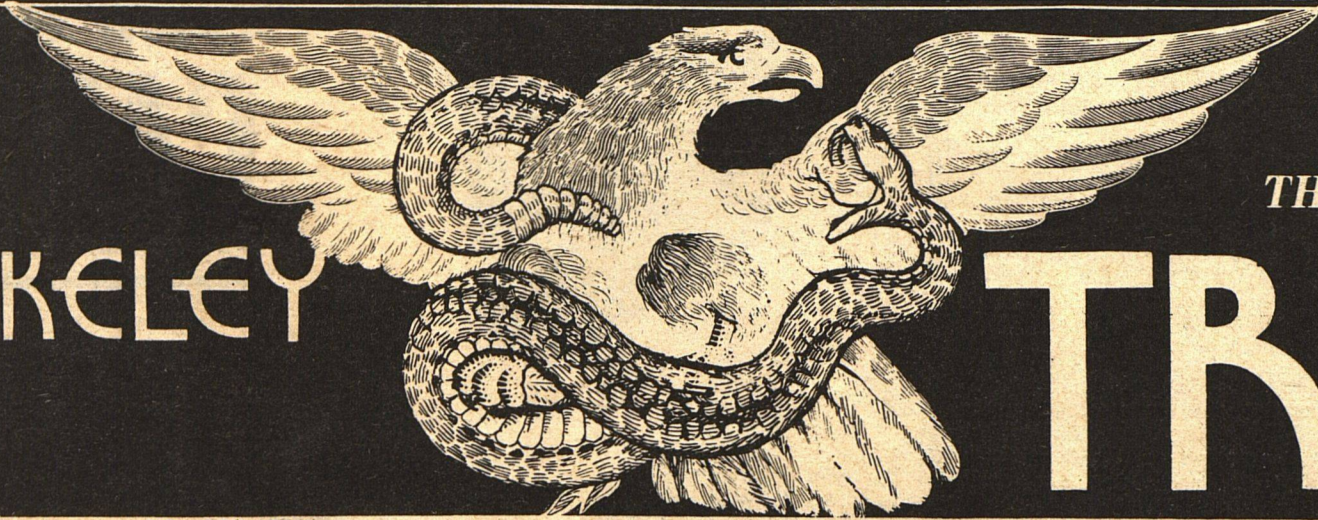


M/PRR

FILLMORE - FAMILY DOG

ROCK PALACES CRUMBLE SEE PAGE 3




PUBLISHED BY
THE STAFF OF
THE FORMER BARB

BERKELEY

TRIBE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
RED MOUNTAIN TRIBE

P.O. BOX 9043,
BERKELEY, CA. 94709

WALLER PRESS  182

AUG. 8-14, 1969
VOL 1 NO. 5 ISSUE 5

15¢ BAY AREA 25¢ ELSEWHERE

SERIALS

SEP 25 1969

UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS
SERIALS



Sgt. Pepper Romances Rumania

by Sgt. Pepper

Listen—we just got through learning how to spell Czechoslovakia without a pause—now Nicolae Ceasescu makes the scene. He is President of Romania, and he said: "Nations can have widely different internal orders and live in peace."

Okay—he misses the point, just like Pres Nixon, for it is quite obvious to the rest of the world that nations who have the SAME internal order find it difficult to "live in peace"—Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, China, Albania, and Romania, vis a vis the USSR.

This is the supreme irony of twentieth century Marxism. However, there is a view expressed by some commentator (was it in the Christian Science Monitor?) that if Nixon persists in "opening bridges to the east" then Russia will start opening bridges to the west," namely, Italy and France.

In making this point, it clearly shows the role of the CP's in those countries, that is, don't make waves until you are told.

And if the Russians can ever figure out how to handle Cohn-Bendit and the French students, they've got it made.

The Russians can have Italy any time they want.

Back in the good old USA, however, the CP and our new left has ceased to exert any leadership anywhere. Instead, the SDS is fighting the PLP while the Peace and Freedom Party has collapsed.

Only the blacks are getting it all together while the rest of us drift into nothing, coalitions, and Aliotos.

Meanwhile, back with Harrison Salisbury (who is just back from the Chinese-Russian front) he reports that the Russians are talking up something Mao said in 1957 (at the Moscow conference of Communist Parties) which has been talked down for over 12 years:

That in an atomic war, China would lose 300,000,000 people and come out on top.

This has been denied as "Imperialist propaganda," both by Russia and China, but—now that

it is convenient to bring it up—it is brought up.

"It is not only the poets and street singers (what?) who speak of war," reports Salisbury. "A great Russian physicist...warns that the Soviet people are fed up with China. When we go to war, we will not fight with our little finger like you Americans. We will be fighting to the death."

William Mandel, who made a tour of the USSR last year, makes quite a point that the Russians "having lost nearly fifty million people fighting Hitler, don't want another war."

He told audiences who attended his illustrated lecture that "this is the message I was told to take back to America—We want peace!"

There is something wrong here, just as there is in this week's statement in Pravda: this paper quotes Dubcek assurances that the Warsaw Pact allies would respect Czechoslovakia's sovereignty.

Well, where in the hell is Dubcek? What colossal nerve!

KUZ, YEV OUT

The Soviet magazine 'Yunist' (Youth) seems to be running out of writers and editors. Poet Yevthushenko "and his group" were purged from the editorial board two weeks ago.

Novelist Anatoly Kuznetsov was named in their place.

Kuznetsov this week is hiding out in London, after requesting permission to live "permanently" in England. He is reported by Reuters to have smuggled out of Russia "texts of some of his works recorded on 35mm film and sewn inside the lining of his jacket."

In typical establishment confusion, Kuznetsov's "assistant" announced there was "nothing to be concerned about" because Kuznetsov was "not missing."

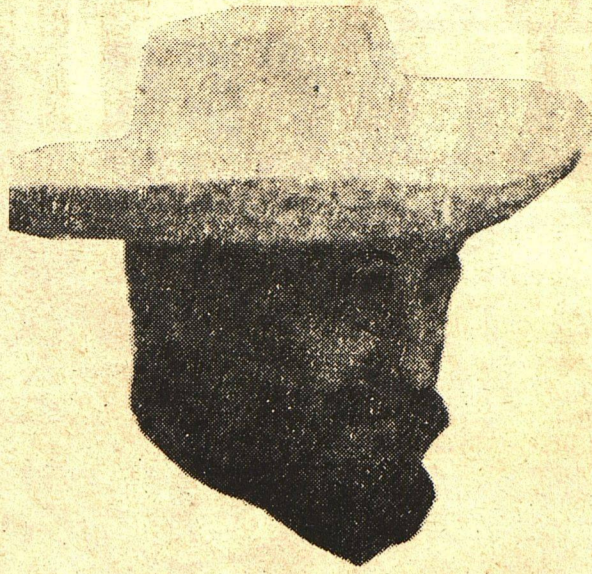
This statement appeared a day AFTER Kuznetsov announced he was, indeed, among the Russian "missing". (Get ready for another editor to be dumped, A. Tvardovskyl of 'NovyMir').

There is more irony here than meets the eye. Yevthushenko, the biggest ass-kisser in the entire USSR, has been (according to Harrison Salisbury) writing "fire-eating lines that would do credit to Kipling against the Chinese. Obviously, his "patriotic poetry" didn't save him.

Two years ago, I brought the wrath of liberal and left-wing Berkeley down on the head of the former Barb by suggesting that a picket-line greet good old Yev when he read at UC Berkeley.

He had just finished greeting "his old friend" Sec of War Robert McNamara who attended his reading.

Let's see if McNamara can save him. The former Sec of War just got through saving Sen. Kennedy. Perhaps he can pull a few strings in Moscow for Yevvie. G.K.



FIDEL AND THE CARDS

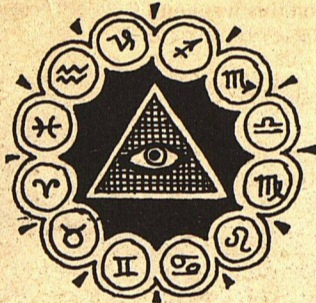
fidel almost played
fidel almost played
fidel almost played
baseball
for the saint louis cardinals
fidel almost stood
on a little hill
in a park owned by a beer baron
and the crowd cried out
fidel!
fidel!
fidel!
'cause he'd just won the world
series
and someone threw a pop bottle at the umpire

and it was filled with gasoline
and fidel pulled himself up to his full height
looked that umpire straight in the eye
and said
that was a strike
you pig
fidel almost played
fidel almost played
baseball
for the saint louis cardinals
fidel almost appeared
on t.v.
before millions of impressionable youngsters
and said
how are you fixed for blades
—Charlie Bordin

charlie bordin is a berkeley street poet who has been reading & writing here for several years. last year he published a book called "hajj made it to cuba." he had several poems included in the recent people's park poetry anthology, "green flag" published by city lights.

all power
—ishi

ASTROLOGY



by Antonia Lamb

Okay, everybody. August is your month. Although it would be absolute folly to try to direct any definite acts of insurrection this month, in the following paragraphs we will attempt to tell you, more or less, what days of the month are favorable for what nefarious activity.

Those wishing to get married should try to do it before the Sun passes mid-Virgo. Anyone born in 1943 should try to avoid travel until late September. Anyone born in 1926 should avoid reading this column altogether until 1971.

August 9—A good day for inspired and successful shoplifting. Good luck.

August 12—Wow. Mercury is a busy little fellow today. He squares Mars and trines Saturn. You won't get away with it today unless it's righteous. Write a dirty letter. Avoid ten-year old con men. If you are a ten year old con man, good luck.

August 18—A good day for abortion if you're masochistic. Any pills taken today will contain something other than the advertised product. Telephone scams work. Dirty old men will be exposing themselves until the wee small hours of the morning. Mass arrests around three in the morning of the 19th may get you unless you quit at two.

August 20-21—Saturn slows down and goes retrograde late evening of the 20th. Be warned. Everything requiring good reflexes will be hung up today. Dealing of all kinds will get stalled today. Don't make any promises today, because you'll either keep them or be very sorry you didn't.

August 22—A good day for fleeing the country. Fly or drive. Any swindle will work today. Group freakouts are under good auspice. an orgy but bring lots of reading matter. A good day for making skin flicks, too. Pornographers should publish today.

August 25—Well, the moon's in Aquarius. Can we do anything wrong today? You bet we can. Don't chew on electric cords. Try to cop pot directly today, as it will be good. Friends or relatives will help you smoke it, and will praise you for its quality. Some paranoia around midday, but try to slough it off.

August 29—One of the best days all month for sado-masochistic activities. Leather and chains bring benefit. Underage homosexuals may disappoint or betray you. Keep you bowels moving today.

August 31—A hectic day, favorable to pickpockets and sneak thieves. Plots should be carried out tomorrow. Early morning enthusiasm may dissolve late in the day as you discover half your stash gone. Get some sleep. Avoid any riots, even friendly ones, until next month. Your mother will call tonight. Boy, are you going to get a surprise!

The entire month (indeed, the entire 1969-early '70 period) is somewhat threatening in regard to diseases like hepatitis, mononucleosis, and kidney infection. A bad time to shoot drugs, bullets, or your mouth off. A clap epidemic around December-January may catch us all unprepared.

I strongly advise you all to clip this handy guide and carry it with you everywhere. In event of disaster, crush and eat it, as the subtle vibrations will be of great benefit.

TAC ON TRIAL

The San Francisco TAC Squad will be on trial this Monday, August 11.

Renowned SF attorney Vincent Hallinan, defending his son Kayo on a felony "assault" rap, plans to take the offensive against the city's police stormtroopers and expose the political nature of the TAC Korps.

A blatant example of the political stance of the TAC troops was seen several weeks ago when Sgt. Edward Epting, second in command of the Elite Pigs, told a SMART meeting "a silent majority for fascism group) that his men were "protecting the American way of life" when they battled students at SF State. Both Kayo and his father feel it isn't the job of the police to determine what the "American way" is.

The charge against Kayo stems from an incident at SF State two years ago. He tried to help a coed attacked by the TAC cops, and was beaten and charged with "assault."

The case will be heard before Judge Edmond Moore in Dept. 24 of the SF Hall of Justice at 9:30 AM. Come early for best seating.

COPTER COPPED

What does the governor of California say to the governor of Nevada?

"Have you seen my helicopter?"

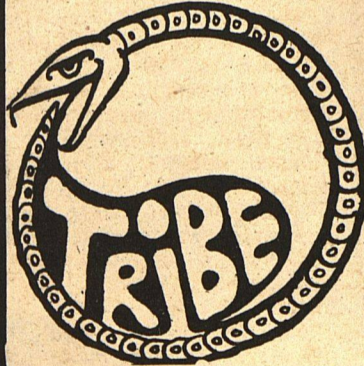
Gov Reagan's chopper was stolen last month at Lake Tahoe. He was there to meet with the governor of Nevada over pollution of the Lake.

Somebody ripped off the helicopter and it's been missing ever since. It is bright orange, and the number of people who had access to the chopper, and the number of people who can fly the damned thing, is very limited.

Yet Reagan's CHP can't come up with the helicopter, with or without badges. —G.K.

Published by
The Red Mountain Tribe
1708A Grove Street
Berkeley, Calif.
549-2101

Mailing Address:
P.O. Box 9043
Berkeley, Calif. 94709



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OUT ON THE EDGE

by Art Johnson

WE'RE OUT ON THE EDGE--

hangin on, tryin to live, but tryin to live just a little bit better."

-Chet Helms

It was like, you know, the whole wild, free feelin that was the spirit of America drifting ever west, to the farthest edge of the frontier, till the frontier was no more and we were just hangin on to the edge of the Pacific Ocean.

And there we were, in a coney island dance hall, all these hairy freaks who had come together in a community crisis, to see if we, and our common vision, could hold together: Chet Helms and the Family Dog, Jerry Abrams and the Light Artists Guild, Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead, the Messiah and his World Crusade, Teddy Bear and his Thirteenth Tribe, Ron Poulte of the Wild West Show, Mike Bloomfield, the Good Times, the Berkeley Tribe, and Bill Graham even.

Playland hot tamales, underground concrete johns that stink, the Wild Mouse, powder pancake ladies in furcoats playing pinball machines, the Fun House. "Original sensational enchiladas," salt water taffy and long licorice sticks, lights, noise and carnival music pumping through the salty air--all reminiscent of a 1930's movie. The power of the ocean roaring underneath it all sets a tone of melodrama. Bizarre. To stage left, the curtain of ocean mist rises on--The Family Dog on the Great Highway.

It's Friday night down in Playland, but there's only 300 people inside the Family Dog, hoping to hear the Grateful Dead, who are late as usual. On the street outside the Light Artists Guild has set up a psychedelic picket line, with light show, conga drums, coffee and food.

"If the Dead crosses the line," declares Jerry Abrams at the stage door, "as far as I'm concerned the rock trip in this city is down the drain. We would never cross a musician's line."

The San Francisco light shows, 67 of them, all the major shows except the Brotherhood of Lights (which has a corner on the Fillmore--and intends to keep it) have come together to work for the development of their art form, and their economic survival.

The Guild voted to strike the two San Francisco ballrooms in order to gain recognition for the Guild, equal billing with the bands, and a minimum pay scale.

Chet is out on the street too, maintaining that "I want to deal only with individuals. I don't think I could ever reach an agreement with an organization. I would give my right teeth, man, never to have to deal with another agent or middleman." And here, the lanky, gently-bopping Helms, who looks like he stole his long silky blond hair from the head of the baby Jesus, straightens his shoulders and flips into a crisp baritone, mimicking a businessman: "Now please look here, Mr. Helms, it's like this..."

If Jerry Abrams is anything, he ain't a businessman. He ain't the world's greatest organizer either. By throwing a picket line around the Family Dog, the Guild made a serious mistake. The Dog has been losing \$4000 a week since it opened on the Great Highway June 13. The Guild's asking for a minimum of \$300 a week. Chet has been paying \$400 a week on the average.

"I could use some money too," Helms relates. "I haven't been paid in 4 weeks. I still have a \$50,000 personal liability from the Avalon. Very simply, we put the place together with 6 grand, and we've been given another 12 grand by our investors. I was counting on this weekend with the Grateful Dead to get a paycheck." If the Dog ever turns a profit, Helms will get 30% to feed his Family.

Inside the ballroom Friday night, Glare light show from Palo Alto is shedding light on the situation for 300 bills, but was turning the money back to Helms.

Why didn't Glare join the Guild, or at least honor the picket line? "It's kind of insane," Richard of Glare says. "Chet Helms doesn't have any money. We want to help save the Family Dog. The Guild is a good idea, but if the Family Dog falls down, so does everybody else."

On the dance floor below, the feeling was summed up by one chick who comments: "We got to stand together, brother, it's as simple as that. I came to hear the Grateful Dead--if they didn't play then I wouldn't cross the line."

When the Dead finally arrived, we all trucked out to their Metro van, 50 yards from the pounding surf, lit the peace pipe, and began to rap. It became clear that all of us are "out on the edge, hangin on, trying to live."

Even the Dead are \$50,000 in debt. "The way I experienced this strike," Helms explained a few days later, "was like a run on the bank. It feels like a precursor, you know, of what's going to happen around the country. They're looking at us to see not only what we can do about us, but what they can learn from us."

We started out with the forms that were given, business forms, union forms, but for 3 years the whole fuckin world has been looking at us for new solutions."

"If we work together collectively," Jerry Garcia of the Dead offered, "we can all extend our forms. Right now the bands get more money than anybody else, and that's not righteous."

"At one time," said Helms, "people would come to the Fillmore just because it was happening. They didn't know exactly what it was, but knew it was exciting. Then the record companies came in, put \$50,000 on it, sealed it, packaged it, and said here is what it is."

"I think essentially people don't come to see this band or this light show--people come to have a good time. Billing is the linear structure we have to leave behind, I mean the draw game, man, where this group is best, this group next best, and so on, you dig?"

"I think, though, that light shows, you know, in their relative importance to the whole thing have come down over the past few years, you dig? It isn't necessary to say any more, lights by--"

The Dead did not play Friday. But a temporary settlement was reached Saturday afternoon, so that the Family Dog could be open that night.

Saturday night on the Great Highway was one of the best gigs since opening night, when the Airplane played. With the strike over, the Dead, Albert Collins and the far out Afro-Haitian Ballet played to a full house. The scene there gave off comfortable vibes.

Bill Graham, at the meeting the following Tuesday, would rail on about his "rights" as a businessman, and his right to run the Fillmore exactly according to his whims, as the individual with the bread. "Why do we have light shows?" Graham would ask. "Why do we have apples in the cafeteria? Because I like them. The man with the dollars, and not the man with the art form, has the negotiating point."

All well and legal. Yes, Bill Graham, the Fillmore is your personal trip, and that fact that it may be our trip too don't bother you. Maybe that's why I never go there, because I always feel the heavy presence of somebody's personal money trip.

But at the Family Dog Saturday night, I felt as free and comfortable as I would in a friend's home. "We're all locked into games--the Family Dog, the Grateful Dead," as Chet Helms said, "When are we something happening, but it doesn't have to be called the Family Dog--it can be The Common or whatever."

Chet Helms is a businessman. But more than that, he is a member

see p. 4

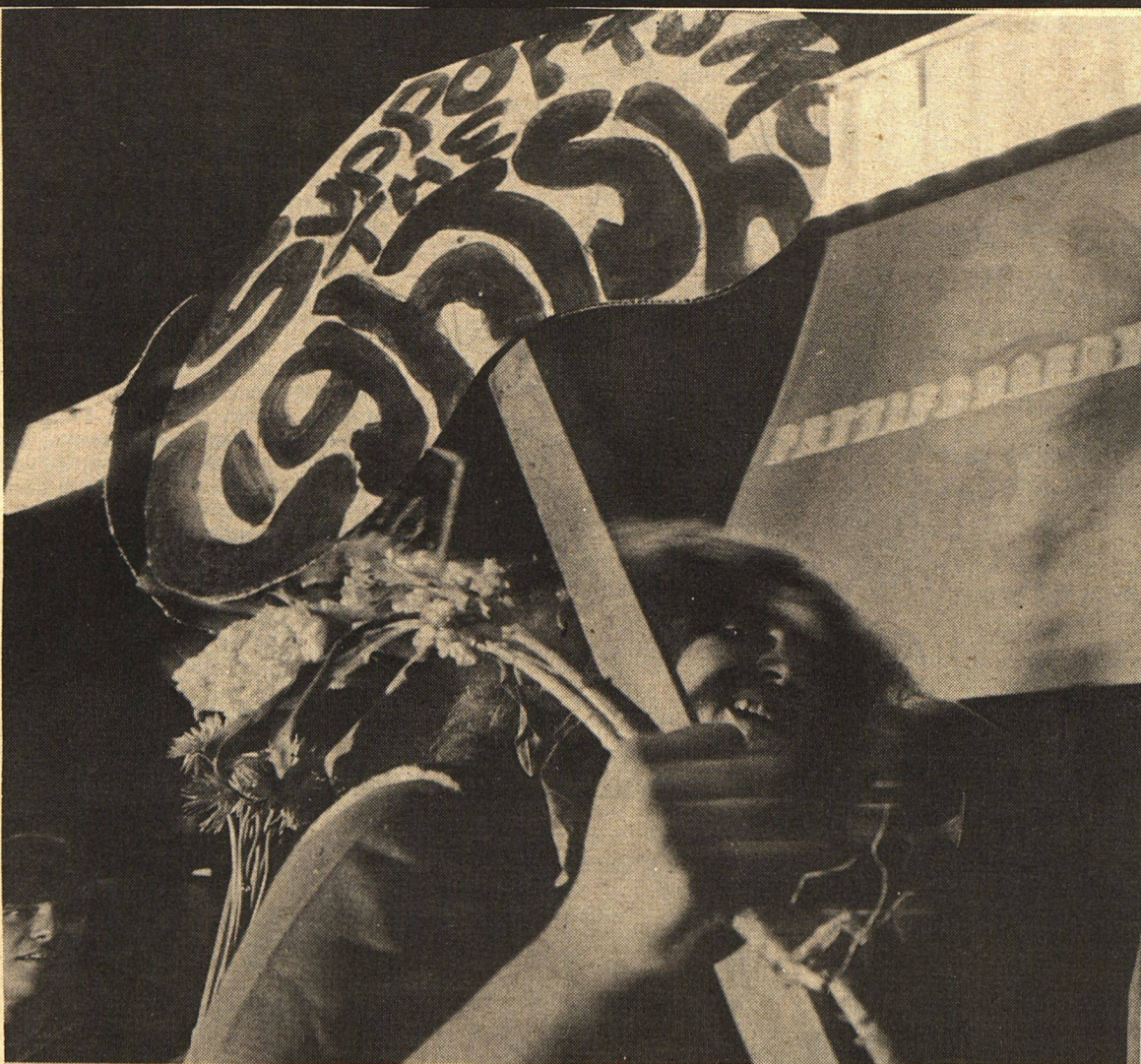


photo by Copeland



JERRY GARCIA

photo by Anne

LAW TANGLES BARB WIRES

The question of "who owns the Barb?" was garbled a little further this week as Max Scherr, Allan Coult and their respective attorneys had another day in court.

Both sides lost. Coult managed to extend his temporary restraining order prohibiting Scherr from publishing the Barb. Scherr imposed a ten-thousand dollar bond on Coult to ensure payment if Coult finally wins the case.

The whole thing was put off until trial ten days to two weeks in the future.

At this time Coult can continue to publish a newspaper called the "Berkeley Barb" only so long as he posts the ten-thousand dollar bond, and puts all "Barb" receipts in a trustee account administered by

a third-party attorney.

In addition, Coult must pay five thousand dollars immediately into the trustee account. Coult cannot draw from this account to pay printing and other bills without the prior agreement of Scherr's lawyer, Robert Treuhaft.

"It's ten thousand dollars that I don't have" complained Coult. "I don't see how I'll be able to put out a paper this week." Somehow or other, I think he'll manage.

The court process was rushed, because an accident case had to come to trial. This seemed to benefit Coult in that the Judge didn't have time to go into certain questions concerning possible breach of contract regarding the trustee account.

-P.G.

WEST FEST STRUCK

Last week (on Thursday), the Haight Commune voted to call a nationwide boycott and community strike on the Wild West Festival. This crashing end was arrived at only after the collapse of alternatives.

To clear any confusion, the two principles in the case are the Haight Commune, a gathering of tribes and peoples from the Haight area (that's the area the Festival will center on, both life-wise and geographically); and the San Francisco Music Council--8 men from the rock industry who control the Festival.

The San Francisco Music Council is a fox in sheep's clothing. Thruout the PR hype which Festival strongmen laid on the Establishment media Wednesday night, spokesmen for the Council solemnly declared the festival to be art for art's sake. The musicians, dancers, and lightshow people were at last to be given the opportunity to put a festival together on their own.

Yet the Music Council from its start has been made up of three promoters, three managers, an editor, and a columnist. The only instrument these decision-making 'artists' play is leadbullshit.

In addition, although the Music Council 'conservatively' that a quarter of a million kids will get here from around the country, housing has been left hanging and legal self-defense has not been dealt with. These problems in particular will center in the Haight community because of its reputation with the coming kids and its proximity to the Festival.

On the question of money, council member Donohue explained to the press: "We have two major expenses; \$12,000 for the rental of Kezar, and \$10-20,000 for PG&E. That's why the top-billed shows in Kezar must cost \$3 a head."

Now dig this. 3 nights at Kezar, at \$3 a head, with 50-

see p. 4

THE EDGE

from p. 3

of our community, and he tries to act, not unilaterally, but as a member of that community. In the eight weeks the Family Dog has been on the Great Highway, eight different light shows have been allowed to play there.

"My interest in starting the Avalon three years ago," Chet told me Friday night in front of the picket line, "after I had come through a long bout with met edrine, was to change America in some way. And if this becomes just a straight gig, I can't do that either."

"WE'VE GOT LIGHT AND SOUND: NOW LET'S GET IN TOUCH!"

-Mike Bloomfield

Bill Graham, it is said, has a moose on his office wall with a talk balloon that says "the name of the game is draw."

"How do I get people to come see a good act like some gospel group from Chicago?" Graham asks. "The answer—a big name draw act, then your artistic act. Last week I had one of the greatest acts I've ever booked, the Everly Brothers, and I lost \$6,000."

"Now who in the fuck are you," he asked the Guild, "to tell me, a businessman, to support your art? In my opinion, you are not a draw."

The several meetings with the Light Artists Guild were charged with theatre, from the street theatre of the "psychedelic strikers" to the drama of the grandest impressario of all, Bill Graham.

Graham met with the group Tuesday afternoon at the Family Dog. A strike had been set for the Fillmore that night, and he was there to avert it.

As the meeting opened, Chet threw the I Ching. "The waters on the surface of the earth flow together wherever they can," was the word. "Holding together brings good fortune."

"If it isn't there," Helms said, "I don't know where it is."

Graham was the subject of the day. The Guild had struck the Family Dog first, apparently on the principle that you hit Chrysler before General Motors. Only, as a friend noted, Chet Helms isn't Chrysler.

JERRY ABRAMS



Photo by Copeland

"Bill Graham has a monopoly in this town only because you give it to him," Chet told the brothers. "You can't depend on him to do it all, and then call him a dirty capitalist for doing it. I don't think Bill Graham has all the power. I don't believe that one person can totally control an environment without at least tacit subconscious consent."

Bill Graham, a capricorn, is a volatile man. He breathes fire, some would say indiscriminately. That afternoon he had the "leaders" of the Haight community in the palm of his hands.

"Chet runs this place on a dream," the fiery eyed impressario led off, "and a very good dream. But he will be a failure till the day he dies, because he's too much of an idealist. The world has no appreciation for Christianity as Chet is preaching it."

Graham focused on the point that the Guild had informed him of the strike even before trying to negotiate with him. The meeting became a contest between the aggressive capricorn figures of Graham and Jerry Abrams of the Light Artists Guild. As the meeting grew more heated (fired by Graham's baiting) it became clear that the person who could put on the best drama would win the day.

And Abrams wasn't up to the fire of Bill Graham. "They disrespected a businessman!" Graham screamed, pacing the floor like a caged goat, "Who are they to tell me what to do with my money? You stupid motherfuckers! This isn't mudslinging! This is the facts!"

Graham managed to raise emotion to a pitch, lighting into everyone who opened his mouth. I accused Graham at one point of being the man with all the bread—bread taken from our people—and he reflected for a couple of moments, and gave a quiet and sober reply.

"We've made mistakes, but we've been fair and honest. How many of you in this room ever got a check from me that bounced? How many benefits have I thrown for the community, benefits that have taken money out of my own pocket? How many groups made it with our help? If I had come off the street, and gone into this, you could call me a cop out. But I'm not one of you. I'm a businessman. Effective January 1," he laid it out at last, tears coming to his angry eyes, "I'm through in this town. The doors of the Fillmore will close for good."

His voice filled again with anger as he laid his last hurrah on the Haight community. "What the fuck has this community ever done for itself?" Graham asked. "Where are the cheeseboxes on Haight Street? In New York, you got people giving speeches on corners, playing chess in the park, a guy over there talking about revolution in Idaho."

"But do you know what you got here? You got a fucking vacuum. For four years, you haven't done shit. There's a man who once told me about this community, 'It has got neither the balls nor the ability to change the world it hates.' I hope to God he's wrong."

"I hope to God your basic concept about who you are changes, because if you don't do it—the IBM machine will. You know what this town needs? It needs maniacal good producers, maniacal good organizers."

Around him sat the so-called leaders of the Haight community. They listened intently to Graham, the only among them who had been able to Do It, and keep doing it. Graham looked around the room, and he laid it out cold to the peace-love, do-your-own-thing gentle brothers: "None of you will ever get in a position to step on me," he said, (paranoid to the end) "because none of you has the fucking balls."

And not one person in the room questioned that statement. "I hope because I'm splitting, you will find out who you really are, and not sit around on your asses crying, 'I am an artist, I'm an artist,' but pay your dues, and get a job on the side if you have to."

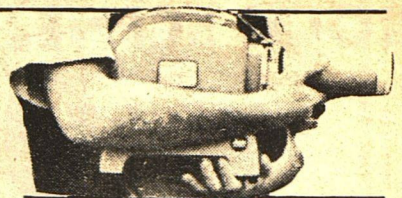
"The greatest tragedy for me in the last 20 years, wars aside, is this community, because it could have done so much."

And that rang deep and true. But then Steve Gaskin, who directs the Sensitivity sessions at the Family Dog Monday night, said, "Bill, we've heard that rap many times before. You took the choice between love and money. You got the money—don't come looking now for the love."

Graham rose in all his fury, his face blood red: "To accuse a man of showing emotion!" he howled. "You slimy human being, you low motherfucking slimy—"

And the peace-love people wandered among each other in confusion, and somewhere in there the Guild called off the strike at the Fillmore—obviously defeated by Graham's masterful performance, and with Graham railing, and Chet Helms changing, arms upraised, "We were just getting to the nitty gritty of the problem, we were just getting to the nitty gritty of the problem."

Graham (Don't touch me!) charged out the door. Shortly thereafter a hippie stumbled through the door, bleeding from the head after being hit by some drunks. A brick came hurling through the window while people mumbled about the right to "do your own thing". Peace and love, brothers, peace and love.



CHET HELMS

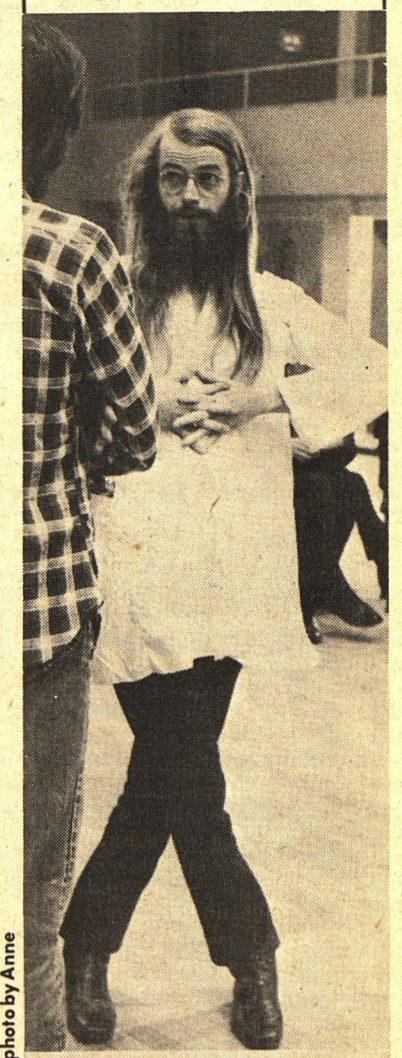


Photo by Anne

STAGE TRIBE

A new tribe is being formed in Berkeley—a tribe which wants to make theater a rich revolutionary experience for everyone.

"We want to avoid the prostitution of our talents and new culture," Elliot Tanzer, group manager, says. "The old theater is dead. A new theater electrified with revolutionary vision will take its place."

Tanzer feels a play can be the focal point for the tribe, a coming together of talented people. From there the group will move to guerilla theater, light shows, films and all other media.

Brothers and sisters interested in joining the theater tribe should meet on August 9 and 10 at two pm on the second floor of the Free Clinic on Haste Street. For more info call 843-6338 or stop by 2143 Woolsey St.

Wild West Struck

from p. 3

000 heads a night comes out to \$450,000. A probable gross more than a dozen times the sum of his two biggest expenses.

And tucked away in the mimo-ed budget are the facts that the single largest expense is neither Kezar nor PG&E, but salaries for the council staff—\$36,000.

Furthermore, the total of the entire budget balloons to \$146,000.

Yet for 12 hours of music at Kezar, the Festival may well turn over a profit of 200%!

And if we take Donohue's word that not a cent of any profit will enter the councilmen's pockets—then why the fuck are they charging \$3 a head at Kezar?

Answer: any profits will be used to create a permanent Arts Center to be run by the artists themselves.

Well, if this Festival is any indication of how the artists (Donohue, Graham, Gleason, etc.) operate, then it will not be Gracie Slick or Joe McDonald who are crashing in the swivel chairs at the new Center.

You know what this is all

about? These fancy mod businessmen have set up the Festival in such a way that they can tax us, the hip/radical community, for a Cultural Center we have never decided on.

Where it's at is that these arrogant, bullying businessmen want to impose a structure upon our culture which will guarantee its commercial consistency and their status as the rock and roll powers that be. More than a modest beginning for the systematic control of our culture.

A leaflet from the Haight Commune lays it out:

"There are two kinds of culture: PEOPLE'S CULTURE and CULTURE FOR SALE. People's culture comes from the people. It is the free expression of life/imagination/Energy; isolated human beings reaching out to each other with noises/gestures/visions to create a new and common reality.

"Culture-for-sale is a rip-off that converts People's Culture into a synthetic substitute for reality and sells it back to the people it was stolen from . . .

"We make no distinction be-

tween Culture and Politics. Life is what is crucial! The insane perversion of power in present day Amerika has defined our life styles as political, all right. OUR POLITICS IS HOW WE LIVE! . . . And all cultural categories are false except as People's Culture opposes Culture-for-sale. The struggle between the two is a necessary part of the struggle for life, against the forces of non-life."

The thoughts and words uppermost in the minds of the Haight Commune come down to one simple sentence: "We're talking about stopping the rip-off culture—starting now."

As of the moment, there's a strike and a national boycott of the Festival. Further information will come via strike, bulletins from the Haight commune c/o ON STRIKE, 1428 Haight St., S.F.

NEW U

The Free City University is getting together in San Francisco, with classes for the summer session starting August 18.

There's a \$5 registration fee to cover paper work.

A catalog will be available this Monday, the 11th. Headquarters for the Free City University are at 449 Turk St. The phone there is 474-4747, 7 am to 9 pm.

PIGS SLAPPED ON CLOVEN HOVES

BPD Chief Baker has reported on his underling pigs' nighttime rampage through the Peoples' Park Annex on June 6. Under headings like Damage to Trees, Structure Damage, Removal of Badges, and Excessive Force, his investigation of his officers is reported.

"Serious accusations of police misconduct" in the San Francisco Chronicle and Berkeley Barb are reported in the "Rumors" section of the report.

"Rumors" included beating a dog to death, throwing a kitten in the fire, smashing a dog's leg, and throwing a crippled man into the fire.

But, try as he might, the good chief was unable to verify these accusations.

The report states, "There is agreement that most structures were either pushed over or otherwise dismantled, that most tents and lean-tos were collapsed, that all bonfires were extinguished, that many empty bottles and jugs were broken, that a number of plants were trampled either accidentally, or deliberately in some cases, and that some trees, both large and small,

were bent or broken."

As a result, the field commander was suspended for two days and a sergeant for one day. Two sergeants and an inspector were reprimanded. And patrolmen have been advised to "maintain unit integrity WHATEVER THAT MEANS."

Baker closes by hoping that these events, "while regrettable," won't overshadow the "dedicated, intelligent service, which has rarely been equalled anywhere in this nation. They have acted in a restrained manner while besieged by taunts, verbal abuse, and physical objects which could injure, maim, or cost them their lives. They have been criticized, vilified, and often damned with qualified faint praise, but through it all have continued to strive toward providing the entire community the type of police service it deserves. (emphasis ours) You may be assured they will continue to do this, always guarding their proud tradition and heritage as Berkeley policemen."—R.H.

BURSEY TRIAL

by Kirby Higbe

By the time you read this, an all-white jury might have decided the fate of Black Panther Charles Bursey.

Bursey is facing two counts of attempted murder, and two counts of assault with a deadly weapon. He has been sweating it out for the past six weeks at the Alameda County Courthouse.

You may recall the incident which resulted in Bursey being brought to trial. On April 6, 1969, there was a shootout in West Oakland between police and the Black Panthers.

At the end of the shootout, Bobby Hutton was dead, and Eldridge Cleaver was wounded and on his way to Vacaville. Two policemen were wounded.

The police found Bursey in a house about a block and a half from the shootout. That is all the evidence they have on him. Yet he might spend the better part of his life in jail if the elderly, all-white jury believes the jumble of conflicting and circumstantial evidence the Alameda County DA's office has dragged into the case.

According to Panther attorney Charles Garry, who is defending Bursey, there has also been "willful distortion of the facts" by policemen who have testified against his client.

In his closing argument to the jury on Wednesday, Garry spoke about "perjury in the courtroom," and showed how the testimony of cop after cop was full of inconsistencies.

"Each time they testify, their memory gets better and better about events that are further and further in the past," he observed. He has caught police witnesses saying different things from what they said in the two trials of Warren Wells, another Panther involved in the same shootout.

About one officer, a Sgt. Hooper, Garry observed:

"Each time he has testified, he has concocted things to make them appear stronger for the prosecution. On each occasion, he has moved the gun closer and closer to Wells."

Wells has been tried twice already for the shootout, and both trials have ended in hung juries. Wells will go on trial a third time for the same incident on August 13.

The case against Bursey has been so bad, that Garry barely offered a defense. His only witness was an Oakland pig, who in a past trial had admitted that the Oakland Police Department had a list of all Panther cars. Each time such a car was spotted, a check was run on it to see if there were any outstanding violations.

This was how Huey Newton was stopped in October, 1967. Garry contends the list is evidence of the Oakland Police Department singling the Panthers out for discriminatory law enforcement.

As the Tribe goes to press, Bursey's case goes to the eight white women and four white men, most of them elderly. There is one black woman who is an alternate juror, but it doesn't look like she will get a chance to judge the case. This, theoretically, is a jury of Charles Bursey's peers. He is twenty-five years old. Most of the jurors are over 50.

To get an idea of how they deal out justice down in Oakland, listen to this quote from Judge Robert Bostick, who reputedly is one of the better Superior Court judges in Alameda County.

"I realize there are discrepancies in the testimony of the various officers who have testified," the judge observed on Monday when the jury was not in the courtroom, "but this was an event full of apprehension, high emotion and fear for each of these officers, and we know that under stress, different people see

the same event in a completely different light. I don't think there was willful falsification of testimony on the part of these officers."

Then Bostick added the clincher. "Under these circumstances," he concluded, "I wonder if a Miranda warning was necessary." A Miranda warning refers to the Supreme Court case that says that each criminal suspect must be advised by the police that any statements he makes to them can be used against him.

Bursey was not advised of his rights, and the DA was allowed to use a comment he'd made after he was arrested against him in court. Such is justice in the days of Law and Order.



photo by Steve Shames

STUDENTS ON TO CASE'S CASE

Management officials of the struck J.I. Case Warehouse in San Leandro responded to conciliatory union overtures Wednesday by firing two more strikers.

The workers went out on strike a week ago, protesting plans by Case to use non-union workers at sub-standard wages to do inventory work. At that time, Case fired one striker and laid off one more.

Case is a manufacturer of agricultural machines. It is wholly owned by the Kern County Land Company, currently fighting the grape strikers. Kern County Land, is, in turn, owned by Tenneco, the 39th largest corporation in the US. Tenneco makes its money off Latin American oil and cheap labor in Venezuela.

Five hours after going out, the Case workers called on students from the UC Radical Student Union. Approximately thirty-five went down to help picket, and leaflet nearby factories.

Most of the workers had voted for Wallace. However, they are now all favorable to the RSU. They have included a demand for black hiring, al-

THOUSANDS MAY BE FREE CAL DRAFT ILLEGAL

by Steve Haines

California's draft system is illegal—and has been illegal since 1961. This discovery could mean freedom for thousands of California guys drafted since 1961 or convicted for refusing induction.

Several Bay Area attorneys and experts in Selective Service regulations confirmed the Tribe's discovery this week. Here's how it happened.

The federal Selective Service regulations on draft quotas give the state Selective Service Directors the authority to call up only the number of men required to fill his state's monthly quota.

To do this legally, the state director notifies each local board of the exact number of men to be called. The order in which men are called is also determined by law. Several court cases have ruled that if an individual was drafted because the call is fucked up, his induction was illegal.

Back in 1961, the California director of selective service issued a memo (No. 219) to all local boards.

This memo said, "Loss percentages have been computed and considered in the allocation of the call; therefore, the local board will not substitute additional registrants to cover losses which occur for reasons of delinquency, transfer, postponement, etc."

This means that if California's monthly call was 500 men, the state director would increase it by some amount, for example, 10 percent, then allocate a monthly draft call for 550 men among the local boards.

This is clearly illegal. The state selective service director of California has no right or authority to adjust the monthly draft call that comes down from Washington.

"This discovery could free hundreds of young men currently serving prison terms or on probation for refusing induction, because there is a very good chance that their induction was illegal to begin with," attorney Joel Shawn told the Tribe.

Shawn, a young corporate tax lawyer with an eye for fine detail, is the attorney who beat a "refusing induction" rap for Fredrick James DeMarco in San Francisco federal court a week ago Wednesday.

A jury acquitted DeMarco after Shawn proved that none of the members of Local Board #40, which has inducted DeMarco, lived within the geographic jurisdiction of the board. This has been a legal requirement for draft board members since the 1967 Selective Service Act.

It wasn't an easy job. Shawn had to get the names of the board members for the board office, where they must be posted. Then he had to find out where they lived at the time

DeMarco was inducted.

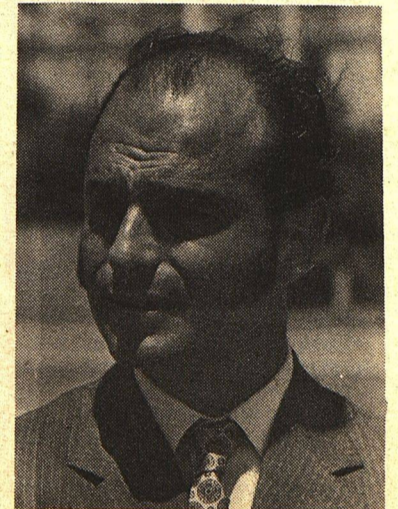
"The state wouldn't give me the addresses. They were afraid that local board members might get hassled or something," said Shawn.

"So I had to check out voter registration affidavits.

"I also checked out the residences of other San Francisco local draft board members to prove that there were people in the local #40 jurisdiction who could have served on that board, but were serving on other boards," said Shawn.

The 1967 act requires a minimum of three members on a local board. Shawn found out that one of the three members of local board #40 died in March, 1968, and was not replaced until June.

"Anyone called up by local board #40 during April and May of 1968 was probably drafted illegally and has good grounds to fight it," he said.



SHAWN

Shawn came across Memo #219 while preparing for DeMarco's defense, but didn't have a chance to use it in the trial.

"However, I've gotten a lot of calls and I expect that it will be used in someone's defense very soon," said Shawn.

Terry "Kayo" Hallinan, a movement lawyer with a good record against the Army, told the Tribe that, "everyone in California who has been convicted for refusing induction may get out on a writ of habeas corpus" as a result of Shawn's research.

"The judges around here are really down on the Selective Service system and would go out of their way to shoot it down," said Hallinan.

The number of guys affected by this discovery is enormous. About 30 a week are refusing induction at the Oakland induction center alone. Only about 20 percent of those refusing induction are ever indicted. And those who are indicted are mostly for political reasons.

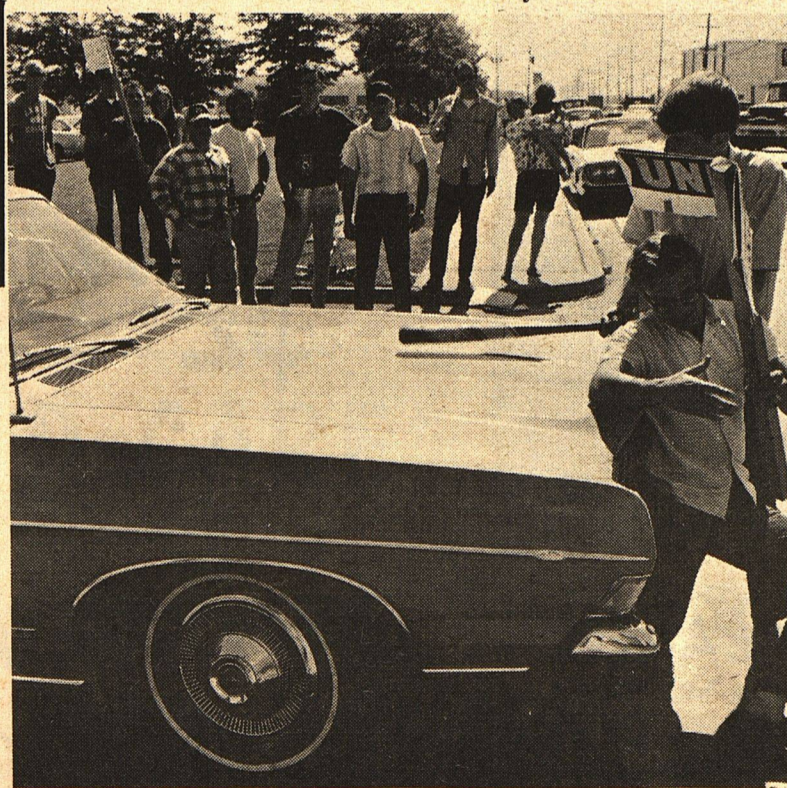
Even if the courts have a change of heart and decide that the illegal inductions on the grounds of Memo #219 are not sufficient to get a guy off the hook, there is still the DeMarco approach.

"Every ghetto draft board in the country is just like local #40 in San Francisco," said Hallinan.

"Every ghetto black who is in the service or doing time for refusing induction can probably get out using this approach, not just in California but anywhere in the country," he added.

Shawn told the Tribe that at least the Hunter's Point and Potrero Hill draft boards were manned by persons who did not live in those areas during 1967. He speculated that anyone refusing induction from those areas has an excellent change of winning in court.

Right on, brother Shawn. That's two major blows against the draft in one week. Power to the draft dodgers.



Scab car goes through picket line.

photo by Steve Shames

though all of the workers are now white.

The International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union has sent pickets to help only once.

The workers were willing to return to work on Wednesday if the company would rehire the two men and negotiate over the inventory. Case then fired two more workers.

The strikers are asking for more student support. The picket line is up twenty-four hours, and help is welcome any time. Students are especially asked to come at 2 p.m. to leaflet nearby factories.

Take the Nimitz freeway south to Marina Ave. Go west to Merced St., the first light. Turn right and go up two blocks to Williams. Case is on the corner.

OUT THERE

BY ART GOTTLIEB

Whenever people get together in Berkeley, enjoy a little smoke and socialize, the conversation invariably hits on one of two topics—There is the rap on terrorism and sabotage, or the desire to go "out there."

"Out there" is where Nature-God, usually called land, is. Land gets man very high. It can be stepped on, kicked in, scratched at, played with, or you can get high just stepping out of a house and pissing on it.

Land is the why of this country's existence. It is also the reason suburbia was created.

As far as terrorism is concerned, no matter which way the movement-revolution (?) goes, we cannot blow up all the factories and cars that pollute Bay air.

It is just as impossible to burn down all the concrete and plastic pillbox apartments that are replacing Berkeley trees and the already rare brown shinglehomes.

I am also convinced that any successful revolution shall have to deal with the problem of Land Reform.

Having disposed of the problems of terrorism (in my own mind at least), that left the questions of Land; who owns it, and the perils of "out there" which is where the land is.

"Out there" is a motherfucker though. You've probably heard the raps—

Colorado—The jail-if-you-hitchhike state.

Southern California—Cars, smog, and minutemen.

Arizona—"Yeah, man, we got stopped in Flagstaff—it was lucky we ditched our dope—they tore the whole car apart."

Mexico—"It cost me \$50 to get out of jail with my hair.

Charge? I was booked for being a hippie!"

Or you have Mendocino. How does the ad go "peoples parks for x dollars an acre"—uh huh—

"Out there" sounds heavy and I guess it really is.

In almost two years in Berkeley I have never gotten busted, searched maybe half a dozen times and prodded with a club now and then, but never busted.

In a matter of four months "out there," I spent 33½ days in jail, lost over \$300 in fines and bail money, tallied two misdemeanors (indecent exposure and petty destruction of property), one felony (escape from jail) and got deported, along with my wife and 10-month old daughter, from Canada.

The closest I have gotten to my own land is a possible piece of the New Mexico State Penitentiary for between 1 to 5 years.

Anyway, about the end of the Third World strike, at Cal I decided to pack my rucksack, look for some peace and maybe a chunk of mother earth.

First stop was just outside Watsonville to see Larry, a

friend of mine. He was living above a stream in a cabin surrounded by redwoods. You had to drive over a wooden bridge, park, then walk about fifty yards uphill to a clearing where three small cabins stood. One was Larry's, one Joe's the sixty-year old caretaker, and the other belonged to Cyril Stevenson, the owner of the land and head of Sather Gate Realty.

Old Joe and his lady, Charley, got by with a small garden, odd jobs in nearby orchards, and a lot of wine.

The dull roar of a stream, a waning fire and clean air can get you very high. It gets you so high that for a minute you forget that Sather Gate Realty has a piece of paper stating—Cyril Stevenson owns this land. (Since I was there Stevenson has sold the land. Joe and Charley had lived in one of the cabins for the last ten years. They have ended up in what Larry described as a "wino crashpad.")

Big Sur is a dream that is turning into a nightmare. Signs in restaurants stating "no hippies" are bad enough, but some idiot wants to charge me 25 cents to sleep in the woods.

I ignored the signs, hiked down a hill and the local sheriffs were kind enough to wake me the next morning with a bullhorn from the road above. They were too lazy to go down the rather steep hill and I figured they didn't really care where I slept. They just had to cover their own ass.

As far as land in Big Sur goes, what motels, private lots and the big kids camp, Esalen Institute, haven't taken, the sea is taking back.

That night was spent listening to spring rains tumble and smash back into the sea. The next day I spent four hours watching dozers clear a hundred yard slide arrea on Highway 1.

I finally decided, that if we can find a way to survive, nature will take care of Disneyland.

Asking for a shower at Esa-

CAL

FIXIN' A HOLE

The University of California is finally getting around to repairing its broken windows.

Since the Third World strike this winter, Cal has looked like a World War I battlefield. Shattered glass, taped and boarded, can be seen from the facade of Sproul Hall to the inside of Life Sciences Building.

Scarcely a structure was left untouched through the battles of TWLF, People's Park and Bastille Day. Thoughtful janitors have marked each window with the date it was broken, providing interesting historical information to UC's gawking tourists.

But the powers who run the university have decided that enough is enough. Only so many broken windows will be

tolerated before the tourists get a bad impression of the place and run it down in letters to the governor. So, new windows will be provided as targets to future demonstrators.

Two contracts have been awarded, each for \$26,000. The firm of Cobbledick and Kibbe has begun to replace half of the broken glass. The other half of the work has not yet begun. This does not include the huge

broken windows in King Hall, the auditorium-theater. These were fixed immediately by campus Buildings and Grounds.

The Public Information Office hastens to point out that less than one percent of the windows on campus were smashed in the last six months.

len, I was told "There are public shower facilities down the road." The public showers are located at San Simeon State Park. Hundreds of thousands of Americans each year visit the park to see San Simeon, William Randolph Hearst's monument to himself.

Between the beach and the castle is the Hearst Ranch, where I was invited to spend two nights. San Simeon looms above the small mansion of the original Senator Hearst. Inside the Senator's house are almost carefully strewn copies of **The War Department's Report—1900**, as well as the **Governor General's Reports on Cuba and the Philippines—1901**.

Part of the time was spent wandering on parts of the 78,000 acres or playing with some of the Hearst toys. I opened up an old Triumph 650 on their airport runway, held it till the front wheel

started to shimmy and then turned around. The rest of the two days was general rap and curious questions from me about the publisher who wanted to be emperor.

We rode a Roy Rogers jeep up the hill to the now-empty zoo cages and I could see beautiful hills, streams, beach and trees for miles around.

Seventy-eight thousand acres doesn't belong to a madman anymore. You see, the Feudal System has been replaced by the corporate system. No one is tied to the land, they are tied to the strings of MasterCard and BankAmericard.

I was told that most of the voting stock is held by Eastern financiers. The ranch, therefore, sits as an unused resource for the financiers. Small portions on the Southern end have already gone for motels.

I could see where "San Simeon Estates" would someday

see p. 23

EARTH READ-OUT

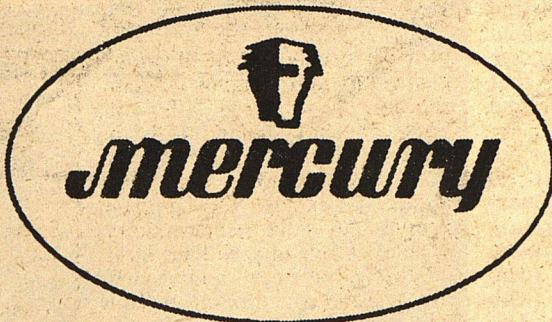


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PROVO ROCK STOPS

Plans are underway now to stage the first free rock concert in three months in Provo park, according to staff at the Berkeley dept of Parks and Recreation. The concert is planned for Aug. 17 and, according to the organizer, Jim Nixon of the Frumious Bander-snatch, will feature four bands.

Although only officially cancelled after the May 15, People's Park rebellion when all public meetings were outlawed, the free shows have been discouraged since then.

To get the story, the Tribe talked to Lt. Schillenger of Berkeley police, Hal Jorganson and Gordon Vinter of the dept. of Parks & recreation, and people with bands like Motor, and the theater troupes and the Community arts people.

The feeling on all levels is that the free concerts and theater productions and even the free meals were good ideas and should be continued, but. The police and city reportedly got hassled by complaints about noise, drugs being sold to very young, nudity, wine, and toward the last, clean-up problems, violent situations and some vandalism.

The park situation is now that sound permits will be hard to get in parks in nice-upper middle class neighborhoods (there is no electricity in many) — and sound permits come from the police dept.

According to Lt. Schillenger, "our stand is we shall not encourage these concerts and . . . we must wait til the majority changes the laws that we have to enforce." At this time the long-term sound permits for Provo are cancelled and must be taken out each time.

Reporting to Tribe, many people in the performing groups and with city hall, said there has been fine cooperation and help cleaning up and keeping order. It was only at the last that minor breakdowns started.

To help, contact Jim Nixon 832-5059 or the dept of parks at Grove and Allston.

tot's T.A.S.P.

Telegraph Avenue Summer project (TASP) is sponsoring a summer nursery school, primarily for little street people up to the age of six.

The school operates Monday thru Friday, 1:30 to 5 pm, on a drop-in basis, out of the Harold E. Jones Children's Center at Atherton and Haste.

TASP could also dig some donations to help pay the rent on the place, if anyone has some loose bread.

For more info on the nursery, call TASP at 845-7880.

PETS SHOOT UP

TASP (Telegraph Avenue Summer Project) is sponsoring a cat and dog clinic, to be held every Monday, starting August 11th, from 2 to 6 PM.

For cats, it's 2 to 4 PM; dogs, 4 to 6. Rabies shots will be available, plus distemper and hepatitis vaccinations.

Costs will be minimal: rabies shots for \$1; distemper and hepatitis vaccinations, \$2.50 for dogs and \$1 for cats.

For rabies shots, all dogs and cats should be four months or older; for distemper and hep, dogs should be at least six weeks, and cats at least eight weeks.

The clinics will be held in the schoolyard of McKinley School, on Haste just below Telegraph.

For more info, call Brian Weiss at 845-7880. -K.W.

road to B A B Y L O N

by Art Goldberg

The next time you hear someone from the Black Panther Party speak, you undoubtedly will hear the words, "Free Huey."

Don't be surprised however, if you also hear something like, "Bring Eldridge Home."

The Panthers are beginning an international campaign to bring their Minister of Information back to California so he can play a leading role in the party once again.

"Eldridge was our most effective organizer in terms of our Free Huey campaign," Panther leaders Bobby Seale and David Hilliard told the Tribe this week. "That's why he was driven into exile."

"In order to free Huey," said Hilliard, "we've got to get Eldridge back here in Babylon."

The Panther leaders said that Cleaver would write a position paper for the anti-war demonstrations scheduled for San Francisco and Washington D.C. on November 15.

The Panthers will use both demonstrations to mount a joint campaign to bring Eldridge back, and to focus national and international attention on his political exile.

In addition, one of the major tasks of the National Committees to Combat Fascism, the

united front groups that evolved from the Panther conference last month, will be to mount pressure on the authorities for Eldridge's return.

Eldridge is willing to stand trial on the charges brought against him for the shootout in April, 1968. (See the story this issue on Charles Bursley's shootout trial). He just doesn't want to be thrown into prison on some stupid parole violation before he has had his day in court.

About the shootout case, he is supremely confident that he will win it with ease. His attitude, just before he went into exile was summed up in a comment he laid on me in the Ramparts office last November.

"Man," he said, "I'd walk into any courtroom in this country with Charles R. Garry. How can you lose with a mother-fucker like that?"

So if you would like to do something about bringing Eldridge back to the Bay Area, drop by the Bay Area Committee to Combat Fascism. Its next meeting is on Sunday, August 17, at 5 p.m. at the St. Andrews Center, 3208 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.

If you can't make that, contact the Black Panther Party at 3106 Shattuck Ave. Their phone is 845-0103. They'll tell you what can be done for Eldridge.



ELDRIDGE IN ALGIERS

Haight KID CARE

There's something good happening in the Haight Ashbury—a community project underway to provide the community with a Day Care Center, an Afternoon School Program, and a Health Center.

This is happening at the Haight Ashbury Children's Center at 1101 Masonic St. The emphasis at the Center is on the needs of the kids who live in the kids who live in the community.

The programs available for pre-schoolers will be open weekdays 7-6 and will include games and handicraft classes, and some really fine playgrounds, one of which is on top of the building.

There will also be a program in the afternoon for school-age kids 15-14 yrs. in arts and crafts, painting, and tutorial work.

The other program is to

provide needed medical emergency aid and diagnostic counselling for whatever ails you. This program should really be a boon to the community, as the H/A Medical Center is aiding primarily the migrant people of the community.

These programs will be staffed by competent adults who are from the community. They will include counsellors, nurses, doctors, teachers, aides, etc.

The Haight-Ashbury Children's Center will open beginning in September, and is currently taking applications from members of the community for staffing the positions of Teacher Assistant, Parent Community Worker, Secretary, Cook's Aide, Social Worker and Janitor. Anyone interested can apply at the Children's Center, 1101 Masonic Ave, San Francisco, or phone 431-3385.

MAFIA DEALS DEATH ON THE AVENUE

by Lumbering Bear

Darlene Prevatt, a 16-year-old high school girl, died after shooting heroin in Oakland Thursday. She was the fifth person to die behind smack in the last couple of weeks.

A Mafia employee says heroin cut with strichnine is in the Bay Area but, "it was a mistake." He says a runner cut his load of smack with the strichnine as part of a rip-off. This runner is now reportedly on the shit list.

This poisoned smack is being recalled, according to our source. Total recall is impossible though. The heroin has now filtered down and out of the Mafia's hands to the lower distribution echelons. And, of course, the Mafia isn't too concerned about recalling a costly pound and a half of smack, just because it's cut with a bit of poison.

"The Mafia really wants control of Telegraph Avenue. The Mafia is a big business and has to grow or die. And Berkeley is where it's happening," the Tribe

was told.

He says roughly 35% of the dealing on Telly, and in Berkeley and Oakland as a whole, is Mafia-controlled. He estimates they handle 90% of the heroin and cocaine, half of the speed and acid, and are moving into the hash, mescaline, and opium markets.

Our inside source says there are about 15 Mafia "pointers" on the Avenue. "Pointers" approach local dealers and try to push them Mafia stuff. Reportedly, people are "taken care of" if they hassle Mafia dealers, come back heavy when pointers pressure them or give away free dope.

What will happen if they win complete control of the Ave.? "The dope will be good. The Mafia makes the best. But no one will freelance dope or give it away too much," said the insider.

"A lot of Blacks and tough revolutionary type dealers will die," he warned. "The only way to fight the Mafia is with guns."

FREE STEWEY!!!!!!

Last Friday, Santa Rita gloatingly received into their hands the reluctant body of Stew Albert.

In court, Stew acted as his own attorney, defending himself against charges of "destroying property", "trespassing", "disturbing the peace." No cop-out white shirt or suit or haircut. He did the thing straight-out, just like he is.

He stood there in old levis and boots and a black and green lumberjack shirt, asking each juror, "Does my appearance offend you?"

He did a great job, all the way through, cutting down that

myth about how you have to have an attorney to do everything for you—and at the very end, caught the plainclothes star witness right in the middle of a big, dumb, conspiracy-type pig lie. Oh, that was fine. It isn't often the truth is laid out just that plain and bare in a courtroom in Amerika!

So the jury, in the manner of all good juries, compromised. They traded off the "destroying property" for "disturbing the peace". The wheels of "due process" proceeded, and Stew's in jail.

see p. 21

WIN and LOSE

Aug. 2, 1969

Dear Tribe:

Stew Albert calls the 35,000 people who walked through Berkeley in the face of Madigan's threat to use shotguns again "the Memorial Day March of Fools (including myself) which left the fence standing and the People's Park at the mercy of bulldozers."

I call it the biggest victory we've had in years. When was the last time The Man dropped charges against all of 500 people (the Shattuck Avenue Round-Up)? Don't tell me it was because of the official excuse of "insufficient evidence." When has that ever stopped them from prosecuting, if only to drain the movement of energy and money?

More. The pigs have kept

hands off People's Pad, even after the Board of Education refused to lease, so the crashing is strictly illegal.

More. The chief storm-trooper at Santa Rita was fired and others disciplined. (Stew may personally have reason to be pleased by that, as he is in their hands for the next three months.)

More. At least one wild Berkeley boar was fired (the 30-30 rifle-toter).

More. There wasn't a uniformed pig in sight at the Panthers' "anti-facism" conference, which was left strictly alone.

35,000 was enough to accomplish all this. But the March wasn't enough to save the park. Both are the lesson.

—William Mandel

TELLY MUSIC

The Telegraph Avenue Summer Program (TASP) will present the first annual Telegraph Avenue Poly-Ethnic Music Festival Sunday, August 10.

The Festival will be held from noon until 8 p.m. in the courtyard of McKinley High School, 2418 Hast Street in Berkeley.

The Poly-Ethnic Festival will feature: Baroque, Classical, Rock, Folk, Jazz, and Improvised Music, as well as a belly-dancing troupe, and a thousand-piece kazzoo band.

The Festival is a benefit concert sponsored by the Native Sons of the Telegraph Avenue

Summer Program. Proceeds will be used to continue financing the projects of TASP which include the Berkeley Community Clinic, a Child Care Center, a Youth Coffee House, and workshops for the young in the arts and crafts.

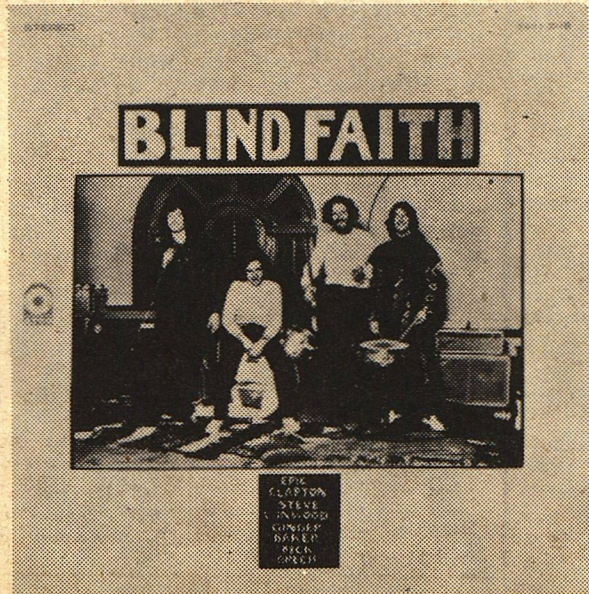
Included among the entertainers will be: Joy of Cooking, Circuitry, William Spires, Eric Thompson, Sue Rosenberg, Fantazia, Wilderness.

A donation of \$1.00 per person, or \$3.00 per family will be asked at the door. TASP invites the entire bay area community to attend and help support these community projects.

The first album by
BLIND FAITH
is available on Atco Records
in two (2) different jackets



A



B

The record inside both
jackets is exactly the same
It's what's inside that counts



Also available on 8 track stereo cartridges

BLIND FAITH in-concert . . . Oakland Alameda County Coliseum . . . Thursday evening, Aug. 14, 8:30 P.M. . . . Tickets \$3.00 - \$6.00. Available at Downtown and Center Box office (S.F.); Tower Records (S.F.); and all mutual agencies.

SIETE

IN JAIL
NO BAIL

On May Day, Joe Brodnik, an undercover cop, was shot with the gun of fellow spy Patrick McGoran in San Francisco.

At the same time, Tony Martinez and Nelson Rodriguez were in class at the College of San Mateo, according to classmates. Still, the two are being held in jail without bail, charged with Brodnik's murder.

Judge Joseph Karesh refused Friday to admit the testimony placing them miles away from the shooting. The DA insisted all of Los Siete were charged with a capital crime and not eligible for bail. Karesh, refusing to hear the defense's evidence, agreed.

The defense committee for Los Siete were not surprised. "You don't start a campaign between the police, the mayor's office, and the local liberal newspaper, and then stop it in the middle," said Roger Alvarado.

Saturday at 8 PM a big benefit will be held for Los Siete at Longshoreman's Hall, 400 Northpoint, in San Francisco. The Cleveland Wrecking Company, The Brothers And, and other bands will appear. Donation to the defense fund is \$1.50. A neighborhood rally will precede the benefit at Precita Park, in the Mission on Harrison, from noon to 4:30.—R.H.



LAST SUNDAY AT SPEEDWAY — music, warm sunshine, people seeming loose and in better spirits than they do at the jammed, frenetic big-name band concerts. Sign of the times: in the midst of all the dancing, hugging, and brotherly good vibes, a kid grabbed a pretty, dancing chick who had just disrobed: "We could make it under the truck," he suggested hopefully.

PHOTO BY JEAN RAISLER

WITNESSES

Chip Seward was arrested in Sproul Plaza at 2:45 pm on May 15 by the Highway Patrol. He is charged with felonious assault—supposedly throwing a rock or brick. He was wearing a white shirt with a big purple tie-dye design on the back. Witnesses should call 848-1960.

Esther Hepner, 49 years old, had gotten off the bus at Parker and Telegraph at the time when the car was burning May 15. She attempted to go to the Berkeley Inn where she lives. She awoke in Herrick Hospital with her face smashed up, compound fractures and possible brain damage. Witnesses to the beating should call Peggy Irving at 848-1960.

Tim Stewart was arrested July 14 in front of Vaughn's clothing store on Telegraph Avenue. He supposedly threw a rock or brick at a cop between Durant and Bancroft on Telegraph a few minutes before, at around 1:30 pm. Witnesses should call Tim's attorney at 845-4752. All replies are confidential.

DAMAGE CLAIMS

Anyone who was shot, beaten, falsely arrested or has other grounds for a damage suit against state or local pigs should contact People's Park Office immediately.

You only have until Aug. 23 to file a claim, and People's Park Office now has enough attorneys to prosecute claims for anyone who wants to sue the pigs and get some bread for their bruises.

Under California law, you only have 100 days from the time the incident occurred to file a claim. You cannot later file a suit unless a claim has been filed and rejected.

People's Park Office, 1925 Grove, is now equipped to help brothers and sisters fill out and file their claims. The lawyers will also be on hand to handle things in court.

For further information, call 549-3977.

BUMMER THIS SUMMER

by Wendy Schlesinger

On July 31 the last remaining ten or twelve commune members of Olompali were evicted and the infamous commune closed.

The eviction was met with resignation, not resistance, for, in this case, internal problems, rather than harassment from the outside, caused the long slow death of a 'living experiment' that cost at least a quarter of a million dollars. It was financed solely by Donald McCoy, who is now in a mental institution.

Recently, on two separate occasions, two commune children wandered into the built-in swimming pool and drowned. Court officials ruled the ranch unfit for children.

They offered the parents of the dead children a deal: Either the commune breaks up and splits or the parents will be indicted and tried for wilful neglect and negligence.

The parents agreed. Some left immediately. The ones that stayed casually sent off their children to various places.

They put up a fence around three sides of the pool, which became dirtier and dirtier. They walked past the pool every day, but nobody would look at it.

People originally came to Olompali to escape the social problems of the Haight and 'do their own thing.' Dropping out, at Olompali, at least, was a real bummer. Everybody was supposed to do an even share of work, and receive an even share of the fruits. There was no formal division of labor... somehow it would all work out.

But it didn't. Most of the people there didn't lift a finger, except to signal that they would like some more 'free food' served to them. The lazy and selfish were never criticized, because the 'do your own thing' attitude covered them. "How can you put me down, man, I'm just doing my own thing."

Therefore, out of sixty people, only two worked the garden.

Therefore, although all sixty smelled something burning every night in the big house, the Mansion, no one investigated. One night the whole house burned down.

Therefore, with no sense of social responsibility, no one happened to be around when the young children 'did their own thing' and drowned in the process. When questioned about the circumstances, one resident replied: "It was bad karma, man."

This past week they had a final reunion, in the form of a potlatch. A potlatch is a Haida North American Indian custom where everybody gives away the nicest things they have. It is a competitive event; the one who gives away the most of the best 'wins' and is considered the 'best' man.

This ceremony perfectly symbolizes the flawed essence of the Hippie/Love philosophy: That by giving away fine things you will become spiritual and also automatically make the world better. Thus, when the money was there, the whole troupe would often eat at Denny's, picking up a hundred and fifty dollar check, and putting down a hundred and fifty dollar tip.

This attitude and these people helped to create both the Haight-Ashbury and Olompali. As soon as disaster and death entered into both areas the individuals were financially and emotionally able to remove themselves to new surroundings. And so they split — leaving their poorer, weaker, younger brothers behind to contend with the world of Rip-off, now that the world of Free haddied.

Because the Hippie/Love philosophy popularized a place, a scene, and a way of life which attracted and affected masses of people it is susceptible to political analysis. Because thirty people have been murdered so far this year in the Haight, because the philosophy still persists, and because it is trying to get a foothold

in Berkeley via Allan Coult, etc., some political analysis is crucial.

On the most simple level, these people do not acknowledge the necessity of revolution, of the replacement of capitalism by socialism/communism. They feel that, rather than work to end capitalism, one should merely hustle it, shuck it and take what one needs.

Nor do they acknowledge the existence of racism and imperialism, nor are they ruffled by repression in this country. Why? Because they do not believe that there is an enemy, a ruling class that oppresses and exploits the majority of people in this country, and throughout the Third World.

In fact, they reject any class analysis whatsoever. Why? Because they themselves are a privileged class.

They don't believe that oppression exists because they

see p. 19

TENANTS GET TOGETHER

by Steve Haines Berkeley is a landlord's wet dream. Rents are soaring, deposit practices are a major atrocity, vacancies are nearly non-existent and plastic shoeboxes are replacing groovy old brown shingles at a fantastic rate.

Had enough?

We all have. That's why the Berkeley Tenants Union is emerging. A few weeks ago, forty some people representing at least twenty on- and off-campus organizations met in the ASUC Senate Chambers to elect an interim steering committee of thirteen people.

Each local will elect a representative. These representatives will meet to formulate by-laws and policies, which will then be approved by all the members of the tenants union.

Once this has been completed, a permanent steering committee will probably be elected to act as the spokesmen and coordinator for all tenants union activities.

The interim steering committee is currently working in a number of research fields, such as tenants' legal rights, who owns what, and what judges

FREE
YOUR
HIGH
SCHOOL

Bay Area high school students are calling a High School Liberation Conference this weekend, August 9-11, at the Potrero Hill Neighborhood House, 953 Deharo St., in San Francisco.

High schools in this society train students to assume positions as "good citizens. Some, the wealthier white students, are trained to be managers, scientists, or technicians in the employ of some mammoth corporation.

Others, the poor, the black, the chicano, and oriental students are tracked into low-paying factory jobs, or the US Army.

In all the schools, students are kept in line through grades, tests, ranks, suspensions, expulsions, and arrests. "Nicer" white schools emphasize the former, ghetto schools the latter. All are aimed at keeping students docile, separated serfs.

Actions are planned in the fall to end this shit. Already high school rebellions have broken out throughout the nation. The liberation conference will help organize a resistance in the high schools based on school conditions and issues like the draft and the Vietnam War.

For information on the conference, call 621-2038 in SF, or 581-4015 in Hayward, ward.

SUPERSTUD

Berkeley's Magic Theatre, heretofore mainly involved with contemporary drama, is now trying its first excursion into classical theatre.

Beginning August 15th at Mandrakes (1048 University Avenue, Berkeley), will be presented the Magic Theatre's production of *Miles Gloriosus*, by the Roman comic playwright Plautus.

The title translates literally as "Braggart Soldiers," but modern translations suggested have been "The Superstud Sergeant" and "The Sex-Crazed Commando." However translated, it has to do with the sex revolution in 2nd Century Rome.

As to costumes, it will not be done in togas, but in modern underwear—all kinds.

The production will run for four weeks, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings (except for the first week, when the opening is on a Friday). Curtain time is 8:00 pm, admission \$1.50; and no minors (because it's in a bar).

see p. 14

T. B. FOLLIES

SAT. AUG. 16 — 12:00 NOON

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

T. B. FOLLIES

SAT. AUG. 16 — 12:00 NOON

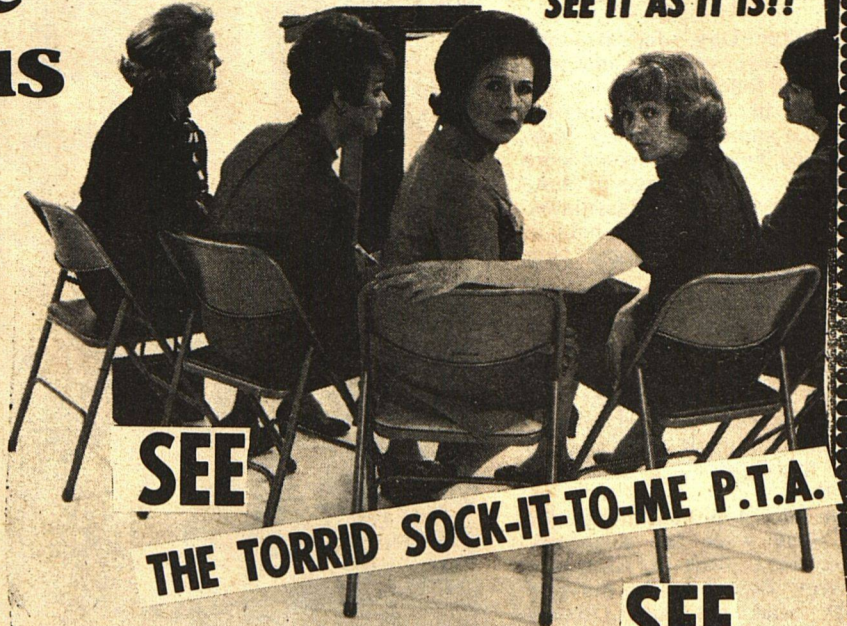
SEE

**STRANGE AND ARCHAIC
ANTI-WOMAN RITUALS**

**Cruise
with us
this**

Miserable
Fuzzy
Listless
Logy
Sluggish
Apathetic
Bloated
Draggy
Weary
Stuffy
Heavy
Cloddy
Lowdown

SEE IT AS IT IS!!



SEE

THE TORRID SOCK-IT-TO-ME P.T.A.

**SEE
STORY
ON
PAGE 11!**

PLEASANT
HILL
★
CASTRO
VALLEY
★
MILPITAS

OR YOUR
HOMETOWN
★ ★
WHO KNOWS
WHICH WILL
BE FIRST?

SUBURBIA

**IT'S FUN TO COME
IN THE VAST WASTE LANDS**

**BRING YOUR CAR, YOUR CAMERA,
YOUR KID, AND YOUR LUNCH.**

**GIVE A BROTHER A LIFT.
JOIN THE TRIBE TOUR CARAVAN!**



**SEE
RUGGED
and ROUGH!
FAST PACED
THRILLS!**

**BUS LEAVING AT
12 NOON SAT
AUGUST 16
FROM TELEGRAPH
& BANCROFT**

EVERYONE WANTS TO

**SEE
THEM
DO
THEIR
THING**



Little old ladies may not dig it.

**DON'T
BE DEPRIVED OF YOUR CON-
STITUTIONAL RIGHT TO SEE THE
AMERICAN MEDIOCRITY. LAUGH
AND POINT AT THE SHORT HAIR
FREAKS! LET IT ALL HANG OUT
AT THE OLD A & W STAND.**

**WHERE THE
STANDARD TOURS
DAREN'T TAKE YOU**

T. B. FOLLIES

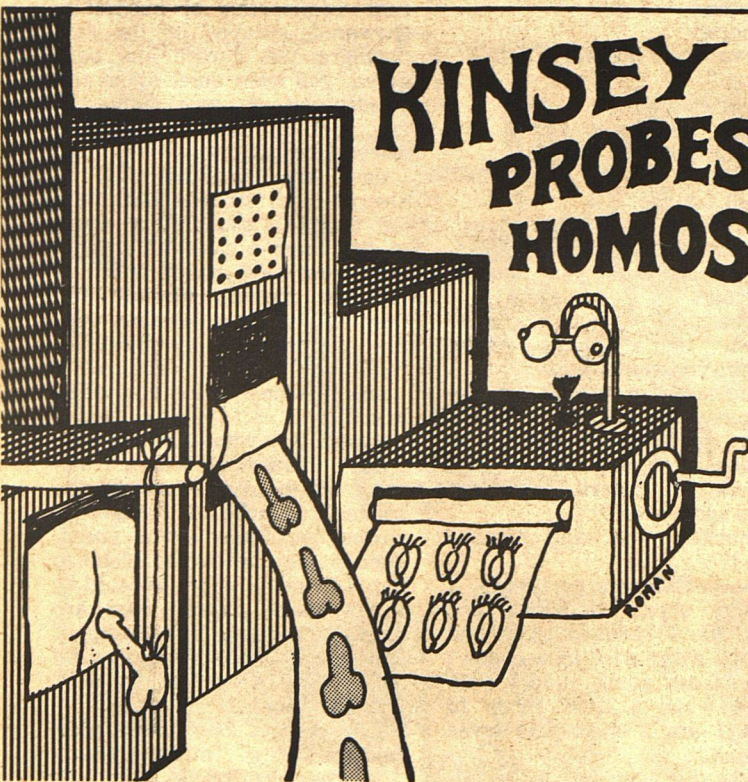
SAT. AUG. 16 — 12:00 NOON



**JUDGE FOR YOURSELF IS IT
LEWD? OBSCENE?
PORNOGRAPHIC?**

**& PLUS &
LIVE IN THE FLESH
KEEP UP WITH THE JONES'**

KINSEY PROBES HOMOS



by Leo E. Laurence

Heavy doubt hangs over a Kinsey Institute survey of homosexuality underway in the greater San Francisco Bay area. This research could reveal the truth about the gay life style; but homosexuals have been conditioned to run rather than come to the truth.

Kinsey researchers came to the Bay Area recently to begin a comprehensive two-year study "of the largest minority group in America, the homosexuals," says Tom Maurer, Field Director of the Kinsey project in San Francisco.

But they need a list of 5,000 gay volunteers, from which 1,140 will be selected at random for the comprehensive interviews.

Statistics fed into computers at the Kinsey headquarters at Indiana University will be published in about two years by Dr. Alan Bell, Senior Psychologist at the Institute.

Overwhelming inner resistance to accepting the truth about themselves is apparently scaring off many homosexuals and bisexuals, even though **ANONYMITY IS GUARANTEED.**

"I resent you doing this survey," said one typical 'closet-queen' to Maurer in a SF gay bar. "It's going to make my friends, relatives, and work associates more aware of the homosexual scene. It will make me more 'suspect' than ever."

This fear of exposure and rejection by friends, family, and bosses has allowed the fascist Establishment to keep "queers" hiding much like the "niggers" before the days of the Black Panthers and other freedom loving groups.

The big politicians and po-

lice know they must keep the faggots scared for their jobs, their lives, and their homes, because with freedom, the gays will help put the pigs out to pasture.

People know about James Rector and Bobby Hutton, who were martyred for freedom. But few remember Frank Bartley, a homosexual murdered by Berkeley's pigs.

The Kinsey survey will show the public evidence of these tragedies. Like the gay servicemen blackmailed by MP's every year, and the homosexual students who prefer suicide to exposure by campus pigs.

Kinsey's research will prove employment discrimination. My straight boss, for example, denies prejudice on the job while he and co-workers call me a "queer." Wives are O-K, but "fag" lovers, God No!

Gay revolutionaries, however believe in the truth, that it will set us free. The homosexual cannot demand the respect of the people until he or she first goes through the personal struggle of finding self-respect.

Power to change this nation from a land-of-lies to land-of-the-free is with the people. The Kinsey study, if 5,000 volunteers are found, will show the truth about homosexuals to the people.

A 24-hour answering service 771-0466 will take your name and phone for contact with the Kinsey Research team. Interviews can be arranged with the Kinsey Research team. Interviews can be arranged at regional offices in SF, Oakland, Marin County, Palo Alto, or the privacy of your home if preferred.

Interviews will take only two hours on the average. Incidentally, demand to see the Indiana University credentials of interviewers to avoid hassles with horny phonies.

SDS PLANS INSURRECTION

SDS people from Northern California got themselves together in Richmond last weekend, and among other things, made plans for a series of demonstrations in mid-September.

The demonstrations will be built around both the Japan Trade Fair, and the International Industrialists Conference, both in San Francisco.

Richard Nixon is expected to be at the Fairmont on September 18 to address the Industrial-

ists, and Spiro what's-his-name will be in town for the Trade Fair, about a week earlier.

The Trade Fair will be taking place at about the same time the US-Japanese Security Treaty comes up for renewal in Japan, to the accompaniment of massive student demonstrations. SDS will be working with Chinatown's Red Guard, and other Third World groups on the actions.

SDS also decided to establish a formal regional structure and staff for Northern California. The regional office will be in charge of coordinating the demonstrations.

The Richmond conference, attended by about 300 people on Saturday, and about 200 on Sunday, was able to come up with some constructive things despite some harrassment by the Progressive Labor Party.

PL which has been finally kicked out of SDS, has been attempting to break up regional meetings. It didn't get very far in Richmond. Security at the converted church where the meeting was held, was good, but not oppressive.

A security squad of forty took care of business, while PL'ers handed out their literature. SDS stressed it did not want to start a rumble, but said it would not allow PL in to disrupt the meeting.

A few PL'ers did make it inside, and from time to time began their ritualistic shrieking, but they were eventually quieted down without too much disruption.

A large bloc of Independent Socialist Club members who have also joined SDS en masse, forced a vote on whether PL was to be admitted. Their motion was defeated by a 2-1 margin, with most ISC'ers voting for PL to be admitted.

Relieved of the burden of faction fighting, the SDS regional seemed to be grounded in some sort of sanity. Not a Red Book was waved in anger all weekend.

CONCERTS AT THE BEACH

A free concert/festival is going to happen the weekend of August 16-17 at Pomponio Beach.

It's being sponsored and coordinated by the East Bay Musician's Co-op; groups who plan to appear so far are Joy of Cooking, Lazarus, Wilderness, Joint Heads of Staff, the Circuitry jazz band, and Fantasia Arabic belly dancing troupe. Lights will be by Edison Electric.

The festival area, just off Hwy 1, is approximately halfway between San Francisco and Santa Cruz, and is a natural amphitheatre built into nearby surrounding cliffs.

According to the East Bay Musician's Co-op, the heat in the area, including the beach patrol rangers, is cool.

There's plenty of wide open sand and sea for swimming and sleeping, and admission is free from the cliffs. Bring your own blankets, food, wine, and good vibes.

The Musician's Co-op is a free non-profit group that needs some help on getting this thing together: like several large vans for moving equipment, expense money and generators, as well as cars, buses and trucks for getting people to the beach.

People with access to these things and an urge to help should contact the Co-op at 849-3920, 841-6102, or 431-1097. —K.W.



KEN AND GOLIATH

by Rick Heide

Ken Beil has won his latest battle with the gigantic Del Monte Corporation. The 47-year-old houseboat dweller was found not guilty of an assault charge last Thursday by an Alameda jury.

Del Monte, the world's largest packer of fruits and vegetables, owns a huge amount of bayside property along the estuary, including Pacific Marina. The Marina was home to a lot of houseboat people but all have been ordered to leave.

"The state granted the tidelands to the various cities for the people in perpetuity," says Beil. "So perhaps Del Monte's claim isn't valid."

Pier 8, where Beil's boat FREEDOM was moored, was the first one dismantled. Undeterred, Beil tied on to some pilings and stayed.

"They'd keep telling me to get out. And I'd say 'come on and arrest me. Let's do the law and order bit.'" Beil said he wanted to file a class suit to test the legality of the evictions.

A Del Monte employee, harbor-master Tom Edie, was told to "do anything necessary" to get Beil out of the harbor. But this did not include arresting him for trespassing. That was too minor. Edie had him arrested for assault instead.

Edie testified that Beil came after him with a club over his head. Beil acknowledged that they'd had an argument but said he had no club and was never within 25 feet of Edie.

"I was in the Marines. I know better than to attack someone with a club over my head," said Beil.

The jury believed Beil and found him not guilty. Beil feels the charge was made to pressure him out of the harbor. A few days after the non-assault, he left the marina, after hearing p. 19

CHRISTMAS HELL



by Leo E. Laurence

Love is projected so honestly in the stage production of "GEESE" at the Encore Theatre in San Francisco that it sometimes hurts.

The two one-act plays are focused on two homosexual couples (one male, the other female), yet the play is not "about" homosexuality.

"It's about the spirit of man and woman, and their desperate desire to free the love they feel trapped inside themselves," says Philip Osterman, co-producer and director with his lover-actor, Jim Sink.

Homosexual couples are shown with problems much like hetero-

sexual marriages. There are parents whose love was a mere illusion. Alcoholism. Virgin mothers, and prudish school teachers with unsatisfied lesbian hungers.

It's all in "Geese," a play so real I cried at times watching the performers mirror my own life. I saw the struggle I've had in finding and accepting love. It's a fortress to some while it frightens others, and it's all in "Geese."

"Christmas Hell" is an essay I once wrote while feeling confused, lonely, and bitter. I saw tinsel and trinkets, home and parents, yet I felt as a stranger and didn't know why. "Geese"

shows why.

It shows parents as tame Geese who flap and flap, but never get off the ground. They stay in their sterile homes while their kids fly out as wild geese and experience life.

Wild geese, by contrast, feel the freedom of nature, a freedom the tame geese have never known and seldom try to find.

It's the freedom a man feels when he marries the person he loves whether white or black or brown or male. "Geese" is for parents who think of any "different" marriage as perversity, rather than love.

Unlike productions that make no attempt to tell the truth

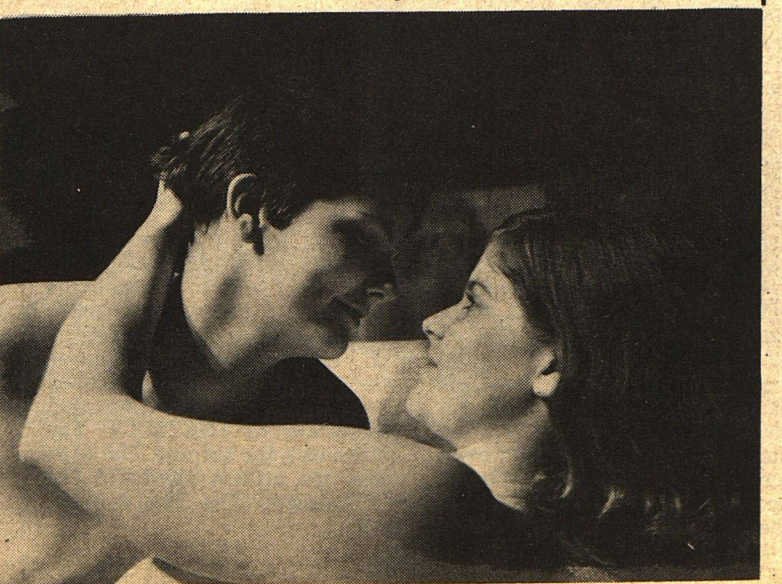
about homosexual love (e.g. Gay Deceivers), "Geese" has the finishing touches that could come only from producers who are gay, and proud of it.

"We feel gay people won't get anywhere unless they face the truth and stop hiding," says lovers Osterman and Sink.

"It's a very delicate thing," Jim says of the critical scenes on stage when the two boys confront their mutual love. The performance shows all the poetic hell in that fierce inner struggle.

In a brilliant multi-media fantasy of a psychedelic light show, a live rock band, and sensitive nude scenes, "Geese" is part of a theatrical revolution.

photo by Hoffman



TRIBE FOLLIES

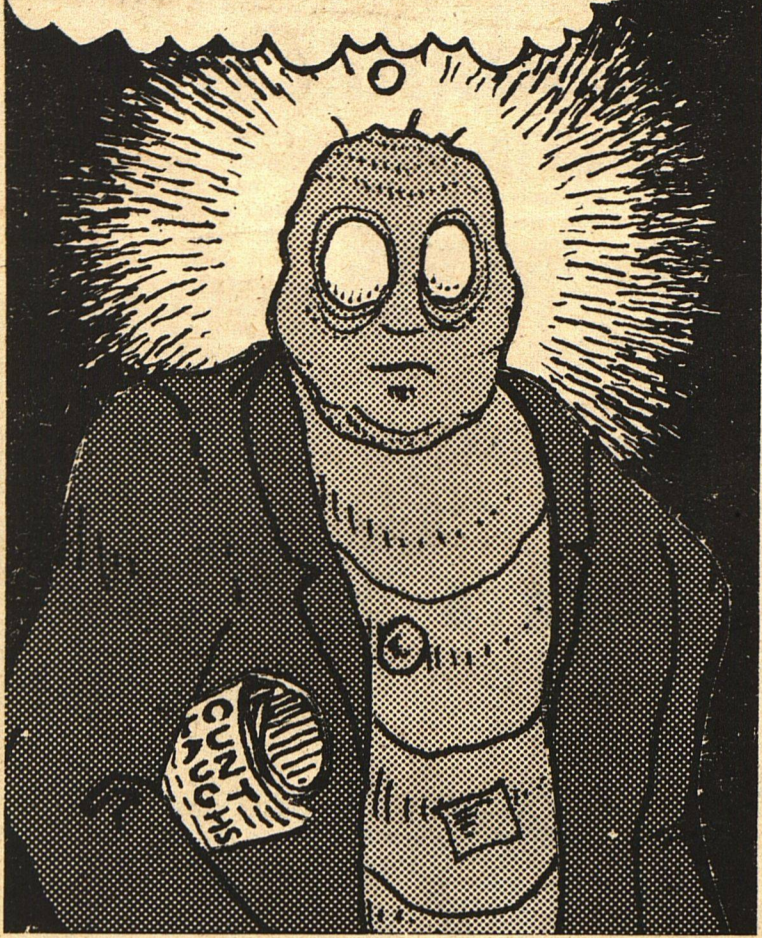
On Saturday, August 16, the Berkeley Tribe will conduct its historic first guided tour of the American mainstream, complete with tour guide life guard to prevent drownings.

Everyone is cordially invited to show up at noon at Telegraph and Bancroft. We will rent a bus, so we'll have to charge a modest fee of, say, \$1.00.

Bring a slice of Pepe's Pizza to San Lorenzo. Hand out spare change to the natives of charming Redwood City! Buy a souvenir copy of the Richmond Independent! Turn on at a Giant's game! Snap pictures of adolescent puberty rites at the neighborhood A&W stand.

If you've got wheels, bring them, we may not be able to take everyone in one bus.

NOTES OF A DIRTY OLD MAN



by Charles Bukowski

it must have been 4:30 in the afternoon, the doorbell rang. it was Dan. it was always Dan when I was sick or needed sleep. Dan was a kind of commie intellectual who ran a poetry workshop, had a knowledge of classical music and a snip of a beard, and he always came up with these drab little quips throughout his conversation (which he laughed at himself and which was really a sense of nervousness), and worse than that— he wrote thyming poetry.

I looked at him.

"ah, shit," I said.

"sick again, Buk? oh, Buke, he will puke!"

how right. I ran into the bathroom and let go.

when I came back he was sitting on my couch looking quite perk. he had his mouth all pinched up like he wanted something.

"yeh?" I asked.

"well, we need some of your poems for the Spring reading."

I never showed at his readings nor did I have any interest in them but he had been coming around for years and I didn't know how to decently shut him off.

"Dan, I don't have any poems."

"you used to have a closetful."

"I know."

"mind if I look in the closet?"

"go ahead."

I went to the refrigerator and came out with a beer. there was Dan sitting with some wrinkled sheets of paper.

"say, this one's not bad. hummm. oh... this one's... shit! and... this one's... shit. And... this one's not too bad. oh oh, this one's shit! and this one!"

I don't know how many poems

he commented on but I keep up on the beers. of course, he was right: most of the poems were shit. but writing always was something that happened to me perhaps after other things had failed, and maybe that's why most writers were so bad—they only went to writing when nothing else worked. it was a con. you can't get Art out of con; you can only get con out of con.

"and this one..."

"listen, Dan."

"yes, yes?"

"do you know any pussy?"

"what?"

"do you know any women laying around panting for a 5 or 4 inch cock?"

"these poems..."

"I can't fuck poems! I need pussy, man, pussy!"

"well, there's Vera..."

"let's go!"

"I'd like some of these poems..."

"take them. care for a beer while I dress?"

"well, one wouldn't hurt."

I gave him a beer while I got out of my torn robe and

into my worn clothes. I had one pair of shoes, ripped shorts, zipper in pants that only pulled 3/4's up. we went out the door, got into the car. I stopped for a 5th. of scotch.

"I have never seen you eat," said Dan, "don't you ever eat?"

"only certain items."

he directed the way to Vera's. we got out, fifth, me, Dan. rang a doorbell of a fairly expensive apartment.

Vera opened—the door. "ooh, hello, Dan."

"Vera, this is... Charles Bukowski."

"ooh, I've always wondered what Charles Bukowski looked like."

I pushed in past her. "got any glasses? tall ones?"

"ooh, yes."

Vera came out with the glasses. there was some guy sitting on the couch. I filled 2 glasses with scotch, gave one to Vera, one to myself, then sat myself on the couch in between Vera and the guy who was sitting there. Dan sat across the way. "Mr. Bukowski," said Vera, "I've read your poetry and..."

"fuck poetry," I said.

"oohoh," said Vera.

I drank the scotch down, reached over, flipped the dress up higher over Vera's legs. "you have beautiful legs," I told her.

"I think I'm a little fat," she said.

"oh, no! just right!"

I poured down another scotch, leaned over and kissed one of her knees. I had a little sip more then kissed a little higher up the leg.

"oh hell, I'm going!" said the guy who was at the other end of the couch.

he got up and walked out. I interspersed my kissing movements with bits of dull conversation. filled her glass again. soon I had her dress up around her ass. I saw the panties. the panties were not made out of that usual pantystuff but looked more like an old-fashioned bed quilt—little colored different squares of soft stuff—green, blue, gold, lavender—truly she must have had no pants.

I pulled my head from between her legs and there sat Dan across from me, glistening.

"Dan, my boy!" I said, "I think it's time for you to go."

it was hard for him to leave that peepshow. it was hard for me too. nice and. but he left. I bent down for another look and lick, then straightened up. had another drink. she waited. I drank slowly.

"Charles..."

"look," I said, "I like my booze. don't worry now. I'll get around to you."

Vera sat there with her dress up around her ass, waiting. "I'm too fat," she said, "really, don't you think so?"

"oh no, perfect. I could rape you for 3 hours. you're just kind of buttery. I want to lick all the butter off of you."

I slipped my hand up under the panties, felt a bit of hair.

then I drained my scotch, poured another.

"Charles..."

"Vera, I am the world's greatest poet."

"Charles..."

"Vera, I'd like to jam a live codfish up your ass."

"why?"

"Hell, I dunno."

she pulled her dress down. I finished off the scotch glass.

"you piss outa your pussy, don't you?"

"I guess so."

"well, that's what's wrong with all you women!"

"Charles, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave. I have to go to work in the morning."

"work... smerk. the Turk lurked and jerked."

"Charles," she said, "please leave."

I was quite comfortable—I had my shoes, stockings and pants off. I reached over and grabbed a breast. "please don't worry. I am going to fuck you. I just want a little more to drink. I am a man who loves his drink."

I saw her get up, forget it, poured another drink.

then I looked up and there was Vera and another woman. the other woman looked all right too. "sir," said the other cunt, "I am a friend of Vera's. you've frightened her and she must get up early in the morning. I'll have to ask you to leave."

"LISTEN, YOU LOUSY CUNTS! I'LL FUCK BOTH OF YOU! I PROMISE! YOU BOTH GOT A GOOD 8 INCHES WAITING FOR YOU! JUST LEMME HAVE A FEW MORE DRINKS, THAT ALL I ASK!"

I was sitting there fairly close to the bottom of the 5th. when the two cops came in.

"gentlemen?" I asked, "are you from the Nobel Prize Committee? or is it the Pulitzer?"

"get your shoes and pants on," said one of them. "NOW!"

"gentlemen, do you realize you are addressing Charles Bukowski?"

"we'll get your I.D. down at the station. Now get your shoes and pants on."

I got my shoes and pants on.

they handcuffed me behind the back, very hard as usual, the little notches on the bracelets cutting into the veins. then they hustled me fast, outside, down a slanting drive, moving me a little faster than my legs could go, lifting me a bit into the air.

"you're a great lover, eh?" one of them asked me.

"you should have seen the panties!" I said.

"shut up!" the other one said.

they threw me into the back seat, face-down, without too much care. I stretched out and listened to their comfortable and superior radio. same old scene. I sometimes got the idea, at such moments, that the cops were better than I was. of course, there was no truth to it...

down at the station, the same

indignities to guilty and innocent—confiscation of materials, showered, sprayed up the ass, photographed, cursed and badgered. you keep quiet about the constitution or any rights of any sort or they kicked the shit out of you.

then the fingerprinting. I always had trouble with the left thumb. I could never seem to give them a good left thumb. they must have had a dozen of my left thumbs already but they had to have another one. the grabbing of the thumb—"RELAX!" NOW, RELAX!" how the hell could you relax in jail?

then a guy who wasn't a cop. I don't know if he was a trustee or not. he didn't have on the trustee's garb. I answered various questions for a green-lined paper. he leaned close to me: "I'm not a cop," he said in a low voice, "these men are beasts." he gave me a slip of paper with a phone number on it. "call me when you get out."

"sure." like hell...

"you've got one phonecall," said the screw, "make it now."

in the drunktank they all slept on boards and seemed quite comfortable, bumming cigarettes, snoring, laughing, pissing, shitting. I was not quite as happy as most.

I was let out and looked through the phonebook. it was then that I realized that I didn't have any friends. I kept turning the pages.

"listen," said the screw, "how long's it gonna take you? you been out here 15 minutes."

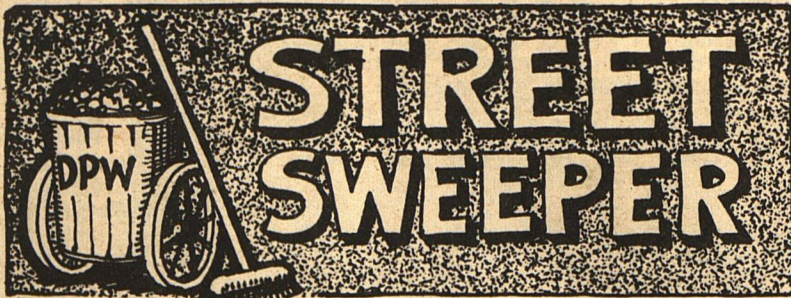
I had bail money in my dresser drawer. in my room but I couldn't reach it. I'd learned long before that the professional bail bondsmen didn't bother with common drunks. they'd tell you they'd be right over but they never showed. all I needed was somebody to put up bail for me and I'd get it right back to them out of the dresser drawer.

I tried a number. all I got was a lot of shit from a very religious lady. I had wanted her son to answer the phone. a damned mother's boy anyhow and a worse mother. she gave me a lot of shit about how I forced her boy to go to jail once when I insisted that we sleep on some mortuary steps while drunk. The mortuary steps were on one of the main boulevards of Inglewood, Calif. I was towards a traffic jam. the old bitch rambled on with her shit. no sense of humour. I hung up and the screw put me back in.

it was then that I noticed that I was the only guy in the tank without stockings on. there must have been 160 of them in that tank and 159 wore stockings. many of them just off the box-cars. I was the only one without. well, balls.

each time I found a new screw I asked if I might be allowed to make my one phone call. I don't know how many people I called. one told me he couldn't bail me because he was having a dinner guest from Argentina

see p. 18



Art establishment critics play a useless mind game. It blows my mind every time I remember the frenzied attempts of the so-called "critics" to come to grips with the Pop Art movement in the early sixties when Rauschenburg, Warhol and fellow freaks were contributing their 'hilarious monuments to American inanity.

Here was an art form that was right up front: immediate, unambiguous, completely comfortable in this country's fucked up urban environment. Yet the critics were sitting there jacking their minds off in an attempt to "place" it within the "great tradition."

By 1966, when THE book on Pop Art came out, the critics had gotten their heads together and proclaimed that Pop Art was characterized by an "increasing emphasis on the non picturesque and non associative aspects of commercial raw materials and a growing disdain for sentiment, and even for sensitivity which, with anecdotalism, was a platform for the so-called humanist schools."

(Lippard, p. 73, Praeger & Co.) Sheee-it! With a background like that, every Campbell's Soup can in the country ought to run for governor.

If establishment art critics play a useless mind game, they are also an unconscious yet potent tool of THE MAN. The critics own the art and The Man owns the critics; therefore the art becomes The Man's property.

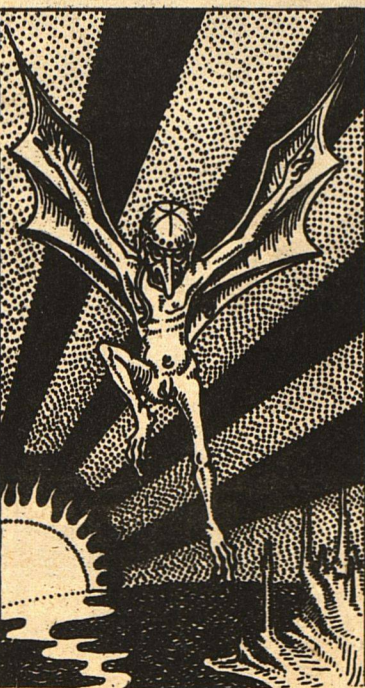
Pop Art and the post Pop forms from op art to psychedelic art, by now get their main exposure from magazines like Look and Time, fashion shows, national gallery showings, and bad Hollywood movie credits. What started out as a movement to point up alternative states of mind in a society plagued by a monotony of vision has turned into a vehicle to perpetuate that monotony.

Acceptance into the mainstream of American art means acceptance into the American mainstream of commercialism—from the Marvelettes singing Pepsi to Nixon's op art campaign posters.

Pop art has had several "legitimate" offspring, but only one bastard—the underground comic movement. Underground comics have been around for almost 3 years now. The Elvis Presley of the movement, Joel Beck, had his cartoon stories published in 1966. Gilbert Shelton pioneered the now lost first editions of Wonder Warthog in Austin, Texas. Then came Yellow Dog, the grand-daddy of the movement in newspaper form.

There are now at least thir-

teen editions. Zaps 0, 1, 2, and 3 appeared and are now history. Robert Crumb gave up his job designing Hallmark greeting cards to become the Beatles of underground comicdom.



S. Clay Wilson became the Rolling Stones. Crumb's visit to Detroit produced Motor City Comics.

The East Village Other produces the bi-monthly Gothic Blimp Works. Bijou came in from Detroit. Radical American Comics exploded in Madison, Wis. Snatch and Jiz, the sex comics, are selling like cum-covered pancakes, and just this week Zap #4 appeared on the scene. It is clear that the movement is here to stay.

Underground comics circulate largely by hand; they're something individual that you carry in your pocket, something you have sitting around when you and your friends get high. And every day some would-be cartoonist is at the Print Mint in Moe's trying to get his stuff in the next Yellow Dog. Everywhere you go in Berkeley or San Francisco people are reading these comics. All over the country kids have them in their books in high school; over the Avenue vendors are selling them along with the movement papers.

Yet in all this time, no

see p. 23

HE'S BACK SAFELY

PREZ RETURNS FROM TRIUMPHAL WORLD TOUR!!

YAHOO!

BETTER ASS!!

PRaise DE LAUD!

FUCK



GREETS APPOLO ASTRONAUTS!!



CHEERED WILDLY BY ENTHUSIASTIC MILLIONS!!

WIFE PAT BIG ASSET!!



WE'LL STAND ON THE RECORD

Wow!

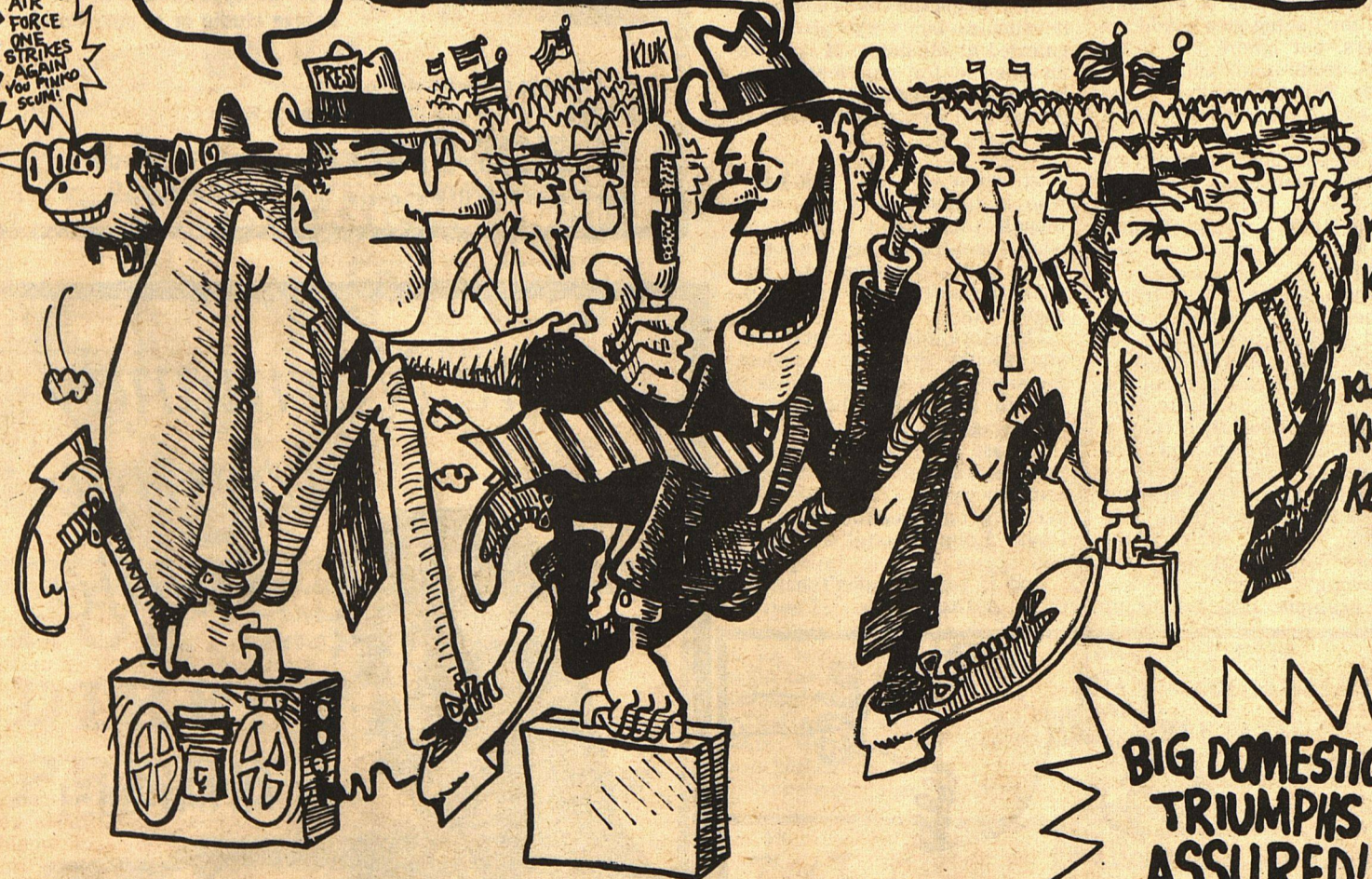
JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE HISTORIC ACHIEVEMENTS!!

- ★ MEETS NEW WORLD LEADERS!!
- ★ ASSURES OUR ALLIES!!
- ★ ENDS MILITARY INVOLVEMENT IN ASIA!!
- ★ PLEDGES MILITARY INVOLVEMENT IN ASIA!!
- ★ COINS IMMORTAL PHRASE: "OUR FINEST HOUR!"
- ★ STEMS COMMUNIST TIDE IN RUMANIA!!

I SEE...
I SEE...

WHEREAS THE PRESIDENT DID IN FACT INDICATE THAT THE CUBS, COULD IN HIS JUDGEMENT, TAKE IT ALL IN THE EASTERN DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE, THIS DOES NOT AT THIS POINT IN TIME INTEND ANY LESSENING OF OUR RESPECT FOR THE CHANCES OF EITHER THE CARDINALS FINE BASEBALL TEAM, NOR THAT OF THE NEW YORK METS. WE ARE GIVING THIS MATTER CAREFUL STUDY AND AFTER MEETING WITH APPROPRIATE INDIVIDUALS, WILL BE ISSUING A CLARIFICATION, WHICH SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN TO INDICATE THAT WE BELIEVE ANY INCONSISTENCY EXIST IN...

AIR FORCE ONE STRIKES AGAIN YOU PINKO SCUM!



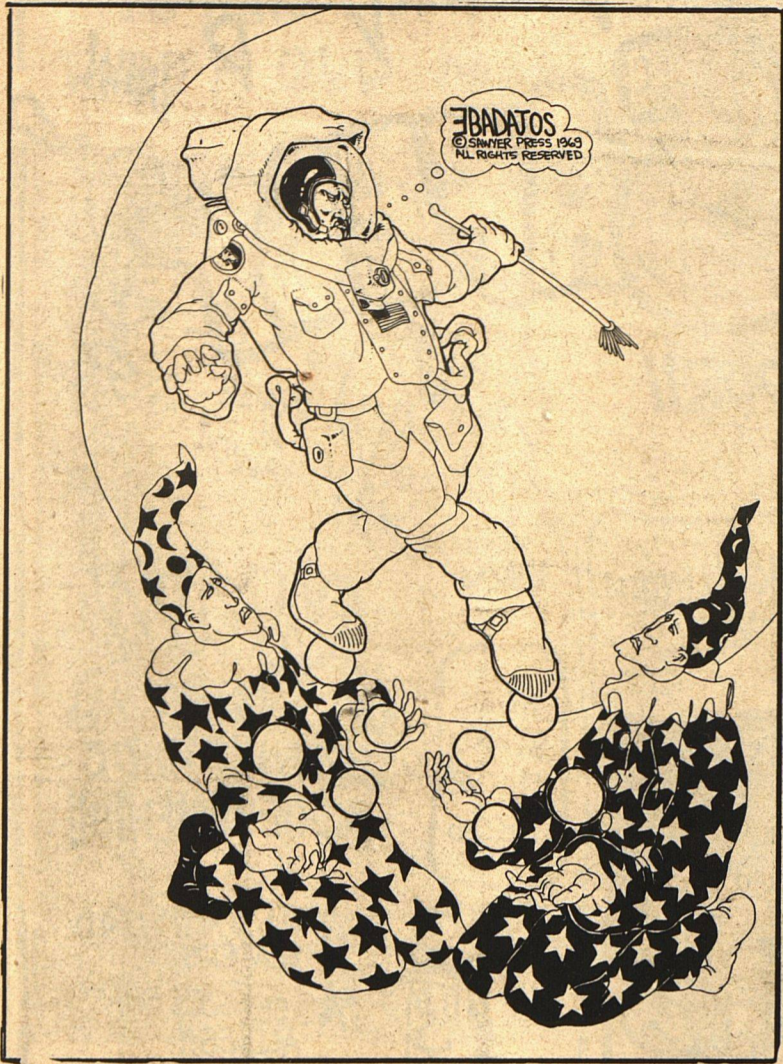
BIG DOMESTIC TRIUMPHS ASSURED!

NO SINGLE ACHIEVEMENT IN THIS DECADE WILL BE SO IMPRESSIVE TO MANKIND AS THE LANDING OF A MAN ON MARS... NOR WILL ANY BE SO DIFFICULT OR EXPENSIVE... I JUST WANT TO MAKE THAT VERY CLEAR...



STAY TUNED FOR OUR NEXT EXCITING CHAPTER AS WE HEAR THE PRESIDENT SAY:

WILLY MURPHY



BREAK THE CODE: MFOPLK ZCRD

by Lee Felsenstein
Military Editor

Has The Man got you paranoid? Do you find that your munitions deals go slowly if at all due to the necessity for hand-delivering all messages concerning them?

Well, stand up and spit in the pig's eye! Use the time-tested "one-time pad" code system, the only one guaranteed unbreakable.

(Skeptics should note that this is the system used by Soviet agents, and probably by the CIA spooks as well).

All you require is a typewriter and lots of paper to set it up. Basically you need to produce two identical tables of random numbers. Load the typewriter with two sheets and a carbon.

Then start pounding out random numbers in groups of six digits. Example; 804483 398742 349526 and so on.

Don't be scared of running out; there are exactly one million possible combinations. Just try hard NOT to use any system, and try to be democratic and hit each number about the same number of times.

Triple-space the lines. A more meticulous method would be to use a published table of random numbers, but we're not out to split hairs here.

Turn out several pages of this stuff. Keep track of the two copies—and assemble them in the same order in two piles. Number the pages and staple them together.

Each page will be used to code and decode one message—then it will be torn off and burned. Let this fact govern your choice of the length of the page and the number of

them in a pad.

Give the duplicate to the person with whom you will communicate and make sure that no one but him (or her) gets to inspect it.

To use the "one-time" system you will first have to convert the text into numbers. Let A be 01, B be 02 and so on to Z be 26. don't make this part complicated -- it won't help any.

Then write these numbers over the numbers on the coding pad. This means that each group will handle three letters of the text.

Now for the big step -- add the numbers, but ignore any "carrying" from one column to another. This means that 8 and 4 will add to 2, 3 and 7 to 0 and 2 and 2 to 4 (of course).

This step, called "noncarrying addition", converts the text which has a definite rhythm and order into a string of numbers just as random as the pad numbers!

Now you can feel free to transmit these coded numbers over tapped phones, flag signals, or print them in a paper. They won't mean a thing to anyone but the person with the duplicate pad.

That person takes their copy of the key pad and sets down the numbers as they are received over their pad numbers. Then they carry out a "noncarrying subtraction" -- they subtract the numbers and cheat on their "borrowing".

For example, if a 4 lines up

TENANTS UNION

from p. 9

ly successful rent strike was pulled off for seven months.

Unlike Ann Arbor, where tenants have some legal protection, California landlords can

get a summary eviction in 13 days for non-payment of rent. This means, generally, that a tenant with a legitimate bitch can't even get a jury trial on his bitch if he doesn't pay his rent.

Legal researchers working for the tenants union told the Tribe that it would be at least late October until all the necessary preparations are made.

"An abortive strike before we are legally ready would kill any chances for any type of tenant activity in Berkeley for at least two years," said one of the researchers.

Moreover, a successful tenants union has to involve more than a rent strike. Primarily, the tenants union would seek recognition from Berkeley landlords as the collective bargaining agent in such areas as rents, contract terms, amounts of deposits, discrimination and proper maintenance.

There is also the possibility that a strong tenants union could develop low cost, cooperative housing which would be managed by the residents themselves.

To build this kind of strength, the interim steering committee feels that four to six weeks of intensive organizing are ahead.

Members of the tenants union will be recruited on a block by block basis by volunteer organizers. Members will organize

over an 8 the answer is a 6. 3 over 5 gives 8, and 4 over 2 still gives 2.

All that remains is to translate these numbers back to letters using the 01 to 26 system.

Anyone who's been through third grade can do it with only a pencil (and, of course, the pad).

Needless to say, if the pigs can borrow the pad and copy it, they've got the key. Therefore, it should be very jealously guarded at all times. If it turns up missing for any length, its holder should contact the other person and arrange to make a new one.

Of course, the pigs still know who is talking to whom, even though they can't understand what's being said. They can sometimes get information just from the pattern of this "message traffic".

Therefore, every now and then you should fire off a useless message to someone unlikely just to clutter up the picture for the pigs.

In case you don't believe me you can find all of this buried somewhere in "The Codebreakers", a ball-breaking book by David Kahn Macmillan \$14.95, 1967.

And if you still don't believe then 49376602 you, Charlie.

PIG DAY

Monday will be pig day on KGO radio.

Among the people interviewed for short spots throughout the day will be an anonymous cop, Mayor Alioto, Chief Charles Gain of the Oakland PD, a spokesman for the John (Support Your Local Police) Birch Society, etc.

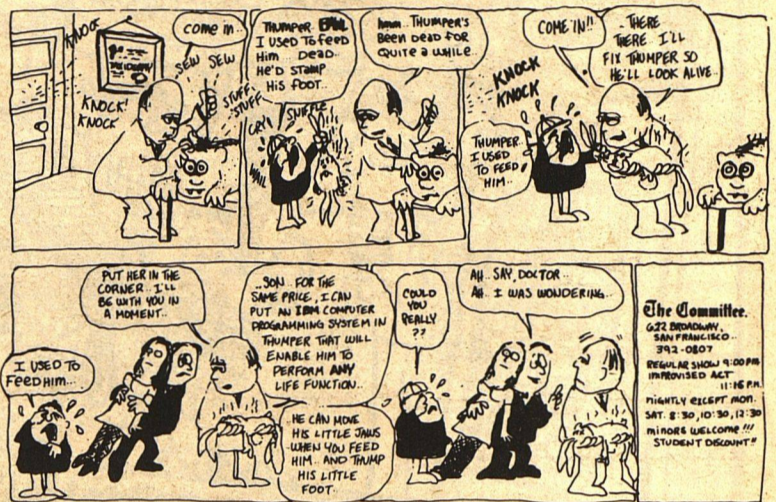
Programs Director Paul Carroll of KGO stated that there will also be time for Kayo Hallinan, a cop from SF's Community Relations unit, and possibly a thing with Earl Warren.

Monday is police day, and KGO will be there on the air.

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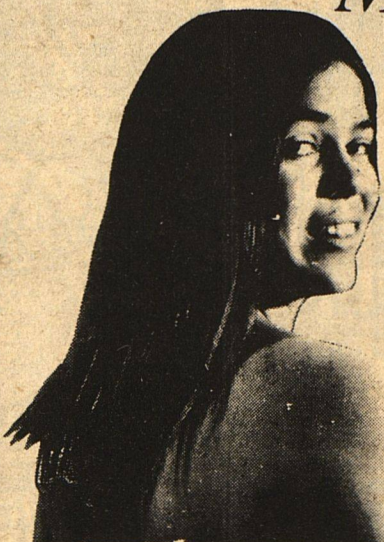
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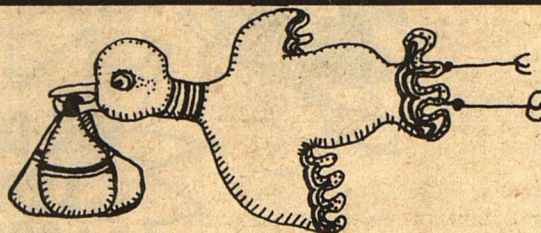
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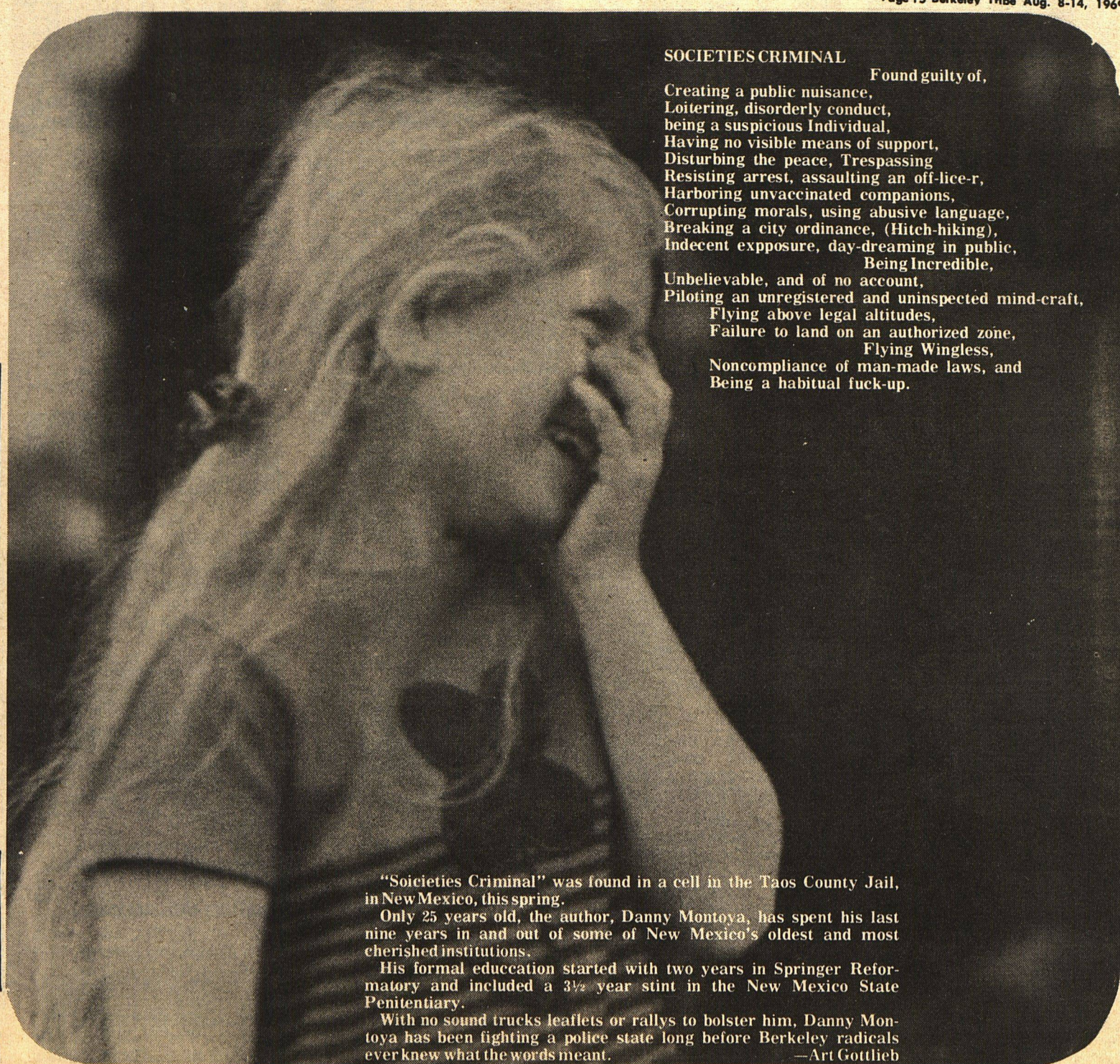
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- Indecent exposure, day-dreaming in public,
- Being Incredible,
- Unbelievable, and of no account,
- Piloting an unregistered and uninspected mind-craft,
- Flying above legal altitudes,
- Failure to land on an authorized zone,
- Flying Wingless,
- Noncompliance of man-made laws, and
- Being a habitual fuck-up.

"Societies Criminal" was found in a cell in the Taos County Jail, in New Mexico, this spring.

Only 25 years old, the author, Danny Montoya, has spent his last nine years in and out of some of New Mexico's oldest and most cherished institutions.

His formal education started with two years in Springer Reformatory and included a 3½ year stint in the New Mexico State Penitentiary.

With no sound trucks leaflets or rallies to bolster him, Danny Montoya has been fighting a police state long before Berkeley radicals ever knew what the words meant.

—Art Gottlieb



"Man is a predator whose natural instinct is to kill with a weapon."
"Far from the truth lay the assumption that man had

fathered the weapon. The weapon had fathered man." Robert Ardrey, in his book, African Genesis (Dell; 95¢) makes these statements in explaining the origin of man. They are based on the work of a number of contemporary naturalists who believe they have found men's origins near the Kalahari desert of Africa. Diggings there in the last 30 years have indicated, Ardrey says, that man evolved from a carnivorous ape-like creature who wandered the plains and killed its food with a weapon.

Mankind was born of this creature BECAUSE it picked up the weapon to slay food and murder its brothers who intruded onto its property. "Man emerged from the anthropoid background for one reason only," Ardrey states: "because he was a killer." Stanley Kubrick, in the film 2001, portrays the dawn of man in just this way. When this creature acquired the larger brain sometime later in its history, he applied that brain for one basic purpose—to develop better weapons. That new creature was called Man; weaponry and war has been his history. Everything else in history,

art, culture, religion, science, and even civilization are only by-products of this quest to kill to protect property. As men, we inherit this instinct to kill from our primate origins. And as social creatures we inherit what Ardrey calls "the territorial imperative"—the instinct of ALL organisms to establish and protect property. Today, we have developed the ultimate WEAPON to protect our territory—The Bomb. We are presently seeking better ways to "deploy" this instrument of universal death through such things as the ABM system. From the dawn of man almost a million years ago, to the twentieth century of today—all in quest of one thing—the

Ultimate Weapon—"AND NOW WE'VE GOT IT MOTHER-FUCKERS!" There is only one problem for that social heirarchy which wields this ultimate tool of death: that with all of the by-products of the civilization its quest has created, the weapon is destroying the earth and poisoning that civilization's children into extinction. Now these children, faced with DDT, nuclear radiation, shit in the air, and scum in the water are standing up and crying "ENOUGH!" You are killing us!" That's why when the revolution comes to this world, it will be the Ecological Revolution, waged by those children

see p. 23

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DIRTY OLD MAN

from p. 12
 finally I had to give up.
 I stretched out on one of the boards. some drunk stepped on one of my legs on the way to the pisspot. I cursed him vaguely and tried to sleep. then my name was called and the cell door opened.
 "you made bail," said the screw.
 "jesus christ," I said.
 all during the bailing-out process which takes about an hour I wondered who it was. I made up a little list. I put this name on top, this name second, this name 3rd. and so on. I got

the list up to six.
 when I got out, they walked toward me. it was a guy and his wife. they weren't even on the list.
 "jesus, Norman," I said, "you never know until you get out of jail."
 "you never do," he said. they drove me to my place where I paid them off the bail money. I walked them back to their car and just as I got in the door the phone rang. it was a woman's voice. it sounded good. "Buk?"
 "yeah, baby. who are you? I just got out of jail."
 "oh, poor Buke!"

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swered.
 "Buke?"
 "yeh, Buk. I just got out of jail."
 "yes, I know. this is Vera."
 "you lousy cunt! you called the cops!"
 "you were horrible, horrible! they asked me if I wanted to prefer rape charges. I told them I didn't."
 "thanks, cunt. now, by the way, you have my wallet, my stockings, and my car is out in front of your place. I expect them all back."
 "how much money was in your wallet?"
 "35 dollars," I said.
 "how did you know?"
 "I know, and I'm coming over right now."

I had to take the bus down to her place, down past L.A. City College, and I got to the place, rang the bell, and here came this hand through the door, holding a wallet and a pair of dirty stockings.
 "here's your stuff. the money's all in there."
 she had the chain on the door but I could see on in through there. the pint of scotch and the tall 6 pack rode on inside of me. she had on a robe and the robe was open and I could see one very full breast trying to work out toward my mouth.
 "Vera, baby," I said, "I think that we could be nice friends, very nice friends. I forgive you for phoning the cops. let me in."
 "no, no, Buke, we can never be friends! you are a horrible person!"
 the breast kept pleading to me.
 "Vera!..."
 "no, Buke, take your stuff and go, please!"
 I snatched the wallet and stockings. "o.k., fatty, jam it up your jello ass!"
 "oooooh!" she said, and then slammed the door.

as I examined the wallet for the 35, I heard her put on Aaron Copeland. what a phoney. I walked on down the drive, this time without a police escort. I found the car a little further down. got in. it started.

I let it warm. took off my shoes, put on my socks, put my shoes back on again, and then being a decent citizen once more, I put it in reverse, backed out between two cars, swung it clear, moved up the dark street North toward myself toward my place toward something, the old car had it, the night had it, and the way, and at a signal I found half an old cigar in the tray, lit it, burned my nose a little, signal changed, I inhaled, blew out blue smoke, nothing was ever dead that didn't take a chance, lose, come back to the same place.
 maybe another beer or two and I'd try another one. I had forgotten about entirely. she was from Argentina and had a father with cancer of the throat, which was tragic, but she had an ass almost as wide as my doorway, which wasn't tragic at all. ass or doorway.

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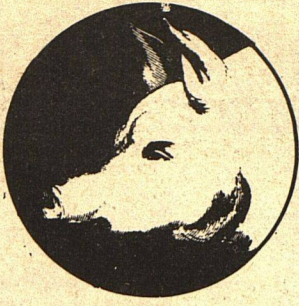


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...HER NAME IS
MARTHA VELEZ

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pig eye BUMMER IN THE summer

by J. Edgar

COUNTER-INSURGENCY: The Berkeley Police Department has added a new twist to its pacification program.

Each day, smiling Harry Brizee, the "intellectual" of the BPD, can be seen strolling around Telegraph Ave. in uniform. Harry talks to people, and tries to establish "communication" between the people and the pigs.

Harry makes the whole scene. He's around Dwight Way, near Shakespeare's and the Bongo Burger, all over the 2400 block, and up Telly to the campus.

Harry is trying to show people that police are really nice people. Ask Harry about his gun, though, and he will tell you he needs it to possibly save somebody's life.

A few people might be deluded into thinking that since Harry is such a nice guy, the police aren't so bad after all. Just wait until the shit hits the fan next time. See which side smiling Harry Brizee is on then.

He might act like a nice guy, but he has a job to do. And that job basically involves keeping you and me down while Roger Heys and Ronald and Ronald Reagan gobble up the south campus.

Berkeley also has a group of civilian police aides. These people are from the community, but they've gone through some police training.

Their game is "communication" also. No one says in whose interest they communicate, or what they communicate.

Next time you hear of a community person who is a 'liaison' with the police department, ask him if he's had any police training. Also ask him whose interests he's serving.

IMPERIALISM:

Last week we reported that the UC police department was being revamped, and that it had been greatly expanded over the past few years.

Now we find that the UCPD is no longer restricted to the campus proper. According to our sources, the university pigs are now authorized to patrol within a one mile radius of the campus.

This gives them the right to patrol just about the entire south campus area and lots more.

With ex-BPD Chief Beall now running the UCPD, there seems to be so much overlap that it's hard to tell where the university police department ends and the Berkeley Police Department begins.

The suspicion here is that Beall is really running both,

with Chief Baker, the titular head of the Berkeley Police Department merely Beall's deputy.

It shows you where those in power cising control. What's all this jazz about "protecting" the community.

The above, by the way, is a good argument for working on the community control of police campaign being initiated by the Black Panther Party, and the National Committee to Combat Fascism.

If the community controlled the police, it might have

some say as to where they should be assigned.

Despite Mayor Alioto's weekly cheerleading sessions, the San Francisco Police Department is embarrassingly inefficient when it comes to solving serious crimes.

Insiders claim that only a very small percentage of felony crimes are really solved, and that many of those never stand up in court because of poor police work, or because of glaring violations of suspects' rights by the SFPD.

I guess Tom Cahill's department is so preoccupied with shooting blacks and clubbing students, it doesn't have time for the more mundane side of police work.

Did you notice how severe Berkeley Police chief Baker was on the high-ranking officers who led the raid on the Park Annex? Two-day suspensions and several reprimands. Wow!

"Law and order" is obviously not the same for Kennedys and policemen as it is for you and me.

-KEN-

from p. 11
ing rumors his boat might be burned.

Beil, an ecology activist, had tangled with Del Monte before. On July 2, the corporation burned something between 70 and 150 acres of land in Alameda, causing a great deal of air pollution in the East Bay. "It was cheaper to burn the land than to clear it. They want the profit and to hell with the laws. I want these corporations to obey the law just like I do," says Beil. He turned them into the Bay Area Air Pollution Control District.



The Craftsmen's Fair at the People's Park Annex last weekend was a prosperous and mellow affair. Craftsmen donated \$161.09, one-third of their profits, to the park fund. The money will be used to cover costs of watering, and planting and maintaining new sod, plants, and trees.

Over 40 people displayed their wares which included

candles, pottery, leather goods, jewelry and toys. Many of those attending just tripped about enjoying the colorful carnival atmosphere and good vibes.

A public meeting will be held in the park at 7:00 p.m. Thursday. Plans for uses of the new money and new ideas for the park will be discussed.

- Janice

Photo by Jean Kautsky

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DR. HIPPOCRISY
This column is dedicated to Dr. Hippocrates who started out with us but finked.
QUESTION: "Will '90 Minutes of Sexual Intercourse' on stage (in Sweden) create problems?"
ANSWER: Once a night never hurt anybody. But watch out for those encores.
QUESTION: Is it true that a human female is the only one with a maidenhead?
ANSWER: Yes. (See page 21, 'Patterns of Sexual Behavior' by Ford and Beach, Harper, 1952). Dr. Frank A. Beach, Ph.D., now teaches at UC Berkeley.
If you can't find him to ask him why (a very interesting

philosophical question, by the way), I shall quote the key sentence:
"It is probably of considerable behavioral significance that neither monkeys nor apes possess a hymen. This potential obstruction to successful initial intercourse is found only in our own species."
QUESTION: What in the hell did Dr. Schoenfeld mean when he said "the clitoris is the only organ whose function is pleasure?"
ANSWER: Since the good doctor will apparently be unable to answer many questions previously sent to him (now that he is on the air and in the SF Chronicle), Dr. Hippocrisy will be glad to answer them. To your question, sir...

women get sans men.
'Pleasure' as a "necessary prelude to other functions" is sustained by Beach. "There is some question as to whether clitoral stimulation is usually necessary for complete climax... nevertheless there is no doubt that for a large proportion of women, the clitoris serves as one important locus of sexual stimulation" (page 22).
Prof Beach is in Psychology, and Prof Ford is in Anthropology. Between their two backgrounds, they set up an interesting cross-ruff on the clitoris, as well as other "Patterns Of Sexual Behavior."
-G.K.

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Again (as in the previous question) an interesting philosophical point is raised, namely, if God created this fun-organ, why then does the church consider it sinful if you ask your priest (or minister), he will probably answer "the WHAT?"
As a matter of fact, if you ask any man this same question, you will get the same answer (and for the same reason—it is "sinful" to ask, let alone manipulate).


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Now, let's meet this 'problem' face to face: in discussing this point of pleasure raised by Dr. Schoenfeld, a professor of psychology at SF State told me that it ain't necessarily so. "What he calls 'pleasure' may be a necessary prelude to other functions."
Well, heaven's to Betsy, if this is so, then women have been frustrated for thousands of years! Even before the concept of 'sin.' Examples: in Japan, the women use a small ceramic penis that has a bamboo-shoot attached to one end. This penis is inserted during the day and the bamboo-shoot titillates the clitoris.
In these great United States, nothing like this is made for our females. Instead, you can buy a rubber ring that is slipped over your erection (much like a wedding-ring); on this ring is the rubber counterpart to that Japanese bamboo-shoot, a small fingery thing that fullfills the same function during intercourse that the Japanese

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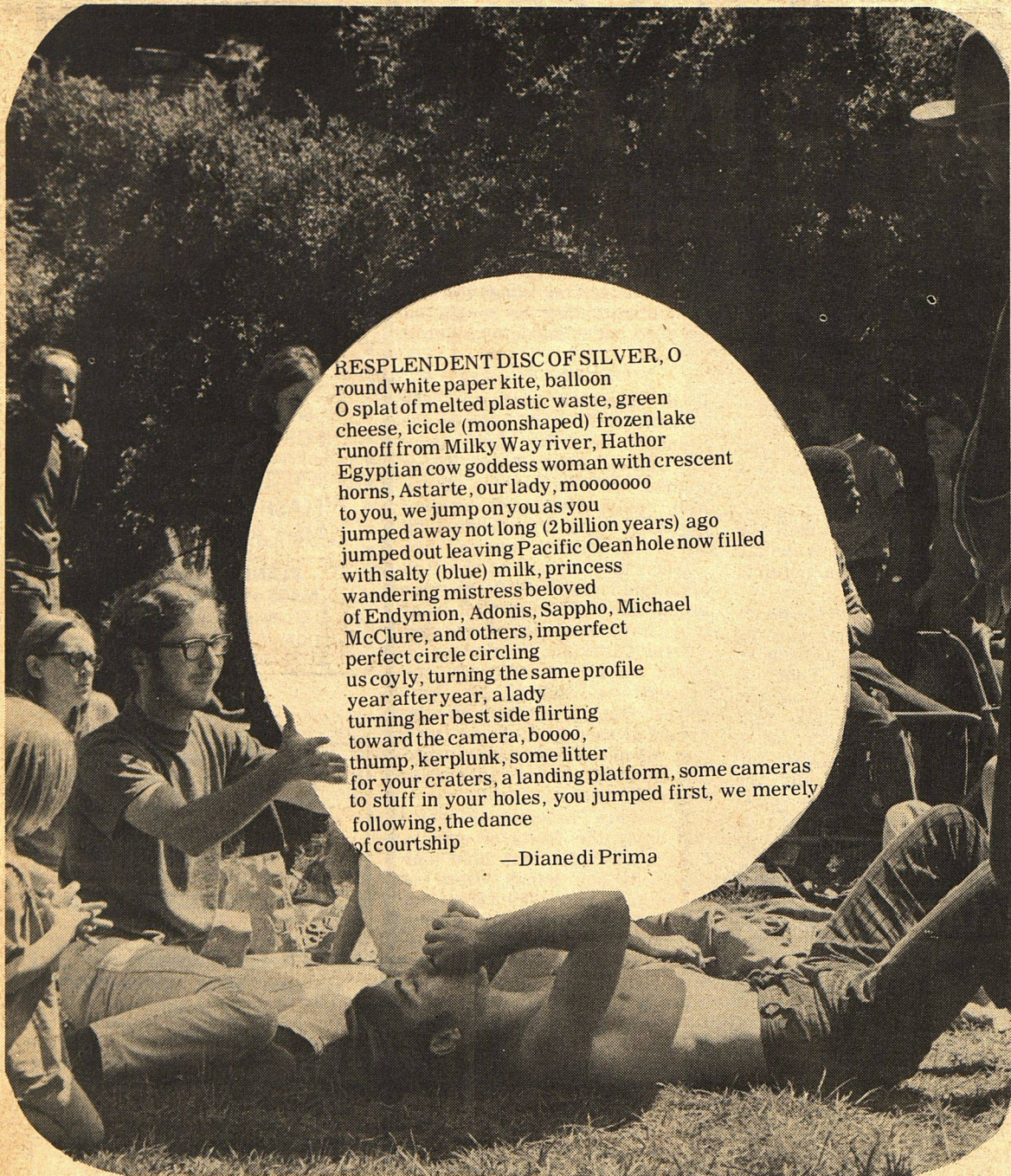
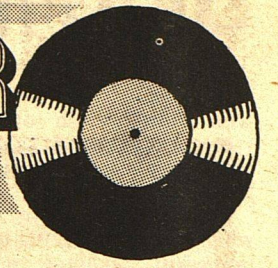
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—Diane di Prima

The top forty industry relies a lot upon what are termed "follow-up" records. When a hit record falls down the sales charts, an imitation is issued. The idea is to release a song that is so much like the original that people will buy it, yet different enough that the consumer will still feel he's getting something new.

There have been far out follow-ups. Like "Daddy's Home" by Shep and the Limelights, which was almost as good as "10000 Miles Away" by the Heartbeats. But generally the follow-up is a rotten idea. It is blatant commercialism, out and out plagiarism.

What is it when a group issues its own follow-up? Sometimes it is difficult to know whether a group is out for money, or simply refining a reliable, valid musical idea. You know, are they squeezing music or pennies from their creation?

The question is inspired by two new albums: **Blind Faith** and Canned Heat's **Hallelujah**. Confidentially, I suspect those "super-stars" believe you and me to be a bunch of rich fools.

You must know who Blind Faith is. "The best of Traffic and Cream," the hype promises. I wonder. Why does the "best" have trouble matching the worst of those two influential groups?

Blind Faith is the group which played to 20,000 nuts at Madison Square Garden. And you thought the Fillmore was bad? They'll be playing the Oakland Coliseum soon, tickets \$3-\$6. We'll be thankful to Bill Graham when he's only charging us \$4 a night. I promise, even if I get complimentary tickets, I won't go hear Blind Faith. I got my principles.

But it's not just the hype, the omnipresent dollar sign, that puts me uptight. Their record, inside and out, is a bore. What could be worse than a boring follow-up? Well, it's not as bad as **Goodbye Cream**, but it's just as contrived. It's just that they don't blow it as often.

You see, it's as if we aren't supposed to be interested in songs. Songs—the entity which gives rock 'n' roll form. When I listen to Blind Faith, I hardly notice when one cut ends and another begins. It just keeps sounding out of the speakers so damned monotonously. Maybe the mere presence of the super-stars should be worth your \$4.

I used to like Stevie Winwood's singing. On the first Traffic lp, **Mr. Fantasy**, and the Spencer Davis r&b albums. Winwood is really good. With Blind Faith he sounds infatuated with his voice. It's like he's trying to hit as many notes as he can, regardless of their expressiveness.

Oh, and there's Ginger Baker, pretending to be Ginger Baker. I've heard him solo before somewhere.

And Clapton is Clapton. He doesn't have to try anymore. I want to hear him struggle with that guitar, make it do something that blows his mind, for a change.

The whole feeling is like when you hear a lousy follow-up. The parts are there, but they don't do anything to change the chemistry of your mind. So if you dig names like Clapton, splurge on Blind Faith. If you want some good rock 'n' roll, buy Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboys.

Hallelujah is apparently Canned Heat's final album with guitarist Henry Vestine. The rumor is that Righteous Harvey Mandel has joined the

band to take Vestine's place. I hope to god it freshens them up and changes their sound.

Mainly, they've released the same album for the fourth time, but without the Boogie. An oversight?

I made the mistake of listening to side-two first. There I found yet another rendition of "Going Up to Country," sung again by Alan Wilson. This time it's called "Do Not Enter." I can't take it. I just keep wishing they'd feed that boy some meat and potatoes.

The first cut on side-one features The Bear imitating John Mayall's singing in an imitation John Mayall song. Oh goody, now we don't have to listen to John Mayall be John Mayall. The song is called "It's the Same All Over." It should be the album title.

I'm sick of it I tell you!

And by the way, next time Canned Heat plays the Fillmore for \$3.50, why don't you check the paper and see if you can find Backwater Rising playing somewhere for a dollar in Berkeley. When they're on, they can be really tough. It's blues, and they're from Berkeley (support your local blues band!), and they don't sound like a follow-up. It's true though, they don't all have cute PR nicknames, and they don't have PR men out to rape you, and they don't cost \$3.50, yet, but they can be tough.

Backwater Rising. Listen for a song called "Peppercorner Blues," about the local pig riots. It borrows a nitty gritty bass riff from John Lee Hooker's "Motor City's Burning," and it can raise the hair on your head.

Fuck the hypes! Fuck the monotony!

I'm tired of bad-mouthing bands. Honest I am. But believe me, those two records are really pissers.

"Cat Mother and The All Night Newsboys" is a record that will turn you on. Good time rock 'n' roll. I like the beat. I give it a 92.

Next week, hopefully, an exclusive interview with Spit Lynch, the unsuccessful rock 'n' roll singer.

—K.L.

ICE
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FREE STEWEY!!!
from p. 7
Whose thing is Stew doing, out there at Santa Rita? Brothers and sisters, he's doing

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time for every one of us who "disturbed the peace" because we wanted to hear Eldridge Cleaver speak at UC Berkeley. Stewart once said, "We all disturb the peace just by existing in this society." Only he's doing that Santa Rita time because he disturbed the peace up front, for all of us.

Stew lived, like a lot of us, on whatever bits of food and bread came along, and most of the time that was damned few. Now he's also got to pay fines of \$700, more than twice as much as the \$300 that all those others caught in Moses Hall were fined.

(They took a deal, pleaded guilty, made it easy for the D.A. and the pigs—and committees got up a lot of the bread.)

Stew hasn't got a cent to pay those fines. And because he always figures someone else needs it worse, he wouldn't mention. Well, get hip—we can't do the time, but we can take the fine. We can go by the Tribe office at 1708A Grove and lay some bread down and say, "This is for Stew." We can put it in an envelope and mail it to Stew at the Tribe office. A very medium-sized benefit would raise up 700 bucks. If you've got it, put it together, do it.

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photo by Bill Paul

diatribe

from p. 15
who must perish or else destroy their parents who have unleashed such insanity onto the world.

Maybe those same children, when they make their revolution will advance one more evolutionary giant step forward and abolish altogether the need for that WEAPON, by abolishing the Territorial Imperative itself...private property.

The two male creatures walked down to the river bank. One, quite naturally and unconsciously pissed near a sandy spot. The other meandered up the river and returned just before the females arrived, carrying a large branch with a swatch of marsh grass tied to

the top.

As the two females made themselves comfortable in the sun and began picking fleas from their bodies, the two males mounted the branch totem in the sand and stacked rocks around its base, almost laughing, because they had never done this before.

Later, the males wandered away foraging in the woods; when they returned, they found two males from a foreign tribe scampering through the bushes on the opposite bank, eyeing their mates.

They prodded the ladies up and moved further upstream out of the strangers' distance, carrying the grassy branch with them.

After settlement, the males went wandering upstream and when they returned their mates smelled the scent of females from another tribe on the men. Domestic arguments and cross arguments ensued until the group agreed to move still further upstream past the river nymphs.

They were not yet to their new camp before still another tribe moved into their vicinity and forced them still further upstream.

For a long time this process continued, making camp, planting the totem, then relinquishing their territory, until this band of creatures reached the source of the river, high in the mountains.

Finally, there was nowhere else to go.

But even in the mountains, there was no refuge from the other creatures. One day a tribe of strangers came plodding up the stream toward their camp.

The two females squealed nervously; the two males huddled together muttering strategy in their strange tongue.

Suddenly, one of the males picked up the totem grass-branch, and ran down the mountainside toward the intruders. He raised it above his head and swung with a murderous strength at the rivals.

The male who was at the front of the approaching party fell to the ground, his head split open.

Then as the killer stood above his victim looking at the life drain from his enemy's body, he heard Zarathustra whisper into his ear: "But the worst enemy you will ever encounter will be yourself; you lie in wait for yourself in caves and woods."

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MYTHS FOR SALE

LENNY LIPTON

Out here in the boondocks, writing in the sun on a weathered wooden table, my eyes burning from fitful sleep, or not enough sleep, my hair making a shadow on the page across the blue lines of my composition book, I wonder how the hell I'm going to finish this monstrous sentence.

In and around the village of Mendocino I have come upon many people who've had a rap to lay on me, and sure enough, from out of the blue, my rap emerged. Been doing some talking about the Red Mountain Tribe and the Barb and something called the revolution. The word violence comes up a lot. It's the violent dudes who live in

cities, I have been told. Why do you people live in Berkeley? You know what happens there. You're on a violence trip.

One dude told me his plan was to move north and to keep on moving north. First up into Oregon, and then Washington, and then Canada, and then the North Pole, I suppose. Although he would not call it a political program, I would.

People living in communes in this area which may or may not be farms, have chosen to isolate themselves. That is their choice, and none of my words are about to undo it. I can hardly blame them. In no time at all the trees start humming, the breeze singing, the blue sky never looked so blue, and the sun is God.

Arknarton who I think changed his name to Aton, had the right idea. How beautiful, how beautiful, art thou sun, king of the forest, the beaches, the sky.

I asked a man on a communal farm for the hour of the day, he looked to the overcast sky and said, when the sun goes away, there's no way to tell time brother, we have no clocks.

I have tried to explain what is happening with the Tribe so many times, to people without clocks, that I think, instead of the perspective I might have gathered in solitude, I remain with the befuddlement generated by repetition. Yet through this repetition I must have learned something myself, even if the brothers and sisters of Erewhon have not budged an inch, either toward the Pole or Berkeley.

There was once a paper called the Barb. The people who made the paper come out every week, the people who wrote the stories and made the photographs, who swept the floors- and answered the phones, gathered together, in about a week's time, and from a group offering friendly proposals to the owner, they transformed themselves from friends of the owner to a union, and then into the Red Mountain Tribe.

Rather than deal with us as men, or equals, the owner in his sickness, reviled and slandered us. He called us fascists. We attempted to negotiate for the purchase of the paper, but so onerous were the terms of sale, the brothers and sisters of the Tribe did just what they should have done from the word go. They made their own paper. We made our own paper!

The story of the formation of the Berkeley Tribe newspaper could be told in terms of the broader dynamics of the struggle, but what interests me now rather, is what happened to individuals of the Tribe. We have gained strength and power. The men have become real men, men who can act as well as rap righteously. there is no manhood without action.

I get caught up in the biases of a language formed by a

male chauvinist society. The statement I made about the manhood must be made about the women of the Tribe. These women are real women, beautiful, tough, dedicated women. I love this motherfucking tribe, men and women too.

When the workers of the Red Mountain Tribe seized the means of production, we brought off what may have been the first successful Marxian revolution on North American soil. In the process we solved, for ourselves, the problems of the alienated society. Bear in mind that alienated is a weasel word for unhappy, or a euphemism for fucked up.

We share a common goal, and enjoy the fruits of our labors each week we hold our paper in our hands. Here is no money trip. The true reward of the work is the paper, not the paycheck, and we will strive to eliminate the need for money altogether. But while it is here, profits of the Tribe will go to the community, to the Free Church, or the Medical Clinic or to Bail Funds, to other tribes, to brothers and sisters who have need.

Each and every week the Tribe appears, it will be living proof that the tribal concept lives. We have discovered that a tribe does not have to be tied to the land, at least in the form of a farm. But what I want you to understand, is that it was the land that started our Tribe, it was People's Park that brought us together.

My tribe does not need encounter groups or T-groups. When there is no alienation there is no need for group therapy of any kind. Industry,

schools, a lonesome, strung-out society must have planned and structured confrontations. People need to stroke each other or battle each other to express their love and hate.

Let the brothers and sisters of the mechanics tribe work on my Volvo. Please form your tribe soon. Let me buy my bread from the Baker's Tribe. Let there be tribes without end. Let a thousand tribes bloom!

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In Color - Marcel Camus' Grand Prix Winner at Cannes.

BLACK ORPHEUS

Fri.- Jules and Jim 6:30, 10:00 Orpheus 8:15, 11:45
Sat. (Cinema) Orpheus 6:45, 10:15 Jules & Jim 8:30
Sat. (Gateway) Jules 6:00, 9:30 Orpheus 7:45, 11:15
Sun.-Thurs. Black Orpheus 7:15, 10:45 Jules 9:00

TELEGRAPH REPERTORY CINEMA

2533 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley 848-8650

Cinema 1— Thru Wednesday, Aug. 13

Rouben Mamoulian's classic gangster thriller

CITY STREETS (1931) with Gary Cooper

7:00 & 10:20 Daily Except Fri. & Sat. 6:30 & 9:50

plus

Humphrey Bogart & Lauren Bacall in

Howard Hawks' **THE BIG SLEEP (1946)**

8:25 Daily Except Fri. & Sat. 7:55 & 11:15

Cinema 2— Thru Wednesday, Aug. 13

The Marx Bros. in **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA** 6:30, 9:40

plus

Gene Kelly in **SINGIN IN THE RAIN** (color) 8, 11:10

"the greatest musical of all time." —Pauline Kael

Super Flicks

THE BLOB

with Steve McQueen

at 7 & 10:15 (In Color)

1 MILLION B.C.

with Victor Mature at 8:30

A Sing Along &

Road Runner Cartoon

Both at 10:00

Fri. & Sat., Aug. 8 & 9

Stiles Hall, Bancroft & Dana

Only movie in town for

a bucks

OUT THERE

from p. 6

stretch from the southern tip of Big Sur to San Simeon Castle.—70,000 acres of custom-built electric kitchens for 70,000 hard-working war babies. It is sad and nobody has the guts to do anything about it. Even if they did, no one is sure that they could.

Land reform would hit Hearst Corporation very hard, but but somehow land has to be used in a sane manner. Thousands of men could live off that land without pouring concrete on it or having an umbilical cord attached to Bank of America.

The Government or Hearst Corporation could redirect that 78,000 acre resource and create self-sustaining and sane communities of people. Real people who take the earth and step, kick, scratch, play, and piss on it.

Without a land reform program, that 78,000 acres will turn into a tomb with a lid of smog slowly lowering on it.

Leaving the ranch, I cut across the San Joaquin Valley. I got an interesting ride with a young Mexican-American on his way east and then north. He was looking for a job. While in Viet Nam he sent money back to his family for a half acre plot of land. He had planned to build a house on it but somehow the taxes went up shortly after a Santa Barbara Realtor offered to buy the land.

Between Yuma and Tucson, Arizona, small towns have sprung up due to the marvels of modern immigration methods. The Corporation has brought water, chemicals and people into the desert. The life is drained from the people and

mixed with the water and chemicals. Out comes hydrated fruits for America and greenbacks for the Corporation.

I saw my first Indians and Mexicans in the few hundred miles. Bruned and lifeless men sat pathetically in passing agriculture buses.

In the local gas stations, Standard of California has shaved the heads of men closer than the Army once shaved mine. The only thing we have learned from history is that the Pyramids were built by bald robots that did not need policing—only barbers.

The first week of my trip had given me a good view as to where the land is. Good portions of it have turned into copies of Los Angeles. Other portions have been ripped up to feed or build the L.A.'s. The majority of America's land is still unused though. Most of it is unused resource, such as the 78,000 acres the Hearst Corporation owns.

Later, in New Mexico, I saw men, mostly the sons and daughters of middle-class America, doing fantastic things with land. They would not only kick, scratch, and piss on it, but they would squat down and shit on it.

Camille would go into a garden and pull scallions out of the ground, or down the road to pick wild spinach or rose hips.

Wild spinach and scallions would probably grow on the Hearst Ranch, but unless there is land reform right here in River City—not South America—but in the Good Old U.S.A., an asphalt driveway will make it impossible.

To be continued.

EASY RIDERS SMOKE DOPE

Easy Rider is the kind of film you wait to see until it hits the nabes. Save a couple bucks and don't be the first in your block. The data: stars are Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper and Jack Nicholson; Fonda produced, Hopper directed and Terry Southern helped with the script; Columbia-

Advance publicity promises a heavy trip, with shades of Bob Dylan and James Dean spinning out of the spokes of Fonda's red, white and blue California chopper (he's Captain America and wears spurs).

Here's a quote from the blurb furnished by the Columbia PR department: "The story is as difficult to describe as freedom is to define. Basically that is what the story is—freedom. The complete freedom so yearned for by a large segment of the youthful population of he world today."

Actually, the story is easy to define, to wit: Fonda and Hopper do a coke number somewhere down South and use the profits to bike it to New Orleans for Mardi Gras.

En route they have the following trips: 1) great big American Southwest, 2) hippy commune, 3) busted in Texas, 4) red necks in Louisiana, 5) Mardi Gras on acid and then the end. Heavy it isn't. A few trips, a few heart benders, but a floater for the mind. Fonda gets off a couple snorts at the start of the film and stays there, inscrutable behind his piscis eyeballs.

The mind food in Easy Rider digests as "we are not free until everybody's free." That's a good message and it's laid on with a light touch. As a medium message unit, it's closer on than, say, seas of Red Books breaking on American shores with a thundering "Fight Revisionism!"

There's a rarely plucked string in the American personality strung between the vastness of the country and the tiny

of our lives. It's more exposed in the youth and hip culture, but all the wage slaves and organization slaves and family slaves have it. Pluck it and it says "Break out!" "Easy Rider's" target audience—the teens in Abeline—will get it, and maybe some of the old folks.

Most of the dialogue is ad-libbed. This means that the main characters sit around the



fire every night, smoke dope and say "Hey, man" Since Jack Nicholson gets all of T. Southern's lines, he's the only actor with anything to say.

The sets are also ad-libbed. The only studio set is the hippy commune, obviously because real-life communards haven't the \$\$ to build a tribal hut like the one in the movie.

Most of the straight characters are ad-libbed, too, while all the hip characters are out of Hollywood—lovely to look at, detumescent to know.

The acid trip is more ambitious emotionally and conceptually than Fonda-Corman's effort in "The Trip." It has childhood, religion and death. Of course it's nothing like an acid trip, but it gives Laszlo Kovacs a chance to slip in some good muted-color photography.

The photography, in fact, is the best part of Easy Rider, especially the color spectra and prismatic haloes created by re-

lections off the camera lens and shooting at light sources. If you like the color work in this film, see George Kuchar's "Unstrap me," which stands to the former as lapis to marble.

Easy Rider is nostalgic. Nostalgia is the feeling that it used to be easier to have fun. The movie harks back to Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, Jack Kerouac and James Dean (a friend of actor Dennis Hopper's). But it takes me much further back, to the youth of Victor Serge around the turn of the century, described in the first chapter of Serge's *Memoirs of a Revolutionary*.

Serge grew up among the Belgian proletariat, where he learned to hate the bourgeoisie and the older generation of workers' complacent faith in gradualism and social stability. So he dropped out and hit the road to find freedom.

The road took him from the proletarian suburbs to the hip community of individualist anarchists in the city, then to a rural commune and finally to Paris.

Serge was converted to revolutionary socialism, but he saw many of his fellow generational rebels drift further into the Parisian underground, into the dope scene, the gun trip and finally to solitary deaths in hopeless shoot-outs with the police. If this rings a bell, maybe it's time to move on to the second chapter.

—David McCullough

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 "WORLD WITHOUT SUN"
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 "LOLITA" Peter Sellers
 James Mason and Sue Lyons
 "MURDER SHE SAID"
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STREET SWEEPER

from p. 12

"critics" have emerged. In fact, critics have avoided underground comics like the plague. In terms of availability to the mainstream, underground comics are strictly the other side of the tracks. More important, they have shown us just where the tracks are located.

The comics will never be used by The Man because they are a running comment on The Man; and the underground comic artists are the first generation of artists to come of age with the movement. You can take up art to sell Nixon, but you can't take Crumb's Whiteman to sell Cadillacs. Crumb's stuff will never get into the mainstream because Crumb's stuff is committed

to total freedom. And by being committed to total freedom, it takes on a significance that goes beyond the antics of Mr. Natural, Flakey Foot, Angelfood McSpade and Whiteman—it is a comment on the process by which we become alienated from the Establishment, it is a chronicle of the discoveries that we have each made individually these last couple of years.

In 1962, Rauchenburg took Alley Oop from a comic frame and put him on a piece of canvas. The Metropolitan Museum of Art bought it. In 1968, Robert Crumb found Alley Oop on the street, put him back in the comic frame, jumped in himself, and pulled the rest of us in with him. Who will buy us?—j.l.

SATURDAY MIDNIGHT
 Cinema Film Club Presents:
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Academy Award Winner

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 In Color

Tom Mix in
GUNS OF VENGEANCE

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GEORGE

A FREE SERVICE

FRIDAY AUGUST 8

•(B)CONCERT/DANCE: Country Joe & the Fish, Tongue & Groove, Kevin, & Tyrannosaurus Rex; Family Dog Great Highway, 8:30-2am, \$3.

•CONCERT/DANCE: Joy of Cooking, Dementia w/Improvisational Theatre; Pauley Ballroom UCB, 8-12pm, \$1.25 gen. 75¢ stud; info 642-7477, sponsor Superb

•(P) FILMS: Pickpocket, Soul-freeze & Sepulcher; Palace Theatre, Columbus & Powell SF, midnight, \$2 gen & \$1.50 stud; info call 861-4396.

•(H) CONCERT/DANCE: Indian Puddin' & Pipe, Devil's Kitchen, Mother Bear & Games; Headhunter Amusement Park, 345 Broadway SF, 8pm-2am, \$2; info 391-3600.

•FILMS: S.I. Hayakawa in major war film & Blue Meanies at SF State in Tac Squad Holiday; LeConte School, Russell & Ellsworth Bkly, 8pm, \$1

•FOLK: Ron Fielder & Paul; 7th Seal Coffee House, 2309 Bowditch Bkly, 9pm-1am, free; info 848-0269

•FILMS: Cenema Eye Part II: Experimental Films & Animations; 155 Dwinelle Hall UCB, 7 & 9:45pm, \$1.25; info TH1-0306

•(F)FOLK: Sky Blue (light electric folk blues); Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, \$1.25; info 548-1761

•(N)CONCERT/DANCE: Sons of Champlin, South Bay Experimental Flash; New Orleans House, 1505 San Pablo Bkly, adm; info 525-2221

•(C) FOLK: Flamenco Concert, Pepa's, 579 Columbus SF, 8:30pm, free

•(V) DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; Committee 622 Broadway SF, 8:30pm, tickets 986-1639

•(U) DRAMA: Geese, Encore Theater 430 Mason SF, Ticket info 397-7787

•(S) DRAMA: Satire; Pitschel Players, Political & Social improvisational; 756 Union SF, 8:30 & 10pm, \$2; free black bread & cream cheese; info 397-6061

•FILMS: Forbidden Planet & When the Worlds Collide; SF State HLL 135 - 19th & Holloway SF, 7 & 9:45pm, \$1

•FILMS: City Streets & Big Sleep (Bogart); Cinema II Night at the Opera (Marx Bros) & Singing in the Rain; Tele Rep Cinema 2533 Telegraph Berk, \$1.50 and \$.75

•CONCERT/DANCE: Sanpaku & Terry Dolan; Poppycock, 135 University Palo Alto, 9pm, \$2, info 325-4620

•DRAMA: Midsummer Night's Dream; Forest Meadows Theatre, Grand Ave San Rafael, 8pm, \$3 pit, \$2.50 circle, \$1.50 stud; info 456-1490

•FILMS: King Kong Escapes & Hellfighters; 140 Parker Ave Rodeo, 7pm

•(M) CONCERT/DANCE: Johnny Talbot; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm; info 845-9065

•FILMS: Forbidden Planet & Buster Crabbe as Flash Gordon in Mars Attacks the World; 160 Lewis Hall UCB, 7&10pm, \$1.25 gen.

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

•(T) FILMS: Mamoulia's City Streets & Bogartin the Big Sleep; Tele Rep Cinema #1, 2533 Telegraph Ave Bkly; City 6:30 & 9:50pm, Sleep-7:55 & 11:15, \$1.50 & 75¢

•(R)FILMS: Marx Bros. in A Night at the Opera & Singin' in the Rain; Tele Rep Cinema #2, 2533 Telegraph Ave Bkly; Night-6:30 & 9:40pm, Rain-8 & 11pm, \$1.50

•(E) FILMS: Carl Dreyer's Vampyre & The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, Fether's Pt Film Soc, 4416 18th St SF, 7-30 & 10pm, \$1, info 861-5491

DANCE: Joy of Cooking, Dementia; Lights Dr. Zarkov. Pauley Ballroom, UCB 8pm-12pm; 75¢ UCB Stud., \$1.25 others. 642-7477

SATURDAY AUG 9

•(X) FILMS: The Blob & One Million B.C.; Stiles Hall, Bancroft & Dana Sts Bkly; Blob: 7 & 10pm, B.C. - 8:30pm, \$1, sponsor YSA

•(Z) FILMS: The Graduate & Angel in My Pocket; 140 Parker Ave Rodeo, 7pm, adm; info 799-9796

•(Q) CONCERT/DANCE: Flying Burrito Brothers, Sweet Linda Devine, Throckmorton, Tree of Life, Freedom Blues Band, & Lights by Mu; Morris-Daly Auditorium, San Jose State Campus, 8pm, \$3 gen & \$2.50 stud, benefit Peninsula Children's Center; info 365-6892

•CONCERT/DANCE: Country Joe & the Fish, Tongue & Groove Kevin, & Tyrannosaurus Rex; more info see Aug 8 (B)

•DRAMA: Pitschel Players; more info see Aug 8 (S)

•FILMS: Pickpocket, Soul-freeze, and Sepulcher; more info see Aug 8 (P)

•CONCERT: Festival of Indian Music; Sarode Chamber Concerto w/Ustad Ali Akbar Khan; Unitarian Fellowship of Marin, Terra Linda, 8:30pm, \$3, info 479-8241, 845-2248; sponsor Ali Akbar College of Music

•CONCERT/DANCE: Indian Puddin' & Pipe, Devil's Kitchen, Mother Bear & Games; more info see Aug 8 (H)

•FOLK: Mickey Rivard; 7th Seal Coffee House, 2309 Bowditch Bkly, 9pm-1am, free; info 848-0269

•FOLK: Sky Blue; more info see Aug 8 (F)

•CONCERT/DANCE: Sons of Champlin, South Bay Experimental Flash; more info see Aug 8 (N)

•FOLK: Flamenco Concert; more info see Aug 8 (C)

•DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 8 note 7:30 & 10:30pm (V)

•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 8 (U)

•CONCERT/DANCE: Johnny Talbot; more info see Aug 8 (M)

•FILM: Last Summer; Metro Union nr. Webster SF, 1:15, 3, 4:50, 6:40, 8:30 & 10:15pm, adm; info 221-8181

•(A) AUDITIONS: Les Chants de Maldoror & formation of New Radical Theatre Tribe; 2nd fl. Free Clinic, McKinley School on Haste St. Bkly, 1-4pm; info 843-6338

•FILMS: Mamoulia's City Streets & Bogart in The Big Sleep, more info see Aug 8 (T)

•FILMS: Marx Bros in A Night at the Opera & Singin' in the Rain; more info see Aug 8 (R)

•FILMS: Carl Dreyer's Vampyre & The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari; more info see Aug 8 (E)

•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 8 (K)

•EVENT: An Evening of Indonesian Theatre, w/Javanese Dance & Javanese Shadow Puppet Play; Hertz Hall UCB, 8pm, \$1.50 gen & \$1 stud

•FILMS: The Blob & One Million B.C.; more info see Aug 8 (X)

•CONCERT/DANCE: Ice, Day Blindness; Gate 5 Sausalito; 1-6pm, free; info 586-3837

•STREET FAIR: Big Name Rock Bands; 7th & Market Oakland; 10am-12 midnight, sponsor Synanon; info 444-3624 x-28

•FILMS: The Graduate & Angel in My Pocket; more info see Aug 8 (Z)

•CONCERT/DANCE: Flying Burrito Brothers, Sweet Linda Devine, Throckmorton, Tree of Life, Freedom Blues Band, & Lights by Mu; more info see Aug 8 (Q)

SUNDAY AUGUST 10

•CONCERT/DANCE: Country Joe & the Fish, Tongue & Groove, Kevin, & Tyrannosaurus Rex; more info see Aug 8 (B)

•CONCERT/DANCE: Indian Puddin' & Pipe, Devil's Kitchen, Mother Bear & Games; more info see Aug 8 (H)

•FOLK: Paul Arnoldi; Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, 75¢, info 548-1761

•CONCERT/DANCE: The Fourth Way; New Orleans House, 1505 San Pablo Bkly, 9pm, \$1; info 525-2221

•CONCERT/DANCE: Listen w/Bert Wilson, Barbara Donald; Bach Dancing & Dynamite Society at Miramir Beach, 4:30pm, \$1.50; info 726-4143

•FOLK: Phillip Pare; Pepa's, 579 Columbus SF, 7:30pm, free

•DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 8 note 4:30 and 8:30pm (V)

•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 8 (U); 3&8pm

•DRAMA: Pitschel Players; more info see Aug 8 (S)

•CONCERT: Johnny Mars Blues Band; Monkey's Paw, 65th & San Pablo Oakland, 2-6pm, free; info 654-9881

•CONCERT/DANCE: Johnny Talbot; more info see Aug 8 (M)

•FILM: Last Summer; more info see Aug 9 (L)

•AUDITIONS: Les Chants de Maldoror & formation of New Radical Theatre Tribe; more info see Aug 9 (A)

•MEETING: GI Student Action Committee to organize anti-war action; Lutheran Center, Bowditch & Bancroft Bkly, 7:30pm, free

•PROGRAM: The Urban Situation of the American Indian, w/Indian music & art work; 2041 Larkin St SF, 11am, free, sponsor Fellowship Church of All Peoples

•FILMS: Mamoulia's City Streets & Bogart in The Big Sleep; more info see Aug 8 (T); note new times: City-7&20pm, Sleep-8:25pm

Benefit: For John Pray by Pitschel Players; Intersection 756 Union S.F.; 8:30pm, \$1.00 397-6061

•CONCERT/DANCE: Commander Cody; Mandrakes 10th & University Berk., 9:30 p.m. 845-9065

•FILM Workshop: Meeting Comedy Films for Social Change; Friends Center, 2160 Lake St., 8pm, 861-2006.

•FILMS: Marx Bros in A Night at the Opera & Singin' in the Rain; more info see Aug 8 (R)

•FILMS: Carl Dreyer's Vampyre & The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari; more info see Aug 8 (E); note newtime: 8:30pm

MONDAY

•FILMS: Mamoulia's City Streets & Bogart in The Big Sleep; more info see Aug 8 (T); note new times: City-7&10:20pm, Sleep-8:25pm

•FILMS: Marx Bros in A Night at the Opera & Singin' in the Rain; more info see Aug 8 (R)

TUESDAY AUGUST 12

•FOLK: Hoot; Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, 50¢; info 548-1761

•PARTY: for young adults, w/impromptu skits & stunts; 3200 California St SF, 8pm, \$1, sponsor SF Jewish Community Center; info 346-6040

•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 8 (U)

•(D) FILMS: Fellini's Juliet of the Spirits & cartoon; 145 Dwinelle Hall UCB, 7 & 9:30pm, \$1.25, info 982-7475

•FILMS: Mamoulia's City Streets & Bogart in The Big Sleep; more info see Aug 8 (T) note new times: City-7&10:20pm, Sleep-8:25pm

•FILMS: Marx Bros in A Night at the Opera & Singin' in the Rain; more info see Aug 8 (R)

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 13

•(F) FOLK: Mississippi Fred McDowell & John Shine (bottle-neck blues); Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, \$1.50; info 548-1761

•DISCUSSION: Review of Cleaver's Soul on Ice; 3200 California St. SF, 1:30pm, \$1; info 346-6040

•EVENT: Group participation SENSORY Awareness 1606 Bonita, Berk, 8pm, \$1.50

•DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 8 (V)

•DRAMA: Geese, more info see Aug 8 (U)

•FILMS: Fellini's Juliet of the Spirits & cartoon; noee new location 1 LeConte Hall UCB; more info see Aug 12 (D)

•FILMS: Mamoulia's City Streets & Bogart in The Big Sleep; more info see Aug 8 (T); note new times: City-7&10:20pm, Sleep-8:25pm.

•FILMS: Marx Bros. in A Night At the Opera & Singin' in the Rain; more info see Aug 8 (R)

THURSDAY AUGUST 14

•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 8 (U)

•CONCERT: Blind Faith (Winwood-Clapton-Baker); Oakland Coliseum, Hegenberger Rd Oakland, 8:30pm, \$3-6

•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premier; Tele Rep Cinema #1, 2533 Telegraph Ave Bkly; Be - 7&9:50pm, World - 8:40pm, \$1.50

•(R) FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; Tele-Rep Cinema #2, 2533 Telegraph Ave Bkly; Be - 7&9:50pm, World-8:40pm, \$1.50

•FILMS: Bogart in Treasure of Sierra Madre & Oklahoma Kid; Fether's Pt. Film Soc, 4416 18th St. SF, \$1, info 861-5491

•CONCERT/DANCE: Maximum Speed Limit; Mandrakes 9:30pm, 845-9065

•CONCERT/DANCE: The Crabs, New Orleans House 1505 San Pablo Ave. Berkl, 9:30pm, \$1.00 525-2221

•FOLK: Mississippi Fred McDowell & John Shine; more info see Aug 13 (F)

•FILM: Biafra (color documentary) w/speakers; 3200 California St SF, 8pm, donation; info 346-6040

•FILMS: Underground Films from SF to Europe; Canyon Cinematheque, Intersection 756 Union SF, 8:30pm, \$1.25; info 781-4719

•DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 8 (V)

FRIDAY AUGUST 15

•DRAMA: Miles Gloriosus, or the Super Stud Sargeant by Platus; presented by the Magic Theatre, Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 8pm, \$1.50

•FILMS: The Incredible Shrinking Man & Mickey One; Palace Theatre, Columbus & Powell SF, midnight, \$2 gen & \$1.50 stud; info call 861-4396

•FILMS: Salt of the Earth; Le



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| (24 hrs.) | |
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Conte School, Russell & Ellsworth, Bkly

FOLK: Mark Spoelstra, Mitch Greenhill, Mayne Smith (country folk); Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, \$1.50; info 548-1761

•DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 8 (V)

•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 8 (U)

FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 14 (T); note new times; Be - 6:30 & 9:50pm, World - 8:10 & 11pm.

FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers, & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; more info see Aug 14 (R)

FILMS: Bogart in Treasure of the Sierra Madre & Oklahoma Kid; more info see Aug 14 (E)

•GRAPHICS EXHIBITION: Kitaj, Tilson, & Cohen; Phoenix Gallery, 2984 College Ave. Bkly, thru Aug 30, Tues & Fri; 12-10pm, Wed, Thurs, Sat: 12-6pm

•KINETIC SCULPTURE: by Robert Gilbert; Vorpall Galleries, 1168 Battery St. SF, open daily 12-6pm; info EX7-0413

•PEOPLES PARK PHOTO EXHIBIT: Committee Review, 622 Broadway SF, evs except Monday (also some afternoons), free

•ART EXHIBIT - For Project "Other Ways," 1-5 daily, 3020 Coll Ave. Bkly, free, includes photos, poetry, ptngs, sculpture, collates.

•CHINESE CALLIGRAPHY & CERAMICS: CCAC Gallery; 5283 Broadway, Oakland, 11-5 daily.

•AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL ART: Lowie Museum of Anthropology, Kroeber Hall UCB, 10am-4pm daily, free Weds, 50¢ otherwise

•CONCERT/DANCE: Maximum Speed Limit; Mandrakes 9:30pm.

•CONCERT/DANCE: The Crabs; New Orleans House 9:30pm, \$1.00

FILM: Treasure of Sierra Madre; 100 Lewis UC Campus; 7:00 & 9:15pm. 99¢ donation benefit Oakland Draft Help.

Open House: Sexual Freedom League; Berkeley House, 920 University, Berk.; 8pm, \$1.00 donation; 645-0316.

Friday August 15

CONCERT/DANCE: Congress of Wonders & The Crabs; New Orleans House, 1505 San Pablo, Berk.; 9:30pm; \$2.50; 525-2221

\$6 per year in U.S.A.
\$9 per year elsewhere

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