

RAPE!

see
picture
below



VOL. 7 NO. 9 ISSUE 160 (PUB. FRIDAYS) SEPTEMBER 6-12
2042 UNIVERSITY AVE. BERKELEY, CALIF. 94704 849-1041



15¢ BAY AREA

20c ELSEWHERE



photo by Cindy

ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO.....WHAT?

NOTE leatherjack athwart chick he's throttling
has no badge number. Story, more pix inside.

GOTTLIEB JAILED

**MORNINGSTAR
GURU GORED
BY CACKLERS**

In a short, dramatic trial, Lou Gottlieb was sentenced Tuesday to 15 days in jail and fined \$1,500 at the Sonoma County Hall of Justice in Santa Rosa.

Judge Lincoln Mahan found him guilty of six counts of contempt for not carrying out the court's previous orders to oust residents

**IS JOHN
HUGHES
IN THERE?**

In the July 26th issue of the BARB we printed a letter from a Prisoner John Hughes, RA19863265 who was confined in the Presidio Stockade and asked for a lawyer to contact him.

We headed the letter "Is There a Lawyer Out There?"

In response a lawyer did write a letter to the address Hughes gave. The letter was returned stamped "NO RECORD, Directory Service, Fort Riley, Kansas."

Fort Riley is the site of the Army's Correctional Treatment Facility. The letter was forwarded there from the Presidio. It took a month for the round trip.

Is Hughes still alive? Where is he? What's going on here?

If he gets a copy of this paper, he can contact Lloyd B. Egenes, Esq., at 1083 Dolores Steet, San Francisco, 94110.

We hope it's not too late. The envelope containing Egenes' letter was addressed to "Mr. John Hughes". It was returned with the "Mr." crossed out.

and bring living conditions to a middle-class standard at his Morningstar Ranch near Graton.

During Gottlieb's testimony in his own defense, a film by Bruce Baillie about life at Morningstar and environs was stopped during its showing, and two people were ejected from the courtroom for voicing their views during the proceedings.

Don McCoy, a founder of the Oompali commune ranch near Novato, was sentenced to five days for contempt of court.

District Attorney John Hawkes brought four witnesses to testify against Gottlieb, who was acting as his own attorney. A sheriff and his deputy testified that from 19 to 36 people were found at Morningstar during raids made as early as 6 a.m.

Then a public health sanitarian described how he had found some human shit in various places on the 30-acre spread, identifiable as human because of the pieces of toilet paper found in it, and no animal uses this convenience.

After questioning by Gottlieb he admitted that sunlight is among the best germicides known, and that at least 90% of the feces in question was irradiated by sunlight during the day. A building inspector said that buildings were being put up and torn down without permits for either, though he admitted under cross-examination that other violators in the county were not being brought to court.

Judge Mahan interrupting Gottlieb's questioning to ask "but how many of these other places have from 50 to 100 people living in them?"

Gottlieb obtained permission from the judge to show a film made by Bruce Baillie. This film, entitled "Morningstar" includes some shots made by Baillie at another nearby ranch.

After the 30-minute film had been underway for about 10 minutes, D.A. Hawkes objected that some of the shots were irrelevant, and the judge sustained his objection.

After the film was stopped, a young Morningstar resident attempted to explain to Judge Mahan what the rest of the film would have shown, and she was promptly put out of the courtroom.

Summing up his defense to the judge, Lou Gottlieb explained that Morningstar is an attempt to let people live in complete peace and freedom, and to stimulate them to love. The only rule, he said, is that one must love or leave.

Gottlieb said the fact that people keep coming back to Morningstar after being arrested and sentenced proves they are willing to go to jail in order to live there--and they don't come back to expose themselves to health hazards.

Finally, Gottlieb said that he is not responsible for those who live there--he doesn't invite anybody nor does he drive anybody away.

After sentencing, Gottlieb was rapidly removed to jail.

While picking up the projection equipment, I overheard the jovial banter of the witnesses, attorneys, judge, and clerks, as they said "Why'd you stop the film, John; looked like there was some good stuff in it" and "Yeah, maybe we can get a private screening."

E. Mory

**BIG SUR
FOLK FEST
HAPPENING
RIGHT NOW**

The fifth annual Big Sur Folk Festival happens this weekend at the Esalen Institute in Big Sur.

The Festival, which will feature Joan Baez, the Charles River Valley Boys, Mimi Farina, and others will take place Saturday and Sunday beginning at 2pm.

Tickets are \$4 per day available at Record City in Berkeley.

STREET VERSE

"FREE HUEY"

There's a little place down the way
Straight across the Frisco Bay
Everybody's been talking about New York City and how they jump
in Brooklyn

Now we're here to shed a little light on swinging Oakland
Here! Something's always happening! Weddings! People
walking down the aisle

But every morning! you'll find us here! digging! the
Huey Newton trial

This is the story of some pigs I once knew
For what they did to me and what they'll do to you
Huey was a swinging Brother I knew back in school
He was trying to earn an education, the cat was cool
He was a wellknown Brother, and quite a dancer,
But the pigs was down on him, cause he was a Black Panther
Not too long ago, most of you all know

You probably read it in the paper, or saw it on the
Roger Grimsby Show

TAKING THE STAND

They said I committed a crime, down on 7th Street
Why was I down there, I wanted to eat! Soul Food
They accuse me of shooting one pig, and killing one named Frey

Who did the shooting? No one knows! could have been you or I
They accuse me of a shooting, of which I had to run
But evidence shows the pig was shot with his own gun

Who did the shooting! could have been you or I
They must have really took me for a sap
Cause soon as I was arrested they added! Kidnap

When this witness was called to testify
To their surprise! He told the truth, instead of a lie
Who did the shooting! could have been you or I

They say at the scene in my car they found a book that belonged to me
But who was driving! could have been you or me
Why they're trying to accuse me, I don't know why

I'm trying to find what happen! Out of the paper! about the
killing of this! Frey

Just because the Honky's say so, why should I die
When the one who did the shooting! could have been you or I

My Brothers and Sisters, are standing by me
AN THE SKY IS THE LIMIT! IF THEY CONVICT ME!

by Robert Charles Phillips

**MISSION SEVEN SCRAP
SET TO START ANEW**

Eric Johnson, the only man convicted of a battery charge in the trial of the Mission Seven and their Miss Sonja Sandeman, convicted of contempt, are to be sentenced Friday morning in Superior Court of San Francisco.

A three week battle between Miss Sandeman and Judge Joseph Karesh led to employment of a new attorney, Mr. Richard Glastein and an attempt to disqualify Judge Karesh on grounds of pre-

judice.

The remaining five facing trial are Larry L. Larsen, Stephen Gendel, Nelson A. Medina, Stephen C. Morse and John S. Ross.

They are accused of assaulting cops during a raid on a tenants' celebration party last year. Their trial begins Tuesday, September 10 at 10:00 a.m. in Superior Court.

The men are seeking support from the people and funds for their new trial.

**NUDIST
TRIAL
JUDGE
QUIETS
JACK**

Before Judge Joseph Kennedy could hear the Fort Funston beach nudists, recently, he had to step down from the bench and personally silence a loud jackhammer in the basement of SF's Hall of Justice.

"I hate to interfere with the destruction of the building," he grinned. "Maybe the judicial robes will impress them -- a black Irishman in a black robe ought to get some action."

He returned triumphant, his courtroom no longer vibrating, to listen to Mrs. Dorsey Redland, defense attorney, argue that the DA's complaint does not clearly specify where her client's nude sunbathing allegedly took place.

The phrase "beach opposite Fort Funston" might mean to the north (definitely in Frisco territory), to the south (in San Mateo County), or on the federal property of the Fort. Without a clear accusation, complains Redland, she can't effectively argue that her client was outside SF jurisdiction.

Location doesn't make any difference, responded Kennedy, since "the city has concurrent jurisdiction over acts taking place on federal reservations."

Besides, he argued, "This is the kind of conduct -- personal opinion aside -- which goes beyond mere geographical boundaries. Can you get on a border line and insult the sensitivities of people in another county, and then claim exemption?"

"This is a peep show, in essence, and just because the body is located in San Mateo County and the peeping occurs in San Francisco, that may not mean we can't prosecute."

Kennedy set her client's next hearing for Sept. 18. Nude swimmer Eve Drew made the standard deal, pleading guilty to disturbing the peace so the DA would drop his exposure beef. Rev. J. Fuck Poland's trial was set for Oct. 14.



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Phones:
Display & Classified Advertising: 849-1040
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849-1046

Mailing Address:
P. O. Box 5017
Berkeley, Ca.
94705

Editor & Publisher
MAX SCHERR

Managing Editor
James A. Schreiber

Advertising
Al Kitt

Circulation
Christie

REPORTERS: Dale Curtis,
Terry Reim.

STAFF: John Baldwin, Jay Bail, Copeland, Lee Felsenstein, Milly Grayson, Kay Greaves, Harpo, Patty Reidenbach, G.K., Tracy Thompson.

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**FIGHT
BACK!**

The machine won in Chicago, but the people still can win in November.

**Help us put
SEN. EUGENE McCARTHY**

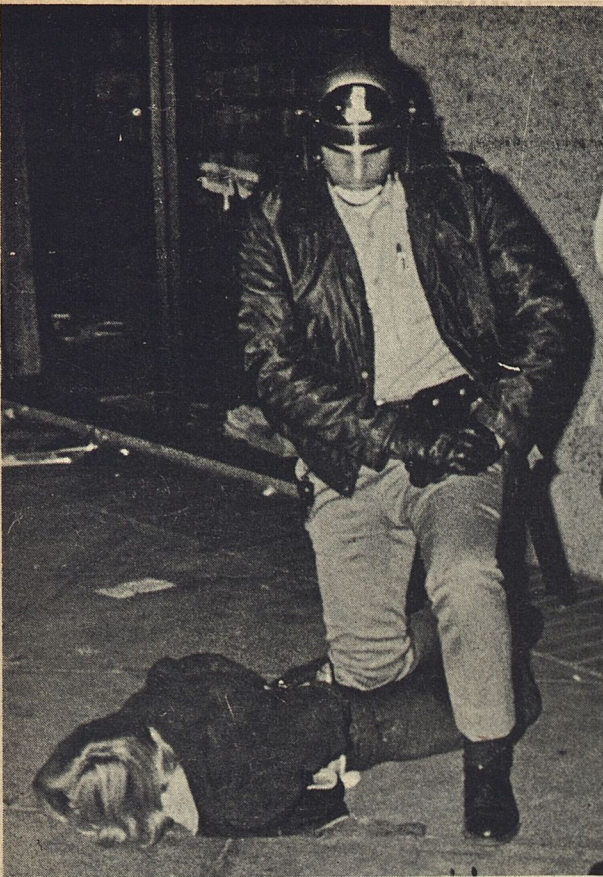
on the ballot in California
as an independent candidate.

Similar efforts are underway in 35 states--we have already succeeded in 6 of them. To succeed in California, we need 330,000 signatures by September 20. It's difficult, but possible, and we need your signature, your money, your help, and mainly your body. Call us, or, better yet, bring those four items to our office.

Berkeley Committee for an Alternative
in November
2175 Shattuck Ave.
Berkeley 548-2244

Oakland Office:
2447 E. 14th St.
535-1564

NAME..... I can contribute \$.....
ADDRESS..... I can work
TEL..... I will sign



NO PEACE FOR FUZZ AS DISASTER STRIKES

"Too much to handle?" This is probably what some Berkeley fuzz are asking a fellow officer.

She was sitting on the sidewalk in Cody Plaza when the Berkeley fuzz moved onto Telegraph to sweep the street of loiterers at 8 p.m. Monday.

A bulky pasty-faced cop went up to her and told her to go home.

Twenty-year-old Suzanne Workman looked up defiantly with a sneer that seemed to say -- "Go fuck yourself cop!" This reporter heard no sound.

For a moment the 6'4", 250 pound Berkeley bull stood hovering over the slim blond-haired chick. Then he went to grab her, she squirmed away.

"Get away from me, pig!" Underneath his helmet and plastic face-guard the cop flushed. He moved toward Suzanne again. Again she jumped back and slithered from his grip.

"Get your filthy hands off me," With rage written on his face, the cop grabbed Suzanne, threw her to the ground, and straddled her dog-style.

Other fuzz on the Avenue by now started running toward Cody Plaza to share the fun with the large badgeless cop subduing the young girl.

He tried to pull her hands back

to handcuff her, but she again squirmed from his grip flailing her arms in front of her. With four cops seeking a piece of the action the officer was able to lay on top of Suzanne, and apply a strangle hold.

"Get off me you motherfucker!" Suzanne screamed.

But to no avail. The fuzz finally handcuffed her and the original badgeless beefy antagonist mounted his victim heroically, his knee in the small of her back.

When the paddywagon finally arrived minutes later however, Suzanne again proved to be too much for the cop to handle even with her hands cuffed. Finally with the aid of three other fuzz, our hero placed the lady in the large blue limousine and bid her good-night.

Straight media have the fuzz giving Suzanne a chance to board a bus, and attacking her only after she decided not to.

Mayor Johnson called her decision "taking advantage of things," when challenged on the Jim Dunbar Show this Thursday a.m.

That raises the big Berkeley question once more: Who is taking advantage of whom? --tar



RADICALS TO MOVE TO FIGHT THE BAN

Although Feuhrer William Hanley's quasi-curfew threw the movement into confusion and ineffectiveness for a couple of days organized actions are being called for Thursday to fight the ban on public assembly in Berkeley.

At BARB press time, an 8 pm meeting at Berkeley Community Theater sponsored by a coalition of radical groups was scheduled to discuss ways to return civil rights to Berkeley citizens.

Thursday afternoon, a rally on Telegraph Avenue was also scheduled by Students for a Democratic Society to test the ban on public assembly.

Earlier in the week, International Socialist Clubspokesman Jack Bloom contacted the ACLU to attempt legal action against Hanley's "Civil disaster" proclamation.

Bloom told BARB the ACLU was uncooperative with the request.

"They not only wouldn't tell me what they were going to do," Bloom said, "they told me not to call

them again."

At BARB press time, there has still been no legal action taken to obtain a restraining order against the anti-loitering curfew.

Although City Manager Hanley insists that the ban on loitering and public assembly is not a curfew, the fuzz are enforcing the ban as if it were.

The long haired and the blacks are told to go home, even though they may simply be walking down the street on what Hanley terms "legitimate business."

This, say the radical leaders, is the danger of the proclamation. Unlike the curfew instituted in the early days of July when the entire city was affected and inconvenienced, the anti-loitering ban is used arbitrarily against a certain segment of the community.

Blacks especially are being selected, some feel, because the Huey Newton trial will end sometime this week and the fuzz would like to keep the lid on the black community before it has a chance to blow off.



photos by Cindy

FRIDAY-ALL OF TEN FUZZ TO FACE THE 'MOB'



photo by Sergio

SATURDAY-SOOEY! COME ON AND FEED

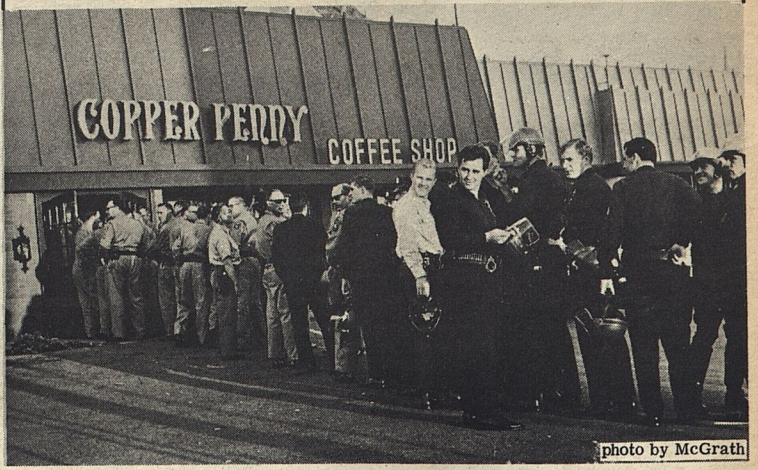


photo by McGrath

EVERYBODY (EVEN A COP) LOVES SATURDAY NIGHT

The Berkeley establishment and the habitués of Telegraph Avenue got their wires crossed Saturday night and provided a rare spectacle for the city--a 6 hour parade along Telegraph without a permit.

The parade was sponsored by the Berkeley Police Department using the "mutual aid agreement" to bring in about 300 fellow law enforcement officers from a dozen or more surrounding cities.

The convention of local fuzz blocked the street at Parker and Bancroft and spent the evening driving up and down Telegraph.

To this reporter it seemed that the strangers in town were some what apprehensive about the large crowd which gathered along the Avenue to cheer them on, and chant slogans of support.

The people on the other hand were qually as nervous, knowing that police can sometimes be unpredictable, and are prone to violence.

This double confusion, caused a mounting tension on the Avenue as both sides awaited the outbreak of violence. The street people, however, had decided earlier to "keep cool", and cool they kept it.

But a dog fight in Cody Plaza at 10 p.m. was the only confrontation of the night.

From that time on the crowd began chanting slogans at the parading fuzz, and the cops soon responded with smiles.

"We want more cops," and "Support your local police," were two favorites. The parading cops gawked from their squad cars at the freaky people lining the edge of the street, chanting their cheers.

One California Highway Patrolman was so intent staring at the crowd of spectators, that he slammed into the rear of the car in front of him.

Around 10:30 p.m. the specta-

tors escalated their slogans: "We want Russian troops," and "We want John Wayne" brought wide grins to the faces of some of the cops.

Shortly thereafter the police decided to take down their barricades and keep the streets open to all the citizens of Berkeley as the City Council has demanded a number of times.

When civilian cars were again allowed onto the Avenue, the drivers honked horns and chattered. The streets were once again open for public use. By midnight the people were tired and the police bored. The sociology of Telegraph Ave took over and everyone began leaving.

The only complaints BARB heard about the parade were from people who felt that police protection during the spectacle was inadequate. Because most of the Berkeley police were involved in the rolling spectacle, the city fuzz had to relinquish control of the

BETTER BERKELEYANS RESOLVE TO RESTRAIN "DISASTER"

The Better Berkeley Council met Wednesday night to prepare a response to the present "state of civil disorder." The council differed on what action to take.

Some members were in favor of continuing the policy of working within the machinery to elect their own city officials and councilmen. The Council decided to send a committee to meet with city authorities about the legalities of the present state of police control.

More radical members suggested that the committee as a whole joins the proposed SDS (Students

for a Democratic Society) demonstration Thursday night in defiance of the loitering restrictions. This was not endorsed.

It was agreed, however, that the BBC was obligated to test the constitutionality of the present police state. A resolution was made to go to court, through an ACLU lawyer, with a temporary restraining order against the "state of emergency" until a date for a hearing can be set.

The Council plans to meet again next Wednesday at the Le Conte school auditorium. -D.M.K.

sidewalks to patrols of Fremont and Union City fuzz who walked the beat on foot. Although they tended to be somewhat aggressive, the foreign fuzz failed to provoke any incidents of violence.

Some of the law enforcement agencies represented at the parade were: Berkeley, Oakland, California Highway Patrol; Fremont,

Union City, Albany, Piedmont, San Jose, Menlo Park, Livermore, Redwood City, Plesanton;

Santa Clara, Hayward, Vallejo, and Alameda County Sheriffs deputies.

The National Guard reportedly sent observers but did not participate in the motorcade.

tar

HAVE YOUR MIND JAMMED BY EXPERTS.

"Super Session" is everything needed to make it happen. It's a first. By Al Kooper, Mike Bloomfield and Steve Stills. Now, at the top of their careers, the three have put down an album that shows off their talents better than ever. A jam with Al and Mike (side 1) and Al and Steve (side 2).

Featuring: "Albert's Shuffle," "Season of the Witch" and a brand-new tune by Dylan, "It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry." It was recorded late at night when everyone was feeling loose, on and ready. The result is not a hype, not a put-on, but a beautiful jam--a "Super Session." It'll mess your mind over!



**MIKE BLOOMFIELD
AL KOOPER
STEVE STILLS
SUPER SESSION**



FUZZ FINKS STINK

Plastic Hippies? Or plastic fuzz?

That's the question a number of people are asking including this reporter.

The question is prompted by reports of at least four absurdly dressed older men posing as hipster types seen this week near Telegraph Ave. The men, about 40-years old wear a stocking cap pulled down over their ears, gold-ashes, sunglasses, sometimes a scarf, and faded fatigue army jackets. When approached they always have the same hip line: "Where's the action, man?"

While the uniformed fuzz were clearing Telegraph Ave. of loiterers Monday night, some of these strange creatures were roaming the sidestreets.

At 9 pm this reporter walked down Haste Street from Felly to find Persian Fucker Haj Razavi. As I neared the building at 2400 Haste street where Haj had been holed up in the basement, I noticed two strange cats snooping around the building.

A paddy wagon was parked directly across the street.

I entered the building, and came out immediately to find the two men on their hands and knees trying to look into the basement in plain view of the paddy wagon.

I stepped up behind them and tapped one of them on the shoulder. "Maybe I can help you." I said.

The two immediately jumped up.

"Where's the action man? A lot of heat on the Avenue, huh?"

I choked back a snort of laughter and was about ready to answer them when the fuzz piled out of the paddy wagon across the street and asked us what we were doing.

I explained that the two ridiculously dressed men were snooping around the building.

Ignoring me, the cops told the two phony hippies to take off, and detained me checking my ID. When the two were safely out of sight the fuzz told me to scam also.

Two other men dressed just as absurdly, assaulted Jim Benson of Berkeley at 9:30 pm on Channing way.

Jim told BARB that two men in "ridiculously fakish looking hippies garb" accosted him demanding his dope.

"When it appeared that one of them was flashing a blackjack, knife or something under his coat, I shoved that one violently" Jim said. "At that, the other man hit me in the face with his fist, and was attempting to hit me continuously when I threw a blow into him broke away, and began running across Channing west towards Dana."

Around the corner Jim found a paddy wagon waiting, he said, but his "continued pleas to apprehend the assailants were absolutely ignored."

The two men continued to follow him and came "right up to within a few feet" from where the fuzz were hassling him about identification.

Finally, after a fake attempt to catch the two masqueraders, the fuzz let them get away.

Jim told BARB that he has filed a complaint with the police department and that he plans to submit a formal charge against the assailants and the fuzz involved with the District Attorney's office.

WITNESS?

Duane Berry or Dwight Barry, are you out there?

Paul Kangas is looking for you, he says, because you saw him being busted by the plainclothesmen Friday night, around 11, on Channing near Bowditch.

Kangas needs a witness because on Tuesday they hit him with a "resisting arrest" charge. One of the cops went through his pockets, but found nothing contraband.

Anybody who saw the bust can call Kangas at 652-0784, or at 731-9194.

WHO? ME?



photo by Cindy

UP AGAINST IT BROTHER-BARBER!

by Terry A. Reim

This reporter spent the evening being harassed and hassled and by 10pm found himself up against the wall, too.

I had already been asked for my ID several times, been searched three times, and continually told to "go home," when I wandered toward a group of straight newsmen who were talking with the fuzz at Telegraph and Haste.

I stood for a few seconds with the rest of the newsmen listening to the cops rap. Suddenly, one of the fuzz who had been engaged in amiable conversation with AP and UPI swooped down on me.

"All right," The Man said, "We've warned you enough times! Put your hands against the wall... spread your feet!"

"What is this?" I protested, "I've already shown you my credentials a number of times."

"That's all right; we've warned you."

The cop started feeling me up. "What's going on--am I under arrest?"

"Yes..."

"For what?"

"Loitering."

The straight news media moved in and began popping pictures. I began rapping about how unfairly I was being treated.

"I'm a reporter. This is my job. You've seen my identification."

"Quiet!"

"This is discrimination," I continued. "You know you're treating me unfairly, don't you?"

"Yes..."

"Then why the hell..."

At this point the squad sergeant moved in and took the cop aside telling him to cool it.

The cop returned and unbusted me, then told me to go home again.

The same scene with different actors has taken place on the Avenue all this week so far (this is being written toward dawn Thursday).

By 10 pm the fuzz sweep all the unconventional looking people from the street leaving the straights free to roam where they wish.

Monday night, BARB photographer Roger Salomon, dressed in his usual attire, was stopped, questioned and warned numerous times. Tuesday, Roger dressed up with a suit and tie, glasses, and polished shoes. He roamed the Avenue for two hours without ever being stopped at all.

An hour before my bust/unbust scene, the same three-man fuzz squad stopped me a block up the street as I stood talking to Ram-parts research chief John Spitzer.

After hassling me for three or four minutes, the cops started on John who didn't take kindly to their bullying tactics. Spitzer was subsequently busted for disturbing the peace.

After the problems this reporter incurred Monday night, I visited Chief Beall's office Tuesday seeking a press pass or a letter identifying me as being a reporter.

But when I arrived, Chief Beall's secretary informed me that freedom of the press had also recently been suspended.

"We haven't been issuing press passes since July 1," she told me.

"Why is that?"

"We aren't issuing anymore until our study is concluded."

"What study is this?"

"I don't know--I've just started working here."

Perhaps if I talked to Chief Beall it would help."

"The answer," she said, "is simply no."

PLOTTING DISASTER?

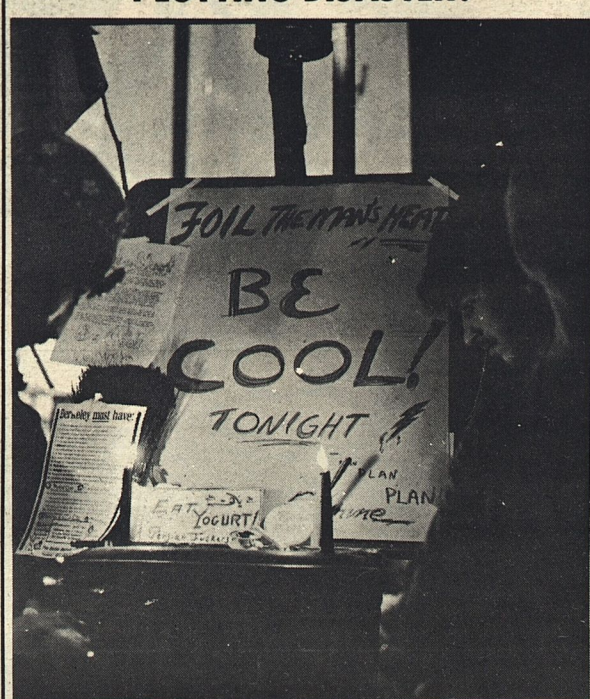


photo by Salomon

COOL WAS THE WORD Saturday night as foreign whordes of cop creeps came courting disaster.

BERKELEY DISASTER

TOWN TEETERS AS DODDERERS CALL THE FUZZ

Berkeley since last Friday night has been like a chess game on the other side of the looking glass. Each day the rules and players have changed, leaving both sides frequently bewildered.

The initiative was expected to pass into the hands of young activists Thursday night at a march to the Berkeley City Hall, following a meeting at the Berkeley Community Theater.

Since Monday night, when City Manager William C. Hanley suspended the First Amendment indefinitely "to secure civil peace and to protect life and property," the ball has been in the hands of police power.

A march to the City Hall, Thursday night, would be construed as illegal, because "assemblies, meetings, parades or the use of sound amplifiers on the city streets and on public property is prohibited," under the "civil disaster" ordinance invoked by Hanley.

The Thursday march urged by Students for a Democratic Society brings massive confrontation politics back onto the Berkeley scene, at least for the moment.

When the Berkeley City Council on Tuesday morning swiftly endorsed Hanley's proclamation, flared faced men whose necks puffed over their starched collars grinned and flashed each other the V sign.

Only Councilman John Swingle opposed Berkeley's "Gulf of Tonkin" resolution Tuesday. Bernice May and Ron Dellums were absent from the crucial meeting.

A press release from the City Manager's office cites "three days of continued violence, including sporadic gunfire, the dynamiting of private properties, the shooting of a Berkeley (police) officer, and several arson attempts" as the justification for revoking the first civil right until further notice, and clamping down a no-loitering ordinance from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m.

Charles McCormack, Assistant to the City Manager, told BARB "We are aware of no direct connection between the acts of violence which have occurred and the leadership of the groups which have held the assemblies which were accompanied by violence."

"The problem is that the more violent people are being attracted to the scene by such meetings."

He indicated that City Manager Hanley will decide when the "state of civil disaster" has ended.

The whole spectrum of organiza-

tions on the left charges that the incidents of violence -- by persons unknown -- are in fact being used as a pretext to hamstringing their political action.

Whatever motive or theory is behind Hanley's proclamation, anyone who has spent any evening since Monday on the Berkeley streets can clearly see what happens in practice.

The regulation, of course, applies equally to all citizens in all parts of the city. In fact, enforcement is confined to the South Campus area around Telegraph Avenue, with most police power focused on the 2400-block.

Within that area, any observer could verify, the first to be hassled with the loitering regulation are young black men, with bearded or long-haired young whites running a close second.

Close-shorn people in suits are left alone unless they approach the police with arguments.

It is no longer an irony that the political activists and street people -- even before Hanley's Labor Day proclamation -- were almost unanimously annoyed at Friday's shooting and window breaking, because they felt the actions were senseless.

The mood Friday during the rally of support for the Chicago demonstrators was described this way by one BARB reporter: "When a speaker would make some super-revolutionary statement, about ten per cent of the crowd would say, 'Yeah!' and ten per cent would say 'Boooo!' and the rest would say 'Far out, far out,' and things like that."

During the rally no uniformed police were in sight, although plainclothesmen were evident on the street and in the customary observation perch in the Berkeley Inn.

The crowd flowed out into the street and still no display of police. Although the police legions appeared last time they blocked the street, just before the Fourth of July, nothing happened this time. Chicago was not about to descend on Berkeley.

The first window-breaking at the Bank of America near the UC campus took place amid debate about its political significance. Windows were broken, a few carloads of police arrived, and the crowd fled about a block.

The police were calm and polite as they cleared the streets near the bank, and the crowd responded with restraint. About a half an hour later somebody fired five shots from the gathering of gawkers, wounding officer Tom Haley in the leg.

Then the police swiftly sealed off the area and lay clouds of teargas along Telegraph, ending the first of "three days of continued violence."

How the second day, Saturday, fits into City Manager Hanley's picture of violence is difficult to determine. Saturday is barely mentioned in the daily press accounts of Berkeley's "civil disaster."

The most violent thing a half-dozen BARB reporters could find on the Avenue Saturday night was the laughter of the crowd as they parodied cheers for the police who were trying seriously to engage in a "show of force."

The bomb went off around 10:20 the next night, Sunday, about a minute after The Crab stopped playing at Cody's plaza where people had spent the evening dancing and grooving.

Smoke puffed out of the windows of the buildings nearing completion at Dwight and Telegraph. Police who arrived seemed somewhat confused about what to do. They kept people off the corner where the bomb had gone off, and stood with bemused expressions on the other three corners filled with people playing drums and flutes, chanting, and clapping their hands in rhythm.

Everyone was cool until a cop thought he saw a gun in the possession of a young black man. Four fuzz wrestled with him in

ONLY ENOUGH DISASTER FRIDAY FOR FOUR FUZZ SO THEY CAUSED THEIR OWN



photos by Sergio

BABU LEADER TELLS OF BOO-BOO

by Louise Martinez Castro
(Black-Brown Coalition Coordinating Secretary)

The East Bay is being hit hard by a united Black Boycott from the Black Communities of Oakland, Berkeley and Richmond, in retaliation for police brutality in these communities.

San Francisco is expected to join the Bay Area Blacks United effort in the near future.

All of this may be tied up with the National Boycott recommended by Rev. Jessie Jackson and the National Grape Boycott the Chicanos have going from Delano.

The minorities are at last getting together, and with their white sympathizer friends, may well get the message to the Man where it hurts, in the only place he can understand it; his hip pocket. Whatever the cost to Him, it will be much less painful than bullets in the back, the whuppin' of heads, mace, arrest records, and count-

less other tolls he has been taking out on the Minority Community.

Like we told one white merchant who came down to negotiate from his head office in Sacramento:

"Whenever this Boycott ends, next week or next month, or next year, if you think it hurts you too much, just remember this: your purses will get straight eventually, maybe...but the Black man has to live for the rest of his life in this white, racist society, the cost of which you can never be made to even imagine."

The Oakland BABU Boycott, United Blacks for Justice, has been going on now since it started at the Housewives Market last May after Bobby Hutton's death. It is being headed up by Alfonso Galloway, 2516 Filbert St., Oakland, 452-1092.

The Richmond BABU effort began with the recent Charles Mim's shooting incident and subsequent curfew the 27th of June. It's

chairman is Julius Thomas, 520 Bissell Street, Richmond, 234-3591/235-8855.

The Berkeley BABU strike started today, August 31 and is linked to the Harriet Smith case, plus dozens of other instances of injustice the Black Community feels it has suffered from the Berkeley Police.

Mr. John Banks heads up this effort, which didn't pass without incident, today in this post-Tele Chicago sympathizer demonstration held last night in Berkeley.

Two unfortunate New York visitors had just arrived in our fair city to see the happenings, when they rounded the corner on which John's son George Banks, a Black Panther and I were picketing and leafleting.

Steve Liss who was driving with Rose Zomer his passenger, slowed down to turn the corner. Rose was showing interest in the Berkeley action greeting her, by smile-

ingly reading the picket sign that said; "Life IS more valuable than property" in reference to the gun law, when a huge blast from a double trailer Safeway truck sounded brief warning, and Rose's smile faded into horror with the terrible crunch of metal rocking their car and squeezing her and Steve up against the curb.

It seemed so symbolic to watch it all happen in front of your eyes with nothing to deter that monstrous hunk of machinery from crashing in on this friendly exchange of instant understanding the two women had had, smiling and reading and extending a leaflet that read; "End Police Brutality; End the Use of Mace by the Berkeley Police, Boycott!"

The big truck, turning right from the middle lane of the right hand side of the street, like most big pieces of machinery had sounded his horn, and assumed that was enough.

Rose and Steve could either back up and get out of his way or - it was too bad, and it was. They really had no choice in the matter. They were instantly immobilized after the horn was heard.

But the interesting thing about it all was that there were probably at least 500 police gathered no less than a block away mobilizing for more evening's actions on the Avenue. They were called by the Safeway driver, and it took them exactly one hour and ten minutes to arrive!!

Imagine how fast they could have gotten there if it had been a "Black incident" or a "Hippie farce" or just a nude man standing on the corner!

Support, call and help the Boycott.

Boycott Baby Boycott! Just Walk On By ...

HEADS UP IN THE HEADS



NORTHWEST ROCKS AS SKYRIVER FEST PROVES STONE GROOVE

by Jef Jassen

A rocking good success took place in the unlikely ville of Sultan, Washinton last weekend when the Sky River Rock Festival and Lighter Than Air Fair proved that it really could be done in the Northwest.

While a local festival sputtered and died, and an LA promoter lost 25 grand down south, Sky River drew more than 13,000 happy tripping rock freaks to a natural amphitheater on Betty Nelson's Organic Raspberry Farm.

More than forty rock, folk, and theater acts kept the fest going almost continuously for the three days of rejoicing. Colorful booths lined an entire side of the fairgrounds while artists and craftsmen displayed everything from belts to godseys.

After a solid week of rain the skies cleared the day before the festival, and the several dozen crew people who had slogged through ankle-deep mud put the finishing touches on the stage and light booth.

The ground was mildly dry when the first of thousands of fairgoers

began pouring in Saturday morning. Buddha, specifically imported from San Francisco to keep people in a mellow mood between sets, drooled a welcome over the PA and the music began.

True to Northwest form, however, rain clouds moved in late in the evening and doused a good many including the several hundred campers who had curled up in tents and sleeping bags on the festival grounds. By morning the amphitheater was once more a sea of mud.

Undaunted, a canopy was erected over the stage and fairgoers did their best to groove with the goo. The drizzle continued into the night as did the bands, and Sultan residents (population 960) who had been apprehensive joined in the fun.

By Monday afternoon the schedule was as much as seven hours behind but nobody seemed to care. "Hey, it's a mud-in!" somebody called, and what had begun as two free people dancing in the murk had snowballed into a free-for-all of no less than thirty indistinguishable bodies, covered from head to toe.

The sun reappeared but did little to dry things off. By nightfall dozens of campfires flickered on the hillside, and Big Mama Thornton's voice boomed over the blues to a standing audience.

Mama was interrupted briefly in one number by a young man who strolled out on the stage, clad only in his birthday suit, to announce, "Hey, you know what, people? I just had a real flash. We're ALL Jesus Christ."

Following a tumultuous audience applause, the young man put his arm around Mama and the two did a little impromptu dance.

The music finally stopped at 4 am, four hours over the scheduled time.

Festival Director John Chamberless; his assistant Stan Maginnis, and every other member of the festival staff are to be congratulated for what was all-in-all the most organized and well-planned music festival in quite a long time.

Even the cops, who spent all their time directing traffic on the road below, were all smiles and quite groovy.

Next year in Sultan.



photo by Spicer

BULLS CRACK WHIP JUST BECAUSE POET CARRIES ONE

The cops got Tom Breed Sunday morning. The whole hassle was a mess.

First, two Berkeley brown-shirts stopped a car containing five "hippies" around 10:30 that morning on Telegraph. They made the driver get out and began a very thorough job of searching him.

A crowd gathered and watched the cops search everyone in the car. People shouted that their search was illegal, while the fuzz went through wallets, coin purses, and, finally, the car itself. "That's what starts riots," one woman screamed. The crowd agreed and started to take badge numbers and get witnesses. Then they demanded to know the charges against the people in the car.

Badge number 14, red and getting more flustered by the minute, yelled, "Got a dime? Buy a paper and you'll find out tomorrow." The cops found nothing, and let the car go.

They were ready to split when they spotted Tom Breed. He was carrying a whip. This was too much for the already frustrated cops.

"That's a dangerous weapon, one snorted. "Do you have any more?"

Tom replied that he didn't con-

sider it a dangerous weapon. Ignoring the mood of the people during the previous search and seizure, the fuzz started to frisk Tom.

There was a slight scuffle. Tom apparently decided the whole thing wasn't worth it and started to get in the cop car. But badge #14 apparently decided that Tom should be handcuffed. The whole mess started again.

By this time Tom was really disgusted. He is just recovering from a broken wrist, a friend revealed, and the cops insisted on twisting it behind his back while handcuffing him.

Tom balked, of course, what with the pain and all. One chick in the crowd had to be restrained from attacking the cops. One of the cops lost his cap and the crowd ripped the badge off it and tore it apart.

Finally one of Tom's black brothers, remembering what happened to Huey Newton, convinced everybody to cool it. It took the cops three minutes to get Tom handcuffed and into the car. But a dog had jumped onto the back seat. So they dragged the dog out and dragged Tom in.

Finally, cops, minus one cap, their dignity, and a dog, took Tom to the city jail. He was charged with carrying a dangerous weapon

and resisting arrest. He was bailed out by a member of the Berkeley commune.

At his arraignment Tuesday Tom pleaded not guilty to the charges. His trial is set for September 18. Tell the folks on Telly.



NEWTON TRIAL

FEAR FACTOR SEEN AS KEY TO VERDICT

Like a thickly-muscled paranoiac driven to panic by cold, mindless fear, the men who would want to kill Huey Newton are lashing out with increasing frenzy at whatever their fantasies depict as a threat.

The established men of power have long been haunted by a deranged vision of a black shadow lurking over their shoulders. Recent events in Chicago and Berkeley show that, to them, all shadows are a black menace, to be snuffed out.

Like a paranoiac, the men of power can strike out with senseless displays of raw force, and then give elaborate "reasons" for their most irrational acts.

The revoking of the First Amendment in Berkeley is only the most recent insane episode. Huey Newton has been the direct victim of such a blind assault since October 1967, when he was charged with the murder of Oakland police officer John Frey.

N.Y. PIGS VAMP ON PANTHERS

(Brooklyn, New York--Sept 4 '68) Twelve members of the New York BLACK PANTHER PARTY along with Chairman Brothers (12th Congressional District Candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party, Brooklyn, New York) were lured into a set-up of the pigs' new tactics and vamped on today.

Between 200 and 300 off-duty pigs, in plainclothes but wearing "Wallace for President" racist buttons and a pig-supporting organization named LEG (Law Enforcement Group) joined together and brutalized 12 members of the BLACK PANTHERS and Chairman Brothers. The PANTHER brothers had innocently entered Part 3 in the Criminal Court Building to attend the Bail Hearing of 3 other PANTHER brothers (PANTHER brothers George Correa, Juan, "John" Martinez and Darryl Baines who are being illegally held by the racist power structure).

The pig force kept the 12 PANTHER brothers from the court room for the bail hearing, but made no effort to interfere with the radical white racists who were demonstrating outside the courthouse. When the 12 PANTHER brothers who were visiting the court got off the elevator on the sixth floor, the fat, racist dog, LEG pigs attacked them, calling them "niggers" and "motherfuckers" while beating, kicking, and stomping them. The pigs who were in uniform pretended to be stopping the off-duty pigs, but what they actually did was drop their billy clubs so the off-duty pigs could use them to beat the PANTHERS.

PANTHER section leader Tom McCreary suffered a fractured skull and Chairman Brothers who is running for Congress suffered lacerations and bruises over his body. While continuing to beat them, the racist dogs showed their true nature; they must travel in packs of 200 - 300 to vamp on 12 PANTHERS. Many of the LEG pigs were wearing "George Wallace for President" buttons. The Mayor of New York has called for an investigation of the incident, but this is just a pacifying move. No investigation is necessary. Black people have been beaten and assaulted, and no move has been made to apprehend and convict the guilty parties.

(FROM THE BLACK PANTHER)

SOME PLACES COPS KEEP COOL

Hundreds of people rallied, marched, liberated "private" and "public" property, milled in a public square and spilled out into the downtown streets last weekend.

The cops did not interfere. Everything was cool. After all it took place in Palo Alto, you know, an enlightened university town.

The actions were carried out on Friday and Saturday by the AdHoc Committee to Liberate Downtown Palo Alto with the support of the Midpeninsula Free University.

The issue was the refusal of a landlord to honor an option which the MFU had obtained for an office for a community center.

On Friday, a rally at Lytton

Plaza was held to protest the landlord's action. The rally became a march to Palo Alto's only skyscraper where the landlord, Warren Thoits, has his office.

There, on the twelfth floor, several hundred protestors held a sit-in which lasted until 6 PM. Then, as the building was closing, they marched to the office in dispute and continued their protest inside (someone had the key legally).

At midnight, after being threatened with arrest, the sit-ins left, singing the "Internationale."

The next day there was a "liberation festival" in Lytton Plaza with a band, and about a thousand

people were in attendance. Since the Plaza is very small, one lane of traffic in downtown Palo Alto was blocked by participants.

The festival lasted until 1 AM and it will be continued this Friday and Saturday. There will be three bands Friday and the festival will start at 7 PM.

On Saturday an all day be-in will be held there including body painting and arts and crafts displays.

And no local "authorities" have declared war or called for air strikes to keep the people off the streets.

If they did it would be a disaster. -- L.F.

RUSS ARE FREE JUST BECAUSE US IS TIED

by Sgt Pepper

Hold your hard hats, boys, here we go again!

"Worried Romanians Try Out Their Guns." Russian troops and tanks are massing "in the direction of" Romania.

Last week the USSR denied these reports and "imperialist rumors." This week Poland said "cold war" rumors. (Kruschev called reports of Chinese-Russian disagreements "cold war propaganda").

Why are the Russians moving? One answer can be found in the fact we are fucked up in Vietnam. If we can't control THAT field of battle, how in the hell can we control Europe?

Pres Johnson HAD to say SOMETHING. So he said "Tsk - tsk" to the Russians this week over Romania.

The Russians know that's all he can say. When you have Gen Earle Wheeler ("We shall never leave Khe Sanh") call for a strong NATO, when you have Gen Westmoreland ("The VC can't launch an offensive") in charge of the US Army, the Russian high command must be laughing.

But why are the Russians moving AGAINST Socialist countries? That, brothers and sisters of the Old and New Left, is the 64 ruble question.

North KOREA must be wondering. TWO YEARS ago they asked this question: why can't the Russians disturb a little shit in East Germany to tie down American GI's being transferred to Vietnam? Why can't Red China move to help North Vietnam? Why can't we (North Korea) move into South Korea - ALL AT THE SAME TIME?

Nobody answered. Today, however, the Russians are moving, but in the WRONG direction.

Example: After trying for 36 hours to phone George Wheeler,

"veteran American Communist and a resident in Prague for two decades," Al Richmond reports in the People's World (Aug 31) that he finally got through to him.

Among the many interesting things he told Richmond was that "from what he could learn in Prague, the troops (Russian) were not deployed to the Western frontiers - the potential avenues for invasion from the capitalist West - but to the main towns and communications centers ... some far removed from the Western borders."

This confirms what Sgt Pepper said last week (without benefit of phone and a correspondent in Prague) that this "German border" excuse was simply Russian bullshit.

Not only is there total confusion on Telegraph avenue this week. There is bedlam in Moscow and Washington. The London Sunday Times reports that Russia "extended to Pres Johnson an invitation to a summit meeting only 24 hours before the brutal invasion of Czechoslovakia."

Correspondent Henry Brandon went on to say that "the announcement of the Summit meeting by the White House had been scheduled for Aug 21 at 9:30 am. It would have had a stunning impact on the Democratic Convention in Chicago, lifted Vice President Humphrey's stock, and it might even have started a movement to draft Pres Johnson."

This acceptance by LBJ was a day AFTER the Russian invasion. It was then cancelled. Is this any way to run an air-line?

Mail Call: "PrivatePepper--oh, so you think we are moving to Europe (after Vietnam)?" A.P. Kaugas, of SF, thinks we are moving to South America.

Shirley Temple seems to have caught on: "Shirley Temple is really Sgt Pepper in drag"--from

BAYCON Y'RE ON

LSD mutated science fiction fandom during the past four years, so the worldcon held in Berkeley on Labor Day weekend was hipper than ever.

Notes from the Underground blared acid rock at the climactic Masquerade Ball while GreatNorthern played lights, dismaying some veteran middle-aged fans who yearned for the quiet old days of silent masquerades or balls deballed by rinky-tink hotel bands. But young people always form the overwhelming majority at fannish conclaves. The old folks must be content with hard liquor as aural

analgesia.

Writers turn on as avidly as fans, so a "New Wave" of science fiction stories come on subtler, more psychedelic and literary,

BASKET BEEF

by Gary Patterson

"No hippies, leather, or drag," says the operator of the Big Basket, the largest gay dance hall in San Francisco.

Two years ago, the Big Basket started as a tiny coffee house at Page and Market streets. It was a novelty in the gay community then, with fire red decorations and a food counter.

"Gay Brothers and Sisters, Meet at the Big Basket" notices read in BARB's "Scenedrome," and on posters around the Haight. It soon was packed with hippies--both boys and girls--and the after-the-bar-closes crowd from the gay bars until day break.

When the cops didn't come in, home-movies of nude boys were shown on improvised screens, and everybody danced with everybody on a tiny open floor in the back. It was strictly "underground."

Recently, the Big Basket closed to the public, became a "dancing academy," and is now accessible only by membership card. It's about 4-times bigger, and complete with TV lounge, pool room, and kitchen.

Public dancing for the gay crowd was pretty much taboo two years ago. A few after-hours spots like Doyle's were doing it, but it seemed risky.

Radical changes have occurred in San Francisco over the last couple years. SIR now has regular gay dances every Saturday night. Several bars are doing it. The Rendezvous on Sutter even has its own D-J spinning records.

Public spots only have fast dancing. No bodily contact between the boys dancing. Private affairs, like SIR and Big Basket, have both fast and slow.

with less of the good old vicarious adventure dear to pulp readers.

New Wave writers experiment in myriad directions stylistically, earn good marks from critics outside the traditional s-f scene. Though not a school, they banded together to attack aging czar John W. Campbell, Wasp editor of ANALOG.

About 200,000 fans read Campbell's best-selling "prozine," mostly white middle-class agnostics interested in technology--92% male.

An enterprising handful of these readers edit their own "fanzines," amateur journals of comment and fiction on every topic under Andromeda. Fanzines offer intensely personal journalism for small audiences, by mimeograph and offset, perhaps the most truly "underground" press going.

As social festivities, cons grow out of the intellectual fanzine network, bringing in heterogeneous masses of fringe fans.

This Baycon crammed the baroque Claremont with 1600, three times the turnout in past years, an increase attributed by bulky organizer Rev. William Donaho to the "Star Trek" tube series and a paback revival of Heinlein's classic "Stranger in a Strange Land."

Despite ANALOG's readership statistics, women were well represented, often in home-made dresses cut delightfully low to reveal bra-less breasts.

The interplanetary future ran stiff competition with the middle ages, as medievalists of the Society for Creative Anachronism staged a fighting tournament in full costume on the hotel greensward. Consortium Antiquum played their archaic musical instruments.

Nightly free beer and numerous parties relaxed intrepid coners after weighty discussions of Tolkien, comics, Edgar Rice Burroughs, s-f pulps, and related "sercon."

The advertisement features a large, stylized, bubbly font for "Sunshine Company" and "Sunshine & Shadows". Below the text are five stylized, high-contrast portraits of people's faces, arranged in a row. In the bottom left corner, there is a logo for "IMPERIAL" with the text "A PUBLICATION OF THE BERKELEY RECORD" below it.



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CANNED HEAT**

CONTAINS THE HIT SINGLE "ON THE ROAD AGAIN"

THE MIZZY

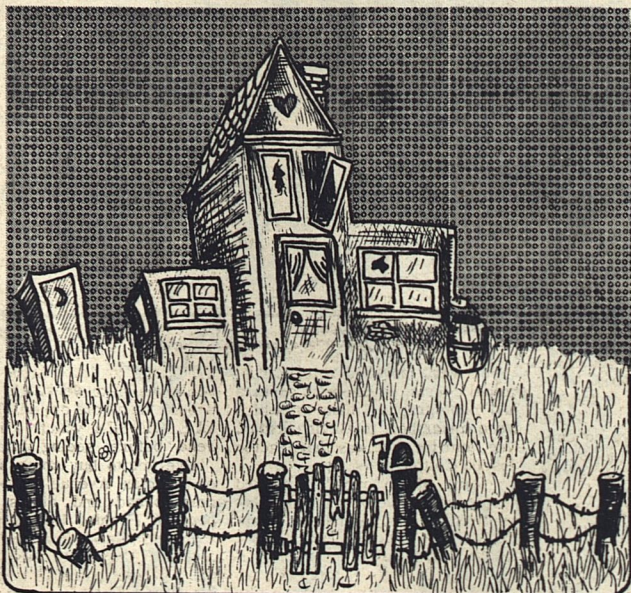


THIS CARTOON-STRIP IS DEDICATED TO ALL WOULD-BE PIONEERS AND COLONISTS, WHO, LIKE THEIR PREDECESSORS OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE **NATIVE-PROBLEM!**

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A FARAWAY LAND, (THE SEASHELL PENINSULA,) THERE STOOD A QUINT, OLD-FASHIONED FARM-HOUSE ---

AND IN THAT HOUSE LIVED MRS. PRISCILLA GROWLEY ---

--- WITH 43 CATS AND HER ELDERLY BOYFRIEND JACK ---



WE WOULD LIKE TO GET AWAY FROM THE CITY, MADAM...

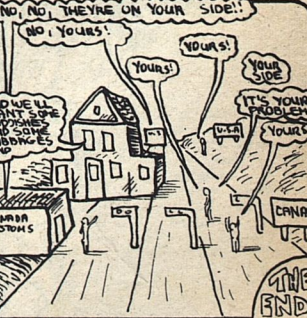
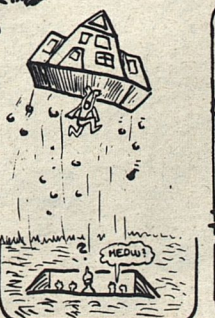
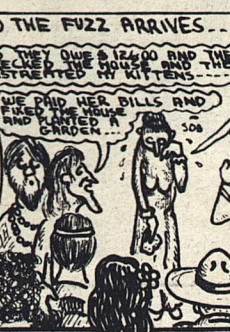
NO! (Mrs. Priscilla)

THE 20 OR 30 HEADS MOVE IN THE OLD HOUSE AND START FIXING THINGS UP ---

THE SIX FOOT WEED (NOT THE SMOKING TYPE.) GETS CUT ---

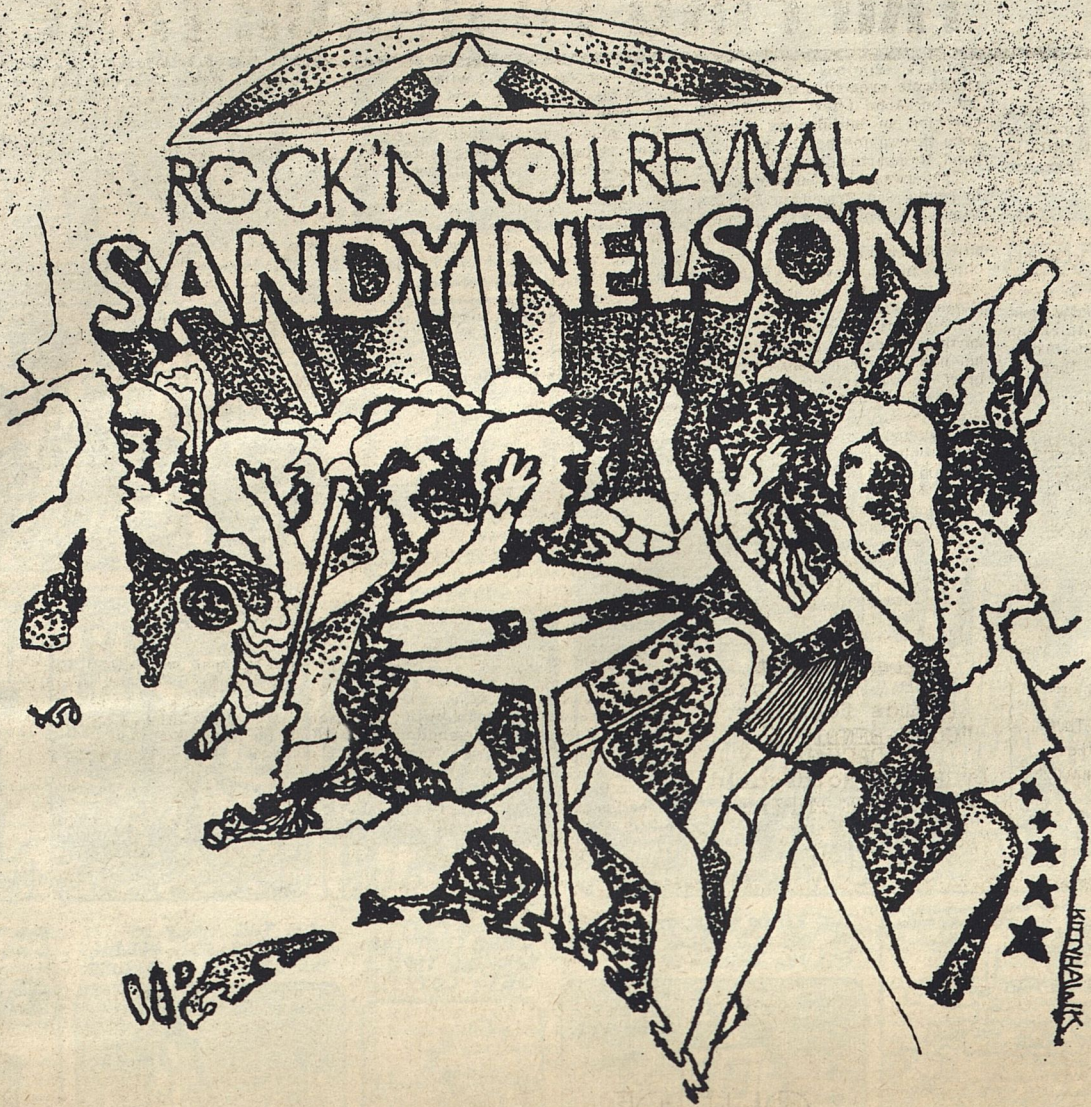
WITH THE HELP OF THE FEARLESS FREAK THE GROUND IS PLOWED.

AND THE PLANTING BEGINS ---



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ROCK 'N ROLL REVIVAL SANDY NELSON



Time to take off

DAVE DEE, DOZY, BEAKY,
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ANNE SCHEER REVISITED

by Ernie Barry

An Oakland woman radical goes to Hanoi with two other American peace activists and yet little is publicly known about her trip even though she returned three weeks ago.

Quietly living again on a sedate tree-lined street, Anne Scheer harbored in her mind what this writer discovered to be a mine full of vital information about North Vietnamese cities reduced to ghost towns and captured American pilots expecting American "hippies" to come for them in Hanoi.

The status quo newspapers and

radio/TV stations in Northern California created a news blackout on Anne after superficially covering an initial news conference thrown for her by her husband, Ramparts Editor Bob Scheer.

That news blackout was joined in by the San Francisco Express Times. It produced a story on the pretty 26-year-old Oakland housewife which treated her as sex object and conveyed little of the news that Anne brought back from North Viet Nam.

Even this paper failed to do anything more than routinely cover her news conference and ask some brief questions at a later visit. In search of the full story I visited Anne Scheer a few days ago in her Oakland home.

"In brief, I as Chairman of the Oakland Seven Defense Committee, went to Hanoi as part of a team of three American peace movement representatives. Our mission was to accept the release into our hands of three captured American Air Force pilots.

"We then accompanied the pilots out of a prisoner of war camp and back to America. Symbolically

Leon SPIRO Wants Lyrics for Song "COHN-BENDIT a DACHAU"

by **BARON Rothschild de SAINTE EMPIRE**
bx 731 SAUSca 94965

North Viet Nam was releasing the men to the entire American peace movement."

The others on the team were Vernon Grizzard, 24, of the Boston Draft Resistance and Philadelphia Stuart Meacham, 58, "peace secretary" of the American Friends Service Committee.

"At first the pilots were shocked by us. We three were so clean-cut, and Stuart and Vernon were both from Georgia. They have pronounced Southern accents. This totally surprised the pilots.

"Two of them were Southerners, one from Kentucky. In the prison they were in, the library had many American peace movement books and newspapers. They had looked at a book of mostly photos of the Spring 1966 Fifth Avenue Peace Parade of tens of thousands in New York.

"I think the Fugs rock group was shown on the cover of the book leading the march. So when the North Vietnamese told the pilots three Americans in the peace movement were coming to take them home they imagined maybe the Fugs were coming or a group of us looking like the Fugs."

Anne and the two other representatives were selected by the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam. They flew to Paris on July 7 to meet with the North Vietnamese delegation at the Paris peace negotiations.

While there they met with Averell Harriman, the extremely

wealthy ex-New York Governor who is now the chief American negotiator at the talks.

"I was amazed. I expected him to be a brilliant and strong evil type. A sly and thin CIA type. But he was stooped, deaf in one ear. He also has a fat, bloated stomach.

"He was very arrogant toward us. He talked about the Vietnamese negotiators in a condescending way.

"It was like he was still Governor of New York dealing with Blacks from Harlem who had come up to Albany. As if he were only taking time out to talk to them because they were making trouble.

"I don't think he's terribly bright. He was constantly redundant. He seemed to have difficulty understanding what we were talking about. But then Tom Hayden, who was with us, doesn't agree. He feels Harriman feigned stupidity as a tactic."

Anne and the rest of the team left Paris and the mystery of Harriman behind them on Friday, July 12 and flew to Hanoi. They assumed they would be flying out in a few days but their stay turned out to be one of over three weeks.

The delay was brought on by an international public relations game occasioned by negotiator Harriman's insistence that freed pilots "fly home with their service. The service assumes that they are still on active duty."

Which means that the U.S. military wanted the three released officers to get back into military

clothes and board a military flight back to the United States as soon as they stepped off a civilian flight from Hanoi to Vientiane, Laos.

North Viet Nam's government was unwilling to allow the men to be returned home by military aircraft. According to Anne, the North wanted the American people to understand that the freeing of the men was a peace gesture to the civilian population, not a concession to the U.S. military.

"The three pilots themselves preferred taking a civilian flight home."

Which is what the U.S. military eventually allowed them to do. That decision was motivated not by peace considerations, but more by concern over morale problems with scared U.S. flyers still bombing the bottom part of North Viet Nam.

U.S. combat pilots are usually Captains, Majors, and Colonels, and are an anomaly in the military. Namely, they are prestigious executives who do work as dangerous as that of the lowliest infantry workers (soldiers). The military's pilot indoctrination stresses that American power will do anything possible to protect them or free them. To have kept the pilots in the North Viet Nam prison as part of an international PR game would, ironically, have hurt the U.S. war effort.

The three peace envoys and the three pilots flew out of the North on August 2 and found U.S. Ambassador to Laos Sullivan waiting for them in Vientiane.

"His first comment to the men as soon as he reached us was, "Men, we have your wives waiting for you at Andrews Air Force Base and we have apple pie and ice cream waiting here now. Men, you're all right now."

(to be continued)

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On COLUMBIA RECORDS 

FIRE DEPT. UNDER FIRE FOR BIAS TOWARD BLACKS

The Berkeley Fire Department used to be criticized for having no Black members. Now, thanks to the wonders of integration, they are firing one of their first black firemen, 7 are left.

Charles Whittington, 22, chose to be fired rather than resign from the department. He believes he is being fired because he wouldn't "Tom".

Early in August Whittington was told by the Chief to resign or be fired. The reason given was that his work was "unsatisfactory". August 22 Whittington was fired. He is certain that his work was never at fault.

"I worked my ass off on that job," Whittington told BARB, "If I saw something that needed doing, any little job around, I'd get in and do it right away, because I new sooner or later they would tell me to do it."

Whittington was attempting to organize a Black fireman's union. He was being harrassed constantly

by racists in the department.

He told of how the Chief had first given him a routine letter of commendation on taking fire science courses at Merritt College. Three weeks later the Chief was trying to get him to quit taking the courses, Whittington said.

He was taken to task by racist firemen for having a natural haircut, his table manners were criticized to his face, and he was told not to wear his shades.

"Why don't you go back to Sacramento Street and be with the other animals," was the comment Whittington attributed to one highly-placed fireman.

Whittington also told BARB of the different treatment to Black community gets from the racists on the job. In nearly a year of helping fight fires in Black neighborhoods, he never saw the salvage equipment taken off the truck. In the white neighborhoods the equipment was used constantly to protect see p. 21

PF HEAD FINDS CAN CAN'T

"Do you relate to the Black Community in any other way than for what you can get out of it?" I asked. "What kind of question is that?" was the indignant reply. "A very real one," I uttered calmly. This dialogue took place at a steering committee meeting of Californians for an Alternative in November (CAN) held in the McCarthy for President Headquarters in Berkeley on Sept. 1.

Now you may ask what was I, a card-carrying radical as well as a County Central Committeeman of the Peace and Freedom Party, doing at such a meeting. (I hadn't anticipated writing this article.)

My post-acid trip political insight told me that PFP at this point was not going to cut the mustard in the face of events in Chicago and Prague. Furthermore goes the analysis, what is needed is a broadly-based coalition of McCarthy and Kennedy

rank-and-file supporters who are now ready to leave the Democratic Party, with the constituency of the PFP around a minimal program of Black Liberation and unconditional American withdrawal from Vietnam.

This formulation would probably meet with approval from the ISC machine in the PFP, for there is no secrecy about their disaffection with Eldridge after his double heresy of Ann Arbor (denouncing the ISC and supporting Jerry Rubin as a running mate). The first was probably forgivable, but the second was an unforgivable breach of their Old Left Anti-Life Morality. In any case, the new broader base in the Party would be easier to manipulate than Cleaver-Rubin and also think of all that new recruiting material for ISC. The mouth fairly waters.

I can anticipate cries of "I told you so" about the class nature of the PFP from our YSA friends. But Fidel and Mao collaborated with the progressive bourgeoisie during certain periods. Can we do any less?

Now back to CAN and their meeting. CAN is the Marcus Raskin initiated "Fourth Party" affiliate in California. (He was indicted with the Spock group and the only one acquitted.) But it seems due to a congruence of the politics of its local organizers (CDC and McCarthy Campaign types) and California state law, a "fourth party" (actually in California a fifth party) is not going to exist here in 1968.

Instead the plan is to place a slate of electors pledged to a McCarthy-Lindsay ticket. 300,000 petition signatures are needed by September 20 and in the event either or both candidates withdraw their names, the electors are empowered to choose substitutes.

I was told that due to the immediacy of achieving this goal, that questions of political philosophy would be postponed to a later time and that questions of precinct

work, fund raising, recruitment of workers, and advertising were to be the substance of the agenda.

Curiously enough, it was during the discussion of advertising that I raised my question about the Black Community. The possibility of advertising in the POST (a Negro newspaper owned by Tom Berkeley, who is a possible candidate for Mayor of Oakland in the next election) was debated.

"You can write off the Black Community as far as contributions or workers is concerned," said one steering committee member. "Let's face it, the McCarthy campaign sound truck was actually stoned in the ghetto," reminded another. "We can publish the addresses of locations where petitions can be signed," added a third.

With this dialogue in mind I was not surprised that one of the members objected to my use of the word racism in a discussion I initiated after the meeting. The only support I received was from one of the younger campaign workers who complained that this was the very attitude that attracted the genteel white racist vote and lost the black vote for McCarthy. Equally revealing was the answer to my question about how CAN would relate to Unruh: "Jess" would probably be silent during the campaign and afterwards it would depend on the price he demanded.

Was there no philosophical (I didn't venture to say ideological) question involved, I demanded? Well, of course, they disliked Unruh, but politics was politics and anyway he did a nice job during the Chicago Convention.

During these remarks, I noted the undisturbed countenance of a prominent liberal Cal. professor in attendance.

If anyone wishes to help rebuild a CDC-type organization that will be co-opted by Cranston and Unruh, the McCarthy headquarters should be contacted.

The above was an unsolicited political announcement.

BIG DADDY'S BIG DEAL

by Dale Curtis

Eric "Big Daddy" Nord, an entrepreneur of San Francisco's beat days, is out to take over a city.

"It's a beautiful ghost town up in the hills of Trinity County, just a mile from Trinity Lake," BARB had called him up in Santa Cruz to ask him about his latest project.

"How come it sounds so hollow BARB asked.

"I'm in the bath tub," Nord said.

He went on to rap about his new Illyria.

"It's a whole city, including dormitories, machine shops, a swimming pool, a theatre, a well-equipped gymnasium 100 feet high, and a modern air-conditioned mess hall, built several years ago by the federal government at a cost of sev-

eral million dollars," he bubbled.

The city once housed the workers on the Clair Engle-Trinity Dam. More recently, Nord told us, the feds put two million more into the place to fit it out as a Job Corps training site -- then didn't use it.

Instead, the government pays three families \$1500 a month to maintain the 165-acre site. This is the amount Nord proposes to pay as rent, with the people of his new community doing the maintenance.

This way he figures he can house some 500 "good people" in "a kind of utopian community", with rents that would run somewhere around three dollars a head per month.

Working with Dr. Dick Smith, the "psychedelic dentist", psychologist Leon Tabory and lawyer

Jim Woolton, Nord says he has "gotten in touch with the people in Washington who can say yes or no" to his plan. He hopes to know (don't hold your breath) by April, 1969.

If they say yes, Big Daddy will be father to a community where groovy people can learn and practice "arts, crafts, animal husbandry, philosophy, education, job-training."

It will be a place to "feel close to man, joyful closeness with people that you really dig, to have the simple joys of life together; like baking bread and looking at happy children," Big Daddy said dreamily.

If you want to get in touch with Eric Nord, he told BARB he can be found at The Barn, near Santa's Village, on the road to Santa Cruz.

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TAKES OVER BERKELEY

from p. 5
the vacant lot behind the Avenue stores as he shouted, "I don't



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have a gun! Let me go!" A crowd gathered.
Suddenly tear gas burst in the middle of the arrest scene, other canisters began to explode in the area, and the melee of Sunday night was on. Within minutes, several blocks of Telegraph were billowing with tear gas.

On Tuesday the charges of possession of a firearm by the young black were dropped. No one could produce any weapon of any kind.

But by then the City Manager

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QUICK LICK MAKES NUDE NUPTIALS STICK

Throughout the seaside cottage, naked bodies thumped and quivered through the several acts of love. Roar of surf and wind at Pacifica was diluted with sitar music and broken by cries of passion.

Having had their reception already, by receiving each other, the guests assembled for the wedding itself. They cooled out by silent meditation and chanting "Hare Krishna." Jeannie sang a sentimental song in high, clear voice.

The bridal pair, Joseph Dapron,

had received the stamp of approval from the City Council. Because of the dire events described here, Berkeley had become an area of "civil disaster," and the First Amendment had been replaced -- for select citizens only -- by the polite raw force of the Berkeley police.

Late Thursday, the police department was informing people that the end to the disaster was not in sight.

BJ

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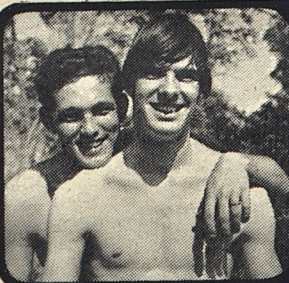
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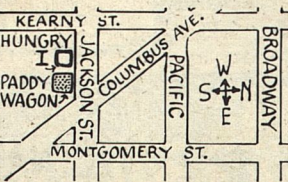
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BLACK BOOTED

from p. 17
furniture.
Whittington was told early in August to resign or be fired. Berkeley Councilmen Sweeney and Dellums, the two blacks on the Council, were up in arms about the firing. They are calling a meeting of the black firemen to discuss racism in the department. Meanwhile, down in the streets, it is hard to boycott a fire department. But Whittington supports the effort of the Black Boycott to get more Black firemen hired so they can stick together, help themselves and help the community.

ALI AKBAR KHAN PERFORMANCE SET FOR MUSIC SCHOOL

Dear Boss: Sitting among the sounds at the International House Wed nite and digging raga performances by the masters of Indian music, this reporter was stunned by the realization that it is impossible to impress his reader with the soul he felt all over the room.

of musicians, it is hoped that the instruction will be more effective and less expensive. As organized and as the students tuition is so very low, the school will be non-profit.

It will have some of the best teachers of sarod (stringed instrument like violin and guitar etc.) sitar (also stringed, but with frets like guitar) tabla (a full orchestra in two drums), tambura (stringed), vocal, guitar, flute, violin and other western instruments.

On this assignment I'm supposed to tell how there is this new school up on Warring (2327) called the Ali Akbar College of Music. But don't stop now. The instruction is by Ali Akbar Khansahib (son and pupil of Ravi Shankar's and many other teachers, Padma Bhushan Dr. Allaaddin Khan) and among others Bahadur Khan (his cousin), Prof. V. G. Jog and Shri Shankar Ghosh.

(At one time Dárby Slick of the Great Society was a pupil of sarod and other people on the rock scene have expressed enthusiasm, taken instruction and donated to the school according to Jim.)

Right now the school is looking for a new home and the money to finance the school's fall session which lasts from Oct. 1 thru Dec. 31. Since they are planning on only charging 100 per session, they are planning several benefits in addition to the one Wed. (I wish I had more space folks).

I've been told that this is the only college of its kind in the western world. Address for application is Ali Akbar College of Music, Box 297, Sausalito, Calif. 94965.

SCHOOL IN COMMUNITY

One benefit is scheduled for Sept 20 with promised bands including the Grateful Dead, Steve Miller and the Ace of Cups. The second on the 21st will be the first Bay Area appearance in a year for Ali Akbar Khan himself.

from p. 11
ents, with a large number coming from minority groups.

Akbar has taught in this country since 1965 but this summer's experiment by the school is the first time he has been free. The school itself is a departure from the rules. Akbar is aided in administrative duties by a board of directors which represents the students and faculty with no outsiders. According to Jim Kohn (pupil and director) there are two basic problems anyway -- funds and curriculum.

Says acting coordinator Gary Krane: "We don't want to start another white, middle-class experimental school. If we are going to provide answers to the questions of urban education, these answers must include education for all."

By leaving decision in the hands

The organizers of the program have arranged to begin with approximately 30 students, but the school can be expanded in accordance with the amount of assistance available from community volunteers, who will be the main driving-force of the program. Already, about 120 people have volunteered up to 10 hours a week, but more are needed.

Sell the Barb
FOR INFO. SEE PAGE 15

Applications are presently being made for grants from several foundations. This type of financial aid will insure that at least half of the students can come from low-income families.

People who can offer assistance or who would like to volunteer as teachers, counselors, or secretarial help are invited to call one of these numbers: 642-4206, 841-6812 or 849-2149.



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HELIOTROPE BLOOMER

"Heliotrope" is a new idea for a free university in San Francisco and Marin.

Presently organizing its inaugural fall quarter is David Marmon, formerly with the Mid-Peninsula Free U. Heliotrope is now seeking instructors in a wide spectrum of courses ranging from Herbology to Batik.

Envisioned as more than just a Free University, an international following will be developed, pooling peoples energies and going beyond the structure of the courses. Emphasis will be on providing a place where talented individuals can

week in Britain, the Beatles, without previous announcement, let go several thousand pounds of mod gear from their Apple Boutique.

All its stock of latest fashions was "let go" to those shoppers who happened to be in the shop at the time. A joint statement from Beatles John and Paul (or was it George and Ringo?) explained the free store movement on behalf of the capitalist kings: "We got tired of being shopkeepers. That's all."

Strangely enough, they were unable to give away all the stuff in one day. And after the story hit the papers, there was "a bit of a rush" to the Apple the next day for the remainder of the Emperors' New Clothes.

Other facets of Apple, Ltd, such as television, film, and record producing and assorted Beatle products will not be affected by the boys' decision to discontinue the shopkeeping business as usual.

come together with others.

Courses so far include: Film Making, Cooking With Wine, Batik, a form of cloth painting, Astrology, Herbology; and Walking Through Woods; and hopefully, a Psycho-drama group and a Musician's workshop.

Heliotrope is seeking course leaders in any of the arts and crafts, and in such diverse subjects as Mysticism, Massage, Poetry, and Philosophy.

Organizational talent is needed to help the new U with public relations, journalism, poster-making, printing, and the other graphic arts.

Classes, seminars, and weekend gatherings will be held in people's homes or in a natural setting. A catalog of courses will be out in early September.

For information about classes, seminars, registration, organization, or a slot as a course leader Heliotrope can be reached at 626-2368 in San Francisco or 868-0891 in Marin.

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- SUN-Sept 8, 8:30 P.M. Dr. HUMBEADS NEW TRANQUILITY STRING BAND. 75¢
- MON-Sept 9, 9:00 P.M. FOLK & BLUES WORKSHOP performance. Donations.
- TUES-Sept 10, 8:00 P.M. POETS THEATER with GENE FOWLER, KEN SPIKER - guitar - others. \$1.00 door.
- WEDS-Sept 11, 7:00-12:00 P.M. - informal happenings.
- THURS-Sept 12, 8:30 P.M. - HOOT - OPEN MIKE, sign up early. 25¢ door.
- FRI-Sept 13, 9:30 LARRY HANKS, Berkeley's own folk singer. 75¢ door.

Hours: Mon, Thurs.: 7 pm-12. Fri./Sat.: 7 pm-3 am. Sun.: 2 pm-12.

More info: 548-1761

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BEATLES STRIP MOD GEAR SHOP

LONDON (IWB)—The British art students' revolution ended last week when local officials ruled in favor of the Guildford students. After more than a month of occupying the school's classroom and administration buildings, the students left their positions, in full accord with the faculty solution. While degree requirements were not changed in accordance with the art students' demands, other concessions enabling students enrolled at special art colleges to enjoy the freedom accorded other British students were obtained.

Art colleges all over Britain threatened trouble as the scholastic year ended with the Guildford demonstrations. The situation, handled with traditional English reserve, left art students "right proud of the Guildford thing," according to one third-year student here.

Another development in the world of art, haberdashery. Last



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TRIPLE ATTACK ON TAC

from p. 11
 the "Police can not police the police." He also filed a complaint with Judge Peery of Superior Court demanding that since the Police Commission isn't willing to take action that the courts should.

The suit charges that "the Police Commission by not making a decision to abolish the Tac Squad presents a clear and present danger to the Citizens of the City and County of San Francisco."

It goes on to request that the courts punish the criminals in the Police Department that are responsible.

The suit also charges that the Police Commission will in fact whitewash the case against the Tac Squad and its members involved, and that the plaintiff (Hallinan) has no speedy and just means of obtaining justice.

In essence the suit requires the Police Commission to disband the Tac Squad.

The City Attorney, challenging Hallinan's suit has come up with a demurrer charging that Hallinan has not exhausted all administrative means - meaning that the Police Commission has not made a decision and the suit is premature.

Hallinan doesn't intend to become trapped in a run-around. He says he will press to have a hearing on his suit as long as the Commission stalls the decision or decides to maintain the Squad.

Hallinan also indicated that another line of attack is being planned. "There is a great deal of talk about a referendum in the spring to permanently abolish the Tac Squad and to regain some civilian control over the Police Department. The Peace and Freedom Party, the Black Panthers, and the McCarthy people have contacted me about this."

"We are the first ones to fight back against Police suppression in the streets. I hope it will set a precedent that can be used against the Tac Squads in New York, Detroit, and Chicago."

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