

# Berkeley Barb

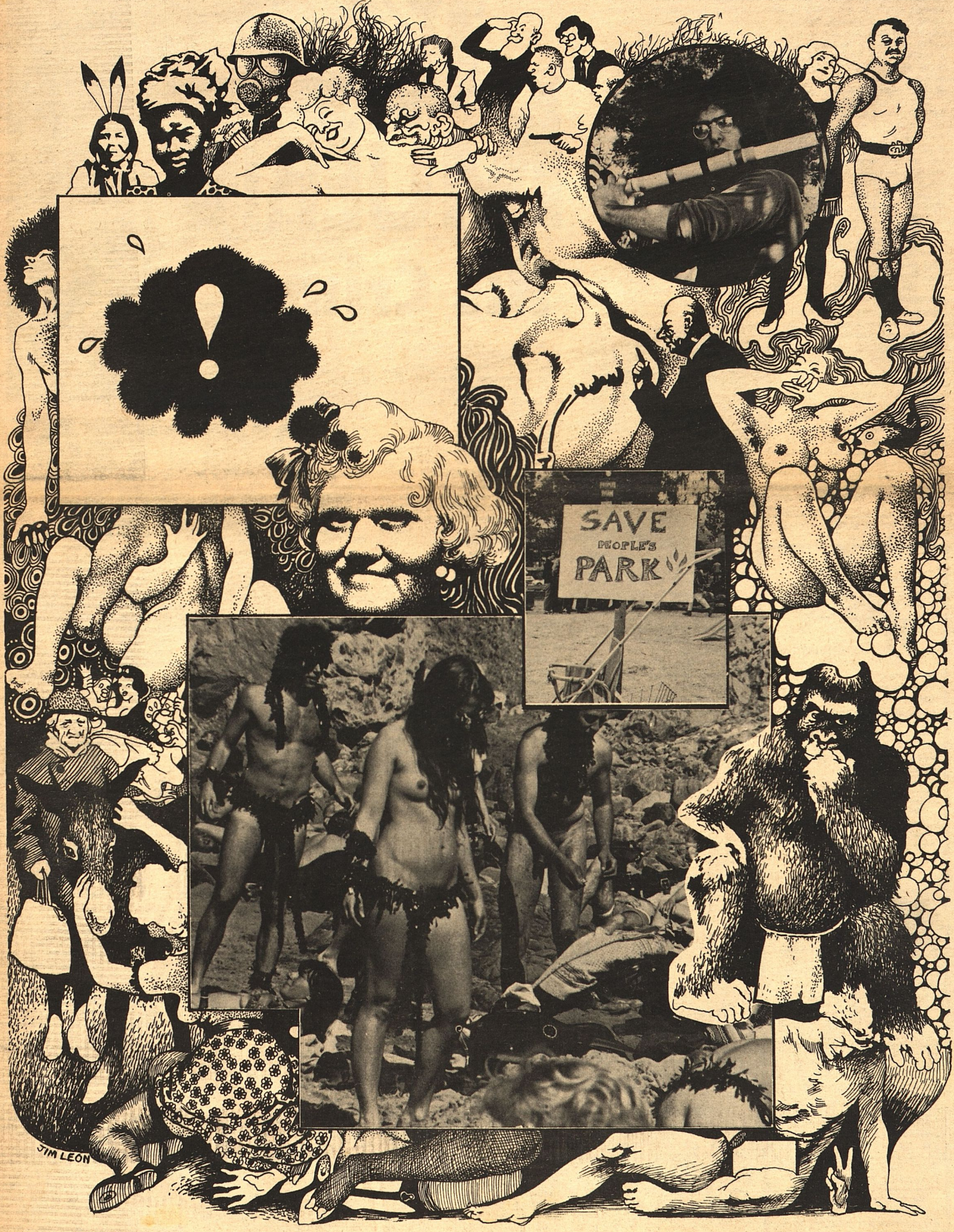


VOL. 8, NO. 18, ISSUE 194, MAY 2-8, 1969  
2042 UNIVERSITY AVE., BERKELEY, CA. 94704, 849-1040

204

15¢ BAY AREA

25¢ ELSEWHERE



JIM LEON

# Russia on its Aswan

by Sgt. Pepper

Paris, London, Tel Aviv, Washington, Cambodia, Moscow, Beirut, Belfast are in states of utter confusion, plus an astonishing statement from China...

In France, the leaders can't lead, the revolutionists can't revolt. The capitalists have lost control of their franc and the Communist Party is not ready to take control (it is never ready, for Christ sakes!).

The defeat of De Gaulle leaves a vacuum into which tons of rhetoric and bullshit will be poured while everybody tries to get rid of their paper-franc.

This in turn will pull down the British pound while the US dollar is brought "under heavy pressure" (UPI). Already in W. Germany the dollar needs "shoring up" according to Monday's press reports, and this only one day after De Gaulle. So there goes the Poverty Program, the Low Cost Housing Program (you name it, it'll go).

There is a crisis of another sort in Israel. After knocking out Egypt's Early Warning Radar - what next? Gen. Dayan will knock out Mrs. Goldie Mier and take over (he already has in all other respects).

(After this was written, full details via Israel have come out on their "retaliation raids" deep into Egypt hitherto untouched.

(From 120 miles up to 400 miles INSIDE Egypt, "Nile River dams, bridge, and electric pylons, supplying power in Cairo... areas of farmland were flooded," recaps Raymond Lawrence, of the Oakland Tribune, never noted for his support of Nasser.

(He reports a confusing statement from Israel: "They said that, without opposition, the commandos had they wished could have demolished the dams and bridges, demonstrating the vulnerability of cover photos by Kathy, Copeland, and Bacilla

the Nile Valley."

(Well, if that is NOT what they did, then what in the hell did they do, instead -- pass out leaflets?

(The Aswan High Dam was only 60 miles away from these raids, "and this fact would not be lost on the Egyptians," comments Lawrence.

(Nor lost on the Russians, either - they built the dam. Are we to think the Russians will sit by and watch the Israeli's blast THIS, too?

(One is entitled to wonder if the state of Israel is so perfect that the military these people have spawned can bomb, napalm, and give Nasser the proof he long has been looking for - i.e., "the Jews will invade Egypt" - without complaint?

(Who is blowing in Dayan's ear - the CIA?)

In Washington, some news came out that was reported last week in this column. Gen. Wheeler, chief joint of the General Staff, told Congress that Pres. Nixon put his foot in his mouth at the EC-121 press conference.

Further: Gen Wheeler said the reason we are pulling out our "powerful armada formed to protect US intelligence flights" (SF Examiner) is because it cost too much to keep afloat.

Come, come, General - we are not THAT stupid! If we can spend BILLIONS for a shaky ABM, why can't we spend 75 cents to keep Task Force 71 off North Korea?

Answer: The Russian objected TWICE to our fleet hanging around Vladivostok, which is only three hours away. According to the UPI, Task Force 71 "outtranks the US 6th Fleet in the Mediterranean" in terms of "combat strength, especially in the air."

THAT is why our Navy was "abruptly shifted from the Sea of Japan to the other (western) side of Korea" to the Yellow Sea. This puts us hours away from Red China.

(Is that a telephone ringing in the White House?). Poor Nixon - he must be a nervous wreck by now. Example: Sen. Jackson this week said Task Force 71 "had in fact" been ordered to leave the whole goddamned scene. The Pentagon "goofed up" its original announcement.

Listen - does EVERYBODY have their foot in each other's mouth? They must - KPFA reports we have invaded Cambodia "twice" although not announced. No papers carry this news, although KPFA got it from a wire-service report. Also, "over 14 solid hours of explosions" at Da Nang ammo dump (Chan 4) were caused by a "burning garbage dump." Only the Army could place shells near a fire.

In Moscow, a "tradition of long standing was mysteriously broken" when one hand didn't know what the other was doing (sound familiar?).

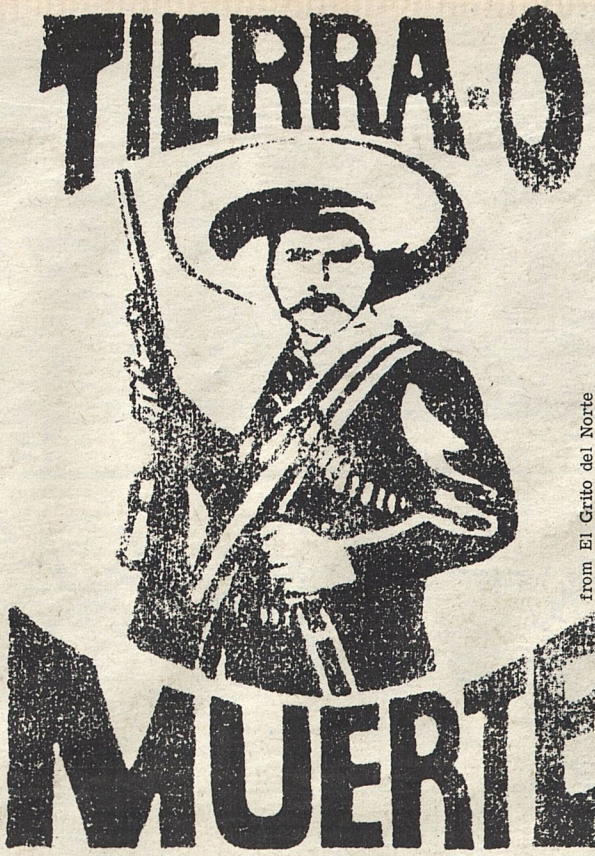
On the one hand, the Red Army May Day Parade was called off by a mere announcement in the TV program the week before. The Soviet Foreign Office, on the other hand, didn't know a thing about it.

In Beirut, the most surprised man in the mid-East was Rashid Karami, Premier of Lebanon. He is now just another taxpayer, being dumped because his soldiers killed 16 of his OWN guerrillas. Lebanon is where the US Sixth Fleet landed our boys to save something Sgt. Pepper has forgotten in a confrontation with the USSR years ago. It was here that the then-Premier of Russia, Khrushchev, made a prophetic statement:

"What does the Admiral of the US Sixth Fleet think to bring his ships within range of our rockets? We can turn his fleet into blazing coffins." (Remember, this was in the 1950's).

In Belfast, another Prime Minister has fallen (that makes three). Terence O'Neill supports the rights of Roman Catholics to vote

see p. 15



from El Grito del Norte

## His Crime

by Dave Warren

Why did Coakley attempt to use the Conspiracy law against the Oakland 7 and now the Berkeley 3? The movement claims it is a method geared to suppress demonstrations, pick off leaders and give heavy sentences for minor offenses.

Coakley may try to deny it, but the brain behind Coakley's conspiracy against the movement put it all down in black and white a few years ago.

A certain Miss Yvonne Merga was moved by the 1964 civil rights demonstrations in San Francisco and the Berkeley Free Speech Movement. She felt inspired to find some way to "legally" crush the people involved. For Yvonne it was depressing to see all those trouble makers getting off with only 30, 60 or 90 days imprisonment. Even leaders like Savio only got 120 days.

The problem was how to get them a few years and huge fines for crimes like trespassing, disturbing the peace, illegal assembly and malicious mischief.

Then Yvonne hit on a brilliant idea. Don't try them for the offense they committed, that way they can't get over 6 months and sometimes you can't prove it and they get acquitted. Instead you try them for PLANNING A DEMONSTRATION

### FOR THE RECORDS

Wanna buy a good record? Two thousand five hundred excellent brand new records will be sold by the Berkeley Defense Committee on May 9 on the UC campus. Selections include Classical, folk, blues, jazz, pop and country and western, all for \$2.00 or \$1.50.

Leaflets with a full list of the titles available will be distributed on campus soon. All funds from the sale are for the defense of the Berkeley 3.

in which minor offenses may result. This has all kinds of advantages. You don't have to prove they committed any crime, in fact you can arrest before the act, and it's a felony, not a misdemeanor, carrying years of imprisonment.

Writing in the HASTINGS LAW JOURNAL in 1965 Yvonne Merga outlines how to use the Conspiracy Law against political activists. Properly implemented, the use of the conspiracy law has two functions: as a "law enforcement tool," and as a "deterrent" to political activists.

Describing its effect Yvonne noted that the law "would allow the enforcement agency to prevent disorder and damage to property BEFORE they occur" (emphasis added). Thus the police would not have to waste time waiting for the

various crimes to be committed. Nor would they have to waste time getting direct evidence. Fortunately, Yvonne explains, "circumstantial evidence is sufficient. This overt act need not be committed by each member, and the act of one may be attributed to all the other participants."

"Depending on the gravity of the planned action, law enforcement agencies could take effective action at any time from the first preparatory meeting to the actual demonstration itself."

Miss Merga proudly pointed out that "another beneficial effect of applying the law of conspiracy to unlawful demonstrations lies in the deterrent effect of more severe penalties." Finally, she sees this unique combination of effectiveness and deterrent as an "excellent weapon" against disruptive protest.

Guess who gave Miss Yvonne Merga a job? Naturally Coakley wasn't satisfied with just hiring Yvonne; he tried her ideas out in the Oakland 7 case. He lost.

The Oakland 7 were acquitted on all counts by the jury. This is among other things a political embarrassment for Coakley. Now more than ever he wants a conviction on the conspiracy law or the law itself may become useless not to mention his future political career.

Coakley will try again May 26 when Peter Camejo, Jack Bloom and Paul Glusman come up for trial. Their case stems from the Moses Hall sit-in of last October. All the other participants were found guilty of trespassing and given ten days. But Coakley picked the three as leaders, charging them with the conspiracy felony. The Berkeley 3 case will decide the fate of future conspiracy indictments.

The concrete acts of the Berkeley 3, (two speeches at a Sproul step rally before the press and 2,000 people and the chairing of a public meeting), indicates the clear violation of constitutional rights involved in such conspiracy indictments. In fact if upheld all meetings planning a future demonstration could be used as a pretext for indictments. The importance of fighting the political use of the conspiracy law should be quite evident.

The Berkeley Defense Committee, organized to raise funds for the legal defense is chaired by Prof. Franz Schurman, its treasurer is Prof. Troy Duster. Those who wish to sponsor or contribute to the Committee are urged to write to: Berkeley Defense Committee, 2158 Emerson Street, Berkeley, California 94705.

## DIGGERS DON'T DIG ALIOTO

Members of a militant Bay Area Labor union will confront their leadership this Saturday when the rank and file attempt to dedicate the new union meeting hall to the man of their choice.

Local 261 of the Laborers, Hod-carriers, Miners and Muckers Union wants to dedicate the new hall to "Doc" Dougherty, an old IWW organizer who fought for safer conditions for miners.

The Union hierarchy for Local 261 want to name the new hall after Mayor Alioto. They plan to dedicate the hall in his name this Monday, May 5th.

However, Local 261 members plan to beat them to it, by dedicating it as "Dougherty Hall" this Saturday, May 3rd.

"There was no vote taken of the rank and file membership when they chose to call it Alioto Hall," a Local 261 member told BARB. "We want our hall named after Doc Dougherty, and we're going to do it."

Allen Walker, of #261, rapped the situation to BARB this week. He told of the open invitation issued to "The People" by #261, asking all to attend the Saturday dedication at 18th and Shotwell in SF.

The invitation is to "the rank and file of all unions. Also, the Third World, the BSU, Panthers, Oakland 7, the Resistance, the Mission Coalition, and all other movers and shakers."

"We may have to break down the door to enter our own union hall," Walker admitted. "But we've been the most militant and radical union in the Bay Area all along."

"Most of the older laborers who have tried to buck the unions learned not to," Walker noted. "They learned that if they did, they got shot."

"But we are radical, and we're young."

The LHM&M Local #261 was the first union to hit the lines at SF State during the strike last December. "Most of us work under very dangerous conditions, often unsafe," Walker explained. "Perhaps this is why we are so militant a union."

"We've been working with the Panthers a lot lately," he continued. "They are into fighting Alioto and his political machine, and we are into fighting Alioto and the union leadership. It's become obvious that Alioto, the political machine, the underworld, and union leadership are tied in together."

Walker added that the LHM&M leadership is now under federal investigation for the possible misuse of funds.

"When we dedicate our meeting hall to the man of our choice," Walker stated, "this will also be a move in our struggle for fair representation of members by the union hierarchy."

Dougherty Hall is located at 18th and Shotwell in San Francisco.

To see The People in Action, be there. Saturday, May 3rd, at 10 am.

## SCUM HIT TWO OF 7


Bob Mandel and Steve Hamilton, both members of the Oakland Seven, were arrested Wednesday while leafletting for the Huey rally.

In an obvious attempt to prevent him from addressing the rally, Mandel had his arraignment set for the day and time of the rally. Mandel was to have spoken for the Oakland Seven.

The excuse used by the Oakland pigs was "contributing to the delinquency of minors and loitering around a schoolyard." Bob was passing out leaflets at McClymonds High School urging students and workers to come to the rally.

"I didn't stop fast enough to suit them," Mandel told BARB. "I was crossing the street when they arrested me."

Steve Hamilton was picked up while leafletting in Richmond. The fuzz claimed to have a two-year old traffic warrant out on him. As BARB goes to press he is still being held for booking on Thursday.



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Underground Press Syndicate (UPS)

**Intergalactic World Brain (IWB)**

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Second class postage paid at Berkeley, California.  
Subscription: \$6.00 per year

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# PARK IN DANGER

by Steve Haines

"One does not plan around the desires of 50 people," UC Executive Vice-Chancellor Earl F. Cheit imperiously told BARB Tuesday.

As a result, Peoples Park is coming down by July 1. That was the official word from the university's utility hatchet man, Cheit. (Does not rhyme with shit.)

"We are going ahead. I am assuming there will be no confrontation. I expect no conflict," Cheit said.

But Cheit backed off Wednesday in a meeting with parks supporters.

Cheit offered the people 'creative control' over one-fourth of the park land," Wendy (who said her last name was unimportant) told BARB Wednesday.

Others present at the meeting included book store owner Frank Cody, Carl Wirth, the city's art director, Charles Essenberg, of the city park and rec. department and three workers from the Peoples Park. Cheit and his assistant John Searle, represented UC.

"He (Cheit) said that the whole block behind Telegraph measures 450 feet by 270 feet and that we might aid in the design of the playing field and have the park in the area where the trees are now.

"But he also said that the university was going to put one soccer field and one or two softball fields on that land, too," said Wendy.

"He said that this was only a proposal and would have to be discussed with 'other people.'

"If that doesn't work out, he said it might be possible to relocate us to some other place such as the McKinley School site.

"Cheit is going to call us all together for another meeting next Monday or Tuesday," she added.

In a telephone interview Tuesday, Cheit denied a local TV news report that the university was reacting to pressure from the city to drive the street people off Telly and out of Peoples Park.

"I don't know which official was quoted, but we have had no contact with the city on this matter," Cheit said.

If the game was to make the people that the University and the City of Berkeley are presenting a united front against the street people and "Peoples Park," the jig is up. Cracks have already appeared in the uniform facade.

Walter Neasbitt, forestry supervisor of the Berkeley Dept. of Parks and Recreation told BARB, "I personally think the park is a great idea.

"It's a very constructive project and it's much more attractive than the mudhole that was there previously.

"I think the people who have done so much work on it will keep it up much better than the city could.

"After the city's plans for widening the streets next to the park are completed, we might be able to furnish some trees and shrubs for the city-owned peri-

meter of the park.

"I think it best that the university designate it as a park and let the people maintain it," Neasbitt said.

Neasbitt's approval of Peoples Park was seconded by Albert Raeburn, a member of the Berkeley Planning Commission.

"I think it a great idea -- really involves the people in something good," Raeburn told BARB.

"In fact, it would be a good idea if the city made deserted vacant lots available to the people for more of these parks.

"There may be a problem with maintenance, but if that can be solved, I'm all for it," he said.

"The university bought that land in June, 1967, on a plan submitted to the Regents calling for development of that site as a playing field, with long-range plans for residential development," Cheit told BARB.

"The plans remain unchanged to build a playing field that will replace Union Field which was lost due to the construction of Zellerbach Hall.

"It is badly needed as a field for softball, touch football, soccer, rugby, lacrosse and, maybe even, cricket.

"There has been a great growth in club sports, intra-mural sports and other recreational activities on campus.

"The long-range plan calls for residential use, but due to budget

limitations, that is at least ten years off," said Cheit.

BARB asked Cheit about Monday night rumors that the university would move at once.

"In the final analysis, we own the land. The fact is that the plan will go ahead. We will begin before July 1," Cheit answered.

Asked about a possible confrontation with the people who are building the park, Cheit replied: "I am assuming there will be no confrontation. I expect no conflict."

BARB informed Cheit that between 50 and 100 people gathered Tuesday morning in response to rumors that the bulldozers were coming.

"One does not plan around the desires of 50 people. We are going ahead," he replied.

What about that "Property of the Regents" sign that was put up last Saturday night?

"I don't know anything about the sign, but if it said that the Regents own the land, it's certainly correct," said Cheit.

BARB asked Mr. Parrish of the UC Buildings and Ground office, who normally controls such signs, about its origin.

"I don't know who put it up," said Parrish.

What about that so-called master plan for the playing field? BARB asked Campus Architect Jensen this question. He is responsible for all university planning and building.

"I probably know less about it than you do," Jensen told BARB.

"When we're asked to do something, we do it.

"There have been a lot of plans floating around for the last two years concerning that land.

"First, there were dorms, then apartment houses, and I think that a playing field may even have been considered, but the playing field was not part of the official plan.

"I don't know who originated the idea for a playing field," Jensen confessed.

"I assume nothing will be done until we get some money to do it. Our office has not been notified to draw up plans or let bids for a playing field," he said.

BARB checked with UC Intra-mural Sports Office, which is responsible for scheduling all events for on-campus and off-campus. The three big playing fields are Strawberry, Kleeberger, and Underhill, BARB was told by Charlene, a groovy blond chick who schedules games and things for all the fields.

"We don't have enough fields to hand the demand for space after 4 p.m. or on weekends," Charlene told BARB.

"I think the Peoples Park is great, but just working here I can see we don't have enough fields in early fall, late spring and summer.

"You can reserve a field just about anytime from early in the morning until 4 p.m., but most of the students are tied up with classes or labs, so they can't use the fields then," she said.

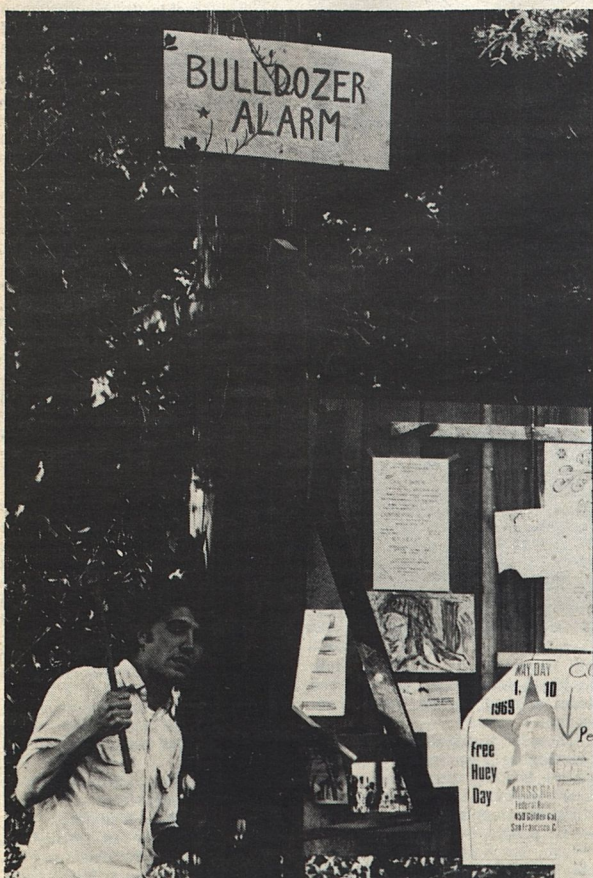
What about expanding the facilities in Strawberry Canyon?

"Well, I don't know about that. You'll have to talk to someone else," she added.

The point is that the Peoples Park, behind Telegraph from Dwight to Haste is where the people are and where they can use it all day long and during the night as well. The university has other areas at its disposal that are inconvenient as park locations.

And if Cheit and other UC administrators don't believe there will be a confrontation, they should drop on by the park and take a look at the Bulldozer Alarm that was put up after Tuesday morning's scare.

They should drop on by the park anyway. You aren't too likely to tear down what you have built with your own hands, Earl baby.



## GETTING SERIOUS

by Stew Albert

Earl (Bull) Cheit is full of it if he thinks he is going to bulldoze a blade of grass in the Peoples Park. The Pentagon Pigs thought Vietnam would be an instant parking lot for their Army of Atomic Cadillacs and now are afraid to land a quivering helicopter outside of Saigon.

"You must develop a territorial imperative," Eldridge Cleaver once rapped to the Berkeley Left. He believed the only way we were going to get serious about Revolution was when we had something in the soil to defend. We have it - the "Peoples Park" and its avenging angels are everywhere.

On Monday we heard a rumor that Cheit was going to send a surveyor in Tuesday morning and count out the desired plunder. A word of mouth meeting call went out and around 10 o'clock at night about a hundred Park Commissioners ordered themselves into action. There wasn't anybody on the set prepared to let the University piss its fascist thing on our flowers of freedom.

"We should have a sunrise meditation service and if a surveyor shows up stand on his glass eye," was the dark night's consensus of the morning's arrival.

Some shit had to be implemented. A couple of Tom Paine cats would write a hand-out information rap of self defense for the side walks of the going to school morning. Three of us crossed the Bridge to KSAN and the word of Park went out cool and explicit.

"Our Park is under enemy attack, drag your hungover ass into the chilly morning and stand guard with us."

Some Brothers and Sisters stayed by a warming fire and slept in the Park. Some friendly fuzz came by and actually wished us luck.

"I hope you guys get your park. I think it's a good thing." He was an old guy, the kind who joined the force when it was a job and not a perversion. The

morning was cool, the University kept hands off and we put our presence to good fun by starting work on a fish pond. With the sun came lots of kids to play on the swings, seesaws, sliding boards and good vibes of their Park.

Cheit is now mumbling about giving us a quarter of what we already have and surrounding us with University soccer and soft ball.

He always plays the pseudo

### PLATFORM

A newly erected multi-colored wooden stage stands in one corner of People's Park.

"If the University tries to destroy the park, we'll stand on that stage till they tear it down," Augur Levy founder of the Lunar Society of Drama says. Members of his group helped build the stage.

The Berkeley mime and satire troupe will be the first to perform on the new stage. They'll present "Transfusion: A Peoples Clown Show" Friday at 9 pm.

compromise game when he is faced with stiff opposition. The way he would like to work is that we accept his quarter crumb and in about a year he would say "Well, after all, it is our property, and now we intend to build a dormitory after all." At that point, it wouldn't seem worth fighting for, such a little bit of tree and grass.

The Peoples Park is soulful socialism, the quality never experienced on the four-hundredth page of a dry textbook. We know what it is like to work without a boss to make the soil fertile with our dreams.

The free men have a nation. It can be found slightly west of Telegraph Ave - we are very proud and patriotic and will not permit the beast bulldozer to cross our borders.

Earl Cheit has declared war on us. We must not sit around inventing illusions and waiting for the bureaucrats blitzkrieg to begin.



### OFFICIAL BULLDOZER "EARL CHEIT"

limitations, that is at least ten years off," said Cheit.

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What about that "Property of



**RUNNER-UP for City Council Loni Hancock came to People's Park Tuesday with her two children to support its survival. Shown here in discussion with Stew Albert and other park partisans.**

photo by Copeland

# A NEW KIND OF REST, WORK IN PEOPLE'S PARK

by Steve Haines

Sunday in Peoples Park. "Watch the pick." A warm spring afternoon. "Want some lemonade?" The island of sod planted last Sunday grows towards Haste behind the rakes and shovels of a hundred people. "Everybody gets a blister." Over in the corner, a group is building a stage -- a stage with stairs and levels and a totem pole and a flag pole. A father leads his daughter to the swing set that has appeared since last weekend. A mother sits on a table nursing her child.

Over by a deserted foundation another group is building a miniature Mexican garden with a grassy plaza and shaded walkways among the geraniums and sweetpeas. Just beyond the flower beds, beans and tomatoes are planted in the hard, sunbaked clay made soft by pick, shovel, water and loving care.

On the sod island someone has carved heavy timbers into a bench that seems to have been growing there for years. On the western edge of the park a cat is welding some steel tube into something.

You stand up to look around and -- damn it -- it is a park -- at least, it's becoming a park -- taking its form from the labors of nearly one thousand people.

The mud hole north of the tree and sod island is filled in, leveled and raked. An ornery chimney foundation yields to picks and sledge hammers and becomes a barbecue pit.

Clank, clank, growl -- the Roto-tiller comes in a circle clears, making room for the charging beast. "Ride 'um, cowboy!" And he does. Sometimes it takes two to handle, but it's getting done.

A small group sits on a foundation wall, eating fish and chips. "What are you looking at?" "The

future -- we're wondering what we can do with that." And they point to the sea of cars parked on the west half of the park site.

On down along the wall, some guys are planting revolutionary corn. And there's never enough water. Everyone wants to use the hose. But it all gets worked out.

It's a living collage. Beer, wine, lemonade, soda pop, and cider always seemed to appear when you were thirsty. Band-aids and gloves were passed around for blisters. Bread and cheese were handed out, if you were hungry. Where did it all come from? Fuck it. Nobody knew, nobody asked. We were grooving on the sun and working with each other.

In the shade of a tree, a guy is playing a raga on his sitar. Bobby Seale and some Panthers are watching, smiling. "I sure wish I had the patience to learn the sitar," one of them remarks.

Up by the sod island, a girl on banjo and some cats on guitar are holding a hoot. It brings in a small group. Someone is blowing kazoo, but I can't see him (her?).

A huge pit is dug and a fire is built down in it. Two pigs appear and are prepared for the roast. Their bellies are slit and filled with embers. More glowing logs are put on top, and the pit is filled with dirt. Then a fire is built on top of the pit.

Celebrities show up off and on through the afternoon. Word has it that City Councilman Sweeney, County Supervisor Bort, Mayor Johnson and Ilona Hancock (darling of the liberals) show up. (I didn't see them working so I don't know if they had fun.)

"Abbie's here." "Hoffman? You're kidding." "No, man, I just saw him over by the pit." OK. Hope he dug it.

The day before Bobby Seale, Panther Chairman, and other Panthers lent a hand enthusiastically. Dusk. The sun goes down over

## OFFED 'N' FIT TO BURN



photo by Jacobson

Telly. (We got an extra hour of sun on Sunday.) A drum beat begins -- a guy picks up the beat on a trash can -- then a symbol -- sticks, bottle, beer cans -- everything becomes an instrument -- the beat calls the tired workers together -- tools are stacked and a circle forms -- someone lights a joint -- the another -- it's fine grass -- you take and pass it on -- bodies pulse to the throbbing beat -- people dance -- it's tribal -- communal -- it's a festival and it's a feast.

Around 10 pm, the pigs are dug up and lifted out of the pit. Someone has roasted sweet yams and potatoes. They get passed around. "Here come the pigs." "It's badge 15." "No, it's 63." "Here comes Dunn." "Hey, there's....."

The pigs are hoisted onto a table in mad confusion, but somehow they get carved up and passed around too. Nothing I ever put in my mouth tasted as good as that

pig Sunday night. It was a trip in itself. More beer and pop and cider showed up, who knows from where.

There's a small hassle over the drums. Two brothers want to go on beating the drums. More brothers want the music to stop. "It's the Peoples Park, man, and we're people -- we want to play." "Yeah, but a majority of the people want you to stop." It gets worked out. People can work things out for themselves.

We're standing in the dark, grouped around the fire. It's bright and warm in the cool evening. We're chewing pig and smiling Guy on my left is joking around. The rumors start. "Bulldozers." "A soccer field." "A soccer field? Who the fuck plays soccer." "When?" "In the morning." "O, next week sometime." "Are you sure?"

Well, five hours on a pick or shovel toughened many a brother and sister for something stronger

## DEAN FUZZ COPS OUT ON KNOLL

The prosecution has completed its "case" in the Wayne Greene trial. Wayne is a black charged with attempted murder of a Highway Patrolman who was firebombed during the August Telly freak-out.

Man's Best Friend, Dean Fuzz, officially Sgt. Sicheneder of the UC Police, turned out to be the star witness for the DA. Wednesday in Alameda Superior Court he testified that, while standing in Lower Sprout Plaza he had seen Greene and an unidentified white youth commit the horrid deed.

From 60 or 70 feet away Dean Fuzz claimed that he had seen Greene's face illuminated by the glow of the molotov cocktail.

After Sicheneder had helped to put out the flames, he went after the assailant. Recognizing Greene's face, he went for his gun but was "too tired" to get it out of the holster.

Defense Attorney Clinton White pointed out to Sicheneder that large trees blocked the line of sight, but Dean Fuzz insisted that he had seen correctly. He said that he was moving around during that 20 or 30 seconds, dodging missiles from Telegraph Avenue.

Earlier, Robert Ludden, another Kampus Kop, said that he never saw the firebomb in Greene's hands, and that he was standing four feet from Greene's mysterious white companion, but never tried to apprehend him.

A ballistics expert testified that Greene's fingerprints were not found on the glass fragments.

The prosecutor is Deputy DA Frank Bukota, who constantly referred to Greene as a "black boy" and "colored boy". He kept all blacks off the jury, which consists of whites from the southern part of the county.

Contributions to the Wayne Greene Defense Fund may be sent to 2204 Woolsey St., Berkeley 94705.

than theory.

Then slowly -- in twos and threes -- the tribe disbanded -- going their ways -- but the memory was there -- and more will come every day to work again on Peoples Park -- their park.

# From Us to U

The Office of Public Information of the Berkeley campus has issued a dismaying statement on the fate of People's Park. It is not only phony but it raises more questions than it purports to answer.

The statement reveals that the playing field was originally intended to be built on the site of the Anna Head School (across Haste Street from the park). The park area was to be used for housing.

"Due to the financial situation, however, construction of housing on this site is at least a decade away," says the statement. "At the June 1967 meeting of the Regents, the Berkeley campus proposed acquisition of this land to eliminate its blighted housing and to allow construction of the badly needed playing field."

The hundreds of thousands of dollars needed not only to wipe out the existing housing but, more to the point, to scatter the avant garde tenants, was quickly procured.

"The campus was unable to proceed promptly with the playing field because of financial difficulties," says the statement, ".... but the funds are now available, and plans to build a playing field are moving ahead."

The crux of the matter is: When was the decision taken to make these funds available? Who decided it?

There is nothing here to indicate that the funds were not scraped together after the park construction began.

The statement estimates that 12,000 students "participate in the entire (intramural) program and more would do so if more playing fields were available."

The intramural program includes basketball, bowling, chess and many other sports besides those which would need such a field. The figures given elsewhere in Heys' statement as to the number of football, soccer and baseball teams would indicate a figure closer to 5500 students.

In contrast to this estimate for a year, last Sunday an estimated 1,000 persons turned out to work and help make the park a reality. Multiply this by fifty-two and the figure of concerned persons is ten times as great as the statement's. And this does not count weekdays.

We would suggest that given a chance to express their opinion, most of the students would prefer an open park to a fenced-in playing field.

It is also likely that members of the community would agree to lend their efforts to finding and constructing a suitable playing field in some other area, perhaps on its originally planned site, the Anna Head School and perhaps without destroying its classic buildings.

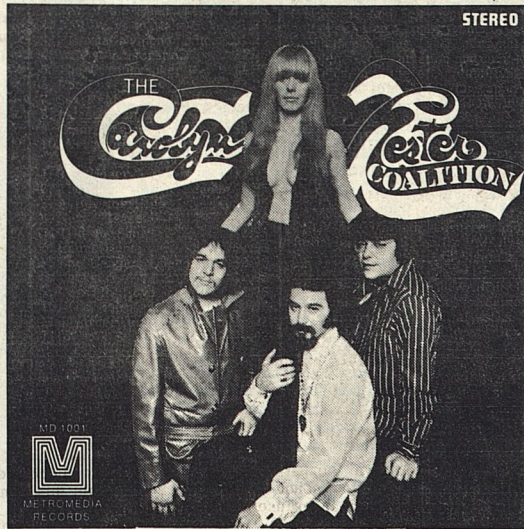
The statement announces that Chancellor Heys has asked his staff to "meet with" various concerned people interested in the park. However, it indicates that this is a smoke screen. "The University will proceed promptly to build the recreational field," it reads.

The Administration has held such "discussions" before, and the results have usually been delay, obfuscation and discouragement.

If a state university's aim is to serve the people, then we would urge that Heys support the park.

If, however, he is merely covering for the University administration's eagerness to exert its hegemony over the land, then we must ask every person within reach to oppose these efforts.

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# 1000'S ON FEET FOR HUEY



# MAY DAY FOR HUEY

# MASSIVE SUCCESS

by G.K.  
 Plastic faces peering out of plastic windows Thursday morning in San Francisco saw over 3,000 live people shouting "Free Huey - Off the Pigs!"  
 They also saw thousands of Mao's little Red Book being waved in the air. The books were given out by the blacks. "I thought I was in Peking," Stew Albert told the meeting.  
 Point of the "People's Power" demonstration in front of the Federal Building on Golden Gate Avenue was to remind Judge Alfonso Zirpoli that "the people want Huey back on the streets where he belongs."  
 Those were the words of Attorney Charles Garry, who arose from a sick bed in the hospital and came to speak to the meeting. "The judge will take three or four days before he will make a decision," he said. He urged the students, the blacks, the browns, the whites, to keep up the "good work to free Huey."  
 A double-line of pickets, six deep, moving in two opposition directions at the same time, made the plastic canyons of the state and federal buildings echo with the slogans to free Huey and "Off the Pigs!"  
 A group of black children, ages from 4 to 8, sat in the sun eating popsicles, holding high their Huey posters and red books, and chanting: "How'll we do it? With the Red Book. How'll we do it? With Guns!"  
 Then they returned to eating their popsicles.  
 The Brown Berets and the Huelga Grape Pickers flag was there. So was a small red flag, run up underneath the stars and stripes on the Federal Plaza.  
 In the state building across the street, on the second floor were finks with binoculars and moving cameras. On the sixth floor, this reporter counted eight finks with binocs.  
 But on the floor above, a group of blacks had put up "Free Huey" posters in THEIR windows. While we returned their clenched-fist salute, the finks with glasses and cameras went ape, taking all our pictures.  
 Stew Albert, from Berkeley, spoke. He held up an ad from the Ford Company and read from it. It sounded like The Berkeley BARB. "You see?" said Stew. "The capitalists take the best of our minds and turn our brains into a cash register and then they take our bodies and crush them in Vietnam and put them in jail like Huey."  
 He appealed for the people to come over to the People's Park in Berkeley to "help save it from Earl Cheit," the super-expert in destroying people's parks, strikes, and universities.  
 Parked directly in front of the Federal Building was a huge yellow bus with the following message: "Messiah's World Crusade - Uniting the soldiers the workers and the churches. Bring the new age - now!"  
 That'll do it, man - RIGHT ON!

photo by Bill Paul

## FILLMORE FLARE-UP

# 160 PIGS PROVOKE RIOT AS PANTHERS KEEP COOL

It took 160 cops armed with machine guns and tear gas bombs to quiet a Black Panther loudspeaker in the Fillmore Monday.  
 Sixteen Panthers were arrested and a number of guns illegally seized when the pigs raided the Panther's Fillmore office. The potentially tragic police riot was based on an apparent police complaint that the Panthers didn't have the proper permit for a mobile loudspeaker in the Fillmore streets.  
 Panther attorney Charles Garry charged at a press conference Tuesday that "this raid was staged by the Mayor as a deliberate attempt to poison the atmosphere at the Huey Newton bail hearing Thursday, and to prevent the proper administration of justice."  
 A truck was broadcasting information about the rally Monday afternoon when a dozen armed cops approached the Panther headquarters at Fillmore and Eddy. It was about four o'clock. Black Panther Belinda Booker was inside.  
 Panther Don Cox told the cops they weren't allowed inside the building without a search warrant. He closed the door. The pigs proceeded to act out their movie-kicking the door down, natch.  
 The pigs leered through the busted door with drawn guns. Cox yelled for the people in the office to take cover. The pigs moves to reel 2: they fired eight tear gas canisters into the building, and let loose a blast of submachine gun bullets over the heads of by-

standers and neighbors.  
 At no time were any shots fired by Panthers.  
 The pigs told the straight press they heard the "clicking of weapons" inside. From a street crowded with hundreds of enraged and noisy citizens, the cops said they could hear a .22 calibre rifle cocking inside a building. Sure. Tear gas bombs exploded inside the office. The Panthers tried to leave by the back door.  
 "Several sisters were choked up by the gas," Belinda told BARB, "and the brothers were trying to help them, and the pigs fired several shots at Don. He was just trying to help a fainting sister, but he had to drop her on the floor."  
 Belinda and the others were taken to the pig pen. Most were released within an hour and a half. Assault charges were filed against Don Cox.  
 "We came back to the street," Belinda said, "and there were Panthers on the street telling people to go home. Kathleen Cleaver was there, and so was Bobby Seale, and we joined them" The SF Chronicle observed Monday that Seale and Kathleen Cleaver "were seen moving about, trying to calm the mob."  
 Mayor Alioto claimed in the straight press that "The young men who did react so quickly and so well were probably mistaken for Panthers." He went on to accuse the Panthers of "thrusting rifles into the stomach's of cops," and said he was putting an addi-

tional 150 pigs on the street starting next week.  
 "Pig Alioto wasn't there. He's lying," said Belinda in response to the Mayor's allegation that the Panthers tried to incite the people to riot, rather than to disperse them.  
 And indeed, the Chronicle reported that "Black Panthers were seen trying to persuade the angry blacks to calm down and in one or more incidents rescued whites who were being beaten."  
 (What are you going to do, Joe, when your own newspapers start to tell the truth?)  
 In his charge that the raid was planned to prompt a negative decision at the Huey hearing Thursday, attorney Garry called the tactic "harrassment of the worst sort."  
 "It's about time," he told BARB, "the police department recognize that there is such a thing as presumption of innocence. The Black Panthers are entitled by law to have guns in their homes and places of business, for the protection of themselves and their children. They do not carry weapons on the street and if they do, it is grounds for expulsion."  
 Referring to Panther efforts to prevent a riot Monday, as well as to long-range Panther social programs, Garry complained that "the Mayor disregards the fact that

# CROWD MOSTLY RIGHT ON

At 1:30 PM, Thursday, BARB press time, the Free Huey rally was coming off without major incidents.  
 There was one minor incident when Progressive Labor people tried to force their way into the Federal building. Although the Tac Squad was nearby, the Panthers handled the situation.  
 Chairman Bobby Seale denounced "punk PL provocateurs" and warned opportunists to "watch your ass".  
 A number of school children made a presentation, chanting "we want pork chops, off the pigs", and encouraging the crowd to "pick up the gun".  
 Speakers included Stew Albert and Gumbo, Kenny Horston of the UAW, David Hilliard, Tom Hayden, Roberto Vargas of the Brown Berets, Carleton Goodlett, Bob Avakian and Bob Mandel.  
 The rally was held despite unparalleled harassment of Panthers throughout the nation. Four days before Joe Alioto's pigs attacked the Panther office (see story elsewhere).  
 The Federal hogs got in their licks the day before in the very same building, where Panthers, ex-Panthers and renegades were subpoenaed to appear before a Federal Grand Jury. The Jury's commission expired right in the middle of the circus, leaving no doubt as to the publicity-minded intent of Nixon's hatchet men.

# HOW PIG PUT CITY ON BRINK

Monday's bust of 16 Black Panthers and the riot which almost ensued is yet another example of police instigated violence.  
 The Panthers were broadcasting information about the Free Huey rally when a squad of cops proceeded to Panther headquarters. They did not make for the vehicle carrying the loudspeaker in question. They made directly for Panther headquarters.  
 The pig in charge - a Sergeant Schaumleffel - told the straight press that the kicker to the whole affair was the fact that he didn't like what the Panthers were broadcasting! They were insulting the pigs.  
 The police claimed that a search of their files indicated that the Panthers had no permit. "There was no permit issued to the Black Panther Party," the SFPD told BARB.  
 "... at least, not in the name of the Black Panther Party, anyway," the SFPD hastily added.  
 "They might have had a permit in another name, we don't know." They might have. Perhaps an inquiry to the driver of the car might have revealed this. Perhaps a phone call to Panther headquarters, rather than a raid by twelve pigs backed by 150 reinforcements, would have yielded the necessary information.  
 Kathleen Cleaver told BARB that the Panthers did have a permit. It was for stationary sound equipment, as the SFPD does not issue permits for mobile sound, she told BARB.  
 "The record stores all up and down the Fillmore have sound trucks," she added, "There is amplified sound in the streets everyday. It is clear they merely needed an excuse to provoke an incident."  
 Schaumleffel was told by the SFPD to "use his own judgment" in handling the matter. That was just before he gathered a battalion of cops, submachine guns, and tear gas bombs.  
 Some bloodthirsty neo-nazi was told to use his own judgment to quiet down a noisy car, and he almost brought a catastrophe like the Detroit insurrection upon the city!



TELLING OFF ALIOTO, Attorney Charles Garry, Bobby Seale, Kathleen Cleaver (left to right). photo by Copeland

the work the Panthers are doing today prevents the kind of violence he talks about."  
 Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panthers, added that "instead of giving the Black Panthers credit for having cleaned house - for we expelled at least 100 members in the last 45 days, he's using us for his own political gain."  
 Seale denied police allegations that there were loudspeaker appeals to bring guns to the Free Huey rally.  
 "Police officers have a habit of lying through their teeth," commented the 60 year old Garry, who has been fighting pigs in courtrooms for decades. "When see p. 16

# FLASH — COP KILLED

Six Chicano youths have so far escaped the fate of Joey Linthorne, 17 year-old black killed by a cop for hysting a car.  
 One SF cop is dead and another has lost several teeth and his gun in an encounter with the six, said to be 17 to 18 years old. The six have managed to escape from a "surrounded" house filled with tear gas and at BARB press time are the subject of a helicopter search in the Mission District. Police call the six "car thieves, burglars and narcotics peddlers". The shooting took place on the 400 block of Alvarado Street, which the cops call an area where car thieves hang out.  
 No mention of warrants has so far been made.  
 Further details were unavailable as BARB went to press.

arranged by person with right to choose these photos

THE 14 AT ORD

FLASH ON TERROR

by Corey Miller

Everyday for three weeks the khaki minibus led by an MP sedan with armed guards and followed by a jeep with armed guards brings the fourteen prisoners on trial for mutiny to the barracks court room from the stockade. Part of the original Presidio 27, they walk into the courtroom through a gauntlet of armed MPs.

Prisoner Richard Gentile appeared before the court-martial board Friday. The twenty-year-old Vietnam veteran who testified earlier that his participation in a San Francisco peace march earned him time in the stockade, was standing in the defendant's area talking over the railing to his mother, Natalie Gentile, a handsome blonde woman, had only learned her son was one of the "mutineers" when their attorney Terence Hallinan wrote informing her three weeks before the trial date, set to begin April 7, at Fort Ord. Mrs. Gentile flew from Tokyo to be with her son.

Friday morning Gentile seemed very disturbed and his mother was trying to comfort him.

"No, mom, it just isn't worth it." He ground out his cigarette, "To hell with them". He swung around and sat down hard on one of the metal folding chairs assigned the crowded row of prisoners.

All eyes of the other prisoners centered on Gentile. He started throwing things hard to the floor crying, "I can't go through with it." He jumped up. His mother put her arms up to him as he pushed his way around some of the other prisoners and started to walk down the aisle. "Take me to the stockade."

Someone in the courtroom called "Terry." Hallinan turned and saw what was happening. "Now Richard, calm down. Everyone's nervous and tense. Hang on a little longer." Gentile started down the aisle, his mother, Hallinan, two MPs closing in.

"I'm sorry Mr. Hallinan for all you've done and the expense and Captain Fay and Captain Yeary (army defense assisting Hallinan) but I can't do it any longer. I just want to go to the stockade."

The small bunch of people walked out of the back of the court room. The rest of the prisoners, all alert to Gentile, were milling about their little corner. An MP arrived with a handful of pills and started passing them out to the prisoners like he was feeding the seals at Fleishhacker Zoo.

The court martial board had not entered the court room yet, but the judge, the prosecution, a few people on the press side and the spectators were beat into silence. Only two men were talking. It was as out of place as talking in church or at a hanging. It turned out one of the men who had been laughing and joking was to be the first witness of the day.

As soon as a calmed Richard Gentile re-entered the courtroom and slumped in his chair, the court martial board arrived, and the defense called Dr. Lawrence Levitin, a psychiatrist.

Dr. Levitin testified Pvt. Buddy Shaw "could not have formed an intent to act in concert with others to override lawful military authority and hence to commit the crime of mutiny."

On Monday morning Prosecutor Novinger reminded Sgt. Alan Rupert what Sgt. Thomas Woodring, provost sergeant at the Presidio stockade said when the alleged mutiny took place, "Walker made it. Bunch got zapped. There's the fence. You've got a 50-50 chance," then asked Rupert where he learned the word "zapped".

Rupert testified that he once saw another prisoner being thrown down the stairs by Sergeant Woodring.

Coincidentally a surprise appearance was made by Sergeant Woodring outside the courtroom following the testimony of Joe Stephens, a black prisoner in the stockade October 14, since discharged.

Stephens was standing outside the courtroom during a recess talking to some friends when a tall, burly man with glasses approached. He was wearing a fuzzy gray cardigan over a sports shirt

and light gray gabardine slacks. It was Sergeant Woodring. He approached former prisoner Stephens, leaned over and stuck out his hand. "Hi, how are ya?"

Stephens shook hands with Woodring and coolly said, "Fine. How are you?"

Woodring stepped back, chuckled, said "You know, win a few, lose a few," and stepped up into the court room closed to spectators at the time.

When Woodring stepped out a few minutes later and someone asked him what he was doing down here, he answered "Nothing."

"What are you doing hanging around?"

"I'm not hanging around."

"Why aren't you at the stockade?"

"I'm on leave."

"You might say it's an extended leave?"

"You might say", he answered and hurried away.

Joe Stephens literally swang into the courtroom. There was a joyful stir among the prisoners when he came in. Stephens testified he arrived in the overcrowded, filthy stockade on September 18.

"Like it was always just no room to get around. Nothing to do.

"Sergeant Woodring promised we were supposed to go out everyday for football and things. Didn't really get out to exercise. Nothing

SMUGGLED LETTER

Editor's Note: This letter by two of the Presidio "mutineers" was smuggled out of the stockade. Spelling and grammar are unaltered.)

Dear Editor of the Berkeley Barb;

I am a (...) white man. I have been in the Presidio Stockade for one year. I have seen a great deal of brutality, and unhuman treatment to the men at the Presidio Stockade. But on the 3rd of April, I was a witness to one of the most unjust acts I have ever seen in my life.

Three sergeants, one specialist (E-4), was caught by a Chaplin (Maj) beating a prisoner. I am going to call the Chaplin Major X, to protect him, the chaplin balled the four guards out and told them that he was going to press charges. In the week that followed...it was

to do but stay inside and lay around or got out on work detail

"I always wanted to move around, wasn't no place to move."

Stephens was told he'd be in the stockade for five days. He stayed for five months.

decided at a high staff meeting that Major X should be relieved of his duties as Stockade Chaplin.

The reason that was given to him for his removal, was that he was getting to involved with the prisoners. In plane words he was doing his job, to well, for those who think that the prisoners in the Stockade are less than human.

On the 17th of April, a young man was brought into the Stockade, he was harassed and tormented for the first few hours he was here. He was then thrown into segregation, he somehow managed to get hold of a razor blade, he then cut the main artery just below his elbow, he was taken to the hospital, sown up, and brought back. He was then put back into segregation. Thats all I'm going to say at this time, except for we are two of the 27 mutineers. (Name withheld to protect writers)

"One time there was an incident where the black prisoners were blamed for a fire in the boiler room. We talked to Capt. Lamont and Sgt. Woodring. Said we didn't start it and didn't want to be blamed.

"Capt. Lamont said there were a lot of childish people in the stockade and asked what could be done to help in the stockade. . . . Capt. Lamont said he couldn't condone violence but if somebody got beat up and he didn't know it he couldn't do anything. Two or three times he told us that. Like he told us to police the place. Seemed like he was trying to divide (blacks and whites).

"Woodring said the same thing. The blacks and whites in the stockade got along all right. Got along real good."

Stephens said the black prisoners discussed this meeting with the white prisoners later.

Stephens said he learned about the killing of Pvt. Bunch when he came back from a work detail. Some windows were broken and the Sergeant told me to get up and help clean up.

"I wouldn't. I couldn't see going along with helping these same people who had just done this thing."

Stephens was then put into segregation.

Stephens was able to get it into his testimony that the black prisoners decided that whatever was done the black prisoners should stick together. There appears to have been some doubt among them that they could participate in a non-

see p. 14

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# SON IN, MOM OUT IN MOM'S FIGHT FOR KIDS' RIGHTS



photo by Pilgrim

## mad despite muir

by John Pilgrim

Last Sunday afternoon (April 27) I was forcefully reminded that blind prejudice and the "average man's" utter contempt for beauty have not only made unlivable cesspools out of our cities but have also spread their ugly slime across the countryside and into those once delightfully obscure hide-aways of trees and rocks and wind-whipped sand where we once found escape.

I got this most unpleasant reminder from a number of angry (and slightly confused) Marin County Sheriff's deputies and from one outraged (and highly voyeuristic) Muir Beach landowner, all of whom seemed to regard the normal weekend visitation to this public beach by a few hundred hip young (and not so young) people along with kids, pets and attendant rock bands as some kind of barbarian invasion which could only be met with threats and force.

The effects of all this on my own until-then pleasant Sunday afternoon and that of my wife, two kids and a friend taking a long-needed break from a black San Francisco housing project were catastrophic.

We're not insensitive to bad vibes. The great wave of hostility and paranoia we walked into really jinxed the day for us, as I'm sure it did for many other people whose whole purpose in going to Muir Beach last Sunday was simply to get some fresh air.

The San Francisco Chronicle, with suitable tongue-in-cheek amusement over what even establishment newsmen can only regard as an utterly absurd situation, reported the incident Monday on page 3 under the headline "Reinforcements Rout the Nudes."

In essence, reported the Chronicle, a ridiculously large squad of Marin County Sheriff's deputies (18 of them) invaded the completely peaceful beach scene late in the afternoon to "call the bluff" of "75 to 100" nude sunbathers on the beach.

They had come, the Chronicle reported, because a "male resident" of the area had spotted the nudes "with his binoculars" and complained that such a carefully magnified sight impaired his morals.

Two deputies arrived, alone at

first, told the "horde" of nudes to put their clothes back on but were politely told nothing doing. The upholders of public decency then called for reinforcements and were, after considerable delay, assisted by eight more squad cars full of deputies which had to fight their way through a three-mile-long traffic jam leading up to the beach.

By the time the wave of Marin fuzz arrived (about 5 p.m.), the nude sunbathers had decided to get dressed again anyway and everyone departed peacefully--sunbathers, three or four rock bands which had provided an afternoon-long concert from the steps of the Muir Beach Resort store building, the detachment of deputies, and all. No arrests.

The Chronicle (which generally quotes whatever its police beat man is told by the cops) erred in its estimate of "75 to 100" nude sunbathers on Muir Beach. I counted no more than a dozen at the height of the undressing activity.

And what the deputies, property owners and the Chronicle also failed to take into account, because, to them, it plainly didn't matter a damn, was the kind of crimp all this hostility and police activity threw into the day for hundreds of people, hip and straight, who came to the beach with their families for a quiet, sunny Sunday.

People, like my family, who had parked quite legally on a public road on a bluff about 100 yards above the center of the beach festivities only to be met by a beefy and furious householder who first of all tried to order us out of our parking place while calling us "scum" and "bums" who "won't work for a living" all because we were going down to sun on the beach; and because one member of our party was black.

When his bluff failed, he then resorted to threats that we'd all "be arrested" and proceeded to scream obscenities and shake his fist in the face of my six-year-old daughter who promptly burst into terrified tears.

All of this directed at people he'd never met before and who were dressed "normally" and presented no "abnormal" excess of hair.

Pure hysteria.

We went on down to where the rock bands played at the resort building and dug the fine music, the absolutely beautiful young people, not more than a half dozen of them nude, who danced, listened and sat on the grass sunning quietly. No hassles. No fights. Perfect tranquility.

We then went down to the beach itself and joined the dozens of other families sunning near the water's edge. Our kids played boat with bits of driftwood they found in the little fresh water lagoon which separates the "mainland" from the beach itself.

It seemed like such a perfect day to be here but in the distance we soon heard the sound of police sirens. The psychic atmosphere was becoming more and more tense.

We were doing nothing illegal, but no one wants to be caught with their kids in the middle of a police "sweep".

We left. A lovely day in the country had been ruined by a super-generous helping of urban fear and intolerance.

A determined mother is picketing Berkeley High School.

Walking back and forth in front of the east entrance, she carries a sign calling for an end to all suspensions. The sign not only applies to her own son Jim, but to all BHS students.

"Students are just being railroaded out of Berkeley High," Mrs. Joan Lewis, an assistant librarian at the Berkeley Library says. "Parents have to stand up for their children's rights."

For standing up Mrs. Lewis had her home invaded last Friday by 3 warrant-waving cops. Both she and her son were carted off to jail.

"It's overkill," she charged. "We were accused with trespassing on public property. We were on property that belongs to all the people."

Although Jim is back in school now, Mrs. Lewis is not about to forget the matter. She is in the process of organizing other parents to continue the picketing.

"The school rules are as bad as the army or jail," she said. "The school is more concerned about discipline than education."

Most black parents already know this, now whites are also finding it out, Mrs. Lewis said. She was

wearing a Huey medallion as she talked to BARB.

The trouble that brought the BHS discipline procedure home to Mrs. Lewis was an incident that occurred Tuesday, April 22. On that day her longhaired son Jim, a senior, was suspended for three days as a "troublemaker."

"He didn't get a fair hearing," his mother claims.

Jim recounted the incident to BARB. He said he had objected to a teacher using bad language and "messing with" some off-campus blacks who were on the school-ground. The teacher became annoyed and ordered Jim to leave, which he did. Later the same teacher came back with BHS principal Emory Curtis and took Jim to the Dean's office.

"The teacher called me an anarchist and said I was probably high on drugs," Jim recalled. "Even before I could tell my story the dean recommended suspension for 3 days."

"I made up my mind right then to do what's right," Jim said. He told the dean and principal he would be back in school Wednesday because he hadn't been given a fair hearing.

"My son didn't do anything wrong," his mother said. "There was no reason to keep him out of school." She fully supported his decision to return to classes.

The next day Jim went to his first class, as always. But when he found messengers from the Dean's office had warned other teachers not to let him in, he went home.

Firm in her belief the school was wrong Mrs. Lewis went to school Friday, with her son, "to ensure he would get into class". Both mother and son went. Principal Curtis came and whispered to Mrs. Lewis they were both violating state law, but no action was taken while they were at school.

It never occurred to me they would get warrants for us," Mrs. Lewis told BARB.

Friday night three cops came to her door calmly saying they had warrants for her and Jim's arrest. "Suddenly one of them bulldozed over me and pinned me against a wall," she said. Another ran into the house searching for Jim.

All this time Mrs. Lewis and her 13 year old daughter were screaming at the cops to stop the unnecessary physical attack. Eventually Jim was handcuffed and both he and his mother were taken to jail. Both were released the same night on bail.

They plan to act in their own defense when the trespass charges are brought against them in court Tuesday, May 6.

Since the Friday police invasion Mrs. Lewis has held a daily picket in front of the school. Her son was readmitted Wednesday, but she is continuing her protest.

"It's not the kids who are to blame, but the school," she insists. "As soon as you object to having your kids being a part of their regimented system they come down on you."

Jim said that although long hair and almost any type of dress is allowed at BHS it's only a "show of freedom." "You have to have passes to do anything. Students have very little say," he told BARB.

Mrs. Lewis said she favors some of the proposals of the Berkeley High BSU which wants student control over discipline, and the elimination of police type supervisors on campus. "After all, they're supposed to be in school, not jail," she said.

According to her son every day there are about 5 blacks suspended from the school. "They get the same kind of bad deal I did," he said.

Mrs. Lewis wants other parents who have grievances against the school to organize and do something about how its operated. Black parents understand what's going on, soon all of us will know, she said.

## FED-UP GI'S OVERFLOW GI HELP

So many GI's are getting fed up with serving the Man that resistance military counseling offices are overflowing.

"Men who face the immediate danger of Vietnam or the stockade come in daily," Oliver Hirsh of GI Help told BARB. Hirsh was a military counselor for the War Resister's League but the office there became too small to handle the influx of disgruntled GI's. A month ago GI-Help was organized solely to help men already in the service get out.

"The men we get know they don't want to kill, or be killed," Hirsh said. He pointed out most of them only have a high school background or even less. College-educated men have an easier time beating the military rap altogether, he said.

GI-Help needs public support in many ways, Hirsh said. Most important are places to stay for GI's in trouble. Also needed are trained counselors, sympathetic lawyers, psychiatrists, and doctors, and of course bread.

GI-Help is located at 483 Guerrero Street, San Francisco. The number to call is 626-2579.

## BLIND JUSTICE

by PAT

Ten of 480 arrested last December in the SF State strike, including Roger Alvarado, were found guilty of disturbing the Man's Peace, resisting illegal arrest, and failing to disperse a campus rally when threatened by the oinkers.

Alvarado, a major force behind the strike and a leader of the TWLF was thrown back into the slam while Judge L. S. Manna set the other nine students free on bail.

Roger's attorney considers this completely illegal. He had to stand and watch his client ripped off and kidnapped by the grinning pigs while the judge solemnly brushed off his objections.

A spokesman for Legal Defense of S.F. said, "Now that they got him, they are never going to give him up." AS BARB goes to press

Roger's outraged attorney is trying to make the judge obey the laws and release him.

The seven-man and five-women jury took only five hours to decide that this bunch of demonstrators were guilty although two other bunches were innocent of the same charges for the same actions. The contradictions in the mass mock trials are self-evident and only a blind person could still fondly believe the American ideal of justice is to be found in the courts.

The sixth group being mass-tried is soon due for a decision. Whatever the verdict, all these arrested have been severely punished before their trials by having to sit for months in jails and courts, thereby flunking classes and losing jobs. Total lives ruined by the Star-chamber trials, 37--13 'guilty', 18 innocent, and 6 being retried.

# BURNS BLOSSOM ON HIPPIE HILL MID SHIVA VIBES

by Pat

True to his word, Willie Minzey, the beloved High Priest of the Shiva Fellowship, held service in Golden Gate Park Sunday, giving away food and joy to all comers.

Unfortunately there were some very unwelcome and unholy people in the temple, sticking knives and clubs at the congregation gathered on Hippie Hill and demanding money. Few people on the hill were aware of what was going on, but three high school students from Redwood City got very uptight when they realized it and were seriously injured for their trouble.

While Willie and his scolystes handed out freshly cooked fish and parishioners passed and smoked the sacraments, a gang of six teen-age blacks were going from person to person on the hill ripping them off at knife-point, several victims reported.

The three boys from Redwood said no to the gang's demands

## SEMINARY LIBERATORS GO FREE

Five Pacific School of Religion students, threatened with expulsion for their part in the April 11th Free Church "liberation" of the seminaries, were acquitted when they appeared before PSR's administration last week.

Wade Hudson, one of the 'radical' theological students who helped co-ordinate the two-day festivities at PSR, told BARB that all five students involved were reprimanded for their part in the event, but none were dropped from the school.

Hudson also mentioned that 35 fellow theologians who had signed a complicity statement on the matter also got off with no punishment.

The liberation by the Free Church of PSR and other nearby seminaries three weeks ago included rock bands, light shows, dancing, and other recreational activities that put the PSR administration uptight.

for their rings, so the burn artists jumped them and ripped them right off the boy's hands. The gang ran, chased by the three boys who found themselves ambushed in the shrubs near Oak and Stanyan. The gang cornered one boy and beat him with a club, possibly putting out his right eye.

Fuzz were called by a witness who said the gang stood 500 feet from her and looked at their booty while she made the call. San Francisco's finest managed to bust one of the group.

Rev. Willie said he was unaware of the whole thing but that he hopes it won't scare people from his sunshine services every Sunday in the park.

"If people want to come to the temple on an ego trip and burn their brothers we will just have to overcome them with our good vibrations," Willie remarked, explaining how he once broke up a similar scene on the street with just good vibes.

Willie said he will be in the park next week with a big surprise for everybody and wants all his loyal parishioners to come with food, sacrament, drink, incense and banners to celebrate. He hopes people will not tolerate any violence.

One positive move to keep any violence from coming down on Willie's worship was suggested by Al Sultan Nassar Ahmed Shabazz, founder and Commander of the Western Addition Security Guards. Commander Shabazz said he can see that if burn artists start to work in the Park and in the Haight it will not only make everyone uptight, but will attract all kinds of undesirable people and pigs.

Shabazz said that it might be possible for him to put a guard in the park occasionally, or if the groups putting on park concerts chipped in he could "secure the area" all day from burners and pigs.

He asked that anyone in the Haight or park area who is concerned about punk gangs terrorizing the park and the Street or the excess of white pigs in black and Hip territory should contact him at 567-0263.

# CATCHING IT BY THE TAIL



photo by Alexander

Desire is fun! And Co-operative Theatre Action's production of Pablo Picasso's "Desire Caught by the Tail" is a balling good time.

The problem in Berkeley is, can the only play by one of the world's greatest artists hit the boards in this berg without getting busted.

CTA held a preview of the play Monday for the press, an ACLU lawyer and prospective San Francisco producers. The cops were invited, too, but didn't show.

Only three scenes of the whole play were previewed. That was enough for the ACLU lawyer to assure director Walter Sanchez that the performance would be busted.

The play, written by Picasso in 1942, deals with human desire in its many aspects - beautiful, horrifying, banal, and grotesque. To this end, nudity, cannibalism, balling, blow jobs and an electronic sound/light environment are employed by director Sanchez and his small, but talented cast.

"Evil, to be destroyed, must first be exposed," said Sanchez, an active off-Broadway producer and director.

"We are using 'Desire Caught by the Tail' to convey indignation concerning wrongly established moral and religious concepts of existence, concerning the lack of daring to question ways of life and concerning a society which

has grown cynical and apathetic.

"We fear the possibility of being misunderstood, consequently we want to make clear that our message is one of warning and not of condoning.

"We make this statement public in order to protect members of our cast against possible court action," he said.

Harrassing phone calls have already caused one member of the "Desire" cast to quit.

The play has never been produced in its entirety, according to Elliot Tanzer, one of the actors and public relations man for CTA.

The United States premiere is scheduled for Friday, May 8, at 8:30 p.m. in CTA's national headquarters, the Cafe La Front, 2517 Durant Avenue, Berkeley.

"If we don't get busted, we will have Saturday and Sunday performances, too," said Tanzer.

"What we really need now is money for a bail fund or pledges of money if we get busted.

"Just drop it by the Cafe or call 848-0485," he said.

Tanzer plays Big Foot in the play. Others in the cast include Leslie Reid as Tart, Meryl Salit as Round End, Piney Woods as Silence, Rosemary Leaver as Curtains, and director Walter Sanchez as Fat & Skinny Anguish. Lighting design is by Bob Harlow. Alan Meltzer handles the electronic sound equipment.

# SOCIETY MATRON BUSTED

Police busted 43 persons in Kent Woodlands (a Marin County suburb) for trying to stop Army engineers from turning a wooded creek into a naked concrete drainage ditch.

Among those busted were "society matrons," a psychiatrist and a landscape architect. Many others were students at Marin Junior College.

The engineers were wrecking the creek in the name of flood control. Even Sen. Alan Cranston says, "I was not convinced that the concrete lining was necessary for the volume of water the creek can reasonably be expected to carry, even at flood time."

One woman put her leg against a tree as a buzz saw began eating through the far side of the trunk. The operator balked at performing that kind of surgery.

Lawrence Halprin, a 52-year-old landscape architect who lost his camera when plice twisted his arm behind his back, said, "I now understand how students feel when the cops go after them."

Halprin was the only in the group who refused to play the judge's game of promise-not-to-demonstrate-at-the-site-again. He had to put up \$50 bail.

Sometime soon, the engineer's pillage of the creek will reach the edge of the Marin JC campus. Students there are demanding that the board of trustees refuse to allow the engineers on campus.

## MARATHON

The KPFA Marathon is on again. The listener-owned noncommercial FM station which has helped make Berkeley more than a college town, has suspended programming until enough money can be raised to make up last year's deficit.

\$94.1 thousand dollars is the suggested goal. KPFA operates at 94.1 on the dial.

Listeners will be asked to pledge amounts of money in return for donated barter items or special services. Each day the news will be ransomed for a set amount in pledges.

Donations of goods and services for barter are needed, as well as telephone and accounting volunteers around the clock.

The Marathon number is 548-1220.

LIVE AT BILL GRAHAM'S

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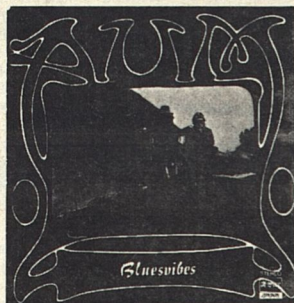
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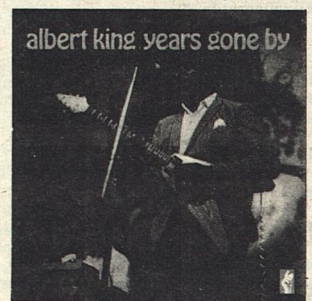


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## MERRITT'S NEW SITE 'NOWHERE'

by Rick Heide

It's a 15 minute drive on a winding dirt road to Merritt College's new campus high in the Oakland hills. The site of this "community college" couldn't be farther from the community it purports to serve.

Most students in the district are from the flatlands of Oakland and Berkeley. The flatlands are populated mainly by working class and Third World people. The current site, in the flatlands, is convenient for most students to reach.

Of course, the new campus will be convenient for some. The Oakland power structure maintains its estates in the hills. For their offspring it's just a short zip in the Camaro to the new Merritt.

Rallies were held by S.D.S. Tuesday at both Merritt and Laney Colleges, the two existing schools in the Peralta Junior College District. Afterwards, car caravans made the long, tedious journey up the hill to the new Merritt site.

The place has a spectacular view of the Bay Area. It's a beautiful site - for a park, not a college. An entire hill has been levelled and preliminary construction is in progress.

Overlooking the hill campus is an enormous estate. It perches on a rocky crag and is surrounded by a high fence of cyclone and barbed wire. Floodlights are posted all around the grounds. A true mountain bastion of law and order gone paranoid.

Nearby we saw a model of what Merritt might look like. Skyline High, the "elite" Oakland public school, is just a short rope climb up the mountain range. Skyline has got to be the best fenced school in the world. San Quentin's security isn't nearly as imposing as Skyline's.

As one student said, "They couldn't put a moat around Merritt so they decided to build it up here." In the upright Oakland hills no moat is necessary. The area is possessed by a fortress mentality.

After the inspection, the students went to the Peralta district office. They presented a demand that a public meeting be held to explain the reasons for this untenable site to the community. If not, they vowed to return and interfere with construction.

At the rally, the hill campus was assailed as a racist plan to divide white and Third World power. They said courses leading to higher paying jobs will be offered on the hill. Laney, which will have to serve the entire flatlands population, will be severely overcrowded four years after construction. This will deprive thousands of flatlands people of an education, they said.

They might not have to worry about stopping the hill campus. Like the Maginot Line, Fortress Merritt might be vulnerable. The new campus is built on fill land perched on a hill. It is right on top of the Hayward Fault Line.

## TALF FRONT UPFRONT

Word has come from the Telegraph Avenue Liberation Front; the street people are getting it together with the TALF store.

Members of the Liberation Front are proud to announce the start of their garbage collection service. The charge in Berkeley is \$1.00 a month. To get rid of yours, contact TALF headquarters at their store, in back of the Forum and next to Peoples Park.

There will also be a free meal in Peoples Park this Friday, May 2nd, from four to six p.m.

TALF is also organizing a job skill pool. Those with a skill to offer should list it, along with their name, at the TALF store. For people who have jobs to be done, contact the TALF store for workers.

# TO SAVE REDWOODS BOTH SIDES BEEFING UP IN BOLINAS RIDGE BATTLE

by Michael Bond

A month ago an Oregon logging outfit, moved up on the forested ridge above the town of Bolinas, and began cutting redwood on some 1460 acres of the Righetti Ranch. For three weeks they worked uninterrupted, clearing out great stands of the ancient trees, the snarl of long-bladed chainsaws mingling with the snap of cracking timber and the roar of giant trees falling to the earth.

For the moment the people of Bolinas and nearby Stinson Beach were silent, some decrying the fact while refusing to get involved, others, the younger ones, talked of sabotage.

An ordinance prohibited logging in Marin County for a 90-day moratorium period, during which time the county was to consider making a permanent ban, but the loggers on the Righetti Ranch managed to get their operation excepted from the moratorium.

Then last Monday about forty of us, met at the junction of the logging road with Highway One, about four to five miles north of Bolinas.

Several of us drove up the logging road to tree line, where the cutting had begun. We spend about an hour wandering around through a vast area of once-forested hillside now covered with debris, waist deep in branches and truncated tree tops, interrupted here and there by bulldozed roads.

So little soil cover was left that erosion had in places already begun; we saw at once that when next winter's rains begin most of the topsoil on this part of the ridge is sure to wash off into the watershed of the Bolinas Lagoon. The increased siltation which will result from this means the end of the lagoon, and hence of the many waterfowls and shorebirds that live off it.

So for about two hours we stood around, a few with signs, "Stop Raping Our Land", "Save Our Trees" one with an American flag imprinted simply with the letters, "Stop Logging."

The timber-truck drivers grinned as they went by, gearing down as they came out onto the highway, their rigs scattering scraps of redwood bark on the road. Feeling stupid and ineffective, we decided to begin parking our cars directly in front of the logging road to block the trucks.

Soon after we had jammed up the road we heard a second full truck coming down from the ridge. It

slowed as it came round the last bend above our blockade, then started to accelerate and we stepped forward to block the road with our bodies. The driver brought his rig to a stop about a foot in front of us.

After an hour and a half the cops had arrived in sufficient numbers to force us to remove our cars, and the trucks, by now backed part way up the hillside, roared through.

Tuesday morning we returned in greater numbers, and when the rumble of the first truck sounded from the ridge we walked forward to occupy the road. The truck slowed to a crawl until it reached us, then began pushing us slowly on to the highway, its air horn blaring, its driver gunning the engine to scare us.

Seeing that we could not stop him by standing up, we lay down di-



photo by Hoyer

rectly in front of the truck. We stayed there for about an hour and a half before the cops arrested seven of us and took us to San Rafael, and broke up the demonstration for the day.

Wednesday morning there were more than sixty of us waiting for the first truck to come down, and again arrests, this time eight people handcuffed, frisked, and sent off to San Rafael. Again the cops forced us to disperse. That day we had also sent out a letter, to all the people in Bolinas asking for support.

We are now in the process of organizing a complaint by the landowners of Bolinas and Stinson Beach against the logging company. Court action on this could result in at least a temporary restraining order on the logging, and would give us time to work out further meth-

ods to hassle the loggers before all our trees are gone.

We have begun to hassle the logging trucks on the roads from Bolinas to Richmond, using hit and run tactics and choosing our own locations rather than sitting where the cops can easily arrest us. Already we have the loggers on the defensive: Some have even admitted that the operation is an irresponsible one; friction is developing between the company and individual truck drivers over loss in pay resulting from our holdups. Now fearing that they may soon be faced with a restraining order, the company is trying to recruit more men and to get all the trees cut before the time originally planned.

What we in Bolinas have felt best about since our protest began is the way that a small group in the beginning has begun to involve

the whole community, including straights, in the problem of saving our redwood ridge. We can use the help of anyone who would like to come out to Bolinas (4 to 5-mile north of town on hiway 1) and join us in our protests, which begin at 9 AM every weekday. We are planning a great people's picnic, scheduled for Sunday, May 10, on the Righetti Ranch, where we can protest by occupying the damaged land with poets, a rock band, families, food, wine, kids, dogs and a goat. Everyone is invited to help save the redwoods, the creeks, the lagoon, the egrets and herons, and all the other wild animals and plants of the Bolinas Ridge and its watershed. For further information call 868-1686.

## MR. X SEEKS POWER IN OREGON-- REFUGEE FROM CORNELL BLACKS?

by Jefferson Poland, Eugene correspondent of Berkeley Barb

The Provost of Cornell University sits uneasy in his seat of power, even though armed blacks ended their 36-hour occupation of the student union building April 20. Does he dream of quieter Oregon?

Student grapevine at Eugene's University of Oregon carries a rumor that he -- or Cornell proxy James Perkins -- is "Mr. X", secret third candidate in the race for UC president.

Two runners declared themselves openly: Harrison Scott Brown, noted geochemist at California Institute of Technology; and Charles Johnson, former dean at UO's College of Liberal Arts who has acted temporarily as University President since August '68.

But Mr. X's name, at his request, has been kept an administrative secret. He has threatened to withdraw from the race if anyone blows his cover.

His anonymity means students cannot argue for him nor against him, as they can with Johnson & Brown. Though final decision is up to Oregon State Board of Higher Education, lobbying might swing a close race. Especially if Mr. X turned out to be somebody controversial. Like Haya.

When Brown revealed his can-

didacy, he made it possible for students and profs of various political colors to phone their CIT counterparts and check him out. Does he conduct military research? Where does he stand on academic freedom? Having dug his background, Oregon people know whether to work for him, protest against him, or sit it out. They already understand Johnson. But Mr. X refuses to be evaluated by the campus he wants to rule.

BARB sat through many dull hours of a State Board meet at UO April 21 waiting for the expected announcement of the winner. Which never came. Students at the meeting said privately that the Board had already made its choice -- the Cornell Provost -- but held back the news. Because of an embarrassing story on the front page of the morning Portland Oregonian. The paper showed black Cornell students carrying rifles and homemade spears. By delaying announcement, presumably till its June 10 meeting, the Board allowed time for media to forget Cornell. Maybe time to reconsider.

Organized horse lovers provided comic relief as they demanded more veterinary education. Their spokesman proudly brayed that "Horsemen are not the kind of people who would assault the chancellor. We could have brought a thousand horse-

men down here to pressure the Board, like some groups would, but we're not that way." BARB applauded.

During lunch break one administrator asked another "when is your president arriving?" The answer was late August. If these men were discussing UO, then they knew local boy Johnson had lost out. Only Brown and Mr. X need to arrive from elsewhere.

Afterwards BARB compared notes with the managing editor of the student Oregon Daily Emerald newspaper, a pleasingly plump coed. She clammed up. She admitted her editor-in-chief, Ron Eachus, knew full well who Mr. X was, since he served on the faculty/student "search committee" which nominated candidates for Board review. But Eachus has sworn secrecy, and the Emerald won't blow Mr. X's cover because openness would eliminate him from the race.

By the time furtive Mr. X reaches Eugene, the sleepy haven might be as hot as Cornell. Even while the Board droned on about building cost estimates and square feet, students outside planned a sleep-in that night on the lawn of their student union building.

No peace in sight for the Ithaca refugee. Just where can an administrator go these days to get away from black and reds and longhairs?

## REALTOR SAYS RENT STRIKE IS 'FUTILE'

"Tenants on strike!" That's the cry from 35 tenants of 2335 Dwight Way, a three-story pink and grey monstrosity that was built eight years ago.

The tenants are withholding rent until a number of conditions are corrected.

A notice, signed by 35 of the building's 60 tenants, was sent to the Cyril Stevenson Realty Co. (also known as Sather Gate Realty) which manages the building.

Repair of existing fire hoses and extinguishers, installation of fire equipment where none exists, repair of washers and dryers, provision of vacuum cleaners and adequate hall and underground garage lighting are among the conditions listed in the notice, according to John Harling, one of the strike organizers.

"We'll stick it out all the way," Harling told BARB.

"The management has replaced a faulty pump in the swimming pool and done a few other things that don't cost much money, but they haven't made any real improvements," said Harling.

BARB visited the building Wednesday. A 20-foot pool of water had collected around the drain in the parking garage. The garage has only one 75 watt bulb to light it. The laundry room had an even smaller 40 watt bulb. One of the dryers was out-of-order. There was broken glass in the bottom of a pool in the back yard and the water was filthy.

The pool has been sprayed by the Alameda County Mosquito Abatement District, said Harling.

What will management do? "Most of those complaints are inconsequential anyway," Cyril Stevenson, Jr. told BARB.

"If a burner on the stove doesn't work, it's no big thing - unless you want to bake a cake or something," said Stevenson.

"We obviously need new tenants. Let them strike. It's an exercise in futility.

"From a legal point of view, they can be evicted in three days.

"We have plenty of prospects for those one-bedroom apartments - they're the easiest thing in the world to rent in Berkeley.

"Whether their gripes are genuine or not is not the point; rents would go up 30 per cent if those repairs were made," said Stevenson. (A one-bedroom furnished apartment rents for \$155 a month, BARB was told.)

"These are reasonable rents for Berkeley - extremely reasonable.

"Listen, we have our problems, too. We only represent the owner.

"She got this building out of a divorce and doesn't have the money to maintain it; besides she has too many mortgages on it.

"The owner just doesn't have the money to do the things that should be done - but she would like to," he said.

"What with excessive taxation, profit margins are down to only five or six per cent - and that's tight," added Stevenson.

So what about the lighting, the drainage, the broken glass, the laundry? And what's to be done in case of fire?

## WELFARE PAY-OFF?

Why were welfare checks to Hunter's Point sent out several days earlier than usual?

"It was a political move to quiet the racial tension," an underground source who works for the San Francisco Social Service agency told BARB.

The caller said city politicians were doing everything to quiet down the tension following Monday's cop raid on the Black Panther office in the Fillmore District.

Normally checks are mailed on the 1st and 16th of each month, the caller said. This week checks ONLY to Hunters Point were sent out on the 29th.

Electric Eclectic

# MOOG

FEATURES "THE MINOTUAR"



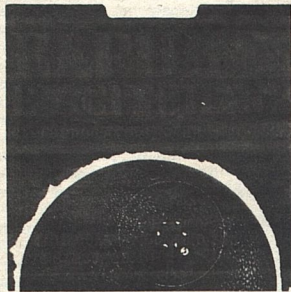
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## DOT HAS TWO ALL-AMERIKAN CONCEPTS



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MT. RUSHMORE  
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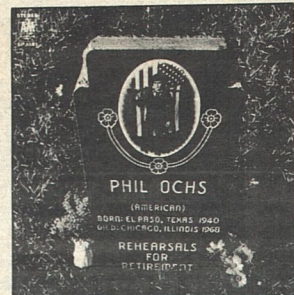
## A&M HAS LOTS OF FRIENDS



JOE COCKER  
SP 4182



FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS  
SP 4175



PHIL OCHS  
SP 4181

ALL



ALBUMS

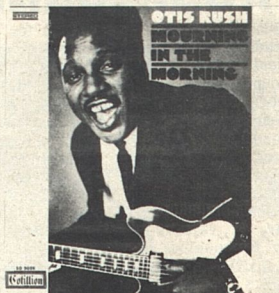
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DANNY KALB  
SD 9007



OTIS RUSH  
SD 9006



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SD 9004

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**HOMO DEATH**

**GROUP WILL ACT**

The Alameda County coroner has flatly denied a request to hold an inquest into the police killing of Frank Bartley, a 33-year-old Berkeley homosexual.

Bartley was shot in the head by Berkeley pig Weiker Kline April 17 in a hassle over a sex offense arrest in Aquatic Park.

Bartley died April 24 from the .38 slug wound. His family wanted to donate his body for organ transplants, but the coroner ruled that since the death was a homicide, no organs could be transplanted.

Official investigations into the shooting by Berkeley police and the District Attorney cleared Kline and his partner, Frank Reynolds, and indicated that no inquest was necessary.

The request was made by Berkeley attorney Mary Montgomery, who is representing Bartley's family. Last week, attorney Montgomery told BARB that murder charges would be filed against the two officers.

"Our plans haven't changed, but we are going to open with a civil suit for \$200,000 in damages against the city, the police department and the two officers," attorney Montgomery told BARB.

Berkeley police Inspector Jack Huston told BARB that, as far as the police department was concerned, the case of Frank Bartley is closed.

"It looks like an official cover up," Larry Littlejohn, president of the Society for Individual Rights told BARB.

SIR was one of several groups that participated in a mock funeral motorcade from Glide Methodist Church in San Francisco to the Berkeley Hall of Justice in protest of the killing of Frank Bartley a week ago Friday.

Littlejohn and other SIR officials met with Berkeley Police Chief Baker Wednesday, requesting that the police make a public statement concerning the Bartley killing.

"We also wanted them to make the police investigation report on the incident public," said Littlejohn.

"Baker told us that no public statement would be made and that police reports were only available to those newspapers the department chose to recognize.

"We do intend to take action on this matter," Littlejohn said.

"We have not yet determined the form of the action, but we will bring this incident before the public's attention," he added.

Leo Laurence, press officer for the Committee for Homosexual Freedom, told BARB that the demonstration did not go far enough.

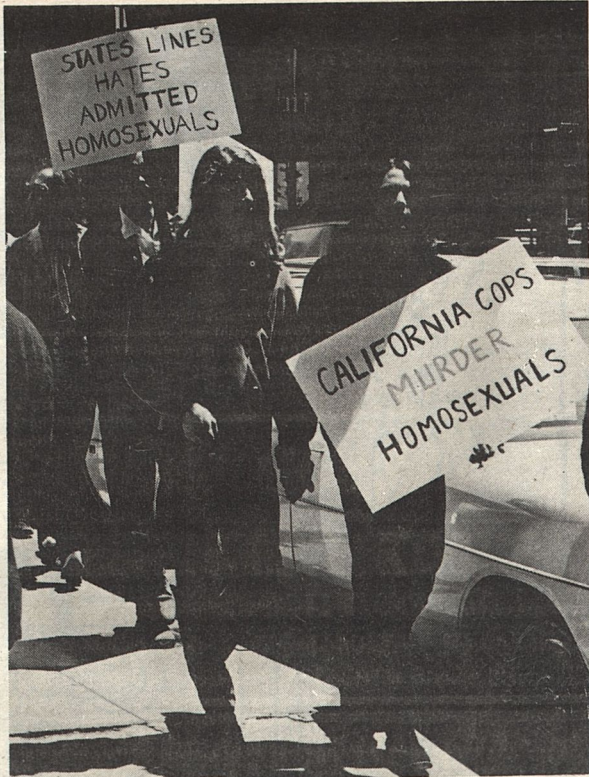
"We are not interested in these absurd official reports of an official murder," said Laurence.

"CHF is demanding that the two officers involved be suspended immediately and remain off the force until murder charges against them are tried in court.

"We want these killers off the streets," he said.

CHF is also demanding that Chief Baker issue immediate orders to his men to cease harassment and entrapment of homosexuals or resign his post, Laurence added.

Attorney Montgomery asked that any witness to the shooting, which occurred at 7:20 p.m., Thursday, April 17, in the southeast corner of Aquatic Park, contact her office a leave a phone number. No names, please, she said, the lines are tapped.



**DOWN ON THE FARM**

**APRIL THIRDSERS WIN FIRST BOUT INSIDE AND OUT**

STANFORD (3 AM Thursday, May 1.) -- Approximately 200 members of the April 3rd movement have moved into the nerve center of Stanford University, Encinal Hall.

The resumption of the sit-in which two weeks ago had occupied the Applied Electronics Laboratory came after the Stanford Trustees failed to take any action regarding war-related research on campus.

As fifty members of campus Young Americans for Freedom, (William F. Buckley's rightist young corps) tried to block entrance to the hall, militants of the April 3 Movement entered through the rear and let in 200 of the throng of 800 which had marched to the hall.

The decision to take the hall was made in a long mass meeting which saw a three-hour lapse between the decision to sit in and the decision of which hall to occupy. This gap probably resulted in the transfer of the classified files out of Encinal Hall, which serves as administrative and communications center for the campus.

Shortly after the students moved into the four-story building, Dean of Students Joel Smith along with several faculty members and campus police entered to warn the students that they were suspended. Smith was warned back that the building was liberated and that he would have to leave. The students then proceeded not to pay attention to the Dean.

At this hour the building is reported quiet, with students bedding down in sleeping bags and funds being collected for provisions. Campus police are reported posted in the building, a procedure which has been followed in every Stanford sit-in so far.

By Thursday noon, students had left the building upon the arrival of busloads of Santa Clara County Sheriff's Deputies. No arrests

were reported.

The students marched to President Pitzer's office but he was not in.

As BARB goes to press a meeting is scheduled at the Old Union building, site of last year's sit-in. Tactics will be decided upon there.

**INDIAN BLASTS HONKIES**

The Bureau of Indian Affairs "has been set up to do away with our people," said La Nada Means at the UC Student Union Monday night.

For a crowd of about eighty, the president of United Native Americans was running down the kind of brainwash and de-Indianization that her people are going through.

Starting in on education, La Nada said the Indian's only real choice is between reform school or one of those run by the BIA. Describing these, La Nada said they are run strictly "by the bell." There are matrons, separate dorms for the "bad girls" and rules everywhere you look. To sharpen your sense of identity, some teachers will cheerfully begin class with terms like, "Now, all you little Indian children..."

To crown this, La Nada described the Summer Home Program, under which the school children are indentured to white families until school resumes in the fall. This is nothing but assimilation, she said, and the money is sent back to the school.

"They don't want any Native Americans here at Cal," said La Nada, noting the present enrollment of 18 (twice the pre-strike see page 16

**GAY STRIKE HITS SOUTHERN FRONT**

The "pink Panthers" are attacking the States Steamship Company on two fronts as the strike by the Committee for Homosexual Freedom spread this week from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

Fifteen pickets led by the Rev. Troy Perry of Huntington Park, CHF Chairman in Los Angeles, started picketing the States Lines' L.A. offices Wednesday noon.

Meanwhile, over 30 CHF members, dubbed "Pink Panthers," were simultaneously hitting the company's offices at 320 California St. in San Francisco's crowded financial district.

Pickets in Los Angeles disturbed the steamship company enough that their officials personally visited the picket line. In San Francisco, States Lines executives have steadfastly avoided confronting the homosexual protesters.

"It was the biggest thing in downtown L.A.," says Rev. Perry. "We had over 200 people that crowded around the picket line amazed at the courage of our people."

The LA picket line at 6th & Flower streets was made up primarily of young homosexuals, plus a large number of seminary students from Claremont School of Theology, most of whom are straight.

"The attitude of the kids here," says Rev. Perry, "is that it's time we do something to show Los Angeles that we're not going to stand idly by anymore and watch our gay community get pushed around. We intend to keep this up every weekday noonhour until we win our freedom."

In San Francisco, "the picket line is a steady flow of about fifteen people a day," says Gale Whittington, 21, an attractive blond Accounting Clerk and CHF Chairman. The "Pink Panthers" charge he was fired only because he publicly showed he was gay.

"I know we are irritating people a great deal inside the company," Whittington says. "They are getting tired of it."

"The enthusiasm on the line is growing. We are singing more songs and yelling for Freedom more," Whittington explained. "More people on the line are holding hands or embracing showing that we, too, can and should show affection in public."

"We are supporting any group fighting for freedom, especially the blacks and anti-war groups." A CHF delegation was at the "Free Huey" rally on May Day, Whittington report to BARB at press-time Thursday.

"Our picket line is almost too polite considering two homosexual killings in two months by the pigs, undesirable discharges by the military, gay suicides and murders, increased taxation of homo-

sexual married couples, rejection by most churches, harassment in the Tenderloin, and blatant discrimination against gays in employment," says Leo Laurence.

The CHF is already hurting for money. A small bank account is almost empty. CHF activities may come to an end unless contributions are sent soon to CHF, 15 Beaver St., SF 94114, a CHF spokesman said.

**TO STOP HAIGHT DEATHS**

FOR MARGARET JO, CINDA MARIE AND BILL:

No I didn't know them but they were part of me and I was part of them and you were part of them too. I can no longer keep my blinds drawn to what's happening. We gather to protest a war thousands of miles away. We rally for freedom on campus and against police brutality and then we come home and listen to gun shots mercilessly execute three of our own while we sit, puff on a weed and wonder what's happening next door.

Can anyone tell me what an eighteen year old can do that's so bad to warrant assassination? Were these kids any less human beings than a Robert Kennedy or Martin Luther King? Their murders are a product of this circus tent we call a society and what are we doing about it? We can get thousands of people to support a demonstration against the useless slaughter in Viet Nam but what about the useless slaughter of people in Haightbury?

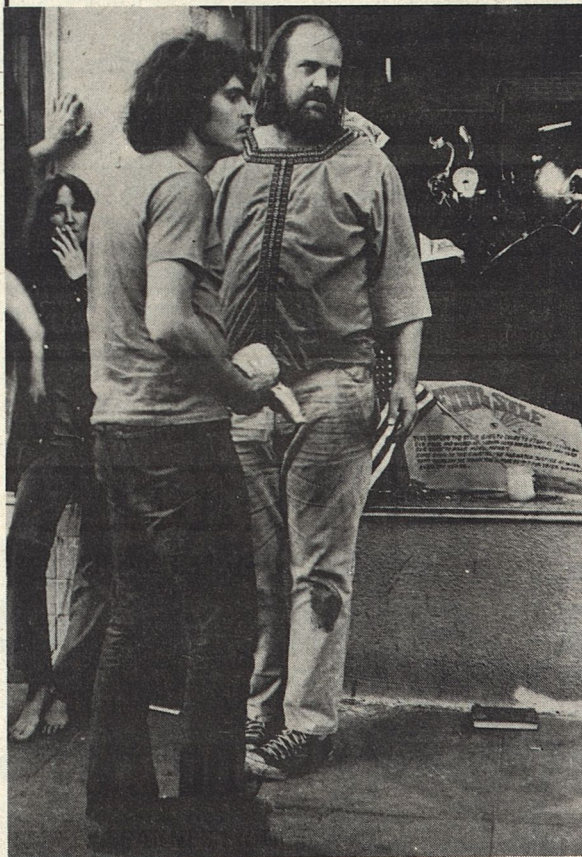
I'm no square, man. I'm hip. I turn on and I'm scared. That could have been me that got the bullit in the head April 24 or it could have been YOU. We don't just have to worry about draft notices; now we have to worry about having a contract put out on us. It's our neighborhood. It's our city. They were our people and it's up to us to do something about this senseless tragedy that's happening to all of us.

Am I an alarmist? Something tells me that after 20 murders in the Haight somebody should be alarmed. What can you do? Ask yourself that, man and then do it.

Yes, kick the jams out this weekend and bring some love back to that street in the name of the three of us -- Margaret Jo, Cinda Marie, Bill and the seventeen others who were murdered this year because our blinds were drawn.

Sue Phelan

**'END OF AN ERA...'**



SIGHED BIG BILL Miller in front of 'the store,' dreams shattered by a Sunday afternoon eviction. Wottaway to spend Sunday!

photo by Bigelow

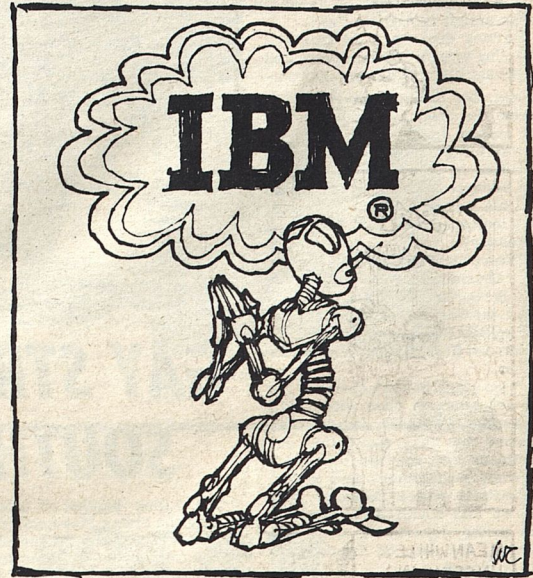
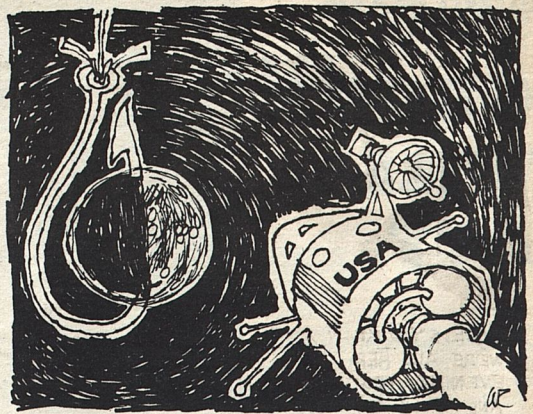
**MEET NEAT**

Berkeley Rent Control will be holding a picnic and meeting this Sunday in People's Park.

The group will convene at 6 PM around the stage. Participants should bring their own food or food to share. A fire pit will be available.

There will be discussion of rental problems, especially in the South Campus area.

# RELIGION AND CONSTIPATED COSMOLOGY SECTION THIS WEEK: CAN GOD COPE?



## THE POLITICS OF COUNTRY ROCK

by Tari

Since the release of his latest album, there has been a lot of speculation and consternation about where Bob Dylan's head is at these days.

While some of Dylan's fans are willing to unquestioningly follow the leader without quite knowing why, most of us are confused and a little disappointed about NASHVILLE SKYLINE without quite wanting to admit it.

So far, the music critics have been (mostly) apologetic about the new album, but have been hesitant to condemn something they basically don't like. They know that Dylan has been right before when they thought he was wrong - that's why they're critics and he's the artist. So we're told that this new aspect of Bob Dylan may be hard to groove on at first, but we should really try because he must mean SOMETHING -- that Bob Dylan is a groovy guy and if this is his trip we should go along with it.

People felt much the same way a few years ago when Dylan, after his third album, switched from folk to rock guitar. At that time however, the critics were not so timid about condemning him. Some were delighted at the prospects of him ending his scathing social attacks, while others, the folk-purists (whatever that may mean) accused him of selling out to the Electronic Age (whatever that may mean.)

During a 1965 concert in Chicago, a segment of the audience walked out in protest when Dylan began the second half of his performance with an electric guitar.

Dylan has since proved that he was way ahead of his critics then,

and he is probably at least as far ahead of them now. While the critics, to avoid the possibility of sticking their feet in their respective mouths once again, make patronizing excuses for his latest LP, it is quite possible that Dylan has something entirely different in mind.

I personally don't care at all for the music of NASHVILLE SKYLINE; I think it's the worst album that Dylan has made, the only one I can say I dislike. Compared to (as the title implies) the outlaw style of country and western in JOHN WESLEY HARDING, which while being very different was still a Dylanesque progression, NASHVILLE SKYLINE is innocuous, lifeless, and without any real focal point.

All of his other albums have been characterized by a very profound sensitivity, a social conscience, which this album lacks. In fact, it was this distinguishing factor which turned his melodies to music, his lyrics to poetry.

When Dylan wrote "The Times They Are A-Changin'" it was more a prophecy than a description of the social situation five years ago; yet the song was the precursor of the whole new culture that emerged in this country of which rock music and ROLLING STONE are only a part. "Only a Pawn in Their Game" was written long before most of us had any idea of the nature of southern politics, national politics, or even R. D. Laing's "politics of experience"; but it still stand as the most accurate description of American political methodology.

I don't believe that the author

of these songs, and all the succeeding ones has suddenly forgotten or neglected that very personal style of ethics and clarity of observation which gave all of his music life.

But neither do I believe that there is some special quality to the music of his new album which I'm just not catching on to right now.

If we have to have an answer to these questions I suggest we might find it if we listen, not so much to what Dylan is singing in NASHVILLE SKYLINE, but who he's singing to -- and listen, not to what he is SAYING, but rather look at what he is DOING. If we try that, we might just find that the Mesabi Iron Range of Hibbing, Minn. is really not that far from the recording studios of Nashville, Tenn.

One of the most disturbing things about Dylan is that he comes on not like one of US anymore, but like a real country and western singer. This feeling is reinforced by the very explicit alliance between Dylan and Johnny Cash. What is strange is not the difference between Dylan and Cash, but the difference between their respective audiences.

Bob Dylan has become the most widely known manifestation of the new culture in this country, the culture of young people who have refused to play the game of living 20th century style where life has merely become a series of properly programmed responses stored on magnetic tape and played over and over again -- the culture which has told the Closed Corporation of this country that it will

not be part of the violence, hatred, and greed which the Corporation uses to perpetuate itself. Through his music, Bob Dylan has become that culture's poet and its prophet. To many of its members, he has become their tribal chief.

Johnny Cash on the other hand, finds his audience in the traditional country and western market -- among the southern and non-urban whites, especially of the lower classes. Among all the "Tennessee Suds" north and south of the Mason-Dixon line who hate niggers, hippies, commies, and Jews. Among all of the blue-veined rednecks swelled with hate who are taking their frustrations out on you and me -- in short Johnny Cash's audience is composed basically of Bob Dylan's "pawns in their game."

Cash joins Dylan on the first band of NASHVILLE SKYLINE, singing "Girl From the North Country" and writes a tribute to him on the back of the album. Is Johnny Cash talking to you and me -- do we need to be told what a groovy guy Bob Dylan is? I don't think so.

Maybe this LP isn't for you and me, the Dylan fans, at all, but for the Johnny Cash fans out there in the boonocks -- maybe Bob Dylan is trying to pull off something which is the only relevant act today that can save the new culture, that can bring his ship safely to shore -- maybe he is trying to unite the pawns and their victims, both of whom are the rural and urban victims of the Corporation, by relating to CASH's country and western fans in NASH-

VILLE SKYLINE.

Because the truth is, WE ARE LOSING. Catch-22 is already here; the air rights over the cuckoo's nest extend even into the desert of New Mexico; and the Dean Moriarty's are being castrated or retiring prematurely to Long Island.

Those of us who have tried to live in a way which allows us to maintain some amount of self respect have become an inefficient malfunctioning part in an otherwise well-oiled smoothly running machine.

Those of us who know that the Corporation, in its greed, is destroying everything of natural beauty, then replacing it with a plastic substitute it can sell back to us at a profit, have become subversive.

The new culture and its products have become a threat to the Corporation's existence, and like a machine with a built-in self-preservation instinct, that culture will be rehabilitated, bought out, or destroyed -- its products will be turned into a marketable commodity and thus a socially desirable form of behavior.

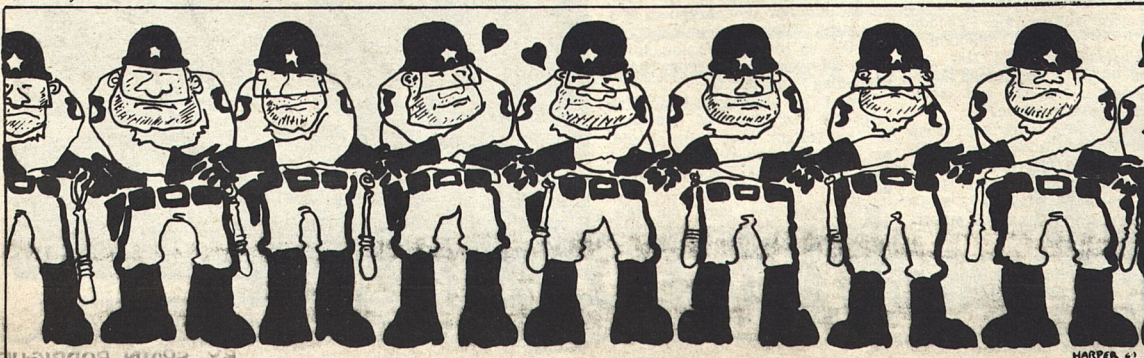
This may sound like I'm on a very heavy political trip, but I am no more a politico (of any stripe) than I am a music critic. There are simply some situations which are best described in political terms, that can best be explained by political perversion.

When I see so many of the people I dig being fucked over, the explanation is a political one. So also is the fact that the culture I identify with has become the victim of more violence, greed, and hatred than the amount whose existence made the creation of that culture necessary.

The instruments of that violence destroying our form of "anti-social behavior" are Johnny Cash's rednecks, Bob Dylan's pawns. We are their victims, and if we don't get them off our backs soon and get together with them, the machine's survival instinct will have won.

The only relevant political survival act today is to unite the pawns and their victims -- anything else, as Jim Morrison showed us in Miami, is only jacking off against the wall.

Maybe that's where Bob Dylan's head is at.



# TRASHMAN THE AVENGER

I GUESS YOU KNOW WHY WE'RE ALL HERE THIS EVENING, YES TRASHMAN AND HIS ILK HAVE BEEN EXTERMINATED LIKE THE...



VERMIN THAT THEY WERE. IT HAS BEEN PROVEN ONCE AGAIN THAT THERE IS NO ROOM



IN THIS SOCIETY FOR THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY THE VERY FABRIC OF DECENCY



FOR THOSE WHO WOULD RAISE THEIR UNCLE TOM'S HANDS AGAINST THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER...



...WELL, I DON'T WANT TO PREACH.. YOU FOLKS JUST GO AHEAD AND ENJOY YOURSELVES



M-M-M EXCELLENT I'VE NEVER TASTED LONG PIG PREPARED QUITE LIKE THIS

OH! HA HA HA



WELL THE CLOSER TO THE BONE THE SWEETER THE MEAT YOU KNOW

MEANWHILE... UNSEEN IN THE MEZANINE ABOVE THE GAY CROWD...



SILENT HANDS PREPARE THE INSTRUMENT OF... VENGEANCE



CHW CHUNCH

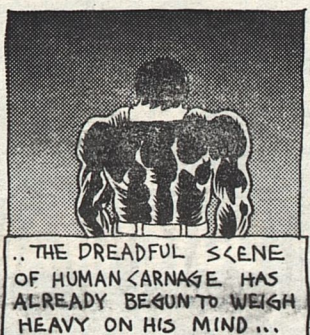


TRASHMAN AFTER MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING THE JAWS OF DEATH

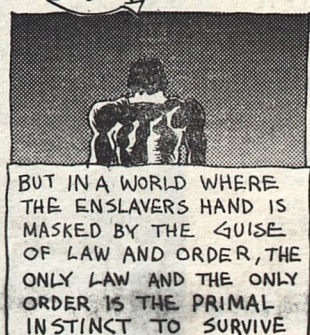
RETURNS TO FULFIL HIS VOW OF PEOPLE'S JUSTICE



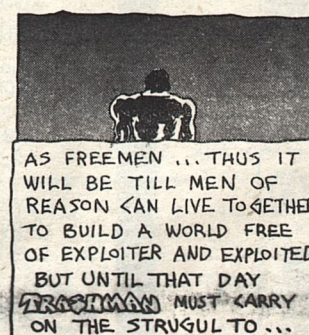
TRASHMAN TURNS AWAY...



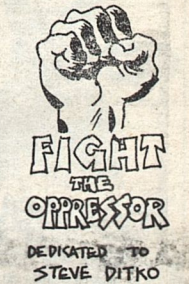
.. THE DREADFUL SCENE OF HUMAN CARNAGE HAS ALREADY BEGUN TO WEIGH HEAVY ON HIS MIND ...



BUT IN A WORLD WHERE THE ENSLAVERS HAND IS MASKED BY THE GUISE OF LAW AND ORDER, THE ONLY LAW AND THE ONLY ORDER IS THE PRIMAL INSTINCT TO SURVIVE



AS FREEMEN ... THUS IT WILL BE TILL MEN OF REASON CAN LIVE TOGETHER TO BUILD A WORLD FREE OF EXPLOITER AND EXPLOITED BUT UNTIL THAT DAY TRASHMAN MUST CARRY ON THE STRUGUL TO ...



# TALES OF TERROR

from p. 6  
violent demonstration.  
Twenty year old Pvt. Richard Duncan, the next witness, joined the long line of prisoners testifying to the deplorable conditions in the stockade.

Duncan: "When I first got (in the stockade) I didn't see why anyone would try to commit suicide. Later on suicide seemed like a way out of the stockade. Seemed like the only way out".

One of Tuesday's witnesses, Pvt. Larry Lee Sales, first volunteered for the army when his "life split up, had family problems." He took his physical after he turned twenty-one on June 3, 1968. Then he had to wait for his induction papers to come late in August and went into the Army September 6.

Between June 3 and September 6, "I started having problems with my wife and things. I had a nervous breakdown. A suicide attempt put me in the insane asylum."

Then Sales went AWOL. The last thing he remembers was coming to in a civilian hospital. He had tried suicide again and went from there to Letterman General Hospital.

"Doctor there told me in my state and stuff, I'd never make it in the army. He recommended a discharge. He told me he'd sent me to Fort Lewis to pick it up. It's too hard to get discharged at the Presidio."

Sent to Stockade to wait on October 1, Sales never got to Fort Lewis.

Sales slept in the bunk next to Richard Bunch.

"Bunch was a kind of strange

little kid. I called him "Munchkin". He reminded me of one of those little elf-like characters in the Wizard of Oz.

"I'd wake up in the night and hear him sobbing or crying. Or hear him laughing to himself or screaming."

"Once I asked him where he was from. He answered, "Huh" three or four times. Finally after I asked him again, he drew a line with his foot and said, "That's where I stand".

# M-14 POETS

Last September 14 men in Milwaukee napalmed Selective Service files and burned 10,000 pieces of 1A paper classifications.

They go on trial May 6 and face up to 32 years in prison for their action.

In Berkeley there will be a poetry benefit Sunday, May 4 to raise funds for the Milwaukee 14. The program will start at 8 pm in Live Oak Art Center at 1270 Walnut Street, Denise Levertov, Al Young, Dave Bromige, and George Hitchcock are some of the poets who will read from their own works.

## GLASS MOUNTAIN LIVE ROCK AT THE KEYSTONE KORNER

750 VALLEJO (NORTH BEACH)  
THURS. FRI. SAT. • 9:30-1:30 • \$1.00 • 5/2,3,4.

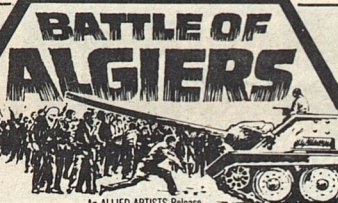
## FREIGHT & SALVAGE

Thurs. Fri. - Sat 9:30- BESSIE JONES & the GEORGIA SEA ISLANDERS

Tues. Hoot! Harry Banks 8:30  
Wed. 9:00 All Go Hungry Hash House  
Thurs 9:30 SALT CREEK (country-rock)  
OPEN EVERY NITE

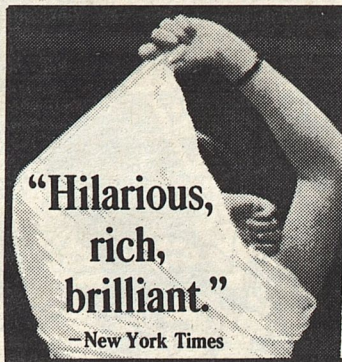
827 San Pablo Berkeley  
1/2 blocks north of Univ. Ave 548-1761

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MAY 6-11 ALBERT COLLINS  
MAY 13-18 LIGHTENING HOPKINGS  
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## NOTHING AS GREAT SINCE "THE 400 BLOWS" AND "DAVID AND LISA"...

"A STUNNING MOVIE!" -N.Y. Times

"AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE!" -Judith Crist, NEW YORK

"A WONDERFUL MOVIE!" -The New Yorker

"RAW, REAL, TURBULENT EMOTIONAL DYNAMITE!" -CUE

"A CELEBRATION OF HUMAN RELATEDNESS!" -N.Y. Post

"A MAGNIFICENT DOCUMENTARY ADVENTURE!" -NEWSWEEK

"A PROFOUND, POWERFUL MOVIE!" -TIME

## Warrendale

A Film By Allan King presented by GROVE PRESS  
West Coast Premiere STARTS WEDNESDAY

SUN Irving at 46th MO 4-6300

What is the vicious game The Magus plays?

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No One Under 18 Years of Age Admitted

This is the film PLAYBOY ran ten well-stacked pages on in their March issue!

"A sort of 'What's New Pussycat?' brought up to today's level!" -Judith Crist, N.Y. Magazine

"A zany, wild and fantasy-filled flick..." -PLAYBOY Magazine

"There has never been a movie quite like it. It makes 'Blowup' look like Shirley Temple in 'Little Miss Marker!'" -JIM BUCKLEY, L.A. FRONT EXAMINER

"CAN Heironymus MERKIN ever Forget MERCY Humppe and find true happiness?"

Anthony Newley - Joan Collins - Milton Berle. Persons under 16 not admitted.

"Can Heironymus Merkin ever forget Mercy Humppe and find true happiness?"  
co-starring Bruce Forsyth - Stubby Kaye and George Jessel as "The Presence"  
WRITTEN BY HERMAN RAUCHER and ANTHONY NEWLEY-ANTHONY NEWLEY-HERBERT KRETZMER-ANTHONY NEWLEY  
MUSIC BY LARRY DUNSTON  
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CHESTNUT near STEINER DRIVE-IN Next to Cow Palace

# Catch 8 1/2

# RUSSIA ON HER ASWAN

FRI. & SAT.  
MAY 2 & 3  
**CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE**  
**CLEANLINESS & GODLINESS SKIFFLE BAND**

SUN. MAY 3  
**4TH WAY & JEFFREY CAIN**

WED. & THURS.  
MAY 6 & 7  
**WOMB**

FRI. & SAT.  
MAY 8 & 9  
**BIRTH & SKY BLUE**

## New Orleans House

1505 SAN PABLO AVE BERK. 525-2221

What Harry Bridges and his longshoremen face is extinction. So when he "warns" students to take it easy and that labor is the prime mover, he speaks from a diminishing position of strength. Proof?

In the Apr 24, 1969, issue of the Christian Science Monitor is a photograph of a truck being driven on a ship. "Self-propelled cargo. Ease of loading and unloading is a key feature of the new roll-on, roll-off ships..."

"This is a shot from a 16mm documentary film produced by Pacific Intermountain Express, and made available to clubs and schools," the caption reads.

Okay - where are the longshoremen? Where was that truck "stuffed"? Who will unload it at the other end? (Another teamster, of course.)

In the June 3, 1968 issue of Newsweek, was a full page ad by the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Part of the ad is a photo of "the world's largest and fastest trailership...adds a new dimension to ocean transportation: roll-on, roll-off efficiency using any type of container equipment."

Bridges also supports the Russians in Czechoslovakia. But all he can get for his men are pensions for what's left, so where is his "warning" to the students?

The workers are supposed to bury the capitalists. The capitalists, however, are plowing under the workers with pensions, automation, and the war in Vietnam.

This was pointed out a few years ago by this writer (in the letter section of the National Guardian). At that time, the first of the "automation pacts" were signed by the longshoremen. It was hailed

as a "new step" in trade union "recognition" of the fact "you can't stop progress".

I said that all this was a pile of shit. I pointed out, then, that when "progress" appears in industry (like the jet-car), it is held off the market as long as possible (are you driving one today?).

But when a new technique is introduced in industry that lays off the workers (automation), it is introduced right away. Progress, under capitalism, means producing the same old crap with less workers.

Put an engine on the market that uses no oil, no sparkplug, and burns low-grade gasoline - THIS will take years and years and years, if ever.

Needless to say, this made me no friends in the ILWU. What puzzles me, even today is how "leadership" can ALWAYS BE SO FUCKING STUPID!

Do the longshoremen really think they can "negotiate" who is going to drive those trucks on the ships? The Teamsters will merely drive from, say, Tulsa, Oklahoma, to San Francisco and on that goddamned ship without even stopping!

The Japanese, I feel, are one up on all of us.

They will build a SUPER SHIP, with one end in SF and the other in Tokyo - all the teamster does is keep on driving, then - in Tokyo - pick up another truck and enter another ship and drive back across the Pacific ocean to SF, Tulsa, and points beyond. G.K.

from page 2 and his Protestants don't like it.

Now, for that amazing statement from Red China (via the NY Times): "With regard to the question of world war, there are but two possibilities - one that the war will give rise to revolution and the other is that revolution will prevent war." Defense Minister Lin Piao quoting a "hitherto unreported statement by Mao."

Lin added: "It can be said with certainty that a third world war would only greatly accelerate world revolution and the collapse of China's enemies."

Sgt. Pepper adds: It can be said with certainty that a third world war will have no world to have a revolution in. You see, up to this statement, one could assume there would be NO WW III precisely because the west was a "Paper Tiger."

This new statement, however, changes things around. The west will collapse "because it is a Paper Tiger" says Piao. (He includes the USSR in his zool.)

This is what is known as "circular reasoning" and has no place in logic or thinking.

Also, in moving from a political judgement ("West is afraid") to a military judgement ("We can defeat the West"), Piao is wide open to all sorts of questions. Example: If the US Army can kill 6,000 sheep "by mistake" over a "small leak," what in the hell will a thermonuclear war kill?

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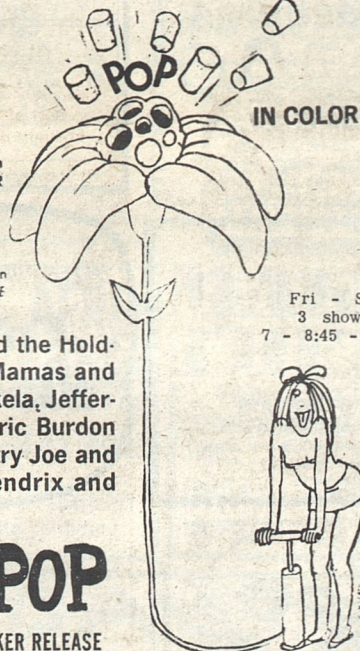
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# INDIAN BLASTS

from p. 11  
number). La Nada's own part in the strike now has her facing 1 to 10. "For felonious assault on a 200 lb policeman," say the medium sized aggressor.

On-campus goals of the Native Americans are more ethnic studies and Indian enrollment. "And we don't want to be white when we graduate."

Life on the reservations was discussed during the question period, with the audience (a few of them Indians) providing much of the information. Problems of bad medical care, water pollution and general mismanagement were recounted. Land expropriation continues, and the smallest tribes are still being phased out or relocated.

Lacking 2-5 deferments, the young men are landing in the army or, with present justice, in prison for long terms. Indian suicides are ten times the national rate, according to La Nada.

Asked if there were any plans

to regain some independent territory her answer was, "We'll cross that when we come to it."

To cautions against biting the hand that feeds you she offered: "If you want a mouthful of shit, that's what you're gonna get."  
--B.M.

## COPS RIOT BLACKS COOL

from p. 5  
they're on the witness stand, they move from cheek to cheek."

"I'm going to tell it like Eldridge now," Seale cut in. "Alioto is a damn liar, a crock, a Mafioso. He's booklickin' for the Irish and the Anglo-Saxons to exploit and to thrive - that's Eldridge, I dig that."

"When Alioto attacks the Black Panther Party," Seale concluded, "he is attacking breakfast and children. Because the Panthers get up every morning to feed the hungry Black, Mexican, Chinese, and White children of the community. The Black Panther Party asks Alioto when he is going to support breakfast in the morning before school for hungry children?"



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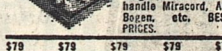
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The Last Words of Jefferson Monroe Just Before He Was Torn to Pieces On The Floor of Congress. (Polemical)

The Hindu Art of Love. Selections From The Angled Banana. (With illustrations depicting the various positions)

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At last I get to the launching of a project that has been in my mind for some time: the compiling of a Calendar of Hip Saints.

When completed, it will provide an excuse for celebrating on any and every day of the year. Nominations for canonization are requested, in fact urged.

A saint's day will normally be his/her birthday, if it is known. In other cases, appropriate days will be used: Christmas for Jesus, the first day of spring for Buddha, Midsummer Day for Francis of Assisi, etc. The calendar will preserve some traditional holidays (Thanksgiving, Yom Kippur, etc.), but there is no reason that some saint can't share the honors on the same day.

There are two basic requirements for a Hip Saint. He/She

must be no longer with us, since including living people would bring on charges of playing favorites (there is no time limit on how long the person must have been gone). And he/she must be sufficiently well-known that any reasonably well-read person can be expected to have heard of him/her.

A third requirement: purely national heroes are not eligible. A Hip Saint belongs to the human race, not just to his own people. Martin Luther King is a Hip Saint; Malcolm X is not (though I admit that he might well have become one, had he lived).

Persons submitting nominations must (a) give the nominee's birthday, or if this is not available, suggest an appropriate day, and (b) be prepared to defend the nominee's hipness or saintliness

if challenged. Saints and days will be paired off on a one-to-one basis. In case of duplicate nominations for the same day, decisions of the judges (me) will be final.

Suggestions for appropriate ceremonies to celebrate a given saint's day will also be appreciated.

This is not a joke, nor a one-shot attempt to fill out a column. I'm dead serious. One feature of the New Culture is the show of a need to ritualize life once again in a meaningful way (if only because you can have more fun that way), and I honestly think that this could be a core that could be built around.

And the point is not that my Calendar of the Saints should have absolute canonical authority. I hope that others feel impelled to draw up calendars of their own, so that some day a compromise arrangement satisfactory to all can be made. My own calendar can be ditched if necessary, just so there is one. I am only trying to get the thing started.

So please start sending in those nominations. Race, creed, color, or period of existence don't count, just hipness and saintliness. The only difficulty in filling out such a calendar should be selection, not accumulation. And I'm ready when you are.

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# HIPPOCRATES

(copyright 1969)  
Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

QUESTION: I have six children and would like to find a way to present my soul-mate with a more shrunken area to play in. Dig?

My physician told me that I had an unusually good pelvic floor for having had so many children (whatever that means). I have exercised my vaginal muscles but think I have accomplished all that can be done that way. My husband is sweet and says it doesn't make that much difference, but....

Incidentally, I called my doctor to ask if I could have some kind of surgical repair. But the nurse I had to clear it through was grossly offended, wouldn't bother the doctor with it and called me a "perverted slut."

How do them up-tight apples grab ya?

ANSWER: If there's any perversion here it comes from the nurse and not you. I think you should bring this matter directly to the attention of your physician -- he may not know the harm being done by his nurse.

Surgical procedures are sometimes performed in a case such as yours and a gynecologist could give you a definitive answer.

QUESTION: What hassles are involved for an operation to sterilize the female? I've been married and on the pill (only acceptable method of contraception for me) for 5 years.

I've had none of the typical pill troubles but wonder about long-term effects. Also I think it's pretty silly for me to keep paying even nominal pill prices when my husband and I are sure we never want children.

Can one just ask any gynecologist? Must several approve? Is the fact that I just do not want kids reason enough? I'm 23.

ANSWER: Female sterilization requires making incisions in the abdominal wall, cutting the fallopian tubes and suturing (sewing up)

each of the several ends. Another method involves making an incision in the back of the vagina and gaining access to the tubes without cutting the abdominal wall.

When the tubes are tied off in this fashion, spermatozoa entering the uterus cannot meet the ova, or eggs, released by the ovaries and traveling down the fallopian tubes. Once the tubes are severed, chances for pregnancy are extremely small. Even attempts at reuniting severed tubes (if the woman later changes her mind) are most often unsuccessful.

The chances of finding a gynecologist who would sterilize a childless 23 year old woman are also extremely small. Your potential child-bearing years could last another 20 years or more and no one can foresee where your head might be during that time.

A study of birth control pill side effects completed recently in England showed an increased incidence of blood clots, some of which were fatal. These findings have been disputed by some American physicians. Assuming that the study was valid, it may be that the new lower dose pill forms have decreased these side effects. A study of this question in American women is scheduled for completion this summer. At present there is no recommended limitation on the length of time the pills may safely be used.

QUESTION: I recently had intercourse with a guy I just met who has just left for Cal and I have no way of contacting him.

Well, I've just begun to have pains when pressure is applied to the general area of the ovaries. I've never had these pains before and was just wondering if it's anything I should be concerned with.

Also, I think I might have certain psychological problems and would be interested in discussing them with a competent psychiatrist. But shit, who's got the bread? What do you suggest I do?

ANSWER: The pain you describe could be caused by a number of things (including psychological problems). Gonorrhea in the female often goes unnoticed until the disease affects the uterus, tubes and ovaries. Pelvic inflammatory disease

(PID) is most often caused by gonorrhea and is an important and growing cause of sterility due to scarring of the fallopian tubes. Any unusual vaginal discharge, burning on urination, itching or suspicion of contact with gonorrhea is sufficient reason for an examination by a physician.

Males almost always know they have gonorrhea because of the discharge and painful urination. Females usually don't recognize the early symptoms. Every male who knows he has gonorrhea should notify all his female sexual contacts, for failure to do so may cause them to become sterile.

Information about free or low cost psychotherapy is available through your city or county public health department.

QUESTION: When I am about to have a climax, many times I get a charley-horse in my foot or leg. Is there any way to prevent this?

P.S. I am a female.  
ANSWER: My limber secretary suggests that daily calisthenics may be useful preventive medicine. A timely foot massage is suggested by her boyfriend. She says he spurs her on....

DEAR DR. HIPPOCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press, \$5 at your favorite bookstore. Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o Berkeley BARB, P.O. Box 5017, Berkeley, Calif.



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Screaming hysterically, I heard the kid cry out: "I'm being torn down. Too much!"

We stood around the corral, kneading our dough, hats tipped rakishly, waiting for the crew from Bad Vibes, never knowing whys or wherefores, for the Big Show-down.

"They'll be here any minute," said Mustard, "but in the meantime, can we quiet the kid down a mite?" "Certainly," I responded. "Kid, shut your fucking mouth, if you please." Since he wouldn't instantly comply, I punched him in the mouth causing me discomfort, as his incisor stuck in my knuckle sandwich.

I only resort to subtlety when I'm wrong. Subtlety is the last refuge of the Jewish Intellectual (I was later to learn from Garbage).

"Garbage and his crew of toadies will be meandering down the path," said Mustard. "Trudging is more like it," I said -- still subtle.

It's hard for me to maintain my affability with the sun glinting in my eyes, but shit, a man can only try. It's so dusty around here, it's about as dusty as People's Park.

Fuzzy, standing by my side, was cleaning his gun, not really nervously, for that wasn't his style. It was sort of a prelude to the killing. He'd ridden the range for so long, he was caked with old times, trails that wandered and meandered, good times and bad

times, these things and many more he had faced and fared well, and he knew he was not to be undone at this time.

Kid was struggling to his feet, when I hit him over the head with the butt of my gun. It was for his own good. I wanted him out of the way so he wouldn't get hurt.

And what of the women you ask? They demurely decided to watch the entire show on TV. They might as well have been members of the OPA. Members of this recently discovered culturally deprived minority group have, up until now, tucked tail, but, although one could scarcely maintain they played a vital part in this round of good's fight with less than good, let me say that in the long haul, it will be a long haul.

"This waiting is killing me," said Mustard. He had been an officer in the Revolution for so long now, he knew that only a fool was certain, and only a coward without fear. Once he had been a colonel, I think, but after the abolition of all rank, he stood tall with privates.

I had nothing better to do than pick my nose, and even though these might be my last minutes on earth, I deprived myself of this pleasure. After all, the TV was watching.

And there they came, from up over yonder, uninvited guests at the ball, their shadows a few paces behind them, there they came, Garbage, Doc and Spunky.

Garbage stood at the end of the corral, and cried out: "Fucking - a Jewish intellectual. You need to die and be reborn. You need to be turned into a Tough Kike, like me."

"Is he Jewish?" I asked Mustard. "Indeed he is," said Mustard "If you thought Hitler hated Jews, you haven't talked to too many Jews."

"We have got to do something about this, it cannot be tolerated," I said. But what else was there to

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do, for toleration I had been taught all my life.  
 While this was going on Fuzzy was having an altercation with Doc, calling him out. Doc was a Preaching Man, who came to spread Mind Warp from out of the South. Fuzzy wasn't taking Doc's glib shit for granted.

While these things were going on within and without, the Kid started to get to his feet, and I gave him the back of my hand, just to keep him out of trouble. He staggered back, the first casualty of the day's doing, but none the less, it was for his own good. If I had pulled my gun at this time instead, things might have become a shambles. A shambles! "Hey you!" cried out Garbage, "did you hear what I told you? Jewish intellectual, nanny, nanny, noo..." With that he started thumping his finger at me, thumb upon his nose. To think, someday this man would be President of the United States.

"Once I was like you, but somebody did me a favor, and killed me..." Garbage said. It was at this point that I noticed he was indeed a wraith, "and now I have been reborn."  
 "You," I said, "look more like the afterbirth."

And with that as our signal, Fuzzy, Mustard and I drew our weapons and fired a salvo that is echoing still, wherever men value liberty, justice, and the flag still brings a tear to the eye.

Garbage clutched at this chest and muttered, "motherfuck, I'm dying." Doc whose head was split in two, brains pouring out Kennedy style, japing them as it were, refused to admit that he was undone. So great was his grip on illusion, that his mouth mumbled words long after his brains had blown out. Later on, upon examination of the corpse, it was discovered that he was operating with a substandard unit.

Spunky died without saying more than a word or two. I think he said: "I knew this would happen."

If only there were better men than I to tell the tale. It needs retelling by a real balladeer, a poet of accomplishment.

It was a day like all days, the yellow sun rose and set, and shadows changed their direction many a time, but what's the use? I'm telling the truth, and subtlety does not come to my aid, but it was a day that men still talk about. Wait a minute, the kid's stirring to his feet, what's this he's saying?  
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 The back of the hand, Kid.

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