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PARANOIA



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NOITULOVER

By Swami Uncle Tommy

(Note: This article does not necessarily reflect the views of its author.)

"Oh, I don't dress/ like my Daddy used to dress./ and my hair is different too./ Oh, the rest of my head/ just ain't like Daddy's./ and Mommy don't tell me what to do."

Copyright 1969, B. Boy

If I were counter-revolutionary, believe me, the sun would rise in the West and set in the East. Revolution is to revolve, from the Latin REVOLVERE, to revolve, to roll back. Frankly, I want to get off this fucking wheel.

I haven't been able to pull a revolution off anyway, because the fact is I can't figure out how to do it. The trick is to not act like people in the past have acted. How the hell do I know how people in the past have acted -- from what I have seen in the movies?

Maybe revolution would be when I act differently than I used to act. The trouble is that I used to be one way, then another. I seems as if I naturally swing dialectically from one side to another in the way I think and behave. First there was a God, then there wasn't, then there was again. First I was going to be a poet, then a man of action, and now I am a word-worker again. Not only that, but it didn't seem to make much difference no matter what words I used.

Besides, I don't even know how I did act in the past. I think of the past, and get a particular feeling, and maybe an image. That is supposed to be the past, when it is obvious I never left the present.

How the hell am I supposed to know what the past was like, stuck as I am in the present for eternity?

It is a funny thing about words: they always create their opposite. Do you notice how by taking one side the other is automatically positioned? Here it is, right before your very eyes. As you can see, if I pose a problem I create a solution, and if I pose a solution I have created a problem. No matter which side I take I create both sides.

It is a lucky thing that the opposites are not antagonistic, but exist simultaneously in the same place and time, fitting very nicely in this column for example.

Maybe a revolution would be if you crawled out of your head and into this paper.

Another good game is to take your ideas, concepts, attitudes, etc. to their logical conclusion. For example, if you think that someone besides yourself is controlling what happens, then it follows that you do not control what happens. Before you can change things you have to wrest control away from those people who do control what happens -- no easy task since they control everything.

However, if you accept full responsibility for everything that happens, then ending conditions you are maintaining is simple. You just do it.

An innocent man is in prison: Set him free. Virtuous men are suffering: Stop their torment. Children are starving: Feed them. Righteous men are dead: Resurrect them.

Do not pay attention to what people say: watch what they do. Watch what you do. Do not get hung up in the words; scribble in the flesh.

Dear Mr. Nixon

Hello there. How are you all? How is your golf goin these days? I hope you are firing in the low 70's. For it would not look good if the President was a duffer. And how is old Bill Graham, the Jesus-pusher? I hope his golf game is good too.

I read in the paper that they are killing those slant-eyed rice-eating son-of-a-bitches in Viet Nam. I hope this doesn't interfere with your golf or with your breakfast. For, after all, those yellow monkeys have to be eliminated to make a place on this crowded earth for us real white people. Them yellow bellies probably get that way from the Bile.

I also hear that some of our American boys are being killed. Well, don't let that worry you, Dick. They are still young and hardly have earned the right to live. Most of them are so uneducated anyway that they don't know the difference between living and dying. And I am sure that they are happy to be giving their lives for you and Billy and Pat and Tricia and Julie. Everyone knows that the GI's are too poor and stupid to enjoy life anyway.

So, Dick, I hope you have a good time and enjoy yourself. You have a good wife and nice daughters and a groovy son-in-law and we all wish you the best.

Do not feel bad when people call you a pig and a murderer. They are just stupid and don't know that you have to do what you do for their own good. God is on your side.

Love, Mother

Visit to the Kill Room

by Paul Shearer

Riding high one day over the capital of the world upon my magic banana-- bright yellow tinged with green picked with discriminating taste at the moment of its virgin ripeness -- I spied below a curious structure in the shape of an extra-sided square.

Upon it beamed a sign boldly lettered precisely defined in both size and meaning: "United States Department of Offense"

it said. "This must be the place," I mused, "where the Seat of Power does reside," and signalled in the proper way for a landing at the helipad nearby.

"Hey, Fuckhole!" said a friendly Minister of Pornography who had been standing guard at attention there behind his rigid bayonet, "You can't park a fuckin' piece of motherass fruit on this here helipad, you banana!"

And, raising myself up to my full high, I answered pompously, "Put your bowels at ease, Lewd Tenant of the Army! I, President Vice Feeces, have been dropped here from the rear -- behind the trenches -- mouth of your Commander in Chief to inspect the Kill Room." And he, saluting gracefully and bending low to face the symbol of his country's father with his ass to me did say: "Right THIS way!" pointing, as he spoke

to the Seat of Power's back entrance with bayonet in hand.

In fear and wonder then, I approached the rear door of the Eagle's nest the Citadel of War and asked directions of an old wooden Indian soldier to the head men of the store.

"Walk straight down this empty corridor," he intoned woodenly, "until you come to a door which says 'Joint Chiefs.' There you will find the head men."

With palm thrust upward in appreciation, "In God We Trust!" I shouted merrily and started down the hall. Before long I came upon the door I had been looking for and, bending low, proceeded through the keyhole to eye the happenings within.

Around the outer lips of a giant vulva-shaped table in the center of the Kill Room, bathing in the muted light of a screen which ordinarily was used in the Commanding of Strategic Air, there sat a score of generals dressed in see-through brass, pulling at their bloated triggers and gazing at their latest stag movie, moaning softly in delight. Bursting sweetly ever upward outward, onward on the screen at which they sighed rose a nuclear orgasm of heavenly proportions that rivalled the sun's fire and the soul's light.

ON THE AVENUE

By Gogol

On the Avenue these days, One will find the Many. The Many That One used to find on the Haight this time of year years ago. The Many that One used to find in Miami, New York, Toronto and Lompox. The Many have come to be One in Berkeley.

So come to Tele and join the Fold. Your chance to dance like Shiva in that good Western dogshit. Hurry, for the street is already filled to capacity. Any day now

can be seen in all the faces. Come on the Avenue with your brothers and sisters. Feel what words can't express.

To help those who just arrived, the Avenue sleeps till noon. Then, as the yellow cowboy sun begins to shine . . . Hari, Hari Krishna, Hari Rama, Hari Hari mill on can corner with native pusher and his vamping poozie. Lie in the shade of an ice cream cone watching the boots drag by. Cattle car in front of Pepe's with a freak from Detroit. Drink coffee in the Cafe Crush. Relax among the rolling wheels and listen to the BUZZ.

If you long for more of that New Old nature, that wonderful human touch, that heel on your toe revolution vibes, the Avenue has open arms. The fold gathering now has to separate the word from the flesh. They will shed their old skins on the street. And when they've been transformed by the vibrations, they'll truck out with true hearts and helping hands.

If you came to be reborn in the

street and have not been reborn, Be Patient. The annual rebirth of the summer of Love and Suffering Committee has announced "No one will be missed." Each summer enough Cosmic Energy is supplied to get you all high and away. As you know, this energy is very strong in Berkeley at the present time.

While waiting for this ultimate moment of snow and fire you must relax and enjoy yourself. Come to Berkeley and Rest. Your Bliss is in the Pot.

What's happening now? Lots of walkin' not much talkin'. Right. But did you see that poozie? Will you see it again? Yes you will. Again and again at a faster and faster clip. Like Navajo's in Reno looking for a john the Fold goes "from wash basin to wash basin, just rigamarole" till the overflow. . . then the intense heat of the Indian summer begins to melt the Many into One. And this One, this Great Hairy One, extends its long white tongue to San Clemente and licks-up the Nixon

THE ISSUANCE OF A LADY'S BOX

By Slandra Sind

The following is an actual conversation which took place in the Oakland Post Office.

HE: Now, we have no more REAL Boxes to give out. I'm very sorry but we can only give you a Phantom Box. But first, do you expect to receive over 50 mails in your box each day?

SHE: Yes, at least that many. More.

HE: Fine and good. Then you qualify for one of our Phantom Boxes. You do expect to be receiving various mails in your box... first class mails, second class mails, special mails, parcels, packages and bundles?

SHE: Oh, yes. . . I expect to receive several kinds of mails in my box. All kinds.

HE: Fine, and you wish them all to go into your box?

SHE: Yes, that's the way I want it. All of them into my box. My Phantom Box.

HE: Good. Now don't forget that there will be at least 50 people working on your box a day, so you must be very explicit about just what mails you will receive in your box. Otherwise, what is rightfully yours may get into another's box. We wouldn't want that to happen.

SHE: No!

HE: Now, I must explain to you that your box was previously owned by two other corporations. Therefore, you may receive strange mails in your box.

SHE: Oh, and what shall I do with these strange mails?

HE: You must return all strange mails to me. Just attach a note

to them saying "not here" and return the mails to me. Furthermore, once in awhile we will inspect your box to make sure you are not receiving any illegal mails in your box. Do you understand that, and will you authorize our Box Inspectors to do that?

SHE: Yes, I will. Anything you want. I just need the box.

HE: I can understand that. And another thing, Miss. You must clean out your box every day. Otherwise, the mails will overflow and we will have to take your box away from you. Is that clear?

SHE: More than clear.

HE: Good. Now, Miss, I must stress the importance of paying the rent on your box. Previously, we let the rent on boxes lapse for 10 days. This proved disastrous. You MUST pay the rent on your box without lapse. Do you understand?


SHE: Yes, I promise. I cannot afford to lose my box.

HE: Just one more thing, and then you're finished and I can turn your box over to you. Seeing as your box is a Phantom Box, we cannot issue you a key. But only those people who you yourself authorize will be allowed to get into your box. You may authorize as many as you wish to have access to your box. And anytime you wish to deauthorize someone, just let me know. Simply by filling another card here, you can authorize others to get into your box.

SHE: Great. And I can authorize anyone I wish to get into my box?

HE: That's right. You are solely responsible for your box. It is YOUR box.

SHE: Thanks a lot.



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PARANOIA

Berkeley Barb
August 22-28

By Your Friendly
Underground Telephone Pole

Haulin ass down highway million miles an hour foot off the ground, old lady hangin on back of me, hog screamin at 6000. Take a curve leanin three inches off the earth, come up groovin and shoot up this hill.

Turn round to check my chick, she's pullin into my gut too hard. Top of the hill then down down fuckin in grade. Spot tunnel ahead. Old lady's givin me pain in my gut again, turn round Motherfuck she ain't there. Look back down road, remember tunnel, see glass scattered all over fuckin front of it, turn hard to miss, see tree, CRASH!

Shit, in my room again, only a drea. . . the walls are closing in, the room is getting smaller and smaller, darker and darker (I'm all alone.) Still dark outside window, room coming down, gotta get out the window No Wait it's a trap, fuckin pigs, RING!

The telephone rings and I jump ten feet out of bed, sweating like a mug of beer. Before I know what I'm doing I'm in the bathroom flushing my stash away. The phone is still ringing but I throw up in the toilet.

Now I feel better and go to answer the phone, which stops ringing just as I go to pick it up. Strange. Fucking telephones, they're just another way the establishment keeps you uptight.

When the revolution comes we're going to destroy them all, blow up those fucking telephone booths, KABLAM!

I take a sip of coffee left from last night, but it tastes funny so I throw it out.

Someone raps on the door and Pete walks in. Fucking Pete, sometimes I wonder. He wants a joint but I tell him I'm dry. He wants to get some pancakes so I tell him again what they do to the food at those fascist franchise places. When the revolution comes we're going to destroy those fascist franchise places, blow them up, BOOM! BOOM!

We go to Mike's cafe where you can see the grill.

We drive down in Pete's old VW bus. I see a pig car pulling out from in front of Mike's and have Pete drive past Mike's and circle the block. The pigs follow us, I think they recognized me. They stop following us after a block though. Fucking pigs, they'll be the first to go, motherfucking fascist rascist capitalistic shit-eating sadistic animals. When the revolution comes we're going to blow them to smithereens, BLOWN!

We drive around the block a few times to play it safe.

I choose a booth next to the window in Mike's, and a good thing too. Just as we sit down, this late-model off-white Plymouth pulls up, and right away I peep the two cats getting out as plainclothesmen. They're even wearing those wind-breakers they all wear, and those dinky hair-cuts. I mark down the car license in my notebook. I've got six pages of the license numbers of unmarked pig cars in my notebook.

I pull out a bill to pay for the food and flash that it's marked. No, only torn I guess. I hate that fuckin' money, green establishment bile. When the revolution comes we're going to abolish money. Hear it all into a pile, pour gasoline over it, and PHVROOMPH!

Time to start my day's business, which is, in case you haven't already guessed, revolution. During the day it's too risky to go about my main occupation -- building up a chemical arsenal. My specialty

among my brothers and sisters and try to get balled. I smoke dope and rap and harass the Man. The trouble is, you don't know who are your brothers and sisters and who are fucking murdering lying CIA agents. Long hair, far out clothes, dope smoking, harmonica playing, and hip talking doesn't mean anything. Shit, I think that 90% of the movement are plants or have sold out. Double-crossing motherfucking scum, when the revolution comes we're going to shoot

it, KABOOM!

The only thing you can do that doesn't make you part of the military - industrial - educational system is what I do -- revolution.

The cops all know me by sight now, and just wait for the slightest excuse to bust me. I've been busted for possession of dope, disturbing the peace, malicious mischief, assault, resisting arrest, refusing to disperse, inciting to riot, panhandling, hitch-hiking off the sidewalk, trespassing, and

merchants, government workers, are going to pay ten times over. Every one who isn't with us is against us, and there are a lot of people who think they're with us, and a lot of people who think WE think they're with us, who have a rude surprise coming to their fascist asses. When the revolution comes we're going to herd them all into the courthouses and burn them down, KABRAM! Now that's justice.

I sell dope, a nice respectable revolutionary profession. Of course with my phone tapped, the building where I stay staked out and searched when I'm out occasionally, and my person under constant surveillance, I can't risk anything more than a few lids and various caps and tabs for the people I distrust the least.

I go to meetings and plan and rap, hang out on the Avenue and plan and rap, and give dirty looks at the pigs and anybody whose face I don't like. I spend a lot of time with mimeograph machines.

I go around and try to wake people up to what's happening. It really pisses me off the way most people are. Here I am, sacrificing all I have to create a better world, trying to stop hunger, oppression, and to fill the world with love, and most of the robots walking around are on selfish ego-trips 100% of the time. Shit, I have to yell at them and sometimes threaten them before they see the misery in the world, and how mine is the only way to change things. Those dense selfish blind sheepl! When the revolution comes they're going to be sorry they didn't heed me, KABOOM! BANG!

In the early evening I meet my old lady, when she's through from work at the day nursery. I asked her to quit working, but she said we needed the bread. Dumb fascist bitch. Six months now she's been working.

I wonder what she's really up to.

We go to a Women's Liberation meeting. Why only liberation for women I wonder: why not men? Isn't that what I'm fighting for, liberation for everybody? Me and the Panthers. I wish I were black sometimes, then sometimes I wonder about the Panthers. They say they don't draw color lines anymore, but help all oppressed peoples, but at first they were anti-white. I couldn't help being born white. If those Panthers are not for the true people's revolution like they say they are, when the revolution comes we're going to massacre them all, BLAM! BLAM!

The frustration of seeing injustice, exploitation, oppression, and brutality, every minute of the day and not being able to stop it immediately gnaws in my gut 24 hours a day. I think that that is what is causing my nightmares, too.

My old lady, she's taking up yoga now, and I saw Pete in a fascist franchise pancake house tonight. When the revolution comes, and it better come quick, we're going to mete out justice, regardless of relationship, PKCCCCCHHI!



is Molotov cocktails. At night I go around siphoning gasoline from cars, gathering bottles and the other materials. I store it all in a rented garage. I wear gloves and a blond wig. When the revolution comes this cache is going to do a lot of damage, BLOWE! So far I've collected a quart of gas and 5000 bottles.

During the day I promote soli-

their heads off, KRA-SPLAT!

I rip off newspapers from machines; the Chronicle, Tribune, Guardian, Barb and Christian Science Monitor. I used to sell the Barb, but stopped when I learned what was really going on there. Now that the CIA owns it, I don't even read somebody else's copy. When we find our where their REAL office is, we're going to firebomb

arson.

I've been beaten with fists, clubs blackjacks, and boots, tear-gassed, pepper-gassed, and maced, starved tortured, and frozen to death at Santa Rita. I'll never forget what those mother fucking scumeating gestapo sadistic asslicking psycho pigs did to me. And to my brothers and sisters, the butchers. Every pig: cops, judges,

PANTHER CHAIRMAN BUSTED

19 AUGUST

Bobby Seale, Black Panther Party Chairman, was busted by Feds today at Shattuck and Ashby Avenues in Berkeley.

Seale was charged by Federal Agents with unlawful flight to avoid persecution for the alleged murder of Alex Rackley, a former New York Panther.

Seale was arrested as he drove away from the wedding of Ray Masai Hewitt, Panther Minister of Education. The wedding took place at the Berkeley Free Church.

At least fourteen other Panthers throughout the United States have been arrested in connection with the murder of Rackley.

As Seale was leaving the Berkeley Free Church in a car driven by Hewitt, two unmarked cars

pulled up on either side of their car. Two additional cars pulled in front and behind. The Panther car was pulled over to the side. Four men, armed with a hand gun and a hot gun, jumped out of the front car and ordered the occupants out of the Panther car. By then, there were at least twelve FBI cars.

When Hewitt's bride and daughter got out of the car the FBI agents separated them and slammed the child up against the car.

Seale is being held in San Francisco County Jail pending an appearance before United States Commissioner, Richard Goldsmith.

The Black Panther Office reported they were unable to obtain a statement from the FBI or police concerning Seale's arrest.

A PARABLE

by Sweet Lorraine

Harvest time drew closer. The first farmer looked out over his land and smiled with fond admiration for the broad, green leaves that densely covered his farm. The second farmer could hardly see any green leaves at all; but he understood the way his vegetable grew and was content.

The night before the vegetables were to be harvested, while the farmers slept, swift winds blew in heavy black clouds. Lightning flashed, thunder rolled, and the heaviest hail-stones in the history of the valley fell rapidly to earth.

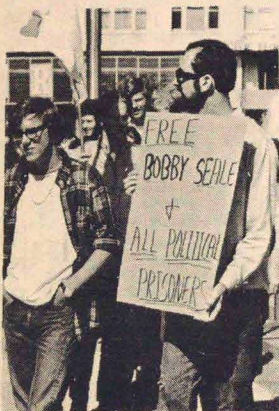
The next morning, where he expected to gather plenty of sweet, green leaves, the first farmer found only a muddy, rotting mass of pulp. Though the roots were bitter and the leaves could not be

eaten, the second farmer took in all the harvest he had hoped for.

There were two farmers, each with his own acreage, in a valley blessed with rich soil and plenty of water. Conditions were perfect, so the first farmer decided to plant his favorite vegetable: a tender plant with fragile roots and tall broad leaves. He grew the vegetable for its sweet, juicy leaves that looked so delicious just growing in the sun.

The second farmer also decided to grow his favorite vegetable; it, too, was a tender plant; but its leaves were tiny, and its roots, though large and nourishing, tasted bitter.

Both farmers irrigated their farms well and worked hard to keep weeds from choking out their crops.



Pickets at Federal Building in San Francisco protest arrest of Bobby Seale.

MANAGEMENT MAN SUES U. C.

For the first time in its history, a person in the management program at the University of California has filed a grievance against the University.

David Williams, who worked in the President's office as Manager, Analysis, has filed a grievance against UC for moving him from his managerial post after he was party to an employee walkout on the day before the May 30 People's Park March.

Williams, a soft-spoken 36 year old man told the Barb that many people, including himself, were very disturbed with UC's policies during the People's Park occupation. Williams and some non-managerial employees presented President Hitch with a petition asking Hitch to invoke the UC relation permitting employees to leave their offices during periods of emergency. Hitch replied with a three page letter, the gist of which was "nothing doing."

"At that point I gave up on written petitions," said Williams. He decided to convince his colleagues to do the same. This "horrified the administration" Williams said, but undaunted he leafleted University Hall in conjunction with some members of the American Federation of Secretarial, Clerical, and Maintenance Employees.

His efforts succeeded to the extent that he was joined by 10 or 15 UC employees in not reporting to work Thursday.

Immediately thereafter, Williams came down with Hepatitis, which kept him bedridden for six weeks. On his return to work he was informed that he was removed from his managerial position. He was not fired, nor was any UC employees fired. In fact no one was disciplined except Williams.

Williams got a lawyer and filed a grievance against UC. There is no definite date set yet but it should be in a couple of weeks. The grievance contends that 1) UC did nothing to protect its employees during a period of emergency -- "during the occupation for Christ's sake!" -- and 2) that UC, having no rules regarding management personnel, has no right to silence them -- "silence me" -- for using peaceful forms of protest.

"Since no specific policies exist in the management program, the administration deprived me of my constitutional rights under the 1st and 14th amendments (free speech & due process)."

The grievance demands reinstatement of Williams as Manager, Analysis with full previous duties and responsibilities; removal of all records of Williams demotion; a posted notice of his reinstatement; the revision of the rule that the Chancellor can grant time off to UC employees during periods of emergency so that time is granted when such a situation arises; and the revision of rule 25, which is very vague about what employees can be fired for.

"One of the crucial things to me in this thing is that the University's central administration is now being run by men from Defense Department posts, like Hitch, or by ex-military men. I feel that the University cannot survive that type of administration."

"In the leaflet we passed out we asked that all fences be taken down from around University property and University minds. There was a ballot passed around just before Thursday, and 150 people voted to send everybody home. We weren't concerned with our own safety. We were concerned about the University's policies during the occupation."

Williams said that he thinks he will lose the grievance and have to take the case to court. He has already sunk \$2000 into the case and is running out of bread. 20 or 30 people in University Hall have contributed to his fight. Any contributions will be gratefully received and should be sent to David Williams, 64 Arlington, Kensington, CA 94707. Williams did not receive a pay cut along with his demotion, so he is not going to profit financially if he wins the case.

Most management personnel in University Hall are interested apparently only in perpetuating their cushy jobs, but if Williams wins his case, others might have the courage to join with him in adding the weight of management vices in protesting many of the University's 1894/1984 policies.



COMMANDER CODY AND HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN

REAL COUNTRY ROCK

by Jake Fury

Those awaiting a fresh style of music in the Berkeley area were rewarded last Monday night by the appearance of Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen at Mandrake's. Never before have rock's country roots been explored with such exciting results. If you're tired of clumsy psychedelic bands and synthetic folk, it's time to give Commander Cody a listen. Their songs are meant solely to put a grin on your face and rhythm in your feet.

Cody and his Airmen take you into the Ozone -- the realm of swinging doors, neon signs, and barstools. The old escape route of the cowboy and truck driver is rediscovered. In the words of the band's theme song: "one drink of wine, two drinks of gin . . ."

"I'm lost in the Ozone again!" The tender, lamenting Down to Seeds and Stems Again will make you immediately want to lay a lid on them.

The Airmen come from sleepy Ann Arbor, Michigan where their driving rockabilly and casual western swing won them a huge following. A 38 piece orchestra at one time, the band now consists of seven -- piano, electric and acoustic guitar, harmonica, fiddle, peddle steel guitar, bass, and drums.

Hard boogie and honky-tonk piano are by the Commander himself, who has been playing rock and roll for seven years. When the bleached blond surfer singer of his group the Amblers was killed in a tragic car accident, he forsook teen appeal and turned to country and western. "We were almost hissed off the stage two years ago at the Grande Ballroom, Detroit's Fillmore. The hipsters couldn't dig us, but the few greasers in the audience did. We drew our inspiration from that. We are dedicated to the good times of reefer and Ripple wine." Referring to the platform of Ann Arbor's White Panther Party, Cody said, "We are not specifically a revolutionary band, but we do believe in fucking in the streets."

The hard, penetrating vocals are by Billy C., from Decatur, Alabama. C. has been singing blues and country for half his life -- performing with giants like Bobo Jenkins, John Lee Hooker, and Sam Lay. He also provides acoustic rhythm guitar and harmonica on the cajun blues Bon Ton Roulet. His real love, however, is old Walt Disney comics. "I like Donald Duck better than Sonny Boy Williamson," he says.

On lead guitar is fast-talking slow-walking Bill Kirchen, Ann Arbor's finest. Bill started out with an electric jug band called the Who Nose Pickers. He has come full cycle -- folk, blues, psychedelic -- and ended up in country. His definitive truck-driving leads enter your ear like a semi merging on the Ohio Turnpike. Bill adds his mellow voice for leads on Lookin' at the World Through a Windshield, and the Bob Wills swing favorite I'm Feelin' Bad.

Old fashioned hoedown and cajun fiddle is played by Andy Stein, a concert violinist since age six. Andy did some old-timey stuff with Allen Black for a while, but says, "I hated country and western until one year ago when I joined the Cody band." Stein became a Lost Planet Airman after he was dismissed from a concert orchestra for scratching his balls on stage. His flighty baroque solo on Lost

in the Ozone destroyed many minds among the assembled gentry at Mandrake's.

Gliding statements on the Shobud peddle steel guitar are by the West Virginia Creeper. The instrumental Cool It highlights this complex musical device, seldom heard outside traditional country. Creeper has appeared on television and in Latin America.

Lance Dickerson, from Billy C.'s original Sunshine Blues Band, provides excellent backing on drums. Most recently Lance has played with Charlie Musselwhite. Gene Tortora on bass completes the utterly competent rhythm section. Gene has played Dobro with various country and blues groups for seven years.

Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen were scheduled to play at a planning meeting of the Wild West Show. The meeting degenerated to a bogus political squabble and they were never heard. "Everybody was being real heavy and digging themselves so much we never got a chance. You can shout 'All power to the people' all you want, but if you won't listen to some good jams you don't know anything about people."

The grim political atmosphere and cliquy music scene are the main obstacles to getting through to Bay area audiences. Cody and his Airmen, given the chance, will pierce this stale air with some cold steel and hot licks. They can be heard at Mandrake's again Sept. 2, 3, and 4.

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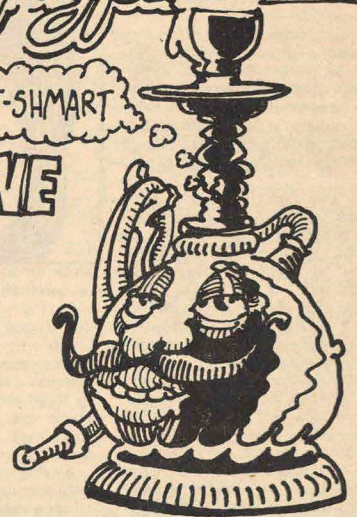


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We are sorry to learn that you purchased a can of TreeSweet grapefruit juice which was not satisfactory.

It is, of course, impossible for us to know what might have been wrong, but it would have been helpful to us in making an investigation if you had given us the code number from the lid of this can. The code number identifies the date of processing and enables our laboratory to check its records.

A sample carton is being sent to replace this unsatisfactory can. We appreciate your calling this to our attention, and trust that you will have no further problems with TreeSweet citrus juices.

Yours very truly,
R.C. McCracken, President

But, friends, it is well worth it, because in the bargain you will eat! Yes, I mean FREE FOOD from the System.

As can be seen from the accompanying sob-letter (just an example), food companies are more than willing to humble themselves (tokenism) and give away free stuff (more tokenism).

Here's all you have to do: write a bunch of companies that you found their product in rotten decay, or smelling terrible, or greenish-tinted when you opened it.

I did this to twelve different companies all at once, and each one replied with a kissy-ass letter like the one shown here ---PLUS a bundle of free samples.

If a group of different people living in one house, or just anyone, did this, they would garner quite a stack of eats.

Anonymous

Panther Police Petition

The Black Panther Party is circulating a petition, to be signed by as many registered voters as possible. It calls for Community Control and the Decentralization of Police in Richmond, Berkeley, Oakland, and San Francisco.

Present police forces would be broken up into neighborhood Police Council Precincts. A Precinct Police Commissioner, elected by the people in that precinct, would replace the present Chiefs of Police. Each precinct would only have jurisdiction within its neighborhood. The police would have to live within the precinct they patrolled. Each precinct would determine for itself the type and extent of protection they want, such as whether the cops would carry guns or not. The Police Commissioner could be removed from his post by a 20% vote of the people in the area.

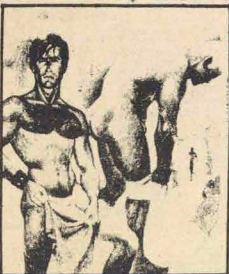
This is a beautiful system. It would cut off the present octopus of power's head. The Chief of Police in Oakland controls 1700 men, an effective authority. This power structure would be disintegrated under the Panther plan, so that one man would only be in charge of 15 or so others.

If the Berkeley hills people want each officer of the law to be equipped with a tank or a nuclear fleet, fine. If Southside wants each cop to carry a lid in his holster and mescaline caps in his cartridge belt, groovy. The type of authority will be determined by the will of the people, and the use of the police by a few men to impose their will upon millions will be ended, and without bloodshed.

Do not sign the petition if you are not a registered voter in the four cities. If you are, sign it and circulate it. Call Black Panther Party Headquarters, 3106 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley 845-0103.

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18 months success with our ad in the past, brings our service to you again. We are not a pay-as-you-lay model service. We want our members to have something to offer each other. We also welcome gay couples and singles who like weekend trips. Three-somes. Our object: promoting growth and love between our kind; thus we will crystalize the relationship between people and get gay life out of the streets and into our homes. You pay a monthly fee, well under ten dollars which lets you meet as many people as you want from 21 to 35 only. In the Bay Area call 893-5505 any time weekends and 6 pm to 9:30 weekdays.



THE CASE AGAINST PSYCHOANALYSIS

by Andrew Salter

BY Herbert H. Hutner

Andrew Salter, in spite of his ranting-and-raving attacks on his enemy, Freud and psychoanalysis, gives us an excellent picture and understanding of psychoanalysis, its failings and its basic premises.

Salter is a Pavlovian or Behaviorist. He believes in "re-conditioning" the animal Man into a happier frame of mind and more successful behavior, which is just what he is accusing Freud of doing -- using hypnosis.

Of course, if Salter does it and he does it by his own admission, that is uses hypnosis or re-conditioning (not in the technical sense), it is all right. This is how man is. Like the driver who curses the fellow who cuts in front of him, and a few minutes later is doing exactly the same thing himself -- when it suits him.

Behaviorism is the natural and organic enemy of psychoanalysis. For, as Salter points out, Behaviorism deals primarily and only with present-day problems, while psychoanalysis deals with infantile or past problems in its attempt to solve the whole personality problem.

My own experience with Behaviorists is that it turned the people who practised it successfully into selfish, dirty animals, who had the power to use other people ruthlessly and did so to the fullest.

The only person I ever met who had a successful psychoanalysis was exactly the same. A completely selfish, hideously parasitic person of enormous dimensions.

Of course, these personal experiences are hardly proffered as universal or all-encompassing.

Salter presents psychoanalysis as a mystical or intuitional regime based solely on Freud's personal, intuitional concepts.

This can hardly be denied. Salter prefers a science basis on laboratory work and completely objective evidence. Unfortunately, it is still only men who are assessing this evidence in the light of their own prejudices. Or, their own learned pre-conceptions.

This is an age-old philosophic and political conflict: Whether man is purely an animal-creature and has no such thing as intuition -- which is the realm of mysticism and/or metaphysics -- or is man a basically spiritual being. This argumentation has been severely beaten to death but ever remains alive and active.

It is the basic contention of the communist systems that man is only matter and the spirit does not exist; that God does not and cannot exist.

Salter's fury is primarily directed against Freud's basic premise that sex, infantile sex, is respon-



sible for his neurotic and psychotic condition.

Further, that psychoanalysis is long drawn out, expensive, and can reach only a microscopic portion of the population. That mental distress and illness is growing by leaps and bounds and psychoanalysis can never, has never, and will never cope with it. (Nor has it ever tried).

At the same time, Behaviorism hasn't either coped with the terrible mental health explosion or there would be no explosion. So, his arguments, Salter's, are at the same time an admission of failure.

Salter points out that 43% of the patients, in a study of 736 patients who underwent psychoanalysis, were cured or much improved. To this extent, to this 43% psychoanalysis was very much worth while.

The second point of attack is the "transference" which is the therapeutic methodology of psychoanalysis. The patient falls in love with his therapist and thereby frees himself of the "Family Romance." Then, the patient resolves his love for the therapist and the analysis is terminated. The patient is free to go out into the world and freely have inter-personal relations with others.

The theoretical basis of psychoanalysis is the Oedipus Complex. This is what really drives Salter into a frothing, berserk wild

dreams, but offers very little to replace the BAD theories of psychoanalysis; although he does not try to do this. It is not his point. He is trying to explode psychoanalysis completely.

No one has ever explained dreams satisfactorily. Or, dealt with them satisfactorily. It seems to me that they are basically the unresolved problems of our lives; the problems which we have formulated into conscious terms, and so cannot deal with adequately.

What is the truth? The truth is man is beset by a fantastically powerful sex drive, which is all-enveloping and all-consuming. Sex is Nature's survival mechanism. Nature works always in the rough, by over-dose. Fish lay millions of eggs to insure survival of the species.

The truth is man is beset by a fantastically powerful sex drive, which is all-enveloping and all-consuming. Sex is Nature's survival of the species.

This powerful, enormous drive is what throws man into his fantastic and unbelievable conflicts and corrupts his life; but even more powerful is man's feelings of loneliness. This is even more basic than sex, but is a negative.

These are both tremendous survival mechanisms and he tries to solve his basic loneliness through the sex mechanism. A pretty hopeless practise, but a universal one.

Anything which is the opposite of loneliness is to be love. Since man has been conditioned to associate or relate sex with love; he or she almost invariably falls in love with one of his or her sex partners, somewhere along the line, which accounts, to a large degree, for the high mortality in marriages.

Unfortunately sex is everywhere and so it appears that the apparent problem is sex, when it is really loneliness.

At puberty, man and woman are thrown into enormous conflicts. Their whole life thereafter is concerned with sex-fulfillment. Sex takes away man's freedom, his power of choice. It annihilates his freedom. It corrupts his freedom to think objectively.

Freud could see no farther than his nose. Salter doesn't help matters by ferociously denying and cancelling. Where is Salter's

vaunted objectivity and scientific methodology. He hasn't looked any farther than Freud. There is an excuse for Freud; a rather lame one, but he was the first one, and went only as far as he was capable of going. Freud never claimed to be a man of unlimited abilities.

Salter by his ferocious attack, his attempt to annihilate alone, has done no basic service. Man is consumed by a vast, all-consuming loneliness. A devastating disability which is covered over, hidden, by his sex problem.

The sex act, in itself, fulfills nothing. It is a bottomless well. Sex only begets the need and craving for more sex. The hunger is endless and exhausting -- as Nature intended it be, to insure survival.

What is the solution? Or, better yet, what is the problem?

Because knowing the real problem is the only solution; the real problem is loneliness. Or, to put it another way, a need and craving for love. Sex can never act or be the substitute.

Man does not know what real love is. He has never seen or experienced real love in action in his home or in society. This is a love which has nothing to do with sex, or possessions, or aggrandizements.

It can only be a subjective experience which must be taught or learned from earliest childhood.

No doubt if psychoanalysis had and would interpret all of one's infantile experiences as a need for love instead of a need for sex, psychoanalysis would be enormously successful, but then it would no longer be psychoanalysis.

As Salter points out so vividly, the enormous concentration on sex is degrading and abhorrent, worse yet, it doesn't solve man's problem; how can it? It isn't the problem.

Only real love, and the learning of it, can solve man's loneliness. Only real love can give man a POSITIVE. This is the problem and the solution.

This is what man must grow up to and face up to.

Everything else has failed and is failing.

The only reason to deny this is because one have never EXPERIENCED real love.

psychoanalysis dirty, dirtier, and dirtiest.

Freud never was analyzed. He claimed he never had anyone to analyze him. This of course is untrue. He never had sex relations after he was 40. When, on a visit to Rome, he wandered into a red-light district, he was tempted beyond human endurance. He came back (by his own admission) 7 times to the same whorehouse and didn't have the power to go in.

No doubt he had good reason not to give it a try. He must have been either frigid or impotent or both. A man with his sex problems could almost be excused for blaming all the ills of man on sex.

Another sore point with Salter is the methodology of dream analysis, which also interprets everything in terms of sex.

Salter does explode a lot of the myths of psychoanalysis about

Two Cents Worth of "Geese"

by Clay Geerdes

"I saw the premiere of "Geese." On the whole, it was a dreadful experience. Here are just a few of the reasons why. "Geese" is, according to its director, a play about love.

The lovers in the two loosely connected one-acts are two young men and two young women.

The nudity is awkward and self-conscious and serves nothing but a sensational purpose and the sexual innuendoes are banal and adolescent (bad one-liners about "going down", crap like that). The author's major problem lies in the entire conception of the play. Is the position of the homosexual a tragic or comic one? Half the time we

are brought to nervous laughter by the situation and the rest of the time we are brought to tears, but neither laughter nor tears come out of the stuff of the play, but out of the awkward and inept actions and words of the players, some of whom forgot or blew their lines.

While the language of the players was realistic, their make-up projected them as gross caricatures and what happened was a cross between Ibsen and the Grand Guignol which made the audience feel ambiguous. The director evidently did not know whether he was doing satire or serious drama.

The second play was much better than the first, but the heavy corpse-like make-up of the older generation of Southerners made them unrealistic and the contrast between them and the two young lesbians

was too stark. In both plays the homosexuals are the beautiful people and everyone else is hopelessly psychoneurotic. In both plays the parents and their generation are blamed again and again for the problems of the homosexuals. The parents act, while the gays react.

On the whole the plays trot out all the old cliché attitudes and as drama GEESE does not hold a candle to a play like "TEA AND SYMPATHY" which did not need nudity to get the same message across. "GEESE" is a dishonest production as the promotion shows. The suckers are supposed to come and spend four and five dollars to look at a few nude actors.

Plot? Forget it. Character? Flat clichés out of Albee and Williams. Diction? Cliche after cliché. Spectacle? Ignored. The setting is supposed to represent two bedrooms in the first act. Blocking is the worst I've ever seen. The actors almost fall over one another with each cliché. Lighting? Harsh. No imaginative use of color. Make-up? Sloppy. The actors look like they were plastered with gray and white paint. Thought? Homosexuals are great and everyone else is a neurotic waste of time. Genre? Somewhere between farce and tragic-comedy.

The director said "GEESE" had run for 200 performances off Broadway. So much for off Broadway.

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Sun.-Thurs. Black Orpheus 7:15, 10:45 Jules 9:00

ICE
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letter

POPULATION CONTROL

A.C.'s article condemning population control as a malicious "mind fuck" is itself a record of a selfish, closed mind and a continuously full stomach.

The facts are that the world food demand resulting from increasing population, is increasing faster than world food population increases. Theat may be hard to imagine in the U.S. where 2% of the world's population consume about 70% of the world's production.

A.C. asks, "where would the huge population come from?" Just the cumulative total of BILLIONS of individuals individually deciding to have more than 2 children. By stating that we'll never have more people than food (for the excess could not survive), he rightly implies that there is a limit of population pressure beyond which MINIMUM human requirements for nutrition would not be reached. It is a position of Social Darwinism; A.C. is arrogantly saying, "let the fuckers starve!" (I wonder if A.C. has the same compassion in his heart when he writes blurbs in the name of "The People.")

This absolute minimum of human survival living standard is being lived right now by TWO-THIRDS of the world's population!! The Equatorial latitudes of Asia, Africa, and Latin America are tremendous festering areas of disease, hunger and misery. The situation worsens with time.

Children raised on a protein-deficient diet fail to develop their brains during the crucial first four years of life, when the average human brain develops to 90% of its total weight. Ponder what that means in terms of human psychic development, mental awareness, mind-expansion, spiritual development and rational powers. The majority of humans are developing into a MIND CONTRACTED RACE.

How can any turned-on person ask, "am I my brother's keeper?" How can any thinking person deny that we all are passengers on Spaceship Earth, faced with ever more close quarters and limited supplies. Only a psychopath of the military-police variety could remain unmoved, given an awareness of people starving until their death.

An immature mind would try to escape the fact that our science and technology is impotent in meeting the demand for food by 1975! Not to mention the drain on so many other world resources like fuel, clean air, pure water, trees, etc.

(More rigorous details are to be found in Paul Erlich's "Population Bomb", and the UN's publication entitled "International Action to Avert the Impending Protein Crisis.")

The ONLY solution to our deepening quagmire is to reduce the demand for limited supplies; that means reduce the number of people. Two methods are genocide (starvation or warfare) or by birth control (the effect of which has a long time delay).

The problem facing underdeveloped countries is that Western civilization has given them medicine which effected death-control; lowered their high death rate. But then their counter-balancing high birth rate remained unchecked. Hence, population increased.

Supplying what extra food we temporarily have will temporarily relieve some suffering. But the fundamental resolution will come only with birth reduction.

Is birth-control genocide? I believe it better to have never been conceived or born than to live a short life of increasing disease, misery, and pain.

Further, although the population increase is most critical in underdeveloped countries, the overpopulation problem is ours as well. Consider the cancerous expansion of our cities, our pollution, our ravaging of irreplaceable natural resources. Social Darwinism must give way to social responsibility. As we are all brothers, we are all manifestations of the same Eternal Mind; so too are we all voyagers on the same Ship.

I hope someone else will write in some specific actions we can take -- I myself am just beginning to study this problem of the human race's survival.

Bruce Joffe
Berkeley, Calif.



photo by Richard Orritt

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Allan,

I am not a compulsive writer of letters to the editor (in fact this is my first in memory) but the issue of August 1st has moved me to make some comment.

I generally feel that the Berkeley Barb has taken a change for the better. In my estimation your articles (Editorial, Anti-Semitic Jew -- No Garbage -- Some Notes on the Violent Generation) have vividly pointed out the uselessness of a violent revolution. Power will only breed power. A violent revolution will only conceive a new "system". I'm sure the new "system" would provide us with as many inadequacies as our present "system". As long as we have a power structure, regardless of its basis, the masses will suffer. The quote from "1984" in "Some Notes on the Violent Generation" was a refreshing reminder to the consequences of power.

My old lady and I were very much interested in the article, "Baby Killers" as many of the points commented on have been bothering us. Natural childbirth and "education" have been two of the most troubling things for us to reconcile. A child should be free to choose his own direction in life; but providing him with direction without pushing our trip on him can be a problem if not an impossible task. We look forward to the continuing series.

SATURDAY MIDNIGHT

Cinema Film Club Presents
Saturday August 22nd
W.C. Fields
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Shattuck & Haste, Berkeley
(separate ticket required)

I hope this letter is not taken as laudatory trivia as the forward to a book might be but rather as an expression of satisfaction from two satisfied readers.

Good luck,
Bob & Robyn

P.S. "Politically speaking is not speaking at all."

Dear Barb:

I think your policies are fucked! You don't even bother to go out and get some decent ads. Your paper is just a hideaway for sex ads. A container set to explode at any moment. There is nothing wrong with nudity, love, sex, etc.

Advertisements like Horseshit display sex as if it were dirty, disgusting. That is why the Berkeley Tribe is so much better. Homosexuality is not defended in your newspaper. It is for dirty old men looking for "doity pictures" (quoted from the Horseshit ad.)

I doubt if you will print this, and it doesn't matter if you do or not, because you will include a witty saying at the bottom from the editor probably saying something about the Establishment withholding of a person's right to advertise. I am not saying that you do not have the right to print these advertisements, I am only saying that it reflects on your standards. The tribe does not print any of these sickening ads, why should you?

Michael Wolfe

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THE CREATIVE VISIONARY

by S.M. Wesley

A wide-spread radical change is taking place today -- perhaps the most fundamental the world has ever known. Most revolutions in the past have been struggles by one collective group against another -- for a greater share of the wealth and power.

Today's revolution is different. It's about, and for the individual. It's not merely a shift of power from one organized group to another. And it's based on a change in our basic image about the nature of man.

Images are important. The kind of mental picture, or conceptual idea we have about a situation is the most crucial factor in determining how we react to it. A policeman who sees a long-haired youth as a "creep", a "dope-fiend" or an "anarchist" feels justified in beating him with a club, and even takes pride in the idea that he's doing his duty and protecting "society."

In the same way, a youth who's hung-up on a stereotyped image of the person over 30 as a "stupid square", or a "hopeless bigot" won't be able to listen openly and engage in genuine dialogue with him.

The general conception that we have about the basic nature of man affects all of our social, political, and personal viewpoints. Until recently, two fundamental images have completely dominated popular thinking.

1. Man is an ANIMAL. He is a sinful, savage beast who must be conditioned, trained, and subjected to the forces of "law and order" in order to participate in "civilization". Fear is the primary motivating force to be employed in whipping him into shape and keeping him in line (although some psychologists concede that an occasional reward, or "periodic positive reinforcement", also helps to insure proper conduct).

The religious doctrine of original sin reflects the viewpoint that man has little that's good intrinsic within his nature. Education is seen

as a process of discipline and chastisement, aimed at eradicating the barbarian inside each of us. Witness Ronald Reagan's frequent and loving use of the word "punishment", as a cure-all for current academic unrest.

2. Man is a MACHINE. The worship of science and the wonders of technology have caused this image to become highly popular. A child is a blank slate (tabula rasa), upon which the environment writes what he is to become. An adult is a neural computer, with tool-like appendages, who can be programmed to react and perform in pre-determined ways. A student is a mechanism into which a teacher pours facts, and inculcates skills -- so that he can take his place as an adapted, productive cog in the collective social machinery. People who get "out of line" are ignorant, and need more information and further education in the proper values and principles.

This mechanized mystique has such strong appeal that it is widely accepted by the political left, as well as the right. The Russian communist shows no hesitation at all in adopting a "scientific", Pavlovian-Skinnerian conception of man as a machine to be conditioned -- so that he can take his place as a contributing member of the collective mass, for the benefit of "society as a whole". And the current American image of human nature is basically the same.

But a new image of man is in the process of emerging from the unconscious. It constitutes a radical challenge to the older conceptions, and is causing people who continue to cling to them a lot of trouble and confusion.

Because the change in outlook that's occurring is so basic, and affects every aspect of an individual's motives, attitudes, and behavior, it's difficult to specify its dimensions in precise and simple terms. But from a psychological point of view, there are ten characteristics that appear to be crucial. These might be called The Dissident's Decalogue -- except that they reflect a spirit of positive affirmation far more than they do one of denial and dissent. The creative visionary of today is

more "for" than "against". He recognizes that being fully human means to accept and be guided by the following ten ideas, or tenets.

1. Man is a creative agent. He is an autonomous, vital source of spontaneous imagery and feelings -- a being fully capable of inventing, loving, and manifesting incarnations of truth and beauty -- without having to be programmed by some outside force. According to this new viewpoint, a person's life is a progressive process of unfolding -- like the opening of the petals of a flower.

The affinity between "flower children" and the botanical world of trees, grass, and other plants whose roots are of the earth, is not accidental. It stems from a deep intuitive awareness of our urgent need for symbolic imagery related to organic development -- to offset the wide-spread popularity of dehumanized mechanical imagery -- and to counter-balance man's tendency to identify himself with the ruthless, restless, ravenous aspects of animal life.

Human life is seen as a process of growth and expansion. The inner self of each person takes from the environment what it needs (unless artificially blocked by outer social, or inner mental inhibitions), and uses it in such a way as to develop and express its own uniqueness to the fullest -- like a plant whose roots seek out the moisture and minerals it needs from the surrounding soil.

A sunflower does not need to be taught how to be a sunflower. In the same way, the deeper self within each individual does not need some outer authority to tell it what it is, what it wants, and where it's going. When a person looks outside of himself for answers about what to be and to feel, and then tries to mold or condition himself, according to an imposed plan or blue-print, only a misshapen deformity results -- like a lily

straining to be a potato, or a pear tree attempting to imitate a cactus.

The creative visionary is aware of the forces of greed and power that are poisoning and contaminating our environment, making it increasingly unfit for things that live and grow. He recognizes the need for man to form a partnership with nature -- rather than conquering and possessing it.

The visionary is more concerned with expressing and creating than he is with adjusting and adapting to the social environment. Visions of what "could be" are more precious and valid than the practical recognition of what "is". He finds it more important to live from the inside, out -- rather than the other way around. The inner world is more basic than the outer.

The physical and social environment is a medium for incarnating visions of truth and love that arise from the inner soul -- like the canvas and paints that an artist uses to materialize his conceptions of beauty.

2. Individual freedom is more fundamental than collective efficiency. The freedom of each person to do his own thing, his own way -- as long as he's not directly hurting, or interfering with someone else -- is a far greater value than that of the increased efficiency and security to be gained by rigidly organized collective programs.

The creative visionary resists the temptation to separate means from ends -- because he realizes the dangerous split within himself and his psyche that this entails -- and recognizes personal liberty as something that must be grasped and lived now, here. It's not seen as something to postpone, and enjoyed later on -- as a reward for disciplined group membership, and the sacrifice of individuality in favor of identification with a collective organization. Salvation is a personal realization -- not a mob

phenomenon.

The visionary gladly cooperates with other individuals in group projects -- when the activities and aims reflect his personal conceptions of truth and beauty. But these conceptions remain central to his motives. He doesn't project responsibility for his actions onto a group leader, or rationalize them as the result of "following orders". He doesn't allow the appeal of collective thinking to seduce him into a blind struggle of "our group versus theirs", or an attitude of "our group first -- right or wrong."

It's easy to understand why a number of dissatisfied youth are drawn to the idea of organized social revolt. They have been so thoroughly indoctrinated in collective thinking that when they become aware of the obvious flaws and evils in our present social structure, they immediately assume that a shift in power is what's called for -- to another pre-planned, organized system that might reflect a more equitable distribution of security and wealth. So, they become Socialists, Maoists, or Black Militants.

Valid as many of the aims of these groups are, they don't represent a new approach to man's problems. They're primarily variations of the old-fashioned kind of revolution -- the have-nots battling to become haves. This is reasonable, just, and fair -- but it's not different. And even though it involves violence -- it's not really radical.

What IS radically new and different today is the great number of people who are refusing to buy any organized, mass power solution -- even though they are as aware as the political militant of the defects in our present system. These visionaries are trying, instead, to break out of the vicious historical cycle of paranoid defensiveness and aggressive attack by creating for themselves a new style of life -- as individuals, in the present.

Switchboard Needs Students

The West Oakland Legal Switchboard needs students from Berkeley and Emeryville High to do work on their Youth Legal Council.

The council is being set up to insure Due Process for high school students. Susan Clay, of the Switchboard, explained to the BARB that there have been many cases of students expelled from the high schools without Due Process, on charges ranging from possession of

dope to wearing the wrong color socks to choir practice.

The Switchboard is supported by the Alameda County Barristers Club, the Charles Houston Law Club, eighty attorneys who have volunteered their services privately, and over fifty law students from UC.

Any student wishing to work on the councils should contact Susan Clay or Paul Provost at 836-3013.

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4. Understanding is more human than judging. The creative visionary -- because he highly values human contact -- is more interested in empathically understanding another person than he is in judging him. He's more concerned with intuitively sensing and sharing another person's experiences and feelings than he is in labelling them, or him, according to some conventional category or other. He realizes the crucial significance of being able to LISTEN to others.

This doesn't mean that the visionary plays God, and adopts a rigid sentimental principle that forces him to pretend to love all, and accept all. He recognizes his personal likes and dislikes, and his other feeling reactions, as part of his finite individuality -- and openly shares these with other people. But he doesn't feel called upon to formulate them as generalized absolutes or righteous rules. He realizes that right and wrong, good and bad, ought and should are relative, subjective ideational symbols for personal preferences and individual moral-esthetic viewpoints.

5. Self-exposure is as important as listening. Real contact and

closeness can take place only when people are willing to let down their hair, talk person-to-person, and share their personal experiences and feelings with each other -- instead of hiding behind second-hand opinions, impersonal cliches, and judgemental lectures. True intimacy involves subjective rather than "objective" communication. Speaking-out is as important as hearing.

6. People are more real than principles. Abstract concepts like "duty", "decency", and "law and order" -- and generalized, conventional slogans like, "honor thy father and mother", "honesty is the best policy", and "my country, right or wrong" -- are not human beings! They're mental pictures, and conditioned ideas in the head.

The chatter of words, and the kaleidoscope of images that go on in our minds most of the time means that we must penetrate the sound and sight barrier in our heads if we want genuinely to experience another human being. And only by ridding ourselves of principles and preconceptions can we sense the real needs of a situation -- and respond to it spontaneously and creatively.

7. Individual moral choice transcends conditioned conformity. Rigid training, leading to docile obedience to a collective code -- like the Boy Scout oath, the Ten Commandments, or the regulations of a University -- is not moral.

The making of a personal moral choice involves inner conflict and doubt, and an inward search for those deeper intimations of truth, beauty, and the over-all fitness of

things that can inspire and guide the individual to the most suitable and creative action in a given situation. Unreflective adherence to a general rule is a primitive substitute for the agony, courage, and creative satisfaction involved in making personal moral choices.

The creative visionary does not worship "channels", "proper procedures", and "the established processes for social change" for their own sake -- as absolutes. He sees them as convenient, harmonious ways in which creative ideas can become incarnated -- as long as those whose greed for power and security have not preempted the forces of "law and order" as devices for maintaining their own authority. When this happens, the visionary must search among the resources of his creative imagination for novel and moral solutions that will enable him to express his visions of truth without becoming trapped in a competitive struggle for power.

Those who see man as an animal, and life as a jungle, fear this viewpoint above all others. They deeply distrust their own feelings and impulses, and cannot believe that human nature contains spontaneous impulses toward love and goodness. They long, therefore, for a society made up of well-conditioned, well-trained obedient "good little boys and girls", rather than one of adult, free spirits.

8. Joy is more vital than security. When adjustment and security are seen as the ultimate goals of life, a person must cautiously scrutinize and weigh every action -- in terms of its potential for "rocking the boat". Emotional spontaneity is sacrificed in favor of intellectual analysis, calculation, and prediction. Such a person lives his life negatively -- mostly by not doing things -- because he's trying to ward off the fearful future pictured in his mind. His need for security leads to a sterility of feeling and impulse.

The creative visionary conquers the future by responding openly and fully to the present -- and thus

discovers the eternal nature of NOW. He transcends the limited level of cause - and - effect by refusing to wallow in bitter regrets and vain ruminations about the past -- and speculative explanations about who's to blame for what.

He finds that immediate living is a continuously exciting adventure, in which pleasure, fun, and joy are not the diabolical machinations against which his Puritan ancestors so sternly warned, but legitimate elements in a state of grace.

9. People are more important than possessions. "Things" and gadgets are fun! But they can also be dreadful burdens -- when a person must do boring, senseless work to get them, worry about the need to maintain them, and becomes suspicious and hostile in the compulsive demand to hang-on to them.

"Private property" is a partial and temporary reality. The wealth of the world and the riches of nature are on loan to us, during our stay on earth -- and sharing them in loving friendship is more deeply satisfying than fearfully hoarding them.

Certain realistic limits to the myth of "private property" is illustrated when the board of regents of a large state university can seize a piece of surrounding residential land -- in order to get rid of certain "undesirable elements" living there -- by persuading municipal authorities to condemn the property ("legally and orderly," of course).

The visionary recognizes that religious images and myths are not matters of opinion or "fact", but artistic and poetic expressions of the movements and meanings within the psyche. By resisting the temptation to concretize and project these symbolic images onto the outer world -- in the form of an external messiah, or leader -- he experiences their full impact within his own personal life. He realizes that the second coming of Christ is not merely an outward historical event that has yet to happen, but a process that is already underway, within the individual heart and soul of vast num-

bers of people. His distrust of political and social "leaders" is based on the realization that each person can find truly creative leadership only within the center of his own individual self.

And the fluidity of the concept is demonstrated by the psychotic-like extension of the word "private" to include the holdings thus acquired by this vast, impersonal corporation.

When certain students and "street people" dared to plant trees and flowers on the idle vacant lot created -- in an attempt to make a people's park -- much wrath and venom was aroused. Instead of recognizing that something was being given to the community, and to the land itself -- by having it thus utilized and beautified -- some righteous citizens protested that the "invaders" were "taking what didn't belong to them" (although just where they "took it to was not specified), that they were violating the sacred rights of "private" property. By the automatic extrapolation of imagery so characteristic of the unreflective, conditioned mind, they mentally pictured their own homes being seized next.

10. God is dead -- but He's being reborn. God had died -- as an outside majesty on high, an authoritative ruler whose followers must obey his imposed commands, or be chastized and punished by being made to stand in the corner called Hell. But, He's being reborn -- in the soul of man. He's becoming the deepest, innermost cravings for love, harmony, truth, and beauty within the human heart.

God is striving to become human -- and in the process is leading man to become human too. Man is the link between the animal and the human.

The creative visionary of today recognizes that the change of which he is a part is essentially a religious one -- not in the sense of dogma, opinion, or intellectual belief -- but in the sense of an involvement with a vital, transcending, non-ego force that is moving him on to progressively higher and broader levels of integration with life, the world, and his fellow men. He experiences intimations that the innermost self of each individual is in some miraculous way connected with the deepest self of all others.

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WILD WEST FALLS IN CLASS STRUGGLE

by V.I. Lemming

The Wild West Festival is dead-- "ambushed" as a San Francisco underground paper calling itself GOOD TIMES said. It would seem that the Haight Commune and the 3rd World Liberation Front were Indians protecting their ancestral hunting grounds and George Armstrong Custer, reincarnate as Bill Graham, had walked into another massacre. The question of who benefits and who loses from the fiasco is not answered. The underground press (TRIBE, GOOD TIMES) has openly rejoiced, but the gains are not clear.

As originally conceived the Wild West was to include all forms of artistic presentation in a huge festival in Golden Gate Park. Classical music, jazz, folk, and rock would be heard, while sculptors, painters, and poets exhibited their work. All was to be free except three night concerts at Kezar Stadium, which would hopefully pay for the expenses of the Festival. It was a fantastic vision, an occasion looked forward to by artists and public alike, but perhaps the S.F. Music Council was attempting the impossible.

A general meeting for all interested was held at Glide Church the evening of July 28. The Council immediately encountered vehement opposition from the Haight Com-

mune and Ron Davis of the San Francisco Mime Troupe. Confusion mounted as cries of "Fuck you, Graham," and "Why do we need a Wild West Show?" punctuated the argument. Finally a group of Krishna Society chanters took over the stage and most people decided to leave.

Dealing with the revolutionaries was chaotic and disruptive from the start. It was a staged repeat of the Motherfuckers vs. the Fillmore-East, a dispute Graham got into with New York street radicals. Bill Graham was the name on the Council most easily identified with the establishment. He was an obvious target, but his involvement with the festival was minimal. He was rarely seen by the staff who did most of the work.

As the Wild West weekend approached the demands and threats continued. The Haight Commune wanted one night's receipts from Kezar. The 3rd World Liberation Front wanted free tickets or a percentage of the returns. If capitalism was the issue, it is strange that these revolutionary groups asked for a slice of the bread.

Finally a strike against the Festival was called, supported by the Haight Commune, the Mime Troupe, the High School Union, SDS of N. California, SF State BSU, Berkeley Liberation Communes, Los Siete, the Red Guards, the White Pan-

ther Party, and the International Werewolf Conspiracy, as well as various underground papers and movement outlets. Council member Ron Polte was thrown out of a strike meeting he attended seeking cooperation.

The Music Council realized that the Wild West was doomed without the cooperation of these groups. Insurance companies balked, the Flower Show was demanding armed guards, and finances were bad. With the threat of violent disruption it became necessary to avoid a distasteful scene involving the Tac Squad. The Festival was cancelled.

The Wild West's image as run by fat promoters of the "rock establishment" was totally false. The Music Council is a non-profit organization and any money in excess of costs would have necessarily gone back to the artists. Plans were made for an artist's co-op, providing facilities for recording and film-making. Hopefully the energy and organization are still enough to push through this project.

If anything was demonstrated by the recent strike of the Light Artists Guild, it was that there is little money in the San Francisco rock scene. Musicians are struggling and starving like anyone else. FM rock stations are barely breaking even. Nixon's tight mon-



WILD WEST DEAD

ey is hurting all of us.

Many of the community services which street people depend on, like the Haight - Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, owe their beginnings and much of their funding to benefits performed by rock bands. Anyone who survives in America without playing the capitalist game can only do so because someone else is playing that game.

The Haight Commune claims to represent several communes in the Haight-Ashbury area. A spokesman calling himself John said, "There is no culture except among oppressed peoples. America has attempted to rip off culture and graft it on to themselves." The Music Council, he said, "is trying to pervert, synthesize, plasticize the hip culture and sell it back to them." This is the reasoning behind the destruction of the Wild West.

This rhetoric implies that psychedelical culture is the product of "oppressed peoples," presumably those who have concentrated themselves in hippy ghettos like the Haight. The opposite is true. Actually the hip community of the drop-out movement comes from its music. The Wild West was to be a refusion of this energy, but the activists who stopped it preferred a colder landscape for their revolution.

Haight-Ashbury is inhabited largely by frustrated, self-destructive people, and stopping the Festival was an act of impotence. In severing themselves from their own culture, the Haight guerrillas become fish out of water.

Revolutionaries criticized the Music Council for dealing with the city for use of Golden Gate Park.

The city of San Francisco built and maintains that park. Peter Esch of the park permit office sincerely wanted to make it available to the people, but threats and intimidation prevented this.

The Haight Commune reacted to the Wild West as an invasion of their turf. This territorial nationalism has no actual basis since the commune consists of invaders itself. Those who cling to Haight-Ashbury like a fatherland are on a perverted death trip.

Today's culture knows no geographic or class boundaries -- mass media makes it available simultaneously everywhere. Calling the new art forms plastic or synthetic represents a failure to appreciate the creative uses of technology. Youth is a product of the media world, and to reject it is to reject one's very self.

San Francisco has long been the center for exploring new areas of consciousness. We hope events have not fallen into the hands of irritated, joyless people for whom the hundred flowers blossoming is over. The political forces which almost prevented the '67 Be-In have won this time. These people did not know what they were doing -- the damage to the art community. They found an easy target and demolished it. Now they celebrate victory.

\$150,000 the maximum projected return from the Kezar concerts, seems like a huge sum. It is only a fart in a phone booth compared to the needs and expenses of Bay Area artists and musicians. Hopefully an artist's co-op will arise from the ashes of the Wild West, enabling all to share in the new culture.

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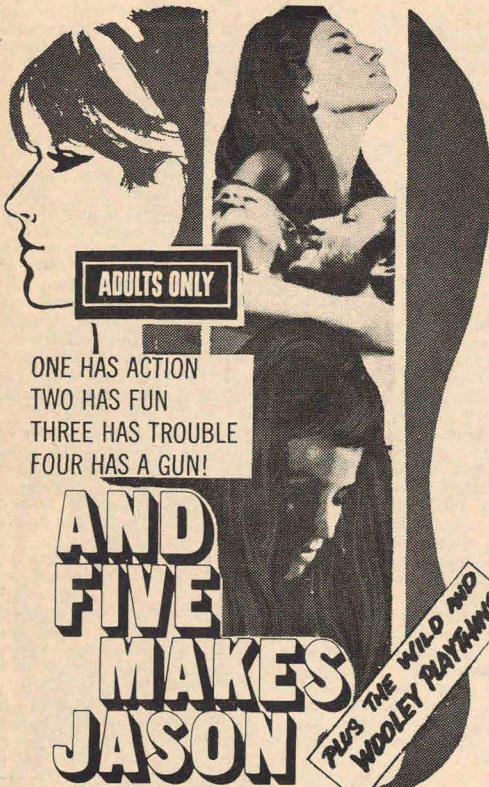
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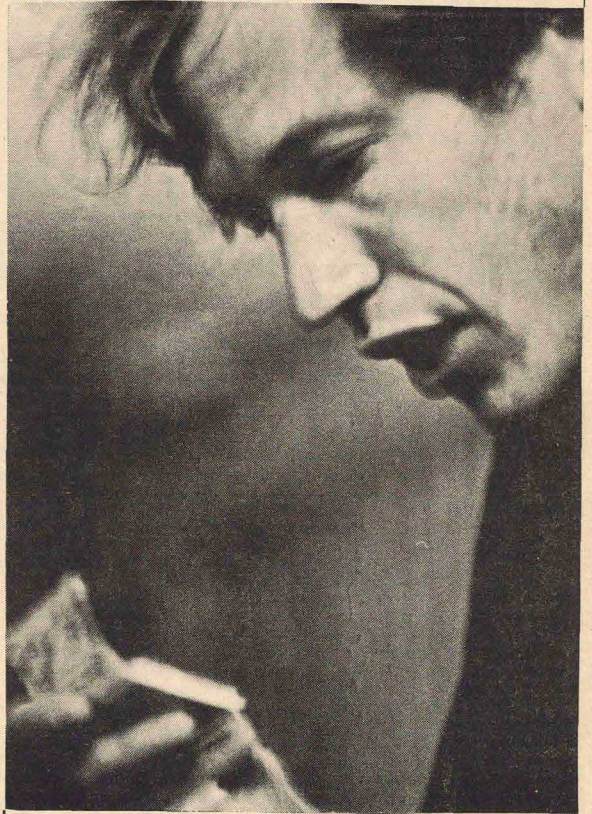
by Gandalf

A three day summer seminar on "Yoga, Psychology and Mind Changing Drugs" hosted by the Cultural Integration Fellowship blasted off last Friday evening with a far out chicken curry dinner and a not so far out panel discussion on psychedelic drug use.

Dr. Allan Cohen (an ex-kemosabe of Dr. Leary) used approximately thirty of his allotted ten minutes with a glib put down of psychedelic drugs on the basis that he had tried, believed in, and then rejected them as a shuck, and potentially physically dangerous. In his best rotary dinner humor, Dr. Cohen described his entire drug experience, "astral travelling, oneness, cosmic consciousness the whole bit" as a "gigantic put-on."

Nextly Dr. Framroze A Bode, a world-hipping lecturer, and Zoroastrian high priest from India gave his views on the subject to wit: "The subject is such that we have to be very careful in what we state. The best way is to remain without rejection and without blind acceptance." Dr. Bode then went on to tell us that he didn't feel that religious or mystical "experiences" on drugs were worth much in comparison to those achieved through Yoga, one reason being that the effect of drugs was not a "lasting" one.

(Fade in trumpets and galloping hoofbeats, here comes the good guy). Finally we got to Dr. Alan Gevins, a beautiful cat with a beautiful head of hair, beautiful eyes, and a beautiful wife. With a combination like that going for him, he couldn't lose, and didn't. Quietly he pointed out that certain studies had shown acid to be about as physically harmful as caffeine, and that many of the adverse tests had been carried out on hospital patients who had previously been injected with every kind of drug imaginable, and were hardly fit subjects for valid determination of the physical damage caused by any one particular drug. To Dr. Bode he pointed out that while drug induced experiences were not lasting, neither were those produced through Yoga or anything else. In short, while a "higher consciousness experience" was not necessarily to be the expected result of a drug trip, such an experience



Notes on Zig Zag

PHOTO BY GANDALF

achieved through the use of drugs was just as valid as one achieved through any other means.

A short rebuttal by Dr. Cohen resulted in some backwatering on his part, and the concession that no truly definitive in-depth studies had been made, as yet, on the possibility of harmful effects from LSD.

A question and answer period produced the only excitement of the evening when a rather stoned head, who had been taking notes on a package of Zig Zags, somewhat incoherently ripped into Dr. Cohen on several points, and in the process provided a few laughs and

some up-tightness.

Another panel discussion later in the seminar, with Dr. Timothy Leary sitting in, came to about the same conclusion: No definitive studies on psychedelic drugs have been made yet. All of which brings us to a personal bitch on the direction of "modern" science. It is a science of convenience and not a science of Knowledge. Studies are constantly conducted with an attitude of "Let's find what we're looking for and let it go at that," an attitude which provides us with no knowledge, just a lot of prejudiced ignorance.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH CALIFORNIA?

Remarks of Charles McCabe,
SF Chronicle Columnist,
Before The Commonwealth Club
of California
August 8, 1969

Most of the things that are wrong with California are the things that are wrong with other states of our Nation, and other nations of our planet.

We still have learned no better way of handling our hostilities than to murder our fellow man in those insane exercises called war.

We befool our water and our air with wastes of our own making.

We still haven't freed the slaves, really, a century after Lincoln tried to do so; and, as a consequence, we have a pretty wretched thing we call crime in the streets, which we combat with an often senseless force we call law and order.

We are beginning to learn that the whole style of our lives is being changed by our machines, and that the changes in prospect are more frightening than what has occurred.

We are all part of our desperate adventure in Vietnam. Forty percent of California's economy is said to be dependent on war contracts.

I could continue with this catalogue of catastrophe, but these things I have mentioned are not indigenous to California. They are in fact, part of the human condition in the latter part of the 20th century.

Therefore I have elected to confine that lovely, portmanteau mandate, "what's Wrong With California" to something that is native to California, and which I consider dangerous indeed.

There is one particular form of wrong which California can boast. No other state can make this boast.

That is the incumbent in Sacramento, Ronald Reagan, the man who boasts he couldn't walk onto a State campus in his own state without causing a riot.

The incumbent is a popular man with the Commonwealth Club. Some weeks back he appeared before you to talk about the campus situation, and to defend what I think of as one of the most disgraceful episodes in California history -- Operation Tear Gas, at Berkeley.

Three times during that speech, according to the newspapers, the Governor was given a standing ovation.

In the spirit of equal time, I should like to tell you why I think the Governor is the thing that is most wrong with California.

Mark you, there is nothing personal in this. I have never met the Governor. In fact, I'm a bit afraid to. I might like the man, and that liking might get in the way of some general principles that I value, and have valued all my life.

I would go so far as to suggest that I think California did itself a great disservice when it elected Mr. Reagan to be governor. This is a subject worthy of exploration. Let us explore it.

Shortly before Memorial Day something happened in Berkeley which was literally unbelievable in terms of what it meant, where it came from, and what it could lead to.

In the Thirties we used to say, "It Can't Happen Here." In the Sixties -- the late Sixties in California -- "It Has Happened Here."

Shortly after what I choose to call Operation Tear Gas, I raised a certain number of questions about the event, in my column in the Chronicle. I should like to repeat these questions because they have not been answered sufficiently for my satisfaction. Perhaps I shall never know the answers to them. But I didn't go into them deeply enough at the time I was writing the column. I've since felt vaguely guilty about this.

The questions were:

How did that helicopter happen to be spilling tear gas over Berkeley and the citizens of Berkeley?

How come the Alameda County Sheriff's deputies shot innocent bystanders and killed one with buckshot? Buckshot kills large game like deer and people!

How come that our Governor on May 22 ordered a State of Extreme Emergency, imposing 10 pm curfews and a total banning of public meetings?

How come that an entire city was taken over first by cops acting like soldiers, and second by National Guardsmen acting like National Guardsmen?

How come an anguished mother from Woodland Hills with a child studying at UC Berkeley felt compelled to address her Governor in these terms?

"I would ask Governor Reagan if we the American people decide that 'law and order' is such a sacred value that we are willing to use any means to attain it, even the sacrifice of the innocent, how do we really differ from the Russians, the Chinese Communists, the Nazis and the Viet Cong?"

Well, these were the questions I asked. The answers I gave were a bit temperate and angry, because I felt a bit intemperate and angry. I'm not sure that on this day I do not feel angrier and more intemperate. This, as I say, was an extraordinary event. I still don't understand how it came about, but maybe I understand a bit more than I did then.

To refresh our memories slightly about those days, I shall quote two paragraphs from a Chronicle editorial of the time, call "Vietnam Tactics in Berkeley."

"Downtown Berkeley is now a proven battleground on which volleys of gunfire have been numerous and occasionally deadly, and the city has experienced a kind of total war in which an aerial gas attack overspread the target area to invade classrooms, private homes and a hospital."

"One man is dead, scores have been wounded (many by random charges), and the citizens have been sickened by displays of force far in excess of provocation, necessity or justification. The peace-keeping agencies, it appears, grossly over-reacted to a situation that was undoubtedly troublesome but -- up to the time of those displays, at least -- not requiring fusillades of bullets and a rain of gas from the skies."

That's the way it was, and let us not forget it. And the man who was responsible for this venture into totalitarianism was, by his own admission, the Governor of this state. After all, the National Guard isn't ordered out by anybody but the Governor of the State, and the tear gas was used by the National Guard.

How did all this come about? How did all this happen in California? For some answers we might go into the history of Mr. Reagan himself, and of how he became Governor.

Mr. Reagan's election, we may congratulate ourselves, was another of those California "firsts."

Never before in this Nation's history had a State adopted as Governor an actor without a single day's experience in public office. We have already paid well for that moment of inadvertence. I hope we do not have to pay too much more.

We know the general lineaments of his career from his own autobiographical account. The son of an Irish-American shoe salesman with a weakness for the bottle, and a frustrated actress who gave dramatic recitals throughout the Mid-West, Reagan grew up in many homes in many places.

He went to school in Eureka College, outside Peoria, Illinois, where he played on the football team and became a skilled elocutionist. His skill as an elocutionist made him the leader of a student rebellion against curriculum cutbacks. He addressed a mass meeting to present the student demands, and ask for the removal of the school president. After his speech, he has recalled, the crowd "came to their feet with a roar. Even the faculty members present voted by acclamation. It was heady wine."

After school, he became a sports announcer in the Mid-West, specializing in Gordon McClelland's thing of hyperthyroid simulations of big-league baseball games from typed wire service reporters. In 1937 he went to Hollywood and became an actor. A few years later he served six one-year terms as President of the Screen Actor's Guild, then a decidedly left-wing outfit.

Speaking of his days as a "bleeding-heart liberal," Mr. Reagan has said: "From being an active (though unconscious) partisan in what now and then turned out to be Communist causes, I little by little became disillusioned, and perhaps, in my case, I should say awakened."

His awakening to the virtues of the conservative way came at about the same time as his second marriage, to actress Nancy Davis. Her father is a Chicago doctor of most decided conservative views. The doctor's influence on Mr. Reagan's thinking is said to have been enormous.

The Governor's conservative political persona may be said to have emerged when he began to work for the General Electric Theater. Here he was half-actor (on television shows) half elocutionist. As an elocutionist he sold ice-boxes, and also sold his version of The American Way of Life to workers at GE's 135 plants throughout the country.

He was supposed to help the company's labor relations; but it didn't work out that way. His speeches grew so extreme and Messianic-like that he infuriated his union audiences. He was beginning to show another trait that would be important in his later life. He found he was an accomplished agitator.

I happen to know one of the advertising men who had to inform Mr. Reagan that he was no longer useful to General Electric. He told me the other day:

"The stuff we objected to as too conservative for GE, he says every other day in Sacramento."

Out of his GE evangelism, came the weapon which made him politically. This was The Speech.

The Speech was pure corn. It was a Fourth of July oration from the old Chautauqua circuit. It was Billy Sunday, and Robert Ingersoll, and William Jennings Bryan, and Billy Graham, all wrapped up together -- in the American Flag.

The Speech gave Mr. Reagan more political mileage than any other speech in American history, with the possible exception of Bryan's famous Cross of Gold oration, which it closely resembled.

In its perfected form The Speech together with the late night re-runs of his movies, where he always played Mother's - Little - Boy - Finally - Triumphant, made him what he is today. In 1964, The Speech was heard by millions as the climax of a taped television show in behalf of Senator Barry Goldwater. Here are a few choice lines from that talk, and please remember the man he is talking about is Senator Goldwater:

"... Should the patriots at Concord Bridge have thrown down their guns and refused to fire the shot heard 'round the world'? ... Or should Moses have told the children of Israel to live in slavery under the Pharaohs? Should Christ have refused the cross?"

I have said Mr. Reagan is an agitator. I say he is an accomplished agitator, easily the best operating in California at this time.

There is no way, of course, of measuring which agitator in this state has contributed how much to unrest on campus, and to the general alienation of the young student from his father and family.

While there is no precise measure, I think both friends and foes of Mr. Reagan would have to admit, after consideration, that the questionable palm should go to him.

Had he viewed the young as his successors rather than as his enemies, had he chosen magnanimity rather than hostility as his approach, the campus situation could have been cooled immeasurably. (To be sure, he would probably have lost votes.)

Of course, Mr. Reagan does not look upon himself as an agitator. The difference between agitation and evangelism exists, like beauty, largely in the eye of the beholder. What Mr. Reagan thinks of as his evangelism, I think of as out-right agitation. I may add I'm not alone in that belief. He was speaking recently about the death of James Rector, the kid who was mortally wounded by a police officer. There are people in this State who think the blood of that young man is on

the Governor's hand. Not the Governor, of course, who said in answer to precisely that accusation: "I'll get me some Boraxo and wash it off."

The Rector death, in the Governor's smarriest evangelical tones, was due to agitators. That death, he said, "should again serve as a lesson that violence and revolution will lead to nothing but chaos and further bloodshed..."

"It should be obvious to every Californian that there are those in our midst who are bent on destroying our society and our democracy and they will go to any ends to achieve their purpose -- whether it be a so-called park or a college curriculum."

"I now urge -- more deeply than before and more fervently than it is possible to express -- that those relative few who are seeking to destroy us by turning one against the other must be dealt with firmly, swiftly and with the justice they deserve."

That's the end of the quote. I find it most interesting in a medical sense. I'm sure most of you are familiar with that interesting psychological phenomenon called projection -- where we visit on our antagonists strong and horrid charges which are really, in an unconscious way, descriptive of our own weaknesses.

If you do not think I am too fanciful, I suggest that Reagan the Evangelist, when he was excoriating agitators, was unconsciously describing Reagan the Agitator. I too believe, though not precisely in Mr. Reagan's sense, that "those relative few who are seeking to destroy us by turning one against the other must be dealt with firmly, swiftly and with the justice they deserve."

In his address to the Commonwealth Club the Governor spoke of campus militants. "The university," he said, "can dispose of the threat they represent in a week if they will take a stand."

As in many other matters, with that statement Governor Reagan demonstrated the enormous gap between some of the problems he is charged with solving, and his understanding of them.

I have no doubt this business about wiping it all up in a week represents the Governor's true view. That it is naive in the extreme is one of the troubles that faces this State.

The university and college system is in trouble all over the country, but perhaps especially in California. The system's ills, which are publicized by the militants, sometimes wisely and sometimes unwisely, are not something which can be understood in a week, much less "disposed" of.

Large numbers of students, and no small number of faculty, and even some members of boards of trustees, hold that the university system is irrelevant to our time -- as it is presently constituted. This is not frivolous criticism.

Whereas the Governor, as he keeps pointing out, believes the schools should stay out of politics, the militants, and those for whom they speak, think higher schools should be in politics up to their necks.

It is quite a desperate mistake to underestimate the militants. They are, in the hoary figure of speech, merely the visible part of the iceberg.

The militants, I would say, speak for that famed 'silent majority'

the Governor is fond of invoking, more than any other group does. I except from this generalization, the guys who are in a university merely to train themselves to make money.

The militants are militant, largely, because over the years their pleas have fallen on deaf ears -- old men who like things the way they think they are, which is more or less the way things were when the racoon coat was in flower.

That the world changed desperately when the atom bomb was invented, and when affluence gave youth time to think about it, are facts most authorities, and certainly Governor Reagan, simply fail to either recognize or adjust to.

The kid today, at least the militant student, believes the university is part of this conspiracy of death, and contributes mightily to the mortal decisions daily being made.

To his credit, when he spoke to you, the Governor touched on one of the real grievances of the militant student when he said "the majority of faculty are scholars... too busy to teach."

"Young men and women go to college to find themselves as individuals. They see the names of distinguished scholars in the catalogue... but all too often they are herded into classes taught by teaching assistants hardly older than themselves."

All true; but what is the real reason for this business of teachers "too busy to teach?"

All too frequently (even generally, I think one may fairly say) the finest university minds are engaged in the traffic of what is called the military - industry - labor union complex, and that traffic is in death, specifically in the death of kids around university age, and slightly older.

It is not too much to say that the business of the U.S. as now heavily constituted, is death and machines to cause death.

The kids are not fools. They know about this. They know about the iniquitous draft. They know about other things that are wrong with the university system.

What they know, and what the militants articulate for them, is not something that is going to be solved in a week, by anyone, anywhere, anytime.

I draw to a close.

I find myself agreeing with Mr. Reagan's political foe, Mr. Jess Unruh, when he said "When we got Reagan for Governor, we had no idea how good an actor he was, or how bad a governor he would become."

Mr. Reagan has found his best role yet. He is playing it to the hilt. He is a minor Messiah in a sack suit, telling us all to be more like him, and all will be well.

Some actors make the discovery that life is not a green room, and a role is not a person. These are the lucky ones. There are the others who prefer to know nothing further than the role; sometimes from some obscure self-hatred, some from a simple love of childhood play-acting. These fellows do not know, because they do not wish to know, that life is intractable and often horrid, and will not be tamed by sermons and adroit theatrical business. When these forever-actors enter the arena of life, they are always vaguely out-of-place. Plastic, as the kids say nowadays. When these actors have power to influence real life, they can be dangerous...

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ADULTS ONLY WANT THOSE UNUSUAL THINGS YOU CAN'T FIND. MAGS, BOOKS ETC. SEND US YOUR ADDRESS AND GET ON OUR MAILING LIST GWP DEPT. SF PO BOX 2214, SANTA ANA CA.
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SINGLE? Bored? Get list of more than 50 Bay Area singles groups & activities. Send \$1.00 to P.O. Box 8672 S.F. 94128.

GET ACTION

Get your collection of exciting "HOT LINE" letters... All written in answer to personal ads placed by girls and couples who want to swing, make out. Send \$2.00 for yours today to: LETTERS Box 74513-BL, Hollywood 90004

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Reach sexy exciting single girls, adult couples, guys, share your most intimate desires. Be in touch with swinging, groovy "friends." Hundreds listed in California. Rush \$1 today to: CONTACTS Box 36395-BB Hollywood 90036

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For the first time in this area, we are offering a fantastic new product for sale directly to the public. TIGHTEN-UP is its name and that's exactly what it does. Forget about exercises and mechanical devices for vaginal contraction, TIGHTEN-UP is a safe, pleasant cream product that takes the worry out of not being close enough. For a generous one-month supply clip this ad and mail it with \$5.00 cash, check or money order to: APHCO LIMITED P.O. BOX 1241 SAN RAFAEL, CALIF. Please allow two to four weeks for delivery.

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The approach that makes instant seduction possible for you. I will give you a full refund if my method isn't successful with at least 3 women you have only just met! Send only 75¢ to: Joe Box Enterprises, Box 1085, Berkeley, Cal. 94704. Not for sale to minors.

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OTHER

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This Pussy is killing me said the Rat as the cat grabbed him from "Le Salon" The Supermarket of Risque Books Open 7 days 9 am to midnight 1118 Polk St. SF 673-4492

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PEOPLE

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MATURE BUSINESSMAN, aesthetic enjoys life wishes woman any age for warm and continuing relationship call 549-0610 anytime.

STUDENT DESIRES female for sexual and cultural relations. Live with in wooded seclusion phone-538-1572 LEONARD

YOUNG MAN 24 slightly shy fairly attractive sincere interested in meeting GIRLS phone 298-6989

GIRLS let's rap: respect for your hang-ups, TOM 981-3760 SF.

SUN AND FUN LOVING GUYS - Dig the scene at The Blue Angel Guest Ranch - Private membership club - for map and brochure send \$1.00 to cover costs to The Blue Angel, 1001 Pine, Box 1208, S.F. Ca. 94108 - SF phone Info: 775-4882

SAN JOSE couple would like to meet bi-girl for discreet fun. Box 8374, San Jose 95125

SWINGERS let us help you contact swingers near you. Put a spark in your love life. Mail self addressed stamped envelope to Western Swingers, Box 181, Pleasanton, Ca

INSTANT relief & release to any female. Nothing to buy. No visit necessary. 285-5830 S.F.

THE SCREENING room needs models, girls & couples, for erotic film work. Pleasant work in a positive & creative atmosphere. Good pay. 673-3384 any time or 220 Jones St., S.F.

GAY grad, 28, wants to meet cleancut guy under 30. Bill 647-5418 wends & 9:30-12 PM wknites

BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN GIRLS needing Amer. Boy-friends, free details - Mexico, Box 3973 (M-52) San Diego, Calif.

COOL HIP GUY 27 wants to meet hip guys (beards, long hair) riggers, construction workers, 21-30, well hung, strafe, BI studs only. LET ME DO YOUR THING. Anytime in Berkly. GLEN at 548-1771.

23 yr. old straight girl new to Berkeley would like to meet men 22 yrs and older, 5'11" or above for sincere friendship and sex. NO DRUGS, grass ok! CALL Kathy 549-0873 Any hour.

PARTY PADS WANTED, 863-2790 CALL VAL 9-11 pm only (SF).

MAN 61, swinger will assist with housework as maid - more for home than wages. 179 Jessie St. SF, RM 36 or call 781-9830

NEED PRETTY INTELL GAY FEMALE (17-25) SHARE philo gd times & luv. OLIVIA 832-1627

COUPLES!

Air out your problems about swinging and meet other couples with similar interests, background, and attitudes. For individual or group counseling, groups to meet other couples, and for couple referral service. CALL THE MODERN SEX INSTITUTE 346-4552.

GAY ONLY young woman to meet attrac fem yg same who is seriously seeking lasting relationship. No str bi or insincere bed jockeys. Pic please. A lot of love to share. Carr, Gen Del. S.F. GIRLS: Any age, Dine, Dance, Groove. Write Ralph, 2328 Geary Blvd, S.F. 94115 Just for fun.

NOT A SEX ad attention Herb Gold and Frederick Crews; and all others who find discussion of child rearing as boring as those on stock market. Warm humorous suo (F)-M Psychiatrist 36) desire to share interest in dining out, films, literature (from Family dog to A.C.T) with like minded articulate rappers of any age or sex. If interested in pleasant non-competitive companionship, please send ph to P.O. Box 850 Cupertino, Calif 95014 We live in S.F.

WILL PAY \$100.00 to anyone that finds this lonely 5'9", 35 year old, 160 lbs. better than average looking, sincere homo a mate. Hang-up: only stocky, heavy set, large, masculine types turn me on. However, those looking for a free meal ticket need not reply. Prepare for the all around handyman type. Right guy will enjoy the best life has to offer. St Clair Seaplane Inn, 35760 Jefferson, Mt. Clemens, Mi. 48043

ISOLATED SINGLES/COUPLES: Professionally-led encounters & marathons that foster personal growth & a sense of community. AMITY HOUSE: 848-8700.

*****WHERE ARE YOU?***** Nobody knows, when you use our SECRET STREET ADDRESS to receive your mail. Place or answer Barb ads & using our address! Be ANONYMOUS with a pen name! ONLY \$3.00/month. Discreet and reliable. *FREE details *MAILWAY, Box 9037B2, San Jose, CA 95117

COMBINE BUSINESS & PLEASURE? Desire to meet an attractive highly-intelligent, well-educated single man such as an MD, CPA, PhD, fellow-capitalist, or an attorney who could handle a financially complicated divorce. If reader knows of such a man, age 33-47, please pass on ad. Box 553, El Cerrito 94530.

YG. woman wanted who is looking for a father image and to fulfill her innermost desires. Am mature prof. discreet man. Will help if needed rarely and serious only. Box 22064 S.F. Ca 94122

Negro male, 30, 5' 8", 160 lbs. Col. grad. would like to be introduced to the excitement of life by other males, any race, all types of interests. Please state interests and describe yourself. PO Box 15324, San Francisco, Ca. 94100

TWO HARDWORKING businessmen wish to provide an apartment & large home to two busy attractive females in return for sweet, tender loving and possible marriage. Ph. 592-3474

EXCITING fun and games for all single-married frustrated women with attr male 40 ready and willing your thing is mine. Send picture and phone to PO Box 155, PInote (Do it now Baby)

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

MALE 23, Blond blueyed star, sun-lover, potent hiker aware w/good head Bod, POB 5228, SF, 94101

SEX-MAD MAIL GALORE Get Loads of sexy, adult horny mail. Put your name on the National Adult Mailing List. Send \$1.00 to BRB, POB 912, Azusa, CA 91702

YOUNG GAY CHICK WANTS SAME NO MENN! 832-1627

BLACK MAN WANTS A NEAT FAT or chubby woman for sex, age 30 to 45 Write to Billy Jones 415 W. Hedding #201 San Jose Calif.

TALL personable, presentable, professional man would like to meet attractive, uncomplicated girl 25-35 with LONG LONG HAIR phone 365-3812 eves.

GOOKLOOKING CAUC GENT AWARE EXEC. 39 ENDOWED, seeks attr. mature sincere woman for romance. P.O. BOX 31144 SF 94131

STUDENT - MALE GOODLOOKING TALL 19, VIRGIN would like clean attrac. girl/woman to teach sex FRED AFTER 7 845-9413

SWINGERS RENDEVOUS IN SF, How-Where-When to swing? Info: 621-6512 Hugh & Joy 9-11 pm only)

LOOKING FOR HIP CHICK free room & board in new cab/o camper home on wheels no money needed plus money for your exp. girl to 30 likes mtns, swim, ect. cauc prefer call NORMAN from 6 pm to 12 mid 581-9760

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GAY girl needs gay boy for buddy only. JUST pals. NO sex! UNDERSTANDING guy to go places with. LIKE motorcycles? SEND photo & facts please. Box 142, Millbrae, Cal., 94030 No BI - Straight

YOUNG girl under 20 wanted for relationship with man and boy. Details 346-7358

SEX PROBLEMS? Infidelity, Frigidity, Fetishes, Homosexuality, Bi-sexuality, Heterosexuality, Sadism, Masochism, Impotence, Communication problems, Sexual Boredom, Lack of Modern Techniques, Jealousies, Guilt, Masturbation?? SWX HANGUPS???? If you have any of these problems or if you are not enjoying a completely fulfilling sex life, we have TRAINED MALE AND FEMALE THERAPISTS, SEXUAL ENCOUNTER GROUPS, AND PERSONAL THERAPY to help you overcome your inhibitions and guilt concerning your sex life and to bring together people with the same sexual interests for freer and fuller self-expression. For information & appointments, contact THE MODERN SEX INSTITUTE 346-4552

GROOVY YOUNG STUDS WANTED FOR LEGIT MODELLING 647-6618

LONESOME COWBOY 20, looking for Brothers Box 1233 Los Altos

BRONZE VENUS ANNOUNCES charm classes for MALES who are interested in learning feminine graces.

EROTIC Couples seek same. Info: 621-6512 (9-11 pm only).

FRENCHIE delights all girls, Call day or night 993-6414

GIRL, 20, warm, intelligent wants to meet people for friendship. Friendship ad only. Not a sex ad. Write Christine Bryan, 374 Mangels, S.F. 94127.

COUPLES 40's want to meet similar couples interested in home films. Phone, photo-PO Box 512, Alamo, Calif.

SINGLE or Married man 30-40 for three some must be attr. clean and discreet nice people only Box 5675, San Jose 95150 Married couples poss

MALE NUDE PHOTOS, FROM priv. party. Satis. guar! Six 4x5s, \$5. Box 5983, San Jose CA.

MALE NUDE PHOTOS OFFERED BY Private Party. 6 4x5's for \$5. Satisfaction Guaranteed - 9 sets Available. Box 5983, San Jose

SANTA CRUZ is lonely, Gay male 20, Cancer, looking for friends. Write Bob, care of John, Box 48, Berkeley, 94701 PEACE

The Big Difference Between men & boys is the cost of their toys. So True says the Dirty Old Frenchman at "Le Salon" The Supermarket of Risque Books Open 9 am till midnight 7 days 1118 Polk St. SF, 673-4492

MAN 38 seeks a female companion who is interested in sailing, camping, music, art. If you want a meaningful relationship call 967-2114.

MALE 40 des. res. services of young sensuous masseur for weekly massage. Any race. Your place. Box 2712, San Rafael

Aquarian man to meet a pretty Aq. woman. Box 541, Santa Rosa

OUT of sight looking dude San Leandro area wants 18-20 year old male any race. Bill 7-8 PM Will do our thing 681-1213

LARGE STUDS any race enjoying passive male. Bay Area Box 211 Orinda, Calif., 94563

MALE, moving to L.A. seeks same 20-30 handsome & butch as friend. Jay, PO Box 5679, SF 94101

FEMALE SLENDER 35X wanted for SEX French or as you like it by a MALE white 50, 6' 215 Write with pic, Erik Jonson, PO Box 392, San Bruno, Calif

NEGRO male desires female any race for permanent thing maybe share my abode 931-1690

ATTRAC MALE, 32, 6', 194, w, seeks aggressive or submissive female, cple, male for s-m scene. Versatile. Box 31116, S.F.

BAY AREA swingers - There are 20,000 swingers in the Bay Area why not contact some today send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Modern Day Swingers Club, Box 322, Fremont CA 94537

MAN Prof. wants neat woman for sex and fun. Write with phone P.O. Box 11137, Oakland 94611.

YNG man, 25, coll grad, good job, white, would like to meet girl for dates, friendship. PO Box 2015 S.F.

ATTENTION CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS

Max Scherr, former owner of the BARB, phoned the Berkeley Post Office last Friday and informed the Postmaster that Scherr was still owner of the BARB and asked him not to release mail to us. From the fact that we and not Scherr put out the BARB, it is obvious that Scherr does not own the BARB. Nevertheless, the Postmaster cannot release the mail either to us or to Scherr. Consequently, all mail sent to P.O. Box 5017 in Berkeley last week is still in the Box. This is why many classified ads that were sent to us do not appear in today's paper. Just as soon as we obtain access to that box, the classified ads contained in it will be printed. If you do not wish to have your ad printed in subsequent weeks, please write us for a refund. We will send the refund as soon as we obtain access to the P.O. Box.

All mail intended for the BARB should NOW BE SENT to our NEW Post Office Box which is in the name of the New University. Similarly all checks should be made out to the New University. The New University is now the agent for the BARB. The address is as follows:

THE NEW UNIVERSITY P.O. BOX 2098 OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA 94604

Make all checks payable to THE NEW UNIVERSITY.

WEEKS! PICK UP BARBS IN BERKELEY AT 2042 UNIVERSITY AVE. 844-1040 IN S.F. "NORMAN'S" - 1776 HAIGHT 387-2733

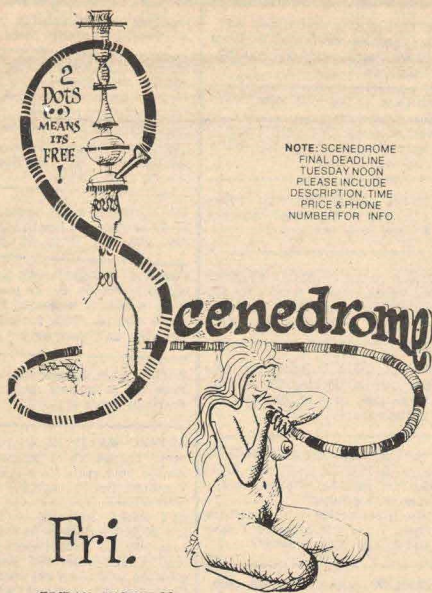
ADA DADA NO PERSONAL CHECKS FOR OUT OF TOWN ADS. PERSONAL ADS ARE VERIFIED BY PHONE MONDAY & TUESDAY NIGHTS. IF YOU DO NOT ANSWER, YOUR AD MAY NOT APPEAR

We do not guarantee publication of any ad. Money will be refunded for any ad not published, less handling charges. All ads involving a personal relationship must be accompanied by the phone number of the placer or satisfactory LD. There will be an additional, non-refundable handling charge of \$1.00 for all ads involving a personal relationship.

All adadad payable in advance to the Berkeley BARB. No ads will be taken over the phone. Deadline is MONDAY, 8 PM. The cost is 50c per line or part-line with a minimum charge of \$1. Figure 27 units for the first line (22 units for a line in all caps) and 30 units for each line thereafter. Each letter, punctuation mark, space or symbol counts as one unit. Leave a space between words and after punctuation marks. Do not run words on from one line to the next unless PROPERLY HYPHENATED. Please print your ad clearly in the space provided. All ads must be accompanied by the name and STREET address of the person placing the ad and, if possible, a phone number. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO EDIT OR REJECT ANY AD WHICH MAY JEOPARDIZE OUR EXISTENCE. The first word in each ad will be in CAPITAL LETTERS.

Grid for ad placement with columns for line numbers (22, 27) and rows for units.

My ad is ___ lines to be run ___ weeks; I enclose \$ ___ Make checks payable and send to: Name THE NEW UNIVERSITY P.O. BOX 2098 Address OAKLAND, CALIF. 94604 Phone



NOTE SCENEDROME
FRIDAY DEADLINE
TUESDAY NOON
PLEASE INCLUDE
DESCRIPTION TIME
PRICE PHONE
NUMBER FOR INFO

Fri.

FRIDAY AUGUST 22

- EVENT: Ringling Bros & Barnum & Bailey, Oakland Coliseum.
- ASTRONOMY: Marstrip program at Morrison Planetarium, GGPark. Daily, 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30.
- DRAMA: "Man of La Mancha," see Fri.
- DRAMA: Geese, Homosexual play, Encore Theatre, 422 Mason, SF, 297-7787.
- MUSIC: Summer Chorus & Chamber Orchestra, Monteverdi & Haydn Hertz Hall, UC, Fri Aug 22, 8:30, 6:42-2561, 50% seats reserved.
- DRAMA: Mandragola, by Machiavelli, University Theatre Workshop Durham Studio Theatre, B45 Dwinelle Tickets, ASUC, Cal. Aug. 22, 23, 6:42-2561, 50%.
- DRAMA: "Congress of the White-washers", Bertholt Brecht, Pauley Ballroom Aug. 22, 8:30 pm, \$1.50.
- FILMS: Marx Bros - "At the Circus", Laurel & Hardy - "Pack Up Your Troubles", SF State, HLL-RM 130, 7 & 9:45 \$1.
- CONCERT/DANCE: Marvin Holmes & The Uptights, Adults, Showcase, 33rd & Tele, Oak., 654-4221, \$1.50.
- DRAMA: Pitschel Players, at "Intersection, 756 Union, SF, 830 397-6061.
- DRAMA: The Committee, satire, 622 B Way, SF, 9:00 pm 392-0807, Student Discount.
- DRAMA: "Hair", Geary Theatre, 415 Geary SF 673-6440.
- DRAMA: "The Fantasticists", Chirardelli Square Theatre, 8 & 10:30.
- DRAMA: "Marat/Sade", at the Circus, 747 Beach St., 8:30 pm.
- DRAMA: "Don J.", The Ensemble Theatre of SF, 8:30 pm, 1074 Guerrero St., SF.
- DRAMA: "Spoon River Anthology" The Playhouse, SF College for Women Theatre, Anza and Parker Sts.
- DRAMA: "The Dark of the Moon, Brown's Hall, 390 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, 8:30 pm.
- DRAMA: "Two Gentlemen of Verona", Marin Shakespeare Festival, Forest Meadows Amphitheater near Dominican College, San Rafael.
- DRAMA: "Oliver!", Door Theatre, 22nd & Telegraph, Oak., 8:30.
- DRAMA: "Lute Song", Zellerbach Playhouse, UC 8:30 pm.
- DANCE: "Ballet Black", African Haitian and Afro-American songs & Dance suites by Donald Duncan, Presentation Theater, Turk and Masonic, SF, 8:30 pm, Thru Aug.
- CONCERT: Electronic music exploring concept in sound & space, 309 Fourth Ave, SF, 8:30 & 10:45 pm.
- EVENT: Cabrillo Festival - Chamber concert, Mozart, Imbrie, Ravel, Bartok, by Pro Arte Quartet, Cabrillo College, Aptos, 8:30 pm.
- DANCE/CONCERT: Indian Puddin' & Pipe Games, Lights by PG&E, Headhunter Amusement Park, 345 B Way, 8-2am, \$2 391-3600.
- MEETING: Committee for Homosexual Freedom, 8:30 pm, The Cabaret, 250 Valencia St, SF.
- PLAY: "Camino Real" by Tennessee Williams, Fri, 8 pm, \$3 gen, \$2 Students, 2980 College Berk., 848-2791.
- PLAY: "Lute Song, Dir. by Arthur Conrad, Music by Sidney Howard & Will Irwin. Tickets: Cal & Asuc Box Offices.
- POTTERY CLASS: See Mon.
- MISSION DISTRICT DRAMA WORKSHOP, See Mon.
- DRAMA: "The Amen Corner", 8:30 pm, YWCA, 1830 Sutter, SF.
- FANTASTICS, 8 pm, Ghirardelli Sq, Theatre, SF.
- DRAMA: "Don J.", see Thurs.
- DRAMA: "Spoon River Anthology", 8:30 pm, SF College For Women, Anza & Parker Sts., SF.
- DRAMA: "Pure as the Driven Snow or a Working Girl's Secret", 8:30 pm, Mill Valley Center for the Performing Arts.
- DRAMA: "The Dark of the Moon", Homestead Players, 8:30 pm, Brown Hall, 390 Miller Ave, Mill Valley.
- DRAMA: "Neither Mother, Wife, nor Widow, or Precious Virtue Threatened", The Masquers, 8:30 pm, 103 Park Place, Point Richmond.
- DRAMA: "Most Happy Fella", Woodminster Summer Musicals, 8:30 pm, 3300 Joaquin Miller Rd, Joaquin Miller Park, Oak.
- DRAMA: "Everything in the Garden, see Thurs.
- DRAMA: "Lute Song, see Wed.
- DRAMA: "Dirty Work at the Crossroads or Tempted, Tried, and True", see Fri.
- DRAMA: "Mrs. McThing", see Tues.
- DRAMA: "Take her, she's Mine", 8:30 pm, School St & Moraga Rd., Lafayette.
- DRAMA: "An Italian Straw Hat", Cal State, Highlands Playhouse, 25800 Hillary St., Hayward, Thru Sun, Aug 24.
- DRAMA: "The Country Constable, or Orphans No More", 8:30 pm, 400 E. Campbell Ave, Campbell 23, 642-2561, 50%.
- DRAMA: "The Little Foxes", Hillbarn Theatre, 1285 E. Hillsdale Blvd., Foster City.
- BALLET: "Ballet Black", African, Haitian and Afro-American song and dance suites, Presentation Theater, Turk and Masonic, 8:30 pm, Fri & Sat.
- DRAMA: James Baldwin's "Amen Corner" Old Opera House, 4705 3rd St, 285-8727.
- DRAMA: The Committee, Experimental Wing-Totally Improvised Theatre, Bishop's, 1437 Harrison Oak., 9:30, 835-3366.

Sat.

SATURDAY AUGUST 23

- CIRCUS: Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey, Oak Coliseum.
- ASTRONOMY: Marstrip program at Morrison Planetarium, GGPark Daily at 12:30, 2, 3:30 8:30, 5pm.
- DRAMA: "Man of La Mancha" see Fri.
- DRAMA: "Geese" see Fri.
- CONCERT/DANCE: Indian Puddin' & Pipe Games, see Fri.
- SUPERCONCERT: Star and North Indian Vocals, Marin Unitarian Center, Terra Linda, \$3 Benefit for Ali Akbar Khan College of Music, 945-2248, 479-8241.
- CONCERT: Vern & Ray, Bluegrass from Nashville, Freight & Salvage, \$1.50 Beef Stroganoff dinner, \$1.50 548-1761.
- DRAMA: "Lute Song", see Fri.
- SEMINAR: Weekend Astronomy seminar with Karen Bollandier, 2-6 8-11 pm. \$15/weekend, 524-9194.
- FILMS: Groucho Marx & Laurel & Hardy, see Fri.
- FILM: Antonioni's "Blow-up", 7:30 pm & 9:30 Stiles Hall, 2400 Bancroft Way, \$1.25.
- DRAMA: "Mandragola", by Machiavelli, University Theatre Workshop, Durham Studio Theater, B 45 Dwinelle, UC, Tickets: ASUC Cal, 642-2561, 50%.
- CONCERT/DANCE: Marvin Holmes & The Uptights, Adults, Showcase, 33rd & Tele., Oakland, 654-4221, \$2.50.
- CONCERT: Organ Recital, Richard Purvis, Legion of Honor, 3pm.
- EVENT: Cabrillo Festival, Chamber Concert, Schubert, Webern, Mozart, Prokofiev, more, Cabrillo College, Aptos, 8:30.
- DRAMA: Pitschel Players, at "Intersection" 756 Union SF, 8:30 improvised show at 10:30.
- DRAMA: The Committee, satire, 622 B Way, SF 392-0807 9 pm.
- DRAMA: "Hair", Geary Theatre, SF, 673-6440.
- CONCERT/DANCE: Indian Puddin' & Pipe Games Headhunter Amusement Park, 345 B Way, SF 8-2 391-3600, \$2.
- CONCERT: "Ice", Third Rail, Kensington & Marin, San Anselmo 8-12, 754 454-6956.
- CONCERT: Folk Music, Free Teton tea, Please bring fruit, Peace Pipe Coffee House, Haste & Coll., 8:30 pm 549-3739.
- DRAMA: "Everything in the Garden, Live Oak Park Little Theatre, Berk, 8:15.
- FILMS: Marx Bros, Laurel & Hardy, see Fri.
- DRAMA: The Committee, see Fri.
- DRAMA: "Amen Corner, see Fri.
- PLAY: "Marat/Sade, 8&8:30 pm, 747 Beach St, SF.
- UNIFIED FAMILY: Discussion, see Tues.
- DRAMA: "The Country Constable or Orphans No More", see Fri.

Sun.

SUNDAY AUGUST 24

- CIRCUS: Ringling Bros & Barnum & Bailey, see Fri.
- ASTRONOMY: Marstrip, see Sat.
- DRAMA: "Geese", see Fri.
- EVENT: Emotion - Gap Zap, unique group experience, communication in total darkness 861-2443, SF, call between 12-6 pm.
- CONCERT: "Ice", at My Room, 209 Stevenson St., SF 3-8 pm, 392-8440.
- CONCERT/DANCE: Indian Puddin' & Pipe Games, Lights by PG&E see Fri.
- DRAMA: Pitschel Players, see Fri.
- DRAMA: The Committee, see Fri.
- DRAMA: "Hair", see Fri.
- SUPERCONCERT: Sarode Chamber Concerto (and Raga) Benefit for Ali Akbar Khan College of Music, Jewish Cir., 3200 Calif. St., 8:30 pm, \$5 & \$3 479-8241 Final UC Concert in 1969.
- SEMINAR: Astrology, see Sat.
- DANCING: Dancing & Chanting followed by ten course feasts of Krishna's Vegetarian Foodstuffs, Hare Krishna temple, 518 Frederick St., SF, 4 pm, donation.
- BAZAAR: Clothes, jewelry, arts, quilts, etc., Ghettos Inc., 940 Dwight Way, Ipm, 548-2121.
- FILMS: Marx Bros, Laurel & Hardy, see Fri.

Mon.

MONDAY AUGUST 25

- CIRCUS: see Fri.
- ASTRONOMY: Marstrip, see Sat.
- DRAMA: "Geese, see Fri.
- DRAMA: "Man of La Mancha" see Fri.
- DRAMA: "Hair", see Fri.
- KUNDALINI YOGA: Yogi Bhajan, Perfect Master, in front of Coll. of Marin Fine Arts Bldg, 7 pm.
- ASTRONOMY: See Fri.
- CIRCUS: See Fri.
- DRAMA: "Geese", see Fri.
- YOGA: Postures and meditation with dancer 6 pm, Jewish Comm. Ctr., 3200 Calif. St.
- DRAMA: "Hair", see Fri.
- CONCERT: New Lost City Ramblers, see Fri.
- CONCERT: Concord Summer Festival, The Oakland Symphony Orchestra, With Lalo Schifrin, Also Jean Luc Ponty, The George Duke Trio, Tom Scott & Gary Barone, See Tues for details.
- CONCERT: Indian Puddin' & Pipe Games Lights by PG&E, 345 B Way SF, 8-2 391-3600 \$2.
- EVENT: Summer Freedom League Open House 920 University Ave., 8 pm \$1 Don. 654-0316.
- DRAMA: Marat/Sade, Thurs, 8 & 8:30pm, 747 Beach St, SF.
- Students for New Age Unification: A constructive though revolutionary solution to the problems of this Age. Madrone Room 4th Floor Student Union, 848-7492, 8pm.
- KUNDALINI YOGA: College of Marin Fine Arts Bldg., in front, 7pm.
- CONCERT / DANCE: Fillmore West, see Tues.
- CIRCUS: see Fri.
- ASTRONOMY: Marstrip, see Sat.
- DRAMA: Geese, see Fri.
- CONCERT: Old Berkeley Nite with Joy of Cooking, Dave Fredrickson & Friends, Freight & Salvage, \$1.50.
- CONCERT: Concord Summer Festival, Cal Tjader Quintet, Bola Sete Trio, Willie Bobo Sextet, Stan Kenton Orch. 8:30 pm see Tues.
- CONCERT: Indian Puddin' & Pipe see Thurs.
- DRAMA: James Baldwin's Amen Corner, see last Fri.
- DRAMA: "THE HOBBIT", The Middle Earth Players, Altarena Playhouse, 1409 High St, Alameda, 523-2753, 50¢.
- Summerhill West School: Organizing in Hayward Hills, Films & Discussion, 245 Davis St, San Leandro, Donations, 548-0308.
- FILMS: W. C. Fields, "Bank Dick", Groucho Marx, "Copacabana", SF State College, Hill-rm. 135, \$1, 7:49-9:59pm, 626-9958.
- FILMS: "Iryokan, A Japanese Style Hotel", "New Wealth for New Nations", "Modern Architecture of Japan", Hospitality Room, 1675 Post St, SF, 8:00pm.
- CONCERT: Sarah Vaughn & Bill Cosby Show, 8:30 pm, Civic Aud., SF, 775-2021.

Tues.

TUESDAY AUGUST 26

- CONCERT: New Lost City Ramblers, Freight & Salvage, 9:30, \$2.
- DRAMA: "Mrs. McThing" Starlight Theater, Pleasant Hill, 8:30.
- CIRCUS: See Fri.
- ASTRONOMY: See Fri.
- CONCERT: Concord Summer Festival, Erroll Garner, Laurindo Almedia, The Third Wave, 8:30 pm Concord Blvd, Park, Concord, 682-6770.
- FILMS: An invitation to Japan, The Ceramic Art of Japan, Rice and Agriculture Development, Hospitality room, 2nd Floor Bank of Tokyo, 1675 Post.
- FILM MAKING & Photography: 8 1/2 Sessions 8 PM, Tele Reportory Cinema, 642-3982.
- THE UNIFIED FAMILY: Free informal Lectures & Discussions, 8:00pm, 2955 Ashbury.
- KRISHNAMURTI: A Fresh approach to living, a study in writings, 413 Lily St, #B, SF.
- EMOTION-GAP ZAP: see Sun.
- HOOT: Freight & Salvage, 8:30, 50¢.

Wed. Continuing

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 27

- WELFARE RIGHTS GROUP IN HAIGHT-ASHBURY: Four-O-Nine House, 409 Clayton St, SF, 8pm, 621-9553.
- LIBERTY HOUSE: Non-profit Bay area outlet for Poor People's Craft Co-Operatives, 1986 Shattuck, Berk.
- OPEN HOUSE: Draft counselling, cottage industries, group discussions, etc., 409 Clayton St., SF 621-9553.
- DANCING & MUSIC: Monkey's Paw 65th & San Pablo, nightly, 654-9881.
- TIERRA RIDE BOARD: Rides, trips, groups, bikes, camping, etc. call & leave message, 87iles Hall, 841-6010.
- BERKELEY DRAFT INFO COMMITTEE: 843-4509.
- PEACE VIGIL: Port Chicago, daily 3:30 to 5pm. Info call 626-8436.
- MUSIC CONVERSATION: Drink beer, cider or coffee, and exchange ideas, play chess. ODYSSEY, 2033 San Pablo, Berk. open 8-2 nightly.
- DISCUSSION: Open House, draft counselling, Cottage Industries, group discussion, etc. Four-O-Nine House, 409 Clayton St., SF, Mon-Sat, 3-10pm, 621-9553.
- DANCING: Religious dancing, 910 Railroad Ave., Novato, 1-8pm 621-0553.
- THERAPY: Sexual therapy for individuals or couples, sexual encounter groups, etc. Modern Sex Institute, SF, phone for appointment, 346-4552 M-F.
- TASP: State of Calif Youth Opportunities Center. We have people to fill your jobs. Moving, cleaning, washing, etc. 845-7880.
- PLAY: Black & White Prof & / or semi-prof Actors & Actresses needed for Sept. production of "Blues in Country Sleep", 1926 Blake St, Berk.
- DANCING: Dancing and music nightly, no minors. Monkey's Paw, 65th and San Pablo, Info 654-9881.
- RAPING: Nightly until 3am. Snacks, rapping, general hanging out. The Fireside, 1453 Dwight, Berk.
- DRAMA WORKSHOPS: High school students meet on Tuesday & Wed, 7:30 to 10pm., and Jr. High students meet Wednesdays 1:30 - 3:30pm. Park Presidio YMCA, 360-18th Ave, Richmond. Info call 752-3557, or 621-0068.
- HUNG UP? Strung out? Brung down? Rap our heads off at "The Place" - voluntary clinic -- no pressure to come in, stay. Confidential, individual and group conferences, 1750 O'Farrell, SF, M-F 9-5, 346-7711.
- PORTSMOUTH SQUARE PARK: SF Chinatown, free Chinese Library, arts, crafts, sewing supplies, letter writers, other services, Daily 11-2pm, 621-0068.
- WAY: Western Addition Youth Club, Inc. Mar. classes, day care, tele exchange, photography, journalism, television, writing, much more. 1859 Geary, 474-7310, 661-6006.

Thurs.

THURSDAY AUGUST 28

- KUNDALINI YOGA: Yogi Bhajan, Perfect Master, in front of Coll. of Marin Fine Arts Bldg, 7 pm.
- ASTRONOMY: See Fri.
- CIRCUS: See Fri.
- DRAMA: "Geese", see Fri.
- YOGA: Postures and meditation with dancer 6 pm, Jewish Comm. Ctr., 3200 Calif. St.
- DRAMA: "Hair", see Fri.
- CONCERT: New Lost City Ramblers, see Fri.
- CONCERT: Concord Summer Festival, The Oakland Symphony Orchestra, With Lalo Schifrin, Also Jean Luc Ponty, The George Duke Trio, Tom Scott & Gary Barone, See Tues for details.
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- Students for New Age Unification: A constructive though revolutionary solution to the problems of this Age. Madrone Room 4th Floor Student Union, 848-7492, 8pm.
- KUNDALINI YOGA: College of Marin Fine Arts Bldg., in front, 7pm.
- CONCERT / DANCE: Fillmore West, see Tues.

Fri.

FRIDAY AUGUST 29

- CIRCUS: see Fri.
- ASTRONOMY: Marstrip, see Sat.
- DRAMA: Geese, see Fri.
- CONCERT: Old Berkeley Nite with Joy of Cooking, Dave Fredrickson & Friends, Freight & Salvage, \$1.50.
- CONCERT: Concord Summer Festival, Cal Tjader Quintet, Bola Sete Trio, Willie Bobo Sextet, Stan Kenton Orch. 8:30 pm see Tues.
- CONCERT: Indian Puddin' & Pipe see Thurs.
- DRAMA: James Baldwin's Amen Corner, see last Fri.
- DRAMA: "THE HOBBIT", The Middle Earth Players, Altarena Playhouse, 1409 High St, Alameda, 523-2753, 50¢.
- Summerhill West School: Organizing in Hayward Hills, Films & Discussion, 245 Davis St, San Leandro, Donations, 548-0308.
- FILMS: W. C. Fields, "Bank Dick", Groucho Marx, "Copacabana", SF State College, Hill-rm. 135, \$1, 7:49-9:59pm, 626-9958.
- FILMS: "Iryokan, A Japanese Style Hotel", "New Wealth for New Nations", "Modern Architecture of Japan", Hospitality Room, 1675 Post St, SF, 8:00pm.
- CONCERT: Sarah Vaughn & Bill Cosby Show, 8:30 pm, Civic Aud., SF, 775-2021.

- POTTERY: Stiles Hall, Mon&Fri Afternoons, 12:30&2:30, \$7.50 for 4 weeks, 841-6010.
 - NEW COMMUNITY SCHOOL: Tutors & Curriculum Organizers needed; Courses in Black History, Black Studies, & General Curriculum Accredited alternative program for H.S. Diploma 655-3565.
 - DANCE: Workshop in Street Choreography, Parking Lot, McKinley School, Mon 7-8:30, Wed 4-5:30.
 - ASTROLOGY: Intermediate Course, pre-requisite; must be able to do your own chart, SHAMBALA ARC Mondays, 7:30 pm.
 - GESTALT THERAPY: SF Gestalt Therapy Institute, Inc., 2768 Calif St., SF, Continuing varied classes.
 - ESALEN: Varied Fall Classes, Sept through December, SF, 431-8771, Box 31389, Big Sur, Calif, 93920, 667-2355.
 - DRAMA WORKSHOP: Neighborhood arts Program for 14-18 yr old Hunter's Point Residents, Bayview Library, 5076 Third St.
 - COMMUNICATION: Weekend intensive (NOT an encounter group) \$15, Scientology, 2111 Shattuck, info 841-0622.
 - DANCERS STUDIO: Turkish Dance: Classes now open, 566-9559, non-profit.
 - SCIENTOLOGY: Dianetics, Congress, 414 Mason St, SF, 12 noon to 10pm.
 - HELIO TROPE is looking for instructors for the Fall season to teach courses, seminars, workshops & group experiences, 931-1693, 2201 Filbert St., SF.
 - MUJI UBU SCHOOL: Openings for 15 children ages 8-14 at a private progressive school, 1 Lawson Rd., Kensington, 526-8066 or 849-1996.
 - DANCE: Classes in Fox trot, Tango, 7:30pm, 8:30 pm, Rumba, 2001 Alston Way, Berk.
 - DAVIS DAY SCHOOL: Pre-School full day program. Freedom, Awareness, experience; to explore being. Summerhill approach 655-9922 - 848-6382.
 - MISSION DISTRICT DRAMA WORKSHOP: Club Amigos del Teatro, 2969 Mission St, MWF, 2-4pm 922-6644.
 - ENCOUNTER GROUP IN SF: led by Experienced leader with MA in Psychology, 863-1147, 5:15 - 6:15 weekdays for info.
 - GHETTOS INC: Classes in Art, Afro-Dancing, Afro-Drumming, Astrology, Black History, Swahili, Drama, electronics. Additional instructors needed 548-2121.
 - FOLK DANCE: Instruction & Record party: Mon-Creek, Phillip Luks, 8pm; Tues., Balkan, 8pm; Fri., Greek, 8:30pm., Serbian Hall, 225 Valencia, SF., 647-7434, \$1.50.
 - CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF ASIAN STUDIES: Many far - out courses, 3494 - 21st St., SF, 648-1489.
 - PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT: Witchcraft - Tarot - Numerology - Readings-Astrology-etc., for information phone 861-5552.
 - THEATRE INTERACTION: Class for junior high school students; Verbal games, pantomime, scene improv., etc. Begins Aug 5, 863-8800.
- ## Needs
- STATE of Calif. Youth Opportunities Center. We have people to fill your jobs (moving, cleaning, washing, anything). 845-7880.
 - NON-PROFIT Bay Area Outlet for Poor People's Craft Co-operatives. Liberty House, 1886 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley, 845-1882.
 - HAIGHT ASHBURY Children's Center: need of funds, school supplies, building materials. 431-9385
 - HELIO TROPE is looking for instructors for the Fall season to teach courses, seminars, workshops and group experiences. 931-1693.
 - TRIBE needs chairs, tables, typewriters, desks, wastebaskets, pencils, pens and office equipment 1708 Grove, 549-2101.
- ## Art Berkeley
- WOODCUTS: Augusta Lucas Berkeley Public Library, Mon-Thurs. 3 pm-6 pm, Sun., 1 pm-5 pm thru Aug. 25
 - DRAWINGS: Patricia Oberhaus, 2120 Vine, Tues-Sat. 10 am-5:30 pm
 - PAINTINGS: Sarojben, Indian Cloth Applique Paintings, Annerberg Gallery, 2721 Hyde St., SF
 - Juda'h L. Magnes Jewish Museum of the West: 2911 Russell St., Sun-Fri, 10-4, Jews in India, thru Sept. 7.
 - LOWIE MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY: Droeber Hall, UC, Australian Aboriginal Art, thru Aug. 26, M-S, 10-4.
 - UNIVERSITY ART MUSEUM: UC 642-1207, Richard Lindner, Wilhelm De Kooning, Paintings.
 - ACHENBACH FOUNDATION FOR GRAPHIC ARTS: 221-5610, Calif. Palace of the Legion of Honor, Lincoln Park, Henri Matisse/ Drawings, Japanese Landscape Prints, Etchings by Rembrandt.