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Berkeley Barb



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15¢ BAY AREA 20¢ ELSEWHERE

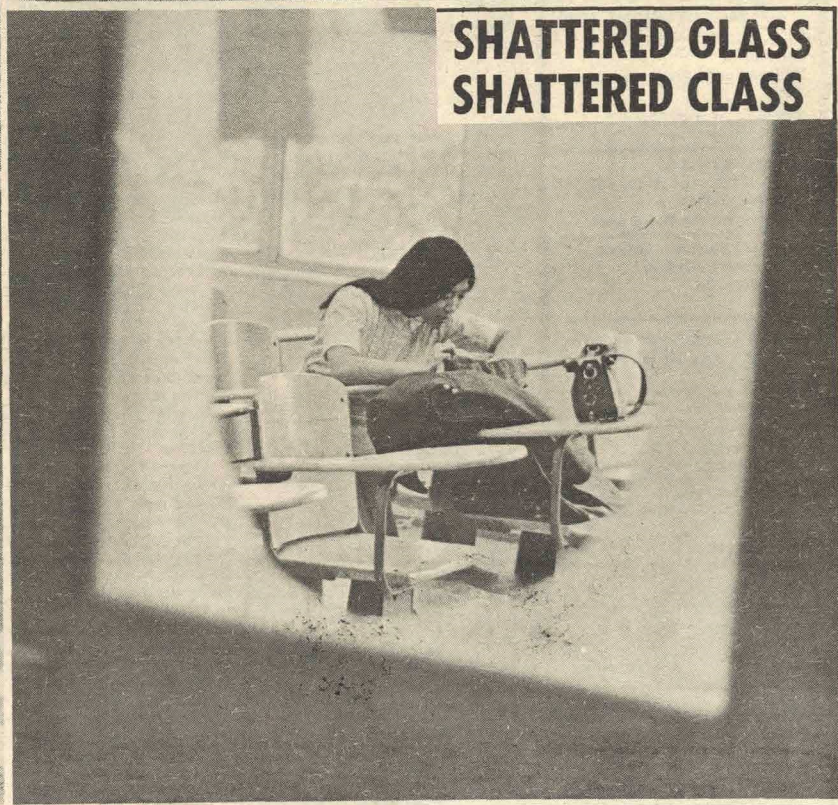
THE BRAVE BULLS



BLACKJACK BILLY



**SHATTERED GLASS
SHATTERED CLASS**



INSIDE: BATTLE FOR THE GATE • GOON GALLERY

CAN YOU KNOW EVEN WHEN YOU WEREN'T THERE?

by Sgt Pepper
(A Special Report on the USS Pueblo)

"Why didn't the Pueblo fly the flag?"

"I don't know - I wasn't there."
Either was Sgt Pepper. But Com Bucher was, and HE said the flag wasn't flying.

Sgt Pepper never met Hitler, either - nor Tojo, nor Mussolini. Yet the CBS TV cameraman at UC Berkeley last week replied as above to the question.

The calculated stupidity of hiring such men to cover news continues unabated. The CBS man was also asked to photograph the cops on campus without badges (example: an Albany Police Sgt).

You will NEVER SEE a cop on TV without a badge (one exception: Ed Arnow, of Chan 5, commented during the beating up of a student by two Berkeley cops last year on Telegraph INSIDE the Forum, "These officers were not wearing badges").

Okay - what has this got to do with the Pueblo? Answer: the calculated stupidity of hiring such men to command the US Navy and Airforce continues unabated.

You see, it all fits: the establishment is rigid with fear and acts like an automaton (the defense of Leningrad, the successes of Red Partisans in the field, was because they were FREE of the fucking rigidity of the establishment).

Com Bucher was FREE of his superiors and it now becomes all too apparent he did the right thing and the US Navy did the wrong thing. The Airforce was going to bomb and sink the ship but "the weather did not permit it" and besides "it might kill all the crew."

(The last statement, by the US Gen of the Aircorpse in Japan, is, naturally, correct, but did not give pause to this Gen. His first statement about weather, however, is in error: we have bombed our own troops many times in Vietnam, and

in all kinds of weather).

The Navy lied to the US Senate. An officer told a committee that the Pueblo was equipped with "self-destruct" devices. This week, the Navy is locking the barn door after the horse is stolen. They announced they will install self-destruct equipment on all our other Pueblos.

Com Bucher was told, before he sailed, that his ship would be used to trigger a larger war but he "never informed the crew" of this "conversation" with an officer.

What in the hell IS the Pueblo? It is an electronic snooper-ship that not only listens in on other people's conversations, it also can trigger overt action from "enemy" radar (such as in the Gulf of Tonkin, which started our whole sorry mess of direct involvement in Vietnam).

The Pueblo is a small inter-island freighter used by the armed forces to supply its bases and installations (in this case, however, converted over to a snooper ship). TWO Pueblos can anchor alongside any freighter you see in SF bay and still not be seen.

Sgt Pepper, while stationed in Hollandia, New Guinea, had the job of keeping track of all such inter-island freighters and barges up to 150 feet. If somebody wanted to know where "TOW NUMBER FOUR SIX FIVE TWO" was at that moment, he had to find it (either still in Sydney, or enroute, or standing in Hollandia bay, waiting for a "water-point" to hook up to).

At the current hearing, a Navy officer testified to still yet ANOTHER function of such a ship as the Pueblo. He said "we wanted to know what would happen to this ghost."

In other words, what would happen if a ship WITHOUT a flag cruises around, either in "international waters" or close in to shore.

He found out. The North Koreans had been watching these "ghosts" for a whole year and repeatedly warned the United States to cut it out. This was totally unknown to our Chief of Intelligence stationed in Japan, according to the NY Times.

With such men in charge of "our boys", no wonder we fuck up!

As pointed out, the Pueblo is not a big ship, yet Com Bucher could NOT enter a certain room "commanded by" a US Navy Lt. Now, as anybody knows, the captain of a ship is in charge - any ship, apparently, but the USS Pueblo.

This Lt over-ranked the Com, a totally new concept never taught at Annapolis. What was in this strange room? You guessed it - top secret codes.

This week (as you read this) the Lt in charge of this room will testify.

Com Bucher has been told off for "not destroying" the codes. He has replied that he "couldn't destroy the codes" because he could not "get into" that room.

So the shit is now on this Lt. HE is going to speak this week.

One more goof from the US Navy. Having made heroes (as Sgt Pepper feels they are) of the Com and his crew, the Navy brass is going to have a hard time passing the buck downward.

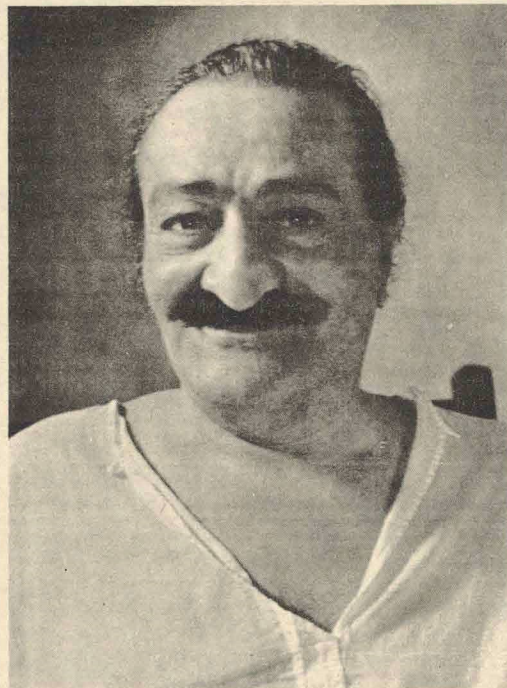
In this case, the shit is on the brass. Watch this week, and see for yourself.

NAPALM HURLERS HONORED

Two napalm throwers will be at the Free Church service this Friday night.

Fred O'Joyce and Jim Forest of the Milwaukee 14 will rap on resistance and give their story to the congregation. They and twelve others destroyed draft card files last year in Milwaukee with homemade napalm.

The service will begin at 8 pm at Trinity Methodist Church on Dana and Durant.



*When mind soars in pursuit of
the things conceived in space,
it pursues emptiness,
But when man dives deep within himself,
he experiences the fullness
of existence.*

Meher Baba 1964

At, 12:00 noon, January 31, 1969, the physical existence of Meher Baba ended. To his disciples who believed that he was the avatar (God become man) of our age, the reincarnation of Rama, Krishna, Christ, Mohammed, his "death" is the termination of the unique physical identity of Meher Baba who will return some day in another form.

Merwan Sheriar Irani was born in Poona, India, on February 25, 1894, of Persian parents of the Zoroastrian faith. In 1921, he gathered his first disciples, and some years later established a colony near Ahmednagar, called Meherabad.

On July 10, 1925, Meher Baba began his Silence. From that time he communicated only by a special sign language or by means of an alphabet board until a few hours before his death when he said, "My time has come".

A simple memorial was presented by Robert Dreyfuss and Mik Hamilton on Monday, February 3, in the Tilden Room at the University of California. Copies of the text of the memorial and further information concerning Meher Baba may be obtained at Meherstham, 2012 Channing (rear) from 5 to 10 p.m.

SOME MEN FEAR NOT THE COLD

by Rocky Raccoon

Roughly 70 people gathered in Golden Gate Park on a drizzly Sunday before last to get with Caravan North '69. Organizers estimate that about 17 of those in attendance are actually interested in making the trip. Others were curious and hangers on.

Supporters of the plan to take hundreds of new settlers to Alaska have delayed meetings one more week to obtain necessary information on townsites available.

Similar groups are in process of organization in Seattle and Los Angeles.

Departure schedule calls for gathering of tribes in Seattle May 15 to June 1 with caravan departure at high noon on June 1.

The overland caravan will be only part of the project. Others will join the community at a staging area arriving by their own means.

A party of three will depart about a month in advance of the main body to size up the situation.

Staging areas will be established in the Fairbanks vicinity and possibly near Anchorage.

Actual location of the town will depend on land available. Members of the group have written to various federal and state agencies in an effort to obtain this material.

The potential Alaskans need a meeting place in the Bay Area for a night meeting sometime after the next BARB comes out.

If you're interested in going or helping, write Rocky Raccoon in care of BARB.

SALT LAKE CAN USE ASSIST

Dear Editor:

Man, you would not understand the word oppression until you have tried to establish an SDS chapter on a college campus in the state of Utah. The God fearing Mormons of this state have banded together to do anything within their power to see that SDS would not exist in Utah, going as far as to create a bill in the state legislature outlawing any demonstration or public meeting on the part of SDS that might interfere with the peaceful environment of the community.

We have been handcuffed by both the state and the University, and getting off the ground this year has been a rather difficult task. But now that we have finally reached a point of organization within our own group, we have decided to try and let the rest of the city hear about what we have to say with an underground paper.

Being the dirty hippie commie fag pinks that we are, the University has refused to give any aid in this matter and the group at present is broke. We felt however if we could bring in a good band from the West coast and sponsor a kind of movement here, we might be able to raise enough bread to buy a press and start turning out a rag.

I am writing you because I thought you might know of some band in your area that would be willing to do a one night gig in Salt Lake for the sake of humanity. I suppose we could pay the transportation and accommodations for the group, but we are particularly interested in trying to find a good band that has nothing better to do at the end of this month and might come out this way for a free gig.

Anything you could do for us on this matter would be greatly appreciated. We would like to do our thing during the last week of February, but it is not necessary to do it then. If you do possibly know some group that you could persuade into coming out here, I would really dig hearing from you. If there is a chance you can do something or whether you would rather tell us to fuck off, I would still like to hear from you soon on this matter.

Thanks for your attention, Bruce Roberts, Project Supervisor SDS 1140 Bueno Avenue Salt Lake City, Utah 84102

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while the VAROOM of his veggie
hands stretch out in the
band's strong outstretch
The Sun, it's left hand
vops, like a
to

CAMPUS CALM ON FIRST DAY OF EMERGENCY

LATE STRIKE NEWS

The Third World Strike at Cal kept right on pushing Thursday (BARB press time.)

Over a thousand strikers brought the war to the North side of campus, marching through buildings they haven't visited before.

A menacing force of a hundred or more police held the center of campus on the first day of UC's 'State of Emergency.'

No attempt was made by the cops to interfere with the striker's march, which returned through Sather Gate and ended in a Pauley Ballroom convocation.

One Third Worlder was busted on the bridge at Sather Gate. Witnesses believed the pigs were hunting for him in particular.

The strikers seemed uncertain of how to deal with the police occupation and impatient with continued marching.

by G.K.

Gov Reagan late Wednesday, in a state of extreme agitation, declared a state of extreme emergency "under section 1580 of the California Disaster Act."

What was the disaster - oil leak at Santa Barbara? Floods in Southern California? His zipper stuck in front of the PTA?

No - the "extreme emergency" exists "in and around the University of California at Berkeley."

Now with Alameda Sheriff Madigan's blue goons depleted, the California Highway Patrol will fill the breach.

There, the Third World Liberation Front is on strike for a school of their own.

In the words of Jim Nabors, one of the early leaders from the Afro-American Students Union: "We are out to wage a war. There is not a honky alive, a honky who lives by the machine and fucks by the machine, who can put us down."

Nabors spoke this Wednesday, an hour before Reagan's surprise announcement, before 1,000 students and strikers packed in the Pauley Ballroom on campus.

He was given a standing ovation when he declared, "We won't deal with some super-clerk, a man who gives us half a chicken and says 'help yourself.' We want the whole chicken."

He felt that the blacks and the browns and the yellows have been paying dues for too long, "but this time we are paying our own dues or bring it all down."

The governor is not concerned

with UC at Berkeley. He is bothered by EVERY campus in California.

Reagan asked for a four-point legislative program designed to blacklist students, faculty, and employees of ALL state campuses "if convicted of" what he defined

BALL TIME

The TWLF will hold a dance-concert Saturday night in the Pauley Ballroom, UC Berkeley, from 9 to 1, Jim Nabors announced Wednesday.

This was before Gov Reagan's "extreme emergency" proclamation.

Check with Sacramento before attending.

as "criminal activity."

Further, he asked that "no loud-speaking equipment be permitted on campus without approval of the college officer." In these days of cops on campus, it was not clear if he meant police officer or administrative officer.

Sheriff Madigan, of Alameda County, made the request for more men and equipment. It was also "concurrent in" by Chancellor Heyns who proceeded to the usual apology of "it hurts me more than it hurts you, but I had to do it."

What it all comes down to is that, in Berkeley (for a starter), the California Highway Patrol is on PERMANENT station "in and around the UC campus."

An additional reason why they are going to be here for a long time was given by Prof John 'Scenario' Searle, Wednesday, moments before the governor's disaster.

On TWO occasions, he sabotaged (by tabling motions) moves by the UC Academic Senate to do something "in principle" for a black college.

The good professors supported HIM, thus insuring a long, long stay for the California Highway Patrol. As TWLF student striker Carl Mack put it: "There's no air for breathing around here."



photo by Alexander

IS CURRENT LULL PRELUDE TO STORM?

by Phineas Israeli

Will the National Guard be in Berkeley soon?

Wednesday was a day for re-trenchment in the Third World strike at Cal. Tomorrow never knows.

The Man's blue minions seized the offensive Wednesday morning. Cops wearing the brand of the Alameda County Sheriff and the Highway Patrol grabbed the center of campus before the strikers could block it off.

Corridors of battle-ready police stretched from Bancroft to the far side of Sather Gate.

Shortly after noon the strikers moved out in a march through campus. Secretaries and scabs peered out through University glass at the determined, defiant marchers.

You looked into the eyes of those watching you march and you didn't know what you saw. Fright? Hostility? The squirm of a fucked-up conscience? The veil over a super-rationalization machine? Or nothing-emptiness, the void.

The march of the strikers returned to Sather Gate. Through, right on through the police lines the students went, four abreast, a little worried, and very together about what they were doing.

A strike meeting in Pauley Ballroom immediately followed the march.

Jaime Soliz rose to clarify Third World Liberation Front policy and tactics. "The issue," he said, "was is and will remain the Third World College and the ability of Third World students to exercise self-determination."

Soliz then spoke about how people should handle themselves on the picket lines. He stressed self-defense and keeping it cool when provoked.

"Do not allow yourself to be provoked by the pigs," he urged, "or by agents provocateurs."

The TWLF spokesman lay the blame for this week's violence at Heyns' door. "The Administration," Soliz charged, "has moved in on peaceful assembly and started to vamp on people."

Soliz also made it crystal clear that the Front will never cop out on its non-negotiable demands. "You can not negotiate around any student's existence," he said.

Jim Nabors, the first black to be busted last Thursday, then gave the strikers a fighting rap which

tuned everyone in to the reality of the strike -- that this is a life-death struggle for the Third World students.

"We are an army and we will win," Nabors said, "or we will bring it down to its knees."

"There's not a honky who lives by the machine, drinks by the machine, fucks by the machine, who can confront the will of the people," Nabors continued.

For those who liked to talk of nitty gritty, he laid it down this way: "The nitty gritty is that ass is ass, but they gotta bring ass to get ass."

Many strikers at Cal suspect that the TWLF leadership will soon be busted and kept behind Santa Rita bars. Nabors vowed that when that happens, "The ante is going up."

For those who are choosing their midterms instead of the Third World strike, Nabors said, "Take your fucking midterms if they're so important to you, I ain't taking a motherfucking one."

It also seemed on Wednesday that the TWLF leadership had to work out an insecurity thing and

see p. 4



photo by Marsh

LET'S GET RID OF THEM PLAIN CLOTHES BUMS

OK, WE'LL CALL IT AN EMERGENCY

JOCKS AND FUZZ HARD TO SEPARATE IN CAMPUS BATTLES

by Jon Jacobson

"No more bullshit!" a black shouted on the strike line. "When are you gonna realize we're serious."

There was an end to game playing Tuesday as the Third World strike at UC entered a new phase.

Tuesday the center of the campus revolution shifted back across the Bay.

I saw a dozen strikers beaten and arrested at Sather Gate, as clubs, fists and rocks flew through the air in violence provoked by plainclothes goons. In all 20 strikers were arrested, and scores more injured.

Chancellor Heyns vowed, Monday to use "full force" to fight the strike. Tuesday disguised provocateurs put his vow into practice.

I saw blood spill as undercover

hoods attacked hundreds of determined strikers and onlookers.

I saw campus pigs charge wildly three times from their Sprout basement sty to rescue undercover provocateurs from enraged strikers. I was pushed against Sather Gate as clubs and black-jacks forced students to flee.

Tension built up by noon when the cops first appeared in force on campus. The first attack came at 1:30 when two plainclothes hooligans grabbed someone out of the stationary line at the eastern end of Sather Gate.

As they tried to hustle their captive up the incline a shout started, "It's pigs! Get them!" The two pigs were pushed to the ground. The crowd engulfed them.

"Look out behind you" yells

see p. 4

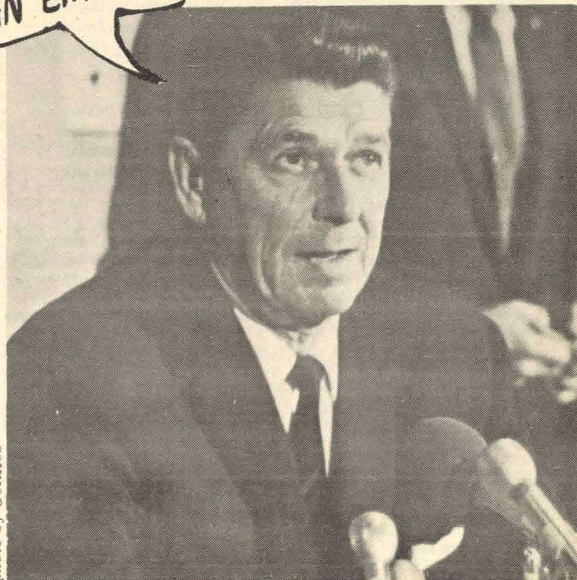


photo by Gottlieb

STUDENTS MUST FACE IT ALONE AND THEY WILL

from p. 3
reassert its control over the strike.

Jaime Soliz pointedly told the audience of strikers that "Leadership has been exerted at every stage of the game, the problem is that the people have been unresponsive to the leadership."

Many on campus, leaning on FSM memories, have been looking to the faculty to come in on the strike in some way and make it succeed. By midweek it had become clear that for the most part the UC faculty is just another face of the enemy.

On Monday the Students' Friends from the FSM (like 'Scenario' Searle) rushed to sponsor an Academic Senate resolution which denounced not only violence and disruption, but even the strikers' peaceful marches through the campus.

The faculty fathers apparently found these marches too noisy for

World is demanding what this country has never allowed it. Neither Reagan the conservative nor Heyns the liberal is about to meet the strike demands and release the System's grip on its slaves.

The shit to come at Cal has barely been sniffed. Berkeley's future is that of struggle and suffering, and there isn't a soul on campus not about to go through the heaviest of changes.

TELLS ALL IN CALL FROM JAIL

BARB received a call from Berkeley City jail Tuesday at 9 pm. The caller was Patrick Cushman, 19. He gave the following eyewitness account of his own arrest at UC earlier in the day:

I was standing in the central mall leading up to the Campanile at 4 pm. I was behind a line of cops. All of a sudden a cop rapped me hard on the leg with a club and said, "Get the hell over."

"Like wow, OK! But that's no way to ask anybody," I said. The next thing I knew I was on the ground. Six cops were on top of me.

Sgt Martin and two others took me to the side and put on steel handcuffs super tight. A Cal cop, S-t-e-y-r-e-s, I think, pressed on the cuffs hard and said "How would you like your fucking arm broken." I still have marks where he hurt my hands.

The called me "asshole" and "a menace to society". As they led me away I yelled in pain because they twisted my arms. "If you say another fucking word we'll really work you over when we get you down there," one cop whispered. I was pretty scared.

I was pushed, shoved and kicked as they took me down into Sproul. I was made to run the gauntlet down the hall. On all sides cops were cheering as I was led between them.

There was a black in the same room with me. They were working him over good. He had a big lump on his head. I said, "leave him alone." One cop looked up with the worst hate I've ever seen. He came over and hit me on the head. He was a plainclothesed cop in a tweed jacket and grey slacks.

The charges against me are resisting arrest, assaulting an officer, using obscenity, and participating in a demonstration.

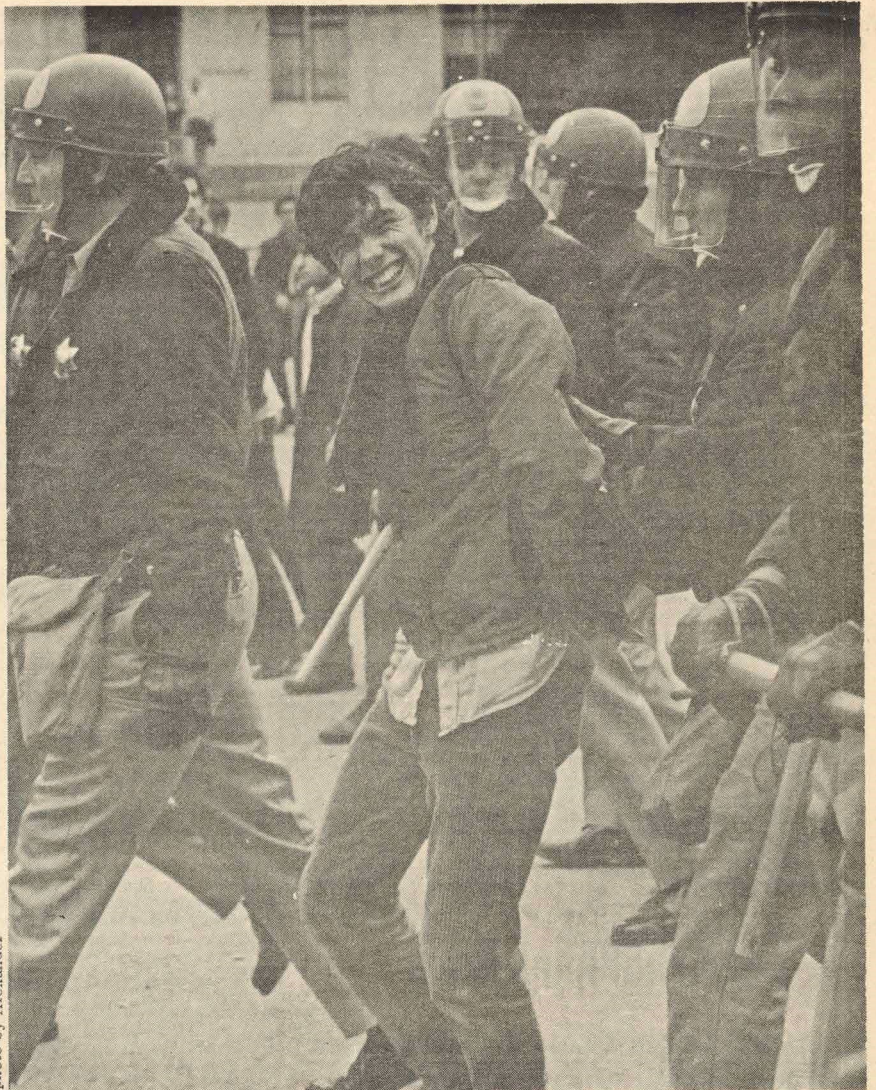


Photo by Alexander

HIP COP

A pseudo-hippie-walkie-talkie was spotted at the corner of Sather Gate near Wheeler Hall.

As the student strikers marched into Sproul Plaza Wednesday, he was overheard (BARB was told) speaking into a small radio, saying:

"They've turned the corner and headed for the Student Center." He was dressed like a student-striker. Apparently, the UC campus is alive with such human walkie-talkie fuzz.

the pristine academic nowhere land.

Much like the hardening of arteries which occurs in the bodies of the aging, the anti-strike, anti-Third World attitudes of many professors hardened throughout the week. The students are on their own this time.

But Wednesday showed another thing, that hundreds of Berkeley students cannot adjust to the police occupation. One wonders how much longer those students will continue to express their distaste for education at the point of a bayonet and not commit themselves to the strike and the goal of a free Third World college.

Another sign of the depths of the strikers' commitment was the fact that after the meeting in Pauley the students made another march through campus despite the wind and rain, and then circled Sproul Plaza several times.

The strike is growing, the repression is growing. The Third

BLACKJACK COPS SNEAK IN

from p. 3
sounded. A platoon of storm troopers charged full speed from their Sproul Hall lair. Some students panicked and fled. Others tried to resist, only to be cut down by clubs. Three were arrested.

A moustached youth standing by the pine trees shouted "Why don't you arrest anyone with short hair!" He was too close. A pig pushed him down. Another jumped on top of him with a club.

He was hauled off as bottles and sticks followed the pigs. They retreated walking backwards, eyeing the students and clutching their weapons nervously.

A few minutes later a hood with a blackjack in the crowd tried to pull somebody else out of the line. Again the pigs had to charge to rescue their secret agent.

After a pitched battle a striker, blood flowing from his head, lay prone in front of UC's gate.

"Medic, Medic!" people yelled. The cops hauled him away and retreated again. A chorus of "Pigs off campus!" followed them. One blond girl, especially brave, went in pursuit, almost spitting the words into the visored faces.

Hundreds milling around the gate surrounded one man. "Are you a cop? Are you an officer of the law?" students asked the dark-haired man in a blue windbreaker.

"I'd rather not say," he answered, as he strolled through the line, hands behind his back. Cameras were pointed at this face, but nobody stopped him.

"Watch out for the bulge in his pocket," voices said. "Watch out for the guy in the pea jacket, he's a cop too. They're all around."

At 1:40, the cops unexpectedly made another charge. This time they got through Sather Gate, dodging rocks and sticks. There was no apparent reason for the rush. So someone was picked out by random and carried off by 4 plain pigs. He shouted his name, John Burke, as he was taken into the dungeon.

The secret agents made everyone edgy. Straight looking people were surrounded and asked if they were cops. Those who wouldn't answer almost always turned out to be undercover pigs.

White uniformed Medics were angry at the shit they were getting from the administration. They were neutral, treating strikers and scabs alike.

"The pigs broke our agreement," a black medic shouted as he emerged from beneath Sproul Hall. "They wouldn't let us treat anyone," he said angrily.

"What you need is bullets, not bandages," a bystander said.

Earlier in the day the campus was quiet, with students placidly going through the lines to their cloistered classes.

Shortly before noon the walk-

ing stopped. Third World students and white allies formed a stationary strike line at the Bancroft entrance.

A monitor instructed strikers not to provoke violence. "If cops come walk away slowly. Girls in the center," he reminded the line. Scabs who tried to pass through

Says Cops Provoked Violence

"The plainclothesed cops provoked the violence," an eyewitness photographer who chose to remain anonymous told BARB about Tuesday's action.

"Two big guys came up the east side of Sather Gate line and said they were going through," he related. "They were told to walk around. But they persisted in going through.

"Without any provocation one drew a blackjack and hit a student with it right above the eye," the eyewitness said. "The other cop grabbed the injured student. Strikers came to help. They all went to the ground, fighting."

The student was rescued from the goons and taken away for medical assistance.

were told to walk around. Suddenly a scuffle broke out close to the Student Union. A professor type guy was taken away with a bloody nose.

"We're not fooling. Nobody goes through this line," strikers shouted.

Several jocks tried the same point in the line. They were re-pulsed spilling oranges from a vendor's cart in their path. Traffic stopped on Bancroft as the chase went into the street.

Suddenly it was all over. "If I see you alone you're dead," a beefy scab warned a longhair. In response he got a kick in the balls. People pulled them apart, and the jocks moved back to the showers.

This was the signal for the pigs to move in. The strikers retreated to Sather Gate. "Pigs off campus!" In front, back and

usually the pigs come waddling out of Sproul Hall to rescue their men but not this time.

The action ended as the two plainclothes men ran off in one direction, and their bloody prisoner split in another.

BLOODY BUT FREE

Bloody but free, one Berkeley warrior knows the real meaning of "Power to the People"

Picked off by two plainclothes pigs at Sather Gate, this warrior was beaten to the ground.

While the pigs smashed his head with 6" blackjacks about 200 people moved in to free him.

Backed up against the wall the pigs started swinging at everyone in sight.

Shouts of "Pig Motherfucker... Let him go pig" were met by the cracks of blackjacks on heads.

The goons, fighting to hold their prisoner, soon had to fight to protect themselves.

Swinging and kicking students soon beat one to the ground.

Both thugs were saved only when other students put their bodies between the crowd and the twogoons.

Something must have gotten fouled up in Sproul Hall because the fight lasted a good five minutes.

Usually the pigs come waddling out of Sproul Hall to rescue their men but not this time.

The action ended as the two plainclothes men ran off in one direction, and their bloody prisoner split in another.

OWED TO HUEY

OWED TO HUEY NEWTON

Dear Huey:
We celebrate your birthday on the campuses and streets and draw our courage from your revolutionary feats.

And when the shit is flying and the pigs are getting fried and at last the sky's no limit we'll be winning side by side.



HUEY P. NEWTON - PO. #E - LOS PADRES, CALIFORNIA - SNIP - SNIP

Huey Newton is going to have a Birthday which will be joyously celebrated in more than 20 American cities.

In the Bay Area a Birthday Party for Huey will take place at the Berkeley Community Theater. Joining in the festivities, Kathleen Cleaver, George Murray, Tom Hayden, Ron Dellums and Dr. Carlton Goodlett will sing their own version of "Happy Birthday Huey".

Panther documentary flicks will be shown and Gale Garnett will entertain. The well known Afro-American Ballet will perform in honor of the occasion.

Tickets will be \$2.00 in advance

and \$2.50 at the door. The bread should be considered a Birth Day Present.

You can get the tickets in Berkeley at Granma Books, 2509 Telegraph, Campus Smoke Shop, 2300 Telegraph, and the Black Panther Headquarters, 3106 Shattuck.

In San Francisco get them at More Books, 1435 Fillmore, and at Black Panther Headquarters, 1419 Fillmore.

Huey Newton would like to come to his Party but the Pigs won't let him. So we will have to give our best wishes to that famous empty chair. Next year maybe Huey will be sitting in it.

SEND HUEY THIS BIRTHDAY CARD

DON'T FORGET THE ADDRESS BELOW

ALIOTO FINGERS BARB

by Kent Brandley

WASSAMATTA, JOE, YA DON'T LIKE AMERICANS?



Freedom of the press, a right guaranteed under the First Amendment, exists in San Francisco at the pleasure of Mayor Joseph Alioto.

Two BARB vendors pleaded guilty Tuesday to vague charges of being "public nuisances" and "obstructing the sidewalk."

Both said they pleaded guilty because they had no money for bail (\$125) and if they pleaded innocent they would have to wait in jail four weeks for the case to come to trial. They followed the advice of a public defender who correctly predicted the outcome -- 30 days suspended.

The vendors were arrested on downtown streets Monday afternoon. The incident was duly reported, somewhat hastily and with a touch of humor, in the San Francisco Examiner on page 18, Tuesday, under the heading "Alioto Brings Arrest of Two Barb Peddlers."

Examiner editors might chortle a little less if they considered that if Barb salesmen are driven off the streets, they could be next.

Hadley Ross, Mayor Alioto's press secretary, confirmed the content of the Examiner's brief account of the arrest.

Ross explained Alioto "felt the front page illustration vividly displayed, was offensive and he did call the police to investigate."

A police detective told one of the vendors arrested he was acting on orders.

The illustration for the BARB in question was a photograph of a black man puffing a pipe beneath a U. S. flag with a rather grim looking white man, drawn cartoon style, saying "I'm an American!"

Ross said material in the BARB was "offensive and the city has a right to act against it."

The Mayor's press secretary was asked if other BARB vendors would be arrested. "I just don't know," he said.

Ross, citing obscenity laws, said he was uncertain whether the BARB "can be openly peddled." He said any further action will be up to the police and the district attorney.

"There have been numerous, nu-

merous complaints against the BARB and the manner in which it is sold," he said. "If it is not obscene at least it is in poor taste."

The BARB, Ross added, "is not a fitting thing to be thrust in the face of passers-by."

The Examiner's report said the Mayor had been "obnoxiously solicited" outside the St. Francis Hotel. He reportedly telephoned police to complain "that two peddlers of the underground newspaper were sticking copies in the faces of people on the street outside the hotel."

The writer interviewed both of the arrested vendors, separately, on Wednesday.

They said they were on opposite corners when selling on Monday afternoon. Both said they depend exclusively on BARB sales for a living. They were not in front of the hotel together.

Jim Bowman, 19, was in front of the Lufthansa Airlines office at Geary and Powell. Bob Lee, same age, was in front of the St. Francis.

Bowman, outgoing and bouyant, wears a gray poncho blanket held together with three big safety pins, an old yellow scarf and a rope for decoration. He tops it off with a little blue peace button.

"I've actually been mistaken for a monk," he laughs.

Bowman was interviewed on his favorite corner where he was back selling the BARB in the rain after the incident.

In between questions he helped an attractive chick who asked for change for the cable car, gave directions to some little old ladies from out of town and spoke kindly to a wino who spent the previous night in jail with him.

Bowman admitted that he sometimes gets carried away with "the big sales pitch."

He said "sometimes I tell them how hungry I am ... but it's true."

On Monday, he said, he had a flower and was walking around letting people smell it. "But nobody got uptight about it," he said.

"And I never found out who complained, why they complained or when they complained. I assumed it was some old lady or something."

When Bowman saw the Examiner clipping, saying it was the mayor

himself who made the complaint, he was stunned.

"Too much!" he shouted. "I was actually in the Examiner," he told some friends who stopped to say hello. "If you're going to do it, do it right," he said.

Bowman wasn't arrested on the spot, but was apprehended later in the afternoon while walking down the street with a chick. He said two plainclothesmen stopped him, placed him under arrest and advised him of his rights. They took him to the side of the St. Francis where a black unmarked police car was waiting.

"A photographer then said he had plenty of pictures of us ... it really blew my mind when I found out pictures were taken. Lee didn't know about it either," Bowman described Lee as very shy.

Lee, interviewed in his tiny hotel room, said Bowman is sometimes "really forward."

"A lot of people get mad and a lot of people really love it. He's turned paper selling into an art ... they came to arrest him and they arrested me as well ... I just stand there and hold the paper."

Both vendors said the arresting officers were "real nice about the whole thing."

Lee, when told he was under arrest couldn't believe it. "Is this for real?" he asked. The cop flashed a badge. "But he was really beautiful about it. He said it was an order to come up and arrest me. I had planned to sell papers all day because I needed the money."

Lee was asked if he had been obnoxious to anyone.

"Me? Obnoxious?" he asked. It was hard to believe.

Bowman said, "Lee did not do fuck-all, he's so shy. He just stands there. He got 30 days suspended because he didn't want to wait four weeks for trial. "Like the court calendar is really full."

Max Scherr, editor of the BARB, said the paper will resist "all efforts by hacks who strive to place themselves above the United States Constitution. Such behavior is truly illegal and obnoxious." But he also urged all vendors to conduct themselves gently.

"It is every news vendor's right to hawk his papers," he said, "and we will insist on that right."

RAMPARTS NO TIME FOR OBITUARIES

by Art Goldberg
(Ass't Editor -- Ramparts)

Last week the New York Times and the San Francisco Chronicle announced the imminent demise of Ramparts Magazine. This week the Express-Times informs its readers that Ramparts is crumbling.

None of the stories is true. Ramparts is far from crumbling. In fact it may be in better shape now than it has been for a long time.

The next issue of Ramparts is scheduled to go to press on February 19, and will be out early in March. Among other things, it will contain articles by Susan Sontag on Cuba, and by David Horowitz on the foundations and education, a piece on the Oakland Seven, a putdown of Irving Howe and the social democrats, and a big expose on what really has been happening inside Ramparts by Bob Scheer.

In addition, readers will find an excerpt from a forthcoming book. The editors are now trying to decide between a chapter from Daniel Cohn-Bendit's new book, or a portion from radical scholar Gabriel Kolko's work on the military-industrial complex.

Well, how about those newspaper stories? The New York Times was caught with its pants down last Thursday, and passed the embarrassment on to the Chronicle. The Times story quoted Warren Hinckle, Ramparts President and Editorial Director as saying he was resigning, and taking the present Ramparts staff into a new magazine.

The first part of Hinckle's state-

ment was true. He did resign. The second part proved to be untrue. The entire Ramparts staff with the exception of Hinckle's sister, his personal secretary, and a close friend, decided to remain with Ramparts.

Two staff members are undecided at this writing, but key editorial personnel like editor Bob Scheer, art director Dugald Stermer, editors Don Duncan, David Horowitz, Peter Collier and David Kolodney, all elected to remain with Ramparts. The business staff likewise voted to stick with the magazine.

The Times and Chronicle also reported that Hinckle had failed to raise enough money to keep the magazine afloat. According to Hinckle, Ramparts would need some \$400,000 to stay alive. The Ramparts board of directors disagreed with his assessment.

At a board meeting last Wednesday night, the directors voted to put the magazine into voluntary bankruptcy. Under the bankruptcy law, organizations entering voluntary bankruptcy do so for the purpose of reorganization.

A condition for the court accepting the bankruptcy plan is that the reorganizing company prove that it intends to continue in business. The bankruptcy proceeding is a vehicle for discharging past debts.

The directors also agreed that less than \$200,000 was needed to insure the magazine's continued life for another year. This was based on a graphically less lavish magazine, sharply reduced administrative expenses, lower salaries and reversion to a monthly publishing schedule. It also meant that the staff would be reduced, and expense accounts severely

curtailed.

Editorially, Ramparts should be much more political, leaning more towards analysis than muckracking. Editorial control will rest with a six or seven member editorial board drawn from the staff. The newly formed staff union is expected to exert its influence in editorial matters also.

"I hope we can run this place more like a collective," Scheer said at a staff meeting last week.

Some of the ambiguity in recent Ramparts editorial policy can be traced to the different concepts Scheer and Hinckle had of the magazine. Hinckle saw Ramparts as a commercial venture which happened to revolve around left politics. He constantly guarded against Ramparts being "too political", although he depended on Scheer to set the political line.

As editorial director however, Hinckle always had the option of overruling everyone, and often did. As president, Hinckle pretty much controlled the finances. With Hinckle gone, publisher Fred Mitchell, a major investor in the magazine, is expected to carefully supervise Ramparts' finances.

"There is no reason why Ramparts with more modest aspirations -- both graphically, and in the cost of promoting itself -- cannot be a sound venture within six months," says Mitchell.

As for the \$200,000, about one fourth of that sum has already been raised, and there are pledges of more money. Ramparts expects to raise the rest within a short time, as it has just begun to contact some of its major backers. As for the LNS story that ap-

peared in the Express-Times, it is perhaps the most unfortunate story of all. It was written by a former Ramparts editor who left the magazine in late August, after a heated dispute with Hinckle and Scheer.

The former editor was asked to write the story by the LNS New York office at a time when the situation at the magazine was still very confused and tentative. As a result, there are several inaccurate and misleading statements in it.

First of all, as stated above, Ramparts' financial needs are less than half of what the Express-Times said they were. Secondly, neither Don Duncan nor Eldridge Cleaver have been done in financially by Ramparts.

Cleaver was on the payroll until Jan. 31 when the reorganization went into effect. There was a disagreement about a book contract negotiated through Ramparts, but that has since been settled amicably by Scheer and Kathleen Cleaver. Duncan is owed a great deal of back expense money, but he is so "disillusioned" with the magazine that he is now out fundraising, and working on two big stories.

The Express-Times story also states that movement researchers lived on starvation budgets while Ramparts executives traveled in style. That Ramparts spent lavishly in the past cannot be denied. All of those involved in the new austerity era are keenly aware of this. What is untrue is the fact that movement researchers were underpaid.

Before I joined the Ramparts San Francisco staff, I worked as

a researcher for the magazine in New York. At the same time I also worked for various antiwar groups. When I worked for Ramparts I was paid \$20 a day, and later \$25 a day, plus expenses. I always received the money I was supposed to.

Admittedly, it took several months to arrive, but I always received it. It is estimated that Ramparts now owes all of its outside contributors about \$7,500. If anything, Ramparts paid people too lavishly.

The Express-Times also reports that a radical faction on the staff threatened to strike and sue for back pay. Just the opposite is true. A group of outside contributors wrote a letter to the staff and others heavily criticizing the magazine.

Partially as a result, the staff formed a union. The union specifically stated that it would impose no conditions on when the staff should receive back pay, and rejected the idea of a strike at the present time, although it did reserve the right to strike when they felt such action was necessary.

There are several other minor errors which need not be corrected at this time. The moral of the story is, don't believe everything you read in the newspaper, even your local underground newspaper.

Meanwhile, Ramparts is alive and well near Fisherman's Wharf. Or as art director Dugald Stermer joked last week, "the reports of our death are greatly exaggerated." Watch for the next issue early in March.



by Lenny Lipton

I don't like getting up at six in the morning. I know a lot of people do it, but I usually get up about noon, for what this information may be worth to you. Moreover, when I got to the Free Church on Parker at about seven, there was a sign on the door saying that shooting would begin at nine. Tough shit. At nine, then, Michelangelo Antonioni would be shooting a scene from his film in progress titled ZABRISKIE POINT.

The people in the Free Church were congenial and happy about the \$1500 that was to be laid upon them for the few days of shooting to be done there.

I met Fred Gardner there, who identified himself as an Organizer. I later learned that he had been with Ramparts. Gardner worked with Antonioni on the script. He had worked on the scene to be filmed this

day. Gardner spelled Zabriskie for me. I figured out how to spell point myself. He said it was in the Mojave in Nevada, near the California-Nevada line.

A couple of kids at the Free Church told me that they had adopted me. The girl told me I had a good aura. It was pink, she said, and she liked it. I went outside and looked at the five or six trucks parked outside. Enormous things filled with props and lights and sound recording equipment.

I had to stop writing this damn column because the gas man was at the door. I got home about six, only to discover that there was a big hole down the middle of my street, about four feet wide, and six deep. Sort of like a mass grave for bodies to be laid end to end running about a hundred feet. The gas was off. No heat. No shower. No food. So I call the gas people and they come about an hour and a half later to turn it on.

Only now, after half an hour, am I beginning to feel alive. After snuggling in the blankets for this half hour I decide that my mind is too alive for sleep, even though I only got three hours last night.

I am condemned to get this copy out, even if I should have to cry bitter tears on the page to do it. The Free World is waiting for my words. I haven't eaten all day except for some doughnuts MGM supplied early this morning.

Back to the Free Church and Zabriskie Point, the lowest point in the U. S. of A., so I am told by one cat. Michelangelo walks in about nine or so, talks to a few people, and I say hello. He remembers me. I remember him, but somehow he is not surprised by this as much as I am by his recognition.

What am I to him? Another

schlep looking for something. We talk about a mutual friend. We talk about WAVELENGTH, FUSES, and SCENES FROM UNDER CHILDHOOD. We are in pretty much agreement about the films, whatever that means. He wants to see films made by Bay Area filmmakers. I set up a screening. He walks away smoking a cigar.

Prop men set up folding chairs for the scene, which is supposed to be a meeting. He arranges the chairs after the prop men are finished. Rather I should say he disarranges them just so.

That's the secret, somebody near me is thinking, if you want to be a great director, arrange your own chairs.

Antonioni and Fred Gardner look at a placard printed with the following inscription: ON STRIKE/AUTONOMY. Antonioni stands near one of the big Mitchell Cameras. It is an enormous affair, in its grey blimp, marked Panavision Reflex. The camera operator pans the beast, and Antonioni gets smashed in the head by the metal mat box.

I am dismayed. Others are dismayed. Antonioni staggers slightly, but he is relatively unhurt. Nobody knows what to do. Should we rush to his aid. I feel like laughing.

He is a slight man, greying, dressed in dull browns, holding his temple, handsome even as he does this. They bring in another camera, and yet another. This accident happened at about 11:15; lights are still being set up, but no shooting yet.

By 12:15 shooting is well under way, and the Berkeley Health Department enters the back door,

meaning to close the church. Too many people, or something like that. They have been looking for an excuse for months, one church person tells me. When the Health Department learns that MGM is responsible for the trucks outside and the overcrowding, they split.

I have this to say: Fuck you Berkeley Health Department. Go do your job and don't bug good people.

During the filming Antonioni sits quietly. I know the man a little. I am sure he hates confusion and chaos. His assistant director, Bob Rubin, a head counsellor type, wearing beads and a starched collar, does the screaming. Antonioni seems to work by a system of invisible commands. Perhaps the crew is just trained, after six months work on the film.

Kathleen Cleaver is in the scene. She is elegant and striking. The only name actor in the film is Rod Taylor. He did his thing many months before, and is long since

gone. Taylor is Australian, I believe. I will never forget his memorable performance in George Pal's THE TIME MACHINE. (Catch it at the Cento Cedar. It's a groove. It's playing with WAR OF THE WORLDS.) It's Yvette Mimieux that I'll never forget, if you want to know the truth.

This is how a shot starts. Antonioni mumbles something. Rubin hollers, "light 'em," and the lights come on. They are hot, and stupidly bright. With the 100 index Eastman color stock they are shooting they could use less light. The Hollywood crew was complaining that the light wasn't bright enough, but this set was lit by Italians.

After the cry "light 'em," Rubin calls out, "roll it," which means turn on the cameras. People are now warned to be quiet. The sound man, standing with his fishpole boom, gets the signal from the sound truck that the mag film recorders are up to speed, and he

says, quietly, "speed." The slates are clapped, and Antonioni says "action." When the shot is to end, he says "cut." How's that?

It's an archaic way to work, with a stuffed feather-bedded crew, trucks of needless equipment. What a waste! It pains me when I think that one of their dollies could pay for several good head flicks.

I meet Herb DeGrasse outside. Herb and Antonioni shake hands. Herb, his lady and mine, go for coffee. We return to the church and witness more confusion than was ever present at any DeGrasse filming. But DeGrasse never had to handle a case of 100, and a crew of thirty. The crew stands around, the most important thing they seem to do is to keep out of the way.

Herb and I gaze dazedly at the equipment, we mull over the hideous waste. How does Antonioni work under such godawful conditions? It's five o'clock, we can't stand it anymore, I say goodbye to Michelangelo, and Herb and I return to our 16 mm Beaulieus.



FROM KEEPER TO INMATE

by Sergeant Sunshine

"OR denied," announces the Judge, "bail for your appeal bond shall be \$1800."

The Bailiff politely takes me by the arm and leads me through the hardwood door from the courtroom. As the door closes behind me I go from the twentieth Century to the twelfth to begin a sentence of nine months-in the County Jail for possession of the "narcotic drug, Marijuana."

I am led to a room resembling the operating room of a veterinary hospital. As I survey the stainless steel tables and porcelain walls I am advanced upon by two men wearing dirty white doctors smocks with hairy arms protruding like obscene sausages from the sleeves.

"Take off all your clothes" I am told by the blond goon. I remove my garments and stand watching as the goons explore every pocket and seam of my clothing.

"Bend over and spread your cheeks" I am ordered, "Open your mouth", a quick look down my gullet satisfies the searcher. "Hold your arms over your head".

My arm pits pass inspection.

The blond goon gestures to a porcelain comode without a seat. "Take a dump and let me see the toilet paper before you put it in."

"You've got to be kidding," I say, "I've been ordered to do some strange things before but this is the first time I've been ordered to do that, supposing I don't have an urge?"

A wide grin splits the face of the blond. Number two goon opens a drawer and brings out an enema apparatus with an expectant look on his face. "Dont worry about a thing, we can even supply you with the urge." "I'll cooperate, I'll cooperate, I can feel the urge already" I say.

Having produced about an inch and one half of the desired commodity, I am given paper and then directed to the shower. This inspection is to prevent a man from bringing any contraband into the jail with which he might soften the dehumanizing blow of incarceration. A quick rinse and I am directed to stand in a disinfectant foot bath as I towel away the excess moisture.

"Raise your arms above your head, and close your eyes," I am

told. The blond Goon advances upon me with a suspicious instrument with a long nozzle. I close my eyes fearfully and feel a spray of fine powder cover my naked shivering body.

I have been deloused! Me, like a livestock!

I am led away through more clanging steel doors to a place where I am given two grey blankets; then to my cell, a 5'10" by 8' concrete & steel cube in solitary confinement where I am left alone with my thoughts.

72 hours later I was released on my own recognizance pending my appeal. My attorney, Terance Hallinan was finally successful in convincing the judges of two counties that my word was worth much more than my money.

Actually I had just received \$6300 from the city as a refund on my pension fund from the police dept. so I could have easily bought my freedom even without a bondsman. This road to freedom was unavailable, however, as I had told the judges that I didn't feel it fair to people without money that a man could ransom his way out of jail.

I had asked the Judges what kind

HOMO GROUP GETS SOME NEW BROOMS

"This is the beginning of a new revolution in San Francisco, the 'Homosexual Revolution of '69,'" said Leo Laurence after sweeping a 2 to 1 victory in a tough election for Editorship of "Vector" magazine. "When the black man became proud, he became more militant. That same power is starting to hit the homosexual movement in the Bay Area," he added.

SIR's president, Larry Littlejohn won an easy victory for reelection, defeating Kevin McAree, a former president making a

of country we were living in where even freedom had its price measured in the almighty Dollar. I said we were concerned with justice not money, and justice must be equal between rich and poor if the word was to have any meaning.

Perhaps the eloquent arguments of Terry Hallinan, the tears of my beautiful wife and my protest fast while in Jail from Monday to Thursday were the deciding factors in gaining my release rather than my arguments about the evils of mixing money with justice.

tongue - in - cheek challenge. Littlejohn pushed the "Gay-is-Good" theme.

In other contested races, Bill Plath, got a landslide victory to become Public Relations Chairman. Plath is also president of the Tavern Guild, a militant social organization of over one hundred gay businesses.

Oscar Villavicencio defeated incumbent David Stahlman as Social Chairman. Jim Briggs won as Religious Chairman over Dick Gayer.

Laurence "campaigned in almost every gay spot in the area" to defeat Guy Straight, a San Francisco publisher of male "nudie" magazines sold in the nation's smut shops.

"I've found that Homosexuals are taking greater pride in themselves and organizations like the Society For Individual Rights, the nation's largest gay organization with membership nearing one thousand," Laurence said Thursday as he began organizing a large staff to produce "a homosexual magazine as good as Time or Life,

see p. 7

ABORTIONS

WHAT MONEY CAN BUY

WHY DID COP SMASH CAMERA?

by Ellen Mendicino
 "If you have money you can get what you want. Women without money are forced into going to quacks or using home remedies. I've seen young girls who've tried to abort themselves by using knitting needles. Frequently a hysterical woman calls up to say she's just given herself a Draino douche."
 Her voice trails away but only for a second. "It's terrible what we're doing to women in this country."
 That was Zelda Davis answering a question about the Association to Repeal Abortion Laws. "We provide a necessary service," Zelda said, in one sentence stating the saddest euphemism I've ever heard in my life.

Zelda describes her organization this way: "Essentially we operate on two fronts. The Society for Humane Abortion is our legal side. We do things like writing legislators about abolition of abortion laws and public education programs like radio and tv debates and public meetings particularly on campuses."
 (The Society for Humane Abortion founded by Patricia Maginnis in 1964 is the first specialized organization in the country to concentrate on the problem of abortion.)
 "The Association to Repeal Abortion Laws is our illegal side. We've been in existence for the past 2 1/2 years. Basically this is a referral system. We provide a list of the names of doctors in Mexico and Japan who will perform abortions."

I asked Zelda how much a Mexican abortion costs.
 "It's cheaper to get an illegal abortion in Mexico than a legal one in San Francisco," Zelda said. "It costs from \$750 to \$1000 to get an approved abortion in a San Francisco hospital. In Mexico it costs \$200 if the woman is less than eight weeks pregnant, \$350 if

she's over eight weeks. Of course you've got to add transportation costs to that which can average between \$100 and \$200."
 I was concerned about the doctors on the list since I have consistently found the American medical profession to be overflowing with stuffed shirts in varying degrees of mental defectiveness. Why would Mexican doctors be any better?
 Zelda admitted that their list is not foolproof, but added quickly that they try their best to check up on the doctors.

She said they constantly check the list by conferring with women who have used their service. If they get a bad report they drop the doctor from their referral list.
 A "legal" abortion in California today is one that meets the requirements of the Beilenson bill which went into effect in November, 1967. (Actually the Beilenson Bill is a series of amendments to sections of the penal code written in the late 19th century.)
 The bill is named after state senator Anthony Beilenson (Dem. Beverly Hills). Beilenson has also introduced legislation to reform the funeral industry; he ran in the Democratic primary last June against Bill Bennett and Alan Cranston.

Before the Beilenson bill the only time a woman could have a "legal" abortion was in order to save her life. The B.B. provides for abortion when "the pregnancy has resulted from rape or incest" and "There is substantial risk that continuance of the pregnancy would gravely impair the physical or mental health of the mother."
 The woman must first obtain the consent of two physicians or in the case of rape or incest obtain the certification of the county district attorney or petition the superior court. Then the case

goes before a hospital committee. If the committee is only composed of three members then the decision to abort must be unanimous.
 No provisions are made for the possibility of one of the three being a Roman Catholic. Also, it is obvious that with less than 6% of American doctors being female the "abortion committees" have few women members.
 Throughout all this procedure winds a desperate amount of red tape. Even assuming a woman qualifies for a state-approved abortion after all this time she then has to come up with 1000 dollars.
 No wonder Zelda and her organization despise the Beilenson bill. Like so many other little stabbing attempts to correct great wrongs, the Beilenson bill is almost worse than no change at all because it makes the abortion law seem humane to many people and takes some of the fight out of the struggle for abolition of all the laws.

The American Civil Liberties Union has filed a friend-of-the-court brief in the California Supreme Court challenging the constitutionality of the Beilenson bill and other laws which take away from women the right to terminate pregnancies. The brief is in support of Dr. Leon Belous, a Southern California physician who was convicted for referring a woman to another doctor for an abortion.
 It is estimated that 100,000 California women obtain illegal abortions every year. Zelda claims her office gets about 100 calls per week from women who want abortions. She adds that they get mail from all over the United States.

A recent State survey reported in last Saturday's Chronicle stated that since the Beilenson law was passed the number of approved abortions in California has in-

creased seven times. This barely scratches the surface since the survey states that only 3775 women have had "legal" abortions since passage of the Beilenson bill of the Therapeutic Abortion Act as it is titled.
 Think about all the women in this state who can't afford to go to Mexico and can't qualify for a state approved abortion and who on top of everything else can't even get free birth control information and supplies. Like Zelda said "It's terrible what we're doing to women in this country."

You can get abortion information from Zelda at 387-6480. If you want a copy of the list of Mexican doctors send five dollars to The Association to Repeal Abortion Laws; Box 6083; San Francisco. Contributions to The Society for

Ron Alexander was taking photos Tuesday afternoon of a scuffle in the middle of Bancroft and Telly between strikers and plainclothesmen when suddenly he found himself in the middle of it.
 "A cop smashed my camera into my face," the photographer told BARB Wednesday. "He broke my glasses and bloodied my nose and the inside of my mouth."
 "I took one shot. Then an Alameda County deputy pushed his open palm into my camera," Alexander said. "He hit it so hard the lens was bent. It cost me \$25 for new glasses and medical expenses."
 "There is no law against taking pictures in the public domain," Alexander pointed out. "I'm sure he attacked me just because of the way I look."
 Alexander has a goatee and wears a green fatigue jacket.

GOON ATTACKS

"He grabbed me without warning, hit me on the knee and neck with a club, and said he was going to arrest me."
 Lancelot, a Berkeleyan studying for a radio and telephone operator's license told BARB Tuesday how he was attacked as he started to come down stairs from a roof at Bancroft and Telly where he watched the confrontation below.
 "When he hit me I was so shocked I couldn't say anything," Lancelot said. "I'm epileptic, and it felt like a seizure was coming on."
 Lancelot had been invited up by a friend who lives in the building. The friend and other observers had left a few minutes earlier. He was the last to leave, at about 5 pm.
 He described the goon who as-

saulted him as husky, about fifty with short balding hair, wearing a red sweater and dark pants.
 "He didn't identify himself or show a badge," Lancelot said, "I guessed he was a cop because he carried a club, blackjack and handcuffs. That's what they carry, isn't it?"
 After several phone calls and talk with other residents of the building the "cop" decided not to carry out the arrest. But, he warned Lancelot, "don't let me see your face on Southside again."
 "The only problem is," said Lancelot, "I live on Southside."
 Then he asked directions to the Berkeley Health Information Center. He limped badly as he went on his way.

--j.j.

69 WITH A DOG

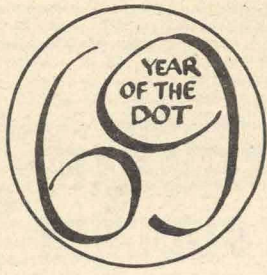
STICK A DOT IN YOUR EAR!!



THEMES LIKE OLD TIMES
 90 OF THE MOST FAMOUS ORIGINAL RADIO THEMES



BUGS
 FORMERLY OF PAUL BUTTERFIELD
 BLUES BAND



MORE MISSION IMPOSSIBLE



HOW ABOUT THIS
 KAY STARR & COUNT BASIE

GET IT TOGETHER
 WITH ALBUMS
 LIKE THESE

Available at
 Your Favorite
 Record Store

COMING SOON: "MINT TATOO"

CHICAGO

ORDERLY TAKEOVER TRIUMPHS

by Ernest Thompson

Linked arm in arm, over 400 students and a few members of the faculty at the University of Chicago marched and took over the administration building Jan. 30th.

The protest came about because the university has refused to pick up the option of sociology professor Mrs. Marlene Dixon. After a three year period, each new teacher is either asked to stay or told to get lost.

At this writing, Feb. 2nd, the students have occupied the building for four days without the university calling the fuzz for any reason. Mainly, I think, because this protest has proven to be the most orderly and best self-disciplined student revolt of any in the country. There has been no destruction of any kind by any of the participants, no fighting, pot, tearing of files, or rib and bottle throwing.

The only exception to the above took place when two of the protestors burned university summons which told them to report to the dean's office because of their (student's) part in the demonstration. The body composition of the group is mainly white, with only a few blacks.

President Edward Levi has refused to make any clear statement as to what will be done to the students, Mrs. Dixon, or the list of demands which the protestors gave to the University as regards faculty selection. Nor has he increased the normal university security police force because of the revolt.

The action of the protestors made head lines instantly in all of the four major straight papers here. The following is lifted from the Jan. 31st edition of the CHICAGO TRIBUNE: "Mrs. Dixon was one of the founders of a study group known as the Free University Center for Radical Research... (She) is a graduate of the University of California, Berkeley, where she edited the campus underground newspaper known as THE BARB."

(Editor's Note: BARB is not a "campus" any kind of paper nor did Mrs. Dixon ever edit it or any part of it. We hope the Tribune got something correct besides Mrs. Dixon's name.)

UC CAMPUS BATTLE POURS INTO STREET

The action at Berkeley is spilling over the campus and into the streets.

After four hours of clubbings and beatings on campus Tuesday Alameda Sheriffs and Berkeley police forced students into the streets.

The snake dances were about over when Pat Cushman was jumped by UC police. He was beat on the head a couple of times and then marched from the Library to Sproul Hall.

The crowd followed him to Sproul. That's when the Alameda Sheriffs charged into them.

Men and women were knocked to the ground and the furious crowd started throwing rocks and bottles.

The pigs charged one more time and the crowd swarmed into Bancroft and Telegraph.

A few paper racks were dragged into the street and a small bonfire was started.

Berkeley pigs then tried to get two people to jail in a car. It was stopped in the traffic jam.

The Blue-Coats soon came to the rescue and people returned to the street again.

A little later Highway Patrol ran our of Sproul Hall and up to Sather Gate. They soon started huffing and puffing and finally

REMEMBER SF STATE?



NOTHING LEFT BUT TO EYE THE BIRDS

by Bill Paul

"What's wrong with being a dirty old man?" asks the AFT picket of a chick he's been eyeing.

Birdwatching is one of the pastimes of the skeleton crew of AFT pickets manning the forward position at Sam Hayakawa's pastureland on 19th Ave. and Holloway St. in San Francisco.

SF State is closed for semester break and it's hard for the head to adjust to the wide open spaces which have replaced interminable picket lines and oink-oink columns and knots of bright-eyed newsmen. The ground, which resembles a football field after an NFL game, can now breathe a bit of fresh

air.

While Hayakawa makes his PR debut in Washington, and someone proposes him as a college president (real-not acting) in Oregon, the SFS AFT is hatching little bombshells. In addition to withholding grades for last semester they will rebuff Dr. Hayakawa's return - to - work offer for the coming semester. Also, plans are ready to screw up registration.

A picket thought that the administration will fire striking teachers on Thursday and will suspend a large block of disruptive students, then try to fill the gap with new blood (!) in registration. Hayakawa is afraid, said the picket, that strikers will over-register for an inordinate number of courses in order to gum up the machine.

At San Jose State AFT strike hqs., a teacher told how his local prevented a film crew from shooting a hippie scene on campus.

Friday is to be a day of reckoning for eighty striking teachers at SJS-- "Clark does things one day after Hayakawa."

San Jose student strikers have been more cautious than their SF and Berkeley counterparts (although a goodly number braved rally busts at SF State) because they fear losing federal financial aids, according to the teacher.

Many took their finals and will go back to classes on the 13th "to assess the situation" and to try to convince classmates to strike. They too will over-register.

SANTA CRUZ EYES MALCOLM X ISSUE

"We Shall Escalate" is the word at UC Santa Cruz.

Bill Moore, of the Santa Cruz BSU told BARB that Chancellor Dean E. McHenry is the main stumbling block to the new Ethnic Studies College after Malcolm X.

McHenry told newsmen "The ultimatum of February 21 will have to go unmet." Moore told BARB by phone, "McHenry has until February 21 to make a decision on Malcolm X College. If he doesn't act by then he will have

to resign by March 1."

Wednesday students and faculty held a one day boycott of classes. The time was spent in a convocation and the student and Faculty support was overwhelming according to Moore.

The strike at UC Santa Cruz starts Feb 21, depending on which way the Administration goes.

Moore said the Third World Alliance sends its greeting and support to all the brothers and sisters at San Francisco State and Berkeley. --A.G.

OUTSIDE SUPPORT GROWS AS LABOR SEES THE LIGHT

by Bill Paul

First, student strikers at San Francisco State were alone in their defiance of the Reagan-Hayakawa regime. Then the teachers struck and swelled the ranks. Now organized labor is aroused and seeing the light.

At a well-attended (700 plus) strike support rally Sunday at SF's Labor Temple a broad spectrum of concerned citizens warmed their support for the historical fight. Joining unionists for the meeting were members of the Young Socialist Alliance, Peace and Freedom Party, Huelga, TWLF, and

AFT, to mention a few.

Representatives of two unions whose pickets have felt police terror tactics told of their concern. Timothy Twomey of the Hospital Workers said that after the club-swinging SF Tac Squad called some of his people "black bitches and whores" during the Kaiser strike he could understand what was happening at State College.

Oil Worker's officer Jake Jacobs compared his "Battle of Richmond" to the "Battle of San Francisco". Said Jacobs, come on over to Richmond and TRY to take a piece of street from the police.

ILWU leader Lou Goldblatt laid down some interesting facts, telling how Saskatchewan has legislation allowing strikes by public employees. Goldblatt explained that America must become used to teacher's strikes and that strikers must "stay out one day longer than the employer can stand it."

SFS is now a mini-school, he said, and local unions can be expected to "rise up on their hind legs and really roar" if the strike goes unsettled. The ILWU leader expressed a disagreement, however, with the student strike's attitude of non-negotiable demands.

That criticism was answered by Third World spokesman Roger Alvarado, lead speaker of the BSU-TWLF delegation that many union men and their wives had come to hear.

"A banker foreclosing a mortgage does not compromise" explained Roger, who said that the fifteen demands were basic principles of human need and therefore non-negotiable.

The BSU rep joined Alvarado, urging educational revolution rather than reformism. Quoting Malcolm X: "demands are non-negotiable because survival is non-negotiable."

A Chicano student representative proclaimed the "year of the Third World," adding that Chinatown sweatshop workers should be unionized -- "Chinatown is no Disneyland."

One of the community leaders arrested at SF State on Bloody Thursday was Sal Cordova of Mission Strike Support. "This was my first arrest," he said, railing against the denial of free speech by Hayakawa.

Black publisher Dr. Carlton Goodlet, also arrested, put it on the line... "better we die in democracy's name at home... (rather) than in some rice paddy."

Good spirits of unity prevailed; there were frequent standing ovations. San Francisco Assemblyman Willie Brown drummed up \$700 in donations from the audience, throwing in \$20 from his own pocket. It was announced that Teamsters are passing the hat for strike support dollars in some of their shops.

Credit for organizing the rally goes to the Community Conference to Support the San Francisco State Strike.

SAME SCENE THIS WEEK



Photos by Bill Paul

HOMOS BACK STRIKE

In an expression of solidarity the third sex joined the Third World this week.

"Students at SF State are fighting for individual dignity; so are we," a spokesman for the Ad Hoc Homophile Committee for the Student Strike told BARB.

"We support all 15 of the students demands" Reverend Ray Broshears said. "It's about time we spoke out and stopped being closet queens."

At a meeting of gays, Sunday, resolutions were passed urging the use of homophile social and economic power to get the State to negotiate with striking students, Broshears said.

According to the spokesman SF cops are already uptight about an article, by Morgan Pinney, in the January issue of Vector, a homophile magazine. The article adamantly supports the SF State strike and asks homosexuals to be on the picket line.

"We are a minority which knows blatant discrimination," W. Pinney writes. "We may hide behind various straight, respectable facades... But isn't it better to stand as a man, speaking for our rights (even while the police clubs are falling) than live in the shadows as 'queers'?"

"The police have already retaliated against us," Broshears charged. "More and more boys and drag queens are being picked up and charged with male prostitution. The cops say we are on the side of the 'commies'."

"The Secret Service has warned me personally to stay out of politics," Broshears related. "They say they can put me away real easy if they want. But I'm not afraid."

Broshears said homosexuals will be on the picket line February 17 when SF State opens. Some might be carrying "Gay Power" signs, he laughed.

MAYBE HIS SON DID, TOO

Perhaps S.L. Hayakawa's violence toward bearded lefties might be partially understood as the symbolic acting-out of a family conflict.

He's been pretty disappointed with his son, a hippie folksinger well known at Reed and Harvard. Nor has he been pleased with his son's wife since the younger Mrs. Hayakawa served as co-chairman of the Portland League for Sexual Freedom in 1965.

Does an outraged father wreak his vengeance on substitute children, "in loco parentis"?

Well, don't take this kind of folk psychoanalysis any more seriously than you would semantics or Marxism...

Rev. Jefferson Fuck Poland

UCLA SHOOTING

KARENGA DENIES KNOWLEDGE

FRED HOFFMAN

US Leader Maulana Ron Karenga issued a denial that he had anything to do with the UCLA political assassination. He disclaimed all knowledge of the shooting.

Karenga said the shooting could not be considered an act by US organization any more "than it can be considered a BSU or UCLA act. It must be remembered that we were the people who advocated operational unity during the King Crisis of last year. How quickly people forget. We have never talked about violence. Instead we have been in the battle to win people's minds. We are cultural nationalists."

"This would be better left as a student incident. After all there were 17 shots fired or so I'm told, so the men who were killed couldn't have just been standing around talking. We must remember that all kinds of statements will be made and labeling people relieves one of the responsibility of dealing with people."

Karenga charged that the Black Panthers have become a front for white leftists such as SDS, Peace and Freedom and the Progressive Labor Party. He was beginning to sound a little like Mayor Yorty when he said: "The oldest technique of the left is to use front organizations."

The US leader told reporters: "Whatever happened at UCLA was between the BSU and the high-potential students, and that's where we have to leave it... If there had been fighting group to group it would have been much more serious."

Karenga charged that the Black Panthers are cooperating with the Police Department by providing the names of US members alleged to have done the killing. "We have been accused of working with the Police Department, but it was the Black Panther Party who openly announced they were working with

the police.

Ron Karenga began working for the city in April, a few hours after Martin Luther King was assassinated. He worked with the Black Congress to create an "operational unity steering committee" and prevent disorders.

Soon afterwards Karenga slipped into Sacramento for a private chat with Governor Reagan at the governor's request. At a Yale University conference he appeared on the same program with McGeorge Bundy, who handles relations with the colonized peoples of America for the Ford Foundation.

A short time after his brief association with Bundy the Wall Street Journal did a favorable article on Karenga, describing him as "the type of Negro militant who is claiming increasing power and national attention." (Wall Street Journal, July 26, 1968).

PANTHER CRITIQUE

Eldridge Cleaver never concealed his distaste for "Mamma Lamma" and his teachings. On several occasions Cleaver sharply criticized Karenga's "Cultural Nationalism" and his moderate line when working with the power structure. The Founder of US was resentful of the Panthers' growing strength in the community. When the Panthers came it got harder for Karenga to sound militant and continue exploiting the establishment's fear of violence without actually using it. Cleaver defined US as "reactionary Black Power" and criticized the entire Cultural Nationalism approach, which "advances the interests of the power structure while adding black faces to its crew of exploiters." When it was suggested that revolutionary commitment is best shown by wearing a Buba and speaking Swahili, Cleaver laughed and soon many others were laughing.

Three Panthers were shot by

LA Police in early August. A week later the Watts Festival ended in massacre. The Police violence restored "operational unity" and the City Council agreed to let the Black Congress present grievances. The Panthers were out of the Congress by this time and presented no protest to the Council. Instead they held a rally at Will Rogers Park with Stokely Carmichael as guest speaker. Maulana Ron Karenga did not come, but Lou Smith, Margaret Wright and Hakim Jamal were members of the Black Congress and spoke at the rally.

Last week the FREE PRESS asked Mrs. Wright what was happening between the Congress and the Panthers and how long it had been going on.

Mrs. Wright explained why she remained with the Black Congress after the Panthers, SNCC and other groups quit. "I was trying to straighten things out. When you have a group like the Black Congress you either have to make it work or kill it. You can't just leave it around. Something like that can be dangerous. I was trying to make it work." Eventually Mrs. Wright also decided she could not continue with the Black Congress. "I felt that they were exploiting the concept of unity." For an explanation of what has been happening in recent weeks Mrs. Wright referred us to a column by Booker Griffin in the Jan. 16, 1969 L.A. SENTINEL.

Griffin wrote: "Brother Toms are more dangerous and more detrimental to the Community than Uncle Toms. Uncle Toms are present in every level of our society and are very easy to detect and deal with. Brother Toms are bound almost exclusively to groups and movements at the forefront of the struggle..."

"My response to those who would use fronts of the community, 'neighborhood participation,' 'operational unity,' 'black

is beautiful' and such front phrases and slogans as black mail and a black jack to perpetuate their own narrow, petty groups and power motives is 'Don't pat me on the back and call me brother.'

"The more I deal with the brothers and sisters in the movement the more I realize that Hitler, Wallace and other such whites have no monopoly on fascism... These people are not concerned with what's good for the community in the first instance, but what is good for their own little self-ordained groups and the aggrandizement of their leaders and organizers..."

"I get sick in the stomach when we have a community crisis and I watch Brother Toms overrun meetings like mad slobbering dogs bent upon getting their thing into the act. As long as community crises... serve more as the testing grounds for the vulture actions and ego maniac-like role acting of Brother Toms we will never get around to facing problems in the name of the community as opposed to jack-assing over problems in the name of loud-mouthed self seekers whose only solutions are tied into the motivations of narrow groups and petty leaders."

COLD BLOOD

The assassinations stunned the black community. It was probably the worst thing that could have happened. The Panthers called it a political killing but the police moved against them instead of moving against US organization. Booker Griffin blamed himself and the rest of the Black community:

In the Jan. 23, 1968 SENTINEL Griffin writes:

"I say that the whole black community is guilty of the death of these two young men... There is

shame, but that shame is upon us. We have sat on our hindparts and let the climate create itself and exist that led to the murders of those young citizens... too many of you want to defend your own egos in the face of community problems...

"The whole problem-solving process in this community has been captured by a small aggressive body of people whose self-sustaining needs preclude them from any possibility of making fair decisions in the name of the community. Rat pack justice and rump caucuses serve in the name of this community what citizens groups, political, church and civic leadership serve in other communities..."

"Our student movements, which are valid and just, are pawns in a power struggle made possible

by the lack of a community civic base capable of giving them the assistance they need... Wake up, Los Angeles. If you don't take care of community business there are well organized groups ready and willing to do your business for you. They will claim noble intentions but in the final analysis they mean to rule by any means feasible. That includes from the barrel of a gun.

"UCLA is not as far from this community as you think..."

It is not only the Black Community which is to blame for the double murders. The pistols used were 357 Magnums—the kind supplied to the California Highway Patrol, we are told. The white community is responsible for what its police do, since the white community pays them. The white community also pays Maulana Karenga for what he does, which makes us all to blame for these racist political assassinations.

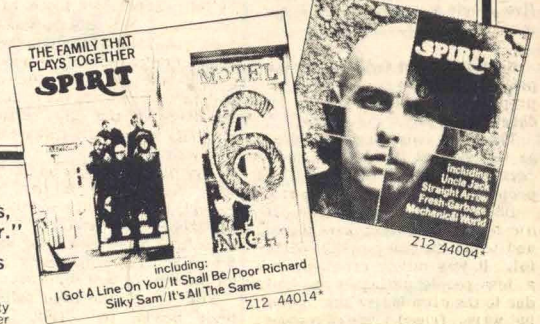
from LA Free Press (UPS)

Spirit



Rising up from the Ancient Topanga Canyon Ergot Fields, Spirit presents its second album: "The Family That Plays Together." SPIRIT. A musical being. On ODE Records

Distributed by CBS Records/CBS, Inc., 51 West 52 Street, New York City Produced by Lou Adler



* Available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridges and 4-track reel-to-reel stereo tape

CIA OUT TO NIP MEXICAN POT BUDS

by El Cucaracho

MEXICO -- For the past two years, following the U. S. agreement to return certain lands to Mexico and the election of Gustave Diaz Ordaz, the government here has been steadily increasing the pressure on the marijuana traffic.

This is presumed to be part of the rumored "Project Sunrise," a CIA sponsored program of co-operation with the Mexican Government aimed at cutting-off the U.S. pot supply at its source.

An example of this co-operation, confirmed by the president of the prison here, and not commented on by the Consulate, is the blatant U.S. policy of subsidizing the cost of incarcerating all federal prisoners, regardless of nationality. And in this jail 100% of the federal prisoners are busted for dope.

On March 1, the screws were again tightened when a new federal law went into effect, raising the penalty for trafficking in marijuana to 3-12 years. The first man to be sentenced under this law got 7 years. "Del Sol" reported that it was the stiffest sentence given for this offence in the history of the Mexican Republic.

Hundreds of marijuana fields are being burned by the army. Fully half the men here are farmers who were caught in the squeeze. According to one soldier who has taken part in the burnings; they are using US made helicopters with sophisticated infra-red spotting equipment in order to partol at night to avoid being shot down, a real danger in Mexico. There are five brothers here charged with downing a helicopter last April.

Nine months ago after a skirmish over a field in which 15 soldiers were reported killed, 4 farmers were hung alongside the road to Guadalajara as a warning to others in the area. The Mexicans fight for their weed, but how successful they will be against the increasing pressure of two governments, remains to be seen.

LEARY'S LECTURES TO CURE THE BLUES

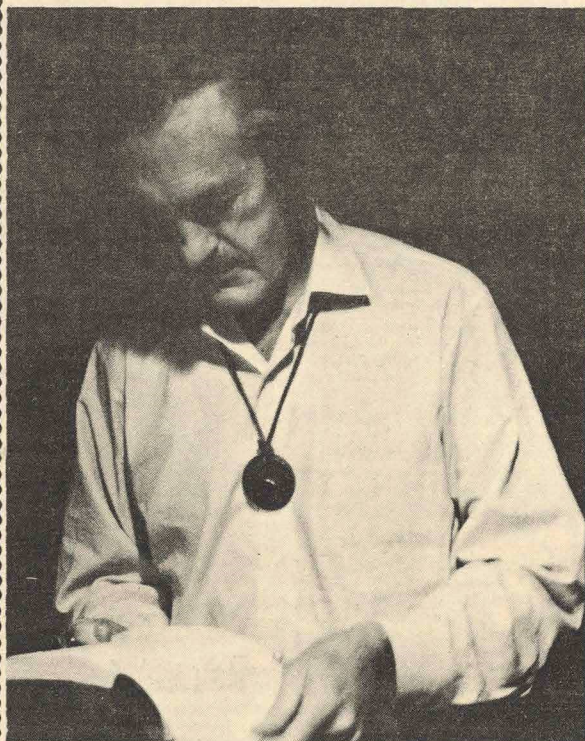


photo by Marsh

Tim Leary has guaranteed his upcoming Free U lectures "will raise the hedonic index of everyone who comes".

He said this during a much longer interview this week which will appear in subsequent issues of BARB.

"The lectures will make everyone there feel good," Leary says, "unless they have some terrible block against ecstasy. In addition to giving quite an amount of theory about ecstasy and the production of pleasure we will discuss the practical application of hedonic philosophy."

"The series will go into practical application of step by step details of how to make yourself

feel better in different ways. Ways which use the ancient equipment God has given us for infinite delight and love."

Leary's lectures will be more of a give and take nature. He hopes to learn at least as much as the class.

The setting is Martin Luther King School Auditorium (Grant and Milvia Rose) at 8 pm as follows:

February 12 on Psychodelic Psychology--How to Turn On; February 14 on The Psychodelic Marijuana--How to Tune In; February 18 on The Psychodelic Community --How to Drop out; February 20 on The Hedonistic Revolution; and February 22 on the Hedonic Society of 2001.

Yippies' Trials

by William Bathurst

I arrived at Chicago's world's busiest airport January 27 along with at least a few other people from out of state, but for me non-residence was a kind of crime. I had been charged with simple battery on the first day of the Democratic National Convention. Coming back to trail was to be another brush with the same unreality.

The next way the courtroom was jammed, bailiffs trying to let only those with business there. Judge Wendt, the man who thinks grass should be legal, was trying to be heard above the din: "We can't grant any more of these continuances...these people have got to be here."

I had had several continuances without being there. Sgt. Finnan, my arresting officer, had once had a family emergency and phoned my lawyers in time to save me an unnecessary trip.

Abbie Hoffman was there with Paul Kressner as his witness, and

so were seventy extra plain-clothesmen because of a rumored demonstration. It seemed the demonstrations were all over. One of my lawyers pointed out Staughton Lynd and commented, "He practically lives here." The ascetic looking Lynd was listening to a giant smiling cop who was obviously trying to help.

Hoffman got only fifteen days, for whatever he was charged with, but everyone knows his name will come up in the Federal conspiracy charges later this month.

My case was sent to Judge Arthur Dunne, an athletic looking man with a sporty brush cut. I am his image of maladjustment; the more said in my defense the more convinced he becomes I need a lesson. He accepts the state's case for battery, which is flimsy, and proceeds to lecture me on my disrespect for the police, my failure to disperse (which was not a charge) and on psychology which I am studying. The fine is \$300.

The movement is trying to jam the courts so the city will "think twice before doing this again." Signs of impatience on the bench are not to be interpreted, I think, as concern for wasting public money. The city if out for convictions and is getting them.

The Sheriff of Cook County himself was "on duty" in the court building, and personally inspected my papers when I was led handcuffed past him after trial. A bailiff or jailer confidentially told me later, "I don't make it a rule to handcuff everybody, but with the sheriff around I have to."

As of January 16, 421 of the total 678 arrests had been disposed of, excluding 112 bond forfeitures which are still nominally considered pending. Two thirds or 280 pleas or findings of guilty have been entered. Many of the pleas were obtained by the city reducing charges to obstructing traffic, a boon to the young, innocent and out-of-state. Also a boon to the statistics.

Findings of not guilty were 45. State and city charges dropped also 45. Stricken with leave to reinstate 22. Leave to file denied 20. An interesting category of nine discharges for want of prosecution were all complaints by citizens who failed to show up at court.

As of the 16th there were 133 cases still pending, 12 grand jury indictments and the federal indictments yet to come. It doesn't look like the statistics will get any better. The state shows no loss of vigor. In fact new charges have been entered against a woman who appeared in an ACLU film and a man who was mentioned in the Walker Report.

On the other hand movement support appears to be dwindling. Lawyers volunteered last fall who have not since been heard from. In any case establishment lawyers are unfamiliar with false arrest, police "cover charges" and brutality. Initial support for bond money has not been followed up by the amounts necessary to fight the thing through.

In the ACLU office, mounds of photographs wait to be poured over for evidence, witnesses. A small staff tries to circulate photos of possible witnesses, takes depositions and works against time. The ACLU is representing in several cases, cooperating in many others. They are also preparing suits on behalf of the press, permit applicants, medics, McCarthy and other individuals and groups. But their initial grant from the Roger Baldwin foundation runs out shortly.

SAN FRAN ZIG ZAG

by Kent Brandley

MANY OF the destitute in San Francisco are acquiring new numbers for themselves. Hundreds of hip people (not to mention winos) and others short of bread are flocking to San Francisco General Hospital to give blood. It's worth \$20 a pint there in contrast to \$5 a pint at the blood bank on Mission Street.

Trouble is, some of those too broke to afford bus fare walk all the way to the hospital (between 21st and 22nd on Potrero) only to be told to fill out a form and return in one week. The hospital issues a donor number, after checking identification, and calls out names from the forms. Tough way to make a buck.

WELLS FARGO BANK on Polk Street last week was programming its customers Brave New World fashion. You no longer have the option to pick a line in front of a teller's window but you must stand in one long "express" line for all windows. When your turn comes you are directed to the first available slot.

It's supposed to be faster. But it also makes you part of the machine. No more selecting those you will chat with. No more using your brain to select what you think might be the fastest line.

MISSION SWITCHBOARD, in the business of helping people, is in need of a little fast help itself. Sherry Riley, director, says Mission Switch is badly in need of money to pay the rent for headquarters at 848 14th St. Mission Switchboard has been in existence since last June. Donations are tax deductible on a state level.

The Switchboard is a free, non-profit community service available to anyone, anytime. It tries to provide a link between those who need and those who offer services, things or ideas.

The Switchboard handles everything from parents who want to locate runaways to requests for legal assistance. Jobs, food and lodging are part of the help Switchboard attempts to offer.

"HEY MAN, have you got a straight?" That's the way kids are asking for tobacco cigarettes in Golden Gate Park these days. Apparently marijuana cigarettes are so prevalent now that some distinction has to be made. A "straight" is a cancer stick, not a joint.

FEEL FREE AT HAIGHT FREE

The Haight Free Medical Clinic is open again! With a partially new staff, new bread, and new vibes. Since its first day, which was Monday the 13th, it's been doing some pretty heavy work.

The Clinic is now running weekdays, six to ten in the evenings, and has had so many patients that registration has been filled up almost every night by nine o'clock.

Opening week brought in 207 patients; and, now, people are numbering into the seventies on average nights.

The Clinic closed last September due to no bread, but since then received donations totalling \$24,000, which is enough for it to operate on the current hours for six more months.

All the staff are volunteers. Every night there are three to five doctors, about as many nurses, a lab technician, four or five office volunteers, and several medical students who help out.

The Clinic offers treatment or referral services for almost any and all physical or psychological problems.

Highest ranking since its opening has been flu, along with the side effects; about one out of every five people who come in for treatment have got it.

Next in line at this time is skin problems, (many caused by improper drug shooting), and venereal disease.

These are only rough estimates, as the staff at the Clinic is concerned more with caring for the people than doing a statistics trip.

BARB made it down to the Clinic this week (with a sore throat) and found the place really beautiful. It was mildly crowded, with a few people sitting in the halls due to the crowded waiting rooms, but warm, friendly, and easy going. Delores Craton, one of the staff

leaders at the facility, rapped about some of the Clinic's policy.

"We try to make it easy as possible for the people who come here needing attention; we really want to make it a minimum hassle."

The hip staff does all it can. Patient's information is kept strictly confidential, and the heavy emphasis on helping, not hassling, is a relief from the bitching and probing questions at the average paper-run institution.

Because of its limited facilities, the Clinic often must refer people to other clinics or hospitals for further care.

All VD cases are sent to the VD Clinic at 33 Hunt St., which is reportedly a not-uptight place.

Other referrals, including all emergency drug situations, usually go to St. Mary's Hospital.

Through its referral system, the Clinic helps pave the way for the patient with minimum exposure and bureaucracy.

Staffers at the Clinic have observed changes in the ways of the people who come for treatment and advice. The average patients these days seem to have their heads in better shape than those of last summer. Now the patients are also generally older (an average of 23 compared to the under 20 age of last year), and more of the people who come to the Clinic are residents of the city, unlike the majority which were transient kids last year.

The drug situation on the whole looks better, due in part to the experience and more sensible use by those who partake. There aren't as many kids being walked into the Clinic miserably ripped as there were last summer.

For those who need help with their heads, the Clinic is now operating with a psychiatric annex

at the 409 House on Clayton, one block away. Specializing in psychiatric follow-up help, the annex offers understanding for troublesome head hassles, including problems other than those related to drugs.

The next goal of the Free Medical Clinic is to be open on Saturdays; after that, they'll work on longer hours each day.

Right now, to further its services, the Clinic needs help in a variety of ways.

More volunteer medical personnel, especially doctors. The limited M.D.s are resulting presently in pediatricians doing gynecologists work, and other like situations.

Medicines are a valuable commodity at the Clinic; a lot of it has been donated by large pharmaceutical firms, but there is a constant need for more, particularly antibiotics.

More volunteers can be put to work, especially in the cleaning up-dept., after the four-hour long rush of patients each night.

Office equipment is in short supply; desks, tables, filing cabinets, chairs, etc.

And, to keep the Clinic open and operating to fulfill the needs of the people, BREAD. The Clinic has enough now to last until this summer. Its going to take a lot of money for it to continue through the summer, and every effort will help keep it going to serve others.

The Haight Free Medical Clinic is located at 558 Clayton, on the corner of Haight and Clayton. It is presently open Monday thru Friday evenings, 6 till 10. Their phone is 431-1714, and someone will answer almost any time day or night in cases of emergency.

The psychiatric annex is located at 409 Clayton, its open Monday thru Saturday, 3 to 10 pm, and their number is 621-9758.



WHY OKINAWANS ATTACKED BASE

by Rick Heide

"Okinawans storm U.S. base." This banner headline from Tuesday's San Francisco Examiner points out a growing problem for The Man.

Eisaku Sato, prime minister of Japan, is also on the hot seat. Like Dicky Dildo, Sato wants to have his Vietnam barbecue and eat it too. Okinawan students may be ruining their lunch.

The people of Okinawa were protesting the presence of Uncle Sam's B-52 bombers on their soil. They don't like the idea of American bombing runs emanating from their island.

In fact, the resentment goes much deeper but the B-52 issue is, and has been, a burning one. In 1965 the daily bombing runs to Vietnam were based in Guam, many hours away.

When a typhoon passed through Guam one day, the B-52s were sent to Okinawa. They made their normal run from Okinawa and the reaction in both Naha and Tokyo was one of fury.

The B-52s were withdrawn from Okinawa, supposedly never to return. Japanese industry, however, is making a lot of money on the war. The U.S. and Japan have a defense treaty.

These factors outweighed Japanese public outrage and the B-52s returned to Okinawa last year. This, despite the fact that most Japanese feel the U.S. shouldn't be there at all, much less with big bombers.

The U.S. acknowledges Japan's sovereignty over Okinawa and the other Ryukyu Islands. Yet it retains control of the islands for defense purposes. Okinawa's proximity to the "hot spots" of Asia makes her return to Japan unforseeable. Meanwhile, it's used as a brothel for U.S. troops.

A military dictatorship is the current government of Okinawa. Granted there is a Ryukyuan legislature and "chief executive." But anything they pass is subject

to veto by the U.S. commanding general.

The people want to end this sham and return to Japan. They are angry at Sato for not demanding their return.

In 1965 Sato visited the island and was met with angry demonstrations. He had to spend the night on an American military base, not being able to reach his hotel. The humiliation was complete when he had to borrow a toothbrush and pajamas from the U.S. Army.

Tuesday's demonstration in Okinawa will put more pressure on Sato, not only to remove the planes but to get the islands back. The Ryukyus are the only part of the Japanese homeland not returned after the war. The people of Japan and Okinawa want to be reunited.

Will Sato get the bombers off? Will Dicky have to find a new landing strip? Will Sato dare ask Dicky for the islands? Will Dicky dare hurt his only powerful playmate in Asia? Stay tuned.

COACH DEATH SHOCKS

UC boxing coach, Ed Nemir, suffered a fatal heart attack last Saturday in Reno where his team was meeting the University of Nevada.

His son, Phil, was at his side, having won his bout in the 139 pound class.

Why it came as a shock to this reporter was this: I had asked him to not go through our picket line at Bancroft and Telegraph. "Do you want to be a jock all your life? Help us" I said.

He paused, looked puzzled, then walked on.

Perhaps he would have joined us.

HIGH ON A HILL

by Michel Albert & Toni

On January 14, 1967, San Francisco was liberated by the first modern-day Human Be-in and a manifestation of love was christened and delivered upon the State . . . zap! Hippie was born . . . and things have never been the same since.

Last Sunday the HILL came alive again. The first time in '69 with better vibes than my ole lady and I have seen there for many moons. The cloudless sky undressed a sun that burned the paleness of our skin. And it felt good.

The giant conga drums - eight in all - sent out those universal twitches through the spines of about 200 lazy people spotted and draped on the side of the hill and the lush green of the meadow at it's feet.

And we reminisced about that first big Be-in when Ginsberg and Leary and thousands of souls like theirs came to cleanse their minds of all this pain and mechanical fury.

Since then, a lot of shit has come down on Hippie's head, and anyone who doesn't think so has been on a super-good trip all these months.

Last year Alioto and his pigs with their open-street policy on Sundays lured us all into a nightmare of club-wielding Irish wolves wearing jet-age plastic around their red faces, and some super-uptights threw on the icing by burying the mangled Hippie in a sadistic ceremony for the media.

Big dope and the mob and guns and knives and all the paranoia and uptightness that always accompany a quasi-police state set in like rigormortis.

Many of us left in droves and

many stayed and some of us who split have returned upon discovering that there just isn't quite another place like the Haight and the hill - not unless we have a huge stash of bread to set up a country commune somewhere.

Our karmas have changed in two years and if last Sunday in the park is any indication, those changes have been good ones. After three years of heavy, heavy drugs and being jolted out of our skins by the heaviest electric sounds man can produce, we are just naturally loose now. But we look more sober because we are already wearing the scars of revolution.

Sunday was like taking a break from the fighting. Monday most of us went back to the shit - SF State, Berkeley, the Fillmore, the grind - it all lingers in the distance and we know we must deal with it now.

Perhaps the struggle has made us less spoiled than before and we are learning to dig on Sundays in Golden Gate Park on Hippie Hill and treat ourselves nice again. In 1967 while we were shaking the eye teeth of this dead-assed society, we were also shaking ourselves just as violently and most of us ran around in a maze of acid.

Today we have direction. We've finally given up on that other society and are thinking seriously in terms of a Third World.

That's it! We've finally gotten serious! Serious in a beautiful way. Beauty that utilizes the moment and makes Hippie Hill a Sunday happening once again. Something to relax the bones of revolution.

PIGS BAKED

"Our Pigs Are Baked On The Premises" - sign in cafeteria of the SF Hall of Justice.

What happened was this: the word "Pies" was changed to "Pigs" by somebody during the day the SF State students were being lined up in groups of ten before various judges.

He graduated first in his class in law from Boalt Hall, but went into sports.

In a letter in the Daily Cal, the Cal Boxing Team said, "It is especially important for those who are concerned about this University's increasing dehumanization (to understand that) Coach Nemir never sacrificed his humanity to these pressures." --G.K.

ONLY US SEAGULLS FLAPPING

The weather and the cops took over Sproul Plaza, Wednesday, and by three in the afternoon the Cal campus was vacant - only the seagulls were flapping.

Open-campus was maintained by two lines of visiting fuzz from the bondocks (none from sharp-shooting Concord), one line on each side of Telegraph / Bancroft entrance (the same at Sather Gate).

Students flowed back and forth to class or just stood and watched the cops who watched the girls. Even the custodians were mixed up - somebody forgot to tell them to fly the American, California, and UC flags at Telly.

Two undergrad students were arrested.

Snake-lines through the campus and Plaza, into Pauley Ballroom for a meeting, and out into the rain again, chanted "Rain or Shine, Join The Line!"

Manuel Delgado said that this activity showed "we still control the strike."

Inside Pauley, over 1,000 students heard Jim Nabors warn that anybody who gets busted with "even one seed in his pocket, stays in jail. The Third World has been growing so long it's policy, but keep it home!"

"We are going to strangle this administration with reality," he added. "This is for real". And he pointed out that "the aue goes upper and upper and upper" if the man lays a hand on us.

This was minutes before Gov Reagan issued his disaster-declaration. So, it's up-up-and AWAY - the only way to fly.

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Response: Electronic Music from Norway, Arne Nordheim, Alfred Janson, Bjorn Fonggaard. LS 86061.

SAN FERNANDO SENATE ACCEPTS ALL BSU DEMANDS EXCEPT THE GRITTY

PAUL EBERLE

In a surprising and unprecedented move, the Faculty Senate at Valley State College has unanimously voted to accept, almost entirely, the 12 demands of the Black Students' Union, including the recruitment and tutoring of black and brown students, the establishment of Afro-American and Mexican-American Studies Departments, and the active recruitment of black and chicano faculty members.

The agreement also called for the recruitment and employment of minority persons in all categories of support services until their percentages on the college staff more closely approximate their percentages in the Los Angeles community.

It also provided that the president of the college will reconstitute the College Advisory Board to make it more representative of the San Fernando Valley Community by including representatives of the black and chicano communities. A very radical change indeed!

The agreement was hammered out between BSU and UMAs leaders and six faculty representatives. The white radical groups, SDS and the Nov. 4 Committee were absent from negotiating sessions. However, BSU leader Archie Chatman expressed confidence that the alliance of white radical students would continue. "We could not have achieved what we did without the support of the white students. They share the Victory with us, and they are as elated as we are," he said.

days. Vern Bullough, president of the General Faculty, was quoted in the news media as saying that the student militancy was "...the best thing that had happened..." to the college.

Herbert Carter, executive secretary of the Los Angeles County Human Relations Committee, who presided over the meetings, said, "The students showed great wisdom..." and, "My activities at the college during the past two weeks have shown me that these young men are rational, concerned, and deeply committed to the educational process. I hope that the people in charge of our legal processes recognize this."

What's more, the Faculty Senate unanimously passed a resolution "commending the student leaders for the perseverance, seriousness and diligence," with which they conducted the negotiations.

BSU leader Archie Chatman said last week, "The issue of amnesty is for all practical purposes solved. The college, by accepting this agreement, has shown that it recognizes the legitimacy of our demands for better education—that's what we have wanted all along."

from LA Free Press (UPS)

WHITE PANTHERS SHOW

(The White Panther Party, originating in Detroit, has finally made it to the Bay Area. Below is an opening statement received by BARB).

"Those who make peaceful revolution impossible, make violent revolution inevitable."

The above quote is a factual statement. Although it was said by President Kennedy (and we agree with Malcolm X's statement on his death), and was made to help implement bourgeois reforms instead of revolution, it is still a factual statement. We will use anything which helps us and destroy anything in our way.

The White Panther Party does not advocate violence for violence's sake. We leave that to the Monster-Pigs of the Right-Wing. The Party demands that a distinction be made between revolutionary violence and counter-revolutionary violence, between self-defense and aggression. If peaceful solutions to problems are not presented, the problems must still be solved.

It is because we see the power structure as essentially unable and unwilling to solve the problems in America today (solve, not solve as Hitler solved the Jewish problem in Germany) that we have decided to join our Black Brothers in attempting to find our own solutions and bypass the bullshit handed down to us by the establishment.

Eldridge Cleaver said anarchy is suitable for those trying to break out of a strait-jacket. We, of course, agree. And furthermore add that it is both a suitable life style and social form which will avoid getting us back in the strait-jacket after the revolution. Therefore you will find no membership lists or central address of the White Panther Party. No rules to memorize, no executive committee.

However, this is not to say we are unorganized. Every White Panther has a gun and knows how to use it. Every White Panther receives training in guerilla warfare and political education. The White Panther knows the advantages of co-operative effort and the tactics of solitary action. The White Panther is as much Fish as Sea. And like the water can fill any shape container and move mountains.

Bay Area Field Marshall
White Panther Party
Liberated Territory
Jan. 1969



FUZZ URGE FELLEDD victim to rise. He had assumed non-violent position earlier. See front page for what they did when he complied. photo by Marsh

FOLK GUITARIST GONE

Win a Free Trip to Treasure Island
Where have all the young men gone?
Gone for soldiers every one...

Gone too, the magical music of one young folk guitarist, Mick Scott, whose singing has echoed from the steps of Sproul Hall. You and I, we have listened, and our thoughts, fused with his, have reached out in protest of Chicago, the war, and racism.

Mick is now gone; gone for a soldier, arrested for desertion from the Navy, and gone for a new home behind bars at Treasure Island.

Mick's friends have started a defense fund in the hopes that his sentence will be minimal; for without proper defense Berkeley would lose one of her best troubadours for a minimum of two

years. In light of this a folk benefit will be held 8:30 Saturday night, February 15th at LeConte School, 2241 Russell in Berkeley. The Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band, Barry Olivier, Alice Stuart, and John Shine will appear along with other folk artists from the Bay Area. The donation will be

\$1.50 a head.

Meanwhile Mick will be washing dishes for the establishment, and losing years of built-up callouses. So do your thing, but come to the benefit, and help folk the establishment. Tickets can be purchased at the door or Spectrum West, 2384 Telegraph, Berk.

-- R.L. Cone - a fellow musician

ALL SOUNDS HANGING

A man who claims he can capture all the sounds lying in the atmosphere is coming to Berkeley.

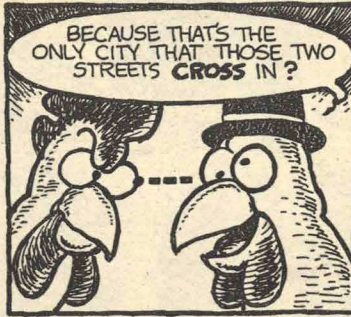
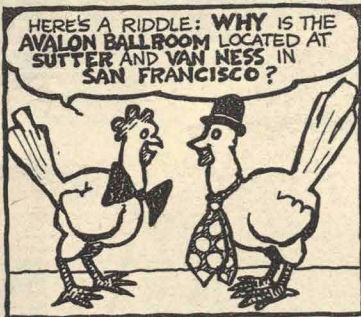
"All sounds sounded on earth are still hanging like a canopy over us" Sonny Simmons says, "You can recapture these sounds if you concentrate deep enough."

Simmons, considered one of the greats of contemporary jazz will be

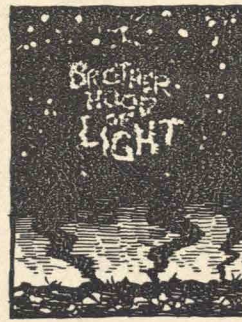
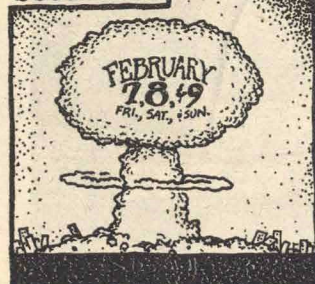
at the Newman Center, 2700 Dwight Way, Friday, and Saturday at 8 pm.

Also appearing with him will be Barbara Donald, the Ralph Garrett's Circus, and The Bert Wilson Unit.

They will perform as part of the 1969 Berkeley Winter Jazz Symposium.



SUDDENLY:



GILBERT SHELTON

P & F SET FOR NEW DRIVES

At an all-day county conference February 1 in Berkeley, the Peace & Freedom Party did three things:

- Started a new drive for police control in Berkeley.
- Decided to run a candidate for the Berkeley city council in the April 1 election.
- Made a start at putting the party on an organized basis, but put emphasis on preserving and fostering the ad hoc action committees that have directed everything the movement has accomplished in the last few years.

The new pig control measure will need only about 2000 signatures to put it on the ballot for approval or rejection by Berkeley voters, probably at an election in June. It cannot qualify in time for the April 1 election. P & F candidate for the Berkeley city council is Lee Coe, 60-year-old member of Warehouse Union Local 6 of the International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union (ILWU). Unlike most of the candidates, he is a wage worker. He runs a glass furnace at an Emeryville plant.

GOON SHOTS **A GALLERY OF PIGS IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING**



SCENES FROM

'THE BATTLE FOR THE GATE'

With a cast of thousands

(A REAGAN-HEYNS PRODUCTION)



DEAN FUZZ ON THE BOTTOM

Photos by Hoffman, Marsh, Fante, Friedman, Brackenridge, and Lawrence.

Catch 8 1/2

OILERS STRIKE BLUES

from p. 7

What follows is a test in social action: What nations and peoples do the following news-items last week represent?

"Now it turns out that the men accused of committing the sabotage (bombings of government buildings) are respectable citizens... (previously) most people tended to dismiss them as a handful of crackpots."

"Over 3,000 girls demonstrated and soldiers, using batons, injured 100 of them before they were dispersed."

"The first thing he did was to show the police his press-card. The cops promptly beat him over the head, kicked him below the belt, and punched him in the stomach."

"Over, 3,000 student-leaders are under arrest...baton-swinging police tear-gassed student marchers while 50 girl students nearby staged a Gandhi-style passive resistance demonstration."

If you answered "America" to any of these quotes, you flunked. The correct answers are (in the same order above): BRITANNY, ISRAEL, FRANCE, PAKISTAN.

What nation just "Cracked Down on Liberalism" in the following manner? "Hard-liners now are convinced that the trend toward liberalization had gone too far at the risk of the regime's losing control."

"The government seized 18 op-

position figures and removed them to forced residence. Among them were prominent economists, editors, and lawyers...the action was related exclusively to the government's effort to 'clean up' the university."

USSR, Czechoslovakia? Nope. Spain.

Speaking of 'cleaning up the university', right on cue speaks up another pillar of society (see if you can guess): "Since Jan 22, a coalition of dissidents calling themselves the Third Liberation Front has attempted to close down the University of California at Berkeley...(they have) disrupted classes in progress and have destroyed property of the university..."

Echoes of Spain, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Pakistan, France! Don't ANY of these people understand history?

The latest fart in the windstorm (quoted above) is Sheriff Frank I. Madigan, of Alameda County. What happened to the previous official, Sheriff Gleason?

He was arrested for forgery. At the time of his arrest, he was retired and was chairman of the board of an Oakland bank (the entire board was arrested, and the bank president is now in jail).

Now, what in the holy hell has being a Sheriff of Alameda County got to do with high finance?

Oakland (and Alameda County) has a long history of crooks in high places - the former Mayor is in jail, the former Assessor was removed from office.

What the Third World is doing is removing the money changers (the Board of Regents) from the Temple of Learning.

But watch Sheriff Madigan - he's going to clean the students out of the university. Let us see what happens when HE retires. Will he become the Chairman Of The Board Of Some Bank? G.K.

us in a march on to the tracks, stopping the train and winning the engineer over to socialism.

All the vanguard parties were on the picket line, PL, CP, YSA, ISC etc. etc. These are the die-hards, who cling to the beautiful faith that the American working class will someday have the intelligence and courage to seize state power and kick the bosses' ass once and for all.

Along with the Marxist-Leninists were the reliable street brawlers, from the Pentagon, Chicago and Stop the Draft Week who hate all variety of pigs and welcome any opportunity to send one to the hospital.

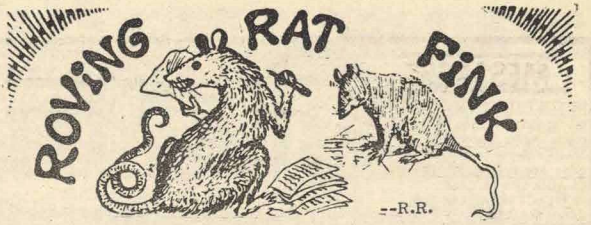
There were some hard cores who fit in between both camps, depending on what the newspapers say about the world on a given morning.

Around nine o'clock the lines started breaking up. There were no arrests, and we had a full day of closing Sather Gate to lock forward to.

This was not the first time in recent months that organized workers called on disorganized students to join their picket lines. In Chicago striking black bus-drivers asked us to join their cause, and I saw long-haired bearded freaky Yippies throwing rocks through bus windows and shouting "scab" at the white drivers.

The more repressive American Government becomes in trying to hold onto its foreign and domestic empire of robots and raw materials the greater the likelihood of striking workers being clubbed and maced; and those blinded eyes will for the first time begin to see our "Pigs off Campus" point of view.

We do not have to believe that the workers will someday lead us in revolution, to understand that it is absolutely crucial that



I see by the paper that the Saturday Evening Post is about to fold. And it leaves me with mixed emotions.

That solid rock of the traditional American culture about to go up the spout -- and nobody cares enough to do anything? ... Nobody, that is, except Barney Rosset, head of Grove Press, the man who legalized all that the Post would never have dreamed of touching.

So you can regard the demise of the Saturday Evening Post, if you like, as one more sign of the tottering of the Old Culture and the advance of the New. But I find myself in a state of nostalgia again.

The Post was a part of my life from as far back as I can remember. Not just since I learned to read, but since I was old enough to look at pictures. I don't claim to remember Franklin personally, but I do remember the Post since back in the twenties.

I remember those outrageous old cartoons with the corny two-line captions (Latin-American scene, man facing firing squad, commandant says, "Now, senior, you have one last request before



they support us and not George Wallace.

A revolution in America will be made by a tribal gathering of the fucked-over. It will cut across normal class lines. From never-employed street blacks to white teamsters to the dropped-out children of the idle rich all co-starring in equal roles -- let the pigs parade in formation, they are headed straight for the cliff.

we shoot," man replies, "Then don't shoot." That one cracked me up when I was six years old.

I remember the days when George Horace Lorimer was editor, that gung-ho Rotarian purveyor of good advice for young men. In those days, I wasn't aware of the Post's reactionary bias. I only knew that one bright spot in the process of spending a boyhood in Neche, North Dakota, was those gorgeous Spanish Main yarns by the late Jacland Marmur.

And thank you, dear old Post, for introducing me to the work of that magnificent American balladeer, Martha Keller.

I remember the days of '41, when the Post, under its head editorialist Gareth Garrett, was the mouthpiece of American isolationism. Not that Garrett was a fascist, like so many isolationists; in years following he came to swing somewhat with the progressive position.

Then in '42, Ben Hibbs took over as editor, giving the magazine more of a wartime look. Conservative, but not rockbound. Folksy, and not very exciting.

And it stayed that way until the early 60's, when it turned "liberal" and unreadable. Like so many Sunday supplements (and I also remember with nostalgia the old American Weekly), it turned into something geared to the suburbanite mentality, simply written and urging you to think, but not too deeply.

And now, so ends the Post. The periodical with the longest record of continuous publication in the history of American journalism.

Ben Franklin, wherever you are, please use your kite, and bring down a thunderbolt on the society that let itself become so eroded-away as to allow this to happen. You were a revolutionary in your day, too. --R.R.



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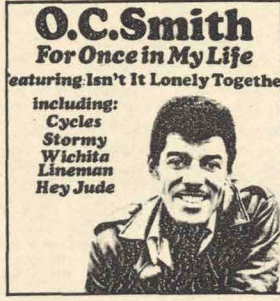


Moby Grape CS 9696

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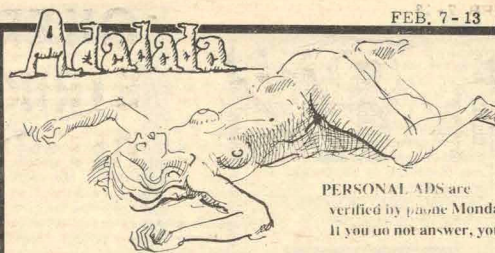
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MESSAGES

PETER LAUGHTON-contact Louise at BARB office... MARK please come home these girls are driving me crazy... KITTEN 7 mos lost No. Beach 1/7 Fluffy brown/blk striped...

FOR THE LADY who enjoys dancing, diners out, taking in the movies, to share delux apt with male, 37 years, clean, neat well built, clean habits, expects same...

CALIFORNIA SWINGERS Tired of clubs who claim to have many swingers from your area? Then you find only 5 or 6 females swingers listed!



Please Note

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Grid for advertising rates with columns for lines, weeks, and price.

My ad is ___ lines to be run ___ weeks; I enclose \$... Name: _____ Address: _____ Phone: _____

The Berkeley BARB Post Office Box 5017 Berkeley, California 94705

TOM BAKER - Best wishes and all that sort of thing... HAPPY BIRTHDAY DAVID, Feb. 8 From Mom, Barb, Paul, Dave... GARY SNYDER-Must contact him Anyone with info please call 457-0984 anytime URGENT.

3 EXPERIENCED members of the male hetero world all early 30s seek stimulating company of sophisticated women... ANY ATTRACTIVE FEMALE who would enjoy discreet, secret, exciting affair with young businessman...

YOUNG HEALTHY Idaho Rancher would like to meet young woman who enjoys country living no objection to child... SWINGING SEXY SINNER digs love and affection for lady in public, swinger in bed, Bed room therapy...

EUROPE, GENT, 42, 6'175, divorced, gd-look, educ, transf'd, to S.F., seeks attr. liberal-mind, chick to 35 who is looking for real man... HAIRY CHESTED/ UN-CUT? UN-GAY? OVER 25? Gentle male 36 has talents to please, Craig, 861-1144.

WOMAN, 35, very young attractive and sensual, just separated, psych, grad, stud. (humanistically oriented) would like to meet a man compatible with this description... SIZZLING LETTERS HOT LINES is a collection of letters written by AC/DC and straight girls, couples and guys in answer to personal ads placed by sexy swinging girls and couples.

NEW IN TOWN want to meet interesting and uninhibited girl or woman... IYV LEAGUE grad weary of bitchy Stanford girls... YOUNG MAN looking for young gay guys who like hunting, fishing, and weekend camping trips.

UP AND COMING - all is well on western front... RICHARD DURU JOHN DAN DARRYL We want to communicate with you JESSICA ABRAMSON General Delivery Paia, Maui Hawaii 96779 Love, Om

Don't answer an adult personal ad until you see what other people write... LADIES Dont be lonely in home for sex you can come alone or bring him alone... THE LETTER FILE Box 36603-BB Hollywood 90036

SWINGERS ONLY The Swinger uncovers everything. Sex hang-ups, How to Get the Party Started, How to Convince your Wife, AND MORE... GUY GRAD STUD, M, 30, seeks same to share \$-m vic flat, SF in June \$80 must be quiet...

LEATHER S&M regular serv. for butch guys 21-35... POLYENT YOUNG MAN, 30, very gentle, wants the presence of an intelligent, warm, erotically versatile girl... VISTING SAN FRANCISCO? Your more than welcome at Neal-Cliff. We have more of what your looking for complete privacy while selecting.

SECRET REPORT MAGIC ways to meet and win women. Includes groovy classifieds of sex, swinging, single girls. Send \$2.00 today to: WINNER BOX 48475-BB Hollywood 90048

MARINES-Stud servicemen truckers etc - young & well hung Call Bob in L.A. Anytime (213) 661-7444 Am young attr & very willing to please. MALE seeks non-fat fem. for dates, sex 673-5360 7 pm. Liberal Black sterile male wishes to meet females: cau, or black, single or married nights or weekends...

PEOPLE

SINGLE? Bored? Get list of more than 50 Bay Area single groups & activities. Send \$1.00 to P.O. Box 8672 S.F., 94128... VERY ATTRAC CPL M 34 F29 seeks pretty BI-girl to share loving eve at home & exciting weekends at Tahoe.

SEXUAL or curious girl wanted by young clean straight cpl. M32 Gingle F22 BI & very attr. 334-5506 after 6, No men... OWN YOUR OWN SLAVE, Butch guy seeks groovy master for ultimate scene. Newy master for ultimate scene. Newy master for ultimate scene. Newy master for ultimate scene.

BLACK YOUNG STUD needs women with understanding, w/middle white boxeg, 28, Fred 626-3392 or 861-1144... MAN INTERESTED in wearing women's clothes seeks same for guidance and friendship and advice. Must be discreet also. Leave phone 1036 Novato Calif must be quiet.

SUBMISSIVE WHITE MALE seeks big stout beely heavy set male wrestler truck driver toy 200 300 lbs One \$ details Rolf 525 N Laurel Ave Los Angeles 28 Ca. GAY GUY 25 6' 180 lbs masculine & cleancut. Living in SF looking for same who enjoys skiing, travel, bodybuilding, outdoors & an active life. Reply Box 5291 San Mateo 94402.

HELPI! Couple Mid 20 soon to travel Europe wish to make contact with friends or friends of friends in London, Munich, Frankfurt, Copenhagen, or Amsterdam... MALE LONER 43 would like to hear from others same 35-50. Call 282-5092 after 11 pm.

HAPPILY MARR. Attr. Man 38, seeks sexy, discrete, female playmate, Box 26176 S.F., 94126... WOULD LIKE PEN PALS, or just lonely people to write. Am hip and lonely. Prof. SF area people K. Lantz 16 Elm, Warren, Pa. 16365 MALE 26, male, sincere looking for same 21-30 to build a lasting relationship with P.O. Box 1102 Menlo Park 94025.

SENSITIVE CAUC MALE, age 43 with cryogenic wife, desires d-mn in 30's. Must have norm sex drive. Write: Robt Gay, POB 1344 Pacifica Ca 94044... GUY 27 seeks guy about 27-30 for a sincere lasting relationship.

REACH sexy exciting single girls, adult couples, guys - share your most intimate desires... RUSH \$1.00 today to: CONTACTS Box 36395-B1 Hollywood 90036

GAY GUY 25 6' 180 lbs masculine & cleancut. Living in SF looking for same who enjoys skiing, travel, bodybuilding, outdoors & an active life. Reply Box 5291 San Mateo 94402... MAN INTERESTED in wearing women's clothes seeks same for guidance and friendship and advice.

ATTR WATMAN 36 wishes to meet lesbian type woman 549-3919... ATTR, COUPLE, M36 F26 college grads, liberals, warm, versatile, discreet. Desire to meet same in Santa Cruz area for friendship & swinging fun.

ATTR, COUPLE DESIRE MEETING BI-FEMALES. Send photo & letter to Bomar Box 23102 Pleasant Hill, 94523. WOMEN who love French love Call Ron 849-4785 bet 9 am & 1pm.

ATTRAC. GIRLS reqd. for film on authentic wrestling good pay. No males or insincerity. Send details. Name, age, address, phone. Write occupant 3024 Kerr, Castro Valley Cal. 94546.

more Ads from page 17

PEOPLE

ARE YOU A WARM, hip, intelligent girl. Do you believe that the mind comes before sex in a relationship. Are you interested in psych & art? Are you a student with an independent mind. Do you enjoy meeting new people, "beautiful people". Phone Bob and rap 658-2994.

ALTERNATIVE SOCIETY

To want to create, not destroy; Transform, not drop out; Dig Stranger in a Strange Land? Thinking of sensory awakening, group marriage & community? I too want to explore carnis/sharing (body/soul) relationships leading to society P'd dig living in. Write Dave 2925 Ashby, Berkeley.

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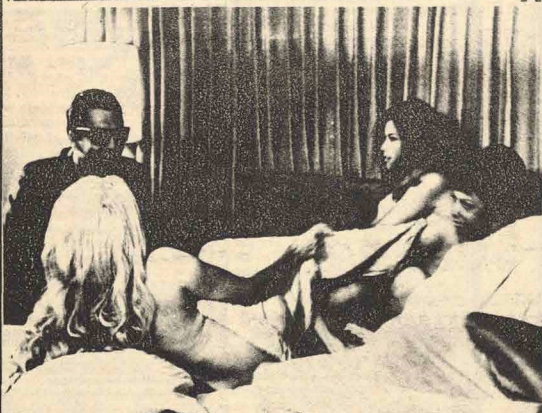
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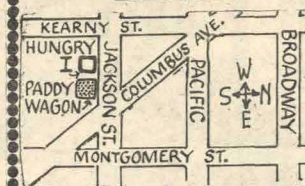
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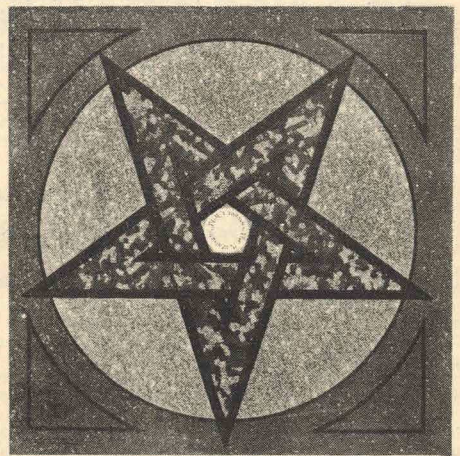
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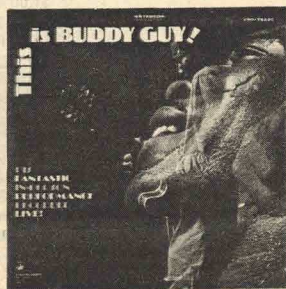
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BLOOD SPILLED BY SNEAKY FUZZ

from p. 4
on all sides students chanted their feelings.

The pigs marched to Sather Gate and halted. Then they slowly meandered back to Bancroft and set up a line. The students swarmed back and surrounded them.

"Troops of the imperialist government must leave campus immediately," repeated a loudspeaker atop an Iranian student's car. "Government troops remove from the campus," it droned. The pigs did not obey.

A slender girl faced off a pushy cop. "I'll stand where I want," she said. "This is my campus. You don't belong here. You move back, you PIG."

Meanwhile, the strikers held Sather Gate. Some carried sticks; others, fruit. A few who tried

to get through got their noses bloodied for their pains.

One white haired lady was adamant. A 12 year old boy, blocked her way; she couldn't make it. "I've been a faculty wife since 1936," she shouted. "I love this university. You can go to hell," she said as she left.

Dean Fuzz (Sicheneder), back in battle gear, led a contingent of a dozen troops to recover the gate. The strikers moved back peacefully. But now the cops blocked the entrance. The crowd kept chanting, "Sather Gate is closed!"

Several hundred strikers started marching through Dwinelle Hall. I went with them.

The line went through the corridors banging on doors and walls. "On strike, shut it down!" It looked like almost every glass pane was broken.

They went through the back door

on the run, relieved to get out of the narrow confining hallways.

The march through Life Science Building was even faster, leaving behind glass littered halls, dazed students, and an excited janitor phoning headquarters.

"Who the hell do they think they are," a woman fumed.

"What happened at UCLA will happen here," an older woman said. "People will retaliate. I'm not going to be pushed around." She said many people feel the same. She declined to give her name.

A young girl came out of a shattered class. All she could say was, "I'm not really mad -- just scared."

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SHE LIFTED HER SKIRT...

and he stared hungrily at her legs. "You really do like *Horseshit Magazine*?" she asked him. "I love it," he said. "I've been looking for a man like you," she said, pulling her dress off. "What is your favorite section?" she asked excitedly. "The take-off on the Kama Sutra? You know, the one with all those unbelievable positions? I thought that was hilarious." "I did, too," he said. She started unhooking her bra. "Or what about the *Doity Pictures*? I tested all my friends with that, just like the inkblot test. Some of the answers I got were just incredible," she said as she slipped the bra off. "My God!" he said. "You're beautiful!" She kicked off her shoes. "Oh, everything in *Horseshit* is just so wonderful!" Now, she only had panties on, but he just sat there looking uncomfortable. "Well, aren't you going to do something?" she asked. "I... I don't know how to begin," he said. "I haven't had much experience..." "You phony!" she yelled at him, snatching up her dress to cover herself. "You haven't read *Horseshit Magazine*!"



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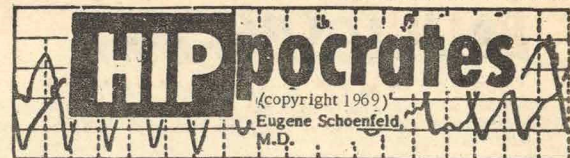
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NOTE: The La Leche League is an organization primarily devoted to instructing mothers in the joys and proper techniques of breast feeding. There are two meetings each month on the same day, one in the morning, one in the evening (2nd Wednesday of the month). For information call C. Scharlack (525-2841) or Terry Abrams (843-2865).



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QUESTION: Is there a thing as sexual allergy? I have been dating a recently divorced woman, but we have had intercourse only once. Here's why:

Shortly after we shared one of the most explosive, mutually exciting and uninhibited amorous encounters a man and woman could experience, she developed an irritating vaginal infection.

Her family doctor described pills to be taken every three hours (antibiotics). She said he was a bit embarrassedly old-fashioned and didn't make clear to her exactly what it was. He only said, "Oh, you've got it too?" She did say he mentioned that a man could be a "carrier" of this mysterious malady without being infected himself.

She is one of the most sexually exciting women I have ever known

but she won't let me make complete love to her again until she is reassured that this reaction was a coincidence, a temporary condition or until I get a more thorough medical examination than her doctor is apparently willing to offer.

I want to enlarge and expand our mutual knowledge of each other and hopefully establish a truly meaningful relationship on a permanent basis. But until this very basic problem is resolved I see no way for our relationship to go anywhere but in opposite directions.

ANSWER: I can only surmise the source of your friend's infection. She apparently did not have gonorrhea or you would have noticed the symptoms. Most probably her physician diagnosed a trichomonas infection which can be transmitted to the female without causing symptoms in the male.

If you were the source of the trichomonas infection, a symptomless carrier in other words, you should have received treatment at the same time as your friend. But if either of you is having relations with other individuals, the trichomonas infection is likely to return for it is a most common disease.

Someday (soon, one hopes) a humane and enlightened research scientist will develop a more effective treatment for vaginal trichomonas and fungus infections. When he does, he will earn not only millions of dollars, but the gratitude of millions of women.

Incidentally, sexual allergy does occur. Not only do a few people develop outward manifestations of allergy such as rashes, but the vaginal secretions of some women inactivate the sperm of some men and this has been shown to be a cause of infertility.

student, translates Hip Pocrates for HIT WEEK, an underground newspaper published in Amsterdam. Here's a letter from one of HIT WEEK'S readers:

QUESTION: In a search for unusual sexual stimuli I discovered the use of a massage-vibrator. I would like to ask you whether the use of such an apparatus can be harmful.

A friend of mine, who I brought in touch with this apparatus (sic) said that it was possible that the intensity of the stimuli caused this way might make you insensitive for the more usual kind of stimuli.

ANSWER: On the contrary, some gynecologists recommend that women with frigidity problems use a vibrator as a kind of "training" device. Vibrators are not known to cause insensitivity to the "more usual kind of stimuli" and given a choice most people prefer a nice warm bod. Others, however, would rather cuddle up to a machine or to a person AND a vibrator. In any case, it's their bzzzzzzness.

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D.A. LOSING OWN

from p. 7
Brown said he hadn't.
Richard Hodge, co-counsel for the defense, got Brown to admit that he gave a "Code 200" to the plainclothesmen in the crowd, signalling them to get out of the way before the uniformed police charged. "There was a possibility they could get hurt," Brown said, "depending upon what the crowd did".

Garry also questioned Brown about a meeting he'd had with the leaders of the Monday demonstration, about two weeks before Stop The Draft Week. He showed Brown some of the literature the pacifists had given to Brown, talking of a sit-in (trespass), and what to do if arrested (going limp. Technically, interfering with an arrest). "Did you arrest those people for conspiracy?" Garry wanted to know. Brown said he hadn't.

Garry also got Brown to say that 125 people were arrested on Monday, but only 25 on Tuesday, yet no one involved in planning the Monday demonstration was indicted for conspiracy.

After the first witness, it began to look as if the only conspiracy that took place was between the DA's office and the police department, with an assist by Judge George W. Phillips, who refused to let Garry make his opening statement right after Jensen, as is the custom in California. Phillips ruled that Garry must wait until the defense presents its case

to make an opening statement. Garry's cross examination of Deputy Chief Brown was better than Jensen's opening statement.

Jensen next trotted out Phillip Roach, the manager of the Federal Building, which houses the Induction Center. Despite entreaties by Jensen, Roach could recall seeing no violence, and testified that the police cleared the immediate area around the Induction Center quite rapidly on Tuesday morning.

James Bruce Coleman, an undercover agent who began attending Stop The Draft Week meetings a week after he joined the Oakland Police Force is now on the stand. Relying completely on his notes, Coleman has been talking about statements made by the Oakland Seven at various planning meetings for Stop The Draft Week.

Coleman is nervous and uneasy on the stand. Until now he has been coaxed along by Jensen. One shudders to think what will happen

to him on cross-examination by Garry, Hodge and Mal Burnstein. At this point it looks like the defense is ahead of the prosecution 1-0, and is driving for another score.

For those who were curious about Judge Phillip's ruling on the admissibility of evidence based on the Nuremberg Principle's, there was no surprise. Despite a valiant argument by Burnstein, Phillips said that while Nuremberg might be admissible in some cases, the Oakland Seven had not been under direct orders from their government and therefore, were not compelled by the Nuremberg principles to resist illegal acts by his own government.

Phillips has also turned down several defense motions for a mistrial, and one for a directed verdict of acquittal. The motion for acquittal came after the DA's opening statement. The defense argued that the prosecution had not set forth the prospect of the violation of any law in its opening statement.

The case is expected to last at least four more weeks.

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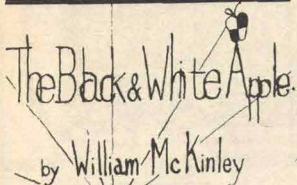
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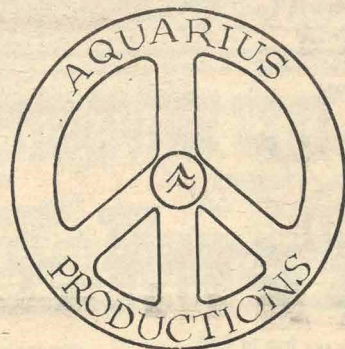
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CINEMA I

Thru Sunday Feb. 9:

Paul Muni in **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG**

by Mervyn Le Roy 6:30, 9:30

John Ford's **THE INFORMER** 8:00, 11:00

Monday Thru Wednesday, Feb. 10-12

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FORTY-SECOND STREET 7:00, 10:10

Starts Thursday Feb. 13

Buster Keaton's **THE THREE AGES** 6:30, 9:05

Preston Sturges' **SULLIVANS TRAVELS** 7:35, 10:10

CINEMA II

Thru Tuesday Feb. 11:

Marlene Dietrich in **THE BLUE ANGEL** 6:30, 9:45

Greta Garbo in **CAMILLE** 8:00, 11:15

Wednesday ONLY Feb. 12:

CINEVOLUTION Cinema Verite Program featuring **SHOWMAN**

by the Maysles Bros. (subject: Joseph E. Levine), **HAPPY**

MOTHER'S DAY (subject: birth of quintuplets in No. Dakota),

and **HAWAII** by Ricky Leacock (subject: 1968 Police Chiefs

Convention) 6:30, 8:30, 10:30

Starts Thursday Feb. 13

Carl Dreyer's **DAY OF WRATH** 6:30, 9:20

Ingmar Bergman's **DEVIL'S WANTON** 8:05, 11:10

EXTRA MATINEES THIS WEEKEND AT 1:30

Cinema I: "SONG OF FREEDOM" with Paul Robeson

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CANYON CINEMATHEQUE
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"The Great Blondino" by
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plus "War Is Hell" by
William Allan & Robert Nelson

SFL VOTES AGAINST BLOWING

The Sexual Freedom League, Inc., by a 10 to 2 vote last week decided NOT to endorse marijuana.

In the debate which preceded the vote most members expressed the opinion that the S.F.L. is a

sexually oriented organization, not, 7-13 BERKELEY BARB PAGE 27 >

a drug oriented group.
"According to SFL policy the League will not tell any member that he or she should not smoke pot," said director Tom Palmer, "but their drugs and drug usage must be kept away from League functions. Because of using the word sex so freely the SFL is all ready suspect enough in the eyes of the upright society without our taking on such an explosive subject as drug usage."

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& Haste (separate tickets for
each film)
\$1.00, \$1.25 - students, & \$1.50

FETHERS POINT
FILM SOCIETY

Arthur Penn's
MICKEY ONE
Warren Beatty - Franchot Tone
CASABLANCA
Humphrey Bogart - Ingrid
Bergman - Claude Rains - Paul
Henreid - Peter Lorre - Sidney
Greenstreet
Thurs & Sun Fri & Sat
8:30 6:30 & 10:00

Next Thurs - Sun
**INVASION OF THE
BODY SNATCHERS**
and
HORROR OF DRACULA

4416 - 18th St. S.F. 861-5491

