

new University

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"First of all you're ignorant. . ."

by LESLIE LINCOLN

"I don't think you're in a position to give moral support on anything," said ASUCI President Ron Ridgle to the Student Senate. "First of all you're ignorant. . .even if you just read the L.A. Times, which lies a lot. This (resolution) is meaningless."

The ASUCI Senate had just struck a monetary donation provision from a resolution of support for the striking students at San Francisco State College. However, Ron's words came a little late, for the Senate had already passed a bill to send to the strikers a telegram reading "Good luck and God bless." The second bill, which pointed out that Acting S.F. State President S.I. Hayakawa had "taken away funds from the AS (Associated Students) of SFSC," called for the ASUCI to give the profits from next week's San Francisco Mime Troupe production at UCI to the strikers.

Earlier in the meeting Ron Ridgle announced the results of the poll conducted during last December's ASUCI elections. On an old matter of controversy at UCI, 55% of the students voting thought that the ASUCI Senate should take positions on issues in our society. However, not very many people voted in the election.

After that, Dan Mayfield's "Good luck. . ." motion passed 10-5.

When the second bill, sponsored by Bob Crane, came up, Ron Ridgle explained that Hayakawa had frozen the ASSFSC's funds when the student government recognized the strike. Hayakawa's contention was that ASSFSC was "not representative."

Several senators expressed concern over the ASUCI's financial situation, and ASUCI program director Jim Heiney suggested that if senate members were really especially interested in supporting S.F. State, they should get up a program of their own to raise money for the strikers. Taking the Mime Troupe profits, he said, would be "a blow to me."

Ron Ridgle urged support of the resolution, saying, "What happens at S.F. State is of utmost importance to students across the nation." It is, he said, "much more important" than the ASUCI's problems here.

ASUCI Vice President Bill Coon said that if the students at S.F. State wanted their money back, they should negotiate

to reach an accommodation with the administration. "It's their own fault," he said, if they don't get the funds back. At this point Dave Heskett, who was at the meeting to answer questions about the situation at State, said, "They've been negotiating for two years!"

Dave, a student at State last year, went on to give some of the history of frustration behind the strike. For example, when students negotiated for two months last year over 4 demands, the administration agreed that 3, including that for a Black Studies department, were "reasonable," but that the College had no money to implement them. However, when two old ladies died and left the college money for black and oriental students, the college refused to accept the money on the grounds that it couldn't take funds for "segregated" programs. Although there are 46 faculty positions open, and the American Federation of Teachers has agreed to yield 20 of the positions they control, the administration won't accept the Black Student Union's demands for 20 positions in a Black Studies Department. The present Black Studies program is "a paper department," according to Dave, since the 11.3 positions under Dr. Nathan Hare are spread out "under the thumb" of various departments, instead of being in an autonomous Black Studies Department.

Last year the students finally gained the rehiring of one of two fired professors, and 400 "special admissions" for black and third world students, but not until there were student sit-ins and 50 arrests.

Perhaps because of the senators' lack of information, the basic ideological conflicts underlying disagreement over support for the strike seldom came to the surface, except in Bill Coon's remark and Barry Bauchwitz' comment that "Our system is basically a good one. It itself can be amended to serve our needs."

The Senate ended up not considering the motion, but first it put solid, though less specific, support back into the resolution that it read, "Be it resolved that the ASUCI Senate give its moral support to student and teacher strikes at (SFSC) and its substantive support by giving funds to the strikers." Then it tabled the motion until next week in order to collect more information before it makes its decision.

Road To Militancy?

by AMANDA SPAKE

(CPS) — At Queens College in New York City, 15 black students ransacked the office of the director of the program they want changed. The director called the tactics "guerilla warfare" and reiterated that he would not resign.

Negotiations are still going on at Brandeis University near Boston, where blacks have occupied the campus communications center since last Wednesday. The school administration had new phones installed for its use.

(CPS)—About 50 black students occupied the office of admissions and records at the University of Minnesota Tuesday afternoon after failing to reach agreement with school president Malcolm Moss over three demands.

The students want university subsidy of a black conference, establishment of an Afro-American studies department, and control of the Martin Luther King Scholarship Fund switched to a black community group.

The students occupying the office are members of the Afro-American Action Committee.

University officials responded to the takeover by planning to implement their standing policy on demonstrations which prohibits interference with school functions.

(CPS) — Police continued their practice of picking individuals off picket lines as some 700 students and professors demonstrated at San Francisco State College Tuesday. Four persons were arrested. A brief melee occurred when police broke through a cluster of demonstrators around black student union president Bridges Randall.

Campuses across the country are on fire with student unrest. Colleges from New York to California are finding

that in order to change a system which dehumanizes them they are forced to use militant means.

At San Francisco State the war drags on, a war that started over a year ago with the firings of three professors, John Gerassi, Juan Martinez and Richard Fitzgerald, an historian and the only member of the history department who would sponsor a black history course.

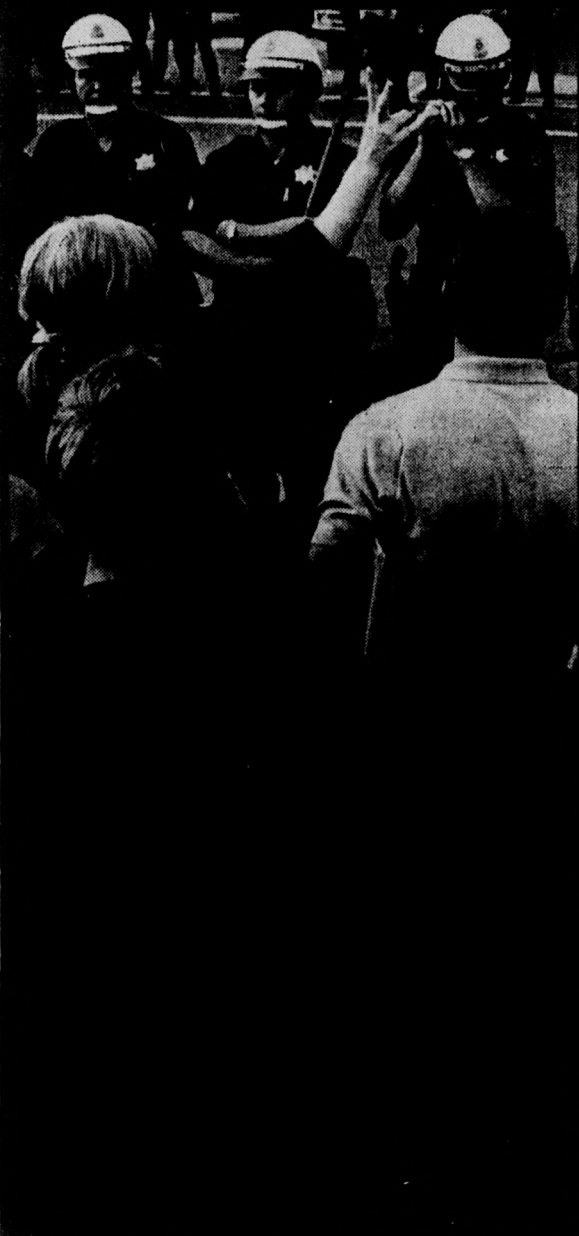
Gerassi decided to fight his case within the system. After an academic senate committee review in which the four members of that committee were locked in a two to two tie vote, John Summerskill, President of the college at that time, recommended that Gerassi be fired, after an "objective" review of Gerassi's case.

This year's strike was touched off by the firing of George Murray. After viewing last year's "justice" imposed by the educational system on John Gerassi, Murray has decided to let the students fight his case.

George Kent, Donald Brannan and Steven Shapiro are still "in the process of being terminated." Kent's case right now is being reviewed by a mystery committee and various academicians are already talking about "if George Kent had stayed at Irvine."

The Chancellor has had the Ad Hoc Committee's two demands — to rehire the three professors and declare a moratorium on firing — for over a month. He had made no statement on those demands.

Kent is in committee, there are promises that Brannan and Shapiro will be "reviewed" and the Chancellor remains silent. Could this be the road to militancy?



Test Tube Tintillations Tantalizing To Taste Tuds

by KAS THOMAS

Whosoever meets Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 10 in the Science Lecture Hall shall know the depths of drudgery. Three hundred chemistry students can't be wrong: chem lecture is boring.

Actually, "Dreary Doedens" did his best last quarter to keep us awake; let it be known that he tried. But this quarter's Dr. D.A. Brant is formidable competition for Dr. Doedens; it will undoubtedly take several weeks to decide which of these experts is the better hypnotist.

Yet, chemistry need not be boring — we should consider chemical concepts in a different light.

Take Mesa Court, for instance. Here we have a model for explaining the existence of gaseous states. There are 800 students (1.3 times 10 to the minus 21st power of moles) diffused throughout Mesa Court at a mean separation distance of fifty or sixty feet (on the order of 100 billion Angstroms). Naturally, in the winter these students behave as charged gaseous particles which find their state of lowest potential energy at close distances. At such infinite distances as fifty feet (remember, that's more than 100 billion Angstrom units) they

exert very little attractive force upon one another. But at closer range, the coulombic forces are felt more and more strongly, so that the ideal separation distance is not large at all. Those who reach this close separation are said to be at their lowest energy level. However, they may

come no closer, for the forces of repulsion then become very large; between the repulsive and attractive forces lies a range in which forces are balanced, and the lowest potential energy is reached. Note, however, that the MEAN separation distance is still

fifty feet, since the entropy of the system is at the excessive amount corresponding to the gaseous phase.

The "Winter Warm-up" dance provides an excellent model, overlooked by Mahan in his book, for explaining the liquid phase. On the dance floor we observe that while the mean separation distance, and therefore potential energy, of the students (which we are again considering as charged particles) is much less than in the gaseous phase, still the entropy, or randomness, in the system is very pronounced. Many students have reached a semi-organized state; some remain covalently bonded. We pause here to note that since each bonded student in a pair is of opposite

charge, there is an obvious dipole moment resulting. When energy, in the form of music, is applied to the system, the net enthalpy change is positive, and the temperature, due to increased random motion, rises.

The solid, or crystalline, phase may be roughly approximated by such organized gatherings as the racism conclave of last September. Here we see a system with small separation distances, and a correspondingly small potential energy level. Here we also see that our subjects are arranged in an orderly fashion; the closest-packed seating arrangement yields eight nearest-neighbors for a coordination number of eight. Entropy is very low; audience reaction suggests anisotropic properties, as in most crystalline solids.

We see that chemistry need not be presented in the usual drab manner. Textbook authors, such as Bruce Mahan, are technically knowledgeable, but lack imagination for all their brains.

Therefore, we must look to faculty members, and in the case of general chemistry, Dr. Brant specifically, for inspiration (as opposed to insipidity). Hopefully, Dr. Brant will break out of his electron shell, and fill three hundred students' minds with fervor and excitement as he helps them traverse the long and arduous path toward knowledge, education, and a passing grade at the quarter mark.

NEWS/ CAMPUS

To hold down operating expenses until the typesetting machines arrive, the NEW UNIVERSITY has been forced to cut the size of its issues to just four pages in length, as well as reducing, or in some cases entirely eliminating, staff compensations.

An active market in stolen automobile stereo-tape decks and cartridges is reflected in a plague of thefts of such equipment from cars in UCI parking lots. Chances of recovery are slim, unless the owner has scratched his driver's license number on the equipment. The police can then readily trace the owner and return his property. Owners should also keep a record of make, model, and serial number of decks, and an inventory of cartridges. Parked cars should be locked.

A series of free, public lectures on the novel is being held every Monday noon in the Writing Center. Speakers are UCI faculty members. Next Monday, January 20, James McMichael will lecture on Norman Mailer's WHY WE ARE IN VIETNAM.

"The Kinetic Art" is the title of three programs to be presented January 17, 24, and 31 at 8:30 p.m. in the Science Lecture Hall. The program consists of 26 of the world's best new short films, and originally premiered at Lincoln Center in New York. Admission is \$1.50 for each program.

A series of tutorial lectures on quantum electronics and modern optics is open to interested engineers and graduate students at UCI. The lectures are being given every Tuesday night from 7 to 9 in the Campus Advance Conference Room on the second floor of the Irvine Town Center building. Professor Hideya H. Gamo is directing the program.

Concert pianist Leonard Pennario will be here at Irvine tonight at 8:30 in Crawford Hall.

Will all undergraduate Cooperative Literature majors please sign a list outside the office of Dr. Max Yeh! Dr. Yeh's office is Physical Science 277.

FREE! FREE! Irvine Community Chorus. Sunday, January 19, 7:30 p.m. Pick up tickets in Room 1325, Crawford Hall.

Ad Hoc Committee meeting on the firings of Kent Brannan and Shapiro today at 12 noon. Third Floor Commons Lounge. Be there!

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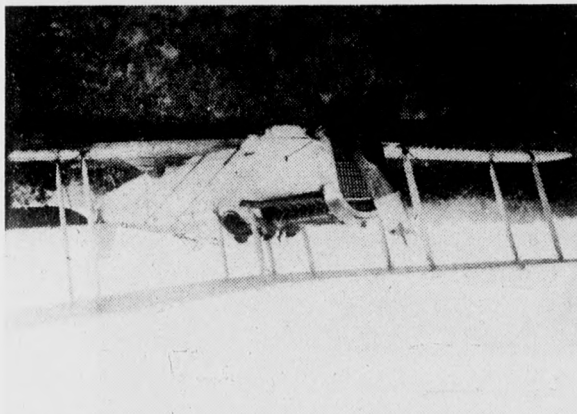
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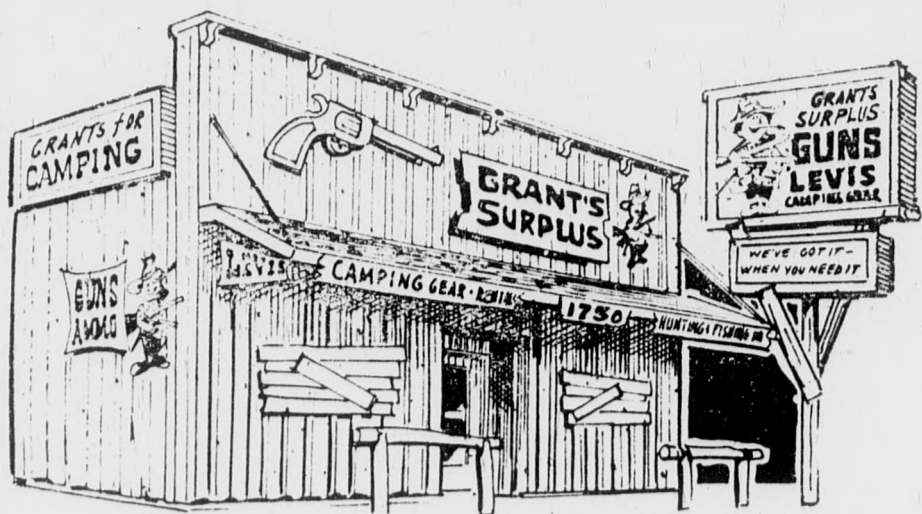
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opinion

Be Clear, Be Clean If You Know What You Mean

by DAVID HESKETT
SDS, English Grad. Student

In the spirit of an engineer or conductor I would like to reply to some of the points in Harold Toliver's letter to the NEW UNIVERSITY, Jan 10. Rather than duplicate Mr. Toliver's methods of organization and discourse, I will deal with topics in order of their importance, as I see it.

1. Someone, politely nameless, is accused of delivering a "trainload of ad hominem abuse" to someone else, also politely nameless, who was merely trying to "open a dialogue on politics." Let me, impolitely, clear up any lingering doubts about this issue. I, among others, delivered the train to Harvey Gross. At worst it was a fair exchange of commodities: A Trainload of ad hominem abuse for a boxcar of slanderous baloney. At best Harvey, learned that attacking students in print will not be met with sheep-like grins from the victims. Bluntly put, we will answer attacks in kind. We demanded, that Harvey, if he really was interested in dialogue, debate us in public. Last time we heard from him he was hunting up allies. We take your letter, Mr. Toliver, to be the act of volunteering to be such an ally. If you think Harvey had something to say in his little collection of aphorisms, you can help him defend them in public. Perhaps we could discuss the hasty use of "ad hominem" to avoid discussion of real issues. Your letter never did say exactly what was right with Harvey's nonsense or wrong with our replies to it.

2. I would suggest that Mr. Toliver is not an expert on junior faculty. First he says they are not misused and then he pointedly ignores the fact that so many junior faculty, from English as well as other departments, spoke at the conclave that student speakers never got a chance to speak. I would suggest to Mr. Toliver that the conclave was hardly an index of happiness and general contentment among the junior faculty, the shock troops of the academic brigade. Let's let them speak for themselves. And for heavens sake let's cut this crap about this hurts us worse than it hurts you. The first thing people do when they have power, or imagine they have power, is protest how much of a burden it is to them; but, alas, the job must be done and they, in the spirit of necessary martyrdom, will do it. Baloney! Anytime the faculty in English is tired of reading their colleagues' work and sitting on Ph.D. committees, just let us know, we'll be glad to take the wearisome burden off your shoulders. And we won't complain about what a burden power, real or illusory, can be.

3. To call a brief, dignified, well-disciplined march of 500 people, which broke neither law nor decorum, a "mob-in," is either incredibly stupid or viciously slanderous. If that group was a mob, then, given present administrative malevolence and faculty bungling, it is entirely possible that events will occur on this campus which will simply transcend Mr. Toliver's vocabulary. Anytime three or more students walk into a building I cheerfully expect to see Mr. Toliver on the roof screaming "Armageddon!" Let's resolve not to overestimate these little things, Mr. Toliver, lest we find we cannot deal with the really big ones within the bounds of the English language.

4. Finally we come to the core of the matter, after having cleared away some of the peripheral debris cluttering up the landscape. The issue which has prompted letters, replies, articles and counter-replies is, as we are all aware, the firings of Kent, Shapiro and Brannan. Let us for the moment ignore the fact the Toliver ET AL had numerous specific and general invitations to speak at the conclave to clear up anything they thought should be cleared up. Apparently they do not feel in control of themselves in front of a microphone. Let us even ignore the revealing metaphor of the Ph.D. in English as a sort of Driver's License. Let us even drop Kent and Shapiro from the matter for the moment. Now we have the fact that Mr. Brannan was fired; that some people (i.e. students) are working to alter that fact; that some other people (i.e. Mr. Toliver ET AL) from time to time inject themselves to putatively clarify something.

First let us establish a certain rule of thumb: The magnitude of any campus outrage can be measured by the quantity and quality of crocodile tears, hand-wringing, and tut-tutting it provokes. The question at hand is very simple, but Mr. Toliver, incredibly, manages to evade it. Does he support the firing of Don Brannan? We are not interested in an explanation of the decadence of the system which concludes by saying, in the spirit of a complete demoralization, that nothing better seems to be around. We are not interested in elaborate metaphors or any of the rest of the plays commonly used to avoid making value judgements. We are interested in whether or not you, Mr. Toliver, support the firing of Don Brannan. Don't fiddle about telling us how righteous you are and how self-righteous we are; just tell us whether or not you support the firing of Don Brannan. It is incredible to me that anyone could write one third of a full newspaper page and never come to a conclusion about whether or not he supports the firing. Don't tell us, in the spirit of Pilate and other famous liberals, that you had nothing to do with it, neither did we. We aren't interested in sanctimonious crap which evades the issue. I am reminded of William James' advice to his brother the novelist: "Spit it out Henry, spit it out!" You either support that firing or you don't; just tell us which and then tell us why. Thus far you seem to be telling us that you aren't sure or haven't decided, or aren't telling. So speak up or shut-up but don't spend one third of the newspaper wandering about delivering points which seem to be based in nothing at all.

Reelect Ronald: Fight For Your Right

by PAUL IDEKER

Ronald Reagan has been elected to a second term as Governor of California. But this time the thanks does not go to a well oiled political machine, but rather to hundreds of students and educators who blindly paved the way to victory for our illustrious Governor.

When Ronald Reagan actually does win the 1970 state election it will be the result of almost four years of academic unrest and campus tension which has erupted in violence on various campuses of the state college system and has caused bitter arguments within the University system which to this writing have not yet ended in violence.

San Francisco State College has become Mr. Reagan's best campaign issue. While he fans the fires of hostility by absolutely refusing to talk to student and faculty dissidents and by so doing has encouraged the college administration and Board of Trustees to adopt a "closed door" policy to negotiators and by further threatening to tighten the campus "police state" by bringing in the National Guard with "...fixed bayonets..." if necessary, California taxpayers watch student militants picketing or bleeding or attacking depending on how the commercial press photographer and the television cameraman chooses to "tell it like it is."

It is no wonder that many persons who have in the past rejected the Governor as either a "political puppet" or "governmental incompetent" are now praising him and appealing to his sense of "decency and law and order" to clear the campuses of the trouble makers and restore peace and order to the "tax supported institutions."

But I'm afraid that settling the SF State issue and working to prevent similar outbursts on other campuses does not suit the Governor's political ambitions at the present. Even if he isn't able to keep the fire burning, the ashes will be around for the California voters to remember for a long time. And then there are still other campuses that could catch a spark and go up in flames before 1970. San Fernando State is smoldering... and of course there's always that favorite among whipping horses Berkeley and the University of California which could be enlisted to a little activity if Mr. Reagan plays his cards right.

It appears at this point that the only solution to the State problem is to close down the campus permanently, to allow emotions to decline to a reasonable level where rational discussion about the problems at hand can take place. But Mr. Reagan apparently sees such a move as a defeat and campaigners don't like defeats of any kind.

The future at State seems relatively certain students will continue to feel intimidated by police, soldiers and whatever other forces the Governor chooses to bring to the campus and their inability to communicate with the powers at hand; and Mr. Reagan will pour more and more police and ammunition into the campus in the name of safeguarding the taxpayers investment. All of this until voters are lined up in the streets begging for the "savior" who is Ronald Reagan to save them from these "commie, radical, left-wing, trouble-making, dirty"... students.

A pretty fancy piece of politics for someone who was just an "honest citizen" two short years ago.

-Letters-

Editor:

The Governor's "State-of-the-State" message is more likely to escalate the state of our crises, than it is to resolve the crises in our state.

He totally ignores our crises in race and prejudice, housing and poverty. He practically ignores — by offering no constructive programs — our crises in education and employment. This is particularly true in the matter of higher education and campus unrest.

The Governor's message expresses one false assumption:

"Higher education in our state colleges and universities is not a right, it is a privilege."
and implies several false assumptions:

1. Students are not human beings, but children — to be seen and not heard with no right to participate in the determination of their own future.
2. Our universities and colleges are perfect.
3. Authority, force, fear and punishment are adequate answers to any problem in a free society.
4. Problems are solved by suppressing symptoms, instead of by resolving causes.

I, too, condemn violence — against person, property, or institution (disruption) — yet condemnation alone provides no resolution, it only escalates the confrontation; condemnation alone grabs headlines, it doesn't resolve problems. The governor's plan — such as it is — promises nothing more than endless years of armed occupation of our campuses — hardly an ideal.

Each campus should be kept open, with necessary force, but only with that force which is necessary, and never arrogantly employed. After all, these students — no matter how outlandish their conduct, their appearance, or their language — are not outlanders; they are our children, the product of our society (and as well, its inheritors).

Far better — while condemning violence and keeping each campus open — we recognize the dissenting students as human beings and ask — how come? How come violence? Is violence the result of despair? Is despair the result of frustration rising out of the too-wide gap between expectations envisioned, and realities experienced by students?

The Governor's qualifications to lead in this matter are questionable:

1. Did his veto of state college funds block creation of a black studies department at San Francisco State, and thus contribute mightily to the campus unrest?

2. Has the Governor recognized his responsibility to ALL Californians, cared enough to listen to ALL his constituents — has the Governor gone to any campus, talked to (better — listened to) the dissidents, to see who they are, where they are, what they want?

Simplistic answers don't resolve problems, they simply aggravate them. And while no one has certain answers for the phenomenon of our younger generation, I suggest (as going to the causes of our situation) and will seek to effectuate by legislation and/or persuasion:

1. Immediate creation of black studies departments, at San Francisco State and elsewhere as appropriate.
2. Broadening (financing, admissions, tutoring) of educational opportunities programs for minority group students.
3. Creation of fiscal flexibility through deletion of line-item budgeting for state colleges.
4. Increased funding for higher education, to assure the promise of a free society.
5. Student voting participation in all policy-making bodies in higher education.
6. Extending the voting franchise (and civil and criminal adult responsibilities) to all Californians over 18 years of age.
7. Campus visitations by state legislators, constitutional officers, regents and trustees — not during crises, as investigators — but regularly, as public servants providing access and redress of grievances to their constituents.

John Vasconcellos

Assemblyman, Twenty-Fourth District

IMPRINT

Fiction and Non-Fiction manuscripts are now being accepted for printing during the Spring Quarter. Short stories, poetry as well as non-fictional prose will be considered for publication. Bring manuscripts to the third floor of the Commons or contact Paul Ideker - 833-5546.

experimental theatre

'What's Your Bag?' Misses

by JOSEPH L. BROIDO

When one presents an experimental play, one has to avoid many pitfalls; form without substance, self-conscious hipness, meaninglessness for the sake of meaninglessness, actors who expect the script to carry them, repetitiveness, and, obscurity of meaning. (I have to make a side comment here. Theater, by its very nature as a performing art, has an obligation to its audience. It is the obligation of clarity. Many playwrights operate under the notion that the theme is for the audience to grope for, and that if the audience CAN'T find it, then it's their fault, rather than the playwright's. This is a false notion because of the obligation of clarity. I do not mean that the playwright should didactically explain his theme in neon lights, but, rather, that the theme be at a place where it CAN be uncovered by the audience for which the play was intended to be produced. The playwright must keep his audience in mind, for, if he chooses to ignore them, they will choose to ignore him.)

Unfortunately, WHAT'S YOUR BAG?, written and directed by Elliot Fried (henri Ghuawli) stumbled into all of these pitfalls and became so maimed that it was embarrassing to watch.

The theme — which I'm still not sure of, because it was a pretty damn obscure play — appeared to be the overworked "Man's Servitude to the Whims and Wills of Woman Armed with Breasts." The audience suffered through a seemingly endless number of short scenes, and they were so repetitive, that they appeared to be just form without any substance.

Review

". . .King Ubu" Opens at SCR

by ELLIOT FRIED

Written and directed by Ron Thronson, THE INCREDIBLE REIGN OF GOOD KING UBU is a not-too-far removed adaptation of Jerry's KING UBU, although no mention of this fact is to be found in the program. Much of the production was an extended Polish joke in the style of, for want of a better expression, Thronsonian Polish.

Thronson makes a strenuous attempt to attack "everything ridiculous in our society, blasting the militant left movement, and the right extremism simultaneously," which I think you'll agree, is quite a task to do in a single play, and it is not surprising that he does not completely succeed.

The production incorporated just about everything that comes to mind when one thinks about experimental theatre techniques: audience participation, strobes, slides, film, live music, and it uses them partially successfully. Merely having actors talk at the audience or pass out leaflets is not audience participation, but merely actor-audience promimity. However, when Jim Baxes actually interviewed audience members, the result was effective participation.

Thronson's use of film and slides was generally inappropriate and irrelevant. Flashing literally dozens of slides of Roger Parker and Carol Kretzer mugging in various locations was at best repetitious, at worst cute. Much of the film footage was thrown in not because it was relevant (the crash of the Hindenburg, labor clashes of the '30's) but because it is in to show films and because these films were perhaps most available. (Some of the footage came from Thronson's '67 production of A MAN'S A MAN) One hopes that Thronson will learn discretion in his use of films and slides before he again attempts to use these devices.

In terms of acting, Roger Parker relied upon being cute and mugging to get him through the show, while Carol Kretzer did create a genuine character; per-

The whole play was self-consciously hip. The best example of this was the tape recording played at the end of the play. It was a mock up of "People's Comments After The Play." "All those dirty hippies on stage," and, "I can't figure it out," are representative of what was on this tape. I suppose this tape was supposed to be funny, but it came off as self-conscious, if not paranoid, hipness.

The actors, by expecting the script to carry them, never got anywhere. Pat Stanyo, as the dominating Rose, spent the evening trying to find a character. At times she would seem to almost have one, but then she would fumble it, and have to start all over again. Howard Stubbs, as the dominated Joseph, did manage to establish a somewhat shakey character, but he was continually slipping out of it to laugh at the jokes in the play.

There were, however, two aspects of the evening which deserve praise. The first of these was The Nifty Revue, which preceded the play. Susan Fried, Paul Wood, and Oakly Hall were funny, and sometimes hilarious, in the barbed skits which they presented.

The second praise-deserving aspect was the audience. There was an amazingly large turnout for an experimental play, and I hope that the poor quality of this production won't keep them from coming to future experimental plays. The audience should also be praised for sitting through the evening without too much chair squeaking, coughing, whispering, yawning, and, for not walking out of a play which could very easily have been walked out of.

haps the high-point of the show was Carol singing I'M A WOMAN. Jerry Patch deserves special attention for being VERY good in his individual bits.

Although parts of the show were quite clever, other parts, including the lyrics, lacked wit. Also, saying Shit is much too easy a way to get a laugh, and yet it was done time and again

to the extent that one wonders whether Thronson consciously thought, "When in doubt, say Shit."

Nevertheless, the production is worth seeing and in this reviewer's opinion, far superior to the San Francisco Mime Troupe's FARCE OF PATELIN. KING UBU shows that South Coast Repertory has again come to life.

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by GLEN PRITZKER
and DAVID GOGGIN

(Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive is Blood, Sweat and Tears — a nine man powerhouse supergroup from New York. . .)

Since the rise of the Beatles, Stones, and Byrds, back in the earlier part of the 60's, rock music has attempted to weld together various musical traditions into a cohesive sound. Thus we found ourselves listening to songs which the critics labeled folk-rock, blues rock, acid-rock, country-rock, etc. It is only recently, however, that any serious effort has been made to combine the jazz idiom into a basically rock format. Perhaps the beginning of this occurred at the 1967 Monterey Pops Festival when the Butterfield Blues Band appeared with a heavily jazz influenced horn section and Mike Bloomfield debuted the Electric Flag, also featuring horns. However, as innovative as these two groups were, neither were able to comfortably and convincingly accomplish what they set out to do: namely, to bring jazz to rock. Because the leaders of the two groups, Butterfield and Bloomfield, were essentially blues musicians, their use of horns was always very blues influenced; pulsating, exciting, but quite one-dimensional.

About a year and a half ago, Al Kooper, following in the footsteps of Butterfield and Bloomfield, formed Blood, Sweat and Tears, a group featuring four horns, and although Kooper's experiment was not totally successful, he laid the foundation for what was to become the most important addition to rock last year. For in picking his horn section, Kooper chose experienced, dedicated jazz musicians who could not be overshadowed by the leadership of any one personality. Therefore, Kooper was eventually forced to leave the group which he formed. He had produced a musical monster which no longer could be constrained by its creator.

(To get an idea of the energy they have, stick your head under the hood of a Cadillac and have someone blast the horn. David Clayton-Thomas, the new vocalist is as strong as Janis Joplin and a couple of bulls combined. The sax man leads the horn section — a firing squad that never misses. The lead trumpeter comes on like a tousled-haired kid who just had his first lay and is gonna blow his head off through his trumpet.) What we have today is the new, improved Blood, Sweat, and Tears; one which has no leader but which has total leadership. In one week, they played both the Fillmore in San Francisco and the Troubadour in Los Angeles — two completely different scenes. Every one of the nine musicians is an integral part of the dynamic, unified whole, and because the group is so tight, each musician is able to finally express himself in a context which compliments his virtuosity. (Next to such bores as the Grateful Dead, B. S. and T. superbly tightened up the Fillmore's wig.) Perhaps this is the ultimate paradox of any successful community, musical or otherwise. (The mood quickly became happy, fast and explosive.) When every member of the community is dedicated to the success of the group as a whole, the individual is allowed to develop his particular talents in an atmosphere of support and love, which eventually makes his own contribution more meaningful to himself and to the total group. (The Troubadour is a much smaller club and has a much more intimate scene. In a matter of minutes, the floors and walls were shaking and the audience became one throbbing electrified animal.)

Blood, Sweat, and Tears are a community in the finest sense of the word. (One of the high points of the evening was when Jim Morrison, one of the L.A. ego-kings, walked in and collapsed upstairs in the balcony.) Whether we are listening to the bold, screeching vocals of lead singer, David Clayton-Thomas, the Coltranesque sax solos of Fred Lipsius, the rhythmic bass lines of Jimmy Fielder, or the staccato adventures of drummer Bobby Columby, we are always relating the individual to the group. (Morrison first began punctuating the music with "alrights" but soon moved to obscurities.) The solo is always part of the entire piece. (A heap of wasted decadence, Morrison began to hang over the railing and tried to match the band by rhythmically screaming !!!!! . . . !!!!!) B. S. and T. can be said to use musical tradition in this same unified sense. The group is neither a jazz group or a rock group; they are Jazzrock. (Morrison would have had better luck competing with a New York traffic jam.) When they play jazz, we also are aware of rock, and when they play rock we can always feel the complexity and texture of the jazz tradition. (Blood, Sweat and Tears: a super-team of magician-musicians.)

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