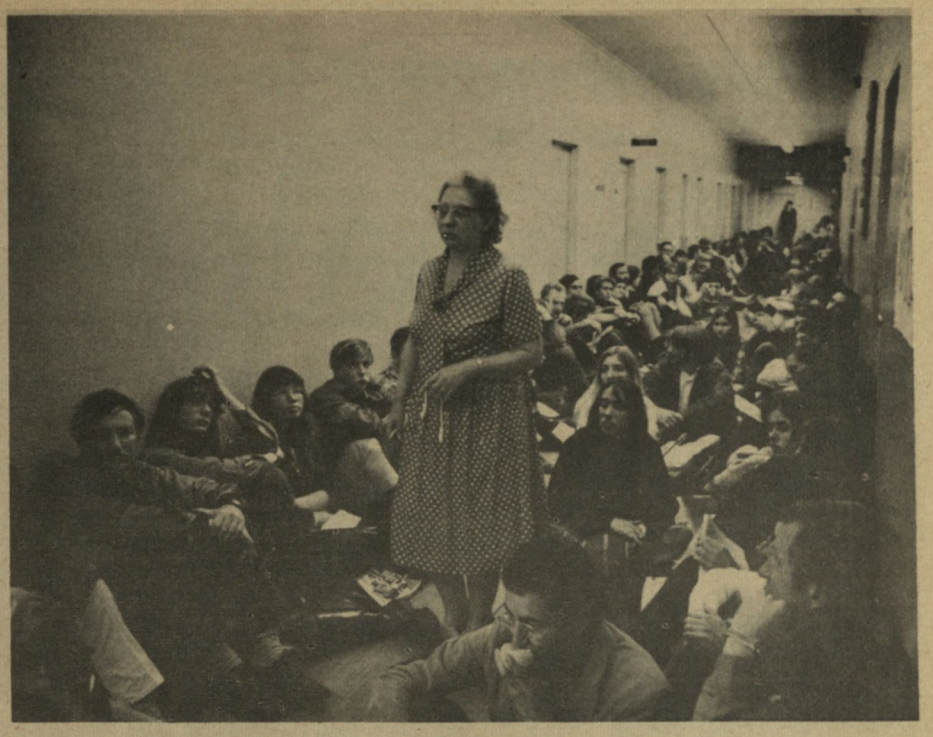
The view from Summerskill's office



Staff member Edith Roller in the middle of the sit-inners

The Daily Gater

Volume 98, Number 69 | San Francisco State College | Friday, May 24, 1968

Students win 3 demands

President John Summerskill granted three of the sit-in students' demands and called a student-faculty vote on the Air Force ROTC yesterday.

Summerskill signed statements in which he:

- Rehired Juan Martinez;
- Agreed to admit 428 nonwhite students, with the freshman-transfer ratio to be determined by a committee with a Third World Liberation Front majority;
- Agreed to hire eight other professors acceptable to Third World students to teach the special admittees.
- Called the AFROTC election for Monday and Tuesday and promised to abide by the results.

The actions came after a peak of 500 students sat-in in the Administration Building and threatened a mill-in. Summerskill also received a delegation of Mexican-American leaders and Mission High School students who supported the demands.

"A week ago Summerskill told us he couldn't possibly meet the three Third World demands. He met them today because he had no choice," said Hari Dillon, co-chairman of the Students for a Democratic Society.

Many sit-inners were unsatisfied about the Air Force referendum, however.

"We've been talking and voting about this issue all year. What Summerskill really wants is to take off the pressure. He wants us to forget the tactics that won the three demands," said John Salter of SDS.

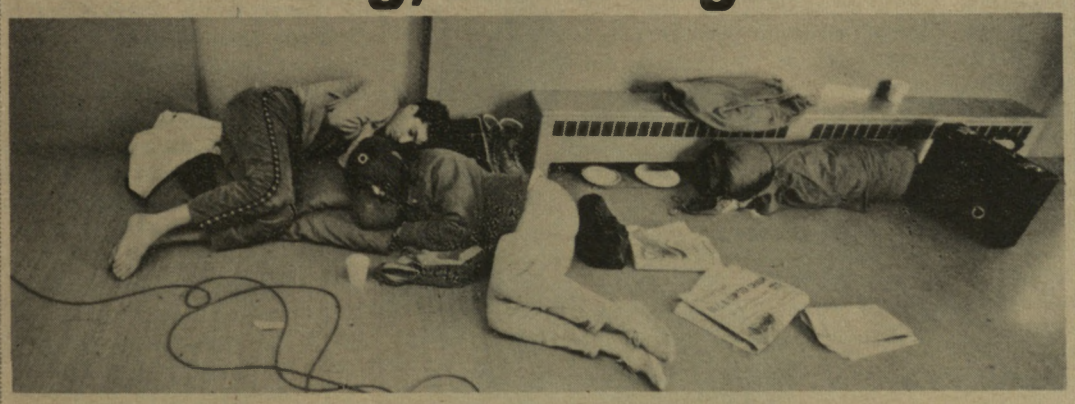
After a four hour debate, however, the students agreed to participate in the election. Their leaflets will stress that the vote is merely a stalling tactic by Summerskill, not an act of principle or good faith. Sit-in students' participation in the election is a tactic, too, they said, not a statement that the morality of their position can be determined by a majority vote.

The sit-in will continue until all the demands are met, and the Ad Building will serve as campaign headquarters, the sit-in meeting decided. Most of the demonstrators also pledged themselves to try to stop final examinations if the demands are not met.

The remaining demands are:

- Cancelation of the Air Force ROTC contract;
- Rehiring of Richard Fitzgerald, who charges that the history department fired him for sponsoring a Black Studies course;
- Amnesty for the 27 students arrested when Summerskill called the police Tuesday night.

A long, hard night



There were probably about 200 sore backs trying to move themselves back into shape yesterday morning.

They belonged to the 200 students who talked-in, planned-in, ate-in and finally slept-in at the Administration building Wednesday night.

Yesterday morning the remnants of the night's struggle were strewn over the building's corridors in an affirmation of the demonstrators' will.

Watermelon rinds, sleeping bags, cigaret butts, folded newspapers and other articles graced the floors of the besieged building, giving evidence of a long, hard night. The sleep-inners cleaned the halls when they woke.

The night began with a discussion by the committee of the whole on the tactics and goals of the sit-in. As the sky darkened outside the discussion carried on, finally around midnight splintering into committees and discussion groups.

As the groups continued discussions individual protestors began to take independent action.

Some studied, some slept, some went out for coffee, but the spirit of camaraderie prevailed throughout.

Conversations ran the gamut of many topics, including contemporary folk music, the French rebellion and attacks on Servomation coffee.

David Johnson, described as "a man from the community supporting the struggle," helped feed the demonstrators with food from his own home.

Yesterday afternoon he again offered to bring cold cuts and salami.

"That's all I have," he said.

For that effort he received one of the loudest cheers of the afternoon.

As the night wore on students unfolded sleeping bags and newspapers and slept as best they could, often curled around each other for comfort.

"This is the worst floor I've ever slept on, and I've slept on a lot of them," said a demonstrator who admitted spending most of yesterday morning sleeping in the Gallery Lounge.

As the demonstrators greeted the morning, most with a haggard look, they again split into discussion groups or wandered out for food or fresh air, stretched their tired bodies and prepared themselves again for another day in the sterile building they occupy.

Examiner 'lied' -- Duro

AS Vice President Al Duro yesterday accused the San Francisco Examiner of blatantly lying about the SF State sit-ins in order to undermine support of the movement.

In an angry editorial headlined "Brazen Demands at SF State," the Hearst newspaper brazenly asserted that "The student body, in its only full expression on the issue, voted in favor of keeping AFROTC."

One month ago, in the AS general elections, about 63% of the student voters had in fact called for an end to the Air Force program, but the long balk by the Administration itself has brought on the current turmoil.

After wading through the bureaucratic channels of the Examiner office via telephone, Duro learned that the downtown press was considering only results taken from the poll following last year's War Convocation.

The Examiner maintained its right to decide the legitimacy of the November poll rather than the April referendum.

Gater throws it in

This is the final edition of the Gater this semester. According to academic policy the Gater is not allowed to publish during the remainder of Dead Week.

During the summer the Gater will publish six editions of the summer paper and will rejoin this absurdity in full beginning with the registration issue in the fall.

The entire staff wishes its readers a restful vacation and have enjoyed serving you this semester.

Crystal Clear

Fillmore, Avalon, Carousel and other weekend functions

by Kathie Bramwell

The Yardbirds, Cecil Taylor and It's A Beautiful Day will be at the Fillmore this weekend. Kaleidoscope is at the Avalon Ballroom and H. P. Lovecraft and Mad River are at the Carousel.

The Carousel is now presenting Tuesday night jam sessions featuring musicians from popular groups. Admission is one dollar.

The Presentation Theater will feature "The Adventures of Noel Parenti," an American Theater piece of dance and mime, created and performed by Noel Parenti. This program will happen Wednesday, June 5, Saturday, June 8 and Saturday, June 15 at 8:30 p.m.

Tickets are adults $3 and students $2. Ticket sales and reservations: Metro Music, 2215 Union St.

Shlomo Carlebach Concerts tomorrow and Sunday nights will feature the singing Rabbi, composer, folksinger, and recording artist.

Tomorrow night's program will begin at 8:30 at the Veterans Auditorium in San Francisco, and on Sunday afternoon at 2 p.m. in the Berkeley Community Theater. Tickets are general, $3, and students, $2.50 and can be obtained in the Associated Students Business Office in Hut-T-1.

Ballet '68 announced that Bill Ham of "Light - Sound Dimension" will design and direct the light show for this week's Presentation Theater performances of "Voyage Interdit II," tonight and tomorrow night.

Ham, a pioneer in the light show movement and a leading exponent of projection painting, created the lighting for "The Awakening" premiered by Ballet '68 on May 14.

"Voyage Interdit II" is Carlos Carvajal's psychedelic ballet that features a light show and the Allmen Joy.

Songs of the Mexican Revolution, corridos of Tijerina's New Mexican Land Revolt, and dances and songs from Vera Cruz, Huasteca, Jalisco, Michoacan and the Norteno region of Mexico will be performed at Berkeley Little Theater on Saturday, June 1 at 8:30 p.m.

The concert is being produced by a student at SF State and a teacher at UC

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Gater

Literary Supplement

Volume 1, Number 2 | San Francisco State College | Friday, May 24, 1968

BOOKS

Che: Bourgeois student to Marxist-Leninist

Veneceremos! The Speeches and Writings of Che Guevara, edited by John Gerassi, The Macmillan Co.
by Jeffrey Freed

The May 6, 1968 issue of "Newsweek" contained an article titled "Ideas in Action: Revolutionary Gurus." This article identified five individuals whose writings and actions have become guides for action for the American student movement, these five being Che Guevara, Herbert Marcuse, Regis Debray, Frantz Fanon, and Mao Tse-tung. Of these five, Che Guevara was singled-out as currently having the greatest appeal to radical students.

Che's appeal to students on the American Left as a symbol embodying the purity of militant political activity can be accounted for in several ways. First, Che, unlike the other four men listed in the "Newsweek" article, is more of a contemporary to American students of the 1960's who are familiar with the Cuban revolution, the Bay of Pigs fiasco, and the Cuban missile crisis. In contrast, Mao Tse-tung is a leader of a revolution with which students have no experience, Frantz Fanon is dead and his appeal is directed at black men seeking liberation — a major drawback in terms of the clearly "white" character of the American student movement. Regis Debray has some appeal as a theoretician, yet his own background is virtually void of militant political activity and thus he has been pinned to the coat-tails of Che and Fidel Castro. Herbert Marcuse is a theoretician whose writings appeal only to the more intellectual elements in the American radical student movement, which for the most part is a product of a middle class Pepsi Cola-oriented generation. Secondly, Che's appeal to students is clearly romantic. Radicals have developed a Che mystique which is quixotic and stresses individual rebellion against repressive authority.

The Cuban revolutionary reflects a crisis of conscience of this generation which is seeking to correct the imperialist and interventionist abuses resulting from American foreign policy. Cuba has become a symbol of anti-imperialism, and Che as a Cuban revolutionary, and as an individual who gave his life in an anti-imperialist struggle, has come to embody this symbol. Che has become in death what Ho Chi Minh is in life, a fighter against American imperialist wrong-doings, and thus a hero for students seeking to correct these wrong-doings.

American radical students are entirely correct in identifying Che as a symbol of internationalist anti-imperialism, yet at the same time they are incorrect in viewing Che as a romantic figure. The thing which comes through is that he was not a romantic. Che was a revolutionary who spent the last years of his life attempting to carry-out revolution both in Cuba, and in nations around the world. Those who boldly state that a "revolutionary is one who makes revolution" will miss the importance of Che's writings. Revolution is not an individual act of will or conscience. Revolution is the product of a mass movement, and the individual revolutionary is only as important as the movement he helps organize. Without people there are no revolutions, and one who engages in rebellion based on individual conscience rather than on the needs of the people is not a revolutionary.

John Gerassi, in his introduction to Che's writings, tends to equate activism with revolution. A case in point is when he says, "In addition to being an unusual student, he was becoming an activist, getting into his first scrap when he was eleven." The importance of this incident is not that Che got into a scrap, but rather the fact that he was aiding striking light and power workers, a fact that Gerassi adds as a qualifying sentence and says, "Che organized his slingshot gang, and in one night smashed every single street light in the town." Despite the incident of the scrap at eleven, Che's activities prior to his involvement in the Cuban revolution were spent as a militant bourgeois student " . . . taking active part in several anti-Peron street brawls and working in the Centro Reformists, the university students' organization."

Che as a student and young doctor was a humanitarian. His travels throughout Latin America exposed him to the poverty and exploitation which characterized that continent. In 1954 he traveled to Guatemala which was then controlled by the Communist-backed Arbenz government. When the CIA-financed counter-revolution was launched, Che joined the forces backing Arbenz, and for the first time Che's humanitarianism was reflected in concrete revolutionary activity. The success of the CIA-backed counter-revolution led to Che's flight into Mexico where he met Fidel Castro. Castro had already developed plans for the "Granma" expedition to launch the Cuban revolution, and Che noted " . . . after my experiences all over Latin America, and the "coup de grace" in Guatemala it didn't take much to arouse my interest in joining any revolution against tyranny." Che joined Castro as a fighting doctor, and joined an expedition which would eventually transform Cuba from an oligarchical dictatorship of exploiting classes into a socialist state.

Che's account of the Cuban revolutionary war is a dramatic tabloid of struggle and privation (a more complete collection of Che's writings on the revolution is "Reminiscences of the Cuban Revolutionary War," Monthly Review Press). Woven through this account, which is often highlighted by instances of treachery, is a documentary of a band of adventurers gaining revolutionary awareness. In the chapter "On the March," Che describes the first contacts of the "Granma" expedition with the impoverished peasants of the Sierra Maestra which leads to the foundation of a concrete revolutionary program. As Che said, "The idea of an agrarian reform became crystal-clear, and communion with the people ceased to be a mere theory and became an integral part of ourselves." Che takes no credit for discovering this program, and goes on to say, "Those poor, suffering, loyal inhabitants of the Sierra cannot even imagine what a great contribution they made to the forging of our revolutionary ideology." In the privation of the Sierras, Che, Fidel and the "Granma" social visionaries became social revolutionaries.

The collapse of the Batista regime under the constant pressure of the guerrillas of the July 26 Movement brought Che, Fidel and the "Granma" revolutionaries into power. During the five years in which Che served the revolutionary Cuban government as ambassador-at-large, Minister of Industry, and Director of the National Bank, his crude revolutionary ideology was gradually refined until Che had become an accomplished Marxist-Leninist theoretician. John Gerassi is probably correct when he says in the introduction that Che " . . . will, in due course, be recorded as one of the great contributors to Marxism-Leninism." But it is also correct to say that Che did not blossom into a Communist overnight, it was a gradual change which reflected the needs of the Cuban revolution.

Marxism-Leninism is the ideology of Communists. In its most basic form it is a philosophy of change and struggle called dialectical materialism. Communists see society as a system of contradications that derive from differing relationships of classes to the "mode of production." In the concrete analysis of the events of the 19th and 20th centuries, Communists see these contradictions as the conflict between classes resulting from the capitalist — or bourgeois — or ruling class exploitation of the working classes — proletariat and peasantry. It is within this philosophical framework that Che began to formulate his analysis of Cuban society.

The first indications of Che's using a Marxist-Leninist framework to analyze Cuban society can be found in a speech given in Havana to an assembly of workers in June 1960. Here Che notes that the agrarian character of Cuba's economy has left it open to international exploitation by imperialist powers. Under these circumstances Che notes that it is the peasantry, rather than the proletariat or industrial workers who have played the most important role in the revolution, and he says " . . . The peasants have completed their first historical stage . . . they are completely with the Revolution." Then he goes on to say that "The working class still has not received the fruits of industrialization . . . And it has not received them because the first thing that had to be done was to establish the base for industrialization . . . by changing the pattern of land-holding." American scholars spend a great deal of time arguing against the relevance of Marxism-Leninism, but for Che and the other revolutionaries in Cuba, Marxism-Leninism provided a relevant analysis explaining the causes of Cuba's underdevelopment, and the importance of the peasantry in eliminating the economic basis for that underdevelopment.

Although Che used a Marxist-Leninist analysis to explain the impoverishment of Cuba, he was at the same time drawing a subtle distinction between the Cuban revolutionaries as Marxist theoreticians, as different from Marxist activists. In an article published in "Verde Olivo" in October 1960, Che noted that "The Cuban Revolution takes up Marx at the point where he himself left science to shoulder his revolutionary rifle." In the first years following the overthrow of Batista Che saw the Cuban revolutionaries as " . . . adjusting ourselves to the predictions of the scientific Marx . . . , " but not yet adopting Marxism-Leninism as the ideology of the Cuban Revolution.

At the same time that Che was making distinctions between the Cuban Revolution as an inevitable outcome of the laws of societies expounded by Marx, and the Cuban Revolution as a Marxist revolution, events were taking place which would result in the renunciation of this distinction by Cuban leaders. The principle event was the United States-backed Bay of Pigs invasion in early 1961. The invasion was a U.S. attempt to use exiled Cubans to ferment a counter-revolution. The invasion was a monumental failure, and it was a failure in two ways. First, the invasion and attempted counter-revolution was crushed by the Cuban militia. Second, the invasion instead of arresting revolutionary trends in Cuba, resulted in the acceleration of these revolutionary trends. In a television speech on April 30, 1961, Che said that " . . . this is the eve of the day on which the people will proclaim their revolution, the first socialist revolution just a revolution of the exploited against their exploiters, it was now a revolution to establish a socialist order," Che spelled-out what he meant by this new order and said " . . . that socialism is characterized by the people's ownership of the means of production . . . " The Bay of Pigs invasion was the point of transition at which the Cuban revolutionaries became Cuban Communists.

From late 1961 through 1963 Che was deeply involved in the effort to firmly establish socialism in Cuba. A large part of this effort was directed at organizing and expanding a Cuban Communist Party. In the September issue of **Cuba Socialista,** Che noted the drive to develop a dynamic, effective Communist Party, and said, "With the ever-renewed impulse of the working class . . . and with the guidance of our party, we begin in earnest the task of forming cadres which will guarantee the forceful development of our Revolution." On October 20. 1962, Che addressed an assembly of Young Communists and said, "The Union of Young Communists is directly oriented toward the future. Its backbone is the vision of the luminous future of socialist society." And on March 24, 1963, Che addressed a gathering of textile workers and said, "The militant in the Partido Unido de la Revolucion is a Marxist. He must know his Marxism and consistently apply dialetical materialism in his

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analysis, in order to interpret the world correctly." In less than ten years Ernesto Guevara the humanitarian student had become Che Guevara the Communist revolutionary, and one of the principle architects of socialism in Cuba.

In 1965 Ernesto Che Guevara left Cuba. There is speculation that Che left because he was critical of Soviet foreign policy, and, since Cuba needed Soviet economic aid, Che felt that in order not to jeopardize Soviet-Cuban relations he would leave. Others have speculated that Che and Fidel Castro disagreed over matters of policy, and Che felt it more politic to step-down from leadership rather than initiate an open split with his dear friend. And, there were those who argued that Che had not left or stepped-down, that, in fact, he was purged and executed by Fidel in a manner reminiscent of the Stalin purges in the Soviet Union.

The fact that Che died in Bolivia in late 1967 disproves the latter speculation. However, there is still much evidence to show that Che was indeed critical of the Soviet Union. In Algiers on February 26, 1965, Che spoke to the delegates attending the Afro-Asian Solidarity Conference and indirectly criticized the Soviet Union. Che, in the most heated period of the Sino-Soviet dispute in which the Soviets were calling for a general policy of "peaceful co-existence" with the capitalist world, called for the liberation of oppressed nations and said," Here and at all conferences . . . we should . . . extend to all exploited countries struggling for emancipation our friendly voice, our hand, and our encouragement . . . "

In his parting letter to Fidel Castro, Che said, "Other nations are calling for my modest efforts." This letter could have been the last page in the diary of a revolutionary marked for political oblivion as were numerous others before him. It was not. In fact, the last two years of his life were to make Ernesto Che Guevara an international hero. A spokesman for peoples seeking liberation.

Concurrent with his intellectual and ideological development as a Cuban Communist, Che also developed as a remarkable Marxist-Leninist internationalist. It was this internationalism which earned Che his irrevocable reputation as an unflinching fighter against colonialism, imperialism, and neo-colonialism. This internationalism is partially displayed in several of his earlier speeches including his March 25, 1964, address to the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development, and his December 11, 1964, address to the General Assembly of the United Nations. But his most important theoretical piece on the international revolutionary movement is the famous 1967 letter to the Executive Secretariat of the Organization for Solidarity with the Peoples of Asia, Africa, and Latin America (OSPAAAL).

In his letter Che discusses the international revolutionary movement, and develops three main themes. First, the United States is the major imperialist power in the world and therefore the enemy of all nations and peoples seeking liberation. Second, U.S. global power is built on a fragile framework that could be disrupted and destroyed by the actions of the revolutionary peoples of the world. Third, the best means to destroy the U.S. was to involve it in protracted guerrilla conflicts in several places at the same time. In the letter to the Tri-Continental Organization Che called for the Vietnamization of Latin America as the first step in tying down and draining U.S. power.

In October 1967, Che died in an attempt to bring reality to his call to " . . . create two, three . . . many Vietnams." Given his death in Bolivia the last sentence of Che's letter to the Tri-Continental Organization now seems prophetic. He said, "Wherever death may surprise us, let it be welcome, provided that this, our battle cry, may have reached some receptive ear and another hand may be extended to wield our weapons and other men be ready to intone the funeral dirge with the staccato singing of the machine-guns and new battle cries of war and victory."

Fidel Castro gave Che his eulogy on October 18, 1967, and he said in concluding, " . . . we must face the future with optimism. And in Che's example we will always find inspiration, inspiration in struggle, inspiration in tenacity, inspiration in intransigence toward the enemy, inspiration in internationalist sentiment!" If those who killed Che felt that by destroying the physical presence of the man they were destroying his effect on the world, they were wrong. Fidel Castro is correct to talk of optimism and inspiration for as Che talked of " . . . some receptive ear and another hand . . . " continuing the struggle, so many ears and hands have turned toward the inspiration left by Che.

It will not be the reactionaries who destroy Che's example, for every attack on their part will only result in a strengthening of Che's inspiration. If anyone destroys Che's example it will be those individuals who consider themselves Guevarists, and yet negate the very principles on which Che based his life. Che's writings reveal four major trends which guided his life. First, he was a humanitarian. He was a man who was spiritually injured by the degradation of poverty, repression and exploitation which afflicted others. Secondly, he was a revolutionary. Che sought to eliminate the suffering of others by engaging in activity which would fundamentally change the system that perpetuated the suffering. Third, he was a Marxist-Leninist. Che viewed nations and the world as being moved by class conflict. Fourth, he was an internationalist. Che saw the world in terms of the poor nations struggling for independence against the rich nations. He was repelled by those who called themselves revolutionaries, and yet sought aggrandizement in petty and meaningless battles, while others were bearing the brunt of struggles against the enemy with the real teeth and claws.

Follow-up to 'The Deputy'-- Churchill on history's stage

Soldiers, by Rolf Hochhuth, Grove Press, $4.95.

by Jeff Clark

Four years ago Rolf Hochhuth wrote a play called "The Deputy," the story of a Pope who watched the slaughter of a million Jews. The play, produced in New York, caused great controversy. Now Mr. Hochhuth has written "Soldiers," a play which will prove equally controversial. The text is quite long and may have to be tailored to fit the terms of a smooth, cohesive stage production. Certainly in the reading, "Soldiers" is always fascinating—both as a document of history and a portrait of the imposing man who made that history — Winston Churchill.

While Churchill is the central figure, he is viewed through the conscious of a peripheral character, Dorland, who is the director of the play dramatizing Churchill's stance during the Second World War, April-July, 1943. Dorland is a kind of Everyman, known to the audience primarily in the Prologue and Epilogue, the play between concerning the Prime Minister.

Hochhuth's treatment of Dorland is interesting, for the Everyman figure comes across as a symbol of the Everyman today, the soldier involved in war. While Dorland may be thoroughly repulsed by the course of his experience, he is, nevertheless, a participant in murder; and while he can look with horror at his commanding officer, a soldier's fate has marked his cupability. Dorland stages his play in protest of the overhead bombing of cities. The prologue hints at relationships that further heighten the nightmare of Dorland's existence, for he cannot communicate a distaste for war to his son, an already well-trained individual who is too eager to serve his country. Dorland's guilt colors his own imaginings of encounters with the person who commanded his air squadron. This establishment of Dorland's character, if lengthy, is important. We understand his desire to stage the protest play; and when later he appears in that play, we see him in uniform and know well why he should feel guilty.

Each of the acts comprising the play - w i t h i n - the play is titled by an appropriate place important in Churchill's career. In Act One, he is aboard The Ship. Linguistically, Hochhuth has styled an elegant exposition in which we learn from other players the war situation. Visually, a director will be challenged with keeping the Prime Minister in the background, silent yet dominating the scene even when he does not speak. The presence of this man is awesome, and the playwright realizes so above anyone else. Indeed, Hochhuth, far from hatred, treats his subject with a fantastic respect. Churchill would seem almost a romanticized hero were it not for the depth the writer gives him.

The brunt of the first act concerns Churchill's confrontation with Sikorski, the Polish general. Churchill, fond of Sikorski, begs him not to demand retribution for the graves made by the Germans at Katyn. His precise sense of history warns that Poland will only acquiesce to her conqueror.

Churchill is then depicted as a great actor in the theater of war. Hochhuth gives avid testament to the image of Churchill as a man of history, an actor seeking to shape history, a grand participant and force upon it. Much of the dialogue is in the form of a debate, yet it is part of the play's fascination and creditable since we never lose the thread of drama. Churchill's image as the great commander aboard ship is very large.

Equally large is Churchill's role in bed, for though a great man of force, he always insisted upon eating and sleeping well. He spent time issuing orders from his great bed, sitting there in a florid dressing gown embroidered with dragons. In The Garden, the last act, Churchill is pictured fallible in the Eden that man can no longer keep from growing wild. He has been a great decision maker. but before Bishop Bell of Chichester, he is simply a man who has carried out meaningless atrocities upon the human race. Bell says:

> You have described the envy
> with which you at twenty, regarded the men born a century earlier,
> just in time to find fame in Napoleon's campaigns.
> You realized early it is not the man who prevents a war, who goes down in history, but the man who wins one.

Churchill's defenses are valiant, yet even he knows that the Bishop is right. Bell is a very well drawn figure, logical, arguing that perhaps God put war on earth as a temptation to man, but he did not give any leader "the ace . . . up his sleeve," the right to "reduce to ashes the fifty largest towns in Germany."

The confrontation between Bell and Churchill is perhaps the most vital of all, for it shows an enraged, intelligent bishop pitted against a man who only knows the force of history to be the veritable reality despite compelling arguments and protestations. As an actor of history, Churchill is inextricably swept toward tragedy and the announcement of Sikorski's death, a death Churchill may well have been responsible for.

"Soldiers" is a timely p l a y. It speaks to today's leaders and peoples. Its plea for the cessation of bombing defenseless cities is only part of a larger demand that now, as never before, we must examine history and evaluate the implication of our actions. Churchill is gone. There may never be another man in this century to have such a dynamic force upon the world. Yet it is time for a new force, time for a battle against the tide of history if, indeed, its course is ever to be changed. "Soldiers" is, and must be, a sharp thorn in the world's conscience.

Foreigner's guide to rugged American west

USA West, The Foreign Traveler's Sightseeing Guide to the American West, W. L. Felsen, Peregrination Press, $2.50, 268 pp.

by **Bob Fenster**

The book, billed as the foreign traveller's sightseeing guide to the American west, elucidates the sojourning alien to such valuable gringo info as how to make a phone call ("Public phones take one dime (10¢) or two nickels for local calls."); and how to strike up conversations with Americanos. (It seems you can easily start a chat with affable natives at any lunch counter, coin operated laundry, or church.)

Having exhausted himself on this sort of subject after only thirty pages (to the disappointment of this reviewer, who felt that such Americanisms could fill an entire edition of the World Book Encyclopedia), the author plunges into a nine-page history of the American West that defies summary. Small blessings. Not to be outdone, the Indians are accorded five pages, and prehistoric pueblos, four. And after the traumatic role prehistoric pueblos have played in the formation of the West!

The dedicated foreign reader is further rewarded by later learning that in San Francisco only night club patrons pay attention to topless waitresses, and that January 1 is a national holiday.

The writing is Hemingwayesque, with no superfluous material included for its own sake. The book is remarkably notable for a lack of poesy, trite metaphor, and tired images.

The writer heroically refrains from injecting long philosophical treatises on his own theoretical, religico concepts of heaven, hell, and man's destiny. He lets the story tell itself, in a style simpatico with the rugged simplicity of the native Westerner.

A valuable addition to the home library, the book is sturdily bound, and the cover is adorned with broad red, white, and blue bands. The print is large and digestible, and wide margins make for easy reading. There are some very pleasing maps as an additional bargain, with strong thick lines, questioning dotted lines, and symbolic stars, crosses, and diamonds.

I heartily recommend this book not only to the foreign traveler who wants to make a phone call in Santa Fe, New Mexico, but also to the indigenous reader who wants to learn a little more about the absurd reality he is entitled to call home and mother.

FICTION

The choice

by **Dan Tooker**

"Pass the liver, please."

"Didn't you hear anything I said?" she asked anxiously, looking across the table to her husband.

"Yes, I heard. 'John has been drafted.' So pass the liver," her husband said, staring hungrily at the platter in front of his wife.

Marge lifted the platter in an arc across her plate and let it drop about three inches above his open palm. He grabbed the platter in mid-air with both hands and rested it carefully on the table.

"You nearly made me drop it. What's got into you, anyway?" he asked, helping himself to two large slices of liver.

"Nothing phases that cool veneer, does it?" she shot back with a level icy stare.

"Look Marge, John's been drafted," he said pushing his fork through a piece of meat. "A lot of guys get drafted. I was drafted twenty-five years ago. Remember? That's something a young man has to go through." He stared at her with tired drooping lids. "Maybe it'll be good for him. He's been in and out of college for the last three years at twenty-five hundred a year with nothing but lousy grades and two car wrecks to show for it. Maybe it will teach him the value of an education."

Marge was in a rage. Her face flushed red, her eyes wet. "You son of a bitch!" she yelled, standing and taking one big step toward him. "Have some more liver!" She lifted the platter a foot over his plate and turned it upside down. The liver slapped on the plate and the grease splattered over the table and his shirt spots. Then she dropped the platter on the table and rushed out of the room. She didn't want him to see that her anger had turned uncontrollably to sobs.

From the time John received the draft notice until the date he was supposed to report for his physical, the pressure mounted. He knew how deeply concerned and worried his mother was, and he knew that cool, detached, never ruffled manner, his father had. A man could be shot down in front of the house, or his mother could drop a book and his father's reaction would be about the same. But they agreed on one thing: John must go when called. Running away, or protesting and serving a prison sentence was unthinkable.

John was deeply afraid. Vietnam seemed like certain death. Some of his friends had avoided the draft by running to Canada, but this had proved to be a final move. Almost all connections they had had with family and friends had been severed. They could not, at any time, return to the states.

John knew he couldn't go to Canada. "That kind of courage, I don't have," he said to himself in the bathroom mirror one night as he groped through his thoughts for an answer.

When the reporting date arrived, John still confused, scared, and uncertain of what to do, took a bus downtown and reported as ordered. As he entered the building and walked toward the office, the confusion and pressure subsided. He was yielding to the pressure, the greatest pressure, and he knew that whatever happened, he wasn't going against the pressure. He wasn't alone.

Leaving

by **Miriam Ylvisaker**

The roses bothered her. There were too many, and they were too red. They stretched from gate to highway like wounds, she decided, hundreds of knife stabs in the white fence.

"Those roses are too red," she said. "I don't like them."

She had meant the remark to be a simple one, a time-filler that would help take them from work to her home where he would leave her now for the last time, but something went wrong as she said it. Perhaps, after all, the remark was badly chosen. She might have simply said "It's a nice day," or, perhaps "Those roses are lovely." She might have tried "The hospital grounds look beautiful in summer." Even that, though, was treacherous, for "in summer" sent her back to other seasons with him.

What she said was "Those ROSES are too RED. I don't LIKE them." Her breath was suddenly insufficient for that many words, and she had to inhale so quickly that she was afraid he would think she was going to cry. To prove she was not she turned to him to smile. She rearranged her face into a pattern she hoped was pleasant. Doing so, her jaw felt the same pain as when the dentist kept her mouth open too far for too long.

He did not return the smile. Why should he? she thought. He knows it's fake. "I don't think you mean it," he said. "You really like them."

This faculty of his for knowing what she meant while she was still unsure had first made him, a quiet, ordinary man, extraordinary to her. She was grateful to him for refusing to allow her the self-deception she often practiced, pretending disdain when there was some softness or pain she needed to deny she felt. She was often contemptuous of sentimental music or flambouyant clothes or open affection, not, she had come to realize, because she genuinely disliked these things, but because she herself did not feel comfortable with them. She was afraid if people were to see her, a plain young woman, in bright clothes or openly holding hands, they would think: What poor taste; how inappropriate. With him she no longer felt she needed to be different, to wear harsh intellectual greens or like modern music; it was fitting, even graceful and attractive, to dress in pink; quite enough to be satisfied with Brahms.

He was right. It was not the roses themselves to which she objected, but rather that they, like summer in this valley, had attained an intensity she was sure would never be hers. He was married, he had a child, he believed in faithfulness; she was leaving, moving to another city. "I want you," she had said. "It's summer. We could meet outdoors at night." His wife was cold, he had told her, their relationship one of mutual dissatisfaction, but his answer had been "I couldn't. It's a bargain of sorts. It wouldn't be fair for me not to keep it."

Railroad crossbars began to descend as they drove toward the tracks that separated the hospital from the highway. For a moment she could not be sure whether the bars were lowering or whether what she saw was an optical illusion. The black and white stripes seemed to jump, to trade places. Were the bars themselves really moving or did they only appear to shift? When she first came to work in the hospital patients often came to her to say "I know this sounds crazy, but with me it's true. I was put here, and I don't belong. I need someone to help me get out." Then, as now, she had experienced the same spasm of distortion, that second when reality eluded her: surely it shifted, surely it moved?

He had never said he loved her. He arranged to meet her for coffee, for lunch, to sit next to her at staff meetings, scheduled outings for patients so that they were assigned by their supervisor to go to them together in the evening. In the cafeteria he moved his tray to touch her hand where it rested on the table between them; riding in cars from ward to ward with other teachers he always sat next to her. He held her shoulders when he held her coat; sometimes he kissed her and said he was unhappy. He was not handsome. His shoulders sloped, and when he was troubled about a student or there had been an exacerbation of the pain he lived with at home his mouth drew downwards, his face a mask like the old masks of tragedy.

She became able to tell when he was most unhappy, because he would stop calling her to go for coffee, and he would bring his lunch from home

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and eat alone. At first she thought his withdrawal meant he did not want to see her, but once when she went to his office to look for him his surprise and obvious joy at seeing her told her that she was, after all, welcome, and she learned when to seek him out, when to allow him his solitude, when not to talk. When she did talk, she talked with him about her students, schizophrenic adolescents with bizarre fantasies, asked him what to do about them, for them. Caught up in their sickness, she sometimes thought: but I am the same! My fantasies have no more connection with reality than do theirs. The world was insane, a vortex of madness.

Most of all, she was unsure of her own feelings, and would spend hours in front of the mirror trying to decide: Do I love him? How much do I care? Am I too ugly for him to want me?

"You look pretty tonight," he said once. "Yes," she said, "it's because I know you like me." But other times she was certain he did not care, and since he did not she would force herself to be indifferent, too, until at last, tired of them emptiness left from trying to persuade herself that his feelings towards her did not matter, she welcomed the return of her violent shifts from ecstasy to desolation: he loves me, he loves me not.

The train, a long freight, racketed by so close to their idling car that they could not talk. In fields along the road next to them ladders A-shaped their way into fruit trees where braceros picked apricots. The men, handkerchiefs tied around their foreheads to keep sweat out of their eyes, looked upwards into the dusty green branches as they picked the fruit, then turned their tan faces downwards to place the apricots into baskets already mounded with the orange fruit. The ground was almost solidly covered with a darker orange where fruit that had ripened before it could be picked had fallen. Birds and flies would soon eat it. It was hot. All the car windows were open. They watched, and he put his hand over hers. Palm upwards, she tightened her fingers around his.

Far away the caboose of the train was in sight. He took his hand away. "Do you want the plants you gave me back?" she asked.

He did not answer. He's thinking, she decided, he's trying to guess what I will do: we'll be alone inside her house; will she say something, make a scene? I hope he IS afraid, she thought, and the fervor with which she wished for his unhappiness surprised her. She looked at him. He was a careful driver. He gripped the wheel with both hands and looked straight ahead. He still did not answer her question; she could not even be sure he had heard.

"Look," she said, "you can just run in and pick up the plants. You don't have to stay, you know. It will only take a second."

"All right. I can put the plants in the garden and use the pots again."

She had not washed the dishes from the night before or from this morning, but at least, she remembered, she had made the bed. She went ahead as they climbed the stairs to her apartment. It was an old house made over, with the three rooms of her apartment laid out in a straight line. She entered the kitchen, then went through the bedroom and living room to the balcony where she had put the plants. He walked fast behind her. Was he trying not to see, trying hard not to see her or see anything—dishes, dining table, bed, books, open suitcases—that showed she lived there, showed she was leaving?

The plants he had given her were in large pots. She had cared for them well, watering and feeding, removing dead flowers regularly and tenderly. They were pelargoniums, and they had filled out and blossomed almost continuously. There were four of them. He knelt to pick them up, moving quickly. He squeezed one pot in the crook of each arm and grasped the third in his hands between the other two.

"Can you carry one?" he asked. "I can't manage them all."

"Of course."

The pot she carried was heavy and cold in her arms, and from its weight she could measure how much heavier his three must be. What would he do if I dropped it? she wondered. For a moment she imagined letting go, allowing the pot to fall broken between them at her feet. Would he then do the same, let go too? Would he then move through the shards to embrace her?

"It's heavy," she said.

"We'd better go."

They placed the plants on the floor of the back seat of the car. "Thank you," she said. "I enjoyed having them."

"Ride home with me. I'll drop them off, then bring you back again."

He feels sorry for me, she thought, that's all. He was too kind. Co-workers without scruples took advantage of him, and there was often a woman patient or two who followed him morning to evening at work. "You can't help it, can you?" she had said once. "Women fall in love with you all the time." He had been embarrassed and denied it. She herself was always suspicious that she was being used, manipulated, but he was open, giving, and she admired him for not feeling he had to set limits, to define terms, as she herself did.

I won't go in, she thought, even if he invites me. She hated his house. He and his wife had invited her to dinner there once. There was nothing in it—books, pictures, even furniture—that looked as if the house were his, as if he lived there. Plastic-feeling square chairs set at right angles to a box-shaped sofa looked unused, and she chose to think that the impeccably neat kitchen, bare of the proliferation of pots, pans, bottles, and dishes that littered her own was a symptom of his wife's dull cooking.

When they arrived at his home he did not ask her in, after all. A child sat, back towards them, on the front steps of his house. "Bob," he called, "come and help me carry. And say goodbye to Elizabeth. She's leaving."

The boy turned as he called. It was not Bob. "Can't even recognize my own child," he said. "That's pretty silly."

He left the car's engine running and carried the pots, two at a time, to the porch. He walked quickly to the car, got in, slammed the door, and drove off again without speaking. Why is he prolonging the goodbye? she wondered. Is there something he feels he should say? He drove in second, his right hand resting on the gear-shift knob, not fast enough to have to shift into third, so slowly in fact that when they came to corners he hardly needed to brake. Behind them a car honked, but instead of speeding up he moved further to the right, and the driver, gunning his motor, passed them.

At her house again he pulled over to the curb, turned off the engine, and turned towards her. Behind him cars hurried by in both directions. She studied his face for some, any, sign of what he might be thinking.

"I don't WANT you to GO," he said. She could feel tears beginning. She had trouble breathing, a pain in her throat, tightness in her stomach. She knew, if she swallowed, the lump in her throat would not stay down; if she spoke, she might scream.

"I HAVE to go."

"Of course," he answered. "You're right. It's best."

"Right! Best! Who cares?" she shouted. "What difference does that make? If you wanted me to stay you wouldn't use those idiotic words."

"You're w r o n g," he answered, "wrong about that."

He moved sideways towards her and rested his hand on the back of her neck. She knew that, in spite of whatever they might say or do now, he would still expect her to leave. She also knew that in a moment she would be unable to, that in a moment all pride would disappear in the desperation she felt; in a moment she would beg, plead, would cry for him to ask her to stay. She pushed open her door as far as it would go, stepped to the sidewalk, let the door swing behind her, and ran upstairs.

In her apartment she stood, out of breath, motionless. I will not cry, she decided, I will not. And I will not watch. But she walked to the window at the front of the house where she could look down on the street. She stood back, to one side of the drape. The car had not left. I hate you, she thought, hate you. "I do hate you," she shouted. Her throat, full of tightness and abrasion, hurt. I hope he hears, she thought, I hope he feels pain, too. If he did, the only response was the car's engine starting, then the gears scraping, as he drove off.

A week earlier, three days, yesterday even, still this morning, she thought. If he had only said he wanted her to stay then, but he had waited until the last possible moment. "I don't WANT you to GO." The last impossible moment. I could still stay, she thought. Tell everyone I have changed my mind, get back the resignation papers, see the landlord and ask him to let me stay. "I have to go," she had said. Why couldn't he have said "No, you don't," or even just "Why?"

Now she knew what she had wanted so desperately to find out for so long. He did care. If he had not said so earlier, there had been too many signs, and she was a fool not to have recognized them. Still, how MUCH did he care? And what good would being sure earlier have done?

More than tears, she was angry. I hate him, she thought, I really do. For being cautious and trying to be honorable. And hate myself for being glad to know that my leaving is not easy for him either.

The hell with it, she thought. The hell with this insanity. She walked through the apartment back to the kitchen and stood at the sink, looking around her. Dirty dishes stood stacked on both sides of the counter. A casserole she had half finished baking stood on top of the stove, and there were more containers of coffee, rice, beans, sugar, and flour than one person could ever use in years of cooking. I'll get rid of this junk, she thought, get rid of it all. I don't need these dishes, need him, want them, want him, all this craziness and disorder. With a sweep of her hand she pushed a stack of dirty plates, cups, and glasses to the floor. Not all of them broke, and, determined to do better, she took a glass cannister of rice in both hands, raised it above her head, and crashed it to the floor. Rice and broken glass splattered the floor from cupboards to stove. She did the same with a container of coffee and an even larger one of sugar. Then she saw that, in some residue of tidiness, she had taken the glass covers off and set them on the cupboard before she threw the jars. Taking a cover in each hand, she threw them, too, to the floor. As she looked down, surveying the mess, she saw blood running from a cut in her leg.

It bled but she did not feel any pain. She reached down and touched the blood, as if to verify what she saw. It was, she knew, indeed her own blood. It was wet and thick on her fingers. She could see the gash in her leg. The cut looked deep, and she should, she supposed, do something about it. She began to cry. She pulled a chair towards her, sat down, and slumped over to watch the blood flowing down her leg to stain the broken glass and food debris on the floor. As she cried more and more loudly, feeling came back to her leg, and the cut, throbbing, painful, gave her at last what she most wanted—a perfectly clear reason to cry: I hurt.

Editor: Dikran Karagueuzian
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The Gater Literary Supplement is published bi-weekly by the BOP of the Associated Students of San Francisco State College, 1600 Holloway Ave., San Francisco.

Manuscripts should be sent to the Literary Supplement or submitted personally at Hut C. Postage must accompany manuscripts if return is desired. No responsibility will be assumed by the Literary Supplement for unsolicited material.

Contributions to Supplement

This semester the Gater published, on an experimental basis, two Literary Supplements with the hope that student work could find an outlet on this campus.

We feel the experiment was, at least, a moderate success. It could, however, be a far better effort next semester if contributions are submitted from all segments on campus.

It is our hope that students in the creative writing department, with cooperation from their professors, w o u l d submit their works for publication in the Literary Supplement.

The Gater would also welcome poems, short plays and other forms of writing, whether born of the academic process or not.

Another innovation planned is the publication of shorter, less technical vesions of students' technical versions of students' advantage of the Gater's "Master's Program" is twofold: it would give the writer a chance to be published, and it would afford the general student body the opportunity to investigate areas and ideas with which it may not usually come in contact.

Selection of pieces to be published will be made by the Literary Supplement's e d i t o r i a l staff, but there will be no editing of published pieces without the writer's consent.

It is our hope that enough material will be submitted to allow the Literary Supplement to be published bi-weekly in the Fall. We are confident that this will indeed be the case.

Any student, faculty or staff that has any questions concerning the Literary Supplement may contact the Gater at 469-2021, or come to the G a t e r office in Hut-C.

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Revolutionary song problem

Berkeley for the benefit of two Bay area anti-draft groups, the Resistance and the Campus Draft Opposition.

Tickets are on sale at the A.S.U.C. Box Office and at the door. Donation is $1.50.

"In White America," the gripping dramatic biography of the American black man from the days of slave ships to the present, will be given a special matinee performance tomorrow at 2:30 p.m. at the Paul Masson Vineyards in Saratoga.

All net proceeds from the ACT benefit production will go to the Hunters Point Boys' Club.

Tickets are $7.50 each and include a champagne intermission. A limited number of sponsors' tickets, which include a reception and dinner following the matinee, are also available at $15 each.

Tickets are available at the Hunters Point Boys' Club, 729 Kirkwood Ave.

Added to the list of stars who will appear at the big RFK Gala in San Francisco's Civic Auditorium, Saturday, June 1, 8:30 p.m. are Peter Lawford, Jerry Lewis and Dick Martin of the comedy team of Rowan and Martin.

The Robert Kennedy benefit will also star Bill Cosby, Bobby Darin, Angie Dickinson, Sonny and Cher, the Supremes and Andy Williams. Kim Novak and Andre Previn, previously announced for the show, will not appear.

Tickets are $10 and are on sale at the Downtown Center Box Office.

The San Francisco Mime Troupe moves definitively to San Francisco this weekend with performances of Ruzzante or the Veteran tomorrow in Duboce Park and Sunday in Union Square. The Farce of Patelin, conversely, tomorrow in Union Square and Sunday in Duboce Park. All weekend shows begin at 2 p.m.

Mike Winter Trio is alive.

The Pacific Ballet will present its annual San Francisco Spring Season at Presentation Theater, on June 19 through 22 and June 26 through 29, with eleven new productions of classical and contemporary

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ballets created by six distinguished choreographers. All performances will begin at 8:30 p.m.

Tickets are $2.50 for all performances, students one dollar. Further information available from Pacific Ballet, 552-1166.

Tiny Tim is 45 years old?

Tonight KPFA will present the talented young violinist Ronald Erickson in concert at the Unitarian Fellowship, 1924 Cedar St. in Berkeley. He will be accompanied by pianist Leonard Klein in the following program: Ives: Violin Sonata No. 1, Bartok: Rhapsody No. 1, Brahms: Sonata No. 1 in G, Stravinsky: Duo Concertante and Mozart: Sonata in D.

The concert will begin at 8:30 p.m. and admission is $1.50.

Making its first appearance in San Francisco and the Bay Area, one of the country's top pop recording groups, The First Edition will begin a ten day engagement at Basin St. West, Wednesday, May 29.

"Moving Benches" and "Parker" will remain at the God's Eye Theater until May 31.

Tiny Tim is 45 years old.

CLASSIFIED

AUTOMOTIVE

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TRANSPORTATION

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HOUSING

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APT. FOR RENT 2 to 3 months during summer. Furnished. Integrated. Marina district building. References $180/month. 885-4305 after 6:30. H 5/24

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SUMMER SUBLET WANTED. 2 bedrooms, around $150/month. Barbara and Marvin Garson (Editor and ex-playwright). References. 775-1843. H 5/24

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