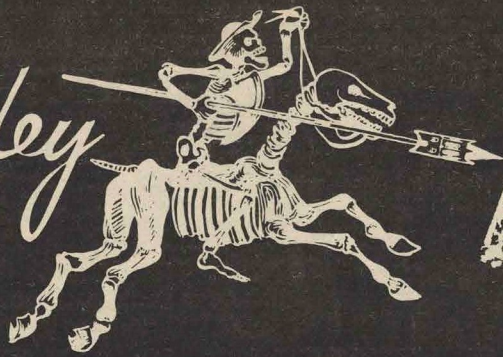


# Berkeley

# Barb



L A SAMPSON  
4061 39TH AVE  
OAKLAND CA 94619

89

VOL. 8, NO. 9, ISSUE 185, FEBRUARY 28 - MARCH 6, 1969  
2042 UNIVERSITY AVE., BERKELEY, CA. 94704, 849-1040



15¢ BAY AREA

25¢ ELSEV

## MESSAGES

JANELLE WOOD Come and stay with Paul or Dad. Call collect Paul in Ventura or Dad.

MAGICK is the Science and Art of causing change to occur in conformity with will - 666

MARC J SOBEL Contact Dick 6600 rm 567 important.

JACK MONTGOMERY RPO Diane 771-0523 remember

PETER LAUGHTON ... Louise awaits reply.

LOST - FEMALE DOG - Ger. shep. type-no tags-vic. Gege-Clearmont 2/14 \$25 rew. 7059

BUCK HAS QUADRUPLETS

LAURA OF THE YWCA I am ready and willing. Peter, P.O. Box 26066 S.F. 94126

TOM BAKER Chuck died. K-M DEL - It was great talking to you. Call again sometime if you have the bread. Hope to see you soon ... April maybe. Peace -- up and coming.

#6 - Why Philadelphia? Why P.I. HLE? Why not Berkeley? Why me??

TWIFF -- If was nice hearing from you. Miss Kay.

HIGH TO EVERYONE UP THE COUNTRY AT BEAVER CREEK AND SILETZ, CONGRATS TO PAT AND JAY-NEW HOME NOW, SAME ADDRESS AS TALL MAN, JOHN, WE'RE EXPECTING YOU ANYTIME: PREMONITIONS COME WHEN WE'RE STONED, GRASS TURNS GREEN WITH SPRING, LOVE TO ALL TRIBES FROM COUNTRY GIRL.

HOWARD BECKMAN is in Boston refugee from the SF masquerade where are Bay Area friends? 1761 Beacon St, Brookline, Mass.

LINDA T. THE FOOT-LADEN hitchhiker: where are you? Have you moved? Cal me? Jonathan K the orange juice freak

IN A Laissez Faire economy human scum reach the top SHK

BEAUTIFUL BARBARA FROM Concord-1 left my camera in car from Avalon to Berkeley Please call 548-1940 Love JOHN

NEEDED - PATRON OF ARTS Please help! \$5000 required to keep opened SF only all color photo gallery devoted to art. Don't let us die. Keep beauty alive!!!

"MY PARENTS WON'T LET ME read Horsheshit Magazine but they both read it. How old do I have to be? I'm sixty-two now." Find Horsheshit's display ad for the exciting answer.

SANDY FROM SOUTHSIDE, LONG-haired, fey, small one we met & sat side-by-side at Tom's party low, foxed-it is a woman for you, be it for a simple meeting or a beginning. Call Eli, late-late-843-2508

RAMSEY SAC Grandma N important m if necessary my numbers

BROWN hike ride Sat. what YES M

IVYLE Stanford lent you 415-377

very, berk

LADY WATSON Dissimilarities Write or call Dick 666-3317, Robert Kay

AL GAL student, male, Ivy league, tired of Sallies, seeks to meet female grads 848-5794.

TWO YOUNG well-built guys in O's seek 1 or 2 of same to groove, send desc. photo pref. P.O. Box 1294 S.F. 94131.

IRLIND PILOT, 29, tall nice looking, straight needs loving type young lady for fun & comfort, send photo box 174 San Leandro.

OUNG '25- male would like to meet a groovy chick who loves animals, hikes and plenty of outdoor activities 431-6686

MALE SF seeks like intelligent, & very late SF, please a domin. master, 23-49, any race, Prefer L.A. or S.F. area. Making the effort to overcome your inhibition in answering this ad will match mine when I placed it, and may bring zest to

YNG GAY MALE, 30, well ing, seek for mutual Reply with P.O. Box 869 94941, Only respons GUY 30 SF



MALE 24 B time needs to meet girl for sexual desires, love, companionship write PO Box 6464 San Jose Cal 95150

A FEMALE FOOT HANG UP I have women girls I love your feet massage them also. Write GG PO Box 13021 Oakland 94611

OWN YOUR OWN SLAVE, Butch guy seeks groovy master for ultimate scene. New in S.F. 29 5'9" 135 lbs. Slim gd looking intelligent. Dig benevolent domination, psychology, dirty sex, caged, No kool, ers. Prefer happy. Reply ur photo, address 83, Fairfax, 9 ATT: Femm

WILL ... Call 388-2564, O.K. to call ANYTIME Sunday DAYS, COULD be the start of something big and lasting. I "party" ALL THE TIME. Am VERY definite about NOT speaking to ANY males! Tonight?

MASCULINE SUBMISSIVE MALE seeks studs 4 gal. time TUK-1643 ARE a warm & loving Lurline to L.A. Mar. P.O. Box 1822 Oakland

EXPERIENCED GUY, Backward wants to please butch pals 40-45, forward only. Am discreet, middle-aged, attractive, always ready to receive. Also hungry. Send full photos. Holder, Box 210, Hentica.

EC seeks lam- dship. Write San Fran or your desires. 293-4352.



MALE 24 B time needs to meet girl for sexual desires, love, companionship write PO Box 6464 San Jose Cal 95150

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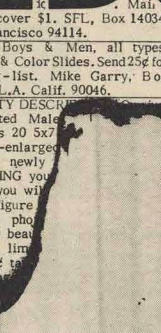
# HEDONIC

in pl. cover \$1. SFL, Box 14034, San Francisco 94114.

NUDE Boys & Men, all types. Photos & Color Slides. Send 25¢ for Catalog-list. Mike Garry, Box 46544, L.A. Calif. 90046.

QUALITY DESCRIBED

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THE LETTER FILE Box 36603-BA Hollywood 90036

SEXUAL FREEDOM Sex-filled, rushes to go in a ball, get to

look for syn- Use legal Unlim- Holly- or re- or Si- tion \$1.



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MALE- SLENDER 22-3'9" average BI Versatile-group Hip to scene Dig wild unusual things of Nature mild -s-m-Chuck 282-6842.

CAL STUDENT seeks attractive adventuresome female to attend grove love-making sessions consisting of three to five couples. Call Larry 848-1567.

WILL ... Call 388-2564, O.K. to call ANYTIME Sunday DAYS, COULD be the start of something big and lasting. I "party" ALL THE TIME. Am VERY definite about NOT speaking to ANY males! Tonight?

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LECTURE - History of Blue I Sexual Freedom Feb. 27, 8:30pm S.F. 22 Bond St. S.L.R.

FILMS, EDUCATION 776-4740.

BRING contribute World of Color Gallery, 5 Tel. 362-4844.

SEXUAL FREEDOM house, Mon. Feb. 1019 Ashbury, \$1 donation.

EXPERIMENTAL adult nude film featuring mod- aphic techniques and models. See us at Film Groto 12 Green St. between

THE UNIVERSAL Club of S.F. presents Magar Indian Dance Sun. 2/23, 8 pm THE BALLOONIST his legs dangle after the balloon ... This NOVA EXPRESS 2525 telegraph

LESBIAN FILMS Experimental to meet attr. Bruce P.O. Box

our sexual life is bad -0235.

MALE 35 wants to meet eyes 324-3755.

LES 1m 40 5'9" 172 Blue eye own me my love three well endowed desires must want to meet nice people Tim 521-1187.

make better love of men.

PROBLEMS? New awareness by mail. En- pendence. Box 34221

attractive, slender, late couples 21-40 for social weekends. No pot, pills, Photo-phone-must discred-

STERILE W.P.O. Box 83 married or single for oral sex. Write PO Box 4095 Fremont 94538.

VICTORIAL GENTLEMAN 30 attr interested in the curiously colored but somehow indefinite aspects of love seeks similarly inclined young lady. Write POB 22024 SF. 94123

BRIGHT, happy, hip, gay seeking three -dimensional relationship. Reach out: Box 446, Stanford, 94305.

CONFUSED CANCER, 25, needs groovy turned-On pro-life chick to live with him or love him and help him get his head straightened 3251 Santa Rosa

middle 392 or

5'8"

ep. area recently looking for com- nship would like to meet in- teresting career type girl 21-27 No sex strings att. Just good times and lots of fun. Any and all replies ansrd. PO Box 24044 San Francisco.

BACK-WARD MALE seeks for- ward males 863-2529 anytime, S.F. YOUNG GALS, tired of your boy- friend's immaturity? Prof. man, 47, needs women friends for sex and companionship. Prefer un- do, not absolute. No deep involv. F. 567-4879.

IS LONELY ON TOP - successful SF exec 34, with most of the things money can't buy seeks something it can't buy - companionship of an intelli- gent young man who enjoys exten- sive travel, music, fine restaur- ant eating places, and genera- lly living on a standard not av- erage to most. If this could be yours, PO Box 12021 SF phone and photo if possible.

ATTENTION GAY MALES! Young virile student needs more to continue in college Will set very personal pic of myself to all understanding gay males. male photographs are what you want, order them from me I need the money more than big business Please. One dozen of my most in- hibited poses for only \$5.00 Occupant Box 4601 San Jose

TRANSVESTITE seeks same or fe- male with mutual interests for fun & games. Write PO Box 9323 Berkeley 94709 send info.

COUPLE with baby seek same to find and share house in Marin

# ARE REDNECKS TAKING OVER NORTHERN CAL?

by Cassandra

Rolling out of San Francisco rainy Friday night, Blacktop shining under the headlights, the white stripe slithering in and out of sight like a water snake.

Heading north on hiway 101, the "Redwood Highway." Bound for Eugene, Oregon, the University of Oregon, Wayne Morse's home town, where Wayne's number is listed in the phone book just like any common dentist's.

Sausalito, Novato, Santa Rosa, and then breaks of open country separating Ukiah and Willets from the Bay. Stopped for gas in Ukiah. A beefy gas station man sneered at the carload of beards and hair as he filled the tank.

There were sample bumper stickers in the station window: "Alioto Hates Guns, Boycott San Francisco," "Remember the Pueblo," "They Had Gun Control in Czechoslovakia." We were back in

the heartland of America.

California is the promised land. Hordes of rednecks have poured into the "golden state" over the years changing it from a western, liberal, non-slave state to a southern, reactionary, pro-slave state.

Reagan is the redneck's man. Reagan will slay the left over middle-class, intellectual, liberal establishment that runs the colleges and universities and that communizes their children. Hail Reagan!

In Richmond, in San Francisco, northern California has been invaded again by the redneck disease and the haters and crypto-Nazis crawl out of their cracks to shout and beat and kill, to intimidate and threaten school boards that plan to put black and white kids together, to bloody reporters, Nazi-lover bombers are reluctantly tracked down by police in Palo Alto, We're in the heartland of America.

Then it's morning, and we swoop through Eureka and Crescent City, past the used car lots, the revolving 40 foot neon signs competing with the sunrise, leaving behind the beautiful California coastline, the last half mile of which is about to be bought up by Walt Disney Enterprises for a miniature golf course.

We're in Oregon. Brookings and then the beaches. The air is different. The people are not Californians. Unbelievable tangles and piles of driftwood lie untouched, unraided by the hordes of army ants just to the south. A right turn at Reedsport on the coast and inland a hundred miles to Eugene itself.

Man, the town is clean. There are two (2) coffee houses, "The Renaissance" and the new "New World." There's a headshop called "The Sun Shop" and a brand new underground paper called BLUK!

The cops drive around in unmarked cars giving traffic tickets to Eugene's 80,000 pop. Very little else. The City Fathers bend over backwards to be cooperative. Everybody's nice and they want to know what's on in Berkeley, or L.A., or "Frisco," where it's happening. Because "nothing happens in Eugene."

Eager women. Clean cut beards. Nervous long-haired kids. Lots of gentleness and even some warmth. Pot if you want it. Acid by special arrangement from that school in Portland. That's Eugene.

Crossing back into California later I remembered the tone of inferiority in the Oregon voices: "It's happening in California, not here," they all seemed to be saying.

Well, babies, to us crossing back to California was like leaving Denmark and entering Germany. Excitement, hatred, blood, and murder bubbled their appealing sound as we plunged into the heart of California.

Don't knock clean Eugene and its bland western liberal air just yet, we may be scrambling for it when they start to seal the California borders.

## CHP RIPS OFF BARB VENDOR

The Highway Patrol ripped off a BARB vendor last Friday (February 21).

"Ah stick it up your butt," two uniformed hogs told vendor Bob Oberg when he asked them to pay for two copies they had taken.

Oberg was selling BARB's at the southwest corner of University and Shattuck around 10 a.m. Friday. A CHP car (license number 802156) stopped and its occupants motioned for two copies. When the salesman asked for 30 cents they responded with their obscene remark and drove off.

"I think I'll report this to the CHP office," Oberg later said in the BARB office. "Why should they break the law like that?"

## BUST-OUT BE-IN



EX-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE Abolafia is out to recruit masses of people back into the Love Movement. The former Love Radical candidate has ample help. "Value in the country must be changed," he says. "We must all work together. We need all the strength and force we can muster. We must win." Going to New York? Be in Sheeps Meadow, Sundays March 16th and April 6. And BUST OUT!

## BEWARE "BEWARE.."

By G.K.

At what point do attacks on "Zionism" turn into attacks on the Jewish people -- all of them?

William Mandel, currently teaching a course on 'Contemporary Soviet Civilization' at San Jose State, feels that the USSR pulled the plug on "Zionism" and blasted the shit out of the Jews.

He said so over KPFA Feb. 17, 1969. The article he quoted was published Feb. 6 in the USSR's third largest newspaper (7,000,000 circulation WITHOUT sex ads), the 'Konsomol' skaiya Pravda', the daily paper for the Young Communists of Russia.

It was titled "BEWARE ZIONISM, Subversive Activity."

Mandel stated: "Both in terms of the article, and the Soviet context, it can only be described as anti-Semitic." He felt that the title was significant because "no article titled 'BEWARE ANTI-SEMITISM' has appeared in any Soviet publication, large or small, for nearly 35 years, except when directed at anti-Semitism outside the USSR."

One often hears, apparently in the Soviet Union as well as in the United States, "I'm not against the Jews but against Zionism" i.e., Jewish nationalism for a homeland in Israel.

This distinction has never been made clear in Russia "since the middle 1930's, except for a SINGLE quotation from Lenin in a SINGLE Izvestia editorial three or four years ago," stated Mandel.

In such a situation, Mandel feels, just how in the hell does a Soviet citizen tell the difference between a Jew and a "Zionist"?

He pointed to quotes from the above-mentioned article and said that "the word 'Zionism' is used as a very thinly-veiled euphemism for 'Jews' and in a fashion traditional in anti-Semitic writing, that a tiny handful of Jews who survived Hitler are credited with having had the mysterious capacity to mislead great numbers of the peoples of Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Hungary."

The article, translated by William Mandel, author of 'Russia Re-Examined' (Hill & Wang, \$1.95) is a review of a book by I. Ivanov, titled "Beware Anti-Semitism,"

The reviewer says "the re-

search... reveals Zionism as a ramified system of ideological and political organizations, as the practical politics of the big Jewish capitalists, who comprise a partner in reactionary imperialist circles. Militant anti-communism and chauvinism, which comprise the principal content of present-day Zionism, have been placed at the service of their big Jewish capitalist ideas."

He accuses Zionism of "exploiting the traditionalism that exists among the Jewish population of the various countries of the world."

The author, says the review, "makes a comprehensive and critical analysis of the concept held by Zionism to the effect that a 'worldwide Jewish nation' exists, that 'anti-Semitism is eternal,' and so forth."

He says Ivanov exposes "the cultivation of anti-Semitism, in which anti-Semitism is made into an 'alibi' for Zionist politics, and everything that counters Zionism is depicted as anti-Semitism."

"The problem of the subordination of Judaism to the goals of the Zionist top leadership today is deserving in independent investigation," concludes the reviewer.

What is even more deserving of investigation by the Soviets, Mandel makes clear, is why they are incapable of understanding their own very real anti-Semitism and, then, what to do about it.

## PROOF POSITIVE

Here again is direct proof of how the SF Chronicle (and also the Associated Press) censors news-stories...

This is what the Chronicle 'Sporting Green' left out of its feature story (17 inches of space) on Bill Russell's speech at the USF Black Student Union's rally on campus last week (censored words in CAPS):

"For this country to be what it can be, I would die. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WILL DIE IN VIETNAM, LAOS ... If someone could find a way to make a profit out of better race relationships,

## OPPOSITION NOT ONLY VS BUT ALSO FOR

Rick Heide

In the midst of East Oakland's "political wasteland" lies an oasis. It's the Oakland Opposition Center at 5002 Foothill Blvd. Nestling in an area where American Opinion bookstores dot the barren political landscape, the Opposition Center offers the community an alternative.

It opposes the draft, racism, war, and poverty, among other things. It also works FOR some things, despite the negative name. Among these are food, clothing, self-determination, and voter registration.

A loose coalition--ranging from radicals to McCarthy liberals--band together here for common goals. The emphasis is on freedom to pick and choose your particular area of interest.

Last spring Joe Feit and Barry Borgerson had the idea of a peace center in East Oakland. The first building was actually a campaign headquarters for McCarthy and John George for Congress. When the primary was over, the center remained.

The group handed out draft leaflets at all Oakland high school graduations. The Center was also headquarters for the McCarthy write-in campaign and the Recall Reagan movement.

A mysterious fire broke out about a week before the general election, burning them out. The Center, which relies solely on donations, was hard hit but managed to relocate in December.

In their new home, the people at the Center have greatly expanded the ongoing activities. A Free Clothing Store has been established. Free meals are offered every Tuesday, cooked by a professional chef. Steve Gross offers draft counselling from Tuesday through Saturday on a full-time basis.

The Associated Students Union of Oakland uses the Opposition Center as its headquarters. The ASUO is a group of high school students working for reform in Oakland schools.

People from the Center will be working on the Oakland municipal and school elections. They're supporting Oakland Education Coalition candidates to try and change the reactionary makeup of the school board.

The Center is also vitally interested in conditions at Juvenile Hall in Alameda County. After a visit to the hall they became concerned over the lack of care, facilities, and overcrowding. They donated an iron, ironing board, and Christmas gifts to the kids, but say many needs are still unmet.

Particularly needed are a washer and dryer, said Elaine Foster. They are only allowed to keep one set of underwear, she said. According to Elaine it's so crowded that, "the boys have to sleep in the gymnasium."

There will be a meeting on Thursday, March 6 at the Center to plan action on the conditions at Juvenile Hall. They hope to put pressure on the authorities and arouse public opinion.

People from the Center are also active in the S.F. State strike and the mutiny trials at the Presidio. In short, there's something for just about anyone at the Oakland Opposition Center. Maybe even you.

it would be solved in four or five days, or a week at most. "LOOK AT ALL THE MONEY MADE IN VIETNAM AND SENDING A MAN TO THE MOON, WE CAN LAND A MAN ON THE MOON BUT WE CAN'T TALK TO A PERSON NEXT DOOR." The AP was even worse (about 5 inches and much less quotes than the Chronicle). How does the BARB know this? By hearing Russell on TV. He was voted five times the Most Valuable Player in the National Basketball Association and the first black to coach a major team. -G.K.



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# CANYON CRISIS

# ALMOST HIGH NOON

Fourteen Canyon families have until March 6 to get out of their homes, unless a judge does justice. But even if he does not they will fight like men against the pigs.

"Not one family in Canyon is planning to move," Bob Trupin, a 37-year-old physicist and Canyon resident told BARB this week. "We're just going on with our lives."

"We're quite capable of defending ourselves," Trupin told BARB. "More and more people out here want to use guns -- and our ability to restrain them is dwindling. If we don't get some justice soon, anything can happen."

Most of the families built their homes with their own hands, haul-

ing the materials up exhaustingly steep grades.

February 19th fifteen cops, three building inspectors and two, quote, animal control officers tromped over the terrain and posted notices telling fourteen families that it's illegal for them to enter their own homes.

The raiders declared the buildings unsafe to occupy and posted notices saying that anyone entering them would be guilty of a misdemeanor carrying a possible 6-month jail sentence plus a \$500 fine. One cop said that children entering the buildings would be arrested and taken to a juvenile shelter.

Lawyers for the hassled Canyon people have obtained a two-week injunction against the evictions.

The pretext for condemning the buildings was never made clear. If failure to get a building permit is the cause then the county is to blame. Since 1959, when permits became necessary, County officers have steadfastly refused Canyonites applications for permits.

This does not imply the buildings are unfit. The condemned buildings include three Buckminster Fuller plydomes. The plydomes in Canyon have served as prototypes for a community in Perth Australia which, when completed will contain 3000 of them.

The harassment of Canyon has a long and complicated history -- narcs, health officers, building inspectors and now even dog catchers trying to enforce a county leash law.

Most people in the community of approximately 200 think the main reason for the harassment is an attempt by real estate pigs to grab the land for a future expensive suburb. Others think the main reason is that many of the residents are regarded as hippies or activists.

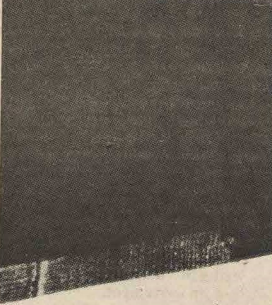
Several Canyon residents were connected with the Port Chicago project. The most active of them was framed by narcs and now with his large family is a political refugee in Costa Rica.

For the past two of three years newspapers in some of the nearby suburbs periodically have published incredibly distorted articles depicting Canyon as a place infested with dope-fiend hippies.

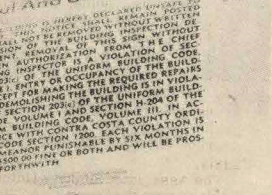
"If we are hippies," says Barry Smith, 29-year-old environmental sculptor and Canyon resi-



photo by Vorhees



DO NOT ENTER  
And Unsafe to Occupy



NOTICE TO COMPLY

dent since 1962, "then there have been hippies living here since 1850."

Among those living in Canyon are several teachers, two physicists, a sanitary engineer, a licensed contractor, an attorney, an architect.

But of course there are "hippies" living in Canyon -- beautiful people who built beautiful homes in one of the last lovely pieces of wilderness open in the Bay Area. And sadly enough, some of their own neighbors are reported to have set the pigs on them.

Some of these neighbors may still be unaware that they too are slated for the wreckers.

The land-grabber in the Canyon area happens to be the giant East Bay Municipal Utilities District (EBMUD). For years EBMUD has been buying up available land and immediately removing all buildings. Through this tactic the population of Canyon has already been cut at least in half.

Many Canyon residents believe

"Big Jim" Moriarty, one of the county supervisors, is the source of much of their troubles. They think that Moriarty was formerly connected with the Utah Construction Co.

Earlier harassments include a series of efforts to establish that septic tanks in Canyon were leaking and polluting a stream that flows through it. But tests showed that Canyonites keep a clean stream.

The community has a strong ecological conscience. A group called The Canyon Water Brothers has worked out a plan for recycling water in a way that helps maintain the water table, avoids dependence on a centralized sewer system and makes more water available for fire protection and recreation.

The county, though, wants Canyon to tie in with an adjacent sewer system which empties into San Francisco Bay; the project would cost Canyon \$250,000.

In recent weeks building inspec-

tors have been entering Canyon homes while occupants were away -- and in one case tipped narcs to some marijuana plants growing in a home. The narcs later raided the home, forced one of the occupants onto a bed and shoved a Mace can in his face.

The community will appeal the eviction orders at a county supervisors' meeting in Martinez March 4. There will be a support demonstration outside the Martinez Administration Building starting at 9 a.m.

Canyonites also will appear in Superior Court in Martinez March 6 to argue that the injunction be made permanent.

If these efforts are unsuccessful, Canyon may try to get justice in the slow, costly federal court system. At least \$10,000 would be needed for that project -- and legal expenses already are running high. Contributions can be sent to the Canyon Legal Defense Fund, P.O. Box 51, Canyon, California.

# EXCLUSIVE 'NO MORE UNIFORMS'

By Jon Jacobson



photo by Jacobson

WAC Lenora Blunt is fed up with military life after 30 months as a woman soldier.

"I'm through, I refuse to ever wear a uniform again," she told BARB in an exclusive interview this week.

The only time she will wear her uniform, she vows, will be March 15 at a rally supporting the Pre-sidio 27.

"I'm sorry I ever joined," the small brunette said as she sat in the BARB office. "I don't want any other girls to join."

She put it all on the line Monday, February 24 by refusing to don her military garb.

"I'm not going to degrade myself by supporting the war effort, and lesbianism," the disgruntled WAC told her commanding officer, Captain Wolfe.

The WAC commander was shocked. She gave Lenora a direct order. Lenora refused. The order was repeated. Lenora was adamant.

"She said I was going to be sent to the psychiatrist and court-martialed," Lenora related. As of Wednesday night no formal charges have yet been filed.

The woman soldier's determination to be liberated has the female military brass floored. They even got in touch with Lenora's husband Chris and asked him to intercede and get her to change her mind. Captain Wolfe told him by

phone his own career would be jeopardized by his wife's bid for freedom, husband and wife reported.

"I'll back my wife in whatever she decides," Chris told BARB.

What Lenora had to tell about women in the Army doesn't quite match the image painted by recruitment literature and posters.

"The WAC's are full of lesbians and perverts," Lenora says. "When the Army says it makes men, they don't make a distinction between WAC's and males."

Lesbians have approached her several times, she says. "Most WAC's are juice freaks. That's when their homo tendencies come out. Others don't have to be drunk."

Most of the girls that join the women's Army come from poor families and go in right out of high school, Lenora observed. They hope to get technical training for future jobs and are coned into signing up by the exciting pitch recruiters make.

"Later WAC's are so indoctrinated they won't even talk to long haired men," Lenora said. "Very few even date civilians."

Conscientious objectors and war protesters are looked upon as traitors and cowards by the military women. This outlook is ingrained in them by the Army propaganda thrown at them from first day they arrive for training, Lenora told BARB.

She described how at the Oakland Army Base women officers are

very upset about Lt. Sue Schnall (recently convicted for wearing her uniform during the GI Peace March). "I can't see how they can be against someone who opposes killing," Lenora said.

Once she was all gung-ho for American Vietnam policy, the military way of life and drinking at the base bar. But she first joined the WAC's out of high school. Then a tour of duty in Okinawa opened her eyes to what was really happening.

She found it impossible to voice how she felt seeing "young boys with their legs blown off."

"It was so depressing. At first they were heroes to me, but later I realized they were victims."

She worked for the Director of Ammunition Operations on Okinawa. Her daily contact with weapons being sent to Vietnam for the killing brought out a cold horror of war.

Wounded soldiers at the nearby hospital added to her sense of horror. They told her the Vietnamese hated them. Even old women and small children sniped at them, they told her.

"It's so foolish," she said, "if the people don't want us there we shouldn't be there. It's only a chess game for the generals."

Lenora managed to suppress her feelings about the war during her eleven-month stay in Okinawa. But upon returning to the States last December she made up her mind not to report for her next see p. 20

# LAST WEEK'S NEWS TODAY IN CASE YOU WEREN'T THERE



photos by Cappeland  
Quinn Breckinridge  
Stamets

ADAM

# GUERRILLAS STRIKE BACK

## SOLIZ IN PAIN



photo by Jacobson

Guerilla warfare erupted at UC Berkeley on Thursday. A roving band of 100 to 300 hard-core strikers maneuvered about campus for several hours. Windows in half a dozen buildings fell victim to the strikers' wrath.

The combined forces of the Alameda County Sheriffs and the Highway Patrol repeatedly failed to trap the strikers' cadre.

At 1:30 the pigs cornered off Sproul Plaza and threatened to gas the place. But the strikers meanwhile had grouped about the Chancellor's office, away from the Plaza. Then an army of at least 100 pigs tried to spring a trap around there, but the students escaped neatly.

Next, the battle moved into the street, as columns of police moving down Bancroft and across campus from both sides and across campus tried another dragnet. Their running charge netted several people, including Jack Weinberg.

The police retreated back to campus, and the students took control of Telegraph between Bancroft and Durant.

A motorist tried to run over one student, and his car narrowly escaped destruction at the hands of vengeful students. The CHP made no effort to rescue the ornery driver.

At 3:15 the pigs charged out of the campus and down Telly, and the people once more eluded a trap, as a CHP squad coming down Grant from Bowditch arrived too late.

What precipitated the strikers' offensive were the bloody busts of several TWLF leaders earlier in the day. Around noon, a stationary picket line was formed around Sather Gate, and the pigs came out of Sproul to pick off their high-priority targets one by one.

Manuel Delgado was arrested for the third or fourth time, as well as Ysidro Macias, another key Front leader. Macias is said to have had his head split open when they busted him.

At 3:45, BARB learned that Macias was still in a coma, at Cowell Hospital on campus.

Macias is the foremost Chicano leader on campus. Rumors were spreading throughout the afternoon that he might be dying. When the strikers learn what the Alameda County Sheriffs really did to him—everybody knows what tomorrow will bring.

## DOWN TO THE GRITTY

## SLOW BEFORE THE BLOW

"From now on this strike will be a different game," TWLF leader Ysidro Macias told hundreds of strikers Tuesday. And from that point on the stakes went up. (see accompanying story for the price Ysidro paid.)

"No more denunciations by TWLF of violent strike action on campus," Macias promised the crowd from atop a cement post at the Telly-Bancroft entrance. "No more disavowing responsibility for violence committed."

The new strike policy agreed

upon Tuesday by the TWLF is in sharp contrast to last week's denunciation by strike leadership of violent strike action which spread to the streets Thursday.

Orders had then come from Third World leaders to "limit the scope of the strike," and supporters had been asked to do nothing to provoke violence.

The new policy unveiled by TWLF Tuesday was to fight for strike demands "in any fashion necessary," Macias told those who gathered.

"Through non-violent picket lines, or through level-headed talking, or," he addressed the cheering supporters, "we will burn this son-of-a-bitching campus DOWN if we have to!"

Earlier in the day several hundred strikers, enraged by the beating and arrest of TWLF leader Jaime Soliz, marched over the campus and swarmed through Barrows Hall before they reassembled at Sather Gate to thwart the third attempt made that day by CHP and Alameda Sheriffs to keep the area cleared.

Soliz, busted for "obstructing

a public thoroughfare" re-appeared on campus the next day to lead strikers. He was on crutches, with one leg in a cast.

Earlier Tuesday, hundreds of people had gathered in the brief noon sun on Sproul Plaza for the "illegal" noon rally, which came off smoothly.

"I've been cited for speaking at an unauthorized noon rally," Don Davis of the Afro-American Student Union told those assembled. "I've never spoken on these steps. So I might as well do what they are charging me with."

"We don't want to close the school," Davis reiterated. "We want you to get an unbiased relevant education. So that once you get your degree you can go out and help the people."

"But we talk about changes," he pointed out, "and they start talking about controls, the National Guard, and fencing in the campus!"

"Go home now and wait for tomorrow," Ysidro Macias told the strikers as the day on the campus drew to an end. "Cause tomorrow the violent strike begins!"

## NABOR'S BURLESQUE OF MAD MAN MADIGAN

"If we all cannot be equal, equality won't exist." Jim Nabors was putting it down like it is at Wednesday's Sproul Plaza rally.

"No more taking orders from the top. Now the orders come from the people," he told 500 assembled strikers.

"Reagan, the courts, Madigan are using us as pawns and we're letting it happen. If we have to be pawns let it at least be on our terms. The student bookstore and buildings behind us should serve the people, not them."

"We, are all of us, the people. It doesn't matter what color you are."

"In gaining our goals if it comes down to a choice between cowardice and violence, the obvious choice is violence," Nabors said.

Earlier in the rally Nabors prophesied what's in store if this

country continues its suppression of human rights. He read an "Order of the Day" by Acting Chancellor Madigan.

"One - go directly to your classroom.

"Two - Don't speak until spoken to.

"Three - Armed guards are stationed in classrooms and hallways for your protection, don't annoy them.

"Four - Stay off the grass. Anyone found talking in the library will be shot."

"That is all."

"You have for governor a man who as investigator for the Actor's Guild for the House Unamerican Activities Committee had his own wife investigated," Nabors said.

"What kind of America do you want?" he asked the crowd.

"You're letting this happen. Its

by Phineas Israeli

Has the strike at Cal been tear-gassed into submission?

Probably not. But since last Friday's decision by the TWLF to cool it for a day, not a fucking thing has happened on campus. Frustration is mounting, support is sagging.

The time has come to shut the motherfucker down.

BUT --- Intimidation is where it's at on campus -- the Third World leaders have been beaten and busted, beaten and busted, by the Man's armed servants.

Selective terrorism is the policy which the UC Administration adopted at the beginning of the strike. The Alameda County goon

squad has done its dirty work well. On Tuesday of this week Jaime Soliz was arrested off a peaceful picket line.

On Wednesday he returned to Cal on crutches.

The medium is the message and Sheriff Madigan's blueshirts bring it on home every day: Give up the strike or get the shit beat out of you.

And last Thursday the focus was tuned even clearer: We'll poison every lung in Berkeley if that's what it takes to break the strike.

So Friday the TWLF leadership saved a lot of students' heads and a lot of students' lungs. But the price of peace came very high in terms of the students' struggle to win the demands.

Thousands of young people had rallied on Thursday and Friday to stand with their brothers against the enemy. But many of them this week were literally out of sight.

And when Heys-Madigan-Reagan saw the strikers back off on Friday, they concluded that the hard-line repression was working, that the coercion of a billy club, a tear gas cannister, and a Santa Rita barrack would win in the end.

The TWLF asked for permission to hold an open class on campus Monday to once more discuss the issues. The Decadent Duo, Heys and Madigan, flipped the strikers the bird. "No campus facilities for you, niggers."

Only the pigs used Harmon Gym on Monday.

The rains came down and the strike smoldered a second day.

There was picketing on Tuesday, there was a march through campus on Tuesday, there was a big arrest of a strike leader on Tuesday.

On Tuesday the strike smoldered a third time 'round. Meaningless dialogue has given way to meaningless marches.

Before the strikers leave campus a TWLF leader leaps atop a pillar to announce that this is the end of peaceful tactics, that tomorrow we will burn the sonofabitch down if we have to.

But Wednesday fizzles drably. Another illegal noon rally, and then a march to the Alameda County courthouse to support one hundred brothers being arraigned inside.

And nothing happens, not even a rally. More than five hundred stu-

## GRIM LEGAL GAME

Forty to fifty people recently busted for UC strike activities showed up at the Berkeley Courthouse Wednesday for their arraignments, and noted some ominous changes in standard legal procedure.

The Courthouse doors were locked and guarded by Alameda Sheriffs; attorneys, a few reporters, and those whose names appeared on the court schedules were the only ones allowed to enter the building.

A sudden change in the schedule for paying bail, made only the day before, was a complete surprise to almost all who showed up.

Steve Bingham, a UC Legal Defense worker, questioned authorities on Tuesday this week to estimate the number still in jail for strike activities, only to be told that without specific names of bustees, no info would be given.

The closed-door attitude of the authorities is making it increasingly difficult for the U.C.L.D. people to keep tabs on those arrested.

Anyone busted or with pertinent information on someone who is, should contact the UC Legal Defense Committee at 642-0802. It might save someone from disappearing into the systematic "law and order" void.



photos by Copeland

"No more disavowing responsibility for violence committed," Ysidro Macias announced Tuesday. Thursday the pigs took vengeance and beat him into a coma. Fate unknown as BARB goes to press.

no longer happening just to Third World people, but to all of you."

After several speeches and announcements all that was needed to set the mass of people marching was an abrupt request to go to the courthouse.

# RED GUARD! THINK HARD!

By Bill Paul

Ronald Reagan and the State College Board of Trustees OK'd an agreement Wednesday that is expected to bring an end to the Teachers Union strike at SF State.

The main provision, that of forming a teacher grievance board, was passed by the trustees with a vote of 15 to 2.

The trustees decided to leave the completion of other provisions of the agreement to Baykawa, who said there may be some difficulty carrying out some of them since the striking teachers so far have refused to return to the campus until, as they say, a "neutral and free academic atmosphere prevails on the campus."

Meanwhile there is no indication that student strikers will go along with the half-a-loaf compromise being prepared for them by the elders.

On Monday I watched a group of students take the strike to the classroom.

About eight strikers entered a classroom where undergrad students sat waiting for their non-striking teacher. The strikers, like a guerrilla force might get entering City Hall, I guess the straights expected some violence or something. It was really rather lame.

The teacher, Prof. Singmon, who is substiting for another instructor, commented that the class is crowded but that he'd enroll all the students present.

Then he comes to the point: how many students want to discuss the strike with the visiting strikers' 23 for 7, against.

Howard Cohen walks to the front and takes over discussion. He blames the dogmatism of the California master plan for campus trouble. On the lowest rung of the master plan are "junior colleges are more trade schools" that promote dropout because Third World people can't find their identity there. And if a person can't make it through a junior college he'll never make it to state.

The students who voted against the discussion doodle and look perturbed, and the rest of the class listens and asks questions. They bring up the money angle, "Isn't the strike wasting good money?"

Answer: "Yes, look at all the money it costs to keep cops on campus."

Q. Aren't the taxpayers going to demand law and order on campuses or refuse to support them?

A. "The taxpayers," the people who relinquish the largest portion of their income to support the state, are mostly low-income people -- who are NOT being represented at SF State. And that's what the strike's about.

Q. Why aren't black studies programs set up in high schools rather than in colleges?

A. That's too slow -- we need

some solutions here and now. Talk goes on for an hour before a few disgruntled students leave, two Chinese girls among them. At the end of the period I talk to the discussion leaders. All from the Department of International Relations, they are working for another semester of nondepartmental classes on campus.

They had had a run-in with the teaching assistant chairman's class earlier in the day. The man had listened for five minutes then decided to call in the fuzz. Strikers had to host a retreat. Later, the teacher reportedly said that he got uptight because he had not been asked for permission to speak.

He teaches, I was told, despite a departmental vote of 61-36 to close the department down.

On Wednesday the same students met to discuss strategy, appropriately in a room displaying a chart of the Chinese cultural revolution. These people are into the spirit of the Red Guards. They had come to the conclusion that it was futile to walk in the picket line; the real job, they feel, is in the buildings because "it takes guts to talk to classes" and confront teachers.

One had complained that the reason for campus apathy is "one first" individualism that destroys solidarity.

True. A fellow attending classes in the film department said he had to "watch out for himself" so that he wouldn't be drafted. The strike wasn't constructive, he said, and everything could be worked out by talking it over.

The man sports a beard. He said he had learned to avoid walking through picket lines because once pickets told him he had a phony beard. (Honest).

On the other hand, an art major told me that the strike had already brought many gains to his department. Now, he said, students feel they have power to determine their own course of study.

"Our teachers are going to be more like teachers in residence," he said. An end to white niggers.

# WHAT PRICE FAME?

Paul D. Kalbach - (if that is your real name)  
You, and all those muck-rakers with you in this way, you don't know how well off you have been.  
But of course, you don't have sense enough to know anything you can report back to the jungle where you came from and slip up with all the other four-legged animals to tear your fellow creatures to pieces.

Military is very old - it started in the jungles.

You, and all the cow boys with you, should be stood up along a stone wall and shot through your little pit heads. But it will take too long for the American government to get around to this.

So, we have decided to give each one of you a nice little bomb right in your own little heads - you won't know when. But soon.  
Don't think we are kidding, slime.

Association for Peace in California

# STRIKERS UPSTAGE SOLDIERS

by G.K.  
"A MIGHTY PORTRESS IS OUR GARAGE."

This highly irreverent headline in the Berkeley Gazette summed up Gov Reagan's day Friday when over 700 police from as far away as San Jose occupied downtown Berkeley while the CHP kept watch over Sproul Plaza.

Even the National Guard got in the act, setting up an MIP Command Post in the UC Plaza across the street from University Hall where the Regents and the Governor were meeting.

This is what they heard: "Give me an F!" shouted Jim Nabors, of the Third World. He got it. "Give me UF!" he shouted again. He got it. After he put it all together, the 4,000 students assembled on the campus, across from University Hall, didn't shout "Mother." They chanted "FLICK REAGAN!"

As the echoes of this new National Anthem faded away amongst the square buildings of square downtown Berkeley, Regents William Colclough and Norris Simon (he spent \$2 million for one painting he walked through the crowd.) "I was shocked and furious," Simon heard," reported the Daily Californian.

For the other things they heard was an American Indian girl from Laney College, Oakland, speaking in support of the strike. "I was shocked and furious," Simon heard," reported the Daily Californian.

(Note: American Indians are taught that Columbus discovered America. It is to be presumed that they can speak up to the white power structure, Indians will "be permitted" to learn that they are not Indians.)

In keeping on "their side" of the street, the Third World showed their "love" for the strike much better than the cops. Meanwhile, deep inside University Hall, in a windowless room, the Regents heard the students' "love" for the administration at UC for "not doing enough" to "stop the strike." "I was shocked and furious," Simon heard," reported the Daily Californian.

(Note: just weeks before, the governor said most of the "disidents" were NOT students. This raises an interesting point: how can UC expel a non-student? Gov Reagan is an utter ass.)

Dear Johnson, for his admission to Reagan's press conference. It was explained to this reporter by Dean Johnson, of UC public relations, that "because the room was so small" (remember that windowless room, like Hitler's underground bunker, where the weekly papers were excluded.)

He showed me a list. The BARB was not on it. Johnson suggested I get in touch with the Irving University Press Officer, and "see on the list."

This gobblebook logic is what the strikers face every day - what the BARB can get "on the list" and THEN be "officially" denied room in Reagan's bunker.

(Oh, yes - someday, the Indians will discover America.)

HIS REAL NAME is Paul D. Kalbach, and he wouldn't get this love if a pig hadn't pushed him while he was taking a picture and then arrested him. So the Pig Paper had his name and address and its loyal readers did the rest. Dig?

# MEDICS OUT TO HELP BOTH FRIED AND FOE

The Medical Committee, a volunteer organization formed at the beginning of the UC strike, gives first aid care to all people injured during the confrontations with police.

Their help was especially valuable during last Thursday's violence on the Berkeley campus. The first tear gas canisters caught the strikers and onlookers by surprise. Cries of "Tear gas! Tear gas!" rang out from the crowd.

With crying eyes and burning skin, people ran blindly. Medics led the tear-gassed people to Est-

leman Hall, sat them down and thoroughly flushed their eyes.

Injuries caused by tear gas, rocks, cherry bombs, and clubs, cuts, bruises and minor tear gas burns can all be treated by the medical committee.

The Medical Committee consists of about 30 people, most of whom have some medical training. Supplies and medical advice are provided by the "Medical Committee for Human Rights," which gives medical aid to those who cannot afford private physicians and to people who are injured during civil strife.

Dr. Bruce de Montecre, member of the MCHR, says that although the organization is medically neutral, it supports the demands of the TWLF. He went on to say however, that the MCHR deplores the violence which took place during recent confrontations.

Dr. de Montecre advises anyone who is tear-gassed to follow these rules:

Never touch your eyes after being tear-gassed, that will only further irritate them. Wash your eyes, if possible, in a sink full of cold water, until they are clean.

Those who are maced should always wash their eyes and see an ophthalmologist (eye doctor) as soon as possible. The effects of mace are not understood, according to de Montecre. Even people with normal vision may be injured by mace, he explained.

The Berkeley City Council recently passed an ordinance prohibiting the use of mace except against individuals. It cannot be used indiscriminately against crowds, according to Dr. de Montecre.

But the California Highway Patrol and the Alameda County Sheriffs are not restricted by the Berkeley ordinance, he pointed out.

The volunteer Medical Committee needs contributions of money and supplies. Also Volunteers are desperately needed. Those who want to help should go to the first floor of Eshleman Hall, 663 Alameda St. MCHP may be sent to 663 Alameda, Oakland 94609. The contributions are tax deductible.

# FREE CLINIC BOON

The "Magical Mystery Tour" is currently touring the nation to raise funds for free medical clinics across the U.S.

Last week it showed in Portland; this week "Magical Mystery Tour" will be in San Francisco

Coordinated by the National Free Clinic Council, the cross-country showings of the "Tour" will raise funds for free medical facilities already operating in various cities, and will hopefully provide enough to start more clinics.

Tickets for the San Francisco showing will be sold all day, both Wednesday and Thursday, at the Straight Theater; for info on the admission etc., call them at 387-2332, or 567-0777.

tery Tour, the Congress of Wonders will perform twice each evening for the benefit.

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# THINGS TO COME HAVE COME



Stay out of the streets! SUBSCRIBE TO THE DASH.

\$5.00



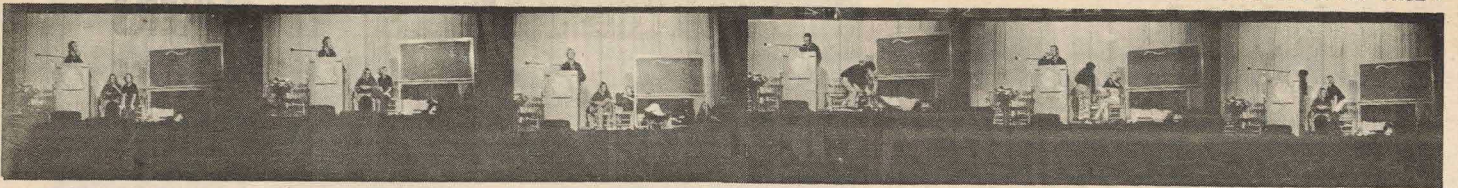
# EXCLUSIVE

Gov Reagan and Max Rafferty both gave BARB interviews as they attended the Regents' meeting in Berkeley Friday.

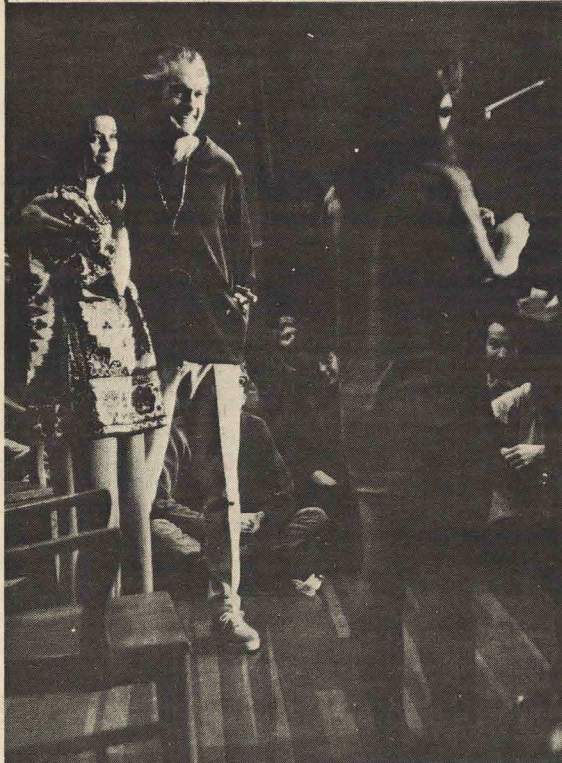
Reagan, showing up behind a closed glass door at University Hall, was asked by this reporter, "What about that switchblade incident?" Since the question had to be shouted across the parking lot of the building, Reagan appeared not to hear.

Max Rafferty was more to the point. As he left his car in the parking-well and walked up the stairs to the meeting, BARB asked him about the switchblade incident. "I wasn't there," he smiled.

-G.K.



## TIM & ROSEMARY



**AFTER THE FINALE** Rosemary, everpresent, oft-mentioned during Tim's happy Hedonic series came forward to FUB's and the audience's gratitude, and gifts of jewelry made by Carol Small, right. Tim's message that nite: There are too few visions. Let each one of us create his own vision. photo by Eckert

## SONG FOR THE LEO GIRL

Dear Editor:  
On Tuesday night, at the Tim Leary lecture, a young girl took her clothes off on the stage. For whatever purpose she felt (whatever joy) a good deal by the audience taunted her, attacked her from the backs of their own heads. (Between action and reaction is the infinite) your reporter says that she was crying. There were

many among us there who knew that it was all right -- who felt the joy of her beauty -- who loved her.

I would like her to know this. If you feel that it all still matters -- please print this poem -- if not, love to you anyway. (and to her.)

God bless you,  
Lyn

song for the leo girl.

they said that you were crying,  
that the trip had turned sour in realization.  
but we saw you  
and you were beautiful.

you were not the singer, but the song;  
not the word, but the meaning.  
and we saw that you were beautiful.

it's all going to be all right.  
love.

## AIRWAVERS SEEK UNDERGROUND OUTLET

Tired of listening to music on FM radio? Meyer Gottesman thinks the community needs a new sound and hopes to provide it.

Gottesman, who is a licensed and experienced chief engineer, has applied for a frequency and is seeking funds. He intends to set up an educational station in San Francisco. The F.C.C. allows educational stations a greater degree of latitude than commercial radio.

"We're interested in an unprecedented degree of academic freedom," he says. Gottesman envisions the station as a virtually unlimited public forum. "Everyone will be welcome, from a biker on helmet laws to Chief Gain

if he wants to say his piece." He feels the station's major attractions will be variety in programming and audience participation. Also, there will be no commercials.

"We're not out to vent our own hostilities. We see the station as an opportunity for dialogue in the community", he says. "If you lost your job or got hit over the head, we'll put it on the air."

Sherry Riley of the Mission Switchboard is working with Gottesman on the project. He hopes to get grants but money is needed. Volunteers to help man the station are also sought. Interested persons can contact Miss Riley at Mission Switch, 863-3040.

## CHANGES

1

Timothy Leary in '66 ... a telegram ... the only one I could talk to ... knew that the origin of man had something to do with flying saucers but I just couldn't get it together. Alone three years; poor kid. The Bible and T. S. Eliot a long way to reach for friendship. A woman here and there that wouldn't let me make them mommy ... a year in jail (can't kill yourself, won't help at all) ... got out ... met a boy-woman-child ... and then once again Timothy Leary ... Alan Watts ... a church in San Francisco ... OM ... eternal vibration ... electricity and capital punishment ... outside the church ... follow Leary ... babble incoherently ... head 27 light-years off the coast of Antares and feet stubbing toes on door-jams ... "My friends are waiting for me, man" ... the hands placed palm to palm in center of chest ... I recognize the God in you.

2

Morningstar ... the broken toilet ... "why fix it man, be broke again in the morning" ... ready in the woods to be blessed but God whispers being ready isn't enough ... six months in the merchant marine ... get married ... the boy-woman-child learning to cook ... taking over the kitchen ... bedroom dusty and littered ... have to ball in the kitchen ... truckload of mescaline on my head ... 2:00 in the morning walk from Grove and University to 62nd and San Pablo ... got killed on the way ... hit by a car ... happened in the space between the silence when you snap your fingers ... never knew it ... on my way home for eternity ... keep walking, you'll make it God I love my wife ... whoever she is ... had to stay awake until the sun rose ... couldn't have made it without me ... fell asleep ... rained all day.

3

Free University ... Timothy Leary tuesday night ... but first the bring-down therapist-probation officer ... "You don't come across straight ... talk to your old lady more ... give it up ... oh, and tell me what you think of Leary." (fleeting smile)

4

Sweet Jesus ... place is packed ... fourth way of liberation ... in the stage door ... a moments pride ungrateful bastard ... then calm down, tune in, Timothy Leary ... not bad, not bad at all ... good, very good ... such happening ... the white witch ... Leary's reminder ... children of the living God confessing and being loved ... and the spirit child says "he doesn't talk" ... Leary listens ... child bestows paper Leary reads "control the drugs instead of the drugs controlling you" ... a master ... must speak to him ... afraid ... beady eyes and dry lips mulching behind me ... between the devil and Leary ... (go man, you'll stand here for the rest of time) ... Dr. Leary, I have a question ... "Wait 'till this is over" ...

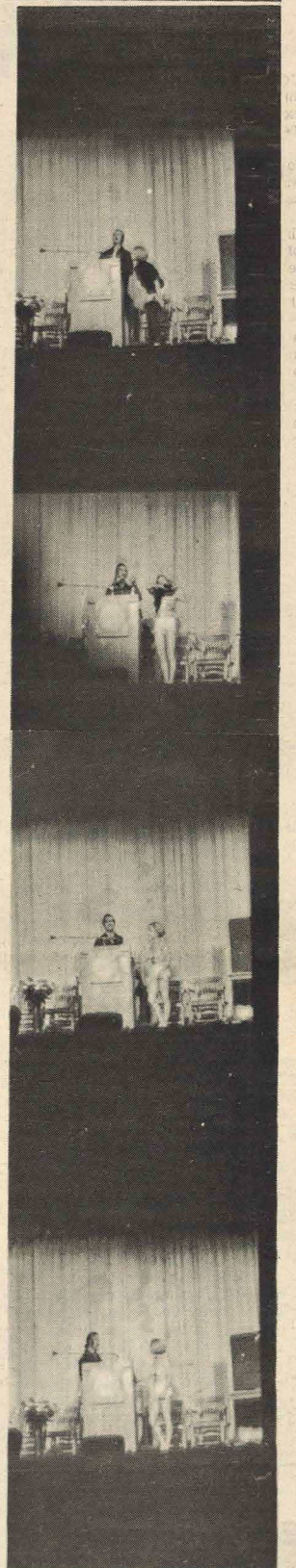
5

Following Leary again ... am I a faithful disciple or a hungry vulture ... Excalibur and the magick mask at hom in the closet ... humbly equipped ... I don't know if I'm being honest ... what about the power level, Dr. Leary? not enough and I'm a door-mat, too much and the cross becomes twisted ... a swastika ... is that right? The fine-ness of gold, the flying saucers and electricity Dr. Leary ... so many questions to ask ... that must be his car ... almost to it ... spins on his heel and towards me ... fear ... the shield comes down too late and he's inside ... "What did you want to talk about?" ... "We're talking about it" ... "Oh, you mean communication?" ... flips out my mind ... a brief twirl on the key-chain ... height-width-depth ... carefully replaced with a gentle you're doing just fine ... peace, love, all is forgiven, the answer is yes ... (bull-shit Leary, give me a break. I'm tired of being a powerful child. I want to DO something. I've got some pieces I don't understand. You've got the puzzle. I only want to plug my pieces into your puzzle. How come you act like I'm trying to fuck you?) ... one question ... Christ, Buddha, Mohammed, no mention of a woman ... why ... and Leary (very fine) turns me to my wife standing behind me ... says "Talk to her about that" and disappears ... a mark of the master ... the man who comes and goes as he pleases ... leaving me too ashamed to look at my wife ... head heavy under the spanking of telling me the same thing as my bring-down probation officer ... "Talk to your old lady about it" ...

6

Play-time is over ... there is no other choice ... we must all lay down the child-hood implements of war ... put on the robe ... pick up the bowl ... walk to the forest ... thank you for the loan Timothy Leary.

David Grossman



photos by Bigelow

## FREE U BOOMS

Not all FUB's problems are bummers, some are too good to be true. Enrollment, in the aftermath of the Tim Leary lecture "is incredible," Carol Small, coordinator of the Free University of Berkeley told BARB this week. "We are completely swamped."

Almost 700 people have signed up for the 65 courses FUB is offering this term. Carol feels the upsurge is in no small part due to the effect of Leary's recent lectures.

Attendance for Leary's sessions averaged an overwhelming 1500 every night. Most of the money taken in was donated to the Free U. The proceeds will be used to

expand FUB's facilities.

Many young people are disenchanting with the formal expensive degree chasing education offered at established universities and want something looser, Carol feels.

"We have a good cross section of people taking classes," she said. "A lot are college dropouts, but we also have older people. They all want education for its own sake not just for a degree."

The flood of new students is especially heavy in such courses as encounter groups, yoga sessions, crafts, art, dance, communal living and survival in the wilderness. "Even French cooking

has 90 signed up. We just don't have enough teachers for everyone," she lamented.

Because of the heavy demand FUB is encouraging people from overcrowded classes to get together and organize their own curriculum and find their own teachers.

Presently classes are held in private homes. But facilities are still lacking for such courses as yoga and dance.

People interested in teaching or hosting sessions in their houses are invited to contact Carol at 841-6794 between 2 - 7 pm, or go to the FUB office at 1703 Grove.

# ELDRIDGE BERKELEY SCENE AND IT'S ALL

by STEW ALBERT

Eldridge Cleaver is making the Berkeley scene again in very cool broad daylight and the pigs can't lay a finger on him.

"Eldridge Cleaver" an Anthology of his post prison writings and speeches edited and with an introduction by Bob Scheer is on sale at local bookstores. The book was done in a hurry. Something had to be on the streets to convince the liberals that since he got out of prison Eldridge hadn't gone back to assaulting white women and had become a serious political thinker.

The appearance of this book will help Eldridge and that's why its hard for me to put it down. So before I do it let me say that Eldridge has received extraordinarily beautiful help from Ramparts and Scheer. We must never forget this in all our polemics against Ramparts sickness and sensationalism.

Now that this is off my chest, I have to say this Random House-Ramparts book is not very good. It suffers from abstraction with the important exception of Cleaver on the "land question" giving us Eldridge's general call for madmen and revolution but none of his specific proclamations on how this is going to happen.

"Revolution in the white mother country", Eldridge's analyses of the forces bringing about the destruction of imperialism within white America -- an effort Tom Paine-like masterpiece is left out. So is his speech endorsing Jerry Rubin for vice-pres. of PF and the Panther - Vippie manifesto which was co-authored by Cleaver. The last few months of Eldridge's overground activities were devoted to tying the Panthers to the white hippie/vippie cultural revolution.

We could only get out one major statement but Eldridge and the Yippies dreamed of a continuing stream. There was just too much to do and then Ronald Reagan called Time and Eldridge had to split.

The endorsement of Jerry Rubin was not an atypical freokout for Cleaver as some orthodox Marxists have said. It came out of his "Soul on Ice" writings on young white America's new cultural heroes.

Eldridge saw a new proletariat emerging out of a furious white rebellion against the separation of mind from body imposed by bureaucratic capitalism. In the Vippie festivities of Chicago and Berkeley he saw and dug that the white man's body was allying with his mind for the purpose of smashing the pigs of the power structure. All the mad talk of smoking dope on the steps of the Pentagon and fucking in front of Richard Daley and his favorite nun made great political sense to Cleaver and that's why he was for Jerry. It's crystal clear that any anthology which treats Eldridge's relationship with the Yippies as mere diversion, as Scheer implies in the introduction is an attempt in order to respectabilize him for the liberals, to castrate Cleaver's revolutionary ideas of their freak-the-pigs-min-out surrealistic balls. Scheer's introduction which takes scant notice of the cultural revolution only reinforces the scissors job.

"DIG" a record album put out by the More Record Company is Eldridge rapping for an hour at Syracuse, New York. I really like the flip side where Eldridge explains the sociology of Muthafucks in the black community. It's the lowest thing a man can be. He then goes on to call all the Presidential Candidates Muthafucks.

On the second side Eldridge offers to slap the President's face if the audience frees Huey. He makes his rebellion comic by saying that if god himself wants to plunge Eldridge into hell he will form a revolutionary alliance and

take god on.

Eldridge's favorite hero was John Milton's Devil and it's nice to hear him say it in public. The record was cut early in the Presidential campaign before Eldridge hooked up with the Yippies. It is calmer and more "rational" than his later stuff. His mad romp through Babylon was just beginning, it would culminate in the Berkeley Community Theater on Panther/Vippie night.

Check out the book and album. It's only partial Eldridge and not the best--but what a cat like Cleaver might casually scratch on the wall of men's room or speak in his sleep is worth more than 99 per cent of the mass-produced-for-profit-and-washed-brains-bullshit that the Board of Regents would call scholarship.

## HEY, FBI, WHY DON'T YOU DO IT IN THE --

Writing in the Sunday Feb 23, 1966 Examiner, Leslie H. Whitten of the paper's Washington Bureau, SAYS "FBI INFILTRATES SDS, MILITANT BLACK GROUPS..."

"In 1965, J. Edgar Hoover -- utilizing information from FBI informants and other intelligence sources -- had warned that the SDS was seeking to radicalize the student power movement by connecting it with radical off-campus issues."

Whitten goes on to report, "Since then, the predictions have come home to roost in San Francisco, Berkeley, Madison, and other college cities."

Okay -- anybody who read the BARB "in 1968" and before would instantly recognize the "source" of J. Edgar's "intelligence" -- namely, leaflets, public statements in the press (both commercial and underground) and conventions of the many student dissident groups.

For example: in its very first issue (Aug 13, 1965) the BARB gave its ENTIRE back page to the Free Student' paper, put out by the UC Berkeley Free Student Union, an outgrowth of the FSM. What follows is a quote from that paper:

"The Free Student Union, born on the Sproul Hall steps last spring, is based on the following principles: Basic rights to govern our own internal affairs, to set our own conduct, and jointly with the faculty, to determine the form and nature of our education."

Sound familiar? Sound "subversive"? Sound "anarchistic"? This, of course, is not the thinking of the Establishment. So Hoover comes on strong. Gov Reagan picks up on it, and the nervous nelties of the middle-class (both black and white) feel safe that the FBI is "on the job" inferring for God, Country, and the Reader's Digest.

But Whitten doesn't let it go at that. Across the top of the front page he has another "quote." The headline reads "VIOLENCE SPLITS THE PEACE MOVEMENT" and goes on to report on the more radical-activist groups, such as "Up Against The Wall," and "who also use the abbreviated name 'UAW-69'."

Let's do some FBI "infiltrating" right now. No doubt, sitting on Hoover's desk is the translation of those initials. The BARB, however, can reveal them much sooner than the FBI and the SF Examiner. They stand for "UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHER-FUCKERS!"

So -- be prepared for another report next year by J. Edgar on what his super-dicks have found by penetrating the underground. G.K.



# HAYWARD STUDENTS LIBERATE CAFETERIA

Over 500 Cal State Hayward students liberated their cafeteria Wednesday, with cries of "Let's go eat!" and helped themselves to hearty meals.

The newly formed Third World Alliance on the Hayward campus took the action in retaliation against the administration ban on using the cafeteria for a rally. "The Third World Alliance has scared the hell out of the administration," Lady Tapia, a spokesman for the Mexican-American Student Confederation (MASC) told BARB. "We have issued 13 demands to which we want some kind of reply by the end of this week."

The demands ask for a Third World College to be established on the campus, employment of more Third World people at all levels of the school, and more student control of their own destiny. The FTFLF at Cal State is composed of basically the same groups as at UC, MASC, BSU, and the Asian-American Political Alliance.

Trouble on the East Bay campus was triggered last Friday when school officials refused to let the cafeteria be used for the final day of Black Culture Week. Because of rain students entered their eating hall anyway. Dishes were broken and garbage cans overturned in the ensuing fracas. At Wednesday's eat-in a lone campus cop appeared in the cafeteria to tell the students they were in an "illegal assembly." The cry of "Pigs off campus,"

## STUDENT ROBBED

While over 700 police occupied the goddamned campus and University Hall area Friday, a girl student was robbed only fifty feet from where days before 20 cops busted one lone hippy.

A man put a cloth over her face loaded with what was believed to be chloroform. He took her purse and fled. This bad scene took place a 7 pm just outside Morrison Hall, a few feet from where those cops made their "Custer's Last Stand" with that lone hippy.

This is typical of police activity -- they can't catch a crook! The Christian Science Monitor, of Feb 21, 1969, reports that "for the past seven years, the major prisons have been emptying at an ever-increasing rate" yet "during the

same period of time, the country's crime rate has been shooting upward."

The figures are: "Crime money to police up 89% -- Federal and state prison population down 8.1%."

A professor has a typical professor's explanation of it all. "In the first place, the arrest rate for felons has not gone up as fast as the rate of crimes known to police."

Translation: the cops can't catch them.

"Secondly, the clearance rate for such offenses has been dropping... I'm referring to those felonies reported to the police for which the offenders have been iden-

see p. 17





# COPS BEAT GI'S DATE AT BASE

What began as a minor traffic bust earlier this month of a companion ended as a nightmare for 22 year old Patsy Jane Prater of Berkeley.

The two-year veteran of VISTA told BARB this week how she suffered a vicious beating by an Oakland pig, two days in solitary confinement. She charged extreme violations of her constitutional rights.

Late Friday night, on February 14th, as she and a friend were leaving the NCO Club on the Oakland Army Base, they were pulled over by the MPs.

The Oakland cops were called in on a question of jurisdiction, and although the driver was busted by the MPs and later released, the Oakland cops insisted on pushing the issue.

"They claimed I was interfering with their interrogation of the driver," Mrs. Prater, whose friends call her "Stormy", explained.

"I was by the car, and one of them, Officer L. Mier, came over to me and said 'get up on the goddam sidewalk'."

"I said 'wait a minute!' and he grabbed me, saying 'OK, you're under arrest!'"

Stormy said she fell to the ground, at which time Mier, whom she described as a "big, beefy, typical pig", kicked her at least three times in the ribs, pulled her up to knee her in the stomach, and then twisted her arms behind her to handcuff her.

"I gave the pigs some back talk in the squad car," Stormy admitted. "So the cop said 'Listen, black bitch, if you don't want to cooperate, we have ways to make you before we get downtown'."

He then explained his actions to his fellow pig with "Niggers are just like animals, and that's how you've got to treat them," Stormy said.

At the station, Stormy was thrown into solitary confinement; "They claimed I was 'uncooperative during booking,'" she explained.

She remained there until Saturday evening when she was placed in the felony tank, and told of her charge: assault and battery of an officer.

"The first time I heard what I was charged with was when they moved me to the felony tank Saturday night," she added. "At no time was I ever advised of my constitutional rights, either."

Stormy's bail was posted by a bondsman, and she was finally released from her ordeal Tuesday afternoon.

Her family doctor, after examining her injuries, pronounced contusions and lacerations of her left wrist, right temple and cheekbone, and ribs. Stormy credited the Oakland pig for the wounds.

Although her felony charges have been dropped, she still must face an initial hearing March 13th in the Oakland Municipal Court on charges of disturbing the peace, resisting arrest, and battery.

"It's too much when a big fat pig with all the training that those Oakland cops get has to beat up and manhandle a woman to handcuff her!" was Stormy's final comment on the incident.

# WATCHIT, HERE COMES BADGE 288

Joe Finkelman, a reporter from Sacramento State, was at UC Tuesday taking pictures for his campus newspaper.

"You're invading my privacy," #288 of the Blue Meanies grunted, and pushed his finger into the reporter's lens. The camera was ok, but the reporter was shaken.

According to strikers, #288 has a reputation as one of the meanest hogs on the police line. Beware!

# PAPER THAT LIBERATES GI'S

by Lee Felsenstein

Remember the 43 black soldiers at Fort Hood who refused riot duty in Chicago last summer?

They got easier sentences by far than the Presidio "mutineers" convicted so far. The maximum so far has been eleven months. How could black GIs on a Texas base get this kind of treatment? The answer is organization, and specifically the American Servicemen's Union.

ASU moved fast after the news broke, and by the end of the first day had the military addresses of the GIs involved, civilian lawyers lined up for all, and a witness to post-arrest beatings. They conducted a political defense, spread the word through their newspaper "The Bond" (originally a Berkeley product) and came up with some amazing results.

22 of the GIs have been given special courts-martial, 12 were convicted and got the maximum six-month sentence. 16 got general courts-martial and 13 were convicted, with a maximum 11 month sentence. Two had charges dropped and three are still awaiting trial.

ASU also takes credit for helping to have rescinded the notorious order that sent GIs who refused to salute in Vietnam to the front. ASU Chairman Andy Stapp, "Pvt. (retired)" and editor of the Bond told BARB about these and other incidents in the life of the ASU.

Stapp explained that the ASU is limited in membership to enlisted men, and exists solely because of the draft and the war. The Union lists eight demands ranging from federal minimum wages through election of officers by enlisted men, to the right to disobey illegal orders--"like orders to go and fight in an illegal war in Vietnam".

The Vietnam demand is the major one, Stapp said. ASU doesn't want the reputation of just being for higher pay.

"The Union is essentially a resistance movement," Stapp explained.

Stapp is probably best known through an article on the ASU in last August's Esquire mag. He began his organizing activities while stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Since then he has become a virtual devil in the eyes of the brass.

Once when Andy was on trial for "subversion and disloyalty" shortly before his discharge, his wife drove a hundred miles to attend the proceedings. Her car was followed by a helicopter most of the way, and she was forbidden to enter the base on penalty of six months imprisonment.

Two movement reporters were also forbidden to enter; they did so and served the six month federal sentence. The Commanding General of the base, one Charlie Brown, explained the charges by saying that there were "rumors

blings on the base".

He was probably right. Reading the columns of the Bond one plows through almost nothing but letters from angry, disgusted GIs who tell of the thousands of ways the brass have of being bastards, particularly on political grounds.

The Bond has been the organ of the ASU since Jan. 1968. It originated in by its first editor Bill Callison. The first Union issue was distributed in the court-



room of Stapp's trial. "It shook them up pretty bad," Andy recalled. The Bond has since run fourteen issues.

Subscriptions are free to GI's and \$3 per year to civilians. The New York office of the ASU is at 156 Fifth Avenue, Room 633, New York NY 10011. Help is needed to distribute it locally. Call 655-9557.

The ASU is, fortunately, much more than the four-page Bond. "Bond isn't a newspaper," Stapp said, "it's an organizing tool. Our phone bill for one month is bigger than the Bond's budget."

Stapp told how there are ASU organizers on every military base and reservation, even some induction centers. If anyone wants to get in touch with them, they should notify the national office.

The organizers, who have to work underground most often, will be given the name of the interested party and will contact him.

Stapp warns those concerned that the ASU is not the ticket to the easy life in the military. It attracts fire as well as diverting it.

But it is a militant organization. Stapp himself bears the distinction of being convicted in Fort Hood's base town, Killeen, of "vagranacy" when he went down to help the Fort Hood 43.

He also wears an aluminum wedding ring fashioned by the Vietnamese from a part of a downed jet fighter. He got it from his wife, who had obtained it in Prague from the NLF before their marriage.

"I figure it's one less Colonel," Stapp mused.

# MACE RACE ON, SO NARY A BREATH

New dangers have been found in the use of MACE.

Dr. Gerritt W. H. Schepers of the District of Columbia Public Health Department has found that MACE and similar sprays can cause damage to the lungs and kidneys.

The danger comes from breathing the vapors; a danger which is concentrated when the MACE is used in close quarters.

Dr. Schepers also found that persons exposed to MACE-like sprays several times become allergic and can suffer "severe and potentially dangerous reactions."

This information was revealed last Saturday in an address by Prof. Joseph A. Page of Georgetown University delivered to the American Trial Lawyers Association meeting in San Francisco.

Dr. Schepers was working with the brand known as "Pacemaker" which is used by the D.C. police.

His research was initiated immediately after a damage suit was filed against the police by a victim of the spray.

Dr. Page noted in his address that the Federal Drug Administration, so eager to move to stamp out some drugs, has been dragging its feet in investigating MACE.

FDA is now doing no research on MACE and other CN-type tear gases; it is instead forging ahead on research into applying the stronger CS type gases to aerosol sprays.

And while the FDA is busy helping to develop more powerful sprays, Dr. Page accuses it of failing to publish the results of past MACE research. Dr. Ligon of FDA is said to have commented that he doesn't consider scarring of eyelids by MACE a permanent injury; it could always be removed by plastic surgery!

# HALLINAN CALLS MUTINY LAWYER'S CHARGES 'ABSURD'

by Jon Jacobson

The defense attorney for 16 Presidio GI's charged with mutiny called "absurd" charges this week that he was the instigator of the mutiny.

Attorney Terence Hallinan was called the "troublemaker" behind the October 14 incident by Ron Sypnicki defense counsel for Private John Colip presently on trial at isolated Fort Irwing in the Mohave Desert.

Colpin's attorney based his attack on the coincidence that two days before the soldiers protest, Hallinan surrendered to the military at the Presidio AWOL Steve Rowland who later appeared to be the leader of the prisoners demonstration.

"He (Sypnicki) is playing right into the Army's hands," Hallinan told BARB Wednesday. "He blames outside agitators for instigating the mutiny, not the illegal conditions existing inside the stockade."

Hallinan was angry. "I hope this isn't a deal Sypnicki made with the Army," he said. "Maybe he wants to free his client by putting me behind bars. I'm sure the Army is willing to make the

exchange. They hate me."

He pointed out that instigating a mutiny is a capital offense.

"Sypnicki claims I went inside the stockade disguised as a priest," Hallinan said angrily. "That's ridiculous."

The worst aspect of Sypnicki's deed, according to Hallinan, is that it puts Rowland in jeopardy of getting 50 years for "fomenting a mutiny."

"I'm disappointed he didn't have the decency to notify me of his defense strategy," Hallinan said. "I've never even met the man."

New facts about the killing of Richard Bunch, the incident which sparked the soldier's protest, were brought out February 20 by testimony at the Colip trial.

The Army's contention the guard aimed low at the prisoner was contradicted by an autopsy report on Bunch. The wound areas on the dead GI were on the heart, kidney, lungs, and spleen--all from the belt up.

Meanwhile, what further light on the case comes from a tape loaned to BARB by the North American Broadcasting Corporation.

"There was no call to halt before the shot," Lyden Blake, one of Bunch's fellow prisoners says in the tape interview. "I saw exactly what happened. I was ten feet away. The guard didn't go through the procedures they are supposed to follow."

"Just before he ran Bunch told the guard to aim for the back of his head," the eyewitness said.

Blake spoke of "twenty or thirty suicide attempts since I've been in. I've seen about ten myself," he says. "They usually cut their wrists or try to hang themselves with their pants legs. They're not just gestures but serious attempts that result in hospitalizations."

Steve Rowland had this to add on the subject of Presidio suicide attempts.

"One night the guy next to me was sitting on his bed calmly hacking away at his wrists," Steve Rowland told the NABC interviewer. "It's so strange to be lying in your bed and see that."

He told of a prisoner "so shaky he couldn't light a cigarette. At night he would sit up picking his teeth till they bled," Rowland said. "The guards have no medical training. They don't know what to do."

"I came in right after Bunch was shot," Rowland said. "The atmosphere in the stockade was tense. On the day of the protest I joined those who sat down."

"When we read the grievances," said Steve, "the Captain walked away. MPs with gas masks came. But we were only carried inside. I guess Captain Lamont read Article 94 (mutiny) but I didn't hear it."

Whether the accused could hear the captain is considered basic to their defense.

"We didn't realize what we did was a capital offense. This is America. Things like that are supposed to happen in Russia or some bad place like that. We didn't know what to expect. We thought someone would come and listen to us."

Another prisoner, Richard Duncan, described the Presidio segregated detention cells.

Richard Duncan the third prisoner on the tape interview, also talked about suicide attempts in the stockade and unsanitary toilet facilities. He mentioned a segregated detention cell used to discipline prisoners.

"They are 6 by 9 by 4 1/2 feet with a steel rack to sleep on and no toilets. You call a guard if you have to go but they don't always respond. So some prisoners have to relieve themselves anyway."

Testimony at the Colip trial brought out that the Presidio 27 is now reduced to 25. Two of the accused walked out of the base December 24 and are now believed to be in Canada.

# PRESIDIO SUPPORT MARCH READY

An all night candlelight vigil in support of the Presidio hostages will take place at the Civic Center in San Francisco, Tuesday March 4.

Vigilers are presently en route to San Francisco from Carmel on a 150 mile march. Other supporters from the East Bay and Marin are scheduled to join the marchers Tuesday evening at the Civic Center.

The purpose of these actions is "to focus public attention on the military injustice going on," Tom Ewing, one of the co-ordinators of the march told BARB.

Following the nightlong vigil, the demonstrators will go to entrance of the Presidio where the trial of the next five GI's is set to begin.

East Bay car pools for the march and vigil will start from the Free Church in Berkeley at 11 am Tuesday, and from the Oakland Opposition Center (5002 Foothill) at 6 pm the same day. For information on the march itinerary call 626-6976, or 431-4650.

High school students in San Francisco are also planning a rally of support of the stockade GI's.

"Everyone at school is furious about this, so we decided to do something," Kathy Myers, a senior at Lowell HS told BARB. A noon rally will be held Saturday, March 2 at Fellowship Christian Church, 2041 Larkin. The students will then march to the Presidio entrance. Rev. Philip Sarnham of Concerned Clergy and Laymen, and Jeff Sosnaud, student-body president of Washington HS are two of the scheduled speakers.

Another rally sponsored by the GI Association will be held on March 15, at the Marina Green. A GI Bill of Rights will be read at that assembly.

On the national level Republican Senator Charles Goodell of New York has asked Army Secretary Stanley Resor for a complete investigation of the case.

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## NEARLY BUSTED



Photo by Alexander

Bill Miller may have more "protection" than Nixon. That is, as long as Berkeley's pork patrol continues following Bill's campaign for city council as closely as it has to date.

Wednesday evening four carloads of brownshirts took off after two of Bill's campaign workers who were distributing posters. Eight or ten guards of the law followed Adele Johnson and Super Joel into Big Bill's store.

Adele was tastefully dressed in

furs. Not overdressed but dressed. The defenders of public morals were, of course, offended. They hassled her about indecent exposure, a disease rumored to exist in the minds of inhibited people who dislike human bodies.

Miller saw the hassle from across the street and returned to his store. Not wanting his place to get a bad name, he closed the store. The officers left, complimenting Bill on his campaign.

Miller is philosophical about

the police "protection" his campaign bandwagon is receiving. "I think they're scared. They know I'm going to win," he says. "I win this year. A few more hippies and some Black Panthers get on the council next time. That's the end of pig power in Berkeley."

There will be a campaign rally for Big Bill Miller Friday at 7:30. The Telegraph Avenue Liberation Front candidate will meet the public at Cody's Plaza.

# Blue Cue Thru

Telly's Blue Cue pool room is beating it. Kaput!

Frank Albanese, Emperor of the Forum, has bought out the Cue's lease as part of a deal with the Berkeley City Council to get himself a beer and wine license.

Cute, huh! Sounds like a 'twenties temperance lecture. No license for Franko and his plans for a cabaret until the pool room is busted.

By the way, BARB reported last week on rumors about cops spying for gambling from an attic peephole in the Cue. The rumors were true. In fact, the Cue's owner, Bob Morello, was one of four peo-

ple arrested last August because of police snooping.

Three customers were arrested for exchanging money (gambling to you) and Bob for allowing it to happen in his place, though he didn't know about it. At trial the cops explained how they had watched from the rafters to get the goods.

This week, Morello told BARB he had nothing to do with the cops spying. The only entrance to the attic, according to Morello, is through a trap door in the kitchen of the Forum.

That trap door is padlocked and it would be safe to assume that

the boss man at the Forum, Frank Albanese, has the key. Pigs in the kitchen are definitely not kosher.

Meanwhile, Bob Morello, who is 40 and has two daughters, 16 and 17, is closing up the Cue this Sunday, March 2nd, after over three years of doing business on the Avenue. Morello says, "This summer tore it for me. Too much violence. People are afraid to go into business."

BARB asked Morello if the cops are the problem.

"In a way. Three years ago there were a few beat cops who had contact with the street. Then they pulled them out altogether and let the street go to hell. Now they're trying to make up for it, I guess, and it's too much."

Morello thinks "hip cops" who know the people and their ways would be a good idea. He's talked to Chief Beall about it, but the rest is history....

Morello's farewell was, "I'm gonna miss a lot of the people on the Avenue. There are a lot of beautiful people there. But there are also a lot of very, very lonely kids whose parents failed them. My wife, who worked at the Blue Cue during the day was a substitute mother to a lot of them."

Now, about those pigs in the kitchen....

## FATTER

The Free Church is expanding its services to the community.

Last Wednesday, the first of regular weekly free dinners for all comers took place at the church. "It really isn't that expensive to feed people," staff member Trevor Michaels says.

The only hangup, Michaels said, is that the Health Regulations forbid cooking the Free Church building. So food has to be pre-cooked at staff member's houses and brought in.

From now on free food will be dished out every Wednesday at 6 pm at the Parker and Fulton street location. After the dinner people are encouraged to stay and talk about anything on their minds.

## STILL 7-UP

# BUT JUDGE KINDA GOES FOR COAK

Attorneys for the Oakland Seven, Mal Burnstein and Charles Garry were demanding the case be thrown out of court for lack of evidence. They asked for and were denied a directed verdict of acquittal Thursday.

If Judge George W. Phillips joins J. Frank Coakley and becomes the second person to believe there is a case against the Oakland Seven, the defense will begin its case on Monday, when Garry makes his opening statement to the jury. The defense reportedly has more than fifty witnesses, so it should be a very costly trial for Alameda County.

Things have gotten so bad for assistant DA, Lowell Jensen that even the overground press has turned against him. Both the Chronicle and the Examiner pointed out in their news columns this week that Jensen has failed to link the Seven together in anything.

Given all of Coakley's ballyhoo about this case, reporters and spectators (and no doubt the jury) had been waiting curiously to see what the prosecution had up its sleeve. About all it has produced has been five or six policemen of doubtful veracity, some innocuous photos, and a tape of the five hour rally held on Sproul Hall steps on the night of October 16, 1967.

Jensen had attempted to play only selected segments of the tape, but defense attorneys insisted that the entire tape be played so the jury could hear what was said in context.

As a result, the jurors heard a whole day of antiwar, antidraft, and anti-imperialist rhetoric, some of it exceedingly good, some very emotional, and some, the usual rally-teach-in stuff.

If anything, the tape was more helpful to the defense than to the prosecution. It allowed the political points about the war and the draft to be brought to the jury, something

the defense would have a hard time doing.

The jury seemed to react favorably to most of the speakers. It was probably the first time most of them had heard radicals talk without having it filtered through the mass media.

Jensen brought his final pig to the witness stand on Monday. He was officer John Stimmel, the man who arrested Bob Mandel. Stimmel claimed that Mandel was exhorting people to sit down in the street, and that when he was placed under arrest, Mandel tried to break away.

With defense counsel Charles Garry taking Mandel's part, and co-counsel Dick Hodge playing the role of the second officer, the 200 pound Stimmel showed how he had a hammerlock on the 150 pound Mandel. Garry tried to break out of the hammerlock but couldn't. Yet Stimmel claimed Mandel was able to.

Stimmel said he arrested Mandel for conspiracy although he had never seen him "conspiring." On cross-examination, Stimmel explained that he was told by members of the Alameda County DA's office that Mandel was guilty of conspiracy. Stimmel also testified that he saw no police brutality.

Stimmel was followed to the witness stand by Oakland police photographer John Moore. There was a lengthy argument over the admissibility of Moore's pictures.

After defense counsel Mal Burnstein argued for nearly an hour, Judge George W. Phillips decided to let Moore's photos be shown to the jury. Burnstein seemed inclined to carry the argument further, but Garry said in a loud voice, "You know the judge isn't going to rule against Mr. Jensen", and Burnstein, struck by the revealed truth in this statement, stopped objecting.

When the pictures were finally shown, they proved nothing. They showed a few people, possibly blocking traffic on Clay or 14th St. None of the Oakland Seven were identifiable in the pictures.

Garry took the opportunity to allow Moore to contradict brother pig Stimmel. The latter had said there was a sit-in in the vicinity of Clay and 14th Sts. Moore said he saw nothing of the kind.

Moore also said that he did not take pictures of the front of the police wedge (when police were beating up newsmen and photographers) but that his exposures just happened to be incorrectly set for that series, although this never happened to him before or after that moment.

## FUZZ HASSLE HIKERS

She'd hitched at least thirty times from the corner of Shattuck and University without a problem. But she found that if you're young and hip-looking in Berkeley you can't expect good luck indefinitely.

Early Wednesday evening, eighteen-year-old Lynn Hall was thumbing at that corner along with two girlfriends from San Francisco when badge numbers 25, 35 and 44 drove up. Approaching the chicks, they demanded to see ID's.

Then the hassle began. None of the chicks had ID's on them. A small crowd gathered as the cops went through the girls' pockets. Lynn explained that she had an ID at her hotel room.

So she is escorted to the hotel, and the uptight cops walk her up to her room carrying clubs (!). After seeing her welfare identification card (she's pregnant), one officer wisecracks "we pay taxes so you can get pregnant." By the time she was returned to her friends she was crying.

Lynn is now free, but the friends, Shirley Golan and Paulette Sussnis, meanwhile were hauled off to juvenile hall just for looking underage, or suspicious, or something.

Lynn explained that one of the girls had a birth certificate, but that wasn't good enough.

While the cops try to contact the two "girls' parents, Lynn says she is doing all she can to free them.

Another fine step in the improvement of police-community relations.

## REALLY RIPPING, RAFFLES

Hey! How would you like to be the only person on your block to have a pane of glass from the paddy wagon that was overturned and smashed during last Thursday's riot? What about owning Lowell Jensen's fountain pen? Would you like a replica of one of the sticks that Terry Cannon was indicted for carrying in his car-trunk? How about an official Alameda County Courthouse ashtray, or a date with an Oakland Seven?

These are just some of the prizes in the Oakland Seven's giant raffle. Tickets are being sold on the campus, in bookstores and elsewhere. They are 50 cents each, or five for \$1. All proceeds go to Stop The Draft Week Defense Fund.

The drawing will be in late March, at the big demonstration being planned for the end of the Oakland Seven trial. Lowell Jensen will be asked to draw the winning tickets on the steps of the courthouse.

## NO SILVER LINING

Dear Boss:

Saturday nite, around 10 I was walking on the Av in the vicinity of Pepe's passing the evening in conversation and browsing in various stores when several officers led by badge no. 15 approached me.

They said I had a bulge in my pocket and told me to empty my pockets. This bulge, which seemed so distressing, hadn't interested them the various other times these (or any other) officers had passed me that evening or any other evening (I tend to carry scraps of paper, hair brushes, gloves, etc. without any thought in mind that they might be illegal contraband) so I protested the search.

No. 15, who knows me on sight by name from previous genial encounters, stated that it didn't matter whether I did it or he did, but I would be searched. As he and another--went rooting thru my pocket, he dropped the remark that, "if we find anything it will just be an illegal pinch and" I would get off.

I can recall no instance on my part which would justify no. 15's assertion that I would be holding a bomb or a gun. I certainly never gave a hint that I might have any good critter food like apple cores for him to go rooting in my coat. This hasn't happened to me a

long time for one thing because I have been known for a long time to the heat on the av as not having anything on me when I'm searched and by this time they haven't figured out that I'm not a runaway.

My association with the BARB is well known as is the fact that I have relatives and former schoolmates in the suburbs. One officer recently announced that he had not seen me around my parents' neighborhood lately.

Taken together, my consternation sate me down, I was twitching. I almost forgot to get the man's badge no.

Several minutes later while I was at The Store, the pack of pigs came up to the door to be let in. Several of the store people went out to talk to them. One officer was quoted as saying "thank Bill Miller (The Store's embattled owner) and a potential homeless waif due to his lease hassle with Yarmo's) for the tip."

Those cops could go on to be great fiction writers.

I hope that's all, boss.

Pink Cloud

P.S. I am filing a complaint thru ACLU with the encouragement of the Better Berkeley Council and several witnesses. The streets belong to the people. Power to the people.

# MEET THE NEW SHERIFF, BOYS

by Steve Albert

The trial began in the judge's chambers on Tuesday February 11. Judge Talbot and the DA were reading a BARB article reprinted as a leaflet about my attitude toward them and the due process in state court.

They were both pissed but they showed it differently. Talbot acted like a small town judge who used to see me ride by the courthouse on a tiny tricycle — at that time all the folks expected great things from me, and now sadly no one seems to be communicating any more and I'd become the town's Saturday night troublemaker. The DA's response was openly hostile. Walt Brown is twenty-seven years old — two years younger than me — and his mamma brought him up to be a boy. No one in Walt Brown's background ever made the requirement that he become a man.

Master District Attorney was really defensive. He insisted that he was fair-minded and not a racist.

"Why do you judge me by what other DA's do, why do you want to alienate a fair-minded DA?"

I looked at Brown's young clean shaven face. It had the heavy burden of having gone through the mold and having come out with a look of sadness that is about to cry, not for humanity but its own inadequacy.

The charges were trespassing with the intent to fuck things up, malicious (as opposed to playful) mischief and disturbing some Habituee's Peace.

We got to choosing the jurors and it looked like a good group, a combination of the black community and Co-ops members. It did not seem like a fair group would send me to prison for wearing a Panther button in their presence.

In questioning prospective jurors I tried to get at their biases. They all deny they have them, and this is a lie, so what you have to do is discover on whose team they want to play so bad that they will commit perjury.

At one point there were seven blacks in America's jury. I knew the DA would not allow this racial imbalance in favor of anarchy. But the first juror he disqualified was a white student, and then I knocked off a businessman who admitted that he never talked politics with his life-long friend, Judge Stata.

The session ended and Brown confessed to me that he wanted to disqualify a Panther-looking black cat first, but that "all your friends would have called me a pig."

This would have hurt him. Poor Master District Attorney is so immature that he wants to be loved by his victims.

One young guy sat in the jurors box and stated under questioning from the DA that he read the BARB and the Express Times. The DA promptly disqualified him. During recess the ex-juror came over to me and apologized for blowing his cover.

There was one juror who had escaped the Nazis. He was an older Jewish man who under my questioning stated that he thought the Blacks in America were in the same position that Jews were in Germany before the six fell. Somehow he stayed on the jury. I knew he would be with me, but I wondered if he would have the guts to hold out in the jury room.

An older Berkeley woman who you know belongs to the Co-Op was also chosen. She said she was a member of the ACLU. When the DA asked her if she could find someone guilty even though they might have to go to jail, she said that only in a murder trial, because she was opposed to capital punishment, would she have trouble finding someone guilty.

The judge told her that the death sentence wasn't an issue in the case. We all laughed, but I distinctly heard the pump-faced pat-bellied ballist matter to the court clerk "Unfortunatly!"

The final jury had five blacks on it. Two working black men (one of guys mentioned Eldridge by the first name) and three white (a friendly real estate agent and the other two, darker, and in terms of their motives irrelevant).

There was one white with a beard on my jury. He would become the foreman, a youngish guy who was a student at Cal and also connected with the administration. In summations I exposed a few of his notes. He told me he did not discriminate against people who beat birds. Maybe he is one of the administrative liberals who will occasionally deal a card to humanity but basically believe that nigger Vippie cash should be swept in to a center of the road incinerator.

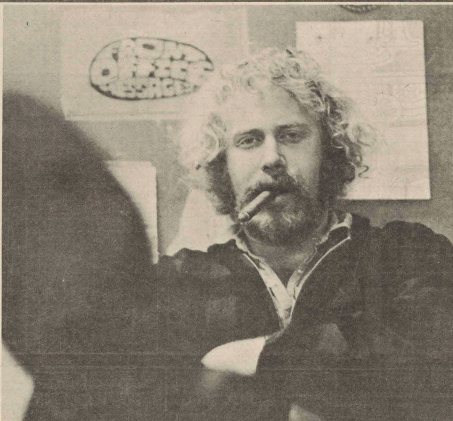
A sort of attractive housewife whose son goes to Cal was on the jury. She took a few notes. She told me her son had long hair; and during a recess, when she saw a pig wagon bringing in some students from Cal, she looked out a window and said "I wonder if any of my kids are there?"

She was very expressive throughout the trial, and I was sure that her sympathies were with me, but I suspected her brains lacked durability and might be turned in a bad jury-recess direction.

All the jurors swore under oath that they had absolutely no opinions on the Moses Hall sit-in, and would not give the least damn opinion in giving their verdict. The DA's case against me was basically non-existent. His witnesses only testified about what other people did. None of the Deans claimed they saw me do anything. The police who were called had been made from they saw me sitting down in a room with lots of people and they arrested everyone in the room including me.

All the atrocity photos of barricades, broken typewriters and toppled up floors were shown. I showed the damage that had occurred before I entered the building. A telephone bill that was introduced only showed the name long distance phone calls had been made from Moses Hall. There was no evidence as to who made them.

The prosecution had one star witness, Officer Bruniers, a Berkeley Pig who is a fulltime student at UC in



## MEET THE NEW SHERIFF, BOYS

"Alameda County Justice is for the pigs, by the pigs, and of the pigs," declared Steve Albert this week when he announced his candidacy for the office of Alameda County Sheriff.

"It is in total violation of constitutional rights, and if elected I will crush this 'justice,'" he added.

Stew's opponent in the race for sheriff is current Chief Pig Tom Madigan. Stew's slogan for the campaign, he said, is "Slap Madigan, Madigan. This town isn't big enough for both of us."

Stew expects much of his support in his race for office to come from the ranks of students, Black Panthers, dope-dealers, prostitutes, and all so-called "degenerate elements of society."

Several people who overheard Stew's announcement of political science, Bruniers has been on the police force for a year. He was the undercover pig who was in the building for part of the time, and he admitted volunteering to give the Red squad a spy-job.

Bruniers came off like a stung liar on the witness stand. He claimed I made some motions at a meeting in Moses Hall, that were pure figments of his put-me-in-a-lull imagination.

This little PIGGY pig was easy to take apart. For one thing I had a bunch of witnesses who were at that meeting (including a Dean) who never heard me say anything. Another point was that Bruniers took no notes while in the building, and was claiming a super memory. He fucked up when he couldn't even remember what was in his own report. When he was excused from the stand, he left the courtroom to the accompaniment of our movement's joyous snickers.

I do not understand Bruniers. He is six years younger than me and a flagrant traitor to his generation. There are some old time cops who took the job during the depression when things were hard, and for them it's just a way of making a living. But in this time of American revolution I think that only an efficient sadpsychotic would put the tin star on and administer next year's fascism.

My case was simple. I entered the building to report the sit-in for the BARB. I never broke anything. I never spoke at any meetings, and in terms of breaking any laws I was no different from the guy from the Oakland Tribune.

I brought BARB editor Max Scherr to the stand and he testified that he assigned me to cover the event. The DA tried to porography-bait the defense by showing Max a picture in the BARB of a man's asshole and asking him if he agreed with the subject matter. I got the judge to rule the photo as inadmissible as evidence, and the jury never saw the asshole or got Max's under oath considered judgement of it.

Ella Knight Thompson, program director of KPFA was a character witness and testified that I was an honest man, and that she thought a lot of people in Berkeley agreed with her.

The judge refused to allow in any testimony on the history of 1939, and so Troy Duster, a Cal Sociology Prof, could only say that he knew I was a reporter for the BARB. I took the witness stand on my own behalf, and rapped to the jury for an hour. When you are your own lawyer, you don't have to ask yourself questions on the witness stand. I just gave a narrative and was able to get a lot of stuff in that, if I had asked as a question to another witness

his candidacy voiced their puzzlement as to how long the race will run, when the elections will be, etc. "Why a candidate can start running any time he wants to," Stew reassured them. "I'm really doesn't matter when the election is..."

If elected, Stew promised, "I will not collect any salary as Sheriff. I intend to live off the graft."

"The Sheriff of Alameda County is the top cop," he went on. "He has the legal right to take over any police force in the county."

"As Sheriff, I intend to take over ALL the police forces, righteously purge them, then with revolutionaries in command, make the streets totally unsafe for all the pigs of the police structure. That includes ex-Sheriff Madigan."

"The reason I'm running for the office," he added, "is because Mao Tse Tung and Huey Newton are right... political power begins at the barrel of a gun!"

would probably have been ruled irrelevant by the judge. DA Brown cross-examined me for a whole day and tried to get me to contradict myself. He couldn't do it, and finally found himself on the level of asking such questions as, "How much do you weigh, Mr. Albert?"

When we got to our summations to the jury, the DA was no longer defensive about his being a bigot. He had let two many blacks and liberals on the jury because he didn't want to hear oinks in the courtroom. But now he was desperate and he rapidly reduced himself to a two-ounce plastic toy model of Lowell Jensen trying to send Huey Newton to the gas chamber.

Maybe Walt Brown thought his career was on the line. His closing speech was dumber than a Berkeley Gazette Editorial. He told the jury they had a right to judge if the BARB was a legitimate newspaper, that my appearance proved I wasn't a legitimate reporter, and that no legitimate reporter could wear the Huey Button I wore through the whole trial and be a supporter of the Black Panther Party. With no evidence to go on, this junior schvicer was reduced to holding up a picture of me and saying that the expression on my face proved I was guilty.

In my response, I told the jury that the case cozed with reasonable doubt, and then proceeded to pick the DA's carcass clean of all its bullshit. I told the jury that I made no pretense at being an objective journalist, and that all my love and sympathies were with Eldridge and the Black Panthers. But the facts of the case showed that I committed no crimes in Moses Hall, and that my political sympathies, or the quality of the BARB, was not in a trial.

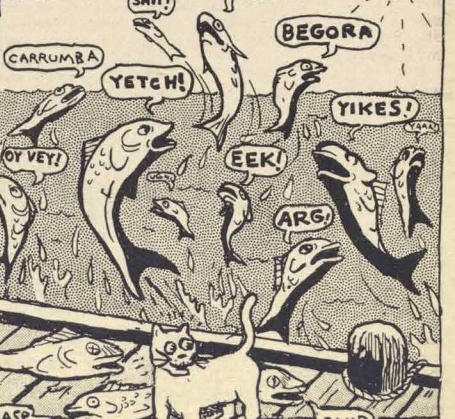
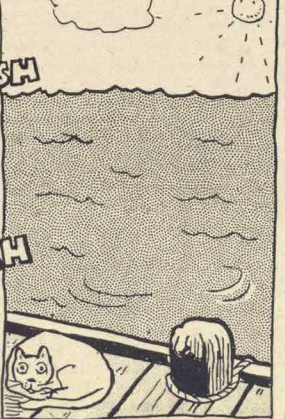
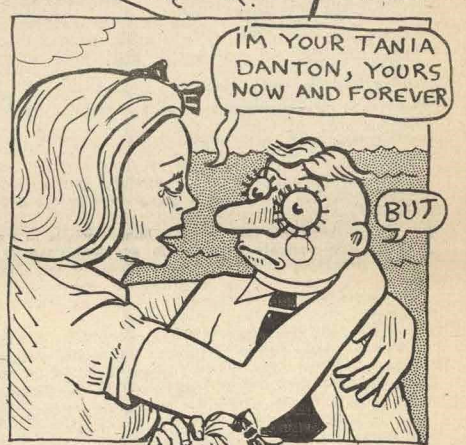
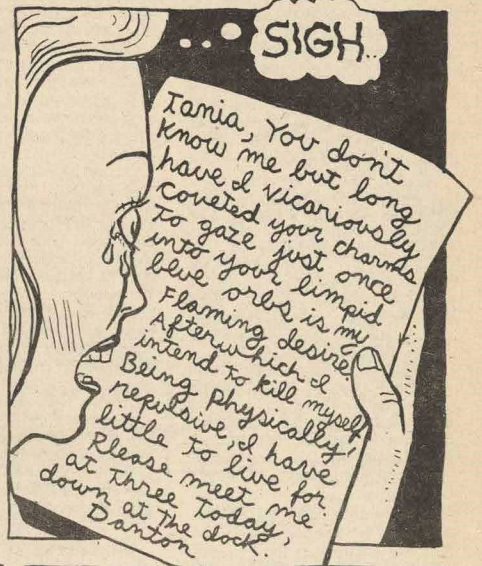
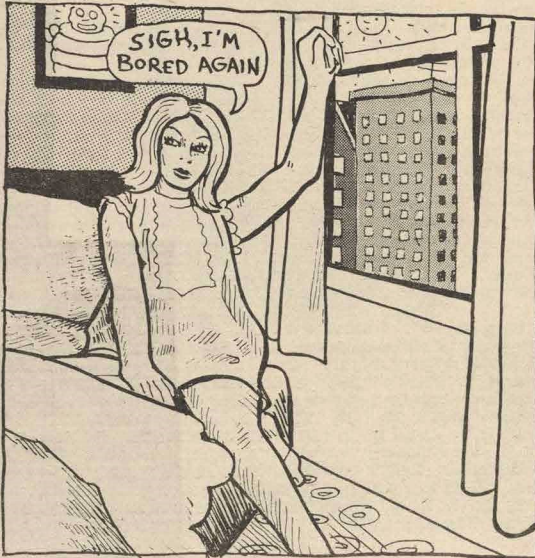
We both spoke for about an hour, but the court reporter told me that I had said twice as much as the DA and that she was exhausted taking it all down.

After lunch, the DA gave his rebuttal. It was the limp speech of a beaten man. His reactionary bluster was deflated, and he gave up after half an hour, his 'how to be a DA Kif' having failed him.

In Judge Talbot's chambers after the jury had begun its deliberations, Walt Brown told me that his concluding speech was for shit, and that I did a better job than he. Brown temporarily lost faith in the institutions he is paid to defend — he actually thought the jury would be back in an hour with a complete acquittal.

The gas chamber balliff said "Stew, you were great and you know how hard it is for me to say that". For a Rees-

# Princess Kat Komix





by Jeff Jaisum

The man who is determined to be music's most "incredible paradox" or being it has jumped right out of the 1950's and into San Francisco's lap.

Screeamin Jay Hawkins, who in 1953 wrote and sang the original "I Put A Spell On You", made his first appearance in the continental United States in nine years at the Avalon Ballroom recently.

It was a real mind-blower. Since 1958 Hawkins has lived in relative obscurity, spending several years in the Caribbean and the Orient, and finally settling down in Hawaii. He expressed confidence about his "comeback."

"Spell was a real freak," Screeamin Jay related at a slightly reduced decibel range. "It took me a month to learn where the screams and groans were cause I was drunk when it was recorded."  
"In fact the record was such a 'freak that they banned him! It still sold a million. Now I'm going to do something better."

Indeed, Jay's original recording of "Spell," despite its overwhelming success, was a little too off the wall for Columbia Records at the time. Artist and industry sound company Columbia decided to follow-up with an "Alligator Wine."

"I was talking on doing it my way—I kept telling them 'I can't do it my way' — but the producer says, 'well, we want to sound more like the Fats Domino'. Man, I AIN'T Fats Domino!"

From as early as 1952 to 1958 when he left the States, Hawkins was working the prestigious Apollo Theater in New York five or six times a year. His shows never failed to come off well (if you blow it in the Apollo you just lost out).

He delights in proudding his audience with mischievous joking and chicanery in addition to the fine sounds he produces on stage. The mischief is a Screeamin Jay trademark.

"The least expected is the most effective," Jay maintains. "I like setting up in the balcony of a dark hall with a box of rubber bands and dropping handfuls over the side, or saying in a voice just loud enough to hear below, 'Worms.'"  
In 1954 or thereabouts Jay signed with Decca Records. "They said they would let me do my own thing and they would distribute and promote it, but the record (Alligator Wine) was never even played."

After several more years of dogging around the rock circuit Jay left for Jamaica. "I hung around with witches, cats who didoodoo, messed with skulls and herbs — all that stuff cause I was looking for something different to put music in."  
"I came back with this far out bag and they told me again, 'you're a little out, man, you're a little out.' (Witness Dr. John, the Night Tripper now.)"

To complicate matters, Jay's insistence on getting what he feels is right earned him little popularity among the then artistically sensitive recording people. "Every time I went somewhere I had already been given the reputation of "hard to work with" and I met with almost immediate defiance."  
In 1960 Jay decided to take his act to the Orient. He made frequent appearances in Japan, Okinawa, and Honolulu where he finally settled down. Since 1963 he has played the club circuit in the islands, gigging mostly as an emcee and stand-up comic.

Because of his prolonged absence from continental public life came widespread rumors that he was no longer alive, that one of his fiery chicks had done him in. Jay attributes the tales to an incident with a former old lady who in 1963 did pump three slugs into him and added a purple with a knife for good measure.

"I was so shocked, you know. You doin this to ME? After I put up with all your live?"

"The biggest mistake was trying to chase her. Somewhere in between turning around and pulling the blade out of my side I passed out. Next thing I knew here I was in the hospital and they were pumping the blood out of my lungs."

"It may be that dialectical theory finds its present truth in its own helplessness. This is not my view" — R.D. Laing, "The Politics of Experience" (Ballantine Books 1958).

Ronald Laing is a young British physician and psychiatrist who points out that "Normal men have killed perhaps 100,000,000 of their fellow men in the last fifty years...."

"Society highly values its normal man. It educates children to lose themselves and to become absurd, and thus to be normal." (Shades of Tim Leary, who said about the same thing last week in Berkeley.)

Scientific socialism, the dialectics of Karl Marx, has ceased to be a means of communication not only between nations, but between



Then he cuts loose with Bobby Day's Little Bitty Pretty One and everybody moves and shouts. The prince attacks his piano with Doin'-ish triplets and pulsating charging phrases that ring reminiscent of early Jerry Lee Lewis.

But you know it's all Hawkins. The sidemen are still loose and the jokes a little curly from the laziness of Honolulu night clubs. Screeamin Jay Hawkins is a flash from the fifties, an anachronism too good to be true. But that doesn't make him any less real.

# Catch 8 1/2

peoples.

If I read Laing correctly, the normal Marxist man is about to overkill another 100,000,000 people to maintain the normalcy of their socialist state and — if they aren't ready to "defend" it — then China is ready, so, between one or the other, we are going to continue our normal way of life.

(The US is not mentioned in this frame of reference because it is quite normal in its capitalist sense).

Israel is rapidly becoming another Algeria (bombs exploding in markets, etc, by Arab guerrillas) yet in talking with a prof of psychology (now on strike at SF State), he thought the Israelis were being brave in the face of this threat.

Agreed — but being brave is being normal and they will bravely and normally be eliminated, either slowly by bombs, or in a normal war.

This professor's solution was to have the United Nations pass some resolutions against the Arabs "for a change."

The normalcy of this attitude is precisely what Laing calls "ab-surd."

It is rather difficult, therefore, to understand Laing's optimism (when I come to his happy happy I will let you know. Meanwhile, bear with me, thank you).

Having thus disposed of the Soviet Union, China, and Israel, what's left?

Well, there's Lenny Lipson, there's the Beatles ("Nothing is Beat-er-proof" — Yellow Submarine), and there may be William Mandel (but he may go down with the Russians).

There is one concept ALREADY done in by its normal people — Can-

ny. This delightful and dreamy community over the hills from Berkeley, came face to face with normalcy this week when they were given two days to leave their own homes.

Just like the houseboat people of Sanisland, they found they can't live WITHIN a normal establishment — or they don't, normally will smash them.

(S) State already has partially smashed Mandel's class on Russia and Heyden's class on politics.)

There's no escape, man, either in drugs or hippie-communities, or suburbs. All there is in de-laying-action (life is a delaying-action against death).

Could this be the meaning of Richard Brautigan's novel "In Watermelon Sugar..." (City Lights Books, \$1.95) in an idyllic community, like Canyon, the main town is called "DEATH"?

G.K.

## STEREO 95 INVITES YOU TO TURN ON WITH

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# STUDENT ROBBED

from p. 8  
tified, caught, and charged."  
Translation: the cops can't catch them.  
What this professor seems to

ignore (he is Lloyd Ohlin, prof of criminology at Harvard) is that if this trend keeps up, nobody will be in jail and everybody will be out robbing and mugging.  
G.K.

# Electrifying!



Eddie Harris, who has done more for the electronic concept in jazz than any other musician, goes one step farther on this LP. Here Harris is armed with a "plexitone" sax which enables him to play duets and even trio sounds by himself. "Silver Cycles" features the saxist in a variety of settings that range from psychedelic to African. Outstanding sides include *Smoke Signals*, *Silver Cycles*, *Free At Last* and *1974 Blues*.



Send for FREE catalogue: ATLANTIC RECORDS, 1841 Broadway, New York 10023

# DOCS DIG DOUGH

"There is no place in Berkeley where a person can get medical care without paying for it," according to a spokesman for the Berkeley Health Information and Counseling Center. The center is set up to do what it can to provide medical services needed by the poor community and the street people.

In January, they tried to contact doctors and dentists of the Berkeley area, requesting aid in developing a list of M.D.s willing to accept referrals from the Health Service. They sent 328 letters asking if physicians and dentists "would accept our referrals with the understanding that the reward may be uncertain."

Out of 31 replies 13 doctors and one dentist indicated a willingness to take referrals.

Center director Isabel Weissman explained some of the problems the center encounters.

"You can't treat drug-oriented diseases without treating the surrounding causes," she said. Some of the people we send over to Highland (Hospital) never get there. One thing we've still got to know is how bad does someone

have to hurt before he will take the trouble to get treatment."

The ways of some street people perplexed her.

"And after they have gotten the results of the tests and some medication, and are given a return appointment," she continued, "they never show up. Some of these diseases take lots of treatment, but they don't return. Ask your people this--Why don't they come back?"

"Look at the conditions of living we see", she said, "exposure cases, malnutrition. You aren't concerned with eating properly when you're high."

These are the kind of things the Health Service sees a lot of--people mistreating their bodies and sooner or later they have to get help. They go down to the Health Service. It has an intern there every night who will examine and recommend treatments. He will also, if necessary, send a patient right over to one of the hospitals in the area, and will use his contacts to get the patient through a lot of the red tape that might be encountered. Highland Hospital is most often used because generally Herrick clinic charges too much.

There is more at the center than just health referral, important as it is. There are places where people can dry out and come down without having to fear police. There is competent medical aid on hand and information--like don't use barbituates to come off of speed; if you overdose, the convulsions and lung arrest can kill

see p. 26

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# JOHN MAYALL



Vacation; Walking On Sunset; Laurel Canyon Home; 2401; Ready To Ride; Medicine Man; Somebody Acting Like A Child; The Bear; Miss James; First Time Alone; Long Gone Midnight; Fly Tomorrow.  
PS 545



Where Did I Belong?; I Started Walking; Open Up A New Door; Fire; I Know Now; Look In The Mirror; I'm A Stranger; No Reply; Hartley Quits; Killing Time; She's Too Young; Sandy.  
PS 537



Brand New Start; Please Don't Tell; Down The Line; Sonny Boy Blow; Marsha's Mood; No More Tears; Catch That Train; Cancelling Out; Harp Man; Brown Sugar; Broken Wings; Don't Kick Me.  
PS 534



Oh, Pretty Woman; Stand Back Baby; My Time After A While; Snowy Wood; Man Of Stone; Tears In My Eyes; Driving Sideways; The Death Of J. B. Lenoir; I Can't Quit You Baby; Streamline; Me And My Woman; Checking On My Baby.  
PS 529

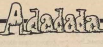


A Hard Road; It's Over; You Don't Love Me; The Stumble; Another Kinda Love; Hit The Highway; Leaping Christine; Dust My Blues; There's Always Work; The Same Way; The Super-Natural; Top Of The Hill; Someday; After A While (You'll Be Sorry); Living Alone.  
PS 502



All Your Love; Hideaway; Little Girl; Another Man; Double Crossing Time; What'd I Say; Key To Love; Parchman Farm; Have You Heard; Ramblin' On My Mind; Steppin' Out; It Ain't Right.  
PS 492





MESSAGES

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PAUL KRASKA... I think of you as always, Mother... BURNETT MAKER who is

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YOUNG BLACK YOUNG BOY... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

YOUNG WINNING COUPLE... wishes to meet other swigging couples or singles... I'm looking for a woman

INTERESTED IN RUBBER, BONDAGE... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

LOOKING FOR A MAN OR STUDENT... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

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LOOKING FOR A MAN OR STUDENT... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

MAN 21 seeks gay post-25/30... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

RESPONSIBLE GIBL, or woman... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

THOSE THAT GIBL, for or woman... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

THE EAST BAY... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

IF MARKED, MARRIED, or bisexual... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

MARRIED MAN 27 actually disinterested... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

GAY GRAD 28 seeks gay fr. Exec... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

MARRIED MAN 25, married but open... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

PENNSILVIA AREA MALE, 27, seeks... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

BACKWARD YOUNG MAN 21 wants to... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

MALE, 21, wants... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 25, very attractive... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

WELL built, business professional... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

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WANTED European sweetheart or friend... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

ORAL trained m/valry 35, 5-21... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

CULTURED English executive married... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

STABLE, alert, interesting man who... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

Experimental and/or medical... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

Wanted woman for sex... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

Wanted woman for sex... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

Wanted woman for sex... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

We do not guarantee publication of any ad... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

THE BERKELEY BARB... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

MAN Middle age wants same for... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

WANTED VW ENGINE... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

1947 Ford 2 ton panel truck... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

1976 Calif. Sp. S.F. 76-8851... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

FRANCIS looking for girls... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

YOUNG MAN 30, with wife and kids... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

YOUNG MALE SEeks THE affection... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

Interested English executive married... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

Experimental and/or medical... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

Wanted woman for sex... I'm looking for a woman... I'm looking for a woman

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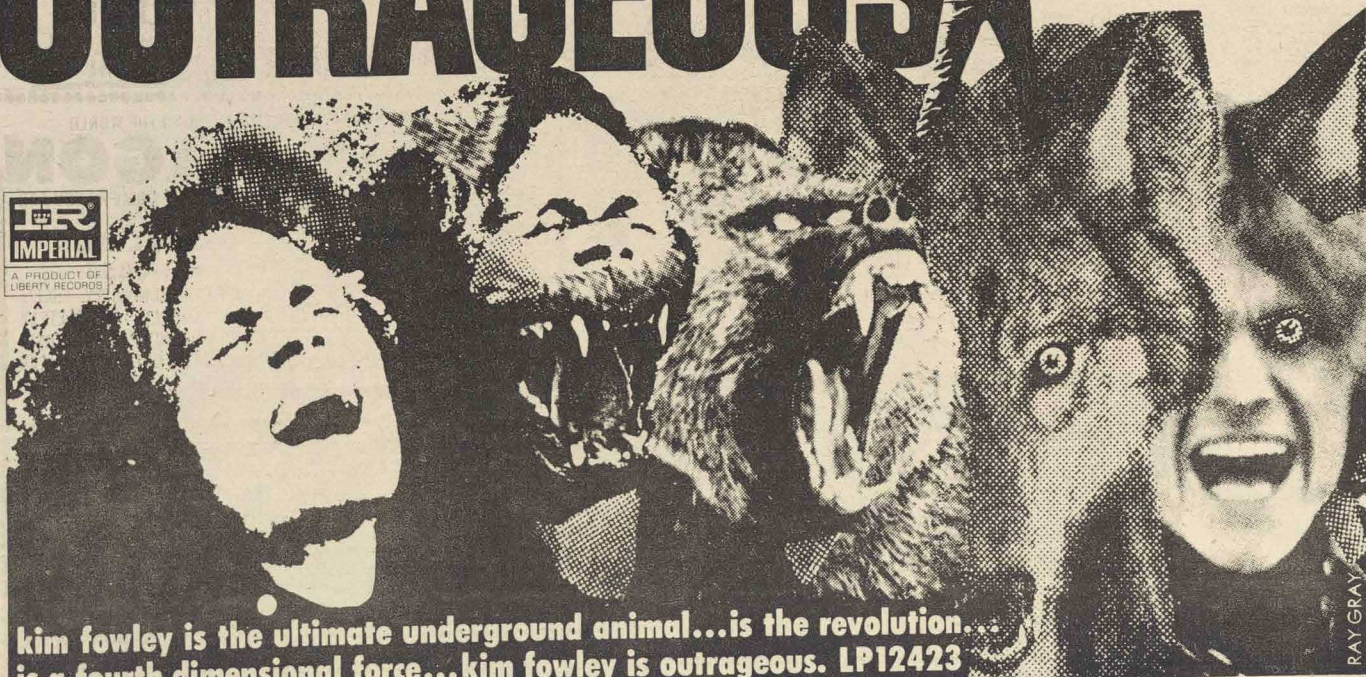
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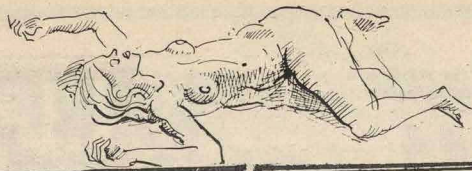
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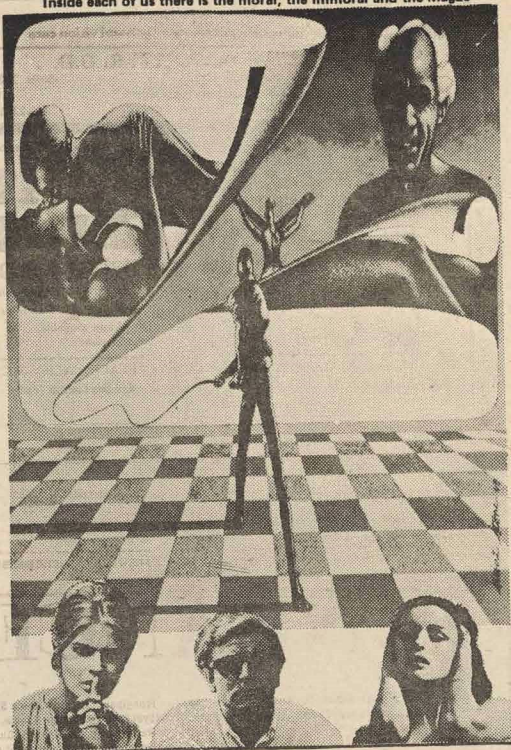


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**MOSES HALL**

"The Price of hating other human beings is loving oneself."  
 Eldridge Cleaver - SOUL ON ICE

The first of the casualties came before any confrontation. A girl with a lacerated toe.

"How did it happen?" I asked.  
 "Oh, I was jumping from a barricade and must of caught my foot on a nail." She was short and plump and good-humored.

"Were you bare-footed?"  
 "No, I was wearing sandals," she sighed.

The wound was beneath and on the side of the fourth toe. After the nurse cleansed her foot, I anesthetized and sutured the toe. Just a few nylon sutures required, but a difficult area in which to work. The girl had received a tetanus booster within the past year so didn't need another. One less jabbing.

We had been alerted to the possibility of many injuries. Several of the nurses worked a double shift that night. Three or four staff physicians were on call at home, ready to come to the hospital if needed. We waited.

Another student with an injured toe, this time a tall slender fellow with camera slung over his shoulder. He'd been taking photographs for the DAILY CALIFORNIAN.

"How did it happen?" I asked.  
 "I jumped from a barricade." One of his toes was dislocated, jutting out at a strange angle. I injected an anesthetic, reduced the dislocation, and ordered x-rays in the morning.

"That looks better," he said. The nurse taped the toe to an adjacent one and he hobbled out of the hospital.

We waited. The hospital administrator returned from the campus police station and sat down at the second floor nurses' station. He looked worried.

"Man Oh Man," he said, "They are really mad."

The second sit-in in a week. Sproul Hall a few days ago and now Moses. Some of the police were thumping their nightsticks against tables and walls.

I went upstairs to the doctors' quarters and tried to sleep. Maybe



I did for an hour or so. At 6 AM the telephone rang.

"Doctor, there are four or five state highway patrolmen in the dispensary. One has blood coming from his mouth." I dressed and went downstairs.

Three uniformed policemen were in the emergency room, one lying on the operating table. His mouth was covered with blood.

"How did it happen?" I asked.  
 "Hit by a brick," he replied.  
 One of his front teeth was chipped. The blood came from a small laceration inside his upper lip.

"Do you have a dentist?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Better see him tomorrow."  
 The nurse gave him a tetanus booster.

A student entered the emergency room, holding a blood-soaked handkerchief to his forehead. He glared momentarily at the policeman lying a few feet away.

I removed the handkerchief from his forehead and saw a jagged laceration about an inch and a half in length.

"What happened?"  
 "I guess I didn't move fast enough or something. I was just on the sidelines watching and was hit with a billyclub." I ordered skull x-rays.

More police entered the dispensary. A senior staff physician joined me. She looked at the scene which now resembled a disaster area and shook her head sadly.

One of the uniformed men lay on a table too narrow for his girth. He was an old man with a huge belly and obviously had been called out of retirement.

"What happened to you?"  
 "Hit in the ribs with a brick."  
 The x-rays showed no fractured ribs but I knew this to be a painful injury from my own memories

of a kick in the ribs long ago. I gave him a codeine preparation for pain.

Most of the injuries were contusions and abrasions. Bruises and scrapes. One young highway patrolman had a laceration of his shin. Another brick.

As I sutured the wound he said, "Man, will I be glad to go home. My wife and kids haven't seen me in four days."

"Yeah," another patrolman cracked, "We spend so much time at this university they should give us degrees."

The skull films of the injured student were ready now. He joined the grey-haired doctor and me as we looked for fracture lines.

"Gee, is that me?" he asked, cheerful once more.

We saw no fracture. When I finished suturing his forehead the day staff was arriving at the hospital. I changed clothes, left the hospital and walked across the campus to Moses Hall. Some of my friends had been inside the building and were now in jail.

Workmen were removing the last of the barricades. A professor stood beside his bicycle arguing with a student. Office girls were outside the building picking up papers strewn from file cabinets. The work of students said the police. The work of police, said the students.

Overhead a helicopter circled and recircled, filming the scene for television's most popular show, the news.

Dear Doctor Hip Pocrates is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5.00 Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o Berkeley BARB, P.O. Box 5017, Berkeley, California 94705.



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PHOTO: JOHN PEARSON

# SLOW BEFORE BLOW

from p. 5  
dents marched down to the court-  
house. When the line marched back  
to campus, its ranks were cut in  
half - organized boredom is no  
answer to disorganized frustra-  
tion.

Sprout Plaza again, it's after  
three o'clock. A too little, too  
late, attempt to block off Sather  
Gate. The pigs come out, the stu-  
dents are pushed back. Four o'  
clock comes and the strike lets out  
for the day.

Many walk about criticizing the  
TWLF tactics. And many of the  
critics have never been around  
when the shit came down.

The TWLF leaders have been the  
first and the recurrent victims of  
the terror campaign. They give no  
sign of having succumbed to the  
systematic intimidation.

But they have yet to shut it down.  
Finals are coming in two weeks  
and the tentacles of the reward-  
punishment system are well-  
wrapped about the student body.

The TWLF has said one thing  
for the last five weeks -- that they  
will win.

The rapping is over, the power  
structure listens only to power.  
The time as always is - now.



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(Photo taken Sept., 1956)

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There will be a discussion at the Berkeley  
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## "ROUSER OF A SHOW!" —Herb Caen, S.F. Chron.



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# HEALTH

from p. 17  
you.  
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derstand and want to...  
Bullshit Yes, bullshit too...

You've been thrown out of three  
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—THE LONDON TIMES

For those who insist that pop is gaudy, aggressive and vulgar, the Pentangle will come as a bit of a surprise. They are relaxed, gentle and poised. For those who insist that pop is just a noisy aberration of the mid twentieth century, the baroque, ornamental delicacy of the Pentangle will neither be heard nor believed. Like the best of pop, the group stands in the mainstream of English music — folk in origin, classical in tone and popular in emotion.

—THE LONDON OBSERVER

"The Pentangle, like Music From Big Pink, is a musical experience which has its own identity, unlike most 'pop music' today. The reason for this is simply that the musicians involved are professionals and their musical tastes and abilities have guided their careers, not dollar signs or star status.

"It's refreshing to hear the clean sound of this album, not cluttered by powerful amps or added instrumentation. One can feel a closeness to the instruments that, heretofore, was a hard task in the pop music field. It is one of the best albums one will ever hear, and as the liner notes say, 'Play this record to those you love.'"

—ROLLING STONE



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# AFTER ENCOUNTER--WHAT?

by Kate MacLean

"Find a lot of people whose heads are in the same place, show them the mechanisms of action to get together and do something creative, and they can release so much energy they can change any scene into the scene they want," Bob Taber told me Tuesday night. The Gestalt group leader had already taken his first step in a mechanism of action. He put a notice in the Free University of

Berkeley catalog "AFTER ENCOUNTER WHAT? ... an experience sharing seminar for developing and putting into action new group/social forms ..." asking for people with experience in leading groups to come and argue and think.

Forty people arrived and quietly packed themselves into a living room meant to hold twenty.

"What do we do with the love and friendship released by once-a-week Encounter groups?" Bob

Taber asked the group.

"Society should be changed by it. We need to learn the mechanisms of change. You have all seen somnunes happen. Think about how it happened. We can learn how to start communities, if we pool our experience."

The people sitting on the floor in a circle were crowded, but easy and relaxed, all either young, or young looking. They took turns introducing themselves, stating their experience. Most were group leaders, some worked for the establishment as counselors, social workers, college teachers in psychology. Most had led large groups of novices through the freeing experiences of Encounter, or Gestalt. They had all lived in communes among loving groups.

They liked living together in groups. They agreed that they wanted more people to share that kind of warm, loving experience. They agreed to start collecting examples of success and working out the How-to of it.

There were too many people. When they got through the round of introductions there was no time for a discussion.

Bob asked them to find people who had succeeded in organizing any kind of free community or commune and to bring those people to speak at the next meeting.

They stood around talking happily as the meeting broke up and scattered. Good looking, hip, bearded, guys and healthy pretty chicks, the new kind of working psychologist, creatively changing the hangups of society.

I was reminded of Tim Leary's prediction: "You will be able to recognize the psychologist of the future, because he will be an expert on how to be happy. You will be able to see him coming a block away. He'll be the happiest guy in sight!"

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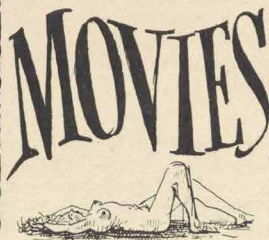
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