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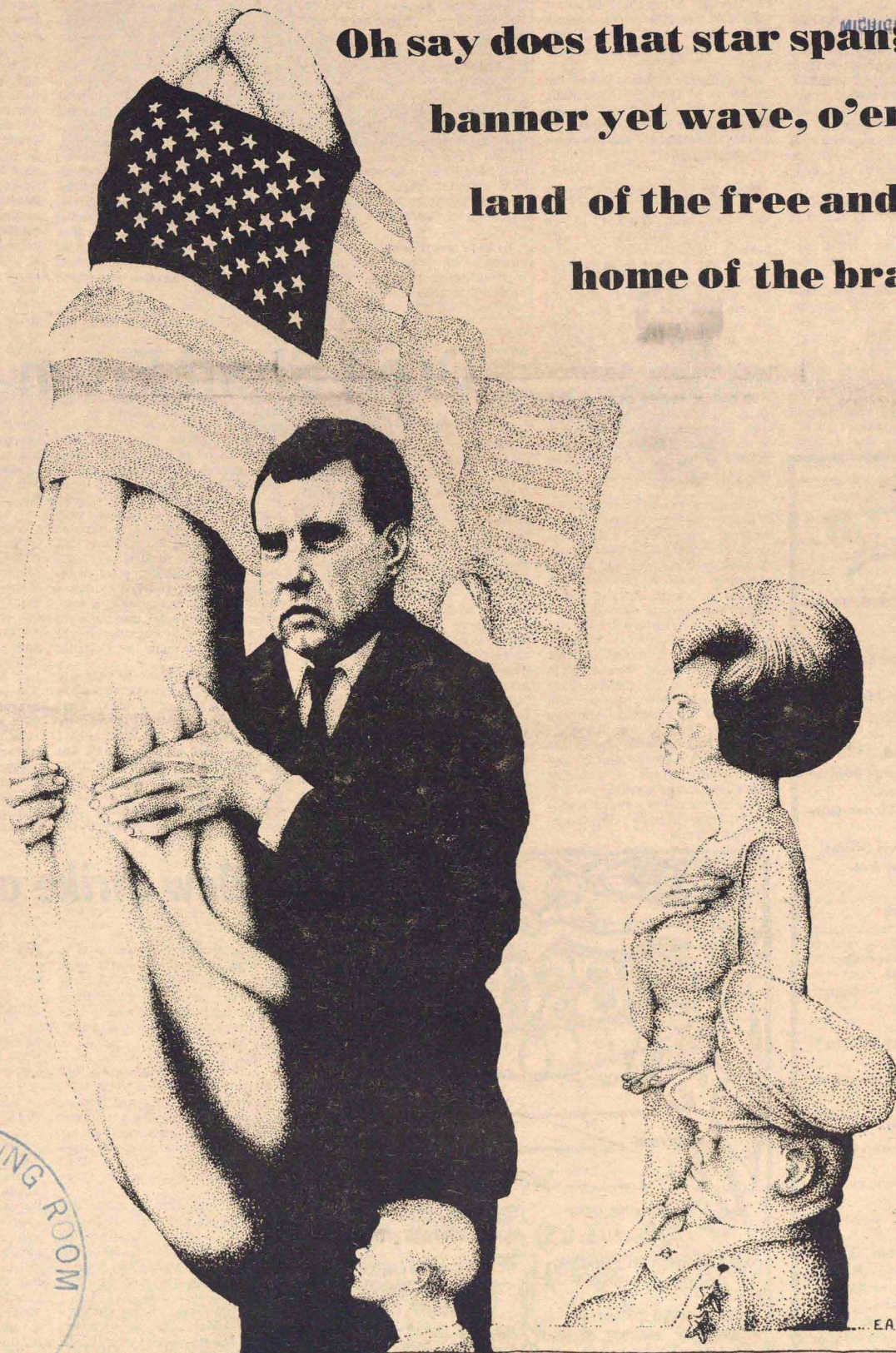
# OLD GORY

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**Oh say does that star spangled  
banner yet wave, o'er the  
land of the free and the  
home of the brave?**



EA Poe.

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# Seale's Arrest Latest Frame

LIBERATION  
News Service/Guardian

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS)-- Bobby Seale, chairman of the Black Panther Party, faces probable extradition to Connecticut on charges of murder, kidnap and conspiracy.

The latest in a series of frame-ups to hit the Panthers, the charges against Seale remove one of the Party's important leaders from action.

Panther Chief of Staff David Hilliard affirmed, however, that the arrest will not stop the Black liberation movement. He said: "Our party and our program are being taken over by the people. There is nothing the system can do to stop our movement."

Francis McGernam, one of Seale's lawyers, told the press he had reliable information that the operation had been engineered by the Justice Department. "There is a special section in the Justice Department," he said, "that has been set up especially to harass the Panthers."

Connecticut's murder, kidnap and conspiracy charges stem from the May 21 murder of Panther Alex Rackley in New Haven. Fourteen other Panthers have been jailed on the same charges and the FBI has used the excuse of hunting for Rackley's killers to break into a score of Panther offices around the country.

According to an FBI affidavit, Seal was implicated in the case by George Sams Jr., allegedly a Panther, who was arrested in Toronto three weeks ago in connection with the case.

New Haven police claim Seale ordered Rackley's death, alleging the victim was a turncoat who cooperated with police. Authorities say Rackley was tried by a "kangaroo court," found guilty, tortured and murdered by other Panthers.

Police say a tape recording of the "trial" and the murder gun are in their possession. The Panthers

not only deny involvement in the death but maintain Rackley may not have been a police informer.

Seale was at Yale University in New Haven May 19 as part of a speaking tour for the Conspiracy case. According to a local white radical who helped arrange that trip, "Bobby could have spoken at any one of eight cities in the Northeast, but we (he and an associate, not Seale) chose New Haven."

The defense maintains it is inconceivable that Seale, already under indictment for the convention demonstrations and under continual surveillance by the FBI, would travel to a strange city and participate in a killing. Lawyer McTermin insists "they will never be able to prove those charges." But the case will tie Seale up for a long time.

Interviewed in jail Aug 22 by San Francisco Chronicle reporter Tim Findley, Seale said, "I never saw Rackley in my life." Of police informer, Sams, Seale commented: "Sams is an agent. He's clearly the one who murdered this person."

Seale said he expelled Sams from the party in April 1968 "for stabbing a brother in the leg," but let him in again at the request of Stokely Carmichael, who has since left the Panthers.

Speaking about the time sequence of the alleged "trial" and the killing, Seale said: "I wasn't in New Haven when Rackley was supposedly tortured May 16 and I wasn't there when he was supposedly killed May 21. My probation officer has records of all my travels and can back that up." He said he arrived in New Haven late in the afternoon of May 19, spoke at Yale at about 8 pm, paid a visit in New Haven and returned to California the next day.

At both of Seale's court appearances, courtrooms were packed with supporters, black and white. At the August 21 appearance a picket line of 500 Bay Area radicals marched outside the court.

With the arrest of Seale, Hilliard is one of the few national Panther leaders still free -- and he has just posted \$20,000 bail on charges of attempted murder and assault resulting from a shootout with Oakland police on April 8, 1968. Party minister of defense Huey P. Newton is serving a 2 - 15 year term for manslaughter. Minister of Information Eldridge Cleaver is in African exile. In addition to the 14 held in the Rackley case and individual and group arrests throughout the nation, 21 Panthers are being held in New York on \$100,000 bail each in connection with an alleged plot to destroy several public areas -- including Bronx Botanical Gardens -- and police stations. Police say Rackley was killed because he informed on the New York 21.

## L.A. Free Press Opposes Freedom Of De Press

Several weeks ago, when we took over the BARB, the LA Free Press ran a story by Paul Glusman accusing us of being Fascists, anti-Black and anti-Semitic. About a week later the editor of the Free Press called us and said that from a recent issue of the BARB, it didn't look like we were Fascists. The editor said that maybe the Free Press had made a mistake.

Well here was the good old liberal, loving Free Press indulging in the same kind of shit they always accused the establishment of. They had judged us without knowing what the hell our policies were. And only after they had taken a second look did they discover that they had their heads up their asses.

But don't go away yet folks. There's more. The old Free Press not only decided at first that it didn't like the BARB, but it used its economic power to interfere with freedom of the press. One of the distributors of the BARB in Los Angeles also happened to distribute the FREE PRESS. He distributed only 2000 BARBS and 39,000 Free Presses. When the FREE Press gave him the word to fuck up the BARB, he stopped distributing it and returned 2000 copies to our agency.

So here was the old FREE Press, champion of freedom and de people, indulging in slimy fascist capitalist games, while pretending it was really the other guy doing it.

# Draft Shaft From Dick

by Muhammad Khan I

President Nixon is going to do it to us again. Instead of an all volunteer armed force, rumbles from Washington indicate that Nixon is going to sign an executive order in the next few weeks which will draft only 19 year olds.

Nixon says that the reason for this oozing sticky movement is: "While the draft remains necessary - it is imperative that we make it as nearly fair as possible and that we reduce to a minimum the unnecessary long period of uncertainty that now hangs over the lives of millions of our young people."

First of all, they slipus that they have seriously considered making the draft all voluntary, but find it impossible to implement until peacetime. PEACETIME? Maybe in . . . 2001. The real reason is that they want to grab all the youngsters right out of high school, before they have a chance to breathe, move, relax, let alone

# WORDS DON'T MAKE THE BAIL

by Kali

The backbone of revolution is adolescent rebellion: it is always the children rebelling against their parents' authority. That is why revolutions revolve, and never resolve.

The infant, tiny and helpless, is kicked around by his parents and easily succumbs. Many fathers, frustrated at work because they are under the power of their bosses, return home and take out their frustration on their small children. Every child experiences his parents' frustrations. If you think back, you will remember how intertwined were your parents' psychic lives and your own psychic life when you were very young. Your father was your master, your punisher and your rewarder. As such, his will dominated you. Your father was the first Man.

Then, you went to elementary school, where you were bullied by strange adults. Do you remember your primary school teachers -- how real their authority seemed to you? You learned that might makes right, and you knew that your teachers were right for great was their might. As a pre-adolescent, you believed that the power resided in the teacher himself -- here was your second Man.

As you grew older and moved into high school, you began to understand that the teacher's authority came from a higher authority. Your teacher justified disciplining you by claiming that his orders came from persons in control of him -- the principal of your school. The principal became your third Man.

It was not a big psychic step from the principal to the principle. The

Man became bigger and bigger, more and more abstract, till he encompassed everything and everyone having power over you. You left high school, and you carried within you your first Man, your second Man, and your third Man. In your narrowing mind, they coalesced into one Man -- which you termed the Establishment. You could still hate authority and power: you could still exteriorize the Man within you and fabricate a something outside of you to vent your hate upon.

But, the Man began as a very real person, your own father, and ended up an abstract concept, the Man. Your psyche became increasingly abstract. The hate you once felt towards your father for his authority, you have abstracted into anger towards the Establishment. Then you dressed it with fine jargon and no longer called it by its true name. Adolescent rebellion against authority becomes, through word magic, revolution against the society. You have lost touch with reality, that is, with the concrete experiences of your own life.

It is a peculiarity of the human race, that as a person grows older and becomes more educated, he loses touch with real experience and comes to believe only in that which is conceptual. The principle predominates. "Revolutionaries" arise who talk grandiose plans to save the world and to save humanity, to liberate the people. They present reams of WORDS on how they will save us ALL, but they cannot bail one of their own brothers out of jail.

It would seem that one of the hardest things to understand is that changing the world begins with helping the person beside you.

think. Nixon figures that if he can wipe out the psyches of the young men early, before they have a chance to go to college and listen to the dirty hippy-pinko-jewish nigger plot, he will have a ready batch of docile idiots to harness to the industrial machinery. Can you dig going through our regimented high schools, straight into the military grinder, then into our regimented Universities? If anyone can survive all that buffeting and emerge with a healthy psyche and libido, he must be Godzilla himself.

You take a nineteen year-old from anywhere, Indiana, where has he been? What has he done? What does he know? Jerk him away from Mom, his girl, his high school friends; put him in a new and hostile situation and most of them go under the first day. The first five minutes. It's an amazing thing to watch. Whatever they may have been, personality, char-

acter, individuality, it all goes out the window, and the D.I. Sergeant has got 'em, right there and then. If he doesn't get them right then, he will get almost all of the rest of them in the next few weeks.

President Nixon wants your cock, cats. The whole fucking system of the military is geared to cut it off at the short hairs and deliver it on the platter of your soul to Tricky Dick. They tell you they are gonna make a man outta ya, so they proceed to manufacture sado-masochistic animals. Your ability to fight, kill, maim, burn, loot & steal is your new manhood. The service renders most G.I.'s incapable of a tender relationship with a woman, especially a sexual relationship. If Nixon can surround himself with emasculated soldiers and have the illusion of aarrggghh, Kreegah, Bundolo Tarzan strength, the energy of ALL their flaccid phalluses goes to none other than he himself.

# New Strike at Folsom

The prisoners at Folsom prison are organizing for a strike next Monday unless the prison officials meet their demands. They have been trying to get someone to listen to them for months to no avail. Their demands are:

1. Sentences must be set within 90 days of arrival at the prison, with the only determining factors being the nature of the crime and the circumstances surrounding same and not based on the prisoner's personality, publicity about the case, or suspicion of other crimes.
2. They want complete recorded transcripts of all parole hearings, statutory requirements for parole spelled out, and clear and precise reasons why parole is denied when the minimum release date has passed.
3. Unlimited correspondence unless federal law is violated.
4. Inmate control of IWF, the inmates welfare fund, with a popularly elected committee subject to

veto by the administration.

5. A better educational program with more college teachers.

6. Extended vocational trade program.

7. An Inmate labor committee elected by inmates to represent them to the legislature and to the administration.

8. The use of slave labor by the prison is not conducive to rehabilitation.

Slave labor exists, (according to the strikers) because of special interest legislature. In other words, various organizations use the inmates to do their work, which saves them money. The inmates are not paid for their labors, nor does working hard help them get paroled earlier. They feel that this slave labor should be stopped completely, to allow cheaper maintenance of the facility, and to allow the prisoners the opportunity to do meaningful work. If the strike comes off as planned, further details will be in the next issue.



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# OLD GORY

by T.K.

It used to be, man didn't need education, because he still hadn't made up that body of knowledge of which to be ignorant. There were great gulfs of ignorance to be realized first. And corresponding to the gulfs of ignorance, man had to separate himself farther and farther away from his true and original nature.

The universe had to become alien and unknown. Man had to contract himself down from infinity into the body of a man, surrounded by an impersonal environment that had to be controlled.

In spite of all this, man's true nature being everything, he was and still is in total control of everything.

We create, maintain, and destroy every moment, but we cannot comprehend it because there is no time difference between creation and comprehension. To comprehend creation we think about it, and that is what is created--what we are thinking about. What we THINK we are thinking about is still only the thinking of it. The world exists in our thoughts like dreams exist in our heads. And the thoughts aren't anything but what they are, when they are, and when they are.

Now man had to forget all this before he could learn it in order to posit its existence by proving its non-existence. To accomplish all this he had to structure crystal perfection, and mess around in time and space playing crazy word games. And like the denominator of a fraction, the more words he played, the smaller he became.

Having discovered so much about the universe around him, there came a time when he had to institute education, in order to teach the ignorant all that they were ignorant of.

Like children (Welcome back to school, kids!) There is a fantastic amount of knowledge they must learn in order to understand the nature of reality so they can cope with it.

Why just think of all an infant has to learn in order to merely effectively function in society! He must learn how to walk, how to talk, how to keep his feces in and his penis down, how to eat, how to dress, how to read, how to behave with people, and then he must know about religion, politics, biology, arithmetic, geography, economics, law, history, and who are the good guys and who are the bad guys. Why do you realize how much education it takes just to cross a street these days? Are you sure that you have enough education to even attempt to understand this newspaper?

Don't you believe it.

Education is being pulled away from everything in order to package ourselves into society. This is effected by the establishment, which controls society, and so has the task of limiting a child's consciousness so much that he will conform to its incredibly complex structure.

Being born is not enough: the child must be born again, this time into society. He must lose the autonomous unified identity he was born as, and become a dependent cell in the social organism.

To accomplish this calls for a little operation that has been employed for long ages now by the men who run society. The individual's energy is pulled out of his balls (where if let alone he would occasionally let it all out to back where it came from), into his head (with which he could now remember all the things he had to keep in mind to behave socially appropriately and so maintain society...the way it is).

If you behave socially inappropriately, society dies, because it exists only in the minds of the people you are with. If you subscribe to an idea that society is or should be different than the other people think theirs is, you are a menace to society because you are a menace to their heads.

If you actually behave in a manner that expresses your beliefs, those who hold things in a dif-



ferent way will literally go crazy, to the point of killing you, since to see what you are doing they would have to go out of their minds.

A long time ago, the situation wasn't so complex. The Man came and took the baby away from its mama so he could fuck the mama and put the kid to work for him.

Actually he lured the baby away with meat, feeding the baby that instead of his mother's milk. Having gotten him hooked on meat, the Man made the kid work for his supper, since the Man owned all the cows.

He owned all the women too, and made the kid pay him cows the kid had to buy by working for him for the women the kid lost when he left milk for meat. The old man knew though that it was just a matter of time before he got old and the kid got strong, and the kid would figure out how to get everything he wanted by knocking off the old man.

So the old man used the old "Hey kid, your shoelace is untied," ploy, and got the kid to take his mind off his balls, the seat of his manhood, and into his head, listening to the old man bullshit him so he would keep his mind off his balls.

The Man wanted to keep the kid strong though, he didn't want a eunuch. And he hoped for resurrection in his son after he died. So he didn't cut off the kid's penis off outright, but he waited until the kid got to be old enough to be a threat before he made his move. Then, at the kid's puberty, the old man circumcised him. This served the Man's purpose beautifully. First, the kid couldn't stand the excitement in his penis as it rubbed around all day without its protective foreskin, so that he pulled the energy out of it, and second, it served as a threat that the old man would cut the rest of it off if the kid didn't behave.

The kid grew up, the old man died, and the kid did to his son the same thing his old man had done to him in order to create his son in his image so that HE would be resurrected. This way he insured his own immortality besides keeping the game going.

The kid, having grown up, was still a kid, and having been denied his mama for such a long time he was greedy for as much ass as he could get, like a ten year old gobbling up chocolate cake. He brought into his home as many females as he could get by capturing, buying, and procreating. Soon he had a large family, with him as patriarch over many half-brother sons. When the Patriarch died, the half-brothers fought over who would get what, and a ruler emerged who was not the father of them all but took the place of the father. He kept all his "sons" and

his "grandsons" in by making sure they were properly circumcised. He couldn't get all the women and cows, since there were too many for him to consume, but he had his unlimited choice.

The women started making trouble then, being robbed of their babies and being treated like cows. They played men off one another, like the archetypal Helen of Troy, and so broke the unity of the men that the Chief of the tribe controlled. Soon women had control of the men on an anarchistic individual basis. You will notice that all these former historical relationships still exist today.

None of the men were now getting what they wanted, so they banded together and pledged male solidarity in order to gain control of the women again. To insure the perpetuation of their new system, they initiated the boys at puberty with circumcision and sometimes other tortures or ordeals, to achieve the same ends as before, and then told them about how to control the women through male solidarity. They showed them some tricks, like how to dress up and act like gods at festivals to fool the women and children, making supernatural noises with bull-roeers.

This wasn't such a bad system. Once initiated the boys had full tribal rights and privileges. Being reborn into society consisted of only one painful day, or a month at the most.

The men got greedy again though, and fought with each other for the goodies. They split up, and in an effort to build as powerful a tribe as possible, thus increasing each Chief's wealth and pussy, built ever more complex societies.

Now the Man really had problems. For his society to prosper he had to worry not only about the sex lives of his people, but there was trouble with the tribe next to his, raiding his settlement, and ripping off his cows and women. Then there were all sorts of domestic problems to contend with.

The Man had to really train the children to grow up to fit into this mess. Initiation into the society lasted much longer than a day or two. He had to train them how to behave properly so society wouldn't fall apart...beyond his control.

He started the children training early, conditioning them to respond to life in his particular way. He did this by coercion of the parents, who taught the children how they'd better be good or they'd be busted.

There were at this point so many people that the Man needed a society to control the society. This entailed a second initiation for the chosen few, and since he couldn't tell them what was really happening or they would get wise and overthrow him, he pulled another "hey your shoelace is untied" rou-

tine, and took them on a fantastic word trip, explaining why things were as they should be. He let them in on a few secrets & if they fell for it he rewarded them with women and cows, if they wouldn't go for it he liquidated them.

This was the beginnings of education as we know it. "Education" then was the privilege of the nobility and they studied philosophy, music, mathematics, religion, history, literature, economics, and politics, learning all sorts of reasons why things were as they should be. Education became institutionalized, and since all the teachers had to know was what the Man wanted them to know, a teacher was no longer a man who knew what he taught, but a social position, capable of being filled with anybody who kept the Man's line.

Soon, however, educational institutions had grown so large that another society was needed to control the society that controlled the rest of society. These thrice-born were wise to the game, and went straight to the top by kissing the Man, or aligning themselves with another man whom they helped in an attempt to take over. Then there were those who fought their way to power by any means possible. These were the biggest businessmen, who gained power through wealth.

In order to keep the academic initiates satisfied with their secondary positions, the man gave them their fore-skin back tokenly, in the form of a sheep-skin diploma. The academics couldn't do much, but they could say what they had learned with the authority of the state to back up their words. They had the added social advantage of knowing how to behave properly and so had prestige positions in the society and a cushy job to boot. Thus was first born the phrase, "To get a good job get a good education."

At first "education" meant mostly reading, writing, and arithmetic, since the good jobs required signing treaties and handling large financial enterprises.

These documents circulated among a small group of men, and only really concerned the select few managing the enterprise. With the invention of the printing press society became more hooked on writing, and reading and writing became less prestigious and was indicative of many trades.

Came the age of enlightenment, and many leaders felt that they should institute public education, and offer education for any who wanted it, in order to fill the demands of an ever increasing complex society. Besides, these men had been brought up on books, and they wanted to create their image in their children.

Came the industrial revolution, and public education began to be compulsory. Since the population was so large, the only way to keep it together was to bind it together via mass media. The establishment seized upon the old "Hey, your shoelace..." routine, and bullshitted the people about what was going on in a mass scale, 30 years after the invention of the telegraph, Vermont became the first State to legislate compulsory education. It was the Northern industrialist states that were the first to make it unlawful for a child to not attend "public education". The rural states followed, and Alaska, the most untamed, was the last.

Now going to school was not a privilege but the law. Society had become so complex that the entire populace had to spend at least 8 years receiving "public instruction" in order to be initiated into it. Babies were circumcised on a mass scale at birth, since what they lacked in individual strength could be made up for in their numbers.

Now there is no longer one initiation into society, but many small initiations into peer groups; graduating from the 1st grade to the 2nd grade, graduating from high school, college, and on up myriads of economic statuses.

Instead of the one-night teen-age torture individuals underwent to

seal their initiation, domestication, education, or whatever you call it, the agony is prolonged for usually 13 years or more.

Over \$30,000,000,000 is spent in the United States every year on education. Education is supposed to be free, which is only fair since its compulsory, but this is an illusion produced by the fact that the students don't pay for it themselves, but it costs their parents \$30,000,000,000 in taxes so their children could be exploited by the Man like they are.

In school, the children are conditioned over a period of many years, to react conventionally to symbols they must learn, to behave socially appropriately, to be brainwashed about what this world is about, and to learn the incredible amount of things it takes to get along in this society and keep all those teachers employed. Over one quarter of this country's population goes to or works in schools.

The children learn to obey and recognize the dictates of society. They are castrated, and all trained to use all the life within them conforming to societal needs.

Their will is broken, they are conditioned like Pavlov's dogs to react to bells, to wait in lines, and to sit still and be quiet. Their consciousness is contracted and shattered so that they are totally lost, confused, obedient, and alienated where they can only think and act like they were taught to and so can only relate to the plastic world the Man has internalized in them.

The Man doesn't really care what is taught, as long as it isn't a threat to the status quo and is economically useful. Any fostering of creativity, individuality, critical intelligence, or a life-style other than the accepted norm goes absolutely against the very purpose of education, since its origins down to the present monster machine form. And that purpose is to keep men enslaved to the system, their minds and bodies mere extensions of the will of their rulers.

Sexuality, the basic life function in living organisms, is ruthlessly suppressed and twisted in school for years, the individual has been conditioned to channel the natural life within into the proper socially acceptable circuits. What was once a man who was once God is now a social robot, with so much programming in his head that it would take a 14 cubic mile size computer to have a memory back big enough to store the data the human brain handles; data that is nothing more than the old "shoelace" routine.

Don't touch your teacher's tits, kids, she's a phony mama, a meat eater and conditioning you is the way she eats. No noise, no movement, no spontaneity, no originality, just write X "I will not be late to class again." on the blackboard 100 times. The only kind of spirit tolerated is school spirit; make yours a model concentration camp. Just learn to say the right words with the right attitude and you too can be as happy as the carefree GI's in Vietnam, or the millions of happy-go-lucky workers that perform their meaningless tasks in order to buy the food you produce, and buying the toys the Man offers to keep them hung-up on their shoelaces.

Why be God? Be a cop.

So now, kids, when you pledge allegiance to the flag every morning, you will know why: that is Big Daddy's foreskin hanging limply from its staff. OLD GLORY.

Females used to learn what they had to know from their mothers, and did not have to be circumcised to be reborn into society. Not too long ago, however, the Man, having emasculated the men, recognized that women were just as economically valuable, and so women went to school with the men. They now demand, and deserve, equality with men. What they don't realize is that the men aren't men, but that both are striving to serve a now flaccid phallus which before had served them.

Male or female, when you see our flag flapping in the breeze, just remember its still just your mind moving.

# GATHERING OF THE TRIBES

by Thomas Klaber

Between 500 and 1000 people attended the People's conference held in Provo Park in Berkeley last Saturday, August 30.

Some 30 groups represented themselves with card tables and printed information or just sat on the ground, telling those interested where they were at, and trying to get together with other groups.

The Conference was to begin with introductory speakers in the Pauley Ball room on the UC campus, but the University declined to let the conference use the room at the last minute.

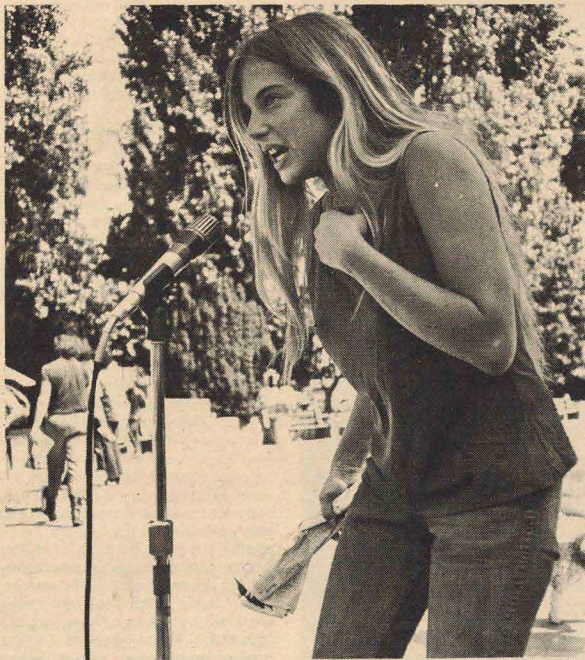
The conference started later at Provo Park. A few hundred people played football and frisbee on the grass or just sat around, and a few organizers set up the PA system and got their people together.

Wendy Schlessinger, a leading figure in the Park crisis was the first speaker. "Hello," she said, "it's such a beautiful day, and there's such a flow going on here. This is what this conference is about. Flowing into the conference are various life-styles and groups, a lot of people belonging to one another or just passing through to see."

Wendy went on to talk about the trend of collective living in Berkeley, how people were beginning to think of themselves as collective, and grooving their socialistic experiences.

"One bad thing," Wendy continued, "that I have been feeling myself all summer, is when you are having a good time, you think you are achieving something." She went on to say that the fight is not just a fight for freedom in Berkeley, but is a total fight. "Our condition will not be good until conditions all over the world are good."

Wendy also talked about the Movement's moving away from "anarchistic tendencies" and get-



ting it unified. She talked about how tight money is, and wished everyone at the conference a "good day".

Anita Franklin spoke next. She wondered about how she was going to talk about the issue of "struggle and survival", asked everyone to get over their "dissillusionment and cynicism," and gave a run-down on the groups at the conference.

Matt Ross, leader of Regional SDS gave a long talk. He couldn't "relate to the pleasantness of the day" while the "atrocities in Vietnam" were going on.

He talked about the coming "Festival of Thieves", the International Industrialist Conference, and his and other organizations offensive against it.

These men, he said, are the ones responsible for the terror attacks on the Panthers, the genocide in Vietnam, and the ripping off and ruining of the people's natural resources.

Moss stated that while there were many beautiful people in Berkeley, he didn't want to see them maintaining a "provincial, parochial" attitude. Berkeley had to "hitch up" with all the peoples in the rest of the world.

Moss said that there was a cri-

tical need for people to get involved in the activities of the revolution. A lot of bodies thrown together at a demonstration doesn't accomplish much. What happens during a demonstration is determined by what happens before it starts, i.e. planning and organization.

Barry Chan, speaking for the Asian Coalition, reiterated the activities planned for the "Festival of Thieves", and spoke about who the industrialists were, and what they represented. Chan spoke about what the meeting was about, how it had purely Imperialistic motives.

Raymond "Masai" Hewitt, Minister of Education of the Black Panther Party gave the next talk. He said that the Panthers perspectives have broadened, and that they are working for world-wide solidarity with all revolutionary movements.

In the rest of his speech he deplored the people's inactivity. Nothing changes, he said, people let their hair grow long and got high, and the police keep on moving in. Eldridge Cleaver is in exile, Bobby Seale is kidnapped, 40 other Panthers are in jail, and 19 have been murdered, while there is a lot of talk about culture, drugs, and sex-but nothing changes.

Masai said that a lot of the peo-

ple he knew who were Baptists last summer are Buddhists this summer, and he described many people as "Wyatt Earps without their Buntline" and "Cochises with a toothpick." Words, Masai said, don't make it. "Social practice is the criterion for truth." And he ended, "It's way past time."

Larry Miller ended the talks with a pep talk, asking everyone to talk to everyone else, both the people they grooved with and the people they disagreed with.

The groups had set up what they were going to set up, and from about 1 to 5 PM, people wandered around and rapped with each other, forming circles on the grass.

Among the groups participating in the conference was Taxi Unlimited, who let people know what their set-up was, and about their present insurance crisis.

The Musician's Co-op, that lists bands needing jobs, equipment, rehearsal space, etc., and gets together benefits and people's concerts, was present, and provided the Conference's evening musical entertainment.

The Tenant' Union was there, trying to get together to effectively fight exorbitant rental rates, unfair leases, landlord's failure to maintain their premises, and end discrimination against tenants that do not reflect the landlord's personal life-style.

Disorientation Week will give

The Labor - Gift Plan explained their plans to organize a labor exchange pool, where people share skills and energy in building, teaching, or learning.

Two of the most popular workshops were Ecology Action and Los Siete de la Raza. Many people gathered around the SDS workshop.

The other groups represented were Women Power, Science Students for Social Responsibility, Newsreel, Media Workshop, Radical Students Union, Third World Liberation Front and Asian-American Political Alliance, the Black Panther Party, Women's Liberation Front, Medical Committee for Human Rights, Revolutionary Community Medical Corps, American Committee for Solidarity with the Vietnamese people, the Free Church, People's Park Legal Defense Office, the Festival of Thieves, Egg (artists co-op), Student Research Facility, White Community Involvement Groups, People's Elementary School, Community Schools, Homosexual Liberation, Police Control, Warring Street Commune, Vocations for Social Change, International Liberation School and Self-Defense Workshop, and Agit-Prop and Guerilla Theatre. The Hare Krishna Folk came and did their thing.

In the evening the Conference moved across the street to the quad on the Berkeley High School campus. There was to be an open



new Berkeley students the low-down on Who's Who in the University, who controls what, what the University is doing etc., plus providing forums on the War, Women's Liberation, Third World, the Berkeley Movement, and the role of the Student.

The Great Foodbuying Conspiracy presented their plan to organize neighborhood food co-operatives.

Mike, where anybody who wanted could say what he wanted, if he checked in with Steve Haines during the previous couple of hours to sign up.

Only a couple hundred people showed up for the open mike, and they wanted to hear music, not more talk. Haines tried to give a brief rundown on the workshops, but there wasn't enough light for him to read his list, so he ad-libbed.

Mike Schechtman got up to give a talk but had to wait for some little kids to quiet down. He talked about the Neighborhood Labor-Gift Plan, organizing labor unions, and schools.

Haines returned to the mike to announce other speakers, but there were shouts from the crowd. "We want the music now! Bring on the Bands!", so he called on the bands to set up, and made a few announcements.

The "Dirty Suckers(?)" was the first group, and sang old Elvis Presley songs. Then the Jug Band came on with some jug band music, then a rock group called Wilderness played, and lastly the Joy of Cooking, when the conference broke up.

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# DISSENTERS IN UNIFORM

by Thomas Klaber

For obvious reasons, the person who related the following story to the Barb asked that his present name be withheld.

"My family lived in Boston. My old man had been in the Navy for 28 years. I didn't know it then, but he worked for the CIA. He was groovy though, not a Wallace freak. During the Kennedy administration my father was sent down to North Carolina to put pressure on an insurance company that was charging blacks higher premiums than whites. They were the only insurance company in North Carolina that was federally subsidized. I was 16 then. This put the town uptight. The mayor was chairman of the board. They spread rumors about my sister being pregnant, called my old man a 'Northern Yankee Nigger Lover.' I got into fights every day. I quit high school and went north, and worked in ski lodges. I was really digging it, just fucking around. My Old Man got sick though, he had a heart attack and also had a nervous breakdown. This was the result of trying to humanize a situation and taking a stand for equality.

"He asked me what I was doing, and I told him 'nothing'. He asked me to join the army, and get into OCS (Officers Candidate School). I wasn't hip to all that was going on, so I figured what the hell, here's my old man on his death bed practically and he wants to see me be a good American. The American Revolution is very big in Boston, and I had some feeling for 'Americanism.'

The recruiter told me that the best route for OCS was getting into the airborne infantry. So I did and went through basic training, Advanced Infantry Training (AIT), and jump school. I managed to get the trophies for weaponry from all my training units plus the jump school trophy. I got hip to what was going on, and saw that the clerks were the ones who ran the show, and decided to become a clerk. I became one in the 82nd Airborne Division, at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

There was one West Point Officer there, really down on me. He didn't like the fact that my old man was in the Navy. He once gave me an Article 15 (non-judicial punishment, where a commanding officer can cite a man and fine him or take away his liberty with a court martial), for running out of gas in a jeep while on a 3 day maneuvers. He busted me from a Pfc. to an

E-1, and fined me \$50. Consequently I was disqualified for OCS.

I was put in DRF -2 (Division Ready Force 2). DRF's are kept around solely for the purpose of being instantly ready to be deployed anywhere in the world at a moments' notice. We couldn't leave the post, and spent our days packing and unpacking, and checking our equipment.

In August of '67 we were suddenly ordered to not watch TV or read newspapers, or listen to the radio. We knew something crazy was going on, and then noticed that

them were black, and some were even from Detroit. Most of them were Nam returnees.

They knew me pretty well, since the company clerk keeps every body squared away on passes, leaves, etc. He's usually their only real liaison with the officers and higher administration.

Naturally, the guys wanted to know what orders the Battalion had handed to Company level. I wanted to know too, because if this sergeant could make up his own orders and shoot whoever the hell he wanted to, then we were in

my company. What I heard was that a 9 year old kid had gotten shot by the cops, and this kid's two brothers came down from the building they were in and started shooting at the cops. More cops were called in, and that's when the riots started.

I turned on for the first time in Detroit. Then I was shipped back to the 101st Airborne at Fort Campbell. I got a couple weeks leave and went home to Boston. I was thinking about the thing in Detroit, and rapped with cats in the Roxbury ghetto, who told me that the

for Nam stood.

I thought, well I can play this game. I got to this fab Captain down there, and hustled him to give me a disqualifying profile to get out of Nam on this kidney thing. I took this profile to a clerk warrant officer and got my orders changed to stay out of Nam.

I went more underground and only gave little reports of things happening to the Resistance paper. A group of us were giving cats advice about how to go to Sweden, and Canada and I tupted up fake orders and leaves, and I really would have had it if I'd been caught. I mean this was ILLEGAL shit. In the entire 101st about 800 guys got out of going to Nam. We sent about 10 guys to Sweden, 40 to Canada, 150 stayed in the states, and went underground to do the same thing we were doing.

Most of the guys we helped were from the 101st Airborne. They didn't want to go; some were pretty hip, but most were 17 year old kids, under 19 year old punk ass officers. In no way could I see these guys surviving a year in Nam. We were running drugs and newspapers in from Nashville, and having a fucking good time. I kept my clerk job tight and got every weekend off.

After the 101st left there were no units at Fort Campbell being sent to Nam, so we just put out the Resistance paper, joining the underground resistance syndicate. Then they started a new unit, the 6th infantry, made up of Nam vets, whose sole purpose was riot control. These vets were put under punk officers. They'd fought the war already, and didn't like training in the boonies. My heart really went out for them. These cats were really getting fucked around. I made sure that they got their mail and their passes, and bugged the officers all the time, especially this gung ho CO. The Battalion Commander got pissed off at me and investigated me. He found out about my getting out of Nam by seeing the civilian doctor and hustling that Captain. He was going to give me a special court martial. Two weeks before my court martial I got a letter from my sister saying how my mother was running around with these men, and how my old man was sick. (My family was divorced when I was seven). I got leave and went home where I got this good lawyer. I rapped with this lawyer about going AWOL (Absent Without Leave) but he said he could get me off. The charges against me at the court martial were malingering and falsifying official documents to avoid duty. This was bullshit, and after 3 minutes deliberation the court martial board delivered a verdict of not guilty.

This was unheard of and was the talk of the post. All the officers were really down on me, they didn't like anyone getting off a court martial. I knew that it was just a matter of time before I would be sent to Nam. I stayed at the rank of E-2 for a year, and they tried to keep me in the office all the time. My disqualifying profile kept me from going to the infantry and I stayed in my unit as a clerk.

My old man was in bad shape, so I got papers together for Compassionate Reassignment. Then I received orders to go to Nam. The post general had called Washington and they were trying to put over this game. I went to the Boston Army Base and submitted my reassignment papers. I was given Temporary Duty Pending Assignment at the Boston Army Base. On my leaves I worked as a draft counselor. At this time the Arlington Street Church was taking in draft dodgers and giving them sanctuary. I met two guys there, (to next page)



DRF-1, which was only 2 Battalions down, was gone. Some guys snuk a radio in becuse we wondered what the hell was going on, and we heard something about a riot up north. We were put on a plane without being told of our destination, and we flew to this city, which turned out to be Detroit.

I had a jeep and my job was to drive people around. We were all issued an M16 with a bayonet, 200 rounds of ammunition, 2 tear gas grenades, and a smoke grenade. I rapped with the cats on recon patrol. Their sergeant was from Alabama or someplace, a KKK type, and his orders to the patrol were to shoot any black on sight.

Now all these guys weren't KKK types in the unit, and since this sergeant had said "shoot any nigger," there were quite a few guys who got uptight. Hell, half of

bad shape. It seems as if the Battalion and Company levels had received different orders than what was being put into practice, but that's how loose the situation was. The sergeants have control over the men in their unit, and it doesn't matter what the hell the actual orders are because they can get away with practically anything.

We were all trucked over to a high school on the East side of town, and bivouacked there. Cops would come and pick out guys to go out in a car with them; 2 guys, one with an M16 and the other with an M14, which is a better sniper weapon. The cops (I didn't start thinking of them as pigs until later) would pick up Southerners who were known to hate Blacks.

I wanted to find out what the hell was going on, and went out with a buddy in a jeep. We heard some firing around the corner, and there was this 13 year old black girl who had been shot dead while carrying some beer her old man had looted home.

This really wrecked my head. I started asking people what was going on, rapping with the blacks

sort of thing that happened in Detroit was nothing new. I contacted the New England Resistance and became a member. When my leave was up, I went back to Fort Campbell and got a clerk job in the 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry. By this time I was the cat doing the rapping. I asked everybody what they thought was going on in Vietnam, in Detroit. I started putting out a resistance paper on post. My friends and I would get to the guys going to Nam and told them about going to Canada and Sweden. By this time I was interested in subversion.

I made a stupid mistake though. I was a poet, and wrote a good poem about Detroit, "Thoughts of a Free Man," and published it in the paper. My CO (commanding officer) saw it and made the connection. The next day I received orders to start training as a trooper to go to Nam.

When I was 14 I had injured my kidney in a fight. I went home on leave and saw my home town doctor who took me down to Yale, where I saw a Professor of Medicine, supposed to be the best Urologist in the States. He gave some papers to me about my bad kidney condition. I went back to Fort Campbell and submitted my papers to get out of going to Nam. I was given a medical examination by the Army and was disqualified, but the Colonel in charge of the hospital ignored the report and did not disqualify me, so that my orders

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# SPIRIT OF '76

Bill Chase and Bill Talmanage. One day the FBI came and grabbed Bill Chase right off the pulpit while he was giving a sermon. Kids sat down in front of the FED's car, and the pigs came and clubbed them and dragged them away. The Feds took Chase back into the church to wait for reinforcements and when they came they took him away. This made headlines in the papers. It was the first real thing I'd seen in the 'spirit of '76'.

When my leave was up I reported back to the Boston Base. My Battalion Commander at Fort Campbell had phoned the PSNCO (Personnel Staff Non-commissioned Officer) and told him about my underground activities. The PSNCO told me I was AWOL and that I had to go back to Fort Campbell to be shipped to Nam. I confronted him with my leave papers that showed I was on my last day of leave. There was nothing he could do, so he yelled at me to get the fuck out of his office, and report to the military police as AWOL and return to Fort Campbell.

I got ahold of an ACLU lawyer who was with the New England Resistance. He called up my NCO at Fort Campbell who told him I was on temporary assignment in Boston, which was all they could say. Nobody wanted to accept responsibility and you can see the confusion existing among these different command levels.

I saw that this whole fucking business was bullshit so I went AWOL. I joined the Boston street people and dealt dope. This was in May of '68 and the whole town was down on hippies. We had a beautiful thing going. We'd sit in the Boston Commons and rap and it was groovy. I wanted to organize with the resistance people and wondered what to do and decided to clean up the streets. We cleaned up Charles Street, and went all up and down Beacon Hill.

Then a beautiful thing happened. That night 200 or 300 fraternity type juicers came marching down the hill to beat up all the flower children. They advanced down the hill shouting "Kill, kill, kill!" Half of Boston was watching this on TV. We were preorganized, with bikers up front. The cops had orders from the mayor to clear the hippies from the park, but they saw there was going to be a big battle, and they didn't know what to do, so they sat around with their thumbs up their ass.

We moved the chicks from the Commons into the Garden. About 140 left, and 60 stuck around. The bikers formed a wedge and forced the juicers into the street, where they moved down, busting windows on Charles Street and throwing shit into the streets we'd just cleaned. The cops saw then who the enemy was and moved in, busting the juicers.

The next day the newspapers came out on the hippies side. From then on we had the support of half of the merchants in town.

When summer came, so did the summer hippies who just smoked dope and sat around, so I moved on. I took my chick on a vacation to Maine, and worked as a draft counselor for the Boston Draft Resistance. Things started to get hot for me. The Man was constantly stopping me and questioning me. There was no unity there anyway, so I split for Canada.

I went to Montreal and dug the scene. I met a lot of groovy heads. Then I hitched and rode the rails across Canada, stopping off in every town, digging the scene and rapping with the draft dodgers. I met about a thousand draft dodgers. The country was a real change from the city and REALLY a good trip.

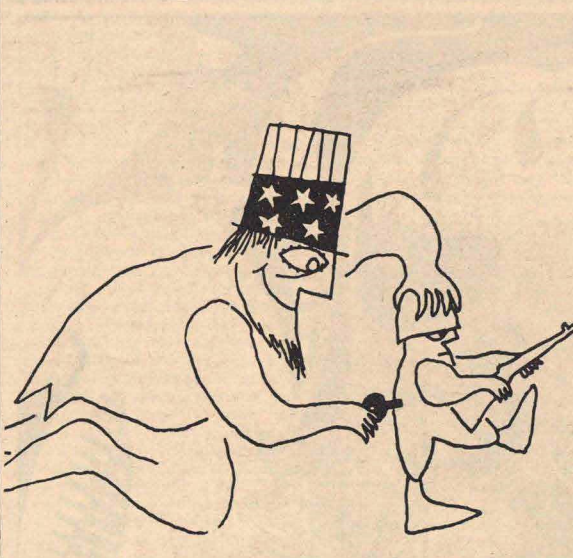
I arrived in Victoria and was really enjoying myself. I was dealing dope again. We held a Vietnam vigil, and got really turned on to the Vietnamese people in their struggle. These people really had the spirit of revolution. It was in Victoria that I met Bobby Hutton and Bobby Seale. Victoria is a peaceful town, and these 3 Panthers arrived there, stepping off the plane carrying guns. The whole town was against them at first, but they gave beautiful raps, which anybody had to dig. So we started to get organized.

A draft dodger and his chick came up from Chicago and stayed with me. It was then that the Chicago riots were going on. I felt sick, feeling like a cop-out. Since we had been behind the panthers coming to town and they tried to bust me three times. The cops in Canada are cops though, not pigs, and since I was clean they let me go. The cops dug me, you know I think they knew I was not a normal doper, and one day they came to my door and warned me that the FBI had gotten my address from my father. The Immigration Author-

5'er's, the baddest motherfuckers around, doing contracts and stuff like that. I was still looking for unity, and these Muslims had unity but not with whites.

On November 18, 6 real Muslims arrived in jail, the West Street Federal Detention Center. The Feds had tried to bust a draft dodger in Brooklyn. Two of them went to his house and had the shit kicked out of them by the cat's two wives. They handcuffed the Feds and took their guns away.

Twenty Feds arrived as rein-



(Cartoon from Palante  
the Cuban humor weekly  
via LNS).

forcements. The whole community came out and a running battle started. The pigs busted the 2 chicks and six cats.

These cats were real Muslims, arriving in jail with the Koran, and they bowed to the East 5 times a day. Two of them turned me onto Islam, and I dug it. Conditions in jail were really shitty, and we started organizing the whole fucking jail. The warden was going out of his mind. We turned on two other white brothers to Islam.

One night 18 cats threatened me, about 15 Blacks and a few whites, and I sat in a corner with a razor blade and told them that the first guy to come at me would lose his balls, and the second guy was going to wish he'd lost his balls. I sat up all night, and in the morning we were friends.

The charges against me were trumped up. They had planted 2 ounces of dope on me, and charged me for not paying the 1000% sales tax on a kilo. I figured that I wasn't going to get out of this jail, but that I could escape from an army jail, so I told the cops my real name, said that I was a deserter, and wanted to get back to the army.

They took me down to the 75th precinct on Christmas Eve, and threw me into a one man cell with an Army Spec. 4 guard. There were 10 cells filled with deserters. I'd been straight for 3 months, and he gave me 2 joints for a Christmas present.

The day after, I was sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey. They took one look at me, with my hair down to my shoulders, and wearing a black suit, and threw me in jail. I had to stand at parade rest, and this motherfucker kicks me in the back. I turned around to get him but he was holding a '45 at my head.

They took me to see this Lieutenant, Lieut. Zeitz, a real fascist faggot motherfucker. He said to me "So you think you're bad, huh?", and threw an ashtray at me. Then he threw me against the wall and kicked me in the balls. I told him that he wasn't going to get away with this shit, but he had 3 guards there. I asked him to step out beyond the gates without his 3 guards, and he threw me into solitary.

In this cell block were a lot of hard-core prisoners. Terry Klug, organizer of the entire French resistance was there, and so was Arnett, who deserted from Nam to Sweden. He had been promised amnesty by the American Consulate if he returned to the States, but they threw him in jail when he got there.

Military jails are worse than civilian jails. These guards got their kicks by watching us take showers and calling us fags. I was eventually put in cell block 60, which was filled with political prisoners. I was given DS chow for 14 days, which is bread and water; no meat, butter, milk, salt, or anything. I was not allowed cigarettes or any reading matter, and they even took away all my bedding during the day. You have to sit up in your cell all day; you've had it if you lie down.

There were a lot of guys from Sweden and Canada there, and we started a resistance paper, and brought in the ASU (American Serviceman's Union) paper. We tried to organize the place. The food was the shits, they were always forcing mandatory labor on us, and making us stand outside at night with only a shirt on. They spit on us and tried to provoke us. They would carry in some guys they'd gotten to, bloody as hell. We were planning a revolt and mass escape.

The authorities got real uptight. I filed for CO (conscientious objector) status, which everybody knew was a big joke. I'd been 3 months in Federal jail, and 2 months in the Army jail, in solitary most of the time and on DS chow. I had had no trial all this time.

One day they took 15 or 20 of us out for our court martials. They gave us our Army greens (uniforms), because you are supposed to be in full dress at your court martial. They took us out of the stockade and took us to this large room with 3 adjoining conference rooms, and left us there. I went into one of the conference rooms, locked the door, and sat and waited. After awhile they took the rest of the men out to lunch, and when they were gone I just walked out. (Fort Dix is an open base).

I hitched up to Princeton and met the President of his class, who was a leader in the SDS. He gave me \$20, civilian clothes, and sent me to the city to meet some Muslims.

While I was in jail my brothers came to see me, wearing their robes and carrying their Korans. Scarface, the Commander of the stockade, took one look and said that I couldn't have a brother that

was black, so he took them off my mailing list and off the visiting list.

Back in the city I got together with my brothers in Durrall Islam, which is a movement to unify all Islam. I went back to Boston and got a pad, then after a week I split for Montreal. There I began to see the things that were wrong with Islam, -- like I couldn't hate Jews just because they were Jews. Also, I met some Muslims from Arab countries, and saw that it was practically impossible for them to unify.

In Montreal I met two old brothers, and a teacher of Marxist Philosophy at McGill University, whose name was Gray. I really dug Gray. My brothers and I helped take over the administration building at McGill, and the blowing up of the stock exchange by the FLQ. (French Liberation movement of Quebec).

I was a violent anarchist now, and wouldn't let anyone in close. I sat in my pad on a stockpile of guns, because I wasn't going back to jail.

I went back to Boston and worked for this groovy Black architect, who was working for the Boston Infill Housing project, which was federally subsidized and backed by the local and state governments. They were trying to give ghetto residents another alternative.

I did a stupid thing, though. One day I knocked down a cop and stole his badge. I wore it on my colors and got busted again.

I was sent to the Fort Devins stockade. I got a lawyer to make sure I stayed at Fort Devins, instead of Fort Dix. I was charged with 2 counts of AWOL and 1 count of escape. Fort Devins is a small place, and they were hip to my game, so they threw me in solitary to stop me from organizing. I didn't give a shit about anything or anyone then.

The authorities spread rumors that I had spit in this chick's face, calling her a dirty hippy. There was no way to get together with the prisoners then since they fell for it. They would go by my cell and spit in it. After a month of having everybody against me I had a nervous breakdown. After this the prisoners began to understand where I was really at and we began to organize.

The authorities were wondering what kind of court martial to give me. I had been in jail for 7 months, so they had to drop their AWOL charge. They let me out of the stockade and put me into a Special Processing Detachment, where there are no guards. I got a 3 day pass, went home, balled my chick, and reported back again.

They told me, "Wait around another week kid, an we'll court martial you. I thought, oh wow, you must be kidding, so I split for Canada, riding my bike across to Vancouver. I worked as a miner in British Columbia.

Then I decided there was more work to do in the States, and that's where I am now. There's a lot to do."

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# YOGA AND

by Allan Coult

The crucial problem of human existence revolves around the psychic split of man and his belief that he must suffer in order to be healed. It was not too many years ago that the split and the solution to it were fully explained. The person responsible for this was Wilhelm Reich, who was imprisoned for his efforts and whose books were burned by order of the United States government.

Reich knew that man has the potentiality of reuniting his dissociated parts and thereby to flow into and merge with the nature from which he has so long been alienated. This reunion, he said, is possible during TOTAL sexual orgasm, when the boundaries of the psyche dissolve, when the "normal" differentiation between what is inside and what is outside the organism is eliminated and when the subject and object are no longer separate. Man, however, has so abused his physical nature that the capacity for orgasm has largely been destroyed. This seems contrary to evidence since it is assumed that many people experience orgasm; but as we shall see, what modern man knows as orgasm is actually the antithesis of orgasm.

An orgasm occurs when automatic reactions not under conscious control generate plasmatic motions along the length of the body. The body then makes automatic copulatory motions of a gentle nature. The wave of excitation flowing through the body produces a generalized feeling of sensuousness and well-being. The entire body participates in pre-organic pleasure and in the orgasm itself. The orgasm is smooth and rhythmic, not pinched and spastic. It results in a release of tension throughout the entire organism returning the psyche to the undifferentiated state of complete participation with its surroundings. One of Reich's patients described the sensation of orgasm as follows:

"That's wonderful, one just dissolves, one dies, one finally has peace. The feelings one had with it, she said were those of losing oneself, of 'becoming one with the world,' of hearing sounds 'and yet not hearing them,' of withdrawing into the self and dissolving.

This description is identical to the experience of "communion with God" as reported by mystics and users of psychedelic drugs. Orgasm and God consciousness are in fact identical, although modern man considers sex and religion to be at opposite poles.

God is the missing part of ourselves, he is the split off superego, the internalized parent. Through orgasm the differentiation between the desires of the individual and the demands of the superego are dissolved. Orgasm reunites the fragmented parts of the psychic energy. Communion with God is thus the reuniting of the fragmented self. It dissolves the superego, channeling its energy back into the services of the individual. Orgasm is antisocial; it destroys society.

Orgasm is the extreme of pleasure. As such it is the antithesis of pain. Pain occurs when the organism defends itself against what it considers to be an unpleasant encounter with its environment. Pleasure occurs when the organism is in harmony with its environment, when it has no need for defenses when it flows into and merges with the world.

When the organism is unafraid of the world, it streams out into it, tending to merge with it. When it is afraid it withdraws, contracting toward its own center. This phenomenon can be understood by reference to the amoeba. When the amoeba is under no threat of attack it moves out into its environment, extending its pseudopods out from itself. If it encounters a threatening, unpleasant stimulus however, it withdraws its pseudopod and contracts toward its own center; it literally shrinks away from the world. The exact analogue of this process of expansion and contraction occurs in all organisms.

In human beings pleasure is the result of a streaming of the fluids of the body toward the periphery. The peripheral blood vessels dilate and the blood circulates freely over the surface of the body. In the male the pleasure is accompanied by erection of the penis, and in the female by the moistening of the mucus membrane of the genitals. The flowing of fluids toward the periphery of the body results in a moistening of the skin, which then has a moist flexible character. When one is threatened, the musculature of the body tenses, the blood

vellous idea came to me; instead of just enduring this agony, try to observe it, to see where it comes from and what it is. I perceived that it all seemed to come from a tightening of something in my stomach, as well as under my ribs and in my throat. I remembered that I was subject to angina and forced myself to relax, especially my abdomen. The anguish disappeared. When I tried in this new condition to think about death, instead of being clawed by anxiety, I was filled with an entirely new feeling. I knew no name for it--

certain times and places when it is proper for these processes to occur. At other times and places they must be controlled through the tightening of various muscles associated with them. This tensing of muscles, however, opposes the natural pulsations, and the result of the two opposed processes is pain. It therefore occurs that many of the natural functions of the body, which when unopposed by counter-tension produce pleasure, come to be associated with pain, since their onset at socially inappropriate times must be met by tensing

morning, and what starts to flow out as love comes back as hate.

Boys have a tendency to have spontaneous erections. They become aroused very easily. An erection, the sign of masculinity, is, however, considered as a shameful display except at certain appropriate times and places. It is therefore necessary to learn to control this natural result of pleasurable feelings. Consequently boys control their erection by tensing the musculature of the pelvic area. In this way they come to associate pleasure with the pain produced by muscular tensions.

All natural pulsation which produces pleasure will produce pain when opposed by counter-tensions. Since the human being must block off many of his pleasurable sensations, he comes to associate the onset of pleasure with pain. The more pleasurable a sensation is, the more muscular armoring will be necessary to oppose it, and the more painful will be the consequence of the opposed forces. When pleasurable sensations become intense they present an extreme threat to the armored organism, since the greater the pleasure the greater the pain.

An armored organism overwhelmed by strong pleasure-producing pulsations will experience a battle between these pulsations and its armoring, which will prevent the experiencing of true pleasure. What modern man calls an orgasm is actually an encounter between pleasure producing pulsations and muscular armoring. This is very well illustrated by the following "authoritative" account of the "orgasm" as described in a recent book of much influence, "The Naked Ape" by Desmond Morris.

"Another major change that occurs during sexual arousal is a dramatic shift in the distribution of blood, from the deeper regions to the surface areas of the body. This overall forcing of additional blood into the skin leads to a number of striking results. It produces not only a body that feels generally hotter to the touch -- a sexual glow, or fire -- but also certain specific changes in a number of specialized areas. At high intensities of arousal a characteristic sexual flush appears. It is most commonly seen in the female, where it usually begins in the region of the skin over the stomach and upper abdomen, then spreads to the upper part of the breasts, then the upper chest, then the sides and middle region of the breasts and finally the undersides of the breasts. The face and neck may also be involved. In very intensely responding females it may also spread over the lower abdomen, the shoulders, the elbows, and, with orgasm, to the thighs, buttocks and back. In certain cases it may cover almost the whole body surface. It has been described as a measles-like rash and appears to be a visual sexual signal. It also occurs, but in fewer cases, in the male where, again, it starts in the region of the upper abdomen, spreads over the chest and then the neck and face. It occasionally also covers the shoulders, forearms, and thighs. Once orgasm has been reached, the sex-flush rapidly disappears, vanishing in reverse order to its sequence of appearance. . .

"In addition to the sex flush and general vasodilation, there is also marked vaso-congestion of various distensible organs. . . The genitals of both sexes undergo considerable changes as arousal proceeds. The vaginal walls of the female experience massive vaso-congestion leading to rapid lubrication of the vaginal tube."

Here the author's description of the pre-organic sensations bear out what has been said here, except that he sees the flow of blood to the periphery of the organism as a "forcing" rather than as a natural process. But when we come to his description of the orgasm we find some very peculiar ideas.

"As orgasm approaches, there is a swelling of the outer one-third of the vaginal tube, and during orgasm itself there is a two-to-four-second muscle-spasm con-



vessels at the surface of the body contract, and the body fluids are forced toward the center. This places a strain on the heart which must beat faster and harder in order to force the blood through the peripheral circulatory system.

Breathing becomes labored. The result of these processes is the experience of pressure in the solar plexus. This feeling is known as anxiety. Without this particular feeling there can be no anxiety.

Worry is a simulation of a threatening encounter with the environment. The organism reacts to worry with anxiety in the same way as if the encounter were real. Worry is always thought accompanied by bodily tension. Without the tension worry is impossible. One may think of the most horrible experiences imaginable, but unless the body reacts with the anxiety syndrome, worry will not occur. This is aptly illustrated by an experience related by R. Daumal:

"That evening in bed with the light out, I tried to picture death, the 'no more of anything'. In my imagination I did away with all the outward circumstances of my life and felt myself confined in ever tightening circles of anguish; there was no longer any 'I' . . . What does it mean, 'I'?" I couldn't succeed in grasping it. "I" slipped out of my thoughts like a fish out of the hands of a blind man, and I couldn't sleep. For three years these nights of questioning in the dark recurred fairly frequently.

Then, one particular night, a mar-

a feeling between mystery and hope."

Anxiety is always a function of muscular tension. The etymology of the German term for anguish (angst) shows this, for ANGST is related to asp. Anguish is similar to being squeezed by a snake, for the muscular tensions press upon one as a snake coiled around one's body.

Anxiety has a function. When an organism is threatened the muscular tensions producing the anxiety result in the withdrawal of vital fluids and organs toward the center of the body, leaving them less exposed to danger. The tension of the musculature in this way serves as an armoring for the body. The healthy human being becomes armored this way only when he encounters real threats. The vast majority of humans are chronically armored; they wear their armor even when not at war. This is the result of techniques of socialization by which social beings are produced.

The outward flow of the body fluids is functionally identical with pleasure. The processes of defecation, urination, and erection of the penis are produced by such an outward flowing. If these processes are allowed to occur naturally and automatically they produce a release of tension and are therefore pleasurable. The human being, however, must learn to control his bodily processes according to social demands. There are only

the muscles to prevent the function from following its course.

The body has a tendency to move and flow in certain natural ways. Socialization is always directed toward the control of this natural flow. The individual is taught how to sit, how to walk, how to talk, how to react. This all requires the control of natural impulses through the creation of counter-tensions. Through socialization the individual comes to be at war with himself. Against his natural processes he must erect superego defenses. The superego, the internalized society, is therefore the source of pain. The very existence of society is painful to the individual. His body is constantly at war against the society within him.

Children have natural feelings of love, a natural tendency to reach out for each other. They spontaneously seek the comfort of another human body. In reaching out and grasping their mother they experience pleasure. But there comes a time when due to the incest taboo they are no longer permitted to show bodily affection. They must learn to control themselves, and they do this by fighting their natural inclination to embrace other human beings. In tensing against the impulses of their own bodies they change pleasure into pain. And that pain is turned into hate; for when the individual's impulses to embrace another produce self-induced tensions, they are reflected off the consequent muscular ar-



# ORGASMO

traction of this region, followed by rhythmic contractions at intervals of 0.8 of a second. There are from three to fifteen of these rhythmic contractions in each orgasmic experience. . .

"At the moment of male sexual climax there are several powerful contractions of the penis that expel the seminal fluid into the vaginal tube. The first of these contractions are the strongest ones and occur at 0.8 of a second -- the same rate as the orgasmic vaginal contractions of the female."

"From the sexual stimuli we must now turn to the sexual responses. How does the body respond to all this intensive stimulation? In both sexes there are marked increases in pulse rate, blood pressure, and respiration. These changes begin during pre-copulatory activities and rise to a peak at the copulatory climax. Pulse rates which, at a normal level, stand at 70 to 80 per minute, rise to 90 and 100 during the earlier phases of sexual arousal, then climb to 130 during intense arousal and attain a peak of about 150 at orgasm. Blood pressure that starts at about 120 rises to 200 or even 250 at the sexual climax. Breathing becomes deeper and more rapid as arousal develops and then, as orgasm approaches, develops into prolonged gasping often accompanied by rhythmic moaning or grunting. At climax the face may be contorted, with mouth wide open and nostrils expanded, in a manner similar to that seen in an athlete in extremis, or someone fighting for air."

How curious this all is. Orgasm is pictured as a series of convulsions which wrack the body as if it were engaged in an athletic contest. Nowhere in this description do we learn anything of the psychological effects of orgasm. There is no description of melting and flowing into the world. A visitor from another planet on reading Morris would think that orgasm was no different from the terror of trauma. Morris based his description of orgasm on the statistical studies of actual "orgasmic" experience conducted by Johnson and Masters (1966).

In the modern world it is thought that what is normal is natural. To determine the nature of orgasm the scientists study the sexual function of normal human beings. But what is normal in human society is not natural. What Masters and Johnson and Morris describe as an orgasm is actually the muscular spasm which opposes the orgasm and prevents it from developing in a natural manner. For them spasm is orgasm. The spasm is the body fighting against the dissolution in the orgasm. It is the attempt of the socialized musculature to prevent pleasure. For as I have explained pleasure is associated with pain and must, in the perverted mentality of the thoroughly socialized, be stopped at all costs. The normal "orgasm" is not orgasm but the expression of orgasm anxiety.

During real orgasm there is no pounding of the heart, no spastic contractions of the musculature. Respiration deepens but this is only the onset of natural respiration. Ordinarily the armoring of the individual interferes with his breathing. He breathes only shallowly. When the armoring dissolves breathing is natural, the organism finally is properly oxygenated and functions as it was meant to. Abnormal respiration is a symptom of orgasm anxiety.

Since the modern literature on human sexual responses is based on normal but not natural orgasm, it follows that this literature serves to indoctrinate people with the belief that the socially induced orgasm anxiety with its consequent effects on sexuality is the natural mode of sexual functioning. Many persons judge the intensity of their sexual experiences by the strength of their spasms. The more intense the spasm the more pleased they are with their sexual functioning.

If there is little muscular armoring in the body the flow of the forces of excitation along the body is unrestricted and the individual has a feeling of bodily unity and integration. Extreme muscular ten-

sion cuts off the flow along the body at the sites of various sets of muscles, producing a feeling of segmentation of bodily parts. In extreme cases this may result in schizophrenic disassociation in which parts of one's own body are felt to be alien. The schizophrenic believes that the pulsations of his own body are alien forces trying to control him.

Reich devised a technique of psychotherapy designed to lessen muscular armoring and return the organism to the state of natural functioning. This technique, unlike most psychotherapy, involved direct manipulation of the body as well as verbal processes. The therapeutic process was long, drawn out, and not always successful. The criterion of success was to produce total orgasm in the patient and to see the patient firmly established in a healthy natural sexual life.

Psychedelic drugs have the same effect as Reichian therapy; they produce a dissolution of muscular tensions and consequently the dissolving of body and psyche. These drugs apparently stimulate the normal pulsations of the organism, perhaps by releasing the Kundalini energy. Psychedelic drug users often speak of such an energy. Reich calls it orgone energy.

The stimulation of the natural impulses of the organism is not an unmixed blessing since the muscles are not always inhibited from producing socially induced counter-tensions. Herein lies the explanation for the "bad trip." The armored individual upon feeling the pulsations within himself reacts with orgasm anxiety, with panic. Since he has come to identify these impulses with pain and with evil he unconsciously reacts by tensing the muscular armoring in an attempt to stop the breakthrough of the devil. He has come to identify the onset of pleasure with pain. He pleads that he is going to die, that he is in the grip of forces which will destroy him. His body becomes tense, he may even experience severe cramps.

A man, whom we will call Sam, had taken 1200 micrograms of LSD. This is about twice the maximum recommended dose. He told me that very little happened to him except the experience of some vague hallucinations which lasted only for a few minutes. This had been his first experience. I asked him if he had experienced any tension. He replied that he had been quite relaxed. This I knew could not have been the case. I then asked him if his jaws had been stiff. He replied in the affirmative. I then asked him if he had had any stiffness in his neck and he acknowledged that this, too, had occurred. He then volunteered that he had also felt a knot in his chest and guessed that this was a consequence of his fear that he would have an attack of bronchial asthma. Here was the explanation of why the LSD had failed to affect him.

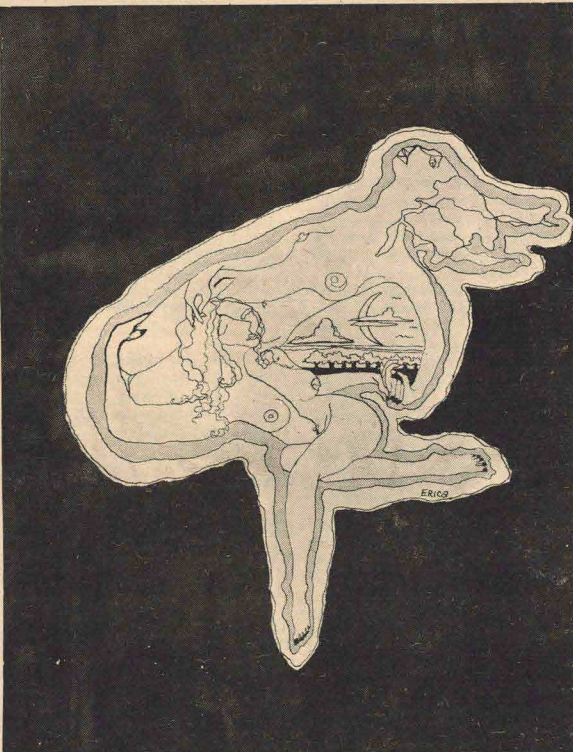
Bronchial asthma, according to Reich, is one of the common results of chronic muscular armoring, caused by constant pressure on the chest area. Sam had apparently been so armored that he had been able to successfully stop the pulsations of his body produced by the LSD. A knot in the chest is the classical symptom of anxiety. It is not uncommon for schizophrenics to attempt to cut open their own solar plexus in an attempt to relieve this condition. The practice of Hari Kari always seems related to this. The anxiety of shame among the Japanese is relieved by plunging a knife through the solar plexus. The Aztec practice of cutting the heart out of sacrificial victims may have functioned to sympathetically release the anxiety of the participants in the sacrifice through the ritual of tearing out of the heart of the victim.

Through orgasm anxiety, pleasure is identified with pain and God becomes the devil. Enjoyment results in damnation. If one is tempted by the Devil, punishment is sure to follow.

Man, and especially Western man, keeps his musculature in a chronic state of tension in order to cut off pulsations (impulses) which

are socially unacceptable. The muscular armoring becomes a part of his character. In fact as I will detail later the muscular armoring and the character structure are identical. If the armoring is dissolved, the character structure, the ego, is dissolved. Orgasm is therefore ego death. Orgasm anxiety is fear of dissolution, of death. This explains why the individual undergoing a psychedelic experience feels that he must die before he achieves Cosmic consciousness, or communion with God. This explains why Christ must die on the cross before he is resurrected, for the cross represents the split body, the split psyche of man.

The armored individual experiences tensions throughout his entire body. He has tensions in the muscles of his throat produced by the fact that he talks and by the fact that he must restrain himself from talking except at appropriate times.



He may have a chronic tension through one whole side of his body which bends him to the right or left and which represents a defense against the anticipation of being struck. This type of armoring can be the result of severe physical punishment in childhood.

Armored man never achieves an orgasm. He never experiences Nirvana, he never knows religion, the communion with the Universe.

The complete orgasm reunited man with nature. It is the ultimate religious experience and the ultimate bliss. When the sensations accompanying orgasm are, as in the Western man, opposed by muscular tension, the interaction of pulsation and counter-tension produces pain. Consequently the onset of pleasure comes to be anticipated as pain and the belief arises that the entrance to paradise is through hell. In simple words it comes to be believed that to feel good one has to feel bad. The psychedelic experience is thus often compared with initiation rites in which the participant has to die and suffer agony before he can be reborn into a higher state. He must feel the agony of muscular tension opposing the pre-orgasmic sensations before he submits to the final dissolution of the ego, which is a relief from tension. If even our best psychedelic gurus believe that death must precede rebirth it is no wonder that Western man worships the bloody man on the cross who must experience the terrible muscular agonies of crucifixion before his resurrection. Christ's tortured body represents man's struggle against muscular tension and his fear of the orgasmic pulsations which thus come to have the dual character of God and the

devil. The crucifixion symbolizes man's struggle against nature, against sexuality.

It is not clear then why the armored representatives of the middle classes attempt to repress the use of psychedelic drugs? I once gave a lecture in which I said that I saw no reason why one should not take psychedelic drugs for enjoyment. The local press headlined "Professor says, enjoy yourself." There followed a story characterizing me as a lewd demon leading the local citizenry to a debased hedonism. I had violated the basic tenet of Americanism. That is, to enjoy yourself is to play with the devil. Because to feel good is to feel bad. If a man is happy without having previously suffered, he believes he has a debt to pay. The American businessman who experiences guilt when on his vacation is just such an individual. Happiness without prior suffering means only that the suffering must

drawn into the body with the breath; it is the subtle breath.

The Laya Yoga maintains that there are a number of CHAKRAS through which the Kundalini force must pass during its journey through the SUSHUMNA NADI to the SAHASRARA CHAKRA at the crown of the head. CHAKRAS, in addition to being described as wheels or lotuses are also referred to as GRANTHIS or knots which are pierced only with difficulty and often with accompanying pain. Various manipulations of the body and the mind are prescribed as preparation for piercing the GRANTHIS. In Tibetan Yoga the following procedures are recommended:

"(1) Rest the fists on the knees, with the feet in the BODHISATTVIC (or Buddha) Posture; then whirl the waist round and round, from right to left and from left to right. This practice dispelleth the disorders of the region of the navel and untieth (i.e. setteth into healthful functioning) the navel nerve-knot (or psychic-centre). (2) Then (in the same posture) turn the neck round and round, and bend it backward and forward. Thus the nerve-knots of the crown of the head and throat are untied. (3) (With the hands open and held palms downward over the bended knees, and the body in all other respects postured as in the first exercise) twist the upper part of the body from right to left and left to right alternately. Diseases of the upper part of the body are thereby dispelled, and its nerve-knots untied."

The GRANTHIS of Yoga are the centers of muscular tension in the body. Reich described these centers as transverse rings of muscular armoring which impeded the flow of orgone energy (life) within the body. The proper flow of energy is described in both systems as proceeding from the base of the spinal column up over the back to the top of the head and then down over the front surface of the body.

The most important technique of Reichian therapy and Laya Yoga is control of respiration. The muscular tensions in the armored organism react on the organs of respiration and cause improper breathing. The induction of proper breathing reacts reflexively on the muscular tensions causing them to dissolve. The breathing practices of the Yoga are called PRANAYAMA.

Reich says this about breathing:

"The most important means of bringing about the orgasm reflex is a BREATHING TECHNIQUE which developed almost by itself in the course of the work. There is no neurotic individual who is capable of exhaling in one breath, deeply and evenly. The patients have developed all conceivable practices which prevent DEEP EXPIRATION. They exhale "jerkily", or, as soon as the air is let out, they quickly bring their chest back into the inspiratory position. Some patients describe the inhibition, when they become aware of it, as follows: "It is as if a wave of the ocean struck a cliff. It does not go on." The sensation of this inhibition is localized in the upper abdomen or in the middle of the abdomen."

The breathing practices of Yoga must be pursued with care. The individual is cautioned to proceed slowly and to never strain himself. With the induction of proper respiration the tensions in the muscles begin to dissolve, energy is freed and plasmatic waves begin to flow over the organism. But for reasons already described the organism is likely to react to these pre-orgasmic sensations with anxiety and redouble his armoring. This produces clonisms described both by Reich and in the literature on Yoga.

(TO BE CONTINUED  
NEXT WEEK)

# ROCK RIPPLES MOVE OUTSIDE

by Muhammad Khan I

Right now, September 1969 is a major turning point in the evolution of Rock Music as well as the crucial test of whether or not there IS a hip community in the Bay Area.

The Family Dog is faltering, folks. We are the family, this is the pet we have (sort of) kept for the past 4 or 5 years. Now it looks as bucolic, dispeptic & strung out as an establishment pet. Who has not witnessed the 55 year old matron with her freaked-out, watery eyed fluff ball of a dead dog under her arm as she waddles off to oblivion? Is it happening to us? Maybe so, if we let it. Kennel master Chet Helms has tired of looking at his weekly loss sheet, and is showing it to the public.

The Family Dog has \$50,000 in debts and Chet Helms has only been eating because his wife has a straight gig. There are many reasons for the Dog losing, among them, the performers want such exorbitant fees, attendance is down, lack of advertising saturation, but even when the house was full he wasn't making money.

As a result Mr. Helms has thrown the situation open to a "Common", composed of Members of the Dog, Members of the Light Artists Guild, Musicians, and people of the community. "The Common", which meets on Tuesdays at 1:00 at the Family Dog is trying to set up a co-operative system whereby everyone involved with the production receives a percentage of the profits.

At the same time, Bill Graham has announced that he is quitting the scene when his lease runs out in December.

"This town has never stopped rapping an honest businessman for four fucking years," says Mr. Graham. "I leave here very sad... I may be copping out, but your attitudes have driven me to my decision." Mr. Graham is tired of having fingers pointed in his face, the hateful crazies screaming: "Capitalist Motherfucker, Capitalist Motherfucker!"

Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead, after many a war, says that Capitalism is the only game in town. Chet Helms also says that "aside from the fact that they don't leave ya much choice in this society," he has "always used a capitalist format out of a feeling that there are a lot of groovy ideas about how things could work, but you gotta get from here to there, and anything we do has to start with a capitalist system and evolve to some other point. In fact you do not create the ideal society and sort of go out into the woods and set it up... we must evolve that structure so that the cumulative effect of it over a period of years becomes something else."

One of the major problems, as stated before is the fees charged by the performers. The fees for all groups are going up and up. Graham, with a capacity for 2500

people can work within that framework, while Chet Helms would rather have a participant theater of smaller proportions with access to the outside, trees, fountains, etc., introduce new bands and have a free-flowing total scene in which everyone can get his rocks off.

Here I think we have stumbled onto the crux of the issue. Getting one's rocks off. In the midst of mechanical monsters, frozen psyches and tension-ridden bodies, Rock music in the dance halls has allowed us the opportunity to relax, to release the dit-dot-ditty-da fragmentary consciousness of everyday intellect into a flowing unity. The loud pounding music, the flow of the lights and colors, all the stoned bodies dancing, weaving through the maze can shake all the uptights into the stream.

It was thus the scene began, in '65 and '66. Then dances were not super concerts but stoned out Bachannalian delights. But eventually the bands did sign huge contracts, their fees did go up, until now the bands would rather play the large Rock Festivals and charge huge fees.

The Rock Festivals have developed rapidly into something beyond anything the promoters imagined. The Woodstock Festival had more than 400,000 people attending. Atlantic City drew 110,000, Seattle 70,000, Dallas had 40,000. Bob Dylan drew 140,000 at the Isle of Wight Festival, knocked 'em out with 14 songs and split, probably bothered by the photographers. Here in San Francisco Speedway Meadows draws upwards of 10,000 of a Sunday.

Why are people gathering in such huge numbers? The music? Well, it seems that the stage is more like an emotional center for the audience. Many people are lying down, many face away from the stage, The stars of the show are the spectators. Thousands never get to hear the music clearly, but if you ask them how they like the festival, they will say: "Fantastic, the most fun in years," etc. A better explanation is that everyone is starved for good vibrations. Festivals are a gathering of the tribes, people coming together around a common focus and absorbing the high-tension vibes in the air. They will suffer anything, mud, hunger, fuzzi, no matter, in order to give love, feel love, be love.

This is tribalism coming on strong. NOW. It is happening. We are beginning to remember about dancing together, singing together, doing Yogic breathing together. As a group and as one-to-one partners we can get it together.

The Bay Area is obviously a nerve center for this thing which is beginning. All the good and bad vibes pass through here. We must be the ones to keep the fires lit. The Bay Area is 5, 10, 20, 40 years ahead of other parts of the



US. Whether our music is inside or outside, whether you want to be a dancer or a thinker, it is ours to CREATE the place in which we wish to live, and the style in which we want to live.

"Well the music is your special friend; Dance on Fire as it intends Music is your only friend. Until the end... Until the end... Until the END....."

Jim Morrison

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# THE ASSAULT ON CHILDHOOD

by Hank Malone

THE ASSAULT on CHILDHOOD is a book about the newest species of American human/animal: Superkid, and his manufacturers.

Superkid is a real product of mass culture, a person who is not a kid anymore, but who is not really an adolescent nor an adult either. Superkid is the new American person.

Superkid is Consumer. He is not particularly human, nor creative, and he produces little but garbage. Superkid grows up in the American suburbs. Superkid is 10-20 pounds overweight. Superkid is anonymous. Superkid spends 20 billion dollars annually on lingerie, surfboards, motorcycles, deodorants, hamburgers, skis, mouthwash, eye make up, record albums, used cars, and movies.

Superkid is 100 billion dollars in debt through installment buying.

One of the aims of Mr. Goulart's book is to slow down the production of superkids.

Superkids are programmed and processed to become Consumers, compulsively hungry repositories of the American economy. Superkid does not choose or elect to become a Consumer. Superkid is made into a Consumer, from the moment of birth.

The world of the Barbie doll is a good example. Barbie is produced by Mattel, Inc. To buy all the clothes and props Mattel offers to go along with Barbie would cost several hundred dollars. Barbie actually lives better than a good 60% of the real children in this country. Barbie was conceived as part of a vast collective effort involving advertising people, public relations men, Mattel executives, psychiatrists, and researchers.

Mattel, Inc. in order to sell Barbie, dominates all three TV networks all year long with the biggest Saturday morning schedule of any advertiser in any industry. Their commercials are mixed hard



sell, broad flattery, and polite plastic sexuality.

1,300,000 children have become members since 1967 of the "official Barbie fan club", more than 10% of the little-girl population of the US. The joy of acquisition and consumerism is the explicit cornerstone of the Barbie fan magazine's philosophy. The "Barbie philosophy" hopes to give birth, it seems, to a nation full of narcissistic matrons who live only to dress and "presumably" never undress.

War toys. Dangerous toys. Disneyland Inc., fad manufacturers, Santa's factories, kid advertising, kid TV, comic books, and kid food.

All these subjects are pursued with an obvious iconoclastic zeal reminiscent of Ralph Nader.

As Mr. Goulart says, "strange things blossom in the artificial air of the super-market, not foods, but food products. Items. Over seven thousand new food items have been born in the Sixties."

Statistics indicate that in America the older a child gets, the poorer his diet becomes. He is increasingly overfed and undernourished. Children are being fed by huge multi-billion dollar industries, with false information and "empty calories."

Empty calories are goods made up chiefly of fat, sugar and starch-

es, having small amounts of vitamins, minerals, and other nutrients in proportion to the calories. A diet heavy in sugars and starches is not only bad for the child when he is growing up, it can also determine what his adult life will be like. For instance, Consumer Bulletin cites that "heart disease is highest in countries where fatty and starchy and sugary foods are cheap and plentiful."

Mr. Goulart's indictment of the food industry is far-reaching, not only condemning it for its "spiritualizing" of cheap carbohydrates ("someone wonderful just baked Toll House cookies"), but also for its dangerous misrepresentation of the function of proteins, as well as its patently harmful meat-packing practices, its use of highly questionable "food additives" (like calcium cyclamate, the artificial sweetener in low-cal pop) and its shucking about vitamins as substitutes for food.

The Superkid industry must be overthrown. There are obviously alternatives to becoming the eternal consumer, yet they are difficult alternatives. The best alternative is for a child to become himself, and the attainment of individuality is a long and painful process, a process requiring help from concerned parents and a concerned civilization.

In America it is easier to become an empty life-long Superkid, easier for both parents and society. Superkid is simpler, involves less "strain," and has "more fun."

Backed up with plenty of evidence and statistics (perhaps too many at times for the casual reader) Mr. Goulart has torn the hide off the people-manufacturing industry in the U.S., and has laid bare the vicious process that programs monopoly capitalism into the very psyches of infants and children.

For example, the chapter called "Delicious and Nutritious," Randal Jarrell, the American poet, once said, "if a man has all his life been fed a combination of marzipan and ethyl alcohol - if eating, to him, is a matter of being knocked unconscious by an ice cream soda - can he, by taking thought, come to prefer a diet of bread and wine, apples and well-water?"

To become a human individual is normally painful, and clearly it becomes something short of a miracle in a monopoly capital society which is constantly eroding human awareness, spontaneity, and intimacy.

The tragedy in all this is that most of us, despite occasional exposures, are probably doomed to becoming Superkids, victims of the assault of our childhoods, simply because that's what the American economy has programmed us for, and has not equipped us to adequately reject.

In contrast to a haunting and well-documented text, Mr. Goulart's conclusions are noticeably trivial. He vaguely suggests, in the light of this monstrous oppression of children, that parents and consumers do something about all this, that we somehow register adequate protest.

Not a revolutionary himself, Mr. Goulart takes refuge, finally, in his own capacity (as an "individual resurgent") to fight off the mass media's effect on his own child, and finds himself, despite all, on the island that John Donne said no man was on.

Few can blame him for the limitations of his conclusions, for more and more the question of revolution seems vague, and each of us seem to be more and more stranded in the midst of literal pollution, nuclear-fallout, and unbelievable corruption of every sort, with no let-up in sight.

Good insight, and then tepid revisionist conclusions about the vast American Plague seem like keys to the tragedy of our condition; undaunted people like Mr. Goulart (good Americans all) spend their lives generously and good-heartedly detailing the symptoms of the cancers that are destroying them, and their children.

Yet, as "good concerned Americans" they obviously choose to remain (not even as revolutionaries) in the land that is slowly taking them kicking and shrieking into disaster. Largely a very readable and important account, THE ASSAULT on CHILDHOOD ends not with a bang but a whimper. Yet our own options (to remain, to get out, to meaningfully revolt) seem clarified.

## Plans Top Secret Warfare bullshit!

by GEORGE WASHINGTON

Certain papers claiming to be underground have recently reported so-called top secret plans of the United States to carry out guerilla warfare in the Soviet Union and Soviet Satellites. This is supposed to be an amazing revelation designed to shock readers. Well, shit man every major country in this world has plans drawn up to destroy every other country in the world, also plans to destroy its own population if necessary, and probably plans to blow up the whole mother fuckin world and make itself at home in the bowels of the earth.

Any half-ass student of military history knows this. It's the job of the military in peace time to draw up plans to destroy the world should war occur. There is always

an alternate number of plans pursuing destruction by various means.

I have no doubt that the United States army has plans drawn up to destroy any and every faction in this country if given the go-ahead. They have plans to destroy the Blacks, the Chicanos, the Asian-Americans, the Republicans, the Democrats, the Catholics, the Jews, the Protestants and the U.S. Navy and Air Force.

The only reason any newspapers would draw attention to the fact that military groups have plans to

destroy other groups is to sell newspapers. Incidentally - The BARB has Top Secret Plans drawn up to destroy the entire Universe. The project is not only practical, but has even been accomplished on occasion.



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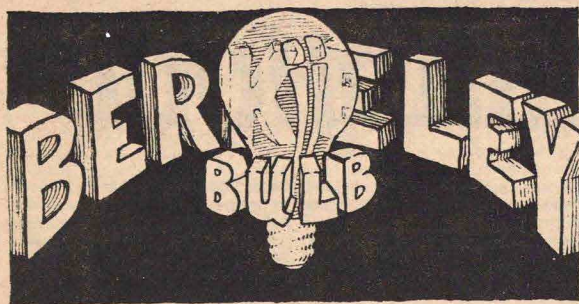
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by  
BABA AU RHUM  
(The 100 Proof Guru)  
YOUR INNER DICTATOR

The idea of being UNKNOWING is frightening to most people. They want to know the RIGHT way to feel and act, so they insist on a set of rules, principles, and absolutes to live by. And the conditioned mind is always there, eager and willing to supply them. It specializes in simplistic formulas.

If middle-class daddies work their asses off, and die young of coronary thrombosis -- because of their blind slavery to the economic system -- then work must be evil, and a perpetual romp in the Elysian fields of nature is the RIGHT way to live.

If square pigs drink whiskey and fear pot -- then befuddling one's wits by constantly rolling in grass must be GOOD.

If the emotional alienation produced by our modern mechanized, impersonal society is bad -- then constant primordial tribal togetherness must be GOOD.

If the emotional involvements of personal love sometimes lead to tyrannical possessiveness, and the terror of jealousy -- then feelings of need and dependency are WRONG -- and the only RIGHT way is to spread your love thin -- over multitudes of "beautiful people" -- none of whom you care enough about to be hurt by -- or who can make you feel inadequate and "weak" (that BADDEST, most neurotic and immature of all emotions).

If the coiffured glitter, and overdressed opulence of a female Hollywood vampire is artificial and repulsive -- then slovenliness must be the spiritually correct way. And the instinctive feminine fascination for adornment, decoration, and bodily beauty must be suppressed in favor of the dogma that "dirt is divine" -- and drabness and dishevelment angelic.

Even things that are natural and fun, at times -- like nudity and sex -- can become matters of "have to" and SHOULD.

A guy who feels embarrassed about taking off his clothes at a communal nude freak-out has a hang-up, and must be coaxed, cajoled, or coerced out of his WRONG attitude. And since Puritanism is repressive and BAD -- then a person ought to have sex whenever it's available, whether he feels like it or not (to prove that he's not chicken, or "neurotic").

This is the way the mind works. It's a slippery devil. In its efforts to prevent you from being spontaneous and free, it can easily change sides -- and come up with "anti-establishment" formulas that are just as dogmatic and binding as the original ones. It tries to convert your latest glimpses of

partial truth into absolutes -- and block you from seeing and developing further. All ideals and principles tend to split the universe in two -- the right versus the wrong; the good versus the bad. The mind tries to persuade you that you can't live without a program -- so that you know who's against what, and which side to choose.

The most mystical, magical word in the English language is AND! This AND that. Cleanliness AND dirt; possessions AND poverty; emotional dependency AND transpersonal affection; openness AND reticence; simplicity AND luxury; orgy AND continence; love AND hate; play AND work -- all can be valid expressions of the polarities of the psyche, and the variegated pattern of what it means to be human -- for different people, at different times, at different stages in their search for selfhood. Human personality is potentially a WHOLE -- capable of assimilating and reflecting ALL the many and varied aspects of life and truth. Getting stuck with a rule, or with the idea of "perfection", prevents the natural inner movement towards (W)HOLINESS.

During the next 2 hours, see if you can hear the mind talking to you. Listen to what it says. How many generalizations, ideals, rules, and absolutes does it dish up -- ones that go against your own personal feelings and inclinations?

Where do these ideas come from? Did you hear them from a friend? Read them in the latest book on psychology or astrology? Or, are they what "everybody" (your particular group) KNOWS to be true?

Notice the stereotyped repetitiveness of the mind. It's like a video - tape machine -- continually grinding out old cliches, second-hand opinions, broad generalizations, painful memories of the past, and spooky pictures (Grade B) of the future. Have you observed how often it scolds and berates you -- magnifying small mistakes into major crimes?

As you become more aware of the presence and periginations of the conditioned mind -- and frustrated with the limits it imposes on your life -- you'll begin to get glimpses of another level of the psyche -- the UNCONDITIONED MIND, lying beneath and beyond your ordinary mental processes. It's there all the time -- ever-new, every-changing, evolving, living, creating -- only we seldom see or feel it. And it's connected with your deepest feeling function -- located somewhere between the head and the heart. It's more than merely emotion, mo-

mentary impulse, or conditioned thinking. And it's a far more accurate and exciting source of guidance than either the head or the belly.

Don't go looking for it directly, though. You won't find it. First, you have to become much more aware of the conditioned mind -- and its inhibiting, distracting machinations -- because this is what's standing in your way. You aren't able to see reality clearly because of the smog generated by the pictures and ideas in your head. And you tend to IDENTIFY with them -- because you think they're "yours" -- or even that you ARE them!

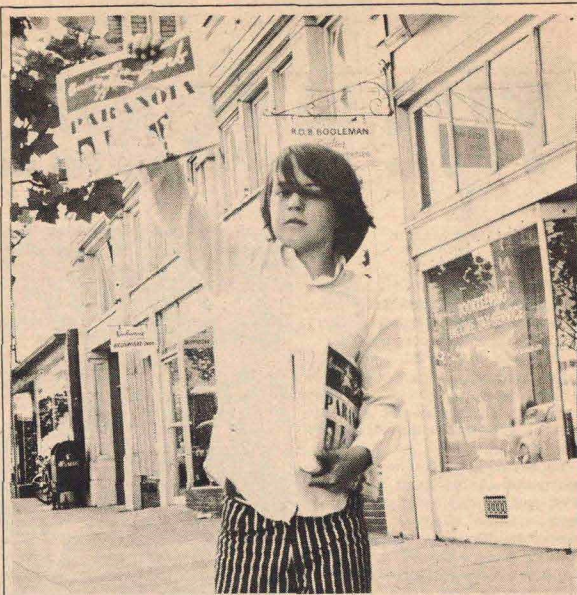
Don't take your mind personally. Just observe it in action. It's not really an individual possession. It's just part of your environment.

Genuine consciousness is not something that can be acquired by the roundabout "short-cut" of a drug trip -- or even a thousand such trips. Only when you become fully aware of your everyday mental processes will you be able to discard them -- instead of merely substituting new rules and formulas for old ones. It's like stripping away the layers of an onion.

When you become truly conscious of your mind -- as an immediate, PRESENT experience, and not just as a theory -- you will soon discover that your real self, and a state of oneness and joy, has never been further away than where you are right now.

\*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
If you have any questions about life, love, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness -- send them to the Baba, care of the Barb. We'd like to make this a question - and - answer column. Next week we'll talk some more about how to get out of your mind, and what you can do in a positive way about jealousy (other than just suppressing it).

S.M. Wesley



## BARB Vendor Intimidated

David Bradt, aged 11, was selling Barb's at University and Oxford. A man about 55 claiming to be a police officer drove by in an unmarked car and told him that it was illegal to sell Barbs without a licence.

a white shirt, black suit, and a black tie with red stripes.

David said that he didn't believe that the man was a police officer. He suggested that the man was merely one of the many Fascists whom one encounters these days.

The man told David to go home and then he drove off. The man wore

David has been selling Barbs for six weeks.

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# TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Coult:

Although the chances are you will never print this, I feel it necessary to attempt to have the truth about yoga published.

For the past few years, I have been hearing more and more heavy raps about all these groovy, beautiful yogis. So much of this shit that I finally had it up to here, and went to see and hear some of them. After spending many \$\$ on tools, gas, food, donations, etc., I have now come to the conclusion that every single one of them is stark, staring insane! What's more, some of them even admit it.

I went to see Swami Sachidananda and he admitted right there in front of everyone that he was crazy. He said he was crazy for more power, more love, more peace. He is obsessed with bringing as many people as possible to enlightenment, whatever that is. His people say he is already enlightened, but he says he wants more light -- Insane.

A few weeks ago, Sachidananda met with Yogi Bhajan, and there was all this talk about my ashrams here, my ashrams there, I have so many students, all this spiritual jealousy and so on until you couldn't think straight. You talk about ego trips. But they say they don't have egos, that they are humble, empty vessels of the word of God. Yeah, well, here's where it's really at:

should be devised for these guys. They say that you are either under the influence of the positive or the negative ego, either God or the Devil, all the time, whether you know it or not. Therefore if you care to decide, you can identify with either one, and if you do yoga, you can become strong enough to always be unified with the positive, creative force they call God.

They will admit to you straight out that they do these weird practices to kill their negative egos. (And they ARE weird practices if you don't believe me, just watch them do their thing sometime. Pretzels. Knots. Whew.) And now, readers, by their own definition, when you kill the negative ego, what do you have left? Right. The positive ego.

With the use of their positive egos, these cats each want to be the greatest Yogi who ever lived. They each are trying to be the most humble, the kindest, most selfless, and have the most disciples. Any idiot with the smallest measure of sanity can see that they all can't be the greatest. Just watch them giggle at everything in sight for no discernible reason, work 22 hours a day, That's Right), work 3 years perfecting one simple exercise, grow beards to their navels, hair to their ankles, sit in one position for 3 months without moving, eating, or drinking, and claim they can fly. This has got to be the height of lunacy.

Is this what the world is coming to?

The usual definition of egotism doesn't fit. A new stronger word

Yours truly,  
Ralph Barnwell

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