

## The world should belong to the people Cleaver maps out struggle

Eldridge Cleaver brought it down yesterday, and he brought it down hard.

"Our job, the task of our generation, is to see to it that the pigs who run this society are drug down, drug down," Cleaver told the enthusiastic crowd of 2500 students.

Cleaver's appearance was sponsored by the Poetry Center. He was, according to the sponsors, supposed to read from his book, "Soul on Ice." Instead, he read from his life.

His speech was frequently treated to four-letter words that only served to make his message unmistakably clear.

At the beginning of his presentation to led the crowd in a rousing rendition of his song, "F-k Ronald Reagan." The title and the lyrics are one and the same. About 1000 students joined in the effort.

"Mickey Mouse Reagan, Donald Duck Rafferty, Big Mama Unruh, Meathead Humphrey, Bonenose Nixon, all those jive ass regents, Smith, the pig who runs this prison camp; all of them need to be put in the penitentiary or up against the wall," Cleaver said.

Cleaver also threatened "to drag Max Rafferty down by his neck, down by his balls and put him up against the wall. Up against the wall motherf-ker," he said, drawing a cheering response from many students.

As to the State of California's latest move to jail Cleaver once again the Black Panther Minister of Information simply responded:

"I'm not going to the penitentiary. If Reagan wants to send someone to the penitentiary he can send his mama, and then go be her cellmate."

After taking care of many elected state officials, Cleaver got down to the real message he wanted to bring.

"There's a cultural revolution going on in this country. There's a revolution in the black community, there's a revolution in the white community. The continuance of the revolution is our only salvation," Cleaver said, drawing loud applause.

"There is nothing on this planet but human beings. We have a new world, a new generation that has to take power," he said.

Cleaver also called on the people of the world to rewrite history.

"The world needs a new history book. One which all people can relate to. One that black children can relate to,

one that white children can relate to," he said.

Referring to Reagan's stand on medicare, Cleaver said that the Governor will not allow "old people and babies to have medical treatment."

"What kind of motherf-ker is that? I ask you, what kind of motherf-ker is that?" he said.

Cleaver, dressed in a black jacket and a light blue turtle-neck, drew a standing ovation from about 1000 of the audience the minute he set foot on the Speaker's Platform.

He said he was supposed to read from his book "but I don't relate to that."

Cleaver, speaking clearly



Eldridge Cleaver

—Photo by Tony Carrera

and powerfully, spoke confidently of "the movement's" support.

"I know we got 25 or 30 million black guns. I believe we're going to get some from the white community, sooner or later," he said.

"We'd better get it together, better sooner or later," he told the audience, which was large-

ly white.

Although "there are people on this campus that can't get to it yet" Cleaver told of the need for "black, brown, yellow, red and white power" to overthrow the system.

"White people in this country have never had white power. They've only had pig power," he said.

For Cleaver, victory would be "all people in the world controlling over their own destiny."

"We want our own participation in the manipulation of the sovereignty that governs us. Nothing more, nothing less," Cleaver said.

"Anything that stands between the people and the fulfillment of this principle has got to go, that's all, has got to go," he told the applauding crowd.

Cleaver also said that the people would go into jail and free his fellow Black Panther, Minister of Defense Huey Newton whom he called "the baddest motherf-ker that ever stepped inside the pages of history."

"If you have time, get me, too. I might be in there with him," he said.

Cleaver closed his address by attacking the United States as a power.

"The eagle has taken the place of the swastika as a symbol of terror in the world, whether you like it or not," he said.

"We must turn the whole world into a free community," he added.

Cleaver received a standing ovation from nearly all the audience at the conclusion of his talk.

—Dave Richmond



A basically enthusiastic crowd of 2500 listened to the message Eldridge Cleaver brought yesterday. —photo by George Leong

## Brilliant, peaceful start for annual Activities Fair

The Activities Fair got underway peacefully, despite a rumor that there might be trouble.

In a burst of brilliance the Activities Office placed the Young Americans for Freedom (YAF) next to the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) in the lineup of campus organizations displaying their wares to all comers.

Lawrence Beliz, Chairman of the YAF, admitted Tuesday that "there might be a little trouble" due to the delicate position of his group's table.

"We're really bitter enemies," he said, referring to YAF and SDS.

Along with SDS and YAF, there were many other organizations participating in the Fair.

Religious organizations, including Hillel and the Christian Fellowship were represented along with other political groups such as the Resistance and the Peace and Freedom Party.

All groups were treated to warm, sunny weather and relatively large and interested crowds. The Fair will continue today.

### Late briefs

Not foiled by bureaucracy, Commandante Roberto Kaffke will hold his "Philosophy of Revolution" class in the Redwood Room tonight at 7 o'clock.

Kaffke has been denied space and credit by all to whom he applied, including the Experimental College and the Ecumenical House.

\* \* \*

Mark Linenthal of the Poetry Center announced that, due to "political circumstances" Cleaver will not read tonight at the California Club. Cleaver is due in New York today, Linenthal said.

# 'McCrystle Ball'

SECOND LEVEL: Even so, McCrystle was hung up in it.

THIRD LEVEL: It was a clothes closet. You took off your paisley and put on your flannel and everything seemed to change. You sent your cords out to the cleaners and they came back starched. You outgrew your levis and sent your reality to the Salvation Army, heart to God, hand to man, choice cuts with a special every day at 69c a pound.

"Are you back for good, Spencer?" You may understand a person by the questions he always asks. Answers are irrelevant.

"I'm just back," I said, not looking at him. Where is the sight that will be the partner to my eyes in their slow dance. . . .

. . . AS AN ALCOHOLIC professor told me: we go as far as we can, and when we can go no further, we build a home there. . . .

. . . AN EXPERIMENT in experimental philosophy—You live in the city. (Everyone lives in the city—only Walt Disney doesn't live in the city. Walt Disney died, and they consummated his body over a fire built behind the tracks and sheds of the world of Campbell soup cans, and sealed the ashes in a Kodacolor film can, and sent it off to the big Kodak film factory where glossy four by eights were processed from the sacred pollution-factor of Walt Disney.) And one day at some time during that day you walk in some direction and you walk for a certain amount of walking and then you stop at a certain place and you stand there and you stay there for a certain amount of time and then you walk back. An experiment in practical philosophy. I leaned against a brick wall like a pepsi-cola bottle against a curb in the gutter. Three men from the construction agency dug up the street and tossed dimes for cokes. The man who walked down the steps had brilliant blonde hair, wearing a bubbling baby blue blazer and shoes the color of his sideburns. He backed his convertible Oldsmobile from the garage and said to one of the three men tearing up the street, "Tearing up the street, huh?" One of the three men tearing up the street said nothing. He wore a metal helmet that shone like the inside of a bottle cap. "Be done soon, huh," the man said, and he drove away. A naked woman looked out from the slit between pulled curtains. She looked at him, looked at them, looked at me. I smoked the cigaret. She looked at me, closing the curtain over her, and opening it. It was so easy to divine. She=his lover. He=married man driving convertible. You see, #1—He=fag, trying to repress same. #2—Convertible was dirty=married man not washing car for unloved marriage. #3—I am always right, even if they were not wrong. Easy, you

see? Like drinking a pepsi and throwing the bottle away. My time being up, I walked away. . . .

. . . THE FAT people of the world being misplaced by the hurt. And the meek shall inherit four-tenths of the world, the crippled three-fifths—we always hurt the ones we're capable of hurting. . . .

. . . "BLACKIE and me used to take jobs together when the sisters were out of bread. He was black, and I was long hair, and they wouldn't let us be executives. The sisters didn't care who spent their bread; they kept it all in a big glass bowl on the kitchen table, pennies, and dimes and dollar bills all together."

McCrystle formed the bowl with his hands—it looked like the fish that got away—and when he had rounded the bowl he brought his left hand down to Melody's leg. Without moving, he rested it palm down on her thigh. She was wearing jeans. Blue and flesh. I took the pipe. It lay stationary among us. Red and smoke. The grass tasted warm, sweetly beautiful. It expanded inside me and osmoted through-out me. It was all connected and inseparable.

"We worked on a boat once for two weeks. Blackie had a wool cap, navy blue, and a pea coat. The boat took people around the bay, under the bridge, around the city, so they could always look back at the same thing. I sold cokes at the refreshment stand, and Blackie threw the rope onto the pier. One day there was a cat wearing an Hawaiian print shirt and Ber-

muda shorts, so I sold him a raw hot dog. So I got fired and Blackie quit. Then Blackie and I got jobs paving tennis courts. One week we paved ten rows of tennis courts for a new country club, and when we were all finished Blackie stood in the middle of them all at sunset and took his clothes off, and you couldn't see him at all, only his teeth when he'd grin at you."

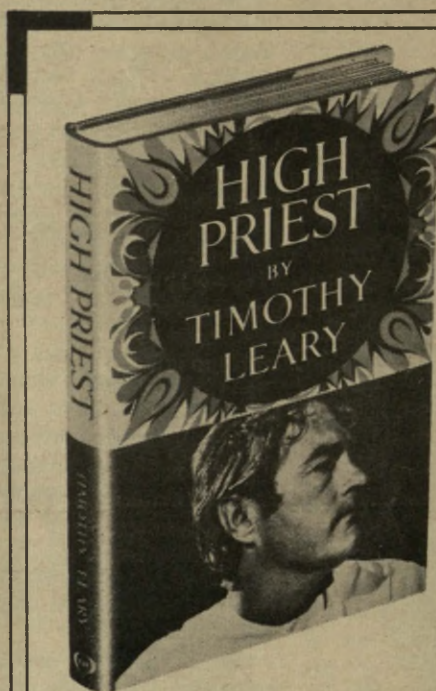
We're sitting around the fire, remember, the three of us and you, and the fire's burning in the bowl like a lone campfire beneath a black forest with McCrystle singing the tales of far off lands, the saga of an anonymous wanderer, with Allie sleeping on the floor like a black bear in the night, and the buildings outside in the Lower East Side moving in the wind like a tree on a deserted island until they topple to the thick earth without a sound and a man is found

crushed under them in the morning.

Melody and McCrystle fit together like pieces of a flexible jig-saw puzzle, his hand on her leg, her leg under his hand, moving together softly like leaves falling behind the sky. . . .

. . . WE GO walking out early in the morning, swinging along through the sun over sidewalks: the heels of my boots clacking against the cement like Carmelita Marachi and Gene Kelly in double time; my right foot dancing in a free form good time duet with my left answering beat for beat.

McCrystle comes slouching behind, blinking at the sun in disbelief, steadying himself with a parking meter light pole, careful to stay out of the gutter, saying: "So this is what it looks like before the pollution comes up. I've never



"In the beginning was the TURN ON. The flash, the illumination. The electric trip. The sudden bolt of energy that starts the new system. The TURN ON was God. All things were made from the TURN ON and without him was not any thing made."

## The high priest of the psychedelic religion takes his first book-length trip.

### LEARY SPEAKS:

I first went out of my mind in Cuernavaca, Mexico, August 1960. I ate seven of the Sacred Mushrooms of Mexico and discovered that beauty, revelation, sensuality, the cellular history of the past, God, the Devil—all lie inside my body, outside my mind.

The success of the psychedelic movement was guaranteed. The energies released by the sacred drugs were too great to suppress. We began to see it as a question of time. The movement would grow like everything organic grows, cell by cell. Friends turning-on friends. Husbands turning-on wives. Teachers turning-on students. . . .

The raw, electric shuddering sensitivity of the psychedelic experience! We were dealing with a powerful aphrodisiac, probably the most powerful sexual releaser known to man. . . . The psychedelic drugs exploded sex right off the pages of Playboy into new dimensions of union that my mind wasn't ready to handle. . . . I was too much an Irish Catholic, too prudish to deal with it. Too Western Christian to realize

that God and Sex are one, that God for a man is woman, that the direct path to God is through the divine union of male-female.

I did not wander barefoot forth from Mexico preaching the word. I flew back to Harvard University and started a research project.

The slow invisible process of becoming a guru, a holy man, had begun. It would be four years before I could openly admit it. Accept my divinity, my divine election.

The present generation under the age of 25 is the wisest and holiest generation that the human race has ever seen. And, by God, instead of lamenting, derogating and imprisoning them, we should support them, listen to them, and turn on with them.

In a most extraordinary and compelling autobiographical book, Timothy Leary writes his bible of the religion he founded, and chronicles in fascinating detail its discovery and early practice, its prayers and invocations, its gospels and holy sacraments. His book is a sacred testament to LSD and its miracles. He takes the reader on 16 separate trips as he unfolds the story of his escape from the conventional world of Harvard University to discover new and unmeasured levels of consciousness. He describes his disciples, their conversions and religious ecstasies. The reader meets William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Arthur Koestler, Aldous Huxley, and many other prophets, oracles, followers, and converts—on

campus, on the streets, in the underground all across America.

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HIGH PRIEST is a turn-on book. It is required reading for anyone interested in psychedelics—devotees, doctors, psychiatrists, clinical experimenters. 32 pages of extraordinary illustrations provide a vivid hallucinatory trip. \$7.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.

# TIMOTHY LEARY

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# 'McCrystle Ball'

gotten up before the pollution before."

"I'm kicking off the curbs, jumping back up with both feet atuned to the soul of the sun. My star is awirl in the wind; I'm dancing with my world amidst the garbage even the old winos won't take and I don't mind at all. Street lights can't touch me. I can dance while you stand me still, spinning free in the static. Wheee is the word for us today.

McCrystle's staggering behind me, caught up grudgingly in my whirl. "It's eight o'clock in the morning," he says. Dissipated awe. "Time for all righteous men to consider the night. Remember, Spencer, I'm a lot older than you. I'm 47, 38, 59. I've been through a lot, but not this early. Save the dance for my funeral."

McCrystle stops. I turn back to him, not saying a word. He's struck silent like a man who's ridden the same train home from work every morning and suddenly realizes he can't remember the name of his station, even though he knows which one he gets off at.

"God damn," McCrystle says, "I hope I don't die at eight o'clock in the morning" (We were talking one night about being dead and how we would go about it:

**ALLIE'S DEATH:** I'm going to invest in a good grave, like my uncle Sam, a nice 6 by 3 by 6 lot in a comfortable location — an investment like that is good for a lifetime.

**McCRYSTLE'S SWAN SONG:** You, my friends, shall build me a raft, a raft of Lincoln Logs tied together with kite string, and place my silent but still beautiful body upon it, and cover my body with a sperm-oiled bed sheet, and set the rickety-raft ablaze with a cellophane fire, and sail me with tears into the sunset along the shore of some back-city cesspool.

**SPENCER'S NOTE TO THE LIVING:** I write on birchbark these words and seal them in a conch shell: If you would be my friend as I am dead and it will bring you no return, then steal my body from the funeral parlor and carry it in your sagging arms up to the hills and dig a hole in the earth there with a dead branch fallen from a live tree and drop my body naked in the pit, with no words to sully me, so that, encased all my life, I might finally be freed and return quicker to the earth I own, and plant no stone at my head to trip over, but a seedling from a walnut tree so that the stranger and the child may visit my unknown grave and sit upon the strong limbs of a tree I helped to grow.

**MELODY'S DYING:** I don't want to die at all.

(—for we're all schilzophenic. You know that don't you? You must or you wouldn't have answered me and I would not have asked. To be no different within and without when you are with all people than when you are alone —)

McCrystle says, "I know a nice bar just up the street.

The bartender's a friend of mine." As if he suddenly remembered the name of his station. . . .

. . . **THE LOWER East Side:**

You know the kids are all in school. Yet here are the Puerto Rican girls, shapeless and sexfull in their teens, sitting on the stoops of their apartment houses, asking you with your long hair and your cute sideburns to come on over, with their older brothers hanging their knives out the windows.

You know the men are all at work in jobs that no one else realizes have to be done. Yet here they are swallowing milk from quart cartons, leaning against walls of half-stocked grocery stores that you know are fronts for dope running or prize-fight betting or child smuggling, but aren't. And the men are staring vacantly into the night when they'll drink their beer from quart bottles that sell for a quarter because the labels were damaged in a warehouse fire that lost money for no one concerned.

And the old men—too old for names—you know they're all in Thompson Park sitting endlessly on the wooden benches that line the cement walkways of the pale, green park, the park a square block in size, looking like an im-

print on a relief map among all the dusty, small buildings that long ago have choked off the green, breathing growth. You know all the old men are there, sitting on the benches without turning their heads for night, for day, for life, nor death. Yet here they are at a corner news-stand, watching a portable television, watching the looney tunes by silent popular demand, until the ballgame comes on. And every time a ballgame is cancelled in New York City, there's feeble talk of riot on the Lower East Side. . . .

. . . **I WONDERED** if this was the bartender who had taken Barbara into his life with the consideration given a breath of air that falls in through the crack in a window frame.

The bartender stood with his broom in the doorway. Sweeping out last night's sawdust on to this morning's street. "Hello, McCrystle," he said, leaning on his broom, blocking our entrance. If I could have I would have demolished the entire building and left the doorway and left him standing in it. "What the hell are you doing up in the morning?"

"I don't know," McCrystle said, looking for a way inside around the broom. "My senses have taken leave of me. I need a drink to replace them."

"We're not open yet, McCrystle," the bartender said. Some people hold on to the

world with religion, others with a bar and a broom.

"Good," McCrystle said. "Then we won't have to pay for the drinks."

"McCrystle's mother just died," I said. "He's very upset and needs a drink."

"McCrystle's mother dies a lot," the bartender said. . . .

. . . **I SAT** there with him, drinking my beer and setting the glass back on the table, the whiskey untouched like the glass of Mogen-David Premium Red Wine left for the drunk visiting spirit on that different night.

I thought: I'm twenty-two and know the years, and I'll never find what I'm looking for in a bar, not in the morning nor in the darkness, because I've told myself I'm looking for a girl who will have been married to me all our lives, who, as I put it to myself, will be non-multiple choice, and anti-pepsi-cola — the pepsi-cola of cars and the pepsi-cola of drugs and the diet-pepsi-cola of sex — but who will be pro-mountain — the tall mountain earth feeling of herself to take life from the righteous tree feeling of myself as we take root together. I embarrassed myself talking to myself that way, but I promised myself never to tell anyone else. . . .

. . . **AH**, I see you are dazzled by the circumstances of my life, as if they were an egg that wouldn't fry, or a

man that passed your house with a face gone pale green.

Perhaps then, you are wondering just who I am. You seem to know, as well as I, that McCrystle is of no importance, as a rolling moss down the untouched hill-sides of our lives. Will I be revealed to have done it? Or am I to be unmasked as Christ, God's own operative, come down to spy out the enemies' plans, and you wonder how I got through Customs with everything to declare. Or the boy upstairs somewhere next store who can't help but see the world through the window built around him, like a cripple in an automatic elevator. Perhaps I am the question which was asked by God. Do not fear this. All of what I tell you is true. Beware! Belief is irrelevant. You have bought your way in; there is now no way out.

The train stopped at the station like a short-order cook, and we jumped from the frying pan onto suburbia's plate. This suburban town, like the plate itself, is ridged into sections, meat, potatoes, and beans, factories, middle class, and the blackened poor, so that you know always what you're eating.

We walked into the mashed potatoes, sinking to our chins in the buttered streets, past the golf course where they played with their food, and into a tract-village, the ice box that kept the whole thing fresh and odorless. . . .

. . . **I MET** a young girl, a four year run-a-way veteran, on Haight Street, through the Haight-Ashbury Meet-a-Girl Service, and she dug me as we sat on our rug smoking from our water pipe together, listening to the lectures of Janis Joplin. And the girl shared my mattress, and we had a purpose together, but she miscarried in the third month.

So I said to McCrystle, "What is it about bars that you like?"

"They're obvious," McCrystle replied, as he filled his whiskey glass past the jigger line, glad that he could cheat the bartender even though he was pouring his own. "I'm like a bar. I'm dark and I fit in somehow, and my smells and sounds are just what you'd expect even if you're not here. Nothing great is the purpose of bars and their popularity is overwhelming. A lot of people think something must be going on in bars, and refuse to believe that nothing's going on, because they don't know what it is. And that," McCrystle said with a smirk, "is why I like bars."

"I don't know," I said, reaching for my beer glass, my dancing feet taking five at least. "But I don't think I'll ever find what I'm looking for in a bar."

"The way I feel about it is," McCrystle said, staring into his whiskey glass which he held close to his mouth. "It is this: that there is no more chance that I'm really looking for anything than there is that anything is really looking for me." . . .

## The Death of a Fly Death of a Rose Death . . .

by Stephen Garriets

A rose was getting ready to die in a garden three blocks away. Argive could smell it. Each petal plump with scarlet cells, each cell flushed with scarlet chromoplasts, each chromoplast plush with scarlet proteins, each protein lumped with scarlet amino-acids, and the whole scarlet schmear was ready — eager — to die, to decompose, to rot.

Argive wished that the flower would hurry up and finish its putrefaction. Waiting for strange vegetables to kick the bucket was a tedious business — even on clear autumn afternoons.

Argive really wanted to get out of his lawn chair and do something. However, the morbid afternoon vibrated patience. If only lightning would strike his bird bath! Then — but perhaps only then — could Argive forgive his body for making a move. And until lightning smote the aviary lavatory, he, Argive, must remain inert — lest the universe go awry.

Argive knew something. As he awaited the rose and the lightning, a fat-assed fly crawled leg by leg by leg on

his arm. And Argive knew the fly crawled there. The six-beat tattoo on the epidermis awoke stippled of irritation in his cerebrum. But Argive could forgive the fly's itch either by saying, "The fly is really only on my arm, so the itch doesn't matter" or "The itch exists only in the gyri and sulci of my pia mater, so the fly doesn't really matter." Saying neither, Argive forgave the fly's itch. He actually did say, "Damn you, you filthy bastard!" but he forgave all.

Ten hundred and thirteen turgid rose cells at the fringe of one petal — no, wait — ten hundred and sixty-nine sacs of rose-stuff — had just gasped their last into the autumn odors.

Argive reacted instantly — with a gut-spasm of controlled nausea. That the rose should return to chaos was necessary, but why was the dissolution so damn unseemly?

Argive's fly scrubbed its front paws together in impatience. Perhaps the fly was waiting for lightning to strike Argive. Perhaps Argive's arm made the fly's foot itch. Perhaps the fly could smell Ar-

give's body decaying cell by cell.

And Argive tried to sleep. Every muscle knotted like a hemp twist; under his female breast-fat, Argive's heart lurched to left, lurched to right; spits of dazzle lighted spirals of logarithmic progression upon Argive's retinas; and his metal chair buzzed with his efforts to seize sleep.

Two-point-five kilometers north-northwest, a man of unknown ancestry popped a snap-tab beer can.

Argive snapped!

On Mrs. Goodbody's trellis, a red, red, rose sagged apart in three hundred and sixty-two directions. Mrs. Goodbody lives three blocks away from Argive's lawnchair. Her house is known as a cottage because it is small and stuccoed white.

A fat-assed fly squatted on — and jarred a petal off — the red, red, wilted, wilted rose. The fly gyred safely to Mrs. Goodbody's wrist and prayed to Beelzebub, a prayer of thanksgiving. Mrs. Goodbody swatted the fly, smacked it all gutsey-wutsey. Mrs. Goodbody heard a distant scream.

Argive's scream. The last.

. . . **THE CHILDREN** of

# 'McCrystle Ball'

the lost island, Puerto Rico, those gaunt-eyed, pre-natal deportees to the Lower East Side — their fateless fortunes pass through the mind like a wind rushing through your sleep. Fate has ignored them; they have not made enough to be taxed. The children in age are seven, nine, thirteen, wearing black basketball sneakers, U.S. Keds, with knots tied all over the laces; they are no Boy Scouts in their knots. They've all died; the hospitals keep both copies of their birth certificates in their files.

They've shot horse, giggling like Frank Sinatra with bad breath. They've beaten their women after being kicked by fat cops. They buy their pot in bakeries, and refuse to work on Sundays, even though they couldn't work on Mondays Tuesdays Wednesdays Thursdays Fridays. Fresh from their oatmeal, they've spat in gutters. Sitting silently in the history classes, they're playing handball in the alleys as they ride by in stolen police cars, like the last fish that jumps upstream for the season.

"I feel empty and aching among them, and I don't know why."

We must make children happy, like Harpo Marx; it is all we can do. It's all we've left us. They are the last lost lovers of a world gone to sleep with the lights burning.

And now the children of the suburbs rise to us like rag weed at Forest Lawn. Riding sleekly down black pavement in cars stolen only as property, with no money down and a life-time to pay, with their hair combed neatly in place with blood, they, too, have killed, murdered and been murdered.

Yet their years, like over-kill, which they add to their lives like brown bags of garbage filled with stale, empty

beer cans, will turn these innocent murderers and bloodless victims into the satisfied juries and silent judges.

The poorchildren of the rich port will fade out in their own dry-metal dust—but the young adults from the never-lands of

tract homes, the suburban samurai foretold by Ike Eisenhower and local advertising, these tap-dancing angels are the heirs-apparent of tomorrow, like the shiny brass-plated doorknob on a massive wooden door that won't open.

I walk carefully, making no sounds, stepping on no stones, broken glass, bones, gutter teeth. . . .

. . . McCRYSTLE: the essence of the bartender, essence of the cowboy, of the city, of the wanderer. And he's not putting it on, because everything is real to him, everything, he accepts it all. And he's not responsible for it because the minutae of the world is too much to cope with for anyone, and respon-

sibility is impossible although we maintain the name of the concept, as if it was emblazoned on a gold placard with only one little scratch, a mistake in the hand-tooled lettering, and set in stone in the middle of the park for people to stare at and dogs to piss upon. But McCrystle knows none of it. Pure never relates.

## Where have all the heroes gone?



A young woman cries out her agony to  
 The Brooklyn sky  
 As good citizens dim their lights  
 So they may watch unseen  
 The late show in the streets.  
 A pregnant mother is harassed by hoodlums  
 While spectators stand mutely by.  
 And the young men?  
 The young men stand aside  
 Too smart to get involved.  
 In the current lingo they "keep their cool".  
 Well, listen here  
 No great civilizations have been built  
 By men who kept their cool . . .  
 No frontiers conquered  
 No revolutions waged  
 No brave new societies forged  
 By men who kept their cool.  
 All of mankind's shining achievements  
 Have been propelled into being  
 By hot-blooded young men, fired by an idea.  
 When the heroes take to the sidelines  
 Civilizations decline and disappear.  
 Right now this country needs heroes  
 To stick out their necks  
 For better schools  
 Better housing  
 Better jobs  
 Better government.  
 It's up to you to take it on.  
 You are our life insurance.



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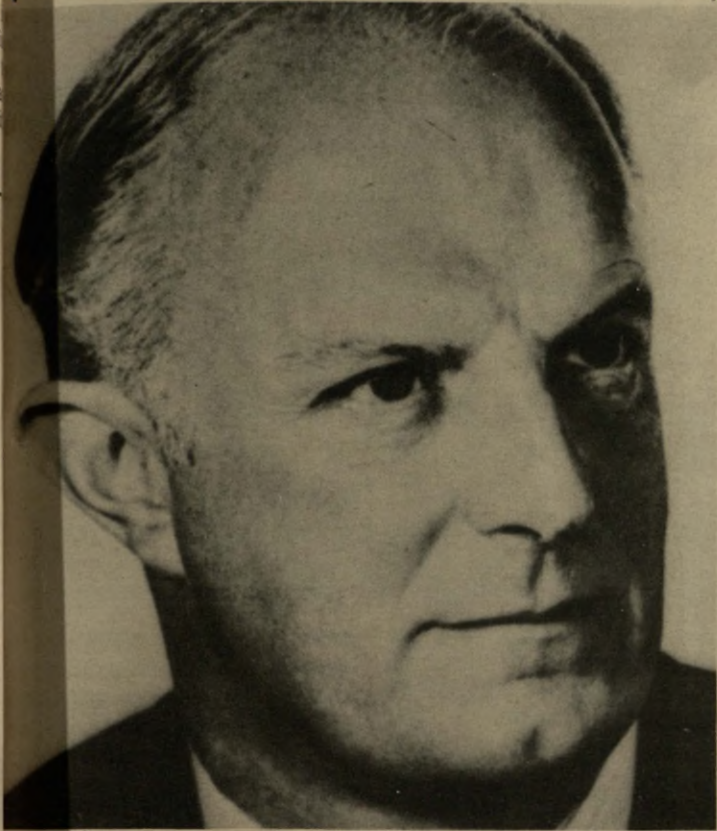
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# Fitzroy MacLean gives lecture today



The personal representative of Winston Churchill to Marshal Tito during World War II will speak on the Yugoslavian leader today in the Main Auditorium at 12:30 p.m.

Sir Fitzroy MacLean, who

helped organize the underground Yugoslavian resistance to the German occupation, will be speaking here as part of the SF State College Lecture Series. Admission is free.

# Population explosion discussed

A public discussion of "The Overpopulation Problem" will be held tonight at 7:30 in Sci 101.

The discussion will be headed by Peter Riga, professor of theology and author of several books on the subject, Robert Tideman, radio commentator for KPFA, and Larry Swan of SF State and KQ-ED-TV, a specialist on the subject.

The program is sponsored by the Physical Science Department for the cultivation of public interest in the sciences, and of greater awareness of their relevance to all, the department said.

# Campus literary magazine up for grabs this week

Transfer, SF State's award-winning literary magazine, will be on sale in front of the Commons for the rest of this week. Price is 50 cents.

Poetry, short fiction manuscripts are now being accepted for this year's issue in the Poetry Center, HLL 340.

# Viet rep here

A medical doctor from the University of Saigon, who is also a captain in the Vietnamese Airborne Marines, will speak on "What the Vietnamese People Really Want?!" today in the Gallery Lounge from 10 a.m. to noon.

The SF State Engineering Society is sponsoring the talk by Dr. Nguyen Duc Lien, who did post-graduate work in this country.

## FOLKDANCE San Francisco

Mondays	Greek
Tuesdays	Balkan
Wednesdays	Israeli/Balkan
Thursdays	Balkan (Begin.)
Fridays	International
Saturdays (1-3)	Women's Bellydance
Sundays	Near Eastern/Balkan

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## CCR rally

# GOP candidates speak on issues of the university

A Republican assembly hopeful took time last week to blast universities for indulging in "political agitation" rather than the good old 3 R's.

Robert Champlain, GOP candidate for the 19th district, commented on what he termed "the unfair use of college facilities on many Bay Area campuses for political agitation rather than intelligent, and well balanced discussion of the issues."

Champlain attacked "the all too common spectre of certain leftist professors being selectively hired and promoted on the basis of their political views, at the expense of equally qualified Republican and moderate Democratic educators."

Sharing the Speaker's Platform with Champlain was Waldo Velasquez, GOP candidate for the 5th Congressional district, presently held by Democratic congressman Phil Burton.

Velasquez called for "improved and equal education for all our children" and the encouragement of "private enterprise and government to work together to create jobs



Robert Champlain 'political agitation'

and improve housing."

The rally, held last Friday, was sponsored by the California College Republicans (CCR), headed at SF State by Lawrence Beliz.

The CCR announced it would hold a Bay Area convention at the UC Berkeley Student Union Building on Sunday, Oct. 20, from 1-5 p.m.

Many prominent GOP figures will be present, CCR spokesmen promised.

## Canadian film show

"The Best of the Canadian Film Board," a series of eight weekly programs devoted to films produced by the National Film Board of Canada, will be presented by University of California Extension on Monday evenings, 7:30 to 9:30 p.m., in 155 Dwinelle Hall at the UC Berkeley campus, and on Tuesday nights at the same hours at the UC Extension, 55 Laguna St.

Among the 50 films to be shown are experimental works by Norman McLaren and Arthur Lipsett, documentaries by John Kemeny, fantasies, satires, cartoons and films on science, nature and modern life.

General admission for the series is \$20; students \$15. Tickets for single evenings are \$3 general and \$2 students. Tickets may be purchased at the door.

# Fornicators, be warned!



Though campus sinners may not be swayed, two dedicated people have brought "the Word" to SF State.

For the past two days noon time crowds have been treat-

ed to good weather, and admonitions on fornication from a male preacher and his female vocal accompanist. He carries the message, she sings.

The identity of the duo is

presently unknown, but one of their revelations is printed at the bottom of one of their decorative billboards:

"Don't let the Devil make you mad at this sign."

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MOTORCYCLE HARLEY 250cc 1967 Sprint new bought January 1968 NEW \$450 offer. Call Steve 661-5458. A 10/14

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### HOUSING

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### INSTRUCTION

FRENCH. FORMER BERLIN TEACHER. 434-3393. Eve. 1 10/10

FOLK DANCE: CHANGS STUDIO HOUR Mondays 6:30-9. 50 cent. Roberta Garcia. 603 Taraval. Muni.

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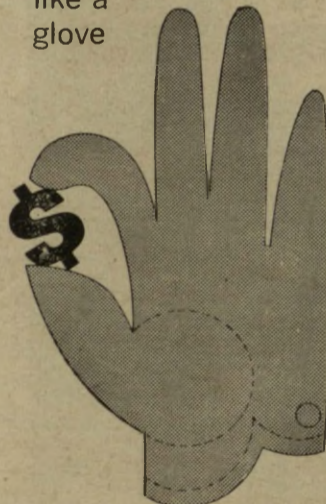
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