prevents them from having their own children, and who compensate by taking the responsibility for the education of thirty or forty children of other women. In the rare event that such persons should choose to extend affection toward the children it is impossible to do so, because of their number and also because they are there to work and not to be made to feel good. The helpless child is confronted by a giant taskmaster who is thoroughly convinced of the rightness and necessity of transforming the feelings of life within the child into plasticized responses that will eventually turn the wheels of industry.



ingredients which a male physician has for no good reason deemed equivalent to his mother's milk.

His first impressions of this world are therefore constituted of artificial, plasticized images which form the basis of his developing psyche. Instead of nature he is surrounded by wired walls with cultural caricatures of nature. He is wrapped in diapers which cause him to lie in his own fifth, and is assaulted from all sides by the noises of mechanical devices rather than by the rhythms of nature. Should it not be expected that if he could voice his feelings he would have wished to have never been born, and would think of birth as the exit from paradise, as death?

When the child is brought home from the hospital he is carefully guarded from nature, and is thought safe to the extent that he is surrounded by four walls and a hundred cultural contrivances. From the moment of birth he is taught that there is a discrepancy between the nature within him and the artificialities without. He can adjust to his environment only if he can reject his own nature and plasticize his internal feelings.

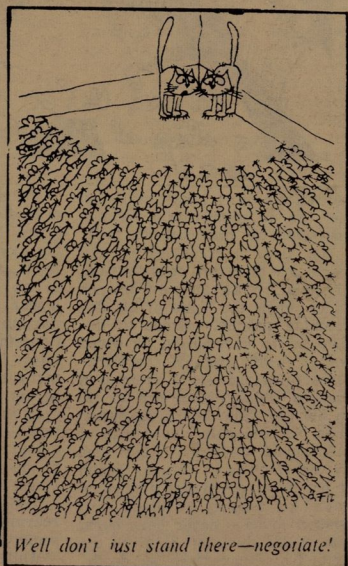
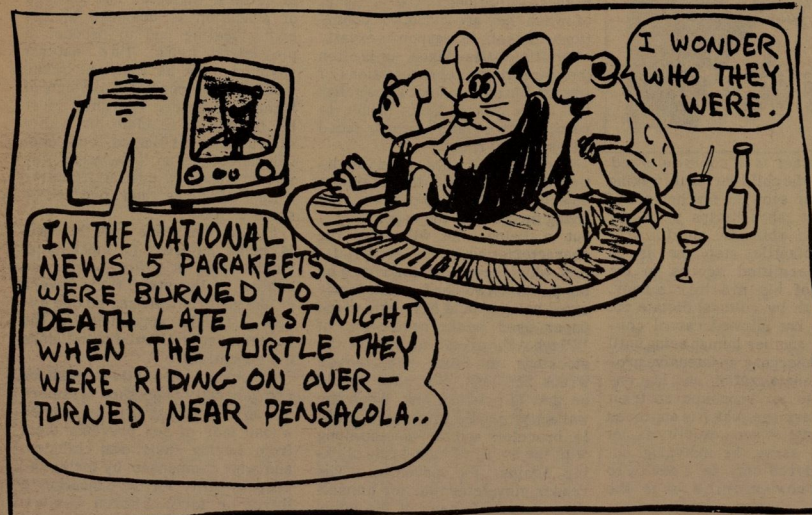
As he matures he learns that certain functions of his body are not appropriate except at certain times and places. These functions, however, are consistent and do not

The mother is of course allowed to fondle the child during his waking hours, but soon the mechanism of the incest taboo begins to assert itself, and while the child is still in an infantile state he is no longer permitted access to the warmth of his mother's body. Henceforth by cultural dictate the infant is not allowed carnal contact with another human being until he has undergone an intensive process of socialization and has entered into an economic contract called marriage, which is approved by the state, since sexuality is not meant to serve the individual but is considered only as a device to recruit new members to the society.

While the need for human contact is denied the child, it is officially tolerated as a necessity for the adult individual. All evidence of human contact is tabooed to the child. And thus while he still feels the needs of the flesh in him, he begins to consider these needs as individual peculiarities of his own which are antisocial and thus not a part of normal human existence. The child comes to define himself as a pervers.

By the necessities of the incest taboo, the child is rejected when he reaches out for his mother. This constitutes a punishment which is painful for the child. He then learns to control his own impulses, but

TO BE CONTINUED



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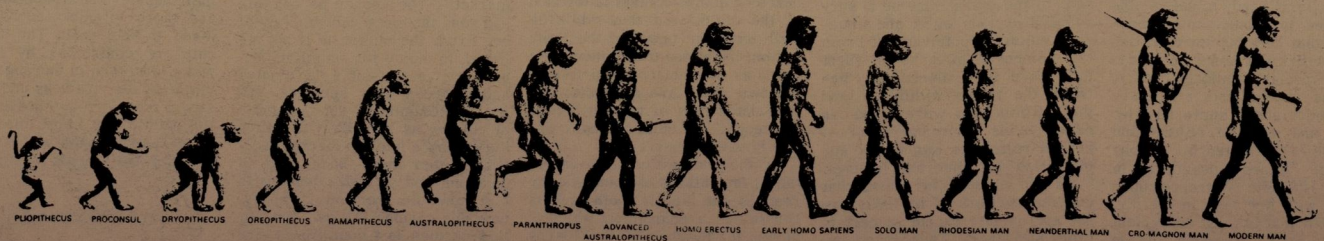




PHOTO BY TOM LOFFMAN

THE INNER SPACE ODYSSEY by FLAME ZAPP

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,

Why is it that after going to bed with a girl she thinks it's O.K. or even cute (!) to urinate and defecate right in front of me? They NEVER do it beforehand.

A Romantic

Dear Romeo,

The ideal lover for thee
Is a nymph both aesthetic and free,
Who will flit 'cross the room,
Flatulating perfume,
And exuding champagne in her pee.

Dear Flame,

I'm going to get married soon to a returning service man. He thinks I'm a virgin but I went to bed with his best man while he was in Vietnam. He'll know on our wedding night that I deeply wish to begin our life together happily, not tragically. I almost do not want to bust up his life-long friendship with his best man.

In a mess

Dear Mess,

Ten to one your fiancee is not a virgin either by now. Tell him before you get into bed (after the wedding) that you forgive him and that you're ALMOST a virgin yourself. What is good for the platypus is good for the platypussy. Even if he is that one nut out of ten who didn't allow himself to be seduced by an attractive Vietnamese girl he'll be kicking himself so vigorously that he'll forget to kick you. If he wants to know who it was (they always do), tell him, but say the poor guy soon became impotent with guilt.

Dear Flame,

When I have intercourse I don't like the woman to move -- it distracts me and I lose my erection. What can I do to concentrate?

Dear Concentration,

You have a problem. You imagine that you're masturbating when you screw and screwing when you masturbate. You can only relax with a fantasy woman, or in other words, yourself, never a real one with her own identity and needs. First get a woman to masturbate you by demonstrating exactly how you like it done. When you get used to another human being being present, then you have her orally masturbate you. She must move to do that and it will provide a transition to intercourse and to trusting another. After all this unselfish behavior on her part you should do the same for her. By the time you get to screwing, both of you should be aware of each other's needs from the inside. Don't concentrate on your penis, concentrate on your partner and your penis will have a ball.

Dear Flame,

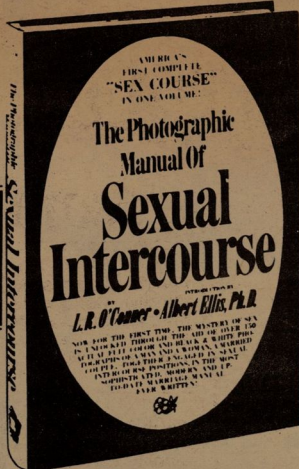
Do Psychedelic drugs increase your sexuality?
Hedda

Dear Hedda,

It may, if you have any. If you are sensual, tactile, etc., psychedelic drugs like marijuana will increase your ability to thoroughly relax and focus on ANY experience that you ordinarily enjoy. If you are forced by social pressure to take it or if you are in a bad mood to begin with or if you do not feel comfortable with the people who are there, the drug will increase your resentment, fear, hostility, etc. and you will have a BAD TRIP. The more powerful psychedelics like LSD, should not be taken by a novice without the supervision of someone who knows what he is doing -- preferably a guru or Zen master. These drugs can literally take you "out of this world." If you are not competently guided you may have trouble getting back.

Write to Flame Zap c/o The Berkeley Barb.

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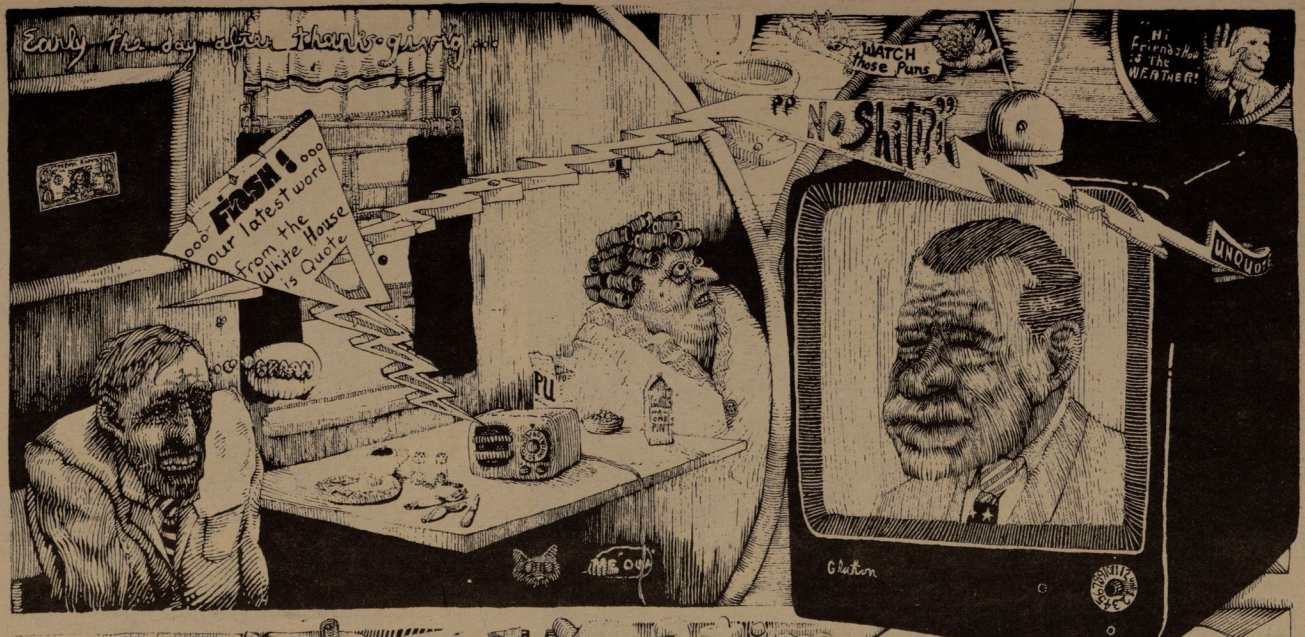
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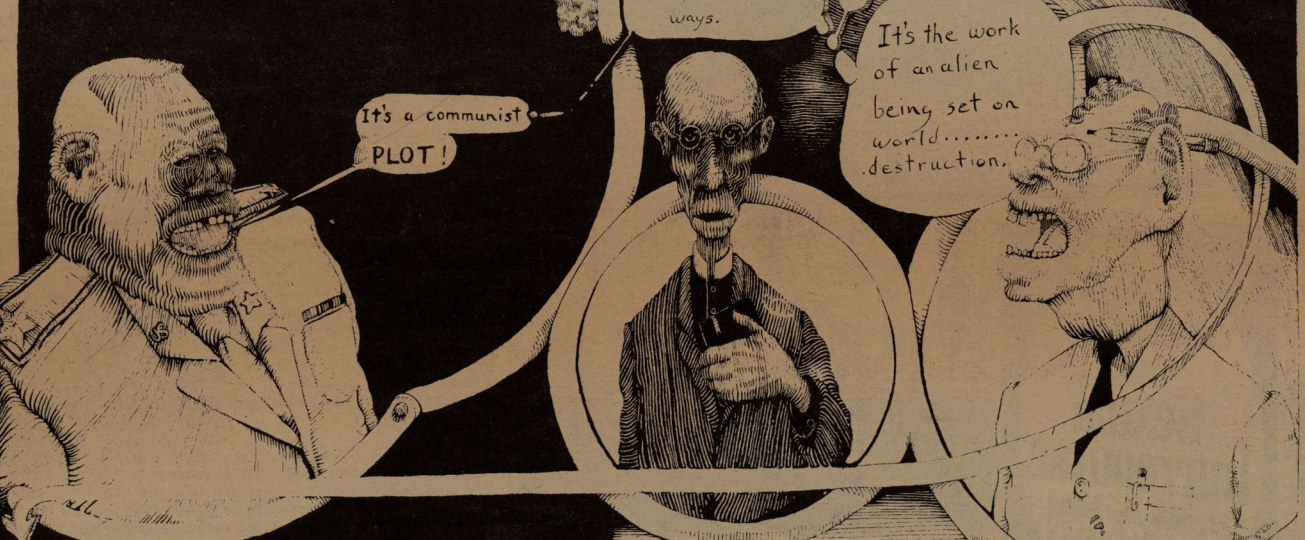
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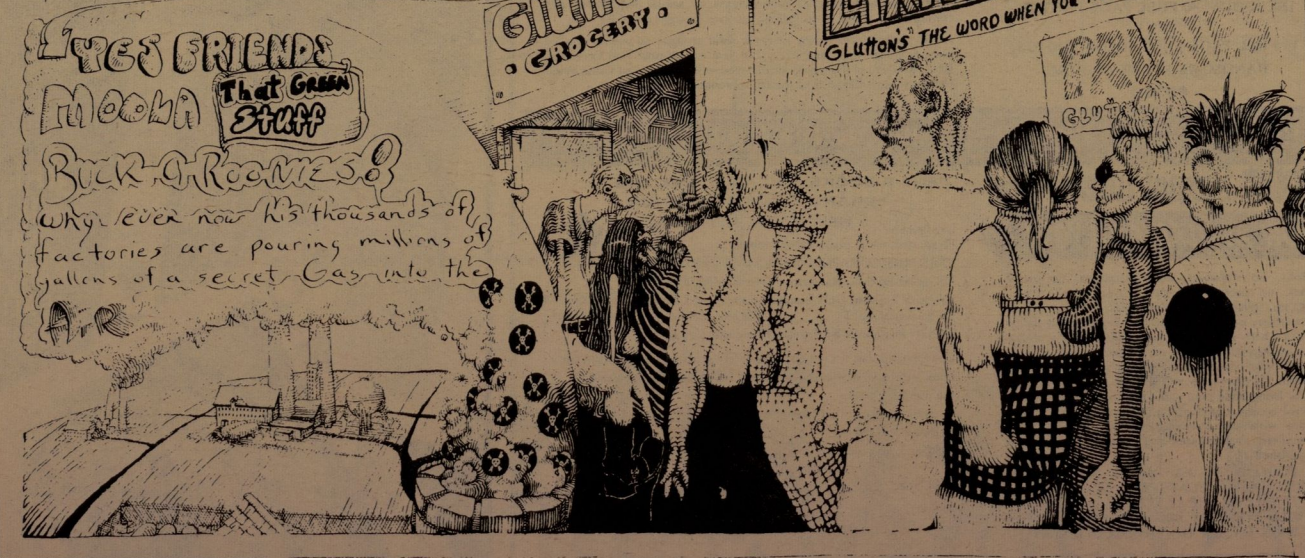
CONSPIRACY

By Rob Deane

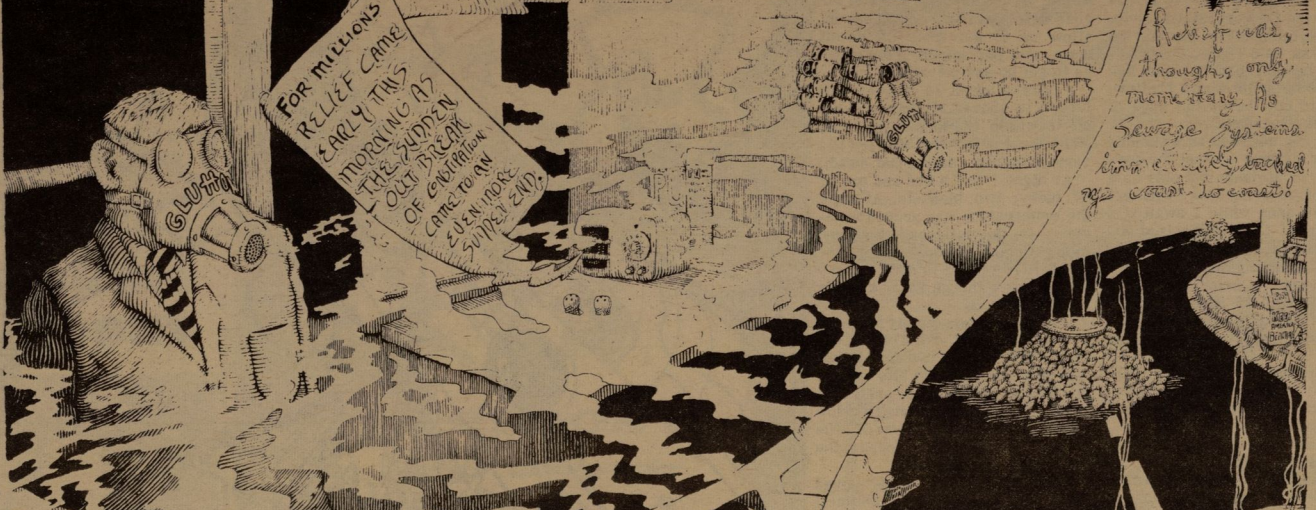
has struck and the nations leading authoritys have their opinions...



But late, as in not much, do they know that one of leading tycoons, O. RAVI GLUTTON, known affectionately by his friends as **GLUTTON**, has set into motion his diabolical plan to control the world through



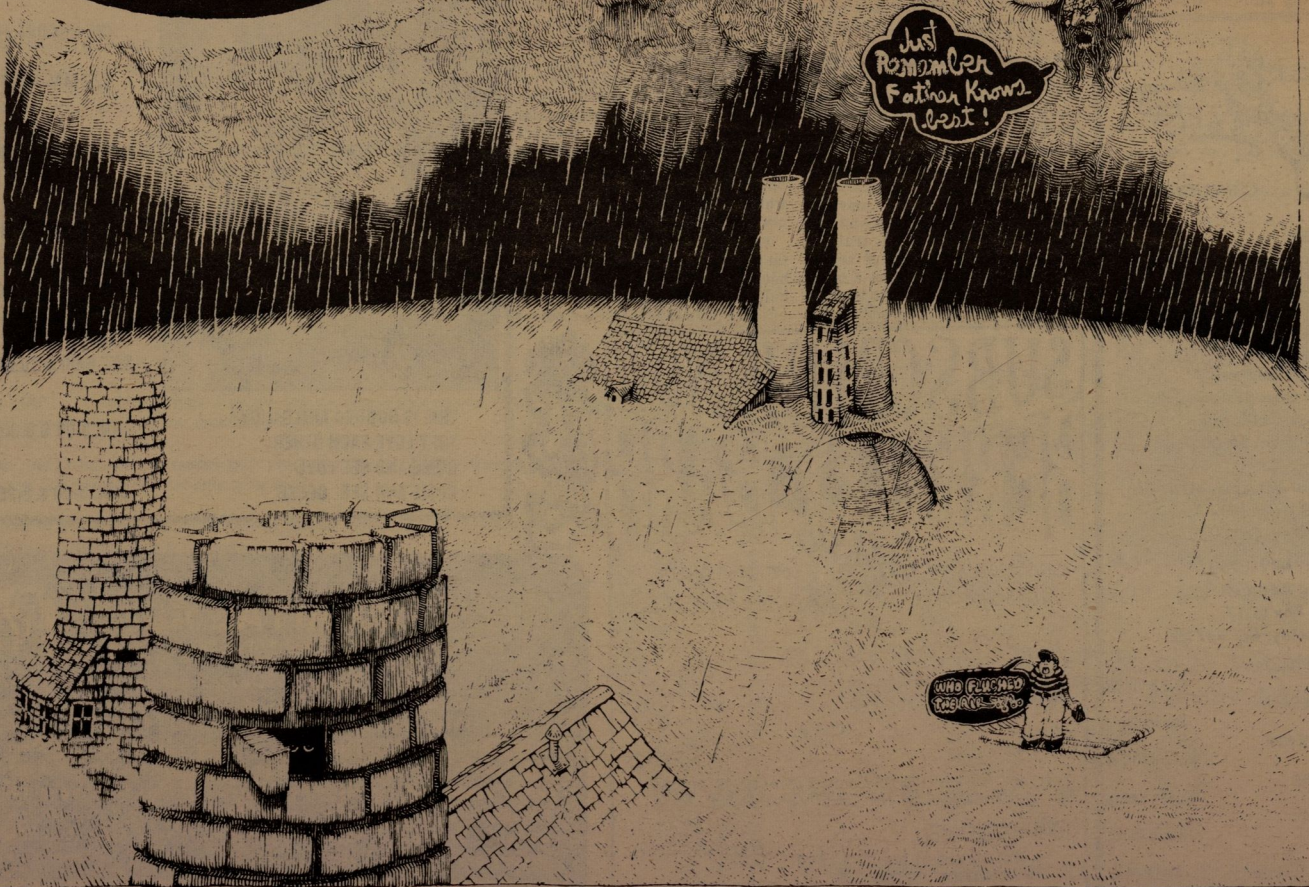
with this instant he creates a need for a renewal fee provides the cause
as a result



MEANWHILE, HIGH OVER HEAD, OUR
MAN IN THE CLOUDS HAS ALSO COTEN
WIND OF GUYTON'S MONSTEROUS SCHEME.
SO...



40 DAYS &
40 NIGHTS
LATER



MILITARY TERRORISM

About 72 hours ago I was released from the Naval Station Brig, Treasure Island. For the last 24 days I was held there. I was belittled, beaten, heckled and harassed to the point where I believe myself to now be on the edge of a nervous breakdown.

I was not confined as a punishment for crimes against the government or anybody, but only as a means of assuring that I wouldn't leave the area while I awaited a courtmartial for unauthorized absence. I'm still awaiting the courtmartial for that offense.

I couldn't be held in the Brig for more than 25 days without a written order from the commanding officer (which they couldn't obtain).

The purpose of this letter is to tell you of some of the inhuman things which the men in the Brig are subjected to.

As I said before, I'm still awaiting trial for a courtmartial, so I don't want my name used on anything that you print (if you decide to print anything), for the simple reason that it would influence the judgement against me when my courtmartial comes up. Also I might have to return to that Prison to serve sentence afterwards, and the Gestapo in charge would get revenge on me.

I can receive visitors between 4 and 6 any night. I'm not allowed to leave the base for any reason, so I'm afraid you'll have to come over here if you want to rap.

Thank you very much for reading this and the story enclosed with it. I realize the story is not all that good. You may change it if you think it necessary, and please feel free to contact me any time for additional information. I must stress again the importance of not using my name until after my court martial sentence is served. To tell it like it is I'm scared shitless of these pigs if I have to go back in that God-awful place again.

(The following is the soldier's own account of his time in the Brig--ed.)

The correctional center at Treasure Island Naval Base is perhaps the most horrible punitive institution under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Navy. From the moment I entered the Brig as a prisoner I was treated as a less than human being with only the rights to life and death.

If I managed to stomach the food, and if I was given enough time I was allowed to eat 3 times

a day. It was favorite trick of the guards to march the prisoners in, allow us to get food, let us sit down, and one minute later order us to get up and get out.

I was allowed to shower and forced to shave. My hair was cut off to within 1/4 inch of my head. (With most prisoners, this led to a very painfully sunburned head.)

At night I had a bed and one or (if lucky) two blankets. At night the temperature was around 50 degrees in the cells and it caused many colds. I started coughing the night after I came in and I haven't stopped even though I'm now taking medicine for it.

As a maximum security prisoner I was put in a brick and concrete cell with a bed and toilet. God help the man who sits or lays on the bed before lights are out at night. The cell had a small window with a cover that fit over it. The window was opened or closed at the discretion of the guard.

After 2 or 3 days I was moved to a different part of the cell block. This cell was the same size only now I shared it at night with 2 other unfortunate individuals like myself. We spent approximately one week in the cell.

During that time we were in orientation. They awakened us at 4:45 every morning. At 5:00 they marched us outside and stood us at attention for 30 minutes. Pity the man who falls or even shivers from cold and wind.

About 6:00 we went into the chow hall for breakfast. If we were lucky it was hot. Normally it was cold and always tasted like shit.

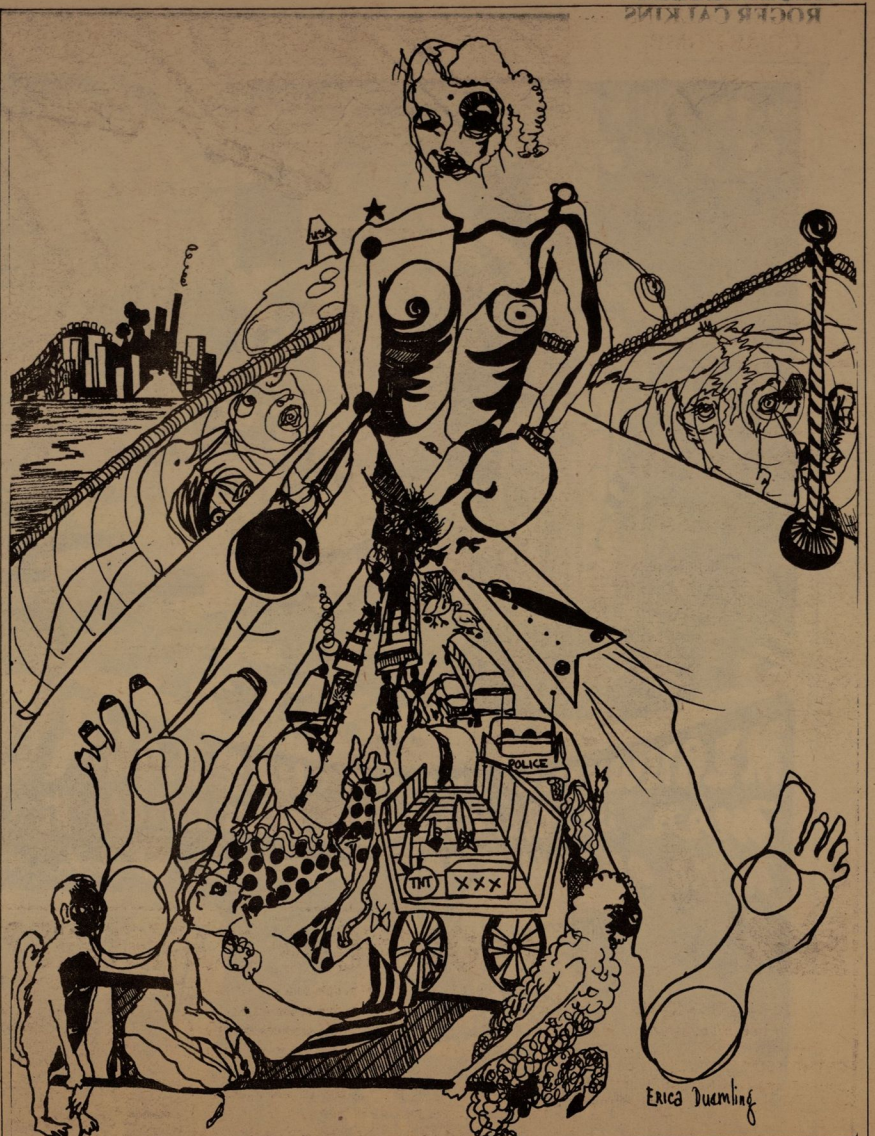
After we ate we were herded outside and then marched around in the inner compound. If a man marched out of step or missed a command, the Gestapo would pull him out of ranks, take him into their special cells in back, and 2 or 3 of them would beat the hell out of him, or just harass him or humiliate him in front of other prisoners.

After the week of orientation (I was lucky) I was moved to a different area. There I didn't have to worry as much about being beaten as much as losing my sanity. I no longer had to sleep in the cells, but instead in a dormitory with 50 or 60 other men.

There we were constantly harassed and humiliated by some of the guards. Sometimes we were not allowed to go to sleep at night. During the day we were forced to work at meaningless tasks like shining steel ashtrays and waxing brick walls, then scraping the wax off.

We were never given a chance to be ourselves. We were punished and humiliated for speaking our ideals and were told we weren't as good as the rest of society and the Establishment. Because we broke the Establishment's outdated, foolish rules.

The guards are all marines stationed at Treasure Island. They've all had special training in how to beat the hell of somebody without even leaving a mark on the person, and how to humiliate a person to the point of in-



sanity. They have also been taught that the people who wind up in the Brig are all communists and that long-haired people are all dope addicts with no rightful place in society.

My main reasons for writing this article are, Number One: the guards beat me more than once, and there wasn't anything I could do to stop them. I took more than one beating and while I was being beat I swore to myself that I'd try to let everybody know about it. Number two: I promised a couple of good friends I met in there that I'd do my best to try and get the place changed. Maybe writing this will help. I only hope so.

P.S. I'd be interested in hearing about it if anybody should decide to hold a rally or something for the men in the Brig here. I wouldn't know how to go about setting one up, but I'd be delighted to help any way possible on any project which might help to clean out the corruption inside that place.


While I was there I began to feel sorry for some of the men because it was so easy for them to believe everything their NCO's and officers told them. And for others

because they actually developed a super sadistic attitude towards the men they were in charge of and responsible for. They got to the point where they could beat people and laugh and tell jokes among themselves while they did it.

Ninety percent of the men I met in the Brig were there for one of two reasons: Possession of dangerous drugs (marijuana or LSD), and for the most horrible crime one can ever think of (almost

as bad as a traffic ticket) -- going over the hill.

The men go over the hill because the military and the old Establishment make them sick to their stomachs. Or because they don't want any part of the Vietnam war. Or for the simple reason they have a family to support and can't do it on military pay. All of these are logical reasons which the old Establishment just can't seem to understand. Or refuses to.



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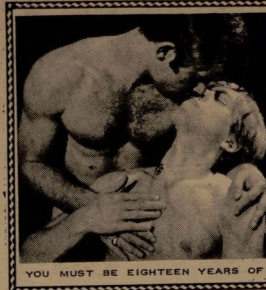
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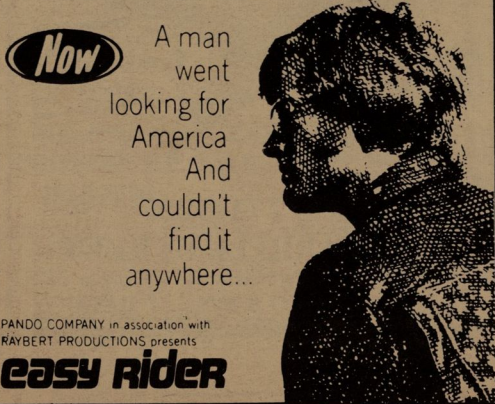
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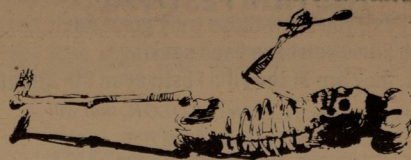
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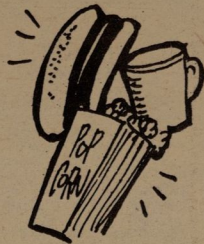
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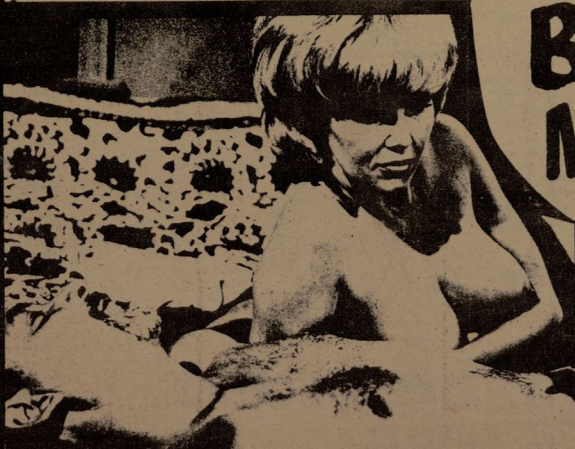
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