

"St'y Back, Guv"



HER MAJESTY MACBIRD SMILES at her "shadow" who is giving the double finger to our only Gov. Brown. (Photos by Elliot Borin) BELOW: Apt punnage.

BUGGING THE BIRD See Below



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THE SEARCH

Scans Scum For A Denizen

According to an editorial in a local daily, "the actual murderer (of a 17-year old girl from Oakland High) may not be one of the denizens of those few infamous blocks on Telegraph Ave. . .

BARB started its search for a denizen from the UC student union. In the "infamous block" between Bancroft and the Bank of America, no denizens. In the "infamous block" between Layton's Shoes and King's Donuts, a few strolling couples but not a single denizen. In the "infamous block" between Fraser's and the Berkeley Inn, there was not a denizen in sight.

Only one block, "The Block," remained.

In the Forum, about a dozen persons were lurking in the sha-

see page 6

Lady Bird Flutters As Pickets Press Her

Peace pickets and Agit-Prop's peace opera succeeded in confronting Mrs. LBJ face-to-face at the opening of the San Francisco Opera Tuesday night.

Police and Secret Servicemen tried furiously to prevent this confrontation, even hiding her route of entrance.

The entire demonstration was planned on 5 days' notice by the

United Committee, and Agit-Prop.

"Stop the War Machine, Stop the War Machine," sang the Brechtian performers of Haight-Ashbury's Agit-Prop Theatre, ambushing Mrs. Johnson's escorted limousine as it drove up the Opera House back driveway.

"Hey, hey, Mrs. LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?" over 200 pickets chanted in her ears as she tumbled from the car to hurry inside.

She looked straight ahead, as if not seeing the massed anti-war signs--"Beautify Vietnam", "Stop Burning Children", "End the War", "Socialize the Opera", "Tune In...Drop Out."

Meanwhile, in the courtyard of the Opera House police hustled sign-carrying protestors away from the doorway and, in a few cases, off the grounds. Police told BARB they were acting on orders of the Opera House trustees.

Later, picket signs mysteriously reappeared.

It was through the courtyard entrance that Mrs. LBJ was originally scheduled to enter. However, Secret Servicemen (overheard by one BARB reporter) hanged plans because of t changed plans because of the "mess of pickets in there." But the mess of pickets also changed plans and covered all entrances. In the shuffle, most of the commercial press wound up at the wrong entrance.

In all, over 500 demonstrators and "filthy poor" chanted and displayed peace slogans to the fur-clad matrons, society reporters, and other "sleek rats of San Francisco" as they emerged from Rolls-Royces, Cadillacs, and once a Dodge, at the three Opera House doorways. The above-see page 3

No Flowers For The Dead

Fur-clad opera-goers of the San Francisco Establishment were puzzled, tittering, by the "End the War" signs awaiting Mrs. LBJ Tuesday night.

"Vietnam? Oh! Oh?" a yellow gown nodded.

Pearl-rimmed eyes stared through the dirty Beatniks, through their signs.

Did they stare through the flowers I was carrying? Quite. But the flowers, purple "snowballs", were handed me by 3 Negro girls, about 7 years old, as we left to confront the war machine at the Opera House. As she handed them to me, one girl saw our sign "Stop burning children."

"What," she asked, "does that sign mean?" --P.F.

Bad Guys Turned Good Turn On Good Guys

Vigilers will tell you the story of Port Chicago's two "reformed" hecklers, Roland Stewart and Dwight Carter.

They first appeared about the second week of the vigil. Standing silently across the street from the picket lines they were with those who would lob rocks at the vigilers. When the cops weren't looking the "bad" guys would come over and punch and kick the unfortunate. Or try to club them with a tire iron.

Now they are the avowed friends of the vigil. Bearing long knives and large calibre firearms in the defense of their newly-found comrades. Despite the about-face many vigilers still say "I'd trust 'em anywhere but behind me." The skeptics could be right. One protestor, San Francisco minister Lawrence Cooper, was reported severely beaten by one of the duo.

"I told him to take his gun out of the house (the Clyde liberation Front house which serves as a vigil headquarters) or to leave," Cooper told BARB.

"When he refused I told him I would have to call the sheriff." By the time the sheriff arrived the gun had disappeared and Cooper was loath to press charges.

After "John Law" departed Cooper's erstwhile friend reportedly said, "You ought to get the shit kicked out of you for that". He then proceeded to fit deeds to his words by punching the non-resisting Cooper to the floor and kicking him profusely in the ribs.

Cooper was rushed to a house in Martinez for medical treatment. His bandages, and a four inch crack where his head hit the plaster wall of the house, pay mute testimony to the theory that he

who plays with fire must get burned. Many vigilers are wondering who will get burned next.

"This whole thing with the vigilantes would have stayed cool if Dwight and Roland hadn't started playing around with their rods on the line," one told BARB.

Another puzzle is why the two eventually left the shadow of their huge "support our boys in Vietnam sign" and began to fraternize with the vigilers.

A possible answer is that they became convinced that the people of the vigil, who took their threats and violence stoically and unresistingly, are basically good people, worthy of being treated like equals.

Cynics have a more concrete reason.

"They like our girls," said see page 2

Rents Rise Rapidly As Students Return

Inflation has hit the Berkeley housing market, or so landlords told BARB during a survey of rents this week.

The lessening value of the dollar, however, is only one reason given for rising rents. In certain respects, a student community is its own worst enemy, driving up rents by its reputation for destructiveness and transiency.

Apartment managers readily admit landlords don't have to charge so much, yet rents continually climb with no comparable improvement in facilities. Students cynically comment upon the cupid-ity of landlords who bilk students

receiving "money from home."

During the past year, the creep upward has been anywhere from a few dollars a month rent increase to a hike of forty or fifty dollars. The real increase is a long-term one. One landlady told BARB that rents in her building had risen as much as \$50 a month over the past five years. On the other hand, another confessed to a mere \$3.00 a month increase in the past year.

The rise does not seem to be localized. Rents are higher all over Berkeley and even in North Oakland. Apartments in the flatlands occasionally rent for as

See page 2



A Bird For The Bird

Port Chicago Rally Another Kind of Bag

Diversion: Loading Zone,
Agit-Prop Theatre

It was a different kind of rally. People talked, teenagers bopped and cops gawked, it's true, but there was something different in the air.

As Berkeley's first rally of the current academic year, it undoubtedly gave many incipient Berkeleyites their first glimpse of local activists -- presented, as is customary, in the familiar Ed Sullivan Show format. Less viewers, of course; cops and all, about 400 were there.

But those who came hoping to be harangued were disappointed; those who expected to be converted were dismayed. Port Chicago doesn't work that way -- you can't harangue someone into sitting down on a roadside for several days at a stretch, and most "conversions" just don't involve this kind of commitment.

At last year's rallies we listened intently to tales of powerful and crafty adversaries whose nefarious schemes would be hopelessly confounded if we were but to put our bodies on the line. The other night the talk was of the humans inside the individual bodies, and what happens when they run up against other humans, friendly or unfriendly.

And then Phil Drath stepped up with a Bible (yes, folks, it's true?) in his hands and told us that even if the ogre does not fall down when expected, a good fight is still worth fighting.

From each of the Port Chi speakers (with the possible exception of Mark Lapin, who read a prepared, more predictable speech) came a similar message: We feel that what we're doing is right -- right for us, right for other humans and right for our times. We'd like you to see what it does for you, and we'd like to have your ideas on how to

In Oakland, Pay Bail or Go To Jail

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crime prevention.

The Bail Bondsmen's Association also opposes the program. Judge Mintz told BARB that they have lobbied against it in Sacramento. He added that he had lobbied against the Association "before my appointment to the bench, a few months ago."

The Berkeley Police Department has an independent "no bail" program, which does not require additional personnel.

"We feel we don't need college graduates to interview prisoners," said officer Sowell of Special Services.

Berkeley's arrestees simply fill out a form which requests background information and references. Sowell estimated that the jailer spends less than forty-five minutes a day on these forms. The only other expense is printing.

In Berkeley, less than three percent of those released on their own recognizance have failed to appear. In Oakland, the figure is under five percent. Sowell estimated that the percentage is about the same for those released on bail.

BARB asked Oakland deputy Chief Charles R. Gain for his opinion of the Berkeley program.

"No comment, no comment at all," said Gain, disappearing into an elevator.

keep it changing and growing.

Hardly a diatribe. Hardly revolutionary, in a bomb-throwing sense. And, judging from the number of spectators who stayed to travel out to The Port that night, not immediately moving. Perhaps, however, it sets a new tone for rallies and protests in Berkeley.

Art Comings

Higher Rents Ready For Returnees

from page 1

much as those in the hills.

Among renters themselves, BARB found a general discontent over the availability of fewer facilities for more money (studio apartments are often as expensive as one-bedroom apartments), over increasingly frequent demands that year-long leases be signed by students only in the area for the school year, and over demands that renters furnish references, usually from employers.

BARB queried University authorities on the subject. No one at the Housing Office felt competent to speak during the director's three-day absence. However, ASUC President Dan McIntosh was responsive. His organization is trying diligently to work for lower rents in the area.

ASUC published a "Guide to Off-Campus Housing" last spring, and plans an updated issue this spring. The "Guide" contains explanations of the Berkeley housing situation, suggestions for circumventing its difficulties, and evaluations of existing facilities by students actually living in the apartments surveyed.

Points rated included price, age of buildings, number of units in buildings, the state of cleanliness, repair, room size, bathroom and the sufficiency of heating, storage and closet space. To correct for obvious subjectivity in the ratings, ASUC urges prospective renters to corroborate for themselves information found in the "Guide."

Another ASUC project is the formation of a student Housing Board slated for the end of Fall Quarter. This Board would work toward the lowering of rents by developing favorable relationships with landlords in the community. On a strictly student level it may rent, under ASUC auspices, an apartment building to be rented to students at reduced rates. The problem here, says ASUC President McIntosh, is the limited space that would be available.

"Rents in the rest of the Bay area are not anywhere near what they are in Berkeley," McIntosh said. "They have risen at least 10% in the past five years here and are still going up."

"There is a tendency to bilk the student," he lamented, "but there are people willing to rent for less. If you can get enough of these people to lower rents, then the rest of the community will have to lower, too, in a sort of competition downward."

Short of economic pressure, the only solution McIntosh sees for the economy-minded renter is diligence. "There is no substitute for footwork," he says. "Certainly not the classifieds."

As a last resort, he suggests working through University contacts. "A lot of times," he hinted, "you find a professor or a teaching assistant who is willing to have students 'live in.'"

And then there is the solution of the cat BARB met on the street "I've never paid rent," he smiled knowingly, shifting the pack on his back.

Bad Guys Turned Good

from page 1

one, "and our food and our house."

Whatever the reason the strange alliance has produced incidents both rewarding and frightening.

Like one taking ten people out to stop a truck or the other beating up on a vigiler, Rodney Fletcher, whom he felt was high and making a disturbance on the line.

The more responsible members

of the vigil are worried. They feel that now more than ever it is necessary to stick to the project's original declaration of non-violence.

"After all," they say, "no one wants to see these self-appointed bodyguards, no matter how well-intentioned, involve us in a shooting war of our own."



Make the "Whole" Scene!
— NOW! —



the new Bohemia by John Gruen

This explosive book, written by an art critic of the New York World Journal Tribune, focuses on Manhattan's East Village and tells, for the first time, the inside story of "what's happening".

The author, a resident of the East Village and a longtime spokesman for this artistic colony, discusses the "underground" movies, the magazines, the Off Broadway plays, the worlds of dance, art and fashion, the new sounds and happenings.

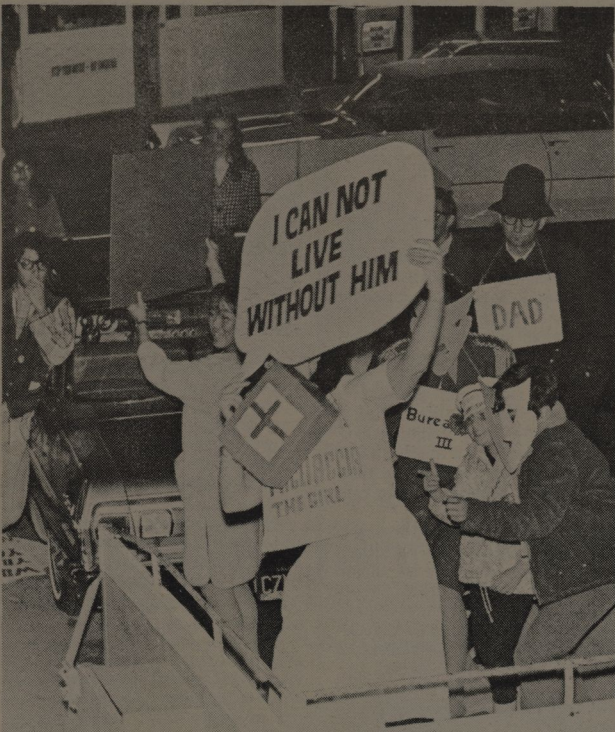
Bad to brilliant, convention to outrage, art to pornography . . . the sliding critical scale of accomplishment is discussed with insight and candor.

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AGIT-PROP OP READY to flash "Stop the War Machine" to Mrs. Bird put it on while pickets wait. (photo by Borin)

Lady Bird Flutters As Pickets Press Her

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quoted epithets are among the unpleasanties hurled left and right.

Early Tuesday, police granted the demonstrators permission for a picket line--after Pete Camejo of the United Committee against the War agreed to take "personal responsibility in case of trouble." They restricted the pickets to the sidewalk across the street from the main Opera House entrance, strong.

By 8:00 pm, with Ladybird's arrival imminent, pickets were slipping one by one from the line to disperse and cover all three entrances.

When it became certain that the Bird would come in the back door, Agit-Prop raced from its rented space at the lonely Texaco garage a half block away to 'greet' her.

They gave her a bit of "Stop

the War Machine" before the First Overa-Lover of the land fled inside the gilded halls that housed "I Puritani."

One picket, with ticket, sold anti-war pamphlets inside the Opera House until an usher grabbed the pamphlets from her.

Demonstrators came from Women for Peace, Port Chicago, S.F. and Berkeley anti-war groups, and Marin County. At least the Port Chicago veterans found the police at the Opera relatively amicable.

Spectators rubbernecking the President's Lady also mingled with pickets, claiming to be Teamsters, carried "Welcome Mrs. LBJ" signs.

A few spectators even followed the pickets to watch an encore performance of Agit-Prop Op after all the rich had gone inside to watch theirs. --P.F.

Watts - With Warmth

About three blocks into Watts, driving east, you cross Success Avenue. You look around at the faded little houses, the fenced-in yards, and you begin to sense what Watts is all about.

There's an aura, a feel about Watts, almost as if you'd wandered into a lion's cave when its owner was out. You can feel the lion there in the walls, in the rocks on the floor, and you know that he'll be back.

And there is another sense of Watts, too. It may be made up of anger, remorse, even despair, but it is something more.

It lies in a look of certainty on the faces that you meet. It rises out of the rows of houses that could easily be prettyfied but will not be. It even hangs in the

smog, a kind of suggestion, a hint that the smog is really the placenta that feeds Watts and Beverly Hills, too.

Meanwhile Watts bakes in the California sunshine like a flat hate-cake, and the yellow-grey smog settles on it for icing.

Hard to live in a rickety house near Success Avenue, and does it really matter that smog chokes everybody democratically?

You talk to the man in the street and you learn he has one word, "Bullshit," for all the poverty programs, all the Reports, all the Talk about jobs and equal housing and minority rights.

"Bullshit, man, I ain't gonna play in THAT movie if they make me the big star."

So you drive on to Simon Rodia's

Work-Study Muddy Waters

Work-study students at UC continue to express skepticism at administrators' reassurances that all's well despite the curtailment of funds.

Vice-Chancellor William Boyd spoke to students about the Work-Study Program at a meeting last Friday.

"He told us he was happy to say that no student would have to leave the University because of lack of funds or lack of a job," Doric Ball told BARB. Ball is a spokesman for the Associated Work-Study Students.

"He suggested that each individual make the objective test of seeing whether he actually found work. About 15 students who were out of work spoke later at the meeting," Ball said.

He said that the Associated Work-Study Students are compiling questionnaires from work-study students to keep an eye on the accuracy of administrative statements.

The association was formed as a result of a September 6 administrative announcement that WSP "funds for the period July 1, 1966, through December 31, 1966, have been expended and present assignments must be terminated."

Since that date, UC officers have located additional funds to continue part of the program.

"I'm really in a bind. I don't know whether I will be in school this fall," Mary Hughes told BARB.

"I applied to the Work-Study Program about a month ago, and a week before this thing (shortage of funds) became known, they said I was eligible," Miss Hughes said. "Then I learned from the chairman of my department that everything was canceled."

"A few days ago I got the word that I'm ineligible," she said. "Now I'd like to know just what makes me ineligible."

She indicated that the keen competition for part-time jobs in Berkeley would probably force her to work fulltime and enroll in Cal at a later date.

The Associated Work-Study Students plan a rally or open meeting shortly after school begins in October.

NEED MONEY?
BARB Ads get
results!!!!

towers, junk-sculptures, the most beautiful things in California spiraling out of the wasted Watts landscape. And even these were touched and almost destroyed by the smoggy plastic fingers of the City of Angels.

In 1959 the Building Commission and other guardians of the public welfare tried to have Watts towers torn down. You wonder if they guessed that they'd been outdone.

You wonder if they guessed that nothing in their loveless, paperwork lives could compare to Simon Rodia's hard-handed, loving monument to personal vision and individuality and . . . Process, perhaps.

The towers and the walls around them are all inlaid with bits of

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BUMP Reluctantly Predicts Alinsky

"If BUMP fails, all hell will break loose," said Booker Emery, president of Oakland Blacks Unified to Motivate Progress.

BUMP had invited BARB to a press conference this Wednesday. BARB's reporter arrived early. Emery was talking on the phone. He hung up.

"That was Mark Comfort," he explained. "He won't be able to be here - he's in East Oakland trying to settle a riot."

Apparently Mark had things well

in hand, Emery proceeded with other business. A woman had been evicted from her home where she had been living for two years, he related, and her rent wasn't ever due yet. I've just been talking to her on the phone."

It was like an Army field office.

He related that the landlord was tearing plaster down on this woman's head and using foul and abusive language and later that same man fired a shotgun through the wall of her house. The police came and stopped the eviction, but they did not arrest the landlord, he said.

BARB was not clear if this incident was the cause of the riot which Mark Comfort was holding down.

Other reporters began to arrive, including one with a TV camera. BARB looked at them. They did not look at BARB. We were all white. Emery turned to the business at hand.

"An individual can't join BUMP," he explained. "The members are representatives of other Oakland groups."

"What are these groups?" asked the TV man.

"I do not want to release that at this time," Emery answered. On the wall of the office was a chart which this reporter had idly copied down. Surrounding the word BUMP on the chart were about 30 East, West and North Oakland organizations.

"Our purpose is to get all of these organizations working together on one project - to drop everything else and focus attention on this one thing," Emery continued.

Currently the focus of attention, according to Emery, is the Oakland school boycott, set for mid-October, but the other reporters were much more interested in the imminence of Saul Alinsky.

"We have been watching Mayor Reading very carefully," Emery said, "to see what he would do on his own before we bring in Alinsky. So far we've got nothing but broken promises."

"Would you say that Alinsky is definitely coming?" asked the TV man.

"He will come if we call him," was Emery's reply. Emery went on about the school board. "I sat down with the school board and they laughed. They stood around and made jokes about my being there."

Reverend Ganoung, a white Episcopal minister, acting president of Friends of BUMP, spoke on the role of the clergy in Oakland today.

"The church ought not to sprinkle holy water on the establishment. The church ought to be with the poor," he said.

"How do other members of the Oakland clergy feel about this?" BARB asked.

"Most of the flatland churches are like-minded," he replied.

The question of Alinsky was brought up again. "How will you pay for him?" a reporter asked Emery.

"Alinsky will come, and not just for money. He will come if we call him," Emery repeated.

"Then would you state that Alinsky is definitely coming within a

see page 5

HAVE YOU READ THE MOVEMENT, SNCC'S WEST COAST MONTHLY NEWSPAPER? SUBSCRIBE, BABY! SEND \$2 FOR ONE YEAR TO 449 14th STREET, SAN FRANCISCO. READ ABOUT WATTS, DELANO, OAKLAND, THE SOUTH. NOTICE TO ALL SOUL BROTHERS & SISTERS: SPECIAL TIL OCT 7 - 50¢ OFF WITH THIS AD

the folk scene

Big City Blues

by ED Denson

As I walked thru the Haight - Ashbury putting up posters for the Blues Project all of the hippy storeowners said "Oh yeah man, put it up, they're great", and then someone would say, "who?" and the owners would start telling their customers that they had been at the Matrix the other night and heard the Project, and everyone should go.

And everyone should have. For the three weeks that they were here they were indisputably the best band in the city. From the second that Danny Kalb walks into the stage and faces the audience it is evident that real musicians have come to play that evening. Their stage presence and their performance have an authority which comes from the secure knowledge that they are one of the best groups going. You can get the same feeling from Butterfield's band, and sometimes from Muddy Waters. You never get it from one of the local groups.

And certainly the Project should project these vibes. Their instrumental music is well thought out, intricate, unique. They have three good vocalists. Almost every band in the country including the old-time Chicago bands, has been built around one or two people who could play or sing. Even Butterfield has only three soloists, but every man in the project is a soloist.

Kooper and Kalb are, I think, the finest instrumentalists in the group, but every man there is as good as the best local man, no matter where they play. The full sound when they are together swallows much of the subtlety of their music, but it is there and you can hear them over and over again because of it. You can really throw your body out of joint trying to follow everything that is going on.

Now, I can hear some of you muttering "Yeah, man, sure, all that's true, but wow, they don't have any soul." and you are right. It's true, that's the overwhelming impression that comes, it's the aftertaste of an evening of hearing them. Every time it's the same: I really flip out while I'm there, but I get an emptiness later, a curious sense of having had my head go in 6 ways without raising my blood pressure.

Part of it is that they are the most New York instrumentally of any band, altho Butterfield runs a close second sometimes. Now Frisco is a spacious city, which is fine, but it's partially because there are few enough things here that there is room between them. Frisco bands play like they were stoned in a simple landscape, like a beach or a field, taking a long, lingering look at each thing that enters their minds, letting each wave slowly slip thru their grasp, if you know what I mean.

New York is jammed full of everything. It isn't a creative or hip city, but once it finds out who or what is, it spares no expense to get them there, and all of them at that. If you are a rock band in New York you may play on the same bill with Big Joe Williams and Muddy Waters, certainly in the course of a summer you will be near every major figure in the field. So you pick it all up, you absorb it, and when you play you lay it all out.

Kalb's solos are packed with riffs from everywhere. Notes from this cat, a run from that, thousands of echoes blending together into his own style. Everyone gets their style like that, quite naturally, but everyone else has fewer resources to draw on, or a better sorting mechanism. To hear Danny play is like being stoned in the Village on a summer Saturday evening, almost unable to tell what is happening or where you are going because of the thousands of swirling people and sounds. There are no places in the music to really catch your breath, and the whole band plays that way. Even when they are quiet, they're busy.

New York is also trapped in the past. It is dying of too muchness, too many corrupt decaying power hierarchies in the government, too many small businesses living the nightmare of capitalist clutter and marginal survival with 1920's bargains and business ideas. The art is determined to add nothing to what is happening - nostalgic soup cans or long movies of static buildings. And the city's music shares this quality. New York arrangers think it's really

hip to try and duplicate classical music by putting lots of strings and sweet brass on rock records, and they all wonder why it doesn't sell, and New York rock bands are all firmly rooted in 1955-56 rock and blues as if condemned to perpetually relive their teen years.

Motion towards the present is very slow. They all know too much in New York, from the mayor to the cabbie, and they get so busy absorbing their knowledge that it is difficult to find the time to leap forward. Electricity brought the musical scene from 1930's to the 1950's, but then it all got molasses - like. The Project is slowly dropping the Chicago blues from its repertoire, but even the new songs they do are Chuck Berry, or Jerry Lee Lewis, or else Kooper's revising of his teen - age memories.

When Kalb adds a song, he puts in "Sporting Life Blues" a sweet revision of a piece of musical dreck that has no relevance to anyone under 40 in the country. You might ask someone to tell your chick that you blew your mind on acid, but you would never ask them to tell your sainted mother that you played cards and drank too much and now you're dying from it. It just doesn't happen, if it ever did, and the emotional tones of now are not those of rural 1930. That songs is nothing but that damn soup can again.

Yet and still, if any band has the potential to do something, here it is, Kalb is an articulate intellectual with a good grasp of social realities. He knows civil rights and politics. Roy, the drummer, is a really fine surrealist, whose day - to - day tripping out could provide them with novels, much less song plots. Kooper writes fine songs when not under commercial pressure. Katz wrote the most modern song they have, and could do more. And Kooper and Kulberg could be so much further out and classical at once, musically, if they took some chances with arrangements.

Instead, nothing has happened since last spring. They seem, like every band in the country, so shocked and staggered by what they have done, by the effort and mental rearranging needed to go electric, that they just can't move on. Since last spring the Project has refined everything, and tightened it unbelievably, but they have added almost nothing. No new songs, no exciting new directions. Like everyone else they have been stagnant all summer, and like everyone else they will have to grow or die. That's easy to say, but the truth is I am holding my breath and clenching my hands thru these next few months, and not just for the Project, but for the whole scene.

The Ombilical Little Ol' Viet York

by Marvin Garson

I grew up in New York City; left it five years ago for amuch more congenial lunatic asylum, Berkeley; and a venow returned unwillingly to spend almost a year in what I would prefer to forget is my native city.

Just for fun, thinking it was cute, I began speaking with a New York accent again a week ago, and then found that I couldn't turn it off. I listened to my own voice in horror, like the wretch who sees hair sprouting on his palms as the full moon rises. But the metamorphosis has hardly begun, and I am not yet a killer. When I drive, I stop for pedestrians, Berkeley-style; after a moment of bewilderment they cross in front of me, either with a smirk, as if to say "thanks, sucker," or in profound suspicion, as if afraid that I am luring them into the street so that an accomplice can run them down.

The trouble with New York is that it is so damn REAL. There are a few things in the city that turn you on--the Woolworth Building, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Staten Island Ferry ride -- but these are mere "sights to see", bits of fantasy which, you can never forget, are surrounded in all directions (including underground) by one big bring-down of brick, stone and cast iron. The typical New York building is not a "graceful spire stretching to heaven," nor even a big glass waffle-iron; it is a squat brick blockhouse, half a block long, weighing down on a flat and powerful earth.

From high up New York is magnificent, but from street level -- which is what counts -- it is claustrophobic. Even the rivers provide little relief. From 96th and Broadway the Hudson is only two blocks to the West, but all you can see is the big neon "Spry" sign on the Jersey side; from the Lower East side you see only Brooklyn factories beyond the Manhattan wharves. You have to imagine the rivers themselves, and if your imagination is nasty it will conjure up rows of walk-up tenements where you know the water is supposed to be.

Every city block is like a South Vietnamese village, a cellular unit in a guerrilla war that has gone on for decades and promises to be interminable. It is a slow-motion war, in which the movement of armies is glacial and only the clashes of isolated patrols make news. I grew up in a Jewish-Italian section of Brooklyn where we never saw a Negro, and indeed never heard of them except during Brotherhood Week; but now the residents are becoming aware of the investiture of the far Northern reaches of Flatbush by a southward enemy expansion from Bedford-Stuyvesant, and war fever has begun.

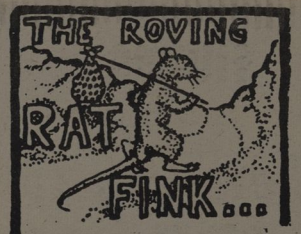
This summer a Negro couple, who had lived quietly all these years in the midst of what we had thought was an all-white neighborhood, went for a walk and were surrounded by a mob of white teenagers. They were chased back to their apartment house, which housed several other Negroes--a tiny black fleck in a sea of off-white; and when the mob threatened to break in, one

of the defenders fired two shots, wounding two white boys.

Years ago there was a cranky old lady who used to warn her neighbors to be nice to her or she would sell her house to a Negro. No one took her seriously. Now she is dead and God knows what was in her will, for a Negro couple has come to look over the house.

As an apartment-hunter, I have had to pick my way across a social battle-field. A couple of Negro superintendents, trying to keep housing space open for Negroes, lied to me and said no apartments were available; and I got used to white landlords assuring me that they didn't allow any Negroes to rent in their building. So when the bricks and bottles and molotov cocktails start flying, it is not an "outbreak of urban guerrilla warfare," it is merely a sort of monsoon offensive in a war that has been going on for years.

There was a time, years ago, when slum kids organized into fighting gangs would spend the summer killing each other in defense of their elaborate codes of honor. Now that the old bopping gangs have all but disappeared, their members having been conscripted either by heroin or by the United States Army, it is beginning to look as if the grown-ups are getting ready to revive the tradition, with less phony chivalry and more blood.



Beware! Ratfink Venomous

As we all know now, the Warren Report is so full of holes that anyone of a sedulous turn of mind can get himself a little fame by plowing through it and pointing out a few more of them. One more of such is hardly to stop the presses by.

And most of such critiques have been easily discreditable, for the sheer fantasy of their alternative theories, or for their slanderous accusations against the Warren Commission.

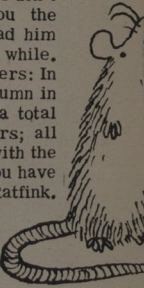
The truth is, the Warren Report served a useful function, at the time, in spiking the conspiracy rumors, which were getting way out of hand. Only a certain mentality really likes conspiratorial theories. Most of us wouldn't be sleeping too well if we really believed that the Communists or the Minutemen or the Pentagon warhawks, or whoever, were actually riding so firm in the saddle that they could bump off presidents at will and get the highest in the land to cover up for them. Who then would be safe?

Hence the importance of a new critique of the Warren Report which is temperately presented, written without sensationalism, and which doesn't merely point out flaws but presents an acceptable alternative theory based not on guesswork and theorizing but on the evidence uncovered by the Commission. This will do as a blurb for THE SECOND OSWALD, by Richard Popkin (Avon Library/New York Review of Books; 95¢), now available on your local news-stand.

The author's main point is that there were too many times, revealed in testimony before the Commission, that Oswald was reported in two places at once. The Commission tended to brush these off on the grounds that "it couldn't have been Oswald, we know where he was." The common sense solution would be that Oswald had a double, and that is the precise point of this book.

Obviously there must have been more people involved than Oswald and his double, and Oswald, even if he didn't pull the trigger, was a party to the ploy. But this new slant doesn't require a grand conspiracy involving Khrushchev, Castro, General Walker, LBJ, and the cop on the beat. However, I don't intend to outline for you the author's whole theses. Read him yourself. It's worth your while. (Note to BARB proofreaders: In the small space of my column in the last issue, I counted a total of nine typographical errors; all of them clumsy, and none with the merit of being amusing. You have incurred the wrath of the Ratfink. And my bite is poisonous.)


R.R.



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A Few Last Lobs From Lenny With Love

by Lenny Lipton

It's some kind of a turning point for this column. It's the last one that will be written in the United States for quite a while. The next one you read will come to you from England.

BARB is just a little bit over a year old. As I've looked back over these issues, I realize that BARB will serve as a history of the most exciting place in America -- Berkeley. Perhaps, hopefully, when I return, I will be returning to Utopia, or La Mancha, or New Berkeley. In the days of my absence, let the crywords be: secession now!

I don't really know if the Film column is a reflection of what happened in the film scene in these parts. Maybe it is. Maybe not. Probably, this column is a reflection of what went on in my head. And there are many people who resent what goes on in my head. In fact, in many cases, I, sure, they don't even like my head.

I've been accused of being an Eichmann, because I once wrote, in a column, that a certain audience should have been gassed. Let me tell you something, an Eichmann I'm not.

I do have a hatred of audiences. That's a generalization, but it will have to do a lot of work as most generalizations must. Really, I hate stupidity. It is the worst evil in this world.

Audiences at underground screenings tend to react in a predictable and absurd fashion. They applaud what they agree with, because they agree with it. Give the dolts a collage film with Johnson's face, a piece of crap dropping out of his mouth, and you've guaranteed yourself a laugh, and a big one.

Throw in a little Nixon - Goldwater is dated but still good - and Marilyn Monroe is all right for a tear.

More often than not I wonder why I even bother to go to any screenings, for the rewards are few. As a film-maker, even some of the worst films give me a load of ideas, but God, what a farago I've got to sit through.

The answer, I suppose, is that everything is like that. Most books, plays, nearly all the efforts in any creative field are poor. But several times this year it's been getting to me.

There are the redeeming pleasures of fine films. This year Robert Spring, George Kuchar, Mike Kuchar, Ed Emshwiller, Stan VanDerBeek, to name a few, have given me hope. All is not lost.

It looks like many of the works of film-makers in this area will be more generally available than they have been in the past. A West coast co-op, called the Canyon Cinema Co-op, has been formed. Several benefit performances will be given in the area to raise money for the co-op's operation.

Film-makers deposit a print with the co-op, and they get 75% of rental. The co-op will be publishing a catalog shortly. So help me, it's on the road. It's great to see it happening.

If the enthusiasm of the membership is any criterion, the co-op will make it.

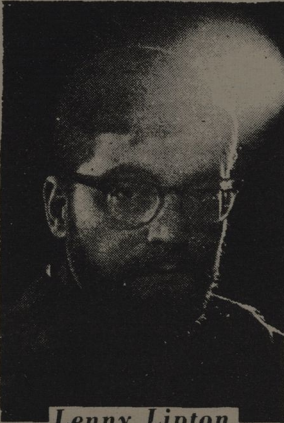
Yes, the mimeographed pages of the new co-op catalog will contain a farago of films. Bad ones, good ones, strange films, the crazier, the better. The more upsetting, the more revolting, the greater the film-maker's triumph. His function should be that of the anarchist, as well as the celebrator.

My tribute then to anarchy and beauty, and the Canyon Cinema Co-op.

catch 8 1/2

By G.K.

Gov. Brown is about to make into law a quota-system for Negroes to move into your neighborhood. One way to stop Brown is for Negroes to vote for him via the same quota-system - if four out of ten are "allowed" to move in, then only four out of ten should vote for Viva Brown . . . Bill Mandel's lecture on his recent trip to the USSR made over \$500 for KPFA; one photo (taken by his wife, Tanya) showed a modern shopping-center in Kieve, but he neglected to say if they give Red Chip Stamps . . . Carl Bloice is leaving Scheer . . . Carmen Warschaw, the sexiest Democrat since Cleopatra, is not going to vote for Brown . . . My favorite bumper sticker is by Jack Mion, Box 535, Sebastopol, Calif; for 25 cents he will mail you his version of the Ying Yang symbol extended into something like the figure 69 with a heart in the center; in blushing color . . . If all the liberals were one liberal and all the votes were one vote and if that liberal took his one vote and didn't vote, what a mighty splash that would be . . . A study should be made of the Consumers Co-op, a study, perhaps by the Ford Foundation or one of the many groups hovering like moths about the intellectual flame; each week, a sociological phenomenon takes place in their CO-OP NEWS, "Published to help 37,566 families mind their business." The phenomenon is this: because of Co-op tradition and constitutional rules, the corrosive effects of "race, religion, and politics" are removed from the organizational thinking and relationships of the 37,566 families by the clinical edict of "neutrality." What, then, is left to divide people? The pettiest, most trivial things you can imagine - it is middle-class America exposed in all its paunchy glory . . . Klaus Fuch, the atom spy, is now reported arrested in East Germany for a o m-spying for China . . . Senate GOP Leader Dirksen "announced today he will offer his constitutional amendment on voluntary school prayer and force a vote on it" - UPI. Instead of "forcing a vote" why doesn't the Senator merely pray? I say again, with people like Dirksen around, this column will never run out of material.



Lenny Lipton

BUMP from page 3

month?" the TV man insisted. "That's about right," Emery replied.

"Could you elaborate on your statement about all hell breaking loose?" a reporter asked.

"Let me put it this way. The Black man in the mud has to answer the question 'Do I help the power structure fight the hoods, or do I help the hoods fight the power structure?'"

On the way back to Berkeley, BARB counted the streets-40th, 50th, 55th - closer. The black bordered street signs of Oakland gave way to the black on white signs of Berkeley. The air suddenly seemed easier to breathe. BARB began to wonder if there were more questions the Black man in the mud has to answer.

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Aberrationism

'Twas only a temporary aberration, G.K. . . .

Although Carl Bloice has indeed been telling folks these last few weeks that he intends to quit the Committee for New Politics, he has now, he told BARB Tuesday, changed his mind.

He'll be staying with CNP, said C.B. -- o.k., G.K.?

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music To Break a Record

A recital: Gary Karr, violone; Jeffery Siegel, piano. (Works by Eccles, Paganini, Lorenzitti, Ravel, and others.) Golden Crest RE-7012, 12" lp, \$5.95.

It's one of the common half-truths of music that the double-bass is quickly learned and easily mastered.

The fact is that acquiring a moderate proficiency is no great problem, and since our age prefers to hear mostly music of a couple of generations ago, a moderate ability is adequate for most of one's work.

But to excel as a double-bass player requires, not only the dedication that is required of cellists, violinists, et al., but an uncommon amount of simple athletic practice.

In my experience, the number of those capable of both the sheer physical problems and the musical intensity is so small as to be non-existent.

Even the most famed soloist on the contrabass suffer from an overwhelming combination of inaccurate pitch, poor intonation, bowing problems and even elementary finger dexterity.

This is pretty well understandable, because the bass player in his usual routine encounters only a dozen prominent solos in a season, and these are all unobtrusive; the effect desired is usually one of rough energy (vide the recit in Beethoven's 9th symphony, the similar part of the Mahler symphony, etc.)

Bass players have it easy, and they like it that way. (Before you bass players start writing, let me point out that I've been, for twenty years, a bass player myself. I'm finking on you.)

In addition, there is the problem of repertory. In the whole literature there is not one outstanding work; not even a near-masterwork. Even the total number is small, not more than 50 concertos, and perhaps a dozen or two sonatas, all mediocre.

At one time there was a good concerto by a Master--Haydn, but it is lost without a trace. Even though no one knows the work, I say it was good, because it's quite unthinkable that Haydn could have written a BAD concerto. Isn't it? Naturally, I prefer to believe that it isn't lost at all, but mislaid, and when discovered, will prove to be as grand as the Trum-

pet concerto. There are many works by Domenico Dragonetti, but I must confess that after spending ten years examining his entire oeuvre, I can find nothing that rises above a merely astonishing technical demand. Charming, but mediocre.

(None of this has prevented my writing a book extolling Drano-netti's music, however!) This is all preface to mention of a record which is, to me, one of the most amazing I've ever heard.

Bass-player Gary Karr handles his instrument very well. I notice that (at least in the picture on the album) he prefers the old viol bow hand, as I do myself. I will not demean his accomplishment by saying that he plays his viol as if it were a ciolin, but he does play an arrangement of a Paganini Fantasia.

I think this is the first time any bass player has recorded a recital of good performances.

The works chosen are familiar to all bass players and unfamiliar to all others. The record is obviously not going to be a smash hit, but if you have any interest in out of the ordinary accomplishments, try it. The performer, Gary Karr, may one day become a familiar soloist. He is only twenty-two or three.

Alas! not so: M. A. Romanov



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CLG - Wanted Chuck for Dad's birthday - very lonesome - needs fishing partner - Please call or write - No strings attached.

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Ads in this section cost 50¢ per line or part-line. Figure 30 units per line. Each letter, punctuation mark, space, or symbol counts as 1 unit. Figure 27 units per line for any line which includes a word or words in CAPITAL LETTERS. Be not too obscure in thy abbreviations. (We reserve the right.)

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BARB Scans Scum For A Denizen

From page 1

dows. They turned out to be early arrivals for UC registration and a couple of sightseers from Walnut Creek.

The Mediterranean looked more promising. There were almost twenty-five people lurking there, and one of them had a beard. He told BARB he was the owner of a nearby shop. We also found a Sociology professor, three grad students in Botany, and a Postal Clerk who was attempting to hide behind a large italian soda. The rest of the patrons were equally insidious.

BARB found no denizens in the barber shop. The corner bookstore contained a few entering freshmen looking for second hand recommended reading. They were too engrossed to bother with reporters. There were two housewives in the laundromat, reading Christian Science literature. The only "scum" was on the glass door of a washing machine.

The only other place that was still open was . . . Pepe's Pizza Parlor. We were escorted inside by a friend, who assured us that he had once eaten a pizza (without mushroom) there. Several high-school students (or dropouts) sat at the tables, sharing six ice cream cones and four small cokes. We sat down next to a sweet young thing and pulled out our notebook.

"Did you know the girl that was murdered?"

"Yes. . . uh, well, I think so. She hadn't been around for very

long. Maybe, I read about it in the papers," she replied.

"Was she a swinger? Did she ball?"

She gave us a look of non-comprehension.

BARB continued. "A recent editorial in a local daily said, 'the hangers-on along the avenue probably would deny that their "swinging" way of life had any connection with this murder. . . Do you deny it?"

"Well," she said, "I suppose it's possible that soft ice cream leads some people to the harder stuff."

"Do you flout the law, delight in treasonable acts and indulge in every known vice?"

"Let me see." She paused, searching her memory. "Last week I smoked half a cigarette." "Marijuana?" we asked excitedly.

"Kent," she said.

"Why do you like The Block?" "The ice cream is cheaper here than at Edy's. I don't have much money, so I walk the extra few blocks."

"What is your opinion of the people here? Are they attracting and corrupting naive teenagers?"

"No, most of the people are very nice. But on the weekends, when all those strangers come just to stare, that's something else. They turn the street into an open sewer."

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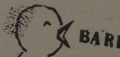
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'Good Taste at a Good Price'

Ask Dr. Rose, He Knows

by Dennis

Dr. Larry Rose, a San Francisco ophthalmologist believes that one good deed deserves another, but did not find this to be the case at Port Chicago last Saturday evening between 6 and 8:15.

A police officer dropped his glasses. Larry, doing his good deed, attempted to help the officer in retrieving them. In doing so, he accidentally crossed the white line demarcating the Naval Weapons Station. He was promptly grabbed and pushed roughly about by Navy Lieutenant W. I. Larrabee.

Dr. Rose was immediately taken to the guard house and held for a period of approximately 2 hours during which no charges were made. At the time of his apprehension he was neatly dressed, with shirt and tie, and carried a guitar and a camera.

During his ordeal one of 6 marines present, probably a returnee from Vietnam, said, "You wouldn't be talking that way if you'd been there. I'd like to see you 6 feet under."

He was finally released--at a point about 2 miles away from the original scuffle--and hitchhiked back.

Later he called the U.S. District Attorney's Office concerning his "arrest" and was told that the matter would have to be taken up with the FBI.

Two days later the FBI visited his main witness, Martha Drury, at her place of employment, flashed their badges and questioned her about her relationship with Dr. Rose.

New Nation-Wide Days Of Protest In Works

For the first time, peace and civil rights groups have joined together in calling a nationwide Days of Protest - the Four Days Mobilization, November 5 - 8. Actions will have three targets: the war, poverty, and lack of civil rights.

For the first time, groups will use protest days to mobilize long-term actions and "reach the people," Karen Leiberman of Berkeley's United Committee told BARB, "instead of just showing ourselves on the street in mass marches."

Bay Area plans for the Four Days will be made at an open meeting, sponsored by United Committee Against the War, next Thursday September 29, at Stiles Hall, 8 pm. The Committee plans to work with the Bay Area Peace

WATTS

from page 3

everything changing and broken--cups, broken plates, bleached-out sea-shells, glass, coral--all the emblems of destruction and decay welded together in the service of creation.

Watts towers are a monument to the processes of life and death, the creative and the destructive, the process that bleaches a sea-shell white in the sun.

And this is Watts, too. Process, life and death, love and hate,

And this is Watts, too. Process, life and death, love and hate, destruction and creation all jammed into a few feet of sun-cooked, smog-choked space.

So maybe it's not Beverly Hills, and maybe in the end Watts, too, is Bullshit, but there's still the faint odor of burning plastic there, rising up to join the smog. --C.M.

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After the countless obstructions and attempts to silence us even before publication, CAUSEWAY 1/4 found a press and a kind printer to operate it. We wouldn't have bothered to overcome all the opposition but what CAUSEWAY 1/4 says needs saying as loudly and to as many people as possible. CAUSEWAY 1/4 is an "almost book (not quite magazine) of near 100 large pages with no advertising and features an Environment section on Censorship of Sex; an Arts section (including Visual arts; Garterbeltmania, and Theatre arts: a new one act play); an Eros section (nuescapes - photo - portfolio) and a Causeway Digest of leading controversial publications. Absolutely top drawer talent throughout.

CAUSEWAY 1/4 will be sold throughout the English-speaking world by mail at \$3.00 each until September 30 and then by mail and through a few bookstores at \$3.50 each. Advance orders already indicated a sellout so please order now while the press-runs are being scheduled.

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KERRY RUSCH
SINGS

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LONG WAY ROUND

NOTICES OF ANY EVENT OPEN TO THE PUBLIC ARE WELCOME. To be included the following Friday, they should be received Monday, Please specify admission price or if free.
Address BARB 2421 Oregon St., Berk. TH 1-9470

The Scenedrome

FRIDAY . . . (September 23)

DISCUSSION: With the Berkeley Bahai's, informal; 2219 Derby, Bkly, 8 pm, free, refreshments.
DANCE: Chosen For plus The Group; Maple Hall, SF, 8-12, \$1.50.
THEATRE/BENEFIT: SF Mime Troupe Minstrel Show, benefit Lowndes County; Washington Sch. Bkly, 8 pm, \$1.25.
FILMS: McLaren shorts, Chap. 2 Black Coin; 2478 Tele, Bkly, 8 pm, 25¢.
FILM SCREENING: Straight-Ashbury Viewing Soc works by filmmakers Warhol, Nelson, Baile, Shirley Clark, and/or others; 1748 Haight, SF, 8 pm, membership \$1.00, info 387-3303, days.

DISCUSSION: of Washington, also Pool, with Dr. Lawrence Rose, moderator, plus Rubin, Cherkoss, Smale, Hamilton, McRae, Ewart, and/or others; 1530 Buchanan St., SF, 8 pm, \$1.00 donation (students, unemployed 50¢), spons. by Nat. Guardian.
JAZZ: Joh Hendricks; Trident, Sausalito, 9:30 pm, adm.
CONCERT/TAPE: 155 Dwinelle, campus, 5 pm on, precedes films mentioned this date.
FORUM: The Question of Alliances; 1733 Waller St., SF, 8pm, 25¢ donation, info 752-1790 (Militant Forum).
THEATRE: Xanadu Playhouse presents Yerma, by Lorca; Jenny Lind Hall, W. Grand and Tele., Oakland, 8:30 pm, \$2(students \$1).
DANCE CONCERT: with Norma Leistiko, others, performing new works by Weiss, Burgess, Kelley and Parenti; Dancers Workshop Annex, 321 Divisadero, SF, 8:30 pm, adm.

CONCERT/DANCE/BLUES: B111 Graham presents the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Jefferson Airplane, and Muddy Waters; Winterland, evening, adm.
FORUM: see Sept. 16, note new topic "The Question of Alliances."
CAMPING: weekend near Santa Cruz; car pools, info 451-4711 or TE 2-9769.
PARTY: 1544 Pacific Ave., #2, 8:30 pm, \$1.00, info 474-2778.
FILMS: Pyschedelica plus Cinematheque present Jack Smith's Flaming Creatures, Mekas' Goldstein, others; 155 Dwinelle, campus, 8 pm, \$1.00 at door, door prizes.
VIGIL: Port Chicago, car pools call 621-5796, 546-7343, 845-9159, food needed to sustain the vigilers, bring to car pools or leave at 2001 Milvia.
ART OPENING: Drawings by Lew Carson, paintings by Kishi, mixed media by Sadler; Artist Village, 2377 Shattuck near Channing Way, Berkeley, thru October 5.
ART/OPENING: watercolors and collages by Katherine Barieau; Derby Gallery, 2644 Ashby, Bkly, open Mon-Sat 11-6, thru Oct. 15.
FILMS: Olympics, see Sept. 19.
FOLKDANCE: Israeli, with Ruth Browns; International House, Piedmont at Bancroft, 7:30 - 11 pm (teaching first 1-1/2 hours).
THEATRE/OPENING: Marat/Sade; Circle Star Theatre, San Carlos, 8:30 pm, \$2-5, info 365-0565.

FOLK DANCE: 2536-38 Channing, Bkly, 8-12 pm, free, no dancing.
RADIO: "Who was Gertrude Stein"; KPFA/FM, 9:15 pm.
FOLK: Kid Future, plus Steve Mann; Jabberwock, Bkly, 9:30 pm, \$1.25 (couples \$2.25).
REPORT: on Vietnam; presented by KPFA, del'd by Dale Minor, Marshall Windmiller, Felix Greene; Berk Community Theatre, 8 pm, \$2, adv. tkts. KPFA, or at door.
THEATRE: The new Berkeley Playhouse opens with My Three Angels by Julian Rep Company, 2974 College, Bkly, 8:30 pm, \$2.00, ASUC Box.

THEATRE: Moliere's The Imaginary Invalid; The Playhouse, Beach and Hyde Sts., SF, 8:30 pm, adm.
FOLKDANCE: 220 Hearst Gym, campus, 8-12 pm, free.

SATURDAY (September 24)

DANCE: YBA presents Satisfaction with the Wanderers; Pauly Ballram, campus 9-1, \$1.25, over 16 only.
THEATRE?
THEATRE/BENEFIT: SF Mime Troupe's Minstrel Show, see Sept. 23.
FILM: "Salt of the Earth", sponsored by College of Marin Friends of SNCC, benefit Delano; Olney Hall, Coll. of Marin, Kentfield, 7 and 9 pm (2 shows); \$1.50 (students 75¢).
FILMS: McLaren shorts, others, see Sept. 23.
CONCERT/DANCE/BLUES: Butterfield, etc., see Sept. 23.
THEATRE: 3 Angels, see Sept. 23, note 2 shows, 2:30 and 8:30 pm, Sat. aft. show reduced rates.
FILMS: on Israel (color); Oak Pub Mus, 1426 Lakeside, 2pm, free.
VIGIL: see Sept. 23.

CONCERT: Salvation Army Band plus Oak. 1st Meth. Church unite in program of music; 6th at Foot-hill, Oak, 7:30 pm, donation \$1.00 at door.
VIGIL: Quakers' Silent Vigil expressing sorrow and protest at Vietnam war; Oak, Memorial Plaza, 14th and San Pablo, 12-1, at door.
SUNDAY . . . (September 25)

EVENT: Bkly Society for Creative anachronism sponsors a Mediaeval Tournament, with archery, music, combat and chivalry. Pre 17th Century dress is required of all in attendance; Cragmont Park, Bkly, 10am-7pm, info 654-1406 or 841-2161.
THEATRE: SF Lamplighters present The Mikado, others; Hayes & Divisadero, SF, 2:30 pm, adm., adults only with a child, info SK2-2726.
FILMS: McLaren shorts, others, see Sept. 23.
JAZZ: Jon Hendricks; Trident, Sausalito, 4-7pm, adm.
COOKOUT: Tilden Park, meet Univ. Co-op 11 am, info 758-2208, bring BBQ supplies.
LECTURE: YSA presents Pete Camejo on Coalition Politics; It's meaning for the Fall Elections; 1733 Waller, SF, 8 pm, 25¢ donation.
CONCERT/DANCE/BLUES: Muddy Waters, Butterfield, etc., see Sept. 23, note new time and place Fillmore Audl, SF.
HIKE: Tilden Loop; meet Spruce at Grizzly Peak, Bkly, 10 am, info 836-3440.

FILMS: on Israel, see Sept. 24, note new times (2 shows) 1 and 3 pm.
VIGIL: see Sept. 23.
HOOT: Jabberwock, 2901 Tele., Bkly, 9 pm, 75¢.
DISCUSSION: Channing II, 1934.
CONCERT: Donald Pippin presents chamber music of French Renaissance, also Baroque & Impressionistic music; Old Spaghetto Factory, 478 Green, SF, 8:30 pm, \$2. (students \$1.25)
HOOT: with Michael Hunt; Cedar Alley Coffee House, 40 Cedar Alley, SF, 9:30 pm, 75¢, info 885-9987 or 771-1062.

MONDAY . . . (September 26)

JAZZ: Danny Zeitlin; Trident, Sausalito, evening, adm.
poetry reading: John Teyford reads Pound, Eliot, Stephens, Millay; Jabberwock, Bkly, 9 pm, free to all.
SPEAKERS: Arthur Kinoy, Kay Boyle, Bertha Metro, Dr. T.N. Burbridge, on HUAC the Outlaw, or, Outlaw the HUAC; Hall of Flowers, GG Park, 9th & Lincoln, SF, 8 pm, \$1.00. (50¢ students); also, Bremen Town Puppeteers.
VIGIL: see Sept. 23.
ZEN: Zen Center sponsors meditation; 2919 Fulton, Bkly, 5:45-6:45 am.
VIGIL: see Sept. 16.

DRAWING CLASS: from male and female professional models Intersection 150 EIHs, SF, 8-10 pm, \$1.25, open to all.
FOLKDANCE: with teaching, 2536-38 Channing, Bkly, 8-11 pm, free.

TUESDAY . . . (September 27)

JAZZ: Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers; Both/And, SF, evening, adm, no minors.
AUDITIONS: for Richmond Symph. Chorus, rehearsals begin Oct. 11, Joseph Lieblich, conductor, 1st concert includes Haydn's Imperial Mass in D minor, Brahms' Naenie, Beethoven's Elegischer Gesange, others; auditions 6023 Ralston, Richmond (Serra Elem Sch), eve., appts. call 234-4203.
CLASS: YSA, on State and Class (read Lenin's State and Revolution, also Engels' Origins of the Family) 1733 Waller, SF, 8 pm.
VIGIL: see Sept. 23.
BENEFIT: CLR, CNP present Dick Gregory, Robert Scheer, New Tweedy Bros., Oakland High School 3233 Park St., 7:30 pm, don. \$1.75.

COURT HEARING on Campus VDC, UC procedures; open to public; Superior Court of Alameda Co., 1225 Fallon, Oak., 2 pm, free.

WEDNESDAY (September 28)

CONCERT: Japan Soc of SF presents a program of No by the Ho-sho School of No, Tokyo; Vet's Aud, SF, 8 pm, \$1.50-\$6.00, info WA 2-4043.
FILMS/BENEFIT: A Raisin in the Sun, also other assorted, unusual shorts, benefit Lowndes Co: 11 Wheeler, campus, 7:30 and 9:30 pm (2 shows), \$1.00.
FILMS/BENEFIT: Nelson's Oiley Peloso the Pumph Man, Baillie's new films, inc. Castro Street, Jordan's Duo Concentralas, also Hymn--, Van Meter's Up Tight, LA is Burning . . . Shit, plus Feldman's Hey, Stop that; Wheeler Aud, campus, 8 pm, donation \$1.00, benefit Canyon City Co-op.
FILMS: Short post-Rev. Russian Films, inc Eisenstein's Potemkin, also Room's Bed and Sofa (1927); Merritt Coll Aud, 7 pm, free to all.
VIGIL: see Sept. 23.
THEATRE: SF Mime Troupe Cabaret introduces Berg's Output You; Jabberwock, Bkly, 10 and 12 (2 shows), \$1.50 (students \$1.).
MEETING: SF Montessori Society, film comparing Montessori with traditional education methods; Mc Kinley School auditorium, 126 Castro St., S.F.
THEATRE/CLASS: John Brent (of the Committee) leads "Dog Days Seminars in Theatre Games and Improvisation for the Lunatic Fringe"; The Committee, 622 Broadway, SF, 1:30 pm, \$1.49.
THEATRE: observe developing actors of Norma Sturgis' Improvisational Theatre; Intersection, 150 Ellis, SF, 8:30-11:30 pm, 75¢, open to all.
FOLKDANCE: John Fitz teaches dances of the British Isles; 2536-38 Channing, Bkly, 8-10 pm, free.
MEETING: SAC; 1474 Univ Ave, Bkly, 8 pm, open to all.

THURSDAY . . . (September 29)

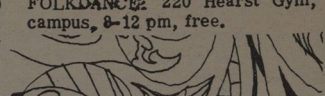
FILMS/BENEFIT: For Lowndes County., see Sept. 23, note new place 145 Dwinelle, campus.
VIGIL: see Sept. 23.
THEATRE: Mime Troupe Output You, see Sept. 23.

Prop performs, Free.
OPEN MEETING: Plan for Nov. 5-8 mobilization; United Committee sponsors; report on national planning conference; Stiles Hall, Bancroft/Dana, 8 pm, free.

RALLY: on Nov. 5-8, 4 Day Spruce/Civil Rights Mobilization; Sprout Steps, campus, noon. Agit-
FRIDAY . . . (September 30)

CONCERT: Organ recital by Lawrence Moe, Univ. organist; Hertz Hall, campus, 8:30 pm, 50¢, ASUC Box.
ART/OPENING: National exhibit of work by American Indian artists; 300 Lakeside, Oak, 7:30 am-9 pm, thru Oct. 23.
FILM SCREENING: Straight-Ashbury, see Sept. 23.
CONCERT: Ali Akbar Khan, sarod, with others on tabla and tamboura; Masonic Aud., SF, 8:30 pm., \$2-3.50, ASUC Box.
FILMS: Bkly Cinematheque and Cin. Pyschedelica present Shirley Clarke's The Connection, experimental shorts; 145 Dwinelle, campus, 8 pm, \$1.00, door prizes; contemporary music on tape from 5 pm.
FORUM: see Sept. 23, note new topic, "Nationalism and Separatism."
CONCERT/DANCE/BLUES: see Sept. 23.
ART/CLOSING: Abstract water-color paintings by Uta Nietiet; CCAC Gallery, 5283 Broadway, Oak, 2-9 pm, last day today.
VIGIL: see Sept. 23.
THEATRE: Output You, see Sept. 23.
CONFERENCE: On Power and Politics, East L.A. Jr., Coll. Initiated by Californians for Liberal Representation. Free housing if needed. Chtd buses \$11 or \$13 round trip. Call or write CLR, 55 Colton St., SF, 861-1866; SF Peace Cfr, 626-5116; Bkly Wmn for Peace, TH9-3020.
FLAMENCO: Dance and song, Francisco Prado y su Conjunto; champagne buffet intermission; 8:30 p.m.; ticket info: 836-0538.
THEATRE: Yerma, See Sept. 23.

ALI AKBAR KHAN, Masonic Aud., SF, 8:30 pm, adm.(\$3.50, \$2.50, Stud. \$2).
FOLKDANCE: 220 Hearst Gym, campus, 8-12 pm, free.



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***Felix Greene**
Recently returned from journalistic visit to China and North Vietnam

***Dale Minor**
Just returned from a 6-month tour covering Vietnam for Pacifica Radio

***Marshall Windmiller**
Associate Professor of International Relations, SF State; just back from trip to Vietnam, Cambodia and India

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