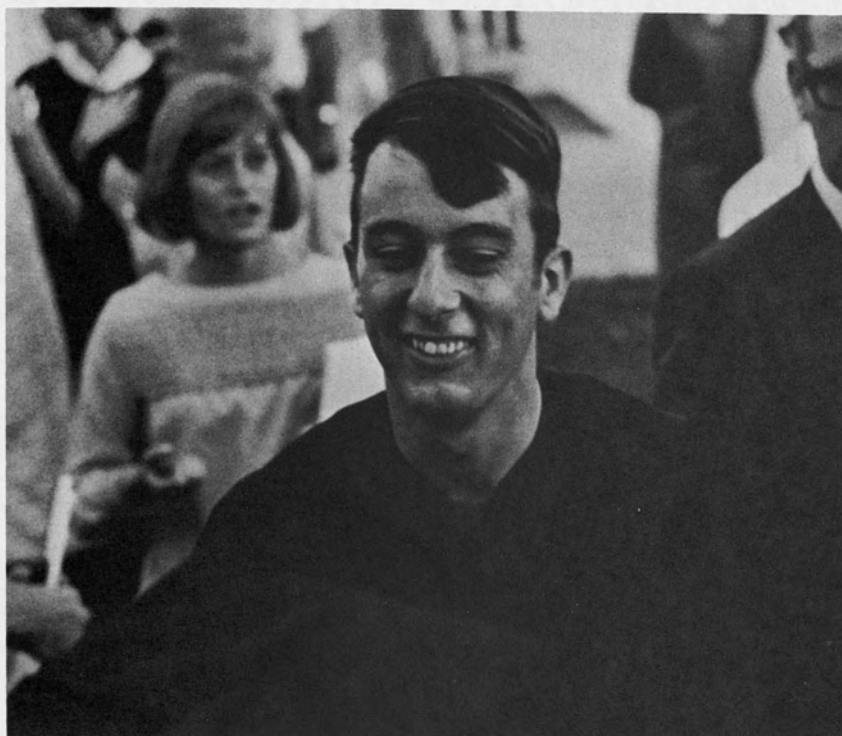


1968
tartan



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
RIVERSIDE

**Special
Collections
Department**



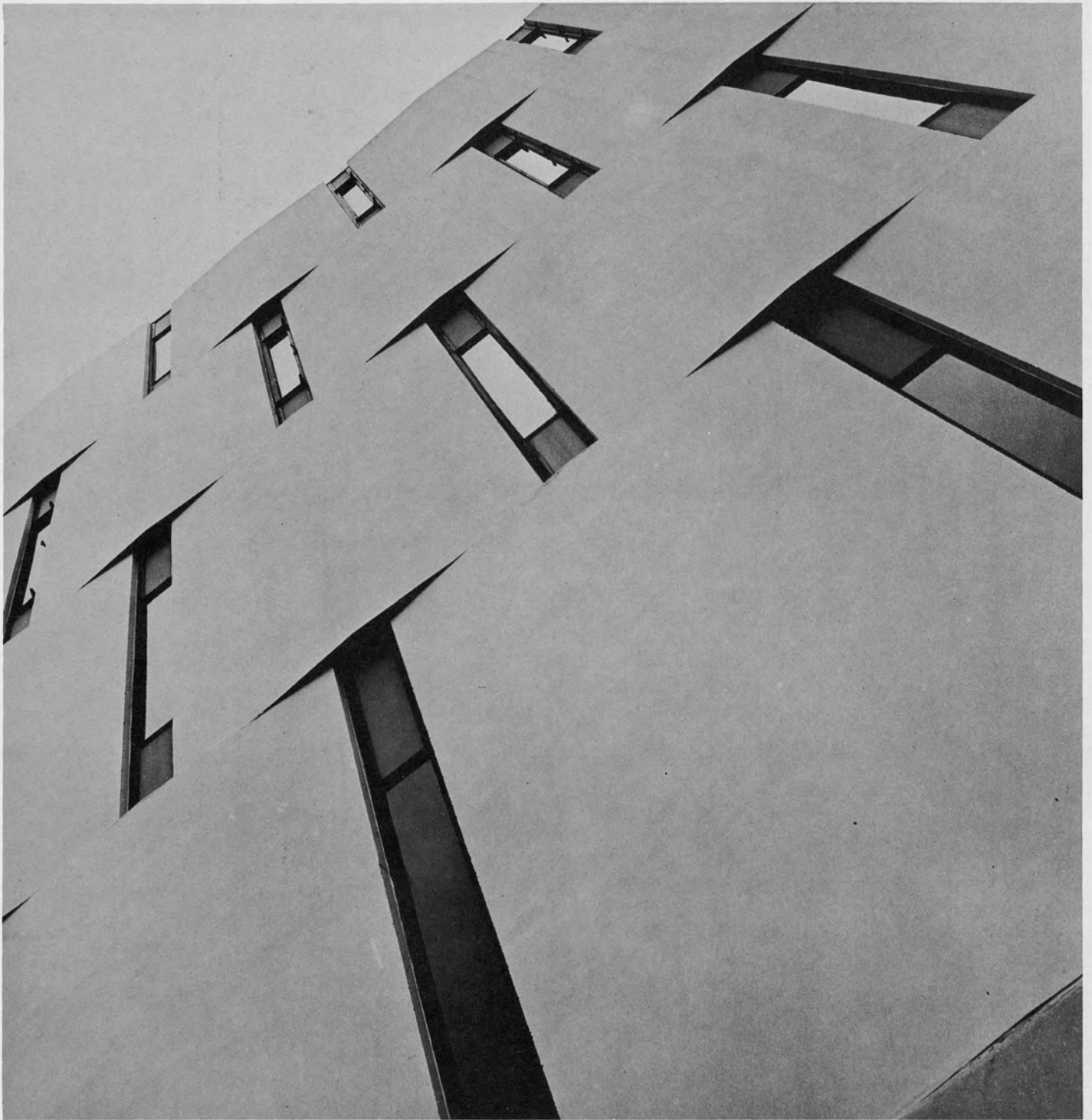
1968

TARTAN

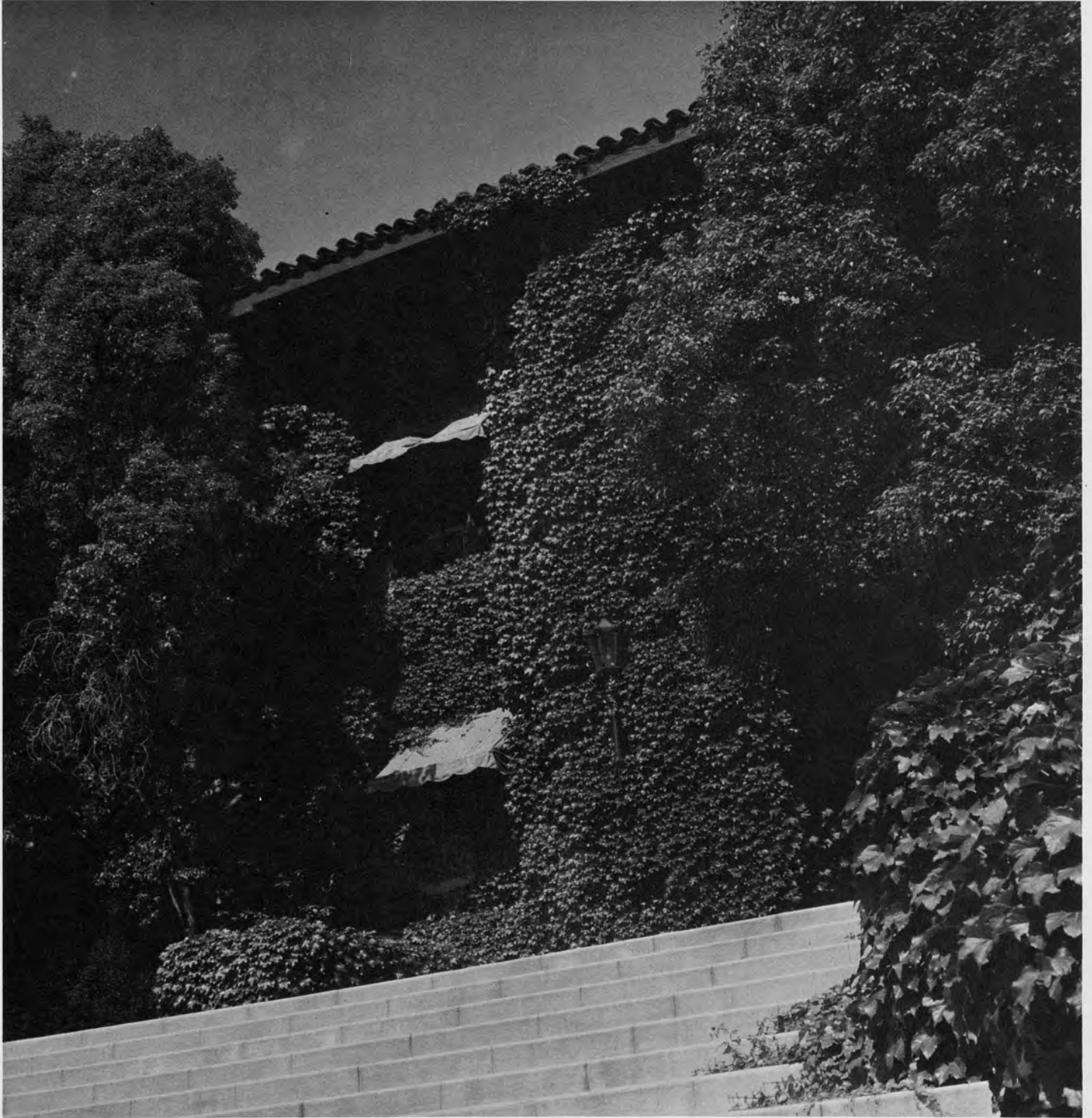
Official Publication of the
Associated Students,
University of California, Riverside

The Riverside Campus

A small band of UCR students, brought up in the right traditions, continues to hope for the second coming. "Hitch," one of them recently announced, "is coming around to the idea that the master plan is a failure. Riverside is going to find itself back on the track to becoming a small liberal arts college." The prediction may be right—but in meantime the campus physical plant continues to grow at what is an alarming rate, considering the number of students that actually find their way to UCR. And our empty classrooms will apparently next year be matched by empty bookshelves, as the library itself swells impressively but gratuitously. The campus seems to be preparing for something or other—maybe for the largest Elks convention in the world—but whether books or students will arrive is another question. In the meantime, UCR preserves much of its old character. It may not be precisely the Swarthmore of the West but it is nearer to that status than, say, Irvine or Davis. Some of the professors originally attracted here by the notion of a small college have since left; but many of them remain. And the undergraduates, according to one faculty member now at Buffalo, are superb. If only, some other people have complained, the graduate students were nearly as good. Apparently they aren't, but, theoretically at least, more and more of them will be descending on this campus in the future, as graduate programs in the fine arts, and new professional schools, are instituted. Or is Hitch really having second thoughts about the master plan?



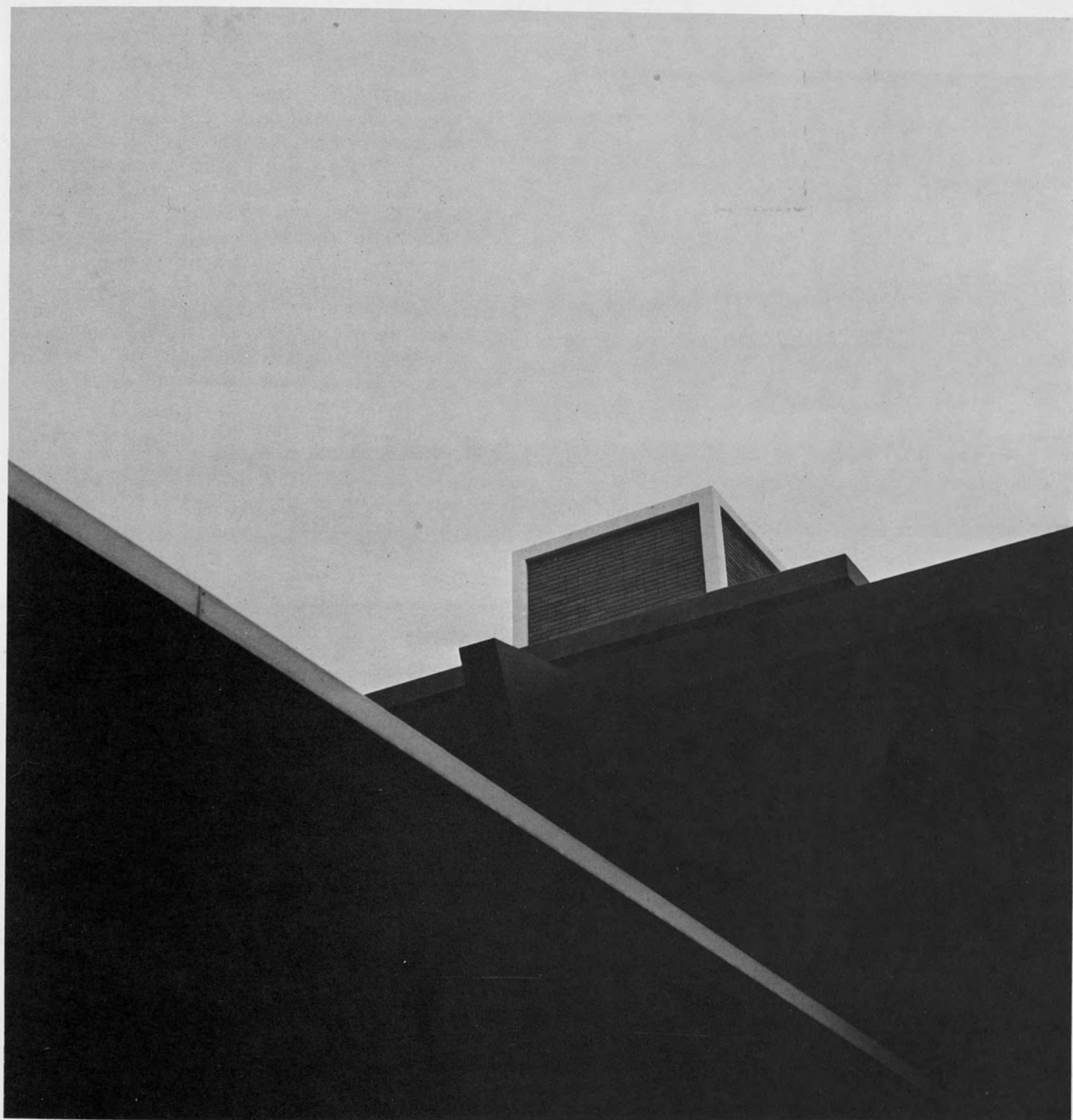
UCR's obsession with its past is probably not at all healthy. And besides, the campus has two pasts, and people have a tendency to get them mixed up; they reminisce, occasionally, about the wrong things. They reminisce, for example, about the old Ag building, which has been declared unsafe in earthquakes and is scheduled to be pulled down. The Ag building is covered with vines, and surrounded with eucalyptus trees and moderately elysian fields; it is also old and consequently doesn't look like it has just been flown in from UCLA. For these reasons, it is generally agreed to be the most beautiful building on campus, in spite of its structural stress patterns. For these reasons also, it is occultly, and usually unconsciously, identified with the donnish sort of life which people are assumed to have lived here in the past: it conjures up images of tweedy professors with pipes, coughing over volumes of medieval lore, and bringing up old wines from the cellar; and serving them to their students over an afternoon's worth of Shakespeare or Aquinas. These notions—and the general species of which they are representative—are often soothing, but they don't really make much sense. The Ag building is just that: the place where the people in Soils and Nutrition work, and where the citrus people worked long before the humanities had moved in on UCR. And the humanities, in fact, are probably as healthy here now as they have ever been. There remains the doubt though; another part of the old UCR is about to fall. But the old UCR was schizophrenic at best: Philip Wheelwright and a gaggle of walnut experts. And it was probably much more the latter than the former.



So this brings us to the new UCR, and brings us also to Sproul Hall, campus bastion of education, engineering, mathematics, philosophy, English TA's, and a television studio. What the television studio is doing there is something of an enigma; but the hodgepodge of departments doesn't make good sense either. It is presumably a matter of convenience, though it doesn't particularly harmonize with the abstract symmetry of the five-college plan. And it can represent also the frantic chaos that looms ubiquitously behind this symmetry. Departments invariably scabble for money; but this year they scabbled even more furiously than usual. And budgets for the coming year seem to have been cut approximately in half. Somehow, nevertheless, most of the campus continues to function reasonably if not superlatively well. The old UCR was academically tough and the new UCR is too, planning, though it is, for business majors, veterinarian, and other presumably inferior breeds of people. One has to know, of course, what courses to avoid, what professors to stay away from. But this is true anywhere. And where UCR is good it is often first-rate. The best teachers are usually the youngest, something one wouldn't necessarily expect. Most of them work on the assumption (definitely undonnish) that teaching is above all a profession, and thus demands an intensity, rigorousness, even arbitrariness, that a more leisurely, and possibly more human philosophy of education would have rejected. But in the financial and political chaos currently engulfing UC, it is undoubtedly these newer people who will hold Riverside together.



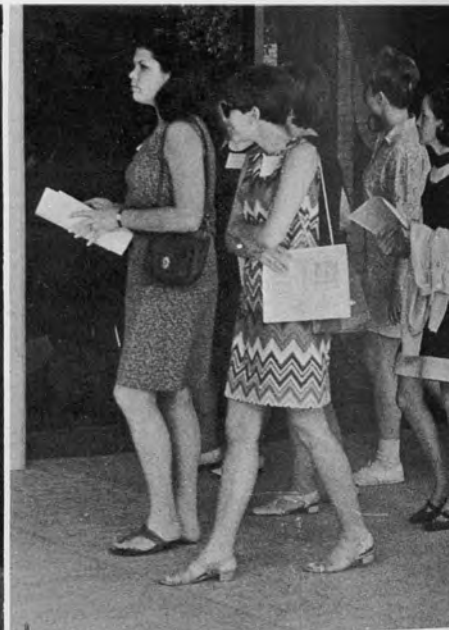
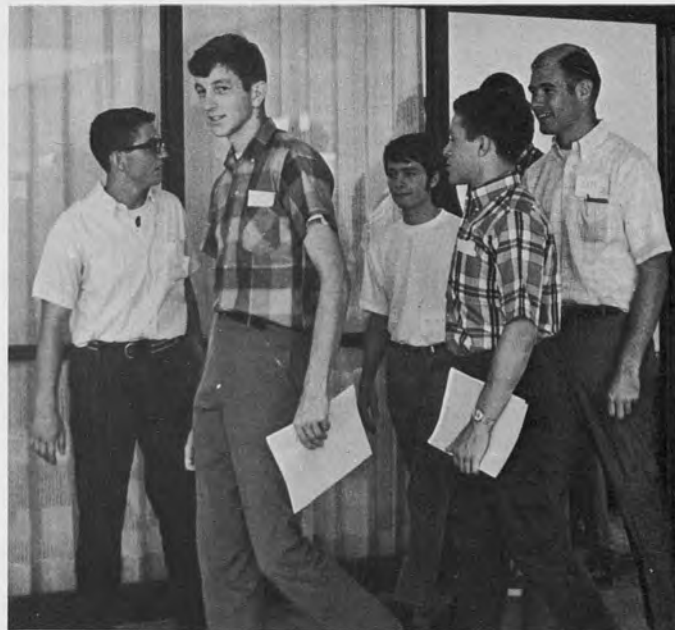
Yet it is students, not faculty or administration who are the natural center—or who should be the center—of any college campus. The “old UCR” and the “new UCR” are both myths, relatively convincing myths no doubt, but not to be taken too literally. This campus probably will be able to preserve some distinctive character, because of its student body, will be able to avoid becoming a pale, or even a robust, reflection of UCLA. And in spite of rumors to the contrary, Riverside never was a reflection of Swarthmore. But if what it was, and what it is, have been determined by the sort of students who come here, what is to allow us the assumption that the student body has been, and will be, a particularly constant factor? Curiously, it is the geographical, economical situation of Riverside that seems to have the greatest influence on what kind of people come here. For though UCR has a reputation, it has also 7th street, and, in fact, all of east Riverside, where housing of a sort found around no other UC campus is to be had. There are hundreds of big, old, cheap houses in this part of town, and the students living in them—about a third of the student body altogether—have developed a style of life peculiar to this campus. The houses are scattered over a wide area; there is nothing of the ghetto about the phenomenon. And the people living there do what they want with them: with the houses, that is, as well as with themselves. It’s at least a theory that a large group of students able to control their environment in this specific way will be without some of the frustrations bothering people in other places, and with some unusual virtues of their own. UCR, hopefully, is the sum of those virtues.



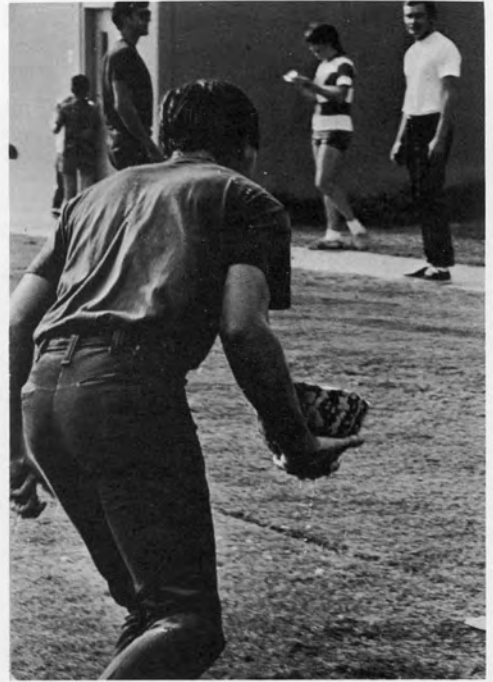
Freshman Orientation



Freshman orientation had one of those elaborate itineraries that never work out. The freshmen were rushed from Samuel Hayakawa to Malcolm Boyd to Carl Wood; and then to the A-I cafeteria. Two hours after check-in time at the dorms, they were confronted with the sub A exam; and the as yet unoriented found themselves in dumbell English. Campus tours undertook the redundant task of introducing new students to the bell tower; and a Welcome Dance undertook the equally redundant but apparently impossible task of introducing boys to girls. There were panels on subjects like "The University: Its Relation and Responsibility to Society." Riverside was hot, like it always manages to be at the beginning and end of school; and the university and society both slumbered in the shadows of the Box Springs mountains.











Big C Trek

At the end of Reg week, freshmen were driven up to the Box Springs mountains, plied with soft drinks, and slid down the Big C. Emerging from this ordeal coated with oil-base paint, they were transported to orange groves north of the campus and hosed off by an assemblage of enthusiastic students eager to make the trek the dazzling social success it has invariably been in UCR's history. The freshmen had by this time learned that passivity is no way to survive in the competitive world of higher education; and broke out of the cattle trucks they were only apparently trapped in, to turn the hoses on their captors. Then someone turned off the water.





But softly——for in these sportive plains, and under this genial sun, where at this instant all flesh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every step that's taken, the judgement is surprised by the imagination, I defy, notwithstanding all that has been said upon straight lines in sundry pages of my book——I defy the best cabbage planter that ever existed, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account (except that he will have more to answer for in the one case than in the other)——I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in straight lines, and stoical distances, especially if slits in petticoats are unsew'd up——without ever and anon straddling out, or sidling into some bastardly digression——In Freeze-land, Fog-land and some other lands I wot of——it may be done——

But in this clear climate of fantasy and perspiration, where every idea, sensible and insensible, gets vent——in this land, my dear Eugenius——in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I sit, unskrewing my ink-horn to write my uncle Toby's amours, and with all the meanders of JULIA'S track in quest of her DIEGO, in full view of my study window——if thou comest not and takest me by the hand——

What a work is it likely to turn out!
Let us begin it.

(I)







Football

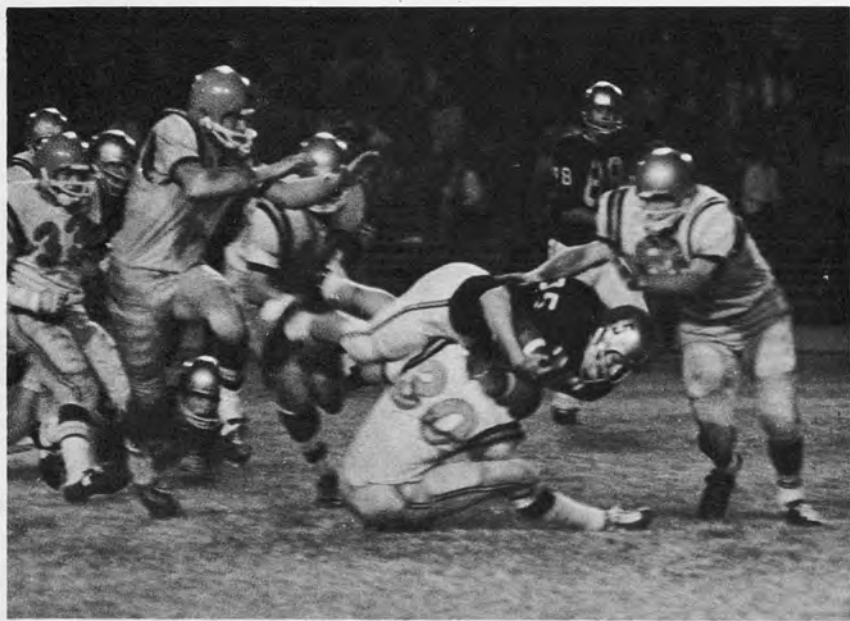
"It just took us too long to get untracked this year." That is how Head Coach Pete Kettela capsulized UCR's 1967 grid season. Once untracked the Highlanders won four and tied one to even the season record out at 4-4-1. A somewhat less than spectacular year but one that exceeded most expectations midway thru October. The Scots could do nothing right in their first four matches as they piled up losses to UC Davis (19-6), La Verne (27-7), USF (28-7), and Redlands (27-14). Things then began to look up as the Highlanders took an expected win from Claremont (20-7). The following week was the highlight of the season as a UCR team that could do nothing wrong buried a powerful Pomona eleven under an offensive barrage, 40-27. After a somewhat disappointing performance in which the Scots took heavy underdog Cal Tech 28-14 UCR carried its hopes for a winning season to Asuza-Pacific. Despite a fast start the Highlanders were forced to resort to a two point conversion try late in the fourth quarter to pull out a 21-21 tie. This created a must win situation for the Homecoming game against New England's Coast Guard Academy. The Highlanders jumped ahead with an early touchdown but fell behind 10-7 by half time. Things were further complicated as halfback Greg Heer was called upon to replace the injured Gary Dixon, UCR's only quarterback. Heer, however, produced a performance that cinched the MVP award for him and enabled a fired up Highlander squad to come home with a 26-10 victory.











UCR did not have a losing grid season in 1967. UCR did not have a winning grid season in 1967. UCR's 1967 grid squad was that rare kind of a team that could go into a nine game schedule and come out with a .500 record. It was pretty much that kind of a year. Throughout the season Coach Kettela received impressive individual efforts. Throughout the season the defense would make a "must" stand with their backs to the wall. Throughout the season the offense would move the ball. The Scots were never shut out. They never gave up more than 28 points. Yet they won only four games. The ability to put all their strengths together into one sustained effort that would produce the big win eluded the Highlanders. There was one notable exception. UCR's Varsity football squad went to Pomona an underdog. It came back to Riverside more a conquerer than a mere victor. The Clan did not score first. It was not an easy victory. It was an inevitable one. Gary Dixon threw for 140 yards. Greg Heer threw from his halfback position for two touchdowns. Jake Burns, Mike Holzmiller, David Ochs, and Heer ground up 166 yards on the ground behind consistent blocking. The clan controlled and drove with the ball. Philo Smith intercepted a pass deep in Pomona territory to set up a score. A potent defensive charge slowed down the Sagehen offense by taking the initiative from it. Ochs pulled off the punt return he and his teammates knew he could. Downfield blocking and gang tackling were the order of the day. Result: UCR 40, Pomona 27. On October 29 the Clan showed the type of team it had the potential to be; but unfortunately not the type of team it was. The Highlanders showed signs of being that team throughout the year. The Clan showed its stuff at Pomona.





Junior Varsity Football

UCR's 1967 JV gridders had the dubious distinction of being the first JV football team in the school's history to win a ball game. That victory came over a tiring La Verne eleven in which the Junior Clansmen came off a 7-0 half time deficit, scoring twice in the fourth quarter, to win going away 20-14. They wedged their single victory between a hard fought 20-6 loss to Redlands and a 49-14 trouncing at the hands of Mt. San Jacinto. John Blasingame and Jim Parker were co-captains.



Cross Country

After high hopes for another successful year Cross Country at UCR suffered the first losing season in its history in 1967 with a 1-3 dual meet record. Coach Dennis Ikenberry's Harriers had their one bright moment placing fifth in a field of 20 schools at the Biola invitational. Mike Lampson finished tenth and John Slavin came in twentieth among 105 runners in that meet. Both Lampson and Slavin along with Jay Mellon were consistent scorers for the Scots.

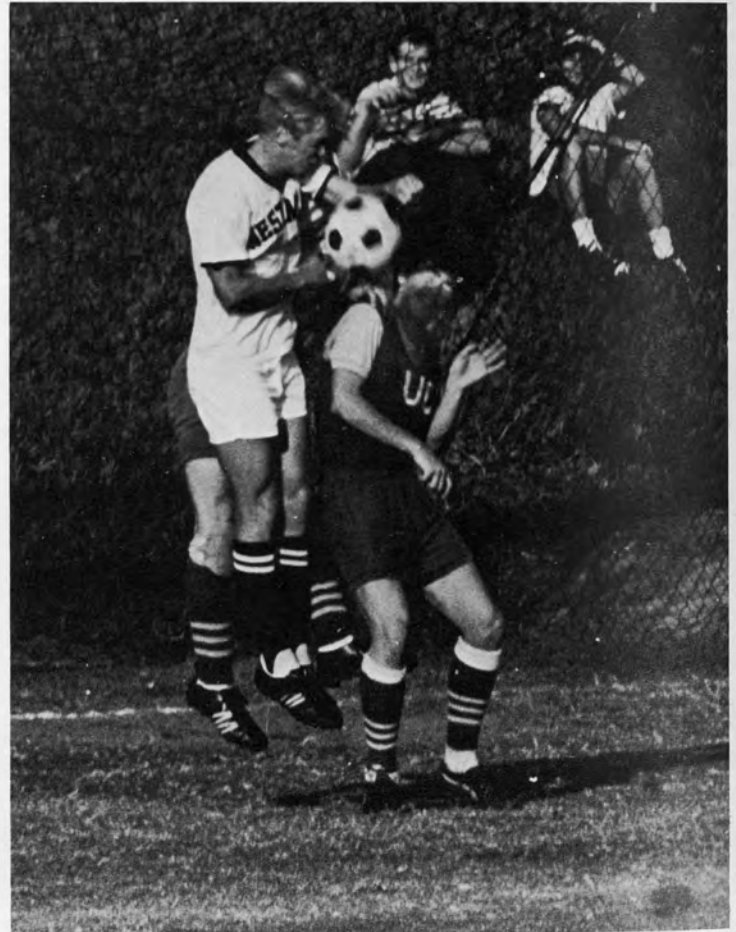


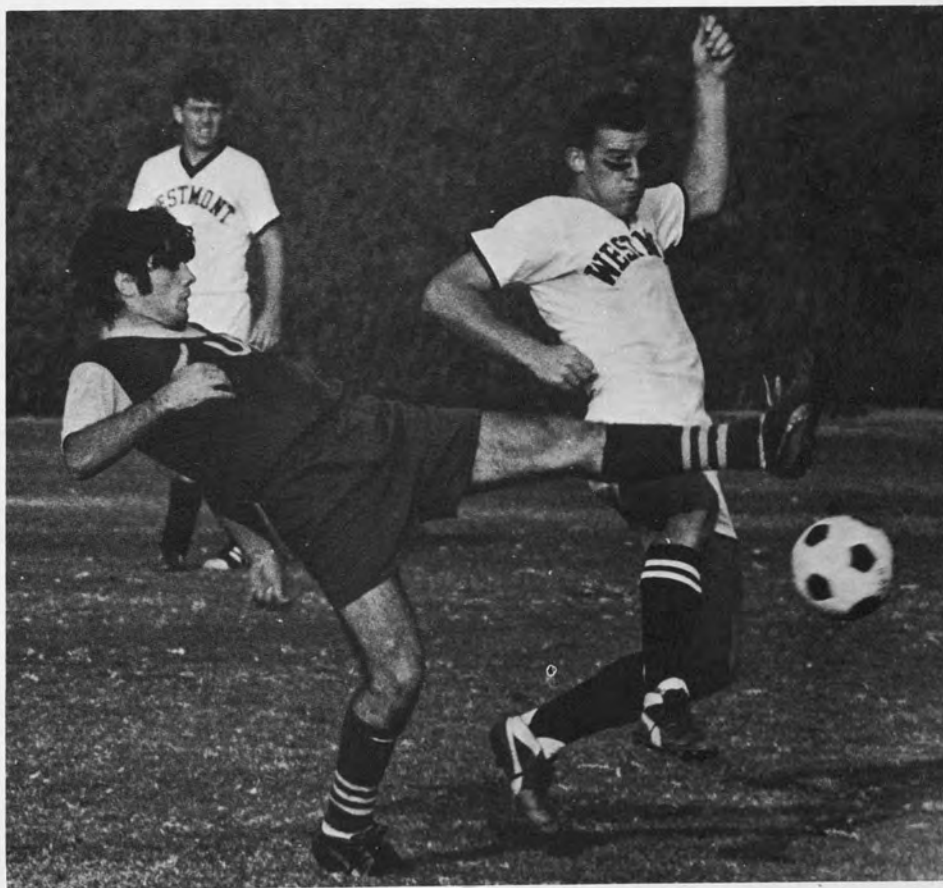


Soccer

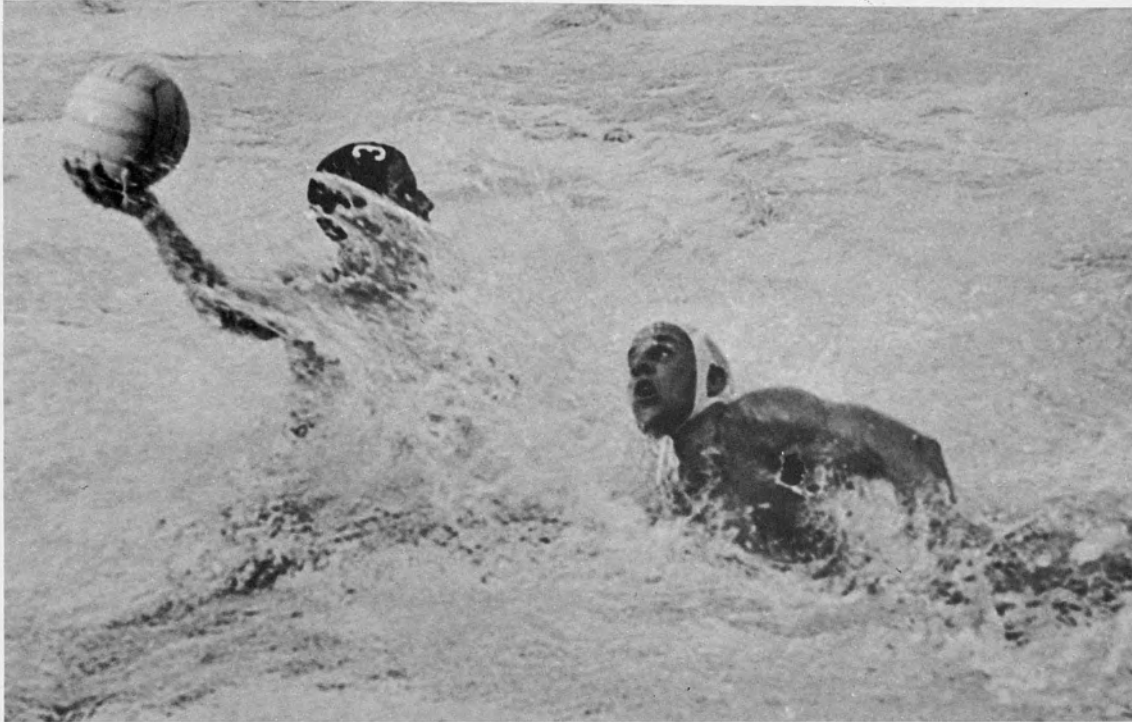
UCR's soccer team was the most exciting thing to come out of the 1967-68 athletic program. Led by All Eastern Division Southern California Intercollegiate Soccer Association and NAIA District III selections Dave Birch, Steve Bridges, Mark Freeman, Hugo Salcedo and Robin Schellhous, the Highlanders amassed a perfect 7-0 conference record and an overall 9-4 season. UCR could not, however, garner a win in post-season playoff action. The Scots were eliminated from the SCISA championships handily by UCLA 9-0. In the NAIA playoffs, UCR fell to Westmont in a hard fought decision, 4-1. Hugo Salcedo was chosen Most Valuable Player and Coach Peter Hofinga was named Coach of the Year in the SCISA Eastern Division.











Water Polo

UCR's water polo team played good ball but suffered through another losing season. The Clan finished the 1967 season with a 5-7 record and the respect of its opponents. A solid squad of fourteen swimmers put forth a concerted team effort in every contest to which Coach Gil Allen attributed the team's improvement and successes.

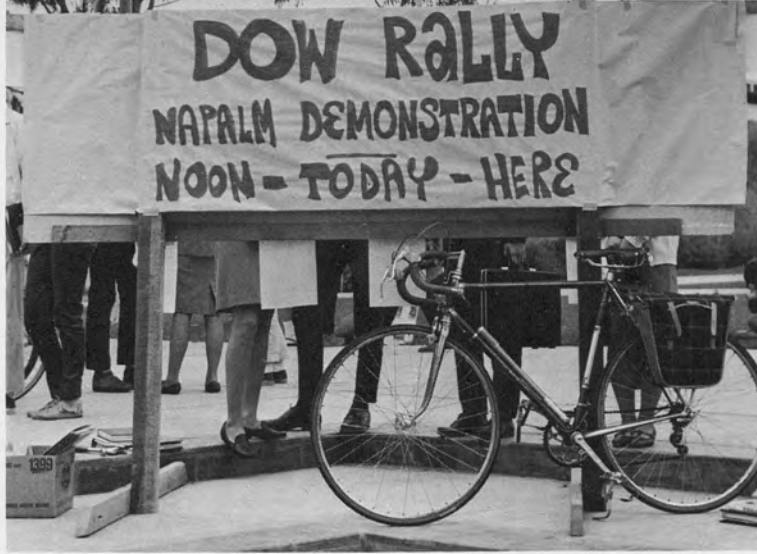


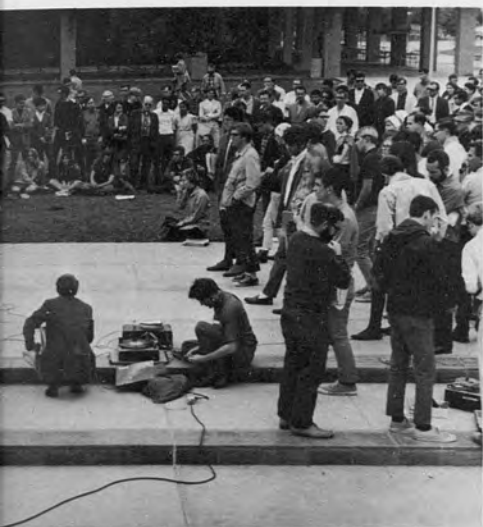


Seven Man Rugby

It rained in Riverside on December 18. It rained hard and all day. It was wet and cold. UCR hosted the All Cal 7's Rugby Tourney on that day and saw the action dominated by UCLA's Bruins who ran up 113 points to their opponents' 10. UCR walked off a soggy field fifth among the eight UC campuses.







Protests

For a few weeks last fall, UCR hosted recruiters and demonstrators. The recruiters were from Dow Chemical Co. and the Air Force, and the demonstrators from SDS and Declare. The atmosphere was not so much that of a war as of an intellectual carnival: the demonstrators spawned acronyms (Students for Intellectual Freedom), masquerades (Army Immolation Band) and reams of small print and large headlines in the *HIGHLANDER*. A.S. President Carl Wood demanded that the Chancellor acquiesce in a binding referendum vote on the issue of on-campus recruiters; the Chancellor refused. Dr. Peter Fuss, one of the paper's more speculative writers, brought up the words of Jack Weinberg: "Liberalism is a trap. It is the impotence of having principles that make you opposed to something, and other principles that keep you from doing anything about it." But when the demonstrations were over, the question of whether anything had been done remained open. At the November 8 sit-in, the protesters left the legal minimum of 14" for those who wished to pass. "Maybe we won't next time," said SDS leader Joel Edelstein. That particular next time has not come as yet— for better or worse, this remains a campus of thinkers rather than doers. And those who feel the university should be open to recruiters seem, at least for the moment, to have emerged victorious. The placement center is still here; if military recruitment is an expression of free speech, UCR has upheld the first amendment. Harvard, Columbia seem far away— not only geographically.



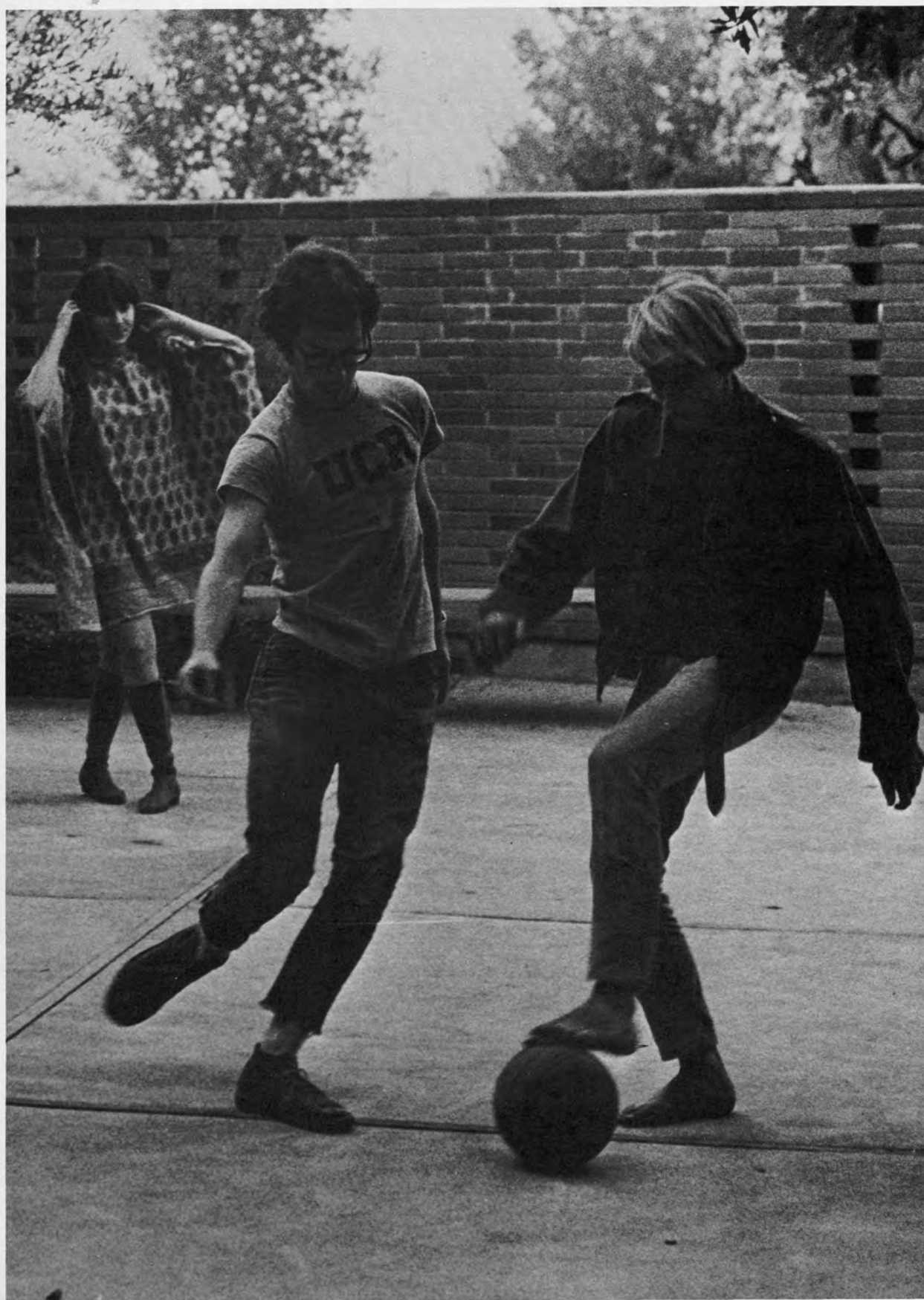


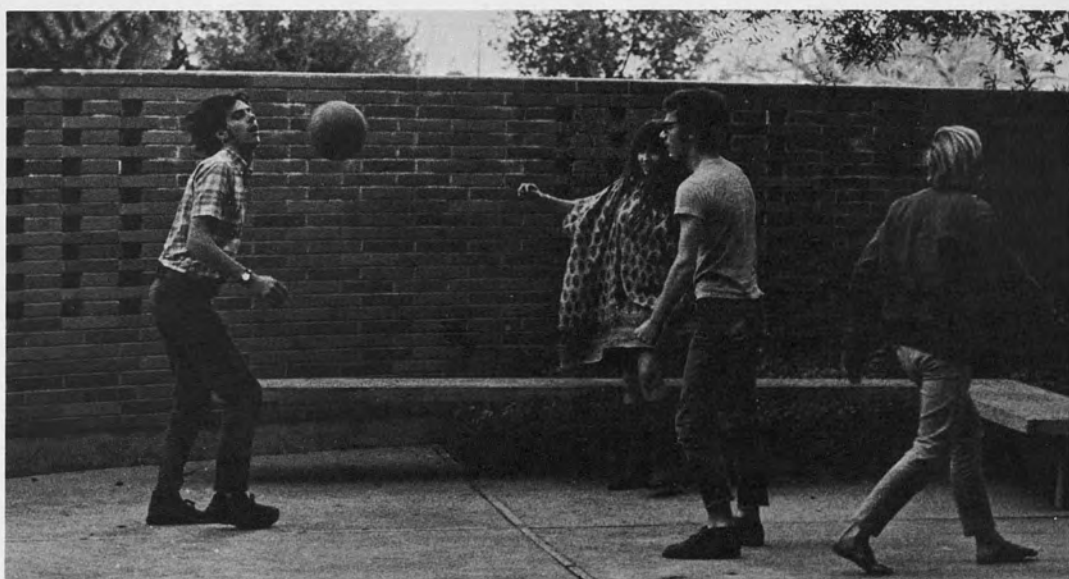


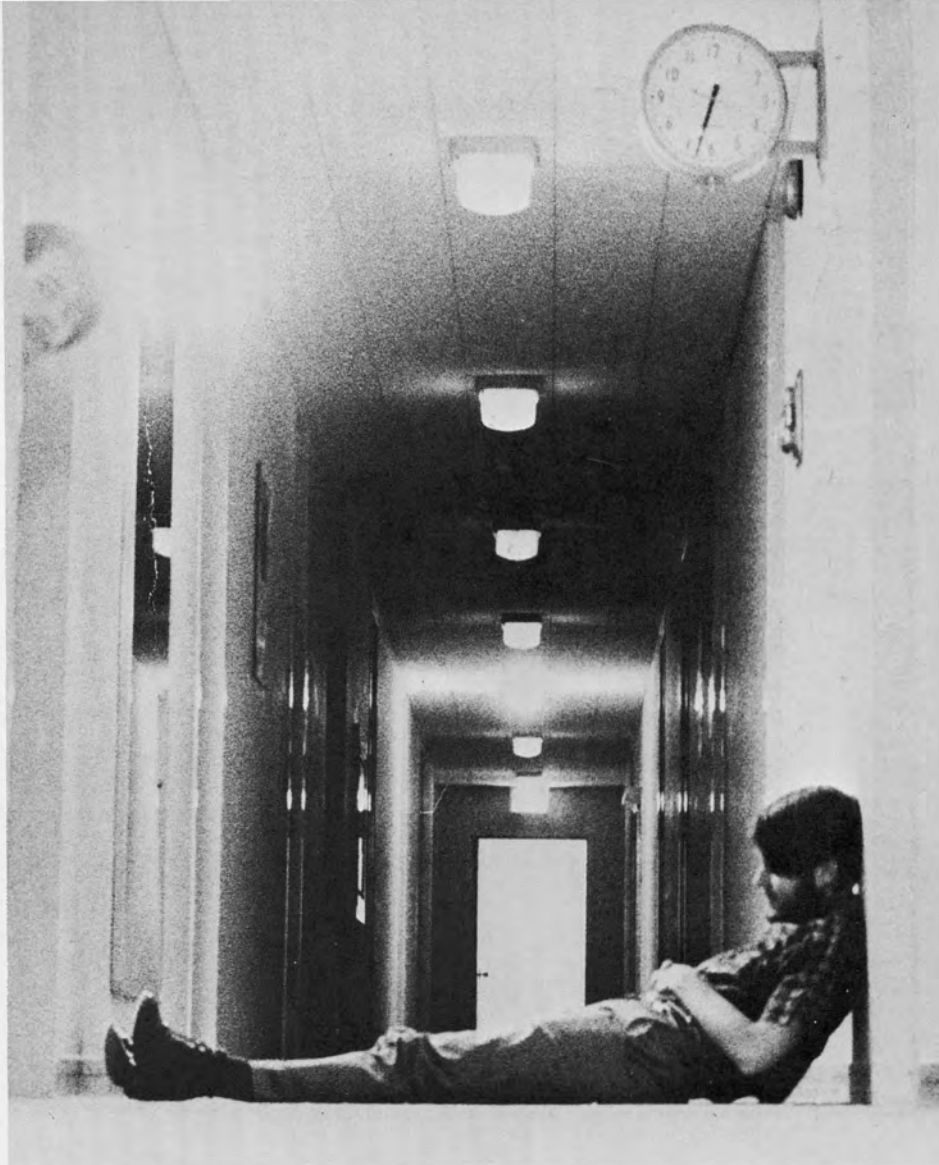
They're nice—one would never dream of going over
Any contract of theirs with a magnifying
Glass, or of locking up one's letters—also
Kind and efficient—one gets what one asks for.
Just what is wrong, then, that, living among them,
One is constantly struck by the number of
Happy marriages and unhappy people?
They attend all the lectures on Post-War Problems,
For they do mind, they honestly want to help; yet,
As they notice the earth in their morning papers,
What sense do they make of its folly and horror
Who have never, one is convinced, felt a sudden
Desire to torture the cat or do a strip-tease
In a public place? Have they ever, one wonders,
Wanted so much to see a unicorn, even
A dead one? Probably. But they won't say so,
Ignoring by tacit consent our hunger
For eternal life, that caged rebuked question
Occasionally let out at clam-bakes or
College reunions, and which the smoking-room story
Alone, ironically enough, stands up for.

(II)

Dorm Life

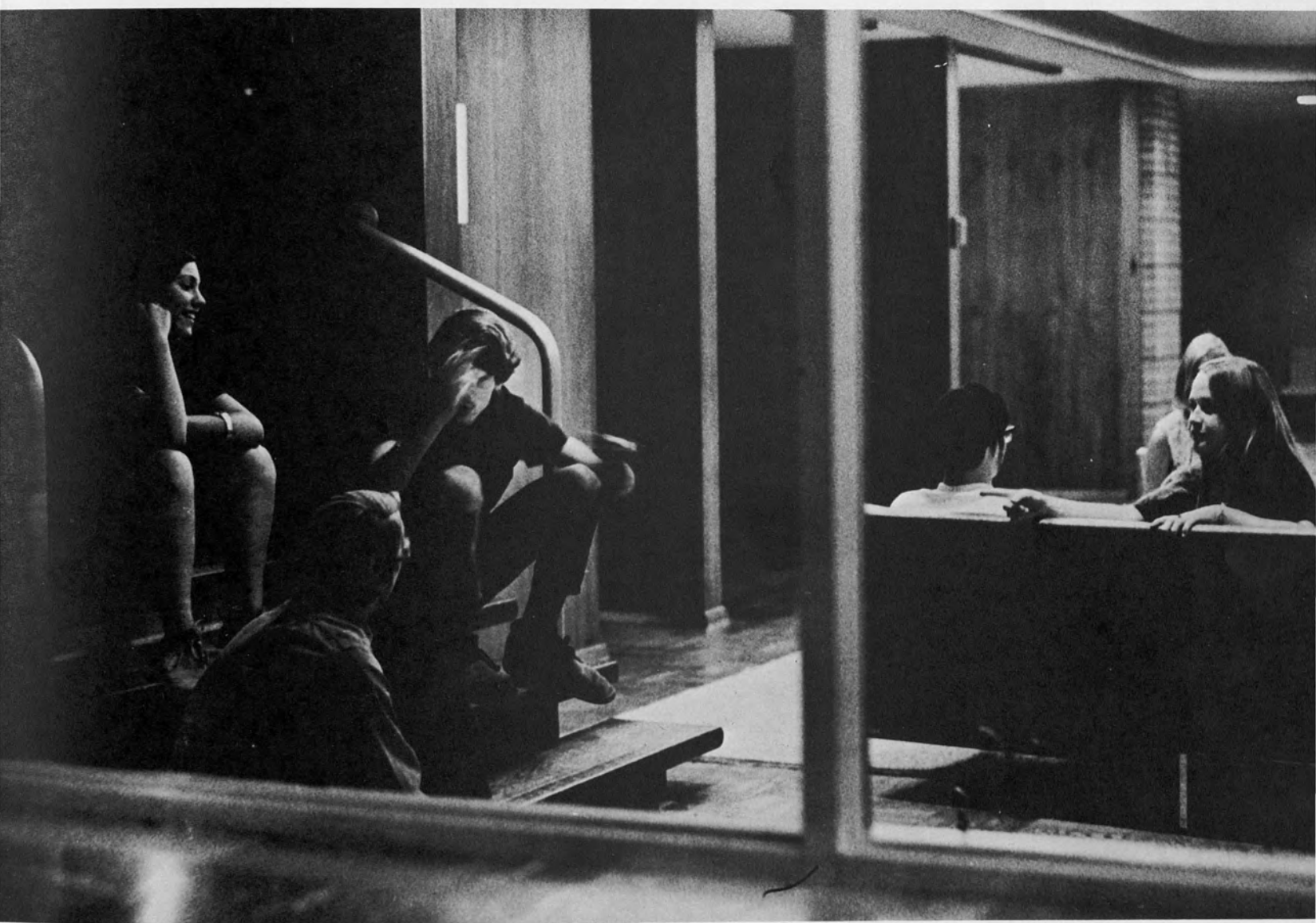


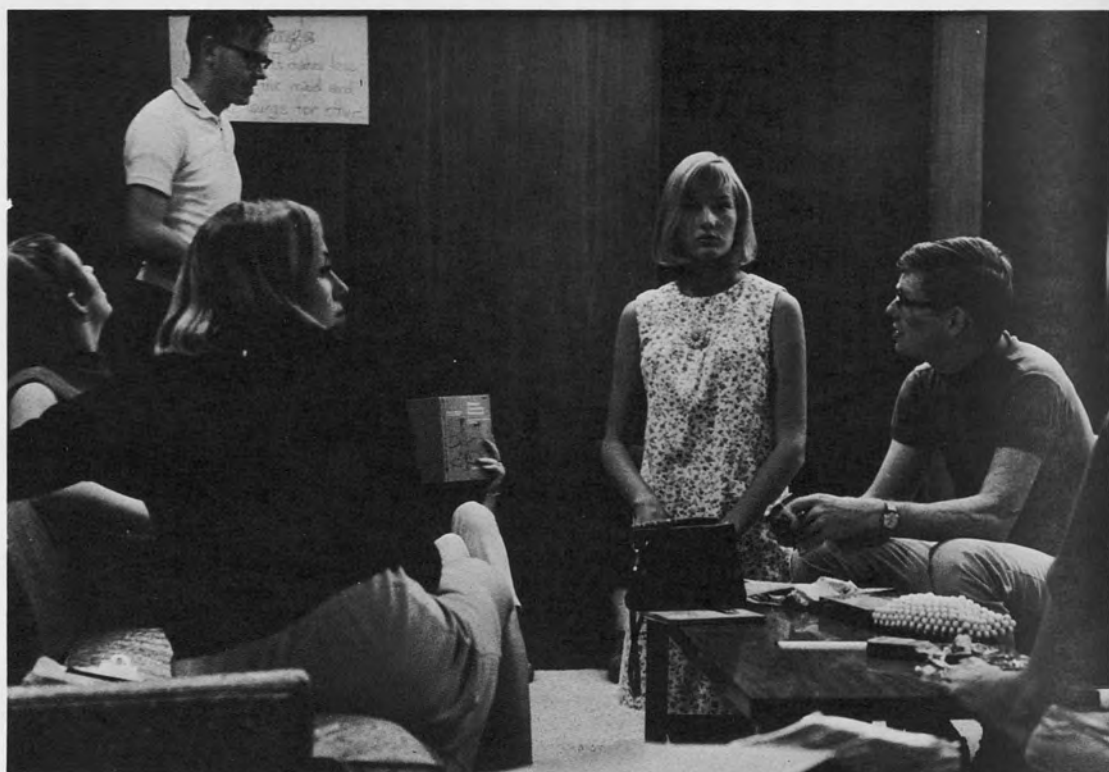




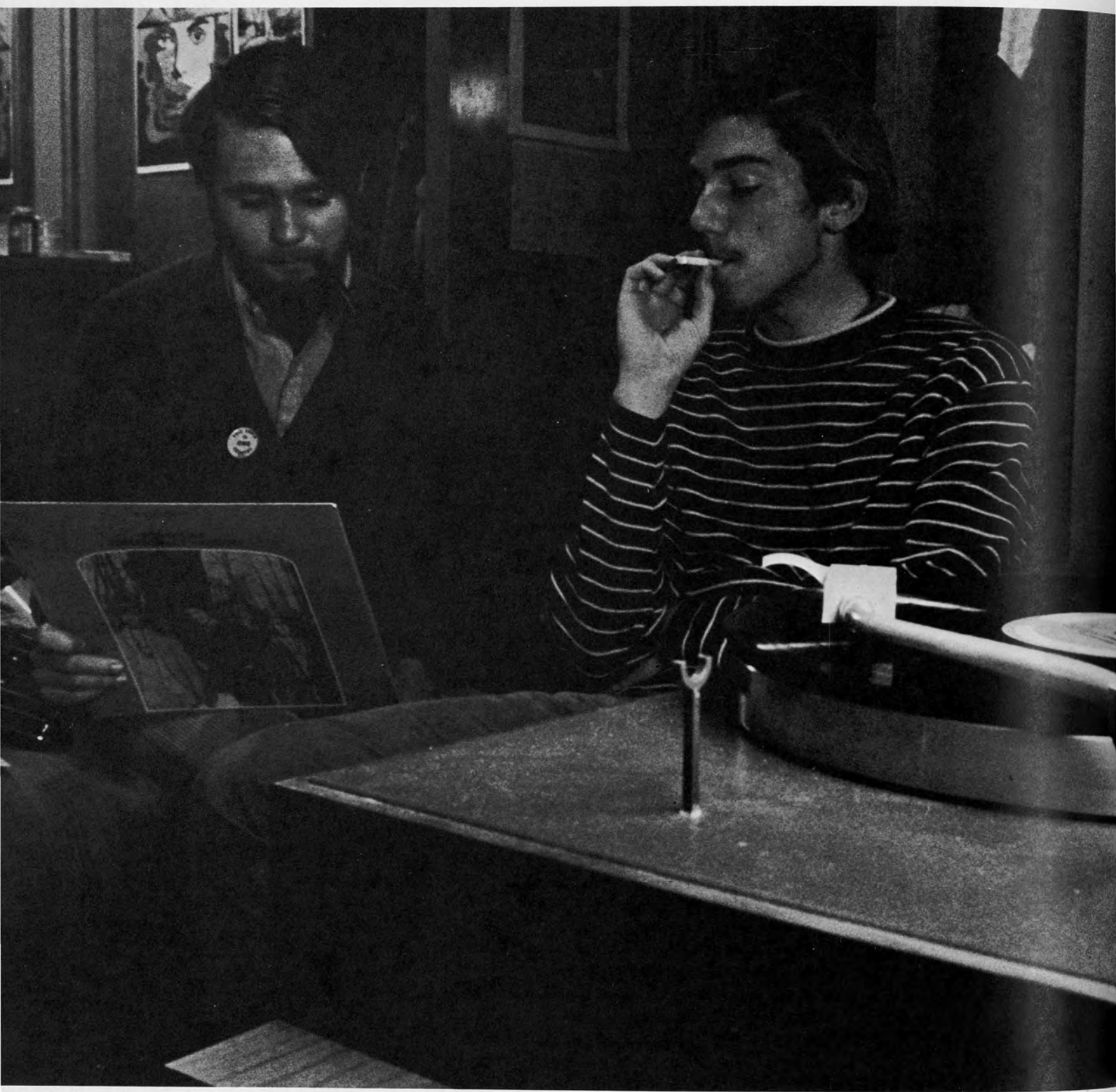
Dorms

The dorms are something you get used to. What you learn there, by living in crowds and in lines, is how to accept the rest of the human race. But, presumably, toleration as a virtue has its limits. "The dorms," says one resident, "are the nearest thing I know to a state of nature." The comment is clever, but it isn't true; the dormie is a creature of order, and his meals, leisure time, attempts at studying, are molded, overwhelmingly, by what it is that's going on in the endless honeycomb around him. It's like a nightmare version of the Greek polis. After you get out, you remember details—fire extinguishers, salt shakers lifted from the cafeteria, mailboxes with apple cores in them. Sometime later it begins to come through just how habitual, and thus regulated, a society the dorms are.







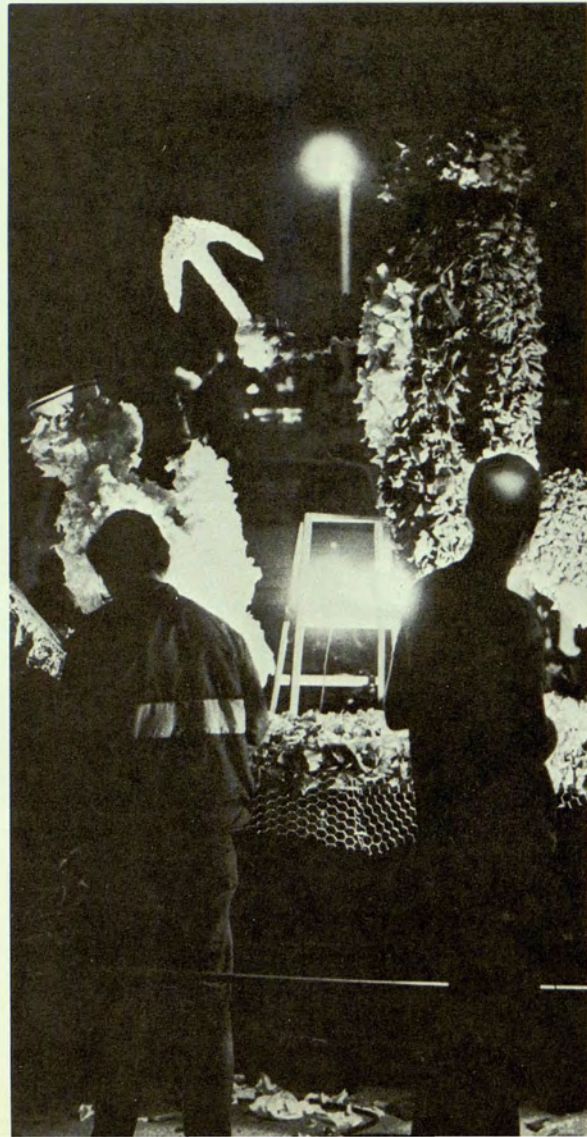




Where then shall Hope and Fear their Objects find?
Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless Man, in Ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the Torrent of his Fate?
Must no Dislike alarm, no Wishes rise,
No Cries attempt the Mercies of the Skies?
Enquirer, cease, Petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raise for Good the supplicating Voice,
But leave to Heav'n the Measure and the Choice.

(III)

Homecoming Float Building







Chancellor Ivan Hinderaker talks with the parents of prospective students in the Commons.

Centennial Day

KUCR broadcast live from the commons; and for once there was a sense of community on campus— even between campus and city. UCR's 1967 Homecoming was football, float building and a parade in Riverside; but it was also the commemoration of the University of California's centennial. Riverside, of course, celebrated its own successes, such as they were, in exhibits, concerts, and workshops that made up the November 18 open house; but everyone was more conscious than ever that it was as a whole the university would have to survive. And it was naturally toward Sacramento that they looked, and in Sacramento that the University of California was on the line. "Implicit in (UC's) name," wrote the Chancellor in the Homecoming Supplement, "is the backing of a State which understands the value of a great university; but in all its life enriching aspects." But as 1967 drew to a close, this value was still being balanced with its cost; and what the outcome would be was not at all clear.

Opposite page, top: Song Girls Judy Watson, Heather Hanson, Sheri Orr, Patti Healy, Sara Gluckman. Not pictured: Cathy Dunham. Middle: Homecoming Queen Alexa Clark. Bottom: United States Coast Guard Band.

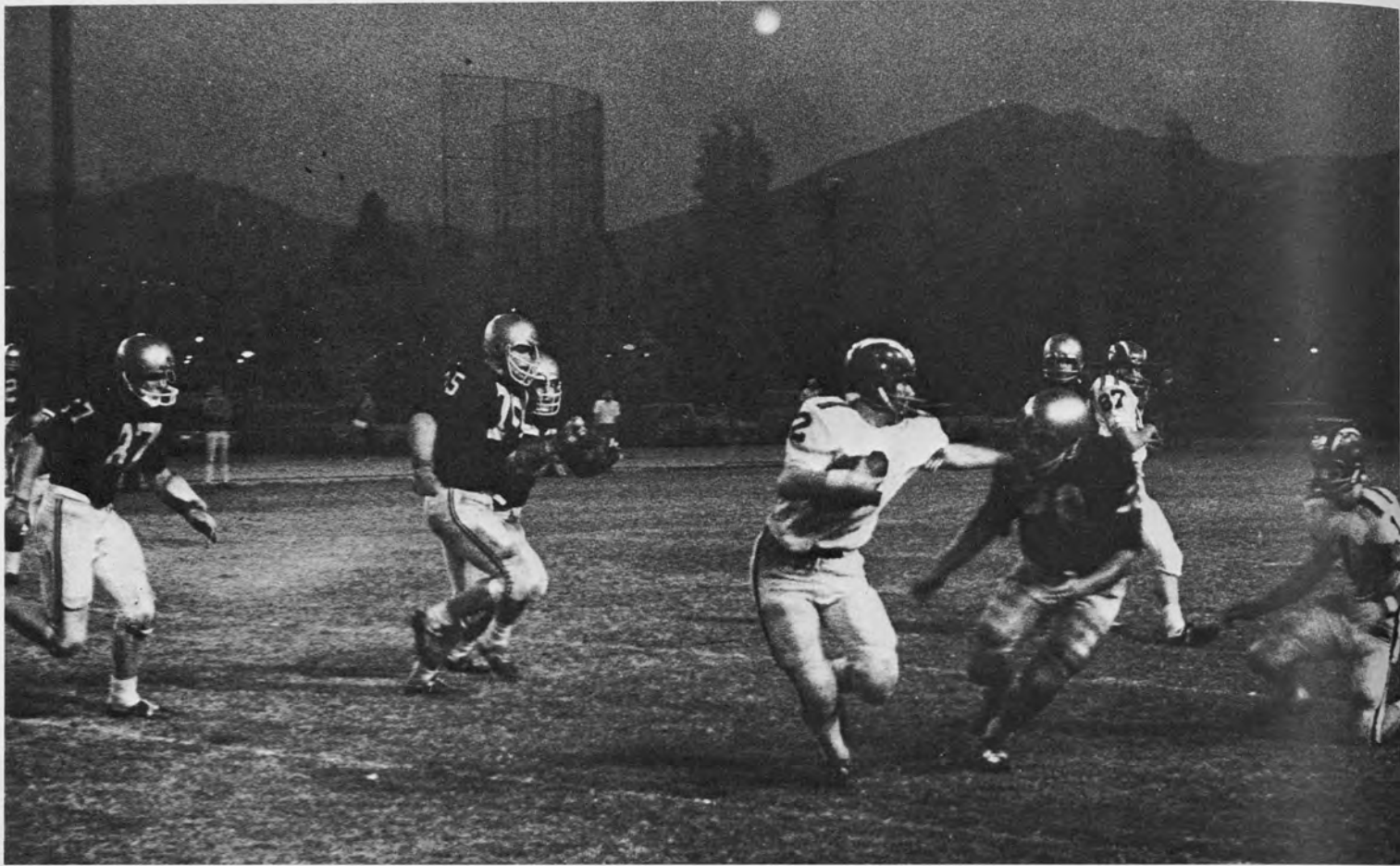


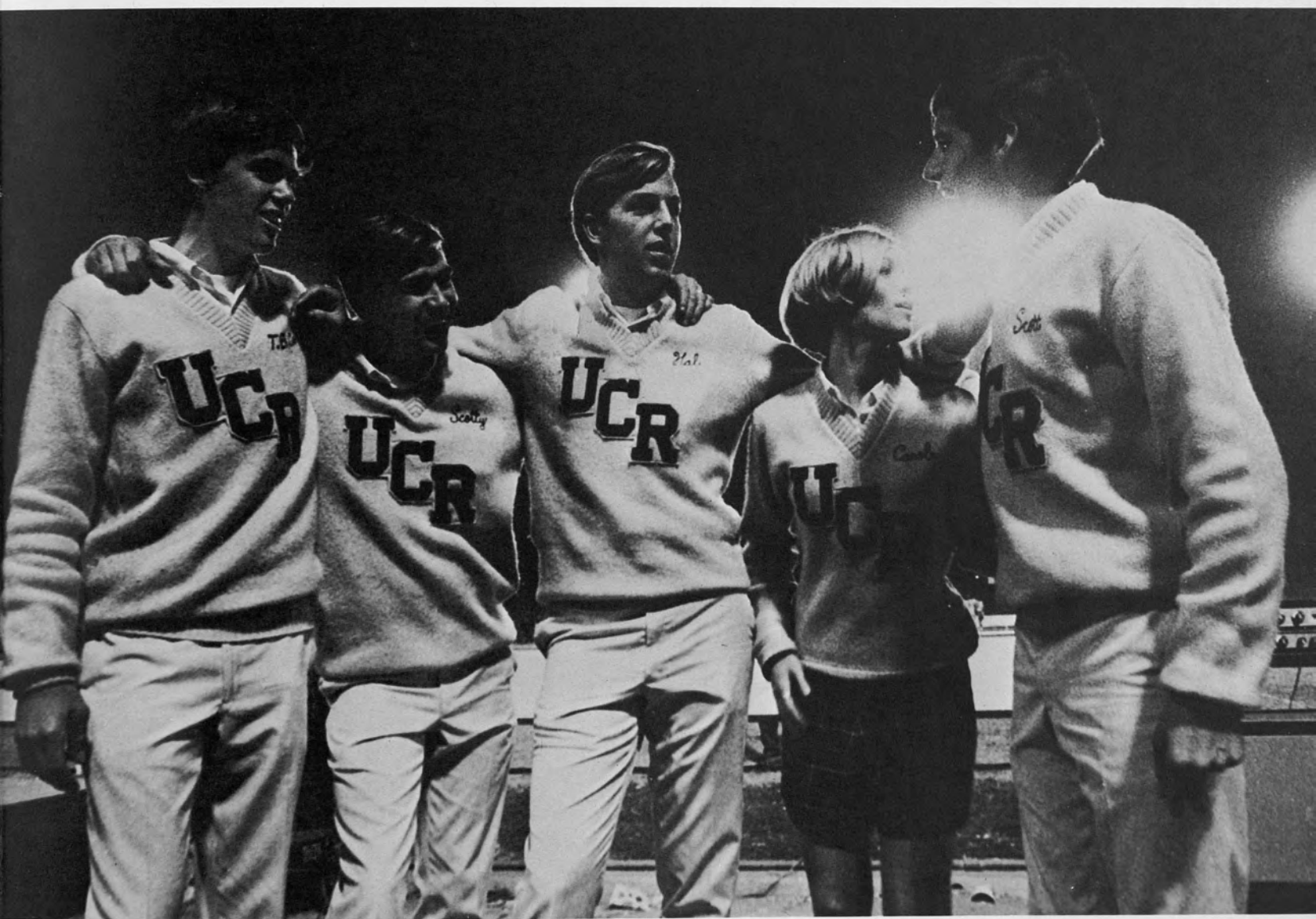


Homecoming Game

Alumni, parents, girl friends, and little brothers gathered in the stands to watch the UCR Football Highlanders make their bid for a .500 season. To make things more interesting an opponent impressively titled The United States Coast Guard Academy Cadets and their sixty piece marching band had been flown in from the east coast. The weatherman cooperated with sunny skies and a minimum of smog. However, when the floats finished their trip around the track, confusion set in on the field. Neither team knew just what to expect from the other, and both came up with surprises. The Academy opened the game with a spread, "shot gun" type of offense that threw the Scot secondary into a temporary panic. The HIGHLANDERS only regular quarterback was injured in the first half, but a clutch performance by a converted halfback proved the Cadets' undoing. Fumbles, penalties and interceptions by both teams kept either from making much progress. On the sidelines Athletic Directors and coaches who had neglected to resolve differences between NCAA and NAIA rules before the game made frustrated attempts to do so by shouting across the field. When the sun had gone down and the lights were turned on, it took a fired up Hun defense and an outstanding effort by Greg Heer at quarterback to put an end to the confusion with a 26-10 HIGHLANDER victory.







Cheerleaders: Tony Beck, Scotty Duncan, Hal Rasmussen, Carol Brandom, Scott Easton.

Drama at UCR

Good theater is harder to come by than almost anything else in the world. In spite of the rise of the cinema as a potent "artistic" force, and in spite of all elaborate attempts to construct elegies for the stage, good plays are still written, good actors available. Yet, though movies depend as much on artistic convention as does live drama, we seem considerably more ready to accept Richard Lester's tricks than those of Euripides. We are bored by the notion of a Greek chorus. Perhaps the notion of a community acting, even thinking in concert, is too far away for us to understand; or perhaps our immature conformity makes a mature version of the same thing inexplicable. In either case, the grammar of the stage, depending too much on an outmoded world view, or depending, simply, too much on the viewer's imagination, seems faraway, and sometimes dead.

The dilemma of theater in a university setting is a special one; but it has some essential similarities to the main case. UCR is still small, still without graduate programs in drama. Thus most theatrical productions on the campus are bound to be failures, and most successes accidents. Even with voice and diction classes, this campus may be unable to transcend its intellectual, theoretical approach to drama for a long time; professors and students are working within too circumscribed limits for things to be otherwise. And though the same is true of most semi-amateur artistic ventures, the problem with drama is particularly aggravating.

A play, much more than is often realized, is not something actors, director, and playwright do by themselves. It is, instead, a collaboration between those who have created it, and those who have come to see it. The audience reacts to the play; but it is equally vital for the actors to react to the audience. This is the important distinction between cinema and theater; potentially, it is also the greatest advantage of the latter over the former.

It is an advantage, but also a weakness. For a long time, memorable artists in this country have had a way of working in isolation—two extreme cases that come to mind are Emily Dickinson and Charles Ives. This tradition alone could have destroyed drama, which demands so unequivocally the artist's consciousness of his audience--and the existence of that audience in the first place. The archetype of the gregarious American has, really, surprisingly little truth in it. But for a nation to produce drama, it needs to be profoundly social.

How, then, and why, is our audience to come, if they have to put up with consistently mediocre, or consistently bad, productions? It is, we may say, better than nothing. But if we are going to live with failure, we had better know why a bit more rigorously.

The answer, probably, is that drama is educational, not only for actors but also for their audience. To see, or participate in, distinctly non-professional theater, educates actors and audience in the real possibilities of the live stage, sometimes more effectively than anything else could have done. To know that something has failed comes near, and can even be equivalent, to realizing where it could have succeeded. And once an audience realizes what could have been, as well as what was on stage, it begins itself to help create the play.



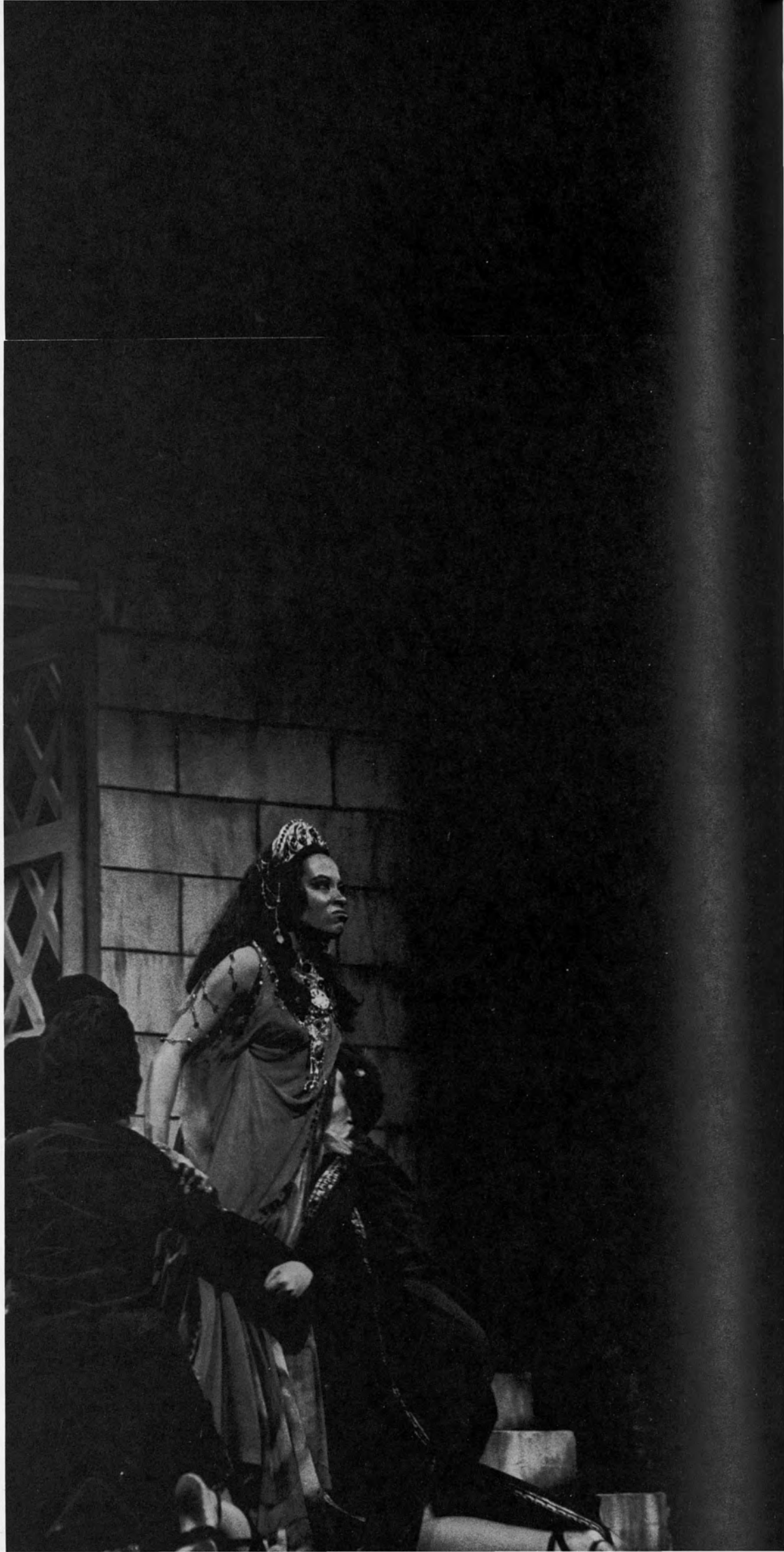


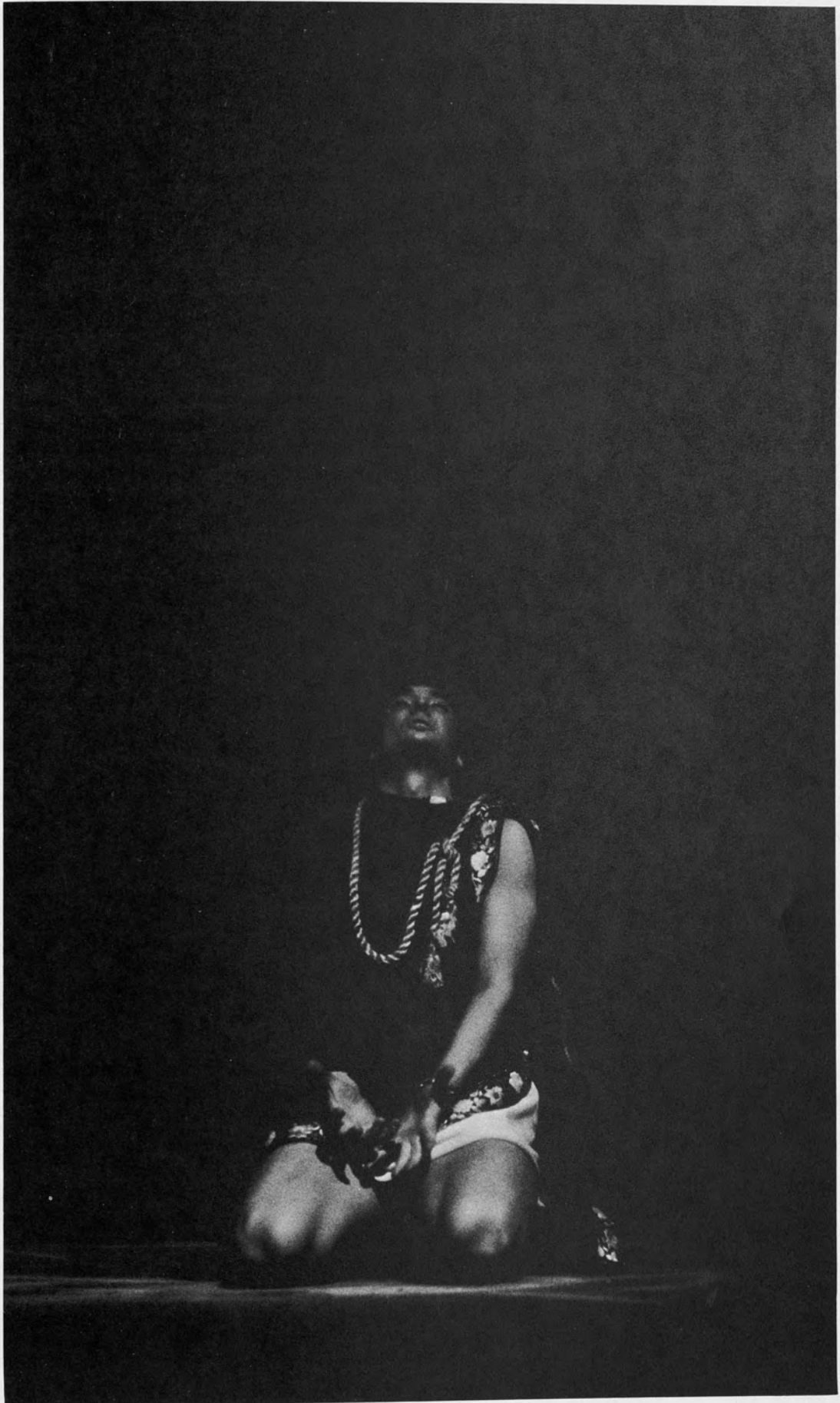
Medea

"The Skin of Our Teeth," which opened the UCR drama season last fall, is a play with about forty parts. The best performance to come out of this vast enterprise was Charlene Bletson's; and it was thus appropriate that she get a chance to carry an entire play on her back, which she did, a few months later. But if the success of "Medea" did depend largely on the handling of the title role, the production was by no means so one-sided as this might suggest. The members of the chorus were handled poorly-but they shuffled statically over what was a very good set indeed. It consisted mostly of a rough, jagged semicircle of mountains, suggestive of a Greek amphitheatre. There were a pair of enormous doors--though not so enormous as clever lighting made them look--which added to the encircling, claustrophobic effect. The setting came near to being a visual equivalent of the form of tragedy. If actors hadn't slid and wobbled on the mountain slope, it might have been even more effective; but there was simply nothing to hang on to.

Most successes are equivocal; and the great strength of this production was that it often made one forget what it had done ineptly. Les Barnum may have trod too heavily in (or on) the character of Jason, but the lucid austerity of lighting and scenery compressed all such miscalculations into the smallest possible corners of our minds. And though the momentum of the staging lagged at points--the play, instead of moving fluidly, tended to resolve itself into a series of tableaux--this effect was justifiable, given what we know of Greek tragedy. Indeed, the production may have dealt too thoroughly in individuals and passed too lightly over the core of a form that was still, in Euripides' conception, ritualistic. Nevertheless, UCR made of "Medea" an intelligent if not a Dionysian evening; and this is no mean accomplishment.









The Sixth College



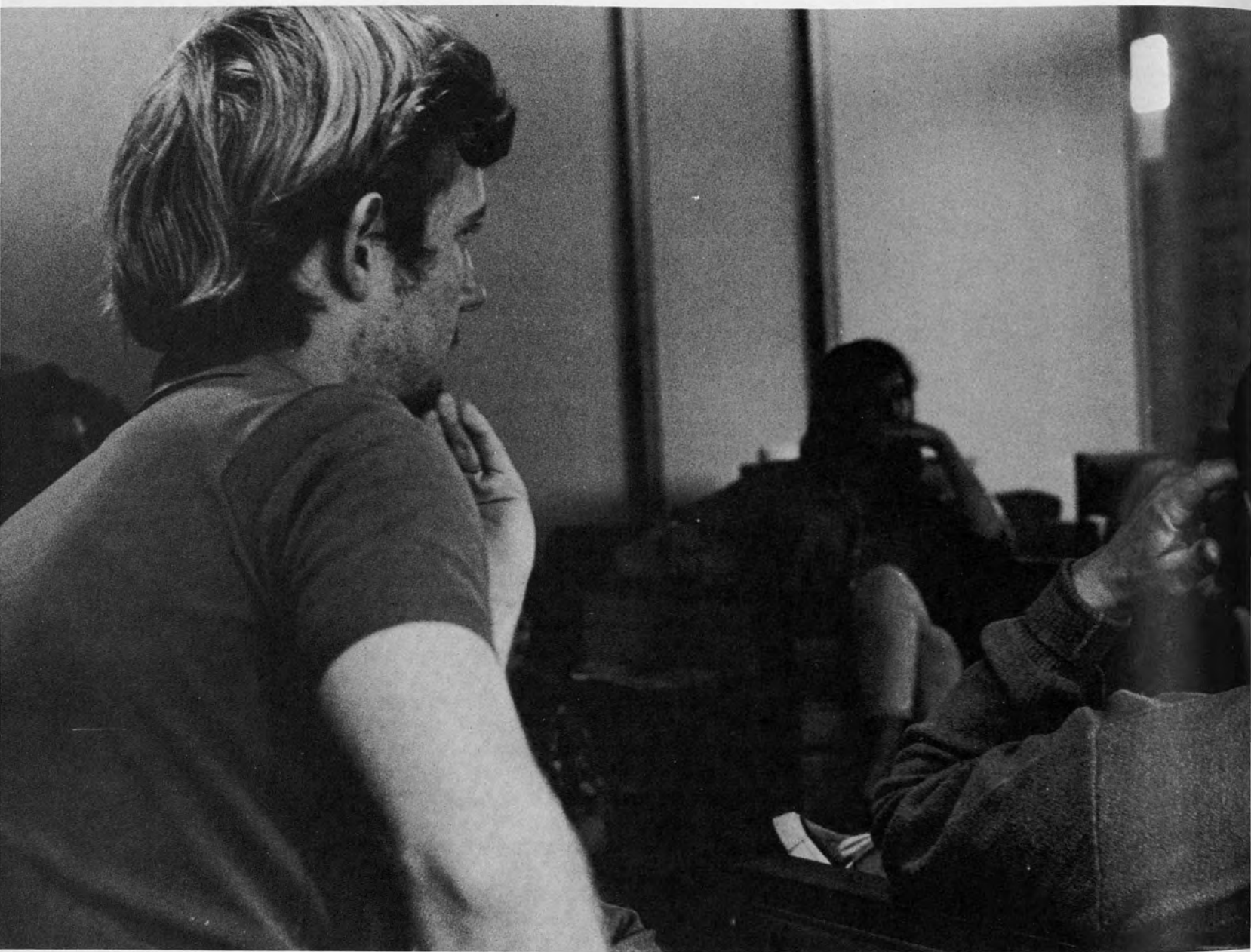
ASUCR publications staff

The problem is to move education out of a classroom context. . .

The structure of higher education is changing radically. The changes consist partly in a defensive reaction against student revolutionaries or minor political demagogues, but they are also, hopefully, part of the logical evolution of the institution of the university. They are, that is, ways of expanding the university's effectiveness in getting people to think. What this campus, among others, has done, more or less spontaneously, is to move education out of a purely classroom context; to establish hybrid situations, new points of reference for both professors and students. And it is with these new reference points that we will here be concerned.

A college newspaper is an educational venture, probably more so for its writers than its readers. But this doesn't mean that it can't be worth reading; and in 1967-8 the *HIGHLANDER* was. In the first place, its news coverage, if not invariably thorough, had at least character. The great mainstay of the paper was managing editor Bruce Henderson. Mickey Kraft, sometime news editor, discoursed on Che Guevara and the German student revolution. If he was occupied more with Europe and San Francisco than with UCR, this was forgivable, for snobbery sometimes brings with it a useful cosmopolitanism. The obsessively folksy detail of Bill Elledge's stories added something else to the paper: the suggestion of a small town atmosphere is luckily still appropriate for this campus. Jim Warner was the only person in Riverside to make sense of the university's bureaucratic machinations, Larry Peitzman the only one to make them interesting. And all these people contributed to putting together a newspaper more than the calendar of scheduled events it has usually been in the past.

But there were other reasons why 1967-8 proved as extraordinary a year as it did for the *HIGHLANDER*. While the paper's mildly leftist politics and distracting technical incompetence helped alienate readers, the publication proved nevertheless to be the center—even, sometimes, the starting-point—of most independent intellectual activity at UCR. The paper was particularly sensitive to what was happening in the arts and in the hazy aura of politics and philosophy that surrounds creative activity on college campuses. The office was swarming with reviewers, and they reviewed everything in or out of sight, from visiting poets to Herbert Marcuse. More than one administrator snarled that the paper was on the way to becoming a second-rate literary magazine.



Michael Kraft

Though the paper was literary, it was at least literate too

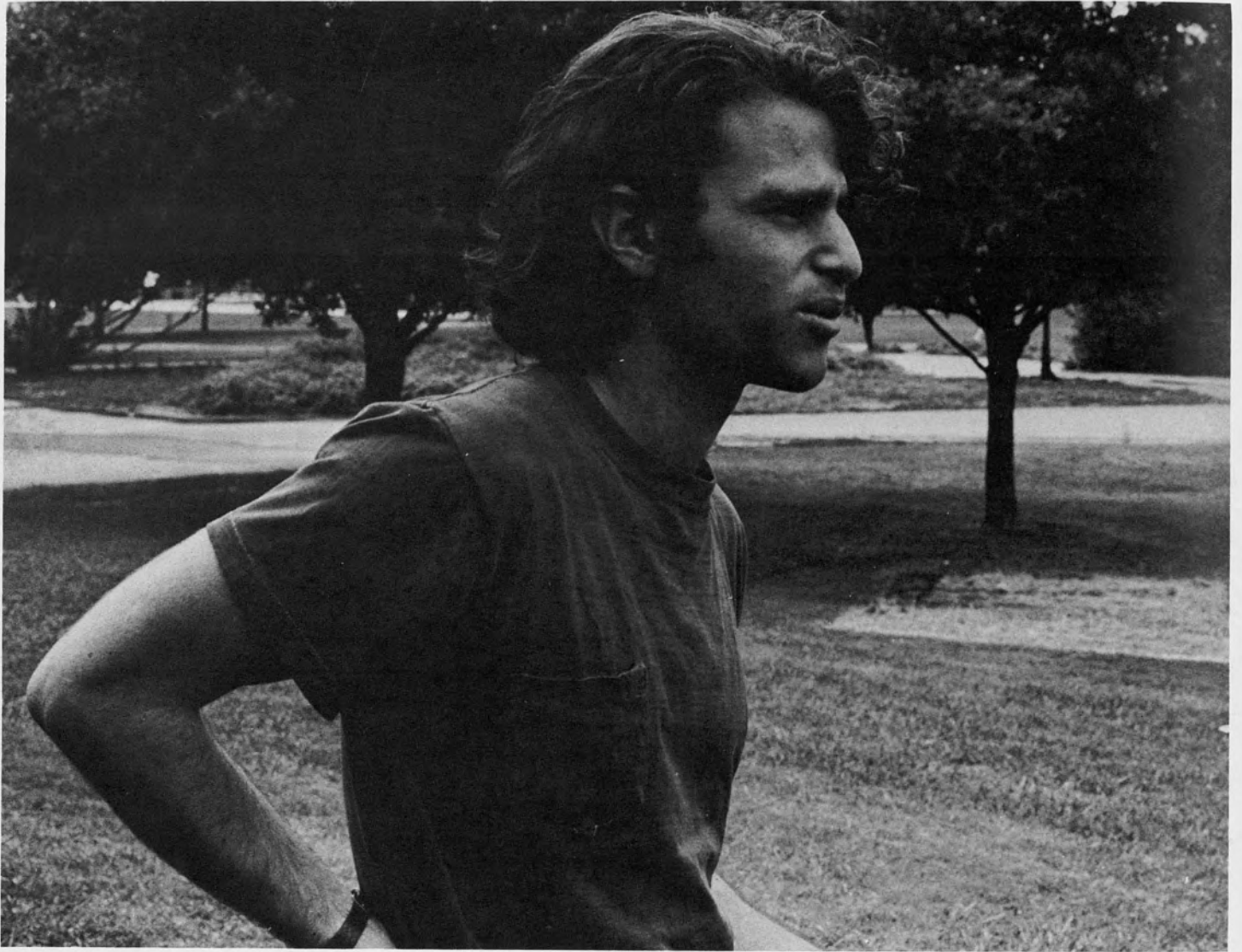
But though the HIGHLANDER was literary, more than it should have been, it was at least literate too. Of the reviewers, Vicki Lerman and Richard Maxwell produced consistently intelligent work. And in fact, though readers were sometimes justified in complaining of over-long and over-abstruse articles, the paper published as much good writing as any college newspaper in California. Even further, it began to hold the campus together in certain essential ways; people who were accomplishing something intellectual, creative had a way of knowing each what the others were doing.

Exactly what these words—"intellectual," "creative"—mean, has never been quite clear. It may be best not to admit they define any categories at all. Nonetheless, they encompass, in some sense, what the college student is supposed to be up to, either within or without the official framework of the university.

UCR was, for a few years, a campus really centered on the classroom: this situation, for whatever reason one wants to suggest, no longer exists. The overwhelming focus on formal classroom instruction left Riverside with advantages possessed by no other UC campus; but it left the college also without a good newspaper, and without an adequate curriculum for students in the performing arts. Not enough people in positions of power are yet used to, or willing to promote, the idea of students engaging in independent intellectual or artistic activities. The classroom is assumed, too often, to be the only valid place for creative work to be accomplished. And this situation is changing not nearly rapidly enough.

If one wants to produce an opera here, or write a series of movie reviews, there are two ways to go about it. One can either pressure the academic establishment to encourage and sponsor one's project, or simply scrape together necessary time, money, and resources from wherever they are to be found. The second solution is the nobler of the two; the first just may be more practical.

And it was the first that the HIGHLANDER adopted toward the end of this year. Joe Plummer, the paper's new editor, announced the formation of—and likely official sanction for—a somewhat grandiosely titled Journalism Institute, which was to include training of writers, with the assistance of the PRESS-ENTERPRISE, and course credits for work performed.



Tim Rudnick

Until the arts are supported, the crisis will continue. . .

"It has," noted Plummer, "been suggested that students who are attracted solely by the offer of credits are not worth attracting. However, what the HIGHLANDER needs at the moment is numbers—surely in this case, the end justifies the means." There was also, Plummer admitted, the danger that the newspaper would become an extension of the English department. But surely, one imagines, it must be possible to establish some viable middle ground between the classroom (professors, course credits &c) and the formless, even chaotic world controlled theoretically by student government, or simply existing peripherally around the campus. How, though, can one get newspaper writers to take their work seriously, while allowing them the advantages of amateur status: to keep, that is, the possibility of experimentation, of improvisation, and, especially, of having fun? A college paper intended solely for the edification of those involved would be a depressing prospect at best.

Some of the same questions come into the debate on the fine arts at UCR. In comparatively minor ways, here, the middle ground between academia and the outer free-for-all may already have been reached. 190 courses have sometimes been used to allow students independence, along with a tolerable position in the official structure of the university. But for the most part our fine arts departments seem not sufficiently interested in actually getting students involved in painting or acting, or playing the cello. The music department is more the music theory department (though someone did have the good sense, spring quarter, to start afternoon concerts around the bell tower.) The art department, though often superb on its own ground, has an admittedly historical, critical bias. Similarly, the curriculum in drama needs voice and diction classes that it simply doesn't have.

There is thus no base at UCR for students to do independent work in the performing arts; and the possibility of the university sponsoring such work without wanting substantial control over it is presently remote. In an editorial he wrote this year as fine arts editor of the HIGHLANDER, Joe Plummer noted: "Until the arts are supported on this campus, our peculiar identity crisis will continue." And given the present financial and political situation of the university, it will continue for some time.



Jim Mason



Charlene Bletson



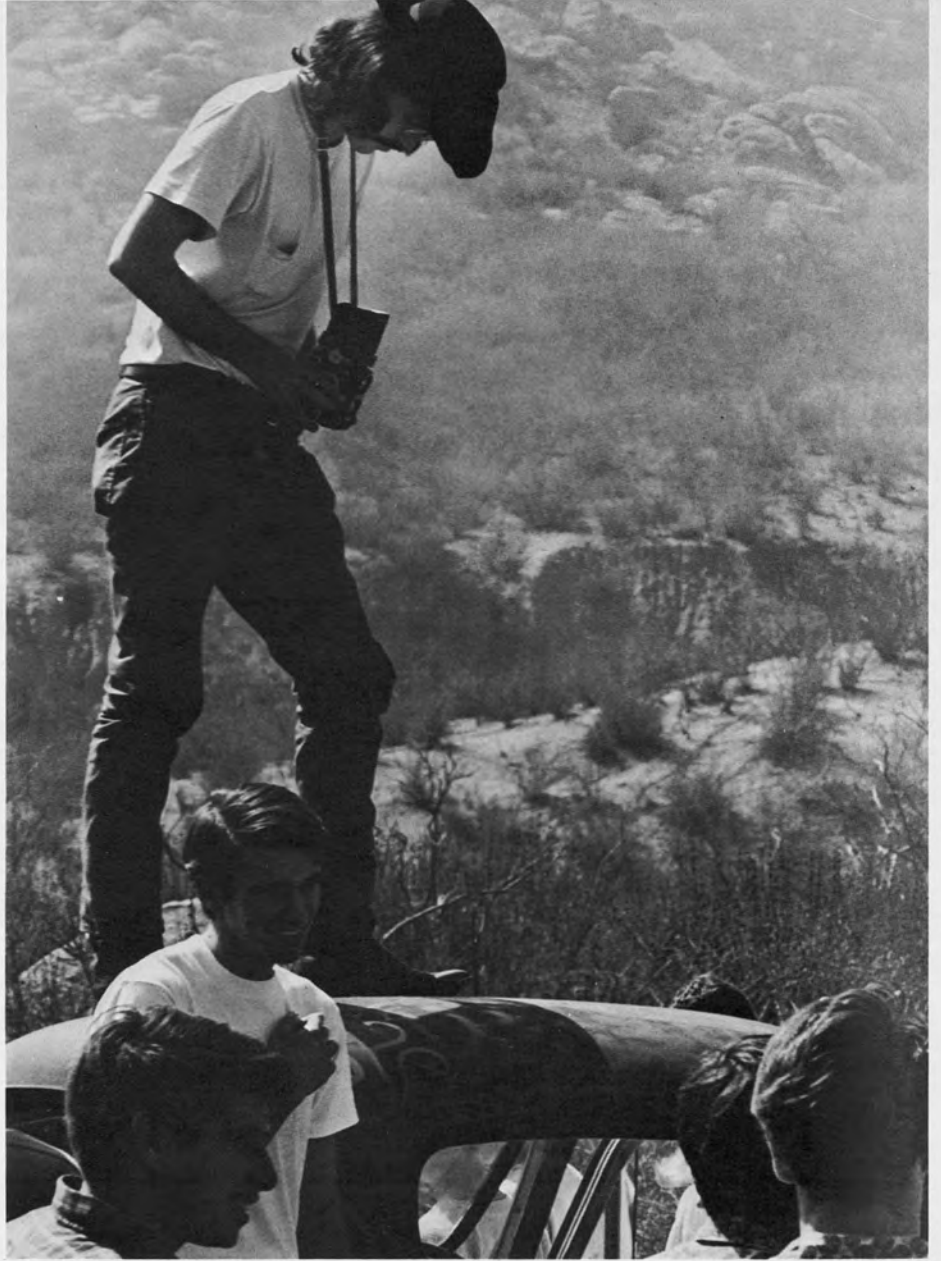
Yet this was UCR's best year in the fine arts. . .

Yet in spite of the obvious problems, this was as successful a year as UCR has had in the fine arts. At year's end there was still hope for the materialization, in the near future, of a student theater workshop—something agitated for by the *HIGHLANDER*. One of the best gestures of the year (and probably more than a gesture) occurred during the last week of the spring quarter when Tim Rudnick, for what seemed purely gratuitous reasons, set up around the bell tower a curious labyrinth of carefully letter signs, and what looked like motorcycle windshields on long sticks, through which students wended their way to finals. If a Cecil B. deMille instinct was at work here (especially in the timing) at work also were serious artistic intentions.

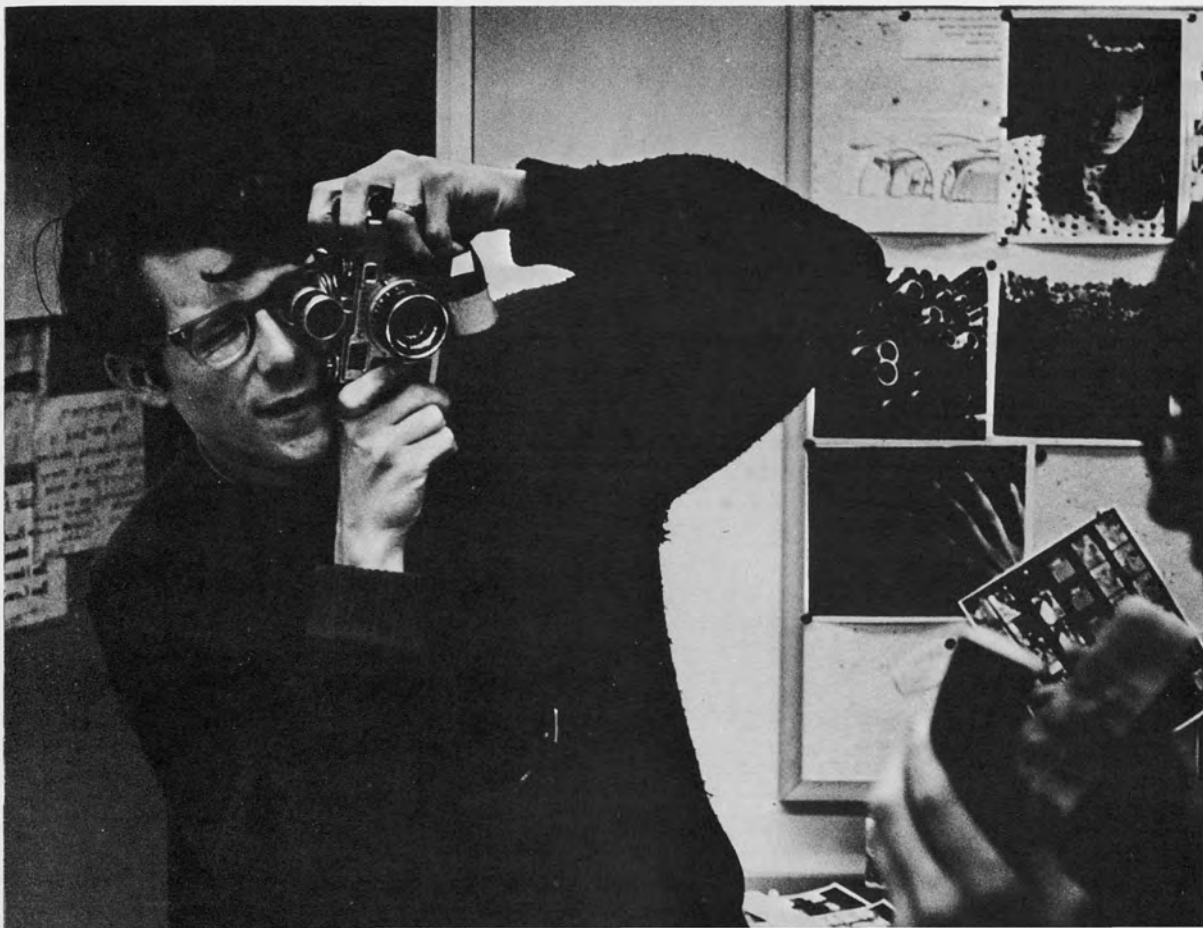
And among the concerts presented by the music department was at least one major undertaking initiated and carried through entirely by students: Shelley Henderson's production—for want of a better word—of a Bach cantata.

But most significant was another musical production, Jim Mason's, of "Dido & Aeneas." Mason, who decided to do the opera while studying in England, asked for assistance from both the music and drama departments at UCR. Though he eventually received minor financial help from the former, he had to survive some positive obstructions from faculty members on this campus. According to observers, the problem was that no one wanted anything to do with a project not being worked out within, and under the control of, a specific department and specific professors. Failures in inter-, or extra-departmental cooperation continue on this campus, but "Dido & Aeneas," at least, was a success. "The production," wrote a reviewer, "was too good for its faults to destroy it. It was done beautifully, and as a project achieved entirely under student direction could mark an upward turn in the place of the fine arts on this campus. This, however, is a long-range question...."

Long-range or not, it is a question that will have to be answered one of these days. As of now, most successes in the fine arts at this campus simply happen: there is no particular way of keeping them going or of encouraging them. Intensive cooperation between departments—in the staging, say, of something like Stravinsky's "L'histoire de Soldat"—might be one way of creating new opportunities for the performing arts.



Top: Matt Portz. Bottom: Jon Bosak.



Intellectual and artistic sub-cultures continue to develop. . .

Unfortunately, no one around seems to have, or to want, the responsibility for convincing departments that they ought to work together. To all appearances, English and drama professors haven't spoken to each other about Shakespeare in years. Perhaps the most important thing about the "Dido" production was that it showed students from different fields could cooperate—Charlene Bletson of the drama department worked with Mason on problems of staging—and it is probably among students that any such cooperation, on a consistent basis, will have to originate.

In the meantime, intellectual and artistic sub-cultures continue to develop at UCR; and some of them are in very good shape indeed. Notable among these groups is the coterie of photographers in the publications office; and of these, Jon Bosak is generally acknowledged to be the best. Bosak, possessed of an easy-going obtrusiveness and an old, almost noiseless Nikon, invaded everyone's life anytime he wanted. He specialized in close-up portraits, and did them well, though, some insisted, with more of a technique than an imagination. Of his compatriots, Matt Portz, Jon Katz, Bruce Henderson, and John Zaller stood out particularly. Portz worked much more slowly and deliberately than did Bosak, and, perhaps as a result, his work was sometimes too self-consciously "artistic." Zaller had a notorious habit of leaving the darkroom in a shamble but was also responsible for some good work in the selection and juxtaposition of pictures. (He was also—quite objectively speaking—the only good editor the TARTAN has had.) Katz remained an enigma—but hovered impressively in general view. And many of these people began to develop that species of arrogance peculiar to photographers, which allows them to undertake the business of fixing the world absolutely, in one pose or another, of letting a machine do it and yet doing it themselves; of treating people like objects, objects, sometimes, like people; of stressing the physicality of things and getting away with it.

Also on campus was a small group of filmmakers, who made some impressively bad films. None of these, however, were as bad as the movies ASUCR exhumed. "There has never," ranted one cinemophile, "been a commissioner of fine arts interested in the motion picture."

Larry Peitzman



A film society could control the ASUCR film budget. . .

In spring, however, Larry Peitzman ran for that office, promising never to bring "Flower Drum Song" back to UCR; and allowing room for hope that he would also ignore "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Treasure of the Sierra Madre." He won, which was a likely event in any case, since he was running unopposed. And in the last weeks of the school year, Peitzman began an all-out attempt to give Riverside its first good film series.

He succeeded, at least before the fact. Calling on Pauline Kael, and other appropriate deities, Peitzman proposed a schedule of sixty films for the coming year. Thirty of these, grouped under the somewhat stolid title "Classics of the Cinema," were good films that had never been shown at this campus. The other thirty were there to make money, and most of them, in spite of, or perhaps because of this, were good also.

It is not, one may object, excessively difficult to put together a group of films by Bunuel, Godard, Kurosowa, Losey, Renoir; the choices are intelligent but scarcely hard to make, and scarcely, it can be added, excitingly original. This is hardly the point, though; film audiences at this campus may, in some visionary and idyllic future, get to a stage where they have actually seen a substantial and representative amount of what has been done with the cinema in the past. At the moment no such condition exists; it would be not so much foolhardy as merely irrelevant to attempt a series of films preponderantly avant-garde, experimental—whatever adjective one prefers. But hopefully, in years to come, the number of underground films shown here will begin to increase—to increase, that is, along with the audience for them.

So Peitzman's film series has to be judged a success, from all angles—hopefully including the financial one. And yet, like other successes in the fine arts here, this one seems little more than an accident. There are, nevertheless, ways of making sure that people with power also have a measure of ability. Possibly a film society could take control of the ASUCR movie budget; here the possibility of someone competent getting into a position of responsibility seems more likely than with the nebulously-titled fine arts commissioner. But institutions, however well structured, will invariably need people to run them.



Students and Herbert Marcuse

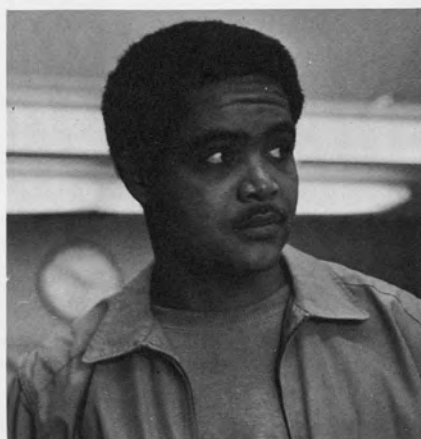


Their most useful activity was sitting and talking. . .

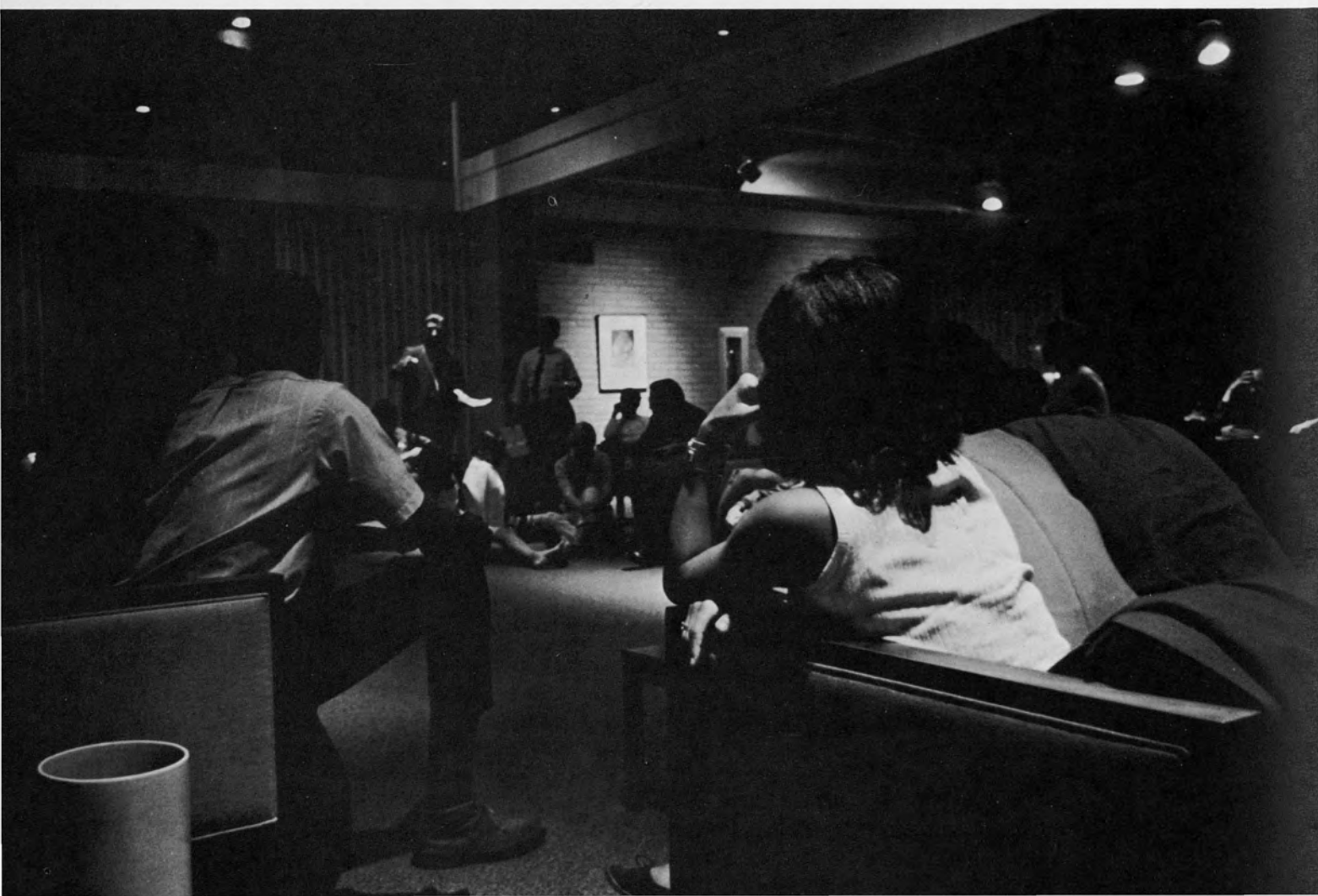
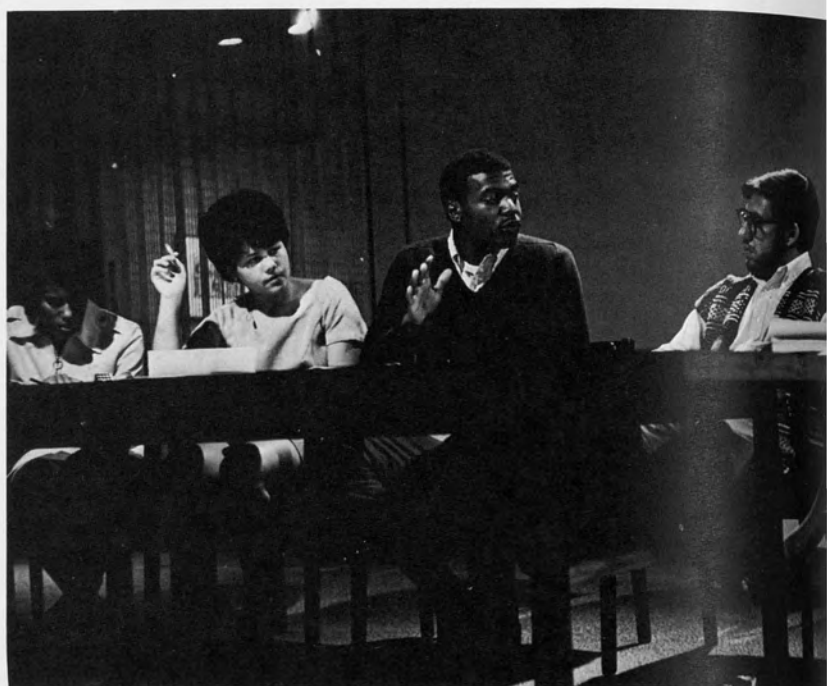
And there are, of course, cases where institutions can prove more distracting than worthwhile. This was a year when discussion groups and groups pushing assorted educational policies formed and disappeared and reformed with startling rapidity; and, uncannily, the same people turned up in most of them. One assemblage, appearing towards the end of May, called itself the Friends of Herbert Marcuse. It seemed as Protean as most, but had some ideas well worth preserving. These included pressing for a School for Urban Change and for the "creation of teaching units to cut across departments and disciplines." (At least one such program was being developed this year, in linguistics.)

One of the students involved in this venture was Mickey Kraft, who has been working with the ramifications of educational policy at UCR for several years. Among Kraft's associates were two younger teachers here, Joseph Amato and Alan Green. This group did a moderate amount of fasting, demonstrating etc., but, at least for the campus, its most useful activity was sitting out on the grass and talking. Talking is a basic sort of function but, curiously, not nearly enough of it goes on at Riverside; or, rather, not enough goes on in the right places. Kraft and his friends established what amounted to a public forum at UCR, the sort of thing people keep proposing but seldom get around to participating in.

Also among those groups at UCR agitating for educational reform was Ebony, which, during the latter part of the year, began a sustained campaign to modify both UCR's curriculum and its fine arts programs. In a HIGHLANDER interview, Jim Sweeny, political chairman for the organization, discussed the limitations of the UCR course catalogue: "There's one Negro history class as you noted. There should be no such thing as Black History *per se*, but rather American history. But since that true American history hasn't been incorporated here, we try to remedy these gross injustices by having a class."



Jerry Hunter



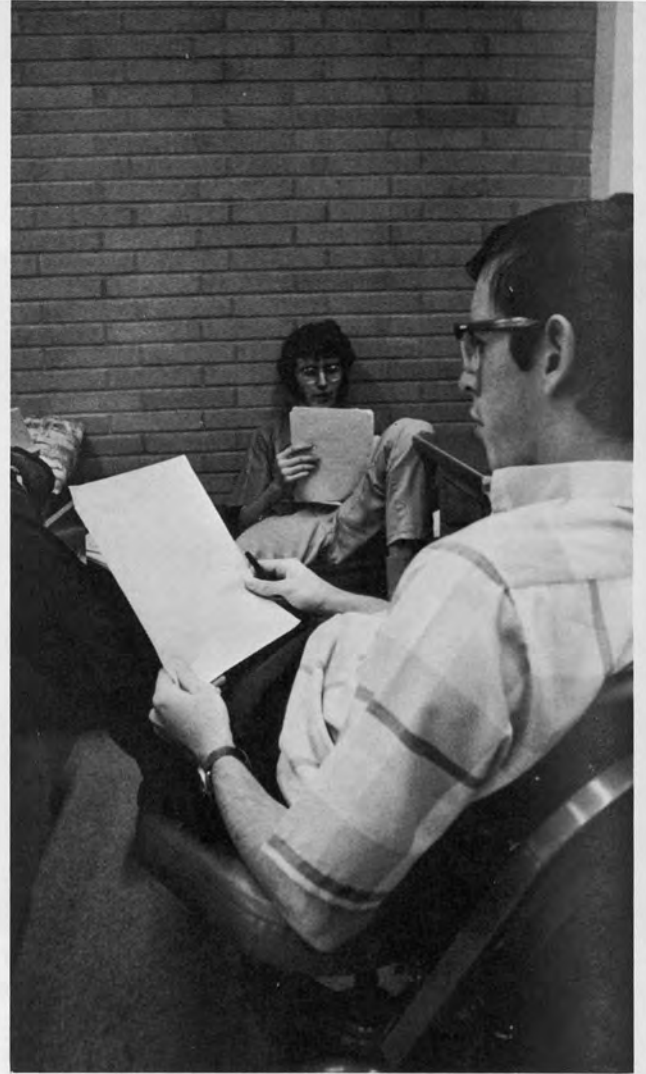
But to merge independent action with formal organization. . .

Sweeny went on to discuss students' efforts at creating their own curriculum: "The black students are involved in the Experimental College. But to me the college isn't organized. It's just students meeting on the lawn, talking about various things and maybe doing a few outside projects. I can see the Experimental College clarifying a lot of things, but it's not creating that much that's new."

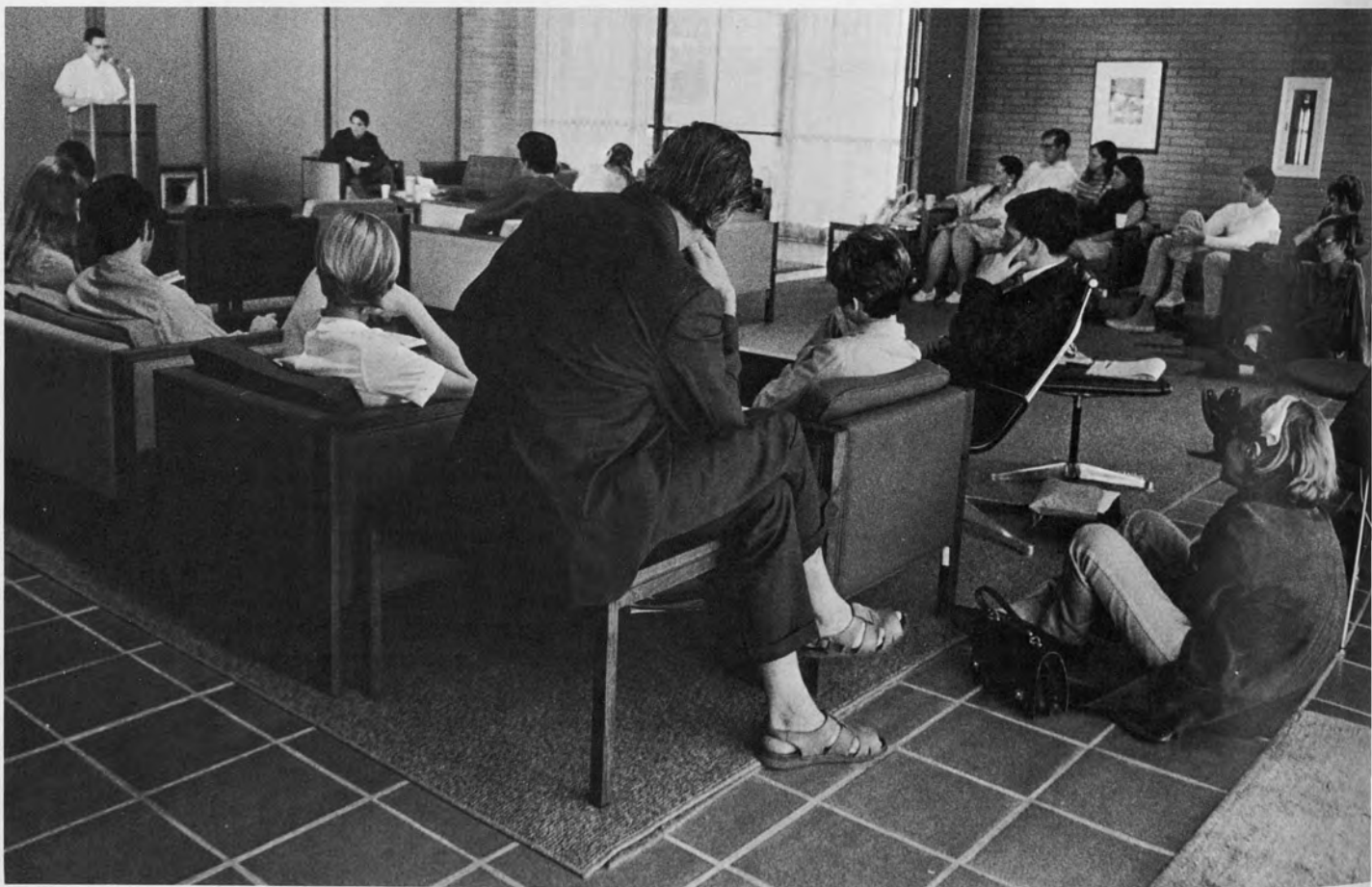
Talking, then, is not enough; the problem, again, is to merge independent student action with a measure of formal organization; to keep both the advantages of academic, classroom activity and of that intellectual activity going on outside, or on the periphery of, the official structure of the university. One can question whether it is possible to have the advantages of both; it may not be. But no one has ever bothered to find out in practice whether it is possible, and it would be worthwhile to try to find out.

The idea is not so much to assimilate extracurricular activities into the university as to expand the university to include them. The HIGHLANDER's Journalism Institute is one experiment in doing this; if it succeeds in maintaining the independence of the newspaper while establishing wider student participation in its publication, it will have been a success. It is another question whether or not giving course credit for HIGHLANDER work should be a permanent policy of the university (perhaps eventually with students actually administering and controlling the credit system); or a crutch for the moment. Considering the traditions of this campus, with their heavy emphasis on classroom activity, it might be that the former possibility is more feasible; students here seem to have little desire to reject the university as a whole, in the apocalyptic manner of some other educational institutions.

But that they are not satisfied with the system as it is can be taken to be almost tautological. This is one reason Sweeny's comments on the experimental college are as interesting as they are: *Ebony*, which has taken the lead at UCR in demands for educational reform, seems itself skeptical about the possibilities of totally independent student action.



Top: Dr. Peters, Vicki Lerman. Right:
Mark Grinyer, Mike Kelly.



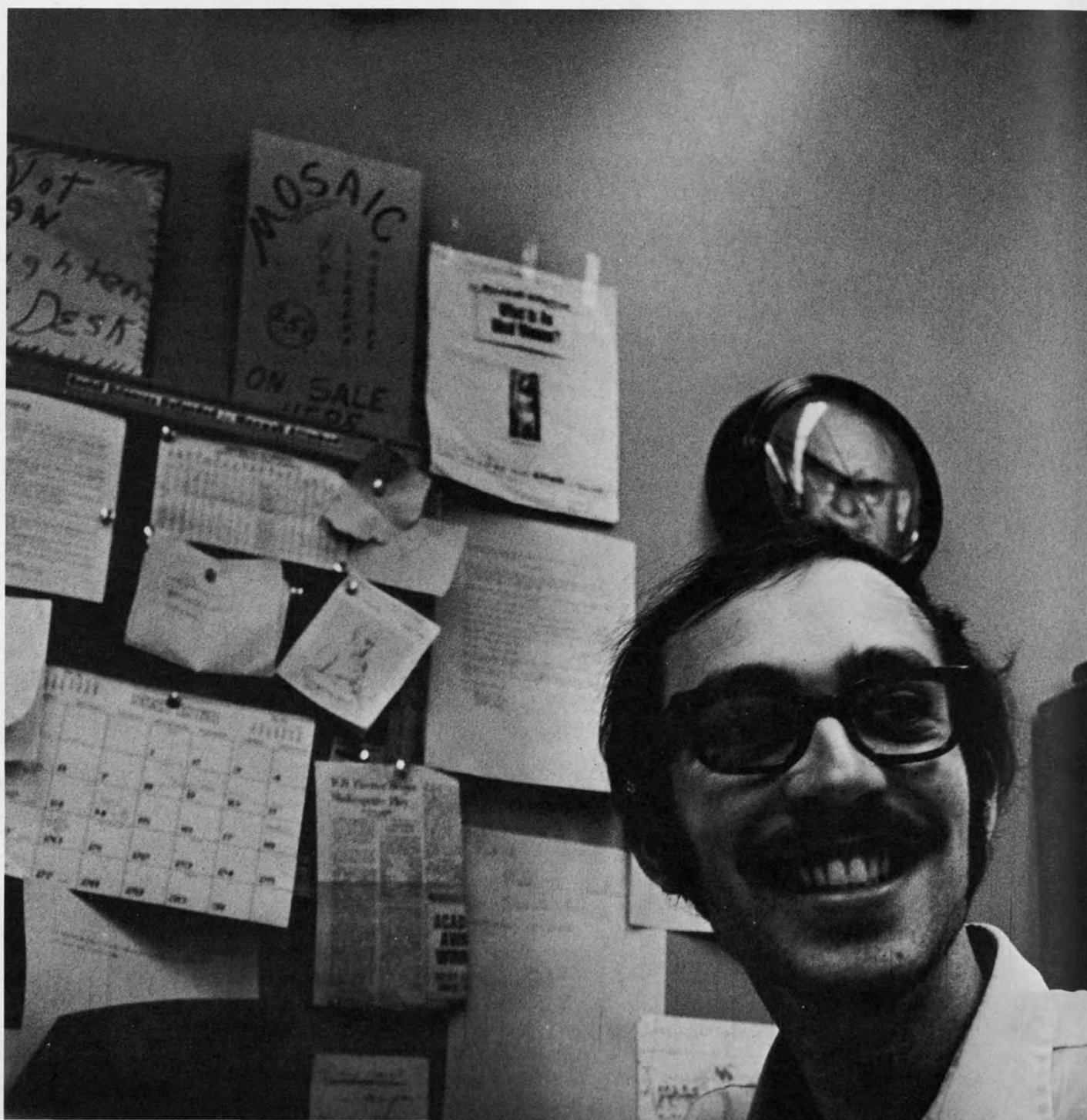
The question is always how to have the best of two worlds. . .

The paradox can be restated in as many forms as one likes; but the question is always how to have the best of two worlds. Some more than tentative solutions have been found by the poets on this campus. This is not a group, one would imagine, with particularly institutional instincts; nevertheless, it has been able to create the most viable institutions at UCR.

One of these institutions is Poetry Group, in 1967-8 the province of Dr. William Elton of the English department. Elton, one of the best critics and most insatiable talkers anywhere, led weekly discussions about poems mostly from UCR. Meetings turned occasionally into intellectual brawls, and rebellions against Elton's authoritatively dished-out brand of aesthetics. Everyone snarled a good deal and took apart a monstrous number of bad poems, activities both purgative, and eminently suited to bad poets. There were, of course, a few good poets too, among them Vicki Lerman, who edited the 1968 POETRY UCR. The issue relied heavily on Elton's favorite poet, William Chapman (the only writer everyone could agree was at least passable—and even here there were mutterings to the contrary) but published also such student poets as Mike Kelly, Mark Grinyer, and Harvey Brody. It also included a rebellious gesture, in the form of a drawing of a naked fat man, noticed, disappointingly, by almost no one.

Riverside's other literary magazine is MOSAIC, financed by ASUCR and edited by Richard Maxwell. Maxwell, in spite of cumbersome vanities and eccentricities, gave his publication its first good year in as long as anyone could remember. (He also won the Hoffberg Poetry Prize.) The spring issue of MOSAIC featured a symposium debating the balance between oral and "written" elements in ancient and modern literatures. Besides an interview with Harvard philologist Albert Lord, it included a translation of the Anglo-Saxon "Battle of Maldon" by MOSAIC advisor Dr. Allan Metcalf, and Jim Phearson's essay on "Sterne, Borges, Bergman."

Richard Maxwell



No institution can be that efficiently autonomous. . .

In late spring another issue of MOSAIC materialized, this time built around a supplement of "Essays & Observations on American Poetry." The topic turned out to have more than a passing relationship with the contents of the first issue. "The subject 'American poetry.'" wrote Maxwell, is certainly too large to do anything with as it stands. Our contributors here concentrate on a few specific problems, such as the relation between the poet and tradition and....between oral and 'literary' elements in poetry." What is important here is the sustained attempt to do something with a central theme over the course of an entire year. MOSAIC was a good magazine largely because of its realization of the necessity of giving some basic form to its individual contributions, of imposing on them a coherent and more or less inclusive pattern.

And the publication managed to be inclusive in some other ways too. One of the lessons people on this campus have not yet learned is the importance of occasionally getting outside any given institutional framework, no matter how efficiently autonomous it may seem. Departments here are ingrown; the ASUCR fine arts commission can cooperate only uneasily with the Committee for Arts and Lectures. But MOSAIC and POETRY UCR were, for the first time, able this year to work together. At least five or six people worked intensively on both magazines. In fact, the basic problem began to be how to differentiate between the publications; and Leg Con even questioned the relevance of supporting both.

The general feeling among those who were interested in the dilemma was that it was better to have two groups cooperating than one organization statically there. Maxwell pointed out the differences between the functions of the publications: "POETRY UCR, publishes about thirty pages of poetry a year. This is supposed to represent the best of what Poetry Group has worked with in the past year. MOSAIC, on the other hand, includes both poetry and literary criticism. Furthermore, we hope next year to open lines of communication with people who haven't been interested in writing for the magazine in the past (philosophers, people who will discuss politics or religion *per se*.) POETRY UCR publishes poetry alone. We are doing something messier, possibly more ambitious: trying to provide a context for literature."



The poets created the most effective of these hybrids

The one magazine is inclusive, the other, in some sense, exclusive. And both have been remarkably successful in getting people to cooperate. Poetry Group gets students and faculty together in a situation where the categories "student" and "faculty" don't particularly apply. MOSAIC accomplishes the same thing by working its "essays & observations," by people on all academic levels, into an organic whole.

At the same time, the publications manage a viable relation with the classroom. Some of the best criticism and poetry published this year in MOSAIC came out of two seminars conducted by Dr. Peters. No one, it should be added, seems happy with the idea of a poetry class; whether poetry can be taught in the same classroom framework used to present historical and critical material is clearly open to question. And similarly, the place of criticism outside the classroom has not been sufficiently established; students are uneasy at best about fostering something so patently "academic." But the basic idea, of course—it sounds more basic than it is—is that poetry and criticism can be usefully presented together. (One attempt, this year, to do this quite literally was Vicki Lerman's "Drury Lane," an epic piece of criticism-as-poetry that, in spite of some failures of tone and perspective, was actually superb.) And Poetry Group, itself a classroom situation metamorphosed, will have, theoretically beginning in fall 1968, a resident poet specially appointed to work with it.

This, then, is the last, and probably the most effective, of those hybrid situations we promised to uncover ten pages ago. Hopefully, a few principles to keep in mind—while summoning up poets and tenors and creators of environmental collages—have become more or less clear. In case they haven't, though, we will state them explicitly: (1) The classroom is not necessarily sterile, conforming, etc. Often enough, however, it is, especially given the number of incompetent teachers, and the number of courses devoted solely to mass lectures, to be found on any UC campus. (2) The point of getting outside the classroom is simply to use the resources of the university efficiently—that is, to use them not only as much as possible but in as many ways as possible. And this (meaning the latter alternative) is precisely what UCR students have been doing this year.





Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night, eh? I was young. You bowed to yourself in the mirror, stepping forward to applause earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the God-damned idiot! Hray! No-one saw: tell no-one. Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W. Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years, a mahamanvantara. Pico della Mirandola like. Ay, very like a whale. When one reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one with one who once. . .

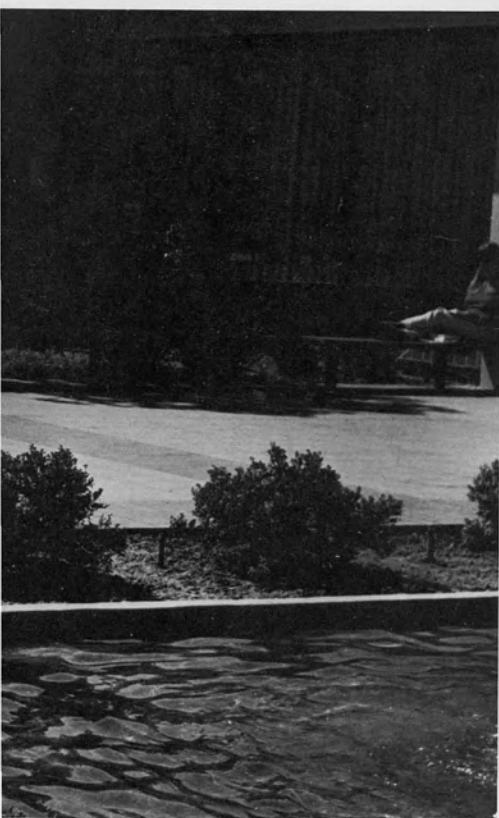
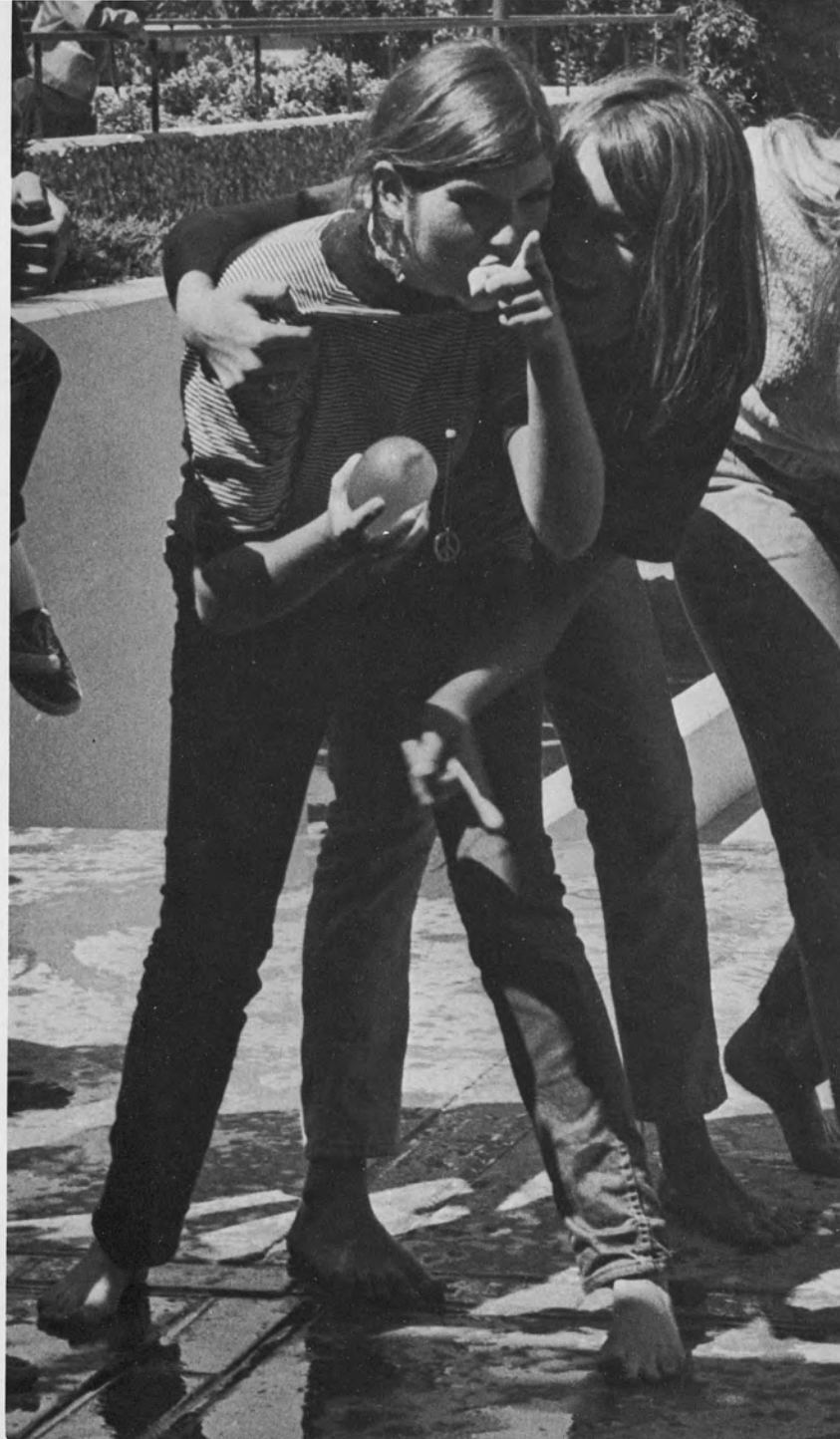
(IV)

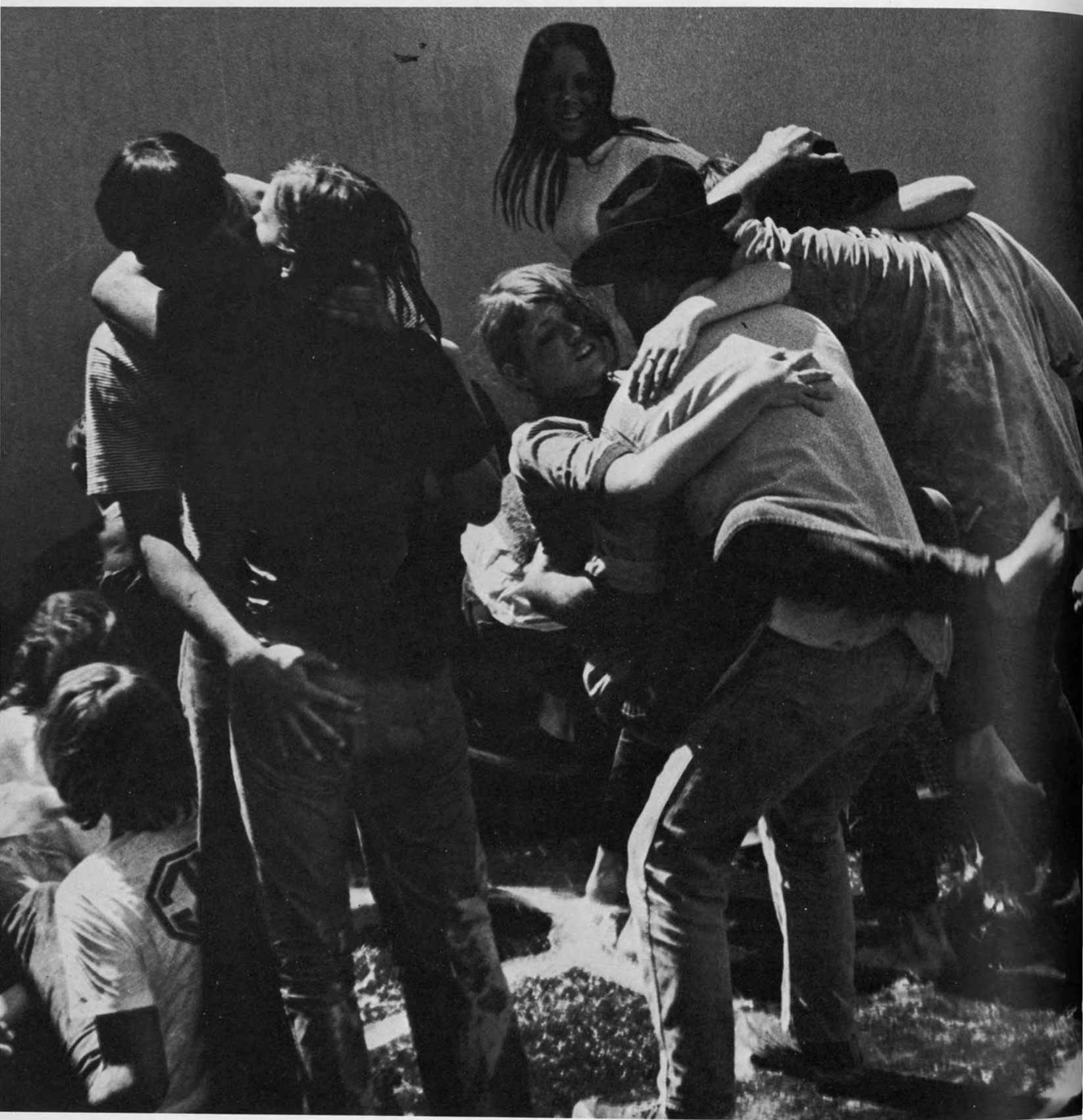
Scots on the Rocks

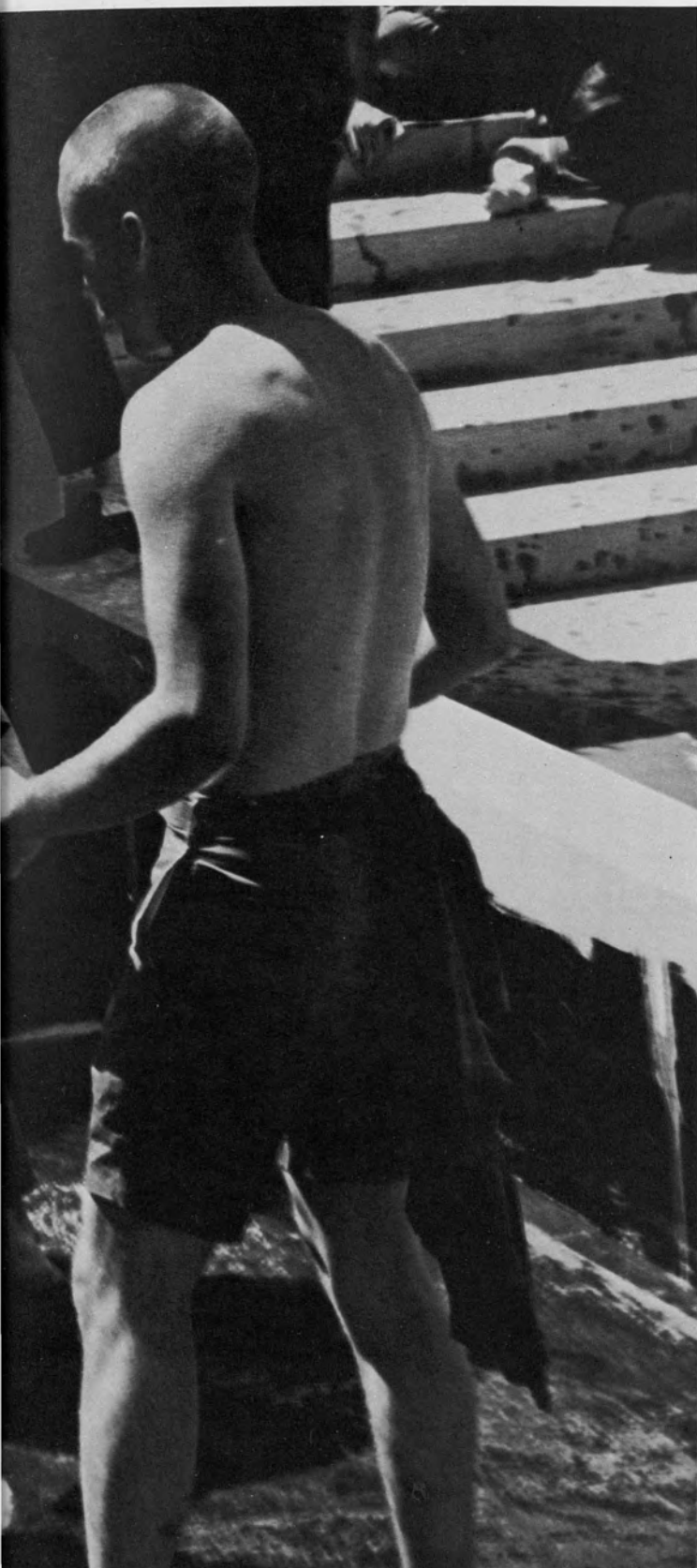
On campus were touring students from a military academy and champion debaters from all over southern California. One visitor commented: "My parents wanted me to come here but now I'm not so sure they would let me." The waterfight magnificently obliterated the prestige of at least twenty Woodrow Wilsons.

And across from the health center, where the Chancellor is planning an arcadian lake, other plans got under way. Mudfights, of course, make no sense at all, except to people who have always wanted to be in the middle of a Mack Sennet comedy. But they must have some motivation: predatory instincts, like lust, or self-destructive tendencies--as if we were constructing some large-scale allegory of collective guilt. At this one there were unicops, with megaphones and snarls; and of mud, an unlimited supply.



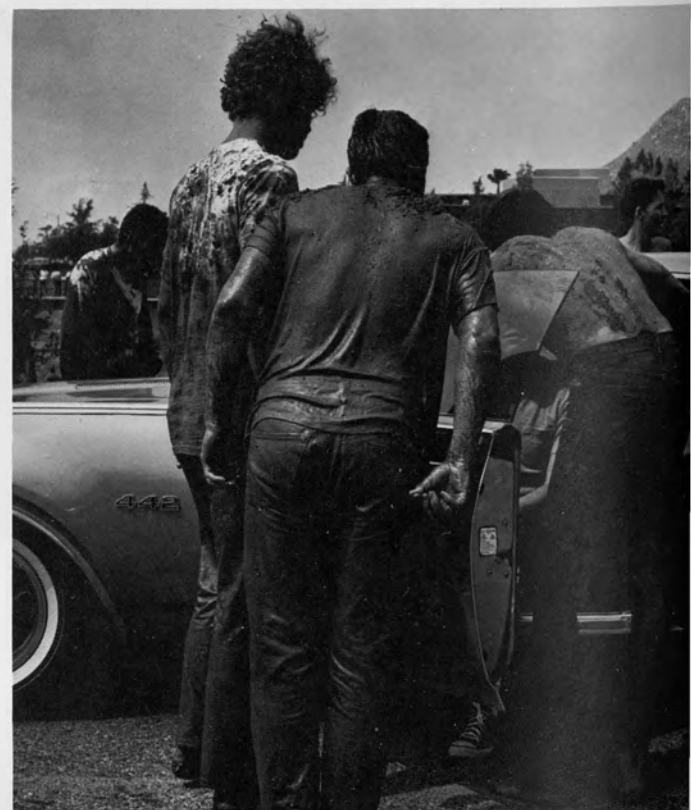
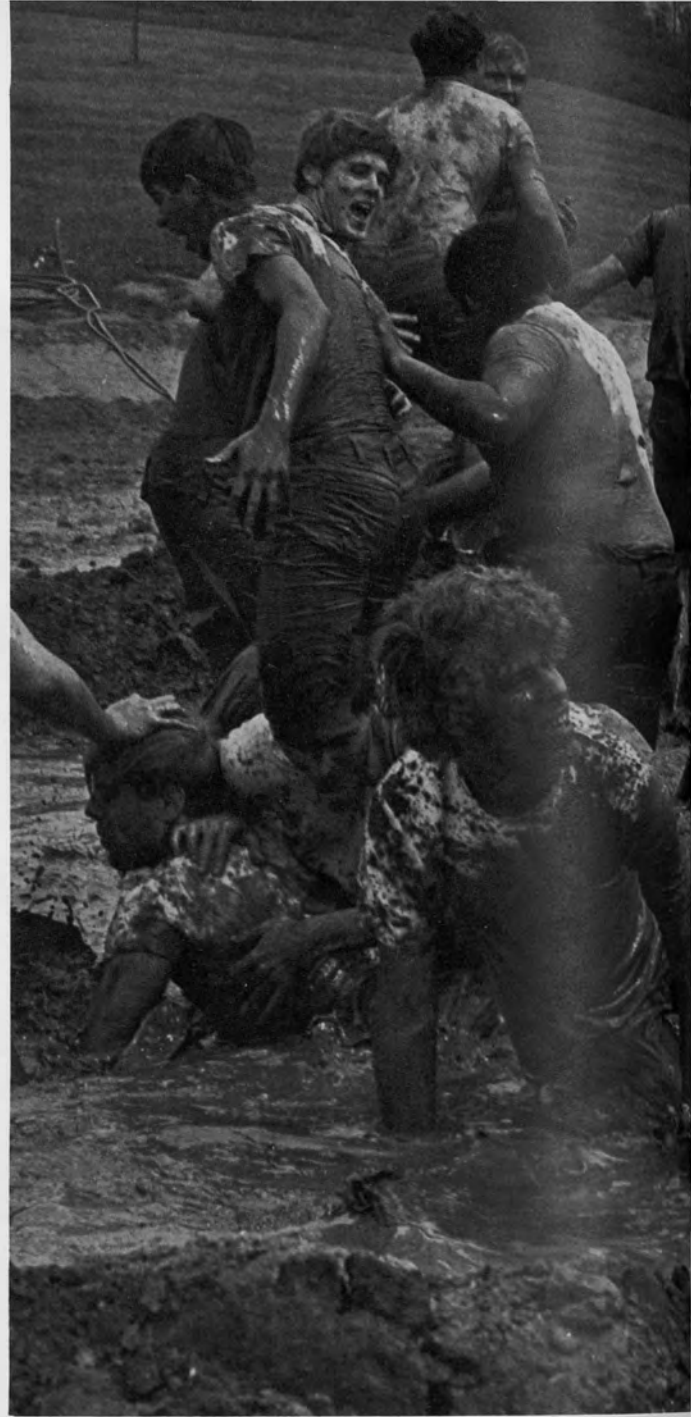


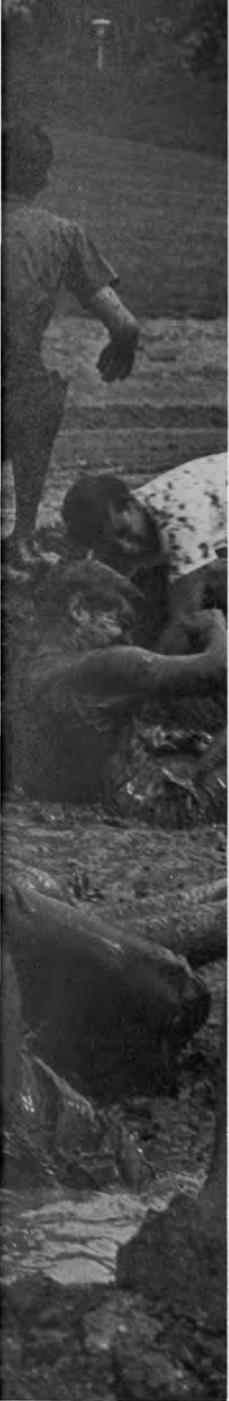


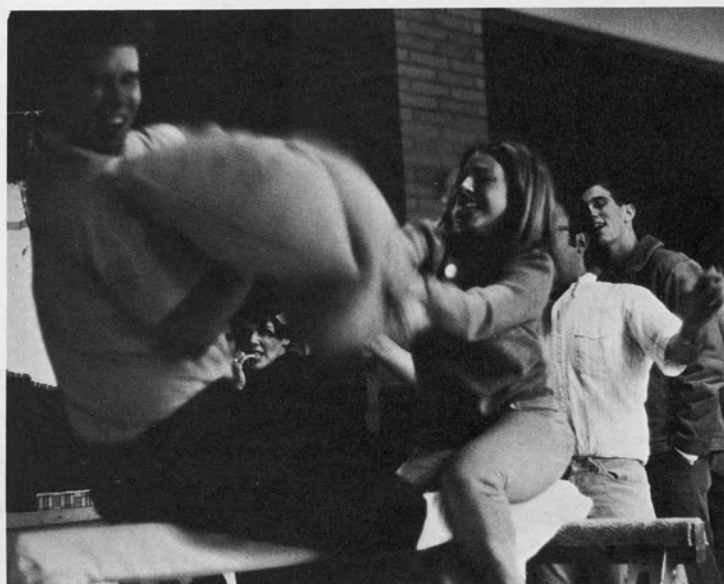


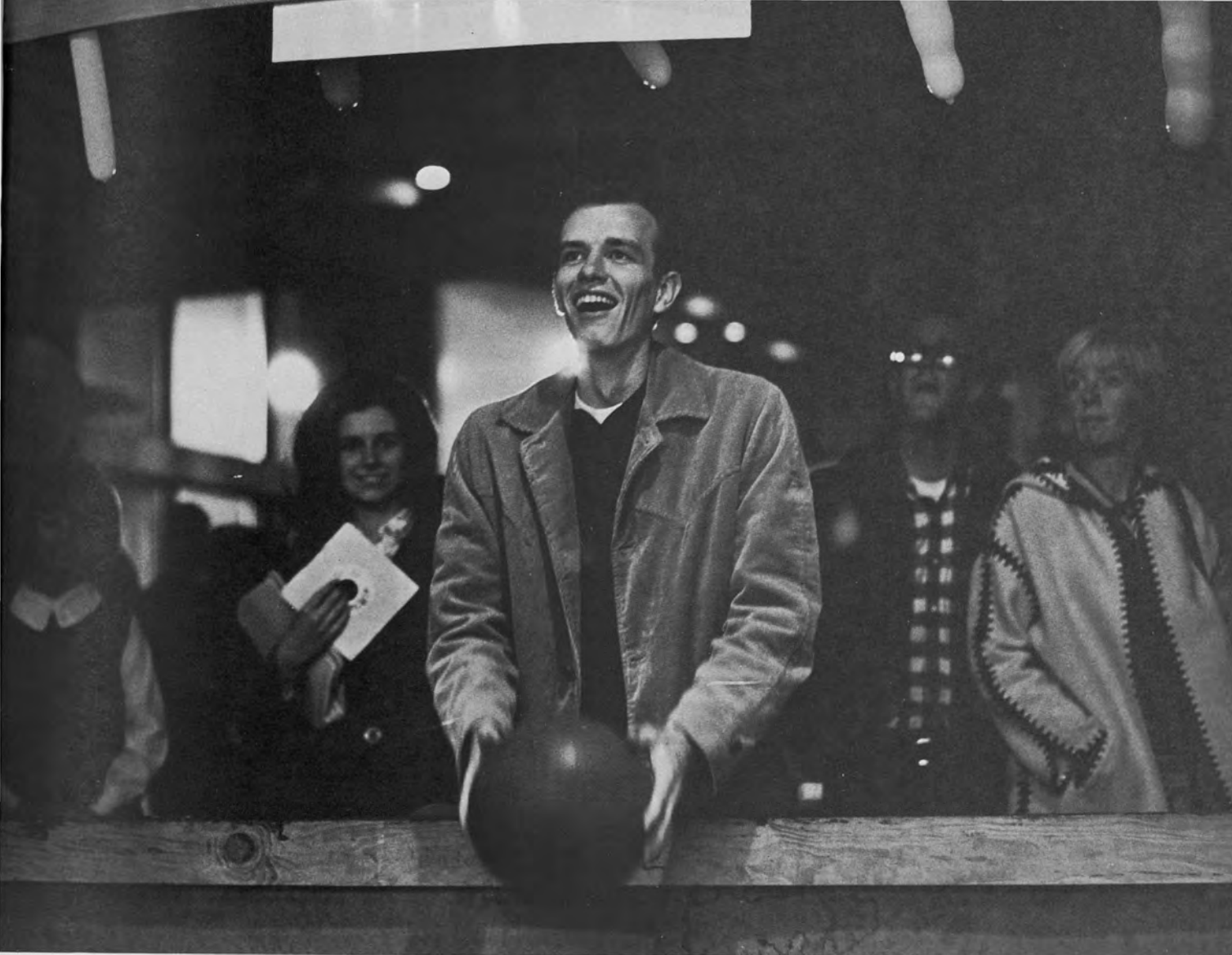
Call the roller of big cigars,
The muscular one, and bid him whip
In kitchen cups concupiscent curds.
Let the wenches dawdle in such dress
As they are used to wear, and let the boys
Bring flowers in last month's newspapers.
Let be be finale of seem.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

(V)









Scots' Carnival

A carnival is fun only when it can be kept going. UCR solved the problem nicely by staging the festivities on the inner court of the Commons, thus crushing booths and people into a few square feet of space and creating the illusion that there were a lot of people there, celebrating something. "These crowds," noted one of the more level-headed participants, "aren't nearly as big when you get outside of them." It didn't really matter, though, since almost everybody there was inside of them. The booths were as ridiculous as they should have been; and--something that could have happened only here--a miscellany of unshaven students stalked through the carnival and the dance, selling broadsheets from Havana and "Poetry UCR." KUCR, to everyone's enormous relief, got rid of about three thousand of their less inspiring 45's (they were given away as prizes); and the money, of course, went to Unicamp. That was also the night "The Wizard of Oz" was on television, which seemed obscurely appropriate.





walkin' in the sea, short by light
it's then you spy carnival lights
you slowly kneel
the magic sight tan—ger—ine sky,
minus one kite

take time and tie your pretty hair
the gypsy driver doesn't care
if you catch your hair
in the ferris wheel, on top
in the ferris wheel, on top

a silver bicycle you shall ride
to bathe your mind in the quiet tide
far-off as it seems
your hair will mend
and the samson strands to begin again

take time and dry your pretty eyes
watch the sea gull fly, far off skies
to build its nest in the ferris wheel, on top
in the ferris wheel, on top

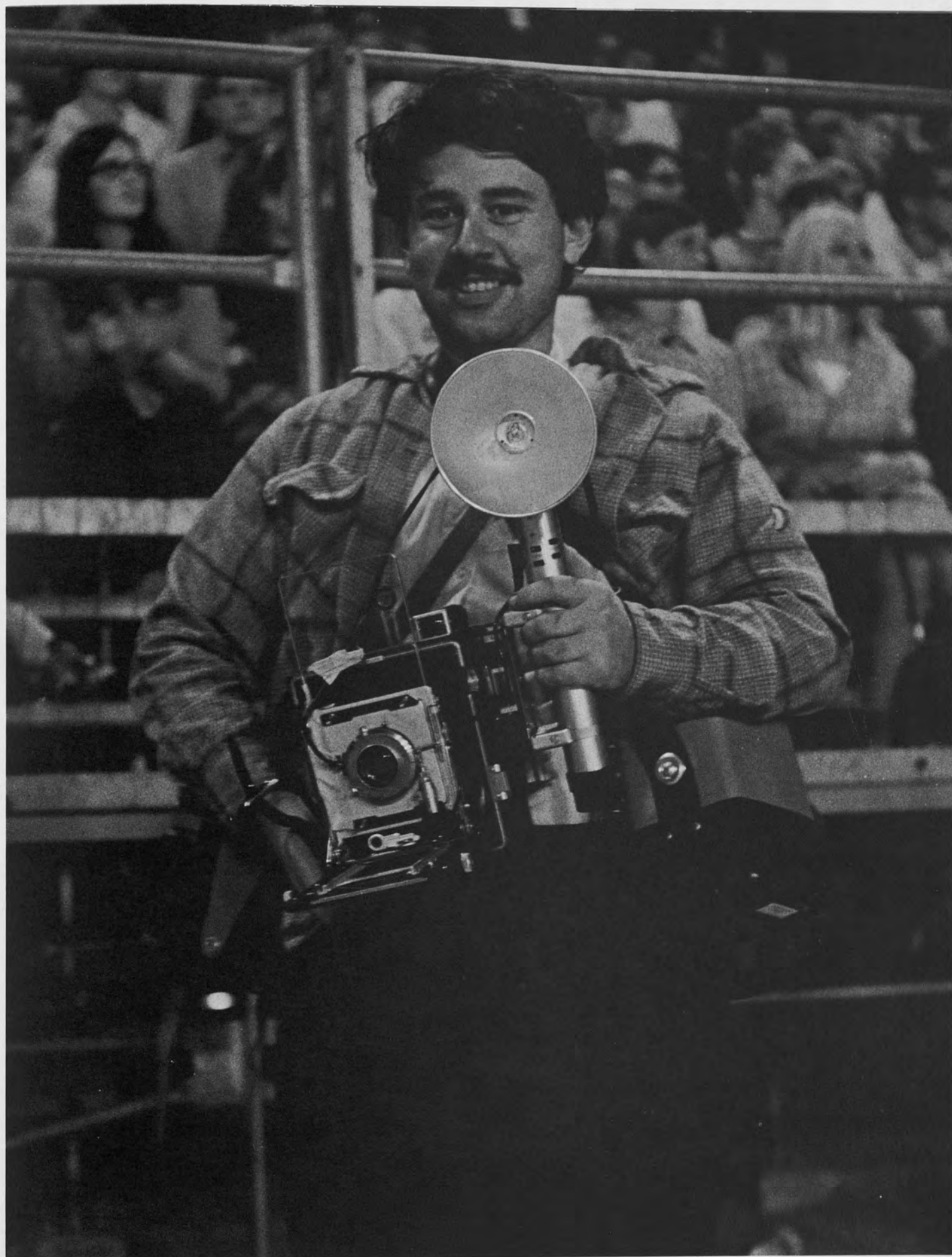
if ever i return

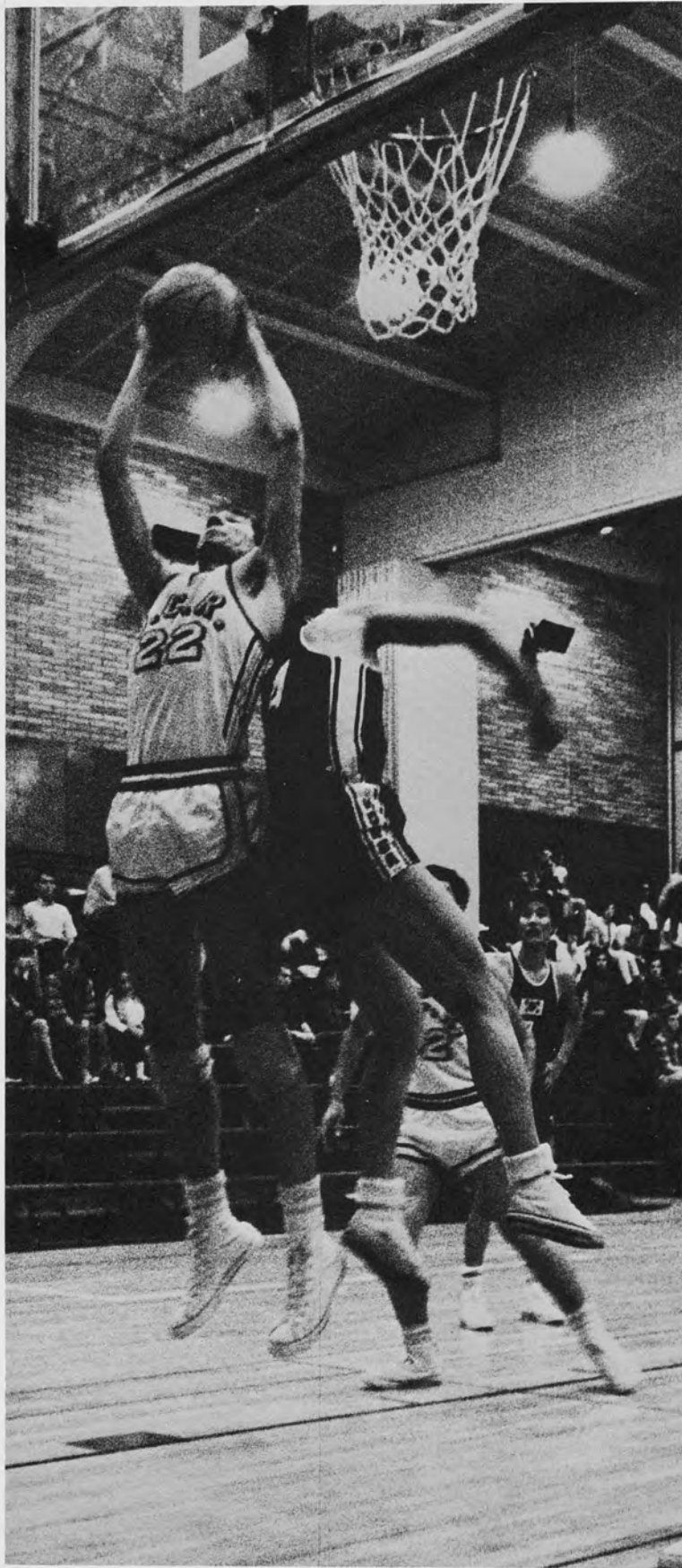
and the moral, if annnyyyy my friend
is to follow through your dream to the end
dig the sea gull fly across the sky
to build its nest in the ferris wheel
in the ferris wheel

(VI)

One Hundred Years

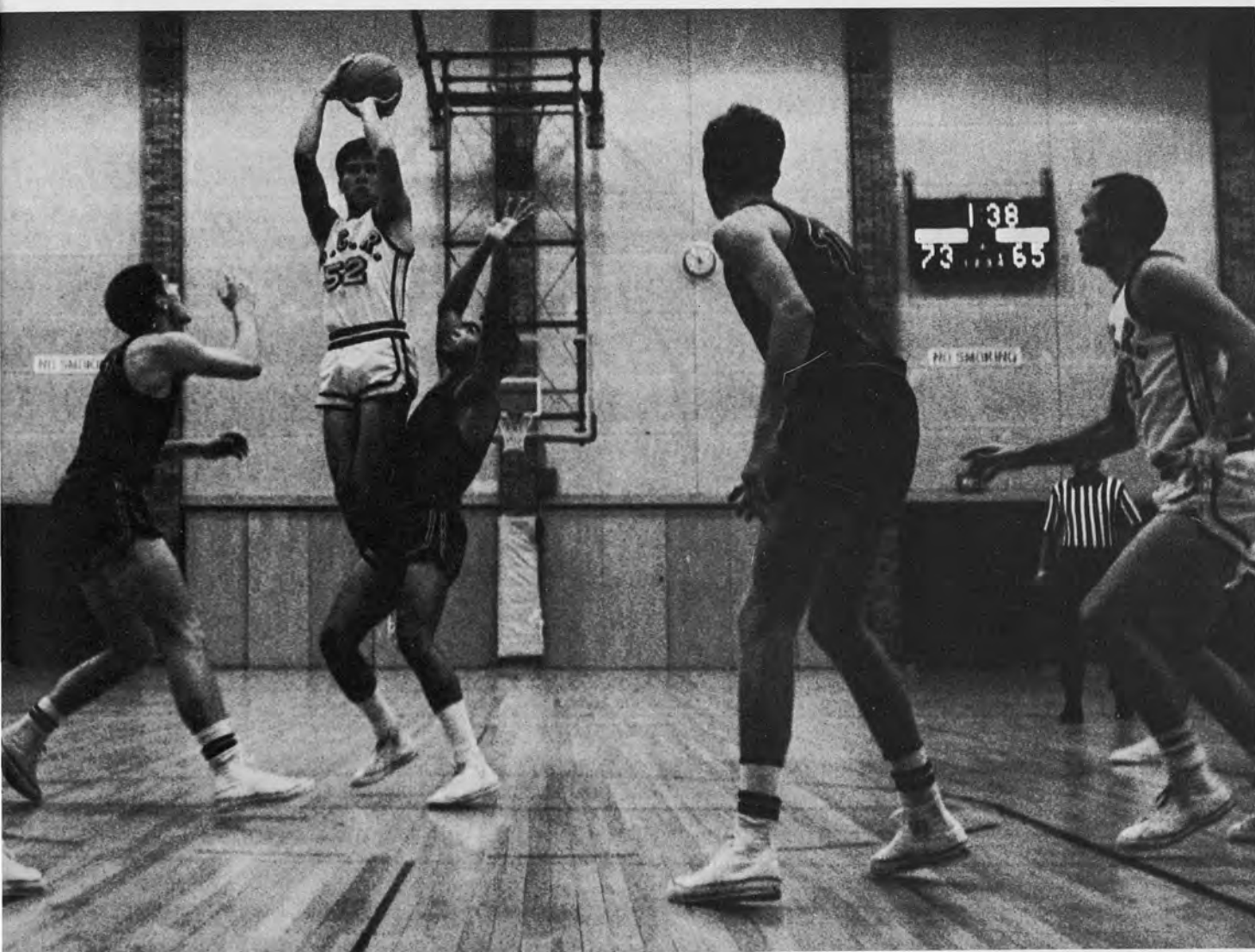






Basketball

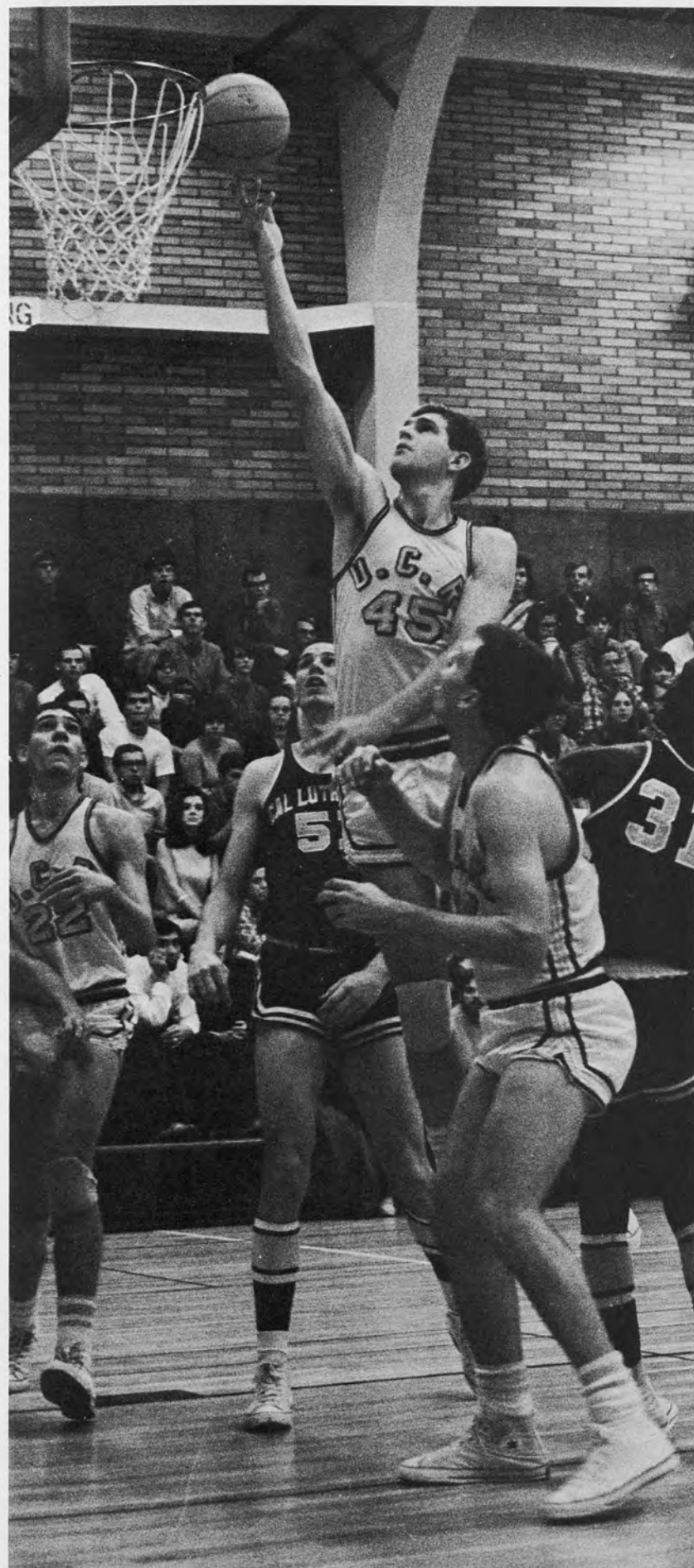
UCR's cagers couldn't quite manage to stay in the win column in 1967-68 and wound out the season with a 15-11 record. The campaign was characterized by a rash of second half slumps and a constant change in the outlook concerning a NAIA playoff berth. The Highlanders opened the year with a 90-83 loss to Azusa-Pacific but then quickly took wins over Pomona and the University of Nevada. In the following eleven matches the Scots traded every win they could garner for a loss. Then the season suddenly took on a brighter look as UCR captured its second Riverside Classic crown. In the Classic the Clan breezed by Cal Baptist 113-61 and then surged from behind to beat UC Davis 84-76. The Davis victory gave the Highlanders new momentum and they appeared headed straight for that NAIA playoff berth as they marched over Cal Lutheran and UC San Diego. Hope dimmed quickly, however, when the outclassed Clan dropped a 97-83 decision to Westmont and had to meet nationally ranked Pasedena the following week. Pasedena offered new hope rather than despair, however, as Bob Grey and Sony Festejo led the Scots to an impressive 80-61 win. But things went down as fast as they came up with a loss to Cal Western and the final blow from Westmont 100-96. The season was not over yet and the Highlanders adjusted well to the role of spoiler. Travelling to Pasedena the Clan proved they were no pushover dropping the Crusaders once again, this time in a close one, 73-71.

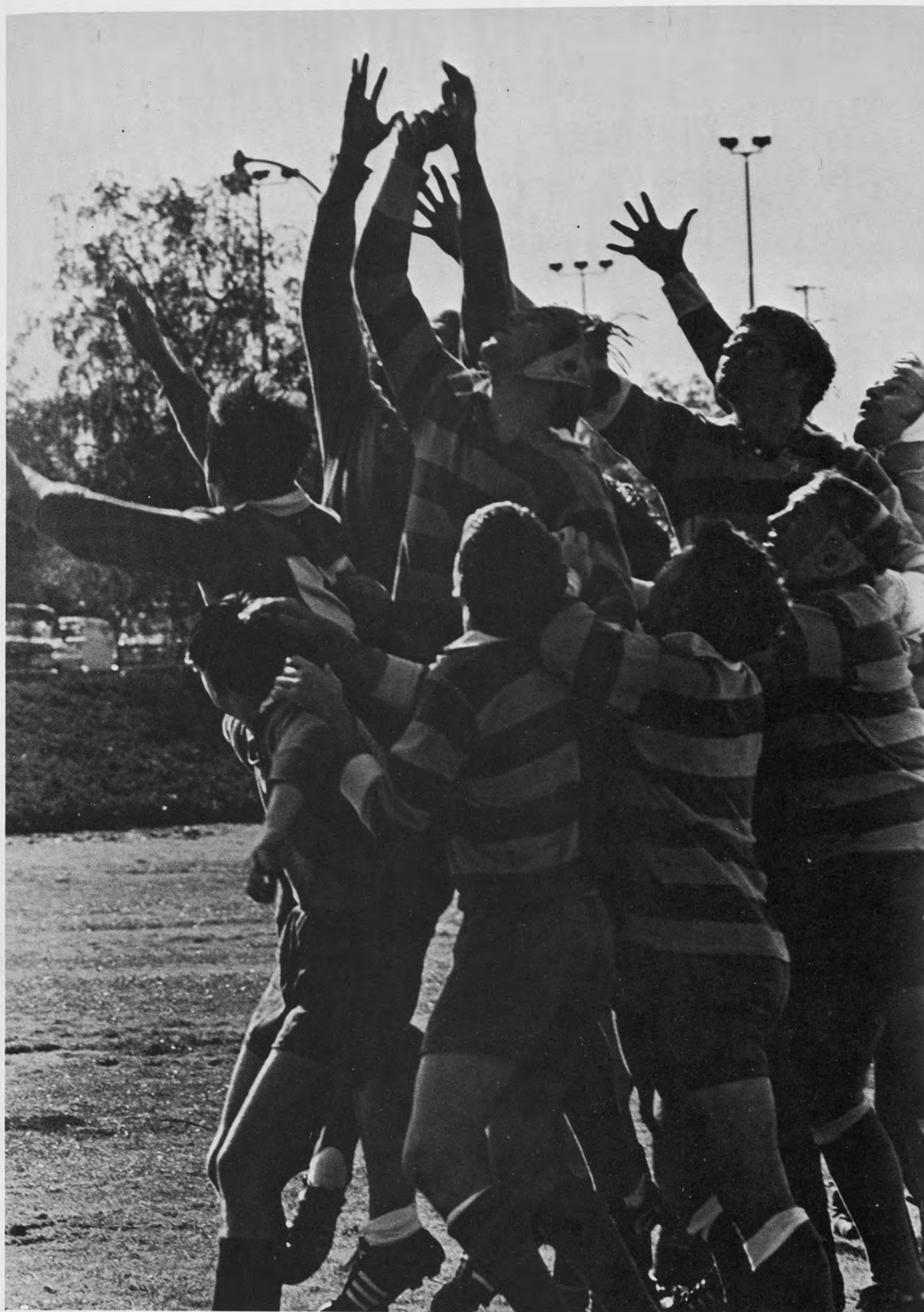














Rugby

The Highlander Ruggers fought their way to one of the best seasons in UCR rugby history in 1967. Coming off a particularly poor 1-10 record the Scots won four while losing six on the season and stood 3-4 in the Southern California Union second division. UCR, however, managed to outscore their opponents 131-106 and suffered most of their losses in close contests. Ron Svarc and Mark Freeman led the scoring for the clan with 33 and 30 points respectively. Graduate Ed Furteck was chosen Most Valuable for the Peter Hofinga, Lou Sumner coached Highlanders.

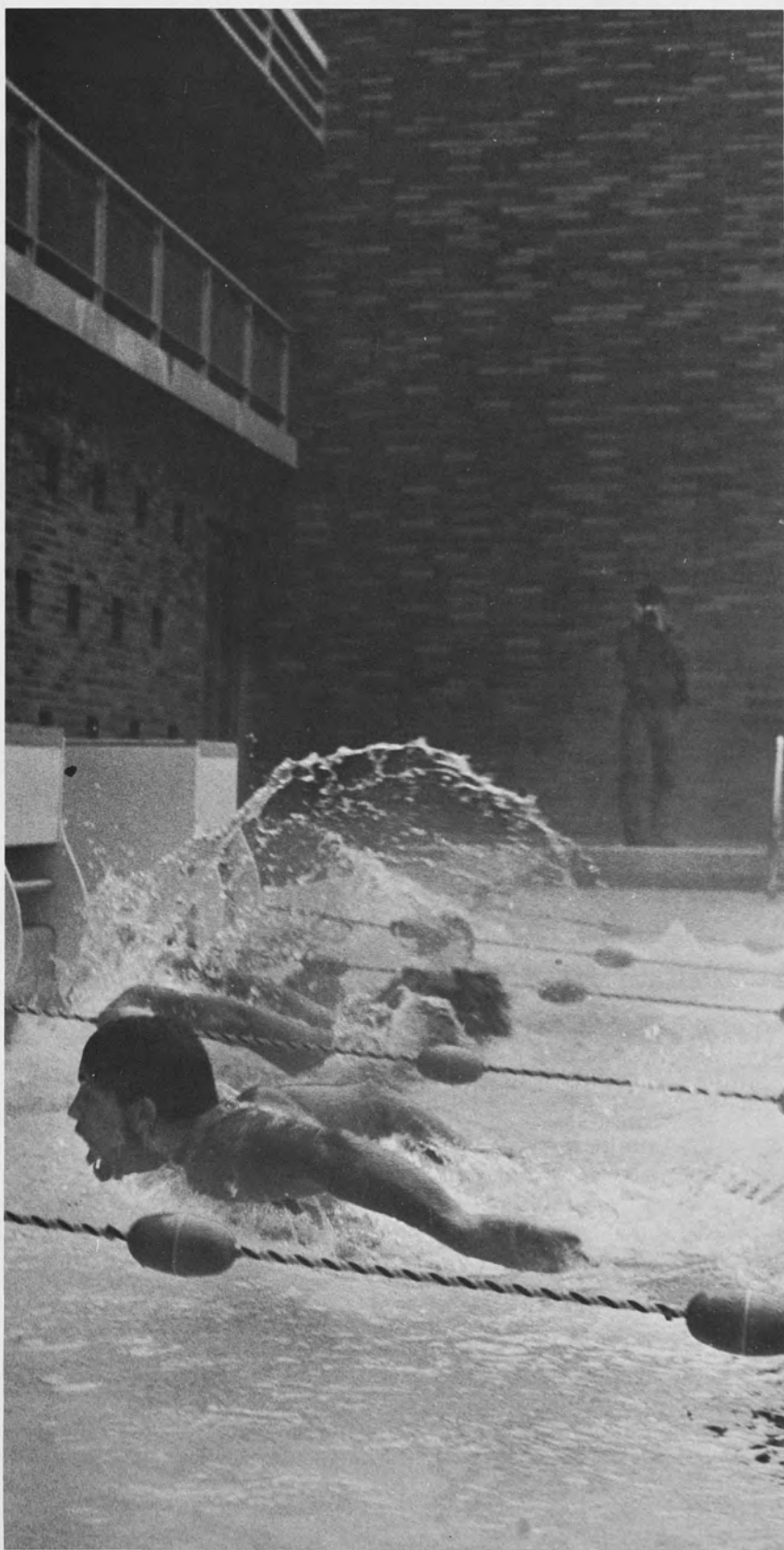
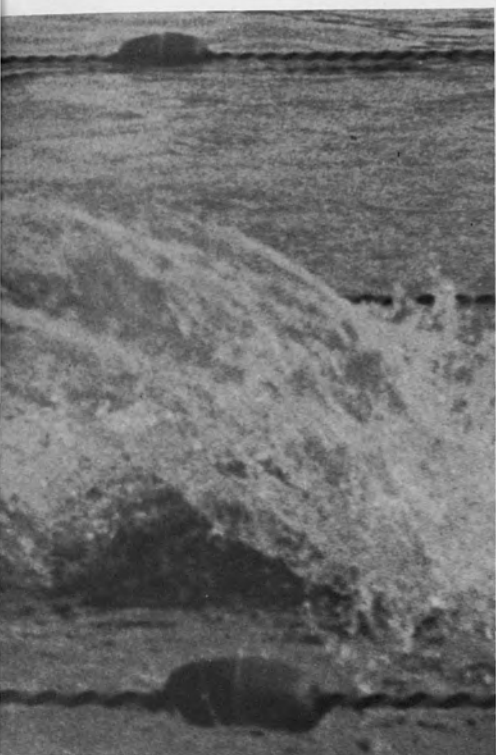




Swimming

UCR's 1968 swim team was clearly the finest in the school's history. The Highlander swimmers broke 12 of 17 possible records on their way to a 7-4 dual meet record. Freshman Keith Casenhiser, who alone broke six school records, represented Coach Gil Allan's troops in the NAIA National championships and finished high enough in his three events to capture a seventeenth place finish for UCR out of the 56 schools competing at St. Cloud, Minn. Casenhiser's records came in the 200 Fly, 2:14.4; 500 Free, 5:13; 1000 Free, 10:48; 200 Individual Medley, 2:13; 400 Free, 4:08.1; and 1650 Free, 18:12.4. Another Freshman, Joe Cox, broke both the 200 Free (1:58.8) and 133 I.M. (1:27.3). Other record breakers were Steve Melcher (200 Back, 2:24.6) and John Cox in 1M diving. Both relay records also fell. Scott Griffiths, Melcher, Casenhiser, and Cox clipped the 400 Medley in 4:09 and Melcher, Cox, Casenhiser, and Ralph McCreary bettered the 400 Free in 3:37.6. McCreary, lone senior on the squad, was also team captain.







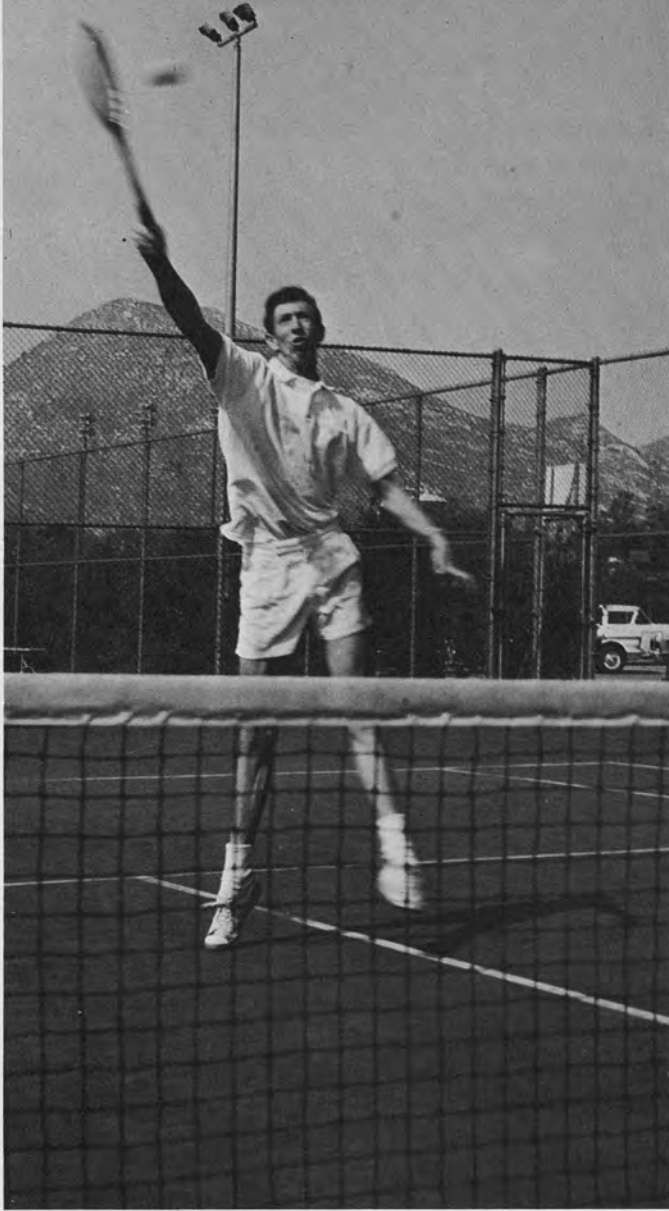
Baseball

1968 was another year of ups and downs for UCR baseball as the HIGHLANDERS tripped to a 17-23-2 record. The high point of the season was a fine showing in the second annual Riverside Invitational Tournament. The HIGHLANDERS finished in a three way tie for first place in the classic, but were given third on the basis of cumulative points. During the tourney Randy Walker pitched the Scots to UCR's first major sport victory over tournament victor UCLA, 4-1; John Lowenstein captured the batting crown at .467 and Richard Dahlgren topped all hurlers with a .50 ERA, allowing just one run in two full games. Even the tourney had its dark moments, however, as Mississippi State routed four Scot hurlers and clobbered the Clan 10-0 in their second match. During the season the Scots defeated national champion Chapman College of Orange once and lost twice to the Panthers by one run margins. John Lowenstein provided another bright spot for UCR when the stellar shortstop was named to the NCAA small college All American team. Lowenstein's .393 overall batting average and sound fielding won him a second team berth on the select squad. The rest of the year was somewhat less than spectacular, however, with the longest winning streak the Scots could sustain being four games while they suffered six and seven game losing streaks. The HIGHLANDERS lost both ends of a double header to UC Santa Barbara to end the season with six straight losses. Rocky Weber, Mike Mayne, and Joe Rakow joined Lowenstein in leading the HIGHLANDER's hitting and Dan Vossler, Gary Clark, Randy Walker and Richard Dahlgren held down the pitching chores for Coach Don Edwards.







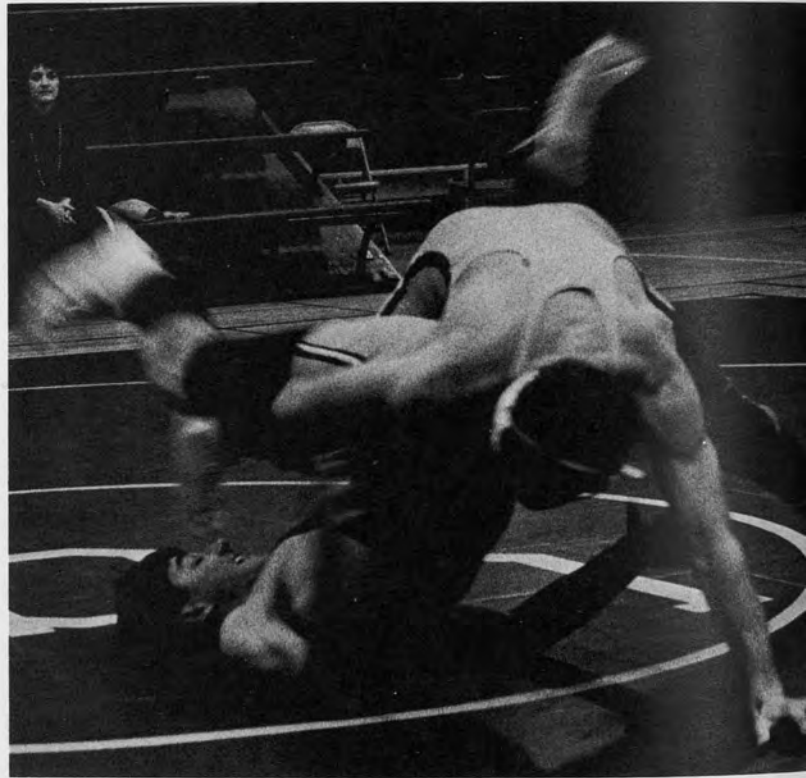


Tennis

Coach Jack Hewitt's tennis team got a fast start in 1968, winning nine while losing four, but hit the court doldrums late in the year to wind up the season 9-8. Captain Wade Hawley led the Scots backed up by steady performances by Bob Bauslaugh and Al Baumstark. The Clan managed a second-place finish in the NAIA district behind a strong Pasadena College club. The Junior Varsity racketmen compiled a 6-2-1 record.

Wrestling

Sparked by some fine individual performances, Coach Gary Knecht's second UCR wrestling squad chalked up a 5-6 1968 season. The Scots included a second-place finish at All Cal and third in the Biola invitational to their credits. Dan Pastor led the HIGHLANDER's with a 20-2 overall record and a perfect 11-0 in dual meet competition. Pastor also captured the NAIA District III championship in the 145 weight class and represented the HIGHLANDER's in the nationals. Matt Huges and Tom Hurd scored in the district with third and fourth place respectively. Frank Cressy and Larry Anderson rounded out the consistent scorers.





Fencing

UCR's fencing team accomplished some impressive feats in 1968 including a near perfect 9-1 season record. Coach Jim White's fencers finished first in the Intercollegiate Fencing Conference of Southern California, second in the Western Intercollegiate Championships, Third at All Cal, and captured 12 of 15 first place medals at the UCLA invitational. Don Barry, who placed first, Bill Snider and Dave Kelso qualified for the AFLA Pacific Coast Championships. Stu Cipinko completed the core of the successful HIGHLANDER squad.

Golf

UCR's golf team, comprised entirely of underclassmen, posted a 6-4-2 record in 1968. The HIGHLANDERS also finished second in the NAIA District III. The Scots failed to win the District match when they fell just two strokes short of victor Redlands University. Warren Shafer and Jim Toothaker led the Frank Lindeburg coached squad. Shafer was chosen Most Valuable and Tom Zenk was deemed Most Improved.



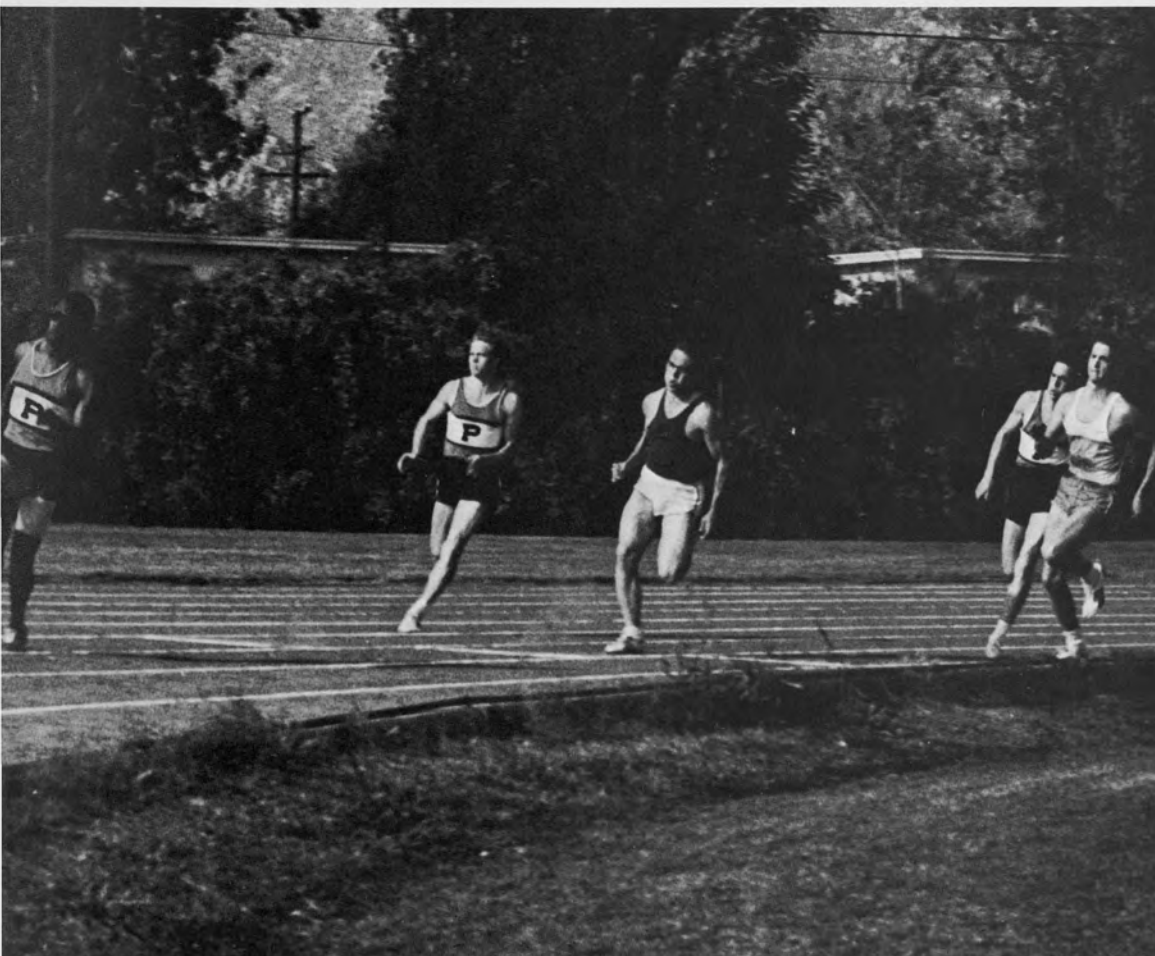
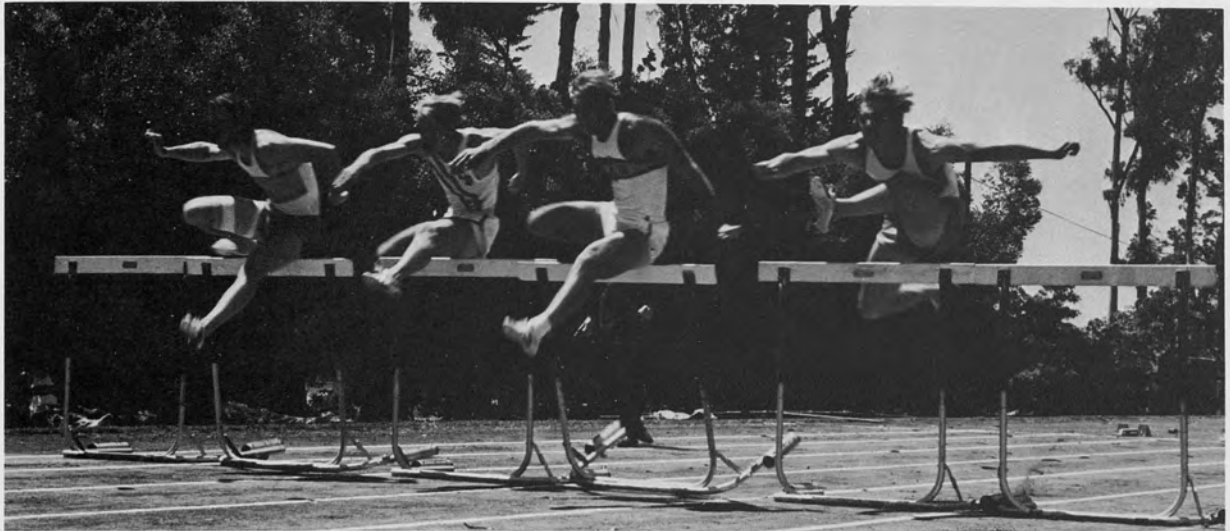




Track

Although hampered by lack of numbers, the HIGHLANDER track squad continued its winning ways in 1968 with a 5-2 dual meet record. The Scots, with only 15 lettermen, were often unable to field more than one competitor in each event with the exception of the distance and middle distance races. There were always events left uncontested. Injuries also played their part but no one was lost for the season. Nevertheless, a team composed almost entirely of sophomores and juniors felled seven school records and UCR was represented in the NCAA college division nationals at Hayward and the NAIA nationals in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Vern McCalla (880) and John Slavin (3 mile) qualified for both meets but were unable to place. Coach Jack Sage's charges also captured fourth in the Orange Invitational and garnered a sixth-place finish in the NAIA District III meet. Placing in the NAIA meet were: Slavin, 1st, 3 mile (14:36.5); McCalla, 2nd, 880 (1:52.0); Ken Arthur, 3rd, Shot Put (49'4"); Dan Letlow, 4th, Discus (131'); and the mile relay team of John Davis, Craig Higley, Lee Dameron, and McCalla (3:21.1). McCalla's 1:52.0 in the 880 was good for a school record as was the Mile relay time. Both hurdle records fell during the season to Jim Thill with 15.3 in the 120 HH and 55.3 in the 440 IH. In the field events Pat Halligan chalked up a 43'10 1/2" mark in the triple jump, and Arthur's heave of 50'7 1/2" in the Shot Put gave him the record. The two mile relay team of Dameron, Tony Delucia, Slavin, and McCalla ran 7:58.8 at the Mt. SAC relays to set a new school record. Vern McCalla was chosen Most Valuable on the track and Ken Arthur received the title of Most Valuable in the field events.



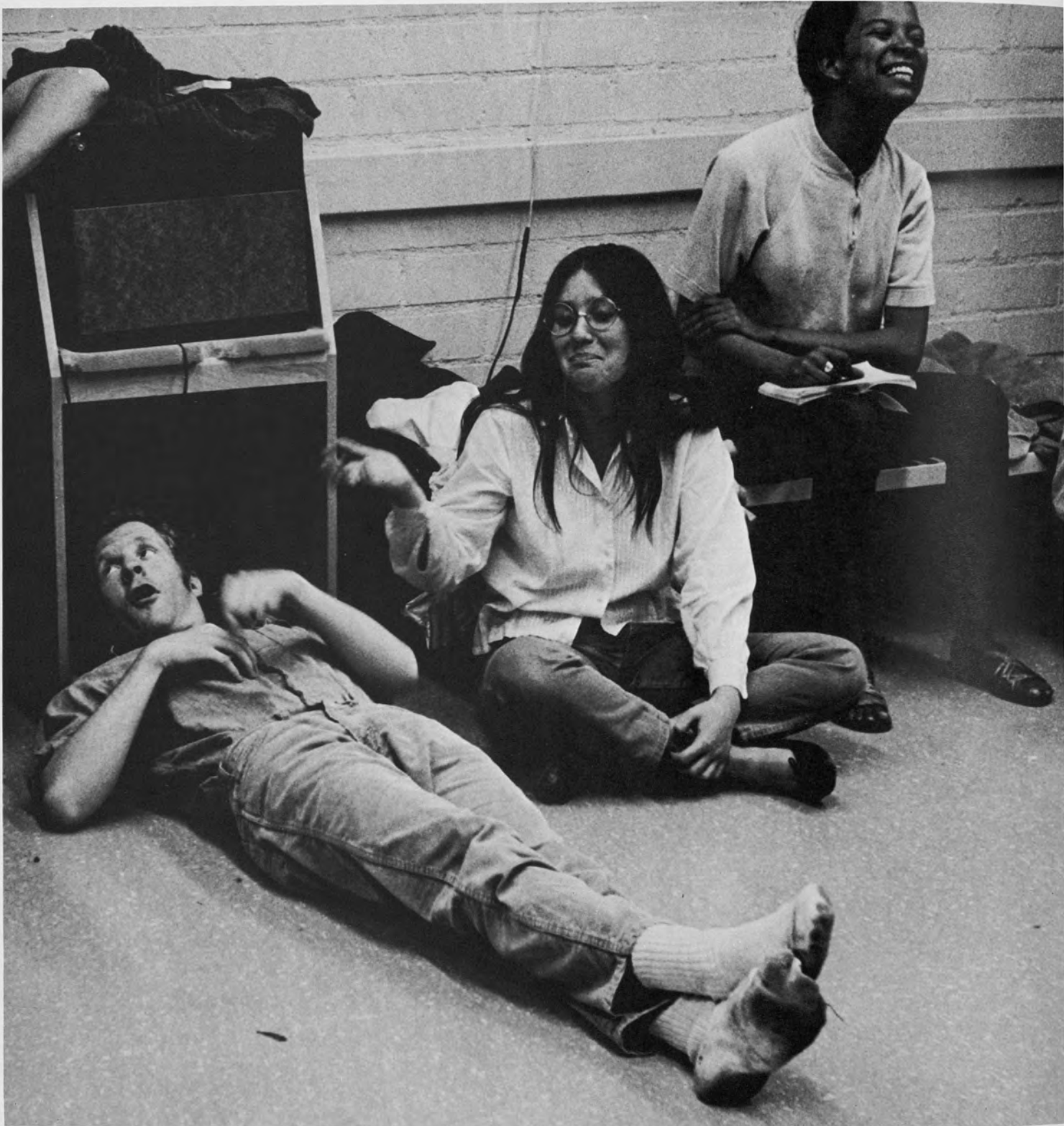






The pump you pump the water from is rusty
And hard to move and absurd, the squirrel-wheel
A sick squirrel turns slowly, through the sunny
Inexorable hours. And yet sometimes
The wheel turns of its own weight, the rusty
Pump pumps over your sweating face the clear
Water, cold, so cold! you cup your hands
And gulp from them the dailiness of life.

(VII)



Chris Legette (Mercutio), Charlotte Colavin (Juliet), Charlene Bletson (Nurse).



Romeo and Juliet

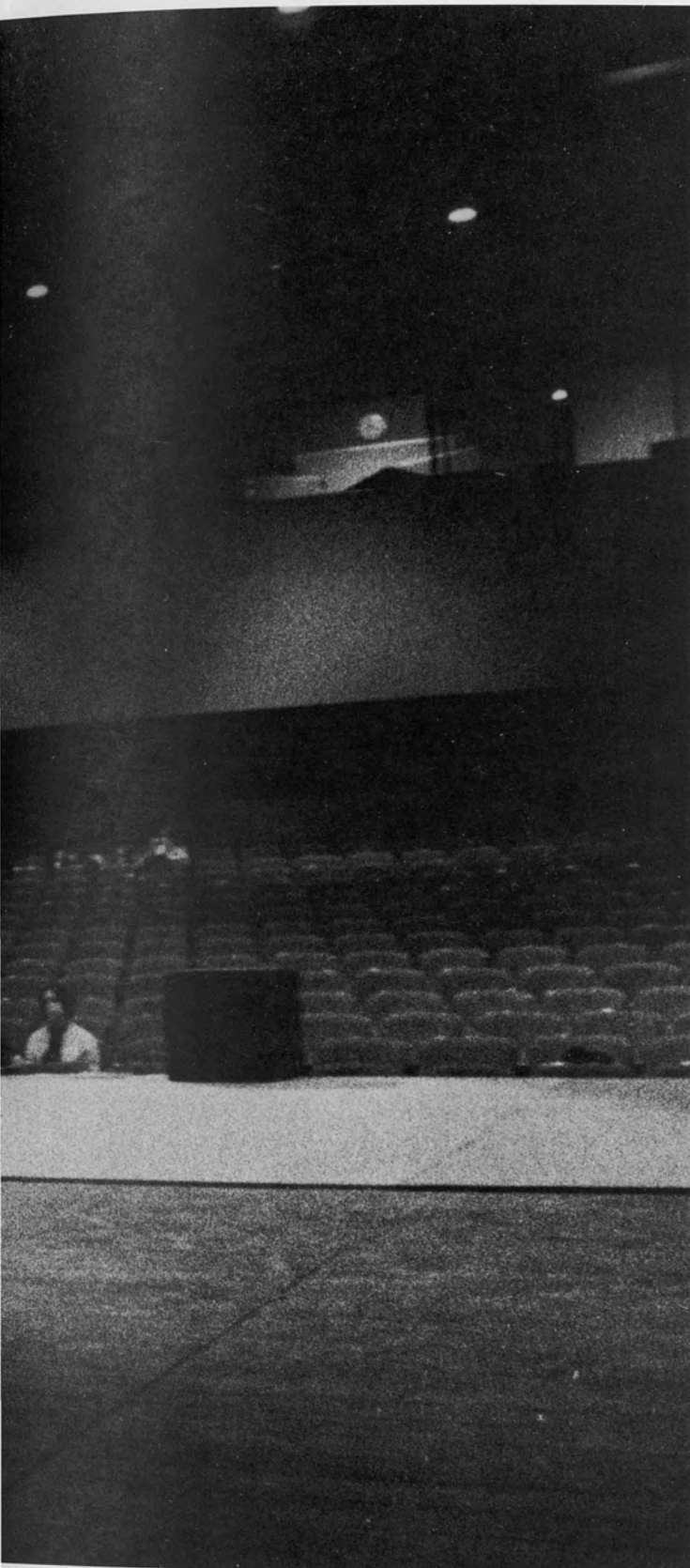
"It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden: Too like the lightning." This is a play sometimes more euphuistic than Shakespearean, full of conceit and elaboration. At the same time, though, it demands a quality of haste, confusion even: as if it were more the peripheral chaos of the situation that impels the action, rather than any tragic essence. Juliet, who learns much, misunderstands more; and Romeo, who means well, never manages to weld intention and action. Mercutio dies in an attitude of surprise, and his death sets in motion a final series of shocks. A mistake in timing makes the final tragedy; it is Friar John's mistake, but even more that of Romeo, too much in a hurry to kill himself--and hurrying others to the same fate with him.

So the play is about thoughtless, impulsive people, but people who are, nonetheless, created in terms of the richest, most prolonged piling of words on words. Shakespeare is both drama and poetry, but never have the two been further apart than here. Anyone who undertakes to direct the play has to find some way to bring them together again.

One way is to keep opening new universes until the play is over. If anything can cover the gap between action and words, it is this constant sense of discovery, of the tentative becoming the actual; we suddenly gain what we thought we had all along, or what we fear becomes real merely by the intensity of that fear. Thus Romeo's jump from Rosaline to Juliet; thus Juliet's potion soliloquy. And this sense of movement, of our growing with a constantly expanding universe, can come through in physical ways. The set is a street scene; and a wall we thought a permanent fixture suddenly opens to reveal a dazzling interior with a masquerade in progress. Our reaction is one of delight; and delight is enough to hold us to the action on stage.

But perversely, Shakespeare seems intent on closing worlds rather than opening them. A play about love needs the sense of expansion; but a tragedy depends on the cumulative narrowing of possibilities, until every choice is the wrong one. When Mercutio dies, we lose two worlds: of fantastical wit and of hard sanity. And then the nurse and the friar desert Juliet, betray her even. If the play is to work we have to accept this lessening of possibilities as itself a means to growth; and then, perhaps, the hastiness of action and richness of diction in Shakespeare's magnificent enterprise can be made to work to the same end.





Those masterful images because complete
Grew in pure mind, but out of what began?
A mound of refuse or the sweepings of a street,
Old kettles, old bottles, and a broken can. . .

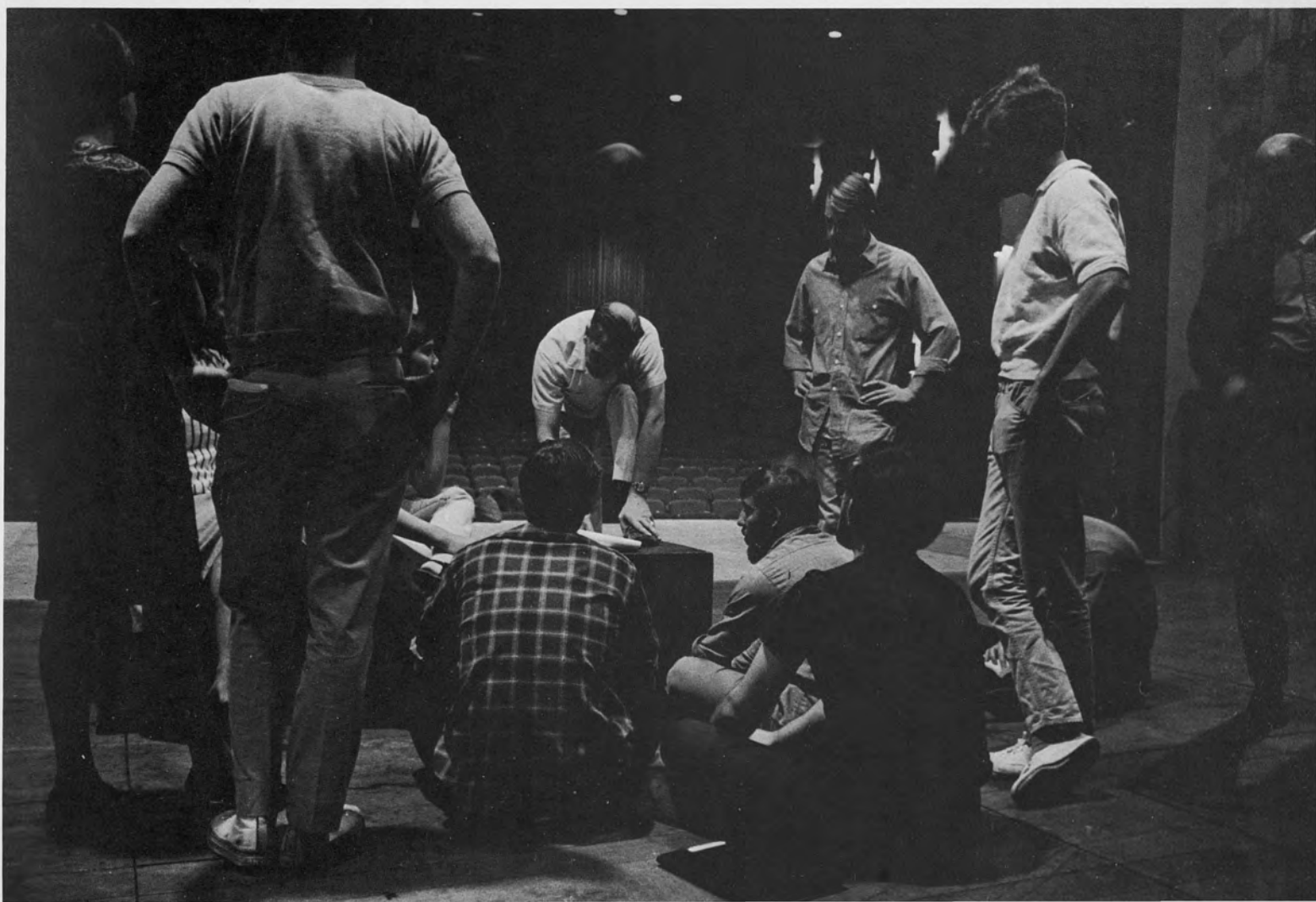
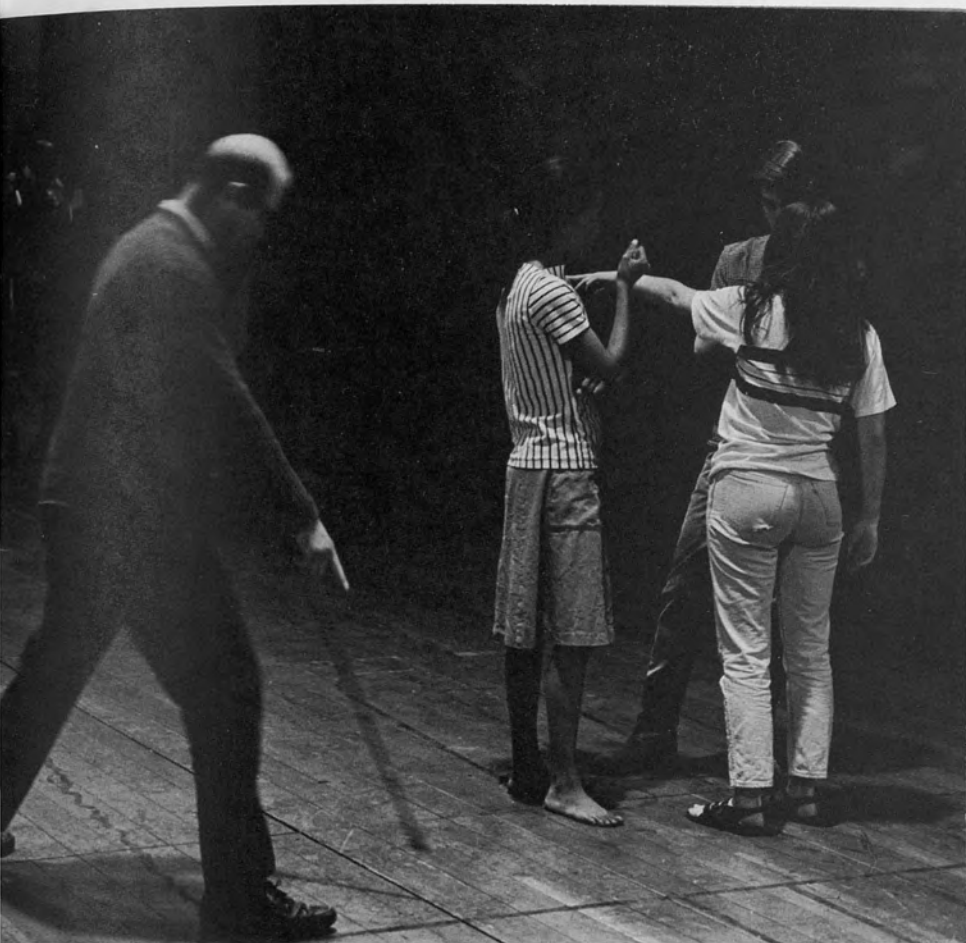
(VIII, continued)

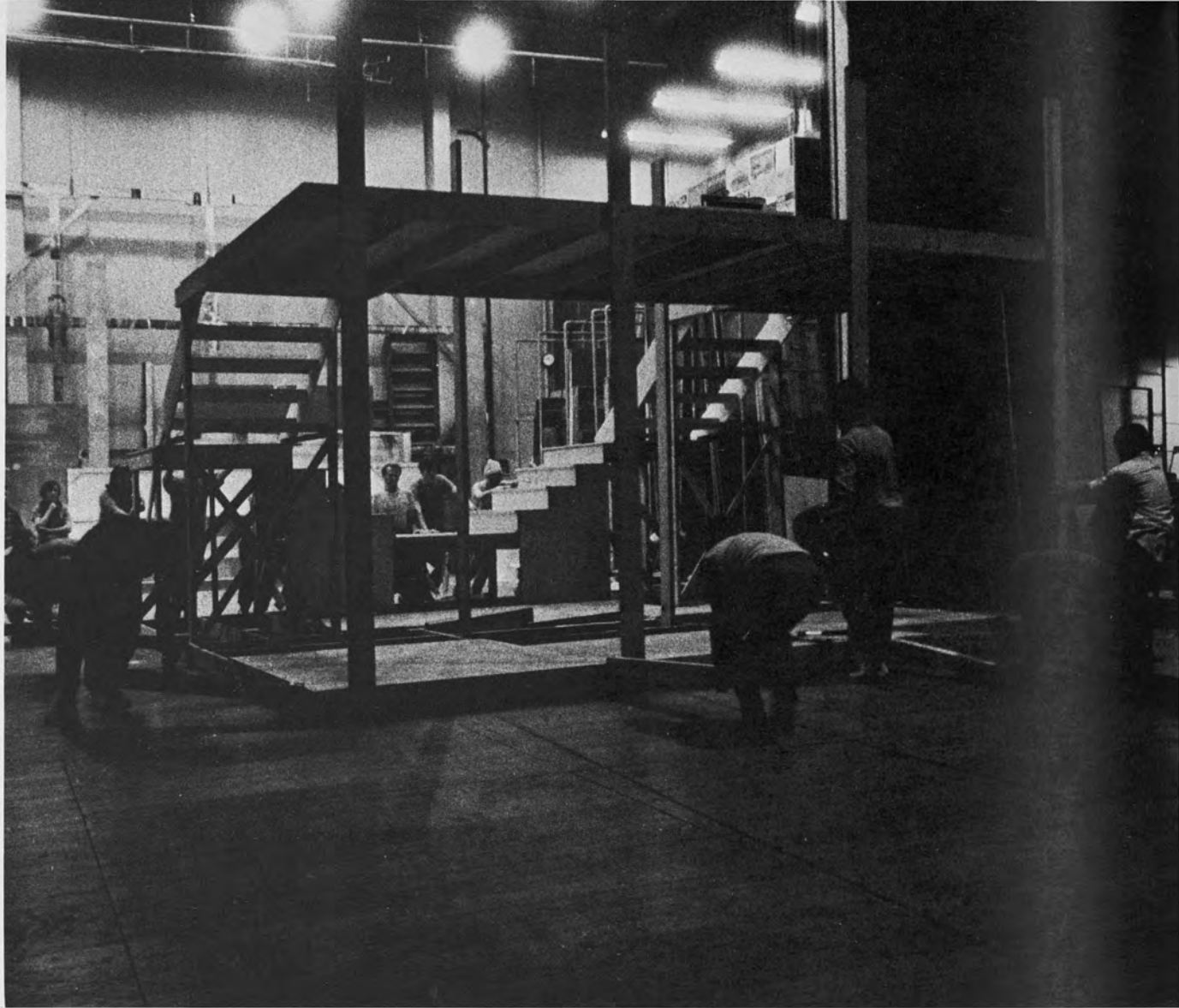
But before the metaphysics come clear, there is the question of actually getting into the play. And what actors and director are first faced with, is words. In this production, seniors Charlotte Colavin and Charlene Bletson played the parts of Juliet and the nurse, respectively.

CHARLENE BLETSON: "For me the problem was one of conceptualization. I didn't know what she was saying; so I played around with the idea of an old mind, a mind too old to grasp the words, to communicate. And eventually some of the words started meaning things, in sequence." In the case of the nurse, at least, once the words begin to make sense, they also make no sense at all. "She never gets to say what she wants to say. The sequence where she's trying to tell Juliet to come to the church, she starts out: Your love says like an honest gentlemanand all the time, she's not thinking about finishing the sentence; she gets hung up on the description. Her mind just works that way."

One wonders if what seems to be florid, extraneous language may not after all be at the heart of the play's effectiveness. Somehow the character of Mercutio balances the very unlike character of the nurse perhaps, because the one's superb command of language and the other's comic subservience to it are so central to the two characters. The symmetry is perfect.



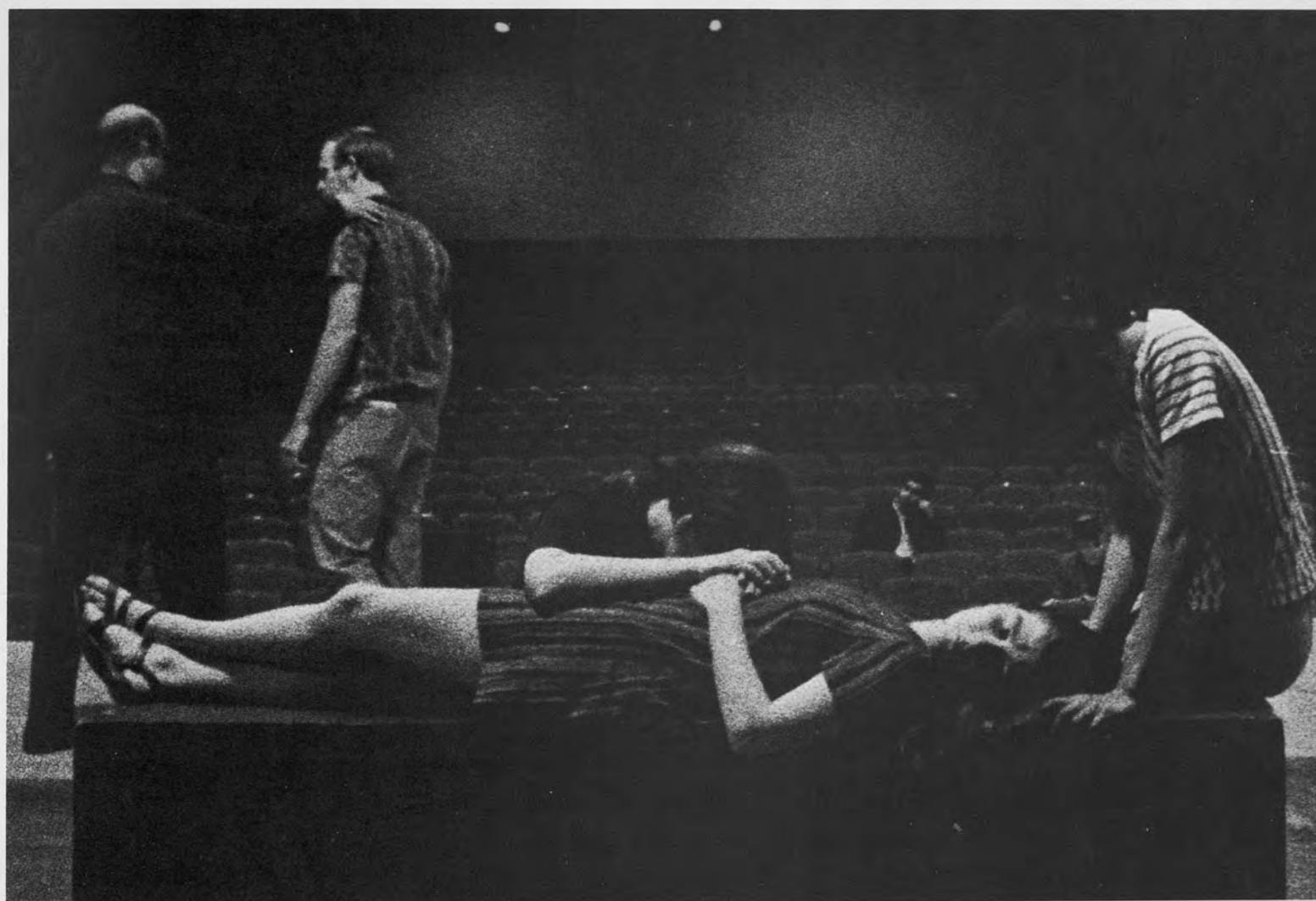


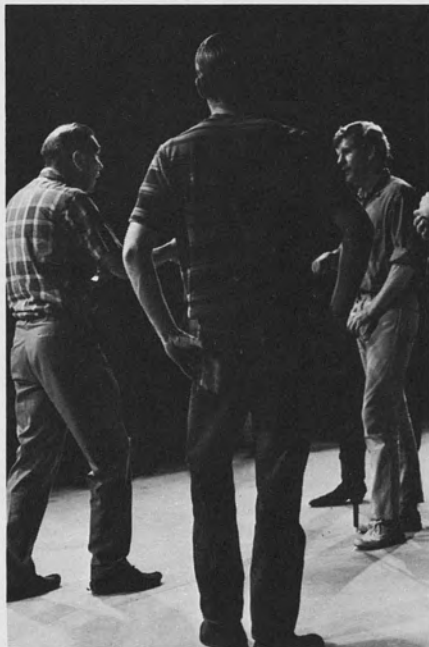


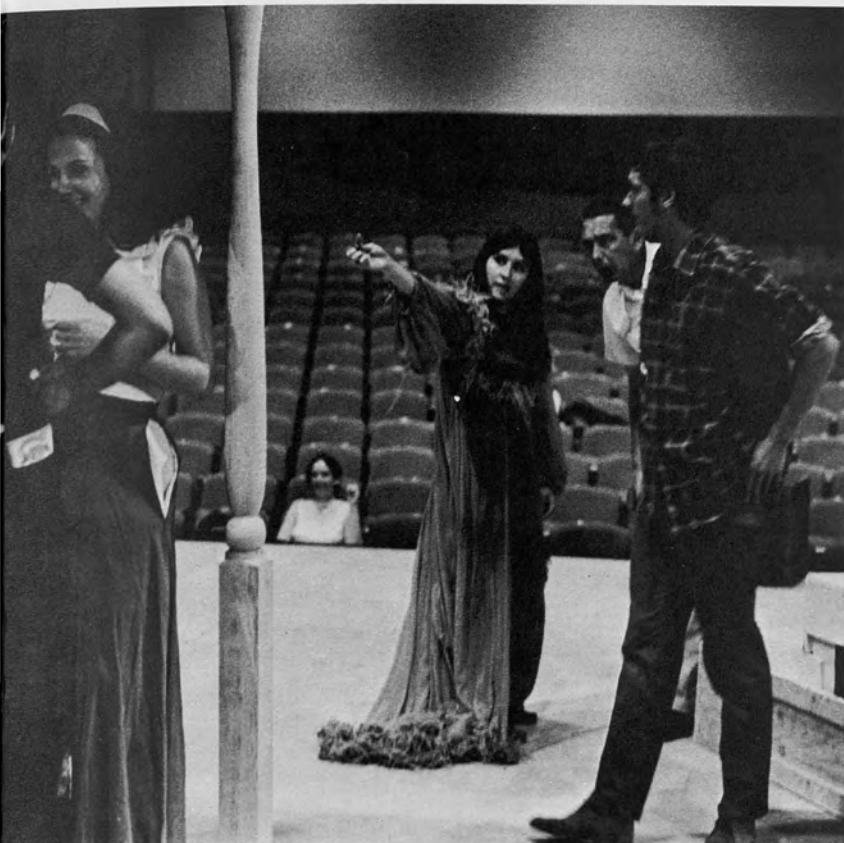
Talking about the set, we come back again to this question of words. Setting the play in New Orleans became a sort of insurance, a way out.

CHARLOTTE COLAVIN: "I think it's almost the weather....Dr. Turner wanted hot, sticky kind of atmosphere, so that people would tend to be more passionate."

CB: "Mercutio comes on and says 'Where the devil should this Romeo be.' I don't know whether that would have worked if we hadn't had that kind of a prop, of an atmosphere. We couldn't depend on the language that much. I feel I couldn't have, because of lack of training."







The production is an amateur one; the actors keep imagining how things could have gone.

CB: "Someone with feeling for the fluidity of the lines, Romeo's, Juliet's, would have stolen the play from Mercutio."

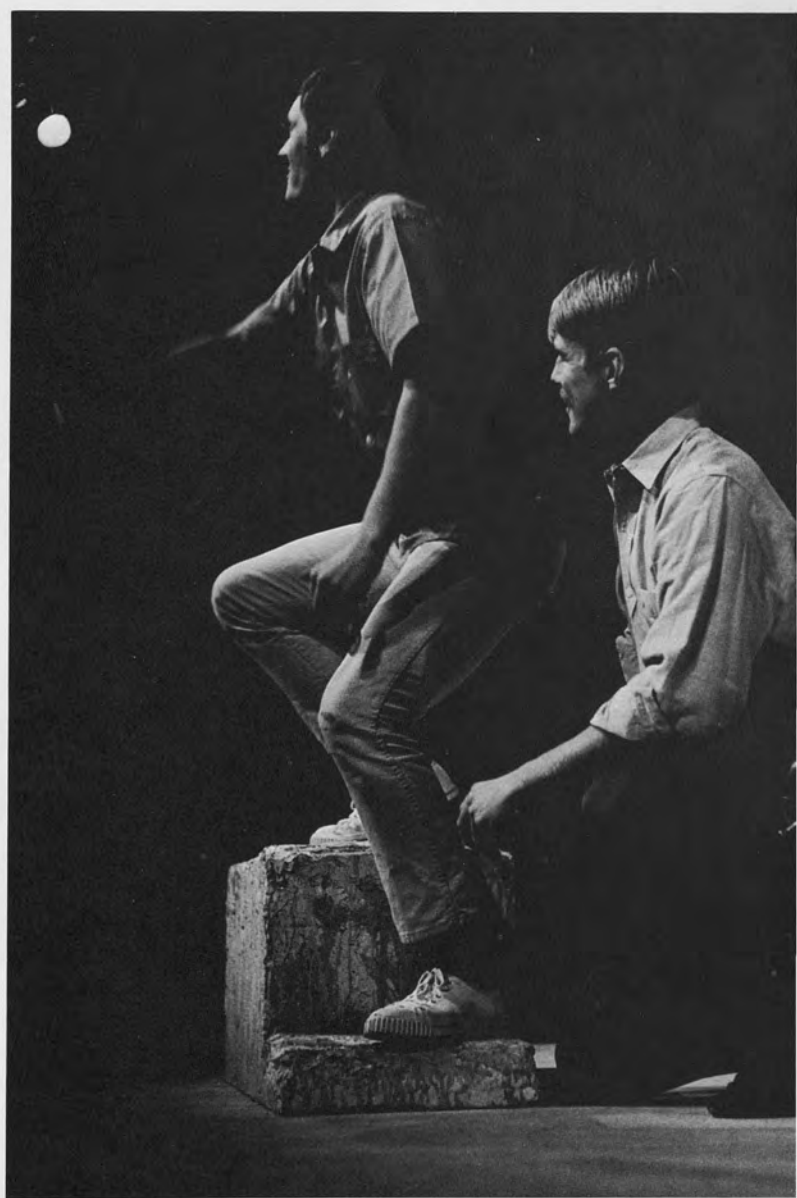
CC: "No."

CB: "You don't think so? The poetry's so beautiful."

CC: "But it's flowery, insubstantial. People would rather be entertained by someone like Mercutio, someone really much more witty, intelligent than Romeo. Why he even falls in love with Juliet..."

CB: "Or why Juliet responds to him."

CC: "That's what got me."







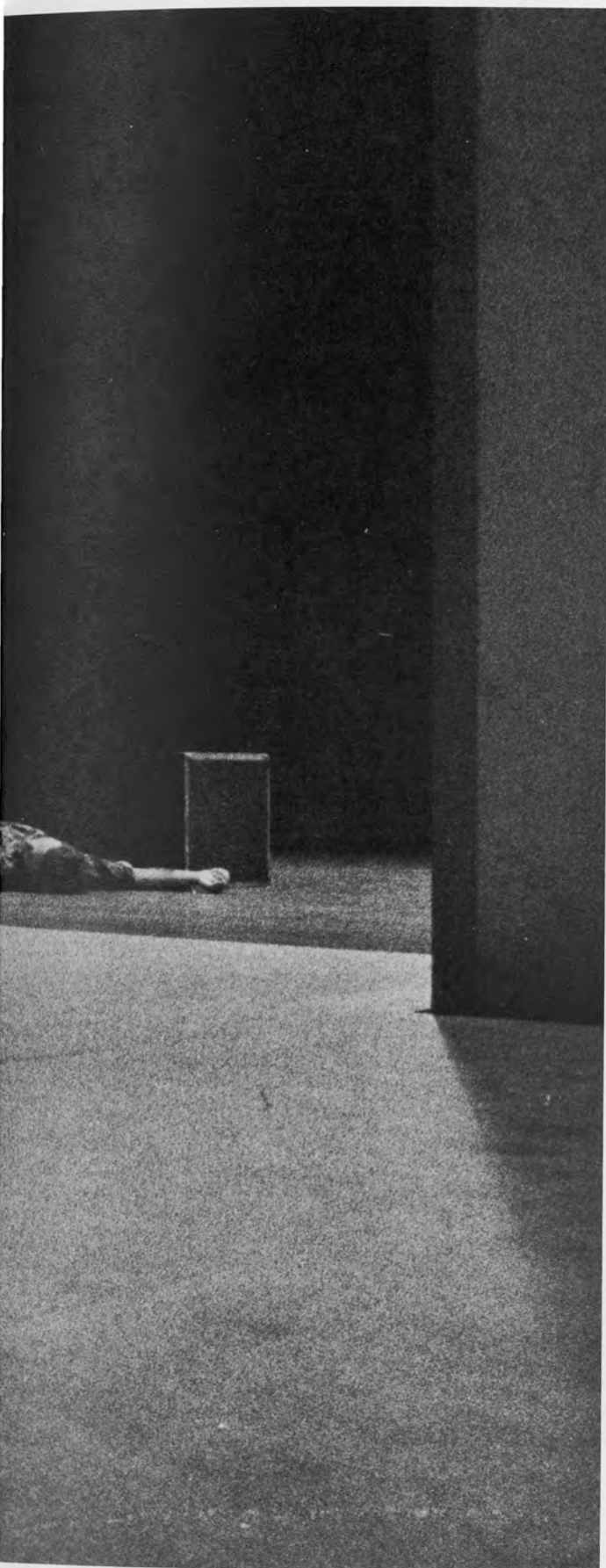
People are fond of saying that the part of Mercutio is too good; perhaps it is.

CB: "Turner told us the second half usually falls apart."

CC: "I couldn't believe it. I thought, my god, I have Juliet's best two speeches. I guess I'm not experienced enough to have taken the stage as I should have. There are a few places in the second half where Romeo and Juliet have a chance to pick the play up. But it takes a tremendous amount of something. What happened with the potion scene made me sad because I wanted that of all the scenes. Instead I had a pretty good case of stage fright."

Once the characters can no longer open worlds through action, they must do so through words. In a greater play the two processes would have been synonymous; here playwright and actors at least approached the necessary synthesis.





I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war. To the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt. The strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar. Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and when I have required
Some heavenly music—which even now I do—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

(VIII)





Graduates

Graduation is a ceremony that, like marriage, presumably has some significance beyond itself. In fact, graduation ceremonies virtually cry out for some more than emblematic importance; a parade of academic gowns, unlike the chants in formal churches, can hardly alone justify the cruel boredom of the rest of the proceedings.

The significance of graduation has, to begin with, something to do with having learned as well as with being Learned. Thus it might be well to figure out just how well the graduates, who are the *raison d'être* of the ceremony, have been educated.

An estimated two per cent of them have learned to read, but almost none of them know the grammatical structure of their own language, or how to write it, except by some fluke that has little to do with UCR. Similarly, though they may have learned that it's Tristram and not Tristram Shandy, they haven't yet found out how to use the library, since that is the first thing they'll study in graduate school. And Einstein and Shakespeare are, for most of them, only symbols of supra-intellect, bodiless, effortless, and only spiritually sweaty—not, in any case, to be trusted.

If they are in chemistry, says Dr. Jerry Bell, sometime UCR professor, most of them learn to be chemists and not intelligent people who happen to do chemistry. (It is in commemoration of this sort of attitude that some students have wanted to rename the bell tower the Bell tower.)

If they are English majors, they vow in their senior year never to have another "literary thought" and are true enough to their vows. For four years, they have labored under the delusion that teachers who contradict them are dictators, unless it's a question of what the sum of two and two is. Teachers who are always and genially ready to "see what you're getting at"—no matter how sloppy the thought—are regarded as the hope of the future.

But most of them have, at least, learned some of the basic, humanitarian behavior patterns. The difficulty is that that is all they are, behavior patterns, responses absorbed by rote, as one learns to apply one's brakes at a red light. The result is a slightly more comfortable world, but not increased understanding. They are gentle to Negroes as senselessly as the South is cruel to them.





At UCR there is graduate school for many, and those who realize anything at all about what's involved, spend the half-dozen months preceding matriculation steeling themselves for the onslaught of an experience uniquely designed to destroy interest in things intellectual. A few students, wise and cynical, investigate the neurotic structures of their chosen departments. The others learn of politics and pathology as they run into them in the form of small and large disasters.

The fresh graduates entertain notions of graduate school as a place where, as in junior high, one gets rewarded for liking books, and where, since everyone already has command of the basic tools of learning, the faculty is there mostly to start long and irrelevant discussions when other things get momentarily tiring.

The graduates have been told, and, bizarrely, some of them believe, that graduate education, like voting, is the vital privilege of all holders of a BA or BS. They apply for graduate school without the faintest idea that success and failure, in private terms especially, depends on the making of a Kierkegaardian choice. They enter graduate school the way one enters life, only coming to consciousness after the patterns have been set, which does not indicate that they have accomplished much in the way of understanding.

They figure all this out only as they are preparing for their comprehensive exams, and they wonder resentfully about it, asking their friends and analysts how this could have been done to them. As brand new PhD's, they will mock their freshman students for resenting the rigors of college.

None of this would be such a problem if we could return to the British system, but the difficulty with that is, that it would be a regression as well as a return; even given the obstacles to the functioning of the university that democracy creates, the American solution is probably preferable—and even the British admit it.







Most of the graduates are, from many points of view, unusual and dangerous. There are reasons for this.

They were seven or eight years old in 1954, which means that since they've been old enough to say the word "Vietnam," the reality behind the word has been preparing to swallow and annihilate them and their degrees and their bright American eyes.

They were born to an age of civil violence; World War I was no longer shocking by 1946. So if at Columbia they seem to senselessly disrupt the calm labors of the scholar, it is because calm and fruitful labors are for them a possibility but not a probability.

Like ghetto children who drop out of school to get \$35 a week jobs, they are unable and unwilling to engage in plans for long-range accomplishment or amelioration because they have no philosophical referents, or ways of coping with, that sort of thing. Many, perhaps most, of them, develop the defense of smugness, of pretending that they have accomplished something already with their diplomas and technical vocabularies. And for the others, if revolution and anarchy seem too often to be their choice, it is because in this century, revolution is the most familiar way in which history manifests itself, or seems to.

The women graduates are not so directly and physically threatened by Vietnam as are the men, obviously. But they are, with exceptions, threatened by something else that has to do with the models of womanhood presented by TV, "Time," and high school counsellors. The green-and-orange blinking neon-lighted miniskirt is the emblem of an unconscious but willing abdication of humanity.

They giggle their way out of college and into their fluffy, split-level lives, which have the advantage of being able to continue practically unaffected by the violent deaths of husbands and sons, or by the college education of the lady of the house.

If this sounds pessimistic, it is due only partly to modern habits of thought. The graduation ceremony is a gesture of our faith in progress; in the idea that there is a necessary connection between forty-eight bell carrillons, and the quality of education people are getting in the Music department. Not that a bell tower can't be a worthy thing, but people have got to learn to distinguish qualitatively between it and the essentials of the learning process. The university, which should know better, doesn't—as yet.





The river brought down
dead horses, dead men
and military debris,
indicative of war
or official acts upstream,
but it went by, it all
goes by, that is the thing
about the river. Then
a soldier on a log
went by. He seemed drunk
and we asked him Why
had he and this junk
come down to us so
from the past upstream.
"Friends," he said, "the great
Battle of Granicus
has just been won
by all of the Greeks except
the Lacedaemonians and
myself: this is a joke
between me and a man
named Alexander, whom
all of you ba-bas
will hear of as a god."

(IX)



ECONOMICS/GEOGRAPHY (above): May Murrel, Lee Weldon, Wm. L. Burnette, Roger Vandalear Civalieri, Richard Vicenzi, Dennis Eric Holz, Jim Tracy.

ART/HISTORY/PHILOSOPHY (right): Muriel Brumund, Lynne Williams, Kathy Conard, Doug Soccio, Sally Sheehy, Janis Kahrs.



Graduates

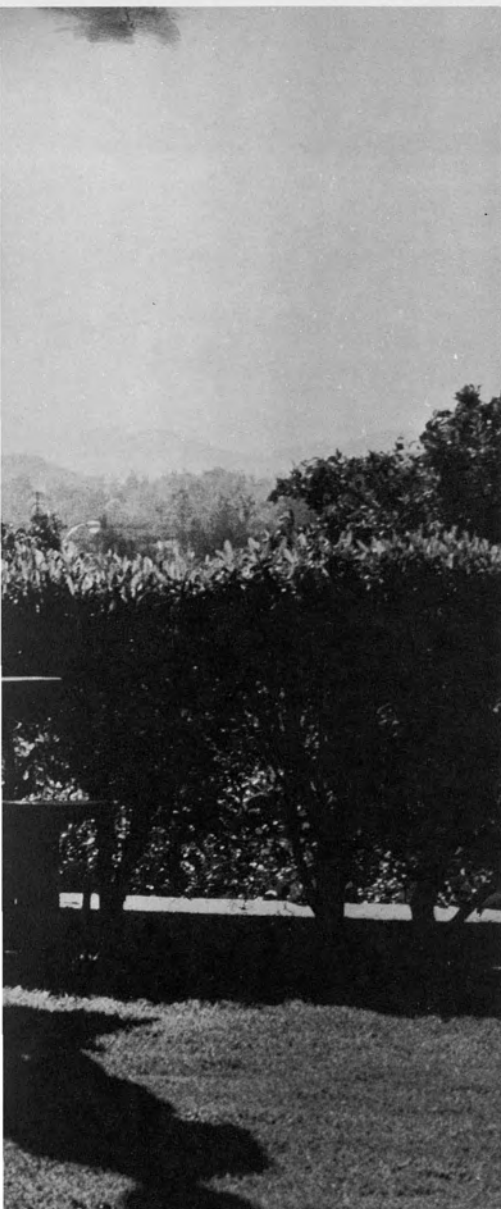


LANGUAGES/COMPARATIVE
LITERATURE (left): Diane Dreher, Maureen
Metz, Sandra Engle, Jill Carlow.

MATHEMATICS (below): Bob Vrtis, Karen
Kelly, Candy Williams, David Rogers, Bruce
Hillam, Al. J. Delay, Lynette Daroca, William
Cassidy, Pamela Sierer, Ken Molnar, Sheryl
Hampton, Bob Clevenger.







Graduates

HISTORY (upper left): Mary Faurot, Donna Stonewall, Santos Perez, Richard Robbins.

LIFE SCIENCES (right): Row 1. Dale Zuber, Sharon Jackson, Pamela Stevens, Sue Freeman, Jonathan Braslow. Row 2. David Doty, Karl Bernard, Mike Lundberg, Jeanne Ellen Barnhill.

PHYSICAL SCIENCES (above): Steve Ojena, Robert Shealy, Ernest Ngo, Paul Berry, Alvin Rogers.



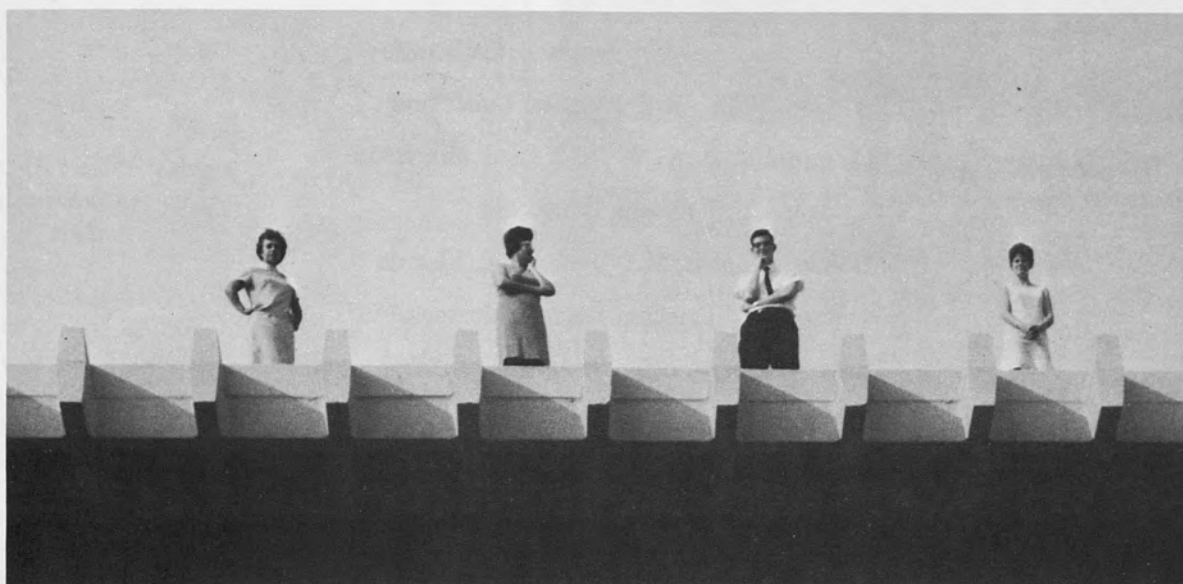
Graduates

POLITICAL SCIENCE (above): Stephanie Aagaard, Scott Martin, Joan Hodgkinson, Timothy Meloy, Ronald Taylor, David Gardner, Howard Barto, Robert Krause, Rosemary Whitney, John Hawkins, Jim Mardel, William O'Connor, Tom Burch, Cathy Griffin, Dave Devitt.

ENGLISH (right): Beverly Beno, Cathleen Binns, Ann Kelsey, Diane Dreher, Jim Anders, Beverly Kasper, Diane Welsh.

SOCIOLOGY/PSYCHOLOGY (upper right): Janet Owen, Danielle Smith, Deloris Hurley, Jerry Lee.





TARTAN PATRONS

George Beattie, San Francisco, California
James R. Bellah, Los Angeles, California
Raymond D. Bray, West St. Paul, Minnesota
C. Cagaanan, Fontana, California
William R. Davis, M.D., Pensacola, Florida
W. Raymond Duncan, Boston, Massachusetts
Patricia Roberts Estes, Riverside, California
Lt. Comdr. J. K. Ferguson, USN, San Francisco, California
Charles & Judy Field, Riverside, California
G. C. Harper, M.D., Fort Myers, Virginia
A. James Hughes, Justin, California
Merlin E. Lacy, Anaheim, California
William Layton, Santa Monica, California
Janet McMillan, Sacramento, California
Donald D. Meares, Highland, California
Robert Melsh, Riverside, California
David & Carol Peterson, Morrison, New Jersey
Henry Ramsey, Jr., Richmond, California
William K. Striker, M.D., Winston-Salem, North Carolina
Barbara L. Welch, Newport Beach, California
Charles E. Young, Los Angeles, California

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

President: Carl Wood
Vice-president: Dan White

Legislative Council:

Gary Clarke
Jon Katz
Dave Moring
Terri Murphy
Sharon Okun
John Peck
Ron Pina
Penny Reed
Wayne Stiles
David Stout
Bill Webber
Norman Better, Dean of Students
Robert Holcomb, Alumni
Robert Griffin, Faculty

Commissioner of Academic Affairs: Larry Bliss
Commissioner of Social Affairs: Julie Wuorisalo
Commissioner of Fine Arts: Chuck Cole

Communications Board:

Barbara Boles (chairman)
Spencer Boles
Dennis Holz
Larry Peitzman
Scilla Sheetz

Political and Student Affairs Board:

Pam Rumbold
Bruce Bowman
Howard Barto

Board of Governors:

Steve Zweiback (chairman)
Norman Better, Dean of Students
Stahl Edmunds, Administration
Tony Gault
Joe Gooden
Ed Kolb
D. Scott Miller
Jim Warner

Campus Board of Review:

David Lindquist
Terrence McNeill
Ann Nihlen

Student Committee on Undergraduate Education:
Ron Beineick



Mr. Green of LUMAN GREEN JEWELERS offers assistance to fellow UCR students in the selection of the most precious gem, the Diamond. For all your fine Jewelry needs, visit LUMAN GREEN JEWELERS, 3913 Main St., Downtown Mall or 6754 Brockton in the Brockton Arcade.



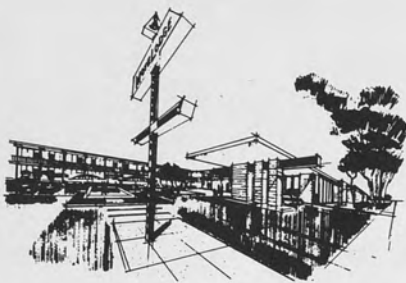
R.J. Brown Chevron service

Complete Motor and Carburetor Care
Ignition and Electrical Service
Official Smog Device and Brake and
Light adjustment Station. Latest Electronic
Analyzing Equipment.
Auto Club Contract Garage-Towing Service
Tune-Up Specialists.



All Work Guaranteed

Phone: 682:2214
1011 Univ. Ave.



ON RESTAURANT ROW

82 Rooms Summa Cum Laude

**AMERICAN
MOTELodge**



Sandy's
24-Hour Restaurant
& Cocktail Lounge
on Property

1350 UNIVERSITY AVE.

682-1144

RIVERSIDE

Riverside Savings and Loan Association

Congratulations to the Class of 1968

Home Loans

FSLIC Insured

3985 University Avenue

Phone 684-3366



ALCAN

ALUMINUM CORPORATION

RIVERSIDE, CALIF., 92502

LEROY'S
Jewelers

May we at LEROY'S take this opportunity to wish each of you happiness and success in your chosen field whether it be moon rockets or home planning.

AND REMEMBER

Your special courtesy discount card entitles you to INSTANT BUYING POWER. No obligation, ask for yours today.

3599 Plaza Mall

Manny Berz

Manager

FORMALS - TUXEDOS - BRIDAL GOWNS



House of Tux

LADIES' AND MEN'S MODERN RENTAL
SERVICE AND SALES

WEDDINGS - DINNERS - DANCES

OVERLAND
4-6160

4027 MARKET ST.
RIVERSIDE, CALIF.

Finance Committee:
Steve Zweiback (chairman)
Sharon Okun
Susan Moore
David Morse
Jim Warner
Dan White
Carl Wood

ASUCR Secretaries:
Carolyn Preston (executive secretary)
Joan Facey
Annee Jacobson
Lorretta Radzik
Debbie Yerman

ASUCR Photographers:
Jon Bosak (head photographer)
Bob Clevenger
Dan Hansen
Bruce Henderson
John Hunter
Jim Warner
John Zaller

UNIVERSITY SPONSORED ORGANIZATIONS

Associated Men Students: Greg Robinson
Associated Women Students: Martha Price
Caduceus Society: David Veath
California Club: Jim Toledano
Commuters Union: Tom Scott
Community Service Project: Annee Jacobson
Forensic Society: Bill Lunch
Hewett Club: Charles Johnson
Highlander: Jeff Rummel
Highland Lassies: Joanne Jackson
International Club: Romeo Rejesus
Model United Nations: Ken Ross
Mosaic: Richard Maxwell
Poetry Group: Sue Shapiro
Pre-Law Society: David Lindquist
Prytanean Society: Martha Allen
Radio Station KUCR: Bob Clevenger
Stamp Club: Jim Leonard
Teachers Club: Tom Veltum
Tartan: John Zaller
Tutorial Project: Ley Yeager
Tam-O-Shanters: Linda Jaspering
Undergraduate Advisory Committee to
Political Science Department: Jim Breitlow
Varsity Band: Roy Cole
Women in Sports Program: Carol Gilpin



**Students Spend Pleasant
Moments Among The 9000
Paperback Titles at
University Bookstore.
Browsers are always
welcome. 787-4211**



Drop into Highland

**SPECIALISTS
IN
ROCK CLIMBING
MOUNTAINEERING
SKI TOURING**

HIGHLAND *Outfitters*

3579 Univ. 683-7414

Burns GULF Station

Motor tune-ups

American and foreign cars

Fast and Courteous Service

682-1330

Corner Univ. and Iowa

**Good Luck, UCR
from
TASTEE-FREEZ**

781 East Blaine



List of Participants

Football Varsity

Philo Smith
Samuel Cook
Thomas Gadd
Gerald L. Dunn
Gregory Heer
David Burns
Stephen Williams
Fredrich Mix
Edward Skeen
Daniel McClure
Bruce Reed
Richard Boyer
Charles Emde
Thomas Badillo
Dennis Dannenberg
Joseph Rogers
Charles Shinnefield
William Hunstock
Robert Olson
Gary Dixon
Michael Jacobs
David Ochs
Stephen Peck
Michael Holzmiller
Steve Musick
Eric Helgeson
Carl Broselle
Lee Algarva
James VanNest
Thomas P. Griffin
Harry K. Pelazini
Russell Krieger
David McElroy
Douglas Miller
Ronald Svarc
Douglas Jackson
Garry Smith
Charles Hopper
Lawrence Hobbs
James Steffle



CHINA	DINNERWARE
SILVER	NOVELTIES
GIFTS	FERTILIZERS
HARDWARE	INSECTICIDES
LAWNMOWERS	DRAPERIES
FURNITURE	CURTAINS
UPHOLSTERY	

3750 Main St.
Riverside, Calif.

Imperial
Hardware Furniture Appliances



Samples N Stuff

Join the *Stuff* Group

3591 Plaza Mall * 683-3361



Join the other UCR Students
Who always shop at

Kirk Jewelers

Complete selections of Diamonds
and all other jewelry needs.
Corner of University and Mall.

University Auto Imports, Inc.

**Parts, Service, and
Sales for all
imported cars.**



**Featuring New and
Used MG, Austin Healy,
Rolls Royce, Jaguar,
and Sprite Motor cars.**



1521 University Avenue
Riverside, California, 92507
683-8204

HIGH NOTE OF FASHION
with
Paul Allan

**3635 Plaza Mall
684-8621**



Mary Ann's Donuts

Donuts and Sandwiches
Wholesale and Retail

Open 24 hours a day, Closed Sat. Night

2790 Univ.

684-4642

Cross Country Varsity

Lee Sheldon Dameron
Michael Keith Lampson
Vernon G. McCalla
Jay Edward Mellon
Charles E. Nichols
Anthony J. DeLucia
James Michael Malloy
Greg W. Scragg
John B. Slavin
Daniel Howard Haddock
John Jesse Murphy
James Michael Ryan
Thomas A. Tucker

Soccer Varsity

Jurgen Froelich
Hugo Salcedo
Ricardo O. Sternberg
William M. Walsh
David G. Birch
Philip L. Brady
Mark E. Freeman
Robin R. Schellhous
Steve Bridges
Louis Heaton
Terry Ogden
Robert Hayden
Chester W. Price
Richard W. Spencer
Karl Thies
Kamal Issa: Manager

Varsity Water Polo

Keith I. Casenhiser
Joseph E. Cox
Craig T. Bluell
Scott T. Velliquette
John C. Wallace
Scott T. Griffiths
Weston A. Maughn
John E. Pichel
Martin K. Barnes
Robert J. Barton
Gerhardt Goemann
Lynn Manners
Ed Shaiman
William Vern Van Pelt
Mark Allen Grinyer
Dennis E. Holz
Ralph Michael McCreary
John C. Parker

FREE PRESCRIPTION DELIVERY

in UCR area



755 Blaine

683-0752

Best Wishes
to all U C R Students

from
Downtown Riverside
Association

Coffin Shoes
presents the finest in campus or date wear

capezio

683-8221

3715 Main

Downtown Mall

Congratulations
to the
University of California,
Riverside
from
Riverside
Machine Works

Compliments . . .

Bowling Center of Riverside

Located in the Lerner-Spiegel Shopping Center

University and Chicago

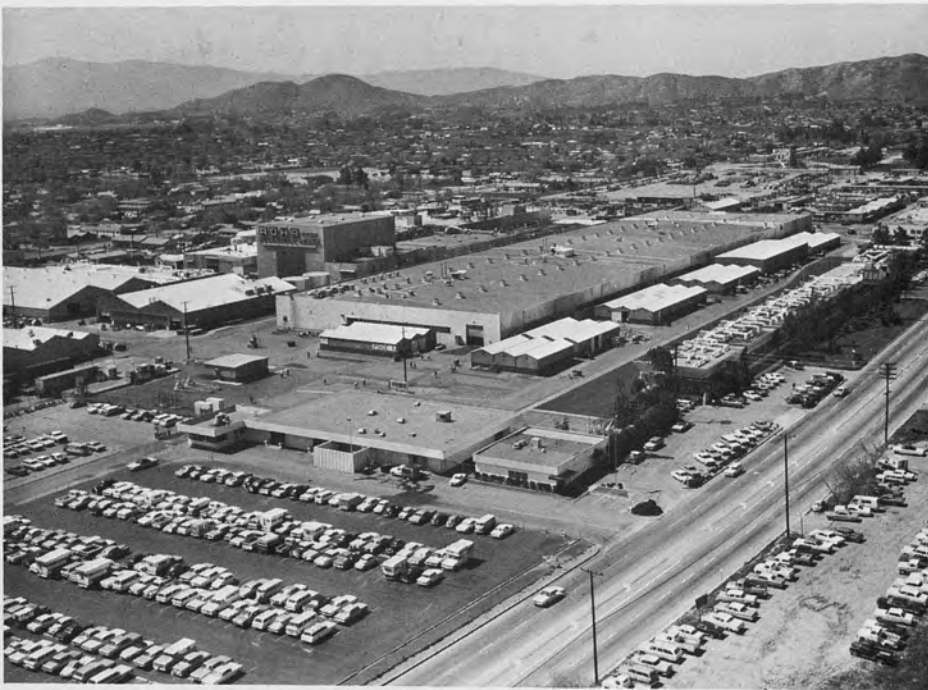
**Congratulations and best wishes
to the class of 1968**

DAVID J. HULL JR.

**Manager, University-Chicago Branch
Bank of America**

N.T. & S.A.

1691 Univ. Ave.



**Congratulations
on 100 years of
Excellence in
Education**

The Rohr Corporation

List of Participants

Rugby Varsity

Gary Dixon
Charles Durante
Mark Freeman
Ed Furtek
Craig Leutzinger
Paul Radaelli
Dick Saffer
Ron Svarc
Tom Tolbert
Charles Ganster
Eric Helgesen
Chris Judge
Gary Lumpkin
Richard Pheffer
George Boren
Brian Hawthorne
David McElroy
Nick Menkee
Larry Hobbs
Kamal Issa: Varsity Manager
John Couch
Gerald Delker
Bill Dunavan
Jim Flahive
Paul Viafora
Phil Brady

Basketball Varsity

Sonny Festejo
Larry Schwartz
John Dahl
Reggie Greene
Jesse Jacobs
Dan Jensen
Terry Osborne
Bob Gray
Paul Hoffman
John Ureda
Ken Molnar
Carl Rodwell
Gil Riddell

Congratulations to



the Graduating Class



MAKE YOUR FINANCIAL PARTNER...
SECURITY FIRST NATIONAL BANK

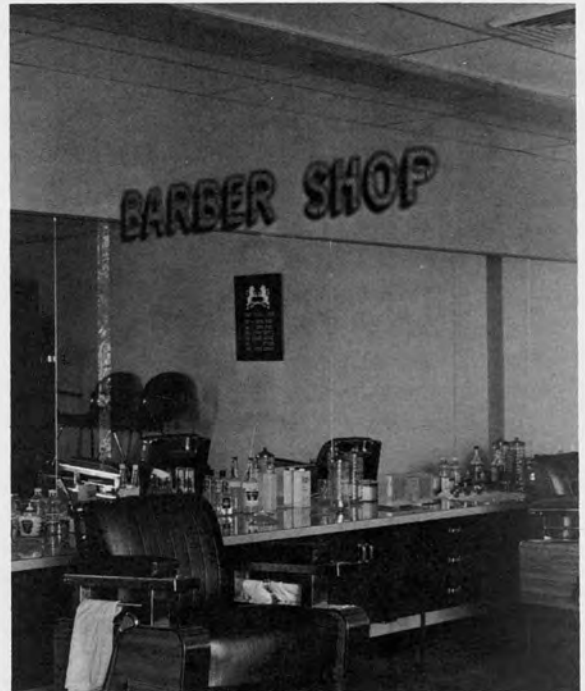
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

UCR Commons



A new center for campus activities and services. Owned and operated by the students of UCR.

The COMMONS features good eating at the PUB and the Cafeteria and recreation at the Listening Rooms and Pool Hall.



The COMMONS also has an outstanding Barbershop and a well-stocked Bookstore plus room to study, think, gather and work. Patronize the COMMONS, you'll be glad you did.



List of Participants

Swimming Varsity

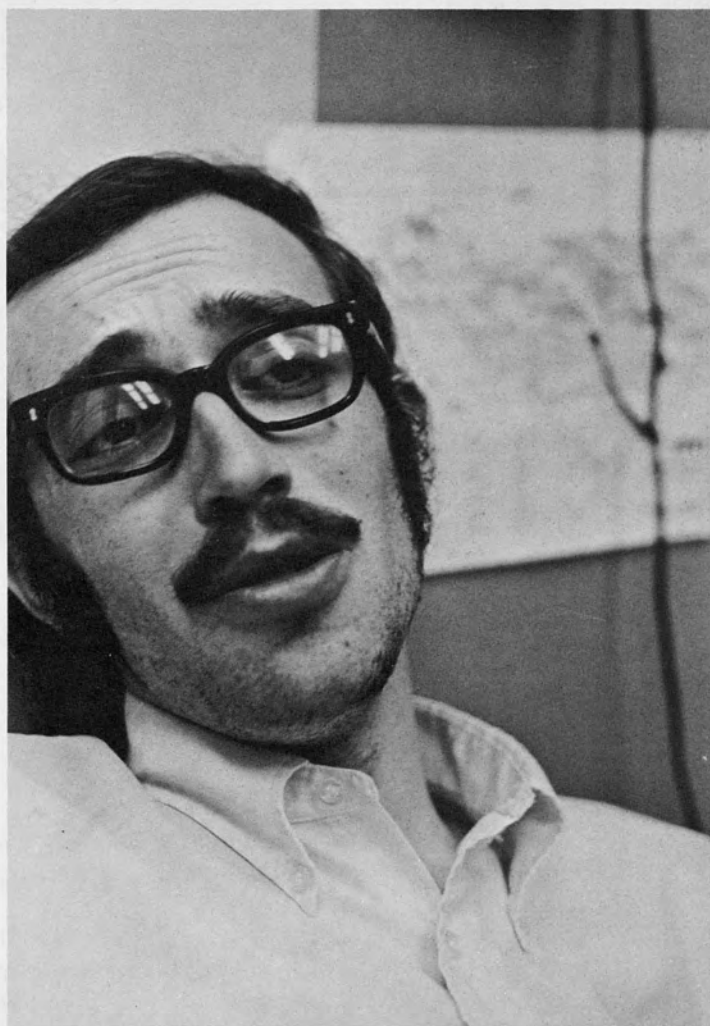
Craig Bluell
Keith Casenhiser
Joseph Cox
John Cox
Scott Griffiths
Weston Maughn
Steven Melcher
John Wallace
Larry Schwartz
Ralph McCreary
Roger Barker
Martin Barnes
Henry Davis
Gerhardt Goemann
Lynn Maners
Douglas Munnecke
Edward Shaiman
Scott Velliquette

Baseball Varsity

Richard Dahlgren
Steve Frankel
William Froeberg
Gregory Heer
F. Philip Karmelich
Joe Rakow
Harold Ruthledge
Steve Wiemek
Alex Murgia
David Ochs
Philo Smith
Randy Walker
Roark Weber
Dan Vossler
Gary Clarke
John Lowenstein
Pete McHugh
Stephen Peck
Emmet Mayne

Tennis Varsity

Jerry Carlos
Wade Hawley
Lewis Yager
Alfons Leopold Baumstark
Robert Bauslaugh
Donnel Stern





Revmaster Inc. presents AIRSCAT

The only air-cushion vehicle built for the sportsman in the United States or Canada. This is a vehicle that travels up to 35 mph. three to five inches above ground, sand, snow, water, or ice and climbs a 30% grade without a pause.

AIRSCAT is a subsidiary of Revmaster, Inc. the world's largest Volkswagen engine rebuilders and innovators. This is only one of Revmaster's new developments now available to the public.

Built of Fiberglass and powered by a beefed-up VW engine, the AIRSCAT can carry two people anywhere, anytime for 60¢ an hour. Go hunting fishing or just joyriding in the new AIRSCAT by Revmaster, the only company of its kind in the world, located right here in Riverside.

For more information and a test ride, call or visit:

REVMASER, INC., 930 No. Main Street
Riverside, Calif.
686-6395

List of Participants

Fencing Varsity

Don Longerskean
Bob Olson
Bill Snider
Stu Cipinko
David Kelso
Don Berry
Sandy Bolt
Linda Crabtree
Pam Brady
Cathy Pulling

Wrestling Varsity

Dan Pastor
Matt Hughes
Frank Cressy
Jim Ryan
Larry Anderson
John Clay
Tom Hurd
Ira Toibin
Roger Horton
Ray Turner
Phil Carreon

Golf Varsity

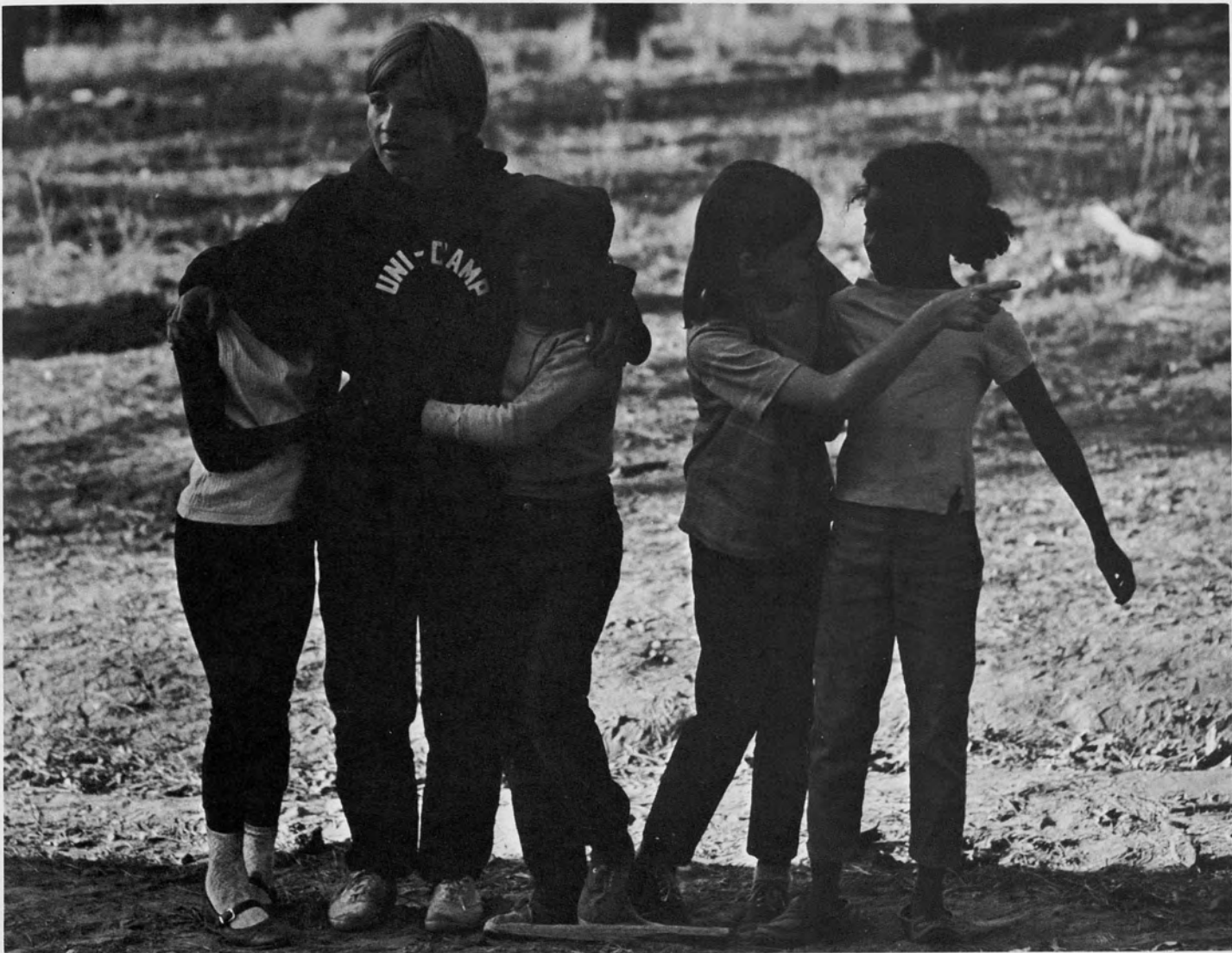
Warren Shafer
Jim Toothaker
Mike Hefner
Mel Mueller
Tom Zenk
Roland Oslund
Tony DeLucia
Lee Yeager
Rick Walker

Track Varsity

Stephen Brusca
Mark Doliva
Jeffrey Gaffney
Daniel Letlow
Vernon McCalla
John Murphy
Richard Shelton
Lee Damron
John Davis
Tony DeLucia
James Thill
Craig Higley
John Slavin
William Black
Michael Lampson
Robert Murphy
Greg Scragg
Jeffrey Sperling
Kenneth Arthur
James Halligan







Uni-Camp





The 1968 girls' session of Uni-camp went very well. From the seven o'clock cowbell to the after campfire stories each day was crammed full of activities. There was plenty of volleyball, fishing, singing, drama, crafts and swimming. Yet the activities were not ends in themselves. Each counselor's primary job was to give her kids affection, twenty-four hours a day. On a lizard hunt or washing dishes, wherever there were kids, likely as not, there would also be a counselor with her arm around one. At first it was unnatural, but as the session went on, it came to feel unnatural not to have at least one arm wrapped around somebody.

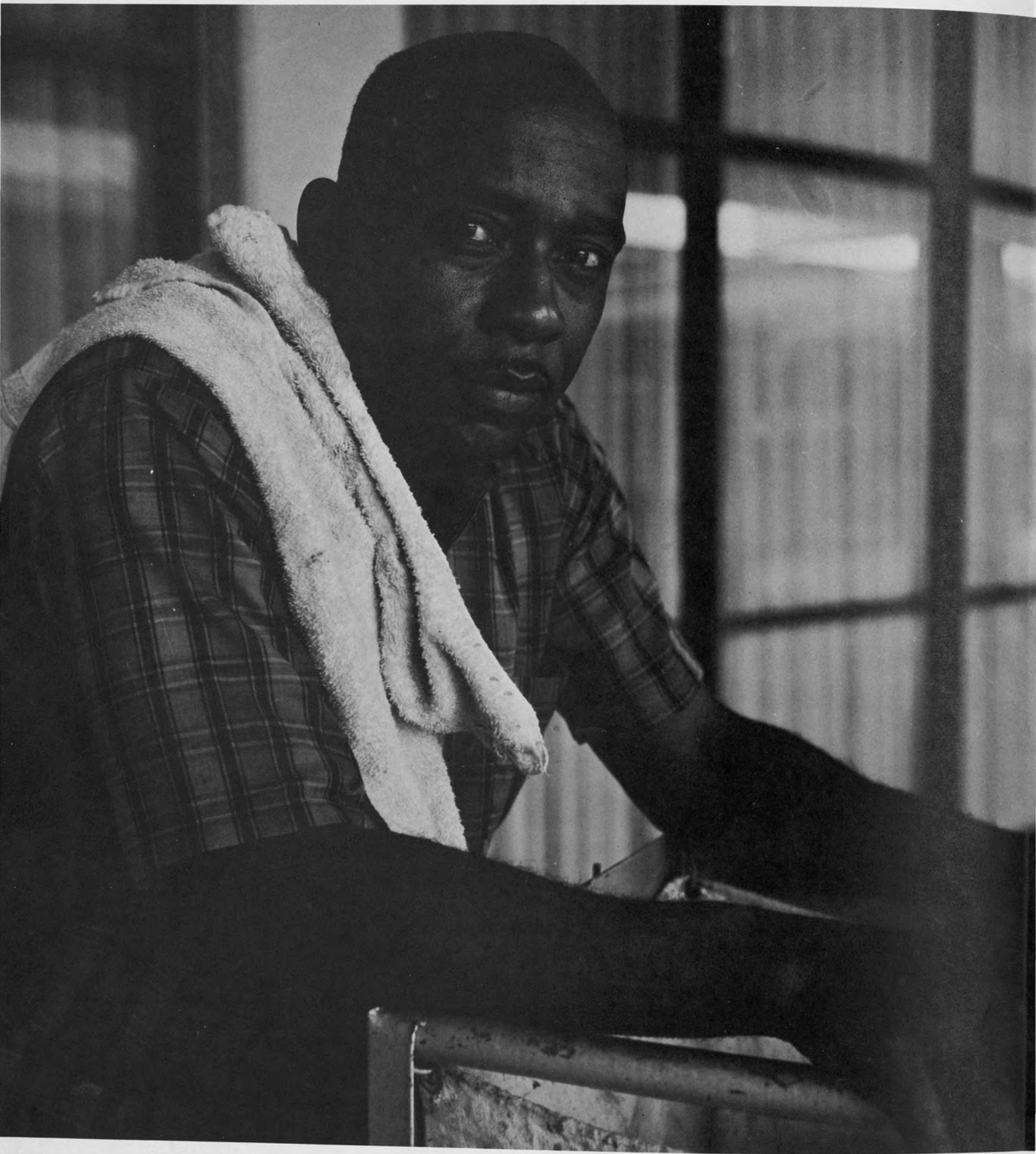
But in a large sense the camp must be considered a failure. For it was, above all, a fairy land, a white kid's dream, something a ghetto kid couldn't begin to relate to. Many kids felt the camp was uncivilized; having to sleep outdoors was the last straw. They were expecting television and missed it. Some retreated into themselves and bitterly made known their disapproval of every other thing that happened, though these were the ones who cried the hardest when the bus came to take them home.

By the end of the session the counselors had overcome their normal introversion and were deeply involved in their kids; and the kids for perhaps the first time in their lives knew there was someone they could trust. Despite its failures, Uni-camp was definitely worth it.



Uni-camp was put on for the Mexican and Negro kids by white college coeds. They were no minority counselors. These white students discovered that a whole subculture existed, but more startling was the realization that a white college coed could never identify with a ghetto kid. Efforts were made, of course, but in the end the kids wound up bridging most of the gap themselves. What else could be expected in a middle class camp for ghetto kids?

In an age of increasing black consciousness, this creates a special problem. In a few years the Uni-camp kids are as likely as not to despise their camp experience for the black-white relationship it stands for. For those who do come to feel that way, it will be a step up.



(a) Epigrams are the coward's way out; so is this matter of quotations which deserves worse than it has received at the hands of yearbook staffs. Nevertheless, it is nice to know that even Shakespeare couldn't quite make it off the stage without striking a picturesque attitude.

(b) Prospero was certainly more than picturesque; but we have to destroy the pose before we get to whatever he means. Thus we put him next to an attitude which is an accident, a photographer's contrivance.

(c) This contrivance can contain elements internally necessary as well as contingent; if this sounds dry, it doesn't matter because it is totally (and necessarily) beside the point.

(d) What is not beside the point is that when necessary and contingent clash (as do art and life, even though these aren't precisely the terms we are dealing with) each takes on certain aspects of the other.

(e) So fitting people into preordained poses is an amusing game, but what exactly does it accomplish? It could be said that it provides us with a frame of reference, an artfully arranged anthology of poses which allows us to say something about the university in general, and Riverside in particular.

(f) It is not, however, an anthology we are after, but a way of destroying anthologies. People who quote Sam Johnson deserve to stumble upon sundry metaphysical distinctions between art and life. Once these distinctions are discovered, we forget any longer to strike our favorite poses.

(g) And this is probably the reason for linking, more or less forcibly, Sam Johnson and the UCR dorms. The relationship is mutually destructive; but what it destroys is extraneous. We are left with the notion that life at universities (possibly elsewhere too) is somehow equivalent to one of, or all of, Wittgenstein's language-games: notions of form, purpose are not at all static, not at all definable. Even the studied vagueness of slogans like "do your own thing" don't come very near to saying anything in particular. Nevertheless, we can still tell where the university functions properly and where it breaks down. We do this by means of a gesture, a juxtaposition; and by means of the juxtaposition learn both where Prospero is a fraud, and where Riverside is—or is not.

(X)

Editor: John Zaller
Design: Janet Tatum
Copy: Richard Maxwell
Sports: James Thill
Buiness: Dave Moring
Don Miller
Seniors: Roberta Runnestrand
Contributing Photographers:
Jon Bosak
Bob Clevenger
Bruce Henderson
John Hunter
Jon Katz
Matt Portz
James Thill
Jim Warner
John Zaller

Acknowledgements

Jon Bosak who, in addition to patiently accepting the editor's fingerprints and oft spilled chemicals, contributed many of our finest photographs.

Susan Lasewell who helped in the early planning and work but never made a finished contribution.

Victoria Lerman who helped with the copy and wishes to be remembered as our anthologist.

Bill Elledge who fought the political battles when the odds were against having a yearbook.

Theme Credits

- (I) from *Tristram Shandy* by Laurence Sterne
- (II) "A Healthy Spot" by W. H. Auden
- (III) from "The Vanity of Human Wishes" by Samuel Johnson
- (IV) from *Ulysses* ("Proetus") by James Joyce
- (V) from "The Emperor of Ice Cream" by Wallace Stevens
- (VI) "Ferris Wheel" by D. Leitch
- (VII) from "Well Water" by Randall Jarrell
- (VIII) from "The Circus Animals' Dessertation" by Samuel Johnson
from "The Tempest" by William Shakespeare
- (IX) "How We Heard the Name" by Alan Dugan
- (X) by Richard Maxwell

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Office of the Registrar
Riverside, California
92502

