

Bowie Haden

Bowie Haden curses the day he was born. If what he said in his speech in the Hetzel Union Building yesterday is true, he was condemned from birth. His black mother was raped by a white man and from that ignoble union he was conceived.

HE GREW UP in a ghetto. He never had a chance to make anything of himself. He was taught by ghetto society that the only way to get what you want is to take it. He learned his lessons well. Since 1941, he has been arrested 44 times. Crime and poverty go hand in hand. In Whitey's world, he never had a chance.

Bowie Haden hates his birth, hates his life and hates the society that has made him what he is. The civil rights movement and the black revolution have provided Haden with an outlet for his hatred, and he has taken full advantage of it. He is therefore a very dangerous man.

Yesterday, Haden visited the University with a Pittsburgh civil rights group called the Citizens-Action Committee. He led the group in a walk-out from President Eric A. Walker's office and on the way out called the President the filthiest word in the English language.

He then proceeded to the HUB Assembly Room, where he issued a call to revolution to the 70 to 80 black students gathered to hear him.

IT WAS A HORRIBLE, insulting, frightening experience for the 25 sympathetic whites who were there. To them he applied the same epithet with which he had branded Walker. Making effective use of thundering, eloquent rhetoric, he depicted the white man—all white men—as perverted, blood-sucking monsters whose sole purpose in life is to suppress the black man.

This is an insult to all those concerned whites who have taken part in the black liberation movement.

Haden's solutions to the problem of racism come straight from the credos of H. Rap Brown. According to Haden, the black man should conquer racism in the same way David conquered Goliath—through violence. Denied all other vehicles of persuasion, the black man will rise from privation "if we cut every goddamn throat we see." Chills ran up and down every white spine in the auditorium as the blacks applauded.

It is a tragedy that the efforts of the University's black community to obtain racial balance have been tainted by the irrational invocation of black racism.

HADEN INSISTED late in his speech that he "did not come here to add additional hate to the burden that you (black students) carry."

But if his speech, taken as a whole, had any purpose at all, it was to transmit Haden's intense hatred of the white man to Penn State's black students, to persuade them to seek fulfillment of their goals through violence and thus lose what little they have gained through negotiation.

Bowie Haden is an angry black man. His hatred of the white society is to a large extent justified. And he is probably right to say that if white society does not take rapid, positive action to eliminate racial discrimination, the only alternative for the black man is violence. But he is wrong to urge the black community to resort to violence before every other possible method for combating the problem has been explored.



Letters to the Editor

GSA Expresses Concern

TO THE EDITOR: After due consideration and discussion, the Executive Committee of the Graduate Student Association, acting under interim powers delegated to it, passed on Tuesday, Jan. 21, the following resolution: "It is resolved that GSA expresses its concern at the racial imbalance on the campus. It supports the Douglas Association, the Committee on the Culturally Disadvantaged, and other concerned groups, in drawing attention to this issue; and it strongly urges the University Administration to take additional, immediate and positive action in resolving this problem. The GSA will take steps to provide its own constructive proposals in the near future. We urge all parties to seek a nonviolent solution to the problem."

Russ Messier
President - GSA

Loyal Crowd Helps Team

TO THE EDITOR: The basketball game against West Virginia showed the tremendous psychological advantage of a team playing on its home court.

It is easy to tell the difference between the play of a team that has a noisy, cheering crowd and one with a dull, somber group of spectators. The fans' vocal support can sometimes get the momentum going in a team's favor.

The object of my criticism is the fans' booing of Bill Stansfield. Even as early as the announcement of the players, the catcalls rang out. The booing of a player by his home fans has got to have some effect on his performance. It also gives an additional psychological advantage to the visiting team to know that the fans aren't 100 per cent in support of the home team.

All players make mistakes and it is the crowd's duty to help him forget them. Let's not make it worse by booing and heckling the player. A 100 per cent loyal crowd helps the ball team win.

Gary Mahle
5th - Mechanical Engineering

Fair, Accurate Reporting?

TO THE EDITOR: After listening to Dr. Walker speak to the Graduate Student Association Tuesday evening and then reading Miss Debbie Cover's report of the talk, I am convinced that Miss Cover was either sleeping most of the time or concocted her story to fit the framework of The Daily Collegian's credo. The Collegian's credo being, of course, that Dr. Walker can't possibly have anything good or constructive to say — so, forget about reporting it.

For example: One graduate student who identified himself as a member of another minority group other than the Blacks, asked why the president had "given in" to the Black demands. Did he do so from fear?

Collegian Letter Policy

The Daily Collegian welcomes comments on news coverage, editorial policy and campus or non-campus affairs. Letters must be typewritten, double spaced, signed by no more than two persons and no longer than 30 lines. Students' letters should include name, term and major of the writer. They should be brought to the Collegian office, 23 Sackett, in person so proper identification of the writer can be made, although names will be withheld by request. If letters are received by mail, Collegian will contact the signer for verification. The Collegian reserves the right to fairly select, edit and condense all letters.

'Candy': Black Humor At its Best and Worst

By PAUL SEYDOR
Collegian Film Critic

If you feel like walking out during the first half hour or so of "Candy," resist the urge at least until the hospital sequence is over. This ridicule of modern surgery is so sick and depraved and degenerate and grotesque and rotten that you know you should be reviled and wish it would end as soon as possible.

But you're so crippled with laughter and having such a wickedly good time, that, like "Playboy's" virgins, you figure there's plenty of time later to hate yourself.

It is the only part in the movie where the ideas are built skillfully in anticipation of the climax (here that bloody middle-finger raised was an apt commentary on the proceedings). Not the least of its effectiveness is due to James Coburn, as Dr. Krankelt, delivering a subtly-controlled, shrewdly-timed comic performance.

Funny Guru
Having gotten as far as the hospital scene you may as well hang around for Marlon Brando's very funny Guru, especially the sequence where he recites the big anecdote while struggling under the covers with Candy.

Otherwise "Candy" is an extravaganza of ineptitude. Buck Henry, who helped Mike Nichols abort "The Graduate," now helps the director Christian Marquand miscarry the Terry Southern-Mason Hoffmanberg novel. Evidently they didn't have faith in the authors, for they strain so hard to make "Candy" the funniest movie ever made that all you laugh at is their sheer, total incompetence. More accurately, you're offended by it.

Most of the gags and situations are tiresome and trite, including a blatant steal from Stanley Kubrick's "Dr. Strangelove." Technically "Candy" is a pigsty.

The casting mostly misses the mark. Ewa Aulin, as Candy, can't seem to figure out why she's in the movie, and with good reason: she shouldn't be because she can't act. Tuesday Weld would have seemed to me the obvious choice (and she can act). Aunt Livia needs the cynicism of an Anne Bancroft and the vulgarity of an Ethel Merman. Elsa Martinelli supplies neither and, moreover, seems always on the verge of passing out. John Astin is perfect as the father, less so as the uncle.

At first Richard Burton is brilliant in a spoof of Dylan Thomas — but Henry and

Marquand, true to form, push the sketch to absurdity. Walter Matthau might be all right as the commando chief, but you keep remembering his antecedents, George C. Scott and Slim Pickens in "Strangelove," and Matthau just can't compare. And Ringo Starr as Emmanuel looks and sounds just like a limey imitating a Mexican. He proves, moreover, that he can act as well as he sings and plays the cymbals — which is not very well at all.

Though "The Night They Raided Minsky's," at the Cinema II, is so superior to "Candy" in almost every aspect that there's hardly a basis for comparison, the moviemakers are plagued by similar problems: they don't realize the marvelous possibilities in the subject. A burlesque of early burlesque has the potential for a near-classic comedy. "Minsky's" is, instead, a once over lightly, its materials stretched thinner than skin over a wicker.

Nevertheless, "Minsky's" is a pleasant movie; and though I know that term is often used perjoratively, I intend it, rather, as a shield. If you don't expect a laugh-riot (as you do but don't get with "Candy"), you'll enjoy the movie very much, especially the stage numbers, which are first-rate, as is Jason Roberts' performance.

Clever Direction
William Fradkin's direction is very imaginative, with some lovely photography, and some clever trickery that stops just short of gimmickry. He is also honest, as the makers of "Candy" are not, and should be commended for resisting the temptation, as so many lesser directors might not have, to glamorize or romanticize the chorus line. They're a beautifully scedy, tawdry bunch of girls, and perhaps the best example of the accurate sense of milieu Friedkin has given the movie.

The Nittany Theatre is throwing what it calls a "Critic's Choice" film festival that is pretty pathetic. But if you go tonight you'll find the recent British satire "Morgan" playing, which stars Vanessa Redgrave and David Warner. On Monday night is the Joseph Losey-Harold Pinter "Accident." Neither film is great, perhaps not even good, but both are worthy of your attention.

"Casablanca Is Best"
The best film playing in town is at Twelveteens. "Casablanca," with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, is one of the Grand Old Romances of screen history, a classic entertainment. I don't know of anyone who hasn't enjoyed this movie. It's worth seeing just to hear Bogart deliver his famous line to Bergman, "Here's looking at you, kid."

If you haven't seen "Casablanca," don't miss it. It's liable to depress you, though, for you might come away believing "they just don't make movies like this anymore."

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That's just a small sample of what's included in Olympic's 11 Student Tours. We figured that students are a lot more adventurous and curious than most travelers. So we weren't afraid to be a little far out when we planned our itineraries. But of course we didn't neglect any of the more down-to-earth details. Like deluxe or first-class hotels throughout. Departure dates that fit right into your spring or summer vacation. From 15 to 60 days. And, of course, Olympic's special student prices.

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