

Berkeley



Barb

VOL. 7 NO. 24 ISSUE 173 (PUB. FRIDAYS) DEC. 6-12
2042 UNIVERSITY AVE., BERKELEY, CAL. 94704 849-1040

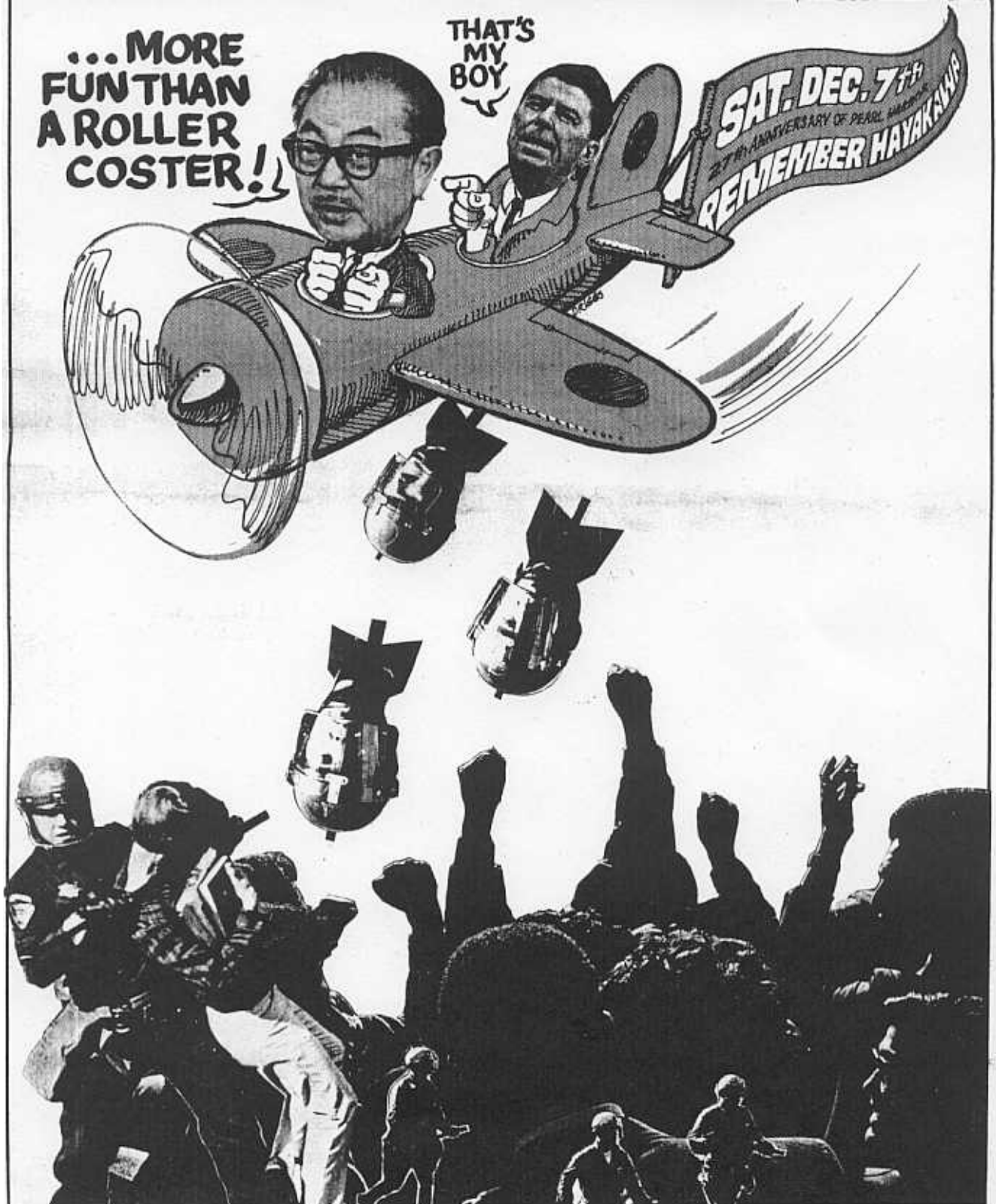


15¢ BAY AREA

20¢ ELSEWHERE

...MORE
FUN THAN
A ROLLER
COSTER!

THAT'S
MY
BOY



A STEP FROM MEXICO CITY



BLACKS BACK BROTHERS

by G.K.

BLOODY AND BATTERED...



JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING 'ILLEGAL'

by G.K.

MONDAY

The thing about SF State is this...

Prof S.I. Hayakawa was "appointed" at a secret meeting - all subsequent tactics of the administration flow from this secret meeting - secret meetings of public bodies are illegal - therefore...

the students and faculty of SF State are not bound by the rules of this illegal meeting because the administration of Prof Hayakawa is without legal authority.

The "illegal" meeting of nearly two thousand students Monday thus becomes legal. The faceless loud-speakers, issuing edicts to "disperse and go to your classes" Monday thus becomes illegal.

Ask any attorney - he will tell you the same thing.

Monday was the day of "the battle of the loud-speakers."

It started at eight in the morning, with Hayakawa yanking apart the wires and loud-speakers from an "illegal" SDS truck parked on apparently "illegally" 19th avenue outside the campus.

It ended around four in the afternoon with the SF Tactless Squad chasing striking students down the same "illegal" 19th avenue lawns and into gardens of

ASS HIM-- HE KNOWS!

A crew-cut, grey-haired man, about 40, armed with a camera and golf-jacket, kept going up to groups of students, saying: "The police are coming, and the National Guard is next!"

BARB went up to him and ask where the Guard was in SF. "They're on standby," he said. After commenting they are always on "standby", BARB asked him how he knew about the Guards. He flashed out a plastic-card and snarled, "State Senate - get lost!"

homes across from the campus.

In between, the administration put up its loud speakers on top the Administration Building, a faceless voice repeating the infamous "riot act" of Queen Victoria from the last century.

The students, meanwhile, held an "illegal" meeting at high noon on the campus commons.

This meeting was not repeat not shut down and was hailed as a

...BUT HE'LL BE BACK



PIGS PANIC, KIDS COOL

by Jon Jacobson

Tuesday, San Francisco -- clear and cool.

Tuesday, S.F. State -- brows clouded, blood boiling, blood spilt.

On the edge of the campus, at 19th Avenue and Holloway, a crowd waits for the light to change. Cars zoom by on the 6-lane thoroughfare, people waiting for the tram, ladies walking by with shopping bags.

Suddenly -- hut, hut, hut. Heads turn. Everyone stops. A squadron of 15 blue-helmeted troops emerges from the trees, marching in formation. Each with a long piece of manhood in his hand. Their commander scans the horizon with field glasses, beaming in on the Ecumenical House across 19th Avenue.

"Looks like Murray over there," The sergeant is looking at a group of blacks across the street. One of the blue helmets raises a black-gloved fist. His companions laugh. A forced laughter to show courage to the on-lookers.

Hut, hut, hut. The light changes. They meander off like overgrown boyscouts playing at war. They head for their recuperation and rest center a block away at the Park Merced Commons.

"Wow, what a bunch of porkers," a bystander comments. "And people feel sorry when ... And

are in the central quadrangle. A scattering of blue-banded strike-breakers are visible on the outskirts of the throng. An "illegal" rally is just finishing. There were no microphones.

At 150, a black student on the platform shouts, "On to BSSI!" Fists go up in support, and the mass moves up the hill chanting, "On strike, shut it down! On strike! Shut it down!"

The Business and Social Science building is undefended. No cops close by. Inside strikebreakers press against windows to watch the action. But as the missiles

start to fly, their faces vanish.

Big-paned windows smash out, the shout of "Strike!" continuing. It's over in a few minutes and the strikers move toward the Ad Building, chanting "Down with Hayakawa!"

Suddenly, all hell breaks loose. Troops appear from all directions, going after the crowd with clubs. One foolhardy Tac man, Paul Juul, runs into the crowd by himself. Next minute his mates are guarding his unconscious body. "Back! Get back!" They prod with their black sticks.

A youth doesn't move fast

see p. 10

THE GLOBAL VILLAGE IDIOT

Proof that Prof S. I. Hayakawa is the global village idiot of 1968 was established Wednesday morning when he addressed the leaders of the black community and told them how he had "cleaned toilets" as a youth.

He explained that he "knew" Negroes because he had "slept in their homes in Chicago." He called a black lady at the meeting "baby" and insisted that "Newsroom" (Chan 9) reporter, Mel LaPlace, be thrown out of the gathering.

Gov Reagan's happy choice for SF State had as his main thrust

Sometime around this point, Councilman Ron Dellums, of Berkeley, said, "This man is a puppet. We are talking to the wrong man."

Dr. Carleton Goodlett then remarked that "We have taken a half hour of his time and he has taken a half hour of our time."

Hayakawa stormed out of the meeting, shouting "You are all irrational people!"

Mel LaPlace said his feelings were that the professor of Semantics spoke to the leaders of the black community "as if they were children."

can serve as a spokesman for the minority and black communities."

Not only has the student body government at SFS asked Hayakawa to quit, but even the leading Japanese-American newspaper in the US thinks, "Dr. Hayakawa is not and never has been a man of our community."

While supporting the BSU's program (but deploring its tactics), the "Hokubei Mainichi" (SF) editorial goes on to state "it was stupid of him...to expect any sort of personal support from our community."

Editor Howard Ingersoll writes

SF STATE THURSDAY--

Yesterday's talk of the black establishment leaders looked like the start of a revolution. For the first time they joined the revolutionary black students and Third World on SFS campus.

They pledged to lay their bodies on the line, even their lives. They finally realized their lives are bound together.

Today, there was more of this talk. Everybody was there, from Willie Brown to Ron Dellums. There also were spokesmen from Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Chicano, and many, many black organizations. (Sadly, no industrial unions have put their bodies on the line.)

But... history grabs us by the balls.

"We can't hold endless rallies. This has got to stop. Willie Brown - come join us!"

A young black issued this cry on the steps of the Ad Bldg, right under the amazed nose of deputy police chief Al Nelder.

At THIS precise moment, the revolution bloomed into being.

Hundreds of students poured into the building, chanting "We Want The Puppet - We Want The Puppet!" Chief Nelder looked upset.

So did most of the minority brass, for the difference between words and thought is action. Any idea without action is a fraud.

From the top of the building came the riot call. Circling the grassy sward of the commons, that small group of black and whites looked awful lonely. Then an amazing thing happened... Students started walking between

the police and joined Dr. Goodlett in the lonely middle until the area again was filled with students!

All this time, Hayakawa was announcing via his private loud-speaker on top the Ad Bldg, "The police have been called - clear the campus. You will be arrested. There are no innocent bystanders." (The cops had just cleared his building with mace).

More students joined the others inside the police lines. After two minutes, Dr. Goodlett was arrested. Then the police started their little game of "sweep the campus".

As they formed a solid phalanx and make the sweep, we would pour around the cops and FOLLOW them across the grass.

Three paddywagons were brought in to follow the police, and us. Among the cops were men from Berkeley (without badges), Alameda, Fremont, and the CHP.

By pushing the students off campus, however, the police created a massive traffic jam on 19th Avenue in front of the Ec House. Students unhooked trolleys from the street cars and rolled parked cars down on the cops.

Meanwhile, back on campus, the aimless, endless sweeps of the police produced the following message over the cop-radio: "let obvious students stay on campus."

To this hardcore bystander-reporter, it seemed time to split. Thursday thus ended with a double-victory for the students and a flop for the minority brass.

So when push came to shove, the only black community leader who put his body on the line was Dr. Carleton Goodlett. Speaking eyeball with the SF Tactless Squad, he announced to the police ringing in the militant blacks and other students --

"If you arrest us, you must take us all. Bud do it non-violently."

Dr. Goodlett was arrested. So was campus chaplain, Jerry Pedersen (Lutheran and white), who was handcuffed, roughed up and put in in a paddy wagon.

Another priest at the Ecumenical House across from the campus was arrested. So were a few students. The students got beat up.

That young black on the steps of the Ad Building made history when he called for no more words but lots more action.

VALOR IN ACTION

20 PIGS TORMENT STUDENT

"Twenty cops physically brutalized me," Richard L. Gibson, 23, charged this week.

"They said they would like to shoot me," he told BARB Tuesday. "They kept prodding me with their truncheons. They stepped on my sandaled feet with their boots. They were all giggling like sadistic fools," he said.

Gibson went through this mad scene, alone with them all, in a paddy wagon.

"Later they stood me against a wall and threatened to execute me. I was really scared," the long-haired student related.

"It was like watching a Fellini movie. Only it was all happening to me," Gibson said.

Gibson is a student at the San Francisco Art Institute. He went to SF State Monday to apply for grad school there, and stayed to watch the noon rally.

Several Tac Squad cops came up to the speakers platform and tried to shut down the "illegal" rally, but didn't succeed. As one of the cops, #689 ("Womack," was walking away, somebody kicked him from behind.

Gibson said he asked #689 whether he would use his gun on the students. "I touched his holstered gun several times as we talked about it. But I wasn't being antagonistic toward him," the art student said.

The discussion ended as #689 went behind the police lines.

About an hour later, Gibson was walking through the Administration

NOT SO FINE

Dr. Richard Fine, of the Medical Committee for Human Rights, was jumped by six, repeat, six SF policemen as he was giving first-aid to an injured student at SF State Tuesday.

As he was put into a paddy wagon, the cops "wouldn't even let us see him," Dr. Larry Rose, of the Committee, told the BARB. Fine was beaten about the head.

Building and met #689 again.

"He grabbed me. Pushed me against the wall. And slapped me across the face," Gibson said. "Other cops had to come over and tell him to cool it."

Gibson was arrested and handcuffed, charged with assault and trespassing. "Womack accused me of kicking him," Gibson said.

As the art student was escorted out of the building by about 20 Tac Squad cops, "one of them twisted my cuffed hands behind my back and stuck his billy club in my testicles, telling me not to make any noise," Gibson said.

"I was the only prisoner they had. They pushed me down on a seat of the paddy wagon. Some of them sat on me. Then they grabbed me by the hair and made me stand. They said they were gonna beat me what it's like when the shooting starts," Gibson said. "Nobody tried to cool them down. I think the guy in charge was leading it."

As the cops were jabbing him, giggling at his agony, they took out his cigarettes and passed them out among themselves, Gibson told BARB.

When the wagon stopped, the Tac troopers took out their prisoner and escorted him to an open sky courtyard with white walls.

"I thought it was a station, but I wasn't sure. They put me against the wall and said 'Shall we execute him now.' Several of them were playing with their guns. I was really getting scared after the punishment I got in the car," Gibson said.

Eventually, one cop said, "May-

THE TACTICS OF TORTURE

by Terry A. Reim

"Frame-up" is an old cliché we're all tired of.

"Police brutality" has become a euphemism.

PERJURY and TORTURE are the only words which accurately describe the police conspiracy which exists in the SF Tactical Squad.

This writer was busted Monday when he got in the way of a Tac Squad charge at State. Although I've been a writer/photographer for the BARB and other publications for a year, the sadism, hate, and viciousness of the members of the Tac Squad is still almost inconceivable to me, even after being their personal victim.

I was clubbed on the head from behind while trying to photograph an arrest sequence about 3 p.m. It sounded like I was hit on the head with a cast iron frying pan.

I fell to the ground as half a dozen cops quite literally began beating the piss out of me with their clubs. I regained consciousness only to be smashed by another club in the head producing a three-inch gash, and still another in the neck which again revived me.

I opened my eyes just in time to see a club come down twice on my camera.

Then a few extra licks for good measure and they were cuffing my hands behind my back.

In a moment, I was being carted off to the police van, stunned and abashed. I thought the ordeal was over...it was just a dreadful mistake, a bad joke.

But for the Tac Squad, the fun was just beginning.

A dozen of them surrounded me as I was led away, and while the cops behind me attempted to wrench my thumbs from their sockets, two or three in front furiously speared me in the gut and the balls with their clubs.

Taking my picture, they threw me into the van with two other prisoners; then, fifteen minutes later, what seemed like the entire Tac Squad crowded into it with us and drove to a command post. On the way, they made us stand handcuffed, and got their rocks off by kicking us in the shins, kneeling us in the balls, and spearing us in the backs, ass, and crotch with their clubs.

"I freak! Dumbfles! Someday

you motherfucking rock-throwers are going to get a bullet between the eyes," the fuzz took turns screaming.

"Let's get them all down on the floor and piss on them," another intoned, smiling.

When we reached the command post, I learned that the Tac Squad were liars besides being sick animals who need mental care. They dragged me out of the van, produced, as if by magic, half a brick, held it in front of me and took another picture in view of the other prisoners.

Wednesday morning I was arraigned and discovered that I was charged with two counts of assault with a deadly weapon, battery on a cop, and resisting arrest. Three Tac Squad members, including Kayo Hallinan's assailant in a Tac riot last year, had signed the complaint. A VERY bad joke.

Tuesday, both Mayor Alioto and Royce Briar, the Chronicle philosopher, ran to the defense of the Tac Squad. Mr. Briar complained that the Chicago police had given police across the country a bad name because of their excessive use of force. Citing the Walker Report, Mr. Briar implies that Chicago is an isolated city in this nation with political corruption the cause of overkill tactics there last August at the Demo Convention. I suggest that Mr. Briar is either blind, a fool, or both. He certainly doesn't spend his afternoons at SF State or any of the other so-called "riots."

Mayor Alioto weakly defended his police force by saying that he was "sick and tired" of the police brutality charges.

We're talking about policemen punishing anyone who gets in their way (especially blacks and "freaks") with incredibly disgusting tactics, Your Honor. We're talking about perjury and torture, Your Honor. We're talking about a police conspiracy, which can only begin at City Hall.

And we're talking about a fool of a college president who smiles and pats the Tactical Squad on the back for creating a bloodbath on the campus.

Some of us thought we knew what the score was before this week. But for those of us who were busted, it was, as Mr. Dylan says, like "bringing it all back home."



BLACK BRASS ENTER FRAY AT SF STATE

SF STATE WEDNESDAY

"The time has come when we got to get out of our dream and live!" So stated Dr. Carleton Goodlett as he spoke to the illegal meeting on the commons.

Wednesday will go down in history as the first day the black community showed up in support of the BSU and Third World students at SF State.

Assemblyman Willie Brown, Berkeley Councilman Ron Dellums, SF Supervisor Terry Francois - and even a member of the Urban League - all vowed support "with our bodies" of the strike. Goodlett even went further. He said the black community is prepared to "support their constitutional right" to "bear arms in defense of democracy" from Thursday on.

How this will actually be done was spelled out by Mel LaPlace on Chan 9. "The black community will come unarmed, but if they see police action against democratic rights, they will go home, get arms, and return to the campus," he explained, quoting Dr. Goodlett.

Councilman Dellums said "Demand Number One is that the Police be withdrawn immediately." Supervisor Francois said, "I can't stand idly by and watch these students suffer."

The main thrust of Wednesday's meeting was "police off campus, THEN we talk."

The peaceful illegal meeting and demonstration was nearly turned into a riot by Hayakawa's "blue ribbon" boys, a committee he himself created to keep the campus open.

As over 2,000 students slowly circled the commons, shouting, "On Strike - Close it Down," they were confronted by a group of students pouring out of the gym,

WHACKED WITHOUT WARNING

"There was no order to move, no warning," a student arrested at SF State told BARB. "A cop just clobbered me on the side of the head."

Kent Smith, 20, was one of 33 people arrested at State Tuesday. The charges against him are resisting arrest and using obscenity.

Smith, his face badly puffed-up from the blow he received, told BARB Wednesday that he had been quietly sitting in the SF State Cafeteria at about 9 a.m. Tuesday.

"I saw two Tac Squad men chasing a girl toward the cafeteria," he related. "They caught her before she got inside and were hitting her as she huddled against the door. But I didn't say anything. I just stood there."

"I was very angry and went to the door. But I didn't say anything. I just stood there." "That's when they grabbed and hit me. I was so stunned and surprised that I fell to my knees. I didn't resist. I didn't want to be hit again."

Smith will plead innocent to the police charges. He is also considering filing false arrest charges against the cops.

shouting "Keep It Open - Keep It Open" and threatening to "take on" the strikers.

Proudly declaring they were the "football team," these blue-ribbon students all wore crew cuts and looked like they had just swallowed two dozen goldfish each.

Dr. Goodlett and other black leaders put themselves in between the two groups, pointing out "this is a trick-bag, the cops are waiting in the gym."

Moments after this Hayakawa-planned riot did not take place, pure enough, the Tacless Squad poured out of the gym and, mysteriously, squads of other cops showed up all around the commons - 600 in all.

At the same time, Hayakawa's

SAMURAI BILLY

An associate professor of English, George Price, age 44, was snatched and thrown into a paddy wagon at SF State this week. "I was not even taking part in any of the demonstration," he said. "The policeman also choked me with a long curved billy club which he called his 'Samurai Sword.' The professor has obtained a lawyer and is suing the city."

taped voice was croaking like a bull-frog from HIS personal loudspeakers on top of HIS Ad building. "Will you please go back to classes and become poets, artists and engineers. This is an illegal meeting. There are no innocent bystanders. The police have been called. You will find out if you stay."

As we walked about the commons, we motioned to the students still in class, their anxious faces glued to the windows of the building, wondering when the cops would arrive.

But with magnificent timing, the slogan of the strikers Wednesday was changed to "On Strike - We'll Be Back," and we marched off-campus at 19th Avenue, left open by the police, who also had a magnificent change of tactics.

SAFE AT LAST

A black student wearing a blue armband (in support of Hayakawa) was asked why. "I've been told the cops won't arrest anybody with a blue armband on," he said.

WITNESSES?

Witnesses are needed for those clubbed and arrested at San Francisco State this week. If you were present and saw any incidents of violence send a signed statement to the Ecumenical House at Holloway and Denslowe streets, San Francisco. The statement will be distributed to the proper defense lawyers of the arrested students.

Witnesses can call 333-4920 to get more information about helping arrested students.

Those desiring to contribute funds or any other aid may do so at Ecumenical House.

HOW THEY SPOT YOU

How come an hour after student strikers have left the S.F. State campus to the cops, sporadic arrests are still being made?

This is the work of police spotters. They control the high ground, use rooftops and peer from helicopters overhead.

Observer: A crowd blocks the

"You're an enemy of the people," a girl from the surrounding crowd yells at him.

"I'm just following orders," he counters. "I went to college, too. We have the right man. He was throwing bricks. He has on the same clothing."

Ten Tac troops had to be called