POLICE RIOT IN I.V.'S DEL PLAYA WAR ZONE
see pages 8-11
TO SET SPECIAL ASSESSMENT LEVY
I.V. PARK BOARD MEETS JUNE 2 AT U.R.C.

The board of directors of the Isla Vista Recreation and Park District will
hold a public hearing Thursday, June 2
2 to establish the levy for the 1988-9 fiscal year on the Special Assessment
they enacted last year by board action.

The meeting will be held at the
University Religious Center, 777 Camino Pescadero at 7:30 PM. The
hearing on the special assessment is set
for 8:00 PM, time certain.

The Preliminary Budget adopted
by the board last month calls for a
15% decrease over last year's levy of
$30 per household and 15¢ per square foot of commercial space. \( \text{Whether or not to continue the benefit assessment tax into next fiscal year is a question on the June 7th ballot Measure B. Although Measure B is}\)

legally only an advisory election, a
tmajority of the board has indicated that
they will not continue the tax if it does
not receive majority support in next Tuesday's election.

Through the Years
The Free Press has compiled
budget information about the Park
District for the period 1976/7 through
1988/89 in the enclosed table.

After a big decline in revenues
available to the District following the
passage of Proposition 13 in 1977,
the District has been able to expand its
revenue base significantly in recent
years. A special tax approved by I.V.
voters in 1984 currently brings the
district $51,203 while the benefit
assessment added $148,523 this
fiscal year. The district has also been
to expand the funds they receive
from other agencies (the State, the
University, and the County) to over
$40,000 per year.

Expenditures have also expanded
rapidly in recent years. Salaries and
benefits have seen the most notable
increases as the district has vastly
expanded the number of hours
worked and broadened employee
benefits. For example, the 1988-9
budget contains $13,000 for a new
retirement program for district staff.
The number of maintenance hours per
week has increased from 117 to 252
over the past four years.

Wage rates were also increased
last year by about 10-15% depending on
position as the directors moved to

keep existing employees on the job
longer.

District general manager Glenn
Lazof pointed out that some
unavoidable costs have risen
significantly in recent years. For
example, elections run by the County
have increased from $800 to $11,000
and insurance costs have risen
steadily. The district has also
expanded its support of children's
recreation programs, contributing
over $6,500 this past year to the Isla
Vista Youth Project and making a
loan to the local elementary school for
playground equipment.


<table>
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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Taxes</th>
<th>General Property</th>
<th>Special Property</th>
<th>Bond Repayment</th>
<th>Grants</th>
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<td>109,572</td>
<td>132,070</td>
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<td>101,634</td>
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* Estimated. ** 1988-89 Preliminary Budget. Source: Isla Vista Recreation & Park District annual audits conducted by County of Santa Barbara.
WINNERS OF LITERARY CONTEST

THE JUDGES

Robert Potter
Bob Brandts
Noel Young

Two Isla Vista women won first place honors in the first annual Isla Vista Free Press Literary Contest. Entries for the fiction and poetry categories came from as far away as Ventura.

Maia who lives on Picasso Road won the Grand Prize for Short Fiction with her story "Children of the Earth". Laura Wright who lives in Anacapa dorm on the UCSB campus won the Grand Prize for Poetry.

Both winners were the unanimous choices of the three judges — playwright Robert Potter of UCSB's drama department, poet Bob Brandts, formerly of THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT, a legendary Goleta tavern, and author Noel Young, founding editor of Capra Press.

Maia wins dinner for two at Baltieri's Italian Restaurant in Goleta (located on the former site of that legendary tavern) while Wright won dinner for two at Papagallo's, a Peruvian seafood and pasta restaurant now in Santa Barbara's de la Guerra Plaza but formerly located in Isla Vista.

Robert L. Greenfield's "Getto" and M. Alejandro Ortiz's "Drug Dealer" won honorable mentions in the Short Fiction category, as did Jack Nolan for his poetry.

Children of the Earth
by Maia

I am camping alone in the high desert, my last night, in a tent thrown up on the spot were Warren, my father, used to take me out to do water colors. It is a dry and dusty gorge, a place called "Paso". The name is a lie in many ways. It is a Hopi word which means "seashore" and I think whom ever chose it was making a kind of joke.

It is a foolish thing I suppose for a woman who doesn't belong to the desert to come this far alone. But I am here because I want... because I have to know what it was my father loved about his place. I think I am beginning to feel it, a dark little gnawing sort of love...

There are scorpions here, rattling at night like bracelets. I have always feared insects, though my father never knew that about me. He had a great respect for them himself, an admiration really, and I would listen, intense and serene, as he spoke about their habits or pointed out brilliant specimens to me. Oh I know there are the pretty and harmless ones, they are not the ones that haunt me. Wolf spiders climbing on my skin. The ironclad beetle with its pale rigid body. Los niños de la tierra. children of the earth, the Mexicans call them. But I remember my father telling me that flowers would not exist without them. I wonder if that is true? Sometimes I think he made up things about the world, carried away with making miracles for me. He loved to shock me with the number of stars there are in the universe, or the sex lives of worms who were both male and female, he said, in the same body, and could copulate with themselves. He told me about the swallows that swarmed in the thousands at San Cristobal, how the townspeople would come from miles around at dusk to witness the uncanny cyclone pouring out of the sky, Las Cascadas de las Gelandinas. Every night, in trucks and buses, the Mexicans would come, though they had seen this same spectacle the night before and the night before that. The sound of the wings was like the roar of a waterfall, he said, and when the last whirwind of swallows had dropped into the cane and it was over, there was wild applause. Applause! This made me clap my hands. I ached to see the miracle myself, to hear the roar of numberless wings. It was in the Chiapas jungle, he said, very far away near the ruins of Palenque, a world as different from this, the desert, as it is possible to imagine. I would beg him to take me there but he only sat stiffly looking off into the mountains, saying nothing...

Tonight, here where he told me these stories, I realize I made them my own buy imagining them so vividly, watching the light come and go in his eyes as he spoke. Sometimes he had to refer to his notebooks, the ones he always carried with him, little drawings in colored pencil, detailed notes of everything he had seen. In the back were envelopes with leaves or bits of moss, little pieces of the earth he had saved from his travels. He would take them out and show them to me, telling exactly where he had found them. The sherbet-pink feather, for instance, from the Yucatan Peninsula at Rio Lagartos. Three young fisherman took him out in a small boat to see the flamingos. Their names were Gerone, Angel, and Narcissi. He pronounced them reverently as if these names were an essential element of the experience. I say those names aloud now and I shiver, remembering my father's resonant Spanish which he came to love more intensely than his native French and English. I wonder, did my mother throw out the notebooks after he died?

I have been dreaming. I open my eyes and look straight up into the peak of the tent, bright and fluttering in the morning wind. So warm and perfect I don't want to move. Wiggling my toes, I turn my head and there beside me: the thing I most dread, the scorpion, sculpturatas, that lethargic scorpion that is so wild I think it will kill me. She pulses only inches from my cheek and I am frozen. I close my eyes and pray, the way my father did once when he broke his leg and there was only me, a ten-year-old, to save him. Twenty years ago he prayed to the stones, one of which had brought him down into the sand, fracturing his shinbone, his face smashed into grit and branches, bleeding. And so I pray to sculpturatas. PLEASE leave me alone, please go, GO!... Opening my eyes again I see her turn slowly and saunter away. Patiently she picks her way to the hem of the tent, I leap out of my bag and into my clothes, shaking each piece, examining my shoes.

Like my father taught me to do, I erase every trace of my campsite, dragging a crescent branch over the sand, arranging stones haphazardly, I erase the footprints that form behind me as I walk the mile or so to my car. It isn't strictly necessary that I do this, the wind will cover them soon enough, but it pleases me deeply to disappear, like he did, so swiftly and so absolutely.
KCSB's Last Bent End
by Fear Heiple

Isla Vista Free Press
Entertainment Editor

Local airwaves are soon to lose one of their most original and entertaining shows. Mary Ellen Mason of KCSB is graduating from UCSB and Wednesday, June 1, will be the final broadcast of her show "The Bent End" from 10 PM until Midnight on 91.9-FM.

In the almost three years that her show has been on the air, Mary Ellen Mason has gone from an almost completely improvised spontaneous show that could feature a prominent underground poet for the entire two hours to a lively forum for trend-setting (and trend-breaking) new music, by Fear Heiple

"A lot of it had to do with the controversy we had last year at KCSB over censorship and freedom of speech," Mary Ellen Mason explained, "Many rock poets use very explicit language and even though you warn them before you go on mike, you still never know what someone's going to say. So rather than being put in the position of having to police them, I opted to use spoken word recordings and the occasional live band."

Mason also has her own band, Waldo, the Dog-Faced Boy, a performance rock band whose LP was well-received by college and alternative rock stations. A new Waldo record is expected this summer called "Jello" (no, not about Jello Biafra-it's about Charlie Manson). Mason will be moving to Los Angeles where she will continue to perform with Waldo and look into on-air possibilities at KPFA, KCRW, and KXLU.

"I'm not interested in going the commercial radio route," said Mason, "But I'd really like to get into television and comedy writing."

"First, though, I'm going to Graceland by train with a friend of mine. We just don't believe that Elvis is really dead so we're going to see his tomb for ourselves.

Ten records Mary Ellen would want to listen to in solitary confinement:

-Negativeland, Escape from Noise
-Of Cabbages and Kings, "Bud" EP
-The Birthday Party, The Bad Seed
-Big Black, Atomizer
-Glen Meadmore, Chicken and Biscuits
-The Swans, Children of God
-Scraping Focius Off the Wheel, Nail Saccharine Trust, We Became Snakes
-The Henry Rollins Band, Life Time Controlled Bleeding, Core
-Einsturzende Neubauten, anything...

Mary Ellen Mason, departing host of KCSB's The Bent End. (Photo: Keith Madigan, Free Press)

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MUSIC for Jesse Jackson

* Wolves at the Door
* The Julie Miller Band
* one more surprise

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT CALENDAR

Isla Vista/UCSB/Goleta

Wednesday 6/1
MUSIC
The Volcanos, Alex's Cantina, 5918 Hollister, Goleta.
One Way Out, Jaime's, 5838 Hollister Ave., Goleta.
Alan Garbar, Spike's Place, 6030 Hollister Ave., Goleta.
University Choruses, 8 pm, UCSB Lotte Lehmann Hall.
RADIO
The Bent End, performance rock hosted by Mary Ellen Mason, 10 PM-Midnight, 91.1 KCSB-FM.
(See story this issue.)
ART
Art Studio Department
Undergraduate Exhibition, UCSB Art Museum, through June 12.
I临时/exhibition by Dennis Shavers, UCSB Women's Center Gallery, through June 17.
THEATER
Tales of Utopia, 8 PM, UCSB Studio Theater.

Saturday 6/4
MUSIC
Crucial DBC, Borsodi's, 938 Emb. del Norte in Isla Vista.
Blue Moon, Jaime's, 5838 Hollister Ave., Goleta.
UCSB Gospel Choir, 8 PM, UCSB Lotte Lehmann Hall.

Sunday 6/5
MUSIC
Senior Recital: Brian Lease with Ann Stimson, 2 PM, UCSB Lotte Lehmann Hall.
RADIO
60's Revisited, hosted by Gerry DeWitt, 9 AM to noon, KTYD 99.9 FM.
Fear of Music — Progressive rock hosted by Fear Heiple, 8-11 PM, KTYD 99.9 FM.

Monday 6/6
MUSIC
Adam Randolph (original songwriter), Borsodi's, 938 Emb. del Norte, I.V.
See CALENDAR, page 7

Of all the gin joints in all the towns
in the world, she shows up at
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Can you blame her?

Baltieri's
Italian Restaurant
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967-2881
Tuesday 6/7
John Mayal and the Blues breakers,
7 PM, at the Graduate,
935 Emb. del Norte, Isla Vista.
The Volcanos, Alex’s Cantina.
5918 Hollister, Goleta.

Wednesday 6/8
MUSIC
The Swinging Tiki’s, Alex’s Cantina,
5918 Hollister Ave., Goleta.
Student Jazz Concert, Borsodi’s,
638 Emb. del Norte, Isla Vista.
Alan Garber, Spike’s Place,
6030 Hollister Ave., Goleta.

Thursday 6/9
MUSIC
Senior Pub Party
w/Nobody’s Business,
8 PM-Mid., UCSB
UCEN Pub.
Grad Student Party
w/Julie Miller Band,
9 PM-Mid., UCSB Cafe Interim.

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doors open at 7 pm
JOHN MAYALL
& the Blues Breakers

TUES June 28th
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CAMPUS COUPONS
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By Carmen Lodise
Isla Vista Free Press Publisher

It was a full-scale police riot such as this town hasn't seen since the 1970 civil disturbances. There's no other way to describe it, no matter what the other media says.

And it is unlikely to go away, or be brushed under the carpet, because too many of the citizens who were beaten up by the police last Saturday night are going to take their complaints to the courts. The Sheriff Department reports that 38 complaint forms have been picked up by Isla Vistaans so far, although none have been returned.

However, Isla Vista may never be the same again.

Controversy About Start
It started just after midnight on Saturday, May 26th. Two officers arrived at a party at 6663 Del Playa at 12:26 AM, and asked the last band to shut down. The party featured three live bands, six kegs and a lot of food.

"It had been a great party — really mellow, and civilized by L.V. standards. We even had a salad bar set up outside in the parking space where the bands had been playing. It was the farewell-to-I.V. party for a lot of us," said Randall Barnes, a resident of the Del Playa apartment hosting the party. There was maybe 200 people there at the time.

"That cop was all right. He just got back into his car and was starting to drive away. But somebody threw a plastic cup at the police car, and the other cop got out with his riot helmet on and started wading into the crowd swinging his nightstick."

Eric Phillips was sitting on a jeep parked in front of the band when the officer arrived — evidently Sgt. Ron Hard, a former member of the Isla Vista Foot Patrol (see his view of the opening confrontation elsewhere in this issue). Hard waited "patiently" for the end of the song, then asked the band to shut down and asked that the party break up.

"A woman friend of mine started shouting 'Bull Shit, Bull Shit!' and the crowd picked up on it. The officer started to get into their patrol car when someone through a plastic cup, hitting the car. Hard got out of the car with his riot helmet on and rushed into the crowd, pushing people back. Plastic cups began to rain on Hard and one glass bottle hit next to him on the pavement."

Another eyewitness told the Free Press later that the officer "waded into the crowd swinging his nightstick in every direction — and really smashed some woman's face. One guy started complaining about this — Bill MacDonald. He was grabbed, shoved up against the police car, arrested, and taken away by one of the officers."

Most eyewitnesses said that the bottles really began to fly after the officers began arresting MacDonald.

"Still, it could have all been okay after that, but two cops stayed and were really arrogant. Then the cops came back with some reinforcements and it got really nasty. People started throwing bottles at the police, and the window on a squad car got broken."

Reinforcements Arrive
According to the twenty witnesses that the Free Press spoke with the next day, the police came back with 20 or so squad cars and at least 30 officers. From a position near Camino del Sur about 1 AM, an officer declared that everyone should go home or they would be guilty of "failing to leave the scene of a riot." By that time, perhaps as many as 2,000 people were gathered in the 6600 block of Del Playa near the party site (the police reported to the media the next day that the crowd size was 5,000, but by Tuesday had scaled that back to 2,000). When the crowd didn't disperse, the police began a sweep of Del Playa, yelling at people to go home, hammering everyone with their nightsticks that they could get close to.

For the most part, people in the street simply melted into the shadows and the passageways between buildings as the police advanced along the street, reappearing as the phalanx of officers passed. But people from these passageways and those on balconies started pelting the officers with bottles and rocks.

"There must have been thousands of bottles thrown at the police once they started those sweeps," recalled Barnes. "What the people were saying was 'Leave us alone,' but the cops were saying 'We'll show you.'"

Probably in response to the bottle throwing from second floor balconies, the police began breaking into the apartment buildings near the party site, but extending a half block toward Main Campus to at least 6632 Del Playa.

"They just broke the doors down — they never asked to come in," said Tom Sydes, also a resident of the party house. "They burst into my bedroom after we were already asleep — breaking down the door — and began hitting me and my girl friend with their sticks, telling us to get outside. We didn't have any clothes on, and while we're trying to put them on, they hit me with those sticks and some guy is spraying mace in my face — just walking through the house spraying mace at whom ever he came in contact with. They sprayed mace everywhere — all the way up and down the stairways as we were being shoved out. Then they made us walk the streets for two hours before they'd let us back in the house."

Several persons at 6632 Del Playa — a half a block away from the party — told much the same story about the break-in the police did there.

Most residents thrown out of their houses were told to walk on Sabado Tardie until they were permitted to return to their homes — about 3 AM.

The Next Day
Similar stories of breaking down doors, rousing people out of bedrooms with a liberal use of nightsticks, mace and profanity were being shared up and down the 6600 block of Del Playa the next day. For several hours Sunday afternoon, I.V. residents gathered in small groups on Del Playa amid burned-out trash bins and broken glass to swap stories about the devastation of the night before. Most spoke about the horror of being attacked by helmeted officers armed with clubs.

According to several witnesses, one young man was chased off the bluff about 1 AM and the officer yelled after him, "I hope you break your fucking legs!" He did. After the police refused to call an emergency vehicle to respond to the cries from the beach, neighbors did. The young man wound up at Goleta Valley Hospital.

A Pizza Express delivery person was double-parked a block away from the party scene in front of 6584 Del Playa about 12:45. As he came back to his car after delivering a pizza, he saw the police smashing the headlights on his car with their nightsticks.

So I yelled at the police officer that I was working, that I had nothing to do with whatever their problems were," the pizza delivery person told the Free Press the next day. "I was shoved to the ground and then he hit me several times with his nightstick. When I got up, he was walking away and I yelled after him, asking for his badge number. He refused to give it to me, but he turned back toward me, reached into his car, grabbed the keys, and threw them into a vacant lot."

"And there were at least twenty witnesses to this," he said.

In fact, several people, including Eric Olsson of 6596 Del Playa called the Pizza Express office to volunteer to be witnesses to the unprovoked beating of the pizza delivery person.

Other Incidents
Several young men who parked at Camino Corto and Del Playa about 1 AM were beaten continually by several police officers with nightsticks. They had to abandon their car and pick it up the next day.

"What really blew my mind was that the officers hit a lot of women with night sticks," said one eyewitness. "I even saw Randall Barnes lives at the apartment that was having the party. "The police weren't very professional."
one officer turned around and kicked a woman in the stomach when she was begging them not to arrest her boyfriend. I saw several women get hit with nightsticks who were just standing around."

One 17-year-old who was hanging out about a half a block away from the party scene during the several sweeps by police officers, didn't see two officers coming from between two buildings behind him. When he realized that they were coming down on him, he raised his hands over his head. One of the officers rushed up to him and clubbed him with his nightstick.

"What gets me is that he was laughing when he hit me!" he told the Free Press the next day.

At one point, residents had actually driven police off of Del Playa with the bottles and rocks they were throwing. One Del Playa resident told the Free Press that, "We had set up trash dumpsters with fires in them at two spots and that held for a while. But after a while, the police rushed them with their cars. One police car pushed one burning dumpster at a speed of at least 50 miles per hour and let it go so it flew half a block up Del Playa. It was a miracle that it didn't hit anybody — it didn't even hit any cars along the way."

The dumpster was still in the middle of Del Playa the next day at noon.

Reactions

The most common reaction on the part of the twenty or so people the Free Press interviewed the next day was amazement. "I recognize that the cops have a difficult time. But for peace officers, they didn't do a very good job of keeping the peace. Even if there was irresponsibility on the part of the crowd, aren't the officers supposed to be professionals? It was just a complete overreaction on their part," said one person who had been arrested and who described himself as a conservative but wouldn't give his name.

This I.V. resident also complained that he had been held in a closed police car for an hour and one-half with his arms too tightly handcuffed behind him, and then thrown onto the floor at the Foot Patrol office for another two hours before he was taken to jail.

"I saw several people at the jail who had been beaten by the police," he said.

"The use of profanity really surprised me, too," said another eyewitness who was beaten with nightsticks. "It seemed like very other word the officers said was 'fuck'."

About 4 AM as Barnes was returning from walking a woman home from what was left of the party, a policeman chased him with a nightstick as he was quickly climbing the steps to his second story apartment.

"One of the cops chased me up the steps, hitting me with his club. I mean, I certainly wasn't any threat to that guy. I got mad, turned and asked for the guy's badge number. He just laughed at me! Don't worry about it, I'm not going to give it to you. Then he threatened to arrest me if I asked again."

"It's very frustrating," he told the Free Press. "They smash you, but you can't get any I.D. on them so you have no recourse."

See WAR ZONE, page 10

The Pizza Deliver Person who was attacked by police on the evening of May 28th standing in front of his car the next day, Christopher Osterholt was delivering a pizza about 2:30 AM when two officers approached his double parked car a block away from the initial party site. The officers broke his front headlights, threw him to the ground, hit him with nightsticks, then threw his car keys into a vacant lot.

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FROM THE POLICE PERSPECTIVE

Sgt. Ron Hurd was one of the first two officers on the scene last Saturday night. Hurd was formerly in charge of the Foot Patrol for two years, but now works out of the Sheriff’s Department and was substituting for Sgt. James Drinkwater that night.

We asked Hurd what happened, especially how the "riot" started.

Two of us pulled up in a Sheriff's patrol car. It was 12:25. The streets were blocked off with people. My partner got out and asked that the band shut down and we gave orders that the party disperse. People started throwing bottles at me and my partner. We arrested one man at the scene and left. More bottles were thrown as we were leaving.

There were several fights going on as we arrived. In fact, we came to that house because of a report we received of a fight in progress. The fights seemed to dissolve as we pulled up — probably our presence did it.

We left to get reinforcements. About 20 Sheriff's Deputies arrived, plus five people from the university and five from the Highway Patrol.

I've spent several years in I.V. on the Foot Patrol, I think I have the sensitivity to react appropriately in these situations. But this was a really ugly crowd. It was worse than the two Rugby years that were so bad.

And, it's getting so that these kinds of things can happen every weekend in Isla Vista.


I'd like to report that Sheriff Carpenter has said that he is pleased with the professional manner in which the officers handled themselves under difficult circumstances.

The Sheriff's Department and the other responding police agencies used only the level of force necessary to protect themselves. I mean that officers will hit people with their nightsticks in the legs when they are running away or in the arms if the person is reaching toward them.

As far as I know, mace was used only in two instances when the officer was threatened with physical force.

Yes, we cleared out everyone in the houses from which bottles and rocks were being thrown at officers. We've had calls from students who live on Del Playa complaining that they weren't doing anything but that they were removed from their houses. The law reads that we can't discriminate in these cases — everybody has to go.

We have distributed 38 complaint forms to citizens requesting them but none have been returned. Complaint forms are available both here at the Sheriff's Department and at the Foot Patrol Office.

The person who was supposed to have been chased off the cliff told the doctor in the emergency room that he was not chased by police — he fell because he was drinking. We are investigating a report that an officer impeded someone who was trying to summon help for the person who fell off the cliff.

We're finding that residents, including students, are fed up with what goes on on Del Playa on weekend nights. We invite the media to go out there on a Friday or Saturday night to see just how crazy it is. We are meeting with a group of citizens on Friday night to discuss these problems. We've been informed that students and other residents will be invited to that meeting.

At this point, I am against any investigation of these activities by any so-called 'third party.' The Sheriff may have a different opinion, but we have a good reputation for cleaning up any garbage that happens here, and we ought to be given the chance in this case.

I don't think that there is any doubt there were some uncalled-for instances, but some of the charges are just ridiculous.

I'd like to say again that most of the problems that happen in I.V. aren't the result of local residents. They are from people from outside I.V. In fact, there is an unconfirmed report that the initial situation was started by a gang from Oxnard.

On the way out of the press conference, media representatives ran into I.V. resident Joe Talamanca, Jr. who had been told at the desk that no complaint forms were available. Talamanca was sporting a broken shoulder which he received last Saturday night on Del Playa as he was covering up a fallen woman friend who had been beaten in the pelvis area by police. "I was just trying to protect her from any further beatings with the night stick," he told the media.

A police complaint report form was available at the Isla Vista Foot Patrol Office.

WAR ZONE, from page 9

"It was the sweeps by several police officers and three or four cars going up Del Playa that really got things out of hand," Barnes said.

"No," said Sydes, "I think that it was kicking doors down, hitting people with sticks, breaking into people's bedrooms."

These are the memories that I.V. residents will take with them about the behavior of police. And many of them will take these memories to court.

"They just went nuts," said Ken Brucker, a resident of Del Playa who was on the street that night. "It was an undue exercise of their power. All the good will from the stories you (the Free Press) printed recently (in our May 18th edition) was all destroyed. I'll never feel good about these police again."
KEN GREENSTEIN
STUDENT ACTIVIST LOOKS BACK

Ken Greenstein began UCSB in the Fall of 1982. After a year in Francisco Torres residence hall, he has lived in Isla Vista since, except for six months last year as an intern in Washington, D.C. Ken was elected to the A.S. Legislative Council in the Spring of 1985 and was appointed A.S. President after the elected president was forced to resign. Lately he has been active in peace issues and in Student Lobby where he was part of the effort to rid the faculty of the CIA connection. He is probably headed on to graduate school in the Fall.

Free Press: Were you involved in student government and politics in high school?
Greenstein: I was just a jock. I played basketball at Beverly Hills High. I was totally non-political. I played a lot of cards and me and my friends did a lot of stupid things.

FP: What started your involvement at UCSB?
KG: I helped found a fraternity, ZBT. I had rushed an existing one but didn’t make it. So I got mad and helped get the new one going. I thought frats were important — a lot of my friends joined, the social life, the co-operative living. I was a vice president and got a lot of projects and committees going and that was fun. But as I became more politically involved, I found that my values were conflicting with other members.

FP: You said as you became “politically involved”?
KG: During the 1984 election I began researching the issues a lot. I guess I had always suspected that there was something gravely wrong with our foreign and domestic policies. Some of my classes opened my eyes. But I guess it was Stockwell’s speeches about the CIA and becoming friends with a lot of progressive people that really turned me around. I was involved with the Die-In in Storke Plaza in early 1985, some other peace things, and then ran for A.S. in April.

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DO WE REALLY NEED THIS?
"TO PROTECT AND SERVE"
It is difficult to imagine the shock of most Del Playa residents being literally attacked by police officers. "To Protect and Serve" is the motto of many police forces. Just who were these officers protecting and serving?

Sgt. Ron Hurd has always been a decent person as far as I know. He has had many years of experience on the Foot Patrol and has always seemed (in my experience) to be a sensitive person. Thus, it is hard for me to accept that he was primarily responsible for initiating the hard line approach which resulted in things getting out of hand. This is not meant to be an excuse for the bottle throwing that erupted.

On the other hand, Hurd certainly is not to blame for people being chased off cliffs, pizza deliverers being bashed, and people struck by nightsticks when it was totally unnecessary. Something else had to be operating that night. It appears to me that the vast majority of officers who were called in from other beats don’t like I.V. residents and they were using this opportunity to hang some heads.

I think this proves once again that we need to have a city government in Isla Vista so that we can have law enforcement personnel which is responsible to I.V. residents. While Hurd’s judgement call at the scene may not have been any different if he was working for a police chief appointed by this community’s elected representatives, what followed most certainly would not have occurred.

I.V. residents, wake up. Don’t get mad, get even. Empower yourselves, empower the community.

MORE PARKS, BETTER PARKS
YES ON MEASURE B, Too

It took us a while, but we have finally concluded that Measure B (continuing the Special Assessment) on this June 7th ballot deserves your support.

We endorsed a Yes on Measure A (Park Bonds) previously.

What took us so long to decide on Measure B is that we didn’t really understand why Isla Park District budgets have been going up so much in recent years until we did the enclosed analysis on page 2. We had been concerned, too, that the Board of Directors had imposed this $30/household tax on property owners last summer without a vote of I.V. residents. Also, we had hoped that more projects would have been completed during the past year to show that this money ($139,000 last year) was worth it.

We now think it is. Vote Yes on Measures A & B and Isla Vista will have More Parks and Better Parks.

HAVE A GOOD SUMMER

With this issue, the Isla Vista Free Press is signing off for the Summer except for an occasional special issue. It’s been a good year for us; we hope it’s been a good one for you too. We’ll see some of you next fall.

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