

# STRIKE HOLDS AS TWLF SNAPS BACK TO THE HARD LINE

The Third World Liberation Front snapped back to the hard line Thursday at UC.

Front spokesmen criticized Tuesday's academic senate resolution as not meeting the strike demands.

The spokesmen then laid down the minimal conditions under which a moratorium on strike activities would be called.

Richard Aoki declared that the faculty decision did not "resolve problems relating to when such a (Third World) college would be developed, who would be instrumental in its development, and when and how the funds for such a college would be allocated.

Quelling rumors of a possible sellout, Aoki said, "We will settle for nothing less than a full Third World college for the Fall of '69, developed TW faculty, TW students, and TW community people."

Specific conditions for a moratorium to be declared include the immediate hiring of a chairman and four division heads of an interim department of ethnic studies, and an administration promise for

the college to be created in four to six months. The five people to be hired would be selected by Third World students and faculty.

Other TWLF conditions include the immediate hiring of Third World people in administrative positions throughout the university.

Where it's at, according to Jaime Soliz, is that "We have had a strike, we have a strike, we will continue to strike!"

# SPRING BREEZES BLOW BEST MINDS

by Phineas Israeli

colleagues for very long.

## UNDERGROUND

Spring confronted Berkeley this week and the UC strike sort of rested in the apolitical sun.

Monday a little business was taken care of when a band of nefarious vandals informed the College of Engineering that a strike was going on. Smash samash smash go the windows.

Later in the afternoon a serpentine assembly of strikers sought to engage in meaningful dialogue with the scabs by chanting: Get your asses out of classes Join the masses.

Tuesday the Academic Senate sought to calm campus tensions and restore a healthy academic atmosphere conducive to final examinations and institutionalized racism by holding a formal bull-shit session.

Unfortunately the Senate's original choice for a meeting place had to be scrapped when glue was discovered in most of the seats. Apparently no self-respecting faculty member wished to be stuck in the presence of five hundred

So the faculty moved underground inside the physical sciences complex while a couple hundred strikers lay outside in the sun to hear their elders' bull being amplified into the Berkeley atmosphere.

Fortunately, Chancellor Madigan failed to provide an appropriate light show.

And then, lo and behold, the venerable faculty democrats voted to go on record as being in favor of the establishment of a department of ethnic studies which might eventually evolve into a college.

But the celebrated Sohorske motion, coupled with Jolly Roger's (Chancellor Heyns') absolute principles for relating to it, was so distant from the substance of the Third World demands, that no one who knows what's happening was even up to asking 'Where's the catch?'

Both at SF State and at Cal, the Third Worlders are fighting for self-determination, for a Third World College which will help to liberate their minds and their communities from the tentacles of American racism.

## POLKA DOTS

The difference between black studies and polka dot studies is the difference between Jim Nabors and S. I. Hayakawa.

If Heyns and other white academic-bureaucrats are ultimately in control of an Afro-American studies department, then there will be polka dot studies taught. If black students, black faculty and black community people are in control of an Afro-American Studies Department, then black studies will be taught.

Before Tuesday the Berkeley faculty didn't want any kind of ethnic studies. Tuesday they told Heyns he could put together a polka dot studies department for all the Third World students, and if Darwin was on its side then it might someday eventually perhaps become a College of Polka Dot Studies.

Tuesday's faculty resolution could serve as the first step toward a decision by the University to meet the strike demands. But it is a prelude to capitulation and only that.

## VERY WIERD

Along came Wednesday, the spring grew more beautiful, and something very wierd happened. Charles Jackson, a TWLF spokesman, suggested very strongly that the strike might be temporarily over.

About 150 strikers were picketing the center of Sproul plaza when some Third Worlders came up with boxes of oranges and watermelon. Everyone sat around in a circle on the plaza concrete and a very

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THE GUARD BORE BAYONETS last Friday as Reagan's robots raided the town. photo by Hoffman

## Newest Fascist Serial--Ch. 2

# GAS OVER BERKELEY

by Raskolnikov

Friday - Chapter Two of the System's newest fascist serial, Gas Over Berkeley.

It's after three, hundreds of students form a stationary picket line at Bancroft and Telly, or is it Tear Gas and Pepper? The kids spill into the streets, they want the pigs to come.

Waiting, waiting, where are the pigs? Don't they want to fight?

About four they finally come. But not out of Sproul Hall at first, and not from their garage up Bancroft. They appear in the street at the corner of Telly and Durant. The main escape route is blocked.

Then a line of CHP close off Sather Gate, all wearing gas masks. Then they appear outside Eshelman, then they show up in Zellerbach, then they come from their garage - it's a fucking trap. Wipe out the dissidents at once.

The gas goes off, we escape. My group cuts to the right of Zellerbach and gets out of the trap. The clouds of blue fumes follow us from Sproul plaza to lower Sproul

plaza and on. Later, the news will tell us that National Guardsmen are leading the poisonous attack.

People stream by crying, choking, blinded, wet towels and rags clutched to their mouths like the gift of life itself. Out to Bancroft, the escape route develops. The pigs keep coming, shooting grenades, spraying machines, the gas drives us nearly to Shattuck. Turn around to see khaki uniforms spill into Bancroft from the campus at Dana.

Start moving south, on each block down people are retreating from the ugly clouds. Where is the Berkeley rain now? Work around to Telly, a block below Dwight. The Berkeley pigs control Dwight and Telly, there is no streetpeople-stronghold - bonfire this time around. BPD cars swing around the corner where you hitch from and drive towards us.

A long barrel stretches out the side window of the lead pig car and a corridor of pepper gas keeps spewing at the people on the sidewalk. Other patrol cars behind it,

some of their windows have been smashed out.

Grenades are shot from Dwight to get the kids on the side of the street the pepper machine didn't cover. Flee through British Motors and out the other side. Work back toward campus. At the corner three pig cars pull up. The pork starts to unload, brandishing clubs.

Another escape through British Motors, this time going the other way. Cannisters go off in the garage, kids throw them back. Again on Telly, wait and think and look for new escape routes.

Suddenly it rains a little, suddenly the pigs disappear from the streets. Crowds of kids walking up and down Telly, Tijuana Taco's is open for business.

Somebody switched the channel, the war is over for today.

## HELPING HANDS



photo by Shames

# PEPPER'S REPORT FROM FAR BEHIND THE ENEMY'S LINES

by Sgt Pepper  
(A Special Report From  
Behind Enemy Lines)

Folding his parachute quickly (in case he was spotted landing in Faculty Glade on the UC campus), Sgt Pepper crouched beneath a tree dripping with rain, wondering how to ford that raging torrent, Strawberry Creek.

He was somewhat bruised because he forgot to pull the ripcord and he landed with quite a bump. No matter, though, the Glade was soft and spongy.

The police had all the bridges guarded. Harburts Sporting Goods Store was closed for the night so no inflatable raft could be had, yet the creek must be crossed!

Checking the equipment in his survival-kit, Sgt Pepper found a goodly length of nylon rope and, fastening one end of a branch, swung across the angry waters to the other side.

There he donned a disguise, a Mark I Professor's Uniform, complete with pipe. Thus safely esconced on yonder bank and assum-

ing an intellectual air, Sgt Pepper successfully passed many police check-points.

At the main library, while looking up a book in the card-index, Sgt Pepper overheard two girl student-librarians talking about their strike-instructions. "If any of the demonstrators come in, we are to stand in front of the files and look them straight in the eye!"

Sauntering across campus to North Gate, he was told that "the gas" was still "strong" inside the building - the building being the old wooden architectural classrooms that run up Hearst at Euclid.

"She forgot to duck - no, HE ducked and she didn't and the cop smashed her across the mouth, knocking out most of her teeth and splitting her lip." This happened to a non-striking student last Friday.

After being challenged by the Chancellor's House, Sgt Pepper decided to leave the North Gate area and cross back to Hertz Hall where the UC Symphony was giving

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# BREEZE BLOWS MINDS

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pleasant party happened.

Then Jackson astonished all around him by announcing that the strike was over for the day, that the TWLF considered the Academic Senate resolution as a paper agreement to meet the strike demands, that negotiations were going on with the deans of Letters and Science to secure academic amnesty for all strikers, and that if these negotiations were successful then the TWLF would call a moratorium on the strike.

## WHY MORATORIUM

"The moratorium will be to see

if the Administration is showing good faith (in implementing the paper agreement)," Jackson said.

Of the faculty resolution, he said, "We feel it was weak but if they show good faith we can work with it."

It seemed hardly likely that Jackson would be speaking without the authorization of the central committee of the Front.

But at a TWLF meeting for Third Worlders only later in the afternoon the tone was entirely different. The strike and the repression were getting heavier, the war goes on.

Wednesday evening, Jim Nabors came to a meeting of white radicals to announce that he would serve as a liaison between the TWLF central committee and the white strikers.

## ESCALATION

In that capacity he told the 'Mother Country' radicals to get ready for an escalation of strike tactics next week. He voiced the Front's policy on finals—Strikers don't take finals, and nobody takes finals.

Nabors also urges the white strike support committee to form a committee which would negotiate with Letters and Science for amnesty for white strikers.

Nabors' message was clear -- We will fight harder, we will not leave the battlefield.

It seems likely that there are some differences of opinion within the TWLF leadership. Some elements within the Front may have regarded the Academic Senate resolution as sufficient reason to call off the strike and call it a victory, pending the future implementation of that resolution.

On a purely tactical level, some

people in the TWLF may think it a good idea to use the promise of a moratorium as the leverage by which to prevent all the strikers from being flunked out of school this quarter. Then the strike would be resumed next quarter.

But apparently the majority within the Front realize that calling a moratorium on the strike at this point would be more of a sellout than a victory and would be seen as such.

Meanwhile it's clear that the Man is not having second thoughts about the repression. Fifty-eight new warrants are sitting on the district attorney's desk awaiting judicial signature.

Eighteen of the warrants are for trumped-up felonious assault charges, and the remaining forty are for trumped-up obstruction charges.

What seems most likely to happen as BARB goes to press is that Thursday and Friday the 7th will be cool. Then on Monday the strike will build toward a complete disruption of the following week's final examinations.

But Wednesday's confusion was not reassuring.

## TALKYSEX

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parties on alternate Saturday nights.

Members' desires for more communication led also to formation of three encounter groups, meeting separately from parties.

But the old-fashioned non-talky party still thrives on Fridays in San Francisco.

Either pattern could prevail in the new South Bay groups, where suburban swingers John and Gale head a Peninsula Chapter and take turns with the anonymous San Jose Circle at sponsoring Saturday parties.

"GO SEE BIG TIME BUCK WHITE"

—John Wasserman, San Francisco Chronicle

"SPLENDIDLY FUNNY! FRESH AND VITAL"

—Stanley Eichelbaum, S. F. Examiner



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