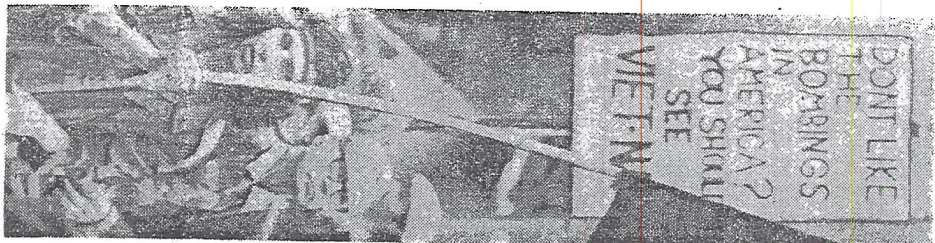
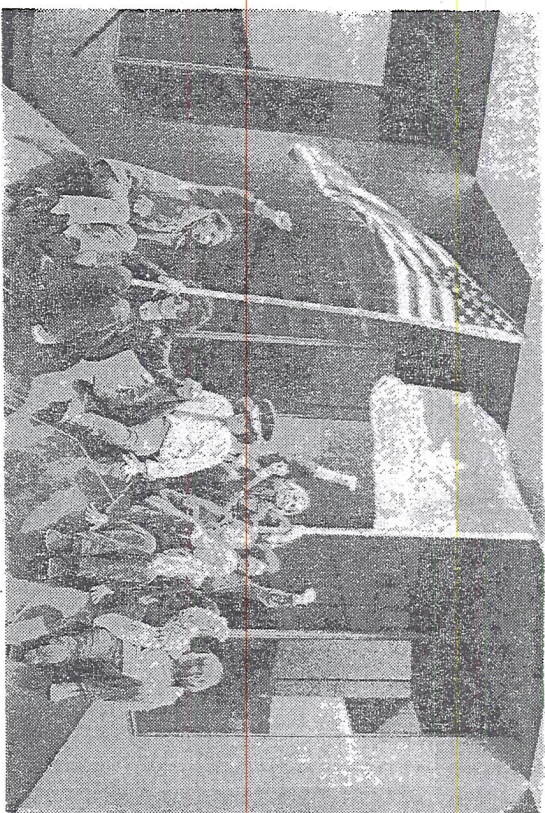


How It Looked Downtown



'We're Learning,' a Demonstrator Says

By Michael Gryg

A gaggle of anti-war demonstrators stood in the middle of Kearny and Geary streets, clapping their hands and stopping afternoon traffic for three or four minutes yesterday.

Suddenly, there were shouts of "Popcorn!" — their code word for "the cops are coming" — and those who dubbed themselves the Che Guevaras of the peace movement ran off in all directions.

Some yelled, "On to Market street!" And they began overturning BART construction barriers.

Bands

Others, followed closely by helmeted officers with extended batons, tried to join rowing bands in vain attempts to clog the public granges. But they were quickly flushed out.

Stopping traffic was supposed to have something to do with stopping the war and overturning construction bar-

riers and trash cans symbolized, to some, the effort to overturn "American imperialism."

"Marches don't seem to happen," said Sidney Greer, passing out leaflets at St. Mary's garage. "They just legitimize the system. Even Mayor Aloia supported the last march."

And what good was yesterday's helter skelter pattern of hit-and-run actions?

"We've got to try something to jog consciences," said Greer, a member of what he called the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice.

And he added, as if the whole thing was a basic course in guerrilla tactics, "Besides, we're learning."

For one thing, those demonstrators who jumped on the hoods of cars or tried to argue with motorists learned that it was practically impossible to win friends for peace by inconveniencing them. Some motorists, impatient

to park, kept going and narrowly missed demonstrators trying to hold them back. Others, somewhat friendly, shouted, "Sorry, got an appointment," and slowly edged into the garage.

"So, they're in conversation," one demonstrator said in disgust. "Well, the war is inconveniencing the Vietnamese. Now let them suffer."

Lesson

One lesson the demonstrators said they had learned was the strictly tactical one of trying to corral them by breaking up into small rowing bands.

"We call them affinity groups — that's the big thing now," said an 18-year-old activist who wore typical denim battle gear along with a bright red headband.

"J. Edgar Hoover himself said it's impossible for him to crack down on small groups like ours. We decide

on our own actions the day before, some 20 of us, then carry them out. We're formed out of love and trust so no pig can infiltrate us."

One girl in a floppy sweater, who said she was from a Palo Alto "affinity group," offered a censored version of her band's "instructions for the day."

"We decided to remain non-violent, conscientious but not to take any — well — faces from anyone."

Others said they were frankly "into a more violent thing."

"We want America to see that a lot of clean, healthy, good-looking American kids have had their fill of this war and are going to raise hell to stop it," said a clean, healthy, good-looking American kid from San Rafael.

And his equally whole-some-looking girl friend, a long-haired blonde who gave her name as Missy, added: "It's disappointing

I've been here three hours and there hasn't been a riot yet. How are we going to show we're serious?"

But it wasn't all theory and tactics yesterday and not everyone wanted to be all that serious.

Sculpture

(The popular pastime, between running skirmishes with the police, was to climb a sheer side of the massive black sculpture in front of the Bank of America headquarters building at California and Kearny streets.

One of those who made it was Joey, a self-style revolutionary of 14. As he slid down the curving face of the monument, bearing the black flag of anarchy, he shouted: "Down with war!"

The bumpy landing scattered a pocketful of marbles — marbles that were going to be used as an inconveniencing tactic in some corporation lobby.