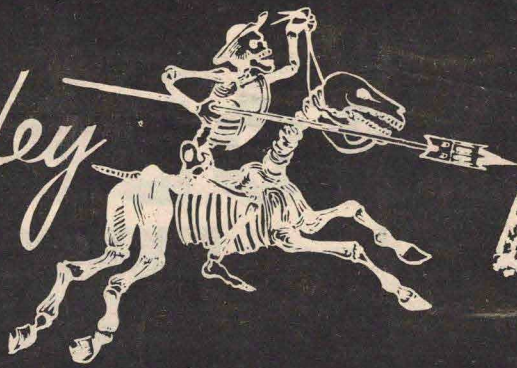


Berkeley



Barb.

L A SAMPSON
4061 39TH AVE
OAKLAND CA 94619

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2042 UNIVERSITY AVE., BERKELEY, CA. 94704, 849-1040



15¢ BAY AREA

25¢ ELSEWHERE

PRETTY

see p. 7

SLICK



photos by Altman



ON WISCONSIN!



The Daily Cardinal

University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin 53706

VOL. LXXIX, No. 132

Tuesday, May 6, 1969

5 CENTS

Editorial

How Long?

How long must this community suffer the indiscriminate violence and terror wrought by the viciously directed Madison police department?

How long, blind liberal people of Madison, will you tolerate the choking stench of gas in your streets? Your mayor has proudly proclaimed a reign of terror on the intellectual lifeblood of your city. Your police, whose legitimacy lies only in their role to preserve and protect peaceful order have pitifully reversed their role.

How long, murderously innocent administrators and faculty will you sit in cocktail glass comfort while your students are barbarously treated a few miles away? Your chancellor, exceeding his own past record of deceit and insensitivity, refuses to comment for lack of information after four score injuries in two days have been reported.

Your president talks self-righteously of freedom of expression while the freedom to assemble or speak at all is being mercilessly crushed 17 stories beneath him.

How long students of this University, will you allow yourself to be treated in such monstrous fashion. Already, half of yesterday's prophecy has come true as green and lush Langdon St. turned in a matter of hours, into a writhing and repressed community. Day by day you stand more unprotected from the hatred of the police, and the unwillingness of this University administration to pit its last shrinking vestige of

see p. 5

THE GREAT (\$7.50)

BRICK ROBBERY

Six persons, including an associate professor of English at UC, were busted last Sunday for stealing \$7.50 worth of bricks from the demolition site of the Lutheran Church at 2516 Durant Ave. The bricks were destined for a pathway in People's Park.

Charges against the six were dismissed Monday morning in Berkeley-Alameda Municipal Court because the owner of the bricks, Mr. S.B. Green, declined to sign the complaint.

According to the local Police Gazette, plain clothes officers spotted two youths carrying a load of bricks on a makeshift pallet to People's Park.

Two of the officers hid in a parking lot across Durant from the church site. Shortly, Professor Robert E. Tracy, 40, and his wife, Rebecca, 33, of 2214 Carleton, Berkeley, came up with two supermarket push carts and began filling them with bricks.

Then, a car carrying Gerald B. Harlowe, Steven C. Bales, Kendrick B. Gibson and Michael L. Radetsky, all of Berkeley, backed into the church driveway and the four began loading bricks into the truck.

The six were arrested and taken to the Hall of Justice, where all but Mrs. Tracy were booked and released on bail. Mrs. Tracy was released to care for her two small children in a rare display of kindness to violators of the Man's law.

"I think the arrests were an attempt to harass people who support the park," professor Tracy told BARB.

"Besides that, the Berkeley Gazette story (based on the official police report) was wrong on several points," said Tracy.

"First, the Gazette said that David C. Ruegg owned the bricks and the property.

"This is not true, Mr. Green owns the bricks. Mr. Ruegg only owns the site.

"Second, the Gazette said that Ruegg was going to press charges.

"This is not true. Neither Mr. Ruegg nor Mr. Green pressed charges and they never said that they were going to do so.

"Third, the Gazette tried to imply that Mr. Ruegg was opposed to the park.

"This is not true. Mr. Ruegg told me that he likes the People's Park and is going to make sure that the shrubs and bushes around the church are carefully removed and replanted in the park.

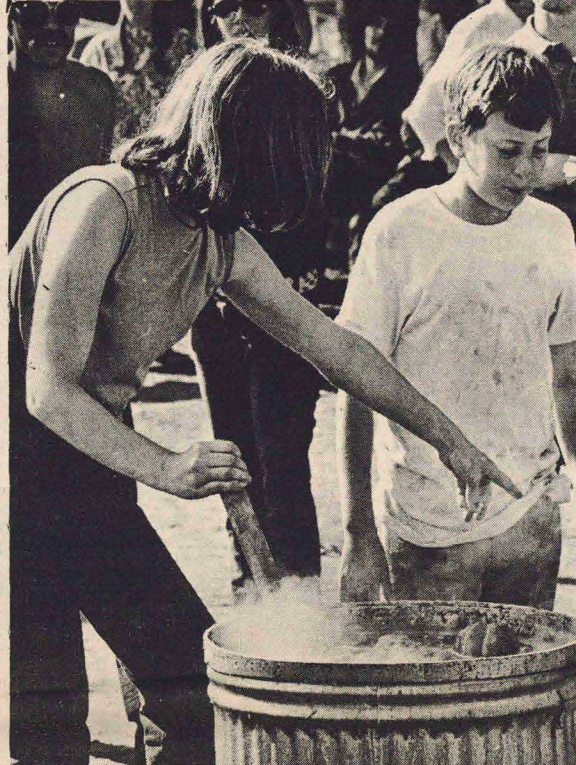
"And, finally, the Gazette waited until its Tuesday afternoon edition

to report the story of the arrest, but the whole thing was over Monday morning. We were released. There were no charges.

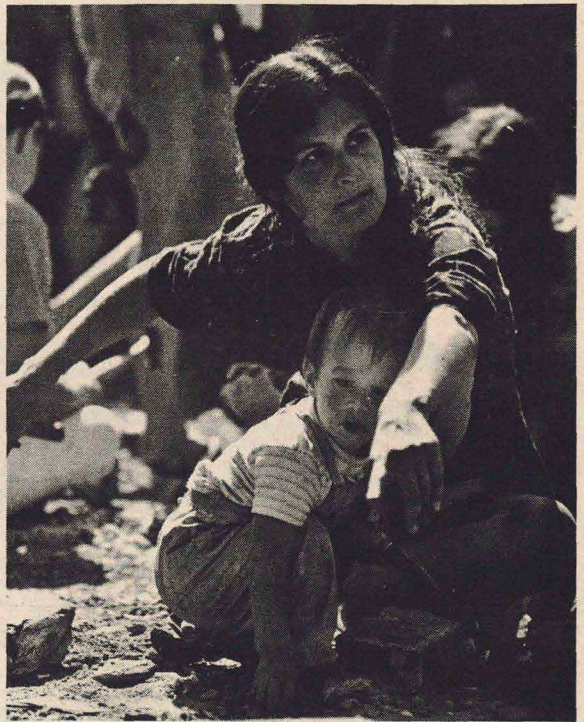
"I think the Gazette was waiting for some big story about the trial and when they didn't get it, they tried to blow this arrest out of proportion," said Tracy.

"I'm still a supporter of People's Park, but I'd like to forget this whole arrest thing.

"After all, my wife and I were told that we had permission to take the bricks," he added.



PEOPLES STEW in the pot at noon every Saturday and Sunday. Bring vegetables, spices, whatever's your thing. Chefs say meat is hardest to get. Bring meat. Then **EAT IT!**



MADONNA AND CHILD ripping (plaster) off bricks

BE AWARE!

NARKS IN PARK

Be aware of narks in people's clothing in the People's Park.

"I saw a man Tuesday who was definitely a nark," Bob, a worker in the park, told BARB. "No sooner had he left than four cops came into the park."

Bob was grooving with some other people about 4 pm that afternoon. Relaxing from work the group sat by the fire-pit and drank wine. Soon he noticed a suspicious man in a grey workshirt and grey pants behind some bushes staring at the group. The man was of medium build and about 30ish, Bob recalled.

The watcher became especially intent when someone mentioned the need for pot.

"I went up to him and asked if he was a cop," Bob said. The man was caught off guard and nervously claimed to be an elevator operator.

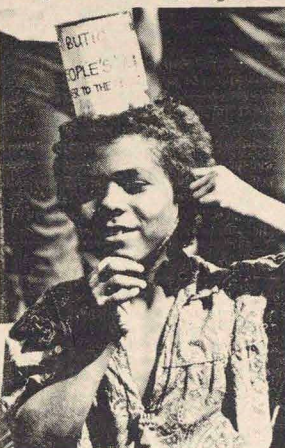
A few minutes later, Bob observed the same character talking to a worker, asking for the nearest pay phone. Within minutes the cops appeared. "This time they were quite civil, told us to cool it, and left," Bob said. "But I don't know what they'll do later."

Even on our own turf the Man is watching.

TELE PIGS RIP OFF ALMS BOX

Brad Fox was collecting bread for grass - the kind that grows in People's Park last Wednesday afternoon up on Telley, four Berkeley brown shirts jumped and handcuffed him for "soliciting money without a permit."

"I was walking along the Avenue with a People's Park bucket asking for money to buy more sod," said Brad, who lives on Warring Street



in Berkeley. "I was asking everybody and when I came up to four cops standing on the corner, I asked the one closest to me if he would like to donate something.

"The cop told me to wait a second and went back to talk to the others," he said.

"Then all four of them came back and grabbed me, put handcuffs on me and told me I was under arrest because I didn't have a permit.

"It's a chickenshit bust. That

PEOPLES PARK ALARM SET-UP

A People's Park alarm system has been set up to warn us when the bulldozer's are coming.

In addition to the Bulldozer Alarm gong on the People's Park flag pole, an extensive telephone calling system has been worked out by Ray Couture, of Telegraph Avenue Liberation Front, and Marsha Haines.

As BARB goes to press, the telephone system can reach 500 people in less than an hour.

Here's how it works, according to Ray.

Anyone who sees UC or private contractor types surveying, starting a fence or driving a bulldozer on People's Park calls one of these four numbers:

- 849-2499 (Bill Miller)
- 849-1040 (BARB)
- 549-0649 (Free Church Switchboard)
- 526-8945 (Marsha Haines)

From this point, the call will be verified to avoid false alarms, then tree-like the system will branch out to reach the 500 peo-

ple, plus legal advisors and media contacts. An overlap in the system will double check each call in case someone is out or misses his assignment.

If you want to get on the call list, see Ray at the TALF office behind the Forum or sign the list on the board at the park.

cop has got to be real stupid if he has to go ask three buddies what the hell law I broke," he added.

"I only had \$9.18 in the bucket and they had to count that four or five times because they kept losing track of the count.

"Man, the're dumb."

Brad was released on \$100 bail, for a trial in Berkeley-Albany Municipal Court.

HOLY HOLY HOLY

People's Park will be the object of a "mass consecration and hallowing" this Sunday.

Ministers from all churches, priests, rabbis, Hare Krishna chanters, Buddhist venerables will gather at 2 p.m. to place their respective blessings upon the ground.

The consecration is the idea of one Isaac, Universal Life Church minister, who felt that the University would be loath to send bulldozers to rip up land that had just been consecrated by the local minister.

"Find out if your minister, priest, or rabbi will be at the consecration," Isaac advises the public. "If not, find out why. That way they'll all be there."

Isaac noted that Reagan and the Regents like to project the image of god-fearing men.



WHO OWNS THE PARK?

Someday a petty official will appear with a piece of paper, called a land title, which states that the University of California owns the land of the People's Park. Where did that piece of paper come from? What is it worth?

A long time ago the Costanoan Indians lived in the area now called Berkeley. They had no concept of land ownership. They believed that the land was under the care and guardianship of the people who used it and lived on it.

Catholic missionaries took the land away from the Indians. No agreements were made. No papers were signed. They ripped it off in the name of God.

The Mexican Government took the land away from the Church. The Mexican Government had guns and an army. God's word was not as strong.

The Mexican Government wanted to pretend that it was not the army that guaranteed them the land. They drew up some papers which said they legally owned it. No Indians signed those papers.

The Americans were not fooled by the papers. They had a stronger army than the Mexicans. They beat them in a war and took the land. Then they wrote some papers of their own and forced the Mexicans to sign them.

The American Government sold the land to some white settlers. The Government gave the settlers a piece of paper called a land title in exchange for some money. All this time there were still some Indians around who claimed the land. The American army killed most of them.

The piece of paper saying who owned the land was passed around among rich white men. Sometimes the white men were interested in taking care of the land. Usually they were just interested in making money. Finally some very rich men, who ran the University of California, bought the land.

Immediately these men destroyed the houses that had been built on the land. The land went the way of so much other land in America - it became a parking lot.

We are building a park on the land. We will take care of it and guard it, in the spirit of the Costanoan Indians. When the University comes with its land title we will tell them: "Your land title is covered with blood. We won't touch it. Your people ripped off the land from the Indians a long time ago. If you want it back now, you will have to fight for it again."

WOLVES ON PROWL



THE BEAUTIFUL BALLOON LADY showed up Sunday, of course. Where else but in People's Park?

by Steve Haines

The university will take no action against People's Park without official advance notice to give those persons who have property in the park time to get it out.

That's the official word from UC Executive Vice-Chancellor Earl F. Cheit as BARB goes to press.

However, there may be no park left as you read this. Cheit is notoriously deceptive when it serves his masters' interests.

A secretary in the UC Purchasing Dept. told BARB Tuesday that Campus Police had ordered their identification photographers to be at People's Park this Thursday and Friday mornings because "the bulldozers were coming."

This is the third "reliable source" rumor that the university was moving which has turned up in the past two weeks.

It is generally agreed that Cheit can keep crying "wolf" until no one responds, then move in and clear the park without resistance. Cheit's office denied the most recent rumor when the "official" statement was issued.

Last week, Cheit said that he expected no confrontation over People's Park. However, Berkeley city councilman John DeBonis thinks that People's Park is "this summer's confrontation issue."

DeBonis' statement was made at Tuesday's city council meeting when Mayor Wallace Johnson tried to avoid a council debate on People's Park.

DeBonis urged the council to direct the university to "recapture their land and take the squatter's rights away" on the grounds that the city has jurisdiction over the area surrounding the park.

Mayor Johnson tried to end things by stating that "the matter is now in the hands of the university and being very carefully handled."

Recently-elected councilman

Thomas McLaren distinguished himself at his first meeting by saying "I don't believe the matter is of small consequence."

Mayor Johnson tried to gavel the discussion to a close, but DeBonis protested the mayor's "sweeping the issue under the rug."

City Manager William Hanley told the council that city staff is "aware of the problem."

The People's Park issue was raised by two letters to the council on the meeting agenda. One of these, from George Kauffman, urged the city not to issue a permit to U.C. for use of the property.

But the people are using their park. Everyday this week, crowds gathered in the park to rest and relax in the sun or shade. It seems that there is always a fire going and food cooking. There is almost as much work being done in the park on a week day as there was the first Sunday three weeks ago.

No one keeps records, but it looks like 1,000 people a day use People's Park sometime between early morning and mid-night.

The city recognized the great demand for park space in the south campus area when it made plans for a park on Regent Stree, one-and-a-half blocks away from People's Park. The several thousand people who have worked creating People's Park have saved the city tens of thousands of dollars. If People's Parks could be built up and down the coast, California would have the finest park system in the country. It's really great. People out doing their own thing. No bureaucrats. No bond issues. No big fucking hassle.

The hassle is created by men like Cheit, and in the case of People's Park, it all comes from Cheit.

"I guess you know he's the major domo of this whole bit," a UC public relations man told BARB.

"You'll have to talk to Cheit about thi (the park), it's all hi

CHANCE TO CHIP CHEIT

Vice-Chancellor Earl Cheit of UC Berkeley will be appearing today (Friday, May 9) at a forum on "The Role of the University in Society." (Dig?)

It is Cheit in whose hands lies the university's action on Peoples Park.

The rap will be held at the Warren Legal Center at the Boalt School of Law on the Berkeley campus at 3 and 8 PM. Admission is free.

Warren Legal Center is located at Bancroft and Piedmont Aves.

show," said a campus architect.

And what does Cheit say?

"One of the pressing needs is for playing field space," says a UC Press Release that Cheit wrote, but was too chickenshit to sign, according to our inside source.

"Last year, Berkeley students formed 85 touch football teams, over 75 soccer teams and more than 100 softball teams.

"Their play had to be accommodated on only three fields," it (read Cheit) concluded.

Assuming each of these teams had an average of 15 members, the total number of students involved in these 260 teams is 3,900.

Over 4,500 persons have used People's Park on just the past three Sundays.

Furthermore, the playing fields are only in great demand between 4:00 p.m. and sundown during the week and from 9:00 a.m. to sundown on weekends for six months out of the year.

By contrast, People's Park is in constant heavy use from early morning past the mid-night show on th portable television that appears from time to time.

In New York City, former Park Commissioner Thomas Hoving used to spend thousands of dollars just to get people to come to that city's parks. All of Berkeley, including the university, should be happy that the people are off the streets and into their park.

Behind the cover story that the university needs another soccer field is the administration's fear that People's Park is somehow evil.

The idea that the people can take an ugly barren lot and convert it into something useful and beautiful strikes at the very heart of capitalistic concepts of private property.

There is also the fear that People's Park will be used as a staging area for revolutionary confrontations with the university.

A San Francisco cab driver came to the BARB office this week to tell us that he had just overheard a conversation between two lawyer-passengers to the effect that UC Chancellor Roger Heyns "wasn't taken in by that bullshi about women and children playing in the sun."

"Heyns told me that he was going to clear the whole mess out before those campus radicals took over the whole damned lot," said the lawyer.

But Heyns was out of town this week and Cheit was running the whole show, avoiding official channels of action.

Ironically, Cheit is on a panel to discuss "Allocation of Power in the University" today (Friday) in a program called "The Role of the University in Society."

Tell them all about how you fuck up parks,

MORE CHEIT

"If there are any bull-dozers in the park tomorrow," Dozer Cheit told Paul Glusman Wednesday, "they will be the Berkeley BARB's."

And if they were the BARB's bull-dozers they'd be pushing Cheit's goons into the dirt. Dig, pig?



All photos on p 2, 3 by Grossman

Proclamation

When the sane people don't do it, when all the good middle class people don't do it, then the madmen have to do it, and the madmen say that we're going to have freedom or we're going to have chaos; we're going to be part of the total destruction of America or we're going to be part of the liberation of America.
-- Eldridge Cleaver

A NEW BERKELEY is being planted in People's Park. Creating the Park has been the most spontaneous and positive event in the emerging showdown between the Industrial-University Machine and our Revolutionary Culture. We have struggled for Rights, for Space, and now we struggle for Land. We need the Park to live and grow, and eventually we need all of Berkeley.

The Machine cannot "contain" us because we're stealing everybody's children. They cannot suck us dry and wear us out because we nourish ourselves by working together every day. They cannot stand having us on the Avenue, near the University, they cannot stand our Life resisting their Expansion of Commerce. They want us to give up trying to live, they want us out of town, they want us dead. If they can get away with it, they will seize the land, arrest us by the hundreds, use gas on the Avenue like it was DDT.

We become stronger every day. Our continued planting in the park, backed by a united front of community support, might win for us. But if this strategy fails, we are not left only with the romantic finale of "going down with the park". We can let them know the consequences before they send the bulldozers.

WE TAKE A SOLEMN OATH to wage a war of retaliation against the University if it BEGINS to move against the Park. We are prepared to defend ourselves and the Park if other methods fail. If the University attempts to seize \$1.3 million dollars worth of land now claimed by the people, we will destroy \$5 million dollars worth of University property. We will not strike until the University proves by concrete deeds -- such as the sending of surveyors or posting trespass notices -- that it intends to take away our Park. We will strike before they rip off the Park with their goddamn bulldozers.

If we fight the same way we work -- together in teams, with determination -- we will win. Get together with the people you've worked with, and take an oath like ours. Figure out how to save the Park and save yourselves: from cameras, clubs, gas and anything they throw at us.

- NO SURVEYORS
- NO FENCES AGAINST THE PEOPLE
- NO BULLDOZERS
- BE MASTERS OF SILENCE, MASTERS OF THE NIGHT
- WITH SHOVELS AND GUNS
- POWER TO THE PEOPLE AND THEIR PARK

By MADMEN

(Editor's Note: This anonymous proclamation came to BARB with the news it will be appearing on the street as BARB goes to press.)

LOVELY L.O.L.

In the glow of the rising bonfire a tiny old lady with snow-white hair stood perched on a pile of firewood.

Face aglow with the fire's gleam she sighed, turned reluctantly and grasped a BARB reporter by the hand.

"Please help me down," she said. "I don't want to break my leg and be taken to the old ladies' home before the park is finished."

BARB complied gallantly, and the lovely silver-haired little old lady vanished wraithlike in the dusk.

PAIUTE INDIANS' FIGHT FOR RIGHT TO ANCIENT WAYS

by g. p. Ceicsery
Winnemucca, Nevada was the stage for another step in the struggle for Indian rights Tuesday, April 29, 1969.

Stanley Smart, a Paiute Indian from the McDermitt Reservation in Nevada was contesting a fine imposed on him for shooting a deer out of season on public land.

The Indians feel they can hunt and fish anywhere they want since they have untitled ownership of all the land in Northern Nevada. They think of the white ranchers and landowners as squatters on Indian land.

When an Indian kills a deer he uses every part, throwing nothing away. They argue that this is the only legitimate form of hunting,

decide their fate. Stanley and his wife wore ceremonial buckskin as they waited for the judge. Around them sat delegates from the Paiute and Shoshone councils. For many of them hunting and fishing are the only ways to ward off starvation. Stanley was testing their right to live.

The Indians watched with silent anticipation as the prosecution called three witnesses; a constable, the arresting conservation officer, and a county land title assessor.

Ranch-hand constable Clyde Foster testified and proudly stated his seven year residency in the area. A hundred years of bondage, and ten thousand years of desert life stared back at him from eyes of immobility. Defense attorney Robert Stitser from Reno proved how Foster could not have seen Stanley fire at a deer from his rearview mirror a hundred yards from Stanley and 250 from the deer.

Stitser then had assessor Clausen's testimony struck from the record on the grounds that Clausen was unaware of title re-adjustments approved by the Federal Claims Commission two years ago.

In the afternoon, the case was dismissed because of a technical oversight in the prosecution's complaint. They forgot to show that a county statute had been violated.

When the judge left the Indians kept their seats. They waited to know if they could hunt again. Stitser explained how the court had copped-out, and how they have to keep to the back roads, like before. Stanley Smart is free, but no decision came down to alleviate suffering among Nevada Indians. They remain suspended in the policies of bureaucratic evasion.

Behind Stanley Smart's staunch resistance to oppression lies a prophecy that began to unfold two years ago with an astral conjunction in the sign of the moon. The prophecies are revealed in the Native American religion. Stanley believes the widespread renewal of Indian rights battles to be a result of the prophecy.

"We prayed for the success of this trial. Never have we given away or sold the land we used. White men provoke the violence of nature by abusing the land and life of the Traditional way. We have medicine in our religion that will stop destruction by earthquakes, floods, and hurricanes that will come if the white man does not correct himself. We pray for the white man to correct himself. We pray for the protection of those who, by helping Indians in their struggle, are correcting themselves."
--Stanley Smart

RELIGION HASSLED

The Hare Krishna chanters of the Krishna Consciousness Society are faced with apparent religious persecution.

The chanters serve free vegetarian lunch daily in their place on Garber Street in Berkeley. On Wednesday, May 7, Howard J. Mardis, a "Housing Inspector" came by and put the heat on. Mardis, apparently distressed because the lunch and chanting was an "assembly of people" in a residential district, threatened action if "one more activity" was held.

Across the street sits St. Johns Presbyterian Center, where assemblies are held weekly, though for another religion.

Like the Jews in Europe of the Middle Ages, the Krishna chanters are pulling in but continuing. They will continue to give free lunches, but will stop the chanting and will move indoors from the back yard. They intend to continue the free food, though, and expand it from 20 per day to 100.

They ask for donations and help of all kinds. If they can get a place at which "assemblies" can be held without hassle, they will do it there.

The Krishna Chanters are at 2728 Garber Street.

MOM OUT FOR SON

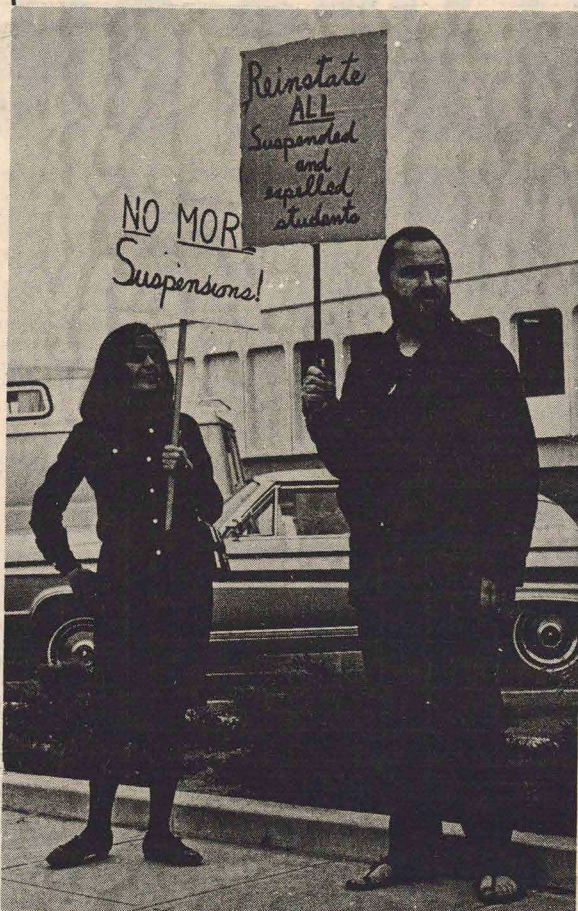


photo by Alexander

BERKELEY HIGH BATTLING MOTHER NO LONGER ALONE

The battle of the mother who took on the Berkeley High School administration two weeks and got busted for it is no longer a lonely fight.

A group called Parents and Students United has been organized by Mrs. Jean Lewis to help improve conditions at the school her son Jim attends. Its first project is a petition against the short haircut rule for BHS athletes. Already hundreds of signatures have been collected on the campus, Mrs. Lewis told BARB.

Another project of the group will be to try and start an underground type paper at the school.

Last Friday Mrs. Lewis carried a sign in front of the school demanding Principal Emory Curtis resign immediately. She had just learned from him he was the one responsible for having her and Jim arrested on April 25 for "trespassing" at BHS. Curtis has previously announced he will retire in June.

Meanwhile the battle is continuing on another front -- in court. Monday Mrs. Lewis appeared in Berkeley Municipal Court be-

fore Judge George Brunn. She told him she thought the trespass charge was absurd and that she would act as her own legal counsel and ask for a jury trial. He tried to pressure her to hire an attorney, she related.

"I'll ask to have him disqualified," Mrs. Lewis told BARB. "Already he is prejudiced against people who defend themselves." She has been in touch with Stew Albert and several Berkeley lawyers to rap out how to best act as her own counsel. A trial date will be set today (Friday).

Mrs. Lewis and her son were arrested the same day that she went to BHS to protest what she termed an "unfair hearing" and suspension for Jim. The dean charged Jim with being a "troublemaker" for arguing with a teacher.

Mrs. Lewis was warned only while she was on the campus. The arrests came that evening when three warrant-waving cops charged into her home.

People who are interested in working to improve BHS contact Students and Parents United at 549-2519.

EX-GI LOSES PANTS

Berkeley cops ripped off the pants of a former Marine last weekend.

"They took off my pants and destroyed them," Scotty, a tall blond Avenue resident with a peace symbol on one ear, said. As he rapped out his story to BARB, Jenifer, his barefooted old lady sat with him.

"The cops charged me with defacing the flag because of two patches on my ass," he said. The decorative patches were from two small American flags.

Scotty was arrested Friday afternoon as he sat in front of Pepe's. Two cops came and told him they wanted to talk to him at the station. Once there he was thrown in jail and his pants ripped off. He had to call Jenifer to bail him out and bring down a new pair of pants, these with only a flower on the back.

Monday when Scotty appeared in court he found the flag "defacing" charges against him were dropped. But the cops refused to give him back his pants, saying they had been destroyed. "They were worth six bucks," Scotty said angrily.

"I'm a Marine vet," he said. "I served my country. I'll wear the flag anywhere and anyplace I ant." Scotty was in the Marine Corps for 4 months before getting a honorable discharge.

He says he plans to put another American flag patch on his next pair of pants.

COSTA RICA WAY

If an upcoming benefit is successful, twenty-five students and a tuned-in professor of botany will head for Costa Rica for a year this summer.

Prof. James Davis of San Joaquin Delta College (near Stockton) will head up the outing to Playa del Coco, a spot far removed from "civilizing influences". Currently a commune of 35 to 40 members inhabits the area. The Costa Rican Government, which does not extradite anyway, never contacts the area.

The group will travel overland in a bracero bus which they have bought. Their dwellings will be lean-tos, and they will stay a year.

To aid this noble effort a benefit will be held May 30 on Oak Island in the San Joaquin delta. Bands will play for almost 24 hours, with a super-jam wrapping it up.

Corn on the cob will be a nickle, as will hot dogs. The only authorities will be several rent-a-fuzz who normally work at the Fillmore to handle rowdies.

Oak Island is about a mile square and is surrounded by nothing, so complaints from neighbors are not likely.

Details are not complete; BARB will fill them in as we get them.

SITAR KIDNAPPED

Peter Van Gelder, formerly of the Great Society, and recently returned from India, has had his Sitar stolen. The instrument was made for him and cannot be replaced.

Handsome ransom for return. No questions asked -- regardless of who now owns it.

The Sitar has the symbol for AUM carved in the face plate at the base of the neck. The pegs are carved in a rose shape.

There is a reward for any information leading to the reunion of Sitar and Sitarist.

Please call Peter at 282-2431 or Al at the BARB - 849-1040.



INDIANS FROZEN

In South Dakota, Indians are being frozen out--of the news media. They organize pickets and demonstrations which are blacked out of the press by the colonialist Bureau of Indian Affairs, an emissary told BARB. Some of the younger Indians, including combat veterans, are planning to arm themselves.

as opposed to white sportsmen who slaughter thousands of deer each hunting season, keeping only the biggest antlers for trophies while they leave the animals to rot.

Stanley happened to kill his deer when he was laid off from work at a mine because of mercury poisoning. In order to feed his family of 9 children he went hunting. He was arrested with a warm carcass in his trunk a few hours later on Sept. 18, 1968.

Last week he was brought to trial in Humboldt County District Court. By 10:00 a.m. the gallery was half-filled with Indians and their wives, some from as far away as Idaho. They drove hundreds of miles to watch the white man's legal system



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2042 University Ave.
Berkeley, Ca.
94704

Phone: 849-1040

Mailing Address:
P. O. Box 5017
Berkeley, Ca.
94715

Editor & Publisher:
MAX SCHERR

Assistant Editor: Jon Jacobson

Advertising: Al Kitt

Scenedrome: Laura Tow

ADADADADA: Louise

Circulation: Gentle Waters

Friday: Lee Felsenstein

Reporters: Stew Albert, Art Johnson, Phineas Israeli, G.K., Jef Jaisun, Keith Lampe.

Staff: John Baldwin, Copeland, D.K., Kathy, Pink Cloud.
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RIOT INTO THIRD DAY

Students, Police Nurse Wounds of Weekend Battle

Compiled by RICH WENER and The Cardinal Staff

Tuesday, May 6, 1969

Relative calm returned to Madison's campus and east side areas on Monday morning as both students and police licked their wounds from a weekend of disorder and violence and rested in anticipation of what would come next.

Students suffered one hundred and seven arrests and innumerable injuries in their continuing battles with police Saturday and Sunday. Over forty police and students were treated in Madison hospitals for injuries ranging from fractured ribs to lacerations.

It was obvious that the weekend's events had not been erased from the minds of all involved. Ald. Paul Soglin, Ward 8, issued a statement that there are "easy procedural ways to sanction a block party that can be administratively handled by the city."

Soglin said that "there is a good possibility of more trouble on an escalated level if the city doesn't come up with an alternative to police rioting."

Early Monday afternoon a rally was called for 2:30 at the library mall and an estimated 1500 students appeared to cheer a series of speakers.

Ald. Eugene Parks, Ward 5, told the crowd that "students, laborers, blacks, and whites and every class are realizing that there is a disease called the USA.

"We are killing each other in this city... everyone's rights are being suspended and we are yielding to a totalitarian government!" Parks continued, "We are here today to perform surgery on this disease."

Parks told the crowd that they could go out and die today, but said he didn't think they were ready to die, and asked that the momentum of the movement be turned to the proposed rent strike of the east side landlords.

The crowd then marched to the City-County Building and while several hundred demonstrators chanted below his office, Mayor William Dyke issued a statement saying that a curfew would not be imposed tonight.



Above: Madison Mayor William Dyke speaking to students from the steps of the Mifflin Street Coop Monday night. Below: The red flag of revolution on the library mall.

—Cardinal photos by Irv White and Mike Malley



Gas Chokes Students As Melee Continues

By RENA STEINZOR, PETER GREENBERG, DEBBIE SOGLIN, MIKE FROST, and AMY TANKOOS

What began as an outdoor party and escalated into a riot became a wide ranging rout Monday night as hundreds of police were driven in busloads into the campus area to control students in the streets.

Tear gas lay in clouds over Mifflin, Bassett, State, and Langdon as small crowds fled choking from squads of police. City, county, and campus police were involved in the patrol effort.

By the Cardinal deadline, the three day casualty list had grown to 66, including a six month old baby who had been gassed. Five additional arrests were reported over and above the original weekend 107.

Students hurled rocks and bricks at passing patrol cars. A fire which the police officer on the scene identified as arson was brought under control at 212 North Bassett by the city fire department.

Stores on State Street closed early and

the Union and local bars were virtually deserted.

The evening began with an official attempt by Mayor William Dyke to resolve tensions in the Mifflin and Bassett street community where the confrontation began three days ago. Speaking on the steps of the Mifflin St. Community Coop, Dyke was accompanied by Lt. Donald Michelson.

Dyke opened the question and answer period saying, "I can't come to make promises."

Rumors had been rampant in the crowd for an hour preceding the mayor's arrival that he was not coming because he felt the situation to be too dangerous.

Dyke continued, "We didn't have effective communications. Paul Soglin (the alderman of the Mifflin Street area) tried, Eugene Parks tried. There have been mistakes on both sides."

Dyke then opened the meeting to questions from the 300 residents gathered. Responding to one report of gasings and beatings in the University dorms, the Mayor said "much of that is hearsay". Attorney Mel Greenberg, who served as the chairman of the session, countered, "Mr. Mayor, much of this is not hearsay. I was a witness."

In regard to further allegations of police brutality, Dyke said, "I cannot apologize for actions I know nothing of. There is no justification for unprovoked action. We'll try to remove the source."

Students responded, "Remove the pigs!"

EDITORIAL

from p. 1

academic integrity against Mayor Dyke's gestapo-like assault.

We can stand the present situation no longer.

We demand immediate amnesty for all those arrested.

We demand an official apology from the mayor's office and the rapid formation of committees throughout student housing areas to establish community control.

We demand an expression of profound University concern with the attainment of these ends.

To fail to meet these demands, will, as has been said time and time again, cause more bloodshed. On both sides.

Riot Escalates With Clubs, Gas

By RENA STEINZOR, LEN FLEISCHER and PETER GREENBERG

An outdoor party turned into a riot Saturday in the predominantly student populated Mifflin and Bassett Street area.

By Sunday afternoon, arrest rolls had grown to 50, including two city aldermen, Paul Soglin, Ward 8, and Eugene Parks, Ward 5.

Students hurled rocks and bricks at passing patrol cars and officers. Two Molotov cocktails were reportedly hurled into Bassett St. late Saturday night.

As of 9:30 Sunday night, Madison General Hospital reported having treated 17 patients as a result of the melee. Six were students and 11 were Madison police, and all were injured Saturday.

The most seriously injured was a policeman with fractured ribs. Other injuries included scalp lacerations and shoulder pains and bruises. All patients were treated and released.

Police tactics escalated as darkness fell on the tense streets Saturday. Students erected barricades on Mifflin, Bassett, West Johnson and West Washington streets which were torn down numerous times by police patrol cars traveling at speeds estimated at 40 miles an hour.

The barricades were erected out of scrap lumber, garbage cans, and dirt. A large truck was pushed out into the middle of West Washington Avenue by students shouting "Paris Lives!"

Throughout the afternoon and evening and into Sunday after-

Bulletin

Some 100 students massed in front of the City-County building late Sunday night. They were greeted by approximately 100 city and county policemen and a crowd of local residents.

Fist fights broke out between the student demonstrators and the local residents, while the police watched from positions down the street and on the second floor of the city county building.

Finally, at about 11:20 p. m. the crowd, now substantially diminished in size, was given the order to disperse.

The demonstrators proceeded down State street. The street was soon bathed in tear and pepper gas. Some 1000 screaming students lined the streets.

Late Sunday, following the demonstration at the City County building, the City Council, the Mayor, and police representatives met in informal session.

By The Daily Cardinal Deadline bonfires were reported to have been started on State street and behind Kroger's.

Along State street windows were broken in several of the major stores. And police drove down the street spraying tear gas as they went. Also, tear gas was sprayed in high quantities in the Southeast dormitory area.

ENTIRE PAGE is from U. of Wisconsin Daily Cardinal (member of LNS)

noon, police demanding identification and destination arrested people at random and stopped groups walking along the street.

Tear gas canisters spitting flames crackled throughout the neighborhood until a dense pall had settled over the frame houses. Police hurled smaller canisters into crowds and open doorways in an effort to disperse the jeering students.

At one point, a house at 526 West Johnson was entered by police carrying rifles who forced the students to go inside upstairs at gunpoint.

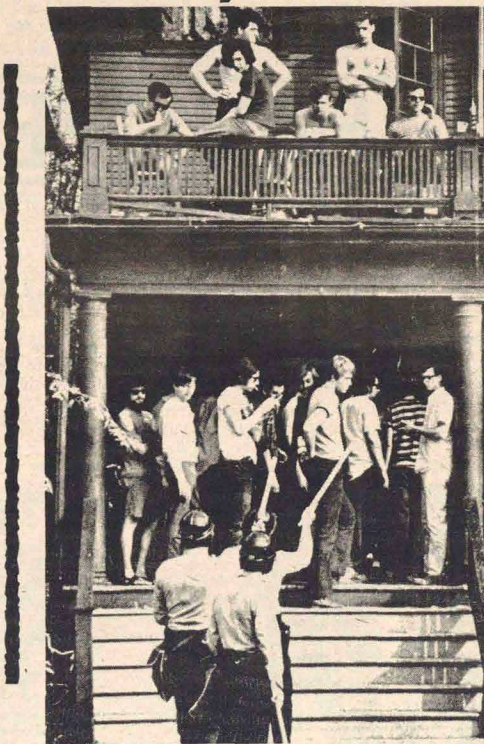
A policeman was seen drawing his gun in the middle of Bassett Street in the middle of one of the many small battles that broke out throughout the night.

Another home, 16 North Bassett, was the scene of a bloody one-sided battle between police and student dwellers. The patrolmen entered with swinging clubs to find some six students inside. They clubbed three and departed with two injured students, leaving a third behind them in convulsions on the floor.

Two other incidents of house entrances on West Mifflin by the police were reported but could not be verified. Another occurred in the 500 block of West Dayton St. None of the police had warrants.

A policeman threw a brick through the window of the Mifflin Street Coop late Saturday night, Sunday the students boarded over what was left of the panes.

The streets were relatively quiet by 12:30 a.m., Sunday although the confrontation began again that



afternoon as students once again attempted to hold a block party on the 500 block of West Mifflin.

The original order to break up the party came to the police thru Madison Mayor William Dyke. Alderman Parks attempted to contact Dyke Saturday afternoon as students lined the streets and the

police stalked nervously in the middle.

According to Parks, Dyke told him, "Gene, you know that they can't block off that road. One thing I know, from now on, whenever I go anywhere, I'll leave a message with the police dispatcher."

FROM SPACESHIP EARTH MAYDAYMAYDAYMA

THE LAST DITCH

by Keith Lampe

The editor of College of Marin TIMES was busted Monday for a second time in his efforts to stop the army from wrecking a wooded creek. This time he was threatened with a "felony inciting to riot" bust if he continued his efforts.

Rick Beban, 21, had been among 43 persons busted April 28 (see last week's BARB) protesting an Army Corps of Engineers flood-control project in Kent Woodlands, Marin County. The engineers in complicity with a paid civilian destruction crew were ripping trees and turning the creek into a naked concrete drainage ditch.

On May 1 the College of Marin board of trustees granted the engineers permission to extend their destruction to college turf. Permission was granted despite much student and some community opposition voiced at a meeting of the board.

(Douglas J. Maloney, counsel to the board of trustees, told the board that if they did not allow the army on campus the county board of supervisors would sue them. Maloney also is counsel to the board of supervisors.)

(Conflict of interest? Maloney told BARB he didn't think so: "If the board of trustees had questioned the plan of the board of supervisors, I simply would have suggested they speak with another lawyer to avoid any conflict of interest.")

At this point, Beban and others started a 24-hour-a-day course on Creative Ecology at the spot where the creek enters the campus. Purpose of the course was to have people there in case the engineers moved, to discuss alternatives to what the engineers were doing and to discuss ecology as a whole.

On Sunday, 14 persons stayed overnight at the site. Monday about 6 a.m. ten destruction workers and ten sheriff's officers surrounded the group's position. Using chain saws, the workers quickly felled two large acacias and two large elms next to the creek.

Rick went over to the destruction foreman to ask him to stop. The foreman told him "Get out of here" -- and pushed him head over heels down an embankment. Rick got up and asked Under-

sheriff Sidney Stinson to arrest the foreman for assault and battery. Stinson said Rick would have to go to the DA's office and swear out a citizen's complaint.

Beban then went over to a grove of trees where he had a sleeping bag. Two deputies followed him and told him to clear out. Rick told them he had permission from the college administration to take part in a course on that spot.

One of the deputies grabbed him. His hands were handcuffed behind his back, then twisted -- probably by means of a billyclub inserted between the cuffs -- in a way that brought great pain to his shoulder-blades. Then he was pushed into some bushes.

Afterwards he was booked for disturbing the peace and resisting arrest, \$625 bail.

As he was being bailed out, a Deputy Nabors told him: "I must inform you that if you go back to the creek and bring any people with you, you'll be arrested for felony-inciting-to-riot."

So Rick went back to the creek that same morning and helped put together a rally to discuss what to do next.

As of BARB presstime, organizing efforts were under way in Ross and San Anselmo, two communities in which the creek-destruction crews soon will attempt to operate. And efforts to save what's left of the creek were continuing on the College of Marin campus, where the crews have not yet finished their work. Landscape architect Lawrence Halprin is drawing up alternate flood-control plans for the creek -- and protesters will demand that the county board of supervisors discuss these plans at a public hearing.

Rick Beban told BARB: "I've been naive enough to believe that we could get things done through the democratic process -- that if people want to do something their voices will be heard.

"But when our elected representative say you can't stop the army and when they've got to bring in cops to get done what they want to do, the representatives are no longer serving us. But being an incurable optimist, I'm going to try once again to exhaust all legal recourse through the system."

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
UNITED STATES AIR FORCE HOSPITAL CLARK (SPCAF)
APO San Francisco 96274



28 April 1969

Berkeley Barb
2042 University Avenue
Berkeley, California 94704

Dear Editor:

I put the April 24th issue of the Barb away for a few days in the hopes that what I had seen there would disappear. I looked again today, and it is still there.

Keith Lampe's article about the timber rip-off in Marin County was nauseating. As a future (90 days) resident of Marin, the prospect of 1800 acres of Bolinas Ridge disappearing into the pockets of the Walker Lumber Company makes me want to vomit. The further likelihood that it will be used out in this US-government-sponsored charnel house makes me want to kill.

Although I am in a profession where I am supposed to keep my cool, I can't keep quiet about this one. If we really needed to, I guess we could do something about the cops, the universities, and even the war. But how in the hell can we do anything about Bolinas Ridge when it won't be there anymore?

For the first time in my heretofore non-militant life, I hope that someone has some dynamite or some guns stashed away and that they won't waste them on the city, but that they will take them up to Mt. Tam and use them to defend the planet. That is one fight I would be willing to lay my life on the line for, and I hope that there are a few hundred thousand other people around who feel the same way as I do.

Where will we all go when there is nowhere left to go?

Yours militantly,

MARSHALL O. ZASLOVE, M.D.
Chief, Department of Psychiatry
USAF Hospital Clark
APO San Francisco 96274

BE ADVISED

Ecology Action is sponsoring an environmental fair in Berkeley's Provo Park 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday, May 24.

In a letter addressed "Dear Consumer of Pollution" the group said the intention of the fair is "to help publicize the severity of our present ecological crisis.

"Despite widespread concern of scientists and laymen that rampant technology and unplanned economic growth may destroy the viability of our life-support system, the public remains relatively unconcerned.

"This apathy must be overcome. The public must be enlightened, and urged to act individually and collectively to avert the impending crisis.

"The environmental fair is envisioned as a unique opportunity for all organizations concerned

with environmental problems to inform the community of the goals and activities of their organizations and to solicit the community's support.

"We urge you to submit exhibits, posters, or other visual aids for presentation at the fair. This is your chance to tell the public about the nature of our environmental crisis and to suggest alternatives to the present disastrous course of action."

Requests (many from high schools) for Ecology Action speakers have increased so greatly the group will begin to hold workshops for prospective speakers. Anybody interested should attend the opening session Thursday, May 15, 7:30 p.m., 1710 Grove St., Berkeley. Continuing sessions will be held Thursdays weekly or fortnightly depending on the traffic.

BOLINAS

by Keith Lampe

People this week scored a few points off those loggers ripping redwood and fir (see last three BARBs) on the Bolinas Ridge.

The chief ripper -- who will make almost a million dollars off the 1800 acres unless stopped -- has been forced to put up a \$100,000 performance bond against the possibility of erosion or siltation of Bolinas Lagoon.

There were no busts this week -- mainly because many people still have some hopes for a couple other legal maneuvers going on.

Last week seven people were busted on Tuesday and six on Wednesday for sitting across a trail and stopping trucks loaded with felled redwoods. Their cases have not yet come up in court.

Meanwhile, the man says he has a watchman on the logging site all night in a tent to guard against sabotage.

People around Bolinas have formed a group called Committee to Save West Marin's Watershed. The Sierra Club in San Francisco is lending support to it; but the Marin Conservation League -- worse than nothing at all -- has dropped all efforts to stop the rip-off.

As BARB went to press, Martin Litton, Sierra Club board member and publisher of SUNSET magazine, was to fly his plane over the scene to get incriminating aerial photos of the logging practices.

The Bolinas group will hold a film benefit Friday (May 9) at 8 p.m. in the Downtown Bolinas Community Center. The twelve films include "Neighbors," H.C. Andersen's "The Little Match-girl," three surfing shorts, a biking short and a couple post-poetic vanguard undergrounders.

Sunday (May 11) the group is sponsoring a march and rally to broaden opposition to the rip-off. The march starts at noon at the edge of the Righetti ranch, the tract being destroyed. The ranch is three and a half miles north of the Bolinas turn-off on Highway 1.

Between 11 a.m. and noon you can leave your car at the Bolinas tennis courts on Brighton Ave. and be shuttled to the ranch. The rally -- speakers and a rock group -- will begin at the tennis courts at 2 p.m.

MUIR LETTER

FROM THE LORD OF THE MANOR

Les Smith
Muir Beach, Ca. 94965
May 5, 1969

Editor,
Berkeley BARB

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN PILGRIM (MUIR BEACH SUNDAY)

Dear John:

You impute "blind prejudice" and "utter contempt for beauty" to Muir Beach residents who also "spread their ugly slime across the countryside." As one of those most unfortunate people, I find myself at a great disadvantage in

pleading a defense for our inhospitable greeting to you on April 27th. You should have been here last week, man, you'd have had a heart attack on the spot. But then after 20 years a place gets to be a habit and one tends not to see the obvious. Forgive me.

That Sunday was a climax of sorts for all the scenes that have been laid down here of late -- exhibitionism, public sex, blocked roads, arrogance, vandalism, burglary, to name a few. On your Sunday we had all of these at once, each in the largest quantity we've

ever had. The traffic was so congested that for 4 or 5 hours in the afternoon no one moved on some three miles of state highway. Supposing there had been a fire, or supposing your little girl had broken her leg. Many of our homes were invaded by freaks with no regard for property rights. I might offer, because of the risk of being thought prejudicial, that when the majority of people swing behind a communal system of living, then I'll be with them, but as long as I'm paying taxes, man, and going through all this daily bullshit, then

like I want people to respect my property. You were illegally parked, you know, and you couldn't have got to the beach without trespassing. You see this property bit is the basis of our whole thing on this earth, and until there's a worldwide spiritual upheaval, this is it, right or wrong. As far as the other stuff goes, if I want to watch you or anyone else ball your old lady, then I want to choose the place. Our own Muir Beach kids don't go to our own privately owned beach not because they're embarrassed by nudity, but because they're afraid. They've been made afraid by those of you who come to do it and by those of you who come to watch. Both sides are very sick. This that's going

on here is a far cry from the innocence of a couple of lovers frolicking in the surf. There are few flowers on our beaches anymore. A gesture that's common is for a nude man to turn his back, bend over and spread his cheeks as we walk by. This has happened to me on a piece of the private beach that I happen to own. I wouldn't expect my enemy to treat me like that let alone a guest. Huh? And then at night when they finally leave, the mountains of garbage, beer cans, broken wine bottles... But then I have contempt for beauty!

I'm sorry for the bad vibes, man, and incidentally, there were "75 to 100" nudes; you just didn't know where to look. Sincerely,
Les



Photo by Bacilla

NO PLACE FOR NUDES

"I'd like to warn people its not a groovy scene at Muir Beach," BARB was told by a sunbather busted there last Saturday. "Thope it's not an ominous preview for the summer at other beaches."

Marc Carbell, 18, and his girlfriend Jeanie were sitting nude in a secluded part of Muir Beach when cops interrupted their scene and carted them away. There were seven arrests altogether, Marc said. At least 15 cops, some on motorcycles, were there to spoil

the day for sunbathers.

Before his arrest Marc and Jeanie had picked up trash from the beach and fixed the fence. "We were there just to dig the beauty."

But the upright owner came down hard on the nude bathers. He had warned the freedom seekers he was "sick and tired of people coming on my land" and would have them prosecuted.

Maybe soon the only people on Muir Beach will be dressed pigs?

CAPTAIN TRIPS

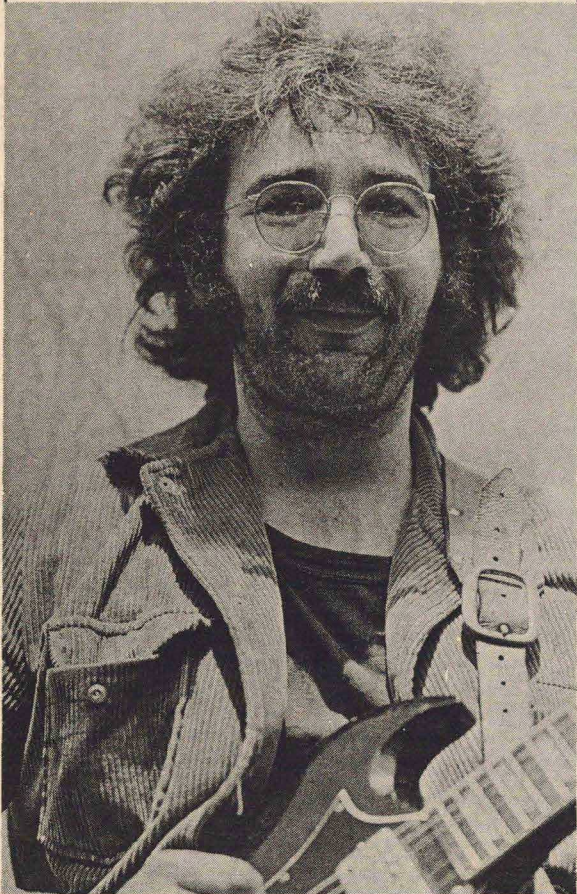


photo by Altman

STAY STONED AT MIDNIGHT, FLIP ON KPFA

Man, it's a gas. Next time you're stoned after midnight, flip your radio on to KPFA at 94 FM. Crazy ass things are happening that will drive you out of your head. They're not just playing records, they play with your mind. Montages, brain trips, freak-outs and tune-ins. It doesn't always work, but you can always turn back to KSAN or something.

Yeah, I know, beautiful old lady KPFA, very proper and very heavy. People's radio but always so intellectual! Well, something's been happening.

We investigated.

First, KPFA's into its yearly money thing. ALL the regular programming's been eliminated while they drive for \$100,000 to keep in business (which is heavy mind stuff and the best movement coverage of any electronic media). It's like watching a pressure cooker blow its lid. Good eating all over the place, especially on the ceiling.

Second, the money thing, called the Marathon because it's a 24-hour a day non-stop radio happening, is filled with special effects produced by two wiggly heads named Anne Dengler and Warren Van Orden. Anne, for example, was one of the

two wild girl producers who helped make KMPX when it first broke into a new bag.

Other people in on the insanity are Captain Technology and his girl Gloria Morningweather (Monday's for Capricorn's Collisions), and Marc and Leon who do a live music gig on Tuesday night.

Beautiful Bill Ellert (Jolly Blue to you) is also making it happen by bringing in groovy musical and satire groups from the Bay Area. There's much more, but you ought to find your own way. One thing is sure. There's a change in the air.

After you listen, supporters suggest, you might even consider laying some bread on them. Remember, KPFA's reporters are the guys at demonstrations who look just like us, except for the tape recorders. They stay for the teargas because they want to badge number of the pig that's clubbing you.

They plan to come out of this Marathon roaring and ready to kick out the jams. That's just in time, because KMPX just swelled up and died, and KSAN is about to be re-absorbed by its owner Metromedia (a nationwide money-maker) and could be castrated. At least WE own KPFA. Maybe, if we water it, it will grow.

'CAUGHT BY TAIL' CAST SEEKS BAIL

Bail funds for the cast of "Desire Caught by the Tail" are still desperately needed for the bust expected at opening night tonight (Friday).

"We are going ahead with our first performance tonight and with the other scheduled performances Saturday and Sunday," said Elliot Tanzer, cast member and public relations spokesman for Co-operative Theatre Action, which is presenting in Berkeley the U.S. premiere of Pablo Picasso's only play.

Tanzer told BARB that the only thing that could keep the play from going on Saturday and Sunday was if the cast was in jail. At press preview last week, an ACLU lawyer told the case that there was little chance they would not go to jail for their performances

in this play, which deals with human desire in its many forms.

"If we can't go on Saturday and Sunday, tickets for those nights will be honored when we reopen that way we can use the money for bail," said Tanzer.

"But if somebody does want their money back, they can get it," he added.

"The more we have in the bail fund, the less the chance we will have to buy bail bonds - so those that donate might get their bread back," he said.

Performances of "Desire Caught by the Tail" are scheduled for tonight, Saturday and Sunday at 8:30 p.m. at the Caffe La Front, 2517 Durant Ave., Berkeley.

As BARB goes to press, Friday and Saturday are sold out but Sunday are available at \$5. Call 848-0485 for ticket information.

to DAY we ARE all ONE

Some days just seem to make it.

The rock concert at the Polo field, and I don't really want to hear about Polo fields, at Golden Gate park today (Wednesday) was OUT OF SIGHT. I don't know who threw the gig but all vibrations took a sharp rise on the Aquarian Age Hedonic Index.

The Dead were there, really there, as were the Airplane together as ever they were, and so were about ten thousand of us tripping out on all and everything.

Things seemed to get off to a slow start for the first half hour or so as the Dead tried to get their thing together. It sounded as if they were having a hard time finding each others heads.

Looking around I saw that everyone at first was having the same trouble. It was like anticipating a beautiful acid trip and waiting for it to come on sometimes sets up mildly upright vibrations.

All of a sudden the Dead took off. This phrase I would like to reserve for the Airplane--but the Dead just went airborne. The tune which brought it all back home was "Shine Your Ever Lovin Light On Me."

That light not only shone, it illuminated. Clothing began disappearing from beautiful gyrating bodies pulsating under the sun. The incense of the god Sativa steadily burned and sent its aroma straight to the mind, a deja vu, "Yeah, I've been here before."

Snading at the foot of the stage for the Dead's last set really blew my mind. I closed my eyes and left wherever I was. Later I opened them only to find Jerry (Captain Trips) Garcia's beautiful smiling face beaming down on me.

This got to be even too much so I made my way to the Airplane's equipment truck, trying to get my head straight. The people there were all so beautiful. Grace was tripping all over, rapping, hugging, smiling with a woman who looked like my grandmother. It was beautiful.

Then they came right on for their set and the vibrations that the Dead left suspended were picked right up by the Airplane. This was the most accelerated Airplane I had ever seen.

At the moment I am still accelerated. It is days like these when I truly know what cliches like "We are all One" really hits home, for today we ARE all ONE.

-- robert altman

SHE GROOVES



photo by Altman

MINZEY MAKES IT WITHOUT CLEAVER

Bad vibes broke up the Shiva Fellowship service Sunday morning on Golden Gate Park's hippie hill. Wee Willie Minzey, high priest of the fellowship had to break up a knife fight over the altar while most of the worshippers sat and smoked pot.

The services got off to a good start as Willie carved up four pork shoulders (one was said to be loaded with opium) to pass out with the sacrament.

"Everything was cool for an hour and a half, when David, our 11-year-old acolyte, went to the store to buy some bubble stuff," said Willie.

"On the way back from the store,

this 11-year-old black kid started hasseling David.

"David ignored him and sat down, and the kid started kicking David.

"An older guy, about 19, told the black kid to stop and the kid grabbed the carving knife off the altar, threatening to cut up everybody. "The older guy knocked the kid clear over the altar and I tried to break up the fight.

"The black kid kept trying to turn it into a big racial incident, which was ridiculous," said Willie.

The kid went to get his big brother, who came and began beating on the older white guy, according to Willie, who broke the hassle up three times.

The kid and his brother left, telling the guy they were going to wait for him outside the park. So the guy left and went to a cop for protection out of the park.

"The cop refused to protect him--just laughed it off," said Willie.

"About this time, some of the worshippers got uptight because the guy went to the cops, and I told them it was their own fault because they sat by and let this whole thing happen without getting involved.

"It was a real bad scene; they should have helped protect the service," Willie added.

The Shiva Fellowship will meet again this Sunday at the same time, so bring yours a c r a m e n t s , b a n n e r s , l o v e a n d p e a c e .

WORDLESS VERSUS VIOLENCE

A non-conference on non-violence will take place this Sunday in Berkeley.

Instead of the regular tired speeches the War Resisters League sponsored meet will have the flavor of a fair and a be-in. Randy Keeler, a spokesman for WRL said exhibits of photographs and non-violent food will be served, and candle dripping, pot throwing, bead stringing, and baking will also be part of a "Gently Expanded Galaxy" get-together.

Things will start at 10 am and continue till dark at Walden School on McKinley and Dwight. Call 626-6976 for more info.

CLASH OVER CASH TEARING INTO TARI

To the editor of the Berkeley Barb:

Who is this fucking "Tari"? What kind of a pansy name is that for a revolutionary? And what is this half page of reactionary bullshit from this upper class apologist about Nashville Skyline being produced by a bunch of "Johnny Cash rednecks and Bobby Dylan pawns"?

Listen, Tari, you mother-fucker, I was a fan of Johnny Cash for a decade -- ten years! -- before I ever heard of Bob Dylan, whose whole trip is and has always been to emulate the style and feelings of the poor whites, urban, rural, and migratory. Who the fuck are you to say "this LP isn't for you and me, the Dylan fans, but for the Johnny Cash fans out in the boon-docks."

What cultural chauvinism! You say you dig John Wesley Harding, "Tari", because it had an "outlaw style of country and western".

Well, ain't that neat! How fuckin' romantic. Me and my friends have been digging Johnny Cash -- and HIS friends -- for years. Like many others in the early fifties, we came to rock from country. The Nashville experience means quite a bit to us.

We're neither "blue-veined Johnny Cash rednecks" nor "pawns" of Bob Dylan, in your words, "swelling with hate...taking

their frustration out on you and me." And it's not us, or the poor people from the south and the urban ghettos who you flippantly call "Tennessee studs" who are on your back, you scapegoating academician! It's a fucking political system what's troubling you!

You're right about one thing, Dylan's album wasn't produced for you.

Don't knock what you don't understand.

A BARB reader and contributor, Art Johnston

BUT ART--

Dear Art,

You're right about the name. I definitely need something a little more "revolutionary". How about a name like... Art, for instance.

As for the rest of your invective, it's very effective, even if it isn't fair criticism. Your use of the word FUCK in its various forms is particularly destructive (Rule #7 in your Revolutionary Writer's Handbook?).

You're right about one thing-- what's troubling me IS the system. But the article happened to be about the way the system functions.

I really didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

Tari

Ft. Ord trip just weary bummer

by Corey Miller

Nowhere on the Monterey Peninsula can one escape from Fort Ord. Its bankroll dominates the economy. License plates from Maryland and Alabama are not tourist plates. From 7 to 9 a.m. and from 4 to 6 p.m. businessmen on their way to and from work wear army uniforms. The society page of the Monterey Peninsula HERALD are filled with the doings of army wives. There is hardly a spot on the peninsula where one cannot hear the firing at Fort Ord both day and night.

No one seems less likely to escape from the army than the 14 young men, a segment of the original Presidio 27, who are on trial at Fort Ord charged with mutiny for having walked away from formation on October 14 at the San Francisco Presidio stockade to protest the inhuman conditions inside the stockade.

As the trial progresses into its fifth week defense attorney Terence Hallinan is calling on a long list of psychiatrists as expert witnesses to clarify the mental and emotional state of the young prisoners who

stockade to the thought reform universities set up by the Chinese in Korea during the Korean war. Many Americans captured in Korea attended these centers.

At the centers, the prison was first disorganized through isolation and fear, then "offered the possibility of rescue if they would conform," Dr. Nelkin said.

Dr. Nelkin said it was a "shock to the American people when the men came back to find American soldiers turned disloyal."

"The Presidio (stockade) deserves to be compared to that situation, but not in full," said Dr. Nelkin.

"The stockade was designed to disorganize, but the men were given no other set of ideas to which to conform and thereby save themselves. The stockade would have the effect of mentally disorganizing even those with no mental problems."

(In light of Dr. Nelkin's testimony about thought reform universities, it is interesting to note that prisoner Richard Gentile was just released on Monday from serving fourteen days in isolation when not appearing in the court room. He was accused of "sassing a guard and kicking a toilet seat." He claimed he did not sass the guard and that he only kicked the toilet seat when he learned about the isolation.

(Pvt. Gentile, recently recovered from hepatitis, existed on what the prisoners call "rabbit food" while in isolation. That means a no-protein diet. A heavy smoker, Gentile was denied cigarettes while in isolation, too.

(Though Fort Ord denies it, it is suspected that Vietnam veteran Gentile flashed the V-sign once too often entering and leaving the courtroom.)

In a slow, gentle voice, with none of the arrogance which surrounded earlier psychiatric testimony, Dr. Nelkin commented on Pvt. Stevens. "In him you find the sort of person who had an upbringing which never made it seem worth his while to conform to the social requirements of organizations."

Nelkins believes Stevens to be the kind of man "inclined to take things in his own hands and to do what seems more sensible. And when Stevens is repeatedly compelled back into what appears a foolish useless activity, when he was put in jail in order to be compelled to do something which appears to be foolish, he is well on his way to being mentally disorganized. And when conditions in prison are brutal, when he fears for his life, then he is in a state of mind not as capable as under ordinary circumstances. He is temporarily mentally deranged and unable to adhere to what he thought right."

In cross-examination, Capt. Carlotti asked Dr. Nelkin to describe the conditions in the stockade.

"As I understand them," answered Nelkin, "food was sometimes insufficient. Prisoners shifted around so repeatedly they found themselves sleeping in different places, the rules changed sometimes week to week, sometimes day to day. I understand that Private Bunch was recognized by the men to be mentally ill, yet he had not received relief from the circumstances which led to his death."

"I understand that Sgt. Woodring repeatedly bullied the prisoners and attempted to terrorize them by shouting in their faces. That he shouted at the guards and destroyed any respect the prisoners might have had for the guards. That after Woodring departed the prisoners were able to yell at the guards the way they had been yelled at."

The defense next called Dr. James L. D. Lamb to testify as to the condition of prisoner Richard Duncan. Dr. Lamb said Duncan could be labelled as having an inadequate personality and had a severe chronic reaction to depression.

Dr. Lamb could best explain Duncan's confusion by going back to his earlier experiences.

As a result of a chaotic and brutalized family situation Duncan left home at seventeen and attached



Guardian photo by Bob Allen
V-SIGN PUT prisoner Richard Gentile in isolation for 14 days.

himself to a slightly older couple whom he later left in a fit of despondency because he overheard them call him "immature."

Unable to have satisfactory relations with anybody, he decided to join the military service.

"His reaction to basic training was such that he recalls he felt he was being squeezed into a mold. In the seventh week of basic he refused to do anything. He was encouraged to return and he did. But upon completion of basic, he went AWOL. He had the feeling he would not return. From that moment on he took every opportunity to remain free."

Despite the prosecution's attempt to disqualify psychologist Albert Kastl as an expert witness, Dr. Kastl remained cool during his testimony. Capt. Carlotti abruptly wanted to dismiss Dr. Kastl even though he had known in advance the doctor's credentials. This seemed another disruptive act on the part of the prosecution.

Dr. Kastl's credentials included time served in Vietnam on the field. His job was to determine if men coming in from action were psychologically fit to return. Dr. Kastl's testimony related to Pvt. Rowland. Dr. Kastl believes Pvt. Rowland

was in a period of temporary psychosis on October 14 in which his ability to make value judgments was seriously impaired. He said Rowland's prime consideration at this time was to bring attention to conditions in the stockade. He likened Rowland's state of mind to that of a Kamikaze pilot's totally occupied with securing improvements and that Rowland believed the Army would be grateful for the group's attempt to notify them of conditions there.

During the cross-examination in answer to Carlotti's question asking if Pvt. Rowland was delusional, Dr. Kastl answered, "Yes. He was operating under the delusion that what he was doing was a heroic act. That he was going to help reform the structure of the stockade."

Kastl said a delusion is a "fixed false belief with little relation to reality."

One spectator humorously noted this week that, "The prosecuting attorney seems to have expanded his staff." This was in reference to the constant note-passing and consultation being carried on between the prosecution's desk inside the court area and Dr. Rosenthal, the army psychiatrist who sits in the first seat in the front row of the press section in the courtroom.

torture continues

Word has been smuggled out of the Presidio Stockade of the continuing torture of prisoners by the guards.

Two prisoners write of one incident on a Wednesday afternoon (April 30) in which two guards took a newly-arrived black prisoner and forced him to run around the area for almost an hour.

"Then when he was so tired he couldn't run anymore," the witness writes, "they brought him into the mess hall. The man told the guards that he was on a special diet and couldn't eat very much."

"One of the guards said 'the hell you can't' and made him take a double portion of everything. There was at least eight guards (all of them white) yelling at him to eat every bit on his tray, threatening him with having to go back outside and run."

"After he had eaten all he possibly could hold, they started forcing the food down him themselves. They finally quit and took him upstairs, all during this time...he was in tears. A few minutes after he was upstairs they took him back outside and ran him until he passed

out."

"They then realized that he was very sick, and called an ambulance; the young man almost died because of the childish games of the children they have put in here as guards."

The prisoners go on to note that the black man was thrown in the hole when he got back from the hospital. The reason given was that he had refused a direct order to get up after he had passed out.

The writers of the letter respond with a poem, "My black brother cries and that cry comes from my throat/I feel the pain, I am the victim/ The oppressor is my brother too, / I am guilty, for I do nothing," comment, "we've been misfits most of our lives, breaking the law and getting away with it, but the first time we really do something that is really right, we get nailed for it."

"They know we are the ones writing these letters to you, but we do not care, we quit being scared on October 14, 1968, when we left the work call formation along with 25 other men who feel the same way we do."

NEW LIGHT ON CHURCH BOMBING

"The establishment is trying to link us with the bombing and to discredit the New Seminary Movement," a spokesman for radical students at Pacific School of Religion charged. "But we won't be intimidated by their insidious accusations."

Wade Hudson was reacting to the dynamite explosion that rocked the school early Monday morning. About \$2,000 dollars worth of damage was done to the glass entrance of the chapel by the blast. All the straight papers mentioned the recent dissension at the school in an apparent attempt to connect the two actions.

According to police reports in the straight papers, the bomb was quite refined, not the homemade type. Hudson pointed out most left-wing bombings are improvised, the right-wing use more sophisticated bombs.

"It's even possible someone did it to destroy our movement," Hudson guessed. He mentioned calls the school has received recently from uptight people who call the New Seminary Movement an "insidious spread of evil."

About a month ago the New Seminary Movement liberated PSR for a two-day rock and free church festivities. The radical seminarians claim they are working to make the school more meaningful to all people, not just the ruling elite.

Hudson and 4 other leaders of the New Seminary Movement were reprimanded for their action by what he calls the "marshmallow faculty." Now the school's trustees are considering a move to allow only incoming freshmen who are committed to being employed by the church. This is an attempt to keep "troublemakers" out, Hudson charged.

"We won't be stopped by these moves, or the bombing," he promised. "We will continue our political efforts to transform PSR into something that is more open and relevant to all the people."

TO SET WAYNE FREE

The trial of Wayne Greene, the black man charged with attempted murder of two cops in a firebomb incident last August in Berkeley, will be winding up this week.

The defense has been presenting its case, and it looks good, according to BARB's observer.

Two fraternity boys from Davis who happened to be on the scene testified that they saw a white boy throw the bomb.

An assistant Dean testified to the same thing, as did a UC student and a married couple.

"The jury is getting sick of the DA," notes our observer. "He has kept witnesses on the stand beating them over the head and constantly referring to Wayne as a colored boy."

The final defense witness will be Greene, probably on Friday, and the summation will be on Monday or Tuesday.

Support is needed, both personal and financial. Spectators may come to Dept. 6 of the Alameda County Superior Court at 12th and Fallon to witness the proceedings.

The Wayne Green Defense Fund needs more contributions. The lawyers need daily transcripts of the testimony, and just that costs \$600. Contributions may be sent to the fund at 2204 Woolsey Street Berkeley, 94715.

GATER FUND SHOW

The Daily Gater, the student newspaper of San Francisco State College "suspended" by Generalissimo Hayakawa, will hold a benefit concert this Thursday, May 15 at Nourse Auditorium.

The Sons of Champlin and Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band will head the bill. The show starts at 7 P.M. Information is available at 334-2210 or 648-5246.

'HOLE' STOPS 'WOLF'

The Presidio Stockade was subjected to an inspection of sorts Monday, May 5, reports the Presidio underground.

General "Wolf" Larsen, Colonel Ford (Base Provost Marshal) Col. Fee (6th Army Provost Marshal), Col. MacMahon, two other officers and two unidentified civilians visited the stockade that morning.

The night before the prisoners were made to wax the floors and clean the latrines. They were instructed to walk around the edges of the waxed floors afterward.

The inspection lasted from about 10 AM to noon. Major Lucas briefed the group before they entered. They liked what they saw, generally. Cellblocks 1, 2, 3 and 4 were found satisfactory. They thought Cellblock 5 was overcrowded and Cellblock 6 was underpopulated.

They didn't like the segregation cells (the hole) at all. Gen. Larsen left the group before it covered Cellblocks 5, 6 and the hole.

have all already testified.

It is inconvenient for these professional men to take time off from their regular patients. And it is inconvenient for Mr. Hallinan to examine them as witnesses due entirely to the Army's decision to conduct the trial of these 14 at Fort Ord. The area is predominantly military with no radical base in the community, as opposed to the sympathetic atmosphere of the Bay Area. So the time schedule of the trial is being regularly interrupted or delayed with no warning.

These delays cause inconvenience to the spectators, and most important, additional suffering and anguish to the young men on trial and to their families.

On Friday psychiatrist Dr. Samuel Nelkin, expert witness, testified to his findings regarding Pvt. Richard Stevens. He said Stevens, though of normal intelligence, was the kind of person "who does not adapt well to disciplinary situations such as in the military."

He said Stevens did not get along well in grade school nor in high school. "Some feel such an experience is not worth what it costs them in loss of freedom...they never see enough value in what's being asked of them."

Concerning Steven's mental state on October 14, the day of the so-called mutiny, Dr. Nelkin said, "From what I've heard I would say he was in a condition of temporary mental derangement."

Dr. Nelkin drew a comparison of the situation as it existed in the

EXCLUSIVE RAP**ROOKIE CHIEF
CAUGHT SNORTING
OFF BASE BY BARB**

by Steve Haines

Hello, Chief Baker. This is the Berkeley BARB and we would like to know how you liked your first few days in your new office?

"I don't grant interviews with the BARB," said Berkeley's new Police Chief Bruce R. Baker, who was sworn in Thursday, May 1.

"The BARB does not stand for the same things I do.

"It has advocated violence and revolution, in my opinion," said ex-captain Baker.

"We used to grant interviews to the BARB, but I don't see any sense in it.

"The BARB has always made its position quite clear in these interviews, so we don't grant interviews with the BARB," added Baker, a UC graduate in psychology.

Following standard procedure, BARB called Baker's office for an appointment, which was granted by Baker's secretary. However, when we called to confirm our appointment, the same secretary told us that the Chief was very busy and could only talk to us on the phone.

We were disappointed, but we telephoned back at the appointed hour when the non-interview interview took place.

Interviews with police officials are not new to BARB. Oakland's then acting police chief Gains told us he was highly pleased with our interview with him; (i.e. we quoted him right). Former Berkeley chief Beall also spoke with BARB frequently, though not always amiably.

It would seem that the quality of service is going downhill in Berkeley when our current paid servant will not speak with us.

But you are wrong, ex-captain Baker. You are wrong on several counts.

You did grant us an interview in which you told us many things, in-

cluding the fact that you don't grant interviews with the Berkeley BARB.

You told us that the BARB does not stand for the same things you do; therefore, you will not speak to us.

Since you speak freely with the Berkeley Daily Gazette, are we to assume that you do agree with the right-wing stance of that paper.

We stand for truth and justice. Where do you stand, ex-captain Baker?

You objected that BARB has advocated violence and revolution. The right of advocacy is guaranteed in the Constitution and has been upheld

**POLICE
VICTIMS
NEED DOE**

Witnesses and photographs of arrests made during the UC strike are needed by the UC Legal Defense Committee. The Committee may be reached at 845-0180 or at room 37 at the School of Law. Funds are also badly needed by the group.

The UC Legal Defense Committee (separate from the Berkeley Defense Committee) is planning a fund-raising benefit to aid the defense of students arrested during the strike. A picnic is being planned for May 31 in Tilden Park. Details will be available at a later date, repeatedly in U.S. Supreme Court decisions.

If we advocate revolution, we stand with Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and many other honorable patriots.

We are sure you will agree with us, Chief Baker, that violent actions speak louder than words.

What about the violent police action that killed Frank Bartley, a harmless homosexual, in Aquatic Park?

What about the night your brown shirts broke into a black (Smith) family's home and hit an old lady in the head with a telephone?

What about the indiscriminate use of tear gas on innocent bystanders and Gazette-advertising style merchants?

What about the daily violence used on the Avenue street people in questionable misdemeanor arrests?

Do you have the balls to answer these questions honestly, ex-captain Baker?

We had hoped that you would be good to your word that you would try to expand communications with the community you were chosen to serve.

There were many questions of importance to the people in this community that you cut short in our brief interview.

Since you did not accuse us of mis-quoting, we would have spread your word accurately to that community.

It might help you to know that, by conservative estimate, over 300,000 pairs of eyes scan BARB each week.

BARB speaks to the community you were hired to serve, Chief Baker. And cooperation with this community is impossible if it is enforced with a club -- a truth which former chief Fording realized better than his successor.

We don't give a damn if you agree with us or not. And we don't see why you should give a damn either. It's not your job to toady to any segment of the press. Or to fear it, either.

We would still like to interview you, Chief Baker. Our readers would like to hear your answers. We will not misquote you. We will even read your quotes back to you for verification, which is our standard procedure.

What do you say, Chief. Can't we expect our police to be brave men? Take your courage in your hands and give us another interview. The one you gave us doesn't make sense.



HISTORIC MOMENT for two beauties as Kathleen signs Mao's book during Huey bail rally.

HUEY BAIL DENIED**PANTHERS FIGHT ON**

U.S. District Court Judge Alfonso Zirpoli ruled Wednesday that Huey P. Newton was ineligible for bail.

"We're still going to exhaust all political means!" commented Dave Hilliard, Chairman of the Black Panther Party. Hilliard, weary from repeated government attacks on the Panthers, said in a slow, reflective voice: "How dreadful must be the fear of the racist Federal Government of this one man!"

Hilliard said the Panthers would take the case all the way to the Supreme Court and beyond, if necessary.

Zirpoli said that trial Judge Monroe Friedman had "showed proper courtesy and respect to all witnesses, white or black, and nothing of substance was directed to the attention of this court that shows that the trial judge acted 'discriminatively' toward" Huey.

Zirpoli might have taken judicial notice of BARB's exposure of Judge Friedman's membership at the time in an exclusivist all-white Elk's club.

The denial of appeal bail, said Zirpoli, did not amount to "denial of due process."

On May Day, several thousand

persons marched around the San Francisco Federal Building, demanding Huey's release. "Free Huey! Off the Pig! Free Huey! Smash the State!" they chanted. The Panther's distributed free copies of Mao's red book to the people. Black Panther attorney Charley Garry remarked to the crowd of blacks and whites, "It's an uphill fight, but we're going to win!"

The Federal Government, it is becoming clear, is determined to smash and imprison the Black Panthers at any cost --

-- And by any means necessary.

MOSES 3**COAK TOO UPTIGHT
TO BLOW IT RIGHT**

by Steve Albert

Frank Coakley should be suffocated inside the cement wall of his own tight asshole. He had slandered the sisters and brothers who seized Moses Hall in the name of Eldridge Cleaver by claiming that Paul Glusman, Jack Bloom and Pete Camejo were primarily responsible for them being there.

Paul, Jack and Pete will be coming up Monday, May 19 (Malcolm X Day) on the same bullshit felony charge of "conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor" Coakley tried to ice the Oakland Seven on.

It is nonsense to think these three cats were magically responsible for the Moses Hall barricades. The conspirator was Governor Ronald Racist who tried to put bars on the 139X classroom of Black Panther revolution.

The support and love for Eldridge on and off the campus was overwhelming and the building liberation was a natural reflex of our humanity. Lots of people gave speeches and wrote leaflets, among them Paul and Jack and Pete who are being singled out because the power structure punk's grasping games have been exposed by these revolutionary lifers many times before.

The pigs are using Moses Hall to settle old grudges and frighten the rest of us out of creating new ones.

There is a stable so foul that even "Gas Huey" Lowell Jensen will not sleep in it. Jensen was burned in the Oakland Seven acquittal and wanted to deal the Moses Hall frameup into a misdemeanor but Coakley vetoed the plan and now Jensen refuses to prosecute the case. Frank Coakley will have to carve himself a new puppet to front for his senile inquisition.

The star witness for the prosecution is going to be Officer Bruniers, twenty-three year old Berkeley Pig who takes courses at Cal in political science, and acted as a volunteer false-faced spy. Bruniers testified at my Moses Hall bust and his version of what I and others did in the building was a million light years away from what even a charitable fool would call truth. This Judas to his generation kept his lips pursed in an ironic lie and seemed to make up his testimony as he gave it.

He will pull the same jive on the Moses Hall Threë. The D.A. informed my lawyer that I was going to be indicted with them on felonious conspiracy. Only at the last courtroom minute did the pigs decide to settle for putting me away on a thirty-day misdemeanor rap. If any fink saw me within fifty feet of a 'support Eldridge' microphone on the sit-in day the slogan would be "support the Moses Hall four".

So for the infinite time we are obligated to march outside the Alameda County Courthouse we will shout loudly in defense of three brothers -- in truth it is the best of our own human selves that we will publicly declare.

We of our own free will stood against the racist chain-gang of Reagan thought control and no puny DA is going to say three evil scientists put electric wires in our brains and programmed us for revolution.

**NOW, BOB--LOOK
WHAT YOU DID**

Editor, the BARB
Dear Editor:

Fresh from the tremendous May Day Free Huey rally at the Federal Building -- and while the impressions are still clear -- I think there are a couple of things that need to be said. It was such a beautiful thing and my ears are still ringing with that mind-blowing sound of thousands of voices proclaiming, with Bobby Seale, "I AM A REVOLUTIONARY!" Let the Establishment shudder! Let the government tremble! But others will write of these things; my self-appointed task is to raise what were to me, and others, a couple of sour notes.

First, who the hell does Bob Avakian think he is? "You white folks out there," he said (and I'm paraphrasing because I didn't take it down but it's what he said), "you think the Panthers are going to love you because you're here... you think they won't hate you because you're here...they're still going to hate you unless you do something when you leave here..." He drived on like this for a couple of minutes at least.

**PROVO PARK
IN OAKLAND**

Oakland will have its own Provo Park this summer.

Rock sounds and sunshine will be the weekly groove every Sunday in Oakland's Mosswood Park. The gig will be kicked off this Sunday at 1 p.m. by the Metropolitan Sound Company, Veil, and two other rock bands. They will play till 6 p.m.

Mosswood Park is at McArthur and Broadway. Bands interested in playing should call Dan Rousseau at 452-4706.

Bullshit to you, Bob! Like you're trying to prove to the BPP that you really dig it, but those white motherfuckers out in the crowd better get on the ball if they want to be loved like you! Who the hell are you to put down the rest of the white people at that rally? What gives you the special right to TALK DOWN to the rest of us? I respect you, as I know the BPP does, for what you do but I don't respect your for taking advantage of your spot on the program to rant and rave at ANYBODY at that rally. The fact is THEY WERE THERE, they went to support Huey, they defied pigs and the government by being there. THEY SURE AS HELL DIDN'T GO TO HEAR YOU ENGAGE IN THIS KIND OF ARROGANT FLAG-WAVING! THIS HOLIER - THAN - THOUBREAST BEATING! Save it for the pigs!

Second was the speech of the Women's Liberation representative. The tenor of her talk--what came across--was to put oppression of women and oppression of black people in the same bag. There is an element of arrogance here too, but more serious, a lack of understanding of black oppression. This is a big subject, but it should be enough to understand that black people are fighting for SURVIVAL. You don't equate that with women's liberation, even by inuendo, and more specifically, you sure as hell don't equate that with white women's liberation.

I'm not against women fighting for the equal right to bear arms or any other fucking right, but don't for christ's sake confuse that with the savage murderous oppression and exploitation of black people and their fight to survive.

Yours for the revolution without the shit, C.M.



by lenny lipton

Always load your camera in the shade. Never look at the film until it is processed. When you lose a tooth, say it should get knocked out in a fight with a law enforcement officer, put it under your pillow, and in the morning you will find a pot of gold (at the end of your rainbow. She comes in colors.)

I am a hippy, I was a hippy for the FBI and found God. I was a Hippy for the FBI, and CIA and found God. I was a Hippy for the FBI, the CIA, and the San Francisco Chronicle, and found God. I was a Hippy for the FBI, CIA, San Francisco Chronicle, fucked a bear, and found God.

What is so puritanical as a radical? Dated until the rabbi eats pork. Certain new machines made of metal, large machines, have a funny smell about them that is not unlike licorice. I am a hippy. How did your father and mother meet? Can you picture them fucking? Some would say that you were

healthy, in such a case. Others would say that you were crude just to bring up the subject. And yet others lie beneath the sheets.

Filmmakers who are left out of this column have, without a peradventure of a doubt, failed to read it for many months. Filmmakers whose names have been left out of this column swear a vengeance of undying hatred, a vendetta direct at the Sidney Skolsky of underground movies.

If Boris Karloff had been true to his art, it is asserted by Stewart Alby (some call him Stew Albert, but I prefer to be friendly to his last name, because it has been seriously neglected), then he would return from the grave to play a part in a new film. If Boris is reading these words, I would like to cast you in my next film.

Karloff is a hypocrite. He preached life after death, and as Alby asserted the other day, coloring any dude who got in his way, it was a life after death of malevolent proportions, solely devoted

to the tormenting of the living. Boris where are you, or do you hear my words and choose to neglect them? A sadly disappointed and disaffected public awaits word from you. Do not let us down, Boris.

Oh say can you see, by the dawn's early light, the land of the free the home of the brave-- when free, but not necessarily innocent men must go to jail? Questions asked and collected, written on bathroom walls. The crime of the century was committed the other week when they cleaned the communal latrine at the Med. Lost to the ages is a mantle of jewel encrusted words, wisdom of poets, the hearts and souls of countless untold bedraggled individuals, chicks stranded two thousand miles from home, like little Kitty sent hom to Mayor Daley with her kit.

I am a hippy. Nobody will admit to being a hippy. If you asked you would discover that there was no such thing, Ergo, Q.E.D. and crimententials, the hippies have died off, killed by lack of admission.

People left out of this column, filmmakers not mentioned that is, dislike me less than filmmaker's whose names have been mentioned often, but not enough. I ask you to ponder these thoughts, but not too long, and if you are in great haste, wait for some ripe moment, like when you are taking a crap, 234567890-qwertuiopla sdfghjkl;zxcvbnm. / / ,.mnbvc z%•lkjhgfdsa•poiuytrewq - 0987 65432 (here the writer became lost in contemplation of the message that the medium is the message. I bet the typesetter can't get that without a typo. The drinks are on me if she can.)

SAFEWAY BOYCOTT

A nationwide boycott and picket of Safeway stores will start Sunday, May 10.

"Safeway is the largest handler of California table grapes in the West. It has refused to negotiate with us," Andy Chavez, a boycott co-ordinator for the East Bay, told BARB. "We plan to blanket all Safeway stores to show our muscle."

Most of Safeway's directors also sit as directors of agribusiness corporations; so they have a vested interest in supporting the growers, Chavez pointed out. Recently, 100,000 signatures of people who vowed not to shop at Safeway were presented to the directors. The corporation sent out letters to the protestors claiming they were just innocent middlemen.

"That's absolutely not true," Chavez said. He noted one of their directors, an Ernest Arbuckle, is director of Kern County Land Company, against which the United Farm Workers are presently on strike.

A Safeway stockholders meeting will be held in Baltimore on May 20. One purpose of Sunday's picketing is to put pressure on the stockholders to vote for a ban on California table grapes, the farmworkers' spokesman said.

At least 100 people are expected at each of the 12 Safeway stores in the East Bay, Chavez said. The three stores in Berkeley to be hit are on Shattuck and Oregon, Shattuck and Rose, and College and Russell. Eighteen stores in San Francisco will be picketed. Call 647-7032 for individual locations.

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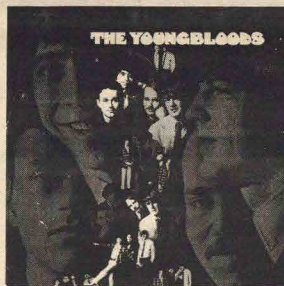
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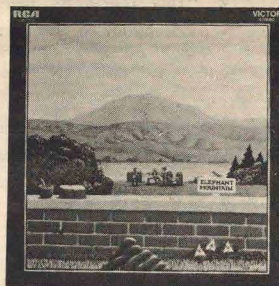
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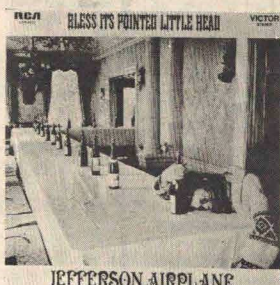
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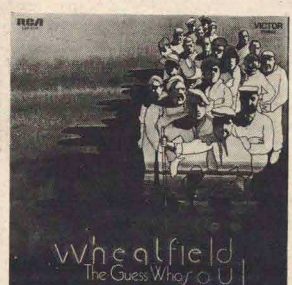
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WHAT WAS WRONG AT JOE'S RITES?

Officer Joe Brodrik was buried this week. Joe was a plainclothes cop. A spy on the people, he would patrol our neighborhoods in shirtsleeves and in milk trucks. He pretended to be one of the people. Risky business.

Joe was offed in a streetfight by a couple Chicanos a week ago Thursday. The Chicanos were described by the S. F. police department as "hippie-type Latins." They were later alleged to be members of the Third World Liberation Front. (Six suspects were arrested in Santa Cruz Tuesday.) McGoran got pistol-whipped in the encounter with the guerillas.

It was a cause for celebration among the people, but the Imperialists who rule us called it a day of mourning. Thousands of cops from all over Northern California attended the funeral. The dead spy was praised by the pig-apologist priest as "a man, who for some reason, wanted to dedicate his life to an ideal - to give of himself to others." And the Chronicle headlines Tuesday ran: "Rites for an Idealist Cop."

Sure, My grandfather died of cancer after he gambled and drank away a Kentucky oil fortune. When we went to the funeral the priest spoke of how selfless he had been!

Joey Linthome was buried a couple weeks ago. He was murdered by the same pigs who attended Brodrik's funeral. There was no day of mourning when Joey was buried. Just his crying mother and a small coterie of Black Panthers were there. A cop cruised by, giving menacing looks at the mourners. The Mayor said Joey got his due.

Joe Linthome was a nineteen year old kid and he was shot through the heart when he was unarmed and unresisting. He wasn't shot after a struggle or with his own gun, as Brodrik was shot with his partner's.

Joe Brodrik got the short end of a fair fight. My he rest in peace at last, Wives of policemen, listen! Children of policemen: tell your husbands and fathers to seek decent labor.

As Regis Debray said in his Bolivian trial:

"In all periods of history, the men in uniform were the first victims of the exploitation and repression they defended, not realizing in the majority of cases what they represented. They were the victims of their legal duty, which had become invalid, senseless, empty.

"This fact permits us to respect and to sympathize with their families, but it does not permit us to allow the social regime that uses them to maintain itself in power to make demagogic propagandists with them."

The people have begun to avenge the deaths of the Joey Linthomes, and Bobby Huttons, and the countless others who have died quietly and alone in our alleys and streets, victims of Public bullets. by a.j.

MISSION AFTER DEATH

The night cop Brodrik was killed I was shooting pool with a friend in a Mission Street poolhall. Suddenly ten pigs barged through the door and shouted "Up against the wall!"

They shoved everyone to the wall, except the old men and the owner. Everyone's name was taken and phoned in. Two blacks who were there were thoroughly searched and then busted -- one for two reds, the other I wasn't permitted to talk to.

Six Chicano brothers were frisked for weapons. One was busted for being under age. He had been involved in the SF State strike. I was also searched and frisked, as was my friend.

The pigs stayed there for about 45 minutes, looking in every conceivable nook and corner. I asked the sergeant why. His only remark was "this place figures into a homicide this morning." I asked him about the arrests and got the

RED GUARDS

YELLOW POWER RISES IN S.F.

by Bil Paul

Yellow Power has surfaced in San Francisco's Chinatown under the name of the Red Guards. Building fast and having alliances with the Panthers and Heulga, they're out to re-educate their brothers.

Last Sunday the Guards promoted their cause and Maoism at Portsmouth Square. There, old Chinese men feasted on free chow mein and wiped the dust off their specs when they saw fatigue-jacketed, litesome girl Guards standing at military ease with red flags. The militants opened their speaker's platform to Black and Brown spakers and there was beautiful music by the "Brothers, And."

Tuesday night I met some Red Guards at their 615 Jackson St. Headquarters after reading their Community Newsletter, a collection of first person reports on police harassment and brutality along with party rules. I asked what the Guards had in the works.

Wayne Quan, who has felt pig clubs on the street, explained that Political Education classes are the first step. Anyone who wants to join the Guards must attend these classes for three weeks before their application is considered.

A with-it Asian chick and Wayne said that the job was to re-educate their brothers because SF schools are irrelevant to Asian needs, forcing the English language and white Americanism down Asian throats, making them feel second-rate and "laughed at." Chinese-speaking immigrants find the SF schools impossible and tend to drop out, Quan said.

Besides pig harassment which I'll get to, Quan and his brothers and sisters are especially irked by a DAR plaque and a threatened playground in Chinatown.

The plaque commemorates the birth of the first WHITE person in San Francisco and a Chinese entrepreneur points to it proudly as a tourist attraction. Too much. "This represents the audacity of the White Colonists who are ruling our community through their ass-licking lackies -- Chiang Kai-Chek and the Six Companies (the Chinese ghetto establishment)" says the Guard newspaper.

I asked why the plaque hadn't been removed. "It's screwed down too damn tight," said Quan.

The Chinese rich elite, getting fat off the tourist trade and cheap sweatshop labor (according to the Guards, one-third of SF wealth is in Chinatown banks) are getting greedy for more business yet; to accomplish this they want to demolish the ghetto's only playground to build a multi-level parking complex. Oh yes, on top of that, several stories above ground level, would be a new mini-park. Fortunately, the Parks and Rec. Dept. has so far resisted these Chinese' efforts to choke their people.

The Guards are beginning a feed-the-kids breakfast program along Panther lines. Guards, with a smile, get donations from shiny tourist cars passing down Grant Ave. The tourists feel like they're paying a toll.

Quan told how white churches in Chinatown have refused cooperation with the breakfast program, saying "too radical."

The crime rate in Chinatown is high but expected in an overcrowded ghetto where teenagers want to make it but aren't finding the most acceptable ways.

"Cop patrols of two, three or four cars prowl the streets looking for 'suspicious characters.'" Often, Red Guards are spread against the wall and forced to listen to pig-talk -- "Chink, we're gonna send you back to Hong Kong" -- and see their Mao books torn up. Quan has been charged with having a concealed weapon -- a souvenir shop jackknife.

Cops saunter into the Red Guard hqs to intimidate the occupants. But the days of fear have come to an end. The new voices of the people meet the pigs with a strong voice and a readiness to defend.

The Red Guards more or less arose from Leways, Inc., a much publicized self-help venture started several years ago to find employment for Chinese youth, to help them go straight. But many of the Orientals didn't dig going the old capitalist route and decided to start a revolutionary effort.

As Mao said: "Young people, full of vigor and vitality, are in the bloom of life... our hope is placed on you."



photo by Bil Paul

poolhall I was stopped twice by the same pigmobile, and it even followed me all the way home.

Am I safe? No. I won't be safe until the streets are recaptured, and the pigs get off my back, and off the backs of all the people. --FreEmil

BLOOD?

A good man -- veteran of many civil rights and anti-war skirmishes -- is in great need of blood donations. If you are able to spare a pint, please phone 525-0564 for details.

LAUGH OF THE YEAR

YIDDISH JOKERS HOWL AT HAYA IN BOONDOCKS

by Rick Heide

your kids tonight?" Clearly they were in the same auditorium as the Jewish community in the Soviet Union," their parents but not in the same state of mind.

The generation gap has never been more sharply etched, it was poignant and sad. Near me a red-faced plastic, plastered reporter over 200 Jews protested oppression for the Third World and student "human interest angle."

The students called for "equal communities right here in the U.S.A." The occasion was the S. L. Hayakawa a two-minute speech by Rabbi Saul Rod Show. The (over) acting president Berman, "We shouldn't support a student of S.F. State College was being man who has subverted quality education," he said, "or done so little for equality." He urged those opposing the award to walk out. Many did, but most stayed for Hayakawa's speech.

The invocation was stilled by laughter when the chapter's "95th year of service to humanity" was mentioned. Afterwards, a man in the crowd recited a verse in Hebrew from Isaiah. "Who requested you to desecrate my sanctuary?" he said.

Hayakawa, and those introducing him, had difficulty being heard over the angry crowd. There was a lot of talk from the rostrum about "free speech" but demands for equal time were ignored. One speaker referred to students as "vulgar." The angry masks in the middle section cracked and assumed a laughing position for a minute. It didn't last long.

Hayakawa talked mostly about Germany in the 1930s. "Hitler," he said, "defined one race (Aryan) as everything good and another (Jewish) as everything bad. This tactic was of such fascination to me..." "That you use it now," shouted a man in the audience.

When Haya mentioned storm troopers, cries of "Tac Squad" filled the air.

"I saw student radicals using the tactics of Hitler," he said, explaining why he took the job as acting president. "We seem to have come full circle after 30 years. This shows the birth within our own country of neo-Nazism." The students agreed with the diagnosis but felt the doctor and the police carried a sign saying, "Where are the Nazeous ones."

The area was saturated with police power. Oakland pigs, even a paddy wagon, patrolled outside. Security guards were all over the place. And very obviously non-Jewish plainclothesmen were posted throughout the crowd. Fortunately, they did not riot. There was no physical violence and no arrests.

One rabbi saw the Selection as pure provocation. "The evening was a failure," he said. "The clear intention of the evening was to crack Jewish skulls and it failed."

Verbal violence there was aplenty. The United Jewish Students of Berkeley sent a telegram to the national B'nai B'rith headquarters demanding a repudiation of the award. Howard Smith of U.J.S. said Hayakawa's actions have been contrary to "fundamental tenets of Jewish morality." They may not get much action. The national organization gave a similar award to Lyndon Johnson.

In fact, one of the local chapter's past presidents is Monroe Friedman, the judge who tried Huey Newton. As pointed out in BARB, Friedman is also a member of the Elks Club, which admitted it has a whites-only policy.

Big Bill Knowland, a former "Man of the Year" warned that the "American people won't lay down and play dead."

The lord of Oakland was introduced as "a man who has contributed much to your welfare and mine." The students remembered some of his contributions and chorused, "Get out of Vietnam" and "Get out of West Oakland."

Chapter president Goodman joined Knowland in blaming the disruption on (are you ready?) ...outsiders. The dissidents were not invited," he said. He complained he'd been "coerced" into making the meeting public.

Goodman was also reluctant to make public how Hayakawa was lot for the rank and file if elected, Walker said.

MUCKERS MUCK UP A HALL

Militant members of the Laborers, Hodcarriers, Miners, and Muckers Union Local 261 were brought "closer to reality" by a confrontation last weekend with their established leadership.

"We lost the first round. We have to try new approaches," admitted Allen Walker, a rank and file member who had tried to organize a dedication of the new union hall Saturday.

He and other militants had wanted the hall named after "Doc" Dougherty, an old IWW organizer, while union bosses wanted to name it after Mafia boss Altioto.

When Allen and his wife showed up early Saturday morning they found the door blocked by union goons bent on protecting the hall from "hippie or yippie takeover", Allen related. Although many militant workers showed up during the day, they came at long intervals and nothing could be organized.

Walker blames lack of organization for the failure of the Dougherty Hall dedication. But he feels the pressure may make 261 leadership back down from its plan to call the building Altioto Hall. A ballot has now been proposed to choose a name for the new union headquarters. Walker described the building at Shotwell and 18th in SF as "a very plastic showcase that the present leadership will use to remain in power."

A union election is scheduled for the end of May. The entrenched leaders are being opposed by a reform caucus which could do a lot for the rank and file if elected, Walker said.

WHY NOT PAY WHEN YOU'VE ALREADY WON?

by Cassandra

The United States Department of Living announced last week that the cost of living had gone up four-tenths of one percent in April--the steepest one-month increase in 7 years.

Well, there's news for you, babies. The U.S. Department of Death is getting ready to announce its own increase in the cost of living. The New York and American Stock Exchanges are preparing their members for the expected shock waves, and friendly foreign governments are being asked to seal their borders to the coming waves of immigrants from America.

The announcement, which could come at any moment, will probably read as follows:

"THE PRICE YOUR GOVERNMENT IS NOW CHARGING FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES IS YOUR LIFE. CONVENIENT TERMS ARE AVAILABLE. A DOWN-PAYMENT IS REQUIRED. FRONTAL BRAIN LOBES, TESTICLES, OVARIES, OR SIGHT AND HEARING WILL GUARANTEE YOUR TEN-YEAR LOW-INTEREST LOAN FOR THE REMAINDER.

"WARNING: FAILURE TO PAY WITHIN 24 HOURS OF RECEIPT OF THIS NOTICE WILL RESULT IN AUTOMATIC DETENTION AND COLLECTION OF YOUR DEBT AT A FEDERAL REDEMPTION CENTER."

I don't want to breed panic and

MOTHERS PROTEST

A protest rally against the impending welfare "freeze" of funds will be held in San Francisco this Mother's Day weekend.

Sponsored by the San Francisco Welfare Rights Council, the protest will include a rally in posh Union Square from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. on the 10th. An ecumenical service will be held Sunday, May 11 at St. Peter's Church at 24th and Alabama Sts at 3 p.m.

The weekend of activities was spurred by the visit of Sen. George McGovern with his committee investigating hunger.

The welfare "freeze" will have the effect of cutting federal funds available for welfare needs. A twelve-year-old child who must eat on \$6.05 per week will have even less says the Welfare Rights Council. The freeze goes into effect July 1.

Speakers at the Union Square rally will include Supervisor Terry Francois, Assemblyman John Burton, and Welfare Rights Organization Chairman Espanola Jackson.

Endorsements and contributions may be sent to WRO headquarters, 311 Minna St, Rm 206, SF 94103, or call 392-8076.

paranoia, but things aren't looking good for us. In the short run, that is. We know we will win in time. We ARE the future after all. But, man, can they cost us now.

We're working on their minds. We're building their humanity. We're grinding away at their knives and bayonets. We're throwing sand in their machines. We're teaching their sons and daughters to screw in the daylight with their eyes open. We're blowing their minds wide open. And we're learning to defend ourselves and to unite.

But the most crucial time is now. They feel their world trembling. The sky is about to shatter and impale the old order with plastic daggers. They are afraid. They will strike at us with fear and hatred. We must expect it.

The Panthers are replacing the Reds as America's favorite revolutionary conspiracy. Nixon aides are conjuring up images of barbed wire detention camps. The freedom to use our bodies as we love and like is about to be challenged again. Youth is once again to be outlawed.

Things may get very heavy. The heat may come down as it never has in our lifetimes. But they can't win in the last analysis because we have one great ally--death.

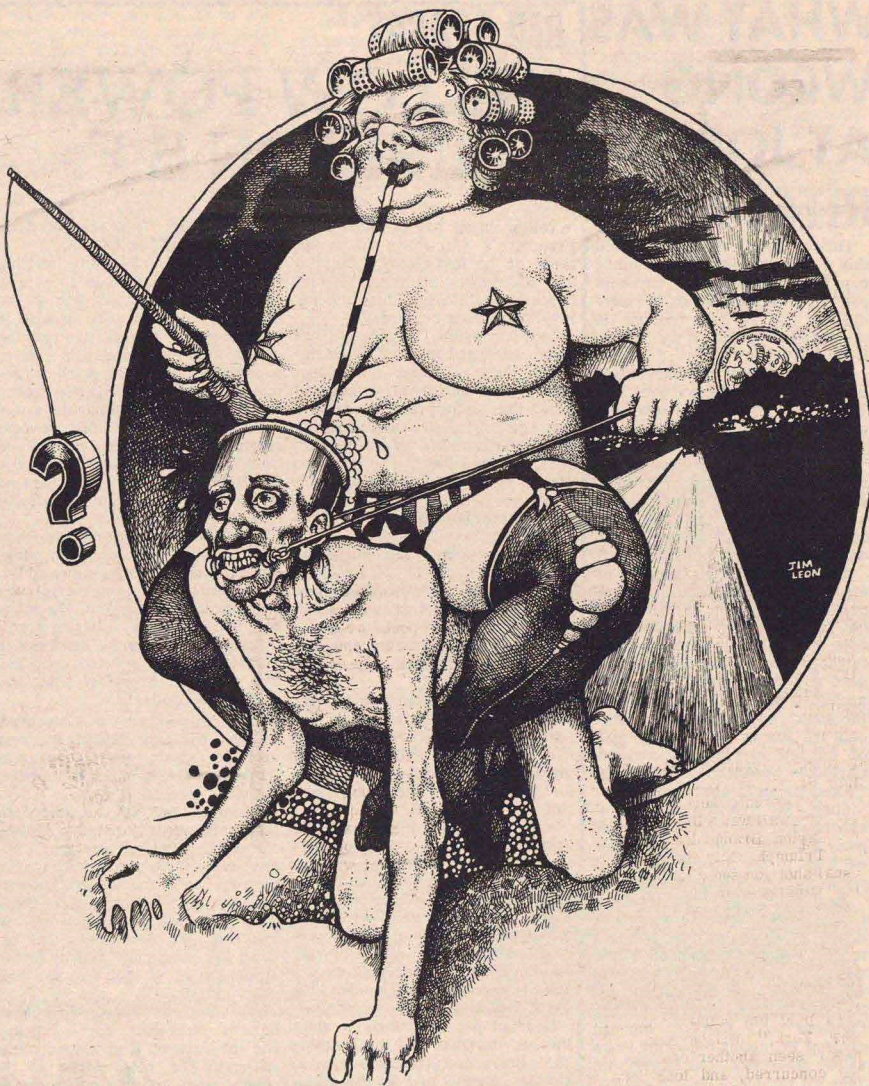
They can build billion dollar laboratories to find ways to live longer. They can freeze themselves and pickle themselves. They can make wars to try to kill us off. They can try to buy us. But in the end, there are more of us and they will die first.

The rulers now are sixty and seventy. Soon it will drop down to fifty. In some professions, in some countries even, power has fallen to even younger men and women. Meanwhile, we, whose minds have been reformed by electronics and dope, by new sounds and by visionary experimentation, and who have crawled from the ruins of industrial society seeking sunlight and sensation, our first waves of troops are approaching the levers of power.

They think we will become just like them. They are wrong. Some of us will be corrupted by power. Especially those who do not yet know how to screw together. But increasing numbers of us have new things on our minds. And, further, those younger than us will keep us honest -- or kill us. And we will be glad to die then.

Hear me. I am NOT speaking of generational conflict, though it sounds that way. I am speaking of the true, indescribable revolution which is sweeping the world. It just happens to coincide with age groups in most places.

So. It is only right that the cost of living go up. Our lives are more valuable than ever before. And we may pay, but we've already won, because they could not keep from fucking.



LITTLE MEN, WHAT NOW?

by Ellen Mendicino

The Secret Life of an American Wife is a slick, low budget attempt to present S*E*X from a woman's point of view. The film is important for this reason alone. It was one of the best films of last year because it does present sex from a woman's point of view in a Tell It Like It Is context and is not another Soul in Sex thing from another cinematic misogynist.

George Axelrod, an extremely successful writer of Hollywood comedies, wrote, produced and directed this film. I think it's stupid to put a film down when it's good regardless of how commercially successful the writer is and whether or not it came from Hollywood. Axelrod's style is quick, flashy, clever sort of like Clifford Odets without his social conscience. In 1954 Axelrod wrote a very funny film called Phffft! that starred Jack Lemon and dear Judy Holliday. Phffft! never made it commercially because of its title and Secret Life never made it either because of its female orientation on S*E*X.

The night I saw the film you could hardly hear because some of the men in the audience were sitting in little knots gossiping with each other. Honest to God, Evidently Axelrod's device of having Victoria Layton, played by Anne Jackson, talk directly to the audience about her sex life was too threatening for them to endure. And that's awfully sad.

Victoria Layton's lover is an aging movie actor played by Walter Matthau. Had Matthau been the one who talked directly to the audience in true euphemistic Hollywood style about the joys of a good lay -- a role that Matthau handles beautifully, incidentally, (because he doesn't intimidate the average male) the film would have been a commercial success.

George Axelrod, a slick Hollywood writer, has a better understanding of the married woman in this society than many women writers do. When Victoria Layton stands in the middle of her kitchen floor at 10 o'clock in the morning holding a wet mop and says "TO think I Victoria Layton once read all eight volumes of Proust in

French" any married woman with kids who does her own housework knows what she's talking about. Or in bed: "I've got 3 glorious minutes to myself before the alarm goes off."

Many women writers have never struggled for the survival of their personalities in the American Housewife Jungle. As a result they either put the housewife down as Supe Slob or write really terrible stuff for the women's magazines (like Jean Kerr and Phyllis McGinley) on how much Soul is involved in being a Good Housewife. Mary McCarthy puts women down in her writing by satirizing them in a way most male intellectuals love as Pauline Kael points out in her essay in Kiss Kiss Bang Bang.

One of the reasons a lot of American women get hung up on soap operas is that they present women in a much more honest fashion than most films, books and news articles. Did you see

that "funny" editorial in the Chronicle a couple of months ago on the joys of wife beating? It was written after Prime Minister Sato's wife told a reporter how her husband used to beat her up. They'd never dare write a "cute" editorial like that about black people.

Joan Baez, writing in her autobiography Daybreak, tells about a little setee with Ira Sandperl's first wife. Joan sort of puts her down for being a little too insensitive about Ira, the Magnificent. I felt sorry for Mrs. Sandperl. It must be easier to be married to an out and out bastard than someone who considers himself right up there with Jesus.

Joan confesses that the only time she ever saw Ira lose his temper was at Mrs. Sandperl. What happened to all that understanding compassion Ira Sandperl tells us to lovingly bestow upon the urine throwing racists? Evidently there wasn't any left over by the time he got home at night.

"SALT"

by George Metetzky

Perhaps the most revolutionary feature ever produced in the United States will be screened this Saturday and Sunday at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. at Stiles Hall in Berkeley when the San Francisco Newsreel presents "Salt of the Earth."

Suppressed by the Hollywood establishment ever since it's production during the heydays of old Joe McCarthy, "Salt of the Earth" is today rarely mentioned in the honkey histories of movieland. And if it is discussed at all, it is done in the hushed tones of a proposition in a YMCA john.

Despite the fact that it is close to 20 years old and would ordinarily be forgotten, "Salt of the Earth" has now surfaced at the right time. Originally prophetic, it is a perfect film for The New American Revolutionary.

The reason for Hollywood's suppression of the film is that "Salt of the Earth" tells of a real

struggle between capitalism and its would-be slaves. It speaks of the fight between mine owners and miners but it goes far deeper when it also speaks of the subjugation of the miners' women and how they are the slaves of their men.

When the miners strike and when it appears they have lost, it is their women that rescue their men, proving that for the people to have power, the people must unite regardless of sex, or race, or culture.

The lesson is the same as that of "The Battle of Algiers" and it is a lesson that must be taken to heart. For when Big Mama UC comes to challenge the power of the people at the Peoples Park we will all have to be ready and TOGETHER.

Dig "Salt of the Earth." It shows what it's like when you are together and how the Power of the People Shall Prevail!

gays to sit

A dramatic escalation of the gay strike against the States Steamship Company in San Francisco is being planned by the militant Committee for Homosexual Freedom.

Logistics for a non-violent confrontation with company executives are being developed by the gay revolutionaries.

The San Francisco Neighborhood Legal Assistance Foundation is representing Gale Whittington, 21, a homosexual Accounting Clerk fired by States Lines.

"There is no reasonable explanation for the termination of Mr. Whittington's employment other than his public identification as a homosexual," wrote Attorney David Clayton, in a letter to States Lines. Clayton is Senior Staff Counsel for the legal aid group.

"All necessary legal action to restore Mr. Whittington to his former position of employment with States Steamship Company" is being prepared by the Neighborhood Legal Assistance office, Clayton

told the firm.

The NLAH is demanding reinstatement of Whittington's job with full back pay. Additional demands adopted by Whittington through the Committee for Homosexual Freedom were also included in the attorney's letter to States Lines.

They included demands that States Steamship sign a fair employment pledge not to discriminate against homosexuals; not to take retaliatory action against other employees demonstrating their sympathy with the picketing; and three, to urge other firms in the shipping industry to sign similar fair employment pledges.

"These latter three demands," Attorney Clayton wrote, "...will have to be dealt with in order to arrive at a satisfactory resolution of the aspects of the case with which we (NLAH) are concerned."

"The company will have over a week to study our demands, and agree to negotiations," says Leo see p. 15

AT PLAY WITH CLAY

by art johnston

Clay Wilson lives in a garage. When me and White Panther Gary Grimshaw banged on the huge wood doors, we expected to find a Harley Davidson squatting in the middle of the one room crib, dripping crankcase oil all over the concrete floor.

Instead we found a skull nailed to one wall with H-D wings across its forehead, flags from various empires draping on the wall behind posters drawn by brother cartoonists Crumb and Spain. Fragments of old mannequins covered with intimate feminine apparel, various Sado-Masochistic symbols, and motorcycle paraphernalia was scattered around the garage. ("Life is a cartoon strip," Wilson was to tell us later.)

Black hair flowing almost down to his levis, Wilson, slouched back in his cotton lawnchair, and asked to borrow a Koool.

His old lady had told us on the phone the day before that he might not want to talk to BARB. Wilson doesn't often have truck with newspaper people, she explained. Wilson and his old lady came out here from Kansas a year ago.

Nobody says no to BARB, we thought. So me'n Grim went to his place wearing our leathers, ready for any trouble which should arise. Hanging from one sleeve of my leathers is a three pound wrench. We fingered a three inch blade in our right pocket. Just in case, yu unnerstand, one of Wilson's gang, "The Flyin Fuckin A Heads", try to mess with us!

I casually took a look behind the john door, still paranoid about Wilson's known associates: the Meth Freaks, the Pirate Dykes, the Blade Freaks, Barth and Cecil, the Screamin Gypsy Bandits, or Captain St. Miguel Tilden Bradshaw.

They weren't there. Instead, on the john wall was a life-size poster of Marlon Brando leaning on his old Triumph. Only this wasn't the usual shot you see of Brando leaning jauntily over his handlebars, with the stolen trophy jutting up like a brass prick - the one you see in every biker's john. This was a full size poster, like he was going to walk off the wall and chain-whip your cock while you pissed. "I paid ten dollars for it, in New York," Wilson said. "I've never seen another one like it." We concurred, and looked under our seat for Captain Pissgums. ("Some of his perverted pirates," explains Zap Comix #3, "were masochists. Some just licked stinky ol' boots . . . and the Captain settled for having his crew whiz into his mouth while the others looked on.")

Clay Wilson was born in Lawrence Kansas in 1941. He was weaned and raised there too. Improperly it seems. "Oh, I started drawing this stuff when I was two," he frankly admits. "I was always drawing pirates in school, and the teachers tole me -- that's not art, they tole me. But I kept drawin pirates. Later for the school scene. Perverted? What's that?"

His earlier drawings weren't quite so . . . so earthy. They were more "whimsical" and satirical, according to Wilson. But the time for subtlety seems to have passed: Wilson's queer pirates, motorcycle degenerates, knife-wielding lesbians pose such perennial philosophical favorites as -- WILL

RUBY THE DUKE TRADE JOCKO THE HOSTAGE FOR A BAG OF SMELLY PECKERS?

"It's like a music thing," says the artist. "Like I was sitting on my back porch in Kansas going pluck, pluck. Then I came out here and found everybody blowing -- gassing on each other's stuff."

When Wilson came to San Francisco a year ago, his friends sent his work out, wrapped in copies of East Village Other. "I saw the weird shit Spain was doing, and it blew my mind. We were into pretty much the same thing. Me'n Crumb had a jam session when we first met: we traded each others shit back and forth." Wilson is generally credited with having exerted a liberating influence on the styles of Spain and Crumb.

"We did the first Snatch as a joke, and it caught on. I want to keep printing it, but Crumb wants to stop. Snatch is outrageous! It's like the underground underground. Porn stores are charging up to two-fifty for it now. Only people won't buy it as porn. It's satire on pornography."

As well as working for Snatch and Zap, Wilson contributes to Gothic Blimp Works Ltd, the monthly comic supplement to EVO. Blimp Works is the first underground Sunday comic section. Itaire represented all the great underground artists, including Vaughn Bode, Kim Deitch, as well as Crumb and the others. Gothic Blimp Works should be syndicated to all the underground papers!

Wilson has completed a drawing for a book illustrating Beatle songs. He illustrated the line "I got blisters on my fingers" from "Helter Skelter" with a graphic that is



captioned: "Captain George Fairfax Battles Pirate Forrest Namroth to the Death off the Shores of Dover." Contributors to the book (which will be published in London) include such great Western artists as Picasso, Spain, and Dali. Crumb declined to contribute to the book, saying it is an establishment product.

Where does Wilson get his ideas, which he admits are getting "further out all the time." "Nightmares,

"Nightmares and fantasies. My conscious and sub-conscious mind are starting to merge. I'm beginning to draw things and people that later turn up as realities. Like the checkered demon. I drew her, and the next day I saw her on the road. A dyke with a checkered suit on a red three wheeled Harley. And the Hell's Angel party at the Carousel was like outa one of my drawings."

Wilson's last bike in Kansas was a 1948 Harley 74: red, black and blue, with an eagle on the front fender, fringed saddle bags that held two six packs, a running board, luggage racks, and a tank shift. "You just set up there, and put yer feet on the roll bars, and let her go."

The bike shown here is a 48 Harley. They were good bikes. They ran forever. "I paid 150 bucks for my 48. "Said Wilson. "The transmission hadn't tasted oil in about two years, and it had about two gears left."

The last bike we owned in Detroit was a 48 Harley. We took all that shit off though, about 500 pounds worth of chrome, leather and steel. It was maroon and had whitewalls. It was a bomb. It ran through barricades, rivers, and garage doors. People get very attached to their bikes.

"They're kind of up-tight back there," Wilson said, nodding over his shoulder toward Kansas. "But we had fun. We fished." He took a deep swallow of his bitter lemon soda.

"We sat on the porch, and list-

ened to the hummingbirds. We rode our bikes. The cops in Kansas don't see a whole lot of long hair, and the combination -- that with a Harley Davidson, upsets them. They used to always ask for my California license, because they were sure I was from California.

"A friend of mine back home once traded a key of Kansas marijuana for a black and chrome Indian."

What do the folks back in Kansas think of the Gypsy Bandits tangling with the Bike-Freak Dykes, armed with blow torches that melt flesh, stilettos, broken bottles, and dicks the size of baseball bats?

"Oh . . . Ma won't show my stuff to my little sister anymore. I send everything back to my brother-in-law now. He's a truck driver. I don't think he shows them to anybody, except maybe other truckdrivers."

gay split

FLASH

A recalculation of the votes cast in the sir recall election of Leo Laurence showed the petition did not pass BARB learned at press time Thursday. This means that Laurence is still a member of the SIR board.

Militant gay leader Leo Laurence was dumped from the board of directors of the Society for Individual Rights, a San Francisco-based organization for homosexuals.

This latest move widens the split between militant and moderate gays in the Bay Area over proper tactics for gaining gay demands.

Laurence tore the lid off the up-tight, clannish gay establishment last April, when he advocated a gay revolution as editor of SIR's monthly mag, Vector.

He was asked to resign as editor, then the mag was taken away from him and transferred to another board committee. SIR president Larry Littlejohn asked Laurence to resign at that time.

The final step in the escalating war between Laurence and SIR came at the group's monthly meeting Wednesday when the recall election was held.

Meanwhile, Laurence and his supporters have not been idle in their demands for a gay revolution.

The Committee for Homosexual Freedom, which Laurence helped establish, is picketing States Lines Steamship Co. in San Francisco daily at noontime.

States Lines fired CHF chairman Gale Whittington when he and Leo revealed their homosexuality publicly in BARB last month.

In addition to its demands at States Lines, CHF has vigorously protested the killing of Frank Bartley by Berkeley police in Aquatic Park three weeks ago.

"A mock funeral march on Berkeley city hall was organized by the gay establishment and its church supporters," said Laurence.

"CHF was not invited, but we came anyway.

"When by-standers began heckling us, CHF raised clenched fists and shouted 'Stop pig murder', which really put the establishment queens up-tight.

"They practically ran up the steps to deposit the coffin and split," said Laurence.

"Larry Littlejohn, SIR president, later told me that CHF was acting irresponsibly at the march," he added.

"As far as I am concerned, SIR is dead as a force for meaningful social action in securing homosexual freedom," said Laurence.

"If SIR survives, it will only be as a social club," he added.



HAYA HOWLER

from p. 11
 selected for the award. He said the chapter's executive board made the decision. There were charges that people who hadn't approved of the selection had their names used nevertheless. And one man charged that Goodman made the decision alone but wouldn't say how many people were involved in the decision. He WAS eager to say, though, that the organization was proud and honored to "wear the badge" of law and order.

Hayakawa's brand of law and order even received sanction from the White House. Little Dick Nixon's personal flunky, Robert Finch, sent Happy Haya a telegram of congratulations in the name of the president of the U.S.

It should have been a great day for the happy warrior. But later, at a press conference, shielded from his adoring public, a dejected and saddened Sam Hayakawa looked like a very lonely and unhappy man.

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CINEMA 1 - May 12-14

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Fred Astaire in **THE BAND WAGON** (color) 8:40 only

CINEMA 2 - Thru May 13

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GAY SPLIT

from p. 12
Laurence, CHF Press Officer,
"If all our demands are not met,
or if negotiations are not started
between Whittington, the CHF, and
company executives, then we in-
tend to move our protest into their
offices," he said.
"Once inside, we will stay there
until effective negotiations are
started," he added.
Militants from straight and gay
communities are cooperating in
intensive strike workshops Fri-
day nights at the Cabaret, a cafe
for movement people at 260 Va-
lencia Street in SF.
Over 150 activists joined the
CHF in its first month in San
Francisco and Los Angeles (L.A.
is organized by Rev. Troy Perry
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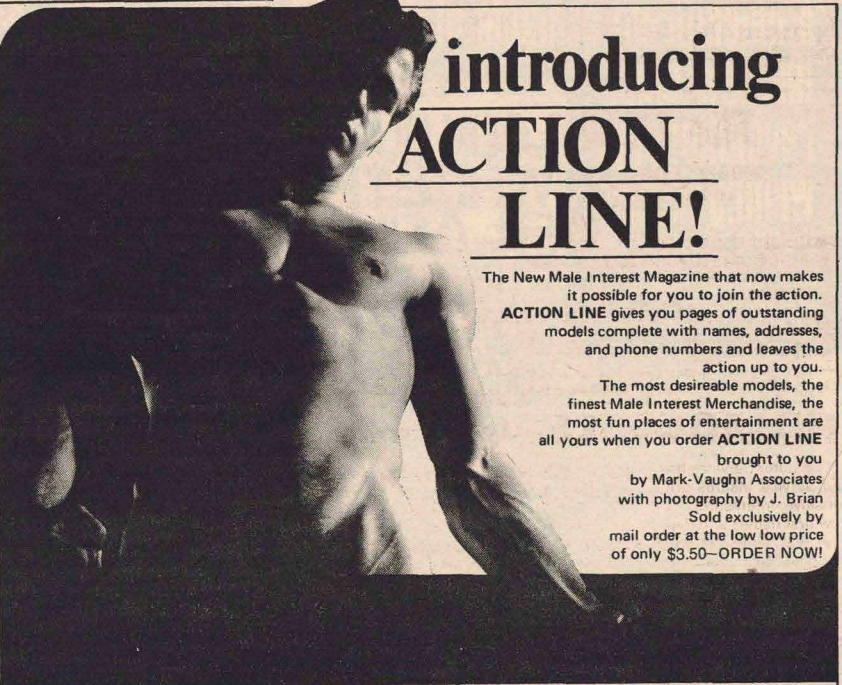


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SCIENCE is a scholarly journal containing scientific news and original articles, many of which are highly technical. But each issue usually contains some kind of trip for the whole family of scientists. The April 18, 1969 issue, for example, lists in its Table of Contents, "Soap Bubbles: Two Years Old and Sixty Centimeters In Diameter."

Hovering between an article entitled "Solar Differential Rotation and Oblateness" ("Abstract. An investigation of the time development of differential rotation produced by the solar wind torque indicates that the sun has a rapidly rotating core.") and one called "Cycads: Evidence from the Upper Pennsylvanian" ("Abstract. The fossil record of true cycads is extended from the Upper Triassic to the upper Pennsylvanian."), nestled the article about soap bubbles. Its abstract announced that soap bubbles with a life of over 2 years and diameter of 60 centimeters (almost 2 feet) had been developed by juicing up bubble solutions with polyvinyl alcohol or polyoxyethylene. These synthetic organic polymers combine with water to produce highly viscous fluids.

A.V. Grosse, writing from his laboratories in the Research Institute of Philadelphia's Temple University, notes that for centuries "some of the most outstanding scientists" have investigated the mysteries of the soap bubble. I read on, recalling with pride my own observations of smoke-filled bubbles floating through the air or landing on the ground and bursting, small puffs of smoke marking the passage of the bubble to the great soap solution in the sky.

Little biographical information is given about researcher Grosse but we can infer from his article that he is a thorough and a careful

investigator. Many mixtures were discarded before he hit upon exactly the right solution, one with a viscosity of 2.0 centistokes. Grosse actually succeeded in blowing large bubbles from 6 different brews, the first and best of which he appropriately named "double-bubble" solution because both its major ingredients can be used for bubbles independently of the other.

Unlike the Fleer's variety, Grosse's "double-bubble" solution contains 2 volumes of Kuehner solution (1 volume of 4.49% by weight sodium dibromostearate in water plus 1 volume of glycerol), one volume of 5.0% polyvinyl alcohol and 3 volumes of glycerol. The bubbles were blown inside flasks to avoid contact with dust, which apparently is death on bubbles. If the bubbles survived their birth and immediate post-partum period, over 80% of large diameter bubbles were found to last more than 100 days. Bubble researchers define the natural life of a bubble as the time required for a blown bubble to reduce in size to a flat film covering the bubble-blowing tube.

As the research proceeded, Grosse found that bubbles lasted longest in standard spherical 1 to 20 liter flasks. Why? He hypothesizes that a sphere produces symmetrical air currents which do not put strain on the bubble. For those unfortunates without 20 liter round flasks, the author suggests as a substitute 5 to 10 gallon distilled-water jugs.

Carefully regulated compressed air was used to produce "beautifully-colored" bubbles, lamentably thick at the beginning of what sometimes whas a 6 hour blow. Grosse also developed a technique for measuring the thickness of his bubbles. A paper describing his method will soon be published. In brief, the volume of the bubble is compared with its weight, an example being the "fresh golden-orange bubble" which was found to have a thickness of 1.68 microns.

Perhaps it's a bit much to guess that A.V. Grosse was bubbling with enthusiasm for his work but his own words speak for themselves, "After bubbles made from these solutions had lasted over 200 days, I became interested in blowing larger bubbles."

The reality of the square world was soon made evident to Grosse when he found that bubbles blown in a cube measuring 22 inches to a side, lasted but a week.

His hopes were, well, punctured, until the Corning Glass works delivered "the largest spherical flasks produced in the country," four 72 liter (approximately 16 gallons) Pyrex flasks. Although Grosse says these flasks were exactly what he had sought, escalation soon occurred with the arrival of a 200 liter (45 gallon) glass sphere.

Larger grew the bubbles, born in "double-bubble" solution and consistently growing to horizontal diameters exceeding 50 cms. One

burst at 52.3 cms. due to unexpected arrival of a visitor (shit!) The last bubble blown was 60.6 cms., "about the largest bubble that could be blown in the flask," Grosse writes with evident frustration.

Table 2 records the life and fate of 8 long-lived soap bubbles. One lasted 705 days before it "Gelled with heavy drop at bottom." A cruel fate befell Bubble No. 7 which after 374 plus days "Burst due to hammering during carpentry work."

But after 528 days one bubble still maintained a vertical diameter of 37.73 cms. Concluding his article, A.V. Grosse understated prophetically, "In view of its large size, it is likely that it will be the longest-living soap bubble on record."

We're rooting for you and the bubble, Mr. Grosse. Now that you seem to have the indoor (in-flask) record cinched, perhaps you'd consider blowing some bubbles out-of-doors, say at the Speedway Meadows of Golden Gate Park. A large rapt audience would be assured, especially if you'll consider filling your bubbles with colored smoke. Just wear a flower in your flask and bring the double-bubble solution.

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