

ALCATRAZ INDIANS ON TRIAL

SAN FRANCISCO

good * times

NEW FURRY
FREAK BROS.
MUNI BUS
SERVICE CUTS
COUGH REMEDIES

VOL 5 NO 5/FEB25 to MAR9, 1972 BAY AREA 25c OR BARTER 35¢ ELSEWHERE.

DRUGGED D.A.'S RAPE AND KILL!



Stephan 72

ALCATRAZ 3

Mike Henry

From November 1969 to June 1971 Alcatraz Island was liberated by Indians of All Tribes. Then the United States government took it back. Three Indians, Frank Robbins, John Halloran and Raymond Cox were arrested and charged with theft of federal property. Now white people argue over their fate and cast judgements on the first Americans. The place is the Ceremonial Courtroom on the 19th floor of the Federal Building in San Francisco.

Alcatraz seemed like it might be a beautiful enough corner of the planet to serve as a token payment for the centuries-long--and continuing--suffering of these beautiful people of the earth.

The 89 Indians in the landing party represented the remnants of tribes destroyed or fenced in reservations across the land, and their bold deed stirred the hearts of all their brothers and sisters, black, white, yellow and brown too. There was a surge of public enthusiasm that kept the loading dock at Fisherman's Wharf piled high with donated food and equipment. Doctors and dentists volunteered their services, and yacht clubs diverted the Coast Guard blockade of the first few weeks while one boat would slip through to throw the supplies up on the landing dock. White folks' combined love and guilt reached all the way to Sacramento, where the Senate and Assembly passed a joint resolution urging the federal government to return Alcatraz to its original users--now 'owners' because Indians share what they have and give what they do not use.

But Washington is deaf, as it has so often been to the Indians. The government waited, buying time until the energy and enthusiasm waned. The Indians struggled to establish a community on a foundation that was sand as long as the government refused to recognize their right to the island. No bank would grant a building loan, no university would open a branch there as long as Washington refused to commit itself.

The situation got bad. The Indians were stripping the copper cables that had carried power to the island until the government shut it off early in the occupation. They needed the 35¢ a pound for supplies and to repair the donated

generators they used to run the kitchen. Their numbers had declined from a high of 300 the year before to only a couple of dozen.

The government was negotiating the status of the island. Federal Marshall Browning had promised that no action would be taken as long as the negotiations continued, and on Wednesday, June 9, he told the Indian representatives that they could expect an agreement acceptable to them by Monday.

One other thing happened on June 9. Another federal marshal flew out from the midwest and rented a motel room overlooking the wharf. He watched through binoculars as the Indians came and went for two days, until on MONDAY MORNING Frank Robbins, John Halloran and Raymond Cox came into the dock with another load of copper cable laboriously peeled from beneath the concrete of the prison grounds. He watched them take a load of copper away to be sold, and when they returned for the rest he had cars full of FBI agents lying in wait. They were busted.

The radio call went out to a waiting squadron of marshalls and FBI agents at Treasure Island, and a Coast Guard cutter and a helicopter moved out toward Alcatraz. Within two hours, all the Indians were in a cage on the cutter and on their way back to the mainland where they were turned loose. Tight security was set up on the old prison island.

Robbins, Halloran and Cox were charged with felony grand theft of the cable, which carries a maximum sentence of ten years. This week the trial got underway.

The courtroom is filled with Indians coming to watch the whites who presume to judge. There are a few of middle age wearing whiteman's clothes and whiteman's hair styles, but their dark wonderful faces are unmistakably Indian. There are ceremonially-dressed older folk in beads and leather with magic amulets and medicine pouches around their necks. But most of the supporters are younger people with beautiful long curling black hair, dressed in their own original blend of dropout and Indian: boots, moccasins, levis and headbands, fringe, beads, feathers and Indian symbols.

The DA started out his case by

spending two days making a fool of himself with the judge's eager help. He completely missed the point. Every one of his witnesses--mostly FBI pigs--swore at great length and in minute detail that the Indians had sold copper from Alcatraz. The Indians are perfectly willing to agree that they had taken the wire--after all, it is theirs. They'd been selling it for over half a year, it took 25 people at once in broad daylight to pull it out of the ground and haul it down to the boat, the daily newspapers had carried stories on it--Frank even told the story of the tourists from out of town who spotted them unloading at Fisherman's Wharf and exclaimed, "Oh, there's those Indians with their copper from Alcatraz we read about!" while they took snapshots.

Don Jelinek, the Indians' lawyer since before the invasion, was basing his case on the section of the law that says that you cannot be guilty of stealing property which you believe belongs to you (you have to give it back though). That's why the more evidence the DA piled up showing how the Indians took the wire, the more obvious it became that they weren't trying to hide anything because they felt they were doing right.

Jelinek's job was to show why the Indians felt they had a right to the island and everything on it, and it was a pleasure. The task amounted to turning the jury (and incidentally the spectators) on to the Indian's trip and their way of looking at things. It was beautiful.

They got to show a movie made on the island over a period of several months by Joe Brewer and the Indians themselves. It was all there--the contrast of the stark prison and the lively Indian community, the sharing of work and play the celebrations and ceremonies, the beautiful people themselves. There were heavy raps by different men and women Indians telling why they were there and how much Alcatraz meant to them. The camera dwelt on a Christmas tree decorated with tin can lids with reminders of government atrocities against the Indians painted on them: "BIA" (Bureau of Indian Affairs), "Trail of Tears"--while Buffy St. Marie's voice filled the courtroom with unaccustomed sounds of beauty and suffering. And behind it all, the island itself. The feeling reached me strongest in a shot that paused on the tip they had set on a quiet, green spot with the shoreline of the City for a backdrop. You know it's a bustling hive of noise and pollution, just three quarters of a mile away from the peace and quiet of that island without cars and

without cops, and you cannot even hear it.

Jelinek's defense drew a picture of the functioning, complex, self-governing society on the island that was counterpoised to the white American society, lending moral weight to the Indians' claim of sovereignty over the island. Frank had been the head of island security, and he also testified about the council, boat crews, kitchen shifts, school, bi-weekly clinics, FCC-licensed radio station, media relations team and maintenance and repair gangs.

After the movie was shown to the jury, it probably started to dawn on the judge and the DA that the beauty and pathos of the Indians on Alcatraz would just wash the government's case away, because they got very nipping. At one point the judge refused to let Don read aloud parts of a document which had just been entered as evidence--unbelievable. One elaborately-costumed woman in the public seats commented, "Well, the US government pays his salary, you can expect he'll be working for it." The document was pretty damaging to the government--it was the official State of California incorporation papers for Indians of All Tribes, with their address registered as Alcatraz Island.

But the sharpest arguments revolved around the historical basis of the Indians' claim to Alcatraz. The first use of the island by human kind was as a fishing base for Bay Area tribes now long extinct. The California Indians never ceded Alcatraz to the US or any other government; the federal government cannot produce any title or deed to the island. The best the DA could do was bring up the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which the defeated Mexicans signed after US troops kicked them out. But the Mexicans had never occupied Alcatraz, so that like the rest of the land which passed into US rule it should remain in the possession of its rightful owners, in this case the Indians, even under the sovereignty of the new government. It wasn't mentioned in court, but after all the Mexicans were just the previous imperialists who had control only by right of might, not law.

One of the main bases of the Indians' belief in their right to Alcatraz was their interpretation of an 1868 treaty between the US government and the Sioux nation called the Fort Laramie Treaty. None of the Indians who agreed to the treaty could read, write or even speak English, so what was written down was only the whites' version. The Indians believe that the treaty gives them the

BUS CUTS THREATENED FOR MARCH 1

MUNI TUNES

PP The Municipal Railway management has proposed a cut in service throughout the City, hitting hard the Black and Third World communities, and that could cause the layoff of 200 drivers. Service in 90% of the lines will be affected. The proposal is slated to go into effect on March 1.

The lines that are going to be affected and how they are going to be affected are shown in the adjacent box.

you want to help fight the cuts, you can sign the petition they are circulating or you can help circulate it yourself. Contact them at 3746-21st St, SF.

LINE CUT CHART

KEY:
E-- eliminate one Owl run
O-- eliminate service nights, Saturday,

		12	A	
		13	combine with 23-27, M	
		14	A, elim, lim, stop service wkdys 1 am to 3 pm and all day Sat.	
		16	elim 1st & last runs weekdays	
		17	reduce off-peak hour service wkdys	
		18	A, elim, Ocean Ave exten, Sun & holidays	
		19	A	
		20	reduce hours of service daily	
		21	shortline at 6th & Fulton nites, Sat, Sun & holidays	
		22	A	
		23	combine w/ lines 13-23 nites,	
		27	combine w/	
		24	A	
		25	O	
		26	Shortline at 24th & Miss. M	
		27	combine w/ 13-23, M	
		28	A	
		29	reduce hours of service daily	
		30X	elim Express 9 am to 3 pm wk days.	
			O	
			A	
			shortline at Mission	
			shortline at 24th & Potrero	
			with alternate trips to 25th & Conn M	
		37	A, O	
		38	N	
		39	A, O	
		41	extend N, terminal to Jackson & Divis. M	
		43	N, W	
		45	A	
		47	A	
		51	A	
		55	A, shortline at Presidio & Calif.	
		85	W	
		85	W	
		86	W	
		88	W	
W--				
N--	eliminate weekday service after 6:30 pm			
LINE	Recommended A	31		
LINE	RECOMMENDED CHANGES	33		
		35		
J	A, O			
K	A			
L	A, O			
M	elim. Sat service			
1-3	M			
2	elim. limited stop serv. on Sat, local via Calif nites, Sat, Sun & holidays			
5	A			
6	A			
7	N, also all day Sat.			
8	shortline at 3rd and Market, M			
10	A			
11	elim. Sat service to Ferry, Shuttle to 22nd & Mission			

LONG PHONE

The 1972 telephone credit card formula given out in the GT about a month ago is correct, yet many of the credit card calls which match the new formula are getting rejected. If you have attempted to place a credit card call, you may have noticed that as soon as the operator gets all the calling details, she excuses herself from the line, and returns saying, "I'm sorry, that is an incorrect credit card."

Well, because of the excessive losses the phone co. has "suffered," they have installed a computer to check credit card numbers from areas where fraud is most heavily concentrated. That means that every credit card from a public phone, and any credit card which has aroused the suspicions of an operator is checked in a matter of seconds. (by the way, one out of every three long distance calls from Berkeley is fraudulent. Congratulations!) The procedure is simple. The operator dials an access code which connects her with the computer. She then dials a three digit code plus the credit card number. (The three digit code tells the computer the area the call was placed from, so it has a record.) There are four responses the computer can make (if you're curious to what the computer sounds like, dial 640 on your own phone, and she (?) will read you back the number.):

1) "ok, ok"

right to take back any federal land that has been abandoned.

Jelinek put John Trudell on the stand. Along with the tragic Richard Oakes, John was an official spokesman of the Alcatraz Indians of All Tribes. During the cross-examination, the DA tried to attack the Ft. Laramie Treaty through John.

The history of the Ft. Laramie treaty is a good example of how the US government keeps its solemn treaties with the Indians. The DA made Trudell read an 1889 law which stated that all prior treaties between the US and the Sioux were invalid. But Jelinek jumped to his feet with the objection that the 1889 law was a unilateral act by the US, not a treaty, and was not signed by the Sioux. Trudell added that the treaty had already been broken long before 1889; it contained a clause stating that the US would pay the Sioux a certain amount for the Black Hills of Dakota which had been taken from them; this money was never paid. In fact, John said, he is a Sioux himself and the only thing his tribe has handed down about relations with the US government in the period after 1868 was the hanging of 39 of his people.

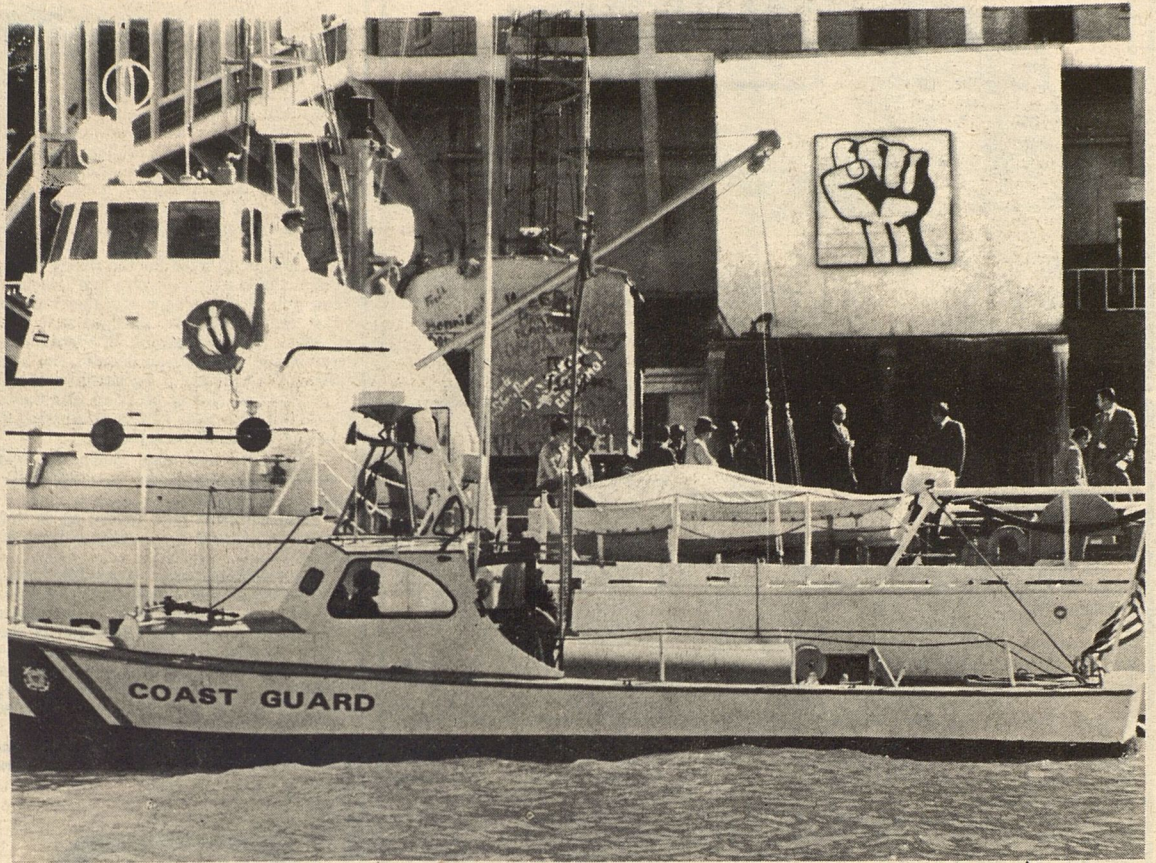
During the presentation of all the beauty of the Alcatraz Indian experience and the intricacies of the US's history of cheating, robbing and killing native Americans, it was often easy to lose sight of the fact that Frank, John and Raymond are fighting to stay out of San Quentin. Like many American Indians, their lives were pretty blighted until struggles like Alcatraz, the Pit River battle, and the present occupation of Four Corners turned them on to the possibilities of political action through unity. All of them have prior felony convictions, and they don't want to do any more time. At press time, the trial is now not yet over.

This is the trial of the Alcatraz Indians, but there is no chance that it will win the island back for them. The US has its troops on the island; it does not need to negotiate any longer.

But at Four Corners in the north-eastern California mountains, Indians of all tribes are settling on unused federal land, land which was theirs before the oldest redwood now standing was a seed. They have erected tipis and shot a few deer for food. Now they are digging holes for the foundation of a log round-house.

If you can give support, contact the American Indian Center at 225 Valencia, 552-1071.

FEDERAL MARSHALLS EVICT INDIANS FROM ALCATRAZ ISLAND JUNE 9, 1971



photo/benhari

CORRECTION:p8/VOL5NO4/FEB11, 1972
 VACAVILLE-EXPERIMENTS IN MIND CONTROL
 column two, next to last paragraph should read:
 How could the guards punish someone who was
 already being punished? They could beat them and
 they did; but George Jackson studied karate, and
 supposedly he smashed a pig's head and threw him
 over a railing and killed him.

DISTANCE SCAM - pt.2

2) "XXX-XXXX 000 Q negative. negative"

3) "re key"

4) "re dial" (Don't be concerned with 3 and 4—they are indicative of technical difficulties.)

If we get an "ok, ok" response, then we put your call through. However, if we get a "negative, negative" response, we are forced to offer you alternative methods of billing your call, i.e., if you are at a pay phone, we would suggest a collect or coin-paid call. If you are calling from a home phone, you could bill it to the number you are calling from. (Don't be stupid and fall for that one. If you bill it to the number you are calling from, CTI—the phone co. CIA—can press charges against you.) Also, the operator has been instructed, that if you want to bill it to the number you are calling from, she must call you back. You would then get the operator handled rate, instead of the direct dial rate. However, never attempt to place any such call from your home phone, or from any phone from which you cannot escape quickly. We have heard reports that campus pigs are being called in to chase down "credit card offenders." If your card is found to be phony, don't hang around!!

We know this is depressing news to hear, and believe me it is just as depressing to write, but there is a way around the new

"credit card validation system," which we will be more than happy to explain.

Special Billing Number

The special billing number has been around as long as the credit card, but until recently there was really no need to use it. The special billing number has the exact same structure as the credit card, minus the digit at the end. Here is an example of a special billing number:

023 1872 049

The beauty of the special billing number is that there is absolutely no way to check its validity. The only thing you must do is to start your special billing number with a 0 or a 1. They don't all start that way, but the majority of them do. The computer has not been programmed to check out special billing numbers, so there should be no delay in your call. (One thing that may happen is that the phone company may render special billing numbers obsolete, by converting them into a credit card.

Now that you are armed with the simple knowledge of the structure of the special billing number, it is time to learn successful phrasing technique. Here is how you should approach the operator:

"Operator, bill this call to my special billing number, 083 2972 162. The number I'd like to reach is XXX-XXXX."

There is no way to check the validity of a special billing number. There are no ques-

tions the operator should ask, such as what city is it from. There is no need to even consider RAO's ("regional area office") corresponds to the last three digits on a credit card: tells what section of the country the call is billed to.)

0 and 1

Another point of interest—when fooling around with the computer, every credit card which we made up starting with 0 or 1 went through the computer with an "ok, ok" response. However, when we tried a phone number such as 843-9000 023 A, the card was "negative, negative." This leads us to conclude that the computer was programmed with all existing telephone numbers and if the phone number used in your phony card, did not have a credit card assigned to it, it would be rejected. Another possibility is that only the existing cards are fed into the computer, and if they are no correlation, the card gets rejected. It is interesting, though, that any nonsense credit card starting with a 1 or a 0 will get through.

However, we suggest that you lay off the phony credit cards, and instead concentrate on perfecting your special billing number technique. Give the largest pig monopoly in the world another big headache.

The Peoples Operators thanks to the berkeley tribe

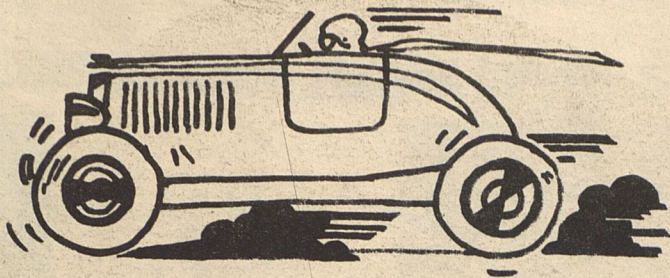
ANGELA'S FREE!!

Angela is out of jail! Superior Court Judge Richard E. Aranson set bail at a queen's ransom of \$102,500, of which \$2500 was paid in cash. The money was quickly raised and Angela Davis walked out of the Palo Alto jail at 6:53PM last Wednesday.

Aranson's ruling comes on the heels of the State Supreme Court decision that capital punishment is unconstitutional. State law previously prohibited the granting of bail in capital cases when the "proof or presumption of guilt is great." But since there is now no such thing as a capital crime, the law is nullified.

Although Angela is out of jail, there's a long string of conditions attached to her "freedom." She can't leave the Bay Area, she must report every week to the Santa Clara probation officers, she is forbidden to change her place of residence without the court's permission and she cannot participate in any public rallies or meetings without the court's permission.

The actual trial is slated to begin soon. After 14 months in jail on vague charges of kidnap, murder and conspiracy, Angela is on the outside. Welcome sister.:



Los Angeles County has more registered automobiles than the entire continent of Africa.

LET MY PEOPLE GO

On February 10, ten South Vietnamese students studying in the United States, occupied the South Vietnamese Embassy in New York. The purpose was to bring attention to some demands that they have for the US government to use its influence with the Saigon regime for:

1. The immediate release of over 100,000 political prisoners whose only crime was to speak out non-violently against American intervention; and stopping the cruel tortures of the prisoners by prison officials--

2. The immediate resignation of Thieu, who has been the instrument of barbaric repression in South Vietnam,

forcing Vietnamese to kill other Vietnamese as well as our Cambodian and Laotian neighbors--

3. The immediate dismemberment of the Thieu regime completely and replacement with a coalition government so that truly free elections could be held--

After holding the embassy for three hours, the cops arrested all ten for trespassing. Early the next day, all charges were dropped.

The Vietnam Veterans Against the War helped coordinate the seizure and acted as a liaison between the students and the media.

VIET VETS

The trial of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War for occupying the South Vietnamese Consulate in SF on December 29, began Tuesday, Feb. 14. The charges of course, are for trespassing. The Vets will contend in their case that the occupation of the consulate was justified because the South Vietnamese government is nothing more than an extension of the Nixon administration, a puppet government that provides Nixon with an excuse to continue genocide all over Southeast Asia. The Vets also contend that they are being tried for the wrong thing. Instead of trespassing on South Vietnamese soil in San Francisco, they believe that they should be charged with war crimes for trespassing in Vietnam against the Vietnamese people, and that the entire military and government chain of command should be tried with them. In effect, the Vets will be attempting to put the war itself on trial.

The brothers are also facing the testimony of an undercover agent who infiltrated the VVAW.

The brothers are facing up to one year in jail and a thousand dollars in fines.

To make the trial a true public forum it is essential that a high degree of public interest be generated. This means that large crowds must turn out for the trial. So help the brothers and the Vietnamese by attending their trial which is in session weekdays at 10:00 AM Dept. 7, third floor, SF City Hall. Call first at 861-7700 to make sure of time.



WANTED: Police Chief for San Francisco State College.

Position: Supervisor Campus Peace Officer #3.

Salary: \$983 to \$1195 per month.

Hours: 8 to 5.

Experience: 5 years law enforcement, 2 of the 5 in supervisory capacity. AA degree in law enforcement, Junior College level.

Duties and responsibilities: Direct through subordinate supervisors the operation of the Security Department. Assist in the development of policy and the implementation of established policies. Must relate the function of the department to the campus and civic communities, with emphasis on personal relations with students and faculty in the college community. The Department's aims must coincide with the campus environment.

Personal characteristics: Must be personally calm and act rationally in diverse situations, including emergencies.

Apply: business office, SF State College.

(Note: Previous Chief Wayne Beery died last month, an apparent suicide.)

SUBSCRIBE!



good*times 2377 BUSH ST
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIF. 94115

SUBSCRIBE \$6 a year/ \$3.50 for 6 mos./\$10 foreign

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____



GET YER ICE-COLD GOVERNMENT GRADE A DOGS HIT...

BURN YOUR COKE

Coca-Cola has had to recall 3.2 million cans of Coke, Fanta and Sprite due to several thousand can lids contaminated with a bad odor and taste, although the FDA says there is no health hazard.

A faulty oven at the Reynolds Aluminum Company failed to bake a solvent with a "kerosene-like" taste and odor from the lids. Reynolds is paying for the recall.

UNCLE SAM'S POSTER SHOP

The U.S. Department of Commerce, believe it or not, is the source of the most incredible and inexpensive wall posters available for use by military and civilian airplane pilots, the department's World Aeronautical and Operational Navigation Charts, Global Navigation Charts, Aircraft Position Charts, Jet Navigation Charts, and various others offer amazing and colorful decorations of up to about 5 x 6 feet for as little as 40¢ each.

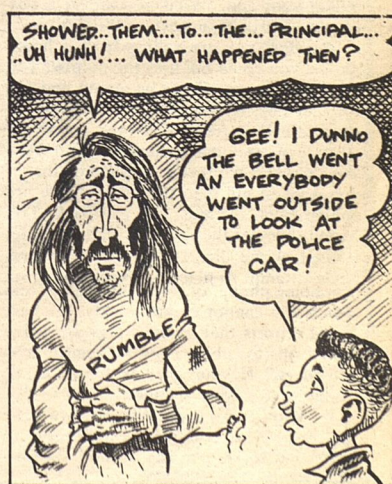
Detailed lists of these charts, which cover the entire earth in any detail and scale you'd prefer are available free from the US Department of Commerce, Environmental Services Administration, Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington D.C. 20235. Ask for their list of Aeronautical Charts.

You'll be amazed. A five dollar set of Op. Nav. Charts beats any world atlas going, and can be assembled to form a world map that will cover the floor of an auditorium!



WHAT!?!... YOU SHOWED THOSE LEAVES TO YOUR TEACHER?!

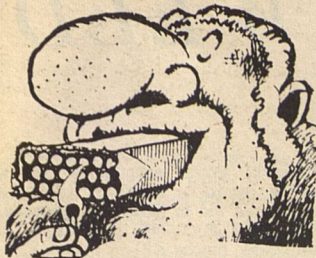
YEAH! SHE LIKED THEM SO MUCH SHE SHOWED 'EM TO THE PRINCIPAL!



SHOWER... THEM... TO... THE... PRINCIPAL... UH HUNH!... WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

GEE! I DUNNO THE BELL WENT AN EVERYBODY WENT OUTSIDE TO LOOK AT THE POLICE CAR!

POLY STY



ALL THE WORLD'S
A SMOKER

Though perhaps unbeknown to smokers who fill the room with tobacco smoke, they are actually poisoning everyone breathing air in the room with cadmium, a heavy metal like mercury. According to Dr. Harold Petering at the U. of Cincinnati College of Medicine, people who smoke tobacco are a significant source of cadmium pollution. If a person were to smoke during eight hours one pack of cigarettes in a room that is ten feet by twelve feet, there would be one hundred times more cadmium in the air than is normal. The cadmium level continues above normal even after the smoke in the room dissipates.

Craig Jones, the progressive para-professional at Polytechnic Highschool, was reinstated through united student action after rightwing administrators fired him. Now he has announced his resignation because of the restrictive terms of the contract the administration required that he sign.

Word leaked out that Craig had been fired on the first day of the new semester. Students organized a demonstration at the Board of Education followed by a confrontation between the student body and the administration. Mrs. Darvive, the principal, appeared to yield to the pressure and Craig was reinstated. But the secretly contrived conditions of his rehiring, which in essence required that he conform to the administration's repressive idea of acceptable para-prof. behavior, plus the bad reputation he'd acquired by the confrontation in the eyes of his superiors, was understandably too heavy a trip for Craig to deal with, so he resigned.

Even though the administration outplayed us at their bureaucratic game, it was an overall victory for the students. We succeeded in exposing the administration, and we achieved the beginnings of some unity among ourselves. We realized our power to affect the running of our school, while the administration learned that they can't fuck us over so casually in the future.

Ever since Joe Hill. . . "Don't mourn, Organize!"

Associated Press

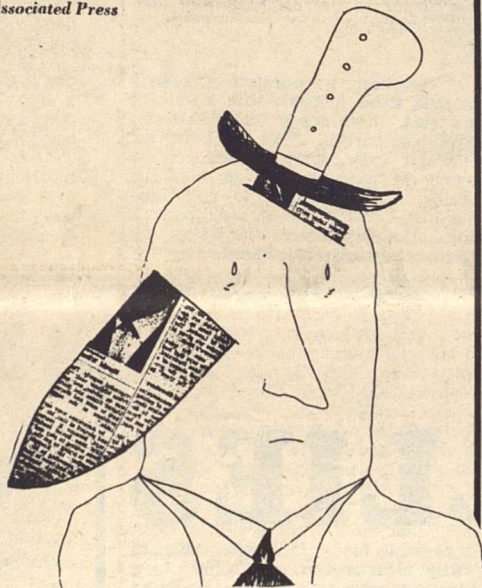
A rise in total employment and a slight drop in the Nation's troublesome number of jobless in January—on a seasonally adjusted basis — buoyed White House hopes yesterday of a further economic pickup.

Total employment actually dropped more than 1 million to 79.1 million and unemployment rose 752,000 to 5.4 million. But the figures usually change more than that in January and therefore the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported the seasonal rise in employment and the drop in the joblessness.

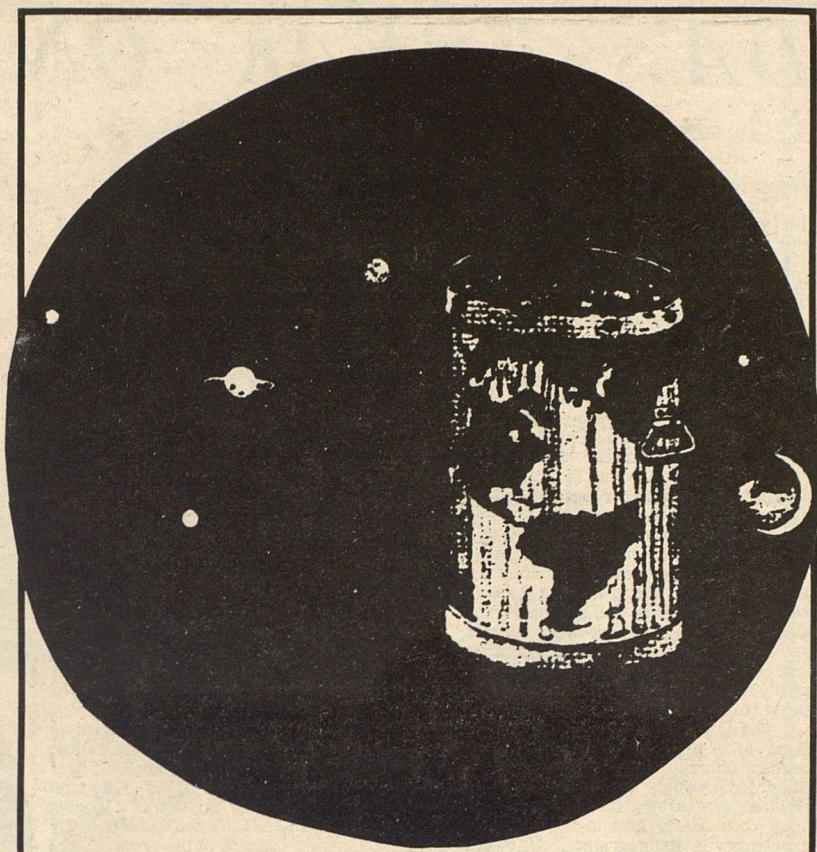
"It gives us a sense of optimism," said President Nixon's press secretary, Ronald L. Ziegler, in Miami where the President is spending the weekend.

"We are naturally pleased to see another big increase in employment," said Mr. Nixon's chief economic adviser, Herbert Stein, at Washington news briefing.

In Communist phraseology, "serious and frank discussions" indicate disagreement. The term for agreement usually is "cordial and friendly."



NEWSPEAK



PARIS

PARIS--Prisons are erupting all over France. During a riot at Clairvaux, a huge banner reading "Solidarity with Attica" was displayed. Three days of rioting exposed the terrible conditions at the prison of Toul. The model jail of Fleury Merogis, where there are only young people, broke out in rebellion. And when 60 prisoners refused to come back to their cells, all the prisoners entirely destroyed the buildings of the Nancy prison.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK--Following a fund raising speech by Nixon at the American Hotel, a group of women checked into the hotel's ritziest room and trashed it. The women's communique emphasized the necessity for actions large and small "to stop Nixon and Rockefeller the same way the people stopped Johnson."

VENEZUELA

VENEZUELA--Hundreds of government troops, assisted by aerial reconnaissance planes, were reported to be searching for guerillas who have stepped up their activities since the beginning of the year. Twenty guerrillas recently attacked a garrison of the national guard and others ambushed a military unit.

BRAZIL

Torture of political prisoners by the Brazilian military dictatorship is continuing, according to the Catholic weekly Commonweal.

The Brazilian Bishops' Conference has just protested four recent cases of torture by the government: two sociologists, Lucio Brito and Castelo Branco; a priest, Gerson de Conceicao; and a student, Andrew Campos.

The bishops also expressed alarm about the continuing cultural and racial genocide against the Indians in the country's virgin forests. The government and big landowners have been paving the way for outside capital investment, mostly American and European, by uprooting tribes from their homelands, destroying large sections of their environment, and even intentionally contaminating them with European communicable diseases like smallpox against which they have not yet developed defenses.

URUGUAY

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay (LNS)--In the recent Uruguayan elections, representatives of the right gained the presidency by having the Supreme Court change the election rules after the vote, while the leftist "Broad Front", backed by the Tupamaro guerillas, received 20% of the vote while Brazilian troops maneuvered threateningly across the border.

To ensure that the Broad Front, similar to Allende's Popular Unity coalition in Chile, doesn't get a chance to gain more support, the new government issued a decree limiting civil liberties even further than in the past.

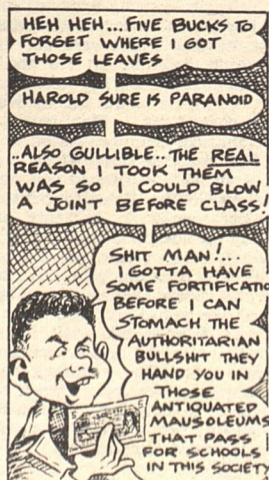
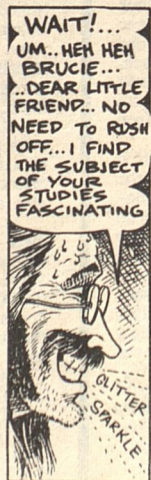
Formerly, words such as "cell", "extremist", "commando", and "political delinquent" were banned from use on radio, TV, in the press and in public. Now, according to a Uruguayan correspondent, the government will not only censor the press but close down any organization that is responsible for writing censored comments.

Uruguayan daily papers say these measures will prohibit all "subversive literature". The CNT (National Center of Workers) and other groups are fighting the measure by calling on the UN to intervene against the "nazi-like" decrees.

(Some info from NACLA)

INDIA

The Indian government has granted full diplomatic recognition to North Vietnam. Of course India is just accepting an established fact, but Amerika's position in the India/Pakistan war for Bengal probably was what led India to finally cast its weight on the side of the Communists.



second class postage paid at San Francisco, California
printed by Waller Press
GOOD TIMES
published ever other Thursday in San Francisco at 2377 Bush by Good Times Commune
922-9981
Copyright 1971, rights reserved

DA's FREAK ON KILLER WEED

49 DIE AT DRUG CONFERENCE

Isaiyah Hardtop

The recent tragedy at the St. Francis Hotel, in which 49 prominent District Attorney-died miserable deaths, is a blow from which society shall not soon recover. Who among us could have forecast that a group of our most respected citizens would mercilessly rape and murder one another? How, we must ask ourselves, could men whose entire lives were devoted to preserving law and order, turn without warning into ruthless and blasphemous wild beasts? Perhaps we shall never know. Perhaps the only conclusion we can draw from these terrible events is that a stiff asshole and marijuana make a dangerous combination.

The stiff assholes in question are, of course, the above-mentioned DA's, who had gathered here for a conference on Drug Abuse. The grass was Panama Red. Only one joint was smoked by the entire assemblage of oink-oinks but that was enough to trigger the bloodbath that not only decimated their ranks but totally wrecked the austere St. Francis' grand bowelroom.

The DA's had come to San Francisco in a grim mood. Despite their fiercest efforts, the laws on pot are being increasingly violated; their own children are turning into heads; everything they dearly love in the fabric of the country is disintegrating. So, on the third and final day of the conference, an aura of gloom and impotence filled the hall. Many of the DA's had sunk into a particularly soggy drunken stupor. Those still awake were being addressed by the personal representative of Pres. Nixon, who was trying to enliven the atmosphere with data such as the following:

Tests on monkeys show that they are forty times fonder of cocaine than smack.
96% of blond males who are not familiar with the story of St. Fran-

cis of Assisi will smoke pot before they die.

An unknown number of Mexican iguanas are hung up on magic mushrooms.

This kind of into had even the most paranoid among the DA's nodding out. The speaker kept droning on, however, although barely audible above the chorus of snores and hiccups. Suddenly a chair crashed to the floor and the delegate from Meatloaf, Illinois, D. A. Boyle, was on his feet. "Never mind this shit," he shouted, "they're closing in on us!"

The still-conscious remnant of high-priced pork whirled toward the doors, their hands groping for their shoulder-holsters. If this was IT, they would take plenty of long-hairs to Hell with them! But Meatloaf, who had been speaking only metaphorically, raced to the platform and recaptured their attention by stiff-arming Nixon's man into the pit. "Boys," he roared, "We're sitting here listening to this Commie egghead and the country's falling apart! We gotta DO something!"

The conference chairman tried to cool him off. "Mr. Boyle," he called, "we are going to do something, but first we must have all the facts." His tone was respectful, for Boyle was a leading figure among the DA's and was especially popular now because of his great collection of shrunken Vietnamese heads on display in the lobby. But Boyle himself was in no mood to be polite.

"You chicken-shit bastard," he snarled, "We know the facts!" He jabbed his fist at the audience to underline each point. "Number one--pot causes sexual promiscuity! Number two--it will kill you and cause you to kill others! Number three--one joint is enough to make you drop out of society!" His voice rose to a glass-shattering whine. "But most important of all--every drag on every joint is a direct and personal insult to US!"

The delegates rose to their feet in thunderous applause. At last their deepest feelings were being expressed! Several DA's whipped storm-trooper caps from their briefcases, and placards advocating "Lt. Calley for President" appeared. All apathy was gone; the tension was electric.

Boyle's eyes glistened, and reaching into his pocket he came out with the biggest joint seen since Pocahontas turned on. "This is the enemy," he screamed. "It is not merely a joint, it is the symbol of defiance! Every time one of these is smoked we, the guardians of law and order, are being scorned and humiliated!" His voice broke. "I can't take it anymore!"

At the sight of the joint, the DA's had swarmed forward. They now stood at Boyle's feet in silence, waiting for his sobs to stop. "Yes, this is the enemy," he finally continued, "and we all know you can't beat an enemy if you're scared of him. And we've got to admit we've been scared of this stuff. We're scared that it's stronger than us! And that fear has been eating at our guts, diminishing our capacity to fight!" He raised his arms heavenward and cried out, "WE'RE DISTRICT ATTORNEYS!! We shouldn't be afraid of anything on earth except the governor of our state, the President of our contry, the biggest contributor to our campaign fund, and God Almighty!"

The cheers were deafening but Boyle stopped them instantly with a wave of his hand. "We are at the crossroads, boys," he barked. "We can either let our hair grow, apply for welfare, and watch the good ol' USA go down the drain. . . . Cries of "No, no" filled the hall. "Or," Boyle went on in a voice like molten steel, "or we can reclaim our manhood!" "Manhood, manhood!" came the unanimous response.

"Okay!" Boyle snapped, "then what we've got to do right now is what our ancestors did to build their courage. . . WE MUST EAT THE ENEMY. . . or in this case, smoke it!"

He held the joint aloft for one breathless moment. Then he lit it, and with the awed eyes of the pig-pack upon him, took a deep drag. As he expelled the smoke he must have also blown his soul away, for an indescribably evil look came over him. "How do you feel?" he was asked. "Baby," Boyle replied, "Jesus in the saddle with Mother Mary herself didn't feel half as good as me!"

This blasphemy went unchallenged as the joint quickly shifted from hand to hand. Each DA, passionate for manhood, inhaled deeply on the weed. "Don't feel no effects at all," one delegate gasped as he reached for his neighbor's balls.

Yes, in the twinkling of an eye, the grass took absolute control. Cries of Let's Fuck resounded everywhere. Men who a moment before had been pillars of society were now overcome by a lust to destroy, and tore at the fixtures and shit on the floor. Several rubbed their naked bodies with the contents of ashtrays to get rid of a now-repugnant cleanliness. Others were pissing on each other, and it was evident from their vacant eyes and idiot laughter that the smoke had rotted their brains.

So many muggers were in action that there was a shortage of victims and a daisy-chain emerged; muggers, as they mugged others, were themselves being mugged.

Oh, how fragile we are! The careful training by parents, school and church overthrown in a moment! The devil's appetite is insatiable, the dangers of damnation everpresent. Yes, life is a never-ending test. Day by day we move inexorably toward heaven or hell.

GOT THE WILLIES

GAY

Steve

Willie Minzey is in good health and spirits as he slowly chips away at the 10 years to life sentence he received from Judge Spiro Vavuris last May for publicly defying the marijuana laws. After a three month ordeal in the hole at San Quentin Willie is now in Men's Colony East in San Luis Obispo.

Vavuris is a hanging judge. He socked it to Willie although he had no prior felony convictions and his actual trial for possession and contributing lasted only a day and a half. Everybody smokes dope publicly in San Francisco, whether it is in Golden Gate Park like Willie, or in the movies, or even at meetings of the Board of Supervisors. But since Vavuris thinks that dope brought about the evils of the Moslem empire, he has singled Willie out as an enemy of the state.

At this stage all of Willie's writs for bail have been turned down and the process of appeal to higher courts is just beginning. His lawyer is just now filing an appeal to the State Appellate court after waiting months for the transcripts of the trial to be prepared. For some unknown reason they were delayed. The decision will take another six months to arrive. If it is denied he must then go through the same process with the Federal courts. Willie is asking for a retrial since Vavuris refused to allow the fact that Willie used dope in a religious sense to be part of his defense.

Willie has a strong religious case against the dope laws if it is ever allowed to be heard. For three years Willie never missed a Sunday service on Hippy Hill, where he lit up the sacrament with anyone who cared to join

him. The Honda Hogs watched through the bushes and drove around on their motor scooters, but they never busted anyone but Willie. There were times during heavy fog or rain when Willie was the only one to show up and he would smoke alone. Over the years freaks, straights, old people and tourists dropped by and lit up a joint with Willie. But there was never any formal organization established and when Willie was sent off to jail he lost contact with most of his old friends.

Willie doesn't even have a defense committee together. No dope smokers have stepped forward to pick up the banner. Unlike Huey Newton or John Sinclair, Willie never paid attention to the strategies of political pressure. He believes in the power of the people but he has no program.

Willie's wife and two children have moved to Morro Bay, just a few miles from the prison, to wait it out with him. They are all allowed to visit for a whole day once a week. Nathan is two, and Jessica, who was born after Willie went to jail, is nearly five months. Each Friday when they come Willie gets to bounce the kids on his knee and buy them goodies from the vending machines that ring the visiting room. After he has been in prison for a year and has some good behavior points he and the family can spend 48 hours together every few months in an apartment the prison provides.

The prison feels like a YMCA with bars. There are the usual stupid regulations plus a death-like Protestant atmosphere. Everything is a sickly prison color and the inmates are all forced to wear faded denim uniforms. The food

is passable for an institution, although Willie is a vegetarian. Inmates have separate cells and TV and radio at night, but they don't receive FM. Everyone must work a 40 hour week just like in the straight world except the pay is \$3 a month. Willie has a clerk's job.

Willie is as alert and bright as ever with slightly long hair and a handlebar mustache. He's already received flack about his appearance.

The State is talking about turning the prison into a medical facility like Vacaville, or maybe something more eerie like Atascadero, the prison for the criminally insane that lies just a few miles to the north of San Luis Obispo. Already they have moved the four gun towers in closer so that they can shoot the men in the yard now instead of waiting until they go over the fence. The minimum security facilities next door, known as Men's Colony West, is being phased out. This is the place that Tim Leary climbed out of.

For the time being Willie is sitting it out in jail waiting to see what the Appellate Court will decide, but his confinement came so suddenly and so harshly he doesn't have much faith in a legal victory. Diane said that when Willie was unexpectedly taken into custody the shocked expression on his face looked like he had just been decapitated.

Any friends can visit by simply showing up at the prison between 9 and 4, any day but Monday or Tuesday.

If you smoke dope it would only be righteous to do what you can to help set Willie free. Write letters, tell your friends, meditate on it.

Don Jackson

SAN FRANCISCO. At least 22 Berkeley Barb advertisers were arrested by vice squad officers, February 10, in what police called "a crackdown on male homosexual prostitution."

Many of the arrests took place at three expensive apartments. Vice Squad Captain Gerald Shaughnessey said that two of the apartments, "even had indoor private pools, one right in the living room."

Jeremiah P. Donahue, 29, who does business as J. Brian's Models, was arrested along with two male models. Vice officers said that seven other J. Brian models were arrested before the night was over.

Brian models were arrested before the night was over.

A raid on the apartment of Scott Grant at 333 Haight Street was a dud. Nobody was home. However, eight of Grant's models were arrested after dates were made with officers calling them by telephone. Shaughnessey said, Grant was arrested the next day when he returned from Los Angeles.

Alan A. Stanford, 30, who does business as "Dial-a-Model" agency, was arrested at his \$675 per month view apartment at 4470 17th Street. A model was also arrested at the 17th Street address.

Stanford said that vice officers forced their way into his apartment without a warrant and stole his business records. Similar forced entries and record confiscations occurred at the other two addresses, according to Stanford. He added that police had even taken the telephone from the other two model agencies.

Capt. Shaughnessey said that moving in on the three model agencies was relatively simple, since all advertised in the Berkeley Barb, and Dial-A-Model even sends out direct mail advertisements. Shaughnessey said the models

The effects of one wrong step are incalculable, so prudence becomes us. For who can stop himself on the steep descent to perdition?

On one side of the room knives flashed and blood spilled. On the other there was garbled talk of food stamps, rock music and drugs. A class in bomb construction held the attention of a few. Screams bubbled from the foam-flecked lips of those who writhed on the floor in the grip of horrible fantasies.

Boyle had come down and was searching wildly for a fix; his one drag on weed had turned him into a hopeless junkie. Stepping on the faces of the raped, kicking at the organs of the disemboweled, he rounded the room pleading for spare change. This once proud man, who one day might have been Lt. Gov. of his state, was finished. The weed had done its deadly work and never again would Boyle's voice ring out in demand of the death penalty!

49 District Attorneys dead, 283 beyond human help! As I picked my way through the litter of corpses, tears came to my eyes. So many mighty servants of the people had fallen! Surely even those who were then serving 30-year sentences for a stick of grass would mourn the loss of these upright men.

I lit a joint to calm myself and suddenly my heart was uplifted--all was not tragedy here! In these times of high unemployment, the opening up of 332 top jobs is no small thing. And our local funeral parlors were in for an unexpected profit. No, these men had not died in vain!

332 top jobs. . . District Attorney, anyone?



NEWS

were flown from from such far away places as Palm Springs and Montana to keep their dates. "We've had complaints about the situation and now we're doing something about it."

After the raids on the three apartments, vice officers took hotel rooms and began calling the various models for dates, according to Shaughnessey. The models were arrested at the hotel rooms rented by vice officers.

In addition to the agency models, an indeterminate number of independent models were also arrested in the hotel room operation. All of those arrested were Berkeley Barb advertisers. Some also advertised in Vector magazine.

Those arrested were held on various charges including conspiracy, soliciting for prostitution, oral copulation, pandering and keeping a disorderly house. All were charged with at least one felony. One man, Robert R. Newman, 25, of 2233 Divisadero, was charged with possession of marijuana in addition to morals charges. Another man, John J. Meyers, 24, of 57 Taylor Street, allegedly slugged a plainclothes officer and was charged with resisting arrest, assaulting a police officer and oral copulation.

The Society for Individual Rights and the Metropolitan Community Church swung into action to assist those arrested. Both organizations offered the use of their facilities for meetings and telephone communications. SIR found an attorney to handle the cases.

However, most Gay leaders took a dim view of the whole affair. Most felt that the issue was prostitution, and was no more relevant to the Gay Movement than female heterosexual prostitution arrests are relevant to any other heterosexual organization.

Many Gay leaders reacted sharply when models suggested the Gay movement get involved in fund raising for the legal defense. SIR Political chairman, Jim Foster said, "I can't get excited over the arrests." Gay Activist Alliance President Ray Broshears referred to the model agencies as "garbage", but said that the models themselves were the victims of the agency operators.

The Radical Gay Caucus, the radical answer to the Gay Consortium, issued a press release February 15, saying in part, "The Gay Community has too long been befouled with the murders, blackmail and involuntary servitude connected with the operators of these sordid firms. We feel compassion for the young men who were forced into the greedy clutches of the money grabbers, who sought to exploit the bodies of these young men for financial gain." The radicals also voted to censure the Berkeley Barb and Vector Magazine for "the role they played in making this shameful exploitation possible." The Radical Gay Caucus consists of representatives of the San Francisco State Gay Liberation Front, the Gay Activist Alliance, Gay Rap and the Gay Sunshine Collective.

Alan Stanford, the proprietor of Dial-A-Model, denied that the agencies are exploitative. "I operate a legitimate, licensed business", he said, "which has made jobs for a large number of unemployed people."

The model agencies have a sordid history. Two clients were murdered by the models of an agency which is no longer in existence. In early 1971, a model agency operator was arrested on felony charges of prostitution of children. The agency and its owner, whose true name is unknown, disappeared. The agency specialized in teen age male models from 12 years of age up.

In Martin Stow's "Urbi et Orbi" column in the May 1971 issue of Vector, he says "shades of the Mafia...what is that model agency allegedly doing by keeping employees forcibly?"

The November 1, 1971 issue of the Bay Area Reporter contains an ad placed by Alan Stanford, which reads in part,

"Syndicated crime knows no barriers... Already a photographic male mail order house, a book store, a theater and two well-known modeling agencies are connected with syndicated crime in San Francisco. Its fingers of deceit and fraud extend into Los Angeles, and even as far away as Florida. Two murders connected with it remain unsolved to this day."

The most recent scandal connected with the model agencies was the murder of Los Angeles financial executive, Alan Scott MacFarland. Richard Light, 24, who is said to have been employed by a San Francisco model agency, was arrested in a San Francisco Department store using MacFarland's credit card. MacFarland's car was found parked on a nearby street, and his mutilated body was found in a ball park in Los Angeles. Los Angeles police said it was determined that Light was with MacFarland in a Los Angeles motel the night the executive was killed.

Many say that the crackdown is an effort to suppress the Berkeley Barb. All of those arrested were large Barb advertisers; indeed, around a third of the Barb's classified ads and two-thirds of its display ads are from models and massagers. Good Times had warned Barb advertisers the busts were coming (Good Times, January 14, 1972)

Gay News, Los Angeles.

KSAN AGAIN

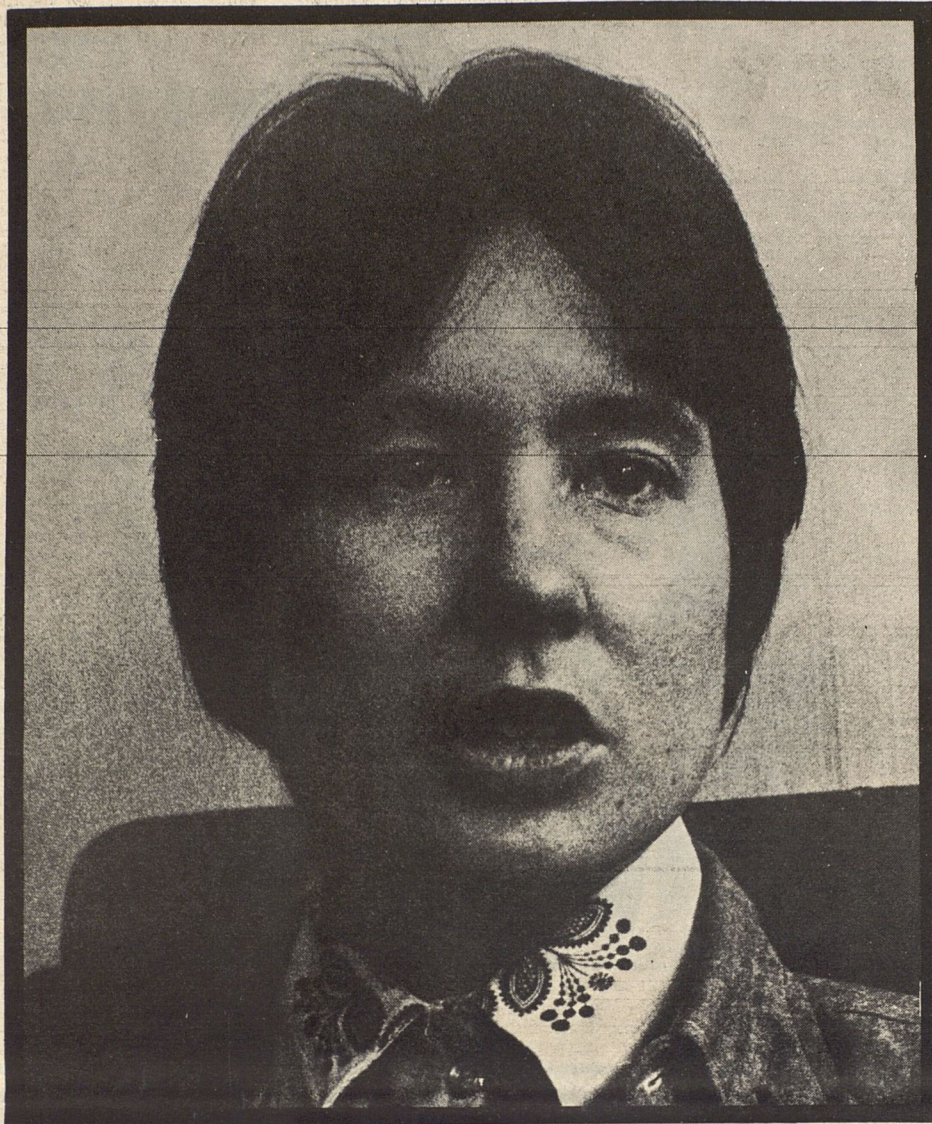
Rev. Ray Broshears

Metromedia station KSAN radio in San Francisco has fired/released me from their employ yesterday, after I had complained of "censorship" of my weekly Saturday afternoon broadcast, GAY PEOPLE'S NEWS REPORT, which the assistant news director did not feel was "newsworthy". I objected to "straight"

(heterosexual) people judging just what is and is not newsworthy for the GAY people, for ONLY a Gay person can determine what interests a Gay person. To adjudge the deaths of three Gay martyrs as not "newsworthy" by the all white male heterosexual news staff is completely incomprehensible. That would be like a white person telling a Black reporter that the killing of George Baskett and George Jackson is "not newsworthy". Gays are a minority, and a greatly abused minority. Do not judge the rest of the nation by the standards of San Francisco, a City allegedly more liberal. Discrimination towards Gay people amongst members of the staff of Metromedia is wide. And for a station that has a reputation of being a "radical" station to have as few Black employees as they do, also opens the question of how racially prejudiced are some of the members of the staff. For as Gay people have found, when you find racial prejudice you always find even heavier prejudice against Gay peoples.

As to the claim of the news director that "KSAN made me, Reverend Ray Broshears, FAMOUS," to that I laugh. If I am "famous" or well known, it happened long before I came to KSAN. As to the claim of the KSAN staffers that I am difficult to work with, how would they know when I was only there a couple of hours a week, and few of them ever spoke to or even had anything to do with me. As to the claim of the KSAN staffers that I am "fiery and hot tempered," that is true, but they have NO first hand knowledge. In many ways, the firing comes as a welcome relief, for I am tired and fed up with being treated as the "Gay nigger" of Metromedia's KSAN. I do thank those few staffers who are not prejudiced for their assistance.

(Dave McQueen of KSAN News says Broshears' show was cut because it was not airworthy, and denies that the station is anti-Gay. Ray is the second Gay newsman fired from KSAN--Leo-Laurence too proved too much for them to handle.--GT)



PHONY MURDER RAP

On January 29--a Saturday night--Stephanie Kline was at a party in her house in San Francisco. The key to her Volkswagen hung in its usual place in the kitchen. According to police, at about 1:30 am (while Stephanie was still at the party and unaware of it) her car was blown up in Oakland by a bomb in the lap of a man in the driver's seat.

When Stephanie heard about the all-points bulletin for her, she contacted her lawyer, Paul Harris of the Community Law Firm at Dolores and 18th. He advised her to phone the police. She did so and said she was on her way in. (They kept the bulletin out anyway.)

When she got there they questioned her for an hour and a half. Yes, the car was registered in her name. Yes, she was at the party at her house. Lots of irrelevant and racist questions, such as: Were you seen with any black people? Were you in the car with black people? Were you at the party with black people? She was detained immediately and held in the Oakland felony tank.

The police produced some 'eyewitnesses' who said they saw her standing near the car around the time of the explosion. They described her as 5 feet 6, long hair, wearing fur coat and high boots. Stephanie is 5 feet 3, has short hair, and has never worn a fur coat or high boots. In a police lineup on Tuesday night (Feb 1), she was "recognized" nevertheless, short hair and all, by three of the "witnesses", but not recognized by at least two others. The pigs tried to say she cut her hair since Saturday but Stephanie cut her hair around Thanksgiving.

She was moved to Santa Rita, put in maximum security and held on \$75,000 bail under charges of murder and transporting explosives.

The following Saturday her lawyer visited her, and with a court order permitting him to do so, brought her two books. One was a labor history and the other a copy of "Lady Sings the Blues" by Billie Holiday.

The next time Stephanie saw the books, a Lieutenant was carrying them, walking down the corridor. Stephanie asked her what she was doing with her books, but the Lt. just said Stephanie should read the books provided by the prison bookmobile, and that she had no right to these two and they would be given to the Captain on the men's side and kept with the rest of her possessions.

In court a few days later when they were trying for a reduction in her bail, Stephanie mentioned this incident to her lawyer, who brought it up to the judge. This was the last thing Stephanie wanted because she was sure it would bring the shit down on her back in the joint. But it was too late. The judge said a charge had been made and he would have to do justice. In the afternoon session there was the Lieutenant big as life, waiting her turn. She took her revenge. She claimed that Stephanie had bragged all over Santa Rita that she had killed a Black Panther.

Back in Santa Rita, Stephanie was thrown in the hole. They gave her her two books, put them in her lap and said, "You're not in the hole for punishment; you're in it for protective custody!" Stephanie was really up tight. She was sure she was getting it for having fingered the Lt. But to her surprise, the deputies were all smiles for her; they hated the Lt. and were glad she'd been put on the spot.

* * * * *

Stephanie is out on bail now, preparing her defense. How quickly changes happen, all because her house's collective car was registered in her name. Stephanie emphasizes that she was not accused because of her political activity. The DA was under pressure to come up with a suspect, and her name was under his nose (on the car registration). It could have been anyone at the party.

Handily for the DA, she happens to be a person who, although a registered pharmacist, does not work for Johnson & Johnson or Dow Chemical. Instead she spends her time working at El Centro de Salud, the Mission people's health center, a community-controlled clinic. In her work there she trains community people to be pharmacists, and makes sure patients are getting correct medication. She has also worked in the SF and Berkeley Women's Health Collectives, doing her own work, teaching courses and taking classes.

Last spring during the American Pharmaceutical Convention, Stephanie was active in the Counter Convention to expose the drug industry for its distortion of medical practice, the cosmetic industry which it controls, and the neurotic image of women it nurtures.

Her defense will be on the real nature of the issues and the exposure of the health conditions of women in prisons. Money and energy are needed and can be offered at the People's Action Committee, 3736 Army St., between Dolores and Guerrero. Phone is 285-7170.

WAR W

"Bobby Shafto's gone to sea
Silver buckles on his knee
He'll come back and marry me
Dear Bobby Shafto."

--an old imperialist folksong

It takes about eleven days to sail to Vietnam on one of those glorious aircraft carriers. Eleven days on the broad blue Pacific: Hawaii--the Philippines--and then those south sea dreams come true. Why wouldn't any fine young American groove to this opportunity? Sow some oats, get a good stereo cheap, come back to his lady, with never a drop of blood on his hands.

They say the sailors on these ships may never even see Vietnam except from 50 miles or so out to sea, where the vessels lie. They say that they hardly even see the pilots who man the bombers, that take off from the ships. On a rare occasion 250 Coral Sea sailors nearly

CORAL SEA P.O.W. RAPS

AN AME

Hanoi, North Vietnam (PNS) - Shortly before noon on January 27th, I was notified that the interview that I had requested with an American pilot had been granted. We drove quickly in an aging black limousine through Hanoi to one of the many unobtrusive government buildings taken over from the French. We pulled into a small courtyard. I was directed by the Vietnamese into a plain room. I sat down at one end of a simple wood table.

Soon the door opened, and Lt. Commander David Hoffman, a strong-looking six-footer entered and sat down at the other end. He wore a colored flannel shirt, which was draped loosely over his

LUIS TALAMANTEZ

LUIS WI

On February 9, 1972, Luis N. Talamantez was acquitted by a Marin County all white jury of the charge of assaulting another inmate. Talamantez, a San Quentin prisoner serving two five to life terms, would have received the mandatory life imprisonment or death penalty sentence, if he had been found guilty. The charge came out of a rumble between four Chicano prisoners at San Quentin on March 12, 1970, with Luis being the only person indicted by the prison and the Marin County District Attorney.

WOMEN'S HEALTH

KNOW

In the August 20, 1971 issue of Good Times there appeared an article on the newly formed San Francisco Women's Health Collective. Many of our aspirations as well as political views were stated at that time. Now, six months later we have many good things happening; a substantial growth, if not in numbers at least in energy.

After much discussion and planning we arrived at the idea of a health information and education center. This includes a medical referral system for obstetrics and gynecology including rou-

WITHIN THE NAVY

got to honeymoon while on active duty recently. Their wives were flown out to them at the expense of the US government. At the last minute all leaves were cancelled to fulfill the heaviest bombing of Vietnam to date.

At present there are three carriers on duty there: the Coral Sea, the Constellation, and the Hancock. The Enterprise is on its way back to the US for rejuvenation, while the Kitty Hawk heads from its San Diego base to the theater of war. Five sailors who had taken sanctuary from the Kitty Hawk before it sailed gave themselves up one hour after it put out to sea. They were promptly flown out to meet it and put back on active duty.

The US government sometimes uses other tactics, however. Rick Larson took public sanctuary with three Palo Alto churches from the carrier Midway in January. He was arrested at Christ the King Church and taken to the Midway

brig. His defense challenged the Court Martial on several counts, whereupon Rick was immediately put in solitary on Treasure Island, and refused his CO papers. He went on an 8-day hunger strike. His CO papers were returned, and he was released 5 days early with a General Discharge under honorable conditions. The government has devised this method to get rid of 'undesirable' influences in an easy way.

An example of how the "free" press unites with the State Department to carry out its policies is contained in the following letter from Bob Killough, a sailor on board the Coral Sea:

January 5

Dear Brothers,

... on Jan 3 a reporter and photographer from the New York Times came aboard our ship. His job, it seems, was to get a story about the present bombings in North Vietnam and Laos. He got more than he bargained

for. . . While touring the ship with two officers, several of our brothers approached him and asked him if he would like to rap with 'the Resistance'. Not only was the reporter surprised but the officers with him didn't know which way to turn? The reporter, seeing a good story, said he would meet us on the fan-tail of the ship at 11 am the next day.

That night we rounded up brothers against the war in Vietnam and informed them what was coming down the next day. Let me say that it isn't easy to assemble a large group of people aboard this ship, unless it's set up by the lifers. Reasons for this are: Many of our brothers work shifts, many of the jobs are with no breaks, etc.

At 11 am on the 4th of January, about one hundred brothers were on the fan-tail waiting to see the New York Times reporter. Several brothers wore head bands (made out of a handy American flag), others wore t-shirts with peace symbols and/or SOS P.O.W. signs written on them. At 11:15 no reporter had shown. However, we did have more than our share of ship's pigs, lifers and other assorted animals. . . They proceeded to bust 5 brothers wearing some of the more decorative costumes.

We knew we'd have to wait for a

while, so we passed the time singing anti-war songs. This really blew the lifers' minds! Everything was together, everyone sensed it. At noon the reporter and his photographer finally showed. By the way, two of the ship's photographers were taking pictures of all us brothers who 'dared' to participate in this gathering. We rapped about many things, the war in Nam; our mission in it; and our attitudes about our being here helping in it. Also discussed was our bombings on Christmas day, when there was supposed to be a truce going on. Hair-cut hassles; freedom of speech and living conditions were also discussed. The reporter seemed very interested. He said he had been receiving a "snowjob" ever since he had set foot on the Coral Sea. After an hour he had to leave. We thanked him and asked him to tell his fellow correspondents. He said he would. . ."

Subsequently there was a small item in the NY Times saying that everything was well on the Coral Sea.

AMERICAN IN HANOI

left shoulder. His arm had been broken when he was shot down in an F-4B during a bombing raid over North Vietnam on December 30th during the intensive bombing raids.

It was a strange circumstance in which to meet a fellow countryman. We both felt somewhat awkward. He told me that his name was David Wesley Hoffman, serial number 659133, and that he had been born in Philadelphia.

I asked where he had been based at the time of the raid. "I was flying from the USS Coral Sea," he said straightforwardly.

"Where were you headed? What were you supposed to attack that day?" I asked.

"It was a target in the area of Vinh (about 140 miles north of the DMZ). I was flying as an escort for the strike aircraft and do not know the exact nature of the target," he said.

I asked what brought his plane down, and he reported a SAM missile had made the hit. "I was captured by the local people," he went on. "They surrounded me as soon as I landed--I landed on a large field. I was injured, my arm was broken, and was surrounded instantly."

"How did they treat you, the people who captured you?" I asked.

"I was treated very well. I was taken to a village, their village, and was given dry clothing, food, and medical attention for my broken arm right away,

and I was given a place to rest."

Lt. Commander Hoffman appeared to be in good health and was amazingly cheerful considering the fact that he was a prisoner. He went on: "Since being brought to the detention camp here I have been treated very well. I was taken immediately to the hospital, the doctors examined my arm and started treatment so that it would heal properly. I have been well-fed and clothed and provided good shelter. My treatment has been very, very good."

Vietnamese in Hanoi had told me that captured American pilots are fed more than North Vietnamese soldiers simply because of the difference in their accustomed diets and body sizes. One senses from the Vietnamese that they recognize the political importance of the pilots and make considerable effort to provide for them within their means. Spokesmen at every level in Hanoi repeatedly stressed that they were com-

mitted to repatriating all US pilots--but only after a reasonable settlement of the war, which they insist is contained in the Provisional Revolutionary Government's Seven Point Peace Plan.

In concluding, I asked if there was any message that he would like to give to his family or friends in the US.

He began, "I would like. . . In the first place, my family is in San Diego, California. I would like to tell them that my arm is healing and that otherwise I am good health. I want them to know that I think of them always and that I love them very much, of course. And I want them to know that I think they should try to do all that they can and try and bring peace so that we may be reunited as soon as possible."

He smiled, and then left alone through the rear door.

--Banning Garrett (author of "Two, Three, Many Vietnams")

GUARDS AROUND

The prosecution's case against Luis consisted of a stream of guards getting on the stand and testifying (lying) that they had seen Luis attack Gonsalvo Hernandez with a knife. The prosecution further tried to cement its case by attempting to put Hernandez himself on the stand; Hernandez stated he did not remember a thing except being hit from behind and waking up in the hospital.

Talamantez/ defense consisted of prisoners repudiating the prosecution's case and testifying that he was just defending himself. These prisoners also

stated to the court that when they had been brought from the various prisons to San Quentin the day before they were scheduled to testify, they had been intimidated by the officials there--one was put in a strip cell, another one was put in the hole, and another one was put on mainline and was in great fear of his life. Inasmuch as the trial was going so well for Luis, he took the stand for only a few moments, and the defense rested its case.

The prosecution then put rebuttal witnesses forth--more San Quentin

guards--who testified that they had to put the witnesses in "quiet cells" because there were no other cells available. Doug Vaughn, Talamantez' lawyer, subpoenaed the log from the prison for that particular day and proved that there were many regular cells available and that the defense witnesses did not have to be put in the strip cells. Both the DA and the guard who had lied turned very red at that moment.

In the prosecution's closing arguments, the DA stated that Luis could not have been the one being attacked because the other person had more wounds than he did; to which Luis asked, "You want to try it?"

The jury was out for six hours before returning the 'not guilty' verdict. The next day, one of the woman jurors contacted Vaughn and stated she had been asked by the jury foreman to call him and tell him that it was obvious to the jury that it was a clear case of pers-

ecution against Luis.

So the prosecution's case against Luis was so bad that not even a middle class all white jury could be fooled by the DA. They saw what has been known all along, that Luis was being tried for his political beliefs and that persecution against him continues as he has now been charged with five counts of murder and various conspiracy charges resulting from the events of August 21, 1971, at San Quentin prison, when George Jackson and five other people died. Along with Luis, five other comrades are being charged: Fleeta Drumgo (one of the Soledad Brothers), Hugo Pinell, Willie Tate, David Johnson, and Johnny Larry Spain, who are now known as the San Quentin 6.

Linda Castro
Luis Talamantez
Def. Committee
415-524-1914

COLLECTIVE

YOUR BODY

tine pelvis, pregnancies and abortions. We arrived at this by investigating existing health clinics, help from our sisters, at Planned Parenthood, and a questionnaire we sent to over 100 San Francisco ob-gyns. We still want to hear about both positive and negative experiences that women have had with doctors. This will help all of us to better prepare ourselves in dealing with future health problems and experiences.

Our plans for an advocacy program are materializing now. Several women have expressed a desire to take part.

Already sisters have accompanied each other to clinics and doctors' offices. We can all benefit from this. Such pressure will also fulfill our political demands, making existing health facilities recognize us, hear us and become more sensitive to our needs.

We need and welcome any woman who desires to join us in our struggle to learn and teach, co-operate and grow, whatever her background or experience.

At this time we have an office at 3789-24th St at Church, open Tuesday and Thursday 12 pm to 8 pm. Call 282-

6999 for referral, rapping or whatever. Come by and visit. Sometimes we have planned discussions centering around the health care system, its politics, the neighborhood facilities and action groups. Monday evenings at 7:30 pm we plan discussions which may include a person who represents a public health facility, usually someone sympathetic to our struggle. These are people, usually women, who we work closely with. Past discussions included someone from Medi-Cal, the Thursday Noon Group from SF General Hospital, the Nutrition Action Group, the Berkeley Women's Health Collective, Regional Young Adult Project, and various abortion counselling groups. Wednesday night we hold classes for and by our sisters. Whatever is in demand--we're open to it. We have already begun a series of discussion sessions and informal classes on women's diseases; more will follow. Wednesday

night classes coming up include: Child-birth and Midwifery - March 1; Nutrition - March 8; Sexuality, a discussion for gay women - March 15; Women's Diseases - March 29; and Psychology, a discussion of various kinds of therapy and how they have helped or failed us as women - April 5.

A self-help clinic is being formed in co-operation with sisters from other clinics and women's groups here in the City. We hope to concentrate much of our educational and self-help efforts in the Noe Valley where the collective is located. However, all women are welcome. Come in and rap, borrow books and browse through medical texts. There is also plenty of free literature on the many aspects of the fight for better health care.

The San Francisco Women's Health Collective.



con-tact

Last year the California Department of Corrections adopted an open correspondence policy: prisoners could correspond with anybody. This opened up to the prisoners many sources of information. Previously, a prisoner could correspond only with ten people, all of whom had to be approved by the Department of Corrections.

On Feb. 1st of this year new restrictions were imposed on Folsom prison. These limit prisoners to correspond with a maximum of ten people whom they knew before entering prison. These people must be approved by prison officials. People and organizations outside the prison will be able to correspond with only one prisoner in the California prison system.

It has been proposed that these restrictions be extended to San Quentin. This action is a strengthening of the walls stopping communication between the greater occupied territory and the lesser occupied territory. Communication is a source of strength and information both to us on the outside and the prisoners.

If you'd like to write to a prisoner, do so now before the Dept. of Corrections

further closes the communication and supply lines. Contact the prisoner support group, Connections, at 863-1604 for names and addresses.

Dear Good Times:

It seems that it is not just the war in Vietnam. For even when it does end we will still have wars everywhere.

Wars against living, women, growing, change, people, races, gayness, sharing communally.

The wars go on always. The first liberation seems one of our programing. Smashing it open, all of our minds to non-halting.

When you watch seasons flash by your window, you're doing time. When you write letters and can't think of what to say, you're doing time. When your room has only 40 square feet of floor space, you're doing time. When you start looking and feeling old, you've done time.

Charles Lee Tyrone Bell
B-5524
Folsom Prison
Represa, Calif, 95671

P.S. Charles would like some mail

piece of mind

Simone

The Maximum Psychiatric Diagnostic Unit (MPDU) at Vacaville has opened as planned in mid-February, and the Department of Corrections has started filling the 84 slots there. So far they have given consent forms to about 25 men in San Quentin, Tracy, and Folsom. Some of these men have refused to go. One of the men who refused to sign the consent form and fears being forced to go is Alfred Dunn. Dunn is one of the original Soledad Seven. The charges against him in that case were dropped about a year ago, but he has been in the hole ever since. This new unit is supposed to be for violent and unmanageable prisoners, yet Dunn has not had any write-ups for violence during that year. His family has come up from LA to try and see that he is not forced to go.

One of the men at San Quentin who did sign the consent form was told it was the only way he would ever get out

of the hole, and that it would stop him from being a militant. Exactly what he was "volunteering" for was never explained to him, and he signed the form while he was drugged on thorazine. This man has been beaten repeatedly, and has been in the hole for the past three years. His family also was outraged when they learned of it, and are trying to have his consent rescinded.

According to Dick Fine, about 14 men have been moved to the MPDU, all of them with written consent. But we know that the idea of a volunteer program in the prison system is absurd, and that beatings and threats of parole rejection are only some of the pressures that the prison guards and officials are known to use.

We are still not sure exactly what is going to be happening at this new unit, but we must be on guard, and watch the Department of Corrections. Call Connections at 863-1604 or Medical Committee on Human Rights 626-2246.

ADIEU FROM THE BRIDGE

Mike Henry

Last year, over a hundred people came to the Golden Gate Bridge to jump off it. At least 15 succeeded, and fog and violent tides may have hidden more deaths. From that height it's like hitting cement; 'success' means a battered, distorted corpse, sometimes with "evidence of marine infestation", in the phraseology of the coroner's reports. Over the years, only six people have survived the jump, the main qualifications being youth and happening to hit the water feet first with the head protected by the arms.

But the Bridge is a glorious place to die. Glen Wallis, the bridge's Senior Project Engineer, says he's noticed that many jumps seem to come on the first clear day after a storm, when the air is clean and clear and you can see Mt. Diablo across the Bay. Most of the people choose the middle of the span, where the great cables arc down to meet the roadbed. The second most popular spot is behind the south tower, which cuts off the unceasing roar of the bridge traffic.

Most of the people who come to jump off the bridge get stopped, they say. The waitresses at the coffeehouse at the south end of the span have a lot of practice in spotting the long last cup of coffee. The men doing the sprayspaining that goes on every day of the year and the guy in the tow truck that is always moving on the bridge are trained by the Suicide Prevention Bureau to spot depressed looking people shuffling toward the final leap. The sergeant at the desk overlooking the toll plaza always has one eye on the two

closed-circuit TV's that scan the walkway, checking to see if people look right, if they're dressed right for the weather.

The bridge is famous the world over as a suicide spot. The only place where more people kill themselves is in Japan, where the students go who have failed their college entrance exams.

The Bridge's Board of Directors find this notoriety embarrassing; San Francisco Supervisor and Bridge Director, Bob Gonzales, is pressing for a half a million dollars to build a fence to keep the people from jumping off.

Gonzales, a slick Alioto appointee who always wears expensive tailored suits, might find it hard to understand the motivations of the people who jump. Some of the ones who were stopped say they just wanted to get their names in the paper.

Their stories are just the stories of our times. They were so lonely, they had stared at the wall of their Tenderloin hotels and smoked uncounted cigarettes and went over and over the chances for love they had lost, until they knew it was too late, and then they caught the bus and walked out on the bridge to jump. A lot of servicemen come to jump. Lonely, hopeless people. The only place in the US now with a higher suicide rate than San Francisco is the old folks' ghetto of Tampa/St. Petersburg, Florida.

Dick Seiden, a UC professor of public health, has been gathering facts about bridge jumpers as a sort of hobby for years, until the National Institute of Mental Health gave him and Katherine Tom-

ATTICA BU

In an effort to bring everyone up to date on what has occurred since Sept. 13 and to counter the "blackout" of real news - medical, legal, and general defense efforts at Attica.

MEDICAL:

Medical conditions are worse now than before the events of September. At least eight of the men retain bullet fragments somewhere in their bodies. Others still have fractures and internal injuries from the vicious beatings they took after the yard was retaken. The nutritive value of the food, always low, is barely at subsistence level. Some inmates have lost over fifty pounds since September. One brother, just out, lost 47 pounds. Diabetics no longer get their proper medicine. Literally dozens of men are still without glasses, hearing aids, dentures, - all of which - along with family pictures and books, etc., were either confiscated or destroyed by the troopers and correctional officers. But what is most disturbing is the high level of hostility between the brothers and the prison doctors. Understandable in the light of the evidence we are collecting that shows that the doctors are medically, and deliberately punishing the brothers.

LEGAL

The Grand Jury investigating the

Sept. 9-13 events was impaneled on Nov. 29 in Warsaw, N.Y. It consists of 23 persons, 12 are needed to hand down an indictment. On the morning the jury was impaneled, attorneys for the ADC made three motions before State Supreme Court Justice Ball: 1) The Jury should not be composed solely of Wyoming county residents (many of whom are friends and relatives of prison guards and officials) since the county population is not reflective of the prison population; 2) Since the prosecutor was asking questions of the prospective members of the grand jury we asked for the same right. In the absence of that right, we asked that neither party ask questions and that only the judge do the selecting; 3) We argued that the placing of men in segregation was analogous to arrest, and moved that these men be released to general population and be charged and arraigned. ALL THREE MOTIONS DENIED.

GENERAL DEFENSE: CONDITIONS

*Over 300 inmates are still being held in segregation.

*Others, presumably defense witnesses have been transferred to other institutions and isolated.

*Abuse by Correctional officers has been intensified: midnight strip searches, cigar butts in food, windows broken de-

linson a grant last year to compile detailed statistics on the problem. Sitting in their office rapping, they tell the stories of the businessman whose partner wouldn't ball him, the man who held his hat on his head all the way down, the man who drove his wife up and then shooed away the curious crowd, explaining "She's been wanting to do this for years" while she went over the rail (a charge of "aiding and abetting a suicide" were later dropped by the DA). One day, Seiden and Tomlinson recount, someone jumped while a dismayed technician watched on the TV scanner he had just serviced.

Of the thousand or so who have been stopped from jumping off the bridge so far, less than a dozen came back again and jumped. People are almost always thankful that they've been saved. The emergency attention that the bridge people give to attempted suicides reassures them that people care if they live or die and jolts them a notch higher out of the pit of depression. The bridgeworkers training and impulse is to rush to the suicide's aid -- one painter actually jumped off the bridge with a suicide, gripping him, knowing that the painter's safety net below would catch them. Everyone near a life-and-death emergency is moved to act. A January entry in the 'outcome' column of the Bridge's log of suicide attempts reads, "gave them money to get married."

How much more efficient for the government to just put up a fence, Supervisor Gonzales thinks; a fence of 3/8 inch steel tension rods six inches apart and eight feet high.

The fence symbolizes the state's attitude towards mental health. The problem is to stop the people from jumping; the solution, a fence. "This trip is forbidden to you, unless you are crazy enough to drive out to the middle or run across six lanes of continuous traffic to jump off the unfenced Pacific side.

Suicide requires the total rejection of a society, including its government. Soviet Russia refuses to publish its suicide rate, and even a state as determinedly uninterested in the happiness of its people as Amerika is reluctant to admit that its citizens opt out. Tell me why, Ronald Reagan, do they say that more young people jump from the bridge now? I'm 25, and that news hurts me.

Glen Wallis, the head bridge engineer, put it this way: "The first thing would be to solve the real problems of society that are behind the suicides -- the frustration, the competition, the alienation, the violence. But the Board of Directors isn't interested in solving those problems.

"They want an easier answer. But I don't think that the fence is the right

answer."

The fence is the government's answer to your darkest night: the next best thing to caring. Sure, people stopped from jumping don't go home and try some other way out. But what Gonzales and the other finger-in-the-dike politicians don't realize is that putting in the cork here just raises the pressure over there and there. Society's mind works like that -- every rash of reports in the papers about bridge jumpers is followed by a rash of jumps. Every time someone will put aside the thought of suicide because the bridge has been fenced off, their glum vibes will keep radiating through society until somewhere else in this polluted city another thought of suicide will pop into another mind more prone to barbiturates (the commonest way of suicide in SF), alcohol or guns -- which a lot of suicidal people can't even afford to buy.

Putting up the fence is not going to save lives; it's going to take heat off the Bridge District and Gonzales. And the heat has been on, in the form of a recent show on KQED TV critical of the bridge district for moving so slowly. "The first suicide from the bridge was in 1937, two and a half months after the damned thing opened. *nd people have been talking about putting up a fence ever since. It's time something got done."

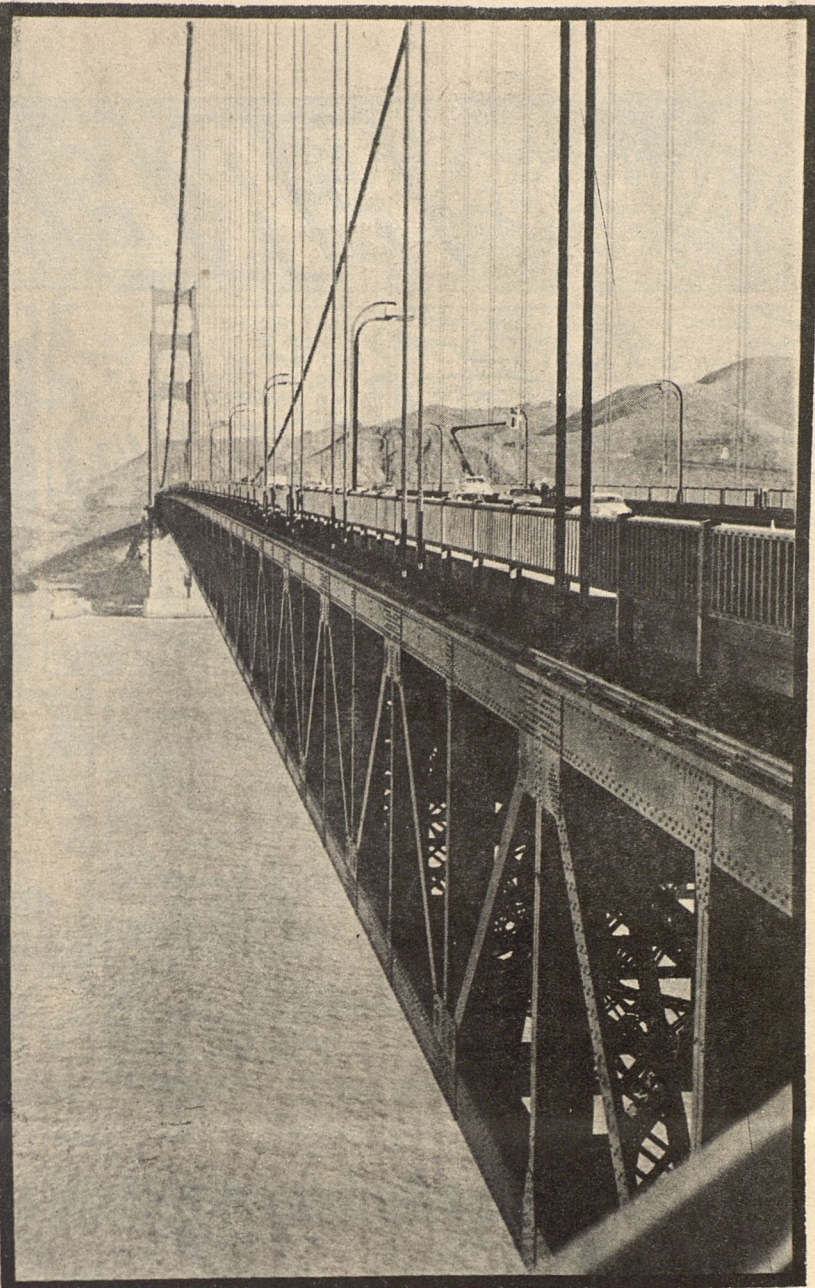
The fence idea is now in phase II of a plan of which the completed fence is phase V. Preliminary design and research contracts have been let. Early results show that the fence would weigh less than the original cast iron panelled handrailing, and would be even more pleasant for passing motorists, whose view is now blocked. Of course this increases the hazard of gawkers, but a fence isn't too subtle anyway. It can't be expected to do everything.

All these things may be discussed at public meetings of the Board of Directors of the Golden Gate Bridge, including Bob Gonzales, except that there's not likely to be anybody there representing the interests of the people who feel suicidal and want to jump off their gorgeous bridge. Even the ones who were saved are not likely to come forward to testify that having come to jump off the bridge at least brought them back into contact with humanity.

But the Directors meet regularly in their building at the south end of the bridge; call them at 346-5858 for the meeting time. Come yourself -- the offices command a beautiful view overlooking the bridge, sweeping away over the waters to the Marin headland.

Otherwise, the fence project will probably grind slowly on until when, about the time the first BART station opens in the City, the fence will suddenly appear.

*H.B. Wobber, bargeman.



BULLETIN

liberately from the outside in subfreezing weather.

*The prison continues as a slave labor camp, turning out office furniture in the metal shop for Albany, at 40¢ per man per day. Prisoners who refuse to work are, at best, confined to solitary.

*The numerous law suits that have been brought against the state to stop the abuse and harassment, have either been denied, or ruled upon in such a way as to make them unenforceable.

*Summonses issued by the prosecutor for the grand jury have been based upon information gathered through illegal electronic surveillance in the cell blocks. (A hearing to stop this has recently been denied)

*Hooded witnesses have been brought from the prison to testify before the Grand Jury.

*Forced "immunity" has been given those who have been hesitant to testify.

INDICTMENTS ARE DUE AT ANY TIME

For more information about available material, or for any contribution please write to: Attica Defense Comm, 816 Prudential Building, 30 Church St., Buffalo, NY 14202



ATTICA PRISON YARD, SEPTEMBER 11, 1971

the FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

COPYRIGHT © 1972 BY GILBERT SHELTON

... SURE I'D LIKE TO COME OVER TO YOUR HOUSE, FREDDY! THAT BE A GAS!

YOU'LL HAVE TO COME PICK ME UP AT MY PARENTS' HOUSE...

AND BE STRAIGHT! MY FOLKS ARE UPTIGHT! YOU KNOW?

YEAH! HEH HEH! WE CAN LISTEN TO MY RECORDS AND READ MY COMIC BOOKS AND, UH, MAKE OUT ON MY WATERBED! HEH HEH!

SURE, FREDDY! ONLY I DON'T TAKE THE PILL, YOU KNOW! IF WE'VE GOTTA MAKE OUT, YOU'VE GOTTA GET SOMETHING TO MAKE IT SAFE!

YOU KNOW?

I GUESS THAT MEANS I GOTTA GO OUT AND BUY SOME RUBBERS!

I... I'VE NEVER BOUGHT ANY RUBBERS BEFORE! THEY SELL 'EM AT DRUG STORES, I THINK...

OH, MY GOD! THERE'S A LADY AT THE COUNTER!

SHE PROBABLY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT "RUBBER" MEANS!

...AND I CAN'T THINK OF THAT OTHER WORD!

ER, UH... COULD I SPEAK TO THE MANAGER, PLEASE?

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

(JEEZUS! EVERYONE'S LOOKING AT ME! I'LL JUST HAVE TO BRAZEN IT OUT!)

JUST GIVE ME A GIANT BOX OF YOUR CHEAPEST RUBBERS, MY GOOD MAN!

OUR LEAST EXPENSIVE PROPHYLACTICS SELL FOR \$4.95 A DOZEN, SIR.

WELL GIMME A DOZEN! I GOT A HOT DATE TONIGHT! HEH HEH!

CUT RATE DRUGS

THAT WAS EASY!

THAT EVENING:

HEH HEH... ...DIS MUST BE DA PLACE...

SNORT SNUK

! !

DADDY, THIS IS FREDDY...

UH, DID YOU ASK YOUR FOLKS IF THEY WANTED TO GO TO CHURCH WITH US?

C'MON, FOLKS! GRAB YOUR COATS! WORSHIP SERVICES START IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!

THE END

FAT FREDDY'S CAT

COPYRIGHT © 1972 BY GILBERT SHELTON

MOAN! FAT FREDDY MIXED A BOWL OF TUNA SPREAD AND PUT IT WHERE I CAN'T GET AT IT! WHAT TO DO?

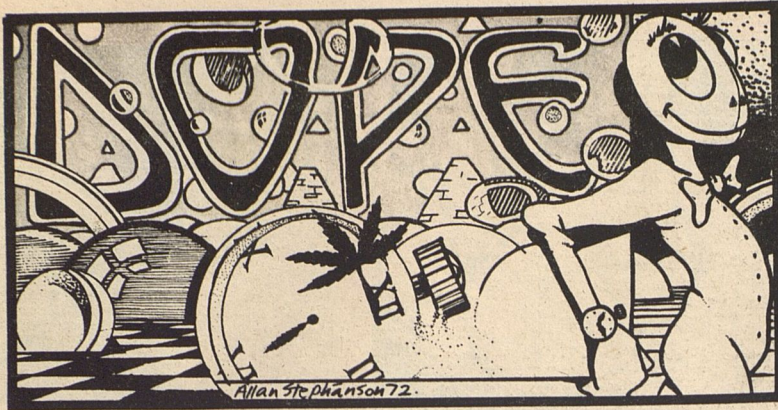
POSS! ROACHES! THERE'S A DELICIOUS BOWL OF TUNA SPREAD ON TOP OF THE ICE BOX!

ARRRRGGHHH! MY TUNA FISH IS FULL OF ROACHES!

(SLURP) I THINK ROACHES GO JUST FINE WITH TUNA FISH!

...WISH HE'D LEFT OUT THOSE ONIONS, THOUGH...

THANK YOU, STEVE PLUMBY, ANDREW...



mike rogram

Among the hot new drugs on the market is a brownish liquid usually called THC or liquid hash and marketed for \$150 an ounce. This stuff is a 2-toke wipeout - an ounce goes a long, long way but it is not tetrahydrocannabinol. Reliable sources report that it is usually a mix of LSD and PCP. For some reason there is a street rumor that PCP can't be liquefied, which is patently untrue. What is true is that no one would want to liquefy it except to pass it off as something else, because it is pretty unstable when in solution, and easily deteriorates.

PCP, the powerful animal tranquilizer, is really heavy when taken in excessive doses, but if kept under 10 milligrams is fairly safe. Don't try to do anything that requires sharp reactions though, like driving.

There has been word that there is some liquid hash around, a potent brew supposedly 30 to 50 times more powerful than regular hash. Four Americans were recently busted in Kabul, Afghanistan, for distilling it.

Items related to drugs may be sent to: Mike Rogram, Good Times, 2377 Bush, SF 94115. Stay high.

Lee Otis Johnson, the young black radical organizer in Houston whom the pigs pinned with a 30-year rap for possession of 1 joint, may be free soon. A US District judge has ruled that Texas has 90 days to drop the case or retry him, or appeal his ruling. Lee Otis, who was caged just when his organizing efforts in Houston's ghettos were beginning to have results that threatened the pigs, has already served 3-1/2 years. Houston Mayor, Lewis Welch testified that even he thinks the 30 year sentence was excessive.

Roaches... The former number two narc, John Finlator, has advocated legalizing pot possession, and he is working toward that end with NORMAL, the National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws. Finlator stepped down January 1 as deputy director of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs... Another voice for legalization: Eugene McCarthy. But he adds that the package should contain a health warning (Caution: marijuana could be harmful to your position in the establishment?) Typical McCarthy backtracking... Meanwhile, more and more people in positions of power are getting hassled for smoking. Most recent cases: Duane Thomas, the beautiful Dallas Cow-

boy halfback whose inscrutability freaks other players and sportswriters... 5 years probation in Texas after pigs stopped his car for no reason. Thomas is black... Ruth Rowley, the wife of the mayor of Goldendale, Wash. Facing 6 months. No wonder there's such a push for legalization...

Street dealers in the Haight mixing methadone with smack... Don't eat raw grass--it'll make you sick. Cook it first and feel the glow spread. Takes at least an hour...

As expected, the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse has recommended unanimously that all criminal penalties for private use and possession of grass be eliminated. However, they stop short of advocating legalizing the cultivation or sale of doobie, so getting it will still remain a hassle. The government will print the full report March 22. Naturally, President Nixon has already said he will ignore the report because he just doesn't want anyone to have fun without feeling paranoid about it.

In its 1-year study the commission found that 24 million Americans have smoked dope, more than 10% of the populace; and that even long-term use isn't physically or psychologically harmful. Liberals on the commission reportedly want to decriminalize all use, but the right wingers won't go for it...

The drive to legalize cultivation and possession in California is going well. A total of 325,000 signatures are needed to get it on the ballot this November... The state of New Mexico, meanwhile, seems about to reduce the penalty for possession to a misdemeanor carrying no more than a \$100 fine. The proposed law has already passed one house of the state legislature.

Typical of the insanity with which much marijuana research is being conducted is a recent experiment conducted by Soviet psychiatrists and reported in the United Nation's quarterly Bulletin on Narcotics. The two Russians took 14 healthy dogs weighing between 10 and 40 pounds each, and stuffed them with doses of cannabis resin weighing between one-half and three OZs. The poor dogs got stoned at first, but soon, as the grass spread through their systems, were wiped out. Two of the dogs died, five were so bad off they were killed, and seven hung on long enough for the crazy shrink to give them a second dose. This time they were a little better prepared to handle it, but one died in a little more than an hour. What did those assholes expect? Giving a 25-pound mutt three ounces of pure resin is like feeding a 150lb. man 18 pounds of weed. (Home tests show a pound of dope boils down to about one ounce of resin.) Try feeding someone 18 pounds of Coca-Cola, aspirin, or table salt. The results would be about the same.

On the other side of the research picture, doctors are starting to rediscover some of the medicinal uses of pot, knowledge lost by the taboo western society has placed on marijuana. The National Institute of Mental Health, in its second annual report to Congress, reveals that recent studies have found pot to be useful in treating glaucoma, an eye disease which frequently causes blindness, alcoholism, sinus problems, epilepsy, ear inflammations, skin problems and depression.

The NIMH report also stated that pot use doesn't lead to crime, heroin use, or chronic psychosis, and that users don't need to smoke more and more in order to get high. All these things are well known to dopers, and maybe now that bullshit will finally be laid to rest along with the rest of the lies straights and pigs have spread for years about the magic weed.

OUR AGENT IN CITY HALL--we are everywhere!--tells us that new security measures are being discussed but not seriously. The idea is to let people have "a feeling of security." That feeling was shattered when Herb Caen reported that the security guard only worked 9 to 5, while the building is open 8 to 6. Northern Station will be sending over three more guards, maybe more, who will roam the building, or maybe one of them will sit at each door. They will only check "suspicious-looking persons." Wonder who that refers to? There is also talk of a sign at the door saying police have the right to search anyone entering the building.

It's all Mickey Mouse and they know it. They aren't too uptight since up 'till now bombers have been hitting at places like police stations and banks, not city halls.

THE EAST BAY MEDIA Center serves the people who are serving the people. They supply graphic art, publicity, and access to tools, materials, and instruction in media on a non-profit basis. If you need their services or would like to help out, come to 2545-1/2 Regent, Berkeley... Marcus Books has perhaps the most complete inventory of literature on the struggle for black cultural and political liberation. Drop by 540 McAllister--near City Hall--and browse through the stalls and have your mind blown at the proliferation of black talent in just a few short years since the dams to access to media began to crumble. Also posters, magazines, newspapers, records, African imports. Run by Rich, a friendly and informed man deeply involved in the struggle...

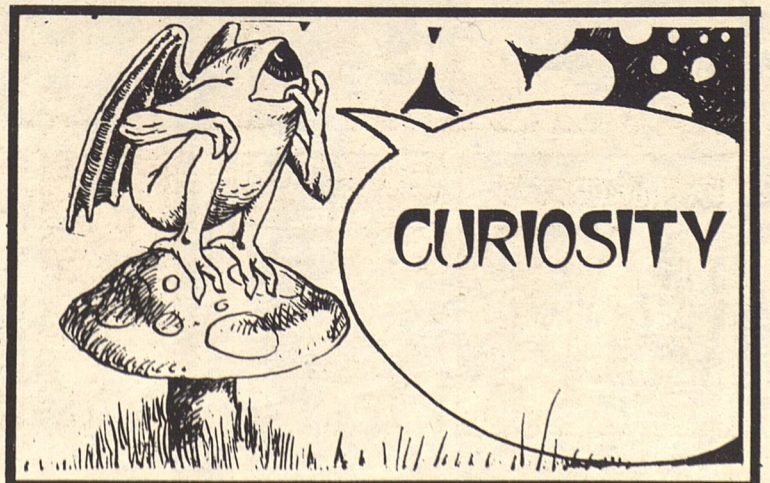
A new series at City Lights Poets' Theater--midnight to 3 am concerts for \$1.50. Folk bluesman Jim Post kicks it off Saturday night. In the future: March 4, Saving Grace; later on, Cleveland Wrecking Company, Bobby Hutcherson, and a possibility of Raheem Roland Kirk.

JULY 1, ASPEN COLO. - Plans underway for a gathering that date on 3000 acres of Rocky Mountain. Invited are leaders and people of all nations, and politicians - "out of charity". The purpose - "expressing our sincere desire that there shall be peace on earth, harmony among all people." The meeting planned for three days. More news on that as it comes in.

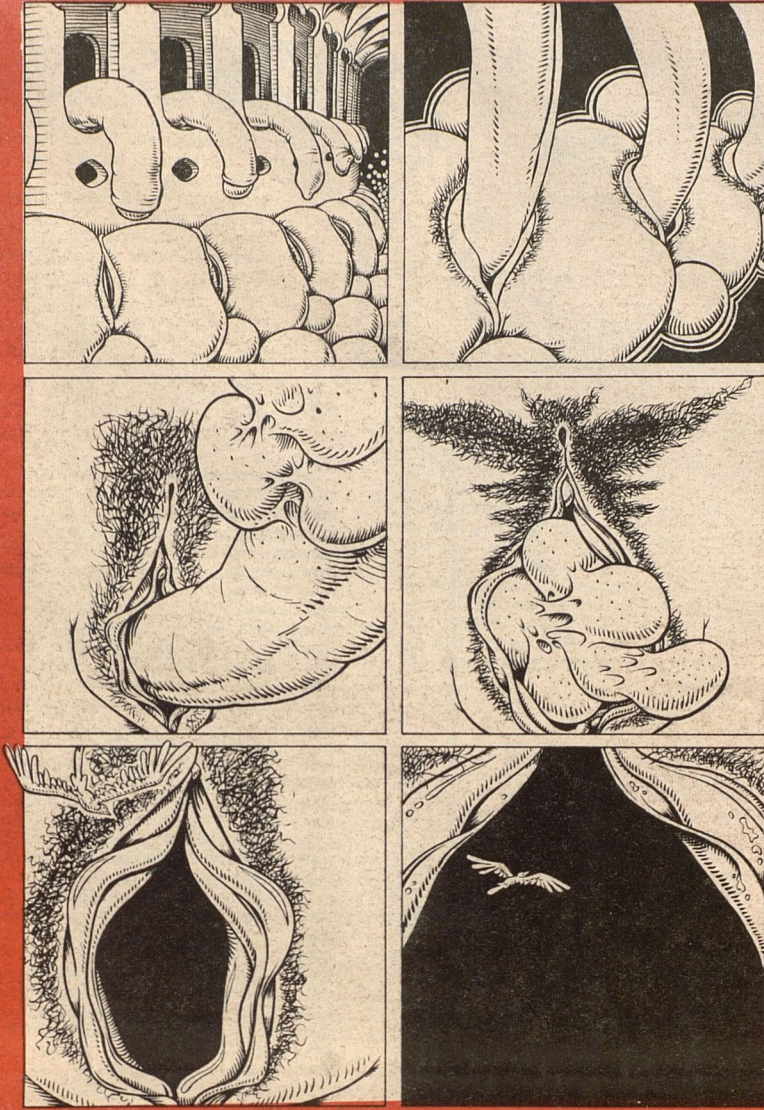
FOOD - STAMP ANTI-COMMUNE regulations will not go into effect in San Francisco until at least April, and maybe later, our agent reports. And even when they do, things now look like there's no reason to be paranoid because the manpower just isn't there to do much checking up.

Berkeley is another story, many people cut off already, more to come. They do house checks there, one of the hardest places in the U.S. now for hippies to get stamps. The people who have been cut off are appealing and are still on the rolls until they have exhausted their legal rights, but things don't look good. The TRIBE is organizing the opposition to the new laws. Contact them to see how you can help out and/or be helped.

HAROLD SCHWAN, a unique individual and talented painter, has an exhibit at the People's Art and Music Store, 1375 9th Ave. That neighborhood is really flourishing with solid mellow freaks. The People's Art Store features a different artist each month, and musical instruments and accessories on a regular basis. Run by Dusty Farnham. He had a party in his backyard the other week, with the Hand Band supplying the music. He's planning to do it as a regular thing every other Sunday during the summer. Drop by and see Harold's paintings, religious, youth and drug culture oriented, meticulously done in styles ranging from hippie modern to cubist. Things of beauty.



CHOICES



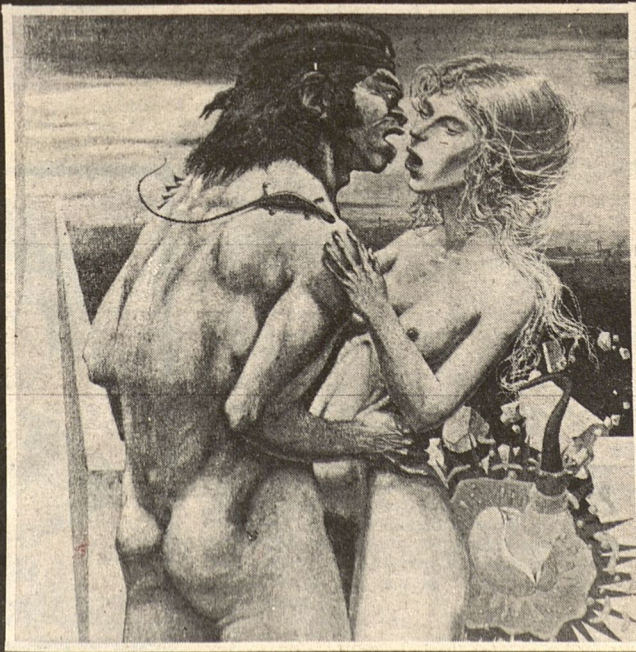
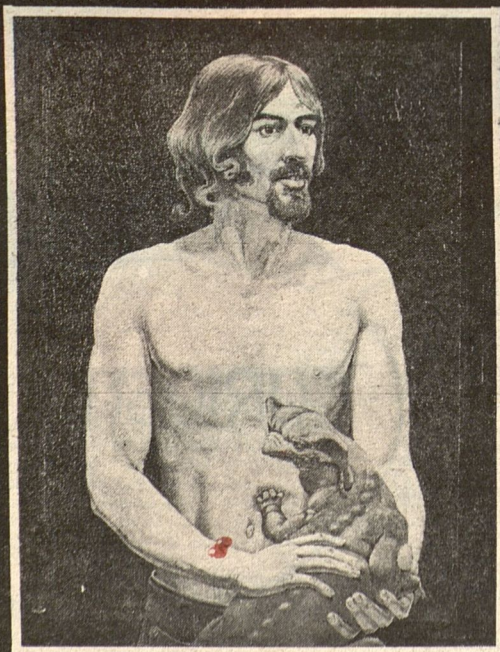
COLWELL

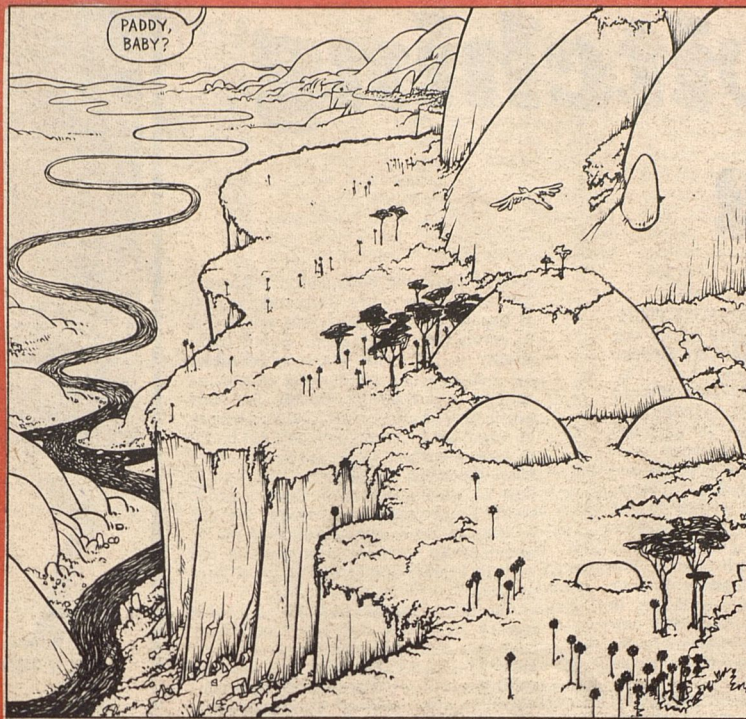
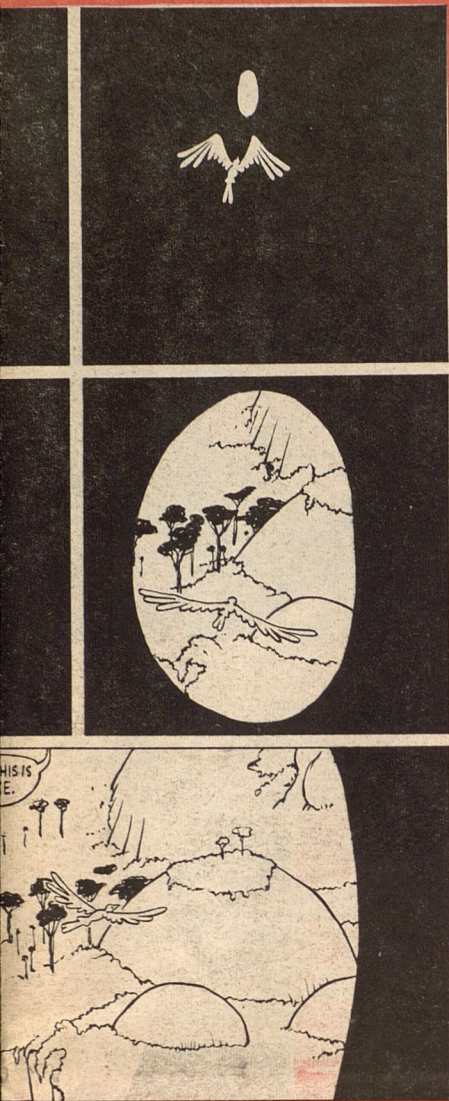
benhari

Heroin or revolution? That's the choice for young black ghetto people. The needle or the gun. Take your life in your hands or just take your life.

Guy Colwell, a 26-year old white artist who lives in the heart of the Fillmore district, focuses his considerable talent on that dilemma in a 40-page single story book, "Choices--the Inner City Romance Comic", new from Last Gasp Eco-Funnies this week. "Choices" is powerful stuff, a blend of a strong, archetypal tale with clean down home artwork, both complimenting each other nearly perfectly.

The whole story takes place on the





first day the three main characters get out of prison. The choice must be made by James, a brooding long-muscled black. He is invited by his two prison buddies, Marvin, also black, and Paddy, white, to join them in their pre-incarceration trade back in San Francisco--selling women and dope. But James tells them, "I think first I'm gonna get me some good love--then I think I'll get a good gun and go to where my people are strugglin'." Still, one part of him is drawn to the life of dope, money, and sex, while the other recognizes the pimp and the pusher as the enemies of the liberation of his people, animals of prey who enslave their own

people in the soft cage of heroin and easy money.

While James' struggle - another meaning for "inner city romance" - is the main dramatic focus of the book, Colwell is lavish with his fine artistic ability. The powerful balling, street, and acid trip scenes show the same strength as his paintings (GT, Nov 27, '71); lithe athletic torsos in dynamic motion, the nuances of the street scene, the magic feelings of an acid trip. The last panels are especially brilliant. Colwell has managed through simple strong linework to depict the actual sensation of balling on LSD, of being inside, outside, and intertwined with a lover in

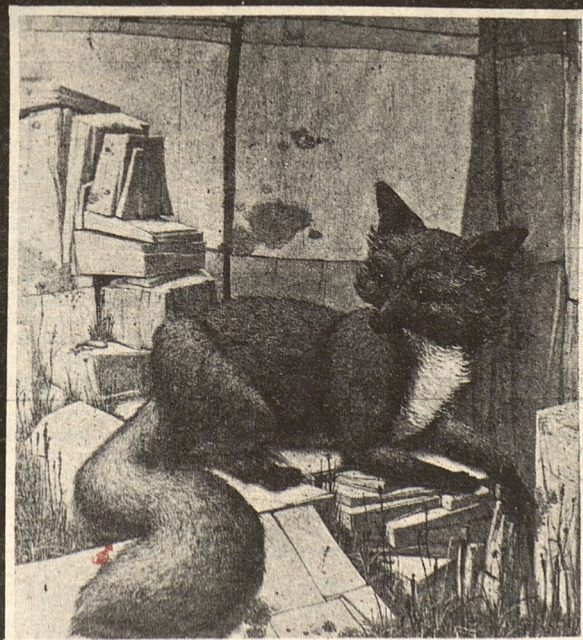
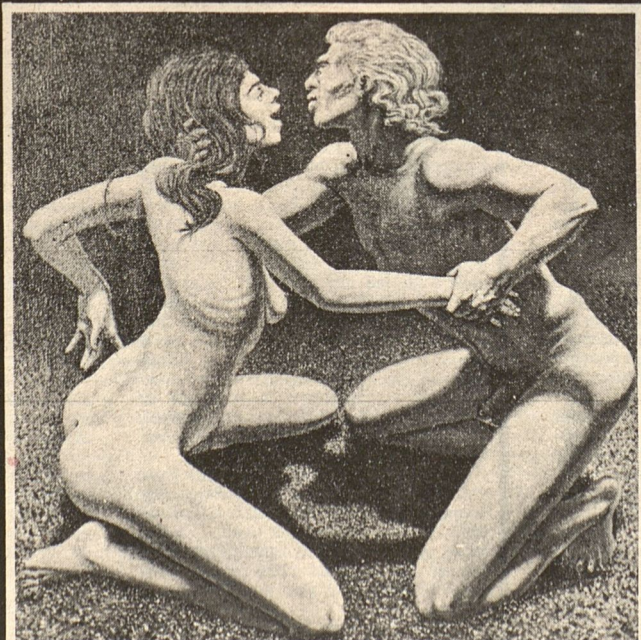
perfect, easy union.

This is Guy's first major comic effort. He is basically a painter, but canvases don't sell often enough to provide steady nourishment, so he turned to ink and paper to pay his rent and food for the next few months while he gets back to his easel.

He doesn't come to the subject matter of "choices" as a dilettante. He grew up in Oakland, did 17 months and three days on the McNeill Island federal prison camp for draft evasion, and for the last 8 months has lived in a Divisadero St. tenement in as funky a 1-room pad as you're likely to find. He has definitely paid his dues.

Some of those dues involved the theft of five of his paintings last week, just before a small exhibition he gave in his room. The paintings are here in black and white. If anyone sees any of them please contact the Good Times. No questions asked, Guy just wants them back. He said the thief took some of the best. Months of energy and effort went into them, and he needs them to show.

You can get a copy of CHOICE from Last Gasp, 320-10th St, SF, CA 94103, for 65¢.



Switching On

The HAIGHT ASHBURY SWITCHBOARD has been operating out of our new office at 1476 Haight St. (corner Ashbury) for about a month now. Our new phone number is 864-1446. We are now in the process of updating our files and expanding them in as many directions as possible. In order to do this, we need the cooperation of the entire community. Switchboard is alive. It is you or anyone who wishes to use it. It is a human process which enables a person to share what he or she knows or what they can do, with others. The growth of Switchboard depends on your cooperation. We need people calling in with new information, ideas about how to make our present services more effective, and suggestions for additional uses and services.

Everyone has a favorite mechanic, or lawyer, or restaurant, places or persons from whom they have received excellent service or sensitive treatment. Switchboard maintains a file on such resources. Nobody gets into our file without being recommended. We do not accept money or favors to list anyone. To protect this service from misuse, and to keep it up to date, we ask callers to report back to us on the opinion on the information received.

If we receive complaints about a person or service the listing is removed from our file. Perhaps YOU have a talent or skill for which you have not discovered an outlet. Do you possess information or knowledge which may be of value to someone else? Call Switchboard. If we cannot link you immediately with a request for your particular talent, skill, or information, at least let us list you in our file.

Switchboard, when it was created was intended to be a nerve center for the community. Over the years it has gotten away from that ideal and until recently has been almost completely i-

solated from the community. We would like to become more intimately a part of the community again. We would like to serve the organizations in our community in as many ways as possible. We can provide a telephone answering service and message center for non-profit projects and organizations. We can be used as a community bulletin board to keep members informed about activities, meetings and projects, and we can help to spread the word about a group to the rest of the community. We are willing to send representatives out to meetings to answer any questions and explain exactly how Switchboard can be of service.

An ideal that we envision is a community Switchboard in every neighborhood and an effective communication link between all switchboards. The existing Switchboards are now meeting on a regular basis in order to share our frustrations, our informations, and our dreams. We are in the process of combining all of our files and verifying all entries in order to produce an up-to-date master list. If you are interested in setting up a switchboard in your neighborhood we will try to cooperate in every way possible. We can provide valuable technical assistance in the mechanics of Switchboard operation and also give you a good basic file of information.

All services of Switchboard are provided free of charge. In addition to the services mentioned above, Switchboard also provides general information and referral, rap center and hotline service. We have files on places to live, rides, jobs, buy and sell, and a message file. Whenever you don't know who to call, call us at 864-1446. We don't have ready-made answers for everything, but we are getting better at knowing how to find out. The only response you can be sure you won't get from us is "Sorry, we can't help you." (click).



YEVTUSHENKO

Why do you sell your poems to Playboy magazine?

Are your poems stifled with big breasts filled with silicon? Yevtushenko, Playboy is a ripoff press, the best of the worst capitalists. They are making money off you, Yevtushenko, exploiting your name; what illness of fame eats at your entrails that you should stoop so low!

Yevtushenko!

You deserve to be an American poet, yes, to live in America, where they kick their poets in the teeth till their gums are slick, where poets starve and stumble emaciated through barren streets howling at their shadow!

Yevtushenko, Playboy,

yes, Playboy has never paid an American poet as you have been paid. They paid you handsomely, and fitly so; you are a handsome poet. Go now, Yevtushenko, and buy your self new shoes, alligator shoes. Poachers will slaughter the alligators in the Everglades, and they will fit you for shoes in America. Yes, America buys and sells everything.

But surely, I do you injustice, Yevtushenko; I know you will feed some hungry Alyosha in Siberia, won't you? I hear they are hungry in Siberia, Yevtushenko, and in Murmansk, too, the well runs dry.

Paul Foreman

BLACK BERETS BLOWN AWAY

ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. (LNS/GTNS)--Rito Canales and Antonio Cordova, two members of the Chicano organization The Black Berets, were scheduled to appear on Albuquerque television Sunday, January 30 to discuss the prison situation in New Mexico. Rito, on parole for life from Santa Fe Prison, was going to announce a citizen's arrest of Warden Felix Rodriguez for assault, intent to kill, and violations of civil rights during the October violence at the prison.

Antonio, who was beaten by police in early July for taking photographs of cops during violence in Espanol for the Chicano paper El Grito del Norte, was going to release information on state-wide police brutality.

But Rito and Antonio never made it on television. The two men, both members of the Chicano community organization that runs a free breakfast program, community clinic, newspaper, education classes and a community patrol of the police, were shot to death by city police early Saturday morning, January 29.

Official police reports released two days after the killings claim that the two opened fire on a police ambush at a dynamite cache they were allegedly robbing. But several obvious details

were overlooked in the police explanation for the naked, bullet-riddled bodies delivered to the funeral home--the most glaring was the fact that no car was turned up at the scene of the crime for the dead men to have come in.

Twelve hours after the murders, thirty cops raided the Albuquerque office of the Black Berets. The house was ransacked and the lay-out negatives and the film for the next issue of their newspaper was confiscated. Six Berets were arrested, including Anita Canales, Rito's wife. Original federal charges of possession of explosives were dropped and state charges of marijuana possession--a single lid--were substituted. The six have been bailed out.

The six cops present at the death of Rito and Antonio have been exonerated and their act termed "justifiable homicide". Community pressure for an impartial investigation was thwarted when Governor King handed the matter over to Attorney General Norvell, who may actually try to gain support for his Senate campaign on a platform of law and order against Chicanos.

Nightly vigils are being held in front of the Albuquerque police station, and plans for marches are underway to demand a just investigation.

JUAN

benhari

Home was an old 6-bedroom shack. The Old Cordelia Duck Club. Long abandoned, except by him, Juan. And the hunters. From Stauffer Chemical. They came to shoot ducks, maybe 50 a day picked from the sky in a rain of shot. They fell into the bay, the marshes, the few that fell on the land they picked up and slit their soft warm bellies and reached inside and pulled out a handful of steaming red intestine and tossed it aside and if the wings were ripped by the shot or the fall they pulled them off too. Flesh and feathers all over the land. Juan's land, a birthright at the head of San Francisco Bay ripped off by realtors and courts and other slick Anglos quoting strange laws.

Next door to the shack was a kennel full of sleek black Labs whose shit supplies Juan with his livelihood, shoveling it for 10 bucks a week. On the other side was a dairy farm where Juan picked up a little more bread from time to time and also some milk and cheese.

Juan had been living there on and off for 3 years, sometimes coming into the city to chant with the Krishna monks

or listen to sessions at PHR Studios or stand around North Beach digging the urban rush and selling newspapers. Summertime he'd head for the fields and do some picking, grapes or peaches or plums, and when he'd come to the city he'd often bring a box of fruit and come to the Good Times and hang around a few days.

There were hassles at the Cordelia Duck Club. Juan had a deal with the realtor who 'owned' it. He served as caretaker so no one ripped it apart, and in return he wouldn't have to pay rent. But the realtor was uptight. About friends who came and stayed with Juan from time to time. Hippies, with long hair. Juan was okay because he kept his hair short. He had his head shaved by the Krishna monks almost whenever he came to the city. But those other, longhaired, definitely dope-smoking degenerate, commie weirdos.

And there were occasional hassles with the hunters. Not just (just?) seeing the shrapnel-torn corpses floating in, but once in a while these workers from Stauffer would shoot out the kitchen lights. Just for a joke, you know. And though the plant they worked made toilet cleaners they would shit in the outhouse and never do anything about cleaning it so that it topped and ran down into the slough by the house. Which is where Juan and his friends did their swimming. So Juan took down the outhouse and let the hunters use his bathroom.

The realtor probably had some idea of developing the property and so he decided it was time to get Juan out of the way so one day he just ordered him to split. The torn-down outhouse was his excuse. Juan was destructive.

Juan went to live with some friends nearby. But one rainy night as he was passing by the Old Cordelia Duck Club

HUGO

Hugo Pinell is a 27-year old Nicaraguan prisoner at Soledad Prison. He is one of the six prisoners charged with murder and conspiracy, arising out of the events of August 21, 1971, at San Quentin when six people died, including George Jackson. He has been severely beaten by guards both at Soledad and San Quentin; some of his teeth have been knocked out and on many occasions when his family has gone to see him he had visible black and blue bruises on his body.

Hugo was at San Quentin on August 21 because he was undergoing treatment at UC Medical Center in San Francisco for severe headaches. He has not been taken back to the Med Center for the conclusion of his treatment, despite his pressing need.

Prior to August 21, Hugo had been charged with the death of a guard and assault on another guard, both at Soledad. These cases are now scheduled to begin trial on March 6 and March 27.

The attorney of Hugo's choice, Ed Caldwell, was assured by Judge Stanley Lawson that he would be appointed to Hugo's defense and his fee would be paid by the court. This displeased the Monterey County DA, who filed an affidavit opposing the appointment, and a hearing was held without Atty. Caldwell being notified. Judge Lawson went back on his word and appointed the Public Defender for Hugo. Hugo protested emphatically, and although he was already chained and shackled, the guards grabbed him in a strangle-hold and drug him from the courtroom.

There is no Hope for Hugo with a PD defending him, and Judge Lawson has told Hugo the trial will proceed even though Hugo refuses the appointment. His only hope lies in the power of the people.

Write to Judge Stanley Lawson, Monterey County Courthouse, Salinas, CA, and demand that he accord Hugo his constitutional rights to his own lawyer, and that Lawson keep his original word and give Caldwell the appointment. Go to the trial. Venceremos.

Information, 415-624-1914

INFILTRATOR

An undercover cop who was infiltrating the Vietnam Veterans Against the War chapter in San Francisco was uncovered recently. His name (his real name is the same as the one he used in the VVAW) is Thomas Griffin, and he is a former narcotics officer. He enrolled in the Police Academy in May 1971, to undergo training to be an undercover intelligence agent. After graduation in August, he enrolled in S.F. City College and was involved in political activity there.

One of his first assignments was somehow involved with Project One (little is further known about this yet). Later he got in contact with individuals in the VVAW in S.F. and used them to enter the group.

Griffin claimed that he was ex-Army and had stationed in Maryland. All this turned out to be a lie.

When the Vets occupied the South Vietnamese consulate, he was among them. His actions when he entered the consulate was to secretly make phone calls to the police concerning the occupation. He was arrested and charged like everyone else in the bust, but he was not booked. He was released almost immedi-

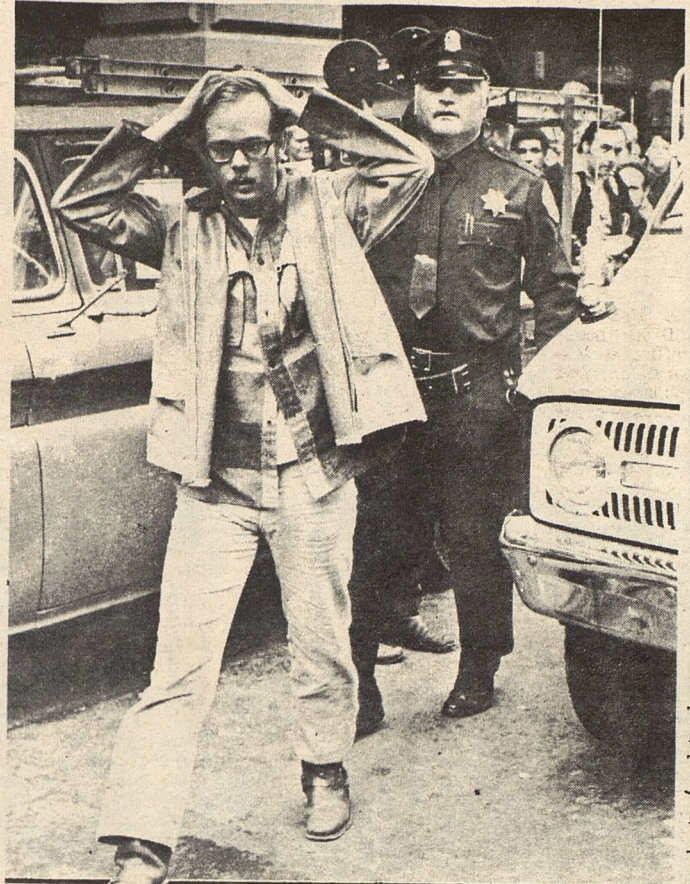
ately with money that he claimed his father put up. At arraignment, his name wasn't on the roster. He was defensive about that when the Vets noticed that fact.

Griffin attended the meetings of the Veterans with their lawyers where strategy of the defense was being drawn.

A few days before a meeting between the lawyers and the Vets, Ozro Childs a defense attorney, was told by the D.A.

that Griffin was an undercover agent. In the meeting a few days later, Griffin was asked to sign a sworn statement, with the threat of perjury, that he was not a law enforcement officer. He signed the statement and said "I'll swear on a stack of bibles that I'm not a cop." After that he left the meeting never to be seen again by the Vets until the trial.

He is one of the prime witnesses in the prosecution as a character witness.



photo/robt. kemp

UNDERCOVER PIG TOM GRIFFIN BEING "ARRESTED AT SOUTH VIET CONSULATE"

Juan dug that the next day would be great for picking some of the fine-eating mushrooms that grew there. So he crashed at the club, intending to pick early in the morning.

But someone had seen him go into the building--bear in mind that by all rights but the Amerikan legal system the land was his--and so the sheriff and reator went out and slapped some handcuffs on Juan and brought him down to Solano County Jail. So Juan started acting crazy. Rolling his head. Sicking out his tongue. Making choking noises.

So they handcuffed him again and chained the handcuffs to another chain around his waist and brought him to Napa State Hospital and threw him in the general ward for mental observation. Zombies on Thorazine sliding against the walls. Shakers and quakers and criers and screamers. The hospital gets \$50 a day to take care of them. It doesn't cost them that much so they're quite willing to care for them for a long time.

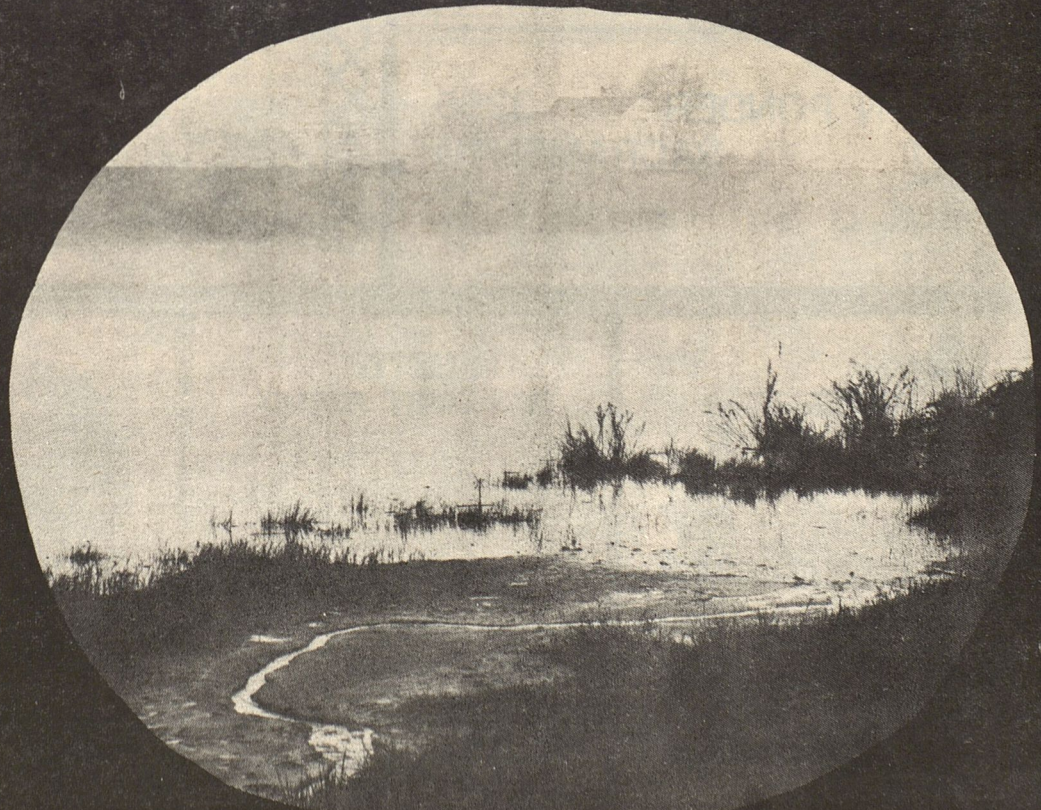
"What'd you do, take LSD?" a hip ward worker said to Juan. If you tell them you've flipped behind acid they will let you go after 72 hours. Otherwise it's 14 days for observation. But if Napa released him he would have to go to jail until his trial. The ward was bad, but a lot better than jail.

But the trial wouldn't happen before the Napa observation was finished, so he still had to hang in Vallejo for 2 days.

The charge was trespassing. Juan got 6 months suspended, after agreeing to stay away from the Old Cordelia Duck Club, built on his family land.

There is a sort of happy ending to this. The time in Napa will be a strong factor in helping Juan get Aid to the Totally Disabled, \$200 a month from Uncle Ronnie. A new family to belong to.

"Ranch house and tule fog, Sacramento River, 1969" by Roger Minick from the book Delta West: The land and people of the Sacramento-San Joaquin Delta. Scribshaw Press.



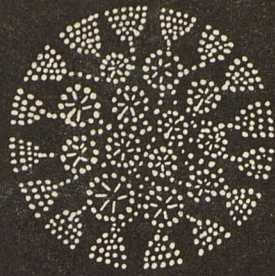


WE BUY AND SELL
ANTIQUES ~

LUX ANTIQUES

ART DECO FASHIONS,
JEWELLERY
ETHNIC ARTIFACTS.

355 presidio, 922-0879
San Francisco. 12-6. Closed Sun.

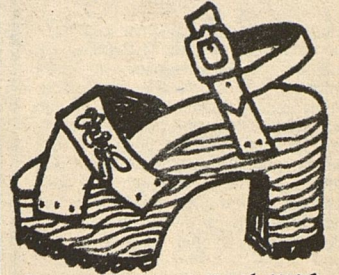


dandelion

Books GIFTS

3381 Sacramento Street
San Francisco 9-1118

leapin' lizards
3314 SACRAMENTO St. 921-5020

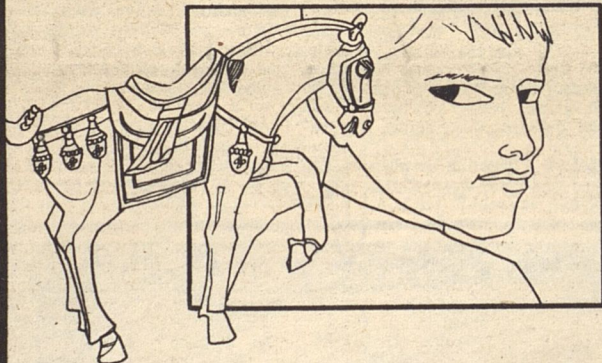


WOODEN WEDGES & CLOGS MADE
TO ORDER IN 2 WEEKS OR LESS
FIT GUARANTEED MANY COLORS

SACRAMENTO & PRESIDIO

FRIENDLY, PERSONAL, NEIGHBORHOOD SHOPPING

ANTIQUE & ART GALLERY



POKE 'N' PONDER 3255
WEST SACRAMENTO

WALK WAIT

3376 sacramento st
tel: 563-5234



...all the things that made
our National Product Gross

The Arbor.

CUT FLOWERS,
PLANTS, AND
ANTIQUES

The freshest, hap-
piest plants and flo-
wers in S. F. at rea-
sonable prices.

3252
SACRAMENTO St
phone-5634575



344
PRESIDIO
OPEN TUES-SAT-9-6.
567-5891



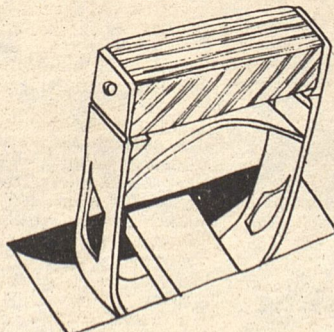
Orlandino's

Cafe International

347 Presidio Ave.
off Sacramento St.

San Francisco 929-0402

CUSTOM METALWORK & JEWELRY



JOHN 3424 SACRAMENTO
921-1031



Chelsea gear

346 Presidio

929-0560

rosemary & donna

THE NIN CROWD

in the mm

"White Blackbird" is both an interpretation of and an exposition on the diaries and poetic novels of Anais Nin. The dialogue is a combination of both Nin's and the actresses words; it is as interesting as the diary and as relevant as today.

It will be playing March 5, 6, 10 and 11 at Newman Hall, 2700 Dwight Way, Berkeley, at 8:30, \$1.

The play is a surreal interpretation of the author's work. The actresses float between a real and inner fantasy world. Is what they're saying in the diary, or is it what the diary says to them? Anais leaves out her very personal life in her works, and there is no

sensuality in them. The actresses put it back in, making Anais Nin more relevant to their lives.

There are three characters in the play, each one representing both a real person and a type. They are none quite graspable, each one a part of the nether world in which they seem to exist. The play captures perfectly this feeling of the world of Nin's diaries. The characters interact beautifully, woven into a cloud together that sometimes storms.

The play was conceived by its three women actresses, Janet Croll, Denise Lajsen and Karen Segal, out of love for Anais' work. They started working together last summer doing psychodramas as a way to reach their feelings.

But they also wanted to create a work of art and so felt the need to choose characters. They had been reading Anais' books and began to work on this play, all the time getting more into themselves as women through it.

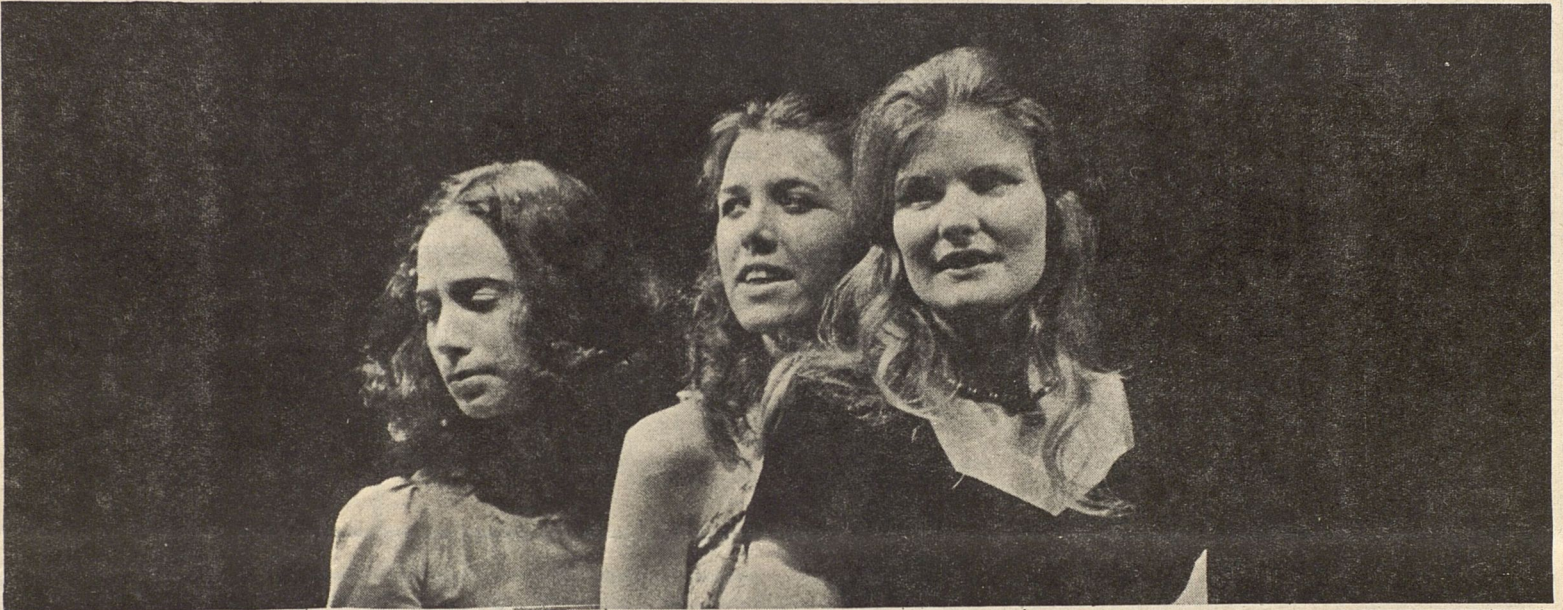
But they found they needed an outside eye to direct them, and took on some male help. Although they felt a bit queasy about having a male director, he was the only one they had all worked with before at one time or another.

Around Christmastime they contacted Anais, and she seemed pleased with their efforts. They corresponded. Anais made plans to see the performance.

But instead of coming in person, a friend came and reported back that the

play was "too real" and "too brutal." Phone conversations ensued but strangely Anais would not come to see the play. The actresses speculated that perhaps that reserved gentility that is so much a part of her work prevented her from seeing another's interpretation of her diary (with whores in it yet!)

Which is a shame, because the actresses feel they have learned so much from their work. They didn't intend to distort Anais, only make it more relevant to their lives by interpreting her in dance and drama, their genre. I thought it was a fine play, well written, directed and performed. Go see it - it has the quality of Nin's work plus what was left out.



SKILLET BREAD

2 Cups sifted flour
2-1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 t salt
1/2 t baking soda
1 Tablespoon butter
1 T peanut oil
1-1/2 cups buttermilk

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Put butter and oil in skillet. Heat. Quickly stir buttermilk into dry ingredients and spread dough over fat in skillet. Cook the bread, covered, over low heat 10-12 minutes. (Use the lowest heat of your large burner. Cooking time will depend on how low your burner will go. I find I don't have to turn the bread. I just leave the lid on for 25 minutes.) Turn the bread, adding about 1 T more fat to the skillet, and cook it 10-12 minutes more. Cut the bread in wedges, serves 4-6.

EARLY AMERICAN HOT BREAD

2/3 cup corn meal
3/4 C wheat flour (or 1/2 C wheat flour plus 1/4 C wheat germ).
2-1/2 t baking powder
1 t salt
1 egg
1 C milk
2 T maple syrup or honey
3 T melted butter (or part oil)

Beat egg 'til light. Add milk and honey. Mix together dry ingredients and sift into liquid. Add melted shortening. Stir briskly and bake in 8x8 inch pan at 425 degrees--or try this one in your skillet, with extra oil in the pan. It's great with eggs for breakfast.

Love,
Betty Lamont
Snohomish, Wa.



San Francisco's wierdo weather produces a lot of colds and side effects this time of year. Here's some remedies.

congestion due to colds and bronchial troubles - Prepare a tea made of:
**slippery elm powder: sprinkle one

teaspoon of slippery elm powder (granulated bark will suffice, but it's not as good) in 1 cup of boiling water and let simmer for 20 minutes. It is very helpful in relieving congestion.

**Ephedra(also known as mormon or squaw tea): boil a small handful in 2 cups of water for 20 minutes. Drink as needed.

To clear passages, boil about 2 cups of water and add either:

**a few drops of eucalyptus oil (obtainable in most drug stores for about 89¢)

**a few leaves, pods, and a small piece of inner green bark from the eucalyptus tree - a small handful of leaves will do but it won't be as strong.

boil gently for about 10 minutes, with a lid on, until the odor is very strong. Remove pot from stove and remove lid, lean head over pot and cover head and pot with a towel and inhale. Do this until you've used up all the steam, then return pot to stove until boiling and repeat. Do this two or three times a day, as needed. It is especially good to do before you go to sleep, to enable you to breathe.

**chew some garlic for immediate results. Try a little at a time until it works to clear passages.

People who are troubled with congestion should be particularly careful not to stay in overheated rooms, to get plenty of fresh air, and to sleep with their windows open or at least with the heat off.

COUGHS

An excellent cough syrup which tastes strong but is effective, may be prepared as follows:

**Boil 1/4 cup horehound or 2 table-
spoons horehound, 1 tsp. mulled
yerba santa, 1 tsp. comfrey root (or
combination thereof) with 2 cups of water
for 10 minutes. Add 1 tbsp. of pepper-
mint and 1 tsp. of chamomile, mostly

for taste. Let the whole mixture sit covered for 5 minutes, then strain. Mix one part of the above infusion with 2 parts honey (that's right) and stir until smooth. Thyme honey makes it even stronger.

If left unrefrigerated for over a week it tends to turn to beer. The beer is much tastier than the unfermented syrup and just as efficacious. Use as much as you like, it's harmless.

COLTSFOOT COUGH SYRUP

If you are lucky enough to have fresh coltsfoot on hand, you can make a very tasty cough remedy.

**cover one ounce of fresh coltsfoot leaves with a pint of water and let boil down until there is only 1 cup of liquid left. Strain and add two cups of honey (thyme honey preferably, though it changes the taste). Bring almost to a boil, then bottle.

If you don't want to bother with making a syrup, here are a few teas you can try. Drink with honey every few hours:

**1/2 teaspoon each comfrey root and horehound boiled gently in 1-1/2 cups water for about 20 minutes. Then add 1/2 tsp. peppermint. Cover and let sit 3 minutes. Strain and drink.

**slippery elm (granulated bark or powder) tea: simmer one teaspoon in 1 cup water for about 20 minutes. Strain if desired.

**add the juice of two large lemons to 1 quart of green tea and drink a cup every 2-3 hours.

**mix equal parts of lemon juice, honey, and glycerine together. Gargle and hold it in your throat as long as you can.

SMOKER'S COUGH

Smoke dried coltsfoot instead of tobacco. This is also supposed to be good for Asthma and Bronchitis. It also gets you high - especially if it's wild.

CAREER GALS LIB MAG

marcia

"Ms., The New Magazine for Women" is geared to the modern young feminist, who shaves her body hair and aspires to an executive position at Random House. The magazine relates to a middleclass consciousness many of us have long fought, but makes clear that women's liberation is in style now. And though the streets of Berkeley and the suburbs of Long Island be worlds apart, sisterhood is being felt in both.

Ms. has a lot of good articles, all but two by women, and credentialed women at that. There's Dr. Estelle Ramey, a full professor of physiology and biophysics. And Cynthia Ozick, a well know novelist. Vivian Gornick, staff writer for the Village Voice, contributes, as does Cestelle Ware, a founder of the New York Radical Feminists, college teacher and TV producer. Their articles are well-written, documented, direct, interesting and funny. But I'm not really thrilled with them.

The magazine opens up with an article that only a fool could disagree with on de-sexing the English language. It recommends reserving he and she for only the purely masculine or feminine, and using common gender pronouns for non-specific sex nouns. (Like 'tey' instead of he/she).

In fact, I'm pleased with all the articles and I even learned a few new things, like about men's monthly cycles. But I feel no sense of identity with the sisters who are writing about sexism in society. How many women can relate to Ms.' example of a guest speaker at a women's book club meeting whose topic was misintroduced as the modern 'home' instead of the modern 'poem' (chauvinism of the ear). The articles are by and about mainly women successful in male terms. How many women can relate to the experience of the speaker?

A couple of the experiences I can relate to, like Gloria Steinem's warm, personal art on sister-hood, and the woman who tells how to raise the home-

care consciousness of your family. Pleasant factual stories.

The men's tales are the only dull ones. Nicholas Von Hoffman remembers with sappy love his "Mother the Dentist." What a wonderful woman--she embodied so many of the admirable qualities of her sex. Yecch. He's treating us as niggers, sisters, though I doubt the article was conceived in order to show the connection between racism and sexism. It belongs in the Reader's Digest Unforgettable Character section.

The other article by a man is of the same ilk. It's by Daniel Ellsberg, who writes about "Women and the War." In all his words he manages to say that more women than men are against the war, even if their husbands are hawks. He says: "That whole year I'd found it difficult to ask women out, because of the long Pentagon hours and also because some atrocity would occur that women knew I opposed."

Judging from the rest of the articles in the magazine, I doubt that these two by men were run to show their liberal's misunderstanding of women's liberation. I think they were featured as examples of non-sexist male thought. These men obviously sympathize with the issue of women's liberation, but will never be able to make it live for them until they abandon the system that creates it, and change their own lives.

Ms. questions traditional roles and offers examples of how to escape them. But it barely questions the system that creates these roles. What about the relationship between capitalism and sexism? If the relationship between boss-worker were not one of slave-master, would men need to emulate their powerful oppressors and treat women as unpaid or underpaid servants? The basic picture that emerges is of a bright young woman going out and having a career while the maid handles all the drudgery. Did every man consciously decide to be a male chauvinist and every woman submissive, or what in

our culture lays that trip on us? So many basics are untouched in the magazine. Perhaps they're not apparent to the editors, or maybe they will be explored in future issues. The way it stands now, it looks like Ms. will stick mostly with what's safe.

It's a contradictory magazine. It recognizes and laughs at the fucked-up world men have created while all the time wanting to join it as full-fledged members. Personally, I had something better in mind.

Buried in the back are a couple of shorter, more revolutionary articles. One dares to show the beauty of a lesbian relationship. Another explores the female orgasm. A welfare mother raps and two successful professional black women from New York discuss the black family.

Also to Ms.' credit, there are no articles on fashion, make-up, home decorating, cooking, or how to get a man.

It's printed on slick paper with some color reproduction and is about the same size as Playboy. There's a very limited use of graphics (the exception being the beautiful picture with Gloria Steinem's story) and the layout is traditional, unimaginative New Yorker.

I like the idea of a mass media slick magazine for straight sisters. But could it exist if it were more honest? Five years ago the world considered us a bunch of bra-burning, ugly, man-hating monsters. Now there is an awakening revolutionary (a feminist) in every home. But the analysis has to be taken further than Ms. dares. The magazine takes on many of the basic concepts of liberation without exploring them very thoroughly. Maybe the women who worked on it are only beginning to understand the connections between sexism, racism and imperialism. Or maybe they are too comfortable to want to change their lives enough so that their liberation will include freedom for their poor and third world sisters and brothers.

TUNA



Ray

This past Saturday the Bermuda Palms hosted an unannounced boogie party, with Hot Tuna, Stoneground and Osceola. The Palms is next to Pepperland and houses the Mustard Seed Natural Foods Restaurant. It couldn't have been held at a nicer place. Carpeted floors, all kinds of fancy booze, natural foods, and plenty of floor space were just a few of the good things there.

It was reminiscent of a Bimbo's party, except the people got it on better.

About halfway through the concert I noticed people coming from backstage howling with laughter, and I found out that there was a tank of laughing gas back there.

The music was really fine, too. Papa John Creech was there with Hot Tuna and he really laid down some nice licks.

I dug it on mescaline, and I can sum it up with one phrase: "The music was really tight and the people were really loose."

FEB. 28

Herbie Hancock
Taj Mahal
Malo
AND
Maya Angelou

IN CONCERT
for ANGELA

at the BERKELEY COMMUNITY THEATRE
ALLSTON & GROVE

tickets at TICKETRON
information: 922-5800

Feb. 28
MONDAY 7:30 pm

MONEY

Our business is old fashioned, natural ice cream ... and it's booming. We want to branch out and are seeking a private investor(s) interested in an excellent return plus options with solid growth potential.

Our current requirement is twenty-thousand dollars.

Stop by our store at 721 Irving, then, if you like what you see and have a goodly amount of excess capital, call our attorney, Alan M. Caplan (563-4390), for details.

OLD UNCLE'S GAYLORD'S

HOME MADE ICE CREAM & SALT WATER TAFFY PARLOUR
721 IRVING (BETW. 8 & 9), S.E. 'TIL MIDNIGHT EVERY NITE

CALL 826-8119

770 DOLORES ST.

INTEGRAL YOGA INSTITUTE
HATHA CLASSES
POSTURES, BREATHING, RELAXATION
MON-FRI 9AM, 10:30AM, 6PM
FREE BARSITTING 10:30AM
MON & THUR 7:30PM

ALPHA & & WAVES

BUILD YOUR OWN
BIOFEEDBACK UNIT.
VERY INEXPENSIVE.
SEND \$5 FOR THE
DETAILED PLANS.
EXTENDED DIGITAL
CONCEPTS. Box 9161
BERKELEY CA. 94709.

PIRATES LAW YOU

benhari

The dancing pens of the Air Pirates Comix collective has a new vaudeville show out in line and word: Air Pirates Funnies, All Comix, 25 cents.

The Pirates plan to bring out the 8 page paper, printed in black and white with 2-color cover on newsprint, at 2-week intervals. In the first issue are pages by Gary Hallgren, Shari (finally got it right) Fleniken, Willie Murphy, Bobby London, Ted Richards, Larry Todd, and Dan O'Neill, plus one composite by London, Fleniken, and Hallgren.

The contents range from vaudeville routines by O'Neill and London, to a now classic Dopin' Dan by Richards, to an adventure sci-fi story by Todd. All of it is fairly good stuff, some of it outstanding.

The Dopin' Dan tale is the basic GI liberation story, already widely reprinted. Sardonic, right on political consciousness. It should be read by every soldier. Most of them probably already have.

O'Neill presents a little Smothers Bros. type skit, musings on a nursery rhyme. It is the kind of stuff that made Odd Bodkins popular among millions of readers. Fleniken's Trots and Bonnie is perhaps her best to date, whimsical and insightful. London's Dirty Duck is simple, straightforward and humorous. Still in the Herriman style with which he is obsessed. Since he's got it down to perfection by now, maybe he will finally cut it loose and use his ample talent on something that isn't so dead-end.

The Disney suit against the Air Pirates Comix Books is due in Federal District Court, March 10. The collective is trying to defeat the Disney Inc. injunction request on the grounds that satire is protected by the right of free speech. If they win they will be free to continue their battle to alter the pernicious influence of the Disney characters by infusing them with new consciousness images.

How would you like to be able to look your landlord in the eye and say, "According to Section 1942.5 of the Civil Code, you cannot legally evict us in retaliation to our complaints of building code violations"? Far out! You can equip yourself to have control over your own life!

In response to the need of people in the community for legal information, students at Grove Street College in Oakland have organized the "People's Law School" in cooperation with the National Lawyer's Guild of San Francisco.

There will be no cost, no grades, no degrees. The People's Law School will attempt to give community people a chance to learn about and deal with the laws that affect our lives. Training legal workers to develop legal skills so that they can serve the legal needs of their communities is another area of the "law school". Eventually people may be able to get an A.A. degree at Grove Street College as legal workers.

Raps will also be given about the American legal system and how you can defend yourself against it. This involves understanding who is served by the legal system and how we can organize to fight it.

All classes meet at Grove Street College, 5718 Grove St., Oakland, at 7 pm (unless otherwise indicated). Check posters at campus entrances for room numbers or check in A-18.

Courses being offered are:
 Labor Law, March 7 and 14
 Women and the Law, Feb. 14, 28 Mar. 6, & 13
 Landlord-Tenant Law, Feb. 17, 24, Mar. 2 & 9
 Street Survival and Trial Procedures Feb. 15 and 17
 Military Law and the Draft, Mar. 20, 21 & 22
 Welfare Law, Feb. 22, 24, 29, Mar. 2
 Juvenile Law, Feb. 15, 22, 29
 Legal Research, Feb. 16, 23, & Mar. 1
 Divorce, Sex, Sexuality and the Law, March 7



Don't want to seem crabby, but Journey to the Center of Uranus does not put us into orbit. The costumes are good but the old tinsel funk is gone. The pace is more crab than rocket. Cockettes, cut loose, Las Vegas is a dead-end strip.



408 CLEMENT ST
(bet. 5th & 6th Ave)

Tues - Sat 2 to 2
 Sun. - Mon. 8:30 - 2
 SUN, Open mike
 MON, Geoff Savage
 TUES, Ronnie & Lulu
 WEDS, Will Pate
 THURS, Audition night
 FRI, Jim Giovannoni & Strand Bros
 SAT, Lisa Kindred,
 WINE, BEER, FOOD

HARMONICAS STRINGS
 in all keys and gauges. Largest selection in Bay Area.

ACOMA MUSIC SHOP
 Third at Market
 San Francisco

STOP THE HIGHRISES!

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED FOR REVOLUTIONARY ACTION

434-1537

THE BOARDING HOUSE

family dining and entertainment
 960 BUSH ST. — 441-4333

MENU

Fri, Feb 25 SHRIMP or CHICKEN CREOLE / Sat, Feb. 26 Swiss STEAK / Sun, Feb. 27 THANKSGIVING DINNER / Mon, Feb. 28 ITALIAN DINNER / Tues, Feb. 29 VEAL PAPRIKASH / Wed, Mar. 1 POT ROAST & POTATO KUGEL / Thurs, Mar. 2 LAMB STEW Fri, Mar. 3 SHRIMP THERMIDOR or CHICKEN / Sat, Mar. 4 RAGOUT of BEEF / Sun, Mar. 5 CORNISH GAME HEN / Mon, Mar. 6 ITALIAN DINNER / Tues, Mar. 7 ROAST BEEF / Wed, Mar. 8 CHICKEN TERUYAKI / Thurs, Mar. 9 BEEF STROGANOFF

Feb. 25-27 MERRY CLAYTON also Billy Roberts
 Feb. 29 - Mar. 5 BOLA SETE also Stefan Grossman
 Mar. 7-12 GEORGE CARLIN also Burton & Cunico
 SHOWS \$2.00

NOT MY DAUGHTER

cineman
A TRUE STORY BY TODAY'S YOUTH, said the blurb at the top of the ad for "Not My Daughter". Far out, I think, as an inquisitive journalist I am always searching for the truth. And as a part of the Youth Culture I am interested in the youth. Mad Ave had nailed me. I decided I would see the film even before I read the small print in the ad: "She started on marijuana at 14. At 15 she was introduced to acid and taught to mainline heroin. At 16 she was an addict and a prostitute."

"Available in reprint from The Readers' Digest."
Now it's really getting far out. So this is Digest's propaganda broadside to poison the public mind against the drug culture. Longtime purveyors of right wing hate literature, the Digest publishers, Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Wallace, have had uncomfortable brushes with alien minds lately. Last year, Dewitt's son expressed his disapproval of his father by running him through with a knife and only a few weeks ago Carol Feraci, a fervent anti-war activist, used the occasion of a Nixon dinner in Dewitt's honor to deliver a timely peace message to the president.

"Not My Daughter" was showing at the Esquire, a sleazy theater at Fifth and Market, and at the Geneva Drive-In in Daly City. Apparently they were aiming more for the thrill crowd than the suburban paranoids. But then the Digest has always been lowbrow. Still, I was surprised to see the Digest pushing an "R" rated movie—tits and ass but no crotch shots.

Caring less for drive-ins and Daly

City than for wines and Market Street I opted for the Esquire. To get myself in the mood I stopped at a five-and-dime lunch counter for a 19¢ special corndog. Even smeared with mustard, it tasted like melted rubber wrapped in stiff cardboard. I knew it would moulder in my stomach for at least two hours. The ticket girl, sad eyes shrouded in heavy mascara, was trying to get rid of a drunk, slightly disintegrated Romeo. I steered around him and headed for the candy counter to pick up an ice-cream sandwich to complete the preparations. It cost 26¢ but it was worth it, a brittle, deep-frozen slab of white something encased in greasy paper and brown pastry-like cardboard. Whoever made the corn dog was obviously also responsible for the "cake" part of the ice-cream sandwich.

The theater was mostly empty. Knots of third world people talked together. A few whites were crashed on the ripped red upholstery of the seats. The furniture looked like a training ground for vandals. Almost every chair was taped up from numerous slash wounds. I breathed shallowly, sat back with my ice-cream sandwich, and listened to the piped-in slow jazz, probably calculated to prevent riots between shows.

The film opens with street shots of Hollywood. Two girls are hitchhiking, talking about hash pipes. They get a ride and the camera cuts to a unique shot taken from inside the refrigerator of a middle-class kitchen. A steak's-eye view of our heroin, Seandee, blonde, long hair, long legs, soft eyes, the ideal young American beauty. Drinking milk. She leaves the glass on a polished wooden sideboard and goes to the table. The camera lingers on the glass a second. Every mother seeing the film picks up the message that Seandee is a typical careless teenager.

"What does her father do?" Seandee's young stepmother, Bea, asks about her new friend. And so the mold of the film is set. Every cliché ever heard

and spoken by every teen-ager in America is captured in this film.

"She is acting funny and looking strange."

"I know when I'm not wanted."

"I don't want your money!"

"Baby, come home, we'll work this thing out."

"When you need them (parents) they are just not there." And many, many more.

The film is a heavily-stereotyped story of a girl with a jealous stepmother and a father too busy with his work (stockbroker) to pay her any attention. She starts getting high and moves in with her boyfriend, a young long-haired Vietnam vet who owns a camper van outfitted with a tape deck and guitar. They and another couple blow dope, sit in bathtubs on the beach, and go to parties where Conga drums are played and girls and boys in tight bellbottoms throw some sex into their dancing.

The people who made the film obviously have a different attitude toward sex than the Dewitt Wallaces. Early in the film there is a beautiful drawn out masturbation scene, Seandee hugging a big stuffed animal to her naked bod, the teddy bear a gift from dad (that's basic Freud, folks, and an indication that director Jerry Schaefer took his picture SERIOUSLY).

Seandee is slapped at a party by some leather nasty, so her boyfriend goes out and wastes him in the men's room of a poolhall. The cops catch him and find a little weed. Seandee needs \$300 to bail him out. Dad won't lay out the bread, so she makes a porn film to get it (She finds the gig in a classified ad in the LA Free Press).

Here comes the mindblower part of the film. Dad usually watches flicks of the big football game at a friend's house. This time they are sent a porno reel. The cronies accept it and watch it without question. Is sophisticated suburbia into this kind of thing? Write and let us know how far the sexual revolution has spread, all you Redwood

City readers.

Well, of course the flick is Seandee's. Dad freaks and walks out into the night, sweating like a New York subway rider in midsummer.

"Honey, you're dripping water all over the floor," says Bea. Dad goes into the bedroom and blows out his brains.

Seandee shows up at the funeral. She has the stuffed teddy bear wrapped up in a newspaper prominently featuring an ad for the Doors. Intentional? A song entitled "How Do You Say Good-bye?" is being sung on the music track, and Seandee walks off, alone. The words Like It Is flash on the screen.

Where was the marijuana at 14, the acid at 15, mainlining, the heroin addiction, the prostitution? At the start and end of the film Seandee is 18 years old. And the film bears a 1970 copyright. My guess is that this film was made two years ago under the title "Like It Is", and flopped terribly, then was brought back because Digest has started pushing the story as part of their anti-youth, anti-drug, anti-sex trip. But after seeing the film it is hard to tell which side the director was on. Pot is shown to be good fun via some old Dick Clark "Where The Action Is" type scenes, and it is clear that the biggest villain is Bea, the money-hungry stepmother anxious to off the rival for dad's affection.

It isn't hard to believe that this may be a true story. It certainly is archetypal of our times, and though unimaginative and cliché-ridden, it could be the tale of many people. It isn't uncommon to think, especially when you're a teen-ager and just getting into things, that your parents would "Just die" if they could see you balling or smoking dope or shoplifting or whatever. And in this case, by weird coincidence, dad does. The film certainly offers no solutions, no moral judgments (except on mean ol' stepmom). Reassuring that Reader's Digest has shown its usual ineptitude in choosing its propaganda vehicle.



CLASSICAL GUITAR
~ LESSONS ~
SPENCER BURLESTON
CALL-752-0862

THE WORLD RENOWNED:
SAN FRANCISCO
COMIC-BOOK CO.
COMPLETE LINE OF
UNDERGROUND COMIX
3339 23RD. ST. 648-9905
OPEN 12-6 P.M. CLOSED SUNDAYS



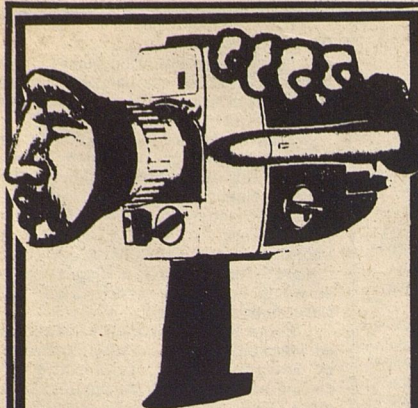
- 10 CENTS EACH
RETURNING O.K.
- GOOD TIMES OFFICE** 2377 BUSH
- DISCOVERY BOOKSTORE**
245 COLUMBUS
NORTH BEACH
- LEAVES OF GRASS** 9TH & IRVING
- TOBAC SHOP**
HAIGHT AND MASONIC
- MOE'S** TELEGRAPH AVE.
IN BERKELEY
- TRIBE OFFICE**

SAM SLICK

WAS A LEGENDARY 19TH CENTURY AMERICAN PEDDLAR. SAM'S SPIRIT LIVES ON AT 915 IRVING NEAR GOLDEN GATE PARK

ZUNI & NAVAJO TURQUOISE JEWELRY
CLOTHES & RUGS FROM MARRAKECH & RABAT, MORROCCO • ANTIQUE & FUNK JEWELRY FROM AMERICA & ENGLAND • ANTIQUE, AMERICAN OLD WEST FURNITURE • TINS • PATCHWORK QUILTS • MIRRORS • SNUFF BOXES • CIGARETTE CASES • KNIVES • VICTORIAN DRESSES & BLOUSES 30'S & 40'S DRESSES & BLOUSES • SCARVES MASON JARS • BOTTLES • EUROPEAN & AMERICAN POSTERS

SAM SELLS EVERYTHING OLD BEAUTIFULL FUNKY HIP & INTERESTING
NATIVE DRESS FROM GREECE, ISTANBUL, PERU, ECUADOR



FLICK FLACK FLICK

HOT ROCK

N. Juste

The message of the movie "Hot Rock" is that Robert Redford is past 30. After three trips to the joint, the hard dude is down to chewing antacids and his squint has softened now when he contemplates the next antagonistic contradiction he's let himself in for.

Redford's up-tight cool is about as dated as the remnants of an early 60's Brooklyn street gang he rejoins to pull a diamond robbery at the Brooklyn Museum. The only thing that saves it is the humorous cynicism writer William Goldman has injected into the screenplay--George Segal, Redford's brother-in-law and partner in crime, spots the antacids and comments, "And to think that your granite silence was giving me an inferiority complex."

The other two ribbers are "Murch" who drives the vehicles, wears wrap-around shades and greasy hair, chews gum and talks about cars; and a rich kid hippie to bring the film up to date and to make enough mistakes to keep the plot going. Ron Leibman was fine as Murch, and Zero Mostel wore a lot of makeup as the hippie's weaselly lawyer father.

The movie is billed as a followup to "Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid" because Redford was in that too and Goldman wrote them both, but there's no comparison. "Hot Rock" is just a fairly exciting comedy/thriller, basic wish-fulfillment stuff. It's a tough, competitive world--Redford gets robbed for his watch while he's casing a setup--and this movie is for all of us who wish we had the nerve to hijack a jet for ransom or otherwise pull "the big one" that would boot us into the leisured class for life.

There's plenty of spectacular edge-of-the-seat action, including a breathtaking helicopter ride over the surreal cement stalagmites of Manhattan. The film also has its allotment of racism and sexism. The guy who bankrolls the act is an African envoy to the UN who is portrayed in the Sidney Poitier mold, god-like in his Establishment upright-ness and respectability--a far cry from my impression of the true character of the average Oxford-educated neo-colonialist African politico who has sold more fellow-Africans down the river than a 19th century slave trader. And Segal's wife has to take the pissing baby from the helpless Redford's lap while she

wheedles him into taking her husband along on the ripoff against Redford's better judgement. When he caves in her scene's over and she exits with baby, all smiles in her faded Levi's, leotard and no-bra bra.

It's really amazing the expense Amerika will go to entertain itself. Otherwise, nothing new. Wait until it gets on the tube.

DEALIN'

With "The French Connection" gobbling up dollars and fond memories of "Easy Rider", Warner Bros., the company whose motto could be "Hip Culture is Good Business" now offers up "Dealin'", or the Berkeley-to-Boston 40 Brick Lost Bag Blues."

Written by Michael Crichton, author of the sci-fi thriller "Andromeda Strain" and his brother Dennis, it is an adventure tale for the times. The sympathies are right: the young dealers are charming and lovable, the narc is a filthy pig. Dropout Harvard student Robert Lyons and lovely flower child Barbara Hershey get involved in a dope deal which sets the stage for the real plot, an attempt to set Filthy Pig Narc up for a heroin bust. Like many narcs, F.P.N. has busted and beaten Barbara and then skimmed off half the bricks for a little business of his own.

There's some sex, some rock and roll, some dope, some violence, humor, colorful action, suspense; in short, lightweight good for a couple of hours. The kind of film that should be on TV for hip relaxation. Under the new non-system we'll have to reserve a channel for these kind of things.

WORKSHOP

Anyone who's ever made a film, talkie or silent, knows the difficulties in getting your ideas across in such a technological medium. If you are the typical non-commercial celluloid addict you're rich in ideas, and broke, which

means that at best you can assemble the necessary equipment, film, and processing in bits and pieces.

The Cinema Workshop was started by a group of local filmmakers as a collective approach to the problem of getting materials, knowledge, and audience for their works. The workshop is legally a non-profit education association. Decisions are now made by simple majority vote of the members present at meetings and continuity is maintained by a steering committee.

The workshop is now moving slowly--there aren't enough members, there isn't enough money for materials, and long intervals separate its finished productions.

But it now has the equipment of basic film making: professional hot splicers and Moviscops (super-8 and 16mm), a Moviola, rewinds, synchronizer with two sound heads, editing tables; some super-8 and 16mm cameras are individually owned and shared among the membership. There is a viewing room and screen, tape recorders and projectors, and a videotape miniter. Workshop membership costs \$6 a year, use of equipment from \$1 to \$5 a day. The dues and rental money goes back into maintaining the shop.

But the workshop membership wants to make it more than just a placebo rent equipment cheaply. They want to see more people helping each other make films, share equipment, costs, skills, and especially, find a way to collectively finance further projects. They plan to begin making low budget contract films: in this way crews from the membership could learn film making by doing it. Anyone interested in learning or improving her/his film skills through a collective effort is asked to check out the workshop.

Cinema Workshops has open screenings at 9PM on Thursdays--people are invited to bring films and see what others have done. For more info call Bill King, 841-4236 or Sandy Van Broeck, 864-8782. The workshop is on the third floor of Project Artaud, 499 Alabama St., San Francisco.

CASH FOR QUALITY USED MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
ACOMA MUSIC SHOP
3rd & Market

Common Scents
Shampoos, lotions, oils, glycerin soaps sold from bulk at good prices.
AT 3920A 24th St., S. F.

The Family Pharmacy
LIVE MUSIC OPEN DAILY
CALIFORNIA & DIVISADERO
567-5499

KAT AND MOUSE MUSIC
3832-BALBOA-387-4121
BEST PRICES, NO RUN-AROUNDS, NO RIP-OFFS, Lessons, repairs, rentals low rates.
Mon-Fri-12.30-8.30.
Saturday-9.30-6.00.

OYSTERBED
FLOOR TAX SALE

REAL SAVINGS AT SAN FRANCISCO'S OLDEST WATERBED STORE

SOLID 2'x10' REDWOOD FRAMES
USUALLY \$60⁰⁰...NOW JUST \$15⁰⁰

U.I. RECOGNIZED WATERBED HEATERS
.....\$14⁹⁵.....

20 MIL. UNION CARBIDE VINYL WATERBED MATTRESS - FROM \$8⁹⁵

HUGE 36" x 40" FLOOR CUSHIONS
\$7⁹⁵ EACH OR 3 FOR \$20⁰⁰

BEAN BAG BODYCHAIR
\$15 ea - 2 for \$25 MANY COLORS

FREE WITH THE PURCHASE OF ANY COMPLETE WATERBED

★ FAUCET ADAPTER ★ ALGAE CONTROL KIT ★ DRAINING PUMP
★ 5-YEAR GUARANTEE
★ COMPLETE, EASY-TO-FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS

OYSTERBED
2821 CALIFORNIA ST. S.F. 94115
PHONE 922-4746
OPEN 12 NOON TO 8 P.M. 7 DAYS A WEEK

OPEN 7 DAYS till 9:30 pm Thursdays

1058 HYDE ST. (AT CALIFORNIA)
441-3250

Full Line of Natural Foods
Organic Produce
Low Priced Grains
Bulk Herbs & Spices
Vitamins
Juices
Books
Parking Available
Discount to Communes

OFF THE SUPERMARKET

A NATURAL FOODS MARKET MEMBER O.M.

NATURALLY HIGH

Movement and Massage Workshop
Bo Conlly

San Francisco Dancer's Workshop
321 Divisadero
626-0414

March 4th & 5th \$30.00
Movement combined with massage
Releases tension and leads to peak end

GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS

SCOURGE HOME COOKED MEAL
VEGETARIAN OR MEAT \$2.50

live music - free wine + beer - fine vibes

MISSISSIPPI & MARIPOSA 864-9377
POTRERO HILL

WANTED TO BUY.

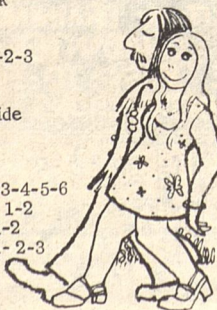
Recent publications - will pay to 30% publishers price. Review copies & book clubs accepted. Also buy paperbacks.

ERIC'S BOOKS
1347 POLK, S.F.

The Underground Head Shop (S.F.'s Most Complete) 1588 MKT. ST. S.F. CAL.

WE MAIL ORDER THE FOLLOWING COMMIX:

- | | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 50¢ Motor City 1-2 | 50¢ Merton of the Movement | 50¢ It Ain't Me Babe |
| 50¢ Laugh in the Dark | 50¢ Air Pirates 1-2 | 50¢ Legion of Charlies |
| 50¢ Rowf | 50¢ Junk | 50¢ Mothers Oat 1-2 |
| 50¢ Up From the Deep | 50¢ Greaser | 50¢ Mean Bitch |
| 50¢ Armadillo 2 | 50¢ Funny Book | 50¢ Moon Oob |
| 50¢ Big Ass 1-2 | 50¢ Tasty 2 | 50¢ Bent |
| 50¢ Jesus Meets Army | 50¢ Boogyman 3 | 50¢ Feds & Heads |
| 50¢ Adventures of Jesus | 50¢ Dan O'Niell 1-2-3 | 50¢ All Girl |
| 50¢ Fits 2 | 50¢ YUKEMOBE | 50¢ Light |
| 50¢ Mr. Natural 1-2 | 50¢ Fantagor 1-2 | 50¢ Insect Fear |
| 50¢ Hytone | 50¢ Dirty Duck | 50¢ Eaters Digest |
| 50¢ Thrillmurd | 50¢ Dopin Dan | 50¢ Sound of Feet |
| 50¢ Terminal | 50¢ Spare Change | 50¢ \$1 Hydrogen Bomb |
| 50¢ Tooneyluns | 50¢ Tortoise & Hare | 50¢ \$2,000 Man From Utopia |
| 50¢ Mom's 3 | | |
| 50¢ Bijou 5-6 | | |
| 50¢ Pro Junior | | |
| 50¢ Hungry Chuck | | |
| 50¢ Home Grown | | |
| 50¢ Clown | | |
| 50¢ Capt. Guts 1-2-3 | | |
| 50¢ Despair | | |
| 50¢ Uneeda | | |
| 50¢ Breathes Guide | | |
| 50¢ Yellow Dog | | |
| 50¢ Sex & Death | | |
| 50¢ Pulp | | |
| 50¢ Zap 0-1-2-3-4-5-6 | | |
| 50¢ Freak Bros. 1-2 | | |
| 50¢ Young Lust 1-2 | | |
| 50¢ Slow Death 1-2-3 | | |
| 50¢ Skull 1-2-3 | | |
| 50¢ Subvert | | |



- MARIJUANA CULTIVATOR'S HANDBOOK
1. Super Grass \$1.00
 2. The Book of Pot \$1.00
 3. The Complete Book of Grass \$7.95
 4. Cultivator's Handbook \$2.50
 5. Cannabis Cultivator \$1.00
 6. Marijuana Consumer's & Dealer's Guide \$1.00
 7. Herbal Aphrodisiacs \$1.00
 8. Herbal Highs \$1.00
 9. Herbal Highs \$1.00
 10. Drug Manufacturing for Fun & Profit \$1.00
 11. Moments of Pleasure With Pot \$1.00
 12. A Child's Garden of Grass
 13. The Master Game \$1.95
 14. Steal This Book \$1.95
 15. Anarchist's Cook Book \$5.95

INCLUDE \$.60 HANDLING CHARGE
(Save 10% OFF with this ad)

BACK TALK

Dear Good Times,

The California Marijuana Initiative is a plea by a prostrate people to a gang of armed criminals to remove one small hobnail from the boot that is grinding on our necks. It seems a far better thing to cultivate an outlaw contempt (and practical understanding of) the artificial field of force the pig has generated to keep us in line. Why ask anyone what the fuck you can smoke?

To use the democratic process with this initiative is to recognize the legitimacy of the structure controlled by the very cops, district attorneys, judges, politicians and businessmen who oppress us now through the marijuana laws and in mucho other ways also.

Furthermore, the proposal is half-assed because it would keep dealing illegal, meaning you'd have to have the right situation and disposition to grow your own, and everyone else would have to rely on the same old high-priced, gangster-and-narcotics-squad controlled black market which is based on imperialist exploitation of Mexican field workers.

If this initiative is passed the feds will dust off the \$1 per lid tax passed at Harry Anslinger's urging as the Marijuana Tax Stamp Act of 1937, and how high the high when every joint buys a bullet for a gook?

Free Willie Minzey!
Puff, the Magic Drag-on

DEAR GT:

Re: Your article "Break the pollution habit."

Granted that:

- 1) All you say about the automobile hazard is true and
- 2) that the term "herself" is being used in the sense that "himself" is usually used.

However:

I still must point out that women in our society must be concerned with their own protection rather than "revolutionary purity." I consider a car for a woman:

1) more important than a gun for protection. Maybe it does isolate us from our neighbors, but more importantly, it isolates us from the dangers of the streets. Walking, hitching and riding the bus as you suggest leaves us vulnerable to insults, attacks and worse.

2) How is a woman without a man supposed to go out at night? How is a woman with children supposed to get around? By riding a bicycle?

3) What next? Give up electricity and wash clothes by hand? Give up telephones and roller skate to the nearest emergency hospital when you need an ambulance? Perhaps even stop buying mass produced goods altogether and go back to making everything by hand, and if a woman dies at an early age of overwork, well, so did her pioneer foremothers and so what?

Alternatives:

1) Since technology is NOT going to disappear, we should make every effort to control it to minimize its harmful effects. For example, with minibuses running every 5 minutes 24 hours a day, we could ban cars from the city altogether. The minibuses would be as non-polluting as possible, of course.

2) Car pools should be formed among friends and neighbors to cut down on car use and traffic.

3) Other better ideas can be presented, if GT would THINK instead of supplying the usual Pavlovian so-called "revolutionary" response to every problem.

Maxine

Good Times--

"Break the Pollution Habit" in the January 28 issue emphasizes the destructive influence of the oil and other corporations on life in this world.

This corporate power extends into the highest level of government and has done so for many years. Shortly after the U.S. entered World War II, Congresswoman Jeanette Rankin (the only one to vote against that war) asked the State Department and the Department of Commerce for a monthly breakdown on strategic materials - such as oil - that were shipped to Japan in 1941.

From both Departments she received identical replies: This information, by Executive Order, is classified and cannot be released to the public. Executive Order means by the President of the United States.

She pointed out that the Japanese knew the amount of strategic materials that were unloaded over there so it was only the American citizen who was being kept in the dark. Obviously this censorship had the aim, at least in part, of covering the profit-dominated role of big American corporations as they helped arm Japan.

Henry R. Korman
2640 Garfield St.
Longview, Wash, 98632

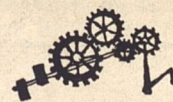
Good Times;

The tract you printed under the title "Sister Bridgette Raps" and attributed to Cineaste was not written by them. It was part of a longer leaflet written and distributed by Ron Hunt in 1969 when he was a member of a group sympathetic to the Situationist International.

The content of the leaflet (which Cineaste chopped up without much success) was decidedly opposed to their Leninist militancy as well as to their role of anti-artistic specialists. It is therefore in the interest of clarity that you print this correction.

Hal Troves

MODERN TIMES BOOKSTORE
a new socialist bookstore



reading tables
free coffee

left and women's periodicals,
back issues included

come in and browse, read, talk:

open 12-9 tues-fri
12-6 sat & sun

3800 17th, corner of SANCHEZ, S.F.
2 blocks from market. 621 2675

LICE ?
No stain • No smell

One shampoo
kills lice
and nits.
At drug
stores without
prescription.



A-200
Pyrinate Liquid

Ad. #A-171

CONVENIENT parking at rear of store

Since 1939 S.F.'s Original Surplus Store

Shop by Mail. Add 5% Sales Tax

1055 Market

Between
Orin & 7th

UN 3-3486

Use Your
BankAmericard or
Master Charge



Open Mon.

Thurs & Fri

9 to 6:30

Open Tues.

Wed & Sat

9 to 6

KLONDYKE GOOSE DOWN MUMMY BAG SALE

Features top quality all American made.

All grey goose down. Construction with

full hood. Ripstop nylon inner &

outer shell. 1/2 nylon zip-

per. Complete with

stuff bag.

One week only at these super low prices.

1 1/2 lb. Reg. 47.95 Now **39.99**

2 lb. Reg. 54.95 Now **46.99**

2 1/2 lb. Reg. 64.95 Now **55.95**

3 lb. Reg. 74.95 Now **64.95**

Shop by mail Add 1.00 mail order

Kaplan's has a sleeping bag for everyone. Over 5000 bags in

stock, including 50 ass't styles of Goose & Duck Down bags.

DEAR GOOD TIMES

I would like to bring to your attention an incident involving the so-called "Good Earth Garage" now located on Haight Street. Approximately six weeks ago I brought my car to them for a tune-up and a brake job. I was given the impression that they are a communal operation, that they perform their services at bargain rates compared to the "straight rip-off garages", and that they are honest.

From the outset there were delays. However, I told the man who was working on my car that he should work at his own pace. He did, and two weeks later the car was "ready".

The cost of the brake job was \$40 for parts and labor and the tuneup came to \$37 including parts. Both prices are fair but not too difficult to match in a few "straight" garages in the City. In addition the "Good Earth Garage" makes the hefty profit of 40% on the parts that they buy, which is standard practice for the "straight rip-off" garages (This information is no secret, I obtained it directly from California Auto Supply on Haight St.)

There were a few additional parts that had to be bought which brought the total bill to \$100. After paying the man in full, I tried starting the car. It wouldn't even turn over! After much apologizing and excuses, my mechanic made some small adjustments and the car purred smoothly away--ONLY TO BREAK DOWN COMPLETELY less than a mile away!

I had to have the car towed back to the Good Earth Garage where MY mechanic said he would get to work on it immediately. I assured him that everything was cool and that he should call me when he fixed it.

Thus began a period of about two weeks during which time the man never called and every time I called the GE Garage "no one seemed to know where he was." All of the other mechanics played dumb and did not want to have anything to do with it.

I finally got a hold of him and he

said that he was trying to get a new radiator for the car.

It is now over 4 weeks since the car broke down and over 6 weeks since I brought it in to have it fixed. It is sitting in the street minus a radiator and no sign that it will ever run again. Plus \$100 that I pissed down the drain.

I could attribute all this to the workings of Karma and pretend calmness. But instead I feel anger. In fact, I feel more anger towards Good Times than I do towards the Good Earth Garage.

You see, all the mechanics at the garage wear long hair and beards just like good "brothers" should. They also say "right on" a lot too. Many weeks ago I wrote a letter to the Good Times, a letter in which I questioned the very essence of your philosophy. I said the whole tone of your newspaper was adolescent and superficial and that the only real revolution occurs within the heart of each individual. This of course was too much for you to handle so you didn't even allow me a small space in your paper for me to have my say. You reserve that space for letters which you can answer with a slick little remark or a curt apology.

My message to you this time is not a very high spiritual one. In my last letter I tried to reach you with love but I was talking to deaf ears. This time I'm coming from a level that we are all familiar with. So therefore, I CHALLENGE YOU GOOD TIMES to print this letter because I want people to see how full of shit you really are. But mostly because it's my GOD DAMN FUCKING RIGHT to express myself and be heard. Furthermore it is your responsibility as journalists and self-styled friend of the "people" (the people who agree with you it seems) to expose the potential rip-off that dealing with the "Good Earth Garage" can be.

Whether you print this letter or not (I doubt if you have the balls) you can take it and shove it up your self-righteous asses.

Ed Stone

Dear Good Times:

The worst horror of prison is not the daily abuse, the devilish rules, the sexual deprivation, or the tasteless unhealthy food. It isn't the claustrophobic cages in older prisons and the filthy, unhealthy living conditions that goes along with time. The tampering with and destruction of your mail. The ripping up of your personal possessions in the name of a "shakedown". The constant fear of the hole for minor infractions. The beatings, "more so true in prisons back East", macings and conscious psychological torture meted out of social segregation units like P.C.H. or P.K.C.H. (Pending Kangaroo Court Hearing) better known to us, the inmates, as cold food, an endless number of days in the hole, very filthy unhealthy living conditions, a striped cage and your lucky to get six squares of toilet paper. It's not even the sadistic, "so-called", officers and counselors. Them playing the role of the sadist and you not being able to do much, if anything, about it. So you with that constant fear of the hole hanging over your head, can't be much other than, the stalemate. The living "Dead".

It is a feeling of descent into hell, the belief that you'll never see the streets again, that when those gates close behind you, every friend, lover and relative will at best keep loyal to the once-a-week visiting ritual and at worst, lose interest in you as the time drags on and leave you totally to their mercy. Except for that three hours each week, you are surrounded by people who have total contempt for you and who can do virtually anything they want to you out of fear of reprisal. What is so terrifying is the devastating powerlessness of prison, the feeling of being dropped into a long, dark tunnel. Where the people at the other end have given up the search even though you can hear their voices.

AN INMATE
(name withheld on request)

READ ABOUT WHOP KIDNAP AND HIS FRIENDS IN THE ARTISANS ALMANAC



OR: SALE WORTH EVERYTHING
GOOD TIMES MAY - ONE DOLLAR

HAIGHT RECYCLING CENTER NEEDS HEAVY DUTY TRUCKS AND DOLLIES OR FUNDS TO DO SO WE ARE GETTING CLOGGED AT THE CENTER AND SPRING IS SAYING GET THE WHEELS TURNING CONTACT 1428 HAIGHT

Bring this add for free sample of soap.

Body Poetry

Handmade glycerin soaps, essential oils pure lotions and shampoos.
1385 Ninth Ave. S.E.
Telephone 665-3255

WE'RE FINALLY OPEN
NON-ELECTRICAL ALTERNATIVE

**NEW LIGHTS
WAX WORKS**

4249 - 18th St.
SAN FRANCISCO
(2 BLOCKS FROM CASTRO)

EVERY DAY NOON TILL SIX

CANDLES, OIL LAMPS
LIGHT MISCELLANY

* CANYON CINEMATHEQUE *
* underground films *

* March 2 Mixed Program *
* Terroe Trails - *
* Lyle Pearson *
* Trilogy - *
* Chris Leggo *
* Weiners & Buns - *
* Curt McDowell *
* Muna - *
* Frank Simons *
* Bleu Shut - *
* Robert Nelson *
* March 9 Unstrap Me - *
* George Kuchar *

* every Thursday at 8:30 \$1.50 *
* 800 Chestnut St. 332-1514 *

**Kastl's
Restaurant**

CORNER OF PRESIDIO & SACRAMENTO
JEROME / 922-8880

WE HAVE THE BEST OF
BURGERS, STEAKS, ETC.
PLUS GREAT ORGANIC
FOODS AND JUICES!

COLD BEER & ORGANIC FRUIT
WINES (THURS. NITE / MUG OF BEER
10¢ FOR THE LADIES - (TUES. NITE/
GET A BITCHER FOR ONLY 30¢)

OPEN DAILY: 11:00 TILL MIDNITE

NORTH BEACH CAMERA



PHOTO LAB
753 Columbus 982-5717
Darkrooms for Rent
10 to 10 - 7 days a wk.

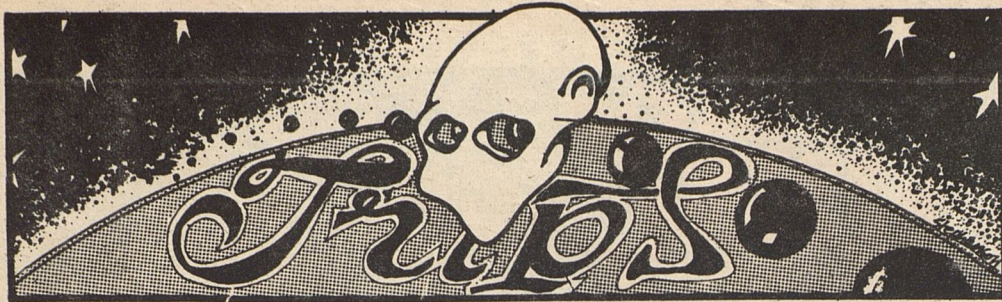
CAMERA & PHOTO
756 Columbus 391-2835
Earth Prices

M - F 9 - 8 Sat 10 to 7; Sun 10 to 2

**BERNIE'S
FARMERS MARKET**

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES FRESH DAILY
REASONABLE PRICES

407 CLEMENT
BETWEEN 5th & 6th AVE.



FRIDAY FEBRUARY 25
the moon enters leo at 4:15 pm

Music:

Free noon concert with Fluid Drive, lower Sproul Plaza, UC Berkeley Campus.

Duke Ellington at Zellerbach Aud, UC Berk, 8 pm.

Mike Finnegan and Gerry Wood at the Lion's Share, 60 Red Hill Ave, San Anselmo, 454-9856

SHANTI at Palace of Fine Arts, 8:30, \$3.

Commander Cody cutting live album at New Monk, Berkeley, 8 pm.

Geoff Savage & Sons at Family Pharmacy

Gerry Garcia and Merle Saunders and Armondo Peroza at Keystone Korner, 8 pm, \$2.50.

White Oriole, New Orleans House, Bkly.

Film:

Sacred Art of Tibet: benefit film, 2 Lamas direct & narrate representations of tantric Buddhism. 160 Kroeber Hall, Bancroft & College, UC Berkeley, 6, 8 & 10 pm, \$1.

"The Great Battle for China" 7:30 pm, color, Laney College Forum, 900 Fallon, Oakland. Joint Soviet-Chinese film, includes documentary footage of battles. \$1.25, call 285-1992.

Frank Cedewall, Longtime IWW member, speaking at the College of Marin, 12 noon.

Julian Theater's production of Under Milkwood, Dylan Thomas. Opens at Live Oak Theater, Bkly, 9:15 pm

1st Unitarian Church of Bkly, 1 Lawson Rd. Women's evening alliance pot luck program and 8 pm play reading, all welcome.

7th Seal, 2311 Bowditch, 8:30 to 1. A play, "David & John"

SF Museum of Art: Rules of the Game. Directed by Jean Renoir. 9:30 pm, 863-8800

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 26
the moon is in leo

Both/And--Mike White Quartet, 8 pm

Laura Nyro at Berk Comm Thtr, 8 pm, \$3, 4 & 5 at Ticketron

Bob Ward at the Fam Farm

White Oriole, New Orleans House, Bkly

Benefit--sacred art of Tibet. See ystdy Martin Luther King Aud Rose & Grant Duke Folk and comedy at the Fam Farm

Four films on the American Indian from the Canadian Film Board, 8 pm, free, spons. Assoc. American Indian

Frank Cedewall, Longtime IWW member, speaks at SF State, call for info

Red Detachment of Women, Chinese revolutionary dance drama, 7 pm, 1st Unitarian Ctr, 1187 Franklin at Geary, \$2. Spons. US-China friendship assoc.

Statewide conference to oppose Nixonomics. Oakland Technical High, 45th & Broadway, Oakland

By the way, Frank Cedewall will be at SF State at noon, NOON!

Belly Dancing exhibition by Magana Baptista and her group. Also Israeli guitarists Natan and Auri. Folkdance lesson, 9-10 pm. Homemade food, Members 75¢, public \$1.25. Jewish Comm. tr, 3200 Calif.

PRISON FORUM: 10 am to 3:30 pm, Gresham Hall, Grace Cathedral, 1051 Taylor. Lunch \$1. Panel of former inmates.

Single parents' lib. group meeting to discuss welfare, jobs, daycare, living alone, etc. Dealing with our problem together. 620 Sutter (YWCA), 1 pm, childcare provided; for more info call Kathy, 467-2635.

Poetry recital and film "Quetzal" by Amilcar Lobos. Guest of honor, famed Mexican poet Juan Jose Arreola, 362 Capp. Call 647-8555.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 27
the moon is in leo

The Kinks & Badfinger, Bkly Cmnty Thtr, Allston Wy & Grove, Bkly, 8 pm. \$3.50, 4.50, 5.50. 563-4662

WHOOPS! above phone, 563-4622.

Herbie Hancock at the Both/And, 8 pm.

Franklin Shuttle at the Fam Farm.

ACT's "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man in the Moon Marigolds" closes at the Marine's Memorial Theater tonite.

Teatro Experimental Latino Americano presents 3 short works in Spanish, 362 Capp, call 647-8555. Donation.

Purim Carnival at Jewish Comm. Ctr, 655 Brotherhood Way. Refreshments, booths, games, costumes. 334-7474.

Alternate Media Festival by Committee for Open Media, Newman Hall, Bkly, 10 am to 4 pm. Needs a little radicalizing; intended mostly for video freaks.

MONDAY FEBRUARY 28
the moon enters virgo at 12:51 am

Country music nite at Keystone Korner. High Country, \$1 admission.

Clover at the New Monk, Bkly, \$1.

Taj Majal, Herbie Hancock, Malo in a benefit for Angela Davis, Berk Comm Thtr, ticketron, 9 pm.

Open auditions at the Fam Farm

Preview performance of the Dudesheep Theatre Co, performing "The Serpent" at City Lights Poets' Thtr, 430 Mason nr Geary. Every Sat & Sun thru Mar 26. 788-4832, \$2.

Intermediate Chinese Class. Practical guide to Chinese spoken in People's Republic of China. M-W-F 8 pm, 2501 Bryant at 23rd.

Stephen Fiske at the Orion thru Mar. 6, 9 pm.

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 29
the moon is in virgo

Kathy Moore at the Fam Farm Life Drwng class, 8 to 10 pm, Bsmnt Park Branch Library, 1833 Page. Supplies provided.

Slide and rap by recent China visitors 8 pm, All Saints Church, 1350 Waller. Child care provided. Free.

Poetry reading by Phillis Thompson, Gallery Lounge at SF State, 2 pm.

WEDNESDAY MARCH 1
the moon enters libra (air sign) at 11:01 am

Co-op Junction, Howe at New Orleans House, Bkly, \$1.50, 9 pm.

Rob Berryman, acoustic guitar hard folk rock at the Fam Farm

"The Women's Film" and "Growing Up Female", 7:30 to 9:30, 145 Dwinelle Halle, UC Bkly, \$1.

Ice Cream party at Gaylords and every Wednesday at 9 pm. Ice cream, 50¢ a dish. 721 Irving betw. 8th & 9th.

Intermediate Chinese class--see Mon.

The Theatre of Man will open it's 1972 season with After Erudyce. Good luck.

THURSDAY MARCH 2
the moon is in libra

James Clinton at the Fam Farm

U Art Museum at Berk presents Nosferatu, by F.W. murnau, 7 & 9:30.

"A Day in the Sun" a film on Alaska, benefit for KFA. Marina Jr. Hi, 3500 Fillmore, \$1.50, 8 pm, 652-9750

"The Year of the Cannibals" (Italian) 7:30 & 9:30, 155 Dwinelle, UC Berk, \$1.25, 642-0212.

FRIDAY MARCH 3
the moon enters scorpio at 11 pm

Elvin Bishop Group at the New Monk, Berkeley, 8 pm.

Allman Brothers/Albert King at Winterland, 8 pm, Ticketron.

Van Morrison/Copperhead/David Blue, Bkly Comm Thtr, 8 pm, Ticketron

Roy and the Adults--two acoustic guitars. Franklin Shuttle too. Fam Farm.

Modern Dance--Ruth Botchan Y Co, Live Oak Theater, Bkly. 8 pm, 849-4120, donation.

SATURDAY MARCH 4
the moon is in scorpio

The Allman Brothers--see March 3

A benefit for the starvin' TRIBE--Potemkin, plus Charlie Chaplin, 2, Northside Theatre, Euclid & Hearst, Bkly, \$1.

Elvin Bishop--see ystdy

Fanny & Earthquake at Z'bach Aud, UC Berk. Campus. \$2.50 & 3, Tower Records in SF and ASUC Box office in Berk. 3:30.

Judy Garland in "A STAR IS BORN" & 9:30 pm, University Art Museum, Bkly, 75¢, 642-1412.

Modern dance 11 Ruth Botchan & Co, Live Oak Theater, Bkly, 8 pm, 849-4120, donation to keep us alive.

Paintings by 50 Bay Area artists on the Marina Green, foot of Fillmore, adjacent to SF yacht harbor. Artists' Guild of SF. 10 am to 5 pm.

NPAC, Northern Calif. P EACE Action Coalition (the go-slo Trots) will have a reading of excerpts from the B'way play "The Inquest".

SUNDAY MARCH 5
the moon is still in Scorpio

Bruchner's Mass in E Minor, chorus & winds, 8 pm, Hertz Hall, UC Berk, 50¢, 642-0214

Mime Troup's Independent Woman, a benefit for Stephanie Kline, at Willard Jr. Hi, Derby & Regent, Bkly, 8 pm, \$1. Stephanie will speak.

Peace Action Committee will present, "You don't have to buy war, Mrs. Smith" and "The Magician", 1st Unitarian Chch, Franklin & Geary, 5 pm. Donation.

Art exhibit, see March 4.

MONDAY MARCH 6
the moon enter sagitarius at 11:36 am

TUESDAY MARCH 7
the moon is in sagitarius

Nathan Elaine, acoustic guitar & 2 voices at the Fam Farm

"Plantation Boy" at SF Mu. of Art, \$1/75¢, children free.

Astrology freaks' open forum, 420 Sutter, 5:30 pm

Life drawing, 8-10 pm, Bsmnt Park Branch Library, 1833 Page, supplies provided, 621-6922.

WEDNESDAY MARCH 8
the moon enters capricorn at 10:51 pm

Flecia Mae/Savoy Brown at Bkly Cmm Thtr, 8 pm, Ticketron

Rob Berryman at the Fam Farm

THURSDAY MARCH 9
the moon is in capricorn

James Clinton at the Fam Farm

G. S. Sochder, master of the flute, accompanied by table. Intersection, 756 Union.

CONTINUING

Thru Sun Feb 27, "The Revolt of the Good People" 8 pm, free to all, 430 Mason, director's ego trip

Power images in West African Art, at SFSC, 1600 Holloway Ave, Museum Gallery, rm 438 library, thru Mar 15 daily 12-4 pm.

Photo exhibit: Bellocq, Storyville Portraits, the legalized redlight district of New Orleans, 1896-1917. U Art Mu, Bkly, Gallery D, 11 am to 5 pm Wed thru Sun. Free; call 642-1438.

An exhibition of pen and ink on paper by Takeshi Yamamoto. SF Mu of Art, Feb 23-Mar 15.

SFS College performing arts comm. will be doing jazz workshops sat nights, 11 pm on. Free call 469-247.

Acting classes, mime movement, fencing etc. Omega ensemble. Call 564-4445 Mondays.

Voodoo witchcraft church of pleasure, meetings 9 pm nightly, 184 Howard, SF.

Stephen Fiske at the Orion, Feb 23-Mar 6, 9 pm.

LOCATIONS LIST

WINTERLAND - cnr Post & Steiner, SF
KEYSTONE KORNER - 750 Vallejo, SF, usually \$2.50 cover.

BERK. COMM.

- Alston Way & Grove, Bkly.

BOARDING HOUSE 960 Bush nr. Jones, usually \$2 cover.

BOTH/AND - 350 Divisadero



YEAR OF
THE RAT,
MY ASS!