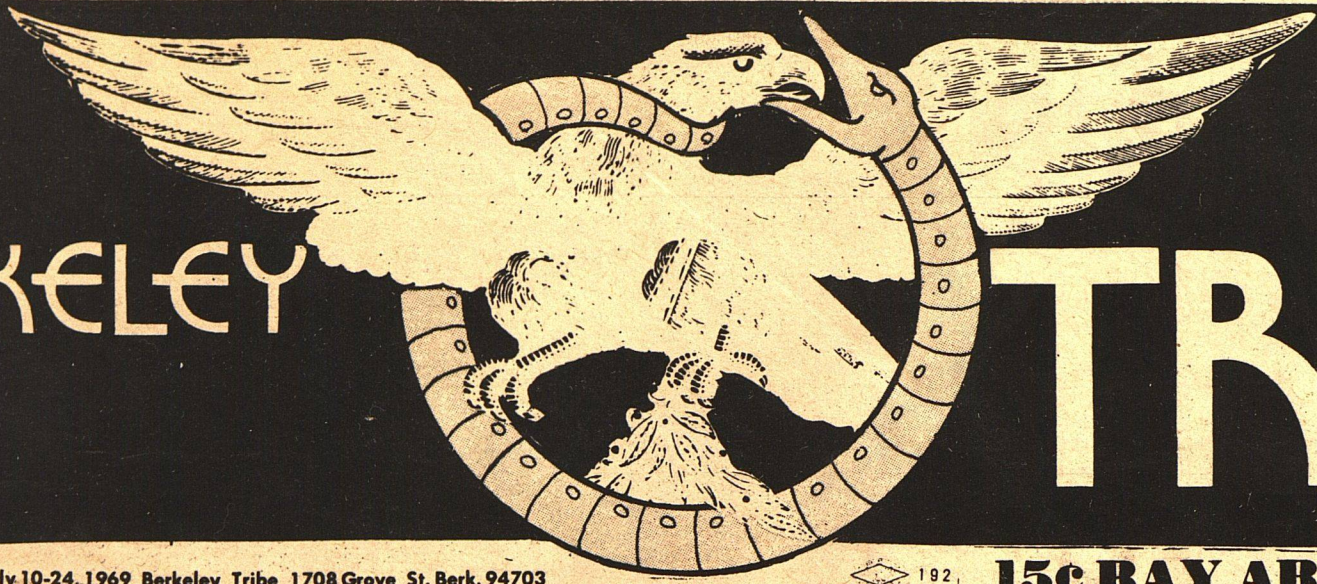


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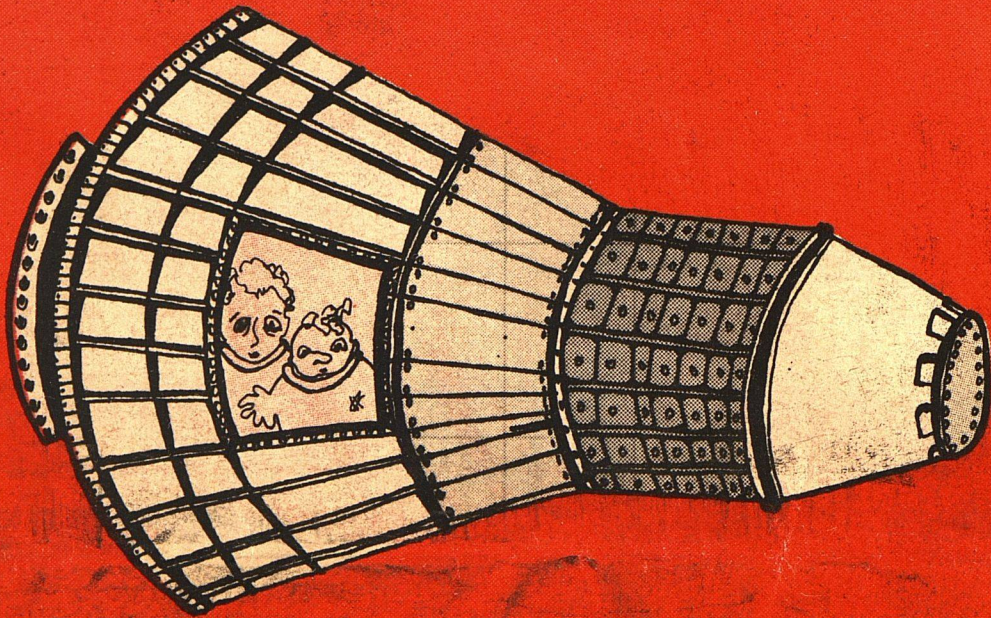
Vol. 1 No. 2 Issue 2, July 10-24, 1969 Berkeley Tribe 1708 Grove St. Berk. 94703

192

15¢ BAY AREA

25¢ ELSEWHERE

OFFING THE FENCE see page 3.



pepper gas

by Sgt Pepper

"Power comes from the barrel of an empty coke bottle"—author unknown

An empty coke bottle soars through the air, and the entire twentieth century collapses.

The Bank of America lowers its steel-mesh door...

Nicole's insurance-less windows are shattered with \$6,000 worth of steel...

The US Post Office is closed...

The janitor in the Student's Union building goes about his work inside, wearing a gas-mask, a scene straight out of Orwell's 1984...

J. Magnin's bubbling pool is used by students to bath their eyes from tear gas...

The Berkeley Police lose their insurance...

With an empty coke bottle, who needs an atom bomb?

Sgt Pepper arrived in the midst of "street warfare" (Berkeley Gazette) to see two Berkeley cops beat a student's legs and body with their clubs.

The student was pulled inside the People's Park and thrown against the fence, covering his face with his arms the best he could. "Stop beating him!" we shouted at the cops—and then the first coke bottle soared through the air and crashed at the feet of the Domestic Peace Corps.

Hh—the poor police! How they suffer! One suffering Lt immediately got on his bullhorn and announced "This is an illegal assembly."

(The beating of that student, apparently, was "legal").

In taking the streets once again, the students and the street people showed that shot-guns and teargas don't "keep the peace."

They also showed why the City of Berkeley will never

—repeat, never—get any insurance coverage. There is no company in the world (including Lloyds of London) that will touch a Berkeley cop. Here's why...

"Berkeley police and Highway patrolmen threw tear gas into the clinic at McKinley High School. Berkeley Policeman No. 106 opened the door and tossed a tear gas cannister into the lobby..."

"Berkeley Police Lt. Ralph Schillenger, field commander (sic!) of the mutual aid police forces, said he thought this particular cause was dead. I would be less than honest if I didn't admit that I thought yesterday they would be lucky to get more than fifty people out here today." (all quotes from Daily Cal, July 15, 1969).

Can you imagine! Here is the "field commander" who was surprised at the 2,000 or more who demonstrated (sounds like the US Army "field commanders" in Vietnam).

After making that "illegal assembly" announcement, the cops fired teargas over our heads, forcing us to run THROUGH the clouds of gas towards the Christian Science Church. There, we copiously used the public drinking fountain to bathe our eyes and used the public drinking fountain to bathe our eyes and lay about in the beautiful garden (thank you Mary Baker Eddy!).

The same issue of the Daily Cal has a photo of a Berkeley cop "take aim and then fire twice at or above the heads of a crowd of demonstrators.

The photographer claimed that the rifle probably discharged blanks. Police said that no shotguns were used."

Sgt Pepper was there. While he did not see this cop fire, there was absolutely NO ammunition other than cannisters of teargas fired. Considering the death of Rector from buckshot, however, the sense of humor or POLICY OF THE

BERKELEY POLICE to fire "blanks" at the students does NOT GET INSURANCE, for Christ sakes! (Ah, the stupidity of our cops in Berkeley and our military in Vietnam).

Another scare-tactic was used on the demonstrators. The Berkeley Police got their biggest cop, a youth about six feet six, and strapped a "Pepper (no relation) Fog Machine" on his broad back.

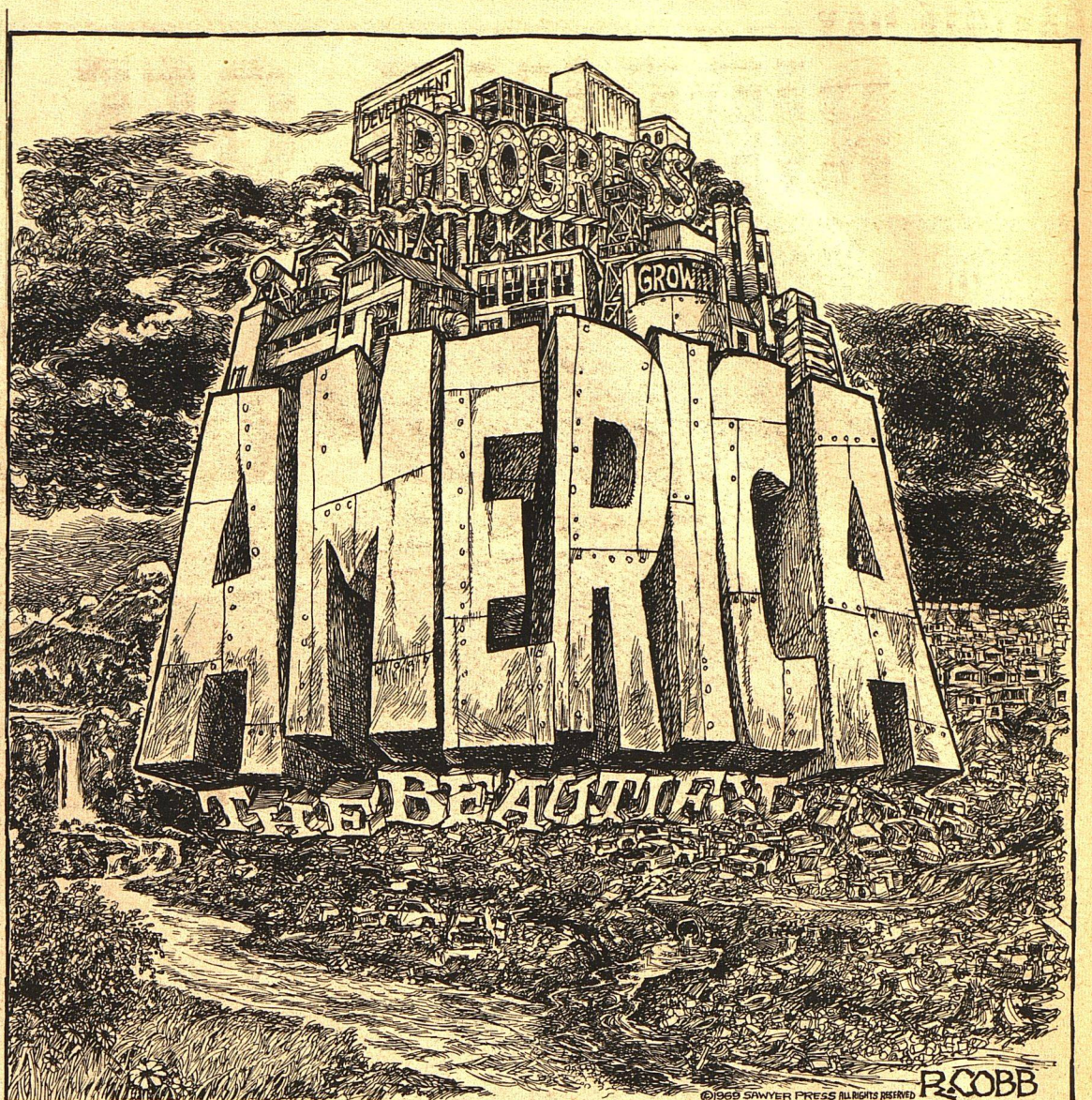
It consisted of a gasoline motor-driven pump that spewed out gas. However, it didn't work very well, or, it only spluttered out smoke to scare us.

The gas or smoke was yellow, and we weren't curious. The cops also carried bright green and red cannisters, as well as yellow cans, hooked in their belts like hand-grenades.

Although this giant cleared the streets for a few moments, we were right back there all afternoon. The only reason the streets were "cleared" is because we went home, not because of the police tactics.

The cops also fired DIRECTLY into the Student's Union. The building was under siege by the Berkeley Police. Why was never explained. It was fascinating to see how the cops finally found the range of the windows to crash the cannisters through and gas up the insides.

The cops fired first to get the range—some of the shots went OVER the building, some went bounding up the steps, some hit the edge of the roof, then FINALLY they got it right through the windows.



by tari

diatribe

FREEDOM!
Today is Independence Day for the Red Mountain Tribe.

And tomorrow will be Independence Day for our entire generation, the Children of Armageddon.

For in the past six weeks, Max Scherr has shown us exactly who our enemies really are. And in turn we have learned who we ourselves really are.

Max continually referred to the tribe as his family, and yet at the same time it was this would-be symbolic father who was exploiting us in his economic hypocrisy. In the same respect it is our blood parents who are trying to destroy us, trying to devour us as a generation.

On a strictly personal level,

(Sgt Pepper was in the battle of Manila, and that's how we got the range on the Japanese inside downtown office buildings and the Post Office—play tic-tac-toe on the face of the structure).

The cops also did another interesting tactic. An eerie silence descended on the campus and all along Bancroft (where the gas was blown up the business-section by the wind who was with us).

Finally, a few students came back, then more and more and more until there were over 2,000 again, all singing "Hey Jude" and "The Yellow Submarine".

The cops decided to leave. They turned and slowly walked down Telegraph, to be immediately followed by cheering students. Half way down Telly, the police suddenly turned and fired cannisters over the students' heads onto campus, forcing them to run into the teargas.

That's dirty-pool.

As one student told Berkeley cop No. 145, "if you were not here, there wouldn't be any riot. What have you against our Park?" The cop replied: "We're here to see you don't go down the Avenue and smash up stores."

it's difficult to hold our individual parents responsible for the world condition today. They tell us that they don't approve of what we're doing, that they're disappointed with us, our beliefs and our life styles, but that they really still LOVE us.

But it is this huge mass of our own parents who as a political force condone and sponsor the oppression in this country today.

In popular terminology, this is the "generation gap." But this conflict between generations is nothing new. In fact it is an archtypal motif present in almost all ancient mythologies as the War of the Gods.

Or before a younger generation can assume control of their own lives, the tribal chief must be overthrown.

Yes, we are a family—Max and the Tribe—our generation and the generation of our parents. But we are a family whose father is the Cronus of Greek mythology. Cronus, who for fear of going overthrown, devoured his own children as they were born.

Max Scherr has been devouring us by sending his children out to cover sotries without the protection of press passes, medical expenses, or legal fees; devouring us by pocketing some \$5,000 a week, while his child-

ren haven't enough to eat or pay the rent.

In the same way our blood parents have been devouring us, by having their own children beaten and gassed in the streets, by sending us, their children, to Viet Nam to kill and be killed, and by indoctrinating us, their children into their vicious competitive life-style through their educational systems.

In the Greek tale, when Rhea, the wife of Cronus, gave birth to her sixth child, she fooled the father by having him devour a large stone instead of the baby Zeus.

Eventually, when the baby Zeus grew up, he overthrew Grandmother Gaea — THE EARTH. Zeus then freed his five brothers and sisters from his father's body, and took over the throne and the power of Cronus.

Today, WE are that sixth child of Cronus, as the Red Mountain Tribe, as the whole Berkeley tribe, and as a generation. To keep from being devoured ourselves, to save our brothers and sisters, we must destroy our fathers.

Maybe this knowledge is the cause of all our despair today. For it is also the source of another more popular myth. And it is the source of Oedipus's guilt.

Many films are seen, and some heavy rapping about them goes down in the evenings. The vibes are good, the learning what you make it, and there is a great opportunity to work on and dig the new filmmaking.

Tuition is \$35, with dorm and board \$65. More private accommodations are also available.

Paul Kidd, program coordinator, said that if the enrollment picks up he will be able to offer scholarships to blacks to be selected by the Panthers.

You can call Paul at (707) 937-0016—LL.

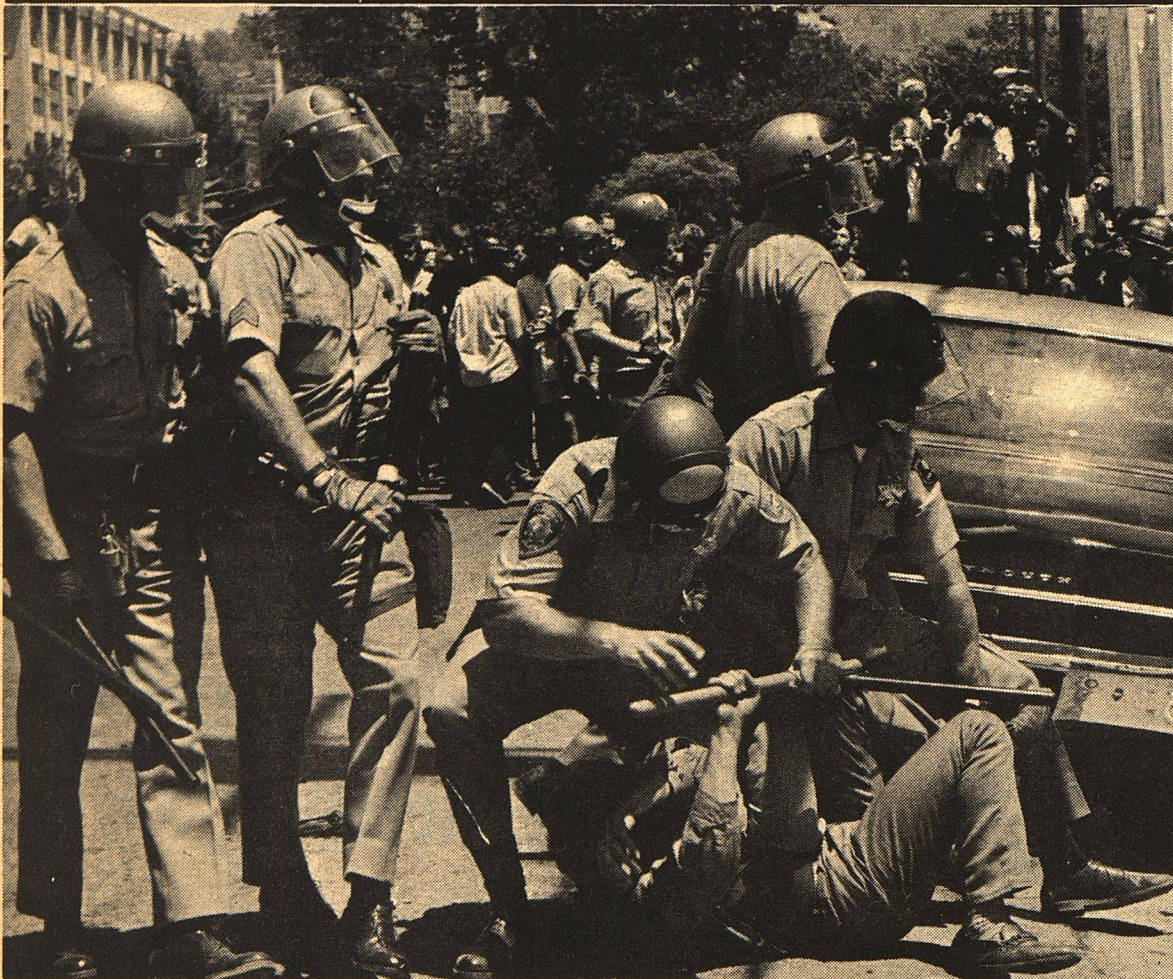
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RIPPING OFF THE FENCE



Police car watches as demonstrator trips two policemen(above) while innocent bystander rushes to feed parking meter in people's parking lot. (below)

photo by Kathy

by Phineas Israeli

The summer offensive against the Fence, the Pigs and the Man erupted Monday on the streets of Berkeley.

Forty or fifty holes were gashed in the wire symbol of our oppression, as nearly 2,000 heads celebrated Bastille Day in revolutionary style by assaulting the Fence and its porkish protectors.

All 38 people busted during the streetfighting should be free on bail by Tribe press time, according to the People's Park Legal Defense Committee.

Community response to the action has been good, Steve Soiffer, PPLDC spokesman told the Tribe.

He said volunteer legal services and bail donations have been coming in steadily.

The People's Park Legal Defense Committee is calling a public meeting sometime next week, Soiffer said. Uniting the community to continue the struggle for the Park will be the purpose of that meeting.

The Bastille Day action signalled the continuation of a struggle which the power structure thought it had quelled. It was more than a month ago that our fight for the Park and the Man's up-front fixed bayonet fascism in the streets came to an end.

Now we have renewed the struggle. After the Plague and the Pain which Reagan wrought in Berkeley, the People proved

on Monday that the streets do not yet belong to the Pigs.

A continuing struggle is in the making in Berkeley, and as that summer offensive develops, Bastille Day will be remembered as its opening round.

Noon was the time murmured to gather 'round the Park. The heads had yet to mass in numbers, but the signs of things to come said this would not be a day of mild protest.

A striking chick in a long red velvet dress with braided bosom passes by on Bowditch talking to a friend about 'tossing a bomb inside the Fence.' A poster tacked to a tree on Haste tells 'what to do when busted.' A tall yellow-haired dude steps out of the arcade behind the Forum, stuffing a pair of wirecutters beneath his belt.

Dudes and chicks together gather at the Fence. Three, four, maybe a few more squadcars on Haste and in the parking lot across—the pigs aren't really prepared, are they?

Clapping begins to brightly smack the air before the hideous, hated Fence, but unlike the walls of Jericho, this fortress stands despite our spirit.

Then the shaking begins.

People are shaking the University's fearful fence and the pigs keep their distance. Something heavy has changed, this metal symbol of all we must resist is no longer beyond grasp—or wire cutters.

The pigs come across the street to line up against their fence, but the shaking and the shouting go on. The pigs, like the Fence, are getting rattled; the tanshirts are outnumbered and their backs are up against the tripwire.

A young Domestic Peace Corpsman barks at a head not to touch the Fence. Head continues, not only to touch, but to shake said Fence. Pig grabs kid by the neck and the first battle is on.

A brother jumps the fast-acting pig, others join in and the 'arrested' dude makes his way to safety. Some other pigs try to teach the crowd a lesson by wading in with their clubs and busting a substitute dude.

Like the shaking and the shouting, the busts continue until only gas and patrol cars surround the Park.

More people keep joining us and a second front against the Fence is opened on the Bowditch side. Stepping off the curb, the impression is of disorganization; the pigs are way outnumbered, yet the people seem momentarily purposeless.

Then the holes begin to appear! What had passed for disorganization is actually stealth. Wirecutters are being wielded all along, and the pigs, attracted to the noise and the shaking, don't know what was coming off.

Another bust—a small squad of B.P.D. rushes a dude down Bowditch, slaps him up against a parked car, handcuffs him behind the back, then runs him to the corner of Dwight. They force him up against their patrol car, and while the others form a line of defense around the car, one pig repeatedly tries to shove the cat's wide-brimmed hat into his mouth.

The people get mad and surround the pigs, and their captive. Cries of 'Let's liberate him, are heard but again it ends in a standoff.

Back to the Fence. The main concentration of people is now on Dwight. Several huge gaps in the metal mesh appear. Cats are jumping in and out of the Park. The pigs sense that see p. 4

WHAT IT MEANS

by Ike Clanton

"It's unfortunate about what happened to Rector. It's too bad something like that had to happen. But you notice there haven't been any rocks thrown or major skirmishes since that time." —Berkeley cop, heroically guarding fire hydrant at Haste and Telegraph Saturday afternoon.

He was wrong even then. There had been a major incident after bloody Thursday at Chancellor Heyns house shortly before the helicopter attack. A prisoner was freed from the clutches of the University Police by a concerted charge and rock-throwing attack.

But the Berkeley cop was right in describing the general mood of fear and uncertainty that prevailed in Berkeley since the Rector shooting. The Police viewed the shootings as a success. The hippies had been put in their place.

The Berkeley fear was evident on the march May 30 when there were more signs condemning rock throwers than demanding the fence come down. It was evident later, too, when the UC Board of Regents voted to transform People's Park into Pig's Parking Lot.

I'd been out of town that weekend and had forgotten about the meeting. When I returned to Berkeley, it was a whole day before anyone even mentioned that the regents had decided to destroy the park.

The park, the fence and the shootings were all bad dreams. People didn't want to talk about them, didn't want to think about them, and were too scared to do anything about them.

Twice since Memorial Day, demonstrators had reached the fence, once during the torchlight parade, and once during the counter-graduation, but no one had torn it apart.

There was a barrier there, a barrier in our minds—much stronger than the physical presence of six Burns guards—which prevented us from destroying that damn fence.

We knew that an assault on the fence was an assault on the entire system that constructed the fence, and we were unsure we were willing to go that far, unsure we could face up to the risks. We held back.

A rally protesting the Regent's decision drew four thousand people, who were then led, surprised, away from the fence, to start work on people's pad.

Last week the actual physical Park was demolished, but no angry crowds gathered, and no action was attempted. In fact, the destruction of the park was non-news in Berkeley.

But the fence was still there, and it still bothered us. As much as we tried to repress it and forget it, the fence kept coming back into our minds. It was a thorn. It mocked us, dared us. It was there and couldn't be ignored, like a boot on the neck.

The fence was not invulnerable. The system is not invulnerable.

On July 14 we caught the pigs off guard and slashed the fence to pieces. We knew we couldn't tear it down for good, not until we had broken the power of the men who had put it up. But we served notice that we intend to do just that.

And we will not be intimidated by their guns. We are flexible, we can change our methods, be less public, and can strike when they least expect it. They will always underestimate our power.

We should never overestimate theirs. The lull is over; the offensive can be expected to continue.



photo by Bill Paul

NARCS ON SPREE

by Fleck

R. Miltown Nixon has asked for legislation allowing narcs to "enter without prior notice" anywhere dope's presence is detected, but Trick Prick could look to the SF pigsty for a few pointers.

Last week, Eddie Baker was gunned down over two lids in a shootout with the oinkers, in front of his wife and six month old child.

Latest word from his widow indicates that, contrary to the police version, the agent-purchaser never left the premises after scoring and the waiting goons forced their entry, guns drawn. The discrepancies with the media's stories don't stop there, apparently, according to informed sources.

The Baker killing was only

the most dramatic recent instance. Many occurrences of lesser police harrassment have been mounting up, especially in the Haight St. area.

In response, weekly community meetings at All St.'s Church have been continuing in the face of stepped up elimination proceedings. Recent events all-too-clearly indicate an effort to erase the Haight hip culture.

The latest hassle was last Friday's meeting of Haight's "Better Business Bureau" at the City Planner's office, called to discuss changing the street's traffic back to two-way. A concerted show of numbers by long-haired shop keepers resulted in the decision's postponement until see p. 11

FENCE RAP

from p. 3

they are losing. They increase the tempo of the bursts. A crescendo of rocks and bottles where-ever pigs stand.

A little man with a little red bullhorn, Lt. Ralph Shcillinger, says the magic word—"Disperse!"

"I mean it," he says, "we won't tolerate rocks being thrown."

Defiance knows its price.

And the gas comes down.

Regent Street is the escape route. Around and back up Telly. The pigs gas Dwight and Telly.

It's after two o'clock and here we are again at Haste and Telegraph where we stood two months ago when the first war for People's Park began.

For the second time, the pig lieutenant, in all his modesty, does the swine-swagger-all-disperse-routine. A young pig shoots off his cannister straight up in the air. "More gas, more gas, fuck it," he cries. But for a few minutes it's Gas, Gas Everywhere, and not a Can to Shoot.

The crowd moves back down Telly, daring the pigs to fart some more. The pigs do, and gradually we are pushed all the way to campus.

Still the gas keeps flying. Two Uni-pigs step out of Sproul Hall, walk onto the lawn, and mechanically toss baseball-type grenades at the crowd in the plaza.

More grenades fly across Bancroft into the campus, driving us back behind Sather Gate. Swirling clouds of fumes haunt the suddenly barren plaza. Here and there a lonely figure sprints through the police fog.

The gas they're using is really bad shit. If it gets you it keeps you under its strangling thumb for quite awhile. The burning in your eyes seems never ending, pumping panic through your brain as you flash—Is this how Alan Blanchard felt?

Later, when you're happy to once more be a human being with five farout senses, you learn that people were retching, out their guts on the grass in front of Sproul when the next volley of grenades began to lob in.

By about 4:30, the fighting had slowed to a standstill on campus. The pigs held the Ave.

A small group of people returned to the Park at about six. Oakland pigs guarded the Fence. Highway Patrol and Blue Meanies were rolling through the streets.


In front of the Forum a small rock attack was launched at several passing patrol cars. Street-fighting began in earnest again, as the pigs tried to chase the determined street people down Dwight, away from the Ave.

The streetpeople refused to be driven off, and by 7:00 the pigs were again gassing all of Telly from Channing to Parker.

12-15 cannisters were fired into the Free Clinic on Haste. Vince Maggiora, a Chronicle photographer, was beaten by Alameda County sheriffs covering the action there.

The streetfighting ended in mindfucking fashion. A Strauss Waltz blared from a window of the apartment house opposite the Berkeley Inn, while pigs chased kids from Cody's Paza.

Catch this cut: a pig, going through a cloud of tear gas, hefting his shotgun, WALTZING.



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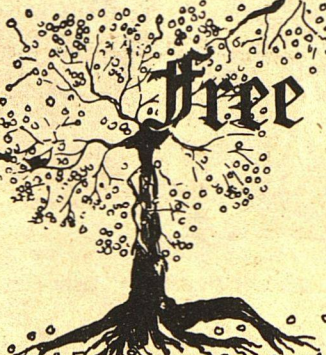


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YENAN
"Lifting a rock only to drop it on one's own feet" is a Chinese folk saying to describe the behavior of certain fools. The reactionaries in all countries are fools of this kind. In the final analysis, their persecution of the revolutionary people only serves to accelerate the people's revolution of a broader and more intense scale." MAO TSE TUNG
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2506A Haste off Telegraph



Free U of Berkeley
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BROTHERS AND SISTERS GET IT TOGETHER!!

MASS MEETING

TO DISCUSS AND DEBATE THE FUTURE OF THE MOVEMENT IN BERKELEY

Wednesday, July 23, 7:30 P.M.

Sponsors: People's Park Committee, People's Pad, Free University, Free Church, Red Mountain Tribe, International Liberation School, C.O.P.S. Commune, Free Medical Clinic, Berkeley High School Student Union, Food Co-op, Skills Exchange, Radical Student Union, Musicians Co-op, Lawyers Guild, SDS, TALF, Marxist Discussion Group.

Place to be announced
thru People's Park Office

For further information,
Call 549-3977



HE BUILT A FIRE ON MAIN STREET...

I first met Max Scherr in Robbie's on Telegraph four years ago. He was selling a thin sloppy sheet called the Berkeley Barb. The paper looked a lot like Max—poorly laid out, but very tough.

Scherr had a whole pitch. I should write for the paper, advertise in it (I was involved with the Free University) and sell the rag on the Avenue.

Max told me a lot of radicals made all sorts of promises to him when he talked of setting up the paper, but now it was totally on his shoulders. If I wasn't a sell out I would do everything possible to help.

It's important to remember the Barb was the first underground newspaper. The first medium to be developed by a revolutionary community and not a sect. Max was really a great pioneer in getting the thing started.

It was not easy to convince movement people to even call the Barb up when they were planning something important. A lot of radicals would kiss the ass of the Chronicle reporter just to get a little mention in the straight press, but would always forget the little eight-pager because its circulation was only two thousand.

It was Max almost alone who saw the importance of developing our own media and had the willingness to make the effort.

The Barb grew steadily in circulation. It got thicker and started to pick up advertising. I remember the happy day when the paper reached a ten thousand circulation. Max was still selling it on the streets (along with the vendors). People were complaining the Barb wasn't serious enough, but they were reading it, and movement people were flocking to the office with bits and pieces of revolutionary news.

I did not have much to do with the running of the Barb. With the exception of writing a few articles and vending in the streets I was an admiring observer of Max Scherr. He was the first old man I ever met who seemed to have a legitimate right to put down young people for lacking initiative.

One time Max called me into his office and offered me the job

of managing editor. The last editor was a friend of mine, and I wondered why he split. But sure if he wasn't around it would be great fun to work full-time for the Barb.

We got to talking about wages. I suggested the standard 100 dollars a month movement survival wage. This would just about keep me alive, but I was willing to work for less.

Max gave me a big lecture about idealism and how the paper was his life's love. He suggested I work for nothing, and, if we got along, at some time in the future maybe he could give me a little money.

I asked Max when the trial period would be over. He said he didn't know.

Now, I saw Max was taking bread out of the paper, living in a big house and eating well, so I came to the conclusion that Max Scherr has one big weakness. He is a cheapskate. At the time the Barb wasn't making that much money, so I called it an idiosyncrasy and figured it made Max even more interesting.

As time went on and the paper's circulation continued to rise I saw and heard many ugly things about the Barb. The paper started to fill up with sex ads. You would expect to find these in the National Enquirer, read and rubbed by the lonely, scared men of the America we were trying to dump. These ads were for the frustrated No-One-Under-21 magazine stores of San Francisco. The Barb joined its place on the rack next to "Whip," The International Bulletin of sado-masochism.

The layout of the ads was as ugly as the subject, and many stopped reading the Berkeley Barb just for that reason.

It's also true that many pigs, deputy pigs and Montgomery Street business men started buying Barb for this entertainment.

I kept hearing stories about people quitting the Barb in disillusionment. Max kept cutting up, re-writing, or not printing stories. He was paying writers 25 cents a column inch and staffers less than a subsistence wage.

The Barb was totally under his control. He wrote the headlines and could change the meaning of somebody's story by

writing some bullshit above it.

The Paper was not breathing energy through the heartbeat of all its writers, photographers, and creators, but was being stagnated by the unhappy mind of one man.

There was some sort of Union formed a year ago and Max fired them all, charging a conspiracy. It was no longer fun to work for Max Scherr.

I started writing regularly for the Barb during the Chicago Democratic Convention. It was a wierd and exciting thing to come home at night choking from teargas and sit down at the typewriter and try to describe it all for Berkeley. At the time I wrote the pieces, I wasn't sure if I would be payed, and couldn't care less. In the past I wrote for free and didn't really expect a change.

When I came back to Berkeley, Max asked me to become a regular reporter and take assignments. I agreed at the standard 25¢ a column inch. Working for the Barb regularly, I got a chance to see that Max's cheapness was not a playful fault in an otherwise beautiful man, but a major

disease that threatened to destroy the Barb and everybody who worked for it.

The reason the sex ads had crawled in was because Max was too cheap to hire somebody to go out and get regular ads. The sex ads slunk through the door without an invitation.

In getting to know Max it became clear he was a cosmically insecure giant. A sort of William Randolph Hearst of the underground. A guy who was making thousands of dollars a week, yet constantly feared the paper was going to fail. He lived in a dread of some decline in advertising bread. The money wasn't making him happy—just more fucked up.

There is little place for beauty in Max Scherr's world, and that is why there was no color, poetry or music in the Barb.

Max took it out on the staff. Somehow it was our fault his head was on backwards. We weren't worth 25¢ an inch. He would threaten to work only with volunteers, just like the absolutely broke Good Times.

Max inhabits Dostoyevsky's underground much more than he does ours. A human being with no sense of his own worth, he heaps contempt on everybody.

When I brought Scherr the first article announcing that a Peoples Park would be built in back of the Forum—a cultural, political and rap center of the

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western world—ne put it down. It was a good idea, but we would never get anyone to work on it.

Max buried the article on Page two. I think its only readers were the Berkeley Red Squad, Mayor Wallace Johnson and Ronald Reagan.

Max's circulation permanently increased by 20,000 as a result of Peoples' Park and Reagan's attacks on the Barb. But only the crumbiest part of the bread he made was given to the Park. His paper was clearing 5,000 bucks a week and many of our people are going hungry. I can think of only one reason why Max doesn't help them. I guess he really has no love either for them or himself.

The battle between the Red Mountain Tribe and Max can be followed in Time Magazine. I am sick of talking about it. There is really one major thing to say. The rest is commentary.

We formed the Tribe and fought Max because we see that it is the easiest thing to say revolutionary things and to urge other people to love each other, but what we must do is live and love the revolution in our own lives.

We wanted the Barb to be a model of what we preached in its pages. Living without a dictator and with joyous creativity. A revolutionary family serving the community, in an all-at-once way.

This is the ultimate reason Max Scherr called us Nazis, fired us, and slapped an injunction on our ass. We wanted respect for ourselves and our sisters and brothers on the streets. This, in Max's ears, this was a traitorous conspiracy.

Our paper is now the Berkeley Tribe. We hope to create in its pages the magic that we wanted for the Barb. I think it was necessary for us to first love and then hate Max, and now we must learn to understand him.

Max had a dream of something beautiful, but his soul had a broken slave at its center telling the dream was lie and he and his brothers were certain to fail. The dream was true but the slave chained us all. The Barb never really existed except as the printed word. Max's slave was the master of us all.

Now we are free and the dream will be honored in the flesh. Max Scherr was a corrupt prophet, but the Tribe has at last come out of the wilderness.

—Stew Albert

... AND SHOT IT FULL OF HOLES



THE SCABS

by Keith Lampe

Tuesday morning I was phoned by a Tribe member who told me Max Scherr had put together a scab staff consisting mostly of people from "Berkeley Fascist," a recently-begun newspaper of satire.

I could not believe it. The first issue of "Berkeley Fascist" had contained a financial analysis of Max's operation—and that analysis had helped the Tribe get itself together to resist Max. The analysis had shown Max's weekly profits before taxes as \$5095 and his total weekly payments to the staff as \$595—a ratio of profits to wages that would make even Time Magazine blush. No one has yet come forward to say that analysis is inaccurate.

Tuesday afternoon I spent fifteen or twenty minutes speaking with several of those who are presently scabbing in Max's old quarters on University Ave.

Max previously had promised he would neither hire new people nor sell the "Barb" without prior consent of the tribe.

Two people were manning the desk in the front part of the office. I asked a chick whether anybody from the "Fascist" was working inside. She avoided my eyes and flashed her eyes to-

wards a guy, pleading that he handle the thing. The guy said nobody from the "Fascist" was inside.

I asked the guy whether he realized he was scabbing. He said: "What's scabbing and what's not? What's up and what's down? It's all one wheel, man." A couple minutes earlier I had spotted through the briefly opened door to the rear a gawdily painted foot-high Buddha sitting on a table.

I flashed on the thousands of Zen Buddhists who had collaborated with—or passively acquiesced in—the Japanese military-industrial complex of the Thirties and early Forties. I flashed also on Gary Snyder's efforts to add Western social conscience to Buddhism's inward-seeing wisdom.

The man before me didn't seem serious enough to listen to such a discussion. I skipped it. He tried to change the subject: "Hey, look at this? Isn't this groovy?" He showed me the layout for one of Max's full-page big-boob sex ads so titillating to the deprived old-timers in SF's financial district.

I asked him if I could speak to the managing editor. He then got busy with a lady in late middle age who was placing a mas-

sage ad.

Somebody came through the door to the rear. I asked him if I could speak to the managing editor. He said she was in SF. I said I'd already been told she was in the building. He made a wincing face and gestured me through the door.

Inside, the managing editor told me she felt she was not scabbing—and that no one from the Fascist was working for Max. She also said it was unclear who anybody was working for: there was a prospective buyer but nothing was definite yet. She said her name was Susan Storey.

I then spoke with a man named Richard Marks, who had some sort of editorial function. When he told me I'd have to take a certain question to Max, I asked him why he didn't feel free to comment freely as a free human being etc. He said: "Who's free, man? Nobody's free. I'm just sitting inside this body waiting to die."

In fairness to the other three people I spoke to, I must say that they, like Marks, exhibited marked degrees of shame. They are all still human, still retrievable.

At one point Marks suggested I wasn't in favor of free competition between two papers in Berkeley. I said I certainly was in favor of that—but was objecting that the second paper

was being put together by scabs.

"All these people were unemployed," he said, "and need the bread."

"You could use that same rationale to engage in germ-warfare research."

"Look! Is the tribe willing to hire all these people?"

I said that certainly could be talked about—and proposed a meeting for later that day. He said he was too busy to meet before Friday at 2 p.m. I said I would take that word back to the tribe.

Earlier, Marks had said, "We all hope you get out a paper and we hope you sell 200,000 copies."

That, plus the desire to meet with the tribe, plus the general air of shame and bad feeling in the Barb's old quarters, indicated that Max already had certain labor troubles even though his new staff at that time was less than 24 hours old.

Though this is heartening, it does not compensate for the larger disappointment that one element of the Berkeley community would be willing to scab against another element.

Until that sort of behavior disappears, the community is not capable of being a genuinely revolutionary force. The Wobblies said it a long time ago: "An injury to one is an injury to all."

"JUSTIFIABLE" MURDER

by Art Goldberg & Elinor Blake

The official name for it is "coroner's inquest." Most people would probably call it a whitewash machine.

The man is very fond of coroner's inquests. The jurors at the inquest are selected by the coroner, usually from among people known to him or his staff. There is no cross-examination allowed by the attorney for the deceased.

The coroner sort of acts as judge, and coaxes the witnesses when he thinks they need to be coaxed.

When a black man named Denzell Dowell was shot in Richmond two years ago, a coroner's inquest was convened and their verdict was "justifiable homicide." When Alvert Joe Linthcome, a 19-year-old black was shot by a San Francisco policeman in Hunter's Point this spring, another coroner's jury was convened. The verdict again was "justifiable homicide."

It is little wonder that Jake Ehrlich pissed and moaned before the O'Brien trial that no coroner's inquest had been held. A coroner's inquest is a killer cop's best friend.

The verdict of a coroner's jury is not binding either legally or civilly, but it encourages prosecutors to say: "Well, the coroner's jury ruled it justifiable homicide. What do you want me to do?" If the DA has any balls, he can still prosecute. Most of the time he is happy not to prosecute.

see p. 6

RECTOR'S DEATH

from p. 5
cute killer cops.

The coroner's jury that deliberated thirty-eight minutes and ruled that James Rector's death was "justifiable homicide by an unknown Alameda deputy" was no different than most other coroner's juries.

The six men seemed to have their elderly minds made up before they ever took their seats in the jury box. The one woman juror might have had an open mind, but no one ever questions the jurors for possible prejudice. After all, they're all people known to the coroner, aren't they?

The jurors who decided the Rector killing was "justifiable homicide" are probably representative of what

the establishment would call "solid citizens." The six men were mostly businessmen, one a former army officer.

They didn't seem too concerned about what had happened to Rector, but they were positively horrified when Jack Tanner, the manager of Cunha Pontiac, testified that the People's Park demonstrations had caused business to decline in Berkeley.

The jurors dwelt upon the commercial aspects for so long that Coroner Harry Stiles had to pry their minds off the subject and remind them that they were to determine something about Rector's death.

The early witnesses were pigs, mainly Berkeley police and Highway

Patrol. These individuals claimed that there was a barrage of rocks from the roofs along Telegraph between Dwight Way and Blake just before Rector was shot.

None of the non-pig witnesses saw it that way. Most of the civilian witnesses said they saw only one rock thrown from the roofs along Telly near the Repertory Cinema, just before Rector was shot.

The last four witnesses, all Alameda Deputies, in effect contradicted the Berkeley and CHP pigs who testified about a barrage of rocks. The deputies all recalled either one rock, or a few rocks being thrown just before the shooting.

The man who said he may have shot Rector, Leonard N. Johnson, Jr., said he only saw one rock come off the series of roofs on the east side of Telly. He said it hit no one, but splintered. A fragment hit a fellow deputy, Patrick Higgins, in the knee.

Johnson said he then fired at the roof, and turned and fired at someone else climbing down a ladder. The juror ruled that Rector was killed by an unknown deputy, despite the fact that Johnson told them, "I am the only person I know of who fired buckshot at that roof."

Why did Johnson fire? "I wanted to get them, (a group of people) away from the front of that roof."

Were the police under attack on Telegraph Ave. at the time Johnson testified? According to the deputies themselves, things were generally quiet, and had been so for a time. There were no people on the street, and there was no traffic.

According to Terry Brennan who works at the Telegraph Repertory Cinema, "The police had control of the block five or ten minutes before Rector was shot."

So Johnson sees a stray brick fall harmlessly to the ground and fires away. Johnson, a nondescript individual, with glasses and graying hair, has been a deputy for eighteen years.

He wants to get three or four people away from a rooftop. How does he do it? He shoots buckshot at them.

For an 18-year deputy, Leonard Johnson didn't seem to remember much. He knew he fired two bird shot rounds on Dana St., but couldn't remember whether he fired "at 'em, (the demonstrators) or over 'em." He also said he never saw the effects of his buckshot round aimed toward the Telegraph Ave. roofs.

It probably wouldn't have made much difference to Johnson. He doesn't seem to distinguish between firing at people or over their heads.

The six adding machines in the jury box asked no searching questions. Under cross-examination by a competent lawyer, the case might have been blown open, but Frank Madigan won't let that happen, you can be sure. If Charlie Garry had gotten Johnson on cross-examination we might find out why the deputies were given shot guns, and who told them to shoot.

The Coroner's whitewash means

nothing. If District Attorney Lowell Jensen wants to prosecute Johnson, he still can do it.

Old Lowell, a UC graduate, has said he is investigating the case, and will turn it over to the Alameda County Grand Jury if the facts warrant it.

The Alameda County Grand Jury is another whitewash machine. The jurors are selected by the twenty Superior Court Judges from among their friends and acquaintances. The Alameda County Grand Jury indicted Huey Newton, the Oakland Seven, and the Moses Hall Three. Do you think they will indict Leonard N. Johnson?

The only way Jensen will bring Johnson, and/or his superiors to trial, is if the people of Berkeley and Alameda County make him. Maybe those who feel strongly about the death of James Rector ought to go down to see Lowell, or call him, or write him.

Otherwise, they will put the Rector case through yet another whitewash machine.

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the doors/the soft parade

the doors/the soft parade

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JIM MORRISON, VOCALS* / RAY MANZAREK, KEYBOARDS / ROBBIE KRIEGER, GUITAR / JOHN DENSMORE, DRUMS / HARVEY BROOKS OR DOUG LUBAHN, BASS / CURTIS AMY, SAX SOLOS / GEORGE BOHANAN, TROMBONE SOLO / CHAMP WEBB, ENGLISH HORN SOLO / JESSE McREYNOLDS, MANDOLIN / JIMMY BUCHANAN, FIDDLE / REYNOL ANDINO, CONGA

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COPS KILL BLACK YOUTH

by G.K.

"All Berkeley police are interviewed by a psychiatrist" —Mayor Johnson

The first shotgun-slating by the Berkeley Police took place last Thursday when Oswald Sanders, 16, was brought down by officers Ralph Weule and Dave Bryon.

Sanders was a black. This week, the Berkeley City Council "ordered a civic investigation" of "the police killing" (SF Chronicle). Meanwhile, the two officers "whom police department officials still decline to identify" have been restricted to Hall of Justice "duty."

Note the typical confusion within the Berkeley Police Department. First, the two officers' names were published in the Berkeley Gazette.

Then, on last Thursday night's KGO News, Lt Hill said "a cocked revolver was found in the hands of the suspect." On Saturday, the SF Chronicle reported that "Berkeley police said they found, near the scene of the shooting, a .38 caliber revolver with a six-inch barrel. Sander's father, Elbert, a tailor, later identified the gun as belonging to him."

But the Berkeley Gazette, Saturday, reports "the policemen still chasing Sanders west on University avenue were UNAWARE THAT SEALE (His companion) HAD THE WEAPON." (Emphasis added).

In other words, the cops killed an unarmed black who was running in panic.

The family's minister, the Rev. M.T. Thompson of Berkeley's Mt. Zion Baptist Church said the dead youth was a "dedicated worker who had never been in trouble." (The Reverend changed his mind, later stating to the Council that he "did not deny" Sanders "committed a crime").

Reverend Johnson had served as a special deputy sheriff in LA and Contra Costa county. He said he "did not understand" the need of shooting at (and killing) the fleeing Sanders.

"The police already captured an accomplice and he's probably talked. Besides, they had him (Sanders) pretty much cornered."

Lt Hill, however, claims "under the circumstances, we don't feel we violated our regulations."

When asked by KPFA to explain the apparent contradictions as reported in the public information media, the Berkeley Police Department answered with: "No further statements are being issued."

The BPD is building up quite an inventory of unvoiced items. For example: Has Officer 101 been fired, or is he still on the force with his own rifle, which he brought to the People's Park? What has happened to Chief Baker's report on the People's Park Annex rip-off by Capt. Plummer's gardening experts?

Rev. Charles Belcher, speaking for the Berkeley Black Caucus, asked that the men who did the shooting be suspended until completion of the investigation.

At this writing, no such action has been taken by the BPD.



photo by Steve Shames

PANTHERS PREPARED!

Black Panther Party chairman Bobby Seale this week released the schedule for the United Front Against Fascism Conference, opening tonight (Friday) at the Oakland Auditorium.

Before releasing the schedule, the Panther chairman announced that the Progressive Labor Party would not be admitted to the conference, "because they are provocateurs."

"If they try to attend, we'll whip their asses."

PL thus joins Ron Karenga's US organization as the only groups to be specifically excluded from the Panther's United Front.

Seale also announced that all the money from registration fees and fund pitches at the conference would go towards a legal defense fund for political prisoners.

The purpose of the United Front conference, said the

Panther leader, "is to implement a program, not to fight about ideology."

Registration for the conference closes Friday at 5 p.m., at the Panther Headquarters, 3106 Shattuck Ave.

The registration fee is \$6.

The schedule:

FRIDAY, July 18, 7 p.m.—Oakland Auditorium

Greetings: Huey P. Newton (tape)—Introductory Remarks: Herbert Aptheker—Keynote Speech: Bobby Seale—Panel: Women vs. Fascism—Speech: Ray "Masai" Hewitt, Minister of Education—Master of Ceremonies: Dr. Carlton Goodlett.

SATURDAY, July 19, 10 a.m.—Oakland Auditorium. Black and White Workers vs. Fascism: Jim Haughton, Harlem unemployment center; Kenny Horsten, UAW/Black Caucus; Bob Avakian, Revolutionary Union; Films and floor discussion.

1-2p.m. \$1 Barbecue—Bobby

Hutton Park — West Oakland. Students vs. Fascism. 1-5 p.m.

Bobby Hutton Park: Dr. Nathan Hare, S.F. State; Jeff Jones, SDS National Officer; Cornell Black Students; Black Students Ass'n, UCLA; Political Prisoners, Political Freedom, Legal Defense and Self Defense 7:30 p.m. July 19—Oakland Auditorium, Charles R. Garry, William Kunstler, James Herndon, Donald Cox.

SUNDAY, July 20—Bobby Hutton Park—Medical Profession vs. Fascism 10 a.m. Dr. Phillip Shapiro, Medical Committee for Human Rights. Religion vs. Fascism 12 Noon—Rev. Jesse Jackson, SCLC; Father Eugene Boyle, Rev. Cecil Williams, Father Earl Neil, Assemblyman Willie Brown (Fundpitch).

Servicemen vs Fascism 3 p.m. SUNDAY, July 20 Oakland Auditorium—Community Control of Police 6 p.m. and Resolutions and Statements 9 p.m.

SIETE SURVIVES S.F.P.D. SICKNESS

by Rick Heide

The Huey Newton Defense Fund has given \$25,000 for the defense of Los 7 de La Raza. This news came amidst more pre-trial punishment for the young Latinos charged with murdering undercover cop Joe Brodnik on May Day.

Six are in San Francisco City Slam; the seventh, Gio Lopez, has not been captured.

The brothers are all confined in the same cell, in the hope they may provide some needed information. Recently they ripped out a microphone hidden in the ceiling. For this they were placed on restriction. The pigs said they had been trying to escape.

Meanwhile hepatitis is spreading among the brothers, but very little has been done to stop it. Jose Rios was taken to the hospital only after a judge entered his illness into the court record, demanding treatment. The first time the slightly built 18-year-old was "escorted" by a squad of SF pigs.

The second time only one pig guarded him but "he was chained up like an animal," says Ralph Ruiz of the defense committee. "And the doctor had to force the pig away so he could examine Jose," Ruiz added.

Cillmates Mario and Tony Martinez are now catching the disease. Medical aid within the prison has been almost non-existent.

Unlike other prisoners, visitors are not allowed to leave money for Los Siete. It must be mailed. And any mail in Spanish cannot be delivered to them or mailed by them. The SFPD must not trust its translators.

Visitors to Los Siete are subject to the whims of their captors. one was busted for disturbing the peace. When the charge was thrown out, he was detained on an "immigration hold."

On the outside, the defense committee continues to organize. They will hold a July 26 celebration, honoring the landing of Castro, Guevara, and Bros. in Cuba. It will be held in the SF park on Harrison between 25th and 26th Streets.

Today, Friday, at 2 p.m. Charles Garry and R.J. Engel will ask judge Joseph Karesh for dismissal of the charges. Karesh presided at the trial where Pig Michael O'Brien was set free after murdering Black truck driver George Baskett.

operators, 4 medics were also on duty. Normally the Church is closed at midnight except for the Switchboard.

Usually the cops leave the Free Church alone, but Monday they were extra uptight because of the liberation attempt at the Fence earlier in the day. Workers at the Church haven't yet decided if they'll protest the unprovoked police invasion through "proper" channels. But on one thing they are clear—they don't want any pigs desecrating their premises without permission.

Today (Friday) there won't be a regular church service at the 2200 Parker Street location. Instead the Firehouse Theater from New York's Off Broadway will present their version of "Faust" at 8 p.m. The play will also be given there Saturday and Sunday nights at 8 p.m.

THE PIG EYE

by J. Edgar

The award for consummate pig-gery must go to the Berkeley Police Department this week. You are invited to choose between the shooting and killing of 16-year old Oswald Sanders, a black youth on University Ave. last Thursday night, (July 10), or the deliberate gassing of the Berkeley Community Free Clinic near Telegraph Ave. last Monday evening.

Both stories are repored elsewhere in the Tribe. Read them, and take your choice.

The gassing of the Free Clinic was no accident. The first tear gas cannister came hurtling through a window at about 7:45 p.m., according to Chuck McAllister, the executive director. When the doors were opened to push the cannister out into the street, several more cannisters were thrown in, courtesy of the Berkeley Police Department.

The clinic waiting room was full, and there was a woman with a small baby inside. As McAllister attempted to lead the choking, panicked, people from clinic waiting room out by a side door, the pigs were waiting. They gassed the crowd again.

One person passed out inside the clinic, and had to be carried outside. The clinic lost a lot of sheets that had to be torn into rags, and valuable medical supplies were ruined.

Why was the clinic gassed? Someone might have yelled "pig" from a window because Alameda Deputies were beating someone up.

The police eventually entered the clinic waiting room, milled around, but eventually left.

after creating a dangerous situation in a crowded building. Remember, they're not pigs. Just the Domestic Peace Corps, serving the people.

We learn from Tuesday's Daily Cal that Frisbee playing and bongo drumming are now banned in the Sproul Plaza area during certain hours. Which august academic body decided this? Was it another arbitrary act by a power-nutty dean?

Don't be silly. This order came right from the top. Chancellor Heyns? Guess again. William Beall, chief of the UC police force. Who did you think is running Cal anyway?

Beall's rationale for banning the frisbees and bongos was that there had been "numerous and constant complaints" from persons nearly (!) hit by flying plastic frisbees, and from others whose work had allegedly been disrupted by the bongo playing.

Do the faculty, students, employees, or other administrators have anything to say about Herr Beall's arbitrary ruling?

The Berkeley pigs have a new thing. They go for the throat now. Up on Dwight Way near Benevenue last Monday afternoon, Berkeley pigs snuck up behind two people, and grabbed them by the throat.

One pig grabbed Barry Fowlie, and damn near choked him to death, dragging him backwards, his fist near Fowlie's Adam's apple. What was Fowlie charged with? Blocking the sidewalk.

In actual fact, Fowlie was leaning against a tree, and warned a kid up the street to run, because he had heard the police radio order the other kid's

arrest. For this he was choked so badly his face was beet red.

Berkeley Pig Sgt., Badge #8 was the offender. Watch for him. He thinks he's tough. He looks like a third-rate, trigger-happy hood in gangster movies. You know, the one who usually gets bawled out by the boss for being too brutal, and not too bright.

Edward Thomas Rankin was busted at the same time, also for blocking the sidewalk. His real offense? Taking a picture of Fowlie's arrest. He too was grabbed from behind around the neck without warning.

CHURCH SEARCH

Late Monday night, having vamped on the people in the streets, the Berkeley cops tried to break into the Free Church.

"If you don't have a warrant get your ass out of here," George, a worker in charge of the Church at that time told the invaders.

"We'll call our lawyer if you don't leave," he shouted at the cops through the door. The khaki-clad troopers backed off, but 2 squad cars kept circling the area for several hours.

George told the Tribe more people were at the Free Church Monday night than usual because of rumors there might be renewed trouble at the Fence during the night. Besides the usual switchboard

DAILY DIDDLES AS CAL BURNS

by Paul Glusman

In a vicious editorial Tuesday, the day after the people of the south campus area attacked and destroyed portions of the fence built to keep them out of their park, the Daily Californian denounced the action.

The DC's editorializing wasn't confined to the editorial page. The reporting on the demonstration itself applied some well known ploys of the establishment press to slant the news and portray the movement in a bad light. Much of the news article was based on police sources. There were no quotes from demonstrators.

Pictures of the torn fence were captioned with things like "was it worth the price?"

The pig attack on the free clinic, (patients beaten, eight grenades lobbed in) was mentioned as an aside without details at the end of the article.

Police "restraint" on the other hand, was lauded continuously. Wasn't it nice of the police to be so restrained in only beating us and gassing half of Berkeley and not shooting us down in cold blood in the streets to preserve their fence?

The official editorial would have done the New York Times proud. Under the guise of condemning both sides equally, it denounced only the left. The DC told demonstrators in effect: "Do nothing, because if you cause any trouble the right wing will get stronger." Did Roger Heyns write the editorial?

In a time when there is no middle, when a community is fighting for its very survival against a concerted attack by the same international pig forces which are bleeding Vietnam and looting the world, the ivory tower journalists of the DC would rather not get involved.

Ignoring reality, the DC in order to justify its do-nothing position uses the maxim that there are two equally invalid sides to every question, and the right position is a dispassionate, objective, uninvolved in-between.

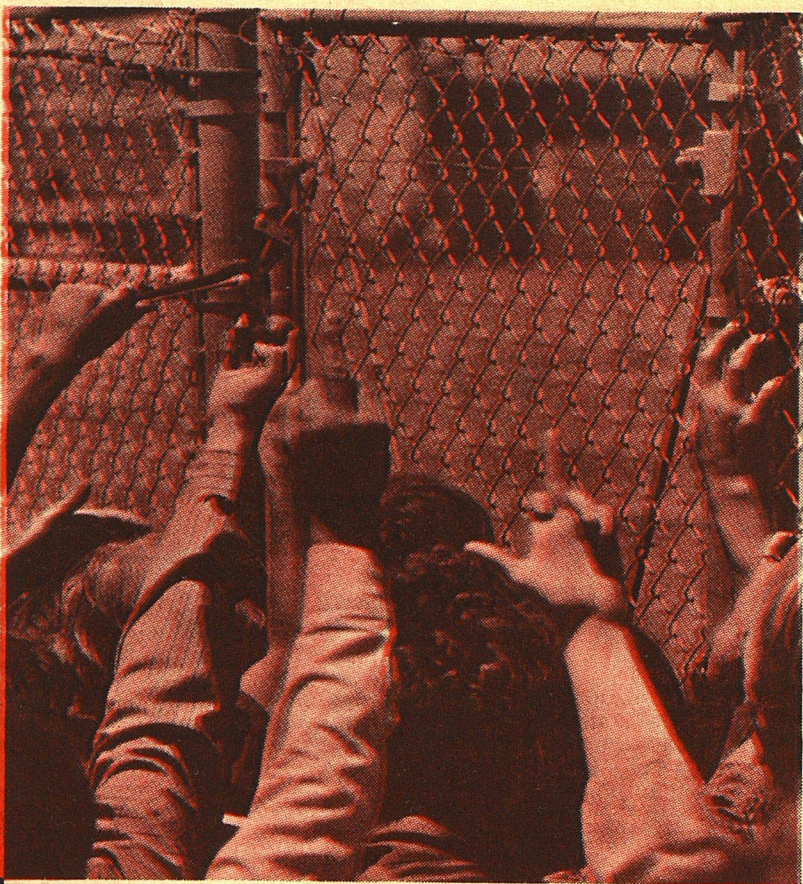
But there is no in-between. "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem" and the DC is definitely part of the problem.

The Daily Cal's do-nothing position is the same position advocated by Ronald Reagan and Roger Heyns, who like nothing better than for us to keep quiet.

To draw attention away from its alliance with the right, the DC "agrees with our goals but not our means." Then it spends all of its efforts attacking our means while doing nothing to help achieve our goals. The DC position is similar to that of the professors who loudly and publicly denounced the Vietnam Day Committee for "hurting the peace movement" while never loudly and publicly condemning the Vietnam war.

The Daily Cal claims that cutting the fence was "contrary to the spirit of the park's creation." It conveniently forgets that the spirit of the park's creation was also the spirit of the park's defence. It was always intended that the people would keep the land ripped off from the power-mad monsters who run the university.

We would keep it and transform it into something for the people, a people's park. Now the DC lashes out at us for tearing down the fence that walls the



Frustrated soccer players storm fence surrounding field. (above)
Wired up workers get it together again. (below)

photos by Steve Shames

TOGETHERNESS

by Steve Haines

We're great in a crisis, brothers and sisters. After ten years of confrontation politics, we've really got it down. Given an issue, the Berkeley movement community can drop the in-fighting, ego trips and power struggles and get it all together.

We've learned the lessons of theater in the streets. The posters, the handbills, the medics, the press, the bail funds, the legal aid and defense funds, the benefits, the mass meetings—we've got them all down to near-perfection. But when the crisis fades, so does the unity and sense of direction. We put our helmets and gas masks back on the shelves and wait for the next "Bloody Thursday."

It doesn't have to be that way. We have developed real resources and some strong organizations in the past ten years. It's time we all found out what we've got, get it together and quit this bull-

shit of reacting crisis by crisis.

Thursday night, in the People's Park office at 1925 Grove, a lot of movement people from a lot of organizations met to develop an agenda for a community-wide mass meeting next Wednesday night, July 23.

Another meeting Monday night will work on the agenda, again at People's Park office.

If you or your group is interested in where we're going and how to get there—come to that meeting. And plan to come to the mass meeting Wednesday.

We've got the resources, we've got the organizations, we've got the Berkeley Liberation Program. That's a damn good start. Now, let's get it together and get on with it. Come to the mass meeting Wednesday night at 7:30. Call People's Park Office, 549-3977 for the place. Our life depends on it.

people out.

The DC was never really into the spirit of the park before the pigs fenced it off. It gave the park little coverage, and underplayed its quite revolutionary implications as a park.

For example, in the DC of May 14, the day before "bloody Thursday," I was quoted saying that the people would defend their park by "any means necessary." Several paragraphs were then devoted to proving that my opinion was a minority view and that the militants were only seeking (unsuccessfully) to "use" the park to create a riot.

The next day, without urging from the militants, and to the DC's utter shock, the people who built the park swarmed down Telegraph Ave. to take it back from the pigs.

Allegedly the voice of the UC student body, the jackanapes of the Daily Californian have let police occupation of Sproul Plaza (six pigs on patrol at all times, four on foot, two in a car) go by without a word.

They haven't done a thing about the parking lot, haven't exposed the University's plans for redeveloping people out of Berkeley, and never editorialized against the pig ban on subversive activities like frisbee and singing on campus.

Yet they tell us that if we do anything, the right wing will grow stronger. Are they worried really about that? Or are they only after peace at any price, the price being complete submission?

If the DC stays so nice, safe and respectable, its editors can certainly look forward to promising careers on the Tribune, Examiner and New York Times.



LEASE-LESS PAD NOT HAD

by Rick Heide

Savo Island will not be leased to the Pad people. The Berkeley School Board, which owns the land, turned down the people's application Tuesday.

Still the people remain at the

Pad.

The division between the Pad people and some of their black neighbors was drawn sharply at one point. "If you're more interested in money than people, say something," said a young man who had just come to Berkeley. He then tore up a dollar bill.

A black chick from the Economic Opportunity Organization picked up the pieces proudly.

Board member Mark Monheimer spoke in favor of the Pad. "We have kids coming to this community, and they will not have anyplace to stay," he said.

"Nobody—not us, the city, Model Cities, or anyone had an idea for those empty buildings. It took those bearded barefoot kids to do it."

The Rev. Haziah Williams, board president, said, "if it takes not wearing shoes or not bathing to open your parent's eyes, do it." But, he added, "if Black people want to try, perhaps for the last time, the system your parents have enjoyed, then don't depreciate that."

U.C. REALTY

"The rumors that Canyon has won its battles isn't true," Bob Trupin, a resident of the hip community told the Tribe this week. We'll soon be in a whole new round of legal fights to save our homes."

According to Trupin this time the enemy is the land-grabbing mammoth, the University of California. He accuses UC of being in collusion with real-estate interests trying to turn the area into a plastic suburbia.

"They just cannot stand 150 hippies standing in their way to millions of dollars,"

Trupin said.

Originally UC was interested in setting up an Ecology Station in Canyon. Now the University has sold out to a subdivision and is in the process of laying down sewer lines, Trupin said.

To fight the plastic culture, Canyon residents are holding a benefit July 24 at St Mary's College in Moraga. Joy of Cooking, Ace of Cups, Fumious Bandersnatch, Cleanliness and Goodliness Skiffle Band, The Crabs, and light by Little Princess will all be there at 8 p.m. Entrance fee is \$2.50.



LAW AND ORDER
LAW AND ORDER
LAW AND ORDER

"I'LL BE BACK SOON"

I want to take this opportunity to say hello to Brother Huey P. Newton Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, the leader of the Black Panther Party and the man who has done more, who has done most, who has sacrificed most to elevate the struggle, the revolutionary struggle in Babylon. It has been a long time since I've been able to say hello to Huey. Huey's in the same prison that I was in once. I know what he's going through being confronted by those fiendish pigs, those hogs that they call prison guards. And I don't know what can I say to Huey? Can I say Huey what's happening? Can I say how are you Huey? All I can say is Power to the People Huey. I understand. I know that you understand. And right on. All Power to the People.

I want to take this opportunity to send a personal and a warm greeting particularly to my comrades in the Black Panther Party, to the brothers and sisters in the Black Panther Party, but also just as warmly and very personally, I want to send this message to all of my friends in Babylon. I want you to know that I'm reunited with Kathleen. It's very beautiful to be with her again. It's also very beautiful to know that such a thing could happen - that we do have the power to do some things. And as far as I'm concerned, it was not possible because of me, it was not possible because of Kathleen, but it was only possible because of the power of the people. It demonstrated that by working together, we do have the ability to resist the manipulations and the oppression and the games that all the combined pig agencies in Babylon have in their power to do. That,

even though they are opposed to Kathleen and I being together, even though they want me in prison or dead, even though they want to be able to thwart anything oppressed people want to do, they tried their hardest to do this. But they failed. They have failed up to this point. So that, we know that they are not invincible. We know that they can be opposed successfully. And, we know that not only can they be opposed on these small levels, but they can be obliterated from the planet earth. We know that it is possible for us to overthrow the capitalist system, and to rid the earth of capitalism, imperialism, and neo-colonialism and also all forms of oppression entirely. We know that this is possible. Throughout history, mankind has struggled to create a better world, and we have been struggling in our time to create a better world. I think that we have been making progress. I think that our situation is not as terrible, and is not as hopeless - and they are up against the wall, all over the world. The entire world is rising up against them, and is liberating itself from them, and it is our job to continue our struggle no matter what the resistance from the pigs might be. I want everybody to know that I have not retired from the struggle, that, in fact, if everything could be said at this particular moment, you would know that I've been very much involved in the struggle every moment that I've been out of sight. And that the struggle goes on everywhere. And, that everywhere progress in the struggle is being made. But we have a tremendous amount of work to do. I'm sick in my heart over the news of all the repression that the pigs are bringing down on all

sections of the movement in Babylon. But I have to say that it's not surprising, that this is something that we fully expect. We also fully expect it to get a thousand times worse than it is, because whether we know it or not, the pigs know that they are involved in a war - a class war. And they are waging this war at this particular time in order to preserve their racist, decadent, capitalistic, imperialistic and neo-colonialistic power structure. They want to do this, and they would rather be dead than to see this system destroyed. And our survival, our happiness, our freedom, our future, the future of our children depends upon their destruction. So that, we know, we talk as though we know we're involved in a war. And we act at sometimes as though we were involved in a war, but the pigs act at all times as though they are involved in a war. So, we have to become more fully aware and fully conscious of this. I'm very delighted to know that members of the Black Panther Party have become more conscious of the need for ideology or to formalize our ideology, I'm speaking particularly about a more conscious knowledge of Marxist-Leninist principles, because a knowledge of Marxism-Leninism is invaluable to oppressed peoples struggling against capitalism and imperialism because in the theories of Marxism-Leninism, we find a very accurate and very useful analysis of the capitalist system, we find a clear picture of what's going on in the world and it makes us know who our friends are and who our enemies are, and how we have to move in order to destroy the system of our enemies. So, it's very good to see these developments. I'm also very glad to see that the Students for a Democratic Society is developing rapidly as it is. I agree that they had a perfect right to issue the resolution that they did issue. I've read the arguments on both sides as to the merits of the resolution, as to whether or not they had a right to comment on the struggle in the black community and I would not even care to dignify the reactionary arguments or trying to refute the arguments. I don't think they're worthy of discussion. I think they were reactionary and I think that SDS is perfectly right in what it did. I'm very glad to see that it happened. I'm also very glad to see the struggle developing so rapidly in the Chicano community and the Puerto Rican community, the Chinese community, the Indian community, the red man's community. And also, I was very glad to hear news and to see pictures of the Young Patriots, the young white warriors who have related to the oppressed people, who have recognized themselves as being oppressed and are relating on a fundamental level. I'm very glad to see all these developments. I want to encourage those developments and say that we need to broaden our base in that regard. We need to have every community united in that regard - united itself first. The revolutionary forces within each community must become united. And, we must develop machinery that transcends each community, that connects the revolutionary forces in each community

with each other so that they can all be focused on our common enemy. This is not impossible to do. I think that we have discovered the proper mechanism for doing this and that it is inevitable that this process will develop no matter what opposition or stumbling blocks are placed in our way by our enemies or by our well-meaning, but misguided friends.

The most important thing that I would like to talk to you about, the most important thing happening, is something that I can't talk to you about at this time, except to say that I believe that it is time for our struggle to go through a qualitative change. It's very clear that Babylon is stacking up with fugitives, that many of us are no longer able to function within the framework of Babylonian legality, and so, therefore, we have the choice of either ceasing to function or to continue functioning outside of the framework of Babylonian legality, within the framework of that which is legitimized by the people and by the people's struggle. I want to make it very clear that this is the choice that I make. That even though the Babylonians look upon me as a fugitive, I want them to know that I am not the fugitive, that they are the fugitives. They are the fugitives from the justice of the people. And that they may think that the arm of the law is long, but I want them to know that the arm of the people is much longer than the arm of the pig. And there is no place they can hide. They cannot hide here in contemporary times. They will not be able to hide in history because we will seek them out dead or alive, and we will put them in their proper place now and also in history. Justice will be done and justice will be established in reality and also in the history books. That they are damned eternally by their actions. They are damned now by their present actions, and they will be damned historically by the evil that they're doing on the planet earth. So that there's no hope for them. They are the fugitives and we are pursuing them and we are going to capture them, and we're going to inflict justice upon them whether they like it or not.

We have always known that Richard Meathhead Nixon, Bone nose Nixon is a dirty, treacherous motherfucker. Now he has really proven how dirty and treacherous he really is. For my own part, I didn't require any more proof because I watched the man's career and his election to the Presidency of the United States, to me is a very accurate reflection of the crisis that the United States is in, because for a nation to be in such a condition as to elevate such a man to supreme power, it means that there's a low reading on the barometer in Babylon because at last the gutter has been scraped. The gutter, the political gutter of Babylon has been scraped in order to come up with a leader to secede Lyndon Baines Johnson. Lyndon Baines Johnson, everyone thought was the ultimate in scurriness in the political arena. But Lyndon Baines Johnson came off the bottom of the bucket whereas Richard Nixon represents that which leaked through the bottom of the bucket and merged with the mud. So the man comes from out of the mud of the political cesspool and I think it's

very fitting that he is now President of the United States. He has now released his vicious mad dog J. Edgar Hoover to implement the fascistic repression that he has always wanted to implement publicly, that he has in fact been implementing privately all of his career so that all the shit is coming out in the open. That we finally have the gestapo functioning openly so that everyone can see them for what they really are and so that not only the people who have been suffering from the persecution of the gestapo have known about it, but now it's out in the open so that everyone can see it in operation. We have these pigs vamping on freedom fighters, and imposing not ball - it is no longer ball - now it is ransom. And everyone can see that \$200,000 bonds, \$100,000 bonds, are nothing but ransom. Because what the pigs are admitting by this ransom is that the system is so fragile, that they are so uptight, that they can no longer deal with the revolutionary forces, but they have to get the revolutionary forces out of the streets by any means necessary. So that it's good to know that, I hope that they don't think - well, I don't care what the pigs think - but it's very clear to me, having been in prison myself, that they will not stop anything by locking these brothers and sisters up. The only thing that they will do is increase their revolutionary fervor. They will create more revolutionaries because when these brothers and sisters go to prison, they will take the message there and Babylon has had it. Babylon has had it because there are too many angry men and angry women in Babylon for Babylon to survive. It's no longer a case of one or two bad apples in a barrel, but it's a barrel of good apples who know that they're not bad apples, who now realize that the pigs are the bad apples in the barrel and its time for some pruning. And so we're gonna do some pruning and we're gonna prune these bad apples, these pig apples, off the tree of life and put them into the garbage can of history where they belong.

This I'd like to say to the revolutionary forces in Babylon. I do not want people to think that I was setting an example on how to deal with the situation by leaving Babylon. I hope that you understand that it was my desire to remain in Babylon, to go underground in Babylon, and to continue my struggle and my participation in the struggle underground. I do not want people to believe that the best thing to do is to leave. I would advise them that if it's at all possible do not leave, but to stay in Babylon and to continue the struggle and make it possible for others who have already left to return because that is where my heart is. That is where I want to struggle. And that is where I will be returning to as soon as possible, and it's not far away, and, do you dig it? Do you dig it? Do you realize that I will be back and that I'll be back soon? And that just as I was able to get out without the pigs being able to do anything about it, I will be able to get back in without the pigs being able to do anything about it.

How can I not say something to - I mean all the names pop into my head. So I'll just say, right on people. Right on. Right on Brother Bobby. Right on Brother David. Right on.

MESSAGE from ALGIERS

by Jan Austin

"Yes, I'm coming back there's a lot of shit to do there. Meanwhile I'm just trying to stay out of the way of the pigs. Say hello to all my friends in the mother country. I really miss that scene back there... you know?"

This was the message Eldridge Cleaver sent to his friends in the Bay Area when he called the Ramparts office last Tuesday afternoon.

Eldridge called from Algiers, shortly after he had publically announced his presence in the Algerian capital. He is in Algiers attending the First Pan-African Cultural Festival where he is a guest of the Algerian government. His telephone calls to Ramparts on Tuesday marked the end of an eight-month silence during which he has been exiled in "about eight countries."

Eldridge said that Kathleen is about to have her baby, and that he is fine. He asked how womens liberation was. Most frequently, he asked us just to say hello to everyone. By "everyone" he meant all his friends in the Bay Area and the rest of the US.

Eldridge also said he is sending three messages to Ramparts: one on his exile and return, one on breakfast for children and the people's park, and a third: an open letter to Stokely Carmichael.

Eldridge would like to hear from some of his friends. You can write him at Hotel Atethi, Algiers, Algeria. He will probably be there until July 31. Send it Air Mail.

The following excerpts are from Eldridge's essay on the People's Park and Breakfast for Children, the full text of which will appear in the September issue of Ramparts.

Breakfast for Children and the Peoples' Park represent qualitatively different types of actions than we have been into in the past. It is a move from theory to practice and implementation. The pigs can not argue against the substance of these programs, even though they hate the forces that have brought them about...

"I have a question: Will my child ever be able to sit down to a Black Panther breakfast, and will Kathleen and I, with our child - and I'm counting this Panther before he claws his way out of the womb - ever be able to visit the Peoples' Park? What we need is some liberated territory in Babylon, that we are willing and prepared to defend, so that all the exiles, fugitives, draft-dodgers, and run-away slaves can return to help finish the job."

CATCH 8 1/2

We are madmen seeking sanity in an insane world. We are driven mad by our environment.

"Normal men have killed perhaps 100,000,000 of their fellow men in the last fifty years...Society highly values its normal man. It educates children to lose themselves and to become absurd, and thus to be normal" —Dr. R.D. Laing, "The Politics of Experience" (Ballantine, 95¢).

What the schools and universities of the world today find difficult is to continue what they call "education"—i.e., to remain "normal" and thus kill ANOTHER hundred million people for God, Russia, or China.

While the tear gas was spewing all over the campus Monday, a friend of mine was attending a lecture by the noted sociologist, Prof. Pettigrew, of Harvard.

"I kept hearing 'pop-pop' so I came out to see what it was," she explained, and, on finding out what was going on, never went back to the lecture.

This is why: "He was telling us that 'God wants the universities to be neutral turf.' more

Prof. Pettigrew, of Harvard? Your entire academic life has been a total failure. Even God won't help you find a 'neutral turf.'

Is there something within

us that keeps us "normal"?

Over 500 years before Christ, the Gnostics, of the Middle East, stated that there exists "within every man and woman an unfulfilled urge which cannot be given proper expression in the normal way because there is no social means by which it can be fulfilled.

"The search for completeness in love, trade, professions, theology is vain and unsuccessful" (page 91, "A History of Secret Societies" by Arkon Daraul, Pocket Books, 95¢).

The Catholics say "Man is of a wounded nature" and puts the blame on Eve. The Hebrews put the blame elsewhere. "Why is it that the condition of man is miserable; is it due to an initial 'unfair deal' on Someone's part?" (page 7, "The origins of Scientific Thought" by Giorgio de Santillana, Mentor, 95¢).

Plato, however, says "God is innocent."

Now—SOMEWHERE, for pity sakes, there must be an answer!

Dr. Laing comes the closest, I feel, in his beautiful statement which is actually a poem in linear space: "What we think is less than what we know. What we know is less than what we love. What we love is so much less than what there is. And to that precise extent we are so much less than what we are." —G.K.

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see p. 12

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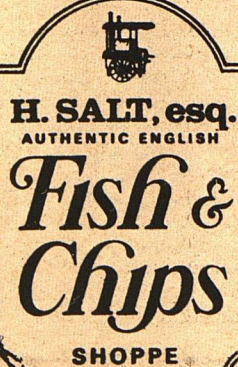
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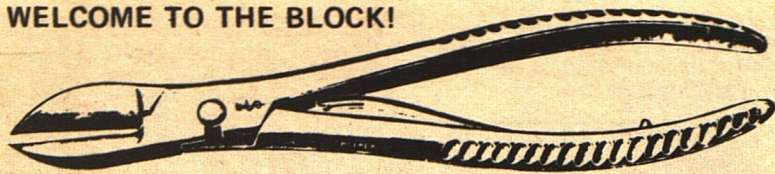


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NARK

MYTHS for SALE

by Lenny Lipton

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from p. 3
Fall (who wants more traffic on a now-crowded street?... grunt snuffle). Heavier traffic would lead to a ban of street vendors, increased parking congestion, and heavier surveillance. Contributing nothing to local peace and quietude, it would also be another step toward making the area into a full-fledged slum/ghetto.

Which is just what the lilly white realtors (like Mrs. Alioto, whose Co. owns one-third to one-half of the area) must dream about. Then, high rise/rent apt. buildings could be built, thus once again saving our fair city from crime and degradation.

Well, dig it Madame Slumlord, the people are hip and organizing. A street paper is forthcoming, a neighborhood commune council is forming, and showings of Newsreel films are scheduled for every Tues. nite as part of continuing meetings of the concerned Haight community.



Seized by the irrelevancy of it all, the joyous absurdity, I must tell you about what is far and away the finest program on television, namely, DARK SHADOWS.

Dark shadows is a serial, or a soap opera, that is shown every weekday at four on channel 7. Channel 7's got a lot of guts, but I guess you can afford to have guts when you're last.

I don't know why ABC has such a sleezy look, but it does. I suppose it's a combination of things. Mostly I see it in terms of graphics, that is, set designs and slides. The news shows give the networks their character to a large extent. While NBC and CBS are scummy, ABC is a cut below.

How then could this third-rate network come up with what is the best program on TV? Putting aside this question for the moment, let us examine what makes DARK SHADOWS the fine program that it is.

In the first place, it's totally absurd. It has got to be the best stoned program on the tube. Nothing begins to come close. Watch Perry Mason stoned, and it's a downer. But DARK SHADOWS will make you high, or if you are there already, seize you with what my country friends might call, the "heehaws."

The hero of the program is a character called Barnabus Collins. Barnabus is a vampire. A good vampire. His real trip is fighting the forces of evil. He can't help himself, he needs to suck blood, just as you or I have to fuck. But blood sucking can be shown on the tube, while fucking is obviously something so loathsome that it must be kept from public view.

Barnabus is played by an actor named, (can it be?) Jonathan Furd. He looks a lot like Karloff. He looks plenty evil. Especially when he is sucking the blood of a virgin, which he does once a week, full-fanged.

The Collins family has a lot of troubles. Take for example

Quentin Collins. Quentin started off as a voice on the telephone, instructing the Collins children, in the Collins mansion, to do evil.

It wasn't as if he had to lay it on thick. These two kids were ready to off the entire Collins family. Bebeles to the core, they rebelled against Quentin, the ghost at the other end of the phone (which is just the way the phone is).

When Quentin finally materialized, he did not speak for weeks. When he did make a sound, it was malevolent laughter. Barnabus went back into the past to try to stop Quentin, who had permanently turned Russ Watkins into a werewolf. Russ was only afflicted with the transformation when the moon was full, but Quentin added to his affliction and made the disorder permanent.

Barnabus threw the Ching, and got hexagram 47 or 49. (I refuse to look it up) which is "molting" or "revolution." Right on Barnabus! Somehow this sent him back into the past, where he met Quentin, who in the year 1895 was a rogue, a likeable sarcastic rogue. After Quentin was killed, I don't remember how, he was turned into a zombie, and then restored to life. I don't remember how.

Quentin was next cursed by a gypsie, and turned into a werewolf. After this happened, and was a bumper, Quentin started coming out of a werewolf trip, but only got half way through it, and when last I looked, was half man, half beast.

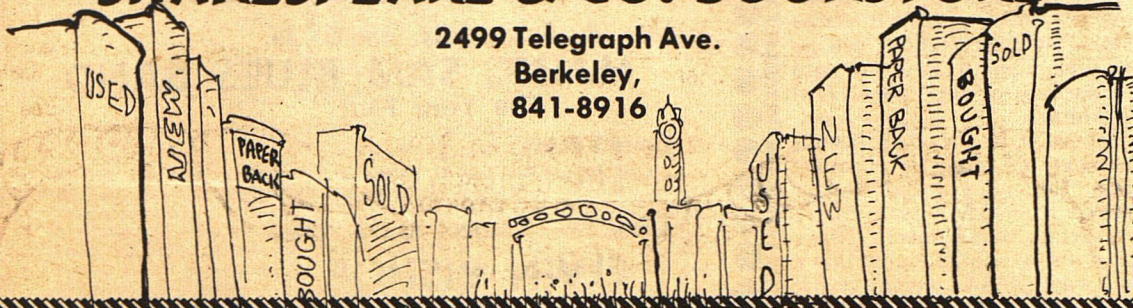
Now you have got to consider all of this in the context of other daytime television serials, which have to do with doctors' infidelities, seduction, abortions, etc.

The plot of DARK SHADOWS is impossible to follow, which makes it trippy. You can watch it for its moment-to-moment content. The plot outline I gave you is incomplete. In the course of the developments above, the devil was summoned several times, and evil minister tortured the Collins children, the hand of the most evil man in the world, kept in a plush box for ready use, wandered around Collinsport, the town where all this shit goes down.

I don't really know what there is to say about DARK SHADOWS, except that I dig it, it's the only thing I look forward to on the tube these days, and I hope it doesn't get preempted by the landing on the moon. Somehow though, any government that would spend 24 billion dollars to get three fools high can't be all bad.

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4th Prize: Spend an evening with Gypsy on the Steve Allen Show. Wear Tux while you swing from the proscenium! Pelt Steve with bananas and grapes!

5th and Last Prize: A pass to an oration to be given at the opening of the new store this coming July! Gypsy promises to reveal the source of the energy of his Energy Bar. This piece of wisdom should really clear things up — especially in Berkeley.

The contest consists in supplying a caption describing Gypsy's provocatively interesting (or is it interestingly provocative!) Energy Bar. The real truth about this health (?) bar may be buried with Gypsy (who will probably be the world's healthiest corpse).

Gypsy has just completed a national tour of the country's leading health huts and fruit stands. He has left behind him a trail of physically healthy (or healthily physical?) spirituality that threatens to enflame the nation.

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STRAIGHTS RATE HATE

You're not even safe if you look straight. A US Coast Guard employee was standing on a street corner in Alameda last Sunday morning waiting for a bus, looking straight, with a short haircut, even.

His friend, an ex-Coast Guard employee looked a little less straight. This apparently roused

the suspicions of a couple of Blue Meanies, understandably bored, now that there are fewer occasions to shoot at students.

The less straight looking individual did not have an ID. Both men were searched, forced to empty their pockets on the hood of a car. When the deputies found there were no charges pending against the pair, they reluctantly let them go. Is there a "legal" way to combat such harassment? The two men want to know! If there is, J. Edgar will let them and readers of the Tribe know

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ROBOT SHOT

Robert Heinlein I think it was, I'm sure it was, got me hooked. Me and a hundred thousands of us with THE ROLLING STONES, ROCKET SHIP GANYMEDE, boats skimming the canals of Mars, tough people in tough books for kids, better written than most of the science fiction novels allegedly written for adults.

Heinlein wrote the script for George Pal's DESTINATION MOON, dated, now almost as quaint as a Verne story.

This week on an acid trip I learned that Bob Heinlein had died. I realized that Heinlein was not dead, or he was as dead as Will Shakespeare, for me at least. I saw old Will and Bob running through the woods. Will with his beard flowing in my mind's eye, holding hands with Bob, tripping through the yellow California grass.

I wish the three dudes heading for the moon, Armstrong and Aldrin to touch the surface of that world, were more like Heinlein men, and not the spitting image of Bowman and his pal in Kubrik's film 2001. These sickening plastic deadheads, maybe they will return turned on, maybe they will return with visions making them unfit for any piggish post in the demonic Unit-

ed States Government.

I wish pig Nixon had had lunch or dinner with the three astronauts. Probably it would have been more appropriate if piggy had lunch with the astronaut, the forgotten hero in all of this confusion. I think they were afraid Nixon would bring the men down; a real bummer.

That's what he does to me, but then again beneath my flesh and blood exterior there is a flesh and blood interior, and it not quite certain that the astronauts could say that. They may be plastic through and through.

But they have had, as a group, some mysterious accidents here on earth, after their trips. One of them wouldn't come in while doing his "space walk." He was too stoned no doubt. He was too high. The contradiction explored in Kubrik's film was never clearer to me today, Monday July 14, after having watched the astronauts press conference on the tube.

Here are three men on the edge of the greatest trip in history, and they are so cool, calm and collected, that I swear, if anything does go wrong, it will be a computer that freaks out.

Heinlein's men would have bounced out of the spaceship, rapped a good rap with the Heinlein father figure, not Mission Control, and done a merry thing. Neil and Buzz have a heavily guided trip, the purpose of which I suspect is to keep them from getting too high. Every damn step of the way has been plotted for them. After landing on the moon they will spend two hours in a simulated countdown, doing everything just so, to make sure they can blast off. After about eight more, when convinced that everything is cool, with NASA blessings, they will get ready to go out on the surface.

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WOMENS LIBERATION FILM FESTIVAL Thursday, July 24 "Sizzling" feature to be announced. 2 fantastic Newsreel shorts "Miss America"

"Cu-Chi" (women guerilla fighters of North Vietnam) Complete Shows: 7:30 - 9:30 - 4 LeConte, UCB \$1.25 donation to Women's Lib.

WOMENS LIBERATION LECTURE+ Friday, July 25 featuring LEO KANOWITZ law prof. - U. of New Mexico author of: "Women? The Law-The Unfinished Revolution" - Friday July 25, 4 LeConte UCB. 50¢ donation.

If the Lunar Module is OK, they will get ready for EVA (extravehicular activity—ain't that the shits?) They have to don their PLISS life support systems—spacesuits if you please. This takes an hour to do. After a quarter of an hour checking the suits' systems they are ready to step out on the moon's surface, NASA willing.

Neil Armstrong, who could have played the part of Bowman in A SPACE ODYSSEY; will be the first man to step out onto the surface of the moon. God bless him.

Believe it or not, Neil spends the next ten minutes climbing down the nine-runged ladder leading from LM's platform to the surface of the moon. That's about a step a minute, and that's the way NASA wants it. It sounds like more of the shits.

If I were Armstrong, I would just plop down on the moon and yell motherfucker or some such epithet, but that's my style, not his, and that is why he is going to the moon, and I am here writing for the Tribe.

I predict, now call me on this, that the day Neil and Buzz scoop up a piece of moon to bring back to the earth, some pig will shoot a black kid in some city. I hope Neil and Buzz land next to the monolith.

—LENNY LIPTON,
A.B. Physics, Cornell University, class of '62

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MINNEAPOLIS MOVE- MENT

The "Homosexual Revolution" is being taught at the Free University of Minneapolis by two former Univ. of Minnesota students, who also organized FREE (Fight Repression of Erotic Expression). "Militant gays here in Minneapolis have been following your struggle for sexual freedom, and we really dig it," writes Steve Irig and Koreen Phelps to Leo Laurence, staff writer for the Berkeley Tribe.

The Minneapolis movement started in mid-May and is based on the Laurence philosophy, reports the "Minnesota Daily," campus newspaper. "He sees Gay Power as a revolutionary movement paralleling Black Power. One should not hide the fact that one is homosexual," the newspaper quotes Laurence. "After we can admit to ourselves that gay-is-good, the revolution will come."

"For the first time, gay people are coming out from under the rocks and saying who they are," Miss Phelps said. "All my life I've been a closet case, I've never been free to walk down a street holding a girl's hand."

FREE "is our power group to picket and protest homosexual discrimination," Irig and Miss Phelps added.

Three hundred supporters have joined the Minneapolis movement.



LIGHT TRIBE

Sixty-one light shows are getting their heads together in San Francisco to push immediately for better wages, job contracts and a fair share of recognition for their art.

The recently formed Light Artists Guild is now negotiating with Fillmore West, Winterland, and The Family Dog on the Great Highway.

Jerry Abrams of Jerry Abrams Head Lights pointed out that light shows are getting the same rates they got three years ago. With Ray Anderson of Holy

See and Glenn McKay of Glenn McKay's Head Lights, Abrams is among the chief energizers of the Guild, which began about two months ago.

Abrams commented that light shows are treated by rock promoters "like a middle-aged housewife selects wallpaper." They know it's necessary to the environment, but they want to spend as little as possible on it.

As it now stands, an unknown rock group gets paid about three times as much as a well-known light show for an appearance at one of the big dance halls. But the rates are not the whole story. "We want to further the light show as an art form," Abrams said.

Another objective of the Guild is to act as a clearing-house for the exchange of ideas, technical information, material, equipment, and techniques. "The Guild gives light show people a chance to turn each other on," Abrams said.

Already, support for the Guild has been shown by provision of meeting space by the Head Hunters in San Francisco, and a donation of secretarial and bookkeeping service by Mind Reels, an association dedicated to furthering the art and merchandising light show materials.

A number of rock groups and managers who have been told of the Guild also expressed their support, Abrams told the Tribe.

"The multi-media light show is the most original art form of the twentieth century," Abrams says. "It's still struggling for recognition."

One of the Guild demands is good billing on posters and mention in rock concert news releases.

Talks with ballroom managers are establishing rates based on the capacities of the ballrooms.

"Some promoters consider a written light show contract as a laughing matter," Abrams told the Tribe. The Guild is working on a standard contract.

But again he added, "it's more than money."

"There's a spirit involved in a guild. Getting together in a true spirit of brotherhood will help us develop a respect for what we're doing."

MAFIA IN THE MIDDLE

by Leo E. Laurence

The Mafia fearing the forces of the revolution?

Maybe. The Mafia buys the pigs with payoffs, but not so the "movement." New York City gay militants are fighting both.

"Five Mafia families run the gay bars in New York City," Gay Activist Randy Wicker told me over transcontinental telephone this week.

"The police hassle the legit clubs, but avoid the Mafia. The Stonewall incident was a freak, however. Something went wrong and the cops busted the place."

"The strange thing is that the gays there thought of the raid as an attack on themselves, and not the Mafia. Wicker explained.

"That's when all hell broke loose and several days of street fighting followed. I think the Mafia will slowly pull out of the gay bar business in New York City now."

Twenty-one persons were arrested in the NYC gay riots. Surprisingly, the most daring defiance to the pigs' riot clubs came from the effeminate "queens."

Like one Puerto Rican who shouted at a big bull pig: "How'd you like a big Spanish dick up your little Irish ass?"

That freaked the pig so much he hesitated swinging for just a split second, and the "queen" split.

A large group of gay kids were being rushed by two young pigs, in another incident. Someone shouted: "Let's grab the pigs, rip off their clothes, and screw them both!"

They too freaked, and retreated fast with their pig-tails tucked between their legs.

"We can fight the Mafia if legit bars and dance halls begin to openly cater to the gay community," says Wicker. Ditto for the Establishment on the West Coast.

MAGIC FINALE

The Magic Theatre's world premier production of Michael McClure's gargole cartoon, The Cherub, is having its final performances this Saturday and Sunday nights at the Mandrake, 10th and University, Berkeley.

With the performance is the Berkeley Improvization Ensemble in a concert of McClure's poems.

Performance time is 8 p.m. Seating is unreserved, and no minors are allowed, due to booze.

(JULY 18, 19, 20)

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DON'T READ FANON

by Sheila Drummond

A few days ago I was reading a book by Frantz Fanon, called "Black Skin, White Mask." There was a chapter describing the process by which a black youth identifies with the whites and sees himself as a white super-hero.

"Sure," I thought. Dig this: There's Tarzan up on the screen, doing all these great things. Controlling the scene, man, transcending the limits of ordinary people, making his own rules, and finally, in the grand rage, sweeping through the jungle, wiping out the bad guys, conquering everything. Good white super-hero Tarzan!

Now let's take a look at those black guys. Remember them? They're the ones with the greasy chicken feathers around their heads and the baby-rattles on their waists, and the dumb looks on their faces.

Their big scenes are whooping and dancing around witch-doctor-type fires, running on the jungle paths, carrying spears and those dumb looks again and bundles on their heads.

Well, when a tribe got into bad things, Tarzan took care of that. The whole tribe trembled before the might of this one white cat. And when a good tribe was threatened by evil, big-daddy Tarzan came to save the day.

Now here's this black kid, sitting there taking it all in. You think he's digging those dumb-acting blacks? Come on, man. You know where his head's going. In his dreams, he's white, like Tarzan, and has the white man's contempt for those dumb blacks.

Same thing came down when the kid dug the cowboys. Remember Roy Rogers and Gene Autry and all those cats who finally wound it up on late-afternoon TV? Ever see a black cowboy? Even the canine side-kicks were white. Yeah, white herdogs.

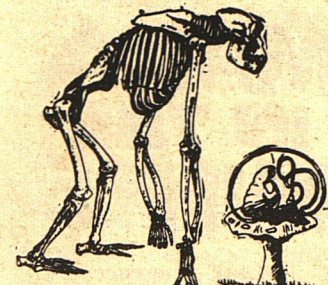
So, I'm really getting behind this chapter, see, and I'm feeling rage, red, burning rage for the culture that ripped off a whole piece of life and blood from a whole race of people when they were little kids, with an open, eager place in them for kids' super-hero dreams.

Then suddenly I've got a sick feeling in my stomach, like being a little too stoned and the naseau comes up in your throat. You try to stop it with sheer will-power, because you don't want to throw up. That's what I'm getting now, a door is opening and I've got to look, don't

want to, but I can't help it.

And there I am and it's twenty-some years ago, sitting in the movie theatre, watching all our heroes. It cost 20¢ then, to see them— cowboys, pirates, soldiers— ridin', shootin', fightin'— beating the bad guys against all odds, with super-hero powers, saving the good guys. Offing their enemies and saving the world. Yeah.

My body's in a classroom, that's the deadest place anywhere, but my mind has flown



off on real eagle's wings. Behind this child's vacant, gazing-out-the-window-at-nothing stare, great things are happening. I'm riding to save the poor old rancher, I'm shooting it out with seven bad guys, cleaning up the town, fastest gun west of anywhere!

Sometimes in my sleeping dreams, deep and real and great, I'm the toughest hero of them all. They just can't beat me. Man, I got power!!!

I see those dreams all over again, man, but my good dreams are turning to nightmares, horrors— and I'm dying. Because I was a man, then, baby. I was a man in my dreams.

I put my book down and walk to the mirror in my daughter's room. There I am, broad hips, big breasts, no whiskers. I'm

a woman, and I've got to see it, really see it, without the protective covering my kind, unconscious self used to lay on it, the protective male-image that Fanon's just ripped off.

My eagle wings fall to the ground, little, shrunken objects, worth no more than the Tarzan movie's chicken feathers. Shot down, man. Shot down dead, and something inside me is, too. My power's GONE!

There were women in those movies and comics, but they were things, not people. They were things, not people. They were things, not people. They were things, not people. They were things, not people.

This is what I am, then? A nothing? I try to get it back, but I can't. And maybe I'm too old now to build something else. However that works out later, it's still gone. I'm like an old house with it's foundation just clawed right out. Not see p. 15

HOLY MOUNTAIN CINEMATHEQUE
At LeConte School, Russell and Ellsworth Sts, Berkeley Fri., July 18th — Undergrounders THE COP and the INNER ARGH by Herb de Grasse. Plus-God is dog Spelled Backwards & Star Spangled Banner by McLaughlin. \$1.00, 8 pm.

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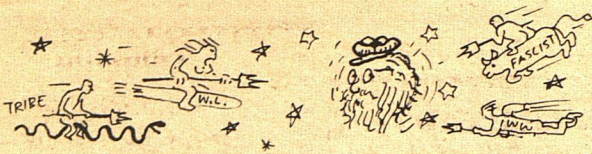
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SAND CITY SHUCK

Mayor Phil Calabrese is stooping to new lows in an attempt to maintain his grip on Sand City. His stooges have apparently gotten on the city's voter list using vacant lots as addresses.

According to Louise James of the Peace and Freedom office in Monterey, several trailers housing up to 10 "residents" appeared in town a week or more after the June 28 deadline for registering to vote in the election to recall Calabrese and his city council.

Sand City, population 500, is a strip of coastal dunes just north of Monterey. Calabrese's idea is to turn it into an "industrial city," a tax shelter for its 31 businesses and a playground for shoreland speculators.

The land where most of the city's people live has been zoned industrial. Landlords have evicted an estimated 30 families in the past year and leveled their homes to make room for factories and warehouses. Threatened residents mounted a recall campaign.

With less than 200 voters, many of whom believe Calabrese's phony claim that the recall is a "hippy takeover," the August 19 election is bound to be close. Bob Lynn, one of the candidates, told me when registration closed that "If we win it will be by only 10 or 20 votes."

Judging from the signs of fraudulent registration, Mayor Calabrese thought prospects of a recall victory real enough.

The recall's legal volunteers are overworked. The job of checking suspicious registrations has been taken over by a law student at Berkeley.

More help is needed, advising the candidates and doing legal research. If you can give it, call Louise James (408)642-1908 or call 845-2500 in Berkeley.

--l.c.

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EARTH

Read-Out

By Keith Lampe

Almost certainly within six or eight months there will occur among most young activists a shift of consciousness emphatically away from campus-and-Vietnam issues and energetically into issues pertaining to the ecological emergency.

As this shift occurs, we activists will have to deal with such complex forms of information that we'll probably grow nostalgic for the relative simplicities of the earlier issues.

Psychedelic (i.e., mind-expanding, mind-opening) experience during the transition will result much less often from chemically induced pansensual delights, much more often from old-fashioned cerebral homework. Having learned that the mind in fact is merely one of several senses, we must now return to a sober husbandry of the sense-of-think.

The transition already is well under way. For example, White Panther Headquarters in Ann Arbor is presently preparing for circulation to its membership a bibliography which will include several eco-texts.

Here in the Bay Area people are putting together an ecologically oriented "think-tank" which for the first time will bring scientists into close community with activists. If on other parts of the country activists also soon can sit down with young/hip scientists representing all or most of the ecologically relevant disciplines, the transition will occur more rapidly and more intelligently. There's not much time left: by year's end we must have learned how to begin to act.

In an earlier ERO I quoted poet Sam Abrams as saying that the periodicals Scientific American, Natural History, and Science are "the most consistently important political and literary journals on our continent." To those three magazines should be added the Journal Environment, a good new source of information.

Environment is a monthly published by the Committee for Environmental Information, 438 N. Skinker Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63130. Thus far it has restricted itself to the circulation of information and has stopped short of proposals for an active politics of ecology. Nevertheless, the information it circulates is so heavy that within two or three years much of it will have massive political consequences inside the old political groupings.

Here are some of the topics Environment has dealt with so far this year:

1—"THE WIND FROM DUGWAY"—Thousands of sheep were killed by an escaped chemical warfare agent in Utah last spring. Recent evidence shows that the damage might have been discovered early or averted by a simple field test. Fool-proof safety measures may not be possible, however.

2—"A MILE FROM TIMES SQUARE"—There is no certain way of protecting the public from the consequences of the worst accidents which can happen in nuclear power plants.

3—"POISONING THE WELLS"—Growing nitrate contamination may make much of California's ground-water unsafe for infants to drink. Large areas of the state have already exceeded federal safety limits.

4—"A NEW POLLUTION PROBLEM"—Mercury compounds in agriculture and industry are creating widespread pollution problems. There is evidence that much of the food sold in interstate commerce has unacceptable mercury residues.

doses of DDT could be destroying the new salmon fishery in Lake Michigan."

6—"UNSNUG HARBOR"—The U.S. and Australia are looking for a new spot to blast a harbor with nuclear explosives."

The magazine also contains information relevant to those who can be turned on to the eco-emergency only by means of earlier concerns. For example, if Amerikan imperialism is your thing, read how Amerika—along with West Germany, Holland, France and England—has grabbed control of Peruvian anchovy fishing and is practicing a subtle, gradual genocide there:

"Though there is a protein deficiency in Peru, only five to six percent of the high-protein fish remain in that country. The rest of the catch is exported to the advanced Western countries where it is ground up into fish meal and used to feed poultry and cattle.

"The Instituto del Mar del Peru has established 9.5-10 million tons as a yearly maximum take of anchovy in the Peruvian waters to sustain the present stock of fish and to avoid the risk of reduction. The catch in 1967 exceeded 11.5 million tons."

If genocide of the poor is your thing, read how it's estimated that "between five and ten percent of all children who live in America's dilapidated pre-World War II housing are victims of lead poisoning. There are about ten million homes like this in the country. Sixty percent of all lead poisoning occurs in children between two and three years old.

"The lead is taken in by children when they eat chips of paint fallen from peeling walls. It accumulates in the body and can build to a toxic level. Children suffering from severe lead poisoning can suffer brain damage, and five percent die despite medical treatment."

Here are addresses of the other three magazines: Scientific American, 415 Madison Ave., NYC 10007; Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St., NYC 10024; Science, 1515 Massachusetts Ave. NW, Washington DC 20005.

FANON

from p. 14

rage, not for me. Christ, it hurts. I feel cheated, robbed, ugly. I want to burn that book, rip it up, but know it's no use. Try to un-know something ugly you found out. Just try!

I go back and pick up my book and curl up again, to read. But the words are just little-black type-tracks on the paper, and they don't have meaning anymore.

The door opens and it's my daughter, home from school I stare at her blankly and wonder if some unknown God touches her with a man-image in her dreams. Should I break it up and try to build something else for her, or is it too late? She's eight. Has she got a sense of power, of being a mover, of being somebody? — even if it's false?

Christ, I don't know what to do! I know how it will hurt when she finds out how she's been ripped off. Ripped out!

Don't read Fanon, kid. Her face is getting anxious, scared. "Hey, Mom?" she asks, shifting from one foot to the other, feeling her way. "You're crying. Did something happen?"
And I couldn't answer.

GEORGE

FRIDAY JULY 18

*** (O) CONCERT/DANCE:** Magic Sam Blues Band & Year Four; New Orleans House 1505 San Pablo Berk, 9pm, \$2.50

*** (L) FILMS:** Godzilla vs. Thing; Le Conte UC Berk, 7 & 10:15pm Mothra, 8:30pm, \$1

*** FILMS:** Keystone Cops, Chaplin, & Marx Bros; 100 Lewis UC Berk, 7:30 & 8:30pm, \$1

*** (N) FILMS:** Koumiko Mystery Rite of Love & Death, Meshes of the Afternoon, & Song of Ceylon; Nocturnal Palace, Columbus & Powell SF, midnight, \$1.60 stud, \$2 gen

*** FILMS:** Herb DeGrasse, McLaughlin; Holy MT Cinema, Le Conte School, Russel & Ellsworth Berk

*** (G) FILMS:** Gold Diggers of 1937, & Laurel & Hardy; Fethers Point 4416 18th SF, 7 & 10pm, info 861-5491

*** (P) DRAMA:** Geese, Encore Theatre 430 Mason SF, Ticket info 397-7787

*** (H) CONCERT/DANCE:** Sir Douglas, Bicycle, Kwan Ditos, & Shades of Joy; Family Dog Great Highway, 8:30-2am, \$3

**** (C) FOLK:** Peace, Bread & Land Band, Cabaret 260 Valencia SF, 9pm Free

*** (I) Drama:** A Mass For Actors & Audience on the Passion & Birth of Dr. John Faust According to the Spirit of our Times; Firehouse Theatre Co Free Church 2200 Parker Berk, 8pm, donat

*** (W) DRAMA:** Oh Dad Poor Dad; Marines Memorial Theatre; Sutter & Mason SF, 8:30pm, Tickets 673-6640

*** (Z) DRAMA:** KNACK; Little Theatre, Building 1200 Chabot Coll, 8:30pm

*** (F) CONCERT/DANCE:** Country Joe & Fish, Joe Cocker, Grease Band, & Country Weather; Fillmore West, 8:30pm, \$3.50

*** (t) DRAMA:** Big Time Buck White; Committee Theatre, Broadway SF, 8:30pm, tickets 781-0282

*** SPECIAL/DINNER:** PrePanther Conference Dinner, Fried Chicken salads wine beer deserts, 2819 1/2 Telegraph Berk, call 548-1347, 6pm, \$1.25

*** (Q) DRAMA:** Camino Real; Theatre 2980 College Ave, Berk, 8pm, \$2 stud & \$3 gen, info 848-2791

*** (A) DRAMA:** Deathwatch; Bishops Coffee House, Oak, 9:30pm, info 835-3366

*** (B) DRAMA:** Two Gentlemen of Verona; Forest Meadows Theatre, Grand Ave San Rafael, 8pm, \$3 pit, \$2.50 circle, \$1.50 stud

SATURDAY JULY 19

*** FILMS:** Koumiko Mystery Rite of Love & Death, Meshes of the Afternoon, & Song of Ceylon; more info see July 18, note stud \$1.50 gen \$2 (N)

*** FILMS:** Gold Diggers & Laurel & Hardy; more info see Jul 18 (G)

*** DRAMA:** Geese; more info Jul 18 (P)

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** Sir Douglas Bicycle, Kwan Ditos & Shades of Joy; more info see Jul 18, note \$3 (H)

*** DRAMA:** A Mass for Actors & Audience on the Passion & Birth of Dr. John Faust According to the Spirit of our Times; more info see Jul 18 (I)

*** DRAMA:** Oh Dad Poor Dad; more info see Jul 18 (W)

*** DRAMA:** The Knack; more info see Jul 18 (Z)

*** DRAMA:** Camino Real; more info see Jul 18, note 7pm & 10pm (Q)

*** DRAMA:** Deathwatch; more info see Jul 18 (A)

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** Country Joe & Fish, Joe Cocker & Grease Band, & Country Weather; more info see Jul 18, note \$3.50 (F)

*** DRAMA:** Big Time Buck White; more info see Jul 18 (T)

*** DRAMA:** Two Gentlemen of Verona; more info see Jul 18 (B)

*** DRAMA:** Magic theatre presents Michael McClure's "The Cherub" plus concert and tantras, Berkeley Improvization Ensemble, Mandrake's 10th & University, \$1.50, 8pm, no minors

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** Magic Sam Blues Band & Year Four; more info see July 18, note \$2.50 (O)

*** FILMS:** Godzilla vs. Thing & Mothra; more info July 18, note \$1 (L)

*** EVENT:** Indian Pagent; Berk Community Theatre Grove St Berkeley, 8:30pm, \$1 stud & \$1.50 gen, benefit Native Amer Scholarship Fund

SUNDAY JULY 20

*** HAPPENING:** motorbike ride to Free Beach, meet at Washhouse, Hearst & Euclid Berkeley, 9am, \$2/couple at beach, bring lunch; info 841-7685

*** DRAMA:** Magic Theatre presents McClure's "The Cherub," more: see Jul 19th

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** Fourth Way; more info see Jul 18, note \$1 (O)

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** Shades of Joy, Sir Douglas, Bicycle, Kwan Ditos; more info see Jul 18, note \$3, (H)

*** FOLK:** Do your own thing—customers entertain—sing, readings, etc; more info see Jul 18 (C)

**** DRAMA:** East Bay Sharks, Pumpkin, Litany of Breath; Live Oak Park Berk, free, info 549-3446

*** DRAMA:** A Mass For Actors & Audience on the Passion & Birth of Dr. John Faust According to the Spirit of Our Times; more info see Jul 18 (I)

*** DRAMA:** Oh Dad Poor Dad; more info see Jul 18

*** JAZZ/FOLK:** Rev Cecil Williams & Meridian West; Glide Mem United Methodist Ch. SF, 11am, ticket info 771-6300

*** DRAMA:** Camino Real; more info see Jul 18 (Q)

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** Country Joe & Fish, Joe Cocker & Grease Band, & Country Weather; more info see Jul 18 (F)

**** CONCERT/SPECIAL:** Arthur Fiedler Pops Concert; Stern Grove, 19 Sloat Blvd SF, 2pm free

MONDAY JULY 14

*** EVENT/CONCERT:** Womb & SFL; 274 Downey SF, 8:30pm, \$1 donat

*** JAM:** Matrix, 3138 Fillmore, SF 9:30pm \$.50 wklly

**** HOOT:** Ribeltad Vorden, 300 Precita, SF, 8pm, free, wklly

*** PARTY:** SFL Open House; 274 Downey, SF, 8:30pm, info 654-0316 donat \$1

TUESDAY JULY 22

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** Elvin Bishop & Fox; more info see Jul 18, note \$2 (O)

**** FILM:** Demonstration—British anti-war protest, Selma-Montgomery March; more info see Jul 18 (C)

*** DRAMA:** Oh Dad Poor Dad; more info see Jul 18 (W)

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** King & Bishop; more info see Jul 18, note \$3.50 (F)

**** FILM:** Newsreal Films; Free Church 2200 Parker Berk, 9pm free

WEDNESDAY JULY 23

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** Elvin Bishop & Fox; more info see Jul 18, note \$2 (O)

**** MASS MEETING:** Future of Berk Movement, 7:30pm, more info call 549-3977

*** FILM:** Pit & Pendulum & Lugosi's Chapel; Cinema Shattuck & Haste Berk, midnight, \$1.50

*** (S) FILM:** Sunrise & Blue Angel; Surf, Irving & 46th SF, Summer Festival Subscription \$5 for 4 programs

**** POETRY:** Open Reading; more info see Jul 18 (C)

*** FOLK/BENEFIT:** 13th Tribe Folk Nite; Orion Coffeehouse 1035 Post SF, 9pm till, \$1 donat (weekly)

*** (U) DRAMA:** Hostage; Geary Theatre SF, 8:30pm, ticket info 673-6440

*** DRAMA:** Oh Dad Poor Dad; more info see Jul 18 (W)

*** EVENT:** ISC, Marx as a Revolutionary Activist; 2819 1/2 Telegraph Berk, 8pm

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** King-Bishop; more; see Jul 18, note \$3.50 (F)

*** (M) LECTURE:** Fortune Telling and Character Analysis; 6114 Calif SF, 9pm \$2.50

THURSDAY JULY 24

*** FILMS:** Hay Mama & Gergio's Meanwhile; Canyon Cinema 756 Union SF, 8:30pm, \$1.25

**** FOLK:** SF Folk Coub leads in song; Cabaret 260 Valencia SF, 9pm, free

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** Elvin Bishop & Fox; more info see Jul 18, note \$2 (O)

*** FILMS:** Juliet of the Spirits & Mr Hulot's Holiday; more info see Jul 23 (S)

*** DRAMA:** Hostage; more info see Jul 23 (U)

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** King-Bishop; more info see Jul 18, note \$3 (F)

*** LECTURE:** Fortune Telling & Character Analysis; more info see Jul 23, note \$2.50 (M)

FRIDAY JULY 25

*** FOLK/DANCE:** Party, John Pappa's Orchestra; 225 Valencia SF, 8:30pm, \$2.50, info 647-7434

*** EVENT:** Lecture on Devil; East Inst. Claudio Naranjo, 1st Unit Church SF, \$3 gen & \$2 stud, info 431-8771

**** FILMS:** Kobe, Rolling Stock in Japan & Nature's Bounty—Flowers from the Japanese; Hospitality Rm Bank Of Tokyo 1675 Post SF, 8pm, free

*** DRAMA:** Hostage; more info see Jul 23 (U)

*** DRAMA:** Oh Dad Poor Dad; more info see Jul 18 (W)

*** DRAMA:** Camino Real; more info see Jul 18 (Q)

*** CONCERT/DANCE:** Black Pearl; more info see Jul 18, note \$3.50 (F)

Phones

ACLU—SF	433-2750
ACLU—Bkly	548-1322
Abortion Communication	387-6480
Bkly Fire Dept.	845-1710
Bkly Health Info.	841-8600
Bkly Police	845-8000
Cons. Objection	397-6917
Citizens Alert SF	776-9669
Draft Counseling	642-1629
Draft Help SF	863-0775
Free University	841-6794
Free Bail Project SF	552-2202
Free Black Clinic SF	563-7878
Free Hashbury Clinic	431-1714
GiG hip&black jobs	849-4595
Heliotrope SF	931-1693
Marin	388-3840
Huckleberry's for	
Runaways	731-3921
Mobile Help Unit Otc	421-9850
Mobile Phone	954-7304
Oakland Opposition Ctr	535-1564
Planned Parenthood	
E. Bay	654-3212
Police Complaint Ctr	548-0921
Pregnancy Test Bkly	845-6550
Oakland	654-3212
Quaker Draft Couns	843-9725
Resistance-Oakl	465-1819
Suicide Prevention	
Bkly	849-2212
S.F.	221-1424
Contra Costa	939-3232
Switchboard SF	387-3575
Marin	456-5300
Mission	863-3040
Free Church	549-0649
Taxi Unlimited	841-2345
Tele. Ave. Summer	
Proj.	845-7880
Women's Liberation	391-1040
War Resisters Lge	626-6976
W. Oakl Legal Switchbd	836-3013

*** FILMS:** Juliet of the Spirit & Mr Hulot's Holiday; more info see Jul 23 (S)

CONTINUING

•• Artists And Craftsmen ••
are you interested in the idea of an artist's supply co-op? It beat low stock, poor quality and high prices. We can do it if there are enough of us. Call 527-3135 for more info.

•• FILM ACTING WORKSHOP:
Film acting Sat, 332 1/2 Gough SF, 10am. Free.

•• FREE FOOD: Everyday 11 am - standard yoga meal; 1518 Frederick SF— Sun Love Feast 4pm

•• PICKET for Homosexual freedom
Mon thru Fri at noon at 320 Calif SF

*** COFFEE & CONVERSATION:** singles over 30, 2nd & 4th Fri, spon W & W guild, info 525-0457

**** MUSIC:** Haight Free Musicians Co-op SF, 841-6102, EB free Musicians & Artists Coop, 841-6102

**** FREE BOOK COMMUNE** locates free books and tutors upon request, info 626-8436

**** COFFEE HOUSE:** a place to exchange ideas, view art, play chess, open to all ages & persuasions, Melting Pot, 1517 1/2 N. Main, Walnut Creek M-Sat 10-6, 8:30-12 (F & Sat til 2) Sun 6-12

*** DRAMA (Fri-Sat):** The Time of Your Life; The Theatre, 2980 College, Berk Fri 8pm, Sat 7 & 10pm, Sun 2:30pm, \$3 (stud \$2) info 848-2791

**** JOB-FINDING WORKSHOP:** 1477 Fritvale, Oakl, Tu Th, 9am-noon, info 536-9685, 532-5500

*** FOLK DANCE:** in SF, teaching Mon & Tues eves, 225 Valencia (Servian Hall) w/John Skow, info 647-7434

*** SATIRE (Fri, Sat, Sun, Wed):** Pitschell Players w/ Country Joe Mc Donald, Intersection, 756 Union SF, 8:30 (& 10:30 Fri & Sat) pm, \$1.50 (\$2 Fri & Sat), info 397-6061

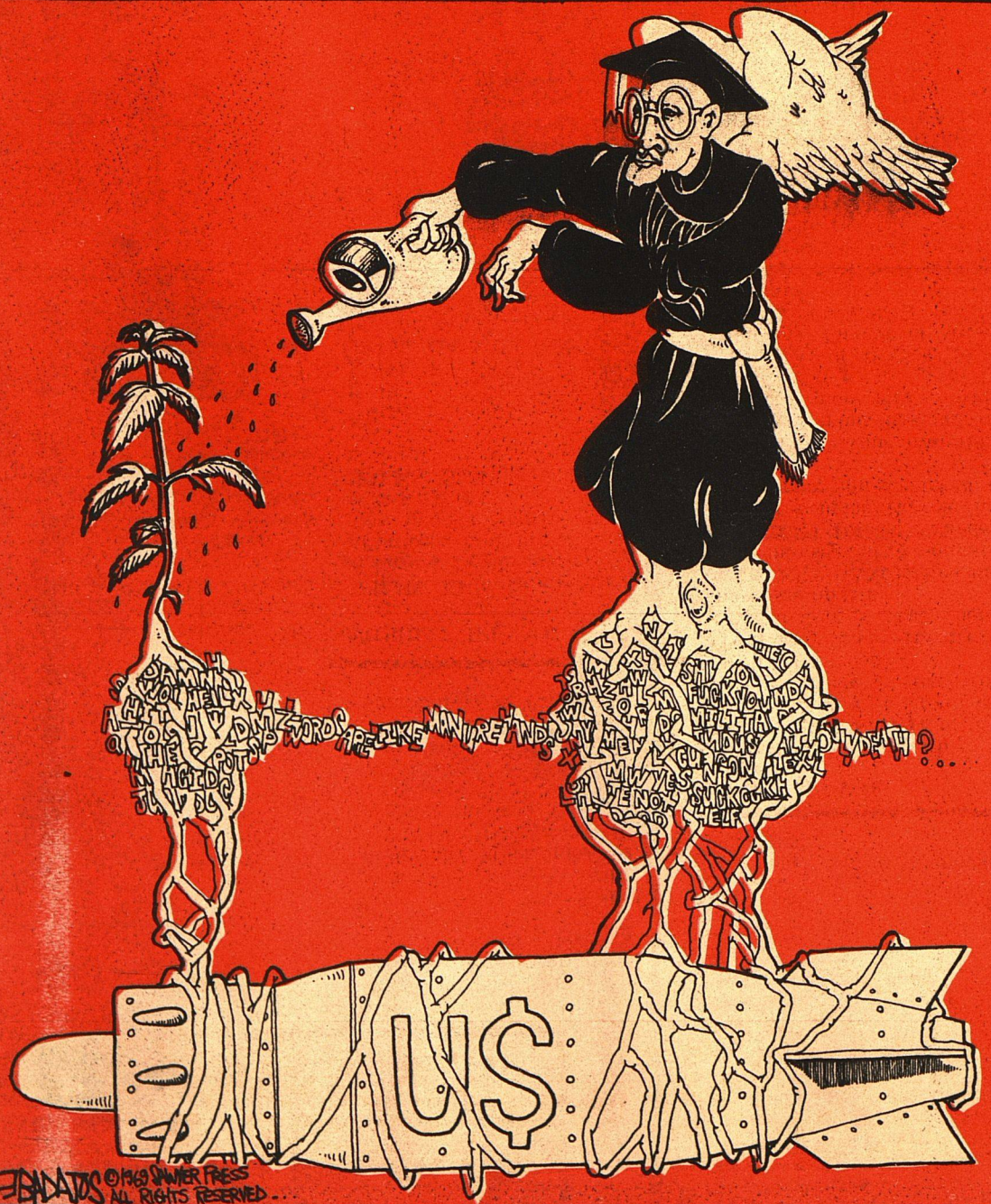
**** VIGIL:** for peace, Port Chicago, 3:30-5pm, info 661-5108 wklly

*** DANCE:** nightly at the Monkey's Paw, 65th & San Pablo, Oakl, beer on sale, info 654-9881

**** FREE RIDES TO THE MOUNTAINS:** Want to get to the mountains to hike, camp, or do you own? Stiles Hall has a ride board to help you get there. People with rides and people who want rides should call 847-6010 or come by. A ride board will be set up at Stiles Hall, 2400 Bancroft Way, Berk, We need your help.

**** FREE BREAD:** Spons Diggers; Tu. Fri, all day, pancakes in am, 1350-1354 Waller, SF.

**** FILM/RAP:** 8, super 8 & 16mm open screenings w/discussion & wine. Tamalpais Film Soc, 2219 Oregon, Berk, 9pm, free (bring films & good humor), info 848-3945, wklly



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