

M/PRK

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STRIKE AT FAMILY DOG

see
page
3

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Sgt Pepper Salts Commies

by Sgt Pepper

The USSR is planning "large scale Warsaw Pact military maneuvers in Czechoslovakia next month," reports the AP from Vienna this week. Next month, of course, is when the Russian blintz hit the Czech fan—one year ago on Aug 21.

It spattered all over the world, including California. Dorothy Healy, LA Communist Party official, has been stripped of all her "official" functions. So has Gill Green, NY CP official. They—along with Al Richmond, editor of the SF People's World (but not for long) stood for individual CP sovereignty instead of Russian intervention.

Ota Sik is gone. So is Alexander Dubcek. What is left are Marxist ass-kissers of the worst

Pres Says

"If this is Saturday, it's got to be Bucharest" — Pres Nixon.

sort: Russia first, me next, and Czechoslovakia last.

This then, is the second (and last) part of the review of "August 21st—The Rape of Czechoslovakia" by Colin Chapman & Murray Sayle, Cassell, 35 Red Lion Square, London WC1 (not published in US). The first part appeared in the former Berkeley Barb of June 13, 1969 . . .

Keep in mind that the Russians used more troops to take care of this nation than the US uses to take care of Vietnam. This, in itself, is frightening. To be able to organize and mount an invasion in SECRET within a matter of weeks is doubly frightening.

Triple-frightening is the Russian build-up in Mongolia, see Salisbury in this week's SF Chronicle.

The EOB boys of the West ("Enemy Order Of Battle") are still trying to put together all

the pieces. But Colin Chapman and Murray Sayle, of the Sunday Times (London) were there when it happened.

"The invasion of Czechoslovakia offered one unexpected bonus for correspondents: it was the first time Western observers had seen the Red Army in action since the invasion of Hungary in 1956. The Czech action was conducted in a glare of publicity (and) Murray Sayle found it a first-class army, well equipped and well disciplined."

Sayle then presents a detailed inventory of Soviet equipment, men, and attitudes. "Three days after the first wave arrived, a division of Russian marines turned up, headed by a Soviet admiral magnificent in a white uniform and a technicolour array of medals. The marines wore their new uniform of khaki, with blue and white striped shirt and purple beret.

"There are few navigable waters in Czechoslovakia, and no beaches so the marines were given jobs guarding the Soviet monument." Now, isn't that a pile of shit?

What makes more sense is the following: "The infangrymen had steel helmets and were armed with AK47 assault rifles. The Soviet army appears to have dispensed altogether with conventional bolt-action rifles . . . the tanks, T34's and the enormous T54s were equipped with infra-red searchlights" (for night use; note added).

Contrast this item about rifles with the report in the New Yorker of July 19, 1969 by Ved Mehta. "On Oct 20th, 1962, (the Chinese) invaded India . . . (the Indian soldiers) had to make do with SINGLE-SHOT RIFLES OF A TYPE USED IN THE BOER WAR" (emphasis added).

Oh, these fucking Western "experts" who sit on their ass, then, when called to do something, send their men out with old, crummy equipment (or, as in Vietnam, with new untried tanks and planes that crack up).

"A noticeable feature of the invasion," continues Sayle, "was the mechanical reliability of the Russian equipment." There was one other "noticeable feature" he reports but, not having any political memory, misses the point.

Judge for yourself: "The system of political commissars seems to have been abandoned by the Soviet Army. At least, in the numberless political discussion to which I listen, no one took a leading role and the ordinary soldiers spoke up for themselves."

Who would ever think the Soviet Union would let "ordinary soldiers speak for themselves?" This tremendous bit of news is buried on page 103.

Contrast this with the way our own National Guard in Berkeley had orders not to talk to "the enemy"—the students and street people of People's Park!

The Russian GI had one telling argument against the Czech's (in a sense) when Czech youths accused them of being "invaders." Sayle reports: "If we were a real army of occupation, would we be sleeping on the ground while you sleep in your apartments?" the soldiers would ask in rap-sessions that never ended.

It will be interesting to see what kind of rapping goes on during the month of August 21, 1969, one year later. Fact that Russian troops again will be around in force indicates continued nervousness on the part of the Russians, high, low, and those beautiful Red Marines guarding that there monument in Prague.



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RCOBB

Damn Moon Fools!

To the Berkeley Tribe,

God damn fools! The historical event happened in your life times and you didn't even notice it. You criticize NASA for going to great pains to build its astronauts of just the right grade of plastic to withstand the high of outer space while you refuse to be turned on by things that are real. You repress man's exploratory urge within you, choosing rather

to sublimate it into Freudian sexual fantasies concerning the scandals of "touching" virgins the better to broadcast to the world perhaps your high opinion of virginity and your low opinion of sex. What Arthur C. Clarke and Robert Heinlein and Ray Bradbury said, in their better moments, is true. This is the greatest step in the history of life on this planet since animals crawled up on

the land. This is January the first of the year one. This is the beginning of the achievement of mankind's immortality among the stars.

No amount of patriotic blather or religious hocus pocu on the one hand, or psyche delic balderdash on the other can detract from the significance of this event. Despite the plastic flag and plaque, the well-rehearsed "great" inanities and the prayers of millions of Americans representatives of the human race did set foot on the moon.

This is not a sufficient step for the survival of mankind, but it is a necessary one. This may not even be the highest of our priorities right now but it was the most significant event for the welfare of mankind for all time that could be achieved with our current human as well as technological resources.

The moon trip has been demeaned by comparing the expenditure to eradicating poverty or hunger (which would take several times as much money). But how can we hope to know how this one percent of our gross national product would have been spent if it hadn't been spent on the moon?

The earth is today on the verge of uninhabitability. We don't know whether that trend can be reversed or not, though the space exploration effort may provide a model for developing the technological requirements. But if the earth dies, man still lives. I have an irrational commitment to the survival of the human race. The moon trip is not an end in itself. It is a beginning.

David Bain (As science fiction freaks ourselves, we're hip to the trip. But the question is still what sort of animal homo galacticus will be. Your urge to mankind's immortality won't mean much if the final historical event turns out to be a brief visit by the Interstellar Sanitation Department. (ed.)

PRESIDENT'S PEAS

When Superpig flies off to socialize with foreign rulers, he doesn't take any chances on being poisoned by the natives.

The inside dope on how the Secret Service makes sure that Nixon's peas are pure reached Tribal ears this week from collaborationist sources within the present regime.

When Nixon touched down in Thailand, for example, he not only carried with him the cross of Western Civilization. He also carried with him 6 boxes of frozen peas in sauce, 6 boxes of frozen strawberries, and 6 boxes each of frozen peaches, broccoli, brussels sprouts, mixed fruit, raspberries, carrots--

And lots of Kool Whip. But how, alas, could he feel secure that these peas had not been tampered with by subversives at home?

At a big icehouse in the Bay

Area are stored tons of frozen foods. A day and a half before Nixon is to reach his destination, 7 piggish-looking characters arrive at the icehouse with a Secret Service agent in charge of the operation.

All workers are promptly questioned about their identities, nationalities, background, etc. Then the tedious process of pea selection begins.

For the six boxes of each frozen vegetable to be shipped, 20 cases are selected at random. Each case, mind you, contains 12-24 boxes.

The cases are then opened at random and checks made on their packing and shipping dates, until 6 out of 250-500 have been chosen.

The elite 6 are packed in a special carton with dry ice, then repacked in another special car-

see p. 16

Crashing Dick's Pad

August 17 is the trip to San Clemente.

That's where El Presidente, (Richard M. Nixon) will be crashing after he gets back from his world tour.

A march on the Summer White House in San Clemente is being coordinated by the Vietnam Committee for Solidarity with the American People for the 17th, a Sunday.

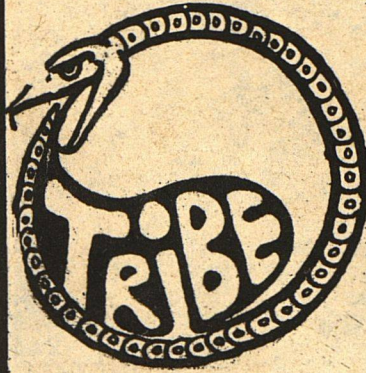
Everyone on the West Coast is cordially invited to participate in

the march -- invited by the VCSAP if not by Nixon.

San Clemente is a mere 9 hour drive from Berkeley, and thousands are expected to make it, so it should be easy to hitch down. (They can bust you unless both feet are on the curb.)

Tuesday night meetings, at 8 pm every week, are being held now to coordinate plans. They are at the Sacred Heart Catholic Church at Fillmore and Hayes, in San Francisco.

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Lights out at S.F. Ballrooms

by Tari

It will be lights out tonight for the Family Dog Ballroom on the Great Highway.

The Light Artists Guild, representing more than 60 bay area light shows, will strike the Family Dog on Friday with picket lines around the ballroom.

What the sounds will be like (if any) is at this moment anybody's guess. Gerry Garcia, lead guitarist for the Grateful Dead—which is scheduled to play the Dog this weekend—has stated that he will not cross the Guild picketline.

If other rock groups follow Gerry's lead, both the Dog and Fillmore West will be shutdown by next weekend.

The Guild will strike the Fillmore West next Tuesday, after a Guild member finishes this weekend's previously-contracted performance.

Reaction to the strike from Fillmore proprietor Bill Graham was quick and caustic. "These scumbags have the audacity to threaten me with a picketline," he said.

Graham told the Tribe that the light show was not a draw factor and that he would fill up his ballroom just as easily without the light artists.

He said that the Guild had threatened both rock groups and other light shows before they asked to negotiate with him.

"We are not here to put them in business," Graham said, "but to support their craft. And we will determine on what level we support their endeavor."

The Guild states that both Graham and Dog head Chet Helm have refused to talk to the Guild as an organization—that they will only talk to the individual light shows.

The Light Artists Guild began to get themselves together about two months ago in an attempt to "further the light show as

an art form," as one member put it. While the members emphasize that they are not strictly a union, they can function in traditional union ways.

Last Monday night, the Guild voted overwhelmingly to use one union tactic, the strike, if the ballrooms refused to recognize the Guild as spokesman for the bay area artists.

They will announce the strike at a press conference Friday morning and ask rock groups and ballroom patrons to respect their picket line.

In general, the Guild is seeking "greater recognition of the light art." They claim that with the minimal wages that are now being paid, the light art, the most expensive of all the art forms in the cultural revolution, is being crippled in its development.

Light shows are being paid the same wages they were paid three years ago, which is only about a third as much as an unknown rock group gets for gigging the same ballroom.

"Like rock groups, we want our art to be self-supporting," one Guild member said. "The light show is an integral part of the rock environment; we are writing art history, but we want to expand and embellish the art."

With each group averaging about five members, the present rate of \$100 per night barely covers the cost of projectors, film, oils, cameras, and bulbs.

The Guild is seeking \$600 for 3 nights work at the Family Dog and \$650 for the same time at the Fillmore. (The difference is based on the difference in the two ballrooms' capacities.)

The Guild's third demand is that light artists be given at least 35% of the billing in all advertisements for a concert.

So far, the Guild is only beginning to receive response from local rock groups. Both Country Joe and the Fish and Gerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead have promised to honor the picketline.

The Tribe asked Garcia if he could be in trouble for violating his contract at the Dog this weekend by refusing to cross the picket line.

"It doesn't have anything to do with unions or picket lines," he said. "I know where the Guild is at and I know how much they need to do their thing. I would prefer to play, but I won't cross their picket line."

Those who are of the subculture and who are fed up with the Establishment's exploitation of its arts, feel the same as Gerry.

As one Guild member stated, "For the first time artists have sat together in the same room and have forgotten their petty competition."

The Berkeley Tribe is one example of people getting together and refusing to let the Man make them competitors. The Light Guild is another example of the same thing. The rock groups are next.

As one Guild spokesman stated, "Man, this is going to spread."



Eldridge, Kathleen and the Kid—moving silently in two's and threes they will return to America

Rock Shucks for Bucks

The free/freak people all around this nation are beginning to feel themselves, to feel one another as brothers and sisters, as a people with a culture.

Rock and roll, dope and fucking in the streets don't make the pigs too happy—the pigs in the streets or the pigs in power. What we got and what we want doesn't fit in with what this country has laid out for us. Total freedom is inconsistent with their schools, institutions and factories.

But at the same time that the control-addict greed-creeps are moving to smash and imprison our culture, slippery tongued Madison Ave. money fiends, never ones to miss a shot, have come bopping on down into our midst to exploit and control the only aspect of the new culture that is controllable—Rock and Roll music.

With money, room service and black limousines, all that decadent shit that this society has been offering up a true happiness for years, they've been able to tighten their grip on rock and roll—turning it into a tool to make themselves more money.

The new scheme extends beyond the bounds of the record companies to about the only place where the people can still have personal contact with killer rock and roll—the ballrooms. These establishments imprison our music between their psychedelic walls and suffer the people through long lines to grab their money and pack 'em in.

Rock and roll stars, ballrooms, light shows, and all the associated paraphernalia are products and outgrowths of our culture, a culture and a people who are struggling for the liberation of the planet. A culture and a people who are under one of the heaviest attacks ever fronted by a fascist nation against freemen.

From Nixon's "no penalty is too severe" when he talks about dope laws, to the dude in the Justice Department who squeals

about "round them all up and put them in concentration camps," to the Alameda County Pigs who shoot our people down in the streets, the attack isn't just forming up—it's here and it's moving.

None of us can be free until the pigs stop vamping on the brothers and sisters in Chicago and New York, on Haight Street and on Telegraph and all across this nation and around the globe.

Now, when the attack has begun, is when we need all the elements of our culture united—so what about rock and roll and its associates?

Recently I journeyed to Detroit to take care of some business. All along the road I thought about rock and roll, having recently interviewed a star and written a fairly inane article behind it. Something kept pricking at my mind about the dude that I'd talked to. Looking for complications and subtle nuances, I completely missed the obvious fact: the control that the record companies, promo men, and ballrooms exercised over each move of that dude's life.

He schuttled here and there,

practised, performed and recorded, all at the whim of the control addicts. The people were out there—on the other side of the records and the stage, beyond flitting circle of company men.

What I saw when I got to Detroit/Ann Arbor brought up a lot of new ideas. The people, the ballrooms, and the new high-energy guerrilla bands can all be aspects of the solution. But first, and always, the people are the force of the change.

Detroit is a no-bullshit, facadeless, meat and potatoes factory town. There ain't a lot of fancy rhetoric or ideological arguments in Motown. The people dig the worth of action and move to solutions upon the recognition of the problems.

The Detroit community needed money for new programs that were being instituted: LSD (Legal Self Defense), a fund that supplies money and legal aid to all brothers and sisters held by the pigs; a free medical clinic and other such services. Detroit has its own R&R ballroom, the Grande, which has been taking money off the community for years.

Put the two together and you have a group of people approaching the Grande owner, Russ Gibb. After a little straight-on talk, the people came away with a %1 community tax on the Grande's earnings. The money is turned over to a committee representing different facets of the community; they decide the priorities and dispense the bread.

The rise of killer rock and roll
see p. 4

WILD WEST FEST

by Kathy

San Francisco will become the Wild West on the weekend of August 22 through 24.

The Wild West Festival will happen in nearly all of Golden Gate Park, starting Friday at noon and lasting through midnight Sunday night... may-belonger.

Everything and everyone will be there. Rock bands, country and western groups, mime and ballet troupes, operas, symphonies, light shows, environmental design trips, film showings, ecology setups, ice follies, wandering minstrels, puppet shows, possibly a live elephant, and most everything else that IS.

Cross-pollination of art is what it will be. And everything can be a form of art.

A warehouse full of 60-foot weather balloons is ready and waiting.

A film festival of all types is being set up, and multiple films will be run at once.

Forget about the drab and dingy Johns in G.G. Park; the environmental design people are making their own for the weekend.

The main stages for bands etc. will be set up at the soccer fields, the polo fields, and Speedway Meadows.

The only event that will cost bread will be the nightly shows in the west end of Kezar Station
see p. 4

EARTH READ-OUT



Keith Lampe

POPULATION POLITICS RE-VISITED: Nixon's recent proposals for coping with the population explosion may cause some people to decide that the population issue is, after all, a right-wing trick. Or to decide that the issue has been "taken over" by the regime and thus should be abandoned by the left.

Either decision would be extremely unfortunate. In the first place the proposals (set up a commission to study the thing for two years, triple in five years the government money spent on family planning services, cooperate with the UN, etc.) are miniscule in face of the magnitudes of the problem.

Secondly, it would be monumentally immoral to fret about the absence of adequate political "mileage" in this issue: hundreds of millions of lives hang in the balance.

To my knowledge, no one has yet come forward to refute Paul Ehrlich's contention that even if we rapidly organize effective population controls, approximately half a billion people must starve in the next fifteen years.

Ehrlich does not expect us to organize rapidly and effectively. He expects deaths from starvation or from wars imposed by population pressures to be higher than a half billion in the next fifteen years. He expects that within a few years we shall have to give up on some nations, discontinue emergency food shipments to them and send what little food we can spare only to those nations which stand a chance of avoiding huge "die-backs."

But let's say half a billion. Our present policies will kill half a billion people in the next fifteen years and will extinct thousands of plant, insect, bird and animal species.

Now think how much energy we've poured into the Vietnam thing (e.g., I was busted seven times in that context) because U.S. policies have been killing, at most, half a million a year there. Think how much energy we're pouring into the anti-police thing because U.S. police are killing a few thousand of us per year.

Note well: present U.S. policies are killing half a million annually in Vietnam and at home—but our present policies will kill half a billion on this earth in the next fifteen years. Within this cataclysmic context there's no polarization yet, no goodguys/badguys, no we/they, because neither side of the political spectrum has been paying adequate attention to it.

The Movement has been slow to perceive the incredible population thing. Dig: that certain

feeling which we facilely label "paranoia" in fact contains a large and growing element of claustrophobia. Most of us much of the time feel tightly enclosed by others of our species.

One More Horror Story: A member of the True Light Beavers spotted the following tiny article somewhere in the bowels of the July 17 NY Times: "STOCKHOLM (UPI)—The newspaper Social-Demokraten reported that concrete boxes with 7,000 tons of arsenic dumped into the Baltic Sea by a mining company 38 years ago were crumbling. The arsenic is enough to kill three times the world's population."

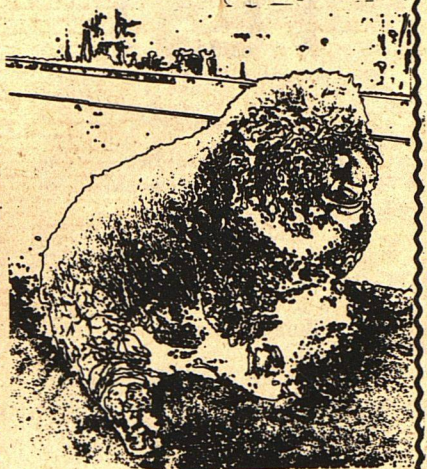
On Overload and Backlash: San Francisco poet Michael McClure teaches three classes of undergraduates at California College of Arts and Crafts. When he first began to include urgent eco-information in his lectures, he found that many of his students within a few minutes would disappear into information overload and defensive blackout.

In essence he had the grim experience of witnessing backlash among bright young flexible "turned-on" people whose politics range from left-liberal to left-revolutionary. Perhaps fear and fatigue in the land are so great that from now on not even our information can be confrontational. Perhaps we have to learn how to present the information gently to the periphery of consciousness instead of trying to drive it straight through the forebrain and on down the throat.

McClure suggests that the information, when spoken, be delivered slowly and selected carefully to avoid combinations of implications which overwhelm.

Getting It Together: Among the projects of the recently-formed Bay Area Institute is that of "building an ecological constituency:

"Because the large-scale degeneration of the environment see p. 16



ROCK SHUCKS FOR BUCKS

from p. 3

roll bands is another inegal part of the new Detroit. Born of the factories and the West Side greaser dens, these dudes ain't sheep or tools—they're madmen and ain't no record company or money man going to fuck with them or jerk them away from their brothers and sisters.

Elektra Records had to fire the MC5 because they wouldn't submit, their music and their actions were beyond control—pretty scary for anybody who ain't ready. Elektra wasn't ready.

The problems come when the musicians get back away from the people and allow barriers to be erected by the money dudes.

When the rock stars stop relating to what's happening in the streets, then they stop relating to reality and to our culture.

When the people begin to accept \$3.50 admission prices and giant screens, "so the people in the back can see," as the way things are, then we're fucked. But the people, together, can be the force to bring about the change.

There's no reason why every band that comes to town to do two nights of money gigs can't do a free set in the park.

There's no reason why the rock bands and the ballrooms can't return some of their monies to the community. There's no reason

by Forrest Saulsbury

The Haight Ashbury Community, as represented by some 20 communes, and the Third World people of San Francisco, represented by TWLF, the Black Panthers, Los Siete, and Red Guard are getting it together against the latest attempt at rip-off by the media-oriented promoters, notably Bill Graham and friends who make up the Wild West Music Council.

As far as these people go, we can tell them we've witnessed the "Summer of Love" which turned the Haight into a ghetto and that this new gimmick, the Wild West Show, which is billed as The Gathering of the People to transform consciousness a la the "revolutionary" music of the people, won't be allowed to become a sequel to Bill Graham in the Fillmore, or The Summer of Love.

The Wild West Music Festival is centered around a group of people—notably Graham, Ralph Gleason, Ron Polte and Tom Donahue—who are all members of the Wild West Music Council which directs the money-making venture of the festival.

The program of the WWMC is definitely City-Establishment oriented and therefore exploitative of the Community itself.

The fact is that WWMC has paid Alioto some \$150,000 to rent Kezar Stadium for three

nights, and for that modest fee is also receiving use of the rest of Golden Gate Park for daytime entertainment. \$150,000 is only half the amount raised through donations from such erstwhile city groups as PG&E, etc.

Kezar holds approx 40,000 people (spectating bodies) and at three dollars per person for three nights the gross would be \$375,000. WWMC of course maintains there would be no profit and yet is paying the City of SF (Alioto) at least \$10,000 to surround Golden Gate Park with SF Pigs and to sweep it every night. That's far out, brothers.

Discounting what happened to the Haight as a result of the Summer of Love and all that's gone down since, Graham and associates are making no plans for the 250,000 people attending, except to pay the pigs \$10,000 to encircle 250,000 brothers.

Keeping in mind that every large rock gathering in the country in the last year has been turned into a riot by guess-who, it could be that 250,000 people are supposed to pay \$3 to get surrounded and perhaps smashed by pigs paid for with their bread.

That's no go, Bill Graham, cause it's not political, it's exploitative. It's even worse than the UC campus and the national guard.

The character of the WWMC becomes even clearer when you learn that one member of the council was shown the door because he had just beaten a court case for drugs. The council, it seems, couldn't spare any self-image in dealing with the titans of the City Establishment.

Members of the Haight's Inter Communal Council (ICC) met Wednesday with members of the WWMC and submitted a set of demands which would guarantee the survival of the community.

When given these demands they claimed that the Festival had been cancelled. Then they proceeded to negotiate—much in the fashion of Max Scherr.

Cyril Isakcs and Sunshine, members of the Good Earth Commune and the H/A Free

COCKTAIL AND BARBECUE

One street-guerrilla celebrated July 26 by setting off a Molotov cocktail under a Berkeley police car at Haste and Telegraph early Saturday evening.

Two officers were standing down the street, oblivious as their vehicle was being barbecued. Finally, they smelled smoke, and noticed their car was on fire.

An eyewitness reported that one cop ran off in futile pursuit of a suspect, the other called the fire department.

The firemen arrived on the scene before the vehicle exploded, and saved the car. Meanwhile another blaze was set off in a trashcan down the street and the BFD quelled that.

The car was not destroyed but was damaged. All of the paint on one side was gone. Damage will probably be between five hundred and a thousand dollars.

WILD WEST FEST

from p. 3

dium; those will be \$3 per night. Some misunderstandings about the bread and profit scene have arisen as far as the Kezar things go. This is due mostly to a lack of information getting out to the public about the financial setup of the festival.

Some San Francisco groups, upon hearing that Bill Graham was a member of the SF Music Council that set up the thing originally, jumped to the conclusion that there was going to be some bread made.

However, the Wild West thing has been legally set up as a non-profit happening, and there is NO way that anyone can score monetarily off it.

Any bread left over after the bills are paid off will go to a foundation to provide scholarships and grants to Bay Area artists.

The three-day festival is costing a lot of bread to bring it off, in spite of the fact that none of the participants will get paid.

There are electricity bills, phone bills, all kinds of materials that will cost, not to mention the renting of Kezar for \$4,000 a night from the City.

Store, told the Tribe that the demands of the ICC and the Third World Community are as follows:

1. That the use of profits be determined by a council consisting of members of Graham's group, the ICC and respective Third World parties.

2. That the \$10,000 used to pay the pigs be used instead for a Legal Defense Fund for the H/A.

3. That instead of paying the building unions some \$10,000 to build stages for the rock bands that the work be done by members of ICC, i.e., members of the H/A who desperately need employment, and that these people who help create the festival be allowed to attend free.

4. That proceeds go to the Black Panther breakfast program, the Black Man's Free Store and the H/A medical center.

The WWMC was told that if it doesn't allow community participation, a strike action would be instituted by a coalition of all concerned.

Anyone interested in helping get the community together and in seeing that we don't get ripped by the media-oriented minds should participate in the next Inter Communal Council of the H/A at All Saints Church (1350 Waller SF) Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8 p.m.

SOCIETY NOTES

Joel "Superjoel" Tornabene, the clown princess of Telegraph Ave. will be leaving Berkeley shortly for New York.

Joel has become disillusioned with Berkeley. "I'm a truly decadent person," he explained a few nights ago in front of Moe's. "But there are no really decadent people left in Berkeley anymore."

Joel says he will go to New York for a while, because "in New York, a good fuck is never more than a block away." Bon voyage, Joel.

WILD WEST FEST

The Kezar nightly shows are the only things that will cost admission; it's worth three bucks a night for the great happenings that weekend.

The Wild West show will actually be kicked off three days early; on Wednesday evening, August 20th. San Francisco will then be "played" by a Moog Synthesizers hooked up to a city-wide city-lit light show.

For example, when "G" is played on the synthesizer located on Twin Peaks, the Chron building will light up; on "E" the stock exchange will light (not blow) up. A chord, and appropriately connected buildings will flash, etc.

Wild West is three weeks away. Keep tuned to the upcoming plans. There's room for everybody to do their thing.

Tickets for the Kezar events may be gotten by sending the bread and a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Downtown Center Box Office, 325 Mason St., in S.F.

Artists of any kind who want to participate in Wild West should call 922-3800. Film makers in particular should ask for Judy Winston or Bill King at the same number.

"I'LL PASS THE BALL TO YOU, FRANK"

We are finished having our culture exploited by those who have made the world so ugly.

We are through playing the game of civilization with all the horrors it has unleashed.

Our alternative to this is the Tribe.

There are some people who for one reason or another are turned off by the term "tribe". Maybe because they think it's too cute, maybe because they think it's a gimmick.

We are very serious about it.

The concept was originally introduced by brother Keith Lampe when we were considering forming a union to negotiate wage demands. As Keith said, "It's the social unit that will allow us to survive the next few years."

Earlier, shaman poet Gary Snyder says in **Earth Household** (New Directions; \$1.95) "The Tribe it seems is the newest development in the Great Subculture."

Both Keith and Gary emphasize the necessity to decentralize. The world has been centralizing for a long time now and we can easily see the result. Centralization produces institutionalism and as a brother in the Light Artists Guild stated: "Any attempt to institutionalize is an attempt to resist change."

Gary Snyder says: "Civilization is, so to speak, a lack of faith, a willingness to accept the perceptions and decisions of others in place of our own—to be less than a full man."

The Tribe restores this faith by giving each individual equal responsibility and an equal voice in a social structure small enough to allow this, and yet large enough to include the talents and skills necessary for social survival. Just as subcultures are nothing new, the idea of tribalism within civilization is nothing new either. The gypsies have existed as a tribe for centuries. Communes have existed continually throughout history.

In our own subculture, there have been a number of unsuccessful attempts at tribalism: Olompali Ranch, the Carousel Ballroom family, and the Affinity Groups of last summer's Berkeley Commune.

But we are coming to the point in history where the tribe has become necessary for survival.

There was a time when the poet of the city could travel America's highways to the mountains and the forests to fulfill some part of his nature which demanded a larger view of life. Just as the poet from the country could hop a freight to the city in search of his quest for "something more."

The poet of each culture overcame his fear of the unknown because just a small portion of life was not enough for him.

But today there is nowhere to go—everything is the same. And that poetic energy has been turned inward both psychically and socially, producing what is probably history's greatest subculture.

Out of necessity, that sub-

culture is, as the old Wobbly slogan states, "building a new society within the old."

That subculture's quest for beauty in a world growing ever uglier has completely revolutionized the arts, by changing the very art forms themselves.

Music has become electrified, the visual arts are now film and light shows, and literature has become the poetry of revolution both in songs and journalism.

And it has started the real social revolution with the birth of Peoples Park. We will turn this entire country into a park, just as we will turn the mind into a park. We will restore both the earth's and man's primitive nature to our universe.

But: "All this is subversive to civilization," Gary tells us, "For civilization is built on heirarchy and specialization."

Yes, we are all subversives. The Establishment will attempt to make us play its game of competition between artists, newspapers, rock groups, or between people for food, when there really is enough for all.

The Red Mountain Tribe refuses to play that game anymore; the recently-formed Light Artists Guild refuses to play that game anymore. We are all finished trying to create something beautiful in an ugly world and then having it exploited for something even uglier.

The Man can't buy us out; that's why we're here—there's no reason why he should market our culture, while he destroys that culture's peoples.

In our culture, WE are the means of production. Liberate yourself from publishers, dancehall tycoons, and recording industries, and **DO IT YOURSELF.**

by Paul Glusman

A University of California sub-committee charged with developing a plan for student housing on the site of People's Park met Tuesday. In front of an audience of forty park supporters, they dodged the issue.

The Student Residential Sub-committee of the UC Buildings

and Campus Development Committee, ill at ease in an open meeting, came to no decisions.

Last week, Professor Sym Van der Ryn, chairman of the Chancellor's Advisory Committee on Housing and Urban Environment, quit the sub-committee charging that the Regents' command to build apartment buildings was an act

for the new apartment complex.

Pro-park sympathy in the room was with the large, non-vocal audience and not too well represented on the committee. At some points in the discussion the observers would make their position known by laughing at some of the less cogent points brought up by Dean Jim Lemmon, or Chancellor's representative Richard George. This tended to make the committee members quite nervous and uncomfortable.

Finally Frank Bardacke broke the ice and spoke of the silent "presence" that up to that point seemed to dominate the meeting. He questioned exactly what the committee thought it was doing in light of the eighty five percent vote of students, eighty percent vote of faculty and ninety percent vote of residents in favor of People's Park.

I spoke and suggested that because the Regents were the only ones who wanted apartments (or was it a soccer field?) on the land, and since they were the only ones who seemed to have any power, perhaps they should design and build the apartments themselves.

Members of the committee then told of the high hopes they held that something acceptable to the campus community could be gotten by the Regents, including land for a user-developed park.

Bardacke replied with an essay on the nature of Hope, and its relationship with reality. He asked

what the committee would do if they were charged with building more comfortable concentration camps.

"What is it you want? Are you against housing or for the park?" asked one committee member.

I replied that I was against housing for rich students in place of the park and the inexpensive community housing that existed before the park was built.

The committee member answered by saying that I should look at the tentative plan.

I did. The plan called for the lowest priced housing in the complex to be seventy-two dollars for a 180 square foot studio. That is, about the length of a car, by one and a half times its width.

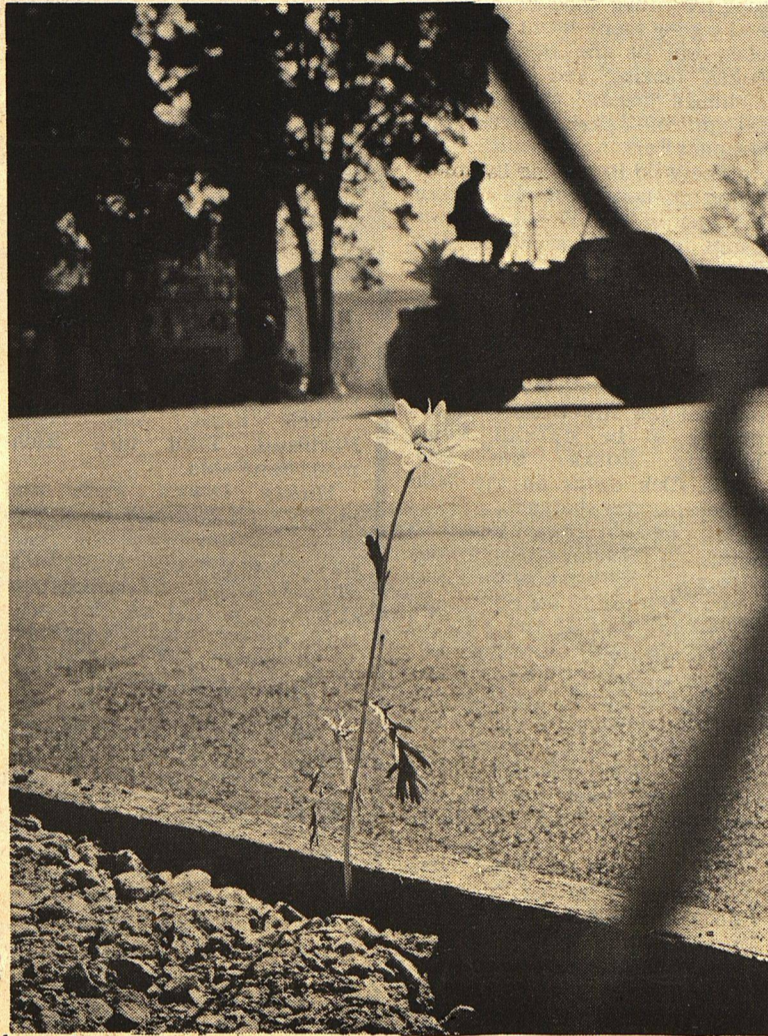
Even the seventy-two dollar figure was not likely, I was told, because it depended on a subsidy grant from the Department of Housing and Urban Development which couldn't be gotten.

There was no provision for housing for non-students.

Dan Siegel, ASUC president, charged that the Chancellor's office had bypassed the ASUC and was handpicking student members of the committee. Richard George replied that the ASUC had been contacted and had submitted a list of names. Siegel denied that anyone in the ASUC had been authorized to do that.

When asked if the Chancellor's secretive methods for selecting students was necessitated because open democratic processes would produce a heavy majority for a park, George replied, "I'm sure that didn't enter into his consideration."

I'm sure it didn't.



see p. 13 photos by Copeland

of aggression on the campus and the community which wanted a park on the land.

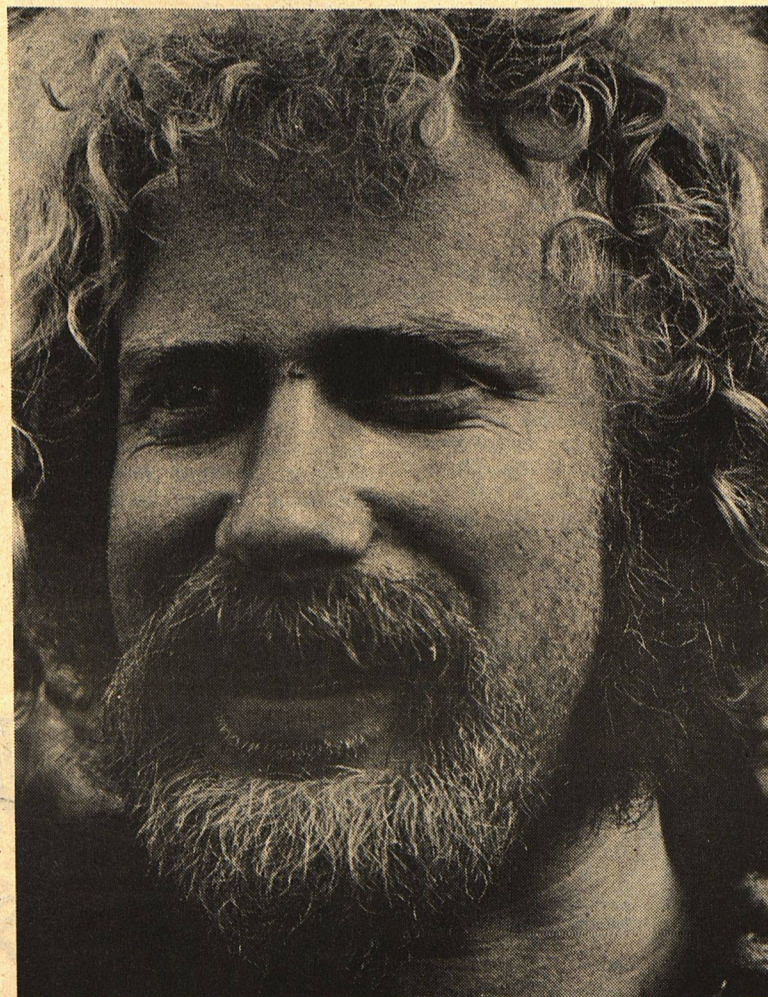
Chairman Franklin C. Hurlbut, professor of mechanical engineering, started the meeting by hemming and hawing, and apologized in a weak voice for the fact that most committee members weren't there. "Maybe they'll come later." Then "I'll pass the ball to you Frank."

Frank Tomsick, the architect hired by the Regents to work with the committee on a design for the residences, caught the ball, smiled weakly, stalled a little, and finally got around to explaining how difficult the whole situation was.

"It's damn foolish to go on considering that this is the same as any other site. We'd be foolish to think we're doing something for the community after the community has clearly expressed its desire for something quite different on the land."

Tomsick went on to explain that he thought it would be unfeasible to consider any plans for the land that didn't include an area set aside to be developed as a user-developed park.

That statement appeared to be more of a crowd-pleasing ritual than an actual keynote for the committee's work. Having gotten that out of the way, the committee proceeded to discuss specifications



On August 1, Roger Heyns goes on a three-month vacation—to a lakeside cabin and then to Europe. On August 1, Stew Albert goes to jail—three months in Santa Rita.

Heyns was chancellor when the pigs arrested Stew, Jerry Rubin, Mario Savio, Mike Smith, and Steve Hamilton for participating in a sit-in at the ASUC. Heyns fingered them speci-

cally because they were undesirable and dangerous "non-students."

So while Heyns enjoys the cool outdoors of Lake Michigan and the sights of Europe Stew will be in the Santa Rita compound surrounded by pigs.

Have a nice vacation, Chancellor Heyns. Free Stewey!

by Gumbo

ANNEX FAIR

A Craftsmen's Fair will happen at People's Park Annex (Hearst and Grant) this Saturday and Sunday, Aug 2 and 3. It starts at 11 a.m. and runs until dark.

One-third of the gross made at the fair will be used to maintain and expand the gardens, grass, and playgrounds.

SAD NOTE

(Message found on bulletin board in People's Park Annex):

The Pigs Were Right

We have succumbed. Thousands appear in the streets to be gassed senseless and throw impotent stones at shotguns, but no one comes to work, to build, to create on this bit of land that we still retain.

Where are Bardacke, Goldberg, Albert and crew now? Who gives a fuck about this park now that the days of destruction and confrontation are distant?

Do we any longer possess the ability to build and create? Hundreds labored daily at the original Park. We are lucky now to find five people here at any one time.

FLICKER FLASHES

by Stew Albert

The best American flicks are a couple of years ahead of the American revolution's reality.

The film rebels don't argue about the need for self defense. They have already taken up the gun while a lot of us still give flowers to pigs, sign petitions, and pray for rain to save the polluted planet.

Armed defense began with Bonnie and Clyde's tour of Oklahoma banks. They left a lot of dead pigs but never really understood why they took up the gun except depression unemployment was a drag and living on charity was being dead.

Now "If" and "The Wild Bunch" have come forth as the vanguard, and their line has a lot more revolutionary soul than some of the dry shit Herbert Aptheker ran down at the United Front Conference.

"If" begins in slow pace. A British private school is opening for the fall semester. It's filled with youth from 8th grade to college and the mood is routinized cynicism. The teachers are either senile or drunk, and discipline is maintained by queer pig upperclassmen who whip ass because they haven't the guts to stick their dicks in.

The precursing symbols appear at the very beginning. Mao posters on the wall and violence cut out of the pages of magazines and decorating the prisoners' daydreams.

The 17-year-old hero arrives with heavy mustache but it's Santa Rita and he has to shave. This rebel is quiet and ironical. He doesn't do much but his eyes speak of some distant explosion.

"If" develops like typical British social realism; and you start expecting a sort of semi-Yippie FSM.

There is a "caneing" scene where the hero and his comrades are beaten by the upperclassmen as troublemakers.

They bend over a bar and the sado-pigs come running across the room whip in hand. It is a gruesome ritual of bondage, the kind I am sure Madigan, Heyns, and Hayakawa dream of acting out.

At the climax, realism passes over linearity into surreal fantasy. The hero, this working class girl friend (who helped him grow a pair of balls) and revolutionary brothers machine gun the British ruling class-clergymen, bankers, deans, liberal bureaucrats, generals and every old bitch and bastard in England.

The blood bath is consummated at the school's graduation ceremony where the collective pig is in attendance. An old imperial general is lecturing on patriotism, smoke comes pouring

through the floor and everybody panics, running into the churchyard where justice explodes through a well-planned ambush.

"If" is beautifully foolish—the students and workers won't make the revolution by trapping the ruling class in a church and wiping them out in five minutes, but as the heroes' guns began blazing and the flick's audience began applauding I thought of James Rector and People's Park.

"The Wild Bunch" is the revolution on horseback. It's about the last of the West's outlaws gangs in the era of World War One. These are hard men who have been resisting law and order for most of their lives. Their enemies are the banks and the railroads and as 20th century technological progress begins to claw at the American soul it's getting to be difficult living honestly outside the law.

The flick opens on the Wild Bunch, packing shotguns, riding into a Texas town, in which a Sunday temperance meeting is taking place.

It's a trap; bounty hunters in the pay of the railroad are on the roof, fingering their 30.06's and 45's. The outlaws spot the rent-a-pigs and make a buckshot blazing escape. The temperance parade is caught in the middle, innocent bodies are ripped apart and the theater seems to be drenched in blood.

The outlaws get away, but the ripped off money bags are filled with metal washers and the gang look like they will be blown away by the desert wind.

The Wild Bunch head for Mexico pursued by the bounty hunters who are led by a former member of the gang whom the railroads have sprung from prison for the purpose of tracking his former brothers down. If he doesn't succeed in thirty days, the pigs will send him back to the dungeons of Yuma.

Mexico is in revolt. Villa and Zapata are leading the peasants in guerilla war, and there is a lot of bread to be made by high priced mercenaries.

The outlaws hide out among the most wretched people of the Mexican soil. They share their food, suffering, and fiestas. Their sympathy is totally with the people, the gang has a Mexican brother and they all stay in his village.

Desperate for bread, the gang makes a deal with a pig general who is trying to crush the revolution. They spectacularly rip off a train carrying gun supplies for the American army, and sell them to the fascists. But soul is strong and they give the peasants part of

see p. 15



Arrevolutionary movement of the young white working class is rising up in Standard Oil country.

Their name: The Young Partisans. Their turf: Richmond-San Pablo.

Mickey Downs, Pam and Sherry, all founding members of the Partisans, gave the Tribe an exclusive interview on Tuesday. The group got its name, they explained, during an eight-hour rap session which concluded shortly after someone learned the dictionary definitions of Partisan:

One who takes the part of another;

A guerilla warrior behind enemy lines.

A month and a half old, the Partisans already have two heavy allies: the Black Panthers and Brown Berets.

On Tuesday the Partisans began a Free Food program in the same building which houses the Panthers' Breakfast for Children.

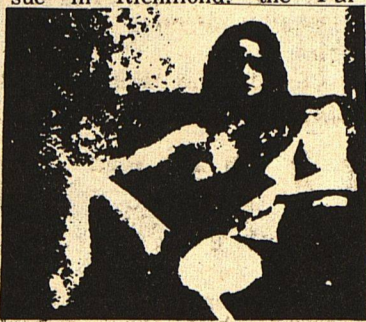
"There's a lot of hungry people around," Mickey Downs explained, "and we thought wed do what we could."

"Particularly in San Pablo," Pam added, "there's a lot of white people on welfare. And if you're working you can't afford Food Stamps."

The Partisans' program, which they've been pushing through posters and leaflets, is pretty inclusive of the basic radical issues, with the emphasis on making it relevant to the lives and needs of the white working class whom they seek to organize.

For example, the oppression of capitalism is explained in terms of the gap between the taxes working people pay from their salaries earned working for the big corporations, and the taxes the corporations pay from their profits made off the labors of the workers.

This is a very downhome issue in Richmond, the Par-



of the people
Leather pants \$45
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1733 University Ave. Berk.

tisans explained. "The school situation is so horrible," Downs said that the AFT sanctioned the district. Standard Oil and other big industries pay little school taxes. The city government always tries to get more school tax out of the workinl people."

Mickey Downs was a daily participant in the bloody oil-workers strike at the huge Standard plant in Richmond.

"The Richmond police and newspaper are almost entirely controlled by Standard Oil," he said. So it was no surprise when the pigs acted as a uniformed goon squad against the strikers.

"Both San Pablo and Richmond pigs are really outrageous," he added. "Anybody, particularly young people, are subject to searches at any time."

The Partisans have not yet had any trouble with the pigs but "as an organization, we expect it," all three said.

One of the Partisans' rules is that all members must learn how to service and use firearms correctly. They're not as heavily armed as the Panthers, but they are not as heavily unarmed as the students either.

One of the bummers that comes with the turf is that "this is historically a racist town. One of the first things we have to combat is racism."

The first eay of the food program hardly drew out a good portion of the hungry people, but the going is slow in the mother country.

"By and large," one of the Partisans explained, "in the white community people feel embarrassed if they have problems, especially economic problems. They haven't learned yet that solving their problems means facing them collectively."

Also with the objectives of serving the people and bringing them together is the Partisans film program. Every Tuesday night they are showing free

flicks on subjects like the strike at SF State, or the Panthers' movie Off the Pig, and Hanoi 13.

A free day care center is being planned for the children of women on welfare or with jobs.

The state licensing agency has hung the Partisans up with some mysterious requirements for such a center, so it will take some time before the program can come off.

"I've lived here all my life,"

Mickey said, "and I saw a need for people to get together." The final point of the Par-

see p. 18

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GOLDEN RULE DAYS

High School students from all over the bay area will be getting it together on the weekend of Aug. 9-11 at an important conference to determine the direction of the high school movement next year.

Many students learned last year that it is not enough to rely on spontaneous action over isolated incidents as the main force in their movement, and one of the prime objectives of the conference is to establish a very together Bay Area High School Student Union that will concentrate its actions on problems common to the oppression of all high school students.

In some of the very heavy raps that have gone down this summer between a lot of serious high school people, a new analysis has been surfacing that will be an important factor in high school actions next year.

The old reformist line is gone; students will instead be attempting to expose the role of the educational system as an integral force of the corporate power structure that rules this motherfucking society. People are getting hip to the fact that it is impossible to radically restructure the schools without first replacing the society which depends upon the schools for its continuance.

Repression is getting heavy; uniformed pigs and plainclothesmen patrol many campuses, students and lockers are systematically searched, and suspensions and expulsions are common. Even the so-called "liberal administrators are getting nervous, their attempts to co-opt our struggle aren't working.

What the administrations are discovering is that students everywhere are starting to throw the shit they're given right back in the faces of their pig administrators. What will be formed at the conference is an organization that will make administrators like Porky Pig Raftery hesitate before kicking students squarely in the ass or oinking over SDS (which SDS, we wonder).

The Student Union will make it clear that if the schools aren't run for the students, they won't be run at all. Most of us are aware that we're not going to change the schools within the existing system, however we intend to make it a lot easier for the high school movement to cooperate fully with other segments of the international movement.

The conference will be free to all high school students. It will begin at 9:30 AM Saturday, Aug. 9 at the Potrero Hill Neighborhood Center in SF.

Planned for the conference are such things as Newsreel flicks, a lot of participation in workshops and from the floor, speakers such as Roger Alvarado and the Panthers, panels on women's liberation and high schools' role in the movement, and a party on Saturday night for Los Siete de la Raza. **POWER TO THE STUDENTS!**



Berkeley Councilman Ron Dellums addresses "illegal" rally during Cal TWLF Strike last Winter. photo by Steve Shames

RON DELLUMS DROP OUT?

by PHINEAS ISRAELI

"What relevance is there, sitting next to DeBonis?"

Ron Dellums is a very together cat strung out in a forum for eunuchs. His soul yearns to be a part of a "serious movement" to lead us out of bondage.

His political gig at present is Berkeley City Councilman.

So Dellums announced at the Conference for a United Front Against Fascism that he would like to permanently split from the bummer that is electoral politics.

As he ran it down for The Tribe on Tuesday, Dellums is looking for a "platform to say what I feel." And he feels some pretty heavy things.

Like it's about time for the Movement to become a solid co-

alition of oppressed races and groups, with a comprehensive program to fight fascism and revolutionize American society at its economic-political base.

Dellums is acutely aware of the fact that black people "are living and dying in poverty, the victims of racism, right here in Berkeley."

Not a poor man himself, he got his most recent taste of racism when his sister-in-law couldn't rent a house in Berkeley because she is black.

"But the issue is not nigger/honky," Dellums says. "The issue is how this society has exploited and harmed all the people within it."

A Sunday or two ago, Ron was invited to do the preaching at a church in the black community of Berkeley. Instead of Psalms 12: etc., he told the gathering that his text would be the Berkeley Gazette 7/12/69.

Then he read the banner headline, "Rector Death Justifiable" as well as the line above it, "Berkeley Police Kill Teenage Black."

Dellums was caught in the middle of the People's Pad fuck-up because he believes that hassles between the white movement and the black community only serve to keep the Man in his castle.

The Pad project, he says, could have been a beautiful political development if the white radicals had leased the buildings and then offered to move poor Third World families into Savo to live there for the summer rent-free. "In that case, there would have been two marches on the Pad and one of them would have been solid black."

For the future struggle, Dellums urges white radicals "to make their moves in a way that makes it easier for us to educate the black community to the need for fundamental institutional change."

Ron is into the fact that white longhair radicals are quickly becoming the target of the fascist brutality which blacks have always experienced on these shores.

"Fascism," he says, "is when a society can give its approval to wiping you out, and not flinch to do so because that will "preserve the society."

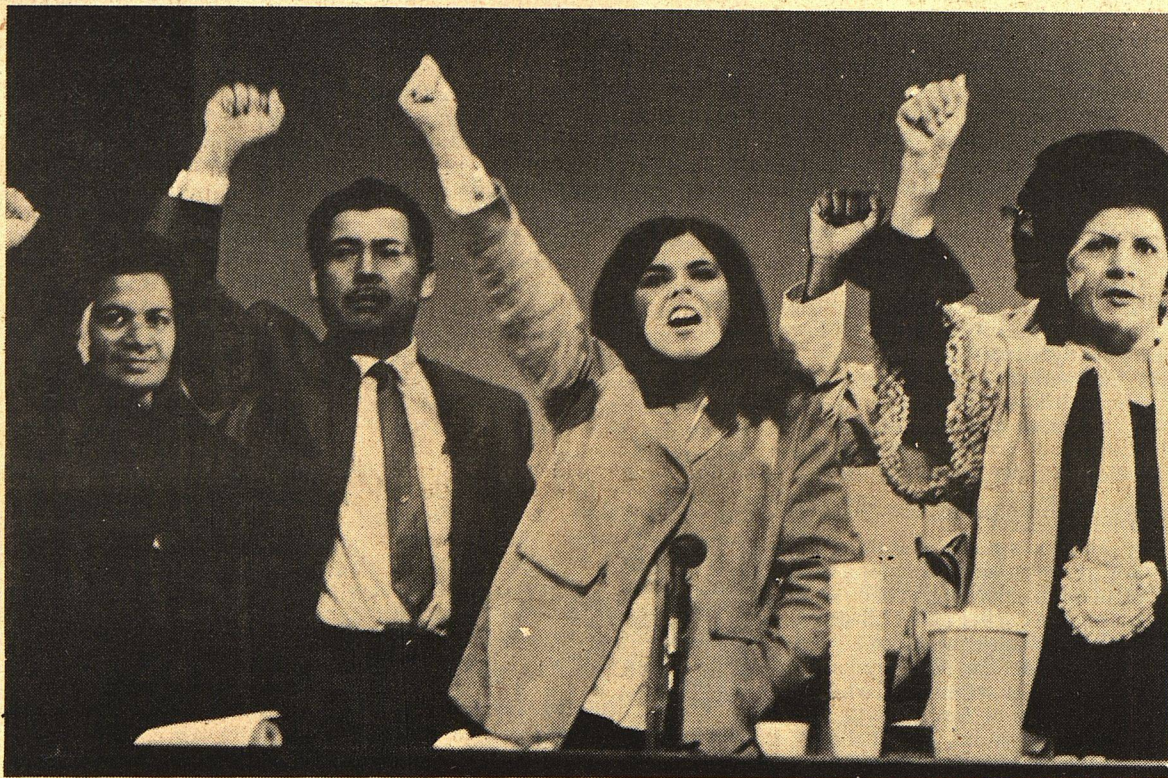
The burning needs of the people and the real threat of fascist make it urgent now that the movement as a whole develop a comprehensive program for dealing with the situation.

"Throwing tear gas canisters back and forth with the police is not going to effectively deal with the military-industrial complex."

Dellums' vision is broad. A philosopher dude named Sartre used to rap about how no one is free when someone else is in chains. Ron brought that idea downhome to Babylon at the Conference Against Fascism.

"There will be no freedom for black people," he repeated for The Tribe, "until the fed man is off the reservation, until the brown man is off his knees in the grape fields, until the yellow man is out of the sweatshops."

So Ron Dellums has served notice on his community that he see p. 19



A "right on" from the families of Los Siete. Left and Tony Martinez; Adelin Morales (Mario's girlfriend); and Mrs. Lescallet (Mother of Gary). photo by Steve Shames

& Bail for Los Siete?

Today, Friday, is a big day for Los Siete de La Raza. The Man will decide whether or not they get out on bail.

The D. A. 's evidence presented to the Grand Jury didn't even place several of Los Siete at the scene where undercover cop Joe Brodrik was killed.

Only one gun was reported at the scene. It belonged to Brodrik's partner in crime-busting,

Patrick McGoran. No one, not even McGoran, claimed to see the shooting. McGoran, though, did say he saw Gary Lescallet with the gun, just after the shooting.

McGoran said he saw Lescallet, holding the gun on him from the car. He also alleged that Lescallet emptied the gun at him.

(The gun was later found with

four of its six rounds intact and unfired.)

Neither star witness McGoran nor any others presented testimony placing the gun in the hands of any other brothers. And Brodrik was shot at point blank range, not too near the car.

Still, six young brown brothers have been held on murder charges without bail. And today Judge Joseph Karesh decides whether they will have to remain.

EAST VILLAGE BUMMER

by Stew Albert

The "East Village" in New York City has stopped pretending and is once again the lower east side. A rat, pig, and hepatitis-infested slum.

The top underground news in New York relates to what isn't happening.

Two years ago, Yippies, Diggers, and Motherfuckers dreamed of turning it into a revolutionary community. A model of cultural freedom for America's youth.

Now it's all over, the Diggers have split all scenes, the Muthall fucks might be somewhere in New Mexico, and the Yippies

are writing books and preparing their legal defense.

St. Marks place is the lower east side's Telegraph Ave. It is as heavily patrolled by the Tac Squad on a regular business day as Berkeley is the night after a riot.

You just don't hear any talk of or see free food in the streets, money burning or revolutionary Free Stores. The talk is about splitting West. Peoples Park is a legend, and a lot of our Eastern sisters and brothers will be showing up in Berkeley to give the fence an evil eye.

Our old brother Jerry Rubin is on a heavy book writing trip.

A semi-autobiographical myth, running through FSM, Cuba, VDC, HUAC, Yippie and the Chicago riots.

If the publisher scissors don't cut deeply into Jerry's revolutionary balls, we will see in his writings a heavy mirror of our happiest and most angry dreams.

The East Village Revolution failed because flowers do not grow through the sidewalk and socialism cannot be built in a garbage can. We need to build a movement much larger than a ghetto.

Somewhere on Highway 61 we must find America.



Hacked by Hitch Hatchet

The Hitch hatchet hit David Williams after he protested the occupation of Berkeley and the university. Williams held a management position in the U.C. President's office. He has since been demoted.

"We had petitioned the university to protect its employees by sending them home," says Williams. "Hitch turned us down with a three-page letter that didn't give any reasons."

Williams stayed out of work the Thursday before the big march, leafleting. The leaflets called for settlement of the Peoples' Park hassle and protection

for university workers.

"They tried to put me aside quietly. The word came down from Hitch not to fire anybody. He didn't want any publicity," says Williams.

Williams isn't taking it quietly. He's filed a grievance suit, demanding his reinstatement and a public statement that university employees have rights of self-expression and protection during emergencies.

Money to help finance his suit can be sent to 64 Arlington, Kensington, Calif. - RH.

LIGHT BROTHERS

The following is a complete list of the light shows who are members of the Light Artists Guild. Each group is composed of from 4 to 6 persons, entire Guild membership numbers about 500.

Abercrombe, Anathema, Albatross, Aura Luminae, Azoul Lights, Children, Deadly Nightshade, Dementia Luminae, Einstein Circus, Edison Electric Light,

Glare, Garden of Delights, Glenn McKay's Head Lights, Heavy Water, The Holy See, Images, Jerry Abrams Head Lights, Light Brigade, The Light House, Light Opera, Light Sound Dimension, The Lightest Show on Earth, Lights by Wizard, The Lite Band, Little Princess.

Minds Eye, Love Lights, Missionary Lights, Extraordinary Lights, Mr. Watt, Mu Presents Lights, Negative Earth, Numenor, Optic Illusion, Omp Hollow Presentations, San Francisco Light Works, Screaming Harvey, Sparke Naked, Spectral Euphoria, Sunburst.

Temporary Optics, Utterly Mad, Velvet Closet, Dr. Zarkov, Flash Edison, Crimson Madness, Sweet Misery, SF Rad Lab, Holy Mama, Gypsy Moth, External Intersection, Floating Lotus Magic Circus,

Time Phase, Goshen Mustang Light Company, Photon Drive, Zodiac Lighting, Prismatic Revenge, Happy day!, Clear Light Drive, Five Fingers On My Hand, Lux Sit & Dance, Rainbow Jam, Frank & Stein, Acme Electrical Fireworks Co.

It's a riot

Mutual In Omaha

What's the story behind the four days of rioting and burning which hit Omaha the last week of June?

Few people outside the midwest are aware that they occurred; the mass media barely leaked the news out of the area.

However, the Tribe received a statement made by Ernie Chambers, a resident and activist of Omaha, who was involved in and eventually arrested and prosecuted for what took place.

According to Chambers, conditions have only become worse in the Omaha ghettos since the riots, and the city is ready to blow up at any moment again.

The action started on Tuesday, June 24th. As Chambers relates it, "without provocation and in cold blood, a white cop shot and killed a 14 year old, Vivian Strong, in the public housing projects where she lived."

(The cop's name is James Loder, and numerous complaints, all of them ignored, had been written on him earlier about his drawing a gun on black children.)

After Loder had been slipped out of the area by other cops, who put on a "show of force" with sub-machine guns and riot shotguns, the window-breaking started.

The next day, Wednesday, Loder was arraigned in court, charged with manslaughter, and released on \$500 bail. (The judge wanted to release him on his own

signature, but Loder's attorney intervened).

Wednesday evening (June 25th) a mass community meeting was held in a black neighborhood park, where the news of Loder's treatment told. It was also pointed out that the DA talked to no witness on the scene of the murder except Loder before filing the manslaughter charge.

That evening the burning started. Every white establishment in the ghetto with a history of bad treatment and attitude towards black people was burned.

The only black businesses that burned were those few which were attached to white. Firemen lied and said they couldn't fight the blazes because of snipers, but Chapman maintains that there were NO snipers.

"They saw they couldn't save the white places, so the firemen stood back and let the fires spread until they consumed black shops also," Chapman said.

Thursday night there was more burning, and the Omaha pigs came down super-heavy on blacks in the town.

"Police cruisers flooded the black area, driving spaced one quarter block apart."

"The cops harrassed the people, taunted them, made obscene gestures with their hands and fingers, stopped and searched cars at shotgun point, felt all over young black

chicks, and generally acted like pigs."

The Black Panther office was shot into three nights in a row, and their black flag of mourning for 14-year old Vivian Strong was ripped down."

Conditions have not improved in Omaha since then. If anything, they have deteriorated. Black residents believe that city officials have helped Loder escape the city, and that they have no intent of bringing him to any sort of a trial.

The Police Union has started a defense fund for him with a \$1,000 contribution, and white businessmen have pledged \$2200 more. Any surplus is to be used for "any other policeman in a similar situation."

So Omaha's black community sees that they don't ever intend to bring about a more decent standard of police performance there. To them, a cop who shoots a young black girl for no apparent reason is behaving the way an Omaha cop is supposed to behave; there has been no official or unofficial condemnation of this attitude.

After the burning Ernie Chapman and a companion were arrested for carrying registered pistols.

Chapman, who had attempted to work closely with Omaha's Mayor in representing the black community's wishes, was busted on "orders from City Hall," according to one arresting cop. Chapman had been on his way to radio station KRCB in Council Bluffs, Iowa, to tell of the shooting and its aftermath.

Things are still very up tight in Omaha. The embers of the burned-out buildings are cool, but the black community there is smoldering. All it will take is a breeze.

—KW

over 30 calls a day. Of these, Lyon said that ten to fifteen percent of the callers are in the actual process of committing suicide.

In cases where drugs have been taken, some of the callers pass out while the switchboard worker is on the line; others hold guns at their heads while workers try to talk them out of it.

S.P. has performed 85 "rescues" in the past year, where the worker has tracked down the caller and has rushed another volunteer to the scene.

"Although only 15% of our callers are in the actual process of suicide, the rest are making a desperate cry for help also," volunteer Dr. Robert Apet of the UC School of Social Welfare said.

The County Board of Supervisors decided to cut out suicide prevention finances as a "money-saving measure."

If they had granted S.P. their yearly \$3,400 allocation of county bread, then the State Mental Health Commission would have thrown in \$30,600 to cover S.P.'s expenses for the year.

However, S.P. will die without county's help, for the State will not pay the 90% unless the County provides the first 10%.

What can people who realize the need for this service to our community do about it?

"August 5th is the next County Board of Supervisors meeting," Phil Lyon said. "They can attend it at the County Courthouse, 1221 Oak St. in Oakland. People can also write letters to the Board, and call individual Board members."

The Supervisors should ask themselves how much 23 lives saved a year is worth; also how many lives may be lost for 34 hundred dollars a year. —K.W.

moses witnesses...

If you were busted, maimed, drawn to, saddened by or in general hanging around the Moses Hall-Cleaver-139X-etcetera-crisis last fall on campus, please let me know...

'Cause our brothers Paul Gismann, Jack Bloom and Peter Camejo were busted on a felony conspiracy rap and we're searching for witnesses who could help in ANY capacity.

Please call me, Karen Mickleson very soon at 839-1976... any time at all.

nark eyes

The Red Mountain Tribe is under surveillance by Berkeley's finest, including narcs.

This week the temporary editorial headquarters on Vine Street (a residential area) was staked out by an unmarked cop car, and known narcs were seen parked at the corner and driving by.

One of these was recognized as the leading narc in the Ashby St. dope bust last week.

When they were seen outside the Tribe office, nothing was flushed.

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PAPER GOLD

While we in the US are heading for a major depression next year, the rest of the world (along with the US) has set up a new kind of money called "paper gold."

There is \$9.5 BILLION worth of "special drawing rights" for nations hard up in international trade—and there is not one ounce of gold behind it.

Also (and they keep quiet about this part of it, announced last year), a country that "draws" on this "paper gold" fund need pay back only 30% of it, the other 70% of the loan is "absorbed" somehow.

You can run out of gold but you never can run out of paper. Try running the state of California this way, Gov Reagan! This man insists on "pay as you go" just like "private enterprise."

Well, "private enterprise" is running world trade on paper whereas Gov Reagan is running the state of California on money. He's about to wonder if he, too, can draw on this "paper gold."

Because the cost of living and production (called "inflation") is running each year higher than the simple interest you get on your bank accounts and bonds, all hell will break loose.

It already has, as far as California and other state and municipal governments have found. "BOND MARKET TORPEDOED" is the head over the story (AP) in the SF Chronicle, July 26, 1969.

"High interest rates and inflation have torpedoed the market for State and municipal bonds" the story points out. By law, the interest paid on these bonds is fixed at a certain ceiling. Inflation, however, has gone WAY beyond the bond-ceiling, so, nobody is buying them. This means, AP found out, that . . .

"Kansas and Oklahoma have shelved plans for turnpikes. Across Michigan, millions of dollars in sewer, water, school and college building projects are being held up . . . the Philadelphia Board of Education tried without luck to sell \$30 million school construction bonds . . . and so on and so forth.

Isn't capitalism and "free enterprise" a fucked up mess?

And if that were not enough, look what the Sec of Labor for Nixon said July 26 (same day, same issue of Chronicle): "We do mean business" (sic!). "When our policies to control inflation really take hold, there will be enough competition to make passing along these (wage) increases difficult. They would have to find some other way to absorb them."

The AP goes on to say "this could include major technological changes to replace workers, he said." In other words, more automation.

The laying-off of workers is nothing new. What they have today is just another excuse. Proof? "Solid state circuit controls for automatic accumulation and palletizing of filled boxes at Goleta Lemon Association is a first in the fruit industry. It allows entire operation to be directed by one woman (emphasis added) at a console panel."

This glowing tribute to laying off the whole goddamned warehouse crew was reported in "Western Material Handling" magazine, Mar 69. Then we come across another report on how private industry raises prices but blames labor for the cost:

"101 Easy Ways To Dress Up A Hamburger And Charge More—put a hamburger on a bun, top it with a spoonful of fried rice (out of a can, of course), flavor it with soy sauce and it's not a hamburger anymore; it's a Saigon Sadie. It may have cost you



Last Sunday, thousands of chanting, dancing, smiling people joined with the Society for Krishna Consciousness in their annual March to the Sea, creating one of the most massive displays

of good feeling seen in San Francisco in recent months. The crowds joined together to pull the 5000 lb. Jaganath—a huge, incense-and-flower-laden wagon, carrying Swami A.C.

photo by Bill Paul Bhaktivedanta, from Haight and Ashbury thru Golden Gate Park and down to the sea, where a meal of brown rice and fruits was served to the exhausted but happy marchers.

SINCLAIR GETS 10 YEARS

John Sinclair, Minister of Information of the White Panther Party, revolutionary poet and manager of the MC5, was sentenced to 10 years in prison in Detroit last Monday, July 28.

"The weird dope laws are nothing more than a ruse to cover the repression of 'dangerous,' i.e. liberating, ideas taking root among the people," declares a "flash bulletin" put out by the White Panther Party.

"This is the third time such charges have been used to harass Sinclair's revolutionary activity," says the bulletin.

"In all three cases pigs disguised as people infiltrated Sinclair's life and bused him for gifts of marijuana.

"Rock and roll, dope and fucking in the streets are an integral part of the White Panther program, in theory and practice," the sheet explains.

"But as long as the pig power structure can keep majority Amerika chomping on its fingernails about the crazed hippie-dope-fiends, it can remain in control.

"Lee Otis Johnson, the SNCC organizer in Texas, didn't get 30 years just for giving a pig a joint - he was sentenced for his politics. John Sinclair is not facing 10 years merely for giving away 2 joints to an undercover pig. He too has been tried for his politics."

Sinclair is also reported to need another \$2500 for his appeal in a frameup "assault" charge which could net him another 1 to 10 years. And, on top of that, he is "out" on \$10,000 "ransom" for a federal registration rap.

The bulletin requests contributions to the John Sinclair Defense Fund, c/o White Panther National Headquarters, 1510 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.

"This dire need for money should not overshadow the fact that this shit is going to continue to happen," says the bulletin. "In fact, it is going to increase until we as brothers and sisters begin to get it together."

"As Chairman Mao says, 'everything reactionary is the same: if you don't hit it, it won't fall.'"

MAFIA ON THE AVE

THE FINAL DOWN

by Lumbering Bear

Jeff Ward died from an overdose of heroin in a South Campus hotel bathroom last Friday night.

Ward's death from an overdose of smack was one of four in the Bay Area within the last tendays.

In each of the four cases, young street people (Ward was 20) Oded on smack rumored to be cut with strichnine.

The smack is cut with strichnine because it is cheaper than heroin and because small amounts of strichnine will get you off and make you hallucinate. But strichnine can kill you, too. Just like it killed Jeff Ward.

Ward's roommate, Mark Peters, was arrested and booked for murder on Saturday when someone tipped the pigs that Peters had injected Ward with the heroin.

Peters was released from Berkeley Municipal Jail Sunday when the local DA's office did not file a complaint against him.

Peters allegedly bought a \$20 balloon of smack around 8 p.m. Friday and went to the second story bathroom of the hotel to shoot up, according to the local Gazette.

Ward shot up and fell over a short time later. Peters tried to revive him, then called the pigs to report Ward's death, according to the Gazette's version.

The tipster told the cops that he was a friend and employer of Ward's, said the Gazette.

There's a lot more than poisoned smack on the streets recently. The Tribe has been tipped to speed cut with smack, hash loaded with opium, acid cut with strichnine, and speed and large quantities of reds being pushed on the Ave.

The number of smack dealers has increased from five or six last January to more than 25

2 cents extra, but it can be sold for 10 to 20 cents more.

Drive-In Management magazine, June 69. What follows are 100 more ways to screw the public.

last week, according to some street dealers who are beginning to worry about the situation.

"Smack and reds and this other shit come from the Mafia," one of the dealers told the Tribe.

The Mafia is into smack and other heavy drugs because they are more profitable and easier to deal than grass. Many dealers see the decline in availability of grass and the rise in smack, reds and cut speed traffic as part of the same plot.

"The Mafia has the bread and the power to handle this shit.

"By drying up the grass and driving the street dealers off the streets, they are going to take over the Berkeley drug scene their way," said the dealer.

Several street dealers in Berkeley and the Haight have been approached by Mafia suppliers in recent weeks. The deal is always the same: "Take our stuff and only our stuff or we'll beat the shit out of you."

A few have taken the Mafia deal, several have been beaten and had their stashes ripped off by goons.

Mostly the Mafia likes dealers that are already hooked on smack. They deal speed, but stay away from speed freaks—unless they get hooked on the speed cut with smack.

"We can't expect the pigs to clean up our streets, either."

"They're afraid of the Mafia and if they let the heavy druggs take over the scene, they have a reason to come down hard and clean up the whole South Campus community.

"Besides, a lot of them are on the take from Mafia suppliers," said the dealer.

Sounds like Chicago or New York, but it's happening right here in our community. Long-hairs fronting for Mafia goons, making them rich and killing our brothers and sisters.

The Mafia invasion of the local drug scene is a lot more than movement paranoia or floating rumor. In future issues we'll

have more stories on who the Mafia dealers are that are kill-

ing our brothers and sisters. We'll also show how the Mafia gets its smack into the Bay Area and how it travels from the pure form to the cut shit in balloons you buy on the Ave.

Salted with Asphalt

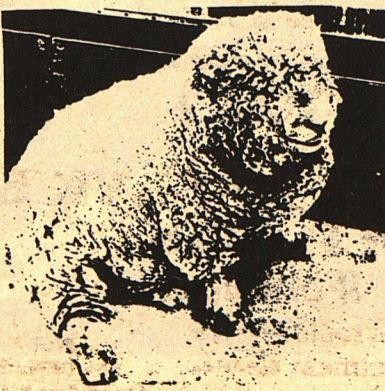
When the Roman legions conquered and destroyed Carthage in the Third Punic War, they plowed the land with salt to make sure that nothing could grow there again.

The area which for three brief weeks was a People's Park has been covered over with a thick layer of asphalt, sealing in the earth. Soon, automobiles will park on the land, as they did before the park building started. Only this time, their owners will have to pay.

That, though, is incidental. Nothing grows on asphalt. The Regents have locked the land from life until the time they can put a building to house students (monied variety) on it.

The asphalt goes right up to the edge of the trees whih, at this time, remain standing.

From there, sod has been laid in sterile rows so that men in underwear can kick a ball back and forth, proving that one group of them is superior to another.



NEWSREEL FLICKS

San Francisco Newsreel has several brand new films on Cuba which are currently being shown in the Bay Area. Schedules are as follows:

Sat, Aug. 2, Telegraph Repertoire Cinema, Berkeley, 2 and 4 pm.

Sun., Aug. 3, New Orleans House, 1505 San Pablo, Berkeley, 3 and 6 pm. A benefit for the GI Coffeehouses.

Both film showings will be of "LBJ" and "5th of May." Other showings of new Cuba films, titles yet unannounced, are Tuesday, Aug. 5 at UC Berkeley, 155 Dwinelle Hall, 8 pm; and Friday, Aug. 8, at the College of Marin, 8 pm.

For more info on SF Newsreel schedules, etc., call them at 863-6197.

WINTER 1968



THE BOOK!



CATCH 8 1/2

EAT AND SURVIVE

by Anita M. Frankel

THE UNMAKING OF A PRESIDENT:

This column could also be called "The unmaking Of A Liberal." For never has there been a week like this. We land on the moon and we lose Sen Kennedy and Sen McCarthy.

This puts Mayor Alioto as the man for liberals to support for president in 1972 or 1976. While this may seem ridiculous this week, just keep your eye on the Berkeley Coalition, the CDC, and their kith and kin.

And keep your eye on Alioto. He went to Rome to get a Cardinal for San Francisco. Very shortly thereafter, Rome announced there would be \$25,000,000 for a motel-restaurant complex at Fisherman's Wharf.

Such a man goes far in American politics. He already has Harry Bridges behind him (add Pope Paul, what more do you need?) Answer: liberals.

You can have them for nothing.

Sen Kennedy was saved for public excoriation by our landing on the moon. His two conflicting statements on how he spent his first few hours after the accident leaves much to ponder upon. As pointed out by friends (when we were rapping about this the other night), when these so-called leaders are caught in a crisis and make their own statements, they always say the wrong things.

His TV statement, of course, was polished, straight-from-the-shoulder, eyes-on-camera talk. (Note: after this column was written, the NY Times reports that Ted Sorensen, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, and Robert McNamara "advised" Sen Kennedy on his boob-tube speech. James Reston calls the speech "ridiculous.")

In 1954 another man was caught by the balls.

As running-mate for Pres Eisenhower, it was made pub-

lic early during the campaign that Sen Nixon continued to receive money from "certain private individuals" so that he could "continue to live as a gentleman" while Senator.

One of the men paying him off was the son of Pres Herbert Hoover, Herbert Hoover Jr., (who just passed away last week). Not once—repeat, **once**—did Nixon ever vote AGAINST legislation that helped his private backers.

Well, then, for pity sakes, how is this man our President today? Well, gee whiz, he went on TV, gave a straight-from-the-shoulder, eye-on-camera talk to the voting public, and gosh all hemlock, mother, he won.

Pres Nixon is famous for his remarkable statements, the latest being that our moon landing was the "greatest thing since creation" (obviously, he made that statement without any help from his friends, because Billy Graham—a close friend—pointed out that a man landed on earth that had much more impact on the tides of men—Jesus Christ).

This brings us to Sen McCarthy, founder and organizer of the Children's Crusade of 1968. Up to his announcement of his divorce, he did all right on his own, but when he suggested that his wife of 24 years prepare a statement for the press, she replied (according to Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson), "You make the statement. You have made all the others."

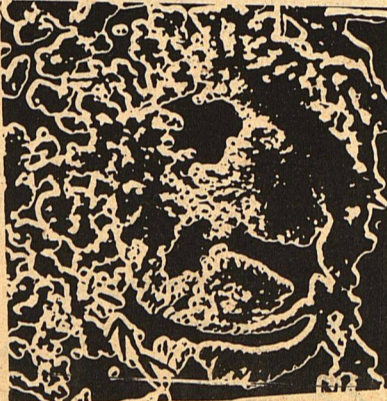
There is one statement left to make—that from the liberals. My feeling is that all the rest is silence. —G.K.

Food is expensive. City people don't know their neighbors. Garden space is going to waste. Non-poisoned food is hard to come by. And a revolution in a potentially post-scarcity society involves the creation of decentralized, co-operative forms of organization and communication.

Armed with these ideas, some people are getting it together in food-buying and food-exchange co-ops and Labor Gift Plan "nodes."

One is already going full blast in the Grove Street area, centered at the People's Office, 1925 Grove. Another is starting around Channing and Grant, and a third is starting in the South Campus area.

Some of us in the co-ops are communards who believe that if the good word on alternative living were to spread, the capitalist superstructure would crumble of its own accord. Others feel that neighborhood groups like these are necessary in order to give organic unity to the "new life style" community, to sustain it within a larger, all-encom-



passing revolution.

Still others just dig lower food prices, and the chance to get to know their neighbors. And still others groove on the prospect of getting organically grown things by pooling resources. Whatever the motives, the thing seems to be getting a very positive response.

In the opinion of this writer, if the street is the stage for public revolutionary actions, then the neighborhood is its matrix, providing the revolution with protection, sustenance, and feedback.

Between the pure self-involvement of doing one's own political thing and total immersion in an alienating career in the system, an alternative must develop. If we are to learn from the mistakes of the old left, we must find ways to affirm and **continue** a style of life which keeps us free to

act and create all our lives. Our workshop in the upcoming Berkeley People's Conference will discuss the mechanics of the food-buying co-op scheme. Whole sale price lists and other infor-

see p. 19

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UP AGAINST THE LAW

The Movement Liberation Front solicits your questions on the law, the Man and his courts. Write the MLF c/o The Berkeley Tribe, 1708A Grove, Berkeley.

Question: What's a deal?
Answer: After your bust and arraignment is over, the next stage may involve a "deal." The State may agree to drop most of the charges or lessen the charge, if you agree to plead guilty (cop a plea). This saves the Man the cost of a trial.

The deal is the customary way of disposing of a normal criminal case. Only a tiny percentage of normal cases in this court system ever go to trial. The D.A. and your lawyer look at the chance you will be convicted and any social pressure from outside the court. The deal you get depends on these factors and your lawyer.

A deal normally involves some agreement on the sentence to

be given, though this depends on the judge's willingness to commit himself in advance. It is particularly important to try to get a firm commitment on sentencing from the D.A. and judge.

Otherwise you may get screwed (Terry Cannon of the Oakland 7 got 90 days for a copped obscenity plea).

Deals can be made at any time, even in the middle of a trial. The decision to prosecute depends on your case and the political muscle behind you or your organization, and the current attitudes of the Man as to the necessity of intimidation.

When making a deal you should weigh the political usefulness of the trial itself, your chances of getting off, the resources necessary in going to trial, as well as the terms of

see p. 19

KAYO BATTLES TACS

Attorney Terence (Kayo) Hallinan, who handled the Presidio "mutiny" cases, is set to renew his legal battle with the San Francisco TACSquad.

On August 11 Kayo will face a felony assault rap for allegedly attacking the jackbooted TACs at SF State two years ago. The case has been through the courts once already and ended in a hung jury last January.

As in the initial trial, Kayo's father, world renowned attorney Vincent Hallinan, will handle the defense.

Judge Edmond Moore is being imported from little-populated Alpine County to preside over the case at the SF Hall of Justice. Kayo told the Tribe his defense will be basically the same as in the first trial.

The case stems from an incident that occurred at the SF State campus May 21, 1967. During an attack by the TAC goons, a coed was knocked to the ground, and Hallinan came to help her. He was instantly set upon by the pigs, clubbed and charged with assault. It required 16 stitches to close his head wound.

If the prosecution wins the frame-up case against Kayo he will be disbarred—a tremendous victory for the law 'n order fascists. But with his father leading the fight Kayo is confident that won't happen.

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FLICKER FLASHES

NEW UNDERGROUND NEWS



PIG EYE

by J. Edgar

from p. 6
the shipment.

The Mexican pigs find out about this semi-double cross, and while they will pay off the white Americans for the guns that have been delivered, the Mexican member of the gang is taken, prisoner and tortured.

A choice is made. The outlaws come to the defense of their brother and the revolution.

The last scene is painted with rivers of blood. "If" culminated in a fantasy of revenge, a vision as exciting and unreal as acid and light shows. In "The Wild Bunch" real guns rip apart true flesh and the Wild Bunch go down in

battle on the side of all humanity and life.

There is something about "The Wild Bunch" that is eternally true. It is the laughter. These outlaws are old, they know their life is near its end and yet over their own histories and the desert they are able to laugh, the existential laugh of the absurd rebels. The laugh that gives joy and strength to struggle. The laugh that only the truly free are capable of.

Bonnie and Clyde could only fight the enemy in single fragmented encounters along a lonely nihilist road, but in "If" and "The Wild Bunch" the rebels join forces with humanity, see the enemy as a systematic monster, and take him on all at once.

You can say the movies are daydreams, a substitute for real politics, but I think "If" and "The Wild Bunch" are truer to the way we must live and what is to be done than the Memorial Day March of Fools (including myself) which left the fence standing and the People's Park at the mercy of bulldozers. The flick revolutionaries are real enough to know that you never give flowers to your oppressor, and that for a slave, life begins at the barrel of a gun.

by Paul Glusman

One way of measuring the vitality of a movement is through its press. What comes out? Is it alive, or is it rigid and stereotyped? Who does it sell to? Who writes for it? Are they the people actively making things happen?

Another new underground paper hit the Bay Area this week, based in San Francisco and called "Dock of the Bay." This brings the total of Bay Area movement undergrounds to five, including the "Tribe," "Good Times," "The Peninsula Observer," and the "Black Panther." (I don't consider Coul's "Barb" or "Planet News" to be part of our movement.)

All of the existing papers have something special to say, a certain area of coverage and a point of view. The "Tribe" is based on its Berkeley news, although it contains much more. "Good Times" attempts to be a statement as an entirety including layout, news and features of the hip community in SF, with an appetite for "raw meat." The "Peninsula Observer" speaks to the Palo Alto left, and the "Panther" to the Black community.

At first glance, "Dock" appears to be a cross between the "Bay Guardian" and the old "Express Times." Its cover story is about the Transamerica Tower-to-be and what it will mean to the San Francisco environment. It is kind of a "Bay Guardian" type of expose, a muckraking attack on what big business is doing to ruin San Francisco.

That fools you. Inside, the paper is heavily political. Its articles are mostly analyses of events from a left view. There are articles on the moon shot, the Panther Conference, women's liberation and the Panthers, the Dow strike, the "ruling class conference" and los siete.

The best thing in the paper was the story on los siete, the seven chicanos from the Mission indicted for the murder of plainclothesman Joe Brodnick.

The article is written by Margie Heins, a former "Express Times" person. It goes into the case, and the background of the Mission district in depth, without becoming either long-winded or boring.

The other articles, including the one on the Panther conference, were all interesting and meaningful to someone already into left politics but don't really speak to the community too much.

The paper is laid out well, see p. 19

"Being a black policeman in the San Francisco Police Department is like being a civil rights worker in the Ku Klux Klan." So comments Robert Jeffries who spent a little over four years on the San Francisco police force, before quitting last October, just after off-duty patrolman Michael O'Brien shot and killed George Baskett, a black truckdriver.

Jeffries' statement only points out in graphic terms what black leaders have been saying for nearly a year now: the San Francisco Police Department is racist from top to bottom.

Do you want some proof? Well, you might ask Hiss ahae Etheridge, a Fresno high school teacher who happened to be watching two S.F. motorcycle cops chase four homosexual drag queens near a downtown restaurant, a week or so ago.

Because she was standing in the restaurant doorway watching and because she was black, Miss Etheridge was quickly surrounded by nine of San Francisco's worst, and given a card which informed her that the police considered her a "suspected prostitute."

Jeffries will tell you that there are some non-racist officers in the SFPD, but they are gradually weeded out. Former Lt. Dante Andreotti, who now works for the Justice Department Community Relations Service, left because he felt he could no longer work in a "white racist atmosphere."

There are about 1,750 men now on the San Francisco Police Force. Only 78 of them are black, and two of them are Oriental. Yet out of San Francisco's 750,000 population, there are 101,200 blacks and 95,000 Orientals. In addition, there are 66,500 chicanos, with less than 50 San Francisco police officers who have Spanish surnames.

Do you get the picture? One third of San Francisco's population consists of minority groups, but only seven percent of her police force at the most comes from those minorities.

Of the seventy-eight blacks on the police force, by the way, only one, Henry Williams, has been able to rise above patrolman. Williams is an acting sergeant.

No one has accused the Berkeley police department of being racist lately, but Berkeley, with a black and chicano population of nearly twenty-five percent of its 120,000 total, has only seven black patrolmen on

its force of 198.

The Berkeley department has been actively recruiting but somehow seems to have trouble attracting qualified blacks. In case you were wondering, salaries for Berkeley police start at \$850 per month, and senior patrolmen make \$1,065 per month.

The UC police department, which has grown from one or two men, several years ago, to a force of 70, is now undergoing a revamping under Chief William Beall. This under the reign of Roger the Liberal.

Beall has close connections with the FBI, so don't be surprised if one day you are fingerprinted as you register up at Cal.

Beall tried a cute one last Saturday, July 26, when some Berkeley taxpayers were planning to deluge what was once People's Park with garbage, to let the University know how they felt about their plans to build a parking lot and soccer field at the site.

Beall had a TV camera crew, from the ADT burglar alarm agency on hand to take movies of all the dumpers. Unfortunately for them, not much dumping was done during the daylight hours, so they got paid for sitting inside the fence and playing with their equipment.

In case you didn't realize it at the time, the San Francisco Tactical Squad was sent to SF State College last winter to "guarantee the constitutional rights of students to study," and "to preserve the peace."

This is the view of Tac Squad field commander, Sgt. Ed Epting, who laid this somewhat bizarre analysis on a group known as SMART, or the Silent Majority Against Revolutionary Tactics, last week.

About thirty people, hardly a splinter group, attended the Silent Majority meeting.

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myths for sale

Jenny Lipton

Waiting to get righteously stoned the trio sits on the sand and in broad daylight looked at the moon. "Benya will be here soon," says Sis. "What d'ya mean?" says Face. "She said Benya is coming" I say. "You two are cynics" says Face. "And how do you mean that?" I say.

"Let us take for example the example of Sister over there" says Face. "She don't believe in nothing." "Life is tough ain't it Face" says Sis.

"The bargaining begins Face making like the only thing in the world that he needs is acid and not this other shit.

In short order the deal is consummated, but not before Sister and I offer to give the two dudes all of our cash to the consternation of Face. As they wander away still backlit by the sun over the white ocean, Face hands us three orange tabs. From within his shirt he takes a mortar and pestle, and to the three tablets adds the contents of a blue capsule and a white pill. He grinds the ingredients well, and distributes them to us.

In a while, when I finally decide that it has hit me, I ask Sister if the beach is breathing. "Indeed it is," is her reply, "and so is the blanket." She is correct in this.

Face lays one hell of a rap on us about how the two of us are cynics and don't believe in nothing at all. After listening to this for several minutes—and it is painful—I tell Face: "You can-

not denne me. I do that. So shut up, word freak."

"Me a word freak? Me? I am so filled with pain and inarticulate forces, how can you say this? If I were to strike my head against the stones until they should bleed, I would not see myself as a word freak."

"Well, you got to stop it, whatever it is you are doing."

"I say Benya is not coming, I say we leave this beach," says Face.

"I say Benya is coming," says Sis.

"Ha, ha," says Face. "I'm lying on my back seeing faces in the clouds for a minute or an hour when Face says he is hungry. 'Let us go up to the Sea Gull and we will be fed.'"

"Nuts" says Sis. "I am not up to that. The vibes."

Just then so help me a couple of strolling peddlers come by sort of like two Good humor men on Brighton Beach (Bay 5), except that the sweets they are carrying are sweeter.

"Would you like some berries," says one of the Dope Twins. I fall over laughing and Sister is by my side. Face is left to deal with them.

"What you got" he says. "We got mescaline and psilocybin." The one who speaks is bedraggled and backlit. As a matter of fact that is the condition of the twin at his side.

"Are you really hungry Face?" I ask. "I am famished." Nobody makes a move not so much as a muscle except for Face who is loping here and there.

"Did you hear" says Face, "about the guy they put in jail who chewed off two of his fingers? No, it was three. They put him in his cell and he chewed off three of his fingers. I read this in the paper the other day."

"My god" says Sis. The words are sinking in so absolute. I reach for the only cure to the horror of it all the gift of the absurd.

"How" I ask did he get past the first finger? And then on to the second?

This seems funny enough so we laugh and after no time at all Face says: "I want to go and eat. Let us all go."

"You go alone Face I am not leaving this beach. I am not leaving this sandy scene."

"I want you should come with me both of you."

"No" says Sis.

"Go without us" I say. After much to do this is what he does.

His leaving is a great relief and we happily spend the rest of the day zonked on the beach waiting for Benya.

Back at camp in the small hours of the morning Face arrives at my door awakening me. "I cannot sleep" he says. I am so fucking tired I can hardly raise my head to retort, but only groan.

STRIKERS WIN OUT AT DOW

by RICHARD BARRETT

Strikers at the Dow Chemical plant in Pittsburg, California returned to work last week after a successful strike.

The strike wasn't primarily over either wages or fringe benefits. Strikers were willing to accept a package deal that didn't even keep up with the inflation.

The issue was a non-strike clause in the contract offered by management that would have prevented them from going out on strike to support workers at the Dow plant in Torrance, Calif. this fall.

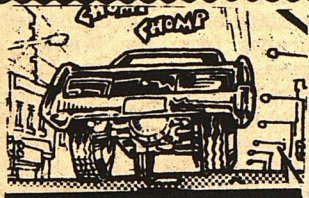
The Radical Student Union in Berkeley and some Bay Area SDS chapters went down to the picket lines and were welcomed by the workers. They rapped with the strikers about how the same people who owned Dow Chemical were profiting from the Vietnam War, running the University and sending in the pigs against the People's Park.

When the company learned of student involvement in the strike they proposed a joint press conference with the union to denounce SDS. The union told them to go to hell.

The union won its demands. There will be no non-strike clause in its contract and no reprisals will be taken against strikers this time around.

The Dow Chemical Corporation lost an important napalm contract because of the strike.

Labor information doesn't get around much in this area. Anyone involved in a labor hassle should call me via "The Tribe."



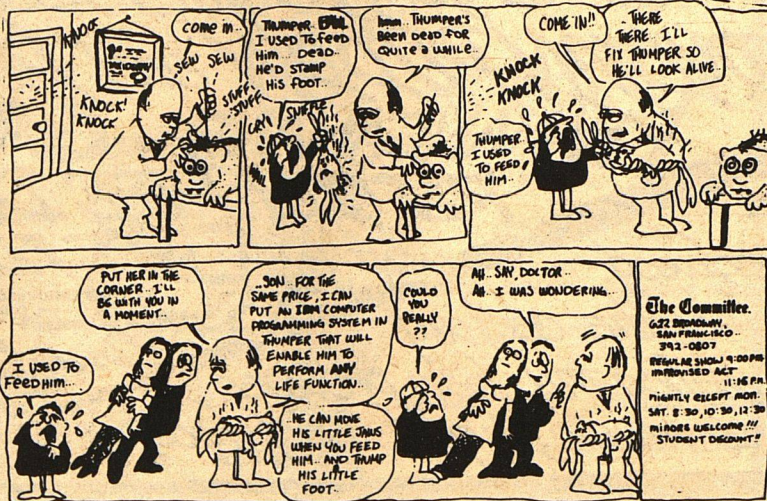
"Did Benya come?" he asks. "Yes he came."

"What did he say?" "He spoke of Spunky and Mustard and various things. He spoke of the revolution and he said that it was won. But he warned us that even though we had won, we had yet to have the power."

"He spoke in riddles then" says Face "like he always does. Saying things like the father is child to the man and so on."

"You piss me off Face. I have had enough of your cynical shit. Go out into the forest and be lost."

With this he turns from my chambers and heads out into the forest never again to be seen by man or beast or Benya.



earth read-out

from p. 4

threatens everyone more or less equally, everyone represents a potential constituency for social reconstruction around ecological issues. Toward this objective work will continue with conservation organizations and individuals in an attempt to expand the single-issue conservation struggles into a broadly conceived movement which (1) sees the issues of our life-support systems to be ones of survival itself and (2) begins to see their systematic destruction as endemic to the very fabric and organization of American society. We will be interested in, for instance, enlarging the struggles to save redwood trees to include the entire lumber industry, or the battle to ban DDT into an examination of our entire agri-business agricultural policy."

The institute will scrutinize "international development projects and their effort on the ecology, native populations and international conflict:

"Particular attention will be directed toward development projects such as dams, land reclamation, wildlife preserves, energy resource explorations... in the arctic and tropical areas. It is here that the ecology is most fragile and the potential threat of corporate development the greatest. Immediate atten-

tion will be given to oil operations on the northern slope of Alaska.

"Because lunar development in many ways represents analogous problems to the development of arctic and tropic areas here on Earth, we will hope to generate policy guidelines before large-scale settlement occurs, something we see happening within a decade."

For further info on BAI contact Barry Weisberg, 6450 Benvenue, Oakland Ca 94618.



PRES PEAS

from p. 2

ton and sealed. Throughout the operation the workers are directed by the federal agents to wash their hands every five minutes.

Finally, these 'samples' are picked up by a US Army armored car, manned by a lieutenant and two sergeants.

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Wild Man Record

STREETSWEEPER

Wild Man Fischer used to come to Berkeley about once a year. He would walk around and sing his songs for 10 cents each. Everyone thought he was crazy. Not because he was singing songs for a dime, but because he was a freak.

When he sang, his eyes popped out of his head, his black kinky hair which stood straight out bobbed about like small metal coils, and his voice, naturally shrill, would come out of his mouth in a range somewhere between a shriek and a death rattle.

Sometimes he would leap up and down to keep the rhythm. His songs had two basic components: first there was the "pah-pah-pahs" that pervaded the voice rhythm sections of the early fifties bands, and second there was the lyrics. Wild Man Fischer's lyrics ranged from serious attempts at imitating Chubby Checker

"She taught me the taster
It was as good as the twister..."
to the patently insane:

"My donkeys can beat your monkeys..."

No one stood close to him when he sang and no one followed him when he went to a different spot.

Somewhere along the line Wild Man Fischer met up with Frank Zappa. Zappa, the king of aural freakdom, immediately saw Fischer for what he really was: one of the few bonafide aesthetic mutants of the twentieth century. Suddenly an amazing thing happened. About six months ago an album began to appear in record stores all over the country. Not just a single album mind you, but an honest to goodness double album, a foldout even, with a list of credits and some snappy montage photos, and there on the cover toting a glorious mongoloid smile and a knife, is Wild Man Fischer himself.

The record went unreviewed for two months. Finally, some asshole from HiFi Magazine got ahold of it and was completely unreceptive. But the Wild Man Fischer legend grew. Freaks everywhere freaked other freaks by inviting them over to hear Wild Man Fischer.

Last week Rolling Stone suddenly reviewed the album, and even said "go buy it!" Jesus Christ! Two hundred thousand people reading about Wild Man Fischer at once! Ten thousand people hearing Wild Man Fischer at once! Ten people understanding Wild Man Fischer at once! Jesus Christ!

Let's get one thing straight. Wild Man is not a street person. There is no politics or philosophy of existence involved here.

He is completely at the mercy of the street.

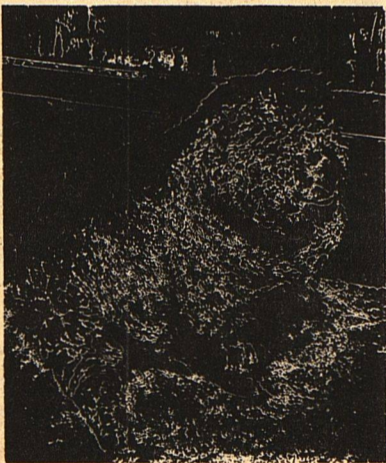
A capsule biography on the back of the album makes this clear: "Wild Man Fischer is a real person who lives in Hollywood, California. He used to be very shy. He didn't have any friends. One day he decided to be more aggressive. He would write his own songs and sing to people to tell them he wasn't shy any more. When he did this, everyone thought he was crazy. His mother had him committed to a mental institution twice."

Wild Man Fischer carries no banners. Frank Zappa has given us his story in song, narration and documentary. You can hear how he tried unsuccessfully to sell his songs to the big record companies. You can hear him singing on Sunset Strip and you can hear someone hit him in the nose.

Preference in studio recordings is purely personal. My two favorites, for reasons I am not exactly sure of, are "I'm working for the Federal Bureau of Narcotics," and "Miss Jennifer Jones is lying dead—on my porch."

If you are interested in "good music," forget this album. If you are interested in any number of other things ranging from a pre-occupation with the grotesque to the generation gap to what LA can really do to fuck someone up, then go buy it.

The copy I got had two side twos and two side threes. I didn't even think of returning it. It was all part of the Wild Man Fischer revolution. I won't tell you where I bought my copy because it would be too easy. Call every store in the Bay Area and demand they stock Wild Man Fischer. Be in the avant garde of the movement to make the world safe for freaks.



LITTER:

The Holy Mountain Cinematheque is presenting a program of anti-fascist films including Park Rape, a color film of the People's Park rip off by local fascists, and a sequel, Fence Rape on the Bastille Day revenge. The showing is at the Le Conte School at Russell and Ellsworth in Berkeley on Aug. 1 at 8 p.m. It's only a buck.

There's a group of kids called the Laundromat Players who are giving a series of free unannounced performances in Berkeley's laundromats. The finale of the show is a coin dryer marathon by assorted members of the company. Watch your local laundromat closely—schedules are subject to change without notice.

I heard a rumor that there's a theatre in Oakland that doesn't advertise in the papers because of its small budget, but changes its bill every night and charges an absurdly small admission price. Good films too. More on this later.

A group of people are doing a "confessional" happening at 1336 Grant Ave. in S.F. They have a booth inside complete with panting, cursing, masturbating priest and various programmed penitents. The people are uncontactable about specifics, but if you drop by they will give you a schedule.

Last week this column was called Art Fart. Several problems arose immediately. First I found out that people are afraid the Post Office won't deliver the word FART on the outside of a letter. Second,

scatology loses its appeal as a continuous state of mind. Address all notices on your events to STREETSWEEPER care of the Berkeley Tribe, 1708A Grove St., Berkeley.

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AUG. SEVEN

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mime mixed media

The San Francisco Mime Troupe has pulled something new from its "mixed media bag" of tricks. This summer they are presenting the first English version of a play written by Bertolt Brecht called "Congress of the Whitewashers—or Turandot."

Essentially, the play is about a popular revolt which overthrows a corrupt Chinese emperor who has a monopoly on cotton and tries to restrict its supply during an overly productive season.

The Troupe went through some changes to get the show on the road. Formerly, its dramatic productions were stylized in Commedia dell'Arte (Italian popular comedy of the Renaissance).

Now it has gone into Peking (Chinese) Opera, a classical style incorporating dragons, masks, ornate Oriental costumes, flag dancing, stylized movements and a funky interpretation of Eastern music.

But underneath all the paraphernalia lie some far out things. In the play, the Establishment is not turned on to the demands of the People. Some of these People are hip to what's going on. In order to cool the masses, the Establishment tries to lay down some intellectual bullshit and save face. But this doesn't work and the truth gets out.

The next stage is repression—force the masses not to respond to injustice, and eliminate those People who cause trouble. Now comes the good part. The People retreat to safe grounds (underground?) where they can't be reached. The "ground People" get their heads and bodies together and start to move and grow. Their goal is reform; their means, revolt.

The play parallels the story of the Chinese Communist Revolution. Kai Ho (the revolutionary in the north) represents Mao Tse-Tung, and Gogher Gogh (the highwayman) is Chiang Kai-shek. But that's just one interpretation.

"Congress of the Whitewashers" points directly to the hang-ups and the results of a corrupt system that refuses to respond to the needs of the people. Some of the inspiration for doing the play was picked up from the proceedings of the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Hunger. Questions were raised as to the possibility of distributing surplus food among the poor. The answer: NO!

Adapted to English by Juris Svendsen of UC Berkeley's Drama Department and directed by R.G. Davis of the Troupe, the play lasts 1 hour and 45 minutes. It is staged on a 12' x 15' platform and uses 10 actors to portray 40 characters.

Since 1962, the Troupe has been performing free in the

parks of the San Francisco Bay Area, presenting comic mimes and plays with radically political implications. This year it decided to get a little "heavy" because the political scene is moving in that direction. Although the comic element is still a strong point in the play, much of the improvisation characteristic of commedia has been cut out.

Other presentations in the Troupe's Gutter Puppet Shows point to specific issues such as draft resistance, racial unrest and parking meters. Financed almost entirely by contributions for the past eight years, the Troupe is still going strong—like a camel thrusting its nose into the tent flap of bureaucracy. **Dick Perri**



photo by Anne

GRAPE MOVE

The Grape Strike is moving north.

"The Coachella Valley strike is over for the year," a United Farmworkers Organizing Committee spokesman told the Tribe.

"The harvest there is over. A lot wasn't picked, but there's no sense in picketing there until next year," he explained.

Strike activities will be moving northward into the San Joaquin Valley, back to the area around Delano, where the movement started in 1965.

Twelve of the Coachella growers have started negotiations with the strikers, but these are apparently recessed indefinitely.

"They refuse to agree to a \$2 minimum wage," said the spokesman, "and they refuse to allow controls on pesticides to be written into the contract."

"The minimum wage point is particularly embarrassing to the growers because of their propaganda that farmworkers get paid upwards of \$3.50 an hour."

In the Bay Area, action is centering around a boycott of Safeway stores, which is the biggest handler of scab grapes in the state.

"We need people to give two hours a week to leafletting at Safeways," the spokesman said. "We leaflet at critical shopping hours, from 5 to 7 PM weekdays and all day Saturday."

"We also need people to set up house meetings of about ten people. We will be happy to come and talk with them about the strike."

The UFWOC can be reached at 658-4878 in Oakland. **L.F.**

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John Barrymore & Claudette Colbert in Mitchell Leisen's Forgotten Comic Masterpiece **MIDNIGHT** (1939) 8:20, 11:40 Fri. & Sat. 8:50 Sun. - Wed. Script by Billy Wilder & Charles Brackett

Cinema 2— Thru Wednesday, Aug. 6

STANLEY KUBRICK'S anti-war classic **PATHS OF GLORY** (1957) 6:30, 9:55 Fri. & Sat.; 7:00, 10:25 Sun. - Wed.

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SUPPORT THE PEOPLE

from p. 6

usan program begins with an echo of Eldridge. "We dedicate our lives to the fight to guarantee the people of this country, and the whole world, the best life that the wealth, science and technology we have created can make possible."

The Partisans add: We will remove all obstacles to this goal, and organize society so that the spirit of the people is to pull together and not to pull each other apart."

It's happening in Richmond.

The free food and film programs are located at the former First Christian Church, the corner of Sixth and Bissel in Richmond. If you have no wheels and need some food delivered, you can contact the Partisans at PO Box 1282; Richmond, Cal. 94002. -- p.

PLAN...

All people wanting to participate in the planning of the people's conference - gathering of the tribes - please get together at a meeting Monday, Aug. 4 at 7:30 p.m. in the Park office, 1925 Grove St., Berkeley.

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The Film Club

EMPIRE TO MEET

by Art Gold

The imperialists are coming! The imperialists are coming! Some of you may know them as that legendary "ruling class" Berkeley radicals refer to so frequently.

At any rate, they will all be here, in the Bay Area, from September 15-19, ostensibly to attend the International Industrial Conference at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco.

Some of you who have been hearing about this fucking "ruling

class' for so long now, may wonder who the hell these guys are, since they've been blamed for everything from the war in Vietnam to police rioting, to conspiring to fill in San Francisco Bay, and in general spreading misery around the world.

Some of the ruling elite, who will be shown live and in color in September are: David Rockefeller, the president of the Chase-Manhattan Bank, and the General Chairman of the Conference. David, of course, is the virtual arch-fiend of imperialism, the tentacles of the Rockefeller empire extending deep into Southeast Asia, the middle East Latin America and Europe. His brother Nelson, you might remember, was recently greeted with less than fraternal warmth in Latin America.

David's top lieutenants at the conference will be Roger Blough, chairman of the board of US Steel, and John H. Loudon, chairman of the

Royal Dutch Petroleum Company.

It was Blough, you might remember, who caused John Kennedy to remark, "My father always told me that businessmen were sons-of-bitches." It seems that Blough had made an agreement not to raise prices, after the steelworkers won a wage increase. A few days later, Blough in true American style, merely disregarded the agreement, and raised his prices anyway.

Other worthies among the 500 will be at the conference include: Charles Anderson, president of the Stanford Research Institute; Paul Davies, a senior partner of Lehman Bros the powerful Wall St. banking house; Ernest C. Arbuckle, chairman of the Wells Fargo Bank; Edgar Kaiser, chairman of Kaiser Industries; Birny Mason, chairman of the Union Carbide Corporation; G.I. Philippe, chairman of General Electric; T. Vincent Learson, president of IBM; and Henry S. Wingate, chairman of the International Nickel Co.

The International Industrial Conference of course is mainly concerned with making the world safe for American investment.

Some of the topics to be discussed at the conference this year include: Safeguarding International Investments; Improving the Public Image of Private Enterprise; Developing Feasible Alternatives to Free Collective Bargaining and Strikes; and Coordinating Development Efforts of Private Business and Government.

Since the ruling class has been the object of such venom by Bay Area radicals, one cannot expect the event to pass unnoticed. Groups at Stanford (the Stanford Research Institute is a co-sponsor of the conference) and at Cal, have begun to discuss what kind of reception the ruling class will receive in San Francisco.

UP AGAINST THE LAW

from p. 14

probation and the jail sentence if you do cop a plea. There are no set rules.

Question: Is there any difference between being given a "suspended sentence" by a judge and having "sentencing suspended"?

Answer: Yes. There is a great deal of difference. After you have been found guilty or entered a guilty plea (if you have taken a deal), a judge may say, "You are sentenced to 60 days in the county jail, sentence suspended." This means, whether he says anything about probation at the time or not, that you are placed on probation, and that if you violate the terms of the probation (get busted again) the judge can revoke the probation and you will have to serve the jail term that he has previously suspended—in

our example, 60 days.

If a judge says, "sentencing suspended" (or "imposition of sentence suspended") he is also putting you on probation. However if you violate the probation, he can then bring you back for re-sentencing and can give you anything up to the maximum which the law allows for the crime—in the case of most misdemeanors, 6 or 12 months. This of course gives him much more discretion to come down heavily on you.

EAT

from p. 14

mation will be distributed.

We'd like to stimulate new "nodes" to begin. We'd also like to bat around ideas for collective actions, such as supermarket boycotts, a city-wide free exchange network, and anti-poison campaigns. Perhaps a Hip Food and Drug Administration could emerge, a friendly guardian of our spiritual and physical nourishment.

The Grove Street "node" has already done its buying runs for this month. They will be meeting during the first week in August to discuss organic gardening and other food schemes.

The People's Office (549-0563) at present functions as the headquarters for Food Co-op and Labor Gift Plan information. Or contact Anita Frankel at 843-6818 Jim Notestein at 841-1341, or Mike Schechtman at 84930854.

RON DELLUMS

from p. 7

does not think he can best serve the struggle by remaining Our Man on Grove Street.

The strains on Dellums' life have not been small. Last May 29, the big Council meeting about the Park was on the tube and his three young children watched it. The next day, as Dellums went to shave, his 6 yr. old son came to tell him, "Daddy, I don't want you to give speeches on television anymore."

Why not? "Because they kill black people who give speeches on television."

Dellums is now trying to hear out the community on whether or not he should stay in office.

"People say, 'What are we gonna do without you there?'"

"I answer, 'Fight!'"

NEW UNDERGROUND NEWS

from p. 15

although the type is not justified. Good use is made of Situationist International type captioning of comic strips.

But there is little other lightness in the paper, and no humor. Hopefully, this will not set a pattern.

"Dock" workers (longshoremen?) include Todd Gitlin, former SDS president; Larry Bensky, at one time in his life the managing editor of "Ramparts"; Joy Marcus and Margie Heins from the "Express Times"; Jeff Gerth and Lee Davidson of Liberation News Service; Kathy Mulhern of "Peninsula Observer"; and David Roman and Bob Berry, renegade Tribesmen.

The paper sells for twenty cents and is available to vendors at noon Tuesdays at 330 Grove Street in San Francisco, and at the TALF store 2605B Haste St. in Berkeley.

NORTHSIDE Bkly. 1828 Euclid TH 1-2648
STUDIO A—LIMITED ENGAGEMENT!
 Alain Cohen & Michel Fimon
 "THE TWO OF US"
 Francois Truffaut's
 "THE SOFT SKIN"
 Starring Francoise Dorleac
STUDIO B—ONE WEEK ONLY!
 Vera Clouzot-Simone Signoret
 "DIABOLIQUE"
 Yves Montand & Simone Signoret
 "SLEEPING CAR MURDER"

Super Flicks
 Roman Polanski's
THE FEARLESS AMYK KILLERS
 or
 Pardon My Ar Tooth Are
 In My Rock
 at 7 & 10. (In Color)
 plus Peter Sellers in
THE MOUSE THAT ROARED
 at 8:30 (In Color)
 Fri. & Sat., Aug. 15-16
 Rm. 4 LeConte, UC Campus
 Only movie in town
 a bucks

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Weds. - Sun.
King Kong
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"HELLFIGHTERS"

STARTS TONIGHT FRIDAY, AUGUST 1

FUNNY, INSPIRED, EXTRAORDINARY in their Atlantic City of Genet—in their Forest Hills of drag—these gentlemen in bras, diaphanous gowns, lipstick, hairfalls and huffs, discussing their husbands in the military in Japan, or describing their own problems with the draft—one grows fond of all of them.
 —Renata Adler, N.Y. Times

the Queen
 IN COLOR

AND James Broughton's prize winning **THE BED**

comp. shows at 7, 8:30, 10

Cinema SHATTUCK AND HASTE BERKELEY 848-2038
Gateway 215 JACKSON OFF BATTERY SAN FRANCISCO 421-3353

FETHER'S POINT FILM SOCIETY

Now Playing
 Thurs. - Sun.
 Kenji Mizoguchi's
UGETSU
 Plus
 Kon Ichikawa's
 WWII Drama
FIRES ON THE PLAIN

Next Thurs. - Sun
 Carl Dreyer's
VAMPYR

4416 18th St., S.F.
 Thurs. & Sun. 8:30
 Fri. & Sat. 7:30 & 10:00
 861-5491

SATURDAY MIDNIGHT
 Cinema Film Club Presents:
 Saturday, Aug. 2

The psychological mind bender
THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE
 with Frank Sinatra & Lawrence Harvey

Carl Linder's exotic
Overflow
 "Open spaces, sky ejaculations, and sea love." C.L.

A TRIP to the MOON (1902)
 George Méliès early French classic.

Charlie Chaplin's
THE FLOOR WALKER

Bela Lugosi in
"THE PHANTOM CREEPS"

AT MIDNIGHT - CINEMA THEATRE
 Shattuck & Haste, Berkeley 848-2038 • (Separate ticket necessary)

SURF SUMMER FESTIVAL
 THURS. THRU SAT.

2 Fellini Classics
LA DOLCEVITA
VARIETY LIGHTS

SUN. THRU TUES.

Satajajit Ray's
APU TRILOGY

WED. ONLY

GRETA GARBO
NINOTCHKA

THE THIN MAN
 Powell-Loy

SURF Irving at 46th MO 4-6300

NOTICE: DEADLINE. 6 P.M. MONDAY
GEORGE A FREE SERVICE

FRIDAY AUG. 1

•(S) DRAMA: Satire; Pitschel Players, Political & Social improvisational; 756 Union SF, 8:30pm, \$2, info 397-6061 (weekly)
 •(C) FILMS: Alice in Wonderland, Night at Opera; SF State HLL 135 - 19th & Holloway SF, 7 & 9:45pm, \$1
 •FOLK: Mary Anne Kelner & Co; 7th Seal Coffee House 2309 Bowditch Berk, 9pm-1am, free
 •(T) FILMS: Ninotchka (Garbo), Midnight, Cinema II Kubrick's Paths of Glory & Quiet American; Tele Rep Cinema 2533 Telegraph Berk, \$1.50 and \$.75
 •FILMS: Holy Mountain Cinematheque Happenings; on Russell & Ellsworth Berk, 8pm
 •(H) FOLK: High Country (Bluegrass); Freight & Salvage 1827 San Pablo Berk, 9:30pm, \$1.25, info 548-1761
 •FILMS: Tom Jones; 155 Dwinelle UC Berk, 7:30 & 9:30pm, \$1.25
 •DRAMA/ROCK: Looking Glass Theatre, Sky Blue, Blackwater's Rising; Jefferson Auditorium, Rose St. Berk, \$1 and child free, free food, 7:30pm
 •CONCERT/DANCE: Mendelbaum; New Monk University & Shattuck Berk, 9pm, \$1.50
 •(W) FOLK: Flamenco Concerts; Peta's Coffee House 579 Columbus SF, 8:30pm, free
 •(P) CONCERT/DANCE: Eivin Bishop, Joy of Cooking; Poppycock Palo Alto 10:30 & 12:30pm, \$2.25 info 781-7566
 •(V) DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; Committee 622 Broadway SF, 8:30pm, tickets 781-0282
 •(U) DRAMA: Geese, Encore Theater 430 Mason SF, Ticket info 397-7787
 •(Z) DRAMA: Two Gentlemen of Verona; Forest Meadows Theatre Grand Ave, San Rafael, 8pm \$3 pit, \$2.50 circle, \$1.50 stud
 •(A) FESTIVAL/BLUES: BB King, Fred McDowell, St. Louis Jimmy Oden etc., Ann Arbor Blues Fest, Michigan Union, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104
 •(K) DRAMA: Knack, Little Theatre Building 1200 Chabot Coll 8:30pm
 •(N) DRAMA: Unconventionals; Coll of Marin Kentfield; 8:30pm info 454-0877
 •(R) FILMS: Destination Moon, Trip to the Moon, & Moon, Palace Theatre Columbus & Powell, midnight, \$2 general & \$1.50 stud 861-4396
 •(Q) FILMS: King Kong Escapes & Hellfighters; 140 Parker Ave Rodeo, 7pm
 •(Y) CONCERT/DANCE: Phanangang, Indian Puddin' Pipe, Quicksilver, lights, Optic & Illusion, Headhunters Amusement Park 345 Broadway, 8pm, \$2
 •(B) FILMS: Fearless Vampire Killers, Rm 4 Le Conte UC Berk, 7 & 10:15pm, \$1
 •(D) CONCERT/DANCE: Phoenix & Freedom's Highway, New Orleans House 1505 San Pablo Berk, 9pm, info 525-2221
 •CONCERT: Peace, Bread & Land Band, Cabaret 260 Valencia SF, 9pm, \$1 donat

SATURDAY AUG 2

•DRAMA: Satire Political-Social; more info see Aug 1, note \$2, (S)
 •CONCERT/DANCE: Sunbear, Underwood Jug Band, Western Addition, United Circus Band, Devine Madness, Magic, Cide Minder, Happy Now, Blu, Kid Africa, Schon & Ice; Bayland Athletic Center, Palo Alto Embarcadero Rd East, 11am-11pm, free

•FILMS: Alice in Wonderland & Night at the Opera, more info see Aug 1 (C)
 •DRAMA: Romeo & Juliet; International House Auditorium; Berk, 2299 Piedmont Berk, 8:30pm, info 841-1812
 •FOLK: High Country; more info see Aug 1, note \$1.25, (H)
 •FILMS: Ninotchka (Garbo) & Midnight; Cinema II Paths of Glory & Quiet American; more info see Aug 1 (T)
 •FILMS: Tom Jones; Stiles Hall 2400 Bancroft Berk, 7:30 & 9:45 pm, \$1.25
 •FOLK: Don Burton Sings; Blue Unicorn 1927 Hayes, SF, 9pm, free
 •DRAMA/ROCK: Looking Glass Theatre, Cleanliness & Godliness, Jefferson Auditorium Rose St. Berk, 7:30pm, \$1 adult, child free, free food
 •CONCERT/DANCE: Mendelbaum; more info see Aug 1, note \$1.50, (M)
 •FOLK: Flamenco Concerts, more info see Aug 1 (W)
 •DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 1, note 7:30 & 10:30pm (V)
 •DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 1 (U)
 •DRAMA: Richard II, more info see Aug 1 (Z)
 •FESTIVAL/BLUES: Clif Chenier, Sleepy John Estes, Otis Rush, Muddy Waters, Roosevelt Sykes; more info see Aug 1 (A)
 •DRAMA: Knack; more info see Aug 1 (K)
 •DRAMA: Unconventionals; more info see Aug 1 (N)
 •FILMS / BENEFIT: ALAN BLANCHARD BENEFIT MATINEE, New films from Cuba, Laos, Forgotten War, For First Time, 5th of May, Madina Boe & Despegue ala 18, 2pm & 4pm, Tele Rep Cinema, 2533 Telegraph Berk, \$1
 •FILMS: Destination Moon, Trip to Moon, & Moon; more info see Aug 1 (R)
 •FILMS: King Kong & Hellfighters; more info see Aug 1 (Q)
 •CONCERT / DANCE: Headhunters Amusement Park, Phanangang, Indian Puddin' Pipe, Optic, more info see Aug 1 (Y)
 •FILMS: Fearless Vampire Killers; more info see Aug 1 (B)
 •CONCERT/DANCE: Freedom's Highway & Phoenix; more info see Aug 1 (D)
 •BENEFIT: Craftsman's Fair, People's Park Annex, 11am till dark
 •FILMS: Manchurian Candidate & Floor Walker, Cinema, Shattuck & Haste Berk, Midnight, \$1.50

SUNDAY AUG. 3

•DRAMA: Satire Political-Social; more info see Aug 1, note \$2 (S)

•DRAMA / BENEFIT: New Shakespeare Co., SF; Romeo and Juliet; Berk. High Little Theatre Milvia Berk, 8:30 pm, \$3, 4, 5 to People's Park Defense Fund, Info 771-5290 - Tickets Discount Records
 •CONCERT/DANCE: Ice, Orion, Pyewacket, Birth, Little John, others; Speedway Meadows GG Park SF; noon-5 pm, free
 •GAMES: Discussing inventing games of strategy, skill, word perception, etc.; 460 35th Ave, SF \$1; info 387-5999
 •FOLK: Janet Smith; more info see Aug. 1, note \$.75 (H)
 •FILMS: Ninotchka (Garbo) & Midnight, Cinema II Paths of Glory & Quiet American; more info see Aug 1 (T)
 •MEETING: GI Student Action Committee meeting to organize anti-war action; Lutheran Center Bowditch off Bancroft Berk, 7:30 pm, free
 •DRAMA: East Bay Sharks; Live Oak Park 1301 Shattuck Berk 2-4 PM, free
 •MOTORCYCLE/RUN: Runwash House Hearst and Euclid to Calistoga, 9 AM, free, info 841-7685
 •DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 1, note 4:30 and 8:30 PM (V)
 •FESTIVAL: BLUES: John Lee Hooker, Big Boy Crudup, Big Mama Thornton, Fred King, James Cotton, Lightning Hopkins, Son House, Musselwhite, etc. more info see Aug 1 (A)
 •RALLYE: Road Runner IV; Fontaine & Stanford Shopping Center. Info OS CA 4045 Edwards Ave. Oak
 •LECTURE: Image of Man in Modern Mysticism (Chaudhuri) 2650 Fulton SF, 11 am, info 648-1489
 •FILMS: King Kong Escapes & Hellfighters; more info see Aug 1 (Q)
 •CONCERT/DANCE: Phanangang, Indian Puddin' Pipe, Quicksilver; info see Aug 1 (J)
 •BENEFIT: Craftsman's Fair; more info Aug 2 (I)
 •POETRY: Dead Sea Sweet Mag. . . Skinny Dynamite Store in LA: 678 Green St., SF, 8pm \$1

MONDAY AUGUST 4

•WORKSHOP: 8 sessions with Toby Klayman - all media; SF JCC 3200 California SF, 7:30 pm, \$8 members, \$18 general
 •BRIDGE: Beginners Bridge Lessons; SF JCC 3200 California SF, 7:30 pm, \$3 members, \$6 non-members
 •FILMS: Ninotchka (Garbo) & Midnight; Cinema II, Paths of Glory & Quiet American; more info see Aug. 1st (T)
 •PARK MEETING: Park Media Comm.; volunteers, photos, donat. etc.; Free Church 2200 Parker Berk., 7:45 pm, free, info 349-0649
 •FILMS: King Kong Escapes & Hellfighters; more info see Aug. 1st (Q)

TUESDAY AUGUST 5

•WORKSHOP: Ceramics, slab, coil, wheel; SF JCC 3200 California SF, 7:30 pm, \$8 members, \$18 general

•FOLK: Hoot; more info see Aug 1st, note \$.50, (H)
 •FILM: Ninotchka (Garbo) & Midnight; Cinema II Paths of Glory & Quiet Americans; more info see Aug. 1st (T)
 •FILM: SF Filmmakers Workshop open screenings; 40 Gough St, SF, info 526-7285
 •FILM: King Kong Escapes & Hellfighters; more info see Aug 1 (Q)
 •CONCERT/DANCE: Maximum Speed Limit; more info see Aug 1 (D)

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 6

•LIGHT/SOUND: Resistance Light/Sound Show; United Methodist Church, El Camino & Howard Burlingame, 7:30pm, free info JU9-3176.
 •EVENT: Group participation Sensory Awareness, 1606 Bonita, Berk, 8pm, \$1.50
 •FOLK: Rosalie Sorrels; more info Aug 1, note \$1.00, (H)
 •FILM: Ninotchka (Garbo) & Midnight; Cinema II Paths of Glory & Quiet American; more info see Aug 1 (T)
 •DANCE: Fantazia Arabic Belly dancing; Babylon Club San Pablo near Dwight, Berk: 9-2am, \$.75, info 849-3920
 •FOLK: Flamenco Concerts; more info see Aug 1. (W)
 •DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 1 (V)
 •(L) LECTURE: Monuments to Madness; 6114 California SF, 8:30pm, \$2.50.
 •FILMS: King Kong Escapes & Hellfighters; more info see Aug 1 (Q)
 •CONCERT/DANCE: Maximum Speed Limit; more info see Aug 1 (D)

THURSDAY AUGUST 7

•FILMS: Forbidden Planet & When Worlds Collide; more info see Aug 1 (C)
 •FOLK: Dave Allen & Jim Hynch; more info see Aug 1, note \$1, (H)
 •FILMS: City Streets & Big Sleep (Bogart) & Cinema II Night at the Opera (Marx Bros); more info see Aug 1 (T)
 •DISCUSSION: Lesbianism; 920 University Berk, 8:30pm, \$1
 •FOLK: Flamenco Concerts; more info see Aug 1 (W)
 •DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 1 (V)
 •DRAMA: Richard II; more info see Aug 1 (Z)
 •CONCERT: Arthur Friedler SF Symphony Pops & New York Rock & Roll Ensemble; Oakland Coliseum, Oak, 8:30pm, \$2, \$3, \$4, & \$5, info 632-2111
 •LECTURE: Monuments to Madness; more info see Aug 6 (L)
 •FILMS: King Kong Escapes & Hell fighters; more info see Aug 1 (Q)
 •CONCERT/DANCE: Sons of Champlin; more info see Aug 1 (D)
 •FILMS: Moon, Lifelines & Unsere Afrikareise; Canyon Cinema 756 Union SF, 8:30pm, \$1.25

HEAD Phones

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 Coop (SF)	431-1097
Free Musicians & Artists Co-op (East Bay)	849-3920, 841-6102
Free University	841-6794
GiG hip & black jobs	849-4595
Heliotrope SF	931-1693
Marin	388-3840
Huckleberry's for	
Runaways	731-3921
Mobile Help Unit Ofc.	421-9850
Mobile Phone	954-7304
Oakland Opposition Ctr.	535-1564
Planned Parenthood E. Bay	654-3212
Police Complaint Ctr	548-0921
Pregnancy Test Bkly	845-6550
Oakland	654-3212
Quaker Draft Couns.	843-9725
Resistance-Oakl.	465-1819
Suicide Prevention S.F.	221-1424
Contra Costa	939-3232
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Taxi Unlimited	841-2345
Tele. Ave. Summer Proj.	845-7880
Women's Liberation	391-1040
War Resisters Lge	626-6976
W. Oakl Legal Switchbd.	836-3013

FRIDAY AUGUST 8

•DRAMA: Satire Political-Social; more info see Aug 1 note \$2 (S)
 •FILMS: Forbidden Planet & When the Worlds Collide; more info see Aug 1 (C)
 •FOLK: Sky Blue; more info see Aug 1, note \$1.25, (H)
 •FILMS: City Streets & Big Sleep (Bogart); Cinema II Night at the Opera (Marx Bros) & Singing in the Rain; more info see Aug 1 (T)
 •CONCERT/DANCE: Sanpaku & Terry Dolan; more info see Aug 1, note \$2, (P)
 •DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 1 (V)
 •DRAMA: Midsummer Night's Dream; more info see Aug 1 (Z)
 •FILMS: King Kong Escapes & Hellfighters; more info see Aug 1 (Q)
 •CONCERT/DANCE: Sons of Champlin; more info see Aug 1 (D)

CONTINUING

••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 6-12.
 ••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 nitely.
 ••VIGIL: for peace, Port Chicago, 3:30-5pm, daily. Info 661-5108.
 ••LIVE MUSIC: Jazz, Downstairs La Vals, Northside, Mon-Sat, 8-2am see p. 13

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