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cover by Jack Kray



A Stony Thing

Six o'clock in the morning and we're out on the highway, headed for a mythical concert. Thousands of other cars loaded with freaks whiz by.

In the back of my mind I suspect that the whole thing is a plot by Governor Reagan. He's trying to get all the dopers in California together in one place, then he's going to erect an electrified barbed wire fence around us all.

After three hours on the road we finally reach Altamont. Surprised! --there really is going to be a concert. My apologies to governor Reagan.

Around twelve the music starts with Santana. The sound system could be a lot better. The people directly in front of the stage can hear but the music is lost on the folks up in the hills.

Seems to be a lot of dope being passed around. Even more juice flowing. Smiling happy people everywhere. Hundreds of thousands as far as the eye can see.

Four babies are born and four people die. An even exchange of souls.

All of the bands put in a magnificent performance in spite of the congestion on stage.

Hell's Angels did a pretty good job of keeping the roped off sections cleared. Maybe they did get carried away though. Most of the bad vibes around the stage area were caused by the jerks who tried to storm the stage. If everyone had sat down quietly, much of the violence that did occur could have been avoided.

I think that the majority of people enjoyed themselves and that the bummers were relatively few considering the large number of people in attendance.

A Murderous Thing

On Saturday, December 6, The Rolling Stones, The Jefferson Airplane and other rock groups staged a free rock concert at Altamont Raceway near Livermore in Alameda County. Nearly 300,000 people attended the concert. The Hell's Angels also attended the concert.

According to music critic Ralph J. Gleason, the Angels were there because Mick Jagger and Sam Cutler (of The Rolling Stones) and Rock Scully (of the Grateful Dead) and Emmet Grogan had, from the beginning, included them in the plans as 'the security force'. Eyewitnesses say the Angels went about the crowd cracking skulls with pool cues in a seemingly random manner.

Toward the end of the day, a black man, Meredith Hunter, was stabbed to death. Witnesses say he was killed by a member of the concert's pseudo security force.

Altamont might have been a beautiful high, but the bad vibes brought it all down.

Someone was knifed to death. Lots of people were beaten. Love and peace were fucked by the Hell's Angels in front of hundreds of thousands of people who did nothing.

Love and peace were fucked by hundreds and thousands of people who did nothing. The brothers and sisters had the numbers. They could have cooled the Angels and any other violence spuming toughs, but they let hate happen.

Then there were the helicopters. While the bands were playing, helicopters were circling overhead. For the people in the back of the crowd the roar of motors

mixed in with, and sometimes drowned out, the music.

Too bad, it might have been a beautiful high. People, love, bread, wine, and dope. All the essentials were there. What happened, people let happen because they didn't "police" themselves. But maybe next time...

Anyway Altamont on Saturday wasn't a complete downer. The good vibes far outnumbered the bad.

The word had gone out early that people should bring as much food and dope as possible so no one would go hungry.

No one did.

There was enough wine floating around to turn the hills of Livermore into islands in a red sea. And all you had to do was inhale the air to get a lift from the weed that was burning.

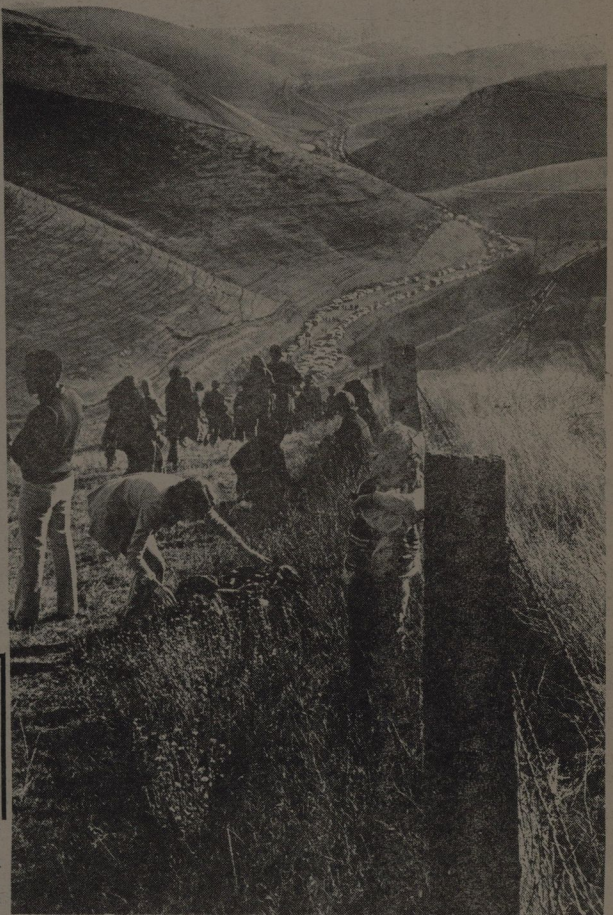
Finally, once the music started, the sun made its way through the clouds and joined the crowd.

The straight press reported that the traffic was heavy. Heavy? It took maybe an hour and a half maybe two, to get from San Francisco to the concert and it was a good trip all the way. Smoking. Drinking in the sunny weather. Looking forward to being stoned for the Stones.

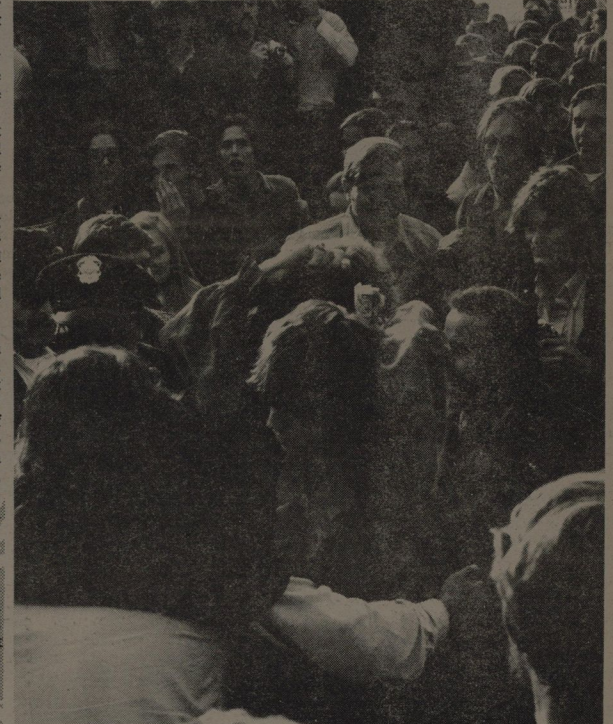
The trip back was another thing. Brought down by bad vibes. Thinking about what might have been.

As we passed through the toll gate of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge the toll taker told us that the guy who was stabbed at the concert died.

Murder was the note we went to sleep on.



A. Maine



Mick Jagger

Photo by A. Maine

WHAT TO CALL ALTA

As if it were an ancient pilgrimage to Jerusalem they relentlessly pressed on in the cold grey morning to Altamont Speedway. The sheer numbers were staggering -- an unbroken line, ten abreast for miles, and as you looked ahead and behind amidst that mass of bodies there seemed to be no end and no beginning.

Many who were unfamiliar with Livermore (which must have been 99%) had parked their cars miles away from the concert, not realizing that ten or twelve miles stood between them and Altamont. Freeways were turned into gigantic parking lots as drivers tired of waiting for traffic to move. Hitchhikers stumbled by roadsides, some having come from hundreds of miles away.

And when the rendezvous was finally reached and you stepped into the arena to be counted among those who were part of the Last Great Psychedelic Electric Orgasm of 1969, all you could say was "Holy Shit." Between 150,000 and 300,000 encircled the makeshift stage,

swelling out, up and over the barren hills.

There will probably be millions of words written about Altamont Speedway--Descriptive adjectives of who and what was there--how many--the size and color--the quantity and quality. The film footage shot by photographers clinging to open doors of helicopters that circled the concert in endless procession will surpass the numbers of people it recorded. One resourceful photographer shot his pictures from the metal basket of a huge blue and yellow balloon, born upwards hundreds of feet above the crowds by a compressor forcing hot air into hundreds of square feet of nylon. Life Magazine did it for a buck and a half about Woodstock. Someone will do equal justice to Altamont. Beards, long hair, flowers, acid, grass, wine, hot coffee, lost kids. Beads, miniskirts, buckskin jackets, bare feet, radicals, liberals, religious fanatics, tents, miles of wire. Laughter, tears, dogs, earth, far out, outasight, fuck, kiss, touch,

trips, dealers, bikes, morning, mourning, night, mud, film, birth, death, ----and music.

They endured cold, discomfort, twelve-mile, armylike pack hikes, hunger, traffic jams and endless hassles to dig the Rolling Stones, The Jefferson Airplane, Santana, and all the others. And yet they sat on those hills, numb, the music screeching above their heads to be swallowed up somewhere else.

Whatever the reasons, there were vibrations at Altamont that were not part of the planned activities. The Airplane stopped playing several times trying to bring it all together but there was no way. Time again the throngs were told that the musicians needed room to work in, an atmosphere to play in, "I still hope this is to be a party" the speakers said, followed by a few halfhearted cheers. It is even possible that there were simply too many people; that even the presence of the Rolling Stones couldn't stir the tens of thousands there into a magic brew of homogeneous euphoria.

But those who had been part of

the almost half a million at Woodstock shook their heads, "NO," They had seen 400,000 put out good vibrations and make it together through three deays of rain and mud and cold. Many who had been involved with organizing the concert attributed much of the difficulty to the fact that they had had only 20 hours to move the festival from Sears Point in Sannoma County after the owners, smelling blood, demanded \$200,000 for use of the site which was supposed to be free. By way of comparison, Woodstock had been planned months ahead -- workers had been on the pigfarm weeks before the first notes of music broke there.

Perhaps the flop called Altamont was born from within the very nature of such a gather of people--as one underground radio station called it, "a freak show." For in truth Altamont more closely resembled one of those low budgeted Italian Roman extravaganzas with a cast of thousands than it did a music festival. Looking at those

circling helicopters carrying photographers glued to their cameras as trained on "we" below, one soon began to suspect that perhaps we were indeed a third rate movie, our worth to those who taped us and filmed us, measured by how much good footage we made. If that be so, then someone got their money's worth.

The stage area, back, front and on, was the scene of some of the more bizarre incidents. Things like Marty Balin of the Jefferson Airplane getting belted by a Hell's Angel. Meredith Hunter, a black youth from Berkeley, was stabbed to death allegedly in an encounter with some Hell's Angels. Some say he was wielding a pistol--whether that was before or after the Angel's greeted him is uncertain.

Even Melvin Belli got into the act as he was shoved aside by an Angel. Commenting, the Stones attorney observed that "they" (the Angels), were "all that was needed to give the place bad vibrations."

Much attention has been focused on the role of the Hell's Angels

photos by r. knight

Dance of the Holy People

British Filming Technique

by Daylight

But after one of the most exploitive concert tours by any group of musicians foreign or domestic, the British Bandits known as the rollings tones decided the ultimate rip-off would be a movie with thousands of extras. "Now how do we get them?" asked Prick Fagger.

"I know," replied Sam Cunter. "We'll give a free jam! All the freaks want to see us since they couldn't afford to make any of our concerts."

"Goody, goody," said Sock Smelly. "We'll ask my friends The Devils to come and play with the crowd so we'll have plenty of action and make lots of money from our movie."

"Oh, oh," exclaimed Sam Cunter, "Where will the fucking take place?"

"Well," said Prick Fagger, thoughtfully, "I like Golden Gate Park, but they get up-tight about a lot a screwing going on there."

"Let's try Sears Point Raceway," said Sock Smelly. "No, no!" screamed Sam Cunter. "They are unethical, untrustworthy, low-life scum; and, besides, they want a cut of the film distribution rights."

Enter Cob Farter, owner of the Altamont Speedway. "Take my place, you poor, mistreated visitors from a foreignland. And if you screw to my satisfaction, I promise to continue fucking freaks forever."

Meanwhile, over in Freakley, the word flew hot and heavy up and down Telekrishna Avenue. "The Tones are giving a free concert. I knew they were good guys -- no one will rent them a place."

"I heard it was postponed!"

"No, man, it's going to be in Marin County."

"Altamont! Where the hell is Altamont?"

Friday night 200,000 freaks and near-freaks de-funked their sleeping bags, gathered the last of their dope stash, and prepared for the holy pilgrimage to a non-existent free concert. By Saturday morning Hiway 50 is jammed with people who like to be screwed and a number of freaks who like to be bashed on the head with pool cues and thrown off light towers. There are also a number of fools like myself who try to write about it.

Having parked my car twelve miles from the main gate, I proceeded to smoke a joint and contemplate my gullibility, when along came the good freak in his VW bus and offered me a ride.

Inside, the bus was filled with holy people who kept looking up at the ceiling and murmuring sacred prayers such as Far-Out, Groovy, Outa-Site, Dig It, Right-On, Power to the People. I knew then that I was on the way to the sacred place. I bowed my head and joined in the prayers: Far-Out Groovy Outa-Site Dig It Right-On Power to the People Fuck Capitalism etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. etc.

I leapt from the bus, ran the remaining two miles screaming the prayers I had just learned, anxious to lay eyes on the shrine of the most high priests, the rollings tones--and, shit, they hadn't even finished building it yet.

Sam Cunter was addressing the herd--oops, that is, the throng. "Let's get the hell off that lighting platform before somebody throws you off. (Go get 'em, mean devils!) In about a half hour," said Sam, "the music will start; meanwhile, try to enjoy the beatings and stabbings 'cause that's all we have right now."

I walked around trying to check out the vibes of the crowd and wanting to experience spiritual fulfillment to the utmost, when on my right I thought I heard harsh words: "You were mean to my dog, mother-fucker, and I'm cutting a window in you." Somehow, I had strayed from sanctified ground. So I inched my way closer to the stage. "Get the fuck back or I'm going to throw your ass back." Oh, oh, sacred ground is fast disappearing! What shall I do? There's a girl with her arms around a photographer's neck, she's choking him! Damn, holy people sure are funny. Who are those hairy bastards with only half a shirt on... they don't look like priests to me.

Well, anyway the music is starting. Santana is getting all warmed up to turn us on. I wish those priests, or whatever they are, would get the fuck out of the way so I could see. Man, that band is groovy, the bass player is outside, I feel it--spiritual revival--this is why I came, dancing everywhere in the crowd, chanting of prayers, groovy, groovy, far-out, RITE - ON. When suddenly the music stops, big scuffle on stage, can't see, an anguished cry goes up from Carlos Santana. "Man, we don't dig that violent shit!" More hairy priests jump on stage carrying staffs and shepherds rods, chanting their own special prayers like "Don't call me brother, mother-fucker," "Get back, you son-of-a-bitch." Holy people begin flashing peace signs as the priests begin to kick ass and I'm splitting, spiritual people are crazy. Besides, everybody knows church and state are not separate.

AT HIS SATANIC MAGESTY'S REQUEST

by Thomas Klaber

The way the straight press handled it, there was nothing bizarre or really strange about the stabbing of Meredith Hunter at the Stones concert at Altamont last Saturday. And maybe there wasn't. Anywhere else in the world there is about one stabbing a day for every three hundred thousand people.

There had been birth and death at Woodstock, too -- but Altamont was no Woodstock. For a few people that were right up in front of the stage last Saturday night when the Stones came on, Altamont was, well, talk about your hypnotizing hippies... There are a few who swear that what they saw at Altamont was a Ritual Death -- a human sacrifice for His Satanic Majesty, Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones.

Riding the crest of the wave generated by their Los Angeles and Oakland concerts, the Stones dominated the mood of the Altamont festival. No person or group dominated Woodstock it was a total thing. But Altamont was the Stones. The Airplane was there, but Grace Slick's message for the night was "Somebody hit Marty (Balin, of the Airplane) in the face. Now where is that at?"

One thing that everybody agreed about was that it was the Hells Angels -- acting as a "security force" at the request of Jagger, Rock Scully of the Grateful Dead, Emmitt Grogan, and Sam Cutler and the Stone's manager -- who were the source of the violence. Ostensibly hired to protect the Stones from the people, they did their job with the zealotry of Mayer Daley's finest during the Democratic Convention in Chicago last year.

The orthodox accounts of the death of Hunter, 18, who lived in Berkeley, have it that he was either on or behind the stage after the Stone's first number. He "got into a skuffle (reportedly) with several Angels." As he went down under them he pulled a revolver. When the Angels got up off him he was dead, stabbed to death.

But there are other stories. Eagle has a different story. He was front stage center when the Stones came on. And what he saw freaked him out so much that he still gets shaken when he remembers it.

Eagle's account of the death of Hunter differs radically from the straight press' and police reports. What he saw was a planned ritual,

a Black Mass, which finally gave Mick Jagger his "Satisfaction."

The way the lights were set up, Eagle said, illuminated the crowd in front of the stage. The lights were up and behind the bands, so that not only was the stage well lit, but the area in front of the stage.

Before the Stones came on, their manager took the mike and asked the Hells Angels to assemble in back of the stage. Then the Stones came on and did their first number. As soon as that number was over, a large number of Angels came pouring out from under the stage, right from under Mick's feet. They mauled and beat people out of the way, and formed a clear area in front of the stage -- a stage in front of the stage.

In the center of the clear area was Meredith Hunter and three Angels. There was little struggle, Eagle related. Hunter had no gun. The three Angels stabbed Hunter once each, and then retreated back to the stage. The whole thing was over in thirty seconds.

But Mick Jagger saw the action, Eagle said. Not only did he see exactly what took place, but he knew it was going to happen ahead of time, he claimed. The death was prearranged: "beautifully planned and beautifully executed" said Eagle.

He saw what was happening to Hunter, and looked up on stage and saw that Jagger had to see what was going on. But Jagger said was, "Oh, something's happened, but the light's in my eyes." Bullshit says Eagle. He saw exactly what happened to Hunter, and saw other people brutalized and beaten -- not to protect Jagger, but for his "satisfaction."

Eagle said that he didn't understand what the whole thing was about until he looked up and saw Jagger watching Hunter being killed. It was then everything fit into place. He said that the large number of Angels charged the crowd at once in order to clear the area so that Jagger could see the sacrifice, and at the same time scare, panic, and confuse the people in the audience so that they would not see what was happening.

Jagger had the people hypnotized, besides, Eagle said. "He's not Mick Jagger for nothing."

When this reporter asked Eagle why the people in front didn't let the rest of the audience know what was transpiring in front of the stage, he laughed. He said that for one thing, the people were in a complete panic. The Angels re-

peatedly charged the audience after that, to keep them in panic. And the stabbing was planned so that the people in the audience would not see it.

"We were trapped, hemmed in by three hundred thousand people, completely at the mercy of the Angels," he said. "I just kept praying and chanting for the thing to end. All I lived for was to get out of that trap. I just prayed that the Stones would get off the stage."

A person who was listening to Eagle's story asked him why the audience didn't organize and defend themselves. "We were completely freaked," said Eagle. "How are you going to organize stoned, panic-stricken people? The Angels kept charging the crowd to keep up the confusion. You weren't in front, man. Tell me about organizing. I was the only one who even protested. I called up to Jagger, 'Do not sic the Angels on the people again, Mick Jagger!' But the other were just pleading with the Angels, and trying to get out of their way."

When asked why he thought Hunter was singled out to be killed, Eagle answered, "It was a black mass. Hunter was black, I think it was because black men have a reputation for guns and violence. They figured that the death of a black man would sound more plausible, with that story about his having a gun."

Eagle said that earlier in the day, the people up front had a loving thing going. They were all sitting around with their arms around each other. "Altamont was no Woodstock. We can have a Woodstock, though. We just have to put Altamont in its place. Like Crosby (of Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young) said, 'We can do it with music'. If the Stones hadn't been there, we would have had a beautiful thing, a heaven on earth. But you can't do it with guards. Besides, if you need guards, get guards; not smacked out killers. Grace Slick doesn't need guards. Crosby doesn't need guards. Their vibes are so beautiful. If it had been their thing, it would have been so beautiful. But Jagger is a killer."

Eagle said that he was not on acid, only grass. He said that anyone who saw what happened saw a ritual death, but that the death was planned so that no one would see it, except of course, for His Satanic Majesty, for whose benefit the human blood sacrifice was intended, and whose eyes alone were supposed to witness the feast.

ALTA MONT ?

at the speedway, screaming, "I hate you, I hate you," wasn't an Angel, nor was the asshole who reportedly set fire to one or more of their bikes.

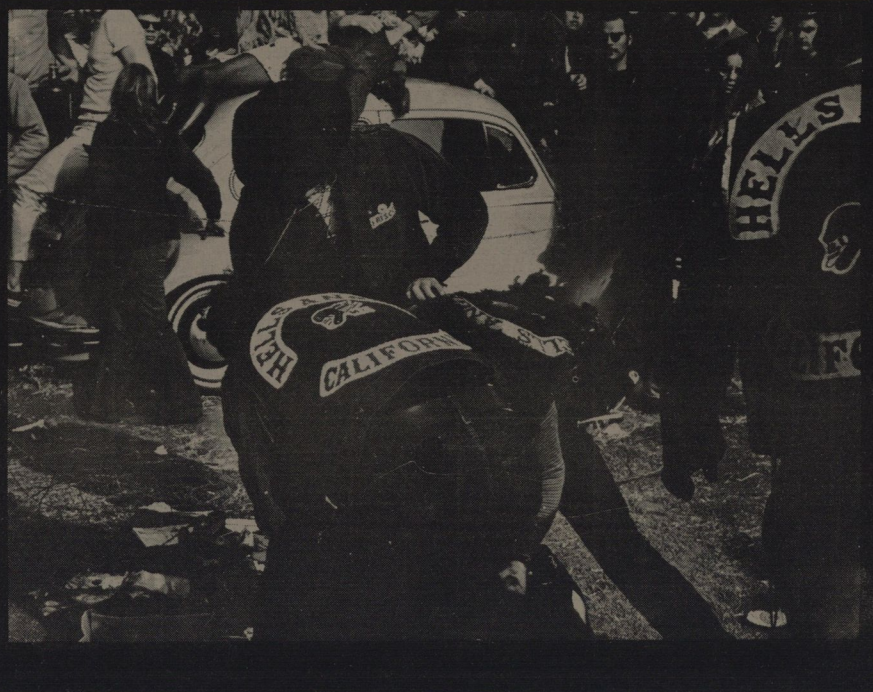
Before the final words are written about Altamont everything from the Stones to acid, from the Angels to the cat who owned the speedway, from the cold to the twelve mile played at Altamont Speedway. One of the festival organizers told an underground radio station in an interview that they had been asked by the Stones to act as security around the stage -- that someone was needed to keep the screaming chicks and freaks away from the musicians. That the Angels didn't travel 300 miles for trouble, but were just doing their job. "What the fuck are they doing here," screamed one enraged kid--"tell them to get the fuck out of here and stick their bikes up their ass."

Common sense would seem to preclude blaming the fiasco on the Angels. From reports of those centered around the stage there can be little doubt that the Angels did a

lot of shoving, slugging, cursing etc., etc., etc. But there were 250,000 other people participating. It is hardly likely that even a group as infamous as the Angels could blanket a festival of a quarter of a million people and turn it into the bumper of the year. The freak who attacked Jagger of the Stones as he stepped from a helicopter hike, will be blamed as the cause for what took place at Altamont and for what didn't take place. There will be a hundred scapegoats.

There's a lot of full-of-shit people who have found a home in the people's revolution -- they're stashing the bread away by the thousands. They'll even make money off of Altamont -- and you and I make it possible.

It only takes a spark to explode 250,000 people, be they straight, stoned or otherwise. When some hasseling began near the stage at Woodstock, it was stopped before it swept away the reason why they had all come there. That didn't happen at Altamont--maybe no-one knew the reason why they were there.



RAFFERTY AND DUDLEY SWIM IN CESSPOOL

by Don Jackson

"Are you running a cesspool up there?" State Superintendent of Public Instruction Max Rafferty asked San Jose State College President Robert Burns. Rafferty was outraged by a story in the Spartan Daily, S.J.S. campus newspaper. Rafferty brandished the Nov. 19 issue of the Spartan, with the banner "Campus Gay Liberation Front Organized," S.J.S. Dean of Students Robert Martin said in the article that he welcomes the homosexual group as a campus organization.

President Burns defended the Spartan in his reply to Rafferty: "If a group of student hold a meeting and organize a campus organization, then it a legitimate story for the campus newspaper to write," he said.

State Colleges Trustee Dudley Swim disagreed. He opposed the directive which was sent out by the State Educational Policy Committee to college presidents ordering them to police student publications. "I can't buy Burns' statement that just because its news, it's all right to print it," Swim stated. "It is an illusion to think this can be left to college presidents."

State College Trustee E. Litton Bivans implied that the publication of the story was somehow related

to immorality among college faculty. "We are faced with immorality on the part of some who are charged with teaching and leading our young people," Bivans stated. "What we have here is a restaging of the Last Days of Pompeii." Swim added, "He also accused the Spartan Daily of 'promoting perversion and immoral acts under the guise of reporting the news.'"

Another Trustee, Daniel Ridder, including the San Jose Mercury and News, noted that the Constitution guarantees the right of a paper to report the news. Ridder said "If they are organizing, then it is a legitimate story."

Pat McDermott, GLFCo-founder, was at the Gay Liberation dance at the Wesley Center in Berkeley Nov. 27. He said he was "sorry" that Max wasn't there; he wanted to thank him for all the publicity his organization has received. "Our membership doubled in a week," he said "and our efforts to organize GLF chapters at San Jose City College and Stanford have been greatly accelerated, thanks to Rafferty."

Over 500 people were at the dance, including members of Gay student organizations from over 30 colleges.

The chairman of the Homosexual Students League of Bakersfield College was also at the dance. He

said "It is just as well Rafferty didn't come. He would have blown his mind when he found out about the Gay dances that are regularly held in the Student Union Building at U.C. Berkeley."

The dances, with men dancing with men and women with women, are sponsored by the Students for Gay Power, a U.C. campus organization. S.G.P. members have convinced the U.C. administration to offer a Gay Course similar to the Gay studies courses listed in the San Francisco City College catalogue (I'll bet that will blow Max's mind).

Liberated Gays are considering taking legal moves outside the reach of the State Board of Education to make Gay studies a compulsory offering in all colleges in California. The case would be brought under the equal protection clause of the U.S. Constitution, and would seek to give Gay studies an equal status with the other ethnic studies programs.

The Bakersfield College H.S.L. at its Dec. 1 meeting, voted on a measure to make Rafferty an honorary member, but the measure was defeated because he is neither Gay nor a student. However, they did bestow the title "Honorary Cock Sucker", in recognition of the great help he has given the Gay Liberation cause.

ASTRAL ASTRONAUT

by Albert Starr

The materialistic straight press recently unwittingly published evidence that man is more than a mind and a physical body. The front-page photograph in November 29's San Francisco Chronicle shows astronaut Alan L. Bates walking on the moon, as half a dozen other spacemen have done. But he is in the middle of "an eerie blue glow" that follows him wherever he goes.

UP and AP attribute the manifestation to "a trick of light", but still describe it as "unexplained." How CAN one explain a blue glow coming off a white space suit? The answer, of course, is that the blue light is not reflecting off Bates' space suit at all. It is radiating from Bates himself.

Psychic writers call this radiance the AURA, among other names. Every living human being -- and every animal and plant -- has this aura, although it is usually invisible. Gifted "sensitives" see it all the time without trying, and other people can behold it occasionally through special glasses, or on drugs, and (at least in my own case) after contact with a psychic person who see the aura automatically. The human atmosphere cannot be written off as "imagination" or "the power of suggestion," because it has been seen by many people who had never heard of it.

Some will argue that although an invisible aura does exist, what shows up in the AP wirephoto may be an optical illusion anyway. But I note three attributes of said illusion which must also belong to Bates' aura.

First, the blue color. Relatively undeveloped personalities have

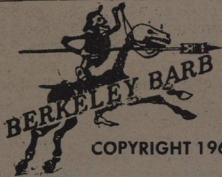
clouds of gray or various reds around them. A man who learns to think acquires yellow in his aura. Combining intelligence with a noble ideal produces blue. An astronaut is well-trained and obviously dedicated to a goal.

Second, the conspicuous top lobe of light -- too large in proportion to be a reflection from the apparatus on Bates' back. It is said that the higher a soul develops, the more verticle and less horizontal his aura becomes.

Third, the dark shell immediately around the astronaut. There is more than one aura. In addition to a poorly-named dark layer less than a centimeter thick and the halo from the head alone, there is an inn aura extending six to eight inches out of the skin and an OUTER AURA approaching a yard in radius. Clearly it is Bates' outer aura that the camera sees and his still-invisible inner aura that remains dark.

But why? What was on the moon to make one man's aura, and only his outer aura, visible in a photograph at that particular time? Why not others? For that matter, why does the human atmosphere manifest itself so irregularly on earth too?

Know what was in Alan Bates' mind at the time might help answer. So might my own suspicion that the outer aura belongs to the astral body whereas the inner aura is the electrical field of the physical nervous system: walking on a planet of lower gravity should create the feeling of moving in a less dense body. But as long as the establishment scientists reject the idea of a man's parts that medical doctors do not know about, the truth will come out.



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(Sat Chit Ananda Buddhi)

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nu, Shiva and a cast of

thousands.

GENERAL BUST hamburger trials planned

by T.K.

General Waste More Land, internationally known non-military mind-blower, was busted last week in San Francisco. The charges: Obstructing the sidewalk and wearing a uniform illegally.

The General was busy in the area organizing his Christmas Special--bringing the troops home to entertain Bob Hope. He reported that he was waiting at the corner of 7th and Market at 11 AM, when two plainclothesmen sidled up to him, stating that they were going to "investigate" him.

It was not long before they took the General to the "Hall of Injustice", and put him in the tank, keeping him there while they scurries around trying to think of something to charge him with. All they could come up with finally was good old Section 647 PC, and Title 18, Section 202 of the U.S. code, as mentioned above respectively.

This was good news for General Waste More Land. For one thing, it is going to be hard to prove that he was "maliciously obstructing the sidewalk," seeing as how the sidewalk at the corner of 7th and Market is about 12 feet wide, and, at that time of the day, practically deserted.

The other charge is even better, however, as it makes the bust illegal. Under the law, only a federal agent can bust someone on a federal charge, as is the statute about wearing a uniform. The plainclothesmen were Sgt. Wiener, and Sgt. Green of the SFPD.

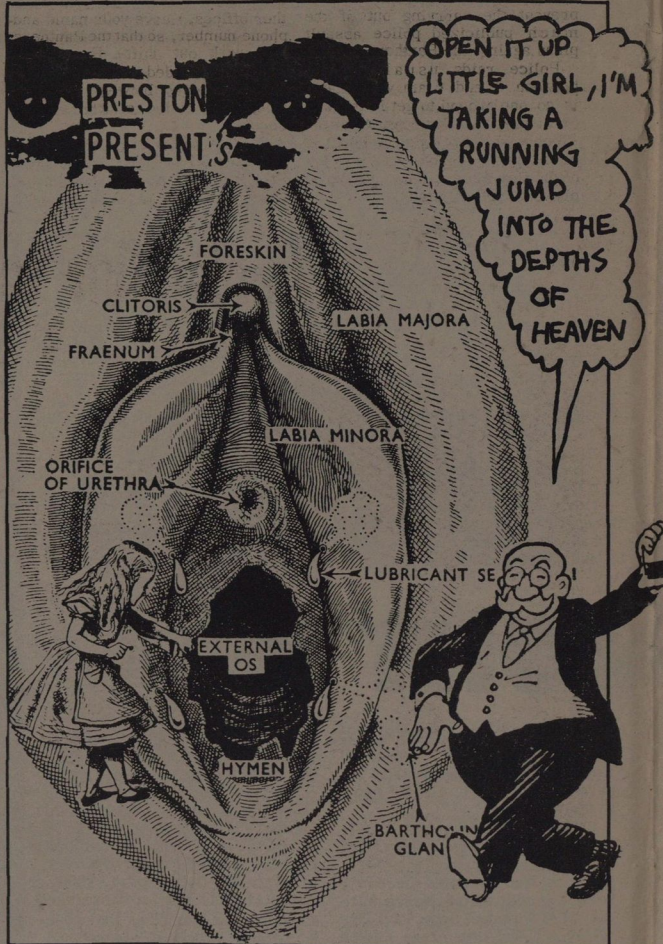
General Waste More Land feels that they should have busted John Wayne before they busted him.

"He wears a real uniform with the official insignias and everything," he said. "If they bust me, they should also bust Steve Canyon." The General's uniform is an unmarked Air Force outfit, and what appears to be a Muni bus drivers hat. It is decorated with Love medals: a Santa Claus, a Skunk, old costume jewelry, long ribbons, and plastic planes, submarines, and rockets. He looks like a sandwich advertiser for Woolworths.

He was told that a U.S. Marshall was going to question him. But no federal authority ever showed. The General was held in jail for four days, and all his personal belongings (including his old uniform) were confiscated. He is planning to sue the city for illegal arrest, and in addition, he has the government on a five count murder charge--in the Generals words, for Genocide, Man, Woman, and Child-ocide, and herbicide.

General Waste More Land's trial will be on December 15, in Department 15, at 9:15 a.m. at the San Francisco County Courthouse. Dick Wertheimer of the SF ACLU is defending him. Before the trial, or during, or after, the General is holding his own trials, modeled after the Nuremberg trials --this time he is calling it the Hamburger trials: "Because the U.S. is making hamburger out of all those people in Vietnam."

The Hamburger Trial is going to be a big thing. Guerilla Theatre groups will be there, the cast of Hair will be there, Country Joe will be there, General Hershberg will be there, Allen Ginsberg will show, and maybe Joan Baez.



The General has made many friends over the last four years since he has been crusading for peace with General Hershberg in their own inimitable way.

General Waste More Land calls

for everyone to attend both his trials as a new moratorium. He invites everyone to come, have fun, blow minds, turn on, picnic, make love, etc. Groove for Peace.

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BUSTED!

L.A., CHICAGO AND SAIGON

Pretty soon, Panther/Police casualties will not be spoken of in round numbers but in statistics, like the straight press talks about Vietnam. One can see the television news moderator in his suit, looking down toward the papers on his desk, then looking up at the camera and saying, "Police reported light casualties during sporadic guerrilla attacks around the north end of the Oakland Estuary yesterday. Police reported three killed and eleven wounded. Thirty-seven Panthers were reported killed. This is a decrease of 7% under last month's casualty rate."

Meanwhile, the underground press will have it the other way around, with three Panthers dead and 37 Pigs passed away.

This last week saw two all-out battles between Panthers and Police, last Thursday in Chicago, and last Monday in Los Angeles. Two Panthers were killed (both in Chicago), seven were wounded, and over thirty were arrested. Five police were wounded, one is on the critical list. No police have been arrested, although prompt-

ed by these latest police raids, many groups and individuals are calling for the investigation, the arrest, or worse for the police and political machinery responsible for attacks on the Panthers.

The pretense for the attacks -- raids, they are called -- was the same for both the LA and Chicago PD. The warrants out were for "illegal weapons." The police had "reports", and in LA had actually seen the wrong side of guns, in the hands of Panthers. The Second Amendment of the Constitution of the United States reads, "A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a FREE state, the right of the PEOPLE to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed." (Emphasis added).

Now, this is what the Panthers say, too, but the police get uptight when those Arms are pointed at them. The Panthers get uptight when the police point guns at them, but then this dialectic could go on forever.

At 4:45 am last Thursday, the Chicago police went to the apartment of Fred Hampton, Deputy

Chairman of the Illinois Chapter of the Black Panther Party, at 2337 West Monroe, about a block from Chicago Panther headquarters. The police were there, they said, to serve the "illegal weapons" warrants. When they entered Hampton's apartment, they said a woman inside opened fire on them. A ten or fifteen minute gun battle ensued, during which Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were killed, four were wounded, and three others arrested. One policeman was wounded from shotgun pellets and another "cut his hand on a piece of glass."

Earlier that week, police had raided the apartment of Panther Deputy of Defense Bobby Lee Rush. Rush was not in at the time, and gave himself up the next morning at a Southern Christian Conference Operation Breadbasket gathering -- deciding it would be safer to put himself in the hands of the police in public, rather than face them alone during a raid on his home.

Police confiscated one sawed-off shotgun, seven pistols, and several hundred rounds of ammunition which they found in Fred Hampton's apartment.

The Panther's account of the raid last Thursday differs somewhat from the police report. They say that the police just burst into the apartment, and started firing. A couple of days after the attack, a private autopsy was performed on the body of Fred Hampton. Francis Andrew, an attorney for the Panthers arranged the autopsy, which he said was performed by distinguished doctors.

Andrew said the autopsy showed that Hampton had been shot while lying down on his back, probably while sleeping. The angle of the bullet holes in his skull show this, and three other bullet wounds indicate that he was shot slightly to the right and behind his head. In addition, he said that powder burns on the body showed that Hampton had been shot at extremely close range.

This latter finding was disputed by Chicago Coroner Andrew J. Toman, who said that a microscopic examination and a paraffin

test were necessary to provide "clear evidence of powder burns." He did not offer to make those tests.

The Chicago killings raised a storm of protest and indignation. CORE, the NAACP, the Afro-Americans Patrolmen's league, and even Maywood city officials (Hampton was raised in Maywood) petitioned the government at local, State, and federal levels to stop what they variously termed the "atrocities", "murders", "political assassinations", "modern-day lynchings", "annihilation", and "genocide" of the Panthers.

Four days after the Chicago Police attack, the Los Angeles Police attacked the LA Panther headquarters, and a battle ensued during which 11 Panthers, 3 women and 8 men, held off almost 300 Police for five hours or more.

Again, the police were there to serve warrants for "illegal weapons", and also a warrant against Panther's Paul Rede and Elmer Pratt, who last week told police who had entered the Headquarters to check out a "noisy jukebox" to either leave the place in three seconds or be killed. They "threatened" the police with a pistol and a shotgun.

Then later that week, passing patrolmen spotted a machine gun, poised at ready, in one of the second story windows above the headquarters.

Monday, December the first, a special Tactical Squad began forming for an early morning raid. The main force, wearing black coveralls and baseball caps, and armed with sniper rifles, assembled on the roofs of buildings across the street from the Panther HQ.

Sgts. David McGill, Calvin Drake, officer Richard Wuerful, and Detective Edward Williams, all wearing bullet proof vests, went up to the front door and said the magic words, "Police, open up." When there was no response from inside they said "Let's move in", and got a fire department battering ram.

They broke through the door, and were met with a lead recep-

tion committee, that wounded three of them. Other police waiting outside dragged the wounded away, shouting "More men!" and the battle was on.

The LA Panther Headquarters was reinforced with dirt-filled sandbags, and the eleven Panthers held police at bay for at least five hours. Police tried to climb over adjacent roofs to dynamite the Panther roof. They were out of the way of bullets, but the Panthers lobbed homemade Molotov cocktails and pipe grenades at them. The police twice set off dynamite on the roof, but it wouldn't give. The national guard was called up, and also an armored battle car, but were never put into action.

Finally, after hours of sporadic shooting, the Police issued an ultimatum. The Panthers waved a white tablecloth out of a window. The police ordered them to come out of the building unarmed, one by one, with their hands over their head. The battle was over at 9:45 AM.

One Panther girl yelled as she walked out of the building, "We gave up because it's not the right time. We'll fight again when the odds are more in our favor." (The odds were 30 to 1).

Three Panthers were wounded from shattered glass, not bullets, police reported. One woman reportedly suffered a miscarriage. All the prisoners taken by police in both raids are being held for attempted murder.

During the battle, Police had arrested thirteen other Panthers at two other Panther offices. They encountered no resistance. During the battle, a helicopter had kept watch for Panther reinforcements. A list of the Panthers arrested is not available at this time.

Police in Los Angeles found 25 automatic weapons, 3 shotguns, 2 Thompson submachine guns, 8 carbines, 3 pistols, and a large quantity of ammunition. This is more of an arsenal than the US Army usually finds when it stumbles over a Viet Cong cache. The foreign Imperialism/Domestic Fascism analogy grows more real every day.

Panther People Problem

by T.K.

In the wake of the Chicago and Los Angeles police attacks on the Black Panther Party, latest examples of the government's two year war on the Panthers during which 28 Panthers have been killed, hundreds arrested, many offices and homes shot up, and hundreds of thousands of dollars in bail and fine money paid, the people are forming a buffer zone around the San Francisco and Berkeley Panther Headquarters, in order to prevent the carrying out of the much publicized police assault plans against the Panthers.

Police raids usually occur between 3 and 6 am when there is no one around to get in the way or witness what happens. After the Chicago and LA raids, a hundred or so people stood vigil in front of the Bay Area Panther offices to prevent such an attack.

The vigil shall be kept up until the time, well, until the time it is no longer necessary. This does not mean a period of a month or two with no new attacks on the Panthers, but until the elimination of the power structure as it now stands, which is inimical to the Panthers and all they stand for.

Volunteers are needed to maintain the vigil. The Panthers ask that all people who will help maintain the buffer zone contact the Berkeley or San Francisco Panther offices. Leave your name and phone number, so that the Panthers can work out shifts. People are especially needed during the early morning hours between 3 and 6 when the police attacks usually occur.

Black Panther National Headquarters in Berkeley is at 3106 Shattuck Avenue. The San Francisco office is at 1136 Filmore.

Fuck Him In His Motherfucking Ass

The Black Students Union & The Chicano Students Union of Merritt College co-sponsored a rally in front of the Berkeley-Albany Municipal Courthouse in support of David Hilliard, Panther Chief of Staff. Hilliard, out of jail on bail, is currently on trial for "threatening" Richard Nixon in his November 15 Moratorium speech, during which he said, "Fuck Nixon, that motherfucker...we'll kill him." In addition, Hilliard also faces a charge of attempted murder, stemming from a Panther-police battle in April '68, in which Bobby Hutton was killed.

The rally actually had little to say about Hilliard's trial, for that was but a drop in the bucket. They talked about the bucket, and the bucket was full of blood.

Speakers at the rally included Hilliard himself, Rev. Cecil Williams of Glide Methodist Memorial Church, Dr. Carleton Goodlett, publisher of the Sun-Reporter; Leonard Nyers of the NAACP; the Rev. Josiah Williams of the Alamo Black Clergy; and the Rev. Eugene Boyle, of the San Francisco Sacred Heart Church. Charles Garry was at the gathering, and Reese Ehrlich of the Campus Radical Students' Union spoke over a loudspeaker.

The topic of the rally was genocide. Every speaker talked about government repression, harassment, and attacks on the Panthers in the context of the total Black people's struggle. The word to everyone--white, black, college students, freaks, the middle-class--was to get your shit together. And the word to the government was, hands off the Panthers.

Hilliard said that the only thing the government was geared to was genocide. He said the Panthers

were not going to disarm and become "sitting ducks" for the police. He exhorted everyone to arm themselves against government repression. He said that he would rather "die with dignity" than eat bread in this fascist state.

In reference to the charge against him for threatening Nixon, he said that he will "kill anyone who stands in the way of freedom. Fuck ya."

The Rev. Osiah Williams said that all Black people's survival was at stake. "We've been driven to the wall. We know that genocide is not a question mark, but is a process taking place right now." Rev. Williams said there was a "traffic jam" in his head resulting from all the "dastardly acts of the so-called peace officers," but that the jam would soon break and that all the stored up energy would be released against this "racist, repressive society."

Carleton Goodlett said, "No nation has ever listened to their prophets of doom... Do you hear me? We will no longer submit to your inhumanity in the name of democracy... Make no mistake about it -- the threat to the Black Panther Party is a threat to all blacks. Let nothing happen to the Panthers lest something happen to all of us."

Goodlett continued, speaking about the 10% of the U.S. population that were being oppressed, specifically, blacks. 10% he said, can't stop the oppression, but "if forced to, 10% of the population can destroy America. That's not a threat, but a eulogy for three and one half centuries of misery."

Reese Ehrlich, of the Campus RSU spoke about the "incredible sense of urgency" he felt about the rally. He spoke about the apathy of the students on the UC campus, talking about budgeting

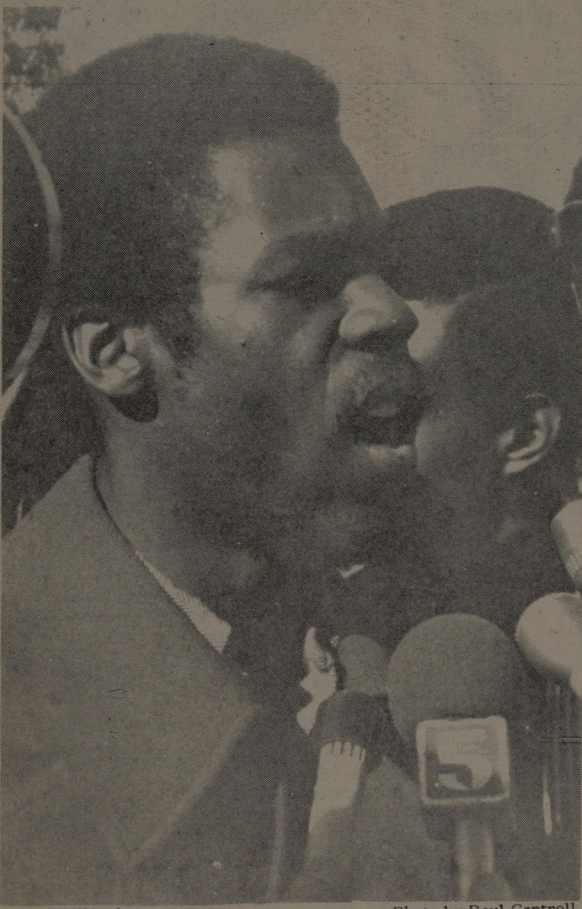
their time for class instead of coming to the rally.

A black woman spoke, and told the authorities that they'd "better not mess with our children."

Approximately 200 people were on hand to hear the speakers. About 20 police were visible, sprinkled around and inside the courthouse. Reese Ehrlich and his contingent arrived at the rally late, having tried to whip up support for it on campus. He arrived with about 50 people, many of them from the SDS, including Linda Evans and Ted Gold of the Weathermen. They walked across from Provo Park, shouting "Free the Panthers, Off the Pigs." They set up a sound system in a truck, and the rest of the rally was conducted from that truck.

All the speakers were moved, and passionate. The crowd was responsive, although small. The rally was significant, however, in the fact that leading members of the Black "establishment" came right out and defended the Panthers, saying that the Panthers were their children, and were the vanguard of ALL black people. After Ehrlich condemned the apathy of white college students, another speaker condemned blacks for their apathy. He said that most of the faces he saw holding the buffer vigil in front of the Panther offices were white.

Roland Young, the ex-DJ from KSAN, who was fired last week for suggesting that everyone send a telegram to Nixon along the lines of Hilliard's remarks to him November 15, ended his talk with "Fuck Nixon, that Motherfucker. Fuck him in the ass." And that put bluntly or in the genteel jargon of the clergy, was the tone of the entire rally.



David Hilliard

Photo by Paul Cantrell

Weather Bureau Predicts Reign

BY Tom

Two members of the Weatherman faction of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) were in Berkeley Monday, and gave a talk at the Campus YWCA on Bancroft.

Ted Gold, who recently returned from Cuba, and Linda Evans, a member of the Weatherbureau who is facing charges stemming from the Democratic Convention, who traveled to Hanoi to talk about Panther/prisoner swaps, and who was involved in the Pittsburgh High School jailbreak, attempted to clarify the Weatherman position, clear up some misconceptions, exhort the people to action, and answer questions.

Unfortunately, this reporter lost his notes on the talk. I guess this really doesn't matter, since all gut-level revolutionaries must have been there anyway. I hope

some were hiding, however, since I only saw a couple hundred people there, and some of these seemed to be disguised.

I do remember the gist of the talk, in fact I knew it before I went. Linda Evans said "ultimate liberation, real liberation, only comes when you fight the state." The call was for armed struggle, and linking up with the rest of the Third World in an open, international struggle against the Oppressors.

Also, there was a new word: "affinity groups." An affinity group is a group of six to fifteen people who watch out for each other and can be strategically deployed in a violent action. The army used to call these "squads."

The only other thing I remember accurately was the large number of girls there with their hair set in two long braids.

L.A. Gay Power

By Don Jackson

The newly organized Society for Gay Power will hold a public meeting December 14 at 4 p.m. at the Homosexual Information Center, 3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd, Hollywood. The meeting is to organize Gays to fight the oppression of the Gay people.

An infiltration team from San Francisco's Committee for Homosexual Freedom will be on hand to rap with people about the ideas and goals of the Gay Liberation Movement.

The need for a Gay Liberation organization in Los Angeles is great. The oppression of Gays in L.A. is worse than anywhere else in the Western World.

L.A. Gays have been floundering; stunned by the reign of terror which the L.A.P.D. has brought on them. Private clubs and bars have been raided with scores of arrests on what Gays consider "trumped up" charges.

December 6 another demonstration to protest the anti-homosexual laws was held: a motorcade through Hollywood. The cars, or "closets on wheels" as they were called by C.H.F. co-founder Leo Lawrence, were covered with placards such as "The Lord is my Shepherd; He knows I'm Gay" and "God loves us, can you?"

As usual, the demonstration was led by Rev. Troy Perry of the predominantly Gay Metropolitan Community Church.

People on Hollywood streets did not take the demonstration seriously. Many laughed and made fun of the demonstrators.

The incident shows the need for an effective Gay liberation organization in L.A. The squares won't laugh at militant Gay street people.

A militant wave is sweeping the L.A. Gay community. Effective leadership and organization are lacking. Bay Area Gay militants plan to give their brothers in the South a little push by supplying these needs.

Leo Lawrence addressed an audience at the Haymarket on Dec. 4. He said that the demonstrations put on by Rev. Perry were non-revolutionary and would not succeed in implementing change.

MICK JAGGER

The King and Queen

(LNS)

So Mick Jagger, by all accounts a rather BAD mothuhfuckuh, came home. Grotesque, lewd, and de-ranked. Satisfying.

Jagger's sassy strut and faggoty pirouettes, black leotards and black muscle shirt (omega in the place of the Superman "S"), and a flippant red floor-length scarf decorate the heavy, hard-driving rock pulsar like lace draped over a lathe. Madison Square Garden's 20,000 rightful owners gape, scream, crawl up on the arms of their seats, dance, charge the stage, wave fists and other less organized clumps of fingers, and when Micky bawls we all bawl with him: "I can't get nooo... SA...TIS...FAC...TION!"

Positively a fire hazard. His Securityhood the Peeg drags from the stage a girl reaching the violent climax of masturbation while a thousand others who charged the stage and didn't make it mash one another in the pit -- a freaked-out amoeba of human flesh downing joints and chewing minced poppy seeds. Convulsions, spasms, fists -- Jagger answers with an affected postnasal drip, belly shimmys, and a spine whose erectness he probably owes to his father Joe, a physical education teacher. It's no capital crime.

But Satan is barefoot, a homespun boy, society's child. He dances the disease which this place is. He's the total impostor. The last of the great movie queens. The last of the great white pricks. Wealthy -- the tour will pay for two million-dollar bashes. Lazy, narcissistic, a good businessman -- the boy next door. Satan is the boy next door -- and the boy next door has made art out of indecent exposure. He lets it bleed and the slow songs crawl out almost menstrually. He beats it off and we all pound with him. Bad. Bad.

The only satisfaction that's left in the old culture is watching it writhe and collapse, watching Jagger impersonate its writhing and collapse, hearing Jagger's moan which is a death moan and not the moan of orgasm. The old culture wasn't just a sneeze. It's been around for a long long time, it's a grand old lady, it's a dirty old man. And today it's Mick Jagger, Madison Square Garden, tripping out three stories above the tubes of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Moaning. And bad.

The performance is pure ritual. Jagger bounces around; he's effeminate. He's like a peacock, flinging and flapping his red scarf.

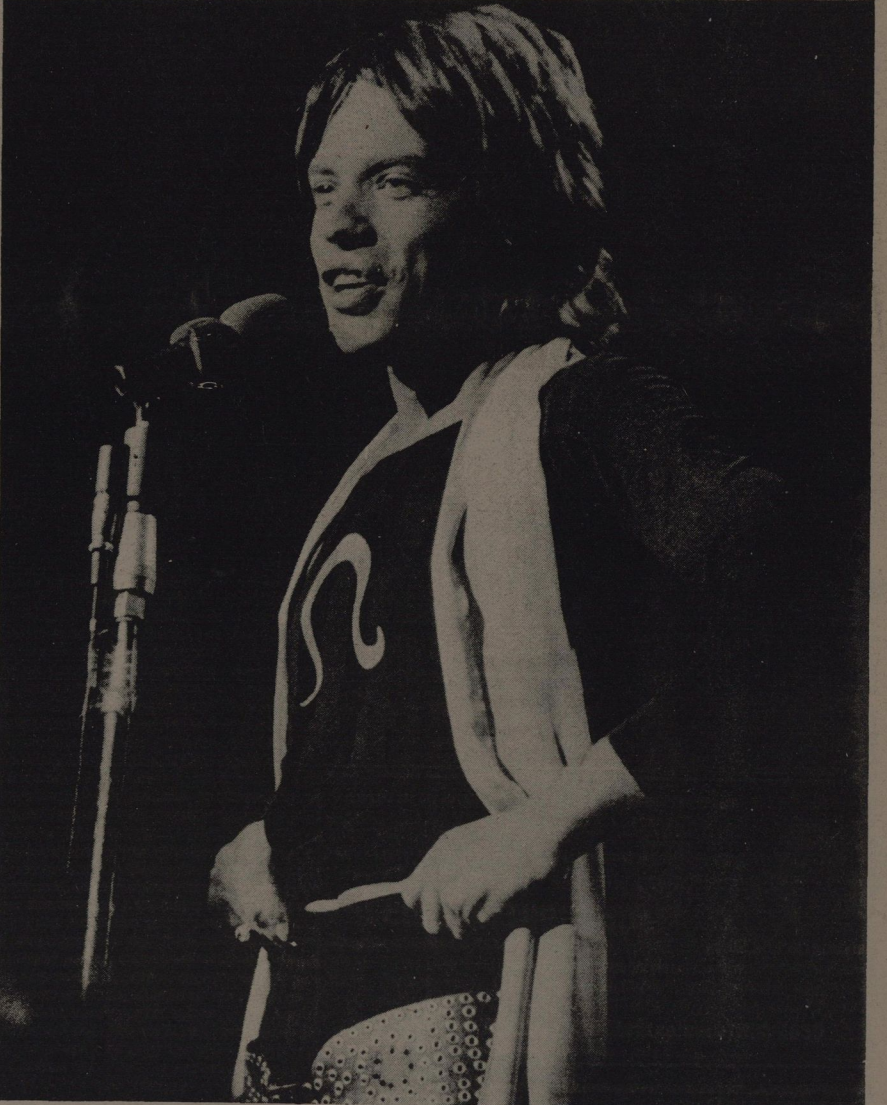
The rhythms are hard, the music is tough and violent, but Jagger comes on soft and curvey. He projects the complete inversion of the Beatles' All-American Bungalow Bill. He's everyone's pervert, the King and the Queen.

And "Satisfaction" does it all. Everyone surges forward, everyone leans toward the one figure illuminated in the darkness. The words say one thing, but the message is out of control. "Satisfaction" feels good because it says how really bad things are. There's no satisfaction in school, in bed, in the Army, on the job, in the movies. And the wild response of the crowd is the thing that proves that's true. The whole audience is moving heavy cause the song is something they can feel. Total revulsion at the death and sterility of bourgeois life and the demand for some way out.

The lights go on. Everyone is up out of his seat, hands clapping; people are dancing. Everything is ready to bust loose. And then comes the Stones' last song. It's always "Street Fighting Man" -- in San Diego, in Denver, in Chicago, in New York. In Chicago Mick introduced "Street Fighting Man" with the words, "This is for all of you and what you did to your city." In New York, a huge American flag hangs over the audience. And then there's that line, he sings it more than once, "The time is ripe for violent revolution." So our fists fly and Mick grins at the salute. And Mick snarls something bad.

It's a turn-on badness. Don't matter how nice we were at Woodstock or Washington. Everyone of us knows somewhere inside that the time will come when we'll have to be very bad indeed, Eldridge Cleaver: "Huey Newton is the baddest motherfucker ever to step inside the pages of history." White history is just a few years behind. Our badness is coming. People gotta have/satisfaction. People don't wait too long. People pick up guns. People smash states. People make the Revolution.

But that's not what happened at the end of the concert. In fact, the way Jagger put things together, it wouldn't even have to fit very well. They finished their street-fighting song and left the stage. People shouted for more; but the Stones were gone for good. Everyone went home missing what might have been an appropriate ending. Mick Jagger's last song could have been "Come together right now over me." He'd drawn the sexual energies of a coliseum full of people



onto his parcel of flesh -- and the crowd, both male and female -- seemed a lot more ready to come all over Mick Jagger than find their way to the discipline, modesty, and restraint needed to make a real live Revolution. A decadent air hung over the Garden.

And our current level of struggle -- clapping hands, cutting up, busting loose, fucking, blowing weed, and breaking windows -- is a far cry from seizing state power. The Vietnam war drags on. We aren't half as miserable as most of the world. And a lot of the Revolution so far is just a hip ego-trip. What do groupies, pimps, PR men, and ticket-takers have to do with the Revolution? Micky Jagger is still our wet dream, our illusion of release, a

half-assed male-chauvinist prick, not a stone communist revolutionary.

But this audience, and audiences like it all over the country have struck terror into the heart of Amerika's parents. The music critic of the New York Times is terrified. He sees Mick Jagger as the Hitler of the 1960's, the audience as tomorrow's storm-troops. To him the emotions of Rock are the stuff of fascism. It's like a rally in Nuremberg. Jagger raises his fist and thousands of kids raise their fists. A lot of V-signs at first, but the fist spreads around.

And the Times Man, besides feeling left out, also feels that Jagger incites kids to violence. He sees a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde in American youth. On peace

marches, he overhears talk of love, pacifism, and non-violence, but at Stones' concerts it's all fighting, revolution, and blood. Beware the youth of Amerika he warns, and turns to put on his reviewer's copy of the new album by that nice California group, The Jefferson Airplane. What does he get:

"We are all outlaws in the eyes of Amerika in order to survive, we steal, cheat, lie, forge, fuck, hide and deal. We are obscene, lawless, hideous, dangerous, dirty, violent and young"

And they sing it so sweetly. The Times Man doesn't like it at all. It isn't exactly the Revolution but it's close enough to scare 'em.

John Waters
What is needed is not grandiose technological solutions, but ideological and political consciousness, not to live and breathe

Essential ways, homosexual needs have made me a nigger. I have of course been subject to arbitrary insult and brutality from citizens and the police. But except for being occasionally knocked down, I have gotten off lightly in this department, since I have a good flair for incipient trouble and I used to be nimble on my feet. What is much more niggerizing is being despised and abashed when it is not taken for granted that my out-going impulse is my right; so often, and maybe habitually, have the feeling that it is not my street. I don't mean that my passes are not accepted, nor do I have a right to that; but that I'm not put down for making them. It is painful to be frustrated, yet there is a way of rejecting someone that accords him his right to exist and is the next best thing to accepting him; but I have rarely enjoyed this treatment.

Allen Ginsberg and I once pointed out to Stokely Carmichael, how we were niggers but he blandly put us down by saying that we could always conceal our dispositions and pass. That is, he accorded to us the same lack of imagination that one accords to niggers; we did not really exist for him. Interestingly, this dialogue was taking place on national TV, that haven of secrecy.

In general, in America, being a queer nigger is economically and professionally less disadvantageous than being a black nigger, except for a few areas like government service, where there is considerable fear and furtiveness. (In more puritanic regimes, like present-day Cuba, being queer is professionally and civilly a bad deal.) But my own experience has been very mixed. I have been fired three times because of my queer behavior or my claim to the right to it--and these are the only times I have been fired. I was fired from the University of Chicago during the early years of Hutchins, from Manumit School (an offshoot of A.J. Muste's Brookwood Labor College), and from Black Mountain College. These were highly liberal and progressive institutions, and two of them were communitarian. Frankly, my experience of radical community is that it does not tolerate my freedom. Nevertheless, I am all for community because it is a human thing, only I seem doomed to be left out.

On the other hand, my homosexual acts and the overt claim to the right to commit them have never disadvantaged me much, so far as I know, in more square institutions. I have taught at half a dozen State universities. I am continually invited, often as chief speaker, to conferences of junior high school superintendents, boards of Regents, guidance counsellors, task forces on delinquency, etc., etc. I say what I think right, I make passes if there is occasion--I have even made out, which is more than I can say for conferences of SDS or Resistance. Maybe such company is square that I do not believe, or dare to notice, my behavior; or more likely, such professional square people are more worldly and couldn't care less what you do, so long as they do not have to face anxious parents and yellow press.

On the whole, although I was desperately poor up to a dozen years ago, I brought up a family on the income of a share-cropper--I do not attribute this to being queer but to my pervasive ineptitude, truculence, and bad luck. In 1944, even the Army rejected me as "Not Military Material" (they had such a stamp), not because I was queer but because I made a nuisance of myself with pacifist action at the examination center and also had bad eyes and piles.

Curiously, however, I have been told by Harold Rosenberg and the late Willie Poster, that my sexual behavior used to do me damage in precisely the New York literary world; it kept me from being invited to advantageous parties. I don't know. What I observed in the 30's and 40's was that I was excluded from the profitable literary circles dominated by Marxists and ex-Marxists, because I was kind of an anarchist. For example, I was never invited to PEN or the Committee for Cultural Freedom. Shucks! (When CCF finally got around to me at the end of the 50's, I had to turn them down because they were patently CIA.)

To stay morally alive, a nigger uses various kinds of spite, the vitality of the powerless. He can be randomly destructive; he feels he has little to lose and maybe he can prevent the others from enjoying what they have. Or he can become an in-group fanatic, feeling that only his own kind are authentic and have soul. There are queers and blacks belonging to both these parties. Queers are "artists," blacks have "soul"--this is the kind of theory which, I am afraid, is self-disproving, like trying to prove you have a sense of humor. In my own case, however, being a nigger seems to inspire me to want a more elementary humanity, wilder, less structured, more variegated, and where people have some heart for one another and pay attention to distress. That is, my plight has given energy to my anarchism, utopianism, and Gandhianism. There are blacks in this party too.

My actual political attitude is a willed reaction-formation to being a nigger. I act that "the society I live in is mine," the title of one of my books. I regard the President as my public servant whom I pay, and I berate him as a lousy worker. I am more constitutional than the supreme court.

In their in-group band, Gay Society, homosexuals can get to be fantastically snobbish and a-political or reactionary, and they put on being silly like a costume. This is an understandable ego-defense: "You gotta be better than somebody," but its payoff is very limited. When I give occasional talks to the Mattachine Society, my invariable pitch is to ally with all other libertarian groups and liberation movements, since freedom is indivisible. What is needed is not defiant pride and self-consciousness, but social space to live and breathe.

In my observation and experience, queer life has some remarkable political values. It can be profoundly democratizing, throwing together every class and group more than heterosexuality does. Its promiscuity can be a beautiful thing (but be prudent about VD), in myself human contact, so that it is a kind of model of the mass inability of modern urban life. I don't know if this is generally the case; just as, of the crowd who go to art galleries, I don't know who are being spoken to by the art and who are being beviled and fatter. "Is he interested in me or just in my skin?" I have sex with him, he will regard me as nothing" -- I think this distinction is meaningless and disastrous; in fact, I follow up in exactly the opposite way, and many of my lifelong personal loyalties had sexual beginnings; but is this the rule or the exception? Given the usual coldness and fragmentation of community life at present, I have a hunch that homosexual promiscuity enriches more lives than it desensitizes. Naturally, if we had better community, we'd have better sexuality.

Sometimes it is sexual hunting first of all that brings me to a place where I meet people -- e.g., I used to haunt bars on the waterfront; sometimes I am in a place for another reason and incidentally hunt -- e.g., I call on my publisher and make a pass at a stock-boy; sometimes these are both of a piece -- e.g., I like to play handball and I am sexually interested in fellows who play handball. But these all come to the same thing, for in all situations I think, speak, and act pretty much the same. Apart from ordinary courteous adjustments of vocabulary -- but not of syntax -- I say the same way and do not wear different masks or find myself with a different personality. Perhaps there are two opposite reasons why I can maintain my integrity: on the one hand, I have a strong enough intellect to see how people are for real in our only world, and to be able to get in touch with them despite differences in background; on the other hand I am likely so shut in my own preconceptions that I don't even notice glaring real obstacles that prevent communication.

How I do come on hasn't made for much success. Since I don't use my wits to manipulate, I rarely get what I want, since I don't betray my own values. I am not ingratiating; and my aristocratic egalitarianism puts people off unless they are secure enough to be aristocratically egalitarian themselves. Yet the fact that I am not phony or manipulative has also kept people from disliking or resenting me, and I usually have a good have cruised rich, poor, middle class, and petit bourgeois; black, white, yellow, and brown; scholars, jocks, and dropouts; farmers, seamen, railroad men, heavy industry, light manufacturing, communications, business, and finance; civilians, soldiers and sailors, and once or twice cops. There is a kind of political meaning, I guess, in the fact that there are so many types of attractive human beings; but what is more significant is that the many functions in which I am professionally and economically engaged are not altogether cut and dried but retain a certain animation and sensuality. MEW in Washington and IS 210 in Harlem are not total wastes, though I talk to the wall in both. I have something to occupy me on trains and buses and during the increasingly long waits at airports. I have something to do at peace demonstrations--I am not inspired by guitar music--though no doubt the TV files and the FBI with their little cameras have probably caught pictures of me groping somebody. For Oedipal reasons I am usually sexually anti-semitic, which is a drag, since there are so many fine Jews. The human characteristics which are finally important to me and can win my lasting friendship are quite simple: health, honesty, not being cruel or resentful, being willing to come across, having either sweetness or character on the face. As I reflect on it, only gross stupidity, obsessional cleanliness, racial prejudice, insanity, and being drunk or high really put me off.

In most human societies, of course, the sexual drive has been one more occasion for injustice, the rich buying the poor, males abusing females, ahbs using niggers, the adults exploiting the young. But I think this is neurotic and does not give the best satisfaction. It is normal to befriend what gives you pleasure. St. Thomas, who was a grand moral philosopher though a poor metaphysician, says that the chief human use of sex (as distinguished from the natural law of procreation) is to get to know other persons intimately, and that has been my experience.

A criticism of homosexual promiscuity is that, rather than democracy, there is an appalling superficiality of conscience. If I happen to get on with someone, there is not a lot of lies and bullshit to clear away.

Becoming a celebrity in the past few years seems to have hurt me sexually rather than helped me. For instance, decent young collegians who might like me and used to seek me out, now keep a respectful distance from the distinguished man -- perhaps they are now sure that I *must* be interested in their skin, not in them. And the others who seek me out just because I am well known seem to panic when it becomes clear that I don't care about that at all and I come on as myself. Of course, a simpler explanation of my worsening luck is that I'm growing older every day, probably uglier, and certainly too tired to try hard.

As a rule I don't believe in poverty and suffering as means of education, but in my case the hardship and starvation of my inept queer life have usefully simplified my notions of what a good society is. As with any other addict who cannot get an easy fix, they have kept me in close touch with material hunger. So I cannot take the GNP very seriously, nor the status and credentials, nor grandiose technological solutions, nor ideological

politics, including ideological liberation movements. For a starving person, the world has got to come across in kind. It doesn't. I have learned to have very modest goals for society and myself, things like clean air and water, green grass, children with bright eyes, not being pushed around, useful work that suits one's abilities, plain tasty food, and occasional satisfactory nookie.

A happy property of sexual acts, and perhaps especially of homosexual acts, is that they are dirty, like life, as Augustine said, *Inter urinas et feces nascimur*. In a society of middle class, orderly, and technological as ours, it is essential to break down squeamishness, which is an important factor in what is called racism, as well as in cruelty to children and the sterile putting away of the sick and aged. Also, the illegal and catch-as-catch-can nature of many homosexual acts at present breaks down other conventional attitudes. Although I wish I could have had many a party with less apprehension and more unhurriedly -- we would have enjoyed them more -- yet it has been an advantage to learn that the ends of docks, the backs of trucks, back alleys, behind the stairs, abandoned bunkers on the beach, and the washrooms of trains are all adequate samples of all the space there is. For both good and bad, homosexual behavior retains some of the alarm and excitement of childish sexuality.

It is damaging for societies to check any spontaneous vitality. Sometimes it is necessary, but rarely; and certainly not homosexual acts which, so far as I have heard, have never done any harm to anybody. A part of the hostility, paranoia, and automatic competitiveness of our society comes from the inhibition of body contact. But in a very specific way, the ban on homosexuality damages and depersonalizes the educational system. The teacher-student relation is almost always erotic; if there is a fear and to-do that it might turn into overt sex, it either lapses or becomes sick and cruel. And it is a loss that we do not have the pedagogic sexual friendships that have starred other cultures. Needless to say, a functional sexuality is incompatible with our mass school systems. This is one among many reasons why they should be dismantled.

I recall when *Growing Up Absurd* had had a number of glowing reviews, finally one irritated critic, Alfred Kazin, darkly hinted that I wrote about my Puerto Rican delinquents because I was queer for them. Naturally. How could I write a perceptive book if I didn't pay attention, and why should I pay attention to something unless, for some reason, it interested me? The motivation of most sociology, whatever it is, tends to produce worse books. I doubt that anybody would say that my observations of delinquent adolescents or of collegians in the Movement have been betrayed by infatuation. But I do care for them (Of course, they might say, "With such a friend, who needs enemies?")

An evil of the hardship and danger of queer life in our society, however, as with any situation of scarcity and starvation, is that we become obsessional about it. I myself have spent far too many anxious hours of my life fruitlessly cruising, which I might have spent sauntering for nobler purposes or for nothing at all, pasturing my soul. Yet I think I have had the stamina, or stubbornness, not to let my obsession cloud my honesty. I have never praised a young fellow's bad poem because he was attractive, though of course I am then especially pleased if it is good. Best of all, of course, if he is my lover and he shows me something that I can be proud of and push. Yes, since I began this article on a bitter note, let me end it with a happy poem I like, from *Hawkweed*:

We have a crazy love affair,
it is wanting each other to be happy.
Since nobody else cares for that
we try to see to it ourselves.

Since everybody knows that sex
is part of love, we make love;
when that's over we return
to shrewdly plotting the other's advantage.

Today you gazed at me, that spell
is why I choose to live on.
God bless you who remind me simply
of the earth and sky and Adam.

I think of such things more than most
but you remind me simply. Man,
you make me proud to be a workman
of the Six Days, practical.

- Paul Goodman

Let the heart's pain slack off
To that secret place we go to in time
Without rhyme's safety to assure us,
All gift is, that perfect joy. Some sign.
Smoke rising from parapets of glass.

No book I turn to but I hear
An inner voice so dear say
"Pass over the commands today; forget
What is allowed, and what is not.
What youth has got. The bizarre symptoms
Of yesterday. The past equal to now."

No words here fit for print, no worlds
either disclose themselves, just debris
solid enough to erect a wall against
all mentioned above; open only like
doors to love.

John Wieners

" A MONSTER'S ON THE LOOSE."

Once the religious, the hunted and weary
Chasing the promise of freedom and hope
Came to this country to build a new vision
Far from the reaches of Kingdom and pope

Like good Christians some would burn the witches
Later some bought slaves to gather riches

And still from near and far to seek America
They came by thousands, to court the wild
But she patiently smiled, and then bore them a child
To be their spirit and guiding light

And when the ties with crown had been broken
Westward in saddle and wagon it went
And till the railroad linked ocean to ocean
Many the lives which had come to an end

While we bullied, stole and bought our homeland
We began the slaughter of the red man

But still from the near and far to seek America
They came by thousands to court the wild
But she patiently smiled and bore them a child
To be their spirit and guiding light.

The Blue and Grey they stomped it
They kicked it just like a dog
And when the war was over
They stuffed it just like a hog

But though the past has its share of injustice
Kind was the spirit in many a way

But its protectors and friends have been sleeping
Now it's a monster and will not obey

The spirit was freedom and justice
Its keepers seemed generous and kind
Its leaders were supposed to serve the country
Now they don't pay it no mind
Cause the pebble got fat and grew lazy
Now their vote is a meaningless joke
They babble about law and 'bout order
But it's just the echo of what they've been told
Yes a monster's on the loose
It's put our heads into the noose
And just sits there watching
The cities have turned into jungles
And corruption is strangling the land

The police force is watching the people
And the people just can't understand
We don't know how to mind our own business
The whole world has to be just like us
Now we are fighting a war over there
No matter who's the winner we can't pay the cost
Yes a monster's on the loose
It's put our heads in a noose
And just sits there watching

American where are you now
Don't you care about your sons and daughters
Don't you know we need you now
We can't fight alone against the monster.

words and music by John Kay / Jerry Edmonton

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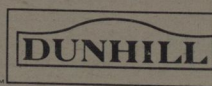
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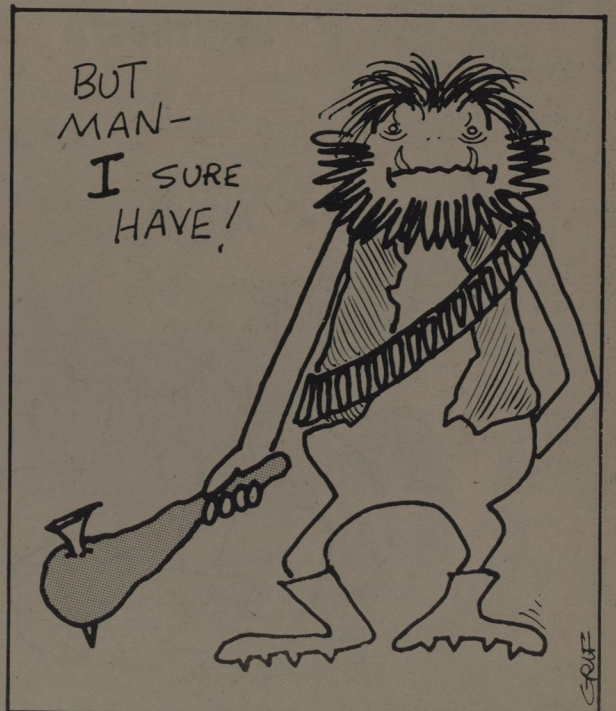
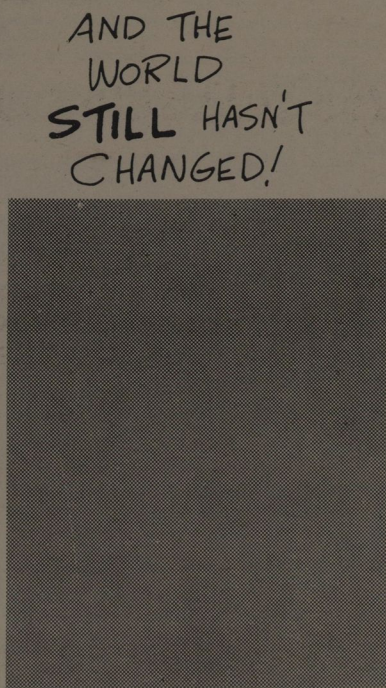
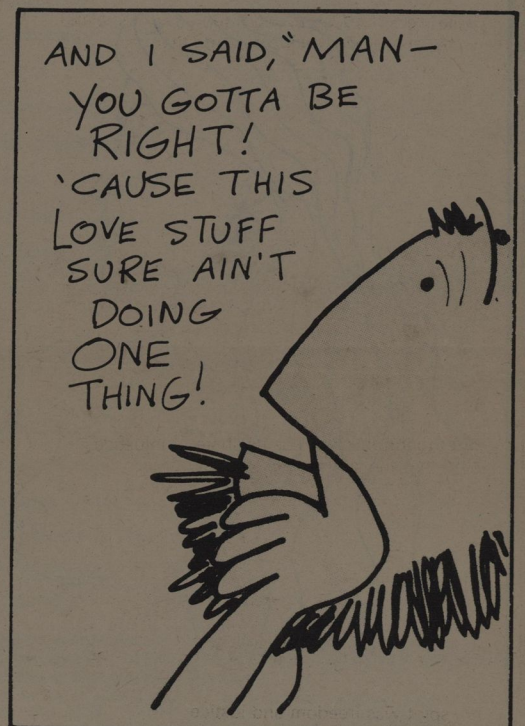
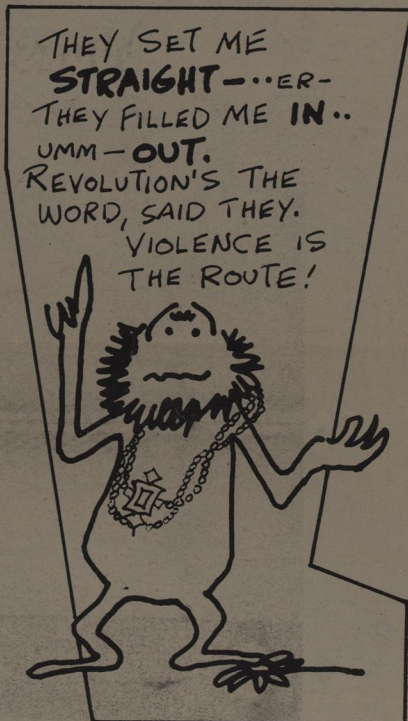
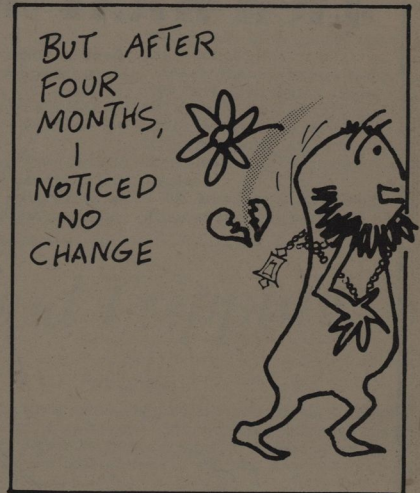
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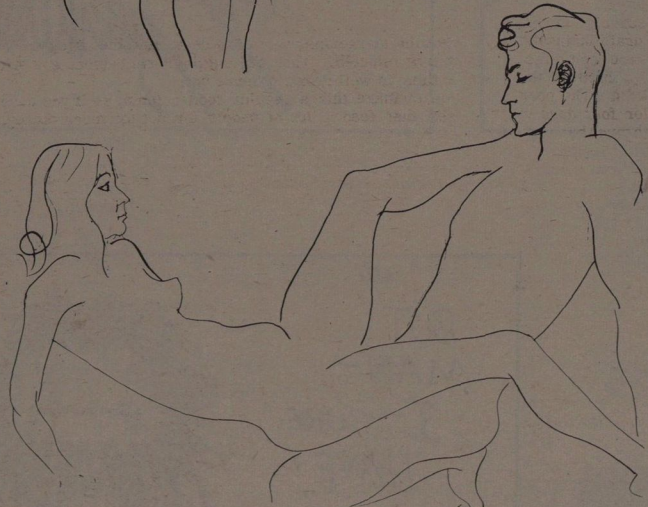
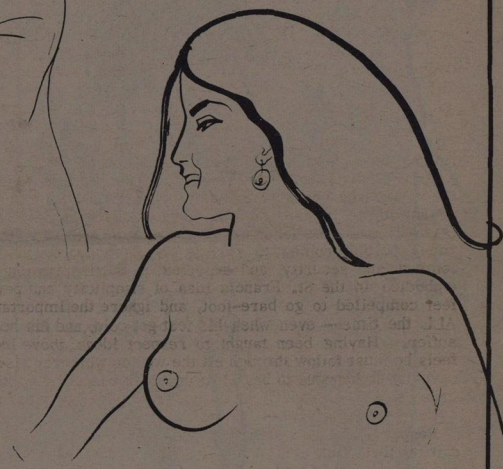
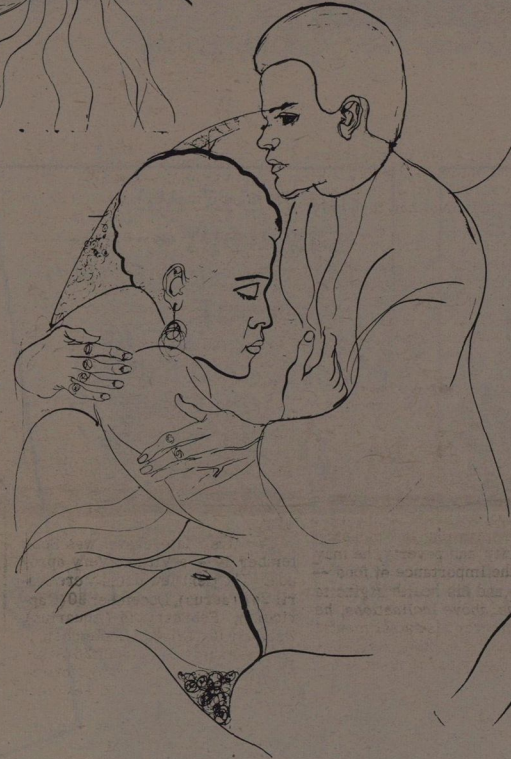
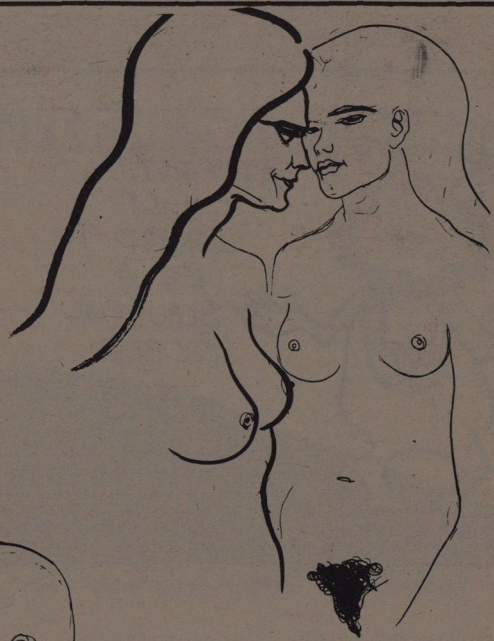
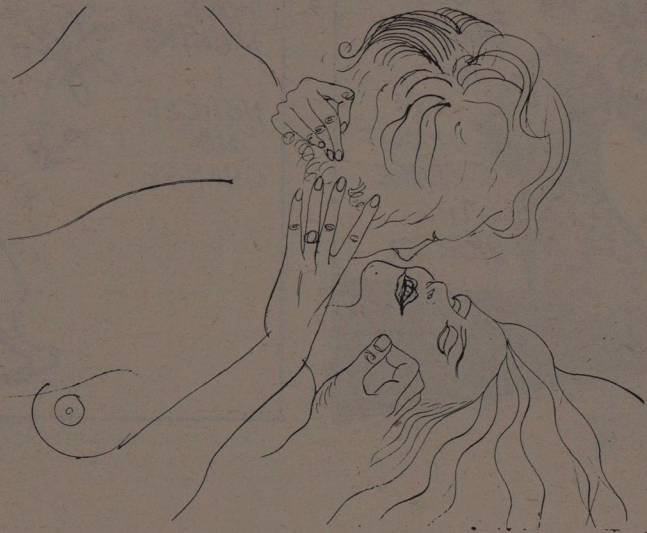
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JACK KRAY

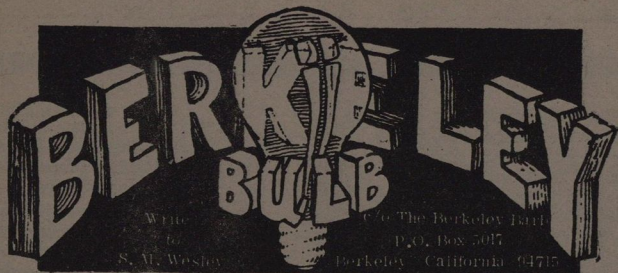
dauntless
bystander



Society calls,
Motherhood begs;
But everyone knows
Love is deep in your eggs
-Spooky Chino



J. Kray
/69



ZODIACAL DRAFT

"DO IT YOURSELF"

One of the factors underlying the violence and chaos of today is the direction that education has taken over the past 30 years. It has become increasingly OUTWARD oriented, instead of INNER directed. It has encouraged the suppression of FEELINGS in favor of a reverence for "facts". It has become merely a hand-maiden of "Society", and concentrated its efforts on teaching only those skills and techniques that make for social conformity, and an increase in collective industrial-military "efficiency". It stresses group values above individual ones, and falsely ascribes greater reality and validity to the "objective" world than to the SUBJECTIVE realm.

So, we now have the eruption of phenomena like the bizarre Madman Manson and his murder gang, Black Panther-Cop shoot-outs in Chicago and LA, the Song My massacre, and a sharp increase in shop-lifting and dope-peddling among "rebellious" youth. The non-rational parts of the psyche are striking back against the excessive rationality, outer-directedness, and repressiveness of the past -- and in a sick, perverse, upside-down way. It's a bad collective dream we're having -- but one we'd better try to decode and understand.

When a child is taught to ignore his feelings and inner impulses in favor of learning "right" responses and conventionally "correct" ideas, he loses touch with the only basis on which he can formulate individual moral judgments, and make personally responsible choices in life. When subjective processes are pushed out of awareness, the field of consciousness is occupied merely by conventional slogans and ideals about what's "proper and good". The individual can then only passively obey, or blindly defy.

Conditioned conformity, learned by rote, whether to the Boy Scout Code, the laws of California, or the teachings of the Bible, is not MORAL. It may be "good", but it's not moral. Moral judgment requires inner struggle, conflict, doubt, and personal choice. If an individual has been trained to look only to the outside for answers, he's unable to cooperate with his inner psyche in discovering truly new and different patterns of behavior and meaning. And when the external rules and mottoes of a society no longer suit the total needs of the evolving, living spirit within, he can only resist, rebel, defy, and destroy -- instead of inventing, discovering, choosing, and creating. He can only Re-Act AGAINST, instead of Act FOR.

The "adjustment" of a person who has been taught to live by principles and concepts alone is precarious. His mind can flip over at any time, and present the opposite side of the coin of what he's learned -- in the form of a contrasting ideological image. When a young person comes to realize the limits to the value of material comfort and security, and experiences the inspiration and meaning embodied in the St. Francis idea of simplicity and poverty, he may feel compelled to go bare-foot, and ignore the importance of food -- ALL the time -- even when his feet get cold, and his health begins to suffer. Having been taught to respect ideas above inclinations, he feels he must follow through all the way on whatever his latest mental revelation happens to be. He is unable to react in any other way, because he's never been given any real help in dealing with the inner world of his images, feelings, and urges.

Respect for "private property" used to be a sacred collective shibboleth. But, now that many young people have discovered that big business is often based on greed and stealing from the public, or the government, they conclude that shop-lifting and pilfering are perfectly OK -- especially if it's from a big company. They simply react against the "establishment" rather than undergoing the struggle necessary to formulate and live-out an individual pattern of their own.

Madman Manson decided that, since the "establishment" was rotten, ruthless, and "rejecting", it was alright, even "beautiful", to coldly murder its representatives. Since "they" were bad, any punitive, barbaric act against them must be "good".

At those primitive levels of consciousness represented by the "eye for an eye" philosophy the universal INNER conflict between good and evil is externalized, and projected onto the outside world. Such an individual can't tolerate the tensions generated by the interaction of the polarities within his psyche -- as they struggle and evolve towards the creation of new configurations of impulse and meaning. So, he simply decides who the good guys are, and who the bad, OUT THERE, in the external world, and impulsively proceeds to take violent action against those who are "in the wrong". It's OK to slaughter women and children, if they're called "gooks", or if one's buddy got killed yesterday -- or if one is ORDERED to do so.

Kids are trained to followed prescriptions and obey "orders" all during their education -- and yet we're surprised when a soldier in Vietnam isn't able to decide when it might to better to make an INDIVIDUAL choice!

Neither the person who blindly conforms to external social standards, nor the one who violently defies them, are making genuine moral decisions. Their behavior is not based on the reflectiveness and inward searching that is necessary for making truly personal choices.

What can an individual do about the sorry state of the world today? -- Nothing -- and everything! He can start with himself -- the focus of the experiential universe.

If you don't like the way things are, and the way people behave, it's up to YOU to create and manifest a better pattern. Merely reacting against, and destroying the old forms will alter nothing. If YOU don't change, how can things ever really be any different? "THEY" -- the people out there -- never have, never can, and never will change. Only YOU, the individual, can do that.

Over the past decade many writers have bitterly pointed out that it's a loveless world we live in. Their style usually reflects feelings of resentment, malice, and contempt. Seldom do they express any genuine personal concern or caring. They're content to be merely coldly intellectual, complaining critics, who say that "they" -- the other people in the world -- SHOULD be more loving.

The world does, indeed, need more love in it. But YOU, the individual, are the only one who can bring this about. If you have visions of how things could be better, and a longing to see more kindness, freedom, justice, beauty, spontaneity, fun, or love in the world -- then it's up to you to incarnate these promptings from the psyche -- in your own life and actions. Don't sit back and wait for others to do it -- or go around vainly seeking for the "superior people" who are supposed to be already at the "higher level" of functioning you picture. The inner intimations you experience are messages meant for YOU, and you alone.

The "journey of life", or "The Search", is not a matter of FINDING -- out there, already existing -- ready-made manifestations of the beauty, truth, and love your soul has glimpsed -- but of CREATING them, and making them happen, from the inside, out -- even if they've never existed before, anywhere else in the universe!

S.M. WESLEY

MOTHER

A new Planned Parenthood Teenage Clinic has just opened up in San Francisco, at 1101 Masonic. "All girls and their boyfriends are welcome" said a spokesman for the new clinic.

Every Wednesday, from 3 to 5:30 p.m. there is pregnancy and birth control counseling and information given, free on-the-spot pregnancy

testing, and birth control whoozis are given out.

Every weekday from 4 to 6 p.m. they have information, counseling and free on-the-spot testing. The clinic, besides dealing in prophylactic measures and family planning, also deals with unwanted pregnancies.

1101 Masonic is near Page St. The telephone number is 922-1720.

Food Tripping

BY OGGIE

With winter happening and food getting more expensive, it might be a good time to get a communal food trip started in your house. Instead of each person buying small stashes of food or eating out in restaurants, why not pool resources and buy large quantities of wholesome food.

If you get about ten people together and each person chips in three dollars a week, you can put out some darn good meals.

The following recipe falls in the category of feeding "ten people or more on three dollars or less."

HOTPLATE SPECIAL

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| INGREDIENTS: | UTENSILS: |
| 2 lbs. hamburger | LARGE POT |
| 3 lbs. rice | LARGE FRYING PAN |
| 2 lg tins tomato soup | HOTPLATE OR STOVE |
| 4 onions (chopped) | |
| 1 tin corn | |
| any seasoning you dig | |

DIRECTIONS:

Fry up the hamburger and onions together, then dump in the soup, corn and seasonings, simmer for a while. Then pour over the cooked rice. Makes a hearty meal for about ten hungry heads.

A really great dessert idea is Indian pudding. It's super rich and heavy and a little bit goes a long way.

INDIAN PUDDING

- | |
|-------------------------|
| INGREDIENTS, |
| 1 cup margerine |
| 2 cups brown sugar |
| 2 cups wholewheat flour |
| handful of raisons. |
| DIRECTIONS, |

Melt the margerine over a low heat. Add the sugar and stir for about five minutes. Then add the flour and raisons and stir until the whole thing is well mixed. Serve hot.

Hope to make this a regular food column, so if you have any good recipes that feed a lot of people for not too much money, or if you know of any good places to shop in the Bay Area, please write me c/o the Barb P.O. Box 5017 Berkeley 94715

The new Selective Service System will go into effect Jan. 1, 1970. Under the old system, eligible (I-A) men were called up by their local boards to fill the local quota, the oldest men first. Men were eligible from the time they were classified until the time they were 26.

Under the new system, a draft lottery will be held each year. There are 366 capsules in a bowl, each with a date of the year in it (including Feb. 29). The capsules are randomly selected, the first date drawn out being the birthday of those 19 year olds who will be the first to be called up.

Each capsule is drawn out, and the order of men called up will be determined by what order in the list their birthday falls into.

It is said that if one's birthday is in the first third of the list (1st 122 names drawn), one is almost certainly going to be called up. If one's birthday falls in the next third of the list, one is uncertain for a year, and if one's birthday is in the last third of the list the chances of being drafted are slim.

The order of men called all of whom have the same birthday is determined of a second drawing. In this drawing there are 26 capsules, each containing a letter of the alphabet. The order in which the letters are drawn out is the random alphabetical order all men born on the same day will called up in.

The first date drawn was September 14 - a Virgo. Very apropos. The next few dates were April 24 (Taurus), December 30 (Capricorn), February 14 (Aquarius), October 18 (Libra), September 6, (another virgin), October 26 (Scorpio), September 7 (Virgo), November 22 (another goat), & December 6 (Sagittarius).

All of which doesn't end the war. But it is more civilized than being grabbed by roving squads of soldiers and forced to serve. Lincoln instituted the first draft during the Civil War, which you could get out of by hiring a substitute for three hundred dollars. The poor rioted in protest for four days in New York City, with much burning, pillaging, raping, and looting.

A handful of the "young unofficial advisors" made mild protests against the new lottery, for whatever that's worth. David K. Parker refused to draw out any capsules, and so did three others. Four others made impromptu protest speeches before drawing.

To get through the bullshit, contact ASUC Draft Help (642-1431), or Draft Help (451-1672) for Oakland, or Draft Help (863-0775) in San Francisco or Quaker Draft Counseling (843-9725) or the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (397-6917) or

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Dear Dave and Carel,

Here is an account of my recent 'round-the-world' trip to meet an Indian 'Avatar' (Divine Manifestation).

Seven weeks in all but, in some ways, it seemed I was gone for aeons.

One night, at the hospital where I worked as night supervisor, a private duty nurse, whom I'd never met before, began to talk with me of Yoga and Indian things in general. Asking me to extend my hand, she placed a small rectangle of cardboard there and told me to close it. I immediately felt a marked spinal thrill move up my back. On turning it over, I saw the face of a smiling Indian man with a wealth of soft hair. "That", she said, "is Sathya Sai Baba....He created that picture."

Within a few weeks, after visiting a Yoga Centre in Mexico, reading an account of his life history, and that of his previous Incarnation, and seeing a colour film of a religious conference at Bombay, at which he presided, I left for India by air.

All things had gone well. Kyo herself, suggested I go. I got leave-of-absence from my hospital, and was able to arrange the tour on a credit basis.

After leaving Los Angeles, we flew westward for hours in the dimly roaring tube over the glittering Pacific far below. Stopped at Hawaii, hot, steamy, with steep green slumbering volcanoes. Then on to Japan. Burly young Hawaiian Japanese pilgrims passed on their way to the toilet, with brown Buddhist rosaries around their knuckles.

Stayed overnight in Tokyo. Walked alone, a habit I've long enjoyed, moved by the aesthetic refinement everywhere apparent. Beautifully displayed cut sandwiches in red and green strata like the paintings of some gastronomical Paul Klee. In glass cases displays of miniature lacquered armour with cords of silver and scarlet. The crests of ancient heroes rose on the tops of the 'lobster-tail' helmets like golden horns and frozen iron fans. Everywhere one saw elegant calligraphy on the most prosaic signs.

I love the Japanese, who, like the Spaniards, so well use black, indicative of the great Void from which all things spring and in the end return to. This darkness is that of ultimate brilliance, though few realize this.

Then on to Manila for four days. A dark and blood-soaked land. One walks silent and subdued out of dungeons sodden with gloom and foreboding in which thousands died of suffocation, drowning, or were burned to death. Gunmen with great black sunglasses sit like jutting skeletons in unexpected doorways. The people in general are warm and expressive, poor and passionate. Met several 'Spiritists' (spiritual healers, who perform surgery without instruments through psychic power and heal the incision with a pass of the hand). Hard to believe unless you see it, as I did. Manila is a good introduction to the teeming life of Asia with its poverty and vividness, where birth and death are alike raw and unveiled.

Next we flew to Hong Kong for another four days. A warm and beautiful harbour with snow-white buildings and anchored ships. Mainland department stores with great red banners shouting 'Follow Mao, the Pilot of the Revolution!' Deep below arcades I persuaded patient parchment-faced old men to bring out fragile old calligraphy and ancient Buddhas whose chiselling is half-removed by time.

I meditated in the local Indian (Hindu) temple, where in the pillared courtyard, I was borne on great waves of purest bliss. Here too we attended the Diwali Festival (The Feast of Lights (the Hindu New Year). One evening I visited a mosque where, under dim green arches Pakistani Muslims reclined on mats, reading great brass-bound copies of the Koran. An atmosphere of great peace.

We climbed the sacred mountain of Sha Tin in the New Territories. Up through tinny jukebox

gambling houses at the mountain's foot and by green streams afloat with sewage on up the thousand steps through the shady forest. Above, one finds great towering Taoist Gods with horsehair beards and glaring eyes, and a huge gold Tibetan-style Buddha looming forty feet above to the dim ceiling with a calm gaze and blessing hand. These temples are served by tiny wizened nuns whose gongs beat hollow across the valley.

On to Delhi, dusty streets with scorched black

which perished all too soon. By the temple gate sit the hunched-backed and grotesque, reaching scrawny hands parting devotees.

We attended many Puja. One learned to draw the sacred ash horizontally a morning as is proper for Yogi. One marks the arms, neck

INNER LIBERATION

ruined domes, Krishna monks with red and white foreheads, and hollow doorways pungent with piss. Giant haughty Sikhs stalk about with fierce moustachios and an air of impenetrable aloofness.

Then South by plane to Madras and another world. Slender, almost black-skinned people, short and with large expressive eyes. Merry and timid, curious stared at point-blank range. Stripped to the waist they peered at our faces, laughing and frowning as we did. They spoke the rapid Tamil of the South and are of ancient Dravidian stock.

We drove west past vivid green paddy fields where country women in vivid red and singing peacock blue saris carried great brass water pots on their heads alongside the dusty roads.

Finally we drove into the old city of Tiruvannamalai below the great, green, stony hill of Arunachala, sacred to Shiva, considered by many Hindus to be the spiritual center of the Universe. Our destination was the ashram of Sir Ramana Maharshi, the great Tamil saint who died in 1950.

(An Ashram is a religious colony of devotees who practice Sadhan (meditation, austerities etc.) and selfless work there and live in the precincts.)

We stayed a week, living the traditional life of the religious devotee in India, which has changed hardly at all in the last thousand years. At three in the morning the great slow bullock carts go creaking by and the women make their first visit to the well, that centre of social activity. We became used to wearing Indian clothes (cool and suitable for the climate) for men a lungi (sarong) of cotton from the

triple brand of renunciation grow while in India and fitter well.

Speaking of Sadhu (literally some eight million of them) dusty roads and living in under roadside trees. They wear Gerua (Ochre-dyed) cloth, they renunciate. Each carries a staff, and staff, which, beside a one spare robe they are allowed, is all they are allowed to own. Apart from a few must not stay in one place. On taking the vow of Sannyasa they have their funeral ceremony come homeless, nameless, the Realization of Brahman.

We left Ramanashram after I had one more interesting commendation of a European. Two others visited a Yogi who had a small ashram to He is a very athletic looking who looks about forty from discipline. He talked fluently Brahman and asked me if I aim of life? On my agreement to receive the initiation of Dharma of Shiva as ascetic who sits in meditation is thus represented in my mind. (Prior to this he had

"The Truth"

THE FIRST OF TWO LETTERS BY

my face for some time.)

He told us that he would psychic 'spinal passage', the spiritual energy, would be as a coiled serpent winding at the base of the spine. It is six Chakra (lotuses or 'whirlpools') on its way to the Sahasrara Chakra, on the eighth certain forms of discipline until permanent union with the Self is the aim of Kundalini.

Seated in the cross-legged with hands in the Chin Mudra, looped and joined and fingers fixed on the Trikuta (space) where the Ajna Chakra is located the 'third eye' of mysticism. In unison in a yoga method of Gearing his power to my brain in my right ear. I felt an icy steadily straight up the spine crown of my head, The Sri Prior to this I had recited a Sri repeating it after him. The practised daily, reciting the phrase or syllable given by Master to a disciple or devotee (Initiation) synchronized with time, through faithful practice, dailni is rising, the mind moves towards Liberation. He is as very old, claiming that which (a widespread belief that Ch who came to India to study spent some years there) he pre guru's guru (Guru means 'teacher' hundred years ago, was one picture I saw) went about in a blanket, because, through practice he had become literally physical and did not want to frighten the Jesus also gave off such a light find this and other things rare. But in India such things are without particular surprise.)

waist to the ankles and a white cotton 'T-shirt' or collarless shirt worn outside the lungi, Chapals or sandals with a loop for the great toe made up the ensemble. Sitting cross-legged on the floor to eat did not come hard to one used to Japanese practice. We ate the rice and curried vegetables from sewn leaf plates with our right hands...the left is used to wash the anus in the Turkish style toilets. The whole atmosphere was one of peace and inwardness.

The influence of the dead sage is very powerful still. As he said to a devotee who mourned his dying, "Where will I GO? I am here always." and he is. Seated in meditation by the stone bull Nandi, the Mount of Shiva, (stands for the body which is the vehicle of the spirit (Shiva)) I felt a great electric wave spread across my back from the spinal column. Mentioning this to some Americans who had been there for some time they told me that when Maharshi was alive he always 'greeted' visitors from where he lay in silence on the settee in the meditation hall. Since he has died many feel similar things on first arriving. Once more in the doorway of the small ashram library I felt his presence powerfully, the same first day.

I made the acquaintance of one of his disciples, a quiet gray-bearded monk, who had recently emerged from twelve years silence in a cave on the mountain slopes. He had a gentle but strong personality and would feed the monkeys and peacocks which his Master had loved so well. I felt a strong affinity with him.

Climbed the mountain twice to the retreat, Skandashram, where Maharshi had dwelt as a hermit for many years. A clear calm atmosphere prevailed there. One could look out over the tall Gopuram (flat, tapered gateway towers covered with ancient carving) of the great Shiva temple. Faintly one could hear the Brahmins chanting and the blare of conch shell trumpets.

We visited the temple with a guide. Deep & labyrinthine with the images in dark niches, garlanded and shiny with the libations of Ghee (melted purified butter). In the inmost sanctum was the great Linga of Shiva, who, in one aspect, is the god of sexual reproduction. The image is completely asexual in effect, a blunted cylinder with fluted sides set in the ovoid Yoni or stylized female organs of generation. All this was of solid silver. We made a small cash offering and watched the presiding priest wave a camphor lamp (which is totally consumed, like the ego of the ideal Yogi). We were garlanded with moist strings of white flowers like small lilies

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UNISALES

soon in the fierce sun outside. At the rows of beggars, many grotesque, who crawl and lurch with hopeful hands towards the

Puja (sacrificial ceremonies), the trident mark of Shiva with a tilak across the forehead each for Yogis. For special occasions, neck and chest too with his

We drove next in a rented car four hours to the north to the town of Bangalore on the Deccan Plateau in Mysore State. It is bracing and relatively cool and quite modern in many respects. It is and was a military town, much influenced by the British. Their mark is heavy here. The Indian armed forces are direct copies in almost every way of those of the departed 'Raj'.

Thirty miles from here, at a place called Whitefield, I met He whom I sought.

REALIZATION No. 1

ation. I let my beard and hair be fitted in with the Sadhu fairly

erally 'renouncers') there are them in India, wandering the hills in caves and in ruins and They are dressed in the orange cloth, the sun colour, that of the monks. A water pot, begging bowl and a small satchel to hold the things are allowed by their austere life (in theory at least) a few attached to shrines, they visit a place more than three nights. Sannyas (final renunciation) ceremony performed and beardless wanderers in search of the truth.

am after a week. Before I left I had a resting experience. On the return to Europe who knew him, I and a Yogi named Tatthwatha Swami went to the north of the mountain. A looking man of over seventy years from long years of Yogic discipline in English of union with the Self. If I believed this was the real thing, he asked me if I wished to see Dakshinamurthi? (an aspect of Shiva who sits ever facing southward. He is in many Shaivite temples.) I had sat silently staring at

It was in the evening, we ran from our car to the side of a narrow path through willow trees. Lined along it, were men and women on opposite sides, after the usual Indian custom. Complete silence reigned, and at the end of the path beside which we had sat down stood a single figure in brilliant orange with a soft wealth of dark hair and with what I can only describe as a look of intense compassion on his face. He moved slowly forward, now and again touching the forehead of some baby or sick person held out for him to bless. As he drew level with me he made a corkscrew downward gesture that I was to come to know well, that of manifestation. Grey, perfumed ash appeared in his hand and he used this to mark those he touched. (This is one of the hallmarks of a manifestation of Shiva, Indian tradition claims.)

After returning inside the large house given him as a religious headquarters by a devotee, he invited us in.

We sat on the floor at his feet in the small dim room. The edge of his hair seemed lit by a definite light. He spoke in slow clear English, "Hello, how are you?... You would like something sweet?" and with the gesture of his hand he turned his palms upwards and his hands filled with a sweet golden-coloured sugar confection which he gave us each from his hand.

It's a funny thing with miracles and I saw Sai Baba perform many, as have many thousands of Indians and some Westerners, when performed by a Master, they appear natural and unaffected, and are, indeed,

come filled with light and my abdomen will become warm. My meditation has indeed improved since that time.

Time and space compel me to hurry on. I saw and heard of many other miraculous and benevolent deeds of Shagavan (Lord), the title of address used to Baba and like direct Divine Manifestations. I have no doubt he IS this, for he is no mere Yogi and his powers to read all minds and know instantly all secrets, to cross in perception time and space, are beyond our power to grasp, and have been His by nature, since his childhood openly, since birth in fact. He is to come to Europe and the U.S. this Spring. I saw at times an almost terrible aspect of Him. He gave me the vision of some great poised cobra, dark and still and untouchable in His essence. Words came to me spontaneously on first beholding Him... "The Lord is a crystal pillar. The Lord is a fire tower. The Lord is a dark serpent... The Lord is... The Lord is."

Because you are my friend, I think you have sensed what manner of man I am at root. A seeker and pilgrim. A seeker for that Light which 'did not shine on dyke or ditch, nor yet on any sheugh, but on the banks of Paradise, that light shone fair enough.' I have glimpsed it and will never abandon the search until I am as empty as the wind and still as a mirror lake. The truth lies within and this person seeks the roots, no more the leaves and branches. I have been blessed indeed to meet an aspect of the Lord Incarnate. Somehow He has lifted a shadow off me and in some sense I am become purified. Kyo and others have commented on some subtle change since my return. Now one must become more humble and drop the last fear-clutched tag-ends of the personal will. Must become an empty vessel for Being to fill.

I flew far and fast to the west through Beirut with its free port and whisky-guzzling tourists. Through the sombre and melancholy Prague where all things, even the subdued music, spoke of a hidden muffled sadness.

Was in London for four days. Enjoyed it there. Still a 'Hogarthian' place in many ways. Visited some old spots and met some new people. Enjoyed it in a relaxed way.

Then homeward bound across the Atlantic to New York and straight on to Los Angeles, arriving at three a.m. exhausted but happy. Kyo and I greeted each other warmly and I was back to work within several days. Jet travel against the clock is exhausting and it takes a while to recover.

Sorry not to have written for so long and hope this makes up for it. If you like, you can show this to any of our friends who are curious as to my recent doings. I'm such a slow and poor typist that I'll probably never write another of such length about 'the Odyssey of Hearn.'

Now for YOUR news. Glad to hear that you and Carel now have good workshops. It's well worth taking time out to do. You'll now have even more incentive to turn out work. Thought of you the other day when we visited the County Art Museum and saw their slowly growing collection of Major Henry Moore's. Good stuff. You must both come and look at them sometime.

Saw relatively little Indian art as my focus was elsewhere at the time. Had hoped to get a figure of Shiva as Nataraja (the four-armed black figure of the Destroyer dancing in the ring of fire that consumes the old Universe that the new may be reborn.) I guess I'll have to pick one up here. (the temple of the Ramkrishna Mission has a few for sale.)

Well O Mars-halls, good greetings from thy Californian friends. I'll bid you goodnight, as its close to midnight, and I must work in the morning.

Fondest regards to you both from,
Jock and Kyo

Lies Within"

GEORGIA STRAIGHT

BY JOCK HEARNE

would clear the Sushumna, or 'ge,' up which the Kundalini would rise, (often it is present while latent in its source) It is supposed to pass through 'wheels' - really psychic to the thousand-petalled lotus, on the crown of the head. This discipline, this energy is raised with The Supreme is reached. Kundalini Yoga.

legged posture of meditation Mudra (thumb and forefinger fingers flattened,) and eyes (space between the eyebrows is located, here too is located) He and I breathed deeply through the back of the throat. My breath rhythm, he breathed an icy current rise swiftly & the spinal column and over the Sushumna had been opened. He a Sanskrit vow of dedication. The rest is up to me. I have the Mantram (secret sacred given by a Hindu or Buddhist or devotee at the time of an initiation with my breathing pattern. In practice, little by little the Kundalini becomes silent, and one is silent. He described the practice that when Christ came to India

at Christ was a famous Yogi, study advanced practices, and he practised this method. His disciples 'teacher' who lived some one Ramalinga Swami (whose name was muffled to the ears in a high proficiency in the practice, physically luminous at night when the villagers. (He claimed to be a light.) (No doubt you will find reports here incredible. These are well known and viewed with awe.)

merely an example of His nature. There is none of the showmanship of the conjurer. I realized the biblical miracles of Christ were not mere allegories but actual truths, as are such things as halos etc. To quote Francis Thompson 'Tis ye, tis your estranged faces, that miss the many-splendored things! How true this is for nearly all of us most of the time. Artists and mystics sometimes penetrate the veil, but most folk are unable to see.

He took me in alone for a brief interview. Inside, he stood close to me. Short in stature, he had an intense clear gaze from which nothing is hidden. He said softly, 'What do you want? - Your eyes?' (he has performed many miraculous cures, both physically and psychologically). I said, "No, I've had astigmatism all my life." (It was not the short sight of the BODY that perplexed me.) He said rapidly in a warm way, "You are a man of meditation whose mind is sometimes restless and dark and concentration not good. You are coming to Puttaparthi? I will talk to you and give you something there." Throughout despite his very real Presence, one felt only the warmth and true benevolence. Each contact with him, near or at a distance, produced real joy in me and in most others I spoke to.

I lived in his Ashram in a small remote hill village for the next month. The living conditions were severe, but despite the mosquitoes, the dust and fecal smells hard floors, and cots on which to sleep, etc., my stay was a happy and deeply revealing one. Meditation and Japa (chanting silently a name of God with a Japa Mala or Hindu rosary) or singing the songs of adoration called Bhajan or Kirtan, one's life became purified. I cannot tell here of the great vividness of day-to-day experience in that setting (it would take a book). One learns not by second-hand theory but by direct experience. During that time, his birthday was celebrated and some twenty thousand folk from all parts of India and abroad came to the valley. I worked as a volunteer in the Sevaks (service) groups, carrying pitchers of water to the thirsty crowds.

Finally the time came for us to leave. He spoke to me again, giving off a bath of benevolence hard to describe. He told me that I was person who was willing to give up everything to attain Self-Realization. I was right to bear such responsibilities as I had. I was to worry no more for He will be with me always. He then manifested a small coloured picture of Him on a metal plate and told me to concentrate on the space between the eyebrows and gradually a light will form there in my own head until I be-

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Don Levison, a law student at San Francisco State, phoned the BARB last week to give us the story of a rent strike at the apartment where he lives with 23 other tenants, at 1660 Sutter St. in San Francisco.

Levison told BARB that he had been living at this apartment for a year and a half now, and since that time there have been two rent increases with no improvements on the place. The last rent increase was for November, and he and 12 other tenants signed a letter which they sent to the landlord, Harry Oberlian, who Davison said was the General Manager of Gump's (a rich man's Roger Barber's). The tenants stated that they were withholding their rent until needed improvements on their apartments were completed.

Only half of the tenants signed the letter, Davison said, because the rest of the tenants were "older people" who went right along with whatever the landlord laid down. Even the manager of the building, Ken Thomas, was with the strikers, he reported.

When Davison moved in a year and a half ago the rent was \$160. Then in March '68 Oberlian raised it to \$172.50. And then last month he raised it to \$187.50. Not only was his own rent raised, but everyone's in the building was, some of them having lived there for four or more years.

The building itself is seven years old, Davison said that the outside looked good, and the plumbing was all right, but that the drapes and

LANDLORD

carpets in many of the apartments needed replacing. They are the original carpets the apartments had, and they cost \$2 a yard then, said Davison. They are stained and torn, and should have been replaced three years ago. A few new carpets have been installed, but Obelian (the landlord) is using \$2 a yard material again.

Davison claimed that Obelian was making a 20% profit off the building (the average is 8 to 12%). He said that Obelian's taxes went up \$1400, but that the rent increase brought in \$4000.

Davison also reported that Oberlian lived in a \$150,000 house, and had a Lincoln continental, but that he drove a 1952 Chevrolet around to visit his apartments, always wearing the same suit. He accused him of being a "complete money-grabbing capitalist."

Davison feels that he doesn't have a legal leg to stand on, but that he fighting his landlord, and urges everyone else to. Only when the tenants organize to fight their landlords by refusing to pay their rent, will the tenant get a fair deal.

This reporter phoned up Oberlian at Gump's. He had an accent I couldn't identify at first. I told him what Davison had told me, and Obelian said that it was all wrong. He said that the tax increase was \$2,000, thus raising his taxes on the building to \$12,000. He said that his rent raise was \$175 per month on the building, or \$2100 per year.

Each unit rents from \$170 to \$200 per month, Obelian said. That makes his income about \$50,000 a year. He said that besides the

\$12,000 in taxes he has to pay, he also was paying \$28,000 a year off his loan on the building. That leaves him with \$10,000 to pay a manager, a janitor, and to keep up the place.

Besides, Obelian said that he did improve the place, by installing security measures. Changing all the electrical fixtures, and installing electric garage openers. He claimed that he wasn't making a nickel off the building. When I asked why he owned it then, he replied that he was keeping it to insure his children a future. When the time came, he said, they could refinance the place and have an assured income.

I asked Obelian if he would evict the tenants if they withheld their rents. He said he would, and if that "smart ass-aleck" law stu-

dent didn't like it where he was living, he was free to go (if he gave sufficient notice.) He said that only nine people had signed the letter aforementioned, and that five had already changed their minds and paid their rent.

Obelian then told me that he came over from Russia twenty years ago, straight out of a German concentration camp, flat broke. He said that he had worked his way up from the bottom by "hard work, saving the pennies that came in, and minding my own business."

In another landlord/tenant incident, Leo Hearst, who lives at 6543 Telegraph Avenue in Oakland, walked into the BARB office to complain about being harassed. He said that he paid his rent on time, (\$80) and that Mrs. Joe Johanson, wife of the manager of the building, accepted it as usual.

But Hearst claimed they were harassing him. The next morning after he paid his check he woke up and found that his electric razor had been all gummed up.

He also feels that he is being irradiated, or being fed some poison, that is making the heat go out of his legs. He seemed to suspect the Johansons, but couldn't understand why they would do that to him.

This reporter couldn't understand how they could do it to him, and so sent him to the Legal Aid Society in Oakland Main office 451-9261.)

At the last report, both cases were still up in the air.

LADIES BEWARE

Ladies, beware, if you care about who you do it to. The Berkeley Crime rate has risen, and there were over a dozen rape reports that were filed with the police last month.

Jane (not her real name) phoned the BARB last Tuesday to report a pair of men who robbed and attempted to rape her and who have raped and robbed at least 5 other girls within the last month. Both are about 36, she said, one is white, the other is black. The white guy is big she said, 6 feet tall and maybe 200 pounds. The black has no front teeth.

The white was wearing white chino-type jeans, and a leather

vest, and the black wore pale green pants. They were driving a 1960 or '61 yellow corvair station wagon when they picked up Jane. Other girls reported a light blue vehicle.

These two operate late at night around Telegraph and Haste in Berkeley. They pick up a hitching chick, both of the men sitting in front, so the chick gets in the back. They drive down Haste for a couple of blocks, and then stop the car, saying they are going to change drivers. The black gets in to drive, but the white gets in the back, grabs the girl by the neck, points a big knife in her ribs, and tells her to cooperate.

Then they drive down below San Pablo somewhere, or up in

the Berkeley Hills, and "really do it," robbing, raping, and roughing up their victim.

Most girls submitted to them, but Jane fought back when the cat first stuck a knife to her ribs. She kept one leg out the door and struggled. The black came out around back and started hitting her and the other cat beat on her head.

Jane fought back scratching the white's eyes, and managing to get an elbow in his balls. Then they dumped her out of the car and drove away.

So, ladies, beware of these two gentlemen, unless you don't want to. But their victims report they're "not nice."

PUBLISH OR PERISH JONES

BY #6

Dr. Hardin B. Jones is a full professor of medical physics at the University of California. Speaking of his work recently, before the trustees of the California State Colleges, Dr. Jones said, "I can, with a little bit of vanity, tell you that at least 12 times during my life time I have been probing into problems that were really important and was able to probe far further than anyone had probed before . . . In this way I have almost transformed much of medicine as it is known today . . . But I couldn't have done any of these things if my mind were affected by drugs."

Reserving judgement of Jones' work to his peers, we note only that the accomplishments of which he speaks must have been completed in the forties or early fifties. By the late fifties Jones had arrived, and with the other "arrivals" Jones was commuting back and forth to Washington serving on grant award and advisory committees. His research suffered and students complained of his 'indifference'. Fortunately, Jones, in contrast to the majority of professors, was directly responsible for no more than one, or perhaps two, graduate students.

The last citation in Index Medicus to Dr. Jones scholarly work appeared in 1964. But Dr. Jones had not stopped publishing. In 1964 the 'indifference' of which Jones' students had complained was a monstrous tumour that had

invaded every department on campus, a tumour that demanded and got radical surgery: FSM (Free Speech Movement). Jones responded with a letter to SCIENCE denouncing FSM as a Maoist-communist plot. He began a series of speaking tours exposing communism in the University.

By the late sixties Jones' emphasis had turned to drugs and to moral decay. He was a member of the Moomaw committee which submitted an 81 page report to the State Board of Education denouncing among other institutions the U.S. Supreme Court and the United Nations. (A dissenting report was filed; Dr. Jones, however, went with the majority.) It was this same committee which initiated the demand that Genesis and the theory of spontaneous generation be given equal time along with Darwin in California schools . . . transforming much of biology as it is known today.

Dr. Jones meets regularly with his students. They are well-groomed, neatly dressed; they carry notebooks and tape recorders. The topic of discussion: communism.

Dr. Jones has a full time secretary. Her salary is paid by the Regents of the University of California. She arranges Dr. Jones' lecture schedule and maintains a clipping file of the various shopping news reports of Dr. Jones' appearances before Kiwanis, Rotary and Veterans.

The work of a professor at the University of California includes scholarly research, teaching and student guidance. Dr. Jones has not published in a scholarly journal since 1963. His teaching load is minimal and subject to cancellations. His student contacts are apart from the business of his departments.

Dr. Jones has proclaimed full support for Governor Reagan's announced, but seldom instituted, policy of reducing surplus in government and state supported institutions. Do it.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

This is my second commentary mailed by a friend in San Francisco to you. In case you didn't get the first thesis, here is a copy for you to publish in your forward looking underground success - the BARB. Publish this second item, too, and maybe there'll be more of the same forthcoming from this reverend scribe.

must demand a great deal more from their elders and so-called betters.

They must demand more bread. How the fuck are the under-thirties going to have anything if they don't demand EVERYTHING that the old creeps have?

They must demand the immediate eradication of all property rights for anyone over thirty. Note, as I said, only insofar as the so-called rights of the old bastards are con-

cerned. All young people must demand THEIR rights to all public and all private property at all times and wherever found and liberated. If this is looting - so be it!

The young and beautiful must demand that anyone over thirty be deprived of the right to the pursuit of happiness; of the accumulation of wealth; of the holding deprived of their useless lives. Only, in this way, can the young, the intelligent, the brave and the bold inherit the earth.

The young and beautiful must demand that anyone over thirty be deprived of the right to the pursuit of happiness; of the accumulation of wealth; of the holding of power. In fact, it would solve a myriad of problems if the oldsters were deprived of their useless lives. Only, in this way, can the young, the intelligent, the brave and the bold inherit the earth.

Is there any logical, intelligent reason why any youngster should have to wait until he reaches senility at the ripe old age of one score and ten before he can claim what belongs to him - and use it in the best interests of all those under thirty?

In all sincerity, why must black fight against white, rich against

poor, law and order types against beautiful youth?

Can't you and your wonderful readers see that the real war is yet to come -- when youth battles against old age? Juveniles against seniles? Why wait? Why not demand this kind of combat NOW?

The world has had its full of fucked up females over thirty. It is crap-full with masturbating males who've become impotent in their declining year - 30 plus!

I say, let us youngsters demand our rightful share - that is, All that "belongs" to the loused-up, uptight shtooks in their thirties--all of whom have reached their physical and mental nadir!

Then, and only then, those of us who have beautiful physiques, high intelligence and who are the ONLY ones who have a right to live - will really fuck and enjoy life to the fullest extent!

Very sincerely,
The Right Reverend b. wright
period, m.d., d.d..

Dear BARB,

Now you got me pissed. (U.S. Army Kills 300 For Revenge)

I dare you to print any part of this -- in context-- and see if you're not wrong with your readers. I'll give you five hours to sell tickets to the balls kissing if I have to apologize.

You got a situation here where momma holds you while grampa rapes you. You get drafted and daddy says: "Son, I'm proud of you." So, you go to Viet Nam.

You see picturesque peasant type shuffling down the street and you think he's the perfect picture of a native. Then he up and lobs this grenade into the pot parlor where your buddies are keeping a joint hot for you.

Suddenly you realize this is a civil war and every son of a bitch in Viet Nam is in it.

This is a war like you never heard of before -- no battlefields, none of that nice shit. What you don't realize is that you are there to hold some candy ass in government because he is willing to take orders from the Big Man over here.

All you know is that your daddy's proud of you and so you're in this mess where a bunch of slopes are shooting hell out of a bunch of slopes and they all look the same to you.

So, they shove you out in a rice paddy where you get bamboo spikes through your shoes and when you bitch about this ain't no way for soldiers to fight a war, your buddies tell you that it wasn't soldiers, it was the villagers from MY LAY.

Pretty soon, you're full of that shit about how the babies in MY LAY carry grenades in their diapers and that the women are fighting sons a bitches, and how every villager is out to get your sad ass.

What do you do when you get there? Squeeze diapers to see if it's a turd or a grenade? Bullshit baby, you already admitted that your ass is a bucket more important to you than anyone else's. When you turn up a nest of snakes, you do what's natural -- you get em all if you can.

Well, all of the kids who took their daddy's praise are in hell over there. Don't blame them if they use the devil's tools to get out in one piece if they can.

If you want them to be nice while everyone else is running around being nasty, maybe you agree with the whole idea. Maybe you think this is a good method of birth control. Maybe you rap with the vibe that it would have been cheaper to shove all those young studs into an oven over here. Just don't blame anyone if they don't go along with it.

The Man sent 'em, the Army took 'em--don't get confused, O.K.?

File my name, sign me --
"Just an American"

OTHER SCENES

by Kulamarva Balakrishna

What is good taste? The current guardian of Indian hypocrisy, which once front-paged the revealing legs of Christine Keeler, has launched an attack on The Times of India for publishing four-letter words in a theatre review by a left-wing contributor.

Discussing the obsolescence of the word obscenity, the contributor referred to Chel, Oh Calcutta and the musical Hair, all shows currently popular in the West.

The contributor said, "I certainly found it somewhat liberating to hear the word fuck in the musical HAIR."

To this the Current editor commented hypocritically: "This word which begins with 'f' is a four-letter word, which despite my more sophisticated education than this goon I find difficult to reproduce. There are other words printed which are equally filthy 1) a four-letter word beginning with 'f' meaning passing wind; 2) a four-letter word beginning with 'a' meaning the rear lower part of a man or a woman's body; 3) a five-letter words for the upper part of the woman's torso. And yet another word, which is a four-letter word beginning with an 's' and representing the secreta of the human body is also printed."

Why should editor Dosubhai be so indignant? I am sure he is well versed with the etymology of four-letter words. He has got no objection to their meaning; he would not be willing to swear he does not enjoy fucking. Dosubhai is not the lone fucker. There are others who enjoy suppressed feelings in arts. When Ara painted nudes worshipping Lord Ganapathy (the anti-obstructionist bachelor god) critics called his work obscene. The painting was, however, bought by a collector. Ara, as a true artist, defended himself quoting Indian mythology and the religious practice of the Hindus.

In certain parts of Indian villages, he explained, clothings other than silk are considered impure for worshipping gods. Since the poorer sections cannot afford silk saris, women undressed before entering the god's room for worship. Ara then cited the Krishna legend: young women were taking a swim in the lake when god Krishna appeared on the scene to steal their saris. The women had to come to him in nude appealing for the restoration of the saris. Added Ara: "God created only nudes, human or animals."

As for filth and obscenity, I am sure Dosubhai will not dispute that India is an eternal exhibit. Here are hungry people picking up dirt left over by the likes of Dosubhais who eat at

glossy hotels like the Taj Mahal. Young men put their cocks out anywhere on the roadside to piss. Sadhus run off with millionaires' wives with no other intention than to transcendently experience the full meaning of the earthly four-letters.

One of these "holy" men, claiming to be God and owning three telephones, told a trial court recently he had been kidnapped by the woman in question because she believed him to be her reincarnated husband. The court did not believe him.

Still there are people in large numbers who are afraid of light, acting like prostitutes in purdah. The hypocrisy is not restricted to spiritual and moral life alone. It has corrupted political life as well. The national sentimentalism symbolised by national flags seeks to inhibit the freedom of creative men. An Irish painter here made some collages from rags resembling the national flags of various countries including India and the U.S. Four such paintings were shown by Phillip Martin in an exhibition of Auroville, the universal spiritual township near Pondicherry. A hue and cry was made by certain groups forcing the gallery to remove the controversial collages from the show. The police took a statement from

him that the collages were not made of flags but rags, with colours similar to that of some national flags.

With the cow protection movement spreading throughout India, some hypocrites believing in "good taste," might as well begin a movement to clothe the sacred cows covering up the obscene parts of the animals' body. Even now the farmers do cover the animals to protect them against an leaving out that portion considered obscene by puritans free for gaze.

Inspired by this practice, a few hippies recently covered only their heads and backs in an interior village provoking the authorities to chase them out.

The counter-revolutionary forces entrenched in the establishment are worried by what they call this trend towards obscenity. They are contemplating a move to ban the entry of hippies into India by introducing a bill in the parliament. The ban would mean that no young person with long hair, unconventional clothes and bohemian manners be permitted to enter the country. At the moment authorities only chase such revolutionaries into hide-outs being satisfied that the hide-outs do not constitute public places and therefore the arms of law of morals cannot reach there.



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by Barbara Gibson

Women masturbate too. Five hip, emancipated women interviewed for this article admitted, unguiltily, to the "sin of self-abuse" as the dogma-morons call it. And the Kinsey report says that masturbation is THE form of sexual activity in which the female MOST frequently reaches orgasm. Eat your hearts out, men.

Women aren't dependent on men for sexual release. They prefer men, most of the time, but when alone they can release sex tensions by themselves, just like men do. As one woman put it "Masturbation for me is a special sexual experience that has a validity of its own. I can dig it for itself, not just as a substitute for fucking."

Another woman says "Mostly I masturbate when I'm lonely. Or just horny and my man's not around. Or maybe when he didn't satisfy me and I'm left awake, after he falls asleep." Reasons varied, but no one expressed any shame. Embarrassment maybe, but not guilt. "I feel like the more orgasms I have in a lifetime the better. I can't see just sitting around feeling frustrated if I can satisfy myself. It adds to my total sexual experience." Or as Paul Goodman's maxim puts it: "The more you come, the more you can."

Kinsey's studies would seem to support these women's claims of the benefits of guilt-free masturbation. He shows, for instance, that women who masturbate to orgasm before marriage have a much better chance of reaching orgasm in marriage. One of our interviewees said "I learned a lot about my body by masturbating, long before I even knew what I was doing, or understood about the whole boy-girl thing. I think I really taught myself to be sexually sensitive, to know HOW to come."

Surprisingly, a lot of little girls (about 12% of all females according to Kinsey) masturbate to orgasm, even before adolescence. A single woman remembers "When I was as young as five or six I'd lie awake and touch myself between my legs. It felt good, but I vaguely know my mother didn't want me to do it. I think she caught me at it once, and then I figured out a way of

'cheating' where I'd pull my pants tight over my crotch and rhythmically move. I thought I wasn't really doing it then because my fingers weren't there. I'd keep on moving until it hurt to do it anymore; that must have been a kind of climax, but it's hard to remember. Of course I didn't know any of the terms then. I had no idea what I was doing."

Ignorance is bliss but it only lasts until the nuns get to you. Children begin to hear about a vague sin called self-pollution or self-stimulation or abuse, often think it only applies to boys. When the revelation strikes, tremendous guilt strikes too. The same woman says "When I figured out what was happening, probably around adolescence, I finally confessed it. The priest asked a lot of questions I still didn't understand, but I knew I had to stop. So I did for awhile. I can't remember masturbating at all through high school, and not because I was getting any sex satisfaction from boys. I necked a lot, but never felt real sexual arousal. It took a passage from *Peyton Place* to really hit me between the legs."

Another woman we talked to was much less sexually precocious. She began masturbating only after reading about it in a college textbook. "I thought I'd try it, almost as an experiment. I had come to climax before in petting, but it had never occurred to me to do it myself. Once I started I did it a lot."

She is not alone. Kinsey says about 62% of all females have masturbated sometime, 58% to orgasm. The 4% disparity is due to a number of females who just try it once, because apparently if at first you don't succeed, try try again and you will. Kinsey says "nearly all of those who had seriously experimented soon learned to reach orgasm." Which is a lot better, statistically, than the odds in coitus. Kinsey attributes this to "the fact that the techniques of masturbation are especially effective in producing orgasm." There's a lesson for men AND women in that.

What are the techniques of masturbation? The popular pornographic myth have women sticking everything from bananas to flashlights in their vaginas, but actually clitoral manipulation is the overwhelmingly favorite way to masturbate. One of the women interviewed pointed out that masturbation is superior to coitus unless the man makes a special effort to stimulate the clitoris and the inner lips of the vagina. "A lot of guys think their prick is most important to a woman's pleasure. They're all wrong. I like the feel of a penis inside me,

but to come, I need pressure or friction on the clitoris. No two ways about it. There are some positions I can't come in, because I just don't get it in the right places. I really dig being on top of the man because then I can put myself where I need to be. And I found that out by masturbating."

The next most common technique for masturbation involves the woman lying face down and thrusting her pelvis forward and back, sometimes with a pillow between her legs, rhythmically contracting the muscles in her buttocks, thighs and vagina. Physiologically, those muscular contractions are perhaps the most important aspect of building to orgasm, as that wise sexologist and psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich knew. (More women, and men too, should know his books, especially *THE FUNCTION OF ORGASM*, the main thesis of which is: you have to move your pelvis to come.) One woman put it this way: "I can come without any direct touching of my clitoris, all I need is the pressure against it. But I have to be able to move my hips against something. I've done it against doors, table tops, floors, the bed and men's legs!" This particular woman expressed a preference for coital positions which enable her to get some leverage for pelvic movements. "I have to have my feet against something, to push against. I never can come if my legs are up in the air or wrapped around a man's back, because then I can't rock the right way. It's a hassle



To Fuck Divine"

lot of men seem to want to watch women hold, rub or pinch their breasts and nipples when masturbating. Some masturbate while watching television, giving themselves cunning streams of water over their genitals and other far-out methods. Many women do insert a finger or two or three in their vaginas, but usually hold or rub the clitoris at the same time.

Fewer women fantasize during masturbation than men: only about 64% of the women to almost 100% of the men, Kinsey says. He attributes this to the female's "greater dependence on physical sources of erotic arousal." Men, he says, are more easily aroused by psychic stimuli. Many women would disagree, however. Is Kinsey showing subtle signs of male chauvinism?

Our interviewees differed, but half of them always fantasize during masturbation: "During those childhood episodes, I'd see really terrible sado-masochistic scenes. Usually someone I loved would be tied up and tortured and I'd be forced to watch -- I'd pretend that my eyes were propped open and I was tied up too. Weird." Another woman reported "At first I used to make up these pornographic scenes, but I wouldn't be acting in them, just there as an onlooker. Recently though, I've been a participant! I make up these elaborate stories. Occasionally I'm involved with another woman, but she always changes into a man at the climax."

Another woman said "My fantasies are usually from books I've read. I guess I'm not very imaginative. I don't dig sado-masochistic pornography, but I do find good healthy orgies very exciting. Or sometimes just intense psychological situations can really turn me on, like incest between a brother and sister, for instance. The sex part doesn't have to be abnormal or even unusual, but the psychic tension has to build a certain way. I don't usually put myself in these scenes. I must be a voyeur."

Several women pointed out that masturbation enables a woman to time her climax for the greatest amount of pleasure. "When you're by yourself you can come fast or come slow. You can hold off your orgasm indefinitely if you like that. Or you can pound through to the climax almost immediately. I like to have that control. With a man, it's a lot more complicated. You have to think of his pleasure too, and that's not always synonymous with yours."

Again Kinsey confirms this, when he reports that 45% of the women who masturbate come within 3 minutes, which is a lot faster than in coitus. Again, he attributes this to more effective techniques in masturbation. The women we talked to suggested it might also have to do with few inhibitions. "Like when you're alone you don't have to worry about anything -- how you look how you smell or what you're doing. You can let go completely, no

hang-ups, just please yourself. You can groan, foam at the mouth, say anything, act nutty. A lot of men might be shocked at that kind of behavior."

After all these glowing testimonials to masturbation, it comes as a surprise to look more closely at Kinsey's statistics and find that although 62% of all women have masturbated sometime, the number who are actually masturbating during any one year consists of only 20% of the female population. This is much lower than the 75% of single men, 30% of married men who are masturbating during any one year. Furthermore, frequency of masturbation is not all that great. The average single female masturbates about once every 2 or 3 weeks; the average married woman about once a month. However, there's a very wide spread; some females do it as often as 30 times a week, and some Amazon prodigies have come 10,20, or even 100 times an hour! No wonder they masturbate, no man could satisfy them.

The women in our small sample agreed that masturbation is an on and off thing. One said "Generally if I'm getting lots of sex from a man and things are going pretty well in my life, I don't masturbate much or at all. But there's plenty of times in my life when I'm lonely, bored, irritated or can't sleep." A married woman said "I often go weeks or months without masturbating. Then I might do it quite often for awhile, maybe twice a week. It doesn't necessarily correlate with what's happening in my marriage, either. I'm not sure what it's related to. Seasons of the year, phases of the moon, maybe." It is well known that women are most erotic in the days just preceding their menstrual period.

The women we talked to were all convinced of the benefits of masturbation but had come to that position gradually. One admitted feeling guilty about it for years. "I felt I had to confess it to my boyfriend; I did think of it as something unclean. But he was cool about it." Women who aren't as liberated as our interviewees undoubtedly suffer torments of guilt, as men do, for their masturbation activities. Religious dogma, teachers and parents still seem to be opposed to it, in spite of overwhelming scientific evidence that the practice is harmless in itself. Only the guilty corrodes.

Enlightenment is gaining ground, though. Fewer parents today tell their children that their legs will fall off or they'll get pimples or go crazy if they masturbate. Still, very few see it as a positive thing either. That view is reserved for a few hip scientists like Albert Ellis who has long advocated petting to orgasm or self-masturbation as a good preparation for coitus. Masters and Johnson, of electric sex laboratory fame, use self-masturbation. Eventually she will be able to do so with a man, say the good doctors. Women who can't come should take note.

As our hip friends put it "I think masturbating has made me a better sex partner with men. I definitely don't consider it an act of hostility against men. It's more like keeping in practice when they're not around." Another adds, "Yeah and anyway I really NEED it sometimes." And another "Maybe I'm narcissistic but I love my body. I really do. I just really dig giving myself all that self-contained pleasure. Pleasure from a man is groovy too, but sometimes nothing beats a good private masturbation scene."

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Northern New Mexico..

STATE OF THE RURAL REVOLUCION!

A Personal Report: by Conrad

The years roll by and the hippie, derelict and bum population of Northern New Mexico continues to grow. The word seems to be accepted on the West (and East) Coast: if you're bored with the city life, split to New Mexico. At first inspection the sluggish, antique country culture of the state is attractive to those looking for paradise, a haven, or just an oasis. Portable communes, like the Hog Farm, have publicized the scene widely.

Closer inspection of the New Mexico scene and any actual time spent dwelling there brings one into contact with the hard realities. The Northern part of the state, being a Mexican ghetto in this country, is an explosive political situation of greater revolutionary potential than the cities. Far from being a remote island, it is merely another brewing pot for political activity.

Northern New Mexico (specifically the hill regions north of Santa Fe) contained a practically 100% Mexican and Indian population until groups of hippies started moving in two years ago. Now the hip people may comprise 25% of the total population, and in some small mountain towns the Mexicans have been relegated to a minority position. In some cases this has been for the worse. A town like Vallecitos (population varying around 50), hidden away high in the mountains north of Santa Fe, can exist in much the same way for a hundred years until "invaded" by groups of junkies and dope users who have become too "hot" for the city life.

In Vallecitos there is no law, and the hippies found only the friendly, co-operative spirit of an isolated farm community. This social order did not impress people hardened by the city "street scene" and after a few months of petty thievery and general ecological ignorance (exemplified by robbing the wealth of someone else's garden), one could soon evidence the decay of the co-operative community into a "progressive" individualist scene.

Vallecitos is an example of immediate sociological decay due to the introduction of thoughtless individuals on a large scale, but other, more individual incidents reflect much the same atmosphere. Last winter El Rito, a town not

far from Vallecitos, experienced a "hippie" murder of a Mexican over the (still) unestablished rape of a white girl. The facts of the case are not clear yet and won't be until the trial (still unscheduled) but at this time both the "hippies" and Mexicans who were living in El Rito at the time feel the killing was unnecessary and out of hand. Many conflicts between "chicanos" and "hippies" have grown out of this one incident, a good example being last New Year's when this author was physically thrown out of a dance hall during a discussion of the incident. It is still difficult for the two groups to have mixed social events, as was pointed out to me by three friends in El Rito who were each attacked and beaten by a dozen Mexicans at a recent dance.

Incidents like this may be commonplace in city life, but they take on new significance in the rural environment of Northern New Mexico. In a normally friendly, open community such events affect people very drastically, as the El Rito killings spawned organized action among the Mexicans to evict the hippies from all Mexican-owned land. This action has so far been stifled, mostly due to the far-sighted policies of the Alianza.

Since 1967 the Mexicans in New Mexico have found themselves (though not unanimously) organized behind a militant land reformation movement, Reyes Tijerina's Alianza. This group has extended friendly hands to the hip people, but many Alianza members now distrust the hippies whom they once trusted. The reason for this distrust has grown out of incidents such as have been mentioned. The Alianza is striving to build something constructive, a better society (if those words still have any meaning in this world), and they need responsible people to help. Hippie conduct has, in far too many cases, been so far removed from responsible or "brotherly" that even the most far-sighted of the Alianza must despair of ever uniting all racial groups in Northern New Mexico into a single revolutionary force.

The trials and mistrials of Tijerina appear to be coming to a head, as he has been convicted

of kidnapping a Forest Ranger (the New Mexico "pig") after many similar charges have been pressed and beaten on appeal. The future looks bleak for Reyes Tijerina and in anticipation of a life-time jail sentence he has resigned from the Alianza. The new leader is Juan Valdez of Canjillon, an important figure in Alianza activity for years. Though Tijerina goes to jail, the

movement will continue because its goals are those of all people who wish to build a better community in New Mexico.

If the Indians, the Mexicans, and the hippies could work together, chances are good that something constructive and revolutionary could be formed in this mountain area. As things stand now, however, selfishness and amorality,

particularly among the hip population, are disintegrating the state of things rapidly. One year ago Tijerina could promise a monthly income to "all poor people -- Mexican, Indian, and hippie" if elected governor -- this year Tijerina faces a lifetime in jail and the "hip" people, for the most part, don't give a shit.

-- Conrad Nicodemus

Page 6

October 17, 1969



Reyes Lopez Tijerina

Photo by William Warren.

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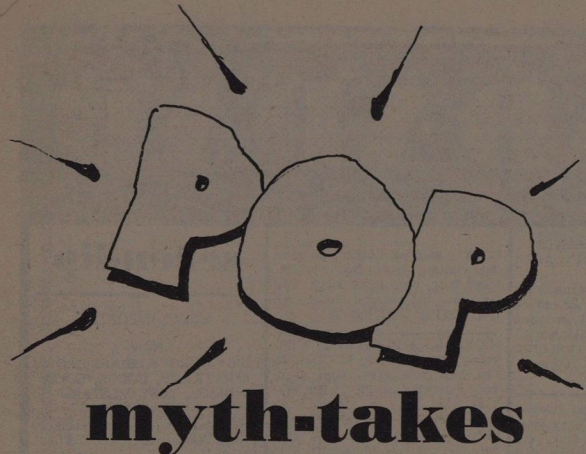
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Mel Green

I
Do social-situations generate (determine) ideas or do ideas produce social-situations/structures/properties?

Marx would reply that only the former (in a particularistic economic fashion) is true, since any ideological superstructure must necessarily be the product of certain substructural economic determinants. Idealists would argue that all social-technological-scientific change reflects the actualization of cerebral innovations or accidents. Others, (like Berger and Luckman) in a reconciliatory manner, suggest that a reciprocal, interactive process occurs whereby ideas affect social-structures and social structures ideas— simultaneously and continuously.

But when Bob Dylan first sang The Times They Are A-Changing was he heralding a new movement? part of an ideological avante garde? a determining factor for anyone at anytime? a prophet? overinterpreted? a Great Man? a mediaguerilla? teaching? preaching? warning? aware of what he was doing? aware of what others were going to do to him?

Is Rock an idea or a Durkheimian 'socila fact'?

Who's really in charge here anyway?

If Eric Burdon is one plane behind the Beatles, who's one plane

ahead? If S,D,S, is a generational reincarnation of the '20's - Socialists, who (or what) are the Socialists a reincarnation of? If The Rolling Stones bad-rapped dope (Dylan already has -- Listen to Memphis Blues Again: "It strangles up my mind and now people just get uglier and I have no sense of time") would YOU stop smoking/dropping/snoorting/shotting? Would anyone?

"You're what's happening, baby" screams Murray the K; but how do you know what YOU are so you can figure out what's happening? "I am he as you are he/ as you are me/ and we are all together", sing The Beatles (after three months of intensive transcendental meditation); but what the hell does that really mean? "Don't you know it's going to be alright?" is their reply to the rising doubt; but what if your album sells somewhat less than \$22,000,000 worth its first week on the market? Who do you believe when the harmonics are equally complex?

II
In other words: what gives "where it's at" its whereitsatness?

In pop music it is probably true that there are some individuals and groups who not only survive musical trends and fads—but determine and create them. Not deliberately, and not out of whole cloth, but by synthesizing, internalizing, and expressing the existential vibrations that surround

III
Where The Beatles and Dylan tread, others follow:
Lennon-McCartney and Dylan are responsible for making Rock relevant; i.e.: for the politicization and psychedelization of contemporary music.

Dylan, nearly singlehandedly, reconciled Folk and Rock audiences. No one else could have done it.

Until Sargeant Pepper there was no such musical animal as a 'concept album'. Now (except for Golden Goodies collections) almost all albums are concept albums -- integrated ventures in rock experimentation and/or syntheses.

The Beatles hinted at Country and Western four years ago with Rubber Soul. Despite Buffalo Springfields and the Byrds' tributes to country funk the idiom didn't become commercially established as a Rock phenomenon until Dylan's selection of Nashville as a recording site for his last two albums. Poco, the Flying Burrito Brothers, Crosby-Stillts, Nash-(and Young), and a thousand other artists, have since recognized and exploited the sudden popular acceptance of C&W.

IV
The Beatles and Dylan are as attuned to us as we are to them.

all of us but to which they, as particularly acute receptors, are extraordinarily sensitive. The genius of these 'superstars' (Dylan and The Beatles being the archetypal examples) lies in the fact that they are ineluctably right; that each of their musical productions, in turn, captures the mood, the temperament, the vision, of the times; that they embody the truth--element of any socio-historical moment. Their records are in a one-to-one relationship with the flux of existence. They stand, alone, at the very nexus of what is meaningful, significant, and relevant at any given temporal juncture. They are the avatars of our collective conscience; but their representations of our fears and aspirations are almost always natural, rarely conscious or contrived. As John Lennon has said: "People think the Beatles know what's going on. We don't. We are just doing it."

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IV
The Beatles and Dylan are as attuned to us as we are to them.

But their morphogenetic quality derives not only from their musical progressions and unfailing receptivity to our human condition, but from their mass canonization which is a consequence of their musical talents. This legitimation tends to reduce our natural scepticism and distrust to the point where Dylaisms and Beatleisms are quoted with religious reverence, and new albums are unquestioningly assumed to be repositories of contemporary truth and wisdom.

Nashville Skyline and Abbey Road are both dynamite listening experiences. But both, significantly, represent reactionary departures from potentially confrontative trends, a looking backwards rather than forwards. Perhaps they have, again again, guessed correctly that many of us are looking for a safe way out, a strategic withdrawal, a return to the naive and innocence from which they first awakened us. Get Back says it all. But is nostalgia any solution?

Only we can save ourselves. But if we insist on appointing leaders we should at least take care about where we permit them to lead us.

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REPRESSION PLEAS

In all the heated debate and the bitterness of one generation towards the others, perhaps it would be beneficial to understand why there exists this enmity.

Try to recall, if you will, how it was before the independence of youth. Of course, it was the opposite of independence -- it was extremely dependent. Then youth was apathetic and from apathy, the only recourse for development was to accept the values of those who established them. Kids then imitated their parents. They mimicked their dance steps, their music, they conformed to their churches, they wore their elders clothes, they strived for entry into their vocations, they had no choice but to be duplicates of the preceding generation because they did not choose to think, the ultimate cop-out.

Because they copied out on thought, it was necessary for them to live in the world to those whose thinking had gone before, whose thinking had established the methodology of existence. As long as they were prevented from becoming themselves, through self-actualization in reason, they were prisoners of a culture which was contradictory, unnatural and frustrating.

How the transformation took place in any given individual, one can only guess. Probably he began to feel that his false identity came from something outside himself and began thinking about the paradoxes involved in the near-Orwellian double-think (newspeak) rhetoric which poured forth from the adult world. This rhetoric, although designed to support established institutions, was exposing them in their essential paradoxes. When a youth realized that he was

the ONLY power over himself and his behavior, he began, in spite of his isolation, to adjust his behavior to reality and create his own total culture. He is the true hero, who in spite of all the odds and the overwhelming pressure a adult influence sets up to counteract his discovering his identity, prevailed and actualized his reality by establishing HIS OWN CULTURE. Hail to him (and her, who IS him).

Dig it, now -- where before they were carbon copies turned out by the old culture machine, now they have THEIR OWN CULTURE. Their clothes, their dance, their music, their language, their turn-ons (rarely alcoholic), their turn-offs (political, social and economic), their heads and their bodies are now their own! This is what is meant by liberation; they now have taken a beachhead in establishing their total world. Their concepts have changed -- long hair doesn't feminize a male, cosmetics don't feminize a female -- it's essentially a realization trip; realizing that the old designations, categories, pigeonholes, conceptual interrelationships have misrepresented reality and dehumanized their sponsors. And what started out as a reaction to lies has become a whole new way of living; what began as a total rejection of misrepresentation (neither in appearance or behavior did youth wish to be mistaken as representative of the dying culture) has grown to be a valid philosophy (or philosophies) of living. Contrary to the old culture, these NEW PEOPLE applied theory to practice and were not afraid to experiment on themselves. It worked! And it's still working, despite the hassle.

But why the hassle from the dying culture? Because it's dying.

When anything is dying before having discovered the reason for living, it feels cheated and in its frustration strikes out at those whose fortune it has been to exist at a time when all the necessary contingencies coincide to life the veil of blindness to truth and allow the path to satori to be perceived. . . perhaps from a distance, but still perceived. The dying culture, therefore, reinforces its blind faith in the only system it knows, and seeks to repress the coming birth. The old culture's representatives are, from ignorance, seeking to rescue youth from what they envision as catastrophe, for they have not yet seen youth's essential truth, and they fear for them. They do this from good intent, albeit based upon their absence of knowledge concerning what is true and what false. They must be forgiven for they have not known love, and therefore cannot possess the security necessary for tolerance. It is a plea to the culture of youth to teach them, to help them find love; not to leave them behind . . . and the only way they can say "We are ignorant, please, children, instruct us" is the way they are saying it.

Do not be caught in the trap which holds them. . . the trap of defensive hostility. They only strike out of fear and the only way to calm their fear is to love them -- if you can't then you are in the same trap, the catalyst of fear and insecurity breeding fear and insecurity; the fear is of rejection, of not being loved -- and before they will be able to love, our love must banish their fear.

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GAY-TAVIRN FOR SALE. Beer, Wine, Bating place. Located in Fresno, Calif. For info, Phone 209-237-9603 Fri. or Sat after 8:00 PM.

Will consider trade for ??????

BUSINESS AS USUAL on Christmas and New Year Day. A little hung over maybe but open from 9 a.m. till midnight. Says the Friendly Old Frenchman at "Le Salon"

The Supermarket of Risque Books 1118 Polk S. Francisco 673-4492

ALL 4 Ed EROS Ex Condition \$400 or best offer - A. Galdes 510 Jones, SF 94102 Or phone Marty at 285-7972 - SF.

BIG Garage Sale - Dec. 14th 10-4. 814 Calmar, Oak, Clothing, furniture, & misc. items.

COLLECTION For Sale - 2 yrs. of Berk. Barb. Send bid to Bob, 403 Delaware, Berkeley.

WHAT'S HAPPENING! FIND OUT with SSC electronic bugging and listing devices. Find out how to protect yourself, your business and your home. Everything you need. Send \$1.00 for info to: SSC Box 392 B Alameda, Ca. 94501.

P/A System - 2/15" Jensons Bogden Amp & Reverb. 454-6197 nts. Ben.

MY gay xmas cards are the best, and so inexpensive says the friendly old frenchman at "LE SALON" the supermarket of risque books open 7 days 9 a.m. till midnight 1118 Polk S. Francisco 673-4492.

INVESTMENT LAND Professionally Managed, \$3000 cash Min. Down. Should yield \$22,000 net in 4 years. Ph. 285-1019 for information

mail order

SAN FRANCISCO ADDRESS FOR YOUR PRIVATE MAIL (415) 863-1448, 4-7 PM, M-F.

GET INTO PANDORAS BOX! HER collection of LOVE TOYS will make you giggle and wiggle with delight. Her profusely illustrated catalogue will fill you with wonder at the many imaginative uses of Ultramodern Materials. Adults send \$2.00 for Catalogue of 20th CENTURY SEX EQUIPMENT to: Pandora's Box, P.O. Box 5760 San Francisco CA 94101

GUARANTEED a date to our clients, regardless of hangup, tell us what your looking for. Women free. All couples, men send picture & \$2.00 confidential files agency 340 Jones St, Suite 27, San Francisco, Calif 94102.

RUN DON'T WALK TO MAUDE ENTERPRISES-2nd floor 272 O'Farrell Street San Francisco, California 94102

SEX AIDS . . . \$12.95 EXTENSIONS, sm,med,lg. \$24.95 RINGS, 69 & intercourse... \$4.95 ARTIFICIAL VAGINA... \$30.00 THE ERECTO 6"..... \$8.95 JOY JEL (4 flavors)..... \$2.50 VIBRATORS \$5.95 - \$12.95

MAIL ORDER CATALOG SEND 50¢ NEW SELF - DEFENSE SPRAY \$3.00. For free info write to: Pacific Coast Products 1-A P.O. Box 463, S.F. 94101.

ARABIAN magic loving Psst! Wanna be the greatest sex lover? Get this arabian tickler today! Your pussy-cat loves you for ever! New for the USA! sizes small-medium-large. Safe to use. Send \$5.95 to IMCO Box 598 North Hollywood Calif 91603. Free catalog on erotic arabian sex aid! For your arabian love nights.

PUSSY TIGHTENER IF you haven't found out how good ballin' can be, then you haven't tried TIGHTEN-UP. If you haven't tried TIGHTEN-UP then you don't know how tight pussy can be (or how nice). Hey girls you don't even have to tell him let him find out for himself. TIGHTEN-UP is the one and only pussy tightener guaranteed to work or money back. Be sure to get your TIGHTEN-UP before the holidays. Who knows who you'll meet. Clip this ad, send it with \$5.00 (no cash please) to: APHCO LIMITED BOX 1241 SAN RAFAEL, CA. 94902 Satisfaction or money back.

MAKE OUT Reach sexy, exciting single girls, adult couples, guys - share your most intimate desires. Be in touch with swinging groovy "friends." Hundreds listed in California. Rush \$1.00 today to: CONTACTS Box 36395-BB, Hollywood 90036

DIRECT FROM IMPORTER Complete line of leather goods and gift items long fringed bags, leather vests from \$9.95 Moccasins, sandals, leather, sashes, puzzle rings, etc. Send 25c for Brochure receive free gift with first order. Mexi-ports Box 2, Los Alamitos, California 90720.

TIMOTHY Leary for Governor of California posters in full black-light color \$2.25 mailed anywhere. PO Box 942, Mendocino CA.95460 Postage, Tax paid.

LEGAL GOLD Turn-on guaranteed, just like grass, cook or smoke it, \$2.00 lid makes 20 joints, 3 lids/\$5.00, 7 lids/\$10.00.

Dealers Wanted WINNER Box 48475-BB, Hollywood 90048

STONES CONCERT POSTERS BLACK LIGHT SPECIALS Send \$1.00 to Midnight Stoner 1060 Dana St. Mtn. View Calif.

ALL NEW TASTE IN POT Take the distinctive odor out of Pot in the raw form as well as the smoke itself plus new refreshing taste. You will be amazed. For simple inst. send \$2 dollars cash or M.O. to: ESSENCE PO Box 2251 Castro Valley Calif 94546

TURN ON BY MAIL Add your name to the Nat'l Adult Mailing List. Loads of dirty, sexy, pictures, books, magazines, clubs, novelties etc. Send \$1.00 to Dept. A, POB 912 Azusa, Calif. 91702.

FUCK DON'T FIGHT-Moratorium Days Calendar Poster \$1.50, SEXUAL FREEDOM magazine \$1 mailed in pl cover. FREE THE BEACHES! 8mm color film, 200 ft \$35. SFL, Box 14034 B San Francisco 94114.

TAKE A TRIP Turn on with the "FAMOUS TRIP-OUT BOOK." Sure-fire formulas to make hash from legal chemicals. Make peyote, DMT, Cannabis, LSD, etc. Do it NOW! Send \$2.00 to: TRIPS UNLIMITED Box 36347-BB, Hollywood 90036

NUDE BOYS & MEN, all types, Sizes & shapes. Photo sets, slides Movies, Magazine. Get our 32 page catalog plus Big Sample. Send \$1. & state in writing you are over 21. MIKE DIAMOND PRODUCTIONS. 7471 Melrose Ave. Dept.-B Hollywood, Calif. 90046.

ORGY GUIDE GET SOME FLESH SEX-FILLED, swinging, groovy places to go in L.A. and S.F. Have a ball, get yours. Rush \$2.00 today to: ORGY GUIDE Box 48337-BB, Hollywood 90048

BLACKJACK PLAYERS !!! New, revolutionary hand-held blackjack computer! Guaranteed to increase odds by 2800% !!! \$10 OMEGA Box 3457 SJ 95150

SUPER-HASH is guaranteed to get you high. Large dose \$3; Double dose \$5. Order from: Ray German, 4525 Wilson Blvd., Arlington, Va. 22203.

BOOKS MAGS ETC For the free thinking liberal minded adult Polk a Dot Book Shop 775-9519 2223 Polk St SF Open 11 AM-9 PM

LETTER WRITERS Don't answer an adult personal ad until you see what other people write. Dozens of hot letters answering AC/DC and straight ads placed by single girls and swinging couples just released (sent in plain wrapper). RUSH \$2.00 for: THE LETTER HLE Box 36603 BB, Hollywood 90036 ADULTS ONLY

BEST SELLERS AT "LE SALON" "STRAIGHT"

1 The Love Makers 4.95
2 Tasty Treats 3.00
3 High School Slut 2.25
4 Eager Mouths 3.00
5 A Mother's Love 2.95
6 Getting Laid 1.95
7 Swap Street 1.95
8 Dog Next Door 3.50
9 Terror 2.95
10 White Fever 3.50

"GAY"

1 The Search 4.95
2 Big John, Little John 2.95
3 One Man's Meat 1.95
4 Any Man is Fair Game 2.95
5 Sailor "69" 1.95
6 Battle of the Bulges 1.50
7 Beyond the Door 1.25
8 Young & Bad 1.25
9 Seafood 1.50
10 Hand to Mouth 1.50

The supermarket of risque books open 7 days 9 a.m. till midnight 1118 Polk S. Francisco 673-4492. Mail order available if over 21.

LD, CARDS FOR ALL AGES 448 LARKIN 776-5700

QUALITY Battery-Operated (Deluxe Model) Personal VIBRATORS 7"x1-1/4", \$5.00 ea. Prime Strap on Rubber HEALTH MATES, 6x 1-1/2", \$5.00 ea. Novelty FRENCH TICKLERS - \$1.00 ea. 6-85-00. 12-87-00. All Items Shipped 1st Class. We Pay Postage. No COD Unisales, Dept. B, P.O. Box 574, Times Sq. Sta., New York N.Y. 10036

GET STONED! Trip-out with "Superhigh." 1001 legal turn-on. 20 number lid \$2. 3/\$5 - 7/\$10 Guaranteed. (Rush Order To: CRYSTAL IMP'S Box 36241-BB, Hollywood 90036

SUBSCRIBE TO SEXUAL Freedom magazine - 6 issues \$5.00. Mailed in plain cover. SFL, Box 14034 B San Francisco, Calif 94114.

VLISTS BLEADED 12 inch fringes suede brown, tan, gold black or purple \$25 BARRY PO Box 4090 Berkeley 94704 California

Induce sexual desire in others. Rush \$2.00 for yours to: APHRODISIACS Box 74818-BB, Los Angeles 90004

SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience. WITH OR WITHOUT A PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices to satisfy your every exotic desire. If 21. Send \$2.00 for beautiful illustrated catalogue to: BACCHUS & CO. PO BOX 487 MILL VALLEY CALIFORNIA.

BE FONDLY REMEMBERED GIVE HIM SEX FOR XMAS. Buy him THE JOE BOX Method of INSTANT Seduction and he can seduce all the women he wants. If "The Method" doesn't work on an average of 1 out of 3 women whom he Chooses himself, he can return "The Method" and get a Full Refund. Only \$1 to Joe Box, Dept. B - Box 1085 Berkeley, Ca. 94704 No Minors! We will either say who it's from or not as you wish. We advise that wives NOT buy this for their Husbands.

MALE NUDE PHOTO MAGAZINES Huge Selection, everything from Super Studs to Chicken! Send 25c for Brochure, and state that you are over 21 years old. RAINBOW STUDIO, Dept-BB, P.O. Box 46544, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

CONVINCE YOUR WIFE Here's your answer to helping get your wife started in swapping, group sex and other fulfilled activities. Includes pictures. For your copy of Swapping Times, rush just \$2.00 to: ORGLES, Box 74513-BB, Hollywood 90004

GROOVY SEXY SKETCHES Sexy drawings the way you like them. Send photo and or description of subject along with \$3, and our professional artists will send you a 9x12 personalized "Sexy Sketch". GWL Gen Del Sausalito OFFER LIMITED.

FREE GAY MAIL MALE Send name and address for free gay mail. Must be 21 or over. Pisces, POB 660, Linden, NJ 07036

BE an ordained priest or minister receive DD degree lessons on the sacraments but the draft info. diploma by fax & draft exempt send \$20 which covers lessons & shipping cost to St Anthony 1355 N Lake Ave, Pasadena, California 3 wks for delivery.

Become an ordained minister \$2.00 donation appreciated World Life Church, Inc. P.O. 717 Ceres CA, 95307.

HOMESTEAD CANADA GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE \$2.00 universal books P.O. Box 1355 Scottsdale Arizona ZIP 85252

MECHANICAL SEX TRIP May we help in your search for the ultimate sex experience? We sell the VIBRA-SEX. It's a throbbing woman substitute made of vibrating skin soft rubber. You'll find this and many other mind-blowing devices in our stimulating new catalogue. Adults - send \$1.00 to: TOOL AND SCREW WORKS P.O. Box 1175 SEATTLE, WASH.98111

LOW PRICES !! DITTO BOOKSTORE 1476 CALIFORNIA STREET 776-8858

ONE BLOCK OFF POLK STREET

GREEN MOUNTAIN MOVERS CHEAP RELIABLE 843-3384

THE doctor that put me on a diet and on the wagon at this time of the year is either a nut or a sadist says the friendly old frenchman at "LE SALON" the supermarket of risque books open 7 days 9 a.m. till midnight 1118 Polk S Francisco 673-4492. Name of doctor available for nuts or masochists only.

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

LIGHT HAULING - MERRY X-MASS, Jim 845-1155.

NON-POLLUTING laundry detergent, dishwashing liquid, all-purpose cleaner, non-toxic insecticide. Phone 285-5895 SF.

NEED a truck for hauling windows fixed - call Bill 587-9075.

PREGNANT? Want help with planning for yourself and your child? Call Booth Memorial. 532-3345

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

MOVING & HAULING DONE \$4/hr plus, Daniel 526-1038

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

We do not guarantee publication of any ad. Money will be refunded for any ad not published, less handling charges.

All ads involving a personal relationship must be accompanied by the phone number of the placer or satisfactory LD.

There will be an additional, non-refundable handling charge of \$1.00 for all ads involving a personal relationship.

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

My ad is _____ lines to be run _____ weeks: I enclose \$ _____

Name _____ Address _____ Phone _____

Make checks payable and send to: THE BERKELEY BARB P.O. BOX 5017 BERKELEY, CA. 94517

DITTO BOOKSTORE MORE THAN JUST A BOOKSTORE WE HAVE

* HOSPITALITY * WARMTH * ATMOSPHERE AND GOOD MERCHANDISE! TRY OUR

* COFFEE GALLERY * ADAD NOOK AND * PLEASANT MUSIC

WE ARE NOW HAVING A SALE 1/2 PRICE ON MANY BOOKS & MAGAZINES WHILE THEY LAST !!

* ADULT LITERATURE * NOVELTIES * GIFTS AND CARDS * PHOTO SETS AND

LOW PRICES !! DITTO BOOKSTORE 1476 CALIFORNIA STREET 776-8858

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GUY, interested in meeting Stud Males. Call 621-4933.

GAY yng guy, 25, slim, reliable, wnts frndshp, mtgs, w/other clean, discreet, masc, gdlnkng, depend, gay guys, 18 to 25 any race, Perm nrltshp poss, no heavys, drugs. Sincere only. Dave 326-9467 eyes-wknds.

FREE Room & Board girl 18 - 25 small mobile home El Cerrito. No men - love sex & sport, 237-5128 Wes - good home & transportation.

LOVE is a far-out trip. I need young broad-minded girl to share it. I am a 26 Scorpio gentleman. Marriage considered. Alain 576A Fell SF 94117 or phone after 3 PM to 626-6149.

ARE you happily turned on to being female? Why not meet your male counter part - 843-9442.

ATTR Cauc couple (36) receptive to most anything with couples or girls. Interactl OK. Ph # to Box 1025 Alameda Ca.

SEXUAL FREEDOM busted. On Dec 1 street vendor Leland Walton was accosted by a plain-clothes pig who bought a copy of Sexual Freedom magazine from him and then arrested him for selling obscene material. Vendors - 25 or more of them - have been making a living selling our magazine. They have been denied their source of income. Help us fight the obscenity charges - send donations to the S.F. Legal Defense Fund, Box 14034, San Francisco 94114. Send \$1.00 for a copy of Sexual Freedom Quarterly magazine. Mailed in plain cover.

ALL I WANT for Christmas is the right lover under 26. I'll move heaven and earth, jet anywhere to find him. Someone who'll not make the mistake of past lovers, mistaking kindness for weakness. A guy who enjoys being loved and seduced. I am a 32 yr old butch executive who's only weakness is loving. Jim E. '39 Barbara Rd, Orinda, Calif. (It's near Oakland) or Ph: 534-6924.

YOUR ADDRESS PROTECTED - Use our address (to place ad, receive personal mail, etc.) For information write: HALFWAY, Box 26722-D, San Francisco, CA 94126 Or call (415) 863-1448, 4-7PM M-F.

LOOSE PUSSY -- Get tighten-up -- See mail-order for Details.

RECEPTIVE male seeks guys if sincere. 621-5615.

IS THERE a ync cute understanding girl that would write a fairy tale tease letter to ync guy that wears skirts and girls shoes? Only takes a stamp. POB 6021 Burbank Calif 91505.

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

FILM, ADULT - 776-4740

MALE, WHITE 42, good looking, intelligent, discreet, wants females, 21-30, good lookers, cleancut for sex, friendship. No inhibitions 755-4370

MAN 30 WELL EDUCATED FROM MIDDLE EAST ASIA WANTS WOMAN FOR LONG LASTING RELATIONSHIP. ANY AGE ANY RACE WRITE P.O. BOX 1098 BERKELEY 94701.

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. Liking 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.

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.

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

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

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. 346-4552, 4-10 p.m. Mon.-Fri.

I don't really mind the starving, and the fact that I would walk a mile for a drink, it's the people that tells me how great I feel that gets me says the friendly old frenchman at "LE SALON" the supermarket of risque books open 7 days 9 a.m. till midnight 1118 Polk S Francisco 673-4492.

NEGRO 18 nice lking wld like to meet other males 18/25 for frndshp and sex. 326-9410 eyes/POB 26715 SF 94126.

WHT. BUS. Exec. early fifty Widower seeks lady 45-65. Lunch dine discreet relations. Write Box 1243 Richmond or Call George 863-1448, 4-7 PM, Mon thru Fri.

SWINGING Sunnyvale cpl 29 & 21 seeks other attractive couples & bi-fems to 35 for fun times. Send photo/phone. PO Box 311, Los Altos 94022.

THINKING OF PLACING AN AD IN THE BARB? Do it all by phone. For details call HALFWAY (415) 863-1448, 4-7 PM M-F.

THE MODERN SEX INSTITUTE offers FRIDAY FILM FESTIVAL. Films, discussion, refreshments. All welcome. Call 346-4552, 4-10 PM Mon-Fri.

INSTANT RELIEF to any woman with a VIVID imagination. Personal visit optional. 285-5830.

FIRST - ADD - Wanted - Bi girl or bi-couple for excitement and - By couple late 30's. Phone eyes, only 522-3698 between 8 - 10 PM.

MAKE ME WANT TO LEAVE - New York for good. Guy, 30, in town Monday after XMAS, seeks interesting guy 20-20 to show me joys of bay area, maybe Tahoe too. Please call Tom collect (212) 877-3160 after 4:00 PM West Coast Time, Mon thru Fri.

EROTIC FINANCIER Small contractor 35 years old looking for backer to enable expansion in exchange for? Please no marathon letter writers. PO Box 1124, Menlo Park.

MALE 28. Goodlooking, des- perately needs a loving girl. Have tried hard, hard, hard to be the perfect incarnation of love. Evidently I have succeeded to some degree - I have often been told I'm a 'beautiful person'. But now I am dying. I have neglected sex, now the need is so great that all my strength does not suffice to turn my mind to other thoughts. For years and years and years and years I have starved. The need is too great it eats my soul, it rips off bloody chunks. I am not able to fight it. I am no freak. I am just a lonely human who is trying to survive. But I am defeated by the frustration. Let us give freely, with love. Let us delight each other. There should be no cause for embarrassment. Let us honestly admit: I need what you have. Let us not help keep sex abused. Let us prove its beauty in reasonable doses. I give you me. Please respond. Alfred Hoskinson, Gen. Del., SF.

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 p.m.

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

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.

BORED HOUSEWIFE????? Call 771-0167 DAYS

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

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

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

DOMINANT MALE SEEKS MASC, muscular friendship send details to Steve Box 3172 S.F. 94131.

LEARN SELF-HYPNOSIS Get into Orbit! Group classes and indiv. tutoring. Free brochure. ALEXANDER School of Hypnosis 681 Market St., S.F. 751-1390

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

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

MAN, white, not tall, wishes to meet mentally mature female. One who enjoys mental intercourse and doesn't make a sexual one a matter of exaggerated concern. A female preferably on the slender side, 30 to 50 years young. One who enjoys nature and loves animals and who seeks and enjoys the happiness and peace of mind that is given and transferred to each other, keeping one and other in harmonious balance. Write to The Browse-About Book Store, 4910 O'Farrell St. S.F. Calif. 94102.

NEGRO male 29 seeks female. Call Mark 931-2221.

DISCRETE sincere couple would like to meet understanding same, J & K Harris, PO Box 8224, Oakland, Ca, 94608.

YOUNG MAN WHO WOULD appreciate the finer things in life. 21-27. Enjoy home in Palm Springs in wintertime and summertime in San Francisco, Hawaii, or etc. Also love and security. Call Anthony 771-3657.

FUCKING is super, but I am seeking much more! FEMALE YOU! Educ. 2 kids, contemplating divorce. Will answer all. Box 162, Oakland, Cal, 94603.

ATTR. honorable single man young 30 semi strait and lone seeks single lone attr. female. Responsible responsive with open mind and compassionate soul. For steady relationship. 333-3300.

AFRAID TO PLACE AN AD IN THE BARB? Go through us for complete discretion. A new life awaits you. For information write or call: HALFWAY, Box 26722-J1, San Francisco, CA 94126. Tele. (212) 863-1448, 4-7 PM, M-F.

CAROLE: Cannot do as you suggest. Will explain. Write again, name time & place for meeting. Can come to Berkeley.

WOMEN: Lonely but afraid? Sincere, sensual, affectionate man awaits you in SF 775-4766 Fred.

HANDSOME, shy, lonely young man, age 21 wishes to meet "older woman" age 21 - 50 mid 30s preferred. I am straight, not a hippy, promise to be discreet. For a beautiful sex relationship write Box 731, Petaluma, CA, 94952.

R U AN INTERESTING WOMAN aware, sensitive, 25 - 40, who wants to build a sincere relationship with a warm dependable prof. man. Call 527-6189.

DANCE! If you are a gay lady who would like a clean cut gay mature partner for ballroom or discotheque dancing. Call 474-9134. Discreet.

INSATIABLE. Goodlooking man needs female counterpart for the mutual pleasures of French love. Fastidious, gentle, sincere and discreet. 36, 5'10, 155#. All meetings will be on your terms. Write Bob Rebb, Gen. Del, Santa Cruz, or phone 438-2240 after 6pm. Prefer a lasting relationship.

MASC. MALE SAILBOATERS -- Goodlooking sme 34 5-10 well-built seeks personable all-man-type to 40 for perm. relnshp. Send descriptive, honest ltr to PO Box 2153, South San Francisco 94080. Serious only plz.

MALE STUDENT, 21, 5-9, 145, handsome and masc., wishes to meet same for friendship, etc. Some discreet relationship is preferred. PO Box 761, Daly City 94017.

ATTENTION ALL GIRLS! Do you want to go to swinging parties and have a groovy time? For further information write to PO Box 5810, San Francisco, 94101.

MY gay deck of cards is the best ever put out. It would make a fabulous gift. Only \$5.00 at "LE SALON".

The supermarket of risque books open 7 days 9 a.m. till midnight, 1118 Polk S. Francisco 673-4492. Mail order available if over 21.

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

EROTIC LOVE - We seek new luv exper 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.

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

MALE 25 Sacto area tall han educ seeks lady for discreet relationship. Marr OK w/out import very discreet. D. Wilson, 1009, 14th St., Sacramento.

MALE, 31, seeks non bar oriented person, 20's, who may be shy, and would usually hesitate to reply to ads. P.O. Box 31041, San Francisco.

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

SOMEWHERE out there is a woman who very much needs what I very much need to give. Maybe you? I'm touch-hungry mid-50s good man, certifi masseur, married but sex-starved, looking for roommate Box 71 Fairmount Sta., El Cerrito 94530.

NEGRO - PRINCE - CUNNINGGUS HAVE - WHIP - WILL - TRAVEL ANY - RACE - PHONE - PHOTO LADYS 30-50 ONLY. James-5% HALFWAY, 2154 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

BLOND girls nothing else appeals to me. If you're slender and attractive I would like to meet you. I'm 29, 5'11", 175 lbs. Good looking. Call me just to talk if you like. 589-6968 Ask for Jerry.

Bi hip guy chick seeks same for 3 months POB 2051, Sunnyvale, Cal

VERY ATTRACTIVE COUPLE SHE 36-24-36 HE 6' 190 AND HUNG BOTH EARLY 30 WE DIG FRENCH GREEK MOVIES PHOTOS AND UNINHIBITED SEX COUPLES AND FEMALEPHONE PHOTO ASSURES QUICK ANSWER P.O. BOX 304, CONCORD

FEMALES are you proud of your body? Why not become a model. No exp. need. Will train, good pay, flexible hours. Reply Box 16161, S.F. Photo appreciated.

GIRLS-ALONE? New in town? Need somebody? Me too Women only please. 474-6196 PM.

WEIGHT LIFTER share Sunnyvale rad with same or construction worker, truckdriver type. 18 to 40 liberal minded only. 245-4013 before 9:00 AM.

LONELY att man 40 wants liberal girl for sex love or whatever comes want to give and take a little T.L.C. for Xmas call Tom 526-9979 10 to 10:30 AM or 1 to 1:30 AM

SUBMISSIVE male caucasian, 28, good looking. Desires to meet very dominant woman or couple, any age. Bay area or Sacramento Valley, San Joaquin Valley, I can travel and will do anything on command. I dig bondage. Leather and whatever. Write Freeman c/o Half-Way, 2154 Market St, San Francisco, CA 94114

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

IM in ex-Catholic bag and unhappy. I am 18, 29, and no sex life. I drowned me w/ sex with alcohol for 15 yrs. I fear cracking up from loneliness. Will a woman please help me with companionship, and sexual love? Reply in longhand to Bill 5622 Oak Grove Ave., Oakland. I have much to give as a person.

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.

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

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

YOUNG MALE would like to meet MALE students under 23 only. 7:00 a.m. to 10 p.m. 776-6201.

WOMAN, evolved, mature, likes involvmt w/man who digs Asian philos, relig, encounters 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.

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

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.

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.

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

TWO MT, WELWENERS, LOOKING FOR GIRLS FOR WEEKEND SKING HAVE CABIN AT TAIHOE 964-4220

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

EROTIC COUPLES - SWINGERS - Wkly RENDEZVOUS/wh-where-when to swing. 863-5887. Joy.

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

BEING alone is no fun. Want girl 20/30, white or oriental with whom to share everything: life, exper., and love. I am young 40s, well educ, white, with good eng. exec. job. P.O. Box 1291, Los Altos 94022.

ADULT movies delivered to your party 822-2289 spec rates.

YOUR OWN AD IN THE BARB by phone. For details HALFWAY 863-1448, 4-7 PM, Mon thru Fri.

ATTR: Turned on trio who met through previous BARB AD anxious to include other turned on women and couples in our 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.

BROADS, ladies, girls, women, wives, daughters, sisters, mothers. Rays in need of female companionship. If you fit into any of the above categories and have no weird hangups phone him at 771-9880 Apt. 402

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 NUDITY a must!" Very legitimate, \$30 to \$50 CASH daily for screen test. Will negotiate contract if you qualify. 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."

SEX is strictly on my mind these days. Too weak to do any thing about it but curse says the friendly old frenchman at "LE SALON" the supermarket of risque books open 7 days 9 a.m. till midnight 1118 Polk S Francisco 673-4492.

MATURE SWINGERS THE west's largest club for couples over 40. Free details. Box 13163 Reno, Nevada 89507.

ATTRACTIVE PROF. man wishes to meet female Palo Alto-San Jose area. Phone Tues or Thurs. after 5 PM, 948-5767.

HANDSOME Bi Negro male, 23, seeks roommate to share modern bachelor apt downtown SF 18-25. Must be student in music or employed, play piano, read music, be quiet in nature. Write Box 303 455 Eddy St, SF

FEMALES any age race size type single wed or cpls yr sex! happiness is my happiness any way you like it. Brn sanglorn prof musician 30 yrs 5-9 190# Box 5073 Redwood City Ca Love.

MALE & well built college young interested massage outdoor sam drop a line with photo PO Box 704 Davis, Calif.

LAS Vegas sharp young extive like to meet beautiful young lady prefer college gal will consider helping through college finacally send photo & phone PO Box 12624 Las Vegas Nev 89112

HANDSOME MARRIED Cauc. male prof 30 seeks sincere female married or ? Some financial helposs. Conf. Box 31111 S.F.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

OUR intimate swinging group parties have candlelight soft music, and sensitive, very attractive people. Warm, bright couples invited. 237-5364. Sorry, no single men, and PLEASE, no phone freaks.

TWO GAY PROF. MEN, 29 & 36, attrac. masc. want to meet two gay gals similar age who can and look fem and who also need partners for occasional straight dates. Bob Sanford c/o HALFWAY, 2154 Market St., S.F. CA 94114.

SKIERS serious only bi guy 38-wants weekend buddy for no, shore slopes. Apress action optional Box 2232 Menlo Park.

PROFESSIONAL cauc. man, 38, stable, cultured, not bad looking, warm lover, seeks meaningful relationship with educated, attra., affectionate woman who enjoys sports, music, art, travel, and is definitely not over weight. 731-7830. 161 Crestmont Dr., S.F. 94131.

DOMINANT GAL wanted by submissive man Box 12144 SF 94112.

DESIRE HARD CORE MALE PICS. call Bud/233-9290, San Pablo.

LIBERAL girl wanted by sensitive man 28. Likes out of doors, good movies music, art, boating, need special girl to seek beauty of life Mark Box 869 Los Gatos, CA 95030.

SOPHISTICATED parlor games. Girls, cplns. SF 661-8023.

YOUNG attr. guy seeks relaxed Levi student types in Berk. or Contra Costa. 3-som and gp. meets OK. Aware letters with details ans first Box holder PO Box 221 Orinda CA 94563.

MUSCULAR gay male 27 wishes to meet sharp cleancut and sincere guys under 30. Bob 647-5418.

CHASE Rainy season blues. Refined girl/woman, sensual to 5', 6 slim, sought by prof. cauc. man, het, gdlnkng 42. Eye. or Sat. Dates. Considerate & discrete. PO Box 712, S. Anselmo CA 94960

YOUNG man 30, attr. college grad, sensitive, intelligent and discrete. Seek quiet, warm female. Box 6064, S.F. 94101.

PAINTFULLY sensitive schold cat age 26 seeks schold chick (I never promised you a Rose Garden) Write: R.C. 507 Bush #107, San Francisco, Cal. 94108.

GOODLOOKING insatiable man 24, seeks oversexed woman. No man! 474-6196 PM.

BACKWARD male seeks forward action males. Joe 863-2529 SF.

RECEPTIVE W/lady early 40s has room to rent to a younger virle man. Send photo & pic to - Box 6091, Hayward 94545.

ARE YOU GAY M, 21-30, slim, smooth, shy, reserved, no drug, user & smoker, want pad and guide from M 43? 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

COMEDY WRITER FOR SOON rising female comedienne. Scarce money now. But I promise I'll make us famous. After 8 p.m. call collect Louise Broshar S.J., Ph. 225-1838.

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

NEW GROUP in sadism and masochism. Meets Weds., 7:30 pm. To explore the relationship between sexual pleasure and physical and emotional pain. Call MSI, 346-4552, 4-10 pm, M-F.

NEW TASTE & AROMA IN POT LOOK UNDER MAIL ORDER.

MALE, SENS'L, Attract. Mature, Educ. Physical desires woman 28-38 attrac. slim erotic for serious rltnshp/poss perm. Ltr apt. cert. Call WHI 921-2859 S.F.

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

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

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

GAY 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.

ORAL m/submissive 39, 5-4, sks books (s) any age, lks. POB 1432 SF

HANDSOME HUNG YOUNG MAN SEEKS SAML, PO Box 9342 San Jos

fri.

DECEMBER 12

- CONCERT: Christmas Choral Concert 8:30 p.m., Fine Arts Theatre, Kentfield, College of Marin Music Department.
- CONCERT: San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Josef Krips cond. 3:07-0717-626-8345
- PLAY: Theater of Man will perform T.S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" at Glide Memorial Methodist Church, 330 Ellis St. S.F. 8:30 p.m., \$2.00 gen., \$1.00 students 282-7779.
- PUPPET SHOW: Tommy Roberts Revue 10:00 a.m. Visitation Valley Community Center, 50 Raymond St. AND 12:30 p.m. Mission Family Center 503-24th St.
- DRAMA: FREE!!! "THE GAS HEART" WAITING FOR GODOT "THE BALCONY" plus original skits by members free coffee, free drama, free people --Golden West YMCA 333 Euclypthus 8 p.m.
- PLAY: Murder in the Cathedral, 330 Ellis St. 8:30 p.m., \$2, \$1. 282-7779 for reservations.
- CAROLING: Meet along Broadway at 72nd St. 96th St. and 110th St. at 7:30 p.m. Led by Rev. William Douglas Kirkpatrick. Moratorium III activity sponsored by The West Side Peace Committee EN 2-9431.
- ACT season tickets -- write to ACT Subscriptions, 450 Geary St. S.F. 94102.
- AUDIUM: A Theatre in Sound: 8:30 and 10:45 \$2.00 no one admitted after performance begins, 309 4th Avenue near Clement St. (#2 Bus) San Francisco.
- PLAY: "Let's Get A Divorce" Civic Arts Theatre 1641 Locust, Walnut Creek today and tomorrow only. 8:30 p.m. Ticket office open 1-5 p.m. M-Sat. or Ticket-ru location, \$2.50, \$2.25, \$2.00 935-3300.
- LECTURE: Voice Lecturer-Recital Chirardelli Square Theatre, 900 North Point, 564-8086.
- EVENT: Embryonic Theater will hold a drama coffee house at the Golden West YMCA 333 Euclypthus 621-0068.
- KQED: "Wellmet House" - ch. 9, "To Save Tomorrow" 8 p.m.
- CONCERT: College of Marin Collegiate Chorale, presents its Christmas Concert 8:30 p.m. 454-3962, Kentfield Fine Arts Theatre.
- FILMS: At the Palace Theatre (Columbus & Powell Sts. in S.F.), "Stromboli" -- "The Graven Sluck" "Secret Cinema" "Scrambled Ace" -- Nocturnal Dream Shows-3345 17th St. S.F. 861-4396.
- PLAY: "Let's Get A Divorce" at the Civic Arts Theatre, 1641 Locust, Walnut Creek, \$2.50, \$2, at Civic Arts Ticket Office 393-0355.
- FILM: "Day of Wrath" (1943) 98 minutes, 79m 685-230 ex. 251
- EXHIBITION: paintings, drawings, sculptures, see Art section.
- FILM: "All Through the Night" 9:00 "The Conspirators" 7:30-- "Blood in the Sun" 10:30-- Underwood Film Festival LeCoute School Auditorium 2241 Russell St. Berk. \$1.25

sat.

DECEMBER 13

- SEVENTH SEAL COFFEE HOUSE Don Evans. FREE 9pm Mon Moratorium 2311 Bowditch.....
- POSTPONEMENT: Ensemble is postponing its first season until January 31 566-9559.
- BENEFIT: "Dance for Love" benefit for Switchboard of Marin at California Hall, S.F. corner Polk and Turk Sts., Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks, Pysawcket, Bronze Hog, Ice, Canterbury Fair, Backwater Rising, and Free & Easy, Jim Robb is emcee. (KMPX), music magic movies and merriment, Light show by Dr. Zarkov, 5pm till lam \$2.00 456-5300.
- MEDITATION CONCERT: Classical Indian Music \$3-gen. \$2-stud. 457-2518, at Fairfax Pavilion.
- RALLY/MARCH: Bay Area Peace Action Council. 12pm. Greenman Park, E. 14th & 66th Ave., Oakland, 282-4741.
- BLUES: John Cornish, Electric Folk & blues guitar. FREE!!!!!! 841-0902. 2033 San Pablo Ave.

- COFFEE/PARTY: Single Adults over 30 invited to coffee party 8pm 843-9499 Donation
- MATRIX: see Friday Dec. 12.
- FILMS: "Mayerling" "The Big Sleep" & "Applause" 3727 Elston E. Oakland, 7:30 \$1.00 536-0366.
- FILMS: Nocturnal Dream Show see Friday December 12.
- KQED: "To Save Tomorrow" 10 pm channel 9 (color)
- CONCERT: Alice Stuart (country blues) \$1.25-9:30 Freight & Salvage 1827 San Pablo Berkeley 548-1761 525-2269.
- CHRISTMAS SHOW: music and puppet show at Ingleside Presbyterian Church 1345 Ocean Ave. 2pm FREE.
- THEATER: Theater of Man performs T.S. Eliot's MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL at Glide Church, 8:30 p.m. 330 Ellis St. \$2, \$1, 282-7779.
- CONCERT: at the Newman Center 8:30 p.m. Berkeley Free Orchestra 635-4962.
- CHRISTMAS WITH OSCA: ----- car rally open to all. Scoring will be based on comprehension of instructions and observation on the rally route. NOT on SPEED or TIME! All makes of cars are eligible, anytime between 6---9pm STARTS: Stanford Shopping Center in Palo Alto or --GEM North 1st in San Jose. 4 classes -- (Senior/Expert; Novice, Beginner, and First Time Rallyist). Awards will be trophies/plaques, 635-6279 \$3.00 per car-----
- SEMINAR: 2 day seminar on Hexing given by the Institute of Human Abilities 80 Hamilton Place Oakland 10am--10pm 452-2622 \$35
- CONCERT: San Francisco Symphony Orchestra; Foothill College, Los Altos Hills 8:15pm 322-5525 or 328-1723
- PLAY: T.S. Eliot's at Glide see Friday December 12.
- MAKING PUPPETS: 2 p.m. Moe's Books Basement all welcome
- DANCE/CONCERT: Every Saturday night the jaundiced Panda 603 Taraval at 16th Ave.

- MEDITATION CONCERT: Classical northern Indian music & tea & peace, 8:30pm \$3.00 gen \$2 stu. Fairfax Pavilion (Bolinas Rd. & City Park Fairfax Calif.) 457-2518.
- FESTIVAL: Washington School, McKinley & Bancroft St. Berkeley, lam--7pm 841-8733.
- PLAY "Let's Get A Divorce" see Friday December 12.
- FILMS: "Background to Danger" (7:30) "Across the Pacific" (9:00) "Confidential Agent" (10:30)-- 2241 Russell St. Berkeley \$1.25.
- JAZZ CONCERT: at Laval's 1834 Euclid 9--1:30pm.

Spokesmen for BAPAC and for United Electrical Workers, Local 1412, will announce and introduce speakers for the noon rally at Greenman Field in Oakland. Speakers will include Roberto Camacho of UE, Local 1412, Elvonda Black of the Steelworkers Union currently on strike against Pacific Des Moines Steel Co., Tom Hayden of the Chicago Conspiracy, and other anti-war, third-world and union speakers. Final plans for the mass march and picket at the General Electric plant in Oakland will also be announced. This combined demonstration in opposition to the war in Vietnam and in support of the workers on strike against General Electric has been endorsed by all the major anti-war groups in the Bay Area and by many Bay Area Union locals.

sun.

DECEMBER 14

- FREE DANCE/JAM PARTY: every Sunday at 2pm 330 Grove St. S.F. 621-4685.
- LECTURE: "Christ as a Yogi and an Avatar" 11:00 am 752-9890 648-1489.
- FILMS: Patricia Oberhaus -- Canyon cinemathèque at Intersection 756 Union St. S.F. 8:30pm \$1 332-1514
- CAROLS: by St. Mark's Junior Choir 7:30 St. Mark's Church Bancroft & Ellsworth, Berkeley.
- ACLU: invites students to hear Wm. Kunstler chief defense lawyer for the Chicago 8--4pm West Campus Auditorium 1222 University Ave. \$1 (students only) 548-1322
- EVENT: "Honest John Julian's First Second Sunday" 8pm at the Julian Theatre in the Potrero Hill Neighborhood House, 935 DeJalero St. at Southern Heights Blvd. S.F. Bedea Bengazzi, exotic dancer, films--"The Empire of Things," film reading and free food. Music for dancing will follow. 50cents. 647-8098.
- COLLOQUY: "GI's and Veterans speak out against the war and the military" 1:30 pm at Oakland Technical High School Auditorium, coffee hour preceding the colloquy, pot luck after bring food to share. Vietnam Moratorium Committee 1708B Grove St. BERK.
- CONCERT: Fine Arts Theatre, Kentfield 8:00 p.m. "Christmas Choral Concert"
- DINNER: in celebration of bill of rights day ACLU presents, at the new HS Lordships Restaurant number one sea wall drive Berkeley Marina exciting speakers. Jessica Mitford, author of the trial of Dr. Spock, William Kunstler Chief Defense Counsel for Chicago 8, no-host cocktails 6--7 dinner 7:30 \$12.50 each. 548-1322/527-3632.
- MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL see December 12 for information.
- 2-DAY SEMINAR: \$35 see Saturday December 13.

- CONCERT: Benjamin Britten, see Mon Dec. 14.
- MATRIX: see tues. dec. 16.

thurs.

DECEMBER 18

- FILMS: "Invocation of my Demon Brother" "The color of Ritual, the Color of Thought" "Notebook" "Ruckus Shorts" & others. open screening after. 800 Chestnut St. 8:00pm \$1, 332-1514.
- DANCING: Latin Soul Trio -- door prizes--names--refreshments 75c non-members \$1.25 Cafe Israel 346-6040.
- MUSICAL: A.A. Milne's "Winnie-the-Pooh" 7:30 pm see Dec. 12.
- PREVIEW: 5-8pm S.F. Art Institute.
- KQED: 9:00--10:00pm PROHIBIT: BAY AREA ch. 9.
- SOULFUL DINNER: at St. Andrews Hall 320 San Pablo 6-9pm \$1 adults 50c kids proceeds go to Welfare Rights.
- CONTINUOUS INDRAMAN grp FORM NO OBLIG. FIRST TIME. SLL AD. 843-2357.
- FILMS: "Juliet of the Spirits" 8pm Lincoln School Auditorium 225 11th St. in Oakland. "Norgan also will be shown.
- OPEN HOUSE OF THE SFL at Berkeley House 920 University Ave. Berk. 8pm \$1 654-0316
- THE MISER: Florence Schwimmler Theatre, Allston Wy at Grove 848-2791

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DECEMBER 15

- JAM SESSION: Mendelbaum 9:00 coffee, 50cents. Matrix 2138 Fillmore 567-0018.
- GAMES WORKSHOP: inventing games; strategy, skill perception, word, card, etc. \$1. donation. 8:00 pm. 460 35th Ave. 387-5999.

tues.

DECEMBER 16

- JAPAN SOCIETY FILM-NIGHT: Japan Society of S.F. presenting a series of three half-hour films at 8 p.m. in Bank of Tokyo of California Hospitality Rm 2001 ast Building Japanese Cultural & Trade Center, Japan Center Branch, 922-5600.
- CHRISTMAS SHOW: Morning

fri.

DECEMBER 19

- BLACK PANTHER PARTY:-- Seize the Time 8 p.m. Berkeley Community Theater Allston & Grove BPP National headquarters 3106 Shattuck Ave. for tickets. \$2.75 door & \$2.00 advance.
- CHRISTMAS PARTY: Music, dancing, games entertainment, wine/punch etc. \$1. for non-members 9pm at 475 Broadway S.F. 387-5999.
- CLASSES for children, teens, & adults at Instructional Division of Civic Arts, City of Walnut Creek, December 8 through Friday Jan 2. Ballet, Jazz Interpretive Dance, Folk Dance, Body Conditioning & Posture, ---drawing, painting, sculpture classes, 935-3300 ext. 252.
- KID STUDIES: 3494 21st St. (443-489) for schedule of classes winter 1970.
- CLASSES FOR CHILDREN in dance and acting, every Saturday morning 9:30am to noon. \$10.00 month charge 566-9559.
- NEW AND RETURNING Contra Costa College students may now secure counseling appointments for the weeks of Dec. 15-19, and Jan. 5-9. 235-7800 ext. 259.
- POLITICS OF THE Mexican-American Community" and "The psychology of the Mexican-American" are new courses in Contra Costa College last day to request admission is Dec. 19 235-2585.
- CONTRA COSTA COLLEGE: Director of Admissions announced that Dec. 19 is the deadline for filing applications for anyone interested in attending college during the spring semester 235-2583.
- FILM MAKING AND ACTING WORKSHOP: starting 885-4516.
- HELLO TROPE is looking for instructors for the winter season to teach courses, seminars, workshops and group experiences. 931-1693.
- AFRICAN FOLK DANCE & PRIMITIVE JAZZ, Live Tribal music, Monday AND Saturday 34 co-ed, 621-4685 330 Grove St. S.F.

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DECEMBER 17

- FILM: "A Close Season for Foxes" at the Julian Theatre 953 DeHarro St. S.F. 8pm 647-8098.
- MEETING: Welfare Rights-Haight-Ashbury 861-9839 8pm.
- THEATER: performance at BASTA Yz 260 Valencia, S.F. 8:00, A-1-9166.
- LECTURE: How Astrology can Double Stock Market Profits, a lecture-demonstration by Alexander Hoyer, Canterbury Hotel, 750 Sutter St. S.F. 7:30pm \$3. 826-3200.
- ART: Drawing Exhibition until Jan. 25. 1pm--5pm 863-8800
- IMPROV: at BASTA Ya. 260 Valencia St. 8pm MA-1-9166.
- CONCERT: Montezuma's Revenge John Campbell, Richard Saunders Larry Murphy, & Danny Newton --more \$1. Freight & Salvage 1827 San Pablo Berk. 548-1761 525-2269.

fri.

DECEMBER 19

- IMITATION NOODLES: a showing of the major works of three young artists who hope you will enjoy it 110 Columbus St. S.F. December 10--23, 10am-8pm daily.
- VORPAL GALLERIES: "The Christmas Show" festival of works by Vorpal Galleries' Artists; Dec. 10 through December 30, Vorpal Galleries at 1668 Battery St. between Filbert & Union 12-6pm daily.
- YOU'RE A GOOD MAN CHARLIE BROWN--will close its long run on January 4. special rates for children 18 years or under are now in effect during Saturday and Sunday matinees 387-1727.
- ACT season tickets write to ACT Subscriptions, 450 Geary St. S.F. 94102.
- EXHIBITION: The Holiday Festival until January 4. at San Francisco Museum of Art Tuesday thru Friday 10am-10pm Saturday 10am-5pm Sunday 1pm-5pm.
- ATTENTION SINGLE ADULTS: you are invited to coffee and conversation, every Wednesday, Saturdays and Sundays 8pm 843-9499.
- PHOENIX GALLERY: Tues. thru Sat. 12-6pm December 2-January 17.
- DISPLAY: "The Environment of Man versus A Finite Life Support System" in the Contra Costa College Library Gallery M-TH. 8am till 11pm Friday 8am-5pm. 235-7800 ex. 237.
- HAIR TICKETS: on sale through March 8 by mail only and through Feb. 23 at Geary Box office. 775-5775.
- DANCE AND JAM PARTY: every Sunday at 2pm 621-4685.

art AND continuing

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. 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.

FOOD FOR DELANO We need can 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 Galkins Music 2261 Market. 549-1611 days. NEED RECEPTIONIST secretary for MISL. If your head is together, and you have the skills and like small organizations call 346-4552 4-10 pm, M-F

STUDENTS WANTED FOR CONSPIRACY: ACLU invites students to hear Wm. Kunstler chief Defense Lawyer for Chicago 8 at West Campus Auditorium 1222 University Avenue Berk 4pm, Sunday December 14. \$1 (only students)

WE NEED FOUR THOUSAND people to serve food and monitors. 938-9141 Free Clinic 115N. Fairfax

THE MODERN SEX INSTITUTE needs a country pad for weekend seminars and marathons. call 346-4552 4-10 pm M-F

NEED RECEPTIONIST secretary for MISL. If your head is together, and you have the skills and like small organizations 346-4552 4-10pm M-F.

HELLO TROPE is looking for instructors for the winter season to teach courses, seminars, workshops and group experiences. 931-1693.

DANCLERS, MUSICIANS, ETC. Join the Black Light Tribe. Dance and music for peace and freedom. Call Zack or Michael at 621-4685.

FILMS are needed for scholarship benefit to all Native American students on U.C. campuses. 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

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, go carts, even ten speeds.
- Material for the Indian School of Culture (Alcatraz), Books, writing supplies, paper, chalk boards, etc.
- Butane Gas stoves and heaters, and butane 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
- Lemulium Block
- Wood Carvings
- Ink Supplies
- Solvents & Rags

IF YOU HAVE ANY DONATIONS CALL THE INDIAN CENTER at 626-7954.

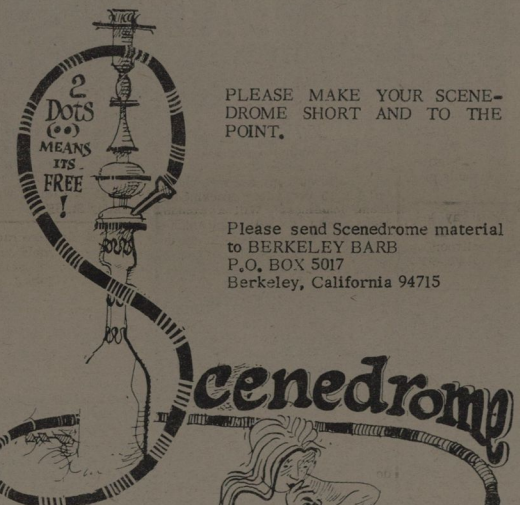
THE INDIANS OF ALCATRAZ ALSO WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE THE SUPPORT OF THEIR PEOPLE.

THE MODERN SEX INSTITUTE needs a country pad for weekend seminars and marathons. Call 346-4552 4-10pm M-F....

DONATIONS OF ANY SIZE: to print the Winter Catalog of People's Resources. THE FAMILY STORE 3060 22nd Ave. Oakland. 335-0154.

THE INDIANS OF ALCATRAZ would like to thank Don Billar, captain of the "Belladonna" 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.



PLEASE MAKE YOUR SCENE-DROME SHORT AND TO THE POINT.

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

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SEX POT"**

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FOR YEARS
TO COME.**

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