

"V" FOR VOT?



In a fit of freedom, four guys and a chick tossed off their clothes last Saturday and splashed nude in the SF Civic Center fountain. The swimmers were among the 20,000 people attending the anti-war rally in the Civic Center on Saturday. But the slightly degree heat apparently got the best of at least five of the anti-war demonstrators. The first person to plunge into the fountain, a long-haired, bearded man in his 20's, had been asked by blacks not to remain standing nude as Black Muslim Muhammad Ali was speaking. So the man moved to the fountain, put a flower in his hair, yelled "Who is really free?" and dove into the water. More clothes came off and he was immediately joined by others. When the inevitable SF police arrived half an hour later, the swimmers scurried from the fountain to dress. As San Francisco's finest waded through the crowd looking for some bare ass, the crowd huddled about the swimmers, protecting them from the short arm of the law, as they dressed. The water in the fountain is expected to get warmer as summer nears.

ALI COMES OUT FIGHTING BUT BOXES SHADOWS

Boxing champ Muhammad Ali came out fighting last Saturday in front of a massive crowd at San Francisco's Civic Center. He spoke as part of the April 27th Mobilization for Peace, but instead of jabbing away at the war, racism, and poverty as expected, the champ-turned-preacher did his own thing and rapped on the teachings of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. Earlier in the day, 20-30,000

people including an active contingent of active GPs marched from the Golden Gate Panhandle to the Civic Center, to protest the war. By the time the 3 hour march ended downtown many were already punchy from the eighty degree heat and the 4 mile walk. A number of people didn't bother to stay for the rally at the Civic Center, and for most of those who did, another 3 hours of speeches proved too much to endure.

RETRACED FOOTSTEPS NOT THE SAME

Even the cops were bored - that sums up the SF March Against War and Racism attended by ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty five thousand (take your pick) as the sun shone down on the city which proves that God's on Our Side. Shaping up in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park, "middle-aged ladies bearing a remarkable resemblance to the old suffragettes" and "a number of older men wearing 'Vets for Peace' caps" (Daily Cal) marched to Civic Center to hear speakers who have spoke so many times before. This reporter saw his own footsteps implanted in the asphalt of time from the many marches of yesteryear. He could agree with Paul Glussman, expelled student at UC, when he told all the marchers, "Go home - the war is over."

"We have already lost the Vietnam war," the first speaker, Rear Admiral (ret) Arnold True told the crowd of several thousand. Fred Halstead, Socialist Workers Party addressed the crowd next praising them for "saving the country."

But those who were anticipating hearing Vanessa Redgrave were disappointed. She was unable to appear personally and sent a recorded message instead. Most of the several thousand who remained at the Civic Center, it seemed, were waiting to hear Muhammad Ali speak, but the champ dazed quite a few when he stated that he would not address himself to the war or racism.

Instead, he preached the teachings of Islam and even though he gave his KO punch away well ahead of time, the blow still stunned many. "We believe that interracial marriage should be prohibited," the champ said, and a few of those who failed to duck began to leave the Plaza.

Finally, in the middle of the champ's speech, a group of people who had been enduring the heat long enough, slipped out of their clothes and tumbled into the Civic Center Fountain. (see elsewhere this issue.)

It was the only event of the afternoon which brought the few thousand demonstrators left to their feet.

By the time Black Panther Bobby Seale spoke near the end of the rally, most of the demonstrators had already departed.

SEALE SENTENCING DELAY STARTS OFF PANTHER DAY

The sentencing of Black Panther Chairman Bobby Seale, 31, was delayed for 3 weeks by an Alameda County Superior Court judge on Thursday.

Seale was scheduled to be sentenced yesterday at 9, but the sentencing was moved to May 23.

One year ago, Seale entered an Oakland Hall of Justice armed with a shotgun and was arrested the following day.

Last month, he was convicted by an Alameda County court and scheduled for sentencing. Seale was put on \$500 bail and remains free on bond.

Seale's attorney, Charles R. Garry, told BARB last week that he plans to appeal the court's sentence decision.

Seale is also scheduled to appear with his wife Artie, 21, in Superior Court at 2 p.m. on June 7 for trial on two other felony charges for possession of illegal weapons.

Black Panthers gathered en masse at the courthouse Thursday for the decision on the sentence. After its postponement, a car caravan of Panthers and supporters celebrating BLACK PANTHER DAY moved on to Sacramento for further demonstrations there.

Earlier this week, Panther Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton's trial date was moved to June 10. Newton, who is charged with the murder of Oakland policeman John Frey, was originally scheduled to appear before an Alameda County Superior Court on Monday.

cisco last week.

Massive marches and demonstrations are still being planned for the Newton trial which has attracted national attention to Oakland and the Panthers.

Eldridge Cleaver, Panther Minister of Information and author, was seized as state's prisoner on a parole violation following the April 6 police assault in West

Oakland. A letter and telegram campaign in his name continues to seek support for his appeal for justice from the Adult Authority.

Similar demonstrations are planned for 9 a.m. today at the County Court House to support the Oakland Seven. Their trial begins at 10.

SF STATE STUDENTS DON'T WANT NO PREXY

While California state college officials sought a replacement for resigned prexy John Summerskill, the S.F. State College student body decided they don't want any college president at all.

By referendum vote of 1499 to 1154 they demanded "a council of students and faculty selected by their peers to serve as the highest policy making body of the college, responsible to the college and not the state."

What's more, "the Associated Students shall organize a democratic campus-wide election of a provisional college government, consisting of three faculty and two students; the AS shall seek full power for this new provisional government."

Now who will bail the cat out of the newly-started Com-

fire AS business manager Harold Harroun, who for years has supported administrators in their power struggles with his student "bosses."

An alleged spokesman for the "White Panthers" called BARB Tuesday night to inform us of "a lynching party for Bobby Seale and Huey Newton."

The anonymous caller, after expressing his annoyance at "all the propaganda" the Black Panthers were getting in the BARB, said the White Panthers would put in an appearance on The Avenue



"WHITE PANTHERS" YOWL BUT NARY ONE IN SIGHT

black youth clad in Panther-like black leather gear were there. The patrons of the Forum, the Mediterranean, the Blue Cue and the Krishna were there. BARB was there.

No one identifiable as a White Panther was there.

BARB asked a black-jacketed Panther brother if he had heard of the "White Panthers."

themselves the White Panthers. If they're stealing our name, they must be jealous."

He said he wasn't sure if the Black Panthers planned to be on hand in large numbers at 9.

When BARB returned to the scene to see the KKK hoods, Berkeley police cars were maintaining their usual slow patrol of the street. The same crowd, less a

WHY IT HAS TO HAPPEN

by Stew Albert

I may be in Berkeley Jail when you read this. I have to go in next Tuesday for 30 days and also pay a \$250 fine. The judge sentenced me for "Disturbing Roger Heys' Peace."

This will be a major disappointment to Big Daddy Dutton the DA and his little child bride assistant Walt Brown. Dutton was after the full sentence of 90 days. "I know who Stew Albert is," he proclaimed. "I read his articles in the BARB, I know what he thinks of the system. We want the full sentence."

This all stemmed out of the Moses Hall sit-in and my pleading not guilty and acting as my own lawyer. Everyone else busted took the deal and got ten days and an effeminate tongue-lashing from Judge Brunn, who warned me in particular that I had the most to lose by not taking the deal.

My total loss will amount to twenty days and the fun of playing my own theater games with the monarchical mysticism of the black robed judge and the pigs' mouthpiece DA, makes it more than worth it.

I won my case in court and was found guilty of one of the three charges because ultimately my eyes gave me away, the jury knew I just had to be guilty of something.

The thought of spending 30 days behind bars with only my own hand to sleep with is bumming enough to make me wonder if my mother was right in telling me to take education credits and become a school teacher.

I have to think why as a stray cat on the road four years ago I decided to dive into the Berkeley Revolution and commit my life

to it. In New York I had picked out on a crazy combination of Kerouac and Karl Marx poetry chanted to the coolest jazz that the heroin of the moment would permit.

In Berkeley I saw my million daydreams spoken in the night time bedroom hideouts of Brooklyn flashing by totally in the flesh down Telegraph Avenue and speaking with penetrating reality through the microphones of Sprout Plaza, Savio, Aptheker, Weinberg and Jerry Rubin, folklore names known only through the newspapers sitting next to you on the terrace and by different routes predicting the apocalypse of the American Empire and complaining about the pseudo-burrito that the Cafeteria defined as food.

In New York I lived in the internal theater of repression talking to the walls about zen, socialism and fantasizing in the back row of old Russian Movies.

The Vietnam Day Committee propelled me into the real world in which I did what I thought, and in fighting for its cause began my steep ascent into manhood. It was easy at first, I used to sit at the VDC table on the campus and argue the immorality of programmed genocide in Vietnam. Nobody stood in my way and I wondered why I put off being born all these years. I thought the advice my Jewish parents gave me about not angering the alien gods too much was pure paranoia baked in Hitler's ovens and by now stale.

One day Jim Schneider came over to the VDC table and told me to clear off the campus, I was a non-student without a bureaucratic priest to hear my con-

fession. We all laughed and called this robot with a badge "Dean Fuzz". I thought of the name while sitting on a toilet and when it caught on and everyone used it I felt as if he was an absurd joke invented by the Berkeley Gazette.

It was no joke. I had to stop sitting at the Table and my firm grasp on being alive was under severe challenge. The movement started using the word repression and I realized that my parents fears were not entirely based on Hollywood's version of the Nazis and reading the Zionist Hadassah Newsletter.

Things are much more concise now. There is a real enemy standing across the street with badge, mace, club and six-gun—a sadomasochist who doesn't have to put ads in the Berkeley BARB to get his thrills. The monster rat who pulls the pig's strings is less obvious, cooler and with some pretense at having a mind. You can see him on evening news. As Eldridge says, "He could look his momma in the eye and lie".

There is no way to argue our continuously escalating confrontation with oblivion out of existence. For me to turn my back on it is a cop-out against my own existence. It would be to return to the 1950's middle-class death that my Berkeley life sprung from.

My actions will have consequences, which cannot be escaped—there will be these 30 days and then there are several more months for an old political crime and I expect the Federal government to come down on my head this year. What is happening to me is part of the reality our whole movement is dealing with. I am



nothing unusual. It's all worth it. Things are going to get worse and we must organize and prepare for war. But what is the alternative—to abandon everything we know is right and beautiful about our lives for a plush suburban tomb beside an LA Freeway? We will have our consequences.

MERRY JERRY PASSES THROUGH

Jerry Rubin turned up in Berkeley this week on his way from a speaking engagement in L.A. He will return.

Next month, between the 23rd and the 28th the Black Panther Party will hold a nationwide teach-in on the UCLA campus to discuss the repression inflicted upon them. Jerry and Abbie Hoffman have been invited to address the conference. Jerry said he had just learned that his expected indictment under the Rap Brown Act had been postponed by the US Attorney General, perhaps permanently. Already under indictment in Chicago for "solicitation to commit mob violence" (he calls it a sex crime), he was due to be indicted along with five other organizers indicted by a Federal grand jury for "crossing a state line to incite a riot".

The press conference at which the indictment was due to be announced was called off suddenly, he said, and Attorney General

Mitchell commented that the investigation needed "more study". The threat is not removed, but the immediacy is gone.

Referring to his speaking engagements at UCLA, San Fernando Valley State, and the University of Redlands, Jerry said with a smile, "I tried to incite them, but they haven't rioted -- yet."

He has been more successful elsewhere. On this speaking tour students at Pennsylvania State College followed his appearance by occupying the Student Union building for a day. Jerry is forbidden to leave Illinois under the terms of his bail except on speaking engagements.

This tour will continue through the heartland of America and will wind up with a triumphal descent upon Cincinnati, Ohio, his boyhood home. There he will debate with Notre Dame's Father Hesburg (recently lauded by Nixon for his as-yet-untried theories on handling campus disorder) and will speak at his high school.

Jerry says he received 250 replies to his "Letter to the Movement" (first printed in BARB) from all kinds of people. "People in monasteries, Army lieutenants, professional people, high school kids, each of them has their own story," he recounted.

Jerry has great faith in the high school kids and even those younger. He sees the educational institutions of this society collapsing all over. "Driving across the country listening to the news is like listening to a battle report."

Asked about his vision of the future, Jerry responds with a vision closely approaching the Red Guards in China. "Close the schools," he says, "the kids will be roaming the streets, setting up free schools, communities of their own..."

And the key is youth. "A war between the past and the future is unfair."

Jerry is looking forward to returning to live in Berkeley, maybe in a year.



photo by Jacobson

THE F*K*G REVOLUTION

by Cassandra

Now that REVOLUTION talk has replaced salted peanuts at cocktail parties and every drag racer and bike rider in leather, chains, and storm trooper boots considers himself part of the "vanguard," where the fuck are we?

We've won a few things. This family paper can now print the word fu--k, f--k, f---. I mean fuck without risking anything more serious than being banned in Richmond, California. We can go to the movies and see people do it, even, without those cute Hollywood blackouts. Some Sexual Freedom Leaguers have even gotten to the point where they want to f---k, ta--k, I mean talk to each other before, during and after fuck---. We're setting somewhere right?

such a hard time dealing with the mushrooming use of pot that they're starting to ignore it, except when they want to harass. And look at who's getting arrested for puffing. The children of the high and mighty--sometimes the high and mighty themselves.

Every other T.V. commercial has a black face in it. Sure, they may be acting white but that color ain't shoe polish, is it?

But what about THE REVOLUTION? you know, armed guerrillas in the hills, major economic changes, redistribution of the wealth and power, what about the revolution?

Did it bother you when Airplane came out with its first radio plug for white levis? Do you dig Mother Kolt when she tells you that the Avco Broadcasting Company is

family stockbroker wearing a turtleneck and a peace symbol yet?

Are you, friend: Are you poor, except for your expensive hi-fi set, fantastic record collection, and headphones? Do you own a gas-eating hog? How often do you lay it on your mommy and daddy for bread? And you, Mr. Montgomery Streeter, why are you reading the BARB? Is it to get your rocks off looking at the ads, or do you secretly plan to put your precious bod between an enraged cop and a peaceful (or non-peaceful) demonstrator this week?

Still, the revolution approaches. In hundreds of basements across America, mad revolutionary scientists are concocting bombs and weapons of disruption. Young Iowa farm boys are lovingly oiling their hunting rifles and hiding

fathers' barns. In New York and Chicago, the high-assed young blonde daughters of Polish and German immigrants are making the revolutionary sacrifice of their silvery bodies to the black devils of their parents' nightmares. But is this the revolution or more salted peanuts? We're so fat, so fat that we don't feel the pain anymore. Like an immense whore America lies longing for a man who can reach her and turn her on for real. All the rest is foreplay, titillation, grist for the salesman in this shopping paradise gone mad.

Soon, very soon now, Macy's store windows will be filled with fancy dildoes and rapid fire rifles, teargas masks and do-it-yourself napalm kites. Yes, all there right next to the Nehru jackets, micro-skirts, and rhinestone covered wach elms. Comes the revolution.