

# SAN FRANCISCO EXPRESS TIMES

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BAY AREA 15c (OTHER CALIFORNIA CITIES 20c, OUT OF STATE 25c)

## RFK IMPLICATED

### Mark Lane On Bobby's Role In JFK Death —and Since

"My source states that . . . one of the men chosen by Robert Kennedy to participate in the Castro assassination was later employed by the CIA for the assassination that actually did take place in Dallas."

MARK LANE

For more than four years since the death of President Kennedy I have declined to make public an analysis of the strange conduct of Robert Kennedy vis-a-vis the assassination and its aftermath. Although I have met with Robert Kennedy in the past, and worked with him for the election of his brother in 1960, my reluctance to discuss his odd behavior has had little to do with any personal feeling toward him or previous contact with him. The death of a brother may be a deeply moving experience — one which leaves scars that strangers or near stranger best not disturb. So long as Robert Kennedy was but one of a hundred senators, and but one of a thousand other officials who remained silent about the fraudulent governmental explanation of the event, it might appear that the reason for singling him out for special disdain or condemnation might be his familial relationship with the deceased.

During much of this period Robert Kennedy has permitted his name to be used in support of some rather unreal conclusions. This was accomplished first by his silence, and when that proved to be insufficient, by his self-proclaimed ignorance coupled with his public acceptance of the Warren Report.

For some years I have lectured about the assassination at universities in the United States and Europe. Following each of those more than two hundred lectures was a question period, and I think it safe, therefore, to assert that I have some knowledge of the questions that occur. The trend established by the questions can, in fact, be closely mapped. During the first year following the murder, the leading question, always asked, sometimes asked more than once in variable forms was: "How about Earl Warren's integrity? Certainly a man of that integrity could not, would not sign his name to a document. . . ." I am sorry to have to report that questions designed to offer Mr. Warren's integrity as a positive factor have not been raised for the last two to three years.

Taking its place has been the refrain, "Certainly Robert Kennedy, with all his money. . ." as if, I imagine, survivors in a lower income group might be less concerned with the cause of death. The refrain goes on, "He WAS the Attorney General at the time. He is said to be, although I do not know this as a fact, somewhat ruthless." It is marvelous to observe the line being drawn rather than offend one in power or even one who might one day be. — and even he accepts the Warren Report."

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### SERGEANT SUNSHINE DROPS HIS GUN AND BLOWS A JOINT

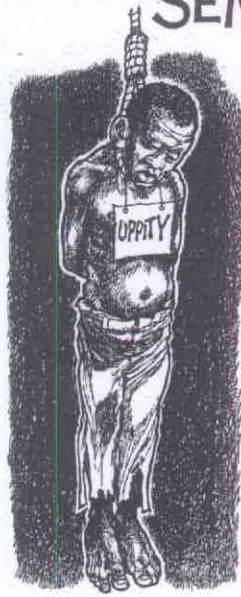
Easter noon on the steps of the Hall of Justice a cop with a red ribbon in his hat and an iris in his lapel took out a joint and lit up.

"I wasn't there for grass, I was there for a bigger thing. We're trying to start a disarmament program with a ten cent piece of ribbon."

Sergeant Sunshine, "the pot-smoking cop," was sitting in his red underwear on a bare mattress, discussing his pot bust. As friends wandered in and out he explained why he thinks cops shouldn't wear guns.

(continued on page 7)

# SEMANTICS



**WHITE  
"intolerance"**



**BLACK  
VIOLENCE!**

**RCOBB**  
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## San Jose Firm Helps Make Sheep-Killing Nerve Gas

Dave Ransom  
(Midpeninsula Observer)

Local boys may have had a hand in the March 13 nerve gas death of those 6000 sheep near the Army Chemical Corps' Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah.

Of the two nerve gases in the U.S. chemical warfare arsenal, the major one, Sarin, is manufactured by the Chemical Corps in a Newport, Indiana, plant designed, built, and operated 24 hours a day by the FMC Corporation of San Jose.

Furthermore, in the late 50's and early 60's chemists at Stanford University did Dugway's basic research in "downwind travel" of gases — "from all source types, for all climate and vegetation and terrain situations."

Research at the Stanford Research Institute in "the dissemination of chemical solid and liquid materials" has been to provide the Chemical Corps with information necessary for "overall improvement" of the techniques for spreading poison gas.

FMC spokesmen admit only that they manufacture a "strategic chemical" for the Chemical Corps at the Newport plant. But in her celebrated articles on chemical and biological warfare in *Science* magazine, Elinor Langer revealed in 1967 that at the plant, Sarin is not only produced but is "loaded into rockets, land mines, and artillery shells."

FMC, which did \$203 million worth of business with the Pentagon in 1967, realizes \$2-3.5 million a year from the Newport operation. Besides nerve gas, the corporation supplies the U.S. military with armored personnel carriers, combat bulldozers, gunboats, mortar shells, and "various types of classified ammunition."

Reported symptoms of the dead sheep — and of their shepherds and the two veterinarians sent to inspect the carcasses — correspond closely to those described by the Army for victims of Sarin.

The March 21 *Chronicle* described the sheep as "weakening, staggering, then dying within 24 hours."

In his April 1 column, Drew Pearson described the symptoms of the shepherds and veterinarians as "nausea, headaches, dizziness, and diarrhea."

An Army technical manual lists symptoms of Sarin poisoning as "nausea, vomiting, cramps, and involuntary defecation and urination; twitching, jerking, and staggering; and headache, confusion, drowsiness, coma, and convulsion."

Utah congressmen and other officials maintain that the nerve gas being tested at Dugway wafted 15-35 miles to Skull Valley, where the sheep died. Skull Valley is 50 miles from Salt Lake City.

Though the word from Dugway was first that it was "definitely not responsible," now Brigadier General William Stone has confessed that the death of the sheep "right on our doorstep and probably involving a chemical similar to materials we have been testing... [makes us] highly suspect."

Asked whether he thought it would be possible for the gas to have been carried by the winds from Dugway to Skull Valley, William Perkins, President of Metronics and one of the major Stanford/Dugway researchers in the 50's and 60's, told the *Observer* that without further information, he could make "no comment."

Gas warfare is illegal by international agreement, presumably making those who engage in it war criminals. Asked whether his corporation had any policy on manufacturing illegal weapons, an FMC public relations man explained that until they are used, "strategic chemicals" are not weapons.

"FMC Progress," a 1962 FMC publication, is more forthright. "Chemical weapons," it says, are as much a part of the U.S. Army's arsenal as the rifle and the atomic shell."

## Haight Gunplay: Hippies Shoot it Out With Blacks

Jan Garden

Two shooting incidents and a possible knifing took place on Haight Street between 11 am and noon on Thursday.

The first occurred in front of the Print Mint, when four black kids tried to rip off a hippie dealer (steal, in this case, his kilo). Three other hippies came to the dealer's defense, and at least one fired his .22 pistol at the spades, who hid behind garbage cans.

Some witnesses thought the firing sounded like blanks, but the slugs, fired from 65 feet down the street, put two small holes in one garbage can.

A short time later, guns were fired by both parties at Haight and Clayton. A knifing and a later shooting were also rumored.

About 10 people were involved in the shootings, with at least 200 people in the immediate vicinity the whole time. One white cat got his bleeding head mopped up at the Print Mint. Rumors of other injured persons were circulating.

That night an *Express Times* editor, driving up Haight Street, saw a white hippie holding a .45 on a black youth. The incident apparently ended peacefully — or at least no shots were fired then and there. Like the afternoon shoot 'em up, this incident also happened in front of the Print Mint.

One eyewitness felt the gunplay was an extension of a large-scale watergun fad in Haight-Ashbury. As he told me this, two pre-teen girls squirted us with their pistols. Waterguns succeeded last month's police whistle fad, which was a shrill mass thing.

An uneasy quiet filled the Haight after the shooting. White kids who garbage up the sidewalks and storeowners who complain about garbage were united in their distaste for the spade robbers. (Both the robbers and the barons are integrated clans, with respective black and white majorities).

The street fight was held without police interference and was part of one day's traffic. (A squad car did cruise by after the action). The street people now display their weapons and a new mood not to get busted. An informed police captain told a friend that in the last 6 months more weapons have been confiscated in Haight-Ashbury than in any other district in San Francisco.

## 'Vietnam Commencement' Banned by U.C.

Berkeley Chancellor Roger Heyns has prohibited the "Vietnam Commencement" planned by Campus Draft Opposition on the grounds that it would mean allowing University facilities to be used for organizing or carrying out unlawful activity.

According to University authorities, the "unlawful activity" would consist of counseling people to refuse service in the armed forces.

CDO maintains that they "do not influence men to make any particular choice," but only "make young men aware of the difficult choice with which they are confronted, and offer our support to those who have made the moral decision to refuse military service."

A fine point. The gross point is that the University of California is willing to use force to keep army and Dow recruiters on campus (in the name of free speech) and to keep resistance recruiters off campus.

The University won't need any force in this case, since Campus Draft Opposition is not a "militant" group. Its public tone is so pacific that it was able to get Robert Hutchins to agree to give the principal address at the Vietnam Commencement. Hutchins, former President of the University of Chicago and now director of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, has always been highly suspicious of young radicals; he refused to be associated in the slight-

est way with the Free Speech Movement or any campus rebellion since.

CDO is investigating off-campus sites for the Commencement and contemplating legal action to force the Regents to adhere to the policy which the Free Speech Movement forced on them for awhile.

The FSM has demanded that the University be deaf to the content of speech, and only regulate the time, place and manner of speech. The Regents' resolution of December 18, 1964, stating that "the Regents do not contemplate that advocacy or content of speech shall be restricted beyond the purview of the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution," was passed as a way of granting the students their victory while saving face. That language appeared in the July, 1966 *Universitywide Policies Relating to Students and Student Organizations*, but is missing from the February, 1968 version of that document. By the normal rules of evidence, the omission shows that the Regents now do intend to restrict the content of speech beyond the purview of the First and Fourteenth Amendments.

Cal students once stood firm for "First and Fourteenth or Fight." If they now leave the campus open to war recruiters and closed to the conscientious objectors, it won't matter how loud they yell at each other to free Huey Newton.



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BILL BRENDT AT THE BOBBY HUTTON MEMORIAL RALLY.

## PROTEST CARAVAN VANISHES

Friday's jointly sponsored, jointly planned memorial demonstration for Bobby Hutton only half came off. Close to 2000 people came to Merritt Park to pay their respects to the young Panther leader. They also came to listen to speeches, and as the literature had announced, go by car caravan to Vacaville to demand the release of Eldridge Cleaver.

Respect was paid, speeches were made, the buses (rented by the Peace & Freedom Movement) were ready — but at the last minute the procession was called off by Black Panther Chairman Bobby Seale.

Seale told the crowd that he had received "definite, reliable information" that the town had been cordoned off and that droves of police officers, highway patrolmen, and national guardsmen were pouring into the city. He suggested that when the Panthers make the decision to enter into a confrontation with the police forces of the State of California, they were going to be ready to defend themselves, and the day of Bobby Hutton's funeral wasn't that day. And that was it. The speeches continued.

The unexpected change of plans met with mixed response from the crowd. Some were disappointed, some relieved, most confused. There were no cries of "On to Vacaville!"

## Get the Hog Out of the Stream

Suzy Nelson

The Black Panther Party has often used allegories in the past to make its points. The choice of the panther itself, as the symbol of the Party, signifies the nature of the position of the black man today in a white racist society. Huey Newton runs it down this way: "a panther will not attack anyone but will back up first. But if the assailant is persistent, then the black panther will strike out..."

The latest Panther allegory was introduced by Pastor E. E. Cleveland at Bobby Hutton's funeral on Friday, and recurred throughout the afternoon at the memorial in Merritt Park in Oakland. It is the allegory of the "Hog in the Stream" and as James Forman (Black Panther Minister of Foreign Affairs and SNCC's International Affairs officer) told the audience in Oakland, the Hog is everything associated with "the decadent white civilization as it rapes and exploits the oppressed people of South Africa, Asia, and Latin America" and the stream is "Humanity."

Pastor Cleveland had said "you can't get a cool drink of water until you get the Hog out of the stream" and Forman asserted that the "Hog is so fat, he can't move too fast" and that the time has come to assist him by any means possible out of the stream. He warned that attempts to "purify" the Hog, like open-housing legislation and civil rights bills, are futile. "The Hog is cancerous, the disease is eating into his heart and he must fall."

Bobby Seale said a little later in the program "King in his own way, Malcolm in his own way, Evers, Lumumba, Ho Chi Minh and Castro in their own ways, are all dealing with how to get the Hog out of the stream."

Speaker after speaker repeated that the black man in this country is thirsty; so thirsty that he is prepared to give up his life for that cool drink of water. I was impressed with the indivisible dedication to this theme throughout the afternoon, Warren Wells, with a "pig bullet still in his leg" from his involvement in the shootout with the Oakland cops on April 6, spoke of "a different feeling [among black people]; in the presence of each other we are beginning to feel comfortable; this is the beginning of unity. I don't mind dying now; I know you're going to keep on moving."

And Forman told the blacks in the park they should join the Black Panther Party: "it ain't no point in your worrying about your life, all black people are dying everyday, we have nothing to live for but to fight."

Ruth Hagwood, an ardent and fiery woman from the Berkeley black community, said "this is a sorrowful occasion but we can't spend any more time crying. I'm forty-four years old and I'm not scared." She also made a plea to the young blacks in the crowd to join the Party and follow Bobby Hutton's heroic example. Forman said "all black men are born revolutionaries, their problem is whether they can keep the revolutionary birthright they were born with." Without exception, the afternoon's speakers acclaimed Bobby Hutton as a prototype of the black revolutionary, and restated the necessity of strength, solidarity and unity in the black community.



Most of the memorial program was directed toward the black audience. But Kenny Denmon, a Panther leader from San Diego, advised whites to send telegrams to their representatives in Sacramento, demanding the immediate release of Huey Newton and Eldridge Cleaver. Seale told us we had to find some way of controlling the white racist power-structure. Brando said that we should push legislation through Sacramento and Washington. Brendt said "whites ask 'what can we do?' I say, you know in your hearts what's right, do what's right!" It was obvious that the Panthers weren't up there to run down a program for the white community, but what was obvious, both in mood and expressed ad-

vice, was that whites would no longer be tolerated in the black community. Mrs. Hagwood was the most adamant; "stay in your own neighborhoods. If you're not fighting racism, you are a racist!"

About a half an hour after the memorial was over and Panthers had begun to drift back to their headquarters in Oakland, the Oakland Pigs served notice on the Party that the harassment continues. About three blocks from the office four brothers were arrested on "suspicion of robbery." As of late Saturday they still had not been charged and it is suspected that they will be held for seventy-two hours and released "for lack of further evidence."

## KMPX: The Plot Thickens, Then Stir Three Minutes

Sandy Darlington

The KMPX strikers have almost completed arrangements to have several benefit showings of the Beatles film, *Magical Mystery Tour*. They'll probably get the film this week and are looking for a large theatre. The straight press panned it in Britain when it was shown in black and white on TV. However, people who've seen it in color on a large screen say it's really groovy. A number of underground films will be shown with it to make a full bill.

Names in the News: Larry Miller changed his mind and started scribbling on KMPX Wednesday evening. Thursday he changed his mind yet again and quit on the air, with a long obviously unprepared statement that ended, "I quit. You people are on your own." How does it feel? Pretty good.

Friday morning, Ben Patch, an ex-sales employee at KMPX and an ex-striker, phoned us and others and read us a telegram he'd sent to the FCC requesting a hearing to de-

termine if there was a possible conspiracy on the part of Tom Donahue, Milan Melvin, Lou Avery and various radio corporations to break the station so they could get control. Or something like that.

The strikers' immediate reaction was, "Oh, not another fink, what a drag!" Their second reaction was that although they didn't want the delay that a hearing might involve, the hearing itself would be just fine.

"I'll try to get some more information on this, but what Patch has told me so far amounts to nothing more than good material for a long divorce-court type hassle about who said what to whom when and what did it really mean. No one can explain a hassle clearly, so if you start getting confused, go talk to the people involved. The owners 'have no comment at this time.' The strikers are easy to talk with and very articulate and can be reached at the picket line or at 989-6396 or 421-3656.

That's what I like about Godard flicks: lotta changes.

## S.F. Park Lords Ban Rock Music To Fight V.D.

Lee Oleson

Thursday afternoon the Park and Recreation Commission — a sort of duchy that holds small parcels of land all over San Francisco — heard a petition from the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic. The Clinic wanted to use the Palace of Fine Arts for a benefit rock concert — with groups like Big Brother and the Holding Company, the Initial Shock, and the Quicksilver Messenger Service.

Rock concerts at the Palace? The idea brought San Francisco aristocrats crawling out of the woodwork to the Park Commission meeting in McLaren Lodge. Walter Johnson was there. He's an 83 year old millionaire who lives across the lagoon from the Palace. And during Thursday's meeting it was Johnson who got up and informed the Commission that the rock groups at the Palace would attract 5-10 thousand people — "mostly hippies and other sorts — that have the highest rate of venereal disease in the country."

Commission President Shorenstein — who's no fool — was quick to remind Johnson that everybody has the constitutional right to use the Palace, even hippies, and even if they have venereal disease. Shorenstein went ahead and denied the "hippies and other sorts" their Constitutional rights anyway. But it took him and the Commission a good ten minutes of looking.

First, Shorenstein asked the City Attorney if the Clinic had a police permit to use the Palace. The City Attorney solemnly replied that the Clinic hadn't applied for the permit. The Commission was appalled. The City Attorney added another scrap to the pile of bureaucratic garbage: the Clinic hadn't applied for a fire permit either. Now the Commission looked disgusted. An unfavorable decision was coming up, have no doubt. But then someone from the Clinic said what everyone already knew: it was impossible for the Clinic to get a police permit until the Commission gave permission to use the Palace in the first place.

So next Shorenstein wondered aloud if the Clinic's request to use the Palace "was made within the deadline." What deadline? Once again Shorenstein went to the City Attorney for help. And the City Attorney helped: "I think there's a deadline," he said.

"Isn't it fifteen days?" Shorenstein asked. The City Attorney was uncomfortable. It was pretty clear that there wasn't any deadline at all. But if Shorenstein was going to invent one, he should have made it more credible.

"I think the deadline's — ah, five days," the City Attorney said. He spoke wistfully, without conviction, but the Commission wanted to believe him, and it did. The Medical Clinic request was killed with a flash of the bureaucratic axe: the request was tabled indefinitely.

So the Haight-Ashbury Clinic request could be tabled, the Commission could be guiltless, and Walter Johnson could go home

happy that his Palace of Fine Arts would be free from VD, for a while anyway. But meanwhile the coat-and-tied, talcum powdered aristocrats on the Park Commission are suffering from a venereal disease of their own. The Parks in the poorer section in this city are rotten. Parks like Union Square have a well-clipped, castrated look, but they are clean anyway. The story in the ghettos isn't so sweet. Parks like Bay View Park in Hunter's Point and Duboce Park in the Fillmore are holes. They're garbage cans. But no one in the city has to look at them, and no one does except the poor. And in Hunter's Point and the Fillmore the poor are getting tired of looking, they're getting tired of waiting.

## Stop-the-Draft Demonstration: Anyone's Guess

Stop the Draft Week will occur on April 23rd and perhaps April 25th. Plans call for participants to assemble at the UC campus early on the morning of the 23rd and then to proceed to the Oakland Induction Center for a massive rally.

According to STDW leaders, what happens during the rally is largely up to the Oakland police. If the police want to cooperate by diverting traffic and holding up the buses carrying inductees then there will be no problems. However, if the police decide to disperse the rally the participants reserve the right to defend themselves.

After the rally at the induction center there will be a march to the Alameda County Courthouse in support of Newton.

Plans for the 25th are dependent on what happens on the 23rd. There are tentative plans to march to the Alameda County Courthouse where a delegation will attempt to visit Newton.

## Ex-Governor Brown To Deejay for KPFA

KPFA is moving out of its studios for its third annual fund-raising marathon, which begins at 6 pm Thursday, April 18.

It will be broadcast live from Cody's Bookstore on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley, and from a store at 2213 Shattuck Avenue, right below KPFA's studios.

People like Arlo Guthrie, James Baldwin, Carol Channing, Pete Seeger, Steve Allen, Donovan, Rowan and Martin and Eugene McCarthy will be heard. Peter Sellers and Carl Reiner will team up, and former Governor Edmund G. Brown will d.j. a show.

## German Teenagers Burn Report Cards

WEST BERLIN (Liberation News Service) — One hundred high school and a hundred other university students and onlookers recently gathered for a mass burning of report cards. Target: the authoritarian, antiquated German school system which pupils claim encourages authoritarianism and punishes individuality.



## Lenny Glaser Goes to Court— Brief Calls Grass Laws Illegal

Lenny Glaser's challenge to the marijuana laws is back in the courts. Monday he filed a long brief, which he wrote himself, asking for a Superior Court injunction to keep San Francisco police chief Thomas Cahill from arresting him for failure to register as a drug offender.

Glaser was released from prison January 20 after serving three years and three months for possession of one small roach. He had thirty days after his release in which to register as a convicted drug offender. He spent the thirty days (and sixty days more) working on his brief.

Glaser's brief skips over the peripheral issues and insists that the law making it a crime to possess marijuana is in violation of the Ninth Amendment to the United States Constitution.

The Ninth Amendment says that the enumeration of certain rights in the Bill of Rights shall not be construed to disparage other rights possessed by the people. Glaser uses historical sources to show that the Founding Fathers intended the Ninth Amendment to cover all the normal, everyday rights which it would be pointless to list exhaustively — and he demonstrates that possession of marijuana (known then as hemp) was one of those normal, everyday rights.

The brief cites a great deal of contemporary evidence to show that marijuana is harmless and that the legislature has been motivated by political opportunism in maintaining the current laws. It ends by urging courage on the court, using the language of the great Nineteenth Century Justice John Marshall:

"No man is desirous of becoming the peculiar subject of calumny. . . . But if he has no choice in the case, if there is no alternative presented to him but a dereliction of duty, or the opprobrium of those who are denominated the world, he merits the contempt as well as the indignation of his country, who can hesitate which to embrace."

Johns, Peace and Freedom Candidate for Alameda County Board of Supervisors. It will be held in San Pablo Park, at Acton and Russell, at 1 pm.

For further information, and tickets to the brunch, call 841-8480 or 549-0690.

## Heavy Weekend In Berkeley for Dick Gregory

Dick Gregory will appear free at the Berkeley Community Theater Friday night, April 19. Then he will make three more appearances in Berkeley during the weekend: a Saturday morning brunch, a Saturday afternoon picnic, and a Sunday afternoon rally.

He will be surrounded with Peace and Freedom candidates and supporters wherever he goes.

The Saturday brunch is a Peace and Freedom fund-raiser at the New Orleans House in Berkeley.

The afternoon picnic is in Tilden Park from 1:30 to 5 pm. For free transportation be at University and San Pablo at 1 pm sharp, or Adeline and Alcatraz at 1:15.

The Sunday rally is on behalf of Mike

## City of Love Has An Affair With Dow

Everywhere you look, there's the Dow Chemical Corporation.

Look on page 382 of Moody's Municipal and Government Manual and you find that the City of San Francisco sells electric power to Dow Chemical, maker of Saran Wrap and napalm, and also to the Hercules Powder Company, which specializes in explosives.

The electric power is generated as a by-product of the Hetchy Hetchy water supply system, which is owned by what Mayor Alioto likes to call (on occasions like the death of Martin Luther King) the City of Saint Francis.

# PG&E Saboteur: Clearing the Air

*Why are you trying to blow up PG&E lines?  
To clear the air.*

*What do you mean, "clear the air?"  
You know what I mean. We've got as much smog here as L.A. Once a month, maybe, we get a really clear day. The rest of the time it's this dirty gray or brown haze.*

*In other words, you want to focus attention on...  
Focus attention, hell. I want to cut the power off, stop the machines from running — clear the air, man. Cutting the power off for half a day isn't going to do that.*

*How about cutting it off for a month?  
Do you think you can do that?*

*I'm gonna try.  
You mean this whole sabotage organization is composed of air pollution nuts?*

*I don't know about any organization. I operate by myself. Safer that way.*

*You mean you've pulled off all these jobs by yourself, without any help?*

*No, I'm a small-timer. I pulled off one job that worked and three that didn't. I'm not connected with*

*Since the person interviewed made a point of giving no technical details, it is impossible to tell whether or not she is a genuine saboteur. Readers will have to make up their own minds on the basis of whether this vision meshes with their own. Anyone, regardless of political position, is free to blow up a power line and tell us why they did it.*

the nut who turned himself in in San Mateo, or with the group — I guess it's a group — in the East Bay, or with any of the others I read about in the papers. I guess there's people who are blowing up PG&E for the Vietnamese, or for the spades, but I'm not into that. I mean sure, end the war, let the black brothers take what's coming to them after three hundred years of slavery blah blah, but that's not — of course it's possible that it's spades who are pulling off some of these jobs, Black Panthers or something. I guess they'd want to throw the switch when the National Guard came in.

*How come so many people have been throwing the switch already?*

*It's all practice so far. Or at least it is as far as I'm concerned. I would guess the other saboteurs are doing this just to get up their nerve and learn how to do it, like I am.*

*Let's get back to this air pollution thing. Were you serious when you said you were sabotaging PG&E to — to clear the air, you said.*

Look, man, when I said clear the air I wasn't just talking about how you'll be able to see the stars at night — hey, have you ever seen stars? There's hardly anyplace in California you can see stars, you know. Have you ever been out in the Nevada desert at night?

*Yes, in fact I have.*

And turned off your car lights? And waited long enough to see the stars move? Camped there a couple of weeks to learn the difference between full moon and new moon? Hey, what phase is the moon in now? Do you know? It's PG&E that keeps you ignorant. Now you don't even know the difference between night and day. Wouldn't it be great to live in a city with night and day instead of twelve hours of brown haze followed by twelve hours of purple haze?

*It sounds great, but how are we going to live? I mean how are we going to eat? Are we supposed to shoot rabbits in Civic Center Plaza? How do you keep food from spoiling without refrigeration? What work can you do without electricity? Don't you need electric pumps for water? Without water you die. How do you unload ships without electric power, and where do you get food if you can't unload ships?*

There. Just by talking about cutting off the power, I've cleared the air, for you anyway. Now you're not worried about money and credit and poverty programs and who stole how much from BART, you're trying to figure out where food comes from. Most people think food comes from supermarkets. After

*(continued on page 11)*

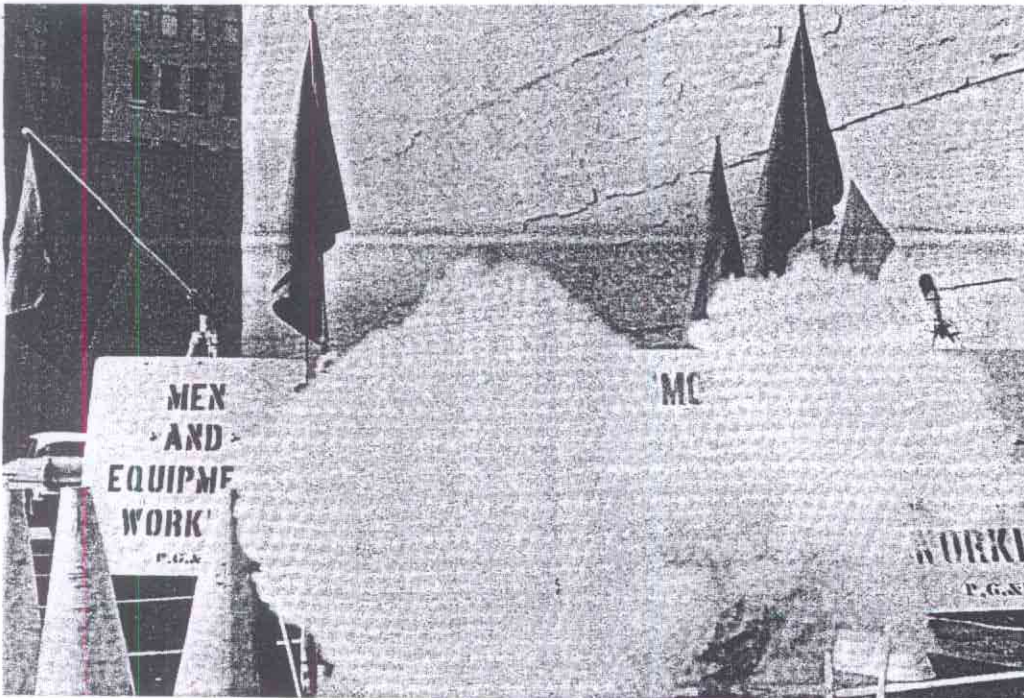


photo by Jeffrey Blankfort

# Dale Morrow: Revolution Without Guns

Marvin Garson

"We can't fight the cops," said Dale Morrow in the San Mateo County Jail, where he is locked up because he knocked over a power line with a bulldozer.

"The police are mostly very reasonable men. They know the system is corrupt, they know why I did what I did. We can get to them, especially the younger ones."

I myself wasn't especially sure why Morrow had done what he had done, but I knew he had a bit of a point to make about the police — about San Mateo Sheriff's Deputies, anyway. When I had checked in at the desk, the woman deputy who took down my name noticed my "Free Huey" button, gave me a very

warm, genuine smile and said "I like that button."

Contrary to what some newspapers have said, Morrow does not feel at all repentant for his attack on PG&E. He knocked over the power line "as a demonstration of what can be done. If we can knock out enough power lines this summer, Johnson will have to bring the soldiers out of Vietnam just to keep the electricity on at home."

He turned himself in, he says, "for the publicity — so I could get a chance to say why I did it and give other people the idea.

"There's nothing to it, and it's not very dangerous. If I hadn't turned myself in they never would have got me. They had no clues except a single footprint

which didn't do them any good. I face five years for this, but that's what you face on a second-offense drug arrest. There are so many people willing to risk five years for drugs — they ought to be willing to take the same kind of risk for revolution."

Revolution? Morrow considers himself a revolutionist, and is very excited about the idea that modern technology has made it possible to have a revolution without anyone getting hurt.

"That's the beauty of it," he says. "It's warfare against machines, with no guns necessary. All we have to do is stop the machines long enough for people to listen, and then they'll decide we must have reform."

Reform? Morrow is a classical reformer, despite his unorthodox choice of tactics. "We've got the best system of government in the world, this constitutional democracy we have. But we're going to lose it

*(continued on page 11)*

## Hostile Children with Lethal Weaponry

Raymond Mungo

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 7 — Prowling the alleys and streets of Washington under stress of black insurgency and bayoneted Army "protection," I feel in a foreign land. Never before have I been stopped on my street, my circle, by hostile children armed with lethal weaponry who can't understand that the city is mine, that I have a right to walk it.

Clever gambits suffice to get past some of the 12,000 soldiers who've been guarding me these last three days, but others cannot be convinced, so alleyways and stealthful detours are necessary. Many of my friends are in jail already for being in violation of the 4 pm curfew, so caution is the word. D.C. jail, as all of the 2100 prisoners there at the moment will attest, is a drag.

The brothers have created open warfare in the nation's capital; the liquor stores, pawnshops, fancy downtown department stores, drugstores, are open. We are recipients of a portion of the loot: I am smoking Luckies instead of Winstons because Luckies are free. We are of and on the streets this week.

Washington is Saigon is Washington. The Hotel Burlington is the Hotel Caravelle. A sniper's nest fitted with machine guns graces the Capitol steps. Cordons of crack guards surround the White House. The emperor has no clothes! The capitol is under seige! The loyalist army, mostly conscriptees, are attempting (in vain) to protect the commerce magnates, the politicians, the hangers from the old regime! "Hippies eat too," says a black loaded with precious loot, as he hands us flower and food. Some of the "hippies" go out to Maryland and Virginia to wreak their own havocs in the till-now comfortable suburbs.

Eight people are dead and 800 listed as wounded. But Stokely Carmichael says it is only the beginning. The Washington power structure has uttered no sounds (except for LBJ's pious whining) because

events these days are moving too quickly to understand. Even television cannot bring the carnage into one's living room, so one has to actually live it, either in the streets or in those darkened alcoves along 17th Street from the White House to Maryland where shades are drawn and people pray to be spared. What excuses will suffice? "I never had anything against them personally..." Signs bearing the legend "Soul Place" spring up on glistening steel-and-glass laundromats.

I figure my life is worth no more than anybody's, no more than Martin Luther King's or the life of any black brother looting People's Drug Stores. Fearsome though this place may be it's the America we are born to groove on... we made it and we had better unmake it.

Last week at this time I was in Grand Forks, North Dakota, a peculiarly wintry and antiseptic place of some few thousand weary people, where a black Washington transported there to study law said, "Burn down the slums. You can't build new slums." North Dakota hardly quivered in reaction and winds howled across its miles — long flatness, its purple fields and lonely macadam highways.

Can't build new slums in North Dakota because there are no old slums to tear down; can't build new slums in Washington because the entire city is a slum. No cherry blossoms this spring — cherry bombs instead, and worse. An hour may be forever.

Macabre stories abound — three students dead in Boston but the Globe denies it; man burned alive on Seventh Street; Village Voice reporter held in \$300 cash bail when nobody has a cent left; six whites beaten by 30 blacks in good ol' Occaquan workhouse; the homeless gather in churches staffed and owned by whites who worry about the dirt accumulating on the blue carpets.

White-motherfucker-America: listen! You are bleeding, ma! Your own people are rising up against

you, no matter your Kennedys and your McCarthys and all the other frauds! It is too late, too late, ma, you done me wrong and i am going to oust you from the household, tear you down and start all over. It is too late.

Martin Luther King, Jr. has often been decried by black militant leaders as "leading his people to the slaughter." Like Ghandi, he has now led himself to the same. All the politicians who called him Communist yesterday are calling him martyr tonight, but no matter. The militants too are praising him as brother, however wrong his path, and the rioters are burning and looting, ironically, in his name. Too bad America can't appreciate her martyrs while they're still alive.

King was a good man, but the militants' charges against him were, undoubtedly, true. He asked Johnson to bring the troops into Detroit when the troops ought to have been withdrawn; his Poor People's Campaign, which may or may not at this point happen, was a foregone failure; he was perpetually used by his own as an excuse for righteous uprising when they should have had no need for excuses. Surely the racist history and urban misery of this land are excuses enough for revolution.

I remember King in Selma, King in St. Augustine, King in Chicago, in New York on April 15, in Boston for Vietnam Summer. He risked mobs of bloodthirsty whites everywhere he went, and risked others' lives too — others who did not have quick vehicles to speed them from the scene (as with King in Memphis last week, during his march). He was, unfortunately, too easy to love because too apparently undangerous, and so even the Great Flatulent One in the White House can mourn. He was everybody's property and was mistakenly viewed as the exponent of the majority opinion of the American ruling classes on race relations: that blacks should be incorporated into white society ("integrated," if you will) without reparations made for 300 years of slavery, and that the incredible debasement and brutality inflicted on blacks should be met with prayer and nonviolence.

Dr. King was the last of what Brecht and all of us would commonly call the "good" man. To be "good" is to be something less than real; we, his heirs, are real, and we will make our reality felt.

Alvin Duskin's Walla Walla

17.00



Carnaby 1314 grant ave. 362-1977

letters to the world

KMPX

My dear friends (& especially unto the attention of robert prescott who may please to explain All) re larry miller & the recent Greek tragedy cum Comedy of Errors with emphasis on e. the bear's well known ideals of Love & the Forest and j. the christ's equally wellknown Forgiveness thing and o every part of joy & friendship which lasts through fault and flaw. HEXAGRAM 37 (THE FAMILY) CHANGING IN THE 3RD 5TH & 6TH PLACES TO 24 (THE TURNING POINT, RETURN). please endeavor to understand this please. i also add my sad & angry notice: if larry miller did by his action show his 'true colors' (a lonesome shade of black and blue) then you too, by your acts have shown your false true-love for Art and Life and Freedom to do One's Thing.

how could larry miller have stayed on/by your side, dusty "super chic" (sic)? you must have hated him all along — even at that great superball reunion (which was it seems for super politics not brotherhood or music or loving cunts and pricks). You must have to so have named him such bad words in the cruel very super printed newspaper.

it is too bad and sad to bear, that we will never have KMPX again... larry started it so long ago and it seems fitting that he finished it out last thursday night... it doesn't matter who "wins" the strike — the way & the light are lost. you see, it was not the programming which really got it — it was and always has been the strong loving, even blessing, intent of those who played the platters which made ex-your ex-station a way to live in & with. but now you STRIKING people hate too much...; think i shan't again believe your recorded words of love... we all lose... you are bitter exiles, the scabs are inept creeps, larry (out of the mud springs the lotus) miller is gone back to Detroit ("by day i make the cars and by night i make the bars") city, and the listeners (i am one, hello) turn off their radios and learn to live alone. god bless us all and may we yet find all the love we need.

Catesia

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berkeley

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photos by Jeffrey Blankfort

(continued from front page)

"They arrested my best friend and that pissed me off. I can smoke it and hide and my friend gets busted. So I figured to lay the whole thing out on the front steps of the Hall of Justice. But marijuana was only part of it.

"I'd like to stop some of this killing. There's no sense in killing something unless you can eat it. I like being a policeman. I'd still like to be one. But the police code of ethics says it is the fundamental duty of a policeman to serve mankind. You don't serve people with guns. I've never seen one on a waiter yet.

"I don't need a gun to deal with people because I'm not afraid of them. Any policeman who can't take off his gun and put a red ribbon around his hat ought to go look for a safer occupation."

Sergeant Sunshine, known to the straight world as Sergeant Richard Bergess, spent twelve years on the San Francisco police force. Two years ago he kept some confiscated grass and tried it. He's been turning on regularly since.

He explained that he liked most of the men he worked with on the force, but that most of them were up-tight and frightened in their dealings with the public. Sergeant Sunshine thinks police and the public would get on better if the cops didn't wear guns.

"How come uniforms do such nasty things to people? I know and like 90 per cent of the police officers. How is it that I see them as nice and you see them as pricks? We need a new image. I'm hoping that there will be some policemen out there who will listen to me and say 'Hey, maybe he's right.' If there are any other cops around that have the guts they should put a ribbon on their hats and a smile on their faces and put the gun in the trunk if they feel they really need it around. But don't wear it."

Bergess didn't want to talk about the use of drugs among other policemen. He said most of what he could say would be gossip and that none of it really mattered. He doesn't believe it does any good to stress the negative, as he puts it.

"Course, it's all true. We all know it's true, it's not news. But it's like sitting around talking about your operations. It doesn't accomplish anything."

The conversation ebbed as Sergeant Sunshine wrapped himself in a pink blanket and complained about the Fairmont, where he spent Sunday night after his release from jail.

Boyd, the best friend whose initial arrest sparked the Easter incident, sat on a table in bright flowered shirt and striped cords and copped. Periodically he would urge Bergess to go to sleep. Bergess looked like he was about to drop off any minute, but didn't want to sleep yet. He followed the conversation sporadically, commenting occasionally.

"I only have one more thing to say," Bergess interrupted Boyd at one point. "I'd like to encourage the cops to keep a little of the next stash they confiscate and try it. It really is great shit. Maybe they'll understand if you say it's like pouring your best bourbon down the sink."

ANATHIN



# Mark Lane

(continued from page 1)

Yet, in the face of these temptations put before me with evil regularity I have refused to offer an analysis of Robert's role. I reasoned that while the questioners isolated Robert Kennedy from other corrupt persons in public office, my answer might well be published without the question that prompted it and thus give the appearance that I, not the questioner, made the selection.

Robert Kennedy now wishes to be the Democratic candidate for the presidency. His position on all public matters is now relevant. It is beyond dispute that the foreign policy matter of greatest relevance is the war in Vietnam. In my judgment the domestic question of greatest relevance, and one closely related to the escalation of the conflict in Vietnam, is the assassination of John F. Kennedy and that which has happened to us since that event. Could there have been a coup d'etat? Was there a lone assassin? There is evidence that rejects the latter proposition and, unhappily, much to cause a consideration of the former. Now an analysis of Robert Kennedy's role regarding the evidence related to the death of John F. Kennedy is relevant; is, in my judgment, required.

As it may have been unfair in the past to focus upon Robert Kennedy and the assassination because he was the brother of the murdered president, and this has been done in defense of the Report by President Johnson and his associates, it would be unfair now to exempt him from criticism due to that relationship. I thoroughly respect the right of the members of the family to remain silent and to treat the matter as a family affair. Yet the man who died was our brother. And Robert Kennedy, who aspires to that office, must now answer relevant questions about that matter high on the American agenda of unfinished business, or forfeit the support of thinking and critical citizens.

## RFK's THREE PHASES

During the past four and one half years, Robert Kennedy has moved through three stages in regard to his public position on the assassination. The public pronouncements may not be said to be intrinsically developmental, merely different, although an examination of each reveals both a single theme — the desire for maintaining silence — and a tortured, almost irrational logic, that makes sense, if at all, only when viewed through a prism of political expediency. Indeed, Robert Kennedy has moved from absolute silence to total endorsement of the Warren Report, without ever passing through knowledge.

## PHASE ONE

Phase one began as soon as he was informed of the death of the President. Although he was Attorney-General at the time, he took no official interest in the case. He examined none of the evidence presented to the Warren Commission. He neither appeared before the Commission

nor gave testimony before any of the Commission's counsel. It appears that his one official contact with the Commission took place on Friday, June 5, 1964, when, for ten minutes he sat in silence alongside Jacqueline Kennedy at her home as she offered her very brief testimony to Earl Warren. It was said by William Manchester, concededly a rather poor source for factual data, that the Commission sought and failed to obtain Robert Kennedy's approval prior to publication. During that period, and for some time following the publication of the Warren Report in September, 1964, Kennedy refused to comment upon it, or even its central conclusion — that Lee Oswald was the lone assassin. Thus as the months passed Robert Kennedy remained silent, neither challenging nor confirming the official version. According to Drew Pearson, certainly one of America's most enterprising journalists, McGeorge Bundy, then a top White House aide, confided that he was "worried about Bobby" during that period and that he had "virtually to drag Bobby" into President Johnson's first cabinet meeting.

## PHASE TWO

The second stage commenced just as the political pundits agreed that Robert was obviously wooing Lyndon Johnson so that he, Robert, might be the Vice Presidential nominee in 1964. For the first time Kennedy spoke about the Warren Report. He was asked about it while on a tour of Poland, and by — is it not often the case when it is a relevant but irrelevant inquiry — a student. Kennedy replied that he had not read the Warren Report, that he was not familiar with any of the evidence but that he accepted the Commission's conclusions. The odd combination — a confession of ignorance of the facts and the assertion of a commitment to the conclusions — appears to contravene principles of thought. However, when Sen. Edward Kennedy made almost the identical statement later and Robert followed that with a domestic repetition of his Polish performance, one could detect an emerging pattern. Three such statements, constituting the entirety of the Kennedy family position on the question could hardly be taken as three successive slips. The suggestion that it was a well planned program to prove that the Kennedys were not intellectuals was quickly rejected by the analysts leaving, or so it seemed then, and still seems now, but one explanation. Robert Kennedy had entered politics as a candidate and his entrance fee into Lyndon Johnson's Democratic Party was public homage to the Warren Report, which after all had merely falsely stated the reasons for, and manner of, his brother's death.

Yet, reasoned Robert, according to the analysis — I will keep my options open, I will maintain flexibility and adequate ground within which to maneuver by coupling my weak and rare endorsements with the statement that I have not read the Report, I have not seen the evidence. Therefore, should it be appropriate, or imperative, to state on some future occasion that the Report is wrong, I may do so by explaining that I have overcome my grief, read the evidence, and astonished by what I have read, must now reject it.

With young people and others mobbing Bobby everywhere these days and with Lyndon Johnson unable to gather a few supporters anywhere except on an Army base or at a war plant it may be difficult to conjure up the very different scene four years ago. Johnson, draped in the ill-fitting, but for the populace, adequate, Kennedy mantle, was the hero who

would see to it, as a liberal, that things in Vietnam did not get out of hand. Goldwater was then the menace, just as today Johnson's, Kennedy is now the hope, as was Johnson then.

Rejected as the Vice Presidential nominee by the new president who explained to a speech writer late one night, "I would be afraid to have that little son of a bitch on the ticket. Why I think that there are times when he believes I killed his brother," Kennedy sought the nomination of the party for the United States Senate from New York. Almost certainly, Johnson, then in control of the Democratic Party, could have denied the nomination to Kennedy. Kennedy had made it clear to his supporters that he would not fight for it, for without Johnson's blessing he would have had no chance at the New York State convention. Kennedy on the other hand was not weepless. He and his family, which due to his father's illness and brother's death, took leadership from him, had almost total control of the most emotion-packed political issue of the century. The reasons behind John Kennedy's murder and proof of the cynical manipulation of the truth by the Commission appointed by Lyndon Johnson. For Robert Kennedy held the autopsy photographs and X-rays, which, even without reference to any other evidence provide proof that the shots originated from two or more sources. Even had he not possessed the evidence the possibility that he might express doubt about the Report's validity during an election year was a sufficiently explosive commodity. Johnson and Kennedy complicity. Johnson yielded and sent word to New York that he did not oppose the nomination of Kennedy and thus opened the door to the Senate for him. Robert promised repeatedly and publicly not to run for the presidency in 1968, paid lip service to the Report, suppressed the essential evidence and prepared to enter the Senate.

But the campaign was difficult. Charged with being a carpetbagger merely because he did not live in the state, and a supporter of Joe McCarthy, in that order, which gives one some insight into political priorities, he ran poorly. Yet Lyndon Johnson's popularity saved him; although he trailed a million votes behind Johnson he did manage to get more votes than his unexciting opponent.

The campaign was rendered no more easy by questions about the Warren Report put to him by students. At Columbia University, Kennedy wiped an imagined tear from his eyes and said that he could not talk about the subject. It was, of course, just a little less than a year from the murder and a sympathetic public understood his reluctance, or thought they did. The more astute (or is cynical the word?) noted that while he was unable to talk about John during the campaign he was not reluctant to take John John for a well publicized walk or two in Manhattan.

## THE MAKING OF A BOOK

Before entering phase three, Sen. Robert Kennedy flirted with, and then aborted, without ever even consummating, what might be characterized as public position two and one half. Concerned that Johnson's enmity might well prevent him from eventually ascending to his rightful position in the White House he commissioned a book that was to "tell the truth" about the assassination, as Jacqueline Kennedy put it, on behalf of both of them. Again we encounter confused phraseology, flowing perhaps from confusion of thought about previously expressed public and private opinions of the Warren Report. For

if the Report had already been endorsed sans reading why the need for another work to tell the truth?

First a genuine author was sought and found. But he was appalled at the conditions of employment. The brother and widow would commission the book, secure a publisher, and make the "facts" known to the author. In return, the author must agree, in advance, that the work could not be published before 1968 at the earliest, and, in fact, not published at all if Jacqueline and Robert Kennedy subsequently decided to suppress it.

Since it was difficult to find a self-respecting author who would accept such terms it was decided to commission William Manchester who had previously written a fawning biography of John F. Kennedy referred to by a major newspaper as an "adoring" work. Mrs. Kennedy confided in Manchester. In due course the book, a diatribe against Johnson which contained dark hints about his role in the tragedy, was completed. Johnson fumed. The Wall Street Journal reported that the Kennedy family was seriously concerned about his great anger over the book. The moment seemed quite right for another bargain.

It is said that Johnson, upon further consideration, agreed to withdraw any stated objection to Kennedy's political career, who in return agreed that the book would not be published. A contract had been entered into between the Kennedys and Manchester which stipulated that most of the proceeds from the hard cover edition would be given to a suitable Kennedy fund. Thus Manchester's financial potential appeared to be severely limited and should the book then be banned, the Kennedys could quite easily compensate Manchester for the loss of his limited profits. However, overlooked, by Kennedy, not by Manchester, were the American magazine serial rights for the well publicized book, foreign serial rights both newspaper and magazine, a Book of the Month Club contract and paperback rights as well. Kennedy had failed to make adequate provisions in the contract for the substantial peripheral rights. Before Robert decided to send his sister-in-law into court to ban the book, and to pretend that it was really her idea, Manchester had sold the magazine rights in America for well over half a million dollars. Manchester decided that as a matter of principle it would be necessary for him to violate the explicit terms of his contract and proceed with publication. The court action that ensued is a matter of record as are the polls that revealed Kennedy's substantial, and at the time it was feared, permanent loss of popularity. Such is the nature of the American beast that the suppression of the vital evidence and allegiance to a false report harmed him not at all while his desire to have an employee live up to his contract was almost fatal to his ambitions.

Harsh words were exchanged during the newspaper and legal battle and Manchester, it seems, maintained that portion of his equilibrium that he did maintain by rushing home each night to stick pins into Bobby's image. Except that it was his pen point. In the rewriting Johnson became less the villain, no longer the suspect and the Kennedys, save, of course, for the deceased President, fared far worse than they previously had.

Although he may have been on sound legal ground, Robert finally yielded. With one eye on the Gallup poll, the other straining over the Harris poll, there was little attention left for the law journal. Thus what had been contemplated as the third stage never did surface, for the book became a different document from the one which had been commissioned and different as well from the one that had originally been written.

It was so different that Manchester's publishers were compelled to acknowledge that the Kennedys neither authorized nor stood behind the book. Mrs. Kennedy went further in stating that the Manchester book was "inaccurate."

## PHASE THREE

Therefore, Kennedy's reluctance to further comment upon the subject was not inexplicable. Nevertheless he was dragged, kicking and screaming all the way, into stage three. This was of course accomplished by a student. Adults have a well developed awareness of the need to ask trivial questions. Robert Kennedy has appeared on numerous television programs yet the chances are you never heard of an interviewer ask him about the suppressed evidence in the National Archives. More questions have been directed to him about his hair style. Probably even Joe Pyne would be unsophisticated enough to inquire of him regarding the details of the Warren Report. However, the Kennedy organization leaves very little to chance. When Sen. Kennedy is invited to appear on a television interview program, my source here being two different producers of different television programs, his office requires an advance agreement that no question directly or indirectly related to the Warren Commission Report, Jim Garrison's investigation, or my book will be asked. If the program operates on a two-way format with viewers calling in with questions, then it must be agreed that all calls will be screened, a task often undertaken by the producer or an assistant producer, and no one who is interested in the assassination be permitted to ask his question.

The success of Eugene McCarthy on the campus required Robert to make a college tour in an attempt to recapture his youthful admirers. But such a tour is not without disadvantage; for young men and women are often without the requisite maturity, that will no doubt come to them when, in the days ahead, they enter the world of commerce and sensible compromise. Thus unarmed with experience and devoid of the practical approach of the media personnel, they may ask intelligent questions, and worse still, may be less than satisfied with less than a truthful or direct answer.

When speaking at San Fernando Valley State College, Sen. Kennedy received, according to the Associated Press, "a barrage of questions" on "whether if elected President he would open the United States Archives to reveal details of the death of his brother." The A.P. noted Kennedy's reaction. "Several times the senator, campaigning for the Democratic presidential nomination, tried to ignore the questions from students. He became distressed as they persisted. Finally he said, 'Your manners overwhelm me.' But unconcerned with Robert's rules for etiquette, the students persisted. When the senator replied to one that the question 'does not interest me,' an obviously reply to an earnest inquiry, the student responded that it did interest him and that that was why he asked it and hoped for an answer. In the face of dedication for which his fixed television interviews provided little preparation he finally said, 'Go ahead, go ahead, ask your questions.' A student then asked, 'Will you open the Archives?' Kennedy answered, 'Nobody is more interested than I in knowing who is responsible for the death of President Kennedy.' Then he said that he 'would not reopen the Warren Report.' Presumably the latter statement meant that, if elected president, he would not appoint a new Commission, a campaign commitment upon which we can

(continued on page 10)

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BUY PART OF  
A 140-ACRE RANCH  
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MENDOCINO. A  
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## Sidney Poitier To Star in 'Young Dr King'

David Mairotoitz

Martin Luther King won all the Academy Awards in Hollywood last week. Sidney Poitier accepted the awards for Dr. King, who had just been buried and couldn't attend the ceremonies.

Rod Steiger accepted the awards for Best Actor (in the shadow of Dr. King), proclaiming that Sidney Poitier taught him the nature of prejudice, and finished by saying "We Shall Overcome." And lo, there was a great silence in Heaven while Hollywood overcame. The TV camera panned quickly round the glistening stars, in desperate search for one black face. Desperately, but with no luck. They would have to wait until Someday to overcome.

Then Sidney Poitier, who had the only black face in the theater, appeared on stage to give Katherine Hepburn the Best Actress Award for a film on race prejudice starring Sidney Poitier (under the shining star of Reverend King). Poitier was introduced by Bob Hope, the smiling comedian who insists on encouraging "Our Boys" abroad, year after year, cracking ha-ha's on the Road to Bloodbath. The star-spangled audience went wild, cheering its own private handsome plastic nigger. Poitier got more applause than any award-winner — but it was all for Dr. King.

Finally, the Best Movie of the Year turned out to be a race relations movie starring Sidney Poitier. The coup was complete. Reverend King had copped all the Oscars and the exorcism was over.

Hollywood is making a film about Malcolm X, with James Baldwin writing the screenplay. Sidney Poitier will play both Malcolm X and Elijah Muhammed in this

one. Steyer Fetchit not being available at the moment. Simultaneously, Sidney is making a film called "Cool It, Baby," in which he plays a Negro National Guardsman forced, against his Colored conscience, to take part in putting down one of those Negro riots. But he learns, in the course of the film, that only compromise will save our society. He teaches the uninhibited bunch of Negroes a poignant lesson in non-violence: White Men Are To Be Forgiven, For They Know Not What They Do. Poitier, a racial outcast in his own battalion, then gains the respect of his white brothers-in-uniform. The final touching scene shows Poitier teaching the white Guardsmen the words to "We Shall Overcome," as the crowds disperse in the streets.

Poitier has also signed to play the Ultimate Negro role — Martin Luther King in a movie called "Young Dr. King," about the early days of the Sit-ins, whose purpose was to demonstrate the effectiveness of the tactic of non-violence.

One of the few celebrity faces missing from the Academy Award Presentations was that of actor Marlon Brando. It seems he had to be in Oakland, California the next morning to attend a funeral.

## Doctors and Panthers

Panthers and doctors will be running together in the ghetto, the Medical Committee for Human Rights announced Tuesday.

The idea is less to provide emergency medical service than to provide "respectable" witnesses in the event of further incidents between Black Panthers and police. Accordingly, the doctors are launching an appeal to lawyers and other professionals to join in the project.

"It's obvious that the police are out to destroy the Black Panthers in one way or another," said Don Goldmacher, an intern at Mount Zion hospital and a national officer of MCHR. "You'll notice that the only incidents the Panthers get involved in are with the police, never hassles with third parties. And there are usually no witnesses except Panthers and police."

The MCHR also wants to set up a Speakers Bureau to explain to white audiences what the Panthers are doing and why they are being harassed. For further information, call the San Francisco chapter chairman, Phil Shapiro, at WE 1-0506.

Second Coming Was What It Was

The common denominator is where you are at.

The second coming as history was dealt a blow.

History is being overcome.

Seeds of Mysterious energy are being planted and will bear fruit.

We are rising from history to mystery...

The body resurrecting here, now.

ET "who rose"

Free "a rose is a rose is a rose"

ET "who knows"

Free "planet rose"

Free two "a city bus rose  
the police department rose  
unknown drifters rose"

Free three "coming forever  
out of control"

ET "who's responsible"

Free "me"

ET "who's in control"

Free "what's on second and is about to steal third."

ET "we can't print this"

Free two "be free"

ET "Some say the second coming was a fraud"

Free two "it was"

Free "a cosmic joke"

Free three "you are the second coming"

ET "what are the political implications?"

Free "vote for me"

ET "you"

Free "ME"

ET "Vote for me."

Planet rise

Me open

Planet energy

Flowing

Coming Forever

Through me

Out of control

The Second Coming is what is.

## San Francisco News Roundup

Direct from the Source

PUBLIC SPACE IS AVAILABLE THIS WEEK

Free radio KPFA tuesday midnight.

Free poetry and music at your city hall every day at noon.

Free food is everywhere when you plant a book.

Offerings are urgent in the season of the lamb. Public space is wherever you outrage yourself.

Free Hall (Sharon Building) to be children's fun house by May 1. Free Hall is adjacent to the children's playground in Golden Gate Park. Send ideas for the maximum use of the building to: Free Park Commission, c/o McLaren Lodge, Golden Gate Park.

Free Bounty offered on dragons. You are invited to slay your local dragon. Bring the carcass to 15 Lafayette St. for reward.

Free family dances at the Carousel Ballroom.

The weekly family stomp will be announced by word of mouth. Listen for news.

SF Redistribution Service needs volunteers for door-to-door redistribution in Pacific Heights.

From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs. Call 661-7056 or 863-7773 for details.

Marathon Free City planning conference beginning 8 am, April 30 at Playland Beach.

Planning will take place during a 49 mile walk (scenic route). Refreshments will be served along the route.

Free City Convention May 1, Carousel Ballroom. Better Free than dead.

White America invited to bring offerings of food to free food warehouse, 15 Lafayette St.

SF Free Fool, the city jester, needs food. Bring contributions to the Free Unitarian Church.

Free Consultate plans under way. Large house being rented in Pacific Heights. If you'd like to participate write: Free Consultate, 202 23rd Ave. SF.

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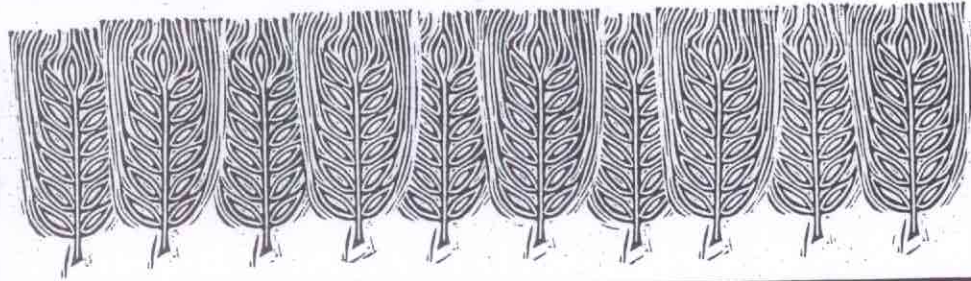
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Alice's restaurant



**WHOLE WHEAT BREAD** = 4 loaves - Dissolve 4 teaspoons of salt + 4 tablespoons of honey in 4 cups of hot water & then add 2 tablespoons of dry yeast. After the yeast is dissolved, stir in 4 cups of unbleached white flour & let rise in a large bowl for about one hour (be sure that the action does not reverse itself). Next, stir in 1/2 cup of honey which has been dissolved in 1/2 cup of hot water & 6 tablespoons of oil. Then stir in as much as possible of 10 cups of whole wheat flour. Knead & place in a large container to rise double. Turn out onto waxed paper, divide into 4 loaves, knead into round balls for a minute or two, & let rise 10 minutes. Now form loaves and place in buttered bread pans to rise one more hour. Bake at 350° for 50 minutes. The loaves may be brushed with one beaten egg yolk mixed with 1 tablespoon milk before baking for a dark brown crust, or may be brushed with melted butter just after baking. Keep the bread in the pans for 10 minutes before turning out on a rack to cool.

## Mark Lane

(continued from page 8)

very likely rely. Whether he would declassify the evidence, the questions that was put to him, remained without reply. The former portion of his comment is intriguing, again I suggest, indicating a crossing over of the private opinion into the public arena. Why should Robert Kennedy be "interested" in "knowing who is responsible" for the assassination if he has known the identity of the lone culprit for more than four years?

Kennedy did make reference to the Archives, however, it was that statement that brought him to a new plateau in relation to the evidence. "I have seen everything that's there. I stand by the Warren Commission." No doubt it was clear to him that he could not defend, in an open encounter, the position that he had not seen the evidence but was willing to vouch for the validity of the Report. There were but two possibilities then available. Retreat from the endorsement or claim to have read the evidence and repeat the endorsement. He chose the latter course although it is quite clear that his statement is entirely false. To read "everything" in the Archives would require perhaps a year of constant study there. Robert has just not been missing that long. Indeed I find it difficult to contemplate a trip by Robert Kennedy into the public archives building that would escape press notice. I think it is far more likely that he has not been there at all rather than that he has been encamped, laboring there for months as he poured over the files.

And so it came to pass that Robert Kennedy who wishes to remain silent about the Report came full circle and offered that discredited document his full endorsement at a time when almost no one else was willing to do so. The question that remains is why so political an animal has taken so unpopular a position. Principle apparently does not enter into the decision for his original assertion was devoid of any logic and his final position is based upon an untrue assertion. Principle requires more honorable companions.

### THE ASSASSINATION AND THE C.I.A.

More than a year ago, just after news of Garrison's investigation was made available, and just before it became firm media policy to attempt to discredit the investigation, Drew Pearson wrote what may be the most important story of his long career. It is not surprising, therefore, that the column has largely been ignored. Pearson asked, "Was JFK killed in a CIA backfire?" His article began with this sentence—"President Johnson is sitting on a political H-bomb—an unconfirmed report that he had questioned 'top officials' who agreed that a plot to assassinate Fidel Castro was 'considered' at the highest levels of the Central Intelligence Agency at the time that Bobby was riding herd on the agency." Pearson added that some officials agreed that the plan was "approved and implemented." According to Pearson, it is alleged that "three hired assassins were caught in Havana where a lone survivor is still supposed to be languishing in prison." It is, of course, well established that Pearson enjoys access to information inside the government at the highest level. Possible confirmation of that story comes from the FBI which states that an investigation by the "Bureau" has indicated that the allegations should be discounted.

Among the facts which Pearson said can be "verified" are these: "President Kennedy was so disillusioned with the CIA after the Bay of Pigs fiasco that he swore to friends he would like to 'splinter the CIA in a thousand pieces and scatter it to the winds.' He ordered a thorough investigation by a group headed by Gen. Maxwell Taylor. But the President's real watchdog was his brother Bobby, who ended up calling the shots at the CIA."

Pearson also stated that it can be "verified" that, "During this period, the CIA hatched a plot to knock off Castro. It would have been impossible for this to reach the high levels it did, say insiders, without being taken up with the younger Kennedy. Indeed, one source insists that Bobby, eager to avenge the Bay of Pigs fiasco, played a key role in the planning." Pearson added that, "Some

sources consider Robert Kennedy's behavior after the assassination to be significant. He seemed tormented, they say, by more than the natural grief over the murder of his brother." Pearson concluded that "some insiders think" that Robert Kennedy was "plagued by the terrible thought that he had helped put into motion forces that indirectly may have brought about his brother's martyrdom."

At the time of the Pearson column, Garrison's investigation was relatively new. While he had identified some of the men involved in planning the assassination, insufficient evidence was then available to constrain him to think the unthinkable—that an agency of the Federal government actually planned and carried out the assassination. Much more evidence is now available and Garrison is now convinced that the CIA organized the murder.

Last September, Garrison charged that Robert Kennedy had made, "very positive efforts to obstruct" his investigation. "It is quite apparent to me," Garrison said, "that for one reason or another he does not want the truth brought out. Perhaps he can explain better than I can why his political career is so important." He added, "I have to conclude that he feels the development of the truth about the assassination, catching the real assassins of Jack Kennedy, would interfere with his political career."

Quite recently a former CIA official told me that the "footprints of an intelligence operation are all over Dealey Plaza." The evidence, he said, conforms to the classic pattern of a CIA "executive action"—a euphemism that includes assassination. It has been suggested that an intelligence agency planning the murder would be compelled to deal, during an early planning stage, with the necessity of "neutralizing" the actions of Robert Kennedy, who otherwise might be expected, quite naturally, to attempt to expose and prosecute the conspirators. It has been suggested that the CIA, intimately familiar with the details of Robert Kennedy's Castro assassination plan, utilized that aborted program to kill John Kennedy. My source states that not only logic dictated that approach, but that the known facts, known to a severely limited number of participants, confirms that it happened exactly that way.

According to that information one of the men chosen by Robert Kennedy to participate in the Castro assassination was later employed by the CIA for the assassination that actually did take place in Dallas. Confronted with the obligation of pretending to accept a false account of the circumstances of his brother's death or publicly reveal that his own hand picked assassin, fired some of the shots, Kennedy chose the former course, according to the analysis.

Once having adopted that position he supported it with action. The former head of the anti-Hofa squad, organized by Robert Kennedy for the personal persecution of a union leader, after successfully and shamefully having sent James Hoffa to jail, was dispatched to try to do the same thing to Jim Garrison. Walter Sheridan, Robert Kennedy's "investigator" while he was Attorney General became a "news investigator" for NBC-TV and in that capacity visited witnesses in New Orleans. He has since been indicted for attempted public bribery in connection with those visits. Sheridan's trial will provide information revealing how far he was willing to go in an effort to destroy Garrison's investigation and Garrison.

Garrison's reaction to all this is little short of phenomenal. "What else can Bobby do?" he asks when I express displeasure with his actions, "if he could kill his brother while he was President he knows that they can do the same thing to him should he tell what he knows when just a candidate." Garrison is more charitable in judgment than am I, Garrison too, had to make a choice about his political future and his personal safety before deciding whether to investigate the murder. His decision virtually ended any possibility of advancement should he fail to convict Clay Shaw. "It might be even more dangerous for me when he is convicted" Garrison recently said to me when we discussed this subject. To those who suggest that he expects to be the Vice Presidential candidate on the Democratic ticket he replies, "Do you really think that my actions have endeared me to the Democratic National Committee?" He knows that his life is in danger, as is, the recent murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., again reminds us, the life of any man who speaks

out effectively in this country where assassination has become a potent political weapon. Garrison never even thought that he had a choice except to meet the obligations imposed by his office. Robert Kennedy made a different estimate. It is a measure of the time within which we live that the press has not raised a single question about the motives behind Kennedy's decision while it heaps abuse upon Garrison for imagined ulterior motives.

More than the future of two men is here at stake, murder breeds murder. Organized criminal activity, officially excused, is an invitation to more. America developed three eloquent spokesmen in the last five years, each, John F. Kennedy, Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, has been assassinated during that time. Kennedy for turning toward peace. Those who feel that he turned too slowly in that direction should remember that it was not for the slowness but for the movement that he was killed, Malcolm X for having developed the understanding which turned him, for the first time, into an effective and important leader. And Martin Luther King for reasons that it may still be too early to fully discern. Newsweek, it might be noted here, wrote just BEFORE Dr. King's assassination that "King's demise as a black icon would be a damaging and perhaps irreparable blow to hopes for peaceful social change in America."

One man who possessed enough knowledge to expose much of what had taken place in Dallas was murdered while being protected by 70 police officers in the basement of the Dallas Police and Courts Building. The man who did that deed, and who was therefore perhaps able to expose a part of what had gone before, died in police custody, as he had predicted that he would, after his request to testify in Washington about that which he knew was denied by Earl Warren.

And through it all Robert F. Kennedy, remains silent about the facts, continues to suppress vital evidence, and pursues his political career. Dr. King observed just before his death, that a man unwilling to speak out, unwilling to die for what he believes, is in any event, no longer alive. If unearned suffering is redemptive as Dr. King said, then John F. Kennedy survives his brother Robert.

Sandy Darlington

Black radio for the black community. What's the black community like? Most white people don't have any idea. Black people become visible to us one by one, on our turf, when Adam Clayton Powell makes Newsweek or Chuck Berry appears at the Fillmore. But all those millions? They happen off stage. Off our stage. Our ignorance is understandable historically, maybe, but it's time we learned better.

One school we can go to is black radio. If you stand on a street corner and watch everything around you, the people, shops, billboards, houses, traffic flow, you'll learn a lot about that community. The same goes for a radio station. In this case a black one: KDIA. Listen to the whole sound. Not only the songs but the ads, comments, announcements, everything. KDIA is different than white radio of course. It should be, it speaks to a different community. Okay, but that doesn't mean you have to do penance while listening to it. You don't have to roll on the floor weeping Lord why was I born a honky. You can just listen and enjoy and maybe learn something about where black people are at, where they want to be and how they plan to get there.

Note the features like *Sound Off*, comments from listeners, usually on racism: *There Are Things To Say Only You Can Say*. Or Lou Rawls singing *Tobacco Road*:

Cause it's home

The only life I've ever known  
And the Lord knows I loathe Tobacco Road...  
Bring dynamite and a big old crane  
Blow it up, tear it down, start all over again  
Build me a town, be very proud to show  
Keep the name Tobacco Road...

Or the phrases that keep jumping out of love songs: *Set me Free / You keep me hanging on / Stop in the Name of Love / There'll be Dancing in the Street / Try a little Tenderness*.

Now taste the commercials: Jump in your car and drive out to Jackson Goldy Motors NOW, get a really good car Now: easy credit terms. Or come on down to Austin Carpets, buy some wall-to-wall carpets, add that touch of grace to your home. They play symphony music behind that one. Elegance. And easy credit terms. Always that. Sign here and get on the credit payment trip just like white folks. Man, that's all suburbia is, like one big credit payment plantation and you can sign for it and get back to your roots at the same time. You want courses in Negro History? Man, with us you can Re-Live your History. Sign this line and you'll be enslaved to us forever more, just like your great grandparents. At night after work you can stare at those carpets on your floor like they were just so many rows of cotton and you were picking them. Don't miss out. Get in bondage NOW!

But it isn't as simple as that. There's an ad that says *Come down to Gross Brothers in Oakland and get all the furniture you need*. They don't say *Buy*, they say *Get*. And the people are coming. They've been out and signed for a better car, they've got their rugs and now they're coming back for the furniture that's in your window. I mean you said come and get it. Well, through the door or through the window, just as long as people get furniture, right?

There's one public service ad read by a shaky white-sounding old geezer about *Always lock your door*. Put a good lock on your premises, Be sure to report suspicious loiterers, Take down the license numbers of fleeing villains... you know: High School Principal advice. But underneath it, KDIA is playing a soul instrumental, solid and constant. So as this shaky old gent locks up his shop for the night, worrying about his possessions, across the street there's some spades leaning against the wall, slender and sharp-looking like the Chambers Brothers, just humming, tapping their feet, waiting and watching. Will they, won't they? Tune in Tomorrow.

Hubert Humphrey had the cheek to say that one of the most interesting things about the riots was that when Blacks looted stores, they tended to take the big name brands. In a way, he said, the whole thing was a triumph of mass advertising.

# BOSS SOUL



What he didn't mention was that it also showed how black people are helping our economy. They've read the Galbraith and Keynes things about how there has to be an efficient redistribution of wealth to keep a consumer economy healthy, so they've come to help. It's quite simple. We're the ones who have and They're the ones who don't, so they'll just take things and share them around among themselves. All the mags like Newsweek and Time say there should be more opportunity for Negroes in show business. So why can't Rap Brown play Robin Hood?

That's a couple of the more spectacular themes, but there's plenty of calmer things like the feature called *Profiles in Black*, America's Negro Pioneers Past and Present, short biogs of people like George Edwin Taylor, the first Negro candidate for President, in 1904, who said, "The National Liberty Party now confronts the people of the United States, claiming their consideration for the first time." Stirring martial music plays in the background as these words are read. Corny? Well, a bit, but the message gets across: *Join Closer, Brothers, Be Proud You're Black: The Power's On In Oakland*.

## Morrow

(continued from page 5)

if we don't act in time, wake people up before it's too late, get rid of all these corrupt officials."

Morrow is a Colorado mystic, a loner who could not conceivably have been part of a conspiracy. No one could doubt his denial of any connection with the East Bay dynamitings.

In the hands of the law he is friendless and helpless. His original plan was to plead guilty and tell his story to a jury. A court-appointed attorney advised him that you don't get a jury trial — or any trial — if you plead guilty, which makes sense when you think about it.

Morrow hadn't thought about it. Once he did, he told his lawyer to plead him not guilty and to ask for a jury trial. When he came up for arraignment, though, the lawyer, in a sickroom tone of voice, asked the judge to send the case up to Superior Court without a plea with the understanding that the Superior Court would appoint psychiatrists to determine "whether the defendant was mentally capable of assisting in his own defense."

It was a double-cross of the rankest sort, and Morrow jumped up in court to give an impassioned speech about this "corruption of justice." The judge gavelled him down, and decided very definitely to send him up to the psychiatrists. The Court was protecting his interests by appointing an attorney for him; his failure to understand that constituted more evidence that he was incompetent to conduct his own defense.

If Morrow isn't crazy now, he will be when they get through with him. His bail is \$6000 (\$600 to a bondsman, and solid collateral against the rest), which he can't make by himself. He also needs to find a lawyer he can trust, and he may have to pay for that too.

Dale Morrow has disappointed a lot of sabotage

fans, who expected the PG&E raiders to be hipper and more survival-minded. But there are other saboteurs at work — notably the people who dynamited the East Bay towers — and they have resisted the temptation to tell us why they are knocking out power lines. Their silence is a generous act; it allows each of us to construct his own fantasy (and act on it, perhaps?) instead of having to listen to someone else's.

## PG&E

(continued from page 5)

the power goes off they'll loot the supermarkets — probably stock up on frozen food, the damn fools. And then when the supermarkets are empty they'll look around and say, "Hey, where does food come from?" And some people will go out rounding up food in trucks, and some people will round up the trucks, and some people will round up gasoline for the trucks, so that food can be distributed free. If ships have to be unloaded without power, they'll get unloaded. You talk about pumping water. Well, you know there are small generators all over, portable ones that run off gasoline. Every contractor has them sitting around. You need electricity for something, you cop it. Maybe we'll have little electric islands all over. Imagine the Carousel Ballroom all lit up, light and music blowing out of the walls, right in the middle of a dark plain.

Won't that make it harder to see the stars?

You can miss the stars for one night, unless you're an astrology nut.

I thought you said —

I did. Let that go. The important thing is for people to learn what they really need, what it's really about, that they can help each other get what they really need just by going out and doing what needs to be done for each other.

# from left field...

TEMPUS FUGIT *FRANK BARDACKE*

On a windy afternoon in the middle of last week I went with an old friend to see the San Francisco Giants play the Pittsburgh Pirates. The arrangements were simple. My friend works at KQED and it was easy for him to leave at noon. But he did have to check back at the station at a reasonable hour before going home. "Don't worry," I told him, "I have an appointment with my lawyer in Berkeley at five — the game will be over in time."

In time all baseball games are over. Baseball is the only major American spectator sport that is not run by the clock. In football and basketball the winning team is the one that is ahead after a specified amount of time. But in baseball the winner is the team that is ahead after each side has had twenty-seven outs. This difference gives baseball its special — and now old-fashioned character.

The pace of a baseball game is pre-industrial. It is a game for country boys who must work hard when they have to work, but who don't get upset when there is nothing to do. A country boy, like a baseball player, can sit back and wait for some action without worrying about the passing time. Many young farmers have fallen asleep in the fields; some baseball players sleep on the bench between innings.

This relaxed ethic is now an anachronism. In our overorganized industrial society every minute is precious. "Time is money," as the saying goes, and nothing is more important than money. If a minute is wasted it can never be retrieved; everyone is in a losing race against the clock. Anyone who is in such a race has a natural sympathy for games like basketball and football. They can understand all those players running around trying to use every second of their time. The clock runs football and basketball as it runs the working lives of most Americans. The sound of a buzzer at the end of a game is not too different from the sound of a time clock striking five.

But there is no time limit on a baseball game — no bell or buzzer at the end. When we were kids we would never leave a game before it was over, and we had complete contempt for the people who left the ballpark early. We understood then that when you go to a baseball game you must leave behind your ordinary timebound concerns and give yourself up to the game.

People who do not understand this very often find baseball boring. A game *does* move slowly and casually, and there are long intervals between the action. But these intervals are the key to the tension and excitement of a game. The outcome of a game is determined by one pitch, a bad hop, or a split second swing. The emphasis on that special instant is possible only because it takes place in the context of a long afternoon's play. If a fan becomes impatient because of all the "wasted time" then he cannot sense the shift in mood as a lazy afternoon becomes a highly charged moment of tension on which the whole game depends.

The general behavior of a baseball crowd reflects this peculiar sense of time. Baseball fans talk throughout the game; mostly they talk baseball but some genuine fans will talk about politics or their jobs or their kids. People sit back casually during most of the game, giving their undivided attention to the field only at the crucial moments. But the emphasis is on talk — either among friends or with strangers.

Last Thursday Sol and I sat in the general admission seats in Left Field. It was Ladies' Day and after awhile we found ourselves surrounded by middle-aged women. The ladies watched the game in absolute silence. Everytime either Sol or I yelled something out neighbors looked at us as if we were talking in church. One woman leaned over and said, "Sssshhhh, I can't hear the radio."

We left our general admission seats and snuck into the reserved section. An usher kicked us out and we tried four or five spots until we landed undetected right behind the Giant dugout. The game was now in extra innings and neither the Giants nor the Pirates seemed in a hurry to score any runs. Sol said he was worried about getting back on time. It was almost four.

Ten minutes later Willie Mays walked with two outs. On the second pitch he tried to steal. He looked slow and was thrown out easily. When Mays got up and turned around he seemed old and weary. He stood out by second base a long time. Then he turned and moved into center field with a painful old man's jog.

Inside a ballpark there is no time. But seventeen years have passed since Willie Mays was a rookie and I was nine years old. Now I am twenty-six and that afternoon I had to see my lawyer about staying out of jail.

"Hey, Sol, I really have to see my lawyer at five."

"Sure. I have to get back too. We can hear the rest of the game on the radio."

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T. WELLER

# CAPTAIN APOCALYPSE IN "ECLIPSE FROM ICARUS"

The captain set out for the planetoid to see for himself about all of these doomsday murmurings of a collision course with earth, the telegraph from space, the ufo's and whatnots that became the talk of the street as everyone armed for defense weaponry the only way it seemed at that point with murder everywhere that dillenger would be in the hand of every man. Perhaps this strange icarus trip was nothing more than hindi rouge to pick everybody's head up to the sky, the canonization of chicken little pecking the melting titan monsters, disney and demille flashing on each other, balls projected across the firmament, who is that? who dat?

The captain in electric solloquoy says, "seismic me, am catatonic searching for clues to catclysm what's coming, they tell me it's coming, i ask them who is they? what is coming? they say end or begin and i am tinkled fink, twilight brother at dusk. muth-erfucker."

Funds were raised, a rocket ship built, action set afoot to send a man up and check this barely visible june 15 phenomena almost out of human sight which would change the world (melting icecaps? spirit trip? Ma!), or destroy it (fire? gilroy? leroi?) or so people of the street hoped for, an action pageant making a dent.

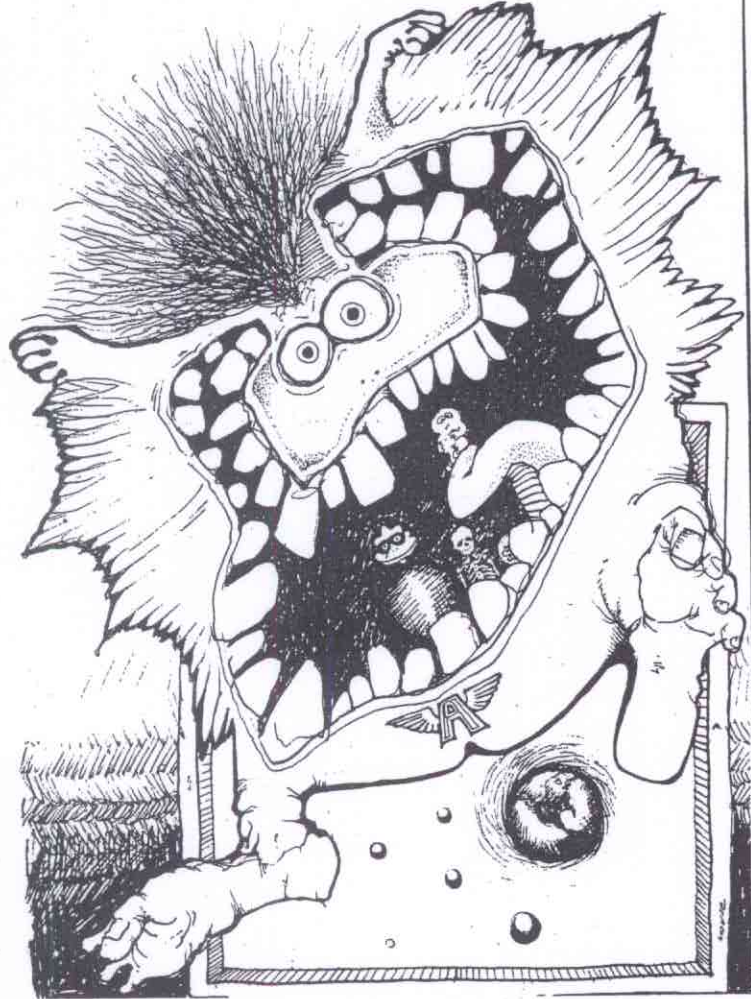
And so it was captain apocalypse set out in his rocket ship towards the sun, a paraffin penis flash light, on the way to icarus speeding incredibly through the galaxy of space, seeking the proof of the matter. "i am landing; i am landing roger."

The captain arrived on the hurtling noisy planetoid, and immediately set upon solving the mystery of icarus. "you may reach your number . . . i have a direct call . . . will you take it? . . . will you take it?" Apocalypse questioned the first creature that approached him, "are you hurtling noisily towards the earth?" The creature explained that he was not able to speak for the planetoid as a whole, but that as far as he was concerned, icarus would come no closer to earth than in previous years; that mercury would be closer than earth, and that nothing unusual would happen this trip . . . "coinciding with the olympic games in aztec stadium," thought Apocalypse, "it is all connected, silver and gold, mercury and art, and the sun . . ."

The creature reached for a book in its back pocket, "Earth-Guide: Confessions," and began to read to the captain: "disease dismisses the difference of good and evil, says everything is off to a retreat in the himalayas, from a flower to a cesspool.

and most of the race has nothing, having turned creation into degeneration and death, cults and religions, fairy tales and countries. You are watching your shadow dim the reflected light, gray dead ball, deflection of darkness, the earth has twisted between satellite and sun, the moon is dead blood circling the earth."

The creature returned "Earth-Guide: Confessions" to his pocket, and watched for the reaction of the captain. The captain, stunned, went back to his shit, and returned to earth.



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### Telegram from Betty Shabazz

*(The following is a telegram sent to Bobby Hutton's family from Betty Shabazz, Malcolm X's widow)*

The question is not will it be non-violence vs. violence but whether a human being can practice his God given right of self defense.

Shot down like a common animal he died a warrior for black liberation. If the generation before him had not been afraid he perhaps would be alive today.

Remember, like Solomon, there is a time for everything — a time to be born, a time to die, a time to love and a time to hate, a time to fight and a time to retreat.

In the name of brotherhood and survival remember Bobby. It could be you, your son, your husband or your brother tomorrow. Crimes against an individual are often crimes against an entire nation.

To his family only time can eliminate the pain of losing him. But may he be remembered in the hearts and minds of us all.

### THROUGH VACAVILLE WITH GUN AND BUTTON

Marvin Garson

The day after the Caravan to Vacaville didn't happen, I went up there myself with a "Free Huey" button and a 12-gauge shotgun to try to see if the town was as rough as Bobby Seale had said it was.

The shotgun stayed in the car, unconcealed and unloaded, entirely legal and frameup-proof. (No danger of getting busted for "brandishing a weapon" if you leave it in the car).

If set upon by a mob of thugs swinging tire chains, my fantasy ran, I would retreat to the car and make a stand there, brandishing the weapon in legitimate self-defense or if necessary using the birdshot I had brought along to draw some blood and scare them off without killing anybody.

The first sign I saw off the freeway pointed to the California Medical Facility (that's a prison). The moment I entered the prison grounds, I realized I was carrying a gun in the immediate vicinity of a jail, which is a felony. I turned right around and started out, but not before a cop pulled me over.

So I chatted with the officer for twenty minutes about the Peace and Freedom Party

and the Black Panthers and prison reform and the previous day's non-demonstration, all the while leaning casually against the car's rear window to block his view of that goddamn shotgun.

They had "been prepared" for the demonstrators, he told me. The authorities "welcomed" a peaceful, orderly demonstration, so much so that they had even erected a plat-

form which speakers could use. At the same time they were determined to keep it orderly, to prevent "burning and looting."

As the conversation drifted to small talk, he said his birthday was on May 13. "I'm superstitious," he said. "I'm afraid of black cats."

The townspeople were friendly and generally willing to talk to someone with a "Free Huey" button and more hair than Bobby Kennedy. They all knew that a demonstration at "the Facility" had been called on and then called off, but they were fuzzy as to details. It involved a prisoner who had "killed that Negro boy they buried in Berkeley yesterday" or "killed an Oakland cop" or whose activities were entirely mysterious. One volunteered that the prisoner's name might be "Clifford."

Most people said the riot squad had been out in force, "with smoke bombs and machineguns," according to one man. Estimates of their strength ranged as high as two thousand. Most believed the police had massed at "the Facility," but some believed they had been parrolling the town and one thought they had stopped all cars entering town. Since no one seems actually to have seen unusual police activity with his own eyes, it's likely that the riot squad had concentrated at the prison and stayed out of town.

A waitress thought the idea of the demonstration was to "set the guy free or burn

down the town." She cited as her source of information the *Vacaville Reporter* (which had in fact run a very cool, straightforward story under an unobtrusive headline). "You can't believe everything you read, though," she said.

Aside from the waitress and the cop, no one suggested that the demonstrators had been planning pillage and arson. It's possible that the previous day they had gotten panicky, but were now embarrassed to admit it. It's also possible that they had been just as cool on Friday as they were on Saturday.

The most common stance, among the fifteen people I talked to, seemed to be neutrality. They weren't grateful to the police for protecting them and they didn't suspect the police of wanting to provoke something; they didn't understand what the demonstration was about but they didn't want to knock it.

I'm not sure what the police had in mind for the demonstration. Probably they wanted to see an orderly, legal rally take place which they could humiliate by their mere appearance in overwhelming strength, without any need for violence. Or perhaps they really did plan a massacre, as Seale said. If they did, I doubt very much that they would have had any civilian vigilantes to help them.

One thing is certain — you can walk through Vacaville wearing a "Free Huey" button without any need for a shotgun. Vacaville may not be Berkeley, but it's not Port Chicago either.



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**MARATHON**

**KPFA 94.1 FM**

# S.F. MIME TROUPE SUMMER 1968



## COMMEDIA IN THE PARKS

APRIL						
SUNDAY	MON	TUES	WED	THU	FRI	SATURDAY
						20 RUZZANTE San Pablo Pk. Berkeley
21 RUZZANTE Lake Merritt by Museum, Oakland						
28 PATELIN Canyon, Calif. Schoolyard						

RUZZANTE  
or, The Veteran

The Farce of  
PATELIN

MAY						
SUNDAY	MON	TUES	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				2 PATELIN Provo Park Berkeley 5 P.M.	3 PATELIN Provo Park Berkeley 5 P.M.	4 RUZZANTE Live Oak Park Berkeley
5 RUZZANTE Live Oak Park Berkeley		8 PATELIN Union Square S.F.	9 PATELIN Union Square S.F.	10 PATELIN Union Square S.F.	11 RUZZANTE Provo Park Berkeley	11 PATELIN Dolores Park S.F.
12 RUZZANTE Provo Park Berkeley			16 PATELIN St. Mary's Sq. S.F.	17 PATELIN St. Mary's Sq. S.F.	18 PATELIN Provo Park Berkeley	18 RUZZANTE Mill Park Mill Valley
19 PATELIN Provo Park Berkeley		22 PATELIN Civic Center S.F.	23 PATELIN Civic Center S.F.	24 PATELIN Civic Center S.F.	25 RUZZANTE Duboce Park S.F.	25 PATELIN Union Square S.F.
26 PATELIN Duboce Park SF						
RUZZANTE Union Sq. SF						

JUNE						
SUNDAY	MON	TUES	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						1 RUZZANTE Lafayette Park S.F.
2 RUZZANTE Lafayette Park S.F.						8 RUZZANTE Gold Gate Pk. beh De Young
						PATELIN Mill Park Mill Valley
9 RUZZANTE Golden Gate Pk. behind De Young Mus.			12 PATELIN Aquatic Park S.F.	13 PATELIN Aquatic Park S.F.	14 PATELIN Aquatic Park S.F.	15 RUZZANTE Dolores Park SF
16 RUZZANTE Dolores Park SF			19 PATELIN Alcoa Bldg. Plaza S.F.	20 PATELIN Panhandle S.F.	21 PATELIN Panhandle S.F.	22 RUZZANTE Washington Sq. Pk. S.F.
						PATELIN Aquatic Park S.F.
23 RUZZANTE Washington Sq. Pk. S.F.			26 PATELIN Washington Sq Pk. SF	27 PATELIN Washington Sq Pk. SF	28 PATELIN Washington Sq Pk. SF	29 30 RUZZANTE Panhandle SF
PATELIN Aquatic Park S.F.						

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## WEDNESDAY, April 17

LECTURE: Art Hoppe, on Satire and Other Blunt Instruments; Diablo Valley College, Concord, 8 pm, adm (?) info 685-1230 X388.  
SEMINAR: On The Jews in the Soviet Union — Is There Really A Problem? — speakers, discussion, related topics, SF Jewish Comm. Center, 3200 Calif. SE, 8:15 pm, FREE.  
LECTURE: On Buddhism, by Mike Evans; 146 Waverly Place, SE, 8 pm.  
CONCERT: National Symphony Orchestra performs Gould, Brahms, Stravinsky; Richmond Memorial Aud., 8 pm, \$2.  
FILMS: Brakhage's The Art of Vision (4 1/2 hrs); Wheeler, UCB, 8 pm, \$1, spon. Cinema Psychedelia, info 848-3172.  
FILM: Orphans of the Storm (DW Griffith) — 1922; Merritt, Oakl, 7 pm, FREE.  
CLASS: Theory & Practice of Satanic Ritual; 6114 Calif. SE, 9 pm, \$7.50 for 3 sessions; info 752-3583 after 3 pm.  
DANCE/CONCERT: Straight Theater, Haight at Cole, SE, "Phoenix" w/lights by The Brotherhood of Light, 9 pm, \$1.

## THURSDAY, April 18

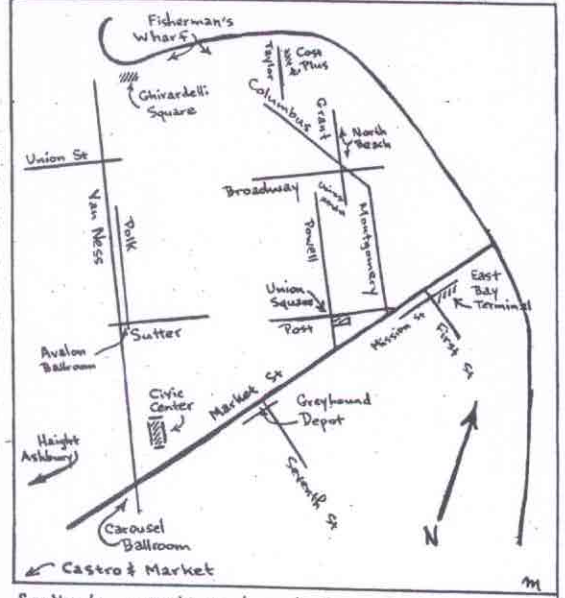
DRAMA: Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour, performed by Actors Ensemble; Life Oak, 1301 Shattuck, Bkly, 8:15 pm, \$1 (students 50c), info 526-3760.  
OPERA: Offenbach's Tales of Hoffman, performed by Cal State Opera Workshop; Cal State, Hayward, 8:15 pm, \$1.50 (students 75c)  
LECTURE: Shades of the Student Protest Movement, w/Rbt Mandel, and Carl Frank; Merritt, Oakl; FREE, info 655-6110, spon. Controversy '68.  
FORUM: The Draft — How Does Your Conscience See It? w/watny, mother, Am. Legion member, more; Ethical Forum of SF, Hall of Flowers, 9th & Lincoln, SE, 8 pm, FREE, info 845-3979.  
LECTURE: Aden Treganza, SF State, on Use of The Idiot Spoon (shovel — archaeology); Contra Costa College, San Pablo, 8 pm, \$1.  
OPEN HOUSE: Sexual Freedom League, 920 Univ (Bkly Rm), Bkly, 8 pm, FREE, 654-0316.  
HOOT: Ellen Faust; Haight, Oak & Baker, SE, 9 pm, FREE.  
DANCE: Ann Halprin leads myths (theatre experiments w/audience participation), 321 Divisadero, SE, 8:30 pm, \$3 (students \$2.50), info 626-0414.

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DRAFT COUNSEL: 1703 Grove, Bkly, 2:30-6 pm, FREE, info 845-2470.  
CLASS: Life Drawing, 2125 Bush, No. C, SF, 7:30-10 pm, \$1.50, info 922-0843.  
CLASS: Public speaking, poise development, spon. Kerista; 8:30 pm, FREE loc & info 647-3908.  
CLASS: Hatha Yoga, 1748 Haight, SE, 10-12 noon.  
CLASSES: Creative Drawing, Painting, Sculpture; beg to adv, info 922-0843.  
POETRY READINGS: Blue Unicorn Coffee House, 1927 Hayes, SE, adm (?) info 752-6710.  
I/Thou, 1736 Haight, SE, 50c (students 35c), info 386-9860.  
EVENT: Malvina Reynolds raps on & sings abt "The Singing Jesus"; Haight, Oak & Baker, SE, 8 pm, FREE, info 626-1910.  
FILMS: Von Sternberg's Dishonored, also Garret's One Way Passage; 145 Dwinelle, UCB, 8 pm, \$1, spon. FW Murnau, info 658-8609.  
FILMS: Animated, by children 5-15 from Yellow Ball Workshop, also others; 756 Union, SE, 8:30 pm, \$1, spon. Canyon Cinema Theque, info 781-4719.  
FILMS: Andalusian Dog, more; 2416 18th St, SE, 8:30 pm, \$ 1, info 861-5491.  
MEETING: Oakland in Transition — emphasis on educational problems — w/assst Spn Oak Schools, more; Jefferson School, 2035 — 40th Ave, Oakl, 7:30 pm, FREE.  
LECTURE: Student Protest Movts in Asia & America, w/Rbt Lee; Newman Hall, Bkly, 7:30 pm, FREE.  
DANCE/CONCERT: Straight Theater, Haight at Cole, SE, "The Womb," Brotherhood of Light, 9 pm, \$1.  
DEMONSTRATION: Haight Anti-Draft Union & Brotherhood of Free Men support Dave Mandel as he refuses induction by singing Alices Restaurant 7:30 am at Oak Ind Cent. Car pools leaving 629 Cole at 6:45 or Bancroft & Dana same time. Be there!  
FRIDAY, April 19  
DRAMA: Actors Ensemble, see Apr. 18.  
OPERA: Tales of Hoffman, see Apr. 18.  
CONCERT: Ray Reussner, guitarist; SF Cons. of Music, 1201 Ortega, SE, 8:30 pm, FREE.  
LECTURE: Mario Pei, on One Language for the World; Merritt College, Oakland, 8 pm, FREE.  
SPECIAL: Dick Gregory, comedian; Bkly Community Theatre, 8 pm, FREE, spon. Merritt College.  
OPERA: Ibsen's Peer Gynt; SF State, 8 pm, adm. info 585-7174.  
CONCERT/DANCE: Credence, Clearwater Revival; Poppycock, 135 University, Palo Alto, 9 pm, \$1, info 325-4620.  
FILMS: Andalusian Dog, more, see Apr. 18, note new times 8 & 10 pm.  
PARTY: Single adults, 21-35 yrs; 677 Grizzly Peak, Bkly, 8:30 pm, info 524-5192 or 849-1352.

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CONCERT/DANCE: Sons of Champlin, lights; Straight Theatre, SE, 9 pm, \$2.  
JAZZ: 2nd annual festival — conite Miles Davis, Carmen McRae, Cecil Taylor; Greek Theatre, UCB, 8 pm (sharp), \$2-3-4 (non-students \$2-4-3), info 848-4800 X4537, or 3125.  
PANEL: "How Should Students Vote in Choice '68" Speaker for McCarthy, RFK, PFF, and YSA, 4 LeConte, UCB, 8 pm.  
DEBATE: Pete Camejo, YSA, vs. McCarthy supporter, 2338 Market, SE, 8 pm, \$1, students 50c.  
PARTY/DANCE: Single men and women over 30 in Bkly — Res. \$2.50, call The Guild, 325-0457.  
SATURDAY, April 20  
DRAMA: Ionesco's "The Lesson" at the Steppenwolf, 2136 San Pablo, Bkly., 8 pm, \$1.  
DANCE/CONCERT: Straight Theater, Haight and Cole, SE, Sons of Champlin, etc. See Friday, Apr. 19.  
MIME TROUP: "Ruzzante or the Veteran" 2 pm, Merritt Park, Oak.  
JAZZ: UCB, 1:30 pm, Piano Workshop directed by Billy Taylor, Herbie Hancock, Theonious Monk, Denny Zeitlin and Cecil Taylor.  
WORKSHOP/PICNIC: PFP, 1:30 pm at Padre right picnic area in Tilden Park. Dick Gregory and other candidates have been invited. Food available — Everyone invited.  
BRUNCH: PFP spon., New Orleans House, Bkly., \$5, Dick Gregory and Paul Jacobs will speak. Tickets — 2860 Telegraph, Bkly. 11 am.

DANCE/CONCERT: Fillmore, Love, btape Singers, Roland Kirk, 9 pm, \$3.  
DANCE/CONCERT: Avalon, Thugs, Ace of Cups, Allmen Joy, 9 pm, \$3.  
SUNDAY, April 21  
ALICE SAYS IT like it is — The New Shakespeare Company presents "Alice in Wonderland" A real theater experience for everyone 2 pm, Trinity Episcopal Church, Gough & Bush, S.F. Kids & students \$1, Adults \$1.50.  
MIME TROUP: 2 pm, RUZZANTE in Provo Park, Bkly.  
DRAMA: "The Gas Hear" at the Steppenwolf, 2136 San Pablo, Bkly., 8:30 pm, 50c.  
MUR BEACH: 1 pm every Sunday, Bands & Food, Etc. \$1.50.  
PANCAKE BREAKFAST: spon. PFP, 9-1 pm, Brazilian Rm, Tilden Park, \$1.50 adults, 75c children under 12. All you can eat — please come.  
CONCERT: Old Spaghetti Factory, 478 Green St, 3:15 & 8:15 pm, Oak Youth Symphony, Bach Sinfonia in D Minor; Britten Serenade, more.  
CONCERT: Straight Theater, Haight at Cole, SE, "Malachai," 8 pm, 75c.  
HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT CONFERENCE: 9959 San Pablo, Albany, 10:30-8 pm, 6 workshops (student power, draft, exptl educ, street theater, etc). Info 661-4651 or 526-3858.  
MONDAY, April 22  
DRAMA: Ionesco's "Jack or the Submission", 8:30 pm, Steppenwolf, 2136 San Pablo, Bkly., 50c.  
FILMS: Two views of the fall of Dienbienphu, "The 317th Section" and "The Battle of Dienbienphu." Spon. Faculty Documentary Films Comm. Info 845-6409.



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*the end*