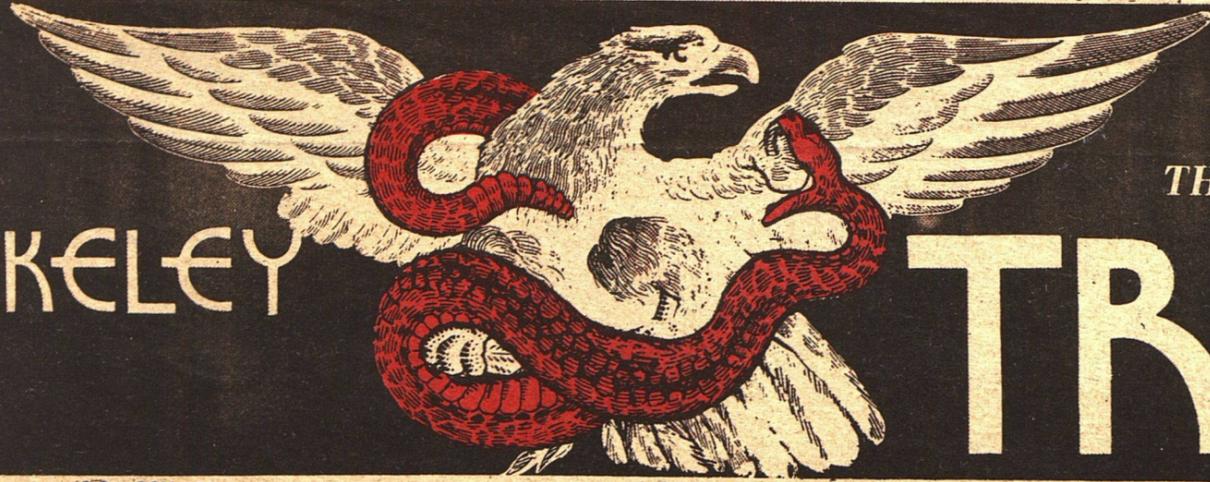


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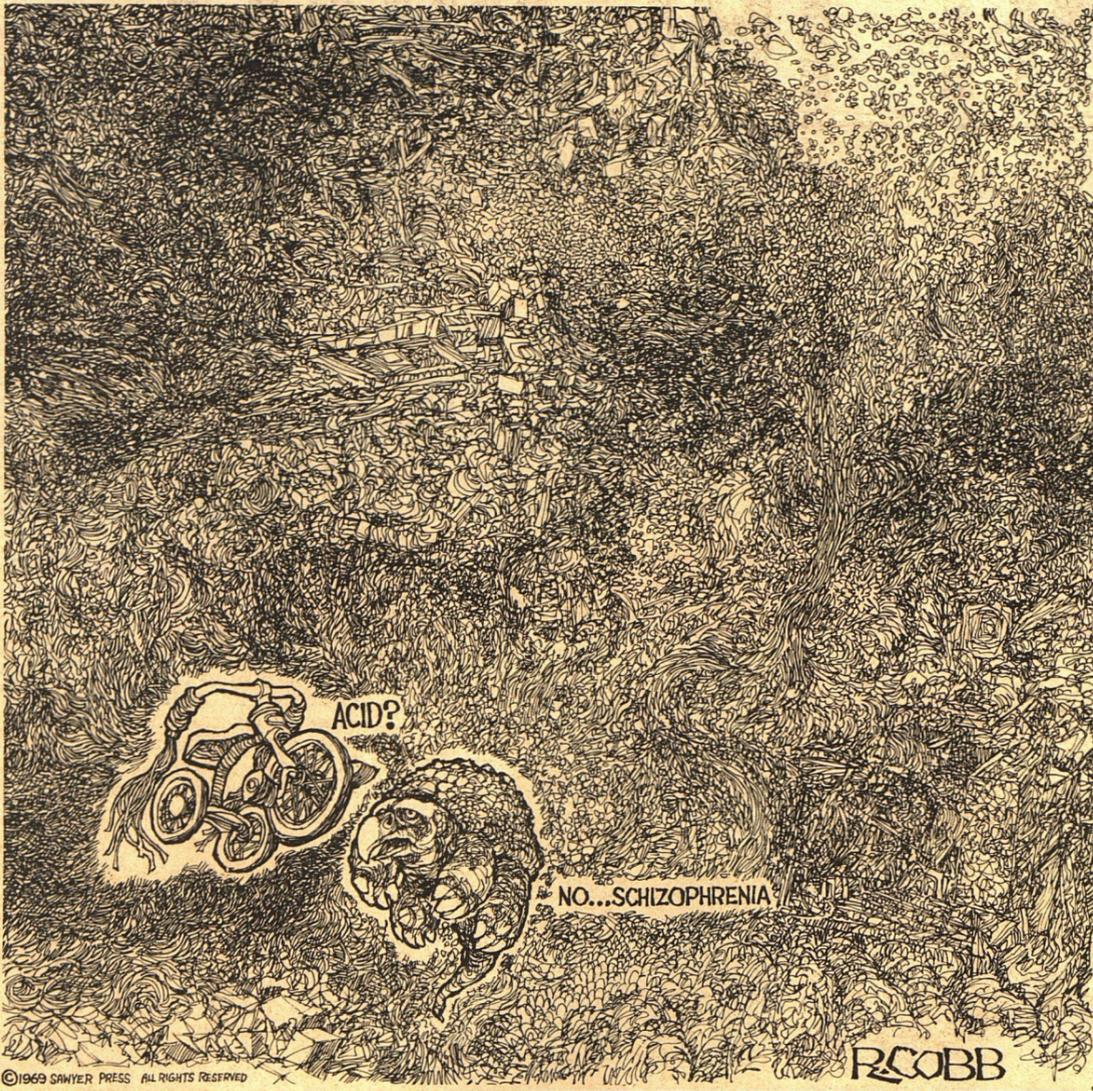
Aug. 15-21, 1969
VOL. 1 NO. 6 ISSUE 6

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Pepper's Americus Interruptus

by Sgt Pepper

"Ho Chi Minh states that only complete withdrawal of all American forces from Vietnam will bring peace. He also told me he feels the heaviest fighting will come in 1970" — Rene Davis, an American pacifist just back last week from Hanoi, as reported on Chan 4.

One must look for solutions in Vietnam OUTSIDE Vietnam. Thus for Ho to expect "complete withdrawal" of US from his country runs counter to Russia.

Why Russia?

Russia wants a strong flank against the Chinese in the South. They can't do it, so she will do it for them. That's the tactics behind Nixon's "withdrawal" from Vietnam — he sure as hell will leave enough of our troops there to see that the NLF and Ho do NOT win.

Also — that is the tactics of opening up consular and business relations between the USSR and America. Already, it is paying off: "Russia's Aeroflot Bests Pan Am. Who would you expect to win on a competitive air route, an American airline or a Russian?"

"In the one year that Pan Am and Aeroflot have been providing NY to Moscow service, the Soviet carrier is well ahead. It carried 10,000 passengers on this run to 6000 for Pan Am" reports the SF Chronicle last week.

Meanwhile, back up in Canada, something happened last week that Sgt Pepper has been rapping about for a long time: what happens when a low-flying plane sonic-booms a town?

Answer: AP reports that a US Navy "jet fighter, trying to catch up with its aerobatic Blue Angel teammates, created a sonic boom that shattered windows in the downtown area of a tourist-packed city, 250 miles east of Vancouver, B.C. "At least five persons were cut by flying glass in an EIGHT BLOCK DOWNTOWN SECTION (emphasis added). Officials gave an initial damage estimate of \$100,000."

Well, there it is. This meat-head of a pilot zoomed over the city at the altitude of 30 FEET, for Christ's sake, and went supersonic "for an instant."

Okay — what happens if MORE THAN one plane sonic-booms a city at 30 feet "for an instant?" Relax, we'll find out someday.

We are finding out, today, what happens to 20,000 TONS of war gas dumped in the Baltic Sea 24 years ago: it leaks out, the containers having rusted away. Thus THOUSANDS OF TONS of fish "suspected of contamination were boycotted following the arrival of six members of the crew of a Danish trawler with various mustard gas burns."

Meanwhile, back in Beirut (say, this column sure gets around!), Samy H. Abboud, in the current 'Rolling Stone' talks about fighting in Lebanon—and

hashish smugglers. In a county only 135 miles long and 25 miles wide, "deep thickly-wooded cliffs end sharply near foaming streams, needle-thin rocks jet high into the sky . . ." the following happened:

"Dangerous armed infiltrators took over all mountain trails. They attacked and besieged Lebanese outposts, front-line villages, and army barracks . . ."

"Groups of fedayeen appeared, carrying the bodies of two dead commandos . . . the two men were killed half hour earlier during a clash between members of the Saiga group . . . the inhabitants (of the villages) said they hear shots nearly every day in the forests . . ."

"It is a stretch surrounded by the Lebanese army on one side, the Saiga men on another, other commando groups on another stretch. AND THE ISRAELI ARMY ON YET ANOTHER" (emphasis added).

Listen — when the Arabs split, they sure as hell split! It is safer to score on Telly.

Meanwhile, back in San Francisco (well, it's about time, borther), the Soviet Intourist Office at 391 Sutter St., will be the scene of a protest demonstration Aug 21 conducted by the YPSL's.

This protest is hoped to coincide with demonstrations inside Czechoslovakia by the Czech people against the Russian okupants, for it was on this day last year what wasn't supposed to happen, happened. (Note: Soviet novelist Kuznetsov, from his hideout in London, announced he won't talk with any Russian until the USSR leaves Czechoslovakia).

Talk is the Intourist office in SF may be occupied, too.

See Granma Bookstore, Telegraph and Bancroft, Berkeley, or write YPSL, Box 9284, Berkeley.

TRIBAL TOUR TAKES OFF

The question uppermost in the mind of all right-thinking citizens these days is: "what's

\$11 DAILY RIOTING

by J. Fuck Poland

The blue meanies stand shoulder to shoulder, batons clutched in front of their chests. Longhairs shriek "Pigs go home! Pigs go home!" One hippy zeroes in on his favorite porker with quiet teasing: "Nice piggy, piggy, piggy. Nice little piggy."

Regroup! grunts the pig-chief. The blue line backs up two giant steps. "Okay, men, you've been waiting for this—charge!"

In the bloody melee, the teased pig huts his hairy tormentor, reaches him just as the freek places a high chorusline kick to his snout, WHOMP.

Sound familiar? That's quiet Lane Community College out in the green countryside near Eugene, Oregon, where Columbia Pix grinds out "Getting Straight," upcoming money-maker on student unrest, a living document of our times, blah, blah.

The hero, a "reformed" Hashberry hippy resembling Marvin Garson, returns for grad study in social work to Help People, starting with an overcrowded chaotic reg line complete with bitchy secretary. Switch to white liberal prof in bed with black coed. Zonk to pot party (using genuine pot, bygod). Zap to rallies and climax at riot where chick tosses a brick to hero, he passes it back to her, they play catch while moving closer together, embrace oblivious to the carnage in the background. Love Transcends Violence. Rah.

Meanwhile Eugene heads enjoy \$11 daily for rioting, plus lunch. LCC kids grumble that Columbia discriminates against straight students. Girls who dress up are told to change into grubbier attire.

Yes, a helicopter sprays tear gas over the campus, just like home.

behind the straighties?"

Drug addiction, sexual prurishness, short hair and disgusting compulsive neatness are only the surface indications of something far more sinister at work, say authorities.

Is it the Great International Criminal Conspiracy?

"The battle for mens' minds is foremost in the struggle of the forces of light against the forces of darkness," comments J. Edgar Hogger, Director of the Federal Bureau of Intimidation.

Let's look a little closer at this phenomenon, one so new as to catch many decent people un-awares.

The term "straightie" has only come into usage in the past few years. Prior to that time the "straighties" had been gathering in the nearly-unnoticed "suburbia" districts around our towns and cities.

Drug addiction among straighties is tremendous. Over 98 percent use one of the drugs alcohol, caffeine, or nicotine once or more a week, say narcotics control officers. Addiction to all three drugs is not uncommon.

Bob Johnson (not his real name) is a straightie. Between drags at a tobacco joint (a favorite source of nicotine) he spoke to the Tribe about his life.

"I guess it started in college," he mumbled. "I wasn't like the rest of the guys. When they went and got stoned and shacked up with their girls, I'd go off alone and get drunk off my ass and throw beer cans at cars and go get a whore."

"I never could understand the other guys when they'd talk about philosophy and the nature of God. I was out for one thing only—money. That and gettin' my rocks off."

Bob is in a sorry state now. His hair is cropped to no more than a quarter of an inch long, and he reeks of chlorophyll and after-shave lotion.

He is deeply in debt, having compulsively purchased a cardboard-like house, two new cars and all the furniture and accessories held out to him by the pushers who prey on the straighties of suburbia.

Worst of all, he can envision

no other way of life.

"If any of those niggers came into my neighborhood I'd blow their fuckin' brains out. I'd shoot my daughter first before I'd let them get in her!" is what Bob had to say when racism was mentioned. He said the same thing about "hippies", "commies," and "pervert creeps."

But the straighties are more than just a picturesque anachronism. They are downright dangerous.

Statistics show that thousands of people are killed by straighties driving while stoned on alcohol. More are killed or maimed in wild brawls and shoot-outs in the straighties' alcohol houses. These melees are rarely publicized.

Law enforcement officials claim that they are powerless to act against the straighties. "The supreme court has literally tied our hands," complains one police chief, "Recent rulings have said that we have to wait until they do something before we can arrest them!"

It is clear that the authorities can never rid the community of this menace until the vast majority of good citizens become aware of the dangers.

To help to fully inform the public, the Berkeley Tribe is arranging a series of informative tours of these "suburbia" districts which lie almost within sight of our own homes.

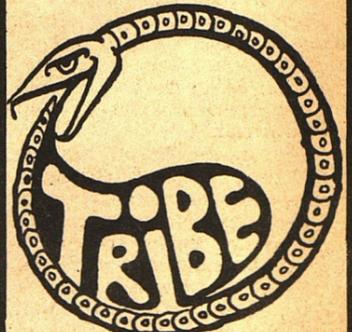
The first of a series will leave via chartered straightie-style bus from Bancroft and Telegraph Avenues in Berkeley at noon on Saturday, August 16. One dollar will be charged to defray charter expenses.

Those with cars should bring them and give a lift to the many who will be unable to ride the bus.

The tour will be accompanied by competent and well-informed guides who will be able to point out illustrations of many little-known facts about the straighties.

In the words of J. Edgar Hogger, "Only when an aroused and informed citizenry votes large appropriations to my department will the spread of the scourge of darkness and evil be checked."

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OPEN CITY NUDE OK'ED

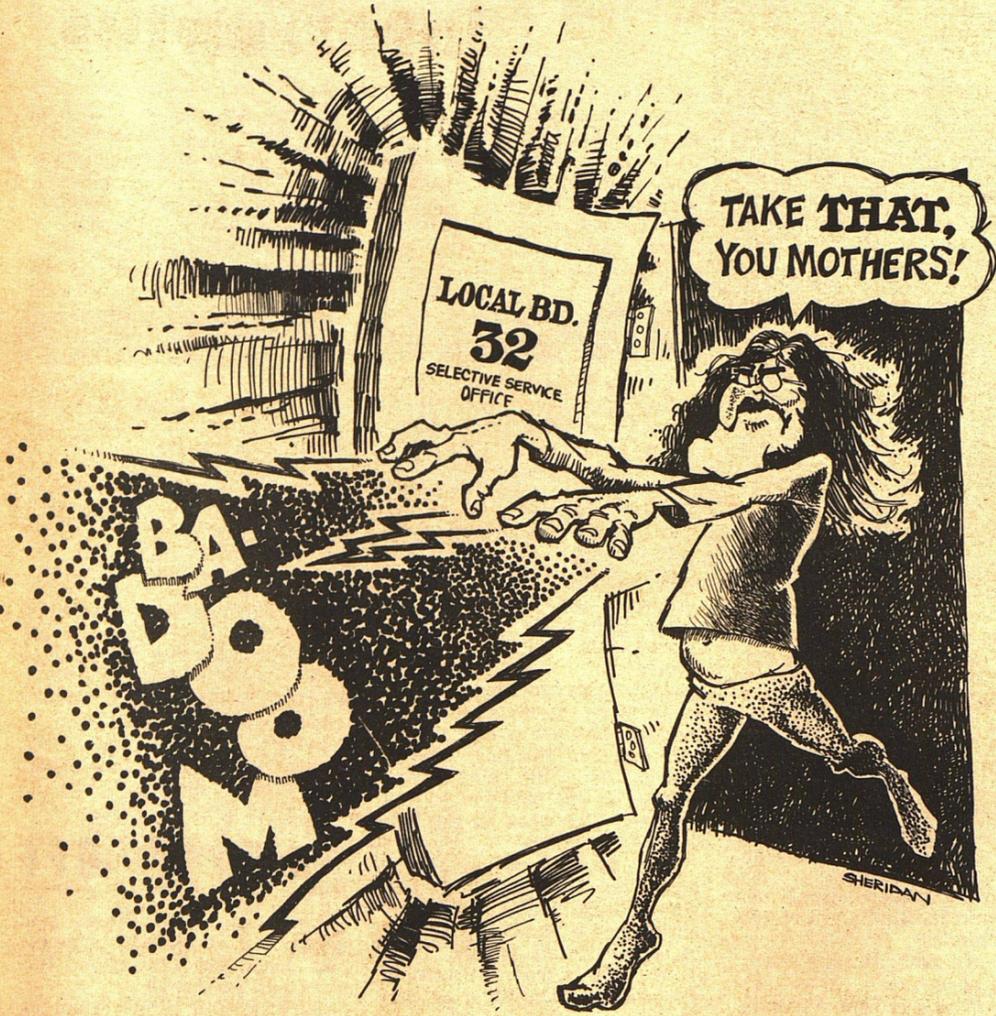
in the battle against "legal" repression of underground papers was won in Los Angeles last week when an appellate court reversed the "obscenity" conviction of Open City editor John Bryan for publishing the photograph of a nude woman.

Bryan was convicted during an astounding kangaroo LA Municipal Court trial last fall and sentenced to \$1,000 fine or six months in jail.

He still faces trial in Beverly Hills Municipal Court for publishing a short story by beat poet Jack Micheline

BEATING OFF THE DRAFT

by Rick Heide



The US Army Wants You, young man. But local odds are three-to-one you can beat the draft.

Mickey Tenenbaum, a counselor at Draft Help (across the street from the Oakland Induction Center) says about 75% of those who don't yet have an induction notice can beat Sam's game. Legally.

Between 40 and 50% of those taking the physical flunk. But with a little thought, "most guys could come up with some medical condition that would disqualify them," says Tenenbaum.

The center has a list ranging from allergies, asthma, albuminuria, and arthritis to hay fever, heart murmur, and even hemorrhoids. Sometimes known as "piles."

We "We find an average of two guys a day with bronchial asthma who hadn't known they were exempt," says Tenenbaum. Only one attack of this disease since age 12 is needed to flunk the physical requirements.

The fatherhood deferment is another one overlooked by many potential but unwilling soldiers. If you are living with your child (or someone else's) you're out. The only exceptions are doctors and those who have applied for a student deferment (II S) since 1967. You do not have to be married.

On the other hand, if you're a homosexual (or if you're not) and make a strong case, you'll probably be disqualified. Either way you needn't lose two years of freedom.

Drug use or felonies don't help you as much as active sexuality. "Most intelligent drug use won't get you out," says Tenenbaum. He says numerous needle tracks and a psychiatrist's statement are generally needed.

And as for felonies, the Army can "forgive" your sins. They're "forgiving" about 85% of the former felons, according to the veteran draft counselor. The (get this) Moral Waivers Board can make you forgiven cannon fodder unless you're currently on probation.

But even if, somehow, you manage to pass all their tests, you may still evade Hershey's House of Horrors. There are lots of possibilities.

Your draft board may be illegally constituted. If it is, you may be found not guilty if you should refuse induction. Check out your local board members' addresses and find a good lawyer.

If you live in California, your induction may be null and void. The state director has added 10% to his authorized quota of bodies. This move—to cover expected induction refusals—is most likely illegal, according to lawyers who should know.

If you'd like to spend some time in the Caribbean, General Hershey has an added incentive for draftable Americans. Local Board Memo 73 forbids local boards to send any mail (even induction papers) to Cuba. Hershey's personal memos have the force

of law, incidentally.

But even if none of these possibilities are right for you, induction is not inevitable. People have been known to migrate to Canada or go underground.

And you can refuse induction. "We never outright encourage people to refuse induction, but we probably contribute to the refusal rate by telling them it's one of their alternatives," says Tenenbaum.

Those who decide to refuse induction have plenty of company. Sources within the Oakland Induction Center say 30 to 40 men, on the average, refuse each induction day (Wednesday in Oakland). In addition, they say, as many as 100 don't show for induction. They estimate one-third of those called either refuse or split each week.

Refusing or failing to show for induction is against the law. If you refuse, you must talk to an FBI agent and, then, you're allowed to go home (or wherever you want to go). Tenenbaum says you won't be called for 6 months, if at all. Lots of time to see your travel agent.

The courts are jammed with induction refusals. "You may be prosecuted in the future," says Tenenbaum, "but now most of those who fail to accept induction are NOT being indicted." Average sentence for those convicted is 8 or 9 months he says.

Tenenbaum sees the Oakland Induction Center as a prime place for movement activity. It contains all four Oakland draft boards, as well as the induction facility for northern California. "This is probably the only place where young men from Marysville, Stockton, or Ukiah will be confronted with the reality of the movement," he says.

"People are streaming in and out the doors all day long," he says. There's a constant need for at least four people to leaflet the federal building and direct unwilling warriors to Draft Help. The center, at 15th and Jefferson, is open from 6:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays.

"Our reception is beautiful," says Tenenbaum, a full-time counselor along with Rick B Bloom and Jeff Mertens. "Almost no one wants to go into the Army, even the enlistee."

DICK HANGS OUT ON BEACH

Five to ten thousand demonstrators are expected this Sunday to smoke the prez out of his summer hide-out in San Clemente, Calif.

Already two thousand Marines have been alerted to cope with the demonstrators, and a mile of Southern California beach bordering the summer palace has been closed to the

public.

Demonstrators will assemble at 1 p.m., march to the house of ill repute at 2 p.m. and hold a rally at 3.

The action is being called by the Los Angeles Peace Action Council, and is being coordinated in Northern California through the Student Mo-

bilization Committee.

For rides to San Clemente call 642-1431 and ask for the SMC. Bus tickets cost twelve dollars. For information on housing call the Peace Action Council in LA at 462-8188; 555 N. Western Ave.

Thursday, Aug. 22, Nixon will come to San Francisco. The SMC is planning to greet him with a massive demonstration at the St. Francis Hotel, Powell and Geary Sts. at 1 p.m.

These actions will kick off the SMC's fall offensive against the war, which include a nationwide student strike on November 14, and mass demonstrations Nov. 15 in Washington, DC, and San Francisco, demanding self-determination for the Vietnamese and the immediate withdrawal of all American troops from Vietnam.

The SMC also pledges full support to the demonstrations called October 11 in Chicago against the conspiracy trial of the Chicago eight (Tom Hayden, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale, Lee Weiner, John Froines, Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger and Abbie Hoffman).

This demonstration was called by national SDS, and will support the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam.

those weeks in May, lived the people's park. There was no way they could get away from it. Even if they hadn't been in the park themselves, they saw the soldiers on the streets, had friends who were shot, beaten or arrested, and whiffed the gas that hung over the city for days.

They had contact with the demonstrators, saw the leaflets, newspapers, and talked with people in the streets.

Over eighty percent of the students, faculty and nearby community supported the park. Probably three quarters of the rest of the city did also.

For all that is wrong with our legal system, these people are still the ones who must be called to sit in jury panels. These people are the ones who will finally decide a person's guilt or innocence. Despite any judge's instructions, DA's slanders, or Supreme Court decisions, if a jury acquits, that's it. A judge may get angry, but the DA can't appeal an acquittal.

In Berkeley, it's going to take a lot for the police force and the DA to convince a jury to send a mantojail.

Unfortunately, the felonies are not tried in Berkeley. They are tried in the Alameda County Court House before a judge of the Superior Court. Superior Court juries are drawn from voter rolls of the entire county.

see p. 15

LONG MEMORIES OF SANTA RITA BUST

by Paul Glusman

During the People's Park demonstrations, nearly a thousand people were arrested. To date, as far as I could find out, one person has been convicted in trial.

Most misdemeanor charges have been dropped. Of those brought to trial, most have ended in acquittals. According to Paul Rein of the Public Defender's Office, the conviction came on a charge of "blocking traffic" (Penal Code 647c). In that case, the police had photos of the defendant from several different angles moving a barricade into a street.

A few people have pled guilty and accepted deals on felonies. At least one person copped to "assault" immediately after bloody Thursday and has already finished his ninety day sentence.

Students Union pled guilty to "assault" after Bastille Day and will be a guest of the Alameda County Sheriff's Department for ninety days beginning August 18.

The most important political defense takes place outside the courtroom. Misdemeanor defendants come up before Berkeley juries. In Berkeley very few people are willing to ratify fascism by sending fellow citizens away to jail for something they wish they'd done themselves. Everyone in Berkeley, during

DON'T COME HOME

The US Army, "the greatest fighting force in the world", is now sending unwilling invalids to Viet Nam under armed guard.

According to Berkeley attorney Phil Ziegler, his client Sgt. Paul Haynes, who has a broken arm, was shipped to Nam this week against his will, for a second tour of duty.

After coming back from Nam the first time, Mr. Ziegler told the Tribe, Sgt. Haynes was busted for grass coming across the Mexican border.

A US judge freed Paul on the condition that he would serve another tour of duty in Viet Nam.

When Paul arrived at the Oakland Army base with a broken arm, he attempted to file application as a Conscientious Objector.

Contrary to Army regulations, Sgt. Pimental at the base told Paul he would have to go to Nam before he could file the papers.

When Paul persisted, he was placed under armed guard, unable to see even his attorney.

This week, still under armed guard, he was hustled up to Travis Air Force Base and shipped to Saigon.

While Paul was still in Oakland, Mr. Ziegler attempted to reach the two officers with the responsibility to hold those GI's with CO applications. After getting the runaround for a number of days, he finally contacted the two officers, Captain Pitts and Major Finch.

"They said they would apply the law the way they felt," Mr. Ziegler said.

Mr. Ziegler is presently filing a million dollar suit against Capt. Pitts, Maj. Finch, and the US Army for kidnapping, violation of civil rights, and wrongful im-

PRESIDIO 27

Remember the Presidio 27? Twenty-four of the GI's are presently in federal prison, some of them serving several years for participating in a sit-down at the Presidio last October. Their sentences are being appealed through bureaucratic military channels, but that may take years.

To get the men out before Christmas, a committee is working in San Francisco organizing a clemency drive. After Monday they will have a new office at 491 Guerrero Street. If you can help in any way, drop by or call 621-7035.

diatribe by tari

Crime in the streets is a subject occupying many official minds these days.

Yet, the most overt and dangerous criminals still run free and armed through the streets of San Francisco totally unrestrained.

This band of men, 33 in all, is responsible for more assaults, killings, and perjury in a court of law, than any other organization in this region.

They are a politically autonomous armed group of men in uniform. They comprise San Francisco's own SS—The Tactical Squad.

In the past year, complaints by the hundreds have been lodged against the Tac Squad, but the politicians who run the city of San Francisco, and who conduct official "investigations," have never found any legitimacy to these claims. Tac Squad officer Michael O'Brien was even brought to trial for the off-duty murder of a black man. But American justice, San Francisco style, found him innocent of gunning down unarmed George Baskett.

Last year, some bar-hopping members of the Tac Squad were accused of pistol-whipping young non-white kids in the Mission District. A cry immediately arose in the community to disarm off-duty policeman, but it quickly died upon the deaf ears of entrenched officials.

This year, the Tac Squad was accused of Macing three black women who sat handcuffed in a paddy wagon. Charges against the women were finally dropped; one of the cops involved, Officer Jim Aligo, was subsequently transferred to other duty; and Police Chief Thomas Cahill promised that the Tac Squad would rotate with other police in Overkill duty.

THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED.

But the list of atrocities continues. Later this year, a Chronicle photographer was beaten up during a School Board meeting by a band of un-uniformed "goons." This happened while San Francisco policemen in the auditorium on that occasion stood by watching, and

doing absolutely nothing.

An explanation for this may lie in the fact that the "goons" were suspected to be members of the local Teamsters Union who work out at a gymnasium with the SF Tactical Squad. The Teamsters Union has been trying to organize the SF cops for some time now.

On that night, as the band of "goons" (about 30 in all) roamed around the meeting beating and intimidating people who spoke in favor of integrational "busing," a call was placed to the Tac Squad.

But alas, the mystery only became more confounded, for the Tac Squad was nowhere to be found. However, some, to account for these strange events, have suggested that these community-minded police officers may have been attending a School Board meeting that night in their civvies.

As far as I know, this possibility has never been officially investigated.

The Tac Squad truncheons have a very perverse taste for those individuals whom most people don't want anything to do with. They are particularly fond of the young, the "freaks" (as they call us) and those who bear witness to their official behavior, newsmen.

During the San Francisco State Strike last year, a Chronicle photographer was beaten up twice, and both a Chron reporter and a KQED reporter were busted. Before being drop-

see p. 22

DOCK KNOCK NARKS NARKS KNOCK DOCK

by Diamondback

The Man has got himself a "temporary" restraining order against the printer of The Berkeley Tribe (Waller Press) from further printing of the names and addresses of local narcs and the upcoming list of the SF Police Tactless Squad.

Why doesn't he get a restraining order against the Berkeley GAZETTE which publishes the names and addresses of all students, guilty or not, involved in Berkeley Police busts? "Chief" Assistant Attorney General Arlo Smith, for the entire State of California, has come out against the newest newspaper in SF, Dock of the Bay which already had published the local list.

Earlier, the LA Free Press let it all hang out and published the whole shitpot full of names.

Waller Press also prints the new SF weekly, as well as our paper.

Ass DA Smith "conferred" Tuesday with the SF city attorney's office "to map their strategy for blocking the publication from printing the names and addresses," supposedly, of the Tactless Squad, reports the SF Examiner (which did not print anything else).

Meanwhile, what have the Green Berets and the California Narcs got in common?

They are both an elite corps of secret operators.

The AP reports from Vietnam that "the sources suggested that the charges were brought...because of a vendetta by regular Army officers jealous of the elite Special Forces."

Apparently, when the Green Berets assassinate the wrong man, they go back and "get the right man." This is reported without batting an eye, as though such a procedure was 100% American.

It is, but it's 100% American

shit, just like the Narcs.

Just as war can't be used to solve political problems, neither can a secret police be used to solve drugs, nor the SF Tactless Squad handle dissent.

The police—and their ultimate weapon, capital punishment—are an abject failure as a deter-

rent or a solution. The police of San Jose, Los Angeles, and Ann Arbor have, right at this moment, a whole series of murders they can't solve, in uniform, out of uniform, with badges, without badges.

Off the Narc! Off the Pigs! Off the Green Berets!

DOCK DECKED

Dock of the Bay, San Francisco's new community weekly, has been "restrained" by the State of California after only three issues.

The State Attorney General's Office, it seems, has taken offense at the DOCK for a list the paper published this week of the names, home addresses and phone numbers of the State's Bay Area Narcotics Agents.

Since the Narcs are supposed to function as a secret police force, it is perhaps understandable the state is angry (not to mention embarrassed) with the public disclosure of the list—which first appeared last week in the Los Angeles Free Press.

Thus, the Attorney General's boys ran to State Superior Court Judge Carl Allen and picked up a quickie restraining order which enjoins Dock of the Bay from "Printing, reproducing, exhibiting, or distributing to anyone any...confidential official information...specifically...received by them...from the newspaper entitled the Los Angeles Free Press..."

Not only are the narcs supposed to be secret: the whole State Attorney General's Office is now trying to disappear from the public eye. Attached to the injunction notice along with the narc's names, and

designated as "Exhibit B" is the entire roster of the AG's office. Now everyone from Atty. Gen. Thos. Lynch to Stephen Woishnis (Special Agent) is under wraps.

The restraining orders were served at the Dock office by Mr. Cameron and Mr. Foster from the Atty. General's office in San Francisco, and by Mr. Jack Venucci, an investigator for the SFPD. The three are well known around the Bay area for their industrious spying on radical group's activities. Pictures of these agents will appear in next week's Dock of the Bay.

PUT OFF

The trial of the Moses Hall three on conspiracy charges has been put off again, this time until October 20.

Jack Bloom, Pete Camejo, and Paul Glusman of the Tribe, were charged with conspiracy to commit trespass, malicious mischief, and obstructing public officers after the Moses Hall sit-in a year ago.

Scheduled for trial Wednesday, the case was postponed by mutual agreement of defense and prosecution.

The sit-in took place to protest the Regents' denial of credit to a course involving Eldridge Cleaver after the UC faculty had approved the course.

The conspiracy charge is similar to the one the Oakland Seven were acquitted of this March. Alleged "overt acts" include speeches at a rally, and chairing of a meeting. The possible penalty is 1-3 years in state prison.

Contributions to the defense fund are needed in order to present a defense which will succeed. If the three are acquitted it is not likely that the conspiracy charge will be used again in Alameda County.

Address checks to Berkeley Defense Committee, 2158 Emerson St., Berkeley, Calif.

Ban Boobs?

San Francisco's Mayor Alioto ought to realize that many people come to his town just to see those fantastic boobs on Broadway.

Yet Joe says he's going to do his best to cover up his better-breasted topless citizens. Does he need conservative support that bad?

The topless girls naturally don't take kindly to Uncle Joe's intentions. Dancer Bonnie Golden and friend Dave Waterman decided to take their indignation to the streets Wednesday afternoon.

Armed with signs ("Ban the Boobs? Never!") they landed at Gorilla Records where Bonnie uncovered her bod 'cept for panties and gathered an appreciative crowd.

Trailed by her retinue, she crossed Broadway flashing Victory signs at cops and made her way into Chinatown. No cover charge: the tourists there ate it all up with their Kodaks.

But the meanies finally busted Bonnie's bust and at last report the cops hadn't pressed, ah...charges.

The Barbary Coast lives.

BAND-AIDS AND BULLETS

First of a series

You must develop a thorough and consistent approach to an injured person. You may be nervous, but must control your fear and help to ease the injured person's fear in order to carry out the first and most important steps in emergency treatment.

No matter what the injury is, the medic or person rendering first aid should determine the following things in this order: Is the person alive? Is he breathing? Is his heart beating? Is he bleeding?

Usually a total picture will be gained before it is necessary to think of these individually. For instance, the injured person may be running from the police with blood streaming down his face from a scalp wound. Obviously, he is alive, breathing, and his heart is beating.

Every person should know how to give mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and a heart massage, as breathing and heart-beat can be stopped by as simple an injury as a blow to the chest by a club. These skills must be practiced over and over till they become second nature. They can be learned in any first aid course.

In the following weeks we

shall deal with common injuries in street situations: bleeding, lacerations and bruises, head injuries, gas and Mace, bullet wounds.

Bleeding and Shock

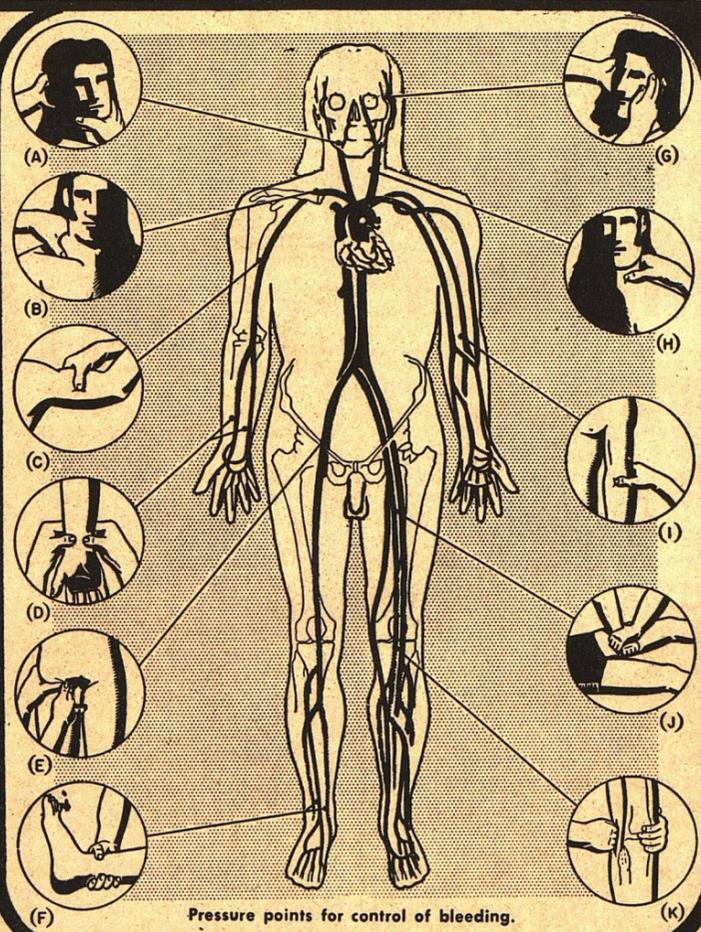
Most bloody injuries appear worse than they are. Bleeding can almost always be stopped by firm, direct pressure over the bleeding site for 10 minutes.

In order to calm the injured and thus help prevent shock, enlist his aid in his own care if possible. Have him hold a compress over his bleeding site, or direct others to do so. Firm, positive action can relieve anxiety which contributes to shock.

Shock occurs when there isn't enough blood in the body to fill all the blood vessels and thus not enough blood gets to the brain. The body compensates for this by increasing the heart rate, closing off blood vessels to the skin resulting in clammy cold skin, and changes in consciousness.

Thus, shock is manifest by fast heart rate (more than 100 a minute), cold clammy skin, and changes in consciousness (nervous or even unconscious) also shallow, rapid breathing, profuse sweating, thirst, extreme pallor (usually, but may be even bluish or slightly flushed skin) and the pupils dilated.

Shock can occur after any serious injury and must be checked immediately as it can lead to death. Confidence in the person giving aid and keeping the injured warm are ways to avoid shock. If the shock is due to blood loss, routine measures will be ineffective, and the injured needs intravenous re-



Pressure points for control of bleeding.

placement—blood or plasma.

In cases of severe bleeding where large veins or arteries in the arm or leg are cut (blood from a vein is dark and flows freely—blood from an artery is bright red and spurts unless it is deep in the body, and then it seems to flow) and you cannot stop the bleeding by direct pressure, then use the appropriate pressure point.

If this doesn't stop the bleeding a tourniquet may be necessary. Tie a belt or handker-

chief tightly above the bleeding site. Keep tightening the tourniquet as previously taught, as further blood loss and shock will occur otherwise.

You should pack the arm or leg in ice; you have 6 hours to get the injured person to a movement or doctor or hospital before irreparable damage (gangrene or loss of limb) occurs.

For more information call 841-3520.

To be continued



SHITTING IN NEST OF WILD WEST FEST

By Forrest Saulsbury

Today we find that the Wild West Festival is Closed Down. Even in leaving, those members of the Council couldn't leave without shitting in the nest even more.

Oliver states in leaving the scene of the crime that "There were political radicals who wanted this as a political confrontation."

The truth is, Oliver, that it was one other than the Wild West Music Council that was brining 100-250,000 people into the Haight Ashbury and at the same time paying Pigs to ensure the WWM Council's Law & Order. And it was not, WWMG, but the Haight Ashbury Communal Council which assumed the responsibility for Legal Aid, Medical & Housing Committees to protect the community and to cope with that very potential for confrontation created by the WWMC.

Oliver also stated, that the radical right and left were teaming up against his effort.

The truth is that members of the Haight Ashbury Communal Council circulated a petition to the H/A businessmen to get the Park Permit cancelled—some 30 signed it. He also stated that when the people were told they could participate in the Music Council, the people replied with "Fuck You". More Bullshit.

The truth, Oliver, is that WWMC member Ron Polte was supposed to contact the various Strike members, but didn't do this, and today we find out that the capitalistic cancer of the WWMF has eaten itself out of existence, and good riddance.

What happened in trying to cope with WWM Rip-Off could fill volumes but let's look at one critical detail:

In a statement that looks about as impressive as a Grand Jury brief, and is actually a press conference copy consisting of WWMC bullshit, several charges are made both against myself, the Berkeley Tribe, and members of the Haight Ashbury Community. This Press Conference was delivered by Tom Donahue over KSAN radio on Aug. 6.

In that press conference I am personally attacked as being a "liar" several times, and accused of concocting an article for the "Berkeley Barb," Aug. 1-7 issue, which is just not factual, is not the truth." In fact I have not written one word for the Barb since the strike of that newspaper began. Donahue also knows, the facts and figures which I quoted in my article which did appear in the Berkeley Tribe on Aug. 1-7 were told directly to myself and to about 25 members of the Haight Ashbury Community and members of the Haight Ashbury Everloving Trading Post who will corroborate that Polte stated those facts and figures at the first meeting with the Wild West Music Council at their Pine St. office. Those facts and figures were delivered, once more, by none other than Ron Polte himself—evidently before the WWMC had fully concocted their public image.

I stated that Donahue knew these facts before he delivered the Press Conf. because something had happened. The Mother Fucker knew it because he and Polte and about four other Wild West Goons cornered me outside a meeting on Grove St. and slammed the same accusation at me. When they did this I told them exactly where I got my facts and figures and they denied it. I simply told them there were many members of the community who could corroborate

see p. 15

Wild West Shoot-Out?

At the press conference announcing the collapse of the Wild West Music Council and Festival Wednesday, Olivier, one of the members of the WWMC, tried to cover the tracks of already exposed Hip-Entrepreneur Capitalism by asserting that one of the reasons for the Festival folding was because of threats upon the life of one Ron Polte by members of the Black Panther Party.

In reply to this, Big Man, Editor of The Black Panther Paper, told the Tribe, "We don't threaten anybody or the lives of anyone. We only threaten the nation and expose it for what it is, but we don't threaten individuals."

Saulsbury

see p. 16



photo by Ryder McClure

Right on, Spontaneity!: Always intrigued by candid action, a troop of eager photographers edged ever-closer to a dancing couple in Speedway Meadow last Sunday. They eventually moved in so far that the dancers had no room to move around, and were forced to split to less photogenic territory.

At the Dog

GETTING TOGETHER

"The scene is not dead; it's been reborn!"

With these words, San Francisco tribes are getting it on and getting it together out at the Family Dog on the Great Highway.

Two weeks ago the Light Artists Guild was on strike at the Dog over wage and billing disputes.

Now, the Guild is sitting down with musiciks, the ballroom staff, and the community in a body called the Commons. Together they are planning to provide the Family Dog and the entire SF rock scene with a social renaissance.

The Commons is now in the process of putting the Dog on a seven-days-a-week schedule with a program directed to and produced by the San Francisco community. Artists are to receive a percentage of the gate rather than arbitrary fees.

This emerged from the meeting a week and a half ago at which Bill Graham told the community he would do as he damn well pleased, then stormed out telling the Guild, Chet Helms, the musicians and the entire community to go fuck themselves.

"We wanted to include Graham; but when he left, it spiritually unified us," one member of the Light Artists Guild said.

After that meeting, members of the Guild voted to call off a scheduled strike at the Fillmore and apply all of their energy to the Family Dog.

There has been some criticism from the community and from within the Guild itself that Bill Graham intimidated it, and that in the confusion which ensued after he stormed out of the meeting, the Guild chose to call off the Fillmore strike.

Jerry Abrams took issue with an article that appeared in last week's Tribe voicing this very criticism.

"The strike wasn't called off in the midst of confusion," he said. "As soon as Graham left, everything got together again. We decided to take the energy we would have used walking around in circles and put it into this positive trip at the Dog."

Instead, the Guild decided to leaflet patrons of the Fillmore to tell them why they are not striking, to tell them what Bill Graham has said about them, the community, and to let them know the people will

be out at the Family Dog getting it on.

The strike, they maintain, would have been a waste of energy; it would have accomplished nothing. By leafletting they can devote all of their energy to putting the Family Dog together while at the same time doing a necessary informational trip.

Abrams went on to answer other criticism. "Some people thought we were exploiting Chet as the weaker promoter to get to Graham; that's not where we're at."

"We did not make a mistake by striking the Dog. Chet would have continued losing money (about \$4,000 a week) because he was competing with Graham."

"Out of this thing has come the most beautiful trip that's happened in this town in a couple of years."

"The Family Dog is now ours—the community's."

—tari

Free Beach

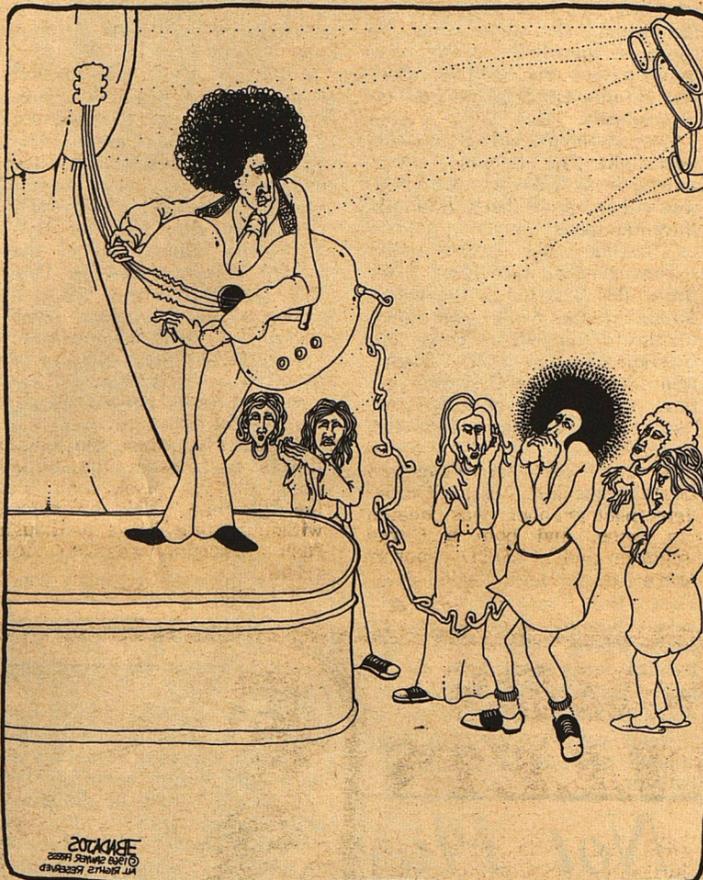
It's free and it's going to happen this weekend down at Pomponio Beach (past San Gregorio Beach and Half Moon Bay on US Hwy. 1).

Picture this: Joy of Cooking, Wilderness, Ice, Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band, Joint Heads of Staff, Fantasia, Sky Blue, Lazarus, Crabs, and Circuitry will be there to blow your heads.

The two-day concert/festival is the child of the East Bay Musician's Co-op. They will be set up in a natural amphitheatre, and with plenty of wide open space for swimming and sleeping, and a cool heat, vibes should be good.

Bring bedrolls and food and wine. Half Moon Bay, incidentally, has the nearest grocery stores.

For more info call 849-3920 or 841-6102.



TELLING LIKE IT WAS

(Ed. note: This article was written before Wild West offed itself, but it's still heavy.)

by Nixon

"Word begets image and image is virus."—William S. Burroughs, NOVA EXPRESS

Words like "Wild West," like "community," like "festival," crept down to the people from the upper echelons of Rock & Roll. Nothing came with the words—only an image laid on the heads of the masses.

Out through the radio, the newspapers and magazines—the media network of the country: \$6,300 for promotion, for the image. WILD WEST FESTIVAL, AUG. 22, 23 & 24.

A three-day shot of light, a golden breezy trip in the Golden park.

Try to rhyme park and joy and trip with police, 365 day-a-year police and 365 day-a-year people.

Rock and Roll, (the people's music) as San Francisco's 5th largest industry, is losing its grip on the money. Ain't comin' in like it used to. The shucksters are being exposed into the daylight, the people's vision looking beyond the image shield. A plan to get the grip back, regenerate the industry, formulate a new image—a Wild West Festival.

Brothers and sisters of the streets and communes speak out for the new way, the new people. Community, where's the

community in Wild West? Outside a word, outside an image, it's not there. It's the children gone astray as the father comes around with a festival pat on the head.

With money and power within the range of your touch you don't have to deal with the realities of living on the fringe; with street survival and the police, trying to get food and shelter for brothers and sisters. To live it you have to learn.

The San Francisco Music Council: one "veteran concert, record and radio producer," one "syndicated columnist, author and critic (SF Chronicle)," one concert and theater producer, one "founder-director, Berkeley Folk Festival," three "band managers," one "editor, Rolling Stone magazine." If you don't live it, you don't know.

The community came in the form of Latin brothers, "can we have a booth for our culture?" Wild West answered, "there's already some Latins in the bands."

As a council, Wild West had a good meeting with the police. Sat down talking and worked things right out. But when the concerned people came with the people's problems—food, housing and legal defense for the quarter million kids the council expected to come—the council balked. One grabbed his coat and

see p. 16

High School Students Organize Bay Union

by David Salaverry

High school students have long been an unhappy lot: school is a drag; boring, irrelevant classes, stupid teachers, uptight administrators, and a generally stifling environment.

Few schools have done anything innovative without great public pressure and even then unwillingly. Ask any student about his high school and you'll get a long, defeated rap about what a bum school is, but ask him what can be done and he'll say, "Shit, I don't know."

This attitude may soon be a thing of the past. A group of about 120 students from 15 Bay Area high schools has become hip to the fact that schools are planned the way they are.

A cadre of 120 angry young radicals is putting together a Bay Area High School Students Union. They got together at a conference last weekend in SF.

Three main ideas were raised throughout the conference: first, that students were generally unhappy but didn't relate their unhappiness to the Establishment and corporate power structure that runs this country; second, that all high school students must be educated to the politics of revolution and the formation of a new society; and third, that the students must organize for power.

Speakers included a guy from the New York High School Students Union, someone who'd been with the Red Guards in China, John from the Haight Commune, Women's Liberation, the Black Panthers, SDS, the Chinatown Red Guard, the Brown Berets, and the Young Partisans.

Five workshops talked about juvenile law, the role of the faculty, high school organizing, legal defense, and high school undergrounds.

One point brought up repeatedly was the tracking system in schools. Tracking was shown to be an institution based on racism and class consciousness designed to shuttle black, brown, yellow and all poor lower class students into a trade or the army while class students into college regardless of anyone's true ability.

Tracking was broadly defined as grades, tests of all kinds (including IQ), special academic schools (such as Lowell in SF), and the attitude of teachers and administrators in general.

John, from the Haight Commune, laid a rap on the kids that they all related to. He said, "the function of H.S. is to make you bored, turned off, respectful of authority, and used to manipulation and control. If the system can do that, it's got you for 70 years as a good righteous American and consumer of their crap."

Another discussion was on the post-revolutionary high school. After listening to one student rap about how the new high school would be totally free, no bullshit, student power, etc., one kid got up and asked who the fuck needed high school to begin with, and who could relate to the structure that is high school.

Everyone really dug that, and decided that after the revolution all learning would stem from a curiosity and desire to learn regardless of the social need or usage of knowledge. They also decided that the ultimate goal of a HS union was to abolish the high schools.

One stumbling block of the conference was the lack of unity among the students. The conference was ragged from the beginning, the publicity poor, and many speeches boring and drawn out.

Towards the end a faction fight broke out between those for a strong central body and those afraid of developing a power elite. Charges of elitist authoritarianism and "structureless anarchist" flew across the room. The "anarchists" finally withdrew after this semantic bullshit had driven all but 30 people from the room.

principle of democratic centralism with the Central Office in SF; regional offices in SF, Marin, Upper East Bay, Lower East Bay, and the Peninsula; finally, with locals in each school. The Union will publish an underground newspaper, agitate for rights, and get the kids into the streets.

Keep your eye on the high schools this fall. They'll be getting it.

PARK COFFIN

by Paul Glusman

Claiming that the architectural firm of McCue, Boone and Tomsick had quit work on the student residence project to be built on the site of People's Park, the UC administration announced last week that it would appoint a new firm sometime in September.

In a letter to the University, the firm stated, "The concern of the public can no longer be disregarded on those projects which directly affect the environment of the city...it is our opinion that if the community is not permitted the position of influencing a project which directly affects it, the project is of questionable social significance... (A) program without a provision for a user-developed space cannot succeed on this site because of the overwhelming endorsement of the campus community for the inclusion of such space."

M B and T responded by urging other architectural firms not to accept any contract from the Regents for work on that land.

M B and T was to have worked with the student residences subcommittee of the Committee on Buildings and Campus Development to develop a plan for student residences and submit it to the Regents for approval. Ironically, Sim Van der Ryn had earlier walked out of the first subcommittee meeting. One of his reasons was that MB & T were appointed without prior consultation of the committee.

The subcommittee consists of six students (some not yet appointed) and six faculty members, and will likely give the Regents still more of a headache by submitting a plan including a park.

Of course the Regents will reject any such plan and, if necessary, appoint their own architects to come up with a design consulting no one.

Construction on the site, to have begun in July 1970 will have to be put off by six months to a year.

Meanwhile some graduate architects, some employed by M B & T are planning to set up a community design center to be used to aid people in planning their own community.

The first project of such a center will be to suggest possible designs for the park area, allowing much space to the People's Park, and free rein to the imagination on the rest.

It's heartening to see that architects are finally revolting and refusing to carry out plans to design the entire world into a slum.

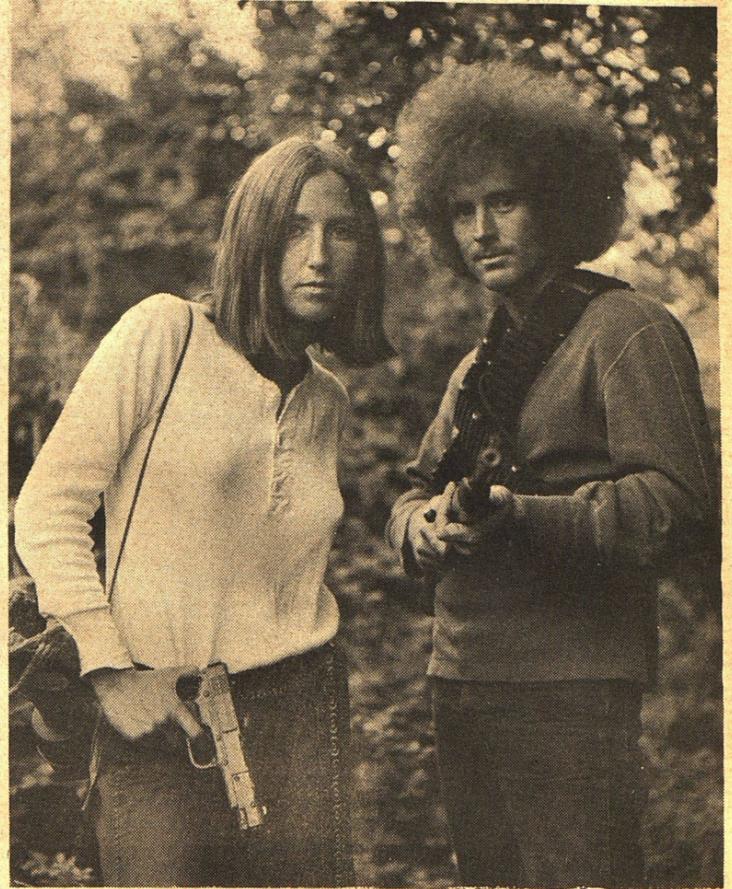


photo by Copeland

MAGGIE'S FARM

by Phineas Israeli

When Travis, the 'hero' of the movie "If" says that "Revolution and violence are the only pure acts," he is not Huey saying "power grows out of the barrel of a gun."

"I fear that many of us are uneasy riders in the gap of consciousness and reality which keep Travis and Huey apart."

"If" overwhelmed me the first time I saw it. Tight, spewing psychic power, it branded my consciousness with a single lyric—We Off the Motherfuckers.

So I went to see it again the following night and, by the by, it brought me down.

Home from the screening, I kept asking myself why I had originally, and almost lovingly, understood the flick as a direct parable of revolution. Memory flashed. A dream I had nearly a year ago, a month or so after I'd come to Berkeley.

Waiting with my partner on a streetcorner. Partner says, "We gotta get him."

"We gotta get him" I answer. The vehicle appears and comes across the street. Our crossfire shoots the tires flat.

Force the driver out at gunpoint and I, without waiting for my partner, put three bullets in the driver's chest.

The pigs are closing in on us, and feeling like the trapped James Cagney at the close of White Heat, I awake.

The vehicle was a school bus, yellow paint, black letters, red lights.

"If" was so groovy that first time: Travis, his tiger chick and the other musketeers offing not the driver but the chancellor, and all his henchmen.

My dream fulfilled on the celluloid screen.

But not Revolution.

Toward the end of the epic strike at SF State last winter, Dr. Nathan Hare gave me a long interview for the old Barb. He spoke of the suffering of his people in slavery and since. He spoke of the suffering which the TWLF activists were being put through as the price of their struggle for self-determination.

But Hare was not a part of the struggle because he wanted revenge or a taste of freedom. His purpose in fighting at SF State was the creation of a human future for the children of black people in America.

"We're very much concerned about the fate of the people here," he said, "and we will suffer."

"But the greatest obligation of all of us is to the fate of the people who will come later."

"If" does not deal with the revolution in which Dr. Hare participates.

What "If" does deal with is the irrelevance of the existential 'hero' to the realities of this moment in human existence.

College House, the authoritarian boarding school which is the movie's society, has castrated Travis. He knows that College House isn't his trip—"When do we live?" he complains.

Yet he lingers on, like the shredded inmate of a concentration camp—psychologically brutalized into being a willing pawn in their game.

When told to wait outside the gym to be whipped, he waited.

The system has rendered him so impotent that he can make no effort to resist being punished for his gestures at freedom.

But the blood dripping down his ass finally makes him so thirsty for a sip of life that he attempts a terrorist massacre of all his oppressors.

Travis is a character out of Sartre. Like the desperate intel-

Kids May Not Play

Due to bureaucratic bullshit, the Haight Ashbury Children's Center might not open after all. The Calif. Welfare Dept. contends there must be 100 sq. ft. of playground area per kid.

This restrictive measure would limit the number of kids to 35 rather than the planned 75. The Center planned to open in September.

The Children's Center now has two playgrounds, one of them on top of the building itself, and the other the area around the building. This makes the Center a one-of-a-kind environmental scene, planned with the needs of kids in mind.

Children's Center workers told the Tribe, "This demand is more than it appears to be for several reasons, because there is no code in the California Nursery by-laws which states there must be 100 square feet per child. That of the many day care centers, including the O.E.O. centers, none of them have that amount of play area. In fact, many have none at all."

"Perhaps the City bureaucrats don't realize that the 75 kids, like most urban kids, are stuffed into little studio apartments, glued to the TV when they could be learning arts & crafts, dance, and just be together with other kids in an environmental playground at the Children's Center."

The Children's Center was scheduled to confront the Establishment on Thursday. It has the support and will be

represented by Assemblyman Willie Brown and five other Legislators.

Anyone interested in helping the Children's Center may find out how to by phoning them at 431-3385. —F.S.

HALLINAN CLAN DEFENDS ITS OWN

"He was great today, but wait till the closing argument; he'll be even better." That's Terence (Kayo) Hallinan's opinion of his defense attorney—Vincent Hallinan.

Kayo talked with the Tribe Wednesday after his first day in court on a felony assault rap. He is charged with attacking Norbert Gutierrez, a member of SF's notorious TAC Squad two years ago.

In his opening statement Wednesday, Vincent Hallinan dispensed with the usual bland remarks and lashed out at the TAC Squad and the violence it has sown on SF State campus. The opening speech in defense of his son took two hours.

"We're very optimistic about the case," Kayo said. He explained that prior to the jury selection Monday and Tuesday, they had won an important legal point from Judge Edmond Moore.

The judge agreed it was a valid defense in a battery case to claim the defendant was intervening to protect an un-

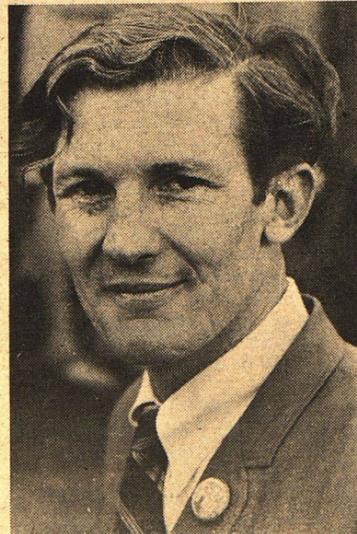
lawful assault—in this case by the TAC trooper on a defenseless coed.

In a previous trial, which ended in a hung jury, Judge Carl Allen had instructed the jury that there could be no legal justification for coming to an aid of a citizen assaulted by a police officer.

As in the first trial, the prosecution is being handled by Assistant DA Robert Maurer, who, according to Kayo, has a long-standing revenge trip against the Hallinan clan. Maurer's first witness was TAC Sgt. Daniel Howard, who testified he hadn't seen Kayo hit anyone, although he had been on the scene that day.

Howard was the cop who picked up Kayo's unconscious body from the street after his fellow goons broke open Hallinan's head with their truncheons. It required 16 stitches to close up the wound.

The defense is expected to start its case Monday. The elder Hallinan will present



scores of witnesses to testify that Kayo was the victim, not the assailant, in the case.

The Trial convenes every weekday in Department 24 of the Hall of Justice in S.F. —jj

WARREN WELLS: VULTURES' PREY

by Art Goldberg

Warren Wells is twenty-two years old. He has already spent ten of those years in reformatories and prisons.

On Monday, August 18, Alameda County will try to send Wells to prison again. Warren was arrested after the April 6, 1968 shootout between the Oakland Police and, it is charged, several Black Panthers.

Wells was found shot through the left leg and buttock, some distance from the shootout scene. He has been tried twice on charges of attempted murder and assault with a deadly weapon.

In each trial, the first in December 1968, and the second in May of this year, there was a hung jury, both strongly weighted for acquittal. In the December trial the vote was 10-2 for acquittal, and in May it was 11-1 for acquittal.

In the latter trial, the eleven jurors spent two days trying to convince the lone holdout that Wells was innocent. The holdout, a white woman said: "I don't care what the evidence shows, I'm going to do what I want."

The normal procedure after two hung juries, especially juries voting so strongly for acquittal, would be for the prosecution to drop the charges. But normal judicial procedures aren't used when the defendants are Panthers.

Wells will go on trial for the third time on the same charges on Monday. The prosecutor will be Frank Vukota, the man who railroaded Charles Bursey into jail last week.

Warren has spent the past eleven months in the jail atop the Alameda County Courthouse. He spent ten days in the "hole" there before Judge Robert Bostick decided that the "hole" in the courthouse jail was "cruel and inhuman" and a violation of constitutional rights.

This hasn't stopped the jailers from putting other people in the hole however, Wells says. "They like to take long-haired or bearded white hippies and keep them in the hole until they scream for a shave or haircut. They treat hippies just like niggers."

The hole has no windows. There is a concrete floor with a hole in the middle that is supposed to be a toilet, but the toilet always seems to be backing up. Three times a day, they hrow in a peanut butter sandwich.

Wells says he was put in the hole because he tried to organize the prisoners in the tank he was in. Normally, fights break out periodically between prisoners over petty things like a cigarette or a game of dominoes.

Warren got the brothers in the tank, (all were black) to stop fighting among themselves, and to stick together. The guards, he says, didn't like that at all. Soon a "black power" sign went up in the tank, and Wells was put into solitary confinement.

He calls solitary a "sugar-coated hole." There is a bunk and a toilet, but hardly any room to walk around. The jailers will tell you that prisoners can read in solitary, but

SEE IT

The August 15 issue of LIFE magazine is worth looking at, if only to see that some of the truth sometimes gets out to the masses who don't see the movement press.

The issue carries an expose of pig brutality at Santa Rita following the Berkeley mass bust.

they won't tell you that the jail won't let any books come in.

During his months in solitary, Wells taught himself how to write writs, and do legal research. Everytime someone was thrown into the hole, Wells or one of the brothers he had organized would file a writ. Needless to say, this didn't amuse the guards at all, and Wells was threatened.

Wells and the other men also began to file writs on the lack

see p. 22

Bursey Trial

PANTHER IS FRAMED

by Kirby Higbe

Late last Thursday evening, an all-white jury convicted Black Panther Charles Bursey on two counts of attempted murder and two counts of assault with a deadly weapon.

Judge Robert Bostick, a "liberal," allegedly, ordered Bursey to jail immediately, even though defense attorney Charles Garry made it abundantly clear that he would appeal, and make a motion for a new trial.

Bursey had been out on bail since April 1968, when he and six other Panthers were arrested. Eldridge Cleaver wounded, and Bobby Hutton killed in what has been called a "shoot-

out" with the Oakland police.

But bail in California is given at the discretion or whim of the judge. Obviously, there are special standards for Panthers. Despite the fact that he had made every court appearance, Bostick would not grant Bursey bail.

Garry was particularly bitter about Bursey's conviction, saying that his client was "railroaded" on almost no evidence. All that prosecutor Frank Vukota had on Bursey was a fingerprint on a Panther car near the scene of the shootout, and the fact that Bursey was found in a house about a block and a

half from the scene.

Not daunted by such a sketchy case, which he admitted rested entirely on circumstantial evidence, Vukota brought a whole arsenal of rifles and other weapons into the courtroom. He never was able to show that Bursey was connected with any of them, but evidently it was enough for the paleface jury.

Garry was particularly miffed at Judge Bostick's conduct of the case. "He permitted a racist all-white jury, he allowed the defendant's right not to incriminate himself to be violated, and he allowed all those guns that had no connection with Bursey to be brought into the courtroom."

Someone wanted to know how one got a jury of his peers in Alameda County. "You don't," snapped Garry in reply, "unless you shame them into it, and pressure them into it. We've got to expose this whole legal system for what it is."

The Panther attorney also said that Judge Bostick had curtailed his right to cross-examine prosecution witnesses. Virtually all the prosecution witnesses were pigs, and Charles Garry's forte is dismembering pigs on the witness stand. Judge Bostick obviously wasn't going to allow that to happen because the truth just might come out.

In Garry's opinion, the conviction of Bursey was obtained through the perjured testimony of police officers. "It's obvious," he said, "that the DA was told to get Bursey into jail by any means necessary."

The great Panther lawyer believes that Bursey's conviction will eventually be overturned by the appeals courts. "The record shows so many errors," he said, "that I've got 'em by the balls."

But appeals sometimes take years to drag through the upper courts. In the meantime, Charles Bursey is in jail, the same Alameda County pigpen in which Huey Newton was held for so long.

He was put there by an all-white jury. Ironically, Garry had told Judge Bostick before the case came to trial, that the major issue would be white racism.

For a time, it appeared as if all-white juries for black people were a thing of the past in Alameda County. A year or so ago, Judge George W. Phillips had ruled that all-white juries were a violation of the constitutional rights of black people.

Apparently the Alameda County's DA Office, and judges like Bostick are now ignoring this ruling. Several months ago, Wayne Greene, a black UC student was tried before an all-white jury and came within one vote of being convicted.

So Alameda County, in these days of law and order, has begun following the example of states like Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida when it comes to justice for black people. It isn't even making the gesture any more of having a token black on the jury. That could be dangerous.

Bursey, who is twenty-five, was not even tried by white people near his own age. Most of the jurors were fifty or older. Maybe one was within five years of Bursey's age.

A final irony is that in the alleged shootout, the one cop who was hit by bullets recovered in ten days. The Panthers lost Bobby Hutton, and the incident led to Cleaver's parole being revoked. Now they are trying to jail six more Panthers on attempted murder charges, including chief of staff David Hilliard, and Warren Wells who has been tried twice on the same rap.

You hear a lot of loose talk by Aliotos, Hoovers, McClellans, and other establishment animals about the Panthers "conspiring" to do a lot of things. Do you think that someone may be conspiring against the Panthers?



Mr. & Mrs. L.E. Cleaver, formerly of San Francisco, are pleased to announce the birth of their son, Antonio Maceo. Little Antonio made his appearance in a hospital in Algiers, North Africa. Mr. Cleaver told our correspondent that he soon must return to his Oakland, California headquarters to take care of pressing business.

SANTA RITA SUIT

"It's one of the clearest cut cases of false arrest. We probably won't get this chance again. We have to get on the offensive," Karen McNally said.

She was tellint the Tribe of the impending lawsuit against Reagan, Madigan and their underlings for the Mass Berkeley Bust of May 22.

The suit will ask \$50,000 damages for each person falsely arrested and imprisoned at Santa Rita when 480 people were trapped and busted during the occupation of Berkeley by the National Guard. Subsequently the courts threw out all cases.

"I'm surprised more people aren't interested," Karen, who is co-ordinating the offensive, said. "The more participants we get, the stronger the case." Only 15 people have so far agreed to the suit and the deadline of August 22 is fast approaching, she noted.

"This suit will hang The Man up in court. It's one way to slow the spread of fascism," Karen said. She's a UC student

who was also arrested in the big bust and spent time in solitary confinement in the wo-

men's section of Santa Rita. The case is being handled

see p. 8

STEW STEWS IN PIG'S JUICE

(from Santa Rita)

The poor immigrant roves outside the dream in a world where cigarettes are raised to the level of supreme beings, where cancer is a god.

Humans move in and out of petty games — buying and selling candy bars like the heavy stocks and bonds of every prison of enforced limitation.

Losing track of time—compulsory Buddhism—the days pass slowly.

At night an old black speaks his longing—

"Man, would I like a milk shake, hamburgers and an order of french fries." I think "Jesus when it's over I'll head for twice

cooked pork and wonton soup—we wear the same uniform—it replaces skin color but not restaurants.

All love through a gentle touch.

Stew
Box 787, Pleasanton
California 94566

(Stew needs \$700 to get out of jail. If the money isn't raised, he will have to spend one day in jail for every \$5.00—that's at least 5 months more. Please send bread to Stew Albert, c/ Berkeley Tribe, 1708A Grove St., or drop by.) west box

PRISON WHITE-WASH!

The San Francisco Examiner reported Sunday that the executive officer of the Santa Rita Prison farm was exonerated of misconduct charges incurred in the mass arrest on May 22. Lt. Howard Davis successfully appealed his fifteen day suspension to the Alameda County Civil Service Board.

Two other appeals were denied. Eight deputies accepted suspensions imposed by Sheriff Frank Madigan without appealing.

Davis was quoted in the Examiner as saying there was no unnecessary disciplining of

prisoners in Santa Rita.

He said prisoners were made to lie prone because there was a "pretty good assortment of rocks, knives, belts with large buckles, and some narcotics."

A poor comment on the Berkeley Police Department which searched all of the arrestees before shipment to Santa Rita.

Deputies stated that Davis ordered the discipline because he wanted a "tight ship." Davis claimed he was afraid of a riot.

No one who had been a prisoner or who had been beaten testified before the Board.

Under California Penal Code section 149 it is a felony for any law enforcement officer to strike a citizen when not necessary to subdue him or bring him under arrest. No policeman has been charged with violating section 149 in any political demonstration in this decade.

People who assault police officers go to jail for years.

Yet, with ample evidence of prison beatings, (with clubs, legally "deadly weapons") the Civil Service Board decided that a fifteen day suspension is too harsh for the officer who ordered them.

SANTA RITA SUIT

from p. 7

by Oakland attorney Mal Bernstein. First a claim for damages will be filed; when that is refused, as is almost certain, a suit will be filed in Federal Court against state and county officials who were in charge of the atrocity.

The whole process may take up to 3 years to complete, Karen said. But those seeking

damages won't have to stay in the Bay Area, she stressed, only let the lawyers know their whereabouts. Part of the cost of the suit has already been covered by contributions from the People's Park Defense Committee.

If you were busted and abused at Santa Rita May 22 and want to give some people's justice to the pigs, get in touch with Karen at 848-7794, or call Bernstein's office at 452-1300.

BILL

James Rector was shot by an Alameda County Deputy Pig on May 15. He died of his wounds four days later.

Tuesday, the doctor who performed surgery on Rector tried to collect his \$2,240 bill from the county.

Dr. Milton Brinton was turned down by the Board of Supervisors. He was told the county had no obligation to pay since he was murdered by the county's hired gunman.

S.F. QUAKE

A Youthquake Festival sponsored by the Mission Rebels will take place this Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. It will last from noon till midnight on all three days, in Dolores Park (18th St. and Dolores) in San Francisco.

35 bands will play, including the Ace of Cups, Marvin Gardens, Joy of Cooking, Birth, and O.C. Smith.

There will also be more than 75 booths, featuring handcrafts, games, and food, as well as performing groups such as the SF Mime Troupe, who will be there sometime Friday.

YENAN

2506A Haste off Telegraph

If we have shortcomings, we are not afraid to have them pointed out and criticized because we serve the people. Anyon, no matter who, may point out our shortcomings. If he is right, we will correct them

SERVE THE PEOPLE
Mao Tse-tung

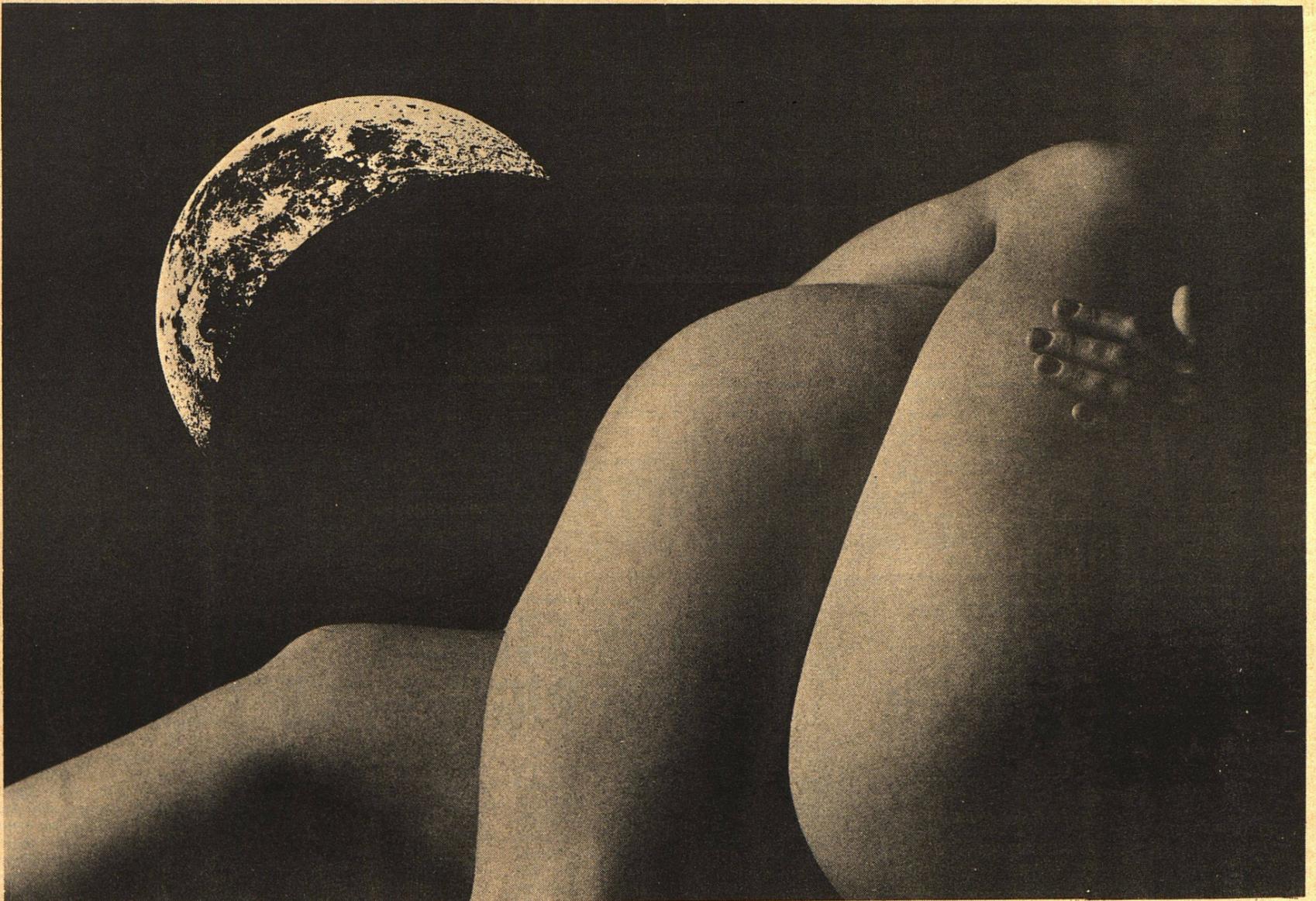
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France Frigs Franc

by G.K.

A government which tells its people what to do and how to act cannot tell itself what to do or how to act—this is the meaning of France's devaluation of the franc.

Further—a whole series of capitalist governments just set up a "paper gold" farce that, even BEFORE it starts, collapses (see Berkeley Tribe, Aug 1).

The French finance minister made a remarkable statement. He "revealed" (sic!) that without devaluation, foreign exchange and gold reserves would have dropped to "zero" by the end of this year.

Never before has a government admitted it would be broke. Businesses can go through bankruptcy, but a government—never.

Even the Bank of France has been caught lying to its own people. The finance minister "disclosed" that losses for July were actually \$138 million instead of the \$15 reported publicly by the Bank of France.

Who else is lying—England, Germany, America?

At this writing (Sunday, Aug 10), everybody is covering up and/or going "into a huddle" like our US Treasury officials. The Belgian Prime Minister is pissed off. British, Dutch, Italian (and who knows what all) are flipping out.

West Germany's architect of Hitler's concentration camps (and now its Prime Minister) just left Washington after seeing Nixon for the past two days (what for?). He said his money will not go up (he's another liar). After elections in Sept, the German mark will go up, thus causing more troubles for France.

But it's the French working class that are getting it up the ass. Having had France in the palm of their hands, May, 1968, they are fucked. Ho, ho, ho!

SIETE

Los Siete's spirits are higher than ever despite miserable jail conditions.

Ruth Bernardo, who visits them regularly, says, "They're encouraged by visitors in jail and the courtroom, letters, and news from the street. They're very happy about the Breakfast for Schoolchildren Program."

The program, in two Mission district churches, feeds as many as 150 hungry kids a day.

"Their commitment to the cause is stronger than ever," says Ruth's twin sister, Naomi. "In their letters they're always talking about their people. They feel their time in jail is not a lost cause if it helps educate the people."

The six brothers charged with murder of plainclothes cop Joe Brodnik with his fellow-pig partner's gun are in maximum security. Ruth and Naomi say the amount of exercise they get is subject to the whims of the guard on duty. They said the six were kept in their tiny cells all last week, unable even to walk around in their cell block.

"Half the time they can't eat the food, it's so bad," says Naomi. Money can be left with the clerk for them on visiting days. "Then they can buy milk, cupcakes, and small pies," she said. "It's not a balanced diet, but it's better than what's served."

Letters are delivered late but help their morale greatly. They're in the San Francisco County Jail. Their names are Mario Martinez, Gary Lescalet, Jose Melendez, Tony Martinez, Nelson Rodrigues, and Jose Rios. Write on.



Connor's Mother

photo by Bacilla

GODDAMN THE PUSHER

by Lumbering Bear
 "You know, I've smoked a lot of grass, oh lord, I've popped a lot of pills. But I never took nothing that my spirit would kill... The dealer is a man with a lot of grass in his hand, Put the pusher is a monster, good god, he's not a natural man. Goddamn the pusher!"
 from "The Pusher"

The Sparrow used to sing this song in the Bay Area a few years ago before they moved on to LA and became the Steppenwolf. Other things have changed over the years, too. But this song never had more meaning than it does now for the Berkeley-Oakland hip community.

Six of our brothers and sisters have died behind bad smack in the last month—and that smack came from pushers.

And now the time has come to set apart our righteous dealers of dope from the pushers who deal in death.

A good dope dealer is as much a part of us as any rock musician or street politico. Most of us, maybe millions, were unshackled from the Great Amerikan Mediocrity with the help of the dealer's grass or pills. All of us know dealers, many of us have been dealers, and we respect dealers because they are righteous outlaws and wise in the ways of survival.

"I don't deal anything I wouldn't use myself," a dealer told the Tribe. We've heard it before because most dealers agree with, and follow, this statement.

At least one street dealer has accused Lumbering Bear and the Tribe of writing anti-Telegraph articles in this series on the Mafia and heroin deaths. This is bullshit. If there wasn't an Ave, there wouldn't be a Tribe.

When James Rector was killed on Telly, we weren't quiet about it. And when six brothers and sisters die from Mafia smack, silence would be a crime against our own people. Dig? It doesn't matter whether they died by shotgun or needle—they're dead. And it doesn't matter that some of them died in downtown Oakland. If you follow Telly south, you get to downtown Oakland—and that's where the Mafia pushers come from to sell their shit.

Our brothers and sisters should know about this threat to their lives or health. Just like they

should know about the "legal" menace posed by the pigs and avaricious businessmen who seek our destruction.

The shit is coming down, brothers and sisters. If we are going to survive the next few years, we are going to have to know our friends from our enemies. People must know their enemies (no matter how powerful) so they can either steer clear or deal with them in the

see p. 14

HARD CASE WORKERS EXPLOITED

By Joseph Hillson

Like the promises of sex ads, the striking workers at J.I. Case Co. finally got screwed last week. After a 1 1/2 week strike, three firings, two lay-offs, a misdemeanor arrest, little Union support, and increasing financial hardships; the strikers decided to go back to work without a settlement of their grievances.

The company promised to arbitrate the question of only warehousemen doing inventory and hiring back the three strikers, but the men aren't optimistic.

The company supervisors greeted the returning strikers with broad smiles and cheery "howareya's." The company would like to believe that everything's back to normal. But the men know different.

For practically the whole strike, students from the Radical Students Union labor committee rapped with the Case warehousemen about imperialism, Case's racist hiring policies, the pigs, and the Vietnam War.

We jointly passed out a leaflet to surrounding factories attacking Case for its imperialist and fascist policies—as well as fucking over the warehousemen at this particular plant.

Naturally, Case management didn't like these outsiders talking with "their men," and complained to the union about "hippie-types" and "Negroes" picketing their plant. At one point Case

CONNOR SHOOTING TAC SQUAD TARGET PRACTICE

Back quite a time ago I stole a car and one morning the police came knocking on my door and asked me to take it back.

Saturday, Jimmie Connor Jr. was shot in the back by the TAC Squad in front of his own home. Supposedly Jimmie, 16 years old, stole a car. His mother said that the police report charged auto theft, assault with a deadly weapon, and resisting arrest.

The Connor home is on a seemingly quiet street in Hunters Point. In a year in San Francisco I've only been to Hunters Point twice. It's a section of the city bounded by industry and warehouses, a section stuck back in a corner—an easy section to forget about. No Grayline Tours go there.

That Saturday Mrs. Connor had just come from work. "I was in the house and I heard two shots. I ran to the bedroom window and looked out. I saw my son lying there his back covered with blood. And I screamed 'Don't shoot my boy again.'"

Mrs. Connor looked up from her nervous hands. "I believe and I'll always believe that the police would have shot him again if I hadn't screamed."

"I ran downstairs and outside. I wanted to see how bad it was; to stop the bleeding because the blood was just flying out of his back. See, I'm a nurse." The police grabbed Mrs. Connor and threw her down.

"There was four police on Jimmie," a slender sixteen-year old with two bullets in his back. "One police was using his club and another was hitting him in the mouth."

"They put handcuffs on him and just picked him up and threw him in the wagon like a dog." Charge: resisting arrest.

After the TAC Squad took her wounded son away, Mrs. Connor went immediately to the hospital, but Jimmie was not there. She went to the police station and the police were just then taking

him to the hospital.

Jimmie was wounded with two bullets that the TAC men claim were just ricochetes of warning shots. Of the two slugs, one is still in his back. The doctors say that if it doesn't start moving around it'll be all right. But if it does move, bringing about the danger of lung collapse, then they'll have to remove it.

With all the police allegations against him, Jimmie was not held after his hospital treatment.

Mrs. Connor continually spoke of how hurt and angry she is. "Why do the police treat our kids like this? They don't take time to find out nothing—they just come down shooting. Any time they come into Hunters Point they start shooting."

"We're being misused and the big people downtown are letting it happen because we're poor people. Mayor Alioto never comes out here, he sends his pig to shoot our kids. Then they go back downtown lying and Mayor Alioto says 'self defense'."

Charles Garry, chief defender of the Panthers, the man of whom Eldridge Cleaver said "...he's so bad he's the first white panther," heard about the incident at SF General Hospital. Garry informed the Panthers and is also going to act in Jimmie's behalf by filing a lawsuit behind the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

Mrs. Connor spits fire when she gets down to it. Hunters Point is her neighborhood, both she and her husband work and pay taxes. Just trying to live and the police are out there.

"Just another Negro gone, that's the way we believe that they think about the kids up here. Too many of our kids are dying for nothing. They see police three blocks away and they start running because they're scared."

"I'm gonna fight them. If I have to go to jail, OK. If I have to work for the rest of my life, I will. If they shoot me that's fine. I'm gonna fight, this has got to stop."

"And I don't want to hear Mayor Alioto talking about turning in guns so we don't have protection when they snoot us down."

gins work at 8:00 A.M.

The ILWU business agents gave the men 45 minutes in which to decide to go back to work. Everyone would be hired back—except the two stewards and one other striker, all labeled "trouble-makers" by the company.

Unsure of their own ability to hold out without full ILWU support and feeling the financial pinch, the guys voted to return to work.

Meanwhile, back at the warehouse, Case had another surprise. In addition to the three firings, two more men were laid off. The company went into arbitration proceedings immediately and hired one steward back, but refused to hire back anyone else. Case is clearly trying to break the union by firing and laying off the most militant workers and intimidating the rest.

The rank and file at Case are justifiably pissed at the company and confused about the Union, as many other young workers are realizing, they understand that only militant rank and file action can effectively fight the company.

The RSU labor committee will continue to leaflet the San Leandro area about rank and file unionists demonstrating the upcoming International Industrialists Conference in San Francisco.

As one Case striker put it, "We learned a lot from this strike. We really appreciated all the students coming down to picket. If you ever need any help with demonstrations up in Berkeley, just give us a call."

threatened to halt preliminary negotiations because the radical leaflet had "changed the issue from one of economic demands, to a question of politics."

The International Longshoremen and Warehouseman's local #6 (ILWU), for its part, was none too anxious to defend the students. The ILWU leadership felt that since this walk-out was in violation of the Union contract, the strikers should get back to work as quickly as possible. They didn't like the students trying to make a big issue out of the strike.

The ILWU sent down Union pickets from the hiring hall only two times. One wing of the ILWU leadership is so virulently anti-student that they tried to keep students completely off the picket line. Joe Valegas, ILWU dispatcher, told groups of students, "Go across the street if you want to observe the picket line."

The Union and the company finally ended the strike in a manner becoming familiar to all wildcat strikers. Case representatives and ILWU business agents met in a private meeting Friday. None of the actual striking warehousemen were there.

When the meeting was over, the ILWU leadership refused to tell the strikers what went on at the meeting, but informed them that there would be a meeting of all strikers at 7:00 A.M. Monday morning. The Case warehouse normally be-

TriBe FOLLIES

SAT AUG 16 12:00 NOON

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

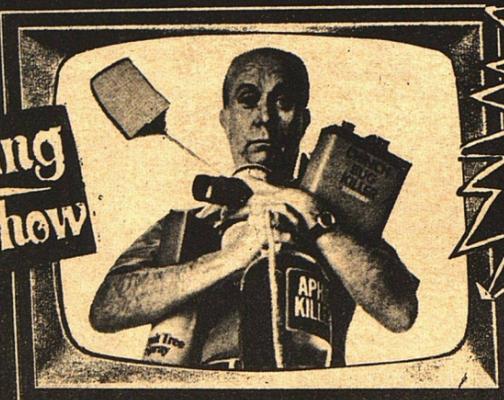
TriBe FOLLIES

SAT AUG 16 — 12:00 NOON

HERE IT IS...THE WHOLE SHOCKING STORY!

SLAVES TO THE SORDID PLEASURES THAT RULED THEIR PAGAN EXISTENCE THEY LIVED ONLY TO SATISFY THEIR WANT SICK DESIRES

All Living Color Show



SUBURBIA

THE VAST WASTE LANDS

Toilet Bowl Rings
Dirty Ovens
Rusty Garden Tools?

A Housewife Speaks Out

Hubert.....

I sure hope none of those DIRTY LONGHAIR COMMIE DOPEFIENDS come to our neighborhood!

SEE Story Page 2



IT'S DARING
SEE THEM DO THEIR THING
IT'S SENSATIONAL

PLEASANT HILL * OR YOUR HOMETOWN *
CASTRO VALLEY * WHO KNOWS WHICH WILL BE FIRST? *
MILPITAS *
SEE PERMISSIVE RESPONSIBILITY FROM THE PAST



By the time a family pays for a house in the country, it isn't.
—Pulaski (N.Y.) Democrat

He who swells in prosperity will shrink in adversity.
—Glendale (Ariz.) News-Herald

Does the P.T.A. know you wear dentures?



Visit your brother TRAPPED IN SUBURBIA!

YOU BE THE JUDGE!

BRING YOUR CAR, YOUR CAMERA, YOUR KID, AND YOUR LUNCH. GIVE A BROTHER A LIFT. JOIN THE TRIBE TOUR CARAVAN!



BUS LEAVING AT 12 NOON SAT AUGUST 16

FROM TELEGRAPH & BANCROFT



NO GIMMICK Liberal-Minded Couples Welcome

DON'T BE DEPRIVED OF YOUR CONSTITUTIONAL 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

TriBe FOLLIES

SAT AUG 16 12:00 NOON

LEECHES ARE LURKING

by Jess Ritter

What Marshall McLuhan says essentially is since the advent of TV, men think with their eyeballs. Your good semanticist knows this, so he creates an eyeball creature: the instant TV college president, all glitter and surface and Image.

Dressed like an East-Bay disc jockey—iridescent gold suit, blue shirt, yellow tie—internationally renowned semanticist Samuel Hayakawa turned his Thoughtful Visage towards the Los Angeles television interviewer.

"Well, I think the chief reason they (the Trustees of the California State Colleges) selected me president is because I don't belong to any majority race, so I have an objective view of the racial situation in this state." The word situation was especially clipped, in keeping with good Semanticist enunciation—the image of objective language.

"Hell," observed an AFT friend of mine, watching the television performance with me, "Now I know what Hayakawa is—a one-man Third World."

At any rate, S.I. Hayakawa's thinly-legitimized presidency at San Francisco State will be strictly a one-man operation this fall. The 19th and Holloway campus, despite its tight budget and inhuman Battleship Moderne architecture, was once a proud reflection of San Francisco's cultural diversity. Students and faculty—at least in the Arts and Humanities—swung together, boldly creating new forms of stone guerilla, street, and ghetto education: the Experimental College, Tutorial, and Community Education projects.

Over the past few years, however, a racist microbe entered the school's bloodstream. The percentage of Black, Chicano, and Chinese students dwindled as, under California's educational Master Plan, most of them were shunted off into junior colleges.

But all this is duly recorded in a recent history of San Francisco State's calamities and is available for a dollar. **Shut it Down! A College in Crisis**, a staff report to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. What emerges from even this cautious Establishment study is the portrait of a college utterly stifled by the fuzzy blanket of bureaucracy, callously ordered about by a hostile business-oriented Board of Trustees, continually politicalized by a vengeful gover-

nor, manipulated by an untrained and unqualified president on an ego trip tinged with undisguised political ambitions.

"I'm only on campus one day a week," Hayakawa told me last October when we first met, "I spend most of the time travelling around making speeches." "My book has made me rich," he informed me later, "so I don't have to teach full time."

This September, then, the college will open wracked by more dissension than it experienced last fall, before the student and faculty strikes. The initial thrust of this dissension will emanate from the college president's office. Appointed in violation of established presidential selection procedures, appointed against the expressed wishes of the majority of his faculty, Hayakawa continues to create himself chiefly in the media and on speaking tours, ignoring or repudiating urgent campus educational problems.

In April, I stopped by his publicity office, just off the presidential suite in the Administration building. "I'm sorry," the appointments secretary was saying into the phone, "but Dr. Hayakawa just can't accept any more speaking engagements before the middle of June; he's booked up solid."

The famous semanticist has already violated numerous provisions of the faculty and student strike settlement. **Reinstatement of striking faculty:** he has refused to reinstate Morgan Penney, the only striking member of the School of Business, claiming Penny returned to work a day late.

No recrimination: AFT members have been subjected to continued private and public harassment; Hayakawa has refused to acknowledge the legitimacy of AFT members elected



photo by Steve Shames

to department chairmanships.

Amnesty for students: Hayakawa refused to accept the negotiated amnesty provisions reached by his strike settlement committee and BSU and TWLF leaders.

Support for necessary programs: administrative officers have informed TWLF people that, because of the union strike settlement, there will be inadequate funds and staff allotments for planning the new Ethnic Studies program (a conquer-and-divide routine played regularly during the strike).

Faculty morale is ground zero, except among AFT members who still bounce along on a brash union dedication to educational innovation and participatory democracy. One union vice-president explained to me how he reacted to the strike settlement. "We felt like most striking unions—we weren't getting enough to protect us and to guarantee some kind of progress in the college's Black Studies and Ethnic Studies programs. But I think what swung the vote to accept the agreement was the feeling that we could go back in there and work every day for our rights and for the programs."

July 10, on S.I. Hayakawa's first day as permanent presi-

dent at State, the nucleus of AFT negotiating team called on him to establish a dialogue enabling the union and administration to work together. "What we're going to do," said one of the more irreverent members of the delegation, "is fall down on our knees like varlets, tug at our forelocks respectfully, throw up our hands in supplication, and rip off an obscenity." He reconsidered, smiling wickedly, "What we may do is make a citizen's arrest."

Anyhow, the results were predictable. Erwin Kelly, AFT president, presented Hayakawa with an open letter and a list of violations of grievance and disciplinary procedures. Dr. Art Bierman, member of the delegation, remarked that "When we walked in, Hayakawa's face looked as if a bundle of garter snakes were moving under the skin."

The president remained intractable. Among other things, he refused to reconsider his decision to block the reappointments of Dr. Nathan Hare and Dr. Juan Martinez, two exceptionally talented scholars and teachers.

Certainly student morale is also at ground zero. The indifferent are staying away. Bay Area junior colleges report that large numbers of terminal

students are remaining on at those schools rather than transfer to San Francisco State. The BSU and TWLF students are watching steady evisceration of their programs. Striking students are receiving hysterically stiff penalties in the strike-related trials downtown.

No one can predict with any certainty just what events will transpire in Pneumonia Gulch at Stonestown in September, but one can articulate the mood. During the injunction hearings early in the AFT strike, union attorney Victor Van Bourg was relentless cross examining plaintiff witness Samuel Hayakawa.

The semanticist was having difficulty proving explicitly that there was an AFT strike on his campus. No, no one from the union had called on him and said there was a strike. No, he couldn't make out the exact wording on the picket signs. No, he hadn't seen union president Gary Hawkins carrying a picket sign.

"Stanton!" he blurted, growing rigid in the chair, "It's Bill Stanton running most of it. Every time I look out my window there's Stanton, shouting obscenities, egging the students on, causing trouble every day. He's behind most of it!"

(Stanton, Professor of Economics at State, had earlier been fired by Hayakawa, who refused to accept the tenure recommendation of the Economics Department's Hiring, Retention, and Tenure committee.) Later, an AFT official instructed Stanton dryly: "Your picketing assignment is to stand outside Hayakawa's window and Lurk daily."

There'll be lots of Lurking on the State Campus this fall. Union members will be Lurking about. Dedicated students will be Lurking about. Then the FBI, State Attorney General's Office staff, San Francisco Police Department plainclothesmen, and fact-gatherers from various study commissions will be seen Lurking.

But where are they missing the education that relates a college to the needs and aspirations of its demanding, idealistic students?

"All we are saying/ Is give me a chance."
(John, Yoko, & Friends)

BULLSHIT REVOLUTION

by Cassandra

Is your phone tapped? And your friend's phone, too? Fool! Are you really that important? Do you know how many people just in the city of Berkeley think their phones are tapped?

Flash on it: The Berkeley phone exchange, on every side, floor to ceiling, nothing but tape recorders, taking our words down for posterity. Thousands of FBI agents, one in each of our basements with earphones. There, the guy across the street, pretending he's a lineman, he's a Hoover pig.

I remember the Saturday after little Bobby Hutton was killed. Bobby Seale climbed on top of a truck in De Fremery (now Bobby Hutton Memorial) Park, in the hot, hot sun, and sadly but strongly rapped to the 1000 black brothers and sisters there. He said: Know the score. Know that you must know, that you must have knowledge, that you must plan and organize.

And they stood and looked at Bobby. They sweated with him in that heavy sun. Some left their transistor portables playing, squeaking out the music of their bondage, songs of blues and suffering used as between commercial filler on KYA or KDIA. And they stood

and looked at Bobby, barely perceiving his desperate message, listless and self-indulgent after four centuries of corruption and castration.

But Bobby rapped on, using the language of the black streets, of crime and of violence. In it was the message, the key to unlock the prison of the new slavery. Organize. Know. Learn. He asked: Why, when we are angry, do we burn down our own houses? We live among warehouses and industrial plants and, of course, the trains are always at our doorstep. Why do we waste ourselves in foolish orgasms of little violence?

Now, you know that Bobby Seale's phone is tapped, in fact that the phone company would not cut off his service if he never paid his bill. Likewise, for the Panther offices. But who are you that your phone should be tapped. You're a bullshit revolutionary. You enjoy the little orgasm of fear and paranoia. Rather than bothering to learn anything about the phone company or how it works, rather than mastering what's involved in tapping and de-bugging phones, you sit around and bullshit and trade stories with other bullshit revolutionaries about how

STATE TRIALS: LOSING A ROUND

The man, in the absence of public outcry, begins to do his dirty work.

Only one month away from the fall semester, another SF State trial has ended with convictions, only this time the penalties were two to three times heavier than previously meted out. Judge Walter Calcagno gave maximum sentences to several defendants.

John Cleveland, the man often seen with Doberman pinchers last spring and the only

you've heard strange clicks and buzzes on your line.

Maybe you laid around at home. Said, fuck this studying, to your folks, and split. Maybe you were a lazy, spoiled son or daughter of the ruling middle-class. Maybe now you figure you've got it made. You can sit around and pretend you are poor and plot in crash-pads and score hash or grass every day and be a bullshit revolutionary. You don't know anything. You couldn't organize your own pants pocket. And you're probably as foolishly superstitious (like about astrology) as a virgin, middle-aged Catholic nun.

What the hell use are you to anybody?

Oh, you say, you're head's been changed. Yeah, and

Black among the six sentenced by Calcagno, was flatly denied probation and received a 163 day jail term. His appeal bail was set at \$6,250—incidentally high.

Kirk Snider, P.L. member, received a 160 day jail term after refusing ridiculous terms of probation. His appeal bail was set at \$2,000.

Megumi Shimuzi took one year's probation and a \$250 fine. She also received a 30 day jail term with 180 days suspended despite efforts by her probation officer to prevent an interruption of her teaching career.

Paul Yamazaki, a member of the Central Committee at SF State, received a 150 day jail term after being denied probation, despite personal pleas by his father and uncle. His appeal bail was set at \$2,000. Chuck Seeman took probation,

a \$250 fine and a 30 day jail term with 180 days suspended. Jim Queen got 150 days after refusing obnoxious terms of probation. Jim, heavily involved with helping Mission District people, decided that a probation which would prevent him from entering campuses and attending certain assemblies would be impossible to take.

For Megumi, Jim and Chuck, this was a second trial: their first five-week-long trial ended in a hung jury.

A seventh defendant, Thomas Williams, hospitalized for illness, has not yet been sentenced.

Since the sentencing, Calcagno has been promoted to Superior Court Judge.

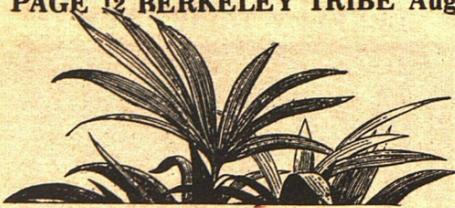
Contrary to its usual department policy, the SF Probation Dept. has decided that all SF State College arrestees found guilty and granted probation will receive a partial jail sentence.

Notorious pig sergeant Edward Epting, one of the leaders of the SF Tactical Squad and one of the key prosecution witnesses, was present at the sentencing along with his office flunky Pacheco. Epting, sitting in his ringside seat to watch the executions, had his boys in the back room ready to do their thing.

Several of his goons came in after the sentencing to rejoice. Other pigs present were District Attorney Dwyer and other DA's. The courtroom was heavily guarded by ten or more uniformed cops who showed little expression on their faces, although you could see a smirk or two after the sentencing.

They flinched, however, when someone shouted "Right on!" after one defendant refused probationary terms and took a jail sentence.

-B.P.



OUT THERE

by Art Gottlieb

Tucson, Arizona, is not the home of a University or a wild west town where cattle drives start.

It is hot sun that makes you dizzy and dry blue air that blows dust at you each time an American family turns the corner to head out to the freeway.

After seven hours on its outskirts, it is also the place your brothers from Sonoma, California, pull up in a yellow panel truck. The yellow panel was the lead truck in a caravan of two trucks and a VW Bus.

Fifty miles farther into the Arizona Desert and the yellow panel

truck died. The other truck and VW Bus soon lumbered into sight; gear was shifted and we were on our way again.

The small caravan was going to La Lus, New Mexico, just outside White Sands Missile range. A three-day conference was being held to exchange ideas on the Geodisic Dome Shelters.

Originated by Buckminster Fuller, an architect from Carbondale, Illinois, the Geodisic Dome is technology's answer to housing problems for the U.S. and maybe the world.

Domes have gone up in communes all over the U.S., and NASA has ideas for their use in Moonshelters.

Relatively cheap, prefabricated, and easy to assemble, the domes are supposed to have the additional advantage of "spiritually livable space."

The concept is not invalid, but I immediately became sceptical of the whole idea once the conference got underway.

The conference was set up by Steve Bear, author of the "Dome Cook Book" and one of the founders of Llama Foundation. Llama Foundation is a super-organized commune in the mountains of Northern New Mexico.

The peons at the conference were immediately put to work building latrines and a shower

for the invited guests. For a while, I thought I was back in the Army.

The menu was posted on the door of the Mess Hall and I was castigated for standing by the stove to get my food instead of standing in line where the servers wielded their authority with long-handled spoons.

The three days were divided into morning and afternoon presentations by various communes that resembled elite fraternities.

Steve Bear's presentation was the highlight for me. Backed up by an IBM technocrat from Palo Alto, he told of the progress in the Dome manufacturing plans. The idea was to turn out "Dome Kits" so the world could have shelters.

I innocently asked Steve Bear about publishing plans for this simple and fantastic shelter so everyone could do it for himself.

I was called various names, including 'stupid,' but I am not so stupid not to realize that something is wrong when a man is going to manufacture domes for the world but tells me "I live in a house ten times better than a dome."

It is even odder that Buckminster Fuller, the originator of the Dome dwelling, had de-

ecided to live in his parents house on an island in New York State.

I don't know about the spiritual space qualities of a dome, but I do know that they are a motherfucker to heat because of the problems of rising hot air.

Leaving the Jet Set weekend, I rode to Santa Fe and saw how men lived before concrete, plastic and technocrats were around.

Houses in Santa Fe and Taos are mainly made of adobe. Mud, straw, and water make bricks that go into walls that are a foot thick.

Protection from sun in the summer and warmth in the winter make adobe sensible. It also shows that the most comfortable and sensible dwellings man has devised are those that come from his environment.

For thousands of years man has used mud from the earth, logs, and sod to protect himself from the elements.

While in Santa Fe, I also found out why men have doors. The Spanish have taken the land from the Indians. Foot-thick walls and iron-hinged doors are made to keep people out. In New Mexico, it was to keep Indians out.

No Alameda Sheriffs or Berkeley Narcs are going to break down an oak or a cedar door that is two inches thick and weighs over a hundred pounds.

Taos County was my destination. There you are either Spanish and own the farms, Indian and live on the reservation, or you are Anglo trying to rip off from the Spanish what they have ripped off from the Indians.

The first place I stayed was at the "Hot Springs." About 80 acres around an abandoned commercial hot springs bath is the center of the transient hippie community.

The land is owned by almost two dozen Spanish landlords, so nobody has enough power to kick people off. Longhairs have busted their asses cleaning the place up, and the State Police have busted some of them for swimming nude.

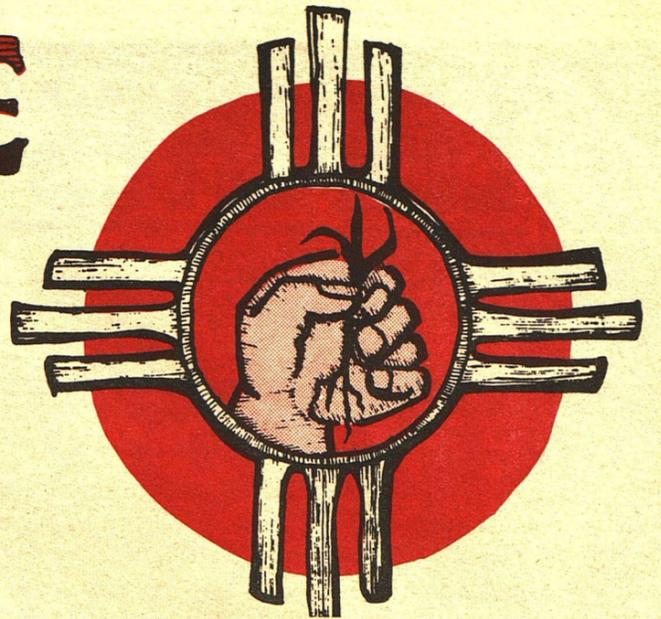
I happened to need a bath so I was among the first five to visit the Taos County jail. The police slacked off after that but the locals did not.

Shotguns and rifles are kept in the adobe houses surrounding the Springs and they have been used more than once to drive off drunken Mexicans in Mustangs.

Taos probably has the highest concentration of communes in the southwest. Commune is a word that describes about four different living situations that people are experimenting with. There are the super structured places with money, such as Llama Foundation.

There are also loose family groups of around ten to twenty people that have a free house and find it economical to live together.

Then there are some rich cats that have purchased land



and invite people to live on and use it. The drawback to this is that usually the rich cats get on a Daddy or Dictator trip and the social economic system resembles the original feudal system.

The area I ended up living in resembled a community moae than a commune. Three or four adobe huts were located around a communal garden in Pilar— about 100 yards from the Rio Grande River.

All have in common the desire to get closer to the earth and to somehow sustain themselves without PG&E or Standard Oil.

In Pilar, I dug earth, junk, and the wall that had collapsed out of an adobe shell and made it into a dwelling. My wife, Camille, cooked on a wood stove and washed Nicole's diapers in the river.

"Out there" you get high from working. To keep alive you put your energies directly into wood chopping for fuel or pick food from a garden or vegetation around you. The energies go directly from you to earth and return as warmth or food.

It is hard physically and hard on the head to adjust to, but it is also very satisfying.

The two main obstacles to self sufficiency are both related to land:

Americans are not used to using land and this planet to sustain themselves directly. We dig into it and rip it off for metals, lumber and plastic and create dead inorganic structures to live in. We also eat foods that are pumped with chemicals to preserve them or to give them bulk and volume.

Oddly enough, the government is helping us to adjust to a sane life style through the use of Food Stamps. Food stamps make it possible to survive while we mold the dirt and learn how to dig in it to eat. It is not a cop-out to use them, and already some communes (like New Buffalo) are making it without a lot of bread or food stamps. Every commune has plowed land or at least a garden.

The other obstacle is the availability of the land. The Spanish have been in New Mexico for nearly 400 years. They have survived and live hard but satisfying lives. The Indians have lived there for no one knows how long and

have lived harder and even more satisfying lives. People like Tijerina are fighting the government to take back land that has been declared National Forest.

We are fighting and fleeing from dead cities and are pressing both the Spanish and Indians on one side while General Motors, mining and lumber companies are pressing them on the other.

Longhairs and locals fight each other while the corporations try to enslave both of them.

There are restaurants that refuse to serve hippies. I thought I was still in Berkeley and kicked in a glass door of a restaurant that refused service to me. Thirty-three days in jail, an attempted escape, and two more days in the hole showed me what happens to uppity niggers in the country.

There have also been a few rapes, gunfire exchanges, fights and windows broken out of Hipstores.

We want land and life for ourselves and our children. I got a taste of both in New Mexico, but I also felt like a trespasser.

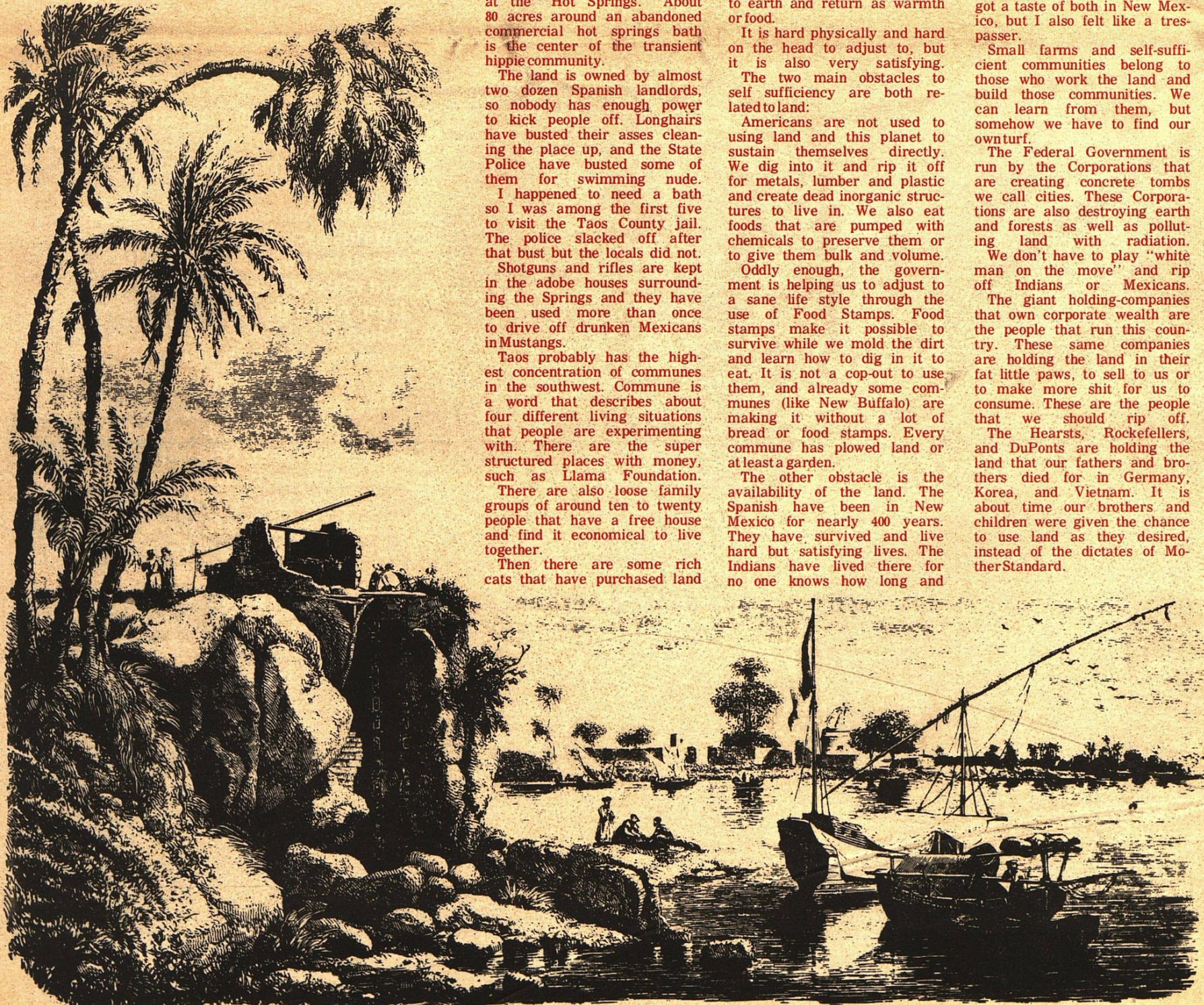
Small farms and self-sufficient communities belong to those who work the land and build those communities. We can learn from them, but somehow we have to find our own turf.

The Federal Government is run by the Corporations that are creating concrete tombs we call cities. These Corporations are also destroying earth and forests as well as polluting land with radiation.

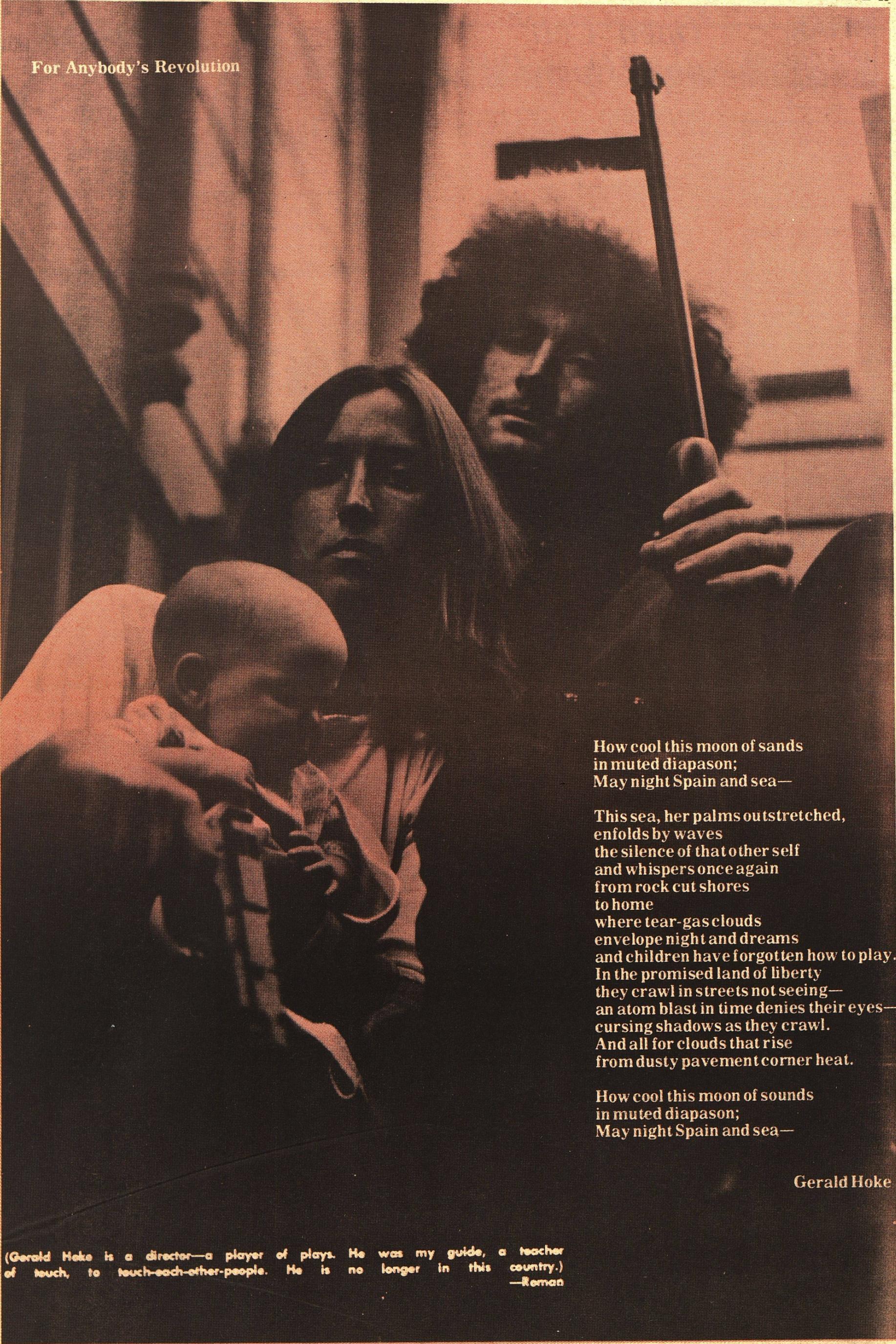
We don't have to play "white man on the move" and rip off Indians or Mexicans.

The giant holding-companies that own corporate wealth are the people that run this country. These same companies are holding the land in their fat little paws, to sell to us or to make more shit for us to consume. These are the people that we should rip off.

The Hearsts, Rockefellers, and DuPonts are holding the land that our fathers and brothers died for in Germany, Korea, and Vietnam. It is about time our brothers and children were given the chance to use land as they desired, instead of the dictates of Mother Standard.



For Anybody's Revolution



How cool this moon of sands
in muted diapason;
May night Spain and sea—

This sea, her palms outstretched,
enfolds by waves
the silence of that other self
and whispers once again
from rock cut shores
to home
where tear-gas clouds
envelope night and dreams
and children have forgotten how to play.
In the promised land of liberty
they crawl in streets not seeing—
an atom blast in time denies their eyes—
cursing shadows as they crawl.
And all for clouds that rise
from dusty pavement corner heat.

How cool this moon of sounds
in muted diapason;
May night Spain and sea—

Gerald Hoke

(Gerald Hoke is a director—a player of plays. He was my guide, a teacher
of touch, to touch-each-other-people. He is no longer in this country.)
—Reman

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"Open Cell" Opens Well

"The Open Cell", 485-37th St, Oakland or Free U, 1703 Grove, Berkeley - 10¢.

"This is not a literary tabloid, not a newspaper and not a 'little magazine.' We are trying to reach the people of liberated communities, to explore a new form for the voices of life."

So states the first editorial "the first cell" in what promises to be an exciting experience, one of the many coming out of the streets.

It will appear every two weeks.

In format, it looks like a tabloid newspaper, but one quickly finds out it is more than that.

"I hear my grandmother turn her radio off. When she comes into the room, she doesn't look bad, but why does she try to be a hip chick at sixty?"

THE PUSHER MAN... from p. 9

manner they deserve.

With six "O.D.'s" in a month, it looks like some enemies are in our midst, pushing death.

The pusher may be a longhair and work on the street, but he isn't one of us. He's an avaricious

businessman. He doesn't need survival because he buys protection. And when the shit comes down, he'll split for another scene pushing his shit in blue balloons.

Point Six of the Berkeley Liberation Program says that we are going to protect and expand our drug culture. If we mean it, then we'd better get it together and clean up our turf before the Mafia pigs or the uniformed pigs destroy our scene like they have other scenes.

"I've seen a lot of people walking 'round with tombstones in their eyes, But the pusher don't care if you live or if you die. Goddamn the pusher! I say goddamn the pusher man!"

Point Six of the Berkeley Liberation Program says that we are going to protect and expand our drug culture. If we mean it, then we'd better get it together and clean up our turf before the Mafia pigs or the uniformed pigs destroy our scene like they have other scenes.

"I've seen a lot of people walking 'round with tombstones in their eyes, But the pusher don't care if you live or if you die. Goddamn the pusher! I say goddamn the pusher man!"

That was for Songbook. The Record Show is even finer, deluxer, and more provocative.

WHAT TO EXPECT

Frankly, we don't plan on selling more than a couple of thousand copies of Record Show. Mostly because this offer sounds too good to be true. And we know that naturally suspicious people will probably pass this ad by.

Which is really a shame. Because if you do mail in your \$2 (or \$4 if you also want a copy of the earlier and all-different Songbook set), you'll soon have a collector's item on your phonograph. (That concept we toss in for you prestige-lovers.)

Each copy of Record Show has bound into it a few pages of pictures and background about the artists on the album. This way you'll learn the story behind such nifties as

- JONI MITCHELL'S Carnegie Hall debut (and hear some of it on Record Show).
- VAN DYKE PARKS' extraordinary Moog synthesizer commercials for the 1970 Ice Capades (also on Record Show).
- Tracks from as yet unreleased albums by FRANK ZAPPA, LORRAINE ELLISON, THE KINKS...

We could, you realize, go on and on...

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The 28 artists in Record Show are convinced you'll find their double album more than you expected. We are, too. To try to get on your good side and, possibly, move more than two thousand albums, we hereby offer you this (unnecessary) guarantee: If you don't find Record Show worth every penny, return the album to us within 10 days and we'll send you back your two bucks.

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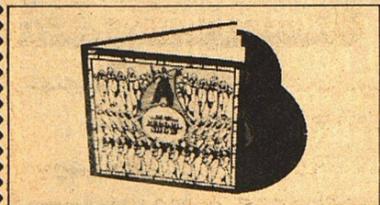
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28 Concerned Record Artists Join In Creating A Revolutionary New Album.

All of the artists pictured above — plus such as Peter, Paul & Mary, Theodore Bikel, Randy Newman, Bert Jansch, John Renbourn, Sweetwater, Doug Kershaw, Pearls Before Swine, and more — have joined in a unique album project.

They have put together an extraordinary double stereo album called



THE 1969 WARNER/REPRISE RECORD SHOW

Two records. Four sides. The very best of what these artists are currently and will be offering on Warner/Reprise (which means that a lot of the stuff on the album is, as of this writing, still unreleased — over a dozen tracks from upcoming Warner/Reprise albums).

Under normal conditions, this two-album set would sell for \$9.96.

But the artists in our Record Show are not normal artists. They want their new recordings heard. Widely. And to get that done, they are willing to give up all their royalties on this album. (Just as long as Warner/Reprise doesn't make anything either.)

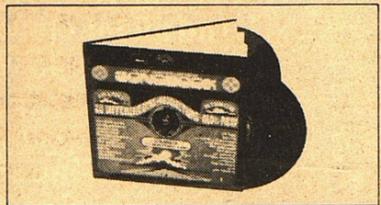
So here's the deal: The 1969 Warner/Reprise Record Show will only be sold by mail (no middle man). Warner/Reprise tosses in deluxe packaging. And you, the record buyer (who we fervently hope will be encouraged to pick up more of what you hear at regular retail prices) can get

a copy of Record Show for the below cost price of

TWO BUCKS

Actually, this is a promotion in which everybody wins. You get an extensive taste of new Hendrix, new Pentangle, new Jethro Tull, new Van Dyke Parks, new Randy Newman, etc. The artists on Record Show, and subsequently Warner/Reprise, win some new friends.

We know this is how it works because earlier this year we offered—a bit hesitantly—the first of these revolutionary albums. It was called



THE 1969 WARNER/REPRISE SONGBOOK

This was also a two dollar, two record set, with over 40 songs by 26 important artists (including the first U.S. release of Jimi Hendrix' "Red House," which subsequently turned up over the summer in his best-selling Smash Hits album).

Songbook began as just a nice thing to do for our friends. But the people who got ahold of it wrote in to tell us differently:

Really liked the records. Have since purchased The Pentangle's Sweet Child and The Everly Brothers' Roots. Kindly send me five order forms for friends. I hope you people do well. You seem fairly straight.

J.C.I.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana



Mail to: Record Show
Room 208
Warner/Reprise Records
Burbank, California 91503

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- A copy of Record Show. I enclose \$2.
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(Checks should be made payable to Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records.)

This offer expires August 1, 1970.

SANTA RITA MEMORIES

from p. 3
In a felony trial each side gets ten peremptory challenges of jurors, meaning it can bump a prospective juror for no reason at all.

It is safe to assume that no one from Berkeley will sit on a jury trying a People's Park felony. It is also fair to state that there will be few blacks, chicanos, or young people on any of those juries.

But the police are going to be pretty upset about the large numbers of Berkeley charges being dropped, reduced, or ending in acquittal. They don't like to

take people in only to see them let go.

If they think someone isn't going to get punished for the "crime" of attracting a cop's attention, they will administer punishment themselves. During the last few months they've used shotguns, clubs, Vietnam POW tactics and just general rampages (the annex) to compensate for the fact that no twelve sane people in Berkeley will back them up. The next time police riot be prepared to defend yourself in and out of court.

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Building a Super-Morgue

by Stolen Feathers

Ninety-five people have been murdered in SF this year, not counting those killed by the pigs. Everyday some cat plunges his blade into a chick somewhere in America—freaking 50 million people in headlines. But those headlines would not be there if Amerikans did not dig murder. After all, newspapers are a consumer product, and experience shows that murder makes good copy. The past month has produced the greatest rash of media murders ever. Nothing can compete with how many times some local werewolf stabbed the most innocent chick in town.

Viet-Nam, ABM, our lousy money; all of the disappear as soon as the media gets a chance to drool over the mangled body of purity. There is something in the culture that really turns them on to the corpse of their own feminine innocence. Something that keeps producing more sex murders to satisfy a growing demand for death.

Since capitalism works on a supply-demand basis, committing a murder becomes a status-seeking occupation.

Say you're an ordinary guy just back from the war where you could buy or rent any chick for the right price. Now you've been home a couple of months, and you don't know a clean chick who'll give it to you, and you hate chicks who are too open about it because they scare you. What do you do?

You spend a lot of time peeping and waiting around bars and reading magazines. You can't find a single copy of SNATCH or JIZZ, so the tit mags leave you cold. Besides they've shut down the only Nudie Movie in town, so one night you go out and rape a chick. But, shit that was just one difficult fuck.

The next time you knock her out cold and give it to her a couple of times until you're limp. But, you still have to worry about being identified—later on. So one day you find a chick who looks just right, you rape her, and just as you want to put to her again, she starts fighting, and wow, that turns you on so you beat her head

in with a brick and she's dead.

The next day you're famous. Suddenly you realize you want to be more famous. You do a few more like the last one, and wow man, like you are the number one cat everyone is talking about. Pretty soon you get into the habit, by now you don't even bother raping them anymore.

All you have to do is leave the mangled body in some remote spot where a pissing truck driver can zip up his pants and say, "Goddam, lookit that..." Soon enough the place is crawling with sheriff's deputies, taking pictures of each other carrying a plastic-war tested-body baggie full of that chick down through the tall dry grass.

Every cop in the country gets on your tail, doing his detective work like they used to on T.V. And you know they dig it too. It's better P.R. than shooting black and white people to save government ass. Everybody gets behind hunting a sex murderer.

The papers get right into the details, about how really sweet and innocent the chick was, and what her mother said, and how the cat didn't even bother raping her. And they get national participation in the manhunt by leaking out some clues like here's this guy riding around your neighborhood in a stolen truck waiting to chop you up.

What they don't tell you is why this is happening. They talk about anti-social behavior, and maladjustment, and how the average sex murderer loves his little sister.

What they forget is that the culture teaches the rewards of murder. The culture lives off of death. Every murder is a sex murder.

Every time society moves, it grinds millions of bodies in its wake. Brothers and Sisters, never forget that this great fascist state of ours was built on the murder of millions, but it was legalized murder, organized by sex criminals who explained it away, hoping you would forgive them because they were in the process of building a super-morgue. They did it different from the

small-time werewolf who sees no need to justify himself. He is an example of what happens when you take too many of the same species and lock them all up on one planet. He is the result of too many uptight people walking around the same world, the logical conclusion of the education that tried to incorporate him in the forces of legal murder. But he wanted to be free and do his work free-lance.

"fumes of blood envelop the murderer and carry him off. Thus lifted, raised, with body erect, he reaches the bench of the accused, facing a special court clad in scarlet, which is the blood that has been shed, the blood in person, demanding vengeance and getting it. It is perhaps this gift of producing a miracle by a mere stab that astonishes the mob, alarms it, rouses it and makes it jealous of such glory. The murderer makes blood speak. He argues with it, tries to compound with the miracle. The murderer creates the criminal court and its machinery."

—Jean Genet

Leather Fine Fabrics

"The glass of fashion in the mold of form."

People's Prices

The Skin Shop + Rag Bag

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WILD WEST DEAD

from p. 5

the fact and that I would go get some of them from the meeting they had just tried to disrupt. That's exactly what I did and when we went back outside they had split. These Fucking promoters operate on the street just like they dealt with the People bureaucratically.

In several different meetings since that time some other salient facts have emerged. The fact that even the people who staffed the Wild West Rip, those people who weren't being paid like \$100-800 a mo. as were the members of the Council, were operating out of sincerity. I say this because at the last meeting of the WWMC they desired to expand the Council, and it was once again Polte who said yes to the idea and then dumped it on his own initiative.

It seems that all along these promoters have been able to deal with the Pigs, but when it came time to deal with the people, which they had no intention of doing, anyone can tell you that their tactic was the same as when they tried to cor-

ner me on the street.

The nature of Capitalism is per se cancerous but hip-entrepreneur capitalism is even worse.

That's what we have learnt from the defense of the H/A against WWMC and friends.

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BULLSHIT REVOLUTION

from p. 11

you're proving it by sitting on your ass. Right. Right on. Words are cheap.

Why don't you work for the phone company? You might learn something important, to be used later.

Why don't you work for the Police? You might learn something important, to be used later.

Why don't you put two years into the Peace Corps? You might make some important contacts and learn some reality techniques that will come in handy, later.

Why don't you, some of you, go through the army so that you can lead men by having shared their terror and hopelessness. They won't follow you

because your heart is pure and you chant Hare Krishna for untold minutes each day. They won't try to find out where you live. You must find out where THEY live.

Otherwise, all this crap is simply your own game with daddy and mummy played out against the world. Beware, children, it is a hard deed to murder your own parents. Their blood remains always on your hands and your sleep grows troubled all the days of your life. It is not a light thing. Be sure you know what future you want.



pig eye

by J. Edgar

In the Gestapo-like drug bust on Telegraph Ave. Wednesday evening, the man fingering people for the bust was none other than smiling Harry Brizee, the community-relations cop.

Harry, if you remember, has been walking around the Avenue "talking" to people. Some people probably made the mistake of talking too freely to Harry. So much for the Berkeley Police Department's community relations program.

Harry, we hear, was distraught at the heavy-handedness of the arresting pigs. Apparently the raid was to be pulled off with much more smooth. "You're destroying all I've tried to do here," Harry was heard to whimper very loudly (so a lot of people could hear) as the Berkeley Gestapo nearly precipitated a riot on the Avenue.

His "fingering" job over, Harry obviously was trying to preserve the "one of the people" image he has been trying to cultivate. Next time Harry tries to involve you in his little Encounter sessions, remember he's a cop, and nobody in his right mind talks to a cop without a lawyer present.

Have you noticed how freaked out the narcs are by the LA Free Press, and Dock of the Bay's printing of their names, phone numbers and home addresses?

People with clear consciences obviously wouldn't be that worried. The narcs are obviously terrified that some of the people they framed will return to mete out people's justice.

The uptightness of the police about publishing their names and addresses points out how important community control of the police is. Theoretically, under community control, cops would have to live in the community in which they worked.

The community would know who they are and where they live. You can bet a ton of shit that a pig would think twice about unnecessarily vamping on someone, if he knew he would have to answer to the people of the area.

As it works now, outside vigilantes come into a community, especially a black or hippie community, raise all sorts of shit,

As it works now, outside vigilantes come into a community, especially a black or hippie community, raise all sorts of shit, and then go home to their anonymous residences, hidden behind a wall of police secrecy.

Maybe the community ought to demand that the names and addresses of all its policemen be made known to it. If the residents of Berkeley aren't up to it, at least the Cal student body ought to demand to know who its oppressors are.

There are pigs in other city agencies besides the police department. In San Francisco,

the Health Department has been hassling Sacred Heart Catholic Church about the cleanliness of its basement kitchen. Sacred Heart is used by the Panthers for their Breakfast for Children program in the Fillmore district.

Father Eugene Boyle, the pastor at Sacred Heart, notes that his church had been serving food to Irish-Catholic children for eighty years and was never hassled by the Health Department.

Now that the same facilities are being used for Panther breakfasts, the Health Department is suddenly concerned about cleanliness. Like they're worried that black kids might get sick or something.

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Telling It Like It Was

from p. 5

left saying, "I'm afraid of the people."

Another pig media victory for the cop image—all those PEOPLE cause the trouble, those PEOPLE and their violent ways make us club and gas and shoot; we've got no choice.

Life, motnertucker, life is what it's about. It's about Eddy Baker down in the Haight, an alleged dealer shot three times dead and his wife, as the pig stood on her hair. It's about horse cops riding down the sidewalks in Haight. It's about police, hands on their pieces, parading handcuffed brothers along in front. It's about the lyn' pig ruse offered up every time they kick in and shoot out a Black Panther Office.

It's about the people. The pee-

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ple trying to live together, to live with and for each other in the death mask of Amerika, the hulk and hull of the world's cop.

A San Francisco Music Council can't deal with that—no knowledge, no information—not from THEIR experience. And they sputtered and shied in the faces of the ones that knew, the ones that offered. The council froze in the face of the truth.

Wild West showed up six days later, six days after they promised a reply and said nothing. They came to a STRIKE meeting and started delaying, started erecting a new image with words and a promise that they might come true in a couple of days.

The next day the Music Council had a press conference. That was a "Fascist meeting" run by a "white honkie" is what they said because the people had some action that couldn't be stopped with an image. Less than two weeks before the festival and 6 days late they wanted to talk about a meeting to talk about it.

So the people of the Haight Commune, the SF State BSU, the White Panther Party, the High School Union, the SF Mime Troupe, Dock of the Bay, Berkeley Tribe, Berkeley Liberation Communes, Los Siete, Newsreel, LNS, SDS, (N. California), Red Guard, the International Werewolf Conspiracy are on strike against the Wild West Ruse.

On strike for the people and their needs. Collecting food for the festival, taking on the near impossible task of trying to save the 250,000 people from the street shit-housing, getting together legal defense.

At the Festival there's \$12,000 for "control"—control based on the myths put down by the pigs about the people and \$12,000 worth of fear-abatement for those who cannot deal with the people's needs.

Image is the cause and gloss. For a moment you can freeze that facade—Stick em up, Wild West—and look behind, through the cracks. You can see momentarily before a new image is slipped on in. "...a frozen moment when everyone sees whats on the end of every fork." (Burrughs, NAKED LUNCH).

SHOCKING!



SINFUL!

Most people go into a state of shock when they first open a copy of Horseshit. Then they go about halfway through, reading and looking at the pictures, and they have to put it down and try to get their breath back again. When they've rested up, they go through the rest of the magazine. Then they put it down and they don't know what to think. The next day they read it again and decide they like it. The day after that they decide it's GREAT! They show it to their friends. Then they have to sit there and listen while their friends yell and shout with laughter and point out things they particularly like. Soon, other friends come over, dozens of them. "We want to see THAT magazine," they say. Finally, some bastard steals their Horseshit. Then there's nothing left to do but order a new subscription from us. You might as well get started now. Be ready for a shock.

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IRISH SETTER PUPS AKC 845-5822.

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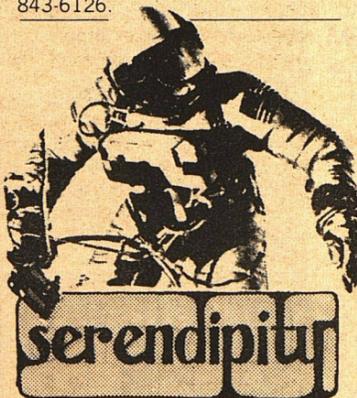
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EARTH READ-OUT



Postscript 1969, Spaceship Earth, in Age: People
Working Together in Ecological Harmony

1.

The modern theatre has lost the significance of being an emotional purge for the masses. Some creative minds have been aware of this loss and tried to re-establish a theatre for the people. Max Reinhardt transformed a circus into a theatre and established "a theatre for the thousands." To be effective artistically and to function in the service of mental hygiene, the theatre of today must be a "theatre for the millions"—even more, it must be a theatre for all.
—Ernst Simmel

The electronic media provide us with the stage that will project to the millions. Slowly the content is emerging that will allow for the creation of the ritual whose enactment will symbolize the transformation of man into a being of wholeness. Imagine the effect of Christ on television.

2.

So the question here is revolution

And everyone is crying out for a necessary revolution, but I don't know if enough people have understood that this

Revolution would not be real as long as it was not physically and materially complete,

As long as it would not turn and face man, Face the body of man himself

And decide once and for all to demand that he change.

—Antonin Artaud

Most revolutionaries intuitively recognize the validity of these words, but a careful perusal of the statements of Eldridge Cleaver makes it obvious that a cleavage exists between the present awareness of the ridiculousness of violence and a paranoia-laden rear-view-mirror approach to the problem. They remember the experience of the Jews and forget the burning example of Gandhi. They stand at the crossroads, facing the Sphinx. Crucified.

Those who hope to survive the unbearable stresses of this ever more dessicated world must learn to abdicate all values and strivings that do not flow directly from the deepest needs of the self. A good part of our adult life must be spent in the process of deconditioning behavioral impulses that those "far wiser" have stuffed into our trusting minds. We have the Pisgah view, but must spend "forty years" in the wilderness realizing it. The saving remnant exists in the hearts of those utterly unswayed by the forms that hypnotize the great majority of our fellows.

The difficulty is increased by the co-occurrence of two simultaneous revolutions: the third-world revolution which involves equal distribution of material wealth; the revolution in life-style carried on in post-capitalist countries by affluent youth whose actions symbolize the lack of any sustaining value system to handle the problems that are occurring. Their interaction can

be either frictional or generative depending upon how conscious those involved are in differentiating their separate focuses.

3.

Our present method of "pay for work" through which we now distribute the work represents a timid fraction of such re-investment capacity. Unemployment is actually time secured, and should be re-invested in education. If only one person in one million made one new discovery or prime invention this would pay for all.
—Buckminster Fuller

Life and education are now synonymous. The environment itself is the great teacher. Those who create the spaces through which we move are programming us for our future. Buildings that look like I.B.M. cards can only produce neo-cortical automatons. We must generate spaces that provide opportunities for the exploration of the new realms of being that man is presently encountering. The youth, in particular, are stymied by spaces that induce catatonia and force the rising energy levels to be directed back into the individual's own psyche. Channels must be forged in order to allow this new-found energy to express itself in modes of being that will be beneficial for all. Education is not a process of stamping out a product. People are not automobiles. We now have an electronic technology which will allow us to create an individual program for everyone, with the individual writing his own program as soon as he is ready. Conformal mapping instead of processing.

4.

All of American life is a vaudeville act with the nigger at the end of the line.
—Unicorn

America has a history that speaks of assimilation without integration. It is a constantly bubbling stew that is not fit to eat. The church on every street corner speaks of the evil in the land that keeps one apart from oneself. It is approaching omega point—about to crystallize—only conscious direction of this process can avoid the holocaust that threa-

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MYTHS FOR SALE!

LENNY LIPTON

The autumn mists had thinned a bit, and if you looked hard enough you might have seen a man sitting, his back to the land, his face to the sea. He sat on a rock, a large rock, foam splashed, roaring with the sound of the surf. From where he was sitting he could just make out the silhouette of a wind bent tree. He looked at it for the longest time. Perhaps it will move, he thought. He began to whistle.

From far out at sea a whistle answered. The man stood on the rock, and looked out at the white nothingness, where the sea ought to have been.

"Hello," said the man. "Hello," said the answer. "I thought you'd come." The man began to laugh and cry, all at once.

"Well, I came, I came, indeed, I came," said a big muffled voice, fuzzy and foggy as the fog itself. From far out of the sea he arose, a huge and mighty dragon, glistening and drenched. The mist parted and he appeared. "Jackie, good old Jackie," said the dragon, putting his arms around the man, and hugging him hard, but not too hard. The dragon began to blubber. Such a strange sight, a gigantic form, this dragon, his front paws or legs or arms, or whatever you want to call them, in embrace of a man perched on a rock surrounded by an angry sea.

For some time they stood still, overcome by the moment, each shedding a tear or two, thinking of the past, of pirate's ships, of giants' rings and other other fancy stuff.

"Climb aboard," said the dragon. "I'll climb aboard Puff," said Jackie.

Puff set sail to take them beyond the cold mists, and out to sea they roamed again for the first time in, oh, it must have been two decades. Could two decades have gone by since Puff and Jackie had gone out together, Jackie riding high on Puff's back?

Silently they sailed the sea again. Not that there was nothing to say after all these years, but as you might imagine, there was too much to say.

At last Puff looked back at Jackie, and turning his head he said: "I missed you Jackie."

"I missed you Puff," said Jackie. "How come you took so long to come back? I thought you'd

never come back."

"Ah Puff, you ought to know what a drag it's been. I grew up too fast maybe, but why the hell should we talk about that now? I mean, I'm back, aren't I?"

"Are you back to stay?" asked Puff. "Is it gonna be like it always was?"

"You know it can't be, Puff."

"Oh yeah, I knew that all the time, I was just testing you, Jackie. It was my way of telling you how much I missed you. I knew it all the time Jackie."

"Say look Puff, the sun is shining through."

Puff splashed right out of the water, and flew a mile or two in honor of the sun. "What a beautiful sun," said Puff, "What a beautiful sun!"

All that day Puff and Jackie played together, and went places that we could not follow, and saw things we might have seen in dreams, and together they sang songs and said certain magic words they had taught each other. Once they came upon some elfin folk at the bottom of the sea, who lived in great green castles made of algae and coral, and they were invited in for some tea. Once a winged horse played tag with Puff and Jackie, but it flew too high and Puff lost interest, and they did not follow.

The sun was low in the sky, and

Puff was tired, and so was Jackie. They landed on an island, where once Ulysses had killed the Cyclops, or Sinbad had been abducted by the roc. Puff sent forth a belch of flame (now you know why flame is often said to come in belches) to light a fire for them and there they warmed themselves.

Puff wanted to hear stories of the grownups, the kind of stories Jackie had told in the old days. "I don't have stories like that any more," said Jackie, "I don't have stories about nice teachers and mommie tucking me in at night, Puff."

"Well, aren't you a grownup now? I thought that's why you went away, because you'd grown up and you were too big to play with me."

"I'm back Puff, how do you explain that?"

"You mean you're little again?"

"Yeah, I guess you'd say so Puff. Anyway, I can't tell you such nice stories about the grownups anymo."

"How come?"

"You're going to find this a little hard to believe Puff, but the grownups are killing the world. The world Puff! The whole planet earth. They are poisoning the water, and the air. They are killing the beasts, and each other and if they are not stopped there will be no life upon this earth."

"I believe you Jackie, I know what you are saying is true. For I have tasted the air and it has been growing more awful with each day, and it smarts my eyes. And the water is becoming foul Jackie, it laps around my body now, a friend as always, but sick, unhealthy, and sour to the taste. I came to notice these things and I went to my friend Smokey the Bear, and asked him why, and he told me what you are telling me. Smokey told me that soon there would be

MEMOIRS OF A BEATNIK

by Steve Haines
"Memoirs of a Beatnik" by Diane di Prima. Olympia Press, 1969, \$1.95.

Beatniks—now there's a beautiful shuck. In the early and mid-1950's before there was acid or the pill and only a little grass. We had to make it the hard way, only we didn't know it at the time. Those were the days of cool, coffee houses, jazz and folk, Levis and work shirts and black leotards, little poetry mags, Existentialism and Zen and all-night raps.

It was hard to get high in those days. If you were lucky, you could get a pill freak doctor to give you a prescription for Dexadrene or you might know a chick with codeine pills for her menstrual pains. If you weren't lucky, you had to buy a Valo inhaler, crack it open and swallow the wick with lots of Coke or sweet coffee. You could buy a box of Hartz Mountain bird seed, dump it out on a big sheet of wrapping paper and, using a magnifying glass and a pair of tweezers, pick out enough grass seeds to fill a small pipe. But, somehow, despite the hardships, we all made it—well, nearly all of us.

Those were the days of Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, of "On The Road," "Dharma Bums" and "Howl." They were good days and, from time to time, I really miss them. Now, along comes Diane di Prima. I guess you'd call her a Bay Area poetess—if you didn't know her. Anyway, she has written one hell of a book about it all. If you have read her poetry, you only know one dimension of Diane's talent. "Memoirs of a Beatnik" ranks somewhere up around "Howl" and

"Dharma Bums" as the best writing about what it was like in those days.

"Memoirs" was published by Olympia Press, one of the world's leading porno publishers, which recently moved from Paris to New York. To tell it like it is, (or was, in this case) and bring the whole thing off as pornography without being pornographic is quite a writing feat, but she does it.

And she does more. "Memoirs" is a love story. It is also an initiation story, only innocence is gained, not lost, as it is in the typical example. Or, as my English teacher used to say, it's a book that works on many levels.

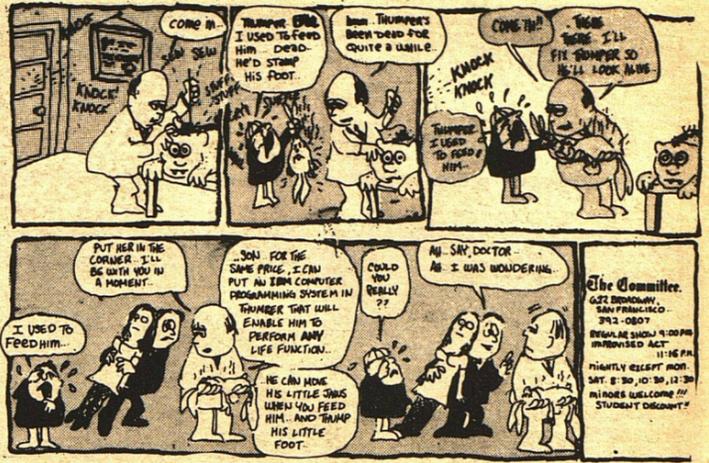
As Diane says in an opening note:

"What do you suppose happened to all those Beatniks?" mused a blonde freshman as she drove me back to San Francisco after my reading at Berkeley last year.

"Well, sweetie, some of us sold out and became hippies. And some of us managed to preserve our integrity by accepting government grants, or writing pornographic novels. John Weiners is mad and in make-up in Buffalo, Fred Herko walked out a window, Gary Snyder is a Zen priest. You name it. Or, as my eleven year old daughter said to me, remembering the early years of her childhood: "I really miss those old days. They were hard, but they were beautiful."

"Things now are more like pretty. A New Age, with a bit of the baby fat still showing. "Stay stoned."

Right on, sister Diane. Keep cool.



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—John Wasserman, CHRONICLE

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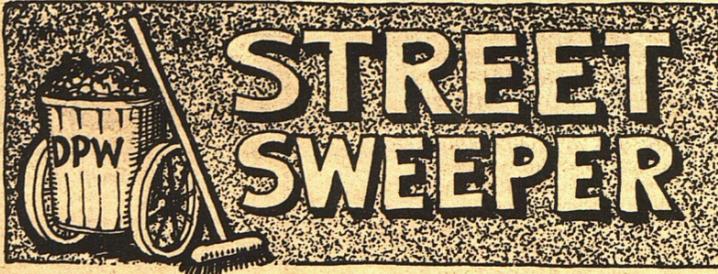
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STREET SWEEPER

Bloody Thursday

I went to the unemployment office
They wouldn't give me a dime
I went up to the avenue
They really blew my mind
Bloody Thursday
Hot and Thirsty
And the pigs are getting overtime

c Heavyshit Prod. '69

This is the first stanza of the title song of **Bloody Thursday**, a new Rock Opera being written by a group of people in Berkeley who obviously look to the street when they think of art.

Rock Opera seems like a totally new thing conjuring up images like **Hair** and **Tommy**, but most people forget that the original rock opera was Brecht's **Threepenny Opera** written in 1925, and that it was written for and about the street and was sometimes performed in the street.

The Bay Area has become with the London scene one of the popular musical centers of the world, and you can't help wondering why we haven't produced a rock opera yet. Maybe it's because for some reason the theatre scene and the musical scene here just can't seem to get together. In New York you have a huge theatre scene and a tradition of musicals and the obvious result was something like **Hair**.

But **Hair** doesn't really make it as a truly moving art form even though one of its writers used to be with the Living Theatre, and its lyrics are witty and quasi-revolutionary. When you listen close to the record you know you're hearing a Broadway Musical that

is sympathetic to our generation and our politics, but which is also a huge packaged product at \$6.50 a seat, playing to record-breaking mostly middle-aged middleclassers all over the world at all the major theatres. **Hair** is an evening of relaxing entertainment before anything, a swingers My Fair Hippie.

If it doesn't start out that way, that's the way it's ended up. Check for ACT's ad for it in the establishment press. . . . More of a ticket information push than an attempt to create interest by an up front image.

And **Hair** isn't selling here! Ticket sales are lagging way behind expectations. The show opens next week and the freaks aren't buying; the middleclassers are uptight because of the recession.

The thing has been booked into the Geary for eight months. The Living Theatre played ten performances in the Bay Area and found out they missed the revolution by about three years. Good Luck **Hair**!

Tommy has different problems. Peter Townsend of the Who said he was going to write a "rock opera" in 1967, worked on it for two years, came up with it and it was beautiful. It's a moving experience, mystical and unique. But **Tommy** begs for a dramatic setting with written material between the songs and it never got that.

Part of the problem is that the Who are probably the strongest group around to watch. They whirl, spin and dance around; they attack their music with ferocity; sometimes they wreck their instruments and equipment at the end of their concerts. It would be hard to find a group of actors heavy enough to hold the stage with them, and it would take an inspired director to pull the thing together.

Ironically, as it turns out, **Tommy** is limited by the dynamics of the Who, and in the end will probably be remembered as a kind of Sergeant Pepper on a single theme rather than a real "rock opera."

What are the possibilities within the Bay Area for something like **Bloody Thursday** if it's even completed? You gotta go back to Brecht baby, back to the street. The establishment theatres are out. But there are several radical theatres in the area that use music as part of their style.

The Mime Troupe has used strong percussion and brass in their Chinese Opera "Turandot"; Berkeley's Magic Theatre has used extensive semi-written scores for its **Ubu Roi** and McClure's **The Cherub**; the Magic Floating Lotus Opera Company has used a full Tibetan orchestra in its **Bliss Apocalypse**.

But it would be best if a

MAGGIE'S FARM

from p. 6
lectual in the existentialist's "Roads to Freedom", Travis enters into one violent, futile act, which will cost him his life, hoping to make his life authentic

If his purpose were revolution, then the act was certainly futile. The ruling class is not smashed. Instead it arms itself and fires back, certain to win the battle. And despite all the bullets and grenades hurled from the rooftops, few of the pigs have fallen in their own blood.

What prevented Travis from becoming a true revolutionary was that, locked in the alienation box of the College House system, he could not truly relate to other people, to their needs and desires, or to humanity in general.

Had he sought to smash the House System politically, he would have attempted to relate to and organize the younger students. But Travis had no notion of the People, nor a concept of himself as belonging to them.

Instead, when he opened fire on the ruling class, he shot at his twelve year old brothers as well.

Travis said "Death to the Oppressor" but he never really liberated himself from the psychic death trip of College House in order to feel, think and act on the premise that he was a human being caught in the same prison as a lot of other human beings.

Seeing the connection between the flick and that dream I had made me wonder where I'm at and where I'm going, which probably has something to do with where this community is at and where it's going.

As to many others around Berkeley, it seems obvious to me that revolutionary violence is the obligation of an oppressed people.

Yet today in Berkeley the Revolution seems hardly around the corner.

And if an act like Travis' is the maximum statement our future holds out, then there will be no revolution and there is no future.

But what of the soul of the revolutionary, that obligation to the fate of those who will be born on this planet?

How do we get to the point at which a violent act will be an actual means of bringing about an actual revolution?

I suppose what I am really wondering is whether we, the mother-country radicals and hippies, are somehow alienated from achieving the revolution we seek.

MYTHS FOR SALE

from p. 20
no more living things in the world no more magic."

"My brothers and I will stop them Puff."

"You must do that Jackie. Can I help you?"

"When I need help, I will come to you Puff, but for now I think I had better try it on my own."

"Good old Jackie," said Puff. "You haven't really changed."

Puff took Jackie to the shores from which he had taken him, and set him down gently on the rock. As Puff put him down, Jackie stooped and picked up what looked to Puff like a toy gun. "It's no toy Puff," said Jackie.

"What's it for then Jackie? You aren't going to kill anyone Jackie. What are you doing with a real gun?"

"You never complained when I played with a toy gun, Puff."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Puff.

"It's sort of a ciddle, I suppose."

"Jackie, I don't understand. What's it for?"

"It's for hunters out of season, Puff, do you understand me? I think Smokey would. Beware of hunters out of season," said Jackie, and he waved good-

ROGER CALKINS COME HOME!



(Photo taken Sept., 1956)
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EARTH READ-OUT



from p. 19

tens on all sides.
We need an inner transformation that would generate the energy necessary to repair the destruction that our completely outered life has visited upon the entire ecosystem. Only the opening up of new inner channels will enable the system-as-a-whole to drain off some of the energy that is now building up, explosively, at certain localized points. The old symbols are not able to contain the new energy. The goose step once shook off the goose flesh, but the flag no longer brings a tear to the eyes. Authority is shifting to the within, and we must remember that "God" is the ultimate fascist.

5.

Today's mysticism is tomorrow's science.
—Marshall McLuhan

The enormous shift of psychic energy in the direction of yoga, macrobiotics, astrology, palmistry, meditation and other attendant disciplines is indicative of the failure of the predominant Western system of values to provide a structure of meaning for those who are now involved in the process of defining themselves. Hiroshima is viewed as the direct outcome of the scientist's attempt to completely control the world—a world that the young want no part of. Their quest for self-knowledge has produced much over-reaction in forms of attempting to import alien disciplines into a cultural situation that is utterly different from the one in which the discipline prospered—so we have blacks dressed in dashikis, muttering a few words of Swahili or Arabic, licking ice cream cones as they stand on urban street corners—hybrids—few will survive; nature's price is heavy.
Thus those who settle for a simple shift from their failed

Western heritage to recently imported Eastern doctrines are little different from those True Believers who made possible the ascendancy of Hitler or Stalin. The path through the present wilderness is a razor's edge that leads from the darkness of nihilism to the clear light of the noosphere. Only the marriage of Faust and Shiva will provide the relief we need.

6.

We must understand that a totally new society is coming into being, one that rejects all our old values, conditions, responses, attitudes and institutions.
—Marshall McLuhan

The game is about to change. Man is on the verge of becoming something else. The choice is in our hands and depends upon the aware application of the energy which our technology has recently loosed upon the planet.

Listen:

**The enemy is invisible;
He is everywhere.
The friend is invisible;
He is everywhere.
Which one will you be?**
—Ira Einhorn,
c/o ERO
439 boynton,
berkeley ca. 94707

Vultures' Prey

from p. 7

of sanitary facilities at the jail. The reply was that there wasn't enough money to fix up the facilities.

On one occasion, a writ that Wells had filed was never delivered to the judge it was supposed to go to. Fortunately, Charles Garry, Wells' attorney, came in to see him, and raised holy hell about the writ not being delivered.

After eleven months in jail without having been convicted of anything, Warren Wells was finally bailed out last week. His original bail put up by Marlon Brando, had been revoked after he missed one court appearance.

Some people in the East Bay felt that Wells should get out of jail and live like a human being before and during his third trial. Some of them borrowed the money to bail Wells out. They don't really have it, so they are asking people to contribute to the Warren Wells Bail Fund.

Contributions should be sent to: Warren Wells Bail Fund, c/o Kathleen Gresher, 3011 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Calif. Since he's been out, Wells has

diatribe

by tari

from p. 4

ped, the charge against both newsmen was assault.

On Monday, August 18, this writer will stand trial for three felony assault charges. I was arrested on December 2 of last year, as I was covering that strike for Max Scherr's old BARB.

The Tac Squad has produced briefs which, they have sworn, I was throwing at them that day. Although I never had anything in my hand besides a camera and a notebook, I face 20 years in prison.

Alone, I must confront the testimony of three Tac Squad officers—and even though I have asked for a lie detector test to prove the falseness of these charges, those who seek only "justice" have denied me this defense.

Although the Tac Squad members are very skillful with the use of their weapons—clubs, guns, and gas, true satisfaction for these men is obtained by less strenuous but more insidious means—that is, by professional perjury.

My case is not unique. There are many brothers right now who are either on probation or in prison for crimes they did not commit—convicted by the official lies of those who are sworn to protect "truth, justice, and the American Way."

Although I am unfortunate enough to be young, a freak, AND a newsman, there are many stories equally as grim.

Right now in America, millions of dollars are being spent to discover the causes of student, black, and young "unrest."

But until the truth is faced, all of these committees, studies, commissions, and surveys, will be totally meaningless.

Mayor Joseph Alioto, eyeing the governorship and presidency, acts like he's very concerned about solving all of the problems.

I can tell you, Mayor Alioto, if you really want to find out what is troubling all of us, you don't need to go to Washington to testify before a congressional committee.

If you're not just mouthing popular political slogans, if you're really concerned about the problems America faces today, I suggest you have the San Francisco Tactical Squad repeat the testimony

been talking to people in the neighborhood in San Francisco where he was born. He's been trying to organize people to get together and solve their own problems.

He believes the black community can police itself, and has been talking about the Panther community control of police petition. "We can solve the problems in the black community," says Wells, "without blowing people's brains out."

If you want to support Warren, drop around to the Alameda County Courthouse next week, and sit in on the trial. It will be an eye-opening experience, especially if you still believe there is equal justice and all that crap in Alameda County.

they gave in court against me, with a polygraph strapped to their skin.

I would be more than happy to do the same.

But I can guarantee you—if you're not willing to look in your own back yard for crime and injustice, if you're not willing to investigate the behavior of your own police force, then the problems this country faces today ain't a gona end—not now, not ever—not until the forces of sanctioned violence and official "justice" you have unleashed on this community are withdrawn... or else destroyed.

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Last week I came down pretty hard on two new albums. It was the sort of put-down a person can grow to regret, because it was pissed and maybe even raging in parts. It's a bummer because who knows, next week or next year I might really dig **Blind Faith**. I can remember when I didn't like **Happy Jack** by the Who. Can you imagine anyone dippy enough not to like that?

Anyway, the point is, I think I was pissed by something larger than a particular album. I think I was pissed at the distance between me and the artists I pay attention to.

Blind Faith played New York in Madison Square Garden on a revolving stage or some damned thing. Now how can anyone get into Eric Clapton from a hundred yards as he whirls in and out of view?

You can shut your eyes and groove, I guess, as if you were listening to an extremely loud recording. But I like to feel the man who is DOING it. I still dig the flesh and blood aspect of music.

But it's not just how close

I am, how well I can see someone. There's other shit that increases the distance between me and the stars. Like press agents and disgusting hypes. Like \$3.50 admission. Like five hours with two square inches of my ass pressed on a hardwood floor.

We audiences are not the only ones who suffer all this shit. The performers hate it so much that they quit appearing live as soon as they can afford to.

They become recording artists. Bob Dylan became a recording artist, I think, because he believes he can achieve greater intimacy on an lp than he can on stage.

I wonder, wouldn't the Stones like to appear live every once in a while and FEEL an audience again, feel the vibes for real rather than by reading sales charts and critical reviews for a response? Last month they played to four hundred thousand or million or some incredible number of people in London. Now wouldn't it be more difficult getting into Honky Tonk Woman under those circumstances than, say, down at Mandrakes with some dancing and beer?

You know, I'm really an Elvis freak. I probably listen to his new album at least once a day. But poor me, I'll probably never see him live. Even Elvis, of show-biz fame, can't dig the stage scene anymore. He recently sang at some swanky Las Vegas club, black leather pants and all, his first live performance in years and years, and afterwards he told the audience that he would probably never appear live again.

Of course not, Elvis, you jerk. Your music won't generate responsive vibes in Las Vegas. How can that audience turn you on? Those freaks only want to see you because you cost so much money. Those people own stock in Heartbreak Hotel, for chrissake.

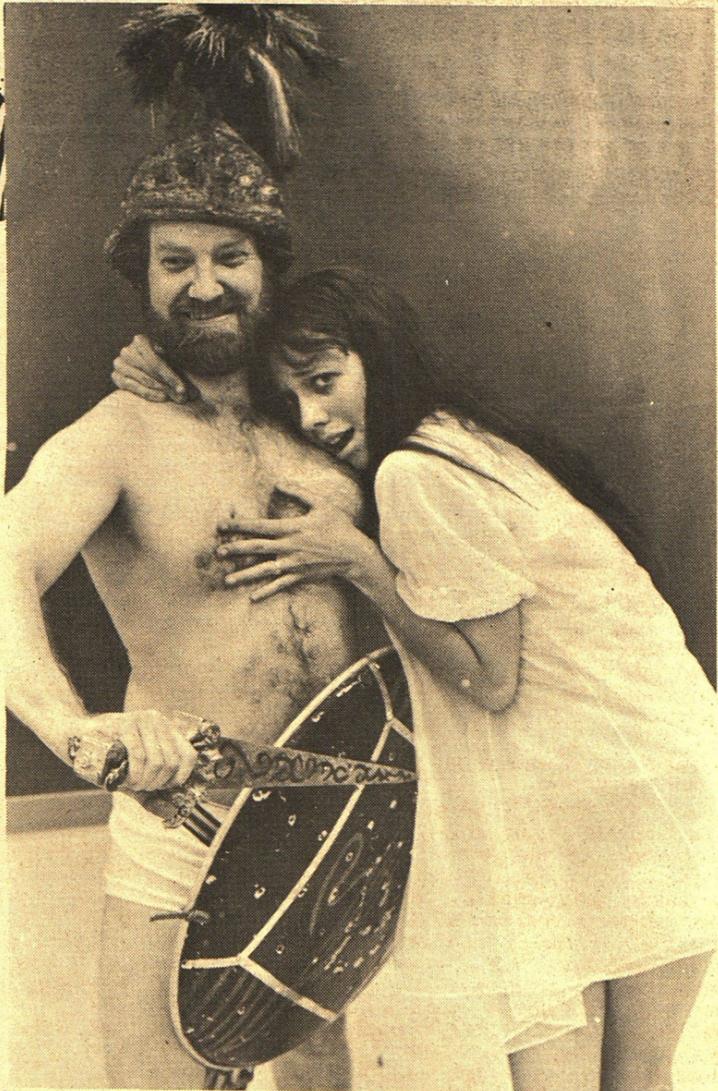
But see, where's Elvis gonna find a stage?

I was so pissed and raging last week because the situation is so frustrating. I mean, of course Elvis can't play the New Orleans House—but that's where he oughta be. The Stones can't play to fifty of us at Mandrakes and get drunk right along with us. They can't, except by sneaking in and out unannounced.

So the recording, the lp, becomes the medium for music.

But even if the super stars can't do anything about the problem, we can. There are bands playing around Berkeley, in the clubs and small cheaply advertised dances, and how many of these bands have you heard?

Country Joe and the Fish



Plautus' Fancy Stud Work: E.K. Prescott plays the Superstud Sergeant with Peggy Browne as passion's captive Love Slave in the Magic Theatre's new production, Miles GLORIOUS, WHICH OPENS THIS Friday at the Mandrake, 1048 University Ave, Berkeley. Admission os \$1.50, seating is unreserved. Curtain at 8:00. No Minors.

IF YOU ARE 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER AND YOU DON'T SEE THE STARLET YOU MAY NEVER FORGIVE YOURSELF. ADULTS ONLY

The Lure of Motion Picture Stardom for Young, Pretty Girls Has Always Been Part of the American Dream



EVI presents

STARLET

Lavishly & Dramatically Demonstrated in COLOR

Pussycat sleek Panther Girls on every Program!!!

OPEN DAILY AT 12 NOON

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50% discount to all TRIBE readers. Present this coupon to your local Pussycat Theatre and receive a 50% discount of admission.

used to play often at the now deceased Jabberwock, and I've never enjoyed them more than I did back then. The Crabs played Mandrakes a couple weeks ago, and rarely lately have I gotten into live rock n' roll so completely. That distance between the stage and the audience wasn't perceptible. It was just that their groove was making the music, and ours was responding to it—dancing, shaking, yelling, stuff like that. You can do your job of responding with much more class when there is enough intimacy for the vibes to freely pass between you and the musicians. Don't wait for the advertis-



ing agents to turn you onto new bands. It's a groove to ignore the PR hype and go out to find your own bands. It's damned certain there are bands here at home that will fit your demands. Catch the Crabs for a start.

Take someone to hug and dance with. Drink some beer. You won't feel so anonymous. —K.L.

Super Flicks

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BETTY JANE

at 7:00 P.M. with Joan Crawford & Betty Davis

THE LOVED ONE

Jonathan Winters & Robert MORSE (In color) at 9:45 P.M.

A Sing Along & Road Runner Cartoon

Fri. & Sat., Aug. 15 & 16
1 LeConte, UC Campus

Only movie in town for a buck\$

MOVIES

Fellini's Masterpiece of Film 8 1/2
Starring Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale plus Three Stooges in Comedy Classic
2 complete shows nightly
7:00 & 9:30 P.M.
Sun. & Mon., Aug. 17 & 18 in 145 Dwinelle Hall, UC Campus \$1.25 Donation

COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY Presents:
Fritz Lang's Classic "Horror Tale of the Future" METROPOLIS (1926) plus Val Lewton's I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE
Two complete shows at 7:30 & 9:45 P.M.
Fri., Aug. 15 in 100 Lewis, UC Campus \$1.25 Gen. \$1.00 Members

CANYON CINEMATHEQUE At Intersection, 756 Union, S.F. Thurs., Aug. 21, 8:30 P.M. \$1.25
West Coast Premiere of George Kuchar's new film: ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE BLESSED

FILM CLASSICS Presents Marx Bros. in AT THE CIRCUS and

Laurel & Hardy feature classic PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES Fri. thru Sun. Aug. 15-17
2 complete shows each night at 7:00 & 9:45 P.M.
San Francisco State College HLL-Rm. 135 Info. 626-9958 Admission \$1.00
NEXT WEEKS FILMS Fri. thru Sun. Aug. 22-24
W.C. Fields in BANK DICK & COPACABANA (Same time and place)

Jean-Luc Godard's Masterpiece of Sex & Violence MASCULINE FEMINE plus Berkeley premiere of Pat Amlin's Clay Animation SPIRIT of the PEOPLE and cartoon
Two complete shows nightly at 7:30 P.M. & 9:30 P.M.
Tues. Aug 19 and Wed. Aug. 20 in 145 Dwinelle Hall, UC Campus
Antonioni's BLOW-UP at 7:30 & 9:30 P.M. in 1 LeConte, UC Campus

NORTHSIDE 8kly. 1828 Euclid TH 1-2648
STUDIO A— LIMITED ENGAGEMENT! Miles Forman's "FIREMAN'S BALL" Jean Renoir's "ELUSIVE CORPORAL" with Jean-Pierre Caffe!
STUDIO B— ONE WEEK ONLY! "ROOM AT THE TOP" Lawrence Harvey-Simone Signoret "THIS SPORTING LIFE" With Richard Harris

GEORGE

.. MEANS IT'S FREE!
A FREE SERVICE DEADLINE MONDAY 6PM

Friday, August 15

•(D)CONCERT/DANCE: Mike Bloomfield, Brotherhood of Light, Nick Gravenites w/ Southern Comfort & New Lost City Rambler, David's Kitchen; Family Dog on the Great Highway, 8:30 p.m. -2am, \$3.
•FILMS: Salt of the Earth (Women's Liberation & Chicano worker's rights film); Holy Mountain Film Society, Le Conte School Auditorium, Russell & Ellsworth Bkly, 8pm, \$1.25 gen \$1 members.
•(A)CONCERT/DANCE: Womb, Ice, Ace of Cups, Joy of Cooking, Pyewacket, SF Mime Troupe, Freedom Highway, Phoenix & more, Lights by Happy Mirage; Mission Delores Park, 18th & Delores SF, noon to midnight, FREE, spon's Mission Rebels; info 586-3837 or 626-7481.
•DRAMA: Miles Glorious or the Super Stud Sergeant by Platus; presented by the Magic Theatre, Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 8pm, \$1.50.
•(P)FILMS: The Incredible Shrinking Man & Mickey One; Palace Theatre, Columbus & Powell SF, midnight, \$2 gen & \$1.50 stud; info call 861-4396.
•(F)FOLK: Mark Spoelstra, Mitch Greenhill, Mayne Smith (country folk); more info see Aug 15 (F).
•DINNER: Lamb Curry; Freight & Salvage Coffee House, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 6:30-7:30pm, \$1.50; reservations please 548-1761.
•FILMS: Marx Bros. in At the Circus & Laurel & Hardy in Pack Up Your Troubles; more info see Aug 15 (S).
•DRAMA: Bit Time Buck White; more info see Aug 15, note 7:30 & 10:30pm (V).
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•CONCERT: Evening of Dance, Music & Song, performed by Margot Jones' Aquarius Rising Dance Co. & Zack Tompson's Black Light Explosion Co.; Angelica Hall, Dominican College, San Rafael, 8:30pm, adm; info 454-3000.
•FOLK: Peace Piper Coffee House, Haste & College Ave Bkly, 8:30pm, free, free Teton Tea; info 549-3739.
•CONCERT: Sarode & Sitar Duet; Unitarian Fellowship of Marin, Terra Linda, 8:30pm, adm, info 479-8241 or 845-2248, benefit Ali Akbar College of Music.
•LECTURE: On Tibet w/Joseph Campbell & Huston Smith; 1st Unitarian Church, Franklin & Geary St., SF, 8pm, \$3 gen, \$2 stud, sponsor Esalen Institute.
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•DANCE: Mid Summer's Dance w/ Johnny Mars Blues Band; Little Theater, 3200 California St, SF, 9pm, \$1, refreshments; info 346-6040.
•DRAMA: Spoon River, presented by the Playhouse; more info see Aug 15 (B).
•FILMS: The Incredible Shrinking Man & Arthur Penn's Mickey One; more info see Aug 15 (P).
•(M)DRAMA: Congress of the Whitewashers or Turandot; SF Mime Troupe; Marina Green SF, 2pm, free.
•PERFORMANCE: Outside/Inside; more info see Aug 15 (?); note new time 2pm.
•DRAMA: Marat/Sade; more info see Aug 15 (L).
•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 15 (T).
•FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers, & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; more info see Aug 15 (R).
•FILMS: Bogart in Treasure of Sierra Madre & Oklahoma Kid; more info see Aug 15 (E).
•DRAMA: Satire w/Pittschell Players; more info see Aug 15 (C).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Mike Bloomfield, Brotherhood of Light, Nick Gravenites w/ Southern Comfort & New Lost City Rambler; more info see Aug 15 (D); note Taj Mahal replaces Devil's Kitchen.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Jesus Christ Rock Festival w/ Soul Sunday & Co, Noah's Ark, In His Eyes, Felix & Jasper; Speedway Meadows, GG Park SF, noon-5pm, FREE, presented by Soul Inn.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Joy of Cooking; more info see Aug 15 (J).
•FOLK: Janeen Wagner (folk, mime & poetry); 7th Seal Coffee House, 2309 Bowditch Bkly, 9pm-1am, no cover; info 848-0269.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Clover; 3rd Rail Coffee House, Kensington & Mariposa Sts, San Anselmo, 8-12pm, 75¢.
•FILMS: Whatever Happened to Baby Jane & The Loved One; more info see Aug 15 (G).
•FILMS: Room At The Top & This Sporting Life; more info see Aug 15 (I).
•FREE BEACH FESTIVAL: Joy of Cooking, bellydancers, others. Bring food, water, bedrolls, 1/4 mi. south of Pomponio Beach (near S. Gregorio)—can be reached only at low tide. Free spon's. Musician's Co-op, 849-3920, 841-6102.
•(C)DRAMA: Satire w/Pittschell Players; Intersection, 756 Union St, SF, show time 8:30pm, also Improvisational Act at 10pm, free black bread & cream cheese, \$2, info 397-6061.
•(E)FILMS: Bogart in Treasure of Sierra Madre & Oklahoma Kid; Fether's Pt. Film Soc, 4416 18th St, SF, \$1; info 861-5491.

Saturday, August 16

•DINNER: Stuffed Pepper, Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, \$1; info 548-1761.
•FILMS: Marx Bros in At the Circus & Laurel & Hardy in Pack Up Your Troubles; more info see Aug 15 (S).
•FOLK: Jack O'Hara & Kevin Farrell; Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Berk, 9:30pm, \$1, info 548-1761.
•DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 15; note 4:30 & 8:30pm (V). Last performance.
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U); 3:48pm.
•MOTOR BIKE RIDE: to Mt. Tamalpais, leave Wash House at Euclid & Hearst, 9am, free; info 841-7685.
•MEETING: GI Student Action Committee to organize anti-war action; Lutheran Center, Bowditch & Bancroft Bkly, 7:30 pm, free.
•CONCERT: Sons of Champlin, Country Weather Band, Cold Blood, Lamb, Congress of Wonders, Sunbear, & Stone Rock Outcrop; Frost Amphitheater, Stanford Univ, 12:30pm sharp, \$2 donation, benefit Midpeninsula Free University; info 328-4941.
•DRAMA: SF Mime Troupe in Congress of the Whitewashers or Turandot; more info see Aug 16 (M).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Ice; 209 Stebberson St, SF, 1-5 pm, FREE; info 586-3837 or 392-8840.
•ECOLOGICAL WALKING TOUR: for families, lead by E.A. Director Cliff Humphrey; 3200 California St, SF, 11am, \$1, bring lunch; info 346-6040.
•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 15 (T); note new times, Be 7&9:50 pm, World 8:40pm.
•FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers, & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; more info see Aug 15 (R).
•DRAMA: Satire w/Pittschell Players; more info see Aug 15 (C).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Mike Bloomfield, Brotherhood of Light, Nick Gravenites w/ Southern Comfort & New Lost City Rambler; more info see Aug 15 (D); note Taj Mahal replaces Devil's Kitchen.
•FILMS: Bogart in Treasure of Sierra Madre & Oklahoma Kid; more info see Aug 15 (E).
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•DANCE: Mid Summer's Dance w/ Johnny Mars Blues Band; Little Theater, 3200 California St, SF, 9pm, \$1, refreshments; info 346-6040.
•DRAMA: Spoon River, presented by the Playhouse; more info see Aug 15 (B).
•FILMS: The Incredible Shrinking Man & Arthur Penn's Mickey One; more info see Aug 15 (P).
•(M)DRAMA: Congress of the Whitewashers or Turandot; SF Mime Troupe; Marina Green SF, 2pm, free.
•PERFORMANCE: Outside/Inside; more info see Aug 15 (?); note new time 2pm.
•DRAMA: Marat/Sade; more info see Aug 15 (L).
•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 15 (T).
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•CONCERT/DANCE: Jesus Christ Rock Festival w/ Soul Sunday & Co, Noah's Ark, In His Eyes, Felix & Jasper; Speedway Meadows, GG Park SF, noon-5pm, FREE, presented by Soul Inn.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Joy of Cooking; more info see Aug 15 (J).
•FOLK: Janeen Wagner (folk, mime & poetry); 7th Seal Coffee House, 2309 Bowditch Bkly, 9pm-1am, no cover; info 848-0269.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Clover; 3rd Rail Coffee House, Kensington & Mariposa Sts, San Anselmo, 8-12pm, 75¢.
•FILMS: Whatever Happened to Baby Jane & The Loved One; more info see Aug 15 (G).
•FILMS: Room At The Top & This Sporting Life; more info see Aug 15 (I).
•FREE BEACH FESTIVAL: Joy of Cooking, bellydancers, others. Bring food, water, bedrolls, 1/4 mi. south of Pomponio Beach (near S. Gregorio)—can be reached only at low tide. Free spon's. Musician's Co-op, 849-3920, 841-6102.
•(C)DRAMA: Satire w/Pittschell Players; Intersection, 756 Union St, SF, show time 8:30pm, also Improvisational Act at 10pm, free black bread & cream cheese, \$2, info 397-6061.
•(E)FILMS: Bogart in Treasure of Sierra Madre & Oklahoma Kid; Fether's Pt. Film Soc, 4416 18th St, SF, \$1; info 861-5491.

Sunday, August 17

•DINNER: Stuffed Pepper, Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, \$1; info 548-1761.
•FILMS: Marx Bros in At the Circus & Laurel & Hardy in Pack Up Your Troubles; more info see Aug 15 (S).
•FOLK: Jack O'Hara & Kevin Farrell; Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Berk, 9:30pm, \$1, info 548-1761.
•DRAMA: Big Time Buck White; more info see Aug 15; note 4:30 & 8:30pm (V). Last performance.
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U); 3:48pm.
•MOTOR BIKE RIDE: to Mt. Tamalpais, leave Wash House at Euclid & Hearst, 9am, free; info 841-7685.
•MEETING: GI Student Action Committee to organize anti-war action; Lutheran Center, Bowditch & Bancroft Bkly, 7:30 pm, free.
•CONCERT: Sons of Champlin, Country Weather Band, Cold Blood, Lamb, Congress of Wonders, Sunbear, & Stone Rock Outcrop; Frost Amphitheater, Stanford Univ, 12:30pm sharp, \$2 donation, benefit Midpeninsula Free University; info 328-4941.
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•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 15 (T); note new times, Be 7&9:50 pm, World 8:40pm.
•FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers, & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; more info see Aug 15 (R).
•DRAMA: Satire w/Pittschell Players; more info see Aug 15 (C).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Mike Bloomfield, Brotherhood of Light, Nick Gravenites w/ Southern Comfort & New Lost City Rambler; more info see Aug 15 (D); note Taj Mahal replaces Devil's Kitchen.
•FILMS: Bogart in Treasure of Sierra Madre & Oklahoma Kid; more info see Aug 15 (E).
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
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•(C)DRAMA: Satire w/Pittschell Players; Intersection, 756 Union St, SF, show time 8:30pm, also Improvisational Act at 10pm, free black bread & cream cheese, \$2, info 397-6061.
•(E)FILMS: Bogart in Treasure of Sierra Madre & Oklahoma Kid; Fether's Pt. Film Soc, 4416 18th St, SF, \$1; info 861-5491.

Sunday, August 17

•(I)FILMS: Judex & The Promoter; Northside Theatre Studio B, 1828 Euclid Bkly; info TH 1-2648.
•FILMS: Godard's Masculine Feminine, Clay (animation) & Spirit of the People; more info see Aug 19 (H).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Sea Train (formerly Blues Project) & Mendelbaum; more info see Aug 19 (N).
•FOLK: Jody Stecher; Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, 75¢, info 548-1761.
•EVENT: Group participation Sensory Awareness, 1606 Bonita, Bkly, 8pm, \$1.50.
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•EVENT: SF Mime Troupe Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band; Washington Sq, SF, 12 noon, FREE.
•DISCUSSION: Abortion: Why Should the Unwilling Bear the Unwanted?; 3200 California St, SF, 1:30pm, \$1, info 346-6040.
•FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers, & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; more info see Aug 17 (R).
•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 17 (T).
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•(J)CONCERT/DANCE: Elvin Bishop Group; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm, adm; info 845-9065.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Elvin Bishop Group; more info see Aug 15 (J).
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Sea Train (formerly Blues Project) & Mendelbaum; more info see Aug 19 (N).
•(F)FOLK: Vern & Ray (Bluegrass from Nashville); Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, \$1.50; info 548-1761.
•FILMS: Kuchar's Encyclopedia of the Blessed (West Coast Premiere) & shorts; Canyon Cinematheque, Intersection, 756 Union St, SF, 8:30pm, \$1.25, info 781-4719.
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•EVENT: SF Mime Troupe's Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band; Provo Park, Bkly, 5pm, FREE.
•(M)DRAMA: Brecht's Congress of the Whitewashers, or Turandot; presented by SF Mime Troupe; Pauley Ballroom UCB, 8:30pm, \$1.50.
•FILM: The Golen (French - 1937); SF Jewish Community Center, 3200 California St, SF, 8pm, \$1, info 346-6040.
•(T)FILMS: Keaton's Sherlock Junior, The Railrodder, & Buster Keaton Rides Again; Tele Rep Cinema #1, 2533 Telegraph Ave, Bkly, \$1.50, time info 848-8650.
•(R)FILMS: Bogart in Stand-In & Meet John Doe; Tele Rep Cinema #2, 2533 Telegraph Ave Bkly, Stand-In 7&10:30pm, Doe 8:30pm, \$1.50.
•FORUM: Sexual Freedom League, Topic: Homosexual Liberation, Berkeley House #20 University Bkly, 8:30pm, \$1 don.
•(E)FILMS: W.C. Fields in Bank Dick & Laurel & Hardy in The Dancing Masters & County Hospital; Fether's Pt. Film Soc, 4416 18th St SF, \$1; info 861-5491.
•FILMS & LIVE JAZZ: The Both And Jazz Clubb, Oak & Divisadero SF, 8:30pm, \$1, info 863-6197.
•FILMS: David Hemmings in Blow-Up & Gerald McBoing Boing cartoon; 1 Le Conte Hall UCB, 7:30 & 9:30pm, \$1.25.
•FILMS: Judex & The Promoter; more info see Aug 20 (I).
•CONCERT/DANCE: The Crabs; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm, adm; info 845-9065.
•FOLK: Vern & Ray (Bluegrass from Nashville); more info see Aug 21 (F).
•FILMS: W.C. Fields in Bank Dick & Groucho Marx in Copacabana; SF State HLL 135, 7&9:45 pm, \$1, info 626-9958.
•CONCERT: Monteverdi's Mantica & Haydn's Mass in B flat Major w/ University Summer Chorus; Hertz Hall UCB, 8:30pm, adm; info 642-2561.
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•POETRY READING: w/Julia Vinograd, Pat Parker, Alta & others; Art Center, Live Oak Park Bkly, 8pm, 50¢ donation, sponsor Women's Liberation.
•FOLK: Cafe Israel w/Lynn Belmont; Israeli food & drinks & dancing; 3200 California St, SF.—PM, INFO 346-6040.
•FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers, & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; more info see Aug 17 (R).
•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 17 (T).
•FILMS: The Cinema As Art: The Fire Within (French); 155 Dwinelle Hall UCB, 7:30 & 10pm, \$1.25 gen & \$1 stud.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Brothers And; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm, adm, info 845-9065.
•(H)FILMS: Godard's Masculine Feminine, Clay (animation) & Spirit of the People; 145 Dwin-

Monday, August 18

•(I)FILMS: Judex & The Promoter; Northside Theatre Studio B, 1828 Euclid Bkly; info TH 1-2648.
•FILMS: Godard's Masculine Feminine, Clay (animation) & Spirit of the People; more info see Aug 19 (H).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Sea Train (formerly Blues Project) & Mendelbaum; more info see Aug 19 (N).
•FOLK: Jody Stecher; Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, 75¢, info 548-1761.
•EVENT: Group participation Sensory Awareness, 1606 Bonita, Bkly, 8pm, \$1.50.
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•EVENT: SF Mime Troupe Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band; Washington Sq, SF, 12 noon, FREE.
•DISCUSSION: Abortion: Why Should the Unwilling Bear the Unwanted?; 3200 California St, SF, 1:30pm, \$1, info 346-6040.
•FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers, & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; more info see Aug 17 (R).
•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 17 (T).
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•(J)CONCERT/DANCE: Elvin Bishop Group; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm, adm; info 845-9065.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Elvin Bishop Group; more info see Aug 15 (J).
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Sea Train (formerly Blues Project) & Mendelbaum; more info see Aug 19 (N).
•(F)FOLK: Vern & Ray (Bluegrass from Nashville); Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, \$1.50; info 548-1761.
•FILMS: Kuchar's Encyclopedia of the Blessed (West Coast Premiere) & shorts; Canyon Cinematheque, Intersection, 756 Union St, SF, 8:30pm, \$1.25, info 781-4719.
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•EVENT: SF Mime Troupe's Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band; Provo Park, Bkly, 5pm, FREE.
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•(R)FILMS: Bogart in Stand-In & Meet John Doe; Tele Rep Cinema #2, 2533 Telegraph Ave Bkly, Stand-In 7&10:30pm, Doe 8:30pm, \$1.50.
•FORUM: Sexual Freedom League, Topic: Homosexual Liberation, Berkeley House #20 University Bkly, 8:30pm, \$1 don.
•(E)FILMS: W.C. Fields in Bank Dick & Laurel & Hardy in The Dancing Masters & County Hospital; Fether's Pt. Film Soc, 4416 18th St SF, \$1; info 861-5491.
•FILMS & LIVE JAZZ: The Both And Jazz Clubb, Oak & Divisadero SF, 8:30pm, \$1, info 863-6197.
•FILMS: David Hemmings in Blow-Up & Gerald McBoing Boing cartoon; 1 Le Conte Hall UCB, 7:30 & 9:30pm, \$1.25.
•FILMS: Judex & The Promoter; more info see Aug 20 (I).
•CONCERT/DANCE: The Crabs; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm, adm; info 845-9065.
•FOLK: Vern & Ray (Bluegrass from Nashville); more info see Aug 21 (F).
•FILMS: W.C. Fields in Bank Dick & Groucho Marx in Copacabana; SF State HLL 135, 7&9:45 pm, \$1, info 626-9958.
•CONCERT: Monteverdi's Mantica & Haydn's Mass in B flat Major w/ University Summer Chorus; Hertz Hall UCB, 8:30pm, adm; info 642-2561.
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•POETRY READING: w/Julia Vinograd, Pat Parker, Alta & others; Art Center, Live Oak Park Bkly, 8pm, 50¢ donation, sponsor Women's Liberation.
•FOLK: Cafe Israel w/Lynn Belmont; Israeli food & drinks & dancing; 3200 California St, SF.—PM, INFO 346-6040.
•FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers, & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; more info see Aug 17 (R).
•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 17 (T).
•FILMS: The Cinema As Art: The Fire Within (French); 155 Dwinelle Hall UCB, 7:30 & 10pm, \$1.25 gen & \$1 stud.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Brothers And; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm, adm, info 845-9065.
•(H)FILMS: Godard's Masculine Feminine, Clay (animation) & Spirit of the People; 145 Dwin-

Tuesday, August 19

•(I)FILMS: Judex & The Promoter; Northside Theatre Studio B, 1828 Euclid Bkly; info TH 1-2648.
•FILMS: Godard's Masculine Feminine, Clay (animation) & Spirit of the People; more info see Aug 19 (H).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Sea Train (formerly Blues Project) & Mendelbaum; more info see Aug 19 (N).
•FOLK: Jody Stecher; Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, 75¢, info 548-1761.
•EVENT: Group participation Sensory Awareness, 1606 Bonita, Bkly, 8pm, \$1.50.
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•EVENT: SF Mime Troupe Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band; Washington Sq, SF, 12 noon, FREE.
•DISCUSSION: Abortion: Why Should the Unwilling Bear the Unwanted?; 3200 California St, SF, 1:30pm, \$1, info 346-6040.
•FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers, & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; more info see Aug 17 (R).
•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 17 (T).
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•(J)CONCERT/DANCE: Elvin Bishop Group; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm, adm; info 845-9065.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Elvin Bishop Group; more info see Aug 15 (J).
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Sea Train (formerly Blues Project) & Mendelbaum; more info see Aug 19 (N).
•(F)FOLK: Vern & Ray (Bluegrass from Nashville); Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, \$1.50; info 548-1761.
•FILMS: Kuchar's Encyclopedia of the Blessed (West Coast Premiere) & shorts; Canyon Cinematheque, Intersection, 756 Union St, SF, 8:30pm, \$1.25, info 781-4719.
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•EVENT: SF Mime Troupe's Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band; Provo Park, Bkly, 5pm, FREE.
•(M)DRAMA: Brecht's Congress of the Whitewashers, or Turandot; presented by SF Mime Troupe; Pauley Ballroom UCB, 8:30pm, \$1.50.
•FILM: The Golen (French - 1937); SF Jewish Community Center, 3200 California St, SF, 8pm, \$1, info 346-6040.
•(T)FILMS: Keaton's Sherlock Junior, The Railrodder, & Buster Keaton Rides Again; Tele Rep Cinema #1, 2533 Telegraph Ave, Bkly, \$1.50, time info 848-8650.
•(R)FILMS: Bogart in Stand-In & Meet John Doe; Tele Rep Cinema #2, 2533 Telegraph Ave Bkly, Stand-In 7&10:30pm, Doe 8:30pm, \$1.50.
•FORUM: Sexual Freedom League, Topic: Homosexual Liberation, Berkeley House #20 University Bkly, 8:30pm, \$1 don.
•(E)FILMS: W.C. Fields in Bank Dick & Laurel & Hardy in The Dancing Masters & County Hospital; Fether's Pt. Film Soc, 4416 18th St SF, \$1; info 861-5491.
•FILMS & LIVE JAZZ: The Both And Jazz Clubb, Oak & Divisadero SF, 8:30pm, \$1, info 863-6197.
•FILMS: David Hemmings in Blow-Up & Gerald McBoing Boing cartoon; 1 Le Conte Hall UCB, 7:30 & 9:30pm, \$1.25.
•FILMS: Judex & The Promoter; more info see Aug 20 (I).
•CONCERT/DANCE: The Crabs; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm, adm; info 845-9065.
•FOLK: Vern & Ray (Bluegrass from Nashville); more info see Aug 21 (F).
•FILMS: W.C. Fields in Bank Dick & Groucho Marx in Copacabana; SF State HLL 135, 7&9:45 pm, \$1, info 626-9958.
•CONCERT: Monteverdi's Mantica & Haydn's Mass in B flat Major w/ University Summer Chorus; Hertz Hall UCB, 8:30pm, adm; info 642-2561.
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•POETRY READING: w/Julia Vinograd, Pat Parker, Alta & others; Art Center, Live Oak Park Bkly, 8pm, 50¢ donation, sponsor Women's Liberation.
•FOLK: Cafe Israel w/Lynn Belmont; Israeli food & drinks & dancing; 3200 California St, SF.—PM, INFO 346-6040.
•FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers, & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; more info see Aug 17 (R).
•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 17 (T).
•FILMS: The Cinema As Art: The Fire Within (French); 155 Dwinelle Hall UCB, 7:30 & 10pm, \$1.25 gen & \$1 stud.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Brothers And; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm, adm, info 845-9065.
•(H)FILMS: Godard's Masculine Feminine, Clay (animation) & Spirit of the People; 145 Dwin-

Wednesday, August 20

•(I)FILMS: Judex & The Promoter; Northside Theatre Studio B, 1828 Euclid Bkly; info TH 1-2648.
•FILMS: Godard's Masculine Feminine, Clay (animation) & Spirit of the People; more info see Aug 19 (H).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Sea Train (formerly Blues Project) & Mendelbaum; more info see Aug 19 (N).
•FOLK: Jody Stecher; Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, 75¢, info 548-1761.
•EVENT: Group participation Sensory Awareness, 1606 Bonita, Bkly, 8pm, \$1.50.
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•EVENT: SF Mime Troupe Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band; Washington Sq, SF, 12 noon, FREE.
•DISCUSSION: Abortion: Why Should the Unwilling Bear the Unwanted?; 3200 California St, SF, 1:30pm, \$1, info 346-6040.
•FILMS: Sex, War, Mothers, & Other Things & Karloff in Frankenstein; more info see Aug 17 (R).
•FILMS: Lubitsch's To Be or Not To Be & Barrymore in World Premiere; more info see Aug 17 (T).
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•(J)CONCERT/DANCE: Elvin Bishop Group; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm, adm; info 845-9065.
•CONCERT/DANCE: Elvin Bishop Group; more info see Aug 15 (J).
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
•CONCERT/DANCE: Sea Train (formerly Blues Project) & Mendelbaum; more info see Aug 19 (N).
•(F)FOLK: Vern & Ray (Bluegrass from Nashville); Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo Bkly, 9:30pm, \$1.50; info 548-1761.
•FILMS: Kuchar's Encyclopedia of the Blessed (West Coast Premiere) & shorts; Canyon Cinematheque, Intersection, 756 Union St, SF, 8:30pm, \$1.25, info 781-4719.
•DRAMA: Geese; more info see Aug 15 (U).
•EVENT: SF Mime Troupe's Gutter Puppets & Gorilla Band; Provo Park, Bkly, 5pm, FREE.
•(M)DRAMA: Brecht's Congress of the Whitewashers, or Turandot; presented by SF Mime Troupe; Pauley Ballroom UCB, 8:30pm, \$1.50.
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•FILMS & LIVE JAZZ: The Both And Jazz Clubb, Oak & Divisadero SF, 8:30pm, \$1, info 863-6197.
•FILMS: David Hemmings in Blow-Up & Gerald McBoing Boing cartoon; 1 Le Conte Hall UCB, 7:30 & 9:30pm, \$1.25.
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•CONCERT/DANCE: The Crabs; Mandrake's, 10th & University Bkly, 9:30pm, adm; info 845-9065.
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•FILMS: W.C. Fields in Bank Dick & Groucho Marx in Copacabana; SF State HLL 135, 7&9:45 pm, \$1, info 626-9958.
•CONCERT: Monteverdi's Mantica & Haydn's Mass in B flat Major w/ University Summer Chorus; Hertz Hall UCB, 8:30pm, adm; info 642-2561.
•DRAMA: Lute Song; more info see Aug 15 (K).
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•POETRY READING: w/Julia Vinograd, Pat Parker, Alta & others; Art Center, Live Oak Park Bkly, 8pm, 50¢ donation, sponsor Women's Liberation.
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•(H)FILMS: Godard's Masculine Feminine, Clay (animation) & Spirit of the People; 145 Dwin-



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