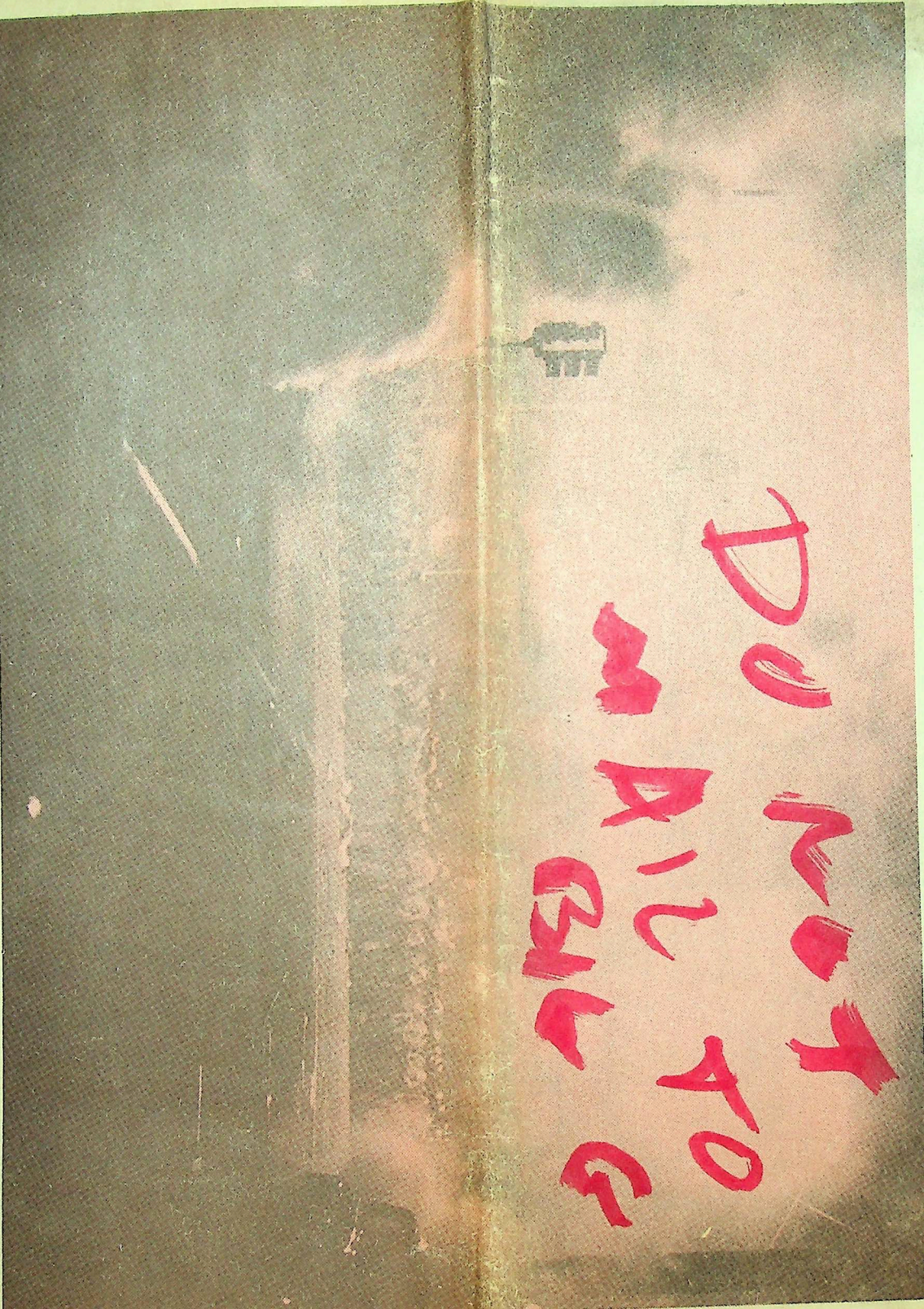


# WAR DECLARED!

San Francisco  
Express Times  
JULY 8, 1968 VOL. 1, NO. 24 BAY AREA 15¢

## Foe Strikes At Berkeley, Boston



*Don't  
miss  
this*

ENEMY TROOPS DEPLOYING ON TELEGRAPH AVENUE. ALLIES PUT UP FIERCE RESISTANCE, THEN FELL BACK

**RICHMOND  
FRONT  
QUIET**  
page 4

**ALLIES  
SEIZE  
N.Y. TV**  
page 3

**LULL  
IN PARIS  
FIGHTING**  
page 6



altimeter/

cancer. June 21 - July 23. Keys are all but unavailable with lids, when you can find them, going for \$10 or more. much acid, mescaline & S.T.P. is around, prices varying from \$2 to \$4. some out of sight D.E.T. is in the area & if you smoke just a bit of it in your weed you go on like a half hour psychedelic trip. M.A.C.E. & tear gas are evil illegal criminal elements & should be destroyed by any means necessary even if that inconvenience the P.I.G. controlling these fucked chemicals. pot seeds that have been planted in the ground after sprouting between damn newspapers should start unfolding their leaves a few days after planting. Holy Organic Mantra repeat twenty times daily. — the grass prophet

# GOING BEYOND DEMOCRACY

marvin garson

Last week I pointed up the day-to-day virtues of the revolutionary gang, family or commune as opposed to the revolutionary party, and promised to show how revolution itself could grow out of their activities.

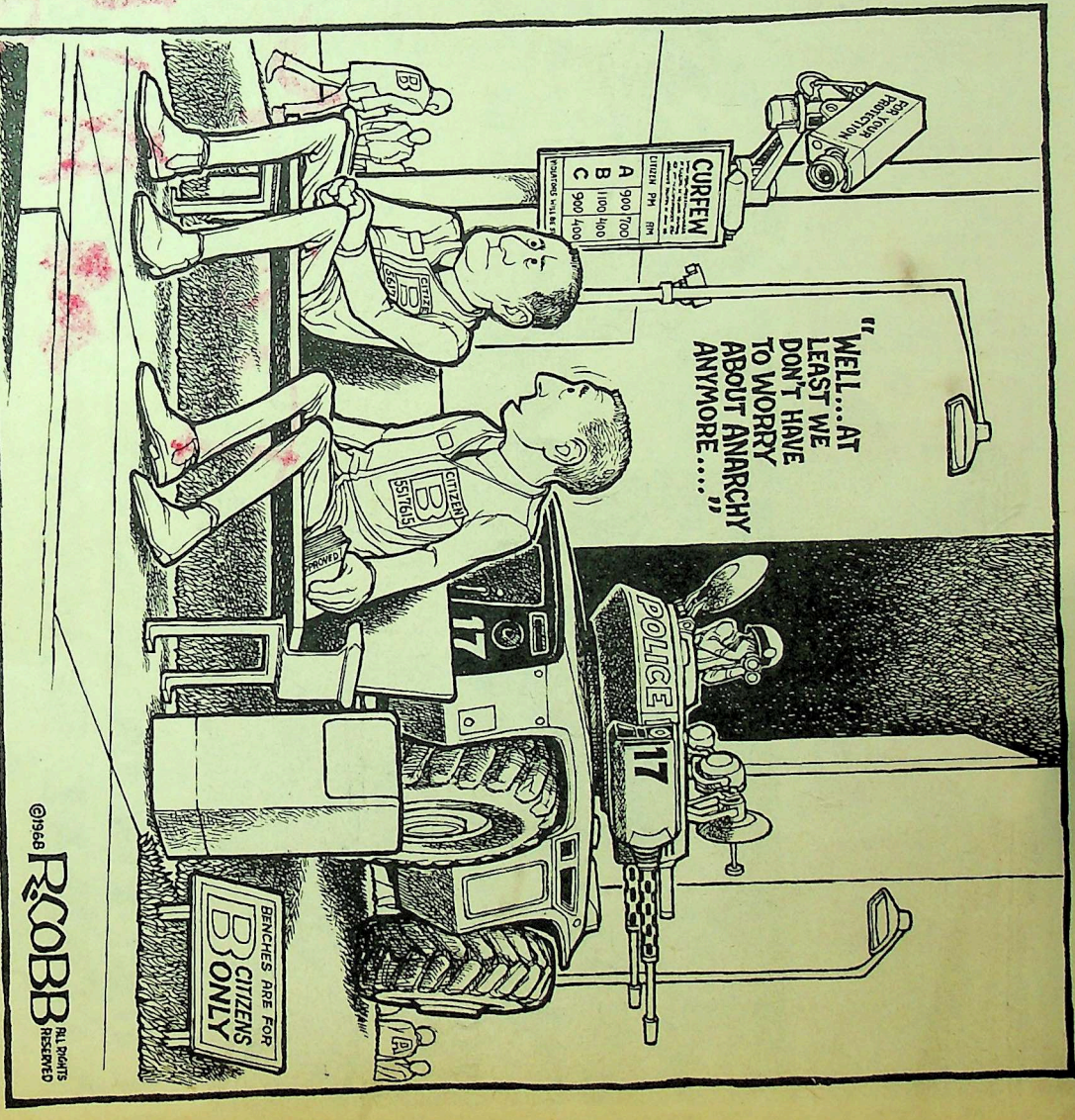
Revolution is such an overused word that I'll have to start by clarifying it, bearing away all the ideological garbage littering the ground. Sorry, it's not MY fault.

The most common idea — and the most childish — is that revolution is the armed seizure of power by revolutionaries. A revolutionary, in this image, is someone who is young, bearded, wears a fatigue jacket and beret, clenches his fist, and carries a sidearm — in short Fidel Castro or a reasonable facsimile thereof. (Some schools of thought hold that the revolutionary should also smoke pot and say fuck on television; others consider this frivolous nonsense. It is a minor difference which can be settled after the revolution, most likely at gunpoint.)

If you imagine yourself one of the revolutionaries, it's a very noble prospect plus you get a lot of pussy. But the real test must be how it looks from down below. And from below, it looks a great deal like dictatorship.

Fatigue-jacket revolutionaries will reply: dictatorship in FORM, perhaps, but democracy in CONTENT — the opposite of what we have now. A revolutionary government would give land to the peasants — whoops, wrong country — would, uh, end racism-and-exploitation by ending the corporate system that perpetuates it.

That discussion won't get much further unless we switch now to the more sophisticated revolutionaries who all this time have been smirking along with me at the romantic Maoist-Fidelists. They are a little older, more historically-minded, they've read Marx and Lenin and Trotsky, and also people you never heard of — from Rosa Luxemburg ("Red Rosa,"



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who are so skilled in the game itself that they find it exhilarating regardless of its content; everyone else looks for excuses to stay away. This means, of course, that power falls into the hands either of faceless bureaucrats or of "groovy" revolutionaries who govern by decree "in the true interests of the people." Once again, how can you run a society democratically if people don't WANT to "participate in making the decisions that affect their lives"? The only way out is a revolution which is consciously determined to go BEYOND democracy. "Beyond democracy" — that will stick in many throats. Let me over-explain it, just to make sure.

When I say democracy, I mean majority rule. When I speak of going beyond majority rule I don't mean minority rule; I mean no rule at all.

A storm of protest: Anarchy! Madness! Our society is too complex to run without laws, discipline, control. True — but don't be smug about it; start to change it. Start right now, and let your revolution be a dramatic speeding-up of the process.

Our technology is such that it can only be administered by an elite. That's true too — after all, it was an elite that set down the design criteria for the engineers to follow. Did you think they ordered their own functions to be designed away? Do you think they told the engineers to be sure to remember that free men would

be working in those factories and offices?

Perhaps it's impossible to run a steel mill or an electric power plant in a free and creative way. In that case, run it automatically. If computers can fly a supersonic jet plane at a constant altitude of 100 feet over rough terrain while making it take evasive action and launch bombs on target and screw up enemy radar (the plane flew two miles in the time it took you to read that half-sentence), then certainly computers can run a steel mill.

Will there be any work left for people to do? Certainly. We'll have the time to build our own houses, for instance, with our own hands, with master workmen around to supervise and instruct. How's that for a start? Better than rent subsidies?

Sorry I didn't get around to explaining how the revolutionary gangs/families/communes fit into the revolution, but first things first. Next week.



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# ENEMY SNIPERS

When Pierre Salinger and Ted Kennedy spoke in Berkeley, the crowds were so big they blocked automobile traffic. They had no police permit, but the police allowed it to happen; they did not throw tear gas at Ted Kennedy or Pierre Salinger in order to insure the free flow of automobile traffic.

When a group of socialists held a demonstration in solidarity with the French workers and students on Telegraph Avenue Friday night, the police assaulted the demonstrators with tear gas and billy clubs. Why? To insure the free flow of automobile traffic.

The police fired the opening shot of this war. But there is more to a war than who started it.

There is no place where you can find an "objective account" of the occupation of Berkeley. The mass media report it from one side, we report it from the other. It starts on page 9.

# GUERRILLAS HIT NEW YORK

todd gitlin

"Money doesn't talk, it swears." — Dylan

Your eyes might have been stabbed by the Page One headline in last Wednesday's S.F. Examiner: "Cursting NY Hippies Seize TV Station."

"FOUL TALK GOES ON THE AIR"  
"6 MEN, WOMAN ARRESTED"

"By United Press International and Associated Press"

Between them, each with their vast chain of bureaus and thousands of trained Personnel, these two giant "news-gathering" corporations were able to assemble this blood-curdling tale:

"NEW YORK — A core of loud-mouthed hippies, shaggy, bearded and screaming obscenities, took over an educational TV station while thousands of viewers watched in their living rooms."

"The intruders burst into the basement studios of station WNDT-TV, across First Avenue from the UN, during an 'underground press' interview late last night. They knocked down a guard and punched their way past two members of the station staff, totally disrupting the program."

"When the intruders were asked what they wanted, one replied, 'We're here to break down the barriers of panel discussion shows.' Another said simply, 'We want in...'"

Now, just as a guerrilla is explained by the system that drives him into final opposition, so is what happened June 25 at WNDT-TV perfectly well explained by the Examiner's story. But not the way the Examiner meant it. And the Examiner is no mere benighted bush-league villain. The Chronicle's story the next morning was in a lower key just as confused and confusing, and the New York Times headlined, "20 Hippies Invade TV Show and Shout Obscenities on Air." The media, sure enough, as a whole, were the messenger — but not the way McLuhan understands, either.

No one has to study Marcuse's One-Dimensional Man — though it would help — in order to read between the lines. Anyone who has ever been billyclubbed or Maced by a cop only to read that his peaceful demonstration was "violent" and that Law Enforcement Officers used "necessary force" (if the fact that cops

# CURFEW IN BOSTON: NATIONAL BLACKOUT

todd gitlin

According to phone reports, the historic Boston Common has been curfewed every night since last Friday. Persons described as "hippies" had been camping out in the four-book Common. The city finally clamped down. That's when the trouble started.

Saturday night, a thousand people gathered on the Common. The hippies flocked coolly away, assured by their minister-leaders that the Mayor and Sheriff were negotiating their well-being. But the straightjackets came: they came from the suburbs, where nothing happens, and they stood around watching, and they were still watching when a hundred police arrived to disperse THEM, shouting without regard to length of hair.

Sunday night, five thousand people, more than half of them straightjackets, five thousand. Again the suburban types, other straightjackets, and a large number of blacks, superficially without an issue. This was not their turf they had come to defend; no Telegraph Avenue, the downtown Common. But, according to reports, they were fused instead by a common hatred for the police. Their moods were somewhere perhaps between Fort Lauderdale and the Left Bank.

The police again didn't care who they were or what they wanted, if indeed they "wanted" anything easily explained. They dispersed the assemblage, beat some, and arrested 15 — all straightjackets.

So what's it all about, Althea? Even in the elementary pursuit of information, we're on our own. The only mention of the Boston Days in the local press was a one-inch teaser in the Sunday Examiner.

My usually-informed friends in Boston, by the same token, had heard nothing of the Berkeley days. NOTHING. And they said Boston had not been reported in the New York press (including the Daily News), a mere 200 miles away. Paranoids are best equipped to understand the peculiarly parallel pattern. The press seems to be blacking out. Mass disorder has reached such a threshold, you have to burn down a city to get reported.

As for the causes of this new, diffuse insurgency, no instant analysis today. All that seems clear is that across the country, tolerance for arbitrary authority has plummeted to a new low; that when people are turned into niggers, they fight back, the occupying army moves in and a "riot" happens.

And when there's nothing holding people to the dull inertia of their private half-lives but the brute force of brute mercenaries, when the police can't distinguish between respectable burglars and anarchist hands, then the moralist at least this: don't count on leading an ordinary life. For those tenuous fibers of legitimacy are disintegrating, and whatever comes is up for grabs.

# WANTED!

## Immediately For Publication

photographs and written reports of the developing revolutionary struggle in Berkeley, since last Friday, June 28, Saturday, June 29, Sunday, June 30, 1968 and any other confrontation since then. Bring in your prints and contact sheets. Writers: bring in your notes, quotes, and completed reports to:

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# ALL QUIET IN RICHMOND

lee elson

The First Christian Church is at the edge of the North Richmond ghetto. Regular services aren't held at the church any more. Instead, it headquarters groups like the Afro-American School, the Peace and Freedom Party, and the Black Panther Party. Last week the church was a center in the black community's defense against the Richmond Police Department. By the end of the week about 230 blacks had been arrested and the 9 p.m. curfew had not been lifted. In the daytime police cruise by the First Christian Church every twenty minutes or so. At night, more often.

"The police ain't here to protect us," a black working in the church lobby said. "They gon' get us."

"We get a lot of crank calls," a white organizer named Ken Fox said. "They call and threaten us with firebombs. And the Richmond Police notified us: they're getting calls threatening us."

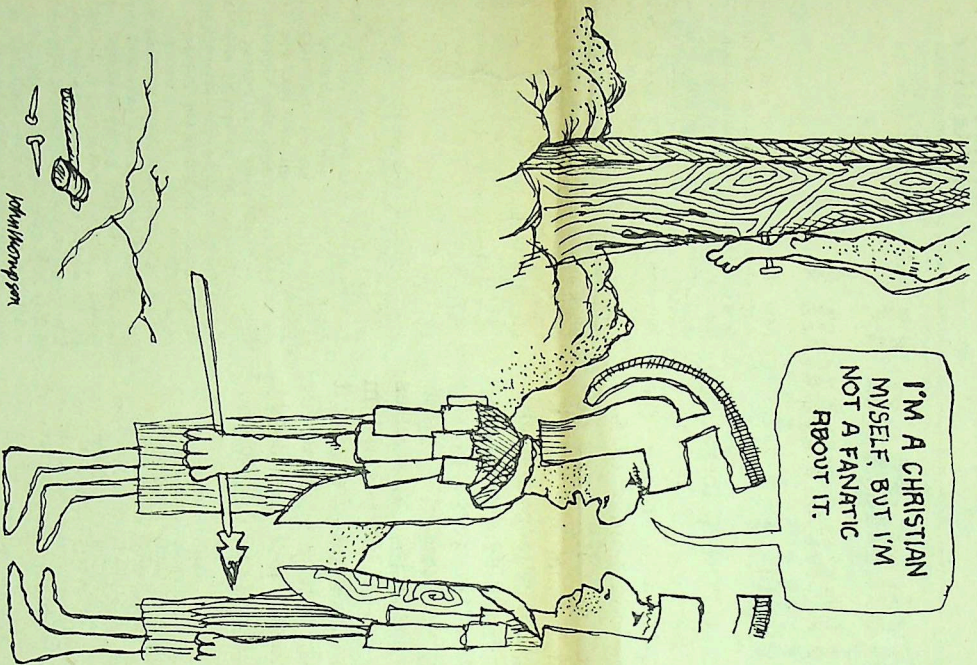
Richmond, California — the town dominated by a huge Standard Oil refinery and the Santa Fe Railroad — is still in a state of siege. Ironically enough, shortly before the shooting of Charles Mimms started the latest riot, a black named Robert

Phillips had been cleared in a similar case. He had fled police, they had shot him, then charged him with felonious assault. A few days before Mimms was shot, Phillips' case had been dismissed.

But now, the black-white hatreds that existed before seem more intense. The curfew that started last Tuesday continues. When I was stopped in North Richmond Thursday night, one cop frisked me while two others covered with shotguns. This is the way it's been in North Richmond all week.

"They burned down Travallini's Furniture Store on Lower Macdonald Street," a white worker at the First Christian Church told me. "Wall, I think they should have burned it down. Have you seen the block of stores?" (I saw the stores a few minutes later. It was a block of decayed, gaudy, and rotting storefronts — as bad as the worst of the commercial slums in the Fillmore or the Mission.) "Travallini is an old, respected name in this town," the woman said. "Do you think Travallini could have run that store unless he was rich? No one else could have gotten away with it."

The racial tension in Richmond is aggravated by the local paper, the Independent, which also publishes the Gazette in



## PPP CREDIBILITY GAP

Mike Aronson digs Eldridge Cleaver — and Spock, and Tijerina, and Mrs. King — but doesn't think any of them would make good party presidential candidates for the Peace and Freedom Party. Aronson came up from Los Angeles last week-end to get support for his Committee for a Credible Presidential Candidate.

The Committee's literature says it "intends to propose policy guidelines suitable for a national coalition; and it will look deeper into the forces of the Left, among the prominent men who appear in no headlines, for the candidate or candidates who could advocate this program in a really creative way, to strengthen the Party — someone whom a wide spectrum of radicals, humanitarians and non-establishment liberals can enthusiastically vote YES!"

Aronson is pushing against a deadline of August 31st, when simultaneous Peace and Freedom conventions will open in Northern and Southern California to

choose delegates to a national Peace and Freedom convention expected to be held two weeks later. These are open conventions, in which every Peace and Freedom registrant who attends gets one vote.

In San Francisco, you can contact the Committee for a Credible Presidential Candidate care of Fred Thalheimer, 845 Ashbury, 601-9521.

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Berkeley. Last Thursday the Independent printed Police Chief Murphy's statement that force was the only way to end the civil disturbances. This seems to typify the Independent's attitude. Several eyewitnesses I talked to said that the Wednesday night crowds went home voluntarily. The Independent reported that the police broke up the crowds and forced them to go home.

Again and again, the blacks complained bitterly about the police. I talked to a woman who had a son and daughter man-handled, and another son beaten when the cops invaded North Richmond's Kennedy High School Wednesday. The woman is planning to file charges against the Richmond Police Department. Another woman complained that the cops had broken up a union picket line the day Mimms was shot. "My brother was on it, picketing at the Reen Manufacturing Company. The police broke it up. They used mace on my brother and two others."

None of the 65 blacks arrested Thursday night appeared in court Friday, so the earliest they can appear now is Monday. In the meantime they've been transferred from Richmond to the county jail at Martinez. "We were promised they would appear Friday," Ken Fox told me Saturday afternoon. "Not one appeared. There was no court held on Friday. And with this curfew, it's the blacks who are subject to continual intimidation and harassment. While citizens have no problem in Richmond."

## U.C. Solons Are Cheap SOB'S

Two and a half years ago, University of California officials encouraged two employees to file suit against the University's loyalty oath requirement. Chancellor Roger Heyns and his assistant John Searle were themselves against the oath, they told Barbara Garson and Charles Aronson, and wanted to see it struck down by the courts.

After years of litigation the loyalty oath was declared unconstitutional. But the University still won't pay Mrs. Garson the \$110 it owes her, and still won't give Aronson back his job.

Aronson was hired to teach a History of Mathematics course in the University Extension for the Fall Semester of 1965. When he refused to sign the oath the University cancelled the course. Aronson continued to teach it unpaid.

Early this year Marvin Chachere, who is in charge of curriculum and hiring for the UC Extension, promised Aronson he would be re-hired to teach the course this Fall. Last week he changed his mind and cancelled the course.

Mrs. Garson was hired as a part-time statistical clerk in September, 1965. She filled out the loyalty oath, but added helpfully, in the space for "exceptions" that she would not overthrow the government "except if feasible." Her oath was accepted and she began work; but on her first payday, she was informed that she could not in any case be paid for the work performed, and could not be paid for future work unless she executed a "proper oath."

Garson and Aronson cannot get satisfaction on their particular claims without initiating a new and costly legal suit. Chancellor Roger Heyns may be a scholar, but he is no gentleman.

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## Sirhan No Longer Without A Paddle

WASHINGTON (Liberation News Service) — A spokesman for the Organizing Committee for Sirhan says that claims that Sirhan is insane are "sheer fabrications." John M. Lawrence characterized a series of mass media references to Sirhan's insanity as "the attempt of pro-Jewish forces to rob Sirhan's act of political meaning." Lawrence declared, "CBS started this insanity thing Wednesday after the assassination, and the National Educational Television, Senator Javits was making claims that Sirhan was insane and, of course, he is in the opposition movement against the Arab people. Now we have the same sort of statements in the Washington Post.

"I talked with Mary Sirhan just this morning, and she denies that she ever said her son is insane — and I spoke with Sirhan's brother last Saturday; he told me that Sirhan is fully rational in all aspects.

"Sirhan would not want to retain a lawyer who would use an insanity plea."

The Organizing Committee for Clemency for Sirhan is a nine-member group which is attempting to build a national legal defense organization for Sirhan, "to try to save the boy's life." Mr. Lawrence likened their efforts to those made in behalf of Sobel and in the Scottsboro case. During the legal proceedings which will determine Sirhan's sentence, if he is found guilty, the Committee plans to show evidence of "mitigating circumstances." Sirhan's act "grew out of the brutality of Israeli action against Palestinians . . . the type of thing which Mr. Kennedy himself typified and exacerbated."

The Organizing Committee maintains that a "show trial" is being staged in Los Angeles: "The utterly unprecedented, prejudicial, and veiled public release of the transcript of the Grand Jury minutes on indictment of Sirhan Sirhan for the assassination of Robert Kennedy is a part of the continuing pattern being executed by Los Angeles court, police and prosecution officials, acting in concert with the Public Defender's office and the Southern California Civil Liberties Union, to deliberately deprive Mr. Sirhan of his constitutional rights of Fair Hearing . . . The Grand Jury minutes were released utterly without any colorable consent by Mr. Sirhan, where he has rejected the Public Defender as his attorney, the Civil Liberties Union does not as Amicus Curiae have any authority to bind him to consent, and no attorney validly speaks for Mr. Sirhan."

Though the Organizing Committee seeks to build a national defense organization for Sirhan, there is disagreement within the Arab community over the wisdom and timeliness of the group's action. Dr. Mohammed Mehd, leader of the Action Committee on American Arab Relations described the Organizing Committee as "well meaning" but insisted that "there is no meeting of minds between our organization and theirs." Dr. Mehd, who wrote his doctoral dissertation on American Constitutional Law, explained, "My understanding of the laws that clemency procedures would come in 3, 4, or 5 years. Any movement for clemency at this time is premature."

The assassination of Robert Kennedy must be considered a political act, Dr. Mehd emphasized: "It is no usual case of murder . . . it is a political act, rationally planned and decided upon, in the same sense that President Truman's decision to drop the atom bomb on Hiroshima was a political act."

The wisdom of the "political act" can be judged only in the future. Dr. Mehd said: "If we in the U.S. re-evaluate our perspective on the Arab situation, something good might come from the evil. Otherwise it would be a wasted tragedy."

"Wisdom is ultimately what the historians of the future say about our actions."

A markedly different view was advanced by a spokesman for the American Friends of the Middle East, a U.S. group interested in policy in the Middle East, and in the past financed partially by grants from CIA contract foundations. "Only among the most fanatic would Sirhan be considered a hero . . . The situation is very messy right now. The Arab leadership and the entire Arab world were grieved-stricken at the assassination, in part, at least, because they recall the assassination of President Kennedy. They were all terribly sad about that assassination, because they all believed that the Kennedy program was the only hope for the Arab world."

Some Arabs in the United States apparently have a different "hope for the Arab world."



# Jim Garrison Says RFK Was Hip to Murder Plots

New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison now says that Robert Kennedy kept silent about the Warren Report "because he realized the power that lay behind the forces that killed his brother." Here is the transcript of Garrison's interview by Art Kevin of KHJ radio in Los Angeles.

KEVIN: Mr. Garrison, over the recent few days, Mark Lane made a statement in Boston to the effect that a couple of months before Senator Kennedy was shot and killed here in Los Angeles, as he termed them, emissaries had been in touch with you. And, apparently, he had knowledge of it — to the effect that Senator Kennedy said that he knew there were guns between him and the White House, and that, were he elected President of the United States, he was ready to prosecute these people responsible for his late brother's death. Is that a true statement by Mark Lane?

GARRISON: Yes. That's essentially true, the only thing is, I would use different words in a few senses. For example, emissaries. We had mutual friends that came down to visit from time to time and, as a result, I finally came to understand Senator Kennedy's silence. He was silent, it became apparent, because he realized the power that lay behind the forces that killed his brother.

They didn't come at the same time. One of them did, indeed, when I brought up the question of his continued silence, point out that, were these forces still active in America, the same forces that killed his brother, that Bobby Kennedy, as he put it, was very much aware that there were many guns between him and the White House. And the way he put it, I think it was Bobby Kennedy's quotation — from him.

The details about what he would have done afterwards I'd rather not go into except to say essentially what Mark Lane is saying is true. We had a great deal of confidence that, not only in Senator Kennedy as a man of integrity, but we felt that he was a man that they least wanted in the White House. And that's been demonstrated now. But the phrase "many guns between Senator Kennedy and the White House" was indeed told to me by one of his friends and appears to have originally come from him.

KEVIN: Jim, did you in any way seek contact with Senator Kennedy or did, in fact, these mutual friends come to you?

GARRISON: Well, I told them to let them know so they could let him know that I was going to lean over backwards not to seek him because there were some elements of the press, not all the press, but there were some elements of the press that had smeared me and I didn't want any of the smear to rub off on him in any case. And I recognized by them, it took me a while, but by then I recognized his problem of keeping at arm's length from this particular issue until he became President. So I made a point of not seeking it, but there was kind of, you might say, casual liaison behind the scenes. And he was very much aware, I think — at the end, that we understood his reasons for silence and at the same time, we had become more aware that he knew of this force in America which is disposing of any individuals who are opposed to the Vietnam war, or any sort of involvement in the cold war.

KEVIN: Jim, Frank Mantlewitz, the press secretary, the national press secretary to the late Senator Kennedy is quoted now in Washington, you know, re-said to Lane's initial statement. He said, "Well, it would be hard to disprove." Is there any kind of proof, you know, other than the knowledge that you have?

GARRISON: Well, hard to disprove what?

KEVIN: Well, hard to disprove the Lane story and your corroboration of it?

GARRISON: First of all, I don't think Mark Lane would say it if it were not true. It's as simple as that. But, I can assure you that I would not, would not say it if it were not true. As a matter of fact, Bobby Kennedy was well aware that there were many guns between him and the White House and that this is why he did not publicly go into the matter of precisely what forces killed his brother until the time came later on — this was told

to me at Morar's Restaurant on the 700 block of Iberville. But I mean what is this presumption of guilt, the presumption that you're a liar? Mark Lane has never lied that I know of and certainly wouldn't bother to lie about anything like that. I think that, from what I know of Frank Mantlewitz, he's a good man, but he had nothing to do with anybody in this channel of communication. One of the men with which we had contact from time to time, it was a loose sort of contact, was from New York and another one was from New York state and outside of New York City and another one was out on the West Coast. It was a very loose sort of affair, but we had this liaison.

KEVIN: Jim, may I ask you this and you know I don't want to put you on the spot in any way, shape or form and I know you realize that. However, on the record or off the record, would you allow me as a newsmen to trace down, you know, some of the liaison people that you are in contact with so that the story, you know, can be more fully rounded out?

GARRISON: No, I wouldn't because it doesn't matter to me. While I'm very fond of you personally, it doesn't matter to me whether or not the story is corroborated that much. It is true and I wouldn't bother to say it if it isn't true.

I think it's a tragedy and it's more of a tragedy than most people realize. This talk of violence in the streets is utterly irrelevant. The question is, what's happened to the American and the government in America? That what's happened. Violence in the streets has nothing to do with it. But I don't want to, I wouldn't want to elaborate on it anymore because I don't want anybody to think, least of all the Kennedy family, to think we're trying to take advantage of the fact that Senator Kennedy is now among the missing.

KEVIN: Jim, a question now that I guess we can call a \$64 question, but are you prepared to say that the same elements responsible for the death of John F. Kennedy were responsible for the deaths of Senator Robert F. Kennedy and perhaps even Martin Luther King?

GARRISON: Well, you can remove the perhaps. The answer is of course except that in the case of Senator Kennedy, they apparently interposed a cover organization. I doubt if Sirhan Sirhan, since he's younger than the professional shooters they usually use and consider him apparently inexperienced as a professional shooter, which insulates the main organization. But there's no, I don't think there's any question about the fact that the same forces removed everyone. Every one of these men were humanists. They were concerned about the human race. They were not racist in the slightest way, and above all, they were opposed to the evolution of America into an imperialist empire-seeking warfare state. Which it has become, I'm afraid. And now there aren't too many, now there aren't too many leaders left to talk out loud against the war in Vietnam. They're eliminating them, one by one. Always a lone assassin.

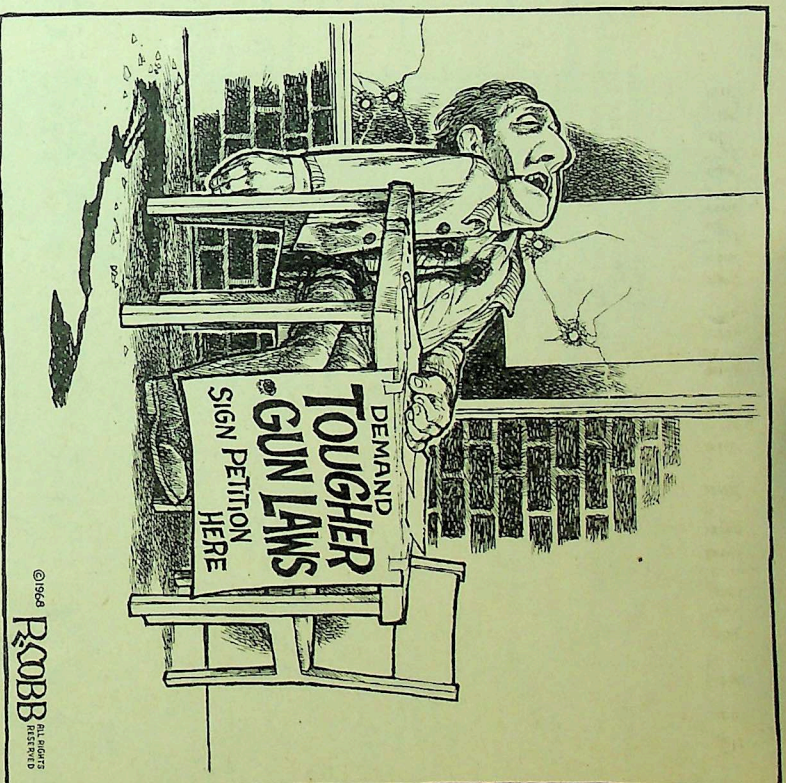
KEVIN: Jim, in the federal court dialogue that you're having now in the Clay Shaw case in New Orleans, ...

GARRISON: It's no dialogue, Art. They just jerked it out of our hands before trial so we couldn't go to trial.

KEVIN: Well, the charge now that they've made, as I'm sure you're aware, is one of illegal wiretap.

GARRISON: We never do it and we haven't done with regard to Shaw. When did they say that?

KEVIN: Well, this came on a charge in New Orleans which we picked up today. It came from, you know, our contact that is working in your city of New Orleans. And the quote he gave me from the federal judgment was, "Shaw's attorneys have charged Garrison with illegal wiretap. Rights of Shaw have been violated by the electronic intrusion of his home." In other words, the implication is that you bugged his house or his phone.



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## Washington DC Is Desecration City

marshall law

WASHINGTON (Liberation News Service) June 24 — By 11:00 a.m. today, the streets and homes of Resurrection City were deserted, except for patrolling military jeeps and hundreds of police guards stationed at the fence on the City's perimeter. Flies were beginning to swarm on the fresh, hot bread left out in the haste of evacuation. No troops would touch it, though, lest the native food give them dysentery.

The Urban Renewal tactic practiced in evacuating and burning cities in Vietnam was brought back home. In the place of a translated leaflet dropped from an airplane, the Government made this loud-speaker announcement at 9:40 a.m.: "The permit on this property has expired. You must leave here within the next 56 minutes to avoid arrest and prosecution. For those of you who have no other means of transportation, bus service to your homes will be provided by the Travelers Aid. Shuttle buses are now available at the West side of the Reflecting Pool."

Later this week, the tactic will be carried to fruition; the city will be quietly bulldozed and burned.

But the "face-saving" devices which our military say are crucial to Oriental psyches were not forgotten: Ralph David Abernathy had miraculously led most of the last several hundred residents out of the Camp and toward a demonstration at the Agriculture Department, an hour before the final eviction announcement.

The mass exodus to the Agriculture building and then on to the Capitol for the arrests which were SCLC's announced goal of the day, was carefully synchronized with the government, and was even predicted in the Washington Post of that morning. Abernathy's group assembled at 8:30 and was just far enough away not to know what was happening when the bust occurred. Earlier, Abernathy had complained to the press that the trouble with confronting the federal government is that, unlike Selma or Birmingham,

there was no obvious enemy. But the Agriculture Demonstration was hatched to avoid the one real confrontation of the Poor People's Campaign.

Abernathy and the government had been working together since the early days of the campaign, the poor people being pawns in both their games of lobbying Congress — by a new, quaint technique — to cough up poverty funds and stop black alienation from spreading. Yesterday's Evening Star revealed how the City Commissioner's office had arranged the provision of lumber, bulldozers and other equipment for the Campaign and had worked closely with SCLC in planning it. Walter Fauntleroy, SCLC's man in D.C., is one of Johnson's appointees to the City Council.

But this cosy relationship went sour as officials began to realize that Abernathy did not have as much control over "his" poor people as he claimed. Various incidents of violence led to bad publicity. Most threatening, some of the residents were beginning to talk as if they'd never go — and it was becoming clear that Congress wasn't about to be budged, especially by a bunch of poor people camped out on its doorstep. The heart-rending village was becoming an unpopular eyesore.

So SCLC quietly arranged to de-escalate by offering free bus tickets to any remaining residents who wanted to (would) go home. Powerless to prevent the expiration of the good behavior permit, SCLC could not afford an ugly and bloody fight with the government.

At the same time, SCLC could not risk being too obvious in selling out the We-Won't-Budge principle of the campaign, lest it lose all control over tent city's residents. Particularly important was maintaining enough trust so that the residents would march downtown with Abernathy the day after the permit had expired. ("If you trust me, Ralph Abernathy, you'll go back to your beds," he had blared over the loudspeaker two nights earlier when an angry group had assembled.)

So, Sunday, June 23, the last legal day, SCLC was busy constructing a huge new wooden edifice, next to City Hall, the most permanent-looking of all the Camp's buildings. But donated wood is cheap and the labor was free. The Regis-tration Booth was still open.

For their part, the residents lived no differently that day than any other, and some of them spent the afternoon painting their shacks.

Why did most of them follow Abernathy out?

Why did many residents carry bundles of clothing to the Agriculture Demonstra-

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 13







# Practical Proposals From Allan Ginsberg

(Allan Ginsberg proposed some sensible solutions to the drug problem, and others, in an interview with The Electric Newspaper of Salt Lake City, Utah.)

I see in the public handling of the acid problem and the pot problem, the same basic error of will psychology as in Vietnam: punitive force, police pressure, to handle a problem which should be handled with diplomacy and good cheer. The handling of the acid problem is paranoid so far. They deliberately had a phony composite in the Saturday Evening Post of an acid monster baby. So what is everybody going to think or believe if they see something like that? It was literally a mockup; in fact, Time even denounced it. So what is public opinion going to make out of something like that?

EP: When Leary was here he made a statement that only one in ten thousand people is ready for acid, ready to use the insight you can get with it. Do you agree with that at all?

GINSBERG: No. The problem is that there is the scare of the police and the spook scare of the chromosome damage, and so Leary's a little worried about everybody blaming it on him, and they shouldn't because he's a very noble man. There's also the threat of military pyramy which was looming on the horizon before Johnson decided to cut out, because he called in J. Edgar Hoover to handle the pot and acid problems, as was reported in Drew Pearson sometime in January. So the heat was on, and perhaps Leary was undergoing a reconsideration of the politics of the situation. But it seems to me that acid has been a boon and has caused a lot of social changes and has widened the consciousness of the younger generation. I think lots more than one in ten thousand have really profited from it. I think psychedelic use should be increased not decreased, and I think it should be institutionalized and made safe and... it's time for a change. For acid there are some proposals that would solve the problem. In universities, intra-disciplinary psychedelic research centers for people who want to turn on — a kind of chapel, soft curtains, rug, rabbi, priest, minister, psychologists, mathematicians, English poets; instead of a kid freakin' out, he can go to a nice calm safe place where he can be taken care of and reassured and held.

EP: Do you know of anyone who is planning on setting up study centers of the kind you mentioned?

GINSBERG: The psychedelic study centers suggested by the National Student Association have not been carried out, but that's the only way to deal with it, I think. Or it can go on as it has, just the younger people experimenting — that's probably the healthiest biological way. Individuals searching out their own roots, like a forest grows. Individual trees grow.

Let's issue a general declaration to all the underground community, contra speededness ex cathedra. Speed is anti-social, paranoid making. It's a drag, bad for your body, bad for your mind, generally speaking, in the long run uncreative and it's a plague in the whole dope industry. All the nice gentle dope fiends are getting screwed up by the real horror monster Frankenstein speed-freaks who are going around stealing and bad mouthing everybody.

The answer to it, I would say, is somehow to put the speed-freaks in relation to doctors and nature again. What the government ought to do is establish quiet farms—mountain-wilderness-fresh air-heated log cabins, where speed-freaks can go with their girl friends or boy friends, if they have any, and get out of the city where speed is available and get back to the refreshing influence of nature. They're getting all dirty fingered-handling the garbage in the city, and they're getting all sorts of electronic horror vibrations. It's the worst thing in the whole drug scene that I know of, the one thing I can't figure out what to do.

I've used speed, briefly, like for a day of writing, but the use of speed over two days tends to lead to irritability and inconsistency, and a kind of Hitlerian fascist mentality, which may be the by-product of real perceptions of interest. But generally the interpretations are overforced, with too much will power and inconsistency, so they're always leaning on everyone else around them, trying to force everybody else into their universe. It's not a common universe that is the problem, it's not one that everyone can participate in — the speed-crystal universe. Speed was originally invented by the Germans for use by the pilots in bombing England, so it's originally a kind of totalitarian synthetic.

The physiological problem is that if you stay up three or four or five days, you tend not to eat well enough to nourish your body, and pretty soon on there comes a point out of that crystal universe where you don't sleep you don't get your necessary 45 minutes of dreaming each night, and so after a while the unconscious dream life begins to erupt during waking, walking around consciousness, and you begin to act out your dream life and mistake hallucinations from the unconscious as being manifested sensory realities that other people can pick up on, which is not true, so there's a distinction of realities. Or there's a insistence on your reality being the only reality, if you're the speed-freak, which is undemocratic, and that's where it's totalitarian.

Since 1968 it's been a plague around my house. People that I liked or who were good artists, have gotten all screwed up on it, and come around burrowing down the door, sweating. All the stuff I brought back from India was stolen by speed-freaks.

The junk problem's an easy problem to handle compared to the speed problem. With speed you don't have a physiological addiction, but you do have a psychic addiction, which is strong and is followed by a long depression. It takes several months for the metabolism to re-establish itself, and there's a depression that lasts during this time. Apparently getting off speed requires a great deal of attention and care and love and nature. But the speed addict has generally so offended everybody by the time he wants to get off that he's created a social void for himself.

The ideal government agency to deal with speed-freaks would be whole bunch of lumberjacks up in the mountains and strong peasant girls to cook flapjacks and make a fire, and let the speed demon sleep off his depressions and the around for a couple of weeks until he finally feels like going out and smelling the evergreens and then maybe building a fence or a bridge back.

EP: I've read about problems in ghetto situations, conflicts between the people that are stuck there and the hips that are living there.

GINSBERG: I know about it in New York and San Francisco mostly. I live in the lower East Side in New York where it's

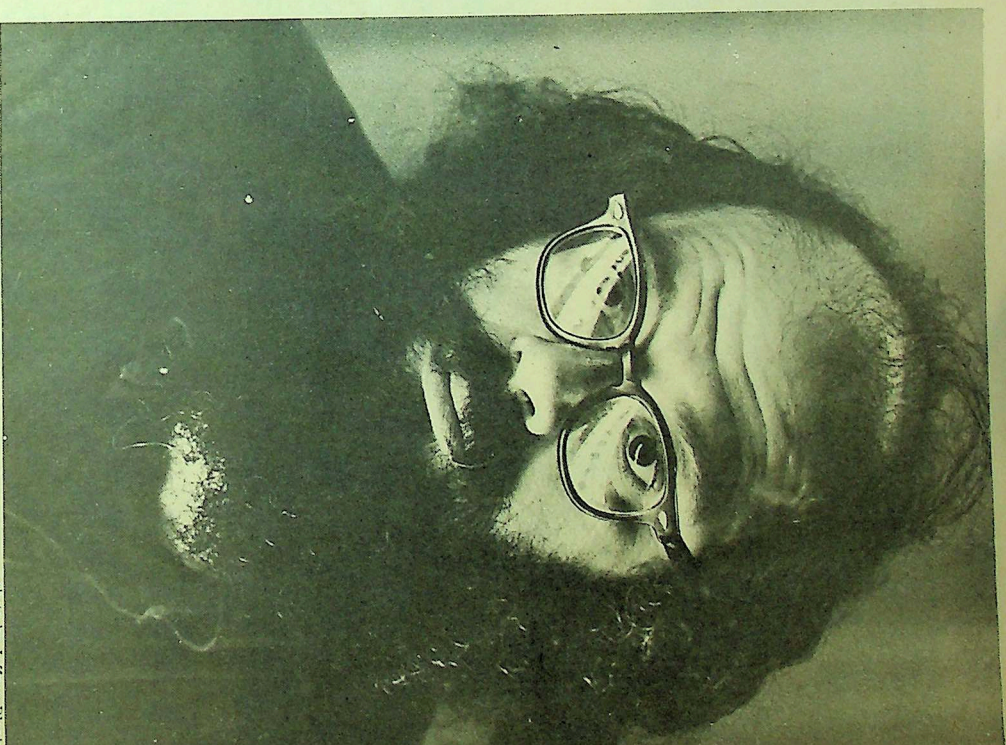


photo by Jeffrey Blankfort

## RELIQS OF LOVE

Robert Novick

The scene is dead. Flower children now live only between the pages of *Time/Life* on coffee tables in Walnut Creek and Orinda. Along Haight Street the gun traffic is getting to be as brisk as the dope trade, and Hare Krishna has turned into "Up Against the Wall, Mother Fucker."

There is only one question worth asking of any organization or individual. Where will you be on the day it all comes down? And the only way to answer it is by seeing where that individual or organization is at now. Dig in or get out, baby (a paraphrase of Bakunin).

What happens when we ask this question of the last two relics of the summer of love, KMPX and the Carousel Ballroom? Both have gone through some crucial changes this past week.

The Carousel Ballroom will not close. Bill Graham is transferring his operation from the Fillmore to the Carousel. This means that the best bands in the world will appear there. The hall will be professionally run and it is already the most comfortable and attractive in the city. But this is really beside the point. It doesn't answer the question. Ever since it opened on Valentine's

## CAROUSEL ORGY

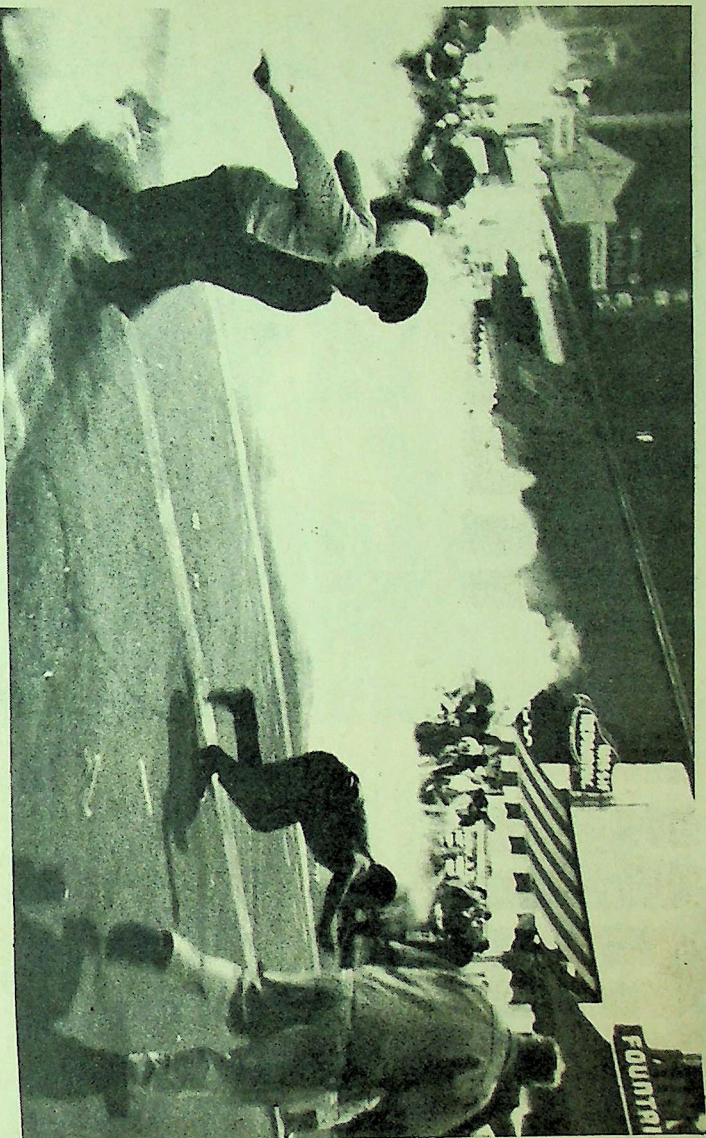
paul samberg

The cops will eventually bust into the Carousel scene. An intimation of how that situation will arrive was trembling in the energy between the audience and Janis Joplin. Big Brother and the Holding Company was the first group to break down the Indian tribal form of men and women sitting on the ground. As the Holding Company put out a high level of electronic energy, Janis moved through her first song toward orgasm. The men stood up. They took the usual route from sitting to fucking. The women followed the men up. Everybody was standing. People watched amazed, unconsciously hoping — "I need your help, I've got to make it. I'm almost there." The men were straining with stationary bodies and desire

going up to the stage. She's moaning. "I need your help. I really need it." She's moaning. "I've got to make it. Come on. Come on." And she breaks into her screaming voice release. Did she have an orgasm on stage? No. She brought the audience into a new situation.

The men and women were standing. From there they could dance. But black groups aren't playing in our ballrooms and electronic music isn't evolving a dance beat. People won't just stand watching and listening, though. Not within the electronic and orgone energy of the Carousel. In the wild west past, the men would have stormed on stage. We've outgrown that. The next time Janis Joplin is on stage asking the audience to help her, we may move into an orgy. A few men in the audience already had their





## T.V.

And the chronic liar who from time to time tells the truth is no more creditable, for who can tell? We may be grateful for small exceptions, however. If we can detect them — that Examiner interview with Huey Newton “wasn’t bad.” I thought last Sunday morning: a grudging and to me demeaning tribute — but the pattern is still bare — threadbare — for all who will look, and no less

The cultural guerrillas who for some 15 minutes liberated a small zone of the New York airwaves had come naturally to such thoughts, and thoughts pushed them to action. Most had grouped around Newsreel, a project founded early this year by New York filmmakers determined to make and distribute films addressed to The Movement. The Underground — films which engaged political reality from within it, who asked the questions of it that an activist would ask, who reported demonstrations (October at the Pentagon, the Jeanette Rankin Brigade, Up-against-The-Wall-Mother-fucker’s dumping of garbage at Lincoln Center) and organizing projects (Resistance, Boston Draft Resistance Group) not only thoughtfully, but with an eye to conveying excitement to people prepared to apply its lessons.

The country is fairly crawling with filmmakers who refuse to sever their talent from their commitment, their eyes from their more vital organs: a San Francisco group is already at work, Newsreel, like the underground press, has flowered, and for the same reason: they exist to sensitize and serve those of us who refuse to consume the indigestible products of our enemies.

But to declare your self fully it is necessary to do more than Your Thing, because Your Thing is circumscribed and absorbed and eaten in a million ways by their spotty, 50,000-watt, 1-million-circulation Things. The German SDS knew this well last spring: they took after Axel Springer, right-wing tycoon publisher, as if he were simply manufacturing poison. It is intolerable to manufacture poison, they reasoned, even if someone else is allowed to make antidotes. Newsreel took on a more elusive and therefore striking target, and they hit the mark directly. ABC, CBS, NBC would have been sitting ducks — even former FCC Commissioner Newton Minnow had consigned them to a “vast wasteland.” Money-making enterprises, pure and simple, purchasing rigged polls to justify their spewing forth of canned pap, dispensing “news” in interchangeable pellets (usually placebos), reserving for most meager, the networks have left commercialism, the networks have left many highly-placed people with empty feelings and headaches beyond even the far reach of Excedrin. CBS News Chief Fred Friendly had quit in 1966 when higher-ups refused to jerk the morning’s soap operas to broadcast the Fulbright

hearings live, and written a book, “Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control,” denouncing narrow-minded bureaucrats. What Friendly proposed instead were broad-minded bureaucrats, administering higher-toned culture in gilded eye-droppers to higher-toned people — broadly speaking, the upper middle class. Meanwhile McGeorge Bundy’s Ford Foundation had argued for a publicly-financed TV channel, a fourth network devoted to “public affairs” and symphonic civilization: and to and behold, we have PBL, Public Broadcast Laboratory. (The alacrity with which PBL zoomed into regular existence tells you something about where power is lodged.) No commercials, well-mannered critiques of the war — not yet of the justful imperialism (another curse word!) that powers this war and the next — sympathetic treatments of black power: but that’s just it. PBL offers TREATMENTS, resolutions, slicked through the detached cinematic retina. The upper middles don’t want to relinquish their position, only to secure it more firmly by adjusting its sights, “taking account” of “new realities.” Typical board member: James Reskin of the New York Times, who blandly bemoans the plight of the Empire and hopes Senator McCarthy will goose it back into gear. Poor James. So much for “new realities.”

And thus NET, the National Educational Television network, a string of stations — WNDT-TV, New York, KOED-TV, San Francisco, etc. — that have popped up over the last few years to form an oasis in the wasteland. NET has distributed Felix Greene’s “Inside North Vietnam,” Saul Landau and Richard Moore’s pro-Castro “Report on Cuba.” Only the wasteland seeps into the oasis; the oasis ignores its location only at great peril. Almost everything is packaged for the most painless consumption, tailored to cramped time-formats, stripped of the sharpest edges; NET does not, cannot promote and elaborate the shattering idea that it is possible for Americans to live a different way. Instead it offers a channel switch-off for the good people whose most elementary sensibilities will not allow them to stomach the Big 3 networks. American television, they will conclude, is indeed an open marketplace: let the buyer only beware, and he will be rewarded. NET is the lollipop after the \$2.50 harout, the last meal on Death Row.

I exaggerate, but to a point. Consider the rebuttal: “But it’s worlds better than CBS.” But there is a principle at stake: the always belong to the people: not grudgingly, not in boiled-down concessions, not forever subject to broad-minded censors who balance politics as if they were a diet, but as a matter of right. The right to say so before a microphone, for the titillation of an audience trained only to be flattered by novelty, is not the issue. The issue is the right to exercise the right, not proclaim it.

So the Newsreel people chose WNDT-TV to make their point. The occasion was a panel discussion on the underground press, moderated (very precise word) by

a protégé of James Reskin. The guests (no doubt as to who owned the house) were Allen Katzman, editor of the East Village Other, Jeff Shero, editor of Rai, and Marvin Fishman of Newsreel. And a few minutes into the show, other Newsreel people entered the studio, began shouting telegraphic versions of their views: “The establishment press lies! TV is free!” Under the circumstances, on hostile ground in an unaccustomed medium, they resorted to slogans: but then they assumed the show had been zipped off the air, couldn’t know the studio was still transmitting. Why it did remains a mystery: were the technicians friendly?

The nervous moderator was just as oblivious. “Why did you do this?” he asked, when the noise level had settled. “This is what the underground media really is,” Fishman said, “and no established media can convey what the underground wants to convey. You’ve got a format, the underground doesn’t work according to your format. The underground works, operates and creates in a whole different manner. We go to Columbia and we work on the inside where the action is. We go to Resurrection City and we work on the inside. . . . We cannot work as the media does, behind the line of the police.”

He went on to talk about a show illuminating Positive Features of the Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto, and Jeff Shero defined a central principle of the Newsreel Underground approach: “If you want to do a show on Bedford-Stuyvesant, you have an open camera and let anyone who wants to sit down and talk — gang kids, dope pushers, anyone.”

Then the bombshell. “And,” said Jeff, “I can’t say ‘fuck’ on this TV station.” Extra consternation in the studio. “If you’re doing a show on Bedford-Stuyvesant, people have to express themselves in their own language — not in the language of the establishment.”

Fishman added, “When someone goes on TV, he is expected to use the language of TV. He can’t say ‘fuck’ on the air because it’s considered bad taste. But the great deal — not for its own sake. He uses it in the natural course of how he lives.”

But probably no one was listening any more. Probably no one heard Jeff Shero go on to ask whether NET had broadcast evidence liberated from Grayson Kirk’s office of the tie between Columbia and the Institute for Defense Analyses, evidence of Columbia as reactor and holding company. Probably no one heard the answer, “No,” let alone pondered the implications. Scandal blurred substance, most likely; after all, this was the no-feedback medium, there was no chance to read the watching armchair faces, say “Wait a minute now,” you don’t understand, OK, we’ll explain.”

And the infantry was on its way to re-take the hamlet, to clear and hold. Word got to the liberators, and most cut out, melted back onto the street. Seven were a little slow in leaving, and were arrested, charged with (1) burglary, break-

## MIME

being a political-theatrical organization. It’s difficult to predict what the music will do, it could go in any direction. Right now it’s a matter of time to work and hustle equipment. We really need a small generator and some outdoor amplifiers. In any condition, we can fix it. Yesterday we went to this cat who offered us wholesale prices, no markup at all on some beautiful equipment, but we have no bread.”

Another interruption for a bit onstage, and then Marc was back explaining why the Troupe goes on with its preposterous ideas despite police, city councilors, and the Hearst Corporation which refuses to renew the lease on their studio. “We think people want to be told something when they go to an event, they want to come away taking something with them, not just be entertained for a few moments. There is always a line between performers and people who have paid bread to come and listen to them. Actors have been using people to get high off of, for self-ecstasy. There’s no sharing. Here in the parks, in the sunshine, it’s nice, we can share . . . oh, I have to go now.”

Onstage, Ruzzante was asking the professor what would happen if everyone just did what they wanted to do. “That would be anarchy!” the professor replied with horror, amid a round of applause from the mostly hip audience sitting on the grass.

“And what would happen,” Ruzzante asks, “if everyone wanted the same thing and they did it?”

“The mind boggles,” the professor explained, “that would be revolution!” “And you would be the first to go,” Ruzzante counters, as the professor falls to the first shot and the entire troupe comes onstage and locks arms: “We want our rights, and we don’t care how. We want our revolution — now!”

You can call Marc or Charlie, who is the other band organizer, at Garbage 1-1984.



ing and entering with intent to commit a felony, namely: (2) rioting. Maximum penalties, seven years on the first charge, four years on the second.

This is serious business, this business of clearing the air. Everything has gotten more serious this year, which is another way of saying that the stakes, those intangible and preoccupying stakes we carry in our heads, are climbing; that what we once found tolerable we can no longer blink. “Provo tactics” not so long ago seemed innocuously cute, the raw previous stuff of stories with which to regale your friends for months to come. No longer. Working through the implications of theory in real life, always risky in the abstract, has become a matter of concrete risk and practical planning, a constant tension. Who knows what was in the minds of the medical students who in 1967 seized a radio station in Havana, held it momentarily before falling, shot dead in the streets where markers today commemorate them?

Do not mistake me. We are not riding the crest of a revolutionary wave; we are only — ONLY, but this is no small feat: slaking out our own history, defining precedents, opening space for new objectives, lighting new energy-fluses. Vague formulations all, for the holding of cultural and physical territory is something we know little about.

But as we come to reckon as seriously with the cultural artillery of the oligarchy as with our own walled-off culture, the liberation of WNDT-TV, half-assed and incomplete and problematic as it was, may stand as one more cracked foundation stone on which the New City may yet be built.

The Newsreel Project is rushing to complete a film on the rising in Berkeley. It will be shown in the streets. Money (ugh!) is needed to finish the editing. Send funds or anything else to 1374 Fulton, San Francisco, 931-4208



# WAR ZONE REPORT

lenny the red-and-black

On the first warm Friday night of the summer, the Berkeley Magic Kingdom rose in spontaneous revolt. The radicals were beside themselves with anticipation and joy, but it was the hip people who drove the staleness and mediocrity from the scene. Self destruction was transformed into a rudimentary political force.

The Young Socialist Alliance and nine other groups had planned a Solidarity Rally in support of the French students and young workers. Their previous two attempts had flopped rather badly. This time they had only a permit for sound amplification in front of Cody's Bookstore and in case people flowed into the street, the police had given notice they would move in.

The magic kingdom is a lollypop, beautiful women. Handsome men. It's stylish but loose and allows laziness in its common law charter. But Berkeley is beset by depression, its basic emotional foundation. Many people feel they can never leave, the rest of the country being more or less atrocious.

The monitors said that they expected the cops and didn't act very uptight about it. They believed it and they didn't. The sound car drove up and down the street laying out the line: "Support the right of Berkeley citizens to freely assemble. . . . support the right of free speech."

The first rumor comes through a friend in front of Nicole's: The stores have been warned to board up their windows. The police say there's going to be a riot. The sound car repeats its message in very good Spanish. The voice is more relaxed and has another dimension to it. Red flags go up on the flatbed truck in front of Cody's. One. Two. Three. Peter Camejo, Socialist leader and movement spokesman, is on time and briefly announces, "The rally is going to be HELD." Up above, the cops have taken the roofs on both sides of the street.

Reese Eriich, one of the Oakland Seven, got up and told a long story. "Up against the wall, Motherfucker" was all I really heard. The Lower East Side Slogan. In Berkeley, the wall seems more metaphorical; the dead end of talk and bull-shit.

The sidewalks were packed and the passageway for cars was growing smaller all the time.

"Fuck you," the people shout at the cops on the roof over Eclair's Bakery. "Fuckin' Pigs." "Go Home." "Go Home?" Somebody thinks Telegraph Avenue is his street.

Camejo takes his turn. He's prepared an analogy: The French radio and TV technicians and announcers went on strike to have the truth reported. NOT FOR MONEY. He wants a new human being and says that we want him, too. "It will be a great day when the workers of this country hoist the red flag over their factories"

I'm getting sick

"The French students stood 20,000 strong on May 10 and 11." Ten were allegedly beaten to death. Heroism. "The whole population became inspired." I sadly remember the Pentagon and Walnut Creek.

"Talk, talk, talk," moans a critic. The black flag anarchists in front of the truck: "Two, four, six, eight. Organize and smash the State." It's a side show. The real interaction is with the cops on the roofs.

Hundreds of cops are massing in the University garage. The truth of the situation is coming home. The crowd is bored nervous and the street is getting dark. Some crazy cat leaps out on the street and sits down. The plainclothesmen on the roof over Irv's House of Leather smile as the monitor's frantic call pulls him away.

A motorcyclist is surrounded by 25 people on Dwight Way, blocking the access to Telly. The plainclothesman over the roof. In a matter of moments, four policemen have the Dwight corner cleared. Is that All?



photo by Jeffrey Blankfort

Another dozen walk along the curb forcing the people back on the sidewalk. Two thousand people. Is that All?

From far away, a police lieutenant read the riot act, the order to disperse. The crowd is of one mind: Nobody's going anywhere.

"... an unlawful assembly exists"

"Fuck You"

"... the people of the City of Berkeley"

"We are the people."

The Socialists, always sensitive to the need for order and security, try to shape the rising bread. For the record: "The police are provoking us." Camejo's very upset and calls out to Mayor Johnson (hurking somewhere near the crowd) and Police Chief Beall to speak to the people, to be reasonable; the people are on the sidewalks, now, to discuss.

The Chief will meet him half way. He'll go to the truck but won't get on it. He probably had images of an undignified ship, and this is no time for the cops to be flopping around. "The meeting was allowed as long as it was orderly. . . . Now we are going to clean the streets."

"So you think we're dirty, huh?" a young chick.

Camejo is raging: "There may be harm done if we stay on the sidewalk. . . ." He thinks maybe we'd better leave.

"Where's your YSA vanguard now?"

Some snickers. Some laughs. He's talking to Beall: "If Captain Beall allows it, we will continue. . . ." But The Man is already half way up the

street. "We don't want to force a confrontation."

By now, all the traffic has been blocked and shunted off. On Haste, a thin red line of clergymen are in a chain across the street. Up the street, the police have massed in formation. A lieutenant reads the article again and blankly listens to the men in collars.

Just then the street lights on the corner and on the rest of the 2400 block go out; and with them, last hope of "honorable compromise."

They started moving through the dark like an awakened beast. My group backed up across Telly. The cops cleared the 2400 Block in a few seconds, forcing some people south across Dwight and others north to the campus, four blocks away.

A fat bull, Alameda County Sheriff's Deputy, facing us on the end of the police line on Haste, roughed up a heckler and no sooner had they separated than a great box of garbage came down from the fire escape of an apartment house and crashed inches from his boots.

"Pigs Must Go!"

After a few rocks are thrown, it's our turn. No barricade. The lieutenant: "A chemical agent will be used. You are ordered to disperse immediately." People instinctively back up. Jeers.

"Let the Pig speak!"

The gutter runs water from an opened faucet, "for your face." Rags and towels are generously thrown down to the demonstrators. Not alone.

"Crack!" It's the flight of a malfunctioning space rocket; the can crashes.

Then another. Then two more.

Running. Running. We're all running. "Walk. Walk. Take it easy. Walk."

Looking over my shoulder, I followed the crowd down a block to Dana.

"Look at that guy." There's a man standing in the smoke, right where the line of priests was. His arms are out. "He looks like a saint."

The night and the street are different at Haste and Dana. "Let's build barricades." At Telly, some people were shouting "Oakland!" This is Berkeley.

The latest organizing meeting in history takes place and before it's over, a slight blonde chick with glasses is rolling a car out. The tires are flattened. Two more cars. Wood. Rocks. Bricks. Garbage cans. Build. Work fast.

Still, it was only a few people doing it while the others stood around, debating with themselves, perhaps. A police car united us again. Two cops got out.

"Pigs go home."

Tear gas. More heat. The barricade is set on fire to cover the retreat down a block to Ellsworth. I didn't think I could run so fast any more. The apartments are full of friendly people. I could knock on a door: If I had to.

The old barricade is still burning. It was like a night fire on the beach with all the young faces around it, nurturing it. "Another barricade," and like magic we're directing traffic off Ellsworth as the barricade goes up. I don't know how many we started with, but about forty are left. No cops. No nothing.

"Why stay here?"

"To Shattuck!" two streets down, the biggest stores in Berkeley.

The first arrest. Four cops in a '63 T-Bird swoop down on a chick standing near a barricade I hadn't seen before on Fulton, three blocks west of Telly.

"Run!"

She freezes and they've got her.

"Pigs." It's becoming appropriate.

Then the images started thinning out. It was over. Back up on Telly, people I knew were talking, relating separate experiences and identical feelings. Tear gas crystals blotched the street. A new odor for the Avenue. The cops were travelling around like hawks, driving by, threatening a toss, throwing cans of gas.

Data like the story of the Blake Street Barricade, the Campus Barricade and Fire, the Frat Dance that was going on in the Student Union, the two cop cars that were stoned away, were on their way into legend.

"What a trip," said someone who had dropped acid just before the rally. I bet it was.

Saturday was insane, altogether. The sun came up and repeated the night before. I, like everybody else in town, cleaned up, showered and looked very ready to go.

"Mass Meeting." I cringed at the sound that word makes.

An anarchist leader: "Dance tonight." Dangerous people?

About three hundred people were at Telly and Bancroft, the campus entrance, bright-eyed and alert. Two guys were wearing and displaying their gas masks and answering questions about where more could be had. The speakers sounded mild. Indeed, Friday had an atmosphere of mildness to it. You couldn't quite call it a riot. The people were ready for more; the limit of their passions was not yet reached.

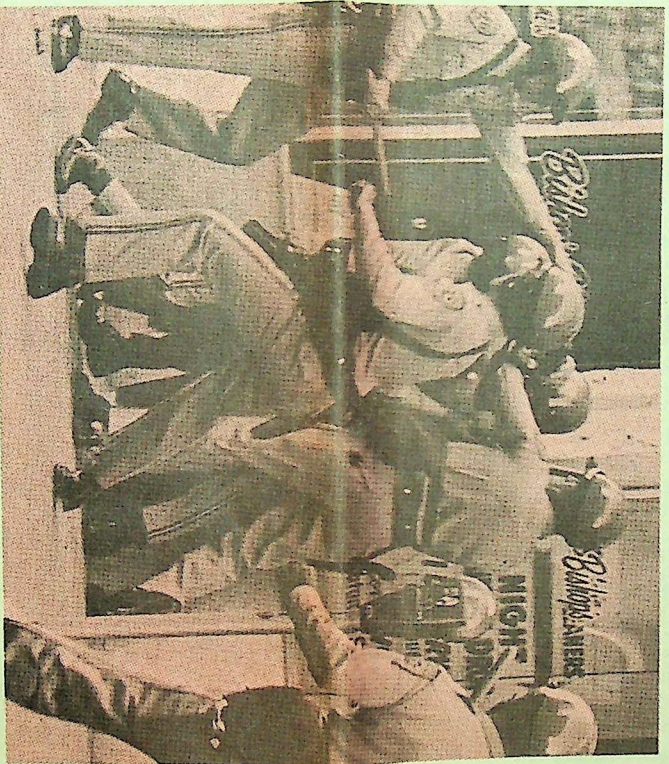
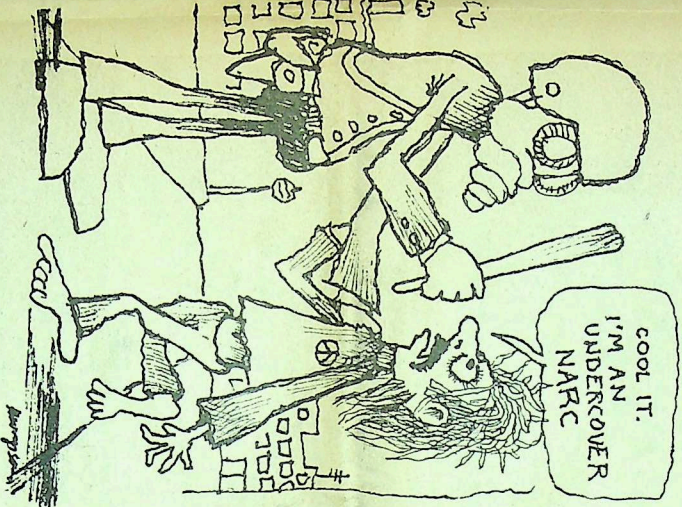
The basic demands were set out by what appeared to be more of the socialists: An open Telly on July 4th, an open micro-telephone for tonight. A good looking former fraternity boy spoke over the bullhorn long enough to ask everyone to train themselves in self-defense. At that, the crowd turned serious. There were many to say what happened and what it meant, ON TO TONIGHT. WILL WE HAVE TO PAY FOR TODAY?

People were saying "riot" like they really liked the word. They were careless-ly cont'd on next page









Dutch Boy Paints and some other places on University, outside the curfew area, need some new plate glass windows. The curfew area was as tight as you know what. At most of the streets on the perimeter, a collection of shriveled auxiliary cops in crinkled brown uniforms and Iwo Jima helmets kept the watch. Across the street from them, people gathered in clumps, straights together and hip people together. The line was drawn the night before.

"The entire city of Berkeley is under curfew. If you are found on the streets, you will be arrested," the cop car warns. The big streets are clogged with traffic. The word is, "Don't carry dope." The police are searching people and cars.

Who are the characters and what does it mean?

The Trots, poking around in the desert looking for workers, struck oil. A gusher, and they brought in the pumps. They act like they've discovered dynamite. Now it must be put to good use. The Trots say what's good.

The Spring Mobilization, the campus fights . . . they're essentially conservative people. I don't mean to handle them flippanantly because I found out a lotta people listen to them. Both parties are to be credited for their endurance. They'll learn with the rest of us, but when they're put on the spot, they return to their reference points: SWP, YSA, CP and ISC.

"State stuff, man."

They didn't think that the people should have returned to the Oakland Induction Center after Bloody Tuesday. Picket

City Hall . . . Demand resignations, rights, bail money from the Chancellor. Rights. Mobilize. Words and ideology can be used as a buffer to the world. Too much of it leads to heavy distortions of emotional and basic reasons for people's actions. They can get a microphone between themselves and the people; and then show college colors.

The anarchists are new on the scene but appear to have the spirit of their predecessors.

The people were typically more radical than the "leadership." A great number of people are in Berkeley for more than the weather or the university, and that number is growing. There's what Max Scher called the "Avenue culture." At the Hillel meeting, a Tally "businessman" talked about his apolitcalness and HIS STREET.

"The cops were hassling us just like we were niggers," and another identification with the black man's cause took root. The bricks thrown into the windows was an example of that frustrating attachment. Little or no looting, though two are arrested for it. A cop on the Avenue took a shot at a looter Saturday night. Bullets.

Even the awkward campus cops found a nice tough appearance to make, shoulder to shoulder with their fellow protesters. Out of training, they continued to call the students SLT.

The curfew was the last act of the weekend show and the cops were having their rousing finale. Cars searched. More beatings. By Sunday midnight sixty persons had been arrested, approximately fifty of them for curfew violations. Small streets were safer to travel than

big ones. The cops moved three and four prowl cars in a pack, always looking up at the roofs.

A thousand cops occupy the city of Berkeley—from Oakland, Berkeley, Hayward, San Leandro and the California Highway Patrol. Alameda County Sheriff's Deputies.

The curfew for Monday is 8pm to 6 am. It's all right, the cops will leave.

Has Berkeley done it again? Can this be considered another blow struck for the Revolution? It was an exceptional feeling to dance in the crosswalk of a revolutionary street, but torture to know it's a tease. In a short time the people will have another experience of belonging, of having something to defend in DEED. But there's no longer any faith in the police. Their threat has become their act.

The individual and secretive groups may form and go about the business of starting a long war. The come-and-go groups will continue to say what they feel like whether it goes down well or not. The old hand Trots will keep making "literature" and trying to get everybody to take the primer lesson: good front is good. "Don't unnecessarily antagonize." Americans learn lessons like that very slow if at all.

Revolutionary gangs, indigenous to the neighborhoods, could have done a whole lot better and let's hope that they get organized that way and not with pledge pins.

People feel braver and more deeply afraid about the reactions to the likes of the Great Berkeley Commune Revolt of 1968. Things could get very mean and everybody knows it. One good thing: The usual one-upmanship, who's the toughest, hardest radical in the west, disappeared temporarily in the haze of the gas.

The college generation was making a grand admission: There is something and maybe some place worth taking a stand on, worth attention on an equal par with oneself. The barricades were demoralized, given that you wanted to build one. Political had new meaning. Roll the dice. The principal spokesmen failed to find the words to express it and missed an opportunity to be real leaders.

The theory was caught in fragments of things that people said all around town. If there is another slack like the previous months, Tally will really be a depressed area. In that case, people will have to re-learn themselves, and the same old faces will greet them with a revised edition of what really happened and what it meant. The more optimistic but less likely turn of events could be a general act of self-organization by the population of the rebel community. Maybe the good minds, who are trying themselves up in the examination of unhappiness as an art, will find a means and a reason to create. Support for the people's enterprises will undoubtedly be greater. Some of the entrepreneurs were right out there with their less wealthy or successful peers.

They are more trustworthy, today. Maybe you don't have to sell out; a very important concept. After the action, people who ask themselves such questions all the time won't be so tempted for a few days or weeks.

Berkeley has begun to grow its own "shit or get off the pot."

There were new faces on the speakers platform, their initiation into the leadership hierarchy being the Revolt itself. "Negotiating Team" didn't sound right to most people who realized that they had become trump in a larger game in which it's hard to tell where and when the trump is played. Too soon? Too late?

If indigenous gangs could get together, there would be no need for the Trots to have such exaggerated roles. They would be able to serve a more realistic function for the movement. . . . certainly not as fiery visionaries.

When will the first one be killed? Will our leaders become subject to assassination? Blood was taken and lost.

A new coalition was formed. Scores of young blacks found an answer to their own dilemma: White or Black. The barricades were colorless, maybe a sign of things to come. The mind gap between the hip set and the activists was closed in a new respect for each other.

The high school students, long a mystery to the older activists, were strong and swift, cool as ice with the cops. Berkeley High of the strike/last October, of the all night sit-in at the Induction Center, the school with more COA positions and empty spaces on draft board lists than any other institution of its kind in the world, was out in force. They took their jobs seriously and shouted sense on the barricades.

Our city remains occupied but we know where we are. Enough said.





# A GRAND AND GLORIOUS

# FOURTH OF JULY!



★ AN EMPYREAL  
EXTRAVAGANZA

★ OF PATRIOTIC  
ENTHUSIASM ★

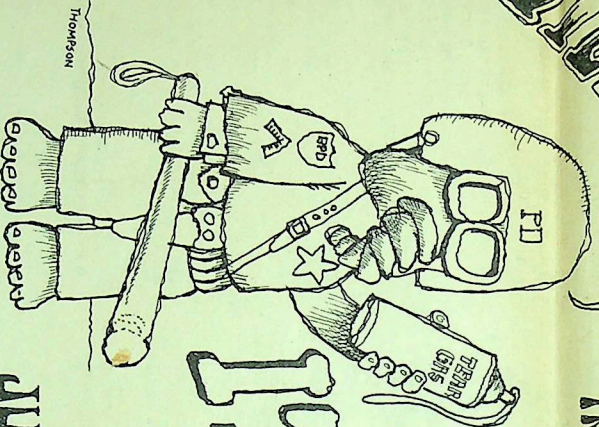


# THE 4th

# THE KID'S

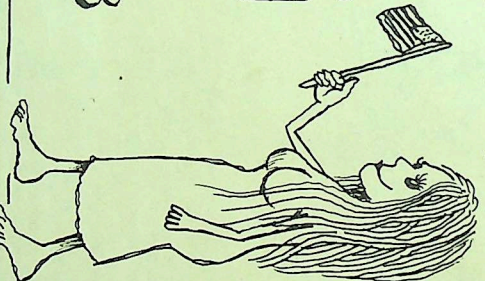
CELEBRATE THE 4<sup>th</sup>  
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION  
IN BEAUTIFUL BOULDER CALIF.

SEE FREEDOM OF ASSEMBLY  
LIVE AND UNREHERSED  
AND OTHER "FRR-OVT" STUFF  
MEMOR: & OTHER ILLEGAL GOODIES



# IT'S A THUGS

JULY 4<sup>th</sup> 1968



LETTER FROM AN  
ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN  
TO THE BERKELEY COPS

I'm ugly to you  
but my old lady thinks  
I'm beautiful  
the difference goes back to  
the first time the smooth  
men beat the hairy men  
and said sasquatch bigfoot  
hippie whatever  
go get high  
In the mountains  
and don't come back down  
cause we own everything now  
and we went bag and baggage  
muttering about pot and portage  
but you were so hung up on  
law and order  
you had to send stinking english  
heroes to look at our tracks  
and they said let's bust the  
abominable motherfuckers  
but we fooled you and came  
to berkeley  
and telegraph was one of our  
high places  
and I thought it was the last  
place I'd ever rest  
It may look unhabitable to  
you but to me it's home or at  
least where I wait around  
for what's going to happen  
to happen

and then you sent armed minstrels  
in black masks  
to give us an old song and dance  
about whose land we were on  
and you said  
disperse  
and we said we'd love to, man  
but we've already dispersed  
to here  
from all the other places you've  
thrown us out of  
where can we go  
except maybe to your bed  
which you ought to be home in  
and I bet some really abominable  
demonstrations go on there  
but while I was talking you were  
busy in LA which you also say  
you own putting the products of  
your smog factories into cans  
and you threw the cans at us  
and I could see it was another  
burn

and I saw a green light  
fade in the sky  
and thought that means go  
and I went and hid  
in a reflex action  
you started directing traffic around  
your new territory

You've taken my ten shan my beautiful  
brownshingle maybe mountain and  
turned it to real estate and you say  
the mountain is yours because you  
own the land it stands on  
and now the hills are pink stucco with  
parking underneath free as long as  
the rent is on time  
you've cornered the market on land  
and you're aiming for people now  
but watch us  
we're peaceful creatures but  
even the most abominable among us will  
fight if cornered  
remember you domestic shorthair cats  
mountains outlaw laws  
some day you'll use up your ammo  
your gums will hang limp  
and it won't be long now  
all the land used up  
all the games played  
and you'll roll over  
and like your stupid permits  
expire  
and then the green light will shine  
for us  
and we will come down  
and replant a few old gardens  
where you will push up all kinds of  
groovy daisies

Some of those avenue mountaineers  
are only human like you  
they look ready to flip their lids  
turn on a revolution  
and take away your jobs

But who wants your job anyway  
all we want is your world

Any way you cut it you guys fucked up.

Love  
the abominable snowman

sportsman

# HUNTING SLINGSHOT

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# CAROUSEL

shirts off. And the summer will get hotter. So Janis asks for help and has a shingling orgasm through our sexual orgy.

But aren't public orgies a manifestation of decadence? America's situation is different from that of old empires. In indulging in orgies at their whim, expending energy in the void at the top of society. Today's American bourgeoisie is limited, trying to defend the structures that lives. Our sexual energy is beneath and inside society, washing down the psychological structures. The bourgeoisie will move to stop us.

So we'd better be ready. What will we do when the police are charging up the stairs? We'd better propagate the word. Words are important; especially since TV cameras won't be inside the Carousel. Words are a front in the battle. "Orgy."

The potential was a presence in the Carousel. It could become a reality. The next time the Holding Company is on stage for an encore, don't ask Janis Joplin to sing "Down on Me."

# D.C.

tion, even though the marshals insisted they would all be coming back and would never, never abandon the city?

"You see, it's like this: When you have so many internal problems — all those troublemakers and all that negotiating by the leaders when we isn't involved — then folks don't care so much. It don't seem worth fighting so hard."

But some of us refused to leave and 112 were hauled off to jail from their homes at Resurrection City. 1500 cops joined in the raid. Abandoning all pretense of the residents being residents, and of citizens being citizens, no warrants were issued before the police entered the huts and removed people.

The news of the maneuverings which closed the City sent a wave of frustration through Washington's black community today, and angry young men roamed the streets, throwing bricks and bottles, and looking menacing. A few stores were looted. But Washington is Saigon, and since King's death, troops have been stationed just outside the city on the alert.

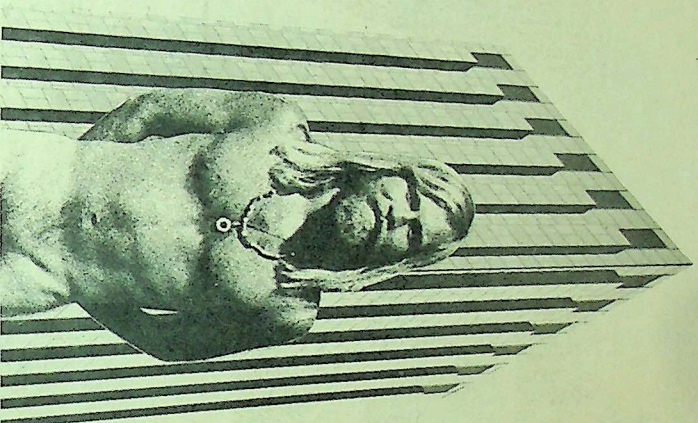
National Guardsmen were trucked and bused in. A stretch of 14th Street was systematically tear gassed every half block.

By 9:00 p.m., the City was put under martial law. A blanket of military law and order prevailed, a curfew was declared. The actual incidents of window breaking and looting which had occurred were minor, and require little retelling. But it took military action of this scope and speed to prevent Washington's second major outbreak in two months.

The government sees quite correctly that Washington must become a permanently militarized city. For if the troops go too far away, hell will break loose. It is no longer possible for white America to govern Washington by civilian authority.

# GINSBERG

a completely mixed population. Puerto Rican, Negro, hippie, old bohemian, old Ukrainian. The problem is that the newspapers have been making the hippies another minority group that the police can kick the heads in of. The other minority groups who have been put down all along and violated and abused, now have an even lower group than themselves that they can beat up on. The newspapers



build up that enmity and competition by exaggerating the conflicts that arise and making giant sociological problems of a very hypocritical nature out of it.

For instance, when there's a piece of violence on the lower East Side, the newspapers say, "See! The Flower children can't live peacefully, it's too cruel a world, are we glad to see that!" So instead of evaluating the situation properly in the media and trying to cool it and calm it and help everybody out, they pick on everybody. The result has been that some of the hippie groups have gotten together with some of the black power groups, like Leary has been to see Julius Lester quite a bit, and I've seen Stokely Carmichael as much as I could.

Of course, it's the black power people who feel that secession and revolution are the inevitable answers on account of the white people are so racist and so violent that the whites don't listen to reason anyway, so that the only way out is something abrupt. So there's this ideological problem, so that the leaders of the communists have difficulties communicating. Like Leroy Jones won't talk to me anymore, though I knew him for ten years.

So what can be done? The lower East Side action groups, there's a group called ESSO — East Side Social Organization, tried putting out handbills printed in Spanish, for the Puerto Ricans, and English, pointing out the common minority problems that everybody has, trying to make peace. They've joined forces with a group called the Serenos — the Serene Ones — among the Puerto Ricans, who go down and calm the Puerto Rican kids. Hare Krishna, the international society for Krishna Consciousness, comes into Tomkins Park and chats Hare Krishna on warm Sundays. We try to make open mixed cultural things, like Puerto Rican, Afro-Cuban music, and rock & roll and folk in the bandshell at Tomkins Square.

EP: Is it making any headway against the feeling in New York?

GINSBERG: Yes, oddly enough. Against all the propaganda, against all the misconstructions in the media, there still begins to be some calm. Of course, one problem is the junk problem, which exacerbates things. There are all these hippie and Puerto Rican junkies, mostly minority group junkies. They've got the police on their necks, they can't go to

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE  
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doctors, they have to pay fifty dollars a day to the Mafia for their medicine. They have to steal for it and that causes animosity and crime and stealing back and forth. A lot of the hippies live with their doors open so Puerto Rican junkies come in and steal or the hippie speed-freaks come in and steal. So that's the added problem. If they got rid of the junk problem, by sending all the junkies to doctors, that would eliminate a lot of the crime in the streets and a lot of the violence. That would eliminate a lot of the bad fear feeling of being victims of burglary that the Puerto Ricans have.

It would calm down the whole scene very fast. Then people could talk more calmly. But as it is, you've got this police state condition in that area of junk. There are 50,000 junkies in New York. An army! 50,000 to 100,000 according to Mayor Lindsay's official narcotic information coordinator.

EP: Are there any programs like Synanon?

GINSBERG: Very few. There's a Synanon that takes care of a couple of hundred, there's a Methadon, they're supposed to take care of 1,000 next year. If they get the money, if they're allowed to by the cops. The cops are pushing junk. The whole Narcotics Bureau is or was pushing junk. They fired them all or shifted them around. They were stealing and pushing junk.

EP: It's kind of keeping yourself in business.

GINSBERG: Yeah, it's a business; narcotics is a business. Selling is more of a habit than using as Burroughs pointed out a long time ago. I think that a lot of the social problems will be resolved with the resolution of the drug problem. There'll be less general fear on the streets, fear of the cops. The cops will be less afraid of the populace because they won't have to be arresting everybody for no good reason anymore.

The cops, for instance, are in a position of having to persecute junkies as if they were Jews, so cops have guilty feelings all the time, and are going around hitting everyone on the head, pushing junk. Everybody else feels guilty for sheltering a junkie, like sheltering a Jew,

like sheltering Anne Frank in the basement. Besides, everybody's smoking pot all the time, sneaking around with pot in their pockets, worrying if the next red light revolving police car is going to stop in front of them and frisk them. So it's that paranoia which is a major contributory factor to the general paranoia anxiety between social groups.

People are afraid to call the cops for help! The cops instead of being guardians and friendly — well, no, if you call the cops and they don't like your looks, they'll hit you. "Fuck you, good thing you're here to be beaten up." In fact, the cops egged on some Puerto Rican and Negro groups to beat up the hippies last summer. The cops started the violence themselves! The guardians of the social order were the real inciters of violence and they were rebuked by the courts for it. Recently, at Grand Central Station, the "Yip-lit" was like a police riot, the cops got out of civilian control.

The problem of law and order in this area has been the violation of order by the cops for the most part. The forces of public order have been continuously enforcing laws in an unjust way. In a prejudicial way, in an arbitrary way, against people whose dress, demeanor and faces they don't approve of. So that it's created a kind of anarchy in the state of police-community relations, and until the cops are gentled down and made to obey the laws, there's always going to be a giant confusing problem where the newspapers are accusing hippies of breaking the laws when the hippies get mad at being beaten up and hit on the head. Some of the hippies have been acting very well, I think, offering peacefulness and pacifism and flower power in the face of an enormous hatred and vitriol and venom, not only by the police agency, but by the middle class itself. CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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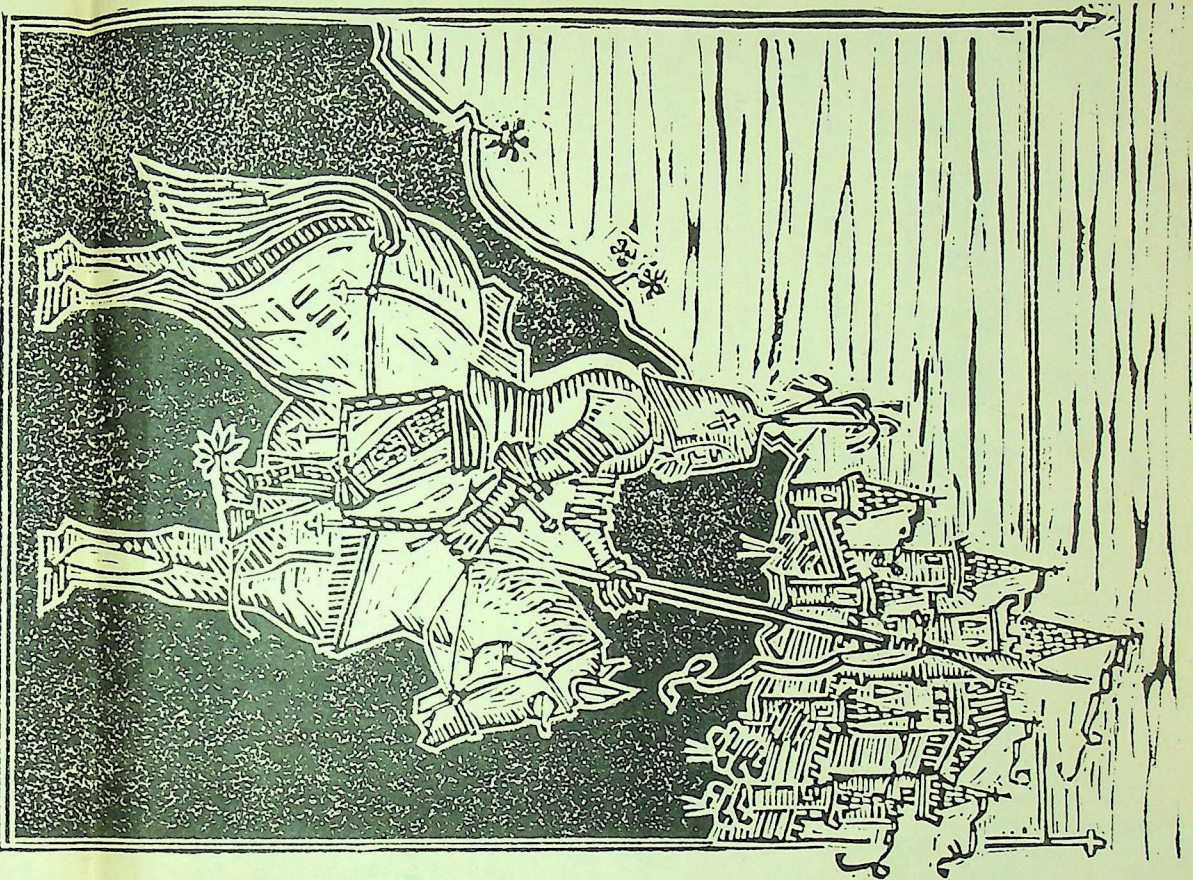
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## MARINATED TOMATOES

slice or wedge six tomatoes - or use cherry tomatoes - or mix them with one cup of pitted ripe olives. two cups of chopped onion or 1/4 cup of fresh parsley. then marinate for at least two hours in a dressing made with one teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of sugar, 1/8 teaspoon of turmeric, 3/4 teaspoon of cummin, 1/4 teaspoon of pepper, six tablespoons of olive oil, or four tablespoons of lemon juice. serve cold.

*was restaurant: © 1968 by SF National Press + recipe courtesy the kitchen community file.*

## mead cumb's

IF YOU TWO ARE TAKING  
TWO STEPS BACKWARDS  
FOR EVERY ONE FORWARDS  
THEY TURN AROUND  
AND GO THE OTHER WAY —

SLEEPS AWAKE  
ON THE FRODOICE

THERE IS NO  
TECHNOLOGICAL PARADISE

EDEN IS A GARDEN

SL

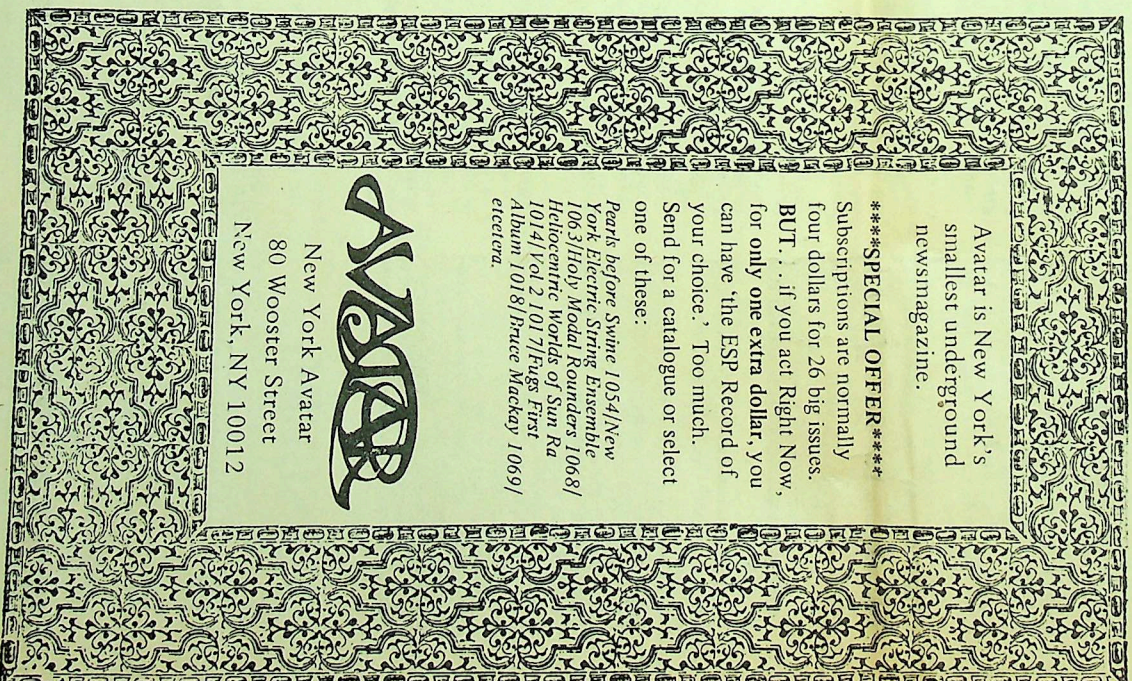
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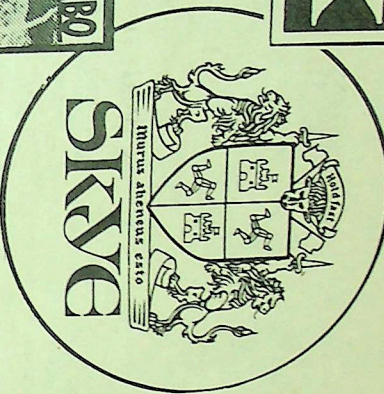
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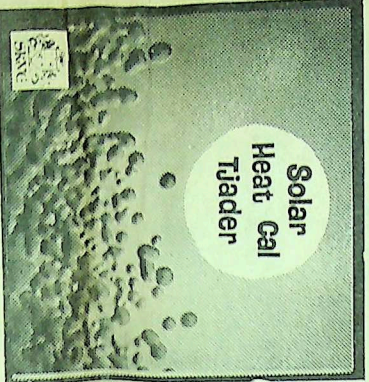
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charter twined

There was a pile of lumpy trash behind my school. The phobias threw everything from the church that was old or broken or useless into it. I vomited in churches on mornings before communion. We were all kneeling down when my throat made a yolk sound and the staff came out. It made a puddle on the seat in front of me. Two girls turned around and looked at it, then looked at me. I looked away. A nun came up and asked me if I had vomited. "No," I said. "I just spit up a little." Then a priest came and scraped up the vomit. He carried it in a dustpan out to the holy trashpile.

During noon recess I often sneaked back to the trashpile to look at it. No one was allowed back there because it was dangerous. There was a lot of broken glass, mostly broken candleholders. In their days of glory these candleholders had served the church well. They stood on racks like faithful soldiers, waiting for people to light their candles. The racks were placed in front of statues of various saints, so that the people could burn candles before their personal favorites. Old women with precious little time left on earth were especially fond of burning candles before saints. It cost only a nickel or a dime, and ensured that their prayers would arrive at heaven sooner. The candles were air mail to heaven.

After three hundred old women the glass candleholders cracked. Then they were thrown into the trashpile where they imperturbed school children. A boy cut himself on one once. He was nunchucking through the trash when a candleholder slashed his arm. A nun came and took him away. The boy's face was pale and he was trembling. He held his arm straight out like a stick, with his fist clenched at the end. He looked like someone about to make a speech.

One day while looking at the trashpile I noticed a sign. It was across the street that ran behind the school. The sign had been propped up off two poles and placed right next to the street. It said YARN, for passing automobiles. I had not seen it before.

After school I went over to investigate. The sign stood for a yarn shop, in a small, one story frame building attached to a big Midwestern house. The shop had no display window, only a few regular windows and a door. I opened the door and peeked inside. There was no sound, just the silence of yarn.

In contrast to its plain exterior, the inside of the yarn shop was a yarn cathedral. It was like splitting open an ordinary alley cat and discovering all sorts of multi-colored livers and intestines. There were great heaps of yarn in shallow wooden bins, and long coils of yarn

hanging from pegs on the wall. Some of the yarn was as thick as ropes.

In the midst of this galaxy stood a gray old man. "Do you want some yarn?" he asked. "I just wanted to look around," I said. "Yeah, then, come in," he said. The old man had the frozen appearance of a dummy. He was bald, and his skull was evenly divided into sections by a network of veins.

I stepped inside and shut the door. "Did you ever see yarn before?" he asked. "Only in sweaters," I said. "This is the finest yarn in the world," he said. "It is imported from South America." I reached into one of the bins and felt the yarn. It was soft, and very warm. "Why Mother was born in South America," I said. "Is that so?" he said. "What is your name?" "Charles Tweed," I told him. "Well then," he said, "your Mother must be Virginia Shipp." "That's right," I said.

The old man's eyes darted back and forth. He started to smile. "Let's see now," he said. "Your Mother's mother died in South America. Very tragic. She was ill for several years." "I'm not sure," I said. I knew nothing of my Mother's mother. "Yes," he continued, "she died of cancer. Your Mother and her sister Catherine—lovely little girls, both of them—went to live with their Aunt Jewel. She died of cancer, too." "I don't know about that," I said. I remembered Aunt Jewel's funeral. We drove through red stop lights on the way to the cemetery.

"It was cancer of the breast, I believe, same as your grandmother. There was a great deal of cancer in your Mother's family. Did you know that?" I did not answer. "There was your Mother's Aunt Gertrude, too." I remembered Aunt Gertrude who never came downstairs. Her room was full of medicine bottles. My brother Mike and I suspected she was drinking. We were unaware of cancer. "And poor Martha!" he went on. "Is she still in the hospital? Why, Martha is just a child."

The old man was a chronicler of death. He had spent years poring over obituary notices in age-stained newspapers. The constructed family trees backwards, from death instead of birth. The yarn shop was his lure to the living innocent, the place where he infected them with death, then prepared niches for them in their family trees. He rambled on and on with his grim genealogy until I felt suffocated, and had to leave. "Come in again," he said.

When I got home dinner was ready. "Where were you?" my Mother asked. "Oh, I was just playing behind the school," I said. "You know you shouldn't come home so late," she said. "What were you doing?" There was nothing I could say. I sat down and began to eat.



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# GARRISON

GARRISON: My staff will not even interview anybody in the office unless, they will not record an interview unless the person being interviewed knows that there is a tape recorder there and sees the wheels moving. And the reason I want him to see the wheel moving is if he wants to say something he doesn't want to go down, he can point to the machine and say, "stop it." I am adamantly against the government using these measures, but this is typical of what they've done from the beginning.

They change white into black and black into white. When a witness volunteered to take truth serum, we said well that's fine. We think it's a good idea. And we lined up doctors and they gave him truth serum and then after that, they called it drugs. Until we used it on a witness to make sure he was telling the truth to give Mr. Shaw the benefit of every possible doubt. It was called truth serum. After we used it, it was called drugging witnesses. This is the same thing. I think what they're doing here, thinking out loud, is that they don't have any real federal jurisdiction, but they perhaps have come across a case involving wire-tapping and have learned that if they charge wiretapping, even though they know it's not true, they will somehow acquire federal jurisdiction. But these lawyers know better. They know that I not only don't wiretap, I'm adamantly against it. And if anybody in my office did it, he wouldn't be on the office staff anymore.

KEVIN: Jim, one final question. And this again hit the wires, United Press International wires, and it talks about the witnesses in your case against Clay Shaw. And I'm going to quote to you from the UPI copy. It says, "Three persons who once told District Attorney Jim Garrison that Clay L. Shaw was linked with Lee Harvey Oswald or with 'Cuban-looking men,' are known to have retracted their accusations.

GARRISON: Oh really? That's interesting. Who?  
KEVIN: Seedrick and Onelda Von Ralston, itinerant artists from Orlando, Florida and Fred H. Leeman Jr. have given information to Shaw's attorneys countering their earlier statements to Garrison."

GARRISON: Well, that doesn't mean a thing. Those people who felt from the beginning were sent in by the other side because they were so unconvincing and we never intended to use them as witnesses at all. They were kind of like Gurvitch. We had endless penetrations and endless appearances of different people and then they were not convincing after they gave us a statement, so we paid no more attention to them. So now, they suddenly appear and say we were witnesses for Garrison. That has no meaning. The whole thing could be solved by letting us go to trial. Why don't they let us go to trial? As we've been trying to do since last fall? Why don't they let me fall on my face? Apparently they don't want me to fall on my face. They would rather postpone the trial and just keep announcing these false statements.

In other words, it's the same power, the same power which was able to get the Warren Commission to come up with a total lie. It is now engaged in keeping Clay Shaw from going to trial. But even while he's not going to trial, they have to manufacture these falsehoods to make my office look like Fu Man Chu's office. We've never lost a major case and, more important than that, we've never had a case reversed because of any methods used by the office. But already, the press picking up these charges, some of the press has made us look like monsters. We wouldn't use a witness we didn't think was telling the truth nor would we consider tapping anybody's line.

KEVIN: Well, Jim, I hope...

GARRISON: Doesn't keep them from trying, from resorting to these methods. KEVIN: I hope, Jim, that we are, you know, allowing a full airing of these charges and allowing a retribution of them, which is in the best interests of us all, as a nation and as human beings. Jim, kind of a philosophic thought just as a final question. I know that you have worked for many many months to the point of great exhaustion and I know that it's been a great personal risk through conversations that you and I have had at other times. But is the truth, the truth as you know it to be and as it exists, ever going to come out in your case and in these other tragedies that have befallen us as a nation?  
GARRISON: The truth was not as difficult to come across, for us to find, as

it is to communicate. That's a good question. I'm answering kind of elliptically. We know the truth. I think quite precisely, but to communicate it is almost impossible because of the steady brainwashing now from the Administration, from some organs of the press. I don't know. It would be brought out at a trial, but I don't know how. If we can ever get him to trial because of the forces arrayed against us and the reasons for postponing the trial, which they bring up continually.

The truth is, to put it simply, that America is — it's so damn unbelievable unless you're into it that — it begins with the time that, in a few sentences, the fact that Jack Kennedy was stopping the cold war and getting ready to dismantle the CIA. By then, the CIA was too powerful to dismantle, and what I said in the two hours, the war in Vietnam was resumed, the troop buildup was resumed, whereas Jack Kennedy brought troops back.

Any leader in this country who speaks out effectively against the war in Asia or against the continuation of the cold war machine or against the continued development of power by the military war complex, will be assassinated. And it will be announced that it was by alone assassination. Many months ago I said even if a President was elected and he tried to stop the cold war and end Vietnam and

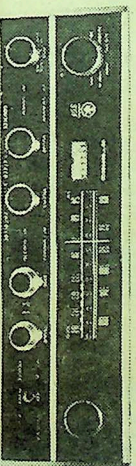
tried to achieve genuine peace, that he'd be assassinated. And that's still true. And it's just a matter of a professional cover, which is no problem for the CIA because they work on it beforehand and then all you see is the lone assassin. One final point I might make is — you see it already coming up to the surface in the case of Ray, the man who is charged with killing Martin Luther King, although it's still not clear that he was the professional shooter for the Central Intelligence Agency. But you can see from this pattern, that the CIA is involved in this too, just as they were with John F. Kennedy. And if you became a successful political leader and you spoke out effectively against the war in Vietnam, they'd kill you, too. But it would be announced that it was a lone assassin and evidence would be produced and most of the people in the country would never be allowed to see any of the details.



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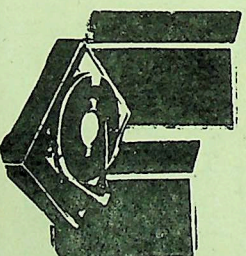
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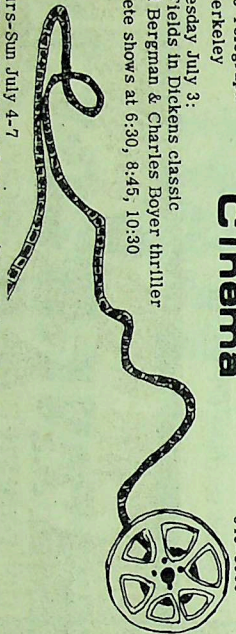
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Feel a bit overwhelmed by it all hmmm? Every time you raise your head above your garden-patch, the Big Picture brings you down? Friend, what you need, what we all need, is a good escape-fantasy movie that has that perfect blend of best-seller seriousness so that we can allow ourselves to get involved in it.

And here it is: 2001: A Space Odyssey, a well-made and entertaining film about evolution. Evolution! Now THERE'S something we haven't thought much about lately. Maybe it's the subject we need to reunite the country for a brief respite, a trip for the whole family. We'll all go see this movie and get with it for different reasons and have lots of discussions about it, and nobody will get shot over it. And who knows, we MAY turn into stars when we die.

The audience at the Golden Gate is mixed: half straight, half tribe. There's dads and sons in short-sleeve shirts enjoying science fiction together. And old ladies out for a quiet spree. And whole families taking a break from the heavy work of being tourists. And lots of 9-10 year old boys grooving around in a school's-out mood.

The other half is instant Carousel, in robes and flowing hair. They look like Sitting Bull's warriors come to see the white man's new invention. And yet nobody is a tourist like on Haight Street. It's everybody's turf. That's pretty rare these days. Our old myths and our new ones come together in this film.

The beginning of the movie takes place four million years ago, and centers on apes who are frightened, very beautiful, very emotional and surrounded by hostile nature. Then it cuts to modern man in space. First

we center on a government scientist (a Rosencrantz of the Space Age) who is on his way to the moon to investigate a strange monolith that sends radio signals to Jupiter. He is an essentially static character. The "action" in this part is the slow accumulation around him of the bits and pieces of Modern Space Life: the Hilton Space Station, the Howard Johnson Earthlight Room... man surrounded by gadgets and technology.

Then the movie cuts to a space ship on its way to Jupiter. The central characters are the two astronaut pilots and a computer named Hal. Hal tries to take over the ship and kills all the men except one, Dullea, who disconnects him and continues alone.

As the ship approaches Jupiter, Dullea finds another monolith in orbit. As he nears it, he enters a time-warp condition and the camera puts us into his viewpoint, so that we feel like we're on a roller coaster being driven through the middle of an exploding nebula. On the other side of this, Dullea enters a situation in which he sees himself as an old man eating lunch in a rather elegant bedroom in which no personal effects are visible. He becomes that old man, dies, and then apparently evolves or is reborn as a being within a star.

In the first part, we saw a more or less total picture of ape life. But what is this vision of mankind? No women, no earth... only scientists and astronauts whose lives center on the solution of a problem: what does the monolith mean? They live inside space machines, inside engineering dreams. No flowers, no songs, no wine. A Cartesian reduction: get rid of everything but the "essential," then proceed. Get rid of emotions. Observe, respond, act rationally. Live efficiently.

And get rid of Dirty. Dirty is a thing which

happens in urban areas where there are a lot of old houses and swarthy skins. To avoid it, move into a new clean suburban house where everyone looks like Dick Van Dyke and Dr. Kildare. Or go into orbit. The astronaut is the ultimate suburbanite. To avoid sexual hangups, avoid women. Consort only with men and machines.

If you do this right, you'll end up all alone in a space ship near Jupiter. No wonder Dullea sees himself as a lonely old man in a bedroom, where after all those astronaut TV dinners, he gets a decent French meal, then dies and turns into an embryo inside a light-globe.

Some evolution! I think I'll stay in bed. I wonder, however, if the kind of evolution one goes through depends on oneself. Dullea, the astronaut, evolved one way. But consider this:

After the apes, cut to Eric Clapton. Scene: a dingy London room. Half-full cups of cold tea all about, plus soggy cigarette butts. Suddenly a monolith appears before him, emitting a strange signal. It is a guitar, but he doesn't know that. He searches for it through space, in a space ship that looks like the Magical Mystery Tour Bus. It emits a contrail of pot smoke all the way to Jupiter.

Near Jupiter, the same freakout evolution occurs, but Clapton turns into pure sound, a monstrous beautiful guitar chord that echoes through the universe. People think it's the wind when it blows across earth. Birds fly inside it. After a while it passes into a space of its own, curls into a ball, cools and becomes a planet. We see the surface as we did the Earth at the beginning. Bits of vegetation are beginning to appear. Seasons begin. End of film.

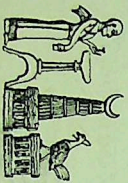
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Dick Johnson

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by Stella  
a.g. freebody

this is how the week will affect your sign:

					
WHO	IMAGE	JUDGEMENT	MISCELLANY		
CANCER June 22 July 23	Sipping tea & laughing at weeds in the sunflower patch.	if it hurts enough to share it then share it as a joke.	Something Happened to me Yesterday ☉ the Stones		
LEO July 24 Aug 23	there & back again for the sake of a wild goose.	"voluntary retreat brings good fortune to the superior man." <u>Retreat</u> ; I (gaining hexagram for ♏)	poached eggs cooked any style you like		
VIRGO Aug 24 Sept 23	a thorough examination of the erogenous zones.	remember that <u>W</u> in the Book never found any cheese in his honey jars, but had the grooviest lunch anyway	Getting Better ☉ beetles		
LIBRA Sept 24 Oct 23	"for the benefit of Mr. Tite there will be a show tonight on trampoline..."	"having been some days in preparation—a splendid time is guaranteed for all..."	lastly thru a hog's head of real fire!—In this way Mr. T. will challenge the world. ☉ beetles		
SCORPIO Oct 24 Nov 23	Hootchie Gootchie ... Man ...	discover the girl scout secret of Somewares.	this column is coming to you from the arms of someone new.		
SAGITTARIUS Nov 23 Dec 21	in one day the wanderer gains from seven fields	reap any harvest that comes your way	prepare your pantry—Chambers Bros.		
CAPRICORN Dec 22 Jan 20	a new day's wave clarifies a tide pool.	moving far away from yourself you will discover where you are.	WHOOOSH		
AQUARIUS Jan 21 Feb. 19	I move to meet you in a greening time. I come with wind and with wet In a soft season. I bring you the flesh of those fallow fallen years; And my manifest reasons— ☉ The Blowing of the Seed ☉ Brother-Antonivus	equilibrium begins on the inside & moves outward.	opening one pod of beans		
PISCES Feb 20 Mar 20	a raft in the Colorado is capsize but the current carries you to the white city.		soggy fortune cooties but crisp fortunes		
ARIES Mar 21 Apr 20	'i'm filling the cracks that ran through the door. And kept my mind from wandering.....	'i'm taktin'g the time for a number of things— That weren't important yesterday	Please (Strand By Die) ☉ Kaleidoscope		
TAURUS Apr 21 May 21	philosophical graffiti on the walls of the gingerbread house.	surmount hand-crafted obstacles by Biting Through	a grain of salt		
GEMINI May 22 June 21	setting right what has been sat upon by the Great Spoiler.	let fast inertia give way thru a definitive use of new energies.	Hard Lovin' Loser Richard Hartina		

# Berkeley Astrology Guild

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Deborah Steinman  
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# THE BOY



# THE MIMICS

**WEDNESDAY JULY 3**

**KID FLUGS:** "Mr. Wonderbird," "Red Balloon," Emerson School, Piedmont & Forest, Bkly, 2 pm, 35¢, 841-8049

**HEY NOTE:** All Berkeley listings for this week are dubious, subject to the whims of the Berkeley Police Department.

## SATURDAY JULY 6

**CLASS:** Dynamics of drama, poetry, fiction, for creative writers & perceptive readers, w/ Lawrence Hibel, 8 pm, registration now, \$9, Jewish Community Center, 3200 California St., 346-6040

**FILM:** "David Copperfield" w/ W.C. Fields, 6:30 & 10:40, "Gaslight" w/ Ingrid Bergman, 8:45, Telegraph Repertory Cinema, 2533 Telegraph, Bkly, 848-8650, \$1

**FILLMORE:** Steppenwolf, Beautiful Day, Credence Clearwater, Fillmore & Geary, 9 pm

## THURSDAY JULY 4

**FESTIVAL DANCE:** Howling Wolf, Shiloma Carlebach, Dr. Humbug's New Tranquility String Band, Crome Student, The Morning, Hue Roach, Berkeley Center Plaza, UC, Bkly, 8 pm - 1 am

**PICNIC:** Shenik AGLU, rap sessions & Goddess: Skiffle Band, rap sessions & games, Big Trees camp, Anthony Chabot Park, Redwood Road, Oakland, bring lunch, \$1, 548-1321

**FILM:** "10th Victim," Feathers Point Film Society, 4416 - 18th St., 8 & 10 pm, 861-5491, \$1

**PICNIC:** Bennett Dick Gregory/President, Notes From the Underground, Metropolitan Sound Co., food, beer, free transportation from Bkly, The Laurels Area of Tilden Park, donations, 1 pm, 849-4923

**AVALON:** Iron Butterfly, others. Sutter & Van Ness, 9-2, \$3, 346-3445

**P.P.P. PICNIC:** Tilden Park, Padre picnic area, noon on, \$1.25, 75¢, for food & beer, w/ Mime Troupe, & baseball: Mime Troupe vs. Ramparts

**FILM:** Canyon Cinematheque, "The Awful Backlash," "Don Leathere," "Haird Open & Lundry," "The Great Blotout Brexevy," w/ Robert Nelson, also "Fog Punsay," 8:30 pm, \$1, 158 Union Street.

**FOLK FESTIVAL:** Shiloma Carlebach, Jesse Fuller, Sam Hinton, Congress of Wonders, Song of Earth Chorale, others, Student Center Plaza, UC, Bkly, 1-5 pm

**FILLMORE:** Steppenwolf, Beautiful Day, Credence Clearwater, Fillmore & Geary, 9 pm

## FRIDAY JULY 5

**POTLUCK:** Dinner & ecology rap, 5:30-7:30, Ecology Action, 5101 Folsom Ave., Oakland

**JAZZ:** Brian Cooke Quartet w/ Phil Yost, La Val's Cantina, Euclid nr. Hearst, Bkly, 9:30 pm - 1 am, 25¢, 843-5617

**THEATRE:** Brecht's "The Clown Show," and "Cry in the Street" by Rolf Lauckner, Encounter Theater, 1830 Sutter, 751-7707, \$3.50, \$2.50, students \$1.50, 8:30 pm

**THEATRE:** Brecht's "Good Soldier Schweik," 8:30 pm, Interplayers, 747 Beach, 885-5146

**FILLMORE:** Butterfield, Ten Years After, Truth, Fillmore & Geary, 9 pm, \$3

**PARTY:** Cleaver for President Campaign, 5-9 pm, 2931 Fulton, Bkly, donation \$1.50, free food

**FOLK FESTIVAL:** Children's Concert, Sam Hinton, Shiloma Carlebach, Dr. Humbug's New Tranquility String Band, 11 am, Pauley Ballroom, UC, Bkly

**FOLK FESTIVAL:** Evening Concert, Sam Hinton, Dave Fredrickson, Alice Stuart New Tread, Alan MacLeod, Dr. Humbug's New Tread, Pauley Ballroom & Medicine Show, Pauley Ballroom, 8 pm, UC, Bkly

**FILM:** Marx Brothers in "Cocount" & "Horsefeathers," two shows, 7 & 9:45 pm, Armetman Hall, 1663 Page St., \$1

**AVALON:** Iron Butterfly, others. Sutter & Van Ness, 9-2, \$3, 346-3445

**FILM:** "10th Victim," Feathers Point Film Society, 4416 - 18th St., 8 & 10 pm, 861-5491, \$1

**AVADUN:** Electronic music, 300 - 4th Ave., 8:30 & 10:45, \$2

**ELECTRONIC SCULPTURE** by Steve Waldeck, Berkeley Art Center, 1276 Walnut, Live Oak Park, Bkly, Tue-Fri, 12-6 pm, Sat & Sun 11 am - 1 pm

**COMMUNION:** City Hall, noon, Free City MIMÉ TROUPE: "Patelin," Aquatic Park, noon

**WINE-TASTING:** Seawall, 1501 Sansome, 2-6 pm, 362-9578

**FREE FOOD:** Provo Park, bring bowl & spoon, Spans Ballroom, 6 pm

**FREE BREAD:** All day, pancakes in the morning, 1350-1354 Walter

**MIME TROUPE:** "Patelin," Aquatic Park, noon

**POETRY:** Ken Irby & Ron Sullivan, Albany Public Library, 1216 Solano, 8 pm

**FOLK RAP:** "Folk Communication - Will It Exist in the Future?" Sam Hinton, Charles Seeger, E.D. Denison, Heller Lounge, Student Union, UC, Bkly, 1 pm

**SUMMIT TALK:** Folk Festival, Charles Seeger and Ed Kahn, Stephens Room, Student Union, UC, Bkly, 10 am

**FREE FOOD:** Provo Park, bring bowl & spoon, Spans Ballroom, 6 pm

**CIRCUS THEATRE:** For kids, Diamond Park, Fruitvale & McArthur, Oakland, 3 pm

**SATURDAY JULY 6**

**WINE-TASTING:** Seawall, 1501 Sansome, 2-6 pm, 362-9578

**NEIGHBORHOOD FESTIVAL:** Chinalon - North Beach, Washington Square Park, rock bands, Tai Chi, horoscope reading, art shows, calligraphy, 11 am

**CHILDREN'S PROGRAM** at noon, St. Peter and Paul's Church gym, 11th St. Free City Puppets, Church puppets, story-tellers, 6:21-00:08

**MIME TROUPE:** "Ruzante" behind De Young Museum, Golden Gate Park, 2 pm, "Patelin," Duboce Park, 2 pm

**FOLK RAP:** "Folk Communication Today," Sandy Darlington, David Metzger, Daniel Moore, Richard Rollins, Heller Lounge, Student Union, UC, Bkly, 1 pm

**SUMMIT TALK:** Folk Festival, Charles Seeger & Dave Fredrickson, Stephens Room, Student Union, UC, Bkly, 10 am

**FREE FOOD:** Provo Park, bring bowl & spoon, Spans Ballroom, 6 pm

**HAIGHT DEFENSE:** Free people of Haight-Ashbury meeting, 55 Colton, 8 pm

**WINE-TASTING:** Seawall, 1501 Sansome, 2-6 pm, 362-9578

**CONCERT:** Country Weather, A.B. Skly Band, Marvin Gardens, Initial Shock, Big Brother & the Holding Company, Speedy & Meadors, Golden Gate Park, noon - 5 pm, Spans Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic

**MIME TROUPE:** "Ruzante," behind De Young Museum, Golden Gate Park, 2 pm, "Patelin," Kimbell Playground, Geary & Steiner, 2 pm

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**HAIGHT DEFENSE:** Free people of Haight-Ashbury meeting, 55 Colton, 8 pm

**WINE-TASTING:** Seawall, 1501 Sansome, 2-6 pm, 362-9578

**CONCERT:** Country Weather, A.B. Skly Band, Marvin Gardens, Initial Shock, Big Brother & the Holding Company, Speedy & Meadors, Golden Gate Park, noon - 5 pm, Spans Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic

**MIME TROUPE:** "Ruzante," behind De Young Museum, Golden Gate Park, 2 pm, "Patelin," Kimbell Playground, Geary & Steiner, 2 pm

**SUMMIT TALK:** Folk Festival, Charles Seeger and Maysa Smith, Stephens Room, Student Union, UC, Bkly, noon

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## MONDAY JULY 8

**INDEPENDENCE DAY:** Everywhere but Berkeley

**FREE FOOD:** Provo Park, bring bowl & spoon, Spans Ballroom, 6 pm

**FIREWORKS:** Marina Green, 8:40 - 8:45 pm

## FRIDAY JULY 5

**COMMUNION:** City Hall, noon, Free City

**WINE-TASTING:** Seawall, 1501 Sansome, 2-6 pm, 362-9578

**ENJOY:** Music, poetry, more, The Hearsh, Oak & Baker, 8:30 pm

**FREE BREAD:** All day, pancakes in the morning, 1350-1354 Walter

**MIME TROUPE:** "Patelin," Aquatic Park, noon

**POETRY:** Ken Irby & Ron Sullivan, Albany Public Library, 1216 Solano, 8 pm

**FOLK RAP:** "Folk Communication - Will It Exist in the Future?" Sam Hinton, Charles Seeger, E.D. Denison, Heller Lounge, Student Union, UC, Bkly, 1 pm

**SUMMIT TALK:** Folk Festival, Charles Seeger and Ed Kahn, Stephens Room, Student Union, UC, Bkly, 10 am

**FREE FOOD:** Provo Park, bring bowl & spoon, Spans Ballroom, 6 pm

**CIRCUS THEATRE:** For kids, Diamond Park, Fruitvale & McArthur, Oakland, 3 pm

## SATURDAY JULY 6

**WINE-TASTING:** Seawall, 1501 Sansome, 2-6 pm, 362-9578

**NEIGHBORHOOD FESTIVAL:** Chinalon - North Beach, Washington Square Park, rock bands, Tai Chi, horoscope reading, art shows, calligraphy, 11 am

**CHILDREN'S PROGRAM** at noon, St. Peter and Paul's Church gym, 11th St. Free City Puppets, Church puppets, story-tellers, 6:21-00:08

**MIME TROUPE:** "Ruzante" behind De Young Museum, Golden Gate Park, 2 pm, "Patelin," Duboce Park, 2 pm

**FOLK RAP:** "Folk Communication Today," Sandy Darlington, David Metzger, Daniel Moore, Richard Rollins, Heller Lounge, Student Union, UC, Bkly, 1 pm

**SUMMIT TALK:** Folk Festival, Charles Seeger & Dave Fredrickson, Stephens Room, Student Union, UC, Bkly, 10 am

**FREE FOOD:** Provo Park, bring bowl & spoon, Spans Ballroom, 6 pm

## SUNDAY JULY 7

**HOOT:** 1/10th, 1736 Haight, 8-10 pm

**WINE-TASTING:** Seawall, 1501 Sansome, 2-6 pm, 362-9578

**CONCERT:** Country Weather, A.B. Skly Band, Marvin Gardens, Initial Shock, Big Brother & the Holding Company, Speedy & Meadors, Golden Gate Park, noon - 5 pm, Spans Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic

**MIME TROUPE:** "Ruzante," behind De Young Museum, Golden Gate Park, 2 pm, "Patelin," Kimbell Playground, Geary & Steiner, 2 pm

**SUMMIT TALK:** Folk Festival, Charles Seeger and Maysa Smith, Stephens Room, Student Union, UC, Bkly, noon

**FREE FOOD:** Provo Park, bring bowl & spoon, Spans Ballroom, 6 pm

**HAIGHT DEFENSE:** Free people of Haight-Ashbury meeting, 55 Colton, 8 pm

**WINE-TASTING:** Seawall, 1501 Sansome, 2-6 pm, 362-9578

**CONCERT:** Country Weather, A.B. Skly Band, Marvin Gardens, Initial Shock, Big Brother & the Holding Company, Speedy & Meadors, Golden Gate Park, noon - 5 pm, Spans Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic

**MIME TROUPE:** "Ruzante," behind De Young Museum, Golden Gate Park, 2 pm, "Patelin," Kimbell Playground, Geary & Steiner, 2 pm

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**FREE FOOD:** Provo Park, bring bowl & spoon, Spans Ballroom, 6 pm

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**WINE-TASTING:** Seawall, 1501 Sansome, 2-6 pm, 362-9578

**CONCERT:** Country Weather, A.B. Skly Band, Marvin Gardens, Initial Shock, Big Brother & the Holding Company, Speedy & Meadors, Golden Gate Park, noon - 5 pm, Spans Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic

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**HAIGHT DEFENSE:** Free people of Haight-Ashbury meeting, 55 Colton, 8 pm

**WINE-TASTING:** Seawall, 1501 Sansome, 2-6 pm, 362-9578

**COMMUNION:** City Hall, noon, Free City

**TIBETAN BUDDHISM & TANTRA:** Classes, the Vajrayana Society, East of the Sun, 3850 - 23rd St., 7:30 pm, call 824-2571

**MOTHER BABY:** Readings, 11th floor, Student Union, UC, Bkly, 8 pm

**FREE FOOD:** Provo Park, bring bowl & spoon, Spans Ballroom, 6 pm

## TUESDAY JULY 9

**COMMUNION:** City Hall, noon, Free City

**GIRLS FREE:** Bob/And, Big Black Rhyth Band, 60's \$2, no minimum, 863-2596

**FREE BREAD:** All day, pancakes in the morning, 1350-1354 Walter

**RENAISSANCE DANCE:** San Pablo Recreation Center, San Pablo Park, Bkly, 7:30 pm

**PUPPET WORKSHOP:** For kids & others, w/ Ann Lindyn, 1746 Haight, MA 1-0197, 3-5 pm

**DRAFT COUNSEL:** 833 Haight, 7:30 pm, 626-6976, War Resistor's League

**DRAFT COUNSEL:** Berkeley Anti-Draft Union, 1703 Grove, 2-6 pm, 845-2470

**FREE FOOD:** Provo Park, bring bowl & spoon, Spans Ballroom, 6 pm



**THE BERKELEY FACTOTUM:** carpentry / painting / repairs / remodeling / moving & hauling / creative maintenance & general invention / 527-4687

**VW \* PORSCHE** tune ups & repairs, also will teach same - hip only. Call Jack, 845-7096

**CONTEMPORARY DANCE:** New Dance Workshop in Berkeley. Performing group and classes all levels. info 549-3878

**WOW! GEE, GOSH!** Another whole new group of classes to dig at your own FREE UNIVERSITY OF BERKELEY. Register right now for:

Community Organizing

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John Cage Experience

Laying's Theory of Relativity

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And many more...

1703 Grove Street, Bkly. 841-6794

**RADICAL CHICK** - mid 20s, fairly neat, reliable - sees same or non-horny male version of same to share vast and groovy flat near Fishermans' Wharf, \$92.50 plus util. Call Davida, YU 2-7475, during day

**PIANIST NEEDED** - must be able to play near-authentic Boogie-Woogie style to "rock" - experience, reading & voice helpful - PROFESSIONAL attitude required - possibility of big bread - present members ready to record - 841-3826, after 6:30 pm

**NEED MONEY?** Be a sales representative for a socio-political-satirical new poster line. Ideal for individuals and organizations. Write for complete poster profit kit: GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT, Box 427, Wayzata, MN 55391

**HOUSE OR APARTMENT** for two people and dog, urgently needed for Fall, in Berkeley, must have yard. Call Suzy, 863-7775

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