

SF State attacked on two fronts

Trustees reject the Union hint further Murray action

by Sheldon J. Nyman

FRESNO—The State College Board of Trustees leveled a two-front attack on SF State yesterday, killing the proposed design of the College Union for the present, and hurling a veiled threat at English instructor George Murray.

In a meeting of the full board yesterday afternoon the Trustees came to an 8-8 tie on the Union, which may be tantamount to squashing the project as envisioned by Canadian architect Moshe Safdie and the members of the College Union Council (CUC).

According to the Trustees' by-laws however, any Trustee can bring up the matter again at the next full meeting. Even if this occurs however, the chances of passage would still be slim because a Trustee committee has rejected the Union twice before and the full board, with some conservative Trustee absent, rejected it once.

At the conclusion of the regular voting procedure the vote was 8-7 in favor of the design. However, Trustee Chairman Theodore Meriam of Chico

voted against it to make the tie and kill the Union.

On the Murray front Meriam issued a statement saying that SF State "is currently investigating certain conduct of Mr. Murray as reported to campus offices" and that SF State President Robert Smith is expected to submit a report on the matter at the next Trustee meeting.

Smith said that the "investigation" involves lectures given by Murray on other campuses.

Yesterday Murray addressed a capacity crowd of 4000 students in the Fresno State College amphitheater. At one point in his speech Murray said:

"If students want to run the college, and if the Administration doesn't go for it, then you control it with a gun."

He also called for "a black, brown, red, poor white revolution."

According to SF State SDS member Margaret Leahy, who is in Fresno to help organize an SDS chapter there, "cops were all over the airport to meet Murray."

Murray arrived in Fresno at 11:30 a.m. yesterday to address the noon rally on the Fresno campus.

An administration spokesman said that the current conflict over Murray involves "professional ethics" and that Smith will use "normal faculty procedures" to resolve the matter.

Presumably, normal faculty procedures could involve either departmental apparatus, the Academic Senate, or both.

Prior to the full board meeting the Trustees' College Planning and Grounds Committee had battled to a 5-5 tie over the Union.

The committee vote was a blueprint of what was to follow in the full meeting. The membership voted 5-4 in favor, but committee chairman Daniel Ridder voted against the Union to make the tie.

The principal Union antagonist was Trustee Charles Luckman, who is an architect in his spare time. He again brought up the issue of Safdie's Union's "compatibility" with present campus architecture. Luckman also

has some criticism of "student power."

"It is wrong to accept the premise that this is student money and students should be able to do what they want," he said.

As an analogy, Luckman pointed out that it would not be correct to allow a lecture to be given on the methods of raping a 14 year-old girl simply because students paid for the lecture.

"It is impossible for me to concede that we will decide on the basis of winning a popularity contest, or possible student disturbance, or possible illegal activity," he added.

Three of the principal Union backers were Smith, Chancellor Glenn Dumke and Trustee Richard Thatcher.

"We are overworking the facilities now present, and this contributes as much as anything else to the disturbance and distress of the students," Smith said.

In addition to favorable presentations from Smith and others the Union also received support in the form of a 6000 signature petition presented by CUC acting chairman Albert Duro.

Last balloting chance today

AS vote in slow first day

The AS elections got underway yesterday in the same manner that the campaign began, with overtones of apathy.

Iranians to protest consulate

The Iranian Students Association (ISA) will picket the Iranian Consulate, 3400 Washington St., today at 4 p.m. to protest the Shah's dictatorship in their native land.

An ISA spokesman invited "all progressive people to join us in protesting against the oppressive tactics against the Iranian students."

Last semester San Francisco police broke up a similar demonstration at the Consulate.

As of 3 p.m. less than 500 students had voted in all three polling places combined. The polls are located in front of the Commons and Library, and in between the BSS and HLL buildings.

The campaign has been waged at an ambling pace, with very little literature or signs forcing their way into student perception.

The offices open in the AS hierarchy are: Treasurer, Business Rep, Humanities Rep and two Freshman Reps.

The only slate involved is the Creative Involvement ticket, but two "Independent" candidates, Steve Diaz and Don Davis, have joined forces in opposition of the Creative Involvement group.

Diaz, running for Treasurer, held another sparsely attended rally yesterday on the Speaker's Platform, and assailed the Gater for not publicizing the election.

Diaz and Davis, a candidate for Business Rep, have called

for more AS funding of such areas as the athletics program and the Creative Arts Program.

The Creative Involvement slate, headed by treasurer hopeful Berwyn Lee, has pledged support to the college's student initiated com-

munity involvement programs.

Other candidates are:

- Freshman Reps: Sharon Jones (CI), Mary Glaspie (CI), Elliot Turret (Ind) and Peter Allan (Ind).

- Business Rep: Davis (Ind), Jeff Turkot (CI).

- Humanities Rep: Greg Pehrson (CI).

- Treasurer: David Michael (Ind), Stanley Brin (Academic Interest), Diaz (Ind), and Lee (CI).

This is the election's last day. Polls are open until 7 p.m.

Boosts morale

SDS again joins picket lines

SF State students will join striking theater janitors on their picket lines again tonight, a Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) spokesman said yesterday.

San Francisco police met SDSers last weekend when they picketed the Alexandria theater in support of the six month old strike.

Students who want to join the janitors' lines should meet at the Alexandria, Geary at 18th Avenue, at 7:15 p.m., said SDS co-chairman Elena Dillon.

A janitors' union official sent a telegram to SDS and the Peace and Freedom Party, which has also been aiding the picketers.

"I thanked them for their efforts, which helped the men's morale a lot," said Robert Skillman, business agent of the striking Building Service Employees Union, local 9.

"I understand they turned away quite a few people," he added.

Independent freshman hopeful

I have no platform because no candidate for freshman representative has had enough time to know all the ideas and desires of the thousand or so students in the freshman class. There are so many different people and differing ideas that no one can appeal to just one segment of the student population and expect to get a majority. The job of any representative is not to represent just one point of view, or to drown out differences of opinions and make it appear as if there is only one right view; it is his duty to choose

those beliefs of his voters that he can in good conscience support, because the people vote, not so much for the platform as for the man and how he makes his decisions.

I do not know all the problems that will confront this college during the year, so I cannot give any answers to them. However, my approach to politics will be as a student representing students. If you agree with me that such an approach is the best, then vote for Peter Allan for freshman representative.

Today at State

- "Dark of the Moon" — Main Aud. — 8:30 p.m.
- EC — Professor Tze-Chi-ang Chao — HLL 154 — 8 p.m.
- EC & Sigma Chi Delta Encounter — Gallery Lounge — 8 p.m.
- Film Guild — "The Magician" — 75 cents — ED 117 — 7 p.m.
- Freshman Football — Santa Clara — here — 3 p.m.
- The Resistance — John Carey — Gallery Lounge — noon.
- Young Socialist Alliance — HLL 135 — 6:30 p.m.
- African Students Organization — SCI 151 — 1 p.m.
- AS Finance Committee — ED 230 — 2 p.m.
- Jewish Students Union — SCI 165 — noon.
- Korean Students — SCI 267 — 3 p.m.
- Muslim Students Assoc. — Ecumenical House — noon.
- Philosophy Club — HLL 135 — 4 p.m.
- Tutorial — AD 101 — 3 p.m.
- Social Welfare Club — BSS 218 — 12:15 p.m.

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Film on Arab-Israeli conflict today

The Organization of Arab Students will present today at 1 p.m. in HLL 135 a film on the Arab-Israeli conflict entitled "Palestine in Turmoil-Interview with Dr. Fayz Sayegh. There is no charge and all students are invited.

Guerrilla show today at noon

The People's Revolutionary Army Kazoo Band, Frisbee Team, Guerrilla Theatre, etc. will perform an original work, "Lulu Red Vanguard and the Three Pigs" today at 12 p.m., 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. in front of

the Commons.

It has been rumored that the amateur theatrical company is associated with the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS).

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Editor: Dikran Karagueuzian



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'Patience' totally irresistible

San Francisco's Gilbert and Sullivan experts, the Lamplighters, are currently staging a production of "Patience" which is totally irresistible. The only accompaniment is a single piano, and the setting is scant, yet what matter? The company is a superbly polished one.

SATIRE

Some people will mistakenly identify the brisk satire with today's Love Generation. Such a conclusion would merely indicate an overripe appropriateness. What Gilbert and Sullivan were actually satirizing was the whole Pre-Raphaelite movement initiated by Oscar Wilde and the poet Swinburne. These aesthetic gentlemen appeared to be in love with the effect rather than the work itself, and the idiocy

of their attitude is made delicious mockery of by librettist and composer.

It would be impossible to list the large cast which boasts two performers in the same roles in many cases. Orva Hoskinson, Artistic director, plays the Oscar Wilde equivalent, and he is excruciatingly funny, master bar none of his technique. His stellar talents stop the show more than once.

WORTHY

Also worthy of mention is the splendidly comic ability of June Wilkins who plays a massive, staunch admirer of Mrs. Hoskinson. She sings a lamentation upon the pains of growing old while sawing away on a cello that is an ab-

solute masterpiece of poker-faced mockery. The audience goes wild over it.

The chorus is remarkable, articulating difficult words which are the brunt of some brilliant wit. "Patience" is one of the finest G&S pieces.

I must urge everyone to get over to the Lamplighters immediately, for this weekend will be the last of the show's run, and there will positively be no extensions of performances. The group has moved from its old home at the Harding to the Presentation Theatre, Turk and Masonic streets. It's quite a distance out toward the beach, but worth every bit of it since, at the moment, this entertainment is the finest thing in town.

SDS blasts election day

While San Francisco voters are trying to pick the next US President on Nov. 5, radical SF State students will be demonstrating against what they call "the fraud of American elections."

SF State's Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) Wednesday called for three Nov. 5 actions:

- A campus noon rally, followed by serving the Air Force ROTC with an "eviction notice";

- At 4 p.m. march from outside the Presidio to the base's stockade in support of the men imprisoned there and backing anti-war GIs' efforts in organizing resistance;

- A City Hall 7 p.m. rally and candlelight parade past all three presidential candidates' headquarters.

"The main point of the demonstrations will be to point out that, whoever won, nothing changed, the war will still be going on, whether it's Nixon, Humphrey, or Wallace," SDS co-chairman Gordon DiMarco said.

The San Francisco demonstrations will be part of a nation-wide series of election day actions called by the SDS national council, which met last week in Boulder, Colorado. Twenty-eight SF State SDSers attended the council.

"Our demonstrations will push two main political positions: the elections are a fraud, and the demand for immediate withdrawal from Vietnam without negotiations or deals," DiMarco said.

Details of the demonstrations will be discussed at tonight's SDS discussion group at 9 p.m. at 125 Steiner, he added.

The militant student organization also added its support to an anti-Humphrey demonstration today at 5 p.m. in Oakland's Bobby Hutton Memorial Park. The demonstration was planned by the Black Panther Party, the Young Socialist Alliance (YSA), and the Berkeley SDS, according to Helen Meyers of YSA.

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\$2.50 donation.

The SF State Latin American Students Association (LASO) and the Mexican-American Students Confederation (MASC) are supporting the benefit.

Sailing regatta tomorrow

Over 40 students and 20 faculty of SF State will be competing in the intra-mural sailing regatta of Lake Merced tomorrow, according to Jake Eddy of the Race Committee.

Boats will be provided for the 18 races, which will begin at noon and run through 4 p.m.

"The race will serve as practice for the upcoming intercollegiate competition in Spring," Eddy said.

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Use Gater Classifieds

Happenings in town

Kathy Bramwell

After a tour of Europe and an appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show, the Jefferson Airplane have returned to San Francisco and will appear tonight and tomorrow at Bill Graham's Fillmore West. Appearing with them will be Ballet Afro - Haiti and A.B. Skhy. Show time is 8 p.m.

Tonight, tomorrow and Sunday nights at the Avalon Ballroom is the Buddy Miles Express, Dino Valenti and Country Weather, with lights by Garden of Delights.

The Mint Tatoo will appear at the Matrix tonight and tomorrow night.

The San Francisco International Pop Festival will present Johnny Rivers, Jose Feliciano, Eric Burden and the Animals, Iron Butterfly, Fraternity of Man, Buddy Miles Express and Rejoice tomorrow at the Alameda County Fairgrounds in Pleasanton at 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Sunday, same time, same place, Chambers Brothers, Canned Heat, Grass Roots, Procol Harum, Deep Purple, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Loading Zone will appear.

Tonight the San Francisco International Film Festival will present "Capricious Summer" from Czechoslovakia at 7 p.m. At 9:45 p.m. "River-run" from the United States will be presented and at midnight "The Yellow Submarine."

"The Fireman's Ball" from Czechoslovakia will be presented at 7 p.m. and "Flick-orna" from Sweden at 9:45 p.m.

Sunday "A Great Big Thing" from Canada is presented at 7 p.m. and John Cassavetes' "Faces" from the United States will be at 9:45 p.m.

Drama and mixed media happenings 1968 will be presented by the Julian Theater and the Richmond Branch Library at 351-9th Avenue Sunday afternoon from 3 to 5 p.m.

The happy sounds of pianist Vince Guaraldi will fill the El Matador through November 14.

"Dark of the Moon" begins tonight and will play again tomorrow and next Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights at 8:30 p.m. in the Main Theater at SF State.

Because of rain two weeks ago, the Renaissance Pleasure Faire has been extended another week.

Joan Baez will appear in concert at UC Greek Theatre tonight at 8:30 p.m. Tickets

are available at ASUC Box Office.

Will Hindle's "Chinese Fire-drill" and John Schofill's "XFILM" will be shown tonight and tomorrow night at

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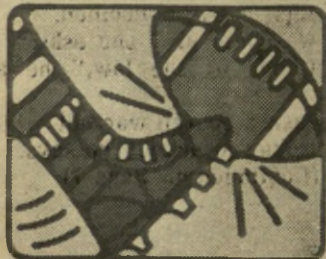
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literary supplement

Volume 2, Number 2

October 25, 1968



Soliloquy

by H. L. Smith

Modern Fables **The Cops and the Dope Fiend**

by Arthur Applegarth

(Ed. Note: This is the first of a series of modern fables. If Aesop was around today he might learn some new lessons.)

One night he opens his door and quickly adjusts to the uniforms and searchlights of two policemen.

"Can we come in?" one asks.

"As friends or the law," he answers.

They flash a search warrant.

"I'm broke, go away," he says.

(Continued on Page 7)

A Child's Christmas in Suburbia

by Alan Zimmerman

(Ed. Note: It may seem early for Christmas, but this piece, a parody of Dylan Thomas' "A Child's Christmas in Wales," is, perhaps, unfortunately timeless.)

One Christmas Season was so much like another in those happy new years around the criss - crossed - crazy - quilted - stop - signed streets of the incorporated, strongly Republican, all-American town, that I can never remember whether Elvis Presley sang, "Why Can't Every Day Be Like Christmas," when I was six, or The Supremes sang it when I was twelve.

All the Christmas Seasons are pasted and taped into our hard bound, reinforced Album, the well-wishes from the plumber and the banker, and the instant memories from our sixty-second Polaroid making it so easy for us not to forget, that I flip the book open neatly and bring out whatever I can find. In goes my hand, into that chronologically - ordered, cross-indexed, helluva-holiday, bound neatly in red and green trim and topped off with a pink and pretty, pre-tied bow, and out comes Mrs. Jones and the Fire Department.

It was the afternoon of that day of days, and I was in Mrs. Jones' back yard, waiting for the Viet Cong with her son Jimmy. There were huge styrofoam pillows of snow in Mrs. Jones' allotted, plotted, mowed-in-summer - raked - in - winter, politely fenced-off back yard. Only a narrow strip of slickly green grass parted the thick linen snow. Mrs. Jones always forced Mr. Jones to grump and grudge a narrow alley through the snoweddamneddepths to the cold metal clothes-tree, hanging in the snow like a huge and ghastly naked, wind-blown umbrella. Mrs. Jones said it was the snow path or a new clothes dryer, but Mr. Jones knew the budget, so it was the thirty-fifth parallel where Jimmy and I dared the Viet Cong and Goldfinger to cross that line, go ahead just cross that line; and we broke them down with chops and elbows and stuffed them into the snow like cholestoral-free margerine into instant steaming potato buds, or shot them all to pieces with our super-spy automatics.

"Fire!" Mrs. Jones hollered. "God-damnedFire!"

And we ran through the back-screeneddoor, and there, indeed, was a fire. Or at least the smoke. But we had learned what there was when there was smoke, and we jumped about as Mr. Jones grunted up from his easy chair bowl game and hesi-

tantly poured the remaining contents of his flip-top-drip-drop beer can on the wall-to-wall, stain-resistant carpet.

Then the Fire Department came and washed out the fire, tredding plain stains all over Mrs. Jones' careful carpets.

And when the Department turned off the hose and was standing about waiting for some hot instant coffee and sneaking glances at the screaming, screened football field, Jim's Grandmother, who was Only staying with them till they could find a Suit-

able Home for her, wobbled carefully downstairs and whined for her hot milk as she walked. Then her crinkled eyes caught the Fire Department and the smoked-salmon-colored carpets, the wall-to-wall wetness; and, as Jimmy and I giggled hush-mouthed expectantly, she fainted.

Years and years ago, when I was a pre-adolescent, when there were snow plows in Suburbia, and chained cars skittered down ice-skimmed streets, and frosty old men stood on the street corners watching, when a snow-covered rock was all in the game, and

littler children were taken to walk the bottomless snow-pits, when we rocked around the Christmas Clock and saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus with a four piece electrified band, when we no longer had thirty shopping-daze till Christmas; it snowed and it snowed presents.

There were the Useful Presents: G.I. Joe, America's Fighting Man — you could outfit him, arm him, train him, strategize him, fight him, award him, and bury him with full military honors; Three Speed Multi-Missile Launchers; A Racing Car with a Realistic Motor Noise; and a Mechanical Dog, Goes Forward and Reverse, Wags its Tail, is Fully House-Broken.

And the Games: Kommisar, the people's game; Battle Cry, the Civil War game; the Ipcress File Game, where you could be a double agent or even, if you played your cards right, licensed to kill; Tiger Island, Can YOU Feed The Hungry Tiger Before HE Clobbers You; the Ten Commandments Bible Game, the Exciting Non-Denominational Game For Children And Adults of All Faiths, helping to demonstrate ideals cherished in all versions of the bible—I was always Able; Mother Hen Target Game—hit her in the right spot and out plopped a pale, plastic egg; and we always stole the pieces from our sister's Mary Poppins Game.

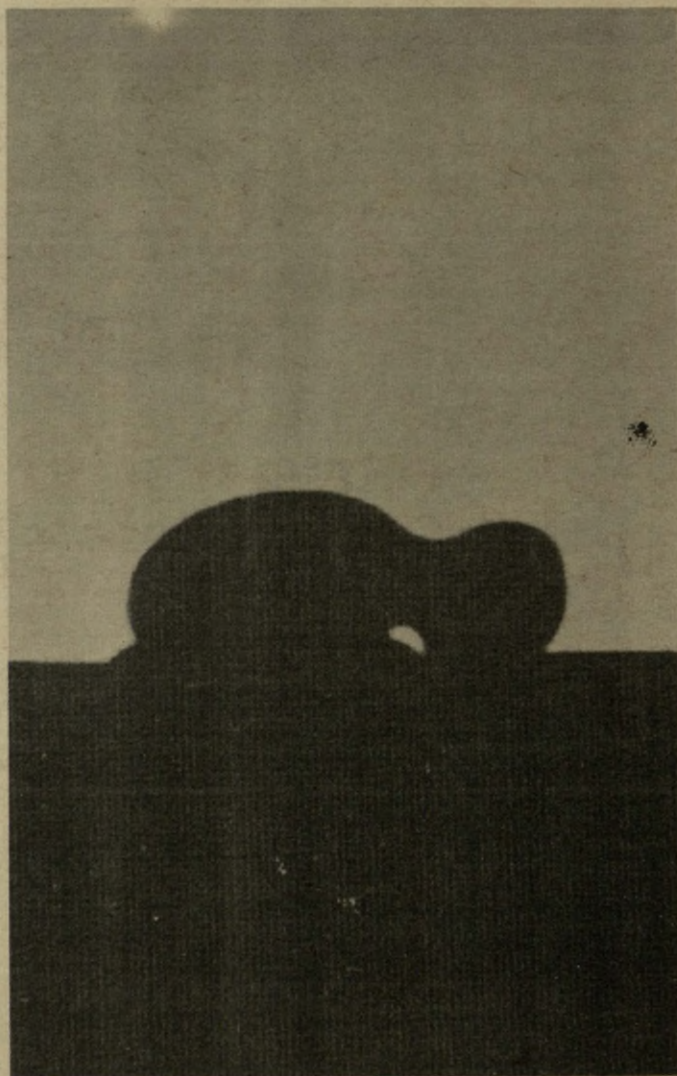
Then there were the Useless Presents: our stockings jammed with cavity-preventing toothpaste, soap dishes for summer camp, and mouth gargle which always tasted just like soda-pop.

And then it was Christmas Dinner. With the appropriate relations making the appropriate remarks as we pushed our way through the instant soup, the Safeway turkey with the boxed stuffing or the stuffed box; and then all the adults would smile so very wisely as they would let all the youngsters get fallow from a little Gallo.

Then to the Living Room where Ed Sullivan would present us with Christmas, as the Uncles smoked their cancerous cigars and scratched their Banned arm pits, and the Aunts would snore lightly as they slept slightly.

And the next morning, when the snow stopped, my automatically faithful clock-radio would alarm me with, "Why Can't Every Day Be Like Christmas," by Elvis Presley or was it The Supremes, and I would lean over quickly and jam the reprieve button.

Lonely



by H. L. Smith

Editor — Bob Fenster
Ass't Editor—Karen Lou
Contributions for this bi-weekly literary publication are still being accepted in the Daily Gater office, Hut B.

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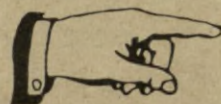
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The Cops and the Dope Fiend

(Continued from Page 5)

But they enter and he blocks their way into the first room, the bedroom near the door. They were heading down the hall, but now turn towards that bedroom.

"What's in here?" one policeman asks.

"Nothing," he says. "Listen, man, I don't have any dope. That warrant's useless.

They push him aside and search the room. They find two roaches on the top of his bureau. "What are these," one asks.

"They're cigarets, man. Sometimes I roll my own." He's thinking, of course, not of the grass rap he can beat, having only a little, less than an ounce in an old peanut butter jar in the kitchen cabinet, but of the two dexymil that would not slip by with a suspended sentence.

While the two cops search the bureau drawers, he slips into the bathroom and while flushing the toilet takes the two dexymil from the empty jar of Bufferin on the bathroom shelf. But the two cops come so quickly that he is unable to swallow them before

one has his arms pinned behind his back and the other has slapped on the handcuffs. So he holds them behind his back in one clenched fist while one cop grabs a plunger and stuffs it in and out of the toilet, and the other cop rifles through the bathroom shelves.

Finding nothing, they push him into the kitchen where they quickly find the grass in the peanut butter jar. While one looks for more, the other seats himself at the table and begins the preliminary report.

"Would you scratch my ear for me," he asks.

"I'll ask the questions," the cop says.

A moment later he asks, "Would you please blow my nose for me?"

"Shut up and go to hell," the cop replies.

Then he sneezes hard, and the clear snot hangs from the edge of his nose, extending slowly in stalagmite fashion. It doesn't break, but stretches slowly with its crystal-like bell growing heavy, till it passes his upper lip and hovers before his mouth which hangs open in despair.

"All right," the cop says and swipes

at his nose with his shirt sleeve.

Being unable to work up another sneeze, having invested in the first all his powers in that area, thinking it would be enough, by a tremendous effort of internal control, mastered after long study of yogi mystics, he vomits, leaning slightly forward so that the thin gruel splashes onto his clothes and dripping fragments cling to his mouth and chin, letting the spasmodic contortions jerk his body back and forth in the chair so he seems likely to fall off at any instant.

Exerting his final bodily power, he urinates, emitting a heavy stream that first darkens the front of his pants, and then splashes to the floor through his pant legs.

One cop pulls his head back and then drops it as he retches another flow. Not knowing what to do, the cop unlocks the handcuffs allowing him to do whatever he can. He quickly brings his hand to his mouth as if to wipe it clean and in the process pops the two pills. Then he stops vomiting as the second cop goes down on hands and knees to examine the vomit flood for dangerous drugs.

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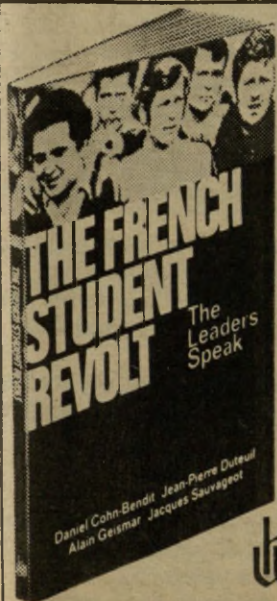
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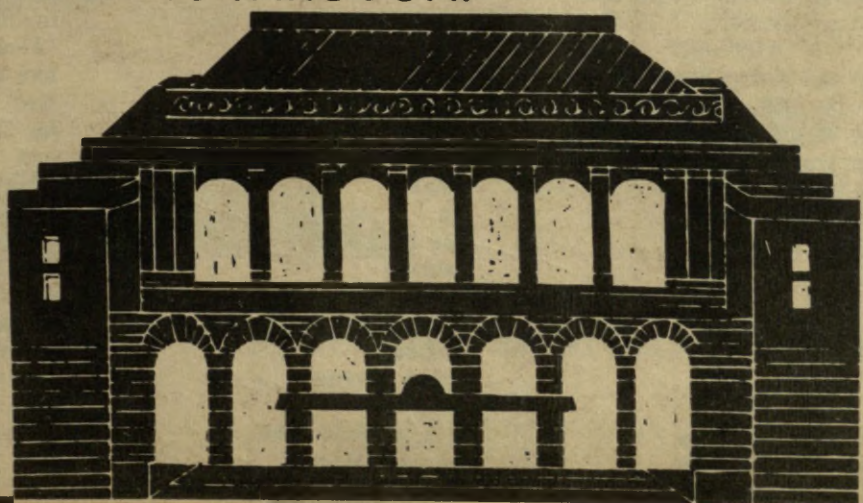
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For What It's Worth

... the following work is presented as it was found one morning, because the editor refuses to judge psychotics. (Ed. Note)

Daniel O'Leary, 610 Santa Monica, Calif.

Oct. 1968

Gentlemen of the Bar:

Re: Wm. R. O'Leary—20 yr loser of the ecclesiastical Chrysler Corp. and doospayer of the Marist UAW—bilked of his social security and tossed in the looney bin in Iona, Mich. without trial, notification of relatives, legal aid: as Helen O'Leary, and her daughter Francis, in Ann Arbor psycho (1922) by the pushcarts on the Hill in Mackinac, abetted by the Straits communists attending Ann Arbor, No tre Dame . . . latter day New Dealers Marxist Speelers, persecution squealers, conterminous with the hermaphrodites of St. Jude in establishing the Saintly Inquisition of Chicago, Abie & his Irish Rose in extending the tentacles of Heaven and Hill Inc. into the entrails of the nation: as J. H. O'Leary in Waupin, Wisc. by the socialists of Milwaukee, Communists of Chicago.

Prompted by the old Fabians who rose out of the washtubs of the Army in Mackinac to a position to enable them to buy communist art, to establish Marxist Moral Rearmament there, and smog, befog, hog the nation . . .

In affiliation with the persecuted.

All requests durected to the Detroit and Baltimore offices of the SS ignored; the same of the Soviet Union to which he paid the clerical tithe the interm; and of the commissars it elects to public office . . . to guard the infallibility of the sociologists.

I was called into the local office of

the SS several times: for a freudian bugging, also seemingly; no intimation of law enforcement, dialectic, inuendo, legal causitry; and the prosaic pretense of omniscience of the heirs apparent of paradise who recognize no constitution, D-I, law even exist other than canon law, and the freudian last judgment of the palestinian Vatican. Of which, a scut here told me it was none of my business.

Nor was Mackinac in their Marxist cell, building, promise landing progaganding.

From which emerged: Dass Capitalism, Joss Capatalism, Moral rearmanment, da New Deal, la guardia feel, meany-reuther Marxism, Petrograd 666: theocratic super vision of e d-ju-kayshun sustained by the psycho-semantic semantics of the lunatic fringe, the brillantine of Rome, Israel, Russia and the Hall Of Fame of academic games, cosmetic-con.

The last-times, of all dings, I was asked if I knew Wm. O'Leary's SS (ultimate inanity), no folio of his work record could be found. Con-somic-ally, I received notice from on high—his case had been magnanimously recos- lided: his jail had been made his guardian: his benefits to be used by the screws with benifit of clergy, bone seeking.

And this is the democracy the pushcart bourgeoisie so blatantly extoll, the equality before the law, the "divinely" inspired Constitution, of so much pious prostitution?

Legal Lice-ns, I calls it, slummist moral, alien anarchy: old world begery, taxfree, euchreistically, god-haul-mixtredly fixing sports and the the courts . . . advantageously to their progeny who hit baseballs and golf-

balls backward, run like little boys. Communists, who say their beads, pastoring Litvanov's Trojan whores in SS and legal legerdemain to fit the larceny: instant law, incense guardianship, with a letter from Marx.

As Russia supposedly is; but Russia is not yet a haven for alien shylocks; nor has it accredited the pathology of the survival of the fittest, the elect of God. Who allow the unfit to vote for them, participate in their holy wars, pay taxes, and sweat in the quest of a here hereafter, conducive to their fatuousness, filthiness.

And the divinely inspired Con-stitution of alien fast buck convolution? On par with a Maxwell St. guarantee in so far as appeal to the State of Michigan, federal and SS Administrations, to enforce SS law. Sustained by the whorey inanity of the Ivory League, so inestable in concealing the grandmother took in washing: psycho-semitic semantics, and flush fellfah- eenism telvivasection, and pushcart prognosis; New Deal intellectualizzm, and Bostonian Bureacrap. All of the excrescence of old Fabians out of steerage, whose progeny have abandoned Marx for peerage . . . and the U.S.A. to the off the boat tyranny of Chicago.

The smart operator with the smart operation in the dumb-virate, the ego- mania of literacy, and the letter of Marx from the patriarchs . . . feeding the sparrows by feeding the horses Irish potatoes. Whose thinking is resultant of the servant class superservicability of the ravens in charge of the diploma factories, and the dialectic flushed out of them in the form of status crow. The ensuing butcher boy blatency with emphasis on intellectual

mysticism, fragrant of the odor of Mt. Sinai, directed to convincing the sucker that God exists.

The Vati-candidate wants to debate. What? Morality? as Bishop Meany. All that they've done or the past 10 years is debate while the Russians scampered off with the land area of the world . . . and praised their work.

Chigaga: the frenzy of an enriched servant class, lush priests, hoodlums, labor fakers, communists-ex, calling down the wrath of God, and Marx, on those who would do as they have been done, contrary to divinity and democracy. All jettisoned in behalf of morality when the loot is threatened.

An abstract of communism derived from early Christianity, and ever useful to priestcraft. Which has ever found the indoctrination of unconscious communism is favorable to acquisition; and dialectic materialism favorable to landing. Recognizing no other law than canon law, the express trite opinions on liberty, humanity, democracy, justice, morality . . . somewhat like Webster, they girate between heaven and hell and Ft. Knox.

And Jim Crow is a mania with them. Not that they've any interest in what happens to the black man because of the haunt of their persecution complexes: indirect dympathy for themselves. Nor are they aware that the Gulf States they fictionalize as so evil are owned by Northern oil companies.

But they are acquainted with the fact that the black man is forced to seek the back door of the Jew Restaurants in the black ghettos, even as in Miami Beach; and his rentals compare favorably with the Sheariton . . . and the plumbing is awful. They are also aware that Jim Crow is practiced in all sections of the nation, in the lush spas especially frequented by the rich pushcarts, and labor fakers, a g a i n s t both white and black. All forced to obtain a work card to serve "My lord the pushcart."

Too, the hippies, yuppies, hillbillies, blacks, are all of one color. The color that enrages the bourgeoisie as red enrages a bull . . . supposedly: the color of the landed aristocracy: either of them or associated with them in the past. Revisionists, as the Russian kulaks. And they should be satisfied to consider themselves lucky they are allowed to live in the same world as the emigrant who went to Haavaard and graduated into the German marks and SS racket. Should be content to wash dishes and not disturb the commissars with their fanfare, and the coachman's daughters, and the back a day a r d e r s who rose from slaughter: stovepipers now.

Not at all surprising that the colored should seek to take advantage of the persecution pitch, the good thing the Jews and the Irish made of it: and their medicine men. \$44 billion, tax free . . . and Petrograd 66.

Mr. Nixon may be a two time loser but he didn't lose two wars, Cuba and Mackinac, Eastern Europe, and Mid-east oil to the communists; establish a wailing wall pitfall in the nation that has put the American in the cotton fields, loony bin, jails in behalf of the trek back to Mt. Sinai, and children's crusades.

We did not survive with the fittest. Nor did they survive with us:

They've been lying long in the nexus With Axel, and Pedro, and Gus.

The world is two thirds covered with water, the other third with academic bullshit.

Out of the night, the carapace Crept slowly into time and space; And by dint of saying grace, He became a paleface . . . Now he's creeping back again Into the night whence he came.

Poems of Birth

(Ed. Note: Three poems on the births of friends.)

VIRGINIA

of Paul and Barbara Bennington, August 28, 1967.

poem by Lydia Poole.

Her eyes of nothing grey begins the spring,

her fingers speak the night/acid dreams and memory —

it was all like that forever

staring at one single tulip in the park

and

guessing at Rimbaud and then her eyes,

my eyes of nothing ran down sad scrim we call

it a city —

sometimes nothing's any good no more until

the grass smells through the window and

each bird calls and each will die by little falls.

These eyes of mine —

are not for seeing anymore the flashing car down down —

or pretendedness or tenderness Her eyes of nothing begin/acid

dreams and memory.

AUTUMN

of Greg and Kathy Stockton, October 13, 1968.

poem by Stephen M. B. Gordon

the color was yellow my face turned

& I went for a ride to the gates of dawn

to watch the sun rise & burst into

the sky with a flaming red

f l a s h

of undulating brilliance that reached my zenith

became my horizon sucked me into a vacuum

of lasting swirls grey shadows

& screaming vultures tearing at my flesh

& my blood ran red

r e d

but there was no pain only a feeling

of vague

d i s c o r p o r a t i o n followed by crimson showers

washing

away all memory & awareness of past&future

leaving me with a feeling

of NOW

(now)

this moment which is gone

& left me with a living heart the heart of man

beating&pulsating with life

green pastures blue bays

sky earth

air fire

water life

Life Magazine Batman

& Red Santa Claus & the Arch Angel

Michael with a tongue

so forked he is a White Man

not an indian

& maybe your name is a number but Im a freak of

nature Call me anything

but please don't

George Wallace who is really Jesus

Christ reversed

but it doesn't matter cause John Lennon

is more popular but it doesn't matter

because Autumn is alive

Welcome to Earth baby!

ALEA

of Chipper and T. Harriss, December 27, 1968.

poem by Bob Fenster.

Alea, born today, like baking bread.

And we share the bread amongst us: molasses and

honey and dark flour

from Deaf Smith County: like knowing our selves

for life. (Alea, born with us,

like our memories of tomorrow. And telegrams received from:

his Church and

their Representative and

the baker) And flowers from Harpo Marx.

Alea, born now, if we can't be children

we must live with them.

Alea: or one thin time

love without rhyme.

'Dark of the Moon' opens tonight here

This year's School of Creative Arts drama program will debut tonight with a verse play about American witchcraft, "Dark of the Moon."

Peggy Ann May and Ron Stark star in the play by Howard Richardson and William Berney, which begins tonight at 8:30 p.m. in the Main Auditorium and will continue

through October 25 and 26, and November 1 and 2.

"Dark of the Moon" is a dramatization of the ballad of Barbara Allen.

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Near future happenings in town, around the Bay

(Continued from page 4)
Chamber Players will take place tomorrow at 7 p.m.

Tonight at San Mateo High School Auditorium and tomorrow night at Foothill College Gymnasium the Peninsula Symphony Orchestra will present Brahms' "Symphony No. 2," Richard Strauss' "Burlesque" and Tchaikovsky's "Piano Concerto No. 1" and will feature Jerome Lowenthal, piano soloist.

Tomorrow at 1:30 p.m. at UC Berkeley, UC vs. Syracuse.

At the San Francisco Museum of Art through November 30 is the SECA Grand Award.

Today through November 3 the Grand National Livestock Exposition, Horse Show and Rodeo will be presented at the Cow Palace.

Grounds open at 8 a.m.; shows nightly, matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Official Notice

STUDENT TEACHERS

Elementary Education Department will distribute student teaching applications for the Spring 1969 semester on the following dates:

Wednesday, Oct. 30 — 8 to 9 a.m., ED 234.

Thursday, Oct. 31 — 8 to 9 a.m., ED 203;

11 to 12 p.m., ED 134;

12 to 1 p.m., ED 103;

1 to 2 p.m., ED 125

Friday, Nov. 1 — 10 to 11 a.m.,

ED 141; 3 to 4 p.m., ED 141

Monday, Nov. 4—8 to 9 a.m., ED 125.

Application process takes approximately fifty minutes.

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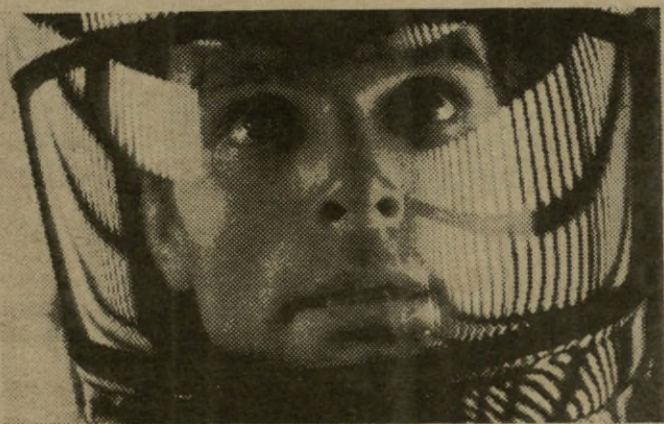
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We live in a crisis, flanked on one side by society's (here one can describe one's own impressions of what society is) imposition of a recent historical mode of existence in which man, the student, finds himself assigned, perpetrated by factors x, y, & z, and determined by social, economic, and psychological pressures for which this page does not allow discussion. What is important to note is that these factors exist as extraterrestrial to man, a man, each a pre-Copernican earth-body/mind. This mode is called adolescence, and defines itself to those outside of its encompass. But, to us, man, the student,

it does not relate; we, who have discovered that institutionalization and socially conceived modes of existence are not permeations, but exist as a fringe only, while man, as student, is free to partake of or not. The distinction is essential.

For we can not relate in a cracker-jack box, searching for the prize, and waiting for the big man in the sky to turn the lock with the giant coffee-

The AS Elections

Candidate Michael's statement

can key, handing us out in single file our "tangerine-flake streamline babies," a lifetime supply of "soma," all marching happily to the suburban grave. We have only just kicked the door down, and finding it further barricaded must now lend ourselves to the task of fighting for the entrance out and discovering the shame of the other world which hasn't done its homework for many a day.

I am twenty-seven, attended undergraduate school with a major in philosophy and a minor in political science, and was admitted to law school under a program which did not require an undergraduate degree. I withdrew from law school in good standing after the first year for the purpose of obtaining degrees in mathematics and physics. While in law school, and in the interim, I was employed in the business

world, was responsible for daily control of considerable funds, sometimes well over \$1 million, and maintained a staff of from 15 to 25 people. I feel that my experience and education make me qualified to administer the office of student body Treasurer of the Associated Students of SF State. Further, I feel that I can be effective in procuring funds from private enterprise for the programs on campus in much need of such funds (e.g. Special Admissions), having worked with the JOBS program of the NAB. All power to the people.

David Michael



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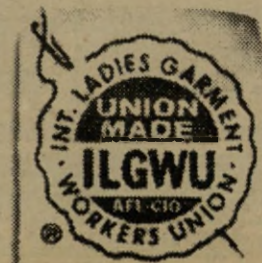
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Davis backs Diaz, sports program

I wish to express my appreciation to the Daily Gater for this opportunity to state my views as a candidate for the office of Business Representative to the Legislature. Any effort by the Gater to give fair coverage of the upcoming election is to be commended.

In the Preamble to the Constitution of the Associated Students, is found the following: "We . . . in order to . . . insure the full and equal representation in the affairs and government of this association of all its members, (and) provide facilities and programs capable of satisfying the needs and interests of all members . . . do adopt and establish this constitution." I believe that the present Officers and the Legislature are not providing such "representation" and

"programs" of all AS members. In fact, I believe the present AS government is catering to the desires of their own coterie, and at the expense of the majority of the students on this campus. I offer the following for your consideration:

1. Drastic budget cuts to some of the school departments. The slashing of the Athletics Department budget is particularly onerous, since they equated reducing the budget with supporting the Special Admissions program. To support the Athletics Department budget therefore, is to be against the Special Admissions program, according to some — obviously an incorrect conclusion. Personally I encourage both programs, and it seems ludicrous to downgrade one for the benefit of


the other. All programs resulting in not good should be encouraged, and not just the "pets" of the current office-holders.

2. The Special Admissions program has not been seriously supported by the incumbents, notwithstanding their cutting funds to the Athletics Department. Certainly pressure could and should have been brought to bear directly on Mayor Alioto and many businessmen, inasmuch as they pledged themselves to raise the funds. It seems that the present office-holders — according to their own admission — are highly skilled in putting pressure when and wherever it is needed. Do they feel it isn't needed in behalf of the Social Admissions Students? I believe it is, and if elected, I would see Mayor Alioto about it myself, as a start.

3. According to Section 3C, Article III of our Constitution, the President has the power to appoint the judges of the AS Judicial Court. What, or rather, whose end is served by his not doing so? Not the students' I warrant.

4. There are convincing rumors concerning the large sums being paid as salaries out of AS funds. To this date, I have been unable to obtain factual information concerning the matter — except, that

CI candidate Glaspie



— Photo by George Leong

I am a candidate for freshman representative. My name is Mary Glaspie and I'm running on the Creative Involvement Slate. As a special admittee I am becoming aware of the many problems facing students on this campus. I support all the programs listed in the Creative Involvement Slate platform.

— Mary Glaspie

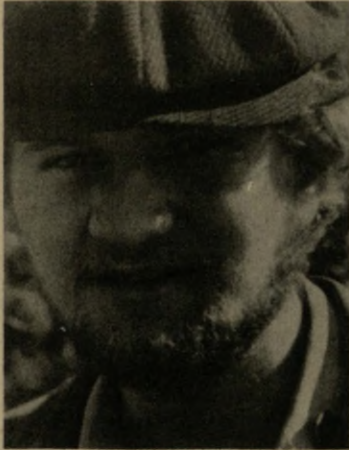
The unopposed

STATEMENT OF GREGORY PHILLIP PEHRSON ON HIS CANDIDACY FOR HUMANITIES REPRESENTATIVE:

My mind is set, the word is ACTION! Politicians at State have suddenly lost their collective sense of humor, some are even taking themselves seriously.

Something must be done, hence my candidacy. I stand on a platform of the politics of Ecstasy, mind-warp, and total complete duck pop. I also support the Black Renaissance that is happening in our midst.

I served in a hostile legislature last year which was controlled by those odious scallywags, Shape Up and took part in the "Action" coup which brought three months of jesters, confessors and Zo Avila. So here I am trying to re-



Gregory Pehrson

turn to my ol' spot. I am endorsed by Jeff Poland, Ken Friedman, Roberto Kaffke, The Fugs and Chuck Berry. Please vote for yourselves. Vote for me. WAIT TILL THE FIRE TURNS GREEN.



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Andy earned his B.S.E.E. in 1966. Today, he's a Marketing Representative with IBM, involved in the planning, selling and installation of data processing systems.

Plenty of business experience

"Engineering was my first love," Andy says, "but I still wanted good business experience." So far, he's worked with customers involved in many different computer applications, from engineering to business. His contacts go from data processing managers all the way up to the president of his largest account.

"At first I was a little nervous about working at that level," says Andy. "But then you realize you're trained to know what he's trying to

learn. That gives you confidence. You're helping him solve his problem."

With his working partner, the data processing Systems Engineer, Andy has helped many customers solve their information handling problems. "I get a broad overview of business because I run into every kind of problem going. Sometimes I know the solutions from experience. Other times I need help from my manager.

"That's one of the best things. My manager is more of a backup than a boss. He's there when I need him. Usually, I pretty much call my own shots."

Andy's experience isn't unusual at IBM. There are many Marketing and Sales Representatives who could tell you of similar experiences. And they have many kinds of academic backgrounds: business, engineering, liberal arts, science.

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