

# KARENGA DENIES KNOWLEDGE

FRED HOFFMAN

US Leader Maulana Ron Karenga issued a denial that he had anything to do with the UCLA political assassination. He disclaimed all knowledge of the shooting.

Karenga said the shooting could not be considered an act by US organization any more "than it can be considered a BSU or UCLA act. It must be remembered that we were the people who advocated operational unity during the King Crisis of last year. How quickly people forget! We have never talked about violence. Instead we have been in the battle to win people's minds. We are cultural nationalists."

"This would be better left as a student incident. After all there were 17 shots fired or so I'm told, so the men who were killed couldn't have just been standing around talking. We must remember that all kinds of statements will be made and labeling people relieves one of the responsibility of dealing with people."

Karenga charged that the Black Panthers have become a front for white leftists such as SDS, Peace and Freedom and the Progressive Labor Party. He was beginning to sound a little like Mayor Yorty when he said: "The oldest technique of the left is to use front organizations."

The US leader told reporters: "Whatever happened at UCLA was between the BSU and the high-potential students, and that's where we have to leave it... If there had been fighting group to group it would have been much more serious."

Karenga charged that the Black Panthers are cooperating with the Police Department by providing the names of US members alleged to have done the killing. "We have been accused of working with the Police Department, but it was the Black Panther Party who openly announced they were working with

the police.

Ron Karenga began working for the city in April, a few hours after Martin Luther King was assassinated. He worked with the Black Congress to create an "operational unity steering committee" and prevent disorders.

Soon afterwards Karenga slipped into Sacramento for a private chat with Governor Reagan at the governor's request. At a Yale University conference he appeared on the same program with George Bundy, who handles relations with the colonized peoples of America for the Ford Foundation.

A short time after his brief association with Bundy the Wall Street Journal did a favorable article on Karenga, describing him as "the type of Negro militant who is claiming increasing power and national attention." (Wall Street Journal, July 26, 1968).

## PANTHER CRITIQUE

Eldridge Cleaver never concealed his distaste for "Mamma Lamma" and his teachings. On several occasions Cleaver sharply criticized Karenga's "Cultural Nationalism" and his moderate line when working with the power structure. The Founder of US was resentful of the Panthers' growing strength in the community. When the Panthers came it got harder for Karenga to sound militant and continue exploiting the establishment's fear of violence without actually using it. Cleaver defined US as "reactionary Black Power" and criticized the entire Cultural Nationalism approach, which "advances the interests of the power structure while adding black faces to its crew of exploiters." When it was suggested that revolutionary commitment is best shown by wearing a Buba and speaking Swahili, Cleaver laughed and soon many others were laughing.

Three Panthers were shot by

LA Police in early August. A week later the Watts Festival ended in massacre. The Police violence restored "operational unity" and the City Council agreed to let the Black Congress present grievances. The Panthers were out of the Congress by this time and presented no protest to the Council. Instead they held a rally at Will Rogers Park with Stokely Carmichael as guest speaker. Maulana Ron Karenga did not come, but Lou Smith, Margaret Wright and Hakim Jamal were members of the Black Congress and spoke at the rally.

Last week the FREE PRESS asked Mrs. Wright what was happening between the Congress and the Panthers and how long it had been going on.

Mrs. Wright explained why she remained with the Black Congress after the Panthers, SNCC and other groups quit. "I was trying to straighten things out. When you have a group like the Black Congress you either have to make it work or kill it. You can't just leave it around. Something like that can be dangerous. I was trying to make it work." Eventually Mrs. Wright also decided she could not continue with the Black Congress. "I felt that they were exploiting the concept of unity." For an explanation of what has been happening in recent weeks Mrs. Wright referred us to a column by Booker Griffin in the Jan. 16, 1969 L.A. SENTINEL.

Griffin wrote: "Brother Toms are more dangerous and more detrimental to the Community than Uncle Toms. Uncle Toms are present in every level of our society and are very easy to detect and deal with. Brother Toms are bound almost exclusively to groups and movements at the forefront of the struggle..."

"My response to those who would use fronts of the community, 'neighborhood participation,' 'operational unity,' 'black

is beautiful' and such front phrases and slogans as black mail and a black jack to perpetuate their own narrow, petty groups and power motives is 'Don't pat me on the back and call me brother.'"

"The more I deal with the brothers and sisters in the movement the more I realize that Hitler, Wallace and other such whites have no monopoly on fascism... These people are not concerned with what's good for the community in the first instance, but what is good for their own little self-ordained groups and the aggrandizement of their leaders and organizers..."

"I get sick in the stomach when we have a community crisis and I watch Brother Toms overrun meetings like mad slobbering dogs bent upon getting their thing into the act. As long as community crises... serve more as the testing grounds for the vulture actions and ego maniac-like role acting of Brother Toms we will never get around to facing problems in the name of the community as opposed to jack-assing over problems in the name of loud-mouthed self seekers whose only solutions are tied into the motivations of narrow groups and petty leaders."

## COLD BLOOD

The assassinations stunned the black community. It was probably the worst thing that could have happened. The Panthers called it a political killing but the police moved against them instead of moving against US organization. Booker Griffin blamed himself and the rest of the Black community:

In the Jan. 23, 1968 SENTINEL Griffin writes:

"I say that the whole black community is guilty of the death of these two young men... There is

shame, but that shame is upon us. We have sat on our hindparts and let the climate create itself and exist that led to the murders of those young citizens... too many of you want to defend your own egos in the face of community problems..."

"The whole problem-solving process in this community has been captured by a small aggressive body of people whose self-sustenance needs preclude them from any possibility of making fair decisions in the name of the community. Rat pack justice and rump caucuses serve in the name of this community what citizens groups, political church and civic leadership serve in other communities..."

"Our student movements, which are valid and just, are pawns in a power struggle made possible

by the lack of a community civic base capable of giving them the assistance they need... Wake up, Los Angeles. If you don't take care of community business there are well organized groups ready and willing to do your business for you. They will claim noble intentions but in the final analysis they mean to rule by any means feasible. That includes from the barrel of a gun.

"UCLA is not as far from this community as you think..."

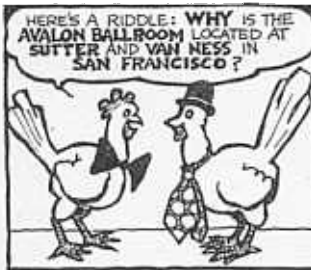
It is not only the Black Community which is to blame for the double murders. The pistols used were 357 Magnums—the kind supplied to the California Highway Patrol, we are told. The white community is responsible for what its police do, since the white community pays them. The white community also pays Maulana Karenga for what he does, which makes us all to blame for these racist political assassinations.

from LA Free Press (UPS)

## FOLK GUITARIST GONE

## ALL SOUNDS HANGING

**AVALLON**  
**CAPERS**



**SAN FERNANDO**  
**SENATE ACCEPTS**  
**ALL BSU DEMANDS**  
**EXCEPT THE GRITTY**

# WHITE PANTHERS SHOW

However, this is not to say we are unorganized. Every White Panther has a gun and knows how to use it. Every White Panther receives training in guerrilla warfare and political education. The White Panther knows the advantages of co-operative effort and the tactics of solitary action. The White Panther is as much Fish as Sea. And like the water can fill any shape container and move mountains.

Bay Area Field Marshall  
White Panther Party  
Liberated Territory

**SUDDENLY:**



## P&F SET FOR NEW DRIVES

P & F candidate for the Berkeley city council is Lee Cox, 60-year-old member of Warehouse Union Local 5 of the International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union (ILWU). Unlike most of the



Last week, Debray exposed the treachery of the Bolivian army and how it worked in vain with the CIA to lure him into betrayal.

And here I wish to pay homage to the memory of Vázquez. On May 12, 1967, I was told that he was kept under guard "like a religious relic," subject to every security measure, since a false priest, a man disguised as a priest — they said — had come to kidnap him from the hospital. This makes the story of the escape — for which there is no serious proof — quite incredible. Of course, there is no proof of his murder; at least I don't know of any, and I must say, honestly, that, to me, Vázquez' fate still remains a mystery.

What is certainly not a mystery is the deceitful, cunning, perfidious way Vázquez was forced to confess by taking advantage of his physical weakness as he lay on a hospital bed. Vázquez was approached by a Panamanian who claimed to be a journalist of the Communist Party and a possible contact man with the outside. Thus deceived, Vázquez had no qualms about saying confidential things, which the man recorded. Later, Vázquez had to confirm and amplify these to the police. And, without



ERNESTO CHE GUEVARA, left, in 1964. Photo at right, seen by O.A.S., is said to show Guevara in Bolivia.

a doubt, those who interrogated him, the same men who interrogated Bustos, myself, and many others, must be in a position to clear up what really happened to Vázquez. I only want to make it clear to the court that Vázquez' statements — very important ones, as he had been present from the very time of Che's arrival — where he stresses that my status was that of a visitor, do not appear in the record, and that the unsigned loose leaf, which is there to substitute for the statements, does not fool anybody.

After that 12th of May the Bolivian and foreign investigators did return, but they never spoke to me again. There were no more interrogations, at least for me, until the end of my Incommunicado period, a month and a half later, in Camiri. Why was I kept incommunicado for so long a time? Why didn't the U.S. bishop, Kennedy, show up before? Simply because more time was needed to set up this tremendous publicity and propaganda machinery against me, while simultaneously turning me into an important figure, a prominent figure, a first-class "criminal," a bloodthirsty adventurer who was also a master of "emotional revolutions."

The whole thing would be really comical, had it not been so well arranged and, furthermore, arranged behind my back. When I heard about it in July I thought: I was dreaming, and for several days I failed to grasp the full meaning implicit in the whole "show." And then you could not help but be deeply impressed by that display of slander, lies and official as well as private attacks concentrated upon my person. What I am about to tell you may help you understand the reason for all that. At the beginning of July, one or two days after I appeared at the inquest before Judge Flores, several Cubans from the CIA arrived at Camiri to interrogate the prisoners once more. They introduced themselves as men sent by Dr. González or as substitutes for Dr. González. The one assigned to me has one great virtue: he is frank, and he spoke without beating around the bush. He asked questions about my address book — luckily, a harmless book — which was taken from me in Muyupampa, and about other documents such as a credential from Mr. Maspero, a card from the editor of *Success* and some official French papers. This may explain why those documents could not be presented here. This man kept them in his briefcase and had to take them to Washington or some other place. This Cuban also spoke to me about Cuba, of certain statements made by Venezuelan prisoners, but what's important here is the man's evident frankness.

Toward the end he said: "Everything depends upon our reports. Your fate is in your hands. We know very well that you're not a guerrilla chief, but you must have been entrusted with some clandestine mission which we are interested in learning about. If you cooperate with us, if you answer my questions truthfully, without trying to fool us, I assure you that all this machinery set up against you will be made to disappear very soon. We can destroy it in a few days, just as we built it up. Attention will be no longer focused upon

# REGIS DEBRAY

Last Part of a Series

in the streets, no more demonstrations." Mr. President, as this man spoke to me, a few dozen people out there beneath my window were calling for my head.

It appears that when this man left he wasn't completely satisfied with the result of the interview, so the little machine went on working faster than ever before.

By all possible means, my name was systematically linked to that of Che, very cunningly making it appear that it was thanks to my "information" that his presence here was revealed, even though it was well known that he had been here since the middle of March. My name was linked to Fidel Castro's — as you have all seen on the posters that cover the walls of this building — as if there could be any possible comparison made between two historic leaders, two of America's leaders, and an ordinary journalist, a simple student, of my age and my nationality.

From Miami, from Washington, there came pamphlets, serial style, published by the great local press here depicting me as one who had drunk blood since childhood, or in Havana, breakfasting while a mass execution was being held, and later as captured in the woods as I hid, trembling with fear, behind a tree.

When infamy breaks loose there's no end to it, there's no limit to its inventiveness. Cruelly here, in Camiri, took very subtle forms: periods of unexplained "incommunicado" status, complete isolation in my cell, while other prisoners were together. It reached the point where I was forced to wear this striped uniform of a common prisoner, number 001, a uniform that had never been used before in Bolivia, not even for the common prisoners. A uniform that none of my fellow prisoners here, that none of the army prisoners had to wear. All this as a natural outcome of animosity, of a desire for

leave the front to carry out a mission in the city, on a strict order from Che, you find here one of the motives for the "failure of the guerrillas" in this political and military strictness so typical of Che, according to which no combatant once incorporated in the mountains could return to the plains. And since they could not go from the plains to the city, either, perhaps this terrible misunderstanding arose, with each one waiting for the other to come to him to solve problems of greatest urgency.

Let's return to the trial. This political trial, in which the defense was not able to speak of anything except the Penal Code, and the prosecuting attorney was able to speak of everything except the Penal Code and especially of politics, is evidently symbolic. Guerrilla warfare is being tried here, through me. They have asked for 30 years' imprisonment for guerrilla warfare. I doubt very much that guerrilla warfare will tolerate it that long, and it is too bad that the prosecuting attorney does not have another more drastic sentence in his arsenal that would put an end to this problem.

But, for the moment, the problem to be solved is something else, and it is very simple, much simpler: how to carry out such a trial with such defendants? If the civil party had a sense of humor, he would have taken some precautions as to his rhetoric before asking for "indemnity for damages and losses" for the military victims, from six defendants whose only common ground is that they do not deserve the name of guerrilla, and who have not, for many different reasons, ever fought against the Bolivian Army: three deserters, who really deserve to be decorated for the inestimable service they have rendered the army; a large landholder, enemy number one of the guerrillas in its first zone of operations, one who denounced them to the authorities twice without really knowing exactly what the trouble was; and two

# TESTIMONY AT HIS COURT-MARTIAL CAMIRI, BOLIVIA

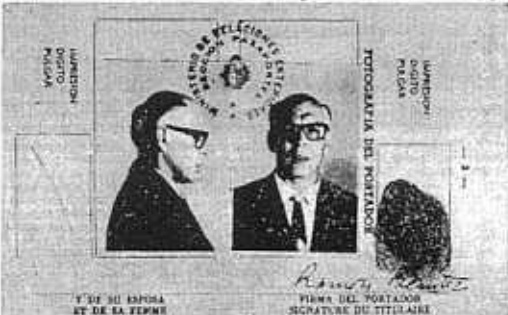
my trips through Latin America. My presence in Bolivia is solely the result of my personal decision, made with the agreement of my editor in France and a Mexican magazine. The fact that I worked in the University of Havana, like many Europeans, the fact that I have studied the revolutionary history of Cuba and have great admiration for it and those who made it, does not mean that Cuba has any responsibility for my movements and personal initiatives. I serve a cause and not a state. I respect that state because it serves that cause and not its selfish state interests simply because they may be confused with that cause. I take full responsibility for my actions. If the prosecuting attorney wishes to place Cuba on trial — and my declaration does not contain a single word about Cuba — may I remind him that there is an organization that specializes in this type of complaint: the Yankee ministry of colonies, also known as the OAS.

The prosecuting attorney also said that I brought "my master Fidel's orders" to the Bolivian guerrillas. There is no doubt that he means that the Bolivian guerrillas received orders from outside. He knows this is not true. They received orders from no one except the leader they themselves had elected, Ernesto Che Guevara. Now I'm asking him to say what these orders were. Even the CIA had to return home to Washington without proving a single one of these alleged orders. How could the CIA discover something that doesn't exist? Fidel does not give, nor is he able to give, orders to anyone, because no man, no matter how great he is, no matter how intelligent he is, no matter how generous he is, can dictate the course of history, avoid the unavoidable, or do the impossible. No man can tell other men to sacrifice themselves for the cause of liberation, because men do not give up their comfort, their children, or the light of the sun, men do not die simply to follow another man's order, but rather for their convictions, through an inner choice, a necessarily personal one.

But there is one even more insulting word in all of this, as insulting to me as it is to Fidel himself, and that is the word "master." The prosecuting attorney confuses master with friend. The master, the only master is the man who becomes rich through the work of the poor, the poor people of Bolivia, who exploits and humiliates them, who loots and represses them, who has invested his dollars on Bolivian soil: Mr. Johnson. Cuba has neither dollars nor privileges to offer anybody. She has nothing to offer but her example. The example of sacrifice, courage, and austerity. It is up to everyone to choose between the master and the exemplary friend: between Johnson and Fidel. I am about to conclude. A lawyer for the civil party expressed his fear that the defense, by asking for clemency, might deny the winners the right to judge the losers. But who is asking for clemency? Who dares speak of winners? Who admits defeat? Has Che been defeated because he died? For many years Che risked his life and miraculously escaped death. Many years ago he made the decision to fight in the front lines wherever he was needed, here or anywhere else, and many years ago accepted his having to die at any moment. He used to say that his sacrifice would not mean anything, that it would only be an accident in the course of world revolution, and that afterwards it was up to each one of us to bring a seed out of his blood. There are some men who are even more dangerous when they are dead than when they were alive, even when those who fear them cut the hands off their bodies, cremate the bodies and hide the ashes. For us Che now begins to live, and the revolution continues.

No, I will never ask for pardon for the losers. I will never address you as the winners. On the contrary, I say that, even though I regret that I am innocent of all the charges against me, I am guilty in your eyes for believing in Che's final and forthcoming victory. I am guilty of wanting to carry out the irreversible commitment made by any man who had the good fortune of seeing Che live, think and fight the commitment of remaining faithful to him and following his example to the end, to the best of one's ability. I will do my best to be worthy some day of the disproportionate honor you will do me by condemning me for something I did not do, but which I now more than ever wish to do. And calmly, with all my heart, I thank you in advance for this harsh sentence I expect from you. I have finished.

NOVEMBER 1967



"RAMON BENITEZ FERNANDEZ" in a false Uruguayan passport he used when leaving Spain on Oct. 19, 1966. Bolivian authorities say he entered La Paz in early November.

revenge and of police frustration.

And, to top off the honor, you know how first all the publicity was oriented, aimed at me, and how later they said that I myself had looked for this publicity, as though I myself had chosen to be incommunicado for two months, as if I myself had staged this spectacle, as though I did not have to defend myself, to explain, to reveal the truth through the newsmen within my reach. Was I supposed to listen silently and agree with this deluge of propaganda and inventions? Why should they call dignity in protest, the simple spirit of resistance, "haughtiness," "arrogance," "a desire to provoke them"? What do these gentlemen want? Collaboration, complicity, silence on all these proposals, these despicable offers, this plot? In the future I will be only as arrogant as they are insulting.

Truthfully, I would not like to be in the place of those who set up this scene, and who have in their hands all the documents necessary to reveal the truth. The truth will out, even though it proves to be disappointing to the prosecuting attorney, the plaintiff or this tribunal. For some reason, I am losing prestige in General Sarrientos' speeches. This "de-escalation" is inevitable. I began as a co-leader, I think, and I later became a political commissar, later intellectual author and combatant, and now the latest news I have been able to read calls me a simple "courier."

This indeed is closer to the truth. It is a much better reflection of my exact role. I accept the term, if it is necessary by all means to find some way to include me in the guerrilla roster. It is true, gentlemen, that, in addition to my work, to my journalistic mission, I had some other missions to perform in France. Nothing out of the way. When Bustos and I left for the guerrilla encampment Che was waiting for

liaison, if you wish to definitely call it that way: Bustos and I.

This wasn't very promising material. Then they found the solution, they just had to think of it: instead of carrying out a trial appropriate to a so-called principal defendant, they have created a defendant to fit the trial they had planned. This way they have lifted me out of the most terse anonymity and raised me to a more suspicious and undeserved notoriety. The player making his own rules, just as the prosecution has made up its own evidence. A great honor for one man!

To attempt to try the Bolivian guerrilla movement through any one man is legally unacceptable. But morally, for this speaker, unacceptable. But there is more. As the prosecuting attorney said in the beginning, it is Cuba which he wishes to try here through me; he wants to put Cuba on trial. But this I will never allow or accept.

The prosecuting attorney called revolutionary Cuba a "center of criminal insurrection." The only "center of criminal insurrection" that I know of is the United States, which has exported its crimes, its bombs, spies, tanks, and its warships to Panama, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala and Cuba. There is only one defendant in this room, and that is Yankee imperialism and its lackeys. But since one cannot speak here of revolution and counterrevolution — a right which is reserved only for the prosecuting attorney — let me at least, Mr. President, answer two concrete charges made by the prosecuting attorney. First he called me a "French-Cuban," a mercenary at the service of Cuba. This is just another adjective to him. To me it is both an honor and a cause for happiness. However, nothing in the world gives the prosecuting attorney the right to take away my nationality.



**GOON  
SHOTS**

# A GALLERY OF PIGS IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING



# ARMY'S SECOND THOUGHTS

by Jon Jacobson

Is the Army having second thoughts about trying to pin mutiny raps on the 27 Presidio stockade inmates?

The case of the first two GPs under trial went in limbo Wednesday. Lt. Col. George Robinson, the presiding law officer asked for a new psychiatric evaluation of Louis Oszcepiński and Lawrence Reidel. The trial recessed "until further notice."

"There seems to be a big gap between the Pentagon and the Sixth Army on this case," Father Joseph Sonntag, a Jesuit priest from Oakland told BARB late Wednesday. He had just flown back from Washington DC where he had seen Nixon's Secretary of the Army Stanley Resor.

"It blew our minds to get such a friendly reception," Father Sonntag said. "Resor said to wait and see, the result wouldn't be as bad as we expected."

Sonntag was accompanied by two other clergymen and Mrs. Sue Rowland, wife of one of the Presidio 27. The group refused to leave the Pentagon Monday unless they could see Resor in person.

Most of the military brass they talked to were of the opinion mutiny charges were not warranted in the Presidio action, Sonntag related.

"The head of the Judge Advocate General's Office told us that if the mutiny charges didn't hold on the first two, it is very possible the other men wouldn't be charged with mutiny," he told BARB.

Testimony at the trial Tuesday and Wednesday corroborated charges of inadequate facilities inside the Presidio brig. It also brought out the unsuitability for military life of some of the inmates.

The brig has a lack of trained guards, stockade commander Capt. Robert Lamont testified. He further said some guards purposely fired loaded guns in front of prisoners. Over the past months guards have been relieved of their posts for improper performance and dereliction of duty, the stockade commander told the Court-Martial board.

Stockade psychiatrist Major Terry Chamberlain testified both Oszcepiński and Reidel had sociopathic personalities and were unfit for army regimentation.

"A certain percentage of the other men in the stockade fit this diagnosis," he said, "but not all."

Earlier in the trial Capt. Lamont admitted his mind was "focused on mutiny" when he confronted the 27 prisoners October 14. While the men sat and sang freedom songs he tried to read Article 94 (Mutiny) to the men. Later testimony brought out Lamont's voice was not audible over the noise.

Nine of the soldiers were scheduled to go on trial Thursday BARB press time, but Terence Hallinan, their attorney said he will ask for a continuance.

"I was disappointed we couldn't prevent the convening of a Court Martial Board," Hallinan told BARB. "But I'm hopeful the Board will take into consideration the conditions inside the stockade and dismiss the charges."

Hallinan is still waiting for Federal Judge Stanley Weigel to decide whether to intervene to correct conditions in the brig.

"He is being supercautious waiting for the decision on the first two men," Hallinan said.

With the case of these two in limbo, where does that put the judge?

## GAYS WIN

from p.6  
but much gay."

"There's unbelievable new interest in SIR and the homosexual movement especially among people in their 20s, from emancipated teenagers to college graduates," the 36-year bisexual editor-writer

# INVITATION TO THE BALL



by Stew Albert

I am going to trial February 11, in the Berkeley Municipal Court, Dept. 2 on Grove St (next to the Pig Station) and will be acting as my own lawyer.

The charges are trespass, malicious mischief and disturbing the peace, all coming out of the fact that I was arrested in Moses Hall at 7 am after a sleepless night, and, unlike all those who sat in and were busted there, I pleaded "not guilty."

It's going to be fun selecting my jury. I will ask them if they have anything against people with long hair, pot smokers, Black Panthers, Maoists, yuppies or red and black anarchists.

You discover just how many old people there are in Berkeley when you are on trial and a jury is being selected. I can just see an on-social security grey-haired grandmother telling me, lying through her teeth, that she thinks a hippie's word is as good as a policeman's and she isn't in the least bit hostile because I wrote for the Berkeley BARB.

There will be twelve people selected for the jury, and they will get on by bullshitting and telling the court that they can give me a fair trial.

If things go according to practice the DA will disqualify all blacks, (except if he thinks he's found an Uncle Tom) anyone with a degree in the humanities, all wives of college professors, and anyone who's registered in the Peace and Freedom Party.

For years I've watched movie and TV lawyers shattering the outright cases that DA's built against their clients. From the lawyer who brought an almanac into the courtroom and proved the moon wasn't out that night, so his client could not possibly be identified to Perry Mason shouting

at the real murderer on the witness stand and getting him to start crying and confess everything -- these melodramas provide the backbone of my legal training.

I probably will be found guilty and receive a much stiffer sentence than those who copped a plea and took the deal.

But it will be worth it. As my own lawyer I will be able to experience fully the total absurdity and injustice of the American court system. I will be facing a judge who, before he has ever seen me, believes I am guilty and twelve jurors who would like to see me run out of town and into the river, five minutes after they bring in their guilty verdict.

To look this judicial hypocrisy in the face and laugh at with my own honest voice will make it all worth it.

If everyone who was busted in Moses pleaded not guilty and acted as their own mouthpiece the courts would have come close to strangling to death on truth. The fear of such a spectacle might make the monsters think twice when planning mass arrests. It would at least convince our enemies that we are not afraid of their clubs or awed by their law books.

Perhaps I am being paranoid, there might be some reason for optimism. A middle aged peace-lik might lie himself on to the jury for the purpose of hanging it and saving me from a few months in Santa Rita.

Anyway it will be a lot more fun if the court room is packed with loud-mouthed friends. The judge, jury and bailiffs will be there in androird splendor. The trio might get pretty depressing if there aren't some brothers and sisters on the set to remind me the human race hasn't been declared in contempt of court and sentenced to permanent exile.

The letter top rangers reprimanded their underlings for letting the girls go. Harsh sentences were given the four males in revenge. Two of them are from San Mateo, the other two from nearby Belmont.

The eight hip looking campers were arrested inside Grand Canyon three weeks ago. Helicopters were called at night to take out the "dangerous criminals". Then followed 3 days of uncertainty and fear in cold and dark cells before charges were brought against the freedom seeking group.

"We were friendly to a ranger while camping, and offered him food," Kiki recalled. "I always trusted everybody."

The flink ranger called in the helicopters.

"I didn't think a decent person could be so unreasonable," Kiki

# GRAND CANYON RAP A DOUBLE BUMMER

"I was shocked by what the Arizona court did to my friends," Kiki Johnson of San Mateo told BARB this week. "I used to trust everybody, but not any more."

One ounce of pot was found in a group of eight people, she said. For that heinous crime a Flagstaff judge, on January 31, sentenced one person to 18 months in prison and three others to 3 months each.

Kiki is one of four girls who were released in a "deal" for their male companions to plead guilty. All eight in the group are from the Bay Area and had gone camping to Grand Canyon several weeks ago.

"Hippies are not wanted in Grand Canyon. We want to make an example of you, rangers told us," a recent letter from the four in

the letter top rangers reprimanded their underlings for letting the girls go.

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## OAKLAND 7

# D.A. IS LOSING TRIAL WHETHER KIDDING OR NOT

by Art Goldberg

Lowell Jensen must be kidding. If he's not kidding, he ought to be investigated for wasting a lot of Alameda County's money.

The trial of the Oakland Seven began on Tuesday, and at this point, it looks as if Jensen's case is as strong as a house of cards and as solid as a dish of ice cream on a hot day.

Spectators and jurors alike were

## OIL STRIKE

# YAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

by Stew Albert

Only a call from the pissed-off proletarian could get me out of bed at 6 a.m. We were at the Standard Oil Refinery in Richmond by seven, ready to join the striking workers in class struggle.

The only problem was that I met several hundred student radicals at the gates of Rockefeller, but the workers were there only by the handful and it seemed like we were picketing an industrialized Sproul Hall.

The atmosphere was cold, grim, and chock full of sterility. A jungle of steel, pipes, boilers, tanks, barbed wire and scabs. We marched in front of all the entrance gates, unable to stop the big trucks, but beating the shit out of any automobiles that tried to get through us.

Occasionally someone would come screaming to a picket line that scabs were going through at another line and that the pigs were breaking heads. We would go running off to where the atrocity was happening but on arrival everything would seem calm, and the tales of violence a bit exaggerated.

Many of the Richmond pigs came on friendly, asking workers for strike buttons and saying they were sympathetic. When I flashed a victory sign at one of them, he returned it, saying "Peace Brother."

I was involved in one semi-violent incident with scabbing white collar. We were walking from one picket line to another when we bumped into five straight in suits headed for work. Words and threats were exchanged and the scabs tried a little shoving. We elbowed them a bit and then Gumbo took a karate pose which freaked out the class traitors, who beat a hasty retreat.

It was hard to tell just what sort of effect we were having on the refining of oil. There seemed to be plenty of people inside working, but their work seemed to consist of just standing around and looking at us. A bunch were on a roof, jeering and photographing us. We educated them with our traditional cry of "jump".

A train with oil tanks went by headed for the refinery, and I had visions of Marcello Maestrosini as "The Organizer" leading see p. 16

shocked as the clerk of the Superior Court read the ten "overt acts" that form the basis of the conspiracy indictment. The ten "overt acts" that led to the charging of the Oakland Seven are:

1) Reese Ehrlich arranged for a meeting at the Wesleyan Foundation on October 5, 1967.

2) Jeff Segal distributed leaflets outside the Oakland Induction Center on October 7.

3) Mike Smith met with other persons on October 8 in Lafayette Square and taught them how to use sticks as clubs.

4) Smith and Bob Mandel opened a checking account at the Wells Fargo bank in Berkeley in the name of the Stop The Draft Week Committee.

5) Steve Hamilton and Segal met other persons at 11th & Jefferson Sts in Oakland and directed and walked with them to the Oakland Induction Center on Oct. 14 (two days before the demonstrations)

6) Terry Cannon met with people in Lafayette Square on Oct. 14 and distributed wooden clubs to them.

7) Frank Bardacke met other persons on Grove and 23rd Sts and walked to the Induction Center with them on Oct. 15.

8) Mandel hired and paid for busses to transport demonstrators from Bancroft and Telegraph to the Induction Center.

9) Mandel transported loud speaker equipment to Bancroft and Telegraph on Oct. 17.

10) Mike Smith encouraged people to go from Sproul Plaza on Oct. 17 to the Oakland Induction Center. According to the DA, and to the Grand Jury, these ten dastardly overt acts add up to a conspiracy to trespass, and to obstruct and interfere with police officers.

Jensen's first three witnesses did nothing to bolster his case. The first prosecution witness, Oakland Deputy Police Chief Raymond Brown proved to be more of a help to the defense than to Jensen. It was like Joe Namath drifting back to pass on first down and being dropped for a ten yard loss.

Brown testified that he directed all police operations on Oct. 17, 1967, and gave orders to the police to clear both 15th and Clay Sts. When they became blocked with demonstrators. He said he first warned the demonstrators over the loudspeaker truck parked in his third floor command post in the garage across from the Induction Center.

Under a withering cross-examination by chief defense counsel Charles Garry, Brown admitted that there were twenty plainclothesmen mixed in with the demonstrators, that the DA's office had given him a dispersal notice to read some three weeks before the demonstrations took place, and that he saw policemen striking demonstrators with clubs. Brown also said that six police officers had attended planning meetings of the various Stop The Draft Week groups.

Garry focused heavily on the newsmen who were beaten up on Oct. 17, and asked Brown if he had ordered the police to beat up demonstrators and newsmen. see p. 26

## 7 SING FOR 27

The Oakland Seven demonstrated outside of the Presidio last Friday to show their support for the 27 GPs now charged with mutiny. Two of the twenty-seven were tried this week.

The Seven had been served with an Army order forbidding them to enter the base, under penalty of a six months jail sentence and a \$500 fine. The Seven burned the Army order in front of the Presidio's main gate.

They then attempted to hand a

officer standing near by. When Mike Smith approached, statement in hand, the officer fled inside the Presidio. An attempt was made at impaling the statement on the gate, but MP's interfered.

Finally, Smith handed the statement to an officer driving through the gate in his private car.

The cry for the day was "Jail the Generals, not the soldiers," and "One, Two, Three, Four, Jail the Generals, End the War." The Seven promised to return with a more militant demonstration if the