

## VIGILERS HALT EXPLOSIVES AT PORT CHICAGO

Dancing, rallies, marches and civil disobedience last weekend illuminated mounting anti-war action throughout the Bay Area. In the past 7 days confrontation has replaced talk.

On the eve of the third International Days of Protest, the Berkeley VDC liberated a street off Telegraph during a street-dance rally. The rally passed without incident, although part of the crowd hooted anti-war speeches.

About 10,000 persons took part in a march in San Francisco the next day, Saturday, Hiroshima Day. More than 40 organizations sponsored the march and the subsequent rally at Civic Center. The

crowd witnessed speeches and satirical dramas by prominent Bay Area peace activists. Discussion lasted into the evening, as children and grownups found relief from the heat in the city fountain.

Direct action at the Port Chicago weapons station followed closely the San Francisco rally. Gar Smith was arrested at the same dump main gate at 7:11 P.M. Saturday, after blocking the passage of an explosives truck. Smith was the first of a series of truck-stoppers in civil disobedience which continues through BARB press time. Thirty-one protesters had been arrested as of Thursday A.M. Among the arrested is BARB staffer Alan Turner.

BARB reporters and photographers were the only newsmen present during the first group

arrests. BARB alerted the Bay Area news media.

During the Days of Protest, forces were grouping to fight the House Committee on the American Activities. HUAC subpoenaed Bay Area peace activists beginning Friday. Counter-movements by the newly-formed Peace Activists Defense group are gathering momentum throughout the nation as BARB goes to press.

## Over 30 Hauled Off To Jail

Police and marines brought home the brutality of the Viet Nam war to Port Chicago Monday.

A marine waved a truck on as protesters sat down in front of it. "Keep coming!" he shouted as the truck's fender rode over Bob Meriwether's back.

A Contra Costa Sheriff grabbed a man's leg and twisted it, pulling him over the line onto Federal property.

Marines twisted a man's shoulder behind his back and aimed a gas mask forward against a man. Witnesses said about four marines then beat him on his back with their fists.

Earlier, at 3:15 A.M., three women were yanked out of the path of a truck by one sheriff and thrown down on the pavement by another. One witness said she saw a club swinging down on a woman's back.

One of the women couldn't move and had to be helped off the road by friends. The cops threatened to arrest her if she didn't get up.

Only one person was arrested at this time. However, while the vigil was in progress, a chaotic scene unfolded. A sheriff arrested Larry Cooper for trespassing on the scene. Witnesses said he only stood at the edge of the crowd, saying goodnight to workers leaving for home.

At 7:15 A.M. the second scene of major violence occurred. This time seven persons were arrested, all for "trespassing" on Federal property. Sheriffs dragged 3 or 4 of them over the line and hauled

See page 2

## Tough Fight Ahead Vs HUAC

By James A. Schreff.

The House Committee on the American Activities cast its web into the Bay Area last week to snare activists in the peace movement. Its action justified a large hornets' nest.

Subpoenas "command" Anastole Anton, Steve Cherkovs, George Ewart, Steve Hamilton, Stuart McEae, Jerry Rubin, Steven Small, John "Windy" Smith and Harold supraine to report to HUAC in Washington, D.C. on August 16. Anton and McEae were co-chairmen of the first Medical Aid Committee, at Stanford. Supraine is a DuBois Club member who traveled to northern Vietnam; he is now in jail as a result of his participation in the 1967 Civil-rights sit-ins in San Francisco.

The other six were active in the Vietnam Day Committee.

To combat HUAC a Sunday meeting on the UC campus began to mobilize support. The East Bay Committee to Abolish HUAC, the Community for New Politics, the August 6-9 Committee, and other groups offered help.

The meeting formed the Peace Activists Defense Fund (PAD) to co-see page 5



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## Across The "Line"



HIGHWAY PATROL AND MARINES busy making sure truck-stoppers get across the white line demarcating territory for a Federal 'trust.' Truck gave a boost, too.

(Photo by Elliot Borin.)

## 'twixt SNCC and SS Footluc At Loosy's Wettin'

WASHINGTON, D.C. (UPS) — "I'd like to see the church burn down, Luc in it," the sultry Negro youth said. "Man the money spent on this thing should be given to the poor and oppressed." I had gone to the Washington, D.C. SNCC office the day before Luc's wedding to check out what was gonna happen. A delapidated building in the slum section, it was full of Negroes, mustached and with cowboy hats. Learning I was from Berkeley they were friendly. ("Yeah man, that's a wild scene, like to make it there

some time.") Black Power newspapers, Stokely Carmichael articles covered the walls. Down dark narrow stairs, basement, a mimeograph machine working on leaflets for the wedding day. "Them cats are just using the machine," one bearded blood said, "officially we got nothing to do with the demonstration."

Next day, walking to the Shrine of Immaculate Conception, a battered 56 Pontiac pulled over. "Man, you going to the wedding," the four SNCC's inside asked. "Freedom fighters coming, watch out Johnson, we're on our way," they sang, drumming the side of the car. Ahead the freeway was jammed with onlookers heading for Luc's service. One Negro, with gold capped teeth, leaned out the window, shouting, "BLACK POWER, FREEDOM NOW!" at the slow moving cars.

"Crazy, them white cats is scared," he laughed at the shocked motorists. "King says turn the other cheek, not me I spit on

see page 3

## Violence In Richmond Eviction

BULLETIN

At 6 A.M. Thursday a large number of cops and sheriffs, some in riot gear, showed up at the Gullebeau's. They broke down the door and dragged Mr. and Mrs. Gullebeau and their seven children down the stairs and took them away.

Gullebeau was in his pajamas and Mrs. Gullebeau had on only a robe. She protested loudly against being exposed this way to the public.

Police charged both with resisting arrest and interfering with a court order.

Mr. Gullebeau is in frail health and under a doctor's care. Both he and Mrs. Gullebeau were admitted to Kaiser Hospital Emergency for treatment.

The children, aged 11 mos. to 3 yrs., were also handled roughly. By eye witnesses affirmed, The Gullebeaus' car is now padlocked.

see page 2

## Subscribers: Note Bene

Attention Subscribers: This issue will not be mailed until Monday because we have revised our mailing system for more efficient delivery in the future. Please pardon the delay. Next week, hopefully, things will be better than normal.

## ATTENTION: Hitchhikers

Want to do it in Berkeley? (Hitchhike, of course.) Keep one foot on the curb and maybe, just maybe, all will be well.

BARB called your friendly Berkeley Police Department to dispel this crucial issue so that there is no law specifically prohibiting hitchhiking within the Berkeley city limits.

But there is a law against interfering with the flow of traffic in Berkeley, and who is to say that hitchhiking is not interference? It is not, said the Police Dept. The police feel that a hitch-

hiker is legal in Berkeley so long as he keeps one foot planted on the curb, and maybe, just maybe, all will be well.

But ah! The State Vehicle Code makes it illegal "to stand in the roadway for purposes of soliciting a ride." So, if a man stands in the roadway if he has one foot on the curb?

The desk will say only that hitchhiking is not illegal so long as that one foot is on the curb. Just in case there should be a non-cop-friendly Berkeley police, beat keep both feet curbed when thinking in Berkeley. Penalty for thumbing is five-dollar fine, C.M.



(Photo by Elliot Borin)

# Violence in Richmond Eviction

Two slumlords failed to evict a Negro family Monday.

They sent two deputy marshalls and movers to the apartment of John Gullebeau in Richmond.

About 25 children and adults were sitting on the stairs when the evictors arrived.

"No one coming up - nothing going down!" they chanted.

One deputy bulldozed his way up the stairs and succeeded in kicking a child in the head. The boy's head was bandaged later on. The Negroes chanted louder. He hesitated on the landing above. The other deputy decided not to go up.

Then the Marshall arrived. Several plainclothesmen and a uniformed cop followed close behind.

"We want lower rent! No rent for roaches!"

Ann Bradsher then asked the Marshall to delay enforcement of the writ of possession issued by Richmond Municipal Court. Ann is one of four college students working with Richmond Negroes in a UNITED project.

An hour after beginning talks with the two lawyers representing each side of the rent strike, the Marshall and his cohorts moved out. The Negroes slowly dispersed. Mr. and Mrs. Gullebeau, who have seven children, were relieved but still wary.

BARB the following series of events caused the present situation:

Gullebeau lived rent-free for doing the custodial work of the 20-apartment complex until May.

In May he was told to pay \$50 a month. On July First his rent was upped to \$120 starting August First. Other tenants received rent raises at the same time. They started a rent strike.

# Peace Info Office Eyed For Berkeley

Berkeley will some day be the most peace-wise city if the action if the Community for New Politics has its way.

The campaign to bring this about by amending the Charter of the City of Berkeley has already been launched.

A Peace Information office is proposed which will be headed by a Director similar to the School Director, who will serve on the City Council if the initiative succeeds.

Duties of the office will include:

- 1) Fact-finding on the questions of peace and war insofar as they may affect the citizens of Berkeley;
  - 2) Assisting and encouraging the attraction of non-war-related industry to Berkeley;
  - 3) Counseling the residents of Berkeley who are subject to the Selective Service Act as to their rights and duties thereunder;
  - 4) Serving as advisor to Human Relations and Welfare Commission and to the School Board on questions relating to the Peace Information Office;
  - 5) Performing any other anti-war informational functions.
- A meeting to plan the mobilization for the "Peace Initiative" campaign will take place Saturday, August 13 at 10:30 a.m. at CNY headquarters, 2214 Grove Street, Berkeley.

# Hauled Off To Jail

them to marines. The rest were pushed over the line by the truck, which was marked "Explosives."

"Push-pull, waded, the difference," said one angry onlooker. "None of them trespassed voluntarily."

A half - hour later three more people stopped a truck, this time way down the road. A Highway Patrolman handcuffed a girl who went limp. He dragged her 50 yards through sand and gravel by the handcuff on her wrist.

Later arrests were more calm and dignified. The vigiliers applauded each person as he was taken into custody.

The march the previous afternoon was also in sharp contrast to the night's violence. 385 people left Concord at 2:30 p.m. in the blazing heat. U.S. and U.N. flags waved at the beginning and again at the middle of the procession.

A majority of the marchers carried signs.

Brief long shirts and shoes were removed. Many were badly sunburned during the 6-mile trek. Two girls fainted and were taken into cars.

About 40 young toughs were wearing a Waring's Frosty Freeze milk out of Concord. Several cops stood between the marchers and the hecklers.

The hecklers then ran for their cars and cycles. They cruised back and forth along the road, hurling insults at the marchers.

At 10:30 the march reached the waterfront gate of the U.S. Navy Weapons Station at Port Chicago. They were confined to about 500 men. They entered a fenced-in area between the road and the railroad tracks.

Then a truck on the other side of the road were about 20 cops and 100 hecklers. About 10 marines were stationed inside the gate.

The marcher called a meeting of about 30 persons who planned to commit civil disobedience. A group of hecklers crossed the road and surrounded the meeting, continually interrupting it with coughs, whistling and talking.

Then a nagin truck, bombs gleaming in their crates, roared down the road and turned into the base. No one had been ready to stop it.

Then came the long wait. As it grew dark the hecklers dwindled off only those speeding by in cars and jeeps.

At about 10 p.m. a delegation was sent to the other gate of the weapons station, because two trucks had been spotted going over the overpass road which came from that entrance.

As the night grew cold the vigiliers drifted rapidly. Only about 60 people stayed until morning. A vigil line of never less than 10 persons stood all night facing the waterfront gate, holding signs and singing - M.T.

# Far From The Madding Crowd

Until Americans stop killing and being killed in Vietnam the Berkeley Friends will conduct similar vigils to express their sorrow and anger. The vigil began August 6 and will meet at 11:30 p.m. at the Wells Fargo Bank at 14th and San Pablo Ave. in Oakland every Saturday. The vigils will be from 12:00 PM until 1:00 PM at the Oakland Memorial Plaza. Everyone is welcome.

By Elliot Borin & Paula Friedman  
(Waterfront Gate, Port Chicago)--  
Get up, get up, get up... ahhh, fuck you... 4 AM greetings from the S.P. brakeman.

Six feet from the vigiliers' exhausted heads, the sounds of trains compete with the wailing of Navy generators, the wailing of marines, and the bulboured madness of amplified police radio calls.

"I think I'll step across the line. There's a good chance the bells will be heard," says a shivering vigiliers' trainee. The Marines P.A. system announces, "The white line delineates the access and egress points of the Concord Naval Weapons Station."

It was over this line that 8 limp bodies, each held in the clutches of a sheriff's deputy or marine, were "trapped" (i.e. dragged) Monday morning.

Aided by a 25-ton explosive truck, which shoveled the bodies to the proximity of the line, the hands of officialdom pulled these 8 to the growing pile of arrested anti-war demonstrators.

Of course, even the police officers showed compassion. "Get the hell off our highway. You'll be arrested," one highway patrolman warned a bleeding housewife. Karen Barbons, following her 315 AM encounter with a PIE truck and assorted marines.

"I was able to sleep most of the time," she reports. "I was arrested. You're sad," she says. "I was in regular prisoners in the next cell. I was burning rag into my bunk. I just scorched my feet, was all."

On Monday afternoon, arraignment of 22 prisoners charged with Federal trespassing occupied the center ring. They were released on their own recognizance. The 22 prisoners remaining were arraigned in Port Chicago's Justice Court.

"This is not a Federal Court. This is a Municipal Court," said Judge Otto Lichtl. "The people in this county have their rights, too. The hell will remain as set," Judge Renagher of Concord Municipal Court first raised the bail for the prisoners under his jurisdiction to \$330 and \$660; then released all of them on their own recognizance.

All but 3 prisoners, Isabel Cerney, Sarah Brody, and Bob Meriwether, who declined a plea of nolo contendere, entered a plea of nolo contendere for 2 offenses, have been set for trial Monday & Tuesday.

The 22 prisoners charged of explosive trucks will continue, vigiliers declare. Carpools leave daily from 2001 Milvia in Berkeley.

# Turner Turns Japanese On

Elijah Turner, was elected chairman of the American delegation to the Twelfth World Peace Congress in Nagasaki, Japan, this week.

Turner, representing Bay Area, and particularly Seventh Congress, and national District anti-war groups, delivered the closing speech of 50,000, who then carried him on their shoulders through the streets.

Donations to help defray the cost of his trip may be sent to the Turner Fund, 2214 Grove St., Berkeley.

# Truck-Stopper Tells Where It's At When...

By Alan Turner

We had kept our vigil through Sunday's cold railroad - terror night. The nagin truck had rested. We waited, keeping silent watch or somnambulistically singing. The day's eye had hunched, risen, and had begun to cast his first rays of warmth.

I leaned, half - sleeping on my picket sign, holding close about my neck the blanket in which I was wrapped. The sign said, "Stop in the name of love." In an anxious hiss, a truck rose over the ridge. Doubts, was it nagin, or simply innocent merchandise? Could it stop it?

A manitou truck coming down the road would have to make a left turn into the gate of the US Navy Weapons Station, opposite the street. The station boundary was marked by a white line painted on the pavement.

The Marine Officer of the Day had warned us of that line many times during our vigil. According to the formal warning that he drew over his loudspeaker, access to the base was controlled, and no one was permitted on the grounds "without legitimate purpose and a definite destination."

The US Code provided, he would continue, for punishment by imprisonment for not more than six months, or a fine of \$500, or both. Crossing the white line was a federal case. Also we would be at the oncoming truck of the Marines.

The oncoming truck was marked "explosives". This meant it was loaded with bombs. People nearer Bed truck took the first action. Throwing themselves in the path of the speeding vehicle, they forced the driver to slow down. He would not stop, though, but forced them aside.

Bob Meriwether, forced the truck to a halt as it began to turn. He was handcuffed by the police and dragged away.

The rest of us swarmed in front of the bearing monster, and sat down on the roadway before its bumper.

The driver still would not come to a halt, but continued moving slowly forward. The truck hit us and still continued forward, pushing us along the ground.

As inexorably passive bodies approached the fatal white line, I saw a Marine coming toward us with some of his subordinates. He shouted, "Alright they crossed over!" then pointed to me and said, "You take that one." I extended legs, a young ffc grabbed

# SMASH! HIT!



(Photo by Tom Vorbees)

## Footluc At Loosy's Wettin'

from page 1

them."

At the wedding scene we split up, mingling with the thousands of Johnson tourists. I started to walk across an open lawn toward the pickets. A shout, "Where are you going?"

A clean cut man, sun and ear-phones, "What happened to your friends?" Annoyed, I asked, "Who are you?" A flip of the wrist, a badge, Secret Service, "Are you going to take part in the picket?"

"No, actually I'm with the press."

Looking at my sandals and levis, he asked, "Can I see your press pass?"

"Eh, well...our paper doesn't have press passes."

"What paper is it?"

"It's in Berkeley, California, the Berkeley BARB."

He wanted to know more about the Negroes from SNCC, why I had come with them, what they were planning. Ever since stepping out of the old Pontiac Secret Service men had followed our movements. They were all over, even in helicopters, two-way-transistors in ear, I didn't even have any answers about SNCC.

Since our conversation was a friendly level I started asking him questions. A young college grad from Chicago, he had worked for SS on two years. "You must be of strong moral character, they probably check very thoroughly," I inquired.

"Oh yeah, in school I didn't even drink," he said.

But when I asked how many men were at the church, and how they opened, he clamped up. I noted that the popular conception is that people who work in Secret Service, the CIA, or FBI are kind of like robots.

"No," he disagreed, "My mind

is my own, I can vote for whom I want. But my first job is always to guard the president's life, no matter what I think of him personally."

"Can I ask you what you think of Vietnam?"

"I'd rather not say."

Then, as though remembering that he was supposed to be the one asking questions, he said,

"What paper did you say you worked for?"

"The Berkeley BARB. Why?"

"Just interested," he answered, spelling out B-A-R-B in his little black notebook. J.J.

- Underground Press Syndicate

## Luci Safe

## In The Arms

## Of Super-Pat

WASHINGTON, DC, (UP) —

On the 21st anniversary of Hiroshima Luci Bird Johnson (alias Lucy) married a serviceman in the largest Catholic Church in the country. Television, magazines, and society pages combined to blow up the nuptial ceremony of the colorless chubby Minor Bird into a national event. The National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, on the campus of Catholic University in Washington, D.C., was the scene for the massive public relations job. Temperature in the 90's, cops in hundreds, mindless fans, Secret Service men, helicopters, and pickets, were all on the scene.

Protesting on the occasion of the wedding of the world's number one war monger, Bill Higgins, a Washington lawyer, and leader of the Ad Hoc Committee Against

see page 9

# AGLU Vs CLEAN

The American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California warned this week that passage of Proposition 10 on the November ballot "would result in a bad siege of our earnings" and threatens banning of classics like Shakespeare's Sonnets, Joyce's Ulysses, and Tolstoy's Kreutzer Sonata."

The Union made available a comprehensive analysis of the measure showing its "dangers to freedom." "Books, newspapers, magazines, paintings, statues, plays, photographs, motion pictures, recordings - our entire world of culture would be threatened," said Marshall Krause, ACLU staff counsel.

The Union lists other organizations opposed to the initiative: the California Library Association, the District Attorney of Los Angeles, the L.A. Times, the California-Nevada Council of Churches and Californians Against Absurd Censorship.

Copies of the analysis are available from the ACLU at 503 Market Street, San Francisco.

## Promiscuity Goes To Pot Or Vice Versa

San Francisco Superior Court Judge Francis McCarthy, it is reported, called Monday for "a searching investigation" of the pot laws.

The law prescribes a fifteen-year sentence for the third conviction of possessing grass while the average prison term for murder is only twelve years.

Judge McCarthy encountered a certain inequity in this situation. By way of remedy, the Judge will request that the State Bar Association (meeting in Disneyland next month) appoint a committee to "study the question."

The direction of the study may be indicated by Judge McCarthy's observation that "marijuana leads to promiscuity."

Advocates of legalized pot have now nearly demolished the myth that use of marijuana leads to subsequent heroin addiction, subsequent commission of crimes of violence and/or attacks on motherhood.

But it just may make one promiscuous. What that is what "turned out" refers to. Then again, will the State Bar get turned on by Disneyland? Tune in next month, Or drop out, C.M.

## BrownKnows?

Alan Cranston had lunch with Robert Scheer recently. When Scheer mentioned that Tom Winnett, co-founder of the founding California Democratic Council (along with Cranston), was not going to speak or vote for Brown, Cranston nearly choked on his soup. He couldn't believe Winnett would do such a "thing."

Scheer's religious belief, often heard voiced, that the Democratic leaders in Sacramento are isolated from what is really happening within their own party.

For Cranston not to know Winnett was working for Scheer seems impossible in these days of TV and other modern forms of communication.

The next question is: Is Brown told everything? -G.K.

# Cops Smash Jazz Fest and Bash Bass

One man was badly roughed-up and arrested, two women were abused, and an entire jazz session was smashed by police. Berkeley police at about 6:30 p.m. this Tuesday. It all happened because a neighbor who was not cool enough to remain undisturbed by the soft music of a bass, a recorder and a cello.

It was August 9th, a warm afternoon in Berkeley. Michael Bruce, bass, and Tom Powell, recorder, came to what was being blowing home to musical Mungus on the lawn. An unidentified cello player came by and joined in.

It was nice music, but not to the man in the upstairs apartment, two houses down the block and across the street. He called the

## Paradise Lost As Strangers Find It

The minor paradise that was the free (nude) beach near San Gregorio appears to be doomed.

Sunday, August 7th, an armed guard blocked the only remaining access to this cliff-locked beach area, long a quiet retreat for nude bathers. The guard turned back several hundred would-be beach users and voyeur. Near the closed entrance four cars had been parked overnight. Their windows were smashed.

Such events, together with the rising influx of gawkers and gapers, have been making the beach steadily less and less pleasant.

The guard turned back all who approached the road. He said that he was acting for all of the property owners and would let pass only people who had written permission from a property owner.

Although the guard identified himself to several people as a deputy, he wore no badge or uniform.

Until three weeks ago, Walter Bridge, owner of the southernmost portion of the land surrounding the beach area, had the only open beach access road. He charged \$1.00 per car for other arrangements with several photographers, including a KGO-TV cameraman, as well as with numbers of roving teenagers and gawkers, he decided to close his entrance.

Since then, he has been on his property each weekend, patrolling it and stopping all who attempt to cross it to reach the beach.

Last Saturday, Bridge said that he had been contacted by one of the owners of the middle portion of the property surrounding the beach about the possibility of having a "closed gate" operation similar to that of private clubs and resorts, and audit camps. No definite action has been taken as yet on this proposal.

At present, there seems to be little organized pressure either for or against the existence of a free beach. One person has devised a petition to county officials, requesting that the free beach be allowed to continue, and has collected about 400 signatures.

On the other hand, the local D.A.'s office is planning to submit an ordinance restricting but not stopping nude bathing in the area.

Meanwhile, it's a hell of a paradise.

cops.

An officer (henceforward referred to as badge #91 because the uncooperative Berkeley police refused to release officers' names to BARB) arrived and advised Bruce that a complaint had been lodged.

Bruce said he would take full responsibility for the offending music, but the cop demanded to speak to the residents of 2025 Ward Street where Bruce and Powell were playing. Both were guests of Claudia Woodward, 20, and Nancy Harris, 21, who occupy the house.

Bruce offered to get them, but #91 insisted on entering himself. They moved to the doorway. Bruce carrying the street's radio which he had been playing while the celloist played his bass. They argued there in a doorway to a vestibule, the cello between them with the music gone from it. Badge #91 forced his way into the vestibule. Nancy Harris and Claudia Woodward came out. They talked. They agreed to stop the music. It should have ended in the vestibule, next to the empty cello.

But #91 told Bruce to keep out of the discussion and Bruce told #91 he had no right to speak to him that way. #91 drew his billy, shook it in Bruce's face, "Just shut up, kid. Don't interfere with me, just shut up," #91 is quoted.

(Later, Miss Woodward and Miss Harris agreed, the cop was so angry he was being frustrated by his attempt to enter the house that he was shaking. Or he just didn't like Michael being here at all. The police were civil to the white people and very rude to the black.)

A second cop (badge #30) appeared. He and #91 conferred briefly and then #91 demanded Bruce's ID. Bruce refused, told #91 he had no sufficient cause to demand ID, #91 said, "You're under arrest."

"What's the charge?" Bruce is quoted as saying, "Read me the charge so I can understand it myself." #91 said, "You're under arrest."

Bruce began to back away. Twelve more cops arrived. The cello player caught his instrument and split. Miss Woodward moved away and was being frisked by a cop. "Michael is a Negro from Chicago," she told BARB, "He knows about cops. I was afraid he'd run and the cops would shoot him."

Suddenly the two closest cops knocked the two girls out of the way and grabbed Bruce. "They didn't say one bloody word. They just charged," Miss Woodward said. "The only time they said got out of the way" was when they had him down on his face in the vestibule and were handcuffing his hands behind him.

"Three of them had their knees in his back and a fourth was handcuffing the leg. He was screaming in pain and I couldn't stand it and started screaming, 'Gestapo! Gestapo!' Then they dragged him out," Miss Woodward reported.

At about 7:00 p.m., Bruce was taken to the hospital. At about 10:00 p.m., he was released on bail and taken by Miss Woodward and Miss Harris to Highland hospital where x-rays revealed severe bruises on the bones of his upper arm.

In Berkeley, when the Gestapo hears music it goes for its gun. C.M.

# The Rest Is Not Silence...

Some weeks ago in this space, I wrote about Hayden's irregular silences, and one extremely irritable reader claimed I was nuts.

A little later, I wrote about the John Cage composition generally called "3' 53" for is a 3' 44"?) in which, for the first time, a composer wrote a totally silent piece. Again, some of my readers thought I was nuts.

Whether I am, or not, is irrelevant, no matter how interesting. I'd like to return to the theme of the Cage article, which was that 3' 53" represents the ultimate

sounds. A composer like Webern or Feldman can write music with no silence than sounds, but which still sounds turgid and noisy.

Writing about Cage, I asked where we go back again. Here, then, it has become clear where we go, Bag again.

Having wiped the slate clean, and erased all sound from music (at least in theory), I will fill the silence up again with sounds. The only question is what sounds? And the answer is all around us. We are ready now to build wholly new systems of organizing sounds (that's the definition of music.)

I guess that's why I think contemporary music's interesting. I think that present-day composers and musicians have more in common with Arcezo, Aronco, Gabrielli and Machant, than with Bach, Mozart and Haydn.

We live in the Dark Ages of the music of the future. I hope to be able to write in the future about our emerging masters, and our emerging future.

A part of that future is realized every year at the Cabrillo Festival in the Arco.

In a remarkably few years this festival has attained a standard by which we can define much of the other music we hear. The performances are thoroughly good and the programs are comprehensive and thoughtful.

The first of this year's concerts will be given next Friday evening. I unhesitatingly recommend it—M.A., Romanov



Statement of music, after which all other compositions became a sort of filling-in of blank spots in music history. I think the point is still valid.

It is a commonplace observation that certain of Beethoven's last words don't really conclude, they just sort of evaporate into silence. Mozart had a neat trick of letting the musical ideas become inaudible, while continuing in silence; listen to a major concerto, or to the finale of the E-flat symphony, to understand what I mean. The sound stops, but the music continues in another dimension, not really ended at all.

In at least one sense, all music ends in silence, and it is a measure of a musician's greatness just how much the terminal silence holds for the listener. The most moving silence I know in music is that lengthy and lofty silence that comes after the "Art of Fugue," where even Bach's genius seems to have stood mute and the score is empty, though only of written notes...

That musical entropy ends in silence, seems to me to be totally satisfying way for things to be, and not frightening at all. Perhaps it is a measure of Cage's greatness, that he notates this silence, and presents it at a recital without any of the sounds that normally precede it.

Perhaps that's all nonsense. (The piece, by the way, is in a classical sonata form of three movements. It is highly reminiscent of a K.P.E. Bach sonata. I especially like the concluding rondo.)

At any rate, silence has come of age. The silence in a composition can be as important as the

FILM SEMINAR given by Lenky Lipton, BARB film critic, former movie editor Popular Photography Magazine, member of Film-makers' Co-op.

Classes Monday & Tuesday at 8:30 pm, 2119 Carleton, Berkeley. \$1.50

Serious film-makers, potential film-makers, and students of experimental films invited.



A public commentator recently bode us imagine an American community forced to take orders from a terrorist band, cut off from all communication with other areas, with some of its leading citizens murdered and all the teachers and public officials in danger of kidnapping. That's how we live in Vietnam, he was implying, and that's why we are fighting there. All very well. Perhaps exaggerated, but I don't believe anyone is contending that the Viet Cong is a band of angels. However, this is a beautiful specimen of what is known in logic as special pleading.

You could just as easily do a similar extrapolation of the South Coast and scene to an American setting, and urge that as a reason for fighting in South Africa. So far I don't think anyone has. That's what's special about that kind of pleading.

The administration can't be held for that one; it came out of a private source. But it fits right in with the kind of thinking the administration can be blamed for promoting.

It seems to me that, if there is a final unanswerable argument against the Vietnam war, it is found in all the special pleading, and bad reasoning, and shifting and veering, and bobbing and weaving, and changing of line, and misrepresentation, and just plain lying, that the administration has found necessary to justify its war policies. Any odd excuse is good enough, so long as it lets them off that wouldn't be necessary. LBJ could simply lay the word "war" on the table, and Americans would go along with their President, those who didn't like it could jump it, and there would be no need to work so hard at convincing them.

I believe that the attitude of most Americans is some degree of opposition to this war, but that we should of course fight if we have to, but that we want to live, and to enjoy life, and that we should avoid getting into fights if possible. The Vietnam fight is a prime example of one that could easily have been avoided. And the suspicion is strong that the real reasons for continuing and building up that war are such as the administration public as a whole would definitely reject.

So instead we're given doubletalk, and contradictions of last month's statements, and something noble about aggression, E.P.

## Underground?

Palo Alto (UPS) - Would you believe in East Palo Alto there exists a private underground railroad? It's a meeting in the lush suburbs of Portola Valley. Mrs. Gertrude Wilks of East Palo Alto explained to 25 white suburban housewives the plight of the Negro children of East Palo Alto in trying to educate their children.

Mrs. Wilks, head of Mothers for Equal Education, exposed the Ravenswood High School in East Palo Alto as a segregated plant for a fictitious process of sending Negro children through the motions of receiving an education.

Although Mrs. Wilks and other Negroes have been opposed to this system of non-education for nine years, the local board of education insists that this problem of segregated schools exists because



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# Films To Save And Be Saved

By Lenky Lipton

Before I get down to this weekly-nitty-gritty there are a couple of things I have to get off my chest, one for film-makers, and the other for film audiences.

First thing you want to buy 16 mm motion picture film, buy it directly from the manufacturer. Film-makers of the world, you have nothing to lose but your shirts if you buy the stuff in that big store down-town, or at the corner drugstore. For example, a 100 foot roll of Tri-X developed at the store, even the great big store, is \$5.50. Purchased directly from Eastman Kodak, the same roll is \$3.80. So help me God, and you can buy it, anybody can buy it. If you have some kind of a schmuck you will continue to deal with the store. Negative film is even cheaper, \$3.25 a roll, and Easthome Commercial which is over \$8.00 locally is only \$6.68. The address for more info and the complete catalogue: 6706 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Defont offers the same kind of deal. I don't have their address handy, but it's on Santa Monica Blvd. too.

Somebody just told me Kodak is starting a San Francisco distribution center. If this is true, I'll get back to you with the dope.

Next aggravating thing in my fault. Let me say that I can't stand the thought of people spending \$17.6 a roll more than they need to, out of ignorance, but I recently erred out of Freud-sanity, what I listed the places in the Bay Area where you can buy screenings of fine art films, and I left out the most valuable, consistently best place of all.

Let me say all I want about the wonders of the New American Cinema, but if you never get to see what I'm talking about, what's the good?

This is the place: Intersection, 150 Ellis, San Francisco, it's right near the Zoo and the Zoo where the cable car occasionally breaks loose. Screenings are held at 8:30 Sunday evening. The screenings are run in cooperation with Henry Menefee of Canyon Cinema, and the group that sponsors Intersection, Intersection is a good place. All of the films is turned over to the film-makers. All of it. Intersection will screen anybody's films. That is, I can't make promises like that for them, but I've never heard of a case of a film-maker refused a screening. If you have enough for a show by yourself, or if you have a film you want to try out on an audience, the place to get in touch with is Intersection.

The week I forgot to mention Intersection is the week I had a show there.

Coming soon are films by Bruce Ballie, Cary Mayberry, and the films of Robert Nelson's students. Check the back pages of the BARB for what's happening there each week.

And now, the nitty-gritty. This area needs a film-maker's cooperative. I'll bet you can't even can do, what a coop can mean.

It can serve as the distribution center for films that no commercial distributor would touch. The coop, when it functions as a distributor, has the film-maker in mind, not the client. If you have a worry about clients you cannot accept many worthwhile films.

The coop can serve as a spiritual center for the new film-making movement. It can provide a center for feedback that this area is sorely lacking -- the feedback between film-maker and film-maker, and film-maker and audience.

The coop can serve as presser, editor, or serve the function of

public relations. Film-makers need the help of such an intermediary. Many more pieces might get written about people who are now unknown, who could become known through the help the coop film give the press. The press needs education.

The coop can stimulate new talent, and nourish established workers. Many more pieces might be made, but they need the help of the coop and its experienced members. Films written by amateurs, but they need to be made, that might never be made, had it not been for the coop. Foundation grants will be given to individuals, because their work was fostered by the coop.

The coop can serve as an equipment pool for expensive cameras and sound recording gear. The coop can have facilities for editing, and most important, for sound transfers, dubbing, mixing, and even film printing, and someday, maybe, the coop could have its own lab. The coop can advance the cause of 8 mm, and Super 8, relatively inexpensive media compared to 16 mm.

The coop could get out newsletters to its members, it could do so much to much.

This is no dream. It's all happened -- in New York.

The New York government has sprung up in New York a group called the Film Maker's Cooperative. Too many of us the Coop is experimenting with it. But all of the advantages of a coop based in New York cannot be fit 3000 miles away. A local Coop is needed. The Film Maker's Cooperative is a part of the New York Coop, and that the new Coop call itself Film Maker's Cooperative -- West.

The new Coop must not be tied in with any commercial distributors. It must serve the West Coast film-maker.

Both West and West Coast Coops could share the same catalogue, with perhaps asterisk denoting which films are available from the West Coast Coop.

I don't want to get off on details that are too fine grained at this point. For the past few months the idea has been kicking around. Not has been done. A few meetings were called, many mistakes were made, but the need is so enormous, and so urgent, there must be a Coop based in this area. It's a shame if there isn't.

The problem of the film-maker, they can be overcome, but they are overcome in New York, and we can do it here.



# Adventures Of A 12 Year Old Acidhead (Roughly) the rock scene

The hour is 11:30 A.M. I start for the avenue hoping for better luck today in my search.

But it's hard. People treat you like what you are -- a nosy 12 year old punk, who is going to lose his cool.

I had several experiences in which I almost obtained the secret of travel. The first time I met a dark handsome hippy. The deal was 30 assorted Marvel comics and 12 packs of firecrackers for between 250-400 mg. of acid.

Next time I saw him, allie could say was, "Sorry kid, what happens when you lose your cool?"

the next day. Then I talked him down to 20 pkgs. of firecrackers; then 40 comics; then free.

How I repeated the words "I'll 100 tomorrow into his prominent ears. I almost drove him mad till he enviled at my feet and begged me to let him go. I let him go, hoping the next day to collect my passport to whirling carousels of humanity.

Lodgy's fountain the next day at 1:00 the lousy fink did not appear, leaving me miserable as usual to continue my search.

Travel agents should not discriminate against younger patrons. (I will try to continue these reports of my experiences.)



That's not by accident



USE POOL COOL

The search for the mind expanding substance LSD. The engine of travel to countless dimensions just like Dr. Strange.



Miserable I totter away. Second time I met a handsome bearded fellow with sandals and a shllen Rasputin-like expression. The deal was \$5.00, 100 P.M.



## Ode to Her Fragrance

by Pablo Neruda

My sweet, of what do you smell, of what fruit of what leaf?

Near your small ear or on your forehead I lean, burry my nose between your hair and your smile, searching, recognizing the lineage of your aroma; it is soft, but not flower, not the slash of penetrating carnation, or the rash aroma of violent jasmine; it is something, it is earth, it is air, woods or apples, the smell of light on skin, aroma of the leaf of the tree with dust and freshness of morning shade in the roots, the odor of rock and river, but more like a peach

of the tepid secret palpitation of your fragrance of a pure home and a cascade, the smell of a dove and hair, aroma of your hand which went over the moon of your body, the stars of your starry skin, the gold, the wheat, the bread of your touch, and there

in the longitude of your mad light, in your cask-girth, in the wine cup, in the eyes of your breasts, between your wide eyelids and your gossamer mouth -- in everything -- my hand held, left

the smell of ink and jungle, blood and lost fruits, fragrance of forgotten planets, of pure vegetable papers; there my own body submerged in the freshness of your love, beloved,

as in a spring or in the sound of a bellower, above, and the flight of the last birds, love, mine word of your skin, of the language of the night in your night, of the day in your glance

From your heart rises your aroma as from the earth the light rises to the top of the cherry tree; on your skin I stop your heartbeat and smell the wave of light which rises, the submerged fruit in its fragrance, the night you breathe, the blood which travels your beauty until it reaches the kiss that awakes me on your mouth.

(Trans. by Carlos Lozano)



There can never be a second innocence, a way of itself, ceases to be itself, and ends with its own beginning. . . We, on The BARB, live in a perpetual state of innocence. Just as Trotsky (I think) spoke of "permanent revolution" we speak of constant awareness and fight against the second fall of man. . . When Lenin (of the Beatles) not Lenin (of the Revolution) spoke of being "more popular than Jesus," he meant to point out how sick our society has become, but I think he missed another point: Jesus brought dignity and honor to the ordinary man, no matter what. For the first time in history, this concept of human dignity to the lowest of the low, started the revolution we still live in.

In the year that has passed (52 issues), not once has our paper been mentioned by the rightless left. We simply don't exist. As a writer who has been in every single issue since it came out, I wish to quote from my first article: "You can't deal business with money because they have much more than you or I, and you can't beat hell (F&M) because the State can ask for more and more until it bankrupts you." A perfect example of this is the Berkeley Citizen. I was one of the original founding members of the paper, and left, because they were money-oriented and not barricade-oriented; they have a second-egg of \$35,000, pay good salaries, and put out last week's Berkeley Gazette; they have no money and really co-operate and you can find news from the BARB in any paper next week. So we enter our second year the same week U.S. enters its THIRD year of repeating N.Y. and this year finds us still stopping napalm trucks but to what avail? If we see "Russia and China give Vietnam as much aid as necessary to keep them from losing the war but not enough to win it!"

# A A-bored Widely ED

Wanderings, a collection for the BARB from its soon to return correspondent, ED Denon.

In the Village there is a new folks bar, the Dugout, and the last er was arm wrestling with the bass player, David Blue and the Butterfield band came in from their performance at the Au-Go-Go and sprawled about, sitting straightbacked in their chairs were the Times and Square Two, who we all saw now, and at the time, the table, old tidedown home blues expert, Sam Charters.

Charters, who was on the scene years before it existed, was enthusiastic about his new gig. He is now (in the '60s) recording blues for Vanguard in charge of far-outness among other things. Years ago he became a researcher in New Orleans Jazz, and then wrote the Country Blues, (second edition promised soon, as usual) and more recently cut the 3 LP Vanguard Chicago Blues set about which you'll be hearing more now that have been put on the official reviewers list.

Sam's own record company, Portents, has produced Scott Joplin's open (excerpts) and some of his rags together with remarkable LP of One String Sam et al. Now Charters is coming to Frisco to get tapes to record, and is looking for things which are "far-out," in case any of you gentle readers are doing anything far out which is susceptible to recording and subsequent sale.

I spoke with a traveller who had recently gone round the world and was describing his trip across Vietnam. Can you believe that all of that death and destruction had not affected the world enough to make the airlines change the routing of their passenger planes? The plane flew over a better country so they could see it. In one field stopping, killing a pitched battle between men and machines. In the field peasants continuing their work, ignoring the fighting. The same traveller says that Vietnam is very small, Asia very large. New York has passed some anti - reissue laws and RFB is going out of business. The series of reissues of more than 100 obscure 78's of Negro artists is quite good and you are forewarned that these records will soon be unavailable and if you don't buy them now you will be using around with a tape recorder in a few years when your tastes turn that way, trying to find some thing to do. Too bad no one has the money to rid us of the absurd copyright laws in this nation - they breed corruption and greed from the very source of joy.

Interestingly enough reissues have not harmed the growing market for old 78's. Collector's report that the demand for these records has spread thru the world much faster than the supply has increased, including the reissues. Just back from the south with a basket full of the best of this statement are John Fahey and Nick Payne, who are preparing their auction lists. They had a good trip and were doing fine until they got tusted in a small town for violating the Great River ordinances, and incidentally for being odd sounding strangers. That beautiful name refers to some law against door to door going by salesmen and others who might bring crime or new ideas thru the small towns in the south and west. Great River reports that the cop released them after a few hours, observing that the ordinances were unconstitutional anyhow, but the experience frightened Nick and they cut their trip short. Most notable find was a previously unknown Charlie Patton record from 1934, which was assigned to J.D. Short, if you want to know) called Circle Round the Sun 'n' The Devil in the Water or something like that. It has had chips in it, is in poor condition, and is the only copy extant.

The Aug. 6 peace march was less than inspiring. The marchers seemed lost as the triple line moved thru the nighttime crowds on the sidewalk, vanishing in shoppers and looking insignificant in the shadows of 50 story buildings anyway. Estimates of 6 to 40 thousands of people were in the air, clearly not enough to justify blocking traffic on a main street. The speeches were inaudible, I think, to most of the people there. Many of your favorite rock and rollers were there, but I didn't hear nobody sing, dear lord, I didn't hear nobody play.

I welcome reader response to an LP I am considering bringing out. The material would be jazz/rock posts doing the thing in great plastic encased in a vinyl jacket which would be covered with designs so that it could be cut apart to make a book of playing cards. On the cards would be pictures of members of the band, naked, in various Kama Sutra and other positions.

## CINEMA PSYCHEDELICA BERKELEY CINEMATHEQUE

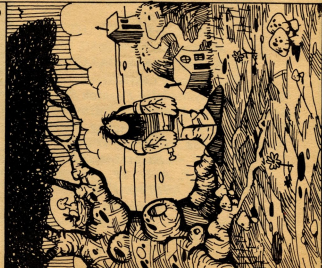
Friday Evening -- August 12th -- 8 P.M.  
ORSON WELLES' "McCath"  
KENNETH ANGER'S "Eaux d'Artifice"  
LLOYD WILLIAMS' "Les Poissons"  
"Jahoberwack"  
"Opus 5"  
GEED STERN'S "X"  
Chapter 2 -- "The Flying Saucer from Mars"  
Door - Prizes \* \* \* \* \*  
UC CAMPUS - 11 WHEELER HALL

The

# Village Junkie



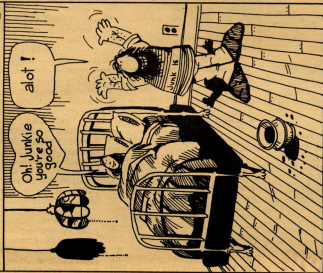
1  
under the spreading chestnut tree  
the village junkie stands  
with veins as hard as granite  
and an outfit in his hand



2  
His pupils are like pinpoints  
his skin is white as snow  
he grits his teeth, and works  
his jaw, his tracks they  
always show



3  
Codeine he snorts to sleep at night  
and Meth to wake by day  
he takes LSD five times a week  
and always has alot to say

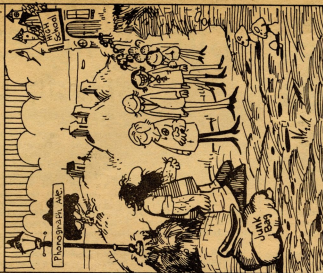


4  
one day while walking into town  
the local 'NARCS' drew near  
they tried to threaten him with a bust  
but the junkie knew no fear



NARCS: dope cops, narcsos, you know.

4  
he deals to kids of High School age  
from a HUGE supply on hand  
pushing methadine and heroine  
or anything else he can



5  
He rolled his sleeves and uninked his eye  
then carefully lit some joints  
and passed them to each narc  
in turn  
then split he'd made his point



the end

Panel's African  
Ronald White.

# Women Sit-Inners

# Smuggle Word to BARB Group Fit To Fight

"I think this [imprisonment] is a great thing for the movement," sit-inner Stephanie Lipsey told BARB when she was released after 30 days in the San Bruno jail. She smuggled out a statement signed by eight female prisoners. They were arrested in 1964 for civil-rights demonstrations credited with "cracking the color line" in San Francisco hotels and on the street.

"Going to jail brought back the spirit of what we were doing. It reactivates you," Miss Lipsey said.

The women's statement referred to the "political nature" of their trials. It called the parole hearings "a mere formality, a bone thrown to a few distressed liberals" and "a means for some liberals to absolve themselves of any responsibility. It was farce."

Miss Lipsey told BARB that the Parole Board asked them only questions to which the board already knew the answers. She noted that the basis for parole is financial need and past record. The Parole Board did not inquire into this, she said.

The smuggled statement concludes, "If the reaction of those who hold power is to minimize racial problems and to discourage moderate action such as ours, the alternative is clear: justified spontaneous rebellion."

"We see this pattern developing in Harlem, Rochester, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Omaha, Baltimore and Watts. The next step must now be organization for radical social change."

Jaimoy Allen, Karen Chastain, Kipp Dawson, Stephanie Lipsey, Mary Nelson, Katherine Olson, Anne Scherer and Susan Williams signed the statement.

Negro inmates at San Bruno took the jailed sit-in women that the

civil-rights movement is wrong to seek help from Negro churches. "They told us that only the children and old people really believe in God," Miss Lipsey said.

She said that after their release from San Bruno, the women protesters might focus their efforts on the prisons. She described large and small deficiencies at San Bruno.

"There is no rehabilitation facility whatsoever," she said. A psychiatrist and a few social workers are available only briefly at long intervals.

She also noted the following: There is no provision for exercise; the library has little beyond Bibles and mystery stories; the diet is unvaried -- most animals are a rarity; mail is censored in an arbitrary manner; prisoners are not informed of their privileges; no toothpaste has been available for three months.

## Underground?

She also noted the following: "Going to jail makes you re-evaluate what you've been doing," Miss Lipsey told BARB. "It only makes us want to do more."

Howard Harawitz of ACROW told BARB that "Wedemeyer is one of the most humane people I have encountered in the government. He has a rare concern for people."

"We resent the implication that the group in general does not want to work," said an ACROW statement this week. "The fact is that people on welfare would like nothing better than to be able to work so that they can support their families."

"Republicans and Democrats alike, every election time, crow about 'welfare fraud' and 'cheaters.'" Yet results of every official state government study show that the incidence of fraud is substantially less than one percent -- "insignificant" was the study's conclusion.

"We're willing to bet that if a similar study was made of cheating on income tax among politicians, the amount of money involved would be much, much greater than that illegally obtained from welfare by poor people."

"Many government agencies now recognize the unique role that an organization composed of poor people can play in shaping programs and informing others of programs desired to benefit them. This concept, in fact, is basic to the nation's anti-poverty effort."

"That is why the California Legislature last year passed the law that allows Mr. Wedemeyer's State Welfare Department to provide funds for recipient groups like ours. Governor Brown should know that -- he signed the bill."

# Fund Nix; Circles - Sex

The Sexual Freedom League is going around in circles -- like, SFL's first president, Richard Foster, resigned last month to go to Mexico. The League immediately drafted a new president.

The general purpose of the group is unchanged, but the structure is new, Miss Circles.

"Any four members can start a 'Circle' for any purpose whatsoever," an SFL spokesman told BARB. "Right now there's an Eroticist in the Arts Circle, a Peace (sic) Circle, and a Horny Men's Circle."

Current League activities include clothed and unclothed "get-togethers," a married-couples' forum, education about VD and abortion laws, car pools to made beaches, and play reading a la Genet.

The SFL's new cellular structure is described like this: The maximum Circle size is 30 members. Each circle has a "Convener." All the Conveners and the committee chairman and the Executive Director and two at-large members comprise the Executive Board. It does the "dirty work."

Circles choose, finance, and hold their own special activities. One party and one meeting a month are the only all-League events. And all members get Love, That's the SFL periodical.

A SFL spokesman emphasized modesty that "this is the East Bay Sexual Freedom League," not an international crusade.

Present membership figures are in flux, because dozens of renewal notices are now outstanding. New members can join for \$24 yearly. The League's Berkeley P.O. Box is 1276.

# Dear Editor...

applies -- non-committed. Who knows I might want to be presidential someday. Or in charge of the ovens ...

Steve Ryan - Peace Creep  
Rt Co FT FEM CALIF  
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

Dear Berkeley People:  
Thank you. I'd like to say more, but words like if I was trying to sell you soap or deodorant if I try, so I'll let it go.

I don't think I'll be hanging around - send all future (after July 27th) copies of BARB to:  
Steve Ryan  
4171 Washburn Avenue  
Mattson, Illinois  
61898

Thank again and love to you all - and may your children never know NARC.

## Hard Words for Hitler

I listened to Johnson the other night, and kept thinking of Hitler. His promises to 'keep the Peace' (with War), to protect the world, all of it if need be, apparently. Protect for what? US economic interests or the militarists of the Pentagon?

He makes it hard for me to be an American. But I think as being now an American revolutionary. And I say; impeach Johnson and overthrow the Government as it is. And install a new government. See page 16

## ARTIST VILLAGE SANDALS CUSTOM MADE

2877 Shattuck Ave. Berkeley 94702



Above prices include the most comfortable ARCH in town. I have never styled but I can't afford a Big Ad to show them off -- come -- hrs. 7-10 except Sun. & Tues. (All sandals made with Thicx, Longlasting Gen-u-ine Leather).



## The MOD HATTER FOLK-ROCK & FASHION SHOW!

!! ONE NIGHT ONLY !!

The Jefferson Airplane

Mimi Farina

\*The Quicksilver

Messenger Service

The Only Alternative & His Other Possibilities

\*PLUS -- Psychedelic Fashion Show!!!

(staged by San Francisco Calliope Co.)

\*PLUS -- Free Tarot-reading, Incense, Consciousness expanding rings!!!

\*\*\*PLUS -- Surprises!!!!

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17, 8:30 pm

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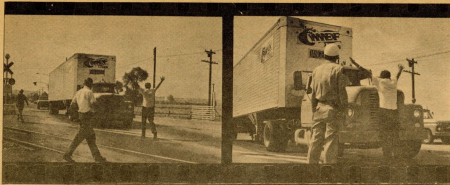
Tickets available:

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Town Square  
Mill Valley - The Mod Hatter  
Tiburon -- The Prince Charlie Inn

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(Photo by Elliot Borin)

COURAGE IS A VARIED BAG. Take your choice of examples.

## Luci Safe In Arms Of Her Super

from page 3

the War in Vietnam said, "It's amazing that this ceremony was scheduled for such a somber day. Surely our government isn't so incompetent that it didn't know August 6 is Hiroshima Day."

Between 40 and 50 pickets marched in front of the massive cathedral. But nobody was allowed within 500 feet of the church. Government agents kept a constant tab on where each picket went if he left the line. Thousands of gun chewing, camera carrying tourists were also present. ("Look Henry, real pickets.")

TV cameras were deployed around the scene, vendors sold "Best Wishes Luci!" balloons, and upped their ten cent ice creams to 25¢. LBJ postcards were also available.

Plastic Mary's, Jesus's and lesser gods were sold in the souvenir shop of Immaculate Con-

ception, Remember and Never Forget Hiroshima, Wedding Rice for Starving Vietnamese, USA - a Nation of Criminals, Hiroshima 1945 - Hand 1966, miniature coffins, carried among pickets, contrasted.

"There she is! There she is!" voices mouthed, hands clapped, "Isn't she beecooofiful?" Nuns with hiked skirts, cameras, newsmen, scurried across lawn to the street, glimpsing sired motorcyclists and a big black Continental speed by.

"Out of 365 days, WHY today?" a picket lamented. Later in the afternoon hundreds of cops ringed the White House as about 300 demonstrated against the war. Pennsylvania Ave was blocked directly in front of the mansion and pickets were kept at a "safe" distance, across the street, while the Bird's had their joyous reception, J.J.



(Photo by Elliot Borin)

## HUAC

from page 5

Now, when the Un-American Committee is attempting to intimidate the peace movement in our district and the Bay Area, you can redeem your campaign oratory." UC professor Steven Smale will not receive his subpoena. He is in Moscow attending the International Conference of Mathematicians. Smale is slated to receive an award described as "comparable to the Nobel Prize."

Peace Activists Defense is circulating a petition. It states, "... we publish this declaration that we have worked in the past and will continue to work with those subpoenaed, to end U.S. intervention in Vietnam. And we record our demand that these hearings be

cancelled and that HUAC and all such instruments of political repression be abolished."

The American Civil Liberties Union has offered to supply counsel for the summoned witnesses while they are in Washington. Three New Yorkers received subpoenas this week: Jeffrey Gordon of Students for a Democratic Society; Allen Krebs, Director of Free University of New York; and Walter Teague of the Committee to Aid the National Liberation Front.

Peace Activists Defense is now organizing a mass rally to be held sometime next week. Their headquarters is at the Free University of Berkeley, 1703 Grove Street, 841-6794.

# Declaration On Napalm

## The Use of Napalm Must Be Stopped!

Napalm is a cruel and inhuman weapon which, like poison gas, should be prohibited by international law.

Napalm is a highly inflammable substance that is being used widely today by the U. S. in Vietnam. Millions of pounds of napalm are being manufactured in the United States every month - largely for use against the villages and the civilian population.

One napalm bomb burns and sears every living thing in an area the size of two city blocks. The new "improved" napalm is impossible to shake or scrape off once it touches the skin, insuring that its victims die in prolonged agony.

THE UNITED STATES IS THE ONLY NATION THAT TODAY USES NAPALM. The use of napalm is bringing shame upon our nation throughout the world. Its use is wholly unworthy of the ideals for which this nation stands.

WE, THEREFORE, CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES DEMAND THAT OUR PRESIDENT AND THE MEMBERS OF OUR CONGRESS TAKE IMMEDIATE STEPS TO STOP THE MANUFACTURE AND USE OF THIS BARBAROUS WEAPON PENDING ITS TOTAL ABOLITION BY INTERNATIONAL LAW

Name

Address

---



---



---

This petition is being circulated throughout the United States, and will be presented to the President and members of the Congress.

Return signed declarations to: Concerned Citizens  
424 Lytton Avenue  
Palo Alto, California 94301  
415-325-3765

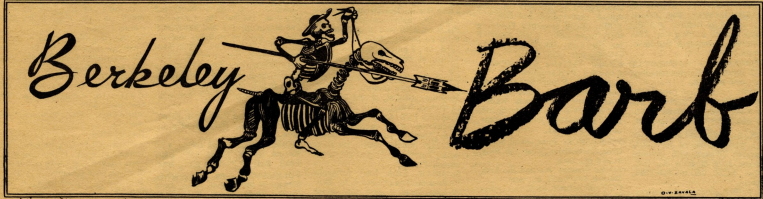


# Protestors Injured

SEE BELOW

100 C

## TRAIN PROTESTS GREATEST SINCE 1916



Vol. 1, No. 1 Friday Aug. 13, Berkeley, Calif.

### JAIL TODAY FOR FSM'S

SIX DEFENDANTS  
CHOSE JAIL TODAY rather than pay appeal bail. They were: Jack Weinberg, 120 days; David Golnes, 60; Nicholas Zvengintsov, James Levenson, Anita Levine 25 dayeach, and Dunbar Aitken 15 days

by Marvin Garzon

As of this writing, Friday, Thirteenth looks like the day of reckoning. It is then that the Court will finally rule on our test motions, and after that no further stays seem possible.

Two weeks ago David Golnes appeared before Judge Rupert Crittenden for sentencing. He had a toothbrush in his shirt pocket; since he could not raise his appeal bail, he was prepared to go to jail for the duration.

After he had been sentenced to sixty days (NOT suspended) and had filed notice of appeal, Judge Crittenden ordered him to post appeal bail of \$350 or be taken into custody. Golnes was taken away by the Sheriff's Department just as a rally was beginning in the park across the street.

There were a thousand people at the rally, many more than anyone expected, and as the afternoon session began they filled the courtroom. The slight of full galleries worked its magic on the judge and the district attorney. After discussion in chambers they decided to grant to defendants the tendency stay to appeal bail denied to Golnes; and they released Golnes himself after a few hours in jail.

The ball fight had begun. Since then there have been several occasions when defendants unwilling to pay bail have prepared for arrest; there have been legal maneuverings that strain the minds of lawyers and are utterly meaningless to laymen; there have been court sessions consisting of hours in chambers and only a few minutes in open court; and as of now, the situation is no clearer than it was at the start.

The basic facts are this same. The Free Speech defendants must raise a total of \$400,000, or \$40,000 in non-refundable premiums, if they want to stay out of jail during their appeal. It amounts to extortion.

### WHAT ABOUT THE CITIZEN?

GEORGE RAIFMAN is a longtime Berkeleyan and fellow Co-op. RYCHARD DENNER is a young, long-haired, mustachioed poet recently arrived from San Luis Obispo, whom we pressed into service. (See Editorial Comment, 9,4.)

by Richard Denner

It is the second week of August, Berkeley. Where is THE CITIZEN? The only reader-owned paper in the United States to cover news of general interest has failed to meet its projected "start-

get date" of August 1, announced in its May newsletter. In search of THE CITIZEN, I went to its new business offices at 1476 University Avenue. No one there. I then went to the Co-op market. A grocery

## PEACE ACTION

GI'S CHEER; TRAINMEN JEER

by Bob Radozil

The recent events at the Santa Fe Stations in Berkeley and Oakland have been front page news. It is not often that American citizens attempt to stop troop trains with their cargo of GI's headed overseas, this time to South Vietnam. Not since 1916 has such opposition to U.S. war moves existed.

It was big news, yet the commercial press ignored the most revealing part of the story — the crudely lettered signs in the windows of one of the trains, put there by some of the troops on board. "I don't want to go," said one of them. Others said, "Lucky civilians," and "Keep up the good work, we're with you."

### AUGUST 12 --- BLACK DAY FOR BERKELEY

Thursday, August 12, 1965 ---- a day of brutality in Berkeley. Some of it was subtle and some was gross, but it all bespoke a growing ugliness in American life.

The Vietnam Day Committee told this reporter, that it notified the Santa Fe RR, the City of Berkeley, and the Army of its intentions to demonstrate. It charges them with responsibility for today's injuries. THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED:

1. A 20-car Santa Fe troop train forced its way into the ranks of demonstrators stretched along a mile and a half of track from Albany to the Berkeley station, scattering them indiscriminately like cattle.

2. The engineer loosed clouds of live steam from the locomotive to clear them from the track, but in fact the steam blinded them to the danger of his rapidly advancing engine.

3. Berkeley police clubbed and dragged protesting demonstrators from the sides of the train. The civilians were clinging there in an effort to reach the troops caged inside. Three demonstrators were injured, two with suspected broken limbs. (They have been released from the hospital, and their present condition is unknown.)

4. A plainclothesman knocked a woman off the track, and in his panic WHAT ARE RAILWAY ENGINEERS? AUTOMATONS OR HUMAN BEINGS?

Two more troop trains are due in Berkeley next week. Suppose a thousand or more of the Berkeleyans who do have troubled feelings have a first hand look? Perhaps they will find some of their comfortable liberalism dislodged forever, to be replaced by feelings of outrage.

What would they say on hearing the GI on today's train who, in fact, shouted through the glass, "Stop the train! Stop the train!" What does the cry of this prisoner tell us? — R.R.

anger cars passed the demonstrators at the Berkeley depot shouting "Not No! No!" dozens of GI's pressed their faces to the windows, some waving to the crowds outside, some quiet and reflective, some in groups in the dining cars, holding their rifles and looking out with looks of sarcasm and hostility.

The day before, the first of the three trains passed through Berkeley without slowing speed and narrowly missed grinding two young pickets under its wheels. As I heard of this, I thought back to the days in the early 1900's when I worked for this railroad, and I recalled that warm summer afternoon when a fireman on board one of the steamliners had risked his life on the engine's coalcatcher on the Martinez trestle in a vain attempt to scoop up a two-year-old child falling between the rails. He reached at the last instant and missed, and the child was cut to pieces. Yet he had tried.

Now, in 1965, another train pursued his work under a different code, as did the conductor who leaped out of his vestibule and shouted imprecations at the demonstrators in Berkeley as he attempted to do what they could not save many children caught in the path of another juggernaut in Vietnam.

The use of police in both Berkeley and Emeryville, advancing slowly along the tracks ahead of the trains, bearing down pickets and pushing the protesting demonstrators out of the path of the troop trains also marked a new symbolic aspect of the accelerating American juggernaut.

What is perhaps not new is the series of actions taken by the Berkeley City Council. On the main issue of the developing war in Vietnam, the Council, in spite of its liberal majority, failed utterly to express concern. It considered the actions of the relatively petty complaint that the Santa Fe took its troop

FATE OF TOWNSMAN WHO NIXED \$26,500 VIET WAR CONTRACTS \*\*\*\*See Inside pages for INTERVIEW

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