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Vol. 9, No. 22, Issue 225, December 5-11, 1969
2042 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704 849-1040

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  204

15¢ BAY AREA

25¢ ELSEWHERE



OTHER SCENES

by John Wilcock

ARTIFACTS: Electronic artist Nilly Apple joined two East River islands with "a bridge of light" in NYC's recent Avant Garde vestival . . . Still working in Tokyo but long overdue for a New York show is the Italian artist Paolo Carosone whose specialty is electronics and laser beams: artworks that are light sensitive and make music according to changing vibrations . . . Vancouver artist Ihor Todoruk has encased a kilo of grass in plastic and is offering it for sale as "an art object" at a mere \$200,000 . . . Forty-nine artists whose current medium is plastic, in one form or another, have been collected into a show based on the premise "that there is a plastic aesthetic." Opening at NYC's Jewish Museum late November the show will then proceed to Milwaukee and San Francisco . . . And talking of plastic, TWA's nine-channel music program is the major candidate for aerial muzak. As bland as its possible to make it, the TWA program features a section called The Young Sound in which its own characterless house orchestra re-records major hits, thereby depriving them of any substance. TWA's nauseating advertising program (vote for its employees to get a bonus) is just about on a par with the rest of its sloppy, inefficient, arrogant service.

IDEAS: Radio Free Vancouver, a pirate transmitter with 250 watts, has been zeroing in on Western Canada's late-evening audience at 8:30 P.M. on Friday nights. Underground operators plan to install their broadcasting equipment in a truck and keep moving so that they can't be detected by government sleuths who need an hour of continuous "triangulation" beaming to track them down . . . If the United Nations devised an all-purpose airmail stamp (about 25¢) it could be sold at one major post office in every country in the world—the proceeds going to finance the UN—and enable travellers always to have stamps with them . . . "A signal injector powered by two dry cells can be left in a public phone booth and without interfering with normal operation of the phone (thus delaying detection) will cause up to 250 random calls per hour over the area served by the local exchange" (pp 404-407 of "Stand on Zanzibar" by John Brunner, Ballantine).

When the spacemen split and leave us with the world do we know how we're going to handle it?

CHANGES: Hundreds of empty cans were dumped on the doorstep of Continental Can company in San Francisco by a group calling itself the Canyon League of Re-Cyclists. If the company makes money out of creating garbage it should do something about disposing of it, spokesmen explained. Continental Can officials disclaimed responsibility and had one of the protestors arrested for "littering" . . . There'll never be decent living conditions for most of the population—of any country—until landlords are barred from owning property in which they don't live themselves . . . Gardening on Sundays "sets a bad example to youth" says the mayor of the South African town of Krugersdorp where it's hoped to stop Africans from doing part-time work instead of going to church . . . Dallas Notes suggests that if you get any of that chemical-treated grass—the kind that makes you vomit—that you take a little of it to your neighborhood restaurant and drop it into the pepper shaker—"share with your fellow citizens the fruits of their hysteria" . . . SF Chronicle reports that almost 90 per cent of Berkeley law students (U of Cal) have broken the law by either smoking grass or being with others who did. As the Chron points out, these alumni "have a habit of becoming judges, district attorneys and lawmakers."

SEX: Fifteen couples fucking simultaneously under the guidance of a clinical psychologist who told them how to get more out of it was one of the features at a recent encounter weekend at Ed Lange's Elysium Institute ranch in California's Topanga Canyon. Elysium (5436 Fernwood, L.A. Calif. 90027 for info) recently won its court fight to operate the first nudist camp within the LA city limits, overturning a law that had made nudity illegal even with your own family in your own backyard . . . Beyond Computer Dating is the theme of Francine Slate's course at Menlo Park (Calif.)'s Mid-Peninsula University. Slate says she'll do the interviewing and matchmaking . . . What is The Expanded Family? It can't be defined in a few words, you'll have to discover for yourself. Write P.O. Box 415,

New York 10032 for info . . . Why anybody needs any help in finding sex literature these days I wouldn't know, but Baltimore's Central Sales Ltd. (P.O. Box 42, Baltimore, Md. 21203) has produced what must be the most comprehensive catalog of tits&ass magazines in existence. How reliable they are I wouldn't know . . . A new dice and board game called simply S.E.X. is being advertised in Berkeley as "a total non-stop adult sex game where two, three or four couples roll the dice to determine who does what to who. S.E.X. takes over where strip poker left off."

"Probably the most revolutionary thing in the U.S. right now is hedonism. By that I don't mean enjoying your life away, but doing something that you enjoy. That really puts them uptight." —Country Joe MacDonald

BAD GUYS: Devoting three pages to a parody of Svetlana Stalin's autobiography (how could she know her dad was a killer?), Bombay's 200,000 circulation tabloid Blitz alleges that both her books were written under CIA direction . . . Frank Zappa's record company, Straight Records, is apparently financially pressed: it placed record ads with underground papers but as yet has been unwilling or unable to pay for them. The ad agency has turned the account over to a collection agency . . . Now that New York Scenes is folding what's going to happen to the Howard Smith Unmasked story that the magazine had scheduled and that had gotten the Voice's plastic hippy so uptight (he told friends not to answer questions about him)? . . . Richard Watts Jr., the dinosaur of the dramacritics, writes: "Air hijacking is the latest field for the desperate adventurer." How do you think he managed to figure that out?

The Weatherman clique may well be bold and courageous—on the other hand they may well be suicidal martyrs; which remains to be seen. However, undoubtedly there's a desperate need for new tactics by the so-called Movement to break the frustrating dead lock that exists at present. After all, frustration breeds suicide doesn't it? (It breeds creativity, too). Tactically, what's needed is to convince the great, American middleclass that the society as presently constituted just doesn't work efficiently. And the way to do that is literally to make things inoperative. Spread chaos, not death; prove the rulers can't rule. Let the dreamers build The New World.

THE WAR: Pentagon investigators are trying to track down an organization that will get Vietnam GI's emergency leaves by sending fake telegrams saying a relative is dying. Cost of the bogus message is around \$300 . . . Nixon says he'd rather we stayed in Vietnam and kept on killing people by all our sophisticated methods than get out and have a "massacre". Americans think they can always do things better than anybody else—especially murder . . . A goodly percentage of the requests played over the Army's AFVN-AM are antiwar numbers according to Overseas Weekly which quotes one of the disc jockeys as saying, "Most guys over here are against the war and we give them what they want." . . . The Guardian carried a story from Hugo Hill in Vietnam which certainly seemed to suggest that the International

Red Cross representative in Saigon is racist . . . As long as American servicemen are fighting in Vietnam, says a Pasadena group, consumers should refrain from spending money on Christmas shopping. Christmas Buying Boycott for Peace (P.O. Box 3206, Pasadena, Calif. 91103) has stickers, buttons and info to send out to inquirers . . . It may be understandable why servicemen put up with so much shit and sadism from their officers when they're in the army (or marines or navy) but why do they forget it all and not seek vengeance when they come out? Isn't it surprising that nobody's started a league to pay off these old scores? . . . Robert Nichols, a G.I. killed in Vietnam last summer, made an anti-Army underground newspaper the recipient of his insurance policy which means, as Hard Times points out, that the Army is now financing its publication . . . Off-duty GI's already have an alternative to the sterile USO's to visit in many parts of the country. Now a New York City G.I. Coffeehouse Project is starting up. For info contact Jerry Wingate, 339 Lafayette St., NYC 10012 . . . Troublemaker William J. Lederer documented the truth about the corruption in South Vietnam a couple of years ago in a paperback called "Our Own Worst Enemy" (Fawcett, 95¢). All about how U.S. officers get rich by selling PX supplies in the Black Market; all about how our Vietnamese "allies" are making out of us the biggest suckers in history.

MEDIAMIX: Football players in France will soon start carrying advertising on their shirts. In Japan, the government's HiLite cigarettes carry advertising for other products on their packages. Why doesn't some firm give away cheap, well-designed suits carrying advertising slogans? From a reverse snobbery point of view it would be chic to be seen wearing them . . . Next development in the mass production of TV sets (once the color market is saturated) will be the manufacture of compact cases containing three or five (or a dozen) miniature screens so that viewers can do what many are already doing—watch several programs simultaneously . . . With a mahogany cover and a sandpaper bookmark, Paul Repp's newest book, "Ten Ways to Meditate" (Walker/Weatherhill, \$3.50) preaches the message: Still Not Kill. "Man's problem is to manage his jumping, jerking, killing mind that's like a wild horse." . . . First of the half-dozen books about the underground press in the works will probably be Ethel Romm's "The Open Conspiracy" (Stackpole Books, \$6.95) which is being publicized as "an introduction to the new culture" . . . Travel magazine (Oct) carries a story from a family who learned how to cook roast beef (wrapped up with onions and seasoning in thick aluminum foil) under the manifold of their car engine while driving. A four-hour trip is apparently just right as long as you turn over the meat halfway. If you make a small hole in the package, the aroma will taunt you appetizingly . . . Ballantine Books and author Curt Gentry suggest that a wake for the Last Day of The Late Great State of California be held on Friday, December 12, in Virginia City, Nevada, a safe distance away from the Great California Earthquake.

Dick Gregory, dissenting from the historical view of America's discovery in 1492, asks: "How do you discover something that's already being used by somebody else?"

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SING A SONG MY MASSACRE

LIDICE REVISITED

It started with a letter written by a man who hadn't been there. Ronald Ridenhour, 23, a draftee from Phoenix, Arizona, first heard the story from Pfc. Butch Gruver, in April 1968, when Ridenhour was still in the army.

The story was about the massacre of hundreds of Vietnamese civilian men, women, and children by U.S. Army in the village of Song My on March 16, 1968. Ridenhour at first didn't believe the story, But Gruver's account of the incident was corroborated by more than a dozen eye-witnesses from Gruver's outfit, C Company, 20th Infantry, 11th Light Infantry Brigade.

The man who allegedly headed the operation was Lt. William Calley, who is presently awaiting court martial, charged with the murder of 109 Vietnamese civilians.

After Ridenhour was discharged from the army a year ago, he decided to make public his story. He worked several weeks writing a three page letter, in which he put together the story from all the data he had collected from witnesses.

He sent thirty copies of the letter out -- to President Nixon, to the Secretary of Defense, to the Secretary of State, to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and to various members of Congress. This letter was made available to the press just this past week.



The army ordered an investigation subsequently after receiving the letter, but the story of the massacre broke when Paul Meadlo, 22, an ex-GI who was an eye-witness to the incident, gave a television interview in which he described the killings. After he came out in the open with his story he was followed by a couple of other witnesses.

Meadlo estimated the number of civilians killed at 370. The army had tentatively set the figure at 109. In its charge against Calley, the army accused him of killing at least 70 civilians. Vietnamese survivors of the massacre have said that almost 600 people were killed. The South Vietnamese government first estimated the dead at 20. The rationale for the massacre

was that Song My, a village in the Quang Ngai province in central Vietnam, was known to be infiltrated and/or sympathetic with the Viet Cong. Song My was known as Pinkville to the American forces.

Whether or not there was an order from the high command to destroy the village is still unknown. However, to the soldiers involved in the massacre, the "search and destroy" mission came as no surprise, since the village was notorious for its NLF sympathies, and there had been rumours that there were Viet Cong in the village at the time.

The story, pieced together together from various witnesses' reports, is as follows. Task Force Baker, consisting of three companies, went on a sweep through the area. Its mission was to "destroy the trouble spot and all of its inhabitants" according to Ridenhour's letter.

Two companies surrounded the village and C company went in and began rounding up the inhabitants. According to most of the accounts, it was Lt. Calley and his first platoon that headed the operation. What were the exact orders he gave is still not confirmed. However, he is reported to have told a number of soldiers to kill the civilians.

In his letter, Ridenhour stated that Sgt. Larry La Croix saw Calley order a machine gun set up, and have his men round up and then mow down the villagers. After the first group was wiped out, La Croix said that he witnessed Calley himself man the M60 (machine gun) and shoot down two other groups of villagers.

C Company proceeded throughout the operation to kill any persons they found in the village. There are numerous accounts of old men being shot while they pleaded with their captors, and young children, shot but not dead, looking around them in uncomprehending terror.

A few men claim to have refused the orders to shoot the civilians at point blank range. Sgt. Michael Bernhardt said he refused, telling his officers, "The hell with this, I'm not doing it." Only a few other men disobeyed their orders to kill.

Spec. 5 John Kinch, who is still in Viet Nam, said that he overheard Capt. Medina talking with Col. Barker, the Task Force commander, who was overhead in a helicopter. Kinch reported that Barker radioed down that he had a report from the medical evacuation helicopter that there were bodies all over the place, and asked what was going on in the village.

Kinch said that Medina answered, "I don't know what they are doing. The first platoon's in the lead. I am trying to stop it." Kinch reported a body count then of 310.



The army held an on-the-scene investigation of the events at Song My, but the entire incident was not heard about for a year, until Ridenhour sent off his letter.

In the furor set off by the letter, the army charged Calley with the murders, and started investigating about two dozen other men. Staff Sergeant David Mitchell was charged with assault with intent to commit murder. Captain Ernest Medina, the Company Commander, was on the scene, but has not been accused of giving any orders or participating in any killing himself.

Publicity of the Song My incident reverberated throughout the world, and caused many comments

and questions. Senator Ted Kennedy stated that over 300,000 Vietnamese civilians have been killed in the past four years. He said that some of the deaths he attributed to the Viet Cong, but that the majority of deaths were caused by the U.S. and South Vietnamese forces.

Of course, everyone was horrified about the massacre, including our Commander-in-Chief. But the question was raised, why is the Song My massacre so horrifying, when it was simply an inefficient operation that is carried out every week by B-52 raids? These people were not "horrified" knowing that we were dropping bombs on villages as part of our daily war effort.

The only difference between the Song My massacre and our everyday air strikes is that the Air Force doesn't face their victims directly when they strike, usually --although there are many reports of smaller aircraft strafing villages, peasants, and sampans for the hell of it, with their victims smack in the center of the fly-boys' gun-sights.

And then there were the celebrated pictures of the "helicopter interrogations", where three VC prisoners were hung upside down outside a flying helicopter to get them to talk. Our boys dropped one of the prisoners out of the chopper without a parachute, and reported that they couldn't keep the other two quiet after that.

There is also the report of a massacre of one thousand civilians, relatives of Viet Cong suspects. They were loaded onto leaky junks, towed out to sea, and then the U.S. opened gunfire on the boats and sank them.

This was supposed to have occurred on March 10 of this year. The civilians were from the Van Thanh concentration camp, not far from Song My. Four thousand Vietnamese were shipped from there to the Co Luy warf,

One thousand of them were put on the boats, supposedly to be re-settled at Cam Ranh. Instead they were killed, as above.

This is not so efficient as on-the-spot gas chambers and crematoriums, but it's got merit, as long as the prisoners are weighted so they sink, or the beaches are cleaned off in a couple of days so the corpses don't stink up the shoreline.

There is much controversy now over how press coverage of the Song My massacre has violated Lt. Calley's constitutional rights, and spoiled his chances for a fair trial. Maj. Kenneth Raby, Calley's defense counsel, and Capt. Aubrey Daniel, the prosecutor, signed a joint petition asking the U.S. Court of Military Appeals to outlaw further publication of any statements or pictures from witnesses of the Song My Massacre. This petition was rejected.

Meanwhile, various public figures have spoke up condemning the "trial by press" the media was conducting over the incident, calling it "profiteering", with the media "cashing in on a hot story before it cools."

The incident is going to hurt us at the Paris Peace talks, but it's not surprising that the Administration has not commented on that aspect of the media coverage as they have in the past, complaining about media peace protest coverage.

The figure of Vietnamese civilian deaths in the last four years is already one third the number of American soldiers killed in wars during the last two hundred years.

But that is inevitable, although regrettable, military spokesmen claim. They say American soldiers just have no way of telling who is a neutral peasant and who is a Viet Cong. By the time we pull out, there may be distinctions to be made. They'll all either be dead or red.



photos pterodactyl/Ins



It began quietly. Ten or so Panthers marching in front of the Air France office in San Francisco protesting the airline's treatment of the Panther Minister of Culture, Emory Douglas, his wife Judy, and Field Marshall, Don Cox.

The three Panthers had flown to France in order to catch a flight to Algiers for a meeting with Panther Minister of Information, Eldridge Cleaver. According to Panther sources, the French Custom Officials were working in cooperation with employees of Air France. In addition, the Panthers claim that French officials and police knew through wiretapping, mail-opening, bugging, etc. that Douglas, his wife and Cox were on their way to see Cleaver.

The purpose of the meeting was to give Cleaver up-to-date and detailed reports of the treatment Bobby Seale had received in the States. As a result of the French action, the three Panthers were delayed at the airport and missed the only two outgoing flights for Algiers that evening. The Panthers report that French police stole various materials from the Panthers at the airport including papers, revolutionary Christmas cards, and albums by Elaine Brown (Deputy Minister of Information for Southern California); that the police photographed phone books, notebooks and other materials, and searched all of the Panther's luggage.

Judy Douglas was subjected to a strip-search, which, according to on the scene sources, French officials and Air France employees found extremely amusing.

The Panthers had the benefit of translators, who were also searched and interrogated apparently because of their association with the Panther members. The Panthers claim that the tactics of the French police would not have been successful but for the close cooperation of Air France employees who consistently handed out mis-information and lies.

BACK TO THE DEMONSTRATION -- The handful of Panthers demonstrating in front of the Air France offices were soon joined by reinforcements all carrying signs, posters and banners. They formed a circle in front of the main door of the airline and began chanting "Burn Air France".

By this time a crowd of several hundred had gathered across the street and lined the adjacent intersections. Most of the passers-by seemed rather confused by the marching and the crowds, and kept asking, "What's happening -- what's it all about?" When told, they mumbled "Oh" and went on their way. The Air France employees inside the office seemed amused by the demonstration and went about their work as if nothing was happening outside.

Then, suddenly, the San Fran-

cisco TAC squad arrived. You can usually predict their appearance a few minutes ahead of time by noticing the sudden gathering of T.V. cameramen. The TAC squad waded into the crowd and formed a ring around the marchers, hands grasping the "sticks" just in case. Pretty soon some cop, who looked like a refugee from a cheerleading squad, grabbed an electric megaphone and bellowed something about dispersing. No one could possibly hear him over the chanting of the marchers but he really didn't expect to be heard anyway. The message had already been delivered with the presence of the TAC squad. There were a few extra outbursts of chanting and then one of the Panthers turned to the rest and said, "Okay, let's go." Obviously, a wise decision. Within a few minutes the Panthers had packed up their gear and split.

It was a rather quiet departure, both by the Panthers and the Police. No doubt the presence of several hundred onlookers contributed to this. I witnessed no arrests, although reports have it that some poor dude was handcuffed and arrested; he was suspected of being a Panther photographer, which he wasn't.

Perhaps the whole affair was summed up by a bystander who, upon observing the Panthers leaving without incident, mumbled, "outof sight--no tear gas."

Puff The Magic Dragon

Lenny Lipton, the Leviathan of the Berkeley Tribe, has at last acted out the fantasies of assault and battery which he had previously only written about in his ever popular column "Myths for Sale." Last Monday, Lethal Lenny, accompanied by two guests, attempted to enter the Telegraph Repertory Cinema sans ticket. Richard Hobby, the Assistant House manager, informed Lenny that he would have to pay. Lenny bared his fangs and replied that he was on the list of persons who were given free admission. Richard stated that the list had been temporarily rescinded.

Lenny, no doubt outraged at this failure to recognize him as an important figure in the world of cinema, then threw out a line from a Humphrey Bogart movie: "If you

don't let me in," said Lenny, "I'll beat you up." "Besides," said the Lethal One, "you owe the Berkeley Tribe money for advertising and you owe me money."

Lenny, with visions of glory dancing in his head, then carefully removed his glasses and began slugging Richard. Richard offered no defence. So Lenny hit him about half a dozen times.

Lenny, with a nasty sneer then said, "Go ahead and call the pigs if you dare."

Richard commented as follows on Lenny's aggressive bid for the Academy award, "If this is one of the leaders of the so-called revolutionary forces then I have very little hope of anything good coming out of the revolution. People like him obliterate any good feeling I had towards the radical left."

RENNIE DAVIS RAPS ON

by Larry Bensky

CHICAGO (LNS)--The Chicago Eight (minus Bobby Seale) came back to Judge Hoffman's airtight justice chamber for another whiff of Amerika after speaking engagements around the country at Moratorium/Mobilization demonstrations.

The judge had threatened to deny them the right to travel and speak, and was only persuaded to release Jerry Rubin from jail by some tortured mental process which then allowed him to cite Rubin for contempt. (Jerry's crime was leaving the courtroom fifteen minutes early one day last week with his lawyers' approval, during testimony which did not concern him.)

All the defendants have now been cited for "contumacious conduct," as have their lawyers. By the time

the trial ends, the four years which Bobby Seale is serving for asking for a lawyer or the right to defend himself may not be the longest sentence.

Rennie Davis, who spoke at the San Francisco mobilization, estimates that he and Dave Dellinger, who spoke in Washington, have two years' worth coming. And the trial isn't yet half over.

The day after the mobilization, Rennie shared some of his ideas about the trial and the movement:

"The police literally control the courtroom; everybody that they trot out gets money for their testimony. It's not that it's just an armed camp, it's that the judge, prosecution and witnesses are all government employees.

"There are very few overt acts ever mentioned. The government's

case basically is that a handful of leaders got together and made what happened in Chicago occur; that we basically tried to manipulate innocent people in Chicago to perform illegal acts; and that this was why they had to create a police state in Chicago.

"Our defense is, first of all, to focus on the intentions of not only the defendants, but everyone who came to Chicago. We will bring in expert witnesses on imperialism, racism, youth culture, and Democratic Party. The area we'll concentrate on is our politics; what's the crisis about, what's the show-down about, what's the contest about, in this decade. Judge Hoffman will obviously throw a lot of that out since he's not interested in hearing what really went on, but we'll get the word out through press conferences."

The defense plans to sum-

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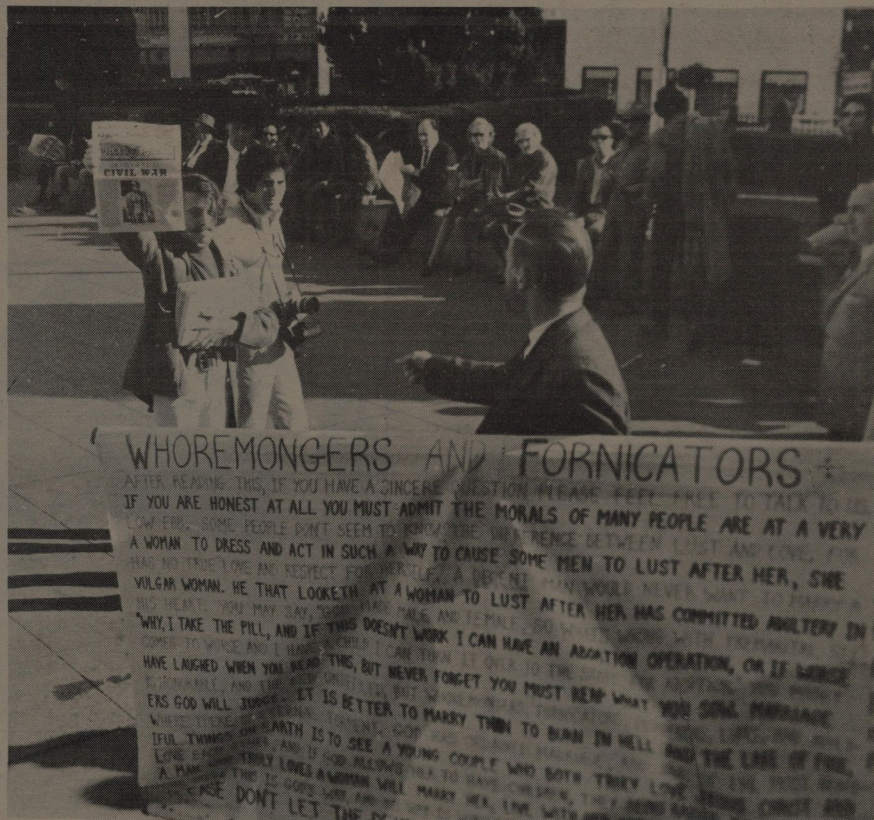
by Don Jackson

freedom of speech in the parks and streets of San Francisco. Gays are singled out for this denial of a basic civil right.

The picket line marched around Union Square a dozen times. "What do we want?" "Freedom", came the unison reply, "When do we want it?" "Now".

Some pitiful religious fanatics carrying a huge sign reading "God hates awful homosexuality", and other garbage blocked the path of the picket line so they had to walk around them. One of the fanatics, who looked like a typical worn out scoundrel "Night Lady", was screaming "Why don't the police arrest these awful perverts?" One of the pickets replied loudly, "These religious nuts have had their way too long; the park belongs to us as much as anyone else."

The pickets left the square and marched to the Airlines Terminal to picket Delta and Western Airlines. Delta has refused to transport homosexual passengers. Western has fired some stewardesses for alleged sexual misconduct. American Civil Liberties Union Executive Director, Ernest Besig, said of Delta's policy, "They are not very good at tending to their business, only at selling the public a bill of goods." ACLU is consid-



ering a legal action against Delta for its denial of constitutional rights to homosexuals.

After 15 minutes or so, the line moved on to picket the Tom Cat Theater, a theater which shows "Cock swinging" films for a \$5.00 admission. "Out of the Tom Cat and into the street", was the shouted message to the Gay patrons inside. "Pay me \$5, and I'll show you the real thing." "End Gay Exploitation". The Tom Cat and similar theaters have been criticized by Gay militants as being businesses operated for the exploitation of Gays.

And then on to the hustler bar, "The Trap". "The Trap is a trap is a trap", was the unison slogan for the picketing of the "Walk in Closet", which is famous for the many male prostitutes who peddle their pricks as part of the economic exploitation of homosexuals.

Many of the pickets wore "T" shirts emblazoned with the "Purple Hand", which has become the

symbol of the Gay Liberation movement. The symbol has its origin in the purple handprints which were made on the walls of the S.F. Examiner last October 31, by picketing Gays, who were soaked with purple printers ink which was thrown on them by persons in the Examiner Building. The "Purple Hand" has come to symbolize that Gays will no longer passively tolerate assault on their persons by hateful heterosexuals.

The liberated Gays, many of whom have no money because they spend all of their time working for the liberation of their brothers, ended the march at the meeting hall of the Society of Individual Rights, a large membership Gay organization. S.I.R. members had invited their brothers to dinner, which consisted of abundant portions of the traditional Thanksgiving dishes.

The dinner conversation went a long way towards breaching the differences between the two groups. Many felt that they were all seeking the common goal of freedom, but

disagree as to how it can be attained.

The pickets were able to have a relaxed dinner. Since the picketing of KFOG which was planned for after dinner was cancelled. KFOG agreed to give Gay militants equal air time for a rebuttal editorial to answer KFOG's vicious attack on homosexuals.

barb goofed

Due to a typographical error the BARB last week implied that Rev. Troy Perry of the Metropolitan Community Church had not been concerned with discrimination against homosexuals. The criticism was directed at Gaybar owners. Rev. Perry has been an activist in protest, and has in fact been a leading figure in fighting every type of discrimination against homosexuals.

CONSPIRACY & TRIAL

mon Mayor Daley and President Johnson to testify on why and how permits to sleep in the parks and march peacefully to the Democratic convention site were denied.

"The judge will be very confused about the Johnson decision," Davis says, "because on the one hand he'll get orders from the Justice Department to quash the subpoenas, but on the other hand his own ego is such that he will love the idea of Lyndon Johnson sitting at his elbow in the courtroom. But we have evidence that what was planned in Chicago was directly decided from the White House, and under normal courtroom rules Johnson should have to testify."

Closely connected with what's happening in Judge Hoffman's courtroom is the effort by the defendants to organize opposition to the trial's obvious horrors. This effort includes a "Stop the Trial" campaign, led by lawyers, students and all others directly affected.

According to Davis, "Our strategy has to be to create a situation where Nixon pleads to get out of the situation, where the embarrassment to justice, the cost of turning more and more people against the administration, is so great that he'll be forced to call it off."

"There's no indication at this point that the government wants a

mistrial or to get out of it. They seem more convinced than ever that we're very dangerous people and are behind all the things going down, including the Moratorium. Their strategy is to sentence us to ten years, deny us appeal bonds, keep us locked up while the appeal is going on, and then (for a lot of reasons) to stack the Supreme Court sufficiently to uphold the Riot Law under which we were charged. And, also, to railroad Bobby Seale to the electric chair."

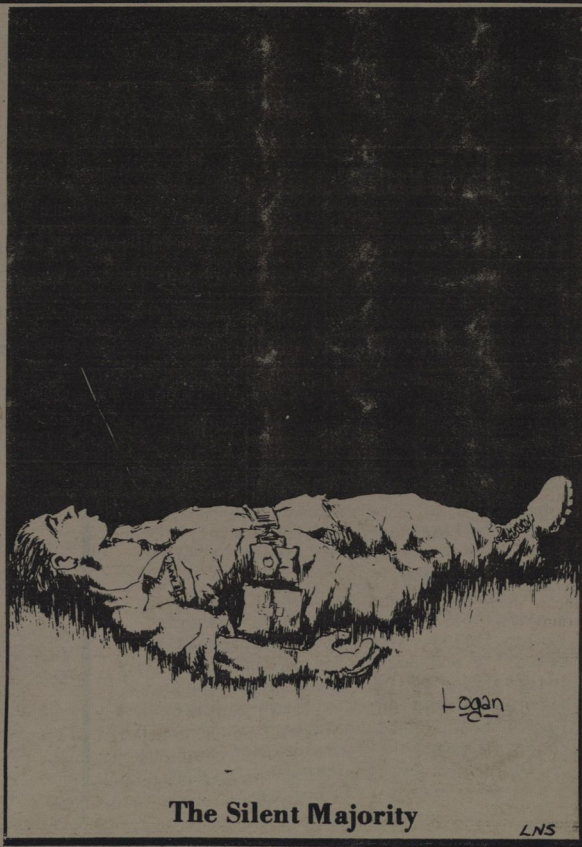
What can be done about this? Davis believes that a conceptual change in the Movement is necessary to confront the repression and its very real threats. "We have to try to think our way through to a political concept for the 1970s. We have been basically a protest movement in the 1960s, starting out asking for the vote and a hamburger and a test ban treaty, and all the response we've gotten to petitions and demonstrations and marches have been Mace and clubs and denial of permits, or pacification. If you count the concrete victories, you can count them on one hand."

"What we have is the beginning of a new political consciousness, a potentially revolutionary culture, or at least a culture that separates itself from the Guy Lombardo cul-

ture of Nixon and Agnew; and a sense of being apart from the rest of the United States. We need now some kind of conception that sees ourselves as a new nation, as an entity within the dying empire, that more clearly defines our politics, our culture, our humanism - what it means to be a revolutionary man and woman.

"At the end of the trial, when Nixon is trying to teach the country what happens to people who engage in protest activities, our idea is literally to launch ourselves conceptually into the Seventies. The trial will conclude this decade, and the government will be seen to be putting on trial every disparate strand of social protest from Panthers to pacifists. When the jury goes out, we hope we will have churches and community centers and universities where people in the Movement can come together not only to protest the fascism which the government is resorting to in political trials, but to project the concept of a new nation meeting as the 1970s opens up."

"Whatever takes place when the jury comes back in should be decided at those meetings, locally. For some it will be vigils, for others petitions, for others more Yippie-oriented freak-outs, and for some, I guess, the sky's the limit."



The Silent Majority

LNS

Reich vs. Freud

Although Sigmund Freud discovered the sexual repression sickness of his society, he was still a product of that society and never freed himself from its assumptions about social order and sexual behavior. He believed that the conflict between natural man and society was inevitable, that instincts are bad and the basic form of his society was good; therefore, natural instincts must be suppressed so that the

society could go on functioning. "Garbage," said Wilhelm Reich, his one-time pupil. Society must be made to conform to man's basic instincts, which are good, rather than the other way around. This can be done only by removing sexual repression; once this is gone, a healthy society will grow from man's essentially good nature. Reich's books were ordered burned in the United States.

"No matter how difficult and complicated the relationship between psychoanalysis and the revolutionary workers' movement; no matter how uncertain the final outcome of the conflict between psychoanalysis and Marxism--no one can shake the objective truth that analytic theory is revolutionary and is therefore committed to the workers' movement, independent of individual member attitudes."
--Wilhelm Reich

Wilhelm Reich is rarely mentioned in histories of psychoanalysis. Originally a member of Freud's inner circle of psychoanalysts and an important contributor to psychoanalytic theory, his association with the German and Austrian Communist parties resulted in exorcism from the International Psychoanalytic Association in 1934. But his exclusion from the club of orthodox psychoanalysis was for more than merely extracurricular political activities: revolutionary socialism was an integral part of Reich's biologically based psychology, which adhered to Sigmund Freud's early discoveries and drew their radical social conclusions.

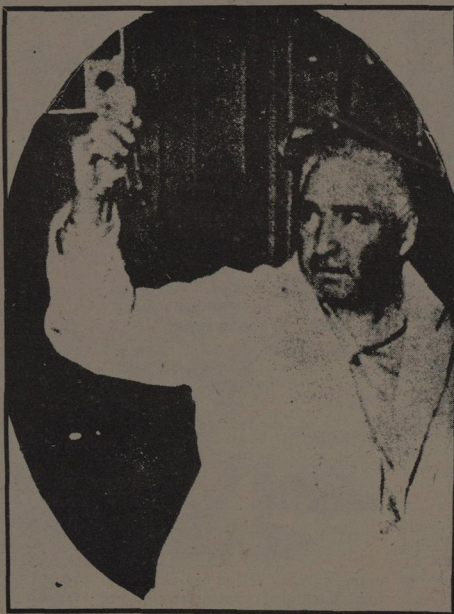
When Hitler drove him from Europe, Reich fell into the less than loving arms of American psychoanalysis and the U.S. government. Physicians sympathetic to his ideas were removed from hospital staffs. When, in 1945, he was seized by the FBI for suspected Communist sympathies, THE PSYCHIATRIC QUARTERLY reported the charge as immorality. Rumors of his insanity, begun in Europe by former colleagues, were redistributed in America and taken up by popular magazines and scientific periodicals. Without having read Reich's books, Mildred Brady of the NEW REPUBLIC misrepresented Reich as claiming to have found a cure for cancer. This led to prosecution by the Food and Drug Administration.

For refusing to obey a court order to burn his own books, Reich was imprisoned. Wilhelm Reich died in a Federal Penitentiary in 1957.

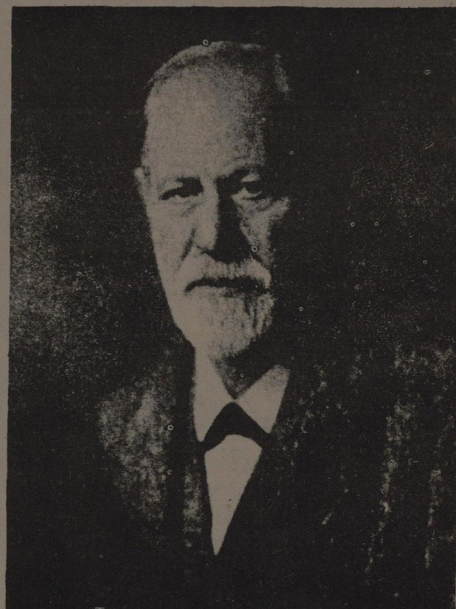
Reich and Freud

Reich believes in the possibility of a truly nonrepressive and therefore truly socialist society. Unlike Freud, Reich asserts that man need not live under capitalism and therefore need not be repressed by its patriarchal, authoritarian culture. In fact, Reich points out that capitalism is a recent development in 6000 years of suppressive patriarchy. Patriarchy and its peculiar family structure are cultural creations rather than biologically given. Reich supports this historically by pointing to a nonrepressive matriarchal clan which produced a culture before the establishment of a patriarchy. He believes that a similar nonrepressive society could be reinstated in a revolutionary socialist system.

For Freud, the model for cultural organization is the patriarchal, authoritarian family. The father suppresses the sexuality and aggression of the child, who internalizes and continues this suppression as repression; civilization inevitably follows. Freud believes that this repression and the dictatorial father are biologically given. Therefore he would see Marx's vision of a future socialist society as hopelessly utopian. This



Wilhelm Reich



Sigmund Freud

from the sexual restraints produced by an authoritarian family structure, individuals as well as civilization could not survive the unleashing of their own instinctual energies. Every civilization must be based on repression enforced by a patriarchal organization.

Reich disagrees. 6000 years of a cultural suppression and self-repression have produced a biologically maimed human being but that maiming is not biologically or environmentally inevitable. If the sexual repression created by an authoritarian family were removed, society would not dissolve into chaos. By changing social institutions and preventing internalized repression Reich saw a way out of an oppressive culture into a liberating, gratifying one.

He believes the individual has potential for such a life because, below Freud's perverse and anti-social unconscious, lies the true biological core of the individual. Without interference by a neurotic unconscious, the impulses stemming from the biological core are naturally sociable, industrious and capable of love. Freud assumes the neurotic unconscious is biologically given. Reich sees it as created by social factors which could be removed.

Reich is really being faithful to the earlier Freud who postulates the libido and primary erotic core. The turning point in Freud's theoretical development came with his later addition of the death instinct as the complementary half of the

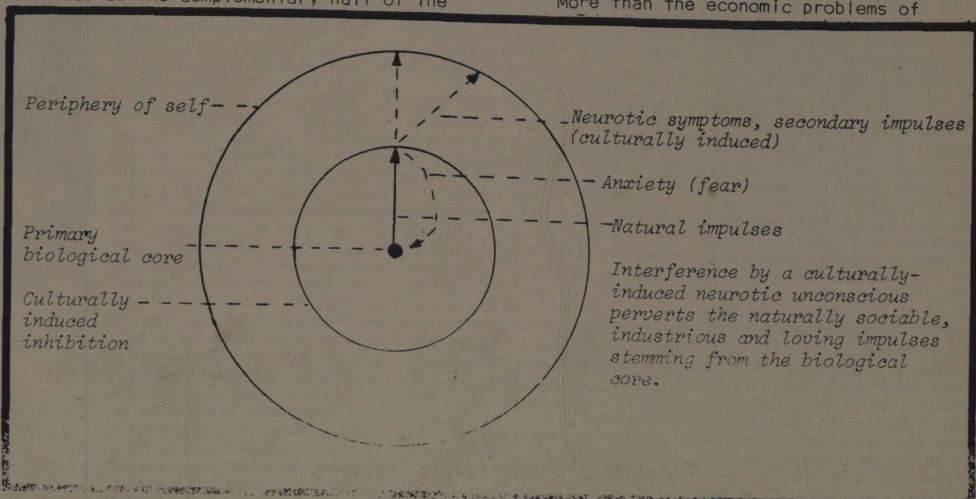
instinctual duality, Eros and Death. The death instinct implies an incurable masochism and an inevitable will to destruction, eliminating the possibility of instinctual liberation. For Reich, on the other hand, masochism is only a manifestation of the perverse and socially conditioned unconscious.

Thus masochism renunciation of pleasure and instinctual gratification are not a prerequisite for culture per se, but only for the present patriarchal, authoritarian one. For Reich, ideologies which proclaim renunciation of pleasure are reactionary since they assume that full happiness is impossible and adjustment to unhappiness necessary. (Freud's "reality principle" is merely the patriarchal image of reality.)

Freud's incorporation of the death instinct leads to an ideology of heroic renunciation (e.g. Protestantism, liberalism, Hitlerism)--a false consciousness which counsels adaptation to existing pathological social conditions rather than radical social change. Freud is merely a liberal in psychoanalysis: he aims not at liberation but at better conflict management. Only Reich remained faithful to the original radical implications of Freud and felt that Freudian psychoanalysis had abandoned its earlier potency.

Therapy

More than the economic problems of



psychoanalytic therapy (which restricts the number of patients and makes treatment lengthy and expensive), the real elitism in orthodox psychoanalysis stems from the pessimism as to the possibility of real psychic health. Neurosis is inevitable and therapy merely ameliorates the problems of neurosis. The social implications of psychoanalysis are that a relatively healthy, non-suppressed elite must control the more violent and necessarily suppressed masses.

Simple analytic therapy only reinforces repressive social institutions; it adapts the individual to the existing pathological culture. In contrast, therapy for Reich means freeing individuals from the sexual repressions induced by a patriarchal family. Success in therapy requires the destruction of the sources from which the neurotic misery stems. The immediate source, repression, and the causal agent, authoritarian inhibition, are cultural elements and subject to conscious social change.

Health consists in changing the level of genital gratification. The natural orgasmic elimination of pent-up energy of otherwise repressed drives leads to a reduction in tension and consequent happiness. Genital satisfaction therefore is both a means to and a condition of successful therapy. Genital satisfaction or natural orgasm, however, is only a model for Reich's social therapy. Only radical change of the (institutional) bases for authoritarian repression of biological drives will prevent further individual and mass neurosis. "Health is to the individual as revolution is to the society."

Reich's interest in therapy on a social level led him to involvement with the German and Austrian Communist parties. Concerned with the mental hygiene of the proletariat, Reich set up free clinics for workers. The German CP formed an association on the basis of Reich's sexual-political platform. 20,000 people joined this German Association for Proletarian Sex-Politics which demanded birth control and nurseries in the factories. Moscow became disturbed by the interest shown in Reich's sexual therapy and soon excluded him from party membership.

Vulgar Marxism and fascism

By the time of his exclusion, Reich was glad to leave. He criticized the party hacks sent by Moscow who felt they had to defend the party line by declaring the Oedipal complex nonsense.

The Party politician saw only the "workers' class" which he was going to fill with "class consciousness." I saw the living being, man, as he was living under social conditions which he created himself which, characterologically anchored, he carried within him and from which he tried in vain to free himself.

An economist interpretation incapacitated the German and Austrian parties, so that they were totally unable to cope with the phenomenon of fascism.

Reich sees fascism as the inevitable result of the patriarchal, authoritarian culture. Longing for freedom because of the natural drive toward free gratification but fearing freedom because gratification had always been tabooed, people feel helpless and incapable of taking responsibility for themselves and society. They cannot accept real freedom but wish instead to escape into the freedoms of the secondary, institutional neuroses--sadism, hollow aggressive exhibitionism.

Facism illustrates, according to Reich, a case in which the economic reality (increased impoverishment, exploitation) leads to reactionary rather than revolutionary ideological consciousness. Economic depression does not lead automatically to revolutionary consciousness because the sexually repressed individual is repressed for the very reason that he may endure impoverishment as well as exploitation. Since he is internally repressed, the individual betrays his own freedom under the false consciousness imposed by ruling class ideology.

Vulgar Marxism is incapable of understanding the psychological conditions of liberation. It cannot explain the reactionary response to exploitative economic

Reich sees fascism as the inevitable result of the patriarchal, authoritarian culture.

conditions:

The vulgar Marxists leave such phenomena out of consideration altogether; he cannot understand or explain them because they cannot be explained in purely socio-economic terms.

The vulgar Marxists' politics are purely macroeconomic; they do not include the character structure of the people. The subjective factor in history--the ideology of the people--is not accounted for.

The family

Yet a revised Marxist socio-economic approach is an integral part of Reich's social psychology. Sexual repression is the complement of political suppression; economic exploitation follows. In a patriarchy, the father is the archetype of the ruling class, requiring both kinds of suppression. Just as Marx's primal communist society was supplanted by an exploitative class system, so Reich's primal matriarchal clan was supplanted by a sexually repressive and economically exploitative patriarchal organization.

Reich insisted that a sexual revolution must accompany a socio-economic one for either to be successful. He was clearest in his formulation of what a complete revolution would be in his criticisms of the Soviet Union.

Since the family recreates private ownership, Reich argues the family should have been abolished in the USSR. To replace marriage and the family, Reich suggests less binding monogamous relationships within a clan (communal and classless) organization. Further, each clan would act as an economic, educational and sexual unit; he cautions that each commune must avoid developing an authoritarian structure and instead foster natural, not moralistic, regulations.

Destroying the patriarchal family means destroying the first and most important repressive institution. Once a productive economic unit in itself, the family is now the unit for indoctrination and socialization of attitudes reinforcing private ownership of the means of production. The family has become the training ground for the much larger exploitative capitalist system. Collective child-

take place within the framework of biological activity and not against it. For Reich, sexual freedom implies fulfillment in work. Biological energy would oscillate naturally between sex and work. Work would not suppress the sexual urge nor would sexual fantasies interfere with work. Contrary to Freudian and other bourgeois ideologies (such as the Protestant ethic), work need not represent an accommodation to the reality principle nor be based on the repression of natural instinct for the fulfillment of pleasure. "Work is the basis of social existence and is not intrinsically in conflict with the biological needs of the masses."

In such a "work democracy," men would feel a vital need to work; labor would be alienated: "a joyous activity and achievement," not a compulsive duty nor burdensome means of making a living.

Such a work democracy was not created in the USSR. By the early 1930's the USSR was a "sexual catastrophe," maintaining bourgeois family forms while trying some communal experiments. Reversion to state capitalism became inevitable.

Reich claims that sexual revolution failed partly through lack of understanding of psychic structure. "The Russian Revolution of 1917 was a political ideological and not a genuine social revolution." Marx and Engels, according to Reich, did not provide a "right line" for sexual revolution.

Although Lenin and Trotsky implied that total the revolution must be they didn't provide a real program. False ideas developed such as that sexuality turns people away from class struggle. Eventually the people, sexually incapable of accepting responsibility for communal organization, abdicated responsibility to the state. The state would not wither.

Reich and the movement

Within the movement, female liberation groups have made the most useful connections between sex and politics. Reich is important to this movement because he links sexual repression with economic exploitation and institutional suppression in a coherent sociological theory. He specifically analyzes the oppressive family situation and emphasized the need for communalization. (See THE FUNCTION OF ORGASM AND THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, locked in the pornography room in the library.)

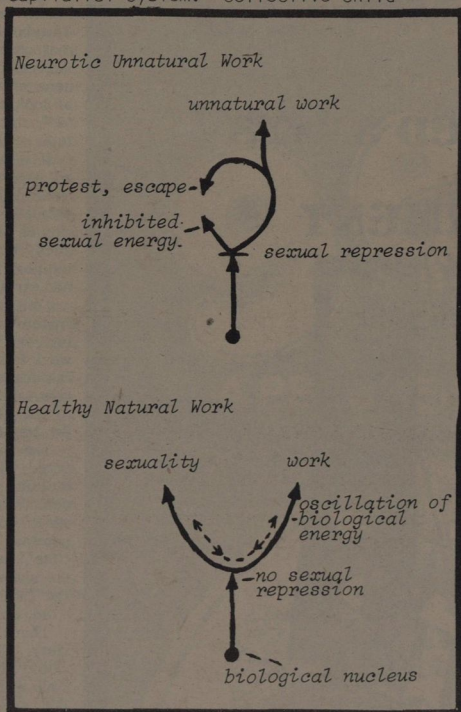
Reich's contribution to radical politics has been obscured not only by unjustified slander but also by his questionable later work. Reich became steadily more paranoid in America and by the end of his life had turned largely away from social theorizing to an almost religious pursuit of the basic (biological) cosmic energy.

Today psychoanalysis in America deprecates his contribution to the understanding of mental disease, but this is because of his earlier radical psychoanalytic theory and not his later work on orgone and cosmic energy.

Showing that Freud's theory leads to conservative social conclusions and Reich's theory to radical ones does not necessarily mean that Reich is correct and Freud wrong. However, contemporary philosophers who have equated analytic theory with social truth and used it as a foundation for conservative social ideologies have abandoned the scientific clinical approach which encourages the unprejudiced investigation of society. One does not have to accept Reich's concept of a totally nonrepressive culture in order to appreciate the value of a social-psychological theory which does not accept the cultural status quo as the inevitable human reality.

"A science which has as its object of investigation life itself and which finds itself in a reactionary environment must either submit to this environment and relinquish its own principles, or it must organize itself, that is, create for itself the organs which safeguard its future."

---Wilhelm Reich



rearing would end exploitation of individuals as well as eliminate the cultural transmission of patriarchal authoritarianism.

The revolution requires independent, unrepresented youth, who weren't brought up under authoritarian discipline. If the sexual revolution fails, the other revolution (economic and political) will also fail.

Work and sex

In a socialist society, work should

YOGA CENTER

Plans that were started for Berkeley's new Yoga Center have been finally completed. The location is 1267 University Avenue in Berkeley, opposite West Campus Berkeley High School.

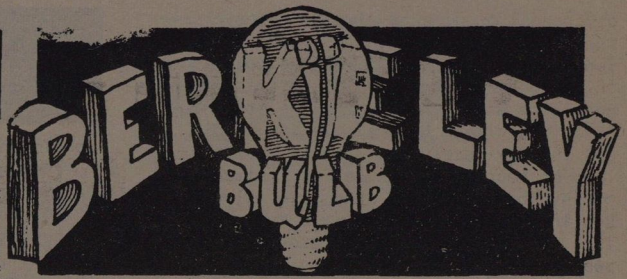
The guru and yoga instructor, Shri Jaya of Madras Ramakrishna Mission, Madras India, now teaches various courses in the system of yoga from Mondays to

Saturdays. Small groups as well as individual classes are held in the evenings from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. daily. The courses offered on donation basis are: Meditation Techniques, Breathing Techniques, Hatha Yoga, Nutrition and Yoga, Kundalini Yoga, Mantra Yoga and the Practice of Chants, Individual Life Styles and Spiritual Direction, and Eastern Thought

and Philosophy Encounter Groups.

A special feature on Fridays at the Yoga Center is the quiet \$2,00 benefit dinner with meditative music provided by musicians at 8:30 p.m. Call 849-4621 for information or stop by the Center.

OPENING BENEFIT DINNER, FRIDAY DEC. 5 at 8:30 p.m. at Berkeley NEW YOGA CENTER.



Living Without Fear

Anxiety is a continually recurring phenomenon in the lives of most people today. They fail to live themselves fully because of fears of what other people will think, worries over the future, and ruminations about all that might "go wrong" in every situation.

They assume that the only way to beat the fear game is to "play it safe", and take protective action by anticipating and forestalling all the possible painful eventualities of life. They live their lives NEGATIVELY. Instead of enjoying, adventuring, and creating, they buy bigger and better insurance policies, work hard for a larger income to invest in the future, get frequent medical check-ups, buy guns, and avoid contact with people who are "different", germy, or odd-ball. They obey all the rules, heed the advice of "experts" and authorities, never take chances, and stay at home, safe-and-sound, with their gates closed, and their drawbridges up. They exist in the fearful world of "WHAT IF". They are the LIVING DEAD.

None of us can ever do enough, in the outer world, to be truly and totally "safe" -- since the real enemy lies within, in the form of the **CONDITIONED MIND**. This part of the mental apparatus can always conjure up fears about those things that we haven't yet, or never can take, steps to fully guard against -- like a fatal heart attack, a decline in the stock market, the possibility of the person you love falling out of love with you, or a paranoid military mind pushing the button that initiates a nuclear holocaust. What can you do about things like this? Be honest with yourself, recognize your personal limitations, and admit that the answer is -- nothing!

What can you do about your fears, then? Plenty! First, you must learn to understand their nature, where they come from, and why. Careful attention will show that 99% of them stem from the machinations of the mind. A fearful picture flashes across your mental screen -- and your insides knot up in anxiety, just as though something really dangerous was actually happening. A thought in the head can produce just as strong an emotional reaction as a real outside situation.

The healthy response to a situation of danger is **ACTION** -- action that undoes the danger, or removes the person from its locale. An increase in adrenalin in the blood occurs to assist the body in its reactions. But, while a person's busy acting, he's usually too involved in **DOING** something to be very aware of fear -- as a consciously experienced emotion. And when his activity has removed the stimulus for fear, or himself from its proximity, there's no longer a need to be frightened.

For example -- you're walking along a railroad track. A train whistle blows behind you. You jump off the track, and the train goes by. All's well -- so, there's no more fear. Unless -- unless, your mind produces thoughts about what a close call you just had, what might have happened **IF** or how terrible it would be to have both your legs cut off, like that fellow you read about in the newspapers, etc. These fears, though are coming from your **MIND** -- not a real outside situation. This is a crucial distinction.

"But, don't I have to take care of 'me'?" Probably not -- at least not in the same intentional, effortful way that most people strive to. The bodily reflexes, the instincts, the memory banks of the brain that store up a record of all your past experiences, the creative resources of the autonomous psyche (the "unconscious"), and God -- none of which are under the direct control of "I" -- are fully capable of looking after you. In fact, the less interference there is from the "I", the better these other forces usually function in protecting your total organism.

If an earthquake were to strike at this moment, "I" would be better off trusting to the wisdom of the body, and the emergency impulses arising from the instincts, to take care of "me", rather than intellectually trying to figure out what to do. Even in coping with a situation as simple as trying to remember the name of someone you haven't seen for a long time, it's usually better to let go -- and trust the memory banks to function independently -- instead of vainly striving and straining to do it all yourself, by an effort of will.

Contemporary rational, scientific thinking has encouraged the delusion that if "I" spend my time analyzing, calculating, and predicting -- "me" will then be better off, and happier. But it doesn't work this way. When "me" becomes the object of concern, the thinking function usually turns negative, and dishes up accusing psychiatric labels, fruitless regrets about the past, and fearful forebodings of the future. This mental garbage ends up paralyzing our capacity for spontaneous joy and creative action.

The human capacity for mental planning operates best when it's directed **OUTWARD** -- toward some external creative project -- like building a set of book-shelves, painting a picture, or cooking a dinner. When thinking becomes focused back on "me", things go sour -- as in worrying about whether the meal that "I" am preparing is as good as someone else might do, or what other people will think of "me" and "my" painting, or whether "I" will live long enough to enjoy the shelves I'm building, or how I could have finished the job in half the time if only "me" hadn't been so stupid as to make the mistakes I did, etc. No...it's better when "I" am not so concerned with "me".

There's an important paradox involved in the phenomenon of anxiety. People often say, in regard to some particular action they would like to take, "I'm not doing it because I'm having the fear that such and such might result." Their diagnosis is partly correct. But, it's also true that they are experiencing fear because they're not **ACTING**. It's a vicious circle.

If the bio-psyche energy connected with the impulses and the instincts, which urges us to live ourselves fully, is blocked by opinions or images in the mind, and not expressed outwardly, it rises like fumes to the brain, and produces an intensification in the tendency to ruminative revery and anxious speculation. Fearful thoughts inhibit spontaneous action -- and this, in turn, leads to an increase in worried anticipation. How can one break this cycle? By **ACTING!** You're fearful largely because you don't act!

Act -- on the basis of your **TOTAL** needs and feelings at **PRESENT** -- and you won't be afraid. You'll be too involved dealing with the consequences of your actions, and the engagement with life that results, to have much time or energy left over for worrisome anxiety. And -- contrary to the thoughts in your head -- most of the consequences you'll face will probably be stimulating and challenging, and some-

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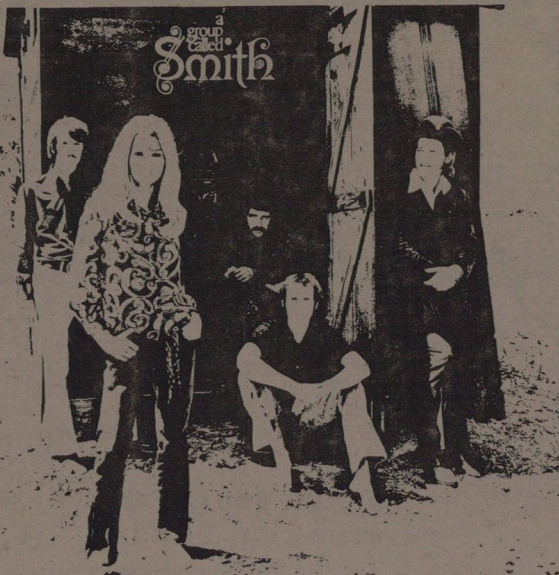


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VETERAN'S LETTER

Nov. 28, 1969

Dear BARB:

I first read your paper when I was in the 1st Air Ca. at Pleiku in Nam, more than a year ago. I thought it was bad then, and I think it's worse now -- I have yet to read a single accurate thing said in the straight or underground press about what exactly Vietnam is about. But I feel sorry for you, and have decided to give you a first-hand-account of what is going on over there.

My account doesn't start with Pleiku, however, but in the Bay Area a few years ago. I was a senior in high school, 18 years old, and waiting for my selective service classification to come through. I was a fool then, and was afraid that they could really do me in if I didn't cooperate. I used to worry about being drafted, and wondered what I could do to get out.

I didn't want to go to Merritt College to get a 2-S deferment, and I was afraid of doing anything illegal. I didn't use drugs then. The only thing I could think of was to get married. This was actually the logical thing to do.

Like I say, I was stupid then. I had been going steady with this chick since high school. But she wouldn't let me fuck her until I married her! Well, I wasn't about to marry anybody then, but I stayed with this chick because I somehow was attracted by being denied.

Anyway, I had this money in trust. My father got killed in World War II when my mother was five months pregnant with me. But I wouldn't get it until I was 21, or until I was 18 and married. I figured that when I got the money I'd buy myself a franchise brake shop, and make a lot of money fixing brakes.

Well, when I was classified 1-A I decided, what the hell; if I marry my chick I get the money, get deferred, and get fucked, all in one shot. So then just as everything was beginning to turn beautiful, they tighten up the marriage deferment laws. I'm inducted and find myself at fucking Fort Ord in bootcamp.

There I met Harvey, who took acid when he went down to the induction center to get out. But he went on a trip that he was joining a Samurai outfit, and ended up at Fort Ord.

Man, boot camp was so bad, you wouldn't believe. I wasn't surprised to find myself there. It was like everything else society had dished out for me since it first taught me to wipe my ass, only more so.

The Army was going to make a man out of me. To accomplish this, they had set up this daily schedule, regulating every single minute aspect of my existence. I had to conform to the Army in everything they laid out for me to do. This was an extension of the "no smoking" -- "no affectionate behaviour expressed" -- "attend your classes" -- "wear shoes and a shirt" -- "don't talk back to the faculty and administration" trip of school. The Army shaves your head, has you do a thousand meaningless tasks in exactly the same meaningless way,

(from page 8)

as every other recruit, and makes you a number.

The Army is P.E. Graduate school, 24 hours a day, but your gym coach is a sergeant and he's serious. Some are sadistic. They make a man out of you, for Mom, apple pie, the girl next door, and the Commander-in-Chief. But you end up a eunuch, 10,000 miles from home, eating C-rations, with the clap from a whore in Saigon, smoking dope. Actually, I think I got the clap from all those VD lectures we got.

The Army's having trouble though, getting this crop of kids in line. There are always lifers and the gung-ho types, but there are a lot of lazy kretches in the ranks. The trouble-makers are weeded out and put in jail, for any form of insubordination is a crime. More and more cats are claiming now that the Army violates their constitutional rights. They're right of course, but what that means is that they don't want to play the game. I mean, to have a decent army, that sort of shit is necessary. But then, a lot of guys don't want to be in the Army anymore.

I played the game, though, cause I didn't want to get killed. I should have become a clerk, but Harvey convinced me to see what the war was about. Once he was in he decided to do the thing for the hell of it.

So I wrote to my girl back home, did everything my superiors told me to do, and got shipped to Nam. We spent a few uneventful months going on patrol and getting shot at but nothing big happened.

It was late winter when the 3rd Brigade, 25th Infantry got into a scrape about 40 miles north of Pleiku. There had been rumors about the V.C. building up in that area. This news came as a relief, to me at least. Harvey had been having a bad time with our platoon leader, who, like me, shall remain nameless. I was brought under the wrath of this man because of my association with Harvey.

Harvey had been thinking of deserting. He had gone AWOL in Saigon before, but then reported back. He was going through a real conflict. Most of us were more concerned about what our officers were doing than with what Charlie was up to. The question wasn't what was Charlie going to do to us, but what shit was Sarge or Headquarters going to lay down. Watching out for Charlie had become second nature to us now. Anyway, the time came for our big thing, to jump into relief for the 3rd. Brigade. Harvey had some hash saved for this occasion. We jumped on Hill 83. and it was heavy. We were all pinned down by mortars and couldn't move an inch.

It was a real tense scene. Charlie tried to make a couple of sweeps, but we fought him off both times. Then the fog closed in, and reinforcements were cut off. It was really a bad trip in our little hole. Gunfire was almost continuous, and we had to keep watching every little shadow. Harvey contracted malaria, and started going delirious, talking about his mother all the time.

We were out there on our fifth day, when the VC started their third sweep. This time they were trying to come right over us. Our platoon held them at a ridge maybe 50 yards away. We exchanged fire during that day, and then things cooled down. Not for Harvey though.

He had sweat pouring out of him all the time, and his eyes looked all crazy. Sometimes he babbled incoherently. That night Harvey just stared out into the darkness toward the ridge. Suddenly he started, and looked all around, rubbed his eyes, and looked back out. Then he freaked.

"I can see them there," he shouted, "they're coming to get me again." I couldn't see anything so I asked "Who? The VC?" Harvey was getting all excited. "I see 'em, I'll get those mother-fuckers for all they did to me."

I tried to shush up Harvey, because he was giving away our position. Just then the Sarge came scurrying over, and started yelling at Harvey. Harvey shouted "There he is, there he is, I'll finally get him, and all the rest, too." Then he shot the Sarge's head off. This scared me shitless. But Harvey stood up and screamed that he was going to get

them all, and he ran for the ridge firing his M-16, and shouting, "Fuck you, Mother, Fuck you, Father. Take that, Dr. Ferguson", and he called out a lot of names from his hometown he had told me about, and the names of a couple of superior officers.

He charged the ridge and I followed him, and the rest of the platoon followed me. Then the radios started cackling, and before anybody knew what was happening we were pushing Charlie down the hill, Harvey leading the charge, shouting "Fuck you, Mother" and shooting like hell.

Harvey finally got it in the gut, but not until that sonofabitch was 50 yards past the ridge. I stayed by his body, and we held our positions until that afternoon, when the skies cleared and reinforcements came in.

Later, there was an inquest into the death of Sarge, but after I told them what happened they wanted to keep the whole thing quiet, and gave me the bronze star for heroism so I'd shut up.

About a month later I dropped a case of mandarin orange cans on my foot, and was shipped back to the States and given a medical discharge.

I married my chick and decided to not open a brake shop, but to open a pool hall in New Jersey instead. This was to get away from my folks, her folks, and Harvey's mother, who was phoning me about once a week after I got back. I don't see what she's so unhappy about. They gave Harvey a silver star too.

Peace, and keep on trying, (name asked to be withheld)

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times even enjoyable and satisfying. Even when the consequences aren't altogether "good", you'll at least be learning something significant about life, and undergoing real changes within yourself, as a result of daring to have your own direct, personal experience -- instead of being held back by the second-hand opinions, fantasied fears, and speculative guess-work that constantly goes on in the Conditioned Mind.

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S.M. WESLEY

Write to S.M. Wesley c/o The Berkeley Barb P.O. BOX 5017 Berk, 94715

JACK KRAY | dauntless bystander

the nude in art no. 3

A NUDE PORTRAIT OF THE YMCA CAMP DIRECTOR'S WIFE

Back in Cleveland, when I was fourteen years old, my parents sent me to enjoy clean outdoor living in a YMCA Camp in Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

The camp counselor heard that I drew for my Junior High School paper and asked me to do a little art work for him - a nude of the Camp Director's wife, a bride of two weeks. With considerable coaching from the horny counselor, I managed to finish the pencil sketch in fine detail including not only pubic hair, but nymphae.

There was a jolly to-do in cabin twelve that extended to every other cabin as the sketch circulated through the whole camp like wildfire. The next morning after the usual cold dip in the lake at six A.M. we dressed and lined up for roll call. I heard my name called and I stepped forward. The director asked me if I did the sketch of his wife and I smiled amiably with not a little glow of pride, thinking that he would approve of my budding talent. But his eyes remained as hard as two steel rivets and his mouth was like a crack in a granite slab.

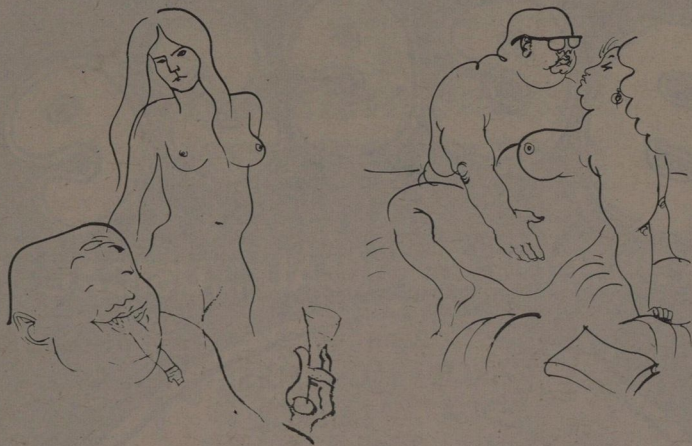
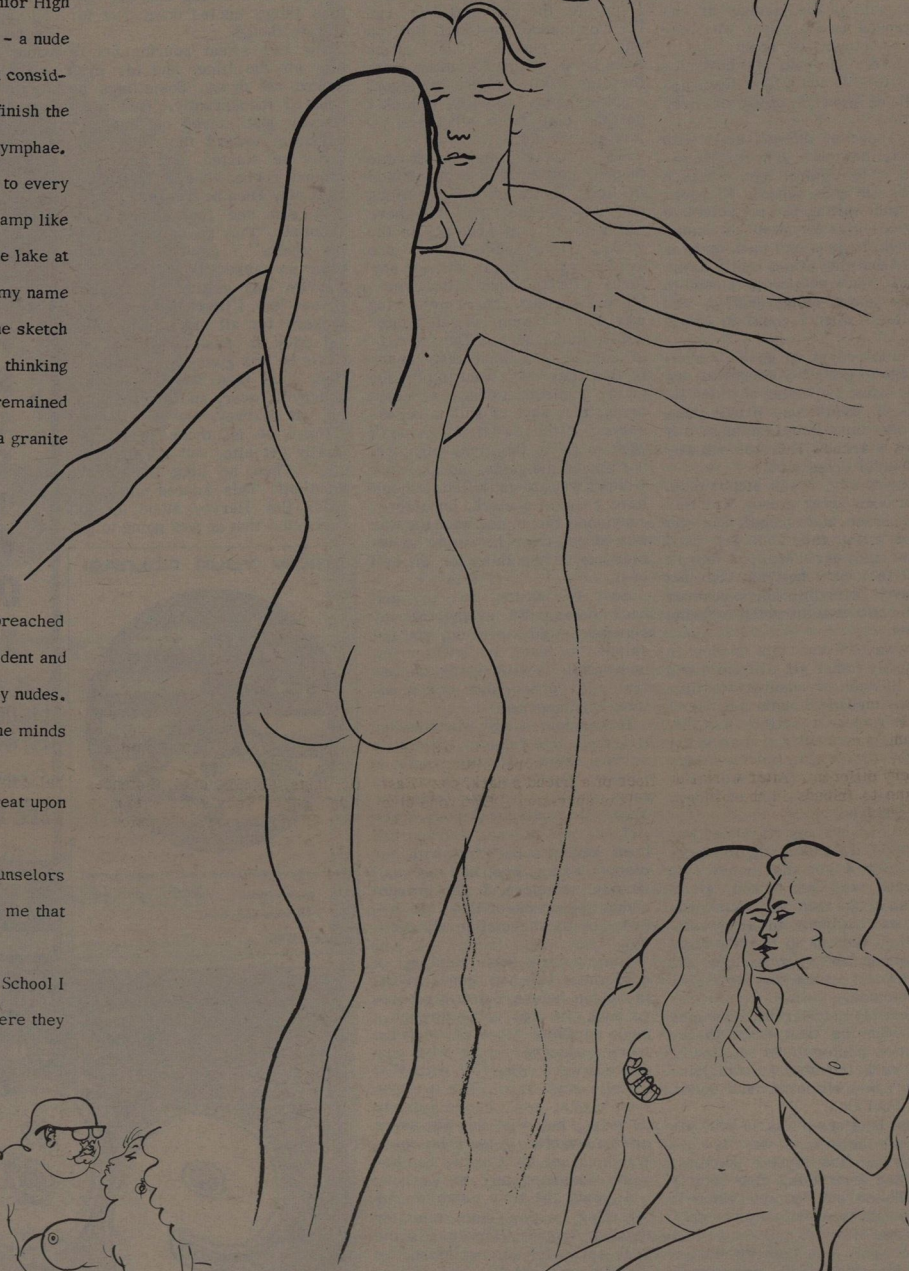
THE SERMON

He took me aside later for a walk down a lonesome oath and preached about God and country and teachers and parents and the president and made all kinds of dire predictions if I didn't put clothes on my nudes. I was wasting my parents hard-earned money and corrupting the minds of innocent campers.

I was in tears as he heaped scorn upon scorn and threat upon threat to make sure I was brought to heel.

But that night at the huge campfire, one by one the counselors stopped by to wish me well and shake my hand and assure me that the only problem was the director.

Those were my innocent years. Later on in High School I encountered my teachers at the local Burlesque theater, where they would great me red-faced. . . .



JKray 69

I. Our First Meeting

(The Distant Drummer)—I am the sort of modest man who boasts about his modesty. I am the sort of boastful man who is shy about his boastfulness. Sometimes I am all together, and sometimes I am a fragmented soul. In short, I have wooed her and been wooed by her, that charming, fiery, evilhearted, hypnotic temptress, like many another man. I am one of her lovers and will never be the same. Though now in my solitude I can recall the words she conquered me with, "Don't listen to words, my precious unicorn" the words come still disguised as a story and a cry a prayer seeking other voices, a memory of a song so old that I must press my ears to the ground to hear it and crawl like a baby.

Who was this incredible woman who made me and made me over? I had heard about her years before I met her. Like many an independent chick she had a reputation. She required an introduction cautious as she was about being mistaken for a fantasy. She called herself LSD, and despite the other names she was known by, names hundreds of her suitors had bestowed upon her, like gifts to enhance their experience of her, I never called her by any other name, for this rang true and I saw no need to play adolescent games of infatuation and endearment. It was a time when I was not too happy. Frightened of her renown, frightened of my own increasing defenselessness, I knew I must be prepared to face her as I would hope to face myself. If our affair was to work out I would require of her the same brutal honesty I often ran from in myself.

It was summer 1966, I was living with a girl I had long since stopped loving. A chick who never knew where she was at and didn't need to. She was there anyway. I was somewhere else. During the days, from nine until five, I edited private reports for an investigating company on 42nd Street in Manhattan. It was an easy job an often pleasant one, since I had several good friends in the office; nothing was very different. After work I'd go home to friends in the office. We rapped all day about what we would do when —. Once we smoked in the office; nothing was very different. After work I'd go home to the West 70's and smoke, eat, watch TV, visit a friend and screw. On weekends I did the same. It was during this time that I learned that there is no such thing as a weekend. It was mere knowledge, however.

I had never been satisfied with the chick whose pad I was sharing. There is no reason why. Small wonder that I began to think seriously of the woman whose name had begun to appear in all kinds of media. What a strange name she had!

LSD. I was always frightened of famous chicks of powerful, independent chicks, and yet I was always drawn to them.

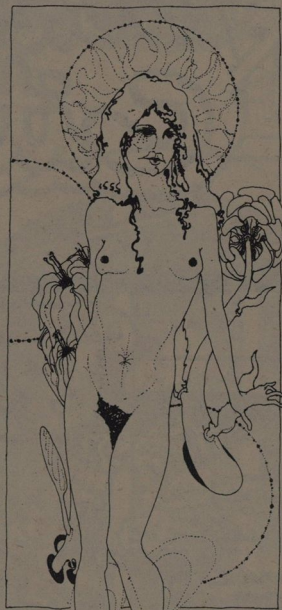
Her name stayed with me for many months, as I read about her adventures, her reputation, the havoc, confusion happiness and religion she was creating. Since I have never been one drawn to trends, groups, religions, ideologies or cultures, it may be a measure of her strange, surprising power that she captivated me nonetheless. Oh, I have since tried to pass it off, to mock her influence, to rationalize my experience, but the fact is, she was a woman of extraordinary persuasiveness and mystery. And magic. Like the devil, she worked through others.

There came a time when I was ready to meet her. A friend of mine had told me about her. His descriptions seemed tame and sane. That was what I needed to hear for I had become skeptical after reading the exploded, ungrammatical, worshipful accounts of her in the underground press. My automatic distrust of spiritual leaders explained my distance from the teachings of Timothy Leary. I would face this woman only with my own ego whatever that was.

I was aware that my personal history was up for revision. There were many capital letters in my background that needed a lower case. Jew. Middle-Class Parents from Westchester. A College Education. Degree. Angry Young Man. Poet. Insecure. Afraid. Egomaniac. Ambitious. Lazy. I might have worn these labels on buttons pinned to my sport jacket.



by Paul Scorpio



Because she was a busy woman and unpredictable, I had to take a day off from work to meet her. Our appointment was for three PM, although I had expected her sooner. My friend was with me to make the necessary introductions.

So here I was a young man of twenty-three working at a job in New York City and living with a crazy, beautiful girl who I couldn't talk to, about to meet a woman of all ages, a woman moreover who was generous enough to spend half a day alone with me. It seemed she was willing to care about me on the mere face of my desires. And who really was this young man about to be thrown into her world?

This young man of independent mind and spirit had yet to learn there is nothing to learn. He thought experience was a word that explained the past or prepared the future. He expected LSD to take him away, instruct him, entertain him. He was a boy who thought streets had numbers or names, that people had titles and positions, that feelings were manifested by sounds like "love," "fear," "anger," "desire," "pleasure," or "awe." He thought trees were green and buildings were brown, brick red or gray; he thought clothes made the man. He lived in a world of exciting labels, expectations, shame, guilt, embarrassment, greed, hunger and stability, where stability had to be earned and paid for, where credit ratings were no credit to his past where his past in fact was still tied to his future.

And so I met her at the appointed hour. Yet it was two hours before she began to make any sort of impression on me. We smoked to pass the time, to relax strangers that we were, sitting on the floor of a friend's dark, cozy East Village apartment. Everyone else knew her already. For some reason, they looked forward to my encounter.

And before I knew it, she had taken me into herself. It was like waking up into the middle of the act of love. And I too was embracing her even while I thought I'd been only talking and waiting. Though I never knew it before, it seemed natural to feel the basic sexuality of all communication.

At the time, of course, I hardly understood, as I force myself to do now, what was happening. We were together, and that was all that mattered. But from the start recalling her face and her touch as it appeared to me for the first time -- who cannot remember the first touch of love? -- from the start, I was no longer Paul of the mind, the body, the eyes, the will, the fears, the creativity, I was just Paul whose consciousness was as erect as any penis, a boy called a man, thinking at last of nothing, only seeing and looking forward, even forward into the past (as was later to happen).

LSD never treated me to the magic, hallucinogenic visions I'd expected. She told me she saved them, kept them rather, for those who needed them. My world she explained, needed some of the other stuff. Thus was reality born. I had never thought of reality as real before. Nothing could have surprised or delighted me more. Nothing ever has, since then excited me more than to travel with her to places familiar to me to people dear to me, examining the things about me with gentle, approving and wildly curious, surprising senses. Sometimes my curiosity seemed voracious; friends and observers were frightened at a daring candor they had only vaguely suspected in me before, but never witnessed.

I have learned since that my experiences are called "reality trips". Well, there is an important part of the world that demands, yes, needs, even a label like this. But how can I describe a "reality trip"? And why bother? She asked me if I wanted to go outdoors with her. I knew it would involve sunlight, and people and streets, and many surprises. And crossing Third Avenue with her for

in columns of two, it all seemed right and "good" part of the "larger scheme of things" as if people's behavior, regardless of variation or idiosyncrasy, could be no other way and served a purpose.

Thus did I discover the intensity of my search for meaning and purpose. LSD told me she was not there to liberate me from such "hang-ups", for hang-ups were things about yourself you couldn't accept. She wanted me only to use myself and follow myself through to the end. Anyway, meaning and purpose had not originated with me, though it was up to me to make them "original." I was part of Searching Man, though I myself was only a man searching and grooving the search.

Everything that happened to us that day was intensely "real" understandable. To someone like me who had grown up in a repressive household, and been made to feel inferior and unequal to anything that was not approved by the Bureau of Social Standards, it was unprecedented joy and relief to be finally acceptable to myself, whatever the consequences (though "consequences," too, I realized, was a repressive concept that had been forced on me early in life, so that I could always have a crutch to help me with the strange paralysis of spirit that had been secretly implanted in me).

The climax of our day came early. A West Indian conga drummer was playing in the square. He was obviously extremely talented, and as I watched hundreds of people gravitating slowly toward him from the outskirts of the park I realized the power of rhythm, the religious power of a man possessed by the roots of music like Dylan, whose essential musician-ship differs only slightly from tribal dances in its regularity, simplicity, and sincerity. I watched this man for an hour or more, frustrated by my inability to give him anything but my worship and my memory.

To this day I don't know his name or his fortune, though he enriched my life deeply.

A few hours later, I started begging people for money, though I had over sixty dollars in my pocket. LSD told me it was important for me to play this game for a while for it was not the material need that mattered so much in begging as it was the confrontation with others and with oneself. But to ask strangers for spare change, while sporting a huge smile and shining eyes is apparently not the way to generate sympathy. I didn't get a cent in two hours. I had not communicated a sense of desperateness, and this was right because at the time nothing could have meant less to me than money.

It had felt strange several times during the afternoon to have the small, circular metal "coins" in my pocket. Were they precious stone, or trinkets, or magic charms? The paper money too seemed arbitrary, but a little more familiar in some way. The images on the coins and paper money were pleasantly decorative culturally symbolic devices, and I grooved them too. For a time, in fact, American Society seemed so facile, arbitrary, malleable and creative that I was convinced that if I set my mind to it I could become President of the United States in a matter of months! This was no pipe dream, no hallucination or symbolic fantasy. Again it was my own ego creating images of power, manipulativeness, social acceptance and equality that was giving me these thoughts. It was neither funny nor absurd. It just seemed natural. But this feeling, that lasted in

the first time was a great experience. Third Avenue was a hard sea of concrete, vast, spacious. There was no "crossing" it, merely getting to the other side, and what else but my body could accomplish this. Street signs, traffic lights, signals, cars, distances didn't exist. They were evidently for people who moved very slowly.

We walked around Tompkins Square, at first and I was astonished and excited to learn that there were so many different people. There were no "kind" of people, only people; there really weren't even any "differences," just people.

And there were dogs. I noticed for the first time how different dogs were from people; their shape was very different and they didn't use language as I knew it, they had their own customs and needs, and their eyes expressed different things.

And at the same time I saw many of the people around me as animals -- not anthropomorphized animals, but animals in the sense of behaving along basic, deeply rooted patterns, having functions and variations like flowers, belonging to a great race that obeys only the laws of "biology." It was infinitely satisfying.

At the same time it was frustrating, too, to see all this, yet be unable to communicate it to others excepting by adopting their "ways" like Margaret Mead among the Samoans. Thus did I become conscious of a distance in myself a "superiority" to my "fellow man" but one which was beautiful because it was myself, and so satisfying, because I was able to connect myself with the reality -- roots of people -- even masses of people -- I had long been afraid of, and very very, confused by. Instead of feeling guilty about my distance, I grooved it, for it was only my closeness to humanity I felt.

It may be true, as some people say, that such closeness, such sensitivity as I felt, though manipulative, needs a little distance to insure sanity. I don't know. At the time, I never thought of "doing something for myself." I just did what I had to do. Such "distance" is usually necessary when one is "planning" one's life, giving it "shape." I had been doing that, and unsuccessfully, for too long.

Young girls from Queens and Brooklyn parading in the Village had fantastic hairdos, really intricate, styled things that were indistinguishable from tribal headdresses. When they walked down the street four abreast, when others walked

me perhaps twenty minutes, was enjoyable to me because it was basically alien. Lyndon Johnson wouldn't have needed to "understand" this drive, and it is no discredit to him.

There are things I don't remember about our first date. All the fundamental experiences, feelings and "realizations," from that first encounter and from the many subsequent ones, have remained with me; in many instances, they have become a part of my "self", the man who of course aims for independence from this fantastic woman. I have hardly ever written anything, nor wanted to write while I was with LSD, and this attempt now to recall some of her effects on me, reeks with inconsequences and incompetence. But such efforts are the stuff of humanity, and even while she laughs at my efforts she approves of them. Laughter, she told me, is an acknowledgement of self (she herself said that she would have liked to meet Sisyphus) coming not from despair and futility but from the futility of despairing at all.

I went to bed with her late that night, and when I awoke she had gone. It threw me into the worst depression I have ever known. All of life seemed oppressive too hard to handle too complicated, too phony, and too slow. And I felt, at the time, that it was so important for me to "readjust" to it, considering my job, my girl what appeared to be my "future", -- in short, I seemed to want to welcome back my old hang-ups. My life since then has taken many turns.

Much of what I do now, and how I behave is indistinguishable from my moments with LSD. But when I first met her, I had still to learn that I don't owe anything to life except myself. It was too much to realize from our first encounter. I didn't even open my mouth until the next evening and forced myself to eat, to walk, to speak the simplest phrases as if I were learning to move again after a tragic accident.

It had been no accident, though. This remarkable woman stayed with me even in my torment and loneliness. Her face smiled down at me; she called to me with vague promises, until it was no longer her I feared but the world who had no knowledge of her.

I became like a missionary in my heart, and understood the driving zeal the tenacity and near intolerance of religious fanatics terrified of being trapped in a tiny world only they can understand. Schizophrenia, too, is often characterized this way the ultimate antisocial disease, but like any "disease" that effects enough people, it disappears into the human condition that "condition" so often painfully celebrated by Saul Bellow, a man who surely could learn much from Beckett.

It was some time before I met LSD again. She told me to think about her for a while, but it was difficult; I kept coming back to myself. It was fantastic, how for almost the first time I was able to trust someone else other than myself, to believe in the experiences and "advice" someone else had given me. I still can't get over it, though she has whispered for years now that it is only my self I am really learning to trust. But she has a weird sense of humor. After our first meeting I knew it would never be easy to run from my pain again. It would never be as difficult to confront it again as it had been for the past twenty-three years. I had stopped growing up and had started to grow.

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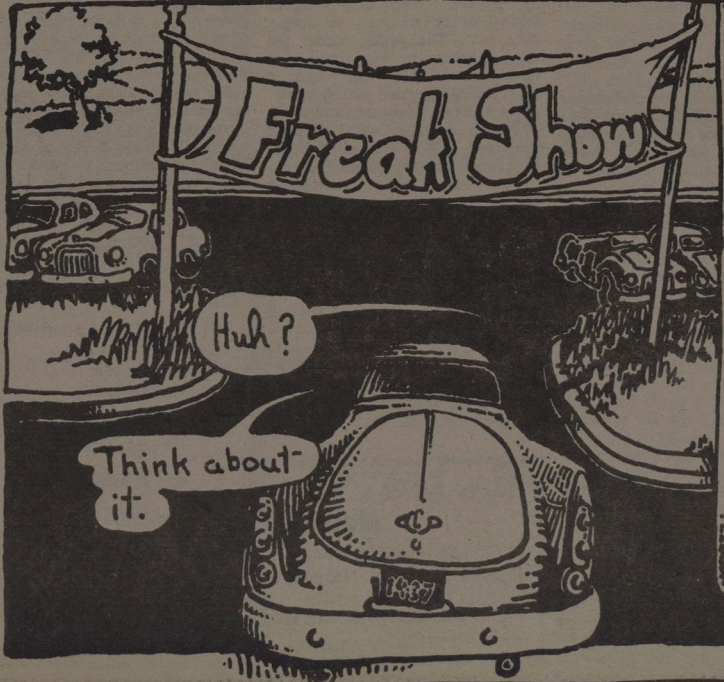
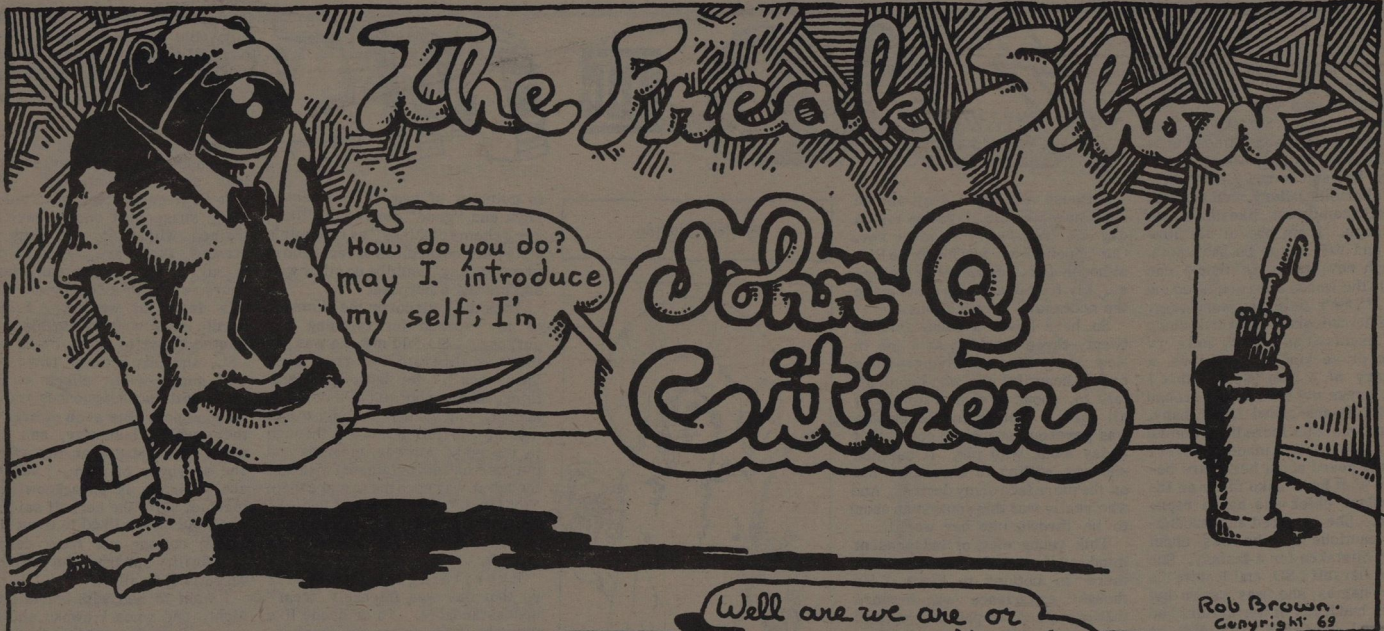


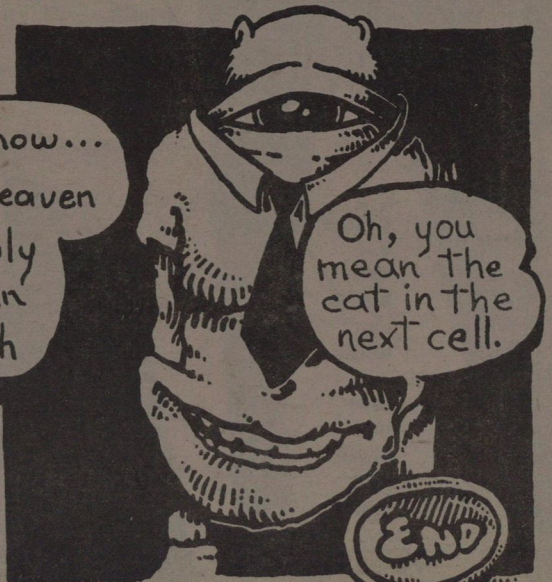
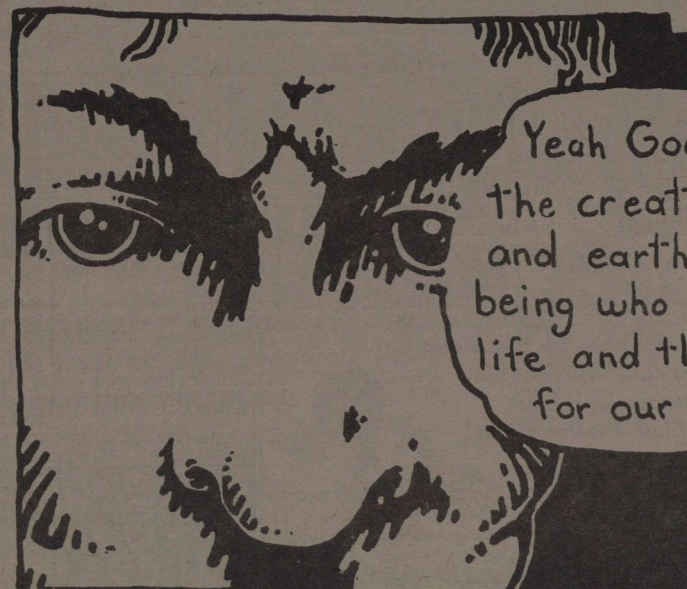
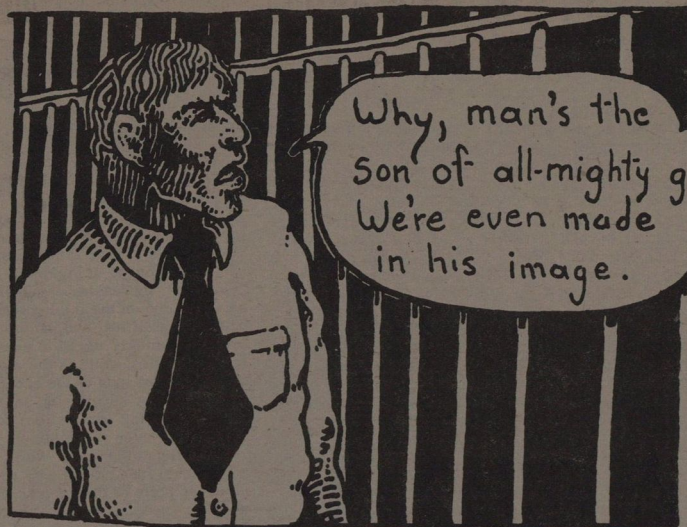
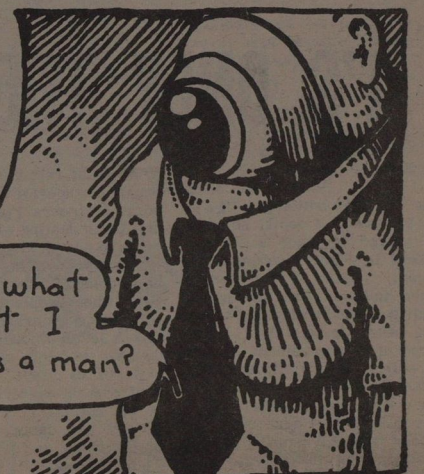
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Berkeley Barb:

I presume Al Khwarizmi's "Secret Witch Cult" story (Barb, Nov. 14) was presented as fiction. It should have been clearly labelled as such.

Some readers may, if stoned or naive, have thought it was a true news report. Such error, and the accusation of human sacrifice, could hamper growth of the Old Religion.

Psychedelically yours,
Rev. Jefferson Fuck Poland,
Neo-American Church

Dear Sir:

Don Jackson made one slight error in his story of the "Gay Liberation Peace March". Sexual Freedom League does not oppose fetishism. We want everybody to enjoy themselves sexually by any means necessary -- so long as they don't coerce or harm anyone else. End the war and start the orgy!

Love,
Rev. Jefferson Fuck Poland

Dear Sir:

Even in Florida we get the Berkeley Barb. A guy in Oakland however, will drop this off at your editorial offices. Be good to us young cats and chicks! Print it!

Everyone over 30 is utterly obscene - black, white, red, or yellow - he is a living anachronism who should arrive at the final solution to make way for the young. It would be in the best interests of everyone else who is young, intelligent and good-looking, if we god rid of the old, the dumb and ugly NOW.

The total destruction that has occurred all over this shitty globe is directly attributable to the over-30 creeps in governments, in congresses, in churches, in business, in industry, in the unions. Their dirty minds and filthy hands have desecrated everything that is young and beautiful.

These old schlemiels are incapable of governing the people - young, sweet, loving, fucking people. The old shits have succeeded in wrecking Mankind. Look at their colbat bombs, their fascistic wars, their reckless disturbance of ecological forces; their pollution of the rivers, lakes and the

very air the young people breathe. Look at their false ideas of what is right and what is wrong and their out-dated values, not to mention the sheer starvation in this country that they have caused. Look at the deplorable degradation of white and black youth and the untold injustices that the aged have foisted on the fresh, the vigorous, the strong, the handsome - boys and girls - who are tender and loving and only want to FUCK!

The old bastards over 30 don't even know how to screw!

I have a solution: Why not establish giant camps and cremate the 30's and over? Or crucify them? Or drown them in their own pissy juices? We ought to help old Charon to ferry these old stinkers across the River Styx. An overdose of LSD in their drinking water could turn the trick. Who cares?

Just contemplate what a fun thing it would be for those of us under the three-decade mark.

Wouldn't YOU like to loot, to feast, and to fuck at their early demise?

Yours truly,
The Right Reverend b. wright-fer-iod, m.d., d.d.

IT'S ONLY THEM THAT THINKS THAT GETS HURT

Bob Roth

(view from the bottom)-- There was a case of a social scientist who wanted to study a group of workers in a butter-wrapping operation. Each of the thirteen women involved had the task of standing around wrapping butter eight hours or so a day. In the course of the experiment, the women walked out in a wildcat strike, leaving the management without its workers and the scientist without his subjects. An agreement was reached with the management and the union that the experimenter would bring in thirteen replacements for the women so as to continue his study.

The thirteen women brought in the next morning worked so well that within a matter of hours production was up 400%. Management at many levels came in to observe, and they were amazed at the statistics of production. The scientist was questioned as to how or where in the world he got these women, who were such incredible butter-wrappers. The experimenter finally replied that they had been recruited at a local mental hospital; the women were insane.

Can one be an adult in our society, while at the same time being economically productive? As infants, we are dependent and subordinate; we have few and superficial abilities.

In helping us toward "adulthood", our mentors try to help us become,

by contrast, relatively independent, equal or superior to our contemporaries (peers?) (competitors?), skillful in dealing with problems of relative complexity.

Some interesting studies have been done to determine what happens when people in the "adult" category enter organizations on the lowest level, which is where most of us have to begin and also, where most of us stay. The economy confronts us as workers beginning; at the bottom, our job is to take orders and carry them out with skills which are few and simple. Thus the assembly line, thus the factory, thus the business corporation.

For example, here are four men manufacturing shoes on an assembly line basis:

A B C D
A begins the process, B adds whatever parts would come next, C sews in a few more pieces, and D adds, lets say, the sole. Out comes the finished shoe. Marx would point out that each of them is alienated from his labor, the product of his creativity, by virtue of the fact of division of labor in this way; no one of the men can identify with the finished product, the shoe (and indeed, none of the men can be identified); the worker cannot view his product as his own creation, his labor is piecemeal and dull. I couldn't resist throwing in a little Marx there, but rather than elaborate I wish to go on for bigger fish. The point is that industry doesn't func-

tion on the anarchistic basis implied in my diagram. Rather A, B, C and D have a foreman:

A B C D
X
to whom they stand in a relation not unlike the one implied in my simple diagram. The workers depend on X for direction, reward and punishment, and the like. Each of them performs a simple task, under the watchful eye of his superior in the line. Similarly X stands in a subordinate relation to his superior, and so on; though we may suppose the situation to be worst at the bottom. What industry is deficient than saying to A, B, C and D, and to their counterparts in the real world (who presumably are distinguished therein by the type of car they own, etc.) is this: For \$2.62 an hour, we want you to be good infants. We want you to function in relation to your superiors in a dependent, subordinate capacity, and to perform a few simple operations.

"Mongoloid idiot" is a technical term for an individual who for primarily physical reasons cannot perform the normal mental process A Mongoloid idiot has, among other things, 47 chromosomes per body cell. Our experimenter was talking with a Mongoloid idiot about her new job:

"What do you do, Jane?"
"Well, Doc, I pull this lever and this cutting edge comes down and cuts right through this stuff-what do they call that metal, Doc?"
"Aluminum?"
"Yeah, aluminum. This edge cuts through that stuff just like it was warm butter. And then I pull another lever and another cutting edge comes down..."
Jane indicated that the second edge came down slightly to the left of the

first; it was an assembly line operation.

The researcher had some fears at this point about the woman's hands being hurt on the job, and he counselled her, unsuccessfully, against taking it. About three months later he saw her again, and immediately looked at her hands, which were in fine shape. Jane caught him:

"I see you're looking at my hands, aintcha, Doc? I bet you thought I'd uv had them cut off by now." The man was embarrassed, and admitted that he had been worried about her hands. "Well, Doc," she said, "don't worry. There's a lesson I learned in business, I'm gonna tell ya' It's only them that can think, that gets hurt."

Which brings us to the question, What can people do in response to such demands on their behavior? For it is found that "adults" come under substantial psychological pressure when asked to conform to "infant" demands.

First, an individual can leave an organization. Individuals might even want to drop out of entire societies the demands of which were regarded as infantile. It has been known to happen.

A second more popular though less camp response is to "leave periodically," that is, to resort to periodic absenteeism. It has been found in a study of delinquent as opposed to "good" workers that the people in a particular plant who were always punctual and present on the job were "sick" individuals; while healthy individuals were frequently late and had comparatively poor attendance records. Remember the butter-wrappers.

A third and perhaps the most popular response to the situation

is psychological withdrawal. The employee becomes apathetic, decides to himself, "I'm not going to care about this place anymore. I'm just going to take my money, take what I can get, and get out. It's not worth it to become involved in the affairs of this firm; all you get for it is grief." For the demands of the lower echelon jobs, as one worker has put it, leave little room for achievement: "The choice a worker has is, does he go mad quickly or slowly? and if he decides to go mad slowly, can he live short enough so as to die before realizing he's gone mad?"

What happens to people who withdraw psychologically, become apathetic? Such individuals tend to de-emphasize the human values, to adopt material values and no longer pay so much attention to the personal or human needs. The important question becomes, not Who am I? But How much am I worth? (A yardstick is only too willingly supplied by industry in the medium of advertising.)

A fourth and somewhat unpopular alternative for the disgruntled individual is to take to aggression.

In the course of historical development, increasing emphasis is being placed on the intellectual or cognitive abilities, and individuals are increasingly urged to develop these abilities while in the meantime, the demands of the economy (stimulated by advertising and met with increasing automation) come to call for ever more simple and less challenging skills. While our educational institutions are producing, in spite of themselves, ever smarter people, our economy is giving these people less and less of a place to go. The result is mass apathy, psychological withdrawal, with increasing emphasis on material values at the expense of the human values.

As further food for thought, if your brain doesn't already have indigestion, try Kurt Vonnegut Jr's first book, PLAYER PIANO; and for a more detailed treatment of the situation, Jacques Ellul, THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY. Don't think too much, though, or you will become progressively more useless. To the economy, that is. If that's where you want to be.

As Vonnegut asks more than once in the course of his literary bombardment of our times: "What on earth are people FOR, anyway?"

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by Paul Monka
Illustrated by Gertrude Halpern

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1984 IS ALIVE AND WELL IN AMERIKA

by David

The stage is set, the curtain is just going up. All the actors are in their places, everybody in the audience sits transfixed, their eyes staring straight ahead, backs rigid, shoulders level, nobody talks, nobody moves everybody waiting for the national anthem to begin, dressed in their ivy league suits uniforms and Sears Roebuck skirts and blouses, all the same, all the same, nobody different than anybody else. In their split level cubicles eyes glued to the television, newspeak squawking from the face of the droning monotone of the announcer "Washington 32, New York 10, Chicago 45, Dallas 19, in a doubleheader Cleveland 8, Minnesota 7 youngjohnnyhodge-spitchinghisfourthstraitwinofth season..."

Ministry of Love in each county jail, with the innocent victims of the inquisition sitting out their time for trying to break out of the iron grip of the big brother smile of the cop through the bars as he laughs when you ask for a telephone call and tells you that you are shit

and punks like you belong where you are and the judge looks repeatedly at the clock and yawns as he gives out the 30 year sentence and all I did was smoke a marijuana cigarette. The wire-tapping snooping gestapo FBI taking pictures and lurking behind the trash cans of the alley as they watch your every move and who you talk to and who you visit and fat jowls of Hoover as he directs his legions and tells you there is a communist under every woodpile and that the world needs more lawandorder as he points the gun barrel right at your eyes and tells you to watch your step.

And the government announces new commissions to study the matter every day but things get worse and worse and everything's fucked up and everybody's fucked but they don't even realize it's happening, and the world will end in 20 years but nobody gives a shit because they know that the government doesn't tell any lies. At 2 o'clock in the morning people wait for the sign to say walk when there's no cars in sight, and when the light is red everybody stops,

because it doesn't matter if the road is clear, the law of the land is final. Patriotism is another word for blind obedience to slavery, and the DemocraticRepublican party wins every election because nobody else can run against them. When people cry out against the idiocy and the madness they cry out against the idiocy and the madness they are gunned down like dogs in the streets or hit on the head or thrown in dungeons to rot. And our enemies are really our friends and our friends are really our enemies, it all depends on the whims and fancies of big brother and whoever doesn't agree with us we'll drop the bomb on them and watch them blister and scream. We need new and better bombs to drop because they have better bombs than we do.

At school the kids stand up and pledge allegiance to the flag and learn all about how they're supposed to think and feel and live and breathe and act and obey, The anti-sex league is in every Dear Abby answer and you learn that sex is dirty and your pee will fall off if you touch it the wrong way, and

girls and boys use different bathrooms because it's not nice and the churches and the schools and the television set all say the same thing and you can't escape them except in the woods, but there's not much of them left anymore. And when somebody says shit or fuck he's a traitor to his country, because we all know that words like that nice people don't use, because the unholy communists invented them to make little boys and girls do bad stuff and ignore their lessons.

And we make big concrete houses to put all the bad people in, because we protecting ourselves from them, cause they steal stuff and take evil drugs and there the enemies of society rot away, produced by the television sets and the schools and the politicians and the crumbling pigsties of the ghetto that make money for the pigs to run their idiot machine with.

Every able bodied young man is meat for the war machine, and their bones bleach and rot in every corner of the world, a testimony to the glories of truth justice and the Amerikan way. And we need more laworder, and a more dedi-

cated commitment to the furtherance of the truths on which this country is founded, everybody must be prepared to make sacrifices and tighten their belts so that we can triumph over those unholy communists, and make the world safe for decent law abiding people.

And the red white and blue banners with stars and stripes show us that it's all worth it in the end, because we know that obviously the government is working in our best interests, because they tell us that they do in speeches and proclamations and television and movies and if Bob Hope and Jackie Gleason say it it must be true. And then we really understand clearly that slavery is freedom, and freedom is slavery when we consider the tremendous improvements in cars and televisions over the years. And the whips are just beginning to appear in the hands of the leaders, and as the lash makes deep cuts in your back you can feel what it means to be an Amerikan, but the pain feels good, because it's for your country and upholds the principles on which the nation was founded.

UNIONS UNITE

The Radical Students Union in conjunction with the United Electrical Union, held a rally and demonstration on the U.C. campus Tuesday afternoon and then marched to the Student Placement Center.

The purpose of the demonstration was to protest the presence of General Electric recruiters on the campus who are seeking to fill vacancies caused by the General Electric strike. Because of the rising cost of living, workers' wage-increases for the past three years have all but been wiped out and General Electric not only refused to improve the workers' cost-of-living protections but wants to do away with the measly protections they had in prior contracts. Workers claim that they have actually lost 30 cents an hour in wages and that all GE offers is 20 cents an hour in a three year contract.

In addition, many GE pensioners have to go on welfare to exist because pensions are so low. By way of example, for 1,500 retired GE workers the company pension is only \$5.77 a week. General Electric absolutely refuses to bargain on the problem of pension improvements, despite the fact that GE workers have contributed millions to the GE pension fund which now totals \$2 billion. GE workers contribute 3% of their wages to a health insurance plan that is wholly inadequate to meet hospital and medical expenses. GE refuses to grant women equal minimum pay with men and also refuses to grant women minimum pay with men and also refuses to grant equal wages north and south. General

Electric wants to bust the union apart by demanding that workers agree to scrap their 32-year-old National contract and give the company the right to substitute local agreements at each plant. This is

a device that many major companies have tried to employ in their attempts to weaken the position of unions.

General Electric workers point out that the company has refused to



change one word of their original offer; all of this in the face of an additional 11% increase in GE profits. As the result of the foregoing grievances and many others, GE workers voted on 90% to strike.

As for Tuesdays' activities on the campus, after a brief rally at lower Sprout Plaza the protest moved to the offices of the Student Placement Center. A large and vocal group of marchers paraded around the building telling GE recruiters to get off the campus. Campus police guarded the main entrances to the Placement Center, but the protest took place without major incident.

But perhaps even more effective in preventing GE from recruiting were the earlier activities of some unknown person or persons who calmly flipped a tear-gas cannister into the Placement Center offices a few hours before the demonstrators made their appearance. Campus police had set up a compressor type fan in the hopes of airing out the building, but the going was slow as the machine sputtered and coughed out the tear-gas fumes. Every once in a while someone would come trudging out of the building wiping their eyes, which testified to the fact that the tear-gasser or gassers had done their work well.

Strikers are in need of money

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The Homosexual Liberation Movement

WHAT DIRECTION



by the Rt. Rev. Michael Francis Itkin, B.L.C.

At the November 15th March for Peace a clear division in the ranks of the Homosexual Liberation Movement as represented by the Committee for Homosexual Freedom, the Gay Liberation Theatre, the Gay Liberation Front and some other groups became clear to all during the rally at the Polo Grounds when, during the speech of David Hilliard of the Black Panther Party, disension broke out when some of our members, among them the author of this article and some others under our banner, joined pacifists in shouting down David Hilliard's speech with our cries of "Peace, Now!" while others showed their support of his statements with clenched-fist salutes and their cries of enthusiasm.

This division in our ranks is certainly not anything new, and stems from our long-standing refusal or inability as a group to come to a principled position on anything other than the issue of our immediate concern: Homosexual Freedom.

That lack of a clear position on any other matters affecting that which is loosely called "The Movement" these days is, perhaps, as much our strength as it is our weakness and, as such, the actions of the differing factions on November 15th would not call for any special notice save for one ex-

tremely unpleasant incident following that. It seems that some persons were so upset by our obvious and real lack of unity on some issues other than Homosexual Liberation, and obviously on the necessity of ending the war in Vietnam since we were at an Anti-War rally when the incident occurred, that the following day, Sunday the 16th of November, they sought to try me and the position I represent in absentia (I having been unable to attend that night's meeting). There was an attempt to turn that meeting into a kangaroo court and to get the actions growing from my position (and that of some of the others who participated with me) of revolutionary nonviolence and a libertarian socialist-anarchist view of society censured by the entire group.

Although the attempt failed, this brings into focus several questions that have long plagued the Committee for Homosexual Freedom as well as many parts of the "New Left". They are questions that it seems every new part of the Movement must face, sooner or later, and from the answers to these questions there may be determined the future of any such part of the Movement.

I will attempt to go into these questions, but briefly:

1. DECENTRALISM vs. "DEMOCRATIC CENTRALISM" Is CHF to continue allowing, as we have from our inception, personal auto-

mony to all members in regard to principled positions or, on the contrary, is CHF to adopt a set policy on issues other than Homosexual Liberation, and if such a position is adopted are members expected to conform to that position in public and reserve any disagreement with it to closed meetings in order to present a face of "revolutionary unity?"

It is my contention that the former of these perspectives, that of decentralism and personal autonomy, is the only perspective that can ensure not only our growth as a movement but our strength, insofar as what we are demanding, basically, is the right to personal freedom and autonomy in matters of sexual choice. To be realistic, then, we must acknowledge and grant this same personal autonomy and freedom in matters of socio-political thought.

CHF at present has among its members many who have not come to any particular socio-economic or political philosophy. While the majority of our members who do adhere to any political label would, undoubtedly, call themselves socialists, I know personally of at least a few members who believe that capitalism should continue in some modified form. Although that position makes no sense whatsoever to me, I must grant their right to hold to it. Of the socialists in our midst, I dare say we have represented every shade of Marxism from the various shades of Trotskyites, Maoists, Stalinists and bureaucratic centralists to the several shades of Non-Marxist Democratic Socialist and several types of Libertarian Socialist-Anarchist.

I, personally, will openly and at any time grant my adherence to a Libertarian Socialist-Anarchist Communitarian orientation tracing far more heavily to Kropotkin, Tolstoy, Malatesta, Jung, Reich, Paul Goodman, and most of all to the Gospels, than to any of the various schools of Marxists...and I know of others sharing this basic viewpoint with differences. But I would not want our viewpoint to become the fulcrum of CHF any more than I would wish our

perspective to be submerged in what we can only consider muddy-thinking, obscuratist, 19th century Marxist polemics.

2. NONVIOLENCE vs. VIOLENCE. There are, it would seem, about an equal number of CHF members who are dedicated to absolute nonviolence, not merely as tactic but as the only truly "revolutionary" or "defensive" violence. Between these two extremes, there would seem to be a much larger group which holds to tactical nonviolence but which has made no commitment to it as a philosophical stance and an even larger group which has come to no conclusions in this area as yet.

If we maintain a decentralist stance, each of the groups which does hold to a principled position in this area is free to try to win those of the two larger groups.

Again, almost as much as the decentralists vs. centralist question, this question of nonviolence vs. violence is reflected in the events of November 15th and those growing from it.

3. COMMUNITY OF LOVE vs. "VANGUARD PARTY" This is very much related to question #1 above. The decentralists among us hold that the transformation of persons and of their communities is the means of the revolution while the centralists hold to the theory of a "vanguard party." The differences between us on this issue are reflected in our relations to other parts of the movement and where we turn for our support.

While the decentralists among us can and do support Blackpower and Chicano power, even as we call for Gay power for ourselves, by this we do not mean a power over other people but that power over our own lives which we receive, personally and in our community, as we grow in the consciousness of our heritage and our own human dignity. The centralists, on the other hand, support such structures as the Black Panther Party and the Weathermen, which we cannot but view as elitist in their insistence that they are the vanguard of the revolution.

The decentralists know, every bit as well as the centralists, that for our demands for Homosexual Liberation as part of all human liberation to succeed, we must have the support of the Black community and other oppressed peoples as well. We differ with the centralists in their evaluation of such groups as the Black Panthers as being true spokesmen for the entire Black community. Far too many of us have worked, and continue to work, with Black revolutionaries who hold a diff-

erent philosophy than the Panthers and who do not share their elitist pretensions of being the "vanguard" -- pretensions which enable them to utilize anti-Homosexual "humor" in their cartoons (see their reference to "... the two aging sissies, Mickey (Reagan) and J. Edgar Hog (Hoover)" in a recent comic strip) and which enabled them to drastically slur and affront our sisters of Women's Liberation at the Anti-Fascist Conference this past summer.

However, those who seek the support of the Panthers are a part of CHF as well as those who do not seek that support but might seek it from some other groups such as SCLC instead; and both should be allowed to remain in CHF and the Homosexual Liberation Movement.

All of these questions relate both to the direction in which the Homosexual Liberation Movement is to go, and to the hassle and attempted kangaroo court growing out of our actions on November 15th.

It is obvious that those of us who hold to the principles of revolutionary nonviolence and the building of a community of love on decentralist lines could not, in any way, support David Hilliard when, under the pretense of speaking for peace he called for violence, when under the pretense of speaking for peace he spoke against the peace movement (like a left-wing Spiro Agnew), when under the pretense of speaking for peace he attempted to have the anthem of his political party (vanguard or not) imposed on us as the anthem of the entire Movement that day. We cannot see that violence, in any man's hand, is any less violent. When a man is murdered, regardless of the polemics surrounding that murder, another human being is dead without consideration of color, class, nation or politics. When a man is helped to become a transformed and liberated human being, he then aids in the revolution. As such, in our consciences we had no choice but to protest his speech as we did.

Simultaneously, those who supported his speech, who are our brothers and sisters in the Homosexual Liberation Movement in spite of these differences, did correctly by their consciences in their actions supporting his speech.

CHF must have room for both perspectives if it is to survive as a viable force.

On the three questions, however, we must make our stand clear: Centralists control (whether called democratic or not) begets bureaucracy; violence begets violence; vanguard theories beget elitism. CHF is at a cross-roads -- which way will we turn?

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record review

by Wayne Robins

From this week's flood of albums come a few disappointing second LP's by some promising performers, a pleasant surprise from a talented newcomer, an outstanding blues album by one of the greatest, and the Modern Jazz Quartet on Apple.

"Suite Feeling" by Lighthouse, the fourteen piece bundle of electric ennuï headed by ex-Pauper and Kooper-Bloomfield companion Skip Prokop, is a drag. The concept to go beyond big band rock, jazz, classical, you name it, and come out with something decent, proved too unwieldy, too out for the band to pull off.

The compositions, all but two by Prokop and co-producer and keyboard man Paul Holfert, are nondescript for the most part. Any good moments are weighted down by long stretches of orchestral boredom. The group is too bulky to do a proper job with the Band's "Chest Fever", though there are some fair moments here. The Beatles "A Day in the Life" starts okay, but when they get into "woke up, got outa bed..." they lose whatever they had, and seem to fall off some cliff, and the song never gets back together.

As for the originals, "Feel So Good" sounds like early Gary Lewis on a big band trip. "Eight Loaves of Bread," "Taking a Walk" and the aptly titled "What Sense"

are remarkable for their lack of anything to offer.

The strongest cut on the album, an almost eleven minute tour de force endlessly titled "Places on Faces Four Blue Carpet Traces". It is really pretty good, and gives one a taste of what Lighthouse could be. It starts with a thrust of Blood, Sweat and Tears style horns, with an interesting tenor soloist. The song mellows down, featuring excellent vibes work by Holfert, an average drum solo by Prokop, set off by the Lighthouse strings, which include 2 violins, a viola and 2 cellos.

They can't hold up as well in the shorter compositions at all, and the vocals, except on "Chest Fever", are dull. It seems time for these musicians to move into whatever they feel like doing, be it classical music, jazz, or rock. As a rock 'n roll orchestra -- it just doesn't seem to be working.

Delaney and Bonnie don't sound like anybody else in particular, though they sound like a lot of people in general. They are white southerners (Delaney grew up in a 150 year old log cabin in Pontotoc, Mississippi) and on their second LP on Star, "Home", they are doing pure Memphis revue, Stax-Volt soul music. This is too bad. While there is no denying that they both have soul, their musical roots and talents don't put them in the bracket they're competing in, which includes folks like Sam and Dave, Carla Tho-

mas, Otis Redding, Eddie Floyd and the rest of the people that made "Memphis" a brand name.

One of the problems here is material. Their own composition "It's Been A Long Time Coming," and Steve Cropper and Eddie Floyd's "Things Get Better," are both full of fine, exuberant soul, and each leads off a side. The rest of the songs sound like a collection of Hayes-Porter throw-aways, stereotyped, overused formula songs that weren't good enough for any of the Memphis stars. They can't touch William Bell's version of "Everybody Loves a Winner", which Bell copenned with Booker T. Jones; and though Bonnie gives a solid if unspectacular showing on "Piece of My Heart", she can't match Irma Thomas' original or Janis Joplin's. When they perform as a soul duo they are also no match for any of the real pairs: Chuck Jackson and Maxine Brown, Otis and Carla, Marvin and Tammi.

Delaney and Bonnie are really better than all this sounds. It's just that when you're on Stax records, with Booker T and the MG's and/or the Barkays backing you up, and Duck Dunn of the MG's is producing, and you're using Memphis studio songwriters, there's no way to avoid comparison with their best artists. If Delaney and Bonnie had been together when white southern boys were making their own "soul" music -- cats like Buddy Holly, Gene Vincent, Jerry Lee Lewis,

Elvis -- then they might have taken the hint and become just as well known. They'll never make it as black -- they ain't -- and until they get into their own trip, they're gonna be standing in the shadows.

On "It's So Hard to Tell Who's Going to Love You the Best", (Capitol), Fred Neil discovery Karen Dalton shows a natural understanding of the dynamics of woman's blues. She would have a totally unique style and sound that would make her famous overnight had Billie Holiday never existed. In spite of an often too overt debt to Lady Day, Karen uses her voice and guitar to take us pleasantly through rainy Monday afternoons or sadly through drunk and lonely Saturday nights. She is strong and unpolished in just the right, bluesy way, sometimes reminiscent of Dave Wolfert of Madison's Snuffy Jo Band when they do "God Bless the Child."

Karen is an interpreter, grooving her way from Neil's "Blues on the Ceiling" and "Little Bit of Rain", to Tim Hardin's wistful, "How Did the Feeling Feel to You", pumping through Jelly Roll Morton's "Sweet Substitute" and Leadbelly's classic "Don't You Follow Me Down". She accompanies herself on banjo and 12 string and is quietly complimented by a four piece group featuring Harvey Brooks on bass. All in all, it's easy, light, and effective. You might like her.

Lightning! you're definitely gonna dig the hell out of, Lightning Hopkin's newest, a double album on Popy records, is a beauty from cover art to the label on the record, right on through "Its Better Down the Road," the last cut on side four. Wait till you hear "Hold Up Your Hand", "What'd I Say", "Baby Please Don't Go", "Mojo Hand", Wow! Recorded right here at Sierra Sound in Berkeley, just Lightning and drummer Francis Clay. Low down. His guitar playing is unbelievable, finger pickin' good, the vocals, full of Lightning, Yeah. What else can I say? Lightnin' never sounded better. And that's mighty good.

The Modern Jazz Quartet has been a long time too, and at the very least they're dependable. In their second outing on Apple, called "Space", they pull few surprises but should please anybody who digs gentle, tenderly cared for jazz. They experiment a little with feedback on John Lewis' "Visitor from Venus", but when you've been playing together, as pianist Lewis, vibist Milt Jackson, drummer Connie Kay and bassman Percy Heath have, for well over a decade, you know what you're doing, and have a keen sense of what your limits are. MJQ is blue chip jazz, a safe investment. And is really nice to come down with, or get high with, or for making love or falling out. Goodnight.

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easy rider & The Sterile Cuckoo

Voyages of discovery usually begin in the East and head toward the West. In EASY RIDER such a voyage begins in L.A. and heads east. With all geographical frontiers eliminated, the protagonists are left only the inner world—the realm of experience — to explore. EASY RIDER records the impressions of two young men as they encounter America from the vantage point of alienation.

At the beginning we look at a lazy CANTINA in Mexico. Two motorcycles pull up and the SIESTA is interrupted. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper score a large quantity of crystal meth in one of the friendliest drug deals ever. They take it back to L.A. and sell it to Phil Spector, who meets them outside the airport in his Rolls. Then we hear Steppenwolf singing Hoyt Axton's "The Pusher."

Fonda corks up the bread in a plastic tube and places it inside the star-spangled gas tank of his Captain America cycle. He checks his watch for the last time and leaves it lying on the desert floor. The two set out on their newly customized choppers while Steppenwolf sings "Born to Be Wild."

EASY RIDER maintains a steady pace throughout as it follows the exploits of its two characters. It was written by Fonda and Hopper together with Terry Southern. Hopper also directed the film, and his performance as Fonda's uptight companion is superb. He combines a blundering bewilderment with an always-stoned paranoia.

Fonda attempts to portray captain America with a blend of saintly serenity and driving wanderlust. He is quiet and sensitive, but always feels the impulse to keep moving. The performance is always understated, and doesn't quite come off.

A humorous and compelling portrayal is given by Jack Nicholson. He plays a young civil liberties lawyer who gets the two bikers out of jail in a small Texas town. He joins the two on their journey to Mardi Gras, seeking redemption from his alcoholism and the constraints of hick America. Fonda introduces him to marijuana, and what follows is one of film's greatest stoned raps. He tells Hopper about his experience with UFO's — "Down in Mexico we saw 20 of them flying in formation." Hopper is incredulous but mystified. It is a reminder that hallucinations are not the sole property of turned-on youth.

In New Mexico, the two Dharma bums stop at a mesa-top commune. It is hard to distinguish the life style of the people there from that of the pueblo dwellers who originally inhabited the area. It is as though the vanishing American had returned in the sons and daughters of the white conquerors as Leslie Fieldler suggests. All the problems of communal life are presented realistically, from crop raising to internal jealousy.

The music is good throughout the movie. Besides Steppenwolf we hear the Band, Hendrix, the Byrds, and the Holy Modal Rounders. Roger McGuinn sings Dylans' "It's All Right Ma," but unfortunately rushed through it, not giving it justice.

Fonda and Hopper pick up a couple of prostitutes during Mardi Gras and drop some acid with them in a New Orleans cemetery. Their trips turn out to be authentic bummers — squalid neon reflected in a puddle of tears. A girl's voice repeats the Apostle's Creed — the articles of the Catholic faith. The chicks freak out and Fonda ends up hugging a statue and crying. No flashy gimmicks are used to portray the psychedelic experience, only a steady series of shots that show us the grit and dinginess of the character's confrontation with life.

Apparently only Hopper enjoys himself on the trip. After the two have left New Orleans and crossed the river into Mississippi, he tells Fonda, "You know Wyatt, we made it." "No," says Fonda, "We blew it."

One fault of EASY RIDER is that it repeatedly casts the southern redneck in the role of the villain. Fonda, Hopper, and Nicholson all meet their death at the hands of poor whites. This exploitation of Falknerian terror adds little to a statement about American life at this time. During the civil rights movement it was comfortable to regard the Southern white as the enemy. Today we know that violence and bigotry are not confined to any one region of the country.

EASY RIDER is not an advertisement. It does not try to dazzle or seduce you. It is intense and honest in its portrayal of hippie lifestyles, never sensational. Dennis Hopper has directed an impressive first picture.

THE STERILE CUCKOO is unquestionably the biggest drag of the year. It is an attempt to portray the awkwardness of youth's encounter with sex a la THE GRADUATE. It is sentimental and insipid.

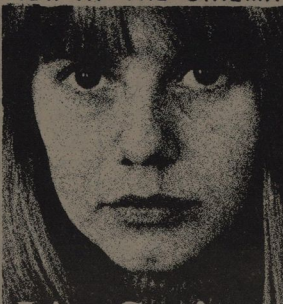
Liza Minelli plays the girl — pathetic and alienated. She meets Wendell Burton on a bus as they are both on their way to separate small colleges in New England. She irritates him and urgently coaxes him into having an affair. This is shown against green, idyllic landscapes, complete with the Sandpipers singing the gum-drop love song, "Come Saturday Morning."

College life is presented with goldfish — swallowing wholesomeness. The realities presented certainly don't belong to the present — perhaps they represent the placid fifties to which the Nixon people long to return. THE STERILE CUCKOO is a movie for Spiro Agnew and the "silent majority".

Already, talk is heard about an oscar for Liza Minelli. Apparently, traditional bad taste is reasserting itself in Hollywood. THE STERILE CUCKOO is a very sterile film.

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SEXUAL FASCISM at delta air lines

SEXUAL FASCISM AT DELTA AIR LINES.....

by the Rt. Rev. Michael Francis Itkin, B.L.C.

Gary Weinberg is an attractive young man who can easily, to all appearances, be taken for a college student who would meet the standardized dreams of any parent in middle-class America. Gary Weinberg is short-haired, clean shaven, respectfully dressed and a San Francisco property owner. In no way does he come across as being at all "disreputable"; but Gary Weinberg is homosexual.

On Thursday, November 13th, Gary was at the airport to catch the 1:00 AM night flight to Dallas, to visit his father for the first time since he had suffered a heart attack. He was travelling at half-fare, his sister-in-law being a stewardess for Delta and he travelling on her husband's pass.

As usual, at that hour, the airport was almost deserted and the flight was less than half full.

Gary arrived at the airport, having just gotten a hair-cut, shaven and his nails cleaned, wearing a sports jacket and sandals...on the sports jacket lapel he was wearing the "Homosexuals for Peace" button which we had printed up for the Committee for Homosexual Freedom. When he arrived at his flight, Gary was told that he could not board the plane because he was wearing sandals and that sandals were against Delta policy.

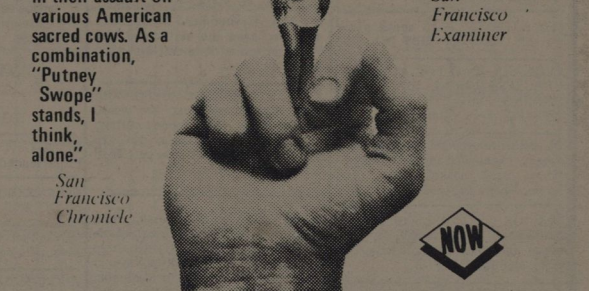
The next day, Friday the 14th, he checked this with the Delta brass. Mel George, the Sales Representative at Delta's San Francisco branch told him, "Sandals alone would not preclude us from boarding someone." The following week, Mr. Hyde (Mel George's superior) told Gary that the reason he was not allowed to board was "due to appearance and grooming." This was after Delta had their own investigation of the matter (reminiscent of the police department's investigations of charges against officers).

Considering his extremely respectable appearance and all of that general air of "regularity" which Gary exudes, he is undoubtedly right in his conclusion that the reason he was refused permission to board the flight after he had his ticket was due to his wearing his "Homosexuals for Peace" pin and for no other reason. After all, Delta must "reason," we can't have these "deviants," these "perverts" on board our planes. Think of our reputation — and besides, who knows what they might do. They might even hi-jack the plane...but the question would be, of course, to what place. Delta's type of sexual fascism is prevalent throughout the world.

The American Civil Liberties Union is handling Gary's case in court against Delta. Mr. Bessing at ACLU is the attorney in the case. Gary will win. The fascist cultural oppression of our people will end.

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San Francisco Magazine

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San Francisco Chronicle



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JOANNE HART

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JOE, sexy hung Italian stud, Tan, 23, very muscular, over-sexed, vers., ACTION LINE 415-387-7334

HANDSOME MALE MODEL INTELLIGENT EXPERIENCED. MAC 431-0791

HAWAII ---- 2 BI-STUDS BOTH GOOD LOOKS & BODS HEAVY HEAVY HUNG 923-5066

HIP MALE GOOD LOOKING 160lb, 6' Brwn Hair Dbl Sagitt call any time for satisfaction Skid 626-9654

LOOKING FOR THE ULTIMATE CHRISTMAS GIFT? TRY A MALE COLLEGIATE MODEL ----- SANTA DOES CALL 776-2009 ----- ANYTIME

CLIFF and DAVID Two Hip Studs, young and hung, available for modeling. 861-8071

CHICAGO BOUND Male Models versatile hung pose for \$ willing to work - Pad available Meet people. Write B. Gielis 509 Wrightwood, Chicago Ill. 60614.

IS YOUR CHRISTMAS STOCKING HUNG? OUR MALE COLLEGIATE MODELS ARE 776-2009-Anytime

EDOUARD, Handsome Butch Male Model Anytime anywhere 771-5136

S.F.'S TOP MALE MODELS ARE: DON 863-4816 or 863-3331 MAC 431-0791 ALAN 861-8643 BRIEN 863-3331

"HONESTY PAYS" MERRY CHRISTMAS ...

EXCEPTIONALLY ENDOWED Model available Masc. & Vers. Specializing in Leather & Wstrn. Call DON 863-4816 or 863-3331

IF YOU GET INTO SANTA'S BAG YOU'LL FIND A MALE COLLEGIATE MODEL 776-2009 Anytime.

TWO beautiful white female impersonators will model 771-5136

MALE MODEL - Masculine Versatile Active Gene 282-2283

MUSCLEMAN For uniq nude gay act. Travel world. Any race. Good pay. Must be w/ bit end, yrs, attr, etc. Will hit Dec SF. Tour STRT Feb If def quality send full revu, pic, tel, det, POB 69527, LA 69

ANYTHING ANYPLACE Bi-Male stud model athletic, muscular body, good looks, really hung and versatile, 474-9496.

NORRIS 22 long brown hair masc. 849-3189 (5-6 PM.)

ROBUST RODGER 24 yrs, 30w, 46c Brwn hair, Good Looking STUD Well-hung, Eves & wknds 992-8856

MODELS needed for nude films. Girls or girls w/boys. Clean cut models only. 474-8882, 431-5550. San Francisco, Calif.

MALE MODEL 6'1", 165 lb, blond Ood hours OK, Hip, friendly, nice body. 826-7314.

ACTION LINE PRESENTS IN THE SAN FRANCISCO AREA

JEFF is back, '69-70 Mr. Carnival, 23, 6'2, 175 lbs, black hair blue eyes, smooth muscular body, tan, versatile, well endowed. At ACTION LINE 387-7334 call now.

CHRIS, muscular masculine male. 22, 5'11, 155 lbs, blue eyes, vers. endowed wild. ACTION LINE 387-7334.

TOM, a smooth bodied young boxer. 5'10, 170 lbs, lt. brn. hair, hazel eyes, wild action. Call TOM at ACTION LINE 387-7334 Open Now

ROY, muscular well endowed young black model. 5'7, 145 lbs, vers. w/3. ACTION LINE 387-7334.

PRINCE, handsome new athletic model. 5'9, lt. brn. hair, hazel eyes, smooth muscular body. Call ACTION LINE 387-7334 open 24 hr

RICH, sexy Spanish model, very well endowed. 5'11, 145 lbs, brn. hair & eyes, smooth muscular, vers. ACTION LINE 387-7334.

NUDE DAVID, outstanding 22 yr old muscular track star. 6'3, blond, blue eyed Hunk of male. ACTION LINE 387-7334 Call now.

BRUCE, well endowed sex fiend. 23, 5'10, 150 lbs, curly brn hr. brn. eyes, tan, masculine western body. ACTION LINE 387-7334 Wild

TEX, heavy muscled Texas stud, 21 6'2", 190 lbs, brn. hair & eyes. Hot wild weight lifter. ACTION LINE 415-387-7334 Open 24 hrs.

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ANYTHING ANYPLACE Bi-Male stud model athletic, muscular body, good looks, really hung and versatile, 474-9496.

NORRIS 22 long brown hair masc. 849-3189 (5-6 PM.)

ROBUST RODGER 24 yrs, 30w, 46c Brwn hair, Good Looking STUD Well-hung, Eves & wknds 992-8856

MODELS needed for nude films. Girls or girls w/boys. Clean cut models only. 474-8882, 431-5550. San Francisco, Calif.

MALE MODEL 6'1", 165 lb, blond Ood hours OK, Hip, friendly, nice body. 826-7314.

MODELS INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE 441-7547

J. BRIAN, the new manager now personally selecting and training top models for the demands of our clientel. Call now for the best; Bonded and Certified boys.

BILL, 1st ad for this muscular young STUD. Muscles, definition and hung, hung, hung. Smooth at 5'9", 145 lbs, brown hair and blue eyes, 29" waist 44" chest

ROB, another new MIC star, 5'6" 135 lbs of youthful masculinity, tight, light muscular body, hairy chested, very hung, versatile and ready now for your appointment.

KIP, tops in popularity, young solid, muscular and super hung versatile and masculine, 22 yrs 5'9" 150 lbs, 40" chest 29" waist

RICKY, youthful weightlifter and surfer, smooth and solid, a big blond six footer, 172 lbs, 42" chest, 31" waist, 13" arms & tan

MIKEL, you've seen him in the gay skin fcks, now have him yourself from MIC, 6', 165 lbs versatile, hung and talented.

MATT, meet this muscular, hairy chested Italian, endowed and most versatile, 21 yrs, 5'9" 150 lbs of dark, masculine sexiness.

LANCE, our tall lanky smooth youth. Versatile and boyish at 6'4", 150 lbs, blond hair and hazel eyes. Available anytime.

JAMES, muscular Negro model, tall handsome, smooth & versatile 6'1" 165 lbs and the most hung yet. Call this 21 yr old NOW!!!

LIN, the beauty of the Orient and delicate masculinity in one. This 21 year old EURASIAN is 5'7" 120 lbs, versatile and willing.

ZETO, A taste of China in your home. Slender and passive, our own young Oriental delicacy is a smooth 5'7" 130 lbs at 21 yrs.

DAVID, fantastically hung, 5'6" 160 lbs muscular new NEGRO model 21 yrs, versatile and talented, outstanding & only from MIC.

FOR A COMPLETE LISTING OF M.I.C. MODELS CALL 441-7547 AND REQUEST OUR ILLUSTRATED FREE "SCOOP NEWS" or pick up a copy at the net Ditto Bookstore, 1476 California Street

*SCORPIO CLUB MEMBERS ask about your special discount

M.I.C. is now hiring new models, no experience needed, must be young, clean-cut, attractive; Top pay and benefits. J. Brian 441-7547.

GIRLS WILL MODEL in nude for still photography; Call 567-6887 before 10 P.M.

ACTION LINE presents their offices in: *****PALO ALTO***** **SANTA CRUZ**CARMEL*BY*THE*SEA**ANYTIME ACTION LINE 415-387-7334

AL, endowed young Italian. Tan, 21, 5'10, 160 lbs, brn. hair, hazel eyes, smooth muscular body. ACTION LINE 387-7334 open 24 hr

CRAIG, new young blond model, 6', 170 lbs, blue eyes, fair skin, wild endowed, vers. ACTION LINE 415-387-7334 Now open 24 hrs.

BIG AL, heavily endowed young black model, 23, 6'2, 190 lbs, hot, vers. ACTION LINE 387-7334

Christmas gift suggestion from ACTION LINE, for those hard to buy for friends. GIVE HIM A WILD MODEL. Call Action Line 387-7334

MICHAEL, young muscular gymnast, 5'6, 142 lbs, lt brn hair, wild Michael will be in New York, Atlanta and Chicago the week of December 1st and December 7th Call ACTION LINE 415-387-7334

BUCKY, this wild ex-marine is back. 5'11", 155 lbs, lt. brn. hair, blue eyes, smooth, vers. Unbelievably endowed. Call ACTION LINE 387-7334 open 24 hrs.

MALE model, tall very hung!! Goodlooking! Avail. Eves & wknds. Independent stud who satisfies! Call for the Best Dell 824-3343

WHO SAYS A TOP MODEL COSTS MORE? Try me!! 27, Goodlooking, masc. stud I well-hung, will travel, & will swing! Randy! 824-5343

ROD, smooth clean-cut collegiate model. Blue eyes, dark hair, 5-11 145. Handsome, well-endowed, & friendly. 989-0622

MALE MODEL Well Built Clean Versatile Experienced 931-6138

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PEGGY IMPORTS NEW PURPLE, ROYAL BLUE, BROWN CHOCOLATE, COCOA, GOLD BEIGE, RUST, MUSTARD

Fringe Jackets\$30-40 Fringe Vests\$15-25 Floppy Hats\$6.00 Mod Watch Bands\$2.00 Leather Hats\$8.00 Suede Pouches\$1.00 Suede Coin Purses\$1.50 Suede Headbands\$1.50 Fringe Mini Dresses\$30.00 Suede Fringe Poncho\$25.00 Large Fringe Bags\$5-7 Suede & Leather Belts\$2-3

ALSO 1500 USED LEATHER & SUEDE & FUR COATS AND JACKETS 159 COLUMBUS AVE. (NEAR PACIFIC) SAN FRANCISCO

HOURS 11:00 AM - 5:30 PM WE UNDERSELL EVERYBODY THE GROOVIE STORE IN THE WORLD

TELEPHONE 981-5176

QUALITY wise and tother wise the male deck of cards that is now on sale for \$5.00 at "Le Salon" is the best ever put out says the friendly old Frenchman at "Le Saion"

The Supermarket of Risque Books Open 7 days 9 a.m. till midnight 1118 Polk S. Francisco

MODERN DANCER, female, looking for performing group that is into very personal, spontaneous and real movement. Not interested in ballet, sexually oriented trips, or "sophisticated" choreography. Responding sensitively & powerfully to music, other beings, & inner vibrations is the type of dancing I find meaningful. Call me if you know of a group which might be tuned in to this type of work. Janet 654-4191.

BECOME A RABBI ?? This year. Receive your degree. For info: Yeshiva Hadassa PO Box 4947 San Francisco

INDIVIDUALIZED FINE ART portrait figures 653-9707 or 834-9630 4125 Piedmont Ave. Oak.

KARATE SELF-DEFENSE I MON, 7 PM. FR. 8 PM 1353 FINE ST WALNUT CREEK John Egan 549-2542

CRAFTSMAN to rent booth for weekend craft fair before Xmas. Call 893-9427 for info.

PEACE BLANKETS! Wool handloomed Oaxacan peace blankets 3 styles 36" x 65" info: Tob's Textiles, Box 544, Sunland, Calif. 91040

HATHA YOGA MON, 8:30 THURS 8 PM 1363 Pine Street Walnut Creek Tel. John Egan 549-2542 JOHN NOW

music

GUITAR LESSONS BEG-INTER. Blues Rock Folk RON 861-8849

FOR RENT - Rehearsal spaces for Rock bands, come and do your thing Sausalito - play as loud as you want, 10 p.m. curfew Call 332-4766 if no answer leave message.

TABLAS, SINGER, BASS to play with guitarist to electric group. Improvised music. Also, blues, folk, rock. Box 59 Lafayette.

GROOVY CHORUS

MONLY ISN'T EVERYTHING but what with inflation and old age creeping in, I can't get a thing in bed without it says the Friendly Old Frenchman at "Le Salon" The Supermarket of Risque Books Open 7 days 9 a.m. till midnight 1118 Polk St., Francisco 673-4492

SEXUAL INTERCOURSE FILMS wanted 8 MM I&W or color artful and tastefully done. Instructional purpose sound sample & prices or will preview your place consulting suite 21203 Forest Ave San Jose 95128.

STEAM BATH "GROOVY" MEN only now open "7" days a week student rates pvt rooms, Call 325-9121 1205 Bayshore Rd, Palo Alto E.

WOMAN with two small children needs a miracle this holiday season. She's broke and there will be no Santa for the kids. Be beautiful... help by sending a doll, truck or game to PO Box 15081, San Francisco 94115, California.

people

LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL MY soul wanders in this desert world. There is no warmth, no comfort; there is only emptiness. There is only loneliness prolonged, agonizing, and unrelieved. They sit in pairs by the fire and wonder at the mad man howling at the night. When my anguish sleeps and walk toward them with a smile they call me a wise man, a prophet. But love and honesty are not worshipped by this strange race. They are afraid - afraid of you, Love! Take my soul, I let me return to the higher regions. I am tired and beaten. Pluck me from this Hell. Or if there is a girl as lonely as I am let her write to me so that we may replenish and fulfill each other. Fritz Wedgemann, General Delivery, S.F.

ATTR, YOUNG MAN 30, gentle and effective wish meet/create with sensitive gal, 333-3300.

BORED WIVES! Can you have him any more? For discreet sex in SF aft 5 PM 771-0356

COUPLE from S.F. seek same to visit us. Want lovingness and brains. WO 13163 Reno.

NEW TASTE & AROMA IN POT LOOK UNDER MAIL ORDER.

SENSITIVE, Submissive man seeks dominant woman for bondage, discipline & enlightenment. Jon 526-9437 (no men)

FATHER with two kids needs English speaking lovely being to assume wifely duties, house work, etc. Incls. ev. deal with a drink. Live in or out, \$2,000 an hour, 2-6 PM M-F 586-9900

ADULT MOVIES BY APP, FOR SINGLES OR COUPLES 776-8522

MOVIES BY APPT 333-3000 10-5 aft 5 822-2289 Party Rates Too

PARTY PAD WANTED-very nice, private & large. Van 863-5888.

MARRIED WOMEN to 50, LONELY CALL JOHN 654-3328, Discreet, Tue, 6-4 230. After 5 p.m. Sat-Sun 9-9.

ATR, INTEL, EXP, AWARE male seeks very attr FEMALE, 18-30, who digs sexual SUBMISSION, NO males, or couples. Sincere only 921-4470.

EROTIC COUPLES - Swingers wkly rendezvous - How-Where-When to swing, 863-5887.

ATTR, YNG GAY - seeking friends 18-25 in San Jose area send photo & photo if poss. to Chuck Box 216 Agnew Station Santa Clara Calif.

FILM, ADULT - 776-4740

YOUNG BOY wanted by male 35 live in. Love, care, security. Quiet and liberal. SF 346-7358.

MALE, 31, Seeks non bar oriented person, 20's, who maybe shy, and would usually hesitate to reply to ads. P.O. Box 31041.

HOW CAN SEX be dirty? With a clean tongue like I have asks the Friendly Old Frenchman at "Le Salon"

The Supermarket of Risque Books Open 7 days 9 a.m. till midnight 1118 Polk St., Francisco 673-4492

SLAVEBOY wanted by two good looking young studs. Must be butch Not over 27. Write Pat P.O. Box 4504 SF 94101 NOW

TOTAL INTRA-GROUP LOVE plus group sex equals group marriage! Ohio couple & SF man seek gal 18-40, no swingers: 861-2443.

STUDS - DARE to be farou! Wow male 23 gdlk, wants to do your thing. Send photo of your thing to POB 5228 San Francisco 94101

DIRTY - MINDFUL, Pre-maturely gray, swinging male desires experienced, well rounded, over 30, carefree female relationship. Call Jim (408)265-3637 after 7tr/photo J. West 1792 Bradford Wy, (Apt 10) San Jose CA 95124.

FORWARD ACTION W/M seeks 2 bkwd action gals for Greek/I ranch sex play. BI OK, 485-9325 after 1 p.m. Mon/Tues Fresno area.

MASC. GUY - GOOD LOOKING 5'10", blue eyes, Lt. br. hair, nice build, 28, coll., bldg., const. wk., Likes outdoors - skiing, hiking etc. Would like to meet similar type guy 22128, Phone (415) 931-5591 S.F., days or eve.

2 BLACKMEN to meet women Handsome. Call 524-3712 LEN.

LUROR 45'6" Disting. versat. seeks attr. girl for music lit. dance and intim. relation. No men or wiersdos. 368-7822

ATTRACTIVE PROF British Lady late 30's wishes to meet white attractive educated man to mid 40's for charming relationship. Call 732-6605 4 pm to 6 pm or after 10 pm all day Sat and Sun. No vulgar calls.

25 YR WHITE BUTCH 170# 6'2" HANDSOME, GROOVY, SEEKS BLACK MUSCLEMAN FOR TURN-ONS. 652-6861

ATT FEMMES: Yng Black Man, 6' 180 lbs, congenial, personable, understanding, teacher's, seeks warm female mother and daughter, sisters, bi-girls. Foreign born, welcomed, age or marital status unimportant, very discreet, Call anytime 931-6874 Bill.

MALE, SENS'L, Attract. Mature, Educ, Physical desires woman 28-38 attr. slim erotic for serious ritnshp/poss perm. Lux apt. etc. Call Will 921-2859 S.F.

ATTN: MALE BOD LOVERS, Beautiful Professional Nude Male physique "Sexy Stretches" To your specifications. Send photo and/or description of subject for a 9x12 "Sexy Stretch" (or Xmas, Birthday, Postcards etc.) Ideal for gifts or your own collection. Send \$3 for "Sexy Stretch" or \$1 for sample and price list. G.W.L., General Delivery Sausalito.

INTELLECTUAL DISCUSSION sought with readers of Eglinton, Drake, et al. Hoffman, c/o Halfway, 2154 Market, SF.

I WILL PHOTO, & DEVELOP MOVIES OF YOUR ORGY OR 7 776-8522 MODELS AVAILABLE

ATTR: TURNED ON TRO who met through previous BARB ad anxious to include other turned on women and 33 couples in our group for swinging, partying and "Doing our thing." Leave your hangups behind and come join us! Will consider only discreet, better people. No single men - 435-3702.

Can the M.A.F.I.A. benefit you? Why not join and find out. Send \$5.00 to V.C.E., Box 11065, Oakland, Calif. (also ph. number)

NEGRO MALE 35 Seeks female for groovy times together. Write Joe PO Box 15371-S.F. 94115

THIS PROF. MAN, MID-30's, seeks warm attractive married East-Bay woman with an appetite for masculine attention. Discretion assured, Eric, c/o HALF-WAY, 2154 Market St., S.F.

TRAVEL California, Arizona, Florida, Colorado, Oregon, New York, Hawaii with me. A 50 year old bachelor with a penchant for late model Cadillacs needs an attractive lady companion who has good sense of humor likes sex is from 30-45 can play chess, swim and golf. I am 6'6" and fun. Write P.O. Box 7665, Dallas, Texas 75209

CHINESE MALE, 44, seeks female partner 25-50 for erotic play. Digs good legs. Send photo & phone to Box 2746 S.F., 94126.

GALS, HOUSEWIVES, are you lonely afternoon or eve. dates young exec. sterile needs partner for swinging excitement. I enjoy all cultures and erotic adventure Discreet sincere get together call AI 532-4212 days.

COMING THRU DENVER?? Let me do your thing for you. Let me know when you want young, horny straight males only. I give, you receive. Send pic. Write Box 822 Aurora, Colo.

YOUNG GALS - 1st TIMERS (any age) Learn "HOW" gently, safely, secretly from mature WH gentleman. POB 31208 SF 94131.

GIRLS had any lately if not try girl PO Box 6204 Southland Station Hayward CA 94545. Send photo Sincere Discreet.

TELEPHONE REFERRAL club for guys. \$5 per month 647-6618.

MINNEAPOLIS COUPLE We seek a warm, sincere girl, P.O. Box 471, Mpls, Minn. 55440

BIG MAN, LIBRA, permissive, serve b'fast in bed, massage, poetry, body care and flattery. Need mature sincere woman who requires same. Will contribute (800 mo.) income, Your Bay area home. Talky reply. No barriers, no h/ups. Bob POB 121, Folsom.

PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS CHICKS Bi or Strait for modeling or 7 Call Jim 527-1482 couples too.

ADDRESS FOR YOUR PRIVATE MAIL. For details: HALFWAY-B3 Box 26722, SF 94126. (863-1448)

MID-PENN INDOONESIAN MALE Like to meet indic. fem, for companionship that could lead to serious thoughts. Write P.O. Box 11254 Palo Alto CA 94306.

EROTIC COUPLES - SWINGERS - Wkly RENDEZVOUS, how-where-when to swing. 863-5887, Joy.

ARE YOU GAY M, 21-30, slim, smooth, shy, reserved, no drug user & smoker, want pad and guide from M 437 Write (strict confidence) full, frank detail about self, plans, interests in music, life in general. Ted Box 4131, SF, 94101.

CREATIVE ATTRACTIVE CHICAGO MASTER 34, REQUIRES CONSTANT SERVICE, APPLICANTS TO 40 WRITE: OCCUPANT PO BOX 585 EVANSTON, ILL 60201

SCORPIO MALE 29 turned on by music, ecology, encounter groups, seeks warm and friendly gal 21-30 for a lasting relationship. Write about yourself to PO Box 1105 Los Altos Calif.

I'M LOOKING FOR 1 or 2 bright good looking, turned on chicks for BUSINESS PARTNERSHIP. Requires nude private modeling. Between 12 pm & 10 pm 776-8522

VERY ATT. CPLE, LATE 20's seek cple who would like to meet with us to share mutual interest. Camp, travel, social get together etc. Sincere, wholesome cples. Must be married. New to swinging or 1st timers at swinging only! We have not swung as yet. Lking for right cple. Please send photo, phone no. to P.O. Box 1554 Los Gatos, Cal.

MAN 28 SENSITIVE and intelligent wishes to meet attractive young woman between ages 18-23 for companionship and sex. Write Nathaniel, Sta A, P.O. Box 2202 Berkeley 94702.

THINKING OF PLACING AN AD IN THE BARB? For discretion go through us. Write or call HALFWAY-A3, Box 26722, SF, 94126 Call (415)863-1448, M-F 4-7 PM.

LAS VEGAS is where I'll be in mid-Dec. Male grad stud, 23, W, slim & hung. If interest in meeting me send details & photo to Box 2381, Baltimore, Md 21201 M, F young.

ANY WOMAN MAY CALL me any time for conversation leading to friendship. Enjoy rock, classical music, dining, etc. 549-0610 Jay.

ATT, W, CPL UNDER 30 seeks Gd Lkg W BI chick to swing live in Pref but not nec Photo apprec. Det. latter nec. A, Jackson PO Box 3973 Hayward 94544.

WANTED: Att. unattached woman who is passive, responsive and who's favorite pastime is weaving a "relationship" with Mr. Right For good times, I am 30, worldly handsome, versatile, can't cook, good home, semi hip, esthere. Working girl preferred, P.O. Box 31222 San Francisco 94131

CURIOUS? Young female wanted - no matter how shy - by attractive couple - very discreet. Photo if poss. M, Miller 1009 - 14th St. Sacramento.

ATTRACTIVE COUPLE Male 34, Female 30 to meet sensitive bi-girl for warm threesome. Send photo & phone, Box 792, El Granada Calif, 94018.

ARE there other COUPLES out there who really love each other, want to share life's experiences TOGETHER, and who find as much joy in their partner's pleasure as they do their own? We'd like to meet you. Letter, phone (photo appreciated) Write: M and W, c/o HALFWAY, 2154 Market St. S.F.

BAY AREA SWINGERS There are 20,000 swingers in the Bay Area. If you are a couple, a Bi, a Gal or a Guy we have contacts for you. Send a self-addressed, stamped env. to Modern Day Swingers Club Box 322, Fremont CA 94537

MALE 39 would like to meet husky studs 30 to 40 282-4017

STUDS ALL RACES enjoying Greek love with passive male sincere only Box 8342 Emeryville Calif.

COUPLES Air out your problems about swinging and meet other couples with similar interests, background and attitudes. For individual or group counseling, groups and for couple referral-service, Call THE MODERN SEX INSTITUTE. 346-4522, 4-10 pm. Mon.-Fri.

MALE 5'10" early 40's Cau. gentle, slender & good looking. Enjoys discreet, bored women. (I've married, Rendezvous for coffee? Call, 775-4766 in S.F. 9 am-11 am (ONLY) or 9pm-11pm

WILL TEACH SELF-DEFENSE to couples 17-22 who are well bit, athletic, agile, clean-cut. Must be willing to participate strenuously in many activities, mentally and physically. If interested, write "Shihan" (a bk belter) 304 Jones St. #22 S.F. for interview aptt.

GIRLS, COUPLES, GIRLS MODELS needed by S.F. Film Comp. NO previous experience necessary. Now casting for 3 major sound flicks. Need several gals 18 or over to build as "stars," for national publicity. TOTAL NUDDITY a must! Very legitimate. \$30 to \$50 CASH daily for screen test. Will negotiate contract in many ways. Prefer NEAT, CLEAN, nicely dressed girls & couples. Positively no long hair on men. Definite career possibilities. TV panel show appearances and TV commercials possible for those we choose for "build up." Apply 636 Presidio Ave, S.F. 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Mondays, Weds. Fridays & Saturday. No exception.

ATTRACTIVE COUPLE Male 34, Female 30 to meet sensitive Bi-girl for warm threesome. Send photo & phone Box 792, El Granada Calif, 94018.

WOMEN: Lonely but afraid? Sincere, sensual, affectionate man awaits you, 863-5888 Dale.

COUPLE WISH to meet others Warm excitement promised, and desired. Have interest in all things. Box 1508 South Lake Tahoe, Calif.

HANDSOME HUNG YOUNG MAN-SEEKS SAME, PO Box 9342 San Jose

BUSINESS EXEC W 46y. young 160 lbs 5'8" would like to meet married, single gals for fun & games. PO Box 24003 94124 S.F.

MALE 39 seeks FEMALE-single sincere, curious with interest in soci, psych, or phil and fair or better writing skills for social-intellectual-collaborative relationship. Write Box 4081, Berkeley.

YOUR OWN PERSONAL AD Choose from over 25 Publications all over the USA. We'll handle everything. For details write: HALFWAY-A4, Box 26722, SF 94126 or Call (415) 863-1448, M-F 4-7 PM.

WELL BUILT GUY WISHES to meet girl who is hungry for a man. Couples also answered. Meet anywhere SF area. Discreet. PO Box 1713 Vallejo Cal 94590.

YOUNG WOMAN WANTS YOUNG man 25-35 with similar qualities, affectionate, attractive, neat, very stable, sincere, college grad, aware, interested in the arts, especially visual for a serious relationship including commitment, but also freedom, no children. PO Box 15203 SAN FRANCISCO 94115.

MALE, 35, divorced and had 2 sons will accept custody and/or adoption of 1 male child under 12 years. Full life, travel, and education assured. SINCERE, Strictest confidence, discretion. Reply Box 4042 S. Francisco 94101

ATTRACTIVE WELL-EDUCATED female in her forties wants a lasting relationship with a very special kind of guy. Write Ruth PO Box 9389 Berkeley 94709.

DISABLED GUY 21-40 WANTED BY SAME FOR J.O. BUDDY. Write E.W., HALFWAY, 2154 Market St., San Francisco, 94114

HANDSOME MARRIED Cau. male prof 30 seeks sincere female married or 7 Some financial help poss. Conf. Box 31111 S.F.

FREE ROOM & BOARD IN EXCH. for it. hskpg, and some baby sitting. We don't care what you are but because it might matter to others, we are black. Hip and Broadminded Female Preferred. Own room. Check your head. 893-9928.

YOUNG MALE would like to meet MALE students under 27 10 am. to 10 pm. 776-6201.

MAN 30, seeks interesting fem. 567-6689

MALE 25 Sacto area tall han educ seeks lady for discreet relationship. Marr OK age not import Very discreet. D. Wilson, 1009 14th St., Sacramento.

MALE, White, 33, Professional type, warm and sensual would like to meet female for fun and pleasure. Jerry, P.O. Box 22034, San Francisco 94122.

LEARN SELF-HYPNOSIS Get into Orbit! Group classes and indiv. tutoring. Free brochure. ALEXANDER School of Hypnosis 681 Market St., S.F. 781-1390

MAN, Attractive, Intelligent 42, 6', 170# seeks adventure! Will go anywhere - do anything (almost) FOR RIGHT PRICE 111G. FOXHALFWAY 2154 Mkt. St. SF.

ARTIST, SPECIALIZING in nude portraits, oil or pastel, guarantee, discretion assured. Phone 681-8920.

YNG NEG MAN like to meet same with large tool to give greatest pleasure complete satisfaction sincere POB 554 Daly City Calif.

MODEL, M, ANY TIME SF 661-8023

HIP CPL seek cpls to shape good times with inc a low cost trip to Mexico in Jan. In our panel truck (kids ok) Call even if you can't make the trip. Ph. 581-9937 PS We're not swingers.

HIP CPL SEEK CPLS TO SHARE good times with inc. a low cost trip to Mexico in Jan. In our panel truck (kids ok) call even if you can't make the trip. 581-9937. P.S. we're not swingers.

CHICKS WILL POSE NUDE 776-8522

TALL ATTRACTIVE professional man seeks bi girl over 30. Box 5, 1927 Hayes, SF 94117

ATTR. WOMAN 50 seeks single caucasian man around 50 for steady boy-friend. Send photo Box 274 San Lorenzo Cal, 94580.

COUPLE: Erotic photo collectors would like to exchange all types photos, commercial and home. P.O. Box 9142 Berkeley.

EROTIC LOVE - We seek new luv' exp'er w/ kindred souls. We need no sexual excuse for our sensuality. We have intellectual honesty to question. Welcome. Become aware Others are already there. Ask for Joy 863-5887.

AC-DC WANTED, If you have what it takes write us to chicks only 345 Outer Drive Juno, Alaska. Send photos please.

STUDS CLEANOUT Straight Construction types servicemen Caucasian to 32 yr. Guy operates servicing station 861-8074

The MODERN SEX INSTITUTE is a sexual counseling service offering group encounters to revitalize your sex life, and counseling with trained male or female counselors to help overcome frigidity, impotence, and other major sex hang-ups, and opportunities to meet interesting people in a relaxed, comfortable atmosphere. At MSI we say: If you dig it, do it, but do it without hangups, guilt or frustrations. Call MSI, 346-4552, 4-10 pm, Mon-Fri.

COUPLES Do you like to meet new swingers? Do you like to dance, relax, and enjoy yourself? Then come to our dance on Dec. 13, in Fremont. Write today for more info Modern Day Swingers Club Box 322 Fremont, CA, 94537

EUROPEAN, 35, wants to meet sexy, att. Females for lots of SEX & FUN-Photo & phone if poss. Marr, o.k. - PO Box 635 SF 94101

MALE - wants to meet young and beautiful gay. Write P.O. Box 853 South San Francisco 94080

FEMALE WANTED, one who digs oral love, age and race unimportant if nice looking and clean. Fun and discretion assured by young man late 20's. Sincere and interested need to call only. LM6-5272 after 6 pm.

YOUNG AND PRETTY FEMALES WANTED FOR MODELING EXP NOT NEC. GOOD PAY, ALL REPLIES CONSIDERED WITHIN 200 MILES OF S.F. ENCLOSE PHOTO WITH LETTER TO POB 16161 SF.

WOMAN, evolved, mature, likes involvmt w/man who digs Asian philos, relig, encouters Bx 2082 Dublin Ca 94566 261-9348 4-8 pm

GAY grad, 28, wants to meet cleancut/sincere guy 24-30, Bill 647-5418 after 9:30 pm wknites.

I'M LONELY, PLEASE CALL (FEMALES ONLY) 9 AM to 6 PM MON to FRI. ASK FOR LUCKY 458-3832

BACKWARD MALE SEEKS FORWARD ACTION MALES, JOE 863-2529 S.F.

I AM LOOKING for gay manuscript. They must be 190 pages, double space, very explicit but not pornographic. If I buy them, you will be a published author. Maybe the poorest but you can't have everything, says the friendly old Frenchman at "Le Salon"

The Supermarket of Risque Books Open 7 days 9 a.m. till midnight 1118 Polk St. S.F. 673-4492

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

GUY INTERESTED IN MEETING straight guys who are horny, slender and wear levis will treat it right. 775-2197.

TWO MT. VIEW ENGRS., LOOKING FOR GIRLS FOR WEEKEND SKIING HAVE CABIN AT TAHOE 964-4220

AFRAID TO PLACE AN AD IN THE BARB??? LET US DO IT FOR YOU. Meet new People. Experiment. Call or write: HALFWAY-J Box 26722 S.F., CA 94126-863-1448

GAY ENCOUNTER. To meet people with similar interests and explore the meaning of your sexuality. Group meets Mondays, 7:30 p.m. at the Modern Sex Institute. For information call 346-4552 Mon-Fri 4-10 pm.

GAY GIRLS FAMILY OF 3 GIRLS NEEDS 4th for the 3rd. Must be under 30, hip responsible fem. P.O. Box 14031 94114.

LETS CONSIDER TRADE OF Adult movies 333-3000 or 822-2289.

YOUNG MAN WANTS TO HEAR from bodybuilders to 35 and swap ideas JIM P.O. BOX 7723 S.F. 94107

DOMINANT MALE SEEKS MASC. muscular friendship send details to Steve Box 31172 S.F. 94131.

ATTRACTIVE, sensual, slim man 30, seeks mutual meetings with warm intelligent girl 333-3300.

BACHELOR, white seeks female any age, Discretion assured. Try same thing different. Don't miss the fun. Call 588-6334.

MOVIE FILM DEVELOPED, ECKTACHROME 776-8522.

TENDERNESS, variety, soft caresses, I'm a sincere man fed up with inhibitions. intellig 35, w/ & prefer same. If you're a loving chick who could grove w/ an understanding man, write POB 31354 S.F., 94131 DISCREET.

YOUNG MAN -34 SINCERELY seek girl 18-35 who is liberal, friendly, intelligent!!!! NO GUYS PLEASE!!!! I am "Semi-hip" electronics tech. Hobbies: Motorcycles, guitar, "HAM" Radio, flying, I am non-drug type! Please try to call evenings. 751-4974 PEACE.

Couple seek other couples or the right bi-girl 223-3949 ASK FOR LEE.

BORED HOUSEWIFE????? CALL 771-0167 DAYS

COMEDY WRITER FOR SOON RISE female comedienne. Scarce money now. But I promise I'll make us famous. After 6 p.m. call collect Louise Broshwar S.J. Ph. 225-1838.

SOLVENT YOUNG MAN mid 20's desires companionship of a compatible female who enjoys dancing, good music, photography ages 20-40 Sincere calls are appreciated after 5 p.m. at 365-6839.

WANTED, ORIENTAL CHICK, 18 to 22 slender or skinny, hip or straight, but must dig motorcycles. For fun, dates, and a lot of pillow seat time by male cauc., age 29. Ask for Bikerider 673-7989.

GENTLE BUTCH grad student 24 dig nature quiet authentic. Write Box 4158 Berkeley 94704.

YOUNG BRIDE WANTED by professional retired man for luxury, love, sex. Call OR 3-5569.

MODERN DATE CLUB NEEDS- 50 girls age 18 to 25... also 50 men 40 to 60. Fee for men, couples. Girls free. Call OR 3-5569, 10 am to 10 pm, S.F.

MATURE caucasian man desires to give and receive oral sex. Neat and discreet ladies let me do your thing NO men please. PO Box 63 San Leandro Calif 94577

I AM NOW ON THE WAGON, Also on a diet. If the doctor cuts off sex, I am a candidate for the Golden Gate Bridge, says the Friendly Old Frenchman at "Le Salon"

The Supermarket of Risque Books Open 7 days 9 a.m. till midnight 1118 Polk St., Francisco 673-4492

SINCERE PROF MAN, Mid 30's, intellig, hk, seeks loving liberated woman to 40 for compl relationship. I'm a little disillusioned but fun-loving & none the worse for wear, attracted by quiet girls, Europeans. Why not write POB 1229, SF 94101? It will cost you only 6 cents.

W, Bi Gentleman 40 ish tall handsome well groomed sterile handicapped. Enjoy French culture, cpls, singles. Days only 835-8808

ORIENTAL MALE 34 5'9" college background good looking job wants to marry nice girl 25-35. Don't have to be beautiful. Call OK 536-6822 before 9 p.m.

WANT 2 GIRLS Get away in Montana wild with 2 guys 23 snowbound for winter in cabin wood stove, food, nature. Write Nick Box 554 Missoula, Mont.

MAN 42 desires lady to share house. Sex ok. PO Box 63 San Leandro 94577

FRENCH LIKES GIRLS to date him. Girls call 993-6414

DISABLED GUY 21-40 WANTED BY SAME FOR J.O. BUDDY. Write E.W., c/o HALFWAY, 2154 Market St., San Francisco 94114

sat.

DECEMBER 6

PLEASE MAKE YOUR SCENEDROME SHORT AND TO THE POINT.

Please send Scenedrome material to BERKELEY BARB P.O. BOX 5017 Berkeley, California 94715

●FILM: Saxon the Magician & 2 Laurel & Hardy Films. 7pm & 8:30pm Walden Center School Dwight Way, & McKinley Berk. Donation under 12 \$1 Adults \$2. Free popcorn & lemonade, baked goods for sale. Benefit for Walden Center School for info 845-8244.

●MUSIC: COMMUNITY BAND: 8:30 p.m. Fine Arts Theatre College of Marin, John H. Myers conductor.

●LECTURE: at S.F. Ashram, 2650 Fulton & 3rd St. 8:00 p.m. on "CHING, the book of Changes" lecture by Dr. Orient Lee, 648-1489/752-9890.

●PARTY: Gay Liberation Party at Wesley House at Dana & Bancroft Sat. Night at 8:00. Bring Legal Refreshments.

●FREE: (1) Speech on civil disobedience (2) Discussion of speech. (3) Dinner (free), call 861-2443 for invite, THOSE WHO CATL WILL BE TOLD. (1) leave liquor, weapons, illegal substances behind. (2) MUST arrive between 6 and 7pm (3) the address--460 S. Van Ness #6 S.F. (near 15th St.) ONLY THE FIRST 20 WHO CALL CAN BE INVITED. THAT'S ALL THE ROOM THERE IS.

IF THERE IS INTEREST, THERE WILL BE ANOTHER MEETING NEXT SATURDAY.

●THEATER: The Children's Theatre of Mission Playhouse 362 Capp St. Saturday afternoons. 2:00-- Children -- .75 Adults--1.00 reservations, group rates 647-8555 after 5 826-6797.

●PLAY: "Tamborines to Glory" see Fri Dec 5.

●FREIGHT & SALVAGE: see Fri. ●DRAMA: Student rush tickets at \$3.00 available at The Committee Theater, 836 Montgomery St. 781-0282.

●PLAY "Divorce" see Fri Dec 5. ●AUDITIONS: Tenors-Basses--Oakland Symphony Chorus. 444-3531

●JAZZ: Jazz Embassadors Quintet live Jazz LaValles Pizza & Beer Garden 1834 Euclid 9-1:30 25c cover.

●CONCERT: Commander Cody Jeffrey Cain see Friday Dec. 5. ●TALK: Youth & Total Transformation 3 p.m. see Fri Dec 5.

●SEVENTH SEAL: 9pm-lam--Marianne 234 Bowditch, Berkeley ●KEYSTONE KORNER: see Fri. ●"OHI CALCUTTA!" - Student rush tickets of \$4.00 are now available 781-0282.

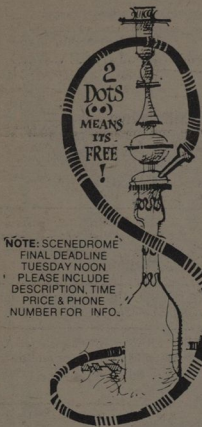
●CONCERT: The Grateful Dead--see Fri Dec 5.

●ANNUAL CHRISTMASS PARTY for children of foreign students and visiting scholars (Faculty Wives Foreign Student Committee & International House), 2:30 pm International House.

●CONCERT: The University Chorus J.S. Bach "The Christmas Oratorio, Part Two," 8:30 p.m. Hertz Hall. 642-2561.

●FOLK MUSIC: Peace Piper Coffee House corner Haste & Colledge, 8:30 p.m. 549-3739 FREE!!!

●ENDRAMON GROUP: Encounter, 843-2357 between 6 and 8 weekdays, Sat, 11 to 12, 6 to 8.



NOTE: SCENEDROME FINAL DEADLINE TUESDAY NOON PLEASE INCLUDE DESCRIPTION, TIME PRICE & PHONE NUMBER FOR INFO.

scenedrome



fri.

DECEMBER 5

●DANCE/CONCERT: "Atticus" Zodiac 2146 San Pablo Berk. 548-2840 75c.

●CONCERT: California State College, Hayward, Choral Concert of Christmas music 8:15 p.m. in room A1055 of Music Building FREE

●PROGRAM: A poet, an actor, and a drummer in a special program 8 p.m. in Library Gallery Mill Valley Library 375 Throckmorton Ave. Mill Valley 388-4245 FREE

●STOP THE WORLD, I want to get off: 8 p.m. 585-7174 between 12 and 4 p.m. \$3.00/\$2.00

●EVENT: Go; spon college of Art and Krafts Nahl Hall on Campus 8:30 p.m. Gen St 50. 653-8118

●DRAMA: "Eurydice" see Fri. Nov. 28.

●DRAMA: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Berkeley High School 8 p.m. \$1.00 2246 Milvia Street 841-1422 Ext. 450.

●DRAFTS FESTIVAL: Lower Sproul Plaza UC CAMPUS, FREE ●BENEFIT SHOW: see Thurs.

●CONCERT: 9:30 Vern & Ray (bluegrass) \$1.50 Freight & Salvage 1827 San Pablo 548-1761

●FESTIVAL: Winter Holiday Crafts Festival at University of California Berkeley Campus, lower Sproul Plaza 848-9282/841-7747

●FILM: Nocturnal Dream Shows at the Palace Theatre (Columbus & Powell Sts. in S.F. Woman in the Dunes: Vicious Cycles: Claude: Chicken Soup: Bump City:

●CONCERT: Amandio Cabral, A Portuguese from Cape Verde Islands, singing Portuguese and Brazilian rhythms, accompanied by his guitar, Petas Coffee House, Columbus and Union, North Beach.

●ENCOUNTER: Modern dance and Body Sensitivity Training, 6:15 and 7 p.m. Body awareness and movement communication. 7:45 YWCA, 620 Sutter St., S.F. Coed. Info--775-6500.

●MEETING: General Membership meeting 8 p.m. 1886 San Pedro Ave. Charles Marson speaker.

●CONCERT: Grateful Dead, The Flock and Humble Pie at Fillmore West 1545 Market. Lights will be by Brotherhood of Light \$3.00 for Thursday and Sunday, \$3.50 Friday and Saturday, 8:30 p.m. - 2 a.m. 621-0487.

●CONCERT: The University Chorus, J.S. Bach, "The Christmas Oratorio, Part One", 8:30 Hertz Hall.

●JAZZ: Black Messengers jazz, Cedar Bonita Coffee House 1606 Bonita 8:30 50c.

●DRAMA: Student rush tickets at \$3.00 for "Boys in the Band", at The Committee Theater 835 Montgomery St. S.F. 781-0282

●CONCERT: 8:30 p.m. \$2.00 de YOUNG MUSEUM Golden Gate Park S.F. NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE "Genevieve de Brabant," by Erik Satie.

●PLAY: "Let's Get A Divorce" Civic Arts Theatre 1641 Locust St. Walnut Creek, \$2.50 \$2.25 \$2.00 935-3300 extension 257.

●CONCERT: Vern & Ray (bluegrass) Freight & Salvage 1827 San Pablo 548-1761 or 525-2269 ---\$1.50

●PLAY: "Tamborines to Glory" Auditorium Oakland Technical High School 4351 Broadway Tickets at Door 8 p.m. \$2.00.

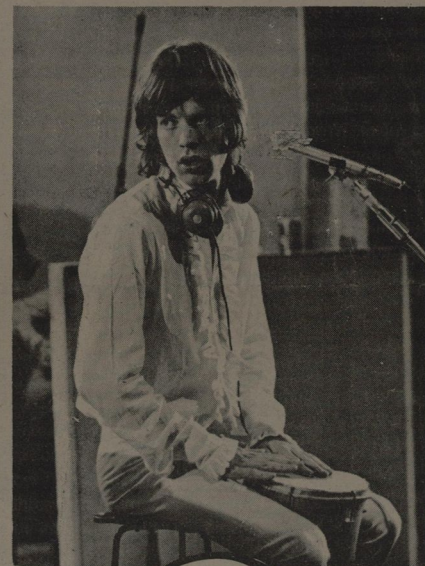
●"OHI CALCUTTA!": Student rush tickets of \$4.00 are now available 781-0282

●ENTERTAINMENT: Mike Bloomfield Nick Gravantes--Keystone Korner 750 Vallejo Street S.F. 781-0697.

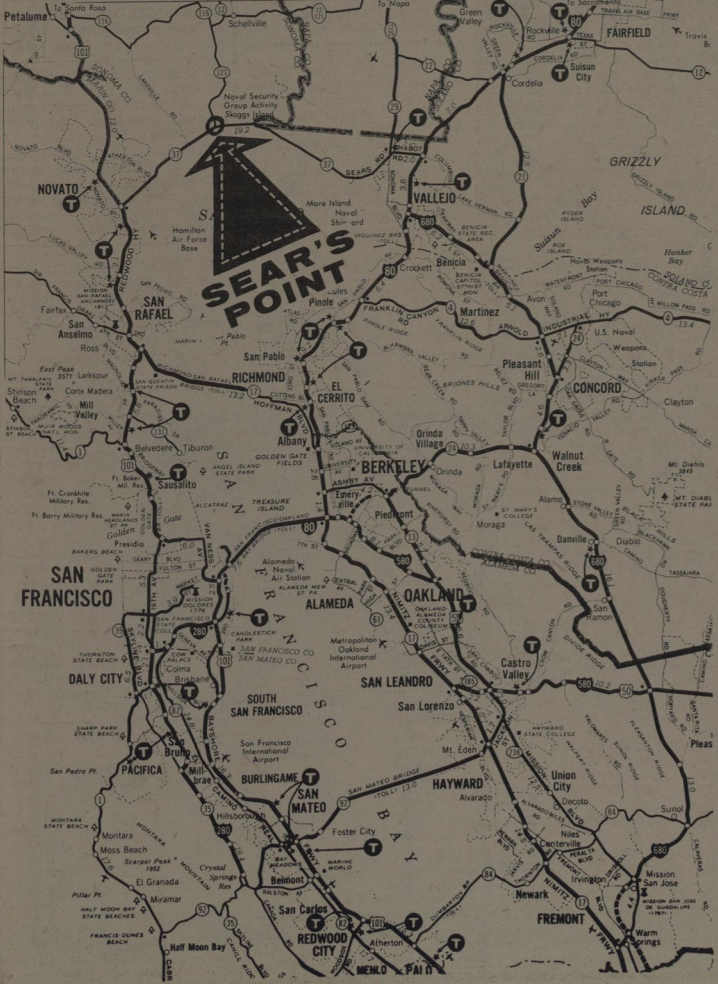
●TALK: Youth & Total Transformation: 160 Kroeber UCB 4pm ●SEVENTH SEAL: 9pm-lam--Kathy Pure 234 Bowditch Berkeley ●CONCERT: Commander Cody, Jeffrey Cain, Lambert & Honeycombe. Lion's Share 60 Redhill Ave. San Anselmo \$2.00 454-9856



ROLLING STONES FREE CONCERT



THE ROLLING STONES FREE CONCERT IS BEING HELD THIS SATURDAY AT SEARS POINT INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY. THE CONCERT IS FREE TO THE PUBLIC. REVENUES FROM TV AND MOVIES WILL GO TO VICTIMS OF THE VIETNAM WAR. THE GATES AT SEARS POINT RACEWAY WILL NOT BE OPEN UNTIL 7am SATURDAY, NO FOOD WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THE CONCERT. THE CONCERT WILL START AT 10am. THE GRATEFUL DEAD AND THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE ARE ALSO ON THE PROGRAM. THE ACCOMPANYING MAP SHOWS THE LOCATION OF SEARS POINT.



needs

INDIAN NEEDS ON ALCATRAZ

- Animals, any kind.
- Parts for 1943 Apache pick-up truck; also a mechanic that might help repair it.
- Motorcycles, old electric battery cars, even ten speeds.
- Material for the Indian School of Culture (Alcatraz), Books, writing supplies, paper, chalk boards, etc.
- Butan Gas stoves and heaters, and butan gas bottles.
- Flash lights, heavy clothing for all ages.
- Walkie Talkies, short wave radios
- The Indian press of Alcatraz need typewriters, cameras, recorders and developing equipment since they will be the only ones covering the news and views of Alcatraz.

●THE FOLLOWING ART SUPPLIES ARE NEEDED:
Woodcuts
Ink Sketches
Silk Screen
Water Colors
Pastel
Paper Stock
Lenium Block
Wood Carvings
Ink Supplies
Solvents & Rags

IF YOU HAVE ANY DONATIONS CALL THE INDIAN CENTER AT 626-7954. THE INDIANS OF ALCATRAZ ALSO WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE THE SUPPORT OF THEIR PEOPLE.

●THE INDIANS OF ALCATRAZ would like to thank Don Billar, captain of the "Belladona" for his support and efforts. He asks for any marine equipment that could be donated for the Indian cause.

●THEY WOULD ALSO LIKE to thank Ray Smith who has been devoting his time and boat to the Indian people.

needs

THE RESISTANCE got ripped off last week by the cops. They are looking for a new storefront office somewhere in the city. And a house to rent. call 626-1910 or stop by at 483 Guerrero St. in the Mission District.

●THE MODERN SEX INSTITUTE needs a country pad for weekend seminars and marathons. Call 346-4552 4-10pm M-F... NEED RECEPTIONIST secretary for MSI. If your head is together, and you have the skills and like small organizations call 346-4552 4-10 p.m. M-F

●FILMS are needed for scholarship benefit to aid Native American students on U.C. campus. If you have any such information, please call 843-9979 or 549-2309.

●FREE WEDDINGS: Any Style, Pick your own Style, Universal Life Church, 548-1149

FOOD FOR DELANO We need cash goods and non-perishable foods to bring to Delano for the striking grape workers. We want to leave Dec. 15. Any help will be appreciated. Bring goods to G.T. Imports 1140 University, or Roger Calkins Music 2261 Market, 549-1611 days.

DONATIONS OF ANY SIZE: to print the Winter Catalog of People's Resources. THE FAMILY STORE 3060 22nd Ave. Oakland. 535-0154.

WE NEED HELP ... people to answer phones, office supplies, beds etc. call the Oakland Switchboard 532-2135 and volunteer yourself. 536-4855 1800 55th Ave.

VENDORS !

PICK UP BARBS

**IN BERKELEY AT
2042 UNIVERSITY AVE.
849-1040**

in SF--"NORMAN'S"
- 1778 Haight 387-2733

T&D FOLLIES

11TH. ST. AT BROADWAY - 444-2571

**THE WHOLE TOWN
WILL BE TALKING
ABOUT THIS PICTURE!**

T&D FOLLIES

11TH. ST. AT BROADWAY - 444-2571

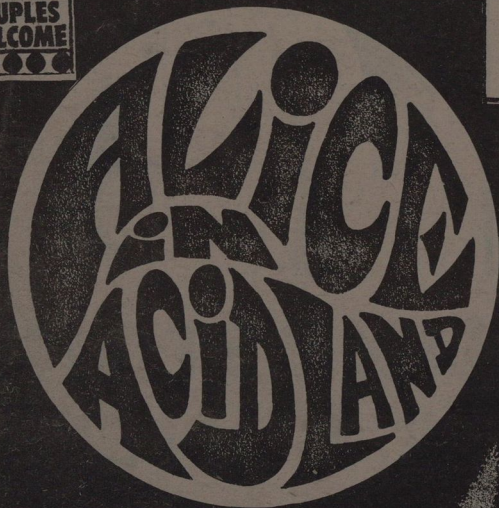
HERE IT IS...THE WHOLE SHOCKING STORY!

DOOR
OPEN
9 AM

LIBERAL
MINDED
COUPLES
WELCOME

ONE WEEK ONLY.

TWO EXCLUSIVE
FIRST RUN ADULT
MOVIES NOT TO BE
SHOWN IN ANY OTHER
BAY AREA THEATER



**EVERY MAN THAT
IS ALL MAN WILL
SEE THIS MOVIE.**

**EVERY WOMAN WHO DARES
TO BE ALL WOMAN WILL
WANT TO SEE THIS MOVIE.**

**"SHEILA'S BURNING
LIPS PARTED -
AND ALICE PLUNGED
DEEP DOWN INSIDE!"**

You'll see Alice's wild affair through "Acidland" and experience for yourself the climax of a young college girl's pent-up emotions and frustrations exploding on the screen in one exciting reel of BRILLIANT PSYCHEDELIC COLORS, sensual sounds and nerve-tingling visuals.



This is no Fairy Tale!

The first film to deeply penetrate the innermost secrets of the effects of L.S.D. on the delicate moralities of the mind and firm young body of a naive college girl.

An INSIDE LOOK shows for the first time what really goes on off the campus - where it happened - and probes the deepest, darkest recesses of the frightening experiences of a "FREAK OUT" through the mysterious caverns in the land of "Acid" - where wild parties, violence, sex and drugs are the basic requirements.

Laying bare all the shameful and raw detail of sex-for-pleasure, "Free-Love" orgies - hosted by an "in-group" of young post-graduates for a selected list of students who qualify in the "pleasures of the flesh" - no holds barred!

You'll meet the young French tutor whose advanced classes begin and end in the bedroom - and by the time her students complete their course - they are past masters in more than one language of romance; the young girls recruited for pleasure - their moral inhibitions destroyed by marijuana - their lives by violence! Eighteen-year-old, Alice Trenton, recovering from the double shock of her mother's sudden death and best girl friend's suicide, seeks female companionship through her understanding and sympathetic French tutor, whom she discovers, too late, is a Lesbian - leading her through the "looking glass" into a world she never dreamed existed.

You'll see Alice's wild affair through Acidland and experience for yourself the climax of a young college girl's wildest dreams and burning desires - all of the pent-up emotions and frustrations exploding on the screen in one exciting reel of brilliant accentuated psychedelic colors, sensual sounds, and nerve tingling visuals that is a once-in-a-lifetime experience - one you'll never forget! Never before have they dared show an L.S.D. "trip" such as this - just as it happened - where it happened - nothing left out!

If your viewers are most broadminded - mature adults with an adventuresome spirit - if they like something different - an experience that has to be seen to be believed - invite them to come with Alice, on her trip to Acidland!

**THE SHOCKINGLY NAKED FACTS ABOUT L.S.D....
REVEALING FOR THE FIRST TIME AN INSIDE LOOK AT
THE DAMAGING EFFECTS OF THE SUGAR CUBE ON
THE MORALS OF A YOUNG COLLEGE GIRL!**

ADULTS
OVER
18
W
E
L
C
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M
E

PENETRATING!!
FILMS FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY

**OAKLAND'S
ONLY AUTHENTIC
ADULT SHOW PLACE**

Underground
Movies that
deal with
unconventional
and the
unnatural.

THEATRE #2
OPEN 9 AM
ADULTS ONLY
**"BIZARRE
RELATIONS"**

