

PUTTING THE STREET TOGETHER

By Dale Curtis

"Be our parents," Hajj Razavi of the Persian Fuckers told the merchants assembled before him, "admitting that we are bastards."

"The street is filthy and the establishment doesn't come down here any more. The kids out there are just escaping their responsibilities," the proprietor of Nicole's told members of the Berkeley Commune.

"The cops don't hurt the dealers or the Angels," said a Communist. "They know they'll get their asses kicked. They pick up little kids and panhandlers instead."

"We know that the guy who smokes a couple of joints on a Saturday isn't an addict. But he's a damned fool if he blows it in a cop's face on the Avenue," said Larry Dundon of KPAT.

"Don't deal in front of my shop," Mary Reeves of The Alley yelled for the second time this Friday evening, "Show enough class to walk two blocks away and deal. I've had it."

Then she bent over to light another cigarette while every man in the room watched fascinated.

This was a meeting of the minds of The Telegraph Avenue Establishment and The Berkeley Commune, in the cave-like banquet room at the back of the Forum.

There until the late hours of both Friday and Monday night this last week the two groups most disturbed by the recent hostility in The Block have been making an attempt to understand what the other wants.

Fred Cody is the reluctant chairman of the meetings; it sort of landed on him.

The Commune made its single greatest irritation clear on the first night: cops.

The merchants find this a possible point of view, but they aren't sure they can do anything about it.

On Monday night Undertaker McNary gave an involved explanation of how the merchants really lost all of their power to do anything because a bunch of Liberals were elected to the city council a few years ago.

Roger Salomon proposed a free, legally immune clinic for the street people and an ongoing art festival where they can display their creat-

ivity.

Cody passed around a sign-up sheet for people interested in being on the clinic committee.

On Monday night a Doctor Gino Pelle who has been working for the Haight-Ashbury free clinic told people about the problems involved in setting up such an operation.

"Hey," someone from the Commune yelled in the midst of a dialogue, "the clinic is secondary, we came here to talk about the fucking pigs."

Irv Garelick objected to the use of foul language.

There was a lot more discussion of the clinic.

When members of the Commune did get a chance to talk about the cops they again complained about how the fuzz treated the political protest people on the west side in front of Cody's as compared to the people on the east side. They seemed to limit the Commune to one side of the street throughout the discussion.

They agreed that they couldn't get rid of the police but they wanted to see the Berkeley plainclothes cops off the street, and uniformed cops maintaining regular patrols instead of sporadic cruiser patrols.

The Commune wanted the mer-

chants to take these demands down to City Hall.

Jock Brown pointed out that "some of the merchants here have not bought the demands 100%..."

"I am one," McNary said, raising his hand.

"Are there any hip merchants?" asked Communist in a cap, with some sarcasm.

"No," said Fred Cody, "A hip merchant is almost a contradiction in terms. But that doesn't mean because I'm a merchant that I'm not a human being."

Around the end of the meeting Monday night there was some talk about a community-maintained

crash pad and a few merchants seemed to agree vaguely that they would talk to City Hall about the cops.

Just before press time Wednesday, BARB talked to Fred Cody. He said he was encouraged by the progress made at the meeting. He also said "We're working hard on constructive projects that will build a community of the whole."

He complained, "We've heard a great deal of talk but very few people are actually sitting down and working on these things."

There's another meeting tonight, Friday, in the back room of the Forum.



photo by Curtis

MEANWHILE . . . DOWN AT CODY PLAZA

by Thom Castele

Banners, Artists, writers, poets, busy doing their thing. Red banners black banners fund collecting cans doing thing.

Speakers, Yippies, representatives, Port Chicago people, socialists, revolutionaries connections, and people just doing their thing.

Well I was just sitting down at one of the little tables in front of Cody's book store, (the now renowned Cody's Plaza) about to rap with Hajj of the dread 'Persian Fuckers' one of the beautiful people, along with the Berkeley commune and others out there to help you, when a cat from the flower section came over to move the table, without any particular reason, to some given jurisdiction, but was confronted by refusal from Hajj, the small but potent 5'4" fellow, who was telling me to sit back down and disregard this minion of establishment, but having gone into a fit of well restrained

formal nature). For he indeed was as modest as our salary.

"I am not very pertinent," Hajj boasted (Hajj people is quite important as a function in the cause as well.)

"Do not put water melons inside my arm pits". (It has something to do in Persia - not the South - with building one up to be bigger than he actually is.)

"I should be interviewing you on your poetry", he said.

After having put credit where it was due he said "Breed (That's me) I am in the garbage can, looking up at the sky. And the sky is the limit!" and thus we commenced to rap on.

Much has been done within a comparably short time, they have been on the streets for exactly 46 days. Within this time they have

stimulated merchants to have meetings, greatly weakened the force of the Establishment which pressures managements, especially restaurantors into cooperating in various devious tactics such as hiring narks, and has inspired numerous managements to take on enough initiative to do as they REALLY believe and not as they PRESSURED to believe.

They have performed several successful boycotts. Such as one at U.C. corner with a mere designate 'X' mark upon the sidewalk just in front of it. The Chess-in at the Med, as a result of a woman nearly being busted for merely playing chess - I don't know if she was playing with herself or naught. Providing as best they can what is considered by the people of the plaza as the livelihood of the street people's economy. Food, clothing, crash pads, surplus, etc.

The PF, along with the Berkeley Commune and less groups and individuals, now look upon busts -- that is being busted -- as an unusual as well as most expected thing and are prepared, that is they do most everything in their power to bail or have as many people released as possible.

Just last Saturday a dance was held, 'Notes from the Underground' played for a while for the benefit of Lin Drummond, busted on charges of firebombing. Toni, a sweet little red headed chick from the Berkeley Commune at various intervals of the night would grab the mike and rap about the fact that if he was busted on those charges you KNOW we need him out here.

The famous crash pad bust of

twenty-six people on July 15, - all released. The six in a street fight beaten by three pigs and a plainclothes man, were all released. Their limited bail funds have made all these things possible.

The 'Shit Bowl' coronation on campus consisting of an authentic shit bowl was designed to dramatize the fact that campus, despite its new builds and its book stores and special programs, is actually pulling shit in the form of hypocrisy.

Unlike the free Church the plaza gives, and does not believe in free food, free sex, free crash pads etc, nor free assistance and surplus but it shares food sex crash pads, etc.

The people of the plaza being uncommitted to anything particular, some taking more or less responsibilities making more or less decisions but doing their own thing for each other, seek to survive man and encourage and provide his (our) own materials.

There will be a working people - peasants militia organized soon where they will cut out to San Jose or Sacramento and pick their own fruits and stuff.

Starting now is the interdimensional scene, put together to preserve, human culture and freedom for the people consisting of some cool artists, writers, and other street people.

The three interdimensional scene is conveyed from that of being: audible vocal visible.

I quote Hajj again as saying "When I come out of the garbage can and make it to the hills," as he said pointing to the ones in Berkeley, "I shall only be that much near the sky" ---- And the sky is the limit.

HOPE IN THE HOLE

A ray of hope has finally flashed into the dark hole where Lincoln Drummond has been held for almost two months at Santa Rita.

At his preliminary hearing Friday in Berkeley Municipal Court the defense was allowed to send a motion to a higher court to reduce bail without prejudice from Judge Floyd Talbott.

Drummond's defense attorney told BARB, "the court finally realizes that the bail of \$10,000 is too high. The reason it is so high is because they don't have past experience with firebomb cases and therefore classified it right

along with murder."

Drummond was mobbed on the last night of the Berkeley cop riot by Officer Lloyd Clifton and numerous other pigs. He is charged along with Jim Baird with "possessing" a firebomb in Jim's car trunk.

The odor of Officer Clifton is still haunting Lincoln, even after Clifton collaborated in Lin's beating at the arrest scene. Clifton testified at the hearing on the circumstances of the arrest.

This week Clifton made it a point to stop by the Commune table, which is raising money for Lincoln's bail. He hassled bail raisers about a nude picture of

Lin taken at Ft. Funston, and told them to put a piece of tape over Lin's privates. Symbolic castration!

Drummond's arraignment is scheduled for September 6. At this time, "we are going to stress getting Lincoln off on illegal search and seizure of Baird's car," said the defense attorney.

Lincoln's wife wishes to thank all the concerned people who have given bail money at tables around town, sent money, and offered assistance. She said, "the bail fund is progressing nicely."

To offer assistance call 653-7044.