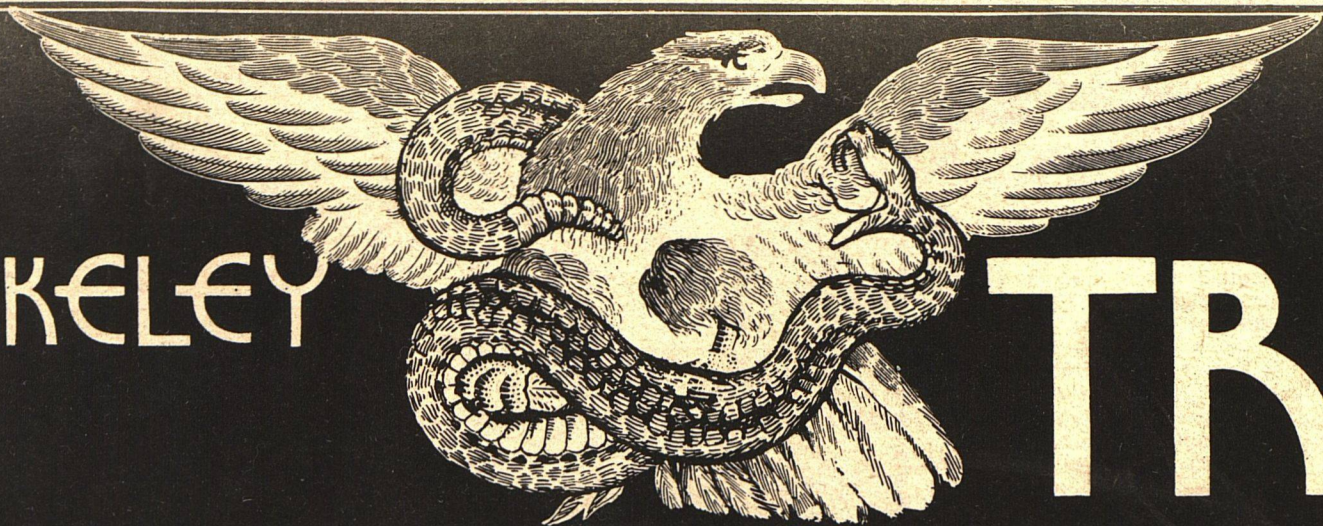


M/PRR

PUBLISHED BY THE STAFF OF THE FORMER BARB



BERKELEY

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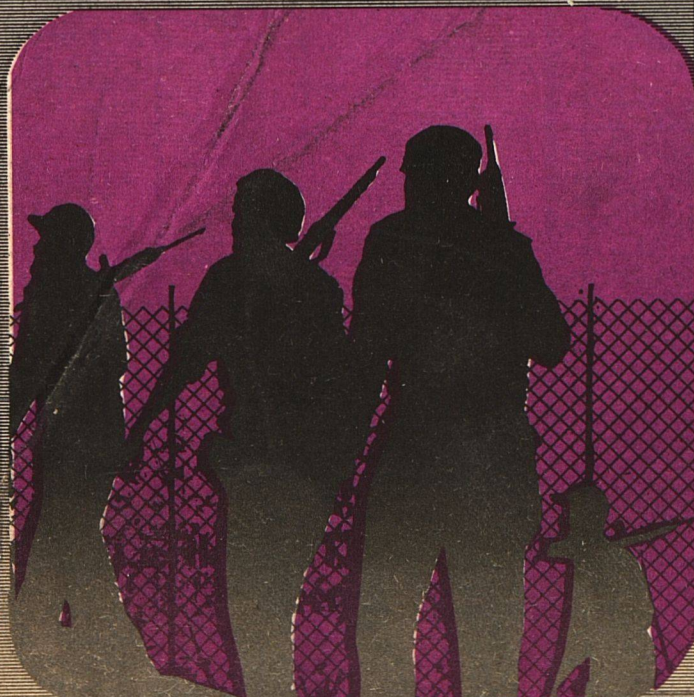
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See
page 3

BERKELEY STATE UNIVERSITY

PepperGas

by Sgt. Pepper

We landed on the moon, the Russians watched overhead (just like they do off our coasts—a fishing-trawler in space), a GI in Saigon said he would rather be on the moon ("it's much safer, no bullets"), and the US/USSR/British track meet in Los Angeles was "a disaster" (SF Chronicle).

For the first time in history, Soviet women track stars were defeated by US. This was even a bigger feat than landing on the moon.

But the Russians stole the meet, even though they lost it. "They turned in most of the truly outstanding marks," reports Al Moss from LA. The biggest flop, however, was the public—in 1962 at Stanford, the dual-meet drew 150,000 people. Last week, only 30,330 showed up.

"WOMEN FOR PEACE"—TO THE STREETS!

The most telling statement on our landing on the moon was made to the Black Panther conference in Oakland over the weekend. Rabbi Abraham Feinberg declared our responsibility is not to place a man on the moon, "but see that man on earth is fed and lives in dignity."

Meanwhile, back at the New York Times, James Reston this Sunday came up with a profound statement (similar to one made last year by Sgt Pepper): "Something important has happened," he says July 20, 1969. "The major powers have apparently (sic!) decided that, no matter how they disagree on ideology or philosophy, they should avoid a nuclear big power war, and not allow (double sic!) conflicts between the smaller factions or nations in Vietnam or the Middle East or Africa

to drag them into it." In other words, keep the small wars going to keep the big one from breaking out.

If Russia and the US stopped supplying arms to the "conflicts between smaller nations" there would be no "smaller conflicts."

The guerrillas would beat the shit out of the US, Portugal, etc., (BUT NOT THE Israeli's: Israel has the best fighting machine in the world).

Reston, however late, comes up with a magnificent line. After commenting on the fact "the big powers fence with each other and do all kinds of silly things," he adds: "They make news but they don't make history."

Of course! These "silly things" are for us boobs to think Russia is still against America and so on.

James Reston gets THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS a year, plus an open-end expense account. Sgt Pepper gets nothing (he used to get 25¢ an inch).

Reston goes on: "No matter how they separate on ideology and ambition, they have some things in common. They want to live

Pardon me— have the Vietnamese, the Arabs, the Jews, got tired of living?

Okay, Reston, look up page 36 (or have one of your research experts look it up for you) your fellow-Scot, Ritchie Calder, in his book 'After The Seventh Day' (Simon & Schuster, 1961).

Calder writes: "One night, during the London blitz . . . H.G. Wells, J.G. Winant, the American Ambassador, Ivan Maisky, the Russian Ambassador, and I were dining together at Well's home in Regent's Park.

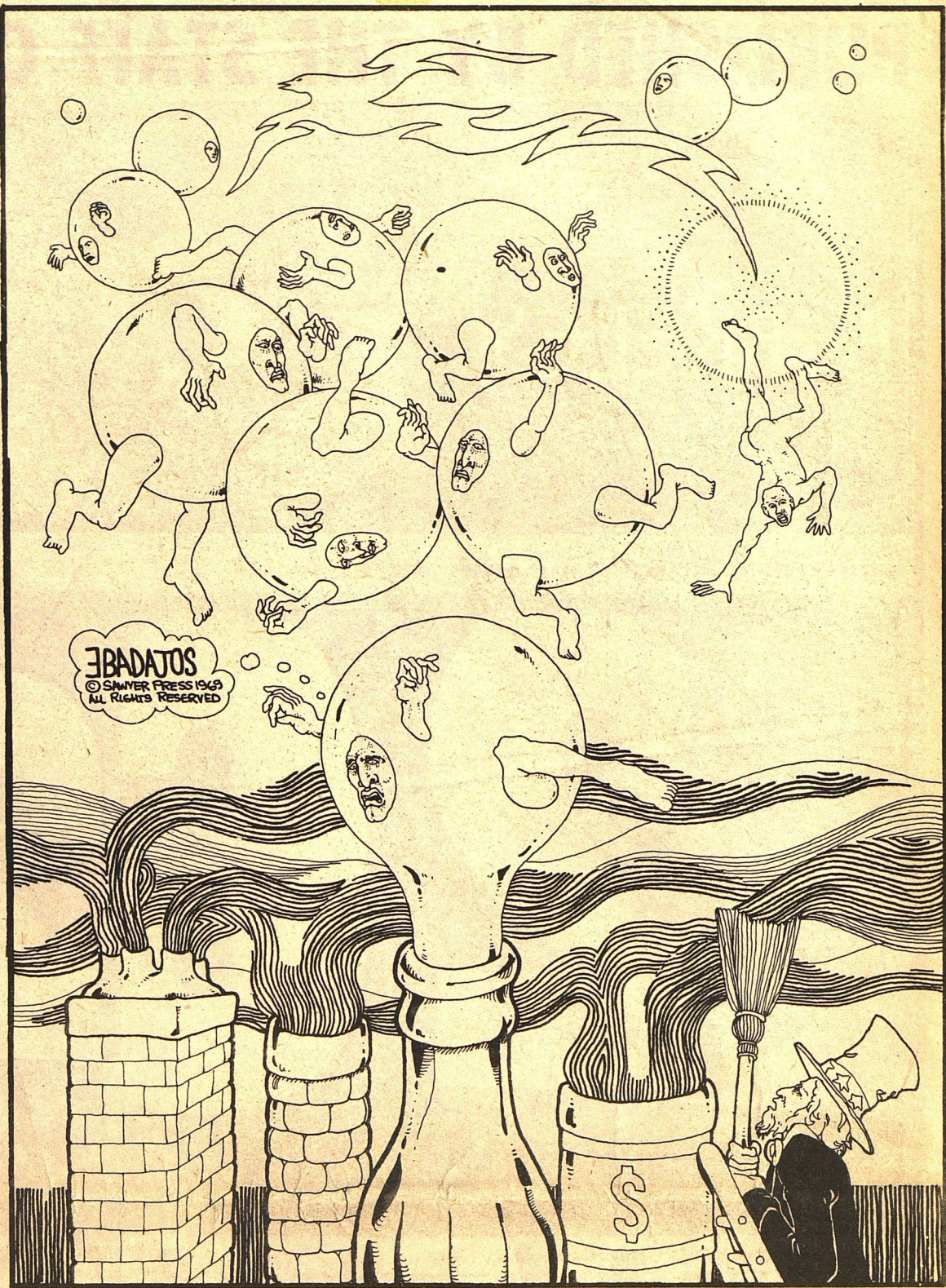
"The conversation was not about bombs or about war, but about ways in which the world could be altered for the better. . . One of the observations which Maisky had made and which he repeated to us was the explanation of the great Mongol migrations which we identify with Attila the Hun, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane.

"On his reckoning, the population of the steppes, human and animal, doubled every hundred years. Their tribal tracts could no longer support them and they would burst their bounds. The impetus would carry them into China, into India, into the Middle East and into Europe. They became, as H.G. Wells put it, 'locust men.'

Now—is the upcoming war between Russia and China going to be a "conflict between the smaller nations" or is it going to become World War III.

Harrison Salisbury says III. Sgt Pepper says II½—with the USA sitting it out. Thus, instead of communism burying capitalism, capitalism is burying communism, that is, until population burys us all. (Reston will pick up this next year and \$60,000 later).

LET'S HAVE AN ORGY... HA HA... THERE'S NO WAY OUT...



PLASTICMEN PISS ON MOON

by Diane
The night the astronauts walked on the moon, some Irish brothers and sisters got drunk, walked through the streets of earth, howling at the moon, exorcising the polluted vibes. NASA got the rocks and we got high.

In the midst of all the backslapping about this great "technological triumph," Walter Cronkite and all the experts could not forget about the "disillusioned, cynical"

youth of America. They kept hoping and praying that this would show those there creeps how good America can be when she puts her mind to it. We weren't convinced Walter—America's death trip rolls on. And, in fact, that plastic flag and plaque, along with the millions spent on this sterile journey added insult to injury.

At the very least, we should have been treated to a contact high as we watched the

three boobs doing somebody's thing. But a great effort was made to make sure that these cats wouldn't freak out. Note the selection of Neil Armstrong as the first man to step on the moon. Even the straight press described him as an uncommunicative, machine-loving robot.

In a pamphlet entitled "Touchdown on the Moon" published by New American see p. 19

HEADS IN BANANA WAR

by Honduras Correspondent
Two Berkeley residents who made it to Honduras to get away from the local battlefront for a while ran into a hot war featuring El Salvador and Honduras in a border dispute.

Not one person in the town of French Harbour on the island of Roatan, 42 miles from the Honduras coast, could tell us what the war was about, but they could all tell us that the "Salvadorens" were busy raping nuns, poisoning food and water, dropping out of the sky in parachutes and brutally murdering innocent Honduras men, women and children.

At night the whole country was in a state of blackout so complete that we were risking being shot to light up for a few tokes on our handcrafted bamboo pipe. We were told that an enemy pilot could see a lighted match 15 miles away at night.

The streets were patrolled by the local men spouting rabidly patriotic slogans, holding hands

over hearts in dramatic salute to the patria, and carrying everything from .22's to machine guns.

The whole scene was a gross caricature of war, an episode right out of Mark Twain's *War Poem*. In the daytime a sound truck (one of the two trucks on the island) came through the village shouting inflammatory propaganda and working the people up to a dangerous pitch of war fever.

Some quotes: "The country is calling for us. If the Salvadorens land in parachutes we must go out and destroy them. They have no pity for us and we must have no pity for them. If you don't fight for your children that you are a coward. Look at what happened to the Cubans. The Cubans haven't got any country now." Etc.

It is ironic that this island is predominantly English-speaking and ordinarily is not too patriotic towards the mainland

government. But most of the people took for granted the rumor that Cuba and Russia were behind El Salvador and were quick to tie in the arrival of the Russian fleet in Havana with the "surprise attack" by Salvador on Honduras.

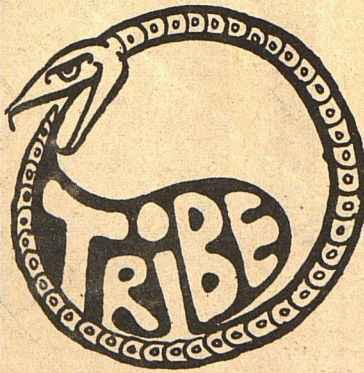
All the civilian aircraft and their pilots were drafted into service and large numbers of people were stranded without transportation. What we gathered from the people was that there was a major war in progress.

From what we could see, few shots were fired but everyone was super-digging the patriotism, martial music and excitement. After the cease-fire arranged by the O.A.S. had gone into effect, the word was that 2400 people had been killed in the conflict. All figures were highly subject to change and even reversal.

On our way out of the country we saw a soldier in full dress bicycling over to his sandbagged World War I vintage plane—the war spirit continues. 7/21/69.

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DICK NOT UP to St. Francis hand job

photo by Steve Shames

FRISBEES FLY AMOK

Last Friday the people of Sproul Plaza resolutely defied a ban on frisbee playing imposed by the imperialist lackey Campus Police Chief William Beall.

Two hundred showed up with perhaps thirty frisbees and staged a two hour demonstration. Several minor injuries and no arrests were reported.

One nut ran around denouncing the demonstrators "Mindless violence" and "political terrorism."

If you keep up these coercive tactics you'll become just like the people you're trying to oppose." He was ignored.

The most dangerous part was the competition to catch the frisbees in the air. You have to get your hands on one in order to throw it, and at times there were ten times as many people as frisbees.

This intrepid reporter suffered a bruised finger when one of the dangerous flying objects

struck him unexpectedly.

I lasted a couple of hours. No campus police showed up to bum the crowd, perhaps fearing another march on the fence (police have difficulty telling Plaza People from Street People. It was, of course, the Street People who attacked the fence).

When the frisbee-in ended its organizers, a Mr. X reported it to be complete and total victory for the forces of world revolution.

But he was obviously disappointed that there hadn't been a confrontation. "We'd be much happier if there was some wanton violence." That way we in the far-out revolutionary left would be able to dupe the vast silent majority into supporting us, and we'd give Reagan another issue."

A spy for The Actor did note however that three of the frisbees were red, the color of international communism and two were black, the anarchists color. —P.G.

MAX VS COULT CULT

It took Max Scherr just one issue to decide that the Berkeley Barb being published by Allan Coult is counter-revolutionary.

So Max has gone to court to retrieve the Barb and give what remains of it to the Tribe "with no strings attached," according to KQED.

Max tried to get an injunction against Coult for failure to pay \$5000 on July 16 under the terms of the sale. But Coult also filed an injunction—and told the judge

that Max had refused to take the money.

Coult won—temporarily. Until August 4, Coult will be able to peddle his papers under the name of the Barb. On that date Max and Coult will argue for ownership of the Barb at a court hearing.

The admission that Max thinks Coult's paper is counter-revolutionary came from Peter Buchanan, Max's attorney, and entered overground-media history Wednesday via KQED-TV's newsroom show.

diatribe by tari

"Life somewhat better might content him,
But for the gleam of heavenly light which thou hast lent him;
He calls it reason—thence his power's increased,
To be more beastly than a beast."

The above passage on the condition of man is delivered by Mephistopheles to Faust. But of course, since God and the Devil are one, it is really a message from God.

For 2,000 years, the church has used the words of Christ to function in this manner.

In the name of Love, people have been lulled to sleep, told not to complain about their condition, while others have gone right on killing and exploiting them in the name of that same Christian Love.

Today's Apostles of The Good Vibe stand side by side with the Church in exploiting the teachings of history's Buddhas.

These professional soporifics propose something they call The New Revolution; What they are really proposing is the oldest con game in the world. And the Maharishi has already given that game away.

We have psychedelic anthropologists, psychologists, and journalists. They are merely psychedelic Elmer Gantry's with an overweening ambition. They mouth a lot about peace, love, and good vibes.

We can see what a wonderful power this passive form of Love is when used by the sick and the hungry. Just look at the Haight and what a Lovely place it has become (yes, we

know Love is Haight); and look at Telegraph Avenue and

the way the Mafia just Loves to step in and take over the drug traffic when nobody is willing to stand up and say, "Back off, motherfucker." And look at what a wonder-see p. 12

TOTALLY OBSCENE

by G.K.

The entire March 26, 1969, issue of the former BERKELEY BARB is considered "obscene" in the official eyes of the DA of Alameda County.

David C. Dutton Jr., Esquire, Pillar of Society, ass DA,

said his office had received "many, many complaints." What the complaints were all about is a photo of one girl and two or more men in a position little old ladies have not been in in years (if at all).

First attempts to get Max was thrown out of Judge George Brunn's court with the odd ruling that the ass DA had not "offered sufficient evidence."

His Honor then proceeded into a most magnificent pun: "The issue of obscenity is to be determined by viewing the product as a whole . . ."

This is precisely what Alameda County has gone done did.

In case anybody else is interested, here is a rundown on what "obscenity as a whole" looks like vis a vis the March 26 issue:

Cover of some beautiful naked people . . . photo by Holy Hubert in a WW I tin helmet . . . photo of sexy Loni Hancock . . . THAT photo . . . photo of more beautiful naked people . . . a three-quarter page spread of a poem called "Smokey The Bear Sutra" facing a full page of Joel Beck's cartoons of Smokey The Bear going Establishment.

None of this is obscene, of course, except in the eye of the beholder—such as the DA of Alameda County.

26 DE JULIO

THE TRASHMAN COMETH

by Ike Clanton

Throw your garbage over the fence they say, into the pig's parking lot.

The Twenty-Sixth of July, this Saturday, is the major holiday observed by the people of Cuba to celebrate the victory of their revolution over the US supported dictator, Batista.

On that date in 1953, Fidel Castro initiated armed warfare against the regime with an attack on Moncada Barracks.

Being in the "free world" in the cold war fifties meant, for the Cubans, being the brothel for the United States. Havana was known as the "whorehouse of the Western hemisphere."

America, too moral to allow open prostitution, gambling and hard drug traffic within its borders, preserved these pleasures for the rich by imposing them on a weaker neighbor.

While the gringo tourists played in Havana's luxury

hotels, the people of the Cuban countryside labored long hours for little pay, received too little food, no education and no medical treatment.

The work of the Cubans went to profit US corporations who controlled Cuban sugar and tobacco production.

On January 1, 1959, the revolutionaries marched into Havana and ripped their country off from the Americans, to the indignation of Dwight D. Eisenhower and Jack Paar.

The Cuban bourgeoisie, grown rich by selling out their country to the Americans, fled to Miami.

No one is talking about destroying the fence on July 26 in honor of the Moncada barracks. For one thing, the attack on the barracks failed. Several carloads of revolutionaries got the wrong directions and couldn't even find the place. Castro himself was caught and jailed for almost

two years.

Another reason the fence won't be attacked is because we've done it once. Unless

we go much farther we can't turn the Regents parking lot into a park. There will be no repeat of Bastille Day.

However, we can make the parking lot unpleasant. One idea being spread is to turn it into a garbage dump as long as a fence is up. If everyone in Berkeley dumps garbage into the fenced in area as many people did before the park was started, it would be demonstrated what people think of the Regents.

When the Cuban rebels landed in the ship "Granma," they took the name "26th of July Movement." Eventually they threw the American garbage out of Cuba.

July 26 would be a historically fitting day to let the garbage fall where it may.

VENDORS
GET THE BERKELEY TRIBE IN BKLY. AT 1708 GROVE ST. CALL 549-2101 TO ORDER IN S.F. AT THE EVER-LOVIN' TRADIN POST-1428 HAIGHT ST.

PIG LAWS BEEFED UP

Coupled with his "preventive detention" bill, Nixon's new "drug control" law spells some very bad news for radicals.

The drug bill allows pigs to break down the door if they have a search warrant, and beefs up the various federal hog departments to combat the "drug menace." It also provides for heavier felony raps for selling dope.

The preventive detention bill provides for denial of all bail for certain classes of suspects conspicuously including narcotic bustees. The judge has to rule that they are "probably guilty" and would be a danger to the community if allowed out on bail.

Here's the connection. Everybody knows that radicals and the likes are all drug addicts. Look at Otis Lee Johnson, who is doing 30 years for grass in Texas. Otis was a radical organizer, who was entrapped by state pigs.

So now they would be able to break down the door one night, bust you for possession with intent to sell, and sock you in jail for up to 60 days, until you've been "tried."

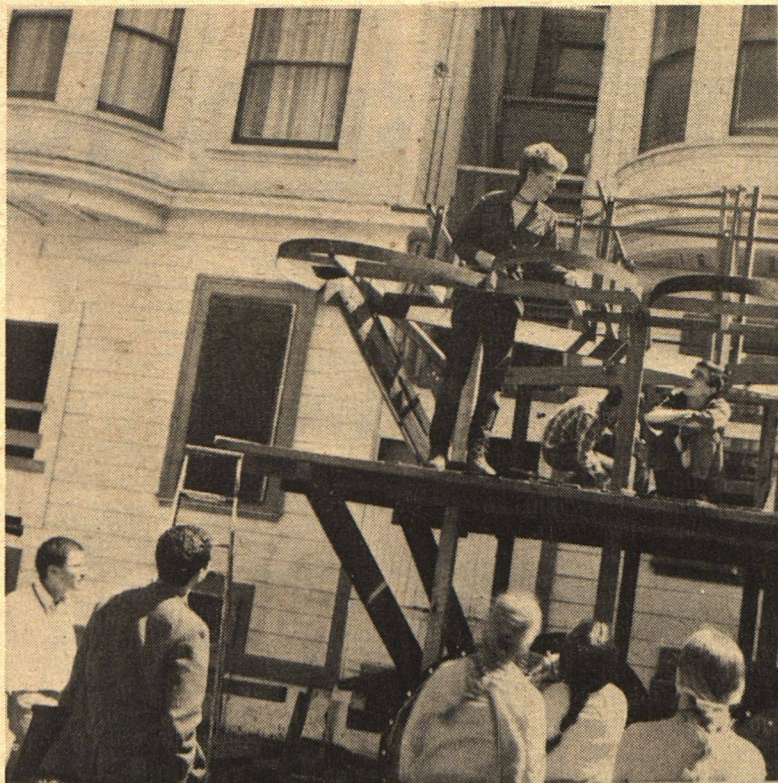
Isn't that smooth? South Africa has a law which allows preventive detention for no reason, but they are condemned (mildly) by civilized countries. They are too honest, apparently.

Now, if South Africa simply called its detainees drug suspects, Nixon and a whole lot of other cats would stand up and cheer for their example.

Oh, yes, if by any chance you won the trial (not likely when you've been in the hole instead of preparing your case), the whole affair could be repeated. South Africa also has this provision.

But this is America. And even if it does happen, you can try changing the government.

—L.F.



HEAVEN ON WHEELS

The Rathayatra will roll this Sunday, from Haight and Ashbury to the oceanside Great Highway.

Sponsored by the Hare Krishna Movement, the "People's Festival" will be a re-creation of the Indian festivals in which millions participate.

Those festivals consist of masses of people helping to pull massive wagon-floats, or Rathayatra, to the sea.

The Rathayatra in the Haight was first held last year, and is now considered a tradition. It is the only occasion for which Haight Street is turned over to the people. Permits have been secured.

The procession, with thousands of people helping pull the huge flower-bedecked float, will start at Haight Ashbury and proceed through the Park to the Family Dog at the beach. There chanting will be lead by

His Divine Grace, A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami. There will be a free feast of fruits and succulent preparations, say the organizers.

All are invited to bring fruits, as well as musical instruments, banners, gongs, etc. for the procession.

"The Festival will present an impressive spiritual occasion for the uplifting of humanity," says a Hare Krishna spokesman, "to demonstrate how people can live peacefully in brotherhood through exultation of dancing, singing and praising God."

Another follower of Krishna noted that the festival is a celebration for all sentient beings, so people should bring animals and plants.

Everything about the festival will be free. Information is available from the Sri Sri Radha Krishna Temple, 518 Frederick St., SF, 731-9671.

—LF

LIBERATING THE MOVEMENT

by the MLF

The Movement Liberation Front is a group of people who are organizing to educate the movement and the community around the nature of the court system and distributing literature, conducting classes and seminars, working with existing defense committees and organizing new ones.

This is the first of a series of columns discussing repression, the courts and the law. We will try to serve the people in this column—explaining laws, terms, and procedures, and answering your questions. Write to us c/o The Berkeley Tribe, 1906 Vine St., Berkeley.

When the Man brings us into court he has made a political decision. He is trying to force us to stop organizing and to sit around the courtroom talking trivia. If we fall into that trap, we'll never get our freedom.

Instead, we just change the focus of our organizing for awhile, making the courts and the legal system an issue, the same as we have made racism, war and imperialism issues.

When our political struggle goes into the courts (which is happening more and more) we want to accomplish three things:

- 1) the liberty and freedom of our brothers and sisters,
- 2) preserve the health, vitality and dignity of the movement,
- 3) make the system pay heavily for each repressive act.

A good political defense has to accomplish all three goals at the same time: they cannot be separated. Good legal defense is also an offense: it defends our own, builds the movement, and strikes a blow at the enemy.

We have learned from Huey Newton and the Oakland Seven

that it is possible to win partial or complete victories in court—without copping out. Huey was saved from the gas chamber and the Seven from long jail terms not by making deals or hiding their politics, but by fighting a tough defense and winning wide support (including support from the jury).

If people must go to jail—and they will have to in this period—it makes a big difference how they go. Will they slink off silently and alone, having gone through a court and trial experience that was alien, ritualistic and meaningless to them and to the movement?

Or will they go carrying with them the integrity of their acts, and the movement, having carried their struggle into the courtroom with pride and dignity, and with the intention of carrying it to the jails?

A radical movement must think in terms of radical defense, which is the coordinated action of the defendants, the lawyers and the movement. Lawyers will tend to concentrate on winning the trial legally.

The defendants and the movement must help the lawyers in gathering evidence and finding witnesses, and more importantly, putting the trial in a political context that will educate lawyers, the jury and the judge alike.

The prejudice in the mind of the judge and the jurors at the beginning of a trial is tremendous; this is where the lies and distortions of the mass media pay off. The jurors particularly should be seen as 12 more people the movement has to reach and educate if it is to succeed.

Repression fails if it fails to see p. 13

The Bells of the Cherokee Ponies



i thought they were
wind chimes
in the streets at night

with my young eyes
i looked to the east
and the distant ringing
of ghost ponies
rose from the ground

Ponies Ponies Ponies

(the young horse becomes
a funny sounding
word)

i looked to the east
seeking buddhas to
justify those bells
weeping in the darkness

*The Underground Horses
are rising*

Cherokee, Delaware, Huron
we will return your land to you

the young horses
will return your land to you

to purify the land
with their tears

*The Underground Horses
are rising*
to tell their fathers

"in the streets at night
the bells of Cherokee ponies
are weeping."

d.a. levy

d.a. levy was a lonewolf guerilla poet out of cleveland, ohio where he died last november at the age of 26. this is one of his gentlest poems, part of the NORTH AMERICAN BOOK OF THE DEAD. a mimeo anthology of most of his work, entitled UKANHAVYRFUCKINCITIBAK, is still available for about \$10 from the asphodel bookshop in cleveland. it is the most complete criticism of the american way now in existence. this space will regularly present the heaviest voices of our tribes, the poets of our days & of the revolution, famous & infamous.

power to the people
all power to the planet

-- ishi

LOS SIETE

by Rick Heide

There will be no dismissals for Los Siete. The six brothers, held on murder charges, were turned down by Judge Joseph Karesh Friday in San Francisco.

Seven young Latinos have been indicted for murder in the death of undercover police agent Joe Brodrik. One, Gio Lopez, has not been captured.

According to Oscar Rios of the defense committee, the dismissal was denied on two grounds. Fingerprints found on the car, and alleged stolen goods placed them at the scene. Also, the six were captured together.

The assistant D.A. identified Gary Lescallet as the one who pulled the trigger, killing Brodrik. His source for this was Brodrik's plainclothes partner, Paul McGoran. Brodrik, incidentally, was shot with partner McGoran's gun.

Defense attorney Charles Garry asked why all six were being held for murder if, indeed, Lescallet was identified as the killer. Karesh countered by asking why they were all captured together. Garry questioned the relevancy of their capture, several days afterward, to the shooting itself. He said more substantial proof was needed to hold the brothers. But Karesh held firm.

At one point Karesh got exasperated with the prosecution's weak case and tried to help him out, said Rios. "You must have more than that. Let me see your memo," he told the D.A.'s man.

Judge Karesh was not quite so helpful to the prosecution a few months back. At that time San Francisco Pig Michael O'Brien was on trial for the murder of George Baskett, a Black man. In fact, he even allowed the defense to call back people "hyenas" and other racial insults in that "trial" where O'Brien was set free.

But now, with Brown people on trial, he "coaches" the prosecution when it falters. So, in October, the six brothers are scheduled to stand trial for murder. They are: Nelson Rodriguez, Tony Martinez, Mario Martinez, Jose Rios, Jose Melendez, and Gary Lescallet.

RIP-OFF

The Wayne Green Defense Fund was ripped off to the amount of \$160 at a benefit party Sunday.

The Fund people figure that whoever took the bread was at the party and knew who they were burning.

The ripoff left the Defense Fund up the creek. They could not reimburse the host for the champagne or anything else.

"We're amazed that someone would do something like this to us," said a spokesman for the Fund. "We thought we could trust people."

The fight has to continue, however, and the spokesman told the Tribe of upcoming efforts for Wayne, who is facing a second trial in September for a framed-up charge of throwing a firebomb in last summer's Telly riots.

Coffeicans and buttons will be appearing on the Avenue and UC campus for the Fund, they say. A rock benefit is being worked on for some time in August.

Wayne Green is about \$7,000 in debt so far for trying to prove his innocence.

-L.F.



BOBBY SEALE (above) lays the Panther rap down hard at conference with Masai and Goodlett. Preacher Man (below) from Chicago Young Patriots comes through for the white cats.
photos by Steve Shames

ANTI-FASCISM CONFAB PANTHERS MAKE NEW TRACKS

"The avaricious businessman, the demagogic politicians and the fascist pig cops"—in the United Front Conference (and conferences are necessarily a whole lot of words) those are the words that were predominant, constantly recurring.

Words tire me and speeches eventually wear down my patience, so I missed a couple of sessions. The sessions I attended were markedly similar, the words fairly consistent from one speaker to the next, the speeches like hammers pounding time and again on two points: Fascism is here now, and through a united front we can and must fight it.

Community control of the pigs through the decentralization of the force is the goal. A petition campaign to amend city charters and put police control in the hands of the

people is the method. Brother Eldridge Cleaver has said, "when there's a gun out of every window, then we'll have community control."

The Black Panther Party, from its inception, has taken the role of the vanguard and has always pushed the defense of the revolution as a priority. During the conference the BPP changed tack to talk instead about the defense of democratic rights.

So between Eldridge's words and the petition, between the defense of the revolution and the defense of democracy, an apparent change occurred. I heard one man refer to it like this: "You know how Russia is moving to the right, or at least zig-zagging; well the Panthers have taken a right zag."

Lets' consider the conference itself for a moment. It began Friday night a bit later than the schedule. The place was the Oakland Auditorium, across the road from Lake Merritt and in the shadow of the Alameda County Court House—the fortress-like manifestation of stone fascism, the building where brother Huey P. Newton and so many others have been tried and sentenced for their politics—the concrete and steel monument to pig Amerika.

At the doors of the conference and inside the auditorium there were no pigs (at least not the uniformed, badge-wearing type). The Panthers policed their own thing, beginning with a thorough frisking at the door.

Show your pass and then women to the right and men straight on for the search. The collection box soon contained many cutting tools and a few chemical defense weapons, retrievable upon leaving.

The conference began with five words—"All Power to the People." The response came with shouts of "right on," up-raised fists, and excited expectation.

Ed Keating from Ramparts began, speaking of conversations with Huey Newton because the pigs would not allow the making of a tape so Huey could address the conference himself.

At the conclusion of Keating's remarks, Masai (newly appointed BPP Minister of Education) introduced Chairman Bobby Seale. Bobby spoke of fascism here and now in Amerika; of the avaricious businessman, the demagogic politician and the fascist pig cops—allies in fascism. He talked of demagoguery and terror and the two weapons of fascism; and finally of the fact that we must use our democratic rights to combat all of that shit.

William Kunstler, from the Revolutionary Lawyers Guild, gave a killer speech. He told about the theft of 40 Garand M-1's from an armory in Plainfield, N.J. during the 1967 rioting there; the hysteria of the pigs as they kicked down the doors in the black ghetto to find the guns.

They didn't find them—from that day in '67 the pigs have pretty much kept their ass out of that Black community. When a pig shot a Blackman, Bobby Lee Williams, hundreds of witnesses from the community retaliated—stomping the pig to death. Trials are going down around that incident—the implementation of real community control.

I heard people grumble
see p. 16

SF MIMES TO BALL RAMPARTS

The world famous softball teams of the San Francisco Mime Troupe and Ramparts Magazine will confront each other Saturday noon (in a presumably non-violent struggle) in the Great American Tradition of Playing Ball.

The event at Spedway Meadows will celebrate the 16th Anniversary of the July 26 Movement, the beginning of the Cuban Revolution. The teams invite local revolutionaries to join in the celebration. S.F. Newsreel will show films. Bring food and drums and musical instruments and banners and flags and leaflets and whatever.

On Sunday, July 27, the Mime Troupe's full length play, CONGRESS OF THE WHITEWASHERS, OR TURANDOT by Bartolt Brecht, will be performed in Live Oak Park, Berkeley at 2 pm.

The following week the Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band will perform in two San Francisco parks. On Wednesday, July 30 and Thursday, July 31 at noon they will be in Jackson Playground (17th & Arkansas). On Friday, August 1 at noon, they will be in Duboce Park.

All Mime Troupe park performances are free.

CUBAN FLICKS

July 26 can be considered the beginning of the Cuban Revolution. This week Newsreel will present Cuban films throughout the Bay Area in honor of the attack on the Moncada Barracks. Speakers from the Los Siete organization will rap at most of the showings.

The films will be shown at the following places:

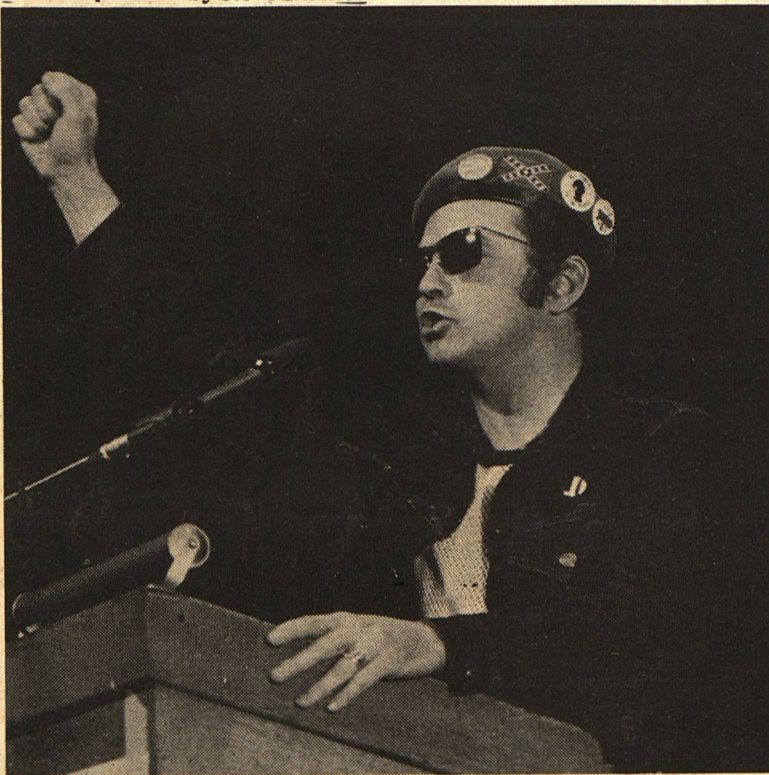
Saturday (July 26) at Horizons Unlimited, 24th and Alabama, S.F. at 8:30.

Stanford University, Cubberly Auditorium at 8:00.

Chabot College, Student Union at 8:00 (dance to follow)

Tuesday (July 29): Precita Park, 26th and Harrison, S.F. at 8:30. All Saints Church, Waller and Ashbury, S.F. at 8:30. S.F. State College at 2p.m. and 7:30p.m.

For further information call 863-6197.



EARTH READ-OUT



Keith Lampe

Ecology-activists will soon have to cope with a whole new set of judgments concerning people and classes of people. One of the early recognitions during the coming transition is that many people we have called "liberals" have much more radically developed eco-consciences than many we have called "revolutionaries."

The confusion caused by this apparent paradox is shown in a letter I recently received from a friend in New York who suspected that "population control was a liberal hoax, the real problem being not that millions of poor people exploit the resources but that the Rockefellers do the exploiting and are now afraid that billions of starving poor will become desperate and upset the grape wagon so they want to cut down the population through birth control."

Though the Rockefellers may indeed try to misuse the population issue, concern about the issue itself is nobody's hoax. In fact, any "liberal hoax" in this area would have to be defined as a complacent attitude toward the emergency created by the exploding populations—that is, the liberal's mushy optimism that rational man's ration-

ality is competent enough to overcome any of his mistakes without much fret.

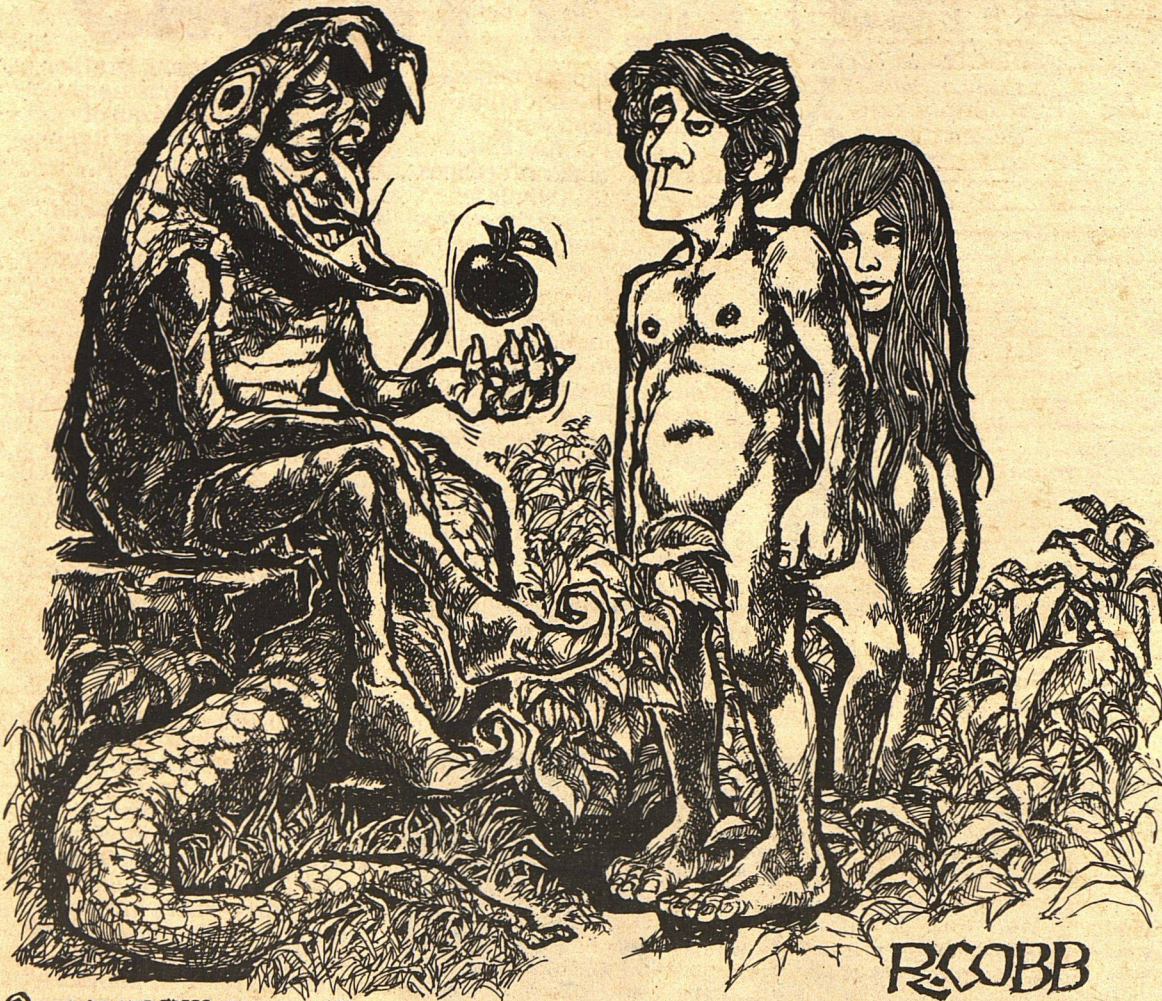
Additional confusion occurs when we recognize that a few bedfellows in the emerging ecology transformation movement will come—for a while at least—from what we call the right wing. Something of this confusion can be seen in a recent piece in "Hard Times" by James Ridgeway, a good left-of-center journalist.

Through most of the piece Ridgeway deals sarcastically with those who see the population explosions as the central contemporary planetary problem. He's especially worried that support for population control comes from people associated with Standard Oil, Dupont, Chase Manhattan, TVA and Dixie Cup.

He says that many of the industries "which have fouled the continent from one end to the other" are now digging birth control "as a means to dodge pollution control."

What Ridgeway says is mostly true. But because our options are so severely limited, I submit that we have to be grateful that these people are for any reason willing to spend money to see p. 6

"BESIDES...JUST HOW FAR DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET IN TODAY'S WORLD WITHOUT A GOOD EDUCATION?"



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EARTH READ-OUT

from p. 5

build concern about the disastrously mounting numbers of humans.

At a certain point in the very near future it will be our job to point out to these industrialists—and to the public—that the enormously overcrowded planetary conditions make necessary a rapid evolution from competition to cooperation; that in the U.S. specifically this means shucking capitalism and evolving a community for which there is yet no label, a community within which the notions of ownership and money no longer have meaning or appeal.

We then invite those industrialists to take these steps with us—and perhaps some of them will. If most Amerikan industrialists don't make major concessions in the next few years, the domestic situation will rapidly deteriorate into very large numbers of scattered, small-scale, futile shoot-outs.

Charles Lindbergh provides probably the best examples of the dangers of making judgments in eco-contexts on the basis of a person's past roles or reputation. Lindbergh in the fifties was on a trip which carried him into a lot of squawky rightwing politics. Some years back he went through a deeply conscious rebellion against the trash of middle-class affluence and he now lives more austere than most hippies and many street people.

Here are excerpts from a piece by Lindbergh recently published in Life:

"I served for seven years as a member of scientific ballistic-missile committees, first under the Air Force and then under the Department of Defense. At the end of this time, with Atlases and Titans in position, with Minutemen coming and Polaris submarines under way, I felt our United States had achieved the indestructible power to destroy any enemy who might attack.

"But I had become alarmed about the effect our civilization was having on continents and is-

lands my military missions took me over—the slashed forests, the eroded mountains, the disappearing wilderness and wildlife. I believed some of the policies we were following to insure our near-future strength and survival were likely to lead to our distant-future weakness and destruction . . .

"Science and technology inform us that, after millions of years of successful evolution, human life is now deteriorating genetically and environmentally at an alarming and exponential rate. Basically, we seem to be retrograding rather than evolving. We have only to look about us to verify this fact: to see megalopolizing cities, the breakdown of nature, the pollution of air, water and earth; to see crime, vice and dissatisfaction webbing like a cancer across the surface of our world. Does this mark an end or a beginning? The answer, of course,

depends on our perception and the action we take. . . .

"That is why I have turned my attention from technological progress to life, from the civilized to the wild. In wildness there is a lens to the past, to the present and to the future, offered to us for the looking—a direction, a successful selection, an awareness of values that confronts us with the need for and the means of our salvation. Let us never forget that wildness has developed life, including the human species. By comparison, our own accomplishments are trivial."

Lindbergh's comment about the triviality of human accomplishment appeared in an issue of LIFE devoted almost exclusively to the moonfetish spaceshot.

In times as grave as these, we need every single ally we can get. We must make our judgments carefully one by one.

ARMY SICK

Last November Pvt. Buddy Shaw was so upset about his sick parents in Hayward he left the Presidio for two days to see how he could help. Earlier this month, Shaw was found guilty of desertion and sentenced to 9 months in Leavenworth.

Besides his 9 months, Shaw already has 15 months to serve for "mutiny." He was one of the Presidio 27 convicted of trying to "override Army authority" by sitting down to protest the killing of a fellow stockade inmate. Now it'll be two years before Shaw can become a free human being again.

But maybe he won't have to wait that long.

"I expect the men will be freed, by Christmas," Terence (Kayo) Hallinan, attorney for 14 of the GI's said. He pointed out that the head of the Court Martial Board at Fort Ord, Lt. Col. Potter, promised to try to get clemency for the men before Christmas. Kayo feels confident Potter will come through on his promise.

At present the office of the Secretary of the Army is going over the psychiatric records of Kayo's 14 clients. The records were sent to Washington at the request of Stanley Restor, Secretary of the Army.

Meanwhile, the 24 convicted GI's are serving their time in Leavenworth. (Three are free in Canada.) "So far it doesn't seem so bad, but I hope to get out soon," Pvt. Michael Marino of Vacaville, told Hallinan in a letter.

"It's much better here than the Presidio brig," Pvt. Roy Pulley, another of the men wrote Kayo.

Although many are confident the brass will give the much abused soldiers clemency through

"normal" channels, other pressures are being applied to the Army to have the men freed.

"We cannot forget about the men," Adrienne Fong, chairman of a Clergy and Laymen national clemency drive stresses. "Normal appeals may take years."

The Clergy and Laymen clemency campaign is primarily directed at the hometowns of the GI's.

Adrienne explained the drive is geared at having citizens write letters to their Congressmen and to Army Secretary Restor asking for clemency. She pointed out the soldiers have already served 9 months in the Presidio hell-hole brig on "pre-trial confinement." This of course isn't being counted toward their Leavenworth imprisonment.

People who want to help in the clemency drive should contact Clergy and Laymen at 330 Ellis Streets, SF, or call 771-5650.

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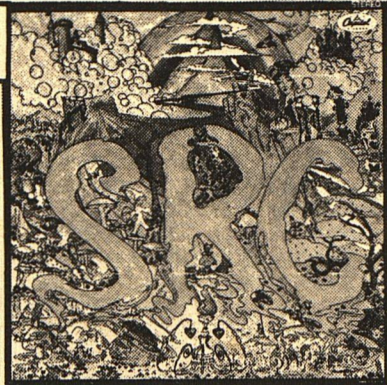
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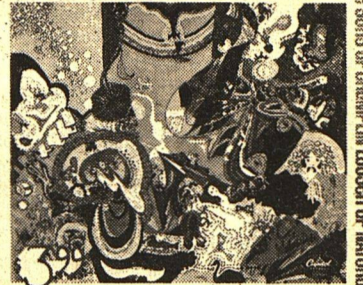
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THE SONS OF CHAMPLIN LOOSEN UP NATURALLY



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TRUMPET AT JERICHO

by Konstantin Berlandt

What Dan Seigel actually said to the crowd before the fatal march on People's Park:

"Don't let those pigs beat the shit out of you. Don't get yourselves arrested on felonies. Go down there and take the park..."

That's what he remembers saying just before the microphone was pulled. "I was just setting out to give a pep talk and provide alternatives. I was not the last speaker scheduled for the rally."

"No one ever thought that people would take off before plans were put out and people voted on them, but when the microphone went off, people just split."

It was only 12:30, but University Police Officer Pat Casey shut off the microphone. "He said he thought the rally was over or that someone unauthorized was going to speak," Siegel says, having heard Casey's testimony at ensuing proceedings. Those proceedings resulted in throwing Dan out of his position as President of the Associated Students of the University of California.

That last sentence before the plug was pulled turned out to be pretty important. It was quoted in Time and Newsweek and everywhere as the call to riot.

"People might be able to say I caused the march to the park. That was caused when Casey turned off the microphone..."

But the Alameda County pigs caused the riot when they attacked the peaceful march," Siegel maintains. He is also under indictment for inciting a riot.

From the Student Conduct Committee's report:

"Whether Mr. Seigel intended by his words to mollify or to further excite the anxious mood of the rally crowd, his reckless choice of words, spoken in an angry and highly excited tone, nevertheless, lose significance as an appeal to reason or aggressive persuasion. They become instead part of the instrument of force and violence. Such disorderly and disruptive conduct which endangers the welfare and safety of any members of the campus community is (sic) a violation of University regulations."

They would rather Joshua had played something less strident, something more sensitive to the University-community-as-a-whole including administration, alumni, Regents, Governor, the people of the state of California and our contributors from the military-industrial complex. "Will the band please play Dixie."

A responsible student leader, a proper president would have led a chorus of the alma mater followed by, "I enjoy being a slave."

During the Free Speech Movement, the newspapers set up then ASUC President Charlie Powell as respectable and legitimate in order to criticize the FSM.

And in 1966 Chancellor Roger Heys refused to speak with the student strike negotiating team, but would only meet with the "duly elected student representatives"—the ASUC officers. "Things have changed," Siegel notes.

Siegel and the ASUC Senate

will go to court next week to keep him in the student body president's office. His defense is free speech and due process.

"The hearing I went through and the punishment are unconstitutional. What the Student Conduct Committee found me guilty of were... things that would come within the scope of protected free speech under the First Amendment.

"They found me guilty of doing things that could not be made crimes, so they have decided to punish me nevertheless. It's as though I had been charged with punching a police officer and the jury came out with a verdict, 'we find him not guilty of punching a police officer and sentence him to two years in jail.'"

"It is clear from the report of the Student Conduct Committee that they judged my speech in light of my position as ASUC President." They could not justify suspension, Siegel says, "but what I did indicated to them I wasn't fit to be ASUC President.

"My position and the Senate's position is that this is not a permissible scope of inquiry for them. They really have got a hell of a lot of nerve to think that."

"That's just the kind of thing students should not allow them to do," he adds.

The other prong of lawyer Doris Walker's defence of Siegel's position will be an attack on the University's Standard of Conduct Regulation Number 12—"conduct which adversely affects the student's suitability as a member of the academic community."

A recent decision in Wisconsin federal court struck down such college regulations, Siegel says, "on grounds of vagueness. They did not meet the constitutional standards of specificity and notice," Dan raps in legalese; that is, "a person who is reading the law has to understand clearly and specifically what conduct is forbidden."

However, Siegel admits, "the whole thing is so political, it is not a question of what the law says."

"It's like if the United States Supreme Court declared the Vietnamese war illegal. Everyone knows it is; the judges just don't have the balls to do it."

In his own case, Siegel says it is an "area of (free speech) law really in change right now, but there are only a few judges in the country with enough balls to make these decisions... I

have a fair chance if there is a federal judge who is not afraid of Reagan or Nixon."

"To a law student who hasn't had enough real experience to get very cynical about the law, this would all appear very shocking," he smiles, speaking of himself, a third-year law student at Boalt Hall.

On another front, Siegel says, "The ASUC Senate is attempting to get the administration to agree to the principle that the ASUC is politically independent of the campus administration. That would mean putting a person on probation would not dis-

continue, and to use the funds for student projects," he explains. "The object of the whole thing is to make the ASUC completely independent of the University some time in the future."

And, Siegel continues, "the object of it all: making the ASUC relevant so it can provide a political force. A service-oriented organization can cross over the ideological arguments between the various student groups. It builds up a different kind of loyalty."

Dan points to ASUC action during the Peoples Park controversy. "We were able to hold a referendum (15,000 students voting 85% in

removed by the administration would blow the ASUC's independ-

ence and integrity. People will never take the ASUC seriously if its president can be removed for his political activities by the Chancellor.

"What if the Chancellor could remove the President of the Radical Student Union for political activities? No one would have any respect for it if they just sat back. And I hope no one would pay much attention to the person selected or approved by the Chancellor to take the place of someone he's removed."

Siegel already admits it's hard to convince radicals that the ASUC is anything but a Mickey Mouse organization. Throughout history people have run, saying, 'We are going to start making it relevant,' but it continued the same way."

Handsome in a blue workshirt, Levis, and long dark mustache, Siegel says he campaigned as a radical and won by a great majority. He got 3,000 of the 5,000 votes cast. Second place candidate—600 votes. "My election and the referendum on the park show that those who are not activists don't differ politically."

"That belies the 'silent majority' bullshit. I was elected by the silent majority." And the 20,000 students who didn't vote? "How can they say that the ones who didn't vote are any different from the ones who did?" Dan asks, insisting they got out the vote from fraternities, dorms and apartments. "If anything you have to admit, it's that the most radical people didn't vote. They are the ones who are the most skeptical about any kind of electoral politics."

Siegel sees his position of president as basically a voice, his responsibility "to find out what students want, and represent them."

"I wouldn't espouse a position I didn't believe in," he adds. In a situation where the general student position as voiced on a referendum perhaps was different than his own, Siegel says, "I would keep my mouth shut."

His personal position on a bright sunny summer Berkeley afternoon is relaxed:

"I try not to take this shit too seriously. My whole notion of the future and what, if anything, we're accomplishing tends to prevent me from becoming overawed by the events in Berkeley."

"If we're going to win, the most important level is what each person does in his own head. The political process should have as its goal the creation of an environment in which each person is free to take control over his own life and decide what kind of person he is going to be."

"What goes on in the youth movement is overemphasis on either one or the other. The split has to be resolved."

A bright sunny summer Berkeley afternoon with a trumpeter playing in the Plaza.

Blow, Joshua, Blow
Make the fence come down.

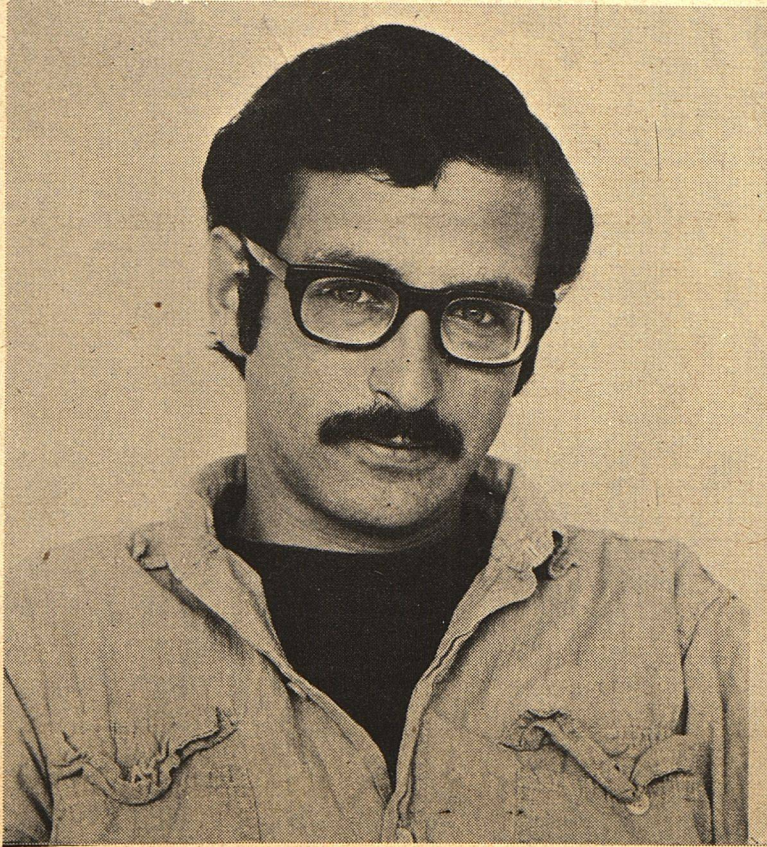


photo by Steve Shames

qualify him from ASUC activities."

"Anything more spectacular," Dan adds, "will happen when the student body gets back into town. Great coincidence—the administration is always able to handle these problems like this when there are not any students around." Siegel's probation was announced the day after the final spring edition of the Daily Californian, student newspaper.

This is not the first time Chancellor Roger Heys has tried to emasculate the student government.

Siegel remembers "the big rip-off of 1967." In 1967 when leaders of the Movement Against Political Suspensions, though on probation, were elected to the ASUC senate, Heys took over all student funds. The budget then was a quarter of a million dollars for activities and additional funds to run the ASUC buildings.

Heys returned \$55,000 for the Senate to play with.

This spring, however, the ASUC began a Student Corporation, nonprofit and run by students, "to provide better deals for students than they can get on the Ave-

favor of the park) and ASUC President Charlie Palmer was able to get a broad range of campus leaders, from the Radical Student Union to Oski Dolls, to sign a support statement."

The corporation's first venture—the Leopold Stokowski Memorial Record Pavillion opened in April in the Durant Arcade above Telegraph. "They have the cheapest records in town," Siegel says.

And the ASUC's Housing Board, which gives legal advice to students hassling with landlords, and is trying to organize a rent strike, is also arranging for student-owned and run housing to be part of the Student Corporation.

The Board is "dickering with people who own land and trying to arrange for financing. A group of professors is also trying to raise some money to be used for financing," says Siegel.

"The ASUC has been made relevant to students. In the last year it has really started to scare the administration," Dan continues.

"To allow the President of the ASUC, selected by students, to be

TELE SUMMER

from p. 7

School.

LANGUAGE OF MEDITATION: Learning Shume, the language of meditation to explore inner consciousness. Mon., 6-8 p.m.; Tues., 4-6 p.m. at McKinley School.

CREATIVE BODY MOVEMENT: To express to the outside what you feel on the inside. Mon. and Tues. 10:30 a.m.-noon.

STITCHING AND SPINNING: For all ages. Tues., noon-2 p.m.

METAL CRAFT: Learning to work with and make creative objects of metal. Tues. and Thurs., 2-4 p.m. at McKinley School.

CREATIVE SOCIAL ACTION: Training people to be facilitators of creative planning. Thurs., 3-5 p.m. at the Free Church.

ART WORKSHOPS: Mostly drawing. Mon. through Thurs., 6-8 p.m.

KEYPUNCHING AND COMPUTER PROGRAMMING: Learn with the possibility of getting a job. Wed., 2:30 p.m. at McKinley School.

HEALTH FOOD WORKSHOP: Remember you are what you eat! Sat., noon-2 p.m., McKinley School.

POTTERY WORKSHOP: Opportunity of using a potter's wheel. Sun., 1 p.m. at McKinley.

JEWELRY MAKING: A local store has promised to sell anything made. Fri. noon at McKinley.

PHOTOGRAPHY: A studio open daily (not weekends) at McKinley. There is the possibility of a film-making course.

WORKSHOP IN STREET CHOREOGRAPHY: Learning the basics of dancing in the street for any occasion. Wed., 7-8:30 p.m.; Mon. 4-5:30 p.m.

BASIC SEWING: Learning the elementaries. Wed., 4-6 p.m. at McKinley.

FOLK GUITAR: Also blues guitar. Wed., 5-7 p.m., McKinley.

CALLIGRAPHY: Learn various styles of handwriting. Thurs., 2-4 p.m. at McKinley.

POLICE ESTABLISHMENT: To examine the hierarchy within the police force. Thurs., 2-4 p.m., McKinley.

ART OF SELF+DEFENSE: Perhaps an essential skill these days. Thurs., 7-8 p.m.

MASSAGE: Taught by a licensed masseur. Fri., 4-5 p.m.

For more information call 845-7880 or drop by the information center on Haste, near Telegraph (B-9 at McKinley School).

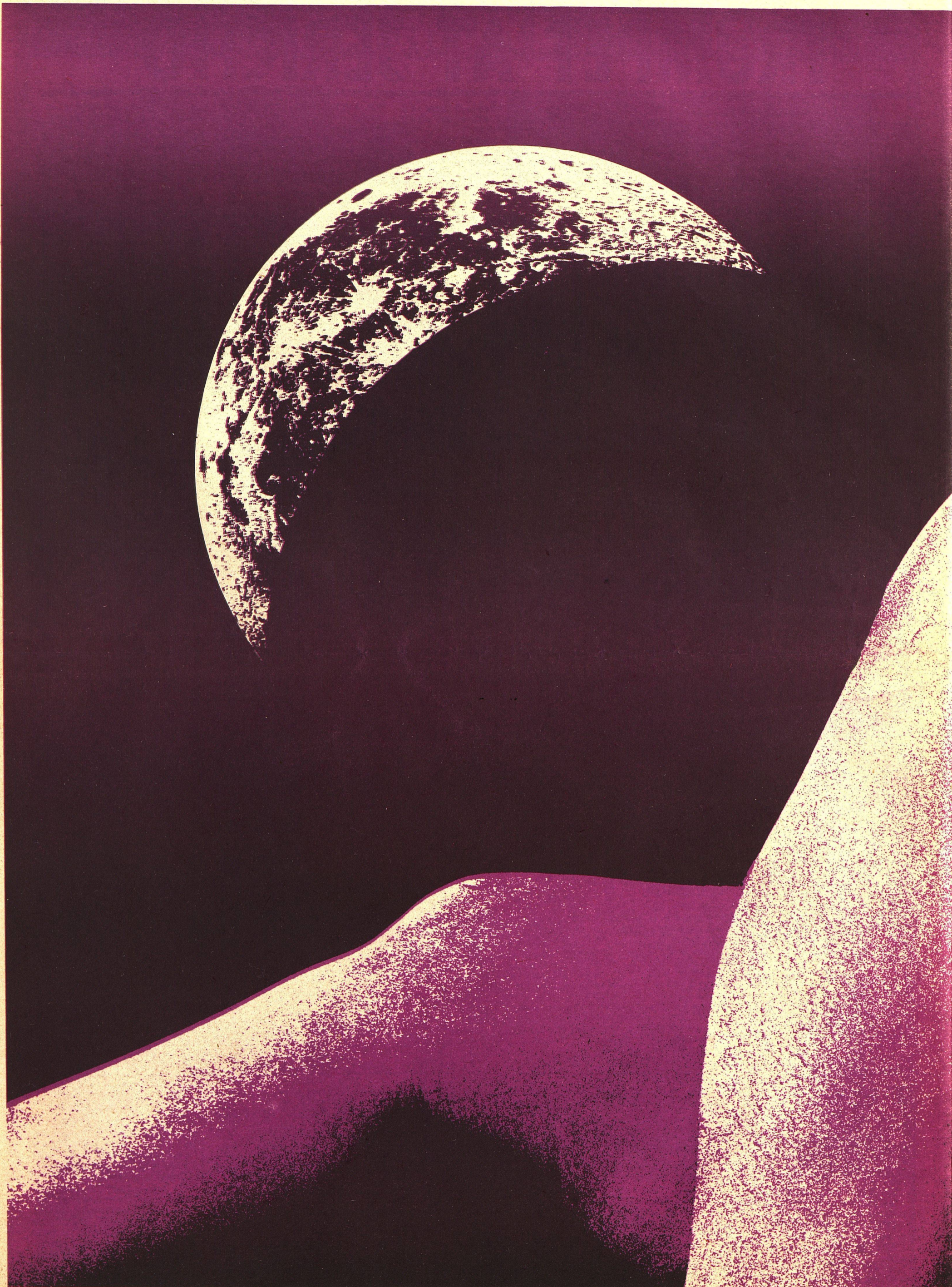
NABORS

from p. 7

Individuals hang on to these so-called objective analyses, Nabors says, because of their personal ego-involvement with their political stance and work.

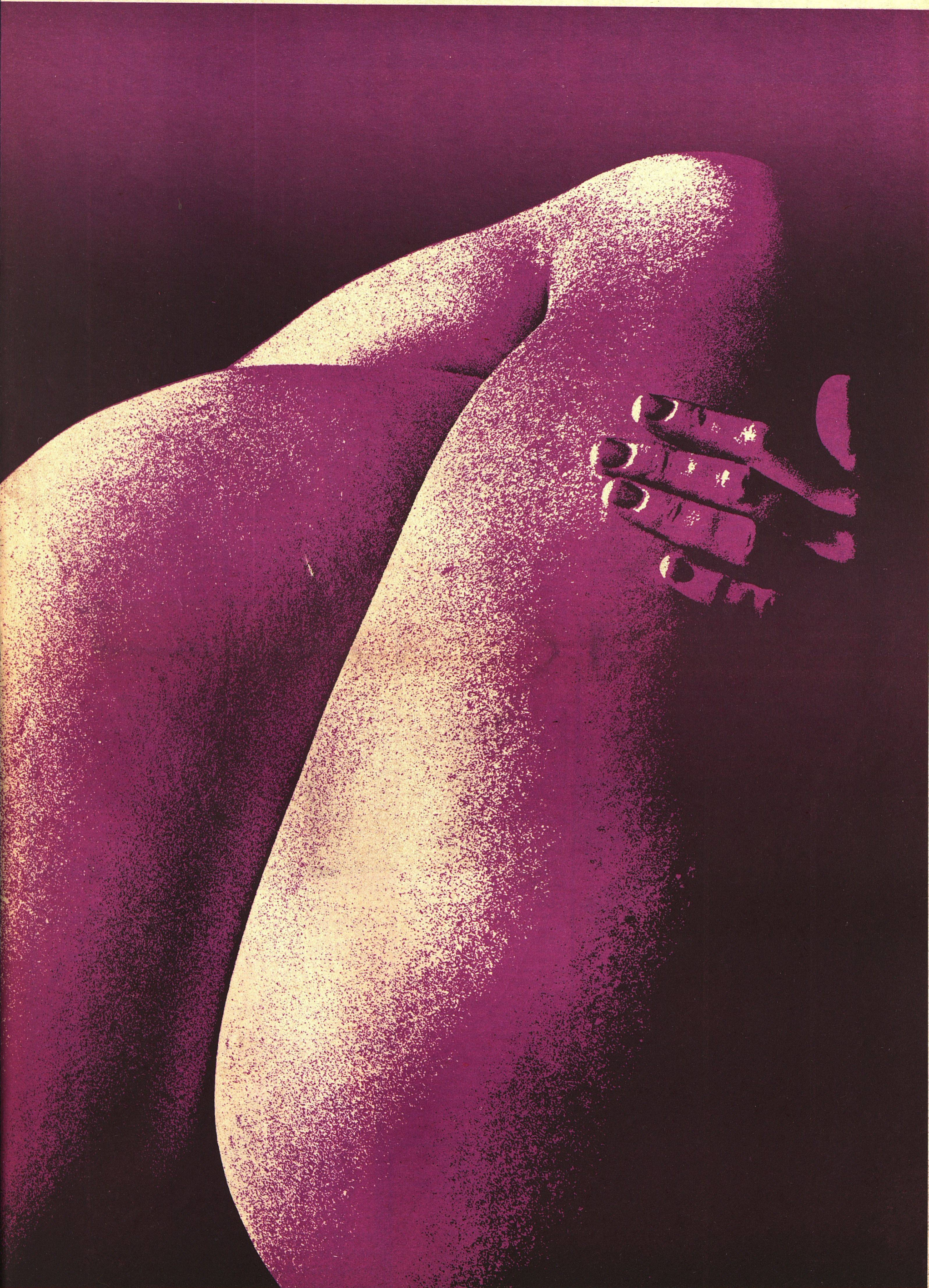
To break down the factionalism and non-communication, Nabors argues that "you suspend the individual political analysis in order to move into the body politic of the oppressed people, which will make us much more effective."

"The analysis that involves the body politic of the masses involves the most good for the most people."



Apollo 12 (Available in poster form.)

Copyright © 1969 NASA



ASK AUNT SYPH

ADVICE FOR THE DISEASED

Dear Aunt Syph:

Last Friday night my boyfriend took me to a Telly pizza parlor on a date. In spite of the early hour, (the dorm closes at ten) I was gang-banged seventeen times by fourteen guys and two chicks.

The next morning, to my surprise, I had an undesirable discharge. Where did I go wrong?
Gloria Gonad

Dear Gloria:

Did you EAT the pizza?

Dear Aunt Syph,

I was sitting in my orgone box last night trying to transcend the bad vibes. Gradually I became aware of a strring sensation, which I first took to be a spiritual inner awakening. However, upon further introspection, I discovered it was a splinter. Is this a reflection of my karma?

Disillusioned

Dear Disillusioned:

Up is down, down is up. In is out, out is in. For further enlightenment, I refer you to the wisdom of Swami Uncle Tommie. Sincerely, Aunt Syph

Dear Aunt Syph:

I'm married to a career man in the Alameda Sheriff's Dept. Before you condemn us, let me explain how our relationship developed. I was a flower child, not ideologically motivated, when Thomas first caught my eye. Was it his booming baritone as he read the order to disperse? Was it his thick trigger finger on the shotgun? Or could it have been the manly way he subdued that 13-year old runaway?

Whatever it was, Aunt Syph, he was far fuckin' out. All my feelings welled up inside of me and I knew Thomas was the man for me.

But since the last state of emergency in Berkeley, Thomas has grown so much more aggressive in his lovemaking. The notches in his four-foot club had any french-ticklers beat. However, I'm a little tight when he uses his shotgun. How do I overcome my inner fears?
Singed,

Sheriff's Sweetie

Dear S.S.

Tell him to shoot his wad in the streets.

Aunt Syph

Aunt Syph welcomes your letters. Write to her c/o the Berkeley Tribe, 1708A Grove St., Berkeley Cal., 94704

diatribe by tari

from p. 3

ful world we've made in the last 2,000 years in the name of the Church's Christian Love.

Allan Coult, in his first edition as editor of a newspaper titled the Berkeley Barb, talks about such love for a page and a half. Maybe this explains his three articles of anti-semitism, the racial slur against the blacks, and a personal attack on a Tribal journalist by a writer who wouldn't even sign his name.

It is probably one of the basic mechanisms of the human character to behave in one manner, and call it the exact opposite. For instance, Alioto and Hayakawa call the STUDENTS facists and stormtroopers.

If we look very closely at these psychedelic prophets, and use the Maharishi as our guide, we can discover something very interesting about them. They are all members of that class of people called the well bred and well fed.

Now doesn't it seem curious that if everyone did as these god-men suggested, then everything would remain just as it is? People would go hungry and die, and nobody would bitch. The dynasty of power would never be threatened, and the power gluttons would besafe.

Is it any wonder that the priests have always been members of the ruling class?

But there are a couple of problems in all this; for human beings seem to act in a certain way. It seems that there's a basic human law which states: the well bred/well fed like to stay that way. And another which says: those who aren't well bred/well fed, want to get that way.

So far, nobody's been able to successfully change the behaviour pattern among the latter group by talking to them, and telling them to cool it. But sadly enough, nobody's been able to change the first group either by rapping, crying, picketing, or sitting down peacefully.

Enter Tim Leary who thinks he's found the way to keep people from bitching—to make them happy in their misery. He can simply lobotomize them pharmacologically.

And enter Allan Coult who thinks he can do it by spending \$200,000 for a radical newspaper; and enter Robert Gold (Planet) who thinks he can do it by sucking the ass of Time Magazine.

Whether or not any of these people are working for the CIA (which is a topic of speculation lately is not really important.) For a pig is a pig under any name.

Allan Coult tells us that we are both good and evil, and that they are the same and that we must only recognize this. But you aren't that which you neither do nor don't do, and then again you are. Everything is all, as we've said before.

(This line of reasoning usually leads to something like "Tim Leary for Governor" or "Allan Coult for President.")

But to love is also to hate.

The fact that they occur simultaneously can easily be shown by the large number of people who love to hate and who hate to love. This is what Coult seems to advocate.

But it is these same people who have so utterly fucked up this world. And it's these people who are pissing a lot of us off.

You see, we don't need this psychedelic double-talk to justify being human. And we don't need someone to keep the natives from getting restless.

And we don't need an excuse to stay high.

We need a little more air to breathe, we need our brothers out of prison, and we need the freedom to be human.

To talk about peace, love and good vibes when one brother is dead and another is blind for life is only the sound of one handclapping.

All of these Apostles of The Good Vibe seem to have forgotten one very important thing. It has something to do with being HONEST.

The Tribe, while it may not like what it has to say, will say it anyway if it believes it's true.

That's why, Allan, we don't want the \$200 a week you've offered each of us to write for you. Pay it to your Kelly Girls. We don't want to be told what to say and how to say it.

We want to say what we see and feel as human beings, not as maidens before the Godhead. Anyone who doesn't feel a

sense of outrage about the condition of the world today is either responsible for that condition, responsible for its continuance, or both.

That great and horrible plastic age we all dreaded so much in the 'fifties is already here. The war goes on and on. Man is already on the moon, and the first thing he does is litter it with plastic bags of shit and piss.

It is time for this styrofoam building to come down.

That's what all the labor pains (Which disgusted Planet editor Robert Gold so much) were all about. The very natural order of the bloody birth of the new from the decay of the old.

That birth is the start of something this country and world are just beginning to feel. The universal social turmoil is simply the labor pains preceding the newborn child.

Yes, the child is father to the man, just as The Man was father to this child.

But junior has learned to talk. And all over the world we can hear him crying: "Step aside, motherfucker!"

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George from p. 20

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LIBERATING THE MOVEMENT

from p. 4

shift us from offense to defense. Any segment of the movement which is dragged into the courts must organize to show up the contradictions between the claims of our legal system to "blind justice" and the blind repression it practices.

The Man makes the decision to take us into court. We must make him pay a high price for this decision.

The Huey Newton case resulted in a major organizing breakthrough for the Black Panther party on a national scale. It discredited the jury and grand-jury selection system in Alameda County. The Presidio 27 case brought the system of military "justice" into wide criticism. The higher price we exact for each case, the greater will be the Man's reluctance to pay it.

We haven't begun to use all the weapons at hand. We know all about power structures; it is commonplace that the Boards of Trustees and Regents represent California agri-big-business. We should equally discover and expose the corporations for which our judges served during the 20 years before they got on the bench. We must find out what corporations their wives hold major stock in.

Why is this important? Because the law serves power: political and economic. The law is administered unequally and unfairly, but not by accident. As long as people think that unequal punishments are an accident they will be mystified by the law, a mystification that plays into the hands of those who own and operate the legal industry.

Only respect for the law and the legal institutions can keep a society functioning. There are not enough policemen to station one at every stop-sign. The present use of pot shows what happens when a population loses respect for a law. All the Untouchables

in the world can't enforce it.

This is a thousand times more true if respect is lost for entire legal institutions. Judges sit on high benches in cathedral-like rooms, wearing black robes to inspire awe and respect.

If they had to rely on the naked power of their bailiffs to enforce every order they make, the courts would cease to function. Every time one or more layer of myth is stripped from the legal system, it must either reform itself or lose its ability to function.

If the movement can go thru the court fighting all the way with organized support, without bowing and scraping, without groveling before corporation lawyers dressed in black, then it has maintained its dignity, its integrity and its sense of right.

With this spirit it can endure the repression and come out victorious. Without this spirit even mild repression will crush it.

ROCK SCENE

ENTER ELVIS

Most of you know that Brian Jones left the Rolling Stones before he died. That's the news of the year in rock n' roll, as far as I'm concerned. Then Ralph Gleason reported that Mick Taylor, who has been lead guitar with John Mayall for the past two or three years, would take Jones' place in the Stones.

I had trouble believing that. I figured the Stones would continue as a quartet, with Jagger playing some rhythm guitar.

But a friend of mine saw Mayall perform in London two weeks

ago, and Mick Taylor was NOT with him, so maybe Gleason had the inside story after all.

Now I'm trying to be optimistic about the switch. And it'll be far out to see how Taylor's guitar style changes once he's away from Mayall's domination. And, it'll be interesting to see what guitarist Mayall turns the fans onto next. Clapton. Peter Green, and Mick Taylor-- that's quite a collection!

Well, everyone likes to read about Elvis Presley, the All American Boy. Here's your chance. He's got a new album, "From Elvis in Memphis," and it's really worth having. He's singing rock and roll again, or maybe rock n' soul.

The thing is, listen to his voice. He's a Singer, a real honest-to-god Singer. No fucking around when Elvis decides to sing rock n' roll. Listen to him like you'd listen to a good lead guitarist -- see what he does to each note, each word. It's his show, the singer not the song, and it's quite a dazzling display of singing skill.

The album isn't as good as his old hits, like Heartbreak Hotel or Don't Be Cruel, but I think it won't be long before he's blowing our minds like he used to.

God, what a long time it took him to get back to us. All those lousy movie albums. Elvis hit the entertainment scene when Frank Sinatra was king. He followed Sinatra's pattern: hit it big and then coast along on your

see p. 14

GOD is a woman

by Sheilah Drummond

Last Friday night, some bad shit came down at the Conference for the United Front Against Fascism. We got a lesson directly.

Some speakers held forth way past their allotted time, and the time for the women's panel was being ripped off. Some women stood in protest. The Panthers responded by moving among the audience, telling the women to sit down and shut up or they'd get their asses kicked.

Then Chairman Bobby informed the sisters they were acting as provocateurs and pigs. That, furthermore, we should be hip to the fact that the Panthers were the vanguard in the struggle against male chauvinism.

Well, the evening wore on and so did the conference. And my sisters were feeling hurt, frustrated, angry. But then, that's nothing new, is it? That's the way it seems to go, as a rule

In the next few days, the

women talked to one another. "We should have walked out," "We should have boycotted the conference." (A friend, a good man, said, "If they had, I'd have inspired..." Thank you, friend).

Well, why didn't we? Because the other issues at the conference were more important than the women's issue? Nearly everything is, isn't it? And there's the thing about a United Front, too. After all, you can't break up the whole conference because a few women have hurt feelings! (Why, there's nothing the establishment likes better than to see us fighting among ourselves. We don't want to be accused of causing dissension in the movement, do we sisters?) And, after all, they gave us some time. They let us speak. Shouldn't we be grateful for that?

Bullshit!

On Monday, a hundred sisters gathered to talk about the need for an independent Revolutionary Women's Party. That's right, our own program, our own demands. There were many different feelings about it. Good raps were made by many sisters, from Seattle, Boston, Chicago, all over the mother country. The majority of the women there agreed to the need for it, and it appears that in the near future, this will happen.

Sisters everywhere are beginning to realize that our struggle goes a lot deeper than just saying to the men, "We want a voice--" and so on. We aren't in a position to demand anything yet and we aren't even agreed on what demands to make. (Possibly because we want both men and women hip to woman-consciousness instead of, or along with, woman-power.)

We have a whole cultural trip laid down on us from birth, a trip so many thousands of years old we don't even know where it began. We have never in known history defined ourselves. Men have always defined us. (Why, they've had some grand battles, physical and cultural, over what we women are really like and what we really think and what role we're supposed to assume.)

No, never have women defined themselves on their own terms. People are referred to as "man" and "mankind." (Naturally, we're supposed to realize that does include us, too.) Remember English classes? The rule is, when referring to a member of a mixed group of men and women, one says "he", or "him." We don't exist except as objects, "others."

It's a compliment to tell a woman she can "think like a man," or "fight like a man." Tell a man, though, that he "fights like a woman" or "thinks like a woman."

Women can only gain men's respect by learning to excel in the virtues men have established for them. Our heads within the establishment have been programmed by "femininity." Within the movement, we're put down by those con-

cepts of "unity" and the "cultural nationalism" thing. (Oh, doesn't that accusation back us down?! It's almost as scary as that foul undercut, "anti-man.")

The black, militant bid for self-determination began with Malcolm X, who knew that black people had to define themselves first and then move from there. So do we.

Yes, the sisters are getting it together. All across the mother country, we're getting it together. We're just beginning to see ourselves as women first, sisters, black, brown, yellow, white, all ages and colors and sizes and kinds. We're not so scared anymore of being called "separatists" from a scene in which we've never really existed, anyway, as full human beings.

Oh, We're not starting from a position of power, that's for sure. We have been divided and alienated from one another, by the fact of our own non-existence and the belief in "otherness." Scared, unsure, trying to reach back into a culture for what isn't there.

But try this on for vanguard size, Chairman Bobby: We are more than half of the world's population. Woman-power has never been tried. We're a sleeping giant. Ever think what real woman power and woman-consciousness could do? World woman-consciousness?

You've been really tripping on the vanguard thing, Bobby, but in this great struggle that's taking place now, did you ever think that maybe the real vanguard the great moving force, is those sisters you occasionally lay rhetorical raps on? What is now a faint stirring, a whisper among my sisters, may rise at last to a mighty roar. At that time, Bobby, you may get a new view of things...

But meanwhile, from where we're at right now, and I speak for many of my sisters here as well as for myself, get hip to this: A bit of rhetoric does not a vanguard make!

The recent statements you've laid down about "male chauvinism within the Black Panther Party" have been as far divorced from real practice as the Supreme Court ruling about desegregation and the practice thereof. We all know about the great gap there between theory and practice.

Furthermore, Chairman Bobby, neither me nor my sisters are terribly grateful for what you or the Black Panther Party has done for us. (whatever that maybe!)

We certainly do not consider you our vanguard. What an absurd idea! We're not sure who our vanguard is, yet.

Maybe she's some mythical goddess, maybe some old gypsy fortune teller, maybe, and more likely, the mothers who scrub the floors and iron your shirts. But whoever she is, that's right, it's a she, or a group thereof. We no more consider the Black Panther Party or yourself as our vanguard than you accept white liberals as yours!

You're really into the pigs, agents and provocateurs thing, lately, too, and it's looking more and more like anyone

see p. 16.

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ENTER ELVIS

from p. 13
 fame. Elvis has been milking his early fame for ten years now.

In those days it was part of the game to cop out. The rock n' roll singers who stayed true to their school aren't heard from much these days. None of them are rich now like Elvis is.

But now it's different. Yes. The fans don't mind if you're incredibly rich (like Beatles), just so you serve good shit. No coasting allowed. Maybe this time Elvis will find out who his fans are, and he'll start giving more of himself. Especially if (or since) we're where the record money is.

Columbia has a new group called NRBQ, and their first album has at least four good, solid rockers on it. One is "C'mon Everybody," an Eddie (Summer-

time Blues) Cochran song. It's a great rock n' roll song, and NRBQ really gets into it. It's the sort of thing you'll want to turn up loud.

There's a Sun Ra piece on the album called "Rocket Number 9," and it's weird and good and fits right in with the rockers without making me too nervous. But a couple of the other cuts do bother me. Like "Stay With Me," which is maybe good for Nina Simone, but doesn't seem to fit too well with the Cochran rock trip.

When I listened to the album with a real rock freak, he was blowing his mind with NRBQ until the jazz-flavored songs came on. "Aw, what the fuck they trying to do," he asked, turning pale. I don't know. Variety, maybe?

TURD NEWS

from p. 7
 permanent to check on us with? Our books are going to go, really fast... the quality of paper being what it is. I don't see too much hope for any of our other artifacts lasting a century or two; an American car, for instance... well, you see. The only permanent thing we can leave for the future, to tell them how it all was, the thing

that most clearly symbolizes our time, and that bears the impress of its individual creator, the last truly hand-made, organically true thing we have... and man, we keep throwing them away, flushing them out to sea. Where would those Paiutes be today if they had flush toilets? Lost, that's where.

So, let's save a few, please. A glass case, containing historic turds of famous men, in the museum; a specimen or two deposited in suitable cornerstones. And on the moon, a small pile... I realize this may mean a frozen rear end for some brave astronaut, but that's heroism. If we don't leave our mark, it may be that nobody will ever know we've been there. Those Indians can rest easily now, too. Now, we've finally taken it all. Now, at least, we can not only grab off Sitting Bull's land, his horses, and his buffalo, but even this very last item, his reason for having been sitting at all. dm

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ANN ARBOR CONFERENCE —

U.P.S. AND DOWNS

Dear Tribe,
 to the sound of voodoo camp fires being goaded into Hadean dances by revolution crazed wierdos; school busses circled protectively like a teenager sitting with his legs crossed, embarrassed because he's got something there. Yonder, movies of the French occupation and resistance. The air hot, alive with mosquitoes and debate.

Summer Camp. Yessir, here we are at Camp Forest Lake and lights out will be at dawn. No eating meals and now for a sound of the camp song. Beautiful farm, beautiful night, beautiful people—but shit, I came here for some revolution, not Utopia.

I mean, here it is, two days into the UPS conference, and people still ain't miserable enough to have been getting it down. I'm informed a number of people have left, unable to cope with the unheaviness.

As I was shown where I was to stay, however, things brightened considerably. A veritable Rebel's Hilton, a mortar and stone bunker, sunk into the side of a hill, hobbit style—all damp, musty, small, round, and holding five people as best it can. Perfect! The adrenalin begins pumping at illegal rates. Ain't never gonna sleep here.

Anyhow, I arrived near the close of the second day of the conference and was disappointed to learn I hadn't missed a thing.

Conditioned by schools, parents, and previous constipated prepackaged political and social experiences, many of those attending had apparently come as followers looking for leaders.

Someone to tell them how to get it on, by formula ("But you don't even got an agenda!") Some looked to the Tribe. We, of course, told them to sieze the means of production and take it from there, but they wanted something more realistic(?). Some left. These, I guess, should have.

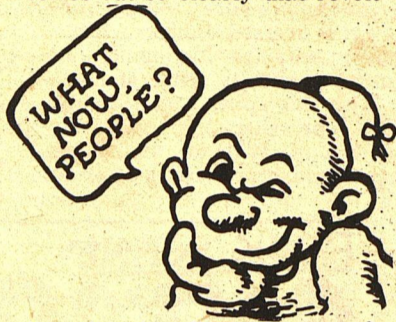
The third day, amenities and bullshit out of the way, we got it down. About 150 representatives of the underground media came together Saturday to discuss the various media, where they're at, and how to go further—to a revolutionary Brotherhood of the Media, among brothers and sisters who have gone beyond petty competitiveness, ideological game-playing and bullshit, and want to get it together in a context where information and ideas can flow freely, be shared and expanded, and flow on again. Where the first loyalty of a media-maker is to the community he or she serves.

Abbie Hoffman rapped his ideas concerning the conspiracy, the group of commie-pinko-peace-freak-dopers, who, according to the accredited inquisition (HU-AC), were responsible for the party held all over Chicago last August. Abbie laid out plans for guerrilla poster actions and a sort of telethon like they have for the United Fund.

Instead of pledging bread, you join the conspiracy and pledge to stop what the government shouldn't be doing. Calls may be made collect; you may trust that your membership will be duly

acknowledged and recorded by whoever is tapping Abbie's phone (and/or yours). The date for this event has not yet been set—but dont miss your chance, be the first on your block.

A report was given on the struggles of the Tribe and the Barb. LA Free Press indicated that the same thing would likely be going down there within six or seven months. They say the main problem there is that they get paid fairly and decently, so that the issues seem less clear cut. But the contradictions of this hip-movement-capitalist-entrepreneur game have drawn themselves out so clearly that revolt



is a hanging Damocles sword.

There is a great deal of excitement about the business of ham radio stations. Right on! All you dudes break out those Boy Scout Morse Code handbooks and share 'em with the sisters. We'll let you use our Girl Scout Cookbooks.

Sheila Ryan from Women's Liberation introduced a resolution for discussion; although we had not intended to mess around with resolutions. Some of her points were well taken. Especially one which stated that the human body shall not be used in an exploitive manner or solely for the sake of selling papers. This was directed at sex ads and ads using sex as a selling point. Debate raged passionately. After a certain amount of hedging on the part of some of the men (who we'll deal with later) the entire resolution passed unanimously.

Drifting around later, I landed in a workshop on the Revolutionary Press Movement. This was

a pretty heavy trip, involving an arrangement about a step ahead of LNS; forming the brotherhood of the media I mentioned earlier.

Things were just getting down when, from out of the skies, the bushes, the air and the paranoia, crawled probably every cop in and around the Ann Arbor area; striding up the hill, bolts clicking as shells dropped into chambers, ready to rip off any wild-eyed crazy who tried to pull any per-versions.

The entire 10 acre area was surrounded. The house was searched, 3 doors smashed with a totality that suggests we were dealing with a man who loved his work, and all the girls were ordered to line up in the yard.

I asked one of them to spare my child as he was too young to be a commie and too blond to be a Jew. He laughed as they turned machine guns on us and wiped us out to the man—er... woman. Hmmm.

Anyway, they claimed they were looking for some girl they'd busted and let go, knowing she was coming here. And then they came looking for her and... a setup? You know. And when they heard how every one of us had shotguns and M-16's and about the Howitzer in the basement, why they just...

A Detroit photographer was threatened by the enemy with what surely would have been, for him, a heinous torture—the wasting of a roll of film depicting a camera-shy cop in the act of being. They settled for ripping off his press pass. Negotiations have been started on the grounds that the Geneva Agreements...

Sunday we had a pig roast with real pigs; standing in the sun mopping their brows from the heat some merely browning and crackling and getting delicious. A lot of pork any way you look at it.

Anyhow, I ain't slept in 6 days and I'm getting high off it; a wierd, drunk trip. Say hello to sunny San Fran; and have a riot, on me. Write soon.

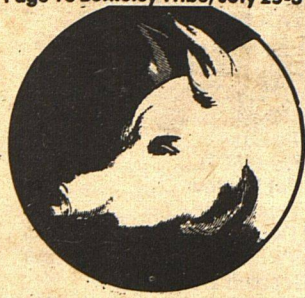
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pig eye

by J. Edgar

We have all heard, in this era of law and order, how dangerous is the policeman's work. "They risk their lives every day," is the common theme that runs through most "Support Your Local Police" propaganda.

Imagine our surprise then, when we come upon a recent survey, issued by none other than the Institute for Defense Analysis, hardly a group of revolutionary symps, which tells us, among other things, that: "The chances of a citizen taking the life of a policeman, are six times less than that of a policeman taking the life of a citizen."

IDA also lists the five occupations with the highest personal risk factor. The occupation with the highest fatality rate is mining, with 93.6 fatalities per hundred thousand, followed by construction with 75.8 fatalities per hundred thousand, agriculture with 55 per, and transportation with 44.1 fatalities per hundred thousand.

Down in fifth place is "law enforcement" work with 32.8 fatalities per hundred thousand, and, the IDA adds, many of those fatalities are due to the erratic operation of police vehicles, rather than from anyone doing the pigs in.

This is very interesting when you consider what miners, construction workers and agricultural laborers make, and what the going rate for rookie piglets is. In the Bay Area police wages start at \$800 a month in the major cities, and go up from there. Miners make about one-half of that and nobody seems overly concerned about their safety.

Three times as many miners get killed on the job as pigs.

What does the San Francisco Police Officers Association and Jake Ehrlich have to say about that?

It seems that we now have an auxiliary pig station up on Telegraph Ave. During the Bastille Day uprising, the pigs were herding the arrestees into the garage at Cunha Pontiac on Telegraph and Blake.

Ever notice how nervous the pigs get when ever anyone goes near the Cunha showroom during street actions? Could it be because Earl Cunha is one of the biggest law'n'order freaks in Berkeley, and has been constantly been urging

a greater police crackdown on long-hairs and radicals?

Cunha's manager, J a c k Tanner, testified at the Rector inquest. Tanner was the only civilian who felt that the police had to fire to clear the roof Rector was on. Nobody, not even some of the Alameda deputies felt that the situation was that critical.

Tanner also gave this account of something that happened on May 15, Bloody Thursday, that ought to give you an idea of how people think at Cunha's.

At one point, claims Tanner, an "angry mob" of demonstrators cornered a Berkeley policeman on Blake, just west of Telly. The demonstrators were "stoning" the pig, according to Tanner.

The pig drew his revolver, and the crowd melted away, but not before the inmates at Cunha's yelled "shoot, shoot," encouraging the pig to blast away at someone.

Fortunately, the pig kept his head, but with goons like the people at Cunha's egging them on, there's no telling what the pigs might do next.

This column is devoted to those little acts of terrorism committed each day in the name of law and order. We are especially interested in the Berkeley Pigs, the Alameda Sheriffs, and the UC Police Department. We will however, investigate acts of piggery by all Bay Area police departments. Major atrocity stories will be covered in the news columns.

Leads should be addressed to: J. Edgar, in care of Berkeley Tribe, 1708 A Grove St., Berkeley, California.

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PANTHER TRACKS

from p. 5

that "It's a conference for the liberals, not the revolutionaries." Other people, notably the liberals, seemed to relate to the conference totally and were overjoyed by the constant emphasis on democratic rights.

Whatever the conference, whatever the position/analysis on the conference, there's reasons on both sides. The Panthers are under the heaviest attack ever fronted against an organization by Fascist America—liberal support mith help insure their survival.

The Panthers feel strongly (and rightly) that they ave to relate to the masses. As yet the masses are not revolutionary, are in fact hardly aware. Thus the petition and the work that will necessarily surround it will begin an educational campaign among the people.

On the last evening, one dude asked what community control would mean in Orange County; it seemed to mean fascism. Bobby Seale replied with the feeling that "you get the government that you deserve." Something is wrong with that; as was explained to me later, "What about the kids of Orange County—do they deserve to live under the fascism that their parents elect? And what about Mobile, Alabama, where

community control would mean that the Klan would take over openly?"

So there were problems with the conference, and there's problems with the plan. In certain areas—Berkeley, Oakland and Ann Arbor, Michigan, to name a few—the plan is feasible, but the national scale desired seems plagued with contradictions.

It's necessary for some people to exhaust all democratic means so their struggle can then move to a higher level.

"The conference," one long-haired revolutionary remarked, "was not the best of the

Panthers." That may be true, but all the other conjectures about what the future will bring as a result are just bullshit until the truth comes out on the streets.—Nixon.

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in SAN FRANCISCO
WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 8 P.M.

GOD'S A WOMAN

from p. 13

who disagrees too strongly with you finds herself so accused. (Here I am, Chairman Bobby. Accuse on!) And the sisters are easy targets to tell to sit down or get knocked on our asses, aren't we?

Well, maybe we don't have much right now, Chairman Bobby. And lots of us (myself included) don't even know quite who and what we are. But what little we have in the way of self-respect, and what we're finding, you're not about to rip off with threats of goon-tactics, publicly or privately.

Chairman Bobby, you are not my vanguard. You're not my daddy-leader. Lay down the God-trip, Bobby Seale, because God is a woman!

Power to the people. Woman power to female people. Woman-consciousness to good men. Sister-power to the vanguard. And bullshit to your woman-vanguard rap, Bobby Seale.

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POISON

Tests of milk of seven Berkeley nursing mothers this week revealed an average DDT content more than four times higher than the maximum allowed by the Food and Drug Administration in sales of cow's milk.

Marilyn Vittor, one of the mothers whose milk was analyzed, said, "It's very depressing to think nature's perfect food for babies has been polluted—as has the entire environment. Our babies are starting off with DDT whereas we didn't...I often feel that we've had it."

Marilyn was one of several nursing mothers who appeared at an anti-DDT press conference held by California Rural Legal Assistance. The legal assistance group is representing some of the mothers in their efforts to get supermarkets to protect consumers from DDT and parathion residues.

The group will take legal action against the supermarkets if they don't provide protection. A strong letter sent to heads of supermarkets chains July 9 has thus far not been answered.

The mothers are particular-

ly upset about DDT residues on grapes. For some reason the State Department of Agriculture allows DDT residues on grapes to be two or three times higher than those on many other fruits and vegetables. Jerry Fielder, the State Agriculture Director, has refused to tell California consumers which agricultural producers are using DDT. The mothers have been told that Coachella Valley grape growers use DDT heavily.

The seven mothers' milk samples were analyzed in the UC Berkeley laboratory of Robert Risebrough. DDT content in the milk averaged .22 parts per million—and one of the samples contained 140. The FDA maximum tolerance in sales of cow's milk is .05 PPM.

"What makes this so appalling," said Jeffrey Davis, one of the scientists who helped analyze the milk, "is that it reflects the general pollution of the environment. None of these mothers are heavy gardeners or work around DDT—so they're getting it from food."

All the samples were received from the mothers within the last month.

The legal group included in a news release the following quote from Dr. Goran Lofroth, chairman of a six-member committee which studies DDT for the Swedish National Research Council: "In my opinion many breast-fed children ingest more than the recommended daily intake (of DDT), in the range where laboratory animals show pharmacodynamical changes. What these changes mean, is not known."

"One cannot predict the consequences if these and similar changes work in man and one does not know what the future holds for persons exposed to that much DDT."

Lofroth estimates that babies get twice as much DDT for each kilogram of body weight than the maximum tolerance suggested by the World Health Organization. Lampe

ART FART

This column is conceived as a vehicle to inform the surrounding air (i.e. Berkeley and environs) of the multitude of aesthetic goings on that would otherwise pass unnoticed due to the big show in the streets. Let's get our shit together. Berkeley must have about 1,000 artists roaming around of which about 10 actually know each other.

The Floating Lotus Magic Opera Company performed this Saturday night at the Hinkle Amphitheatre free. The Floating Lotus is the Zen edition of the living theatre and should be seen whenever possible. Chief demon Daniel Moore is a fantastic dancer, and the company's show is perfectly put together for the outdoor theatre.

This Sunday the Hare Krishna people will drag a 6,000 lb. Jugganath through the streets and into the ocean in a Cecil B. DeMille spectacular of non-materialism. The procession begins at noon at Haight and Ashbury and ends on the beach outside the Family Dog on the Great Highway. A Jugganath is a 17 ft. High wooden wheeled cart with high religious figures on it which will be hand pulled. After, there will be a feast on the beach. The Hare Krishna people will wear their saffron robes and bald heads. What will you wear? Hare Krishna.

Hell's Angel dance last week was a gas. Good vibes for most of the night, except for isolated pockets of bodies, either stoned or "helped" unconscious. Santana great. One buck was a revolutionary price.

Machine Show at the SF Museum of Art is fantastic. Some early Dada, surrealism, and later machine madness. There's a chair with a turned on TV plastered against the glass bottom. Have a seat and act naturally. The program book has metal covers and is very gassy but costs seven skins. Fuck seven skin art!

San Francisco Free Screening is started in the city at 40 Gough St., 3rd floor on Tuesdays 9:00 p.m. Everyone, including filmmakers invited. Emphasis is on free space and anarchy through film. Come spaced.

anarchistic and with film. Power to the Peephole! Call 526-7258 for info.

The Avant Garde Theatre Festival continues over the weekend at International House, at Piedmont and Bancroft. Last night it was the Magic Theatre doing their version of Dutchman, Thoughts, and the Master to a packed and receptive house. Tonight, the Experimental Wing of the Committee; tomorrow the New Shakespeare Co.'s Romeo and Juliet, and Sunday it's the Now Theatre. The Festival is the first of its kind in the East Bay and should happen as often as possible.

Go see the Wild Bunch. It's the first film made from a completely anarchistic point of view. (An anarchist: someone with a fuck you attitude but with general sympathies for the good guys.) It's the story of a gang of 1917 street people who are caught between facing the Man's prison or doing his dirty work for him, and it ends with the most unself-conscious blood bath ever seen on film. It's director Sam Peckinpaw's first film since Ride the High Country in 1956 and he's still got all his stuff plus techniques pioneered in Penn's Bonnie and Clyde.

The Art Fart is not meant to be inclusive and is subject to change with the breeze. Is your event of sufficient purity to curdle the pristine type of the straight press? Send information to the Art Fart, care of the Berkeley Tribe.

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CATCH 82

This is an attempt to answer Hanoi's wonderment why nobody in America is protesting the war in Vietnam anymore.

The reason why is because we are SICK OF POLITICS, politics in

parismoscowlondonwashingtonpekingthemontulsaberkeleymilpittasantabarbarasiouxcitysacramento.

We are fed up with politicscommitteesroundtables-squaretablesbagelshapedtables-petitions-citycouncils-liberal-democrats-coalitions-academics-senates-peace-meetings-squakervigils-spancake-breakfasts-candle-light-demonstrations.

Look—the oil is still going up Santa Barbara: "In the elegant El Paseo restaurant, guests

were startled by the ferocity with which the wealthy Republican widow was talking about the Union Oil Co's drilling platforms, one of which had poured oil on untroubled waters:

"We ought to go out and burn the goddamn things down," she said"—(SF Chronicle World Sec, July 20, 1969). Right on, wealthy Republican sister!

Not only is the oil still leaking, nerve-gas and atomic bombs are still on Okinawa and Japan, the Russians are still in Czechoslovakia, the US is about to invade Laos, the blacks still live in their ghettos, and Gov Reagan is paving over the People's Park and painting it with parking strips.

Fuckparismoscowpekingwashingtonlondonkyothemoon!

What is happening, Hanoi, is this: individual street people, blacks, students, wealthy Republican ladies, are doing their OWN thing. Fed up with the generation gap, the city council gap, the liberal democrats gap, the petition gap, New channels of protests are opening up; examples.

Last week, three fires were set in Berkeley, one with a note "if we can't have our Park then Reagan can't have his university."

A brand new apartment house (Not yet finished) went up in flames, because of high rents and Berkeley housing which is turning the city into a mass of apartment houses blocks long. A new food co-op is being organized on a tribal basis (like this paper).

The establishment and parents which support the war, make money out of the war, and educate students FOR the war have come face to face with a NEW FORM OF PROTEST which is "not nice," not liberal, and not safe.

That's where it's at, Hanoi—no more politics! No more "Paris Peace Conferences." And the street people, the students, and wealthy Republican ladies pledge they will not be the first to use the atom bomb. G.K.

MYTHS FOR SALE

by Lenny Lipton

The water splashed (splash, said the water) at the elbow of Benya's son, Seth. Seth was Benya's youngest son, and he had only a few memories of the man. Long ago, Benya had gone away, and Seth hadn't felt very much about it at the time, and ever since he had felt as much guilt as a guiltless world could allow him to feel. Benya was no longer with them, and that was that. Seth walked through the ferns of the glade, by the sky garden, past the oak. Past the rocks, jagged and smooth, on summer hardened soleshe walked.

Where was the marker to tell of the exploits of Benya? No markers stood, and neither did a gravestone, for Benya had gone as he had come, which is what few men can say.

Seth stopped on the narrow shores of the brook that held the smoothest stones, and where the small brook passed into the pool he waited in the late hot afternoon light.

Where is my father's device, said Seth to himself, and then out loud: "A memory only." There in the deeps of the water he saw a man looking back at him, and though he did not know it, he saw his father, Benya.

From out of the shadows Mai swung into view on the rope the children used. Mai dropped ass first into the water. Seth jumped into the pool and swam to her. He met her belly with his head, under water, and then held her. "You can hold me, Seth," said her eyes.

"If I were tough and tight, and held onto you with all my might, you would never get away, I would never let you go," said Seth.

"But you can never hold so tight," she said.

"Then I can never have you Mai?" said Benya's son.

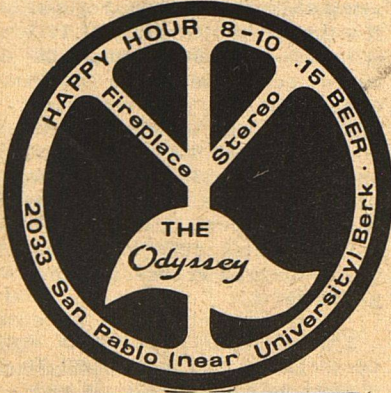
"You can hold me, but you can not have me now," said Mai.

They came up onto the beach of bark and sand and lay there in the shade. She covered him with sand, and then he covered her with sand, which delighted each. They agreed that it was very much like the womb.

Seth walked restlessly leaving Mai in the sand with mounds of breasts he had made for her, which she said did not belong to her mother's child, and pushing his finger in for the finishing touch, he came up proud.

Now he walked through the patchy afternoon light, bright yellow sun in motes through the leaves making shadows in the sand. Seth stood still looking to where the sun would soon be setting, and he thought he saw a man. There between the trees, what might have been some hanging mistletoe, took shape and formed a man. From the outlines of that silhouette, rays of diffuse and glowing light showered forth. In one hand the man held an object, gracefully, on high.

Seth stared transfixed, blinking his eyes, shaking his head,



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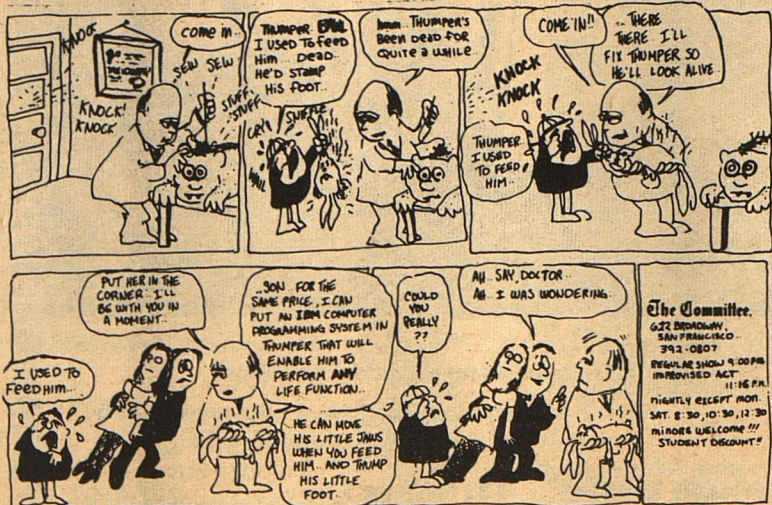
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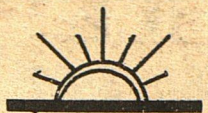
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SATURDAY

MIDNIGHT

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Saturday July 26

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PISS ON THE MOON

from page 2.

Library, NASA's concern with the astronauts not getting too high is explained as follows:

"The earth will appear to be near...and very unreal. The psychological impact of this moment will be profound... even frightening. But it will dive will be brief, for the astronaut has many tasks to perform that will divert his attention from thoughts of his situation." Guru NASA guided the spacemen away from Nirvana, and down to earth, so to speak.

In spite of NASA's careful planning of the Trip, I did note a sense of excitement from Armstrong as he uttered his first words from the surface of the moon, something about a small belch for man, a giant fart for mankind.

There was a slight human quivering in his voice, as he held on to the Eagle ship, but, then out came the cameras, the flag and Nixon's teleprompted phone call. The bumper descends.

Still, the astronauts did frolic around a bit, doing a low-gravity Buffalo shuffle, before they threw their bags of piss overboard.

During the trip, while we were waiting for the astronauts to dress, depressurize, etc., the TV networks kept cutting to interviews with scientist and science fiction writers.

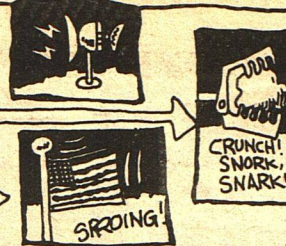
Robert Heinlein criticized the space program for not having female astronauts.

Women, he said, would have been much better because of their lighter weight. At the very least, there should have been a mixed crew, to avoid the horniness the astronauts of Apollo 10 reported. But, the interviewer pointed out, it would then be necessary to have his and hers toilets.

So here is America. Spending all that fucking bread and energy to get to the moon, with his and hers toilets, poverty and oppression at home, genocide abroad, and they claim a triumph for mankind.

**THRILL!
GASP!
WEEP!**

TO THE PLANTING OF THE GNOMON →
AT THE GATHERING OF THE ROCKS!! →
AT THE MIRACLE OF THE FLAG!! →



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EXTRA

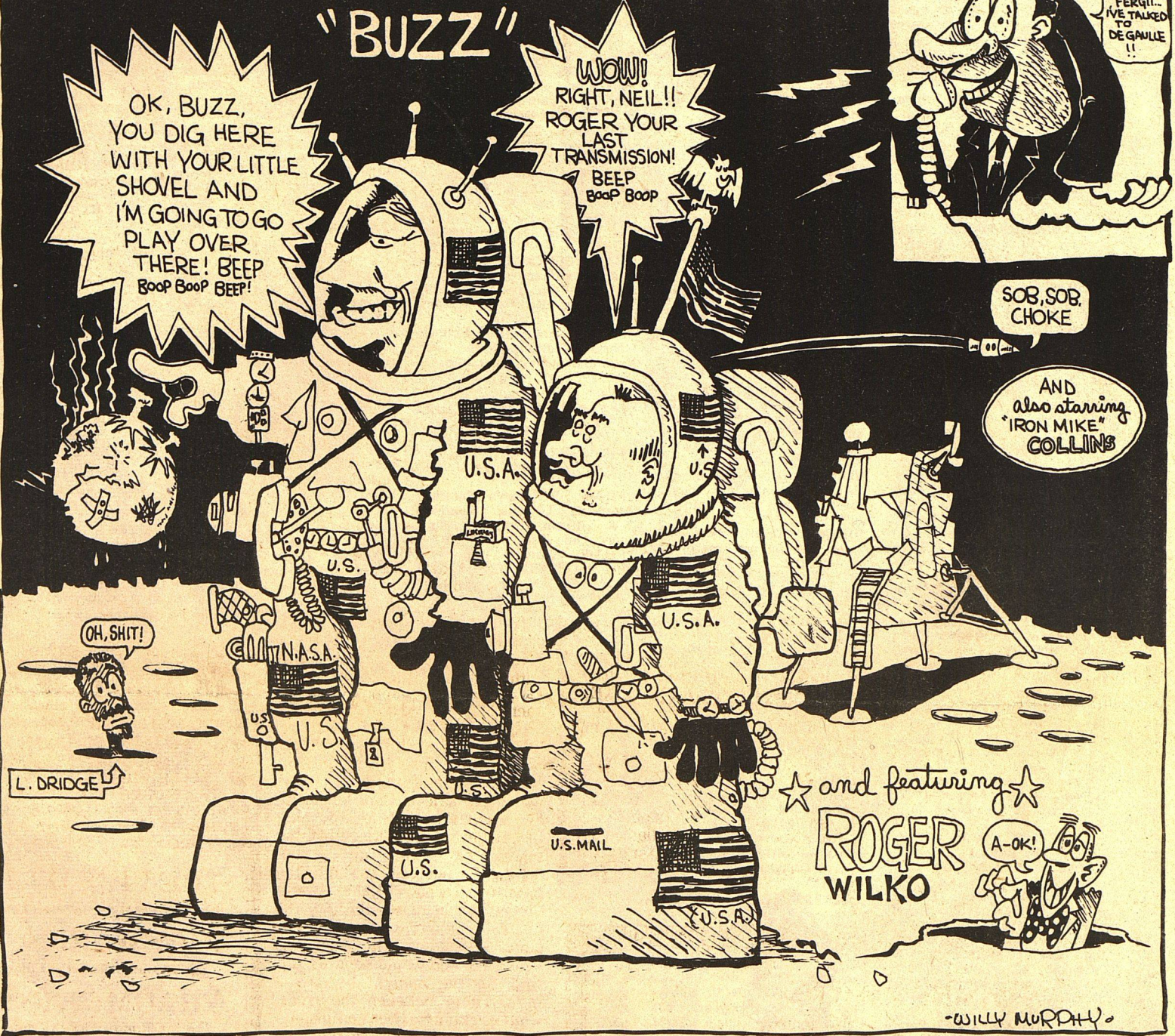
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MAN ON THE MOON!

NEIL ARMSTRONG AND HIS SIDEKICK

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AND DON'T
FORGET...
I'VE TALKED
TO DE GAULLE
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GEORGE A FREE SERVICE

FRIDAY JULY 25

SATURDAY JULY 26

***LECTURE:** by Leo Kanowitz, author of "Women: the Law the Unfinished Revolution"; 4 LeConte, UCB, 8pm, 50¢ donation, sponsor Women's Liberation.

***CONCERT/DANCE:** The Crabs; Mandrake's, 1048 University, Bkly, 9pm, \$2, info 845-9065.

***FOLK/DANCE:** Party, John Pappa's Orchestra; 225 Valencia SF, 8:30pm, adm. \$3.50, info 621-0487

***Q) CONCERT/DANCE:** Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks; Poppycock, 135 University, Palo Alto, 9pm, adm, info 325-4620.

***FOLK/DANCE:** Party, John Pappa's Orchestra; 225 Valencia SF, 8:30pm, \$2.50, info 647-7434.

(H) CONCERT/DANCE: Charlie Musslewhite, Poco, Zoot Money, Lights by Deadly Nightshade; Family Dog Great Highway, 8:30-2am, \$3.

(O) CONCERT/DANCE: Ace of Cups, Livingstone Manor; New Orleans House 1505 San Pablo, Berk., 9:30-2am, \$2.50

***EVENT:** Lecture on Devil; East Inst. Claudio Naranjo, 1st Unit Church SF, \$3 gen & \$2 stud, info 431-8771.

****FILMS:** Kobe, Rolling Stock in Japan & Nature's Bounty-Flowers for the Japanese; Hospitality Rm Bank of Tokyo 1675 Post SF, 8pm, free.

(S) FILMS: Juliet of the Spirits & Mr. Hulot's Holiday; Surf, Irving & 46th SF, Summer Festival Subscription \$5 for 4 programs.

(T) FILMS: Bergman's Summer Interlude, Dreams; Summer - 6:30, 9:30; Dreams - 8:05, 11:05; Tele Rep Cinema #2, 2533 Telegraph Ave., Berk.

***FILMS:** Cinema Eye: a program of experimental films and animations; 155 Dwinelle U.C.B., 7:30 & 9:45pm, \$1.25, sponsored by Film Club.

(I) DRAMA: A Mass for Actors & Audience on the Passion & Birth of Dr. John Faust According to the Spirit of our Times; Fireshow Theatre Co., Free Church, 2200 Parker, Berk., 8pm, donation.

(Y) DRAMA: The Unconventionals: a new musical comedy about politics; College of Marin Theatre, Kentfield, 8:30pm, adm., presented by Young Actors Co, Ticket info: 454-0877.

(C) DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; Committee Theater, Broadway, SF, 8:30pm, tickets 781-0282.

(P) DRAMA: Geese, Encore Theatre 430 Mason SF, Ticket info 397-7787, 8:30pm.

***EVENT:** Sound space (Audium); 309 4th ave. SF, 8:30 & 10:45pm. \$2, info 387-5630.

****FOLK,** Carl Richey; 7th Seal, 2309 Bowditch, Bkly, 9-1, free, info 848-0629.

***PARTY/DANCE:** Greek Party w/John Pappas' Orchestra; 225 Valencia St SF, 8:30pm \$2.50 adm. Info 647-7434.

***DRAMA:** Camino Real by Tennessee Williams, The Theatre, 2940 College Ave Bkly, 8pm, adm, info 848-2791.

(E) DRAMA: The Knack; H.A.R.D. Community Players, Little Theatre, Bldg. 1200, Chabot College, Hayward, 8:30pm, \$2 gen, \$1.50 students

(N) DRAMA: Richard II, Marin Shakespeare Festival, Forest Meadows Theatre, Grand Ave, San Rafael, 8pm, adm. \$3, 2.50 gen, \$1.50 student, info 456-1490.

CONCERT/DANCE: The Doors, Lonnie Mack, Elvin Bishop; Cow Palace SF, 8:30pm, adm, info 621-0487.

(X) FILMS: Antonioni's Eclipse, shorts by Bruce Baillie, William Burroughs, Fether's Point Cinema 4416 18th St, SF, 7:30 & 10pm, \$1, info 861-5491.

CONCERT: Peace, Bread & Land Band; The Cabaret, 260 Valencia St, SF, 9pm, \$1 don.

FILMS: Scott Bartlett Moon 1969, Off On Trip to the Moon, etc. Holy Mt. Cinematheque Le Conte School, Ellsworth and Russell, Berk \$1 stud \$1.25 Gen 8pm

(T) FILMS: Keaton's The Navigator & Fairbanks' The Nut, Nav. 6:30, 8:30, 10:30. Nut 7:30, 9:30. Tele Rep Cinema #1, 2533 Telegraph Ave, Berk.

***FLAMENCO:** Bear's Ear Cabaret, UC Berk., Los Flamencos de la Bodega 9 & 10:30 PM \$1 stud, \$1.50 gen.

(W) CONCERT/DANCE: Southern Comfort & Dementia, Matrix, 3138 Fillmore St SF, 8:30pm, \$1.50 adm, info 567-0118.

***CONCERT/DANCE:** The Crabs; more info see Jul 25 (G).

***CONCERT/DANCE:** Steve Miller Band, Albert King, The Mountain; more info see Jul 25 (F).

***CONCERT/DANCE:** Charlie Musselwhite, Poco, Zoot Money, Lights by Deadly Nightshade; more info see Jul 25 (H)

***CONCERT/DANCE:** Ace of Cups, Livingstone Manor; New Orleans House 1505 San Pablo Berk; more info see Jul 25 (O)

FILMS: Juliet of the Spirits & Mr. Hulot's Holiday; More info see Jul 25 (H), (S)

DRAMA: The Committee's Experimental Wing; Bishop's Coffee House, Oak. 9:30 & 11pm info 835-3366 \$2.

EVENT: Softball Game: SF Mime Troupe vs. Ramparts Magazine; SF Newsreel Films, celebration of 16th Anniversary of Cuban Revolution. Bring food, drums, musical instruments, banners, flags, leaflets & whatever. 12 noon, Speedway Meadows, free.

FILMS: Keaton's The Navigator & Fairbanks' The Nut; more info see Jul 25 (T)

FILMS: Bergman's Summer Interlude & Dreams; more info see Jul 25 (R)

DRAMA: A Mass for Actors & Audience on the Passion & Birth of Dr. John Faust According to the Spirit of our Times; more info see Jul 25 (I)

DRAMA: The Unconventionals: a new musical comedy about politics; more info see Jul 25 (Y)

DRAMA: Geese; note new times 8 & 10 pm, more info see Jul 25 (P).

BLUES: Mike Fletcher; 7th Seal, 2309 Bowditch, Bkly, 9-1, free, info 848-0629.

(D) DRAMA: Teatro-Ayer-Hoy, Spanish-speaking theater; Club Amigos del Teatro, 2969 Mission St. SF, 8pm, \$2 gen & \$1.50 students; info call 282-6644

DRAMA: Midsummer Nights Dream, Marin Shakespeare Festival; more info see Jul 25 (N)

CONCERT/DANCE: Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks; more info see Jul 25 (Q).

CONCERT/DANCE: Southern Comfort and Dementia; more info see Jul 25 (W)

FILMS: Antonioni's Eclipse, shorts by Bruce Baillie, William Burroughs; more info see Jul 25 (X)

SUNDAY JULY 27

***JAZZ:** Fourth Way, New Orleans House, 1505 San Pablo Ave, Berk \$1.

CONCERT/DANCE: Sunnyland Special Poppycock, 135 University Palo Alto, 9 PM \$2 info 325-4620.

FILM: Bergman's Seventh Seal, Pauley Ballroom UC Berk, 8:30 PM \$1 stud, \$1.25 gen

FILMS: Antonioni's Eclipse others, 8:30 PM. See Fri, July 25th.

RITUAL DRAMA: Floating Lotus Magic Opera Co. Bliss Apocalypse, John Hinkle Amphitheatre, Southampton off Arlington N, Berk. 8:30 PM free. Info 325-8300

CONCERT: Elvin Bishop, Bob McPharlin, Real Theatre, Rodeo, Calif. 8 PM \$2.50. Free movie at 6 PM.

CONCERT/DANCE: The Crabs; more info see Jul 25 (G)

CONCERT/DANCE: Steve Miller Band, Albert King, The Mountain; more info see Jul 25 (F), note new adm \$3

CONCERT/DANCE: Charlie Musselwhite, Poco, Zoot Money, Lights by Deadly Nightshade; more info see Jul 25 (H)

CONCERT/DANCE: Fourth Way; more info see Jul 25 (O), note \$1 (O)

FILMS: Tom Jones & A Taste of Honey; Surf, Irving & 46th SF; more info see Jul 25 (S)

EVENT: Six Mile Chant-Dance, from Haight & Ashbury at 12 noon, ecstasy through the park till 2:30pm, climaxed by feast of spiritual foodstuffs at the Family Dog Auditorium; sponsored by Krishna Consciousness.

DRAMA: Congress of the White Washers, or Turandot, by Bertolt Brecht, SF Mime Troupe Live Oak Park, Berk 2pm, free

DRAMA: Geese, note new times 8 & 10pm; more info see Jul 25 (P).

***CONCERT/DANCE:** Mother Bear, Brothers and Joy of Cooking, Womb, & Lights by Spectral Euphoria; Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Assn Gym, 555 Chestnut St. SF, 9pm-2am, Benefit 13th Tribe, \$1.50 donation.

FILMS: Bergman's Summer Interlude, Dreams; Summer - 7 & 10 pm; Dreams - 8:35pm, note new times; more info see Jul 25 (R).

FILMS: Keaton's The Navigator & Fairbanks' The Nut; more info see Jul 25 (T).

DRAMA: A Mass for Actors & Audience on the Passion & Birth of Dr. John Faust According to the Spirit of our Times; more info see Jul 25 (I)

FILMS: Keaton's The Navigator & Fairbanks' The Nut; more info see Jul 25 (T).

DRAMA: A Mass for Actors & Audience on the Passion & Birth of Dr. John Faust According to the spirit of our Times; more info see Jul 25 (I)

SERMON: Dr. Robert Smith, past pres. of SF State; 1st Unitarian Church of Bkly, 1 Lawson Rd, 10:45am

DRAMA: Teatro-Ayer-Hoy; note new time 6 pm; more info see Jul 26 (D).

SERVICE: The Mystery of the Pyramid & the Sphinx, by Dr. Framroze A. Bode, SF Ashram, 2650 Fulton St. at 3rd Ave., SF, 11 am, info 648-1489, 752-9890.

BAND CONCERT: College of Marin Community Band; Campus Mall in front of Fine Arts Bldg, Kentfield; 4:30pm, outdoors.

FILMS: Antonioni's Eclipse, shorts by Bruce Baillie, William Burroughs; more info see Jul 25 (X); note new time 8:30pm

MONDAY JULY 28

FILMS: Tom Jones & A Taste of Honey; more info see Jul 25 (S)

FILMS: Bergman's Summer Interlude, Dreams; Summer - 7 & 10 pm; Dreams - 8:35pm, more info see Jul 25 (R)

FILMS: Keaton's The Navigator & Fairbanks' The Nut; more info see Jul 25 (T)

PARTY: SFL Open House; 247 Downey, SF, 8:30pm; info 654-0316, donation \$1.

JAM: Matrix, 3138 Fillmore, SF 9:30pm, \$5 wkly

HOOT: Ribeltad Vorden, 300 Precita, SF, 8pm, free, wkly

OPEN HOUSE: SFL, The Womb, 224 Downey (nr Ashbury & Clayton) SF, 8:30 PM \$1 don.

TUESDAY JULY 29

FILMS: Tom Jones & A Taste of Honey; more info see Jul 25 (S)

FILMS: Bergman's Summer Interlude, Dreams; Summer - 7 & 10pm; Dreams - 8:35pm, more info see Jul 25 (R)

FILMS: Keaton's The Navigator & Fairbanks' The Nut; more info see Jul 25 (T)

DRAMA: Geese; more info see Jul 25 (P)

DISCUSSION: Homosexual Freedom, w/rep from SFL, 3200 California St, SF, 8pm, followed by a social & refreshments, adm \$1, info 346-6040

(J) CONCERT/DANCE: Sweet Linda Devine, Mandrake's, 1048 University, Bkly, 9pm, \$1 adm, info 845-9065.

CONCERT/DANCE: Linn County, Terry Dolan, Matrix, 3138 Fillmore St, SF, 9:30pm adm \$1.50, info 567-0118.

CONCERT/DANCE: Tongue & Groove, Poppycock, 135 University, Palo Alto, 9 PM \$1 info, 325-4620

LECTURE/HAPPENING: Joe Miller on "The Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation." Shambala, 2482 Telegraph, Berk. 8 PM free.

FILMS: Cuban films, spons. Newsreel, Precita Park, 26th & Harrison, SF 8:30 PM free. Also at Free Church, Waller and Ashbury, SF, 8:30 and at SF State, 2 PM. Info 863-6197.

WEDNESDAY JULY 30

FILMS: Tales of Hoffman & The Lovers of Teruel; Surf, Irving & 46th SF, more info see Jul 25 (S)

(G) DRAMA: Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band; Jackson Playground, 17th & Arkansas, 12 noon, free.

FILMS: Bergman's Summer Interlude, Dreams; Summer - 7 & 10pm; Dreams - 8:35pm, more info see Jul 25 (R)

FILMS: Keaton's The Navigator & Fairbanks' The Nut; more info see Jul 25 (T)

DRAMA: Geese; more info see Jul 25 (P).

(L) LECTURE: Primitive Magic; voodoo, macumba, hexes, jungle sorcery, Jivaro head-shrinking (with instruction), zombies, etc.; By Anton Szandor La Vey, 6114 California St. SF, 9pm, \$2.50, info SK 2-3583.

DISCUSSION: Drugs in the Home, w/Dr. Stephen Pittel of Hashbury Project; 3200 California St., SF, 1:30pm, \$1 adm, info 346-6040.

CONCERT/DANCE: Frumious Bandersnatch; Poppycock, 135 University, Palo Alto, 9pm \$1 adm., info 325-4620.

CONCERT / DANCE: Linn County, Terry Dolan; more info see Jul. 29 (W).

THURS. July 31st.

CONCERT: Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks, see Wed. July 30.

CONCERT/DANCE: Tongue & Groove, see Tues. July 29

FILMS: Carl Dreyer's Vampyr, Fritz Lang's Secret Beyond the Door, Fethers Pt. 4416 18th St., SF 8:30 PM adm.

FILMS: Cuban films, spons. Newsreel, Americana Latina, 968 Valencia St, SF 8:30 PM Also at Free Church, 2200 Parker, Berk. 8 PM info 863-6197

OPEN HOUSE: SFL, Berkeley House 920 University, Berk. 8 PM \$1 don.

FILMS: La Dolce Vita & Variety Lights; Surf, Irving & 46th SF, more info see Jul 25 (S)

DRAMA: Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band; more info see Jul 30 (G).

(A) FILMS: Ninotchka w/Garbo & Midnight w/Barrymore & Colbert; 7 & 10:20pm; Midnight-8:50; Tele Rep Cinema #1; 2533 Telegraph Ave., Berk.

(B) FILMS: Kubrick's Paths of Glory & Mankiewicz' The Quiet American; Paths - 7 & 10:25pm; Amer - 8:25pm; Tele Rep Cinema #2, 2533 Telegraph Ave., Berk.

DRAMA: The Unconventionals: a new musical comedy about politics; more info see Jul 25 (Y)

DRAMA: Geese; more info see Jul 25 (P)

LECTURE: Primitive Magic; more info see Jul 30 (L)

FILM: David Schoenbrun on Vietnam - How did we get in? How can we get out? 3200 California St, SF, 8 pm, \$1 gen, 50¢ students, info 346-6040.

SONG CONCERT: Walter Hinton sings Brahms, Faure, Sarti & Afro-American songs; 3200 California St, SF, 8pm, 50¢ gen, info 346-6040.

(M) DRAMA: Two Gentlemen of Verona; Marin Shakespeare Festival, Forest Meadows Theatre, Grand Ave, San Rafael, 8pm, adm \$3, 2.50 gen, \$1.50 student, info 466-1490.

(K) CONCERT/DANCE: Ulysses Crocket, Mandrake's, 1048 University, Bkly, 9pm, \$1 adm, info 845-9065.

CONCERT/DANCE: Frumious Bandersnatch, more info see Jul 30 (V)

CONCERT/DANCE: Linn County, Terry Dolan; more info see Jul 29 (W)

(X) FILMS: Ugetsu, Fires on the Plain; Fether's Point Cinema, 4416 18th St, SF, 8:30pm, adm \$1, info 861-5491

FRIDAY AUGUST 1

FILMS: La Dolce Vita & Variety Lights, more info see Jul 25 (S)

DRAMA: Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band; Duboce Park, 12 noon free

FILMS: Ninotchka w/Garbo & Midnight w/Barrymore & Colbert; more info see Jul 31 (A); note new times: Nin-6:3, 9:50pm; Midnight-8:20, 11:40pm.

FILMS: Kubrick's Paths of Glory & Mankiewicz' The Quiet American; more info see Jul 31 (B), note new times: Paths-6:30, 9:55pm; American 7:55, 11:20 pm.

DRAMA: The Unconventionals: a new musical comedy about politics; more info see Jul 25 (Y)

DRAMA: Geese; more info see Jul 25 (P)

ANN ARBOR BLUES FESTIVAL: B.B. King, Fred McDowell, 'St Louis' Jimmy Oden, Junior Wells, Jimmy 'Fast Fingers' Dawkins, J.B. Hutto & The Hawks; Festival Field, U of Mich, Ann Arbor, Michigan; 7:30pm, \$5/concert or 4 concerts for \$14. Info: Michigan Union, Ann Arbor, Mich.

DRAMA: Two Gentlemen of Verona; more info see Jul 31 (M)

CONCERT/DANCE: Ulysses Crocket; more info see Jul 31 (K), note new adm \$1.50

CONCERT/DANCE: Joy of Cooking, more; Poppycock, 135 University, Palo Alto, 9pm, adm., info 325-4620.

FILMS: Ugetsu, Fires on the Plain; more info see Jul 31 (X); note new times 6:30 & 10pm.

FILMS: Hindel, Nelson, Kubelka, Le Conte School, Russell & Ellsworth Berk - Holy Mt. Cinematheque. 8 PM \$1 stud, \$1.25 gen.

FILMS: Dreyer's Vampyr, others 7:30 & 10 PM. See Thurs. July 31st.

FREE BOOK COMMUNE locates free tutors and books upon request, info 626-8436.

COFFEE HOUSE (& place to exchange ideas, view art, play chess, open to all ages & persuasions. Melting Pot, 1517 1/2 N. Main, Walnut Creek, M-Sat 10-6, 8:30-12 (F & Sat til 2), Sun 12

POT LUCK DINNER: Every Wed Friends Meeting House, Cedar & Vine St, Berkeley, info 843-9725, rap on abolishing the draft and draft advice.

BEER CONVERSATION & CHESS: The Odyssey, 2033 San Pablo, Berk, open 8-2 am daily.

YOGA: for peace, Port Chicago, 3:30-5pm, daily, info 861-5100

COFFEE & CONVERSATION with single adults: 2205 Blake, Berk. 8:30-10:30pm, Weds. & Fri., donation \$1. Sponsored by W & W Guild, info 843-9490, 525-0457

ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN are you interested in the idea of an artist's supply co-op? It beats low stock, poor quality and high prices. We can do it if there are enough of us. Call 527-3135 for more info.

FILM ACTING WORKSHOP: Film acting Sat; 332 1/2 Gough SF, 11am-1pm free

FREE FOOD: Everyday 11 am standard yoga meal; 1518 Frederick SF - Sun love Feast 4pm

LIVE MUSIC: Jazz, Downstairs La Vals, Northside, Mon-Sat, 8-2am

CERAMICS: Classes for adults & children, Wed aft and Monday and Thursday evening, Wed. eve. The Potters Studio, 1595 Univ, Berkeley, info 848-7471.

MUSIC: Haight Free Musicians Co-op SF, 841-6102, EB free Musicians & Artists Coop, 841-6102.

DANCE: Nightly at the Monkey's Paw, 65th & San Pablo, Oakl, beer on sale, info 654-9881.

FREE RIDES TO THE MOUNTAINS: Want to get to the mountains to hike, camp or do your own? Stiles Hall has a ride board to help you get there. People with rides and people who want rides should call 847-6010 or come by. A ride board will be set up at Stiles Hall, 2400 Bancroft Way, Berkeley. We need your help.

FREE BREAD: Spoon Diggers; Tu, Fri, all day pancakes in am, 1350-1354 Waller, SF

JOB-FINDING WORKSHOP: 1477 Fritvale, Oakl; Tu, Th 9 am-noon, info 536-9625, 632-5500

SATIRE (Fri, Sat, Sun, Wed): Pitschell Players w/Country Joe McDonald; Inter-section, 756 Union, SF; 8:30 (8-10:30 Fri & Sat), info 397-6861.

DRAMA: The Committee; 622 Broadway SF, 9 & 11:15 nightly except Mon & Sat, 8:30 10:30, 12:30, adm, info 392-0807.

HOT LINES

- ACLU-SF 433-2750
- ACLU-Bkly 548-1322
- Abortion Communication 387-6480
- Bkly Fire Dept 845-1710
- Bkly Health Info 841-8600
- Bkly Police 845-8000
- Cons. Objection 397-6917
- Citizens Alert SF 776-9669
- Draft Counseling 642-1629
- Draft Help SF 863-0775
- Free Bail Project SF 522-2202
- Free Black Clinic SF 563-7878
- Free Church-Bkly (24hrs) 549-0649
- Free Drug Treatment (24hrs) 621-9758
- Free Hashbury Clinic 431-1714
- Free Musicians & Artists Co-op (East Bay) 849-3920, 841-6102
- Free University 841-6794
- GIG hip & black jobs 849-4595
- Heliotrope SF 841-1693
- Marin 388-3840
- Huckleberry's for Runaways 731-3921
- Mobile Help Unit Ofc. 412-9850
- Mobile Phone 954-7304
- Oakland Opposition Ctr. 545-1564
- Planned Parenthood E-Bay 654-3212
- Police Complaint Ctr. 548-8921
- Pregnancy Test Bkly 845-6550
- Oakland 654-3212
- Quaker Draft Couns. 843-9725
- Resistance Oakl 465-1819
- Suicide Prevention SF 221-1424
- Contra Costa 939-3232
- Switchboard SF 387-3575
- Marin 456-5300
- Mission 863-3040
- Free Church 549-0649
- Taxi Unlimited 841-2345
- Tele. Ave. Summer Proj. 845-7880
- Women's Liberation 391-1040
- War Resisters Lge. 626-6978
- W. Oakl Legal Switchbd. 336-3013

DRAFTY

DRAFT HELP: 3084 18th St. SF, M-S, 9am-5pm, info 883-0775, free, no appl. necessary.

WORKSHOP: Workshop in Non-Violent Direct Action, 333 Haight St., Tuesday evening, 7:30 pm, info War Resisters League 626-5070.

DRAFT COUNSELING: Social Concerning Committee of Pacific Unitarians; 1108 Valencia Way Pacifica, 355-4432 or 359-3688

NEEDS

CRASH PADS desperately needed any & every day by Free Church. Call 549-0649, 549-1180

TV, preferably receiving Ch. 9 & UHF channels, for residents' commune of Drug Treatment Program in Hashbury, 409 Clayton, 621-9758

CLASSES

COMMUNICATION WORKSHOP: Creativity in group planning, Tuesdays in July, Free Church, Fulton & Parker, 5pm. Sponsored by FUB, info 841-6794

FRESH APPROACH TO LIVING: A study in the writings of J. Krishnamurti, 413 Lily St., Bkly, SF, Tues. nites, 8pm. Sponsored by League for Social Understanding.

JOB PREPARATION: Civil Service Post Office, & Clerk Carrier Tests, card Punch, Basic Skill review; 3284 Adeline (nr. Alcatraz) 12:30-3:30pm Mon & Weds.; Sponsor Bkly Adult School & EOO. Info 855-2789, 841-9151.

SATANIC SEMINAR: Cathicism on Satanism, 6114 California St, SF; Saturdays at 4pm, \$2.50/class. Info SK2-3583.

MODERN DANCE: Classes every Tues. 10:00am through Aug. 12; Goden West YMCA, 333 Eucalyptus St., SF, near Stonestown.

WHITE WITCHCRAFT: Psychic development, astrology, Tarot, sympathetic magic, etc., \$10 mo info 921-9150

MARBLECAKE KIDS: Program of summer dance & acting for children 6-13, two 4 week sessions, 808 Taraval St. SF, info 566-9669.

I. BASIC HATHA YOGA: Mon Tues, Wed, 7-8. **H. KARMA OR ACTION YOGA:** Mon Tues 8-9, Thurs 7-8; **III MEDITATION OF YOGA:** Wed Thurs 8-9. All classes in PM, 1 1/2 hr. classes, 30 min practice or exercises, sponsored by Foundation for Universal Understanding, \$3.50 per hour as a donation to FUU.

FILM MAKING ACTING: 920 mth, the Cinema, 2806 Van Ness Ave, SF, info 855-4316

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