

REVEAL DIGITAL

San Francisco Good Times

Source: *Reveal Digital*, 04-23-1969

Contributed by: Walt Whitman; Sneila Ryan; R. G. Behringer; Richard Krech; Muvvin; Greil Marcus; R. G. Behringer; Jeanie Darlington; Ben Dover; Bishop Berkeley; Sarah; J. P. Sartre; Wayne Saslow; Bodine; Dave; Mark Green; Xenon Legume; Grant; Momma; Gilbert F. Long; Paula Kurtz

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.28043970>

Licenses: Creative Commons: Attribution-NonCommercial

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

This item is openly available as part of an Open JSTOR Collection.

For terms of use, please refer to our Terms & Conditions at <https://about.jstor.org/terms/#whats-in-jstor>



JSTOR

Reveal Digital is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Reveal Digital*

GOOD TIMES



SDS
PO BOX 625
ANN ARBOR, MICH. 48107

THE CHURCH OF THE TIMES VOL. II, NUMBER 16 April 23, 1969 1550 HOWARD STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 94103/(415) 863-7775/15¢ BAY AREA, 25¢ ELSEWHERE

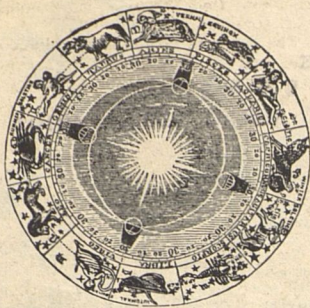
FORMERLY
San Francisco Express Times



nacio jan brown

Beelzebub

While in prison the last two months I read about you all. Strikes, sit-ins, songs, sun, gatherings [cont. pg. 8]



altimeter/
taurus, april 20 - may 20.

"The spirit of the People
combined with the Pigs Technology
in the hands of the People
will put the Pigs out to pasture for good."
---john sinclair

More than 100 people were arrested for
rioting following "decency rally" in
Baltimore this weekend. Decency rallies
have been sweeping the country in re-
action to Jim Morrison of the Doors
masturbating on stage at a concert in
Florida.
Black students at Cornell were granted
amnesty for a sit-in when it was found
they had guns in the building & wouldn't
leave until they got it.
People's Park was dedicated in
Berkeley last Sunday. Donations to buy
more grass can be given to the Store
or T.A.L.F. Store.
Quantity of Kilos in the Bay Area
price from about \$100-\$125. Street
lids a dime, some lower. THC &
hash are available for low prices.
Recipe for an "Ellat Cocktail": equal
parts cinnamon, nutmeg, hash & grass
(or kif). Recipes for anything prac-
tical can be sent to the Good Times
c/o this column.

---the grass prophet



CONTENTS

Twenty pages this week, gang. Can you
relate to that?
OUR BEELZEBUB, heading back to prison
to serve a zip-six, pauses to give us a
statement. Very mellow. Page 1.
THE ARMY isn't cute any more, but you
can still play games with the police. Page
3.
A BABY GIRL for Jami and Rusty. Page
5. A bail hearing for Huey Newton. Page 4.
GENERAL GIAP, the North Vietnamese
commander who whipped Westmoreland's
ass and made it look easy, loosens up and
gives a mellow interview. Why not run
him for Congress in your district? Are
you ready for that? Page 6.
REAL ESTATE DEVELOPERS seize land
in Berkeley, only they're longhairs and
what they're building is a free park.
Page 7.
THE BAND from Big Pink hits Frisco
town and lots of people will never be the
same. Page 9.



1550 HOWARD
STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA
94103
863-7775

SUBSCRIPTION \$6 for a year, \$3 for 6 mos.

NAME _____ CHECK ENCLOSED _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



CHURCH MEETING

2 BISHOPS NO WAITING

The Conversion of Paul

THE REALIST

in person
doing what's right

Krassner

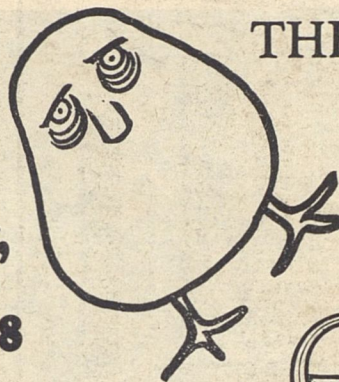
Monday,

April 28

GLIDE MEMORIAL CHURCH

330 Ellis San Francisco

\$2.00 BENEFIT



UNIVERSAL LIFE / BULLETIN OF THE CHURCH OF THE TIMES

No More Priests

"There will soon be no more priests.
Their work is done. They may wait awhile
...perhaps a generation or two...dropping
off by degrees. A superior breed shall
take their place...the gangs of kosmos and
prophets en masse shall take their place.
A new order shall arise and they shall be
the priests of man, and every man shall
be his own priest. The churches built un-
der their umbrage shall be the churches
of men and women. Through the divinity
of themselves shall the kosmos and the
new breed of poets be interpreters of men
and women and of all events and things.
They shall find their inspiration in real
objects today, symptoms of the past and
future...They shall not deign to defend
immortality or God or the perfection of
things or liberty or the exquisite beauty
and reality of the soul. They shall arise
in America and be responded to from the
remainder of the earth."

---walt whitman,
1855 Preface, "Leaves of Grass."

LABORERS

Construction workers and miners of
Laborer's Local 261 are now constructing
a hip new leadership from men on the
job. Members call 826-9036 in the
evening.



Copyright 1969 by
The Trystero Company
Printed by Waller Press

"die welt ist alles, was der fall ist"

GOOD TIMES
(picking up from Express Times)

is published every Wednesday at
1550 Howard Street
phone (415)-863-7775

Application to mail at second-class
postage rates is pending at San
Francisco, California.

NON-NEGOTIABLE LIST OF DEMANDS

These are the needs of our people. If
you can't relate to our people's needs,
you can't relate to our people.

We need staple guns. We need X-acto
blades. We need vacuum cleaners, home
or industrial.

We need T-squares, drawing boards,
push pins, clear acetate for overlays
(11" x 16"), steel rulers (preferably 18"
with various scales), a light table and
lots of sky-blue pencils.

We need buckets, detergent, floor wax
for asphalt tile, and wax base floor
sweeping compound. We need a mop
wringer and mops.

Our people need nails in assorted
sizes, from #8 finishing to #10 regular.
We need wrenches, wallboard, and Romex
electrical cable.

We need Kim-Wipes, toilet paper,
paper towels, coffee cups, a 12-foot lad-
der, a step ladder, and a year's supply
of dope of all kinds for 40 people.

We don't need dictionaries. We have
received about thirty pounds of dictio-
naries plus "The California Register,
Social Blue Book of California." If you
want to know the address and phone num-
ber of your favorite member of the ruling
class, just call us up.

You will find it easiest to relate to us
if you are an electrician, a typesetter, a
carpenter, a printer, an organizer or an
artistic painter.

FORT DIX, N.J.

sheila ryan
LIBERATION News Service

FORT DIX, N.J. (LNS)—"OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW IS FREEDOM," reads the sign over the entrance to the Fort Dix Stockade.

"Colonel, who was responsible for the selection of that slogan?"

"Who was responsible? Well, I don't know, really. It's been here for years and years and we really like it."

The Fort Dix Stockade is the largest military prison in the country, with the exception of the U.S. Disciplinary Barracks at Ft. Leavenworth. During 1968, according to Army figures, an average of 705 men were confined behind the double cyclone fence and concertina barbed wire. The guards in the stockade are unarmed; those in the guard towers have shotguns.

The most common reason for men being put in the stockade is that they went AWOL. About one quarter of the men AWOL from Fort Dix itself; the others are men taken into custody in New Jersey, New York, or Fairfield County, Connecticut.

There has been a flurry of interest in the press and concern in Congress about conditions in Army stockades, following the murder of a mentally-ill prisoner in the Presidio Stockade, and the "mutiny" courts-martial of the Presidio 27—prisoners who protested the man's shooting by a guard.

Because of this adverse public reaction, the Pentagon has ordered that several stockades be opened to tours by newsmen. On Wednesday, April 16, 50 or so newsmen climbed into Army buses for a trip to the Fort Dix Stockade. Except for two reporters and a photographer from LIBERATION News Service, the journalists represented establishment papers and radio and TV stations.

"You can see anything you want to see." (Col. William O. Gall, Chief of Staff at Fort Dix.)

"No photographs of prisoners....No contact or conversation between newsmen and prisoners." (Guidelines for the Visit to Stockade by Media.)

"How can we really get an idea of what life is like in the stockade if we aren't allowed to speak to the prisoners?" (A reporter for a New York daily.)

"Well, now, if my son or yours were in the stockade for a few months, we wouldn't want him to suffer for it for the rest of his life." (Major Andrew Casey, Correctional Officer.)

"But Major Casey, some men aren't ashamed of being in the stockade. They consider it perfectly honorable to be in the stockade as a result of their political convictions. May we speak to these men with their permission?" (An LNS reporter)

"I'm sorry, we're under orders from the Department of the Army. You will not be permitted on the tour if you do not agree to not speak to or photograph prisoners."

The newsmen were cynical about the tour, and the Army's refusal to let them speak to prisoners didn't alter their view.

Nor did the steak dinner the men were being served in the mess hall. It was clearly not a typical stockade meal. "I wish you guys would come more often. We'd get more steak....We hate the food. People spit on it." (comments from prisoners in the mess.)

The mess is large enough to accommodate all the men in the stockade, but because of "security reasons" the men eat in shifts.

It's easy to understand why the Army is concerned about "security" in the mess hall and throughout the stockade. Defiance is in the air. As the newsmen walked past the barracks, prisoners leaned out the window and shouted: "Tell the truth about this place."

"There's no hot water, not enough to eat."

"See what they do to their Vietnam veterans?"

"Why won't they let you rap with the prisoners?"

A sergeant snapped at the prisoners: "You, you're on report to me! Get down there!"

The men showed defiance of that sergeant, and of the brass who were herding the newsmen through at a slow run; prisoners flashed V-signs.

There were no copies of Shakedown (Fort Dix underground paper) in the library when the reporters got there, but before the LNS people left, several copies found their way into the shelves.

The mail is a particularly sensitive matter.

"Earlier you said that privileged mail is never censored." (Mail regulation: correspondence to and from the President, Vice President, Members of Congress, Attorney General, the Judge Advocate General or their representatives, Defense Counsels or other Attorneys of Record, Inspectors General, Chaplains and/or Clergymen is not inspected. Because of the privileged mail rule, it is absolutely necessary for any prisoner to have to smuggle letters and information out of the stockade.) "But I have here a letter, smuggled out to his attorney by a man in the stockade. He writes, 'The N.C.O.I.C. Sgt. Becker refuses to give me my mail and opens all my confidential mail. He has stated that 'he does not care who the mail is from.'" (An LNS reporter)

"...Privileged mail is never opened, I repeat."

"But a man who works in the mail told me that in cases of suspicion, letters may be opened."

"Yes, in cases of suspicion (for instance, the first time someone writes a prisoner he may not have established himself as a privileged person), mail may be opened, but only to verify that the mail is from a privileged person."

"You're telling us that you look at the signature but you don't glance at the contents?"

"Yes." (Col. Gall)

No one really believed that.

There are some hopeful aspects here, however. Last year, 16 men escaped directly from the stockade, and others from parole or work details—361 escapees in all.

HOW TO SNITCH ON A COP

lovable ol' doc stanley

We were riding across the bay bridge one morning early last December. Paul and Betts and I were in Marge's truck. This truck has a windshield about the size of a dining room table and it was clean. Paul was driving, I was in the passenger's seat and Betts was sitting on the engine cover. All of us were watching the road.

On the road that morning were some six or eight California Highway Patrol cars in convoy, four officers to a car, all going to S.F. State for the festivities.

We were riding behind the last car in the convoy, when an unthinkable thing happened. The officer who was sitting in the driver's side rear seat of the last CHP car in the convoy tipped his cigarette ashes out the window of the patrol car in which he was sitting. I immediately called this to Paul's attention and asked if he had witnessed this event. He said that he had and I

asked him to remain in the same lane as the CHP car because it is my experience that once a litterbug, always a litterbug, and I wanted to see if this was a practise of the CHP.

It was. As we were pulling into San Francisco, just past the first off ramp, it happened again. This time it was a small piece of cellophane or some other transparent material such as the covering of a cigar or the top of a pack of cigarettes. Thrown right out of the same window as before, Paul and Betts witnessed this even also.

When it comes to police misbehavior I'm a snitch. I wrote a letter to the "Chief, California Highway Patrol, Sacramento," and explained that we had seen these incredible occurrences and had witnesses and all and what was he going to do about it.

This is the letter we got back:

Dear Mr. Stunly:

Your letter dated December 11, 1968, directed to Commissioner Harold W. Sullivan has been forwarded to me for appropriate inquiry and reply. It concerns your observation of an officer discarding a cigarette ash on the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge and a piece of crumpled paper or tinfoil on a freeway in San Francisco.

The California Highway Patrol insists that all of its members conduct themselves in an exemplary manner and obey all laws of the State of California. Should our officers be in error, prompt steps are taken to see that such mistakes are not repeated.

The circumstances pertaining to this incident have been discussed with the officers who may have been involved to the extent future conduct of this nature should not occur.

Thank you for taking the time to bring this infraction to my attention.

Very truly yours,

R.G. Behringer, Captain
Commander
Oakland Area

I wrote back saying that discarding a burning object (The cigarette ashes are ablaze when you tip them from the cigarette) on the roadway and littering were both misdemeanors and was a mere discussion enough, and anyway, I had seen signs offering a \$50 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of litterbugs or discards of burning objects and where was my \$50.

I got this letter back:

Dear Mr. Stanley:

Our original inquiry into the matter of an officer discarding trash and cigarette ashes on the highway disclosed that the officer sitting in the position you indicated does not smoke. The officer also stated he did not discard any trash.

continued on page 12

BAIL HEARING FOR HUEY NEWTON: Pigs ordered to show cause why Huey Newton should not be cut loose on appeal bail.

PUBLIC HEARING: in other words, YOU'RE INVITED

Federal Building 450 Golden Gate San Francisco

Thursday, May 1 10 AM



When in the course of human events
the nomad cleans his gun and packs his tent
to steal away across his native land
in search of other Meccas, other bands
before whose laird he'll drop on bended knee
to swear with blood and tears his fealty---
then, O calmly unsuspecting nation mine,
you might as well your soul to hell consign
because your body's gonna BURN, BABY, BURN!

The Coal Companies have got the fix in with the US Public Health Service. The USPHS refuses to accept the findings of Pulmonary Laboratory, Appalachian Regional Hospital, Beckley, West Virginia, which demonstrates that "Black Lung," the miners' disease, is disabling in the early stages. This saves the coal companies millions in disability payments. The payments now average \$2,500 a man, burial money. This is wrong. Do Something.

(Clip this story, paste it on a post card, mail it to the congressman or senator of your choice. Sign it.)

"A political bust on all levels" is the way Wayne Kramer of the MC5 described the arrests on bullshit charges of the Ministers of Defense & Information of the White Panther Party last Saturday.

John Sinclair, the Minister of Information, was travelling with the band to a gig in Canada when they were stopped, stripped and intensively searched. The U.S. federal officials had a bulletin from the Detroit Pigs saying they were dangerous subversives and should be checked out. No illegal substances or objects were found but Sinclair was arrested on federal charge of failing to register as a convicted narcotics user. These charges are obviously bullshit as the MC5 have gone into Canada for gigs about 20 times before in the last year. This kidnapping (he is held without bond) follows by four days his conviction on assault charges for getting beaten up by rent-a-cops and Oakland County pigs at a teen club in Michigan.

Also on Saturday, Minister of Defense, Pun Plamondon, and another party member were arrested on jive obscenity charges for distributing copies of the 10-point Platform. They are presently out on bond. The reaction to this harassment is to intensify the whole operation according to late reports. Brother J.C. Crawford, spiritual adviser of the party and founder of the Zenta religion has decided that there are too many laws saying what you can't do and is writing a list of things you can do. A statement from the national headquarters in Detroit is expected soon.

conrad james

A new school of journalism—Instinctual Speculation, or the creation of myth by removing the objective-self. Myth puts "a people" in touch with forces beyond their sphere of consciousness, i.e. forces not yet within their power. The validity is not in the myth itself, but in its application.

The pigs came down on the people in Czechoslovakia last week. Gustav Husak, new Communist Party chairman, abolished the right of free assembly in the streets, and Prague police enforced the policy with clubs. The purpose was to stifle any expressions of "anti-Soviet" opinion.

A student proclamation from the Prague School of Economics said:

"Our attitude toward the Soviet Union is not the result of activity of so-called rightwing forces or the mass communications media but the result of the unjustified brutal interference of the Warsaw Pact armies into our lives last August.... We students are for the peaceful development of our republic and we do not want to be nor will we be mere wheels in the monstrous machinery of a bureaucratic state. We can now no longer obediently bow to the gross manipulation of people."

Sunday's San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle ran a portrait of Husak under the headline: "New Czech Boss May Be the Lesser of Two Evils." Sure.

The S.F. Examiner sent a reporter named Larry Dum (sure) to Haight Street, along with a cameraman, to buy a lid and write about it.

He bought five lids, he says, and turned them in to a state narcotics chemist. The chemist said one lid was marijuana and the other four were mostly catnip. The chemist kept the dope and offered him the catnip.

Poor Larry. Clip this out, wrap it around a nice fat joint and mail it to him care of the Examiner, 100 Fifth Street, San Francisco 94103.

New Game Jive White Panther Bust A Hint Prague Pigs

Send a Reporter a Joint We Are Not Intimidated

Why the Public Schools Are Collapsing Women Lifeguards In Chicago

Big Dope Meet Set Shareholders Meeting

Guano Slings Reason

A Girl for Rusty & Jami

Church of the Month Club

Good Times For Dope Freaks

President Nixon has said the American people "will not be intimidated" by North Korea, which recently shot down an American reconnaissance plane. As far as we know, the President is absolutely right. No one at the GOOD TIMES—in fact, no one on Howard Street—is intimidated by North Korea.

Friday morning we walked some of the kids to Marshall School at 15th and Capp. Piled on the sidewalk were dozens of curved steel sections. It was a mountain of steel that weighed tons.

I asked several kids what it was. No one knew anything about it. I asked how long it had been there. "As long as I can remember," a child answered.

I asked a teacher what it was. She said, "Oh, it's got something to do with BART." What exactly? She didn't know.

I overheard a conversation between a teacher and a child on the sidewalk. The child was muttering out an excuse for something. The teacher said, "Now you just tell them they can't use your books. If people in your family want to use your books, just tell them they can't."

It was 8:30, and time to go in. I peered through the spike fence and the wire window and managed to see a patch of corridor. It was painted the same shade of light green that they always use in jails.

CHICAGO (FRED-LNS)—The Chicago Park District plans to hire women lifeguards for Chicago beaches this summer. The decision breaks a ban on women lifeguards that has been in effect since World War II, when women were recruited for lifeguards due to a shortage of men.

Typical response of the Chicago press were that "Chicago's lakefront beaches and park pools should be more attractive than ever this summer." Daniel Shannon, vice president of the Park District board, remarked: "Although we don't need more people at the beach, this might draw more people."

The great equalizer, Shannon, also told the board: "I think they (women) are as efficient as men lifeguards."

Get ready for the big one, druggies. San Francisco will be the site for the Fifth International Congress for Pharmacology, to be held in 1972. This will be the first American meeting of the congress. Four thousand delegates from 50 to 100 countries are expected.

Every one of those delegates should get a thousand CLINICAL micrograms of LSD-25 into his system. Better not fuck up on THIS one, dealers.

The Standard Oil Company of California is having its stockholders meeting next Thursday, May 1, at 555 Market Street in San Francisco. The Standard Oil Building at 555 Market has an open plaza at street level. The dedicatory plaque has the slogan "A World of Oil." Why don't you bring some oil to the stockholders meeting, like maybe ten gallons of used motor oil.

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which is about the biggest motherfucker in the world, is holding ITS stockholders meeting on May 14 at the Masonic Auditorium on top of Nob Hill.

Yes, if America's twenty million pot smokers and eaters became planters, it would be all over. That was the major conclusion of Britain's Indian Hemp Commission in 1870. They decided that it was too easy to grow your own—effective taxation would be impossible. Therefore, they would not legalize cannabis sativa.

But when you do decide to grow your own—just everywhere would be fine—recent experimentation with twenty seeds suggest that sprouting before planting makes for a weaker life-force. The ten seeds that were soaked overnight (but did not sprout) had four times more leaf-area than the ten seeds that were sprouted for three days at the end of one weeks growth in the soil. It's also rumoured that bat guano, as a fertilizer, gives extra strength to the god-head.

Jami says that the head nurse on the maternity ward at Mt. Zion Hospital in San Francisco believes that babies ought to be born at home.

Jami and Rusty accepted an Aries baby from the earth, Jennifer Midi, on April 19.

The Universal Life Church will send a church charter to anyone who has a place to hold services and three people to sign the form. Apply to 1766 Poland Rd., Modesto Ca. and ask for your charter. You may hold services outdoors, in the woods at the beach, in the park or anywhere you like. You can rent a storefront or use your living room. Almost anyplace can be made a church—it's the people that count.

You might like to join the Church of the Month Club. You join by founding a church. You stay in by founding a church every month. The ULC is growing so fast it should be easy to join in and stay in the Church of the Month Club.

It is probable that persons who found churches and ordain 250 ministers will be made Bishops. Being a Bishop is no bad thing.

Start today with an Ordination Party. It is an ordinary party, except, like Tupperware or Stanley Home Products, there is a pitch. In the case of an Ordination Party, everybody signs up to be ordained. Twenty or thirty people can be gotten into the ULC movement. Understand that this is a genuine revival of the religious impulse. We have waited a long time for the Good News. Get on it.

What's the difference between the BARB and the GOOD TIMES? The BARB is for sex perverts. The GOOD TIMES is for dope freaks.



photo by altman

(Editor's Note: The following interview with General Vo Nguyen Giap, leader of the People's Army of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, first appeared in Europeo Magazine in Milan. The interviewer was an Italian newspaperwoman, Oriana Fallaci. Liberation News Service is distributing excerpts from the interview as published in the Capital Times of Madison, Wisc.)

Q: "General Giap, in many of your writings you ask this question: Who will be the definitive winner of the war in Vietnam? I'd like to ask you, right now, in this early part of 1969, can you say that the Americans have lost the war, that they've suffered a military defeat?"

A: "They recognize that themselves. I'll prove to you now that the Americans are beaten both militarily and politically. To prove their military defeat, I'll go back to their political defeat, which is the basis of the whole thing.

The Americans made a big mistake in choosing South Vietnam for a battlefield. The Saigon reactionaries are too weak: Taylor and McNamara and Westmoreland all knew that. What they didn't know was that, in their weakness, the Saigon leaders wouldn't be able to take advantage of American aid. Because what was the purpose of the American aggression in Vietnam? To build up a new-style colony with a puppet government. But to build up such a colony you need a government that's stable, and the Saigon government is unstable in the extreme. It has no influence on the population; people don't believe in it.

So look what sort of a jam the Americans have got themselves into. They can't withdraw from Vietnam even if they want to, because in order to withdraw they'd have to leave a stable political situation behind them. That is, a bunch of lackeys to take their place. But lackeys that are solid and strong. And the puppet government of Saigon isn't strong and it isn't solid. It's not even a good lackey. It can't be kept going even with tanks to hold it up. So how can the Americans withdraw? And yet they have to get out. They can't keep 600,000 men in Vietnam for another 10 or 15 years. That's their political defeat: They can't win politically in spite of all their military apparatus."

Q: "That doesn't mean, general, that militarily they've lost the war."

A: "Be patient; don't interrupt me. Of course it means it. If they didn't feel beaten the White House wouldn't talk of peace with honor. But let's go back to the days of Geneva and the Eisenhower government. How did the Americans start out in Vietnam? In their usual way—with economic and military aid to a puppet government. In short, with dollars. Because they think that with dollars they can settle anything. They thought that they could set up a free and independent government with dollars and an army of puppets paid in dollars: with 30,000 'military advisers' paid in the same, and dollar-built 'strategic hamlets.' But the American people stepped into the picture, and the Americans' plan collapsed. The strategic hamlets, the 'military advisers' and the puppet army all fell to pieces, and the Americans were forced into the military intervention which Ambassador (Maxwell) Taylor had already recommended.

"Then came the second phase of the aggression, the 'special war.'" With 150,000 men and 18 billion dollars they thought they could finish it by the end of 1965, or 1966 at the latest. But in 1966

the war wasn't finished at all: they had sent over 200,000 more men and were talking of a third phase, that of 'limited war,' Westmoreland's pincer program: winning over the people on the one hand, and wiping out the Liberation movement on the other. But the pincers didn't hold their grip, and Westmoreland lost his war. He lost it as a general in 1967 when he asked for more men and Washington gave out a rosy report that 1968 would be a good year for the war in Vietnam, so good that Johnson would be reelected.

In Washington, Westmoreland was greeted like a hero, but he couldn't help knowing that the war was getting to be too expensive, something that Taylor had known all along. Korea cost the Americans 20 billion dollars, and Vietnam has cost them a hundred billion. Forty-four thousand Americans died in Korea, and there are even more deaths in Vietnam..."

Q: "Thirty-four thousand, the Americans say, general."

A: "Hmmm...I'd say twice that many. The Americans always say less than the truth; at their most honest they say three for five. They can't have just 34,000 dead. We've brought down over 3,200 planes! One plane out of every five, they admit it. In these five years of war, I'd say they'd lost at least 60,000 men, maybe more."

Q: "General, the Americans say you've lost half a million men."

A: "That's quite exact..."

"To get back to what we were saying... It was 1968, the year in which the Americans were sure of winning. Then, suddenly, came the Tet offensive and showed that the Liberation Front could attack them whenever and wherever it wanted, including the best defended cities, including even Saigon. Finally, the Americans admitted that the war had been a strategical error. Johnson admitted it. McNamara admitted it. They admitted that it was the wrong time and the wrong place, that Montgomery had been right when he warned against shipping an army to Asia. The victorious Tet offensive..."

Q: "Everyone agrees, general, that the Tet offensive was a great psychological victory. But from a military point of view, don't you think it was a failure?"

A: "You'll have to ask the Liberation Front that one."

Q: "I'd like to ask you first, general."

A: "This is a touchy question, you ought to see that. I can't pass judgment on things of the kind, on what's going on at the front. It's a delicate matter, very delicate...but you surprise me. Everyone knows that, from both a military and political point of view, the Tet offensive..."

Q: "It wasn't so successful, general, even from a political point of view. There was no people's uprising, and after a couple of weeks the Americans had everything under control again. Only at Hue did the coup go on for a whole month. At Hue, where there were North Vietnamese..."

A: "I don't know whether the front foresaw or hoped for a popular uprising, although without such help I don't think it could have got its men into the cities. I can't discuss the Tet offensive because we had nothing to do with it. The front put it on. It's a fact though, that after the Tet strike, the Americans fell back from attack to a defensive posture. And defense is always a prelude to defeat. I say a prelude.

"We haven't yet won, and the Americans can't be called defeated. They're still numerically strong; nobody can deny that. It will take a lot of effort on our part to give them a definitive military beating. The military problem—now I'm speaking as a soldier...yes,

HOW THEY WON THE WAR



they have plenty of arms. But arms don't do them any good, because the Vietnam war isn't just a military matter. Military strength and military strategy can't help to win, or even to understand it.

"The United States has a strategy based on arithmetic. They question the computers, add and subtract, extract square roots, and then go into action. But arithmetical strategy doesn't work here. If it did, they'd have already exterminated us. With their planes, for instance. Of course they thought they could bring us to heel in a few weeks by dumping billions of explosives on us. Because, as I told you, they figure everything in billions, billions of dollars. They don't reckon with the spirit of a people fighting for what they know is right, to save their country from invaders.

They can't get it into their heads that the Vietnam war has to be understood in terms of the strategy of a people's war, that it's not a question of men and material, that these things are irrelevant to the problem. For instance they said at one point that they needed a ratio of 25 to 1 in order to win. Then, when they couldn't put that many men in the field, they brought it down to 6 to 1, and finally to 3 to 1 even if that was a little risky. But ratios of 3 and 6 to 25 to 1 won't do it.

Victory calls for something more, and that's the spirit of the people.

When a whole people rises up, nothing can be done. No money can beat them.

That's the basis of our strategy and our tactics, that the Americans fail completely to understand."

Q: "If you're so sure, general, that they'll be definitively beaten, can you give us any idea of when?"

A: "Oh, this isn't a war that can be won in a few years. War against the United States takes time...They'll be beaten with time, worn out. And to wear them out we have to go on, to endure... That's what we've always done. We're a small country, only 30 million people... We were only a million at the beginning of the Christian era, when the Mongols descended upon us. But the million of us beat them. Three times they came, and three times we beat them. We didn't have weapons like theirs. But we held fast and lasted out. The whole people, we said already then, has to get into the fight. And what was true in the year 1200 is still true today. The problem is the same. We're good soldiers because we're Vietnamese."

Q: "But, general, the South Vietnamese who are fighting along side the Americans are Vietnamese too. What do you think of them as soldiers?"

A: "They can't be good soldiers, and they aren't good soldiers. They don't believe in what they're doing, and so they have no fighting spirit. The Americans know this (and, incidentally, they're better fighters). If they hadn't known that these puppets couldn't fight they wouldn't have brought over many of their own troops."

Q: "General, let's talk about the Paris conference. Do you think that peace will come from Paris or from a military victory such as you won at Dien Bien Phu?"

A: "Dien Bien Phu...Dien Bien Phu... The fact that we've gone to Paris shows that we have good intentions. And nobody can say that Paris isn't useful, since the Liberation Front is there, too. In Paris, they've got to transfer what's happening here in Vietnam to a diplomatic level... Paris, madame, is for the diplomats."

Q: "You mean, then that the war won't be settled in Paris, general, is that it? That it calls for a military rather than a diplomatic solution? That the

American Dien Bien Phu is yet to come, and will come some day?"

A: "Dien Bien Phu, Madame...Dien Bien Phu...History doesn't always repeat itself. But this time it will. We won a military victory over the French and we'll win it over the Americans, too. Yes, Madame, their Dien Bien Phu is still to come. And it will come. The Americans will lose the war on the day when their military might is at its maximum and the great machine they've put together can't move any more. That is, we'll beat them at the moment when they have the most men, the most arms and the greatest hope of winning. Because all that money and strength will be a stone around their neck. It's inevitable."

Q: "I may be wrong, general, but wasn't Khe San meant to be the second Dien Bien Phu?"

A: "Oh, no. Khe San wasn't—and couldn't be—a second Dien Bien Phu. It wasn't all that important. Or only inasmuch as it was important for the Americans, whose prestige was at stake, the usual American paradox. As long as they held out in Khe San to uphold their prestige, they said it was important. When they abandoned Khe San, they said it had never mattered. Don't you think Khe San was a victory for us? I say it was. But newspaper people are curious, do you know that? Too curious. I'm a newspaperman myself, and I'd like to reverse our roles and ask you a couple of questions. First: Do you agree that the Americans have lost the war in the north?"

A: (Fallaci) "Yes, general, I'd say so. If by war in the North you mean the bombardments, I'd say they've lost it. The bombardments didn't do them any good, and then they had to suspend them."

Q: (Giap) "Another Question: Do you agree that the Americans have lost the war in the South?"

A: (Fallaci) "No, general. They haven't lost it. Not yet. You haven't driven them out. They're still there, and they're staying."

Giap: "You're wrong. They're still there...but under what circumstances? Battered down, paralyzed, waiting for new defeats that they hope to ward off, they don't know how. Defeats that they had and will have disastrous economic, political and historical consequences. There they are; with their hands tied, locked up in their own power. They can only hope in the Paris talks. But there, too, they're stubborn. They won't let go."

Q: General, you call the Americans in Paris stubborn. But they say the same thing about you. What good are the talks, then? General, here everyone talks about peace, but it seems as if nobody really wanted it. How long do you think the Paris conference will go on?"

A: "A long time! Especially if the Americans don't climb down from some of their positions. Yes, a long time. We're not retreating from ours. We're not in a hurry. We have patience. While the delegates talk, we fight. We want peace, but not peace at any price, not a compromise peace. For us peace must mean total victory; the Americans must get out. A compromise would be a threat of enslavement. And we'd rather die than be slaves."

Q: "How long, then, will the war go on, general? How long will this poor people be called upon to suffer and sacrifice itself and die?"

A: "It will last as long as necessary —10, 15, 20, 50 years. Until, as our President Ho Chi Minh says, we have won total victory. Yes, even 20, even 50 years. We aren't afraid, and we aren't in a hurry."



GRAB LAND

richard krech

The spirit of the People combined with a tractor, hand tools and \$180 worth of sod began the creation of People's Park in the university "owned" vacant lot behind the Avenue in Berkeley last Sunday. Early in the morning volunteers began leveling the land and removing rocks with wheelbarrows and shovels while a tractor filled in a mud swamp and flattened the earth. After a fairly large area beneath some trees was heavily watered, the people started unloading the rolled strips of grass and planting it. They brought two hand-made park benches and a church pew, and planted small trees and shrubs all day.

Watermelons, oranges, wine and marijuana were passed among the group of about 200 workers, peasants and revolutionary intellectuals who showed up to do the thing. "If you stopped working for a minute," someone said, "somebody would grab your shovel and start using it." By early evening all the grass had been planted, a third of the entire lot leveled and the people started dancing to the Joy of Cooking who played from the now empty truck which had brought the sod. Two people climbed a pole and nailed up

a sign, PEOPLE'S PARK. POWER TO THE PEOPLE. The Black Panthers showed up and talked about trying to do the same thing in the ghetto. The next morning the Berkeley Gazette mentioned that many communists were among the land reformers. The people have promised to defend the liberated area by any means necessary and have threatened heavy retaliation if the park is destroyed.

The groovy thing is that nobody can really attack the park. The University has no plans or money to do anything with it for five years so they can't ob-



ject to the people improving the property. After awhile the people will consider it theirs and won't allow it to be torn down. Construction continues every day with special emphasis on Sundays. In less than an hour over \$100 was collected on the Avenue to buy more grass which costs 7¢ a square foot. Also needed are plants, tools, and anything else, especially free labor, which can help make the park grow. Donations can be left at The Store or at the Telegraph Avenue Liberation Front store in the alley.

Later on Sunday night a group of people were cooking hot dogs and marshmallows over a bonfire when the firemen came and put it out with a hose. Harassment of this sort will no longer be tolerated and everyone is invited to bring marshmallows and hot dogs to the People's Park next Sunday evening, or any time you wish. Cars are still allowed to park in the lower section of the lot until such time as the expansionist policy sees fit to grab more land. "We ultimately plan to take over all Berkeley" a non-spokesman explained to a University official who wandered by Monday morning. Plans are already being made for turning the buildings across the street, recently acquired by the University, into a crash pad.



PRISON. . .

(continued from page 1)

of tribes. And what I couldn't read I imagined. Making love, getting high, the sound of conga drums, hassling, or whatever makes up a day in the life of us all.

Being in a rather undefined state, that is, in prison with the possibility (and more, I dreamed) of being released, I speculated on what it would look like the next time I saw the judge. I envisioned, typically, a movie scene that was right out of the thirties. Since my Bogart-Flynn-Edward G. Robinson trip seemed to have died on me, since I had given away my biography of Legs Diamond, I saw the situation rather as a musical, in which the judge would grant me probation, at which point the gallery, my friends and lovers, would rise in unison to sweep me out into the color and light and softness. As we passed through the door the band would strike up (shades of Fats Domino). Yes, it's me and I'm In Love Again.

Needless to say, I had the wrong movie. The judge, sadly, handed out strongly for penalty and repentance, and gave me more time. That left me to go back out and retract the hellos I had offered, and to listen to the new Dylan album. Since Dylan was exactly where I had thought I was about to be, the idea of returning to prison just didn't fit. Wrongtime, wrong place, wrong person. But I should have known. On April Fool's Day, while still in custody in the City Prison, having previously lost my day in court because everyone was busy mourning the death of the body of Dwight David Eisenhower, I was taken in handcuffs with a group of prisoners through the corridors behind the courtroom to a holding cell, a birdcage, no more, just out of sight of free people and a hundred light years away. Beyond our reach a series of melo-

dramas were being played out, and every few minutes one of us, irrelevant and helpless protagonists in the drama, would be ushered in from off stage left, hear the news, and be taken out again. Meanwhile the bossy stage managers, the federal marshalls, made sure that we didn't use the toilet lest the flushing upset the real principals. After all, court was serious business.

Men came in and out like shuttlecocks, each one with news. One got a nickel, another a dime, and unless you remembered that the numbers five and ten represented years, unless you consciously tried to break through the language which protected your sanity, then you could in good faith react by saying encouragingly: "shit, man, that ain't nothing; do it standing on your hands." And of course you could be sure that no one would deny your statement. On the whole we were a pretty passive bunch.

Meanwhile, however, I knew that I was in the wrong place, and sure enough, my name was never called. A week later, bail temporarily reinstated, having tasted as if for the first time all those beautiful things we treat so lightly, I returned to take it in the ear.

What's So Good About Goodbye?

So it's back to the Middle Ages again. Prison simply isn't with it, and the word itself doesn't even work. Gaol, maybe. Black Hole, not bad. The pit, o.k. Simpler, cruder, more organic words. For going back to prison is really going back. To enter a prison is to pass all the way through recorded history and out the other side, to return to the first moments of the creation of life when man is no more than clay in the hands of some lunatic giant, when man is molded (not an active verb, mind you) into something. Some kind of life.

Prison is passivity, watching the world go by. The nicest analogue one can conjure up is a monastery, but the vibes are all wrong. That's just a nice idea. To return to prison is to contend

with what one is seen as, to whit, a child molester. And that's the nub. Deep in the minds of those who would imprison a man lurks the nightmare that if people like you are left loose on the streets the virginity of every mother's daughter will be imperiled (you'll either fuck her, or, even worse, fuck with her head). In a way it's a compliment, insofar as they (They?) endow you with special powers, like Jews and Gypsies. But then, when you see what it is they're up to, it's no kind of compliment at all.

In point of fact, I met no inmate in prison who could be construed to be a child molester. Therefore I can only conclude that it's a bum rap, that I am giving myself into the hands of those who are afraid of being or (dare I say it?) are themselves in fact child molesters. And they're fucking with me.

One reacts to this stigma with anger, but with the passivity necessary for survival. Out of the reach of those who would give love, one begins to care for himself, and it is a tenacious cleanliness, an incredible narcissism which sustains. In prison men groom and preen, never reaching the point where everything is just so, but constantly affirming their worth with inexorable logic (okay, I care for myself, I become beautiful to myself, therefore I am still worthy of being thought beautiful by others and cared for by them).

Like everything in the hothouse atmosphere of prison, narcissism gets out of hand, a monster plant sucking life, and becomes wild transvestism. It is the faggot whores, then, who ultimately speak for the place. The need to be taken care of, cared for, the need to love, to exchange caresses, the willingness to seek out and accept abuse to at least be sure of being noticed and being there, all this stands forth in the lives of the women in this men's prison. And seeing their own needs and abasement writ large in the lives of these men/women, other inmates, some with a stake in creating these grotesques, come forth to buy and sell them, with

the result that these whores become not only the metaphor but the currency of the prison. Enslaved, choosing that slavery, sure of their place, they haunt the institution, each life speaking for the quality of existence in such a world.

Oh, Momma, Can This Really Be The End?

One names a phenomenon, and therefore implies that he somehow controls it, is master of it, is above it, or can change it. Not so. Saying the word prison is like saying Eternity, God, or Forever. It is beyond control. One trades chunks of life, units of time, as nothing. One learns to do so to survive, and in so doing, in taking those deep breaths, conditions himself for death. In a prison any sensate animal would cower and break for shelter, tail between its legs. Animals, unconscious are they, would feel, taste, and smell the deathliness, no less noxious for all the creature comforts. Everything within the walls is scarred and bled of life. Time is all there is.

Finally the tide sweeps you clean, carries you on its bosom, and washes you into the sea of lives like your own, lives spent behind walls of whatever kind. Time, that which is taken from you, becomes of no moment, since you have the entire expanse of time before you. Blotting out the already forgotten outside, one sees the flow of lives which have passed this way, with this conceding to time, this giving up to time, this yes I have no control, this yes, take me from that world, and sweep me into your time. Since time began men have done time. One comes to feel less special. Some of the fight is gone. One shrives and confesses himself. To be free is to go to India, to wash in the Ganges, and to make one's way through the millions as a brother in time.

Spread Your Cheeks, And Crack A Smile

So, now I go back. Troubadour once again meets the monster. I return to the

continued on page 10

THE URGE TO PUBLIC ASSEMBLY

muvvin

People talk about "the right of public assembly." I think there's an URGE to public assembly.

Last week I went to three big gatherings in one long night: the Winterland concert with The Band from Big Pink; the Mayor's earthquake commemoration party in the Civic Center; and a solemn convocation on war research at Stanford.

The Big Pink concert was a shambles, the earthquake party was a groove, the convocation put me gently to sleep. They were disappointing, as all public assemblies are. No matter how good the notes or the words from the microphone might be, there is always a sense of something missing.

You can hear the music on records. You can read the speeches in a book. The senses of sound and sight can be broken down into units of pure weightless information, transmitted over a wire, and reconstructed in the privacy of your own

home. Why bother lugging your physical body all that way if not because you are driven to TOUCH your brothers and sisters?

The first thing you ever felt in your life was an urge to suck the nipple that brushed your cheek. Because you felt that urge, and because you satisfied it, you lived. That same urge and that same desire to live is what keeps bringing us together time after time in these rallies, sit-ins, convocations, marches, and concerts.

At the Winterland concert we sat on the floor close together and touched, very lightly. People lit up joints and passed them around in slow, beautiful motions: a light touch of the fingers which the law calls a felony: "providing narcotics." In some states, "providing narcotics" to a person under 18 carries the death penalty. We pass the joint without even bothering to look over our shoulders. It is safe.

In the lobby, though, it is not safe. In the lobby, you get pushed around by surly guards: "keep moving, keep moving." It is humiliating to pay \$3 and be treated like a vagrant.

It was growing late and The Band hadn't appeared. Bill Graham said that the lead guitar, Robbie Robertson, was sick with stomach flu but he was okay now and The Band would play in fifteen minutes. Three quarters of an hour later they finally appeared, played a miserable set, and left without a word. It was awful. Was Robertson really sick, or was the stomach flu just a cover story for something else? Do you believe Bill Graham? People started booing and yelling. Finally Graham came back to the microphone and said these exact words: "There must be a lot of tourists here tonight. Real San Franciscans don't do that."

But there weren't a lot of tourists. The audience was mostly the hip proletariat:

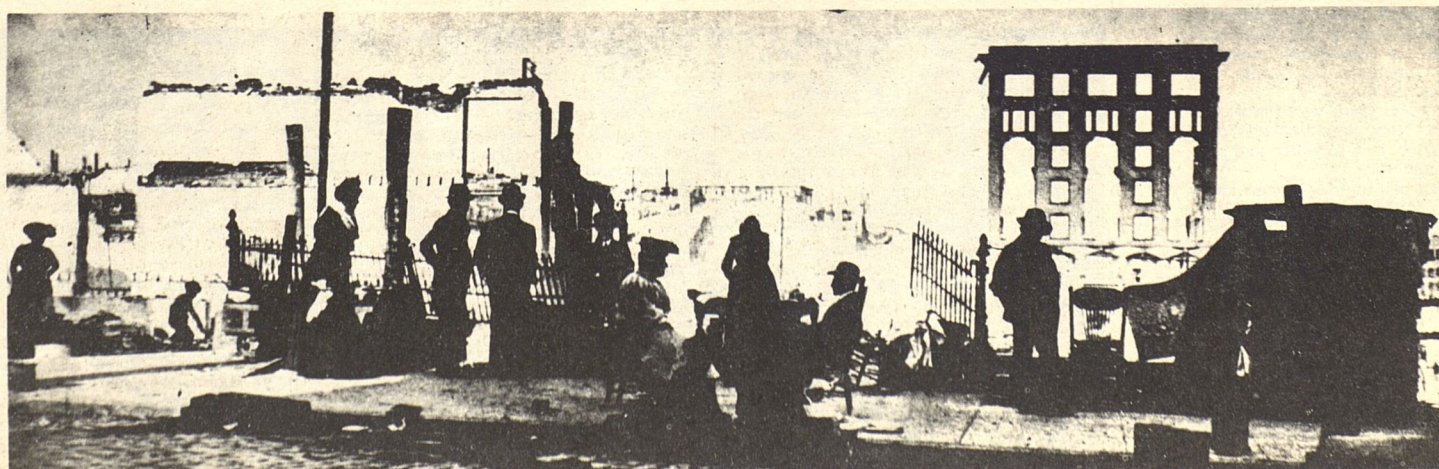
dope dealers, mailmen, telephone operators, laborers, messengers and soon. A lot of them had to get up early the next day, and it was pretty late, so instead of having a riot they headed home.

Like everything Mayor Alioto does, the Earthquake Commemoration was supposed to help make him Governor of California in 1970.

This was the gimmick. Joe Alioto would show that he had the magic to summon up the REAL San Francisco, the good-humored, tolerant San Francisco that still keeps faith with The System despite all the radicals, fanatics, crackpots, prophets of doom and gloom, professional malcontents and other earthquake prophets.

It did not turn out exactly as planned. The crowd that showed up looked a lot

continued to page 13



greil marcus

The Band has been together the best part of a decade, almost nine years. Little Richard has been Little Richard for about double that, but really, who else could he be? It's something else to found a group that lasts. It's not a matter of "I-Was-There-When," though that's part of it; with so many bands falling apart or kicking out members or just calling it quits, The Band has stuck together. A few years back, what was it like—playing favorite riffs, the old and the new, picking up a new idea here and there, maybe writing a few songs, playing great and nobody caring, sometimes playing shitty no doubt and the nightclub drunks heckling and walking out, spilling drinks on the stage if there was one—that was The Band in the early sixties, when they were called the Hawks. They all came from Canada, with the exception of lead singer, drummer, and part-time mandolin exciter Levon Helm, who hailed from Arkansas—but some sort of Southern country tradition, a feeling for a frontier that had moved on out West but was still really right there at home gave The Band its spirit and its tone.

They would gig all over the United States and Canada, barnstorming like a baseball team during the off-season, playing, says organist Garth Hudson, "for pimps, whores, rounders and flake-outs." It almost makes one think of Mike Fink and his riverboat, or maybe saloons with board sidewalks outside. Pick your own movie. Mine is by Charlie Chaplin; the music of The Band has always reminded me of what one might have heard in the mining towns of the great Alaska Gold Rush. Did your father ever read you the old Robert Service poem, "The Cremation of Sam McGee", about the 1890's gold digger from Tennessee who couldn't adjust to the freezing climate of the Yukon?

The Northern Lights have seen queer sights

But the queerest they ever did see
Was the night on the marge of Lake
LeBarge

When I cremated Sam McGee.

Poor Sam wasn't warm until he found himself on top of his own funeral pyre. The Band has their view: "I'd rather be burned in Canada/Than freeze here in the South!" Maybe The Band is just a group of hard-luck miners who decided to try their hand at something else. I told all this to Garth Hudson and he smiled back, "Well, I always have liked the idea of reincarnation."

In 1965 Bob Dylan was ready to tour the country and he wanted a rock and roll band. He found the Hawks and they were it. As Levon Helm, quoted in "Rolling Stone", tells the story, Dylan called them on the telephone at some nightclub in New Jersey. "We had never heard of Bob Dylan, but he had heard of us. He said, 'You wanna play Hollywood Bowl?' So we asked him who else was gonna be on the show. 'Just us,' he said." They didn't know his music but they listened to his records and fooled around with Bob and understood what he was doing and it worked. The combination was magnificent. Guitarist Robbie Robertson pushed Dylan to heights of musical fantasy that haven't been touched since—it can be heard on a single they recorded on tour in Liverpool in 1966, "Just like Tom Thumb's Blues" (Columbia 4-43683, get it at Music City on Alcatraz in Berkeley). "They're the greatest band in the world," Dylan told Keith Richard of the Stones. "What about us?" Richard wanted to know. "Oh, you guys make the best philosophy, but..." "What about US?" demanded Keith Moon of the Who. "Well now, you make the best history, but..."

The tour was over and after a while The Band came to Woodstock to live in the now-famous Big Pink. They'd play with Dylan at night, writing songs, inventing and refining their own sounds. "Music From Big Pink" came out of it—as Sandy Darlington wrote, "it's like a good fishing hole, you can go back to it again and again and never be disappointed." A great record. And now The Band was coming to Winterland.

Tickets went on sale a week early—there was some sense that this was a special chance for us, to have our spirits renewed, to hear and see what we hadn't ever come across before. The Good Times received a very nice invitation from Bill Graham for "a reception honoring The Band," so I went. I don't

know what I was expecting—reporters and cameras and floodlights, I suppose, but it wasn't like that at all. A few people were sitting around, and after a while members of The Band ambled in, chatted a while, and left. They were shy and friendly, and if someone had told them they were supposed to be big stars they'd most likely have been embarrassed.

The Band had not performed on their own in over four years. Thursday night was to be their debut, in a very important way. They're pros, and they are magnificent, but they were anxious and worried. And Robbie Robertson, lead guitarist and composer of "The Weight," was terribly ill with the flu and a fever. The Band was depressed and nervous, Robertson was fighting off stomach pains and 103 degrees of temperature, and thousands of people were waiting for them at Winterland. The Ace of Cups had done

if he could not last another minute, playing minimal rhythm guitar, his only attempt at a solo a shambles. Finally on the third or fourth song they began to find themselves, and then all at once it was over and they split. They had done seven numbers for thirty five minutes, and after four hours it was clear that this was it for the night. The crowd yelled and shouted, at first for an encore and then out of frustration, some people screaming with hatred and rage. The girl near me who'd squealed out a welcome half an hour before was flashing cruelty: "I hope you get sicker, Robbie Robertson!" At last the mood shifted, from astonishment to depression, from anger to bitterness. "If they'd only," a girl mumbled, "If they'd only..."

The Band had been built up into heroes that couldn't fail, couldn't weaken, and now from the status of heroes they were



**we can
talk about
it now**

a delightful set and the Sons of Champlin had completed their attack on the ear-drums. Now the stage was empty and records were playing—the crowd was getting irritable. Winterland was crowded that night, but not jammed; it wasn't hot and people were hip and friendly. But it was eleven o'clock and nothing was happening. Something like panic must have been in possession of Bill Graham. Robbie Robertson was far too sick to play, but The Band's management would not agree to Graham's plan to cancel the Thursday night show in favor of a special Sunday performance for those who'd shown up on opening night. Finally, at eleven thirty, men began to set up The Band's equipment, and we came alive. The Band came on stage in the dark, tuning up, and it seemed like hours before they were through. Then at midnight they were ready to play. We had waited almost four hours, some of us. The lights went on, everyone stood up, a girl behind me was screaming with joy, yelling it: "We LOVE you Band, welcome BAND, ooooo, BAND!"

The crowd was with them but it wasn't working, not really. Robertson looked weak and miserable, on the verge of collapse, and the band, his friends, couldn't pretend he was alright. They were worried about him. Off to one side of the stage stood a big white-haired man in a dark suit, the man who had hypnotized Robertson into "forgetting" the pains in his stomach. It was all very weird and uncomfortable, Robertson leaning against the piano and looking as

not acceptable as guys who played music, they had to be shiteheads and assholes. At least some people saw it that way, those who were yelling "cocksuckers" as The Band stumbled off, Robertson in a daze. There was some kind of unholy disaster that night. It was wretched.

We were back again on Friday. The girls of the Ace of Cups had set things up perfectly (more about them next week), and as they were leaving the stage their bass player walked to the mike and virtually gurgled the words: "Big Pink!" With all sense of time destroyed by a happy anticipation, it happened just like that (fanfare); The Band was on stage, the music was rising, and there was just no question, they had it all there before they'd even started to play. Robertson flashed a big grin at the crowd that wouldn't stop cheering, and then he bent deep over his guitar and The Band went into it all the way.

They are an amazing group of musicians. Not one of them stands out as a star, and yet they're each of them as distinctly different as the Beatles. They might be an accident of the frontier, a group of happy, weathered outcasts who fell together in Tombstone, Arizona and decided to give it all up and play music. Richard Manuel, lead singer, piano, organ, drums when Helm switches to mandolin—he might be the meal ticket, the card sharp who scrapes in the dough when no one wants to hear these guys play. He even looks a little like Hoagy Carmichael, who was (is?) a very cool looking fellow. Robertson was wearing

some sort of skull cap that night, and with his wire glasses and sideburns he looked like a Talmudic scholar whose scrolls had gotten lost on the prairie somewhere, and he had his younger brother, bass guitarist Rick Danko, along for the ride. God knows what they're doing here but there's no money to get back to Poland, so... Levon Helm—he might be a squaw man, a trapper who married an Indian only to find himself ostracized by the better citizens; that quality of toughness underneath the humor marks his powerful singing. He uses a very small kit of drums, so that every beat is solid and hard, no extra cymbal noise, it's all just too good to waste. Garth Hudson (organ, and piano on "The Weight") would have to be The Old Man of Mountains, with his beard that nearly touches his chest; he wouldn't talk much, just peeking out over his organ every once in a while, no way to tell he's there at all save for the sounds he draws from his instrument.

They went through their repertoire, each song more exciting and colorful than the last, and then Hudson began to play the organ solo that leads into "Chest Fever," perhaps their best composition, certainly their most effective performance in person. Hudson's playing was so dazzling that the audience actually gasped with amazement when he ended it and moved into the song itself. When the whole band took over the music seemed to expand, filling the hall to all of its corners, not blasting away the emptiness but simply making it impossible for anything else to occupy the same bit of space and time. Robertson heightened the drama of the song by hitting tough notes at the end of every line, and a tension grew up around the room, out of a realization that something monumental was happening and we were there to hear and see it.

It just went on and on, into the second set Friday night and through both performances on Saturday. Richard Manuel's vocal on "Tears of Rage" was probably the finest singing that has ever been heard at Winterland; so dramatic that one could almost see the song's story taking place on stage. Then Levon Helm left the drums to Manuel and strapped on his electric mandolin for "Dontcha Tell Henry" and he bent forwards and backwards while he and Danko played together, great lyrics with gruff laughter:

Well, I went to the whorehouse the

other night

I was there all alone, I was outasight

I looked high and low

I looked up above

And who did I see BUT THE ONE I
LOVED!

They kept that first set on Friday night going for almost an hour, never missing a chance to take their music past where it had been before, and finally they ended it and waved goodbye. Our arms were weak from clapping and our throats sore from cheering, but we kept it up, stomping and waving hats until they had to come back for an encore. Quickly, before his pals had even picked up their instruments, Levon Helm was laying down an irresistible beat, and the whole crowd was dancing, jumping, moving, clapping, and then Manuel came in with these ever so familiar notes on the piano, no, they weren't REALLY going to play THAT, and Robbie Robertson literally dove for the microphone and they were all singing it:

SLIPPIN' AND A-SLIDIN'!

PEEPIN' AND A-HIDIN'!

BEEN TOLD A LONG TIME AGO

YOU BEEN TOLD

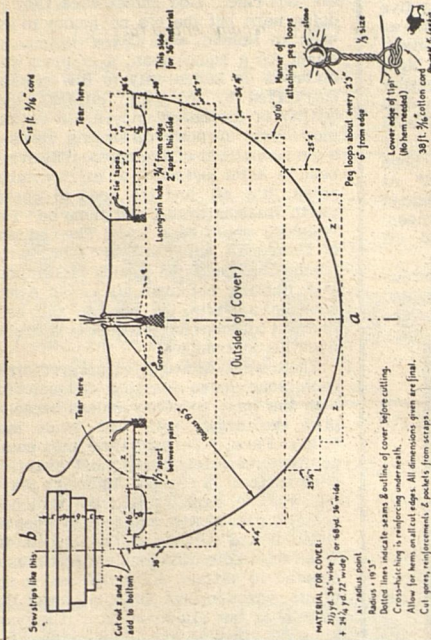
BABY YOU BEEN BOLD

WON'T BEEEEEEEEEE YOUR FOOL

NO MORE!

People were going off their feet, they were screaming with delight, yelling for the hell of it, Danko's bass moving the song up and down and back and forth, The Band playing Little Richard! It was one of the great moments in the history of rock and roll. Robertson took two extravagant solos, bobbing and weaving, coming up for air and a smile, dancing, hell, he might have BEEN Little Richard, and then Hudson came in on organ, Helm seemed to lose his mind without losing the beat, a frantic moment on the drums, kicking it off again, they just stretched it out until you forgot Little Richard and simply wanted to remember The Band. There is no chance anyone who was there will ever forget them.

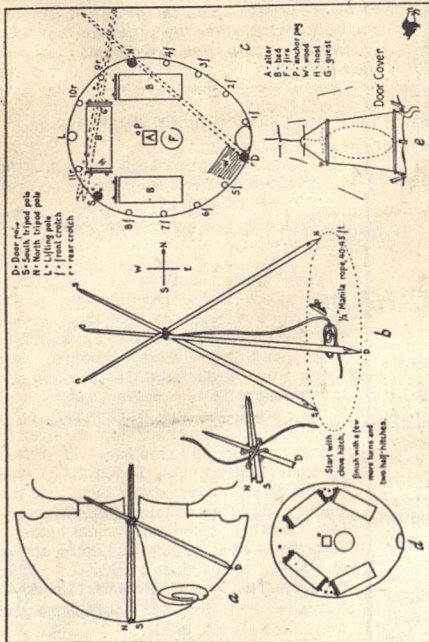
SHELTER AND LAND USE



The Indian Tipi
Reginald and Gladys Laubin
1957; 208 pp.

\$4.95 postpaid

from:
University of Oklahoma Press
Sales Office
Faculty Exchange
Norman, Okla. 73069
WHOLE EARTH CATALOG



The Indian Tipi

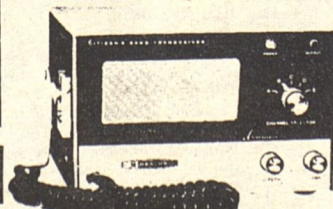
Tipis are cheap and portable. To live in one involves intimate familiarity with fire, earth, sky, and roundness. The canvas is a shadow-play of branches by day, people by night. Depending on your body's attitude about weather, a tipi as dwelling is either a delight or a nuisance. Whichever, you can appreciate the elegant design of a tipi and the completeness of the culture that produced it.

The Laubin's book is the only one on tipis, but it is very good. All the information you need, technical or traditional, is here, and the Laubins are interesting people.

COMMUNICATIONS

5-Channel, 5-Watt CB Transceiver . . . Choice Of Fixed Or Mobile

- 5-crystal-controlled transmit & receive channels • Superhet receiver with RF stage
- Built-in squelch & automatic noise limiter • Push-to-talk microphone • Easy to build



GW-22A
\$56.50

Buckskin



Buckskin

Buckskin
\$.90 /sq.ft. postpaid

Hair-on-calf (clipped)
\$1.80 /sq.ft. postpaid

Hair-on-calf (unclipped)
\$1.60 /sq.ft. postpaid

from:
Leather Tanning Company
P.O. Box 2406a
San Francisco, California 94124

Miners Catalog Free
42 pp.

from:
Miners and Prospectors Supply
177 Main Street
Newcastle, California 95658

*Blasters' Handbook — A Manual Describing
Explosives and Practical Methods of Use.*
1942 . . . 1968; 524 pp.

\$6.00 postpaid from:
Sales Development Section
Explosives Department
E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc.
Wilmington, Delaware 19898

Mack Taylor, head of Exploration Laboratories,
says this is the only Miners Catalog. We're glad
it's a good one. [Suggested by Mack Taylor]

INDUSTRY AND CRAFT

This is one of the best deals in the CATALOG. Buckskin in downtown San Francisco costs \$1.50 a square foot; Leather Tanning offers the same material for 90¢ /sq.ft. postpaid anywhere in the U.S. The buckskin is chrome-tanned, which makes it more resistant to the effects of water than oil-tanned skin. The company also carries cowhide, elk skin, hair-on calf, etc. Orders for a dozen or more skins get 10¢/sq.ft. discount. Buckskins are generally 10-12 sq.ft. in size, calf skins smaller, elk skins larger. The shirt was made of two 12 sq.ft. buckskins.



WHOLE EARTH CATALOG

All our lives big corporations have been taking care of business for us; they have been cobbling our shoes, sewing our clothes, building our cars, constructing our dwellings, finding our ways in wilderness, printing and producing our newspapers and television, growing our food and teaching us our three R's. Now that we are ready to take care of business we find that that is one thing they never taught us.

The Whole Earth Catalog, however, is the beginning of our attempt to teach ourselves. It is a reference guide for doing those projects that best involve a whole community.

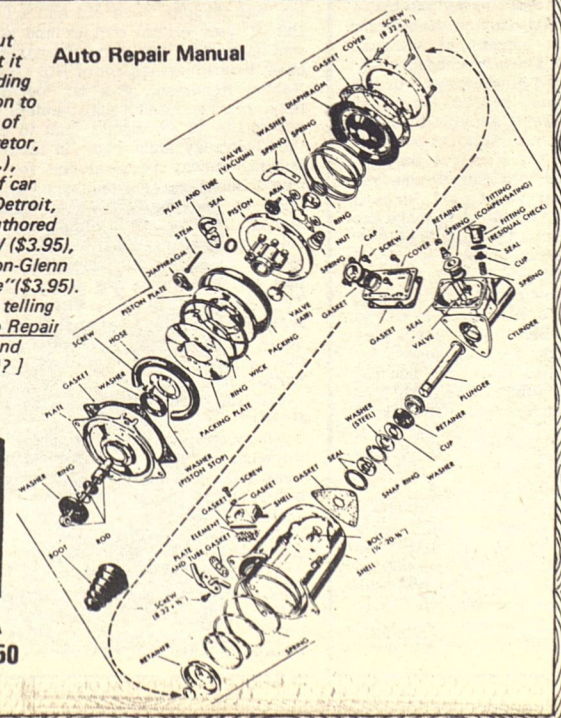
The catalog presently is a collection of reviews of books and things. The books are how-to books, pamphlets, magazines and other catalogs. The things are tools or raw materials mostly, i.e. a lumber mill that fits in a suitcase and a super-strong waterproof wood-coating material).

The catalog is divided into seven sections: Understanding Whole Systems, Shelter and Land Use, Industry and Craft, Communications, Community, Nomads and Learning. These two pages contain samples from all but Understanding Whole Systems and Community.

Five dollars will get you one catalog and eight dollars will get you a year's subscription (two catalogs and four supplements). WHOLE EARTH CATALOG, Portola Institute, 558 Santa Cruz, Mendocino Park, California 94025.

Said to be the standard of the business, Chilton's Auto Repair Manual comes out yearly in the Fall (1969 is just out), but it covers American cars since 1960 (including Volkswagen). Covers indeed: in addition to sections on trouble shooting and repair of various units (alignment, brakes, carburetor, clutch, starter, steering, suspension, etc.), there is about 30 pages on each make of car (37 in all). If you're not interested in Detroit, Chilton publishes individual manuals authored by Harold T. Glenn on foreign cars, VW (\$3.95), trouble shooting (\$1.95), as well as a non-Glenn "Motorcycle Repair and Tune-up Guide" (\$3.95). [Hey, would somebody out there mind telling us the difference between Glenn's Auto Repair Manual (\$9.95) published by Chilton, and Chilton's Auto Repair Manual (\$11.00)?]

Auto Repair Manual






MINERS
THE CAPTAIN

BLASTERS' HANDBOOK

MOVING THE EARTH by Herbert L. Nichols, Jr. The most complete book on excavation practices, procedures and equipment ever written. This comprehensive book covers the entire field of excavation, was written primarily to fill the needs of those closest to the actual work: the estimator, the superintendent, the foreman and the operator, as well as the design engineer. An extremely practical book, divided into 21 chapters covering all types of above ground and below ground operations. 7 x 10, 1488 pages, 2700 illus, 1962, 2nd Ed. \$25.00

Complete Spanish Translation: 9x11, 1112 pages, 2700 illustrations, 1962. \$32.00

CATALOG

log
r's
up-
OG,
nio

G & CRAFT
Handbook for
the wilderness.



68.—A Masked Camp

NOMADICS

Camping and Woodcraft

When friend Roland goes camping he takes his Bible and his Kephart. I generally leave home the Bible.

How could anything written in 1916 still be so useful? One, it is a masterwork. Two, in Kephart's day when you went camping you really disappeared, so there's a valid nostalgia factor. But the main thing is, the book survives on its wealth of specific practical lore. Game: find the information that is outdated, sort it from the information that is correct and available nowhere else.

Camping and Woodcraft
Horace Kephart
1917, 1921, 1967; 479 pp.

\$6.95 postpaid

Hot Springs

It seems incredible that there would be such a book. Here are map locations of all the known hot springs in the world, along with information on temperature, rate of flow, mineral content, and whether commercial or wild. You could travel the rest of your days from spring to spring, stopping at the Tatapani springs, on the west bank of the Sunkasi river ("3 springs forming small pool") 50 miles northwest of Mt. Everest, or the Hamman Ouled Sidi Abdeli ancient Roman baths, still flowing at 500 liters/minute, 81 F, 50 miles southwest of Oran, Algeria.

Published by the U.S. Geological Survey for a song, this directory fails to mention the plastic ice-water afterlife that awaits those who mess up wild hot springs.

Thermal Springs of the United States and Other Countries of the World—A Summary
Gerald Waring
1965; 383 pp.

\$2.75 postpaid

from:
Superintendent of Documents
U.S. Government Printing Office
Washington, D.C. 20402

or
WHOLE EARTH CATALOG

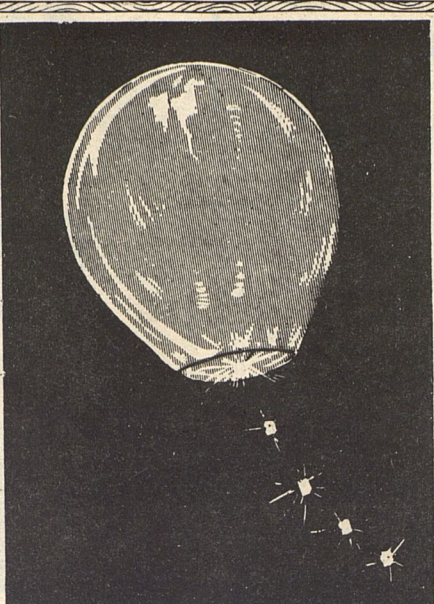
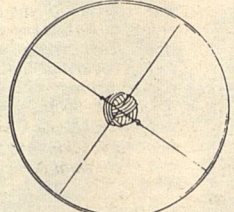


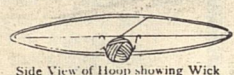
FIG. 100.



Top View of Hoop and Cross Wire.



Wick-hall.



Side View of Hoop showing Wick hall hung in place.

Sense Relaxation - Below Your Mind
Bernard Gunther, photographed by Paul Fusco
1968; 191 pp.

\$2.95 postpaid

American Boys Handy Book
Dan Beard's *American Boys Handy Book* was first published in 1882. Out of print for a long time, Tuttle has finally reprinted it. This is barefoot-boy-with-cheek-of-tan stuff, detailed lore on how a boy may make his own world. Extraordinary book, highly recommended for funky schools or communities, especially if woods are handy.

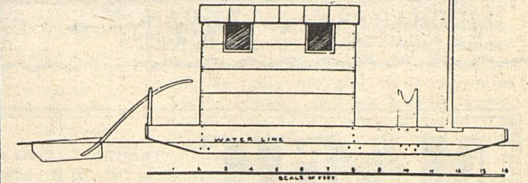


Fig. 81.—Side View of Flat-Boat.

Set a seat in front of the rowlock with a hole in it for the "jack-staff" to pass through. The jack-staff should be made so that it can be taken out and put in at pleasure. This can be done by ...

Sense Relaxation

Becoming comfortable with touch requires patience and awareness. Experience what your attitudes are, how you touch, what your feelings are. Slowly, if you desire, you can change these reactions and allow yourself to enjoy touching not only others, but the floor, yourself, paper, food, trees, animals, flowers, life.



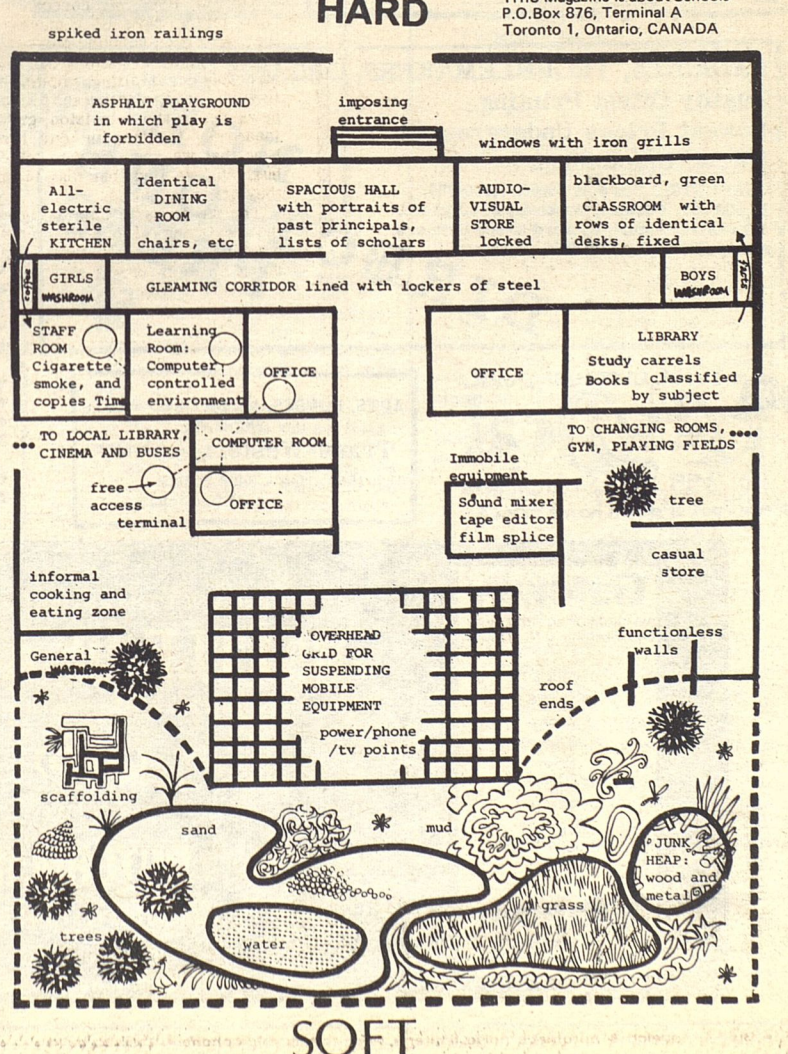
THIS Magazine is about Schools

This is a double-good magazine about schools. Made in Toronto it's global in context and it's superbly written and edited. Everything else we've seen on education looks stale and sad next to it.

\$3.50 for one year (quarterly)

from:
THIS Magazine is about Schools
P.O. Box 876, Terminal A
Toronto 1, Ontario, CANADA

The hard-soft school might look something like this:



SOFT

VAUDEVILLE

MAY 1 PALACE THEATRE 8:00 P.M.
Columbus and Powell
San Francisco

*LAMB *MAD RIVER

DOUGLAS MAC AND HIS ELECTRIC MOOG

*JAMES SMITH *DEMENTIA *JAMES RINEHART

SIDDHARTHA ← ADVANCE → CHANGING FACES
1549 CALIFORNIA TICKETS GRANT and GREEN

MAGIC THEATRE

"Terrific... Took me back to the old days Off-Off Broadway" —Pasoli, VILLAGE VOICE

NOW AT MANDRAKE'S CURTAIN TIME 8:00 PM
1038 UNIVERSITY AVE., BERK., BEER & WINE \$1 CHARGE

THUR - FRI - SAT - SUN

LEROI JONES: The Dutchman
VAN ITALLIE: Thoughts on meeting a Friend
IONESCO: The Leader

MIDNIGHT FILM SERIES

FRIDAY & SATURDAY AT THE PALACE THEATRE
COLUMBUS AND POWELL ST. IN SAN FRANCISCO

OCCULT MYSTICAL ELECTRONIC SURREAL FEAST
APRIL 25th & 26th

- EAUX D'ARTIFICE - BY KENNETH ANGER
- KUSTOM KAR KUMMANDOS
ALSO BY ANGER
- OFF ON - BY SCOTT BARTLETT
- LIBERATION OF THE MANNIQUE MECHANIQUE
BY STEVEN ARNOLD
- DMT - BY JUDD YALKUT
- CHINESE FIREDRILL BY WILL HINDLE

PLUS BETTY BOOP CARTOON
STUDENTS \$1.50 GENERAL \$2.00
TICKETS AT THE DOOR

RADICALS, TROUBLEMAKERS, ORGANIZERS!!!

Quality Offset Printing.
Lowest Prices Underground.
I.W.W. Union Shop.

LEAFLETS: 1,000 only \$9.50. 5,000 \$30.
10,000 \$55. Posters, Booklets, Propaganda.
John Oliver Simon, Richard Krech Printers,
phone: 526-9801, 549-2456. Berkeley.

NOH DIRECTIONS PRESS

FUNK, CLOTHIN', FURN.

New Deal

355 PRESIDIO BLVD.
Good ol' down home prices

APTS, HOUSES, & FLATS TO RENT
\$85 & up

Trans-Western Agency
387-1569 - fee - 3408 Balboa
qualified tenants

Gateway
215 JACKSON OFF BATTERY
SAN FRANCISCO Ph. 421-3353

COMPLETE SHOWS
Mon-Thur 7:00 & 9:00
Fri 6:30, 7:30 & 9:30
Sat & Sun 6:00, 7:00 & 9:00

Cinema
SHATTUCK & HASTE
BERKELEY Ph. 848-2038

"THE REVOLT THAT STIRRED THE WORLD!"

BATTLE OF ALGIERS

WINNER 11 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS

AND
LE ROI JONES'

DUTCHMAN

CANNES FILM FESTIVAL WINNER

No One Under 18 Years of Age Admitted

VIETCONG TERRORIST ATTACK

(Editor's note: From time to time, war reports in the establishment press refer to "Vietcong terrorism," offering figures of civilians who have been killed as a result of military action by the armed forces of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam. LNS correspondent Hugo Hill arrived in the little montagnard village of Kon Hring after one of these so-called terrorist attacks. This is his report.)

KON HRING, South Vietnam (LNS)—I arrived in Kon Hring a couple of hours after the battle—when the corpses were still fresh and the ashes still smoldering.

I entered the village to find the bodies of eight villagers lined up in the main square. They were wrapped in rusty tin roofing. Relatives stood around wailing methodically, like a chant.

U.S. Troops and Vietnamese puppet soldiers were there in large numbers.

It was a grim scene—Vietnam's poorest, most oppressed people—the victims of revolutionary violence. For the first time, I had doubts about the integrity of the NLF.

A government soldier who was stationed there said that he first knew something was going to happen when the Montagnard villagers started moving out of their houses around midnight.

They left the eastern edge of the large scattered community and tramped silently through the square to the far side. They said nothing to the soldiers on guard duty.

About 2:30 a.m., the Liberation troops struck. In the ensuing battle, some 40 or 50 houses were destroyed.

I found a GI standing near the corpses of the villagers. Pointing to the bodies, I asked: "What happened?"

"The Arvins (Saigon regime troops) opened up," he said. He then went on to explain that when the NLF's mortars and rockets started hitting, the Arvins, sitting in their bunkers, let loose with everything they had just to keep from being overrun.

I then asked the American commander, who had just swept in from Dakto by helicopter, what he thought the NLF had expected to accomplish with the attack. What was their target?

The American officer replied: "I couldn't say whether or not it was a military target. That would be sheer

speculation on our part."

"A military target..."—my first suspicion.

I had thought this was a "terrorist" assault on a Montagnard village—but such an assault clearly doesn't involve a military target. Why had he used the phrase?

When I went to see the remains of the destroyed homes, the answer became clear. The U.S. Army maintained an artillery base right at the edge of the village. There was a platoon of about 40 GI's dug in within thirty yards of the nearest houses.

I asked a GI there what the NLF had attacked. He looked surprised at the question. "They attacked us. What the hell do you think?"

The situation was not hard to grasp.

The artillery base is located on the side of a hill overlooking a valley. Behind the base, the village of Kon Hring stretches out to the west. The NLF had attacked from the valley with mortar and rockets. It would take just one shell overshooting its target by thirty yards to start a fire that would consume the houses.

Was the artillery base there to defend the village? No. Such defense is a job for small arms. The civilian population is intended to provide security for the artillery, not vice versa. That's why most of the villagers knew enough to get out in time.

The U.S. Army had apparently hoped that by placing its artillery next to a village it would be safe from attack. And if the Liberation troops did attack, the resultant inevitable damage to the village would make for good propaganda anyway.

True, Kon Hring homes were burned and people were killed, but not because the NLF cadres are "wanton murderers."

The people were warned ahead of time that the U.S. base would be hit. Most of them got out in time. Those who died either stayed behind—knowing a battle was coming—or else got mowed down by panicky puppet troops.

A GI in the artillery platoon told me, "They (the NLF) have wanted to get us for a long time, because we've been doing them a lot of damage. So now they finally did it."

ASHES. . .

continued from page 3

Since you may have mistaken the position of the officer that allegedly discarded the trash, we discussed the incident with all officers in case one of them had inadvertently discarded cigarette ashes.

Positive identification is a necessary element in punitive and criminal actions, therefore, the files on this incident have been closed and we contemplate no further action.

Very truly yours,
R G. Behringer, Captain
Commander
Oakland Area

It just goes to show, doesn't it.

PRISON...

continued from page 8

company of those aged children, well preserved, teeth fixed, thoroughly inoculated, well oiled, and ageless. I knew I couldn't leave them behind. The day I left I turned to wave to the friends who wished me well, and in so doing confirmed the adage: if you look back you're coming back. I should have known. The only thing to do is to hold my nose and take a deep breath, and prepare for submer-sion. It's really not a bad place. Since it is a total institution nothing outside of it matters. Within the walls there are highs and lows, opportunities and dis-appointments, penalties and rewards. Nothing to get hung about. One can learn to love the bomb.

And one day, so I'm told, my crime will be expunged, erased: The penalty will be forgotten. This means, I assume, that a lobotomy will be thrown in free. If not, society's child will remember the traumatic moment. Spanking and being sent to one's room are neither forgotten nor forgiven. And I doubt that Society and I will shake hands and part as friends. I should do no less than to bear witness to what I saw, what I felt, and what was done.

Feelin' Fine, Doin' Time, Babee Almost Lost My Mind

My hair, sand in the hourglass of my youth, slowly recedes. I return to prison to age painlessly in the microcosm, anesthetized through days, weeks, and months by the easy rhythm of routine. There will be nothing but waiting. In the meantime, I'll learn again to regard zoo zoos and wham whams as great treats. Even then, however, melodies will pass through my head. I'll mount the ladder, high above the crowd, reach out to the bar, and roll out into space, letting go without looking back, yet hoping that there are strong and sure hands to catch me. I'll see my life come shining. I'll fashion new wings, craft them with more skill, more care, more love.

And late at night I'll listen to other men sleeping away their time. One calling a name, another crying, another dozing fitfully. Darkness heavy with need. Days will simply roll back to the night. I think this time silence will bear my burden, so that neither words nor I will exist, so that I, function of other egos, will have finished school and will then do it on my own, simply to survive. Having asked such things of myself and others, having had to surmount such fear, I will search out the silence and step into the void. It has its beauty. I will murmur to myself to pass the pain, whispering stories of things I'll pretend once happened. Through abstractions I'll justify and remind myself. There was once, I'll promise myself, another time, another place.

Vocational Training: Butcher's Assistant

I used to wonder what I'd be when I grew up. Now I know. Before I can sing my songs again, I have to run off a piece of my life, miles each day to keep pace with the terror. Leaving you, my friends, so soon, I find it hard to believe you. The revolution, the apocalypse, the or-gasm, the light, even its intensity, what-ever the direction, seems unreal. And that it all moves toward life is even harder to believe. So I turn away, hoping you will be there when I surface, hoping I will be there when I surface. It'll be nice to try a little tenderness. Vale.

DUANE FIXES BMW'S
GOOD WORK
LOW PRICES
at 55 Colton St. S.F.

CLEOPATRA is Coming ♥
MUSIC TEACHING COOP
lessons in flute, piano, guitar impro-
visation and reading - all styles
BERNAL HEIGHTS - 647-3179

TOUCH...

continued from page 8

like the peace march crowd. When Chief Cahill spoke of the police force almost getting wiped out in 1906, there was a big cheer. When the Commander of the Presidio was introduced, there was an outburst of booing. The police stood ill at ease at the edge of the crowd—just couldn't get into the party spirit. The army, which was providing free coffee, couldn't come up with the cups and looked like damn fools.

A poor people's picket line started up, with sings attacking the tearing down of the International Hotel in Filipinotown. Poor Chiese, poor blacks, poor Latinos picketing on behalf of poor Filipinos. The picket line grew. Even-tually it took over the bandstand. And why not? Wasn't IT the real San Fran-cisco?

A Digger handed out a leaflet with this message:
"structures may be dangerous/carry seeds to plant in an open field/take what you want/there is no looting in a free city."

VERY San Francisco, don't you think?

The first sign of trouble on the Stan-ford campus was a placard saying, "No to the Sit-In is Death to the Issues." Whatever it meant, it did not seem like a matter of life and death.

The sit-in was just breaking up at the moment I arrived. The protesters seemed pretty happy because the Ad-ministration was closing down the Ap-plied Electronics Lab for a week. "WE don't have to close it down 'cause THEY'RE doing it themselves!" The girl jumped from foot to foot as she talked, she was so excited. Reading this, she will be furious. She was angry at the Chronicle because they "kept writing about how sweet and well-mannered the STUDENTS were, and kept forgetting about the ISSUES." And here I am doing the same thing.

The issues are complicated: They center around the status of SRI (Stanford Research Institute), which does a lot of scientific research about how to defeat guerrillas in Southeast Asia and in the Mission District. The issues are so simple: Stanford has a whole School of Business Administration which trains people how to run the system, but it doesn't offer a single course in how to fight the system.

A little solder in the locks would solve most of Stanford's problems nicely.

Ten thousand people gather in Frost Amphitheater to hear the issues dis-cussed in grave detail by distinguished professors. Ten thousand young bodies in the warm sun. Each one has a ballot. They are going to listen to the argu-ments and then vote. A revival of primitive democracy. New hope. But gradually disappointment sets in. Many don't bother to vote. Those who do vote still feel dissatisfied. You only have one vote, and one vote doesn't count, you see. One body does count, which is why people want to take off their clothes in the sun.

The protesters were apologetic about their sit-in. They presented it as some-thing they HAD to do, not something they WANTED to do. Let's not talk about the tactics, they said, let's talk about the issues. But of course they loved the sit-in. They loved living together, eat-ing together, sleeping together. They loved touching each other. Of course. The urge to touch is as basic as the urge to eat.

ELECTRONICS TV
OUTLET
SALES & SERVICE
Steve Stevenson
621 4600 1552 Howard St.

CUSTOM CLOTHES
ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN LEATHER
& GROOVY FABRICS
4620 Shattuck Ave. Oakland
655 4591

ALVIN DUSKIN'S TRIPPLICATE

27.00



KNIT BY ALVIN DUSKIN SAN FRANCISCO
NEW YORK - CHICAGO - DALLAS - DENVER - LOS ANGELES

a film of
Maharishi Mahesh Yogi
at Harvard
speaking on

Transcendental
Meditation

This will be the first of 2 Introductory
lectures presented by
Students International Meditation Soc.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23rd
6:30 and 8:30pm
100 LEWIS
UC BERKELEY CAMPUS
ADMISSION FREE

STUDENTS' INTERNATIONAL MEDITATION SOCIETY
2728 Channing Way, Berkeley, Calif. 94704 • 548-1144

India & You Post-Revolutionary Marriages & Communes

FREE UNIVERSITY new courses

Surprise
Elementary Runaway
Gestalt Therapy
Psychodrama
Lighter-Than-Air Travel
Hypnosis
Spanish
Life--A Synthesis

Music
Tarot
Encounter
Marxism
Creating Environments
Growing Up Absurd
Macrobiotic Life
Comparative Economics

African Dance
Dadaism & Surrealism
Explorations in Awareness
Indian Astrology
Algorithmic Languages (The Bead Game)
Heterosexual Behavior
High-Speed Driving

Horary Astrology

1703 GROVE 841-6794



Quince.



Raspberry



Lime.



Soursoy.



ROW YOUR OWN

jeanie darlington

HUMUS—THE SOUL OF THE EARTH

Soil is a living, breathing thing. It is ideally made up of 50% air and water, 45% inorganic minerals from rock fragments, and the rest organic matter, which is called humus. The virgin soil of this country once contained an average of 4% humus. This figure is now down to about 1.5% or less. The amount of water and air is proportionately down

to about 30%, due to the lack of humus. There is no room for water and air in hard, compacted soil. And the inorganic mineral content is up to 68.5%.

Half of this mineral content is due to chemical fertilizer residues that have built up in abnormal and damaging quantities. The continued use of chemical fertilizers and sprays (which leach down into the soil) is already a serious problem and is getting much worse.

Fortunately, it is quite easy to correct poor soil. But it takes time. You see, with chemicals you get "instant" results, and that has a lot of appeal. Organic process are natural, AND slower.

To correct poor soil, add lots of humus in the form of compost, animal manure, green manure, (plant an area to clover, vetch, or a legume and turn it under) and heavy mulches. And add the right amount of organic minerals, such as rock phosphate and granite dust or green sand.

Soil rich in humus has structural strength. Humus helps form aggregates of soil particles that cling together and give each other strength to resist crushing, so that there is plenty of air and water space in this friable soil. Humus feeds the micro-organisms, the beneficial soil bacteria and fungi which in turn create a fertile environment for the plants. Earthworms, whose endless tunnelings and castings are so important to soil enrichment, digest organic matter and aerate the soil. Humus is where the plant nutrients are stored. Humus is the soul of the soil.

Chemical fertilizers put your soil on a speed trip. The normal soil component balance is disturbed by the availability of more plant food than can be accepted. For a short time, everything that's living in the soil gets pushed way beyond its normal rhythm of life and of course the humus stores are depleted. A chemically treated soil is almost devoid of soil bacteria and earthworms. The structural strength of the soil is lost, and hardpans form making it hard for water to penetrate deeply. This causes dust storm and erosion problems.

A forest is an ideal example of good soil structure. The leaves, twigs, and everything else that falls to the ground,

act as a mulch and gradually decay, leaving a spongy rich layer of humus just below the surface. It is well balanced in all nutrients necessary to the soil below and to all the living things in it. All the reserves are there, mainly in an insoluble form, and they are gradually released by the action of the weather, the bacteria, the earthworms, and all the other microorganisms in the soil.

To create your own humus, make a compost pile. Save all your weeds, grass clippings, leaves, and kitchen scraps. Collect some seaweed and get hold of some manure. Layer it well, using some cottonseed meal to help it break down faster. If you have access to stinging nettles, collect them with gloves on and add them every few layers. Their carbonic acid and ammonia will hasten the breakdown process. Keep your compost pile in a sunny spot, and keep it moist, cover it with black plastic, and turn it every so often. Apply liberally as a mulch or dig it in.

Last fall I looked at my dried, finished tomato vines and felt sad until I remembered that they would go in the compost pile and would carry the soul of last summer's garden over to this summer's garden. The other night we had some fine mussels for dinner. I crushed the shells and added them to the pile. Maybe it seems sentimental, but if this is the way gardening was done up until this chemical 20th century, there must be good reasons. If you take this much care, if you put your affection into the growing of your food, then you yourself become more a part of the living process. So add some soul to your soil and help rebuild the sick soil of this country.

For a good steady supply of information on all of the above ideas, a subscription to "Organic Gardening and Farming Magazine," Emmaus, Pa. 18049, is invaluable. Or get the book, "How to Grow Vegetables and Fruits by the Organic Method," Rodale Press, same address, for \$9.95. This is a 900-page book filled with what you need to know, and it will serve as a handy reference guide.

Coming soon—About Mulches.

ben dover

The Wed-In. Seeing as how there are so many Ordained Ministers among the readers of The Good Times, perhaps it is time to begin discussing the Wed-In—a giant marriage festival at which, it is to be hoped, some ten thousand new families will be formed.

Permit your mind's eye to wander and view a gathering which puts the Be-In to shame, a gathering at which there are a hundred thousand or a quarter of a million active prospects for marriage. Scores of ministers are hard at work, performing 4 weddings an hour for ten hours a day. The goal—10,000 newly wed couples. A giant banner hangs over the crowd, "100 Ministers. No Waiting." Trailers borrowed from the Board of Health process blood tests on the spot, and perform other necessary premarital health examinations. "The Mayor's office has made arrangements to waive the fees for the marriage licenses. A portable telegraph office has been set up to provide telegraphic permission for those underage. The lunch, dinner, and supper is provided by the coordinated Diggers or whatever they are called. The condition is one where it is easy to get married—a Wed-In. It lasts a week.

It is going to be a festival the land will not soon forget. Thousands of children will be conceived at this gathering and will be able to identify one another by common birthdays throughout their lives. Will the marriages last? Why not? Most marriages have problems; these should have no more nor less than any other.

Where to hold it? Try Kansas City. Centrally located, losing young population, they should be glad to get the trade. Chicago, not very bloody likely, they don't like kids in Chicago. St. Louis, possibly. New Orleans is out.

Get to work on this, boys. Time's a wasting. How about August? The couples who met at Palm Springs and Ft. Lauderdale this Easter will be June Brides. There needs to be a pickup celebration in August. Get cuttin'—it's your apple.

MANDRAKE'S

Berkeley - 10th & University 845-9065

Wed. 23rd Thurs. 24th, JOY OF COOKING 9:00

Fri. 25th-Sat. 26th, SHADES OF JOY 9:30

Sun. 27th, THIS OLE WORLD

Tues. 29th & Thurs. 31st, ALLSPICE RHYTHM BAND

Wed. 30th, THIS OLE WORLD

THE MAGIC THEATER THURSDAY 24th-SUNDAY 27th 8:00pm \$1.00
PLEASE no minors. DANCING NITELY

TELEGRAPH REPERTORY CINEMA

CINEMA I

Thurs. 24th-Wed. 30th Greta Garbo/QUEEN CHRISTINA

6:30, 9:30

John Barrymore/TOPAZE, 8:10, 11:10

Wed. 23rd, CINEVOLUTION, Shorts, 7:30, 9:30

CINEMA II

Jean Renoir's A DAY IN THE COUNTRY 6:30 9:15

LA MARSEILLAISE 7:05, 9:50

Thurs. 24th-Tues. 29th

2533 TELEGRAPH AVENUE - BERKELEY

848-8650

complete contact lens service

Children's
Vision

general vision care—glaucoma checkup

Industrial
Vision

PHILIP SCHLETTER, O.D.
3031 Telegraph Ave. Suite 230
Berkeley / By Appointment Only
Near Alta Bates Hospital, 849-2202

IS THERE A NEW DYLAN?

- A BOB DYLAN SPECIAL AS ONLY KSAN CAN DO IT, SATURDAY, APRIL 26TH AT 2:00 P.M.
- EVOLUTION OF THE POET, SONG WRITER, ARTIST, SPOKESMAN AND PROPHET.
- PRODUCED BY PRESCOTT AND POSTLE.
- THE BEST OF BOB DYLAN.
- A 4-HOUR SPECIAL.

PRESENTED BY COLUMBIA RECORDS

APRIL 26TH

KSAN/95
M! Metromedia Stereo Radio
In San Francisco

bishop-berkeley

A couple of weeks ago we laid down a rap explaining some things a Universal Life ordination is good for. Here are some additions and corrections.

You can marry two people without a license, provided that they (and you) are over 21, and they have been living together as man and wife. See Section 79 of the California Civil Code for details. Check your local library or fall by CHURCH OF THE TIMES. We're now running Marriage, Draft, and Tax Counseling services on the side. Two bishops, no waiting. Both of the bishops are arrogant motherfuckers and will gladly talk your ear off.

In the previous article we suggested serving as chaplain as a way of avoiding the draft. To check our information we called the O.D. at the Presidio at three in morning. He told us that he'd never heard of a chaplain making nigner rank than colonel, but this piece of intelligence proved inaccurate. General Patrick J. Ryan made it as chief of army chaplains in May '54, and if you scrounge through the remainder bookstores you might still find a copy of his inspirational "A Soldier Priest Talks to Youth." The dust jacket states that "under his leadership morality in the armed forces came to be emphasized as strongly as morale." Just think what YOU could do in his place.

Back copies of the issue telling how to get your IV-D ministerial exemption are still available, free to any draft dodgers who pick it up at the office or 25¢ by mail. We are happy to report that several ministers are preparing to test the constitutionality of MSSA 67 on First Amendment grounds; more details as we get them. Meanwhile mass ordinations remain popular at many colleges—Sonoma State, Contra Costa College, San Jose, and this week Fresno and San Francisco State. If you'd like Kirby Hensley to visit YOUR college, write him at 1766 Poland Raod, Modesto 95351, or just phone 209-537-0553.



IRISH-JEWISH STEW

sarah

Instead of incense, try this to fill the commune with beautiful smells. All of the ingredients get cheaper as you buy larger amounts, but this recipe is for 4-6 hungry people, and should cost about \$1.50 total. It can easily be stretched for more with lots of potatoes and water. Or throw in any vegetables available: shredded cabbage, celery slices, peas, onions, turnips, etc. Try serving it on brown rice or noodles or with spaghetti, instead of the potatoes. Bread slices or biscuits are great additions also. Lamb or veal can be substituted for the beef; both are cheaper. The finished product can be cooled and put in any coverable container and frozen for up to 2 weeks. As a matter of fact, the flavors seem to blend better after storage. But always serve it hot.

IRISH-JEWISH STEW

-INGREDIENTS-

As much stewing beef as you can afford.
Flour
2 tsp oil or Margarine
1 bayleaf
1/2 tsp. cloves
1 Tabl. Worcestershire Sauce
1/2 tsp. sea or plain salt
1/4 sweet green pepper
4-7 cups water
1 tsp. Black Pepper
1 bouillon cube
1 garlic bud
2 Tabl. dry or fresh (one sprig) parsley
1 yellow onion
1 tsp raw or brown sugar
1 diced shallot*
Potatoes & Carrots

* a shallot is a small member of the onion family like a purple garlic

-UTENSILS: A good knife, one large heavy pan/cover, a wooden spoon.

Measure and gather all the ingredients first. It's easier and faster that way. First wipe off the meat and cut it in 1 in. or 2 in. cubes. Discard the gristle and fat or save it in the freezer (use a baggie) to make a broth. Roll the meat in the flour and 1/2 the pepper. Melt the oil or margarine in the pan until a drop of water skittles when thrown on it. Put in the coated meat and brown it on all sides. This seals in the juices to prevent the meat from becoming dry and stringy while cooking. While it's browning, cut the onion into chunks, dice the garlic, slice the shallot and the pepper. When the meat is brown, remove it from the pan. Put the water into the pan while it is still over the flame. This will "deglaze" the pan juices that are stuck to the pan bottom. When the water comes to a boil, add ALL of the ingredients EXCEPT the potatoes and the carrots, and put the meat back in. Bring the stew to a boil again, then lower the heat until the stew is gently simmering. Let it simmer, covered, for 2 hours. Stir up any vegetables that might stick to the pan every 15 minutes or so. While it's simmering, pare and cut into cubes the potatoes and carrots. At the end of 2 hours, remove the bayleaf, which is hard to digest, and add the potatoes and carrots. Let the stew simmer again until the potatoes and carrots are tender. Stir it often, they have a tendency to stick. When it is ready, serve it in bowls with black bread. And be ready for unexpected company; the smell of stew cooking carries for blocks.

sarah

Some of the best ice cream in the city is to be found at Fong & Fong, on Grant Avenue between Washington and Clay. Get a ginger cone for yourself and a pineapple-coconut cone for your old lady, and then lick each others'.

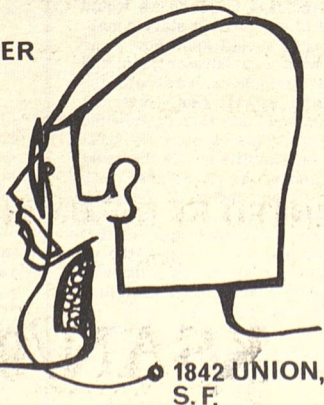
Guerrilla School # 2180 Needing Movie Film



8mm (out of date OK) Phone 626-0293 or 434-2761 4-6 is good

ROBERT FOSTER
shirts

for
AN HONEST
MAN



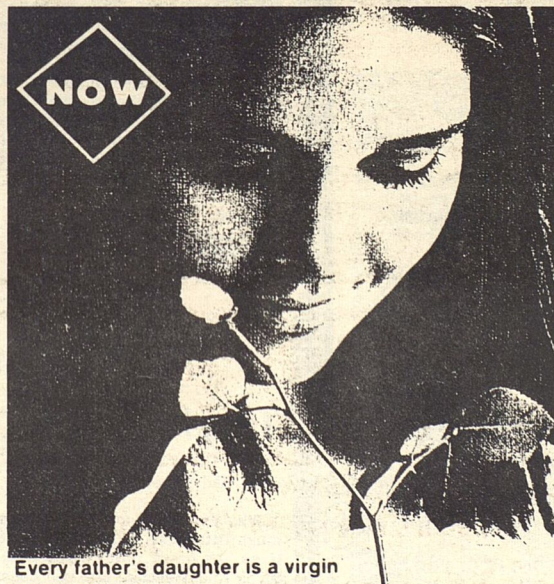
1842 UNION,
S. F.

"A Very Funny And Exhilarating Film"

Stanley Eichelbaum S.F. Examiner

"Gentle Charming And Enthusiastically Recommended"

Paine Knickerbocker S.F. Chronicle



Every father's daughter is a virgin

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS



GOODBYE,
COLUMBUS

BASED ON THE NOVELLA BY PHILIP ROTH
By The Author Of
"PORTNOY'S
COMPLAINT"

A STANLEY R. JAFFE PRODUCTION STARRING

RICHARD BENJAMIN JACK KLUGMAN

CO-STARRING

NAN MARTIN

AND INTRODUCING

ALI MacGRAW

SCREENPLAY BY

ARNOLD SCHULMAN

PRODUCED BY

STANLEY R. JAFFE

NEW SONGS BY

THE ASSOCIATION

BASED ON THE NOVELLA

BY PHILIP ROTH

DIRECTED BY

LARRY PEERCE

TECHNICOLOR®

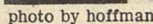
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

EXCLUSIVE SAN FRANCISCO ENGAGEMENT

ALHAMBRA
POLK nr GREEN

Phone
775-5656

Cont. Sat. & Sun. from 1 PM
1:30, 3:40, 5:50, 8:00, 10:10
Other Days From 6:00 PM
6:10, 8:20, 10:30

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Please ordain me.

Q SEND ME A CHARTER FOR MY OWN CHURCH I HAVE NOT BEEN ORDAINED BEFORE.

D I HAVE ALREADY BEEN
ORDAINED. SEND ME A
CHARTER ANYWAY.

CHURCH OF THE TIMES
1550 Howard Street
San Francisco, Ca. 94103

FLASH SEASIDE GAS
2nd NEW LOCATION AT
6th & OAK, OAKLAND

SEASIDE DOES IT IN THE ROAD



No More of This

(1) Mr. Greig may or may not be as bad a person as he is a journalist. Having pled the same trade I find hard not to be. Only a few are not. In a court of law, however, it would be impossible to counter a defamation charge with proof that a certain man is a "prick." "Crook" is different. But obviously you cannot prove Mr. Greig is a crook either. Or you don't want to. Either one. Therefore a retraction was necessary to keep your ass out of the poor house or the slammer, or both. Yet your retraction was as clever as it was honest: good for you.

I hope I never see your name in the Chronicle again, although only Herb Caen seems particularly taken with you; you might have, during your interview with him, hit him on his guilty bone, which is a little to the left of his funny bone. (Incidentally, a "good, aging outfielder" is worth only about 50-70,000 dollars, even with a lifetime batting average of .300. Ask Roberto Clemente, or Al Kaline, or Herb Caen. "Great" is qualitatively different from "good." Kaline is no Willie Mays; Herb Caen is no H.L. Mencken.) I hope I never see Michael Greig's name again—not even in Herb Caen's column.

(2) Joe Usetit (what a silly "nom de guerre") doesn't like "intellectual bullshit" in your paper. Luckily for him he doesn't get much of it. Mr. Greil Marcus he associates with such bullshit. Marcus should feel proud that his quoted sentence, even with the burdensome typos, was entered as evidence. So sad, Joe Usetit, but there are people like Marcus who are smarter than you. Thinkers, like gunfighters, always have to go up against someone better...eventually. You just got gunned down earlier than most; probably years ago. Call his stuff "bullshit," but I call it thoughtful writing: "integra mens augustissima possessio." At least HE doesn't employ Latin. So, Joe, don't get so pissed at people who are smarter than you are; they can't help it. But if you insist, perhaps you can join forces with all the other people who think it is a sin to read a lot of books. Such a point of view seems to contain prospects for a lucrative future. What can I say about a sentence of yours: "I mean, I know you can't since this is a letter, but don't print any more college papers."? I guess you'll just have to accept that Marcus is better at the craft of writing...and thinking.

(3) Now among journalists it is generally agreed that Ben Dover is the intellectual bullshitter "par excellence," and it is unanimously agreed that he is a prick and a crook. But goddamnit, he is OUR bullshitting, prickish crook.

H1. Doc!

cc: Herb Caen
Al Kallne
Michael Greig
Roberto Clemente
Willie Mays
H.L. Mencken
James Butler Hickock

Tough Little Kike

Dear Bad Times:

Who are the people? M. Garson is a tough little kike with all the answers. He lives in a novel, so he has big deal adventures and visions. Let him consume all the shit he can afford. He who publishes shall not perish.

But what about the everyday Bonifiglio and Mendoza? Eighteen or nineteen years old, an imperialist army ready to pounce on them, they are smoking the weed and popping reds as regular as moving their bowels. When the time comes the army may even look like an alright thing. After all, there is an enemy, there are Communists, and there is an America handing you a gun and a uniform after high school. On the streets, and around the schoolyards, drugs are dulling the pain—they aren't effecting a liberating analytical consciousness. Somebody's best friends are dealing with the opiate of the people.

J.P. Sartre
Sanchez St.

1 APR 69

ROBERT C. SMITH
725 RHODE ISLAND 282-3776
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94107

126 -
11-2433
1210

1 APRIL 69

FIDEL CASTRO

TEN

110

KER-CITIZENS
NATIONAL BANK

Robert C. Smith

ARCHER X

1210 2433 1210

DEAR FIDEL--

HERE IS A CHECK FOR \$10 FOR YOU.
I WOULD LIKE FOR YOU TO USE IT IN
WHATEVER WAY YOU FEEL WILL BEST
FURTHER YOUR SPIRITUAL GROWTH.
IF YOU WOULD RATHER USE IT SOME
OTHER WAY-- THAT IS O.K. WITH ME.

PLEASE SIGN YOUR NAME ON THE BACK OF
THIS CHECK WHEN YOU CASH IT. I THINK
THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO WILL GIVE ME
\$20 FOR THIS AUTOGRAPH.

YOU MAKE \$10 AND I MAKE \$10.
IF THIS WORKS -- LET'S DO IT A
LOT MORE TIMES.

TAO-

ARCHER
X

ROBERT C. SMITH
725 RHODE ISLAND ST
SAN FRANCISCO - CALIF

BACK TALK

How It Works

Dear Good Times:

I'd like to suggest a column on practical, everyday mechanical and electrical devices, to explain how the device works and how to make rudimentary repairs. One of the disadvantages of our complex society is our inability to relate to the equipment we use. Once was the time when we were farmers, and we could relate to plow, horse, and land. Now we have cars, radios, telephones, elevators, and other devices as part of our heritage. If we don't understand how these things work, we can be manipulated by the "experts". The Good Times is hard at work giving us news and spiritual food to help us fight the fog machine of the American Establishment and its Party Line. But I do not think that we should neglect the physical reality of modern technology, and how helpless we would be should all of our devices start to malfunction. People should know how a car works, and what a carburetor does, and how to install a telephone. We should also know, to some extent, how electrical power is obtained, and then distributed in a large city. This is stuff we must know, for everyday life and in the event of an emergency. As it stands, very few of us have any technical abilities, myself included. There are some in our community, and I would appreciate it if they would come forward, who do have the relevant knowledge, and who could occasionally write articles on subjects of community interest.

Keep up the good work, brothers and sisters.
Wayne Saslow
Berkeley



OUR POLICY ON LETTERS does not exist. So far, the ego-involvement of our letter-writers has been so low that we haven't had any hassles. We tend to cut long letters, guess at illegible words, and so on. We print about half the letters we get, cutting out the duller ones. Occasionally we lose one, like a real gem a while back from a meth freak (and proud of it) pissed off at Ben Dover's "Speed Regulators" proposal. We appreciate it if you type your letters or write them in fine calligraphy.

Non-Negotiable Demands

Today.
Due to the intrusive preemption of right-of-decision and action into our spheres of freedom of choice by private PRIESTHOODS of aesthetic authority, power and responsibility who claim no legitimate authority, power and responsibility nor consequentiality of their own for their preemption, for over the period of at least a full century; and due to the fact that this has produced massatrophy of individual social character and will; I call for national recognition of the resultant human condition of anarchy, suspension of all law, police and criminal order, emptying and demolition of all correctional institutions, unlimited sales of all hand-guns, ammunition and protective clothing for four years, and the providence of means of homespun self-sufficiency.
Bodine,
San Francisco.

Oops

Best wishes on your new paper.
Hope it will be a happy alternative to the violent revolution bag of the Barb.
Good luck,
Love,
Drug Crisis Intervention of San Jose
Dave

So Big

There once was a guy who wrote a pretty good "Guide To The City," years before he copped out, and although you are going to see nothing more gets printed about him again in your sheet, may I have the final word?
Why don't you commission the Plaster Casters of Chicago to determine just how big of one he really is?
Prevail,
Mark Green
Bernal Heights

Good Lay

Dear Good Times:
What Greil Marcus didn't know was that a friend of my best friend's girlfriend lives in Woodstock and she says Bob Dylan has a pet hen named Lady. "Lady Lay" is about the hen and Dylan's love for fresh eggs in his bed.
Secondly, close scrutiny of the John Wesley Hubbard album jacket reveals that Terry Shute is Levon Helm spelled backwards.
If Marcus had known these facts he could have won first place in the High School critical essay competition.
Sincerely,
Reverend Xenon Legume
(Universal Life)

Armed Love

Spring
Dear Everyone,
Good Times are here. The best thing about these Good Times is the Armed Love Commune. I have been a resident of the Haight for three months, during which time I've experienced two of the most profoundly fulfilling events of my life. The MC5 free night at the Straight and Sunday's "Space Quake" at Hippy Hill. We don't need Speedway Meadows. H.H is where it's at, and Armed Love is how you get it.
See ya,
Rev. Sister Juniper Odd

Don't Forget

Please remind movement of these two poems by W.B. Yeats:
The Great Day
Hurrah for revolution and more cannon-shot!
A beggar upon horseback lashes a beggar on foot,
Hurrah for revolution and cannon come again!
The beggars have changed places, but the lash goes on.
Parnell
Parnell came down the road,
he said to a cheering man:
"Ireland shall get her freedom
and you still break stone."
(unsigned)

Property Freak

Moses went on that mountain, got it on, and came back and told people how to keep good karma. He didn't say, "Thou shalt not steal sometimes," or "Thou shalt not steal unless they deserve it." You really blew it. How do you expect to bring about good times when people steal from each other? That makes you no different than the man.
Love,
Grant

My Kid Arthur

Dear Mr. Times,
(1) Another advantage for someone of ministerial status is easier visiting of prisoners (in NY anyhow; Calif, I suppose).
(2) Trips/Jobs: Last week, anyway, I'd try to check it if I were you, a deli, Mr. Chubbs, on San Pablo in Oakland, nr. City Hall, had a wall sign to the effect: (All they coffee & pepsi cola you can drink). Buy our gigantic \$3.50 sandwich, over 4 pounds, eat everything on the plate within 45 minutes & win a \$25 savings bond.
(3) My kid Arthur is still missing, I love him & wish he'd come back to
(Rev.) Momma
Church of the Thames,
San Francisco

(Most states will honor visiting privileges for Universal Life clergymen. California Penal authorities have recently refused to do so, however.)

Filth

San Francisco Express Times:
You were instructed two weeks ago to STOP sending your paper to my daughter. Yesterday two copies were received in the mail.
This is to inform you that my daughter is a minor, and you are hereby notified to remove her name from your mailing list. I have contacted the proper postal authorities and if ONE more issue is delivered I am prepared to take whatever legal action necessary to keep your filth out of the mail. My lawyer stands ready to act immediately.
Gilbert F. Long
R.R. #2 Box 278B
Carmel, Indiana

Now Open in Mill Valley
34 Sunny Side
Mon-Sat
noon-6pm
PRUNE! MUSIC CO.
ALL BRANDS-NEW & USED
LOWEST PRICES ANYWHERE
RENTALS, LESSONS, AMP REPAIRS
1345 GROVE, BERK. 524-3311

Dick Johnson
auto insurance
845-3941

Cabaret
MOVEMENT RESTAURANT
260 Valencia (near 14th)
Open 11am-12 midnite
9-12 and later on Weekends
Closed Mondays
BEER WINE
free entertainment

NEW ORLEANS HOUSE
Thur. 24th - Sat. 26th
ELVIN BISHOP · MOTHER BEAR
Sun. 27th
4th WAY JEFFERY CAIN
Wed. 30th - Sat. May 3
Musselwhite
1505 SAN PABLO AVE.
BERKELEY
525-2221



300
Precita
at Folsom
Mi 7-5900
A relaxed little bistro at the bottom of Bernal Hill serving sandwiches on whole grain breads with crisp green salad from 11 a.m. Steam beer and fine California wines. Quality home style dinners from 6 p.m.

SURPLUS

PROPHETS
KPFA FM
94.1
A PUBLIC UTILITY
RAPPING
CALL-IN
MUSE-IC
ORGANIZING
the demonstrations
of your choice
FRIDAY
11:30
TODD, TERRY, MARTIN
STEVE, JIM, and the rest

robert altman
AN EXHIBITION OF
HIS PHOTOGRAPHY AT
COIT GALLERY
UPPER GRANT
APRIL 20th - MAY 10th
391A 30th street - 282-2519
san francisco, california

DEALING

COSTS 40¢ A LINE. KINDLY MAIL IN BY MONDAY.

* for free *

*GAS STOVE & electric washing machine free. Just pick it up. John & Joy, 2825 Ramona St. Palo Alto. Call 327-8032 after 6:30.
*BERKELEY TRAVELLING CO: will put you in touch with people going where you are going, when you're going. Free, write PO Box 9327, Bkly, 91709.
*REDISTRIBUTE the goods among the people. There's a big Free Box at Sensemaya. You are welcome to give or take.
*GOOD TIMES has lots of free threads at 1550 Howard.

* services *

*PRINTING - OFFSET & LETTERPRESS FAST-CHEAP-QUALITY-LEAFLETS - CARDS - POSTERS - to 12x14 - COLOR-WORK. Harold, 531-8829 or 655-7915.
*FLY EUROPE, r.t. \$290 Sheila 441-4151 days 841-5994 eves.
*MIMPRINTING: Manuscripts&Leaflets&Circulars&Poetry&Books&Magazines&Theses&Posters&Artworks&Envelopes&Dirty Stories&Multi-Color Work&Phone Dictation&Sheer Beauty&Low Prices, 826-0803, 12-6, Peace.
*FOR SALE: Honda 90-S, \$130 or trade for plane. 332-5381.
*65-BULTACO-67RBLT-ENG.-5PORT-5SP-250-AUM-2828607 - HOT & FINE! ALLSO-PET-B&W-RATS-FRENLY-6/?
*IF YOU MUST BUY, buy from the people. All the crazy funky things they make. at Sensemaya, 1718 University, Berkeley. 11 to 6 Tues thru Sat. Clothes too.
*ARTISTS & CRAFTSMAN space for rent 55 Colton. See Duane in BMW Motorcycle Shop. P&F has none.
*JOHN LENNON-YOKO ONO Two Virgins T-Shirts, S,M,L, \$4.50 money order includes postage & handling LOCO DESIGN, 5 Ashford St, Allston, Mass, 02134. Incidentally all the proceeds are going to construct a non-profit recording studio to be built & sponsored by local musicians.

* heads needed *

*SHIRE SCHOOL needs volunteer teachers. Full or part time. Accreditation unnecessary. Call T or Helen, 863-2770.
*HEARTH SHIRE SCHOOL needs people who dig kids especially woodworkers and carpenters to replace our dear departing Arthur who built us a groovy shop. Call 648-2070 or 621-0796.
*A NEW SCHOOL, free school, 14 and up, in S.F. Teachers and students welcome now, to begin next year. Get together at 625 Cole (near Haight), May 26, 2 pm. For information call Marc Sommer, c/o Shire School, 841-2753.
*RETURN OF HARPO, 7 month old Shepherd Hound, male, brown and black short hair with brown floppy ears, would put Frank Werber's head in a much better place. Lost near the Trident in Sausalito April 14. Reward. 392-3637. Frank Werber, owner of the Trident.

* odds & ends *

MEET LATIN GIRLS, GUYS (Bold face type) pen pals, friendship, marriage, Romance. Swinging couples, and singles. All ages. "Social Latin Club" 1819-4 St. Desp, 206, Tijuana, B.C. Mexico.
*WITNESSES to the arrests during TWLF strike are needed. Call Berkeley Legal Defense 845-0180.
CANYON PEOPLE need rakes, shovels, wheel barrels and muscle. Contact George Menges, 376-4653.
TRASHMEN need a free garage. Call Good Times, 862-7775.
*GOOD TIMES DELIVERY vehicle desperately needs 2 tires for VW Bus, 6:50 x14, Trade? Call Howard Johnson, 863-7775.
*A LIMITED number of wayward girls will be sent to the country this summer. If qualified send name & address to 1550 Howard, SF, Ca, 94103, Attn Bishops Fund.
*LIGHT SHOW experienced with ball-rooms, dances, environmental lighting, etc. can adapt to any situation. Great possibilities for night clubs, coffee shops, etc. Call SWEET MISERY, JU 5-1019 or JU 6-3457.
*ORDAINED MINISTER will hear Confession of Sin and grant penance and absolution over telephone. Call 863-7775 evenings. All confessions will be held in absolute confidence.
ARE YOU HEAVY FOR HER? Send her flowers twice a week for \$3. Send check to Earth Products, Box 1220, Berkeley, California, 94701. Starting around April
*HITCH-HIKING in Europe, Hip Guidebook, 75 pages, illus, \$2 to Box 31123 - G, San Francisco, 94131.
*GOOD TIMES NEEDS some legal advice in setting up as a nonprofit corporation. Call 863-7775.

* pads *

FREE CHURCH needs crash pads. Call 549-0649
*PAD WANTED near Pacific College of Electronics, 735 Larkin, Call Bill Helm, 673-7031.
AMSTERDAM? free sleeping accommodations at Revolutionary Youth Contact Center, 29 Broomstraat, Amsterdam, Holland. Ask for Martin.

* want *

Motorcycle Trip; cross country; leaving 15 May. Barry 826-7523
RIDE(S) WANTED to LA, Denver, orpts. east, immediately. Call Bill, GOOD TIMES, 863-7775.
*EXPERT WHITEWATER CANOEISTS interested in 3 month exploration trip in Arctic call Giuseppe. 626-8222.
HOSPITAL SUPPLIES, doctors, nurses needed for Jami's Horse Pistol. Contact at Good Times, 863-7775.
*NEED SEVERAL chicks to distribute literature to members of Laborer's Local 261. Phone Dennis at 826-9036 evenings. Members reading this please phone: Elections coming.
THE TYPEWRITER IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD! Donate your used machines. to X-Times, 15 Lafayette St, SF.
*THE GOOD EARTH...decks, fences, retaining walls, consistent garden maintenance, quality work; reasonable rates, phone for info & free estimate, Jeremiah, 339-8082 or 525-3289.
*SHIRE COMMUNITY GARAGE needs full or part-time mechanics. Some money to be had. Call 621-3117 or 621-0796.
*FRIENDLY TYPEWRITER repairman needed. Please call Good Times, 863-7775.
*LAY IT ON US. Will the chick who borrowed our zip code book please return it, or will someone donate one? It cost us \$15.
*TAMALPIAS Film Soc. needs a good used dual 8 proj. w/zoom, rev, still, etc. Can pay \$50, 848-3945.
*GOOD EARTH on Central Street is trying to set up a free radio repair service for AM/FM radios, phonographs, amplifiers, & turn tables. We need a multimeter, an RF-AF signal generator & an O-scope. Donations or trade or buy. Write to Good Earth, 257 Central.
*EARN BREAD selling the clothes & things you make on consignment at Sensemaya - The People's Handicrafts. Good turnover, prompt payment. 1718 University, Berkeley, 11 to 6 Tues thru Sat.
*PEOPLE WANTED to make clothes & jewelry for Ethiopia, 4071 24th Street, MI 7-4855.
*FABRIC DONATIONS anyone? Drop by Good Times, 1550 Howard.
*GIRL NEEDS ride East. Call Flo, 383-3881.

* gigs *

*GREAT PART-TIME JOB: pregnant welcome, help family with 4 children 3 days a week, live-in SF in tiny garden cottage, room, board, \$20/week, 564-9671.
*HYDE RESIDENTS CLUB room & board in return for dishwashing, 835 Hyde.
*TOGETHER attractive capable chick, creative, totally dependable help wanted. Hours to be arranged. Come by Sensemaya btwn 4:30 & 6:30 before Sat. 1718 University. 843-0790.
*CIA JOB INTERVIEWS: the State Employment Office at 134 California St. is interviewing applicants for positions with the CIA. This is God's own truth. Go down and harass the hell out of them.

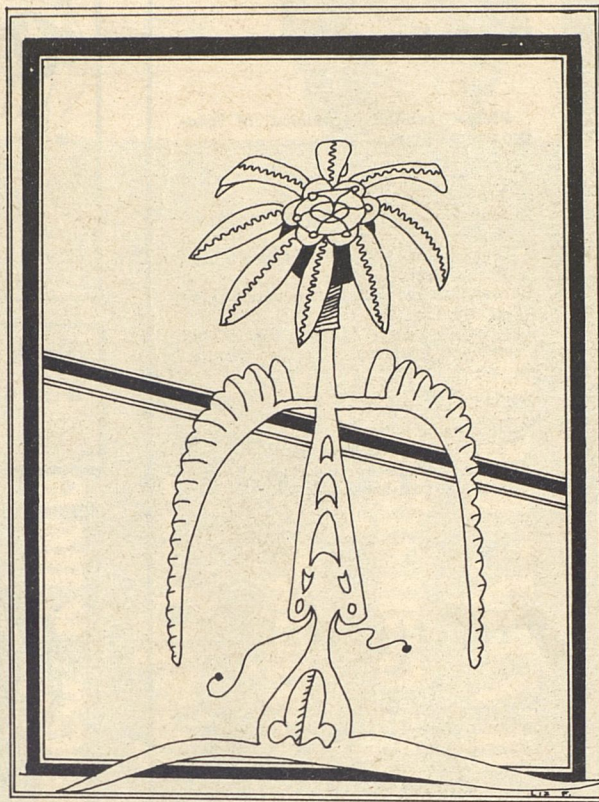
* BROTHER HELPS *

I don't know if you will put this in your paper, but I feel our brothers will be interested.
The San Francisco Progress needs people to deliver routes. \$1.50 per route and each route takes about an hour. Apply at 125 Valencia St. at 7:00 am on Tuesdays and Wednesdays and at 8:00 am on Saturdays.
A struggling to survive brother.
P.S I had to panhandle the bread to buy the stamp!

HEY! BUDDY... CAN YOU SPARE A BED???

Name.....Phone.....
Address.....Pot.....
Number of beds available.....Male.....Female.....Either.....
Number of days available.....Remarks.....

THIS FORM CAN BE SENT TO GOOD TIMES
1550 HOWARD STREET, SF.



SURVIVE

LEGAL AID

JUVENILE DEFENSE: free legal aid for juveniles in the Bay area, 387-3575.
DRAFT HELP's new address: 3684 18th St. Free counseling on the Draft and military problems. Phone 863-0775.
CITIZENS ALERT: 330 Ellis, 776-9669, 24 hour phone to report police harassment.
OR BAIL PROJECT: Hall of Justice #200 552-2202. If you are over 18, you can be released on your own recognizance without bail.
YOUTH EMERGENCY SERVICE: 293-4073. 24 hr phone to provide information and help for youths having problems with the police.
AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION: 548-0921, police complaints in Bkly, 348-1322.
POLICE CONDUCT COMPLAINT CENTER: 1319 Berkeley Way, Bkly 548-0921
BKLY LEGAL DEFENSE: contact for arrests & witnesses; 37 Boalt Hall, 845-0180
NEIGHBORHOOD LEGAL ASSISTANCE: 1095 Market, 626-3811
LEGAL AID SOCIETY: 690 Market, 421-7337

SWITCHBOARDS

Haight-Ashbury: 1820 Fell, 387-3575.
Mission: 848-14th St., 863-3040.
Berkeley Free Church: 2200 Parker, 549-0649.
Marin Switch: PO Box 1386, S Rafael, 479-5300.
Help Unit: 421-9850.

RESOURCES

HELP UNIT truck with mobile telephone to solve your survival problems on the spot. Free coffee and donuts. Mondays, 1:30 - 4:30, 7th & Market, Tuesdays, 10-1, Embarcadero near Mission, Wednesdays, 2:30-5:30, Lafayette & Natoma (near Time Office). Thursdays, 1-4, 6th & Natoma; 4:30-7, Eddy & Jones.
FOOD STAMPS: available to single person making less than hundred twenty a month, or adjusted rates for groups. You can save from twenty-five to fifty per cent on food costs. Contact your local welfare office.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH: 1350 Waller, 863-9718, info, referrals, runaway services, and job info. Free bread Mon-Fri at 1 pm, pancakes Wed. at 4 pm.
HUCKLEBERRY'S FOR RUNAWAYS: 1345 7th Ave, 731-3921, emergency food, shelter, counselling for runaways & family.
OPEN LINE, a free weekly paper now available at Mission Switchboard, 848 14th Street, an extension of our service. Call us with your problems 24 hours at 863-3040. We listen with love. And act upon it.

A FESTIVAL OF THE PEOPLE will be held in the Panhandle, May 24th-25th. The Fair will include music, food, selling booths. If you would like to run a booth, contact the Haight Ashbury Neighborhood Development Corporation (HAND). Call Arnold Cragg at 626-7233 or drop by at 1476 Haight.

WELFARE RIGHTS INFO: 409 Clayton, JO7-1420
STREET DEALING: This all depends on how discreet you are & how heavy the man has the heat on.
*AS LONG as anyone can remember, it has been virtually impossible for artists to find studio space in SF. The Heaviness Institute is an organization determined to fill that need. All serious artists working in any medium will be considered. The facilities of the Institute are able to meet almost any space requirements, and a number of soundproof rooms are available. Call 621-6196.

MEALS AND FOOD

BIG BONUS: very cheap supermarket esp for large orders; 2627 Army, 1158 Howard, 555 South Van Ness.
CANNED FOOD DIST CENTER: dented cans & inexpensive meats; 1350 Folsom, 621-8100.
Glide Urban Center: Sunday dinner, 1-2:30, 330 Ellis.
Anchor Rescue Mission: 1225 McAllister, supper M-F at 7 pm, Sun 4 pm, also bath and laundry.
FREE CHURCH & COFFEE HOUSE 2200 Parker, M-Sat 10am-1am; Sun 3pm-1am.
FREE BREAD: Pancakes in am; 1350 Waller, Tues & Fri
CLEMENT ST HEALTH: free food Tues & Sat at 522 Clement St, SF.

Switchboard is holding messages for the following people at 1830 Fell. Phone 387-3575. To runaways and others who do not want to be found: no one need know if you have picked up a message here. Messages will be held for one month.

AUSTIN, Dave
BRESKY, Jerry
BRIDGE, Steve
CAVA, Michelle
EWING, Maud
FLESH, Larry
HOFFMAN, Hilda
HARLOCK, Steve
HENLY, Sue
KILBY, Mike
NEDDERSON, Kathy
O'KEEFE, Judith
PETTIT, Marsha
PETERSON, Aron
PAM, ROBERT
SCHEAR, Don
TIDBALL, Dave
VON SCHMIDT, Rick
WOFFARD, Richard

This list is up to date as of April 21.

* A LONE?????

Are you WANTING FOR COMPANION-SHIP? Solve that problem and help someone out at the same time. Call the Berkeley Free Church and offer to occasionally provide a place to stay for the night for some traveler passing through Berkeley. The phone number is 549-0649. The Free Church is located at 2200 Parker. It is open 12 noon to 12 midnight daily. All housing is done on a one night only basis unless you wish to extend the invitation.

MEDICAL AID

HEPATITIS? free test at Haight Free Clinic, free gamma globulin shot at Central Emergency, 101 Grove, referral from Haight Free helpful but not necessary.
SF MEDICAL SOCIETY: supplies names of competent doctors to persons unable to pay for private care. 250 Masonic Ave, or call 567-6230.
VD? diagnosis and treatment free at Dept of Public Health Clinic, 33 Hunt, SF, 558-4436.
DENTAL CARE: College of Physicians and Surgeons, 344 14th St, 861-3660.
PLANNED PARENTHOOD 2340 Clay, 922-1720.
SOCIETY FOR HUMANE ABORTION: 387-6480, info on abortions, & post abortion care.
BERKELEY HEALTH INFO & COUNSELING: 841-8600
HAIGHT ASHBURY FREE CLINIC: Haight & Clayton, 431-1714
BLACK FREE CLINIC: 689 McAllister, 563-7878
MISSION HEALTH CENTER: outpatient medical & dental, 16th St. at Shotwell, 552-3860
CANON KIP COMMUNITY HOUSE: 8th at Natoma. 861-6801
BIRTH CONTROL pills are free at the Health Centers. Run by the City Health Dept.
PREGNANCY TEST: Okld. 841-0200 ext. 545

THREADS

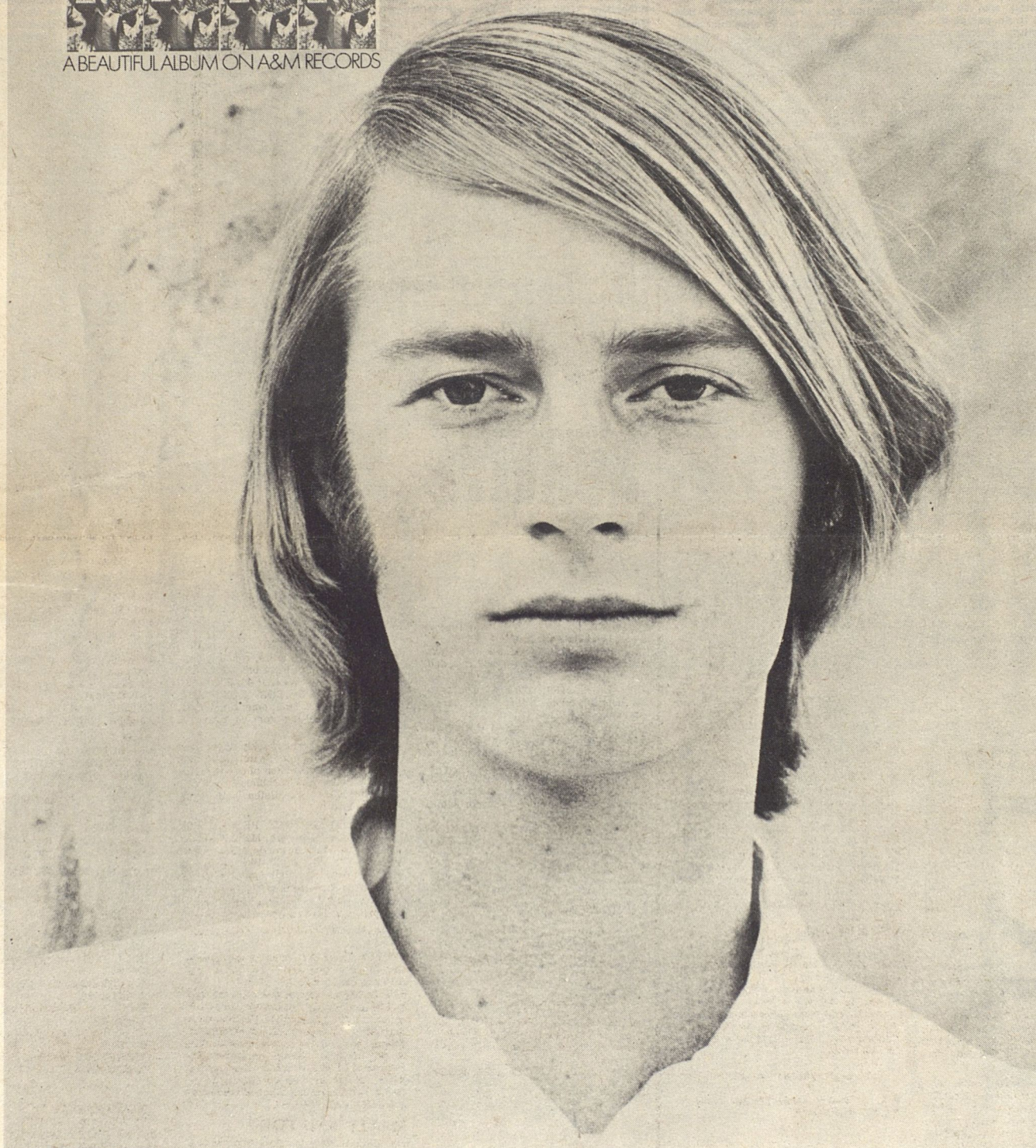
FREE STORE: 457 Haight, 861-6840.
THE 409 HOUSE: 409 Clayton, 621-9553.
HOLY ORDERS OF MAN: 20 Steiner, 431-1917.
VOLUNTEERS OF AMERICA: 135 10th St, 626-0434.
GOODWILL INDUSTRIES: 980 Howard, 362-0778.
ST. VINCENT DE PAUL: 1825 Mission, 863-3200.
FREE STORE: Oakland Opposition, 5003 Foothill. Okld. 535-1564.

NOBODY GOES

BLACK DRAFT COUNSEL: M-F, 12-8, 1373 Page, 863-8786
WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE: 833 Haight, M-F, 1:30-4:30, Sat morning, 626-6976
HAYWARD PEACE CENTER: 2010 B Street, Hayward, 10:30 am-9 pm 581-4015
EAST BAY DRAFT INFO: 2320 Dana, #5 Bkly, 841-7400
OAKLAND OPPOSITION: 5003 Foothill, Okld, M-S, 12-7 pm, 535-1564
DRAFT COUNSELING: Get your IV-D draft exemption as a Universal Life Minister. Drop by Good Times, 1550 Howard, anytime.
FEDERAL HOUSING INFO CENTER: has rental listings for people having difficulty in finding houses. Free service 556-5900 or go by 100 California



A BEAUTIFUL ALBUM ON A&M RECORDS



JOHN BRADEN - MINSTREL

JOHN BRADEN with a little help from Chris Ethridge—bass; Sneaky Pete—Pedal Steel Guitar, Paul Horn—flute; Bruce Langhorne—guitar; Ry Cooder—guitar and Richard Bell—piano, organ and arrangements.

*MEANS FREE

APRIL 24

APRIL 25

*MOVEMENT FORUM: on the Working

APRIL 27

APRIL 29

APRIL 30

APRIL 28

*SEND*YOUR*TRIP*IN*TODAY!*

beginning to put the regulars uptight but apparently the scene is still cool. The thing to know is that the mountain is the star attraction for most everybody around but it means different things to different people. A lot of people who have lived there in the town have done a religious number on it. There are the real old folks who have the Society of St. Germain (I think that was it) based on some miraculous happenings 30 or 40 years ago and now you have the people who are connected with the Master's Kitchen and the adjacent Inn (the folks at the Inn) who are into something separate from drugs and long hair which they are reputed to be pretty uptight about. Last summer sometime the manager of the Kitchen outlived long hairs on the premises. Sources have it that the Kitchen gets it from both sides. They don't want to be a haven for drug freaks, which was the scene before the anti-hippie proclamation, but apparently they are considered suspect by the city straights, whoever they are (I guess they dig skiers and moneyed tourists). So it's a mixed bag of conflicting elements.

religious freaks, ski freaks, money freaks, hippie freaks, and just plain Mount Shasta freaks, which is something everyone shares a strong touch of.

Which brings us back to the Mountain, its perfect beauty and its powerful magic. To see and believe the mountain is the trip. To have written this much makes me feel a heavy responsibility. I will probably worry now about the mad hordes who will hastily swarm to Shasta spirited on by my revelation (reminder) that it exists. So I tell myself that She has been there for a long time and has a history of peace and magic that hopefully can speak today to those who place themselves near Her. Go gently my friends.

My trip to Mount Shasta happened two weeks ago because of a bit in this paper which implied I would be welcomed not just to visit but even to live if I were an artist or craftsman looking for a beautiful spot to live cheaply. All I had to do was go to a place called the Master's Kitchen next to the Greyhound bus station in Dunsmuir. They would reveal all wonders.

Well folks, someone was putting us on about the Master's Kitchen, but otherwise the gist of the article was true. Trying to find the Master's Kitchen in Dunsmuir (where it's not) we talked briefly to a hip looking couple who said they lived in a two-bedroom house there

 FATHERS POINT: Juliet of the Spirits
 and Males Color Films; 441618th, SF, 7.15
 to 10, 10, & 10, 10.
 LEVIN, JEAN GENET Les Bomes at 2041
 Larkin, SF, 8:30, \$2.
 LUGAN, JEAN-PIERRE The Night of the
 Hussar at 1000 Noon at the Heliport Film Society,
 1000 Sausalito Heliport, at route 10, Mill
 Valley, 11pm and, \$1.
 MONTAGNA, RICHARD The Canaporal meeting
 at the Canaporal Center, 3200 Calli-
 fornia, SF, 8 pm, free.

*RIBELTAD VORDEN: presents Dennis Doyle; 300 Precita, 9:30, free.
 *MAMMADRAGES: Allspice Rhythm Band, 1010th & University, Bkly.
 *FILLMORE WEST: Basketball game, Jam session, surprise guests; Market Van Ness, only one buck!

Wednesday
APRIL 30

*RIBELTAD VORDEN; Dennis Doyle; 300.
precita, 9:30, free.
NEW ORLEANS HOUSE: Charles
Musselwhite, far out! 1505 San Pab,
bkiv.

LOVE & GOD: A Discussion of Spirituality & Mysticism with Father John Coleman; Newman Hall, 2700 Dwight, Bkly, 8 pm, free.

✻

CRAFTS & CLASSES

SF ENCOUNTER GROUPS: non-verbal & verbal, \$3.50/students \$2.50. Meetings Wed or Thurs at 7:30, Call 861-1145.

PSYCHEDELIC ANTHROPOLOGY: Reich, Jung, Gurdjieff, Yoga, The Psychedelic Experience, more - The New University - \$40, info 525-6614. Registration for April 29.

*FREE MEXICAN YARN stitchery classes during the day. Make banners, decorate walls, baskets, shirts-all sorts of trips. Call Gaynelle at 282-4038.

ART & CRAFTS COOP: weaving, batik, tie-dye, clay, drama & more; 1652 Shuttle, Bklyn.

GALLERIES

*ROBERT ALTMAN photo exhibit at the Coit Gallery, 1541 Upper Grant, until May 10.

*"SOMETHING TO VALUE: photos by Barnett Cline, 900 Macdonald, Albany.

*\$F SCENES: an exhibit of the art of Helen Ludwig, SF Pub Lib, 3555 16 St, until May 16.

*"INVISIBLE PAINTING & SCULPTURE:

*ART SHOW: at Potrero Hill Library, 1616 20th.
*WUNDERLICH-SZEKESSY photo exhibit, at Phoenix Gallery, 2964 College Bkly.

WHILE THE GRASS is growing in Speedway Meadows, the folks who've been doing their thing will go on flipping out at Hippie Hill, Golden Park, Buena Vista Park, DuBois Park, Union Square Park, DuBois Park, Union Square Park, 83 Mar's Square, Mosswood Park, Prentiss Green, Provo Park, Tilden Park, Big Sun, Lake Merritt, the spunkin' new People's Park by Dwight & Haste, and everywhere the green is.

INDIANS & FRIENDS: the committee of concern for the traditional Indian will meet upstairs in the Directors Room of the Posters Restaurant, Polk & Golden Gate, at 8 pm.

NEW ORLEANS HOUSE: 4th W & Jeff

MAGIC THEATRE at Mandrakes, 8pm,
At 9:30 This Old World will play and
for donations; 10th & University,
Bkly.
FREIGHT & SALVAGE; alice stuart; 1827
San Pablo, Bkly.

33rd & Tele, \$3.50.
FILLMORE WEST: Zeppelin, Driscoll,
Auger & Trinity, Colwell-Winfield; Mkt
& Van Ness, 8:30. \$3.
NATURAL FOUR: Wylie Trass & the

JIMMI HENDRIX experience? at the Oak-Grove, Okla., \$2.50.

JEFFERS POINT: Juliet of the Spirits & Color Films; 4416 18th St., \$30, \$1.

SF MIME TROUPE gutter puppets & gorilla band in Mosswood Park, Okla., 2 pm.

JULIAN THEATRE: mime-dance of Peter & The Wolf; 953 DeHaro, SF, 3 pm. kids 50¢, folks \$1.

Monday
APRIL 28

10:00 RIBBELTAL VORDEN; Hoot; 300 Prescottia, 9:30, free.

11:00 FREIGHT & SALVAGE; Dynamite Annie Johnson; 1627 San Pablo, Bkly.

12:00 CONCERT the Mills College Performing Arts Ensemble; 1627 San Pablo, Bkly.

1:00 Novata; Bonhommes; Mills College Performing Arts Ensemble; 1627 San Pablo, Bkly.

2:00 Old, 8:30, folk; 20 students; \$1.

3:00 EXPERIMENTAL WING: improvisational theater at the Committee on Broadway, 100 W. 4th St., 8:30, \$2, students \$1.

4:00 pm, folks \$2, students \$1.

5:00 FILM: Alexander Nevsky; Diablo Vall Coll, Concord, 7 pm, free.

6:00 FUNDINGROUND film festival: DOCUMENTARY; 100 W. 4th St., 8:30, free.

7:00 Musical, free.

8:00 DRUG (Surrealist) & our society, lecture by Dr. Henry Fry, Canine, 100 W. 4th St., 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

1:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

2:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

3:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

4:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

5:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

6:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

7:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

8:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

9:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

10:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

11:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.

12:00 Mardian, 8:30, free.</

A black and white illustration of a bird, possibly a grebe, standing on a patch of ground with some vegetation. The bird is shown in profile, facing left, with its long neck curved downwards. It has a dark, elongated body and a long, pointed beak. The ground it stands on is depicted with some stylized, leafy plants. The background is plain white.

DEAD—LINE MONDAY!

• **MOVEMENT FORUM:** on the Working Class & the movement with bobavkian, Jim Jacobs, & Paul Chom; Howard Church, Oak & Baker, 9pm, free.

• **WARE ARE LECTURE:** Chemical & Hological that is, by Marc Leppé; SF State, 10:11, 9pm, free.

• **SURPLUS PROPHETS:** on KPFA-FM, 94.1, 11:30.

• **WINTERLAND:** Zeppelin, Driscoll, Brian Auger & Trinity, Cowell-Winfeld; Post & Steiner, \$\$\$3.50

Saturday
APRIL 26

*RIBELTAD VORDEN: Cal Robinson, Country & Western; 300 Precita, 9:30, free.

Reeves, Nina Simone, & more; 9C Green Theatre, \$21-5, 642-3125.
WHO'S MAKING LOVE? Johnny Taylor at the Showcase, 33rd & Tele, Oakland, 9pm, \$35-50.
NEW ORLEANS HOUSE: Elvin Bishop & Mother Bear; 1505 San Pablo, Bkly., 9:30.
FREIGHT & SALVAGE: SKY BLUE, 1827 San Pablo, Bkly, 9:30.
WINTERLAND: Led Zeppelin, Juliet

Windfield; Post & Sedner, \$83.50, pass.
your own food, the show is plastic.
SOUNDS UNLIMITED: Cleveland Wreck-
ing Co, Last Mile Boogie; Avenue
Theatre, 2650 San Bruno Ave, SF, 8pm,
\$2, 596-3837.

THE NATURAL FOUR: Wylie Tates, 10
the sixth night; Spenser's Club, 5019
theater, 8pm, \$82.50.
DRAVA/DANCES, Magic Theatre, 10
8pm; Shades of Joy, 930, Donations.
Mandrakes, 10th & University, Bkly.
*EMBRYONIC THEATER: Slave of Gold
at the Excelsior Branch Library, 4400
Mission, 8pm, free.

JULIAN THEATRE: Mime-dance pro-
duction of Peter & the Wolf; 953 Delmar
283pm, kids 50¢, folks \$1.
TRANSFUSION drama at the King Man-
dress Factory; 3949 Broadway, OM
8pm, \$10.

SF MIME TROUPE: bring on the guinea
puppets & the gorilla band at Lake
Merritt, near the Museum, 2 p.

RAY DAVIS at the chair, 260 Valencia
SF, evens, free!
INTERPLAYERS: Futzi presented by the
Circus; 747 Beach, 8 & 10pm, \$\$\$
885-5146.
OCULT: ELECTRONIC PSYCHEDELIC
FEAST: films & more films including
Batty Boop in Red Hot Mama; Palace
Theater, Columbus & Powell, midnight
students \$1.50, folks \$2.
CINEMA I: Greta Garbo & Barrymore
2533 Teles, Bk7; 6:30 & on.
CINEMA II: A Day in the Country
La Marseillaise; Tele Rep. Bk

Friday
APRIL 25

UC JAZZ FESTIVAL: Archie Shep Quintet, Sonny Rollins, Archie Shep, Lincoln, Max Roach, Greek Theatre, UC 8 pm, \$24-5 642-3125
NEW ORLEANS HOUSE: Elvin Bishop Mother Bear, 1505 San Pablo, 8:30pm, \$10-15 434-1111
DRAMA/CONCERT: Magic Theatre 8:30, 317 Shades of Joy, 9:30, donations

FREIGHT & SALVAGE: Steve Taurer & Dave Frederickson; 1827 San Pablo Bkly.
***CHAMBER MUSIC:** concert in the Fine Arts Bldg, Coll Marin, Kentfield, 8:30
CONCERT: St Mary's Glee Club music, free.

St Mary's Coll, Rheem, 8:30, 50¢.
****RIBELTAD VORDEN:** Johnny Sunshin
 Pipe Joint Compound; 300 Precita, SF
 free!
GRACE CATHEDRAL: Richard Purvill

St. SF. 8:30. \$1.
WHO'S MAKING LOVE? Johnny Taylor
& his show; Showcase, 33rd & Telegraph
Okld, 6:54-4222.
THE NATURAL FOUR: Wylle Trass
the Sixth Floor; Sportsman's Club, 531
Grove, 9pm, \$2; 50, 654-5443.
AVANT-GARDE: Dance with Yvonne
Rainer; Mills Coll. gym, 8:30, \$2.
CINEMA I: Greta Garbo in Queen Christ-
tina & Baruch; in Tones; Tele. Pa-

CINEMA: II: A DRY IN THE COUNTRY
La Marseillaise; Tele Rep, B7, 6:30
FILMS: Remains' Guerrilla, also full-
length recent French feature; Mt Diablo
Unit'n Church, 55 Eckley, Walnut Creek,
8:30, \$1.50, students \$1, 9:34-3:35.
*KIDS FLICS: Rosary of the Missions,
Adobe Village; Rich Pub Lib, Civics
Center, 4:30, free.
*FILMS: Woman In The Dunes; Diablo
Vali Coll, Concord, 7 pm, free.
HELPFUL FILM SOCIETY: Arsenic
Old Lace; Sausalito Hellport, old route
101, Mill Valley, 8:30, \$1.50, students
\$1, 9:30, \$1.50, 10:30, \$1.50, 11:30, \$1.50.
FEAST: Kenneth Anger, DMT by Y.
Kui, Chinese Fire Drill by Hinde, Betty
Boop cartoons-Fred Hot Mama, Liberator,
by Steve Arnold; Palace Theatre, Col-
lumbus & Powell, midnight, \$1.50
students, \$2 folks.
LES BONNES The Maids par Jean Genet
\$2 folks.

- *FATHERS POINT: Juliet of the Spirits, 1966, 16mm, color, 10. \$1.
- *MELLES COLOR FILMS: 4416 18th St. SF. 7u15 & 10. \$1.
- *TRIPS FOR PEACE: original dramatics by Ray Davis; Cabaret, 260 Valencia SF, evies, free.
- *TRANSFUSION: drama takes place in the King Mattress Factory, 3949 Broadway, Oakland, 8:30, donations.
- *SF MIME TROUPE: Gutter Puppets/Gorilla Band will perform at Civic Center Plaza, noon, free!
- *BUDDHISM OF TIBET: Free lecture by Lama Tharchug Toku at 2717 16th, 8PM.

Thursday
APRIL 24

REIGHT & SALVAGE: George Ball the
funky, 9:30.
UC JAZZ '69: Smoke at the Students
Union Plaza, noon concert, \$2-5.
RIBELTAL VORDEN: Cal Robinson
and Western, 200 Proctor, 9:30.

FREE!
FILLMORE: Zeppelin, Driscoll, Brian
Auger & Trinity, Colwell-Winfield; M
& Van Ness, 8:30, \$3.
FETHERS POINT: Fellini's Juliet of the
otette: 4416 18th SE 8:30 \$1 61-549

CAST: LANYON CINEMATEQUE: Fred
Lanyon's Little Jesus, Williams' Two Imag-
ined Children, Rodan's Cincinatus, The
Computer Place, Computer Place, Rodan's
Cincinatus, Omnivision's Vineyard IV, McLaughlin's
The Ship Comes In When the Ship Comes In,
SF. SF. \$8.30, \$1.25.
STAFF: SF Mime Troupe: The Gutter Pup-
pets & Gorilla Band; Civic Center, noon
free.

INTERPLAYERS: Tom Paine presented by
the Circus; 747 Beach, SF, 8:30.

[illegible]

***STOCKHOLDERS MEETING OF Transamerica corporation in the Fairmont Hotel. Trans is the gigantic billion-dollar holding company that wants to build that 55-story tower in the Financial district.**