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San Francisco State

Hayakawa Against the Wall

By TODD GITLIN

Liberation News Service

(Editor's note: the student strike at San Francisco State College probably belongs with Columbia, Chicago and the New York City school conflict as 1968's foremost examples of the contradictions and crisis of American society. The student struggle against a fascist administration gains momentum and is described in Todd Gitlin's story below. Meanwhile, there is a growing likelihood that striking teachers will soon join with the students, and there is a possibility that the combination of student-teacher action will have a domino effect on the entire state college system in California. The left-militant caucus of the American Federation of Teachers, about fifty teachers, has already thrown up a picket line, and the rest of the union is expected to join the strike soon. This may be the catalyst for other locals on the campus to take action, with or without official sanction from city-wide labor chieftains.)

SAN FRANCISCO — I suggested a couple of weeks ago that the State College Trustees might be thinking of Curtis LeMay as a new President for San Francisco State. I wasn't far wrong.

S. I. Hayakawa is LeMay with a flair, a fascist (I use the word advisedly) with flowers, a self-proclaimed "liberal Democrat" whose politics of Happiness finally rest, like those of Hubert Humphrey, on a politics of Order. He is Mayor Daley with the gift of gab. And he is the end point of a logic that began with the jellyfish liberalism of a John Summerskill, last year's president, and was exhausted in the bumbling desperation of Robert Smith, who recently quit as president. Their tactics of pacification ran afoul of the reactionary state, which would hear nothing of insurgent demands, and the implacable students, who would hear nothing of business as usual. Torn apart by the irresistible conflict, the ordinary mechanisms of conflict resolution committees, time-biding, half-measures, assurances, bread and circuses) crumble into history, and Hayakawa, the Happy Reaper, was drafted to fan the whirlwind.

The trustees gave thanks they had finally found a man cut to their own measure. (No question of who was cutting: even Hayakawa's press conferences was called by the Chancellor's office.) Hayakawa ticked off his new no-nonsense poli-

Two members of State's SDS chapter were arrested yesterday on charges of inciting to riot. Four other students were also arrested, three for obscenity.

President S. I. Hayakawa repeated a threat to interpret as a resignation any consecutive five-day absence from classes by a faculty member.

cy: cops ready at all times, rapid suspensions for offensive students, no rallies or sound equipment without his express permission. He extended official sanction to the previously leaderless Committee for an Academic Environment (CAE), announcing that they would distribute blue armbands to the "silent majority" of students "sympathetic" to the Black Student Union (BSU) and Third World Liberation Front (TWLF) demands but committed first and foremost to their own "education."

He fired off a letter to economics professor William Stanton, who has been in the forefront of the faculty strike, informing him he would not get tenure. Stanton had previously been voted tenure by his department's Hiring-Retention-Tenure committee, and although the President's approval is formally necessary, it is always *pro forma* except in the cases such gentlemen like to call "controversial."

On Monday, Dec. 2, at 7:30 AM, a sound-truck just off campus blared the message that the strike goes on. Around eight, Hayakawa stalked up, leaped onto the truck, and, before the amazed gawks of the strikers gathered in front, plucked wildly at the wires to the loud-speakers. Incredible, but we have learned to expect anything. Once over the initial shock,

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Versus

In a confrontation of ideas rather than force, members of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and the Society of American Military Engineers (SAME), a branch of the ROTC program, debated for an hour and one-half Wednesday night.

SAME members were generally receptive to the debate, which centered on the differences in the ideologies of the two clubs. "I don't agree with SDS," one SAME member said, "but sharing ideas is the only way to solve anything."

The debate was arranged by a speakers bureau recently created by members of radical organizations.

Any organization wishing to be involved with the program should contact Howard Reis in the OP office, Room 336 Finley.

OBSERVATION Post

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1968

Students Blockade Avenue, Citing Hazards

Why don't we do it in the road?
Why don't we do it in the road?
Why don't we do it in the road?
Why don't we do it in the road?
No one will be watchin' us.
WHY don't we do it in the road?

The Commune and President Buell G. Gallagher became strange bedfellows yesterday afternoon.

Dr. Gallagher two months ago offered a suggestion to Mayor John Lindsay. The Commune, inspired, acted on it. They did it in the road.

Citing the hazardous traffic situation on Convent Avenue caused by construction of the Science and Physical Education Building, the Commune moved barricades onto the streets at 2 PM and declared it closed to all but pedestrian traffic.

The construction company's tractors were employed after an hour to move the barricades back to their original positions.

The Commune's action drew wide approval from passersby. "I think it's very groovy," one student said. "It prevents the kids from getting hurt and it gives the campus back to the students."

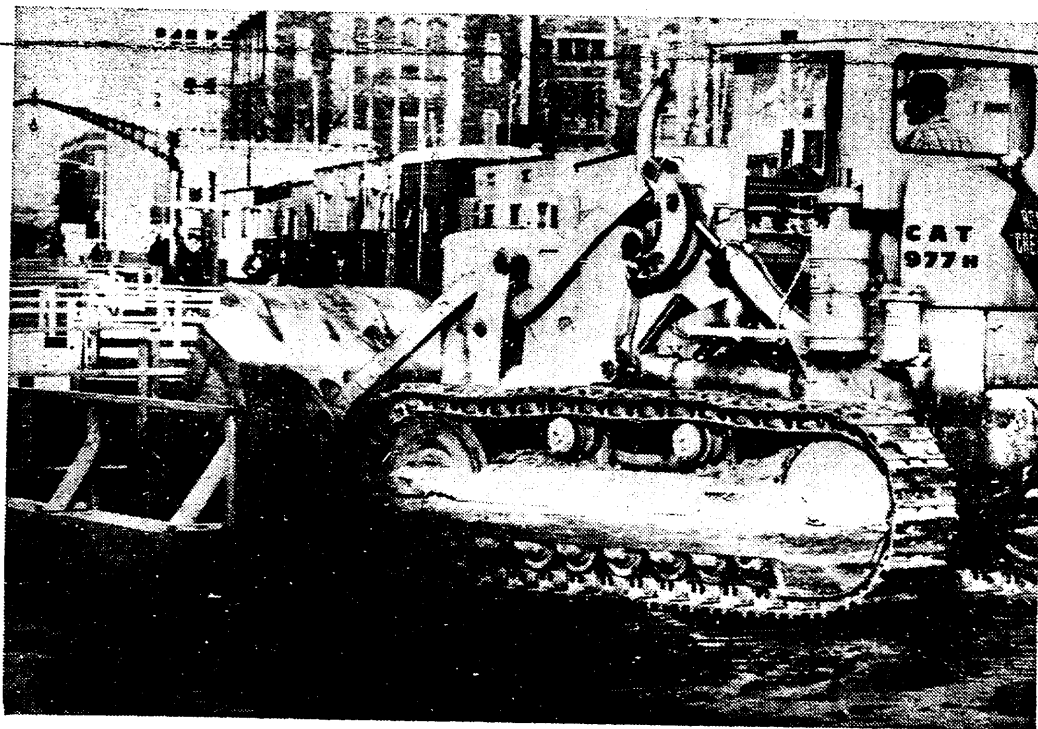
The Commune returned at 4 PM, but several students on the sidewalks interceded and forcibly confronted the activists. The attempt was rendered unsuccessful, despite the fact that several persons stood and knelt before buses.

Dr. Gallagher's letter to the Mayor warned that trouble might arise if something was not done to close the street off, at least during class changes.

"I entreat you," the letter concluded, "to help me avoid having this campus plunged into turbulence. The safety of 18,000 students is worthy also of consideration. The request made by students is reasonable and within the area of possibility."

Burns Guards had until recently been permitting only buses and students to enter the two block area on the avenue, between 136th and 138th Streets during the ten-minute break.

The Commune, claiming that a dog had been killed by a truck on Wednesday, and that several people had narrowly missed



being hurt by cars and buses, acted to seal the roadway off to all traffic.

The barricaded avenue forced traffic to detour around Lewisohn Stadium to Amsterdam Avenue and then back to Convent Avenue at 135th Street. Several buses made the detour, but at least four buses refused to move from in front of the barricades. At 2:40 PM, police from the 26th Precinct arrived, but no arrests were made.

Workers from the construction site argued with the students, claiming they need the open road for their trucks. "The first one of those idiots that moves one of the barricades — crack a bar over his head," one told his fellow workers.

After a near-rumble at 4 PM with students who "agreed with the Commune in principle, but not on tactics," the Commune left. "We're going to go now, because we don't want to fight. If you want to open the street, open it. But sooner or later, someone's going to get hurt or killed, and then they'll close the street," Ron McGuire said.

He left, stating "We'll be back." But 10 policemen from the 26th Precinct, pushing their way through the crowd to find

out what was happening, vowed that they would arrest anybody who attempted to obstruct the street in the future. "We'll give the street special attention tomorrow," one said.

"So will we," McGuire said.

Dean of Students G. Nicholas Paster revoked the four-week-old suspensions of McGuire and Jeff Steinberg, Tuesday night after a request from the Student-Faculty Discipline Committee. They will appear at disciplinary hearings Tuesday night for their involvement in the Placement Office demonstrations a month ago.

In a related development, members of the Commune who were involved with the alleged stink bombing and rifling of files in Associate Dean James S. Peace's office, may be indicted by the Grand Jury that met earlier this week on the Dean's request, Dean Peace said.

Jeff Steinberg said that if there were to be a warrant out for his arrest based on the indictment, "I would sue him (Dean Peace) for assault, defamation of character and slander. But there's no way in the world that they're going to be able to find me to serve that warrant."

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A Hut is Not a Home

As a playhouse for theatrical experimentation, the College's new "Laboratory Theatre" is inadequate; as a chamber of horrors, it is perfect.

A pre-fabricated, concrete-and-steel atrocity, formerly known as the Theatre Hut, the theatre is one of the two blue-painted, "temporary" abominations currently disgracing Cohen Library's front lawn. The huts are so ugly that the Library, itself an architectural blunder of no mean proportions, is defiled by their presence.

Strictly non-utilitarian, the interior of the theatre is no less displeasing than the exterior. Gray-painted metal walls and white fibre-board ceiling create a sterile, antiseptic environment against which every play struggles.

Once inside this cold, depressing playhouse, the audience is seated on fibreglass chairs, classroom seats with the writing tables still attached. These chairs are uncomfortable enough in a fifty-minute class; in a theatre, where an audience may sit for two hours at a time, they are wholly inappropriate. Bring a pillow.

The designer of this edifice must have been a misanthrope, because his theatre is inadequate for human habitation. This hut, like the others, has air conditioning and heating equipment. The problem is that neither air conditioners nor heaters are effective without blowers to circulate the air, and the blowers make it impossible to hear the actors speaking. So the blowers are turned off, and it gets cold in that hut. Bring a blanket.

If our unknown designer dislikes audiences, he must really hate directors and producers. The Laboratory Theatre is beautifully suited for giving those who work in it Cinemascope Technical nightmares.

There are no workrooms, just places to store tools and materials, and not enough room in which to keep old and reusable sets. There is no Green Room for actors to relax in and wait in and get nervous in.

There are, however, "dressing rooms" — about the size and shape of medium-sized broom closets, equipped as lavatories, with toilets and sinks. There are two box offices, each taking more space than



necessary. Besides, who needs two box offices? The Musical Comedy Society? Perhaps. But the Laboratory Theatre is hardly large enough to seat the cast of an MCS show.

The stage itself is hardly large enough for a string quartet, and the acoustics are terrible. There isn't enough wing space to hold the sets needed for two productions — while the Speech Department's version of Michel de Ghelderode's "Christopher Columbus" was being performed, the set for Genet's "The Maids" stood outside the hut.

If producing or directing a show under these conditions is difficult, nightmarish, and unnerving, acting on that little stage is frightening, demoralizing, and ludicrous. Anyone who has anything to do with this White Elephant merits respect.

Somehow, the Laboratory Theatre seems to reflect the general attitude toward the performing arts on this campus. The Music Department lives its cloistered existence in Aranow Auditorium and a small part of the Finley Student Center. The Speech and Drama Department, offices in a hut, has a theatre, in a hut.

So the theatre has adequate sanitary facilities, air-conditioning and heating, two box offices and classroom seats. Somewhere, someone must be thinking in terms of the Corporate Society. In Corporate Society every experience is functional; the theatre is a laboratory for the exploration of art and emotion, a place for learning. There are no cathartic experiences in sheet steel huts.

The Master Plan now calls for the inclusion in the new student center of a 2,000 seat playhouse and a 500 seat intimate theatre. There will be workrooms, storage rooms, rehearsal rooms, dressing rooms, a Green Room, and all the other amenities and necessities this theatre lacks.

Until then, patronize your local hut.

—Milner

Debating Team

The debating team captured the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute's debating trophy for the second year in a row last weekend by being the only undefeated team at the tournament. Led by Darwin Ortiz and Bill Gordan, the team is known as one of the best debating societies in the country.

Over thirty schools participated in the tournament, including West Point, Columbia, and Brown University. The Ortiz-Gordan combination defeated all its opponents, repeating last year's performance by Gordon and Harold Krisbergh. The team will tackle Harvard at the Cambridge campus the first week of February.

An OP Review

two plays, vacuum packed

By Alan Milner

An Evening of One Act Plays

Direction: Charles Gattnig, Jr.

Scenery and Lighting: Peter M. Forward

Christopher Columbus

Cast

Joshua Brand, David Rosenbaum, William Lebow, Iwanna Keron, Joel Taub, Errol Slue, Charles Reiman, Jaclyn Schwartzberg, Mark Ray, David Munn, Ken Frankel, Steven Rosenbaum, Michael Kester, Carol Friedman, Vivian Jaeger, Ray Lopez and Steve List.

The Maids

Cast

Claire ————— Regina Keller
Solange ————— Phoebe Gregory
Madame ————— Susan Macbeth

Production Staff

Susan Zwermon, Frank Dono, Carol Greenberg, Eliyahu Schreiber, Emmanuel Lieberman, Themistocles Sapountzakis, Carol Friedman, Iwanna Keron, Vivian Jaeger, Marie Gattnig, Steve List, Regina Keller, Michael Kester.

tions and personalities all of which Miss Gregory handles beautifully.

Susan Macbeth, as Madame, is properly bitchy, gracious, considerate and self-centered by turns. She is not as relaxed as Miss Gregory, but she does have an air of self-possession that makes it hard not to watch her when she is on stage.

Regina Keller, the youngest of the three, is a newcomer to the stage. She begins a bit nervously, and the first half of her performance is uneven. The second half of the play is sparked by her emergence as a character instead of an actress playing a role. She has two good actresses sharing the stage with her, but she survives and manages to establish her character.

This play works well. The three young ladies create an engrossing, involving play that I found fully absorbing. The direction could have been better, especially in improving the pace in the few places the play slows down.

Peter M. Forward, the set designer, created a strikingly effective environment for this evening of Theatre of Cruelty. The set was surrealistic, and formed a perfect compliment for the surrealistic nature of the play. It provided several different playing areas and levels to work with, creating a tableau generally pleasing to the eyes.

When this review reaches you, the curtain on "An Evening of One Act Plays" will have fallen for the last time. If you missed the plays, you missed a valuable experience in the theatre. The plays were sometimes engrossing, always entertaining, and contained intellectual food for starved minds.

Hearings

The sign hanging on the wall of Great Hall reads, "Occupancy by more than 1,520 people is both dangerous and unlawful." It was unnecessary yesterday, for no more than 100 people attended the hearings of the General Faculty's Ad-Hoc Committee on the status of the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC).

Slowly trickling in, wearing suits, ties, crew cuts, and "Stop SDS" buttons, the majority of students were obvious ROTC supporters.

President Buell G. Gallagher was sitting in front, on the right, along with members of the committee. In the first of his two speeches, he quoted some of his previous pronouncements, claiming that they had been misquoted. He admitted saying ten years ago that ROTC is "the greatest bargain in our defense dollar."

Student Government President Paul Bermanzohn, arguing against the presence of ROTC on campus, said that the university cannot train for every profession, citing plumbing and prostitution, specifically. Later speakers argued for instituting a plumbing course.

Dr. Gallagher then pointed out that "a society which looks down on either philosophers or its plumbers will find that neither its philosophies nor its pipes will hold water."

The President did not comment on the possibility of a course in prostitution.

Friedlander

"An Evening of One Act Plays," the Speech Department's production of works by Michel de Ghelderode and Jean Genet — the first major event to be staged in the College's new Laboratory Theatre — opened and closed last week.

Together the two plays formed an evening of theatre that deserved a better playhouse and a wider audience.

"Christopher Columbus," an irreverent treatment of the "discovery" of America, would not have succeeded alone as an evening's entertainment. As a prelude to Jean Genet's "The Maids," it was, however, well worth sitting through.

Billing his play as a "Dramatic Fairy Tale in Three Scenes," de Ghelderode describes it as a "spectacle and enchantment . . . in the perspective of a dream." That dreamy enchantment was missing last Tuesday night.

Music, accompanied by irritating, flickering fluorescent house lights, comes from an off-stage source. The curtain is open, but no one is on the stage. The house lights go out and a crowd scene begins — the noise and music are interchangeable.

The play is an absurdist comedy, calling for "dances, lights, music, some acrobatics . . ." Director Charles Gattnig, an instructor in the Speech Department, does his best to provide lights and music, but there just isn't enough room on the postage stamp stage for dancers and acrobats to perform on. The players are restricted by the lack of space and consequently the performance lacks freedom to create the verve and spirit essential for the success of the production. The players are not at fault for this inhibition — it seems that they simply cannot overcome a fear of falling off that absurdly small platform.

Among the performers, William Lebow stands out. He brings life and reality to his characterization of the ailing, demoralized king, with a range of emotions no other actor quite achieves.

Joshua Brand, in the title role, turns in an adequate performance. But his unheroic explorer is trapped in a number of overlong soliloquies to which he cannot bring sufficient vitalization. His characterization is strong enough, however, to serve as an effective pivotal point for this fast-paced satiric farce.

The supporting cast suffers from a self-consciousness and a general awkwardness that may be attributed to their restrictive environment. Ray Lopez deserves special attention in this context; as Montezuma, the Indian chief who greets Columbus, he manages to strut through his role on a pair of wooden stilts, without dropping his lines or tripping himself — a remarkable achievement in the Laboratory Theatre.

The settings are spartan — bare and functional wood constructions that overcrowd the stage, making it difficult for the actors to move around freely. Dr. Gattnig cannot successfully stage the play's song and spectacle under these circumstances. And because the play relies upon dancing and acrobatics as mood setting devices, the failure of these bits of business accounts for some of the play's failing. Nevertheless, "Christopher Columbus" is an entertaining prelude to an engrossing theatrical experience.

* * *

The curtain opens, everything is pinkish; a blond in a slip (pink) crosses the center stage.

Jean Genet's "The Maids" is a very interesting play, and the production is well suited to a small stage. There are no set changes called for in the script, diminishing production problems significantly. There are only three characters in the play, so there are no traffic problems to contend with. Genet's script does not rely upon song and spectacle, so the critical shortcomings of de Ghelderode's work on that stage are eliminated.

In Genet's play, two sisters, maids in the same household, are submitted to a subservient, menial existence which eventually shatters their hopes for improving their condition. Their relationship to each other is perverted by their hatred, fear and envy of the third character, their wealthy employer.

Phoebe Gregory, as Solange, is excellent. Her voice and body controls are professional, and she uses them to create a character full of vitality and life. I believe in her Solange, in her moods and changing accents, which are vital to the play's success. Hers is the commanding presence, the dominant role of the play. It is a demanding part, requiring a complex shifting of moods, characteriza-

Radical Poetry

'We have no patience... we are terrified of silence'

By Fred Newman

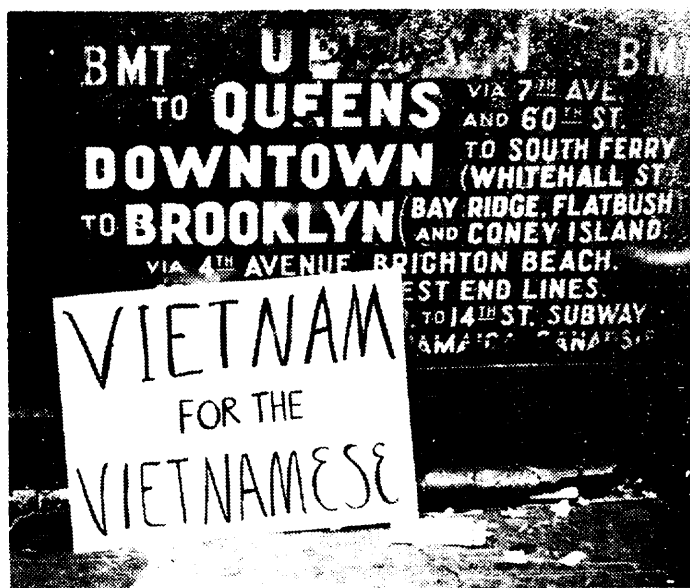
We are underground men. But we do not write so well. One line fails to produce another. Or, one line generates another line. One thought generates no other. Or, one thought generates all other thoughts. We do not think so well. We are "maladjusted."

Yet even here there is grayness and nausea. For we must wonder what we are maladjusted to. We are maladjusted, discontented, anguished. Yet, as these words need linguistic contexts, so the muddled feelings they purport to describe need context. Within a framework there is the possibility of identifying problems. In the absence of a framework there are not even questions. We are underground men, and we do not learn so well. We dimly perceive patterns. Yet we clutch them too quickly. We grab at them with weak hands and when we open our fists, in the privacy of a subway train, there is nothing there. And we boldly attempt to package our madness in the wrapping paper of intellectuality. Yet we are no good at these matters. We have no patience. We have no capacity to savor. We rush. We are bad students. We cannot be Sisyphus. For there appears not even a stone worth rolling. And we cannot be Cratylus. For we are terrified of silence. Rather, we read of these matters and discard the paperbacks in a gaudy display of affluence that makes the poor man laugh cynically.

We are underground men. And we are careless. When something good appears we destroy it. For we are underground men. But we do not write so well. And we simply don't know how to live. We say the only relevant study is life. Yet we are such bad students. How sad it all is. How hopelessly sad.

There stands our government. It is representative. It adopts the posture of a pot-bellied, somewhat annoyed, middle-aged parent in response to the agitation and anxiety of the young. That middle-aged America and its institutionalized representative government co-opt the best of its anguished youth is easily seen. But the spiraling madness of a dying society is quickened by middle-aged America picking up the worst of its young. I suppose all this in the spirit of liberal compromise and equal time. Youth seeks to produce polarization. The government refuses to countenance it. Yet the causes and the products of these seemingly diverse attempts are so similar that it is quite impossible to keep them separate. Each emerges out of a search for peace. Each produces a weakness and frenzy that is incompatible with peace. The war in Vietnam is but a shallow metaphor compared to the war in men's minds.

We have destroyed our gods. Now we sit twitching in a subway car and wonder with feeble minds about the consequences. We search for new gods; for a new framework. But the message of our times is that there is no framework. We take momentary pride in this realization as the man who hates himself loves the man who is wise enough to hate himself. But the pride itself has no context and it does not last a stop. As we emerge from the underground we see a bright sky and there is a momentary bursting. But those gods are dead and we run for cover. For we are underground men. We wait for lightning bolts and rumbles of thunder. We wait for a great flash. But as the news of gods' death takes time; as the lightning and thunder take time to be seen and heard, so the business of finding something new takes time, patience, and creativity.



But we are poor students. We have not learned to work and play well with others. We have not learned to work and play well with ourselves. We give too quickly as we were given too quickly. We do not share. And we fail to see how much we must have before we are able to share.

Our gods have gone and we are impatient. But there is no context and we do not know what we are impatient for. We know some causes. Yet we fail to see reasons.

We are feeble dilettantes in a time that requires genius. More than anything we cannot get two things to go together. This is why we cannot become absorbed in a moment but also because we cannot get absorbed in a moment.

The self must take the place of our gods. We mumble this in a million recitations of a thousand poor poems. Yet a poet must have patience and a poet must have taste. We are impatient and tasteless.

It is a middle class government and a middle class society. It is middle class morality which is under attack. It is the middle class which is best understood by the white radical attackers. It is the middle class which must be gotten to.

Yet, it is the middle class which is for the most part and for the most unclear reasons left alone. We are their children and by their co-optive habits they make plain their wishes. Yet we ignore them. For their gods still haunt their neighborhoods. Isaiah still hides the crumbling matzoh. We poke our long hair at them but always from a distance. We exhibit ourselves to them but lack the courage for the sexual act. We are pornographers. We deliver telegrams but hide them under the mat even when they are at home. For the message is adolescent. The message is inarticulate. The message is boring. And there is simply no context.

Some of us have gone to ghetto America. We have played social worker there. It was something to be proud of. Yet we are not so proud. We have been told to leave. But we had no place to go. And so we move underground. The subway. For the subway seems the right color and it forms a circuit. It is comprehensible. What of social work in middle class America?

On many radical assumptions middle class America is

where they should be. The poor, on many accounts, are good simply by virtue of being poor. This position, of course, is a luxury item of white middle class radicals. Too often, as is well known, the old racist thesis which characterizes the Negro, and by association on the contemporary scene, all poor people, as genetically inferior has been reacted to by the radicals with the covert acceptance of the equally absurd thesis that the Negro, et al. is, by genetic what-have-you, superior.

Black power is very plainly the consequence of a radical white man's concept. But, at any rate, if the poor are thought good by virtue of being poor, and if the trouble with our world or our country or both is primarily ethical or moral, then it is plainly perverse to do your social work in the ghetto neighborhood. A poor man's revolution (or fast-evolution) is called for, but if it were to succeed it would, on many arguments of the new radicals, fail. For to succeed would be to produce middle classness out of poverty and that would be a moral tragedy.

Following still another strain of the new radicalism we should be anxious to know why they opt for the ghettos rather than the suburbs. They cry for immediate change through political action. From a pragmatic point of view this already seems a contradiction. But that remark is too cheap. Immediate action is needed. The radicals are, of course, right. And political action seems as sensible a means as any given the state of our society. That is, if you're not advocating revolution what choice is there? But if immediate action through political means is the cry, then middle class America is the place. They're registered. They are not a twenty per cent minority. They are the norm makers. They are the ones in need of social workers. But, unhappily, they are also the parents of young white radicals.

We should be moved to deep respect for those young Americans who have travelled to Mississippi, Alabama, etc., and have worked under humanly painful conditions with just the right motives. I would never minimize what they have done. It has been remarked that the radicals of the sixties are generally people who could easily "make it" in suburbia and have given up a great deal on moral grounds. It would be so much easier for them to be suburbanites. Of that there can be no question. Yet how much easier would it be for them to be radicals in suburbia? How easy would it be for the City College Bronx Jew to picket apartment houses on the Grand Concourse on a Sunday afternoon, while his parents picked up an away game of the Giants on color television?

OPhotos by H. Edward Webberman

It is one thing to picket a Woolworths in Birmingham. And, it is an incredibly important thing. But how much more difficult is that than picketing a luncheonette on 167th Street because it is filled with middle class Americans doing their immoral thing? It is one thing to teach reading to the poor in Harlem or the South Bronx and regard that as ethical. But how about teaching ethics to the man who has known you — literally or symbolically — since you were three, the man who works in the appetizing store on Mt. Eden.

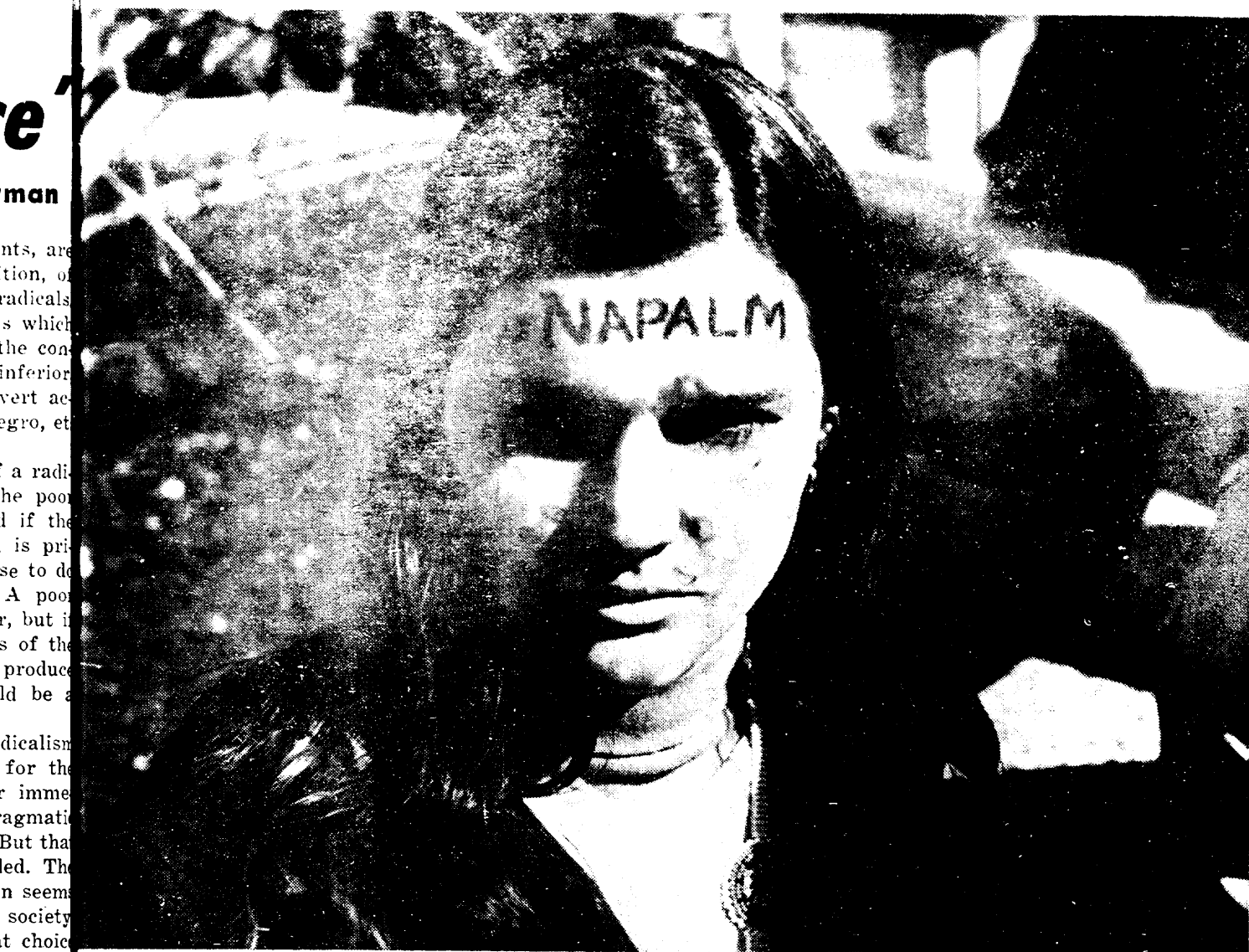
Most young white radicals have gained much more from their experience in the movement than those the movement is designed to help. The Black Power people show a proper recognition of this fact. And they cannot but be alienated by it. VISTA jobs open up because of the justified concern with American social reform. But who are they looking for at VISTA? The Bronx white middle class Jew. Suburbia waits for the prodigal son or daughter. The New York Post gives good publicity to the young white boy in the Mississippi summer project. He may never go back to Long Beach. Yet it's now for damn sure that Long Beach will have him.

But suburbia might be a bit less anxious to have him if his energetic efforts were directed towards moral issues. The

Fred Newman, a former philosophy professor at the College, is currently organizing Encounter House, a student-based educational community. Last year he founded If . . . Then, a group of radical students who visited suburban homes in attempts to radicalize the middle class. Born in New York City, Newman attended grade school in The Bronx, and was a student at the College. He received a Ph.D. in Philosophy from Stanford University in 1958. He has taught at Antioch, York, and Stanford universities, as well as at the College.

A critic and essayist, Newman has written two novels and is planning a third. His latest piece — "Radical Poetry" — appears on this page, and is dedicated to his wife, Maisie.





proof and carriers of white man's culture. This is not a revolution against the wealthy. It is directed against the thoughtless death of middleclassism. It is not directed against bad people; it is directed against people who have become commodities. But to ignore middle class America because they are the dead is a curious stratagem on both moral and political grounds.

Interestingly, the government ignores middle class America as well. They are, in the government's eyes, the attacked and must be protected. They are, in the government's eyes, the voting masses and must be protected. But most ironic, they are indeed, as the young radical points out, the corruption of modern man. They are insensitive and unconcerned. They are unintelligent, uncommitted but registered. When government, then, turns to the young radicals to fill the positions needed to affect major social change it is not because they are trying to diffuse the radical movement by the process of absorption. That's paranoia. The motive is far more ironic. The young radical whites are respected by the bureaucracy. Their manners and stratagems might be thought obscure or absurd but they are alive and concerned and intelligent and must be the ones to affect the changes that are needed. Sometimes the young radicals have a way of forgetting that people can, are, and do change. Intellectually, they could not be committed to this. If they were it would be hard to understand their revolutionary posture. But attitudinally they often impose a static quality on everyone but themselves. That won't do.

What is common to young white radicals and young white government workers? Ignore the middle-class as human beings. Who reads the radical literature? The McCarthy man. Who reads McCarthy? The young radicals. Whom are the dead masses reading? Al Capp! And so an illicit and perverted love affair goes on — symbolized now by Chicago — between the children of dead white middle class America, while Black America justifiably laughs. And Mom and Dad give money to the United Jewish Appeal to support the home land. And in the privacy of their now segregated caucuses, white radicals ask if blacks are not ungrateful animals after all? Is Wallace, perhaps, right?

The answer is no. One can't go around tacitly suggesting that they are working to produce black leadership for too long before blacks realize that a presupposition of this attitude is the belief that there is no black leadership. And so the white radical is told to move. But he is an underground man. And he moves to the corner of the cafeteria preparing for the subway ride home.

The metaphysics of the young radicals is existential. They speak of dehumanization, anxiety, identity, commitment, and the rest so often that too frequently words are given up on frenzied aesthetic principles long before the concepts denoted by these expressions are swallowed and dealt with. And if this is pointed out to them you are looked upon as an intellectual which is tantamount to saying you are unfeeling. Because, as has been pointed out by many, though, the new radicalism rests on philosophical stones, or, more precisely, is sprinkled with metaphysical dust, there is a deep anti-intellectual

tual strain. And it is a strain. For so many intellectualism was the vehicle which led them to their current posture. Yet, at the same time, intellectualism, they believe, must be knifed out if there is to be genuine concern.

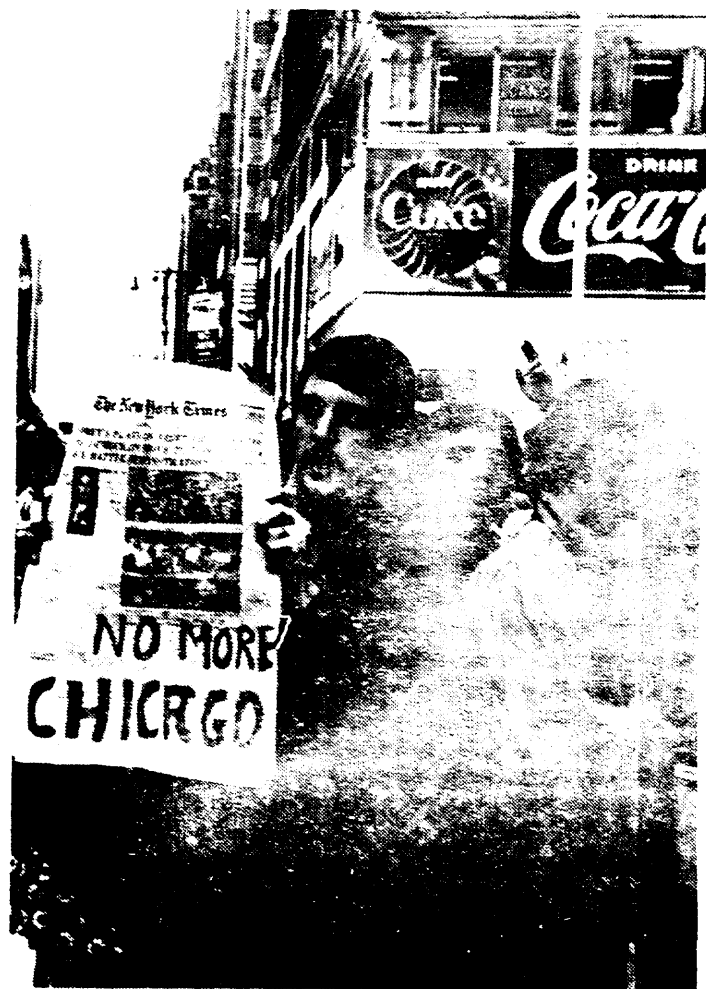
Sartre, of course, stands as a model for such people. Anyone who has written a poem on the loveliness of a gentle kiss should be able to understand this kind of emotional dilemma. The poem, no matter how moving, seems on repeated surveillance, to be too clever and removed. The kiss is real; the poem an abstract prophylactic. Yet the anxiety here should be seen to be based on a perverse desire to establish a relationship between the poem and the kiss which isn't there. The anxiety is produced by attempting to identify the two. And when it is seen that they are not identifiable there is concern and deep unhappiness at the time spent in producing the thin imperfect replica. This account is, of course, too simplistic, but it does hit at a crucial aspect of contemporary intellectual-sensitive mentality. The thing to understand is that the unstated assumption that poem and kiss were identifiable was absurd. There's the absurdity. The poem is other than the kiss; related to it in significant ways but not identifiable with it. Identity is a relationship which can hold between things, but surely not the only relationship. And furthermore, not the crucial relationship. When the poem is seen as related to, but not identifiable with the kiss, there may still be anxiety.

Man is capable of bad poems and bad kisses. But the despair oughtn't result from the failure to achieve an unrealizable end. There is enough absurdity around without letting in that one. And the metaphysics of radicalism should not be despaired at because it cannot be mapped onto the activity. It is related to but no identical to. This cheap sort of anti-intellectualism has the unfortunate affect of not taking the metaphysics seriously. The rhetoric of the radicals becomes as steeped in bad faith as the rhetoric of the politician. The radicals claim the middle class man has dehumanized himself; he is a commodity, a thing. Having said this, and perhaps little more, the young radical is off to activism and if you ask him to wait for a moment and consider his remarks, he puts on his best anti-intellectual pout returning to his well thought-out rhetoric.

But he doesn't listen to his own rhetoric. If your picketing and bomb throwing is simple masturbation, and you don't mind one seeing it that way, then what else can you say? But one shouldn't besmirch the glory of immediate pleasure hedonism by coating it with tenth-rate morality. I don't doubt the white radical's motives. I doubt his intelligence. If middle class mommy is a thing, a commodity, then treat her like a chair. Most of us don't direct our anger at the imperfections of a chair at that imperfect chair. If mommy's not quite dead then save her. She's the sick one. If she is dehumanized then really treat her like a chair.

We are underground men. But we do not write so well. One line fails to produce another. Or, one line generates all other lines. One thought generates no other. Or, one thought generates all other thoughts. We do not think so well.

Above the ground we must develop communities in which to think better, learn better. Communities where thought and action are distinct yet related. Communities in which working and learning together produces a strong sense of self. A sense of self strong enough to sustain a serious conceptual revolution. Building such a community is a radical activity. It must be done by radicals.



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Quotation of the Week—"I get the feeling things are getting worse, but on the other hand, things are basically static. Every now and then, but not too often, it looks better."—Thomas Jefferson Friedman, commenting on the future. Get well soon.

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(Continued from Page 1)

students tried to boo him down. He grabbed one male (who threatens to file a complaint), and, according to an eyewitness, goosed one female. He started passing out blue arm-bands; nobody bought. To students he ranted "Get off this campus; you're suspended." English professor Kay Boyle, in the crowd, yelled, "Eichmann, Hayakawa!" to which the good gentleman replied, "Kay Boyle, you're fired." Finally, he threw down his arm-bands in a huff and leaped away like Rumpelstiltsken, hoping perhaps to split the sidewalk and drive the strikers into the bowels of the earth.

A few minutes later, the Tactical Police Squad busted two of the sound-truck operators on charges of disturbing the peace and illegally making sound. Two illegal moves in the same sweep: (1) they drove the sound-truck off instead of towing it, and (2) the San Francisco Municipal Court has already ruled in a Peace and Freedom case that sound-trucks cannot be messed with. So much for the law.

That squad of a hundred hardcore agitators, famed in song and story and Reagan press conference, must have been terribly active the rest of the morning. In social science and humanities buildings, classrooms were no more than one-third filled; in other buildings, about half. Hallways were slightly more crowded than usual, however, with the casual pretend-we're-not-here-but-by-God-know-we-ARE-here presence of six man police units. A bearded prophet wandered across

The demands made by the Black Student Union at San Francisco State are listed below:

1. Black Studies Department must be granted full departmental status immediately, with all Black Studies courses placed under its jurisdiction.
2. The Black Studies Department will grant a BA in Black Studies.
3. Doctor Nathan Hare, chairman of the Black Studies Department, must be given a salary suited to his qualifications.
4. Unused special admissions slots from this semester must be filled next semester by Third World Students (i.e., Blacks, Mexican-Americans, Latin Americans, Chinese, Japanese, and Filipinos.)
5. All Third World students applying to S.F. State in the fall of 1969 must be admitted.
6. Twenty full-time teaching positions must be provided to the Black Studies Department.
7. Helen Bedesem must be replaced as financial aids administrator by a Third World person who can meet the special needs of Third World students. (The charge against her is that she has been slack about properly disbursing money that's been given the college for Third World students.)
8. No disciplinary action will be taken against students, faculty, staff or administrators for their participation in the strike.
9. The Chancellor's office proposal to restrict student self-government and authorize the administration to dissolve student programs will not be implemented.
10. George Murray must be reinstated in his teaching position for the academic year 1968-69. (Murray, Minister of Education for the Black Panther Party and an Instructor in English at San Francisco State, was recently dismissed from his teaching post because of his political statements.)

the campus singing, "Watch out for Blue Meanies/The Blue Meanies are here" and "Don't go to class/All you'll learn is how to suck Hayakawa's ass." He got a big hand.

Something went wrong with the "silent majority." I saw hardly a hundred blue armbands all day, although there must have been fifty students (including a squad of Japanese-Americans: God, they must have authority problems!) passing them out. CAE leaflets tried to equate armbands with Hayakawa with "positive goals" with classroom attendance with nonviolence, but plainly a large hunk of the "silent majority" support not only the demands but the strike, and the rest stay home. Hayakawa "nonviolence" is a semantically difficult concept, as most students—even straights—seem to understand. Everyone should have seen the Tac Squad paddy wagon that flew a blue armband from its antenna.

Radical Reconstruction

Strike Committee members organized departmental meetings all morning, taking strike votes, worrying about grades, talking in a few cases about the need to make the strike organic ("relevant") to the majority of white students. In the Humanities, unaffiliated strike organizers have made proposals for student participation in hiring-firing and curriculum decisions. They don't plan to tack white demands into the Third World list, but rather they are thinking past the present crisis to the possibilities for overarching radical reconstruction—a school of authentic white studies, as it were.

They've also been circulating a sign-up list in support of the strike: so far 7,200 signatures. (The Conservatives and CAE claim, alternately, 1,300 and 1,600). There are 18,000 students enrolled at State and several thousand of them take only one or two courses at night and are never otherwise seen. The strike is a majority strike, now more than ever.

* * *

War is still the extension of politics by other means. The war at S.F. State, the war that cannot be walled off from the rest of the city by the mountain that separates the physical school from its community—that war

of black-brown-yellow-white against blue, of free and desperate men against the structures that plot noisily and silently to mediate us into submission, that war of inside agitators, against outside powers—that war has broken out on new battlefields, because the politics of self-determination, which are the quintessence of the Black and Third-World demands, admits no honorable compromise.

Friday, Dec. 6, was exactly one year after a tiny movement at S.F. State occupied the administration building in a brief spasm of glory, demanding black admissions and the abolition of ROTC.

Ending a week of cops, confrontation, and occasional arrests, Hayakawa took to his new rooftop loudspeaker (the man dares not leave his office) to read a proclamation of deceit: an endorsement of half-backed concessions, first floated by the clubby, baronial academic setting. A crum here, a crum there, and not too many at that, but no acknowledgement of the principle of educational self-determination. The BSU and the TWLF won't accept a Black Studies Department with all the faults and distortions of the rest of the school.

Hayakawa's voice of "reason" came over the mike, and the students gathered below yelled, "Bullshit."

Apparently referring to his dependence on cops, Hayakawa said, "There has had to be an escalation on this campus."

A Revolution

In reply, a student yelled: "You're goddam right, it's a fuckin' revolution."

Thousands of students marched around the campus while a picket line went around city hall.

CBS national news covered the march, but Walter Cronkite said: "A few hundred students on a campus of 18,000." The deception/self-deception—a few ringleaders manipulate a minority—flew in the face of photography. Hayakawa pinned the blame on outside agitators—from France even—and on dope.

The students have kept up the pressure on campus, with marches and rallies, while reaching out into the community with small meetings and neighborhood leaf-letting.

(Continued on Page 8)

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Dismal Benefit Marks Guardian's 20th Year

By HOWARD REIS

The Guardian celebrated its 20th year of radical journalism with 1,700 of its readers two Thursday ago at the Fillmore Theater. The benefit was interesting, entertaining, informing, and funny. But most of all, it was pathetic.

There wasn't one good speaker. Carl Oglesby, a former National Secretary of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), spent five minutes commenting that the bright lights did not let him see the audience. When he finally resolved the problem, he admitted that he didn't know what to say, using such gems as "we're [the movement] not making mistakes because history doesn't make mistakes" and "we are the people."

I Pledge Allegiance

It was both funny and pathetic when Conrad Lynn, a lawyer known for defending draft resisters, was toy machine-gunned by members of the Columbia SDS guerrilla troupe after taking ten minutes to tell the audience of the glories of The Guardian, all as an introduction for the passing of the hat. The guerrilla theatre stood and recited the Pledge of Allegiance when Lynn finished.

Besides the troupe, Pete Seeger and another group, The Third World Theatre, provided the entertainment.

Sounding just like he writes, the next speaker was Herbert Marcuse, the philosophy professor at the San Diego campus of the University of California whom The New York Times called "the ideological leader of the Left."

SF State . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

Classes were still meeting, attendance hard to measure. Was there occupational therapy at Auschwitz? Human beings are tough, can learn to endure anything. Departmental strike meetings drew uneven crowds, and many students are panicking at the thought of impending grades.

The usual 100 agitators, though, must be very busy; within a few days the inter-departmental organizing committee circulated a new statement and got 5,600 signatures. These students pledge to strike if and when the American Federation of Teachers goes out.

The office of Vice President for Business Glenn Smith, in the administration building, went up in smoke Sunday evening. No one will say arson, but it is certain that patience and irony, those two revolutionary virtues, are wearing thin. Roger Alvarado, of TWLF, was busted Sunday on an outstanding inciting-to-riot warrant, and there probably are other warrants out. Planning meetings are hard to hold with the city full of cops. Leaders change apartments as often as they change clothes.

If the trustees do not break soon, something will blow; the sky has never looked more like a literal limit, especially with a lot of support being generated on other state college campuses.

And Hayakawa? Give him a few days before he freaks to pieces. I'm still betting on the unemployed General LeMay. "You can't trust war to the politicians."

"This society is repressive, destructive of the human desire of freedom to decide one's own life," he began. "What is the alternative . . . It is not good enough to say we will destroy and build after. Already we must strive to be the New Man. We must show models of what may be human beings," he said, as he echoed the voices of the New Left in One-Dimensional Man.

New Working Class

And then Marcuse mentioned that this new society is "unimaginable without a mass base, and it appears to be equally unimaginable to gain this mass base in the near future. We must try . . ." The new working class — we the educated who have the benefit of glorious education — will lead the way for the stupid, uneducated 'old working class' — your mothers and fathers, the industrial working class — to Utopia, he seemed to imply.

The evening's ending was its most pathetic and saddest feature. The aisles leading to the stage were cleared for the entrance of H. Rap Brown, who quickly proclaimed that "I'm only here because there is nothing on TV." Someone had the audacity to hiss, an example of what Rap called "infantile bourgeois mentality."

But of all the speakers, Rap said the most relevant things and ideologically, the most important: "We are nothing on earth if we are not slaves of an idea . . . We must push ideas, not individuality . . . The Movement today

is leaderless . . . Ideas win out, not individuals."

In an apparent attack of Eldridge Cleaver, the Black Panther Minister of Information now being sought by the Federal Bureau of Investigation for failure to report to prison after an alleged parole violation, Brown said that black revolutionaries "cannot be voluntarily in exile."

Then the end.

Rap was five minutes into his speech when he accused those listening (or maybe just those rich individuals who could afford to pay \$25 for seats in the front rows) of talking revolution but voting for Hubert Humphrey and Senator Eugene McCarthy. A few in the audience hissed, and one man got so angry, he stood and shouted at Brown.

Brown left the stage. Efforts to convince him to continue speaking failed, and the spectacle ended. The audience went home to sleep to be wide awake for the next day's struggle.

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